

Editorial

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

There is no stronger sign of the instabilities of the contemporary world than the flips and flops of its electronic communications. Even the hardware is transient; the PC magazine reminds me, when choosing which laptop to spend £1000 on, that I should expect it to have a useful life of just two years. The savvy money that piled into PCs and their software is now rushing on to the Internet and its World Wide Web of information. The Netscape web-browser company is worth dollars by the hundred millions, even though it has only just made a profit and it gives away its main product!

Goodness knows where this takes us, but take us it will, and ANTIQUITY now has a modest Internet presence. Our Web home-page, at <http://intarch.ac.uk/antiquity>, lists the recent issues and their contents, offers samples of some highlights, and provides on-line the collected index going back some 20 years. The graphics aren't fancy, because who wants fancy graphics when they take forever to load? Do have a look, do tell us — at cc43@cam.ac.uk — if this electronic aspect to ANTIQUITY is of use, and what else you would like there. Fancy graphics even, if enough of you must.

DANIEL GOODWIN, whose archaeology list for the Smithsonian Institution Press is one of the best, is also Acting Director of that fine scholarly publisher; like the rest of us in the publishing business, he has to reckon where knowledge may go in this climate. He has reminded me of a book-publisher's sales *spiel*, when describing some yet more astonishing medium: amazingly flexible in format, scale, size, content; equally easy in handling words and pictures and tabular presentation of data; with a transparent file-structure and files that can be opened at any point within them; manufactured of materials that are cheap *and* enduring *and* recyclable; most remarkable of all, requiring *no equipment whatsoever* to access it; and then more. By degrees, you come to grasp that the wonder being celebrated is a book. And al-

though the Internet buzz-word is access, the Internet gives access only to those privileged with the computer and telephone kit it requires, and shuts the rest of the world out.

ANTIQUITY is sticking to paper alone for now, noticing that very little archaeology publishing has gone electronic. *Electronic Antiquity* (no relation to ANTIQUITY despite the name) is an electronic-only classics journal which looks well enough; it is published from Tasmania, there being no such thing as physical remoteness in an electronic world.

A sharp venture to watch is *Internet Archaeology*, which will launch in August this year from its base in York (where ANTIQUITY's home-page lodges). It will have to figure out how much it develops the colourful openings of electronic publishing, how much it ploughs through the heap of excavation and museum data that has resisted the various devices — accessible archives, microfiche publications, on-demand printing — to make these usefully available over the last decades. A prototype *Internet Archaeology* paper, 'Amphoras in Roman Britain', is already out, at <http://intarch.ac.uk/journal/issue1/amphoras>. You will find it choosing more colour than heap, which shows to me the editorial point again: not an accumulated dung-hill of all facts and factoids about Roman amphorae, but a structured understanding in manageably small scope.

If electronic publishing is to parallel closely the selection and editorial choice which directs paper publishing, then what happens to the heap of unpublished data? Perhaps much of it makes no difference to knowledge, in which case why does it matter? Not a question to be asked.

We plan special review coverage next year of the whole electronic world of archaeology — on the 'Net, on CD, for teaching, and in the old technologies of videos and computer games. It will enlarge and elaborate from our first attention to an electric archaeology, DAVID GILL's review-article last year.

As the electronics started up, I was into some of the anthropology and archaeology bulletin-boards early, and got out early when they were swamped by the wallies. Electronic natter about rock-art, my own research interest and a quieter region, was fine until the day when two messages came bobbing along the same afternoon; each said, 'I am an undergraduate archaeology student at Sheffield and I have to write an essay on rock-art: does anybody know if there are any books about rock-art I could look at?' It was time to leave that one, and I haven't gone back.

A colleague who tiresomely refuses to go on to e-mail has an instructive observation. Useful ideas, useful research depend on a mixture of company and solitude: you do need time away from your colleagues, time to figure things out, to develop on your own. A daily fix on the local bulletin-board (Aegean archaeology for him) brings you too much into the crowd of mates, too much into line, not sufficiently on your own.

The present frustration of archaeology on the Internet is the frustration of the Internet as a whole. It is the vastest library of information, but the component books are in no structured order, their quality is wholly un-moderated, and their indexes are often haphazard or absent. There is no catalogue, only roaming robot search-engines each making a rival catalogue of its own. Whatever information you want is in all likelihood out there — but you have slight means of finding it. The search engines do their best to devise indexes for millions of pages and billions of words on the pages — though it is guessed half the web is not indexed at all, and the engines can only index the words, not the pictures. How many of those myriad words are reliable sources of good knowledge? It is instructive to see how electronic analogues are beginning to emerge that repeat and recapitulate the various means by which scholarly book-learning is structured, such as the idea of refereeing, so one can have confidence that statements are of considered validity.

What happens in the new open world of the web if you search out reliable information about an archaeological subject?

I tried Stonehenge. Searching for 'Stonehenge' as indexed by the WebCrawler search-engine gives 226 'hits', 226 web pages recorded as having Stonehenge on them. The first three are from a company in Colorado offering electronic

Pickled and preserved bog-bodies and their associates from 20 institutions will gather this 13–16 September for a conference in Silkeborg, Jutland (details: Mogens Schou Jørgensen, Nationalmuseet/RAS, DK-1220 Copenhagen K, Denmark). The event reminds me of the Irish poet SEAMUS HEANEY's great poem about the most celebrated of bog-bodies, Tollund Man, which starts:

Some day I will go to Aarhus
To see his peat-brown head,
The mild pods of his eye-lids
His pointed skin-cap.

Archaeology is often in HEANEY. Looking in his New selected poems 1966–1987 (London: Faber, 1990) for Tollund Man, I chanced on this poem, about a fragment from early medieval Dublin (reprinted by permission).

services that chances to have Stonehenge in its name (and a good Stonehenge picture on its page: <http://www.zante.com>). Then you hit pages from the Stonehenge Association (<http://www.stonehenge-association.co.uk/stonehenge/assoc.html>), a tour company that promises special-access passes that let you go right inside the stone circle: this is a surprise to me, and it should be a surprise to English Heritage, managers of Stonehenge, which believes it rightly decides who has special access.

Tenth on the list is 'The Official Stonehenge Homepage!' (<http://pages.prodigy.com/stone>), which sounds promising and is exactly what it claims to be: the official home page for that Stonehenge which is a three-man acoustic alternative folk rock-band fresh out of high school in Asheville, North Carolina; send for groovy lyrics and their demo, *Kings, Beggars, & Stargazers*. Further down are 'Bad State's Mystery Page' (not found when visited at <http://www2.inow.com/%7Ebadstate/mystery>: perhaps it suffered a bad mystery state); 'NisseNyttas fansinlista' (<http://www.csd.uu.se/%7Emrytther/NN/fansin.html>: Avalon, Tolkien-derived and other role-playing games in Swedish); 'BNICE's KI2 PAGE' (<http://members.aol.com/vgm/bman/bnice.htm>); indeed nice if you do enjoy computer zapping games, bringing the skill of Glacius — an improbably immense blue hunk with three giant toes — at move 'Ultimate 1 -

Viking Dublin: Trial Pieces

SEAMUS HEANEY

<p>I</p> <p>It could be a jaw-bone or a rib or a portion cut from something sturdier: anyhow, a small outline</p>	<p>III</p> <p>Like a long sword sheathed in its moistening burial clays, the keel stuck fast</p>	<p>V</p> <p>Come fly with me, come sniff the wind with the expertise of the Vikings –</p>
<p>was incised, a cage or trellis to conjure in. Like a child's tongue following the toils</p>	<p>in the slip of the bank, its clinker-built hull spined and plosive as <i>Dublin</i>.</p>	<p>neighbourly, scoretaking killers, hagggers and hagglers, gombeen-men, hoarders of grudges and gain.</p>
<p>of his calligraphy, like an eel swallowed in a basket of eels, the line amazes itself</p>	<p>And now we reach in for shards of the vertebrae, the ribs of hurdle, the mother-wet caches –</p>	<p>With a butcher's aplomb they spread out your lungs and made you warm wings for your shoulders.</p>
<p>eluding the hand that fed it, a bill in flight, a swimming nostril.</p>	<p>and for this trial piece incised by a child, a longship, a buoyant migrant line.</p>	<p>Old fathers, be with us. Old cunning assessors of feuds and of sites for ambush or town.</p>
<p>II</p> <p>There are trial pieces, the craft's mystery improvised on bone: foliage, bestiaries,</p>	<p>IV</p> <p>That enters my longhand, turns cursive, unscarfing a zoomorphic wake, a worm of thought</p>	<p>VI</p> <p>'Did you every hear tell,' said Jimmy Farrell, 'of the skulls they have in the city of Dublin?'</p>
<p>interlacings elaborate as the netted routes of ancestry and trade. That have to be</p>	<p>I follow into the mud. I am Hamlet the Dane, skull-handler, parablist, smeller of rot</p>	<p>White skulls and black skulls and yellow skulls, and some with full teeth, and some haven't only but one,'</p>
<p>magnified on display so that the nostril is a migrant prow sniffing the Liffey,</p>	<p>in the state, infused with its poisons, pinioned by ghosts and affections,</p>	<p>and compounded history in the pan of 'an old Dane, maybe, was drowned in the Flood.'</p>
<p>swanning it up to the ford, dissembling itself in antler combs, bone pins, coins, weights, scale-pans.</p>	<p>murders and pieties, coming to consciousness by jumping in graves, dithering, blathering.</p>	<p>My words lick around cobble quays, go hunting lightly as pampooties over the skull-capped ground.</p>

Ice Crusher: Away, Forward, Down/Forward, Down, Down/Away, Away - 4'); and then 'Nerd World: PERSONAL PAGES - COLLEGE STUDENTS' (<http://www.nerdworld.com/nw1120.html>); where some University of Florida student isn't any more, a nerd indeed), alongside the more-to-be-expected 'Alt.Religion.Druid: Frequently Asked Questions' (http://www.netspace.org/%7Eathomps/pagan/alt_religion_druid.html); a slow site: question 14, 'Was Stonehenge a Druidic temple?' Answer: 'Perhaps' — an impartial answer, considering the source), and 'The Seattle Ley-Line Project' (<http://www.geo.org/Sealey.htm>; it comes up as a completely blank screen). There is some archeology in the crowd: the Council for British Archaeology (<http://britac3.britac.ac.uk/cba>, with notice of the 'Save Stonehenge' movement), and the university departments at Reading (<http://www.rdg.ac.uk/AcaDepts/la/Arch/index.html>) and at Tübingen (<http://www.uni-tuebingen.de/uni/afj/internet.html>). Down towards the last of the 226 you encounter '::::::::::Poopoomentus Galaxial Bassicentric Spacedriver:::::' (<http://www.riv.net/fridge/default.htm>); this site exhausts my Netscape's memory, so I cannot say what is there) and 'History of Cremation' (<http://www.cremationinfo.com/cope/history.html>, provided 'courtsey [*sic*] of the Cremation Association of North America'; its small picture of Stonehenge is fractured into a graphic box; the burning words include brief and fair account of early cremation as known archaeologically). I would have enjoyed reporting that the last of all 226 sites was 'Far More Than Everything You've Ever Wanted to Know About...' (http://mox.perl.com/perl/all_about/sort.html); this produces a blank screen, again perhaps a kind of true result) — but that one was only #220.

And *valuable* archaeological stuff about *real* Stonehenge? None is obvious, but it is there if you dig for it. A link from the Tübingen page mentions Stonehenge; following it takes you to an English Heritage page (<http://www.eng-h.gov.uk/stoneh>) advertising the new Stonehenge excavation monograph (about which see ALASDAIR WHITTLE's review-article in this ANTIQUITY). Navigating onwards via a link you see there, you may find your way to a large and excellent set of pages on new research about the dating of Stonehenge drawn from the new monograph (<http://www.eng-h.gov.uk/stoneh/start.htm>) with good detail (even down to a page

on the 'secondary silting' of the Stonehenge ditch) — but I had to have persevered to find it, and with some sense of what signals to look out for. And none of this had come up directly on a WebCrawler direct search. Nor had imaginative computer-imagery from Southampton University of what the Stonehenge Avenue looked like when new-built of fresh chalk.

For other archaeological subjects, the WebCrawler gives me 39 pages when searching for 'Nazca', and 1278 for 'pyramid': my life (and ANTIQUITY's phone-bill) and this editorial are too short to report just where all those would take you. If this is the future of information and knowledge, it's just hopeless when not laughable. It bears no sensible relation to that ideal new world celebrated in NICHOLAS NEGROPONTE's influential book, *Being digital*.

Instead of old WebCrawler with its spidery logo, perhaps I should try the rival and highly regarded Lycos web-indexer; its Stonehenge hit-list offers 1413 pages. My life and this editorial are *much* too short for that. Alta Vista, another snappy search-engine, has found so much in its questing ('11 billion words on 22 million pages'), so many Stonehenge references it can only guess their number at about 3000. A madhouse this; an expert guide is as essential as on the steepest Alpine peak, so consult DAVID GILL's *guide préliminaire et extraordinaire*, 'Archaeology on the World Wide Web', to be found on paper in ANTIQUITY 69 (September 1995): 626–30, or on the Web with links to sites already in place at <http://www.swansea.ac.uk/classics/antiquity.html>; then expect a tiresome ride.

Alongside me this evening, as I wandered through this virtual zoo of stuff, there must have been wanderers in quest of other good knowledge. Looking for nothing more than young three-piece North Carolina alternative acoustic folk rock-bands, zapping strategies for out-size blue Glacius, a propagandist history of cremation, or the straight truths of the Seattle ley-lines (in, or not in, Swedish), they kept on being distracted by deranging drivel that had been shoved up on to the 'Net by — of all people — some crazy *archaeologists*.

ANTIQUITY — no Luddite outfit and itself proud to have gone to desk-top electronic production in 1986, even before the software for desk-top electronic production was invented — finds other zones of the virtual world a hap-

pier place; as many contributors know, e-mail is much our preferred means of rapid and reliable contact, though much still has to go — with the journal itself — the real mail way.

☞ Even 30 years on, I vividly remember a favourite remark of my German school-teacher. Goethe, he used to say, was the last man in the world who knew everything; after Goethe (d. 1832), there was too much to know for any one person to know it all. Absurd in one sense — did Goethe pretend to know the name for a flock of budgerigars in every one of the many languages of central Australia? — the remark could be nearly true, if one defines ‘everything’ with sufficient cultural narrowness. ‘Knowing everything’ came to mind after hearing the good papers at a packed symposium in April (at the Society for American Archaeology annual meeting) that looked at syntheses of American archaeology from Samuel Haven’s first venture in 1856 through Cyrus Thomas’s late-19th-century picture and Jimmy Griffin’s ‘cultural change and continuity’ to Gordon Willey’s 2-volume synthesis, *An introduction to American archaeology*, whose first volume appeared in 1966.

BILL LONGACRE remembered what he and his peers thought of it at the time: not much. The changing spirit that was to emerge as a self-consciously new archaeology was in the air, and left grand synthesis off its agenda. Griffin’s review of Willey’s grand book had many gripes about Mid-Western details. The time had come when Gordon Willey was the last man in the world who knew everything about American archaeology; after Willey (who is happily still with us, flourishing and himself contributing to his own celebrating symposium), there was too much to know for any one person to know it all. Slips in the Mid-West showed already the possibility had been slipping away. There was too much coming out for the three-year cycle of his Harvard seminars — one year North America, one year Middle America, one year South America — to keep up; for North America, the decisive change was the new flood of grey-literature reports of contract and salvage work from the 1970s onwards that brought the possibility of complete knowledge to a complete end. Now there is too much for anyone even to *want* to know.

Closing the symposium, PATTY-JO WATSON noticed other grandmasters of grand synthesis

— Desmond Clark on all Africa, Jesse Jennings on all the Pacific, Gordon Childe on all everywhere (but leaving out the Americas as not really anywhere) — and saw how the era of grand synthesis has been over for 20 years. She concluded grand synthesis is a lost cause rather than a lost art. Maybe: but are not Brian Fagan’s *Ancient North America: the archaeology of a continent* (2nd ed., 1995) and Clive Gamble’s *The Palaeolithic settlement of Europe* (1986) grand syntheses of some kind? — more analytical because they must be more selective, about smaller continents or defined periods, but no less fine-judged compressions in relation to the whole (un)knowable story. Partly it is a need for diligence in knowing at least some large portion of the literature (Willey, a diligent man, came to know everything about the history of American archaeology as well and — in the sufficient moments left over — writing thrillers), but I notice that Fagan could write an archaeology of North America as well-informed as any by taking up the subject for a limited period of not many years. Probably there is more now to know about north American archaeology alone than there was to be known about the whole Americas 30 years ago.

☞ Is an end to grand synthesis less a matter of lost cause or of lost art than a tale of lost control and of lost confidence? I relate this to the attitudes to knowledge and data evolving in an electronic age. The core difference between the fat book of synthesis from the age of lost art and its contemporary replacement — CDs from Scientific American, videos from Time-Life — is not the surface shift from printed paper to an electronic medium. In truth, it is the decisive shift in control *away* from the author and *to* the publisher. The print tradition is for the author to have primary authority and responsibility, as one sees in that remark in so many prefaces, after thanks to colleagues and editors for knowledge, advice, guidance: ‘Sole responsibility for the errors remains the author’s.’ In effective print publishing (and as ANTIQUITY tries to work) the editor offers guidance and advice, but the editor and publisher are secondary to the author — always a named individual: the book is the *author’s* work before anyone else. My current reading, *The Cajuns: from Acadia to Louisiana* has WILLIAM FAULKNER RUSHTON in large letters on the front,

and The Noonday Press in small letters on the back. Electronic publishing comes from a different tradition, that of films and TV, where the primary authority belongs to the publisher; the person who actually knows the stuff is secondary, their name billed small or not at all. The academic role is not to create the product, the electronic equivalent of writing the book, but to supply raw and primary material; from this the real 'creative' folk will contrive what enters the market-places of stores and of ideas. What I have yet to see among the electronic stuff is a recognition that the starting-point is first-rate and up-to-date expertise by expert experts: recycling the same old stuff from obsolete books, quarrying standard facts from general-purpose data-banks, and pitching the result always at a junior-high-school level of knowledge is not good enough. When first an innocent trawling the world of CD archaeology, I fell across an article by a famous name who had written a good magazine piece on one of the Minoan palaces years ago; anticipating a new piece, I instead found the same old thing going round again, just with flashier pictures.

By whatever formal means, the best stuff comes about the same way: a true collaboration that expresses the *original* knowledge and scholarly insight of researchers through the best devices — print or electric — of editor and publisher working *with* the author. Reviewing the new habits of non-fiction CDs (none archaeological) on 28 April, David Hewson in the London *Sunday Times* marked up the real reference stuff — like the disc with the combined business and private phone directories for all the USA — and saw the rest as just beer-mats in the making. 'There are some excellent examples of electronic publishing around these days,' he reported, 'but, almost without exception, they are ones that began life on the printed page. Look at anything designed from scratch for the digital world and the odds are it is a failure — aesthetically, editorially and financially.' Why? 'Most of all, digital publishing has failed because it has put technology before traditional editorial standards. Making it sing and dance is deemed more important than getting it right and making it easy to understand.'

More on these issues, as well as reviews of what is out there, when ANTIQUITY dives into electronic archaeology in next year's volume.

☞ A combined report in this issue returns to the Research Assessment Exercise currently in train for the British archaeology departments, as critically noticed in the March issue (70: 3–5, 15–19). The particulars are British-specific, the issues are universal. How does one allocate money between competing interests? What constitutes 'good work' in a diverse field where what I find imaginative you know to be flakey, where what I know to be solid you see as devoid of ideas, and where neither of us can see the expensive point of generating some sets of numbers? There is no test, as there may be for fields where knowledge has visible commercial consequences, of what investment is good.

One point I do notice, as my own department puts its best face on its research return, is just how much classy archaeology there is around. ANTIQUITY book-reviews, I hope and believe, are not soft — but see how often our reviewers praise the books. Individual publishers' lists have their ups and downs; not many match the class of BILL WOODCOCK's at Princeton University Press (for whom MARY STINER won this year's American archaeology book prize for her expert Neanderthal study, *Honor among thieves*), but then he does not generate the sheer bulk coming off the Routledge production machine. Look inside the straightforward and specialized books from a venture like Oxbow and see how often a good problem is addressed with good ideas, with good fieldwork making possible good analysis, which is written up in good order and published with good speed. Journals have their ups and downs too: *American Antiquity*, behind in its schedules, seems flat in its content, and *American Anthropologist* — turned socio-cultural post-modern — appears now to have mislaid archaeology (so much for its commitment to all four fields of anthropology). But there is *Norwegian Archaeological Review*, the new *Archaeological Dialogues* from Holland and — a current favourite — the *Cambridge Archaeological Journal* from my own university. Look at the literature of a generation ago; set, say, Ucko & Dimbleby's once-standard *The domestication and exploitation of plants and animals* (1969) alongside the new Harris-edited *The origins and spread of agriculture and pastoralism in Eurasia* (London: UCL Press & Washington (DC): Smithsonian Institution Press, 1996) — also from the London department; see how great the leap forward has been!

☞ Half last winter's quarter spent teaching a little and learning more as a visitor to UCLA, by generous invitation of the University of California Regents, instructed me as only the ethnographic experience of participant observation can. Someone cheekily once said Britain and the USA were two countries separated by their common tongue; perhaps British (European) and US archaeologists are separated by their common discipline. If until 1832 Goethe could know everything there was to know about the world, if until 1966 Willey could know everything about American archaeology, then some intermediate date must have marked the last year any one person could know everything about anthropology, a field smaller than everything and larger than American archaeology. I would estimate that chunk of comprehensive knowledge became impossible early this century; if obliged to name a name, I would, with California in my mind, nominate Kroeber as the last man to know everything about anthropology, or about Americanist anthropology. When with the sharper senior and graduate UCLA students, I felt the ignorances in my British education by taught courses — precious little socio-cultural anthropology, less physical, no linguistic at all. But there are costs to the American insistence that archaeology must be embedded within a broad four-field anthropology.

A first cost is in the consuming of human life-times: start aged 18 or 19; 4 years' undergraduate school takes you to 23; a 2-year master's to 25; for the doctorate, yet more coursework and then if you do fieldwork (as you should), so even 6–7 years more, which takes you to an age of 32 or 33 even before a year's pause has been taken aside from school in the real world. That's why American students seem so old when they get their Ph.Ds: it's because they *are* old.

Yet they still don't know, still *cannot* know everything they might need to know for whatever specialized aspect of a diverse archaeology they might follow. It is easily forgotten that US anthropology, in the defining form as the Smithsonian invented it in the far West last century, had not four fields but five — the material culture wheel having since fallen off the wagon. And what about history? Archaeology explores human time and its consequences, so a historical study — it could be oral or geomorphology or classical instead of straight history from the documents — has as strong a claim to di-

rect pertinence as linguistic anthropology.

The British archaeology departments, as they shake themselves out, find they need a minimum teaching staff into double figures if they are to teach a comprehensive archaeology. The high faculty numbers in integrated US anthropology departments mask how few archaeologists there may be even in departments of fine archaeological reputation. Here are some figures, by reported specializations of anthropology faculty from the 1995–6 AAA department guide (an uncertain thing, the way rough numerical measures are for universities with diverse structures, and as best I guess who may count as full-time teaching staff and what amounts to an archaeological specialization):

<i>Arizona</i>	14 with archaeological concerns out of 32 anthropologists in the department
<i>Arizona State</i>	also 14 out of 32
<i>UC Berkeley</i>	7 out of 25
<i>UCLA</i>	7 out of 31
<i>Chicago</i>	3 out of 26
<i>Indiana</i>	8 out of 25
<i>Illinois</i>	8 out of 29
<i>Michigan</i>	7 out of 38
<i>Southern Illinois</i>	4 out of 11
<i>Washington</i>	5 out of 22

Only the two Arizona departments look large alongside the British departments where players known in the big game run numbers like these (again of full-time teaching staff in the main department):

<i>Cambridge</i>	10 archaeologists (separate anthro.)
<i>Durham</i>	16 archaeologists (separate anthro.)
<i>London</i>	39(!) archaeologists (separate anthro.)
<i>Sheffield</i>	15 archaeologists (no anthro.)
<i>Southampton</i>	13 archaeologists (no anthro.); and departments perceived as small include:
<i>Glasgow</i>	9 archaeologists (no anthro.)
<i>Lampeter</i>	11 archaeologists (no anthro. dept)
<i>Nottingham</i>	9 archaeologists (no anthro.).

In their specializing *within* archaeology, only London of the British departments has posts (two) devoted to New World archaeology.

Perhaps this arithmetic — beyond the natural-born prejudices of an Englishman — may go to explain why I enjoyed the unusual UCLA set-up of an Institute of Archaeology that can unite archaeologists — whether in Classics, Native American studies, History of art, African studies, Geophysics — with that smaller number whom the vagaries of history have chanced to place in a Department of Anthropology.

U In this and every editorial, in *all* this and every editorial, I could write about the looting, the smuggling, the faking and the all-round world mess that is the dodgy world of private antiquities collecting. Wherever there is war and upheaval, there runs this new dog — to Kabul (Afghan national museum looted out and destroyed), to Iraq, to the former Yugoslavia, whence we can expect pretty Neolithic figurines from the Vinca-culture sites to surface in the American market-place, having perhaps travelled the usual route via Zurich and/or London. The Unidroit convention that might clean it up is stalled, a failed compromise neither gaining nor losing countries will live with.

So bless the Turkish government, and the example of its aggressive pursuit of filched treasures, to the public shame of the Metropolitan Museum which knowingly bought the Lydian Treasure hot from the Anatolian earth.

And may one of the complacently acquiring and dealing countries — Britain will do — lose one of its national treasures this way, and find it unrecoverable from another, it may be Swiss, national jurisdiction! Then we will ourselves know the violation you feel when you have been vigorously burgled!

Noticeboard

Conferences

7–8 September 1995

The familiar past?: archaeologies of Britain 1550–1995

Critical and innovative approaches to post-medieval archaeology, early modern and modern periods — the eras that have made our present world.

Sarah Tarlow, Department of Archaeology, University of Wales, Lampeter SA48 7ED, Wales; 01570-423669 FAX; SN006@lampeter.ac.uk

Appointments in Britain

Ian Hodder becomes Professor at Cambridge.

Malcolm Todd, Professor at Exeter, moves to the University of Durham.

... and in Australia

Matthew Spriggs becomes Professor of Archaeology in the Department of Archaeology & Anthropology at the Australian National University, Canberra.

Electronic trireme

A further contribution about reconstructing Greek trireme warships, a reply by Boris Jordan & Alec Tilley to Coates in *ANTIQUITY* 69 (1995): 159–62, is available on the Internet: <http://www.eng.ox.ac.uk/~cascrd/triplebank.html>.

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