

Antiquity

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Editorial

We recently referred to the foundation of the Abercromby Chair of Archaeology in the University of Edinburgh and the testamentary writings of the Right Honourable John, Fifth Baron Abercromby of Aboukir and Tullibody (*Antiquity*, 1977, 3–4). This year a special exhibition of papers and photographs relating to the development of Scottish archaeology was held in Edinburgh and we were given permission to reproduce the photograph in the exhibition of Abercromby in his garden. We print it together with a photograph of Gordon Childe in characteristic mood, and a caricature of Stuart Piggott by Emilio Coya (PL. XXI). Professor Piggott will have retired from the Abercromby Chair when these words are printed. How proud Abercromby would have been of the first two holders of the chair he founded and how admirably they lived up to his exacting requirements! What an achievement Childe and Piggott made in the 50 years from 1927 to 1977: between them in that half-century they established Edinburgh as one of the main centres of prehistoric teaching and research in the world. Long may it so continue!

U 'More than fifty years ago a young man with thick auburn hair and a proud smile stood in a clearing in the heavy forest of central Öland. He had just freed the prehistoric ring-fort of Ismantorp from a dense cover of undergrowth and forest. For the first time in centuries one could see it in its entirety with the 88 house-foundations arranged in a unique plan within the circular rampart.' These are the first words in *Eketorp: fortification and settlement in Öland, Sweden: the monument*, edited by Kaj Borg, Ulf Näsman, and Erik Wegraeus, and very well translated into English by Nils Stedt (Stockholm: Almqvist and Wiksell International—The Royal Academy of Letters, History and Antiquities, 1976, 215 pp.

including 280 photographs and figures. Price 105 SwK, tax included, but when bought abroad tax is deducted and the price is only 90 SwK.)

The words refer to Mårten Stenberger who died in 1973, one of the most lovable, kind, generous and distinguished archaeologists of this century. He had the personality and the charisma which are rare in scholars: three other names spring to mind who shared his warmth and greatness—Stephen Glanville, Sean Ó Ríordáin, and Ian Richmond, all, unhappily, like Mårten Stenberger, dead long before their time. We are very happy to publish a photograph of Mårten with his devoted and dear wife, Lisa, and pupils from Finland, Canada, Denmark and Sweden, taken by Ulf Näsman in 1967; and of Ismantorp as revealed by him (PL. XXII).

The list of people who worked at Eketorp is most impressive, and this book is dedicated to 'the Eketorpers past and present'. Stenberger was able to weld his team into a happy group: their shared joy in work and leisure is reflected in two limericks written by Erik Frykman (one does not often find limericks in excavation reports but then we do not all share that delicious gift, *Scandibundian-humor*):

There was a professor called Mårten
Who said 'I must see that we shorten
the time spent in toil
in digging the soil.'
But somehow his idea never caught on.

And the second limerick which is called *The Lay of the Vikings*:

We know of a grand Öland fort
Whose story is no way short.
It is long as damnation
It goes back to Migration
And it keeps going Mårten-i-Mårt.

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The Right Honourable John, Fifth Baron Abercromby of Aboukir and Tullibody, whose 'The Bronze Age pottery of Britain and Ireland' was published 65 years ago. He died in 1924 and his will directed the founding of the Abercromby Chair of Archaeology in the University of Edinburgh. We print likenesses also of the two first holders of his Chair: a photograph of Vere Gordon Childe, who was Abercromby Professor from 1927 to 1946, and a caricature of Stuart Piggott who succeeded him and retired on 30 September this year. Sixty-five years of distinction and advance in the study of the antiquity of the Most Ancient East and Europe

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We have always admired our Scandinavian archaeological colleagues—their ability in excavation and in keeping sober after drinking vast quantities of schnapps—but we never suspected before they could write limericks in English. Perhaps the newly appointed Director of the British Museum, now a welcome Trustee of ANTIQUITY, could oblige with a limerick in Swedish, penned during one of those Danish-bacon sandwich sessions in the Marlborough Arms?

Finding that Ismantorp lacked cultural stratification, Stenberger turned to some of the numerous deserted Iron Age farmsteads on Öland. By his meticulous excavations he was able to produce an exceptionally complete picture of the island's cultural history. When he retired in 1964 from his professorship at Uppsala he began digging Eketorp, and this book is the result of ten years' work there. He himself directed the excavations until 1972 but then, in 1973, as Bertil Almgren says in the preface, 'in the middle of his active work with the problems of Öland's prehistory [he] was suddenly forced to turn his steps on a path he alone could take'. To quote Almgren again, 'What he left behind as a gift and heritage has been well taken care of by his lifelong companion Lisa Stenberger and by his faithful pupils and friends.'

He revealed three phases at this remarkable site and these are set out here diagrammatically (FIG. 1). Eketorp I dates from the Late Roman Iron Age, about AD 300 to 400, and was then transformed into the bigger Eketorp II belonging to the Germanic Iron Age of c. AD 400 to 700. The site was then abandoned for several centuries but inhabited again in the Late Viking Age. Eketorp III dates from c. AD 1000 to 1300. We print two photographs of this site: a general view with the Baltic in the background taken in 1973 by Rune Hedgren of the Swedish Air Force Wing 17 at Kallinge (PL. XXIII a); he also took in 1970 the photograph of Eketorp III (PL. XXIII b). All these photographs are published with the permission and cooperation of the Swedish Defence Staff. We are most grateful to Mrs Stenberger and Ulf Näsman for their help.

☞ We record with sadness the deaths of three friends of ANTIQUITY since our last issue. The first is Annette Laming, who has for years written so well about the development of French archaeology. Her husband, M. L'Empéaire, who worked with

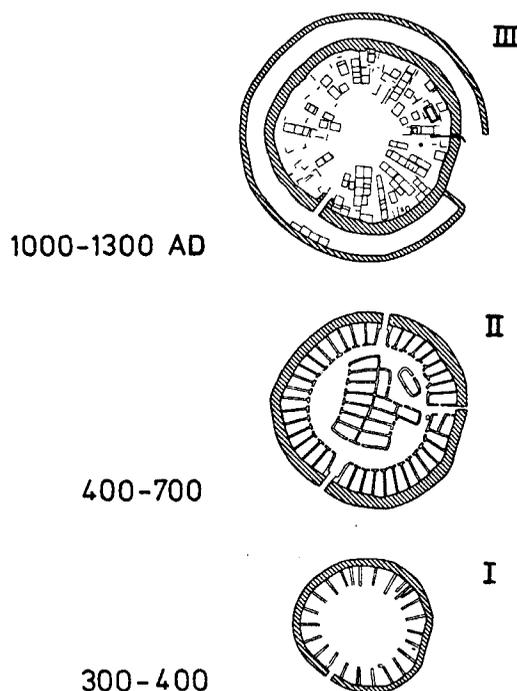


Fig. 1. Diagram showing the development of Eketorp ring fort from AD 300 to AD 1300

her in South America, was tragically killed when the roof of the rock-shelter they were excavating fell in on him. And now, in Brazil, she has been killed in a road accident. What a sad end to the careers of two energetic and able archaeologists! The second is Loren Eiseley who was Benjamin Franklin Professor of Anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania: a kind, thoughtful man with whom we had several discussions in and out of America. Human evolution and Darwin's theories were his main subjects: his *Immense journey* (1957) sold half a million copies. Those of our readers who are new to Eiseley must read this book and also his *Mind as nature* (1962), *The invisible pyramid* (1970) and *The night country* (1971).

And the third is Joan Evans—Dame Joan Evans as she very properly was from 1976 and ought to have been long before. She was the only daughter of Sir John Evans who was 70 at the time of her birth. Her half-brother was Sir Arthur Evans who was 42 when she was born. What a remarkable family! Three people spanning in their lifetimes 150 years of archaeology and all three Presidents of



a



b

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(a) *Marten Stenberger and his wife, Lisa, with students who were excavating with him at Eketorp in 1967.*
(b) *Ismantorp fort : air photograph taken in 1961 from the S*

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Photos: a. Ulf Näsman b. Lars Bergstrom (Central Office of National Antiquities, Stockholm)



a



b

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(a) Air view of Eketorp with the Baltic in the background, taken in 1973. (b) Air photograph of Eketorp III taken from the NW during the excavations of 1970

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Photos: Rune Hedgren, Swedish Air Force, Wing 17, courtesy Swedish Defence Staff

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the Society of Antiquaries in their time. Joan wrote the story of the family in that fascinating book *Time and chance: the story of Arthur Evans and his forbears* (1943), and had more to say of a personal nature in her own autobiography, *Prelude and fugue* (1965), which we have just re-read with great pleasure. She specialized in medieval archaeology and that particularly in France, which country she loved, as we do: how very appropriate that she died on *le quatorze juillet*, although, like us, she belonged to the *ancien régime*. She was always very generous: one of her special gifts was the purchase of the Cluniac Chapel of Berzé-la-Ville and its presentation to the town of Macon. She was made a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur and was awarded the Gold Medal of the Society of Antiquaries in 1973. She worked quickly and did not always check back her reference cards: who does? It is often said that there are minor errors in her books: and in whose books do these not occur? The breadth and warmth of her scholarship are heartening and encouraging. We think her *History of the Society of Antiquaries* published in 1956 a prime document in the history of the British interest in antiquity: we spoke to her only a few months before her death and talked of many things: her visit as a girl of eight to Saint-Acheul and Abbeville with her father, and his recollection of his earlier and famous visit there in 1859. We suggested that she could set down her early memories of Oxford in greater detail than she had in her autobiography and this she did. It is a pleasure to print some of them:

I went up to Oxford, St Hugh's, on October 8th, 1914, when the First World War was getting under way. I had always wished, *faute de mieux*, to read for the Diploma in Classical Archaeology, but my Mother's College of Somerville would not take me because I refused to read for Honour Mods first as my education had offered no preparation for it. The Vice-Principal of St Hugh's, Miss Jourdain, had taught me from the age of five to nine and was an old family friend: she took me in without question, for which I shall always be grateful. The war may have helped in my acceptance for the examination for the Diploma for there were various teachers who, for some reason or another, mostly age, could not enter the obvious war services, and at the same time needed a pupil to justify their salary. I offered Greek Sculpture, Greek Vases and what the syllabus called Homeric Archaeology. I had already spent some six months in Rome and

some two months in Crete and Athens. At first I was the only student in the school but was shortly joined by a young Australian, Gordon Childe, and, following the custom of the time, we did not speak.

Greek Sculpture was taught by Percy Gardner who began his course: 'I have given this Course for 28 years and I always begin by saying. . . .' It was perfectly true; my Mother had been his first pupil and was a beautiful note-taker. She had handed on her notes to me and I did not need to take any more except for a few things that had been discovered in the intervening time. In Greek Vases I was Beazley's first pupil and I must confess I found myself profoundly bored by his Berensonian attributions. I had no particular wish to give a name to a vase painter from the way he drew an ankle; if only it had been Medieval painting it would have been wonderful.

Homeric Archaeology was rather a joke. My brother, Arthur Evans, very reasonably refused to teach me anything because he would then, he said, have to examine me and in common decency plough me, and he thought I might scrape through. Gardner told me he quite realized I could not in family decency criticize my brother, but it was all a mistake: everything he had found at Knossos was Byzantine! Beazley said it was now thought Homer had been written in the eighth century and therefore I should not have to worry about anything but a few Corinthian bronze vases. Professor Myres took a strictly Homeric line and assumed that I knew the text as well as he did which was not really a defensible position.

At the end of my first year I was reasonably certain I could get my Diploma. I had had, after all, a lot of very sound, if slightly old-fashioned, coaching from my Mother before ever I came up. At the beginning of the Summer Term I was, however, advised to take a second year over it so that I might get a Distinction which would enable me to go on to a Research Degree. Now that Miss Moberley was no longer Principal I was enjoying College a great deal more and was quite prepared to do this. I think that even then I realized that what was needed was students to justify Gardner's Chair. Just before my Examination the Principal came to me, said she thought I would get a Distinction and would I like to stay on for a third year and get some training in the historical background of the Medieval Archaeology which I wished to pursue. It seemed a delightful idea. I duly got my Distinction and had two wonderful terms being coached by Ernest Barker and A. L. Smith in a style to which I was totally unaccustomed.

At long last something we have all been waiting for for a very long time: a full-length account of the General. Michael Thompson, whose paper

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'The first inspector of Ancient Monuments in the field' was published in 1960 in the *Journal of the British Archaeological Association* (3rd series, xxiii, 103–24), has now produced a book about Fox Pitt-Rivers: *General Pitt-Rivers: evolution and archaeology in the nineteenth century* (Bradford-on-Avon: The Moonraker Press, 1977, 164 pp., 26 figs. £4.95). There were rumours for the last few years that others were going to give us their picture of the General, and we believed that Sir Mortimer Wheeler would have liked to find time and energy in his declining years to think and write about the work of a man he much admired and who was in many ways his archaeological mentor and inspiration.

Michael Thompson in this interesting and valuable book settles one problem—or rather two: the matter of the hyphens. We were brought up to refer to the old man as Lane-Fox Pitt-Rivers, and were always surprised that there was no hyphen in the name of the Oxford Museum housing his collections. Now all is clear. He was never Lane-Fox, and throughout his life from 1827 to 1880 he was just Fox. The *London Gazette* of 4 June 1880 announced the Royal licence authorizing Fox to 'take and use the surnames of Pitt-Rivers in addition to and after that of Fox and bear the arms of Pitt quartering in the first quarter with those of Fox, and that his issue may take and use the surname of Pitt in addition to and after that of Fox'. And so, as Thompson says, 'thus Fox became Pitt-Rivers and his children Fox-Pitt'. Most confusing, but let us all get this confusion unconfounded: 'From 1827 to 1880', writes Thompson, 'the correct name of Pitt-Rivers was Augustus Henry Lane Fox (with no hyphens). . . . He is indexed under Fox in Army Lists . . . under the terms of the will of Lord Rivers he was obliged to take the additional surname of Pitt-Rivers . . . in signatures and in the title pages of the Cranborne Chase volumes Pitt-Rivers did not use a hyphen. . . . The hyphen is therefore optional but . . . it is normal now to do so.'

And so throughout this book, until 1880, our hero is referred to as Fox; but surely here Dr Thompson, in all good faith, has done a disservice to archaeology and those concerned with the history of scientific thought in the nineteenth century. This particular problem of name-changing had not occurred to us before. It seemed obvious that Jacquetta Hawkes should write under the name she made famous for all time, that she

did not want to call herself as a writer Mrs J. B. Priestley, and that those people who refer to her as Miss Hawkes or Mrs Hawkes were in error. Marriage, divorce, ennoblement, are all simple matters. What happened to the General was that he was forced to change his name: and as we now learn, his progeny were forced to take a different name—most bizarre. We have thought over this matter with care and have been much helped by conversations with members of the Cambridge University Press over breakfast in *The Fenman*, that celebrated train on which so much of the business of the University of Cambridge and many learned societies is done; and we do believe that the widely accepted view is that a person should always be referred to by his generally accepted name. Lord Blake's biography of the Earl of Beaconsfield is called *Disraeli*. The name of our hero is Pitt-Rivers and we think Thompson has made a mistake in calling him Fox until 1880 in this biography. To us it was Pitt-Rivers who first met Canon Greenwell in 1867 and not Colonel Fox. But we do confess that this is a difficult matter, and of course it *was* Colonel Fox who met Greenwell in 1867!

But let us forget this difficult matter of terminology. Thompson gives the facts of the life of this man from 1827 to 1900: there is a chapter amusingly entitled 'Musketry and Marriage', and others on his overseas service in the Crimea (we are given in an appendix a letter describing the Battle of the Alma—although here Thompson is inconsistent in saying it is a letter to his wife by Pitt-Rivers when it is a letter from Captain A. Lane Fox to Mrs Fox); Malta (where he says nothing about the megaliths—even Colt Hoare had described the Gigantija on Gozo); Ireland; the Inspectorate of Ancient Monuments; and Excavation, including, of course, his major achievements on Cranborne Chase from his first dig with Rolleston at Rushmore in 1880 until his death. He reminds us of all sorts of things that many will have forgotten, or never knew: namely, that the British Association had an abortive project in 1869 to excavate Stonehenge under his direction, that he spent a March holiday in Egypt in 1881 and found the first palaeoliths *in situ* in the Nile terraces, and that he went with Rolleston in 1879 to Denmark, made a small excavation in the Danewerke in Schleswig, and found evidence of timber in the earthwork.

Thompson is particularly good in sketching in his relations with Canon Greenwell—his mentor in

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excavation, and with Darwin, Lubbock, Huxley, Christy, and George Rolleston, and so setting him in the Victorian scientific scene. He and Lubbock were admitted to the Society of Antiquaries on the same day, and indeed Lubbock (later Lord Avebury) became his son-in-law.

He invented the word 'typology' and the whole concept of evolution in regard to material culture. Since 1852 he had been collecting the common types of object and arranging them in sequences to illustrate 'the successive ideas by which the minds of men in a primitive condition of culture have progressed in the development of their arts from the simple to the complex and from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous'. In a lecture to the Society of Arts in 1891 he compared his earlier collection at Oxford (that originally in Bethnal Green) with his new museum at Farnham: 'The knowledge of the fact of evolution, and of the processes of gradual development is the one great knowledge that we have to inculcate. . . . Recourse must be had to sequence of type and is what I term 'typology'. . . . Typology forms a tree progress and distinguishes the leading shoots from the inner branches. The problems of the naturalist and thus of the typologist are analogous.'

Thompson's book is well illustrated and has some charming sketches made on two tours in Brittany, and also sketches by Tomkin with the General acting as scale. He reproduces only one photograph of the man. He has as his frontispiece the famous picture opposite p. xxii of the St George Gray memoir—the one we all know so well with the ?Wheelerian hat; but surely he is wrong to caption this as the great man in his early fifties? It was a photograph taken by Downeys of Ebury Street in 1890. He does not reproduce the magnificent romantic painting by Frank Holl of 1882 (which St George Gray used as his frontispiece), nor the most remarkable portrait of the bearded General done in 1897 by Frederick Beaumont (facing p. xxxiii in St George Gray), and is less than fair in describing his appearance in the Beaumont painting as that of a 'bearded, shrivelled old man'. Pitt-Rivers suffered from considerable ill-health: he was a diabetic and had frequent very severe attacks of bronchitis. Indeed, he wrote of himself that 'Having retired from active service on account of ill health, and being incapable of strong physical exercise, I determined to devote the remaining portion of my life chiefly to an examination of the antiquities on my own property.' St

George Gray said that the General grew his beard on doctor's orders to protect his throat—which Thompson says, unkindly, 'we might dismiss had not the biographer of Lubbock told us that he had grown his beard on doctor's orders for the same reason.' (Bad grammar here: it was Lubbock who grew the beard, although he was Lord Avebury when he did so, *not* his biographer, H. G. Hutchinson.)

How does Michael Thompson's book compare with the St George Gray memoir in Volume v of *Excavations in Cranborne Chase*, published by him at Taunton Castle in 1905? How has the reputation of the General stood up to the test of 70 years? Of course, St George Gray knew the General well and was his assistant and secretary for just under 11 years. He gave us a remarkable picture of the versatility and wide interests of the old man: 'The extraordinary variety of his knowledge', he writes, 'and the rapid way in which he could turn from one subject to another, reminded us on several occasions of Mr Gladstone. We can call to mind one occasion in his own grounds at Rushmore when, well within an hour, he discoursed most learnedly and clearly on forestry, on Mexican pottery, on Egyptian painting, on modern brass bands, on the forms of the Christian cross, and on simony in the Church.' Despite what he must have suffered as assistant and secretary to the General, St George Gray still found him an heroic and important person, and the last sentence of his memoir must not be forgotten: 'His methods, precision, and exhaustive minuteness in archaeological field-work might well be designated in the future "The Pitt-Rivers School of British Archaeology".'

Michael Thompson certainly does not hero-worship his subject, and indeed says some very strange things about his relationship to him. In his preface he writes:

Among those who know the name of Pitt-Rivers there are some who find the man and his activities repellent and others who set him on a pedestal as one who did no wrong, a genius whom we must venerate. The present author first met the name of Pitt-Rivers as an archaeology student at Cambridge and his reaction was certainly to go into the former of these two categories. Pitt-Rivers has tended to be regarded as a figure of fun, so shrouded in seriousness as not to be taken seriously, or quite the reverse, as a self-evident genius whom it would be sacrilegious to criticize.

And at the end of his last chapter he says of the

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General: 'He was probably not a likeable man, but this after all is true of many who have achieved great things.'

So Thompson's portrait is not warm and sympathetic; indeed at times it is almost hostile. He fails to understand that the General was a figure very much like Brigadier Wheeler, and that in their lifetimes both would have love-hate relationships with their colleagues, associates and pupils, and be maligned and praised after their deaths by historians of archaeology. But he is fair and generous to the General's archaeological achievement. 'It is to Pitt-Rivers', he writes, 'that we are largely indebted for making plans and sections the bases of the record of an archaeological excavation.' How true this is—and what the French call *la méthode Wheeler* could, with more historical accuracy, be called *la méthode Pitt-Rivers/Wheeler*.

And Thompson rescues some delicious pieces of Pitt-Riversiana—that in 1889 the General bought a camera and a Remington typewriter; and the famous batter pudding passage:

A batter pudding is composed of milk, flour and eggs, in proper proportions, but a careless cook will constantly vary her proportions, and will fail in adjusting her quantities to the total amount; but we must not, on that account, assume that each cook has invented the art of making batter puddings independently.

And the splendid speech made to the Handley Branch of the Primrose League in 1888 (he had political ambitions and there is a draft of a speech as a Parliamentary Candidate):

I confess that I am not enamoured of political life at the present time; it never was at a lower ebb than now . . . of late principle on both sides has been made entirely subservient to party interests and I believe the country will be ruined if it goes on much longer. . . . We all know what scoundrels our opponents are but we are not always impressed by the fact that we are great humbugs ourselves. . . . This is an age of science and we should listen to the voice of scientific men; they are our instructors. They see the affairs of the world from a higher standpoint than political men who are merely wire-pullers and self-interested partisans. The proper function of conservatism is to serve as a check upon violent changes.

The sort of speech that Wheeler might have made if he had been elevated, as he should have been, to the House of Lords as Lord Maiden Castle.

☞ We have already referred to the sad story of the closure of the Pitt-Rivers Museum at Farnham and the partial disposal of some of the collections (*Antiquity*, 1970, 86 and 1973, 2–3). Much of the material has now been transferred to the Salisbury and South Wiltshire Museum and we refer readers to the paper by Peter Saunders (who succeeded Hugh Shortt as Curator of that museum) entitled 'What happened to the Pitt-Rivers Wessex Collection?' in the *Museums Journal*, 1976, 156–8. We were delighted a few months ago to see in the museum a temporary display of Pitt-Rivers material which Mr Saunders had specially mounted for a visit of Cambridge undergraduates. This will grow into a large special exhibit. But Salisbury, like Devizes, needs more space and more money.

☞ It was a great and exciting pleasure to visit a few months ago the Roman Painted House at Dover: it is very well signposted and should be visited by everyone. Allow yourselves an extra hour when you are setting out across the Channel or returning, or make the trip specially to Dubris. The work that has been going on in Dover over the last seven years by the Kent Archaeological Research Unit, a force of full-time and part-time volunteer archaeologists under Brian Philp, is a heartening story of discovery and success. The team is drawn from the whole of Kent and had substantial Government, County Council and private support. During the rescue archaeological excavations on the west side of Dover for the intended York Street by-pass, there was found in 1971 the most complete Roman fort ever found in southern Britain: it was due to be destroyed by the A20 extension. Last-minute attempts, sometimes described as 'The Battle for British Archaeology', eventually resulted in the intervention of the Minister for the Environment who accepted an alternative scheme, commissioned by archaeologists, which allowed the finished road to be raised by about 6 ft (2.0 m).

The Painted House was discovered in 1970 and extensively excavated the following year. Dover Corporation agreed that a preservation scheme was needed and estimates then put the cost at £100,000. The house was reburied but the preservation scheme was thought about again by the Kent Archaeological Research unit in 1975 when the costs were then estimated as £400,000. The unit re-excavated the house in June–July of that year

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and it was open to the public, for what seemed then to be the last time, for the whole of August: 18,500 people visited the site in the four weeks of that month and generated so much enthusiasm that the Unit drew up a preservation scheme to cost £90,000. By the end of August 800 people had subscribed £5 each. By May 1977 the scheme was completed, financed by grants from the Dover District Council, the Kent County Council, the Pilgrim Trust, and the Department of the Environment, but largely thanks to the vast amount of voluntary work: over 1,100 friends and supporters contributed financially to the work. The energy and determination of the Kent Archaeological Research Unit deserve the greatest praise.

This fine Roman town-house was probably part of a much larger structure built about AD 200. With other major buildings it formed part of the civilian area just outside the north gate of the great naval fort of the Roman fleet (Classis Britannica). It probably served as the elaborate private house of a leading naval or government official or as a transit hotel for important travellers. It contains 400 sq ft (37 sq m) of finely painted wall-plaster *in situ*, which represents the most complete area surviving on a Roman site anywhere north of the Alps. At the end of the third century the Roman army requisitioned the site and built their defensive fort wall through part of the Painted House. A large section of this wall and a later bastion still survive. Brian Philp has written two short guides obtainable from *K.A.R.U., C.I.B. Headquarters, Dover Castle, Kent*: the first (25p) is called *The Roman Painted House of Dover*, and the other (20p) is *Buried Dover: Britain's lost Pompeii—the gateway to England—The richest ten acres of buried history*.

📖 Congratulations to *British Archaeological Reports, 122 Banbury Road, Oxford OX2 7BP*, who, under the General Editorship of Dr A. R. Hands, have broadened their activities and continue to produce excellent books at very inexpensive prices. Dr Hands writes: 'You were kind enough, some three years ago, to include some comments on the then nascent BAR in an *ANTIQUITY* Editorial. Since then we have considerably extended and broadened our activities, and now publish two monograph series: BAR for British Archaeology and BAR Supplementary Series for European archaeology. In both cases archaeology is loosely interpreted as including numismatics and many

aspects of classical studies, anthropology and other subjects which overlap with archaeology. We are now producing new titles at a rate of one a week. We have a policy of maintaining prices at around 2p per page or less, even for volumes with costly items such as colour plates, or which have been translated (at our expense) from foreign languages. This we believe to be essential—we are only interested in selling books which people can afford to buy. Secondly we are aiming at a truly international monograph series in BAR Supplementary Series. We accept monographs in any language from any country and publish in English alone or bilingually in English and one other language. The great majority of our sales are abroad. We hope to make the series a clearing house for such monographs on a world-wide basis. This is working especially well in Eastern Europe which is producing a flood of MSS which have either not been published at all or have only appeared hitherto in some "difficult" language. We have at the moment some 40 titles accepted from Eastern Europe and the USSR.' All strength to Dr Hands and his associates. Write for a catalogue which already contains sixty items.

📖 One of the pleasures of being an editor is the rude letters and abuse that one receives. We thrive on it: more please—it not only shows that *ANTIQUITY* is widely read but tells saddeningly what a lot of loonies there are about. We eat our eggs Brillat-Savarin, our kedgerree, our grilled kidneys, our marrow toast, whatever it may be at breakfast that day, with renewed zest when the post brings copies of *The new diffusionist*, or *The Stonehenge viewpoint*, or *The ley hunter: magazine of earth mysteries*. The day is made, but never so happily as when we read No. 75 of that misguided publication *The ley hunter*. In its review of Peter Lancaster Brown's interesting book *Megaliths, myths and men* it says that the book 'details some of the reactions exhibited by the editor of *Antiquity*, whose steadfast refusal to consider that Stonehenge could be anything more than what his fellow archaeologists stated it to be, will surely be noted by posterity as a prime example of scientific obscurantism.' Bravo! What splendid stuff!

Crawford declined to advertise Watkins and so do we: we may poke fun at the lunatic fringers who dwell on the wilder shores of archaeology, preferring the black comforts of unreason to sense, but we should not make money out of them. He was

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not keen to take notice of dotty books although he did print reviews by R. C. C. Clay of Massingham's *Downland man* and *Pre-Roman Britain*. The latter review, one of the briefest ever published, contains those classic sentences: 'This book possesses all the faults of *Downland man* of which it is a *rechauffé*, but nevertheless the publishers demand the exorbitant price of 6d a copy. The style is bad, and the meaning (if any) of the extraordinarily long sentences very obscure . . . Scotchmen, who value their sixpences, should beware!' (*Antiquity*, 1928, 368.)

We have just received from G. P. Putnam's Sons in New York the advertisement of a book which we eagerly await. It is called *Psychic archaeology: time machine to the past* and is by

Jeffrey Goodman, former President of Stratigraphic Oil Company. Apparently Goodman had a dream which showed an American location where human artifacts were to be found dating back 100,000 years. He consulted Aron Abrahamson, a well-known clairvoyant, who identified the site as Flagstaff, Arizona. 'Archaeology today', writes Goodman, 'is in the throes of a revolution where ESP is replacing the spade as archaeology's primary tool.' Dr Paul Henshaw of the University of Arizona calls it 'a fearless—even fearsome—document.' It sounds like it. In the preface to Massingham's *Downland man*, Elliot Smith wrote: 'What is most needed at the present time is the elimination of learned nonsense.' Those words, written 50 years ago, apply equally well today.

Book Chronicle

We include here books which have been received for review, or books of importance (not received for review) of which we have recently been informed. We welcome information about books, particularly in languages other than English, of interest to readers of ANTIQUITY. The listing of a book in this chronicle does not preclude its review in ANTIQUITY.

- Feldmeilen-Vorderfeld die Ausgrabungen 1970/71** by Josef Winiger. **Die Sedimente der neolithischen Station Feldmeilen-Vorderfeld** by Marcel Joos. *Basle: Schweizerische Gesellschaft, 1976. 142 pp., 67 figs. Fr. 48.*
- Jerusalem revealed. Archaeology in the Holy City 1968–1974** edited by Yigael Yadin. *New Haven and London: Yale University Press and the Israel Exploration Society, 1976. 143 pp., 4 pls. (in colour), numerous unnumbered figs., 11 maps. £9.30.*
- Early Norrland 10. Lapps and Scandinavians. Archaeological finds from Northern Sweden** by Inger Zachrisson. *Stockholm: Kungl. Vitterhets Historie och Antikvitets Akademien, 1976. 136 pp., 116 figs. SwK. 75.*
- Nubia. Corridor to Africa** by William Y. Adams. *London: Allen Lane, 1977. 822 pp., 24 pls., 87 figs., 7 tables. £17.50.*
- Proceedings of the Seventh Viking Congress, Dublin 15–21 August 1973** edited by Bo Almqvist and David Greene. *Dublin: Royal Irish Academy, 1976. 152 pp., 24 pls., 4 maps. No price.*
- Hala Sultan Tekke 1. Excavations 1897–1971** by Paul Åström, D. M. Bailey and Vassos Karageorghis. *Studies in Mediterranean Archaeology Vol. XLV: 1. Gothenburg: Paul Åström, 1976. 135 pp., 83 pls., 124 figs. SwK. 190.*
- Island of Isis. Philae, Temple of the Nile** by William MacQuitty. *London: Macdonald and Jane's, 1976. 192 pp., numerous pls. (28 in colour and frontispiece in colour). £5.95.*
- Early Celtic art in North Britain. A study of decorative metalwork from the third century BC to the third century AD** by Morna MacGregor. *Leicester: University Press, 1976. Volume 1: 138 pp., 9 figs., 16 pls., 22 maps. Volume 2: unnumbered pages, 353 figs. £25.00.*
- Born primitive in the Philippines** by Severino N. Luna. *Carbondale and Edwardsville: Southern Illinois University Press; London and Amsterdam: Feffer & Simons, 1975. 160 pp., 18 figs. \$8.95.*
- The Greek world** by Roger Ling. (The Making of the Past Series.) *Oxford: Elsevier-Phaidon, 1976. 152 pp., numerous pls. in colour. £3.95.*
- Marine archaeology** by Elisha Linder and Avner Raban. (Cassell's Introducing Archaeology Series Book 7.) *London: Cassell, 1975. 95 pp., 15 pls. (in colour), many unnumbered figs. £1.50.*
- Ancient Egyptian literature, Volume I: The Old and Middle Kingdoms** by Miriam Lichtheim. *Berkeley, Los Angeles and London: University of California Press, 1975. 266 pp. £2.25. \$3.95 paperback.*
- Priceless heritage. The future of museums** by Ian Finlay. *London: Faber, 1977. 183 pp., £4.95.*

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