

# Antiquity

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PLATES XXI–XXV, XXXI

## Editorial

We publish, as our first plate, two remarkable and unusual photographs. The first, taken by Brian Harris, was published in *The Times* on 22 June and is reproduced here by the kind permission of the photographer and *The Times* (PL. XXIa). It shows, in an unusual and dramatic way, the modern bogus Druids at their midsummer frolics. This year there has been more than usual comment on Stonehenge at midsummer. There are two problems. The first is the invasion of Stonehenge by members of a bogus nineteenth-century organization purporting to be Druids. They have no right to be there. Imagine what would happen if a similar bogus organization asked to celebrate midsummer or Beltane in Westminster Abbey. The Dean and Chapter would very properly regret. Presumably these bogus Druids apply each year to the Ancient Monuments Board or the Department of the Environment. Next year those notably spunkless organizations should very properly regret that permission is not forthcoming. Let us in 1979 clear Stonehenge of modern Druidic follies.

The second Stonehenge problem is the thousands who camp illegally on the land of a farm nearby—land belonging to the National Trust. 'Once again', says the Director-General of the National Trust, 'the National Trust, the police and the local authority have been powerless to prevent the heavy loss suffered each June by the Trust's public-spirited farm tenant' (*The Times*, 22 June 1978, 19). A Mr Sid Rawle, giving his address as Stonehenge, in his reply to the Director-General's letter tells us some surprising things:

What has happened at Stonehenge over the last five years is that for the week of midsummer thousands of pilgrims from many religious persuasions have come here. There are over 50 recognized groups on site at the moment: many different groupings of Christians, Buddhists and Hindus, a Church of England minister solemnizing a marriage, a Catholic priest consecrating Mass, all celebrating the unity of one God. We come to Stonehenge

because in an unstable world it is proper that the people should look for stability to the past in order to learn for the future. The evidence is indisputable that Stonehenge and the surrounding area is one of the most powerful centres in Europe. It is right that we should meekly stand in the presence of God, but it is proper that we should sing and dance and shout for joy for the love and mercy that He shows us (*The Times*, 28 June 1978, 17).

The only possible comment is Christ Almighty! But what is a more rational comment? Jacquetta Hawkes has said that every generation has the Stonehenge it deserves. But what does our generation deserve? Have we quickly passed through the generation of astro-archaeologists and are now in a generation of mystical archaeologists?

We all have a problem here. It seems simple to urge the Department of the Environment and everyone else to ban Stonehenge and its environs to everyone for the octave of midsummer. But what if these characters are really using Stonehenge as a cult-symbol, and in all sincerity? It would be fascinating if, after 4,000 years, the magic of this astonishing monument still ensnared the public of today. There is a strange American magazine called *Stonehenge Viewpoint* and its spring catalogue for 1978 shows how strong Stonehenge is in the American market. There are pendants and stars and brooches for sale: we are tempted by the megalithic pendant at \$8.50. But, we ask, why is all this happening?

And on a different tack, we recommend to all our readers the Stonehenge Portfolio by Paul Caponigro, which is part of *Print Letter 13: International newsletter for time photography* (PO Box 250, CH. 8046, Zurich, Switzerland: price £1.10, \$2.50). These are brilliant photographs and can be obtained direct from Caponigro himself at the following address: *Route 3, Box 96D, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501*. (25 sets are offered at the pre-publication price of \$3,000. Thereafter \$4,500.)

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We have had many criticisms of our comments on the present state of Stonehenge but these were taken in all good faith from the material handed out by the Department of the Environment. We had been told, most authoritatively, that the walk around was on duck-boards inside the monument: *and so it should be*, and surely this is what we were all told was going to happen. Leslie Grinsell writes 'You are incorrect concerning the present situation at Stonehenge . . . the "walk" is entirely *around* the monument: the whole of it is well outside the enclosing bank and ditch.'

And James Dyer writes more forcefully in a letter to the Editor dated 8 July 1978:

I was saddened to read the penultimate paragraph of your July *Antiquity* Editorial. How can you congratulate the D. of E. on their treatment of Stonehenge when the site is the biggest disgrace of presentation in England?

In collecting material for my new Penguin *Guide* I have travelled extensively around the country this year. Nowhere else have I been more humiliated. Triple coils of barbed-wire around the outside destroy the view of the site from the surrounding countryside, and make it impossible to see the Bush Barrow and Cursus barrow groups from inside: an essential part of the setting when trying to interpret the monument to students. The fact that the whole of the monument inside the ditch is roped off means that one cannot get closer to the stones than 30 yards. I defy you to demonstrate adequately on the spot the shaping and jointing of the stones, and the distribution of the bluestones, not to mention the carvings, from such a distance. The D. of E. now need to install binoculars for the convenience of visitors!

I fully appreciate the problem of over-visiting, and as a guide-book writer must accept some of the responsibility, but roping off the site and preventing genuine study is not the answer.

Stonehenge is a convenient stopping place for cars and long-distance coaches travelling from the West Country to London. Its large car park, toilets and snack-bar attract them. Since the National Trust own so much of the land it will not be difficult to move all these 'facilities' at least a mile away from the monument, and double the entrance fee. A good long walk will sort out many of the casual visitors from those really interested and higher cost would reduce the numbers significantly. The inside of the circle must be made accessible once again. If it is in order for the 'Druids' to go there, then it should be in order for all visitors to do likewise. If numbers *are* to be restricted, then restrict it to those producing a

National Trust membership card. (A special short-term membership could be available to overseas visitors.) On no account must access be restricted to a privileged few as at Lascaux. The monument belongs to the nation, and is not only for the D. of E. custodians to enjoy.

I travelled 200 miles to show Stonehenge to my students a month ago. After the freedom of Avebury, it was a depressing anti-climax, and I shall certainly not be making any more visits until the monument is restored to the public for proper study.

Professor Atkinson writes (*in lit.*, 1 July 1978):

I haven't been to Stonehenge this year while the solstitial pop festival has been in progress, but I gather from local informants that there is at least as big a shambles as in previous years. The whole of the 26-acre field immediately east of the south end of Fargo plantation is full of tents and mesolithic wind-breaks, with no water-supply and no sanitation, apart from the tulgey undergrowth of Fargo Plantation—a real case of 'Oi shits at random in the "oods".' There is continuous pop music for about 18 hours a day, loud enough to be heard in Amesbury. Meanwhile the police are powerless, and Stonehenge is surrounded by military barbed wire entanglements and arc-lights; but it only needs a few determined people with wire-cutters and a pot of fluorescent paint, if nothing worse, to do a lot of damage.

We have been told by one or two informants that the police would like to see this annual jamboree institutionalized with a permanent annual site of the ten acres of ground west of Stonehenge which the Department of the Environment currently leases from the National Trust, and to which any paying visitor now has unrestricted access, as well as to the seven acres or so, owned by the Department of the Environment, immediately around the Stonehenge ring-fence. But, surely, if this happens there would have to be permanent arrangements for water and sanitation, and the National Trust would presumably have to compensate their tenant for the inevitable annual damage.

Professor Atkinson also points out to us that the area concerned is archaeologically sensitive. It contains several barrows, as does the field at present used, 'which has not only a number of barrows but also the scatter of bluestone chips recorded by Marcus Stone in *Arch. Journ.*, CIV (1947), 17, Fig. 4. Inevitably, there is a lot of digging of holes by the tidier and more sanitary-minded participants, for latrines and rubbish-pits.'

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We are, therefore, faced with a new and great Stonehenge crisis, along with the many other crises in archaeology including the alarming increases in bull-shit archaeology which we will discuss in our next Editorial. We wonder whether the Department of the Environment, the Ancient Monuments Board, and the National Trust can cope with this problem or the three problems involved, which are: (1) should the bogus Druids be allowed at Stonehenge for the Midsummer solstice? (2) should the pop groups, even if they occasionally celebrate mass and other religious rites of more dubious authenticity, be allowed to camp in the neighbourhood? and (3) should the public have the restricted access they now have, or something more. Our own answers are clear and unequivocal: No Druids, no pop groups, and wider, closer access by the public.

Some insular-minded people, who think that wogs begin at Calais and the EEC is some evil organization invented by the descendants of the Linear-bandkeramik people whom we managed thousands of years ago to keep out of Britain (but we didn't, the chambered long barrows of Britain and Ireland are the funerary versions of Danubian long houses), do not realize that though Stonehenge is, by reasons of physical geography, in southern England, it is part of the international heritage of the prehistoric past of Europe. It is one of the seven wonders of the prehistoric world of Europe like the stone rows of Carnac, Altamira, Lascaux, New Grange—you name the other two and the best answers will have a prize. We think that the U.I.S.P.P. should be invited to help us in this matter. It would be nice to have a small international committee to look at our problem, to advise us and help us. We commend this idea to the authorities in London with no high hopes that they will think it a sensible one.

Our second unusual photograph (PL. XX1b) was taken by Miss Jacqueline Ingalls Garnett of the University of Washington, and it came with an article by her which she hoped we would publish. We are unable to do so but are delighted to print, with her ready permission, her fascinating photograph of the great vault at New Grange, surely one of the most remarkable survivals of the early architecture of Europe. Miss Garnett believes that when the great roof at New Grange was being constructed there were times when the workmen and supervisors could look out into the night sky and

this, Miss Garnett says, is when through the open vault the stars of Ursa Major and the zigzag of Cassiopeia were visible and inspired the art of New Grange. It is an interesting idea and we are delighted to publish her intriguing photograph but we believe that the master-builders of New Grange knew, long before they built the great corbelled vault, what gods and goddesses or what else they believed in and had, before they built the central vault, already expressed their faith in writing which we, alas, cannot decipher on the upright megalithic stones which encircle and lead into the great vaulted chamber.

*The Times Literary Supplement* asked various distinguished contributors to say what journals had influenced them when they were young. In a characteristically brilliant and interesting piece, Geoffrey Grigson wrote wisely and warmly about the early days of *ANTIQUITY* and with his permission and that of the *TLS* we reproduce what he said:

One magazine would relate all these things—including, if not the livery button, certainly the path by which it was found; and that one magazine, *Antiquity*, founded and edited then by O. G. S. Crawford, still seems to me to have been the flower of all periodicals familiar to me in my day. In that treasury, so decently laid out (and so well printed at Gloucester by John Bellows, the Quaker printer who was also an expert on Roman Gloucester), prehistory, and history, rather as it was understood by Marc Bloch in France, and later by W. G. Hoskins, and imagination, received a stimulus such as no periodical administered to literature.

Crawford was enlightened, enthusiastic, polymathic, sceptical and aloof. *Antiquity* was his; and him *Antiquity*. Crawford wrote in one issue, 'started as the private venture of a particular person, but he would never have started it if he had not felt that others beside himself needed an organ to express their point of view and to publish the cream of their researches'. Contributors sensed what Crawford wanted from them, and supplied it, authority and interest, without either unsupported generalization or too many professional data. This field archaeologist of the British Isles and the world held human diversity and change and unity in his focus. Each number of his quarterly review was an excitement, concentrated in an article, it might be, on the Uffington White Horse or the travels of the Celtic saints or fortified churches in Transylvania or megaliths in Assam or the origin of cultivated plants, or waterclocks, or Cornish fish-cellars, or the Cerne

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Giant, the flasher of Dorset, or querns, or roses in antiquity.

This educated imaginative editor assumed that his readers would see life and the past in the same way as he did himself. He expected them to enjoy plainness in his editorial notes—'Planning is naturally repugnant to many people' (prolegomenon to a charge that no adequate map of the Roman Empire existed); 'Only at the heart of the British Empire is it necessary, on each separate occasion when the need arises, to bring public opinion to bear on lethargy.'

This editor hated ignorance when it presumed, and slapped it down; but I think he must have been glad that his *Antiquity* had so many readers who were not prehistorians or historians. Like Sir Thomas Browne, in the words of Wyndham Lewis's poem, this adventure of a particular person made 'the Past with firework colours burn'—that was so for me, at any rate, giving me a sense that man's earth was for ever simultaneously old and young, lucid and obscured. *Antiquity*, under O. G. S. Crawford, who edited it from 1927 until 1957, when he died, has reminded me of another poet, Samuel Daniel: it seemed, as Daniel wrote of literature, 'to combine in one/All ages past, and make one live with all', enabling me, I feel, to

confer with who are gone

And the dead living unto Councill call.

That was something, providing the *mise-en-scène* of the eternity of art.

Plates xxii–xxv illustrate some of the remarkable exhibits which will be on display in Burlington House from 21 November 1978 until 18 March 1979. Dr Warwick Bray, Reader in Latin American Studies in the University of London, has been one of the main consultants to the Royal Academy in the preparation and display of this exhibition and has kindly given us these notes about *The Gold of El Dorado*:

The Royal Academy's main exhibition for Winter 1978–9 follows the tradition set by the recent China and Pompeii exhibitions, and will again be archaeological and historical. This time the subject will be the archaeological cultures of pre-Spanish Colombia, South America, represented by their magnificent goldwork and a selection of pottery, stone and wooden items.

The title of the exhibition is not just an appeal to romantic imagination, though the phrase *El Dorado* has meant many things to many people. Taken literally, the words mean simply 'The

Golden Man'—or, more precisely, 'The Gilded Man'—and the reality behind this legend can be traced back to the lagoon of Gustavita, high in the Colombian Andes, where each new ruler was initiated on taking office. Although no Spaniard ever saw the ceremony, the chronicler Juan Rodríguez Freyle took down its details from his friend Don Juan, nephew of the last independent ruler of Guatavita:

At this time they stripped the heir to his skin, and anointed him with a sticky earth on which they placed gold dust so that he was completely covered with this metal. They set him on a raft, and at his feet they put a great heap of gold and emeralds for him to offer to his god. With him on the raft went his four principal chiefs. They, too, were naked, though decked out in plumes, crowns, bracelets, pendants and ear rings all of gold, and each one carried his offering... The gilded Indian then made his offering, throwing out all the pile of gold into the middle of the lake, and the chiefs who accompanied him did the same on their own accounts... With this ceremony the new ruler was received as lord and king, and from the ceremony came the celebrated name of El Dorado, which has cost so many lives.

The theme of treasure is one that runs through the history and archaeology of every Andean country. Guaqueria (the looting of ancient tombs) began in Colombia at the moment of European contact and has persisted, as a profession for a considerable number of people and as a sport for many more, right through to the present day. Deplorable though these activities are, they have directly brought about the creation of South America's finest archaeological museum, the Gold Museum in Bogotá, with a splendid new building and an informative display of part of its holding of c. 28,000 items—most of them bought, as a rescue operation, from unlicensed excavators.

The nucleus of the London exhibition will be a group of more than 400 gold pieces from Bogotá, many of them new and unpublished, with additional contributions from more than a dozen museums, libraries and private collections in Colombia, Britain and the United States. With a total of between six and seven hundred objects, this will be the biggest and most comprehensive display of Colombian archaeology ever to visit Europe.

The exhibition is designed to illustrate a number of themes. One is historical: the search for El Dorado, from the first Spanish explorations to the efforts (predictably ending in bankruptcy) of the London company Contractors Ltd to drain Lake Guatavita in the early part of this century, by means of a tunnel from below.

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The aim is not to provide 'just another treasure show', but to set the gold objects in their context of everyday life. Eye-witness accounts by sixteenth-century Spaniards are precisely matched by archaeological examples of chisels and needles, bowls and spoons, masks, bells, trumpets, trays for narcotic snuffs, flasks for powdered lime (chewed with coca leaves), personal jewellery (from diadems to penis sheaths), and the little votive figures of people and animals of the kind thrown into Lake Guatavita.

Some of the items that will be coming to London are illustrated in PLS. XXII–XXV.

The Colombian jewellers worked in gold, copper, silver and platinum, and in various alloys of these metals. Long before the first European contacts, the Indians employed every technique known to pre-industrial goldsmiths of the Old World, and it is possible to build up a surprisingly detailed picture of their technology by testing sixteenth-century descriptions against modern laboratory analyses, illustrating these processes by a large range of metal items and the tools used to make them.

'El Dorado' will be comparable in scale to the previous exhibitions at the Royal Academy, and organized in a similar way. The sponsors are Benson and Hedges Ltd, Times Newspapers, and (its first financial venture into this field) the Academy itself. The organizers are Carlton Cleeve Ltd, and the designer is Alan Irvine.

☞ Last year we published a note and photograph on a large chalcolithic figurine from Lemba, Cyprus (LI, 1977, 140–3). To illustrate this note the author, Mr E. J. Peltenburg, also asked us to publish an unprovenanced figurine from a private Swiss collection, which he said was the only other instance known to him of such a large figure of the same material and size. We had certain misgivings about the authenticity of this figure and expressed them to Mr Peltenburg. He has now written to us offering a picture of what is believed to be a close likeness to the Swiss figure found during the 1977 season at Lemba, and we are happy to publish it (PL. XXXI). This one is made of green steatite (the Swiss one was of limestone). It came from grave 20 where it was overlooked by chalcolithic looters. It comes, we are told, from a different context than the limestone figurine we published as the frontispiece in July 1977, with C14 dates that give a *terminus ante quem* of 2000 bc. 'It is pristine', writes Mr Peltenburg, 'with many tool marks visible and, as a pendant, gives point to the suggestion I made

in ANTIQUITY that these are probably standardized replicas of large cult figures.'

☞ Our photograph of the corbel-vaulted farmhouse at Saint André d'Allas in Dordogne (*Antiquity*, 1978, 89–90, PL. IXa) has brought in a great deal of comment. P.-R. Giot writes, 'The corbelled vaulted shepherds' huts in all the Mediterranean world have different local names. They are called *trullo* (*trulli*) in southern Italy. I have seen some at the very south of Corsica, on the limestone near Bonifacio. In the Languedoc they are called *capitelles*. In Vaucluse and Dordogne the word is *borie*.' He recommends us to read Pierre Desaulle, *Les bories de Vaucluse* (Édition Picard, Paris, 1965, 272pp., 37 pls.). The great French human geographer, Jean Brunhes (incidentally a close friend of Henri Breuil) listed the various names of these huts: apart from *bories* and *capitelles* he notes they are called *loges* or *cadoles* in Burgundy, *caves* in Bourbonnais, *chibottes* in Velay, *cases* in Auvergne, *tonnes* in Quercy-Rouergue, *orry* or *horry* in Pyrénées Orientales and *granjous* or *cabanons pointus* in the Basses Alpes.

But whatever their modern folk names they represent the 8,000-year-old tradition of neolithic houses and are perhaps the origin of the corbel-vaulted tombs such as Ile Carn, Ile Longue, Ile Geignog, and Barnenez.

☞ It is a pleasure to draw attention to Gwendolen Plumley's *A Nubian diary*. The wife of the Reverend Jack Plumley, Emeritus Professor of Egyptology in the University of Cambridge, she has accompanied and assisted him on many of his Nubian excavations; and this little book is, as she says, 'a light-hearted account of the 1974 Expedition of the Egypt Exploration Society to Qasr Ibrim in Egyptian Nubia'. It is written and illustrated by her, printed in Great Britain by the University Library at Cambridge, and published by her in 1977 at 13 Lyndewode Road, Cambridge, CB1 2HL. Price £1.40 including postage (payment with order). This modest, unassuming book of 104 pages gives an honest picture of the problems, politics and pleasures of field archaeology in Nubia. The base for the Qasr Ibrim excavations was the rat- and mouse-ridden houseboat Gerf Hussein which was towed to the site from Aswan. The workmen came from a village near Guft and hence were called Guftis. A few entries from Mrs Plumley's book:

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*Feb. 8.* Sayed, the waiter, sleeps in the dining room overhead. Just after four o'clock in the morning the boards creak and he is loud at his devotions. He is anxious to start the kettle boiling for early morning tea. He must feel very restless because the mice run around and all over him all night, poor man. He told me this morning that a rat stole a whole loaf from the sack and sat at the table to eat it.

*Feb. 21, 22.* As it was Friday, rest day, Elisabeth and I and the forty Guftis went on their barge to the fishermen's island fifty slow minutes away. The fishermen had no huts but lived on their tiny rowing boats along with the fish, and of course everything took place in the open. The baker was standing over a fire and making flat round loaves. The loaves had been well salted and tasted delicious. Some of the fish was salted and much prized by the Egyptians but had the most disgusting smell I have ever known. The smell permeated the whole meal. We watched the fishermen mending their nets. There was a colony of about twenty to thirty and some were only boys. The flies were prolific.

*Mar. 4.* Everybody slept well and there were no disturbances from rats, mice, croaking frogs, jackals or visiting boats.

*Mar. 12.* It is nearly nine o'clock in the evening and the electric generator will soon be switched off, so I will write by candlelight. The toads on the rocks are croaking so loudly that the noise is drowning a radio set that belongs to the crew. Spring is here. At midday dragonflies sport themselves at the edge of the water as little brilliant flashes of red, turquoise, purple.

*Mar. 13.* Oh, what a night! In noise the frogs have taken over from the rats and mice. Even the call of one mating frog can keep you awake, but here there are hundreds. In Ibrim we never knew what to expect next. It is just like bedlam.

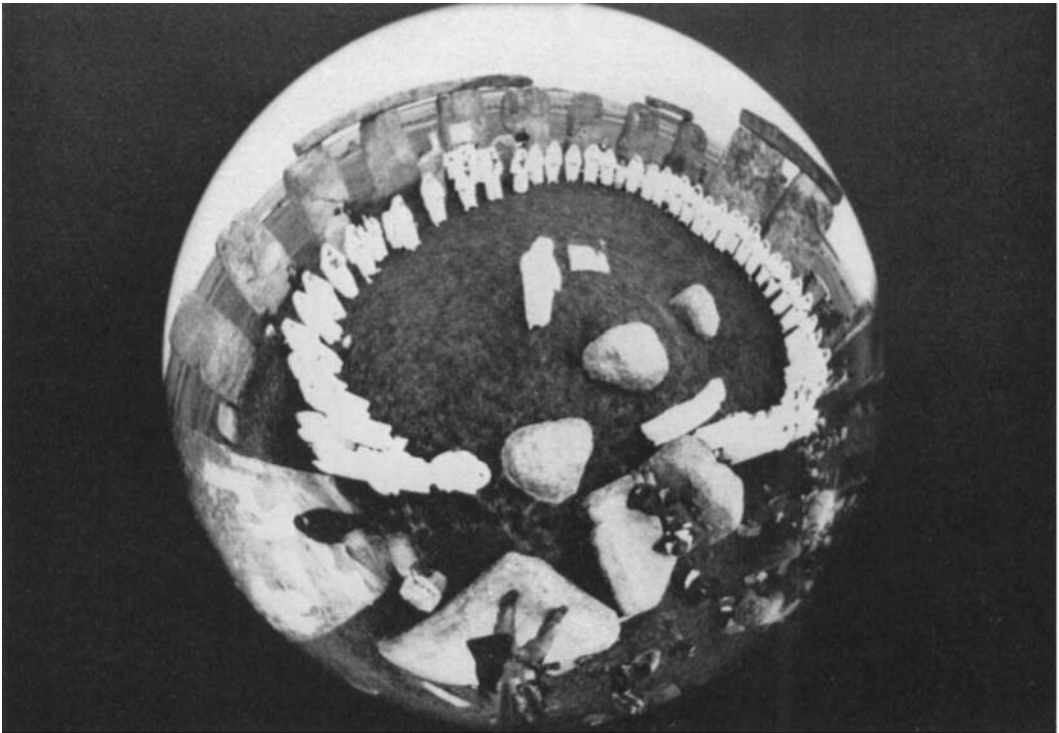
John Aubrey, who 'discovered' Avebury, 'restored' our megalithic monuments to the Druids and was commissioned by Charles II to write a book explaining Stonehenge, died in 1697 with his great work, the *Monumenta Britannica*, unpublished. Since then it has lain in the Bodleian Library, and now, at long last, through the initiative, enterprise and great good sense of a firm of publishers in Dorset, it is going to be printed. Written about 1670, it is without doubt the most important, unpublished manuscript in the annals of British archaeology. This publication is with the

encouragement and co-operation of the Bodleian Library; it will be a lavish large-folio buckram-bound facsimile of 552 pages reproduced from negatives taken by the Library's photographic department. It is being produced in its entirety with all Aubrey's drawings and plans. The publishers are the *Dorset Publishing Company, The Wimborne Bookshop, 26 West Street, Wimborne, Dorset* (who publish the *Dorset County Magazine*). This issue is restricted to 595 copies for pre-publication subscribers only. Publication is scheduled for December of this year: and the price is £85 (which includes post, packing and insurance), and a deposit of £17.50 is asked for each copy ordered. We included in our last number a prospectus of the book but for postage reasons this could not be put in our many overseas copies. So we particularly draw the attention of our many subscribers from overseas libraries and museums to this ambitious and most worth-while project.

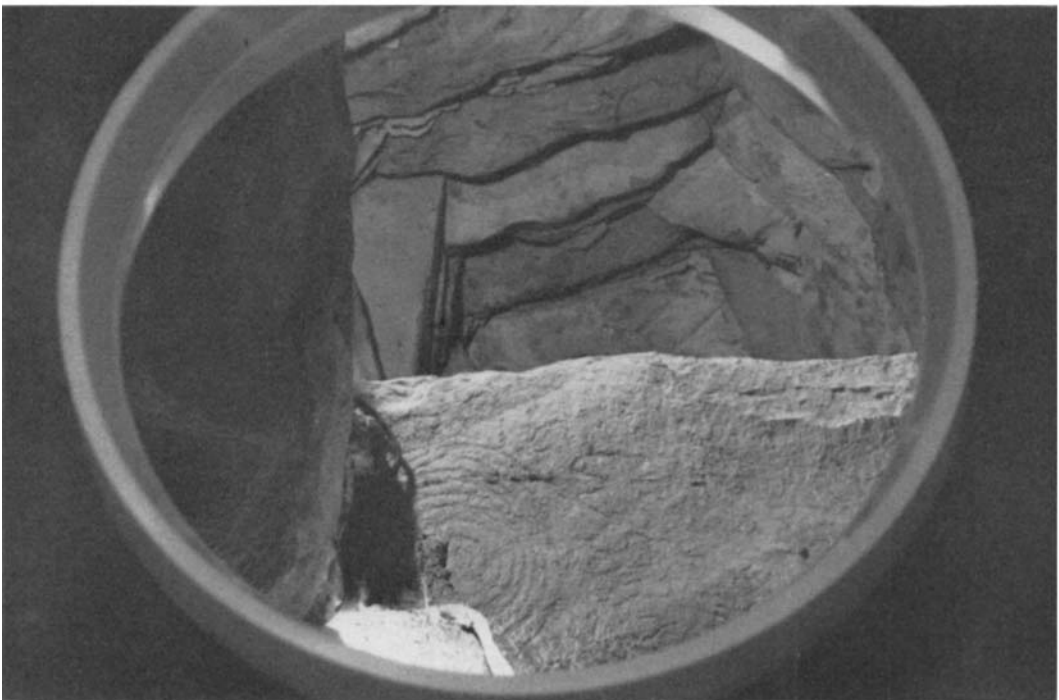
*Monumenta Britannica*, at long last published, is a book that must reach all responsible archaeological libraries throughout the world.

As we go to press we have heard the sad news of the death of Max Mallowan, a most valued member of the Antiquity Trust and one of our most helpful and wise Advisory Editors. He lived long enough to write an account of himself: *Mallowan's memoirs* was reviewed by Joan Oates in these pages (1978, 157-8) and his own last review for us, that of David Stronach's *Pasargadae*, will appear in our next issue.

His relations with Sir Mortimer Wheeler were always interesting to observe and we well remember Max greeting Rik on one occasion with these words, 'And what evil ploys are you pursuing today, you old monster?' After the 1978 meeting of the Antiquity Trustees we walked with him down the steps of the United Oxford and Cambridge University Club. With an imperious wave of his stick he summoned a taxi, said 'Wallingford' to the driver and was gone to his house in Oxfordshire 50 miles away. The Editor now realizes that he would not have been surprised if, getting into his London taxi, Max had said 'Nineveh' or 'Ur'. And now he has gone to those Elysian fields where there are no taxis, where time and chance are meaningless, and he can talk freely with Wheeler, Woolley, Layard, Rawlinson, Gilgamesh, and of course Agatha, beneath the gaze of the eye-goddess herself.



*a*



*b*

PLATE XXI: EDITORIAL

*a* : Photograph of the Druid organization holding their Midsummer ceremonial at dawn at Stonehenge. Taken by Brian Harris with a fish-eye lens on a tripod above his head, it was published in *The Times* on 22 June 1978.  
*b* : Photograph of the main vault of New Grange taken in a round mirror lying in the middle of the bowl or basin

See pp. 177-82

Photos : *a*, Brian Harris (*The Times*), *b*, Jacqueline Garnett



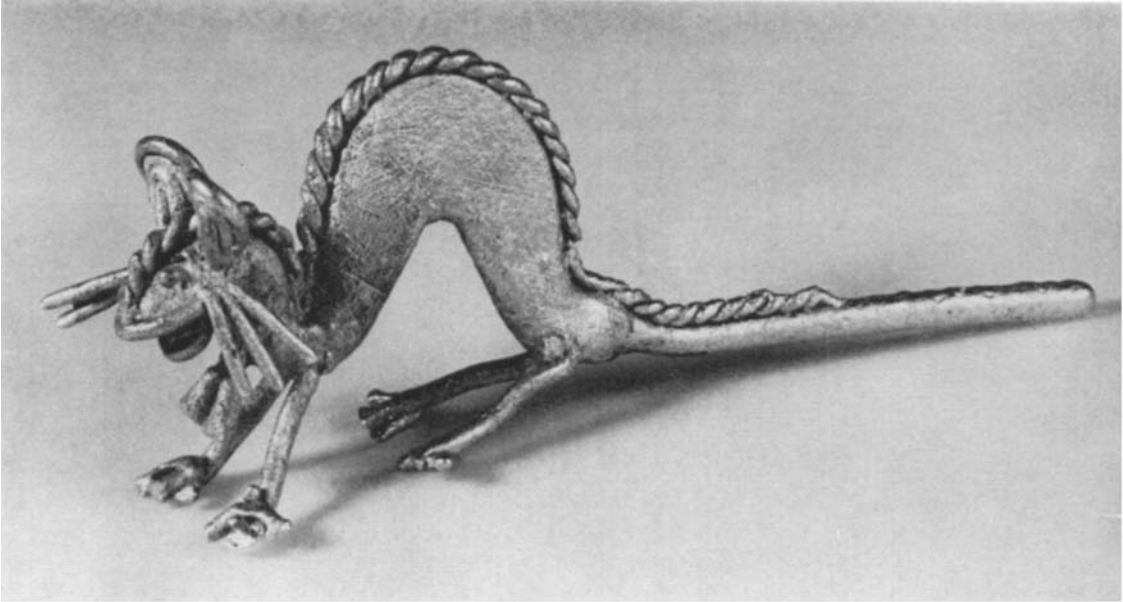
PLATE XXII: EDITORIAL

*Royal Academy Exhibition. Hollow pottery figure, 38.5 cm. high, from the Tumaco region of south coastal Colombia (Coll. Museo Arqueológico del Banco Popular, Bogotá)*

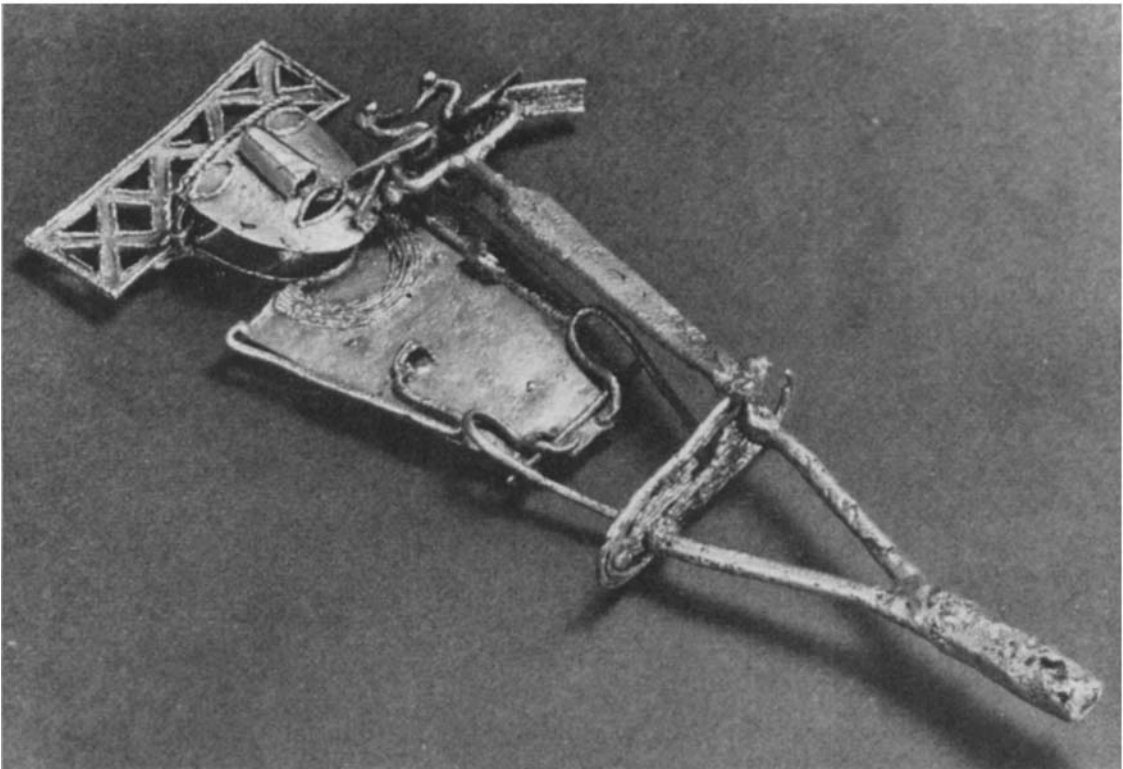
*See pp. 177-82*

*Photo: Rudolf*





*a*



*b*

PLATE XXIII: EDITORIAL

*Royal Academy Exhibition. a : Miniature votive figure of a fantastic animal. Muisca culture, final centuries before the Spanish conquest. Length 5.7 cm (Gold Museum, Bogotá). b : Votive figurine : personage holding mask in front of face. Muisca style. Height 9.4 cm (Coll. Borrero)*

*See pp. 177-82*

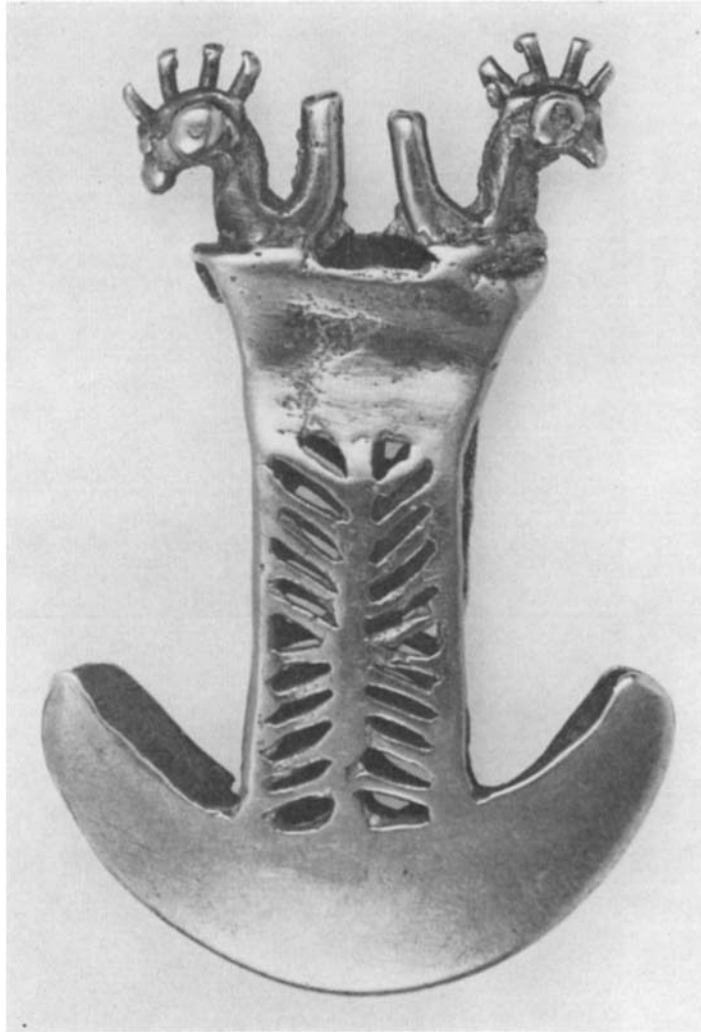
*Photo : b. Rudolf*



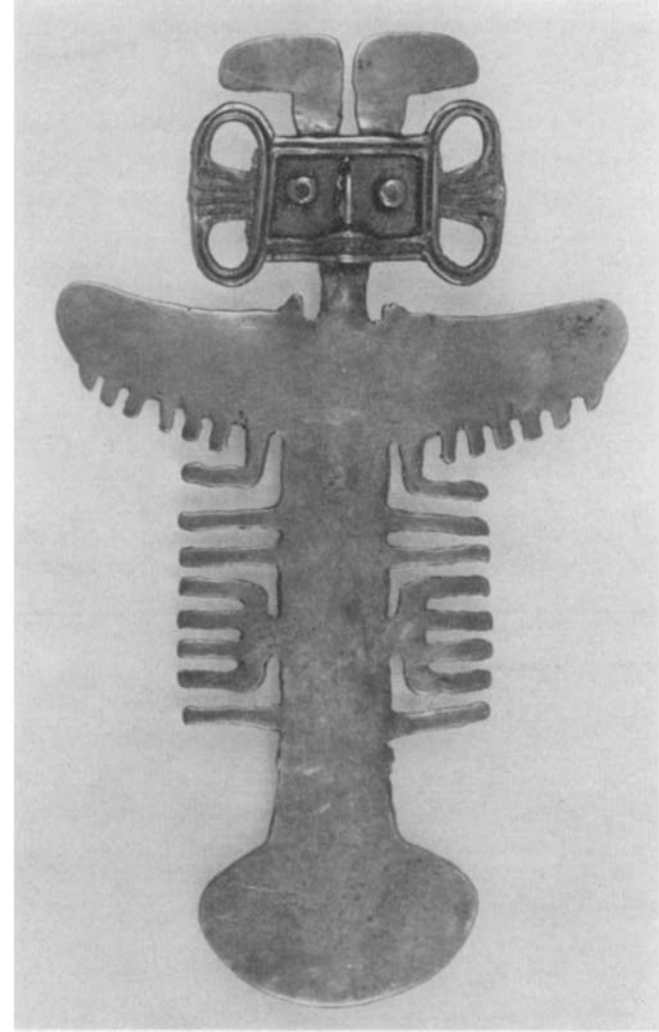
PLATE XXIV: EDITORIAL

*Royal Academy Exhibition. Sheet gold mask, 12.5 cm wide, found by treasure hunters near Tierradentro in 1976 (Coll. Borrero)*

*See pp. 177-82*



a



b

PLATE XXV: EDITORIAL

*Royal Academy Exhibition. a : Depilatory tweezers of cast and hammered gold. Height 6.6 cm (Gold Museum, Bogotá).  
b : Gold pendant in the form of a stylized figure. Height 17.7 cm, Polima region (Gold Museum, Bogotá)*

*See pp. 177-82*

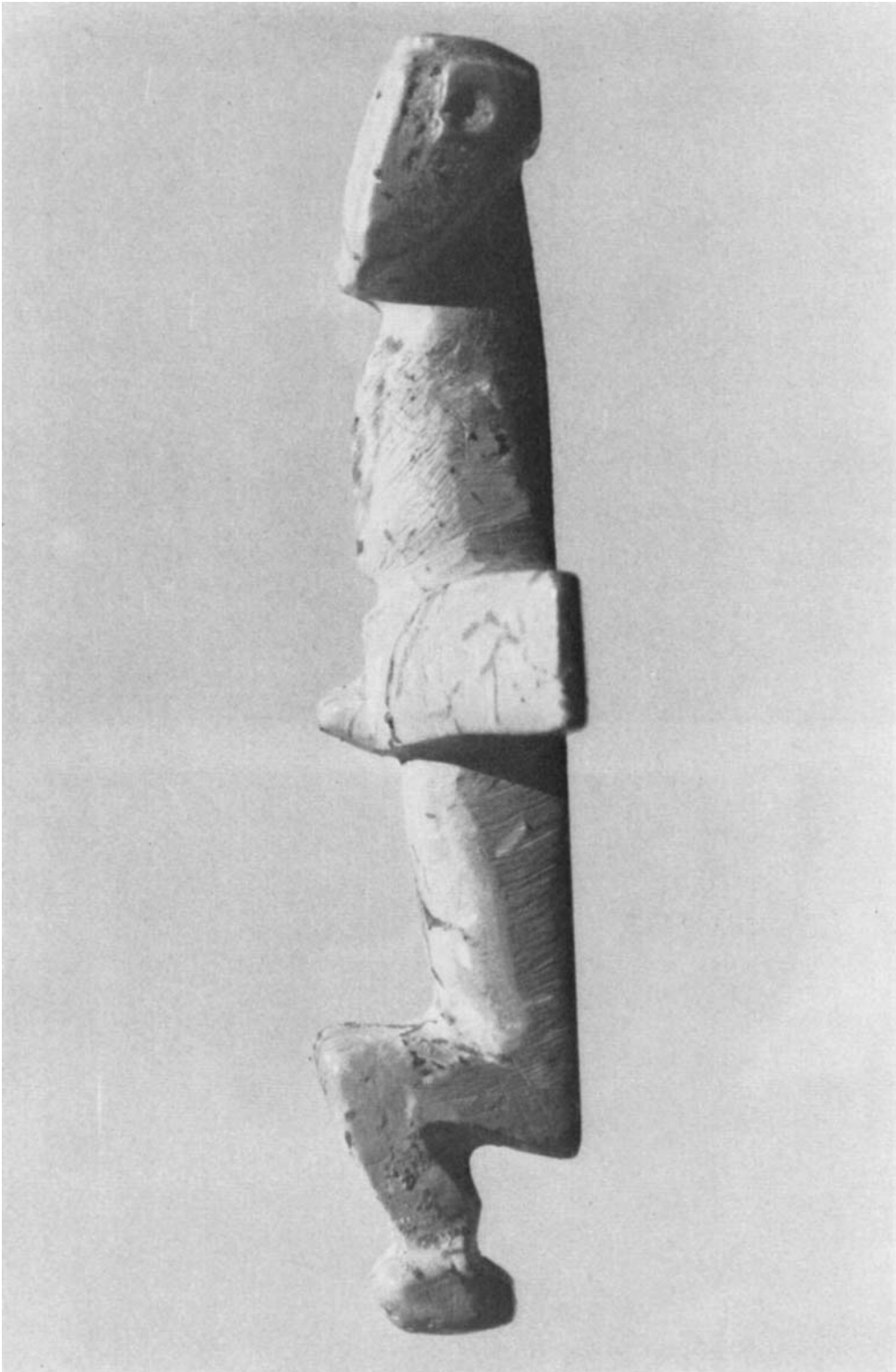


PLATE XXXI: EDITORIAL

*Green steatite chalcolithic figurine from Lemba, Cyprus. Height 0.06 m.*

*See pp. 177–82*

*Photo: Robert K. Vincent Jr*