

# Editorial

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

At the British Museum, London, until 31 May is a good small temporary exhibition, entitled *Howard Carter before Tutankhamun*, with a good illustrated book by Nicholas Reeves & John H. Taylor to accompany it.\* It explores Carter's work and life before he hit gold in the Valley of the Kings, from junior draughtsman working in 1891 for the Egyptian Exploration Fund on an unpaid basis until his finding in 1922 the only near-intact Pharaoh's tomb we have known.

I found the exhibition marvellous as excuse again to see ancient Egyptian things; for all the miniature charm of little blue-glazed hippos or sleek carved cats, they are alien and mysterious as ancient things should be. More to the point, I enjoyed looking at the Carter drawings of them, for he really was a wizard in his time. His busy years as draughtsman fall into a great age of archaeological drawing. Reproduced overleaf is part of his pencil drawing (1893–9) of a relief at Deir el-Bahri. In the last century customary printing methods did no justice to fine-tone work, so the Egyptian Exploration Fund had settled into clumsy habits, with 'squeezes' made on the spot being drawn in solid black on solid white in England without reference to the originals or even a clear indication of what the black and the white in the drawings stood for. Detail inside figures was swallowed up in the solid black. Reeves & Taylor explain the significance of the advance:

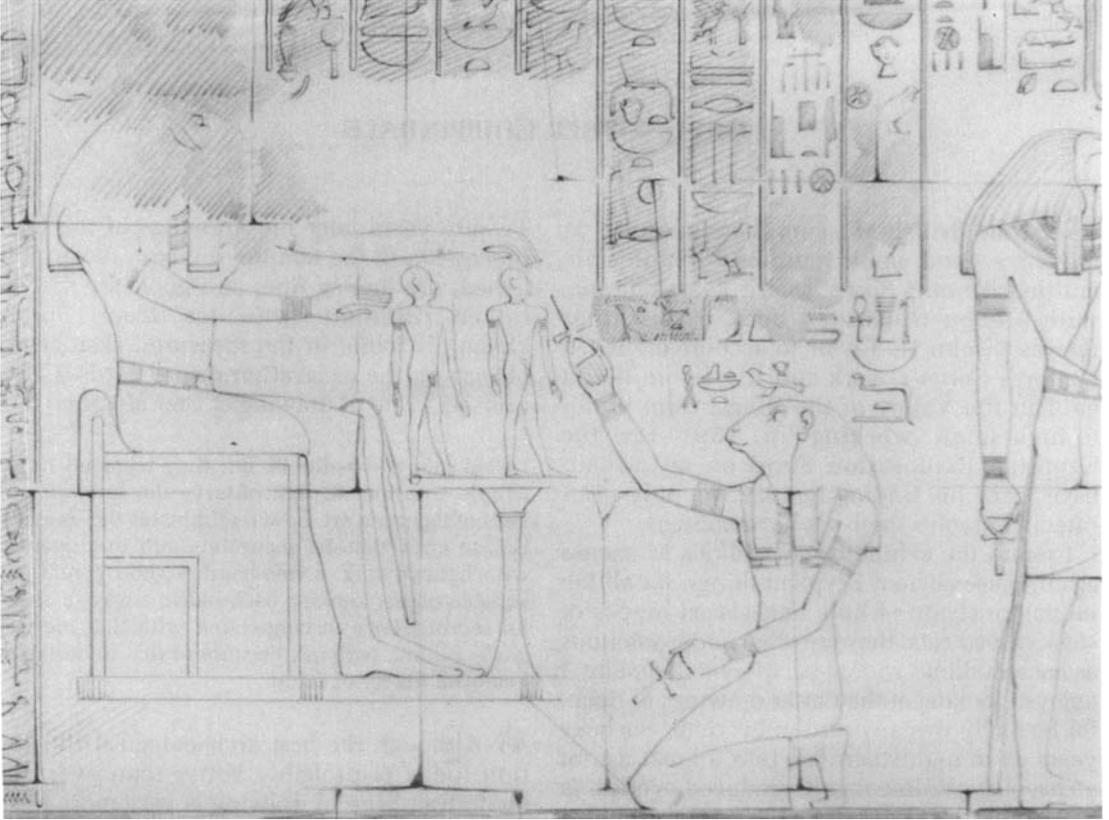
Carter's copies of the Deir el-Bahri scenes are a triumph of epigraphic skill; they are made from originals which abound not only with copious detail but also with erased and superimposed inscriptions and figures. His method of copying involved the tracing of the decoration directly from the walls and the subsequent reduction of the copies to a smaller scale on sheets of drawing paper, using a grid of reducing squares. The drawings were then carefully checked for accuracy against the originals.

\* NICHOLAS REEVES & JOHN H. TAYLOR, *Howard Carter before Tutankhamun*. 1992. 202 pages, 188 illustrations, many in colour. London: British Museum Press; paperback ISBN 0-7141-0952-5 £9.95.

Twenty years later his drawings of the Opet procession in the temple of Luxor, never published, are just as fine; and good too are the rather different drawings from Tutankhamun's tomb, in the measured sketches of objects on the excavation record cards. Carter himself wrote of drawing at Deir el-Bahri:

I tried many expedients; but they resolved in the simple solution: to first observe the fundamental laws of Egyptian art, how it eliminates the unessential, to copy that art accurately and intelligently, with honest work, a free-hand, a good pencil and suitable paper. Looking back I have always a cheerful reminiscence in connection with that piece of work; I think, perhaps, because of that undertaking I enjoyed liberty of action.

Although the best archaeological illustration today is probably better than ever, the modern fashion of drawing is very more technical, and almost all in absolutes of black and white. Unlovely wobbly lines of Letraset transfer lettering, often in bold styles of Helvetica or Unifers that emphasize the wobbles, were a hazard of the 1970s and 1980s; the hazard of the 1990s is inept computer graphics with computer-botched versions of printer's typefaces, most often, Times. The good computer graphics (vanishingly rare in archaeological publications) are very good, and the analytical diagrams often needlessly require strong oranges, green and mauves. There are good computer reconstruction drawings in some television and video work, where the camera can spin round and explore inside buildings; and you can so mix computer graphics and the live image that presenters can have an ancient structure rebuilt around them. All this comes at a cost of many hundreds of pounds a minute; which is why a publication will be in plain black-and-white. The fine styles of interpretative drawing by hand are real losses. One can start with hand-lettering on maps, still sometimes seen in ANTIQUITY where it is usually due to Arthur Shelley, but now a real rarity. Water-colour



*Detail of relief at Deir el-Bahri showing the miraculous conception and birth of Queen Hatshepsut; pencil drawing by Howard Carter (1895), now in the Griffith Institute, University of Oxford (courtesy Egypt Exploration Society/Griffith Institute).*

illustration has been dead for decades – unfairly, when one sees water-colours by a master: see Carter’s head of Tuthmosis opposite, although it loses much in our reproduction.

What has taken the place of pencil and water-colour? That is the problem: too often it is in effect the Egypt Exploration Fund’s ancient habit of all-solid black and all-solid white, often copied from photographs – sometimes without reference to the originals or even a clear indication of what the black and the white in the drawings stand for.

In my own current fieldwork area, we have slowly been repeating Carter’s antique discovery that complex, faded and overpainted images cannot fairly be represented in simple black-and-white as is the habit; some kind of tone *drawing* is essential, and not just the easy kind of tone that photography offers. The new deception since the turn-of-the-century has gone with the camera, not photography itself but the

unthinking idea that a photograph offers a speedy, fair and full record. Speedy, maybe, but the speed allows you to skip past Carter’s first essential, to look and to observe the fundamental laws of what you are drawing. How often do the speedy photographs provide a full and fair record – or, as a senior colleague tried to persuade me, a ‘complete and objective’ record? The villain now is the habit of ‘point, click and run’, and the delusion that you will be able to see it all on the photograph afterwards, or if you can’t, then you can now scan the picture electronically to pull, push, enhance and generally monkey about with the image until you can see what you want to see.

📖 The cause of the British Museum exhibition, and yet another revival of interest in Tutankhamun, is the 70th anniversary of the finding of the tomb during November 1922, by Howard Carter and his Egyptian staff and in



*Head of a figure of Tuthmosis III from Deir el-Bahri: water-colour by Howard Carter, as reproduced in his Six portraits of the Thothmes family: facsimiled from the Temple of Deir el Bahari (1906-7) (courtesy Nicholas Reeves).*

the absence of their patron Lord Carnarvon. There is a new and large biography of Howard Carter by T.G.H. James,\* which I have been reading in bed; its solid weight was sending me calmly to sleep for what now feels like weeks. In working through Mr James's careful study, I did feel to be traversing, in the words of one of his chapter titles, 'A long and steady plod'. It

disappoints me in giving no sense of the intellectual framework of Egyptian studies, what were the ideas (if any) that directed Carter's work and his colleagues' beyond *finding* things, what was the context of the flaps, spats and wrangles with the bounders in the Egyptian civil service. I tried instead Thomas Hoving's racier *Tutankhamun: the untold story*,\*\* which upset

\* T.G.H. JAMES, *Howard Carter: the path to Tutankhamun*. 1992. xvi + 444 pages. London: Kegan Paul International; hardback ISBN 0-713-0425-0 £24.95. The jacket illustration, which sets together the profiles of Tutankhamun and of Carter, is first rate.

\*\* THOMAS HOVING, *Tutankhamun: the untold story* (New York (NY): Simon & Schuster, 1978).

people on its appearance in 1978, rather as Carter did in his time: with its help I fell asleep more slowly. In the end I realized I am out of sympathy with the subject of these books, which is not Tutankhamun at all, still less the strange and alarming society of ancient Egyptian kingship. The Tutankhamun books are, at base, about life in English society in the early years of the century – snobbish, class-ridden, strange and alarming. The dark halo that came with Carter was the fear, even the certainty that *he was not a gentleman*. Not being a gentleman, Reeves & Taylor show, was the clear reason he was an Egyptologist. The Egyptian Exploration Fund had been thinking in terms cheaper than a gentleman when they took Carter on as a novice in 1891. He was to be the artist, and a lesser species of humanity would do. One of its senior officers wrote:

It seems to me that as cost is a great consideration, it matters not whether the artist is a gentleman or not. . . . A gentleman unless of an economical turn of mind would run into extra expenses very likely, while if a non-gentleman were sent out P.E.N[ewberry, expedition leader] could take him under his wing and manage all his feeding etc. as his employer. In this way 2 or 3 shillings might be saved daily.

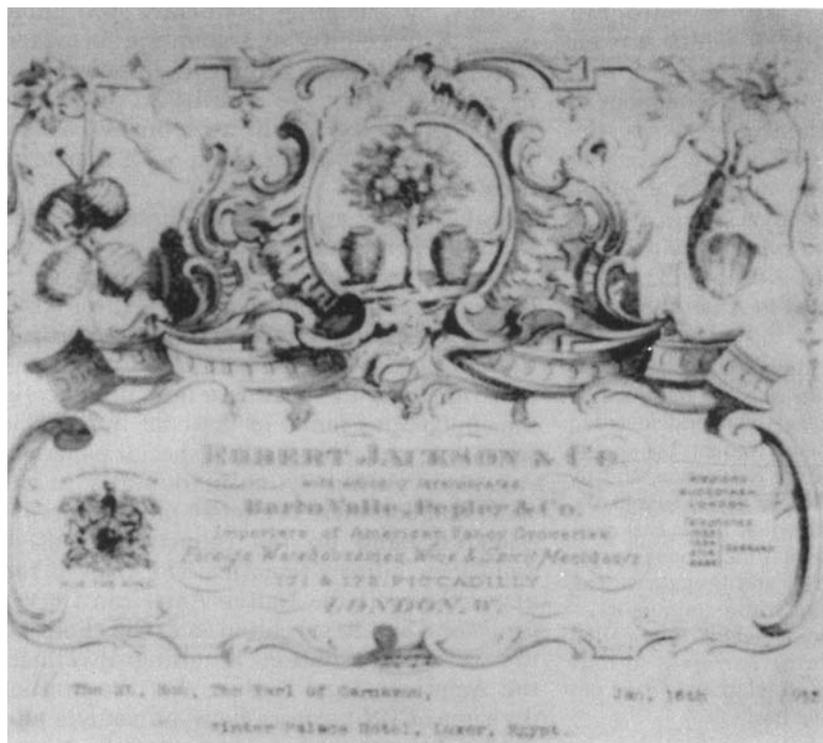
In Howard Carter they got their cheap non-gentleman. (What I would like to know is what the 2 or 3 shillings were saved on! Was a non-gentleman fed on yesterday's porridge, or on no porridge at all?) How did the gentlemen of the team cope with life alongside an English non-gentleman as well as Egyptian non-gentlemen? Did they have the kindness to show him which way up to hold the spoon? (Andy Warhol, climbing in New York high society three generations later, ducked the cutlery problem by pretending he lived entirely on candy bars; he could sit through a grand dinner-party and eat nothing, so never risk touching the cutlery at all.) No wonder Carter, who never really had an education except a learning in art taken from his painter father, became famously difficult when he climbed to success. The great and good in Britain who directed ventures in Egyptian archaeology had no cause to complain when the fellow *stayed* a non-gentleman underneath the smart suit. They looked for someone humble and found an Arthur Daley. What's the pity is that he took up the gentlemanly

attitudes himself. The famous dispute which closed down the Tutankhamun excavation in mid season was about no archaeological question at all, but about whether 'the ladies' (the wives of Carter's team) could have a look; and then, when the ladies were not allowed to peek, about who should apologize to whom for what, and with what consequences for whose dignity.

I reproduce a London provision merchant's letterhead, a preposterous engraved confection that leaves only half the sheet of paper available for business, used for sending groceries to Luxor as one of the more attractive things to be found in the world of Howard Carter's Egypt.

More pertinent, then (as well as more Tuttiliarious in parts), is another new bit of Tutiana, Christopher Frayling's *The face of Tutankhamun*.<sup>\*</sup> Frayling is a multi-mode cultural historian, expert on spaghetti westerns and author of a new book on *Vampyres*, who has spun this book out of some TV shows (itself a good sign, given the *real* subject). Actually, it is an *edited* book; it starts with a 65-page essay by Frayling on Tutmania then and now, nonsense from 1920s fashion illustrations, a costumed fantasy in the Egyptian mode by Erté, and a small photograph of the Egyptian Art Deco façade of the Carlton Cinema, no longer resplendent on Essex Road in shabby north London (a water-colour in the Carter manner would have shown it better). As well as the old jokes ('Which London Underground station does a pharaoh travel to?' 'Tooting Common') and some newer ones (the later pages are scattered with photos of Frayling dressed as Indiana Jones encountering a camel; the fair excuse is that Indiana Jones as a character derives a bit from Carter), the rest of the book reprints all kinds of Tuttery. He goes back to Théophile Gautier's *Curse of the mummies* (1857 – many details foreshadowing the Tutankhamun excavation) and to Bram Stoker's *Jewel of the seven stars* (1903 – Dracula re-cycled to Egypt). He goes sideways, acutely to the mummifying of Lenin (died 21 January 1924, fifteen months after the discovery of Tutankhamun) and its placing in

<sup>\*</sup> CHRISTOPHER FRAYLING (ed.), *The face of Tutankhamun*. 1992. xviii+298 pages, illustrated. London & Boston (MA): Faber & Faber; paperback ISBN 0-571-16845-0 £13.99 & \$18.95.



ago, the 200th birthday party for European contact with Australia in 1788, which was for the same good reasons a bittersweet affair. Striking then was the continuing reluctance of white Australia to say plainly that the settlement of Australia was a conquest by invasion; a row blew up when the Powerhouse Museum in Sydney used the word 'invasion' in a label. The 19th century had no reluctance. This is how the English novelist Anthony Trollope saw things on his 1871 visit to Australia:\*

All the first years of the colony's existence were saddened by contests with the blacks – by so-called murders on the part of the black men, and so-called executions on the part of their invaders. Looking at these internecine combats from a distance, and by the light of reason, we can hardly regard as murder, – as that horrid crime which we at home call murder, – the armed attempts which these poor people made to retain their property; and though we can justify the retaliations of the white conquerors, – those deeds done in retaliation which they called executions, – we cannot bring ourselves to look upon the sentences of death which they carried out as calm administrations of the law.

Australia still clings to a legal fiction in thinking of its seizure of the continent as a lawful act. The key court case is the Gove land-claim judgement of some years ago, which followed the doctrine of *terra nullius* – 'empty land'. Australia, being empty, was free for the taking by anyone who chanced along. Was Australia, and America before it, empty at the time? Of course not, but the doctrine of *terra nullius* still applies in Australian law. Customary occupation of land does not itself make for ownership of land. Ownership has to be earned, by cultivating and improving the land. One thinks of the homesteading obligations in Australia and in north America, where a settler secured title to a grant of 'empty land' by clearing, ploughing and building; if the land was untamed, unimproved after five or seven years, the homesteader's title lapsed. With its Neolithic view of the world, this way of thinking in civil law goes with the view in criminal law that the violent defence of one's country against those who come to steal it amounts to murder. A 1992 judgment in a Queensland case, if confirmed as a binding precedent, overturns *terra*

*nullius*, by accepting customary Aboriginal presence in country as amounting to ownership. It will change neither the facts of what happened, nor the realities of where Australian society stands now, but at least the facts will not be hung about with that legal pretence.

Rather to my surprise, the North American skills at staging patriotic jamborees were overtaken in 1992, whether through real unease or through a weaker political correctness, by a more cautious and reflective tone. North of the US border, the Canadian people recognized the year by creating a new province in the indigenous lands of their far north. The same tone pervades the five special papers in *American Antiquity*; coincidentally in the same number, there is a feisty piece by an old research hand on the reburial of native American human remains. The title of the new US law is the Native American Graves Protection and Repatriation Act. The choice of the word 'Repatriation' is telling; it reflects the American legal fiction, that the present division of US territory between settlers and native Americans was arrived at by treaty arrangements between sovereign nations. The provisions of the law are equally telling. Like customary Australian practice now, it recognizes that the primary claim to indigenous bones and to indigenous objects is now with indigenous people. The point no longer hinges on how close is the relationship, by kinship affinity or descent, between those old people and the individuals who are the indigenous people of the region today. It suffices they are recognized as indigenous.

In 1991 I made a short television film about reburial and native American rights. We looked at the story of the Mashantucket Pequots of Connecticut, which echoes so many. We tried to make it direct; the opening words to camera, devised after reading several books to improve our knowledge, were: 'This is New England. Three hundred and fifty years ago, we came and stole it. The people we took this bit off were the Mashantucket Pequot Indians.' They lost their land in the Pequot Wars, despite the 'attempts which these poor people made to retain their property', as Trollope phrased it. In 1637 Captain John Mason put firebrands to the Pequot palisade and burnt them up: 'God's hand from Heaven was so manifested that we slew four-

\* ANTHONY TROLLOPE, *Australia* (1873; reprinted, Gloucester: Alan Sutton, 1987), volume 2, page 172.

teen hundred of them, so that the name of the Pequots is blotted out from under Heaven, there being not one that is or dare call himself a Pequot.' They were granted a reservation in 1667, the first in the colonies, never large and in difficult hilly land, whose acres were nibbled away as the Pequot numbers faded.

By the 1970s, there were just two sisters on the reservation; a century before, Herman Melville had already seen the end, in naming the doomed ship in his whaling novel *Moby Dick* the *Pequod*, 'after a New England tribe he knew to be extinct'. Yet in 1993, the Pequots are not extinct; they are alive, flourishing and growing in numbers. In 1987 they finally gained Federal recognition by treaty. A side-result of the formality of treaties agreed this way between 'sovereign nations' is that a native American group may retain powers otherwise not given to the citizens of a US state. In particular, the Pequots have the right to conduct gambling, otherwise forbidden in Connecticut. Of various Pequot business ventures that included hi-tech lettuce-growing, the one which took off was the one that used the exemption: Indian High-Stakes Bingo, conducted in a plain hall that was enlarged to seat 2000 punters, and for prizes that have several noughts after the \$; first-year gross income was \$13 million. Bingo was a runaway success, and when we filmed in November 1991, the Pequots were building a casino next door. Attorneys and sharp Latin gentlemen in shark-skin suits were in evidence. The last I heard, the casino was finished, open and packing them in 24 hours a day. It's enough to make me wish I was Pequot myself. Encouraged, native Americans down Las Vegas way are now trying the same thing.

Where is archaeology in all this? In Pequot country, it is evident and even important. Round the casino walls runs a decorative frieze in the patterns and the lilac-and-white colours of *wampum*, the native currency of the contact period. An archaeological display was planned for the casino – past the piano bar and down the stairs by the artificial waterfall. The Pequot community is based on a shared identity that is defined by a common history. The written stories tell much, but they are the invaders' stories. Kevin McBride of the University of Connecticut has excavated Pequot sites of the 17th to 19th centuries, which mix European and indigenous artefacts

in structures of indigenous build; quartz crystals, important in Pequot spiritual life, lie alongside the brass and iron. Against the story of 19th-century history books, in which the Pequots are a destroyed and certainly a non-viable people, McBride sees a continuing cultural integrity. When we filmed in Pequot country, his crew were digging the new graves to re-inter 75 Pequot skeletons from the early contact period, hit when construction work cut through a cemetery. We filmed the bones in their brown card boxes in the university anthropology store, where they may rest for a defined period of study which may involve any examination other than destructive analysis. We heard Teresa Bell, grand-daughter of one of those two sisters who were the Pequots thirty years ago, talk of the poignancy in the bones of little children, dead perhaps from the epidemic disease of the contact period; of the importance to her 'to re-inter our people not to have them on shelves'. And the bones were to go back into Pequot ground, a sheltered cemetery among the trees, and into the new graves also all the grave-goods and *wampum* bands that were meant to be with them.

The Pequot community centre is a maze of new buildings under a new concrete water-tower. Below Pequot country is Groton, home of the Electric Boat Company, which builds nuclear submarines; world peace would hit the industry of Connecticut hard. We had dinner with tribal elder Skip Hayward in the dining-room of the Mystic Hilton hotel, a thoroughly modern place that is named not for mysticism, but for the town of Mystic where it is. Loud and clear, like the bright mauve *wampum* design on the casino walls, is the message that Pequot people are modern people who inhabit a modern world.

 A promise of 1800 words on 'Archaeology in the contemporary world' to the forthcoming *Oxford companion to archaeology* is making me think about the fundamentals. It has been an amiable pastime for gentleman (see above) and their ladies. It can be a distraction for property developers (see below), tiresome or tolerated as the present slant of the business cycle allows. Practically everywhere it is marginal, alongside the serious work of the real business of human lives.

Where is archaeology in the contemporary world?

I hope it stands for three fundamentals.

Archaeology stands for where we have come from, for our history in the broad sense and in a way that documentary history often cannot easily do.

Archaeology stands for the other, the alien, in a way that other people and other cultures cannot do in a homogenized globe where no one need want to be more than a few hundred metres from a can of Coca-Cola.

Archaeology stands for the mystery in our artificial world of artefacts, the things we believe we create with some good sense and purpose, but which in fact we do not understand, and which make sense afterwards in terms quite other.

None of these fundamentals is remotely new, which is a necessary but not a sufficient condition of the fundamentals.

One can see good cause why these fundamentals should rise in standing, and archaeology with it.

As the breadth of historical concern broadens, so becomes clearer the narrowness of many of the written sources; they do not touch on what may interest us.

As western culture swallows up and appropriates so much that is in this world, so little now stands that is not directed in part or whole by western society (or by reaction *against* western society); no longer able to look to anthropology for this role, we must instead turn to the historical record, the archaeological record of what there once was and what there might instead have been.

And if we are to know the artefacts that frame and form our built world, our social construction of reality, then a broad archaeology in which contemporary studies of material culture have a large place offers a central route to insight.

There is equally good case *against* the fundamentals.

Not many people, perhaps fewer than in many other times and places, believe the present world is formed and directed by where we and it have come from; history has recently been in large part dropped from British school timetables because it matters not enough in a technical world. (Archaeology has never found a real place into the (written) history curriculum in Britain or most countries; history is still the wordy story.)

An encompassing world holds within its

homogeneity great dissent and distance, curiosities in a telling form because their oddity is close to us. When BBC television filmed *The vampyr*, an 1834 melodramatic opera, at the end of last year, they brought the setting from distant Transylvania to the late-1980s land of London yuppies – all penthouse apartments, wine-bars and car-phones – and made it compelling and alien; synchronized swimmers flapped about in private pools to make a chorus, and the gory climax of foaming blood was set in the Squeaky-Clean Car Wash. Marvellously done, and more telling to me than Vlad the Impaler in a Gothick tower; but nowhere touching directly on *another* place or *another* time that is really remote from our own. If our interest in Tutankhamun is as a thin comedy of social manners in 1920s society, where is the place of the real other, the world that shaped Tutankhamun and the world which Tutankhamun shaped? Do we want to know it existed at all?

The last fundamental is the intellectual challenge. To extend and enlarge our uniformitarian knowledge of the relations between things and people, so as better to grasp the past *and the present* from its material remains. Two hundred years into its course, a systematic archaeology may soon get past the first steps on that road.

There is one fundamental we must not expect. People make sense of the world through the materials that are available to them, history included. When the Welsh people made their cultural revival in the 18th and 19th century, they patched up an identity with what fitted and with what came to hand; some of it seems to have been true, some was fudged into the picture, some was visionary, some was plain invention. It is the wearing of the kilt that now stands for Scotland, but once upon a time the Scots were famed for wearing 'trews', trousers not skirts; and the design of the kilt with its overlapping pleats has much to do with market-making at a period, not many centuries distant, when Lancashire textile manufacturers were unloading surplus stock. (My younger daughter, on the strength of a half-day encounter with Edinburgh that included a half-hour encounter with the Walt Disney shop on Princes Street, is now persuaded that Disney comes from, and may now stand for, Scotland.) On the morning radio the other month I heard the Greek minister for foreign affairs denounce the little state of Macedonia, one of the frag-

ments Yugoslavia has fallen into, as standing for a new, an invented, a wholly false Macedonian ethnicity. Historical authenticity, as a scrupulous scholar tries to see it, is not and never has been the point.

🔍 In 1989 *ANTIQUITY* reported (63: 337–42) the pioneering use of ground-probing impulse radar at the Queen's Hotel site in York, where over 8 metres of stratified deposit overlay substantial Roman ruins in the heart of the Roman *colonia*. The Roman masonry was plainly visible in the computer graphic cross-section we printed in vivid yellow, mauve and green. As usual for an urban site in the 1980s, the pressure was on; delaying the developers would cost hundreds, thousands of pounds a day. The York Archaeological Trust turned to ground radar for its speedy economy, so they could learn best from a rushed and inadequate excavation and allow the developers to place the foundations where they might wreck the precious areas less. I was in York in December, and there was the new building dark amongst the Christmas lights: the ground-floor shops are boarded up and vacant; to judge from the darkness upstairs, there are no tenants above either. That archaeological destruction has been to no purpose, nor has the demolition of a good Georgian building,\* though I half-remember it as pretty shabby. The financial absolute, which permitted no hindrance to the new building or serious pause in its erection, turns out to be a fantasy, since no one wants to occupy the place.

London is the same story. The property boom of the 1980s has bust, like property booms before. The city now has enough empty office space to last into the next millennium – just like Sydney, Australia, where rescuing fragments of the first European settlement again has to contend with the value of land in the city's central business district. One of the many financial crashes in the London property business is a familiar and a dark name in *ANTIQUITY*'s pages – Imry Merchant, who could not be stopped from building over the Rose Theatre, the site of Shakespeare's performances which could pro-

vide our best evidence for the size and layout of Elizabethan play-houses (see *ANTIQUITY* 63: 411–13, 421–35, 753–60; 64: 3, 286–8). There were the same financial absolutes as at York, with more noughts on the end of the numbers. Imry Merchant funded archaeological exploration before re-development, for about 6 months altogether, but then it was time for the pile-drivers. Sir Ian McKellen and Dame Peggy Ashcroft led the actors in physically resisting the wrecking of the Rose; the archaeologists were publicly divided and confused in their response; the new foundations were re-designed in a way, it was said, that would avoid known bits of the Rose; there was talk of a public display being opened under the new office tower. When the government paid for just one month's pause in the building, the bill was £1 million; compensation for Imry's abandoning the project was so many millions it could not be contemplated. Now Imry's Rose Court, which was completed over the bones of the Rose play-house, is empty, another vacant monument to the London property boom of the 1980s, and Imry is bust. The bones of Imry are now in the care of Barclay's Bank which – it turns out – has £440 million out in loans to the venture, or about £38 for each of the bank's 12 million business and personal accounts. Barclay's is familiar to me because it is where *ANTIQUITY* banks. I have written to its new chairman, Mr Andrew Buxton, to ask if we are obliged to pay for the dismal destruction of our history; the share carried by our three accounts would be a more-than-nominal £114. Just as a bank's money comes in the end from its account-holders, so does a journal's from its subscribers, and I take it you do not want to pay for the wrecking of the Rose.

🔍 Cyprian Broodbank, Aegean prehistorian and Research Fellow at University College, Oxford, has joined *ANTIQUITY* as Assistant Editor.

We warmly thank Timothy Taylor, assistant editor since 1990, and Henry Cleere, editor in 1992, for their work.

\* Pevsner says: 'The Queen's Hotel is part of a ten-window terrace of two houses, early Georgian, each with a broad doorway, one with a segmental, the other with a triangular pediment. . . there is a good room of c. 1730 inside with panelling, Corinthian pilasters, and a chimney-piece set

between two of the pilasters' [what happened to *that*?] (*The buildings of England: Yorkshire: York and the East Riding* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1972): 147). The new building, weak and fussy in an indeterminate 'revival' style, is of no architectural merit I can discern.

### Erratum

In Frances Healy & Rupert Housley's note on dated human remains from the Norfolk peat in the December 1992 issue (66: 948–55), the caption to Figure 2 was wrongly replaced by a repeated caption to Figure 1. Figure 2's caption on page 952 should read:

FIGURE 2. *Hemplands Farm, Methwold (site 2550). Truncated skeleton of a woman, lying on a regular setting of wood, cut by a drainage ditch 1967. (Photo Frank Curtis.)*

ANTIQUITY went electronic in its production earlier than most journals and has been running a hybrid electronic–manual means of page make-up since 1987. We blame it (and ourselves) for some errors readers will have noticed, especially in the 1992 volume, and hope we will do better with the more electronic way we work as from this issue.

### Author's correction

Alec Tilley regrets an error in his paper on trireme reconstructions in the September 1992 issue (66: 599–610), where the last sentence on page 602 should read: 'The lower oarsmen are holding water too, with both hands on their port oars.'

### Noticeboard

Jack Golson's successor as Professor in the Australian National University's Department of Prehistory (Research School of Pacific Studies) is Atholl Anderson, presently at the University of Otago, New Zealand where he has been particularly active in resolving the essentials of its prehistoric chronology (see his paper in ANTIQUITY, 1991, and its twin planned for the next issue).

### Conferences

Archaeology in Britain '93 – Institute of Field Archaeologists

Bradford (England), 6–8 April 1993

Annual bash of the British professional institute, with eleven sessions on topical themes.

*Institute of Field Archaeologists, Metallurgy & Materials Science Building, University of Birmingham, Edgbaston B15 2TT, England.*

And suggestions for the 1994 conference's topics by 1 June 1993.

Computer Applications and Quantitative Methods in Archaeology CAA 93

Staffordshire University, Stoke-on Trent (England), 5–8 April 1993

21st birthday for this annual conference on 'all

aspects of computers and quantitative methods in all areas of archaeology'; this year the themes are 'archaeological, and NOT predominantly technological in nature', and so not only intended to excite the computer buff who likes to brag about the size of his hard disc and how many bytes it bears.

*John Wilcock, School of Computing, Staffordshire University, The Octagon, Beaconside, Stafford ST18 0AD, England; FAX (44) 785-55334; Email catjdw@staffs.ac.uk.*

Society for American Archaeology Annual Meeting  
St Louis, Missouri (USA), 14–18 April 1993.

Gargantuan annual conference, to be experienced once in a lifetime and full of good things if you can find them on a huge programme of parallel sessions.

The 1994 conference will be held at Disneyland, California, 18–22 April, which should make us think about what our vision of history is and where it comes from. Proposals for the 1994 meeting, as groups of papers making up sessions, by late summer 1993.

*Society for American Archaeology, 808 17th Street NW, Suite 200, Washington DC 20006, USA.*

Congress of Independent Archaeologists – Council for Independent Archaeology

Nottingham (England), 24–25 April 1993

British meeting particularly concerned with the role of local societies, and this year with their role in English planning under 'PPG16'.

*Michael Rumbold, 3 West Street, Weedon Bec, Northampton NN7 4QU, England.*

ACRA: The Alta Conference on Rock Art

Alta (far north Norway, site of the new Alta Museum and World-Heritage-listed rock-engraving sites), 19–24 June 1993

International meeting on the theme 'Social and political perspectives on rock art', chosen to signal its concerns with interpretation and management.

*ACRA, Alta Museum, Altaveien 9, 9500 Alta, Norway; FAX (47)084-35377.*

Il Congreso Nacional de Paleopatología – Universidad de Valencia Departament de Prehistòria i Arqueologia

Valencia (Spain), 7–10 October 1993

National conference on palaeopathology.

*Departament de Prehistòria i Arqueologia, Universitat de València, Avda Blasco Ibáñez 28, 46010 Valencia, Spain; FAX (34)96-386-42-49; Internet prearq@mac.uv.es.*

Chacmool Conference

Calgary (Canada), 11–14 November 1993

Well-regarded student-organized annual meeting, this year with the theme, 'Cultural complexity in archaeology'.

1993 Conference Committee, Department of Archaeology, University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta T2N 1N4, Canada; FAX (1)(403)282-9567.

International Rock Art Congress – American Rock Art Research Association

Flagstaff (USA), 30 May – 4 June 1994

Five days of academic papers, plus field trips and specialized pre-Congress sessions. Main planned sessions include archaic rock art of Americas, shamanism and rock art, development of art sites for public use, rock art and the history of religion. 'All papers suitable for publication . . .

will appear in postcongress volumes.' Call for papers open now, other details later.

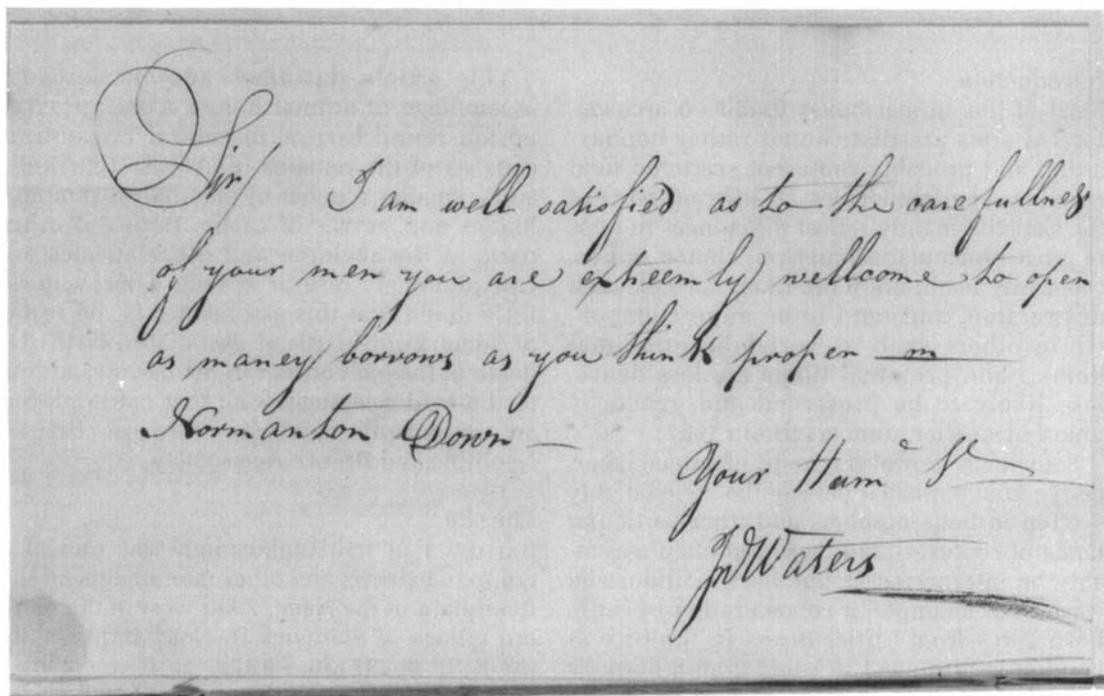
ARARA, PO Box 65, San Miguel CA 93451, USA; FAX (1)(805)467-2532.

#### Etcetera

Centro Universitario Europeo per i Beni Culturali

Continuing programme of short courses in archaeology, history and cultural patrimony, held in Ravello and Rome.

Centro Universitario Europeo per i Beni Culturali, 84010 Ravello (SA), Italy.



'Sir

I am well satisfied as to the carefullness of your men you are extreemly wellcome to open as many barrows as you think proper on Normanton Down.'

*Record of a milestone in the British history of archaeology: the original letter granting Sir Richard Colt Hoare permission to dig in the barrows on Normanton Down, just south of Stonehenge, in the early years of the 19th century. Among the Normanton barrows was the Bush Barrow, richest grave-group of the golden finds from the Wessex region.*

*The new Bronze Age displays in Devizes Museum, north Wiltshire, splendidly show both the classic finds from the burial deposits in the chalk barrows, and the story of their study. Rescued from damp store in the basement of Stourhead House, the Colt Hoare finds made the founding collections of the Wiltshire Archaeological & Natural History Society's museum, then and still one of the major collections for the study of British prehistory.*

'As many as you think proper.' There's the question two centuries later. ANTIQUITY reported in December (66: 934–41) how much of Stonehenge itself has by now been excavated, and what knowledge has derived in balance for it. The larger issue, of how fast one should use up non-renewable resources (if archaeological resources are non-renewable) we hope to return to – along with the new plans for displaying Stonehenge, which seem to shift again whenever we are nearly ready to publish a clear account.