

Some reflections on the UCT Archaeology Department in the mid-1970s

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ABSTRACT

Remembered almost 50 years later, the experiences of a group of archaeology students at the University of Cape Town in the mid-1970s describe the heady days of discovering a life-long vocation in an archaeology department brimming with opportunities and freedoms that were in stark contrast to the prevailing repressive situation in South Africa. Staff and students from disparate backgrounds and with diverse personalities made up a complex cocktail where boundaries were blurred and a new world was laid open to mostly naïve minds. The centrality of fieldwork is stressed repeatedly; it provided the environment for growth, intellectually, socially and as a person. Access to study at the University of Cape Town was controlled by harshly unjust apartheid laws and the reflections here are those of a privileged white minority who were extremely fortunate to land in a ‘bubble’ where hierarchical and racial boundaries were relaxed. Although I refer to various issues, including gender discrimination, there is no in-depth retrospection of the role of archaeologists and archaeology in an apartheid state. These important matters have been discussed elsewhere. In this brief history I use the reminiscences of some archaeology students and staff to provide an account of a particular group of people at a specific time and place.

KEY WORDS: University of Cape Town, studying archaeology, apartheid, gender, power relations, fieldwork.

Simon Hall, the ‘thoughtful, passionate and meticulous’ archaeologist to whom this Festschrift is dedicated, was one of a group of six 1977 BA Honours graduates that also included the author of this paper.¹ We were first-year archaeology students in 1974 and were part of the first cohort to finish a three-year archaeology major in the recently established Archaeology Department at the University of Cape Town (UCT). Simon, along with four others in the first cohort—Anne Thackeray née Hogan-Fleming (lithics), Antonia Malan (historical archaeology), Dave Killick (archaeometallurgy) and Chrissie Sievers (archaeobotany) (Fig. 1)—went on to get PhDs and pursue careers in archaeology.²

¹ Direct and indirect quotes build up this *pastiche* of memories, but responsibility for the selection of the participants, content and interpretations rests firmly on my shoulders. I circulated a first draft to the participants, included their comments and suggestions and then circulated the manuscript again to enquire whether participants were comfortable (or at least did not have problems) with what I had written. The longer quotes are attributed to their authors; there were no objections to the lack of attribution of the shorter quotes. Sometimes names have been withheld for obvious reasons.

² Among postgraduates who were at UCT from 1974 to 1977 and undergraduates who came a year or two before or after ‘our’ time, there were many students who became very highly respected archaeologists in southern Africa and internationally. Their names are included in the Acknowledgements and/or in the list of Masters and Doctoral degrees conferred between 1959 and February 1989 (Deacon 1989a: 6). Mike Cronin is not on the list because although ‘his MA was virtually complete, it was not submitted’; ‘Mike ... was the first UCT archaeology student to use a Marxist paradigm’. Liora Horwitz subsequently employed a historical materialist approach in her Honours project in 1979, as did Aron Mazel in his 1988 PhD.



Fig. 1. Celebrating graduation in 1976 at the Pig and Whistle in Rondebosch, or possibly The Foresters Arms (Forries) in Newlands are, from left to right, Nick Lovell-Green, Antonia Malan, Chris Reid, Jane Henderson, Dave Killick, Andrew Olivier, Simon Hall (who is only 60% sure of this identification), Chrissie Sievers, Janet Pettigrew (now Hall), Anne Hogan-Fleming (now Thackeray) and an unidentified person. The photograph is from a slide taken by Ralph Malan.

What was it that nurtured and inspired so many of us to pursue careers in archaeology, and now triggers comments like ‘I count myself very, very lucky to have been in that place at that time’? I decided to sweep away the cobwebs to explore the memories of some of those who were there and to ‘dwell in the canons of archaeological folklore’ to capture the vibrant and stimulating atmosphere of the UCT Archaeology Department in the mid-1970s (1974–77). This paper is not a history of the department, nor a retrospective analysis of our perception of the role of archaeology and archaeologists in the wider political and social arenas. Instead, the words of some of those who were there reflect something of what we were thinking and doing at the time. Fieldwork is a recurrent theme and, not surprisingly, some anecdotes are best relegated to oral folklore, rather than the printed word. This account nevertheless highlights ‘the lighter side of what in other ways were dark days in South Africa’. I write about the political context of our undergraduate years, about the establishment and growth of the Archaeology

Department, the incredible freedoms that this unusually liberal department offered to students, the eclectic and inspirational staff, the teaching and learning methods, gender and power issues, and the hard work and hard play that buoyed us on a voyage of discovery that still continues.

THE POLITICAL CONTEXT

Structure and agency are intimately linked (Joyce & Lopiparo 2005) and while social systems can constrain and enable people, individuals nevertheless have agency, which can manifest as resistance to social norms and power inequalities, and in free will (Dornan 2002). Here, I describe briefly the political context of our undergraduate studies and our behaviour under the restrictions of the apartheid regime. Access to our privileged education was determined by skin colour and apartheid racial classification, and by virtue of these arbitrary traits, the opportunity to study at UCT (and other white universities) was denied to the vast majority of students in South Africa. The 1959 Extension of University Education Act No. 45 extended apartheid laws into higher education and excluded virtually all black students from studying at UCT. There were some ways to subvert the government's efforts to keep students apart. Archaeology was not offered as a subject at the University of the Western Cape (UWC) and consequently coloured³ students—who by law were compelled to study at UWC—were permitted to apply for a permit to attend UCT to study archaeology.⁴ Once they had obtained a permit, they could register for other subjects too.

Freedom of speech and the press received heavy-handed censorship, although the government denied this; Francis Thackeray remembers hearing the Minister of Information, Connie Mulder, making the ridiculous statement on national television (introduced to South Africa for the first time in 1976) that the South African press was 'as free as a fish in water. The fish can go up and down, and turn right and left, in complete freedom'. The blanks or blacked out lines and paragraphs of censored news and comments remain clear in one's memory, however. The tragic events of 1976 fell within the undergraduate years of the first cohort and the daily newspaper lists of missing children were deeply shocking and horrifying. From our elevated position on the slopes of Table Mountain we could see smoke and burning across the Cape Flats, and we heard accounts of the horror and fear of children and others who were stuffed violently into police trucks, where the abuse continued.

At the time, none of us was seriously involved in the struggle against apartheid,⁵ although many of us had friends who were involved,⁶ and some of these were arrested.⁷

³ J.M. Coetzee (2002: 308–10) discusses 'the minefield of racial terminology'. The South African Government (2022) refers to white, black African, coloured and Indian/Asian population groups.

⁴ 'One of these was Gabeba Abrahams-Willis who obtained a PhD at UCT and worked at the South African Cultural History Museum and Iziko.'

⁵ 'Mazel Tov', a chapter in the book by Jonathan Ancer (2021), *Mensches in the trenches: Jewish foot soldiers in the anti-apartheid struggle*, is about Aron Mazel's involvement in the anti-apartheid struggle after he left UCT.

⁶ There were practical considerations to prepare oneself for any eventuality; a friend of mine always kept her contraceptive pills and toothbrush on her person, in case she was 'picked up' and had to spend a night or longer in jail.

⁷ When Antonia Malan was arrested while observing a peaceful protest in the 1980s, the officer taking

We recall joining protests, particularly on UCT's grassy slopes above the M3 (Philip Kgosana Drive, then called De Waal Drive). There was always someone across the highway endlessly taking photographs. Francis believes these photographs were used to identify him and that subsequently, because he had been identified as a protestor, his mail home from Yale was regularly opened.⁸ The letters bore a yellow seal with the words 'This item has been found opened, and has been resealed'. Simon, coming from Zambia, recalls arriving in South Africa for the first time and staying at the UCT residence, College House. The warden called together five or six of the new students and warned them not 'to step out of line', assuring them that because they were from beyond South Africa's borders they 'were being watched'. Dave has a similar account to share:

An Anglican priest by the name of Foster van der Bijl had married my parents in Cape Town in 1951, and they asked him to keep an eye on me. On one occasion he told me that an acquaintance in the police had asked him to tell me not to attend demonstrations. I was lucky that the Government didn't expel me from the country, as I was only there on a student visa.

A Faculty of Arts Student Council (1981) publication, *Ascent into the Arts Faculty*, describes Archaeology as an 'interesting department ... run by nice people, who although not committed to any ideology ... are open-minded'. John Parkington recalls the spatial and physical symbolism of looking down and across the Cape Flats from the elevated position of the School of African Studies tearoom and says that the university 'really did feel like an ivory tower.' The African Studies tearoom, however, was patronised by a multidisciplinary group of academics and provided a meeting place for many politically committed and active people. Among the staff meeting in the tearoom, at least one of them, 'the anthropologist Mary Simons, paid dearly for her political activity' and was put under house arrest (banned), a fate that her father and her mother had also experienced (University of Cape Town News 2004; Ntsebeza 2020). House arrest and banning carried heavy restrictions⁹ and Dave writes,

I played bridge on occasion with Neville Curtis, former President of NUSAS [National Union of South African Students], who was under house arrest and was only allowed one visitor at a time in his house in Observatory. Bridge needs four, but one sits out when the bidding is completed. While the other three played, the fourth would watch the street in case the police approached the house, in which case two of us would jump over the back wall into the alley and disperse! Neville owned the record store Cold Storage in Rondebosch, and I still have several vinyl records with Cold Storage stickers on the sleeves.

A popular game that also required agility was football (soccer). John's love of football effected changes on the sports field and the 'Archaeology Department led the way in non-racial soccer at UCT'. John had played football for the UCT all-white team, but the 'Friends of Archaeology' team he formed included Cedric Poggenpoel and Mike Herbert, who were both coloured staff¹⁰ in the department. The 'Friends

her fingerprints said to her, 'Lady, you should wear gloves when you do the washing up'.

⁸ Anne and Francis headed to Yale University half-way through our Honours year in 1977. Anne completed her Honours project super-quickly and very well, and went straight into a PhD at Yale.

⁹ A document issued by the United Nations Centre Against Apartheid (1969) contains detail on the restrictive conditions of banning.

¹⁰ 'The Mafeje Affair' in 1968 (Ntsebeza 2020) is an example of the difficulty of appointing black Africans as academics at UCT. In a letter dated 6 November 1979, Nick van der Merwe wrote to Aron

of Archaeology' established a league of multiracial teams (the geologists also had a team) playing against one another; eventually the university's team became mixed too and was later dominated by black players.

UCT was 'an island of sense in a country of nonsense'. This nonsense included the *rooi gevaar* (Afrikaans for 'red danger', which loosely referred to the 'communist threat' that would tear apart the fabric of South African society), the *geel gevaar* (yellow peril) and the *swart* (black) *gevaar*. There was compulsory military conscription for white South African men to fight these 'perils' and, as a result, male students generally arrived at UCT a year older than female students. A white male over the age of 18 could avoid conscription while attending university, and many male students left the country immediately after finishing their university studies,¹¹ rather than join the army.¹² Suspicion was rampant about anything that was not mainstream. Aron Mazel recalls a conversation when I told a professional archaeologist (not from UCT) that I was vegetarian. The person was horrified because promoting vegetarianism was dangerous—eating meat was essential to bolster aggression in the men fighting 'to protect South Africa'. Like vegetarianism, nudity and drug-taking were similarly frowned upon and graphic scenes of these in the documentary on the 1969 Woodstock Festival were cut out (Bentley 2011). Generally, censors were not good at editing film and it was disconcerting to have actors silenced in mid-sentence and suddenly appearing in a completely different place. Nevertheless, Woodstock remained a favourite in the basement of the Leslie Building where films were screened on Sunday nights. Many memories are evoked by the music of legends such as Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Joan Baez, Santana, Ravi Shankar and others. 'Neil Young's *Harvest Moon* and *After the Gold Rush* ... those albums instantly catapult me back to those days every time I hear them.'

The liberal environment in the Archaeology Department was in stark contrast to the extreme oppression of the time. We were encouraged to think and 'simply by doing honest African archaeology we were forced to reject the standard white South African understanding of South African history—that white settlers occupied empty lands.' We had the sense that 'we were contributing to a cause' and 'that we were part of something new and special in the making of South African history'. 'Those who taught us ... played some role in undermining the ideology of apartheid' and 'opened a lot of minds, and thereby helped to pave the way to post-apartheid society'.

Mazel to report that Cedric had been 'promoted to Technical Officer, the first person to hold this rank in the Arts Faculty ... The long list of colleagues and students, past and present, who wrote letters of recommendation on his behalf was all important'.

¹¹ Dave Killick writes: 'My close friend Andre Proctor, who graduated with us in 1976, left immediately for Botswana, where he taught in an ANC school, and later in Zambia. When Zimbabwe became independent in 1980, he moved there, and (with Peter Garlake and Ian Phimister) wrote a history curriculum for Zimbabwean high schools. He clearly got something out of his one course in archaeology at UCT!'

¹² The apartheid government's 'Bantustan' or homeland policy provided a loophole for some. My youngest brother was born in Bizana, a village in Transkei, now part of the Eastern Cape Province. The South African government declared Transkei 'independent' in 1976 and by virtue of my brother's birth in 'independent' Transkei, the South African army could not conscript him unless 'he stayed in South Africa for a period of three years' before he was 25.

THE ARCHAEOLOGY DEPARTMENT AT UCT: A BRIEF BACKGROUND

Various academics have written histories of archaeology and about the role of archaeology in South Africa. These include Inskip (1961, 1970), Mason (1965, 1989), Ucko (1987), Hall (1988, 1990), Deacon (1989b, 1990, 1993), Trigger (1990), Maggs (1993), Schrire (1995), Wadley (1997, 2000, 2013), Shepherd (2002, 2003, 2019), Schlanger (2003, 2019), Lucas and Hall (2006), Ndlovu (2009a, b, 2016), Smith (2009, 2014), Humphreys (2011), Lane (2011), Delius and Marks (2012), Phillipson (2015), Pikirayi (2015), Delmas and De la Peña (2019), Dubow (2019), Esterhuysen (2019) and Ndlovu and Smith (2019). Phillips (2019) describes the history of UCT under apartheid, and provides the context for the Archaeology Department at the university. Here I provide only a brief background and overview of the UCT Archaeology Department that welcomed us as undergraduates in 1974.

Archaeology was a two-year major within the School of African Studies when Ray Inskip was appointed in 1960 to succeed John Goodwin (Maggs 1993). At the time of his death in 1959, Goodwin was the only person in the subcontinent teaching archaeology full-time (Deacon 1989b: 4). Ray envisaged establishing archaeology as a three-year major and in the early 1970s,¹³ after the university had made various changes at school and faculty level, Ray advertised for a PhD graduate with teaching and administrative experience to head the recently established independent Archaeology Department.¹⁴ In 1974, Nikolaas (Nick) van der Merwe (Van der Merwe 1979) arrived from the State University of New York (Binghamton) as the first full professor in the Archaeology Department at UCT.

Janette Deacon, who has insight from over half a century of experience and knowledge of archaeology departments, sees a pattern that may explain the energy and passion in the Archaeology Department in the mid-1970s. Janette, Carmel Schrire, Garth Sampson, Liz Voigt (née Speed), Renee Hirschon, Hilary Deacon, Peter Beaumont ('the last two came as Honours students having done their undergraduate studies with Goodwin') and Tim Maggs were all students in Ray's first cohort. Janette describes their relationship with Ray as 'a special kind of energy', which she observed also when Hilary Deacon started the Archaeology Department at Stellenbosch University in 1971 and then again when Nick van der Merwe arrived at UCT in 1974. 'Both the staff and the students were starting at the beginning and finding their way' and 'the sense of excitement' filled staff and students alike with energy and enthusiasm for archaeology. Janette comments also on the importance of fieldwork. Other staff, as well as the students from the mid-1970s, agree that fieldwork kindled our interest and lit within us an enduring passion. Not only did we go to 'amazing sites', but also, we spent 'quality time' with staff in the field, in practical sessions and in social settings. 'The fieldwork made the pennies drop' and there was 'a special camaraderie

¹³ Ray Inskip left UCT for Oxford at the end of 1971. Janette Deacon started lecturing at UCT at the beginning of 1972 and it was probably during that year that an advert went out for a head of department. Janette lectured at UCT until the middle of 1975.

¹⁴ 'UCT's Council approved the creation of a separate Department of Archaeology at its meeting on 11 December 1968, which in effect meant that it became independent in 1969' (Howard Phillips, pers. comm., 2022).

resulting from the feeling that we were entrusted to work on precious remains, and that we had to do them justice.'

A SITE BRIMMING WITH EXPERTS AND OPPORTUNITIES

Exhilaration in the freedom to explore ideas, the range of opportunities offered for investigation and an overwhelming enjoyment of 'unbeatable camaraderie' dominate the memories of ardent archaeology students at UCT in the mid-1970s. In contrast to the general situation of a repressive society that appeared to be 'stuck in the 1950s', the atmosphere was electric with possibilities. Aron Mazel (first year in 1975) reminisces on the sublime happiness of finding 'a home' in archaeology. Simon describes himself as 'naïve' when he arrived and says that the freedom and stimulation of the Archaeology Department allowed him to develop intellectually, socially and as a person with a growing sense of responsibility. Many of us had 'little idea of what university was supposed to be' and there was 'surprise and delight' when we were 'introduced to another world'. One student, though, was 'uninspired' at the time and experienced 'profound disappointment as [the course] focused on local sites, which produced only beads, stones and bones, when I had imagined digs producing Grecian vases and golden trinkets'.¹⁵ This statement is illuminating. Decades before calls for transformation in the content of university courses, the UCT Archaeology Department was focusing on southern African research and many students were excited to feel part of developing 'new insights into the African past'. We had little exposure to African history at school and this awakening was revolutionary.

Research interests in the department ranged from hunter-gatherer archaeology (Janette Deacon, John Parkington, Cedric Poggenpoel) to isotope studies and archaeometallurgy (Nick van der Merwe) and research into pastoralism (Andy Smith). Visiting lecturers added to the mix. Philip Rightmire 'arrived like a breath of fresh air' and introduced physical anthropology to us. We had to rewrite our exam when his briefcase containing our papers was stolen. There was the trip to the Cederberg with Arizona-based dendrochronologist Valmore LaMarche (Fig. 2), in search of *Widdringtonia wallichii* (previously *W. cedarbergensis*). The ensuing report set out detail on 'the development and climatic interpretation of the first dated annual ring-width index chronology from Africa south of the Sahara' (Dunwiddie & LaMarche 1980: 796). Heralding the use of state-of-the-art technology was a computer whizz, Danny (an American friend of Nick's, whose surname we cannot recall), who gave us rectangular cards that were punched with a key-punch machine before they were inserted into a computer that was the size of a small room. At a later date, Dave remembers dropping a boxful of these cards and having to re-punch each one of them because there was no way to identify their correct order.¹⁶ Irving Rouse from Yale was another visiting lecturer.¹⁷ 'He told us about the marvellous feathered capes of Mesoamerica, and

¹⁵ The student's prime motivation for registering for archaeology was because it was a two-year major. The student's other major was also a two-year course, Public Administration.

¹⁶ Dave Killick 'did a lot of punching cards' with a 'key-punch machine [that] was like a very large typewriter'. He was doing research on iron-smelting slags from Phalaborwa and 'converting raw counts from XRF spectrometers in the Geology Building into chemical analyses'.

¹⁷ 'He came to South Africa with his charming Japanese wife, Mary ... this during apartheid when



Fig. 2. In the Cederberg. Top: in search of an ancient cedar are Janet Pettigrew (wearing a Beanie), Simon Hall (in a green-brown jersey knitted by his mother), Dave Killick (shorts), Chrissie Sievers (orange hat), an unidentified person (leaning over) and Nick Lovell-Green (lying down), March 1976. Bottom: On another trip, from left are Simon Hall, Janet Pettigrew, Frank Silberbauer (MA 1976), Chrissie Sievers and Pete Robertshaw. Photographs supplied by Pete Robertshaw.

the idea so fired my imagination I [Janet] could think and talk of nothing else for weeks!'. The famous French rock art expert, Jean Clottes, was a guest lecturer too. He

the Japanese were classified as “honorary whites” and welcomed, while the Chinese were considered coloured and not welcome.’

wore a smart, well-cut silver suit¹⁸ that was in startling contrast to the clothes we were wearing. Tom Huffman visited from Zimbabwe and introduced to us the methods and structure of the ceramic classification that now forms the backbone of the *Handbook to the Iron Age* (Huffman 2007). Ray Inskeep had previously made Iron Age studies a major component of the second-year archaeology course at UCT (Maggs 1993: 71). His successor, Nick van der Merwe, had done Iron Age archaeology at Phalaborwa since 1964 and directed a large project there from 1970 to 1974, funded by the US National Science Foundation.

Nick made important and lasting contributions through his pioneering work on isotopes with John Vogel (Vogel & Van der Merwe 1977; Van der Merwe & Vogel 1978). This work formed the foundation for light stable isotope analysis of plants, animals and humans that has since been applied, not only in archaeological research, but across a range of disciplines, including biology, ecology and wildlife studies. An application in the field of conservation is the source tracing of elephant ivory (Van der Merwe et al. 1990). Nick enjoyed international recognition: he won the Society for American Archaeology Fryxell Award for Interdisciplinary Research and was head-hunted for a chair at Harvard. In 1987–88 he became the first Landon Clay Professor of Archaeological Science at Harvard.¹⁹ He was ‘a mover and shaker’, expert at getting things done and finding money. His Phalaborwa project grant included a small plane and two large trucks. Each truck had an enormous white number on the roof, for easy identification from the air. He organised financial support and introductions for postgraduate students to study locally and abroad.²⁰ ‘Nick wasn’t afraid to make demands’ and he was ‘a successful academic politician’, adept at manoeuvring within university decision-making circles. Together with the energetic efforts of other staff members, he was able to push for expansion and secured a third full-time post for the department. Andy Smith arrived as a senior lecturer in 1977²¹ and added the archaeology of pastoralism to the expertise in the department. Students anticipated his arrival with great interest because he rode a camel in the Sahara and Sahel while doing fieldwork.

Many of us recall our introduction to experimental archaeology under Nick’s tutelage. We attempted to smelt iron in a clay furnace we had built on the UCT campus at the north end of University Avenue. We all laboured at the bellows, encouraged and enabled by copious but essential liquid refreshment. Apparently, we managed to produce a few grams of iron. Under somewhat different circumstances, Leon (Jake) Jacobson (Honours 1978) recalls that there is ‘nothing like experimental archaeology to

¹⁸ Although he could speak English excellently (‘he taught English at school level in France before becoming an archaeologist’), he brought along an elegantly dressed young woman to translate his lecture.

¹⁹ ‘Landon Clay was a businessman who made a major gift to Harvard to endow this Chair.’ Harvard makes appointments such as these by recruiting whomever is considered the best person in the world for the job.

²⁰ For example, Nick arranged Wenner-Gren Foundation funding for Lewis Matiyela, a graduate from Fort Hare, to study for a Masters degree at UCT (see additional details in Ndlovu 2012). He helped Anne and Francis Thackeray and Dave Killick with their PhD applications to Yale University. He also provided space for Pete Robertshaw at UCT before Pete registered for a PhD at Cambridge.

²¹ In the acknowledgements of his book, *First people: the lost history of the Khoisan*, Andy Smith (2022) writes of his first view of UCT from the back of John Parkington’s Land Rover.

get things running'. This playing-with-fire experience occurred on a field trip with John Parkington to collect and sample various corms (underground plant foods). Jake took a bite of what he thought was a wild peach and although he spat it out immediately because of the bitter taste, there were very unpleasant consequences.²²

John introduced us to archaeobotany. He was investigating the interrelationship between the environment, subsistence and technology, and hypothesising how the exploitation of different resources might influence people's movement across the landscape. Thus, we participated in the monitoring of availability cycles of plant resources and the measuring of shellfish. On the second weekend of my first year at UCT, I saw my first *skilpadbessie* (*Muraltia spinosa*) on a field trip to the Elands Bay area. Plants and archaeology have remained an abiding interest of mine.

In our Honours' year, we went with John, Heinz R  ther (Department of Land Surveying) and Dave Henthorn (an expert in rock magnetism) to uMgungundlovu to collect samples of burnt daga floors²³ (Fig. 3). 'Dave Henthorn ... was doing a resistivity or proton magnetometry survey to find buried hut floors. Six people with shovels did it faster.' Another long-distance trip was a trek to the Fish River with Pete Robertshaw, who visited John and subsequently was based at UCT while doing research for his PhD at Cambridge. There were rock art expeditions to the Cederberg, a trip to renowned sites like Die Kelders in the Deacon's VW kombi, and excursions all over the Cape Peninsula. We were 'incredibly privileged' and visited 'remarkable places'.

The Archaeology Department was like a 'kind of market place' of opportunities for specialisations. 'The department was set up so that we could do absolutely everything and anything.' An astounding variety of specialisations in archaeology has developed since then, but at the time it was 'innovative in archaeology departments' to have isotope studies, archaeometallurgy and archaeobotany. Other examples were John's multidisciplinary approach and collaboration with specialists such as botanists and marine biologists, Janette's understanding of stone tool technologies, Andy's familiarity with pastoralism in various parts of the world, and Cedric's knowledge of fish bones. Mostly with Cedric's guidance, we were trained in field methods and excavation that 'contributed significantly to our development as professional field archaeologists'. Simon says that the eclecticism and passion of the staff, and the free and liberal atmosphere in the department were seminal influences on his intellectual and social development. As a child, he had travelled widely with his father in Zambia, developing a love for the bush and all aspects of wildlife, and the fieldwork we became immersed in was an extension of this engagement with the natural world. Simon enjoyed birdwatching with the help of a much-used and battered edition of 'Roberts' and his Honours project was on faunal analysis (Hall 1977). 'There was so much going on at the time' and 'it was exciting. There were major advances in research designs, chronologies and dating, thinking about landscapes and networks—John, Nick, Andy, Hilary, Janette

²² It is possible that the plant was the wild almond, *Brabejum stellatifolium*, which was responsible for the first recorded fatal poisoning of a person in South Africa. 'The bitter taste is due to the presence of cyanogenic glycosides that liberate prussic acid (the toxic principle) when eaten' (Notten & Malan 2003). Notten and Malan (2003) provide a description of the role of this plant in the early colonial history of South Africa.

²³ See the Acknowledgements in Henthorn et al. (1979).



Fig. 3. Some members of the Honours class and others at uMgungundlovu in 1977. From left, back row: Dave Henthorn, Dave Killick, Heinz R  ther, Simon Hall; front row: John Parkington, Chrissie Sievers, Chris Reid. Janet Pettigrew took the photograph, which was supplied by John Parkington.

were all an inspiration.’ It was also the less formal methods of instruction that drew him into the discipline, ‘we learnt by osmosis, simply by listening to John and Cedric while they excavated.’

TRAINING AND SUPERVISION

The Archaeology Department was housed at the top of the Arts Block, one of the original UCT buildings and now known as the A.C. Jordan Building. In the mid-1970s, the technology for teaching was adequate but very basic by today’s standards. Instead of electronic equipment, there were ‘blackboards, chalkboards and noticeboards’. The Archaeology noticeboard, in many ways a forerunner of today’s social media, was a powerful nexus for gathering students and distributing vital information on coursework, exams and results, as well as events, such as occasional lectures from visitors and field trips. Readings were available in the library and when copies were limited, one booked a one-hour slot to read the book or paper at a desk in the library. There was a Roneo machine in the department and it could print a few pages at a time. It had a barrel that was wound round by turning a large lever. It spewed ink and it ‘terrified’ Janette. We generally paid someone to type our essays. Computers and PowerPoint presentations were still a long way off; instead we had an overhead projector and sometimes an old-fashioned slide projector. Slides stuck or worse, they started to burn if the slide projector bulb got too hot.

Cedric and John pioneered the use of an epidiascope, which stood on a large wooden stand at the back of the class and could project either translucent images, or opaque

ones like the pages of a book, onto a screen. ‘The only problem’ says John, ‘was that it got quite hot, so that when Cedric saw smoke start rising from a book, he would say “Right, enough of that” and move on to the next image’. John used the blackboard a lot, too (his chalks have now been replaced by coloured pens), and his blackboard technique was superb. Regular and beautiful script, with clear headings and succinct points accompanied lectures that ‘were absolutely extraordinary ... mesmerising’. We recall ‘not only his enthralling lectures but [also] the encouragement and freedom he gave us to explore’. His energy and enthusiasm were boundless and I recall an effortless and graceful leap onto the long desk at the front of the class. This feat was not an isolated occurrence and, apparently, he did it even in Johannesburg once. Andy Smith too was seen to leap onto a desk during a practical.

Apart from these physical feats, the accents of our lecturers were interesting too. Nick spoke English with a blended Afrikaans–American accent; Andy was Glaswegian and John was Mancunian. Antonia comments on John’s accent: ‘I do recall very strongly that it took me a long time to work out what this arcane archaeological feature called a hut [pronounced a bit like the Afrikaans word *hoed*] could be.’ For Aron, ‘it was hunters and gatherers which I first heard as “unterers and otherers” or something to that effect’. John ‘floated you away with his ideas’. The compliments for Janette’s lectures might also sound exaggerated, if one had not experienced them oneself. ‘It was a staggering privilege just to sit there and listen to her.’ ‘She was a pinnacle as a role model and a teacher par excellence.’ Cedric is still *the* fish bone expert, but he was also the excavation guru and through a long association with UCT archaeology (Ray had recruited Cedric in the early 1960s), he not only had a wealth of excavation experience which he generously shared with us, but also an abundance of interesting anecdotes. He was a stalwart excavation guide and mentor to many students.

‘All of the staff were really inspiring’ and Dave says it was ‘somewhat of a disappointment’ to go from the ‘first-rate education’ at UCT to Yale University, only to have ‘boring classes by famous people who evidently put a lot less effort into teaching than we had been used to at UCT’. Some students, nevertheless, recall ‘boring lectures’ at UCT. One or two students have suggested that the focus was too much on individual research interests. Another student recalls that ‘the department failed to capture the imagination’. Fantasies about Indiana Jones, as well as ‘the “romance” of Middle Eastern and biblical archaeology’ are still widespread perceptions of what archaeology is all about among many first-year students.

Personal instruction was in short supply, but questions were always welcomed and we developed self-reliance and initiative. In our Honours year, with minimum supervision, we set to working very long hours and within a year we produced projects that now might be mistaken for Masters dissertations (seriously). We enjoyed an exceptional education in many ways.

GENDER AND POWER ISSUES

The staff in the Archaeology Department were male, except for the secretary, Mrs Fick, and Janette Deacon, who came across from Stellenbosch to lecture on stone tools. She bubbled with enthusiasm. Our gain of this ‘freshest, freshest gift’ was because of ‘the arcane policy of Stellenbosch University whereby Janette was not allowed

to teach in her husband's unit'. Although there was a gender imbalance among the academic staff, the student body seemed evenly balanced along male/female gender lines. We do not recall any obvious forcing of hierarchical structures or obvious power posturing. Inevitably, there were bound to be clashes between individuals, but mostly 'relationships were affirmative'.

Although those of us in the mid-1970s cohort have no clear recollections of discrimination in class or in the field, there was an exception in the field. The task required great physical (and olfactory) strength. At Elands Bay, the brimming chemical toilet²⁴ had to be carried and emptied into a large pit dug downslope from the derelict and cold concrete World War II radar station that served as accommodation for the excavation team. The full toilet was incredibly heavy and I do not recall that any women carried it. Before and after I was at UCT, however, I experienced sexual discrimination. My first choice of a career was nature conservation, but in 1973, results of enquiries at the then Natal Parks Board indicated that as a woman I would always have an office job. Archaeology, with icons like Gertrude Caton-Thompson, offered a career where fieldwork was not the exclusive domain of men.²⁵ After I qualified, though, when I applied for a position on a field survey crew, the response was that the conditions would likely be too harsh for me; I doubt this was only because of my height (153 cm). Ironically, and thanks to Nick's help, I worked through the 1978 summer on a survey in the desert around Phoenix, Arizona, and in 1980, Namibia Diamond Mining Company (Pty) Ltd. employed me as an archaeologist in the southern Namib Desert and later on the northern Skeleton Coast.²⁶ Excavation at Elands Bay had prepared us for tough conditions.

Are we looking back through rose-tinted glasses on gender issues and power struggles in the Archaeology Department of the mid-1970s? Maybe. Recently, I was taken aback when I found an Honours essay from 1977 in which I used 'he' to refer to a generic archaeologist. There are 'deeply embedded meanings behind some of the words we choose' and 'language is the perfect hiding place for underlying power relations' (Macdonald & Mazel 2021: 91). Much of our language and behaviour has changed since the mid-1970s. There was, nevertheless, an easy atmosphere in the 'bubble' that was the UCT Archaeology Department. Starting in the 1960s, Ray Inskeep established a collegial and inclusive environment that continued over the decades and made the department such an exceptional one. Ray 'treated all his students as equals' (Schrire 1995: 41) and as recounted by Garth Sampson (Schrire 2003: 101), Ray believed that students should be initiated into the 'guild' or 'fellowship' of archaeology through 'lectures, fieldwork, songs, good food, wine and companionship'. When we arrived in

²⁴ Judy Sealy, who did field work at Elands Bay at a later stage, commented 'you were lucky to have a chemical loo'.

²⁵ Read, however, Carmel Schrire's (1995: 41) descriptions of archaeology at Cambridge University.

²⁶ Long before there were laws about heritage and environmental impact assessments, I was employed as an archaeologist by Namibia Diamond Mining Company (Pty) Ltd. to survey the areas where the company was working in southern Namibia and, subsequently, on the northern Skeleton Coast. Apart from archaeological surveys, I did some excavations and I registered stones (diamonds). At approximately the same time, the geologist, palaeontologist and archaeologist Gudrun Corvinus was employed by Consolidated Diamond Mines of South West Africa, primarily to locate diamonds within their concession area along the Orange River and in the southern Namib Desert.

1974, the ‘approachability’ and the ‘generosity’ in the willingness of staff to share their knowledge, ideas and passion had a ‘powerful effect on their students and influenced the approach many of us adopted, in turn, to our students’.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL FIELD CLUB

The Archaeological Field Club was a constituted student-run organisation first set up by Janette and Garth in 1960 or 1961. The annual fee in 1977 was 50c (R0.50). You did not have to be an archaeology student, or even a student, to join the club. In 1977, Tim Robey was the treasurer and Patrick Moore was the chairman.

For those who find ‘man’ in ‘chairman’ offensive, I draw attention to the prevailing lack of gender-neutral terms at the time, for example, in the title of Kenneth Oakley’s book, *Man the tool-maker*, first published in 1972 by the British Museum and published again in 1976 by the University of Chicago Press. In 1979, Nick van der Merwe (1979: 63) recognised that ‘man’ was not a gender-neutral word when he wrote ‘The study of man (sorry, people) in Africa’ in his article on African Studies at the University of Cape Town. There is still an ongoing struggle over gender-neutral terminology.

In 1977, the Archaeological Field Club decided to expand its ambit beyond field trips to include on-campus activities and a collection of students’ essays from 1976 (Fig. 4). The contents list shows essays by Dave Killick and Anne Hogan-Fleming (now Thackeray) and indicates the range of topics we covered in our undergraduate studies.

‘ALL WORK AND NO PLAY ...’

Although not mainstream, the cultural and sexual revolution of the late 1960s was trickling onto some South African campuses and Johnny Clegg (2021: 207) describes student life at Wits University in the 1970s as buzzing with ‘music, chemicals, wild libidinous intercourse, [and] anti-establishment exponents and their poseur counterparts [who] smoked weed’.²⁷ The possession and smoking of weed (*Cannabis sativa*) was a criminal offence at the time, but this legal obstacle did not inhibit research at UCT. From the Kalk Bay Police Station (where he kept his guns), Nick secured a permit to possess 2 kg of weed for experiments to produce a comparative sample for the identification of residues in 13th-century Ethiopian smoking pipes (Van der Merwe 1975, 2005). Our first experiment to test the gas chromatography method to identify the residues took place around a most marvellous kidney-shaped wooden table (Fig. 5) and resulted in the explosion of a glass flask and frantic diving under the table. Ray Inskeep had designed the table specifically for stone tool practical sessions and Janette recalls vividly the interactive discussion and inspection of lithics around the table, just as I recall how she in turn passed round lithics to us at the table more than a decade later.

Archaeology was exciting and we were enthralled (‘in trance’), so much so that there was no distinction between work and play, living the life we loved. Simon recalls ‘weekend-long sorting “parties”, processing mountains of shellfish excavated from Elands Bay Cave, in the back garden of John’s Wynberg home’. We worked hard on

²⁷ Pete recalls asking a student ‘what he was planning to do during the Easter break week. He told me that he had one of those old backpacks with the exterior hollow metal frame and that he was going to fill the frame with dope and then light one end and suck on the other. That was his plan for the break.’

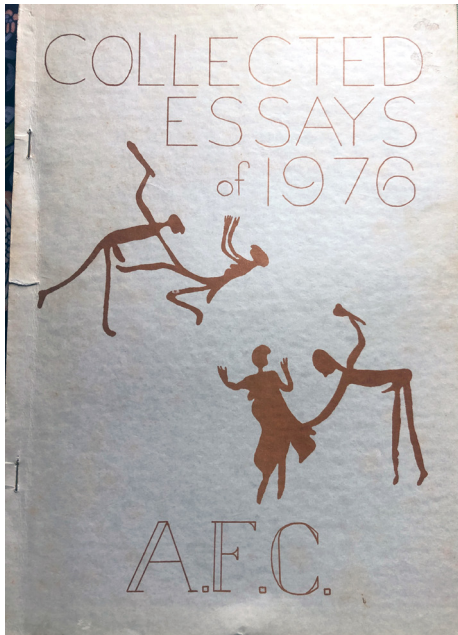


Fig. 4. The cover and list of contents of the Archaeological Field Club publication in 1977. Aron Mazel kindly alerted me to the publication and provided the images.

C O N T E N T S

1. Why bother? Prehistory and Archaeology. Meryn M. Bregman.
2. The Bronze Age of Europe is characterised by megalithic structures. Briefly discuss the forms which this building took, as evidence of the social organisation of the culture which produced them. Brigitte Lau.
3. Research into the Stone Age of Africa has continually been influenced by contemporary ideas on the Stone Age of Europe. Discuss with examples. Kevin R. Wilson-Smith.
4. Describe the more important changes in prehistoric exploitation strategies in the Cape, since 15,000 B.P. Alison K. Davis.
5. Palaeoeconomy versus Palaeoecology: What's in a name. David Killick.
6. Iron Furnace Types in sub-Saharan Africa. Anne I. Hogan-Fleming

Cover Design: Stone-Age Chauvinism? - Rock Paintings from n'Gomokurira, Near Dombashawa, and Sandylands Farm, Rhodesia.

campus too and in the field, but we did not mind because we were committed to archaeology. 'We spent all our time going to places, going to sites' and would head into the field for a day, a weekend or whenever fieldwork opportunities became available. Much of this exploring was under the auspices of the revived Archaeological Field Club.

Frank Silberbauer took us in his little Mini, often with fellow postgraduate student Mike Cronin. Later, Bill Buchanan, a businessman who turned to archaeology after his retirement, was very generous with transport, meals and drinks. He carried on to do a PhD (Deacon 1989a: 6) and was 'an inspiration that it is never too late to go to varsity'.



Fig. 4. The kidney-shaped table made to Ray Inskip's specifications witnessed much history at UCT: generations of stone tool practicals, first experiments with gas chromatography (try to find the scars from the explosion of a glass flask) and the founding of the Historical Archaeology Research Group and its inter-disciplinary Castle Teas. This photograph by Judy Sealy shows Simon Hall with an Honours class during the first quarter of 2022. One student is wearing a mask because of Covid.

Seasons at Elands Bay with John Parkington were extreme adventures with hard work (Fig. 6) and serious fun, interrupted by short periods of surprisingly deep sleep, considering the accommodation. Following one of many late nights around the fireside, we produced a play on the introduction of pastoralism into the Western Cape to entertain some weekend visitors. The many red handprints on the cave wall, or 'cop shop',²⁸ we attributed to people who had been 'caught red-handed with stolen sheep'. It has been said that the production was memorable, perhaps because the shepherd, Ms (Bo) Peep, was unaware that her long dress was see-through as she danced in the firelight, but more likely because of the rousing chorus of the song *Follow the San*. The name of the song referred to the title of John Parkington's (1976) PhD and the tune was from the popular Beatles song *I'll follow the sun*. The talented guitarist to whom this Festschrift is dedicated played the accompaniment (Fig. 6). He adds:

I remember the 'concert' well. It was hilarious when we were deep in our cups on the Thursday night, but I seem to remember it went down like a lead balloon when Nick, Tom [Huffman], Karen [van der Merwe] and I think Shuna [Huffman] came up to visit for the weekend on the Friday. The only line I remember is 'When you're feeling low—gene flow'.

²⁸ Colloquial term for police station.



Fig. 6. At work and at play at Elands Bay in 1974. Above: Simon Hall at the sieve. Right: Simon playing his guitar in the radar station. Photographs by Antonia Malan.



This was taken from an advert at the time for Eno ‘When you’re feeling low—Eno’.²⁹ It is not surprising that that is the only line I remember.

Memories are hazy about quite a lot of things, but Pete Robertshaw’s ‘Ze Ippo’ monologue was a classic addition to the variety show. With a superb fake French accent he did an impersonation of Jacques Cousteau diving with a hippopotamus.

Another memory of the field trips to Elands Bay Cave is that fresh water was for cooking and drinking only. Field conditions were harsh, but only in retrospect. The World War II radar station where we camped out, ‘looked down on the crayfish factory, and when we awoke in the early dawn (some of us slept outside), the little rowing boats would be strung out across the bay like pearls on a necklace in the soft dawn light’. I recall waking one morning to find a large scorpion under the clothing I had bundled to soften the bumps of the rocky earth under my head. There was a World War II tent, but the earth inside it was no softer than outside and the earth outside was warmer than the bare cement floor of the radar station.

Each lunchtime we traipsed down across the sandy scrub to the rough and icy waves of the Atlantic Ocean for a quick dip, to rinse off some dust. Janet describes how

The sea was our main form of washing; we were always so filthy from the endless sieving, but the beach sloped steeply, the waves were so enormous and strong, and the water so cold you could only manage to be in for a few seconds; you had to be brave to risk it.

The midday daily swim in the rough waves served to keep us very slightly cleaner and we were always salt-encrusted. We were up and working as soon as light reached the western side of the promontory where Elands Bay Cave is situated; by lunchtime, particularly after late nights, the freezing, energising swims were essential. Often, after the swim there was ‘a game of Scapula’, in which a seal scapula substituted for a shop-bought Frisbee. It was the days of Sandy Bay³⁰ and it is surprising that none of us has ever developed skin cancer. After the swim came the endless uphill slog in soft sand back to excavation and sorting, until the blazing sun set in magnificent glory late in the summer evenings (Fig. 7). Crates of beer were stacked in one corner of the radar station and some students became panicky when the stack got very low. There was an Honesty List where one ticked off each beer one drank. Someone who worked for the breweries in Cape Town told an archaeologist that there were frantic calls from the Elands Bay Hotel Off-sales³¹ for extra-large beer deliveries when the UCT crew were at the cave.

Sometimes on Saturday evenings, we would have a brief scrub in the nearby Verlorenvlei estuary. This was a prelude to a more thorough wash at the Elands Bay Hotel, either in the washbasins of the public toilets or in a room hired specifically for its shower. The hotel had a wooden dance floor and, clean and fresh, we would fling ourselves around with great delight late into the night, enjoying *sakkie sakkie* to *boeremusiek* (under other circumstances we would have cringed to admit enjoying this particular type of music and *langarm* [‘long arm’] ballroom dancing). ‘Strict conservative

²⁹ Eno is the trade name for an effervescent fruit salt/antacid, which combats heartburn and indigestion.

³⁰ A nudist beach near Llandudno on the Cape Peninsula.

³¹ A peculiarly South African word for a retail alcohol outlet attached to an hotel, which sells alcohol for consumption off the premises.



Fig. 7. Some of the crew at Elands Bay ‘sitting outside on the ledge in the evening watching the sun go down, and straining to catch a glimpse of the “green flash” said to be visible for a fraction of a second as the sun sank into the sea’. From left to right are Carol Armstrong, Bill Frank, Simon Hall, John Parkington with his son Tom, John Frank, Janet Pettigrew and Aron Mazel. Photograph by Antonia Malan.

Dutch Reformed [Church] rules applied at the Elands Bay Hotel dances.’ Janet describes how the ‘the parents chaperoned their daughters ... who sat together on one side of the dance hall’ and ‘the boys lined up on the other side. To dance the boys had to cross the floor and request a girl from her parents.’ Not only was our behaviour very different, bolstered by alcohol or more, but our dress code too was very different, and our clothes were a great deal less clean. ‘The girls were dressed to the nines, like bridesmaids in their pretty dresses, their hair done up, and decorated with flowers.’ We ‘upset the status quo and no one liked us being there’. It was in places like the Elands Bay Hotel, or anywhere beyond our contained community at the radar station and cave, that the reality of the apartheid injustices struck, with separate entrances and different behaviour meted out depending on apartheid racial classification.

As at Elands Bay, on other field trips, lack of fresh water was not unusual. During a reconnaissance of the arid Richtersveld, along South Africa’s border with Namibia, the solution Nick introduced was to park the Land Cruiser alongside a cement farm dam. We all stood on the roof rack, first soaping ourselves and then having a bucket of water from the dam poured over us. One evening, some way during the process, we noted the rotting corpse of a large black bird floating closer and closer to where the bucket was being filled

The Anthropology Department was having a field trip in the Richtersveld at the same time and a friendly football match between the two departments became a comedy

as the game progressed and the trampling of a ubiquitous succulent weed made the field more and more slippery.

In an essay on ‘student life in the seventies’, the 1976–77 vice-president of the UCT Students’ Representative Council casts a disparaging light on many white students and suggests that we saw university as ‘something of a picnic’ and that we had no financial concerns while we rallied around the cry of ‘Fun! Fun! Fun!’ (Harrison 1979: 170–1). Certainly, there was a lot of fun, but quite a few archaeology students had meagre funds. Pete writes:

Simon and I shared a house at one time with Simon’s very close friend, Rick de Satgé, and a couple of young women (not archaeology students) ... [one of them was the activist Aninka Claassens]. We were very poor and probably at Rick’s suggestion bought a huge plastic bag, unlabeled, of what we called Weetbix ‘shavings’. According to Rick or Simon, these were the bits of Weetbix³² biscuits that fell off the conveyer belt during the manufacturing process and were swept up and sold off for almost nothing.

There was always good food on the Stellenbosch digs and Hilary and Janette Deacon welcomed UCT students to digs at Boomplaas Cave in the Cango Valley of the arid Little Karoo. Some field trips were even further afield: one July vacation, Nick flew a small plane to Great Zimbabwe to excavate there with Tom. When asked about memories of studying archaeology, Dave’s most vivid memories were ‘flying places with Nick’. Another student says, ‘I can remember almost nothing [of the Archaeology course] other than Nick arriving and spending a considerable amount of time talking about his aeroplane’. Nick was also conspicuous because of his range of ‘quite phenomenal gear’ (in a first-year lecture he advised us at least to get a Swiss army knife and a wine glass for the field) and his ‘archaeological outfits’. A striking outfit was a stunning bright yellow short-sleeved one-piece overall. It matched his other favoured means of transport, a low-slung yellow Ford Mustang parked in the first space at the bottom of the iconic UCT steps leading up to Jameson (now Saartjie Baartman) Hall. The mode of transport that we enjoyed particularly, though, was the Land Rover John used to take into the field. Janet waxes lyrical:

And who could forget that original Land Rover, nothing but a metal box, with no scrap of comfort whatsoever, but we piled in the back and happily bounced and jounced around. And what about the coveted position of being able to ride sitting in the spare tyre on the front hood, highly illegal and dangerous of course, but we all wanted to do it, and we clung on for dear life, especially as we rode the sand dunes, the Landie slithering and sliding around at dangerous angles on the shifting sands.

By all accounts, in spite of the hardships, the ‘field trips were the best part of it’. Perhaps this was ‘because they were uniquely coloured by other events that were going on at the time’, such as the economic sanctions that were imposed to exert pressure on the South African government to abandon its apartheid policies. Janet recalls:

The fuel crisis of 1974 loomed over every trip. One day there was petrol, and the next a global oil embargo was announced. Petrol pumps were closed at 6 pm on Fridays and only opened again at 6 am on Mondays. The speed limit was down from 120 to 80 km/h on open roads and freeways. This made weekend field trips up the West Coast a risky business. One tank of petrol was not enough to get there and back, and I think we were not allowed to carry extra; we had to rely on the goodwill of farmers when we ran out. Farmers stockpiled to sell at ‘special prices’ over the weekend. But the trouble was farmers didn’t like us much,

³² A wholewheat breakfast cereal in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

we were students and they called us *betogers* (demonstrators), who were ... threatening their ... way of life. But somehow, we always managed to persuade them ... and were never left stranded by the side of the road, unable to get home.

CLOSING COMMENTS

These reflections have focused on the heady and intoxicating times of a ‘small but cohesive group’ of undergraduate and Honours students in the UCT Archaeology Department in the mid-1970s. Intensely enjoyable and frequent fieldwork features prominently in our memories, and is the likely reason that many of us developed a lifelong commitment to and passion for archaeology. ‘The field was close-at-hand and hands-on’, and we were inspired by the ‘collegiality and dynamism’ of our fellow students and staff. Archaeology is still a vital and integral part of our lives.

‘It’s been wonderful to have the opportunity to dredge up some of these basal sediments.’ As we approach the Golden Anniversary of our first year at UCT—and before we get too deeply into our ‘anecdotalage’—it is perhaps timely that these various reflections of the mid-seventies are shared, fittingly in a Festschrift honouring one of our contemporaries. Simon has been described as ‘a real Renaissance Man—seemingly interested in everything and with a very wide-ranging skill set’. He came to UCT without any ideas about a career, let alone a career in archaeology, but rather to explore life and issues that interested him. The liberal atmosphere in the Archaeology Department, the range of ideas and opportunities for discussing them and the passion of his mentors allowed him to develop his own unique and extensive interests, which are illustrated by the range of topics covered in his publications. What a pleasure and privilege it is for us, with Simon, to have been a small part of the history of the UCT Archaeology Department and then to have delved into that past almost half a century later.

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I extend huge thanks and appreciation to the participants for their generous contributions and permissions. One memory sparked another and triggered a wonderful collective memory network across time and space. The participants were Andy Smith, Antonia Malan, Aron Mazel, Dave Killick, Francis Thackeray, Janet Hall, Janette Deacon, John Parkington, Judy Sealy, Leon Jacobson, Manda Youngleson, Pete Robertshaw, Simon Hall, Tim Maggs and the late Tom Huffman. Unfortunately I was unable to speak with Nick van der Merwe and Cedric Poggenpoel, and sadly Mike Herbert passed away two years ago. Certainly, there are many important reflections that I have not collected and this paper provides only a partial insight into that time.

Fortunately, there is the UCT Archaeology History project, which falls under the ambit of the multidisciplinary UCT Heritage Hub; Robert Nyamushosho, who is setting up the UCT Archaeology History Archive, welcomes any comments and contributions. I thank him for our discussions. Thank you too to Louisa Hutten for correspondence about photographs, and to Tina Mössmer for expert editing of the manuscript. Many people kindly helped to confirm the dates of the establishment of the Archaeology Department and Archaeology as a three-year major; those in the correspondence included Howard Phillips, Nicole Forbes, Lionel Smidt, Shose Kessi, Lungisile Ntsebeza, Lynn Cable, Claude Bassuday, June Bam-Hutchison and Karen Wienand. I thank Geoff Blundell and Nick Shepherd for useful suggestions on how to improve the paper, although it was not possible to include all of them.

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