

Antiquity

Vol. XLII No. 166

JUNE 1968

Editorial

ANTIQUITY sends its warmest and most sincere congratulations to Dorothy Garrod, Professor Emerita of Archaeology in the University of Cambridge, on the award to her of the Gold Medal of the Society of Antiquaries of London. The medal was presented to her at the Anniversary Meeting on 23rd April this year. Her citation needs no repetition here: the facts of her distinguished career as a professional and amateur archaeologist are well known. But perhaps it may come as a surprise to many to realize that this is the first time that the Society of Antiquaries of London has awarded its Gold Medal to a woman. In 1959 that Society, thought by many to be the seat of the highest establishmentarianism in British archaeology, elected its first woman President, Dr Joan Evans, half-sister of a former President, Sir Arthur Evans (1851–1941), and daughter of a former President, Sir John Evans (1823–1908). It is a curiously appropriate coincidence that the award of the Gold Medal to Miss Garrod comes in this year when we are celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the enfranchisement of women in Great Britain.

Archaeology has developed a great deal in a wide variety of ways since Dean Buckland thought he had found the Red Lady of Paviland, and since his pupil Charles Lyell saw women forbidden to attend his lectures because of the unsettling effect of his new geological theories. It is nearly a hundred years since Parker in Oxford said, 'Architecture or Archaeology is now part of the course of study in the education of young ladies, and I have frequently observed

in society that to find out whether a young lady knows anything of Archaeology or not is a test whether she has been highly educated or not. The daughters of our higher nobility, who have generally had the best education that can be obtained, are almost always well acquainted with Archaeology. Some of my most favourite pupils have been young ladies of this class, our future Duchesses or Countesses.'

The Society of Antiquaries took a long time to admit members who were women in the technical Olympic Games sense: I am reminded by Dr Joan Evans that in 1803 Edward Balme wrote to Kerrich about the Society in these terms, 'The world calls us old women; if we have some of their more innocent qualifications, we can quarrel too like them.'

But there were no women Fellows of the Society of Antiquaries, Duchesses, Countesses, old, innocent or quarrelsome, until 1920. Sir Martin Conway in 1920 raised the question whether the Sex Disqualification (Removal) Act was not relevant to the Society of Antiquaries: it was a member of the committee who wrote to Conway, 'I urged the wisdom of electing one or two competent women as soon as possible. This will be some justification for rejecting unqualified women later on (we are bound to have them trying it on) and would be an answer to any charge that we are doing nothing. . . . My suggestion was pooh-pooed by some of the rather fossilized members then present.'

On 25th February 1920 six ladies were chosen for nomination *honoris causa*: Mrs Eugenie Strong, Mrs Ella Armitage, Miss Gertrude

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Lowthian Bell, Miss Nina Frances Layard, Miss Rose Graham, and Miss Maud Sellers. The first women elected in the ordinary way were Mrs Reginald Lane Poole on 4th February 1926 and Mrs Mortimer Wheeler on 1st March 1927. Dr Joan Evans in one of those splendid footnotes in her *History of the Society of Antiquaries*—a mine of information about the development of British archaeology in which we all quarry constantly—says, without comment, 'A woman candidate was blackballed in Nov. 1920 and another in Mar. 1930.' Names please, and no pack-drill.

Miss Rose Graham was elected to the Council of the Antiquaries in 1927. A quick look through the current list of Fellows suggests that there are now about 140 ladies who are Fellows of the Society. The Gold Medal was instituted in the thirties and the first recipient was Sir Arthur Evans: by now there have been 21 recipients, 8 of them outside the country. Of them 6 are still alive—Sir Mortimer Wheeler, Dr van Giffen, Claude Schaeffer, H. J. Plenderleith, Carl Blegen, and Dorothy Garrod. Long may it be so. What a pity J. P. Droop is not here to comment on women archaeologists, the man who said in his *Archaeological Excavation* (1915): 'I have never seen a trained lady excavator at work. . . . Of a mixed dig however I have seen something and it is an experiment that I would be reluctant to try again; I would grant if need be that women are admirably fitted for the work, yet I would uphold that they should undertake it by themselves.'

Dorothy Garrod, together with Gertrude Bell, Winifred Lamb, Tessa Wheeler, Gertrude Caton-Thompson, Kathleen Kenyon, Suzanne de Saint-Mathurin, Germaine Henri-Martin, Elsie Clifford, Kitty Richardson—to mention only a few of the many names in the not-monstrous regiment, showed how wrongheaded Droop was. Miss Garrod, who among her many other activities at the moment, is editing a prehistory of France, was the only English member of the famous Glözel commission in 1927. She recently recorded for the BBC an interview with the Editor of *ANTIQUITY* in which she gave an account of those strange doings in the twenties. This interview will be broadcast in

the BBC-2 *Chronicle* programme later this summer, and *ANTIQUITY* will print in the September number a monitored version of what she said about this most intriguing problem.

As we write, a letter arrives from one of our most intrepid archaeological travellers. She writes:

Not only did the RAF lend me essential equipment but two carloads of chaps came up one weekend to help me investigate a long cairn, one of seven we'd found near the entrance to a wadi. Unfortunately, although I had a letter of authorization from the Ruler and had dragged his Secretary out to view the cairn and present the letter to the tribal leader, I had reckoned without the occupants of the nearest hut. No sooner had we started a modest trial cut than out rushed a tribesman waving a rifle. I calmed him down and sent him off to see his leader and, thinking all was well, started work again, only to have two females emerge screaming at us. I couldn't risk getting the RAF involved so sent them off to picnic and simply sat on the cairn hurling invective back at the women which at least relieved emotions on both sides. In the end things were straightened out by employing the owner as our guard until he fell asleep! But it meant that valuable time was lost and I was able only to clear part of the entrance, uncovering bones and one small—and to me—undatable pot. Further work with the RAF had to be abandoned when a petty tribal war broke out in the territory which was then put out of bounds to them.

But not apparently out of bounds to the writer of that vivid passage, Miss Beatrice de Cardi, who seems to have carried out her reconnaissance, undeterred by screaming women and tribal wars, with the same aplomb and efficiency as she practises in London as Secretary of the Council for British Archaeology. She has promised us a short note on the results of her work which we will print in *ANTIQUITY* later this year or early in 1969.



We record with great regret the death of Dr Eusebio Dávalos in Mexico City in January of this year. He graduated from the Escuela Nacional de Antropología e Historia and was in fact the first student to get his degree from that

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institution. He was a physical anthropologist and lectured on that subject in his former school. He was made Director-General of the Instituto Nacional de Antropología e Historia, and held that post until his death. During his tenure of office he built, as part of the Institute, the new National Museum of Anthropology which we have already discussed recently in this journal (ANTIQUITY, 1967, 1). His last work, to be published posthumously, is *Temas de Antropología Física*, a collection of short essays. His successor is Dr Ignacio Bernal, until recently Director of the National Museum of Anthropology in Mexico, and well known to readers of ANTIQUITY, and we wish him well in his new and very responsible appointment.



The Irish have been having their troubles with the display of their antiquities, and particularly about the removal of antiquities from their proper sites to Dublin. This has all been triggered off by the 1967 ROSC exhibition which the Editor of ANTIQUITY was not allowed to go and see because the Irish authorities thought his appearance in Dublin to speak to various reputable authorities like Trinity College Dublin and University College Dublin (though they do not seem able to agree to their joint and joining reputabilities) might spread foot-and-mouth disease among Irish archaeologists. So we rely on a highly respectable colleague, unafflicted with these diseases, to tell us the truth of the ROSC affair. He begins by asking us to read the following extraordinary words taken from the extraordinary speech made by Mr C. J. Haughey, the Irish Minister for Finance, when he opened the ROSC Exhibition of modern paintings at Ballsbridge in Dublin on 12th November 1967.

It is often forgotten that this country [Ireland] has a very strong sculptural-decorative heritage . . . such mighty and primitive works as the great portal stone at Newgrange . . . the Turoe Stone . . . the great scripture crosses. . .

It is important to approach this tradition correctly, that is as an artistic one. The heritage of the past does not belong to the archaeologists but to the community. The community permits

the archaeologist special access to its monuments so that he may study them in the interests of the contribution he can make to human knowledge, but this licence should not be mistaken for some sort of proprietorial right.

I believe that as many people as possible should see the evidence of our past. . . . The ordinary citizen cannot hope to travel to a variety of individual and sometimes difficult locations. . . .

There is one sentence in this speech that should be noted with care. It is this: 'The heritage of the past does not belong to the archaeologists but to the community.' How could any sensible person, and most of all a responsible Minister, be so confused? The heritage of the past is by definition the heritage of all of us. Stonehenge, Silbury Hill, Barclodiy y Gawres, Gavrinis, Newgrange, Mycenae—all belong to me, because they are my heritage as a person, as an Ancient Briton, and as a modern inhabitant of the *Prettanikoi Nesoi* that are now called Great Britain and Ireland. Newgrange and the Turoe Stone are no more my special heritage because I am a professional archaeologist. All the past belongs to me and is me and should be whatever I am professionally, dirt-archaeologist or dustman, tax-collector or carbon-14 operator.

Mr Haughey is the Irish Minister responsible for the care and maintenance of ancient monuments, and it is therefore not surprising to learn of the disquiet of our Irish colleagues. Indeed, if the Minister's words are a reflexion of Irish Governmental thinking, then something very, very odd and bad is happening in Ireland. Is the ancient Irish heritage to become the plaything of persons who do not understand its significance for Ireland and for Europe as a whole, and who think, like evil men did before them on the continent of Europe, that the heritage of the past can be manipulated by politicians for political purposes? Our correspondent writes:

The ROSC Exhibition was thought up by architect Michael Scott, member of the Irish Arts Council. A jury of three was appointed to select 150 modern paintings, none of which could be more than four years old and all of them to come from outside Ireland. The exhibition was held at the Royal Dublin Society's buildings from 12th November 1967 to 9th January 1968.

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The three-man jury, J. J. Sweeney (Houston, Texas), Willem Sandberg (Jerusalem, Israel) and Professor J. Leymarie (Geneva, Switzerland), as well as selecting the pictures, proposed that there should be exhibited in the same hall, a selection of ancient objects dating up to the 12th century AD, drawn from the museums and from field monuments 'in order to exemplify the close relationship between the art of the past and that of today', in the words of Michael Scott in his preface to the ROSC exhibition catalogue.

The National Museum decided that for security reasons, it could not allow the objects required (among them the Ardagh Chalice, Tara Brooch, some of the finest pieces of the gold of the Bronze and Iron Ages) to be displayed at Ballsbridge and the ROSC Committee set up this part of their exhibition in the central court of the National Museum in a department-store type of display—'pure Macys', as someone said to me—which did nothing for the objects. Indeed they were all rather dwarfed by the great height of the white nylon tent within which they were displayed in perspex boxes on black bases. In this setting, even the glitter was taken out of the gold!

Only at the last moment did it become known to the National Monuments Advisory Council that the ROSC Committee had asked for a collection of sculptured field monuments to be brought to Ballsbridge too. These included, amongst other items, the entrance stone at Newgrange, the Turoe Stone, the Moone High Cross and the Carndonagh Cross. When asked for its views on the movement of these objects to Dublin, the NMAC firmly rejected the proposal on the ground that it was scientifically wrong to move monuments out of their original sites except where the better preservation of the monuments demanded it; to move them for a purpose such as that proposed by ROSC was to place unique monuments at grave and needless risk since photos and casts could be used just as well; and that a precedent would be created which would make it difficult to refuse similar requests in the future. The Commissioners for Public Works, the Parliamentary Secretary under whom they work, and the Minister for Finance himself, rejected this advice of the NMAC, and there then followed a campaign hotly waged in the daily press, on radio and on TV to prevent the monuments from being brought to Dublin. It fell to Professor M. J. O'Kelly, Chairman of the NMAC and excavator of Newgrange, to carry the main burthen of the battle.

In the event, the Newgrange entrance stone, a stone from the kerb at Knowth, and the Carndonagh and Moone crosses were not moved, but the Turoe Stone was brought to Dublin. When it was being moved into its place in the exhibition, the lifting-gear snapped and the stone crashed to the ground, rolled over and very narrowly missed being seriously damaged. It is to be hoped that the Minister and his servants and the Irish Government have learnt by now that ancient monuments of European interest are not interesting and artistic objects to be trundled about to exhibitions.

It is unlikely that the scandals involved in the ROSC affair could have happened in England, France or Denmark, countries that may fairly be described as archaeologically mature. But the oddest things do happen even in those countries and the confusions, contradictions and gross displays of shameful ignorance which have resulted in the cancellation, as part of the Edinburgh Festival, of the proposed exhibition of Celtic Art, are a warning that it is not only Ministers in Ireland who have not the faintest idea of what a national heritage is and how it should be preserved and displayed. ANTIQUITY still hopes that one day somebody will organize a national exhibition of Celtic Art, starting in London and travelling around the countries that are now part of the *Prettanikoi Nesoi*. It could bring our Ancient British heritage back to all of us; and it could be a financial success—the ANTIQUITY Board Room is longing to serve *champari* in replicas of the Trawsfynydd tankard.



The Guardian (20th March 1968) has picked up our comments (ANTIQUITY, 1968, 2) on the British Museum cats, and in a note entitled 'The quiet siege under the British Museum', Keith Harper tells us of an interview he has had with Mr Mike Chester, an RSPCA clinic manager, who describes himself as the 'proverbial pussyman'. Apparently Mr Chester has for years been trying to keep down the British Museum basement cats to a reasonable number. 'Every so often we have a blitz', he says, 'and put down wire cages, but the cats get wise about this after a while. They're very cagey, you know.'

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Apparently the kittens have become immune to cages. Mr Chester has managed to reduce the number of the British Museum's basement cats to under 100. The Museum authorities insist that the cats never escape from the basements, but one wonders whether these clever, cagey pussies do not wander around the Museum at night, particularly in the Egyptian galleries. The RSPCA say that the cats 'while not exactly browsing among the literature, certainly know how to look after themselves', and Mr Chester is extremely keen to catch a lop-eared tabby which has been giving him the slip for the past two years. He tells us that the Tate Gallery has also a wild-cat problem and that there are hordes of wild cats in Paddington, Victoria and Hampstead, while the Royal Automobile Club has a special breed of tabby which, he says, 'lives among the hot pipes in the basement in temperatures in which you or I couldn't survive'. This is all very fascinating and strange. And a word of advice to that lop-eared tabby in the BM: pray to Bastet whenever you are walking at night in the Egyptian galleries.



Our comments on race, gypsies and the Race Relations Board received unusually wide publicity in *The Times*, *The New Scientist* and elsewhere, and Mr Mark Bonham Carter, Chairman of the Race Relations Board, writes to us as follows:

First, we have never said that gypsies are a race, despite one or two inaccurate press reports to the contrary. Like you, we believe, and we have received legal advice to that effect, that they constitute an ethnic group, and as such come within the 1965 Race Relations Act if they are found to have been discriminated against in certain places of public resort. Section I (i) of the Act makes it 'unlawful to practise discrimination on the ground of colour, race or *ethnic* or national origins'.

Second, you imply that the Race Relations Board regards a complaint of discrimination by a gypsy in, for example, a public house, as valid, even if the publican claims that he refused the complainant entry or service on the grounds of smell. I, in my turn, could well say 'What nonsense!' We have always been quite clear that a

publican has every right to refuse a prospective customer entry if he is not in a fit state to be received. Indeed, in our pamphlet, *Discrimination and You*, which describes how the 1965 Act works, we specifically state that a publican 'may refuse entry or service on *any grounds* except a person's colour, race, or ethnic or national origins. . . .' Could anything be clearer than that?

In replying to the Chairman of the Race Relations Board, the Editor said that his letter tells the world of archaeology two very interesting things:

The first is that, contrary to its name, the Race Relations Board is in fact a Minorities Protection Board and deals with discrimination on the grounds of ethnic and national origins as well as on grounds of race. I think the archaeological and anthropological world will be very interested and amused to read Section I (i) of the Act, which seems to suggest that colour and race are separate things. How very badly this Act was drafted.

But I think what will amuse people most of all is your sentence that you have received legal advice to the effect that the gypsies are not a race but an ethnic group, and here it would appear that you have missed the whole point of the editorial comments in *ANTIQUITY*. It seems to me so sad that responsible people like yourself should still think that the definition of what a race is, or what the gypsies are, is a matter of law, and the whole point of our Editorial, which *The Times* and many other journals took up, was that these matters of race and ethnic groups are outside the competence of English law. It is archaeologists and anthropologists who can tell you the answer to these questions, and it is perfectly clear to me that if the Race Relations Board is going to seek for legal advice on matters of race, ethnology, archaeology and anthropology, they are going to get nowhere.



ANTIQUITY is very grateful to the Heads of the British Schools abroad and the Egypt Exploration Fund who have, for the last five years, supplied summaries of their work. We print in this number 'British Archaeology Abroad, 1967': it contains contributions from two Directors of Schools who are leaving their jobs. Mr A. H. S. Megaw and Mr Michael Gough are giving up their posts in Athens and

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Ankara this year. Mr Megaw is going to continue his researches in Cyprus: Mr Gough goes this September to the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton for a year's research and then takes up a new appointment at Toronto as Professor of Early Christian Studies, a post which will allow him to carry out his archaeological work in Turkey every summer. The new Director of the British School at Athens is Peter Fraser, Fellow of All Souls College, and Reader in Archaeology in the University of Oxford. He has been appointed for three years and will keep during this period his Oxford appointments. We wonder whether this is a pointer to the way in which our British Schools abroad should be run in future? Would it not be better for the individual, and for scholarship, if our Directorships were held concurrently with other appointments in England? Perhaps this would not work in Rome and Ankara but elsewhere it might work. There was a moment when something like this seemed to be happening in Iraq when Mr David Oates was combining his Fellowship and Directorship of Studies in Trinity College, Cambridge, with his acting Directorship of the British School in Iraq. These suggestions are worth considering and it is worth looking carefully at the organization of the German Archaeological Institutes, where, if we understand the system aright, Directors are posted from school to school like cultural attachés; and for that matter what are the Directors of our Schools Abroad other than extra-special and scholarly cultural attachés?



It is now too late to protest at the repeated desecration of Stonehenge. Professor Atkinson as Secretary of the Council for British Archaeology wrote cogently on the subject in *The Times* (26th February 1968) and the matter has been discussed in the House of Lords. Two further points need making. First, Stonehenge is the only site, probably, of all those in the Minister's ownership or guardianship which makes a substantial profit. It now has over 400,000 visitors a year who must produce a gross revenue, in admission fees, of at least £15,000 per annum, and possibly more. The

cost of normal upkeep is confined very largely to the wages of the custodians which can hardly exceed £3,500 per annum. It might be hazarded that the takings since the restoration in 1958 have been sufficient to pay for that—we estimate it cost about £10,000—and the further work in 1959, '63, and '64, and indeed for the subterranean lavatories now under construction. The provision of one or two night watchmen could be easily met from the income provided by entrance fees.

The National Trust, who own all the surrounding land, have long been pressing for the enlargement of the Stonehenge enclosure, so that a real security fence could be erected at a distance from the monument sufficient to render it unobtrusive. This would have involved suppressing the stretch of road which runs immediately north of the site, from Amesbury to Devizes, and the linking of that road with the Amesbury-Wincanton road by a new road to the west of Stonehenge, on the perimeter of the circle of 400 yds. radius within which building is restricted by covenant. This is perhaps now no more than a dream, yet its cost would have been a flea-bite in comparison with the cost of the vast new bypass for Amesbury, now under construction. Why do we allow a pack of barbarians to occupy positions of importance in the government and administration of Britain and Ireland, so that roads can be driven through Durrington Walls, Stonehenge is not properly looked after, and antiquities are twitched about to the whim of directors of art exhibitions? John Lubbock, you should be living at this hour, and speaking at Westminster.

It is a hundred years since John Lubbock was Chairman of the Meeting of the International Congress of Prehistoric Archaeology at Norwich. We have just been re-reading his *Origin of Civilization*. It is full of wise sayings like this one: 'Science is still regarded by many excellent but narrow-minded persons as hostile to religious truth, while in fact she is only opposed to religious error.' Sir Arthur Keith wrote of Lubbock that 'he took the utmost pains to make his meaning clear . . . he believed and he also proved, that it is possible to set forth a scientific problem, of a new kind and founded on technical

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evidence, in such a way that the public itself may become a jury and give the just verdict. Science, he held, was for public as well as laboratory consumption.' We pride ourselves, today, that we are good at *vulgarisation*, but are we? The message does not seem to get through easily, to the right people. We have recently attended meetings, one of them in the Ministry of Education and Science, in which responsible Government officials (not of that Ministry) revealed a woeful ignorance of the name and nature of archaeology.

But slowly, gradually, the relentlessly repeated changing tides bring that change which no winds can blow. The Council for British Archaeology is successfully campaigning for the revision of the procedure of Treasure Trove and the rest of it. What we need in Britain is an Antiquities Statute, such as so many countries have, including the Republic of Ireland, Northern Ireland, and the Isle of Man. Such a statute could also deal with the problem of the export of British antiquities, which are now finding a cosy market in North and South America. It would be sad to see a corner in palstaves and lunulae in Texas.



We yield to no one in our admiration of Tom Lethbridge, and among our earliest and most vivid memories of undergraduate days at Cambridge are those of Sundays in the field with him at places with improbable names like Helions Bumpstead, and occasions when Dr Palmer of Linton introduced us to his famous mixture of cyder and beer in showers of foam and broken glass. T. C. Lethbridge stands, as he has always done, firmly on that narrow line which delimits the lunatic fringe of archaeology from established orthodoxy and he has often written to the benefit of both sides. His last book, *A Step in the Dark*, is difficult to place and this will be readily appreciated when we read in

his preface that his book 'is simply the result of experimenting with a little ball on a length of thread and the subsequent employment of a pencil, a pair of compasses and a ruler to plot the tabulated results on paper'. He thinks the Kensington Stone may be genuine and that Frank Glynn has found the effigy of a British knight in New England a century older than the voyages of Columbus. Lethbridge hits out at those who disbelieved, as we do, that he had found on the hill outside the Iron Age hillfort at Wandlebury a large figure of a giantess and her horse. We quote his credo:

But it is not worth the trouble to get too deeply involved in the dogmatic intrigues of people who make their living by posing to the public as specialists. . . . So I left the subject, knowing well enough that sooner or later it would have to be reopened, when the professors had either retired, or were in their graves. . . . Archaeology is far less reliable than history, and everybody knows that the inferences drawn from history are subject to the whims of the historian. . . . Archaeology was not a big enough subject to occupy one's whole life. It was very interesting; but it was trivial. An archaeologist was simply a species of public entertainer. Nothing is ever complete in archaeology, unless it is some small solid object. Little can ever be proved. The more some professor boasts of his knowledge, the less likely it is to survive the passage of the years. . . . Yes, archaeological study is a good background for parapsychology.

As we write these words the D.F.D.S. *Winston Churchill* is sailing away from Harwich to take us to be a visiting Professor of Archaeology at Aarhus, not yet in our grave, no small solid objects in our baggage, and not professing to be a public entertainer or a specialist. But what about our parapsychology? A sauna bath, some Aalborg aquavit and a plate of shrimps should help, but I wonder has anyone on this comfortable boat a little ball and a length of thread so that we may take a step out of the dark?