

# Antiquity

VOL. L No. 199/200

SEPTEMBER/DECEMBER 1976

FRONTISPIECE

## Editorial

This issue which is numbered 199/200—and we apologize to librarians and bibliographers for this inconvenience—is the last issue of volume fifty of the journal which O. G. S. Crawford started in 1927. We have already explained in our last issue why we have had to suppress the September issue this year and why we have to put up our subscription and, at least for a while, cut ourselves down from a quarterly to a four-monthly journal. We are most grateful to two or three readers who, sensible of our financial difficulties, sent us *ex gratia* payments: we thank them and will see that their moneys are put to special use. Meanwhile let us not exaggerate our difficulties. All journals are suffering. Most journals read by archaeologists are partly or wholly subsidized by learned societies or museums. ANTIQUITY is *entirely* self-supporting, and apart from its small advertising revenue, depends on its subscribers. It is therefore its subscribers who must first be congratulated on the fact that we are, with this issue, completing our fiftieth year of publication, and that we are, still, in a healthy, if not a wealthy state.

 We remember on this occasion our founder and the faith he had in the journal—a faith not shared by many of his contemporaries; but shared by our senior trustee and advisory editor, Sir Mortimer Wheeler, the news of whose death we have just heard with regret and sadness, and about whom we write later in this Editorial. Professor Stuart Piggott, another of our trustees, and a most valued advisory editor—in what strange places from St Mark's in Venice to Callanish and Stanydale this editorial advice has been given will one

day be learnt—contributes a short and delightful note on Crawford as he knew him from his boyhood onwards (pp. 185–6). Piggott himself has just been presented with a Festschrift to which we refer later.

Remembering the brilliant cover which Brian Hope-Taylor drew for the Ordnance Survey *Map of Southern Britain in the Iron Age* (Chessington, 1962), and his marvellous drawings of Hector Munro Chadwick (whom he never met) and of Nora Chadwick, whom he knew well and loved, we asked him to essay a composite drawing of Crawford for this number. The result we print here as our FRONTISPIECE, and readers will share our joy in it with all its allusions to OGS, and our appreciation of the continuing inspired skill and artistic draughtsmanship of Dr Hope-Taylor, whose Stonehenge has appeared on the cover of every issue since 1960. Dr Hope-Taylor sent us a note with the drawing entitled 'Reflexions on the faces of Crawford', and we print it here with pleasure:

To draw, or try to draw, the elusive OGS I have had to put together the impressions of others and my own recollections. He himself would have pretended to be disgusted by such attempts at portraiture, and yet would have known his best camera-angles. Indeed, I find that all those others who knew him remember his characteristic bundles of apparatus more clearly than his face. As it happens I had particular occasion to scrutinize his face, previously, and to essay some interpretation of it—as if it were itself an ancient landscape.

When we first met, OGS was in his sixties and I was in my twenties. In print and by letter he had expressed approval of my early approach to fieldwork, and now he wished me to be his

## ANTIQUITY

right-hand man in a project for investigation of the real location of the Cassiterides. To that end, he gave me dinner at the Athenaeum. Oddly, he seemed deliberately craggy and old until I explained why I thought this splendid idea was a madcap venture (and I am still convinced that he was simply craving further travel in foreign parts); and then the evening became happier and more interesting as he drank his own wine. I particularly remember his pleased astonishment on finding that I, too, had read Doughty's *Arabia Deserta* and was concerned to debate what was 'romantic' and what was 'scientific' in Doughty's strange, archaic, literary style. Naturally that conversation led to talk of T. E. Lawrence. OGS was moved, and burned and sparkled like a young man, and eventually revolved himself into a lecture about bicycles. While walking back through London's night-air, I realized that OGS was essentially a phenomenon of the First World War and its aftermath.

Later, when Richard Atkinson had made his discovery of ancient inscriptions on the stones of Stonehenge, I was contemplating proto-historic pieces in Salisbury Museum. 'Hah, Hope-Taylor, I assume that you are *en route* to Stonehenge and that you have arrived in some kind of stinking motor-car.' He was quite right, and this was his old-fashioned way of hitch-hiking; but he was somewhat unprepared for his meeting with the motor-car itself, which was the last of the handmade Railton sports-cars, already of archaeological interest but still in prime and powerful condition. OGS stroked the domed rivets of the polished aluminium bonnet and for the one and only time called me by my first name. 'After all, Brian, you have flown aeroplanes, haven't you?' Had it not been that another motorist cut across our bows from a side-turning, I might never have seen the other face of my nervous passenger. Accelerating from the sedate 40 mph to the full pitch of the car, I looked sideways and guiltily at the old man who detested motor-cars. He had become a young and eager man. 'That's right meboy—beat the silly so-and-so.' For the rest of the journey OGS was like an excited little boy, inciting me to drive faster and faster, enjoying the speed so much and being so companionable that I thought I must be piloting an 'air-ace' of 1914-18.

However, at Stonehenge, OGS became almost conscientiously an old man again. All his bundles were lifted from the car, and, while he

was setting his camera to rephotograph Richard Atkinson's discovery, my assistant and I had time to find new carvings. These, too, OGS insisted on photographing (and later published). I most clearly remember holding all his different pairs of spectacles, produced from every pocket.

The face behind the spectacles? A shrewd, determined face which could light up in the right company. In drawing his own landscape I have deliberately avoided the eccentric image he so carefully cultivated, while retaining his moustache and shapelessly pulled-down hat. I have injected into his eyes something of the glimpse I had of the young Crawford, through his old mask. Crawford, like his much-regarded contemporary T. E. Lawrence, is reputed to have been camera-shy, but was immensely aware of the camera (of T.E.L. it was said that he was always backing into the limelight).

OGS loved paradoxes, so perhaps it is fitting that the man who found his fulfilment through the camera and founded ANTIQUITY is so badly recorded himself. I have tried to fit together his various faces, as they survive, into what is equivalent to an Identikit picture. It would be interesting to ask now how many people can remember the exact colour of Crawford's eyes, into which the shade of one of his beloved cats is peering in the drawing. I myself found OGS's squinnying eyes, often hooded and usually bespectacled, sometimes opening to reveal himself.

Crawford would have been delighted and appreciatively amused by our frontispiece—so would Wheeler (it arrived just too late to show him). Crawford was a man always very much ahead of his times, a forward-looking scholar of distinction. In the last few years when there has been great discussion about *Rescue* and rescue-archaeology, several readers have drawn our attention to what Crawford said in his Editorial in Volume III (*Antiquity*, 1929, 1-4), and we reprint it here without further comment except to remind you that it was written 47 years ago:

In the good old times before archaeology had become a profession, it was quite usual to discuss first principles. Perhaps it was felt that the quest of useless knowledge needed justification. Even today, when 'pure' science can beat applied science on its own ground, the

## EDITORIAL

wrong reason is often given for doing the right thing. Possibly such a course may occasionally be justified, or at least excused; but it is a dangerous one, and may ultimately wreck the ship of discovery upon the rocks of self-deception. It is therefore good for the would-be excavator to ask himself, before issuing his appeal, what is the ultimate objective and whether it is served by the proposed course of action?

It is too often assumed nowadays that excavation, if properly conducted, is always and everywhere a good thing. That is not so. There are only two excuses for undertaking an excavation—the acquisition of valuable knowledge or the imminent destruction of the site. If a site is to be covered by buildings, evidence will be destroyed and excavation at some remote date will be made more difficult. If a site is being destroyed for ever by the removal of the soil in bulk, obviously there will be nothing left to dig. Under such circumstances an imperfect examination and a defective record are better than none. That is why we have risked annoying our readers by appealing on behalf of certain urgent local excavation funds. Building at Caerleon and Colchester, and deliberate vandalism at Alchester, threaten to destroy evidence, and the respite given by cupidity and ignorance is short. Excavation on such sites has obvious claims to priority, even when less important places are concerned.

But suppose an appeal is made for money to excavate a virgin site that is in no danger? Obviously each case must be dealt with on its merits; but we consider that there is today a strong *a priori* case *against* undertaking any such work, especially if the site belongs to a class which has already received the attention of competent excavators. Certainly it should not be undertaken unless it can be carried out as completely as, let us say, the excavation of Silchester and Richborough by the Society of Antiquaries of London; even so, it may be doubted whether, at the moment, the money might not be better employed in support of 'S.O.S.' work elsewhere.

Here we come up against the besetting sin of provincialism. So far as our national interest is organized at all it is organized by counties, and what might be a powerful body of opinion is robbed of most of its force by being split up into 48 or more parts. Consequently we have the absurd spectacle of two groups in two neighbouring counties, the one trying unsuccessfully

to collect the miserable sum required to excavate a threatened site before it is too late, the other raising a substantial sum to carry out a wholly unnecessary dig on a site of no urgent importance. And this is the state of affairs at present throughout the country. Money and labour are often frittered away on sites that can wait, while other sites are being destroyed a few miles away. If confirmation of this were needed, it would be enough to glance through the annual catalogue of destruction, most of it deliberate, recorded by the Earthworks Committee and published by the Society of Antiquaries. How many of these sites were excavated before they were destroyed? How many were even planned?

Conservation, not excavation, is the need of the day; conservation not only of purely archaeological features but of the amenities which give them more than half their charm. Who cares for Oldbury and St George's Hill now that they are infested with villas? What is the use of preserving the walls of a village—such as were these earthen ramparts—if the site of the village they protected is to be built over? Combined effort and a little self-denial in the way of excavation, excursions, and even in publication, might have saved these and other sanctuaries for the Nation; but in such matters our loyalties hark back, not even to the Heptarchy but to a yet earlier prehistoric period of the tribal organization.

In most instances nothing short of the purchase of land is of the slightest use, though in others an intelligent application of the Town-planning Act may suffice. The need is really urgent; for with the approaching electrification of Southern England, the coniferous activities of the Woods and Forests Department and of private planters, the demands of the Services for land for aerodromes and manoeuvres, the spread of bungalowoid eruptions, and the threat of arterial roads and ribbon-development—with all these terrors imminent, it is unlikely that any open country or downland will be left in Southern England in a hundred years' time. Salisbury Plain is already ruined; the Sussex Downs are threatened. Dorset and Dartmoor however, survive, and the Cotswolds, though less prolific in prehistoric sites, are still entirely agricultural and unspoilt. A far-sighted policy would gradually acquire large portions and keep them for posterity. Though costly, such a scheme is not impracticable; the best areas are naturally those which are least valuable for agricultural purposes. Moreover the

## ANTIQUITY

time for action is *now*, before the price of land is raised by the prospects of development.

We advocate, therefore, a combined effort to preserve ancient sites, *and their amenities*, from those who would destroy both. If excavation is to be undertaken by local societies, let preference be given to threatened sites. Expensive nibbling at those which are not threatened is to be discouraged when England's past, and with it much of England's beauty, is perishing before our eyes.

Crawford was himself a very generous man and always encouraged the young. We sent him a copy of an article in *The Cambridge Journal* (now dead) called 'In defence of prehistory', specially commissioned by Michael Oakeshott, which article produced a fascinating rejoinder by Gordon Childe which Oakeshott felt he could not publish (but which we hope to do soon). A wonderful postcard came back from OGS and we reproduce it: what a nice phrase 'something about anything'!

Edited by  
O. G. S. CRAWFORD  
NURSING  
SOUTHAMPTON



ANTIQUITY

24. xii. 49

Published by  
H. W. EDWARDS  
THE WHARF  
NEWBURY, Berks.

Many thanks for the Cambridge Journal.  
With you'd write something - about  
anything! - in a similar vein for  
ANTIQUITY - someday.  
O.G.S.C.

☞ We do not as a whole approve of *Festschriften*: they are so often collections of essays which the authors have written before or should never have written. But occasionally there emerges a well-planned and beautifully executed *Festschrift*: such a one is *To illustrate the monuments: essays on archaeology presented to Stuart Piggott*, edited by J. V. S. Megaw (London, Thames and Hudson, 1976, 332 pp., 267 pls. or figs., colour frontispiece. £15.00). Vincent Megaw is to be congratulated on his organization of this book, and the publishers on their production. No complaints, except why no index?

There are 33 contributions ranging from Seton Lloyd on the reconstruction of buildings through Hermann Behrens on the Beaker Cultures, Otto-Herman Frey on the Chariot Tomb from Adria, Robert Stevenson on the earlier metalwork of Pictland, the Master of Caius on metals and alchemists in Ancient China, Masson on the art of Altin-depe, and Gordon Willey and Ignacio Bernal on aspects of American archaeology. The papers were planned with great care by the editor and many of the contributors were told precisely what they were to write about: hence this Editor's paper entitled 'Stone, bronze and iron'. Hence also the most delightful and amusing essay by Charles Thomas entitled 'The archaeologist in fiction'. It is sad that three of the contributors, Terence Powell, Paul Johnstone and Derek Allen did not live to see the publication of the book.

Unlike most *Festschriften* this book has three things other than the commissioned essays—first a brilliant John Piper of Pentre Ifan, the frontispiece of the book, which could be set alongside the Constable Stonehenge, the Turner Stonehenge or the Trevelyan Hal Tarxien. Second, a dedicatory poem by John Betjeman which we reproduce here by the kind permission of the Editor, the publishers, and the Poet Laureate himself. And thirdly, but not least, the delicious drawing by Brian Hope-Taylor of the mole with the quill pen mounted on the White Horse of Uffington—brilliantly symbolizing in a way that cannot be defined the life and work of the man to whom these essays are dedicated.

☞ In a few weeks we have lost one of the most brilliant of our younger archaeologists, and the greatest of the older ones. Sir Mortimer Wheeler CH, CIE, FRS, FBA, died on the morning of 22 July. We were driving to London at the time and heard of it on the one o'clock news. That afternoon we had to walk to Thames and Hudson, his publishers, and back through Whitcomb Street to Piccadilly and on past the Athenaeum to Pall Mall. Memories of the great old man crowded in on us—and then we saw in the streets, everywhere,

## EDITORIAL

STUART, I sit here in a grateful haze  
Recalling those spontaneous Berkshire days  
In straw-thatched,

chalk-built,

pre-War

Uffington

Before the March of Progress had begun,  
When all the world seemed waiting to be won,  
When evening air with mignonette was scented,  
And 'picture-windows' had not been invented,  
When shooting foxes still was thought unsporting,  
And White Horse Hill was still the place for courting,  
When church was still the usual place for marriages  
And carriage-lamps were only used for carriages.

How pleased your parents were in their retirement  
The garden and yourself their chief requirement.  
Your father, now his teaching days were over,  
Back in his native Berkshire lived in clover.  
Your cheerful mother loyally concealed  
Her inward hankering for Petersfield.  
For Hampshire Downs were the first Downs you saw  
And Heywood Sumner taught you there to draw.

Under great elms which rustled overhead  
By stile and foot-bridge village pathways led  
To cottage gardens heavy with the flower  
Of fruit and vegetables towards your tower  
St Mary, Uffington, famed now as then  
The perfect Parker's Glossary specimen  
Of purest Early English, tall and pale,  
—To tourists the Cathedral of the Vale  
To us the church. I'm glad that I survive  
To greet you, Stuart, now you're sixty-five.

JOHN BETJEMAN

## ANTIQUITY

posters for the evening papers declaring 'Sir Mortimer Wheeler dies', and we thought for a moment that we heard behind us a ghostly voice saying 'Well, well, dear boy.' His vanity and his sense of humour would have been pleased: his essential good sense would have realized that to have made the posters of the newsboys of Central London was a tribute to a great archaeologist who had succeeded more than anyone else in getting archaeology to the public.

### CLOSING PRICES

**SIR  
MORTIMER  
WHEELER  
DIES**

*Evening  
Standard*

Jacquetta Hawkes described him as 'one of the truly heroic figures of the later Heroic Age of British archaeology' (*The Sunday Times*, 25 July, 12). He was born in the year that Schliemann died: he was ten years old when Pitt-Rivers died. He knew Arthur Evans and Woolley and Alfred Clapham. He is

now a part of the history of archaeology and one of the most distinguished and important parts that Britain has ever contributed.

By a series of strange accidents the present Editor of ANTIQUITY was involved in the 1950s in the projection of Wheeler to the public through *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral?*. Friendship has been described as a conspiracy for pleasure: Wheeler has often been said to cultivate enemies rather than friends. All we can say here is that from 1950 onwards we built up a friendship—certainly not a mutual admiration society—which survived a quarter of a century. There were ups and downs, but mainly ups and levels. And when, largely due to him, we became Editor of ANTIQUITY in 1957, there were two decades of most fruitful, helpful, and always kindly co-operation. We lunched together each month alternately in his Club and ours ('I cannot understand, dear boy, why the food and wine in your Club is so much better than in mine'), and built up the closest possible relationship with a man who knew he was brilliant, and slightly resented any criticisms of his advice and judgements until what he had decided to say, as he strode quickly from Piccadilly to Pall Mall, had been changed by two dry martinis, a bottle of claret, and his ready awareness that there was another point of view. It is nonsense that he cultivated enemies rather than friends. A few weeks before his death he insisted on coming to the annual lunch of the Antiquity Trust and making the most generous speech about the Editor and the Production Editor. He was a man of many parts and those who forget his humanity and kindness and sincerity will get a wrong picture of him. Certainly ANTIQUITY in the twenty post-Crawford years would have been much the poorer but for his constant encouragement and advice. There were battles, and we sacked him from being advisory editor for a short while (bibliographers note), but the axe was buried. He found, not unnaturally, the Production Editor more interesting than myself, but looking back at it, we did conspire together for pleasure and, I think, good over the last quarter of a century; and if the trumpets blow for him on the other

## EDITORIAL

side (he never thought there was such a place) they must blow not only for his well-known career set out so often and so well, but for his honest kindly affection for his friends and his devotion to ANTIQUITY.

☞ In 1943 Lord Wavell, Viceroy of India, sent an urgent message to the Secretary of State for India concerning the Archaeological Survey of India. 'Post of Director-General falls vacant next year . . . I fear that condition of department is quite lamentable . . . I do not know if Mortimer Wheeler who is at present serving in the Army would be possible.' Wheeler was then, in August 1943, busy engaged with others in planning the Allied invasion of Italy: General Sir Brian Horrocks took a signal to Brigadier Wheeler saying 'I say, have you seen this: they want you as Director General of Archaeology in India. Why, you must be rather a king-pin at this sort of thing! You know I thought you were a regular soldier.' (Which statement Wheeler, quite rightly, regarded as a great compliment.)

In March 1944 Wheeler stepped ashore in Bombay from the *City of Exeter* and took the Frontier Mail to Delhi and Simla. A few days before he landed we met in the cool dark corridors of the Lutyens Secretariat in New Delhi a very distinguished and important Indian member of the Home Office. 'My dear Daniel,' he said, 'will you British ever learn? You have just appointed some bloody Brigadier to be head of our Archaeological Survey.'

'I think,' I said, 'you should wait until your Brigadier arrives. Mortimer Wheeler is the best possible person to be your D.G. of Archaeology.'

And so it turned out. Wheeler has already given us in his autobiography, *Still digging* (1955), a brief account of his work in India, which ranged from the salvation of the Taj Mahal to that of what he describes as 'the sensitive vestiges of the Indus Valley Civilization'. In his last book, *My archaeological mission to India and Pakistan* (London, Thames and Hudson, 96 pp., 56 figs. and pls., 1976. £4.50), he gives us a succinct and essentially personal review of his achievement

as Director General of Archaeology in India from 1944–8 and Archaeological Adviser to the Government of Pakistan 1948–50. The story bears re-telling and makes a good book, very well produced. It has some fascinating photographs of historical interest such as that of the 1944 Taxila School of Archaeology with Banerjee, Agit Mookerjee, Das, Puir, and Dani; and that of the excavation workforce at Mohenjodaro in 1950 with a youthful Leslie Alcock in the front row—and for good measure the Brigadier himself in front of a captured German tank on the last day of the battle of El Alamein, 1942.

The chapter on Indian megaliths is particularly interesting, beginning as it had to do with a quotation from James Fergusson's *Rude stone monuments* published just over a hundred years ago. The successful dating of the south Indian megaliths from 200 BC to the middle of the first century AD is of great importance. There are megaliths galore in the world but they are not necessarily connected, and the Deccan megaliths have no cultural and chronological connexion with European, Palestinian and Caucasian megaliths.

But the other chapters tell the most exciting story—the work at Taxila, at Arikamedu, the re-excavation and re-interpretation of the Indus Civilization, and Chārsada. The achievement of those remarkable seven years is an astonishing chapter in the history of the archaeology of Asia and in the history of modern archaeology as created by the author of this book.

☞ The sudden death of Dr David Clarke on 27 June has shocked and saddened the world of archaeology at large, as well as the small domestic Cambridge world of Peterhouse and the Faculty of Archaeology and Anthropology. He was in his thirty-ninth year and appeared to be recovering from a major emergency surgical operation which he underwent three weeks before.

In the short fifteen years of his professional archaeological career he had established himself as one of the really distinguished scholars of his generation, and his *Analytical archaeology*

## ANTIQUITY

(1968) has been described as the most seminal and stimulating archaeological book of the last ten years. It was not understood, or was indeed misunderstood, by many, and a hard core of old-style archaeologists thought it smelt too much of Binford and the 'new archaeology' of the American 1960s. We asked him to set out in a short article his basic views on the nature and theory of archaeology: the result was 'Archaeology: the loss of innocence' (*Antiquity*, 1973, 6-18). We remind readers of the beginning and end of that article: 'The loss of disciplinary innocence is the price of expanding consciousness; certainly the price is high but the loss is irreversible and the prize substantial . . . Archaeology is, after all, one discipline and that unity resides in the latent theory of archaeology—that disconnected bundle of inadequate subtheories which we must seek to formulate and structure within an articulated and comprehensive system: a common theoretical hat-rack for all our parochial hats.'

David Clarke was a preacher who put his theories into practice. He was the Abercromby of today and his two volumes: *The beaker pottery of Great Britain and Ireland* (1970), was a masterly piece of basic scholarship.

☞ We apologize for not printing the Auden poem in this issue; pressure of space, and that we have a lot to say about his archaeological

He revealed himself as an attractive and fluent teacher, and students queued up to have a term's supervision with him: the long list of his pupils begins with the present Professors of Archaeology in Oxford and Southampton. He also displayed great administrative gifts as Senior Tutor of Peterhouse and on the Faculty Board of Archaeology and Anthropology. All was set fair for a great career. It is no secret that several universities had asked him to come to them as a Professor. He preferred to stay in Cambridge, to the great advantage of that University and of his colleagues. We talked with him in Addenbrooke's Hospital the night before he died: he was a very active and clear-headed member of a group who were—and are—planning the revision of the Cambridge Honours Degree in Archaeology and the introduction of a new Diploma in General Archaeology. We had been looking forward in the next five years to the closest cooperation with him in these and other projects. Now this is not to be: nor shall we, alas, see his mature reflexions on *Analytical archaeology* and his full unfolding of what he called 'the latent theory of archaeology'.

interests. It will be in the next issue. We apologize too for having described him as a Poet-Laureate. He should have been.

### URGENT

Inserted into this copy will be found renewal notices for subscriptions for 1977 at the new subscription rate. We urge our readers to continue their subscriptions and to take action *immediately*. This urgency is especially important for those who pay by *Banker's Order* as with computerization we are assured that at least six weeks' notice is needed for their processing. All monies should be with us not later than 1 January 1977 so that we can estimate the printing number for our next issue to be published on 1 March 1977.



FRONTISPIECE

*A memory of Crawford by Brian Hope-Taylor*

*See pp. 177-8*