

## Editorial

Dr Mary Leakey draws our attention to the fact that our Editorial last July contains 'some totally erroneous statements': and for these we apologize, recognizing our sources as press reports of what Dr Leakey was said to have said in press conferences in America. She writes:

In the note I sent with the photo, I referred to two separate trails of prints (a) the hominid trail which was illustrated, and (b) a cercopithecoid trail which we first thought included knuckle impressions as well as those of the hind feet. Trail (b) has now been further cleaned and we can now recognize as palm prints the impressions we considered to be of knuckles. This trail was probably made by an extinct baboon which occurs in the fossil material. In fact there is now no evidence for any knuckle-walking primate. As regards the hominid trail, there has never been any suggestion by serious workers that this individual was knuckle-walking. It was fully bipedal, although both the footprints and stride length are small by present standards.

We are glad to print this correction of the statements previously published concerning the first sets of hominid and cercopithecoid prints.

1978 has been a bad year for archaeology in the sense that we have lost by death a very large number of friends and colleagues: Gerald Dunning, who was a pioneer of medieval archaeology; John Waechter, who taught palaeolithic archaeology in the Institute of Archaeology in London; Stanley Thomas, a much valued member of the archaeological department at Leicester; Vincent Desborough, who had made such important contributions to Greek archaeology; and Calvin Wells, a modest medical practitioner in Norwich who had established himself as one of the very great authorities in palaeopathology.

In one week in August we learnt of the deaths of Sir Max Mallowan and Dame Kathleen Kenyon. We commented on Max's death in our last issue (*Antiquity*, 1978, 182). He and Dame Kathleen were the British doyens of Middle Eastern

archaeology and, from the point of view of the late seventies, seem to be heroic figures from an archaeological past. Kathleen was always a firm friend of *ANTQUITY*, and of ourself, and her work in England—at Southwark, at Bredon-on-the-Hill, and at Sutton Walls—, at Sabratha in Tripolitania, and at Jericho and Jerusalem, was outstanding testimony to her versatility and excellence. Her detailed and painstaking fieldwork did not prevent the writing of popular books: we remember her *Beginning in archaeology* (1st ed., 1952), *Digging up Jericho* (1957), *Archaeology in the Holy Land* (1960), and *Digging up Jerusalem* (1974). The distinguished daughter of a distinguished father, who was Director of the British Museum, she added to her many achievements the headship of an Oxford House: she was a wise and humane Principal of St Hugh's from 1962 to 1973. *The Times* obituary (25 August 1978) summarizes her life and character in words that cannot be improved upon:

As a personality, Miss Kenyon was a forceful character but was greatly loved by all who worked with her. Her energy, her warmth of heart, her sound scholarship, her cool imagination and her impeccable craftsmanship will long be remembered by a multitude of colleagues and pupils from many parts of the world.

Faith de Morgan Vatcher died in July after a long and distressing illness. She had been Curator of the Alexander Keiller Museum at Avebury since 1960 and had reorganized it in a scholarly and attractive way which delighted and instructed large numbers of visitors. Professor Stuart Piggott, in his obituary notice in *The Times* (24 July 1978), refers to her, very properly, as 'an archaeological excavator of distinction'. He went on to say:

Surmounting an irregular academic background by sheer intelligence and an endearingly indomitable character, Faith Morgan . . . made her name with the publication in 1959 of her first independent work on the very complex Neolithic long barrow at Nutbane

in Hampshire. . . . A happy marriage and the bringing up of a large family did not diminish her fieldwork; she once remarked to me that another baby just meant an extra length of chestnut paling to enlarge the play-pen by the excavation hut.

But although we loved and admired Max Mallowan, Kath Kenyon, Faith Vatcher, and Calvin Wells, our deepest personal sorrow as 1978 comes to an end has been caused by the deaths of Ruidhri de Valera and Luis Pericot Garcia, both close friends and warm aficionados of matters megalithic. The Editor of ANTIQUITY examined Rory Dev, as he was always affectionately called, in 1954, the same morning as we examined for her Ph.D Máire MacDermot (now Máire de Paor): and when the vivas were over the examiners and candidates slowly wove their way via the Shelbourne, The Bailey, and Davy Byrne's, to Jammet's, that great and now dead restaurant in Dublin's fair city. Of that never-to-be-forgotten lunch, Máire and the Editor survive, but Sean ÓRiordáin and Ruidhri are now in the fairy hills, and Irish and Western European archaeology are much the poorer for their deaths. De Valera's thesis was on court cairns and he devoted his life most profitably to the study of Irish megaliths; and, with Sean ÓNualláin, produced the volumes of the *Survey of the Megalithic Tombs of Ireland* which form a basic archive to be set on our megalithic shelves beside van Giffen, the Leisners, and Audrey Henshall. It is sad that de Valera did not live long enough to complete his survey. ÓNualláin and others must finish it in his memory. We remember, through spectacles blurred by tears and Irish mist, our visits with Rory to court cairns and wedge graves, and long days in the Boyne tombs, and arguing into the night at Mrs Macken's in Slane over the eternal problem of Irish megalithic origins.

In the year in which the Editor was born Luis Pericot Garcia entered the University of Barcelona to become the first pupil of Professor Bosch Gimpera. In due course he joined the staff and then, in 1925, was appointed to the Chair of Ancient History in the University of Santiago de Compostella. In 1927 he moved to Valencia; and returned to Barcelona in 1955 where he taught until 1969. His *Los sepulcros megalíticos Catalanes y la Cultura Pirenaica* was a seminal work when it first appeared, and the second edition in 1950 showed him as a master of his subject. We were glad to be able to persuade him to write the book on

*The Balearic Islands* in the 'Ancient Peoples and Places' series, and were sad to see him in failing health at the Nice conference. 'I will not be with you in Mexico in 1981', he told us, and he was right. He was a man of great scholarship and generous friendship. Once, when we were lecturing in Madrid, he telephoned saying that he had to come up from Barcelona the next day for a meeting and would we lunch with him in the Hogar Gallego which we knew was his favourite restaurant, bringing back to him memories of Santiago de Compostella. We met early and he told me how the overnight train brought Galician shell-fish and sea-food fresh to Madrid every day. We ate such platters of sea-food as we have seen before only in Brittany: there was everything, and more—*mejillones* (fortunately we were brought up on a diet of cockles and laverbread); *nécoras*, those delicious orange crabs marked, as some say, with the cross of St James; and, for the first and only time in our life, so far, *percebes*, those strange finger-shaped shell-fish with sheaths of grey leather like elephant skin, found only, we understand, in the rock pools of Galicia. The afternoon wore on and at half-past four we reminded Pericot of his meeting. 'There was no meeting', he said, simply, 'I only came to Madrid to have lunch with you and talk about megaliths.'

But enough of necrology and memories. 1979 may yield an even worse crop of archaeological deaths. Let us remember 1978 for good archaeological things: the discovery in Greece of what may turn out to be the tomb of Philip of Macedon, and the discovery in Germany of what sounds like the richest Celtic grave ever found. We hope to publish accounts of these in later issues. It was also a year of many important archaeological conferences: the International Classical Archaeological Conference in London; the conference at Thera/Santorini reported here (p. 57); the conference in Paris on the organization of archaeology, at which Andrew Saunders, Henry Cleere, and the Editor spoke on behalf of Great Britain; and the first conference on the History of Archaeology: this was held in the University of Aarhus as part of that University's fiftieth anniversary celebrations. It was organized by Professor Klindt-Jensen and the Editor: the contributors were restricted to 30 and the proceedings will be published this year or early in 1980 in a volume entitled *Towards a history of archaeology*; the second conference will be held in

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Cambridge, England, in the autumn of 1980. Meanwhile the Congress of Prehistoric and Protohistoric Sciences has set up a Commission on the History of Archaeology under the Chairmanship of the Editor of *ANTIQUITY*, with Professor Gordon Willey from Harvard as Vice-Chairman and Dr Bo Gräslund from Uppsala as Secretary. The Commission will meet and report to the next Congress in Mexico in 1981.

☞ Stonehenge, or rather access to it and how it should be available to the public at midsummer, continues to be a matter of very general interest and discussion. J. R. Bond writes from Effingham in Surrey (*in lit.*, 8 November 1978): 'I took American friends to Stonehenge on Sunday 17th September. It was a fine day and there were a lot of people there. The bookstall was closed. There were no guide-books for sale. Not one. I did my best as a guide and I hope I managed to relieve the vocally expressed frustration of some of the visitors, who tagged along.' Professor Atkinson writes: 'Your angry correspondent who took a party of Americans to Stonehenge on a Sunday must have struck a particularly unlucky day . . . in my experience there has always been someone on duty on Sundays in the bookstall and the tea-bar.' So there should be, but we imagine that even the guardians of Stonehenge and the Tower of London and Westminster Abbey have occasional labour troubles.

Dr Aubrey Burl writes (*in lit.*, 9 Nov. 1978):

I have just been reading your comments about the state of Stonehenge. Ironically, I went there last month, too late for the barbed wire but just in time to see 'Save the Ponys' red-daubed on the Outer Circle. A cohort of paint-removing workmen added to the general obscurity of the monument which now has to be viewed from an outer periphery where one has the choice of the 'short' or the 'long' walk, the difference in distance being something of the order of a hundred yards (Imperial, not megalithic).

Damage to Stonehenge will persist so long as people are allowed to visit it. Even on a cold, late afternoon in October, with the sun setting, I counted three coaches and 27 cars in the car-park, and that must have represented at least 120 looking at the stones. As nearly all of them will have had two feet a lot of walking was being done and I'm rather doubtful as to whether a shuffling, claustrophobic queue along a series of duckboards is any answer.

Just for amusement, in the way that most archaeo-

logists are somewhat unbalanced, I did some calculations about the effect visitors must have upon Stonehenge. An average of 2,055 people go there each day and if each one of them walked around the central area of the sarsen circle just twice—and most visitors meander much further than that—they would have taken 460,320 paces. This is the equivalent of a man jumping up and down on the spot 62 times daily on each square foot inside the ring, day in, day out, throughout the year—whether the ground was wet or dry. If we look at the spots where a bowler's feet have landed at the end of 10 overs we have a good idea of how the ground is being affected. And cricket pitches are given rest and treatment between matches and a long fallow period during the winter.

This is not to mention the inevitable damage to stones where children climb and where ladies in dagger-like heels teeter on the Altar Stone, and where the more knowledgeable do even more harm by prodding at the axe-carvings, and running fingers around the Mycenaean/British dagger/axe.

Perhaps the most sensible solution would indeed be to increase the entrance fee and create a good long walk to the site, perhaps from the Winterbourne Stoke cross-roads where the visitor could start in a prehistoric context with the prospect of a mile and half ramble across the Plain.

After these interesting comments on Stonehenge, Aubrey Burl goes on to more general issues:

The problem is not at all confined to Stonehenge. How much worse it must be in a confined area like the passageway at New Grange or along the crests of banks like Arbor Low. And sometimes the damage is deliberate. Last year I myself had to prevent some French visitors from removing some stones of the chamber tomb at Callanish! They were quite indignant at my protests but I suspect my French was dreadful enough to restore their good humour and they put back the sideslab they had dragged out of the turf.

Did you know that the south-west quadrant of Avebury has been closed to the public this summer? It is no longer possible to saunter around the top of the bank, tumble into the ditch, or embrace the Barber's Stone. Instead, there is a roped aisle through the field well away from the popular areas where, once again, half a million feet a year were wearing a hollow way round the bank's summit.

We showed Burl's letter to Professor Atkinson and here are some of his comments:

Aubrey Burl is quite right about the erosion of Stonehenge by its visitors; but I don't think myself that the solution is to put the car-park so far away

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that visitors have to walk several kilometres to visit it, in the rain in the winter. And what about the disabled and the aged and infirm?

We know from experience that the grass in the centre will stand no more than 250,000 visitors per annum in normal conditions, and fewer if the summer is particularly dry or the winter particularly wet. The current number of visitors is in excess of 800,000, and in a year or two it will be a million. Given this demand it seems to me quite impracticable to reduce the numbers to one quarter by increasing the price or the distance. The present policy of excluding all but educational parties from the stones themselves is a compromise, certainly, but one which seems to me the only solution in the circumstances. The same goes for the fencing off of Silbury Hill and the south-west quadrant of Avebury, much though I regret both. Somewhere the line has to be drawn between the requirements of preservation of unique monuments and the demand, always increasing, for full public access. In a sense these necessary restrictions are a comment on the part played by ANTIQUITY and by television in the popularization of archaeology.

Before we make our comments may we bring to your attention another piece of correspondence which started when a friend of ours, who took a party of students to Stonehenge, had the same reactions as James Dyer and refused to pay the admission fee to view the monument under such conditions. A letter of sensible protest was sent to the Department of the Environment and the reply is such an unbelievably classic example of bullshit bureaucracy that it must be allowed to sully the clean pages of ANTIQUITY. We quote from the second paragraph dated 30 June 1978:

The Druids have been allowed to perform their Solstice rites at least since just after the First World War. *If they were forbidden entry they would allege religious persecution and force their way in unless physically stopped by the police* [Italics ours—Ed.]. The latter would not welcome the job especially under the eye of the TV cameras. Do you really expect Ministers to agree in these circumstances to stop what has been a traditional event, no matter how dubious the historical connexion? Incidentally we opened the monument to all comers on Solstice Day.

This letter was written by an Assistant Secretary in the Ancient and Historic Monuments Division of the Department of the Environment. If this rubbish really reflects the policy of the Department, where are we? In cloud-cuckoo-land. How

could anyone with even the slightest knowledge of prehistory and antiquity write in such a way? When we re-read those bland phrases 'religious persecution', 'traditional event', 'the eye of the TV cameras', we boil with such rage that the platen of our typewriter is endangered.

If this policy is seriously pursued by the Department of the Environment then surely any religious sect can claim entrance to Stonehenge? Traditions can easily be fabricated, and so we shall find Salisbury Plain at the Summer Solstice full of rival bands—Druids, Moonies, Loonies, Boobies, Straight Trackers, Bent Trackers, Geomantics, Pyramidiots, Atlanteans—the lot. Elizabeth Fowler (*in lit.*, 7 November 1978) says: 'Perhaps the archaeological body as a whole should apply to hold some sort of "rite" at Midwinter, as Robert Newall used to suggest, and force the D of E to the absurdity of their position.' Another idea is to institutionalize the subscriber readership of ANTIQUITY and register ourselves as a religious body: the Backward Looking Curious Brethren? Not to embarrass our friends in the Department of the Environment or get mixed up with bogus Druids and Lunatic Fringers, we might march to Stonehenge at Beltane or Samhain. What a jolly procession it could be, led by Richard Atkinson and Stuart Piggott! During the ceremonies, carefully devised by Professor Piggott from forged manuscripts, the Editor would be happy to play ancient Celtic hymns (including 'Sospan fach') on a portable baroque organ, supported by an orchestra of old musical instruments devised by John Coles, Vincent Megaw and Graham Lawson, with Rupert Bruce-Mitford plucking plaintively at a lyre on the Altar Stone.

The Stonehenge problem is as real as the Lascaux problem and that was solved by banning the public, organizing restricted entry for small accredited groups, building a replica of the cave nearby, and having a special cinema show. It doesn't seem to us that the building of a replica Stonehenge would serve a good purpose. The present Daniel plan has three proposals: 1. Ban all special entry for religious, social and secret societies. 2. Close the monument in perpetuity to the public—that is to say the central important part, but allow accredited parties of scholars in from time to time. 3. Build (perhaps underground?) a cinema and museum. The cinema would show all day a short, detailed documentary film of the site, explaining its origin and construc-

tion. Entrance to the cinema show and the small museum would be part of the admission ticket.

London has benefited this last winter and spring from two wonderful exhibitions: that of material from the burial mounds of Pazyryk in eastern Siberia, and the other of the archaeology of pre-Spanish Colombia. The British Museum's exhibition *Frozen Tombs: Culture and Art of the Ancient Tribes of Siberia* will, alas, be over by the time these words are printed. This dramatic and remarkable exhibition was on loan from the State Hermitage Museum, Leningrad: the Pazyryk tombs were robbed in antiquity but properly excavated in 1929. The finds were preserved by a unique combination of circumstances. Burial pits were dug during the brief summer thaw and the deposits covered by stone cairns. The cairns then created a micro-climate, for they shielded the earth below them from the drying effect of the wind and the sun, and once the ground had refrozen, insulated the burials from subsequent thaws. The contents of the graves were thus permanently refrigerated, so much so that boiling water was a necessary aid to the excavators! It was exciting to see at long last, among other things, the skin of an arm of a prehistoric nomad of the fourth century BC, complete with tattoos. We referred in our last number to the Royal Academy exhibition, *The Gold of El Dorado*, and printed a note by Dr Warwick Bray, with some pictures (ANTIQUITY, 1978, 180-1 and Pls. XXII-XXV). Fortunately this exhibition is open until 18 March, and if this issue of ANTIQUITY gets out on time—our printers are most co-operative, but subject to prevailing delays and industrial problems, as are all organizations in this evil late-twentieth century—we urge everyone to get to Burlington House at once.

While we have been enjoying the Scythians and the ancient Colombians, America has been enjoying two other exhibitions: the treasures of Tutankhamun's tomb, and the treasures of Early Irish Art. We in London and Paris have already seen the Tutankhamun treasures: their installation in the Met in New York prompted Thomas Hoving, who has just retired from the Directorship of that Museum, to investigate the relations of the Met with Carnarvon and Carter, and the dirt he has unearthed (known for a long time to many Egyptologists) has provided material for a book by him to be reviewed in our next issue. The exhibition, *Treasures of Early Irish Art, 1500 BC to*

*1500 AD*, being material from the collections of the National Museum of Ireland, the Royal Irish Academy, and Trinity College, Dublin, was exhibited at the Met, San Francisco, Pittsburgh, Boston and Philadelphia. Reports from those who saw it in New York and Boston suggest that it has been one of the most splendid and moving exhibitions of all time. (Why is it not coming to London, Paris, and Copenhagen?) The catalogue is also an outstanding publication with chapters by Frank Mitchell, Peter Harbison, Liam de Paor, Máire de Paor, and Roger Stalley, and magnificent photographs mainly by Lee Boltin. It is a collector's piece, and we hope that the Royal Irish Academy or some enterprising publisher will keep it in print.

Piltdown has reared its ugly but fascinating head again, and Kenneth Oakley reminds us that as we write these words in late November, it is 25 years since the great debunking. We have been beset for years with old men who said they knew the truth about Piltdown but would not tell because of loyalty to a friend; but all would appear in their memoirs. Now, just before his death at the age of 93, Professor J. A. Douglas, who held the Chair of Geology at Oxford from 1937 to 1950, made a tape-recording saying that the hoaxer was his predecessor in the Oxford Chair, namely W. J. Sollas. This death-bed tape-recording was played at a symposium in Reading and published in *Nature* for 2 November 1978, and was, naturally, sensationalized by the press. It actually contained little that Douglas had not said before, was full of errors, and has added nothing to the Piltdown saga except to underline the fact that old men's memories sometimes fail them. Kenneth Oakley and Joe Weiner have dealt quickly and efficiently with the statements by Douglas and shown that Sollas was not the hoaxer.

As we go to press we have learnt with great sadness of the death of Geoffrey Bushnell. A personal friend, he had been a colleague of ours in Cambridge for many years. He was an Advisory Editor of ANTIQUITY and a Director of Antiquity Publications Ltd: we always valued his wise advice and his careful judgements. He was, in this country, the doyen of British studies in American archaeology. Both British and American archaeology are the poorer for his death.