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though its potential should have been obvious (Madsen 2014). In any case, his later critique and the work of his students and others were effective: Jennings (1973) formally abandoned the Desert Culture model in the early 1970s.

The contrast between how that work was done, especially the field components, and current standard operating procedures is striking. For example, the first three field seasons of my '66–'69 project in northeastern California were funded from the Research Facility budget to the tune of about 800–1,200 dollars each. This amount covered food, fuel, and incidentals for 6- to 8-person volunteer crews over periods of 6 to 10 weeks. Gear came from a poorly organized storeroom in the basement of Hearst Gymnasium, and was consistent with the "crudest tool necessary to the task" ethos of the time. During those three seasons, there were no research designs other than that embodied in brief, pre-fieldwork discussions with RFH: "Find stratified sites. Sample them. Write up the results for publication." That was it. There were no consultations with Native American stakeholders. Conversations with relevant land management agencies and private landowners were entirely informal; there were no written permits or contracts. On most projects, these negotiations, as well as logistics and data collection procedures, were entirely the responsibility of the students doing the work. Heizer himself rarely visited field projects he wasn't actually running, and didn't inquire in detail about their conduct. Archiving notes and collections was the students' problem, to be managed, again informally, with the UCB Museum of Anthropology. My Australian colleagues refer to this kind of work, half-derisively, half admiringly, as "cowboy archaeology." It got useful results, resolved some important questions, and helped define the next ones; but one can't play the game that way now. Just as well.

Looking back, I see my time with Heizer as lucky, an assessment that some might find odd. RFH was indeed a difficult character. Even now, dinners with former students often devolve into extended reminiscences about that very fact. But for those of us he took to be, in his words, "serious about archaeology," he was also a definite benefactor. He supported us financially, gave us opportunities to pursue our own research with little interference, and helped us bring the results to publication. In those ways, he was someone to emulate. Think of the intellectual lineages traceable to him that run through Great Basin and California ethnohistory and archaeology. That's scholarly impact. Still, fewer smart cracks and nasty put-downs would have been an improvement.

* * *

LOVELOCK BY MOONLIGHT

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We were sitting around a campfire at the Humboldt Lakebed site. I was as usual unburdening myself of an informal lecture about the history of archaeological exploration of Lovelock Cave, which I could deliver at a moments' notice, drunk or sober, as Heizer would say. When you walked away from the campfire you could see in the moonlight, bright across the valley, ominous and forbidding, the dark cleft which was the entrance to the cave. To me it seemed challenging, glowering, inimical—the repository of a thousand buried secrets.

I said as much to my assembled audience, a small party of six or so students from Cal State Stanislaus and one or two from Berkeley.

"Well," said Bill, standing to my right. "If it seemed so menacing, why did you and Heizer tackle it to begin with? And beyond that, why did you pick Berkeley? You must have known Heizer would eventually turn to the cave."

"Re-turn to the cave, you mean." Bob had been there before with Grosscup and had written about his investigations in the cave and at Leonard Rockshelter. From Day One at Berkeley he wanted me to "do something" with the Lovelock coprolites. He and his students Ambro and Cowan had already published the results of their preliminary study of samples of coprolites from the cave. I remember we were in his office and he said, "I think I can get you a Wenner-Gren Predoctoral Fellowship to work on the coprolites. That would be a much better experience for you than digging your Montana site."

I balked. "I don't know anything about Great Basin flora or fauna, or Lovelock Cave, for that matter, other than what you've written about it…" I trailed off, because

he displayed a dour look that I already knew indicated displeasure. "Those fellowships are damn hard to come by, you know." He lit a cigarette. "A Wenner-Gren Fellowship would carry you through your graduate program. And you'd learn a lot about prehistoric diets in a region you say you know little about."

"But we've already applied for NSF funds for the Montana site." "So you changed your mind," he said. "I'll go one better: I've been thinking of doing a lot more work at Lovelock Cave. I'd like to put together a large contingent of students who would go with us to Lovelock and stay there for a quarter, say, and really get into its history. Pat can run the lakebed site and you the cave. I can dig up enough money to keep us in grub. Karen would go. She's already said she would. Wha'd'ya say?"

"Well," I said. "I'll think about it."

"With the fellowship you could quit your blueprinting job and be a full-time graduate student. And if you don't screw up there will be TA money eventually."

"It's tempting," I said, knowing I was hooked.

Later, I wondered how much he knew about my four-to-midnight burdensome blueprinting job in San Francisco. The answer was, he kept his ear to the ground and one of his great attributes was that he took care of his students—"put them under his wing." Or looking at it another way, in finding ways to further his students' progress he could pursue his own research interests. Lovelock Cave loomed large for him. After all, he grew up in the metropolis of Lovelock, and the cave haunted his dreams. It was to haunt my dreams as well—make that my nightmares—but that was a long way down a bumpy road, and a ton of cave dust later.

Bill pulled a camp chair closer to the fire and used a tamarisk branch to poke the coals and induce a little warmth. It was October and the desert nights were already chilly. He said, "So you went to Berkeley and Heizer because of the opportunities that the university and his paternal care offered?"

"You bet. There were wonderful opportunities… expeditions to La Venta, Mexico, to the Great Basin… Lovelock Cave…later he was in Egypt, again with students…. I got a good job in the Cal State system; I was hired at Associate III and in two years I was a tenured full professor…. But you know, one of the perks, so to speak, was the way he drew other archaeologists to Berkeley. You never knew who you might meet. One day he said, "Are you free for lunch? I said "Sure." "Good. Graham Clark is here and we'll have lunch and you can show him the coprolites project." Later it was Lord Renfrew, and Glynn Daniel, C. M. McBurney, who dug the Haua Fteah in Libya, Sherry Washburn, Ted McCown, Clark Howell, Glynn Isaac, Mike Coe, Jess Jennings, Don Grayson, Don Tuohy, Eric Callen, Dick Gould—we went to Australia together—I was extremely grateful to Heizer for the opportunity to meet his varied colleagues and learn about their projects—talk about an educational experience…!"

"When you graduated, did you tell him you were grateful?"

"I think he knew. I named my youngest son after him. I thought that was the least I could do."

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