

# Editorial

CHRISTOPHER CHIPPINDALE

✎ Written from Australia and partly from the field, this editorial addresses matters Australian and must begin — happily — in praise of fieldwork. Field study for me at present means work in Kakadu National Park in Arnhem Land, and adjacent regions of the north Australian coast.

The story of science over some centuries now is of a growing knowledge, a growing control, and a progress from the field into the laboratory. In soil mechanics, you don't have to stack stone blocks on a swamp to see how a soft sediment behaves under load; instead you take away a kilo or five as a little sample, zoom it round on a centrifuge, and extrapolate from the mathematics of that controlled and miniature experiment. In meteorology, more abstracted still, data for the parameters that matter are gathered by remote sensors below, in, and above the sky; all the action is now in the abstracted modelling of how the atmosphere behaves in terms the weather forecasters believe they understand.

Seen in this light, archaeology sits as a primitive science, in which we still depend on going out into the field and *looking*. The experienced and observant eye remains our commonest technical aid; this fact may measure our backwardness, a backwardness which I celebrate rather than regret. Dependence on eye and judgement remains clear in excavation, which constantly obliges you to decide where one deposit ends and another deposit begins, and constantly forces you to ask, 'What is this stuff? Where did it come from? How did it form?' Can this great spread of soft, dusty, grey-blue stuff, a full foot thick, with all its tiny fragments of burnt bone, really be the powdery residues from hundreds or thousands of human cremations, as I thought at the Brockdorff Circle in Malta (where such a strange deposit would actually match what we know of the Tarxien Cemetery phase in the Maltese prehistoric sequence)?

I was briefly apprenticed to a master-excavator, Brian Hope-Taylor, who never settled for the cynical answer of GOK ('God

Only Knows') or its despairing twin, GUK ('God Used to Know'). I remember his teasing out from a mass of medieval tumbled rock in the north bailey of Bamburgh Castle a pattern in a handful of placed stones which over the weeks became first a partial round of laid paving, and then a full and good circle with a small space in the centre: quite suddenly, we had a middle- or late-medieval horse-mill. A previous editorial grumbled about that wrong word *data* (meaning 'things given') we all use when we should rightly think and say *capta* (meaning 'things captured'). It is those rather few observations, captured from the many that could be given, which tell and signify — the pitch of *this* block, the packing under *that* block, the surface of the *other* block — and make a horse-mill emerge from the tumble. That's where the eye, and the feel under the trowel, come in; excavation is not the thoughtless gathering of a great heap of *data* from which sense will be made afterwards, but the constant selecting of those fewer *capta* in which the essence of stratigraphy, sequence and context reside. Justification will be provided by the analytical drawing of the section, showing the significant, not by the uninterpreted photograph which shows all and tells little.

I work mostly on rock-art myself, where all this is even more immediate, because you do not usually have to dig anything up. It's just there to be looked at. When Paul Taçon and I go to a new surface, what we look at is the same as it would have been last year, but what we see is not the same; it is changed by what we saw instead last year and by what we have drawn and thought about in the months between field seasons. An excitement this year was resolving finally — as we believe — the old question of the history of the spear-thrower in the rock-art of Arnhem Land, in far northern Australia. It is important for the region, and for the continent since the pictures of spears and spear-throwers in old Arnhem Land art practically amount to all the *capta* ('*data*' in the conventional word)

pertinent to the early history of the spear-thrower in Australia. Seeing the old spear-thrower has been all about *looking* at the pictures, just as long as we have now taught ourselves how to look at them a better way. Last year we could have seen it, and we didn't. This year we did.

There is a marvellous directness about this; not heaps of measurements or that glib kind of statistical manipulation which will — once you have made enough adjustments to 'rectify' the data — get you to a Fibonacci series from whatever set of measurements you chanced to start with.

There was another anticipation, a newer kind of more 'scientific' excitement in the analytical numbers I was awaiting for some radiocarbon samples we took last year. I hoped the numbers would be right in relation to the hints of relative chronology we have (good people are doing the lab work); I hoped they would be big enough (little numbers don't tell us anything in the part of the calibration curve involved); I know you have to be steady and fair by the numbers you get, like them or not. The anticipation kept me awake, the numbers when they came looked right enough and big enough; but this newer kind of cool excitement, appropriate to a more developed science, does not thrill like the immediate mix of experience and observation, of theory and practice, that direct fieldwork offers.

Arnhem Land is rugged country, hard of access, properly hot, tough on boots and knees. Each year I come out, from an English winter mostly trapped behind a museum desk, into 35°C in the shade, knowing I am one year older, as well as fat, unobservant, clumsy and — worst of all — *timid*. I felt it immediately this year, when we potted up Umbruwarra Gorge on a first spare day, and I went up the cliff to look at a little surface, just a group of hand stencils. Not really a climb, just a scramble up 4 vertical metres or so; but I hated going down. Once you have gone up, then you have to go down, and that forcing is good for you. So is the obligation to work in a happy crew, harder when it is hot and rough, and when the crew is small. The core team for old Arnhem Land art is just the two of us, individuals of strong personality and of set, rather different habits. We have to get along happily, and we both work at it enough that

we do. I could cry with rage sometimes at my stupid dumb eyes, at the details in the pictures which I look at it and don't see; but the only thing to do is, again, to keep steady and to work at it.

Arnhem Land being in Aboriginal Australia, we work with the informed consent of traditional owners of the country and usually in their company, which is a remarkable experience for a researcher of European or north American background. (What do British funding bodies make of my grant applications where the big bills are for the helicopter hire — \$671 an hour at a discount rate — and for the pay of accompanying traditional owners, who on the face of it do nothing more than accompany, fly around in helicopters at your expense, eat at your expense, and be paid for the privilege?) The Arnhem Land plateau is, to my certain knowledge, the most beautiful country on earth, a hard and magical land of strong and strange colours. It is the domain of the black *barrk*, the strong and noble wallaby of the stone country, which is known to be the dog of the *mimi* spirits that are still in that land. Above the stringybark and woollybutt trees of the eucalypt woodlands fly the prattling parrots, around you cycads spread new leaves of an absolute pure green as they did before the eyes of dinosaurs; the heat and the dryness would kill you as they choose if you were to get sufficiently lost, confused and *frightened not to work your way to water*. Not a single road or even a four-wheel-drive bush track runs anywhere on the plateau; it is walking country where you push through crackling spear-grass that stands two feet over your head, trudge across sandsheets, and rock-hop between boulders as you run along the main creek-lines they used to call 'blackfeller highways'.

Below, when you come out of the bush and off the plateau, there is the other life of the Australian 'Top End', where shouting for a 'Slab of greens, mate' at the drive-in bottleshop gets you a 24-can carton of Victoria Bitter beer, where an iced coffee at the Hayes Creek pub is excuse to contemplate the Holocene–Precambrian interface (2000 million years of earth history presented in the road cut as 21 inches of surface stratigraphy), where the Saturday-night barbie at the Pine Creek hotel lets you join daily life in the beard-and-blue-singlet capital of the known civilized world.

Going bush in Arnhem Land has the usual advantages of disappearing to the field, and then some besides: no phone, no post, no graduate students, less of the clutter of possessions, of the *things* we believe we need to own. There are the usual daft and thin jokes of camp life: this year's mystery story on Twin Falls Creek was 'Disappearance of the Green Thing' and a sequel 'Return of the Green Thing' (in the French version '*Rentrée du truc vert*'). Silly names: 'Bush Speed Stripes' for the lines a tree makes in the (borrowed) truck's paintwork and panel when you turn too close past its trunk. (This one is on the model of the pioneers' bush names for their making-do, of which a favourite is 'Bush Champagne' — mix methylated spirits half and half with water, add Eno's fruit salts enough to make it fizz, drink before the bubbles stop rising.) 'Frontally challenged' for what happened to the bull-bar when I dropped the front of the truck into a creek, hurrying across the flood-plain when nearly lost in the dark. Yarns with yet more of the remarkable characters who occupy the 'Top End' of Australia — from Dave Lindner, natural philosopher of Kakadu National Park and barefoot wildlife-ranger *extraordinaire*, to yet another blond Swedish back-packer (yes, from Stockholm, and, yes, called Sven) — head-on meetings on gravel roads with 62-wheel Northern Territory road-trains, glimpses of the nose and eyes alone of a fat saltwater crocodile as it drifts in the billabong.

Always the bush, mile on mile of red soil and burnt land, and the Aboriginal people of Arnhem land whose country it is and by whose consent a visiting Brit is enabled to see their ancient pictures.

Archaeology is about other cultures. Arnhem Land never lets you forget it is other.

 Top End life is hard on objects as well as people. Buildings, if you leave them, just disappear: the damp of the wet season rots whatever will perish; when the dry season burns off the growth of the wet, it takes with it any flammable buildings in the brush that it runs through; the termites munch through most things wooden; and any year a cyclone may come to blow the lot away. Old buildings, tired or venerable as they appear, turn out to be 30 years and aged, rather than

relics of the last century. If you go to see the historic homestead that is marked on the tourist map of Litchfield Park, one of the Top End national parks, you find not a building, not a ruin, not even an obvious house platform; all that seems to survive are a few lines of cut posts, and broken barbed wire from the yards and paddocks. The rest has gone. The common early building materials, corrugated-iron sheeting over timber frames, do not endure. Good new buildings are still in sheet metal, among them the Gagudju Crocodile Hotel in Jabiru, a full-size luxury hotel built in the faithful and immense shape of a saltwater crocodile and sheathed in dark green corrugated metal; it is the finest and the funniest post-modern building I have seen anywhere. The hotel's crocodile eyes are yellow as they should be, and at night they shine with a red glow, as they should.

More enduring so far, and a vivid memorial in itself to how lives have been spent this century in western Arnhem Land, is the midden of beer cans that spreads out from the Border Store, once a famed grog-shop by the East Alligator River that used to mark the frontier with Aboriginal land. Its size amazes, and so does the purity of its composition as that is visible at the surface — nearly all beer-cans, nearly all with white labels. Its ironic nick-name is 'White Can Dreaming'. (In the Top End, then and now, you call for your beer not by its name, but by the colour of the can, as in 'a slab of greens' (above).) The white-can midden, which follows the same stratigraphic rules of spreading deposits and overlapping tip-lines as shell-middens, is compacting and rotting. Soon and rightly, the responsible authorities should be asked actively to conserve this heap as a historical monument, as they have already been asked to conserve a fibreglass swimming pool from the 1950s (if that long ago) which is also indeed a historical document of value.

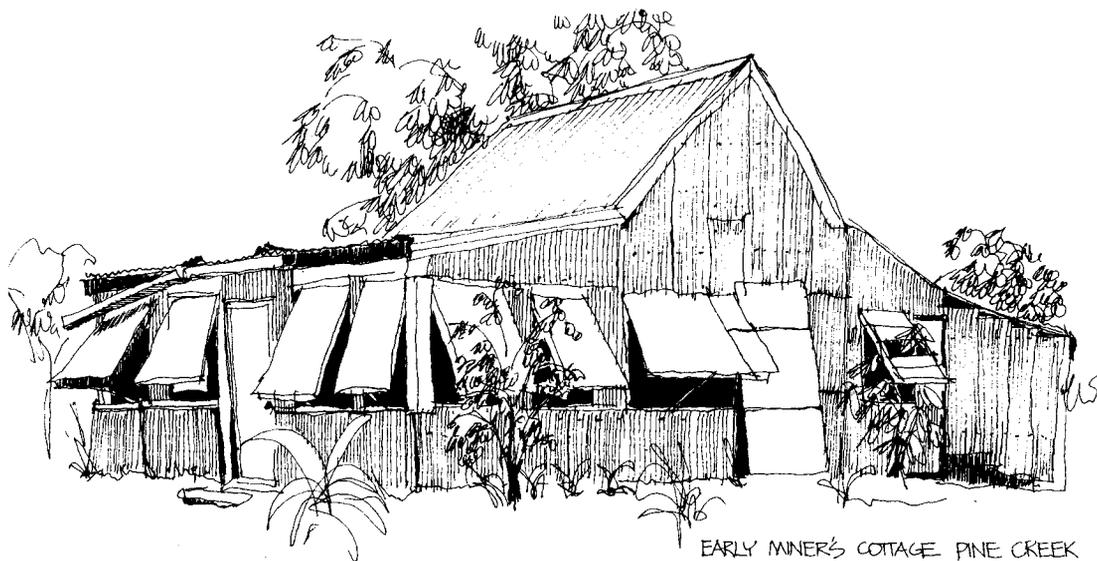
In the Top End, whole settlements disappear into the bush, as well as individual buildings. The story of Port Essington — a British settlement that was planted on the Arnhem Land coast in 1838 and abandoned in a decade, it had vanished from the surface when explored by Jim Allen for his Ph.D thesis in 1966 — is repeated across Arnhem Land. Another town, Pine Creek has endured as a settlement, but on a roller-coaster of

speculative boom and realist bust. The place began when the line of poles making the trans-Australia telegraph reached a creek 'remarkable for the pines growing there' about 12 December 1870. The first boom came when gold was found. Diggers came in hundreds, first white and then Chinese, until the law was changed to keep Asians out. The town picked up when the railway arrived in the 1880s, again with the troop encampments of the Second World War, and again with uranium mining after the war. In between these excitements it seems to have slept. Now it is back to gold, as the big pit of Pine Creek Goldfields eats away at the south side of town.

The National Trust cares well for a fine set of corrugated iron and timber buildings in Pine Creek that remember the old mining town, the railway and its era: among them the telegraph repeater station, the railway station, the station-master's house, and the old hotel where passengers lodged during the train's overnight halt. Their ingenious design, double-skinned with big opening panels hinged at the top in the verandah walls, makes for natural air circulation in a cool style of building that shames the brute-force methods of air-conditioning we now prefer to depend on. A reconstructed stamp mill, displayed amid a scatter of expired boilers,

now stands by the railway line to show the history of white mining.

Visible sign of the Chinese history of Pine Creek is in the name of the main shop, Ah Toy's, and the family which runs it, but not much else Chinese presents itself. You would have to go out along the creeks, and search out the foundation stones of little cabins in the bush, if you could still perceive them. While looking at the excellent history display in the station, I was astonished to see and to recognize immediately (the joy of fieldwork, as above), an overlooked memorial to Chinese Pine Creek. It is a large pottery jar, nearly spherical in shape and of a curious thick ware, with a grey-purple tint to the surface. The gentleman who looks after the display knows it was found locally, but not where it came from originally. I had never myself seen a whole one before, but it is of just the same ceramic that I have seen as sherds, large and small, half a world away — at historical sites along the Comstock Lode, in Silver City, Nevada, another boom-and-bust mining town which imported industrious Chinese labourers and their jars. There, and in northern Australia, it is this ware which is signature of the Chinese presence, an anecdotal connection across the Pacific that is signal proof of the world scale of reference that must direct the historical archaeology of European expansion.



EARLY MINER'S COTTAGE PINE CREEK

*Early miner's cottage, Pine Creek, corrugated iron over timber frame. Late 19th century or later.  
Pen drawing reproduced by courtesy of Adrian Welke, Troppo Architects, Darwin.*

Historical archaeology has special importance in countries of divided history, where the documentary record is overwhelmingly the written view of what the winners experienced, as it is in Australia. The written story of the Northern Territory is told as white rather than Aboriginal history, and the Chinese take a small part as befits not their numbers — Darwin was most parts Chinese for decades — but their invisibility in the written records.

It is hard for this visiting Englishman to figure out whether Australians are more or less concerned with their material history than we are in Europe. You nowadays see attention to that history right across the Top End, most of it recent because the European presence up there goes back only a century and a half. Along the Stuart Highway down to Pine Creek are the airfields, camps, and ammunition dumps from the Second World War, which were given special attention on the 50th anniversary of the bombing of Darwin last year. But is this a new attention? — the big guns overlooking Darwin harbour were sold for scrap (to Japan?) a generation ago, and only the concrete emplacements remain. Through the 1960s, improving towns in rural Australia swept away the lacework of 19th-century iron verandahs along their main streets to make them cleanly and clearly modern; the really unfortunate, like Wagga Wagga, finally managed to get rid of the old nasties just as the 'H word' struck, the passion for heritage was invented, and antique ironwork came back into mode. The heritagizing-up of some towns like Beechworth, in the gold-rush country of north Victoria, has been sufficiently thorough as to make some residents protest at the artifice of its period authenticity. A special distraction is the backward-looking Australian obsession with England, real or imagined, which overlays Australian heritage, real or imagined; the 'heritage attractions' of Perth have this year been enriched by a Barbara Cartland fantasy world in pretend-pink, another new make-believe world of Romantick Olde Englande. The sombre side of Australian history, whether the 'stain' of convict ancestry or the fate of its indigenous peoples, does not encourage everyone to want to know the story at home.

W. Coop's shot tower, a tall brick industrial building in the city centre of Melbourne, still

stands to full height, but is now inside the glass-and-metal atrium of a shopping complex, where it looks overshadowed and wonderful. Is this, said to be a world first, a real act of conservation, or simply a little deal in what happens now to be a market commodity — 'heritage stripped of context, packaged for public consumption', as *Australian Historical Studies* (volume 24 for 1991, frontispiece) believes? On the shot tower's ground floor is a shop for R.M. Williams country clothes, yet another consumer brand of less than infinite antiquity which has chosen to invest in a classic image of timeless heritage.

All this is why historical archaeology is so important for Australia, and why one particularly welcomes after a gap a new volume of the *Australian Journal of Historical Archaeology* (dated 1990, published 1993). As well as new Australian work, it extends the practice of archaeology to a new continent, the last to be ventured into by archaeologists, in a study of the early explorers' sites in Antarctica. Permanent frost makes for admirable preservation, and the abandoned food stores are valuable evidence for the early history of canned food.

So much is wretched in the recent history of Aboriginal Australia that it is impossible to explore the archaeology of contact with the coolness of distance. The saddest story, which stands for all the ruthless force of European expansion, is in Tasmania. This is why Tim Murray, in this ANTIQUITY, begins with moral and emotional questions that cannot be evaded in his study of a contact site at the very time the native Tasmanians were being hunted out. I notice also that his paper, having first addressed these concerns, goes on to explore the evidence from archive and from excavation in a fairly conventional way. Australians are nothing if not robustly practical and straightforward. Yes, that was the history, and some aspects of it have lasted into our own time; the forced taking-away for distant adoption of children of mixed Aboriginal and white parentage stopped so recently that there are young people now in their twenties who suffered that way. (And there were British orphans similarly shipped away from home to populate white Australia.) Yet one hears a higher moral tone and a preaching attitude in these difficult issues

more often from European intellectuals whose personal contact with the dispossessed is slight or nil; Australian archaeologists studying Aboriginal matters have to get on with working alongside native Australians and on some common ground of shared interest.

Dispossession brings up again the judgement in the Mabo case, referred to in a recent editorial but too central to public affairs in Australia this year to overlook. In this decision, regarding a land-claim to Murray Island in the Torres Straits of northern Queensland, the Australian High Court set aside the doctrine of *terra nullius*, of the idea that Europeans took fair possession of an empty land, Justice Sir Gerard Brennan saying, 'The fiction by which the rights and interest of indigenous inhabitants in land were treated as non-existent was justified by a policy which has no place in the contemporary law of this country.' Prime Minister Keating has called for a national reconciliation, as his predecessor called for a 'compact', but does not say what this would amount to. Aboriginal people now make up less than 2% of the nation's population; in the large cities, they are quite invisible to most residents. When the Opposition leader John Hewson this year visited Aboriginal settlements in the far north, including Doomadgee, founded by missionaries in 1932 when the Waanye Garrawa, Wanula and Ganggalida were placed there, the *Australian* called his 'a journey most white Australians will never attempt'.

Conspicuous in the debate has been voice of the mining lobby, which fears new prospects will be closed off. The picture they offer is of a fair and objective economic logic, which will be frustrated by the irrational and unreasonable powers of greedy native communities, and their superstitious dreams about old places and old stones. Leading the mining field at present is gold, now nudging \$400 an ounce in one of the periodic speculative bouts that talk up the gold market and spills over into the stocks of gold-mining ventures; if one thinks of what happens to the gold bars, of why we care for the stuff at all, and of the history of greed and craziness that is the story of gold in Australian history, one may have other ideas as to which side is more

driven by emotional and primitive superstitions. Marshal Perron, Chief Minister of the Northern Territory, contrasts the passive attitudes of young Aboriginal people in the Territory with the energy of their white contemporaries, driven forward by their desire for possessions. His simple contrast overlooks the deep doubt, that our unnecessary and consuming lust to possess things in limitless quantity will be, or already is, the ruin of our planet.

All this has a strong archaeological component, because the moral and political force of the Aboriginal land-claims varies with answers to three questions. How ancient was their settlement of the continent? Was the continent wholly settled, or only portions of it? Was the Aboriginal population settled in distinct territories with boundaries, or were they nomads, aimlessly wandering? The answer is clear: an ancient and a full settlement, naturally sparse by the standards of agricultural demography and thinner still in the many inhospitable lands of dry Australia. The archaeological evidence does not contradict the picture from recent times, of distinct communities with defined territories.

There was, then, an ancient and a full settlement, which ran quickly down to the far south and extended into the hard country of the red desert centre within not many millennia. But just how ancient? Beyond 30,000 years ago is agreed, and that is a sufficient margin, at 150 or more times the length of the European presence, for the political debate. Just how far beyond 30,000 is a more technical argument for us in the trade to pursue.

A weekend meeting on dating techniques, at Melbourne in July, showed the difficulties of dating in Australia. Brendan Buckley reported a dendrochronology being rapidly developed on Huon pine from Tasmania; but it will not touch the mainland, and since substantial timber is absent from Tasmanian archaeological sites, it will offer an environmental context for the human occupation, rather than any direct dates. A long pollen core from Queensland was reported by Peter Kershaw which shows vegetational changes at a precocious date which a palynologist can interpret as consistent with an older human presence in the land; there, like the pollen sequence from

Lake George, the direct link to human evidence is lacking.

The range in question, 30,000 to 100,000 or more years, is a difficult period for dating. It is uncomfortably high for radiocarbon, especially when the material dated is the dusty 'black stuff', carbon-containing but of inexactly known origin, from the archaeological sites of northern Australia. Some researchers, such as Jim Allen, see a distinct pattern in the early radiocarbon dates, common both to continental Australia and to the islands to the north, which would place settlement around the 40,000-year mark. Rhys Jones, noticing that this age nearly coincides with the likely limit of radiocarbon as a dependable method, argues that this offers a minimum.

Thermoluminescence methods, well suited to this age-range and to the sandy deposits of so much of Australia, have given the first optical luminescent dates; these, published summarily in early 1990, suggested that the first human occupation at Malakunanja II, near the north coast of Arnhem Land, was to be placed a little before 50,000 years ago. A scrap with committed sceptics about the method and the stratigraphic associations followed, but there is not yet a publication of the archaeology itself at Malakunanja, nor of the dates or the context from near-by Nauwalabila I, said to be a little older. Allen's paper in Melbourne was sub-titled 'TL vs C14', and more scrapping over the discrepancy can be expected. What might be more useful would be the rapid publication of the TL sequences by those who have worked them out, combined with a certain patience on the part of the rest of us. Only when several TL sequences have been published will we know if the method is consistent and reliable, and only then will we see if they begin to make a consistent pattern. The continuing wrangle about the date of the settlement of the Americas is a caution as to what happens if polemic and commitment runs too far ahead of publication, patience and respect for what the published numbers actually say. (I will not easily forget a senior north American professor declaring, 'I know there is an early settlement of the Americas, and sooner or later we will find the site that proves it.') Some of the gap, if there is a gap, between the TL and the  $^{14}\text{C}$  numbers may in any case evaporate when the radiocarbon calibration is pushed yet further back.

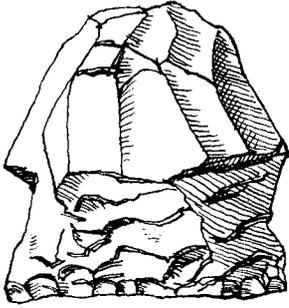
Two fine new *Festschriften* celebrate two of the older generations in Australian archaeology.

For Fred McCarthy, Jim Specht has edited a book of commemorative papers in archaeology, anthropology, and rock art.\* In reading them, and some of McCarthy's own writing (the list of them fills eight A4 pages), I am struck by the real integration of these overlapping studies, in material culture present and past, in ethnography, in pictures, and the way in which each field illuminates the others. They do form a real and coherent whole in the way the routine north American rhetoric of a four-field integrated anthropology does not. Equally striking is the continuing commitment of McCarthy to a public place for archaeology, over his many years from 1920 when he started as a lad at the Australian Museum. When the public and the profession needed little books as outline guides, he wrote them: the illustration is from his *Australian Aboriginal stone implements.*, which itself drew on his large *The stone implements of Australia* (1946).

At the turn of this century, it was thought the Aboriginal settlement of Australia was only a few thousand years old, an opinion I never have been able to square with the other expectation of the age, that native Australians and Tasmanians were unchanging survivals from the Palaeolithic. The deep transformation in Australian archaeology has followed from the increase of that time-depth to, according to opinion, around 40,000 or around 60,000 years. McCarthy and colleagues in his generation tried to isolate distinct lithic industries that would make a clear sequence, the stones refused to fit the European model. At Kenniff Cave in 1960—2, Mulvaney & Joyce found levels with elements of 'Tartangan, Pirrian, Mudukian, Murundian, Bondian, Eloueran, Oenpellian and Tula cultures', remembered that recent Australian stone-workers used suitable edges as those came to hand rather than following typological rules, and ditched the whole apparatus in favour of more simple divisions.

For Jack Golson, recently retired from the

\* J. Specht (ed.), *F.D. McCarthy, commemorative papers (archaeology, anthropology, rock art)*. Sydney (NSW): Australian Museum, 1993. *Record of the Museum, Supplement 17*.



*Horsehoof core, the diagnostic (if it is) standardized (if it is) core (if it is) of archaic Australian stone industries.*

*Drawing from Fred McCarthy, Australian Aboriginal stone implements (1967).*

Australian National University and a generation younger than McCarthy, six colleagues have edited *A community of cultures*. \* 'Biographical essays' illuminate the small community of Australian and Pacific archaeologists, and how it grew after Golson went to New Zealand in 1954. 'Festal writings' explore the issues today, and repeatedly come back to chronology and its implications — with cause, since proving an unexpected and early agriculture in New Guinea has been one of Golson's major research contributions. With the short time-depth went the expectation that the past in Australia must always have been pretty well like the present, to be seen as if through ethnographers' eyes. The long time-depth has been the work in Tasmania, some of which has recently been reported in *ANTIQUITY*.

McCarthy's generation explored the diversity of Australasian evidence, Golson's its range in space and in time. The present generation has now to make a sense of history in old Australia. Early models either expected stasis, a lack of history, or looked to the European model of progressive improvement by technological innovation. There are a few distinct changes over time; amidst the uncertainly structured variability of Australian stone industries one can recognize 'horsehoof cores', the chunky core-scrapers of early industries, and the points that are

\* Matthew Spriggs, Douglas E. Yen, Wal Ambrose, Rhys Jones, Alan Thorne & Ann Andrews (ed.), *A community of cultures: the people and prehistory of the Pacific* (Canberra: Australian National University, research School of Pacific Studies, Department of Prehistory, 1993).

distinctively late. (Or can one?: read Akerman in the Specht *Festschrift* for some penetrating remarks on the less-than-firm status of the horsehoof core.) For the rest — and in much of Australia the evidence consists practically of lithics alone — the important and fundamental question remains: *how do you usefully look at Australian lithics?* And then: *what kind of history do you write?*

Doing both of these things will be a worthy challenge to the ambitious in this generation to match the achievements of McCarthy and of Golson.

### Noticeboard

Edgar Peltenburg, Cypriot prehistorian at the University of Edinburgh, is appointed to a personal professorship in archaeology there.

Jack Davis, Greek prehistorian in Chicago, is appointed as the first holder of a new professorship of Greek archaeology at the University of Cincinnati named for Carl W. Blegen.

### Indexing

Rather like a shovel when your car is stuck in the snow, an index is the thing you think of when it is too late. Many publications have no index because the people producing it persuade themselves it is not needed, but most factual publications need an index to make them properly usable.

As co-ordinators of a Panel of Archaeological Indexers, Lesley & Roy Adkins have prepared a fact sheet with the basics about commissioning an index, for the guidance of individual authors, societies, trusts, etc. For a copy or other advice:

*Lesley & Roy Adkins, Longstone Lodge, Aller, Langport TA10 0QT, England.*

### European Archaeological Institute

Professor Leo Klejn has initiated a proposal for the creation of a European Archaeological Institute. A Steering Group of interested colleagues from Britain, France, Germany, Sweden, Denmark, Spain, Greece, Czech Republic, Russia and the Netherlands has been formed. Opinions are sought from colleagues throughout Europe about the need for such an Institute, and what its work should be. Those interested are invited to write as soon as possible for a copy of the detailed proposal to:

*Dr Heinrich Härke, Department of Archaeology, Whiteknights, Reading RG6 2AA, England.*

[This is a venture separate from the new European Association of Archaeologists, and its *Journal of European Archaeology* — Ed.]