

# Editorial

Reburial is the current public issue that touches archaeology. The Kow Swamp skeletons have gone back (as reported in the March 1991 *ANTIQUITY*); the Lake Mungo remains – oldest dated human bone in Australia – are to go back. Skeletal remains of some 300 Australian Aborigines have gone back from Edinburgh University to the custody of native Australians. This is not new. The remains of human beings, thought to be improperly obtained or held, have been going into the ground for many years; and cultural objects carrying sacred value have been returned also. It is a welcome development, because what it stands for and symbolizes is the resurgence and re-assertion of the rights and of the powers of indigenous peoples to control their own lives, and to own their own history, as westerners expect to do. What has changed is the climate, more political, more aggressive, more directed by people whose interest is in the present rather than the past.

Our own culture's history overshadows us. It is at its most visible in Washington (DC), where the Mall provides the great setting of museums that celebrate the history and the values of a whole continent. There is still no Museum of the Native Americans, though now there is to be one, built on one of the last spaces still vacant along the Mall. The Museum of American History is a museum of immigrant American history. The National Gallery is a national gallery of European pictures and of American pictures in the European tradition. Native Americans are to be found – along with the creatures and the rest of the natural, uncultured world – in the Natural History section; and the first thing you see when you go into that part of the Smithsonian concerned with indigenous peoples is a stuffed elephant. All this arises from a view of the world that was obsolete before this century began, but it is what we are stuck with and blamed for. The same goes for the skulls of Tasmanians, snatched from or before the grave, by 19th-century anatomists.

This is not fair, and other concerns have been forgotten. I would expect, a few decades on, that the period now closing will be seen as a dark and difficult chapter in the common history of non-western peoples, before the new

flourishing of their cultural identity; and the museum collections, now beginning to be returned, will be respected as refuges where precious things, and the precious values embodied in things, were kept safe at a time when they would have been lost.

It is equally evident that the focus on human remains in part arises from the confusions in present western society about how we treat dead persons and bits of dead persons. Above all we are prissy. In an age of faith, there was an established order to these things. Now most of us, without religious faiths, embarrassed by emotion, assist at – rather than direct – how we say farewell. People are no longer born at home, the right place to enter the social world, but in hospitals, the place of illness and disease. People no longer die at home, but in – again – alien hospitals. Few of us know what to do in the presence of death, and fall back on a fudge between what we want to do and what we think is what is supposed to happen. The funeral services are without shared meaning; often, the presiding priest is a stranger, providing a ceremony without faith because no other ceremony exists. The undertakers provide an odd, haphazard mixture of the reverent and the utilitarian. My father died suddenly, at home, so I wanted to say good bye, and went to see him before the funeral. Should I? Was it an odd thing for me to want to do? Was the way I saw him, dressed in an odd purple garment of a kind I had never seen before, the right way? His ashes (were they *his* ashes, or just some of all the ashes from that day's cremations?) came in a plastic container rather like the kind used for dishwasher soap. At least I knew to expect heavy white bonemeal, rather than a dark ashy powder. It was hard, it is still hard, to find a way to cope. Most agnostic westerners are confused about death and dead, uncomfortable with their disordered attitudes when others present an attitude with a visible confidence.

In the USA, the Native American Grave Protection and Repatriation Act (1990) is coming into force. It went to Congress as an agreed bill, a compromise between native Americans and the anthropologists, archaeologists and museum curators who currently have possession of

American human remains. It sets out a formidable range of procedures for museums to carry through, which makes a very large programme for the big museums that are now beginning to follow it.

All that is for the old and existing collections, the ones whose future will be decided by the present view of their past history. For new finds, whether from active search that is directed by research interests or by chance discoveries that something will have to be done about, it is clear enough that these matters will be decided by cooperative agreement between the parties concerned. There is a model here in the habits, well established now, in those regions where indigenous peoples hold a recognized sovereignty. In the USA, one can expect the principles and practice of the Zuni archaeology programme, directed by the native community and executed by professional archaeologists, will be influential. The cultural climate of the USA, with its obsessive concern for legal process and litigation, means that these will take the form of quasi-legal or legal agreements – not often the best way of addressing sensitive issues of human feeling which bear much history and much emotion. We are fortunate to print in this issue, below, pages 917–20, a statement of ‘Shared Principles’ as a cooperation agreement for archaeology in Washington State, in the Pacific Northwest. Notice its provisions in respect of the discovery of human remains:

If in the course of an excavation, PNWAS [representing archaeologists] encounters evidence that suggests human internment, it pledges to cease all digging and to seek direction from the tribe regarding whether and/or how to proceed. Pending such instructions, PNWAS will restrict the viewing of any human remains to include only those persons agreed upon by prior arrangement with the CCT [the Tribe], and the Tribe will have absolute and final authority in all matters regarding the disposition of said remains.

And in respect of what will happen to them:

PNWAS neither advocates nor will be party to the retention of human remains for public viewing or scientific study.

Provisions of this kind will dismay the physical anthropologists, who see their existing collections slipping out the door, and the new finds never even entering. That is how it will now be for bone, on the basis that long-term curation of human remains is improper. The Principles


make the proposition that retention of human remains for a scientific study is intrinsically wrong. What would this do for the ‘find of the century’, the Early Bronze Age man found this September frozen into a snow-field in Alpine Austria?

The frame of reference in Principles would radically change the conditions for most academic archaeology in the USA. The concept of the human remains is extended to include grave goods, and the time for studying the artefacts is limited to two years. Many US archaeologists will see the Principles as a triumph of good intent over good sense and over the long-term advancement of knowledge.

If these matters are to be addressed in terms of possession and ownership, as it now seems they must, what is to happen in the lands east of the Mississippi, where there often is no established Native American community whose country it has been since for ever? Who are to be the people there with whom principles can be shared? And what about those older human remains and artefacts, to which no contemporary persons can demonstrably be sole heirs by right of direct descent? What about archaeological research which does not – as the Principles require – substantiate or ‘add new dimensions’ to oral tradition?

Notice that the Principles provide in their final provision for celebration as well as sovereignty and respect. Notice also that they are *Shared Principles*, the most important thing of all. In a fine recent paper,\* Matthew Spriggs, an old hand at Hawai’i prehistory, addresses the sovereignty of native Hawaiians over their history and remarks:

Pretty much only two groups, Hawaiians and archaeologists, give a damn about archaeological sites as having any value beyond their economic use. Surely this common ground is a good enough starting point?

 The natural cultural environment for an archaeologist remains, and may long remain, an excavation trench, with trowel in hand. I suppose the natural environment for an editor is a chair, with pencil in one hand and floppy disk in the other; although perhaps he should not be

\* Matthew Spriggs, Facing the nation: archaeologists and Hawaiians in the era of sovereignty, *The Contemporary Pacific* (Fall 1991): 379–92.

sitting – Virginia Woolf used to write standing up, at a high desk of the old Victorian clerk's kind – and if he doesn't know how to hold a floppy disc, he may not be editing much longer. These several last years, editing a larger ANTI-QUITY has pushed me into chairs at all sorts of conferences, too many (for my comfort) and not enough (for my intelligence). It has left me at risk from the occupational disease of perpetual conference-goers, an unnatural ability to fall asleep the moment the lights are off, to go with the ailments which are the occupational risks of excavators (smashed-up knees) and of editors (piles, from all that sitting). It has also taught me why some conferences work, and others don't.

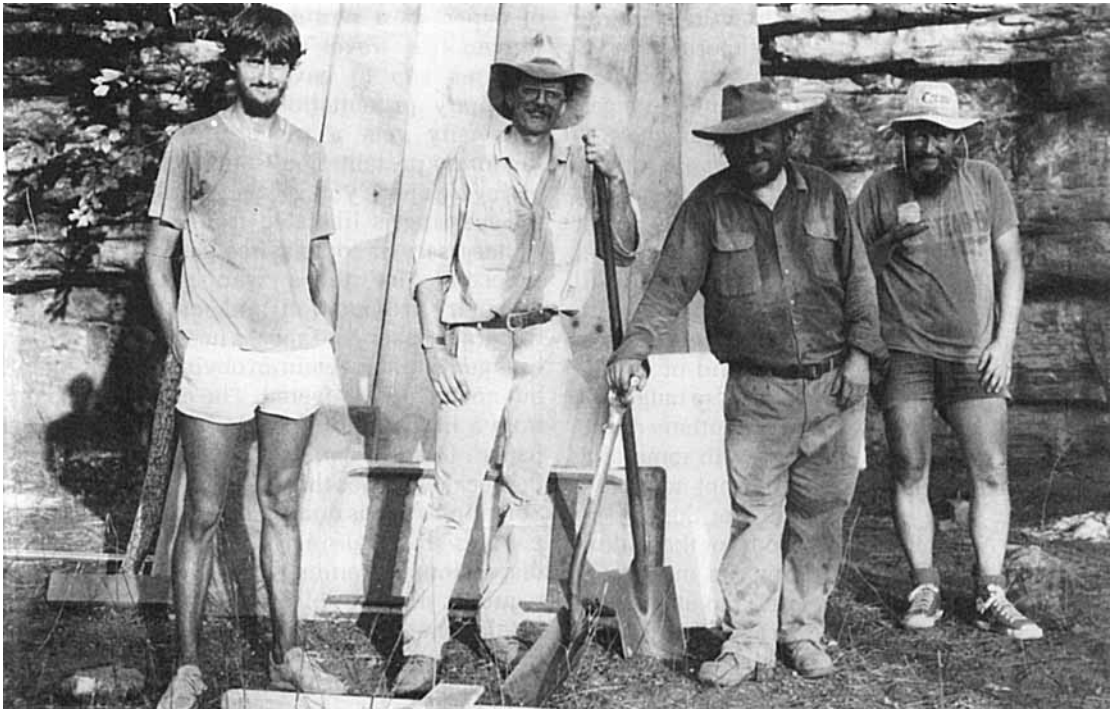
The first essential is speakers with something to say, an obvious ambition but not actually a priority at some conferences. The Society for American Archaeology is famous for the scale of its annual gargantuan meeting. Its meeting at New Orleans this May amounted to 889 papers and 64 posters, together provided by 1412 contributors.\* Some poor blighter has to end up in last place on this vast parade: this year it was Robert H. Tykot, who finally came to address Grand Ballroom Salon C on archaeological applications of ICP-Mass spectrometry, with half the conference already vanished to the airport. No wonder I came home feeling I had noticed only a fraction of what went on. Part of the size has good cause: there *are* many new things to report. Part does not, as the Society confessed when it surveyed the scale of its enterprise a few years ago. Many universities and employers will pay your fare to a conference only if you give a paper. So if you want to go the Society meeting, then you have to get yourself on the programme, and it is that which becomes the primary or sole reason for giving a paper. Really, the privilege of presenting a paper should be reserved to those with something new and interesting to say. For the rest of us, the remedy lies with extending the Society's own genial habit. At registration, you can ask for a Society receipt which you fill in yourself with how many dollars you paid in conference fees. There needs to be invented an equivalent piece

\* The numbers will vary by how you choose to do the arithmetic. I used the published programme to count up the number of papers, the number of posters, and the number of names contributing actively as (co-)authors of these, or as discussants and panellists. Those who made more than one contribution get counted more than once.

of paper, as a written confirmation for your university's travel office, that the Society declares you to have given a paper in an 'honorary presentation' at the meeting. The university gets a piece of paper (and an 'honorary presentation' sounds better than just giving a paper), you get the travel support, and the meeting is liberated from your re-cycled, unnecessary or content-free paper.

Second, for those who get beyond an 'honorary presentation' and actually say something, a speaker who speaks needs to know what he is going to say. Again an obvious requirement, but not always delivered. The error here comes from a literal reading of the phrase, 'to read a paper'. Head down, eyes fixed on a typescript, the speaker recites the words he sees below him. Sometimes this is done in a set, monotone voice; perhaps the self-image of archaeologist as dispassionate, rational scientist is thought to require a neutral delivery, and drabness is the ideal. Sometimes, when the voice has a hint of tone, it bears a detached air of slightly distanced puzzlement, for all the world as if the speaker has never before seen the words now in front of him. So he reads them slowly out, finds them unfamiliar, and is wary of some distressing surprise. Distress strikes most often at the end of a page, because the next sheet may be the wrong one; here the flat monotone is a surer technique, as it enables the speaker just to carry on across the break as if the gap in the sense did not exist. A variant I have heard more than once extends the logic of 'reading the paper' to its accompanying slides. Since the pictures are generally put, in a typescript, all together at the end, he shows the slides – not each where it properly falls among the words – but in the same way, all together as a group when the spoken words come to an end. I dream of hearing a paper, one day, in which a recital of text is followed by a recital of the references, but that is a nightmare I have not yet encountered in the waking world.

Third, an audience and a mood which provides for discussion. This is a really tricky one. How valuable and exhilarating a really good discussion is! How often is there nothing! Or ignorance with, usually, good intentions! ('There's been lots of talk about calibrating radiocarbon dates; if they're dates, why do they need calibrating?') Or some famous old toad sounding off again on his set-piece theme! ('Ever since Louis Leakey proved that Calico



*'Once upon a time, too many years ago, the archaeologists who ventured to distant and difficult regions of the world were hardy and robust souls. Rugged in appearance, and no less rugged in character and in their manners, these hardy pioneers fought through desert and jungle. Equipped with gear no more delicate than large shovels, often borrowed from a miners' camp down the creek, they set out to unearth the prehistory of tropical lands. Tattered hats, soaked by years of sweat, served to protect their heads and even their minds from overheating and deliquescence.'*

*Whatever their appearance, these good people are not Victorians at all, but the excavation crew for the second fieldwork season studying the date of early artefact-bearing sediments in western Arnhem land, Northern Territory, Australia. 1989, rather than 1889.*

*Photograph taken at Malakunanja by Caroline Camilleri. From left to right: Richard Roberts (University of Wollongong), Mike Smith & Rhys Jones (Australian National University), Tony Mount (Office of the Supervising Scientist, Jabiru).*

Hills in California was a *Homo erectus* site, I've known that human occupation of the Americas goes back at least two hundred thousand years.) Or a private argument! ('Every time I listen to one of Ian's papers, he makes exactly the same mistake, and that's just what we've heard yet again today.') Is it fair, and is it possible, to restrict the discussion to those who might make a useful contribution?

Another, my fourth point, how to set some kind of agreed agenda, some kind of common knowledge, which will make for a broad and informed discussion? The common answer in the USA now is a prepared discussant's contribution, sometimes amounting to another paper, and not touching the floor. A reading list was

circulated, encouraging all of us to read, altogether, 36 books (and a few papers) by way of preparation for a Cambridge conference in September. Did anyone there read more than one? It's the right kind of intent, but it won't be delivered on that way; even if a fellow comes over from New Zealand, he won't get through that much on the plane.

Fifth, please, the recognition that a conference paper or lecture is a self-sufficient art-form of its own, as Charles Thomas noted in an *ANTIQUITY* review last year. A conference paper is often the right chance for an interim and provisional report, to fly a kite or essay a new viewpoint. It should address *that* audience in *that* place at *that* time; if it is tailored well enough for them, it may

suit nowhere else. But we now have proliferating conference volumes, collections of miscellaneous papers on a wide theme or none, subject to refereeing that is vague or non-existent, and to editing that is ditto. Published with small ambitions by someone someplace, these grey monographs are no way to make public important things; and important things lose their impact, and their importance, by being circulated (or not circulated) in them.

A sixth, and more personal grouse. Conference organizers are now beginning to act as if they own and control the papers given at their ventures. They write afterwards demanding a final text 'for the publication' (what publication? they didn't say anything about a publication at the time) or even – if you helpfully gave them some written version of your spoken talk for pre-circulation – threatening to print that as it stands. The announcement for the AURA conference at Cairns next year, an otherwise splendid venture, declares: 'AURA will have first publication rights of all papers.' Why? The claim is perhaps not even legal, now that copyright law takes more notice of the moral right of the author. Of course, some conferences, and conference sessions, are planned beforehand to lead to a publication of a known and defined kind, and this is made clear to contributors in advance: the papers in this issue's special section were given as a conference session in New Orleans in the spring. Or a closed meeting, like a School, of American Research seminar, invites a number of researchers to contribute papers, to discuss together, and to publish an edited book. Fair enough, especially if the organizers carry the bills. Some of the best books arise this way: think of *Man the hunter*, which set the agenda for hunter-gatherer studies for a generation, or the several books edited by that wizard of conference creators, Peter Ucko. Researchers own their work, and they are in charge of what they publish where. They possess the intellectual property of their work; and they give it away as they choose. Conference organizers have no business trying to take a blanket control over, as they expect to do at Cairns, 'about 200 papers' to publish as they might wish.

A look at *Man the hunter*\* shows why this is

the model for a conference, and for a conference volume that endures. Its papers were given at a meeting in Chicago, April 1966, organized by Sol Tax. It had a real intellectual point and followed a known track: there had been an earlier meeting on a related subject in 1965, and younger colleagues had been canvassed to see how large might be the interest. It was of a manageable size: 75 scholars – so large enough and small enough. It had a productive structure: most papers were distributed in advance and summarized in 10-minute presentations. The conference altogether amounted to 28 background papers, 12 formal discussions, 10 hours of open debate, spread over four days. And the book was published by a real publisher (Aldine), visibly benefitting from much editorial work. That is why, more than 20 years on, it is still in print, influential, and an undergraduate standard text.

☞ My present fieldwork takes me annually to Darwin, in the Northern Territory of Australia, which provides my field-base. This makes for a long flight out from England. The first time I went to Darwin, it was two conferences that took me there, the first AURA rock-art meeting and one of the excellent series of hunter-gatherer conferences. The best title of a paper at either congress was 'In Darwin on Darwin' at the hunter-gatherers', since the city is named for Charles Darwin. (Though not for Charles Darwin as the evolutionary genius of the 19th century: Port Darwin was named from affection for the shy young naturalist on the *Beagle* by his ship-mates in 1839, long before the *Origin of species* and fame; when Charles Darwin became the Charles Darwin, the man who 'made hell a laughing-stock and heaven a dream',\* his city responded by changing its name to Palmerston.) The idea of 'In Darwin on Darwin' was marvellous, though its content was hopeless and its presentation very hopeless. So I have taken to reading Darwin on the plane out from London; he is – with Charles Lyell – one of the first masters of a scientific history, the enterprise which archaeology is part of. An amazing amount of Darwin is still in print. Pickering & Chatto offer the collected works in 29 volumes. For the best bits in paperback, one begins with the *Origin of*

\* Richard B. Lee & Irven DeVore (ed.), *Man the hunter*. New York (NY): Aldine, 1968.

\* Ernestine Hill, *The Territory* (North Ride (NSW): Angus & Robertson, 1951), p. 4.

species, naturally enough, and then the *Voyage of the 'Beagle'*, a fresh and delightful traveller's record as well as account of those field observations, of megafauna in Argentina, fossil corals on mountain tops, and finches on the Galapagos, that would make the *Origin* possible. Even his curious little book on earthworms, Darwin's enduring contribution to field archaeology, is reprinted by the University of Chicago Press. Oddly, the *Descent of man* has been unavailable until the Princeton paperback reprint came back this year;\* it has been an instructive read.

The first point that strikes is the size of the book, nearly 900 pages. A leisurely style goes with that, and heaps of examples that go on and on. They are not haphazard, but tied closely to the single sinew of an idea – the special case of evolution that is the human species. The elegance, and power of an idea, resides in the relation between the size of an idea and the size of what it accounts for. Few ideas do better than Darwinian evolution in accounting for as much with as little. So the *Descent* again provides that combination of theory and of observation which seems essential to a scientific history. Their ratio is striking, so small a theory, so large an account for; it contrasts with the present fashion in theoretically minded archaeology, where a large mass of theory dominates a quantity of empirical study so small it resembles the rudimentary and redundant parts of organisms, like the organs necessary only to the opposite sex, which the second part of the *Descent* largely concerns itself with. Cheering Darwin on, as this reader came to do, as the book ploughed on, it was good to have the archaeologists, M. Boucher de Perthes and Sir John Lubbock, as earlier heroes to make the progress possible. The value of the work survives its dominance by the framework of racial classification (the human races being, in some contemporary views, separate species), from savage up to civilized, normal in the 19th century. And class, the cultural construct with a place to match the natural order of races, is there: see volume 1, page 117 on the hands of English labourers, from birth larger than those of the gentry.

\* Charles Darwin, *The descent of man, and selection in relation to sex*. London: John Murray 1871. 2 volumes. Reprinted in one volume with an introduction by John Tyler Bonner & Robert H. May. Princeton (NJ): Princeton University Press, 1981.

Most, I have enjoyed the way the *Descent* is written. It is direct. It often uses the active over the passive. It can use homely examples – what happens if you tease the orang-utan at London Zoo – where today we may be obliged to provide formal statistics. It has an inner order and an intellectual serenity.

The essentials of Darwin's life are known to most of us: the eye-opening voyage on the *Beagle*; the retreat to country security away from London noise and confusion; the reticence about his great idea; the forcing of its publication when Wallace independently discovered it; the progressive evolution into ancient sage of the later photographs, biblical in bearded appearance, and sprouting great eyebrows to tell us of the brow-ridged creatures from which he and we have descended. There are dark shadows behind the order, always known: was the illness real, psychosomatic, or a defence against the pressures of the world? Now Adrian Desmond & James Moore, in an amazing, explosive biography of a Darwinian length, offer us a Darwin for the 1990s.\* A scientific superman of only human strength, he zooms perilously through catastrophe and triumph, desolated, uplifted, blocked or exploding, frozen or incandescent, like a Tierra del Fuegan volcano. The working-out of ideas in the notebooks is 'mental rioting', Ernst Haeckel is a 'gaseous vertebrate', natural selection is the 'law of higgledy-piggledy'. Marx & Engels detest the *Origin* and call it a 'bitter satire' on man and nature. Behind the developing biology is the real agenda, of violent social confrontation, of the workhouse, of confusion in the streets, of the struggle for a political control. Amazing stuff, yet also with a lot from Darwin's notes and letters, and bringing his diffident directness to the matter in hand. Here he writes to Huxley about the hypothesis of the *Origin*:

You speak of finding a flaw in my hypothesis & this shows you do not understand its nature. It is a mere rag of an hypothesis with as many flaws & holes as sound parts. . . . I can carry my fruit to market for a short distance over a gentle road; not I fear that you will give the poor rag such a devil of a shake that it will fall all to atoms; & a poor rag is better than nothing to carry one's fruit to market.

\* Adrian Desmond & James Moore. *Darwin*. London: Michael Joseph, 1991. xxii + 808 pages.

Desmond & Moore's *Darwin*, true to our own time as a reverential life and letters was a century ago, underlines the correctness of the quiet order in the published words of the *Descent*, which shows no scars of mental rioting. Remember the ducks, that float placidly on the pool, and glide easily about. Remember that under the ducks are little yellow legs, paddling like the furies, which you do not see. That is as it should be.

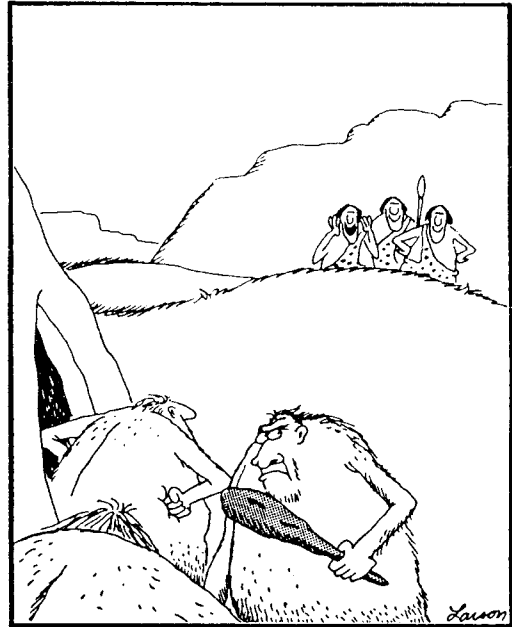
Reading Darwin, ducks and all, on the way to Darwin: there can be 29 volumes of collected works, perhaps 12 of collected letters in the continuing new Cambridge edition. That will swallow quite some years of my travel to fieldwork. Afterwards there is Charles Lyell, whose *Principles of geology* is now reprinted in a fine new paperback.\* The atlas shows a town called Lyell in the north of the South island of New Zealand: if I can wangle some field time there, then Darwin on the way to Darwin can turn into Lyell on the way to Lyell.

Each – practically – European country has its own national museum of antiquities, and practically each national museum of antiquities follows the same intellectual scheme. A chronological succession starts with hand-axes and advances – on the model of Darwin's time – up to whatever polished objects existed at the date when archaeology is deemed to come to an end, and history begins. The national museums have their differences. The British Museum is a world collection, and in the department that holds its British holdings follows the usual confusion between the smaller England and the larger Britain, so often equated. The Louvre, newly invigorated and made a spectacle, addresses the great civilizations in the centre of Paris. The Musée National des Antiquités, for the antique in France, is out in the suburbs at St Germain-en-Laye where, to judge from the appearance of its later prehistoric collections, the budget does not run to new paper for labels. Much depends on whether the treasures are dispersed in the regions or collected into the metropolis.

Scotland's collections are centralized into

\* Charles Lyell, *Principles of geology, being an attempt to explain the former changes of the earth's surface, by reference to causes now in operation*. London: John Murray 1830–3. 2 volumes. Reprinted in 2 volumes with an introduction by Martin J.S. Rudwick. Chicago (IL) & London: University of Chicago Press.

## THE FAR SIDE in ANTIQUITY



"Neanderthals, Neanderthals! Can't make fire!  
Can't make spear! Nyah, nyah, nyah . . .!"

© Universal Press Syndicate 1985

Edinburgh. The lively forces, political and cultural, of Scottish nationalism ensure that they bear a message that a national collection of English antiquities – if such existed – would not bear. There are National Museums of Scotland, but there has never a single building housing a Museum for Scotland. Now there is to be one, and it provides a rare chance to present the archaeology of a nation in the manner of the later 20th century. Robert Anderson, Director, plans five overall themes, early populations (archaeology) being one. He does not expect visitors to enter in the earliest geological eras, condemning them to a continuous hike through to 1996, but an area for orientation and then a more open sequence. Within archaeology, he envisages again not chronology, but five themes:

- Resources and their acquisition
- Processing resources
- Movement of people and goods
- Power and social organization
- Burial, ritual and organized religion

No one has ever planned a national museum in quite this way. We can expect something very special.

After a competition, the design of the

building was given to Alan Forsyth and Gordon Benson; it should be marvellous. Anderson is the new director of the British Museum, and the Edinburgh project shows what we may expect by way of his style for London.

The last editorial made some remarks about classical ideals in architecture, and their meaning in contemporary attitudes, where the Prince of Wales has made a public stand for what he thinks classical stands for. It was not surprising that the Prince's involvement in the Edinburgh museum came to an end in a public row, as the architectural vision of 'the great supervening amateur of the Eighties' was not followed.

☞ Necessity is the mother of invention; or, field survey under contract conditions is the father of new analytical techniques:

When the material was shown to two informants, they were reminded of chunks of hard tar which had been used in the past to caulk irrigation flumes. However, samples subjected to intense heat from an acetylene torch melted, and when cooled, returned to the original glass-like appearance. Final verification of the nature of the material awaits the laboratory results.\*

The laboratory report, when it arrived, showed the lumps to be industrial slags, possibly from sugar-cane or train boilers.

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

#### **New index volume for ANTIQUITY**

Published with this number is a consolidated index volume to volumes 51–65 for 1977–91. The index is free to subscribers. Extra copies may be bought for £8/\$16: address orders to *Oxford Journals, Pinkhill House, Southfield Road, Eynsham OX8 1JJ, England*.

#### **Arrangements for editing ANTIQUITY for 1992**

Henry Cleere will be editing ANTIQUITY during the calendar year 1992 in place of Christopher Chippindale. ANTIQUITY's address remains: *85 Hills Road, Cambridge CB2 1PG, England; phone (0)(223) 356271, and in other way it remains business as usual*.

#### **Noticeboard**

Robert Anderson, Director of the National Museums of Scotland, succeeds Sir David Wilson as Director of the British Museum on 1 January 1992.

\* Demaris L. Fredericksen & W.M. Fredericksen, *An archaeological inventory survey preliminary report on a parcel of land (232 acres) in Kahului, Maui, Hawaii* (Pukalari (HW): Xanerek Researches, n.d.), p. 12.

Jocelyn Stevens, recently Rector of the Royal College of Art, succeeds Lord Montagu as Chairman of English Heritage.

James Graham-Campbell becomes Professor of Medieval Archaeology, Institute of Archaeology, University of London.

Timothy Darvill becomes first holder of the British Property Federation Chair of Property Development and Archaeology [sic] in the Department of Tourism and Heritage Conservation [sic] at Bournemouth Polytechnic.

#### *Conferences*

CAA: Computer Methods and Quantitative Methods in Archaeology

University of Aarhus, Denmark, 27–9 March 1992  
Established annual conference, usually held in Britain, now going across the seas. Details from: *Torsten Madsen, Institute of prehistoric archaeology, Moesgård DK-8270, Højbjerg, Denmark*.

Institute of Field Archaeologists: Archaeology in Britain '92

University of Birmingham, England, 6–8 April 1992

The major British conference of archaeological practice, with the usual strong and diverse programme. The call for papers is now closed, but the organizing committee welcomes already proposed themes and sessions for the 1993 conference. Contact: *Archaeology in Britain '92, Institute of Field Archaeologists, Minerals Engineering Building, University of Birmingham, PO Box 363, Birmingham B15 2TT, England*.

World rock-art meeting: Second Australian Rock Art Research Association (AURA) Congress and International Federation of Rock Art Organizations (IFRAO) meeting

Cairns, Queensland, Australia, 30 August – 4 September 1992

Successor to the large and successful First Congress (Darwin, 1988), papers within 11 themes, large programme of field trips. Details from, offers of papers to: *AURA, PO Box 216, Caulfield South, Victoria 3162, Australia*.

Interregional Contacts in the Later Prehistory of Northeastern Africa: international symposium

Dymaczewo, near Poznań, Poland, 8–12 September 1992

In series with the Africanist meetings of 1988 and earlier years. Details from, offers of papers to: *Lech Krzyżaniak, Muzeum Archeologiczne, ul. Wodna 27, 61 781 Poznan, Poland*.