the reviewer pointed out that it had 'little or nothing about drama, architecture, law, science, agriculture, warfare, or religion', concluding that it was 'rather insubstantial'. A light start might be what some beginners need (all passages are given in translation), but much has been written since 1976. That might have been included in a supplementary bibliography, which, with a fresh introduction, could have enhanced the value of the book as a springboard.

BARBARA LEVICK

Art and Archaeology

Nocturnal sessions of gossip and Glenmorangie with the late R. M. Cook were not usually yielding of much praise for academic colleagues. But more than once I remember that the topic of John Boardman's productivity brought forth rare encomia. 'What's extraordinary, ' Cook would say, 'is not so much the quantity – but that it's all worth reading.' Indeed: and, I would add, worth *having*. For even when one might disagree with the author's premises, arguments, and conclusions, his methods of collecting and presenting evidence are invariably reliable; displaying a thoroughness, and an empirical at-homeness with relevant material, that seem to have deserted much of modern scholarship. So exemplary solid usefulness is maintained in Boardman's latest production, ⋆*The Archaeology of Nostalgia*.[1] The theoretical aspect of this subject is left to others (Paul Veyne's 1983 essay, *Did the Greeks Believe in their Myths?* is not even cited). How far would Boardman share Plutarch's assumption that myths relate to truth as rainbows relate to the sun (*De Iside* 358F)? – and that wondrous as they may seem, myths are the phenomena of history's atmosphere? Perhaps it does not matter, since in antiquity, levels of mythological credence were rarely calibrated. For the Greeks, myths might get written up, dramatized, recited, and parodied; but ultimately, and originally, myths *happened*. Olympia was supposed to be where 'history' began, with the First Olympiad of 776 BCE. Yet a distinguished mathematician – Pythagoras – saw no problem in accepting that Olympia's Stadium had been paced out by Herakles, and computing the bodily proportions of the hero by making a ratio of his *stade*-length of 600 steps to that of an ordinary mortal. Herodotus, the 'father of history' himself, admitted that the Greek penchant for collapsing 'heroized' and 'real' chronologies was considered deplorably inaccurate by Egyptian scribes, who kept more scrupulously annalistic archives. It stands as an incorrigible habit – mocking the Levi-Strauss definition of myths as 'events without time'. And truly incorrigible – as Boardman shows throughout his survey of what might be called the 'relic trade' of the Classical world. What must the empiricist make of all this? He raises an eyebrow here and there with regard to the myths as such ('who *eats* shoulder-blades?' – a mordant aside on the Pelops story). Following work by Adrienne Mayor (*The First Fossil Hunters*, 2000), he indulges in some speculative natural history; even some quasi-Jungian analysis of mythical archetypes. But in general Boardman does what with hindsight can only be done: the collation of texts, images, and topography, to demonstrate the parochial nature of Greek myths – their stubborn rootedness in space and time. The practice of mapping myths upon the landscape was ubiquitous throughout the Greek world. So Boardman's gazetteer of

[1] *The Archaeology of Nostalgia*. How the Greeks Recreated their Mythical Past. By John Boardman. Thames and Hudson, London, 2002. Pp. 240.

https://doi.org/10.1093/gr/50.2.262 Published online by Cambridge University Press

'heroic' topography, summarizing ancient testimonia, is particularly useful. The opening tone of apology, however, is unwarranted. 'Neither "Archaeology"', says Boardman, 'nor "Nostalgia" is quite the right word for the title of this book'. On the contrary: the title is peculiarly apt. Both cosmic and localized, *passé* and resilient, the stories by which the Greeks ordered their lives subsist very deep in our minds. To find where they are is a process of retrieval, not discovery. That is why it feels like coming home. And that is why, I think, the archaeology of the so-called 'Greek Dark Age(s)' has such peculiar glamour. We think we know what happened at Troy and Mycenae before *c.*1250 BC; we know pretty well how Greek epic poetry of *c.*750 BC apostrophized and animated those heroic citadels. But what came in between? Fifty years ago it was reasonable to imagine a cultural, historical, and archaeological blank prevailing in Greece from the twelfth to eighth centuries BC. Now, however, that period of obscurity is being increasingly revealed and exploited as the nursery of Hellenic cultural identity – as Irene Lemos shows in her *The Protogeometric Aegean*.[2] Though this study is overtly indebted to the work of Desborough and Snodgrass, it is also an obituary to their concept of 'the Greek Dark Age(s)'. Instead we are plunged into a *koine* centred on Euboea (and buttressed by Thessaly), packed with archaeological evidence not only of 'complex societies' and 'vigorous and dynamic social structures' but also key indicators of that cultural home territory of myths that abide. The terracotta figurine of a centaur from Lefkandi, for example – an admittedly startling and gratifying piece when one comes across it in the Eretria Museum, but not stylistically out of the blue – carries a deliberate incision below its left kneecap. Is that a wound – such as inflicted upon Chiron (or Nessos) by Herakles? We cannot know. But sufficient proof of subsistence patterns, metal use, settlement, and burial practices is here gathered by Irene Lemos to bolster her essential thesis that the Protogeometric period is not an obscure gloom but 'the beginning of Early Greece'. Then what, one might ask, would constitute the end of Late Greece? Implicit answers to that question are contained in an impressive volume edited by Elaine Gazda, *The Ancient Art of Emulation*.[3] At heart, the essays collected here more or less accept Tonio Hölscher's notion of Roman art as a 'semantic system' whereby the expressive styles associated with 'great masters' of fifth- and fourth-century Greek art were used to make a decorum for various subjects of representation. The sculptor commissioned for the statue of a god, for instance, should refer to the *maiestas* and *pondus* of Pheidias; a hero called for the *decor supra verum* of Polykleitos, and the athlete for a Polykleitan torso that was *quadratus*; while Lysippan *veritas* was appropriate for representing other mortals. This incorporation of *nobilia opera* into the repertoire of art produced under Roman patronage is why all periods of 'Roman art' can be more or less considered as 'chapters in the history of Greek art' – and that has often been reckoned a sign of aesthetic impoverishment on the part of the Romans. But, as Gazda argues in her opening contribution ('Beyond Copying'), our present status as inheritors and collectors makes

[2] *The Protogeometric Aegean.* The Archaeology of the Late Eleventh and Tenth Centuries BC. By Irene S. Lemos. Oxford Monographs on Classical Archaeology. Oxford U.P., 2002. Pp. 245 + 106 plates.

[3] *The Ancient Art of Emulation.* Studies in Artistic Originality and Tradition from the Present to Classical Antiquity. Supplements to the Memoirs of the American Academy in Rome. Edited by Elaine K. Gazda. University of Michigan Press, Ann Arbor, 2002. Pp. xiii + 300, fully illustrated. £46.

https://doi.org/10.1093/gr/50.2.262 Published online by Cambridge University Press

us peculiarly well-qualified to sympathize with that ancient situation. 'Looking at Roman art with postmodern eyes' becomes a cheering experience. Once it is accepted that 'originality' is not the ultimate criterion of artistic excellence, once we learn to enjoy the modes of façade, collage and so on, then we can strip from 'emulation' all the queasiness of 'plagiarism'. So, in this volume, there is contented exploration of the cross-currents of connoisseurship, rhetoric, 'serial' copies, and the technical aspects of deriving marble statues from bronze originals. We may even learn to love struts.

NIGEL SPIVEY

Religion

This year, all but one of the books for review concern, entirely or mainly, Greek religion, so that no sub-headings are required. As a student, I was recommended by Moses Finley (of all people, one might think) to read two books that were already then half a century old, having been published in 1912: Cornford's *Thucydides Mythistoricus* and Murray's *Four Stages*. But he would never have dreamed of recommending a third book that appeared in the same year, Jane Harrison's *Themis* ('erratic, associative, intuitive') despite the fact that each of them had contributed a chapter or excursus to it; indeed in the Cambridge of those years, when no one had heard of the supposed 'Cambridge Ritualists', Harrison's work was regarded as an aberration, as an embarrassment – more so even than Frazer's. She suffered, as Renate Schlesier put it, from an effective *damnatio memoriae*. It is therefore ironic that her name is now widely known among the chattering classes, just as it was around 1903 (on one occasion in Dundee 1600 people attempted to attend one of her lectures), whereas theirs have almost faded from view. Not only did she herself publish a kind of autobiography in 1925, but many of her letters appeared in 1959; in the 1970s her work was contextualised by Ackerman and McGinty. The real breakthrough however came with Sandra Peacock's Freudian biography in 1988, which shifted Harrison's memory out of the classical niche. Annabel Robinson's *Life and Work*[1] is thus by no means the first; but it is certainly the fullest, most balanced, and most thoroughly-researched biography to date. It is also intensely readable. Unlike Mary Beard, Robinson is not interested in problematizing the biographer's task or worrying about the treachery of archives: she cites Leon Edel's notion of the 'inner myth' that a good biographer needs to be able to discern. Since Harrison lived for her work, and crafted her own fitting myth and persona, it is not in her case especially difficult to do so. Nor does she have much time for Beard's view of the place of Eugénie Strong in her life. But she builds up a convincing account of Harrison's intellectual and emotional 'Werdegang', and her sometimes difficult personality, and conveys well the intensity of her commitment to her work ('she approached [it] as if she were seeking for the key to the universe itself'), her debts to Germany and France, the importance of travel, the restless search for new ideas and approaches, her extraordinary success as a lecturer and teacher, and something of the mixed emotions she aroused among her colleagues. All the familiar stories are here, such as the forty German professors struggling to mount mules during one of Dörpfeld's Peloponnesian excursions, and Bertie Russell's offer to produce a bull, if Harrison would undertake to tear it

[1] *The Life and Work of Jane Ellen Harrison*. By Annabel Robinson. Oxford U.P., 2002. Pp. xvi +332, with 17 figs. Hardback £45.

https://doi.org/10.1093/gr/50.2.262 Published online by Cambridge University Press