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passing, and the excellent biographical memoir on Heizer by Thomas R. Hester (1996), published by the National Academy of Sciences, as well as a recent consideration of Heizer's intellectual impact by Richard Hughes (2017). Some of Heizer's younger students offered memories in the "Sands of Time" section of the journal *California Archaeology* (Moratto 2010), the sister column to *Pioneers*. Following are two memories to highlight Heizer's contributions to Great Basin anthropology. Indeed, his Great Basin work may have been central to his career, not only in terms of intellectual content, but in terms of life history, arising from his childhood roots in Lovelock, Nevada in the 1920s and 30s. Part of the rationale behind *Pioneers* is to offer younger members of our profession a glimpse into the times that created the archaeologists who shaped our discipline. Just plain old cultural context, and we know that is a good thing.

* * *

ON HEIZER

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I worked as Robert Fleming Heizer's (RFH's) research assistant for a year, beginning in the fall of 1965. I was in my last semester as a Berkeley undergraduate before moving to the graduate program in anthropology that coming spring. The project, collating data on pre-European California rock art, found me at work most weekday mornings in one of two offices assigned to the University of California Archaeological Research Facility. RFH was the Facility's Coordinator (Director). The other office, immediately adjacent and accessible through an always-open door, was the workspace for Edna Flood, the Facility's diligent, kind-hearted secretary.

The Old Man (he had just turned 50) arrived most weekday mornings at nine, often dressed in the same ensemble: brown tweed sport coat, tan twill trousers, heavy brown shoes, white shirt and a dark, knit wool tie. He was in good shape and looked professorially sharp. His long, narrow face and carefully trimmed beard always reminded me of the author, John Steinbeck. I don't imagine the resemblance was accidental. Books and papers for the day were carried, not in a leather satchel, the standard academic accessory for the time, but in a 12-bottle cardboard wine box, held lightly under one arm.

After a greeting and brief exchange about news of the day, Heizer sat to dictate his correspondence. He spoke slowly but steadily, always in complete sentences, with punctuation and paragraphing stipulated, but with no draft or other *aide memoir* in hand. Edna would later type it all up for his signature. His performance was impressive, if not unusual in a time before word processors. I can still recall the measured rhythm of his speech, and in it an echo of his distinctive, slightly discursive prose style.

He wasn't always so professorial. I recall following him into a bar in far northeastern California late one summer afternoon in 1968, looking for a bottle of JD. Experience had shown that its regular patrons were often unfriendly to outsiders. It was worse that summer—political assassinations, urban riots, and marches against the war hadn't helped. The Old Man was wearing khaki work clothes, topped, incongruously, by a Venetian boatman's straw skimmer, complete with a broad red hatband, the loose ends of which trailed halfway down his back. It definitely drew one's attention. I expected a provocative remark from the fellows at the bar, a few already heavily into their beer and bourbon shots. I'd mentioned the potential problem just before we entered, but he ignored the advice. Having spent much of his life in rural Nevada, he certainly knew what he was doing. He could have gone to the grocery store just down the street, but the bar was closer. As it happened, no one said a word; they just stared at him until we left. Perhaps the way he carried himself made them think better of it. Maybe he was making a point.

As my friend and age-mate Billy Clewlow likes to say, RFH was a complex person—highly intelligent, extremely well-read in both his discipline and a wide range of other subjects, passible in spoken French, Italian, and Spanish, and quite engaging when he cared to be. His home in the Berkeley hills had many touches reflecting his skills in carpentry and cabinet making. The terraced garden was a delight, in a certain style. The A-frame cabin he built in a private enclave on Tahoe's south shore was rough but well-conceived, right down to the professional-grade chef's stove and the bright Guatemalan textiles accenting the walls and furniture. One often ate well with him. Steaks, potatoes, green salads, hot peppers, sour mash whisky, and rough red wines were staples on short field trips or when he cooked at the cabin. He could be picky about preparations—I recall him getting stuck into one grad student for cutting the lettuce with a kitchen knife rather than tearing it by hand. “Who raised you?” he asked, disparagingly.

Politics were important to him. His were on the Left, with a shade of “libertarian” thrown in. He did important work with Alfred Kroeber on California Indian land claims cases in the 1950s and helped out generously on other legal matters. He was an early, vocal opponent of the Viet Nam War, at one point being photographed for the campus paper with a dozen fellow faculty members at noon on the steps of the main admin building, helping to hold up a protest banner. He was very proud when three of his grad students were among the more than 800 arrested in the big 1964 Free Speech Movement sit-in, protesting the university’s attempt to shut down on-campus fundraising in support of African-American voter registration in the South. I heard he bailed out all three personally. Toward the end of his career, he wrote or edited several scathing, book-length accounts of more than a century of official discrimination against non-whites in California. I wonder if the irony of having a career built in part on sampling pre-European native cemeteries as if they were public property escaped him (Heizer and Fenenga 1939).

The persona was often rough. He had a sarcastic remark for every occasion, a crude crack about various ethnic groups, and a derogatory serve for a fair number of his archaeological colleagues. Some of these were funny; some too off-color to be repeated; others simply embarrassing. Students sometimes caught a cruel smack: “[Surname], you can’t write.” The actual remark, more colorfully phrased, was delivered in seminar, Heizer’s opening comment on a draft presented for discussion. The cringe it provoked among those present was palpable. In the course of his 30-year career on the Berkeley faculty, this sort of treatment, not at all uncommon, often far worse, forced more than a few people, some quite talented, to leave the program. Of one former student he remarked: “Couldn’t cut it here; had to go to Harvard.“

I was a member of Heizer’s research group, headquartered in a small lab in the basement of Kroeber Hall, from fall, 1965 through spring, 1970. Others were Richard Ambro, Clewlow, Christopher Corson (later called Raven), Richard Cowan, Tom Hester, Butch Hallinan, Lew Napton, and Alan Pastron. (Women students were not encouraged to participate until later in Heizer’s career.) Many projects were in play at the time, reflecting RFH’s broad interests in North and Middle American culture history and in what would now be called archaeometry or archaeological science. Most involved collaboration with old friends from his graduate school days, fellow Berkeley faculty members, or current and former students. Topics in that one five-year period included the use of trace element analysis as a tool in tracking long-distance movement of lithics, the descriptive treatment of prehistoric California rock art noted above, a book-length consideration of the southern Kwakiutl potlatch, a long-term study of ancient heavy monument transport, excavations at the Olmec site of La Venta, and analyses of Olmec sculpture. He was also editing some of C. Hart Merriam’s ethnographic notes on fieldwork with Native Americans for publication, cooperating on a book with Theodora Kroeber, and managing two in-house publication series for student papers, some 10-15 collections of which were produced during my time in that group. As Tom Hester (1996) once said, he wasn’t just energetic about his discipline, he was obsessed with it. He expected others to be equally committed.

Projects I remember most clearly involved Great Basin projectile points and Lovelock Cave coprolites. Heizer had been provoked by Jesse Jennings’ 1955 *American Antiquity* paper, co-authored with Ed Norbeck, that summarizied the results of Jennings’ work at Danger Cave and introduced his influential Desert Culture concept. RFH thought it dealt too superficially with intra-regional variation in prehistoric assemblage composition and its relationship with Ernst Antevs’ model of Holocene climate change. The coprolite project was part of a response, focused on scat contents as sources of information on past human diet and environmental orientation. The projectile point work, based on excavations at roughly a dozen sites over a 15-year period, was central to an argument about the stratigraphic integrity, or lack thereof, in the Danger Cave sequence and Jennings’ contention that it showed little change through time. Ironically, Heizer had visited and tested the site in the late 1930s, more than a decade before Jennings began work there; yet he did nothing more with it, even 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.

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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