Editorial

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

The 6th of June this year marked the 50th anniversary of D-Day, when Allied forces made the amphibious landing on the Normandy coast that was the beginning of the end of the Second World War in western Europe. Along the beaches around Arromanches, there are still things to see from the conflict. At Arromanches itself the open promenade of the sea-front is still enclosed by the great long blocks of the Mulberry Harbour, the half-circle of hollow concrete pontoons that were cast in England, towed across the Channel and sunk into position to make a temporary protection for ships against storm-waves. At low tide, their sheltering strength is evident. There has been no sweeping them away, as obstructing eyesores; and with D-Day now become a distant history, they will not be interfered with. Immense chunks of concrete with steel reinforcement, made in a hurry and perhaps not of the best-controlled composition, then dumped in the salty tidal zone for half a century — they are quite impossible actively to conserve. Like the stones of Stonehenge in another century, they have been saved by their own weight and worthlessness. The same goes for the planned defences — the *Blockhäuser*, the *casernes* and the well-engineered mule-tracks — one can still trace in those mountainous tracts where tense European frontiers followed an Alpine crest:

Pontoons of the Mulberry Harbour run out into the English Channel from the beach at Arromanches, where they have lain 50 years.

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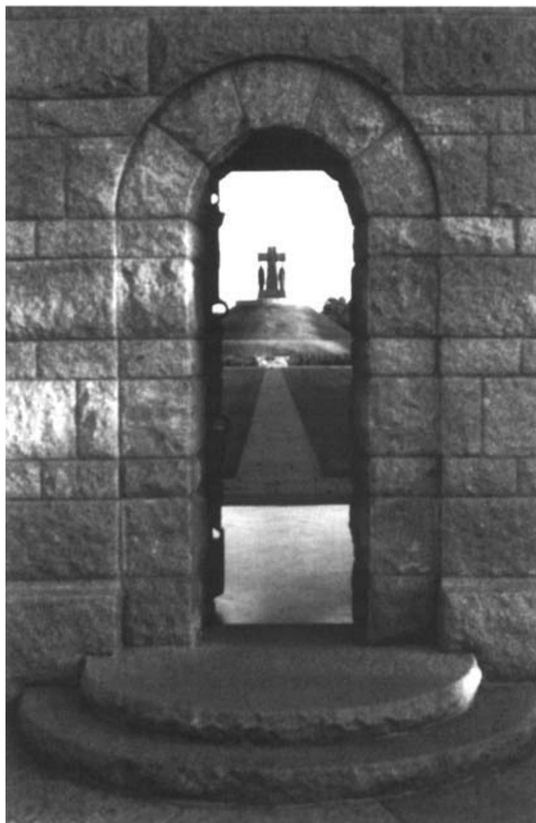

German military cemetery of the Normandy campaign: low dark crosses, a central memorial caught by the evening sun, the whole behind a granite wall with a narrow round-arched doorway.

the better metal went for scrap years ago, the rest just sits there.

Fifty years, in many countries the arbitrary age at which the material present becomes the archaeological past, now places the historic monuments of the Second World War into the domain of archaeology.

Normandy was a mobile campaign, and it is the fixed fortifications of a static campaign like the First World War which leave a more visible landscape. In England there are still some of the once-ubiquitous Second World War pill-boxes, concrete gun emplacements from which a defensive resistance would have been fought; an excellent book* a few years ago drew attention to them, and a classic system of pill-box defences in the Ludgershall area of Hampshire was then scheduled for preservation. General Eisenhower's HQ for the Normandy landings was a temporary affair; *British Archaeological News* (June) reports it as having been a tented encampment, exact location secret at the time, which has been traced in Sawyer's Wood, north of Portsmouth. Eisenhower was at this 'Sharpener' camp just 10 days, 2–12 June 1944. Fragments of concrete (from the platforms the tents stood on?) and barbed wire, disturbed by a later tree plantation, seem to be what is now left.

Single working examples, or at most a precious handful, of the characteristic artefacts of the mobile war — the Liberty Ships, the Mosquitoes and Flying Fortresses — cannot evoke war in the mass with its mass of objects; and it is the number and mass of objects that make one aware of the material differences of 20th-century warfare. On the morning of the D-Day commemoration, we watched from the West Kennet long barrow — itself a burial-place and cenotaph of Neolithic warriors? — as there flew low on the skyline flight upon flight of contemporary military planes that ran in a ragged skein from horizon to horizon. They were flying, I guess, from a Gloucestershire air-force base down to the commemorations at Portsmouth, and stood for modern war in the mass as a single proud and authentic Spitfire would not.

That is why the Mulberry Harbour, and the great scale of the thing, is important; it is the enduring sign, and for us becomes the emblem, of the labour, the risk, the sacrifice, the sheer quantity of *stuff* that was brought in across the open beaches. (And therefore whether the Mulberry was an efficient military investment is not at all the point.) So for Normandy, it makes the equivalent of the great set-piece fortifications of the previous Great War's Western Front, most famously at Verdun, and running right down the chalk-lands of Flanders where the knowledgeable can visit many places still marked with the earthworks of trench warfare. In the United States, the buildings of the Manhattan atomic-bomb project are also crossing the 50-year line to become defined history, and rightly being given serious attention. But what memorial, short of a whole scorched and exploded city, can stand for the scale of atomic war? Even in a test in the Nevada desert, the monster will vaporize whatever spindly towers might have supported it and its instruments.

* HENRY WILLS. *Pill-boxes: a study of UK defences 1940.* 1985. London: Leo Cooper/Secker & Warburg.

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So for Normandy, as those personal memories as are still with the old generation are lost, in their place we have more the planned memorials and the cemeteries. Each nation's remembrances have their national characters and their quirks. The eternal insistence of American bureaucracy that every one of us should have a middle initial as well as first and last name is evident in every non-conforming individual on the celebrated US memorial at Omaha Beach. The German cemeteries I have seen — enclosed and more shut in with their dark evergreens — have a sober shadow all their own.

These are the responses of a middle-aged Englishman, whose father fought in that second European war of his century, whose grandfather fought in that first European war of this same century, and who is himself inclined to dwell on the end of things. A different view is taken by the two middle-aged Scotswomen, heroines of Janice Galloway's new novel *Foreign parts** who lose patience with the maudlin martial museums on their Normandy tour: 'I say to hell with military hardware this time. To hell with the complicity of watching tanks and bloody guns and helmets with bullet holes in. To hell with the memorabilia of men knocking lumps out of each other.'

☙ Previous centuries have been able to leave to the future decisions about the survival of those monuments by which their achievements will be commemorated and they themselves judged. Accidental survival has produced our heritage. But our century is too urgent: by the time time has decided, those masterpieces by which we should, and would like to, be remembered will already have been swept away. So should we try to preserve now, by early and conscious choice, not merely that which we want to survive but that by which we would like our achievement, our culture, to be represented to posterity? The architectural preservation lobby has long done precisely this, but an archaeological perspective might well urge greater eclecticism — a representative sample, maybe, but over a wider range of activity than building. In any case, is the future's heritage only to consist of bits we are proud of now?

Many a British city centre, for example, is still marked (marred?) by an 'Arndale Centre'. As civic constructions, their wretched and mean-spirited ugliness reasonably represents important facets of what and how people thought a generation ago. The preservation of 'significant', 'great' or 'important' examples of post-War architecture is now very much on the conservation agenda — at least two exhibitions have been circulating in England on this topic during 1993–4; but, in the interests of a more accurate material record of a recent past, should we not also preserve an 'Arndale' in at least one blighted place? If so, I would nominate the Merrion Centre in Leeds, where I grew up; through some curious mis-chance of the wind currents as air was diverted round the concrete slabs, it was a wind-blown nastiness of blowing dust and scurrying scraps of paper, already in my childhood — though nearly new — turning shabby.

In London my first priority for preservation must be Paternoster Square, a concrete-modular warren on the north side of St Paul's Cathedral which has become the standard example of all that was wrong with the era. Again, it is the physical fact of what we did— like it now or not — and less horrid maybe than the routine damnation declares. And I am unconvinced that the giant and self-important classical composition that has been dreamed up to take its place would be either a better building or more sympathetic to Christopher Wren's English Palladian cathedral.

Another candidate would be the Museum of London, that large lump of concrete (by Powell & Moya, about 1972) perched above an enclosed roundabout, teasingly out of reach until you can calculate, like a climber stuck below an impossible slab, a sideways route up to it on the concrete walkways. (But I do not myself have to live or work in any of the monsters.)

Of the genre, Cambridge's monstrous example is Sir James Stirling's building for the university's history library and Faculty. Here is an amazing span of industrial glazing angled between two slabs faced in hard red Accrington brick, built 1965–8. Nikolaus Pevsner called it 'actively ugly — not ugly in the vociferous way of the brutalists, yet ugly more basically by avoiding anything that might attract'. It did not seem to function well: the glass span leaked; the library under it was hot in summer and cold in winter; the teaching rooms were wretched places to teach. When the building mainte-

* London: Jonathan Cape. 1994.

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nance people figured out the cost of fixing the leaks and keeping the thing up, it seemed the university might spend only a little more if it demolished and tried again. But should a university destroy a building by a great recent architect — one who built little in his native Britain? Can a building which does not work be good or even great architecture? But does that matter in the last resort? The material record of history should not consist only of successes; representativity demands a failure here and there. But whatever our decisions, we skew the archaeological record, knowingly or not; and even when not, neither innocence nor inertia necessarily validate its worth.

☙ The D-Day anniversary was marked in Britain by uncertainty: was it to be a commemoration or a celebration? its mood sombre or light-hearted? The Government tried to judge this in its plans, and backed off when the grumbles sounded loud. Should it be for the Allies alone, or also for the Axis power of Germany, against which the War was fought? These are uncomfortable issues at a time when — as is customary in a time of uncertainty — Europeans are inclined to look to the past. Archaeology has benefitted from the retro mood, alongside that ever-growing portion of our buildings, our artefacts, our by-gones and junk, which is being seen as heritage. If history is just the old things that happened to happen, then heritage is the old things which we can own, possess and claim for our own. While the amount of European archaeology being done rises, and perhaps rises fast, a smaller proportion of it is being done in a research context; and the signs multiply of an archaeology that is a now-necessary chore required by the planner or the developer, a less essential obligation than finding out just where the drainage goes, but not much different in the spirit in which it is done. How many of the large research questions being opened up by the several English units as they fulfil their salvage contracts are then taken up as research subjects by their neighbouring universities? And how many of the questions will not even be known about because a developer will prefer, and require by contract, that the archaeological discoveries are to be treated as confidential commercial information, to be published only in a limited way, or not until several years later?

Bert Voorrips, researcher at the IPP in Amsterdam — a fine research centre being squeezed nearly or actually to death — has surprised me by linking this newly private, newly possessed, newly inaccessible archaeology to the growing place of narrow and exclusive ethnicities in European affairs. Heritage is an essential part of the new ethnicity, the historical proof of present preferred identity: hence all those museums, all that archaeology. But archaeological research does not tidily produce a Flemish past, an English past, a Slovenian past, each distinct and distinctly wrapped for its modern proprietors. Rather it tells of the mongrel complexity in a shared European past, and it constantly reminds us that the easy equations — of French people with their own French land and their own French language and their own French culture in a consistent whole since time immemorial and for ever and ever amen — are fictions which nation-builders and ethnic enthusiasts pretend and use for their own purposes.

Suppose one wanted the historical authority which archaeology can provide — all that activity finding all that new stuff to be possessed — and suppose one also wished the certainties of the new ethnicity not to be challenged. What would one do? How about lots of archaeology being done, and not many hard questions being asked to discover really what kind of a story it might tell? Voorrips, a wise Dutchman who chooses to prefer the cock-up view of history, does not believe such a state of affairs could be any kind of conspired intent, and certainly not what our rulers might be happy with.

☙ Since a young research fellow from St John's College by the name of Leakey found some lumpy basalt artefacts in an east African valley by the name of Olduvai, Africa has made the running in early hominid matters. Or at least the theatrical egos and disputators who strike such large postures in the racier accounts of the people of palaeoanthropology have made the running. The story was closed, as it seemed, when mitochondrial DNA studies traced us all back to 'Eve' the one ancient African mother to us all. Then Eve turned out to be not a certainty in the DNA evidence, but a fiction of the statistical method by which the data had been explored.

Human origins remain a great place to find stray passions. A French faction believes *Homo*

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erectus wandered South America, and senior in a respected Canadian university is that professor who, already *knowing* there is a precociously early settlement of the Americas, now works on the simpler task of finding the evidence for it. Part of the problem, Milford Wolpoff once told me when I asked him why palaeoanthropologists are so argumentative, is in a ratio: as long as there are more palaeoanthropologists than there are sufficiently ancient skulls for them to study, much of the energy will go into the arguing.

English soil yielded not another skull, but that rare thing in Europe, an early hominid limb-bone, when the shin-bone from Boxgrove in Sussex was announced in May. It is a sturdy thing, reckoned to correspond to a robust person who stood more than 1.8 metres tall and weighed more than 80 kg. Securely dated to about 500,000 years ago, it makes another European find uncertainly attributable to *Homo erectus* or to a hominid with pre-*sapiens* characteristics, so is being classed alongside the Heidelberg jaw, of much the same age, within the genus and uncommitted as to species. **Robin Dennell** summarizes the media coverage for us overleaf.

So important, and unique to Boxgrove of British early sites, is the combination of evidence it offers: on an ancient shore-line, when the English Channel had its beach 10 km north of its present position and 40 m above its present level, there is a good and well-dated geological context. There are stone-working floors with scatters of debitage in place, and excellent preservation of the butchered bones of elephant, rhino and bear. All the things can be done there that cannot be done with the redeposited handaxes in river-gravels which are standard stuff of the north European Lower Palaeolithic. This number of ANTIQUITY chances to include three reports on this recalcitrant subject. **Nick Ashton, John McNabb, Brian Irving, Simon Lewis & Simon Parfitt** report a decisive stratigraphic sequence to show — after almost a century! — the actual relationship between Clactonian and handaxe industries, the two elements in early north European lithics (pages 585–9 below). **Peter G. Hoare & Caroline S. Sweet** clear out of the way the 'Hunstanton woman', another of those intrusive burials into Pleistocene deposits which distracted early researchers who mis-read the stratigraphy (pages 590–96 below). And we begin (pages 489–503) with a long and necessarily technical survey by **Wil Roebroeks & Thijs van Kolfschoten of** the several sites pretending to show an early occupation of Europe; the group finds a short chronology proven, and therefore will place Boxgrove early within the European story.

The Boxgrove person has been briefly announced in the compressed format customary in *Nature* (369 (1994): 275–6 and 311–3). For the site and context, there is a paper in *PPS* from some years ago now, when the potential was seen that is now proven (52 (1986): 215–45). A monograph is promised before long, but how many read a monograph? May we have effective and rapid publication of the Boxgrove archaeology also in a place where a wider public than the handaxe buffs will see it!

You have to be a keen handaxe buff to get much from a visit to many an important British early Palaeolithic site, like Baker's Hole at Ebbsfleet. Further along the grotty Lower Thames estuary at Swanscombe, another site with hominid remains, no archaeology or geology is to be seen in an overgrown gravel-pit on the edge of a grim housing estate. Boxgrove offers real potential, a wonderful opportunity to show a half-million-year-old beach, the sand and shingle where hominids and mammoths walked. Not far away is the Roman villa at Fishbourne, where the imaginative presentation of Barry Cunliffe's excavations rightly seemed in the 1960s to be a milestone in public interpretation and access. Please may English Heritage learn from the example of Tautavel, the sleepy wine-village in a back-valley of the French Pyrenees, where Professor Henry de Lumley's team has created a marvellous museum to display the early hominids and other finds from La Caune d'Arago. The site at Arago itself, a deep crack up a steep limestone hillside, is impossible of public access, so the Tautavel museum is not on the very spot; it has to work with replica and evocation, drawbacks Boxgrove is not held back by.

Before display at Boxgrove, there needs to be safety for the site, presently a quarry owned by a gravel company. There is no immediate intention to work the deposit, and relations between the interests are genial; but here is a special place where the requirements of preservation — heritage, if you will — must over-

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'Son of Piltdown Man Found At Boxgrove'

'Forget Piltdown — We've Still Got the Oldest'

'Boxgrove Man' was one of the sillier fictions of the year. In the unusual (but probably temporary) absence of royal and ministerial scandals, and with the proximity of a generally tedious Euro-election in mind, journalists not only broke open the champagne over the discovery of 'Boxgrove Man', but seem to have drunk most of it on sight before writing their copy. The TV crews had a field day, and accorded Boxgrove Man the same degree of importance that Indiana Jones ascribed to the Lost Ark. Once again, the public was left in no doubt that archaeology is about Great Discoveries, and that human palaeontology is about finding the oldest scrap of human bone. Newspapers did little better. *The Times* weighed in with the front page headline 'Europe's first man was a 6' prehistoric heavyweight' (as though anyone apart from Creationists expected the first European to be 'historic'). Even Norman Hammond, customarily one of the better archaeo-hacks, wrote of how Boxgrove illuminates the 'life of the first Britons'. 'The discovery is a triumph for British archaeology' proclaimed *The Independent* before settling into it's-great-to-be-British-mode: the Austrians and Italians may share the Ice Man, the French and Germans may have their (dead-end) Neanderthals, but we, the English, now have the oldest. 'A moment like this', wrote the correspondent, 'is not one for chauvinism. But every Englishman may walk a little taller in the recognition that he is descended from such a striking creature'. (By the same token, the Welsh may perhaps walk a little shorter in the knowledge that the 'first Welshman' from Pontnewydd (Green 1981) was probably a dead-end Neanderthal.) Forget the football results or the trade figures, goes the message; we can still walk tall on our package holidays because our bit of bone is older than theirs.

Why are we and the public served such codswallop? A little sobriety would not go amiss. Boxgrove is a wonderful, world-class site; however, the hominid tibia shaft tells us little that we did not know already either about the site, about the European Palaeolithic, or even about human evolution in general. The find may or may not be half a million years old, give or take a generous standard deviation or two; it may be male, but the amount of hominid sexual dimorphism by the Middle Pleistocene is slight; the find is not 'a triumph of British science', since it was fortuitous; if there is a triumph, it lies in the meticulous achaeological and environmental investigations directed there by Mark Roberts over the last decade and more (and largely ignored by the media in their stampede for the leg-bone). The find itself adds little to our overall knowledge of Middle Pleistocene hominid post-cranial anatomy. It may or may not be 'the first European': Mauer is undated but almost certainly in the same time range, and Dmanisi in Georgia (on the fringe of Europe as now defined and also a member state of the CSCE) is al-

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most certainly older. Worst of all is this nonsense of 'Boxgrove Man' being the first Briton or Englishman. Who could seriously claim that the 'English' are direct descendants of an individual who died some half-a-million years ago in what is now Sussex? That would be as ludicrous as arguing that Mauer was 'the first German'. The 'English' emerge as a recognizably geographically and politically distinct group after the 14th century, and 'Britons' only after the Act of Union with Scotland in 1707 (Colley 1992). To write that 'Boxgrove Man' is the first Briton, Englishman (or Sussexonian) is as ludicrous as calling the type fossil of *Australopithecus afarensis* the 'first Tanzanian'.

In terms of media treatment, Boxgrove Man is a direct descendant of Piltdown Man, that other famous hominid discovery from Sussex found over 80 years ago. Then, as now, the focus was entirely on having the oldest. The *Manchester Guardian* (21 November 1912), to which the discovery was leaked before its unveiling, headlined the story 'The Earliest Man? A skull "millions of years" old. One of the most important of our time' (Millar 1974: 126), and stated that there was 'more than a possibility of its being the oldest remnant of a human frame yet discovered on this planet'. In an otherwise fairly anodyne piece, *The Times* (23 November 1912) also stressed 'the earliest undoubted evidence of man in this country'. Likewise, the *Illustrated London News* (November 1912) carried an artist's reconstruction of Piltdown as a right-handed, spear-carrying, Man-the-Hunter type (how long-lived these stereotypes are!) and named it 'the most ancient known inhabitant of England' (Spencer 1990: 52–3), which is subtly but crucially different from calling it 'the earliest Englishman', as did Smith Woodward (1948) when titling his book on Piltdown towards the end of his life.

Piltdown was, of course, a fraud; but so is the notion of 'Boxgrove Man' as the earliest Englishman, Briton or even European. Hominid palaeontology should not be incorporated into assertions of national identity and status as it was before the First World War, with disastrous consequences on assessments of Neanderthals, Piltdown and, later, Taung (see e.g. Hammond 1982; Lewin 1989). This may have been understandable in the context of intense great power rivalry before the outbreak of war; in the context of the current European Community, it is absurd. Both the public and those who study the past deserve better from the media. In particular, the public might have been spared the impression that human evolution is about finding the first representative of a modern nation-state. It is a sad reflection on journalism that sensationalism remains the main means of communication. Consequently, we have again been dished up a fake, however genuine this time the fossil might be.

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ride any intention or any permission granted before the value of the archaeology was known that would destroy or threaten the place.

🙢 In 1988, bicentenary of the taking of Australia by the European settlers of the British First Fleet, the Powerhouse Museum in Sydney incautiously referred to this as an 'invasion', which by any fair-minded consideration the European arrival was. The politicos, disagreeing, hit the roof.

How is a metropolitan museum, especially one dependent on moneyed patronage, to tell the European impact as a story of invaders and invaded? It is about uncomfortable truths, and no more so than in southern California, ancestral lands of the Gabrielino/Tongua and Fernandeño. All across the United States, native American recognition, including the Native American Graves and Repatriation Act, is changing the frames in which museums — and their public — see their collections. The fundamental is in seeing indigenous communities as active and as changing. The remarkable new Times Mirror Hall of Native American Cultures at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles is the best display I have yet seen that responds to the theme. The Museum's Director, Craig C. Black, explains (*Terra* 31 (1993): 5–7):

> The new hall is unusual in its perspective: rather than presenting tribal cultures in isolated vignettes, frozen at some point in time, the hall depicts regional and cultural customs in dynamic juxtaposition that reflects actual historical conditions. . . . This rich picture of diversity has as its counterpoint a second main theme of the exhibition — the development of Native American arts, considered on the whole, from prehistoric times to the present. The two themes are explored through re-creations of environments such as a Pomo riverbank, where sedge for basket making is being harvested; a traditional Zuni waffle garden, showing an effective use of water in an arid land, and the 'collector's corner' in an early twentieth-century Craftsman bungalow, where museum visitors are led to consider the influence of non-Indians in defining Native American artistic trends as well as the composition of museum collections.

The downstairs display is a grand and compelling affair, with two-storey Pueblo cliff-dwelling, and with the best of new technology of sound and light in the displays. From it you go up to a quieter gallery of fine and decorative arts, which explores that complex dialogue between the two cultures that is illustrated by the 'collector's corner'. Vast quantities of Indian art were collected in the decades around 1900 by enthusiasts and dealers who had recently migrated from the American eastern states. Rejecting their own European past and fearing that Native American traditions were vanishing, collectors avidly sought what they believed were the last 'traditional' objects of a tribe. As their preference for the old styles and their shunning of innovative shapes or designs steered the market demand, many artists began fashioning new copies of old forms. And because many major collections — including that of the Los Angeles museum — were largely formed at this periods from objects donated by these patron-collectors, so have their attitudes come to determine what kind of Native American objects are found in the museums today.

The responsible curator in the museum is Margaret Ann Hardin, and the hall shows her deep knowledge of the contemporary cultural frontier between native and no-longer-such-a-newcomer in the American West. Zuni is prominent in the view, not just by the famed excellence of Zuni art and craftwork, but because of the active role the Pueblo of Zuni took here — as it does in its own archaeology and museum programmes — to care for its history and how its history is seen. Craig C. Black again:

> Conventional wisdom holds that small ethnic communities that find themselves surrounded by a larger and different society must retain their traditions unchanged to avoid loss of cultural integrity. But the new hall shows the adapative nature of tradition, the surprising ways in which cultures maintain their continuity, and the role of the outsider in the process of delineating cultures and communities.

The hall ends with a changing display of new Native American arts, from neo-traditional to studio and contemporary. A spirit of living creativity has the last word:

> From the four-directions
> they came with a blessing,
> With one rain drop
> life begins
> LOMAYWESA (MICHAEL KABOTIE)*

* Hopi artist whose 1984 lithograph *Rain Spirits* is on display.

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Take a threshing sledge from La Manche, flip it on its back, prop it up with four rustic squared legs, glass over all those spiky flints that might tilt the cups: consequence, a coffee-table.
Lots Road antiques market, southwest London, asking price £1100.

Archaeology being a small subject, one slowly comes to expect that a university archaeology department of national or international reputation may not be in a large or grand building. It may squat in a single floor surrounded by business studies or — as Prehistory does in the Research School of Pacific and Asian Studies at the Australian National University (ANU) in Canberra — occupy not many rooms in a confusing basement. The Department of Prehistory in Canberra has been correspondingly small in its number of staff, for all its prominence in national archaeology and in pressing the claims of Australian and Pacific issues for the attention of the rest of us (I declare an interest as a Visiting Fellow there). The unusual structure of the ANU, with archaeology split between prehistory in the Research School and a teaching department in 'The Faculties', divides even a small group. How is a small department to maintain an impact, as specialities sub-divide and the growing physical-science contribution, in which ANU is strong, brings costs in line with expectations of the physical scientists? The easy answer is to specialize, but a national university in a country that is a continent cannot confine itself to a local corner, and the established tradition at ANU is to specialize in the broad and open story.

The ANU response has been to create a unified Division of Archaeology and Natural History, one of five Divisions in the Research School, out of the former departments of Prehistory and of Biogeography and Geomorphology, with the Quaternary Dating Research Centre. The new Division has a flat structure without departments, with a single head — Professor Atholl Anderson. Within this there will be flexible research teams. The Division's core interest will be in the 'deep time' history of human settlement and environmental change in the Indo-Pacific region, as evident in three themes: the dynamic nature of the pre-human environment, both as a regional study of the Quaternary operation of global processes and the necessary background to estimating later anthropogenic change; the arrival and evolution of humans in the region and the developing patterns of culture; and the interaction of prehistoric peoples with their environments.

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Australian universities have their funding grumbles — as we all do — and the ANU faces special uncertainties of its own. This is a large programme to be built with small resources. In its ambitious nerve, it will enlarge the standing of ANU as a place where solid research is argued with feisty directness (for a worked example see **Roberts, Jones & Smith,** pages 611–16, below).

A favourite among the many definitions of archaeology is the sedimentary: archaeology is *human geomorphology*, the study of those recent sediments to whose formation there is an anthropogenic element. Notice this definition includes — as it should — all standing buildings, as these are recent deposits of varied compositions temporarily held in artificial positions, and all artefacts, which are present or future inclusions in the sediments. Prehistory and Biogeography and Geomorphology and Quaternary Dating, as taken together in ANU's new Division, can amount to the whole subject of archaeology.

Noticeboard

Course

Forensic archaeology: two-day residential course
University of Bradford, England, 14–15 September 1994
Paul Maclean, Department of Archaeological Sciences, University of Bradford, Bradford, West Yorkshire BD7 1DP, England; tel. (44)(0)274-385428, FAX (44)(0)274-385190.

Conferences

Chacmool conference 1994 — Ancient travelers
University of Calgary, Canada, 10–13 November 1994
1994 Conference Committee, Department of Archaeology, University of Calgary, Calgary, Alberta T2N 1N4, Canada; tel. (1)(403)220-5227, FAX (1)(403)282-9567, e-mail LESLEY NICHOLLS
<13042@ucdasvml.admin.ucalgary.ca>

NEWS 95 International Rock Art Congress
CeSMAP, Pinerolo, Italy, 30 August–8 September 1995
CeSMAP, Viale Giolitti 1, 10064 Pinerolo, Italy; tel. (39)(0)121-794382, FAX (39)(0)121-76550.

UISPP XIII Congress 1996
Forlì, Italy, 8–14 September 1996
Secretariat of the XIII Congress, Casa Saffi, via S. Marchesi 12, 47100 Forlì, Italy; tel. (39)(0)543-35725, FAX (39)(0)543-35805.

Apologies and *errata*

In terms of production the June issue was disastrous, meeting problems both with the scanning-in of pictures and with subsequent checking of proofs. Our apologies go to the authors concerned, and to our readers, for the following errors, here corrected:

We reprint in its entirety, on pages 638–40, the article by A. Beril Tuğrul & Oktay Belli on 'Cuneiform inscriptions made visible on bronze plates from the Upper Anzaf Fortress, Turkey', to replace pages 347–9 in the June issue.

In the article by Juan A. Santos Velasco on 'City and state in pre-Roman Spain', FIGURE 6 on page 296 should appear thus:

FIGURE 6. *Map showing the distribution of coins minted in Ilici in the reigns of Augustus (o) and Tiberius (•). (According to Llorens 1987.)*

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In the article by Jon G. Hather & Norman Hammond on 'Ancient Maya subsistence diversity', FIGURES 1, 2, 3 & 4 on pages 331 & 333 should appear as here and overleaf:

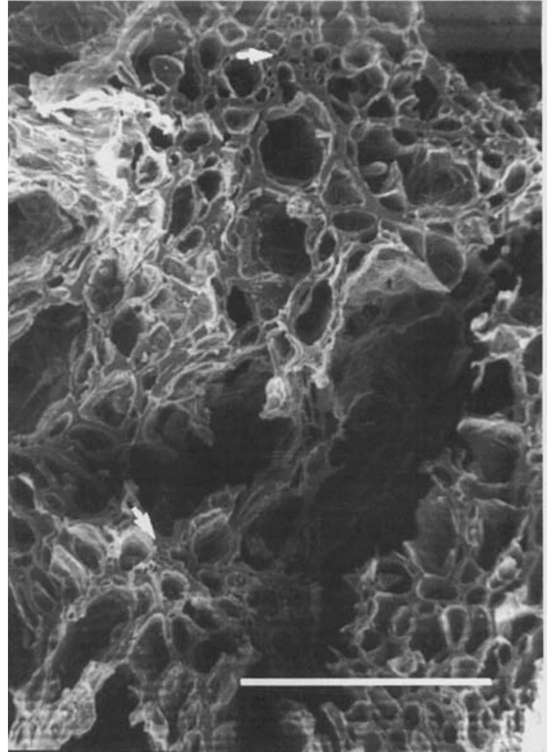

FIGURE 1. *Archaeological Araceous tissues similar to modern reference material of* Xanthosoma *sp. (Scale bar = 60 μm.) Arrows indicate position of vascular bundles.*

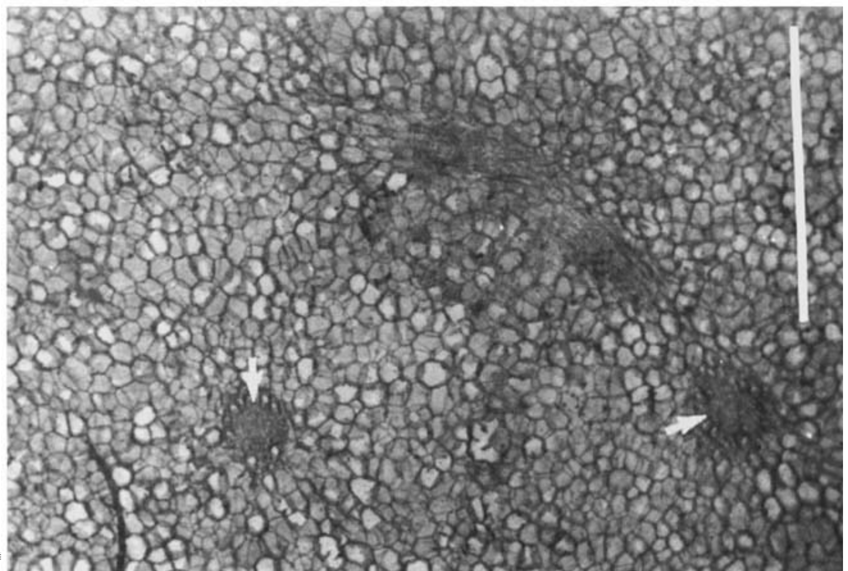

FIGURE 2. *Modern tissues of* Xanthosoma sagittifolium. *(Scale bar = 60 μm.) Arrows indicate position of vascular bundles.*

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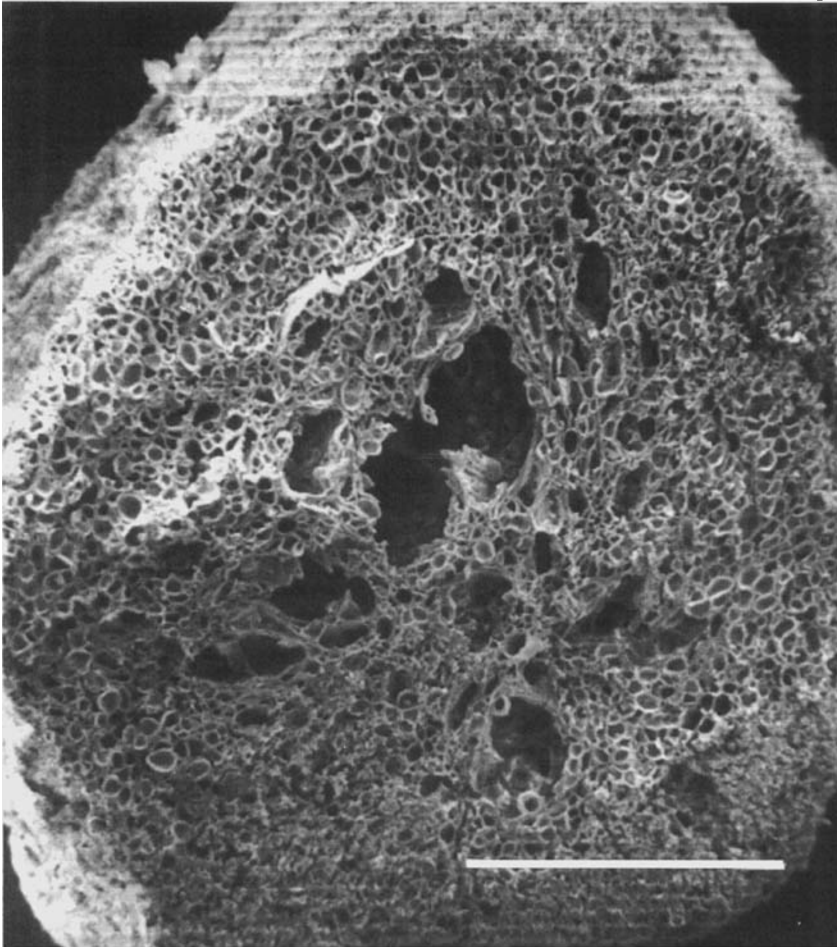

FIGURE 3. *Archaeological root tissue of* Manihot esculenta; *fracture plane transverse to the main axis of the plant. (Scale bar = 1 mm.)*

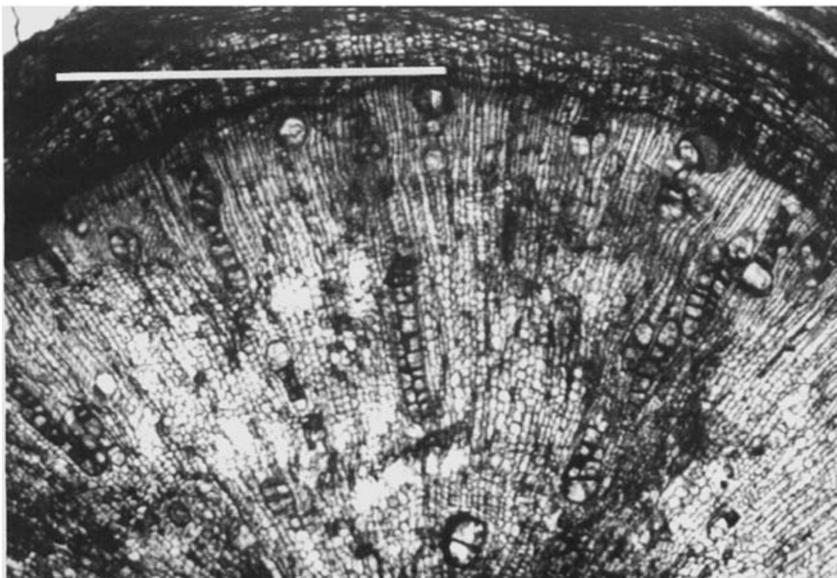

FIGURE 4. *Modern tissues of* Manihot esculenta. *TS. (Scale bar = 1 mm.)*

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