

Editorial

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

DAVID HARRIS, Director of the Institute of Archaeology in London, contributes a Report (pages 240–41) below on recent news from his Institute, surely much the largest archaeology department in Britain. Emerging from the federal University of London as a substantial department within University College London (UCL), one of the strongest of the new London universities, it is well placed to grow vigorously. He has found the best and most informative approach is to summarize the major changes in, especially, staffing in the decade since the Institute joined UCL and, in closing, to look to its ambitious future. As the metropolitan archaeology department in Britain, it can plan to cover the kind of range in, for instance, teaching of world archaeology which is beyond the reach of a smaller place.

As, alas, I must occasionally do if ANTIQUITY is to be an independent record of the current world of archaeology, I notice next a regrettable sad affair. It is a squall blowing across a teacup — but a large squall in a large teacup, and an eddy from strong winds in the British universities that may blow towards every archaeology department. The squall arises from the new Director of the London Institute having been appointed privately and without advertisement or open competition.

The new Director is to be, as we also report on the Noticeboard below, the present established Professor of Archaeology at the University of Southampton. He will hold a chair, said to be a new Professorship of Comparative Archaeology. A colleague of his, at present a lecturer at Southampton, will move with him to a professorship, perhaps in the field of European archaeology. The growing Institute has now been able to look outside for a new Director rather than add the Director's duties to those of an existing professor, as was the case before. These are most important appointments in British

academic archaeology. Normally one would congratulate these friends and colleagues.*

To make it clear I am concerned with roles rather than individuals, I refer, impersonally, to 'PD' for the present Director, 'FD' for the future Director, 'ST1' for the colleague transferring alongside FD from Southampton.

A century ago, the British civil service was famously cleansed by reforms which made open competition the correct basis of recruitment. The problem was less the unfairness of a corrupt system than the inefficiency of a public service which had stuffed itself with cronies and second-raters; its machine method was seen at its worse in a hereditary patronage by which the office-holder could pass his post on to a buddy of his choice.

Just the same good values are needed in the universities, then and now, if they are to make the best appointments. At the Institute, PD explains to the staff that FD was the outstanding candidate, the only suitable candidate. How does PD — or those for whom PD is speaking — know? No one can know who might stand out or who the only suitable candidate might be until one knows who *all* the candidates are, and one cannot know *that* until an open search is made. Another recent appointment, important for British archaeology and also posted on this issue's Noticeboard, makes the point; the new Chief Executive of English Heritage, appointed after open advertisement, is Mr Christopher Green. Mr Green was a surprise; spending his working life on the railways, he has there made a reputation as one of the best

* ANTIQUITY editors declare an interest.

Thinking there was a small chance that the profile the Institute would want of a new director might match my own experience, I registered with UCL's Personnel Department my interest in seeing particulars of the job when they became available. Hearing later a Director had already been appointed, I asked for information and after some while was told by the Principal Personnel Officer, Mr R.W. Bloss, that the post had been filled 'without the involvement of this office'.

ANTIQUITY's Assistant editor, who works at the Institute, has not seen this editorial before its publication.

public-service managers around. Until English Heritage asked openly, who was to know he might be available to manage history instead? PD, explaining the correct choice of FD, reported the existence of a list of 15 candidates who were less suitable. Clearly, there could be found a great many unsuitable candidates, far more than PD's list of just 15. There are also many *suitable* candidates. If I restrict myself just to men, and just to two each from just five defined categories, here is a list of ten: two from inside UCL, Fekri Hassan & Michael Rowlands; two transfers of established professors of the senior generation, Barry Cunliffe & Anthony Snodgrass; two transfers of established professors of the younger generation, Graeme Barker & Anthony Harding; two not holding established professorships, Clive Gamble & Richard Hodges; two from overseas, Klavs Randsborg & John Parkington. Any one individual's list will be personal; to show this, I have let mine slip towards colleagues I chance to know well. Some of these people — like those on any list — will not be available, but the only way to find out is to ask; the *most* suitable candidates — as Mr Green became for English Heritage — may be on *no* list until they announce their interest. Persuading yourself there is only the one suitable candidate throws you off-balance when your favoured one — as may happen — asks for special privileges, is said to possess an alternative offer from another place, or might withdraw if not treated just so.

There was an appointments committee for the Institute Directorship, nominally making the choice, which — weakly — did not challenge the opinion of who it must choose that was set down for it; this may break another good rule of management. PD is clearly best placed to describe the present role of the Director, and may usefully advise on how it may change. A senior vacancy is also the occasion for others to assess the role, present and future; that done, the one person who should *not* direct the succession is the present officeholder.

The same considerations apply to the second appointment at the Institute, of ST1 to a professorship, again privately. Institute staff were told that FD would bring a 'team' with him from Southampton, so an 'ST2', 'ST3' up to some 'STn' may yet follow ST1 on to the London train.

UCL is not alone in the British universities in making senior appointments without open advertisement; in the new fashion, academic 'stars' are transferred like classy footballers bought up by the premier clubs. We report also on the Noticeboard an archaeology chair at Sheffield filled by transfer, as well as professorships at Durham, at Southampton and at UCL itself filled by the other normal and open route, of internal promotion. The present method of assessing university research encourages these transfers, because the arriving stars carry across with them some years of research credits into the receiving department. If the rules for research assessment alter, as they should, this reason to acquire stars could cease.

While UCL was making these appointments, Lord Nolan's committee was holding its public hearings about standards in the conduct of British public life. His inquiry was set up by the Prime Minister to enquire into the slippery habits of behaviour, commonly called 'sleaze', which have become particularly evident in the 'quangoes'. These quasi-autonomous agencies, which now run many public services in Britain, are becoming private monopolies, without the discipline of true competition or real public accountability. Universities — not usually classed amongst them — are also quangoes, for they are also largely public-funded and largely autonomous; no government minister has direct public responsibility for a university, nor is there a body of owning share-holders or defined 'customers' to whom a university is clearly answerable. This is fine only as long as universities take care, and are seen to take cares, in regulating themselves to behave well.

One response of British universities to the many stresses they feel has been to strengthen their decision-making. Thinking in terms of a simple choice between the bumbling academy and the sharper world of business values, decisive command from the top is part of the 'macho management' some British universities have turned to. I sympathize; as acting head of a small unit within Cambridge University undergoing its first outside assessment of its funding needs, I failed in my small ambitions of discovering exactly what its supposed income was, and by what reasoning that figure was arrived at. But nor is it good management instead to install a style of abrupt command from the top contrary to good principles of management

and — as important — to that openness which should be a fundamental of the academic world. The background — in the words of the ‘Institute of Uckeology [*sic*] Update’ in the Institute’s student newsletter — to the UCL affair is ‘complex and riddled with intrigue, half-truth and a sense of betrayal’. An Institute lecturer who inquired whether ST1 was wise to accept an appointment offered that way soon received a vigorous letter from UCL’s head,* reminding him he could take early retirement.

FD transfers from a full-time post at Southampton to a full-time post in London; he had already — Institute staff came to find out — been appointed as a fellow within UCL, so his becoming FD can for that reason be regarded as an internal promotion in the college that is in the gift of the Provost.

Present rules at UCL provide that an open procedure is to be followed when a new professorship is created, and when a professorship is filled.

Rules can be changed.

☞ Enough of the frailties of living people, and into the better world of ancient pictures! Except that takes us straight back into the frailties, for PAUL BAHN’S Report in this number of the wonderful new finds of Late Palaeolithic art, astonishingly preserved as open-air engravings on the rocks of a Portuguese river-valley, can be only half about the archaeology, and has half to be about the dam already a-building which is to flood them before we have any sufficient clear record of what they are and mean to us. (By another view, placing them underwater will save them from the fate of the fine horse, damaged by visitor-vandals since its 1981 discovery at Mazouco in northeast Portugal, as Bahn tells us.)

The fading story of the great cave sites, especially the ‘green sickness’ and the ‘white

sickness’ which struck Lascaux after the world was able freely to visit it, means the new cave discoveries like Grotte Cosquer (inaccessible anyway except to the most expert divers) and, late last year, Grotte Chauvet will never be open to a large public. A decade ago, Lascaux II was opened as ‘a faithful copy’ where the visitor is ‘presented with almost everything that he used to admire in the original’. Monique Peytral’s replica paintings looked well when I saw them myself for the first time last November, and I enjoyed the little sense of theatre in which a visit the replica is made as if authentic. Your guide is dressed for a real cave, with anorak, good boots, caver’s lamp; and the entrance down steps into the dank damp Dordogne earth is what one expects. The closeness of the space inside is good, and the way you have to see some of the pictures as you go through the narrow passage on the way out, with no time to stop and ponder. I like that, as re-making the experience of the cave. I would like it the more so, with a rough stone and wet sand floor as in a cave (rather than black industrial-rubber flooring); and I would move the good displays from their present position in an underground antechamber up to a little museum you could see while waiting your turn into Lascaux II.

As one cave closes, so will the pressure of tourist interest move to another. Niaux in the Ariège, south of Foix in the Pyrenees, must now be the finest of the French Palaeolithic caves still open. A careful monitoring of the cave atmosphere, especially in the famous Salon Noir, defines just how many people may enter each day without upsetting the air; so there can be just a dozen groups, each of perhaps a score of visitors, each day — who may stay in the cave and in the Salon Noir just a certain number of minutes. It provides enough access in winter, but in summer you have to register your booking far ahead.

The supply of the ‘Niaux experience’ is in this way fixed, and at a level far below what the energetic tourist authorities of the *département* wish for. The response, opened last year, is to create a further and much larger supply of the experience, but not this time a replica, not a Niaux II intended to *re-create* Niaux I, but something bolder.

The Parc Pyréen de l’Art Préhistorique is a 13-hectare site in the valley bottom, near Niaux, surrounded by the crags and scree of the high mountain.

* The head of UCL has the title of Provost rather than Vice-chancellor. The present holder’s remuneration package, at £138,822, makes him the highest-paid among the many British university heads whose pay is listed in the *Times Higher Education Supplement* (24 March 1995). The *Supplement* reports him as finding this a third of what he was paid when he worked for the General Electric Company, and less than it should be; noting the discrepancy between this level of salary and the British professorial average, around £37,000, the *Supplement* calls the gap a ‘scandal’.

The salary and other benefits of the Institute’s Directors, present and future, have not been made public.



Riding the «bison béton» at the Parc Pyrénéen de l'Art Préhistorique.

Most of the site is landscaped as a place for the family to explore in the sun: a waterfall you walk behind, a lake with stepping stones, a fantasy stone landscape with little cliffs and hollows, overhangs, caverns, pools, gravel and running streams. Zooming about there, the kids will fall across some bits of prehistory: here a hand stencil, there a little painting, here a track of bear's footprints, there a cluster of antique bones. (Jets of water will spring up, and waves splash, to surprise you as you look.) Down the hill, through the wood, you come across a herd of bison; not live and not model replicas either. This is a herd of concrete bison, «*bison béton*», with the spirit of the beast transformed into this static material. Most of the bison are in a tight group, and when you go up close, you walk *inside* the massed herd, and find yourself in a diorama of the Pyrenees in Palaeolithic times, a tense moment as the reindeer hunt comes to its climax of slaughter. Further along, an odder thing: a landscape of sounds; loudspeakers which squeak and grunt as you

past. The bamboo that will make it a tall maze of paths and passages is not shoulder-high yet, but I am not sure what I will ever make of it. A tame teenager, testing the Parc with and for me, found it ace, and so will the tinies.

The grown-ups, in theory, will choose to spend their time indoors where the 'real' prehistory is, an account of the Palaeolithic Pyrenees that centres on Niaux, and within Niaux on the great frieze of its *Salon Noir*. There is a good replica of the *Salon* wall, on the Lascaux model, but this is not a Niaux II to follow Lascaux II. No attempt is made to replicate a cave, and the building is above ground, a big windowless place. Wholly a construct of our own time, it evokes — as I was able to grasp it — the elements of the cave, but by the new conventions of our own decade. You are kitted up with a headset to pick up a radio soundtrack, then head into the dark inside; not the mocked-up entrance passage of a cave, but a long corridor of steel and synthetic materials, with light and sound and dripping water, an

end-of-our-century space that has the *character* of a cave entrance. Then into a broad gallery with a compelling replica, large and long, marvellously lit, of the sandy beach deep inside the «Réseau Clastres» part of Niaux, with the footprints of the Palaeolithic children who once walked across it. Models of the cave; a video about scientific work there, analysis of the pigments, AMS radiocarbon dating; a multi-projector slide show of rock-art world-wide; you move at your own time, and get the right sound-track on your head-phones for where you are. Then the most radical and original space. A big chamber, much the same dimensions, so it has something of the same spatial feel of the Niaux *Salon Noir*, to explore and to discover, just as one would explore and discover in Niaux itself. On one wall, the replica of the great frieze, to the same good standards as Lascaux II, its lighting varying by the minute. In the floor, moulded replicas of the images in the soft sediments of the Niaux floor. Other, and exceedingly contemporary, objects to investigate: pillars with video monitors, talking heads on the screen to give you an expert account. (Novel and imaginative, the *grand atelier* follows Francophone tradition in giving you a great many expert words to be instructed by, just as one expects at the *château* to listen to a detailed story of its history.) There is a very good account in multiple images of mobiliary art, mixing photographs and drawings better than one usually sees it done.

Reading this last paragraph, I find I have not found the words to say how the space is *like* exploring Niaux, although it is a contemporary contrivance in all its devising. Some magic is going on here. I did not figure out the moulded figures in the floor — looked without seeing — until some 10-year-olds, smarter than me, figured out how you twiddle the lights. The visitor is directed, and enabled to discover.

The archaeology at the Parc is due to Jean Clottes, master of Niaux and Pyrenean cave-art, in collaboration with Bruno Airaud and his AIC team, so all that is spot-on as it should be. Once I had the sense of the inside, I came out into the open-air park again, and thought I had the hang of that. It is not a *replica* Palaeolithic landscape, but an evocation in terms we can grasp from *our* world, *our* cultural experience, of some spirit of that different landscape, with its different creatures, and with its wholly dif-

ferent order of shapes, smells, significances, surprises, sacredness.

The Parc Pyrenéen de l'Art Préhistorique is at: Route de Banat, 09400 Tarascon sur Ariège, near Foix and about 100 km south of Toulouse. It is open in 1995 daily, 8 April–2 November, 10.00–19.00. Strongly recommended, take the kids. Good café-restaurant (this is France). First-rate *civet du bison* (is it archaeologically correct to *eat* the beast?) for lunch on our visit as guests of the Parc, but non-Palaeolithic food normally to be expected. Try the Palaeolithic if it is on offer again.

☞ The Parc, then, is one sensible working example to answer the theme that has come to be associated with a radical view at my own university, Cambridge: the past is something we make in the present, therefore in part — runs the implication — we make it to suit ourselves. There is uncomfortable truth here, vividly made practical in the Parc, with its landscape of sounds, its concrete bison and its great synthetic space in a built building with reproduction cave-paintings. How is one to convey what it was *like* to live in the European Palaeolithic? We only make sense of it, we only *can* make sense of it, by relating aspects of its essence to elements of our own experience — the only thing any of us know directly. So I enjoy the *nerve* of the Parc's concept.

Twice in recent months I have enjoyed other worked examples of applied antiquity — two Greek dramas. The first, Aristophanes' *Birds*, a student production in Cambridge in the original Greek; the second, Euripides' *Women of Troy*, at the National Theatre, London, in a new translation by Kenneth McLeish.

The Greek play, performed every third year, is a Cambridge institution. Most of the audience nowadays knows no Greek, so how are they to grasp comic references to events that passed by — reckoned from this year — around 2409 years ago? The device in this production was to keep the play moving, to keep the stage and the stage-business busy, to develop the chorus of birds with birdy pecks, poises and pauses. Good new music, visual effects, tricks and jokes. I know there was 'cloud cuckoo-land' because even I had heard of that in the *Birds*; I still don't know what nearly all the dialogue was about, and that doesn't bother me.

Euripides in English is harder; it's again the same problem as the Parc faces of a cultural translation across a span of millennia: in *Women of Troy*, how to convey a drama from a remote human experience, one that was written as a new play for an audience with a shared frame of values, attitudes and common knowledge, and staged within a set of theatre conventions nearly as remote from us? The Classical gods and goddesses have no parallel in the Judaeo-Christian traditions most of us have grown up in; it is not *natural* for us to find gods only half-way above mortals, involved as other feeling individuals in human events, rather than remote as if on heavenly clouds.

The National production began well. Leo Wringer as Poseidon stretched himself unhumanly tall on stilts, sheathed in cold-fire silver, lit bright from above in shafted light on a grey dull set; soon he clumped away, and Queen Hecuba and the women of the chorus began their tragedy. Athene, played as a travesty part by Robert Pickavance, was also unhumanly tall and sheathed in gold; she stayed on stage throughout, usually to the side, commonly set a little higher, standing with that stillness actors learn, with an arm half-extending or a supervising stance that showed her commanding place over wretched events.



Not Stonehenge. not even Phonehenge. This is Phonecard-henge.

Our material culture, with its endless devising of yet more artefacts, and making them 'essential' for itself, also enjoys looking backwards. Now there are phonecards, a new public surface to make an advertising image, a new class of artefact to collect and to value, and where does one go for a telling image? The past, where else? As usual.

The message is:

'As human beings have dreams, as the spirit encourages the construction of towns, so Kuriharas Yume [Dream] Tronics inspires them.'

The assiduous curators of Devizes Museum, omnivorous in their quest for Stonehenge-iana, somehow came across this one that had travelled half across the world to England. This Stonehenge — often in commercial graphics of Stonehenge not an image from the real thing but a studio model that looks better — is authentic, as best my eye can judge it.

We thank Pamela Colman, Librarian, for the translation and the Museum for the photograph and permission to reprint it.

The archaeological lesson is to see how a considered device or a metaphor can convey an essence of a far-distant original. A simple facsimile of what the original might actually have been does not do that: the drama might be authentic, but the modern audience isn't. A full cultural translation into our own time won't work either, because we *have* no gods of our own into whom Poseidon or Athene can be transformed. The art is in the negotiation, in crossing by language and performance the fragile bridge of shared experience which may be true to the original *and* true to what an audience in 1995 can picture.

Noticeboard

Appointments

Christopher Green, senior manager with British railways, becomes Chief Executive of English Heritage.
Paul Mellars and Stephen Shennan become Trustees of the Antiquity Trust.

We continue to report appointments of professors in archaeology at British universities when we hear of them. There are more professors than there used to be, and we do not always hear of their creation straight away or at all.

At the *Institute of Archaeology, University College, London*: Peter Ucko, moving spirit of the World Archaeological Congress and at present Professor of Archaeology at Southampton, is appointed Director in succession to Professor David Harris, and is to be appointed professor.

Stephen Shennan, mathematical archaeologist of European prehistory, also presently at Southampton, transfers to London, and is also to be appointed professor.

Warwick Bray, archaeologist of north South America, was last year promoted to be Professor of Latin American Archaeology, the first chair of American orientation in Britain.

At *Durham*: Colin Haselgrove, archaeologist of British late prehistory, is promoted to be Professor.

At *Southampton*: Clive Gamble, Palaeolithic wizard, Timothy Champion, archaeologist of the Iron Age, and Stephen Shennan (before he moves to London) are promoted to be Professors.

At *Sheffield*, Kevin Edwards is appointed Professor of Palaeoecology.

Conferences

9–11 November 1995

Representing Archaeology in Museums: Society of Museum Archaeologists Annual Conference. The conference will bring together academics and those working in heritage interpretation to discuss theoretical and practical issues of the representation of the past. Contributions still welcome.

Museum of London, England.

Nick Merriman, *Museum of London, London Wall, London EC2Y 5HN, England.*

9–12 November 1995

Archaeology into the New Millennium: Public or Perish: 28th Annual Chacmool Conference, this year focussing on our role as 'archaeologists in the public realm'. Plenary and banquet addresses and a dozen varied sessions on the theme.

University of Calgary, Canada

Chacmool Conference, Department of Archaeology, 8th Floor Earth Sciences, University of Calgary, 2500 University Drive NW, Calgary, Alberta T2N 1N4, Canada.

6–9 December 1995

Australian Archaeological Association annual conference.

This year, sessions will include: new directions in cultural resource management; repatriation of indigenous non-skeletal remains; and recent research in Queensland, in Australia, and in the Pacific.

Gatton College campus, University of Queensland (near Brisbane), Australia.

Anne Ross, Department of Anthropology & Sociology, University of Queensland, St Lucia 4069, Australia; (61)-7-365-1544 FAX.

2–7 January 1996

Bridging Distances: Recent Approaches to Immigration, Migration, and Ethnic Identity and Forging Partnerships in Outreach and Education: 1996 Society for Historical Archaeology Conference.

Omni Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati (OH), USA.

Kim McBride, Department of Anthropology, 211 Lafferty Hall, University of Kentucky, Lexington KY 40506-0024, USA; KAMCBR00@UKCC.UKY.EDU

15–17 March 1996

Ancient Warfare: Archaeological Perspectives: 3rd CITEE Conference, under the auspices of the Centre for Archaeology of Central and Eastern Europe University of Durham, England.

Anthony Harding, Department of Archaeology, 46 Saddler Street, Durham DH1 3NU, England; (44)-191-374-3619 FAX

1–6 April 1996

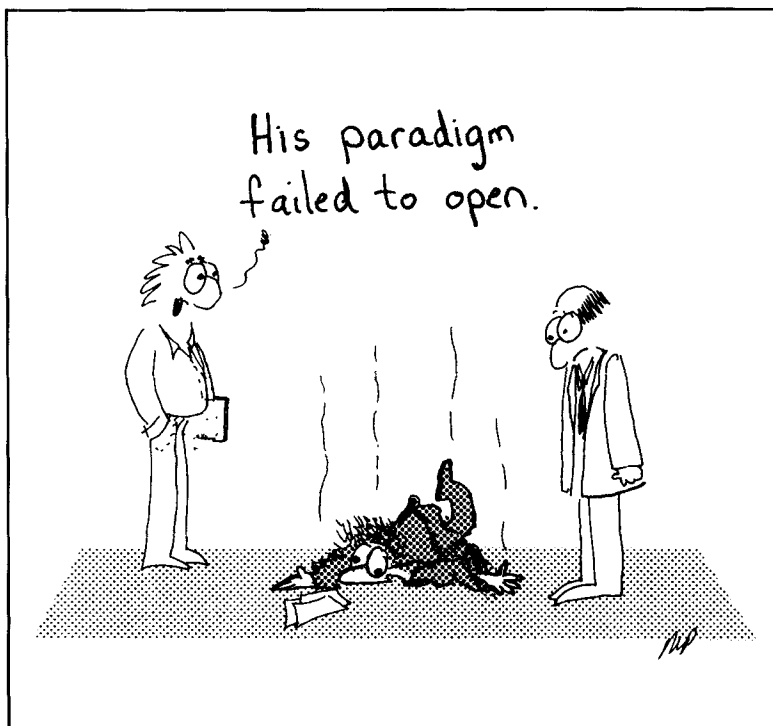
El Neolítico atlántico y los orígenes del Megalitismo — the Atlantic Neolithic and origins of megalith-building
Anton A. Rodríguez Casal, Departamento de Historia I, Facultad de Geografía e Historia, Universidad de Santiago de Compostela, 15703 Santiago de Compostela, Galicia, Spain.

Monica Sjö's illustrations and ANTIQUITY

At the suggestion of the editor (rather than the author), we published in Lynn Meskell's paper, 'Goddesses, Gimbutas and "New Age" archaeology' (ANTIQUITY 69 (March 1995): 74–86), two paintings by Monica Sjö. We sought permission to reproduce them in the usual way but were not able to establish contact with Monica Sjö before that issue was published.

Monica Sjö asks us to make clear she does not approve of their being reproduced in that context, or of what was said about them.

MP



ANTIQUITY: assistant editor

Applications are invited for the part-time post of Assistant editor of *ANTIQUITY*; it falls vacant on 1 January 1996 when the term of the present Assistant editor, Cyprian Broodbank, ends.

The Assistant editor works with the Editor, Christopher Chippindale, on the editorial side of the journal. At present, the Assistant editor is responsible for the entire Review section, writing for each issue the 'Among the New Books' feature, choosing books and journals for review, commissioning review-articles and reviews, and seeing them through the press. This arrangement has worked well, but another division of work is possible. *ANTIQUITY* sees the Assistant Editor as a key member of its small editorial team in building *ANTIQUITY*'s good reputation with speedy, original, perceptive, well-judged and well-written contributions. Our field is the whole world of archaeology, and a wide curiosity is essential.

Both the present and the previous Assistant editor have been young archaeologists, combining the job with a full-time research position or university lectureship. It might equally well suit someone of different profile. The Assistant edi-

tor needs to be in reasonable easy reach of Cambridge, and comfortable with working to rapid schedules.

The appointment will be for a fixed term, probably of three years. The salary, currently £2050, is pegged to the university lecturers' scale; expenses including a modest travel allowance are paid.

Ask for further particulars from, and send applications by **5 September 1995** to, the Editor, Christopher Chippindale, *Antiquity*, 85 Hills Road, Cambridge CB2 1PG, England; phone (0)(1223)516271; FAX (0)(1223)516272; e-mail CC43@CAM.AC.UK. He is available for informal discussion (from early August, when he returns from fieldwork away), and so is the present Assistant editor, Cyprian Broodbank, Institute of Archaeology, 31-34 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PY, England; phone (0)(171) 380-7523; FAX (0)(171)383-2572.

In applying, please send: a curriculum vitae; the names of two referees; examples of your writing; and a brief statement of what skills and qualities you would bring to the post.