Oxford University Institute of Archaeology

Silver Jubilee Reflections

- 1987 -

Edited by

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The Oxford Institute of Archaeology

AN INTRODUCTION

Andrew Selkirk

The Institute of Archaeology at Oxford formally came into being 25 years ago, in October 1961. In these 25 years, it has been headed for most of the time by just two professors; Christopher Hawkes and Barry Cunliffe, who, in their contrasting styles, have made the Institute what it is today.

As Christopher recalls, it was founded as a graduate Institute, and has remained one up to today. As befits Oxford, it has always had an emphasis on high scholarship, yet scholarship that was not only high but also wise; for those memorable tea parties had a serious purpose, for it was here that archaeologists of many different types came together and debated their theories with their peers and their professors. As a result, Oxford in the Hawkes era produced more than its fair share of leading archaeologists: among professors one only has to think of Rosemary Cramp, Leslie Alcock, Charles Thomas, Martin Harrison, Barri Jones, Dennis Harding, Malcolm Todd, George Eogan, Anthony Snodgrass, Anthony Birley, Peter Fowler, Richard Bradley, - to say nothing of the Chief Inspector (Andrew Saunders), and the Secretary of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments (Tom Hassall). Not all were formal members of the Institute, but few of them were not influenced by the atmosphere, and those splendid memorable lectures of CFCH and Ian Richmond.

But on retirement of Christopher Hawkes, Oxford was determined to get the best yet again. Through the determination of Kathleen Kenyon the chair was offered to Barry Cunliffe, who had set up the department of archaeology from scratch at Southampton, and in a few years had already established it as one of the foremost departments in the country. Under him the Institute has continued to expand, building on its existing foundations but adding new directions. There has been a formidable excavation and publication programme, new technology has exploded in all directions, and the scientific laboratories have continued to expand. There are even new moves to take in undergraduates.

But a 25th anniversary is a time to look back, and in particular to look back at the origins, to see how it came to be established, and to record memories before they are forgotten. This is therefore inevitably an essay in nostalgia, looking back to Hawkesian days, around which myths are beginning to accumulate. The myths of the Cunliffe years have not yet begun to accumulate - or at least not in a printable form.

Today, however, is a time of change for universities, indeed for society as a whole. Behind the handsome facade of Beaumont Street, the Institute is ready for these changes; and I am sure that in another 25 years it will look back to the successes of the 1980s with the same affection and sense of achievement as we now look back at the work and achievements of the first 25 years.

The Institute of Archaeology

THE EARLY YEARS

Christopher Hawkes

The story begins in the 1930s, when the ambitious and forward-striving Wheeler and his charming, attractive but in fact extremely business-like wife determined to found an Institute, a graduate organisation like the Institute of Oriental and African Studies. They were both London University graduates, having been at University College before 1914, when they were friends and admirers of Flinders Petrie. Eventually, their efforts and persuasion brought it, in 1937, into being. It was housed in the faded magnificence of St John's Lodge, in Regent's Park, on sale today amid publicity that has failed to recall this. There was a grand opening ceremony with the Earl of Athlone, the Chancellor of the University, presiding; all of us were told to attend in gowns and hoods. In the speeches it was rammed home that this was to be the only Institute of Archaeology, the sole Institute for the whole country, overseas expeditions included, for he had that in mind as well. That no-one else was to have an Institute was firmly implied.

I thought a good deal about this, but the Second World War then ensued; Wheeler was called from it to India, and after it the Institute came under Gordon Childe. I still had a home in London then, and did a lot of external examining for Childe. All this contiguity with the Institute made me think: "Is it to be the only Institute? What sort of quality students are they getting?" Well, as external examiner I found that occasionally some were outstanding, but not all. It seemed to me that the idea that it should be the only Institute was monopolistic, empire building, which would not in the long run serve archaeology well enough.

These thoughts were back in my mind in 1946, when I arrived at Oxford as a professor, with nothing to do besides research except to give statutory lectures. I sat on a faculty board of anthropology and geography, and wondered what to do next.

Anthropology had been founded here in the later 19th century by the famous E B Tylor, Sir Edward Tylor as he became. He attracted the Pitt Rivers collection to Oxford, because Pitt Rivers

admired Tylor; and Anthropology, both Physical and Social, Ethnology, the manners and material culture, and prehistoric archaeology were all rolled into one. They still theoretically are, and in practice these make up the various diplomas or other courses in the study of the science of man. But its connexion with humanistic studies was vague; it was completely set apart from anything that I had ever been taught at Oxford, namely Ancient History in Greats. There had to be some sort of link. I had come into it first by being asked to be an external examiner in 1937-8 for the anthropology diploma with Penniman and Le Gros Clark, the great student of the prehistoric human skull. But Penniman felt that he could not go on doing the prehistoric archaeology teaching because the subject was developing and running on; he had to teach ethnology, some social anthropology too, as well as looking after the museum. So he came to me and said "You do all this palaeolithic and neolithic and so on at the British Museum; why don't you support us in saying that we ought to have a separate post for this at Oxford?" Le Gros Clark said the same; and that was how it started.

The need for such a post was stressed in the examiners' report, so it rose gradually up, during the war, into the long term agenda for the university. It gradually got support by various people; Leeds at the Ashmolean took it up and Beazley for another. A committee was appointed, whose opinion was officially adopted; and thus eventually in 1946 I arrived.

I still had nothing to do except to lecture; mostly on European and Roman archaeology, but also on earlier prehistory for Penniman, examining too; but it was all on a very small scale, and without proper unity. I accepted a job for the History Prelim of lecturing on European Historical Geography; I tried to make myself known. Gradually these things became more and more successful.

The first breakthrough came with the foundation of the Research Laboratory for Archaeology and the History of Art. This was formed in 1955 when the Vice-Chancellor was Warden Alic Smith of New College, where he had been in 1927-8 one of my tutors in philosophy for Greats.

My next two hopes were of establishing a graduate Diploma in my professorial field of European Archaeology and getting University premises for myself and my Assistant, Margaret Smith (then newly F.S.A. and soon to be Mrs Margaret Brown). I was

joined in my hopes by the newly-created Professor of the Roman Empire's Archaeology, Ian Richmond. Success came by appeal to Vice-Chancellor Smith, and through the fortunate coincidence that Oriental Studies were to leave their premises in Beaumont Street, though at first part of them only, for their newly-built quarters in Pusey Lane. Besides myself and Richmond there was Professor Edgar Wind in the newly-created Chair of the History of Art; and in getting premises for all three of us in nos. 34 and 35 Beaumont Street, we were aided by Bernard Ashmole, recent successor to Sir John Beazley in the Chair of Classical Archaeology and Art, which had already, in the Ashmolean, a room of its own. So in 1957-8 the premises were ready.

Warden Smith, however, though always ready to advance the Ashmolean's interests, felt unable to afford us the means for our own administration. He therefore gave the premises to the Ashmolean as a Professorial Annexe, financed from its budget and administered by its Secretary. We found this arrangement soon not serving us well, and when Oriental Studies vacated the rest of the premises, President Boase of Magdalen, who was by then Vice-Chancellor, had the Warden of All Souls, John Sparrow, deputed to prepare a report, on evidence supplied by us and the Ashmolean Keepers. This, after long discussions face to face with them, allowed the vacated premises all to be ours, but the control of administration had still to be debated.

It was not till President Norrington of Trinity became the next Vice-Chancellor, and presided at a meeting himself in our 2nd-floor lecture room, that the General Board and Council allowed independence both for Wind, in a Department of the History of Art on the 34-35 ground floor, with a half-landing room at the back for Medieval Art, under Otto Pacht, who had long been the subject's Lecturer, and for the two Archaeology professors upstairs. The new Institute was to be administered through its own new post of Secretary, reporting constitutionally to the Committee for Archaeology, which the European Diploma's creation had caused to be formed some years before, out of the previous Committee for Classical Archaeology. That arrangement had owed very much to Sir Maurice Bowra, the Vice-Chancellor previous to Smith; thus the whole long process had been fostered by four Vice-Chancellors: Bowra, Smith, Boase (with assistance from Sparrow), and finally Norrington, who crowned it with the formal establishment of the

Institute in the year 1961-2.

My recollections, after twenty-five years, have come to carry little beyond this run of historical facts. The University that I re-entered in 1946, as a newly-made professor, rather younger than most, was different in many ways from what it has now become. In particular, amongst the heads and tutorial fellows of many a College, professors were often still held to be anomalous extras. Not indeed if they were Regius, nor if main-line figures in prestigious Arts Faculties, such as Lit. Hum. where Ancient History's Camden Chair was much older. It was its holder throughout my early years here, the consummately Roman Hugh Last, who made Anthropology and Geography my primary Faculty, not Lit. Hum., although, before the coming of Richmond all Roman archaeology lecturing other than on coins was done by me. It was Last, too, when first he heard me connected with the notion of an Institute, who sent me a special verbal message, through a friend, that I must drop such a notion at once. It was shocking and impossible. Certainly he, and his colleague on Ancient History's Greek side, Professor Wade-Gery, both supported the plan for the Research Laboratory; but this itself showed that archaeology to them wasn't really humane. So when the Institute came at last, I had been a professor for 15 years.

I mustn't leave the Classical Antiquities situation without an especial word on Sir John Beazley. With his lean and spare countenance, the air of abstraction in his gaze, his sudden smiles and private titters, his vast and continual output on ancient art, he was in his lifetime already a legendary figure. In his humanity he was nearly divine, and none the less for his latter-day deafness. He might be thought to have had no interest in either my subject or me. Yet in the wartime years of the '40s, when a movement for a post had begun to stir, he seized on a week-end visit for a long and intensive talk, walking with me up and down his garden lawn: and he insisted that any such post must on no account be less than a full professorship. Though reputed a disbeliever in prehistory, even Aegean, he nonetheless felt that the post must have all his support; and so it did.

Of others who helped, I spoke in particular of some in my Inaugural Lecture, published soon after it was delivered before Vice-Chancellor Sir Richard Livingstone, that powerful thinker on the genius of Ancient Greece. In the Regius on the Medieval

History side, I came to know a thinker very different but no less strong: Vivian Galbraith. It was at a talk I was invited to give by the girls of Somerville, on the archaeology of Early Anglo-Saxons. I talked far too long, but there were questions at the end, and to one of them I had to admit that I had been wrong in something I had said. Galbraith was there, with his wife, and when it was over he gripped me by the arm: "You said to that girl "I was wrong". Don't you see that that's a thing that nobody says? But it was a fine thing, a splendid thing, to hear. All the same, your talk was too long; by the time you'd finished it, all their little bottoms were aching . . ." We were friends for life.

The Institute, all along, was the sine qua non in my ideas, because I knew that Oxford could get just as many, indeed possibly even better-quality, graduate students as the London Institute was ever likely to get. Eventually London was forced, with some reluctance, to take undergraduates. Indeed it has now found that it cannot maintain its independence, and has gone under the wing of University College.

So now I sit in the corner and say to myself, "Well, I wasn't so wrong after all!" I always used to hold out against any idea, such as Kathleen Kenyon used to urge, that "We ought to have undergraduates". This idea crops up from time to time. It cropped up with Kathleen, and again soon after I'd retired, but the General Board shot it down both times. What may happen to it hereafter who knows? I'm out of it now, and I wish my successor well.

But I have enjoyed myself. There have been so many good friends that I gained through my time here or who have come here through the 15 years since. Fortunate I certainly was, and feel more happy on this occasion of our Silver Jubilee celebration than I can say, in having so many of them here to meet again. As all of you know and will want me to say, as I do from the depths of my heart, the whole idea of this Jubilee Open Day and Party has been Sonia's, and the whole practical labour of preparing it and getting in touch with you has been hers. I want to lead you in offering her our thanks and congratulations, for creating an occasion that we none of us are likely to forget.

The Oxford Institute of Archaeology, 1961-86

AN INFORMAL RETROSPECT

Sonia Chadwick Hawkes

Christopher built up the Institute from nothing, when he arrived as first Professor of European Archaeology in 1946, to a large, thriving and happy research and social centre by the time of his retirement in 1972.

He had made tremendous gains before and after the formal foundation of the Institute in 1961, not least the acquisition of the major part of the three Beaumont Street houses. These had originally been built by about 1828, and the first tenants left their permanent mark on the domestic interiors, in such matters as room divisions and the quality of mantelpieces and mouldings. In no. 34 Beaumont Street, for example, was Dr Bulkeley Bandinel, Bodley's Librarian from 1813-1860, who having no children to accommodate could afford the luxury of a really big, undivided, front bedroom (now my own study).

The first to be acquired were nos 34-35, where, already in 1957/8 the two professors, Christopher and Ian Richmond, were ensconced on what had been the original bedroom and attic floors, while all below was occupied by the then Department of Oriental Studies and its Library. When I appeared on the scene in 1959 I remember being greatly impressed by the elegance of the Regency houses, with their grand facades and decorative canopies over the first floor windows, and by the good state of preservation of internal features such as original doors, mouldings and fireplaces. More depressing was the smoke blackening of the Bath stone facades and the visual squalor created within by the Oriental Library, with its unsightly book-stacks in the originally grand reception rooms of the two houses, not to mention the uniform livery, throughout the houses, of worn but still serviceable dark brown linoleum and dirty cream walls.

Then, suddenly, there was the exodus of the Oriental Department into their new Institute in Pusey Lane at the back of the Ashmolean, which left the first floor rooms of 34-5 Beaumont Street for us to expand into, while the ground floor was taken

over by the Department of the History of Art. This enabled us to establish a proper Lecture Room, an elegant Reading Room and to move Christopher downstairs to a bigger study and thus release his old room on the second floor for, as it turned out, me to inherit.

In 1962, as if by some piece of magic, but again of course as a result of Christopher's very good and adroit relations with University officialdom, in this case the Registrar Sir Folliott Sandford, the Institute's premises were suddenly enlarged yet again by the acquisition of a whole new house, no. 36 Beaumont Street, newly vacated by Barnett House. The University Surveyor's Department had already washed, by the newly fashionable cold water treatment, the facades of our existing houses, 34-5 Beaumont Street, which were now looking very clean and freshly painted, whereas no. 36 still had a blackened facade. We own the original of a drawing by Brian Cairns, published in the Oxford Times, which illustrates our situation at that time, with two clean house-fronts and one dirty.

The acquisition of 36 Beaumont Street was part of a deal in which we shared the premises with the Playhouse Theatre, just across the road, and for a short time theatrical costumes were stored in the attics of 36 (only got rid of on grounds of their being a "fire hazard") and for a much longer time the old Squash Court behind 34-5 was used for the storage of stage scenery.

Inside, a breach was opened between our new Reading Room and the new rooms in 36 Beaumont Street. The Institute thus gained a grand new Common Room, in the form of another well-preserved 1828/9 reception room with original mantelpiece and mouldings intact, complete with striped "Regency" wallpaper of more recent vintage. To reach it a passage had to be made through what had been the back parlour, and this became a sort of kitchen, such as it remains today. Downstairs were handsome rooms which were allotted to the slide archivist and to the embryonic photographic department.

The Attics

But there were not just the grand rooms there were also the attics, always a crucial part of the Institute scene. In the heat-wave summer of 1959 I was occupying an attic in 34 Beaumont Street and suffering from temperatures which up there soared into the 90's

Fahrenheit. Despite modern improvements, the attic rooms remain hot in summer and cold in winter. One sympathises with the maid-servants of the nineteenth century who had to inhabit them without benefit of modern refinements such as electric fans or space-heaters. However, I was really grateful for the use of the room, which enabled me to write up a number of research papers which had been left unfinished since my student days in London and start such new projects as the Corpus of Anglo-Saxon Graves and Grave-Goods. Another room in the attics had been used previously by no less a personage than Charles Thomas, while a research student at Oxford, and generations of students since have been glad of those attic eyries which, until quite lately, have been reserved to them almost exclusively. Ian Richmond always claimed that it was his public insistence that the attics were "unfit for human habitation" that kept other would-be users at bay, and he was very proud of this achievement, and rightly so. Major use of them by dons never became a real issue (though John Barnes inhabited one for a time in the 1960's before he became Professor of Egyptology) until recent times when pressures on space have begun to erode student monopoly of them.

Even now, however, students are in the majority there, and the attic rooms give them privacy to work undisturbed, often at night and at weekends, and latterly they have come to provide safe quarters for a growing colony of privately-owned Amstrad word-processors.

Furnishing the Institute

As regards the public rooms and the European Professor's new quarters, the University was disposed to be generous. The Surveyor's Department allowed us money to refurnish and redecorate, and left us to order things as we wanted, thus enabling preservation of original fireplaces, notably the fine marble one in the front reception room of 34 Beaumont Street which became our Lecture Room in 1961. Choosing furniture and colour schemes was left to Jennifer and myself, with Christopher's approval, and great fun it proved to be. When we had finished redecorating in "Adam" and "Regency" styles, the overall effect was light, uncluttered and elegant.

But my chief memory of that time is of the job of fitting ou our new Common Room. This time there was no great hand-out o cash from the University to furnish 36 Beaumont Street, and th allocation for the Common Room, if I remember correctly, wa about £100. Given the scale of the room, which had until recentl been the boardroom of the Rhodes Trustees (hence the preservatio of the original fireplace and mouldings, and the presence of th striped wallpaper), it seemed to us that there was no aesthetic an practical alternative but to furnish the room in period style Luckily minor antiques were cheap in the early 1960's, so I se about bargain hunting for the Institute. The challenge was t create a drawing room such as might have existed in the 19th century, using furniture of a combination of periods.

Some pieces of furniture and the prices paid for them remain very vivid. A large and a small late Georgian wine table for £8 and £5 respectively; a drop-leaf Regency breakfast table for £18; a pretty little Victorian writing table for £12; a pair of Regency single chairs for £12; a little Victorian nursing chair, a large winged arm-chair (known as "Uncle Ian's chair"), other chairs of various periods and kinds, and for £6 an elegant day-bed which had seen service in the Playhouse as a prop, and, having been rescued by us, had to be stripped of numberless pins before it could be re-upholstered in yellow silk. What else? Oh yes, an Afghan rug bought for £5, and most precious of all, perhaps, an original mahogany show-case from the Museum of the History of Science, with a grey silk lining and the inscription "Antique Spectacles". The double entendre was irresistible to us, and this grand object occupied most of the back wall of the Common Room, but despite our best intentions we never really managed to create displays in it worthy of its title. Its most noteworthy exhibit was the pony's skull picked up by Bob Kennedy on the Welsh hills after the bitter winter of 1962-3, which resides now on a bookcase in our present Reading Room.

With funds so very tight such things as curtains had to be most carefully budgeted for, because the three windows were really tall. The red curtains that resulted were never a happy choice, as can be seen from extant colour photographs taken in the 1960s. But the improvised firescreen used to mask the empty fireplace was a triumph: a framed embroidery of a splendid Chinese dragon, gold on green silk, filled the role and place quite perfectly. As a finishing

but immensely powerful jet of water that emerged from a hole in the centre of the rose in the ceiling and, again, disappeared through the floor.

Below our Reading Room was Professor Wind's study, full of valuable books and photographic archives, and we trembled to think of the chaos that must be developing below. His room was kept locked and it took precious minutes to find the caretaker and get the key. And when we opened the room, instead of a collapsed ceiling and ruined books, there was nothing at all to see. There wasn't even a patch of damp. All that water had simply vanished without trace. Except for Jennifer's ruined ceiling and carpet, there was not a damp patch to be seen anywhere below, except on the carpet of the Reading Room. The mystery remains still. Those Beaumont Street houses must have been built with ducts and vents that simply carried the waters away.

After the freeze-up of 1963, when we had had only a few electric heaters to warm the premises, Christopher asked for central heating to be installed. We got the most primitive kind: bulky electric storage heaters were installed in every room, and the people installing them humped them fully laden with bricks up our elegant Regency staircases. These have no vertical supports under the treads, and something like six men bumping a ton-weight of radiator from tread to tread soon began to shake the staircases most severely. The Surveyor's Department rushed to the rescue and the three staircases were soon supported from bottom to top by steel props and scaffolding, which saved them from collapse. We all hated those radiators, which were uncontrollable, and I thought were too heavy for the floor joists. But on that score at least I need not have worried. The three houses were amazingly well constructed. Their builder, Thomas Wyatt in 1828, deserves every credit for doing a first-class job on them. I remember being greatly impressed, when Edgar Wind had the walls between the ground-floor rooms removed, to see the elaborate and beautiful timber framework which had been constructed to support the internal partitions. And those partitions had been designed to support an immense weight, as we found out in the later 1960's.

At that time problems began to develop because Sheppard Frere and his assistant Roger Goodburn had built up a great weight of books and glass slides against both sides of an internal partition wall which overlay the central beam above the Common Room in

36. That beam had been cut, and therefore weakened, because the central ceiling rose was inset into it, and under the huge weight above it began to sag. To a lesser degree the same thing was happening under the weight of my own books above the ceiling of the Reading Room in 35. The Surveyor's Department came again to the rescue, and for weeks both houses were internally supported from basement upwards by steel joists and scaffolding, while extra wooden floor joists were put in. On that occasion it was seen that the whole space between floor and ceiling was packed with tons of sand and gravel to provide insulation. Since then I have never worried at packing forty or more people into lectures, or seeing up to a hundred people at parties. The houses were built to withstand large gatherings of people.

Tea and parties

Tea at 4 o'clock was always a very special social occasion in the Institute and pre-Institute of those early years, provided and presided over by Jennifer Nicholson, and attended by all staff and graduate students. Thinking about the original Common Room in the earlier 1960's brings back memories of a really friendly social scene; of a very important tea-time ritual, and above all of individual voices and of conversations that were amusing and valuable. There were always biscuits with the tea, and sometimes cake, and everyone, including the Professors (Hawkes, Richmond and later Frere), made a point of attending, and a certain hierarchical decorum was always observed. Increasing student numbers were never allowed to deprive the Professors, however late their arrival, of their piece of cake. Jennifer, and later Annette, took great care that the proprieties in this respect were observed. People met to talk on these occasions. The tea party was the time of day for coming out of one's solitary study and socialising in good company.

One remembers the interplay between the professors. Ian Richmond loved to hold forth and his distinctive style of utterance was for years imitated by us all on occasion, whether unconsciously in the case of David Wilson, or deliberately in the case of Dennis Harding, who was a gifted mimic. Probably both could reproduce it now if asked to do so. Ian also had a tendency to lard his conversation with Latin quotations, and it became a matter of great

touch, because the tea party was such an important feature of life in the old Institute of the 1960's, we shopped around for a brass tray and copper kettle, which looked most elegant. All in all, the 1960's Common Room was a success both socially and aesthetically, and became a popular place to hold sherry parties after lectures by guest speakers, notably after the Committee for Archaeology's annual "Circus" lectures in Michaelmas Term. It was thus seen by non-Institute members, and one act of generousity that deserves recording was the long loan of a fine large gilt-framed late Regency mirror, which for years stood above the marble mantlepiece and lent grace and space to the room. In 1970 or 1971, the University Surveyor's Department suddenly produced money to have the room redecorated and so we had the mouldings repaired and partly gilded and the walls clad in a deep blue William Morris patterned wallpaper. The choice of decorations was thrown open to democratic discussion involving even the graduate students, but Christopher held and exercised the right of veto, particularly in the case of the alternative green wallpaper which had been preferred by our Administrative Secretary of the day, Angela Welch, and myself. The red curtains of course had to go and were removed downstairs to the ground-floor offices. In their place we put up curtains of authentic white Nottingham lace, buying up nearly their whole stock of it from an old-fashioned drapers, Capes of St Ebbes, not long before the shop was taken over and replaced by the great complex of the new Selfridges. The Nottingham lace curtains looked really rather good and they survive still in our present Common Room, the old Lecture Room in 34 Beaumont Street.

The great flooding disaster

Perhaps the most memorable event in the structural history of the Institute was the great freeze-up of 1962-3, and its disastrous aftermath. Oxford's mains water froze and the internal pipes also, so when we could struggle in to work (we ourselves were living in a frozen-up house at Dorchester-on-Thames) we were working under appallingly bad conditions. I particularly remember the disgusting state of the loos, which couldn't be flushed. But we survived, as one generally does in an emergency of that kind.

What really sticks in the mind is what happened when the thaw finally came. Water began to seep through one of the second-floor

ceilings in each of our three houses. It transpired that the original drains, which carried storm-water from the roof and the leads, ran from the front to the back of the houses, and took the form of open-topped rectangular lead gutters that ran under the floors of the attic rooms and above one of the rooms on the second floor. The houses face south, so that the snow thawed on that side first, while the north-facing ends of the gutters and also the down-pipes remained frozen, with predictable consequences: melt-water was overflowing into the houses and threatening our beautiful new decorations. The caretaker refusing to do so, the younger and more able-bodied members of the Institute scrambled out through the attic windows and attempted to clear the snow from roof and leads, but we hadn't the tools for the job, and in the end we summoned the Fire Brigade. The job surprised and amused those splendid men, but with their help all the snow was thrown down into the street (to the consternation of passers by beneath) and the only water that penetrated the houses could be contained in buckets. We escaped serious damage that time.

But in the summer of that same year the University Surveyor's Department decided to replace the open lead gutters with round pipes. All went well and work had progressed until the last section of pipe in 35 was due to be put in. It was lunchtime on a hot sunny day, and the workmen had gone off to the pub, when suddenly out of a clear blue sky a great thunderstorm blew up and sheets of rain fell. Christopher remembers the workmen's horrified faces as they came panting across the road to the rescue, all too late. I remember gazing aghast at a great torrent of dirty brown water pouring through the ceiling of Jennifer Nicholson's office (she having now moved into what had been Miranda Townsend's room next to mine on the second floor front of 35 Beaumont Street, after I had succeeded Miranda as Christopher's research assistant in 1963). All buckets or basins we could have mustered would have been completely ineffectual this time; the volume of water was too great and its concentration quite astonishing. Because it did not spread out at all it luckily missed my own study ceiling and my bookshelf on the wall adjacent to Jennifer's, and only her ceiling collapsed. The water roared straight down onto a small space of floor above our Reading Room, and all aghast at what we should find below, we rushed down the stairs after it, only to find that the great flood was now concentrated into a small

interest to the rest of us whether Christopher, a Classical scholar too, after all, but who thought that kind of thing pretentious, would allow himself to be provoked into capping Latin tag with Latin tag. When this happened, as it did occasionally, a kind of verbal duel ensued, which we all followed with glee. A competitive edge was always apparent between these two great men: Ian had a tendency to mock the "barbarians", for example, and thus deliberately to provoke both Christopher and myself. However, it was all good clean fun, and those tea parties are certainly remembered with affection and nostalgia if the anecdotes of our ex-pupils are anything to go by.

And then there were the parties. The first such large gathering was just before Christmas in 1963, when we held our first big Institute party. There was a tremendous turn-out despite there being snow on the ground, and everyone wore full fancy dress, which they had gone to immense trouble to make. Ian Richmond came as a Roman Emperor (Christopher says it can only have been Vitellius, but Ian probably had other ideas about his identity) wearing sandals, a white tunic and a home-dyed purple sheet for his toga, and of course a wreath of laurel (no problem to find in north Oxford where he lived). Christopher tried, very unsuccessfully I thought, to represent a Bead-Rim Jar. Much more successful were Dora Hazisteliou-Price, who came as an archaic Greek bronze figurine, and Helen Hughes-Brock as a Minoan goddess (with blouse for modesty), a striking figure with cinched-in waist and flounced skirt. Thurl Wilkins, not obviously pregnant with her first child, came dressed as a Classical Greek goddess. Malcolm Parkes came as a medieval monk, but most striking among the younger men were Robert Kennedy as a prehistoric hunter; Jeffrey May dressed in straw as a Shaman; David Ridgway as a Penguin and Dennis Harding as the skeleton of a Dinosaur. So long was his paper tail that it kept getting trapped in the lavatory door. There was a judging by Christopher and Ian, and Jennifer Nicholson won. She came representing Bush Barrow; wearing copies of the Early Bronze Age dagger and gold ornaments and with copies of the decorations of the staff on the handle of an umbrella (representing the barrow), which was garnished with a bush and rabbits in the style of Heywood Sumner. It was most ingenious and we have a slide of her in our archives. That party was unforgettable and unrepeatable.

However, a few years later, probably in 1968, we had a party where people wore headgear, and I remember Marilyn Bruce-Mitford in a replica of the Benty Grange helmet (very appropriately in that she was to make a major publication of it later) and John Rhodes, the winner, with a Scythian gold stag on his head. The best headdresses were exhibited for months, if not years, afterwards in our "Antique Spectacles" case. The Christmas party is nowadays a regular event, but none has been so memorable as those early affairs in the days of the Institute's youth.

Ian Richmond and Sheppard Frere

The Institute would not have gained its special character without the presence of Ian Richmond, to be succeeded, following his early death, by Sheppard Frere. Ian Richmond usually did his own slide projection, talking uninterruptedly as he walked to and from the front of the Lecture Room to the back. He was indeed a remarkable lecturer, who could talk for an hour without notes without ever faltering or so much as changing construction. We sometimes asked ourselves whether he had learned his texts by heart or whether, more likely, he had perfect concentration. Christopher was totally different in style; not nearly so smooth but vigorously compelling, and one went to his lectures year after year (despite their sometimes nearly two-hour length) because one knew he was talking from the forefront of research, giving his latest views of the latest state of his subject. His enthusiasm was infectious and I have tried to model my own lectures on his.

Ian had few pupils that I remember. Like Edgar Wind downstairs in the Department of the History of Art, he regarded pupils as a potential threat to his own research work and thus discouraged them. So, down to the time of his death in 1965, I remember only Edith Wightman, Toby Parker and Barri Jones. Otherwise the majority of graduate students around were those in European achaeology. Students of Classical Greek and Aegean archaeology mostly kept to the Ashmolean but some certainly gravitated towards the Institute if they had friends there. A few even had attic rooms in the premises and were envied by some of their friends outside. Those rooms were seen as great perks and were hotly competed for.

When Ian Richmond died in 1965 and was succeeded by Sheppard Frere, Christopher was able to create much bigger and more efficient Roman Empire quarters, with another communicating door driven through from 35-6 Beaumont Street, and a whole suite of rooms set aside for the new professor and his assistants, officially Helen Waugh and unofficially Marion Wilson. He attracted great numbers of graduates in Roman studies, so student numbers in the late 60s and 70s were large.

The great equipment hunt

At first, the premises were furnished, with spartan economy, by the Ashmolean Museum. Over the years that followed, while finances were still tight, whenever the Hawkes menage moved house or bought new furniture, surplus bookshelves, desks and carpets were donated to the Institute to help remedy the deficiencies in what the University provided. Some of those items still lurk in the students' attics. My desk and chair in the Institute, not to mention my typewriter, had to be provided by myself when I moved into my present room in 1970. Down to that time University outlay on equipping the Institute was parsimonious. Even our first photocopier and microscope were bought from the then princely sum of £500 donated by the generous mother of one of our postgraduate students, Joanna Close-Brooks.

Christopher, as Professor-in-Charge for most of the time down to his retirement in 1972, had to devote a lot of time and energy to persuading the University to increase our budget, not always with the success he would have wished. At first, the Professors lacked even a Secretary to do their typing. Christopher had had an Assistant, Margaret Smith, who did some typing for him and kept his offprints in order, as well as doing high-calibre research of her own, but he mostly wrote in long-hand and typed his own letters when essential. Richmond, who likewise had an Assistant, David R Wilson, also wrote everything in longhand. If I remember correctly, David did drawings for Richmond but Ian took great pride in hand-lettering his own plans and sections in elegant Roman capitals. Letraset, like so much else we now take for granted, was also a thing of the future. Ian Richmond was to design the matching brass plates for the Institute of Archaeology and Department of the History of Art, with their handsome Roman lettering, which

originally flanked the doorway of the shared entrance in 35 Beaumont Street. When the Institute moved its main entrance to no 36, our plaque of course moved with us.

The first official Secretary to the Professors, Jennifer Nicholson, was appointed very soon after my own arrival in 1959, and though her services as a chauffeur were hotly competed for by both Professors, neither of whom could drive, neither Professor really ever used her fully as a Secretary. They had never had a private secretary before in their careers and had not acquired the knack of dictating or really delegating much of their work. As a result, the efficient and tolerant Jennifer was only too glad to enter into any other tasks and projects that were going on. So she not only helped me (who had had a secretary at Scunthorpe) with my own correspondence and offprint catalogue, but helped also with my research projects and even acted as assistant on my excavations in Hampshire and Wiltshire. I have never been so well served in my life. Those were wonderfully liberal times.

The furniture in our original lecture room (which we still use in the new) included a lectern specially designed for us by Hugh Richmond, Ian's son. In the early days slide projection was done either by the assistants or by the students. The slides used originally were still of the old 8 x 8 cm size, made for us by the photographers in the Ashmolean. Philip Dixon has recorded a priceless reminder of the way in which those slides got red hot during projection. The change to 5 x 5 cm slides came only gradually and was much resisted initially by Ian Richmond and the Classical archaeologists on grounds of loss of definition. Much more deleterious has been the more recent change, in the making of black-and-white slides, from printing on glass to the use of reversal film. However, the improvement in colour film and the increased use of colour slides has to be experienced to be believed during this lapse of twenty-five years.

When Annette Kennedy-Cooke became our projectionist she designed the special podium on which our projectors still stand. Before the days of automatic machines she sat through all our lectures, adroitly juggling with the combination of 8 x 8 and 5 x 5 cm slides which were used then. One forgets the dates exactly, but she must have been slide archivist and projectionist from about 1965 until the acquisition of the first Kodak Carousel automatic projectors enabled us to release her from duty in the lecture-room

in 1975 or thereabouts. I know she missed the lectures, however, and disliked being increasingly relegated to the office and finally having to combine her photographic archive duties with that of telephonist/receptionist. This took place after the Institute's front door was transferred to 36 Beaumont Street during the great changes that occurred in about 1978, after Christopher's retirement, when Barry Cunliffe had become Professor-in-Charge. She took early retirement in 1982, and the two girls who have been employed to replace her since, have not had the time to keep up the great card-index of negatives and slides which Annette had compiled and administered. The loss of amenity to those of us without research assistants to maintain our archives can hardly be overstressed.

Bob Wilkins came to us in 1963, at first on a temporary basis, and was set up, with minimal but sufficient equipment, bought from a total budget of £500, in a combined Office/Studio on the ground floor back and Dark-Room in the basement of no 36. Only he can describe accurately how things developed once he became established as our first full-time photographer. But if my memory serves, the basement was still damp and stone-flagged, little changed physically from the kitchen and servants' quarters of the 1830's. Separated by a thick wall from 36 there was a resident caretaker in the basements of 34-5 Beaumont Street, except at the very back of 34, where there were some damp rooms which were used by the University Archaeological Society's excavators for storing and washing pottery. These damp rooms were converted into a Laboratory soon after Barry Cunliffe arrived, but it took a long time to get rid of the damp, and of the caretaker (and the smell of overcooked cabbage which had permeated the 35 stairs for so many years), and only in 1986-7 has there been the breakthrough, in all senses of the word, which has allowed the creation of an intercommunicating suite of rooms at basement level, creating commodious and modern quarters for the new and modern Photographic Studio and Conservation Laboratory.

The new regime

In 1972, Christopher retired and was succeeded by Barry Cunliffe. Though I was appointed Lecturer in European Archaeology in 1973, the last academic post in archaeology to be created, understandably I have been less closely involved with the running of the Institute

in the last fifteen years. Barry has been able to lead the Institute forward in many new directions. He had the initial advantage of being able to dictate his own terms, and those included increases in ancillary staff and facilities.

The advent of increased numbers of ancillary staff after 1972 almost inevitably introduced tensions between the newcomers and existing staff and students and it was a while before the Institute as a whole readjusted to the changes. Judy Caton has recorded in her reminiscence how strange and quiet the Institute seemed to Barry's people who came straight from Southampton. In what became a more professional and businesslike establishment, with ancillary staff working a 9 to 5 day, in which morning coffee became the main official break, there was for a time a period when the students felt excluded and kept to their attics. However the changes have now been fully assimilated, and recent generations of students and ancillary staff have become friends and made common cause together.

Today the Institute has become a veritable yardstick of advancing technology. Like the photocopiers, which have become more sophisticated with every new model acquired by the Institute, the computers, whether the Institute's IBMs or the students' own Amstrads, are now regarded as essentials. Accompanying this there has been a build up of the secretarial and technical staff, which has increased at an accelerated pace during the last fifteen years.

Many of the original arrangements have had to be changed. Problems with security, due to the inability of the Department of the History of Art to keep the front door of 35 under observation within, and locked outside, office hours, led to the blocking of the stairs of 35 at first-floor level by a sort of lockable cage and to the adoption of the front door of 36 as the Institute's own main entrance. Everything followed from that, with the institution of a receptionist/telephonist monitoring and controlling entrance to the Institute.

It has also been sensible to make the 36 Common Room into a lecture room. It was natural to remove the Lecture Room from 34 into 36, to eliminate the passage of so many outsiders through the Reading Room into the heart of the Institute, and to rationalize both rooms in consequence. In the new Lecture Room the old Morris wallpaper and gilded mouldings were allowed to remain, though the aesthetic qualities of the room have been sadly marred

by the installation of a truly vast projection screen and a big extractor fan and fittings. However, at least the original mantelplace has been retained.

Sadly, it was also rational by then to sell off the original Common Room furniture. Whereas in the early years students as well as staff liked and respected the antique furniture, the later 1960s and early 70s was a time of student increase and cultural revolution, and the furniture suffered not just from large numbers of resident students behaving carelessly, but from abuse during graduate seminars, when there might be thirty or more people crowding in. By the time the furniture was sold off in about 1978, we were lucky it raised the £1000 or so it did. Most of it went into the auction room but some pieces were bought by members of the Institute. I have the pair of Regency chairs and the Afghan rug in my study at home, for example, and Bob Wilkins has one of the wine tables and another two chairs; the period looking-glass was reclaimed by its owner. The money raised was spent on "airport lounge" type sectional seating for the new Common Room in 34 Beaumont Street. This has survived much better. The tea-party has also been revived, though it now takes place in the kitchen in 36 Beaumont Street, with everyone standing around in this confined space, either using the vending machine, brewing a communal pot or making individual mugs with tea-bags. Though this is physically not very comfortable, on the occasions I have been present the atmosphere has seemed very jolly. But the senior academic staff don't join in to the same extent as they did in the 1960s, which is a pity.

Academic achievements

Since the 1960s the Institute has been home to relatively large numbers of graduate students in European, Roman and Aegean archaeology, and students of Classical archaeology have always been welcomed. In fact there is a positive move afoot now to make more use of the Institute's lecture room and new seminar room for Classical archaeology teaching. The students' own interdisciplinary seminars help foster good relations between the various branches of archaeology and are increasingly reaching out to students in Ancient History as well.

Nearly all our graduates in European Archaeology during the '60s and earlier '70s went on to obtain posts in museums or universities. Amongst them one thinks of Jeffrey May, David Ridgway, Joanna Close-Brooks, Dennis Harding, Michael Avery, Susan Pearce, Edward James, Sabine Gerloff, Marilyn Bruce-Mitford, John Rhodes, George Speake, Sara and Timothy Champion, Tania and Oliver Dickinson, Dafydd Kidd and others, all of them in key jobs. Looking through the lists of those who studied Roman, Classical and Aegean Archaeology at Oxford, there is a similarly good record of achievement. We have had successful visiting students, too, amongst them George Eogan from Dublin and Wolfgang Czysz, Michael Mackensen and other colleagues from Germany. A minor achievement to be recorded is that Ian Blake, one of our few orientalists, became one of the best archaeological columnists, as contributor to the Irish Times. The job situation has deteriorated in recent years, but still our people seem to succeed. Of my own recent students, Heinrich Harke, John Hines, Ruth Mazo Karras and Chris Scull have secured university posts, and Genevieve Foster and Kevin Brown major museum jobs. Thus our small research establishment at Oxford has produced a biggish percentage of academic and other high-fliers.

Undergraduate teaching

The situation on this front is encouraging. Greek and Roman archaeology have been options in Lit Hum for many years past and seem to be thriving.

The new development is in my own subject, Anglo-Saxon Archaeology. There are special papers in this now in both Course 2 English and Modern History, and they are popular. The option in History is very new as yet, but this year there were 11 takers in History and 3 in English and for next year already 13 in History and 5 in English. At a recent briefing session it was a pleasure to see our lecture room crowded with future Anglo-Saxon archaeologists. These must rival the numbers in many a joint or single honours archaeology course elsewhere. The future outlook is very exciting.

The Institute: Some Reflections

Gay Wilson (nee Marsden) (1961-4):
What was it like at the Institute in the early days, as a student? My own time there was without exaggeration one of the happiest in my life. I already adored Oxford, as a city and as a University, and the Institute came at just the right stage for me. I'd been a budding professional botanist since the age of 6 or so; I discovered archaeology, vaguely, when I was about 11. (It was a pot in Exeter Museum, full of carbonised grain from Grimspound, as I recall). It was only in my third undergraduate year that the two strands fused with the History of Britain's Flora lectures, and I suddenly knew what I wanted to do with my life. So there I was, at the Institute, excited as anything about embarking on an adventure into knowledge... All this must sound melodramatic, but I can't put it any other way without playing it down.

The Institute was perfect for me, and I've always been grateful to Christopher, especially for the tutorials. I'll never forget how I felt my mind being stretched intellectually, and my imagination being put to use at the same time, in a way that I'd scarcely known in tuition before. I'd spring energetically up the wooden (uncarpeted?) stairs to my tutorials, only to totter down them well over an hour later feeling elated and rather as if my skull had been physically expanded! The Anthropology Diploma courses were pretty good all round it was all made so coherent for us. The ethnology seemed to amplify the archaeology and vice versa: the Neolithic Spondylus-trade seen in the light of various possible kinds of social interaction between tribes and so on. It is no exaggeration to say that it has all been of immense use to me throughout my archaeobotanical work. Indeed, some aspects of my thesis probably would not have been possible without it. I reckon that that single year gave me a better grounding in archaeology than the 3 years which Cambridge archaeologists get.

Apart from the work, it is people I remember most, and the general atmosphere of enthusiasm. After lectures in that overcrowded lecture room, groups of students would explore archaeological topics over tea or coffee in, regrettably, the residents lounge of the Randolph. Perhaps that signifies one difference from undergraduate ways, when such discussions usually happened in the laboratory or the pub: there was definitely

something extremely civilized about the Institute. Not that it wa dull or pompous (or there wouldn't have been cabinets labelle Antique Spectacles, let alone fancy dress parties).

There are many vignettes in my head about those days: sittir on the steps of the Ashmolean to enjoy a few moments more (sunshine between classes; "battling" over tea with Richard Savag (toasting fork = leaf-shaped bronze sword, wooden ruler = straigh sided iron sword); and the expedition to Avebury and West Kenne on a perfect day in the summer...

Elizabeth Sherratt (nee Dobson) (1973-82):
I particularly remember the Institute when I first knew it, as place where it was possible to meet people freely and informally, t get to know who was around, and what their particular interest were. I think this was probably because it was then used muc more as an informal meeting place by people using the Ashmolea Library, not only research students (including to some extent th classical archaeologists) but also visitors to Oxford who were draw in particularly by the 4 o'clock teatime ritual. It has always seeme to me that this was a specially valuable aspect of older times a the Institute which has I suspect, largely been lost in recent year as a result of the various internal alterations and new securit arrangements.

Philip Dixon (1965-72):
Tea was the wonderful time, with an astonishing amount o archaeological knowledge, all milling about in search of cups o biscuits! And Christopher's lectures twice a week? at the impossibl time of 5 o'clock when those whose regimen begins at 8 am ar most dozy. But I seldom fell asleep for a second (well, a minute anyway) and when I woke CFCH would always be gazing at me. Th second year I attended I worked the lantern slide machine, 3 1/ inch slides, and the machine glowed after 2 hours: extremel painful for the hands, but dozing ensured third-degree burns. M chief worry was that the projector would fry one of the precious slides, a worry exacerbated as the Newton's rings shot across th screen and were replaced by an ominous purple/brown patch in th middle. All the while, CFCH talked to the disintegrating image making point after point. What a relief to sweep the next slid across and gingerly extract its scorching predecessor!

Oliver Dickinson (1966(?)-1970):
I was introduced to the Institute in 1966 (?) by one of the Classical Archaeologists, I found it a very pleasant place to have tea and break the monotony of long hours in the Ashmolean. At that time it was used only by a small group of mostly congenial personalities, and provided the only opportunity to have animated "archaeological" conversations available to me, and which I valued very much; hence return to the Ashmolean was often delayed! Later, with Tania, I tended to eat my lunch sandwiches there as well, in an even smaller company; Bob Wilkins and Veronica Wilson (perennially teased by Bob and sometimes the rest of us) were constants, others like Sara Hermon (Champion) and Freddie Berisford commonly showed up. The move from the old room, though no doubt necessary, and growth in numbers of those using the Institute seems to have coincided with a loss of the old intimacy, and on later occasions when we were in Oxford I have felt the atmosphere to be less friendly, not only towards visitors but among the regulars, who seemed to have less to say to each other. But this was in the depths of the Long Vac., normally, and it may have been more cheerful when more frequented, though I got the impression in Term that because there were more of each type of archaeologist they tended to be more "cliquey".

Tania Dickinson (nee Briscoe) (late 60s-1976):
I tend to remember the Institute as a Social centre! Lunch, tea and Xmas parties are what stick in the mind. Did we work there? I first encountered the Institute in Jan 1966 pot-washing in the basement for Dennis Harding! Then again in my third year, I think, I was taken in for tea by Katie Tompkins and Veronica Wilson, and it all felt very grand and exciting, because even in 1967 undergraduates were treated more formally than graduates. The transition, still important as I see with my own students, was a revelation: to be on first-name terms with Professor Hawkes! The scale and nature of the Institute accentuated this experience.

Peter Foster (1971-2):
After 10 years trying to run a Coventry Junior School, my sabbatical year was a joy. I was doing what I wanted to do (aged 48!) and no-one was dependent on me. I really enjoyed the course, and suddenly it was over. Now, having taken early retirement to Warwickshire, I work part-time there for the Sites and Monuments

Record. I remain fit enough to traverse ploughed fields in a full day's field walking. Without Professor Hawkes I would not have had the opportunity to have such a rewarding existence, and like him I am not considering retirement with any seriousness for many more years!

Martin Henig (1967-72):
The old days, i.e. the few years after I first arrived, were the best. The Institute was a civilised meeting of minds at tea in the afternoon (cake and biscuits also available). Classicists, pre-historians and others met... The tramp up the stairs at 4 pm was a daily occurrence (but all participants beware... please leave some tea in the pot for Christopher). Christmas parties always seemed to go with a swing be resourceful with headgear! I could only manage a hairband and made a rather unconvincing Diadoumenos!

The decor has become more utilitarian over the years, and I think the approach to archaeology by inmates of the Institute has become steadily more professional (not always in the best sense). Perhaps it is inevitable that one looks back to a more hopeful time with nostalgia.

Helen Brock (nee Hughes) (1962-):
Tea sessions in the old common room with the Regency wallpaper are amongst the happiest memories of my first years doing archaeology. I learnt much from the contact with people outside my own Greek field, made friends who are still friends (and useful as colleagues to pick the brains of!) and had a lot of fun. That fancy dress Christmas party of 1963 was unforgettable! I went as a Minoan lady (minus the topless bit) and arrived barefoot in the snow with Dora Hadzisteliou, who was all in green as an archaic Greek bronze figurine. We had spent an hour rubbing green eyeshadow into her face. I forget how long it took to get it off afterwards.

Theodora Hadzisteliou-Price (1962-6):
There was a lovely dress-up archaeological party in which Helen Hughes-Brock dressed as the Minoan Goddess. I dressed as a copper cult-statue of the Goddess Eileithyia with a tall Polos; Helen Hughes spent a long time to "bronze patina" my face with eye shadow! Professor Hawkes was there. Helen took pictures it was such fun being "ancient statues"! It seems like yesterday.

Marilyn Bruce-Mitford (nee Luscombe) (1967):
Christopher's marvellous, exhausting lectures. Some terrific Christmas parties. 4 o'clock tea. First meeting Professor Richmond. The sheer astonishment of being there at all.

George Eogan:
A place of intellectual stimulation with a friendly atmosphere and good facilities. Indeed a place to remember with gratitude.

Susan Pearce (1964):
Christopher's lectures a major impact, then and since.

Anthony Parker (1964-8):
Like everyone else, no doubt, I was caught (at least once) by CFCH in the middle of the night and given a comprehensive rundown of just about the whole of Iron Age Europe. Arrows began to go round the map in a circle, like winds round a typhoon!

John Prag (1966-9):
I lived in a garret at the very top of the Institute. On at least one occasion as I ran flying down the stairs at speed I met CFCH at the bottom looking a little bewildered and clearly wondering whether his Institute was going to collapse because of the vibrations. At one time I ran a series of interdisciplinary research seminars at the Institute. Do they still survive?

Anthony Snodgrass (-1962):
I have a particularly vivid memory of the praeternatural skill of Mr Humphreys, the Ashmolean projectionist, who could guess which slide to go forward or back to, before the lecturer told him. The great sensation of 1960/61 was of course L. R. Palmer's launching of the "Knossos row", and his subsequent lectures on Knossos. In the Ashmolean Library, a regular, but always arresting phenomenon were the "conversations" between a visitor (often B. B. Shefton from Newcastle) and J. D. Beazley, in which the visitor would write down his question and Beazley's reply, rather loud, would suddenly break in on the silence of the Library.

Warwick Rodwell (-1976):
I remember the aroma of Sheppard Frere's pipe wafting up the stairs: when we wanted to know if he was in, we used to open a door on the top floor and take a deep breath... And the pain of witnessing the devastation to the building by fire precautions.

Judi Caton (1972-77):
My memoirs of the Institute are rather recent but there was one little incident you might like to hear about. It illustrates the arrival of the new "Cunliffe regime", and it happened in my first week, in October 1972.

Several of us arrived with Barry, hot foot from Portchester and Danebury, and the boisterous working atmosphere of Southampton University. The contrast in life at the Institute was considerable. There were no undergraduate students, no lifts, no canteens, but postgraduates who emerged noiselessly (or so it seemed to me then) from the dark corridors of the attics and conversed in hushed tones about I knew not what, while Annette poured from the silver teapot.

The laboratory where I was to work was not yet ready, so I took up residence in a little room lined with wooden shelves, at one end of the said very dark corridor. It overlooks St John's Street, and was called the "Bone Room", and later belonged to Myra Shackley who wrote "Rocks and Man" in it. There I began to sort bones, distracted only by the dentist opposite, and the fairly frequent accidents at the crossroads below. I neither saw nor heard anyone inside the building.

Imagine my interest when one afternoon I heard loud crashing noises from the staircase outside my door. The banging continued until several items hit my door, and I could contain my curiosity no longer.

The corridor outside was full of cardboard boxes, and a dim figure at the top of the attic stairs was about to launch some more down when I said "Hello, who's there?" The dim figure replied "Ah, my dear young lady, I am just a new resident of the attics, but you, you are the wicket keeper". At tea later, when Annette poured him tea from the silver pot saying "Yours, Professor", I realised he was Christopher Hawkes.

Robin Symonds (1978-81):
The Institute was always a quiet and pleasant place to work, especially on the top floor. It was important to appreciate the atmosphere, which was much more conducive to the individual pursuit of research, rather than to a collective education intended to reflect the ambitions of the professors and lecturers. This is clearly appropriate for the study of archaeology, in essence an interpretive science, and it has undoubtedly led to the graduates of the Institute having an independence and originality of purpose and ideas seldom matched by graduates of (most other) archaeology departments, where there is usually much leading by the hand.

Rainer Vollkommer (1981-4):
From 1981-84 I went with other members of the Institute from the Ashmolean Library to the Common room for coffee, where one had to have a 5p and a 2p piece to get coffee from the machine. Having been to several Oxford parties, I thought I would organise a coffee party in the Institute, so I sent invitation cards to all my friends and addressed them in the traditional way with RSVP, but instead of "Please bring a bird and a bottle" I put "Please bring a 5p piece and a 2p piece". Most of them came, and for once there was a big crowd enjoying being together, and eating the cakes I had brought.

The Institute 1972-87

Barry Cunliffe

The 1970s and early 80s have been a time of rapid change for archaeology, and the major efforts of Sheppard Frere and the writer (sharing the task of Professor-in-Charge) have been to ensure that the Institute in designing and pursuing its research programmes has played its full part in these developments.

Crucial to effective functioning has been the need constantly to upgrade the facilities of the building and to increase the available manpower. In 1972, as part of the dowry allowed to an incoming professor, the University agreed to create and equip a conservation laboratory in the basement of no. 34 and to provide salaries for two technicians. At the same time the Institute's first vehicle was bought. Such generosity may have raised a few eyebrows among our more arts-based colleagues, but is perfectly normal policy in science departments and this was the opening salvo in a campaign to persuade the University authorities that archaeology is a labour-intensive soft science. More recent successes suggest that the battle is nearly won!

Over the years other advances have been made: three additional posts academic secretary, assistant photographer and draughtsman were added to the establishment, and the slide cataloguer's post was redesignated to provide a manned front office to serve as our interface with an increasingly demanding public. (This was a great improvement on the preceding system, which required the unsuspecting visitor to walk into a gloomy hall, press a bell and wait to see if the caretaker might persuade himself to emerge).

In parallel with the staff increase there has been an improvement in facilities. First a drawing office was created and then began the long battle to acquire the squash court. We had already managed to oust part of the Arts Theatre cuckoo who occupied it, when the University Surveyor announced that the structure was too dilapidated and would have to be demolished. But when it was pointed out that it was not easy to obtain planning permission to demolish buildings within the curtilage of a listed building there came a welcome change of heart. The result was a totally refurbished squash court providing a much used facility for the storage and study of archaeological material from excavations.

The most recent territory to fall has been the basement of no. 35, vacated by our retreating caretaker (who took early retirement). This has enabled the photographic and conservation units to be considerably enlarged and to be made intercommunicating.

In parallel with the territorial advance there has been much consolidation new roofs and attic windows, new central heating, rewiring, a new telephone system and improvements to the yard/garden space all made possible by a caring Surveyor's Department which relishes the quality of the buildings as much as those of us who work in them do.

The improved facilities have run in parallel with a greatly increased research programme. The Institute has formed the base from which a number of long-term field-work projects have been mounted including Strageath, Portchester, Bath, Hengistbury and Danebury, and from where the publication of these sites, and others, has been organized. This has meant a considerable increase in contract staff working in the building and spilling over into public rooms creating an untidiness irritating to some but nonetheless demonstrating the intense activity that now goes on.

Added to this the number of research students has increased (currently about 50 are registered in the Anthropology & Geography and Lit. Hum. faculties). Many work on British themes but their range spreads wide through Europe and beyond. The present group are active in North Africa, France, Portugal, Germany, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Romania, Yugoslavia and Greece and soon we hope to add Italy and Spain to the list. This willingness to work abroad with all its difficulties is something we find particularly pleasing and intend to continue to encourage.

By 1980 we were facing a minor crisis with publication - quite simply through our research programmes, conferences and excavations we were generating too much of high quality for the then-available vehicles to contend with. It was for this reason that in 1982 we went into partnership with Blackwells to produce the Oxford Journal of Archaeology which appears three times a year. The success of OJA shows it to be fulfilling a particular need. For more bulky material, including excavation reports, we decided to create a monograph series produced by the Committee for Archaeology. Oxford University Committee for Archaeology Monographs first appeared in 1984 and have now published their thirteenth volume. The University took some persuading before

allowing this venture to begin. The last of a whole series of questions which they asked was why were we not prepared to use OUP. Our reply that we wished to produce our volumes as speedily and as inexpensively as possible seemed to satisfy them. To be fair, the one great advantage we have is that we can solicit outside grants to use as subsidies (nearly £30,000 to date), that we have access to the University's Lasercomp when we wish to publish really economically, and production is entirely in our hands.

There is one final area in which we have made some strides (but not I feel enough) and that is in our relationship to the general public. Our job is, after all, to teach, research and to communicate our research and this does not just mean to our peer group. Some projects like Bath and Danebury have lent themselves to public presentation and in the popular books, guide books, museums and television programmes that have been generated we can feel some satisfaction; but there is much more that we should be doing and perhaps will. The world of Oxford seems very different now from 1972 when, newly arrived, I was greeted by a senior colleague who said that archaeology was not taken seriously in this University because some archaeologist had appeared on television. More recently an equally senior colleague came up to me to praise an archaeological programme. If only, he said, other disciplines could display themselves to the outside world with the same success as archaeology!

Graduate Initiatives

Tim Taylor

In recent years graduate students have been active in organizing a number of seminar series at the Institute. These have tended to be presentations of thesis work in progress and have provided an opportunity for an assessment of the relative merits of various research methods as well as substantive criticism and feedback.

More recently, in 1984 and 1987 respectively, thematic seminar series have been organized. The first of these, entitled "Aesthetics and Archaeology" and organized by Tim Taylor, drew a wide audience from within the University. Speakers included Nancy Sandars. who discussed problems of rhythm and pattern in prehistoric art, Richard Reece from the London Institute on variations in aesthetic standards in the Roman world and its aftermath, and Nick Barton from the Quaternary Research Institute on style versus function in lithic assemblages. The second thematic seminar series, entitled "Applications of Computing in Archaeology", was organized by Seamus Ross around multiple-speaker sessions of two hours each. The topics covered ranged from database management and on-site computers, through post-excavation analysis, statistics programmes, to graphics and desk-top publishing. The sessions were very well attended and of such interest and topical importance that a monograph publication of the papers presented is in preparation, edited by Seamus Ross and Jonathan Moffett of the Ashmolean Museum.

Graduate initiatives have not been limited to seminars held within the University. An international symposium was recently held on the theme "Europe in the 1st Millennium BC: new work", organized by John Hodgson, Phil Mason, Natalie Palk, Chris Pare and Tim Taylor, and held at Rewley House on the 3rd-4th April 1986. The symposium attracted a large number of specialists from both Britain and Europe and speakers from West Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, France, Portugal and Italy. The geographical areas dealt with were even wider from the Urals in the east to Ireland in the west. All of them were based on recent primary research work and a number of them, arguably, were of seminal importance. The publication of the symposium takes the form of a

Festschrift for John Alexander, in whose honour the papers were delivered (January 1988 forthcoming). A second symposium is already scheduled for March 1988 on the theme of "The Social Reconstruction of the 1st Millennium BC".

Oxford Institute graduates have been well represented at TAG (Theoretical Archaeology Group) conferences each year, and it is perhaps only the anomalous absence of archaeology undergraduates at such a major University which has deterred us from accepting the responsibility of hosting Britain's largest annual gathering of archaeologists....so far at least!

Graduate Facilities at the Institute

J. J. Coulton

There has always been a struggle at the Institute between the desire to provide as many facilities as possible and the limitations of space. The recent enlargement of our premises has allowed much more to be offered than before. The Institute's working library and common room have long been available to students in both European and Classical archaeology, and so too have the small number of study rooms in the attic. In recent years the lecture room at the Institute, which provides a more hospitable environment for medium and small classes than the Ashmolean, has been increasingly used for Classical archaeology teaching, and now the new seminar room on the second floor has quickly established itself as a place for graduate seminars.

However, the chief gain has probably been in the technical facilities available to graduate students. A drawing table has been set aside for their use, with access to the Institute's lettering machine and Grant Projector. The photographic section in the basement now includes a student dark room, with enlarger and all the other necessary equipment and chemicals; and a 35 mm. camera with macro lens is available for students to borrow for their research projects. If more specialised photographic equipment is needed, use of the main photographic studios can be arranged. It is also possible sometimes to make space available for students in the new Conservation Labs, in addition to their main work on staff projects. Upstairs in the Computer Room (second floor) students now have the use of two IBM PC/XT 286 computers with both a dot-matrix and a daisy-wheel printer; and there is an on-line terminal to the University's main frame computer.

The presence of specialist photographic, drawing, and conservation staff at the Institute provides first-rate sources of advice in these fields, and special instruction in photography is organised to meet the needs of students. To make the appropriate premises and staff more familiar, especially to those not supervised at the Institute, an open day was held in early December, and this successfully cracked the mysteries of the Institute's labyrinthine lay-out, proving something of a revelation even to the older hands! We aim to repeat this experiment regularly, for the policy of making the Institute's facilities available to all students of archaeology continues.