

## OUR

Our apartment was a few blocks from the hotel's bar. A comfortable walk at closing time across the old square where the indian drunks slept safely. If you crossed the square earlier, you'd be fucked with. There is an anger in Indians that cries for rape or fighting. Jealous rage at historical wrong -- a centurie of impotence that can explode over the attractiveness of an anglo couple.

It was best then to leave the bar late. When we moved here we had hoped for a cafe populated with real artists. What we found were too many eastern transplants amazed at their comparative advantage to Santa Fe's standard of living. The men grew their hair long, bought used 4 x 4's for no good reason, expressed a half-assed passing interest in the art of adobe building and silently longed for the east. The women went native in a way that required years of prep school training. Studied, careful, so so successful that they seemed to have been here for years. Their garb was never garish like the tourists -- it was always simple and sometimes incorporated the beauty of a budget shop's black shirt set off by a peice of Navajo jewelry. They knew the history of Chaco canyon, marvelled at the advanced road network, could make a passable blue water color base from the desert flowers. The women were happy.

The hotel bar was safer then. The hotel was never preasured by change. It was on the square, the square was Santa Fe, the hotel was Santa Fe. There was a Sheraton a few miles out which got all the convention business, but that was fine, the hotel had a ballroom that was used for dances, the prom, things like that. The Sheraton people invariably had a few drinks at this bar anyway.

The bar got a good afternoon crowd - the owners of the shops would come in, make change, have a beer, bemoan the bullshit forgivingly. It took about five years of living here to become native. If you stayed that long, you were

accepted. If you kept a house elsewhere or made use of frequent flyer bonus points to see the New York Opera, you weren't.

The hotel had hit upon the idea of an indoor arcade two centuries earlier than shoppin mall designers; it did keep you out of the sun.