Radio Carbon

DUA on the March

MARCH '80 PROGRAMS
COVER STORY. On the 9th of March the TUC organised a march to back up their campaign for 'Economic Advance'. The main focus of the March was directed against the Governments Cuts, their implications for the social wage and unemployment, and the Governments Employment Bill, which it is felt will weaken the position of the Unions.

The Police estimate of the total attendance was 30,000 and the TUC's was 140,000. My own estimate, based on my experience of Hyde Park Concerts (!) would be between 50,000 and 70,000. Perhaps the estimates depend on whether you count at Hyde Park or at the Rally at Trafalgar Sq, because a lot of people drifted off from the latter, (you couldn't hear what seemed like boring speeches)

IPCS were I think impressed with the turn-out from the DUA, especially as we made up approx. 1/5 of the IPCS turn-out! There were 14 from the DUA and friends, including Sue and Claire from the Fins Dept., who unfortunately were not there when the photos were taken. We also got a nice compliment from the

Chairman of the Steering Committee of the Annual delegate conference, when he said 'So you're the branch who sent up those progressive motions to conference'. He also said that if he had anything to do with it they would appear on the agenda. There does seem to be a feeling in IPCS that their membership is rather too conservative. Incidentally, conversation with IPCS HQ staff revealed that despite a relatively low proportion of women, IPCS has one of the best records for the employment of female Union Officials in an otherwise notoriously chauvinist TUC. Thanks to all who turned up.

KFF

KANONE-STRASSE

The Oberkommando Urban Archaeology crouched in their Basinghall St. Bunker. The DUA was under pressure, all the troops were pinned down in mopping (writing) up operations at Trig Lane. How could they afford to open a second front? Then a flash of brilliance. After scouring the drinking dens and dart kellers of Southwark for the soul of the City, a new unit - the Penal Battalion - was raised and marched to Kanone Strasse. Hiding in basements by day, only daring to emerge at night, pitifully short of equipment ("use the trowel of the Volunteer who has just died next to you") and forgotten by the world, this is the story of those concrete heroes, the .........................

(Radio Carbon regrets the break in Transmission, whether it is due to enemy action, the collapse of the basement, or the absence of the telephone lines is not known)

Note this account is purely fictitious. Any resemblance to Archaeology living or dead is coincidental.
Due to the fact that the first 'Radio Carbon Revolution' in Archaeology began in Oxford, with its introduction to Sir Mortimer Wheeler by Lord Cherwell in 1949, it is fitting that a development of the method, which looks likely to become the second, and equally as important, revolution, should also have seen the light of day there.

The present system, which involves measuring the decay rate of the beta rays, by counting them as they are expelled, constitutes a number of difficulties, the worst of which are:

a) It is extremely difficult to distinguish between the $^{14}$C electrons and the others, especially the more abundant $^{12}$C.
b) The process is lengthy and time consuming.
c) It is open to human error.
d) The major limitation for its use in Archaeology is the large quantity of carbon rich material which is required.

The Institute of Archaeology at Oxford has, for some time, been experimenting with a Mass Spectrometer, which pumps the electrons through a tube, around which, magnets are situated in order to bend the rays; different electrons produce different sized arcs, and therefore it becomes easier to distinguish $^{14}$C, and consequently easier to count their rate of decay. But this process only makes it slightly easier to detect, it does not help with any of the other inherent difficulties.

Meanwhile, similar experiments were taking place in America, but instead of using a Mass Spectrometer which functioned on 10 volts, they were using an Accelerator, a machine developed for use in Nuclear Physics, which used 3,000,000 volts.

The principle of the machine is similar, in that it bends the beta rays, but the extra power gives it two major advantages. Firstly, the rate of decay is increased which shortens the time required for measuring and counting, but secondly, it is possible to disperse all unwanted electrons by the use of the magnets, so that only the $^{14}$C ray enters the detector. This simple fact is the force behind the Revolution.

If the radio-active particle can be completely isolated in this way, it means that its accuracy should be enhanced, but more importantly, for the time being, a much smaller sample of carbon rich material would be required. It is estimated that a sample size of between only 1 and 10 milligrams would be necessary, which is smaller than the eye can detect, but, in the field, would mean that a single carbonised grain would be more than adequate for the process. At the moment, this would be its major advantage. It should eventually be possible to increase the accuracy to as much as 16 years, for anything up to c. 100,000 b.p., but inevitably, this will take time.

At present there is a race between Oxford and somewhere in America, to see who can perfect the process first, but it looks as if it should be fully operational by this time next year, functioning for c. 400 samples p.a.

In conclusion, by next Summer it should be possible to sample a greater number of contexts in a shorter period of time, with as much accuracy as (and eventually more than) there is today. But a further advantage, which is probably the greatest that we could have wished for, is that the whole process may be ABSOLUTELY FREE, or at the least, nominal.

The Accelerator has been paid for, at great expense, by the Science Research Council, and once in operation, will only require basic running costs, the majority of which would be the wages of the operators, and these too may be funded by the S.R.C.

But then Radio Carbon always was free, wasn't it?
SMALL ADS

Claire our new illustrator would be interested to hear from anyone with information about accommodation (permanent) for two people.

STOP PRESS

A new document has recently been distributed by the Museum dealing with the vexed question of Metal detectors. It follows roughly the CBA document seen in this magazine, but is more moderate in tone in that it recognises that Detectors are here to stay, and must be lived with.
Archaeological Pasts and Futures

Renfrew's Transformations through Time is a serious and (to my innumerate mind) incomprehensible series of papers explaining diachronic relationships in archaeology, expressed in mathematical terms. It does however include, in his final paper, an aside which relieves the solidity of the rest. This is the use of Robert Lancaster's superb drawings of the English town through history, extending from the Roman period to the present day. Renfrew uses these to illustrate 'invariants in temporal transformations' or certain features, notably the bugger, re-appear in the same corner of the market place in every period. This was clearly also a model for a fictional reconstruction of the re-incarnated bugger in the same genre. It was also however material for science fiction. It reminded me of the small impact that SF has so far had on archaeology, and how it could be the medium for the liberation of new ideas in considering an imaginary past future. This would extend the range of hypothetical models about man in environment, which already verge on the borders of SF.

I was also led to consider this by the quite unjustifiable letter to the TES by a correspondent who deplored the use of its pages for science fiction. He was in fact referring to my paper on Sutton Hoo in the previous issue in which I summarized the modern techniques which should be employed in a new Sutton Hoo excavation 'if it were to be the best in the world'. Those I listed had either been tried already or were possible given current technology. It appeared to the letter writer however, and I suggested, be deep-frozen until some time in the future until then. Such things were possible. At the same time I was accused of inventing some data on an Irish shrine which I had used in a recent paper. Subsequently, my ideas culled from SF, a vision of the early stages of that excavation (see Rescue News April 1980).

Another reminder at the same time was the appearance of an archaeologist in the 'Hitch-hiker's Guide to the Galaxy'. My colleague Edward James subsequently told me of the not infrequent appearances of an archaeologist in SF situations, and also that they were both uninformative and uninspired.

Archaeologists must therefore, it seems, write their own SF, and the purpose of this circular is to invite you to do so, to contribute to a book which I would edit, with some title such as that which heads this paper. I have no doubt we should easily find a publisher and would do something to spread one of my once called 'the lighter side of archaeology' to a public who may begin to suspect we are rather dull. I would suggest short 5000-5000 words) papers ('novella' in SF). They could be in any 5 following genres (though I would welcome the suggestions of others).

AAAARGH!

1. The Archaeologist in Science Fiction (Edward James is working on this, and no less may be Charles Thues who has already used the archaeologist in fiction, and probably also Jackie Nevis). This could include both the theme of the archaeologist's presence in other worlds, expeditions etc., but also the collection of past and future. The 'Lost City' and 'Alien Civilizations'. The much more recent of re-creation of the 'Incognito of The Sphinx' at the 20th Century Book Fair of Galloway's The Book of Art.

2. A review of the archaeological cartoons dealing with SF situations in the pages of Punch and elsewhere.

3. A review of the various appearances of archaeology in science fiction, such as John, Wilson's Ancient Animals Attributed To the Creation of Gods, or Section of Veneers at the Castle of Todd's or Galloway's The Book of Art.

4. Archaeologists in other worlds - either indigenous or expatriates.

5. Contributions to Galactic Archaeology in any future date (as I will publish in 1997).

6. Reconstructions of the past underlying SF ideas as a reconstruction of the 20th Praisenny exhibition of Arthur in which the same displays for a knowledge of future archaeology.

7. British archaeologists as seen by an archaeologist or others from Alpha Centaurus.

8. Reconstructions of life on Earth by space archaeologists in future civilizations.

9. A review of some other SF works on archaeology, such as 'Gods Among Us' by John。(The National, etc.)

10. Introductions to the study of SF in developing modern theory ('fascist') papers.

11. 'Screw' papers on current archaeology or discoveries-apertaining to SF.

12. Interpretations of ethnographic data such as Millet's Cape.

13. Visions of future excavations or research of current archaeological piece.

Aren't they after the Better Troopers in the Troopships? I'm the Doctor and He's Here. The Doctor and the People back their CONTRACTS!

The Doctor has to confront the B.O.G. - the Brains Trust - the genetically engineered intelligences that have engineered our path to 'harmony'.

Sorry, said the Doctor, 'I'm a bit busy!' They're after the better troopers in the troopships. I'm the Doctor and he's here. The Doctor and the people back their contracts!

Close-up. Star-Troopers. They're fighting with the light of twin gonies behind them.

Sorry, said the Doctor, 'I'm a bit busy!' They're after the better troopers in the troopships. I'm the Doctor and he's here. The Doctor and the people back their contracts!

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A very enjoyable and informative weekend was had by all who attended the M of L's Urban Defences Conference. It is always stimulating to have one's horizons broadened by a collection of experts who can give us a new insight into problems which we might otherwise view myopically. As the Conference went on the London defences began to get smaller (and homely) in one's mind eye as we compared them to the Walls of Rome and Hatra (the latter even withholding an 18 month siege against those military machines, the Romans). Talking of machines, Dr. Baatz of Germany suggested that perhaps Bastions may not have been used for siege weapons, as the crucial job of directing fire to the foot of the walls could equally well be done by soldiers throwing or dropping stones from the wall itself.

Of the DUA's speakers, Brian Hobley's introduction was better than last year's. John Maloney was very impressive pacing his uncluttered speech very well, and was easy to follow as the facts were fitted into an easily remembered sequence.

At the summing up of the Conference John Wacher said that after hearing Mr. Hobley's contribution he now knew what the Ancient Mariner had felt like having an Albatross wrapped round his neck! (literary types please explain the meaning of this obscure reference) and thanked Max Hebditch and the Museum staff warmly. Professor Wilkes praised Brian Hobley, granting him the credit for the success of the Conference. Brian Hobley then thanked again the Museum staff, and John Maloney and Trevor Hurst for the exhibition. It was a pity that Brian Hobley only thanked John Maloney for doing the photographic exhibition, when, in fact, the original idea of the Conference was John's, who also did the bulk of the groundwork setting it up. (KF & DJT)

Diana, Vanessa, Wendy and Crispin put on a truly wonderful free reception at the DUA, which put the Museum's £1 effort to shame. Diana deserves all the credit for making that reception a great success despite the conditions she had to work under.

To sum up then a very good Conference, but perhaps as an established study a less epic effect than last year's Waterfront Conference, but what a fantastic exhibition!
ELECTRIC SHOCK HORROR: within five days of the clocks going forward, electric power comes to Trig Lane, but sadly the lights are going out all over JJ and ABL. The ILA and WEL archive reporters have now plugged into the TL supply, and the brilliance of POM is illuminating Level III, although a temporary CUT is being short-circuited by Clare and Co. Former DUA Bright Spark Steve is keeping his GPO team super-charged with alternating currents of text sections, but unfortunately Annie (the well-known live wire) was neutralised by falling to earth, whilst Patrick blew a respiratory fuse and is now being serviced. Luckily he's still under guarantee.

Meanwhile, in order to lighten Alan's overload, he's been ordered to take "one and a half assistants", viz Biker Burch and Shakin' Stevens respectively. Rude Boy Flude remains undaunted by his Clash with the Marxists and Theologians, and Simons wet cell is continually processing batteries of soiled ceramics, and high-powered Friedrike & Micro chip Harrison have embarked upon a plant intensive hydro electric scheme.

Flo Bosent

COMING SOON: IN SEARCH OF ROSKAMS

Michael Woods, the well-known character actor and epileptic, goes in search of SP Roskams the enigmatic Dark Age figure who left his mark from Gloucester to Grummetics, from Clapham to Carthage and from Milk Street to the Magogs. Our intrepid reporter visits the site of the palace in Newgate Street from whence the Emperor issued his most famous decrees, rediscovers a rusting BMW once owned by the imperial personage, and attempts to decipher the 714 volumes of the GPO Gospels written during a historic tea break almost four weeks ago.

DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS@DARTS

Behind the back comments are never nice. I have heard rumours about my standard of dart playing (or when Jules and I were competing for a place in this year's final). Now as you know I'm not one to make excuses or try to place the blame (Peanuts: It's not whether you win or lose, it's how you place the blame...) on anybody else; not even myself! The truth you will probably find hard to believe, but I will explain anyway.

That Wednesday happened to be the day, ten years ago, that my pet mouse passed away to the great mouse trap in the sky. I was very cut up! Also I had a very bad attack of shingles, cramp in my foot, I had not had anything to eat for two weeks except for the odd peanut I could scrounge. I was very very weak. On that day I'll never forget that awful day. It was 2 games to one for Jules I had to get the double to win. I felt really confident, my arm drew back, the dart was poised firmly between my fingers, my arm flew forward confidently, my fingers began to release the dart when suddenly my little dead mouse came into my thoughts. I missed....again and again and again...

JBE
John-John’s Swan-Song

Gosh! to think in a few weeks time I’ll be an ex-DUA employee; and it only feels like 5 years instead of a few weeks since I began here.

You know, its only at times like this that its possible to look back over a length of time and play 'Spot the changes'. Most people in the Unit assume it seems, that whatever is happening now has always been; very untrue! For instance trig Lane was supervised by a chap called arkarrison; a nice enough bloke but very young and he suffered from delusions of grandeur which after a year or so allowed his knowledge to be overtaken by Gustav; the twain didn’t meet so he burgered off. The EPO site had opened in my first year (75) and characters like Andy Boddington and Sal Garfi were in the forefront pushing for the top - they’ve both gone now. Charles Hill was the field officer and John Schofield had made himself Senior Site Supervisor because of Charles impending 1 year sabatical to 'write-up' the Riverside Wall. Ed Harris began his crusade for the Matrix and most people thought he was nuts - "What give a cut a number?". Now of course it seems uncanny that such an idea was not thought of (or at least put into practice) years ago.

Anon came the 4 metre square planning; first of all several layers on one sheet, then dwindling to one layer per sheet. Colours were introduced, the experiment ranged from water colour realism to Derwent Series No 19. Context descriptions became more standardised, Hobley applied for more jobs - unsuccessfully. Hallow Kent approached ASTMS to make the DUA unionised. She got the sack at the earliest opportunity. The Museum wouldn’t recognise ASTMS, only IPCS, initially IPCS wouldn’t recognise us but eventually conceded to our wishes. So it was goodbye ASTMS, hello IPCS and goodbye to about £1 per month. Was it worth it? Suppose so.

So many changes have occurred! The Guildhall Museum was no more when it became the Museum of London, then run by Tom Kime; now by his then assistant Max Hebditch. Oh yes, before the opening of the new Museum the offices were around the corner to the present ones; the DUA and its parent were then run from the same place.

Charles resigned, Schofield took over his job, BH stopped applying for other jobs, and decided to ‘give 5 years to the DUA’.

Steve Roseaks joined the DUA, Andy Boddington went to Northampton and management-worker communications went totally to pieces. The JCP scheme began to the cry from BH ‘we want pickers and shovellers not thinkers’ (his first person was a young black bloke, Albert, a nice fellow but colour prejudice, nearly the next one was Dave Stephens. It became obvious after a while that BH’s thoughts had altered because JCP’s were being hand-picked and usually had to have a degree of some sort (maybe a case of keeping up with the Joneses, or other Unit managers). And so things went changing. Steve brushed up the recording system, vacuum cleaners were introduced to suck-up the dirt and the by then obvious hierarchal system caused people to suck-up to the management.

Some things of course haven’t changed over these few years. There are no open-ended contracts, no decent wages, still the threat of redundancies, still the threat of budget short-falls, still the DUA hasn’t got a permanent home, still a backlog in finds because of the still present shortage of staff, still, still waters run deep.

EYE-EYE

JOE,

STEP INTO THE FIELD OFFICER’S BOOTS! John Schofield is giving away his size 8 Dr Martin’s boots, which he received in the first clothing allowance; hardly worn because his feet are size 8½. Since these are Museum property, he gives them free to the first Cinderella (or Prince Charming) with appropriate feet and need. See him as soon as possible.
THE GRAND NATIONAL 1980

Run at Aintree, Liverpool, Saturday, 29th March, at 3.30 p.m.

In horse racing, as in many other walks of life, communication is often a problem. The trainer thinks his horse is going to win; the jockey thinks it is going to win; the owner hopes it is going to win because he has a packet on it. The problem arises because no one has bothered to tell the horse he is going to win. So it follows that the poor animal, being unaware of what is expected of him, regards the Grand National as just another outing. Some years ago an American song, doing the rounds, had the lines:-

The owner told Clarence (the Clocker)
The Clocker told Jockey Magee
The jockey of course passed it on to the horse, and the horse told me.

Please do not remind me that in the pages of this journal last year I tipped four against the field, who started out at three thirty on the Saturday, and did not return until three thirty on the Sunday! If the jockeys and horses can remain united over four and a half miles, jumping thirty-two fences in the process, and given the luck in running, my four against the field have a chance, be it a horse's chance, or a dog's chance, who can say.

Godfrey Secundus 33-1
Another Dolly 18-1

Coolishall 33-1
Prince Rock 20-1

Peninsular House has now come to an end. Despite earlier intentions of barricading themselves behind their wheelbarrows and throwing molotov cocktails at the first sign of Macalpine's shock-troops, the site has at last succumbed to the pressures of international Finance and the imminent arrival of several hundred thousand tons of concrete.

Like the Phoenix, however, Peninsular House will rise again. The show may be over but soon - The book of the show! "First Interim Report", 400 (almost) pages of erudition and wit not to mention imagination with a dash of je-ne-sais-quoil or god-knows-what packed into one exciting volume. Bound in lush green Moroccan Leather, toiled with artistically crafted gilt scrolls and thingies printed in large black easily readable letters, purchase of this report will enrich your library and our directors.

Following this, a four hour musical version is being considered, complete with customary hackneyed cliches - 2,000 tapdancing chimney sweeps, 5,000 jolly beggars, 150 mirthful lepers and of course Julie Andrews.

Well, enough of these half-truths, now for some half-lies. P.E.W. (or post excavation work as we in the trade know it) is coming on space and indeed along. P and N are killing (sorry) finishing off A, while of course D has sorted out E (S only). E(G) and M(?) should be done by HH and PN but they couldn't face it, and who blames them? D of course is also sorting out anyone who is foolish enough to disagree with him. CH has given up in despair and gone to sort out TL and the W.C. B is going to burn as a symbolic offering to the Gang of One in Downing Palace. If that doesn't bring in more funds we will consider holding HH a hostage and demanding £5 for his release!

Of course it might not work .......

Pen Pal
It was with great deal of apprehension that I took myself off to "The Third Policeman" at the ICA club - an event in the Sense of Ireland programme. The idea of a novel by Flann O'Brien presented by the Science Fiction Theatre of Liverpool seemed a bit like a Ballyfermot Irish Countrywomen's Association's rendering of Star Wars.

However a sense of Loyalty to both the novel and the Theatre, and of course, an element of curiosity made me risk witnessing the possible ruination of the one by the other.

As it turned out my fears were unfounded and credit must be given where it is due. Ken Cambell's adaptation was consistent with the atmosphere of the novel... and it is here that the worst fault might have been. Yes, the feeling was right which meant that for me the pressure was off. I could sit back and relax and even play 'the hunter in the ditch' as to the minor flaws and nitty gritties of the action. The last scene was undoubtedly too rushed and the major denouement of the story that the main character has infant been dead throughout the play. The play could easily be misunderstood - and indeed was, by some (not that this spoiled their enjoyment of the play). To mistake a dream Journey (in fact a sort of hell-Journey - Author's description) for an average jaunt through the Irish Countryside is, I must say, attributing more than their fair share of peculiarities and absurdities to the population of the Green Ireland. The fact that twenty years in worldly terms has passed during our Across three days adventures was not at all clear. It was rather pointless showing his accomplice Divney as a well settled married man complete with heavily pregnant wife at the end when he had never been shown otherwise. Neither was it made clear that Divney actually suffers a heart attack and dies from the shock of seeing his old partner in crime and that he then finds himself in this hell world, which is nothing more than an exact repetition of the first. This time two of them travel the road of the crazy policeman whose obsessions range from the prevention of excessive exchange of atoms between humans and bicycles, the manufacture of beautifully carved chest each one containing one exactly similar getting smaller and smaller and smaller... and the last number of which are completely invisible, and to the hanging of innocent men, just to please the 'inspector'.

My other main criticism of this adaption was a sin of omission rather than content. I feel there should have been a lot more narrative on the antics of De Selby, 'Scientist extraordinaires' which are contained in a series of lengthy and completely absurd footnotes throughout the book. An attempt was made to include or at least acknowledge these footnotes but the De Selby Character was never mentioned and the one or two passages used were simply not enough to do the idea justice. The Play therefore while containing the obvious and winning episodes lacked a lot of the subtleties intended by the author.

Nevertheless the acting was just about flawless. Mitch Davies, as the hero was excellent showing every aspect of the horror of his experience in his face, the accents were consistently good and the twisted perspective of the sets and props together with the weird and cacophonous sound effects complete with bicycle percussion - maintained a sense of mystery and fear which gave us that necessary hint of the supernatural and kept us wandering.

Val

Tis indeed a fine pancake and a

conundrum of the first order this Atomic Theory; this passing of the atoms of yer man to the bike and of the bike to yer man, till yer man's half bike and the bike's half man. Sure it could be true, but then myself would be half man and half typep owiijisijr 89))(&

(clickety clickety clickety clickety ping.

Nov
STOP TAKING OUR PAST

The campaign against the plundering of Britain's past

STOP is a national campaign promoted by the following major organisations to prevent the growing use of metal detectors in a serious and well-founded anxiety that the archaeological landscape and the national heritage is being plundered.

STOP was founded in 1979 in order to bring to the attention of the public, politicians, local authorities, landowners,archaeologists, and metal-detectors users themselves the inherent dangers of this hobby.

STOP is actively supported by:

- The Association of County Archaeological Officers - the body which represents archaeologists employed by county councils.
- The Council for British Archaeology - the representative body for British archaeology, comprising local and national societies, professional units, museums and universities.
- The Muses Association - the body representing the interests of local and national museums.
- Rescue, the British Archaeological Trust - an independent Trust concerned with the safeguarding of the archaeological environment.
- The Standing Conference of Unit Managers of the Association of Professional Archaeology units and directors.
- The Society of Museum Archaeologists - representing archaeologists working within museums and historic houses.
- The United Kingdom Institute for Conservation - representing all those concerned with the conservation of objects in museums, historic houses and institutions.
- Young Rescue - for children aged 9-16 who are interested in archaeology.

In fact STOP is supported by all those people, amateurs and professionals, concerned with the excavation and understanding of archaeological remains and display of material remains.

STOP believes that treasure hunting constitutes a great threat to the country's archaeological heritage, and it is in this country's national interest. The concept of treasure hunting is totally at variance with the objectives and principles of archaeology in studying and safeguarding our tangible past for the good of present and future generations.

WHY STOP?

One of STOP's primary aims is to prevent the removal of finds from their context and the destruction of the invaluable information that is tied up in that context. Archaeology is a branch of science which depends on the whole material remains in context for its interpretation. Any removal of objects in context destroys this context and, consequently, the whole archaeological methodology is upset. Any removal of objects in context is a serious breach of the law and is a criminal act.

It is for this reason that STOP considers that the practice of treasure hunting should be stopped immediately. STOP is a national campaign to prevent the plundering of Britain's past and to stop the destruction of our national heritage.

TREASURE HUNTING AND THE LAW

Once a person has observed a find, he is likely to publish it and, in doing so, to cause further damage to the site. Indeed, the law recognises that such damage is a crime and that it is punishable under the Treasure Acts. Any damage to the site is a criminal act and is punishable under the Treasure Acts. Any damage to the site is a criminal act and is punishable under the Treasure Acts.

THE PURPOSE OF ARCHAEOLOGY

We all need the security which comes from a thorough understanding of the past and the knowledge which comes from the archaeological record. This is the reason why archaeology exists. We all need the security which comes from a thorough understanding of the past and the knowledge which comes from the archaeological record. This is the reason why archaeology exists.

ARCHAEOLOGY IS THE EXPLORATION OF OUR PAST

Archaeology is the exploration of our past, a process which is not only important in understanding our own heritage, but also in providing insights into the development of human society and the environment. Archaeology is the exploration of our past, a process which is not only important in understanding our own heritage, but also in providing insights into the development of human society and the environment.

Archaeology is not just a dry and dusty subject, but a dynamic and exciting one, full of surprises. Archaeology is not just a dry and dusty subject, but a dynamic and exciting one, full of surprises.

Any comments? especially bear in mind the tension between the two sides - sorry about the small print.
In October 1973 I took a fortnight package tour to Istanbul. This one flew me there and provided a hotel quite cheaply, but like most packages the Big Sell is the exorbitant price of excursions once you are there.

On the first day I took an internal flight at Turkish Airlines Istanbul office for the day after next. During the next two days I visited the huge Blue Mosque, the Yeri Bati underground cisterns, built about 1000 years ago to store fresh water when the Byzantine. City was under siege etc.

The flight from Istanbul to Kayseri took me about 400 miles into the Anotolian Massif. Soon after take off the plane flew through a violent electrical storm. A thunderbolt exploded a few yards from us. Although it is not dangerous ( a TWA jet was struck by lightning recently and no damages or injuries sustained ) I exclaimed in surprise ' Korr...iist! ' As all the other passengers were Turks, and presumably, Moslems perhaps they thought I was praying for divine intercession.

I visited several Mosques and other monuments in Kayseri such as the ruins of the ancient Byzantine town walls and bastions, and the Seljuk (the first Turkish dynasty - before the Ottomans) Castle.

I travelled on a Dolmus bus to Nevsehir. In Turkish 'Dolmus' means 'stuffed' and they cram in as many passengers as it will hold. When all the fixed seats are occupied the driver produces stools for extra customers and departure time is when it completely full, not before.

Most of the 80 km. journey was through the Cappodocian desert. By world standards it is small, but it is a rocky desert, the scenery is spectacular and rocks have numerous colours. The Dolmus passed Lake Tug salt flats and several of the curious flat topped mountains called Mezas.

Nevsehir is the centre of a 'Villayet' - the Turkish version of a département and it clusters around a steep conical hill surmounted by an early post-medieval fortress. I also visited the small local Museum. Luckily Turkish is written in Latin Letters, not Arabic so Hittite is HITITT.

I caught the Dolmus to Kayseri and next day travelled to Goreme where Xian Monks had carved out dwellings in the weirdly eroded soft Tufa stone. The main road runs near the site, but I asked the driver to drop me off at a motel and I walked the last mile.

On the way back to Kayseri I stopped off at Urgup where more 'cavelets' had been hallowed out. Most were now used as tool sheds and animal shelters but originally they too were dwellings. The road back to Kayseri runs parallel to the railroad tracks, for some miles we raced an old steam engine, sparks and small flames flaring from its firebox and chimney. In the gathering dusk, with 16,000 ft Mt. Argus in the background, it was most impressive.

I flew back to Istanbul for a few more days. I went on one of the old steam reciprocating boats up the Bosphorus for 10p (the travel company charge 25 for a motor launch) to the Rumeli Hisar Fortress. The largest of its 3 donjons is the huge Tower over 100ft high. Apart from some heightening by the Turks following the 1453 final conquest it was built about 1070 A.D. by the Byzantines. A party of American Tourists were wandering around. After a few minutes the guide blew his whistle and shouted 'Everyone back to Britain'.

On the plane back to Britain I realised how nice it was not to be 'rounded up' by a sheepdog.

LLEGOS NOMIS.

'A WORD FOR THE VIKINGS' ('The Times', Saturday, 23rd Feb, 1980)

'Perhaps the Vikings did not destroy the York Library books but just took them home to read.'
Maggie Blue, Maggie Blue, sits at number ten;
Maggie Blue, Maggie Blue, with her band of men;
steals from the poor, gives to the rich, silly bitch.

E.J. Carbon

POETIC LARCENCE

C14: Once again we have been presented with an inflationary Budget showing a persistence of the disgusting Tory economic policies, whereby the working class are forced to suffer at the hands of the wealthy. Inflation has doubled in the last year, and will be allowed to remain at a staggering 19%. The 49p rise to the single person by the abolishment of the 25p threshold does not signify a cut in tax, but instead, a real increase in tax to the lower paid since the Tories took power. The deflationary budget continued its attack on basic public services, including a 400% increase in N.H.S. prescription charges since 1979, further diminishing the principle of the Health Service, and increasing the burden on the poor. In real terms, child benefit has been cut by 80%, and their schooling has been allowed to continue its decline. Haven't we had enough? Are you still going to sit back and allow our standards to decline. The country is going to the rich, and with it goes Archaeology, back to the days of Pitt-Rivers. THINK... and find ways to fight back, it is up to everybody, we are all suffering from this Government. Even Maggie's own members have no faith in her policies, they said so in Parliament but voted for their jobs, it is now for the people to decide...

ER 213 Bucklesbury House. Timber lined well to the south of the Temple site, uncovered and cut into by an unescorted boy. The well contained little of any importance save for iron arrowhead and a wooden bucket. The latter was damaged by the boy, but sufficient remains for a reconstruction to be achieved. 3rd - 4th Century.

ER 222 Bucklesbury House. Small timber lined well 'excavated' by unescorted boy with a coal hammer as his principal instrument. The deposit can not be considered of any value.

Peter Marsden then went on to play a major part in the excavating of the City; providing a skeleton upon which the Unit has built... from small beginnings...

C14: Ex.DUAer Graham Cadman has for some time been in charge of the excavation of Raunds. Andy Bodinton meanwhile moved on to University last September.

C14: A year ago we asked why we had not been allowed seminars by eminent Archaeologists as we had been receiving a year previous. We were told that plans were already in motion for a continuation of this important service. Since then we have seen nothing, so once again we make an appeal for a reincarnation of the admirable supply which the DUA was administering until recently.

For Graham Larksbey in S. Wales we publish an interesting snippet as an accompaniment to his excellent serial for which we express our heartfelt thanks and beer soaked gratitude...

FROM COTTAGE ECONOMY by William Cobbett. First published 1821

I view tea drinking as a destroyer of health, an enfeebler of the frame, an engenderer of effeminacy and laziness, a deboucher of youth and a maker of misery for old age.

In the fifteen bushels of salt, which make 274 gallons of good beer, there are 570 pounds weight of sweet, that is to say, of nutritious matter, unmixed with anything injurious to health. In the 750 tea msesas of the year there are 54 pounds of sweet in the sugar, and about 30 pounds of matter equal to sugar in the milk. Here are eighty-four pounds instead of five hundred and seventy, and even the good effect of these eighty-four pounds is more than over-balanced by the corrosive, gnawing and poisonous powers of the tea.

It is impossible for any one to deny the truth of this statement.
The 1980 DU Darts Championship, sponsored by Bandai, and backed by the International Olympic Committee, the final was played at the international venue 'Upstairs in the Globe' on March 20th.

Despite making an official draw, one night in t'Pepys, organisation proved futile where the DU Darts sporting crowd were concerned. Eleven hour entries from Peter Cardiff and Alison B.L., as well as fixture classes turned the draw inside out.

'The Globe' 29 Feb 1980 First Round: Clare chased Mark all the way but went out 0:2. Friedelke (one of the international stars) and Mike (who isn't) staged a selection match. Mike staggered out a 2:0 winner. Dave 'Can anyone take my darts out?', dashed poor Annie's hopes 2:1. Don fought tooth and nail against Simon and lost both 1:2.

Second Round: Mike feeling confident, took on Peter, but slumped 0:2. Alison 'Is this real? I must be drunk!' almost knocked out Dave but lost 2:1.

Quarter Final: Peter anxious to keep going while his luck held played a save and crawled through to the semi 2:1.

"The Samuel Pepys" 5 March, First Round: Hester and Jon V. Price made sparks fly. Hester winning 2:0. Pete 'Spearchucker' from over the water, regained consciousness just in time to stem Kevin's winning streak 2:1.

"The Globe" 6 March, First Round: Jon Jon, defending champion, saw off the challenge of Louise 2:0.

Second Round: Chris (Louise's little friend), being stateless didn't win any sympathy from Simon losing 0:2.

"The Globe" 7th March, Second Round: Benk (another star from the continent) played well but still lost to J J 0:2. Derek gave a perfect example of how not to art and went out 0:2 to Mark.

Quater Final: Mark then took on J J but sunk 1:2.

"The Globe" 12 March, First Round: Jenny kept Ian waiting for him to win 2:0.

Second Round: Penny couldn't stop Ian from repeating a 2:0 score.

Quater Final: Simon however finished the last game on 1:4 to beat Ian 2:1.

"The Globe" 14 March, Semi-Final: Simon arrived with supporters, but was overturned by a very confident Peter 3:2.

"The Pepys" 19th March: Hester had a walk-over when Patrick retired to to Guys Hospital injured before their second round match.

Quater-Final: Hester scored a white-wash in one game but lost 1:2 to a determined Julie.

Jon Jon couldn't hit the right scores and super cool Julie shot on to a 3:1 Victory.

The final played early in the evening, 'to get it over and done with', at the players request, was not the pairing originally thought possible. Julie reached the final without even being aware her name was down in the...
in the first place Peter had put off entering while his job was unsettled. On the night Peter was too confident and secure to let anything slip and ran away with a 4:0 win though Julie wasn’t white-washed in any games. Gentleman Peter, then bought all the officials and his opponent a drink, hic! Well he did win a fiver!

The DUA beat the Institute; Away 10:2 + the beerleg. (at Darts)
Home 5:3 " " "

DIGGING IN AFGHANISTAN

COMPETITIONS

Free Digging Holiday! All you have to do is, in less than 20 words, describe the expanding horizons of Russian Afghan archaeologists, starting I love digging in .........

Competition No 2. Be the first to enter a Radio Carbon competition.
Competition No 3. Count the number of deliberate spelling mistakes in this Month’s Radio Carbon. First Prize: Correct all the spelling mistakes in all the Radio Carbons. Bonus marks for Grammatical Errors and Clumsy Expressions.

SINGLETON

John would like to remind you all of the Coach trip to
Singleton and Porchester on Sun 13th April. If you haven’t been there it’s well worth the effort.

Union Matters

We need nominations for Union reps for all subsections in the DUA, as the Annual General Meeting requires the election of reps in the near future. Nominations please on a piece of paper with a proposer and seconder.

Derek is continuing to deal with the preparation of a legal case for our contracts. Letters are being sent to our Museum Unions to canvass their support for the proposal for elected staff representatives on the Board of Governors. The committee discussed the ICHS report on the structuring of staff in Museums. This is the document on which we hope to use as a comparison to end the disparity in pay between ourselves and the National Museums.

A DUA sub-committee discussed the subjects of Substitution Pay and Responsibility Pay. A report is in preparation suggesting ways to organise such a system. For Substitution Pay the corporation requires that the applicant performs all the functions of the absent Superior, and apparently the Museum was very reluctant to help. Museum Staff in this way, when 2 people were eligible. Eventually they did get the Pay though.

RADIO CARBON was produced and directed by Stanley Baldwin (once when in a Railway Carriage Britain answer to Calvin Coolidge he’d Died). I never knew he was alive! was recognised by a man who said 'You are Baldwin aren’t you? Pleased to be recognised Baldwin smiled. The stranger continued. Venables 4th Form Winchester, Remember? Tell me Baldwin what are you up to these days? Aided and abetted by KFF with LH. Contributions from DT J & SB AEL, who we thank for their past contributions to RC, Goodluck JP JH PR AC SG JH, Fanfaul V D & H D (D&H, Stuart has an outside chance) Artwork by CB D&H JP 2000AD Dr Who Weekly Pop Arch and those wonderful photos by Richard Harris, neighbour to DC MR JH, and HJ (have a nice time in the USA).

* You mean the war’s finally over? *
Where were you all then? You missed a very entertaining evening debate on Philosophies of Archaeology and History, which saw Kevin, Derek, John Price, and Don fight for their places in a leaking hotair Balloon by the persuasiveness of their argument. Unfortunately before take off, the wires of the Balloon were slightly crossed as Don and John seemed to be discussing justifications of archaeology while Derek and Kevin were discussing a philosophical framework within which to interpret Archaeology.

Be that as it may it was still fun. Don argued that as Archaeology is not a cost effective method of learning about human society and that as pain and pleasure are the only true 'values' we should study archaeology with no illusions beyond our enjoyment of it.

Derek (says he spitefully) ran one quote from Marx or was it Engels with a verbatim precis of 'Archaeology in Britain - a Marxist View' by L.S. Klejn and proved that the (unfortunately) logical outcome of state marxism is the loss of originality. He did however read it very well! (That'll serve you right for beating me!)

John Price was very funny and he sure needed to be arguing as he did that the basis of Archaeology is the religious, manifested as it is in the Symbol of the Trowel, the Obedience to Harris the Great Matrix, and the Daily Reaffirmation of Faith in the filling out of the Context sheet (Oh Mighty Dark Grey Silt with Freq Flecks of ...... etc)

Kevin (having been beastly to Derek, I'm afraid I'll have to be honest) seemed to me to have presented his case abysmally. He was trying to hold the middle view of an agnostic, antidogmatic liberal interpretation of History, viz that liberty void with Power to be the major theme of society. It wasn't very funny (at least not intentionally!)

So at last the moment came when, back to the audience with bated breath, the audience awaited the decision. Who was to be was to be thrown off Balloon to be dashed to the ground? All to save the leaking Balloon from final disaster. The audience (quite rightly) decided that Kevin had to go ....

(ROTTON BEASTLY LOT! Just cos it was all way above your heads! Who organised it all then ...... AAAAAAARRRGGGGGHHH ! SPLAT!)

Derek then retrieved his stock of credibility (at least to the cognoscenti) by answering very well all the questions put to him in an authoritative way. So as the Balloon continued to sink despite the hotair, it had to be the Pleasure seeker who was thrown overboard. Hopefully he resolved successfully the conflicting truth of the pleasure of the descent with the pain of the arrival.

Only Two left and still the combined omnipotencies of Marx and God (in the Pantheistic sense) couldn't stop the descent of the Balloon! Somewhat inevitably though God won because Marx has already proved his mortality by his long sojourn in Highgate Cemetery. God is Eternal so it was fitting that the Godly John Price floated skyward to the Heavenly Research Excavation in the sky.

Kevin - the Sad loser!

Is there a Doctor in the House?

The London Hospitals are repaying the DHA for its reinvention of Hospital Archaeology, by playing host to 3 Urgarchs and 1 ex-arch, Patrick, Annie and Amanda all paid visits for assorted injuries and ailments. Patrick reports that he is sorry but he is still a walking wounded, having trouble with breathlessness and tiredness, after his collapsed lung. Annie has been seen back at work without that fashionable maw shoe. Is Prince Charming around with the other shoe? Amanda apparently broke her nose, that's what comes of being out of this world on the Forbidden Planet.

Poor old Richard got run over by a lorry and has been sent to St. Barth's to finish the Finds Backlog. He did have some rather nasty injuries but seems to have made an astonishing recovery. Get well soon, you all.