

Editorial

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

☛ Where are the streets, squares and boulevards of our great cities named for archaeologists? The London *Streetfinder* shows a Lubbock Street close by the Old Kent Road, and then a Lubbock Road in Chislehurst, further along the highway towards Sir John Lubbock's country seat at High Elms, but there is no Childe Close, no Wheeler Way. They arrange matters better in Bordighera, the little resort on the Italian Riviera where the English made an Edwardian colony. There, you will find the small street that was named for Clarence Bicknell, botanist, Esperantist and forgotten* archaeologist, on the 50th anniversary of the founding of its Museo Bicknell in 1938. And this year a square on the edge of the old town in Ioannina, chief town of Epirus, the north-western-most province of Greece, was named for the Cambridge archaeologist Eric Higgs (1908–76).

I had the luck to be taught by Higgs, as an undergraduate, when he held court in the smoky depths of the famous Cambridge 'bone-room', on the ground floor of the '1948 extension', demolished with no regret in 1993. Sharing its cigarette fug were the pack of graduate students — the 'Higg-lets' — he was distributing round the Mediterranean lands. A smaller group of 'Clarke-lets' at the same period revolved round David Clarke, who was based outside the department. We undergraduates, not fully grasping the tensions that divide structures of academic life, found inspiration in both. The solid Higgs dogma was ostentatiously simple in its ideas of prehistoric man-animal relationships and robust in its field methods; you knew where you were, as directed by the bible according to Wynne-Edwards, the text on animal dispersion in relation to social behaviour that was quoted for the party line. The Clarke story was a more abstract framework, requiring much pushing-back of hair, waving of arms and an unstopp-

* But see Christopher Chippindale's Clarence Bicknell: archaeology and science in the 19th century, *Antiquity* 58 (1984): 185–96, for an attempt at memory.

pable flow of longer words; fine if you could handle it, even dare to *understand* it, as Bob Chapman and Andrew Sherratt were rumoured to do, but not for the nervous second-year student. Among the grey boxes of reference bones stacked to the ceiling on a broad shelf over Higgs's head, nested alongside those marked 'bear', 'bovids' or 'reindeer', was one labelled 'McBurney'; the label referred to bones from Charles McBurney's excavations, rather than the man himself who held a different kind of Palaeolithic court in the building's attic, but the choice of word and the placing of the box among the beasts hinted at other strains between colleagues.

Essential to the Higgs style was a spare way of life in the field. The ever-patient Helen Higgs had learnt a fine skill in feeding family and students on not enough money in Mediterranean lands; the Higg-lets were quite as short of money themselves, so minimal food budgets became a defining essential of the disciples' style in their following the master. By one legendary story, Heather Jarman had tried to buy sliced *mortadella*, traced as the cheapest sausage to be found in a sleepy south Italian town, but the butcher would not sell the stuff to this respectable foreign woman: it was made from dead donkeys and reserved for the beggars. Since Helen Higgs had fed students for 10 shillings (50p) in Greece a few inflationary years before, the 10-shilling spirit naturally applied when I went on field survey with Heather and Mike Jarman in West Germany, a country not famous for a cheap cost of living. I remember the small student group talking about food while bouncing about in the windowless back of the Land Rover, perhaps as a substitute for eating the stuff. The high point of our subsistence was the pheasant, found on the ground and still warm, its decease perhaps connected in some way to a farm track that ran not far away. That same day I chanced to catch a partridge, which snagged on wire netting when I chased it through a hedge; so the casserole that evening, much enjoyed, benefitted from the

hunting as well as the scavenging mode of man–animal relationship. The low point was the catastrophe of the chocolate cake, bought when a surplus was contrived against the budget, that was put *under* the Land Rover to keep cool and forgotten when we drove away (no, of course we couldn't possibly go back for it; think of the cost of petrol). It was worse when the Higg-let wasn't a canny cook; I distinctly remember a Sunday lunch in Bulgaria, *cuisine* by Robin Dennell and myself, that consisted of a large bag of rice and a cabbage, boiled together till sufficiently mashed; dinner was to be the same, until it stuck to the pan and burned in the re-heating, and we preferred refuge in the cheerless camp-site restaurant.

Higgs is rightly remembered in anglophone archaeological circles for his own version of an 'economic prehistory', developing from Grahame Clark's classic framework of a triangular relation between culture, biome and habitat. Clark had begun his *Prehistoric Europe: the economic basis* (1952) with this quotation: 'The life of a society is planned on the basis of the traditional arts by which animals, plants, minerals and climate are made to serve the purposes of its existence.' Higgs preferred a stronger, narrower, tougher kind of planning, when 'the whims, fashions and freedom of choice associated with cultures may become of less importance than the study in man's past of natural mechanisms as the true causes of human behaviour'.* Much of it seems routine enough now, the standard framework of an ecological–economic prehistory; that is a measure of research success more than of failing. And I will not forget the routine miracle of perfect carbonized seeds, whether wheat in Bulgaria or water-chestnuts at Fiave in the Italian Alps, which filled the sieves of the early-generation wet-flotation 'seed machines', another essential of the Higgs *équipage*, which it was my young duty to service.

Timothy Taylor once noticed how the male–female ratio among archaeological researchers varies by our perceptions of period: it is the men who research in the hunting Palaeolithic, until the Neolithic gives women entry with the

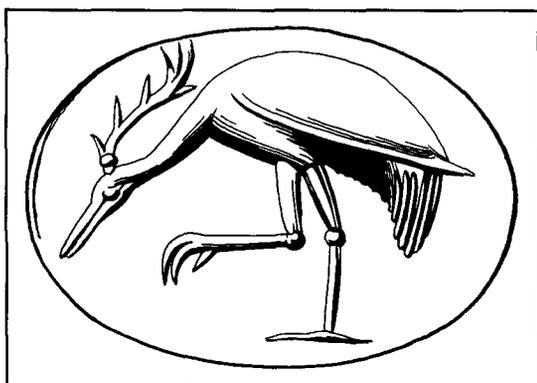
domestic arts of hearth and home; a warrior Bronze Age is men's territory again, until women make a second entrance with the comforts of civilization. Does the same apply to the styles of field existence we choose to follow? Are Minoan digs largely directed to the bureaucratic logging of the find-inventories? Are flint-knapping camps unnaturally passionate to initiate their young men in blood-letting ceremonies with the crisp pure edges of new-struck flakes? Why does Palaeolithic study in a far Egyptian desert, many hundred miles from Cairo, require the transporting-in of live geese by the truck-full? Was what we students experienced in the Higgs approach to subsistence less a sensible managing of a household's economy than a considered statement of the real low place of cultured whims, fashions and freedom of choice, so far beneath the truer natural mechanisms of survival?

Cause of Greek memory of Higgs is his discovery of the Palaeolithic sites of Epirus: the rock-shelters of Kastritsa and Asprochaliko showed a sequence in the region from the Mousterian to the end of the Pleistocene, and made the start of our growing knowledge of the region's Palaeolithic. The immediate prompt to the eponymous square in Ioannina was a useful conference on the Greek Palaeolithic, to be reported in our next issue.

BA gleaming exhibition, 'Greek gold: jewellery of the Classical world', gathers together for the first time nearly 200 pieces of the finest Classical jewellery. It is a first joint venture between The State Hermitage in St Petersburg, the Metropolitan in New York, and the British Museum — thanks to the new spirit in Russia over these matters. From the Hermitage come the extravagant chunks from the burial mounds of the Crimea which now can be seen alongside the better-known jewelled idiom of the Greek cities and southern colonies.

Ancient gold is special even by the special standards of gold — as the only high-status material commonly encountered in archaeology which does not tarnish or perish, the only one in which we can hope routinely to glimpse an untouched perfection instead of a rotted ruin, or the rare fragments of unusual preservation. A first-rate introductory section to the exhibition, and a matching long introduction to the catalogue (with marvellous high-magni-

* The Clark quotation, on p. 1 of *Prehistoric Europe*, is from R. Thurnwald's *Economics in primitive communities* (1932). The Higgs remark is the closing phrase of E.S. Higgs & M.R. Jarman, *The origins of agriculture: a reconsideration*, *Antiquity* 43 (1969): 31–41.



fication photographs), addresses the materials and techniques, functions and forms, before you get to gawp at the dazzling stuff itself.* The fineness and delicacy of the workmanship is repeatedly a joy.

We cannot hope to match the splendid reproduction of splendid colour photos that fill the catalogue, and instead print here, in a drawing by Susan Bird, the image of a heron in a tiny chalcedony gem in the British Museum collection.

Since the human form has not changed, the parts of it that jewellery can be hung from or round have not changed either, and this makes ear-rings and ear-studs, necklaces, pendants, finger-rings, belts, accessible to us as decorative arts to enjoy much more than the so many artefacts we do not know from our daily lives. Although men in the 6th century BC, and in general in the eastern Greek world, wore some, jewellery was normally made for women, and its iconography centres on women; often 'Golden Aphrodite', the goddess of love, or the winged Nike, daimon of victory. The display develops a sympathetic eye that way, but strikingly raises other and unexpected issues. The peril for precious metals is the later recycling pot, so burial deposits are critical. That explains some pieces so light and fragile one could not imagine their lasting in daily use; they were made specially for the grave, and so were the little pieces of gold sheet whose purpose — it is supposed — was to cover orifices of the corpse.

Among the items from The Hermitage, a gold

* Dyfri Williams & Jack Ogden, *Greek gold: jewellery of the Classical world*. London: British Museum Press. 1994. 256 pages, profuse colour illustrations. ISBN 0-7141-2202-5 hardback; ISBN 0-7141-2205-X paperback £16.95.

necklace with 19 pendants in the form of seeds alternating with 18 oval beads, of sheet gold and beaded wire. Wear on its elements indicate its use in antiquity, so *someone* once living enjoyed it. It comes from Seven Brothers, *kurgan* II; just one of many evocative names for these great burial sites of the Crimea, between the Black Sea and the Sea of Azov, just below the Scythian realms. They were explored through the 19th century, and the many tombs not before plundered yielded up riches: Nymphaion 1876, Kul Oba, 1830 and 1875, Pantikapaion stone tombs 1840 and 1854, wooden tomb 1845, tile grave 1840, Pavlovsky Kurgan 1858, Great Bliznityza, a vast mound excavated over many seasons 1864–85.

On the terminals of a gold torc from Kul Obas are superbly modelled Scythian horsemen, with the foreparts of their chargers and just 3 cm high, facing each other across the gap at the front of the torc. The catalogue authors Dyfri Williams & Jack Ogden, thinking the torc a distinctly barbarian item to Greek eyes, see the making of these Scythian subjects in solid or thick sheet gold shows in its subtlety the hands of a Greek jeweller. The warriors, masculine and bearded with strong character in the

What is this mechanism, set in the surface of an English lawn? What has it to do with archaeology? See overleaf.



moulding of the faces, have their long hair tied back tight behind the neck, then falling across the shoulders. They wear long jackets, held by a belt at the waist, and loose baggy long trousers. The forequarters of the horses run into elaborate collars, in blue and green enamel as well as gold — palmettes, lotus and ivy leaves. The whole including the enamel is in remarkable preservation and shows little if any, sign of ancient wear; *no one* once living enjoyed the wearing of it?

From Kul Oba, a tapering rod of smooth black stone, set into an ornate handle of decorated sheet-gold, 400–350 BC; it is identified as a touchstone, in the original and literal sense of the Lydian stone for testing gold or silver by streak. From Kekuvatsky Kurgan, a massive finger-ring with four lions, lying side by side in pairs, one of each pair facing each way. The ring is ingeniously left unclosed so it could be adjusted to suit the finger thickness.

All these items from the Scythian world are in The Hermitage collection, except the group said to have come from Chaina Kurgan in the 1880s, which washed about the antiquities markets along with a modern gold bowl, until it found refuge at the Metropolitan. On the sheet-gold decoration for a sword scabbard there fight Scythian and Greek warriors, bearded and beardless, as they struggle with spear and sword, shield and axe.

Enough! I begin to give the impression I would like to wear the stuff (there is a gold olive wreath, also from Chaina Kurgan, that looks fit for the highest editorial brow. . .). See the show, no longer in London, now in New York until March, then in St Petersburg May to August 1995; get the catalogue.

Like the rock-art subject of a review-article later in this issue (pages 878–82), this jewellery is the loveliest stuff for one to be able to work on even if archaeological inference from it were impossible.

☞ From the archaeology of death, and the elaborations of deep habits of burial which has tended these things for us, to the death of archaeologists.

Archaeology, and especially prehistory, is an impersonal business for the long term, so death should more be a part of our profession. And as this archaeologist reaches his middle age and begins even to join the senior present

generation, so do the famous names and those who taught my generation pass beyond. My own generation is itself beginning to thin; not long since Tony Gregory went. That repeated professional reminder of the certainty of death does not help; it may hurt, as did the experience of excavating the card-thin cranium of a baby from its grave in an early-medieval Italian church when my own first-born who came with us to the site in a thunderstorm was much the same age, a few months old. And the last few weeks have taken away so many — Peggy Guido, George Boon, Richard Atkinson, Derrick Webley among those I know and remember with affection for the person, Ludwig Pauli among those I can know only by the spirit in their writing.

During her later years in Devizes, Peggy Guido shared her house with A.W. Lawrence, classical archaeologist, author of the Pelican History of Art volume on Greek architecture, and Laurence Professor in Cambridge from 1944. In character with the man, he did not get stuck there, but moved in 1951 to be a first professor of archaeology at the university college and director of the national museum of the Gold Coast, five years before it became independent Ghana.

Only a few months ago — as it plainly sticks in my mind, but it is perhaps four or even more years' past — I visited Peggy and Lawrence in the evening at home, in company with a graduate student group touring the Wiltshire sites. Lawrence was old by then, but like many old people had the knack of gathering his strength to be alive and lively as ever, through not for very many continued minutes before he would slip away to rest. Our group was both nervous and excited at prospect of meeting the brother of Lawrence of Arabia. (Not so astonishing, when you do the arithmetic of the lives: T.E. Lawrence's famous warring in Palestine during the Great War of 1914–18 at a young age; some years' gap between him and A.W., his younger brother; then A.W. living to his nineties.) The English countryman's face, much as one would imagine the other brother would have looked when old, and the strength in the intense pale-blue eyes. We were immediately put at ease with, 'I am so exceedingly old now that I can remember when Colin Renfrew had hair — lots of it.' If I took a group to Devizes next spring — and that memory is so vivid,

part of me *knows* Peggy and Lawrence would be there — then he would enjoy changing the crack into a joke to be made about me, now my own hair-line is running back. Then some tales, from Greece, from Cambridge, from Africa (where Lawrence had studied the stone forts of the colonial arrivals) told with a robust plain sense, puckish smiles, and a high sense of the absurd; and an out-going concern for what the students now took their interests in.

Each of those who have just gone away from us leaves behind those vivid points that catch in the memory: Lawrence's liveness with the students in Devizes; Peggy Guido's remembering her digging of a still-flooded crannog in the Scots borders 40 and more years ago, the wretched numbing coldness of cold Scots water in a cold Scots landscape; Webley's title for his paper on the pattern of Neolithic and Bronze Age pioneer settlement of Wales: 'How the West was Won.'

☛ Good obituaries for R.J.C. Atkinson (1920–94) by his colleagues in Cardiff, Michael Jarrett (*Guardian*) and Stephen Aldhouse-Green (*Independent*), told the essentials of useful life: early days at the Ashmolean and his influential small book on *Field archaeology*, lecturing at Edinburgh, and — aged 38 — as the first professor in the Cardiff department, where he established parallel degrees in archaeology as art and as science. The great series of excavations at classic Neolithic monuments ran from Dorchester via Stonehenge to Silbury Hill, some as a double act in partnership with Stuart Piggott. Then a beast struck (and I say 'beast' advisedly), and afterwards it was all administration rather than practical archaeology — senior posts in the University of Wales at Cardiff, then with the University Grants Committee. Many a venture will have benefitted there from his brilliance and his care, and from the studied application of mathematics that served his archaeology so well. Fellow-members of the committees will remember the laconic humour, the pushing-down of the spectacles on the nose, and the field-worker's practical sense (symbolized by the Ordnance Survey grid reference on his letterhead, so you could find him at home on the map). But what about the excavation reports, records of the destructive study of monuments that had lasted four and more thousand years old? (The University Grants Com-

mittee, so pressing in the importance of its weekly demands has not so endured; it perished some years back.) The Atkinson sites after Dorchester were un- or barely published, except the venture with Piggott at West Kennet, which Piggott wrote up at good speed

The academic habit of imposing multiple jobs is still with us, on the model of the French *cumul des mandats* which keeps a politician as mayor of his little home *commune* even after he becomes a great minister in Paris; when it means the teaching is squeezed into just the one morning, and research time into something less, the paper-pushing has won. As paper-pushing exercises flood through the British universities and their archaeology departments, may we remember Richardd Atkinson with affection, and what those committees did to his excavation responsibilities with a different heart.

Does the label announcing 'Worm Stone' above the mechanism set in an English lawn provide a clue?

See overleaf again.



☞ A tired archaeological joke has a pretended wit that proves its real antiquity, 'The archaeologist is male and bearded — except when she is female and bearded.' Scruffily bearded remains an archaeological stereotype, despite the lures of the business values of contract work that turn rising colleagues into stiffs in suits. Nowadays, when crusty New Age travellers and *marginaux* have taken a famous interest in old places like Glastonbury, the chances of confusions between the two kinds of citizen may have grown.

The New Scientist (6 August) reported new gossip that transforms this caricature archaeologist into the stuff of a royal and real urban myth, alongside dead grannies gone missing from the roof-racks of holiday-makers' cars and feral alligators a-prowl in the sewers of New York. A reader phoned in to the magazine a tale of my sovereign Queen Elizabeth. She was driving through Windsor Great Park in July, the story goes, when she reported to security officials on her mobile phone that she had spotted some New Age travellers in the park.

The security people went out to investigate, only to report back a few minutes later: 'Sorry, Ma'am, the individuals concerned are in fact English Heritage archaeologists.'

'Well, keep them out of my sight,' Her Majesty is said to have retorted.

The archaeologists, of course, had been called in to sift through material damaged in the course of the fire that swept through Windsor Castle two years ago.

Urban myths, as *New Scientist* knows, are proven to be true because you hear the same tale everywhere. There had been just the same kind of story from Avebury. A group of archaeologists had been working on an estate near that famous Neolithic site. On that occasion, one of the group, a young man with long locks and standard 'academic casual' clothes, had been denied entrance on suspicion of being a 'traveller'.

☞ In the September issue, Graeme Barker reviewed (68: 660–63) and commended the energetic publishing on Italian archaeology in the ACCORDIA series, issued from the new Department of Mediterranean Studies established in Queen Mary and Westfield College, London, in 1988.

At a time when the onus of publishing most

excavation and survey reports by British archaeologists working abroad is increasingly having to be shouldered by the learned societies, British Schools and Institutes, it is clear that Accordia has already provided an important service, not just to Italian archaeology but also to wider scholarship with its publications. Since the closure of the Lancaster department, the number of universities with active archaeological field research in Italy is now extremely healthy, including Birmingham, Bristol, Cambridge, Edinburgh, Exeter, Huddersfield, King Alfred's College Winchester, Leicester, London, Nottingham, Oxford, Reading, Sheffield and York (and I apologize for any other omissions). Given this UK network, and the rapidly expanding networks of collaboration with Italian institutions related to it, the need for Accordia to survive its recent uprooting is surely going to grow rather than diminish. After its first five years of 'La Lotta Continua' with its institutional base, we must hope its clarion call can now become (with no political overtones I hasten to add) 'Forza Accordia'.

The words of this last paragraph are not mine, but Barker's, omitted by our error from the end of his September review. I print them happily here, and with emphasis, for the Queen Mary initiative did not last, and Accordia has had to move its home-base to elsewhere in London. How one wishes the small world of archaeology had a sufficiently sure lodging in British academic structures for such a useful venture to be not in peril! How one is grateful the world of archaeology is sufficiently small that the good ideas of a few energetic people can make a real difference!

Another enterprising set of Accordia lectures on Italian archaeology and history, the 7th series, is being run in London over the 1994–5 winter; details of those still to come on the **Noticeboard** below.

☞ A conference announcement which I want to place in larger type than we use on our Noticeboard. After far too long a gap, there is to be another Pan-African Congress, the 10th, in Zimbabwe in June 1995 (not September 1995 as previously planned). The dates are 18–23 June, the venue Harare, the organizers the University of Zimbabwe in conjunction with National Museums and Monuments of Zimbabwe; a week of academic sessions, with excursions

beforehand in South Africa, afterwards in Zimbabwe and Zambia. There are 17 research themes, with a long and strong list of session chairs from southern Africa and overseas Africa-philos to organize them. Many obstacles have prevented previous planned Congresses. May this one revive a famous occasion! Paper titles and abstracts by 30 January by 1995, full papers for pre-circulation by 30 March 1995. Details and addresses in the small print on the **Noticeboard** below.

Noticeboard

Conferences

31 March–2 April 1995

Interfacing the past: 23rd CAA (Computer Applications in Archaeology) conference with suggested themes of: multi-media in archaeology; cultural resource management; analysing ritual; expert systems/neural networks; ecology; simulation

Institute of Prehistory, Leiden University, The Netherlands
Interfacing the past, Instituut voor Prehistorie, Leiden University, Postbus 9515, 2300 RA Leiden, Netherlands or Hans@rulpre.LeidenUniv.nl

31 March–2 April 1995

Industry and agriculture: post-medieval upland landscapes in northern England

Van Mildert College, Durham University, England
Eric Instone, SPMA Conference, The Cranstone Consultancy, 267 Kells Lane, Low Fell, Gateshead NE9 5HU, England

11–13 April 1995

Archaeology in Britain 1995: 9th annual conference of the Institute of Field Archaeologists

University of Bradford, England
Institute of Field Archaeologists, Minerals Engineering Building, University of Birmingham, PO Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, England

18–23 June 1995

10th Congress of the Pan-African Association for Prehistory and Related Studies; plenary on Zimbabwean archaeology; then session themes of: hominid evolution; palaeoenvironment; Middle Stone Age; Late Stone Age; rock art; early food production; information technology; ethnoarchaeology; cultural resource management; early iron-working communities; late iron-working communities; developing complexity; historical archaeology; interpretation of cultural change; early hominid land-use; terminology in African prehistory; spatial analysis; also posters

University of Zimbabwe in conjunction with National Museums and Monuments of Zimbabwe, Harare, Zimbabwe

Gilbert Pwiti, Pan-African Congress, History Department, University of Zimbabwe, PO Box MP 167, Mount Pleasant, Harare, Zimbabwe; FAX (263)-4-333407/335249

Accordia lectures on Italy, 1994–5 series

24 January, Robert Leighton on the stone axe trade in prehistoric Italy; 21 February, Tim Potter on Varro, Constantine and Charlemagne at the Mola di Monte

The 'Worm Stone' is in the lawn of Down House, Charles Darwin's house at Downe, Kent. In 1842, Darwin moved from Gower Street in central London to Down House, and immediately began there the investigations of earthworms which he published in his last book, Formation of vegetable mould, through the action of worms, with observations on their habits (London: John Murray, 1881). The action of earthworms, eating and excreting the finer components of earth, is the main means by which small artefacts become buried. Darwin studied the worms' speed of consumption by seeing how quickly small objects scattered on the lawn disappeared, and tested their strength by having them drag pieces of stiff paper into their holes. Larger challenges over the longer term were offered by the Roman site of Silchester, and the stones of Stonehenge, whose burial by worms Darwin went to study on site. The Worm Stone is a round stone slab set into his own lawn, with a steel mechanism to measure its slow descent into the ground by grace of the worms.

Informed by archaeological research, Darwin's Formation of mould is the first study in turn to inform archaeologists of the mechanisms by which the materials of their study usually come to be buried and preserved. Richard Atkinson was acute in noticing the book when he again drew attention to this fundamental.

Down House, not many miles from central London, remains in a rural peace, where it is suddenly come across through a maze of country lanes which start abruptly after the sprawling miles of suburban south London. Now in the care of the Natural History Museum, it is open daily 1–6 p.m. except Mondays, Fridays and over the Christmas period. At the end of the garden is the strangely shaped Elephant Tree, and the Sandwalk, the path through the wood where every day Darwin promenaded and cogitated. In the house are many original furnishings and mementoes, and the Old Study where Darwin wrote.

A new appeal seeks contributions for Down House, and rejuvenating its evolutionary and Darwinian displays: Charles Darwin Memorial, Down House, Downe BR6 7JT, Kent, England.

The photograph of the Worm Stone is reproduced by kind permission of Down House.



Gelato; 14 March, Dian Zervas on the Granary of Orsanmichele; 9 May, Tim Cornell on changing fashions in the Etruscans and Rome
at the *Institute of Archaeology, Gordon Square, London WC1, England, starting at 5.30 p.m.*

Appointments

Jeremy A. Sabloff, Mayanist at Pittsburgh, becomes the Charles K. Williams II Director of the University of Pennsylvania Museum of Archaeology and Anthropology, Philadelphia.

At UCL London, Fekri Hassan, polymath archaeologist of Egypt, becomes Petrie Professor of Archaeology, while John Tait, Egyptian epigrapher, becomes Edwards Professor of Egyptology.

Don Brothwell, archaeologist of human biology, becomes Professor at York.

Bibliographical needs: requests please

The re-launched *British Archaeological Bibliography* is giving a full abstracting service for the British archaeological profession — though not all of us seem to have noticed this; the excuse is being removed that

it is impossible to find out what has been published. The steering committee of the *Bibliography*, looking to the future, wants to know what forms the *Bibliography* should best take. Should it be available on CD-ROM? Or as a dial-up service on the Internet? If it were on-line, would the payment of an annual access fee be a deterrent? Leonard Will, advising the *Bibliography* steering committee, would like to hear views and preferences from present and potential users, speedily please as his report is due soon:

Leonard Will, 27 Calshot Way, Enfield EN2 7BQ, England; LWill@willpowr.demon.co.uk

Publication opportunity

Dr Gocha Tsetskhladze, series editor for a new *Colloquenda Pontica* to be published by Loid Publishing of Bradford (England), seeks contributions on aspects of the Greek, Roman and native populations of the Black Sea and Pontic regions. The first issue, entitled *Greek and Roman settlements on the Black Sea coast*, is planned for publication late this year.

Dr Gocha Tsetskhladze, Balliol College, Oxford OX1 3BJ, England.

MP

