

CARHER
KURELIS
REINHARD

PUNK

ARCHAEOLOGY



PUNK ARCHAEOLOGY

Edited By

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2014



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 2014 The Digital Press @ The University of North Dakota

Book and Cover Design
Joel Jonientz

ISBN-13: 978-0692281024 (The Digital Press at The University of North Dakota)

ISBN-10: 0692281029

In Memory of

Joel Jonientz

Friend, Collaborator,
Conspirator, Colleague

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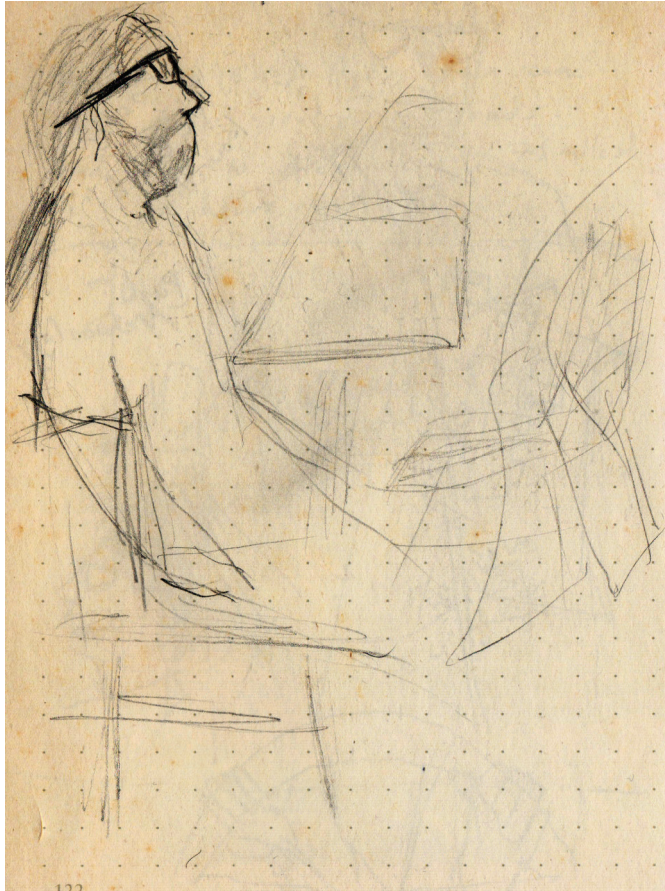
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"Bill Caraher"
Sketch Richard Rothaus
Used by permission

INTRODUCTION

Punk Archaeology
Bill Caraher

Punk Archaeology always requires a bit of explanation. This little volume is meant to be a step in that direction. My hope is that the book will serve as a prompt to spur reflection on the coincidence of punk rock music (or rock music more broadly) and the study of the past.

The idea of a Punk Archaeology developed from a series of blog posts by both myself and Kostis Kourelis, prepared from 2008 to 2011. These posts mostly appeared at the blog Punk Archaeology (<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com>), and the best of those posts have been collated as Part 2 of this book. If you want a manifesto, check out Chapter 14 after this introduction, but it's not necessary. We began with the observation that quite a few archaeologists had some interest in punk rock music. This coincidence prompted us to think about how punk rock music and the larger aesthetic and lifestyle associated with that musical form influenced archaeology. We followed these thoughts in direction ranging from the archaeology of rock music to parallels between the Punk and archaeology as practical and creative processes. The result was a kaleidoscopic manifesto called Punk Archaeology. Encouragement from friends and colleagues prompted us to consider turning the blog into something more. It felt vaguely like being asked to turn our live shows into a record.

This is where Aaron Barth, a Ph.D. candidate in history at North Dakota State University and an archaeologist, stepped in. He and I had conversations about Punk Archaeology over the course of some collaborative fieldwork, and he finally persuaded us to take Punk Archaeology from the provisional space of the blog to more tangible space of a colloquium in Fargo. This happened on February 2, 2013.

When we started to spread the word about this colloquium, a great group of scholars stepped forward to contribute. Richard Rothaus signed on to talk about his experiences of visiting Turkey in the immediate aftermath of devastating earthquakes. Josh Samuels probed the limits of archaeological responsibility when the studying fascist architecture in Sicily. Peter Schultz presented a challenging epistemological intervention that connected punk rock to European intellectual movements. Kris Groberg anchored our Punk-inspired musings in the very local and intimate setting of Fargo/Moorhead, while Aaron Barth took the local in universal directions. Andrew Reinhard concluded the spoken word section of the program with a reminder that this is also about the music. The papers here offer some of the flavor of the night.

We combined these eager contributors with an intriguing group of bands including one fronted by archaeologist Andrew Reinhard and locked down by drummer Aaron Barth and Chester Fritz Distinguished Professor of Music and electronic music revolutionary Mike Wittgraf. The chaos of the night was urged along by musicians from the Fargo Punk band Les Dirty Frenchmen and What Kingswood Needs. Local indie-music icon and philosophical

ruminator, June Panic, gave depth to the evening with a brilliant acoustic set. Panic's cover of the Ex Pistols' "Revolution in the Classroom" brings to mind questions of authenticity and authority. "Power is the order of the day," right? Andrew Reinhard's archaeologically themed set showed that punk rock could express the anxieties of archaeology as a discipline, a profession, and as practice just as well as it could express suburban, urban, political, or class dissent. What Kingswood Needs returned to the core product of Punk by blending entertainment and challenges.

In keeping with the broadly popular attitudes of punk rock, we presented our papers at a public venue, the Sidestreet Grille & Pub in Fargo. The presenters sat in the audience, were introduced by a bullhorn, and the papers and music were recorded (as Tim Pasch details in this volume). As the papers collected here attest, the first Punk Archaeology unconference provided everyone in attendance with an opportunity to interrogate the borders of the academy, popular culture, and loud, chaotic, and confused social critique. We asked that the papers be kept short in the spirit of Punk and we even encouraged our contributors to present their ideas in as raw a way as they felt comfortable. We also invited a few papers from veteran punk archaeologists, and a few overcame their skepticism to contribute to our modest volume: Mike Laughy, Colleen Morgan, Heather Waddell Gruber, and R. Scott Moore.

Any venture like this requires significant gestures of appreciation. First and foremost, Aaron Barth did most of the footwork required to organize the unconference, arrange for music, and shepherd the receipts through proper channels. The North Dakota Humanities Council and Tom Isern's Center for Heritage Renewal at North Dakota State University served as our patrons of Punk and provided funding and logistical support. Additional funding was also given by the Laughing Sun Brewing Company in Bismarck. Joel Jonientz from the University of North Dakota's Department of Art and Design (an individual of deeply Punk leanings) provided the artwork and moral support. Tim Pasch (of the University of North Dakota's Department of English and Communication Program), Caleb Holthusen, and Chad Bushy from the University of North Dakota took time out of their weekend to provide expert sound and technical support. The bands that entertained us, and my colleagues who presented papers and came out to support our adventure, gave me hope that what we were trying to do could make sense. Thanks also go to the management and staff of the Sidestreet Grille & Pub in Fargo for hosting our event.

Andrew Reinhard deserves special thanks. He and Aaron Barth were the only two people to bridge the gap between Punk as performance and as bundle of ideas, influences, and inspirations. Just as at the unconference, he's provided a healthy dose of Punk in his embrace of this book's Open Access, DIY process, but at the same time, he's been an efficient professional as he shepherded this volume through the editing and publication process. Like an editorial Rick Rubin (or John Cale), Andrew managed to bring these papers and

blog posts together without weakening their spontaneous character.

He is also to thank for posting the music and talks from the night to Soundcloud. I hope that these communicate the exuberant spirit of that cold February night in Fargo and serve as a perfect accompaniment to these essays.

Finally, this book would not be in its current state without careful readings by Daniel Pett, Susan Caraher, and Joel Jonientz. Their careful and attentive eyes caught many a mistake.

Note

Listen to/download the Punk Archaeology album here:
<https://soundcloud.com/charinos/sets/punk-archaeology>

Listen to/download the Punk Archaeology unconference:

Spoken Word:
<https://soundcloud.com/punk-archaeology-speaks>

Andrew Reinhard/Aaron Barth:
<https://soundcloud.com/punk-archaeology/punk-archaeology-andrew>

Les Filthy Trenchmen:
<https://soundcloud.com/punk-archaeology/punk-archaeology-the-filthy>

June Panic:
<https://soundcloud.com/punk-archaeology/june-panic-live-and-unplugged>

What Kingswood Needs:
<https://soundcloud.com/punk-archaeology/punk-archaeology-what>

PART ONE

Punk Archaeology Unconference

CHAPTER ONE

Collingwood's Goo

Peter Schultz

For Richard Gilmore, friend, mentor, hero.

Problem, problem, problem, the problem is you, what you gonna do
Sex Pistols, "Problems"

I was gonna call this short essay "Collingwood's (S)punk." Then I would've had a hip par-
enthetical mixed with a topical pun mixed with a spurt of sexual irreverence. But "goo" is
better. Collingwood liked goo. Goo is good.

R. G. Collingwood is the patron saint of Punk Archaeology. That's why his goo is rel-
evant here. We punks are his daughters and sons, his progeny unknown. Collingwood and his
goo made us possible. Or, rather, he helped make the celebration of the metacritical dialectic
possible before it was hip. Because we Punk Archaeologists are all meta-critical, dialectical
hipsters. We punks revel in the self-conscious study of historical processes. As did Colling-
wood. We revel in archaeologies that are archaeologies of human actions. As did Collingwood.
And we punks see our body of evidence as being composed of dynamic, reflective detritus,
the detritus of dynamic human minds and human intentions. As did Collingwood. As emotion-
al and subjective entities, we punks never study the "unfiltered past" (whatever the fuck
that's supposed to mean). Rather, we read and create our histories through our own known
and unknown presuppositions. The proto-punk, Collingwood, called this the "second degree of
reflective philosophy," and we punks dig it. We dig thinking about our own thoughts about
our own histories. We like the eternal regress created therein, the mirror within a mirror
within a mirror, the infinite reflection of process, a mind studying itself. And we revel in
the fact that the colors of our mirrors are tinted by the political, philosophical, social, ideo-
logical, and cultural frames that hold them. Goo is good.

"But why not just invoke Nietzsche here?" you might be asking yourself. (Maybe be-
cause you remember that Michael Hinz has demonstrated some important similarities between
Nietzsche's and Collingwood's views of history, specifically their entwined views of agency
and transformation; or maybe because Mark Sinclair has shown that Nietzsche conceived the
practice of history as being both fundamentally creative as did Collingwood and partially
subjective, as did Collingwood.) But Nietzsche won't do. He wasn't an archaeologist, he was
half-mad, and Germans don't know shit about Punk. You ever try listening to German punk?
Big Balls and the Great White Idiots? A bunch of pseudo-Nazis screaming Sex Pistols cov-
ers? Pathetic. The patron saint of Punk Archaeology has gotta be an archaeologist. He's
gotta be at least half-sane. And he's gotta be British. (That Collingwood was heavily influ-
enced by both Kant and Hegel doesn't disqualify him.) Triple-check. Goo is good.



"Robin G. Collingwood"
Wikimedia Commons, CC0

Oh God save history, God save your mad parade, oh Lord God have mercy,
All crimes are paid
Sex Pistols, "God Save the Queen"

As a goo-loving, goo-spewing proto-punk, Collingwood rejected the flaccid inductive generalizations so common in the lamest of histories and archaeologies. And we punks follow him. Part of our Punk project is to try to recover potential meanings, to battle against entropy, to both create and reflect cultures and the minds that generated and reflected them. Our project is not to prove claims "true" or "false" or "wrong" or "right," or to look for mere facts. Epistemologies and motivations are held by all past, present, and future people seven when they are poorly understood by themselves, by ourselves, or by other historical agents. There is, then, the possibility of historical and archaeological understanding, for Collingwood and for punks, insofar as we can (dare to) step behind the eyes and into the shoes of our subjects of study and (dare to) debate, approximate, and synthesize within the ever-shifting boundaries of the evidence. An archaeological understanding is possible by way of the archaeological imagination. Does this mean that we punks somehow mystically channel or magically commune with past agents? Hardly. (Jean Rudhardt's famous remark regarding ancient Greek religion "Le difficile principale de l'étude des religions me parait tre celle de la compréhension d'autrui" can apply with equal force to the study of all archaeologies.) Does it mean that we just make shit up? Hell no. It just means that Collingwood and us punks believe that all human-historians share some conceptual common ground that we often (self-consciously or not) evoke when we try to understand each other. We punks, following our patron saint, simply own this reality that we believe to be inherent in our processes. Of course, we know that this common ground was gooey. This was why Punk Archaeologists love the recovery, description, and analysis of physical evidence. Whatever common human goo might exist across time and space, physical data can provide a boundary and a means by which we can explore this goo's meanings without letting the archaeological imagination completely off the chain. We punks share Collingwood's passion for the concrete. But the concrete both generates and reflects its meanings in juxtaposition with goo. And goo is good.

Action both for punks and for Collingwood is key. Action both for punks and for Collingwood is a necessary mode of being and the subject of the historico-archaeological project. Punk Archaeology rejects the traditional academy insofar as it is committed to a culture of privileged, solipsistic navel-gazing. (Privileged, solipsistic navel-gazing is "action," to be sure, but it is the limp action of a castrated intelligentsia rendered incompetent by their own limp habits.) Punk Archaeologists embody theory in deed. Punk Archaeologists

merge idea with praxis. Punks make history. Punks are history. Punks act. Punks do. Punks kick ass. There is little doubt that Collingwood was a doer, a man of action, but he also believed that we are all historical agents, that we all make things happen. (And by "all," I mean all humans, past, present, and future.) "When we think of history as merely a trade or profession, a craft or calling, we find it hard to justify our existence as historians," Collingwood writes in The Philosophy of History (1930).

What can the historian do for people except turn them into historians like himself? And what is the good of doing that? It is not simply a vicious circle, whose tendency is to overcrowd the ranks of the profession and to produce an underpaid "intellectual proletariat" of sweated teachers. This may be a valid argument against the multiplication of historians, if history is merely a profession, but it cannot be if history is a universal human interest; for in that case there are already as many historians as there are human beings, and the question is not "Shall I be an historian or not?" but "How good an historian shall I be?"

To be human is to be a historian. To be human is to act, to both make and record and frolic in the goo of history. Goo is good.

Don't be told what you want, don't be told what you need
Sex Pistols, "God Save the Queen"

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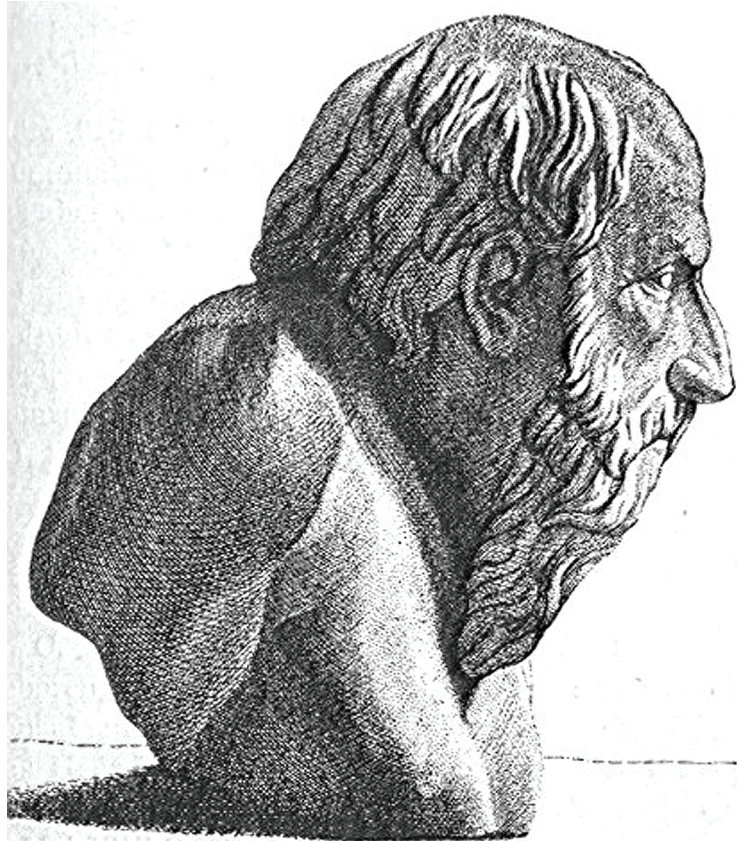
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CHAPTER TWO

Considering the Universal Punk
in World History

Aaron L. Barth



"Diogenes of Sinope"

Wikimedia Commons, public domain

This line of thought came to me in the autumn of 2012 while organizing a global Punk Archaeology un-conference in Fargo, North Dakota; while assisting in an introductory Western Civilization survey course; while revisiting the works of Samuel Johnson; and while giving two lectures in a course on historic preservation that started with Alexander the Great and ended with Iggy Pop. Everything culminated in the idea of the Universal Punk, or a Punk Universal in world history.¹

To be Punk, at its root, is to defy convention, or perceived convention. Punk spills in and out of one generation and into the next, and thus the idea of a Universal Punk is created. Sure, when Punk is mentioned, the conversation eventually leads to remarks about what is or is not Punk. Statements such as "That guy is a poseur!" or "That girl dresses Punk, but she's really a hipster!" do just as much to define Punk as they do to describe what someone is not.² So if someone says, "That is not Punk," they are saying just as much about themselves as they are about others. Certainly there is an aesthetic to Punk, but this is similar to the way there was an aesthetic to Ancient Greek philosophers, monastic monks, or today's professoriate.

To draw out this abstract idea of Punk through the generations and ages, from antiquity and up to the present, requires some points of reference. A first point of Punk to consider, in the sense that it is defined as unconventional, is that of a cynic, which comes to us in Latin as cynicus, and in Greek as kunikos. It is popularly connected with the phrase "doglike" or "churlish." One of the earliest punk ethos practitioners was Diogenes of Sinope, a Hellenistic Greek philosopher who purportedly had his sleeping quarters in an amphora, a large vase typically used for storing commodities such as wine, olives, and olive oil.

1 While this opening paragraph is personal, it obliges Julian Thomas's call for reform within the archaeological discipline. This is a post-Processual line of thinking that is sometimes referred to as "counter-modern," where archaeological methods and theories are considered as outgrowths of political, moral, rhetorical and aesthetic concerns. See Julian Thomas, *Archaeology and Modernity* (London & New York: Routledge, 2004). Thus, the personal and professional experiences have bearing on what is otherwise thought of as an "objective" science. Additional pathfinders in this line of thinking come by way of Ian Hodder and, prior to that, Michel Foucault. See Hodder, "Interpretive Archaeology and Its Role" in *American Antiquity*, Vol. 56, No. 1, 1991; and Foucault, *The Archaeology of Knowledge* (1969). For the Punk Archaeology un-conference, see John Lamb, "Lamb: Is rock conference punk or bunk?" in *The Fargo Forum*, January 29, 2013; Kris Kerzman, "Punk archaeology. Yes, it's a thing" in *The Arts Partnership*, January 23, 2013, Link: <http://theartspartnership.net/artspulse/punk-archeology-yes-its-a-thing/>; Kayleigh Johnson, "Long live Red River Valley punk" in *The High Plains Reader* (January 2013); and the punk archaeology radio interview between Fargo-Moorhead KFGO's Bob Harris and Aaron Barth on the evening of January 21, 2013.

2 For the body of literature on the hipster, see *What Was the Hipster: A Sociological Investigation* (Brooklyn, New York: n+1 Foundation, 2010), and Anatole Broyard, "Portrait of a Hipster" (*Partisan Review*, June 1948).



"Samuel Johnson"

Wikimedia Commons, public domain

He lived with dogs, questioned everyone and anything, and ate bags of onions.³

Diogenes was said to have hung out with Antisthenes, and they both influenced Crates, and Crates was said to have influenced Zeno of Citium (of Cyprus). Zeno eventually made his way to Athens and fashioned his thoughts into the school of Stoicism, and we know early Christianity appropriated a lot of ethos from the school of Stoicism. So when I think of Diogenes of Sinope, I think of the first Punk in recorded history, and how that rippled through time. In this, Punk is at once contrarian, and throughout history these minority and contrarian viewpoints have often grown into majority movements, only to have Punk contrarians react to it once again. Thus, Punk is contrarian and anti-establishment.

Within the English-speaking world, the specific word "Punk" appears in the 18th-century writings of Samuel Johnson. Samuel was a conversational F5 hurricane and a British Tory who, in conversational polemics, would spew food bits and boozy spittle from his bulldog-like head as he hurled masterly insults toward one and all.⁴ In his book of insults, Samuel defines a punk as "a whore; a common prostitute; a strumpet," or someone who was not a maid, widow or wife.⁵ In this way we see Punk as being a kind of alternative culture of the times, since to be without a vocation or a spouse invariably meant one was defying cultural norms, and this again blends with the ethos of Diogenes of Sinope, that early cynic.

In 1969, Iggy Pop and The Stooges used the dog-punk metaphor in "I Wanna Be Your Dog." The song is typical of Punk, a kind of cynical self-reflexivity that captures a type of societal angst, a blue-collar reaction to the tedium of factory, assembly line jobs (Iggy was born into a trailer park in the Michigan factory town of Ypsilanti).⁶ And finally, Joe Strummer of The Clash laid out his definition of punk, saying it was a do-it-yourself attitude. This is another variety of cynicism, a constructive type after all, if a person is going to complain about the way something is done, before doing it they might want to consider exactly what they want to replace it with. In the documentary The Future is Unwritten, Strummer, speaking of putting together one of his first gigs, said,

We had the nerve to rent a room above a pub, and charge people 10p (pence) to get in. That's how we learned to play, by doing it for ourselves, which is like a punk

³ In Diogenes Laertius, "Bias," Lives of Eminent Philosophers, the phrase "to make his diet of onions" is akin to weeping. See Laertius, Lives of Eminent Philosophers (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1972), 87.

⁴ James Boswell, The Life of Samuel Johnson (New York: The Modern Library, 1952; originally published in 1791), 15. Boswell said Samuel Johnson had qualities of "a vile melancholy" that "made him mad all his life, at least not sober."

⁵ Jack Lynch (editor), Samuel Johnson's Insults (New York: LeVenger Press, 2004), 71.

⁶ See Kostis Kourelis September 7, 2012 blogpost on the archaeology of Iggy Pop's boyhood trailer park here: <http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2012/09/iggys-trailer-park.html>



"Iggy Pop, October 25, 1977 at the State Theatre,
Minneapolis, MN"

Wikimedia Commons, CC-BY, Photo Michael Markos

ethos. I mean, you gotta be able to go out there and do it yourself, because no one is going to give it to you.

When Diogenes of Sinope or Samuel Johnson or Iggy Pop or Joe Strummer speak of Punk, dogs, whores, or cynics, they are effectively defining what they do not want from the broader culture and, in the words of Strummer, they essentially went out and did something else for themselves. Eventually, of course, these sub-alternative points of view get appropriated, and pretty soon huge corporate record labels are backing and profiting from Punk. But that just sets the stage for future generations of punksperhaps punks that are so Punk that they do not want to be called "Punk". The universal Punk is about individuals throughout time raising counterpoints that upset established perceptions of truth. Just the other day I learned of unktomi, the Dakota spirit that plays jokes on humans and animals.⁷ The Punk universal is global, no matter where we look. Punks require us to refortify our positions, modify or abandon outmoded ways, or reject something marketed to us as new and improved. This, one can argue, is healthy for any culture and civilization.

⁷ Clifford Canku, Beginning Dakota: Tokaheya Dakota Iapi Kin (St. Paul: Minnesota Historical Society Press, 2011), 40.

CHAPTER THREE

Punk Provocation

Joshua Samuels



"American Digger"

Spike TV

Several papers in this volume note that provocation and an improvisational DIY ethic characterize punk music, and therefore might serve as the bedrock for a provisional definition of Punk Archaeology. At the risk of being a wet blanket, the cliched disapproving parent, school administrator, or local politician, I intend to raise two provocations of my own in the realm of methodological ethics.

Punk provocation seems most successful when applied to archaeological publishing. Online journals and blogs are slowly chipping away at the publishing "establishment" of rarified peer-reviewed journals. Blogs by Kourelis, Caraher, and Barth amply show how a Punk ethic can be of profound value, making the dissemination of ideas and results quick, direct, and democratic. Most importantly these digital forums are redefining how academic output is valued: reaching the widest audience and maintaining mainstream relevance might soon replace having the most articles in peer-reviewed journals as the benchmark for academic worth.

While Punk provocation offers an important challenge to academic publishing, it can less easily be incorporated into archaeological methodology. Archaeological methods, from survey and excavation to lab analysis and conservation, have been characterized by rigor and discipline since Sir Mortimer Wheeler. While we may disagree on whether to dig stratigraphic or mechanical layers, we can agree that sinking pits willy-nilly is bad practice. Furthermore, bad archaeology is often seen as a moral transgression against the past and our responsibility to curate it. These sentiments are clearly expressed in letters written last year by Paul Mullins, president of the Society for Historical Archaeology, to Spike TV and National Geographic Television in response to their recent program additions, American Diggers and Diggers. They are also echoed in Andrew Reinhard's song "American Looters," recorded in preparation for the Punk Archaeology unconference upon which this volume is based:

I'm a robber!

I steal treasure!

Pot hunter!

Treasure stealer!

I sneak into the burial grounds and dig throughout the night
to find some jewelry or beads for when the price is right

But if Punk is about provocation, then shouldn't Punk Archaeologists be celebrating the anti-establishmentarianism and DIY gumption of amateur diggers? Don't they truly embody the ideals espoused by punk rock? Amateur and subsistence diggers conduct their work on their own terms, without recourse to contaminating institutional oversight. They are typically untrained in conventional archaeological methods (or ignore them in the interest of expediency); their practice is creative and improvisational, hallmarks of the DIY ethic/aesthetic. Maybe they collect because of a deep love of history, and the personal connection that physically handling its material remains transmits. How can we deny this embodied connection with the past to non-archaeologists, maintaining it jealously for ourselves alone? And as for diggers who are only in it for the money, perhaps they're the most honestly punk rock of all, at least according to Johnny Rotten's metric.

I intend this as a provocation. Like most archaeologists, I believe that the past is a resource that should be managed with care. I also believe that local stakeholders and communities should play a dominant role in determining how (or whether) the material remains of their past ought to be managed. However, I believe this should be an open and public negotiation; diggers working on their own recognizance while Punk deny broader communities, however defined, access to their own history. So why bring it up? If we are going to champion provocation and DIY ethic/aesthetics in archaeological publication, we have to be prepared for a backlash from amateur archaeologists. Their methods and motivations are in line with Punk ideals, but are beyond the purview of what all archaeologists would deem acceptable practice.

A methodological arena where the Punk ethic might have greater purchase is in the realm of provocation itself. Archaeological evidence is often marshaled to counteract dominant historical narratives: material remains from trash-pits and privies often complicate, contradict, or subvert the stories we are told about the past. Look no further than the recent archaeological evidence that Jamestown's colonists resorted to cannibalism during the starving winter of 1609-10. In addition to the results we uncover, the act of doing archaeology can itself be a provocation. For example, my dissertation research investigated a series of rural villages and farmhouses built in Sicily, from scratch, by the Fascist government in the late 1930s. Benito Mussolini, the Fascist dictator, hoped to radically restructure the way agriculture was practiced on the island by resettling peasant farmers from the hilltop towns where they had traditionally lived, and installing them in brand new farmhouses in the middle of the countryside. The logic was that farmers would be more productive if they lived alongside the fields that they worked. The task I set myself was to map out the spatial relationships between the old towns where farmers lived, the new farmhouses where they were resettled, and these new villages, which served as resource centers with a school, church, medic, small shop, etc., to make life in the middle of the countryside possible.



"Benito Mussolini standing upon
a Caterpillar"

Wikimedia Commons, public domain

There are two ways to look at Fascist agricultural reform and the building programs it engendered. One is to see these new agricultural landscapes as a genuine attempt on the part of the regime to improve both agricultural production in Sicily, and the quality of life of its peasant farmers. Another approach views these landscapes as a nefarious attempt by the government to control Sicily's agricultural populations by isolating them in farmhouses, controlling what and how they planted, and molding them into ideal Fascists through architecture and agricultural propaganda. The government's supposed beneficence can be read as an attempt to buy the consent of Sicilian farmers by giving them a piece of land and place to live to call their own.

Today, many of the farmhouses and villages built under Fascism are abandoned. However, in 2010 I spent two months at one that is still occupied, and has turned into something of a summer destination resort. I was interested in how the material remains of the Fascist past—the buildings, symbols, and landscapes—are understood in popular memory. What I learned is that although people recognize Fascism's problematic legacy, ranging from political repression to colonial wars in Ethiopia and Libya to the Nazi alliance and state-mandated persecution of Jews, they are able to separate it out from the land reforms of the 1930s; the villages and farmhouses are unencumbered by their Fascist origins.

I believe that I have an ethical duty to insist that the inhabitants of villages like the one where I conducted my research confront its Fascist origins. In the spirit of Punk, I want to provoke them into seeing the links between agricultural productivity and colonial warfare, or between land reform and social re-education. I should complicate and trouble their relationship not just to their own past, but their current sense of place. Burstorn and Gelberblom reach a similar conclusion in their 2011 article describing the former site of the Nazi Harvest Festival at Buckeburg. But is this kind of provocation ethical? Is it appropriate to come in as a foreign researcher and tell people how they ought to relate to their surroundings and their past? A Punk approach to ethics exposes a deep hypocrisy: why do I get the authority to judge?

CHAPTER FOUR

Punk Archaeoseismology

Richard Rothaus

Punk Archaeoseismology

"Punk Archaeology" is, perhaps, the "do-it-yourself" spirit applied to science. A punk archaeologist is committed to figuring out how to accomplish something interesting, or important, or fun. I am going to share a tale of Punk Archaeology I almost never tell. The story is true.

In 1999, Gölcük, Turkey was struck by a massive 7.8 m earthquake. In forty-five seconds, twenty thousand people died. The coastal town of Değirmendere sunk into the sea. Without mercy, the earthquake struck at 4am, when most people were at home, in bed. Those who did not die immediately found themselves deep under cold, dark



Deirmendere
Richard Rothaus
Used by permission

water, trapped in a jumble of walls and debris. No one survived this catastrophic submersion. Not one person.

At the time, I was studying a similar sunken city in Greece, but one that sunk 1600 years earlier. My colleague Dr. Eduard Reinhardt and I were frustrated. The archaeological evidence just did not make sense. I called Ed from the side of a road in Minnesota: "We need to go see this." We gathered some gear, secured some pre- and post-quake satellite images, and headed to Turkey. With the help of some friends, especially Ömür Harmansah, we got there fast.

We were the first foreigners in Gölçük. We were there ~~there~~ before international search and rescue arrived. We were leaving when they rolled into town in their expensive vehicles. Anyone trapped in the rubble was long since stinking and dead. When we got there, streets were blocked with debris and crowded

with people. It was hard work to get anywhere.

We maneuvered our filthy van, strewn with gear, as close as we could to ~~to~~ the coast, which was now in the middle of town. As we got out of the vehicle, we saw a group of men standing in the water. They were atop the rubble surrounding

What was once a four or five story apartment building, now partially submerged. They were trying to recover their possessions. We waded out and stood with them. We told them ^{we} were scientists, that we knew about geology. We told them the building and everything else was likely to slip into the sea at the next big aftershock. We reminded them that aftershocks were happening all the time. We argued with them about throwing their lives away after surviving such horror. They would not leave. We left.

Ed and I got our snorkeling gear and headed to the water. We needed to know whether Değirmendere sunk because it was on a fault or because the mud it was built upon had slumped downhill into the sea. Sonar would have been best, but we did not have sonar.

I tied a weight to a 15 meter tape measure, and taught Kemal, our volunteer-interpreter, to use the laser rangefinder. We would swim out, signal Kemal, measure the depth, and swim out again. Not perfect, but it would work.

As we headed to the water, the soldiers who had been watching stopped us. We tried to ignore them, but this did not work. We said we had permission from the government, but they did not care. They had the guns, and when we argued, they took us to a tent to see the officers.

The Colonel looked at our papers, said he didn't care, and we could leave or be arrested. Our only options.* We could not accept this answer. I went close, and quietly told the Colonel, who spoke English, I knew why they didn't want us in the water. There was a bank down there, and locals were talking about getting the money. Rumor was that the bank manager was still down there, clutching the safe in his death grip. I told the Colonel if he let us in the water, I would try to find the safe, and would pry the manager away if I had to. We would split the money, one half for him, one half for me. I have no idea

whether he believed me, although I can't imagine he did. He told the soldiers to let us go.

Ed and I headed into the water, with Kemal ~~headed ashore~~ standing ashore. We took a measurement, headed deeper, did it again. Beneath us was the town. The water was full of sewage, debris, wires, oil and everything oozing out of the buildings below. We swam over power lines, telephone poles, and wires that were constantly trying to grab us, to get us to join the others below. When we were out deep

* An important note of context. The civil infrastructure failed, and the military broke protocol and took over rescue and relief. They were wonderful; I will not criticize them.

We noticed a commotion onshore. I could kind of see that people were running around. We did not pay much attention, as we were busy getting our data and trying to stay alive.

Tired and disgusted, we headed to our van. People were agitated, but we ~~didn't~~ did not want to talk. We learned there had been another earthquake while we were in the water. We didn't notice it. The men who had been standing

on the building were gone. The building was gone. The death toll grew, just a bit.

We got the job done. We know why Deyermenendere sunk. You can read our academic articles. Eventually we got better.

Rothaus, R.M, Reinhardt, E and J. Noller. "Regional Considerations of Coastline Change, Tsunami Damage and Recovery along the Southern Coast of the Bay of Izmit (The Kocaeli (Turkey) Earthquake of 17 August 1999)." Natural Hazards 31 (1) 2004, 233-252.

Rothaus, R.M, Reinhardt, E and J. Noller. "Earthquakes and Subsidence at Keschrea: Using Recent Earthquakes to Reconsider the Archaeological and Literary Evidence" in Archaeology and History in Roman, Medieval and Post-Medieval Greece. Ashgate 2008.

CHAPTER FIVE

Don't Stop Pottery Reading

R. Scott Moore

During the summer of 2011 I was working in the apotheke of the Polis Excavations analyzing the Late Roman ceramics when I needed to get a new context box, so I decided to take a quick break. I took out my earbuds and went to get the tray I needed. As I walked through the apotheke, I was struck by the deafening silence, and was sort of freaked out. There were nine different people in the building, and all of them had had earphones on and were listening to music. It started me thinking about the relationship between music and archaeology, and in particular the way I listen to, use, and depend on music.

In the summer of 1996, on my first project in Cyprus (the Sydney Cyprus Survey Project), I spent five weeks sitting behind a house in the small village of Mitsero learning how to identify Late Roman ceramics with my adviser. He had brought with him to Cyprus a small, portable radio that was constantly tuned to a local Cypriot radio station, so we always had music on as we worked. I think because of this, I associated analyzing ceramics with music, and in fact the following summer I showed up in Cyprus with a Sony Discman and a collection of CDs.

Eventually I made the transition to a MP3 player and soon made the brilliant decision to buy a Zune. I realized this was a bad decision after about a year later when I recognized that I had yet to meet anyone else who owned a Zune. My Zune soon became well-known on our archaeological project (PKAP), and not because of my inspired decision to ignore the herd of iPod sheep and purchase the iPod-killer, the Zune. No, I became known for the myriad of problems I ran into because of my Zune to the amusement of my colleagues. The very first year I brought it to Cyprus, the charger died, and I was unable to charge it. I have to admit I freaked out and insisted on scouring the island for a charger, which soon involved a day trip to Nicosia where I finally found one. Nobody on the project seemed to understand that I really could not face working with the pottery without my music, ignorant of the fact that this was the way I had originally learned to process ceramics. To me, the two go hand in hand. A year later, two months after my warranty expired, my Zune's screen would stay so dim I could not see what was playing forcing me to purchase a new one. I was so paranoid about having another Zune breakdown during the field season that I carried the broken Zune to Cyprus, as a backup for my new one.

I soon abandoned the Zune train and now have an iPod like everyone else. My one foible is that I do not like to discuss my playlists for fear of people laughing at me. My "Pottery" playlist is mainly composed of groups from the '80s when I was in high school and college, with a few more recent groups tossed in. On one of our first seasons at PKAP, a young graduate student asked me what I was listening to and I told him Guns N' Roses. He



"Microsoft Zune"

Wikimedia Commons, CC0

said, "My parents loved them when they were in high school," crushing me. While I do try to keep the list below the radar, I spend time each year tweaking my pottery reading music. It has to be music I like that I can listen to without being distracted. A good pottery playlist can be playing, and all of a sudden I realize that an hour or two has passed without me noticing. It has to be upbeat and not slow. The only exception to these rules is the Village People's "YMCA." I have that one on my list for two reasons: 1) I use it as a break; and 2) I like spelling out the YMCA parts to freak out the people around me.

My 2012 "Pottery" playlist included (and the order is oldest on the playlist to the most recent additions): Journey, Def Leppard, Bon Jovi, Queen, Poison, Mötley Crüe, Eurythmics, Aerosmith, Asia, Van Halen, Prince, Anna Vissi, Notis Sfakianakis, Little River Band, Duran Duran, Pat Benatar, Roxette, Joan Jett and the Blackhearts, Kelly Clarkson, Kid Rock, Pink, Black Eyed Peas, Lady Gaga, Muse.

CHAPTER SIX

Punks and Antiquity:
Reflections of a Wannabe Archaeologist

Heather Waddell Gruber



"Electric Fetus music and head shop in St. Cloud, Minnesota, USA"

Wikimedia Commons, CC-BY, Photo Michael Hicks

Music particularly live music, local music, loud music has always had a hold on me. The music of one's teenage years is truly formative, and for me that music was Jane's Addiction, Sonic Youth, the Ramones, and Nirvana. A good Saturday night meant moshing to my friends' bands in the empty loft above the Electric Fetus record store in Duluth. Inevitably the music was bad, but it was loud, it was ours, and it allowed a measure of individuality, rebellion against mass-produced corporate group-think, and rejection of mainstream bubble-gum pop.

Ironically, and perhaps misguidedly, the Academy (and specifically, Classical Studies) seemed the perfect fit for this Punk spirit. Punk is more than a musical genre; it can be a lifestyle, a fashion trend, a philosophy. The Punk ethos promotes individuality and eschews conformity. It prizes thinking for oneself, a willingness to question authority and rattle the cage. Punks may be amateurs who follow their passions regardless of lacking expertise, or avid do-it-yourselfers who operate outside traditional systems and forge their own paths. Not knowing how to play bass never stopped Sid Vicious from getting on stage. Why should not knowing Greek stop me from moving to Greece? Why should never having heard of Her-mogenes stop me from writing a dissertation on him? Sid's courage (if I dare call it that) was infectious, even if it was drug-fueled.

The university and its promise of academic freedom meant to me that I could juxtapose tattoos with bookishness. I could be a professor of esoteric authors without ever having to wear pantyhose. Perhaps I was attracted to Classics because it was perceived to be difficult, or because there weren't many who did it, and fewer of them women. Maybe it was because I was told I could never get a job doing it. Or maybe it allowed me to indulge my myriad intellectual curiosities, following each like so many shiny baubles. Within the realm of Classics a person can work in such divergent areas as archaeology and poetry, ancient medicine and religion, or philosophy and drama. Gender studies, oral traditions, art history, rhetoric, mythology, political theory almost any field in the liberal arts could be a focus within the scope of the ancient Mediterranean.

The ancient world is full of punks. Greece's punk-in-chief was naturally Socrates. Self-described as Athens' gadfly, he famously claimed that "the unexamined life is not worth living." He was put on trial for corrupting the youth, a reputation he got from his habit of questioning so-called experts and determining that they didn't know any of the things they were supposed to know. This ultimate cage-rattler told a hostile jury that his penalty for being a punk ought to be free meals for life, and when he was ordered to drink the hemlock he still refused to back down from his convictions.



"Caesarea Maritima"
Wikimedia Commons, public domain

Johnny Rotten's iconic line, "I am an anti-Christ, I am an anarchist," might describe the cultural role assumed by another ancient punk, Diogenes the Cynic. He behaved outrageously to shock people into questioning the conventions of everyday life. He lived in an enormous jar in the Athenian marketplace. He masturbated in public, urinated on hecklers, sabotaged Plato's lectures, and mocked Alexander the Great to his face. He supposedly walked around carrying a lit lamp during the day, claiming he was searching (unsuccessfully) for an honest man. These stunts were acts of protest against societal norms, meant to shake the Athenians out of their complacent acceptance of what was considered "proper" behavior. Morality, happiness, virtue, these were attainable only for those who rejected the constraints of the artifices and hypocrisy of society and devoted themselves to asceticism.

To borrow a Punk term, with respect to archaeology, I am a mere poseur. I am a fan with some experience, more experience than the average person, but an outsider nonetheless. Understanding the Classical world is impossible without studying archaeology. To get a hands-on perspective, I spent the summer of 1997 digging at Caesarea Maritima, King Herod's port city in Israel. I woke up every morning at 4:30 and worked in the trench until noon, when the desert sun made hard physical labor outside too difficult. I swung a pickaxe, lifted heavy boulders, dug with a shovel, performed delicate tasks with brushes and trowels, sifted dirt, pushed wheelbarrows I never felt more alive, nor a greater connection to the past. I was a grunt, not the brains behind the project, and couldn't be happier about it.

Archaeologists, like classicists, are fascinated by historical cultures. They unearth them, they reconstruct them, and they do so by destroying their own evidence the further they dig. The work entails a great deal of technical expertise as well as physical labor. While archaeologists are as bound to their paperwork and office desks as the next academic, their work gets them out into the field. They combine the cerebral and the physical. They read ancient texts and dig in the dirt. They shake philologists such as myself out of their complacent acceptance of traditional understanding of the way the ancient world worked, one based myopically on literature. A theory based on literary evidence can be disproved by the archaeological record, or as is more often true, complicated and nuanced in fascinating ways. Archaeologists, thus, are themselves cultural critics, who question all they find. Any new discovery can change the prevailing theory. Some of the most fascinating cultures are known to us only through archaeology, having left us no literary record whatsoever, such as the Minoans, the Mycenaeans (Linear B may be "literary," but it is not "literature"), and the Etruscans. Without archaeology we would never know that the homes of Priam at Troy or Agamemnon at Mycenae truly existed in history. Archaeologists hold the mirror up to a culture, like Socrates or Diogenes, and demand that we assess our assumptions honestly and in the face of material facts.

My old site, Caesarea, is no longer an operational archaeological dig. All work has come to a halt, and not because the work is done. Like so many sites, it fell prey to difficult political tensions and lack of funding. Traditional lines of funding may be drying up, and yet archaeology will always have a grip on public imagination. This leads me to my final point. Cultivating a Punk ethos will hopefully serve archaeologists well. Archaeological punks have evolved past the early years of amateur garage jams into new wave virtuosity. They know how to play their instruments well, and have become technical masters. Even musicians whose music can't be described as Punk have embraced the Punk ethos. Do-it-yourselfers in the music industry no longer rely on record companies but can record and broadcast their performances for free on the Internet. Radiohead famously released its album In Rainbows for download from its website, asking fans to pay whatever they thought it was worth. Other musicians, like Ani DiFranco, start their own record companies. Being Punk, no matter the area, means to go one's own way and operate outside convention, and to do so, a person must be willing to get his or her hands dirty. No wonder archaeologists are so habitually Punk. Getting their hands dirty is their specialty.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Nobody Wants Their Mom in Their Mosh Pit:
Some Local Archaeology, Fargo 1991-1997

Kris Groberg

This is just a slice, a view from the edge, written by someone privileged to witness her eldest's world, and that of his friends and their music, when they were in high school and for a few years after that. Not every band was Punk (at least not for someone who remembers Sid Vicious shows). It is an archaeological layer, seemingly ephemeral but rich in memory for everyone who was involved in a local scene. Adventures, seldom risky and almost always hilarious. I watched it. I bought a ton of groceries, hosted bands, made thousands (accurate number) of casseroles and loaves of bread, washed a butt-load of towels, cleaned the swimming pool, hid my own Diet Coke, and watched. And I listened. I am the richer for it. All I had to do for a dose of what seemed normal and good and relief from my work as a professor was to open the laundry chute in the kitchen or on the second floor hallway and listen to the laughter and the noise. Yes, there was cigarette smoke, black walls and ceiling the contractor told me I was insane to let the kids have a black basement and the steady production of zines from The Pee Couch Review to Burnt Toast. The zine Team Fargo came along after the exodus. I'm pretty sure there were others. Some seriously well-conceived pranking occurred. I usually heard about it, but never witnessed it because it's unfair to step that far into the Progeny Zone.

The venues available to all ages for concerts in Fargo in 1991-92 were the Elks Club (no longer extant),¹ the Moose Lodge's upper-story ballroom (with its wretchedly sagging floor that eventually prevented further concerts), the Bowler, the downtown VFW, Exit 99,² and the Grape Garage. Later, Moorhead State University in our sister-city Moorhead, Minnesota (across the Red River from Fargo) rented out its ballroom and Club Underground in the Student Union. These are the ones my son, Bjorn Christianson (b. 1974), was involved with. He kept it up until he moved to Eugene, Oregon and then Minneapolis. Then he moved to Portland, Oregon, soon had his fill of Portlandia, and came back. After that he and Amy Jo

1 This is particularly funny to me because my dad (d. 1982), who had to belong to the Elks Club for business purposes in the mid-1960s, thought it was a bunch of hooey and made merciless fun of the all the oaths and secret handshakes, and my mom (d. 2007) made a regular practice of mixing up the rows of winter galoshes that were lined up on the steps at the entrance to the Club. I went to boringly "civilized" and adult-controlled dances there when I was a teenager. So it's only fitting that the next generation stomped the Elks Club.

2 Exit 99 was on Feichtner Drive, near the junction of I-29 and 13th Avenue South. Set up for all-ages shows, it closed in 1992. "It acted as the breeding-ground for the current generation of local artists." Chuck Klosterman, Chuck Klosterman IV: A Decade of Dangerous People and Dangerous Ideas (New York, Scribner's, 2006), "To Be Scene, or Not to Be Seen: Underground Rock is Alive and Loud in Fargo-Moorhead . . . But Who's Listening" (September 1995), p. 217.



"Fugazi"
Wikimedia Commons,
GNU Free Documentation License,
Photo Whalen647

Hendrickson picked up with Team Fargo and began to bring in more bands.

For anyone old enough to drink alcohol, Ralph's Corner Bar was, and remained until it was torn down in 2004, the purveyor of all things good and bad in the music scene. The story of Ralph's deserves to be collected and written, but it's not my story. I went to shows as often as I cared to until it closed. I'm just glad that the renowned grill was relocated to the Crowbar in Sabin, Minnesota, where occasionally one of the former cooks from Ralph's prepares liver and onions and dishes it out at no charge on a Wednesday afternoon.

It started in the usual way, with a bunch of friends who put bands together, some of which went on to greater heights and some that still occasionally get together to make music. When I talked with my son Bjorn, J. Earl Miller, and some of their assorted friends, all remarked that this time period was, as J. said, "very precious to us." Bjorn said, "we put a lot of time and work into it, but just for fun." They did not particularly care if they made money beyond covering their costs. At the time, Bjorn was modest about it all, and still is. In the early '90s, he was a teenaged entrepreneur, or "rival promoter" (the rival was Jade Nielson) as Chuck Klosterman called him.³ Klosterman also wrote that Bjorn "was really blond and snarky."⁴ Snarky, sometimes; blond, never. From 1994-1997 things were just as interesting, but he wasn't a teenager anymore and our house wasn't full to capacity with his friends. In earlier years, my husband used to come home from work and ask me what percentage of the people who ate with us were ours.

Bjorn's first big coup, accomplished with the help of godheadSilo drummer Dan Haugh, was bringing the Washington, DC band Fugazi to Fargo for a show on August 13, 1991 at the Elks Club. As per usual, Fugazi gave an all-ages concert at \$5 a pop.⁵ Bjorn is quoted as having said, "I think we had about five hundred people (actually it was 550) at that show, which was a surprise to both of us. I know a lot of people seem to consider that a starting point for what has happened since, but I don't. I think this whole situation pre-dates the Fugazi show, and by quite a bit. Things around here really started with bands like Floored and Hammerhead and Buttchuck."⁶ Bikini Kill played that night with The Nation of Ulysses (a punk, post-hardcore band from DC, disbanded in 1992) and Watermelon Sandwich. In 1995, Klosterman noted that this concert was "consistently mentioned as the primary catalyst for the subsequent proliferation (sic) of F-M hardcore interest."⁷ I dropped in for a while, but let's face it, nobody wants their mom in their mosh pit (and nobody's mom wanted to be in one). Amazing to watch though big noise, stellar energy, and even better self-deco-

3 Ibid., p. 216.

4 Ibid., p. 216, n. 14

5 A tape of this show is available for \$5 at ÚFGOU#Internet http://www.dischord.fugazi_live_series/fargo-nd-usa-81391

6 Bjorn Christianson interview, Klosterman, Klosterman IV, p. 217.

7 Ibid., p. 216 n. 13.



"Final night at Ralph's Corner Bar"

Photo Phil Leitch, CC-BY



"Bill for Ralph's Corner Bar featuring Grant Hart,
June Panic, and Nic Garcia, January 17, 2003"

Poster Ralph's Corner Bar, Moorhead, MN

ration. The best part for me was having Fugazi roll into the kitchen at 3:00 a.m. and unload their vegetarian food into the fridge. For a while after that, the kitchen was mildly famous for having once housed Ian MacKaye's soy milk. Just a side note on The Nation of Ulysses: the Wikipedia article on the band notes that they snubbed '60s and '70s music "by rejecting drug use and advocating that punk youth dress nicely and sensibly."⁸ The liner notes to their CD 13-Point Program to Destroy America states their goal: "To dress well, as clothing and fashion are the only things which we the kids being utterly disenfranchised, have any control over."⁹ At that point, I'm sure Sid and Nancy rolled over in their already nasty graves.

In Fargo, Orange 17 was and remains a favorite "a punk metal tour de force."¹⁰ Asks Phil Leitch, "Does hellfire, damnation mean anything to you?"¹¹ Band members JP (John Peterson on drums), Karl Qualey (guitar, vocals), and Randy Dever (bass) remain friends who sometimes perform together. Phil wrote, ". . . if they didn't have short hair I could mistake these boys for Poison."¹² JP was known for setting his cymbals on fire (<http://blip.tv/mindwar/orange-17-23nov2007-100-proof-510220>) with lighter fluid and, once (I heard) he sprayed ethanol from his mouth as someone touched a match to the mist. He is now a committed international Marxist. He recently lectured to my Art Theory & Criticism class on Marxist art theory. No kidding. Among other things, Orange 17 is remembered for a rock opera tribute to Galileo when they opened for Karp (1994) and another that honored Robinson Crusoe at the Grape Garage. One summer there was a city softball team, which provided a lot of insanity, especially when Bjorn and JP and everybody's little sisters beat the Fargo Police team. I watched that game, and it was high comedy with 12-year-old Ash Hamilton at bat and JP in an enormous foam rubber cowboy hat.

Ah, godheadSilo. Mike Kunka (bass), Dan Haugh (drums), and originally, Phil Leitch (guitar). Their first gig was at the Moose Lodge. Phil described godheadSilo as a "noise rock" band known for its "wall of sound full of raging drums, screaming and a gigantic heavy bass sound."¹³ Amps and pedals, BMX biking, and Mountain Dew. Together from 1992-98, they first played in Fargo and then went to Olympia, Washington. Their discography is available at the Sub Pop website: (<http://subpop.com/godheadSilo/godheadSilo.html>)

Dan often ate all the bread in our house. I'm fairly certain they played every venue

8 <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The-Nation-of-Ulysses>, p. 3/5.

9 Daniel Morris, THE NATION HAS SPOKEN, <http://citybelt.typepad.com/citybelt/2006/10/thenationhas.html>

10 Phil Leitch, Yahtzeen (n.d.), http://fargobands.yahtzeen.com/index.php?title=Orange_17

11 Ibid.

12 Carother's Bros. #5, "The Definitive Guide to Punk Rock in the Moorhead/Fargo Area," <http://yz.philleitch.com/cb.html>

13 Phil Leitch, "godheadSilo," <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/GodheadSilo> Leitch's Fargo Band Family Tree is a great source for ephemera.



"Les Dirty Frenchmen"
Courtesy Les Dirty Frenchmen

in town. Later, the band went on to record with Sub Pop and Kill Rock Stars. Klosterman wrote that "with the exception of Kid Jonny Lang, I suppose this makes them the most successful North Dakota rock act of the past twenty-five years."¹⁴

Other local bands from the high school years were Dan Mahli's Camel Paw, Sean Stewart's Art Seizure (thrash-punk, 1991-92), Isaac Kobrinsky's Apathy Earthworm, and Joe Vesel's Pathos. There are almost too many to round up, and they played in each others bands and changed band names. Joe's dad was the butt of some infamous pranks. I have been sworn to silence about those. Isaac was my teaching assistant in 2007, and I'm still in touch with everybody but Joe.

When Bjorn and Amy Jo returned to Fargo in 1994, they established Team Fargo (October 1994-summer 1997) and brought in some amazing bands, including Hammerhead, Karp, and Bikini Kill. Hammerhead, originally a Fargo band in the early '90s, became a Minneapolis-based noise-rock band that recorded with Amphetamine Reptile Records. Members Paul Erickson, Jeff Mooridian, Jr., and Paul Sanders "garnered critical acclaim."¹⁵ Karp (post-hardcore), from Tumwater, Washington, "managed to mix the terror of hardcore, The Melvins, and Black Sabbath with an ear for pop-influenced song assembly."¹⁶ A decent documentary on the band, Kill All Redneck Pricks was produced by photographer Bill Badgley in 2009.¹⁷ Karp brought down the house in Fargo. In October of 1994, Bjorn and Amy Jo brought in the punk band Bikini Kill from Olympia, Washington. Its members were pioneers in the Riot Grrrl movement and brought fierce performances, feminist lyrics, and abrasive hard-core-influenced sound to the floor. The show was at the Elks Club. "Bikini Kill gave me a place in the world to be," wrote Amy Perna, and Joe Vesel, whose band Pathos played at the Grape Garage on the same night, made sure to play first so they could get to the Bikini Kill concert.¹⁸

Exposing the layers of this scene would take some time. People have conflicting memories, and frankly, so do I. What I saw and heard, and what is documented, sometimes clash. I'm not sure that Chuck Klosterman is an entirely reliable source on these years nobody could have been everywhere, and I doubt that anybody kept a diary or a bunch of lists. I never have liked his snide remarks about how many high school kids hung around all-ages shows; where else were they supposed to listen to what they wanted to hear the high school gym? Bjorn has all of the posters and we've discussed archiving them and at least putting

14 Klosterman, Chuck Klosterman IV, p. 216, n. 13

15 [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hammerhead-\(band\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hammerhead-(band))

16 [http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Karp-\(band\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Karp-(band))

17 Karp's biography/discography at <http://ihrt.com/2009/08/13/karp/> and Badgley's documentary at "Official Karp Documentary Website" (<http://karplives.com>)

18 <http://bikinikillarchive.wordpress.com/2009/12/12/October-14-1994-elks-lodge-in-fargo/>ÜFGCÜ

together an oral history specific to the time and place. The Punk Archaeology (un)Conference brought us June Panic and Les Dirty Frenchman, among others who played in Fargo in the years 1991-97, and it's good to talk with, see, and hear them again, and to be one more time introduced as just "Bjorn's Mom."

CHAPTER EIGHT

The Young Lions of Archaeology

Colleen Morgan



"Colleen Morgan"

Photo Daniel Eddisford, CC-BY

"This . . . hon . . . here." I kneel in the trench, scraping away at the dirt with my trowel. Teaching digging, teaching how to see. "Tamam? Okay?" But I realize that my students and/or workmen are not looking at the dirt; they are not looking at the texture changes; they are not trying to discern the transition from the Byzantine to the Mamluk. One of the dirty, ragged cuffs of my long-sleeved shirt has ridden up, revealing faint swirls of color on my skin. My tattoos are faded, obscured by a salty rime of evaporated sweat. Later, when they are more comfortable with me, I expect questions about the tattoos:

"How many do you have?"

"How long have you had them?"

"How long did they take?"

"But . . . you are a woman!"

Over the years my answers to these questions have changed in tenor, but I have settled on the explanation that has the most resonance: they're traditional in my culture.

I need a second skin
something to hold me up
- The Gits, "Second Skin"

Fictive kinship, or kinship that does not rely on marital or blood ties, is a classic, though dated and thoroughly critiqued concept in anthropology. Kinship is obviously relative if you will forgive the wordplay and ties of love and obligation can bind through a near-infinite amount of variables. I think of kinship in the active tense; I kin to people, I understand, empathize and appreciate some people more than other people. My kin tend to have a lot of tattoos, drink cheap lager, and share a deep reverence for live music, though they'd surely find the exception to any such proposed definition. I learned a sense of kinship through Punk; I learned to find others who participated fully and passionately, who were politically minded, vocal, contrarian, who spoke plainly through microphones, records and zines.

I want you to know people who laugh too loud
And have to get drunk to find the right words
And can't sleep 'til the colors are just right.
- The Waitresses, "They're All Out of Liquor, Let's Find Another Party"



"I Am A Cliche"
Virgin Records, 1977

I carried this sense of urgency and community with me, nearly 2,000 miles away to graduate school, ready to shake the world. I very quickly learned to stick my nose in a book and to hide my tattoos. I missed my kin horribly. I had colleagues now, and they were not interested in listening to records or going to shows and even if they were it was something to do, not something you were. I did not have imposter syndrome, I had infiltrator syndrome. Before my MA exam I slid my headphones over my ears, locked myself in the department bathroom and listened to the irreverent roar of the X-Ray Spex and told myself that no matter what happened, academics could not take this away from me. No matter how they saw my work, my aptitude, my ability to theorize and categorize, this piece of me would stay strong and true.

I know I'm artificial
But don't put the blame on me
I was reared with appliances
In a consumer society
- X-Ray Specs, "Art-I-Ficial"

This is still true. Graduate school provided fire and forge and I came out very different on the other side. The conservatism of Punk, the inflexibility and strident nihilism was no longer feasible. My tattoos faded under the hot sun of excavations, and I met a whole phantasmagoria of people who took life in their teeth.

I am the animal
With no pockets in my pants.
- The Peechees, "The Animal"

Still, I kept the possibly quaint ideal of kin and kept practicing what I felt was the best practices for a punk archaeologist. Membership in a community and participation in this community. Building things interpretations, sites, bonfires, earth ovens, Harris Matrices together. Foregrounding political action and integrity in our work.

Think about the kind of revolution you want to live and work in. What do you need to know to start that revolution? Demand that your teachers teach you that.
- Big Daddy Soul

The Young Lions Conspiracy, led by Big Daddy Soul (ne Tim Kerr), was a minor movement in the garage punk/Austin scene that called for "integrity, soul, attitude" in every aspect of life. He asked, "What are YOU doing to participate?" I have not been to a punk rock show in a while, and my tribe of tattooed drinking punks have changed, moved on, and do not need to be used to typify an attitude or remain static in their decades-old resistance. They, too, have forged their own lives: they own homes, have children, even changed political allegiances, but we have the same scrawls on our skin, even if I'm half a world away. And I still have my Young Lions membership card.



"Colleen Morgan's Young Lions Cub Card"
Photo Colleen Morgan, CC-BY



"Excavations in the Athenian Agora, 2010"
Photo courtesy Trustees of the American School of
Classical Studies at Athens

CHAPTER NINE

Confessions of a Punk rock Archaeologist

Michael H. Laughy, Jr.

To see us on stage was to see a bank of fog yes, we owned a fog machine-through which burst a wall of guitars, waves of bass fuzz, driving drums, and the flashing silhouettes of musicians playing with their entire bodies. The visual fit the music: loud, upbeat, glorious energy.

We played as hard in practice as we did on stage. We filled our small room with energetic, howling, high-five havoc. Songs arose organically, with choruses, bridges, and verses cobbled together from disparate pieces of music we had stumbled upon during free-form punk rock jamming. Our songs were stories, our jams the source material.

I was also a Ph.D. student and archaeologist. I thought it best to keep these two lives separate. If my advisers discovered that I was a drummer in a punk rock band or that I was perhaps headlining a show in Oakland the night before my qualifying exams well, let's just say that this was a door best left unopened. Equally horrifying was the thought of any of my undergraduate students finding out about our shows. Teacher and rocker, archaeologist and drummer seemed distinct, irreconcilable personae.

And so I maintained them as such. For years, I was a part of two different social scenes, and maintained two different sets of responsibilities and goals. I confessed this double life only to a handful of fellow Punk-loving graduate students, and even then only on the condition that they kept the secret.

When I moved to Greece to write my dissertation, I broke up with punk rock and became a "full-time" archaeologist. Or so it felt. From afar, I watched my bandmates join or form new bands, go on world tours, release albums, and upload their latest music videos. I, meanwhile, was excavating ancient buildings and deciphering inscriptions in Athens. These worlds seemed unconnected and inhabited by people with completely different interests and stories to tell.

But wait a second. I began archaeological fieldwork in 1992, the same year that I joined my first real punk rock band. For each of my first ten seasons excavating in Athens, I was either in, or had just left, a band. Punk rock and archaeology have always been companions to me. How could this not mean something?

What do I find so punk rock about archaeology?

Let's begin with the physical. Excavating in the Athenian sun is as punk rock as field archaeology gets. It involves friends working together in a sweat-drenched immediacy with the world, ancient and modern. The harmony of the "chords of archaeological strata," to quote my colleague in Classics, Kevin Crotty, has been disturbed by 7,000 years of burials, cisterns, wars, cultural upheavals, elevator shafts, and other intrusions of the "sounds"

of the lived history of Athens. The result is a dirty, fuzzy, and challenging music of strata, artifacts, sherds, and features. Field archaeology in Athens is dirt punk to me.

Field archaeology is also destruction. Once we excavate a layer or a road or a wall or a floor, it is gone forever. Excavations that produce no public reports of results have obliterated lives past. Just as punk rock is open to all people, and belongs to all people, so should archaeology be. The study of archaeology is the study of us . . . then. The principal responsibility of an archaeologist is to tell the world stories about these past lives. Archaeological narratives on how we lived in a certain time and place are too often cloaked in pretension, or hidden within a jargon or format incomprehensible to the wider public.

The punk rocker in me loves the chance to perform these stories of lives past before live audiences. Once, before I was about to take the stage and give an invited lecture to an audience of 250, my host asked if I was nervous. "No, excited. I feel like we need a fog machine and a laser light show." We both laughed, though for different reasons. I give talks with the goal of making the material itself electrify the room, and the narrative fire up the curiosity of the audience. Similarly, the punk rocker in me lives for those teaching moments that lead to a mental form of high-five havoc, when a visceral energy is shared among the students as the mysteries and possibilities of archaeology are unpacked.

Finally, just as punk rock reacts against hegemony and blind adherence to a one and only Truth, so too does my punk rock archaeology assume there is no one final story or theoretical approach that can give the full account of a site or collection of objects. In the words of Henry Rollins, "questioning anything and everything to me is punk rock." A punk rock approach to archaeology looks not for better answers, but for better questions about the material and about our field itself.

Punk rock, in other words, goes hand-in-hand with archaeology. Both share a desire to express and accept the complexity and contradictions of the human experience, an embrace of physicality, a rejection of the hegemony of the Truth, and a belief that our work is conducted on behalf of the world, to be shared with the world.

CHAPTER TEN

Memoirs from an Archaeologist Punk

Andrew Reinhard



"Andrew Reinhard plays the Punk Archaeology un-conference"
Photo Bill Caraher, CC-BY

Being an archaeologist means that although you live in the now, your interests lie sometime before the present. In studying antiquity, that's hundreds or thousands of years. In studying Punk, that's 40. My lifespan has paralleled Punk's, and I've spent most of my time avoiding Punk more out of ignorance than anything. It's like being a dinosaur before the asteroid comes. It's like before the Internet. You live your life, and every so often you get banged on the head. You wake the fuck up.

Punk has been patient with me, asking me to discover it. In my early teens I had skater friends who had the Sex Pistols on tape, who covered their notebooks with the Dead Kennedys logo, who wore Vans, who read Thrasher, who wore Dag Nasty t-shirts. Theirs was an alien culture, but I gravitated to them because they were funny, creative, honest, unpretentious, and they could have cared less that I didn't skate, grow my hair out (or shave it), or listen to their music. I was in the culture, but out of it, surrounded by the accoutrements that would become the artifacts of memory.

As a high school junior, a Punk friend asked me to help him design a 'zine. He knew that I worked for the school newspaper and had access to free paper and X-ACTO knives and rubber cement. I had done layout and paste-up before. "What's a 'zine?" I asked him. "It's like a newspaper, but it's underground, and it's gonna be about all the things that suck about this school." I had no idea why he was so angry. School was great. I played sports. I was in a bunch of clubs. I liked the structure.

We got to work. He hand-wrote the articles. We found images together and photocopied those. We pasted it all together on a 2-sider, and then we ran off copies. We did one issue. I was uncomfortable, and I left. That 'zine is lost to history. I went to college and opted out of trips to see early Red Hot Chili Peppers, Jane's Addiction, Pixies. I couldn't understand the music in Hüsker Dü's Zen Arcade. I slept through proto-punk, punk, post-punk, and hardcore. So now I study it.

Fast-forward 20 years. I move to Princeton in 2010, home of the Princeton Record Exchange. It is (and remains) the best music store I've ever frequented. They have a Punk section. I visit monthly and have built a collection of all of the bands I missed: Sex Pistols, The Clash, The Ramones, Black Flag, Minor Threat, Fugazi, The Minutemen, Descendents/All, and later with The Cramps, The Reverend Horton Heat, Helmet. It's the Law of Superposition of Punk, working my way down the strata, understanding where Rancid came from, following the branches of the punk family tree to the trunk and then to the roots. Bands upon bands atop bands. And the hardest bands to find are the ones that did the most for Punk. Every month I look for Bad Brains records. Every month I look for Television,

for New York Dolls. Fuck eBay. I want to find these records with my own hands, digging down, excavating the stacks. There are a ton of Green Day records. A ton of Offspring. People consume and regurgitate. But the good stuff? That gets digested, nutrients for the mind and soul. These are my most precious finds. They get catalogued, and then I listen to them every day, learning more about what Punk was and reflect on what Punk is.

Punk has not just informed my mind. It informs the music that I make. On October 9, 2012, Bill Caraher, a godfather of Punk Archaeology, emailed me to see if I'd create some music to play before bands took the stage at the Punk Archaeology unconference in Fargo on Feb. 2, 2013. Three months and 17 songs later, the album was as finished as it was ever going to get. I wrote and recorded everything by myself in great haste and in low-fi in my basement at night, expressing a Punk attitude towards problems in archaeology and cultural heritage. The result is rough around the edges (and occasionally raw throughout), but is the best music I've ever done. It's a 44-minute dissertation played from the gut and from the heart, calling upon my sources, citing these through vocal phrasing, in the guitar chords and tones, in furious, double-time drumming, in simple bass-lines. Ian McKaye, Henry Rollins, Black Francis, Robert Pollard, and Bob Mould were my thesis advisers. I'd like to think that I've earned at least a Masters in Punk Archaeology after all of this fieldwork. In the process of discovering all I'd missed, I've definitely gone native. I'm a "real" archaeologist and now I work for a "real" publishing house. And it feels deliciously subversive to sneak away from that to play my first live show at age 40, to make a new 'zine, and to feel like I'm finally home.

Note

Download the Punk Archaeology MP3 songs for free by visiting www.soundcloud.com/charinos/sets/punk-archaeology. Lyrics to the songs are in this volume's Appendix.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

How to Draw Punk . . . Archaeology

Joel Jonientz†

Punk ARCHAEOLOGY

FEBRUARY 2, 2013

SIDESTREET GRILLE & PUB
301 3RD AVENUE N.
FARGO, NORTH DAKOTA

june janic

andrew reinhard

with arfon bapth on drums

round - table discussion

arfon bapth: actor
william burton: actor
brian gibbons: actor
peter reynolds: special cultural and environmental
james shawls: actor
peter shawls: oregonian college

what kingswood needs

tes dirty frenchmen

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"Punk Archaeology Handbill by Joel Jonientz"

Photo Joel Jonientz, CC-BY

Step One: Define the Parameters

In designing the poster for Punk Archaeology, I did what all good designers would do: I looked at a sample set of posters from Punk's Golden Age to decipher what makes an image "Punk". I looked at Jamie Reid's iconic designs for the Sex Pistols, Linder Sterling's in-your-face collages for the Buzzcocks, and my personal favorite: Art Chantry's poster designs for the Pacific Northwest punk rock scene. What I found was that all of these posters shared an aesthetic that celebrated the culture of the 1950s and 1960s. They turned an ironic love of bowling, burlesque shows, and monster movies into brightly colored, low-fi works of art. I also found images loaded with counter-culture, post-hippie era sexualization that often borders on misogynistic. Take the Buzzcocks flyer for their single, "Orgasm Addict" as an example. The image depicts a nude female figure against a mostly solid yellow background. The figure's head has been replaced by an iron, and its nipples were removed in favor of two grinning mouths full of teeth. This is one of punk's most iconic images, and it is important to note that the Punk movement was in many ways a reaction to the culture of its time. In Punk's formative era, the 1970s, issues of racial and sexual equality dominated the culture. It is not surprising then that Punk chose images that would be considered subversive and perhaps even offensive. My point here is not necessarily to rehash Punk's extensive history, but to define the problem and consider the question what makes an image "Punk?" In this consideration I would be negligent not to acknowledge the problematic nature of the Punk's depiction of women.

Step Two: Keep the Girl; Lose the Midget

For an artist, it is a wondrous time to be alive. There are thousands images available for viewing via a simple Google image search. I am constantly looking for images use as reference. A few months before I began work on this project, I ran across a striking photo of a midget and a model dressed in leather, bat hoods, and capes. I had no use for this image at the time, but I pulled it from the Web anyway and stored it for future use. I do this all the time, and you will find that artists worth their salt keep a file of images that, whether or not they contain a midget and a model dressed as Batman, are kept around for future reference. In this case, though, the photo of the model fit a number of the criteria for the main image I envisioned for the Punk Archeology poster. It referred to 1960's pop culture through its use of the Batman cowl and cape while at the same time highlighting counter-culture through its use of the leather bondage gear. With work, I felt that I could appropriate the

image of the figure in a way that would downplay its sexual nature and be referential of Punk's past imagery. All I had to do was lose the midget.

Step Three: Make it Punk

Having found my main image, I next needed to make it fit a low-fi Punk aesthetic. When doing my early research for the project, one of the most important aspects of making the image Punk was utilizing a style that makes the poor image quality photocopies, mimeographs, and badly aligned offset printing the strength of the project. So, I made three separate illustrations of my counter-culture Batgirl. The first utilizing only red, the second only blue, and the final used only green. I made sure in doing this that I flattened and simplified the figure as much as possible. The more flat the image, the more stylized it became, and the farther away from a real person it appeared. The goal was to make the image an abstracted field of flat colors. As much as possible, I wanted to emphasize the color relationships and downplay the image's sexuality. Having done that, I then began to overlap and offset each version of my Batgirl until I found a combination that could hold the center of the composition and emphasize the play of colors. I added chunks of primary color and a moir effect to the area directly behind the figure to emphasize the poster's cut-and-paste style. Finally, I added a big red Creature from the Black Lagoon button, and my counter-culture Batgirl was transformed into the perfect punk rock Batgirl.

Step Four: Connect it to Archaeology

What I know about archaeology could actually fit in a couple of sentences. I have never been on a dig, and although I know and work with practitioners in the field, we seldom (if ever) talk about what it is they do. Not a problem. When designing for a specific group, you should go with what you know. More often than not the stereotypical imagery that represents the group will suffice. It has come to signify them for good reason and can act as visual shorthand that will be universally understood. So, I found a photo reference of a damaged pot and illustrated it set on a field of broken clay. Slap a couple of Sex Pistols and Buzzcocks stickers on it, and the connection is made.

CHAPTER TWELVE

The Sound of Archaeology

Kostis Kourelis



"Winged bull of Nineveh"

Wikimedia Commons, CCO

It's the year 1847 and a British archaeologist/diplomat is excavating the Assyrian site of Nineveh. The finds include gigantic sculptural reliefs depicting kings, royal animals, and monsters that the archaeologists must extract from the deep trenches after being buried for centuries under the Iraqi desert. Eventually transported to the British Museum in London, they enter the canon of western civilization that all American undergraduates must memorize for their final exams in the art history survey exam. And some of the sculpture even made it to the United States; you can see them at the Yale University Art Gallery or the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and some of the sculptures have migrated graphically onto the skins of hipsters, favorite subjects for tattoos. But what the erudite student of art does not see is the much-ignored musical dimension of archaeological practice, a communal conflagration of sound, a magical enchantment, as the original talisman of the past rises from the bowels of the earth. Austin Henry Layrd, the archaeologist of Nineveh, describes the happening as he recounts the drama of hoisting the sculpture of a bull from the trenches with ropes and pulleys and a massive workforce of local Iraqis, a sectarian mix of Christians, Kurds, and Arabs. Having pulled up the bull statue from below, they lower the ropes to bring the bull down on the ground.

The mass descended gradually, the Chaldaeans (the Christians) propping it up with the beams. It was a moment of great anxiety. The drums and shrill pipes of the Kurdish musicians increased the din and confusion caused by the war-cry of the Arabs, who were half frantic with excitement. They had thrown off nearly all their garments; their long hair floated in the wind; and they indulged in the wildest postures and gesticulations as they clung to the ropes. The women had congregated on the sides of the trenches, and by their incessant screams, and by the ear-piercing tahlehl, added to the enthusiasm of the men. The bull once in a motion, it was not longer possible to obtain a hearing. The loudest cries I could produce were lost in the crash of discordant sounds.¹

Let's travel 50 years forward and thousands of miles eastward from Iraq to Louisiana. It's May 11, 1901, and Harvard archaeologist, Charles Peabody, has arrived at Coahoma County to conduct a seven-week excavation season at the Dorr Plantation in Clarksdale and the Edwards Plantation in Oliver. The excavations focus on the mounds of the Choctaw people. The work is made strenuous by the damp black soil of the river, the heat, and the humidity. A team of 9-15 hired workers motivates their labor by singing. Their repeti-

¹ Austin Henry Layard, *Nineveh and its Remains* (London, 1849); Brian M. Fagan, *Eyewitness to Discovery: First-Person Accounts of More than Fifty of the World's Greatest Archaeological Discoveries* (New York, 1996), p. 93. Thanks to Nassos Papalexandrou for bringing this passage to my attention.



"Eva Palmer-Sikelianos"

Wikimedia Commons, public domain

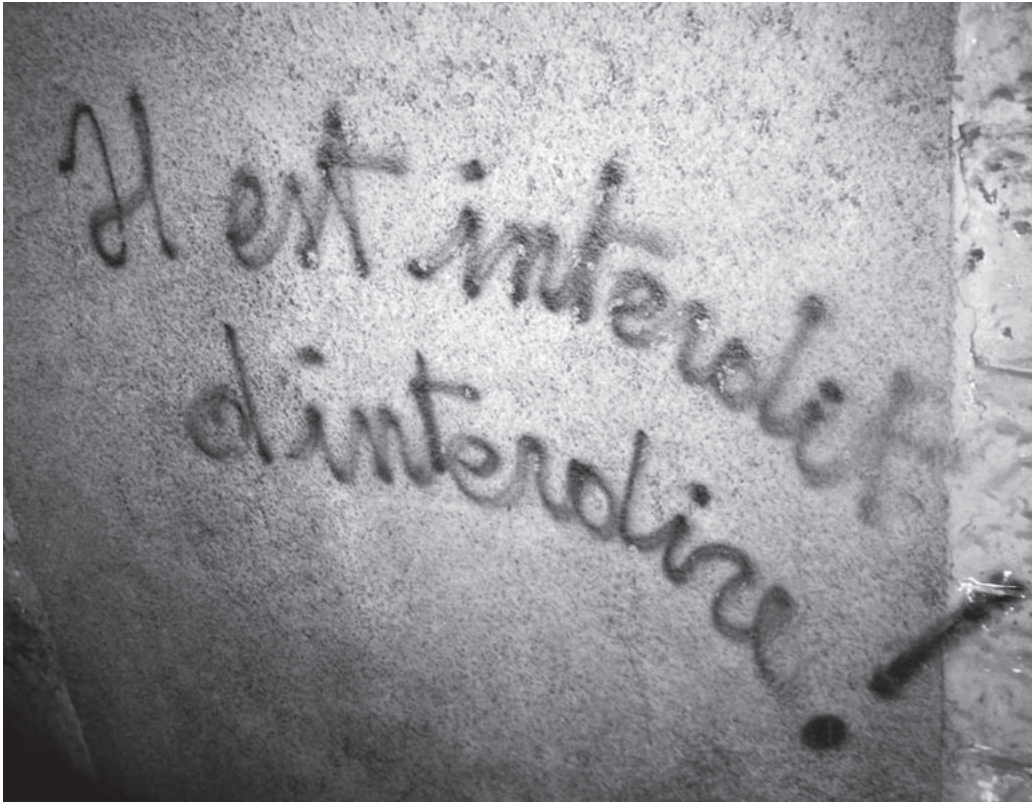
tive and mesmerizing field songs, which we know today as the Delta Blues, catch Peabody's attention. The New England aristocrat, whose family endowed Yale's Peabody Museum of Natural History, has never heard anything like this before. He is transformed and turns his attention to the excavation music. Before even processing his excavation finds, he publishes an essay, "Notes on Negro Music," in the 1903 issue of the *Journal of American Folk Lore*, a landmark in the musicology of the American Blues. He writes:

On their beginning a trench at the surface the woods for a day would echo their yelling with faithfulness. The next day or two these artists, being, like the Bayreuth orchestra, sunk out of sight, there would arise from behind the dump heap a not unwholesome *μυγμός* as of the quiescent Furies."²

Another 25 years forward, we find ourselves in the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, where a slight democratization of practices brings students as the labor force of excavation rather than hired hands. Reading through the Administrative Records of the American School, we came across a fascinating letter from 1925, where the student fellows request from the Board of Trustees nothing but a Victrola, so that their dormant hours can be filled with jazz, dance, and cocktails. Another student that same year is expelled for a brave breach of morality so unspeakable that the letter does not even say what it is, purported to have occurred among the locals at the nightclub of the Grand Bretagne Hotel in Athens. Unfortunately for the students, their request for a Victrola is denied as "encouraging comradeship and sinfulness."³ But while in Europe, the archaeology students of the 1920s and the 1930s enter the Bohemian circles of the proto-Punk of Expressionism, New Objectivity, and Surrealism. They cross-dress and dance, they throw themselves into art and music. Their punk rockers are Isadora and Raymond Duncan, Eva Palmer and Angelos Sikelianos, George Gram Cook and Susan Glaspell, all members of the American avant-garde that create bohemian communities and workshops in Greece. Some of the bohemians are actually working side-by-side with the archaeologists. Austrian Expressionist painter Georg von Peschke, is employed by the Corinth excavations to produce architectural drawings for publication, but projects shadow portraits of the excavators onto the dig house walls for entertainment. Other excavation artists include Piet de Jong, and Emile Gilliron. Gilliron is not

2 Charles Peabody, "Notes on Negro Music," *The Journal of American Folklore* 16, no. 62 (July-Sept., 1903), p. 148; "Exploration of Mounds, Coahoma County, Mississippi," *Papers of the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology* 2, no. 2 (Cambridge, Mass., June 1904), reprinted 1969. I discovered this piece in Ted Gioia, *Delta Blues: The Life and Times of the Mississippi Masters Who Revolutionized American Music* (New York, 2008), pp. 20-22.

3 Archives of the American School of Classical Studies at Athens, Administrative Records, Box 318/3, Folder 6 (1933) and Folder 10 (1934).



"Situationist graffiti, Menton, France"
Wikimedia Commons, GNU Free Documentation License
Photo by Espencat

only working for the French in the excavations at Delphi, but his is also teaching a young Georgio de Chiricos how to draw, while the Surrealist artist was growing up in Greece. Those early intersections between seemingly uptight American Protestant academics and promiscuous Continental bohemians is beginning to occupy some scholarly attention in its own right.

From Peabody to Alan Lomax, from Victrolas to Punk shows, from archaeology to ethnomusicology, the road is straightforward. At least so it seemed to me and to my buddy Bill Caraher. But we hadn't anyone to make such of these connections vivid. As our professional and personal friendship developed, Bill and I realized that, beyond a love for Greek archaeology, we shared a love for punk rock. But things got even more interesting when we realized that our love for punk rock is not incidental, but is a central component of why we became interested in archaeology from the beginning. Moreover, we realized, that we both had mentors with similar, perhaps secret, bohemian interests. Unbeknownst to both, our old white-haired mentors had hung out at Andy Warhol's Factory in the 1960s, had watched the Velvet Underground, had danced with expatriate Lesbian dance teachers in the basements of Plaka, had brushed shoulders with Beat Poets like William Burroughs in Kolonaki (around the corner from the American School in Athens), or they had embraced digital archaeology under the influence of John Cage's early adoption of computers to produce pure and unadulterated chance music. But how could we explain to the rest of the world this visceral conviction that Punk and archaeology for us, and for many others, the very same thing? Our Punk Archaeology blog (<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com>) sought to put on the table at least some case studies to enumerate, categorize, even seriate our thoughts. There is a naive notion that Punk, post-Punk, Goth, industrial, or however you choose to define the box is raw, pure, unadulterated emotion. In contrast, Punk has been one of the most intellectual movements, generated by philosophical traditions, schools of sociology, and even archaeologies. Dick Hebride created an entire discipline by simply studying the habits of the Birmingham punks in the 1970s and founded the Center for Contemporary Cultural Studies, where he trained generations of Punk sociologists. Hebride's Subculture: The Meaning of Style (1979) has transformed our ways of interpreting style in culture. Greil Marcus's Lipstick Traces: A Secret History of the Twentieth Century (1989) showed how Punk has a heritage that starts most explicitly in 1913 with Dada and Cabaret Voltaire, movements that punk learned in art school and revived (sometimes even taking the names of their ancestors for their bands: Bauhaus, Cabaret Voltaire, Dresden Dolls). In art history, one can trace a beautiful line of connection between the academy and the music hall, where for instance, Brian Eno, Heaven 17, and Gang of Four, got their Marxist sophistication from the lectures of T. J. Clark. Before becoming one of America's most esteemed art historians (at Berkeley), Clark had been a member of the Situationist International and taught the post-Punks at the Camberwell College of

Arts.

Once we acknowledge an intellectual inheritance within Punk and archaeology, we might be able to turn to even more substantive questions of method and praxis. The blog has been a modest beginning.

Punk Archaeology

A collaborative exploration of the links between archaeology and the musical underground of Punk and New Wave

"Punk Archaeology blog banner"
punkarchaeology.wordpress.com

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Reflection on the Punk Archeology Unconference

Timothy J. Pasch



"Recording Les Filthy Trenchman's Performance,"
Feb. 2, 2013, SideStreet Grille & Pub
Photo Timothy J. Pasch
used by permission

I am neither an archaeologist nor a historian; rather I have my doctorate in Communication and research primarily computer-mediated forms of message transmission, often with international/cultural focuses. Related to my interest in communication in general, I had some initial curiosity related to the unique nature of the Punk Archeology event; curiosity that was heightened by the fact that my University of North Dakota colleague Bill Caraher had co-organized the event, and I therefore knew that I was in for a scholarly treat. I could not however have adequately prepared myself for the intensity, excitement, and overall deeply satisfying experience that the unconference developed into for me.

From a technological standpoint, I was involved in working with a team of two others from the University of North Dakota at the event, and our role was to record high definition audio and video of the unconference, ensure sound reinforcement for the speakers and musicians, photograph still images, and stream the video to our larger campus community. While at first I was unsure as to whether I would possess the intellectual background to relate to the scholarly content, I rapidly found myself becoming not only interested, but actually viscerally enraptured with the atmosphere of the evening.

As I reflect on the event itself, I have been mentally equating the unconference with the Bakhtinian concept of the Carnival from a cultural theoretical perspective. It was a conference where the usually expected and anticipated conference-related roles were removed, leaving a sense of academic and social freedom of expression that I have not yet experienced in any scholarly setting to date. The use of a megaphone for announcements, the fact that presenters and audience members were both enjoying adult beverages together, the ability of presenters and participants to utilize language that would generally be considered colloquial at times, and the fact that the scholarly presentations were interspersed with musical performances, made for a conference that shattered my previous conceptualizations of the so-called appropriate academic conference, and replaced it with an event wherein the Bourdieuan homo academicus was supplanted by a fully developed and engaged public sphere in the Habermasian sense.

Although as Communication scholars we often study the idea of these theoretical constructs of alternate forms of message transmission and reception, it is quite rare that the normally expected paradigms are altered in such an effective fashion. I found myself engaging with the conference on multiple levels that (again, in my experience) are generally reserved for entirely different locales and sets of colleagues. In particular, the musician in me was able to resonate with the very strong punk rock performances, high-quality musicianship, and lyrics. The academic in me, simultaneously, was able to appreciate the scholarly talks related to fieldwork, challenges of data collection, issues of cyberinfrastructure while

working in less-than-stellar conditions, and some of the cited literature that I was familiar with. I was able to additionally relax physically to an extent that is generally not possible at a scholarly conference, and this, in turn, enabled me to more socially engage with scholars whom I might not normally have the opportunity to approach.

I found this event to reconfigure many of my previously held beliefs related to what a scholarly conference should, and could be; and it is my sincere aspiration that I may enjoy the opportunity to attend further events of this type.

PART TWO

Punk Archaeology from Bill Caraher and Kostis Kourelis

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

Toward a Definition of Punk Archaeology

Bill Caraher



Photo Aaron Barth, CCO

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/07/28/toward-a-definition-of-punk-archaeology/) blog on July 28, 2009 at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/07/28/toward-a-definition-of-punk-archaeology/>)

I was asked recently what exactly "Punk Archaeology" is . . . and aside from pointing to our blog of that name, I struggled to come up with a clever answer or really any answer. The best that I could offer was that Punk Archaeology was an empty vessel, a conceptual universe opening to being filled by the careening intersection of punk rock music and archaeology (in almost all of its forms and meanings). So far the vessel is filled with bits of methodology, some history, some archaeology (in a Foucauldian sense) and even some proper archaeological investigations. This description, however, does not necessarily explain what Punk Archaeology is. So, here goes a first effort towards a definition of Punk Archaeology:

1) Punk Archaeology is a reflective mode of organizing archaeological experiences. Punk Archaeology began as conversations between Kostis Kourelis and other archaeologists who admitted to listening to punk rock music or appreciating the punk aesthetic while studying archaeology. The result was a collaboration between me and Kostis as we made an effort to probe the intersection between these two choices. Why would we be drawn to punk rock or any particular music and how does this musical choice explain or organize or condition our approaches to archaeological research? Both of us came around to the question of whether there is a totalizing discourse in our intellectual lives. Is there some strand that makes sense of our varied interests?

2) Punk Archaeology follows certain elements of the Punk aesthetic through the discipline of archaeology. It celebrates, in particular, the things that can be grouped under the blanket heading of DIY practices: various low-fi podcasts, in-field improvised devices, serendipitous inventions that allow archaeologists to document space, place, and the past.

3) Punk Archaeology reveals a deep commitment to place. Punk with its ties to garage band sound has always manifested itself spatially: the tensions between urban and suburban (e.g., "Little London Boys"), East and West Coast, and the persistent association of certain sounds and styles with cities or even places (some of which are intended to disorient: Max's Kansas City). As archaeology is, in so many ways, a "science" of place, its affinity to a musical genre that self-consciously laced the experience of music with the experience of place would seem appropriate.

4) Punk Archaeology embraces destruction as a creative process. Archaeologists destroy the very object that they seek to study. Digging through strata removes artifacts from their physical context and places them in the disciplinary context of the archaeolo-

gist notebook, database, plan, map, article, or monograph. Destruction as a creative process echoes in some ways the process of Punk which sought to deconstruct musically the foundation of Anglo-American pop music and build in its place a subversive recontextualized narrative of safe and comfortable bourgeois life. I am not sure that archaeology is always subversive, and I don't even know whether punk rock forms the best parallel for the recontextualizing process of excavation, but there is a certain symmetry between the two.

5) Punk Archaeology is spontaneous. The one thing that the Punk Archaeology blog is seeking to capture is the spontaneity of the connection between Punk and archaeology. The performance of punk archaeology through the medium of blogging allows for our definition to remain flexible and fluid. We can reshape our argument and our juxtapositions and even challenge and contradict ourselves. In short, we can create distortion, noise, and a kind of creative chaos. That might, like Punk, have value.

Or not.

We'll see.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

101'ers

Kostis Kourelis



"101 Walerton Road"
Photo Julian Yewdall, CC-BY

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2008/02/18/101ers/) blog on February 18, 2008 at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2008/02/18/101ers/>)

The Clash's front-man Joe Strummer started his first band in 1974. Their name "The 101'ers" reveals the urban domestic origins of Punk, named after 101 Walterton Road, where the band members squatted. Technically, squatting means the occupation of abandoned buildings without official permission or payment of rent. Strummer had just bought his iconic Fender Telecaster. Among other odd jobs, he trimmed flower beds at Hyde Park and was janitor for the English National Opera. Earlier in the winter 1972-73, Strummer had a truly archaeological job, working as a gravedigger (as did Rod Stewart). The story of the band is told in Strummer's official biography by Chris Salewicz, Redemption Song: The Ballad of Joe Strummer.¹ Strummer and the rest of the 101'ers lived and practiced in the basement, which had a dirt floor. Walterton Street was a wartime ghetto, which the government was slowly tearing down, house-by-house. 101 Walterton was the last house on the block razed in 1975. The squatters then moved to 36 St. Luke Road, close to a West Indian community. Essentially, the 101'ers were inhabiting an abandoned urban carcass. The house had no interior toilet, no hot water, no electricity, and was flea-infested. Electricity was illegally tapped from the public grid. The photo, from Salewicz, gives an architectural image of Punk's origins, rising out of dilapidated brick houses of the 19th century.² Spaces such as these would become dwellings and performing spaces for countless bands in the U.K. and the U.S.

Although 101 Walterton does not exist anymore, it was located at 51 31' 29.83"N, 0 12'3.08"W (lat/long) and can be visited via Google Earth.

Masonry brick wall became central to the iconography of Punk. In stark low-budget black-and-white photography, the brick matrix provided dramatic visuality to the music: an exaggerated Xerox manipulation, further contrasted the black brick against the white mortar. Consider the architectural backdrop on the Ramones self-titled debut album (1976), a graffitied masonry wall from Lower Manhattan (probably outside CBGB's). Similarly, when the Clash released their first (also self-titled) record in 1977, it also set the band within a highly dramatic brick wall. The photo was taken by Kate Simon for an article in *Sounds* in late 1976. The setting was an alleyway opposite the front door of the band's Rehearsal Rehearsals building in Camden Town. The 1980 album cover for Sandinista also featured a brick-wall background. The aesthetics of bare brick walls contrasts with those of a decade

¹ Salewicz 2006, 116, 118, 129.

² Salewicz 2006, 181.



"The Ramones"
Sire/Philips, 1976

earlier. When Andy Warhol moved into the Factory in January 1964, he had Billy Name (a lighting technician) cover the bare brick walls with silver. The demise of the Factory in 1968 corresponds with the peeling of the silver application. Punk did not have glitter. It's also noteworthy to compare the punk walls with rock's most famous masonry, namely The Wall by Pink Floyd in 1979. The 2-LP album sleeves highlight a crisply drafted wall, pure whiteness inscribed by pure black lines. Above this orthographic drawing, we have the blotchy graffiti of the band's name and record title. True to its conceptual art-rock narrative, this wall exists in a fantastic, timeless, highly representational graphic realm. Although of similar iconography, it is foreign to the rough and real bricks of the Ramones and the Clash.



"The Clash"
CBS, 1977

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Athens Street Art

Kostis Kourelis



"Anti-police graffiti on the walls of Athens, during the riots of 2008"

Wikimedia Commons, GNU Free Documentation License, Photo Badseed

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2008/10/13/athens-street-art/) blog on October 13, 2008, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2008/10/13/athens-street-art/>)

Graffiti Artists Leave Their Mark on Athens on ABC Australia discussed the rise of graffiti on the archaeological sites of Athens.¹ Indeed, walking through the streets of Athens in 2007, I first noticed the explosion of Greek street art. The Plaka especially is saturated. I think that graffiti has not been seriously discussed in relation to Greek archaeology. How could Greek archaeologists categorically condemn graffiti but, at the same time, celebrate Lord Byron's scratchings on the Temple of Zeus (Poseidon?) at Sounion? As an archaeologist of post-Classical Greece, I find myself closer to the side of the vandals "defacing" the ancient temples than the purists. One of my favorite archaeological illustrations is a drawing showing a tapestry of graffiti at Ramnous² in Vasileios Petrakos is one of few Greek archaeologists to publish such defacement in a site monograph. My love of graffiti should not be dismissed at face value on account of my period interests (Byzantine over Classical). We tend to associate spolia, reuse and appropriation with the Late Roman and Byzantine periods. Classical Athenians, however, did a fair share of it, too. For details, you must ask my wife, Celina Gray, who labors over reuse in Athenian cemeteries. For my favorite article on Late Antique spolia, I send you to Joseph Alchermes, "Spolia in Roman Cities of the Late Empire: Legislative Rationales and Architectural Reuse," Dumbarton Oaks Papers 48 (1994), pp. 167-178.

In this essay, I wish to discuss neither the archaeology of graffiti nor the graffiti of archaeological sites. Rather, I want to highlight the burgeoning scene of Greek street art in a positive manner. Its cultural relevance should be taken seriously. It is Greece's greatest public art and one of the few instances of constructive civil disobedience. I will start with a simple question, which is more than rhetorical. Is modern graffiti inferior to classical art? Of course, classical art is more important, but can we be so sure? One way to test the relative relevance of disparate art forms is to gauge contemporary interests. Although my methodology is by no means scientific, I decided to test cultural value in my local Border's bookstore by conducting a simple statistical study. So, on my way back from work last Tuesday, I stopped at Border's at New London's Crystal Mall. The store contains a modest art selec-

1 <http://www.abc.net.au/news/stories/2008/10/07/2383653.htm>, (I thank Tim Gregory who sent this link to Bill Caraher who sent it to me)

2 Vasileios Petrakos, δῆμος της ΡαμνούςΡαμνούς, vol. 1, Τοπογραφικά (Athens, 1999), p. 270.



"Chromopolis, Greece 2002"

Photo NotAwkward, CC-BY

tion, covering 18 shelves, or the equivalent of 54 linear feet of shelf space. Scanning carefully all the shelves, I was surprised to find absolutely NO books on ancient art. By the way, my job at Connecticut College was teaching ancient and medieval art (incidentally as Joe Alcherme's sabbatical replacement); my informal survey obviously devastated my sense of academic value. I was disheartened to see that antiquity was found sparingly only in a few general books. I concluded that, similarly, my ancient survey will be the only exposure that my students will ever have to this material. At Border's, a little more than two linear feet were devoted to street art, that is 4% of the total shelf space. Thus, we can conclude that for a general American audience, street art is infinitely more important than ancient art. Modern Greek graffiti, moreover, is highly respected within those publications. An excerpt from Nicholas Ganz's Graffiti World: Street Art from Five Continents best summarizes the Greek scene: "Greece and its local activists were thrust into the limelight through the Chromopolis project.³ Concentrated in Athens and Thessaloniki, the movement is enjoying a boom, particularly in pieces. Over the past few years, pioneers such as Bizare or Woozy have continued to make their mark, and new artists are emerging, often working with stencils or characters." Have the archaeologists quoted in ABC missed the movement altogether? Most likely. Reading the official condemnation of graffiti might give us the impression that street art is strictly an underground subculture. This is another misrepresentation. Preparing for the 2004 Athens Olympics, the Ministry of Culture went hip-hop by sponsoring Chromopolis, a project organized by graffiti magazine Carpe Diem. In the summer of 2002, Greece invited 16 internationally acclaimed graffiti artists, including OsGemeos, Besok, Codeak, Bizare, Mark1, and Loomit. The artists created large scale compositions at 10 sites (image above). The works were proudly included in Greece's official Cultural Olympiad and elevated graffiti with venues such as the archaeology of Minoan and Mycenaean food at Birmingham, or a Post-Byzantine art exhibit in New York.

Although by no means would I promote vandalizing archaeological sites, the recent growth in archaeological graffiti seems to fit a larger pattern, the explosion and international prestige of Greek street art. In the American context, it would be difficult to ignore the prestige of street artists like Shepard Fairey, who designed one of the most desirable images for Barack Obama's presidential campaign; see my posting on Punk Archaeology: "Glue."⁴ The press on Fairey was more concerned about his mainstream status; see Melena Rizik, "Closer to Mainstream; Still a Bit Rebelious."⁵ The elusive Banksy seemed to have made a surprise installation in SoHo, and the press went wild.⁶ I fall in the group of people

3 New York, 2004, 128, 162-163; for the Chromopolis Project see: <http://www.graffiti.org/chromo>

4 <http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2008/04/punk-archaeology-glue.html>

5 <http://www.nytimes.com/2008/10/02/arts/design/02fair.html>

6 see David Izkoff "A Could-Be Banksy Appears on a SoHo Wall" (NYT, Oct. 1, 2008): <http://www.nytimes.com>

who worship those idolatrous artists. And judging from the 4% coverage at Border's, I'm not alone.

The fans of Greek street art are harder to find. But I'm clearly not the only archaeologist of Greece to see cultural vitality in modern Greece beyond the national love of the Parthenon. Guy Sanders, Jan Sanders, and Petros Sandamouris administer a wonderful Facebook Group, "Alternative Athens: Beyond Your Comfort Zone."⁷ It's defined as follows: "Εκτός των συνόρων: how can you find a real Athens beyond your hotel or institution or group? A member of one Athens based institution has likened their closed community to a huge sow to which its piglets return and suckle year after year. How do we find out about the life beyond our Comfort Zone? This group is intended to be a place where venues outside the bubble are shared and evaluated." Some of the Group members (Jess Hackman, Eva Akashi, Sara Lima, Isabela Sanders) have been photographing Athenian street art and adding it to the communal images. What we need now is a systematic survey, the archaeology of Athenian street art, the mapping of Greece's newest masterpieces. The Wooster Collective is such an organized venture documenting street art globally.⁸ I'm waiting for the Essential City Guide to Athens! I had started photographing street art in Philadelphia, but that was a few years ago. One of my objectives had been to record locations through time and show the temporal nature (both deterioration and addition) of this art form. The survey of Greek graffiti must take inspiration from the Geocaching craze, a hobby that unites GPS, Google Earth, and treasure hunting. Deb and Colin Stewart introduced me to this and I look forward to joining. A search under Athens, Greece, produced 91 caches in Athens alone. What are we waiting for?

People catalogue all kinds of things. My dear friend Jules, for instance, catalogues built-in ashtrays. Although she doesn't see it archaeologically, she is creating the only existing database of this extinct socio-type. In fact, if you have more instances, send them to me, and I'll send them to BUILT-IN-ASHTRAYS.⁹ Needless to say, this is the pet project of a reformed smoker and quite the social thinker.

Curious about street art bibliography? The least that I can do is share what I found at Border's in a measly New London mall. You can map that, too.¹⁰ In the spirit of free art, I bought nothing but browsed to my heart's content. In browsing order: Tristan Manco, Street Sketchbook: Inside the Journals of International Street and Graffiti Artists (San

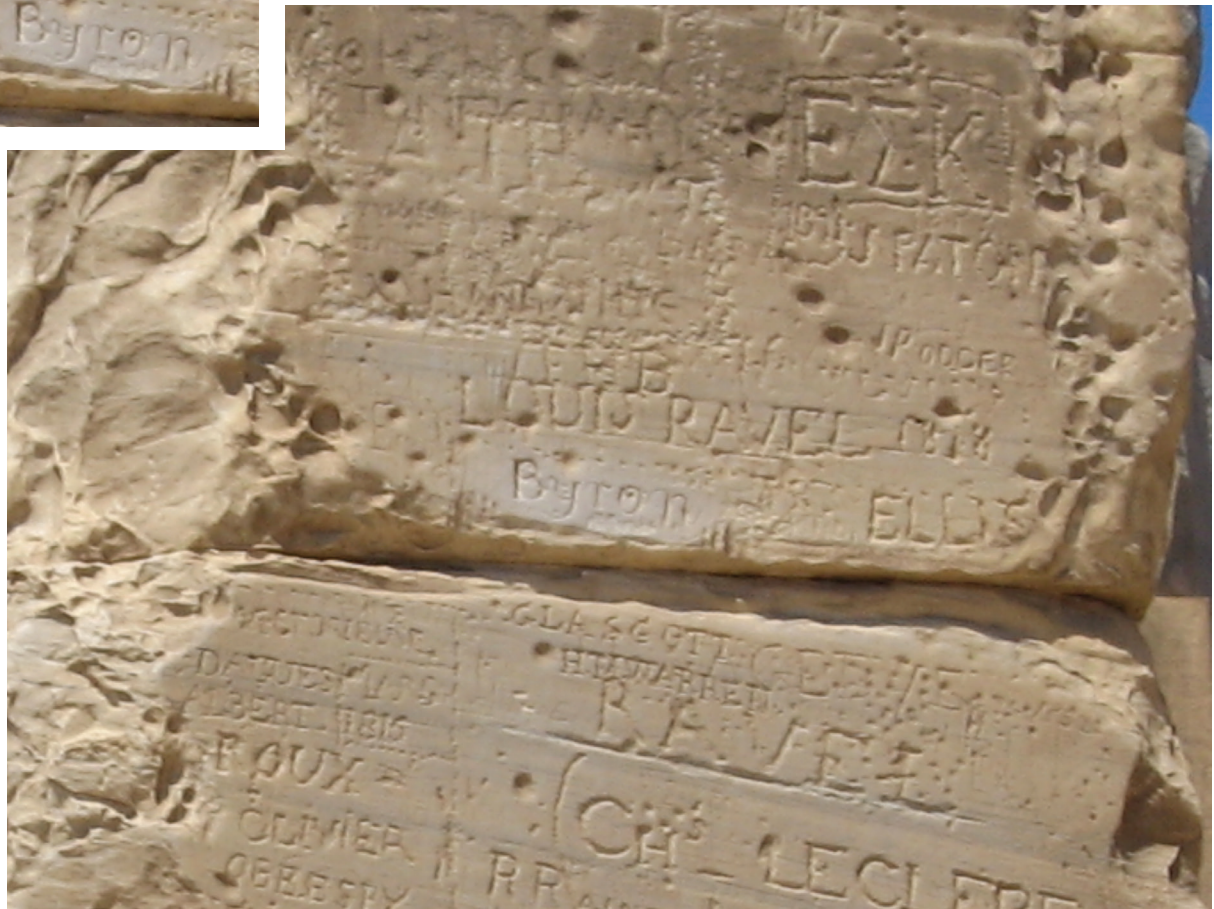
com/2008/10/02/arts/design/02bank.html

⁷ <http://www.facebook.com/groups.php?ref=sb#/group.php?gid=19727415036>

⁸ http://www.woostercollective.com/city_guides

⁹ <http://builtinashtrays.blogspot.com>

¹⁰ http://www.borders.com/online/store/StoreDetailView_1303



"Inscription by Lord Byron, Temple of Poseidon, Sounion, Greece"

Wikimedia Commons, CC-BY, Photo Adam Sofen

Francisco, 2007); Josh J. MacPhee, Stencil Pirates: A Global Study of the Street Stencil (Brooklyn, 2004); Roger Gastman, Caleb Neelon, and Anthony Smyrski, Street World: Urban Art and Culture from Five Continents (New York, 2007); Nicholas Ganz, Graffiti World: Street Art from Five Continents (New York, 2004); Eleanor Mathieson and Xavier A. Tapies (ed), Street Art and the War on Terror: How the World's Best Graffiti Artists Said No to the Iraq War (London, 2007); Stephen Powers, The Art of Getting Over: Graffiti at the Millennium (New York, 1999), Steve Grody, Graffiti L.A. : Street Styles and Art (New York, 2007); Ryo Sanada, Suridh Hassan, Rackgaki: Japanese Graffiti (London, 2007); Jon Naar, The Birth of Graffiti (Munich, 2007); Banksy, Wall and Piece (London, 2007).

December 6, 2008 marks a watershed moment for Athenian topography. Following the death of a teenager by the police, the city blew up into the greatest demonstrations the city had ever seen, and the first ones that did not seem to have a clear calling or agenda. Although not directly, the damages from the 2008 protests generated a new sensibility among the graffiti community, as popular gatherings gathered force. Previously not associated with great street art, 2008 saw the first curatorial effort in presenting its taggers and artists, in Jerry Goldstein's Athens Street Art. The economic crisis that has ensued since 2008 has further provided an artistic impetus to street images.¹¹ Indeed, the street art in Athens has taken monumental proportions. There are neighborhoods where the painted square-footage greatly outnumbers the non-painted surfaces. Amusingly, when the mayor of Athens met with mayor Bloomberg of New York, graffiti was at the top of their discussion list.¹² The preponderance and popularity of street art raises some questions about punk credibility. Much of the visual style is figurative and illusionistic, not dissimilar to contemporary tattoos. It thus seems to capture a different visual imaginary with roots in the communal and psychedelic 1960s rather than the snappy 1980s. At least the volume of Greek street art elicits some serious academic treatment of its numerous artists.

The notoriety of Greece as a new important player in contemporary street art occasionally conflicts with the country's official celebration of that new position. Most interesting is the meteoric rise of one street artist, Stelios Faitakis, who in 2011 was selected to create a mural for the Danish (not the Greek) Pavilion in the 54 International Venice Biennale. Focusing on Free Speech, the Danish Pavilion featured Faitakis' large mural that

¹¹ See a review of the blossoming art scene, Rachel Donadio, "Greece's Big Debt Drama Is a Muse for Its Artists," The New York Times (Oct. 14, 2011) (<http://www.nytimes.com/2011/10/15/arts/in-athens-art-blossoms-amid-debt-crisis.html?pagewanted=all&r=0>)

¹² See Anemona Hartocollis, "Seeking to Engage Citizens, Athens Turns to New York for Advice" The New York Times (May 16, 2013) (<http://cityroom.blogs.nytimes.com/2013/05/16/seeking-to-engage-citizens-athens-turns-to-new-york-for-advice/>)

stylistically combined street art with the Byzantine visual tradition.¹³ During the same year, the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art organized "Art in the Street," the first major exhibit on graffiti by an American Museum, which recognized the pioneering role of Greek-American artist Taki 183 in inventing graffiti in 1969 New York.¹⁴ Taki (diminutive of Demetrius) 183 has yet to be honored by Greece.

¹³ (<http://thebreedersystem.com/artists/stelios-faitakis-artist-page/>)

¹⁴ (http://www.nytimes.com/2011/07/23/arts/design/early-graffiti-artist-taki-183-still-lives.html?_r=0)

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

House of the Rising Sun

Kostis Kourelis



"The Animals, The House of the Rising Sun"
Columbia Graphophone/MGM, 1964

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/01/01/house-of-the-rising-sun/) blog on January 1, 2009 at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/01/01/house-of-the-rising-sun/>)

"The House of the Rising Sun" is one of the best known rock songs, a landmark across many genres: American blues and folk, the British Invasion, garage rock and even Punk. Its origins are complicated and contested: people still argue whether it was Woody Guthrie, Bob Dylan, or The Animals who ushered the song into the popular mainstream. It probably dates to 18th-century American folk tradition but entered ethnographic fact on September 15, 1937, when folklorist Alan Lomax taped a miner's 16-year-old daughter, Georgia Turner, performing the song in Middlesborough, Kentucky. Since then, many have rendered their own versions, from Roy Acuff (1937), Woody Guthrie (1941), Lead Belly (1948), Glenn Yarbrough (1957), to Bob Dylan (1961). The song, however, did not become a classic until 1964, when the The Animals from Newcastle, England made it into a number one hit.

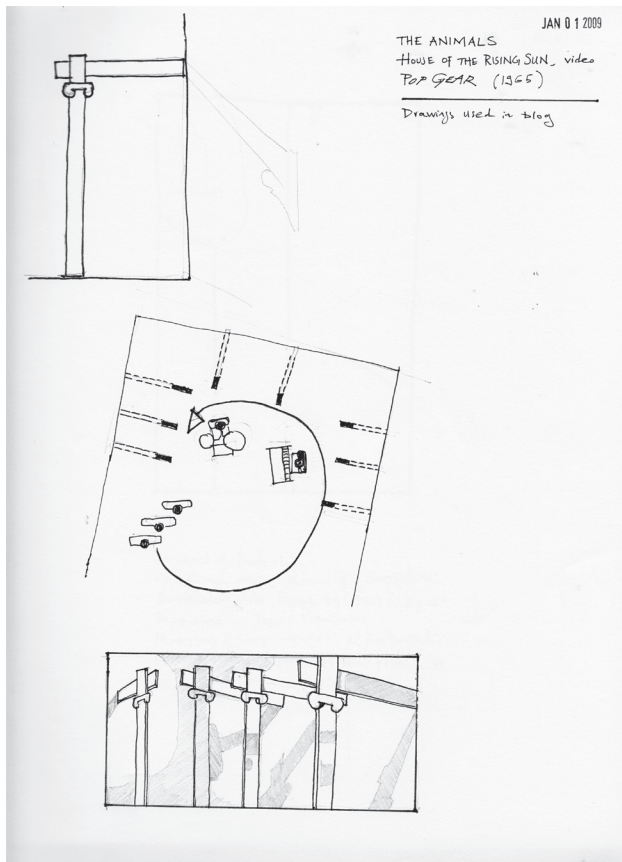
The song refers to a New Orleans house of prostitution with a contested archaeological history. Some claim that 826-830 Louis Street is the original location of the house, originating from the name Marianne LeSoliel Levant, the brothel's Madam from 1862 to 1874. There is no proof of this lineage. An 1838 newspaper mentions a Rising Sun coffee house on Decatur Street, and a Rising Sun hotel stood on Conti Street before it burned down in 1822. The latter site was the subject of a 2004 excavation by Shannon Lee Dawdy, now assistant professor of archaeology at the University of Chicago. Dawdy could not conclusively prove whether this was the famous House of the Rising Sun.¹

More interesting than the song's real archaeology is its idealized archaeological projection. The Animals performed their number one hit in the 1965 music film *Pop Gear*, surrounded by a fantasized archaeological cage, stripped down in groovy mid-modern minimalism.² The clip is absolutely stunning. The artistic level of its production is so superior that it makes one wonder what happened to the integration between popular music and the visual arts.

The set design is based on an Ionic colonnade built by purely white thin boards through which The Animals circumnavigate. A yellow wall (matching the band's shirts, beneath their 4-button suits) forms the background and receives both the white thin columns and their intense gray shadows. I've tried to capture the dynamism of this imagined House of the Rising Sun in a sketch at the beginning, but much of the energy of the video comes from the movement of the mobile musicians (Burdon, Valentine, Chandler) around the sta-

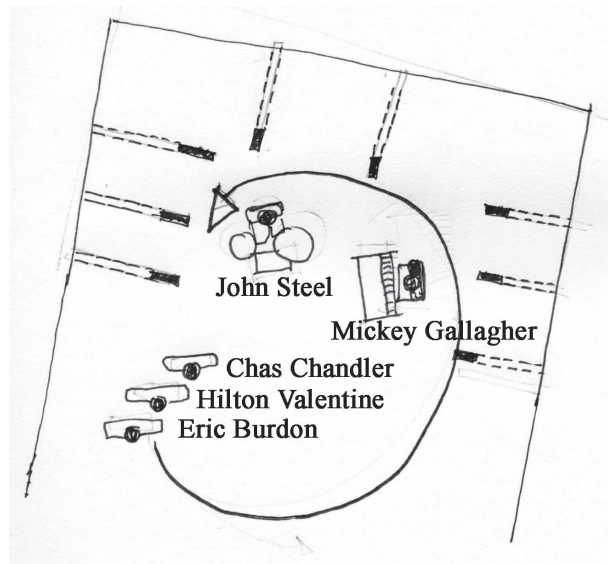
¹ For Dawdy's fascinating work after Katrina, see John Schwartz, "Shannon Lee Dawdy: Archaeologist in New Orleans Finds a Way to Help the Living," *New York Times* (Jan. 3, 2006).

² http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=prS1_Xibf5U



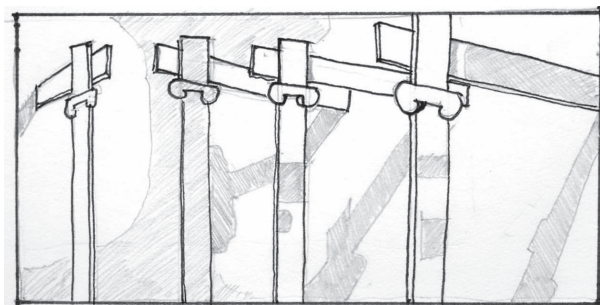
"The Animals, The House of the Rising Sun, Pop Gear, 1965"

Sketch Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY



"The Animals, The House of the Rising Sun, Pop Gear set, 1965"

Sketch Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY



"The Animals, The House of the Rising Sun, Pop Gear set dressing, 1965"

Sketch Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY

tionary musicians (Gallagher, Steel), the close-ups on Burdon, and the movement of the camera behind the colonnade providing a peculiar (both thin and thick) sense of depth. The set reconfigures the porch of southern domestic architecture, its classical vocabulary, as well as its papery thinness. The composition, however, is entirely modernist with Cubist composition, Constructivist combinations and an Expressionist sense of light.

The L-shaped elements may also remind us of the hang-man games we played as children and, thus, suggest connotations of lynching. Without a doubt, The Animals were aware of Billy Holiday's "Strange Fruit." A fascinating song in its own right, "Strange Fruit" was written by Abel Meeropol, a Jewish school teacher from the Bronx. Meeropol cited Lawrence Beitler's graphic 1933 photograph as inspiration for the lyrics, which he published in a school-teacher union magazine in 1936. Holiday performed the song at the first integrated night club in Greenwich Village in 1939. But this is only a slight, if not sublimated reading. Overall, The Animals' "House of the Rising Sun" is pure form. Like the British Invasion in general, the clean-cut gentlemen from Newcastle distilled the southern blues, and repackaged them with a sleek force that could bring down the walls. Cleaned up, the "House of the Rising Sun" stops being an item of ethnographic "authenticity" and becomes pure libidinal force. Much more than the legendary Beatles, Eric Burdon and The Animals offer the building blocks of a raw subversiveness that leads straight to The Clash. One can clearly see that the architectural style of Deconstructivism begins in 1965. Zaha Hadid, Bernard Tschumi, Daniel Libeskind and other paper-thin superstars suddenly seem derivative. Are The Animals so important? I hope to study more Pop Gear clips and see how other peer groups contributed to Punk Archaeology. This includes performances by Herman's Hermits, The Four Pennies, Matt Monroe, Billy J. Kramer and the Dakotas, and other slightly forgotten pioneers of what we now group under the category of garage rock.

I must thank my 10-year-old nephew Sean Gray for introducing me to Pop Gear inadvertently. Grandparents Terry and Brenda Gray got Sean a guitar for his birthday in July. During the last few months, Sean has become a studious guitar player, giving his first public recital in Albuquerque, of the "House of the Rising Sun." He emailed The Animals' video to his uncle and aunt, in case they had never heard of the song before. Since I also got a guitar last Christmas (thanks to Terry and Brenda), I have taken up the challenge of the "Rising Sun." Sean is much better than me, but Popi is enjoying the finger-picking across the classic Am, C, D, F and E7th chords.

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CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

Punk, Nostalgia, and the Archaeology of Musical Utopia

Bill Caraher

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/01/23/punk-nostalgia-and-the-archaeology-of-musical-utopia/) blog on January 23, 2009 at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/01/23/punk-nostalgia-and-the-archaeology-of-musical-utopia/>)

Last week, Kostis Kourelis initiated a collaborative project designed to explore the concept, experience, and potential of Punk Archaeology. As we had bandied about this very topic over the space of our two blogs, we decided to create a blog dedicated to the exploration of this topic. The format is completely experimental and part of a greater goal to find those points of contact between intellectual life and scholarly life.

My first contribution to this project is completely in the spirit of punk rock. It's raw, garage-band quality thought and seeks to question the relationship between nostalgia, archaeology, and the punk aesthetic:

One thing the Kostis' essay on the Animals' "House of the Rising Sun" reminded me of was the nostalgic tone to so much popular music. This is not exclusive to the 1960's British invasion bands, nor to punk rockers, of course, but it does intersect with a key characteristic of an archaeological preoccupation with the past. Archaeologists are in some ways nostalgic (in the same way that they are often secretly utopian in aspiration). We hope that excavating the past we can reveal the deeper significance or truth in some fragment of the contemporary world. The fragments of the past become recontextualized within our contemporary sensibilities reassembled and redeployed to capture a kind seemingly authentic past full of utopian innocence and beauty.

The rediscovery of the American Blues, whether by the 1960s British pop music scene or the later 1960s American folk rock scene seems to capture a similar craving for authenticity, a desire both to appropriate a past reality and recreate it in the present as a utopian critique of the plastic, mass-produced, insincere present. The mid-1960s blues revival craved this authenticity, and in this was both genuine and, to a certain extent, naive. (And in some way, this is what made the intersection between these two groups so potent. Here I'd refer a reader to Sonny Boy Williamson's date with the Animals or, more haunting still, Alan Wilson's (of Canned Heat) work with Son House in the mid-1960s.) It's possible at times to detect (over the ironic, post-everything din) the quest for a kind of primordial authenticity still echoes in the blues inspire guitar rock of the White Stripes (see their version of "Death Letter" from De Stijl) or the Black Keys.

Punk rock's engagement with the archaeological stratigraphy of music reveals a more post-modern disposition. While on the one hand, the Punk movement continued to champion a kind of a kind of musical authenticity. The low-fi, garage band postures and sound spoke

to a more basic and visceral kind of musical experience: "Always leave them wanting less." On the other hand, when punk musicians dug through the stratigraphy of past music and excavated classic pop songs from just a generation earlier, they regarded them with a new spirit of ironic detachment. These songs no longer deserved the kind of authentic (re)productions embraced by the blues revival but a new reading that revealed by the potent gaze of the punk rocker. The very name of the iconic early punk band, The Velvet Underground, invokes the seedy underbelly of the domesticated suburban life in the same spirit that the Germs' raucous versions of Chuck Berry's "Round and Round" or Johnny Thunder's version of 'The Commodores' (and perhaps as significantly the Dave Clark Five's) "Do you love me?"

I am not positive how this relates to archaeology, but in the spirit of garage band ramblings, I offer this: the most recent trends in archaeology have pulled back from romantic dalliances with the idealized symbols of pure "Classical" past (think: alabaster temples and philosopher-filled stoas) and dedicated themselves to uncovering and subverting such idealized symbols through the study of the more mundane objects and spaces. Over the last several decades serious research has recovered the significance of domestic structures, rural installations, and coarse and utilitarian pottery. By appropriating the mantle and methods of Classical archaeology and its associations with utopian visions of the past, a new Mediterranean archaeology recontextualizes the research of a generations of scholars romanced by the illusory notions of authenticity offered by monumental, urban, elite architecture, sculpture, and ceramics. The Punk Archaeologist shifts the attention from such elaborate acts of nostalgic commemoration toward a sustained and subversive effort to appropriate the notion of the Classical in the spirit of social and political critique. The goal is less to preserve the Classical world than to use it as weapon against itself.



"The Velvet Underground"
MGM, 1969

CHAPTER NINETEEN

Punk and Place

Bill Caraher



"The Cramps, Larry's Hideaway in Toronto, June 14, 1982"
Wikimedia Commons, CC-BY, Photo Canada Jack aka Jeremy Gilbert

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on February 10, 2009 at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/02/10/punk-and-place/>)

With Lux Interior's death on February 4, 2009,¹ It got me thinking about the close relationship between punk music and place I haven't thought systematically about it, but in fragments, as I tried to link it to the importance of place within archaeology.

Punk as much as any other music played with place. In their efforts to defy social conventions and question the accepted practices of the music industry and bourgeois society, punk rockers challenged expectations with their concerts. They engaged in theatrical, chaotic performances openly rejecting the polished and choreographed sets associated with pop music. By rejecting the systematic in their performances, they embraced the spontaneous and contingent.

This is not to say, however, that their shows were accidental or random. There was an aura of intentionality. The Cramps' show at a mental hospital was full of meaningful references ranging from the tradition of performing to shut-ins of various kinds to² Antonin Artaud's Theater of the Absurd and Marquis de Sade's famous efforts to direct plays while imprisoned at the hospital at Charenton.³ The former evoked B. B. King's great live album at the Cook County Jail and Johnny Cash's concerts at Folsom Prison and San Quentin (as well as a series of other well-known performances to inmates). While these performances have been seen as acts of compassion by Cash and King, they also make explicit the link between the dire nature of their music and the dire state of the inmates. In fact, the power of these shows derives, in part, from the authenticity of the performances. The inmates as audience have actually shared the tortured stories of the performers. It speaks of an intimacy that is absent from shows where the audience, the musician, and the music dwell separately from one another.

A concert at a mental hospital depends upon the understood link between the audience and the music established by folks like King and Cash, but turns it on its head. The Cramps, with their theatrical stage shows, absurdist lyrics, and chaotic, raucous sound, depend upon the place to define their music. They play the music of the insane:

1 I offered a short post on The Cramps' concert at the California State Mental Hospital (<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/02/06/50/>)

2 as Kostis Kourelis noted in his comment <http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/02/06/50/#comments>

3 one could also note M. Foucault's Madness and Civilization (New York 1965)

"And we drove 3,000 miles to play for you people . . . And somebody told me that you people are crazy, but I'm not so sure about that. You seem to be alright to me."

The playfulness with place has deep roots in the Punk movement. The moniker "garage rock" locates the entire genre of music in the informal and marginal space of the garage. The garage is also a symbol of suburbia and the dislocation of domestic space from the place of work and the urban center. When punk bands played CBGB's or Max's Kansas City (the name itself is another play on place) in New York, the garage band sound made explicit their critique of bourgeois values; when suburbia came to the city, they presented not the well-ordered, picket-fence houses, but a sonic dystopia.

As I wrote previously, punk rock played with time by evoking, manipulating, and mocking nostalgic themes in American music. The Cramps dedicated their album A Date with Elvis to the late '50s/early '60s rocker Ricky Nelson. They also drew heavily from the informal "low-fi" sound ironically insisting on a kind of musical authenticity to underpin their blatantly silly lyrics and ridiculous stage shows. Their songs show strong influences of both rockabilly and surf rock. The Cramps' sound formed the foundation for later bands like The White Stripes or The Black Keys or Jon Spencer's Blues Explosion who ironically and playfully employed the authenticity of low-fi sound to highly textured, remixed, and produced albums.

Time and space remain central archaeological concerns. Punk rock's willingness to play with nostalgia and authenticity and use place as a form of social and musical critique provides foundations for a far more radical appreciation of archaeological contexts than traditional chronological or functional analyses allow.

CHAPTER TWENTY

Metal Machine Music

Kostis Kourelis



RCA, 1975

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on April 27, 2009, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/04/27/metal-machine-music/>)

In 1975, Lou Reed released one of the most radical albums in rock history. Metal Machine Music consists of looping guitar feedback, orchestrated dissonance, 65 minutes of noise.¹ Released a year after the pop-oriented Sally Can't Dance, the album has puzzled historians. Was it a joke? Was it a redemptive avant-garde gesture? Did it fulfill an earlier record contract? However skeptical some critics may have been, this monumental double album had a huge influence. Not only did it invent New York's Post-Punk "No Wave" movement but also a new rock genre known today as industrial music. It also aligned Punk with contemporary classical music, the rarefied mechanical universe of Ioannis Xenakis, Karlheinz Stockhausen, and John Cage. In an interview with Lester Bangs, Reed points out that he originally sought to release the album in RCA's classical division.

In 2007, the German ensemble Zeitkratzer performed the piece with Lou Reed and released it on CD. In April 2009, Reed performed Metal Machine Music once again at the Blender Theater in New York, with Sarth Calhoun and Ulrich Krieger (who first transcribed the work for Zeitkratzer).

It's amazing to think that 34 years have passed since the album's original release. Excluding Sonic Youth's success, the dissonant New York scene of No Wave is completely unknown to the general public. The situation might be changing, however, through a bibliographic explosion. In 2008, Thurston Moore (of Sonic Youth) and Byron Coley have published a documentary visual history, No Wave: Post-Punk Underground. New York. 1976-1980.² Two other books were released in 2007: Mark Masters, No Wave;³ Paula Court and Stuart Baker, New York Noise.⁴ A biography of Sonic Youth has also been published: David Browne, Goodbye 20th Century: A Biography of Sonic Youth (New York, 2008). In so many words, the New York punk scene has found some solid scholarly footing in the last couple of years.

There have also been some serious attempts to document the visual tradition of punk rock. While attending the Archaeological Institute of America's annual meetings in Chicago in January 2008, I got a chance to see, "Sympathy for the Devil: Art and Rock and Roll since 1967," an exhibition at the Museum of Contemporary Art that tried to present rock's

1 <http://m.youtube.com/watch?v=9I50tIKjzJo&>

2 New York 2008.

3 London 2007.

4 London 2007.

visual tradition after 1967. I must admit that the exhibit was disappointing (for a variety of reasons that I won't get into here), but at least it made me contemplate the difficulties of trying to display the connection between art and music. At least, it inspired me to design a class on Punk Aesthetics (which I doubt anyone would ever let me teach). For those who missed the show, the catalog is just as good: see Dominic Molon and Diedrich Diederichsen (Chicago, 2007).

Although not explicitly connected to Punk, a relevant show opened in New York, believe it or not, at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. 'The Pictures Generation' 1974-1984 reflects on artists like Cindy Sherman that flourished at the heyday of punk. Some of the artists were also part of the music scene. Robert Longo is a good example. He designed The Replacements' album cover Tim (1985) and shot music videos for New Order and R.E.M. Robert Longo's Men in Cities painting series (1979) stands out as the greatest visual statement of Post-Punk aesthetics with which I grew up. The Met show includes another work by Longo, a three-dimensional leaping man, "American Soldier" (1977). Holland Cotter uses Longo's leaping metaphor in his review, "At the Met Baby Boomers Leap on Stage" (New York Times, Apr. 23, 2009). It's unusual that this show takes place at the Met, "a fusty backwater for contemporary art and an object of scorn in the art world" (Cotter). But the change is very much welcome. The Museum of Modern Art, the Whitney, and the Guggenheim have become so annoying with their "contemporaneity" and steep admissions. The Met for me has become a default in the good old world of public service.

"The Pictures Generation" show at the Met ran parallel to a new "Generational" series at the New Museum. "The Generational: Younger than Jesus" surveys a new crop of artists born after 1976 (hence younger than Jesus when he was crucified). For Harold Cotter's review of this show, see "Young Artists Caught in the Act" (New York Times, Apr. 9, 2009). The Generational series at the New Museum are trying to out-do the Whitney Biennial.

But the ultimate capitalization of Punk aesthetics arrived in 2013 with the fashion exhibit "PUNK: From Chaos to Couture."⁵ Curated by Andrew Bolton, the show hoped to continue capitalizing on the popularity of fashion shows, such as "Alexander McQueen: Savage Beauty" at the Met in 2011.⁶ By most accounts, the Met's show was a monumental failure. Without a doubt, Malcolm McLaren's and Vivienne Westwood's Sex Boutique in London placed clothing at the forefront of the Punk movement, but the show at the Met was so badly conceptualized despite some interesting consultants (like Richard Hell). For a more thorough review of the show, see Richard Hell and Legs McNeil's May 10, 2013 interview on Q⁷ or Sasha Frere-Jones, "The Day that Punk Died Again," The New Yorker (May 7, 2013)⁸

5 <http://www.metmuseum.org/exhibitions/listings/2013/PUNK>

6 <http://blog.metmuseum.org/alexandermcqueen>

7 <http://www.cbc.ca/q/2013/05/10/media-panel-gilbert-hernandez-elivra-kurt/>

8 <http://www.newyorker.com/online/blogs/sashafreerejones/2013/05/met-punk-chaos-to-couture.html>

with a most memorable concluding statement: "The biggest sin of this current show is not that it isn't true to Punk. It's that it doesn't honor history, ideas, or clothing. It's dull, and even a suburban house party can negate that kind of bad religion."

The object of this blog posting was to offer a general overview of recent phenomena in the historization of Punk. The bibliography is growing. Biographies, photographic archives, new performances, and museum exhibits entrench Punk deeper into the halls of academic legitimacy. Still, however, there is little on Punk Archaeology. If the reader had the slightest doubt that Punk has accumulated an institutional patina, consider the following. On November 24, 2008, Christie's held its first Punk Rock Fine Art auction. You can see all the 236 lots (and respective prices) on Christie's website.⁹

⁹ <http://www.christies.com/features/auctions/1108/2063/>

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Bowie's Philadelphia Sound

Kostis Kourelis



"Young Americans"
RCA, 1975

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/06/25/bowies-philadelphia-sound/) blog on June 25, 2009, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/06/25/bowies-philadelphia-sound/>)

Much of 1980's New Wave (ABC, Duran Duran, Thompson Twins, Spandau Ballet, Culture Club, etc.) has an orchestral, soulful sound. These "New Romantics" reclaimed the grandeur of Swing from the syncopation of Disco. The city of Philadelphia played a minor role in New Wave with figures like Hall and Oates (who met at Temple) and the Hooters (who met at Penn). A local music scene thrived in the late '80s and '90s, although many bands, like the Johnsons, Scram, and the Dead Milkmen, received limited national attention.

Philadelphia is responsible for the origins of New Wave's grand sound by means of an earlier and lesser known avenue, David Bowie's 1975 album Young Americans. On August 11, 1974, Bowie spent a week in Philadelphia, recording Young Americans at the Sigma Sound Studios on 212 N. 12th Street. It is here that Kenneth Gamble and Leon Huff created what is known as Philadelphia soul or the Philadelphia sound (Bowie called it "plastic soul"). Gamble and Huff had started the Philadelphia International Records label only three years before Bowie's visit. Young Americans was an important point of departure from Bowie's earlier rock persona in Ziggy Stardust (1972), or Diamond Dogs (1974). In Philadelphia, therefore, David Bowie pursued one of his many incarnations as a spiritually black artist. And it is here that he met Puerto Rican guitarist Carlos Alomar, who became an integral member of Bowie's band. Young Americans also features backing vocals by Luther Vandross and includes the song "Fame," co-written with John Lennon, which became Bowie's first American hit.

I doubt that 1980's New Wave (or New Pop) was directly inspired by Philadelphia International Records. Its point of departure is David Bowie's 1975 album, which had already reconfigured the elements of the Philadelphia sound. A year after the release of Young Americans, David Bowie turned a new chapter in his musical career by moving to Berlin with Iggy Pop. The short relationship with Philadelphia was hence quickly overshadowed by a three-year residence in Berlin. The Berlin trilogy (Low, Heroes, Lodger) incorporated Brian Eno's electronic experimentation into the Philadelphia foundations.

Kenneth Gamble and Leon Huff were inducted into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame in 2008, and an excellent 4-CD box set was released on the occasion, Love Train: the Sound of Philadelphia (Sony Legacy). Terry Gross interviewed Gamble and Huff in "Riding Philly's 'Love Train' with Gamble and Huff."¹ On May 19, 2009, Gamble and Huff received BMI's Icon Award.

¹ NPR, Nov. 26, 2008, replayed May 22, 2009: <http://www.npr.org/templates/story/story.php?storyId=104387686>

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A recent book explores Bowie's creative three years in Berlin: see Thomas Jerome Seabrook, Bowie in Berlin: A New Career in a New Town.² For the Philadelphia episode, see also Christopher Sandford, Bowie: Loving the Alien.³ The story of the Philadelphia sound is chronicled in, John A. Jackson, A House on Fire: The Rise and Fall of Philadelphia Soul.⁴

² London 2008.

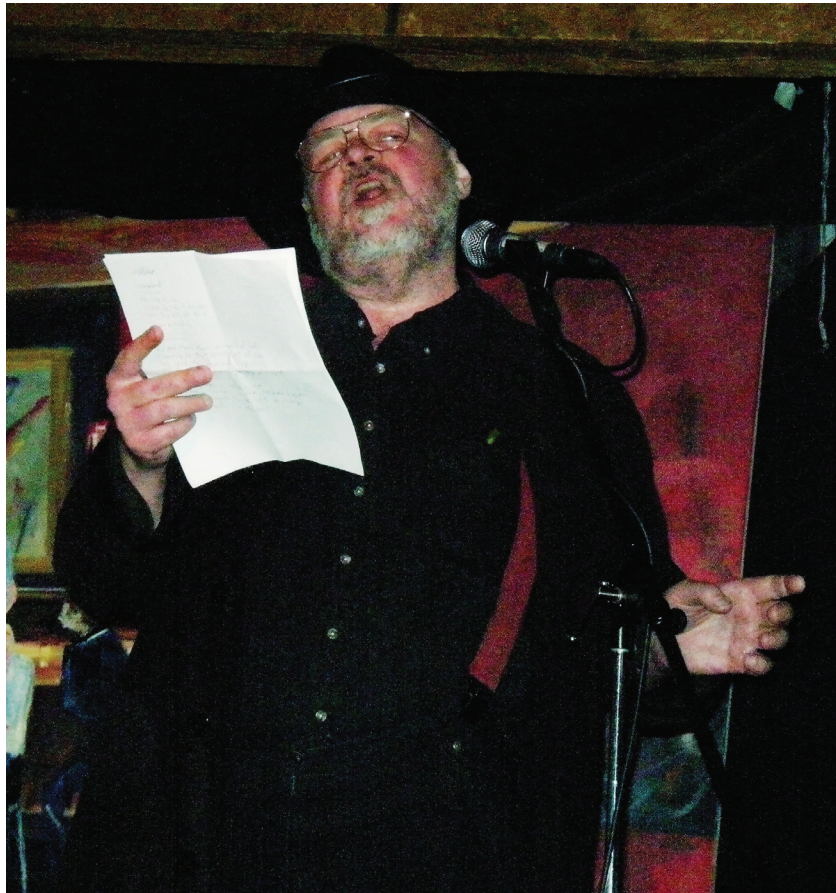
³ New York 1996, 128.

⁴ New York 2004.

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

The Magnetic Age

Kostis Kourelis



"David Thomas"

Wikimedia Commons, GNU Free Documentation License,

Photo Joe Mabel

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on July 23, 2009, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/07/23/the-magnetic-age/>)

David Thomas, the singer of the legendary Cleveland punk band Pere Ubu, has written one of the finest essays on rock music (David Thomas, "Destiny in my Right Hand: 'The Wreck of Old 97' and 'Dead Man's Curve,'" in The Rose and The Briar: Death, Love and Liberty in the American Ballad, ed. Sean Wilentz and Greil Marcus, pp. 161-174, New York, 2005.¹ Thomas takes two ballads, "The Wreck of Old 97" and "Dead Man's Curve," and constructs a narrative explaining the fundamentals of American music. It all has to do with the Magnetic Age that started in 1877 when Thomas Edison invented the microphone and culminated with Elvis Presley ("the Homer of the Inarticulate Age"). "The Wreck of Old 97" is a ballad inspired by the 1903 train wreck in Virginia. The earliest version of the song was recorded in 1924 and it has since been sang by everyone, including Woody Guthrie, Johnny Cash, and Hank Williams. "Dead Man's Curve" is a ballad written in 1964 by the rock duo Jan and Dean, who preceded the Beach Boys in creating surf music. The ballad describes another wreck, half a century later, taking place with a car. The technical heroism of the two songs corresponds to the technical craft (magnetic electronics) of recorded music, "a dialogue inside the blurred zone between soundscape and landscape." Thomas asserts that the Magnetic Age is another way of saying the American Age and it unites seemingly unrelated individuals like Edison and Elvis or Eisenhower and Kerouac.

Thomas is not simply retelling a generic version of America's love for speed, cars, and trains but constructs a paradigm through which to interpret rock music. In the spirit of art critic Clement Greenberg, Thomas brings attention to the materiality of the medium. Dan Graham placed Punk's origins in the religious experiments of Protestant America. Thomas places punk's origins of the magnetic medium the microphone, the vinyl record, the hi-fi system, the speakers, and the space inside our ears. I've been thinking a lot about the texture of dissonance and distortion that characterizes the project of Punk Archaeology. I have been listening to a lot of Sonic Youth lately especially their brilliant album, Eternal and I've been reading David Brownes' Goodbye 20th Century: A Biography of Sonic Youth (2008). I also received a library copy of another interesting new book, David Sheppard's On Some Faraway Beach: The Life and Times of Brian Eno (2009). Eno is truly the glue between the Magnetic Age and Punk. In 1977, Eno collaborated with David Bowie in the album

1 <http://books.google.com/books?id=9z0vJTHfoCAC&pg=PT108&lpg=PT108&dq=wreck+of+old+97+ david+ thomas&source=bl&ots=EñzFosLofB&sig=qUyRlzMb5MEyBAZ765PBGJZnNzk&hl=en&sa=X&ei=AwwkUYGyE9LK4AOps4DoDQ&ved=OCCoQ6AEwAA>

Heroes, the final record of the Berlin trilogy. It includes the song "Sons of the Silent Age." I wonder if the Magnetic Age and the Silent Age are not but synonyms of the same mechanical predicament.

David Thomas' essay is called "Destiny in My Right Hand," and it appeared in The Rose & the Briar: Death, Love and Liberty in the American Ballad, ed. Sean Wilentz and Greil Marcus (2005), pp. 161-174. The book contains 23 essays interpreting some of the most fundamental American ballads. The authors range from R. Crumb to Luc Sante and Sarah Vowell. While reading this book, it's mandatory to listen to a parallel CD with the songs under discussion.

Sonic Youth and Pere Ubu are the inheritors of the Magnetic Age. David Thomas does not talk about Punk in his essay, although he credits "Dead Man's Curve" with a dose of "punk snottiness." On the dissonant end of the Magnetic Age, see my earlier essay on Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music (120). I listened to Thurston Moore's solo project Trees Outside the Academy (2007). The CD inner sleeve contains many pictures from Moore's youth. Among them, you see a teenage Moore strapped with headphones listening to Metal Machine Music. Now, in the 21st century, we should have witnessed the full demise of the Magnetic Age by the Digital Age. Nevertheless, old rockers like Sonic Youth, and even younger ones like Jack White (note his band, Dead Weathers) remain purists in the Greenbergian sense. Craftsmanship of the Magnetic Age (i.e., the 8-track recorder) seems to have endured in the Digital Age, which might after all be a mere Post-Magnetic Age that claims an ironic self-referential stance to its predecessor.

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

Punk Archaeology: Trench Sounds

Bill Caraher



"Excavators at PKAP"

Photo Bill Caraher, CC-BY

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on August 4, 2009 at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/08/04/punk-archaeology-trench-sounds/>)

"**T**rench Sounds" is a 10-minute extract of over three hours of taping in Dallas DeForest's trench at Pyla-Koutsopetria. The goal was to capture the sounds of a trench in all of their mundane glory.

The inspiration was Punk Archaeology. Kostis has posted on Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music (120) and its seminal influence on the New York "No Wave" movement. This album, which is almost impossible to listen to, is composed almost entirely of various ephemeral sounds of the musical production process particularly looped tracks of guitar feedback much of which was created intentionally by placing guitars facing their amplifiers. This dissonant noise was then remixed and edited to produce tracks including an unusual locked groove track at the end of side "D" (of a two-record set) which would play the final 1.8 seconds continuously, the effect lost on 21st century listeners who are more likely to spend the \$4 to download the album in MP3 than the \$20+ to purchase the album on vinyl.

Our final "Voices of Archaeology" track is hardly as intentionally dissonant as Metal Machine Music (nor will it likely be as iconic). It does, however, capture and attempt to present some of the ephemeral sounds of archaeology the gentle thumping of the pick, the scraping of the dust pan, the cascades of dirt into buckets, the interrupted and fractured conversations. It attempts to capture sonically what we as archaeologist are attempting to capture physically: the various bits of pieces of the past. At one point on the track, Paul Ferderer asks whether a tiny fragment of ceramic material is a piece of tile or a piece of pottery. The tiny fragment was at once almost completely inconsequential (and the question of whether the fragment was pottery or tile was even less consequential as all ceramic material was analyzed by our ceramicist) and at the same time the bit of ceramic is representative of the archaeological process. The artifact must be contextualized in some way to generate meaning. It goes without saying (almost) that fragments of the past have no inherent meaning. They are displaced objects that the archaeologist envelop in contexts ranging from the place of origin, the original "primary" use, and, of course, the chronology of the other objects at the site. The tension between the decontextualized object at the moment of discovery (the most tenuous and fleeting contextualizing moment) and various "big picture" narrative and analyses that ultimately come to make a specific site meaningful finds its place in the immediacy of punk rock as experience.

I recently listened again to the MC5's first album Kick Out the Jams, a live album,

and admired their effort to capture the live sound and mark the band as a live phenomenon while evoking punk rock's debts to the blues (a genre of music almost always recorded live) and the ephemeral connections manifest in garage bands across the country. The contextualizing narrative of modern American music has, of course, placed the MC5 in a proper analytical and interpretive category (often placing them alongside Iggy Pop's Stooges whose first album came out the same year and captured a very different kind of sound through the exacting production of John Cale) and stripped the first album of much of its shock value (although it still can capture some of the excitement typical of live performances).

Our short track of trench sounds hopes to capture the same thing at once it is inconsequential (and frankly hard to listen to!) alone just like Paul's fragment of pottery but at the same time, it captures a moment that begs a larger, more dynamic context. The moment of discovery is the point of departure for archaeological analysis. "Trench Sounds" pushes the incidental noise of archaeological research into the center like the feedback pushed to the center of Lou Reed's Metal Machine Music. By recontextualizing the sonic elements of archaeological fieldwork I hope to have shed light on the analytical process itself which brings otherwise discarded and inconsequential artifacts to the center while pushing the archaeological experience to the edges.

http://www.und.nodak.edu/instruct/wcaraher/PodCasts/Voices_of_Archaeology/Trench_Sounds.mp3

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

It's Only a Matter of Time

Kostis Kourelis



"Fred Cooper"

Photo courtesy Trustees of the American
School of Classical Studies at Athens

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/08/05/its-only-a-matter-of-time/) blog on August 5, 2009, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/08/05/its-only-a-matter-of-time/>)

The Pyla-Koutsopetria Archaeological Project has released "Trench Sounds," the first archaeological example of podcast vrit ever released (to my knowledge) on webspace.¹ The experiment sprang from Bill Caraher's interests in Punk Archaeology, in new technologies, and in documentary theory. "Trench Sounds" is profound in its simplicity, like an Andy Warhol movie [The Kiss](#) (1963). "Trench Sounds" is a 10-minute recording of the sounds produced in an excavation trench this last season at PKAP, Cyprus. We hear the irregular percussion of the scraping trowel, archaeological interpretation, but also the serendipitous smalltalk that makes up the social space of a trench. It might not mean much to many listeners, and I suspect some may wonder "so what" or even be slightly annoyed. What I like about "Trench Sounds" is that it addresses time. It rescues a mere 10 minutes of archaeological life. It enlightens the non-archaeologist but also raises questions for the archaeologist. Isn't excavation all about the exploration of time, in reverse sequence, in stratified layers and unstratified jumbles?

I know many archaeologists who have been influenced by minimalism. My two mentors, unbeknownst to the reader of their scholarship, have been affected by minimalism, directly or indirectly. Cecil L. Striker's meticulous method, his love for the abstract beauty of dendrochronology, and the incisive excavations by hand drill, not to mention his architectural taste is one example. Frederick A. Cooper, a lover of Proust and Le Corbusier, once told me that John Cage inspired his archaeological directions (especially into computers). Both Striker and Cooper are masters of precision; both are craftsmen of a post-war America, a time when the U.S. led both the realms of technology and the arts. Like their contemporary artists, they turned method into ammunition against the superficialities of American culture, its consumerism and arbitrary values.

But I return to "Trench Sounds." Listening to the podcast made me wonder: why hasn't anyone written an archaeological opera, or an archaeological performance piece? Alternatively, why hasn't anyone written an archaeological report where time as quantity becomes the manipulated medium. Consider the opera [Timberbrit](#) (2010), where composer Jacob Cooper slows down songs by Britney Spears and Justin Timberlake. The technique is called "time-stretching." Consider the production of [Hamlet](#) by the Wooster Group, where the 1964 TV version with Richard Burton is re-timed into Shakespearean meter, projected onto a screen

1 http://www.und.nodak.edu/instruct/wcaraher/PodCasts/Voices_of_Archaeology/Trench_Sounds.mp3

and replicated by live actors.² Consider Bruce Nauman in the Venice Biennale.³ Consider Bill Viola's deconstruction of Renaissance space with his time-delayed videos, or Gary Hill's fragmented utterings. And finally, consider Jeff Wall's 2003 project Fieldwork, which takes up the mysteries of excavation directly.⁴ These are only contemporary examples of the minimalist (or post-minimalist) tradition. Such works have not really flavored the archaeological mindset as far as I can see.

I guess what I'm trying to say is that I would like to read an archaeological field report (not an opera, a play, or a movie) that intentionally speeds up or slows down stratigraphic time. I'm imagining a fictitious collapse of archaeology's double time: 1) the time taken for contexts to stratify, and 2) the time taken by excavators to peel them off. This would be a biographical, documentary, and semi-fictitious genre. And I'm not talking about the overly self-referential methods of post-processualist archaeology, but a work of post-modern literature. Or maybe I don't really know what I'm talking about. "Trench Sounds" is a work of imagination, a dream, a reality show, a fragmented experience that brings PKAP's field season into the neighborhood of conceptual art.

2 See Scott Shepperd's/Hamlet's interview on Studio 360 <http://www.studio360.org/episodes/2007/11/23>

3 http://www.newyorker.com/reporting/2009/06/01/090601fa_fact_tomkins

4 <http://www.tate.org.uk/modern/exhibitions/jeffwall/infocus/section6/img5.shtm>

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

Woodstock, Landscape, and Archaeology

Bill Caraher



"Max Yasgur's Farm"

Wikimedia Commons, CC-BY, Photo Heinrich und Friedl Winter

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/08/11/woodstock-landscape-and-archaeology/) blog on August 11, 2009, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/08/11/woodstock-landscape-and-archaeology/>)

Kostis once mentioned that he thought that archaeology was "a post-hippie" discipline. A certain tendency to emphasize rural places, the integrated, almost spiritual, character of landscapes, community engagement, and political activism would seem to evoke many of the central ideals of the hippie movement, albeit within a far more structured environment (it's an open issue whether Punk shared the celebrated spontaneity of the hippie movement or parodied it).

This weekend, the New York Times offered a shortish article: "Woodstock: A Moment of Muddy Grace." Aside from well-worn ironic observation that the memory of Woodstock became a commodity almost as soon as the festival was over, there was a short paragraph that included one interesting line:

With the 40th anniversary of Woodstock looming so soon? The commemorative machinery is clanking into place, and the nostalgia is strong. There's a Woodstock Festival museum now at the Bethel Woods Center for the Arts and a recently built concert hall at what was the concert site, Max Yasgur's farm (though the original Woodstock hillside has been left undeveloped).

The notion that the original hillside would be preserved is an interesting example of how the absence of development could nevertheless represent the commodification of a particular landscape. Paralleling the desire to preserve battlefields, archaeological landscapes, and other places of cultural significance, the archaeology of absence evokes both the notion of a sacred precinct as well as haunting ideas of ritual abandonment. In the hyper-commodified world of Woodstock nostalgia, the protected hillside stands out both as an ironic and highly structured place of commemoration.

Perhaps this is another characteristic that separates Punk Archaeology from its post-hippie variants. The hippie movement, for all its energy, has long been overrun by a kind of crude commercialism so even an archaeologically motivated decision like preserving the famous Woodstock hillside cannot stand outside the discourse of capitalism and gain.

Has Punk remained more authentic?

Certainly the battle to save Punk landmarks like CBGB's has been less successful. The urban foundation of Punk perhaps created landmarks in an environment which had a

more ephemeral character. Change was anticipated and expected in urban landscapes. The countryside was idealized as unchanging and efforts to commemorate the countryside typically involve limiting the impact of human activities or even marking it off entirely. Archaeology, however, relies upon the traces of change through time to document human culture. The urbanism of Punk contributes to its resistance to commodification (and makes its appeals to nostalgia more ironic still) and preserves it for a different method of documentation for later Punk Archaeology.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Performing the Margins: Punk and Place

Bill Caraher



"Uptown Bar, Minneapolis, MN"
Photo katydale.wordpress.com

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/09/07/performing-the-margins-punk-and-place/) blog on September 7, 2009, at this location: <http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/09/07/performing-the-margins-punk-and-place/>)

Even as Kostis was conjuring his posts on Pink Floyd at Pompeii and the Scorpions at Mytilene,¹ another iconic locus of punk rock magic was reaching the end of its life. The Uptown Bar & Cafe in Minneapolis ultimately closed in 2009.² Its octogenarian owner, Frank Toonen, was looking to sell the bar to secure the financial future for his family (a noble cause, if there ever was one). The bar hosted virtually every major punk(ish) rock band to come out of Minneapolis (Soul Asylum, The Replacements, Hüsker Dü) and ranked as a local CBGB's or Max's Kansas City. Ironically, the bar was torn down for a three-story retail space as the Uptown neighborhood continued a process of re-gentrification.

To be honest, I'd never been to the Uptown Bar & Cafe (nor Uptown, for that matter), but the story of the Uptown Bar & Cafe caught my eye in the context of our ongoing conversation about Punk and place. Many of the most storied Punk establishments established themselves in seemingly marginal urban spaces made available by white flight and the post-war growth of suburbs. They now confront the reopening of the urban center to economic development which in many ways challenged both economic opportunities made available by the marginal status of various neighborhoods and urban locales as well as the gritty and explicitly anti-suburban ascetic that Punk cultivated. The creative risks exploited by punk rockers as they returned to the urban center from the security of suburban "garage" demanded an authenticity of the Punk experience that cannot be maintained when surrounded by boutique shopping spots and chain clothing retailers that seemingly revel in the make-believe character of the consumer experience.

The authenticity of the urban experience is not just a hallmark of Punk music. Today, it is seen most visibly in hip-hop music where credibility is tied a performer's ability to maintain their ties to economically and socially marginalized segments of urban areas. (As hip-hop has globalized, it has shown that the performance of authenticity has transferred from marginalized areas within the American city to marginalized areas of the globe. Take, for example, the Somali-Canadian rapper K'naan who mocks the urban posturing of North American rappers by contrasting their claims and experiences to his upbringing in Somalia.)

Common's song "The Corner" is another great meditation on the space of performance in contemporary hip-hop. The song juxtaposes Common's lyrics about his experiences on "the corner" with nostalgia-tinged lyrics of the radical spoken-word poetry collective "The Last Poets" who note:

1 See for a nice neighborhood history: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Uptown,_Minneapolis

2 See: S. I Johnston, "Crossroads," *ZPE* 88 (1991), 17-24.

. . . The corner was our Rock of Gibraltar, our Stonehenge
Our Taj Mahal, our monument . . .

Of course, in hip-hop the corner invokes more than just an urban space associated with drug dealing, informal social gatherings, and, perhaps more properly, the performance of dozens between rappers that formed the basis for the combative aspects of modern hip-hop music. The corner invokes the crossroads that was an iconic symbol in American Blues music. Most famously, the crossroads was where Robert Johnson sold his soul to the devil in exchange for musical talent.

Crossroads represent both central places where diverse paths cross, but also liminal sites where clearly-defined spheres of control and authority break down or lapse entirely. It is not surprising, for example, that Oedipus met the Sphinx at a crossroads.

To return then to Punk and place, the loss of the Uptown Cafe & Bar (and other Punk landmarks) stands out as the return of marginal spaces to the control of the center. In many cities in the U.S., this has manifested itself as reclaiming the marginalized zone of an urban core neglected in the post-war migration to the suburbs for the commercial, capitalist, gentrified space of the new suburban centers (i.e., "let's make the cities look like we imagined them when we built those surrogate cities": suburban shopping malls).

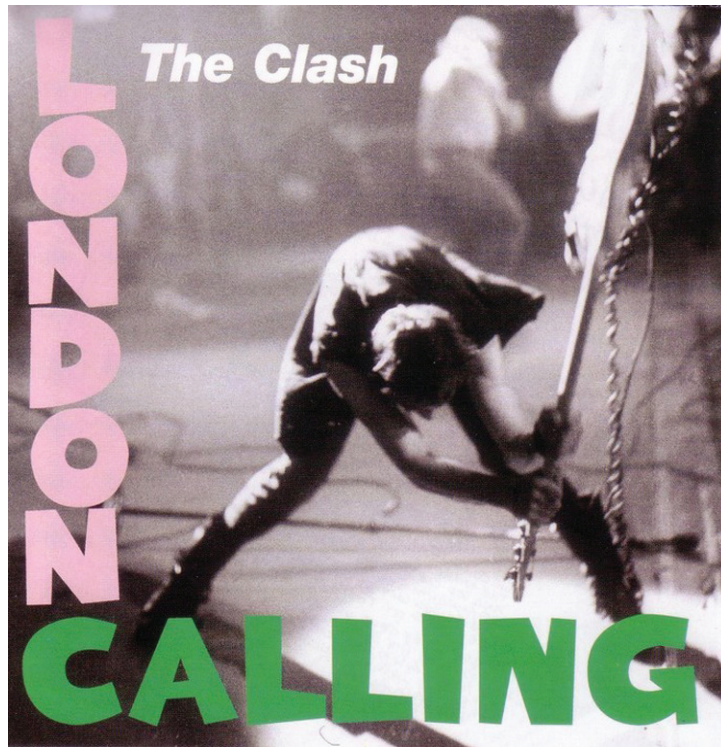
To bring my archaeological interests more fully into the conversation, I'll just point out that for the last seven years I've been working with the team of the Pyla-Koutsopetria Archaeological Project to study a community situated at a crossroads along the coast of southeastern Cyprus. Peripheral to the main centers of power on the island, there is reason to think that the ancient community situated in what is now the coast zone of the village of Pyla (another liminal space!) served as a local crossroads community. David Pettegrew's work at a similar site in the Eastern Corinthia commonly referred to as "Cromna" is another example of a crossroads community. These liminal spaces situated neither clearly within an urban core or in the romanticized space of the rural periphery defy categorization. The complexity and density of the artifact assemblages found in these areas press to the limit methods devised to document more dispersed kinds of activity in the countryside. At the same time, the absence of a built up center with known, monumental architecture, makes it challenging to justify large scale, systematic excavation.

The marginal status of crossroads places have made them a kind of improvisational space for archaeological fieldwork. In this way, they echo the marginal spaces of desiccated, post-war, urban core which became the places of Punk performance, or the ill-defined and marginal space of the corner which became a zone dominated by ancient and modern sphinxes. Punk Archaeology revels in the marginal, ambiguous, ambivalent and, in many ways, dangerous spaces that only become central through the ephemeral performance.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

London Calling

Kostis Kourelis



"London Calling"

CBS, 1979

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on December 2, 2009, at this location:

<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2009/12/02/london-calling/>)

It seems only yesterday that the landmark LP London Calling by the Clash turned 25, an event celebrated by a re-release of the album with new video and footage. On December 13, 2009, London Calling turned 30. And at the ripe age of 30, the Clash turned archaeological. The anniversary was marked by the auctioning of the Clash's original artwork, the classic album cover with Paul Simonon smashing his Fender Precision bass on stage at the New York Palladium. There's lots to say about Simonon's instruments, including a Rickenbacker given to him by Patti Smith, but basically the white Fender Precision was iconic. The 1979 image contains its own archaeology, namely, The Who smashing their instruments in the 1965 performance of "My Generation" at the Beat Club, as well as Sid Vicious hitting an audience member with his own Fender Precision bass. The bass that Simonon smashed in the photo had been newly bought in 1979. Simonon regretted destroying this instrument because it proved to be one of his best-sounding ones. The very bass has become a relic and it now resides at the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.¹

At any rate, Bonhams auction house is selling the original London Calling art work by Ray Lowry valued at \$100,000 as Sale 16905 Lot 26, and two autographed photos valued at \$500 and \$300 as Sale 16905, Lot 29. Ray Lowry, unfortunately, passed away in 2008. After the dissolution of the Clash, by the way, Paul Simonon has turned to a career in painting.

¹ You can read the entire history of Simonon's 11 basses: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Paul_Simonon

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Patti Smith: Life as Narrative

Kostis Kourelis



"Patti Smith, Provinssirock Festival, June 16, 2007"
Wikimedia Commons, GNU Free Documentation License, Photo Beni Khler

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on January 19, 2010, at this location: <http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2010/01/19/patti-smith-life-as-narrative/>) with part 2 published here: <http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2010/01/20/patti-smith-archaeology-of-life/>)

Over the 2010 Christmas holiday, I chanced on the Patti Smith documentary that I had heard about on Studio 360.¹ We had just unloaded the U-Haul, moving the family to Philadelphia, and the WHYY feature somehow reaffirmed the move to an urban capital. Patti Smith herself has roots in Philadelphia, a fact that she talked about at length when I saw her perform exactly eight years ago at the Keswick Theater, December 27, 2001. That was a special concert for me. I went with my best friend Yorgos, and we were both amazed by the number of older people (like us) in the audience who even brought their children. Smith's own mother, who lives nearby, was in the audience, and both Smith's sister and son accompanied her onstage.²

Soon after Patti Smith lost her husband (Fred Smith of MC5) and her brother (Todd) in 1994, R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe called her out of the blue to offer condolences; he also recommended a photographer. Steven Sebring entered Patti Smith's life at that moment, documenting the experiences of an ordinary human being rather than the legendary "godmother of Punk." Sebring's filming became the documentary Patti Smith: Dream of Life that premiered on Dec. 30, 2009, on PBS's Point of View.³ Dream of Life is hauntingly beautiful capturing the creases in the artist's life. I also enjoyed Sebring's focus on Smith's children, especially Jackson Smith who is married to Meg Ryan (of the White Stripes). In many ways, Patti Smith's story after her marriage to Fred Smith is a life centered around Detroit (Saint Clair Shores). Documentaries on rock musicians tend to follow generic lines. Dream of Life breaks away from the mold and becomes a creative enterprise in its own right.

Patti Smith also published an autobiographical work on her relationship with photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (see the 1969 booth photo): Just Kids.⁴ Just as Dream of Life takes us to the period after Smith's New York apotheosis, Just Kids takes us to the period before. For a review of the book, see Janet Maslin.⁵ Maslin points out that Smith's growing up with Mapplethorpe took place before many of the disturbing pictures that earned Mapplethorpe his late notoriety (and censorship by the NEA).

1 <http://www.studio360.org/episodes/2009/12/25>

2 See a review: <http://www.xnet2.com/patti/archives/0112/mag00114.html>

3 <http://www.dreamoflifethemovie.com/>

4 New York 2010

5 Bohemian Soul Mates in Obscurity," New York Times (Jan. 18, 2010), pp. C1, C8: <http://www.nytimes.com/2010/01/18/books/18book.html>

Patti Smith: Archaeology of Life

In addition to the memoir (Just Kids) and the Steven Sebring documentary (Dream of Life), Patti Smith has produced another kind of life narrative, articulated through objects.⁶ An exhibit, 'Objects of Life' at the Robert Miller Gallery, features 14 objects that have been significant to Smith and her collaboration with Sebring.⁷ They include Smith's childhood dress, her Land 250 Polaroid camera, and a tambourine made by Robert Mapplethorpe.

The exhibit is the first of three that will focus on various themes in Smith's art. The film Dream of Life shows Smith obsessively engaged with objects. "Objects of Life" takes the documentary narrative into a different curatorial and archaeological dimension. Unlike traditional archaeological presentation, Sebring/Smith's 14 objects point to inter-subjectivity possibilities and relate to the curatorial themes that Orhan Pamuk raises in the Museum of Innocence.⁸

⁶ See earlier posting: <http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2010/01/patti-smith-life-as-narrative.html>

⁷ <http://tmagazine.blogs.nytimes.com/2010/01/08/in-cahoots-patti-smith-and-steven-sebring/> and Orhan Pamuk, The Innocence of Objects (New York, 2012); http://www.abramsbooks.com/Books/The_Innocence_of_Objects-9781419704567.html

⁸ Feb. 6, 2010. For more on this see: kourelis.blogspot.com/2009/10/museum-of-innocence.html

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

Camden: Whitman, Smith, Vergara

Kostis Kourelis



"Self-portrait of Camilo Jos Vergara"

Photo Camilo Jos Vergara, CC-BY



"Camden, New Jersey"

Photo Camilo Jos Vergara, invinciblecities.camden.rutgers.edu

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on February 10, 2010, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2010/02/10/camden-whitman-smith-vergara/>)

Walt Whitman spent the end of his life in Camden, New Jersey, not far from where Patti Smith spent her childhood. While growing up in Germantown, Philadelphia, and then Deptford, New Jersey, Smith would visit the Whitman Hotel in Camden and imagine that her poet hero once inhabited the spaces. Whitman's trajectory of American poetry extends to William Carlos Williams and Allen Ginsberg, both from Paterson, New Jersey; interestingly enough, Williams was Ginsberg's pediatrician and wrote the introduction to "Howl." From Ginsberg, the trajectory continues to Bob Dylan and Patti Smith, an inheritance that neither musician undervalue. The celebration of the everyday, even if it smells of sweat and dirt, is central to Whitman's American tradition. This is what architect Louis Sullivan called the "physiology" rather than the "physiognomy" of American life. Sullivan, who coined the "form follows function" equation was himself not a reductivist; his functionalism was "physiological" not technocratic. If American life has been suffering economic ailments, its physiology is evident not in the great skyscrapers of the spirit but in its ruins of its post-industrial cities.

Patti Smith is not alone to bring us back to Whitman's Camden. Camilo Jos Vergara, the Chilean-New Yorker photographer has devoted his career in documenting America's fallen urban condition. His American Ruins was a landmark publication, appearing at the same time that a California school of sociologists (Edward Soja and Mike Davis) turned Marxism's attention from the superstructure to the base, from a functionalist view of the city to a consideration of space. Vergara's photographs have appeared in numerous publications and exhibitions since then. But I would like to highlight one particular project, "Invincible Cities", where Vergara turns his attention directly onto Camden. Vergara has been producing what he hopes will culminate into "A Visual Encyclopedia of the American Ghetto." "Invincible Cities" offers Camden as a case study. An interactive database¹ allows the viewer to navigate through Vergara's photographs across space and time.

Vergara has been photographing the American ghetto since the 1970s. His perseverance matches Jacob Riis, while his methodology combines the sociologist's lens with the documentary rigor of Bernd and Hilla Becker. Invincible Cities takes Vergara one step further. I suspect that Patti Smith would find Vergara's lens a little too literal. Walt Whitman

1 <http://invinciblecities.camden.rutgers.edu/intro.html>

might protest the slickness of the digital colors (he would prefer the texture of male sweat). Even if sensibilities differ, Camden needs revisiting, and Vergara has let us perform the very kind of scholarly voyeurism that could lead into action if not the transformation of our civic psyche.

CHAPTER THIRTY

Punk Archaeology, Squatting, and Abandonment

Bill Caraher



"Punk house"

Photo missnatalie.com/blog/labels/punk

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on February 22, 2010, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2010/02/22/punk-archaeology-squatting-and-abandonment/>)

I spent part of the weekend exploring Thurston Moore's and Abby Banks's evocative book, Punk House.¹ The book largely features Abby Banks's photographs of punk houses across the U.S. Thurston Moore, of Sonic Youth fame, provides a short introduction where he talks about the punk house phenomenon, the practice of squatting associated with the most radical expression of the punk lifestyle, and the aesthetic of the punk interpretation of the DIY approach to home decoration. All of these practices speak to the radical politics behind punk rock as a movement. The rejection (or total disregard for) private property made squatting an appealing alternative to ownership, and the collective house represented a more domesticated (and less risky) alternative.

Squatting, Archaeology, and Abandonment

Squatting is essentially an archaeological phenomenon: archaeologists are squatters who occupy and savor the abandoned corners of a society. While archaeology tends to be a form of high impact squatting which often leads to the destruction of the site, punk squatting represents a whole series of ephemeral practices that can go almost undetected by subsequent visitors to the space. Like archaeology itself, the practice of squatting challenges any simple view of abandonment and in turn challenges the notion of ownership, possession, and uses that are vital in some way to our understanding of function within an archaeological context. So while archaeologists are squatters, like punks, the practice of squatting undermines basic assumptions that allow archaeology to function. Archaeologists, like squatters, put spaces in the margins of the mainstream world into use.

Recent attention to the practice of abandonment both within the archaeological record and in the American cities wracked by the recent economic downturn has tended to view the spaces of abandonment as tragic expressions of the ultimate futility of human efforts to transform the landscape or the false optimism of progress. Abandoned monumental architecture especially hospitals, prisons, factories, churches, or public works provided evidence for the cynicism of the punk world view as well as the backdrop for their ability live without these amenities.

Archaeological evidence for so-called squatters in the period of history that I study,

¹ A. Banks, Punk House. (New York 2007).



"A sign posted at the C-Squat punk house, New York City"
Wikimedia Commons, CCO

Late Antiquity, almost beg such ideological questions. Were the Late Antique squatters in the monumental architecture of the earlier, Classical-era proto-punks who recognized and celebrated the futility of their predecessors? Should we view their re-use of abandoned spaces as critique?

At the same time the modern archaeologist-as-squatter likewise searches for fragments of the past something useful among the neglected corners of society in a utopian and ideological quest to produce a singular, uninterrupted world.

Formation Process and Provisional Discard

Banks's photographs capture the layered, weathered, look of group houses that both support the impecunious lifestyles of their punk residents as well as the chaotic, multi-generation application of DIY practices. The rooms that Banks photographed were filled with objects out of context junk deployed to support lifestyles at the margins of capitalism. The houses stand as living testimony to the value quintessential archaeological practice of provisional discard. The pattern of occupation produces a stratigraphic space as each resident adds a layer of interpretation to what went before.

These houses take what archaeologists have sometimes seen as an almost subconscious or deeply structured processes of discard into a performative critique of society. Short-term habitation practices, in turn, transform a series of practical choices into the chaotic pastiche of lived stratigraphy.

Music

The link between these houses and punk music is clear. As we have observed earlier (125), punk music is a nostalgic, utopian, critique that seeks a more profound authority than punks observe from the world around them. The punk houses, the temporary residence of squatters, and the archaeology of a stratified, provisional existence, forms a physical counterpoint to the archaeological overtones in punk music.

CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE

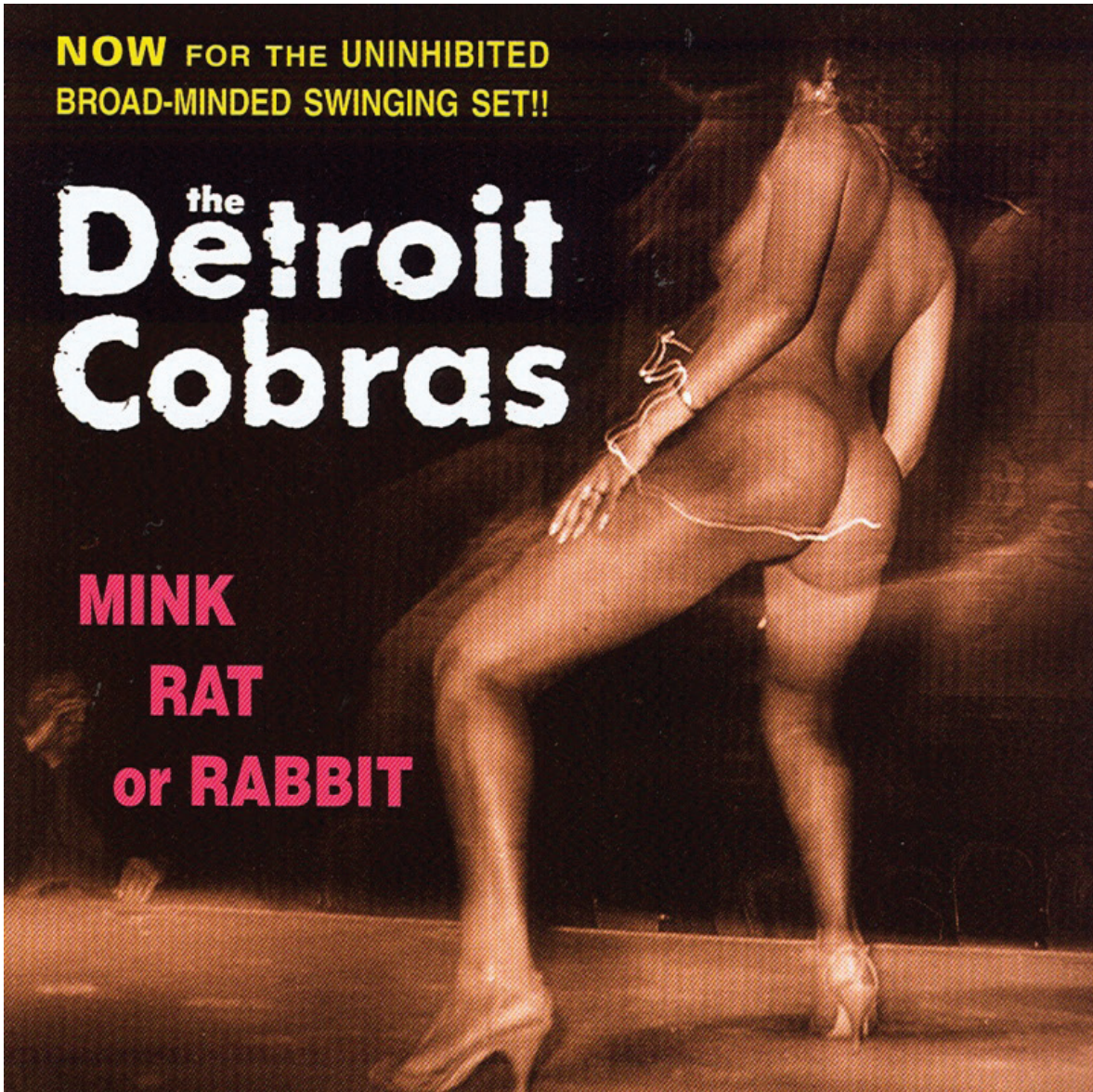
Punk and Spolia

Bill Caraher

NOW FOR THE UNINHIBITED
BROAD-MINDED SWINGING SET!!

the **Detroit Cobras**

**MINK
RAT
or RABBIT**



"Detroit Cobras, Mink Rat or Rabbit"
Sympathy for the Record Industry, 1998

(Originally published on the [Punk Archaeology](http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2010/07/29/punk-and-spolia/) blog on July 29, 2010, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2010/07/29/punk-and-spolia/>)

I've been listening again to the Detroit Cobras and thinking about some of our first conversations on Punk Archaeology. The Cobras specialize in what they have called "revved up soul." They make this wonderful noise by covering (mostly) lost classics of the Motown era over the driving rhythms of Punk and the fuzzy, distorted lo-fi sound of the punk blues movement. Rachel Nagy's voice succeeds at being both smooth and abrasive at the same time. Some critics have called their sound "Garage Soul."

Their first album, Mink, Rat or Rabbit covered songs by 1950's and early 1960's bands like The Marvelettes, The Shirelles, Irma Thomas, The "5" Royales, and The Shangri-Las. Later albums continue this tradition. (Their first two albums) Mink, Rat or Rabbit and Life, Love and Learning are, to my ear, their best. (Notice the absence of the "Oxford comma" in both titles.)

The point of mentioning this somewhat obscure band is to consider the relationship between Punk and spolia. "Spolia" is a technical archaeological term for the re-use older fragments of architecture in new construction. It is typically associated with Late Antiquity and was initially regarded by critics steeped in the Classical tradition as indicative of the loss of technical skills and economic impoverished conditions at the end of Antiquity. Other saw the use of spolia as a conscious decision on the part of Late Antique builders and, at worst, reflective of a taste for a discordant, disorganized, and, ultimately, decadent aesthetic.

Of course hip-hop music withstood similar criticisms as the artists cut up and sampled R&B classics to form a rhythmic backdrop for their poetry. Such reuse of earlier material was viewed as unoriginal and indicative of a kind of creative bankruptcy among "today's generation." Punk took its lead from pop music which it sped up and made more up-tempo, raucous, and chaotic. The Cobras occupy a third space recently developed by bands like the White Stripes and the Black Keys where Punk, R&B, and blues are infused with the DIY, low-fi sound of the garage (which represents a more austere and suburban version of the venerable low-fi juke joint).

The epicenter of this music has been Detroit (or the Rust Belt more broadly) where the Punk of the MC5 and the blues of Son House and John Lee Hooker intersect. The music here has tremendous symbolic significance, as Detroit has become emblematic of the decline of "traditional America," and images of the ruinous conditions of the factories have become images of the decline of America's fortunes as a manufacturing power. The photographs are

archaeological in their attention to detail and the need to accommodate history.

The music of the Detroit Cobras provides a counterpoint to the haunting, archaeological photographs of abandoned Detroit. Fragments of the city's earlier days come through in their music, but rather than critique the declining fortunes of America's industrial heartland, the music calls forth the continued vitality of those days in much the same way that spolia maintained a conscious connection with earlier architecture.

The archaeological impulse in of punk rock of the Detroit Cobras reveals a kind of native archaeology of the American city which draws backwards on its unique history to produce critical memory. Such work is the work of archaeologists both of the past and the present who sought to communicate something meaningful from the fragments of the past that remained visible in their present. The spolia preserved in the music of the Detroit Cobras presents a musical museum in much the same way that the fragments of the past in produce meaning in the context of a physical museum today or in the context of monumental architecture in Late Antiquity.

CHAPTER THIRTY-TWO

More Punk and Nostalgia

Bill Caraher



"The Kinks are the Village Green Preservation Society"
Pye/Reprise, 1968

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on August 2, 2010, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2010/08/02/more-punk-and-nostalgia/>)

Kostis Kourelis brought to my attention a New York Times article on an exhibit of Victorian era stereoscopic photographs called "A Village Lost and Found."¹ What made this exhibit interesting to Punk Archaeology fans was that former Queen guitarist Brian May curated the exhibit and co-wrote the accompanying book. The New York Times review of the exhibition both feigns surprise that a rock 'n' roller like May would be interested in such quaint, esoteric artifacts as hand-colored stereoscopic images and, at the same time, acknowledged the deep nostalgic vein in British society (and its music). In doing so, the NYT's author makes reference to one of my favorite albums which lurks around the margins of punk rock, The Kinks, Are the Village Green Preservation Society.

The double album, released in 1968, consists of series of tracks celebrating traditional village life in England. Topics range from the village green to picture books, trains, farms, and typical village characters ("Johnny Thunder" and the deviously rocking "Wicked Anna-bella").

The nostalgic element captured, however ironically, in the Kinks' album continues in punk music. As I have noted before, Punk always had an affection for the pop music of the earlier generation, even though punk rockers from the Germs to the Ramones and the Heartbreakers typically sped up the hooks and contorted the lyrics that gave pop music its widespread appeal. One of my personal favorites is the Germ's cover of Chuck Berry's "Round and Round." At the same time punk rockers like Jonathan Richman (especially in his early Modern Lovers tracks like "Old World," which is bracketed later in the first Modern Lovers' album with the track "Modern World") produced music with the same whimsical nostalgia as the Kinks' "Village Green":

I see the '50's apartment house
It's bleak in the 1970's sun
But I still love the '50s
And I still love the old world
I wanna keep my place in this old world
Keep my place in the arcane knowledge
And I still love the '50s and I still love the old world

1 <http://www.nytimes.com/2010/07/24/arts/design/24may.html>

As I have argued before (125), the archaeological character of these songs is not in their perfect reproduction of the past, but in the preservation of the past through critique. For example, the Kinks' celebration of the village green evokes the nostalgia for the earlier times that shot through modernizing British society. In fact, as Matthew Johnson has described in his *Ideas of Landscape*, such nostalgia for an earlier period influenced how archaeologists have studied the landscape and regarded material and buildings from the modern period. Romantic notions of the earlier, rural world, celebrated its simplicity, inherent virtues (especially of Britishness and, as we have witnessed recently the "real" America of the small town), and purity, and expected some degree of continuity to be visible in the society and culture of contemporary denizens of the countryside and the small town.

Punk tried to make a mess of these idyllic critiques by taking the staid nostalgia and melding it with what to many appeared to be the most fleeting, contemporary, and critical musical genres. In some ways, this finds a parallel between those of us committed to sophisticated and critical approaches to archaeology of the countryside, but still enamored with the illusory, anti-modern character of the countryside. I can admit to loving to explore the lonely hilltops in Greece, to document isolated ruins, and to embracing the contrast between the bustle of the village or city and the peaceful "isolation" of rural Greece. I often will pause and listen just to the wind and revel in the absence of the motorbikes or trucks while at the same time scrutinizing the read-out on a state-of-the-art GPS unit or looking at a map showing an aerial photograph and analyzed via sophisticated computer software. As much as my analyses call into question the notion that the Greek countryside was isolated, I still use the view of olive-covered hills in my publications and presentations to evoke the exotic character of an archaeological past. The contrast between my reliance on modern technology to document the past and the romantic image of the rural Greece produces a productive conflict. My appreciation of the beauty and isolation of the Greek countryside drew inspiration from traditional romantic views of rural life while, at the same time, my approach to field work and conclusions challenges those very same views. A Punk Archaeology approach embraces these same ironies drawing heavily on traditional thought while at the same time challenging them.

CHAPTER THIRTY-THREE

Rock in Athens

Kostis Kourelis



"Rock in Athens ticket"

Photo Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on January 11, 2011, at his location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2011/01/11/rock-in-athens-85/>)

On July 26-27, 1985, the ancient stadium of Athens hosted an interesting happening organized by the newly formed General Secretariat of Youth (Γενική Γραμματεία Νέας Γενιάς) and the French Ministry of Culture. Rock in Athens '85 was a two-day New Wave rock festival, which was quite cutting edge for its time. Although major bands like the Rolling Stones had performed in the ancient stadium before (Apr. 17, 1967), Rock in Athens was the first rock festival to ever take place in Greece. A New Wave festival at Kalimarmaro in 1985? How radical is that? But it makes little sense considering the lack of a following for New Wave in Greece at this time. A heavy metal festival would make sense, rising naturally from Greece's hard rock tradition. I can't be certain about my observations, since I wasn't present, but as a committed follower of New Wave, I was struck by the shortage of punks in the summers that I would visit Greece. My cousins, who followed music closely, would confirm these observations. I was a New Wave Greek-American looking for a scene in Greece. Sure, there was the punk band Panx Romana from 1977, singing "You Greeks! You are worms, and the Acropolis doesn't belong to you." (Ελληνα είσαι σκουλίκι και η Ακρόπολη δε σου ανοίκει.) And there were also anarchists squatting in Athens (less institutionalized and violent as they are today). And there was the store REMEMBER 77,¹ on Adrianou 77 in Plaka (founded 1978), where I bought my first pair of Creepers in 1991.

What makes Rock in Athens '85 peculiar is its sponsors. The festival was conceived by the Greek and French Ministries of Culture. It was a state event televised on national TV and hence totally different from festivals like Woodstock, Live Aid, Coachella, or the extremely successful Rockwave in Athens. Melina Merkouri, then Minister of Culture, was present. Priceless footage shows the grand Merkouri meeting the wild Nina Hagen (and her clean-cut mother) backstage. The General Secretariat of Youth was formed in 1982, soon after Georgios Papandreou's Socialist government won elections and tried to liberalize cultural policy that had been dominated by the conservative right and its family-tradition-religion priorities. Quoting the website,² the Secretariat's task was (and still is) "shaping, monitoring and coordinating the government policy for youth and its connection with society and social entities. In this way, Greece was harmonized with the European and international practice of high-level, self-sustained and integral government services aiming to public youth poli-

1 <http://www.rememberfashion.gr/>

2 <http://www.neagenia.gr/frontoffice/portal.asp?cpage=NODE&cnode=6&clang=1>

cies." We must also remember that only two weeks earlier in the summer of 1985, Live Aid took place in London and Philadelphia. But this was a private venture, organized for famine relief in Ethiopia by Bob Geldof. Live Aid was the first concert to be televised in a global scale through satellite. As the interview with Boy George reveals, Culture Club did have a fan base already in Greece. But it seems that there was not enough of a fan base for each of the bands to appear individually. The festival garnered each group's small fan base into a guaranteed (and cheap) event. We must also consider that Rockin' Athens '85 was not exclusively targeted to Greeks. Hordes of vacationing European and American youth attended. After all, Greeks flee Athens for the countryside in July and August.

Whatever the motivations of the concert may have been, it seems to have taken a great risk. As a result it did begin shaping cultural attitudes at least insofar as New Wave's popularity boomed. Nevertheless, the conflict between audience and performers, the awkwardness of the ancient stadium, and the July heat are all evident in the videos. The performers included Culture Club, Depeche Mode, Stranglers, Nina Hagen, the Cure, Talk Talk, Telephone, and a surprise guest star, the Clash (or at least the remnants of the Clash, Mick Jones and Nicky Headon had already left, and the Clash disbanded in 1986). According to eye-witness accounts, fights broke out between the police and fans outside the stadium. Italian tourists were somehow involved.

If anyone wants to watch the televised festival (ERT2), you can find it almost in its entirety (minus the Clash performance) on YouTube (<http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2011/01/rock-in-athens-85.html>). Extremely interesting are the backstage interviews below. To see the Melina-Nina encounter, go to Part 3. In the spirit of Punk Archaeology, YouTube allows me to investigate an event that took place in the ancient Panathenaic stadium that was reconstructed for the first Olympics of 1896. The footage is source material for an ephemeral moment. The videos not only transport us to a different era of Greek cultural policy, but they offer evidence for an almost surreal confrontation between a primarily Anglo-American youth movement and a resisting Mediterranean. Just watch the accumulation of sweat on Boy George's face as the night progresses. Although I haven't studied the videos in great length, they also reveal tensions in a cultural dialogue. Note for example homosexual tensions between Boy George and the audience. I hope that the readers of this posting interested in the history of the Greek 1980s will offer closer reading and insights.

Interviews Part I: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rV8_Thgt6JO&fs=1&hl=en_US

Interviews Part II: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KktND9FqYNI&fs=1&hl=en_US

Interviews Part III: http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TLDt-aDs2KI&fs=1&hl=en_US

CHAPTER THIRTY-FOUR

Punk Rock, Materiality, and Time

Bill Caraher



"The Reisenauer brothers of Les Dirty Frenchmen practice in Fargo, ND"
Photo Aaron Barth, CC-BY

(Originally published on the Punk Archaeology blog on May 2, 2011, at this location:
<http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2011/05/02/punk-rock-materiality-and-time/>)

I spent part of a weekend doing three things: learning how to make pasta with my new pasta maker, listening to low-fi punk, and reading Kathleen Davis's *Periodization and Sovereignty*.¹ I am not sure that I learned much applicable to Punk Archaeology from making pasta (although it was delicious at dinner that night), but low-fi punk, a short Twitter exchange, and Davis's book did bring together some ideas that I had been meaning for some time to write about.

The low-fi sound that has become popular thanks in large part to bands like the White Stripes, the Black Keys, and other purveyors of so-called Punk Blues positions itself as an antidote to the austere, "over-produced" stylings of contemporary pop music. (Recently, I've been hanging out with the album *GB City* by Bass Drum of Death, but I also listened to Soledad Brothers self-titled solo album and their more polished 2006 offering *The Hardest Rock*. My original idea for an essay was to compare the low-fi, thoroughly average sound of *GB City* to the produced sound of Arcade Fire's *Suburbs*, but that seemed too easy). The sound harkens back to garage rock and rough live albums produced in makeshift recording studios on 4- and 8-track recording machines. Low-fi recordings replaced the spaceless character of the recording studio with the gritty and flawed presence of the garage, the basement, or the warehouse. Echoing and distorted vocal tracks compete for space against raw guitars and abusive drums. The best low-fi captures something of a hastily-arranged live recording without actually being anywhere in particular. Low-fi comes from anyone's basement, garage, or abandoned strip mall. It embodies marginal (maybe even abandoned) spaces (it's not surprising that Detroit has become a Mecca of low-fi sound) and pushes out music that speaks to haste, temporary accommodations, and immediacy without specificity.

With the advent of digital music, low-fi has projected the materiality of its sound by producing vinyl LPs or even cassette tapes. The sonic texture of the 8-track recorder in the basement or garage comes packaged in neatly anachronistic forms that insist upon a material presence even more physical than the music itself. A friend of mine (on Twitter ironically enough!) suggested a track from an Oblivian's album recently. When I asked whether she could share the track with me, she told me that she only had it on vinyl! So the grounding of low-fi music in a time and place moves from the practice of recording and to its material-

¹ Kathleen Davis, *Periodization and Sovereignty*. (University of Pennsylvania Press 2008).

ity as a recorded product. Digital music, which can exist simultaneously in an infinite number of places, resists any effort to impose physicality (and with music moving to "the cloud" in the very near future the location of music recordings will become all the more ambiguous).

The link between the physical sound of the low-fi recording and its circulation in physical media positions low-fi (and Punk) to resist (in an ironic way, to be sure) the ephemeral character of so much "cultural" production today. From blogs and ebooks to musings in the indistinct space of social media, the viral distribution of music and video, and claims of a reimagined-aesthetic minimalism, the space or even material nature of cultural production is collapsing in on itself. In the future (bee-boop-boop-boop-beep), the diagnostic rims of Late Roman fine ware vessels will be stray bits of sound, text, or video clinging to the deteriorating disks of disused servers or discarded along with iPods and Kindles in modern middens. Unlike the vinyl LP or even the (comparatively) primitive cassette tape, there is little on the iPod or Kindle that links it physically to the music or text stored on the device. Moreover, the use of these devices does not cause the music or text to deteriorate.

So, I sat around one weekend, grading papers, making pasta, reading Kathleen Davis' book, and listening to the space of low-fi sound spooling off a hard drive and running through my stereo. I could listen to it as much as I wanted and wherever I wanted.

CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE

Broken Spider

Kostis Kourelis



"Fred 'Sonic' Smith and wife Patti Smith at
Arista Records's 15th anniversary party, 1990"
wodumedia.com, attribution unknown

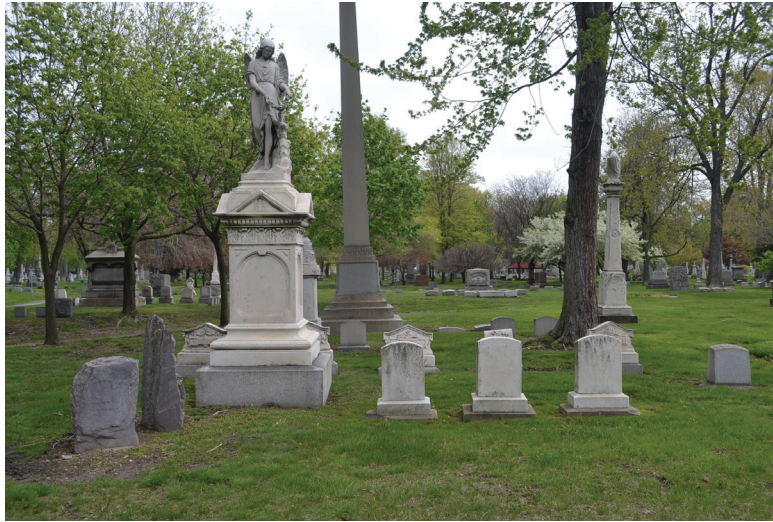
(Originally published on Kostis Kourelis's blog on April 26, 2012, at this location:
<http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2012/04/spider.html>)

Fred "Sonic" Smith was a founding member of Detroit's proto-punk group The MC5. In 1980, Smith married Pattie Smith at the Mariner's Church, where Smith later erected a memorial to Sonic. In 1994, Sonic suffered a fatal heart attack that devastated Patti Smith (see discussion in previous posting "Patti Smith: Life as Narrative." Incidentally, the Detroit rock heritage of Sonic and Patti continued with their son Jackson, who married Meg White of the Detroit duo The White Stripes.

The small offering over Sonic's grave is known as the Spider. It was designed by Thomas Hutchison for RCA in the 1960s. It served as a converter for 45 RPM records, a format invented by RCA in 1949 to replace the cumbersome 78 RPM. Most fittingly, the Spider deposited in Sonic's grave is broken. The original triskelion has lost one of its legs making the object's secret biography even more perplexing. Pervasive in the listening habits of North Americans, the Spider has become iconic of the era of singles. Actually, I didn't appreciate the magnitude of this iconography until I opened today's *Intelligencer Journal/Lancaster New Era* on p. A12 and saw Walt Handelsman's tribute to Dick Clark, who died on April 18, 2012. Handelsman is a Pulitzer Prize-winning cartoonist. The original tribute was published in *Newsday* (Apr. 19, 2012).

Like the Spider at Elmwood Cemetery, Handelsman's Spider is also funerary in nature. The Spider here becomes iconic of Dick Clark's era of *American Bandstand* that was syndicated on ABC from 1957 to 1987. Interestingly enough for readers of *Punk Archaeology*, *American Bandstand* began in Philadelphia and was recorded in the studios of WFIL on 46th and Market. Designed in 1947, the original building still stands in all its modern glory with a huge satellite antenna on its roof.

Sonic's MC5 appears at the very tail end of the Dick Clark era. It's rock 'n' roll at its best but contains the seeds of the demise of rock 'n' roll's mainstream. Thus, in its truncated form, Sonic's offering becomes difficult to recognize, a fragment that allows entry into melancholy while also asserting a reflexive imbalance. If the Spider is the generational litmus test for 1960s rock 'n' roll Top 40s mainstream, one must wonder what may have been the pilgrim's intentions by depositing a 45 Spider on Sonic's grave. MC5 was clearly shut out of *American Bandstand*. Their first album (*Kick Out the Jams*) was released in 1969 as an LP,



"Fred 'Sonic' Smith's grave site"

Photo Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY



"Fred 'Sonic' Smith's grave site with artifacts"

Photo Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY



"Fred 'Sonic' Smith's grave site with artifacts"

Photo Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY

not a 45. The original record was pulled from the stores because it had the word "Mother-fucker" on the album cover. Detroit's major department store refused to sell the record, and Elektra dropped the MC5 from their contract as a result.

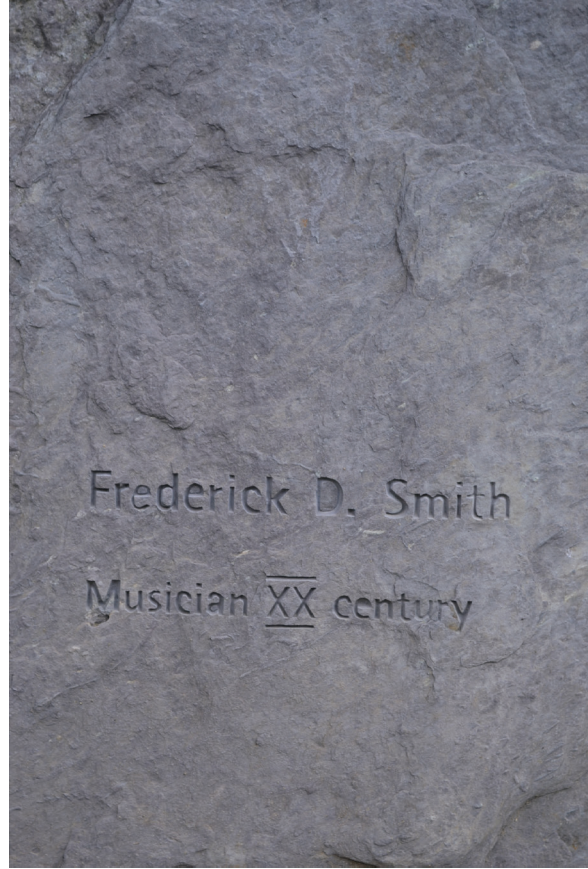
CHAPTER THIRTY-SIX

"Sonic" Archaeology

Kostis Kourelis



"Fred 'Sonic' Smith's tombstone"
Photo Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY



"Fred 'Sonic' Smith's tombstone"
Photo Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY

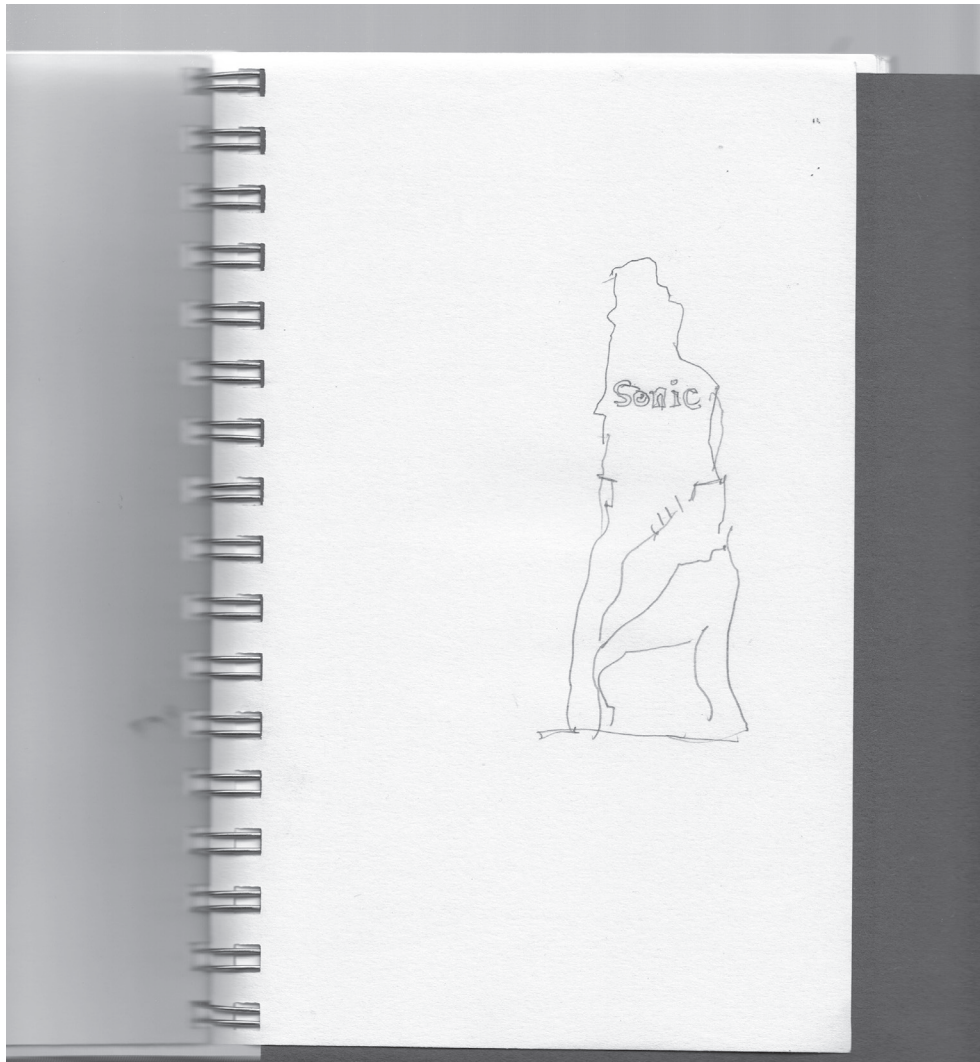
(Originally published on Kostis Kourelis's blog on April 25, 2012, at this location: <http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2012/04/sonic-archaeology.html>)

On the weekend of April 24, 2012, I was in Detroit for the annual meeting of the Society of Architectural Historians, organizing the panel "From Idea to Building: Ancient and Medieval Architectural Process."¹ Another priority in my Detroit visit was to follow up some ideas on the Punk Archaeology project. I wanted to investigate the topographies of memory related to Fred "Sonic" Smith, founder of MC5, godfather of Punk and late husband of Patti Smith. Visiting sites of memory is appropriate to Smith and her recent exhibit *Camera Solo* at the Wadsworth Athenaeum (and soon moving to Detroit). I have already written about Smith, Whitman and archaeology here.²

Fred Smith died in 1994 from a heart attack at the age of 45. Patti Smith writes about the devastation of this event in her memoir *Just Kids* and discusses in the documentary *Dream of Life*. Sonic was buried at Elmwood Cemetery in Detroit, and I wanted to visit the unique funerary monument that marks his grave. It comprises two vertical rock slabs inscribed with "Sonic" and "Frederick D. Smith. Musician XX Century." The monoliths are small and disappear among the grand 19th-century monuments. But they are powerful in their sublime physicality.

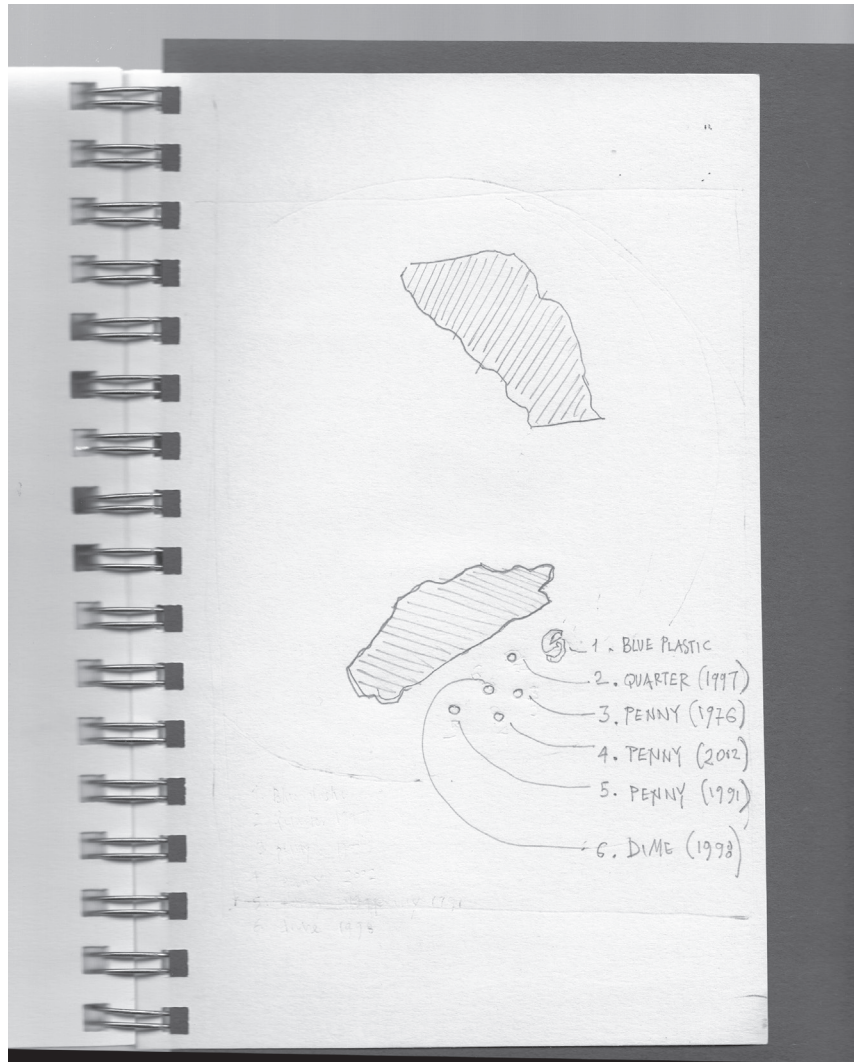
As I began to sketch for myself the elements of the monument, I detected a scatter of offerings on the ground. Clearly, I was not the first pilgrim at Sonic's tomb. Trying not to disturb the surface, I located six objects: five coins and one blue plastic object, which seemed so familiar but which I couldn't immediately identify. I placed an image on Facebook with a question and my colleague, the philosopher David Merli, immediately identified it as a 45rpm converter. There is much to say about the site of Sonic's tomb. For the time being, I'll post these few documents, including the sketch of the finds.

¹ April 18-22, 2012; <http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2011/09/65th-annual-meeting-of-society-of.html>
² Chapter 28, Chapter 29.



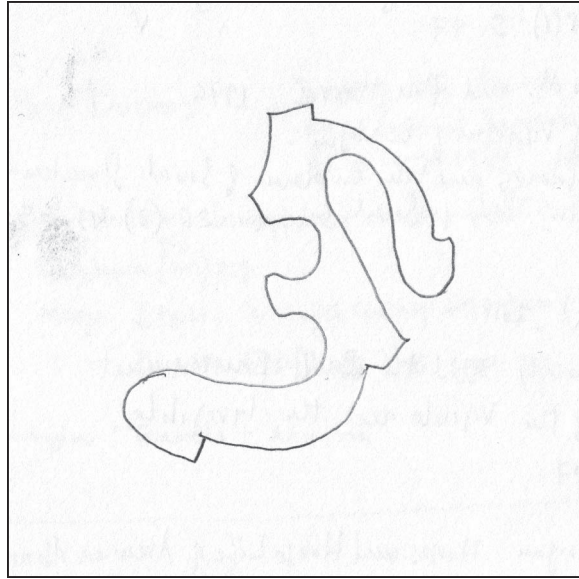
"Fred 'Sonic' Smith's tombstone"

Sketch Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY



"Plan of Fred 'Sonic' Smith's grave site with finds indicated"

Sketch Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY



"Alien Artifact"

Sketch Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY

CHAPTER THIRTY-SEVEN

Zeppelin Archaeology

Kostis Kourelis



"Bron-Yr-Aur Cottage near Machynlleth, Wales"

Geograph.co.uk, CC-BY, Photo Andy

(Originally published on Kostis Kourelis's blog on December 3, 2012, at this location:
<http://kourelis.blogspot.com/2012/12/zeppelin-archaeologyñ3.html>)

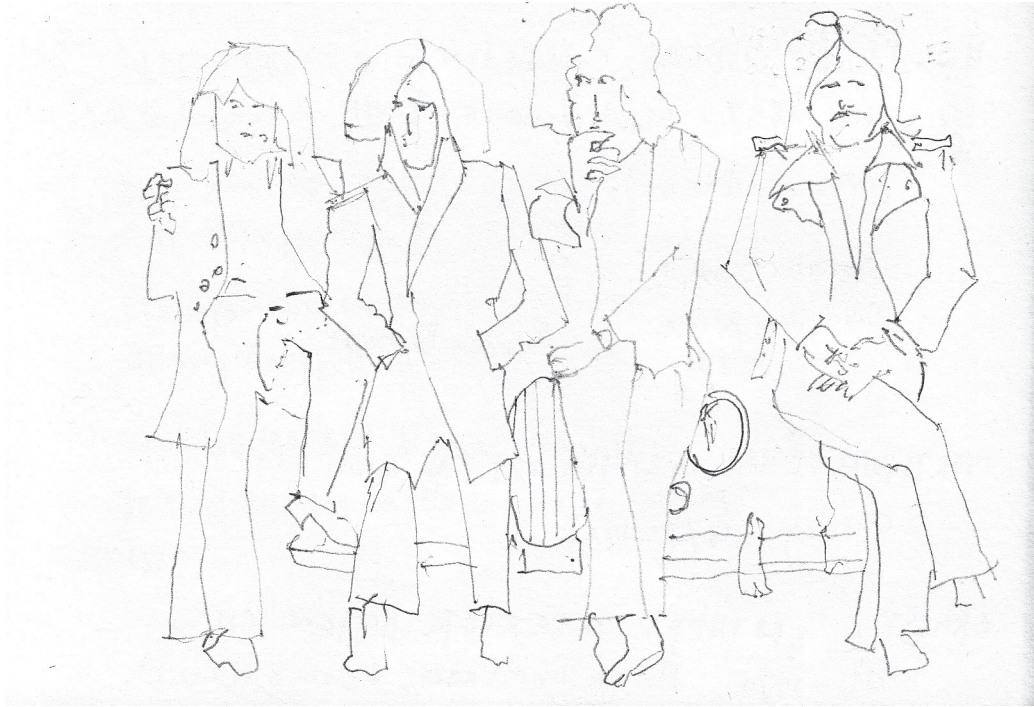
A couple of years ago, we began the Punk Archaeology project which culminated in a day-long conference, performance and all-around happening in Fargo on February 2, 2013 (see <http://punkarchaeology.wordpress.com/2012/12/03/zeppelin-archaeology/>). The revival of this collaborative (it would be punk sacrilege to call it "community") helps me return to one of the issues raised in the project, namely the relationship between Punk and house form. I had pondered on this before: see "The House of the Rising Sun," (119) The Clash squatting,² (163) Iggy Pop's trailer home in Ypsilanti.³ As Barack Obama honored Led Zeppelin in the 2012 Kennedy Center awards, I thought about the contrast between two domestic utopias, between Punk's post-industrial arcadia of urban ruins and rock's pre-industrial utopia of the idyllic countryside. During the 1970s, two antithetical bands, The Clash and Led Zeppelin congregated in radically different dwellings. Both were extreme expressions of belonging, and both were off the grid—neither had electricity nor water. Joe Strummer began his musical career in 1974 by forming The 101'ers, who took their name from 101 Waltherton Road, London, where the band squatted (103). The row house was part of a bombed-out World War II neighborhood that the government eventually demolished in 1975. The band then squatted at 36 N. Luke Road in a West Indian neighborhood. In this Jamaican neighborhood, the Clash encountered reggae music, which explains the musical affinities we find in their albums *Sandinista* (1980) or *Super Black Market Clash* (1993). The punk-reggae hybrid of Ska and 2 Tone (exemplified by The Specials, The English Beat, The Selecter, and Madness) would have never taken place had the two demographics not lived together in the Caribbean neighborhoods of London. Through The Clash and other bands like them, Punk was conceived inside the domestic ruins of 19th-century cities.

At the same time, Led Zeppelin retreated to the British countryside, inhabiting an 18th-century cottage in Wales. *Bron-Yr-Aur*, made famous by an instrumental track by the same name, belonged to Robert Plant's family, who took used it as a vacation house in the 1950s. Although rooted in the American blues, Led Zeppelin taps into a medieval sense of organicity that is deeply seated in the foundations of the British psyche. This is clearly evident in the band's fin-de-siecle logotype. While Plant and Jimmy Page were writing *Zeppelin III at Bron-Yr-Aur*, Raymond Williams was historicizing the British myth of the country in

1 Chapter 17

2 Chapter 15

3 Chapter 27



"Led Zeppelin"
Sketch Kostis Kourelis, CC-BY

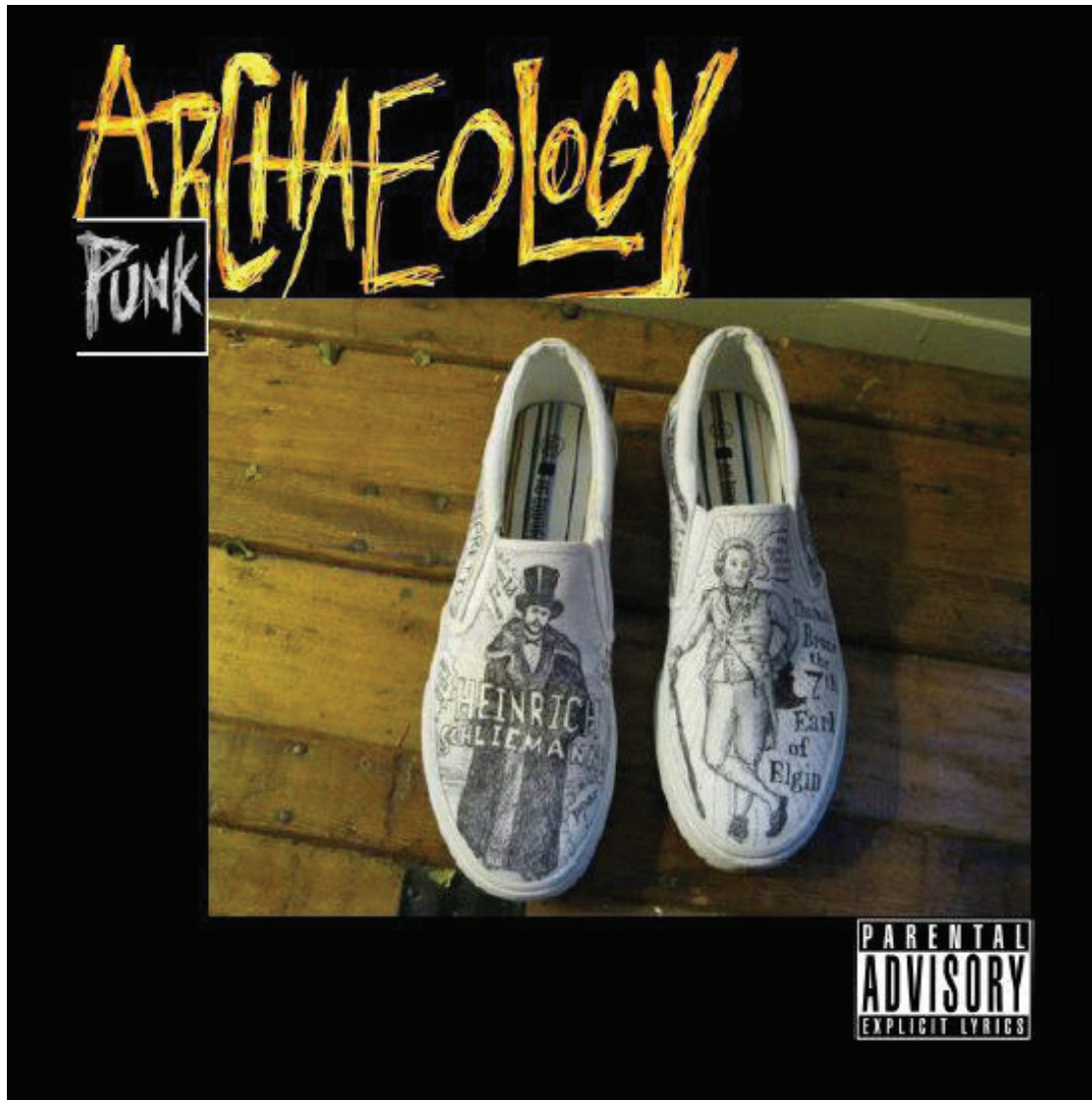
a landmark of Marxist historiography, The Country and The City (1973).⁴ Williams argued that the British began idealizing the countryside at the very moment that they were destroying it (the enclosure movement, aristocrats turning to capitalist landlords, etc.) Unbeknownst to Williams, Plant and Page were in the process of transforming the myth of rural England into a powerful acoustic aura to be replicated in ordinary homes through high-fidelity record players. The Bron-Yr-Aur house (photo below) represents the specific architectural origins of this transformation. Zeppelin's genius (which is why they were honored by the White House) was to invisibly translate these very stone walls into an aural structure that bears no resemblance to its vernacular origin.

PS. I did the sketch of Zeppelin Sunday morning, sitting in the kitchen of my sister and brother-in-law (who was spending his sabbatical in Washington, D.C.), waiting for others to wake up, reading The Washington Post.⁵ When my niece came down, she was extremely curious why I was drawing people from the newspaper. Then she disappeared to return with a concocted notebook that resembled mine, but made up of cardboard, tape and paper. For the rest of the morning, we learned how to copy cartoons and photos. She's a natural.

4 R. Williams, The Country and the City. London 1973.

5 http://www.washingtonpost.com/entertainment/music/led-zeppelin-listened-to-each-other-and-found-rock-and-rolls-most-magical-formula/2012/11/29/4ba466fc-35ac-11e2-9cfa-e41bac906cc9?hpid=hp_hp-top-table-main-rock&hpid=hp_hp-top-table-main-rock

APPENDIX



"Punk Archaeology CD, Andrew Reinhard"

Photo Andrew Reinhard, CC-BY

Appendix: Punk Archaeology Lyrics

Bill Caraher commissioned Andrew Reinhard to create some punk music in anticipation of the Punk Archaeology unconference held in Fargo on February 2, 2013. With no further instruction, Reinhard retreated to his basement and created a 17-song, 44-minute punk concept album about issues in archaeology, cultural heritage and academia. This appendix contains the lyrics, all of which were authored by Reinhard (unless otherwise noted).

Listen to/download the Punk Archaeology album here:
<https://soundcloud.com/charinos/sets/punk-archaeology>

"Elgin Marbles"

A Punk Archaeology song featuring lyrics by Lord Byron from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" and spoken word from Wikipedia:

The Elgin Marbles are a collection of classical Greek marble sculptures, inscriptions and architectural members that originally were part of the Parthenon and other buildings on the Acropolis of Athens. Thomas Bruce, the 7th Earl of Elgin, British ambassador to the Ottoman Empire, obtained a permit from the Ottoman authorities to remove pieces from the Parthenon. From 1801 to 1812 Elgin's agents removed about half of the surviving sculptures of the Parthenon, as well as architectural members and sculpture from the Propylaea and Erechtheum.

Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee,
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed
By British hands, which it had best behaved
To guard those relics ne'er to be restored.
Curst be the hour when from their isle they roved,
And once again thy hapless bosom gored,
And snatch'd thy shrinking gods to northern climes abhorred!

The Marbles were transported by sea to Britain and were purchased by the British government in 1816. They have stood ever since in the British Museum. The debate continues as to whether the Marbles should remain in the British Museum or be returned to Athens.

"Austerity"
Austerity
don't work don't work don't work
Austerity
won't work won't work won't work
Austerity
don't work don't work don't work
Austerity
won't work won't work won't work
Rob museums, heritage for sale.
The surest sign austerity has failed.
Austerity
don't work don't work don't work
Austerity
won't work won't work won't work
Austerity
don't work don't work don't work
Austerity
won't work won't work won't work
Stealing from your country's history.
Black market sales will feed your family.
Austerity
don't work don't work don't work
Austerity
won't work won't work won't work
Austerity
don't work don't work don't work
The unemployed will find a way to live
When their government can't find a way to
give.

"Repatriate"
United Kingdom!
Big Museums!
United States!
Big Museums!
United Kingdom!
Big Museums!
United States!
Big Museums!
Repatriate!
United Kingdom!
Stole my heritage!
United States!
Stole my heritage!
United Kingdom!
Stole my heritage!
United States!
Stole my heritage!
Take a BM
Take a BM
Take a BM
and stick it
up
your Ashmolean.
Neil MacGregor
Repatriate
Benin Bronzes
Repatriate
Elgin Marbles
Repatriate
Lewis Chessmen
Repatriate
Feldman Drawings
Repatriate
Rosetta Stone

Repatriate
Lambeth Ark
Repatriate
Euphronius Krater
Repatriate
King Tut's Tomb
Repatriate
Morgantina
Repatriate
NAGPRA says to
Repatriate
Turkey says
to Repatriate
Greece says
to Repatriate
Italy says to
Repatriate
All museums
Must repatriate!
All museums
Must repatriate!
Take a BM
Take a BM
Take a BM
and stick it
up
your Ashmolean.
All museums
Must repatriate!
All museums
Must repatriate!
All museums
Must repatriate!
All museums
Must repatriate!
All museums
Must repatriate!

All museums
Must repatriate!
All museums
Must repatriate!
All museums
Must repatriate!
Repatriate!

"American Looters"
I'm a looter!
I hunt treasure!
American digger!
Treasure hunter!
I sneak onto the battlefield
to find some musket balls.
Or maybe find some arrowheads
to decorate my walls.
I love American history.
I'll keep some of my own.
Who cares if there's no provenance
Just leave my shit alone.
I'm a robber!
I steal treasure!
Pot hunter!
Treasure stealer!
I sneak into the burial grounds
and dig throughout the night
to find some jewelery or beads
for when the price is right.
I love me some Indian history
I'll keep some of my own.
Who cares if there's no provenance?
Who wants to buy some bones?
I look for diggers dubious
who have some pots to sell.

My buyers aren't too curious.
They buy, and all is well.
I love me some art history.
I'll sell some of my own.
Who cares if there's no provenance.
Buy something for your home.
I'm a dealer!
I sell treasure!
Auctioneer!
Treasure seller!

"Soiled"
10R 8/1
Dark red!
Or maybe brown!
10YR 4/6
Strong brown!
Or maybe red!
Micaceous inclusions
Grains are fine!
Or maybe very fine!
5YR 6/3
Olive yellow!
Or maybe green!
2.5Y 3/3
Yellow!
Or maybe gray!
2.5YR 6/2
Reddish brown!
Or maybe black!
5Y 5/4
Black!
Or pinkish gray!
Micaceous inclusions
Grains are fine!

Or maybe very fine!
Albert Munsell, you old fart!
I love to use your soil chart.
Albert Munsell, you old fart!
I love to use your soil chart.
10R 8/1
Dark red!
Or maybe brown!
10YR 4/6
Strong brown!
Or maybe red!
5YR 6/3
Olive yellow!
Or maybe green!
2.5Y 3/3
Yellow!
Or maybe gray!
Micaceous inclusions
Soil intrusions.
2.5YR 6/2
Reddish brown!
Or maybe black!
5Y 5/4
Black!
Or pinkish gray!
Chroma
over value
is what
we're talking about.
Quantifying color
when out in the field.
Albert Munsell,
he invented the chart.

"Publish and Perish"

I'm so goddam happy
cuz I finished my dissertation,
but now I feel really crappy
cuz it's time for publication.
Don't know what I'm gonna do.
It's going out for peer review.
It took ten years to write this thing,
and another year for editing.
It's a double-blind review this time
with no defense, no second try.
The publisher in the Netherlands
is the only one who'll publish this.
I'm so goddam happy
cuz my manuscript got a decision,
but now I feel kind of crappy
cuz I've been accepted with revisions.
Don't know what I'm gonna do.
It's dissertation time-Part Two.
I've got six months to get it right
or kiss my tenure dreams goodnight.
I thought this topic was over with
when I turned in that massive diss.
Revisions suck. I hate em, man.
Send me to Afghanistan.
I'm so goddam happy
cuz my book is finally published,
but now I feel really crappy
cuz the cover is a single shade of brown
and they spelled my name wrong.

"Untenured"

You climb the tenure ladder
Nothing could be sadder than you.
I hate to break it to you,
But your dean is gonna screw you.
Why don't you fucking die?
Why oh why won't you just fucking die?
Your department chair in Classics
gonna let you get your ass kicked. I'm
warning you.
Think you're safe in archaeology
but they won't give an apology to you.
Think you're safer in philology,
that's worse than anthropology. You're
screwed.
They'll just hire one more adjunct
You'll feel like you've just been punked, it's
true.
So why don't you fucking die?
Why oh why won't you just fucking die?
You're showing your maturity,
you'll kill for job security, won't you?
You've got to publish or you'll perish
to keep that job you cherish, won't you?
So go and set a fire to that temporary hire-
light the fuse.
But you'll never make professor, you'll al-
ways be the lesser.
Enjoy the abuse.

"Archaeologists Teaching Languages"
I'm a digger
Classically trained to go deeper
Def with the trowel and sweeper
Ill with a pen and some paper
resolving archaeology capers
I can date a soil sample by flavor
total stations are things that I savor
remote sensing is a favorite behavior
But now I'm teaching Classics at Xavier?
I'm an archaeologist
but I've got to teach some Latin.
I'm not much for Classics
but I've got to teach some Greek.
I'm not a philologist
but this job is really happenin.'
Aorist in the evenin,'
Amo amas three times a week.
I'm a doctor
of philosophy but now I gotta proctor
undergraduate exams like a mobster
an overqualified degreed helicopter
Latin ones and twos to the slaughter
I wanna teach architecture to freshmen
Pottery seminars to upperclassmen
But now they gave me overflow in Latin
I guess ancient history ain't happenin.'
I'm an archaeologist
but I've got to teach some Latin.
I'm not much for Classics
but I've got to teach some Greek.
I'm not a philologist
but this job is really happenin.'
Aspects in the evenin,'
Sum esse three times a week.
I dug at Corinth,

the Agora, and on the Isthmus,
I once did a survey for fitness
Archaeology is my business
I can teach it with God as my witness
So why you got me teaching these classes
Intro Greek to the terrified masses
These kids are as slow as molasses
Subjunctive is kicking their asses.
I'm an archaeologist
but I've got to teach some Latin.
I'm not much for Classics
but I've got to teach some Greek.
I'm not a philologist
but this job is really happenin.'
Optative in the evenin,'
Wheelock three times a week.
Did Colin Renfrew
ever have to do the things that I do
Did John Boardman or Beazley have to read
through
Latin composition midterm re-dos
or did they all focus on their research
or helping their students as teachers
of archaeology instead of homeric
greek grammar esoteric.
Now let's draw another plan isometric.
I'm an archaeologist
but I've got to teach some Latin.
I'm not much for Classics
but I've got to teach some Greek.
I'm not a philologist
but this job is really happenin.'
The Iliad in the evenin,'
Double dative three times a week.
To the Universities
and Deans of Humanities,
let archaeologists

teach archaeology.

"Linkin"

Let my data go!

Extrapolate my columns out of Filemaker Pro.

Don't keep my data in no spreadsheeter.

I'm not on dBase like I'm Derek Jeter.

Don't want proprietary filetypes.

Don't want nuthin' with a license 'cos it ain't right.

XML, Dublin Core, Open Source, yo.

GitHub, gubgub, SourceForge, yo.

Give my data some space so it can breathe right.

Accessibility is the goal right?

My data's buried deep inside.

Make this silo open wide.

Let my data be.

What good is my data if it's just for me?

If I keep it in a silo, you can't link to it.

Keep my data from the world? I wouldn't think of it.

So let me be a good citizen,

and open up my data to you netizens.

My data's buried deep inside.

Make this silo open wide.

Publish data free online.

My data's yours and yours is mine.

Sending out at SOS.

This is not a test.

Muccigrosso, Elliott, and Sebastian.

Elton Barker, Hugh Cayless. Scott Johnson.

McMichael, Andrew Meadows, Bridget Almas.

Eric Kansa, Ethan Gruber, and Rabinowitz.

Sean Gillies, Leif Isaksen, Daniel Pett,

And a dozen other names a I haven't rocked yet.

Pleiades, Pelagios, and Perseus,

Linked Ancient World Data Institute.

My data's buried deep inside.

Make this silo open wide.

Open Context is the site.

Archaeology done right.

Sending out an SOS.

This is not a test.

Don't wanna hear about no paywall.

The data from my site should be free for all.

And if it's not, then what good is it?

Current scholarship with its lip zipped.

Chuck Jones to the rescue.

The AWOL blog shows you what to do.

Open Access content on the Old World.

Bringing scholarship to the New World.

My data's buried deep inside.

Make this silo open wide.

Read The Ancient World Online.

All open access all the time.

Sand Diggers"

It's fun to go out and play in the sand.

I've dug in Iraq and in Afghanistan.

There's only one problem I can't understand.

They're bombing the fuck out of everything, man.

<spoken>

I mean, I've got my Toughbook, my iPad,
my permits,
I've got a fucking guide, an army escort, a
Desert Eagle .45,
a helmet, flak jacket, some cyanide pills, a
shitload of water,
and a map to some site in bumfuck no-
where that when we get there
is bombed back to the fucking stone age.
Which is a good thing 'cuz I'm a prehisto-
rian.
It's fun to go out and play in the sand.
I've dug the Dakotas out in the Badlands.
There's only one problem I can't under-
stand.
They're drilling the fuck out of everything,
man.

<spoken>

I mean, I've got my total station, a four-
wheel drive,
GPS, GIS, and maps from the fucking
GSA and USGS,
and I'm wondering just how I'm supposed
to do this fucking survey
when I know I'm going to break an axle or
break my leg
by falling into some fucking hole left there
by
an oil exploration team.
I might as well go fly a kite.
It's fun to go out and play in the sand.
I've dug Arizona out on the hardpan.
There's only one problem I can't under-
stand.
They're harassing the fuck out of everyone,
man.

<spoken>

I mean, here I am in the middle of the
fucking desert
in long pants, a long shirt, and a stupid
fucking hat
that keeps my ears and nose from burning
off,
standing there with a fucking pick and
shovel
and a couple of grad students who drew
the short straw,
and here comes Ranger-fucking-Rick to
shake us down
for drugs and to demand papers.
I tell him, "if you want papers, you can
grade my fucking midterms, bitch."

"Excavators"

Artifact comes to light.
Document it right.
Take a photograph.
Send it to the lab.
Each level we take down
We destroy part of this town.
Recording all we see.
Preserving history.
My Marshalltown #5
makes me feel so alive.
If every season is like this,
I'll die in a state of bliss.

"History"

History is now.
Tomorrow comes.
Today is yesterday.
Change is coming with the sun.
And all you have
Is gone before it's begun.
Thucydides and Xenophon,
Herodotus, Timaeus, and Polybius.
Subjectivity abounds.
You'll never know
How that shit went down.
Readings from the Histories of Herodotus
History is now.
Tomorrow comes.
Today is yesterday.
Change is coming with the sun.
And all you have
Is gone before it's begun.

"Ignorance"

Let's tear down the temple.
It's in our fucking way.
It don't belong to our god.
Hear what our prophets say:
Ignorance
Ignorance
Let's burn all the manuscripts.
They're in our fucking way.
They don't belong to our god.
Hear what our prophets say:
Ignorance
Ignorance

Let's kill the intellectuals.
They're in our fucking way.
They don't agree with our god.
Hear what our prophets say:
Ignorance
Ignorance
Let's get back to basics.
Fundamentally they're sound.
There is no god but our god.
Who cares what's underground?
Ignorance
Ignorance
Let's tear down all of history.
It's in our fucking way.
Who cares about math and science?
Or the literature of today?
Hear what the prophets say.
Hear what the prophets say:
Ignorance

"Do the Archaeologist"

We do not use a whip,
and we don't have guns equipped.
X is never on the map.
That is just a load of crap.
Instead we dig a trench,
moving soil by the inch,
sifting everything we see,
recording each and every piece.
Archaeologists don't dig up dinosaurs,
We're picking up the pieces from some long-
forgotten wars.
Don't take a souvenir,
but you can take a level here.

Don't forget the scale
when you photograph that nail.
Don't be such a cock
when you're asked to clean the baulk.
Don't be such a dick
when it's your turn to swing the pick.
Archaeologists don't dig up dinosaurs.
We don't know where Atlantis is down on
the ocean floor.
We don't know where Jesus lived or if there
was a Trojan War.
All we know is that we'll never know for
sure.
We're in the library, the classroom, and the
lab,
our careers are in ruins, but we think
that's pretty fab.
We spend time reading books
at our desks or on our nooks.
We write more of the same
so we can make ourselves a name.
Some of us can code,
and our data we upload.
Some of us are just Old School:
our computers, unused tools.
Archaeologists don't dig up dinosaurs.
Ain't no ancient astronauts or aliens that
came before.
We're not raiding tombs or hunting for
some crystal skulls.
Give us sherds or bones or stones to docu-
ment in full.
We're in the library, the classroom, and the
lab,
our careers are in ruins, but we think
that's pretty fab.
But sometimes we get lonely.

Archaeologists need dates.
If you're a little older,
well that's pretty freakin' great.
We like getting dirty,
and we do it in holes.
We're into photography.
We take really good notes.
Every season, we go nuts.
Every trench becomes a rut.
Hooking up with people who
we'd normally not screw.
But it's science that we love
and history we're thinking of.
So let's find another site
so we can excavate it right.

"Miskatonic University Excavations at
Innsmouth"

Down
Diggin' down
Whatever it is down there
I wanna know
My university
They have sent me
To see what it is down there
They wanna know
Found
This is what I've found
I found what it is down there
I thought you should know
Down
Diggin' down
Whatever it is down there
I wanna know

Down

Io! Saturnalia!

Io! Saturnalia!

"Law of Superposition of Punk"
(instrumental with band names)

"Saturnalia"

Io! It's Saturnalia!

And the tables are gonna turn again this
year!

Io! It's Saturnalia!

The slaves become the masters,
so the pilleus I'll wear.

I'm gonna roll the bones tonight.

I'm gonna win my share,
of coins and toasted walnuts, man,
but Pliny, he don't care.

Io! Saturnalia!

Io! Saturnalia!

Io! Saturnalia!

Io! It's Saturnalia!

Give me gifts of pottery and wax!

Io! It's Saturnalia!

I'd love some knucklebones, a comb,
or maybe a new axe.

December 17th is here,

and until the 23rd,

I'm the King of Saturnalia, man,
the Lord of the Absurd.

Io! Saturnalia!

Io! Saturnalia!

Io! Saturnalia!

I'm gonna eat and drink my fill,
and then I'll drink some more,

I'm gonna wear my synthesis,
this toga's such a bore.

Io! Saturnalia!

ABOUT THE AUTHORS

Aaron Barth works in historic preservation with academic and scholarly institutions, engineering firms and tribal liaisons, navigating federal and state regulatory processes on their behalf. He is a board member of the NEH-funded North Dakota Humanities Council, and is a drummer with a penchant for heavy punk blues.

Bill Caraher is Associate Professor of History at the University of North Dakota. He is the co-director of the Pyla-Koutsopetria Archaeological Project (PKAP) and has published articles on a range of archaeological topics. He maintains a blog called the Archaeology of the Mediterranean World.

Kris Groberg is Associate Professor of Art History at North Dakota State University. She earned her Ph.D. (summa cum laude) from the University of Minnesota. Her academic specialty is the History of Russian Art and Architecture. Her research interests include the Iconography of the Russian Orthodox Church, Images of Sophia in Russian Culture, the Devil in Russian Art, Russian Decadence & Symbolism and, most recently, the Study of Sacred Space (Hierotopy).

Heather Waddell Gruber is an Assistant Professor of Classical Studies at Concordia College in Moorhead, Minnesota. Her research interests include Greek rhetorical education, Greek lyric poetry, and ancient gender and sexuality studies. She has published and presented research on topics ranging from the portrayal of women in Greek declamation, to the poetic language of Catullus, to Black Classicism.

Joel Jonientz received an M.F.A. in Painting from the Savannah College of Art and Design in 2006. His work explored multiple avenues of artistic practice including painting, drawing, comics, and animation. He was an Associate Professor at the University of North Dakota where he directed the time-based media emphasis.

Kostis Kourelis is an archaeologist of the medieval Mediterranean. When he is not surveying houses and settlements, he ponders the archaeological dimensions of modernism and the avant-garde. He is professor of architectural history at Franklin & Marshall College and was once the bass player of K-6, a not too illustrious Philadelphia band of the 1990s.

Michael H. Laughy Jr. is Assistant Professor of Classics at Washington and Lee University, and field supervisor of the Athenian Agora Excavations. He bought his first trowel in 1992, the same year he bought his first drum set.

R. Scott Moore (Ph.D., The Ohio State University 2000) is Professor of History at Indiana University of Pennsylvania. He has been working in the Mediterranean since 1995 and is currently the co-director of the Pyla-Koutsopetria Archaeological Project (PKAP) on Cyprus.

Colleen Morgan received her Ph.D. in Anthropology from the University of California, Berkeley in 2012. She has worked in five countries on three continents, excavating sites 100 years old and 9,000 years old and anything in-between. She went to her first punk show in 1991 and still prefers vinyl.

Timothy Pasch is Assistant Professor of Communication at the University of North Dakota.

Andrew Reinhard is a punk archaeologist without borders who in real-life is the Director of Publications for the American School of Classical Studies at Athens. A late-bloomer, he played his first rock show at 40 and spends a lot of his time and money at the Princeton Record Exchange excavating punk albums from the bins.

Richard Rothaus (Ph.D., The Ohio State University) is President of Trefoil, a private consulting firm. He was a university professor and administrator for over a decade before entering the private sector. Rothaus' research focuses on the interaction of humans and the environment, and he is equally comfortable working in the field or archives.

Joshua Samuels is a historical archaeologist whose research focuses on landscape, heritage, and totalitarianism. While his primary geographical focus is Sicily, he has also conducted archaeological work in Crete, North Africa, and the California Sierras. He earned his Ph.D. from Stanford University in 2013, and an M.Sc. from the University of Sheffield in 2004. While Fugazi is among his favorite bands, he mostly listens to Nine Inch Nails and Skinny Puppy; he should probably just call himself an "Industrial Archaeologist."

Peter Schultz is the Olin J. Storvick Chair of Classical Studies at Concordia College. He took his Ph.D. in Classical Archaeology from the University of Athens in 2003. He is the co-editor of *Early Hellenistic Portraiture: Image, Style, Context* (2007, Cambridge), *Aspects of Ancient Greek Cult: Ritual, Context, Iconography* (2009, rhus), *Structure, Image, Ornament: Architectural Sculpture in the Greek World* (2009, Oxbow Press) and the author of numerous articles on Athenian art, architecture and topography. He is currently completing monographs on the sculptural program of the temple of Athena Nike in Athens and on the social history of Greek art for Cambridge University Press.

PUNK ARCHAEOLOGY

Punk Archaeology is a irreverent and relevant movement in archaeology, and these papers provide a comprehensive anti-manifesto.

"Archaeologists are at home in the dirt. When an archaeologist needs to get a wheelbarrow of backfill across a trench, they build a bridge out of whatever's lying around; they do it this way because they're in the middle of nowhere and they know the swiftest way between point A and point B is to do it yourself ... This DIY attitude is how they manage to transport & house two faculty members and five grad students in Syria for three months for less than one lab in the med school's spent on glassware during the same time period.

Archaeologists rely on themselves because they have to. They are the cassette tapes of academics; played through one speaker, loudly, and full of passion, blasting a song that so many people can't understand the words to, but are moved by experiencing. PUNK ARCHAEOLOGY is filled with this music "

Kyle Cassidy, Author and Photographer

"The <Punk> of Punk Archaeology exists as acipher, an empty signifier. The value of this volume lies in its commitment to variously loading <punk> with meaning based on the epistemic uncertainties that mark human civilization and its study. This volume traverses the supposed rules of theory and praxis, of art and science, of conservation and change, of information and meaning by way of the unruly <punk>. <punk> helps these authors locate their work and our world, not because it functions as a particular concept but instead because it refuses any particular mode of divination. As such, PUNK ARCHAEOLOGY offers all academic fields a lesson for utilizing the anarchy of the cipher to negotiate the perils of disciplinary rigidity."

Brett Ommen, hobo academic

William Caraher is an Associate Professor at the University of North Dakota.
Kostis Kourelis is an Assistant Professor at Franklin and Marshall College.
Andrew Reinhard is a punk archaeologist without borders.

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