HERMES TRISMEGISTUS IN EDEN: PRAXIS, PROCESS & POSTMODERN ARCHAEOLOGY

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"Theory" is at best a pale and inferior echo and distortion of practice, and lives a life of its own.
-- Ernest Gellner

In 1884-85, Charles Fletcher Lummis walked from Ohio to Los Angeles, via the Southwest, to become city editor of the L.A. Times. He was entranced by the Southwest and southern California, and saw them as a generic Eden. Lummis spent four decades extolling the land and the anthropology and archaeology found thereon. His major interpretive monument, the Southwest Museum, is just down the road. He was the first anthropological Hermes Trismegistus in Eden.

But who, or what, is Hermes Trismegistus?

Hermes T was invented in 2nd century Alexandria, a syncretism of the Egyptian god Thoth and the Greek god Hermes. Thoth, who knew everything, was worshipped in Egypt as the inventor of writing, and keeper and interpreter of sacred and secret records.

Thoth's disciples sought the "keys" to his texts of secret knowledge. They hoped to decipher and interpret those texts. To do so would gain them knowledge to command the forces of nature. In short, they dreamt the Faustian dream, and saw interpretation of texts as the key to power.

Thoth's followers called him Thoth the three times very, very great, or, in Greek, Hermes Trismegistus. In various gendered guises, she or he has lived on ever since in Western thought as the doyen of textual interpretation -- of "hermeneutics."

But, every society has Hermes Ts: those devoted to the interpretation of all that is behind "appearances", or, beyond the ken of the hoi polloi. They are called shaman, priestess, soothsayer, cleric, philosopher, tel-evangelist, stand-up comic, poet, scientist, artist, literary critic, archaeologist, and banquet speaker. (There may be a natural regression here.)

Shamans, clerics, priestesses, and soothsayers reveal the supernatural, and interpret humanity's relations thereunto. Poets, artists, philosophers, and (good) stand-up comics reveal and interpret the absurdities -- and sometime transcendencies -- of the human condition.

Hermes T, as scientist, seeks and interprets the "hidden" formulae for the driving forces of the universe. She calls them natural laws, and speaks in hushed tones of "unlocking nature's secrets."

Hermes T, as literary critic, interprets, or, in modern jargon, "deconstructs," what a text really means, often contrary to what its author thought she meant. Within the critic's "reading" of a text, there is often an assertion that the author is a dupe, either of her own psyche, or culture, or both.

The litany is: "Forgive them, oh Thrice Great Foucault, for they know not what they really write -- but I, Hermes T, know!"
Art critics, even more high-handedly, reveal and interpret what painting and sculpture mean. How else, as Tom Wolfe points out in *The Painted Word*, would the public, or the artists, for that matter, know what modern art is all about?4

Hermes T, as archaeologist, digs up old trash and interprets the secrets of the Past therefrom. At first, this interpretation was done particularly. Since the 60s, it's been done processually. Now, some claim to do it postprocessually, and heap scorn on those who do it otherwise. This results in much wrangling, and even more talking past one another than usual, out there in Archaeologyland.

Examples are the current arguments between King Lewis, of Binford, the Arch-Processor, and the Pretender to the throne of Archaeologyland, Prince Ian of Hodder, the Postprocessor. To many denizens of Archaeologyland, these arguments are arcane, at best.8 Let me therefore play Hermes T, and interpret.

As an unwilling citizen of the Postmodern world, it first is necessary for me to "expose my bias," (my Aunt Elva would never approve) before I deconstruct, right before your very eyes.

My bias is that I'm a Poor, Not Quite Dead White Male, Dirt Archaeologist. I still occasionally turn a trowel, but not as often as I'd like. For some time, like Professor Schiffer, I have cultivated additional interests. Dr. Schiffer has abiding interests in portable radios and electric automobiles.6 My interest is in bandwagons -- intellectual bandwagons -- and in the tunes played, and verses sung, by those who leap upon them, as they come by. Most are ephemeral, like the floats that pass near here each New Year's Day; some last a bit longer. Many are recycled, as we'll see.

If you stand on the corner of Archaeology Avenue and Philosophy Place, as I've done recently, various bandwagons may be seen.

One, with newly-installed Texas license plates, is sponsored by the School of Hypothetico-Deductive Empiricism for Aging New Archaeologists. The musicians thereon are playing the Processual Polka, and the Binford Blues, both in a rather magisterial, Wagnerian mode, the latter somewhat off-key.7 Some are jamming various verses of the Middle Range Medley, and a few -- very few -- occasionally riff through a chorus of the Mitigation Mambo.

Close behind, with a plethora of players, and more leaping aboard the while, is a bandwagon sponsored by the New School of Postmodern Dissident Discourse. Everyone on board is playing very loudly, but in different keys and tempos.8 Amidst the cacophony, one may discern strains of the Textual Two-Step, the Rhetoric Rumba, the Anti-Totality Tango, and the Deconstruction Drag.

Parked at the curb is another bandwagon sponsored by the School of Postmarxist Revisionist and Anti-Revisionist Studies. Some think it is out of fuel, but all agree it is hardy out of gas. The musicians thereon are attempting various dialectical ditties, but they can't agree on the key, nor the score. But then, neither could their Marxist forbears.9

The banners on the wagons are new, but the melodies played by the riders are not. There are many familiar, old timey tunes. "It seems to me I've heard those songs before ..."

But, the din is such that one can't be sure about the words. Therefore, I determined to visit the musicians at home, to ask them to interpret the texts of their tunes.

After a long, rather dull quest, I arrived in the Duchy of Hermeneutica. There, I came to the edge of a vast, shallow, and verbiage-filled swamp. With trepidation, I waded across that fetid fen to the left shore, to seek wisdom from all the Hermes Ts who live in beachfront condos at Postmodern Place and Postmarxist Manor.

I consulted several leading lights -- art and literary critics, philosophers, and various others who indulge in hermeneutics in the local Deconstruction Derby. I read
many arcane, often badly written, texts. Obscurity of text, I found, brings fame and glory in Hermeneutica. The semi-deities Foucault and Derrida, whose texts are indeed obscure, each have legions of secondary Hermes Ts spilling barrels of ink into trendy journals and endless symposia compilations, pretending to interpret their masters' voices, but usually compounding the obfuscation. 10

I found these worthies very much as the historian Martin Jay found the Western Marxists of old. "They display," he said, "in classic form what Freud once called the narcissism of small differences ... [They are a surly lot] frequently maligning and deprecating each other and often misrepresenting the positions they attack." 11

Many display in their own texts, what the greatest Hermes T of all, the late Michael Foucault, called the state of "transcendental narcissism." The metaphor that conjures up is of a small, hermeneutic-colored bird rising from its nest of tangled, deconstructed rhetoric, and spiraling upward in an ever diminishing corkscrew pattern until it flies up its own irrelevancy, and vanishes. 12

The tone of the rhetoric most practiced in Postmodern Place is best characterized as whining. Postmodernists, or PoMods, as we'll call them, are, by definition, anti-Establishment. Foucault himself set out to expose the absurdities of the Establishment through parody and pastiche, in the vain hope that somehow, someday, Establishmentarians will recognize their own foolishness and reform. That is, some sort of anti-reasonable Reason will overcome them, and some sort of socialist Utopia will arrive.

But the world has always been absurd, even since the pseudo-Hermes Ts called Bureaucrats gained control of things. And, while PoMods bemoan the inequities of the Establishment, they do nothing to actually right wrongs, rectify absurdities, or slay dragons.

PoMods, like their ancestors the Romantics, dawdle -- passively -- in the delicious doldrums of despair and endemic doubt. No barricades are built, no picket lines set up, no bras burnt, no politicians impeached, no bureaucrats imprisoned. Lots of noise, no activity. They dream the Faustian dream, but delude themselves that talk and text equal power. There is, in short, no praxis in the classical Marxist sense of combining theory and action.

There is only the whining, and the smug presumption of ivory tower superiority. But, as Chateaubriand long ago reminded us, "One is not superior merely because one sees the world in an odious light." It all sounds like a faculty senate after the bureaucrats and bean counters have won -- again.

There is, however, unanimity among all those in Hermeneutica. They deplore any form of "totalized discourse", any hint of "objectivity". For card-carrying PoMods, objectivity is reprehensible, at best. 13

Science, the totalized discourse per excellence, is, they say, particularly odious; it serves only to denigrate humans and other living things. Especially in its Positivist guise, science is nothing but the ideology of the Establishment. Reject the Establishment, reject its ideology. Don't bother to determine whether science per se is the ideology!

"Aha!" said I. "There is a recycling of old timey tunes here, a pouring of old wine into old bottles, but a gluing on of new labels that read "Estate bottled in Postmodern Place." Very Establishment-like, despite the anti-Establishment posture -- co-opting the old and calling it new. Now partially enlightened, I continued my quest.

There are, I learned, both Constructivists and Deconstructionists in Postmodern Place (Cons and Decons, for short). The Cons deny the possibility of objectivity; it's all a plot by the detested scientists.

We do not discover reality, say the Cons, we invent it. Realities are the products of language and agreed-upon meanings. "Constructivism challenges the scientific tradition of positivism, which holds that reality is fixed and can be observed directly, unin-
fluenced by the observer."\(^\text{14}\)

Well, no. Bishop Berkeley long ago showed us that we take in sense data and invent models of reality; hence, reality is very much influenced by the observer. All working scientists generally have agreed with the good Bishop for two centuries, and acted accordingly. In a larger frame, anyone who has pondered the implications of the Sapir-Whorf Hypothesis could hardly regard reality as "fixed."\(^\text{15}\)

The Cons too are singing an old ditty -- the Anti-Berkeley Rag. They deprecate and misrepresent the position they oppose, for purposes of unmerited Science-bashing.

The Decon doctrine is much more invidious. It was seemingly written by those doyens of doublespeak who operate the Ministry of Truth in George Orwell's 1984. They say: "We will tell you what the truth of your text is, since you're a dupe. Truth is what we declare it to be." Sounds a lot like another old tune, sung in the 1950s to Pogo and his friends by a malevolent intruder into the Okeefenokee Swamp, named Simple J. Malarkey.

I spent only a brief time at Postmarxist Manor. The inhabitants seem bewildered: they know not what tunes to play. Their forbearers, generic regulation Marxists, though a fractious crowd, knew what they were about -- opposing the Establishment with passion and choruses of the Internationale.\(^\text{16}\)

But such Postmarxist medleys as Variations on the Structural-Marxist Samba must have poor old Karl spinning in his sarcophagus and Levi-Strauss snickering up his sleeve.

Seeking further enlightenment, I waded out of the swamp and strolled along the Boardwalk to Gender Gardens. There, many inhabitants speak a patois of PoMod, but have the healthy skepticism to regard much of the rhetoric as hocus pocus, rather than God's Truth.

The inhabitants of Gender Gardens, I found, are deeply and fundamentally committed to equity in all aspects of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness -- a commendable and agreeable commitment, and one to be encouraged for the good of all.\(^\text{17}\)

Some Gender Gardenites agree with the PoMolds that science is totalized discourse, but add that it is also androcentric. What does that mean? In the 60s, the jazz pianist Mose Allison wrote a song called "Just a Middle Class White Boy Tryin' to Have Some Fun." The contention of Hermes Ts from Gender Gardens is that science is not objective, but, in some measure is a subjective projection of middle class white male values and attitudes.\(^\text{18}\) Science, in this reading, is indeed, Just Some Middle Class White Boys Tryin' to Have Some Fun with their big-kid toys: cyclotrons, Hubble telescopes, and mega-gigabyte computers. And, their data and theories sometimes contain large doses of MCP -- Male Chauvinist Platiitudes.

I next visited the inhabitants of Gender Gardens who live at Marshalltown Manor -- a kind of a company compound for those who labor in Archaeologyland. There I acquired many interesting and useful insights, especially from those Hermes Ts known as Conkey, Gero, Tringham, Watson, and Wyllie.\(^\text{19}\)

They assert that their male colleagues in Archaeologyland generally ignore the fact that half of humankind are, and have been, females. And, they say, most of what we know from ethnography and history shows that females did (and do) two-thirds of the world's work for a much smaller fraction of its material and symbolic goods. Why then, they ask, are females not "visible" in the archaeological record?

Some assert that many male archaeologists have become so fixated on litho-phallic artifacts (which they fondle excessively and call "projectile points") that they can see only androcentric phenomena in the archaeological record; gynocentric aspects are invisible, or ignored. It has been the task of Conkey and company to change that, to "en-gender" archaeology, to make visible the other-half (you'll forgive, I hope, the double entendre here) of the record. A most commendable task, I think.
"What the hell do you mean by all this speaking in riddles and parables," you ask, "this mucking around in swamps and chasing down side streets after band wagons recycling old tunes? What does all this have to do with 'real' archaeology?" "Well, everything," say I. "Let me interpret further."

As a longtime intellectual band wagon watcher, I've noticed a tendency in Western "discourse". Many cultural constructs which arise in one era as means to justify, or support, immediate political ends, tend to hang on, after those ends are served or forgotten. Over time, they take on other meanings, and come to have other uses. Sort of like E.B. Tylor's "survivals".

Science and Reason played major roles in rejecting the political and ideological structures of the Medieval World, then remained to have many other uses. In the 18th century, proponents of Science and Reason sought to construct a Theory of Everything, including human behavior, based on "natural laws". In PoMod jargon, they built a "totalized discourse".

The ideology of this discourse, labeled Positivist Science, was embraced by both the Right and the Left in the 19th Century. The Right pulled it into what Bruce Trigger calls the "Imperial Synthesis" -- the assertion that human history was impelled providentially to end in a Victorian bourgeois Utopia. The Marxist Left pulled it into their historical synthesis -- the assertion that human history is being impelled dialectically, toward a proletarian Utopia.

But some didn't like all this. There were outraged cries from the Romantics, as early as 1710. This somewhat motley crew rejected the ideology of Reason and Science and their mechanistic Theory of Everything. "Humans are not mere machines, nor mere animals, nor merely reasoning beings," they cried. "Science does not enlighten," they said, "it denigrates genius, passion, spirituality, all that which is uniquely human, and sets humans apart from mere animality." It all sounds very Postmodern. Same old tune -- new timeframe.

In the 18th century, those who would reform the inequities of the Establishment invented a cultural construct called "Natural Man". In Western discourse, that which is natural is all good; that which is artificial, civilized, is often bad. In general, the closer to nature, the more morally and psychologically superior one is said to be. Once Natural Man crossed Rousseau’s Rubicon from Nature to Culture, it was morally downhill all the way. He, and his natural goodness, became distorted and oppressed by culture and the state, and he became befuddled by the mystifications of the Establishment.

Natural man served a political purpose: if only members of the Establishment would return to his "naturally superior" moral ways, it was argued, all social ills, and the distorting domination of the state, would disappear and a rational Utopia would prevail. Proponents of this conundrum got, instead, the French Revolution -- which some thought served them right.

The historian Micaela di Leonardo sees a parallel in the current cultural construct she calls "women's culture".

There is an entity, women's culture, which represents an Ur-form of women's nature and has the same characteristics across time and space. These characteristics include moral superiority to men; cooperative rather than competitive social relations; selfless maternity; and benevolent sexuality. ... There is an authentic feminine selfhood that has been distorted, accreted over by male domination.

The implication is that a return to the ways of undistorted natural woman will bring us a morally superior Utopia based on cooperation and an enhanced Sympatica.

From an equity standpoint, we now have natural man and natural woman. Natural man's selfhood gets distorted, apparently, by the civilization of his own making. Natural woman's selfhood gets distorted, apparently, by civilized man. Old tunes, new and old timeframes, but created for the same political purpose: to save us from our civilized selves.
We come, finally, to archaeology. Some archaeologists, while they're not sure where it's going, are attracted by the Postmodern bandwagon. The tunes may be old timey, but the verses, the choruses, sound new and exciting. New, or apparently new, in our culture sells books and tenure applications -- hence, perhaps, the rush to clamor aboard. Once aboard, archaeologists discover that the tunes are Con and Decons ditties, sung mainly in France.

Interestingly, in the 60s, the same Gallic songsters trilled quite different tunes: variations on the Structuralist Serenade, and the Binary Boogie; two long-time favorites written by that noted French salon-singer, Claude Levi-Strauss. These now Golden Oldies, the epitome of Totalized Tunes, were sung nightly at the Tristes Tropique Cafe, at La Place de Le Pensee Sauvage. All the cognicenti flocked there to sing in the chorus.25

Fads change. There is a new in-place, the Decon Disco, with its bandwagon parked outside at Critics' Circle. It is still the French Connection that provides the music. Some archaeologists find the seemingly-new siren-songs alluring. The Anti-Totality Tango and the Textual Two-Step are faddish and much easier to play than the polyphonic twelve-tone strains of the Middle Range Medley.

But, to climb unwittingly on the Postmodern band wagon, and mindlessly sings its songs, is to abandon what archaeology is about: seeking in material culture, and its contextual relationships, the patterns of past human behavior. Particularized pasts -- "pasts as texts" -- simply won't do.

Nicole Polier and William Roseberry point out in their critique of postmodern anthropology, that writing fictional texts and criticizing them is one thing. Systematically attempting to discover and describe as best one can (as "objectively" as possible) the patterns and processes of human behavior is quite another. Literature, art, and criticism thereof, are not what anthropology is about. Nor are they what archaeology is about, as Richard Watson and Chris Gosden so cogently remind us.26

Archaeologists have a very intransigent task: to seek out and interpret past cultural patterns. It is much harder than constructing and deconstructing fictional texts. For example, cultural patternings, such as style, are difficult to get at, as Conkey and her colleagues have recently rediscovered. Having found patterning, archaeologists seek to explain -- or interpret, as you will -- their meanings for those in the present -- and perhaps, those in the past.27 The central question has always been: How do you get from the debris, the artifacts and ecofacts, and their relationships on and in the ground, to "valid" statements about patterned behavior in the past?

In 1959, on the day before Joe Caldwell published his article, "The New Archaeology," the answer was simple: distribute "traits" in time and space, and all will be well. On the day after, it was no longer so.28

The Processualists struggled mightily to move from simplistic trait-tracing to valid statements about pattern, and on toward valid statements about process. They're still at it, having shed much scientistic baggage along the way. All that the good doctors Watson, Redman, and LeBlanc and others have taught us about how scientific procedures should be used in archaeology is still apropos. The lessons that Professor Schiffer and others have taught us about site formation processes and taphonomy also help us achieve valid statements about past patterning and process.29 "Explanation" is not a four-letter word, as the PoMods would have us believe.

Granted, the songs comprising the Middle Range Medley are difficult and complex. Some, such as the Random Sample Rumba, are no longer sung, thanks be given. But, many other choruses provide us the best means at hand to develop valid statements about pattern, and, perhaps, process. We should not cease singing that medley for a mess of inappropriate Postmodern pottage. To throw out logic and the scientific methods of fact making and verification in a fit of pique because you don't like the Establishment is at best smug political rhetoric, at worst absurd narcissism. If we did, we'd be left only with an Archaeology of the Absurd.
On the up-side, what various current critiques have done for archaeology is to force a rethinking about data making and theory construction. The questions are: How are "cultural facts" made, and who makes them?

Ruth Hubbard, in an excellent critique, points out that "fact making" in science is a matter of consensus among those with recognized qualifications to participate in the process. Most currently qualified participants, she says, are Middle Class White Boys, just tryin' to come to a consensus. During the fact making, she contends, male scientists often inject their own androcentric values into the "facts" they make. She calls for those of different genders and ethnicities to be "empowered", to be included in, the fact-making process, on an equitable basis. And, she hopes, subjective values surfacing during the process will be held up to scrutiny. The resultant "facts" will quite different.  

I think she's right, especially when it comes to making facts about archaeological pasts. The facts about pasts made in the future will, one hopes, be both engendered, and more coordinate with the concerns of Native Americans and those other "Others" whose pasts we seek to understand.

The current processual/postprocessual debate seems to me fugacious. It is, as Patty Jo Watson so neatly puts it, a sterile argument between "soulless method" on the processual side, and "methodless soul" on the postprocessual side. To quote Christopher Chippindale, "a plague on both houses. Most of us enjoy soul and method."  

But what would an archaeology of soul and method look like? Ideally, it would combine the best of a consensual science with the best of considered interpretation. While the PoMODs may see science and interpretation as antagonistic, those of a more enlightened mien have seen otherwise, for several generations.

To return to our musical metaphor, there is an old-timey, yet still-current, tune within the human sciences, called the Verstehen Rag. This duet for tuba and glockenspiel has been played, in various keys and tempos, since the 1840s, particularly in Germany.

Wilhelm Dilthey, for one, proposed that the "human sciences", combine appropriate analytical methods from the natural sciences with the interpretive power of the humanities, to achieve a complex understanding called Verstehen. He recognized that human behavior can never be shoved into a nomothetic strait-jacket made in Physical Sciences Land.  

Where humans are concerned, there will always have to be a "tolerated margin of mess", to use Aldous Huxley's cogent phrase. This does not mean that we must rely only on "soulful" interpretation, but rather, we should combine it with rigorous methods of consensual fact making and verification.

One of the leading Postmodernists not afflicted by the whining syndrome is Jurgen Habermas. He seeks to retain the rigor of the consensual fact making he finds in reason and science and combine it with the good he sees in the humanities. The results, he hopes, will be Verstehen, an enhanced understanding of what humanity is about.

It seems to me that a Verstehen-based archaeology, an Interpretive Archaeology much broader and richer than the Neo-Particularism proposed by Hodder, or the Textual Two Steps of the Postmodernists, is worth a try. We seek to understand and interpret the regularities and events of the pasts we study. And, we need to seek those regularities and events in consensual, engendered, and "multivocalic" frameworks. An enhanced Verstehen would help us do that.

In short, "Play It Again, Sam", but this time in the key of Verstehen, with appropriate choruses from the Middle Range Medley. They should help us to construct or reconstruct -- but not deconstruct -- the pasts that interest all of us.

It seems proper to suggest that archaeology reach back into the past for appropriate tunes to play on its own bandwagon, instead of ditties borrowed, unwittingly, from the Decon Disco. This should result in
a richer and much more interesting archaeological praxis in the Century 21 era, here in Eden, and in the real world.\textsuperscript{35}

NOTES


2. For example, Lummis (1893, 1925, 1929). This paper was presented as a banquet speech at the 1992 meeting of the Society for California Archaeology in Pasadena, CA, and is printed as delivered. To maintain the flow of the text, endnotes are used, rather than in-text citations

3. Viaud (1959)


12. Foucault (1972:203)

13. Cunningham and Jardine (1990), Passmore (1978)

14. Hare-Mustin and Marecek (1990:7)

15. Toulmin (1972:43), Hymes (1964:115-163)


28. Caldwell (1959)
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