

# The Israel Anthropological Association Annual Meeting

10 -11 June 2015

## The 3<sup>rd</sup> Max Gluckman Memorial Prize

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A short greeting to the Annual Meeting from Peter Gluckman,  
Max Gluckman's middle son

Dear Professor Goldberg, the Max Gluckman Memorial Prize Winner for 2015 and all those attending the Annual Meeting of the Israel Anthropological Association. Shalom.

I had the honour to speak at your Annual Meeting in 2013, the first time that the Max Gluckman Memorial Prize was given. I am delighted that the Prize has continued into its third year.

Some of you here may have heard my presentation to that Annual Meeting in June 2013, including family photographs, the story of the crocodile that my father shot just before it ate my elder brother and the centrality of Max's wife, Mary – my mother – in his life.

When I spoke I was a minor planet in a glittering academic galaxy of Israeli and foreign professors, many of whom I knew when I was a child. My task was to talk about Max Gluckman as a person: a son, a brother, a husband, an uncle, a father and grandfather rather than as a colleague or innovative anthropologist.

I suggested to Harvey Goldberg that I continue along the same street: a short recollection of the trip that my late father, late mother and family took to Israel in 1963. I was 16 and Israel was even younger, being only 15

years old. We drove across Europe in an old car from Manchester to Athens and then took a ferry from Piraeus to Haifa. It was quite an adventure in those days, less than 20 years after the Second World War.

We ended up at my Uncle Philip (Figgy) and Aunt Bobsie Gillon's then home in Ashkelon, along with my wonderful Israeli cousins. There we had tremendous parties, bar-b-cued - the South African braaivleis - and sang songs round camp fires. My father took us at midnight under a full moon to swim at Afridar. I asked my father if this was the typical way of life in Israel – it seemed jolly good to me. He replied that if one actually lived in Israel then life might be a little different.

We drove to Beersheva to see Emmanuel Marx who took us to meet a Bedouin sheikh and drink strong coffee from little cups. Emmanuel allowed me to drive his jeep in the desert even though I was then too young to have a license. There was no 'Cvish Shesh', no settlements and visiting the West Bank and East Jerusalem were not possible.

It was a time of great excitement for me in my middle teens and a chance to see the adventurous and practical side of my father as he visited his Israeli family and drove us all around Israel in his old British car.

I would like to congratulate the Winner of this year's Max Gluckman prize and wish you all a successful Annual Meeting.

Peter Gluckman

8 June 2015