

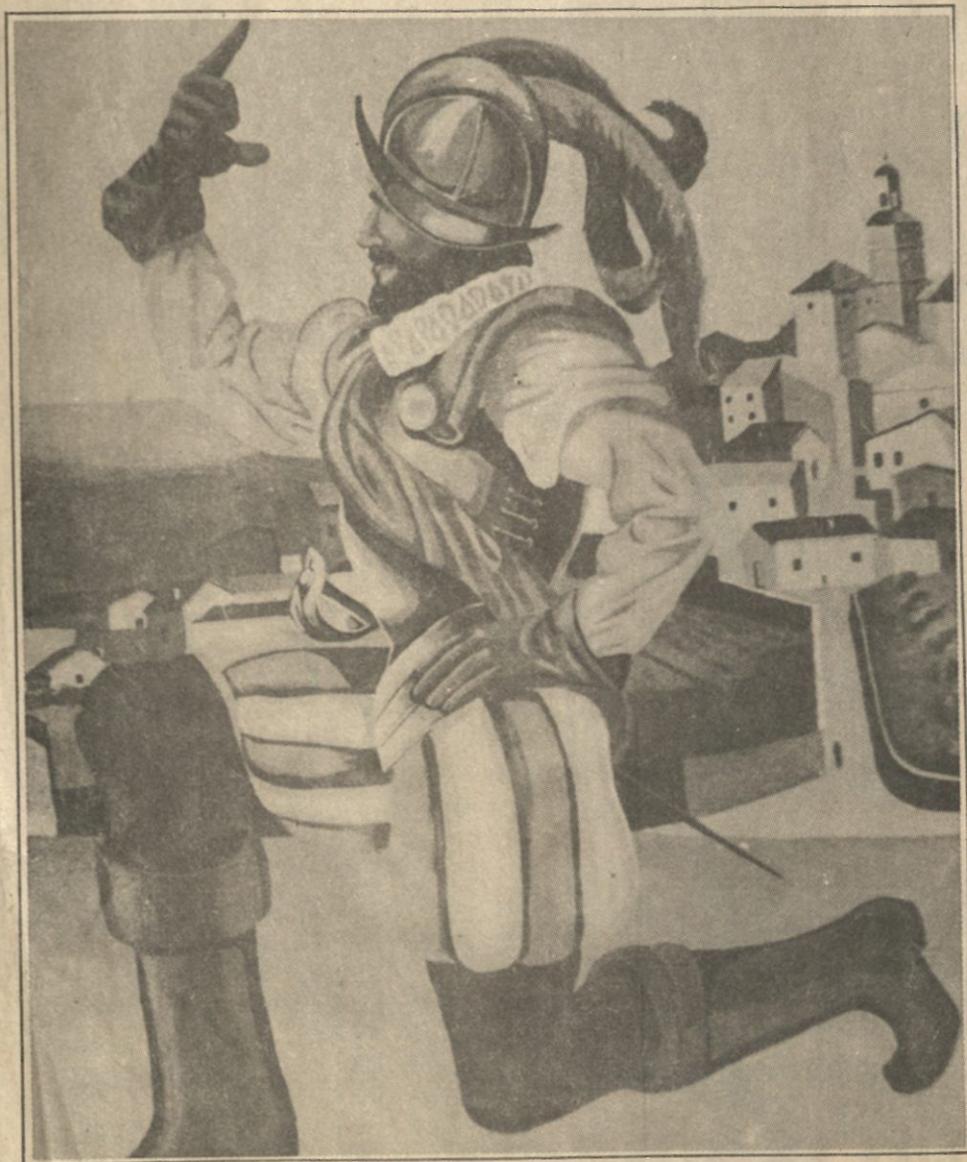
El Independiente
and
The New Mexico Independent

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VIERNES 14 de SEPTIEMBRE 1973 ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

TOMO 77, NUMERO 47

Why all the guns in Santa Fe's barrios?



Report from
Agua Fria

NO, the title of the painting is not 'Reies Tijerina enters Tierra Amarilla,' ...but that might be a close guess. It's a Conquistador on a new mural at the State Fair.

A great museum?

Agua Fria's war

By Michael Wallis

ON MONDAY evening, September 3, 1973, there was a shoot out between Santa Fe law enforcement officers and members of El Comite de los Barrios.

The exchange occurred at **Escuela Colegio Tonantzin** in the sleepy suburb of Agua Fria, west of the Capitol city. Four persons were wounded—Robert Holland and Manuel Moya, Santa Fe City Policemen; Jose Morfin, an art instructor at the school and 19-year old Linda Montoya, a visitor from Galisteo. Miss Montoya was the most severely wounded of the four. She died three days later from a hemorrhage caused by a .38 caliber bullet lodged at the base of her brain.

Almost every news report, article, and editorial relating to what has become known as the Agua Fria Shooting has ignored the school, its instructors and all organizations concerned with either or both.

Adjectives like "militant" chicanos and "self-styled" school are flying fast and furious. Last Sunday's **New Mexican** lead editorial questioned the entire concept of Escuela Colegio Tonantzin. It posed several negative questions—"Where does the school get its money—the private funds it uses to pay for its program of theater, dancing, art and drug education?"

The editorial goes on to say, "The people in Agua Fria do not support the school. The situation there is tense. Long-time residents are genuinely upset and frightened."

Other media accounts have been reported in a similar manner. Many questions remain unanswered; some probably never will be resolved.



LAST WEEK I visited the barrios of Santa Fe. Without trying to prejudice or second guess what I'd find, I was nevertheless expecting something far different from what I encountered. I moved among the people quietly and saw no expressions of animosity or violence. Even in Agua Fria, life seemed normal; really quite tranquil. I spoke to street people—laborers, housewives, children. I had a few cups of coffee with one of the La Clinica de la Gente physicians. I found another side to the coin. From what I found, I came up with several questions of my own to balance the existing interrogatives.

In La Clinica de la Gente there is a waiting room. It looks like most waiting rooms—a little poorer, simple perhaps. This is to be expected. There are couches, arm chairs, ash trays, typical interior architecture. Piles of **El Grito Del Norte**, the rather biased and temporarily defunct newspaper, various women's magazines and literature regarding lettuce boycotts are in evidence.

The only object of monetary value in sight is a striking Edward Curtis photo print showing a line of breech-clouted Indians standing in the early 1900's sunlight. It's called "Arikara Medicine Fraternity." La Clinica has functioned for one year. It's a positive place; one can feel the good that's come from it—healing, prevention—the practice of medicine.

Roberto Garcia, a resident of El Rito and a champion for Escuela Colegio Tonantzin met with this reporter in the clinic. It was after hours; quiet and cool in the cave-like adobe. Garcia has a child enrolled in the controversial Agua Fria school. He has attended all parent-teacher meetings and most school planning meetings. He's articulate, quiet and only once in a while does his voice betray any of the pent up emotion and grief he must feel.



HE LOOKED me in the eye and said, "We feel what's coming through the media is not true. In this case the slant goes entirely to the police force. It's definitely a conspiracy. Perhaps the northern New Mexico dailies are even an arm of the police."

I asked Garcia to explain. He did. "Anyone involved with the school believes the entire

incident was a set up. Some people want to see our school destroyed. For instance, the people in the pickup truck that was pursued to the school were supposedly wanted for hit and run. But no charges were ever filed. The police started the incident, chasing a car that came to the school, but then made no arrests regarding the actual cause."

Garcia paused and gathered some remaining thoughts. "Our communications with the community, most of the community, with the Archbishop and with the government was excellent prior to the shooting. Now we don't know. The feedback is positive though; people are giving us their support."

I asked Garcia how the school fared during its summer session. "Good. We had 90 to 100 students this summer." Archbishop Davis gave the old convent to the Comite in June after the last nuns vacated the premises. "We experienced no harassment before the shooting. Some expected trouble, though." He explained a fact sheet Escuela Tonantzin issued to the public September 8th. The brochure called for community support and showed some photos of damage to the school property supposedly caused by police officers. Garcia talked about the pictures. "Before and after shots. The police took the building after the incident and left Wednesday morning. Now we're cleaning it up little by little. We hope to open Monday for classes."

THE QUESTIONS yet unresolved include: why were so many policemen (at least 75) on hand at the school in only a matter of minutes? One explanation for this is Santa Fe's Fiesta. Many officers, both state and city, were on duty or just getting off. Perhaps. But it does seem odd that 75 policemen would pour automatic weapon fire into a school for at least 45 minutes when only 16 people were inside; afterwards, only four weapons were found and identified as belonging to the "militants."

Roberto Garcia elaborated. "At one point a man came out of the school carrying a thick metal pipe with a tee-shirt tied to it—a flag of surrender. It was shot out of his hands. He ran back inside and later retrieved the flag. Finally the police said in Spanish to come out. They came out in single file with the white flag in front and it was then the guns opened up. All of them ducked. The girl was hit, and Morfin. They picked up the girl and ran to some trees for cover."

"The police continued to fire in the ground all around them. The women and children got on the ground and their men surrounded them. See, the police already shot Morfin and the girl so everyone thought it was all over—they'd be killed. Then the firing stopped and arrests were made. But the wounded didn't receive proper medical attention and the men—not the Chicanas—but the men were beaten in the Santa Fe Jail."

"Chicano policemen walk a tight rope. They hate us, of course, because they don't want to accept both sides of our culture. That's why they destroyed the school. Their original purpose was to search for more arms. Some even said we had a patch of marijuana growing. Now tell me this, would a school trying to straighten out drop outs and little glue sniffers—a school concerned with drug abuse—grow pot? It seems unlikely. It was an excuse. It gave them a chance to destroy our art—all acts of rage. Remember this also—the man in Agua Fria that wants us to close the school is named Mier, Gilbert Mier. He's the brother of Fernando Mier, Deputy Chief of Police of Santa Fe."

Garcia excused himself. He had to return to El Rito and the business of living. I left the clinic and drove back to Agua Fria. The flag of **La Raza** hung limp on the school tower. A large handmade placard "closed" was posted on the school's battered gate. It's too soon to tell whether these are signs of a permanent benediction for the people of the land.



"IF YOU NARCS KICK EVERYBODY'S DOOR DOWN, WHAT WILL THE I.R.S. USE FOR KEYHOLES?"



Thoughts of

Chairman Arnulfo

By ARNULFO ARIAS C. de BACA CASTANEDA y PINO
CHAIRMAN, NEW MEXICO UNDEVELOPMENT COMMISSION

WE DISCOVERED New Mexico's ultimate weapon in the war against tourists recently: belligerent locals who drive diabolically and doggedly in the "fast" lane of a freeway at 40 or 50 mph.

It takes a lot of nerve for a dedicated undeveloper to do this day in and day out, as the risks are severe. Any number have died for the cause, being run over by semis and suffering multiple whiplash.

At first we got mad when we observed a solid line of cars in the left lane as well as in the right. After all in California, such deviates would have been arrested instantly, whereas in New Mexico the concern is for revenue instead of safety, so all our cops are out running radar traps.

But after we thought about it, the Undevelopment Commission couldn't have a better secret weapon than that terror of the highways, the one-eyed, no taillight, '56 Chevy pickup rattling erratically down the left lane of I-25 or I-40 at a sedate 40 mph, especially at night. More tourists from Baja Oklahoma have been wiped out by this horrific weapon than any other.

WE THOUGHT about setting up a secret training school for such important operatives, but research has shown there is so much native talent that training in the art isn't needed.

Our State Police are in on the conspiracy, as no one we know has ever heard of them stopping such a motorist for even a polite

warning that it is dangerous to life and limb to conduct oneself in such a fashion.

Our legislators are fully involved, making sure that New Mexico is very nearly the only state in the Union with no specific statute on the books requiring freeway drivers to stay in the right lane except when passing.

We ran across the classic modern example of the sport just the other day—a brand new Capri chock full of fierce-looking "natives" motoring morosely up La Bajada in the left lane at about 40 mph. Since the right lane was full of lumbering trucks, the Capri's side-by-side progress with one of the trucks effectively backed up an almost infinite number of tourists—about as far as the eye could see, all of them fuming, blowing horns, some of them in apparent tears. Anyone who honked got treated to obscene gestures from the Capri.

These valiant New Mexico natives were putting their lives on the line for the undevelopment of the state, if you look at it that way. A few more of them and traffic will be completely immobilized, particularly as it gets more congested. Unless drivers keep to the right on a congested freeway, progress slows to a crawl and accidents begin to accelerate.

We're sending a commendation for the effort to Frank McGuire's Department of Development project designed to teach New Mexicans to be polite to tourists.

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La Política en Nuevo México

By Casimira



THE BITTER opposition of two Sandoval County Indian pueblos to the progress of the state of New Mexico in adjudicating water rights on the Rio Grande is understandable, but probably misdirected.

Santo Domingo and San Felipe, in particular, have attempted intervention in the state's consolidated lawsuit, which is one of the more complicated legal maneuvers in the history of the bar. They lost the motion for intervention, despite the best efforts of William Veeder, self-appointed evangelist for Indian water rights.

One might think the pueblos would have realized that Veeder's position was mostly hot

air at that time. Yet they have persisted, even coming up with fantastic conspiracy theories claiming that the Justice Department is in league with New Mexico's State Engineer in a conspiracy to screw the Indians.

That this is nonsense is best demonstrated by the fact that some other pueblos in the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District are terrified by the actions of San Felipe and Santo Domingo. The other pueblos fear that an essentially favorable water rights situation at present would be risked in further proceedings.

AND IT is true that the six pueblos of the Middle Rio Grande Conservancy District enjoy substantial water rights, even to the extent of obtaining water when their Anglo and Spanish neighbors cannot.

This is due essentially to the sagacious actions of the generation of Pueblo Indians in control of such matters before World War II. They succeeded in foxing the states of New Mexico and Texas into setting aside the last drop of river water for the Indians. In the most recent drought, Isleta got an irrigation when their neighbors did not, proving the wisdom of the previous generation.

It is a mystery to us why some Pueblo Indians presently do not appreciate the genius of their predecessors in tying up so much water for the exclusive use of Indians. As a matter of fact, the root cause of the present litigation is the state's need to apportion new water brought into the state from Colorado through the San Juan-Chama Diversion Project. The state is proposing to distribute yet more water, therefore, to the Indians of the state as well as other users, based on their historic pattern of usage.

New Mexico's water law is more comprehensive than that of any other state, and for a good reason: we have less water than any other state. This is the only state of the Union where every last drop is accounted for and distributed according to legal formulae.

THE BASIS of our distribution pattern is simple in concept, though difficult in practice. It is based on historical patterns of usage, meaning that if you have put to beneficial use a certain amount of water in the past, your right to do so in the future will be recognized. These days water rights can be taken away by the state if you fail to use them over a specified period of time. Thus absentee landlords and speculators are barred from tying up water rights. The Indians, however, are not subject to forfeiture of their traditional rights.

Thus the farming pueblos of the Rio Grande are far better off in terms of water rights and actual water supplies than any other Indian group in the country. Comparing their situation with the Utes and Apaches is like comparing apples and oranges. The farming pueblos of the Rio Grande, especially Isleta are using their water industriously and

maintaining their economies at a substantial and dignified level, giving them independence and pride enjoyed by few other Indian groups. And they did it for themselves.

William Veeder ... invented a strange sort of cult in Washington apparently aimed at creating his own personal empire within the bureaucracy. But the cult has loosed the wildest charges ever heard in the history of the West, including such things as charging the government with a policy of genocide toward all Indians, and claiming that the state of New Mexico and the Justice Department are in collusion to defraud the Indians of their water rights.

IN FACT the feds and the state are diametrically opposed in their postures toward Indian water rights, and the present government appears to have no policy at all toward Indians, much less one of genocide.

Certain New Mexico Indians have fallen victims of Veeder's messianic fervor, possibly to their eventual detriment. Reopening of the entire question of Indian water rights in New Mexico could very possibly lead to a determination by the courts that they should enjoy less water than the state recognizes as theirs presently.

It is a fact that many of the pueblos are not using the full amount of their supposed water rights, since agriculture has lapsed as a way of life for many Indians. The courts could quite possibly decide to take away any unused rights and distribute them to people who do indeed plan to use them. Then the pueblos, like everyone else, would have to use the water

or give it up. That wouldn't be easy to accomplish on short notice.

JUST WHAT water rights the two Keres-speaking pueblos of Sandoval County are after has never been specified. We suspect they don't know. Rather they merely hope to escape any sort of establishment of the state's right to tell them what their water rights are.

And yet the entire fabric of the state's irrigation system, especially the conservancy district, is based on known allocations of water developed from historical patterns. Do Santo Domingo and San Felipe propose to drain the river dry where it passes them? Hardly—the downstream Indians would never stand for it, not to mention all the Anglo and Spanish farmers.

Thus it would seem far and away in the best interests of all New Mexicans, especially the Indians, to get these water rights adjudicated once and for all, so that everyone will know where he stands. Anyone who feels shortchanged in the adjudication can and should take it to court. But fighting the entire adjudication process is futile at best and potentially damaging to the Indians' own interests at worst.



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AT LA LUZ YOU OWN MORE THAN A HOME

MEDIA commentary

WE MUST apologize for a boo-boo in this column last week: Benn Boyett is indeed going to a TV station in Minneapolis, but not KSTP, the "mother" station of KOB.

We can't remember the sequence of events exactly, but it must be that someone at the station told us Boyett was going to that city and we jumped to the unfounded conclusion that he would naturally be going to KSTP.

Please forgive us, readers, and rest assured that when we make such mistakes (we're bound to make some) we'll correct them immediately.

By the way, it might be apropos that in our opinion weekend TV has improved at Channel 4 lately.

WAYNE SCOTT'S relentless and exhaustive pursuit of Fats Leonard and the Highway Department's peculiar purchasing policies has been a good example of the power of depth investigative work by a daily newspaper staffer.

We assume Scott has more time for such things these days as he's been getting excellent help from David Steinberg in the Santa Fe bureau of the paper.

Revelations that the highway people follow their own rules in purchasing are not new. But they haven't been documented so thoroughly before.

All of this presents a strange paradox in light of the **Journal's** traditional aversion to "political influence" in the affairs of the people. The Highway Department was removed from direct political control some years ago because political patronage and cronyism were screwing things up, allegedly.

So the agency was placed under an independent board with commissioners selected by governors for definite terms. Thus a governor could exert influence on the agency only through his own appointments, which, once appointed, owed him nothing and might or might not do the governor's bidding.

Over the years the department has become so autonomous that it's done "everything but raise its own flag over the building," as one Santa Fe wag put it.

So now we have the very model of non-partisan patronage and cronyism, and have no political methodology for dealing with it. Even when we elect a "reform" governor dedicated to honest and efficient administration, he can't do a damn thing about the Highway Department.

There should be a lesson in there for people committed to "non-political" government that there isn't any such thing. Rather, there are important qualitative differences between some politics and other politics. Our media would serve us better to note such differences and work for improvement, instead of attempting to foist more weird systems on the public while complaining they don't work.

THE JOURNAL'S rather bitter editorial Sunday in re the city-county merger proposal revealed much of the paper's prejudice again.

The paper lashed out at the political types who would defeat the merger in their own narrow interests. Nothing could be closer to heaven than a non-partisan mayor/council form of government, and therefore those campaigning against it are doing the work of the devil. Or something like that.

Of course, the long-disfranchised inhabitants of the Valley tend to see the proposed form of government, especially the non-partisan aspect, as serving the narrow interests of the morning daily and the clique of economic interests it serves: the same group responsible for the destruction of downtown Albuquerque and the Los Angelization of the Heights.

The morning daily's posturing as though it were "above" the whole matter and just recommending what's best for the people ill serves a community with diverse points of view on the subject. The paper is an antagonist in the controversy, and should admit it.

WE GOT a new release in the mail the other day informing us of the deadline for the Albuquerque Press Club's Ape awards program.

But Catch-22 was that the release arrived a day after the deadline. Guess we won't enter anything this year.

THE newsprint crunch is getting worse throughout New Mexico. Newspaper Printing Corporation, the primary central printing plant for the state's weekly newspapers and small publishers is turning down most new publications. Most other papers throughout the state are having trouble just getting their hands on enough paper to print their own regular products.

Thus, if you want to start a new publication these days, it may be difficult, if not impossible. We have had to locate sufficient paper for two publications turned out in our typesetting shop recently and it hasn't been easy.

The strike against Abitibi has ended in Canada, which should help some. But the long-term picture still is gloomy: demand is growing nationally at 5-6% per year, with the supply increasing about 2-3%. Unless somebody does something drastic soon, the situation will just get tighter and tighter indefinitely.

WE HEAR via the media grapevine that management personnel at certain other stations think we are on such close personal terms with Dick Knipping that our judgment is clouded by this overwhelming friendship.

Just to set the record straight, we'll point out that no one at the **Independent**, including the publishers, knows Knipping on much of a personal basis at all. We can't recall ever having more than a few words with him at any one time.

Thus our continued praise of Knipping's operation of his Channel 7 news program is based, as strictly as possible, merely on watching the tube, just like anyone else.

As an aside, we should point out that we do not necessarily consider KOAT the best TV news outfit in the world. For that matter, we are not very fond of the format TV news has been twisted into in this country. But, given the parameters and limitations Knipping and his crew continue to do an outstanding job.

PROBABLY, it's a more outstanding job than the community deserves. The latest ratings show KOB with an appreciable portion of the audience, which means that a large number of people, as we already knew, prefer entertainment to news.

No matter what happens, however, KOAT will continue to have the allegiance of those New Mexicans seriously interested in getting as much good news on TV as they can. And we are relatively confident that knowledgeable major advertisers such as the First National Bank in Albuquerque and Public Service Company of New Mexico will continue to support a genuine effort in the news field. Rates, however, are based on the size of audience, which means that it can't get too small without disaster encroaching.

To stay up there, KOAT will have to make that "extra effort" slogan really mean something. We'd like to see them experiment with a few more format changes, such as doing away with the traditional but silly weather segment, or reducing it to about 30 seconds and spending the time on the news.

JIM BOGGIO is the best thing to happen to sports reporting locally in our memory, and we look forward to his continued maturation. But we question the present-day validity of pigeonholing one person in such a department. NBC's Today Show has demonstrated that there is a modern type of American not



"DICK, WHY NOT SEND ME SOME OF YOUR DISSIDENTS WITH THE NEXT LOAD OF WHEAT?"

only interested in, but able to converse about, subjects ranging from football to modern jazz. Gene Shacklitt has become the "renaissance man" of television.

It would be interesting to see a TV news program in which the "compartments" of the traditional program were dropped, with the subject matter arranged according to news value and/or programming considerations instead. That is, the weather would get more or less attention according to the news value of the weather. No more droning on about the temperature in every hamlet in the state. Likewise, categorical listings of baseball scores could well disappear—such things are better left to agate type in the daily newspapers. One day you might have a sports story first (the Lobos beat Arizona State), a weather story second (flood collapses Elephant Butte Dam) and political news later. The next day the order would be reversed, and so on.

Certainly, many viewers are in such a knee-jerk habit pattern of TV news watching that it would take time for them to get used to such a thing. But if done well, it could be imaginative and exciting, and hold a greater share of the audience.

WE'VE THOUGHT so for some time, but just now get around to saying it: Pat Kailer has turned into the best feature writer, bar none, male or female, in the recent history of daily newspapers in New Mexico.

Pat served a stint on Action Line before moving up as a feature writer. Her star has really begun to shine.

And she's done it in the most natural way: following her nose for the interesting and unusual, the sort of things that make New Mexico a unique place to live. From gourd planters to Activist women, Pat has covered the scene with an inimitable verve and style.

Her catholicity of interest and production is not only refreshing, but it brings us to the subject of women's pages once again.

We have long detested the idea of "women's pages" primarily because they tend to treat women as a race apart, a sort of sub-homo sapiens branch of the tribe not quite literate enough to read the rest of the paper like menfolk.

The **Tribune** is a sort of living fossil of this genre, cranking out garbage by the mile, of the sort calculated to encourage women to consider themselves brainless social whirls.

But the increasing sophistication of the **Journal's** efforts toward improved women's coverage has demonstrated that perhaps it is possible to have a creative, relevant and worthwhile page dedicated largely to news of interest to women.

Such pages already are well-read. They can

perform a valuable service if the content is worth the reading.

ACTION LINE also continues to be the best of its genre that we've seen around the country.

Virtually every paper in the nation has sported such a column at one time or another, but the **Journal's** Action Line is one of the most enduring. We'd venture to say that's because it has personality and style, while most such things are dreary and dry.

The uniqueness of the **Journal's** effort in the area is directly attributable to a crusty reformed Texan, one of the world's few centenarian tennis players, late of the University of New Mexico news bureau and a reformed French professor as well.

"Doc" Fenley has been around long enough to know where to find the answer to almost anything, and has the gall to bluff if he can't. His experience at the UNM news bureau over many years gave him an encyclopedic knowledge of who at the university will know the answer to what question.

Since Pat Kailer departed the column to become the paper's best feature writer, Louise Miller has filled the post admirably. Louise is another one of our favorite people in the New Mexico media, who has never done a job in any other way but competently and well. Such talents are few and far between.

A RECENT press conference held by two Indian pueblos to air their arguments in a dispute over Indian water rights produced an interesting phenomenon, the sort of "chopping off the head of the messenger who bears bad news" syndrome.

In this case, the two pueblos were protesting a federal judge's interpretation of the law. But what they really appear to be irate about was the story about the same on the front page of the **Journal** by reporter Bill Hume, the paper's resident Indian and water expert.

To the Indians, the fact that the story was on the front page of the **Journal** seemed far more important than the actual content of the judge's ruling. This is not an unusual psychological reaction but it remains a curiosity of human behavior.

AT THE same Indian news conference, we observed another phenomenon which has repeated itself so many times that it can't be considered rare either: KGGM-TV walked in half an hour late, disrupted the news conference, bummed the use of another station's lights, and proceeded to ask again all the questions already asked of the patient Indian leaders.

MOVIES

D.H. Lawrence's
"The Virgin and The Gypsy"
By MICHAEL BLAKE

"AT FIRST sight "The Virgin and The Gypsy" (playing now at the Guild Theatre) might appear as a blatant attempt to cash in on (God I hate to call it this)—the women's movement.

But with first sight it's also easy to see that this movie has far too much substance to do anything of the kind and, as D.H. Lawrence knew so well, some women were dueling with the same societal hardships 50 years ago that they are today. But 50 years ago there was no TV, and most of them kept it to themselves.

Piercing the armor of a stacked social deck is precisely what "The Virgin and The Gypsy" is all about and Christopher Miles (Sarah Miles' brother), directing his first feature film has put it all together with first-rate intelligence, flawless pacing and impeccable allegiance to Derbyshire in the twenties.

Yvette (played delicately by Canadian actress Joanna Shimkus) returns from school in the south of France to a home and family which amount to no more than a pit of post-Victorian guilt and hypocrisy.

Her father (the local rector), grandmother, spinster aunt and smalltime lecher uncle are all there to drag her down with them. Yvette's younger sister Lucille (who went to school with her) sits away at the myth, "any woman can" by eating squarely on the fence while Yvette chips away at the complete oppression that constitutes her environment.

OF COURSE one can't make a career going against a ripide and Yvette swims out of it with the help of a couple living in sin nearby (the female half is a remarkably versatile Honor Blackman—remember Pussy Galore?) and "... The Gypsy."

The gypsy is Franco Nero. Nero has little to

do in the way of acting but what he does do is near-perfect. He has next to nothing to say and appears only at crucial points but a lesser talent would have butchered the movie.

To tell you the story would be to tell you the film and it's already there to do that so I won't belabor the plot line. I can say however, that Yvette eventually triumphs, that it is a triumph made of strength and not romantic mush and it satisfies like seven courses, cognac and a smoke.

There are some hurdles but they're all minor when compared with the end product. Miles uses some symbolism that has all the subtlety of a fist emerging from a washer but he employs it so sparingly that it's gone before you know it. At times Joanna Shimkus' Yvette seems too wise to be a virgin of any sort but it's a tough role for anybody and she walks the tightrope between virginal naivete and gussy fortitude with few slips. There's a redundant series of fantasy flashbacks but they don't last long.

I can't get into them because of space but the supporting cast, from truly supportive roles down to the cook's one liner, carry it all off with nary a wrinkle, allowing the viewer to follow the main flow without those nasty distractions that slipshod performances sometimes create.

I suppose it's toughest to write about something you like (at least it is for me) and that's the case here. Art is supposed to inspire as well as entertain and "The Virgin and The Gypsy" does exactly that.

It's hard not to want to do a better job as a human being after you've seen it. If you've got it put together as a human being at least lay down the two skins or whatever it is, be a patron and catch the show just to have a good time.

Anaya is honored

By JOSE EFREN GARCIA

RUDOLFO A. ANAYA is the winner of the \$1,000 second annual Premio Quinto Sol, a national Chicano literary award. The prize was awarded to this young author for his recently published novel, *Bless Me, Ultima*. The novel is already being praised as a classic by Chicanos across the land as they encounter in this moving story the shock of recognition.

The author of *Bless Me, Ultima* began writing while he was an undergraduate at the University of New Mexico in Albuquerque. It was during that time that he shared with other carnales the idea of a Chicano Renaissance. It would be artists like themselves, they believed, that would take their heritage and experiences and give them a modern form and meaning. And the ideal was to do it with an artistry that would create a new chapter in world literature.

"It was this idea more than any other which instilled in me the discipline I needed to keep writing during those ten long years when I was getting absolutely nothing published. We were young and like most young men we dreamed of fame and recognition, but in the end what made us artists was the belief we had that a new wind was blowing across the land, a wind sweeping all of us towards the definition of a new man, a new justice. And this definition of a new man and a new justice would be based on the self-determination Chicanos have historically pursued, and it would be based essentially on Chicano concepts. As an artist, it was when I turned inward into the source of my life that I could begin to create out of that source the new dreams and myths and literature that in a sense become the new truths."

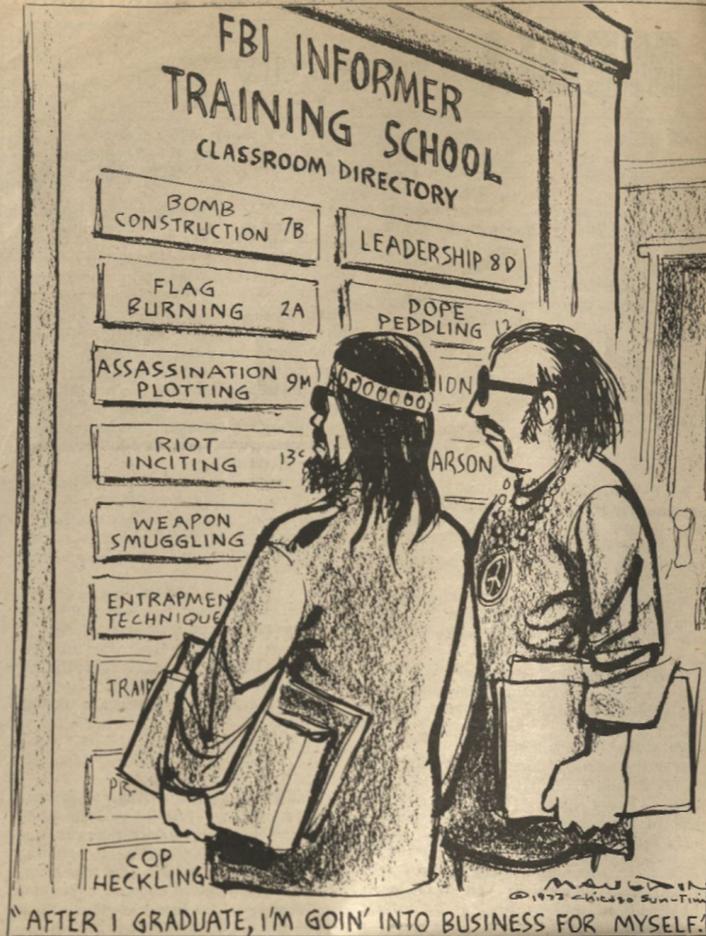
"The context of expression becomes modern, of course, but the roots are in our history, in our myths and cuentos, in our people who are timeless, enduring, eternal. I was born to these gente, on October 30, 1937 in Pastura, New Mexico. I have haunting memories of the pueblito. I remember the people, the bright sun and limitless sky, herds

of cattle grazing in the grass of the llano, brilliant blood-red sunsets, and the immense nights that brooded over the pocket of life that our village affirmed. It seemed to me that we were an old people, as old as the earth, one with the land, embarking on a new adventure ... My family moved to Santa Rosa, New Mexico when I was very young. I went to school there, I mixed into the herd of cabroncitos of the town and we daily sang the sun on its way in a tempestuous, dumb-beautiful way. Childhood was a fantastic experience ..."

Rudolfo Anaya's family moved to Albuquerque during his high school years. Here he was tempered by the fast changing, unpredictable, fascinating and sometimes brutal life of the Bareas barrio. He attended business school for a few years, then the University of New Mexico. He worked part-time while attending school, submerged himself in literature, and began to write.

He graduated in 1963 and was employed as a teacher in the Albuquerque school system. Anaya continued his education and has since completed two master degrees. He is currently the Director of Guidance and Counseling at the University of Albuquerque. Along with his professional duties, Anaya is working on another novel, is a landscape painter, and frequently travels to fulfill engagements at universities to discuss the art of writing and his novel, *Bless Me, Ultima*.

Rudolfo and his wife, Patricia, make their home in Albuquerque. They both have been teachers in the Albuquerque Public Schools and now are both in the counseling field. "We have traveled to many places in the country and talked to many people, but we are always happy to come back to the sun and the barren beauty of New Mexico. This is our home and the source of my creative spirit," says Mr. Anaya. It is this love of the land and its people that make this man not only a vital and aware Chicano author, but a literary author of universal scope and perception.



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WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 17-21

Monday, Sept. 17 7:00 pm
TEN CENTS ON THE DOLLAR: THE BANKRUPTCY GAME. Economist Syd Rudberg explores the gouging taking place in bankruptcy litigation and the lucrative possibilities of going bankrupt.

Tuesday, Sept. 18 7:00 pm
ANALIS NIN AT UNM. Famed feminist author Anais Nin outlines her philosophy, her travels and experiences in a speech delivered at UNM last February.

Wednesday, Sept. 18 7:00 pm
PLEA BARGAINING: A COPOUT ON JUSTICE? Plea bargaining settles nearly 90% of the criminal prosecutions in the U.S. and is generally agreed to be keeping our court system from collapsing. But this shortcut also holds some heavy ramifications.

Thursday, Sept. 20 7:00 pm
The alcoholic treatment program in Albuquerque. Two of ATSP's doctors discuss alcoholism and the efforts of the federally and locally funded program aimed at stopping the disease.

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JAZZ Mondays & Thursdays 9:00 pm

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LETTERS

Price grows.... like fungus

Editor:
V.B. PRICE grows on one—like a fungus.
William Bill Tijeras

EDITOR's note: We thank Mr. Bill for the unusual compliment—but would like to know what sort of fungus he has in mind, since there are various types ranging from one that gives the distinctive flavor to Amontillado Sherry down to the one responsible for Athlete's Foot.

Raises IQ

Editor:
NOW THAT Mayor Yorty has joined Governor Connally in switching parties, it would be well to paraphrase Will Rogers and note that it is good when a Democrat becomes a Republican, because it raises the average IQ of both parties.
Robert B. Stephenson

Demo women will hold state elections

DEMOCRATIC WOMEN of New Mexico, the newly formed statewide organization of Democratic Women, will hold their Election of Officers Meeting on Saturday, September 22, 1973, at 1:30 p.m., at the Albuquerque Midtown Holiday Inn, Meeting Room #1. The Democratic Women from across the State will be welcomed by greetings from Alice King, wife of Governor Bruce King; Dessie Sawyer of Crossroads, Democratic National Committeewoman; and Marie Eaves of Farmington, Democratic State Chairwoman.

Charmaine Crown, Chairman of the Nominating Committee, will present the report of the Nominating Committee. Nominations may be made from the floor. Senator Consuelo Kitzes of Santa Fe will serve as Parliamentarian for the Election Meeting; and Teresa Moulds, Acting Chairman, and Margaret Pargin, Acting Secretary, both are from Albuquerque, will continue to serve until completion of the election of officers.

Senator Gladys Hansen of Las Cruces will present to the members the pros and cons of the Constitutional Amendments that will be on the ballot this November.

Anyone wishing to join or wanting more information about Democratic Women of New Mexico should contact: Teresa Moulds, 316 Sierra Pl. N.E., Albuquerque.

wheels

IF THERE's anything in the wide world of wheels which boggles the mind of the enthusiast these days, it's the incredible proliferation of mechanical complexity in motorcycles now on the market.

Honda started it all, we suppose, when they began offering overhead cams and that sort of thing as alternatives to the traditional British vertical single or twin pushrod four-cycle engine—about the only thing available in this country before 1960, with the exception of our homegrown antiques, the Harley-Davidsons.

Honda apparently found these innovative steps financially rewarding, for as the cash started to flow in, the company plunged right over the cliff. The introduction of a four-cylinder overhead cam motorcycle, with hydraulic disc front brake and enough hardware to overwhelm a lunar excursion module, caught the rest of the industry a year or two behind. These expensive, complex toys sold like hotcakes. Naturally—that's human nature rather than common sense. So now everybody is in the act.

So embarrassing, in fact, that the moguls of the sport are worrying about the "end of grand prix motorcycle racing" if some method isn't devised to keep the four-strokes competitive. But when they're not competitive with more than twice the displacement, what can you do? Require the Yamahas to have 300 lb. riders? Run with flat tires? No one knows what to do.

But the proof is certainly there for those of us just interested in a good motorcycle at a reasonable price instead of a 75-hp Swiss watch with one million moving parts designed to dazzle the neighbors and overwhelm the girlfriend: go right down and buy yourself a Yamaha 350 and keep the extra \$1,000 or so in change, which ought to be enough to buy your girlfriend a steak dinner, if you hurry.

A DISC brake even sprouted on Harleys, which, however, continue with an engine borrowed from a museum and handling characteristics borrowed from Buick.

Kawasaki almost stole the show with their three-cylinder two-cycle roadburners, which remain the most rocket-like conveyances it is possible to purchase in this country. Like rockets, they also prefer to go in straight lines. Cornering on Kawasakis can be described as thrilling, at best. Apparently the Japanese have yet to invent the damper.

Most lately, Kawasaki has decided to get its own piece of the super-complex four-cycle market, recognizing that there are many Americans who've been propagandized into prejudice against the popcorn machine sound of two-cycle engines.

With a blast of trumpets, Kawasaki's vault doors creaked open and out rolled a double overhead cam 900 cc. four-cylinder four-cycle bike. Never mind that it's not as fast as a two-cycle triples—it wasn't designed for any other purpose than one-upmanship in the "Gee Whiz, Look at That!" market. Given the design parameters, it is a success.

ABOUT THE only other thing comparable to Kawasaki's latest mechanical marvel is Suzuki's water-cooled two-cycle triple, which though complicated and flashy, hasn't caught on much. There really doesn't seem to be much interest in water cooling except for racing bikes. The street rider likes to look at all those fins and can't conceive of a bike with a radiator instead.

We shouldn't leave out mention of the British effort to cobble a three-cylinder bike by sawing a BSA in half and welding it to a Triumph, or whatever that strange design called for. Anyway British ingenuity succeeded in producing a bike at an embarrassing price, only to watch it get left in the dust by Japanese two strokes of less than half the displacement.

The Italians haven't given up either, producing a four from the MV-Augusta people, a very nice V-twin with real handling capability from Ducati, and showing photos of a threatened example of sheer bravado: a SIX-cylinder DOHC 750 cc. bike from Benelli. Next we expect a flat four from BMW (they could just use a VW engine, or go one better and use the Subaru's water-cooled flat four) and maybe a V-12 from Norton-Villiers. At that point, potential motorbike owners will need astronaut training.

It was in style and cadence very like those expositions of the terms of the loan that the law requires the lender to print on the back of the finance contract and that meet the lender's convenience rather better than they protect the borrower, being most useful as a kind of auxiliary character test, since the customer who reads and asks questions about them shows himself that most untrustworthy of debtors, the one who distrusts the creditor.

A former editor of *The New Republic*, Murray Kempton was a syndicated columnist for *The New York Post*. The author is a native of Baltimore and lives in New York

REVIEWS

THE BRIAR PATCH
By Murray Kempton.
E.P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York.
\$7.95, 282 pages

COURT procedures in these United States are the theme of this penetrating book by Murray Kempton. Highlighted in *The Briar Patch* is the trial of the Panther 21 in New York that grew out of the gestapo-like raid by the New York City Police (100 riot-equipped officers, some in armored vests, entered 19 apartments at 5:00 o'clock in the morning on April 2, 1969).

Narrative of *The Briar Patch* explores both the mechanics of police undercover operations that brought the Panthers to the bar as well as those of their highly publicized trial. But this book is more than just an account of the sometimes sordid actions of a modern police department, for Kempton illustrates each of the contending forces: prosecution, defense and members of the jury, each acting out what it believes to be justice.

Any reader who is familiar with Kempton knows the slant from which this book is written (I do not say "bias" for the book is fair, though sometimes ironical). The following quote gives us an insight into the depths of the reporting in *The Briar Patch*.

... And Justice Murtagh stared down from his nation upon the separate nation of Richard Moore (the defendant), that alien entity so unmanageable because it at once comprehended you and was itself so incomprehensible. The court's language was one of those antiquated reproductions whose effect depends on acceptance without examination.

It was in style and cadence very like those expositions of the terms of the loan that the law requires the lender to print on the back of the finance contract and that meet the lender's convenience rather better than they protect the borrower, being most useful as a kind of auxiliary character test, since the customer who reads and asks questions about them shows himself that most untrustworthy of debtors, the one who distrusts the creditor.

A great city needs

WHILE struggling through a crisis of identity, cities, like people, must often rely on the appearance of sudden realizations, unexpected events of self-knowledge that clear the air and lead them to a fresh and deeper awareness of their potential.

For me, "Introductions 1973"—an exhibition of "unaffiliated" local artists currently showing at the Museum of Albuquerque—is such an event, a realization of potential the importance of which cannot be overstated.

It demonstrates most dramatically that Albuquerque does, indeed, have a flourishing, if covert, artistic life and identity all its own; it puts the lie to the super-chichi elitist snobbery of Santa Fe and Taos who seem convinced they have an exclusive head-lock on the state's creative psyche; and it gives clear evidence of the role the city museum must play if Albuquerque is to evolve in the direction of its proper place as a mature and cosmopolitan center of urban culture.

"Introductions 1973" is a cooperative effort between the Albuquerque Arts Council and the City Museum. It came about when Council president Crawford McCallum and member Helen Clegg, owner of the New West Gallery here, came up with the idea to bring visibility to Albuquerque-area artists who were not affiliated with a gallery and therefore largely unknown.

THE IDEA caught the imagination of our recently resigned "new" museum director Richard Conn who managed to produce what is the first instance, to my memory, of the museum taking a vigorous leadership position in the artistic life of the city.

It is an inspiring performance of institutional interaction and individual talent.

A JURY, comprised of San Patricio artist John Meigs, Santa Fe gallery owner Sandra Wilson, and Alexander Masdley, former chairman of UNM's Art Education Department, selected the work of 42 local artists from a staggering total of some 173 entries.

Quite frankly, I was absolutely amazed. I'd gone to the show with considerable apprehension, expecting to be disappointed again. But what I saw was a brilliant assemblage of well-crafted, serious works, by

V.B. Price

highly-disciplined serious artists, the majority of whom I'd never heard of before.

Although my purpose here is not to play the role of the critic—critics being the least necessary and usually the most ignorant characters in the world of art—the show, by any standards I can think of, is an overwhelming artistic success. And though it certainly cannot be defined as a "revolutionary exhibition" in terms of style or even content, it is revolutionary in the sense of dramatically altering the city's image and concept of itself.

SUDDENLY we are faced with the hopeful and refreshing realization that in the midst of bumbling, post-pubescent, californi-



cated Albuquerque there exists an astonishingly rich abundance of unaccounted for independent New Mexican talent.

Granted, the show has people familiar to most of us—like painters Dick Hogan and Bill Masterson, and photographer Joe Laval—but I'd never heard of the rolling sculpture of Peter Bilan, the wily pencil drawings of Lynette M. Degani, the wonderfully personal paintings of Caludia Kirby and Paul Rabalais, the super social realism of Rocky W. Rodgers, the ceramic magic of Heather Stiles' stone-fur-polka dot-filled globes, nor the engrossing mind terrains of Joyce Wilkerson's photo serigraphs and Debbie Wood's charcoal drawings.

What excites me the most, about the artists and the city as well, is that a large group of

individual talents, working in virtual anonymity, isolated from public recognition and response, has had the wit to find creative sustenance in the seemingly uncongenial atmosphere of development-crazy, commerce-adoring big city Albuquerque.

It may be redundant by now, but Albuquerque does indeed have a well established "artistic community." It's been in evidence before, of course, largely through the work and high visibility of a few nationally-known local painters like Nick Abdalla, the UNM Fine Arts Department, the Tamarind Institute, and our well-known abundance of gifted designer-craftsmen. It should have come as no surprise to me that we'd have an uncommon richness of other artists, working for the sake of their art, as well. But it did, and largely because I'd fallen into the unconscious trap of believing the image of Albuquerque as an environment hostile to creativity.

I'M SURE many will quibble as to the quality, originality and expertise demonstrated by this or that artist, but that's beside the point. What's important is that "Introductions 1973", aside from giving deserving artists a chance to show their work in a formal and competitive setting, gives evidence that Albuquerque is NOT the cultural equivalent of an asphalt jungle, barren of brains and beauties, like the parochial and devastatingly social artistic communities of the north would have us.

Suddenly we are made more aware than ever that a fine arts community need not be the product of an affected, Peyton-Placeish, drop out groupie world; that in New Mexico, like other places, a big city can be a nurturing environment for the arts; that everything is not dependent on Texas money, cliques and effete patrons; that people of talent can survive the loneliness and invisibility of a city heretofore unaware and unappreciative of many of its artistic citizens, and not only survive it, but find its absence of distractions helpful in focusing on the work itself and not on the sidetracking adulation of a cocktail party society.

This is not to say that Santa Fe and Taos are, themselves, barren of sincerity and serious talent. They are not. But there is an undeniable tone, a stagnant and sometimes morbidly incestual feeling to them both that is not found here in Albuquerque. Who knows, the city might even become someday a haven for exiled northerners.

"Introductions 1973 is not the end all and be all—it is merely, and I mean merely, a beginning, a portentous sign of Albuquerque's potential for becoming a visibly civilized environment. But what a beautiful and impressive beginning it is!

In the long run, to me, its greatest significance will be found in its demonstration of the catalytic role the Museum of Albuquerque could be playing in the



evolution of our identity from boomtown to urban maturity.

ALBUQUERQUE badly needs a strong cultural focus, other than the University and the individual institutions of the performing arts, if it is to bind together all the various arts organizations into a coherent and truly useful entity for civic "progress."

The loss of Richard Conn, by all accounts a good museum man and one certainly willing to involve the museum with the rest of the community, is most unsettling indeed.

Conn came here a little over nine months

ago, leaving a post with the Denver Arts Museum. He is now returning to Denver to become curator of that museum's section on native art. Conn's comings and goings bear an uncanny resemblance to the comings and goings of our recently departed "new" police chief, Donald Byrd—who came from Dallas and returned to Dallas after using Albuquerque as a convenient spot for a little constructive R & R.

Conn cannot be faulted personally for leaving us to accept a more prestigious job. He didn't have enough time here to become

a great museum

identified with our city, nor with its problems and its promise. He barely had time to get started, but he left us a good, if partial, example of the kind of person we need to replace him—a man who must become the museum's equivalent of Byrd's replacement, Chief Bob Storer, plus a little extra.

We need a new director who has already identified with the community, one who knows the town and is committed to its continued evolution. We need a person who, like Conn, is interested in fine arts and fine crafts, as well as science and local history. We do not need another servant of the historical society.

We need a person who is above all politically aggressive and astute, who will become a public and popular spokesman for the museum and its needs, a person who is a diligent and knowledgeable fund-raiser, who knows how to find sufficient money and community enthusiasm to fight a winning battle for a new museum building.

What we don't need is some ivory tower know-it-all who cloisters the museum and its potential power for good from the rest of the

cultural life of the city.

How we're going to find such a hero I don't know. But the more I think about it, the more convinced I become that the future of Albuquerque's identity as a civilizing urban center of culture, depends in large measure upon the unifying and catalyzing influence of a powerful city museum.

And the unexpected treasures of "Introductions 1973" is the best evidence I can think of to prove the point.



OFF THE CUFF By ACUFF

WE TOURED the glories of the State Fair again this week, and came away with a sort of sense of *deja vu*.

That is, so little changes that one feels that he stepped back into the same play on the same stage and took up the plot where it left off last year. Even the same newspaper are there, for the most part, for each year's press tour. Fern Sawyer's latest costume is always novel, but also a part of the tradition.

But we have to admit we love fairs. When little, we visited the Arizona State Fair religiously, especially since an aunt had a house snug up against the wall on the backstretch of the race track. We could watch the annual auto race from her roof, or even sit on the wall, after shinnying up a handy palm tree.

So we carry the same attitude into the New Mexico State Fair. Somehow it's never as exciting as it was at the age of ten, but it's still well worth the trip for middle aged editors. Being gluttons for minutiae, we can spend hours upon hours peering at everything from ornamental gourds to electric toy trains.

WE DID'T see a lot that's new at the fair this year, but that doesn't matter: the same exhibits each year would actually be enough. There is a new addition in the Spanish Village; an eight foot by 50' mural said to have been provided by Reies Tijerina and Co. It depicts an idealized version of Spanish history in New Mexico, and throws in a couple of Indians and blacks just so no one will feel

left out. We've thought it pleasing that the Mexican art of mural painting has had a sort of flowering in New Mexico, but must admit that most of the examples adorning walls in Santa Fe and Albuquerque are uniformly awful. This one at the State Fair isn't half bad, at least from a technical standpoint.

For good art, though, be sure to visit the art gallery, where you'll see, among other outstanding works, a rendition of a Navajo squaw dance that leaves a lasting impression.

But all in all, the most overpowering impression one comes away with is that the State Fair is ridiculously underutilized. Acres of grounds and square miles of building merely sit there for most of the year. The place, with a little renovation, would make a fantastic site for conventions, and ought to be the meeting place for every civic group in the area. Shows ought to be on in the coliseum on a constant basis.

We must say the fair has been much better utilized in the recent past than previously. But there's still a long way to go before the fantastic facilities the taxpayers have provided there are used to their ultimate extent.

As our columnist V.B. Price points out in this edition, Albuquerque is in desperate need of a major museum. Why not establish it at the State Fair grounds? Using some of the existing buildings there's room enough for fantastic exhibitions throughout most of the year. Some of them would have to be taken down for a month to accommodate the Fair each year, but that's no hardship. What about it, State Fair commissioners?

A museum must be first in Albuquerque's reach for a level of distinction

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APARTMENT TO LEASE: 1 bedrm., furnished, children & pets okay. Located on Pennsylvania Ave. S.E. \$135/mo. plus security deposit. Call 268-6868.

BUSINESS CARDS—only \$8.50 per thousand (minimum quantity) from the Independent. None better. Home cheaper.

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FOR SALE: Beautiful Wedgewood China Dark blue Florentine (open stock); 6 dinner plates, 6 cups & saucers. New, Never Used, \$150. Call Kallweit at 867-5258.

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BUMPERSTICKERS made to order, at about 10 cents each, in quantities of more than 100, from the Independent. 321 5th SW, 243-5186.

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MUST SELL: 1963 Chevy Camper equipped. Rebuilt engine, good tires. \$400 bottom price. Call 265-0926 between 9-10 a.m. only.

SMALL WORLD Nursery. Reasonable Rates. 2-10 yrs. old. Call 266-6523 or 296-3277.

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ROLLING STOCK

'66 DODGE DART. Excellent condition. Call 294-2152 or 842-9693.

NEED GOOD HOME for 1968 chopped Honda 350 in excellent condition. \$650. Call 298-3447.

'68 FORD Convertible. 302 Galaxie, Clean, \$685. Call 256-7828.

OUTBOARD MOTOR, 10 HP, Cris Craft, \$30. Call 256-7828.

MUST SELL: 1963 Chevy Camper equipped. Rebuilt engine, good tires. \$400 bottom price. Call 265-0926 between 9-10 a.m. only.

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HELP WANTED

HONORS JOURNALISM graduate with 20 years' practice seeks news reporting position. William P. Montgomery, POB 4554, Santa Fe, N.M. 87501.

BABYSITTER wanted, good with children. One year child. Live in Juan Tabo, Lubank, or Canyon area. 294-6880 or 345-0468.

MEMBERS of the Suicide Prevention and Crisis Center are community-minded people, much like you yourself, who stand ready to give each other a source for the immediate solution to any problem. Volunteers are selected for characteristics and personal traits: maturity, motivation, stability, and willingness to train and supervise. They are chosen from all walks of life, because the problems dealt with show no strict age limit or social status. They are professional people, housewives, students, laborers, skilled workers.

Volunteers are trained in 3 to four sessions and have three basic functions: to listen, to elicit information from the caller, and to make proper referral and/or resolve the immediate crisis through purely mechanical steps.

Volunteers are warm human beings who can function without too many crutches. Evaluation of each volunteer is carried through the training period to learn about each individual before he is asked to answer any callers.

The Suicide Prevention and Crisis Center has 120 active volunteers. Many more are needed. We need your time. To a troubled caller, it needs to be heard, to be helped and directed is most important.

If you can volunteer your time to help someone, call 265-7557.

WOMAN, 24, seeks woman to share house off main traffic routes and with yard with herself and several cats. Would like a mature student or that sort. I'm also seeking an unfinished house of the kind described. 255-5741.

PART-TIME JOB—The Independent needs a circulation person or two. You sell the papers, place them on newsstands, develop new outlets, etc., and keep the profits. Work on Thursdays and Fridays only. Call 243-5186 to apply, or come see us at 321 Fifth SW, Albuquerque. Circulation persons needed in counties of Bernalillo, Sandoval and Valencia.

Bartender, cook apply at Shakey's, in person. Indian School & Wyoming; or Louisiana & Central.

WANTED: Woman to live in. Room, board and salary. Full-time job. Myrtle Powladge, 3601 Calle del Monte NE, Albuquerque, 256-9231.

FOR SALE: 1966 Chrysler Convertible aka "Starship Enterprise". Power everything. \$295.00. (However, no serious offers will go unnoticed.) 247-1185

FOR SALE: Peugeot 10-speed, 24" frame, Weimann Audy rims, 4 mos. old, extras \$100. Call 247-8634.

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EIBC

Three little words can save you medicine money.

Frequently when you're sick, nothing hurts as much as the cost of the medicine to help you get better. But there is a way you can save money on prescription drugs and medicine. By remembering three little words . . . "the generic name."

What do these words mean?

Simply this. Your doctor can write a prescription two ways. He can write the "brand name" or *the generic name* (pronounced jen-air-ic) of the drug. The difference is that prescriptions can cost a lot less if the doctor uses *the generic name*.

How come?

Most well-known advertised brands of anything cost more than unknown or store brands. You pay for the advertising that makes the "brand name" well-known. Brand name drugs also usually cost more. For example, one drug used to reduce high blood pressure costs drug stores about \$4.50 under its "brand name," yet only 99¢ under its *generic name*. What's more, up to half of the

most widely prescribed drugs (the top 50) are available under their *generic name*.

Here's what to do.

First, ask your doctor to write down *the generic name* instead of the brand name. Don't be afraid to tell him you need to save money on medicine. Second, tell your pharmacist that the prescription calls for *the generic name* at your request. Ask for the lowest-priced quality generic drug he or she can recommend.

You could tear out this message and wrap it around your finger to help you remember. Or you could keep thinking of the dollars you want to save. Either way, remembering three little words can save you lots of medicine money. Please remember *the generic name*.

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