

## Remembering Uncle Willie

*Miriam T. Stark*

*Department of Anthropology, University of Hawaii at Manoa*

William Longacre created several legacies: in Southwestern archaeology, in the ethnoarchaeological world, and in the University of Arizona's Anthropology program. All of us involved in this session acknowledge his scholarly contributions, his pedagogical engagement, and his anthropological commitment. Perhaps some of today's speakers will summarize Bill's contributions to anthropological archaeology and highlight his role as a New Archaeologist. Still others may talk about Bill's commitment to anthropological archaeology throughout an era when the subfield was riven by internecine battles over its identity. Yet others may report on their experiences as Bill's student. Bill's classroom teaching touched thousands of students: 40 years at the U of Arizona, and nearly as long at the University of the Philippines (his last course there was in 2013), and even at the University of Hawai'i at Mānoa. His directorship of the University of Arizona archaeological field school involved sustained, long-term interaction with many as staff members and students. Bill supported research and shared authorship with many students and colleagues, both in the United States and in the Philippines.

Here I offer a few personal memories of Bill as I knew him as a teacher, and primarily during our time in the Philippines. Archaeologists celebrate fieldwork, which cements bonds, also tests friendships and, in the worst situations, forges long-term enmities. Few students, however, have the opportunity to spend an entire academic year in the field with advisors as we did during the 1987-1988 Kalinga Ethnoarchaeological Project. We celebrated life passages like his 50th birthday in the field (thank you Gloria Fenner for sending party food – we toasted you!) as well as community births, wed-

dings, and deaths. Bill's mother passed away while we were in the Philippines, and various political events marked our field season that ultimately truncated our field season. So drawing from this reservoir of intense emotional experience that was the 1987-1988 Kalinga Ethnoarchaeological Project may offer new insights; it will, at least, on the man who was Bill Longacre.

There was, first, his generosity that went unspoken: Tito Bill (Uncle Bill, in the Philippines) provided basic medical services to Kalinga villages in the Pasil River Valley, where project members worked. Basic medical assistance was several hours away by foot and dirt road, and Kalingas, technically considered 'indigent', had access to only the most basic of services. Before we left for the field, Bill asked us to decide whether, and how much, medical help we were prepared to offer to villagers; he would buy the medicine. I worked in Dalupa with Nida Tubalado (U Philippines); we offered medical care each morning before breakfast at 6 AM at our host family's porch. My favorite story centers on our Dalupa Deworming Project: after some hesitation at the scale and nature of my request, Bill purchased (and I distributed) enough de-worming medicine for every mother in every Dalupa household to rid her child of intestinal worms (*Ascaris lumbricoides*, or in Kalinga, *korang*). We recorded 79 households in Dalupa in 1988; each of which averaged three children. So Bill provided c. 250 courses of deworming medicine, and Dalupa mothers were absolutely *THRILLED* with the results! The Dalupa De-Worming Project offered three months of health for the village's children, and Bill's endless supply of children's aspirin to us to distribute controlled children's fevers throughout that year and certainly saved lives.

There was the fact that Bill led by example on the Kalinga Ethnoarchaeological Project. His strategy for teaching "participant observation" was to actually do it. Our training began during the six-week waiting period in Manila as we based operations at the University of the Philippines campus. Bill patiently shuttled us back and forth to the visa office (an hour trip each way) and stoutly refused to bribe the office staff. He modelled restraint and good humor during interchanges with one of the more hostile anti-American UP professors who would bait him at each encounter.

Bill's sense of humor in the Philippines helped us all to retain a sense of proportion. So much of our time involved innumerable hours traveling or waiting: reaching our field sites from Manila took most of a day's travel: 14 hours by bus, 6 hours by two trucks (without landslides or breakdowns), and then a 30 minute hike to reach our Pasil River villages. We students got progressively more agitated with each leg of such trips. Bill, in contrast, snoozed, chatted idly with us, teased us, or told an endless stream of bad jokes. For hours. Puns were his favorite: the bigger the groan, the better.

Very little seemed to bother Bill about fieldwork, including the endless waiting that dogged us at every step of the way: for visas in Manila, for monsoon rains to stop when we first arrived in Kalinga, and during day-long collective events where Kalingas celebrated or commemorated people. Days could be long without amenities that electricity and running water provide, and life could be uncomfortable. Several project members chafed at the tedium, while Bill's beatific smile reflected what seemed like limitless patience throughout nearly everything.

Bill embodied participant observation in Kalinga. He gave speeches at large public events; when invited, he danced the gangsa with the men and 'courtship' dances with Kalinga women. When invited, Bill sang, and on pitch (although wherever Tito Bill could swing it, he redirected the requests to us students: then we had to sing to hundreds of people, and sometimes not on pitch). Tito Bill enjoyed his status as a Kalinga pangat (venerated elder), at the ripe old age of 50. Bill was invited serve as a godfather for several Kalinga children in both his 1975-76 fieldwork and during our 1987-88 season. Bill teased us mercilessly throughout the field season about anything he could. We students delighted in teasing him back about his namesake (the "Longacre" godchild from his 1975-1976 fieldwork), who by 1987 was well on his way to juvenile delinquent status and pinched one of our project cameras! Pasil Kalingas loved Bill, and he reciprocated that affection.

Bill was also an 'engaged anthropologist' before the term came into vogue: collaborative research and consultation were intrinsic to his Kalinga fieldwork. Bill gave back to the

communities where project members worked through hiring employees. Beyond the medicine purchases, Bill paid for Dangtalan villagers to stabilize their local spring with cement, which all used washing and for drinking water. Tito Bill supported several Pasil Kalinga college students for their BA degrees, and at least one through law school. Bill also practiced democratic governance with Kalinga Ethnoarchaeological Project members, all of whom were students.

Bill was an irrepensible teacher: any moment with him could be a teachable moment. Project members met each weekend to review our work and share meals; Bill also ensured that we broached delicate ethical issues as they arose. I provide just a few examples. Early in the field season several of us were flattered by, and wanted to accept, gifts of heirloom spears and shields from new Kalinga friends. Bill challenged us to consider whether doing so deprived Kalingas of their heritage, and made us think about their future. A little later, repeated overtures from a nearly-Baptist Kalinga missionary led to protracted discussion about the ethics of missionization in the Kalinga highlands. Six months into the project, we faced a personnel crisis after Kalinga elders informed Bill that Dangtalan children observed several encounters between his (married) male research assistant and one of our lovely female University of the Philippines undergraduates. The elders' objection was not to the liaison, which they believed was a private matter: it was the fact that kids had been observers. Predictably, we students were enraged. We argued that the offending parties should jointly apologize in public, and then pay to slaughter a water buffalo for a village-wide 'apology feast': or something. Bill, in contrast, counseled patience and began consultation: he talked with the stakeholders, apologies were issued, and the incident passed. Tito Bill understood what we did not, which was that that saving face was more important than retribution. Through Bill's intervention, our Kalinga hosts and Filipino colleagues could put the incidents aside to continue collaboration.

The greatest challenge for our 1987-1988 Kalinga Ethnoarchaeological Project was the national political turmoil of the post-Marcos period in which we worked. By the time project members arrived in the Philippines, Cory Aquino's People

Party held fragile rule of the country, having weathered five coup attempts. We headed into a highlands region in which the Philippine Army battled the New People's Army (NPA), and an NPA breakaway group, the Cordillera People's Liberation Army (CPLA), fought the NPA for control of the entire Cordillera highlands, which included our Kalinga-Apayao province.

Sometimes our Pasil River Valley felt like the eye of the Philippines' political storm for project members and Kalingas alike. Roads to the provincial capital might be land-mined; NPA checkpoints were not uncommon, and I heard sound of distant gunfire from my village. The NPA abducted a mayor in another Kalinga province in January 1988, and the entire project had to leave the Pasil River valley for ten days in February 1988 as the NPA moved through the area. Because the NPA eliminated the local police force previously, Kalinga residents were vulnerable to "hold-uppers" or bandits. Some began night visits requesting money from Bill by early 1988. An encounter with armed men followed shortly after, when Bill returned to Pasil with grant funding from his Manila-based bank. I heard the machine gun fire behind him when we greeted, though he seemed hardly ruffled. By March 1988, the project received death threats, and we began discussion regarding an early exit plan. Bill sought our opinions throughout this process; he even tolerated my insistence on staying in Kalinga three weeks beyond the project's official end to finish up work in Dalupa, my research village. Although he worried about me, I think Tito Bill understood my reluctance to leave such a wonderful, supportive community as much as my research setting.

We returned from the Philippines in 1988, Bill became Department Chair shortly thereafter, and Kalinga Project members began writing up our research. Some have described Bill's advising style as "hands-off." It may be no coincidence that three Kalinga Ethnoarchaeological Project members — Jim Skibo, Masashi Kobayashi, and me — helped found the Department of Anthropology Writers' Group (DAWG) after 1989 to support dissertators in our research and writing. We were not Bill's only doctoral students at that time; another was Yasushi Kojo. He had submitted a draft of his

Ph.D. dissertation on Southwestern ceramic seriation and dendrochronology to his committee members, and was so ashamed of its quality that he refused to return to Tucson from Japan for a doctoral defense. Bill, it turned out, would not tolerate this. He first enlisted our Japanese graduate student colleagues to find Kojo during their summer visit home to Japan to try to persuade him to return to Tucson for a defense. Kojo then consented to meet with Bill in a subsequent trip to Japan. Shortly thereafter, Kojo defended his PhD in 1991. We were more than a bit surprised that Bill had pursued Kojo in his home country: this was, after all, the same "hand's off" advisor who wrote smiley faces on my dissertation chapters instead of offering the kind of trenchant feedback that I thought I needed from him! That Bill pursued Kojo showed us another side of Bill as a teacher: he could be a doggedly determined mentor who refused to give up on a promising graduate student.

I chose the University of Arizona's Anthropology program for graduate school because it was the only program in the country where I could study archaeology of the North American Southwest and of East and Southeast Asia, two geographic regions that gripped me since I was 19 years old. I chose William Atlas Longacre because I was told he would be an ideal advisor, given his track record and easy manner. What is harder to understand is why he chose any of us students to mentor through our graduate careers. Perhaps I overestimated his "hands off" approach, and underestimated his commitment to us: he attended my PhD graduation and hooded me; he met my family, and asked about them for years afterward. Our relationship continued and deepened through the years after Kalinga; sometimes we crossed paths in Arizona, and other times in the Philippines. We worked through problems with graduate students in such meetings and by phone; we shared innumerable meals in many localities. In his later years, we just visited with each other.

I feel privileged to have known Uncle Willie (or Tito Bill) during almost all of my adult life, to have worked through tragedies together, and to have celebrated so many events through the years. Uncle Willie loved his scotch, and he loved

a good party. As just one example, Bill concocted and designed Anthropology Program's Diamond Jubilee year in 1990 (with all its events) with sheer pleasure. Many here doubtless also attended at least one Beethoven's Birthday Party that Bill hosted each year on December 16<sup>th</sup> (Bill's birthday). He enjoyed people even more than he loved Beethoven, and enjoyed a good party perhaps as much as he loved a good football game.

Words cannot describe the sadness we felt in losing Bill last winter, and this sadness quickly diffused across the vast community that Bill created through his life. Now spring has even sprung in his hometown of Houghton Michigan, where this week's temperatures have crept up into the 60s! Bill's spirit lives on through our celebration: of his life, of our connectedness, and of this beautiful world in which we live. Remember Bill Longacre with warmth, and humor, and pass it along to the next generation. And let us say, "Thank you for everything: *Jakor un iyaman ko*<sup>1</sup> Tito Bill!"

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1 Thank you for everything (in Kalinga).