

NEW PREMISES?

16 - 18 JULY 1992

UNIVERSITY OF THE WITWATERSRAND
HISTORY WORKSHOP

EXPERIENCING A CENTURY IN A DAY?

MAKING MORE OF GOLD REEF CITY

Cynthia Kros

University of the Witwatersrand



AFRICANA

Experiencing a Century in A Day? Making More of Gold Reef City

Cynthia Kros

Paper presented to 'Myths, Monuments, Museums: New Premises?'

History Workshop Conference

University of the Witwatersrand

July 16-18 1992.

'Built for the Fun of It.'

There are many obvious comments to make about Gold Reef City, some of which this particular author has made before - about Gold Reef City's cavalier treatment of the past particularly.¹ It invites its patrons to sample the bawdy, heady fun of an early Johannesburg that slips in and out of period dress ranging from the last decade of the nineteenth century to the first couple of the twentieth. It denies that it is attempting to be authentic, preferring to be frivolous and attractive to the casual day tripper with a string of children to keep amused or the overseas businessman on a last minute look-out for a present to take home to his wife. Yet, it also hosts schooltours for children studying the history of gold-mining and it leaves an impression that this is the past, which is far more durable than that made by the flaccid prose of the text-book, which, come to think of it, is probably not an historiographically desirable representation of the past either.

Gold Reef City's past is a past without compounds or segregation.² The role played by blacks in the gold-mining industry is hinted at by the Underground tableau of the miner of yesteryear and his modern counterpart. Although the miners are played by flesh and blood people they are more like three dimensional representations of miners - their actions are repetitive - they go through the same routine for each party of visitors - and they are not really doing anything, merely demonstrating two techniques of drilling - old and new, old and new again and again, just as if they were mechanical figures. The Underground Tour is an extension of Gold Reef City's teasing, come hither, but don't take me too seriously facade. It offers the 'thrill' of a real Underground tour and its details are real but it is nothing like the reality.

The blacks of Gold Reef City are mostly happy songsters, music-makers and dancers. There appears to be a concentration on what is understood to be Nguni culture - possibly because it is thought of as more flamboyant than other indigenous cultures. There are the broad 'Ndebele' stripes on Egoli - so beguiling that it is a while before the first time visitor realises that Egoli is a curio shop and not the shelter for a museum village, although Egoli does have a resident Swazi diviner. There is no restricted access in Gold Reef City, no restraints on freedom of movement, no hint of repression, exploitation, loneliness, fear or mutilation. Black performers move about freely bedecked in plumes, beads and skins, stepping out in slip on Jordans. The reconstructed Nguni hut is fittingly enough on the edge of the Amusement Park and small children hurtle through it, treating it as an extension of the Park, finding it momentarily entertaining. It is a cruder, less informed, miniaturised version of Chicago's Midway Plaisance where native groups lived for the duration of the Columbian Exposition in 1893, except that, because this is post 1990 South Africa and not nineteenth century Chicago, there are no barriers separating spectacle from spectator and the 'natives'

do not live in the hut, they merely perform outside it.³

It would be interesting and fruitful to construct a spatial analysis of Gold Reef City. (See diagram appended.) The lack of organic connections is striking. So that, although the visitor moves with ease around Gold Reef City, its various parts do not relate to each other. The gold-mining area, with its geological exhibits, the shaft, the gold-pour and the relics of mine machinery exist independently of the 'village' and the 'city' - as if they were merely co-incident and haphazard eruptions. There is no overt connective narrative, even of the simple, fortune-hunter variety presented at Kimberley's Open Mine Museum.

All these points are probably worth noting again, especially as the current tendency is to close over the great social divides and injustices of our past. But, in this paper, I want to examine just a couple of the exhibits at Gold Reef City, which seems to have become, in between the production of my last paper and the present, even lazier about its presentation of history and more inclined than ever to give in to the rapid transit curio seekers.

An Enclave of the Past: Hands Off Historians!

It was while reading Mrs Oliphant's astonishingly compelling but nowadays neglected novel Hester (1883) that I was reminded that it is part of our vanity to assume that the pace of the past was immeasurably slower than our own - slower and emptier like a siding on the mainline of historical progress.⁴ We imagine the past to have been infinitely monotonous, but Mrs Oliphant suggests that it was no less eventful than our own time. The past we read of in Hester, that of the 1860s consciously called up again and again by the author as another age distinct from her own, is a combination of oppressive tedium and sudden, vast changes of fortune that lead to financial ruin, social extinction and the moral disintegration of the male hero. Hester's past has much that is terrible in it - not terrible only in the melodramatic sense with which Mrs Oliphant concludes her heroine's repressed love affair, but in the cruelty of everyday human and social relationships and ironically, since Mrs Oliphant is generally not much esteemed for her support of female emancipation, in the appalling suffocation of women's intellect.

It is for the peace of the past that many of Gold Reef City's local visitors seem to come - for a past that in all probability did not really exist, although I do not pretend that anyone is in a position to make absolute pronouncements about the past. Gold Reef City's past is not at all tedious or dangerous, nor is it cleft by deep and unjust social divisions, nor is it afflicted with high rates of infant and other kinds of mortality. Mrs Oliphant's husband and all her children (for whose sakes and university careers she had written her fingers to the bone) predeceased her. But neither the perilous conditions of gold mining and its related diseases, nor the ravages of war and influenza which fall well within the period Gold Reef City purports to depict, are represented, save in one small marginal instance.⁵ Gold Reef City's past is an entirely imagined past, but for a few props salvaged from 'circa' the nineteenth century, in which twentieth century patrons can loll in their chairs, with the jungle noises from the Rapid Ride at the Amusement Park drifting towards them through the mellow air, crowd round the tribal dancers or ride in horse-drawn carts over even paving, all in the certainty that they have been inoculated from contagious diseases and insured against the dreaded ones.

There is something enormously comforting and reassuring about Gold Reef City's past. The bandstand medley that filters endlessly through the speakers, the immutable head-gear standing sentry over the Amusement Park - even the terror of the Rapid Ride and the giant cocopan swing are well regulated, controlled, mechanically determined. Who says that this is an abuse of the past? If it makes people feel good and if sitting out in the Village Square, drinking beer - an advantage that the real city rarely affords them - makes them take an easier drive back along the highway, thereby reducing the dreadful casualty rate on South Africa's roads - is there not much to be said for Gold Reef City's past? Michael Wallace suggests, in an enormously rich essay, that the alienated citizens of advanced capitalism may need to retreat to the past. He quotes both Alvin Toffler on 'enclaves of the past' for victims of 'Future Shock' and Henry Ford, with the intimation that they may be right about the therapeutic necessity of finding a 'saner... sweeter' past.⁶ The burden of Wallace's argument is that Ford's manipulation of the past, hardly surprisingly, did not really help visitors at his museum village to find the connections to the past that had been ruthlessly severed by the rise of corporate capitalism. But this argument we leave for the moment and temporarily concede that perhaps it is only mealy-mouthed historians determined to wring from the past their own social messages, who are the idyllic past's detractors.

As I have written before, one of my students once remarked at the end of a lecture I had given on the ideology of museums such as Gold Reef City and their manifest failings: 'But if they had all the things you want - suffering and compounds and social tensions no-one would ever go - it would be too boring or too horrible.'⁷ I could have laughed off his comment as adolescent naivety, except that a respected colleague of mine who acted as the discussant on the paper in which this comment was recorded, observed confidentially that he was right. So this time I begin from the perspective that Gold Reef City is a nice place to which every visitor who has the entrance fee of R11.00 on weekdays and R14.00 on weekends has a perfect right without having to be bothered by the morbid nit-pickings of boring historians.

Limewash on Your Clothes,

Every time I go to Gold Reef City I am struck by how pleased some visitors are to see 'old fashioned houses', which they descend upon with whoops of 'jislaaik' and other phonetically variable exclamations of joy and revelation. Those whom I follow and upon whose conversations I unscrupulously eavesdrop appear to want to relate to the objects they see on display. I have recorded some of the observations that I am linguistically equipped to interpret:

'Look they had Post-Toasties in those days!'

'Ag no, I wouldn't have liked to wear that (sic) clothes.'

'Jis, this is antique!' (South Africanism denoting both extreme age and in this context veneration)

On my most recent visit I saw a group of young black men peering studiously into the representation of a voorkamer (parlour) of the 1870s. The focus of their attention seemed to be a period rifle and a band of cartridges functioning as paperweights, it would appear, holding down a handdrawn map of the portions of the farm Langlaagte where the main reef was supposedly discovered some hundred years ago. The gun's placement looked co-

incidental and yet what was a rifle doing in a parlour? Resting on a map of what was to become the heart of the gold-mining industry and the segregated city that eventually grew up around it, it could also assume the aspect of a powerful symbol of white conquest and dispossession. So, what did the visitors make of it - why did it arouse their interest and whether it was technical or historical, was it satisfied?

Another group of people was heard to observe how things had changed between those days and these: 'Now we braai (cook over a fire) outside and go to the toilet inside but in those days they used to braai inside and go to the toilet outside.'

One could laugh at these crude comments and comparisons, but they indicate that many of Gold Reef City's visitors do want to engage with historical objects and the fact that their dialogue seems so circumscribed and at times comical is not their fault. The desire to make connections, or at least to acquaint themselves more intimately with the past is there, the means are not.

I learn that even the overseas tourists on package tours often express a longing to be allowed to do more than go underground and watch the gold-pour and would love to stroll about on the lower terrace. True that is where the hotel and the bars are, but there are also reconstructed nineteenth century buildings, such as the ZARP police station. The overseas tourists evidently come to South Africa expecting a Kenyan safari, for which Gold Reef City has some palliative ersatz (see below). The package tourists are whisked from the Alfred and Victoria Waterfront in Cape Town, which they compare, in their disorientation to a slice of the Mediterranean, then to the Kruger Park to see raw Africa and then to Gold Reef City, where they have an opportunity to buy up all the trinkets and curios that will later tell them where they were. In a wonderful colonial transposition, the Europeans come to trade their currency for beads and baubles. Gold Reef City has become a trading post on the frontiers between an imagined Africa on the one hand and a sentimental Europe and the newer, less environmentally tactful, colonial powers on the other.⁸

None of those tourists, probably is conscious of the irony. They often ask for a book on the history of gold-mining or Gold Reef City itself. There is no such thing - on sale at Gold Reef City anyway. On the side of the so-called Langlaagte House there is a plaque that says it was once the 'simple four room house' of a Cornish miner called William Henry Hosken, his wife and their children.⁹ The Hoskens had been driven by the tin mining depression in Cornwall in the late nineteenth century to find their fortune at Langlaagte Deep. Hosken, as well as being a well known company of insurance brokers, is a pretty common family name. It made me think that maybe many of Gold Reef City's visitors - local and foreign - are coming within a hair's breadth of their own past and yet they will never know it. The Langlaagte House used to be a 'living museum' - a representation of what simple four roomed houses for 'married artisans' at the end of the nineteenth century were like. But now it is the Langlaagte Arts Gallery, crammed to the gunwales with stuffed turtle, buffalo, warthog and skins. Part of it looks like the warehouse for props discarded from 'Out of Africa' and there is also a plethora of masks and carved stools and keyrings with miniature leather thong sandals attached and oil paintings of pink Hottentots-Hollands mountains with tumbledown cottages in the foreground. The Hoskens' struggle from impecuniosity to embourgeoisement has been lost forever under the cast-offs of some taxidermists' studio and holiday tea-room decor.¹⁰ Probably because the Hoskens's house as it stood was judged too

boring and so not profitable enough. One is reminded powerfully of Walter Benjamin's representation of aspects of the luxury industry in the eighteenth century as: 'the enthronement of merchandise with the aura of amusement surrounding it.'¹¹ In the Hoskens' house the vulgar new monarch has trampled the bourgeois achievement homily - irritating enough in its day - underfoot in a horrible gesture of contempt. One cannot resist reading a little too much into it and seeing the replacement of a meritocratic Liberal ideology by one which values savage, cumulative material acquisition above all.

I keep on hearing the voice of my critical student, who would undoubtedly say at this point that the old Hosken house was boring - not sumptuous because of its owner's social position and yet not horrible enough to stimulate morbid fascination. If I had been in charge of enticing visitors to the Hosken house of old (of museum old I mean), I would have created comprehensive written text about the Hoskens' probable life-style and with academic insensitivity may well have overwhelmed visitors with explanatory material.¹² I would have asked visitors to recognise the Hoskens as one of their ancestors (either literal or metaphorical) and to delineate their station in the hierarchy of early Johannesburg society. 'Boring! Boring!' echoes the eternal archetypical undergraduate cry. Perhaps, and yet I know of material provided for teachers and children visiting the museum complex at Ironbridge, the 'cradle of the Industrial Revolution' north west of Birmingham in the United Kingdom, which encourages children to think of the inhabitants of Blists Hill as their great grandparents or great-great grandparents and to observe closely the minutiae of their daily lives which is far from boring.¹³ Partly this is because of its attractive and creative presentation and partly it is because Blists Hill, a recreated industrial community of a hundred years ago, is itself a real living museum, peopled by workers who are really working.

Audio tapes, too, are available from Ironbridge, one of which renders - from old diaries and journals - reminiscences and travels through the Ironbridge Gorge and its related environs, read by contemporary locals. One of the excerpts reminds me of the Gold Reef City visitor who noted so vividly how the toilet and the braai have traded places between centuries. The old man on the Ironbridge tape recalls having to go 'down the garden' and he says with a naughty laugh that 'first of all you had to disturb the rats otherwise you'd get your penny (?) nibbled.' The documentary material is immeasurably enhanced by the percussive grandeur of the Royal Doulton Band, whose mighty crescendos mimic the supernatural hammer blows from 'the workshops of Vulcan', in an auditory tribute to the great feats achieved by the foundrymen and engineers of the 1770s and 80s. But there are also the plangent organ chords that tell, in a minor key, of the ordinary details of everyday life: the cockroaches, the rat infested toilet and the limewash you got on your clothes. Often implicit, but also at times, lying in monstrous, shadowy wait, is the Pit. The tape devotes some time to an examination and exploration of the fiery religion that developed around the maw of the Pit and depicts congregants in church feeling that they were battling Hell on its very frontiers.¹⁴ When we were allowed into the Hoskens' house, rather than the Langlaagte Arts Gallery, we saw no sign of its inhabitants - even then. The Hoskens, we were told, were off on a picnic for the day. Without their presence of course their house seemed dull; without the sense of the proximity of the vast mine, its tireless industry and its unspeakable terrors, it was easy to think of all its neighbours and dependants as picnickers in the endless sunshine of a distant past that is entirely an illusion and, after a while, it is one that begins to pall.

Dear Miss Dowse.

There is one other house I propose to discuss in this paper - in this case one that does not function as a single family dwelling unit, but which is really a collection of disparate rooms. The first is the 'Dowse Room.'

Emily Dowse donated her personal belongings to the gold mine museum in the 1980s. Her family came from Britain to South Africa in 1893 and from Emily's birth a few years later in 1903 until 1980 she had lived in mining houses. By her own account she had been a 'squirrel' and had never 'thro'wn (sic) anything away'. There were two things that plagued me as I walked away from the plaque next to the Dowse room. One was that it mentioned in passing that Emily's sister Laura had died of influenza in the 1918 epidemic. I have already remarked on how absent the suggestion of plague and disease and death are from Gold Reef City. But what great mark of sadness or guilt or some other incalculable emotion that death must have left on the fifteen year old Emily. Emily is dead herself now and so we will never know what it felt like for her and for some reason that is a loss. The other thing that haunted me was Emily's description of herself - self-consciously eccentric as a 'squirrel'. It was a self-deprecating analogy but it also suggested that she had been hoarding her possessions. Why? Against what expectation of adversity? It occurred to me that she could not really have saved up everything over her eighty or more years, there must have been some process of selection and collection at work, as there is in all representations of the past. So, what did she choose and why? If only we could learn what that dress or that pair of gloves had meant to her that was now supposed to stand for all Edwardian ladies. The museum curator responsible for the plaque avowed to remember Emily 'through our treasured collection of her possessions'. This holds out the hope that any of Gold Reef City's visitors might be remembered the same way whether they are famous or not but it also underscores Emily's facelessness - she has become her collection and while that may bind her to the museum's curators, it does not bind her to us. We cannot make 'dear' Miss Dowse's acquaintance.

We still look at Miss Dowse or her things really through a doorway and we are not peeping voyeuristically, we are invited to stare at her mortal remains as it were. What is it that is so ineffably sad, even funereal, about doing this? James Boon, considering why all museums make him sad, in an essay that is dense with literary allusion and post-modernist neologism, in one of the few readily intelligible phrases, explains that it is because the 'museum world' is one of 'fragments: fragments wrested from the past.'¹⁵ Once the fragments that we see in the Dowse room constituted someone's life memories. Now abstracted from the labour that maintained and preserved them and from their multifarious reference points, they no longer do. Ironically, it is Mrs Oliphant again who painstakingly records the endless tasks that were necessary to create and renovate women's clothes in an age before the advent of mass factory production and automatic washing machines. Yet the Dowse Room, like so much else in Gold Reef City, contains not a whisper of female labour or travail, whether of Miss Dowse herself or her servants', and so it is sad because all that remains of a probably singular woman who lived to a great age, are these few paltry things that could have belonged to anyone and been rescued from decay by chance.

If we are prevented from making Miss Dowse's acquaintance that is even more true of her next door neighbour, the widow Oosthuizen seated in her voorkamer with the old republican

flag, the Vierkleur, peeling off the wall behind her. The bespectacled widow, dressed in black amidst bare furnishings of the 1870s - we are told - in which case she must still be awaiting the discovery of gold and the judicious selling off of her property on the farm Langlaagte to mining magnate JB Robinson - epitomises every stereotype of the calvinist Afrikaner and her forbidding aspect inclines most visitors to hurry on. We do not know the relationship between the widow and sweet Miss Dowse's pretty things next door. Perhaps some people take it as if they had moved into the next aisle of the supermarket.

The last prominent room in this house is the schoolroom with quaint old desks and models of a woman teacher and a girl pupil in a pinafore. It makes a stab at representing itself as of the 1890s, but the map at the front is from a different period and the mawkish calendar on the wall is a characteristic artefact of the early 1930s. Among the old textbooks scattered artfully on top of the desks is a book of Afrikaans idioms, from the period after Afrikaans had been recognised as an official language in 1925. Lost in the chronological jumble is the South African War, the anger against Anglicisation policies that followed it and the vigorous language struggle that helped twentieth century Afrikaner nationalism onto its feet - not to mention if we go as far as the calendar - the Great Depression and a host of fateful political splits and realignments. The schoolroom could have helped us to glimpse an aspect of nascent Afrikaner nationalism perhaps by bringing Miss Dowse and one of the Widow Oosthuizen's grand-daughters together in heated dialogue, or in improbable society. If it had been more decisive about its period around the end of the nineteenth century, instead of drifting thoughtlessly into a large chunk of the twentieth, it might have shown black children in school with whites before comprehensive racial segregation. Either scenario, instead of allowing us to feel an illicit nostalgia for schooldays that were not, after all, mostly peaceable and aesthetically charming, would make us uncomfortable. We would be brought up with a start, remembering that we are not in the supermarket, not casually looking out for a bargain in the pseudo-antiques department.

I agreed initially to let visitors alone and certainly intruding upon their peace of mind with vivid representations of conflict or reminders of deliberate segregation policies appears to be a rude violation of that contract. But I recall Wallace's argument about the American museums he criticises:

By obscuring the origins and development of capitalist society, by eradicating exploitation, racism, sexism and class struggle from the historical record, by covering up the existence of broad-based oppositional traditions and popular cultures and by rendering the majority of the population invisible as shapers of history, the museums inhibited the capacity of visitors to imagine social orders - past or future.¹⁶

I do not think that many of Gold Reef City's visitors, whoever they are, imagine themselves as 'shapers of history' and nowhere is it suggested to them that they might be. Gold Reef City's past is a pleasant one, but it is also insidious - not just because we historians feel it lies about the past - but also because it encourages absolute passivity. The patrons who are slung back and forth and hurled upside down in the loop-the-loop roller coaster and who scream with terror only after the ride is over, merely illustrate the central working principle

of Gold Reef City.

Conclusion:

Gold Reef City is a pleasant enough place for a day or even for a make-believe century in a day. But, unless we have young children, we will have to be lured back there by special events. There are signs that a sizable group of people would enjoy the opportunity to spread their century out over rather more than one day, but Gold Reef City is too insubstantial. Its past is soothing but unhelpful - pleasant but irrelevant is Wallace's way of putting it. Gold Reef City allows us to relax in the Village Square, but it doesn't explain to us how we lost our real square in the real city it claims to represent. Its duplicit game with history and authenticity arouses our initial interest but it patronises us - offering us trinkets and curios and whimsical glimpses into an anonymous, monochrome past, edged with broekie lace. I conclude with a fast quotation from Wallace, talking about how certain museums generate ways of 'not seeing':

People are clearly interested in the past, but when they seek understanding they are confronted with institutions ... that tend to diminish their capacity to situate themselves in time. The political consequences of this impoverished historical consciousness are profound.¹⁷

Thanks to Alan Mabin, Michela Piccini and Felicia Tobias for their ideas and suggestions, to none of which I have yet done justice.

ENDNOTES:

1. See C. Kros: 'Visiting History on the Weekend: From Colonial Williamsburg to Gold Reef City: an exercise in scrutinising Public History.' Paper presented to the History Workshop, Popular History Session, February 1990.

2. For evidence of segregation, ill treatment, low wages and the incidence and medical neglect of workers suffering from phthisis or who had been the victims of severe accidents underground see the Transcript of Evidence of The Native Grievances Enquiry, 1914.

3. For a description of this Exposition and its treatment of various native as well as 'exotic' groups see C. Hinsely: 'The World as Marketplace: Commodification of the Exotic of the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago, 1893.' I. Karp and S. Lavine (eds): Exhibiting Cultures: The Poetics and Politics of Museum Display. (Smithsonian Institution Press: Washington and London, 1991.)

4. Mrs Oliphant, Hester (Virago: London, 1984) 395. 'Though time is so short, and our modern pace of living, we flatter ourselves, so much more rapid than of old, ...'

5.This is a reference to the Dowse room and the sister who died in the 1918 influenza epidemic - see below.

6.Toffler quoted in M. Wallace: 'Visiting the Past: History Museums in the US.' S.P Porter Benson, S. Brier, R. Rosenzweig(eds): Presenting the Past: Essays on History and the Public. (Temple Press:Philadelphia, 1986) 156. The phrase 'saner...sweeter past' is Ford's, quoted by Wallace 156. It may surprise the reader that Ford of 'History is bunk' found himself increasingly tempted to retreat to his own version of the past, created at Greenfield Village at the end of the 1920s. See Wallace's essay for more details.

7.See Kros cited above.

8.I base these remarks on observations that tourists like to purchase things that shine - eg Tiger's Eye.(See diagram for location of The 'Tiger's Eye' curio store - there is a branch of this shop at the Alfred and Victoria Waterfront too. An informant tells me that the Oriental tourists want to purchase ivory, whereas tourists from western Europe and the United States are scrupulous about enquiring about how animals from which various artefacts are made met their end.

9.It is a real house that once stood at Langlaagte Deep itself and has been transported to Gold Reef City. See Umberto Ecco's wonderful essay on American 'bricolage' - an assortment of real reconstructions and fake assemblies and models, with no clear distinctions being drawn for the visitor. U.Ecco: 'Travels in Hyper Reality' Travels in Hyper Reality:Essays. (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich:San Diego, New York, London, 1986.)

10.This refers to the now obscure plaque on the side of the Langlaagte House, which suggests that the Hoskens rose to become fairly prosperous, after their arrival at Langlaagte Deep. If Hoskens brought his wife and family to South Africa, it is likely that he was already a social cut above the average Cornish immigrant miner.

11.Quoted in J.Boon: 'Why Museums Make Me Sad.' in Karp and Lavine (eds) 266. Boon describes museum exhibits as a series of 'as if merchandise', highlighting their commodification.

12.For the debate on label writing and some interesting ideas see Karp and Lavine (eds) and especially E.Gurian, 'Noodling Around with Exhibition Opportunities.'

13.See for example, Ironbridge Gorge Museum:Teachers' Handbook. (BP Educational Service,West Yorkshire.) Also, Primary Schools and Museums:Guidelines for Teachers.(Ironbridge Gorge Museum Trust, 1990.)

14.The tape, 'Ironbridge:The Ironbridge Journal. Documentary Recordings of Working Life,' cost 5 pounds, 95p in 1991. It might be noted that the auditory and visual material on Ironbridge, faithfully as it appears to depict class divisions and the misery and squalor of, for example, the squatter family, has no struggle or conflict.

15.Boon develops the idea of the museum being engaged in a kind of serial pillage and his essay is self-consciously a demonstration of the infinite process of pillage and reappropriation of historical documents and voices.

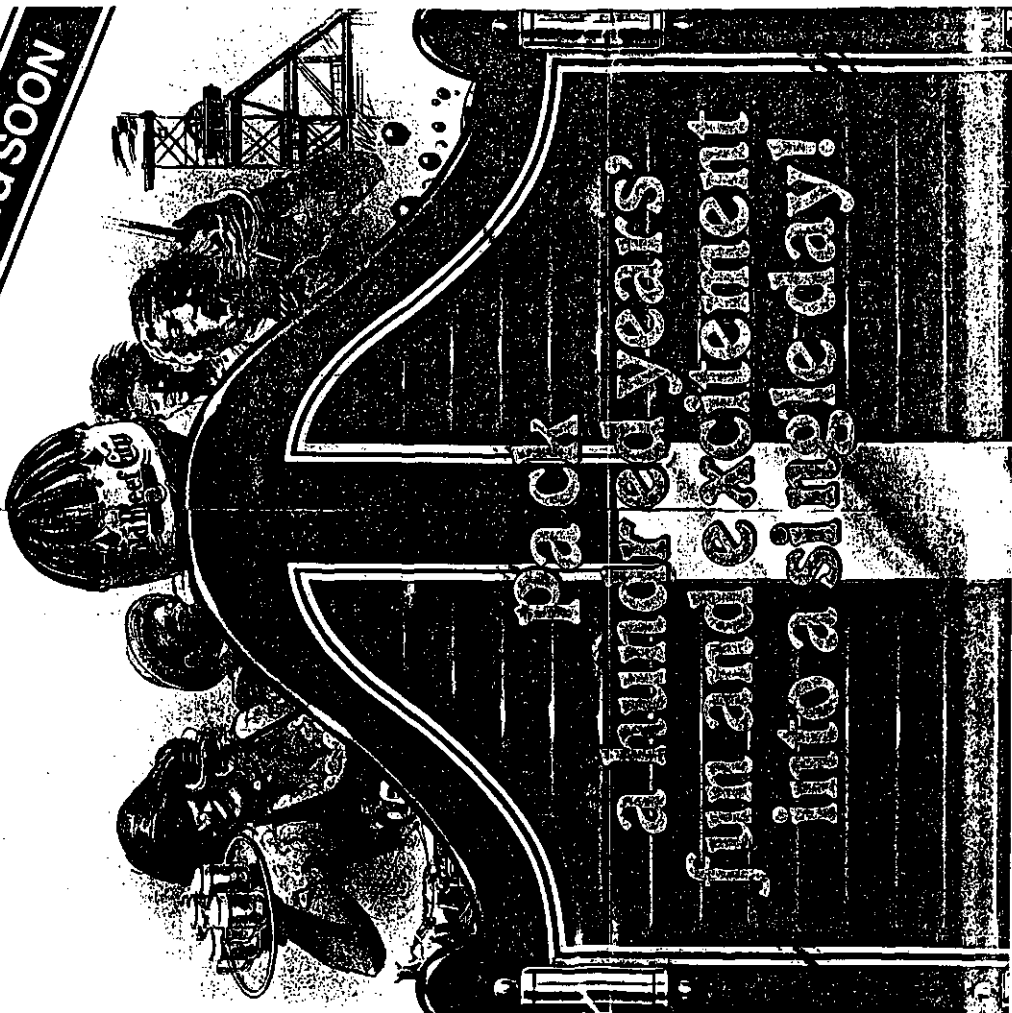
16. Wallace, 158. Wallace's analysis of certain US museums is based on his assessment of what their corporate sponsors were trying to get out of various representations of the past in order to secure a tighter grip on their class hegemony in the present. Obviously the same sort of theoretical analysis needs to be done in South Africa and I have hinted here and there at a certain ideology at work in Gold Reef City, but for the present it might be counter-productive to point too many accusatory fingers.

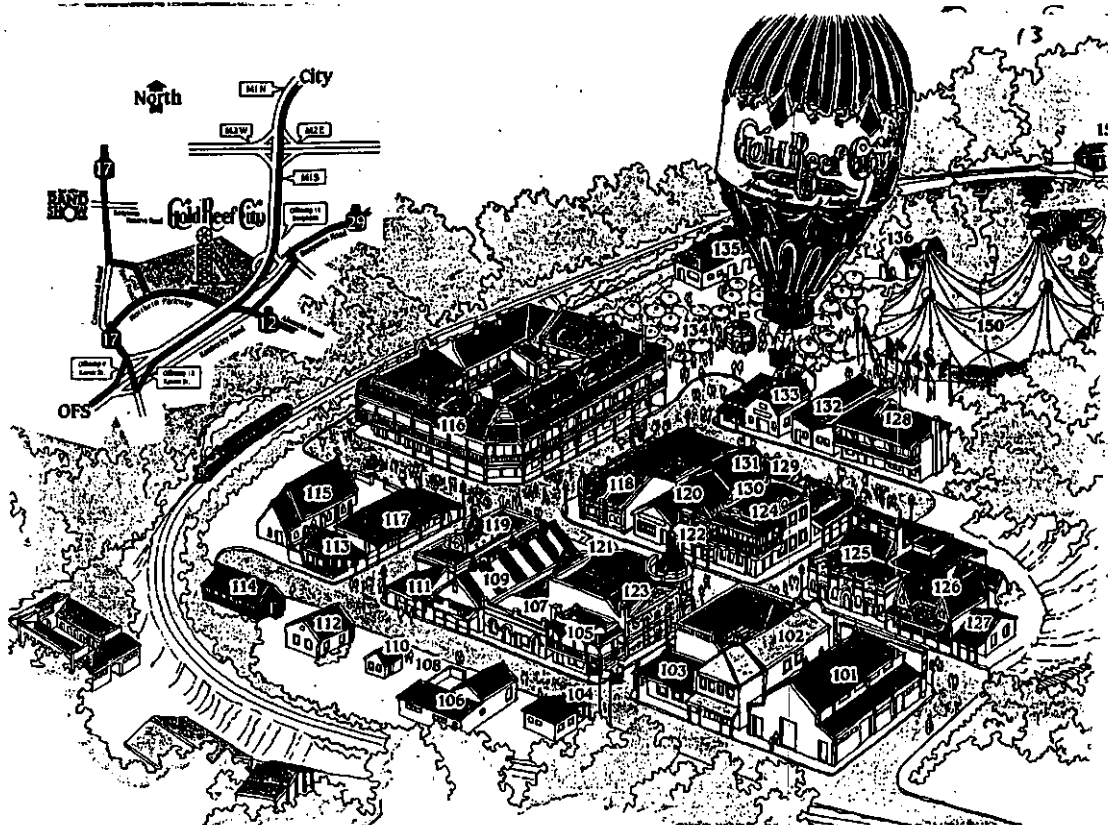
17. Wallace, 160.

APPENDICES:

1. Pamphlet distributed at Gold Reef City in 1990.
2. Extracts from teachers' handbooks from Ironbridge Gorge Museum complex, Birmingham, UK.

OPENING SOON





MINING VILLAGE 1900-1920

- 1 VISITOR INFORMATION CENTRE
- 2 GOLD REEF CITY & SOUTHERN SUN SWITCHBOARD
- 3 GOLD REEF CITY POST OFFICE/GOLD REEF CITY COINS AND STAMPS
- 4 VISITORS' INFORMATION CENTRE/TICKET OFFICE
- 5 THE CROWN RESTAURANT
- 6 COVERED AREA
- 7 DOORNFONTEIN STATION
- 8 REDWOODS TOYS
- 9 GUNSMITH
- 10 TOYS OF YESTERYEAR
- 11 ROMANTIC MILLINER; GOLD REEF CITY HAIRDRESSER;
ATLAS LIGHTING EMPORIUM; GOLD REEF CITY FLORIST
- 12 OLTHAVER HOUSE
- 13 BROOKIE LACE
- 14 PARAPLEGIC TOILETS
- 15 TOILETS
- 16 VICTORIAN TEA SHOP
- 17 AECI AUDITORIUM - *The Johannesburg Experience*
- 18 LOGO SHED
- 19 STAINED GLASS WORKSHOP
- 20 "GOLD POUR" KIOSK
- 21 TOWN SQUARE
- 22 OPPENHEIMER HALL (SOUTHERN SUN)
- 23 THE PRESIDENTS ROOM (Private)
- 24 BABY CARE CENTRE
- 25 GOLD REEF CARRIERS COACH HOUSE

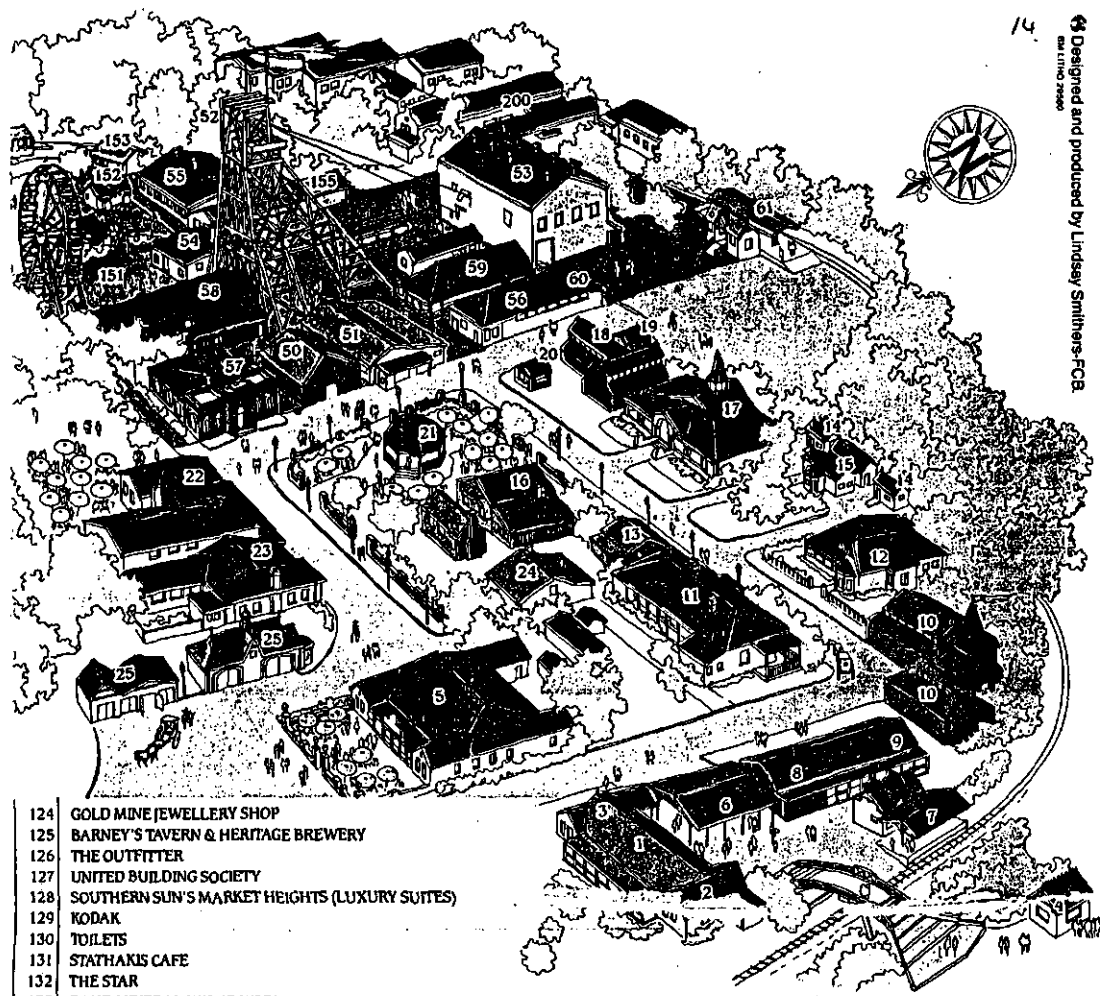
GOLD MINE

- 50 GEOLOGICAL EXHIBIT
- 51 THE CRUSH
- 52 14 SHAFT HEAD GEAR
- 53 WINDING HOUSE

- 54 STEAM HOIST
- 55 MINE MODEL BUILDING
- 56 GOLD POUR
- 57 SOUTH AFRICAN MINT
- 58 WHITING HOIST
- 59 GOLD REEF POTTERS
- 60 CHEN KWAN LAUNDRY
- 61 PRESIDENTS HALT STATION

CITY 1888-1890

- 101 THEATRE ROYAL
- 102 BALMORAL BEEF & CHOP HOUSE/HOTEL ROOMS
- 103 GOLD REEF CITY PUB GIFT SHOP & TOBACCONIST
- 104 Z.A.R.P. POLICE STATION
- 105 DIAMOND SHOP
- 106 VAN RYN'S COOPERAGE
- 107 GOLD REEF CITY INTERIOR DECORATORS
- 108 BLACKSMITH
- 109 GOLD REEF CITY ANTIQUES & AUCTIONEERS
- 110 CHUBBS FIRE STATION
- 111 BERTS SWEET AND CHOCOLATE COMPANY
- 112 AFROX'S FIRST AID POST/GAS LAMP PARK
- 113 TIGERS EYE TRADING POST
- 114 TOILETS
- 115 CHAPEL
- 116 SOUTHERN SUN'S GOLD REEF CITY HOTEL/CRITERION RESTAURANT
- 117 MAYWOOD AND HARPER
- 118 CONSOLIDATED SALOON
- 119 JOHANNESBURG STOCK EXCHANGE
- 120 CENTRAL NEWS AGENCY
- 121 AMADLOZI ART CENTRE
- 122 GOLD REEF CITY CHEMIST - SUCCESSORS TO LENNON
- 123 BARCLAYS NATIONAL BANK LTD



- 124 GOLD MINE JEWELLERY SHOP
- 125 BARNEY'S TAVERN & HERITAGE BREWERY
- 126 THE OUTFITTER
- 127 UNITED BUILDING SOCIETY
- 128 SOUTHERN SUN'S MARKET HEIGHTS (LUXURY SUITES)
- 129 KODAK
- 130 TOILETS
- 131 STATHAKIS CAFE
- 132 THE STAR
- 133 RAND MINERAL WATER WORKS
- 134 PIONEER MINING BEER GARDEN
- 135 PIONEER MINING SERVERY
- 136 TOILETS

- ☐ FUN-O-RAMA
- 150 HERTZ HIPPODROME
- 151 VICTORIAN FUN FAIR
- 152 TOILETS
- 153 PICK & SHOVEL FOOD PARLOUR
- 154 GEORGE HARRISON STATION
- 155 LEGOLAND

- 200 MAINTENANCE SERVICE AREA

Gold Reef City®

Built just for the fun of it.

Ironbridge Gorge Museum

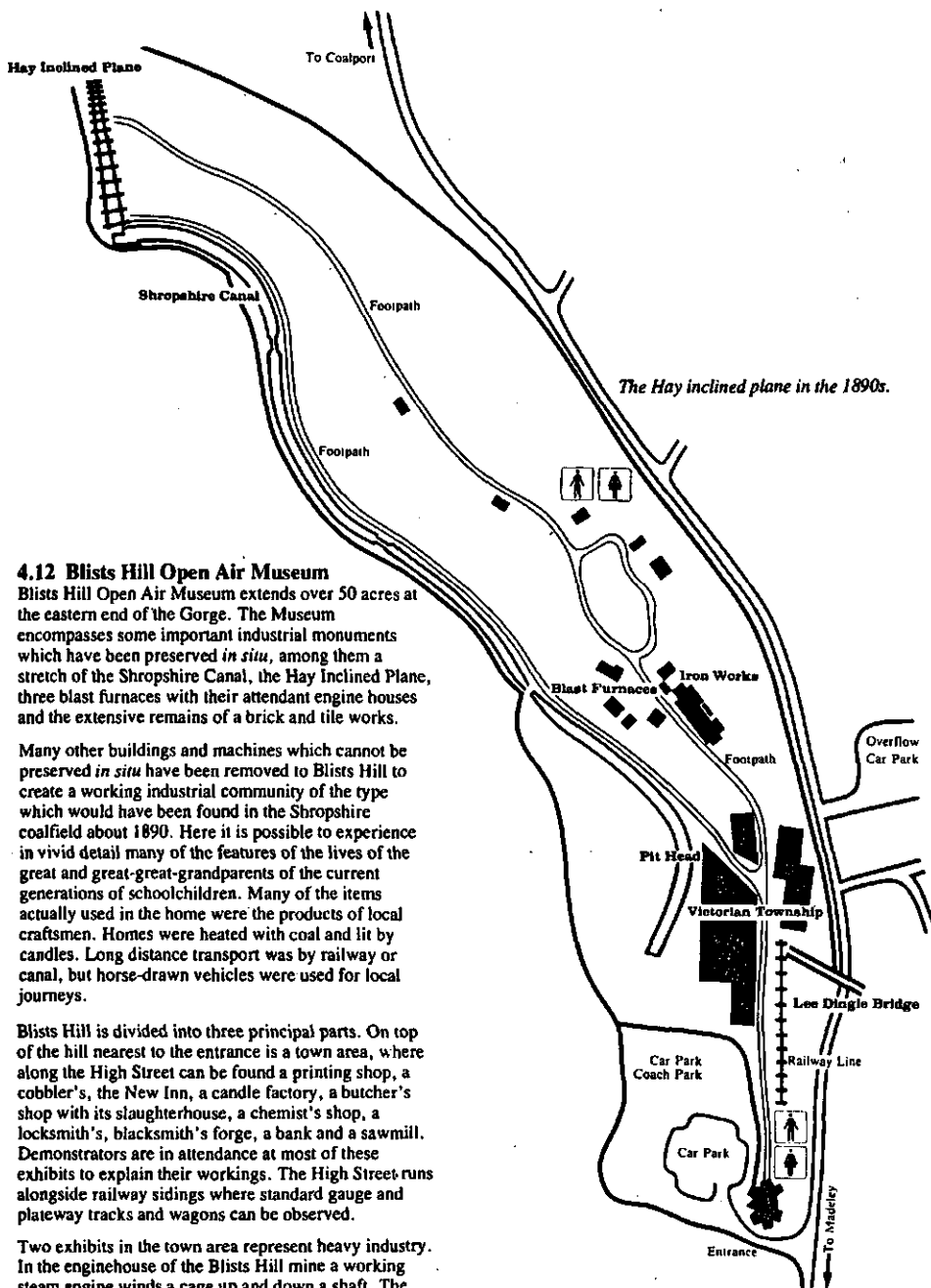
Teachers' Handbook

1. Introduction	3	6. Technology	16
2. Historical Background	3	6.1 Mining and Quarrying	16
3. Making a Visit		6.2 Ironworking	17
3.1 Planning a Visit	4	6.3 Ceramics	20
3.2 Opening times, admission and booking arrangements	4	6.4 Technology	21
3.3 Accommodation	4	6.5 Power and Energy	21
4. The Museum and its Resources		7. Transport	
4.1 The Museum Visitor Centre	5	7.1 Severn Navigation	22
4.2 Coalbrookdale Furnace and Museum of Iron	5	7.2 Canals	23
4.3 The Elton Gallery	7	7.3 Early Railways	24
4.4 Museum Library	7	7.4 Standard Gauge Railways	25
4.5 Institute of Industrial Archaeology	7	7.5 Turnpike Roads	25
4.6 Educational Resources Centre	7	7.6 Bridges	26
4.7 Roschill House	7	8. Social History	26
4.8 Carpenters Row	8	9. Art and Design	27
4.9 Coalbrookdale Institute	8	10. Architecture	28
4.10 Iron Bridge and Tollhouse Information Centre	9	11. Telford New Town	28
4.11 Bedlam Furnaces	9	12. Geology and Physical Geography	29
4.12 Blisls Hill Open Air Museum	10	13. Ecology	29
4.13 Coalport China Museum	11	14. Other Places of Interest in the area	30
4.14 The Tar Tunnel	13	15. Ironbridge Products around Britain	31
4.15 The Jackfield Tile Museum	13	16. Useful Addresses	32
4.16 Museum Offices	14	17. Bibliographies	32
4.17 The Museum's Shops	14		
5. Areas for Fieldwork outside the Museum			
5.1 Ironbridge and Madeley Wood	14		
5.2 Coalbrookdale	15		
5.3 Benthall Edge	15		
5.4 Coalport	16		
5.5 Jackfield	16		

This Teachers' Handbook has been produced with the financial assistance of The British Petroleum Company Limited

Some BP materials may help to supplement this handbook.

A catalogue is available from BP Educational Service, PO Box 5, Wetherby, West Yorkshire LS23 7EH



4.12 Blists Hill Open Air Museum

Blists Hill Open Air Museum extends over 50 acres at the eastern end of the Gorge. The Museum encompasses some important industrial monuments which have been preserved *in situ*, among them a stretch of the Shropshire Canal, the Hay Inclined Plane, three blast furnaces with their attendant engine houses and the extensive remains of a brick and tile works.

Many other buildings and machines which cannot be preserved *in situ* have been removed to Blists Hill to create a working industrial community of the type which would have been found in the Shropshire coalfield about 1890. Here it is possible to experience in vivid detail many of the features of the lives of the great and great-grandparents of the current generations of schoolchildren. Many of the items actually used in the home were the products of local craftsmen. Homes were heated with coal and lit by candles. Long distance transport was by railway or canal, but horse-drawn vehicles were used for local journeys.

Blists Hill is divided into three principal parts. On top of the hill nearest to the entrance is a town area, where along the High Street can be found a printing shop, a cobbler's, the New Inn, a candle factory, a butcher's shop with its slaughterhouse, a chemist's shop, a locksmith's, blacksmith's forge, a bank and a sawmill. Demonstrators are in attendance at most of these exhibits to explain their workings. The High Street runs alongside railway sidings where standard gauge and plateway tracks and wagons can be observed.

Two exhibits in the town area represent heavy industry. In the enginehouse of the Blists Hill mine a working steam engine winds a cage up and down a shaft. The driver explains its operations to visitors. In the foundry it is possible to see iron and coke being charged into a cupola furnace, and molten iron being poured into moulds. Machines for grinding, drilling and turning castings are powered by a steam engine of circa 1840.

At the bottom of the hill are the remains of the three Blists Hill blast furnaces, which operated between 1832 and 1912, with two engine houses, one of which contains a vertical blowing engine of circa 1870. Nearby is the Ironworks, still under construction,

where wrought-iron will be forged in puddling furnaces, shingled under a steam hammer and rolled into sections in a steam-powered rolling mill. The beam blowing engines *David* and *Sampson*, removed from the Priorslee ironworks of the Lilleshall Company, and the Severn trow, the *Spy*, which is undergoing restoration, stand near the Ironworks.

The remainder of the Blists Hill Museum consists of woodland through which a track takes the visitor past two contrasting early nineteenth century cottages, the Shelton Tollhouse and the Squatter's Cottage from Little Dawley, a mission church of 1888 and a series of pit headstocks, to the Hay Inclined Plane, a spectacular double track railway by which tub boats were transported 207ft (68m) between a canal running parallel with the River Severn at Coalport and the section of the Shropshire Canal which runs through Blists Hill.

Groups who wish to see the whole of Blists Hill on one visit normally undertake a round trip from the town area to the Hay Inclined Plane, going either along the towpath of the Shropshire Canal and returning by the track through the woodlands, or in the reverse direction. The Museum's Educational Development Officer can make arrangements for some exhibits which are normally closed during the week to be opened for educational parties who particularly wish to use them. Costumed visits by school groups are encouraged. The Educational Development Officer can give advice on appropriate dress, and on authentic programmes of activity which can be pursued during a 'Victorian Experience' at Blists Hill.

At least three hours should be allowed for such a visit with a group.

Museum Guide 4.01 *Blists Hill Open Air Museum* provides summaries of information about all of the exhibits. More detailed descriptions are available in Museum Guide 4.02 *The Hay Inclined Plane* and Information Sheet No. 5 *The Shelton Toll House*.



Facilities at Blists Hill

Free coach and car parking.
Sales point for museum publications, souvenirs etc.
Refreshment facilities: The *New Inn* (open during normal licensed hours, closed to those under 18. Bar food), sweet shop selling tea in town area, tea room adjoining *David & Sampson*, pies for sale at butcher's shop.

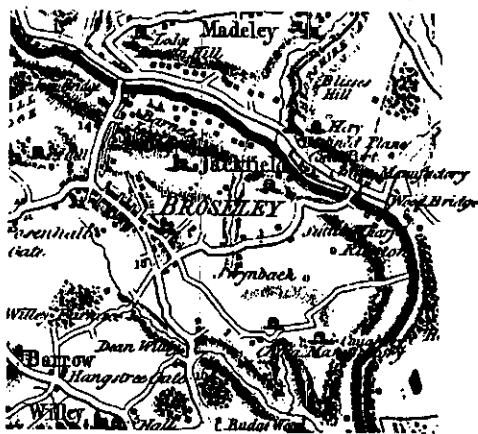
Products for sale at printer's, candle factory, foundry, sawmill, plasterer's etc. Special events are organised on a regular basis. Details available from the Educational Development Officer.

Blists Hill is closed during the Winter.

4.13 Coalport China Museum

The Coalport Works, established in the 1790s was throughout the nineteenth century one of the largest and most celebrated manufactories of porcelain in the world. In 1926 the works closed down when the Coalport Company transferred its operations to Stoke-on-Trent. Fifty years later some of the remaining buildings were restored as a Museum covering the history of porcelain making in the Severn Gorge.

The first porcelain manufactory in the Gorge was at Caughley, two miles downstream from Coalport and on the other side of the Severn. It was established by Thomas Turner in the 1770s. He had served his apprenticeship at the Worcester porcelain factory, and many of his blue transfer-printed wares bear a very close resemblance to Worcester pieces. There is a fine display of Caughley porcelain in the Alfred Darby Gallery on the top floor of the main Museum building.

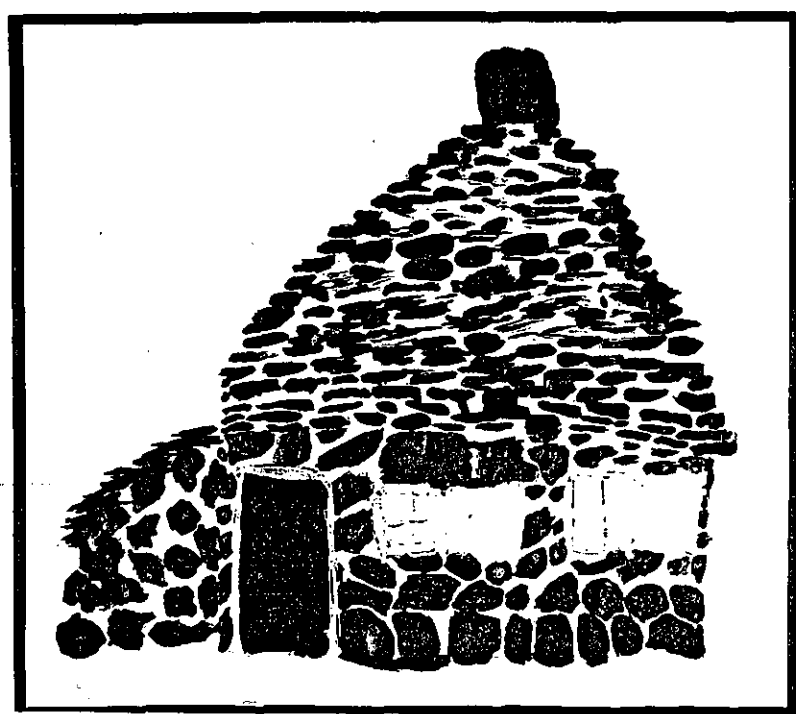


Map showing the location of Caughley and Coalport from Robert Baugh's map of Shropshire 1808.

£2.50

PRIMARY SCHOOLS AND MUSEUMS

KEY STAGE 1



GUIDELINES FOR TEACHERS



- Creative** : baking (Science AT6); candle-making (Science AT6); sketching and picture-making in various media
- Technological** : using audio-visual apparatus (Science AT12); using information technology (Science AT12)
- Classifying** : by chosen criteria (Maths AT12)
- ATTITUDES**
- Curiosity and enquiry** : in finding out about the past
- Confidence** : in interviewing adults
- Decision-making** : in choosing follow up activities
- Purpose and perseverance** : in following them through
- Co-operation** : in working with others
- Appreciation** : of their own homes and town and the work of others
- Caring** : for animals and plants.

Preparation

Before the visit the children can consider some important issues. What is a town? What makes a street? What constitutes a shop and a home? They can discuss visits to the doctor, the chemist and the dentist. They can walk down the local High Street locating the health centre, the chemist's shop, the bank, the electrician's and the bakery and decide why people visit them. Children can look at the lighting in the street, the traffic passing by and the clothes people are wearing. They might discuss their homes, furniture, lighting, heating and related services. Children should consider other everyday occurrences such as how their newspapers arrive. They can play in the home corner, be involved in simple cooking activities, help count the dinner money and, perhaps, talk to the school secretary about what happens to it. They should decide what questions they may ask museum staff and, perhaps, practise using a tape recorder and camera.

There should be a classroom collection of artefacts relating to the visit, for example, kettles, candle sticks, light bulbs and oil lamps, medicine bottles, pill boxes together with new and old coins. Children can classify these according to use or to criteria such as old and new. In addition, children could examine photographs, postcards and guide books relating to what they will see at Blists Hill itself.

The Visit

Before making the visit, teachers will have decided which of the following experiences would best enable their children to develop an understanding of concepts relating to past and present and to begin to appreciate the varying degrees of change which have taken place. Children need time to make on-site drawings and, where appropriate, to ask questions of museum staff. Teachers and other accompanying adults can take notes as necessary.

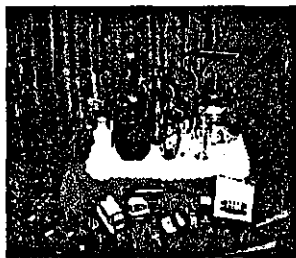
1. The Squatter's Cottage

Through observation children might consider:

- ~ the walls, the floors and the windows
- ~ how water was brought to the house; ways of its disposal
- ~ how people washed themselves and their clothes



A Modern Townscape



Artefacts in the Classroom

- where they went to the lavatory
- how the house was heated and sources of fuel
- how it was lit
- what people wore
- what they ate and how it was obtained and cooked
- how food was preserved
- how and why animals and fowl were kept
- what was grown in the garden
- the family's life style and occupations.

2. The Toll House

Here, children could ask similar questions and will, in addition, be interested in:

- the toll gate and its purpose
- the life of the Toll House keeper
- the traffic which passed along the road.

3. The Doctor's House

Children should:

- observe differences between this home and the others
- discuss the function of different rooms
- ask questions about the surgery
- ask how the Doctor was paid
- find out who visited the Doctor and how he travelled to people's homes
- find out what was prescribed
- look at the Doctor's instruments
- ask whether there were any women doctors.

4. The Bank

Children could:

- ask about the Bank Manager's work
- observe the clothes he wore
- look at the quill pen with which he wrote and the account book
- look at old coins
- touch and look at the carved wooden counter
- ask whether there were any women cashiers or bank managers.

5. The Chemist's Shop

Children may:

- look at the dental instruments
- learn how patients were anaesthetised and how teeth were extracted
- understand how the hand drill worked
- watch the Chemist at work
- see how goods are displayed
- inspect the dispensing ledger
- watch pills being made
- identify bottles through colour and texture
- find out about bottles which held poison
- learn about carbons and their meaning.



Outside the Squatter's Cottage