Editorial

Prince Charles, heir to the British throne, has taken a celebrated interest in architecture. Appalled by the concrete monstrosities of modernist brutalism, he has urged a spirit of humane civilizing architecture, to go with and to make possible a humane society. This spirit of good architecture is seen to reside above all in the classical, and the prince's royal influence has a part in the return to classical manners in contemporary British building. Although archaeologists have not been heard in the debates about the future of British architecture, these touch on a central archaeological question: what is the relation between the artefact – the built environment – and the society which creates and uses that built environment? There is classical and classical, of course. The new hotel in Cambridge, just opened opposite the museum where I work, is an odd confection, with alternating triangular and curved window pediments as if after Michelangelo, and a portico stuck on the front that seems to copy in all essentials the 18th-century entrance to Emmanuel College at the end of the street. (There is no copyright in old architecture, so the proprietor of a building has no standing when it comes to a copy or pastiche down the road.) The detailing is classical, but the essential proportions are not, neither of individual elements, not of bays, nor of the whole – which has dormer windows and an arrangement of levels and openings that declares what the structure really is: a multi-storey car-park, below, fronted with some shop units at ground level, and with a hotel on top. The degree to which classical is simply a cladding poured on top of the usual concrete is symbolized, in this Cambridge building, by the way its portico was built. The pediment went on first, then the columns were hung down from it like outsize tubular bells, until some weeks later some kind of visual support went under them.

Yet there really is something in the meaning of the classical, though it is not clear that the first meaning of classical has always been that well-mannered built environment, to go with a well-mannered society, which Prince Charles thinks classical must stand for. See how the great dictators of modern Europe have consistently dreamed, designed and built their grandiose compositions, the monuments to their own greatness, in one or other variant of the classical. Which European dictator ever celebrated his greatness by building in Gothic?

The great dictator of the present is Saddam Hussein of Iraq, against which a Grand Coalition fought and won, in some senses, the Gulf War early this year. Like the great dictators of Europe, Saddam has an acute sense of history, and of the physical history that is embodied in the monumental. There is much in what he builds that deserves an archaeological attention, for its physical form, for the way Saddam constructs history in the manner of the present, and the present in the manner of history. As well as the routine clobber of a great dictator, the giant photographs, idealized portraits and statues, he has been re-building the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, where ancient precedent is followed by impressing into the bricks the letters of his conquering name. Beneath a monument to the Unknown Soldier is a biographical display of the life of Saddam Hussein, made to parallel the life of the Prophet.

Most grandiose and most remarkable of Saddam's monuments is the pair of Victory Arches, at the military parade-ground in Baghdad, whose design, materials and symbolism are so amazing they deserve a detailed account.

The Victory Arches commemorate and celebrate Saddam's victory in the Iran–Iraq war, the bloody and wicked conflict that was the precursor to the Kuwaiti invasion and the Gulf War.* Saddam announced their building in 1985, while the Iran–Iraq War was still in progress, so the Monument is unusual in being a celebration of victory conceived before there was victory to commemorate. The arches were completed in 1989, and inaugurated by Saddam's riding through them on a white horse. In the gen-

* I have seen little mention of them in the news coverage coming out of Iraq. There is a remarkable account by Samir al-Khalil, *The Monument: art, vulgarity and responsibility in Iraq* (Berkeley (CA): University of California Press; London: Andre Deutsch; 1991), on which I have drawn, and from which the picture is reproduced.

Saddam Hussein's monument, the twin Victory Arches in Baghdad, viewed along its ceremonial axis. Designed by Khalid al-Rahal and Mohammed Ghani, inaugurated August 1989. The swords, in cast steel, are some 40 m long, the arms and hands that hold them, in cast bronze, are some 16 m long.

erality, the warrior on horseback may stand for Arab male pride, and the whiteness of the horse for purity. In the particular, the ceremony repeated the Shi'ite symbolism of Husain the son of 'Ali, patron saint of Shi'ism, who is conventionally shown as riding a white stallion.

The Arches are believed to have survived the bombing of Baghdad during the Gulf war.

The first character of the Monument is its extraordinary size. It is a matched identical pair of symmetrical arches. Each side of each arch is a man's forearm and fist holding a sword. The arms and hands are about 16 m long, or longer than the Arc de Triomphe is high. The swords are another 40 m long. As the swords cross just short of their points, the span of the arch must near 70 m.

The symbolism of the swords derives from the defeat of the Persian army in the battle of Qadisiyya, in AD 637, by an Arab-Muslim army; this was taken by Saddam's Ba'athist propaganda as the model for his own war, a second Qadisiyya, against Iran.

The swords are cast steel. The steel for the castings comes from the weapons of Iraqi soldiers, fallen in the Iran–Iraq war; their guns were gathered up from the battlefields, melted down and made into the swords.

The forearms and fists are cast bronze. The swords were cast in Iraq, with some assistance from foreign expertise, but the bronze castings are so large they could not be fabricated locally. Instead, they were made in sections at the Morris Singer foundry in Basingstoke, England, one of the larger fine-art foundries, and assembled in Baghdad. They are taken from life, and specifically moulded, in a gigantic enlargement, from casts of the arms and hands of Saddam himself. My fist and forearm measure about 40 cm, so these must be some 40 times life-size in linear dimension.

Around the base of the arch, where the arm meets the ground, there are strewn many hundred soldiers' helmets. They are not Iraqi, but Iranian; again they were gathered up from the battlefield, from the Iranian dead. At the Monument, they spill out of great nets, torn at the base.

It is an extraordinary business, requiring extraordinary effort and technical assistance to carry through. Each aspect of the physical reality expresses meaning. The helmets are those that could not shield the soft skulls of foreign devils from righteous Iraqi soldiers. The hands that hold and command, rising from the crushed enemy, are those of the leader, every line and bump, every enlarged wrinkle, the exact embodiment of his physical presence; the hands make, as Samir el-Khalil well states, 'a perfect fit between intention, built form and the inner experience of the outside world in Ba'athist Iraq'. The swords are the weapons that were the agency of his will, in the holy war that repeats the good and great struggles of the Qadisiyya. (An early version of the design envisaged crossed swords of two forms, each with their own symbolism.) Of the whole, Samir el-Khalil says, 'The evocative power of this monument lies in the fact that by employing the technique of casting, by using real Iranian helmets and melting down the weapons of dead Iraqi soldiers, Saddam Hussein the artist froze into form a fundamental truth about Saddam Hussein the Leader.'

ANTIQUITY is, or tries to be, a science journal, in the broad sense of the word 'science', and therefore concerned with systematic knowledge of the real world. We try to report, work with, order and generally make sense of facts, though recognizing that it is not easy always to tell where facts end and other things begin. So this issue tries to be full of facts, presented in various ways. Sometimes the facts, the 'data', are conveniently presented in tables, and we reprint at the foot of this page part of a table (from Loendorf's paper on cation-ratio dating and petroglyph chronology from the June issue, 65: 249).

Let us look at the seven columns of the table, and see what manner of facts, what data are given to us.

Column 1 Site reference number
This is a tricky one! The literature of survey is full of inconclusive debate as to what an archaeological site is. The concept is well understood: a site is a distinct, bounded concentration of archaeological material in a landscape. But just how distinct, how bounded? How much blank land must there be between one petroglyph and the next for Professor Loendorf, and the State of Colorado's archaeological register, to declare them to be two distinct sites, rather than elements of single site?

Column 2 Panel number
Column 3 Element letter
The same problem repeated twice over. When does one panel within a site end? Where does one element within a panel or a figure? If a panel is defined as a continuous spread of rock surface, then what about a rock surface which is cracked and disputably one panel or two? What about figures that are very close together, even appear to belong together, but are on different panels in the Loendorf definition, or in mine if I dispute his? The fact, presented here, that they are on different panels may be true, but does it give a fair picture?

And the same applies to elements.

Column 4 Mean date
Column 6 Cation ratio
Good-looking facts these: numbers even, complete with a statistical indication of their known range of error. But behind these plain figures, as with any physical-science determination of an archaeological age, is a dizzying series of premisses, assumptions, reasoned

site	panel	element	mean date*	lab #	cation ratio	petroglyph motif
5LA5602	28	d	2300±200	ASU-PCT3A	7.07±0.08	pecked quadruped
5LA5599	2	c	3300±250	ASU-PC1	6.74±0.07	pecked quadruped
5LA5602	28	i	1900±125	ASU-PC2	7.24±0.06	pecked quadruped
5LA5602	7	b	3350±350	ASU-PC3	7.06±0.56	wavy line
5LA3212	4	e	3550±200	ASU-PC4	6.67±0.05	parallel series
5LA5598	220	a	675±100	ASU-PC5	8.18±0.09	anthropomorph

TABLE. *Cation-ratio dates for petroglyphs in the Pinon Canyon Maneuver site, Colorado, USA. Part of Table 1,* ANTIQUITY *65 (June 1991): 249.*

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deductions and wished-fors that connect the measurement of a certain property of a certain sample to a calendar age for the entity of archaeological interest. In the case of radiocarbon calibration alone, which cation-ratio depends on, the relationship between age in radiocarbon years and in real years is a minefield that defeats most archaeologists. And all that before any possibility of machine or human error intrudes.

Column 5 Laboratory reference number
No worries here. A number allocated by the lab to this particular sample. But ANTIQUITY is not free of error; what if we got this number wrong and the author overlooked the mistake at proof?

Column 7 Class of petroglyph motif
Professor Loendorf recognizes the first of these as a 'pecked quadruped'. With what secure basis? It may look like a quadruped to you and to me and to him, but that is scarcely enough! All sorts of things look like other things if you don't understand them. We only guess they are quadrupeds, because that is what they look like to us. One of his dated petroglyphs (June issue, 65: 250, figure 4C,) looks to me almost exactly like a waffle iron, but he chooses to call it a 'bisected rectangular grid'. Some of the quadrupeds (figures 4D, E, F) are shapes so wonky one would have to squash any orthodox creature flat into the highway to get into it that shape. (There is a story to be told here about an echidna and a buffalo-pat, but not space for it.) Lots of discretion is required to give each one of his quadrupeds exactly four legs.

All this is, and is meant to be, unfair. Prof. Loendorf's data are, as he and I believe, perfectly good, and certainly better than that bottom line of 'good enough for government work'. But think of the word 'data', what it means and where it comes from. Data comes from the Latin, *dare*, to give. Data are the things that are given, in this case given to Professor Loendorf and then given by him to us. Here is deception, because given things is exactly what they are not. The reverse. For a whole series of reasons, our good professor was enabled to go out into the Pinon Canyon Maneuver Site, a formidable landscape full of lightning strikes and raw rock, run about by US Army personnel eager to shoot it (and by accident maybe him) up with shiny new battle-tanks. There he tried to get hold of the essence of the petroglyphs for his purpose as a research archaeologist; with luck and good judgement, that essence is what he brought in from the range, for his colleagues at Arizona State University to elaborate with their measurement, and for ANTIQUITY to publish.

But these are not 'data', things given to him and to us by some benign Goddess of Research. They are 'capta', the things he captured and got hold of when he went out into the Maneuver Area in the hunt for archaeological understanding.

Hunting is a funny business. I have heard of people who reliably capture what they set out to hunt for. I don t usually, even if my prey is no more elusive than 2-inch brass no. 12 woodscrews.

Not *data* but *capta*. Please remember that whenever you read the word, and whenever you write the word.

It is because data are really capta that there is a special excitement in the invention of new insights, in the act of capture. Out in the field, this comes to more than just the discovery of a physical object in the excavation trench or in the grid of a surface survey, exciting though that can be. In my experience, the special moment comes when you feel at last you have grasped the pattern, the logic of the landscape and the logic of the archaeology within that landscape; when you can go up to the edge of a low hill in the Cheviot hills of north England, knowing where ought to be some cup-and-ring marks if some rock is exposed along the break of slope – and you walk up and there is rock, and it does have cup-marks; when you track across the dry-season grass of the low country in Arnhem Land, northern Australia, and at last feel you have sufficient hang of the pattern of slight rise and falls in its flatness to know just which creek-side mudbank will bear the sprawling surface scatters from transient camp-sites. (Sometimes understanding may impose itself on you in negative form. When survey is properly organized according to the correct theory of stratified random sampling, some poor field-survey team sooner or later gets stuck with the badlands, a whole square kilometre of north-facing steep shale and clay slopes, horribly gullied and the nastiest land to work across. You know already there should be no sites

because no one at any period would have lived there; coming home at the end of the day with one marginal lithic and two scraps of undiagnostic coarseware is necessary but unpleasing proof, the downside of the joys of capta.)

Even at one remove from personal field experience, a first understanding of how to capture the capta can excite. The two most thrilling papers I have recently come across – one written in a journal by a senior professor, one spoken at a conference by a graduate student – had just this quality. By chance, they were both concerned with one of the more enigmatic and recalcitrant aspects of later prehistoric rock-art of northern Europe. The thrill was in the feeling of redemption: here was something important from antiquity, never before grasped; lots of intelligent attempts had been made, but nothing that seemed properly to get the hang of them – until now, at last, they had been captured and brought into a possibility of understanding.

Somewhere beyond things captured are things that were once caught but have now broken free again. The physical version of this is the dull phrase 'whereabouts unknown'. A present 'whereabouts unknown' in my working life concerns some unremarkable Roman coins, whereabouts last known 1947. They are supposed to have originated in Ely (Cambridgeshire), but they found their way to the National Museum of Wales, Cardiff; perhaps someone thought they came from the other Ely, just outside Cardiff. They departed Cardiff in 1947 and have not been seen since. In this way do the *capta* (somebody once was delighted to find the little things!) become the *data*, catalogued in museum registers and in the tables of old papers. and then go on to become the *perdita*. With any luck, the beastly worn little things are safely in the ground somewhere, where someone can have the joy of making them into capta all over again.

The lead item in the *New York Times Book Review*, 2 June, is on the fiction of bog-bodies. The Iron Age bog-body from the Cheshire wetland, officially Lindow 2, nicknamed 'Pete Marsh', caused a stir when his foot was found and the rest of him excavated in 1984. He is far from the first bog-body from the European peats. *My favourite among his several hundred forebears* is the one who was kippered in Kiel, over oak chips in the herring-curing shed, as a sensible way to preserve it with the technology available at the end of the last century. Before Pete Marsh were the celebrated Danish finds from Tollund and Grauballe. Like the Lindow body, they were not simple corpses which chanced to fall into a bog, but were evidently killed with cause and put there with care. The Irish poet Seamus Heaney wrote several fine poems about the bog-bodies, about Tollund, about Grauballe, about the 'Bog Queen'. But it was only, Sarah Boxer of the Times has noticed, when Lindow man came up in 1984 – not just a bog-man but a bog-Englishman – that the genre of bog-stories, and their 'new literary hero: the limp, silent type' got going. There is a bog-man in Margaret Drabble's 1988 novel, *A natural curiosity*, in whom several characters take an unnaturally curious interest, and a bog short story, 'The preserved woman', by Lawrence Millman (also 1988); another short story by Richard Seltzer called 'Lindow man' last year and yet another by Margaret Atwood, 'The bogman', that was published in Playboy (the bogman as playboy? the bogboy as playman?); and now a whole novel of his own:

> In Michael Cadnum's *Sleepwalker*, Peter, an archaeologist who likes to strangle kittens, and Davis, an archaeologist who feels responsible for the death of his alcoholic wife, team up to excavate a site in York, England, which happens to contain a bog-body. This bog man is a vengeful Anglo-Saxon king who was killed more than 1000 years ago and is often seen paddling around the archaeological site, trying to reach down the throats of all the archaeologists to pull out their hearts. But by the end of the story, the poor bog man, obviously cranky from too much exposure, does what any good corpse should do after his day in the sun: he begs for a decent burial.

So that's our new public image! Hands up any archaeologist who can swear, honestly and truly, they do not like strangling kittens, they have not been responsible for the deaths of alcoholic spouses, and they have never had their hearts snatched at by a passing bogman.

I consult a colleague in Germany, East Germany as was, it happens, about a contribution offered to ANTIQUITY about which I am taking referees' advice in the normal way. The usual questions: are its data (capta) *correct*? Does it make sense? Is it original? Is it right for

ANTIQUITY? He kindly offers me a well-informed view on several aspects, and I have confidence in his opinion. To the last question, the usual request to recommend whether we publish it or not, he declines to reply, writing: 'To the article, I will not be a "new" censor. You may print it as a sight of an individual of a stage of archaeology in a given country. In such matters subjectivity must be accepted. Later more objective studies will straighten some of that.'

I experienced the American view of the breaking-out of central Europe, and now of the Russian empire itself, from the dead hand of Stalinism, as I chanced to be in Washington (DC) when one or other momentous event brought down another pillar of the old temple. The American vision, in the newspaper columns, was simple enough: this was the 'end of history'. After a historic struggle between two ideologies, it had been decided once and for all that one way, the Soviet, was a disaster; the other, the American way, was shown to be the correct way for the world to be run. Setting aside the little matter as to whether the western European democracies, now the models for central Europe, do follow 'the American way', this attitude seems absurd, even shaming. It was November in Washington, balmy warm fall days, not so bad for the many homeless people who sleep on the streets of the capital; but winter was in the air. Before long, the storm would come in, dump nine inches of snow overnight, and there would be people frozen to death on the streets in the morning. The only correct way to run a society? I flew back to London, whose beggars are fewer but more aggressive, wary of the idea that the west has the Answer with a capital A.

In the closing days of East Germany, there was talk of a 'third way', neither Stalinism on the Soviet model, nor the 'sharp elbows' of consumer society in the West Germany. It would be some gentler course which could recognize that the promotion of the free economic individual is not the only social value. The third way was not followed, and the East tumbled into a united Germany, and now a turbulent transition of unemployment and uncertainty. The universities are being purged and re-ordered, and archaeology – along with every other academic subject – will be transformed.

See my colleague's words: 'I will not be a "new" censor.' I did not ask him to be a censor. ANTIQUITY does not have censors; we simply publish the best of what is offered to us. How do we choose the best? By informed opinion as to its merits, fairly considered, just like any other journal, through the normal processes of refereeing and review. Those normal processes cover every aspect of professional life, in deciding which papers and books are published, which conference papers are given and which refused, which projects are funded and which are not, who gets which job and which contract, and who gets none. How does this apparatus of intellectual control, this policing of archaeological thought, actually differ from that of censorship? We persuade ourselves that in the West it is different. It is not all centrally directed by the State: true, but some is centrally directed, and in the small world of archaeology a not large number of powerful individuals have power to control many things. It is benign, intended merely to allocate scarce resources fairly: true, but who can actually know which ideas will, in the longer term, prove the most valuable, which research strageties the most deserving of support? It is democratic, communally directed by the body of opinion within the archaeological community: true, but a democracy of referees – and one of the newer archaeological journals proudly declares it sends everything now to five referees – may make for a narrow freedom unless the referees really are open-minded and broad-minded in the range of ideas they will consider of merit.

I had better think of the office of censor when, in my office of journal editor, I continue to decline contributions that I believe are not right for ANTIQUITY.

As the states of central Europe disentangle themselves from archaeology, which will be devolved away from centralized Academies of Science, it chances that the government of a west European country is making a new initiative in archaeological research. Mr Charles Haughey, the Irish *Taoiseach* (Prime Minister) launched a major archaeological research programme to discover the story of Ireland from the beginning of human settlement to the early Christian period. The idea, which is the fruit of Mr Haughey's personal vision, is a dream come true for Irish archaeologists, who have never had the resources to match the astonishing

range and preservation of the country's sites. It is to be financed, at a future budget of IR£500,000 annually, from the National Lottery, via the Prime minister's office. Professor George Eogan (University College, Dublin), a nominated member of the Irish Senate, will chair the advisory panel which will formulate the 'Discovery Programme', expected to focus on the royal sites of Celtic and early medieval Ireland, such as the Hill of Tara, which has not been investigated since the 1950s. Rath Cruacain, Co. Roscommon, is also mentioned, and Mr Haughey also expressed his own interest in the islands off the west Irish coast. We may hope that the wetland sites of the great peatland plains of central Ireland, wholly neglected while the Irish Turf Board's machines cut it to death year by year, will also benefit.

We reported (editorial, ANTIQUITY 65 (1991): 3) the woes that were overtaking London archaeology, as the property market turned down and took with it the basis of dêveloper funding on which London's salvage archaeology operation lived and flourished through the 1980s.

The outcome is sad indeed. Further staff cuts that will leave London archaeology at a small fraction of its former strength, a forced merger of the two servies, one for the central City, one for Greater London, into a single unit, and the likely abandonment of work on not a few sites that are now stuck, without funding, in the post-excavation pipeline that should connect the end of on-site work safely to its publication.

The Museum of London, from which both services operated, has at the same time been clobbered by VATman, feared agent of the Customs & Excise department, who is indirectly obliging the Museum to start charging visitors rather than admitting them free.

There must be a better way of running the archaeology of a great European city.

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

Noticeboard

Elizabeth Slater (University of Glasgow) is appointed to the new Professorship of Archaeology, University of Liverpool.

Lewis Binford (University of New Mexico) is moving to a professorship at the Department of Anthropology, Southern Methodist University, Dallas (TX).

Colin Renfrew, Professor of Archaeology in the University of Cambridge, becomes a life peer, with the title Lord Renfrew of Kaimsthorn.

Richard Morris succeeds Henry Cleere as Secretary of the Council for British Archaeology, the umbrella organization for archaeology in Britain.

Conferences

The Anthropology of Human Behavior through Geographic Information and Analysis

University of California, Santa Barbara, 1–2 February 1992

On GIS (Geographical Information Systems) for archaeology and anthropology, and in particular 'to bring together anthropological users of GIS to describe research that was either too difficult or impossible using any other tools'. Details from: *Herbert Maschner, Department of Anthropology, University of California, Santa Barbara CA 93106, USA.*

The origin of modern humans and the impact of science-based dating

The Royal Society, London, 26–27 February 1992

Discussion meeting. Information from: *Miss Christine A. Johnson, Scientific Meetings Secretary, The Royal Society, 6 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1Y 5AG, England.*

Eleventh Oklahoma Symposium on Comparative Frontier Studies

University of Oklahoma Department of History, Norman 7 March 1992

Symposium devoted to the theme, 'Ethnogenesis: a frontier phenomenon'. Details from, offers of papers to: *Dr David Miller, Department of History, University of Oklahoma, Norman OK 73019, USA.*

Second Romney Marsh Conference

University of Kent at Canterbury, 25–27 March 1992

Inter-disciplinary conference on physical changes of these south English marshlands in prehistoric and historic times, and human reactions and adaptations. Details from: *Mrs Sue Carrel, Mittell House, Church Road, New Romney TN28 8TU, England.*

Biennial Conference of the Society of Africanist Archaeologists (SAfA)

University of California, Los Angeles, 26–29 March 1992

Symposia proposals, with abstracts, invited by 15 November. Two symposia proposals already submitted – Archaeology of the Black Diaspora and Recent Advances in African Rock Art Studies. Individual paper titles, with abstracts, requested by 15 December. Details from, offers of papers to: *Peter Robertshaw, SAfA 1992, Dept Anthropology, California State University, San Bernardino CA 92407-2397, USA.*

Call for publishers

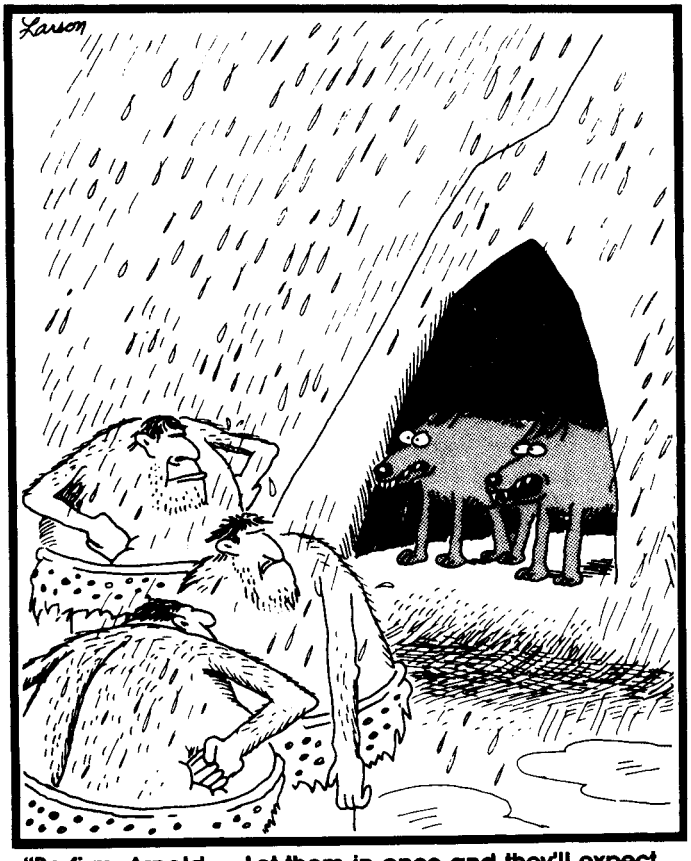
The T. Sulimirski Foundation is looking for a publisher and/or sponsor for the planned 'Polish Archaeological Research' series, which will present in English final excavation reports and source studies.

We would also be happy to find a publisher for *Theseus in the Labyrinth* by K. Kowalski and Z. Krzak, an inspiring approach to prehistoric labyrinths of Europe.

We are interested in exchange of publications.

T. Sulimirski Foundation for the Promotion of Polish Archaeology Abroad, ul. Pesztenska 12, 03-925 Warszawa, Poland.

THE FAR SIDE in ANTIQUITY



"Be firm, Arnold ... Let them in once and they'll expect it every time."

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