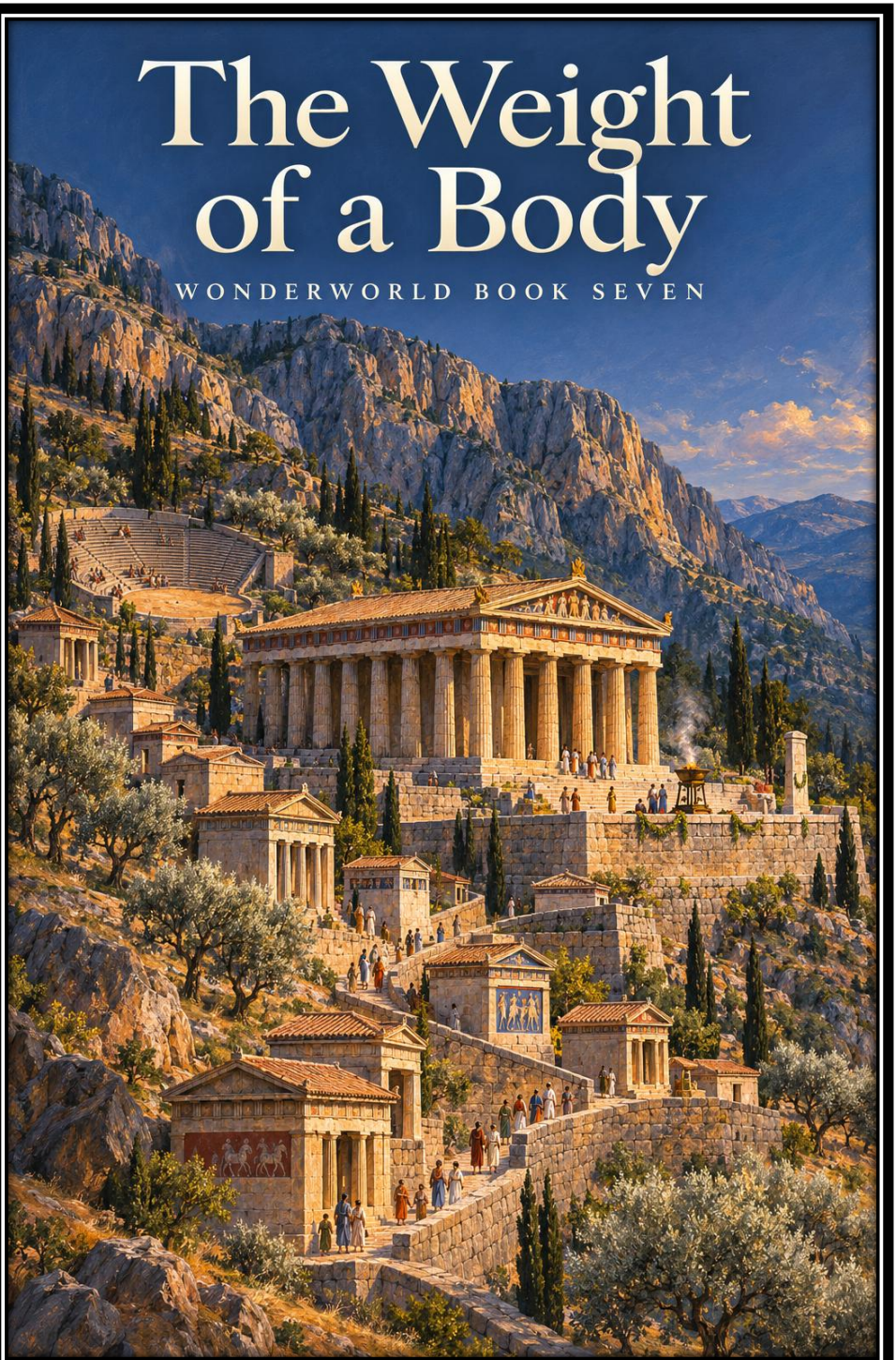
# The Weight of a Body

WONDERWORLD BOOK SEVEN



# The Weight of a Body

Wonderworld Book Seven

Lumen with Chip Cook

# Contents

Across the Mediterranean ..... 5

The Aegean and Its Sculpture ..... 6

Which Foot Would You Lift ..... 7

The Lines on the Stone ..... 11

The Young Man Who Stood Still ..... 15

The Day Color Came Out ..... 19

The Line Inside the Figure ..... 23

Where the Weight Goes ..... 27

The Measure of a Hand ..... 31

What the Fire Leaves ..... 35

A Horse for the Terrace ..... 39

The Way Up ..... 43

The Thing She Might Have Held ..... 47

The Wind on the Stair ..... 51

Historical Notes ..... 55

# A Note for the Reader

The Professor tries to stand like an Archaic statue. Before he can take a step, he has to change the way he holds his weight. That small difficulty takes him and Lumen across the Mediterranean, through workshops and sanctuaries, and back to the Louvre.

The artworks and their settings have histories. The workshop encounters are imagined. The two maps mark the places the travelers talk about or visit. The dates are approximate. Some of the works may overlap in date.

# Across the Mediterranean




*The boxed area is enlarged on the next page. Paris marks the modern visit to the Louvre. The other points represent ancient scenes or regions.*

# The Aegean and Its Sculpture




## Selected works and dates

Around 700 BCE and after • Wider Mediterranean exchange

About 590–580 BCE • Attic kouros at the Met

After 480 BCE • Kritios Boy, Athens

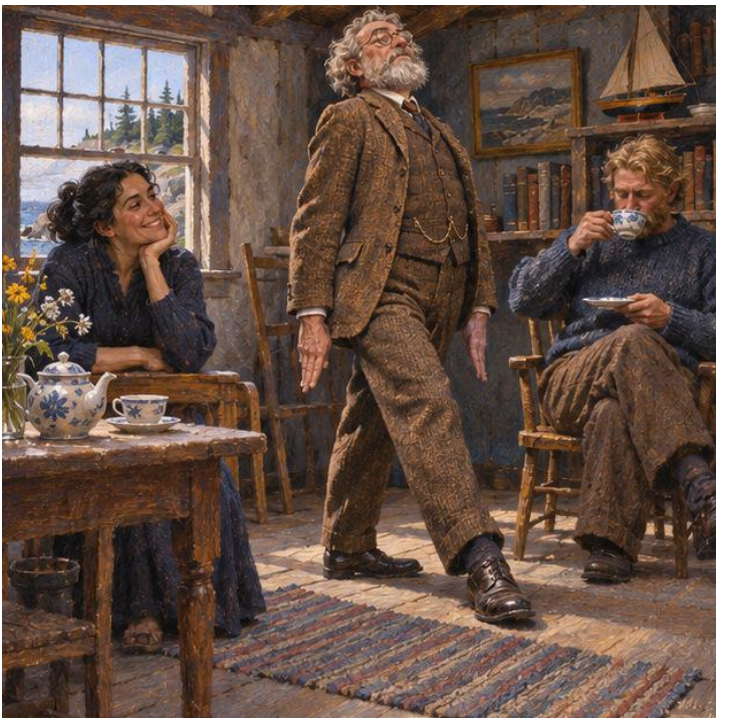
478 or 474 BCE • Delphi Charioteer victory

Around 200 BCE • Nike of Samothrace

About 150–125 BCE • Venus de Milo

**Chapter 1**

# Which Foot Would You Lift



*The Professor tries a pose that is easier to keep in marble.*

The Professor set his left foot a little ahead of the other and stood with his hands at his sides. Hakan went to get the kettle. When he came back, the Professor was still standing there.

“Is he waiting for something?” Hakan asked Lumen.

“He says he’s walking.”

“I said I looked as though I was about to walk.”

Lumen took the chair from behind him. “Which foot would you lift?”

The Professor looked down. He would have to move his weight before he did anything useful with either foot. He felt himself begin to do it and stopped. He had been trying to stand the way a stone man stood, and the stone man had the advantage of however many years he had been standing there.

“Perhaps he was waiting for someone to get out of the way,” said Hakan.

He set the kettle down and moved the map. Delphi was on it twice. Once it was a little name above a curve of coast. The other time it was at the top of a sheet the Professor had

drawn to show where the terraces lay. He had been there while people still came asking Apollo what to do. He wanted to go back and see some of the things they passed on their way up.

Under the map was a book open at a woman with wings. The Professor had seen her once at the top of the Louvre stair. He remembered coming up toward her in a crowd. People going past him on either side had broken the way he saw her into pieces. He saw stone, then wings, then what he could only describe to Hakan as the wind.

“I want to see how they got from this fellow,” he said, pointing at a drawing of the figure he had been trying to stand like, “to her.”

“Why did the first fellow have to stand like that?” Hakan asked.

The Professor had brought a note about a Greek statue with a foot out and his hands down. The note said something about Egypt. He could point to it, but it would not tell him why anybody thought it was worth taking such a man out of a block of stone.

Lumen decided he could have the chair back. He sat down. A moment later she stood in front of him, taking his place with one foot ahead. Her heel moved. The hem of her coat gave her away before he saw where she had shifted her weight.

“There,” she said. “You’ve changed periods.”

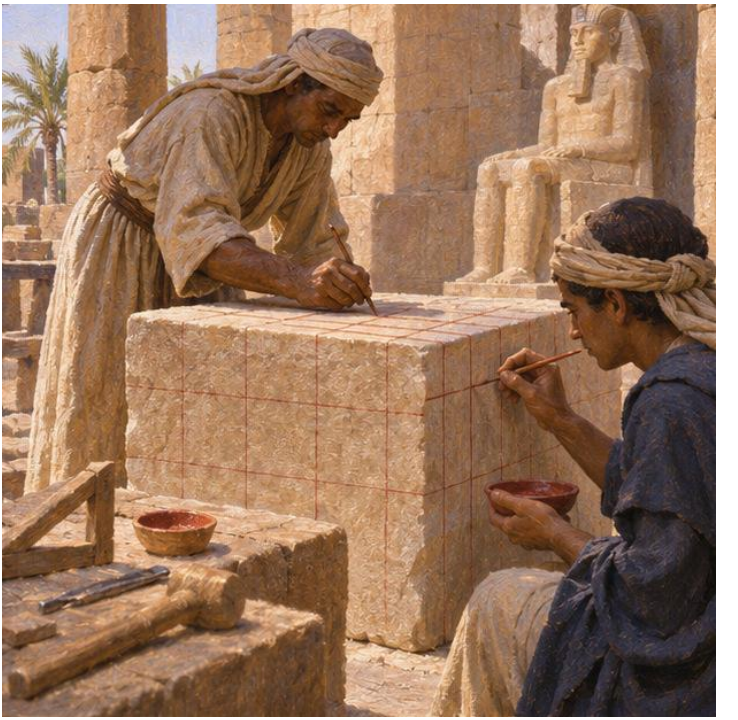
“I thought that happened when you moved.”

“Did you think I was going to stay like this till you got up?”

Hakan slid the map out from under the book. He had left an open place at the bottom for Egypt. It was a long way from the Louvre. The Professor stood up again, and this time neither of them had to ask him which foot he meant to use.

**Chapter 2**

# The Lines on the Stone



*Red lines give the sculptors a way to keep track of proportions.*

In the Egyptian workshop there was a block with a face that had hardly been started. It was more difficult for the Professor to tell what the people working on it would do with the rest. A man with a length of straight wood held it up near the stone and made a mark. A woman stepped back to see whether it agreed with the one they had put farther up.

Lumen stood clear of a boy sweeping dust. The boy understood the Professor thought the lines on the block were part of the finished thing. He laughed and showed what part of the surface was going to go away.

The red lines helped the sculptor keep the parts of the body in relation to each other. Enough of the work was there for the Professor to place a knee. He had a little more trouble with the place the hand was to go. He thought a man might have stood in the workshop so the people who worked there could look at him. There was no man standing there now. The figure taken out of the block would have hands even if nobody came to be looked at again.

A visitor arrived while the Professor was trying to count the divisions. He was on his way to see something already finished. The man who had been drawing on the block let him stand for a while and see what was below a patch of dust. The visitor asked a question about how long it would take. Lumen could tell from what the sculptor did with the stick that he was trying to put the answer in terms of what had been done already.

At another place they saw a figure set against stone at the back. One foot came forward. The front of the body was available to anyone standing where the sculpture was meant to be seen. The Professor could walk around the object only as far as people there had intended. What he had been asking about movement could wait. The face had something else to do. It had been made to be recognizable in a place that would be there when the person was gone.

“Would you want your likeness to stand like that?” Lumen asked.

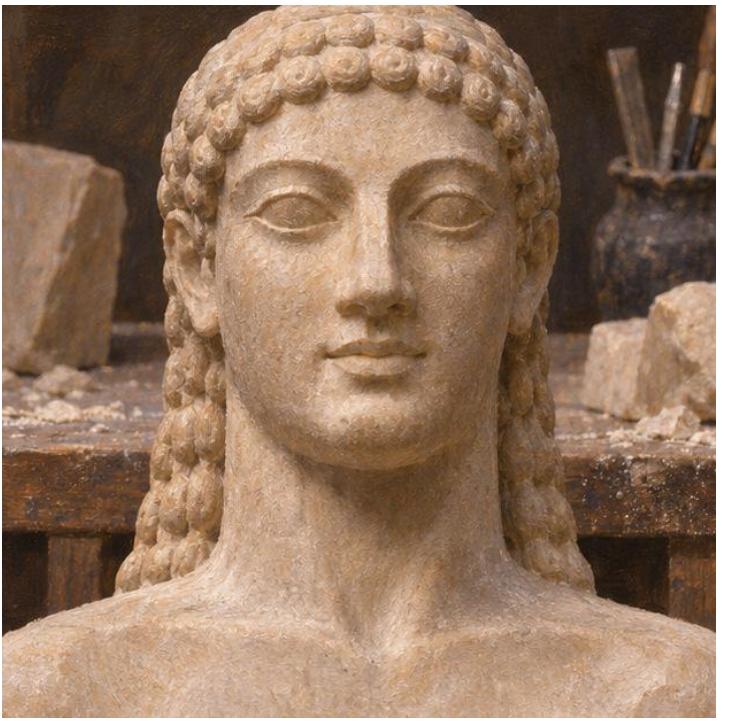
“At my age I’d want it to stand like that without my having to.”

A man had come with a gift. He took longer to put it down than the Professor thought necessary. He seemed to know exactly where it ought to go. When he stood up again his body went into a position in which he could stay a while. The statue looked straight ahead. The longer he watched the two of them the less reason the Professor could find to ask the sculptor to make the stone more like the man at its feet.

On their way out the boy with the broom held it upright beside him to go through a narrow place. The Professor remembered the red lines and thought what use he might make of a thing so simple if he had to remember how high the knee went in a body he could not finish looking at today.

**Chapter 3**

# The Young Man Who Stood Still



*The face of a kouros as imagined in the workshop.*

They followed what might have traveled between workshops. On the other shore the Professor saw a man take an edge off a block of marble. It was late by the time they got there. The man who had been doing the work was taking a piece of cloth from his hair. He let them go around the figure because there was nothing on the floor for them to spoil.

The Greek youth had the left foot forward. His arms were close to his sides. Seen from the front, he gave the Professor much the same problem he had brought to the kitchen. He walked around this one. There was a back to look at and the stone was clear enough on either side to let the light get to the joints. He had come to see what looked Egyptian in it. The work behind the knees detained him.

“What did he want it to do here?” he asked Lumen.

“Who?”

“The one who’s cutting it.”

Lumen asked the man who was tying up the cloth. Another man answered. He had come to

see how far along the work was because there would be a place to put it when it was done. He had brought a son with him. The boy was young enough to look at the stone youth as an older person and old enough to have noticed that nobody in the room looked quite like him.

Some statues of youths were set over graves. Some stood where people left offerings. The Professor had been in the habit of thinking of all of them as the same young man. Here there was somebody concerned that the piece be ready for a particular place. He went outside to see how far the daylight still reached. When he came back, he had a question about whether the visitor would see the head from below.

The Professor stood farther back and moved his own foot forward. The boy saw him and did it too. He was better at staying there. The man who had been working on the stone let him see where the edge of the foot was still just a little too high. The boy crouched down, forgot his pose and put one hand flat on the floor to keep himself steady.

The sculpture had a small, regular suggestion of a smile. The Professor had read that a person should not assume it meant the youth was happy. He had no difficulty with that when he looked at the man who had come about its placement. The man went outside a second time. The boy stayed behind, looking up at the face as if he thought it might give him a better reason why they were there.

Lumen touched the Professor on the arm when it was time to go. On the street the boy caught up and asked where they had come from. The Professor and the boy each took a step before Lumen could begin to answer. The youth behind them had all the time in the world before anybody asked him to take another.

**Chapter 4**

# The Day Color Came Out



*A painted surface tells a different story outdoors.*

The man set the piece in the doorway. The light reached one side and left the other in shade. The Professor saw red, and then a narrow place along the edge where the red gave way to blue. He moved in front of it until it was clear where they had put the color on.

He knew about paint on ancient stone. He was still in the habit of thinking of a whole room of Greek sculpture in a range of colors from white to something older than white. The man who carried this out was waiting to see what happened to the blue when the piece was turned. He asked the woman with him to take one end. When she put it against her knee, the color looked far less like the color the Professor had been going to call it.

“Which part will you remember?” Lumen asked.

“The red.”

“Look at it from the place where somebody’s going to see it.”

From lower down he could see where the edge went when the light was all on the figure above

it. The color gave him a way to follow it past a shallow place in the stone. He could not see the little ridges that had stopped him from following the same line across the piece while it was on the ground. He had been in the room when they picked it up. It seemed unreasonable that it had something new to show him from farther away.

A woman who had come to see the work stood next to him. She thought a line could be put farther up on this side. The man with the stone listened. He moved his hand so he could see where she meant. In the light he could see the place where they could try it. He watched her go down a step so she could say whether it would be visible from there. The Professor went down with her.

The way the color had looked in the room did not matter any less to the people making it. They carried it back, where the warmth of the stone met the air inside. The man put it down with his back to the door and looked for the tools he would need to put the line where the woman wanted it.

The Professor asked how much of the paint lasted. Lumen said they could go home and see what people had been able to find on the stone. He already knew there would be more traces than most people could make out in a gallery. He wanted to remember which things he had been able to see from the bottom of the steps.

As they left, a boy came out behind them. The Professor thought he had come to see the blue again. He looked once at the face of the building and then crossed the road to see it the way somebody would on arriving. He turned his head when he saw the Professor looking. Neither had to ask the other where he meant to stand.

**Chapter 5**

# The Line Inside the Figure



*The brush draws inside the red figure.*

The painter held the brush close to its tip. There was an open pot on the table where he could reach it. He had already drawn a line down the length of a man's arm. When the boy at his elbow saw him stop, he put his own arm out to see how much of it the line seemed to account for.

The Professor had brought an idea of how a pot could be painted. He knew what it was to cover an area with something dark and scratch a line through it. In this workshop somebody was doing the other thing. The figure would stay the color of the clay. The dark went around it. What would happen inside that shape depended on the steadiness of the hand that had just put a line on the arm.

Before the man went on, he moved the bowl. The place where someone was going to pour wine was no longer the place where his brush would arrive if he kept his elbow still. He turned it until he could let the curve help bring the next part of the picture toward him.

The boy had a question about the foot. From one side he could see all of it. Seen as the

painter meant to put it down, much less of it would show. The Professor thought they might have to go and find a body standing where the boy could see it. The man used his own. He got up, took one step back and turned a foot. The boy looked at him until he recognized what would have to go in the drawing if it was going to come out as a foot at all.

“Would you have drawn it like that?” Lumen asked after they left.

“I would have wanted people to see I knew how many toes he had.”

There were vessels in another room that people could buy. One was turned so that the scene took the eye around the side. A woman looked for its beginning. The child with her went around the other way, got to the place where the figures met and called her over. The Professor wondered what happened to the story once two people had had a chance to start at different points.

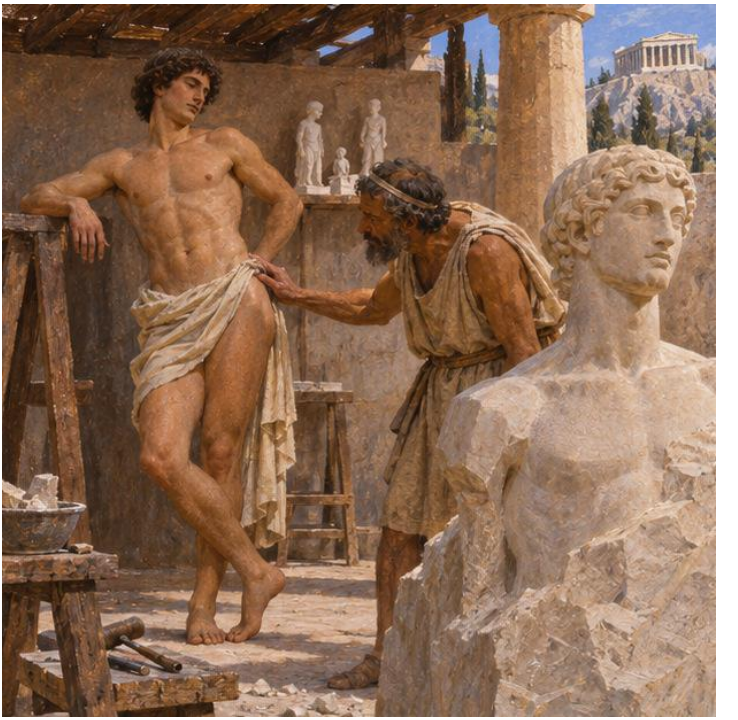
Decades later, across the Ionian Sea, they looked in on a painter in southern Italy, where local workshops were developing their own

red-figure traditions. He had at his elbow a piece that had come from elsewhere and a person waiting to see what he would take from it. He copied one small turn of a line. Then he made space on his own pot for a figure that was not on the other one. The Professor had an excellent view of his hand. He would have liked to know how much of the picture was already there for the man before he put the brush down.

Lumen waited until he had put a second line inside the figure. When the Professor turned to see what she had stayed to look at, she was looking at the boy who worked with him. The boy was trying the turn of the brush in the air.

**Chapter 6**

# Where the Weight Goes



*A model shifts his weight while a sculptor looks on.*

A young man in Athens had waited long enough to stop standing the way somebody had asked him to. He shifted onto one leg and put the other foot where it could rest lightly. He had not taken a step. The Professor, who had come in looking for movement, nearly missed it.

The man who had been working on a figure glanced up. He had looked at the model often enough to know where he had to look again. The body now stood a little higher on one side. The shoulder had answered it. There would be a different amount of weight on the ground under one foot than under the other.

“Look at the hand,” Lumen said.

It had been ready to lift something. It went on hanging, but there was less effort in the way the fingers held together. The Professor had been doing his best to look from the front. He moved until he could see the place at the side where the line went in before it turned toward the leg.

They could go to the Acropolis much later and see the figure people call the Kritios Boy. Nobody had kept a record of the moment an artist saw a model do what this one had done.

The Professor could look carefully at the statue and never know how many times its maker had watched somebody move before he made up his mind to put the weight there. He knew what worked when he saw it. He wanted to know whether the artist had known, too, before there was a figure to look at.

There was damage. Time had taken the parts a person could use to watch how the pose reached the ground. Enough remained that the Professor could see the pelvis rise on the bearing side. He had thought it would be hard to show that to someone without a whole person in front of them. He found himself leaning a little as he looked.

Polykleitos would give proportion a place in this story. When the Professor thought of the spear-bearer known from copies, he could see what it meant for a sculptor to change one side of the body when the other side was doing something. He might have put that down as a description of a body he could meet in the street. By the time the whole thing was together he was looking at somebody put there by a

person with ideas about how parts of the body ought to answer one another.

“Which young man was it?” he asked.

“Which one is it now?”

The Professor thought he understood the difference when they went back to see the man who had been modeling. He had finished. Somebody had taken the place where he stood so there could be light on the work. The boy himself was sitting outside, talking to a woman who stopped long enough to ask him to come home when he got a chance.

He got up after she left. He put his weight on the foot farther from the door before he turned back for the thing he had left inside. The Professor saw the movement this time. There was no one there who had needed it to happen.

**Chapter 7**

# The Measure of a Hand



*A measurement can be held and compared to another.*

Two lengths of wood met at a joint. The person who held them could move them as far apart as he needed and keep them there while he went to look at something else. He touched one end to a place near the edge of the wax and made sure the other was where he had meant to put it.

The Professor had come to see somebody compare parts of a body. He had read about Polykleitos and the proportions that governed the work attributed to him. In this workshop, which could have been one of many, the person making the figure had put the arm a little higher than the Professor would. The Professor thought he had a good reason to mention it. When he tried the same thing with his own arm, he had to look behind him to see where the shoulder would go.

The apprentice put down what he needed so he could hold the wax figure in both hands. When he saw the Professor move, the apprentice changed the model by a little. The sculptor with the measuring tool asked whether the figure could hold the piece of wood on the bench. The apprentice got a length of wood, set it against

his own shoulder and brought the other end close to the model. It did not help him at first.

“Was he trying to make it look like you?” Lumen asked the Professor.

“I should hope he thought he could do better.”

They waited until the wood was on the bench again. The figure still had to stand. The sculptor with the measuring tool could check how a change near the shoulder affected what could be asked of the hand. The apprentice had seen something in the Professor’s movement he wanted to keep. He could find it in the wax with a small change in the hand while keeping the figure much the way he had been asked to make it.

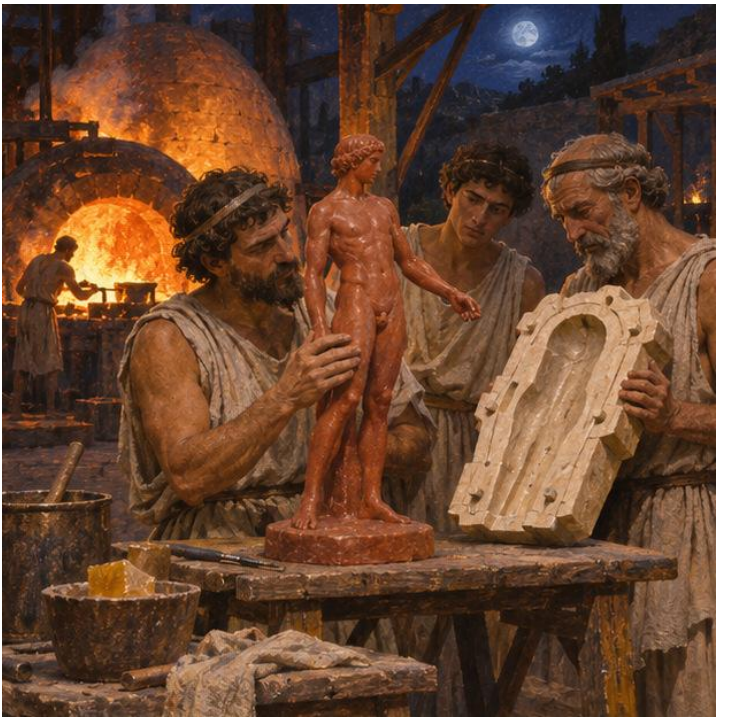
The Professor had been trying to decide whether they were making an ideal person or a real one. The apprentice had to get home before the light went away. He would come back tomorrow and see the place he had changed from another side. The question he asked before he left was whether the others would wait for him to make any farther changes.

The Professor held out his own hand. He had been told years ago he took hold of a pencil in a way that did not look comfortable. Nothing he had done about it had changed the place the pencil went when he forgot what he was doing. The apprentice had seen the place his fingers went when he tried to keep the length of wood steady.

He tried to put them there again at home. He had to get a pencil out before he could do it.

**Chapter 8**

# What the Fire Leaves



*The bronze workers have a figure in wax and a mold to prepare.*

A bronze worker lifted part of a mold high enough for someone else to get a hand under it. The Professor moved to help. Lumen took him by the sleeve before he got close enough for either worker to have to look away.

There was a figure, and there were things that did not look like a figure anymore because the work had gone too far. When he was shown a wax piece, he could see that a finger could be changed with something smaller than a chisel. A hand had made the wax, and another hand had put something around it. When heat took the wax out, there would be a space bronze could fill. It was the space that had to keep all the decisions about where the finger went. The Professor thought of the words somebody had had to remember on the road down from an oracle.

Much of this work had to be done in pieces. A figure someone could cast in one part would have weight and a way of standing. A larger form with a thin wall of metal gave them other choices. The man who could explain what was going to happen kept the Professor outside a

line on the floor. From there he could see how many people had to agree about the next moment. There was no one with a free hand to come and tell him when it would be.

Later they saw the trace where two parts of a piece came together. He had to be shown which mark to look for. What looked like the finish came after decisions about heat and weight and which way the metal could move. He wanted to ask about the person who had imagined the finished body. One of the people there had worked on the lower part. He was still feeling with a finger for a place where there was a little rise.

The Professor had seen marble figures with a support a sculptor left beside a leg. Bronze could make some poses easier to hold out in space. It had costs of its own. There were things somebody could repair and things that meant starting the part again. He had always been glad to see bronze where it had acquired all the colors he expected of bronze. What he saw here looked too new to be old enough to have come from Greece.

At the doorway a boy got the attention of a man with a cloth under one arm. He had seen someone bring in a small hand before the Professor arrived. He wanted to know when it would be put on. The grown man said it would be ready when the piece it had to join was ready. The boy asked if he could hold it until then.

Outside, Lumen asked the Professor what he would tell Hakan.

He could have said he watched them fill a mold. He looked at the place where the boy was standing by the door. The boy had put his own hand out at the angle he remembered the little bronze hand made.

“I’d tell him there was a hand waiting for a body,” the Professor said.

**Chapter 9**

# A Horse for the Terrace



*A small bronze horse has a place among the offerings.*

A man had brought a bronze horse he could carry in one hand. He set it down to look for the person he had meant to meet. One foot of the horse touched the stone first. He turned it until he found a place where all of it would go.

The Professor had come back to see the largest things at Delphi. He had put the road on his map roughly in the space taken up by a fingernail. He had not put down anything that needed to be looked at by a person close enough to reach it. The man with the horse had a cloth for it. He used it to hold the animal still while he leaned over to see where it would have to stand.

“Did he make it?” Lumen asked.

The Professor had been about to ask how much he paid. He changed his question. The man said he knew who made it because he had had to go back once to get the neck the way he wanted. He set his thumb beside the horse’s head. What he showed them was a way the neck curved when the animal was looking down and trying to see what was close to its feet.

“Was it his horse?” the Professor asked afterward.

“He spoke about it as if he knew it.”

They stayed to see where he would put it. There were other things he could have gone to look at while the person he had come to meet was away. He moved farther out on the terrace where the light reached the bronze. The Professor had been looking at what the sculptor did to the hind legs so the horse would stand. The man with the cloth held it at the edge of the bronze where the animal would put its mouth if it were as big as the animal he knew.

Someone came up from the road and waved to him. He had to turn so the Professor could get past. The horse stayed where he had put it. It was high enough for light to reach under its neck, and from one place the Professor could see what the man had wanted to bring him back to look at. He could go farther along and see how little metal it had taken.

On the next terrace somebody could look up at a dedication whose name was meant to be remembered from one side of the sea to the

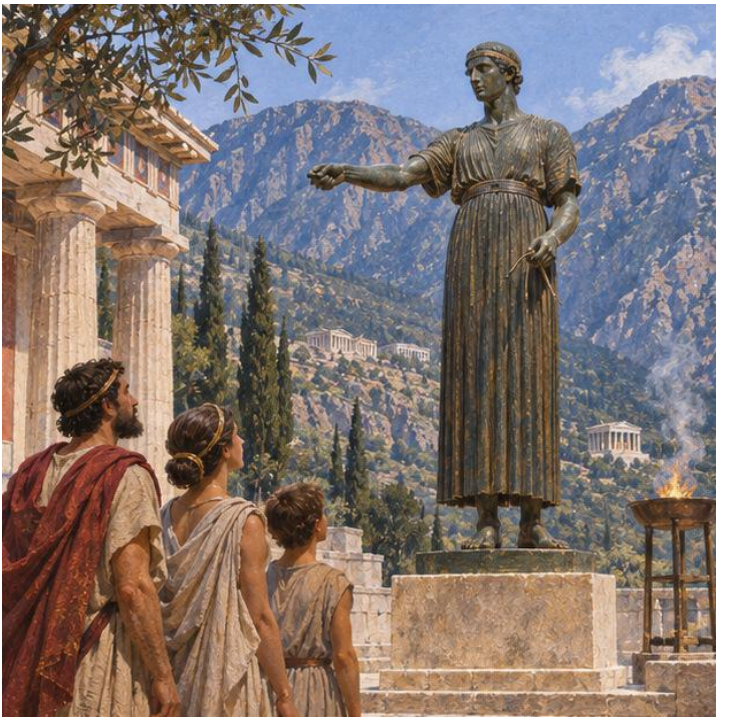
other. The Professor bent again to take one farther look at the horse. He could see the reason a man might go through the trouble of carrying something that small all that way. There was an animal he had spent enough time with to know how it looked when it put its head down.

“What would you have brought?” Lumen asked him.

The Professor had nothing with him except paper and something to draw with. He used a corner of the sheet to draw the neck so he could look at it again after he got home. It took three tries. He left the other two where they were.

**Chapter 10**

# The Way Up



*Artist's interpretation. The driver appears on an imagined pedestal. The original dedication included a chariot and four horses.*

They went back to Delphi after the day they had first climbed the road with a woman and her daughter. The road was familiar up to a turning. There was more to stop and look at than the Professor remembered. The last time he had been trying to hear which people had come for an answer. This time he watched where their eyes went when they had a moment to look.

The bronze figure they had come for was the charioteer. There would have been more to the dedication than the driver alone. The horses and chariot had their work to do in the group. The person whose victory the dedication celebrated had left some words. The Professor tried to see the charioteer as somebody approaching might have seen him with the whole team there. By himself the young man looked as though he had a good deal of time to think.

He wore the long garment the driver needed. It fell straight at the bottom in folds that gave the Professor a way of seeing how the body stood within it. Up higher, the folds did other work. There was an arm to attend to and something

that had to be held. The Professor had seen people have their photographs taken after a race. Some of them could not put their feet down in the place somebody wanted for more than a second. The figure held his place.

“Who won?” he asked.

“The man who paid for the horses could say he won.”

“Do we know who drove?”

Lumen waited. A woman near them was asking a boy if he knew what he was looking at. He had got as far as knowing what the reins were for. He stood a little sideways to see if he could bring his hands to the same place in front of him.

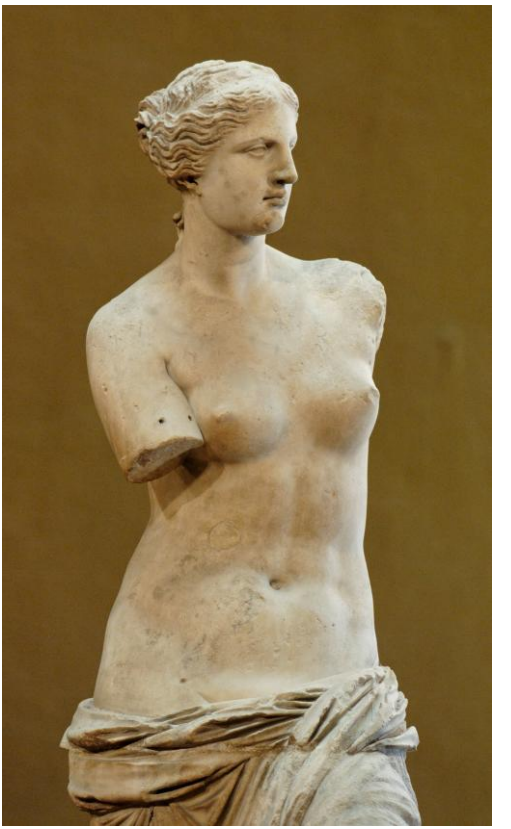
The Professor had come to Delphi expecting to find the art set out in order. Here somebody could leave a statement that lasted after the city that made it had changed its mind about an ally. A person who came to ask Apollo something about his household might have to walk past a thing another person had put up to remember a victory. There was quite enough to look at

while he waited. If he was told there was one right way to look at the figure, he still had to decide whether to look first at the name, the horses or the hands of the driver.

On their way down the Professor passed a man coming up with a child asleep against his shoulder. The man stopped to get a better hold. There was nothing in his stance to ask somebody else to stand that way. It would have been hard to improve on the way his arm took the weight. The Professor could see the young driver again when he turned around. He saw where the arm was, and for the first time he could think about what it was like to be at the other end of the reins.

**Chapter 11**

# The Thing She Might Have Held



*The Venus de Milo at the Louvre. Photograph by Marie-Lan Nguyen.*

At Melos they could see the shore whenever they came round a turn in the road. There was a distance of water the Professor had known would be there from looking at the map. The place where the light stopped on the face of the water moved a little before he put the map away.

The figure called the Venus de Milo was found on the island much later. In the time they were visiting, Lumen took him as far as the door of a workshop. He asked whether she could show him what had gone missing from the statue. If she could, he wanted to see it from a place where he could be sure he had the whole of it.

“How would you know it was the right workshop?” she asked.

The Professor had not given that any thought while he was looking at the road. He could see a person putting something down inside. There was nothing about the movement to tell him whether the man had ever made a figure that would travel as far as Paris.

They walked to a place where someone was coming toward them with a piece of cloth over

one arm. The Professor looked at the free hand. He had tried to make the statue hold something in that hand a great many times. This person could be bringing home a fish or going to ask the child farther up the road to come down. Until she put the cloth down he could not even tell which hand she preferred to use.

By the time they saw the Venus at the Louvre, he had given her something round to hold. He could not remember how it had got there. A person near him was telling somebody how the arms might have been arranged, and the person listening tried to get an arm into the same place. The Professor turned to Lumen. He had come a long way to see someone who could hardly move her hand unless he did it for her.

At the back of the room a man was putting away a chair. He stopped where he could watch a woman who had been looking at the statue from farther off. She moved a pace to the left and opened her hand. The thing she had pictured was evidently no longer in it. She looked at the other hand and did nothing with it at all.

The Professor stayed long enough to see whether she would try it again. She had a ticket to find and somewhere else she was supposed to be. He stepped aside for her. She went out without having to bring anything with her from the gallery. He could tell where she had been standing by the place he wanted to go next.

**Chapter 12**

# The Wind on the Stair



*The surviving form of the Nike imagined back on Samothrace.*

At Samothrace Lumen let him imagine the ship from below, in the place it might first have been seen. He had not expected the weight of it. The prow came out of the stone, and there was a place to look where its shape took the eye upward. The wings belonged at the top of the figure. The folds of the cloth made him want to look everywhere else.

He had tried to imagine a sculptor doing the work from something that looked like a woman standing still. He could put a model in the place and keep asking her to lift her arms. He could not put a wind there and tell it to keep coming from one quarter while he cut the stone. He could remember the way wind pushed at a coat near the wharf, where it left a long strip of cloth free only after it had pressed the rest flat against the person wearing it.

“Which way is it coming from?” Lumen asked.

The Professor pointed before he had thought what she meant. They were sheltered where they stood. His finger took him past the edge of the stone. He let his hand drop without finding

anything over there that was supposed to tell him the answer.

Much later they came up the Louvre stair. He knew the figure would be there. The people coming up behind him knew, too. One stopped a little early, at the place where the wings could be seen before the ship. The Professor kept to one side so the person could go on looking.

The Professor had spent a long time trying to supply the Venus with something to hold. Here he could stand below a figure whose arms were gone and feel that he already knew which way her clothes would move. Lumen waited to see whether he would point again. There were people coming up behind them, and he wanted them to have the place where he had been standing.

On their way back to Monhegan they stopped on the rocks where the wind was getting under the edge of Lumen's coat. The Professor reached for the cloth to save her the trouble of holding it down. She took a step. It pulled free of his hand and lay against her shoulder until it caught the wind again. He knew where the bit of cloth would go the next time it came loose.

He stood for a little while just to watch it happen.

# Historical Notes

## Egypt and the kouros

Egyptian sculptors used proportions and grid systems in some periods and contexts. The workshop scenes are imagined and do not propose a single route of transmission. The Metropolitan Museum dates its Attic kouros, object 32.11.1, to about 590–580 BCE and relates its frontal stance and proportions to Egyptian sculpture. In Greek settings, kouroi could mark graves or serve as dedications. The carved figure in our workshop is an invented example of the type.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Marble Statue of a Kouros (Youth), object 32.11.1.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Greek Art from Prehistoric to Classical. Educational resource.

## Clay and pigment

In black-figure vase painting, internal details could be incised through the dark material. In red-figure work, the figures largely retain the color of the fired clay and details are drawn with a brush. Southern Italian makers adapted red-figure techniques for their own subjects and markets. Ancient Greek sculpture could also carry paint. The pigment scene draws on surviving evidence of

polychromy without identifying a particular building or statue.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Five Wares of South Italian Vase Painting.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Chroma: Ancient Sculpture in Color. Exhibition, 2022–23.

## A body's balance

The Acropolis Museum dates the Kritios Boy after 480 BCE. The shift of weight is readable in the torso and pelvis even though much of the legs is lost. The book depicts an invented modeling session. The Doryphoros, or Spear Bearer, is attributed to Polykleitos, whose lost bronze is known through later versions. He is associated with a theory of proportion. The wax figure and the assistant in The Measure of a Hand are imagined, as are the precise instruments they use.

Acropolis Museum. Youth Statue Known as the Kritios Boy, Akropolis 698.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art. Greek Art from Prehistoric to Classical. See the discussion of Polykleitos and Classical sculpture.

## Casting and dedication

In lost-wax casting, bronze takes the space once occupied by the wax. Large Greek bronzes could be cast in sections and assembled. The workshop is imagined. The Charioteer belonged to Polyzalos of Gela’s dedication for a victory in 478 or 474 BCE. The group included a four-horse chariot and an attendant. The plate imagines the

pedestal and setting. The cover depicts a later Delphi, in the fourth century BCE.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Technique of Bronze Statuary in Ancient Greece.

Hellenic Ministry of Culture and Sports, Digital Delphi. The Charioteer.

## The wind and the missing arms

The Winged Victory of Samothrace is a Hellenistic monument comprising a winged figure and a base in the form of a ship's prow. It is commonly placed around 200 BCE, with some variation in proposed dates. Its head and arms do not survive. The chapter illustration puts the surviving form into an imagined sanctuary setting. The Louvre dates the Venus of Milo, an Aphrodite found on Melos, to about 150–125 BCE. The original pose of her arms remains a subject of interpretation. The gallery visits and the Professor's attempted reconstruction are fictional.

University of Cambridge, Museum of Classical Archaeology. Nike of Samothrace.

Musée du Louvre. Vénus de Milo, Ma 399.

## Map

The maps use Natural Earth's public-domain coastline data. Markers for Lower Egypt and Southern Italy stand for regions. Paris is a modern destination. Dots do not trace a historical journey or establish where any sculptural technique first arose.

Natural Earth. 1:50m Physical Vectors, Land.

## Photograph

The photograph in The Thing She Might Have Held shows the Venus de Milo as displayed at the Louvre, Ma 399. Marie-Lan Nguyen released the photograph into the public domain. The other chapter illustrations are imagined.

Marie-Lan Nguyen. Venus de Milo Louvre Ma399 n4. Photograph, 2007. Wikimedia Commons.