

Editorial

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☪ This is my 40th and my last number of ANTIQUITY (though much of the next issue, for March 1998, I will have looked after editorially), and my 37th and last editorial over a 10-year term as Editor. Those 40 numbers have covered much of the globe, one way or another, but a human being sees the globe from the vantage-point of whatever place on it they chance to be located. Since I am located in Europe, I choose to devote this last Editorial to matters which, on the surface, are in Europe and which concern Europe. (This is out of the question as an absolute constraint. How could one, if mentioning archaeological festivals with their ancient activities of pottery and flint-knapping, overlook the energetic avocationalists of the SASKATCHEWAN ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY, in central Canada? There, in the open plains country of spear-thrower hunting, the most popular activity at the Archaeological Games and Crafts Festivals is atlatlery, thanks to the Society's 'severely wounded portable buffalo'.)

☪ First, notice of a grand and good celebration of and for archaeology, the annual Biskupin festival, held in northeast Poland each September at the museum and the archaeological reserve there. Its 24 hectares of known ancient wood-working, so wondrously preserved in the bog, make up what likely is — and certainly should be — the most famous Iron Age fortified settlement of Europe. Successive excavation campaigns, over the years 1934–39, 1941–42, 1946–74, have taken out 75% of the site, leaving now enough for the necessary re-thinking of the chronology made possible by tree-rings becoming the basis of the dating. For 40 years, the watch-tower, as reconstructed proud over the timber defences of the settlement, along with the great wooden long-houses, has been a popular symbol in Poland, and a symbol not just of archaeology.

The Biskupin Festival is on a splendidly ambitious scale, running a full week, and with a programme so large and varied that its own newspaper, *Gazeta Biskupinska*, appears daily

with that day's goings-on. Attendance runs at about 70,000 people in the week as a whole! This year's festival had a special British element (which is why I came to hear of it), with a team of experimental archaeologists led by JACQUI WOOD cooking prehistoric food to serve in prehistoric grass baskets.

Why is experimental archaeology so captivating? It certainly has research purpose, in AXEL STEENSTRUP's finding how long it takes to clear temperate forest with flint axes, or in JOHN COLES' showing that sheet-bronze shields are useless in defence against swords and therefore must be representations of working shields that were made of leather during the Bronze Age. But one is also aware of the limits. A good knapper when pulling out the fine handaxe — elegantly thin and with that lovely twisting profile — which is latent in a big cobble of dark grey East Anglian flint is not thereby becoming *Homo erectus*. Pick up a handaxe; you know this object, which sits comfortable in weight and balanced in the palm of your hand, was knapped not just by a human a little different from ourselves, but by a creature so different as to be a species of being decisively other than our own. Yet that distant being made this very object that I hold now in my own hand. The techniques of the handaxe — and other lost technologies the experimentalists can delight a crowd with — stand for and prove the separation, mystery, attraction of the past.

Many of the experimental archaeologists seem to be captivating characters. I was in Valcamonica, north Italy, in October for a first-class (and small!: see below) research conference organized with generous hospitality by the 'Società Cooperativa Archeologica "Le Orme dell'Uomo"' and with participation by the other research groups in the valley. A little memorial exhibition there introduced me to the lively experimental spirit who was Jack Belmondo (1946–97); and afterwards I walked up the narrow built paths and terraces through the chestnut woods from the upland village of Nadro, to see the Iron Age granary he built in the ar-



Above, Iron Age incision of a building, a few hundred metres north in the Parco Nazionale delle Incisioni Rupestri at Naquane.

Above, Iron Age granary reconstructed by Jack (Giuseppe Belfiore) Belmondo in the archaeological reserve at Foppo di Nadro, Valcamonica (north Italy), on the model of the buildings that are numerous in the rock-engravings of the region. With its stout timber construction, steep thatched gable and end-panels of split stems, it reminds one, unexpectedly, of Melanesia.

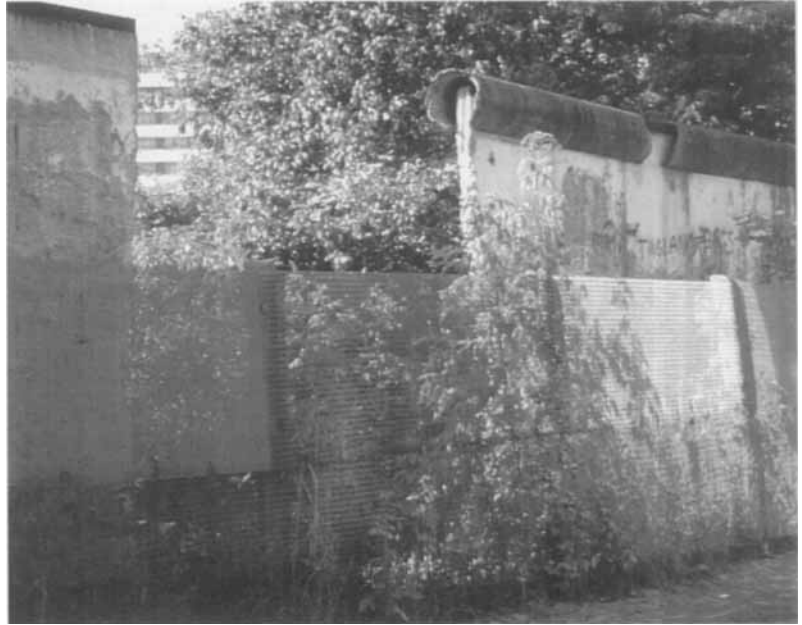
archaeological park there in 1995–6. DON GARDNER of Oldways in Calgary (Alberta), also a bright and intense man, is another experimentalist who stands to me for the beguiling experimental personality.

(Other manners exist in experimental archaeology also. Students who in the 1980s had experienced some kind of wilderness camp far in the Pacific North-West, run by a celebrated knapper, used to return with project T-shirts; on the front a routine image and on the back a zig-zag line, annotated with ZZZZZZ. ‘What’s that for?’ I asked. ‘It’s the electric cattle-prod. . .’ I chose to ask for no details.)

🗑️ The *Independent* reported in August a call by some archivists, artists and politicians to protect the last remaining fragments of the Berlin Wall from property developers, souvenir-hunters and the weather. ‘There is hardly anything left of this piece of global history,’ said RAINER HILDEBRANDT, director of the museum at the old crossing-point, Checkpoint Charlie. Indeed there isn’t. And, as the photograph I took in September shows, what little there is does not look well; it rather reminds one of those 1920s

photographs of British crumbling castles, all weeds and neglect, before taken in better hand. Yet this was the military front line of the old East Germany, kept spruced into lethal neatness until let go in 1989, just eight years ago! The fragment illustrated above is close to the Gropiusbau, down from the Potsdamerplatz, where a forest of tower-cranes (I counted 36 on the one site before I lost count) are now making anew the busiest square of the old undivided Berlin. Further down towards Checkpoint Charlie, a few grubby fragments of Wall stand stacked in a little metal-fenced compound, like wild creatures reduced in a little zoo cage, next to the memorial to PETER FECHTER who bled to death there on 17 August 1962.

Museum curators, faced with requests from Aboriginal Australians or native Americans for the repatriation of their cultural property, reply with this principle: these things belong not only to those individuals specifically descended from those who once made them, but to a wider world that can stretch to all human beings. The Berlin Wall is the physical memory of what happened in Berlin 1945–89; but it is not rightly the business of Berliners alone. As the first



The Berlin Wall, part of the standing fragment on the Niederkirchnerstraße, September 1997; fenced but otherwise neglected.

monument of the Cold War, it is a supreme proof and symbol of what happened to all Europe for half this century. If we had an honest sense of consistency, we would not let it be Berliners or even Germans or even Europeans (for the Cold War structured the whole world) alone who will decide the future of such scrappy bits of Wall as now survive. Preserved in place it should be, but it will be a beast to conserve. It was hammered by the rage of the people on its fall in November 1989 through its poor-quality concrete as far as the steel reinforcing bars; they will be the source now of bursting corrosion. The curved pipe-section that makes the top, made with asbestos cement, has its own health danger.

Eight years after the fall of the Wall, it is astonishing how the everyday artefacts of eastern German life have transformed. I remember, in Prague in spring 1991, how much had already changed: the Czech–Cuban cultural friendship centre was closed and dusty, but not yet swept away; MacDonalds burgers (The Lord help us all!) was shop-fitting but not yet open. So the *Autobahn* from the Ruhr past Hanover to Berlin, the new capital, is already busy with trucks from the east: Latvia, Ukraine, Estonia, Moldavia, Belarus, Moscow. One sees a few of Czech make, which seem to be slow and smoking, but everything else is western-built, the same Mercedes

and Scania and MANs and Volvos which are universal in the west. The same goes for the smaller artefacts; the DDR army hats and military clutter that were after '89 universally on sale in central Berlin streets are all evaporated, along with spray-painted concrete fragments said to be of the Wall. (Do you have one? Do you *know* it was authentic? Do you know just where it is? When did you last dust it?) A good book from Benedikt Taschen Verlag (Köln) remembers these *DDR Souvenirs*, plates decorated with proud portraits of Honecker, Soviet-realist miniatures of heroic miners, models of a strong human fist that stands for the triumph of Marx's proletariat.

Crossing the former Iron Curtain on the rebuilt *Autobahn* between Plauen and Töpen, amongst the VWs and Opels with not a Trabant in sight, nor a single road-sign to show the 40 years when Chemnitz was Karl-Marx-Stadt, I see — thank you — they have left a guard tower hard by the highway, an unexplained physical memory of the Iron Curtain that ran here.

The transformation of the material culture of central Europe since 1989 should be a strong, and unsettling, example to teach us to improve our models of invasion, migration, population replacement, in-place cultural evolution, as we apply them to the archaeology of our historical periods, and before.

John Waddell reported in the September ANTIQUITY the ambitious programme and now the matching results of the Irish Discovery Programme, one of the cultural aspects to the conspicuous flourishing of Ireland at present. Another good advance is the new visitor centre for the Boyne Valley, opened this summer. The central and famous site there is Newgrange, the great chambered passage-tomb with magnificent corbelled chamber (still neat and waterproof, though without benefit of restoration and now 5000-odd years old) and magnificent megalithic art. Visitor numbers to Newgrange rise splendidly and troublingly, over 150,000 in 1996 with more uncounted as they were unable to get in. So this is another European monument suffering an excess of success and the symptoms one sees often: unhappy access-route (along the ridge and from behind, rather than from the Boyne valley below); car-parking too close; insufficient account to explain the place; pressure on the famous and single central monument; wear from sheer numbers. Newgrange has a narrow passage with many carved stones. Only a certain number can go into the chamber in a group and, however careful, they will brush the stones with their clothes and bodies as they squeeze in and out. The re-modelling of the entrance after BRIAN O'KELLY's excavations, when the front of the mound was re-faced with the cobble-stones thought to have made the original façade, reconciles visitor access with respecting the carvings on the entrance kerb-stone, but at the cost of a form for the entrance not corresponding with its ancient design.

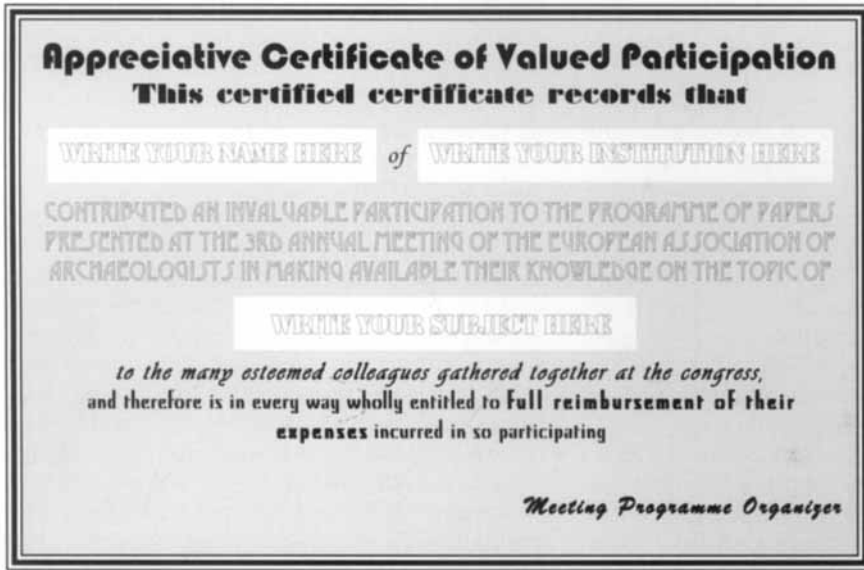
The need then for Brú na Bóinne is a more fitting approach: car-parking at a better distance, a good provision for visitors who expect up-to-date and compelling accounts, alleviation of pressure on the central monument, less impact from sheer numbers. These are well addressed in the strategy of the new visitor centre, which I saw this spring with EUGENE KEANE of the National Monuments and Historic Properties Service not many weeks before opening, while JOHN HARRISON's displays worked up with GABRIEL COONEY began to go in. The central and good decision is to build it at a generous remove, not hard by but many hundred metres away from Newgrange. The choice is to build it down below the ridge of the monuments, in the valley whence one looks up towards the mounds on the sky-line. As Newgrange is vis-

ible from the visitor centre, so the visitor centre is visible from Newgrange, but sufficiently distanced that it is not conspicuous from the site in a mixed-use landscape.

Best in the Boyne scheme is the placing of the visitor centre *across* the river, on the south bank of the Boyne. There a steep slope makes it easy to build a multi-level building into the shale cliff, with car-parking out of sight on the flatter land above. Walking down from there, one suddenly comes to see the valley properly, with the great curve of the river and the ridge beyond and above, with the monuments. Your own 20th-century vehicle left behind, you may be content with what you see in the visitor centre and the distant view; or you may by-pass the displays and go straight to the monuments; or whatever combination you choose.

You cross the river on a fine new bridge of the modern cable-stayed kind; it is a pedestrian-only bridge, light enough that you think you can feel it move under your weight. A mini-bus shuttle service, its price bundled in with a visitor-centre ticket, takes you to Newgrange. The second great megalithic mound at Knowth, restored to full height, and with its satellite mounds restored also after its most complete excavation by GEORGE EOGAN, will be open before long as a second focus, and then the programme of paths can be developed increasingly to offer a rounded story of the landscape rather than the single spot curiosities. With land-owners' further co-operation, or as land becomes available for purchase, the broader story of this eastern Irish landscape can be told, right up to modern times. The battlefield of the Boyne, fought 1688 and a central emblem in the religious divide of modern Ireland, will be difficult to deal with when it comes to interpretation.

For now, we have good new provision for the central core, the Neolithic mounds. This is not an archaeological reserve; all the public roads stay open, and the farming community with a living to make in that landscape have — in a habit not unique to Ireland — also installed across it rusting shacks, large and high farm-buildings in crinkly new steel, bungalows and clutter. Yet — and even though you do get into a 20th-century mini-bus and pass through a 20th-century landscape — the distancing of the visitor centre and the crossing of the water to enter the archaeological zone, as if into a sacred land, are key to treating the Boyne fittingly.



The prototype universal blank form by which would-be speakers with nothing to say or worth saying can be given, on demand, self-generating proof that they were there.

The wording 'making available their knowledge on the topic' provides for colleagues who have no knowledge. The wording 'contributed an invaluable participation to the programme' covers those whose value was in saying nothing at all.

☞ I experienced this autumn yet another grand academic meeting torpedoed by the fallacy that every paper offered should be accepted: this way registration numbers and conference income will be high — and the bigger the conference, of course the better. Not so: the bigger the conference, the better the conference — a different matter. And there is another way. Consider the slack paper, as presented at that Ravenna meeting, not by the inexperienced but by the senior and tenured and even the famous: no new ideas, no new work, no fresh facts, not drafted tightly but recycled from one sketched for some other occasion, poor and tired pictures; its true purpose is for the presenter to be able to declare it has been presented. So let us invent a means by which a paper can be deemed to have been presented (see picture) without the wretched thing being inflicted on anyone.

For those who still insist, whose offering is thoroughly bad, let us notice their paper takes the time of the audience, and time costs money. Suppose an audience of 130 professionals for half-an-hour each, whose time should be worth US\$60 an hour; add a modest 100% for incidental expenses, travelling time, etc., and you come to: $130 \times \frac{1}{2} \times 60 \times 2 = \text{US\$}7800$ charge per duff speaker. A grave offender, say a high colleague who chose to give a weak and rambling $1\frac{1}{4}$ -hour talk in (and out of) a scheduled 20-minute slot, could fairly be treated with a surcharge at double the regular rate: $130 \times 1\frac{1}{4} \times 120 \times 2$

= US\$39,000. An on-the-spot invoice could be issued by the session chair as the miscreant left the platform, like a parking ticket. As this scheme would be targetted at persistent offenders, there must be generous exemptions for the inexperienced, for students, for those speaking in a language they are not much familiar with. Imposed in respect of just 15 real dogs, one of them supreme champion, the Ravenna fines would have generated $14 \times 7800 + 1 \times 39,000 = \text{US\$}148,200$ (minus collection costs and bad debts), a satisfying sum to offset the heap of bills a big meeting accumulates.

Why are small meetings better? They bring together colleagues all sufficiently interested in some sufficiently defined topic. Give this archaeologist a conference on European rock-art or the consequences of looting classical sites, and I promise to be patient, even content with weak presentations, some dotty ideas, upside-down slides and a programme that drifts off-schedule; the subject enthalls me, and the other tens (not thousands) there will be colleagues with whom I will happily talk shop all conference long. The same will be true of any research community, who in a small group will care for taphonomy of metalwork or ancient biomolecules or heritage-management systems or classifying complexities of snapped chert blades. It is not accident that the good bits of the very large meetings are often those sub-groups who make a small gathering inside the large.

☛ The Boyne project, an expensive venture, met obstacles; the actual building of the visitor centre was suspended for a spell. The British equivalent to Newgrange is Stonehenge, a management problem which resists all solution. As long ago as 1983–4, *ANTIQUITY* reported the Stonehenge problem (it chances, in two articles by myself), and the energetic commitment to solve it which English Heritage would immediately apply to its flagship site. As we go to press, early November 1997, a decisive solution has just *now* been announced. But just a year ago, at this same season, a decisive solution had also just been announced, another scheme that soon was dead!

Key to the 1996 dream, as outlined by English Heritage's chief archaeologist GEOFFREY WAINWRIGHT in *ANTIQUITY* ('Stonehenge saved?', 70(267): 9–12), was the removal of the visitor facilities from hard by the site, where they are both inadequate and intrusive, to a good distance, right over the hill and in the outskirts of the town of Amesbury. If one of the main roads that run past the site were closed and the other buried in a tunnel, and with all the land in the 'Stonehenge bowl' then free of clutter and in English Heritage or National Trust ownership, the ingredients were in place for an ideal solution with a fitting, large and *distant* visitor centre — on the model of the Boyne.

That ideal being most expensive, and with English Heritage having no great capital of its own, the new visitor provision was to be funded by grant-aid from National Lottery funds and by investment of a commercial partner. The preferred partner was The Tussauds Group, nowadays diversified beyond its waxworks base into a broad leisure company, notably successful — in visitor numbers, in visitor satisfaction and in respect for the historical fabric — also in its running of Warwick Castle as a heritage attraction. Engaged as Tussauds' consultant for archaeology and interpretation, I found myself for the first time obliged to design a workable Stonehenge plan, always harder than commenting on others'. Within the detailed brief specified by English Heritage, and its wish that visitor numbers should rise very much, we designed a generous visitor centre. We chose not to include in it a replica proper, which I think would have demeaned the real thing; remembering the clues Stonehenge was never completed, we instead chose to make physical and at full size

the whole and *ideal* implied design. Instead of the elephant-grey of the eroded monument, this would be in the vivid polychromes of its raw stone — strong orange-brown sarsens and strong grey-blue bluestones on the strong muddied-white of a raw chalk soil. All this would be under a high concrete dome, with a light-show to give the look of the place round the clock and, especially, at midsummer dawn.

Whatever magic (or tosh, as some would see it) was contrived at the remote centre, visitors would have paid dearly — English Heritage envisaged top-band prices — and would expect to see the real Stonehenge, the reason they had come. So a reserved transit system would take visitors from the centre towards the Stones: again the same good attitude as the Boyne. Leaving your own vehicle and the artifice of the visitor centre behind, you would be going out into the landscape of the authentic ancient places; like crossing the river at the Boyne, we thought that transfer into a novel vehicle at a distant point helped. The vehicles — 'rural hi-tech' in design — again would signal the transformation. We set aside English Heritage's idea of a reconstructed Woodhenge near the actual Woodhenge site as a confusion, a new unauthentic place in an old authentic landscape (and how *can* one 'reconstruct' that ancient building from the plan alone with no knowledge whatever as to how it looked above-ground?).

How far should the vehicles go? English Heritage wanted a terminus at King Barrow Ridge, over a kilometre short of Stonehenge. From there visitors would have a distant view, and those who were keen would walk across the rolling grassland to the Stones, where surely they could wander freely amongst the ancient monoliths. But the grass at the centre of Stonehenge was, as long ago as the 1950s, pounded to mud and dust by the visitors' feet; for a few years, a gravel surface — ugly and damaging — sufficed, until that failed under the pressure, and the centre has been closed ever since. We feared this would happen again, and the grass on the straight 'line of desire' from the transit terminus to the Stones could perish too. Also, the many visitors not expecting or shod for a walk (and Salisbury Plain quickly can turn cold and wet) would turn back resentfully, having paid top dollar and still seen the place only as a distant miniature through the rain. On the grounds of conservation first and of visitor satisfaction

Drawing by Stevenson for the New Yorker, illustrating Karl Meyer's 1973 series of articles that became his landmark book, The plundered past: the traffic in art treasures.

Passing the fine vase from the left: contadini in countrymen's hats with shovels; spiv with shades; elegant purveyor of high art to the discerning; (body out of sight) passionate connoisseur — the whole in the manner of Euphronios.

One could write an editorial each quarter about the scandal of looting.



second, we wished to take the lightweight transit system further forward, engineered to run on a special roadway laid not *in* the ground but *on* the ground so that it would be fully removable in the future, and its long-term archaeological impact would nearly be nil. In our preferred variant, this way — following wherever it could existing built tracks and dodging around known archaeological monuments — would take a great circle round the Stonehenge bowl, giving varied views both close and distant not just of Stonehenge, but of the barrows and earthworks, and making possible a telling account of long-term landscape history. At several halts, one at the far end of the present Stonehenge car-park about 300 metres from the monument and out of sight of it, the vehicle would pause; visitors could alight and walk to Stonehenge from varied directions and otherwise explore the country. In our view, this strategy addresses the conservation concerns, transferring the main weight of visitors from unmanaged feet trampling grass to managed wheels on a zero-impact built track.

Critics grumbled at the visual impact of vehicles, as if the alternative were an empty landscape, a lonely place in the spirit of a Thomas Hardy novel. Actually that alternative *does* exist, but it has its own consequences. The experience of the 1950s tells us that 60,000 people a year, perhaps a certain number more, can wander freely among the stones, not conscious of a pressing crowd, and walking on natural grass. Allow many more, then other visitors intrude on one's own enjoyment, and the grass perishes. 'Everyone can go to the sea-side, but if they do

then no one will have the beach to themselves.' The same applies to Stonehenge; a brave — and truly radical — solution would reduce visitor numbers from the present 700,000 or so, and from the more than twice that number English Heritage wished for at a remote visitor centre, to that perhaps 70,000 of the 'Thomas Hardy Stonehenge'. Given the world fame of Stonehenge, what strenuous measures it would take to reduce numbers by ten-fold! It would be an odd strategy for a public body whose wish is to encourage a wide public interest in the English heritage. And since National Lottery money is not a free gift, but extracted from the citizens who choose to buy its £1 tickets, one could scarcely take that money by the millions in order to reduce actual popular access to Stonehenge to one-tenth of its present levels!

The easy approach, of course, is to pretend the two ambitions are compatible: to welcome and to benefit from the spending of the 1 million and more visitors — while at the same time supposing that only the 70,000 will actually get to Stonehenge. This contradiction may yet be attempted. The lottery fund took against the distant visitor centre (and perhaps noticed an aspect of the funding arithmetic astutely referred to in a later House of Lords debate); and the new Labour Government has now taken an interest. The plan put forward this October again puts the visitor centre nearer to Stonehenge, a previous strategy rightly refused by the planners and rightly then abandoned by English Heritage, in the old and failed fudge of 'as close as one dare, as big as one dare'.

Should past experience make a true forecast, then the Stonehenge scheme announced this October — if it actually happens — will within 15 years (less than one three-hundredth of Stonehenge's elapsed existence on this earth) be seen as mistaken, an error of its time. Perhaps this would be true of *any* scheme, but at least a distant scheme makes its mistakes further away. The present provision, thought right when installed in 1970, was damned within 15 years, and is without defenders today.

More enduring, perhaps, than any physical structures will be the habits of the archaeological monopolist, as I saw them in the months working on last year's Stonehenge scheme. English Heritage is a 'Quango', a QUAsi Non Government Organization, which is therefore neither directly responsible to a minister as a public body would be, nor controlled by shareholders as a private company is. Unconstrained by either frame, it has shown an unregulated entrepreneur's wish to expand where it sees opportunity. From a defined small role in planning London's future, it has come to see itself as the primary judge which will decide if the city is to have any very tall buildings; not its job at all. Following the habit that large businesses like to swallow the small fry around them, it has wanted to absorb the littler Royal Commission on Historical Monuments. It tries to set the research agenda for English archaeology — again not its purpose; there is no need of a consolidated research agenda for archaeology in England, and if there *were* need, English Heritage has no competence to set it. But the monopolist always sees the benefits of consolidating and coordinating under its own good leadership, rather than those of diversity, distance, competition.

A particular casualty is the Council for British Archaeology's losing its independence by allowing its Director, my friend RICHARD MORRIS, to become entangled in English Heritage, as one of its controlling board of Commissioners and chairman of its key archaeological advisory group. One understands the temptation: instead of being a lobbying body outside, that way it moves inside — where it will be fully informed and itself become central to decision-building. And this is congruent with the governing rule of British archaeology that a comparatively few 'great and good' will hold multiple and related posts in its varied institutions, thereby either ensuring they work well together or that conflicts of interest pervade the scene.

The whole purpose of a Council for British Archaeology is to provide an independent focus *outside* the central powers-that-be. Its Director should rightly withdraw, at the Council, from dealing with any matter where he has — through his English Heritage role — an interest: but what matter in British archaeology exists in which English Heritage does not or may not have an interest!?

(Equally telling, but not to be written about here, are the unconsciously arrogant ways in which some English Heritage officers have come to see themselves as taking a fitting posture of upright command to be matched by the rest of us as suppliants on their knees. (I jest not: one does not forget a plain statement of that view.) No wonder also the outfit is known for its style, at the highest level, of management by shouting at people.)

Let English Heritage try again at Stonehenge, and let this be a last attempt. If it falls, who else could have a go? Luckily, there is another archaeological agency to hand, exposed to the same pressures as English Heritage but seeming better able to manage them, and to maintain the highest professional reputation. Let Stonehenge at that time be transferred to the custody of Historic Scotland. After all, it is the supreme monument of the ancient British. Are those the direct ethnic ancestors of modern Scots? Only perhaps. But the English (Angles) are late blow-ins, come across the North Sea in early medieval times, about three millennia after the place was built; as sure as eggs is eggs, Stonehenge is no part of the English heritage, as so historically defined!

Archaeology in Europe is profoundly mixed up with nationalism, emerging in the modern form of the discipline during the 19th-century defining period of the nation-state. How persistent are the different traditions of European archaeology, each country by country. The book which HERBERT SCHÜTZ published in 1983 under the title *The prehistory of Germanic Europe*, was also a *Germanic prehistory of Europe*; in selecting certain themes, emphasizing certain evidence, it told a certain story in a certain frame of knowledge particular to the German tradition of scholarship. The French emphasis on Palaeolithic archaeology as *préhistoire*, and the central place Palaeolithic has in French archaeological training, makes for a different fundamental structure by comparison with Britain,

much less rich in Palaeolithic stuff. What the French call the *civilisations de la protohistoire* the British call the cultures of prehistory; to name Bell Beakers a 'protohistoric civilization', as the literal tradition of the French does, alters the entity they represent in English-language archaeology. And the differences really are large. A recent big German book on ANTIQUITY's shelves, BERND ZICH's *Studien zur regionalen und chronologischen Gliederung der nördlichen Aunjetitzer Kultur* (1996), one would not see in English: by the British fashion, at 946 large pages, it is too much an undigested record without sufficient consideration of what all those objects stand for. Equally, a well-regarded Anglophone book like RICHARD BRADLEY's *The passage of arms* (1990) does not wholly address those determining issues in studying prehistoric metalwork which Germanic scholarship sees as central.

The French tradition is a specially telling one, with its twin concerns for very exacting and minute field methods and for a grand sweep of cultural explanation. Briefly visiting in October the Grotte du Lazaret, hard by the Mediterranean shore in the city of Nice, I saw yet again the patient and painstaking techniques which French fieldworkers have made the respected standard for Palaeolithic caves, dug 2-cm *couche* by 2-cm *couche* under the hanging strings of its metre grid. HENRY DE LUMLEY's Lazaret-based team also works on the rock-engravings of Mont Bégo in the Alpine chain above Nice, prehistoric (in English), *proto-historique* (in French) by their Copper–Bronze Age date. Their 30-year campaign making *relevés* of over 32,382 engraved figures is in that same field tradition refined from the Palaeolithic caves, creating a unique record in European rock-art for its exactness in the mass of detail. Distinctively French also, and inspired from the other pillar of national scholarship, is the style of explanation of the de Lumley team. In looking for ancient purpose in the Bégo figures, de Lumley explores parallels with the far eastern Mediterranean, and finds they illustrate some general, even universal themes of comparative mythology: so Bégo rock-engravings depict the masculine bull-god which relates to the feminine goddess of the earth, together making a primordial divine couple. Returning to Bégo again, where I did Ph.D work a decade ago, I find the British in my own training also directs me in other ways. Wary of a broad-brush

and universalizing mythology in understanding the European Bronze Age, hesitant that contemporary events towards the distant Middle East are directly relevant, I choose instead to depend on patterning in the later prehistory of the more immediate region of adjacent Italy, where LAWRENCE BARFIELD and I (in a paper in press with PPS) find explanation of Bégo in a different framework, of a quite different character, without bull-god or earth-feminine goddess.

In some countries — Ireland and Britain — nearly all archaeology is done by home nationals: *The prehistory of Britain* is also a *British prehistory of Britain*, and there are not enough (or any?) alternatives, the *French prehistory of Britain* and *German prehistory of Britain* which would give an instructive other account. That is a pity. In Greece and Italy, the northern interest in those southern lands is still strong, and still underpins the ideas by which we all work. Look at the literature on those classical regions, and see how it still divides by national tradition. Is the French scholar who works a life-time on Greek archaeology, working by the French frame of research, learning from the French-language literature, writing in French, teaching mostly in France, read and referenced mostly by French, to be called an archaeologist of Greece or, more precisely, a French archaeologist of Greece or an archaeologist of French Greece, where 'French Greece' is that version of ancient Greece the French tradition chooses to recognize and find worthy of study? The collected record of the language in which an individual has chosen to publish their work will tell its own and certain story as to which affinity is actually the stronger. That used to be generally so; as English becomes the dominant international language, the British — notoriously inept at foreign languages — can now pretend, if they write about Italy exclusively in English, that they write internationally; in truth they may be nationally limited, because archaeologists of 'British Italy'.

U In 1986, when GLYN DANIEL was retiring and I applied to edit ANTIQUITY, these issues were in my mind: should ANTIQUITY be primarily a British, or a European, or a world journal in its interests? British was clearly too limited a scope; and I remembered how O.G.S. CRAWFORD had founded the journal in 1927 because the British journals then were too stuffy and parochial (his editorial in volume 1, number 1

editor	tenure	volumes	numbers	pages
O.G.S. Crawford	1927–1957	31	124	11,620
Glyn Daniel	1958–1986 ¹	29	105	8,730
Christopher Chippindale	1987–1991, 1993–1997 ²	10	40	9,388
Henry Cleere	1992 ²	<u>1</u>	<u>4</u>	<u>1,002</u>
total		71	273	30,740

1. Production editor RUTH DANIEL. 2. Production editor ANNE CHIPPINDALE.

ANTIQUITY editors and their output, in the 71 volumes of the journal to date. HENRY CLEERE edited for just the one year, by invitation between Chippindale's two terms. Crawford and Daniel edited alone, Chippindale and Cleere with an assistant editor looking after the review section.

is worth reading). European was more attractive, but I did not in 1986 see how a journal of European archaeology could be made genuinely European, rather than a journal of 'British European archaeology', in the sense sketched above. That is one of the several reasons I took the third option, of a world scope, which is what I have tried to do these 10 years. Although there are vigorous factional differences in English-language archaeology — Michigan *versus* Arizona *versus* Washington for a start even within just one of the English-language factions — there is sufficient common spirit in Anglophone archaeology, beyond the common language, which actually makes a world journal a more coherent proposition than seemed possible for a European journal. Just now, JOHN CHAPMAN has edited a cracker in the new volume 4 of the *European Archaeological Journal*, which does seem genuinely European in a style not seen before. Retitled, that journal is to be published by Sage, heavyweight social-science publishers who have made a good launch of their new *Journal of Material Culture*. If its quality stays that high, and Sage clout strengthens the business side, I would not myself choose to go into direct competition with it.

A feature of ANTIQUITY has been the length of editorial tenure here: 31 years for its founder O.G.S. CRAWFORD, who died with no arrangements for its future in place; 29 years for GLYN DANIEL, who was taken by cancer before his retirement took effect; 10 years for myself; 1 year for HENRY CLEERE, who edited for one year between my two 5-year terms: altogether just 4 editors for 71 annual volumes. In my editorship being terminated at this moment, rather than continuing, that founding tradition ends.

We switched to electronic typesetting and 'desk top publishing' as early as 1987 — so early, we had to write some of the software. As that reduced production bills we were able to en-

large the journal fourfold, from about 256 to over 1000 pages an annual volume. In regretting such a fat size (slimmed from something even larger by the patience with which contributors let us whittle their words away), I notice a pattern. As fields become more specialized, the more general journals either become fatter or they perish; inside each fat number of ANTIQUITY, I like to think, is that much thinner number, different for each, which any one reader will enjoy. The editor is likely the only person who reads every blessed page. So it comes about, if one counts up the pages (see table), the three of us who have been long-term editors measure much the same in how much we published.

Will academic journals like ANTIQUITY continue to circulate as printed books in the future? It chanced that this issue has a Review special on the fast-growing electronic availability of archaeological knowledge (the Special itself is also available electronically on ANTIQUITY's web site at <http://intarch.ac.uk/antiquity>). In it, STEVE HARNAD persuasively shows that the controlling economics of the printed book should not apply to the electronic world. I think he is right, given some large cautions. And the freer structures of electronic habits should make us all look with care at the controlling use of copyright by publishers; it may nowadays obstruct more than it promotes the academic purpose, that research knowledge be broadly and easily accessible.

These concerns are now for others to decide at ANTIQUITY. In closing my last issue, I thank team here, and the many colleagues, chums, friends, acquaintances, advisers, strangers, critics, sceptics who have made ANTIQUITY possible and just what it is, and who I have so very much enjoyed working with; and I wish the journal well in the new directions in which it may now be taken.