MEMOIRS OF AN AMERICAN INDIAN HOUSE

by

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memoirs of an american indian house

A DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY ON U.S., FEDERALLY SUBSIDIZED HOUSING AND ITS IMPACT ON THE NATIVE AMERICAN CULTURES OF THE NORTHERN CHEYENNE AND SANDIA PUEBLO...
TO

MILLARD FILLMORE,

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

THE GREAT FATHER OF THE RED MAN

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE

COMMISSIONER OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.

NOVEMBER 12, 1851.
FULL PAGE PHOTOS
IN SEQUENCE OF APPEARANCE

1) CHEYENNE GIRLS, CHEYENNE, Christopher Barthelmess, ?, ref 40, #54.
2) 2 SISTERS, ISLETA, Vroman, 1899, ref 40, #2009.
3) SQUAWS DRESSING BUFFALO HIDES, CHEYENNE, BAE Gorden, 1870, ref 40, #3701.
4) VIEW EAST, SANDIA, Hillers, 1879, ref 40, #2085-c-1.
5) RIDGEWALKER, CHEYENNE, Barthelmess, 1899, ref 40, #56135.
6) UNPUBLISHED ORIGINAL, ISLETA, 1930.
7) INTERIOR BATHROOM OF MUTUAL HELP HOUSE, UNPUBLISHED ORIGINAL, CHEYENNE, 1974.
8) INTERIOR LIVING ROOM OF MUTUAL HELP HOUSE, UNPUBLISHED ORIGINAL, SANDIA, 1974.
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...IN ACCORDANCE TO VERBAL AGREEMENT
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abstract:

I journeyed into the reservations of the Pueblos and Plains Nations during the summer of 1974, in search of a story. This story is one of life as experienced through the American Indian's perspective. The individuals, representing two Indian tribes, Cheyenne and Sandia, relay excerpts that tell of social inequality, injustice, and cultural suppression. They tell stories of poverty, exploitation, and stereotyping. The villain is the United States Government. The scene is set amid the houses constructed through the Federally subsidized housing program of the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). Acculturation summarizes the theme of this story. Through housing, HUD is introducing the American lifestyle, fast displacing the American Indian lifestyle.

I do not support the housing program as it exists. It must be abandoned in favor of one that promotes self-sufficiency for these American Indian tribes. The issues I present do not imply an approval of this program, but address the problems that have been created as the result of its implementation. The houses that have been built and the problems they have introduced must be reckoned with—Upon construction of the house, the family moves in, and acculturation sets upon is calculated course. Why? The house ensnares the family and they have no choice but to become incorporated into the American mainstream. The house is wholly dependent upon the American pattern of living: The house requires large amounts of energy to be consumed, especially electricity. The house is designed for a mobile nuclear family. And the house requires a mortgage plan. These are American.

For the future, the persistence of the US Government toward acculturation of these Indian nations into the American mainstream must be curtailed. There is no need to import new technologies into these reservations if something that has evolved from direct responses to the physical and social environment exists. If need be, these cultural answers might be modified to make them even better. Currently, the balloon wood-frame house is a blatant statement against the indigenous architecture. The community planning is insensitive toward the social organization of these tribes.

It is a strange time in Indian affairs as relationships between the US Government and Tribal Governments are undergoing change. The increased permissiveness of the US Government to allow for self-rule by the Indian tribes is in sharp contrast to the dictative policies being advocated by the Federally subsidized housing. Most issues cannot be as sharply delineated to portray a contrast, but coexist as a mish-mash with others. Perhaps such a complexity will be experienced upon reading this text. It can be no other way. Life is not simple and its portrayal cannot be expected to be either.
chapters

1. INTRODUCTION

2. METHODOLOGY

3. FINDINGS AND ANALYSIS

4. CONCLUSIONS

REFERENCES

END.
As I am sitting, time slips past and I watch a change in my Pueblo Isleta. My generation has reached adulthood and now bears fruit for the next. This is how long I have witnessed this change, a part of which I will tell of in this text. It is a story in my life that I feel pride and sorrow in presenting. It is one that portrays the struggle of a few individuals, within the mass of American society, who do not share the same dreams ...or perhaps they do. Nonetheless, circumstance has afforded me the opportunity of expanding my territorial realms to find and discover others that have grown up as I. I stop momentarily to share this drama that I see; to write about it so that I may make known for others my experiences so that they may find from this something to foster their own creative process.

At the onset it was tangible elements whose change I saw. The indigenous "homes" of earth, adobe and stone, slowly gave way to "houses" of concrete and wood. A new landscape took form and new colors appeared whose multi-hued statements demanded attention, gradually to overshadow those of the congenial earth. The people became restless as a quiet interlude, a sunset's warmth, would no longer suffice. Their time to enjoy the day is fast reassigned for thinking of tomorrow. Individuals emerge whose priorities are for themselves and not for one another. The society becomes secondary to individual convenience and opportunity.

Such, however, may not warrant nostalgia as the change may be for the better. Contemporary American society has besides its shortcomings, areas of success. For those who can reap from its offerings, life may indeed be bountiful. But, coexisting with success is failure. The differentiation of social class, namely
the rich and the poor, is such an instance. For the American Indian success is relative. While some say that the lack of material goods possessed by the American Indian is poverty, others will conclude that they are better off without them. It is difficult, however, for the American Indian to ignore the American culture and the material gains to be had from within it.

The American society has succeeded in enveloping many who were previously nourished under another lifestyle. Whether this acculturation has been a conscious or unconscious strategy is open to conjecture. There exist evidences of both and, as expected, they seed differing implications. As the US Government consciously sets out to acculturate the Indian to the American lifestyle, the unconscious change that comes from the American lifestyle being so accessible to everyone, must be given equal recognition. Arising from this are two questions: To what extent should a benevolent overseer of a greater society, as is the American, force its lifestyle upon a lesser constituent? And, when and how much force should be applied to control an individual's choice?

The answers to these questions become more crucial as the American Indian receives further pressure from outsiders to change. Whereas previously the reservation served as a protective enclave due to its undesirability and isolation, the reservation has now become a focus of development and change. In the past the tribes were contained and confined to their respective reservations with the US Government assuming responsibility to protect
and provide for them. A radical change in doctrine has recently been promoted as the US Government is permitting these Indian nations greater responsibility in determining their own policy. In some instances, only in the past decade have some American Indian nations opened up their reservations to outside interests in attempts to generate an internal economic base. Accumulation of capital to break away from federal dependence is the strategy for self-sufficiency. Required, though, are the articulate mechanics of the outside society. The sudden requirement of these Indian nations to participate in decision and policy making after being under the paternalistic guidance of the US Government has resulted in a crisis. In such a situation, even simple daily decisions are perplexing.

Nevertheless, while we must recognize the reality that American society is significantly altering the lifestyle of these Indian nations, we must also recognize those qualities of the American Indian culture which have survived. So far, except for matters of curiosity, Indian tribes have been largely ignored and left to perpetuate relatively undisturbed. Now, the invitation of outside interests to promote self-sufficiency has threatened the age old culture with the much newer statements of American society. These statements are displacing a lifestyle that has existed for hundreds of years.

External pressure has demanded too-short a period for decision-making which has further put this age old culture in jeopardy. Little or no time can be allotted to contemplate effects and alternatives. This time in history has become critical because it represents the moment when aspects of the old culture still exist to be preserved and possibly maintained
intact. It is a continual battle to retain the old culture as the American society with its amenities appears attractive. The old is consistent and predictable, but the new which entices through commercialism is convenient. Change is absolute with little or no chance of compromise. Possible are compromises at a physical level, but psychological compromises are harder as shall be portrayed later in this text. To wage an internal war is devastating; living within two worlds. No one can be counted upon except that individual who struggles within.

So it is that confusion plays havoc with decision. To discriminate between what one wants and what one "thinks" he or she wants is subtle but fundamental. Experience at decision making is necessary and only time affords such an opportunity. No such luxury, however, is available. For these Indian tribes the transformation to self-sufficiency after many years of paternalism under the US Government is happening too quick. The complexity is overwhelming and as such it is easier to let the whims of American trend dictate decision. This, of course, is at the sacrifice of the individual whose culture becomes secondary, eventually to be lost.

It is with such an introduction that I lead to the bulk of my presentation. It is by no means complete, as the quantity and magnitude of issues raised from the meeting of American and American Indian society are so awesome that when presented as a whole, they become incoherent. It remains then to focus on one issue and evolve around it. Perhaps one that is common to both societies which will permit a comparison to evolve. I propose that housing is such a issue, especially in light of the US subsidized on-reservation housing programs which recently made
their appearance amongst the reservations. These homes are ambassadors of acculturation, as they mirror the American lifestyle. With their advent the differing interpretations between the American and American Indian societies have become evident. Aside from the usual federal urgency to construct these units, a crisis of values, neither of which the government nor the Indian tribes understand.

The bulk of my documentation comes from a study of two reservations: The Northern Cheyenne Reservation in Montana, and the Sandia Pueblo Reservation in New Mexico. I pursued my fieldwork at these two localities during the summer of 1974, with approximately one and one half months at each reservation. During such time, intensive personal interviews were conducted with the participants living in subsidized housing as well as with many officials directly involved with the local Federal housing program. Being that my purpose was identical for both reservations, that is to document aspects of the subsidized housing program, I have come to evolve a comparison between the two tribes. To emphasize this comparison, I choose to present the text accordingly; the Cheyenne perspective will be presented on the left page, and the corresponding Sandia view on the right page. Let explanations slip by for now and let this first chapter arouse the curiousity. To tell stories of the present, one must have an idea of the past. As such I present documents of eras past...
The Northern Cheyenne probably are the most primitive among the tribes in the northern part of the United States. With the Sioux, their allies, they were the last Indians to become "pacified" after the Custer battle in 1876. The reservation is isolated, and the fact that it has not been allotted has kept whites away. Consequently these Indians are probably more backward and closer to savagery than any other Montana Indians. They are not well organized and have not importuned Congressmen or Senators for special favors. As a result they seem to have been neglected by the Indian Bureau, and the sanitary and economic conditions existing on the Tongue River Reservation [former name] is a damning indictment of bureaucratic indifference. The reservation is literally a plague spot, and the entire Northern Cheyenne Tribe is rotten with disease.

The inevitable result is that the health situation on the Tongue River Reservation is steadily growing worse and now has reached a stage so unbelievably bad that it constitutes a black blot on the American flag. We have established sanitary zones in the Philippines and the Caribbean, but the Cheyenne Indians are allowed to slowly perish amid almost indescribable dirt, disease, and general degradation. It is almost incredible that responsible officials of any civilized government should permit such disgraceful conditions in this day and age.

These Indians like many others, seem to have their being permeated with superstition. It is almost impossible to weaken their faith or shake their arrogant bumbugs who fatten off the Indian's credulity and superstition. The agency physician finds great difficulty in inspiring confidence in his own professional ability, owing to the medicine men depreciating and ridiculing the white man's medicine and treatment. It is gratifying, however, to note that as the older Indians pass to the happy hunting grounds their time honored remedial rites gradually die out and that the younger generations are evincing more faith in the medicines used and the treatment pursued by white physicians.

WINTER CAMP NEAR FORT KEOGH, MT, Barthelmes, 1899, ref 40, #56094.

REPORT, 1932, ref 22, pp 18241-42.
The Sandias dress much in the same manner as the Indians of Isleta, and their living rooms are fifty feet long by fourteen by twenty wide, and twelve wide, and twelve high. The ceilings are of squared pine rafters (vigas), covered with pine boards. Walls are white-washed and adorned with cheap looking glasses and tin framed holy pictures. Navajo blankets abound, as do buffalo robes, the latter well worn and used with slips of Mexican "jerga" as covering for the earth floor. Bedsteads and chairs, both of wood, in use in this pueblo—or village—as I fell tempted to call it. People seemingly have an abundant provision of food against winter. Each house is gayly bedecked with strings of coral or scarlet chile; the interior rooms are piled high with blue corn and red cora, or fat pumpkins, squashes, and onions. Baked squash is in the hands or mouths of all the children and quantities of sun-dried beef or mutton hang from the rafters. In the second house was a carcass of a whole ox butchered for the use of the family during cold weather. The houses are of one story. In another house I saw a big bundle of parrot feathers. In another house there was one window of selenite. Ovens are on the roofs and in streets. I saw Navaho bridles of silver. I bought a Moqui basket with deer ornamentations. Cradles are rudely built in the American style also the Indian back cradles. Children's wooden carriages are after fashion of those in Isleta. There is only one two-story house in Sandia and that is uninhabitable. They have horses, burros, mules, cattle, sheep, goats, chickens, dogs, cats. They use American wood pails, raise corn, wheat, grapes, apples, beets, frijoles (beans), and onions. They make black and white pottery. Pottery is very scarce in Sandia. The pueblo is hardly worth visiting.
These resources have gradually changed until now he would certainly starve if left to them alone for support.

In brief, the government charities have come to be regarded by these Indians as their rights...

When General Miles settled these Indians on this so-called reservation and provided them with arms and ammunition the hills and valleys were well stocked with buffalo, elk, deer, antelope, etc., thus enabling the Indian to supply his wants by his maternal instincts and with little exertion. These resources have gradually changed until now he would certainly starve if left to them alone for support.

Plodding industry, constant application, and steady work are their especial abhorrence. Their natural indolence seems to have been fostered and intensified by the constant continuation of distributing annuity goods, as well as beef, flour, sugar, coffee, etc. As charities indiscriminately distributed according to the apparent wants of the individual, and without special regard to his conduct or merits, usually produce a most demoralizing effect and influence, so long as a hungry or destitute Indian feels reasonably sure that on representing his necessities he would receive from the Government sufficient aid and assistance to tide over his immediate wants, just so long will he neglect all efforts to make any provision for himself and family. Their reliance upon the Government supplying all their pressing wants has been one of the causes of abandoning ordinary forethought, economy, and provisions. It has furthermore caused them to imagine and believe themselves absolved and relieved from all care or anxiety as to the welfare and support of their families. In brief, the Government charities have come to be regarded by these Indians as their unquestionable rights and legitimate allowances. It is not strange, therefore, that many of the them have degenerated into a condition of arrogant, importunate, and persistent mendicacy.
If the epidemic toll of the 1600's equaled that of the 1700's, the decrease in available Pueblo labor would have been considerable, suggesting that early, minimum Spanish population estimates of 20,000 men for about ninety or more pueblos (each with from 25 to over 200 houses, not rooms) might have been far off. The enormous population decrease in Peru, as a result of epidemics in the 1500's, should serve as an example of what might have occurred.

The establishment of missions with resident priests required the assistance of the Indians in constructing the church and convent, in conducting the services, in making articles for the church, and in maintaining the day-to-day routine of the mission, including the church garden and stock. In return the friars conducted classes in the way of the church; in crafts such as carpentry, leatherwork, and music; and in the Spanish language. As a result, the Indians involved in these activities were either drawn away from their aboriginal routine or forced to undertake their native tasks at other than the usually scheduled times. Those converted to the Catholic faith, who now were insiders with the church rather than outsiders with respect to their own pueblo's ceremonial organization, left gaps in the native social and economic organization, creating various degrees of stress among the local groups. This led to a factional split within the pueblos and sometimes to population splits.

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ALBERT H. SCHROEDER, ref 31, p 54.
"It is a beautiful morning; let us go out and kill something."
"Oh, it's going to be a lovely day for the beef issue. I'm so glad," said a young lady at the breakfast table.

At an early hour of the morning the whole landscape is full of life and movement. The Indians are decked out in their gayest attire, and some of their costumes are pictorial enough. Most of them still wear the native dress, but some have on a combination of Indian and civilized garb, which is uglier than either alone.

Their faces are painted in various bright colors and in all kinds of grotesque figures. The men are very fond of wearing tails, and when on foot like to have a strip of bright-colored cloth dangling at their heels, or dragging along on the ground behind them. They nearly all wear blankets, which at this time of the year are, most of them, sheets of dirty, gray-looking muslin or sheeting. These they wrap closely around them, often covering the head and face, all but the eyes.

Everybody is going; residents about the agency, young ladies who are teaching in the schools in the distant camps, and others who are visitors from Eastern cities. Indian wagons filled with women and children are moving over the plain from all directions. There are hundreds of young Indian men and women on horseback. Their ponies are slight and ugly-looking, but tough and enduring. They are the most useful and respectable denizens of the Indian country, and are about the only creatures here who earn their rations. The girls sit astride, the same as the men. Some of the belles are in costly apparel. I count more than fifty elk teeth on a large cape worn by a rare and radiant brown maiden. As each elk has just two teeth, a whole herd must have been slaughtered to furnish the bra-very of her attire. She reminds me of New York Fifth Avenue belles with dead birds on their heads, but the elks were really killed for food.

The corral is a large stockade in the middle of a plain, which slopes upward to low hills all around. Here are many hundreds of cattle awaiting slaughter to furnish rations for the noble red men, their wives and children, "the wards of the nation." There are about two thousand Indians present. A large proportion of the men are armed with carbines or improved rifles. There is an army officer here from the nearest fort, to represent the Government on the occasion. A brass band has come out from some railroad town to compliment the ladies and frighten the already distracted cattle with the blare of their music. The entertainment opens with a popular air. The ladies applaud delicately, and the musicians bow their acknowledgments. Mounted cowboys enter the corral, spur the horses, among the cattle, and drive groups of them, with shouts, yells and blows, toward the chute leading to the scales, where they are weighed, a dozen at a time.

Ladies and visitors are assigned the best points of view for the coming spectacle. The Indian horsemen are drawn up in two long lines, forming a lane from the gate of egress, far out on the plain. Their carbines gleam in the sunlight. Hundreds of Indian dogs troop about, hungry, watchful and expectant. A tall Indian, with a voice like that of an exhorter at an Arkansas camp meeting, climbs up to the top of the gate, and shouts the names of the men who are to receive the cattle, as, one after another, they are released to their doom. The gate opens, and a gigantic steer leaps out, frightened and wild-eyed. The dogs fly at him, and he sets off in a gallop. Two Indians gallop after him, and everybody looks that way. But by this time another is out, and soon half a dozen are racing away in different directions, each closely followed by two or three mounted Indians. Soon a shot is heard, and then another, and the ladies strain their eyes to see, but the steer gallops on. The ladies look a little disappointed. "They are going out of sight. Is this all it's going to be?"

[continued]
Five or six of the cattle go off together, with a dozen men pressing behind and at the side of the fleeing group. A horseman fires, and a steer drops, so suddenly, head first, that he turns a complete somerset, and the pony just behind, unable to stop, repeats the movement, tumbling over the prostrate beast, and dismounts his rider. The ladies turn quickly from side to side, to note the most interesting occurrences. The dying animals lie all about the plain. Some struggle long, getting up and falling again, and the Indians wait warily, till it seems safe to approach, for a mortally wounded beast will sometimes make a plunge at his tormentor.

Now a hunted brute dashes madly among the crowd around the corral, the horses start and rear and the brown maidens scramble hastily on to the wagons. A large cow, shot through and through, comes staggering up to the very walls of "the grand stand." The Indians try to drive her away, but she no longer heeds their yells and blows. She reels, braces herself, turns her great beseeching eyes up to the women above her and falls at their very feet. The Indian butcher appears, throws off his leggings, and bestrides her with naked brown legs and thighs. He opens her throat with a short knife and cuts out the tongue. He pierces no artery or large vein, and the poor, tongueless beast dies slowly. She lifts up her head, stares around again, and tosses about wearily in mute agony. The half-naked slaughterer goes on with his work, and the cow is partly skinned some time before she dies. It is all so near that the ladies have an excellent opportunity to see every step of the process.

As the carcasses all about the plain are opened the work of the Indian women begins. They attend to the "fifth quarter" of the beef, the entrails. They remind me of the witches in "Macbeth." As we drive out homeward, threading our way between the bloody groups around the flayed and dismembered beasts, many Indians are already beginning their feast. They are seated on the ground, eating the raw, blood-hot liver.

The next day, at the great Government boarding school, the principal told us that his boys and girls had behaved so well all through the term that he meant to take them out in a body to see the next beef issue as a reward for their good conduct.
This land is almost entirely worthless for agricultural purposes; a few points, limited in area, can be irrigated from the four small streams that flow through the reservation. But these favorable locations are occupied by whites who settled in this country before it was set apart for the use of the Indians. The Indians each year have been provided with seeds, mostly corn, melon, and potatoes, but owing to the lack of rainfall the crops each year are only partially successful; this year was no exception. Even with the advantages of experience and irrigation, the whites are not very successful in their efforts. I am convinced more and more each year that the Indians can not become self-supporting by this industry.

By Senator Pine:

Question: What do the Indians around here do for a living?  
Answer: They work around irregularly wherever they can get work; they work for the Government, for individuals that can afford to hire them, haul logs from the mill, and work on the road. There is not much work here for them.  

Question: Are they good workers, if they have the opportunity?  
Answer: A great many will work; some will not. When they get hungry and want a sack of flour, they will nearly all work for it.

These full-blooded Indians are displaying admirable pluck in trying to farm under discouraging conditions...
Do you know the reason why the Pueblos have better living conditions? It is because they are matriarchal in their organization. The home is managed by and belongs to the woman. The house is owned and built by the woman especially in the earlier days. Some few of the Pueblos have broken that excellent rule. The man owns the standing corn in the field, but the moment it is harvested and becomes food the woman owns it. He can not sell a grain of corn, not an ear of it, without her consent. I have seen that happen still in the pueblos. That is the ruling organization of the home and it is better. That is the reason the living conditions are better. The civic organization of the pueblo is built around the indivisible utility. We have not learned to manage our indivisible utility in modern civilization; power, light, and so forth. We do not do very well. But the Indian organization began with the indivisible utility, and every particle, every function of the civic organization, is related to that indivisible utility. The water for irrigation, and so forth. That is why it is difficult for them to adjust themselves to change, which alters their relationship. They are afraid they will get into our condition of muddle over our indivisible utility and we do not want them to.

The indivisible utilities of land and water are under the management of the men. Indivisible utilities, however, have a more important status in tribal life than they have in modern white life. With us, indivisible utilities arrive late which enable us to live together in communities. In the case of the Indian pueblos, the indivisible utility is the only thing that enables them to live at all. Irrigation on a profitable scale can not be made to happen except by community effort. The site of a pueblo is chosen with reference to a convenient irrigation source, and all the economic life of the community revolves around it. Difference of opinion about the way to deal with it is disastrous to community life, and is necessarily treated as a public menace.

Land, not being of any use without irrigation, can not be dealt with as a separate commodity; it is indivisibly a part of the community interest. It is therefore only the use of land that passes from one man to another. The inability of the Indian to conceive of private title in land is the source of most of their land difficulties.
You say some of the people here are trying to do right, working on their places; but would like to have a man here show you how to take care of it and your cattle, and how to farm?

R. WALLOWING; N. CHEY., Aug, 1929, ref 22, pp 12807-08.
No Indian that I have seen has any idea of civilization, or of the responsibilities and perils which it involves. It is not likely that any training or preparation that we shall be able to give them will ever enable many of the Indians to endure successfully direct and unshielded contact with the civilization of the present time. Our modern life is too intense and complex for them; its competition and selfishness are far too fierce, and too thoroughly organized and trained, for a nature so simple and sincere as the Indian's. His natural character, so far as I have had opportunity for observing it, has too much of the moral element in it for him to be able long to maintain his ground in the state of war which in so great degree constitutes the substance and current practical experience of our civilization. He does not understand injustice on the part of those whom he regards as his superiors, and his faculties are depressed and benumbed by it.

The Indians as a race are, of course, far inferior to white men in intellectual capability. That in itself, is not matter for regret. We are all of us immeasurable inferior to Socrates and Goethe, yet many people make life interesting and valuable. I see no reason to expect that our Indians will ever contribute anything vital or distinctive to our national character of life. That is not necessary or important. What is really to be desired for them is that they shall be so instructed, educated and guided that they shall, as soon as may be practicable, be able to support themselves, and that, obtaining the means of subsistence by their own industry, they shall live in quiet and orderly obedience to the laws of the country, enjoying their defense and protection. When they have reached that condition, the special care and work of the Government for them should cease.
The Government first purchased cattle for the Northern Cheyenne Tribe in 1903. Some 1,000 cows and 40 bulls were bought and distributed to individual Indians. In 1907 another 1,000 head of cattle were purchased and distributed.

Apparently the individual Indians made a conspicuous success of the cattle business. It is the general testimony of old-timers on or near the reservation that in those days the Northern Cheyenne Indians were prosperous and fairly healthy. It is difficult to obtain exact figures at this late date, but according to what seems to be reliable testimony there were no less than 12,000 cattle owned by individual Tongue River Reservation Indians in the year 1912. The increase of their herds had been steady and the average per capita wealth was encouragingly high.

In 1914 the Hon. Cato Sells, then Indian Commissioner, decided that tribal herds should be purchased for all the Montana reservations. In 1914 the superintendent, Mr. Eddy, called a general meeting of Indians. Free grub was provided, and officials and others harranged the Indians at great length. The Indians were told that they must turn over their individual cattle to be run with the tribal herd. They were promised tempting profits. Buttons were distributed bearing the slogan "20,000 cattle in five years." Prolific promises and the shrewd use of mass psychology persuaded practically all of the Indians to agree to allow their individual cattle to be run with the tribal herd. When Indians did not consent their cattle were taken by threats of force and jail sentences.

In 1916 John A. Buntin succeeded Eddy as superintendent, and Thomas Ferris, brother of Congressman Scott Ferris, came to Tongue River as superintendent of livestock. He later left hurriedly between darkness and dawn after shooting at and wounding an Indian employee.

In 1916 it is estimated that the total number of cattle on the reservation had decreased to 8,000 head. The herds continued to dwindle under successive superintendents. In the winter of 1919-20 the losses were heavy. Hay was purchased at outside points and more than $6,000 of flaxseed cake was fed the cattle. They perished by the hundreds. In 1924 it was shown by a careful check that only 5,600 cattle remained on the reservation.

The Indian Bureau will doubtless try to palliate the record on the tribal herd by pointing out cattlemen everywhere suffered heavy losses in the winter of 1919-20. This is true -- without any question some of the losses at this time were unavoidable -- but it must be remembered that the largest losses in the tribal herd were before the winter of 1919-20.

In 1924 the tribal herd was discontinued by order of the Indian Bureau. Some Indians who had turned over from 50 to 100 head of cattle received back from 10 to 25 head of cattle. Some Indians, who had turned in substantial herds, were told that all their cattle were gone. When the tribal herd was formally discontinued and the privately owned cattle turned back to the Indians, actual count showed only 4,200 head of cattle on the reservation. Some of these Indians still are being dunned for reimbursable debts, which they incurred to buy hay for the cattle lost under Indian Bureau control. The tribe, as a whole, is charged with more than $130,000 debts run up for the tribal herd.

In 12 years of Indian Bureau mismanagement, two-thirds of the Indian-owned cattle on the reservation have been lost.

WALTER LIGGETT, 1932, ref 22, 12845-46.
MR. ABEITA. Mr. Chairman, if your honor will permit me, I will say in just as few words as I can our mission to the great Capital and our reason why such a mission. The Great Spirit, the Supreme Being, put us on this country long before the white people came into this country. We were contented and happy and lived so.

The white people came into this country without our invitation. We admired them, we feared them; we had reason to be afraid of them: they were big men, had big things; they appropriated our land without asking for it; we did not know what to do. We protested against them, but they were stronger and much more in number. They rounded us up; they settled around us, took our land, our hunting ground, our water, and all they could lay their hands on. Finally, they got so thick that some bigger man said, "If we keep on like this we will soon exterminate the Indians; let us give them something". So they wrote on a big piece of paper a whole lot and when the paper was readed it read: "We give you this land so you live on it and stay there; you, your children, your grandchildren; it is yours; we give it to you". Oh, what a change; the Great Spirit ought to have told us that there was another Greater Spirit than him who would one day come and take away the land he gave us. Was the Great Spirit false; or is the white man wicked? Does he want us to be left without a home, without a country, without a place where to lay our head?

We come here to plead, to ask you gentlemen to let the Great Government to take us into his care, under his protection; we feel and know that if we are left alone under the State laws it won't be very long before you will have us here again on a different mission. Maybe asking subsistence to feed our children.

Our land will not be safe if we are left alone under the State laws. There are no laws or never was a law made in New Mexico to favor us, but New Mexico has always tried and made laws by which we would lose our lands. For instance, New Mexico had a law which read: If a man stayed in a piece of land for 10 years he would have a good title to it. The people who made such laws did not realize or take into consideration that we had and have been on these lands for 10 time 10 years and more.

We are not yet ready to understand all the ways of the white people; we are weak; we do not know yet the real value of our land in money; we know that our life and happiness is in our lands; but being weak we are afraid that if left alone in a few years our lands will be gone; then as a duty that the white people owe, you would have to feed us, maintain us, which at present we are not asking you to. We are simply asking you to let the Government, the Federal Government, to take care of us, our lands, our property, our children, for the period of 25 years, hoping that during that time our children will receive enough education to protect themselves, which at present are unable to do so...

SENATOR CATRON. Let me ask Mr. Abeita one more question. Mr. Abeita, who wrote that paper, which you read, for you?
MR. ABEITA. I wrote it myself.

SENATOR CATRON. Who wrote the original from which you copied?
You copied it — who wrote that original?
MR. ABEITA. I did not copy it.

SENATOR CATRON. Who wrote if for you so that you could copy it?
MR. ABEITA. I did not copy it from anyone. I wrote it myself.

We come here to plead, to ask you gentlemen to let the Great Government take us into his care, under his protection.
These Indians are making some progress toward a civilized state. It is most noticeable in their abandoning their "tepees" for houses, in more and better care taken of such articles as are issued to them, in their disposition to abandon the practice of polygamy, in their desire to educate their children, and to do such work as will afford them a reasonable compensation.

The most frequently encountered house is rectangular 10x15x18' built of squared notched logs and chinked with clay. The low gradient roof is often covered with clay and gravel soil. Floors are of heavy planking unpainted. The one to three windows are placed at the ends of the rectangle or besides the door. Village houses are usually single roomed, and sparsely furnished with a wood-burning cast iron heating stove or common kitchen range, or both; beds and cots, with cheap mattresses and blankets; wooden benches, tables and shelves, and a stand for waterbucket and kitchen utensils, and pegs or nails for spare clothing. Houses on the homesteads usually are larger with two or three rooms. Occasionally they are wall-papered and are a notch above the village homes in furnishings -- worn furniture, linoleum and framed pictures. Privies stand at the rear of nearly all houses...

1 CRA SCOBBY, 1890, ref 5, p 132.
2 REPORT, 1920, ref 7, pp 228-29.
3 R. WALLOWING; N.CHEY., Aug. 1929, ref 22.
MR. ABEITA. With regard to the mode of living that we have, more or less we have lived something like maybe a thousand or fifteen hundred years in the same condition, excepting we have been making a little advancement, but as far as matters of government are concerned, we probably live about the same way we lived a thousand years ago.

SENATOR THOMAS. Do you live in the same house?

MR. ABEITA. Of course, we have repaired in some way and improved the houses and probably some of them have fallen down and have been rebuilt; but we have a house which is close to the house that traditional history recites we lived in four generations before the coming of the strange people. Traditional history says 23 generations of the Pueblo Indian life had already existed and gone by when the news was brought in telling of the arrival of strange people.

SENATOR THOMAS. You still maintain the same form or architecture in your new houses as you had during all of these years?

MR. ABEITA. Yes, sir.

SENATOR THOMAS. Describe one of the houses briefly?

MR. ABEITA. The house is made out of what we call adobe in the shape of a brick, probably 5 by 18 inches. It is nothing but clay mixed with either grass or straw, molded and left to dry in the sun. With another layer of clay upon it you build the house, then get some logs from the mountains for beams across, then put some sort of a grass that grows around there on top, and after the grass put some dirt on top, about 4 or five inches. That keep the room warm in the winter and cool in the summer time.

SENATOR THOMAS. Do you have any trouble with those houses leaking? Do the rains come and stay long enough so that the water will soak through.

MR. ABEITA. The country is dry. Sometimes they do.

SENATOR THOMAS. What kind of floors do the houses have?

MR. ABEITA. We have mud floors pressed so hard it is almost as hard as a pavement.

SENATOR THOMAS. How are the floors treated?

MR. ABEITA. Why, just nothing but a clay, and this clay is a certain kind of a special clay that we have to go up the hill and haul it in. It is a white clay.

SENATOR THOMAS. How are the houses kept warm in the winter when it is real cold?

MR. ABEITA. The original way of heating the house was to have a fireplace inside with the chimney shaped to throw the smoke out.

SENATOR THOMAS. Those houses have retained the same architecture up to the present day?

MR. ABEITA. Yes, sir.

SENATOR THOMAS. Among your people there is no desire to have either a log house or a lumber house, a rock house, or any other kind of a house; is that correct?

MR. ABEITA. Well, the Indians are satisfied that way. Of course there are a few who have more modern houses which the pueblo rules do not prohibit. They let them do as much as they can toward building new houses or putting more furniture in or whatever they can.

SENATOR THOMAS. Describe the furniture that you find in an average pueblo house?

MR. ABEITA. An average house today has got stuff about as follows: In the first place it has a bed and mattress. It has got a bedstead and mattress with springs. It has sheets and blankets and for the most part bed blankets. We got manufactured blankets.

SENATOR THOMAS. You have chairs and tables?

MR. ABEITA. Yes sir.

SENATOR THOMAS. And that sort of thing?

MR. ABEITA. Yes sir.

SENATOR THOMAS. Do you have stoves in some of the houses?

MR. ABEITA. I believe there is no family in Isleta that has no stove.

SENATOR THOMAS. In a good many of these pueblos I have been in, there is very little furniture; no bed for instance. I am wondering where they sleep. Can you tell us?

MR. ABEITA. I do not know whether it would be right for me to say, but I rather believe these Isletas are ahead of the other Indians north of us.

SENATOR FRAZIER. Where they do not have a bedstead I guess they sleep on the floor.

MR. ABEITA. They have mattresses; they have pelts that they put away during the daytime. When you go into one of these other houses you go into the house and you hardly see any furniture or see nothing where you sleep. You put it away in the morning when you get up and leave the room almost bare.
INTERIOR OF INDIAN TIPI; ref 34.

INTERIOR OF SIMON'S HOUSE;
ISLETA, VROMAN, 1899, ref 40.
2 PHOTOS: LITTLE CHIEF, CHEYENNE, DINWIDDLE, GILL (?), 1895 & 1889, ref 29, pl76, pp 178 – 79.
Next section contains excerpts from a Department of Interior, Office of Indian Affairs QUESTIONNAIRE ON TRIBAL ORGANIZATION, dated: mid-1930's, ref 13 & 14.

2 PHOTOS: JUAN AVILA; SANDIA, GILL, 1923, ref 40, # 2081 a,b.
Title are, Chairman, Vice Chairman, Secretary and Treasurer and Sergeant at Arms.

Object and duties of officers. It shall be the duty of the Chairman to preside at all meetings, but in the absence of the chairman the Vice Chairman shall preside. The Sec., and Treasurer shall keep a record of all business and proceedings of the Tribal Business Committee, shall read at each meeting the minutes of the last meeting, conduct the correspondence and keep the records, and to keep the funds of the Tribal Business Committee and report quarterly at the date of report. It shall be the duty of the Sergeant of Arms to obey the rule of the Tribal Business Committee and the orders of the Chairman, and to carefully preserve order at all meetings.

Officers of the Tribal Business Committee obtain their office by ballot of the delegates within the Committee. Delegates are elected by ballot of the voters within the district which they are to represent.

1. Elected on the first Tuesday of September of each even year. Elections held at Farm Stations. Hereditary Chiefs do not hold a place in this organization. They do not have a position or any functions to perform.

2. Elections are by Districts, classed here as Farm Districts. We have five districts and under the present arrangement each district is entitled to three delegates.

Members are elected for a period of two years or until their successors are elected and qualify.
The principal men representing ex-governors and ex-officials of trust are designated as principales. These members are first speakers in council and their functions are largely advisory. They are relieved of much of the physical community duties like cleaning ditches, building roads, caring for livestock, etc. The governor, lieutenant-governor, sheriffs and fiscales as regularly elected officers in accordance with the Spanish Decree of 1620, are in a sense the executive group that deal with the outside world and with the white people. The war captain and his lieutenants really acting as executives for the priesthood are annually selected by the caciques and have to do with the ceremonies in connection with seeding, supplication for rains, and other seasonal activities.

The priesthood of which the caciques are head, are counselors rather than executives; they are men of wide experience, understanding sympathy, and high sense of justice. Their prayer always is for the promotion of well being among their people. Their wishes are transmitted to the pueblo through the war chief.

The war chief or captain or war, and his lieutenants, are selected by the cacique with each calendar year. They are conservative executives with definite duties in the pueblo; they direct the dances, ceremonies, etc. They serve with no pay, save the honor and enhanced people status.

The principales obtain their position after having served in positions of trust, such as governor, war captain, etc. They are the first speakers in council, and from their wide range of experience they are good advisors and are effective in ways of coordinating and unifying pueblo activities.

The governor and his aides are selected or elected and installed with the beginning of each fiscal year. This innovation was established by a Royal Decree in 1630, which directed that with each year there be elected in each of the New Mexico pueblos, a governor, lieutenant-governor, alcaldes and fiscales as needed, without interference of church or state, and that following election they should have confirmation of the representative of the Crown in Santa Fe. As symbol of authority the Crown extended to the governor of each pueblo a silver-headed cane which they have preserved to this day. It is rather interesting to know that in the seventeen pueblos there has resulted in the three centuries no less that five thousand elections with comparatively little difficulty. The nomination of the governor is perhaps an obligation of the priesthood. It is certain, at least, that the cacique has a strong hand in the designation of this official, and in turn the governor has a definite hand in the selection of his aides, but necessarily with the approval of the cacique.

Pueblo government is centuries old and rests upon unwritten tradition and customs little understood by the white man. Each pueblo has government of itself, and they are incomparably community-minded and self-contained; they organize seldom and only in time of extreme emergency. The organization is termed the All-Pueblo Council and is made up of representatives of the several pueblos, meeting in some designated place. The first general council of record was held at Santo Domingo July 7, 1598, with Onate's visit as occasion for it. The Pueblo government are units of lone tenure and happy adaptation to environment. There is need for their study and their better understanding which may promise better appreciation and probably a measure of emulation. The clash with the Spanish and white race was not only of religious differences, but quite as much in economic differences. The early padres analyzed and summarized the differences in religion in a measure, but it is only of late years that any attempt has been made to understand their economic problems.
The present form of Tribal Organization, namely, Tribal Business Committee, was adopted in the year 1910. It originally consisted of 8 members who acted in an advisor capacity to the Tribal Council who handled all Tribal matters at that time. The Committee was organized at the suggestion of former Sup't., J.R. Eddy. The members were not elected by Districts until the year 1913, when a constitution and By-laws were drawn up. These By-laws were submitted or recognized by the Indian Office but were used locally by the Indian Business Committee. The members of the original Business Committee are all deceased. The first Constitution and By-laws recognized by the Indian Office was the one submitted with this report.

The important change made from the old method is the election of members by Districts and the fact that instead of submitting all Tribal matters to a general Tribal Council, the Business Committee now assumes the authority handling all Tribal matters. The Tribal Business Committee is recognized by the Indians as having authority to conduct all business that pertains to the Tribe. This above mentioned change has just been brought about during the past five years.

The Indians state and I believe rightly that a stipulated body such as the Tribal Business Committee can conduct Tribal business to the satisfaction of the Tribe and do it in a more efficient manner than if they had to call a general council every time some Tribal matter came to the front for discussion.

I have interviewed many old Indians relative this matter of Business Committee and they practically all tell the same story about the organization and its development.

ARAPAHO, 1867-74, William Soule, ref 29, p 74.
The present form of tribal organization in these pueblos is apparently the same form that has been in existence since before the coming of the Spanish. Pueblo government is centuries old and rests upon unwritten tradition and customs little known to the white man. The welfare of the community is the supreme end of their government. If individuals win tribal recognition they are ever subordinate to community interests:

1540 - Pueblos visited by Coronado and in the half century following exploration and colonization made little headway.
1598 - Settlements and missions founded by Onate. First Pueblo Conference, Santo Domingo, July 7, 1598.
1630 - Royal Decree directing the annual election of governor, lieutenant governor, alcades, and fiscales.
1692-96 - DeVargas reconquers Pueblo territory.
1690 - Land Grants extended.
1821 - Republic of Mexico acquires Pueblo domain and confirms Spanish land grants.
1848 - Treaty of Guadalupe Hildalgo following the war with Mexico, ceding jurisdiction and Pueblo territory to the United States.
1851 - Pueblos incorporated under Territorial law.
1865 - Land Grants made by Spain and recognized by Mexico, confirmed by United States.
1876 - The Joseph decision affecting Pueblo citizenship.
1912 - Admission of New Mexico as a state, the Enabling Act giving Federal Government jurisdiction over the Pueblos.
1913 - Sandia decision defining wardship of the Pueblo.
1924 - Congressional Act to quiet titles to pueblo land in dispute. Congressional Act conferring citizenship on American Indians.
1932 - Congressional Act May 31, 1933, authorizing payment to non Indian claimants of lands returned to the pueblo.

State briefly the highlights in the history of the adoption of the present form of tribal organization.
In my judgement the Tribal Business Committee as it now stands is not a fair representation of the people. I believe that delegates or members should be elected from the various districts in direct ratio to the population of said district. In my opinion the Committee is controlled to some extent by a few of the members who, although pretending to be working for the benefit of the tribe, are really working for their own benefit regardless of the tribe. The Indian Politicians control the Committee. If the several Districts would forget their clannish grievances and all pull for the one end, namely tribal benefits, more could and would be accomplished.

The lack of education is undoubtedly a factor that hinders development. I doubt if there is one member that has acquired an 8th grade education. As a remedy, I would suggest that some of the younger Indians with a higher education take an active part. This has not been done, and it is doubtful if the elder Indians would elect the younger ones. This will come in time.

2 PHOTOS: COMPARISON;
CHIPPEWA (RED LAKE BAND)
Delancy Gill, 1901, ref 29, pp 180-81.
I believe that the greatest weakness of the present organization is that they are not based on any democratic form of government in that the individual members of the pueblos have very little to say relative to the selection of the Council and the Governors. The Governors are selected through a religious ceremony, and in most cases by the Cacique or High Priest of the pueblos. The Councils are selected through the same religious system and apparently hold office for life, so that most Councils are made up of the older men of the pueblo and consequently are very reactionary.

Another weakness of the system is that the Governor and Council constitute all three branches of government, namely - legislative, executive, and judicial. The Governor is the arresting officer, prosecuting officer, and Judge in any offense, which allows individual prejudices to enter into cases which should be handled by a disinterested person.

I believe that these weaknesses are fundamental and that unless they are corrected, and I do not see any way to correct them without tearing down most of the traditional form of government, they will eventually break down of their own weight as the younger Indians become more educated and in closer contact with outside communities.

Another weakness in this form of government is the fact that they enforce purely religious customs which are in conflict with the laws of the United States relative to the rights of individuals, and as these Indians have been made citizens of the United States and are guaranteed certain individual rights, the question is always raised whether an Indian could not go into Court and demand his rights as a citizen of the United States, with the resultant effect of having the pueblo government very much limited in its scope. We have numerous cases of this kind, such as the case at Jemez, where individuals are prevented from using cultivators in their fields because it is against the religious customs of the pueblo, and the Governor and Council have in the past undertaken to discipline those Indians breaking this rule by fining them and taking their land from them. We have also had cases, where the Government in an effort to give relief to these Indians have issued flour, beef, etc., and the Governor and Council in some of the pueblos have refused to permit the individual members to accept some although it was evident that they were greatly in need. It would seem that this interference by the tribal organizations into the affairs of individual Indians will eventually break down this whole system.

It is also noted that minority factions of pueblos have absolutely no representation in these Councils and no provision is made to give them any consideration whatsoever. This tends to create dissatisfaction, which increases as time goes on. In some cases this will continue until the minority faction becomes the majority faction, in which case the process will start at the beginning with the "outs" against the "ins".

The weakness of the pueblo government reflects on the unbridled criticism of the young and politically ambitious who would unseat the elders and run the pueblo with less appreciation to tribal religion and economics. They question the authority of the officials by their inexperience and conceit unfit them for guidance or direction toward any better organization. The pueblo government needs careful survey that could warrant a brief constitution of clearance and definition of authority in written form.

Their proverbial conservatism has been the insulation and protection that has saved the pueblo governments for centuries for present study.
I oft-times hear the Indians complain, that their delegates do not tell them about the business conducted at the meetings, and that their delegates did not do as they were instructed. In fact, the Indians (some of them) feel that the Business Committee members do not keep the people informed as to what is taking place at the meetings. Due to the fact that the people elect their own delegates they do not offer any suggestions for improving matters mentioned above. Note: Due to the clannishness of the various districts, it is hard to get the various districts to agree on any one question.

The women do not take any part in Tribal Affairs. They do not vote, neither do they hold office. They do not participate in the meetings.
There is a disposition among the young to deprecate the cacique and the medicine clans, yet traditions, customs, and culture that have come down through the ages have sheltered with the clan. There are those who contend that participation in certain religious rites and ceremonies are obligatory in the pueblos and that there are secrets and secret orders repugnant to decency, and objectionable to those who follow the Christian standard. There may be those who are forced to acquiesce in rites and practices that are contrary to their wishes but definite knowledge of individual cases is difficult to obtain. Suggestions for improvement are usually impracticable and have little appeal to the majority parties.

What criticisms of the present organization do you hear from the Indian and what suggestions do they have for improvement?

Do the women of the reservation have any part in tribal business matters? Do they vote? Do they participate in meetings? Have they the right to hold office?

The woman of these pueblos do not have any visible part in tribal business matters. They do not vote or participate in any of the meetings and apparently do not have the right to hold office, as all of the affairs of the pueblo are conducted by the men, although it has been stated that unofficially the women have quite a bit of influence relative to pueblo matters.

2 MATRONS, ISLETA, Vroman, 1899, ref 40, #2008.
The significance of reality is very dependent upon our immediate physical surroundings. We confine ourselves such that many events which occur away from us, fail to become recognized. We flounder haplessly amidst an explosion of life—We with our finite ability to accept and retain information. As hard as many of us try, we cannot grasp everything and those things that occur away from our limited physical realm become secondary amongst our conscious priorities. It cannot be helped. We are only human.

But being human, being social, we share the need to care for one another. Despite the fragmentation, namely the poor and the rich, that the materialistic American society advocates, we must not let this seduce us into a reckless self-embezzling existence or "dog eat dog" society. We are equal and must respect each other intrinsic rights toward life on this earth. This interpretation is drawn from the ideology expressed within the United States Constitution; so stated, it is not practiced as such. The US Government's treatment of the American Indian is proof of this. So be it, therefore, that this text exhibits and documents this inequality.

But why housing? Why not another facet of the tribal process? Perhaps the easiest and most obvious reply is from its physical presence. The house, unlike many other things, can be touched and seen. With these two senses dominating much of our physical being, unverbalized association is afforded. I became aware of life and its dynamics by witnessing the physical change in these homes. For me it was reality to be able to compare the old with the new—seeing as reinforcing. I gained comfort by knowing that the houses were there to touch and
therefore could dispel any illusions that happened by.

However, what I saw changing I did not identify with. The Pueblo homes of the earth landscape were being invaded by houses that were insensitive to the immediate environment. They accomplish their primary function: to house the frail human from the elements. Certainly it cannot be denied that this purpose is being served, perhaps even more efficiently, by the new houses. But, I argue, this is not enough. Why? Because the home is more than the physical. It is an intimate, personal part of those who inhabit it.

For the Pueblo, the village becomes a manifestation of the body. The homes are the cells and as those of the outside must peril the elements, the inner cells grow stronger to form the backbone. The wind, sun, and water sculpture the form. The earth is its medium. So nurtured was the pueblo even prior to the discovery of the continent by the Europeans. Back in history, around 1200 AD, the Anasaze were flourishing in what is now the 4-corners region (Arizona, New Mexico, Colorado, and Utah). Yet the sophisticated realms of their habitation were abandoned at their peak, 1250 AD, to disperse and form the Pueblos of today. Mesa Verde, Canyon De Chelly, and Chaco Canyon, to name a few, were left to perish as the people started anew elsewhere. Was it the fact that the 6 year drought forced abandonment, as anthropologists hypothesize? Maybe, but the degree of building/planning prowess which is seen in their remnants points to another conclusion: that the Anasazi came to a realization that their culture became so
sophisticated, that it no longer was compatible to the environmental elements fundamental in shaping their habitats. Whereas previously, nature was the modeling agent that determined the physical shape and orientation of the homes, now their technology advanced such that they could model their habitat independent of nature. The sun, wind, and rain could be foresaken and the qualities that resulted from these elements were lost; the roofs no longer optimized sun angles, the village no longer was oriented to take advantage of wind currents, and the community was not located to take advantage of water runoff from rain. Instead, the infrastructure was standardized and as a result was inflexible, with a narrow tolerance toward fluctuation of elements. When a crisis such as the 6 year drought occurred, they discovered that their technological interventions were too rigid and could not be adapted to deal with the crisis. They were abandoned and new communities were established. The new Pueblos were a cry for the reintroduction of these environmental concerns. To start anew, they let nature reteach them and reshape their communities.

The meaning of the Indian house has now fallen by the wayside. The social and psychological meanings have become overshadowed by the building and financial aspects of the housing process. In short, the awareness that qualifies the house as being "Indian" apart from the mass, has been lost. This consciousness must be revived and incorporated into the housing process. It is with this understanding that I approached the topic of housing. I searched for
an appropriate area to conduct and explore some concerns, or lack of, expressed within the housing process; in order to find and gain insight into that identity which transforms a "house" into a "home."

The need to do this became pressing as I witnessed the passive Indian communities turn aggressive. They took on heretofore foreign displays of territory and personality. They demanded attention. The building exteriors were the first to take on such a context. The walls were now of alien colors and the shapes were awry with the village environment. They were trumpeters that were to announce the heralding of a new lifestyle. Being different they were a source of a social anxiety, as well as an advertisement for the fruits of the other society. Yet soon they would exist equally side by side.

It is and will forever be a matter of conjecture whether the present housing situation would have resulted without Federal government intervention. The pace, however, was accelerated by the introduction of US subsidized housing which promoted this new style of housing. Within the decade or so that the program has been in existence, an alarming number of these houses have been built to compete with the indigenous building forms.

I strove to document the pioneers of the new subsidized housing in an effort to see how they fared in the cultural transition; in order to make evident the direction that the culture is taking in hopes that the future may be thought through. Today the future is not an issue. The new houses seduce the audience, as all new things tend to do at the beginning. Their consequences have yet to be thought through--this will not be as
such forever as time will take its toll and these houses will become dated.

The displacement of the old is not unique to the two reservations that will be presented; it is present among other reservations to be found all across the country. At stake are the values and norms of time proven cultures whose ideologies have with these new subsidized houses become a center of question. What is unique are the degrees to which each tribe has remained intact despite American societal pressure. It follows from this that these subsidized houses would have varying impacts. Since it is inconceivable that I could cover all the reservations and trust areas of the American Indian, I chose to concentrate on two, the minimum necessary for a direct simple comparison. The Northern Cheyenne and the Sandia are my representatives for the Plains nations and the Pueblo nations, respectively.

I did not come by each haphazardly, but selected these after an intensive search for two fair representatives. My criteria were simple and impressionistic to a large degree. I selected two communities that were relatively the same in population as Busby, of the Northern Cheyenne, has 150* residents, and the village of Sandia 180 residents. I tried for a strong sense of cultural identity within the community and more importantly, a daily presence of it amongst the people. Attention was also paid to the physical environment with weighting given to terrain, vegetation, and watershed. In other words, I tried to match the two cultures as closely as possible, physically, for fear of encountering too many defeating dissimilarities. I wished to concentrate on presenting the impact of the housing process and not have to preoccupy most of my efforts with

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*approximation
explaining the differences.

The Northern Cheyenne I chose amongst the other 7 Plains tribes in the immediate region. I then further concentrated on the community of Busby, one of five (Ashland, Lame Deer, Birney, Muddy) districts within the reservation. Of the many places I visited, here I could truly sense the old and the new coexisting. Upon closer inspection, I found the people to be alive in their Indian ways, and I could sense the potential for unfolding the drama of acculturation as it was being introduced by the subsidized housing programs. A brief description now of the reservation in general:

The reservation, established in 1884, consists of a total land area of 433,594 acres, most of which are gently rolling mountains permeated with forests of pine and fir. The larger of the valleys which are supplied with a year-round water source are ideal for pastureland; the majority is used by the tribe for that purpose and a smaller amount is leased to outsiders for grazing. The 1973 Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA) census has the estimated population of the Cheyenne at 2,683, whose common linguistic stock is Algonquin. They are not to be confused with the Southern Cheyenne who reside in Oklahoma, once of common ancestry, but separated by the Treaty of Fort Laramie in 1851. Most people grazed or dry farm; the latter extremely difficult as the annual yearly rainfall is only 12 inches with a short growing season and temperature extremes of 105° to -40° F., in the course of the year. As a passing note, a potential economic market exists as the Cheyenne reservation encompasses some of the richest coal strata in the nation.
Sandia was chosen as a consequence of further criteria. Since I am familiar with most Pueblo reservations, I spent my initial time in reorienting myself as to what had ensued in each Pueblo during my absence there. Essentially, the deciding factor for my choice became a matter of keeping the community size manageable, especially because of my limited time schedule. Sandia was chosen as such, and was of further advantage because of its close cultural ties with Isleta, where I am from.

The native dialect is Tigua, and as such shares a common linguistic ancestry to Isleta, Taos, and Picuris. The reservation comprises 22,884 acres and originally was a grant from the King of Spain, but was confirmed by Congress in 1858. The village proper was thought to have been established around 1300 AD, and was abandoned only once for 10 years during the Pueblo Revolt of 1680. The reservation itself encompasses extremes in topology with the east bounded by mountains, 10,000 feet in altitude, abruptly dropping one mile in altitude into a large fertile valley nourished by the year round flow of the Rio Grande river. The people were once totally agricultural with large tracts of irrigated land, but as of late many have chosen metropolitan work due to the close proximity of Albuquerque, population 340,000, whose city limits bound on the south side of the reservation. The population of Sandia as of 1970 BIA estimates is 198, of whom 90 percent reside in the village proper.

I approached each community with the element of discovery. Interviews recorded on tape cassette was my main technique, and where ever possible I used photographic documentation and sketches.
The latter two, I soon learned, were in most cases a deterrent to achieving optimim verbal exchange as they promoted hostility and wariness amongst those I approached. This is understandable considering that this documentation can easily be manipulated as evidence against them. As the housing process is very much political, it could easily be construed as a source of harm and embarassment. Cassette taping, on the other hand, was less of a threat in this respect and although noticeably contributing toward the anxiety of those interviewed, this technique could be considered the "lesser of evils." The interview was carried forth with whomever was found to be at home and willing to give consent to the interview. Incidentally, I was only refused twice, once at each reservation. At Sandia, the reason given was "lack of time," but I suspect that personal factors came into play. The Cheyenne refusal was due to disdain of the interview process. At Sandia I interviewed 20 households of 56 subsidized houses, the total includes scattered sites, in the reservation and at Busby, I interviewed 20 households out of 25 subsidized houses within the community proper (does not include scattered sites within the Busby district). Here are the specific breakdowns for each area:
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Person/s interviewed</th>
<th>Status of home</th>
<th>Children/dependents</th>
<th>Approx. age (head)</th>
<th>Housing group</th>
<th># of bedrooms</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>single</td>
<td>2 boys</td>
<td>20</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>6 girls</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>1 dependent</td>
<td>60</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
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<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>son's family</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>2 boys</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
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<td>3 children (?)</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>1 girl</td>
<td>-50</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>-60</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>divorced</td>
<td>2 girls</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>-50</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>4 girls</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>divorced</td>
<td>3 + transient relatives</td>
<td>-50</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>-30</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>2 + wife's sister</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>3 (?)</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>25</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>son</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>1 boy, 1 girl (?)</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>1 boy</td>
<td>30</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>BUSBY COMMUNITY</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>3 (?)</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>deceased husband</td>
<td>4 boys</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>? + transient relatives</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brother</td>
<td>single (?)</td>
<td>sister + father</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>daughter/her children (?)</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wife and daughter</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>daughter/her children (?)</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>1 girl, 2 boys</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>dau'tr/her child., father</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>divorced</td>
<td>1 girl, 2 boys, nephew</td>
<td>40</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>3 children, brother</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>4 children (?)</td>
<td>-50</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>?</td>
<td>35</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>2 children</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>? + transient relatives</td>
<td>-30</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>3 children (?)</td>
<td>45</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>deceased husband</td>
<td>2 girls, 1 boy</td>
<td>-40</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>husband/wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>3 children (?)</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>owner</td>
<td>deceased wife (?)</td>
<td>daughter/her children</td>
<td>65</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wife</td>
<td>family</td>
<td>2 girls</td>
<td>55</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>3 children</td>
<td>35</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3 Low Rent</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
My interview format was completely unstructured, relying only on intuition to generate topic areas. This I feel allows maximum freedom for the interviewees to develop the topic they feel is most relevant. As for myself, I could only manipulate the topic by occasionally interjecting my knowledge about the subject. Further, such an unstructured format minimized the hazards of hypotheses justification on my behalf as well as allowing full control by the interviewees to give only what information they were willing. The interviews were taped on cassette after acquiring permission and in most instances the interview lasted approximately an hour. If permission to tape was not granted, as in the case of 3 Cheyenne families, then the interview was conducted using notes.

As a matter of promoting confidence in those interviewed, I agreed to keep confidential the identity of all who were taped, and the following text which presents transcriptions of excerpts from the interviews were edited with this in mind. All interviewees live in homes that were constructed under the housing program as provisioned by the Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD). Occasional reference will be made to the Housing Authority which, in brief, is the field agency of the housing program. More will follow specifically on this housing process, but for now, let the people talk...
It's getting big, like another new village. When the first housing was up we were thinking of giving this place a new name but we never thought about it again. Then some of these guys that were silly put up a sign and it said "Blueberry Hill." *I guess somebody finally threw it down. They also wanted to call it the "Sandia Heights," such a fancy name for such a dusty old hill. They has such a big old sign. I guess the guys who did it wanted to be silly.

Then some of these guys that were silly put up a sign and it said: "BLUEBERRY HILL"

* note: no blueberries grow in this region.
My brother, he's not a farmer. He'll buy a car that has a hundred thousand miles on it and see if he can run it another hundred thousand miles. The first thing his friends do is they come over to my place 'cause I have some tools they can use. The one in front is my first car, a Mercury. I'm trying to get some heads for the cylinder to get it going. Some people store their commodities or rations in the trunk. They make storage out of them. Some guys like that one guy there in the village...You've seen them old cars? He use to have more of those. He's got about twenty junk cars sitting around there. He won't let go of them. He'll say that car is still good--the engine is still good on this one. To start it all you need is the battery, tires, and he'll name a lot of things. With the number of cars he's got parked around you could get two new pick-ups from them. But that's some of the way the old guys are--they're junk men. If they find a 2x4 [stock lumber] that looks good they'll pick it up. My uncle was like that. He had everything in one shack--bolts, nuts--he's crazy about them. He had a friend that he use to work for and anytime he'd break down, drills, needed a bolt or spring, he'd go over to that shack. He saved a lot of money going there instead of going into town and buying a bolt. He was the mechanic of the village part time. He just learned by himself...come in...[2 men appear at door]

Q. Who owns that Chevy back there?
A. Chevy?
Q. How much you want for it?
A. I don't know.
Q. Does it still move?
A. It's got no battery in it--no battery in it. The motor still turns over. There's a 67 engine in it. If you see the engine I don't think they bored it. When I ran it there one time, it started clicking. I thought maybe I froze the engine, but if it was frozen it wouldn't run. It started overheating.
Q. What do you want for it? Keep parking it there and it might all rust out on you. Does it run?
A. It turns over.
Q. Does it cough? [laughs]
A. Knees are kind of stiff on it. [laughs]...$75 to 85.
Q. All of it?...lock, stock, and barrel?
A. Two barrel, four barrel? [laughs]
Q. I'll bring my own battery over. I've got that Ford running over there too--that other one.
A. Which one?
Q. That orange one.
A. Selling it?
Q. Yeah.
A. How much?
Q. It depends.
A. I need a car to go back and forth.
Q. Where?--up to Kirby?
A. Yeah.
Q. Kirby Saloon?
A. No, no, no! when you think you've got a car business, come bother me.
Q. Yeah, I got it running, $150. I'll come over Saturday with the battery and the Ford.
A. All right...
Yeah, that's what they call us. This road here they call "Coors Road". They're always throwing beer cans out here on Friday evenings. Those Coors cans are going for a good price now. We threw a bunch away. We were saving them but we didn't have no way to take them in. Just go out there. We had about 8 gunny-sacks full. Right over there by that new gravel pit. They're 10 cents a pound, that's what they said. That old man, the one over at that house, he collects beer cans too.
I walked up to the gas station early Sunday morning and old MO followed me [her dog]. And as soon as I walked into the gas station I heard this growling and I didn't pay no mind to it. I turned around to get my cigarette and the next thing I knew the [owner's] dog bit into my leg. I guess I didn't feel it a first and I went into shock. I grabbed my leg and I stumbled over to the ice cream counter. That guy [owner] just stood there like he was seeing some sort of freak show or something. You know, he just stood there looking... He runs that place. I've got allot of names of people that were bitten by the same dog. I've been off the job three weeks now. Last week I tried to go back to work but it got infected. There might be some quills in there. That's what I'm thinking. I've been taking, I don't know what you call them, some kind of antibiotics. I went in last Thursday and the owner was there. He said: I'll write up this thing... I guess he wrote up this thing so he could notify his insurance. I'm really scared. I don't know what's going to happen or anything. He read that statement from that woman over there [wife]. I said: you can't use that, she wasn't even there... She's the one that took me to the clinic. His dog, I went there three days later and it was still walking around. I guess the Lame Deer cops went down there that same day 'cause I told them about it right away. I guess they went down there to get it and he wouldn't let them have it. I went down this Monday and told somebody else about it and he told the county sherrif, and I guess they didn't pick it up either. But that woman [wife] said she'd make sure that it was tied up. Her statement said that I guess I tried to stop the dogs from fighting. My dog can't even fight. It's so little.

That's one thing about these doctors around here, they're mostly veterinarians. They just give pills and they're experimenting. People doctors, I call them veterinarians. If these kids ever get sick, I'm going to take them outside, to a general hospital. As long as I'm around I'll never trust a reservation doctor.

Just like at the Crow Indians, their hospital. Why, I was just having a big fit there. I have a friend and she's white. When she goes there, they take her right away. Oh they just scream around and scoot, but she tells them like it is. I know what you're suppose to do... But, I've got an advantage there. They have to take care of me. That's not a place to cure the Indians, where they come to die, and I told them that. I had a girl friend go there. She had her foot broken right off the joint. Her foot was just hanging inside the skin. She kept asking for something. The docs said: yeah, they would give her something and made a comment about this is what they took the river away from us for (water rights). The river never belonged to them, those white doctors. They were really mad about it and were taking it out on her...
When Custer was looking for the Cheyennes, the Crows were helping them. That's why they've got a bigger reservation...

The Hopis are real friendly. Cheyennes aren't that friendly. But the Hopis are really short, you know. They would feed us and everything. I was going to help them wash the dishes. I was standing there. I thought the sinks were really short. And their cupboards come about to here. Boy, they're really short. It's important to know the other tribes. I only know the Crows over here, and I've been over to the Sioux reservation.

In some way, the Crow are a showy people. We're so bashful and scared and everything like that. We're different, we don't go all out like them. Comparing with what your Indians are like... In a whiteman's way these people are good. In the Indian way, these people are poor. Like they come up and talk to you, that's kind of like a white man's style. They have a mannerism of an Angio; Hello, I'm so and so. I live over here. Would you come over for tea and crumpets, and all that stuff... The average Indian will just look at you. They won't fall all over you, fall all over themselves.

The way the old people would say: The Crows are traders. They turned against us, they turned against other Indians. When Custer was looking for the Cheyennes, the Crows were helping them. That's why they've got a bigger reservation. They [Americans] call it a massacre [battle of Little Bighorn]. I don't think it was a massacre. The way I understand massacre is you don't know how to fight, and you don't have any weapons to fight. The soldiers had guns and they were trained how to shoot, and how to fight. That's the way I look at it. It's a massacre when you don't have any defense or weapons. You just kill them. Kill them off, no protection. They say that the Indians massacred Custer?!

At that time we were rough Indians. Now we are soft, we are like rubber. Like balloon rubber. We bust if you blow us up too much.
There was one lady that used to come here, she was from Chicago. She used to have all these books about Isleta. She has quite a big amount of books. Some pictures showed the medicine man and the doings. We looked at a lot of them. She came about seven years ago. That was in the sixties. First time I met her we just looked at the pictures. I've never seen so many. They were about everything that occurred in the villages. She used to write the words that we said. What we call the houses and trees and everything like that. She used to pay us. She used to give us 4 dollars a day. Well, she hasn't been back for two years. She got married and I guess she quit. People really didn't like it and I'm glad she quit. The things that we used she used to ask. You know, the table, we used to tell her horses, cows, flowers. That's all she used to ask about. One time she asked me to sing an Indian song. I used to work at Maisels [Indian curio shop] and when I used to work I used to sing this [Navaho] song. That was the one I sung. [laughs] We sure used to laugh when we used to sing a Navaho song there.
I lived in an old log house before I moved in here. There was a toilet outside, there was running water, but the place where you turn the water on was covered up (and lost). So we had to bring in our own water and I had a wood stove, I had to buy wood, and coal. We just had a cook stove in there. I had to heat up my water if I wanted to take a bath or give my kids a bath. I'd go to my sister's (who lives in a mutual help home). Go over there and use the bath...

Well, I'd still say that I'd rather live in a log house if I had a bathroom in it. Hot and cold water in it. The old houses are warmer. I lived in a two room log house and I bought it for 45 dollars. It was my own. Just a little ways from there my mother and my dad use to live with my brother who was in a wheelchair. One day I just decided to move out and be on my own. Of course, we didn't have any privacy (at my parent's house). We only had two bedrooms and a great big living room and kitchen. It wasn't quite large enough for the rest of us. My sister used some of her money to help my parents build that house. It cost over 5 thousand dollars. They had running water but no hot water. My mother was scared of the hot water heater. She saw it but she didn't want it. We has an outside toilet. She didn't want a bathroom inside. She heard about too many of these toilets plugged up and everything.

So I and the kids bought that old log house. I still had all my parent's money in the bank. So I went to the bank and talked to them to see if I could buy all new furniture [loan]. So I bought an old ringer type washer and a big dinette set. And it was pretty warm inside it and had wood siding inside. And I had a sink there, but I didn't have no running water. So I had to go after my water so I also bought two big cans. I would have my dad go after some water. When I use to have to wash, I use to have to get about 4 big cans of water. We'd carry our hot water back and forth in the car. But I usually heat up my water there.
I was just wide eyed at all the things that I saw. It was really neat. I remember we sat down to eat and I thought, man, we're having a real Indian dinner. I was impressed with a lot of it. I am glad we have the opportunity to live in one of these houses rather than an adobe one. Maybe it was a preconceived idea that I had but I could never picture myself in one of those houses. The ones that I've been in, with the exception of my husband's grandmother's house, they've been model houses. I think maybe because it looks like this on the inside, but on the outside it's an adobe house. It's not sloping, it's not, you know, the architecture is really nice. The doorways are arched and stuff, the things are really built, it's really nice. His grandfather built it himself. It's been there a long time, I think he planted the trees when he first built it, and now the trees are really huge.

Have you ever been to Taos? I mean inside one of the houses? Well, you know, they don't have electricity. They have a wall and on the outside they have newer houses but on the inside of this wall they don't. And that is really different from here. You talk to people and you visit with them through the afternoon and when it gets dark, it gets dark. Or they might have a little kerosene lamp or something, and they have these little apartment houses. That's what they remind me of. It's kind of really neat.

Boy, it's bad. Dogs, there's so many stray dogs. One morning we found 10 little puppies in the corner right there outside. I guess somebody takes it or ... we can never keep them. Cat, there was a cat. I don't know what happened to it. We tried to kill it but we couldn't kill it. So I don't know what happened to it. One time there was even a man that came by to dump trash out there. He saw us and he kept going up and we kept watching him. They told us if we see somebody like that to take down their license number. He just took off. Lots of traffic on this road here. I don't know what they do. They just go back and forth. I don't know why they come around here. Sometimes they just turn around probably, just to see what they can see.

*non-Indian, married into tribe 2 years. Note: the issue of cultural transition has been aptly solved by the Taos tribal government; They offered an ultimatum to the people. Encircling the village with a wall, they said: Those that choose to live the modern ways, stay on the outside. Those on the inside shall live the old ways...
I drank creek water there (old house) and it didn't kill me...

When we ran out of coal, I tried the oven...

I went to the 10th grade and she (sister) went to the 8th grade.

One of these days I'm going back to living in my old house. I have an old log house and I lived in it for years. I drank creek water there and it didn't kill me and I'm still alive. Them log houses are sure allot warmer than these matchbox houses, for the weather, I mean. This log house got three rooms. Some of them use to have dirt roofs. They were warm. Pile some dirt on the roof in the summer time. You use to see weeds up growing on the top. (laughs) We had a couple of beds, nothing fancy. Some people would fold up their bedding and put it on top of a box. Couches and rocking chairs, dirt floors too. They use to wet them down till they're packed down hard like cement. Where the logs came in, you know, you'd put dirt in there to plug up any cracks or holes. Warm in the winter and cool in the summer. Wood or coal stove. This new house has a coal furnace down there. You have to get someone to haul it for you. They use to have a private truck that would haul it, but not any more.

Especially during the winter, the heat, you know. Lots of times we buy a ton of coal it lasts for about two to three days. Besides that, the people that haul it, we still have to pay extra for that. When we ran out of coal, I tried the oven. It just heated right around there. We tried that a couple of mornings, we all stood around the oven 'till we got some more coal. Allot of times you tell the tribe to haul it, but they have so many orders that you have to wait one or two weeks before they fill your order unless you have your own pickup or truck. I always thought that these log houses are better than these new houses. They're warmer. I think I would rather live in a log house if I had my choice. These houses, I would say that they're just too expensive. Especially in the winter, we have to pay 30, 40 dollars for the electricity bill. We have the range, then the heat; it's a stokermatic [trade name of automatic coal-feeding device and regulator for coal furnace]. At my log cabin you can go out on a trip someplace and get some wood. You can not burn anything in these stokermatics. You burn wood and you just get soot.

I and my four kids are living here. Two go off to school [Spokane, Washington] and there is just the three of us here. You know, we have a three bedroom home and it's just too big sometimes. For nine months the kids are gone, the oldest ones and then they come back. They're not here the whole time like they should be. Now that the oldest girl has come back, I'm hoping that she'll stay home. We'll try to keep her here till she leaves. This is here senior year. She goes to school in Spokane. She's 17. I just hope that she'll finish high school. I didn't finish and my sister didn't finish. I went to 10th grade and she [sister] went to 8th grade. At 16 and 18 most kids quit.
We still use the old house. When we had to move out so that they could fix the house we stayed there. We use it for storage room too. During the day I go over there and cook. We still have a wood stove in there because we didn't have any gas (natural gas). I like that woodstove too. We have a bunch of cedars piled up there to build a fire in there and live like a king. I go over there and cook beans. They taste better there anyway. They cook slow, not so fast. They taste better. Allot of times you have trouble (with these new houses), like we had trouble with our furnace during the winter time. Sometimes we have no heat for the kids during the winter time. Sometimes we have to sleep over there (old house) during the night. The new house has a central heating system--Is that what you call it?

I sure enjoy the stove and the refrigerator. These are more convenient than my wood stove, but I'd rather have a wood stove anytime. If they turn your gas stove off you can always go back to your wood stove. The old standby. They wanted me to sell my old stove and I said no. What for? We might need it in case something should happen. We can always jump to that. We didn't hold our feast up here. We went down to the village because we were all dancing. Of course there were a few that came up here after we finished dancing. I'd rather hold the feast at the old place because it is too hard going back and forth from here.

June the 13th (traditional feast day), we went down to the village because the old house is bigger down there. You know, how we make our feast so big so we went down there. It is nice to have a place down there. If something is going on, you have a place to stay. And if you want to be away from the crowd, you can come up here. You're all alone. The only thing is that it is too far for the kids during the winter time. You see they have to walk down to the village to catch the bus. They should come up this way because allot of school kids live up here. The bus picks them up at this paved road down here, but my girls they like to go down to the village. I guess the want to get in the bus first.

Bernalillo Public School is so bad. I'm going to send my kids somewhere else. It's just politics mostly. Most of the teachers are young, but when we were doing junior teacher training, we were told to visit the school. The day I went, they were sort of suprised 'cause the teacher wasn't even there. I know allot of people there so they asked me what I was doing. Every classroom that we went into, it was a day for their cleaning, and all their children were all over the place. They were going to the library, some were in the classroom. There was one boy from here that really had problems at Bernalillo. They said he didn't know anything. Then his parents, they had to go to Washington and you should see the way, it must be the school, that boy improved. He even got a scholarship for next year. They're not doing the job right 'cause his family is really impressed because now he's a second grader. Here they said he didn't know his ABC's, or how to do anything, and then they go to Washington and he's a different--I don't know what they did...

If they turn your gas stove off you can always go back to your wood stove anytime...

KINDLING; TESUQUE, 1974
note: feasts, fiestas, are ceremonial, Spanish or traditional, days.
And pretty soon they started drinking...

I had my sister, when I first moved in here, babysit for me. I'd pay her three dollars every two weeks. I'd walk back and forth and come home to see if everything was alright. And then springtime came along and I started noticing a beer can here and a beer can over there. I knew they (sister and husband) were drinking so I told them that it was about time they start looking for another place to stay. So they did. They bought a house, but they didn't stay there very long, they moved in with my other sister and they were there for awhile. Then the same thing occurred. Then my sister asked me again. Her and her husband didn't have no place to stay. All here kids were in the dorm 'cause they took all her kids away when her first husband died. She asked me if she could move back in and babysit. Well, she babysit one month straight. Then I went down to the housing authority and told them about it and the housing authority told me to pay them. I tried to pay her the first time, but she said that she was glad to have a place, a roof over her head. She didn't need the money. Go ahead and buy the groceries with the money. And I didn't even ask them to pay. She wasn't working and he wasn't working. He did all the repairs here that needed to be done.

And pretty soon they started drinking. I don't know but they got to the fighting where they didn't want my kids to be running out, they get pretty scared when they see someone fighting. But, I guess they had a pretty good party while I was gone (on vacation). They had all their friends here and they chased the kids out. The kids went over to my (other) sister's place and they stayed there. I come home and everything was a mess. Blood stains all over the place. I really didn't know why 'cause nobody didn't volunteer to tell me about it until their son came ...Well, I came back here about 1:30 (AM) and I noticed right away when I came in that my curtains were all drawn. And these drapes were hanging on crooked. And that picture was all upside down. And I said; my goodness, where's everybody?. So I went in there and nobody was there—a mess! And I went in there and that door was shut and I thought; that's funny? These two are open, how come that thing is shut? So I went over there and I looked— There were five or six bags full of beer cans just like bag of trash over there. And my stove had blood stains all over it. So I went over there and opened the door with my hair-pin. She was sleeping, well, they were sleeping. They were getting ready to wake up or I don't know. Anyway, peoples were moving around and when I opened that door, I turned the lights on. Her face, her face was all bloody. He must have just finished beating her up. Boy did I get mad. I went over there and grabbed him like this (gesture at shoulders) and shook him. I said: you get going. You go look for my children right now and I want you to bring them back here. And if you don't find them, don't bother to come back...he opened his mouth, I don't know what he said, and I hit him right in on the mouth. Oh I was mad! So I left and I went up to my other sister's place. I wished you had walked in that Saturday. Your couches and chairs were all upside down—I guess her and her husband fought in there. Oh, good thing I didn't come in that night. I'm looking for my kids... they're in there...So I went in there and I woke them up. They all started crying, telling me this and that. So we came back home and my sister and her husband were both up. She was trying to wash the stove. I said; where were you all this time I was gone? I told you to keep that stove clean. Just look at the mess you've made—I was just going around here and there, back and forth, just screaming and hollering. Her son said; I'm sure glad you're back. I tried to tell mom. She didn't listen to me—She had told me earlier that her son was the one that came in here and was raising hell here and he was the one that busted the door down.

Oh, I was mad and I told my nephew: there are two sides to the story, now I want to hear your side before I get mad. He said: I came here and I was sober. My mother is right there, that's my mother...He started to walk away and, man, as tall as he was I grabbed him—I pushed him over there and I said now you start cleaning it. Blood all over the walls, they tried to wash it off and it made it worse. That's when her husband decided to paint it. So I was glad he did. Now, she won't even talk to me...
Well, I was lucky to get this house. Yeah, but the guy killed himself [one that was suppose to get house]. Well, he was drunk and he just drove off the bridge.

Who wants to move out there [to San Felipe Pueblo]? It's too strict out there. You can't have no parties. If they catch you drinking there in your house they'll put you in jail. If they catch you hitch-hiking or if they think you're coming from 1st street [skid row of Albuquerque], 25 dollars for that. 25 dollars for a can of beer if they catch you. 10 dollars for a pint. And for the court cost you have to pay an extra 5 dollars. The tribal officers, no policemen over there, just the regular tribal officers. No you can't bring liquor and they've got handcuffs. We just go up there in the daytime. They check your car to see if you have a six pack. At night on Fridays the officers are over there by the bridge. If you go up there be careful. They check you car, trunk, and if you have anything there they'll take it away from you and put you in jail. They just stand there with their flashlights. [laughs] Especially on Saturdays and Fridays they like to check. Well some of them when they drink they like Budweiser or Schlitz [trade names of beer] or something like that. Especially when they have fiestas.

They have a court every night [laughs]. My brother got caught one time when he was drunk and they handcuffed him to the chair. He took off from the courtroom with the chair. He was running with the chair on his back. He got home and he cut the handcuffs and he ran. He took the handcuffs off with a bobby pin. They knew who he was and they went after him and they caught him. They call him "the fugitive" out there now. He don't like it [laughs].

Well, he was drunk and he just drove off the bridge...

No you can't bring liquor and they've got handcuffs...
The only thing that was gone was my shaving lotion, and I think I know who done it. I have a cousin that is quite a drinking man...

I got that paper there, read it,... My old drinking partners, they come in here, they don't know how to quit, that was a long time ago. They say; I don't see anything on paper saying anything. When they go outside the door, they'll be able to see. If they just happen to see it, they'll read it, or anybody that comes in here. But, if a drunk comes over, I tell him; I've got a court order that I don't want drunks at my house or the yard. Of course, that drunk is a smart aleck and says; where's the paper? Then I tell him to get inside and read that. They just get up and walk out.

I've lost some stuff here.

QUESTION. People come in?
ANSWER. Yeah.

QUESTION. Broke in?
ANSWER. No. I don't lock my door. I've never had any trouble, I know that. Nothing of value has ever been taken out. One time I had money in that dresser. And some kids, I know it's my neighbor's kids, came in here. I had eight dollars, and I discovered that two dollars were gone. They came back in again, to get the rest I guess, and somebody was waiting for them here. And that's the last time... took off. They were just little kids, just little children.

Just recently, about two months ago somebody broke in again, I mean came in. And they didn't turn the lights on they just burned paper to light their way around. Found ashes. I looked and I checked and nothing of value was gone. The only thing that was gone was my shaving lotion, and I think I know who done it. I have a cousin that is quite a drinking man. I got quite a bunch of lotion for Christmas presents. I had two bottles up there in the medicine cabinet. Both of them were gone. And then I had another one, a real fancy one, beautiful, gold head, you know, sitting there. That was gone. And then I thought; they forgot this one. And I went into the bedroom—One of my girls gave me a "Seachest-Old Spice" (brand name). —They must have missed this one and I looked up and the shaving lotion was gone. The other two, the cologne and the other were still there in the box. Only the shaving lotion was gone. That guy was in here again and I had some—Did you ever see this Lysol spray? It's 74% alcohol. I don't know how they do it.

QUESTION. Well, the way that I've been told, I was talking to those matrons at the school, they get the stuff and put it in a cup. It's spray stuff so they spray until they get a whole mess of stuff on the bottom. Then they get soda pop and they mix it. And then they drink it.

ANSWER. There's an old man that lives over here. They think he done it... Lysol spray... That stuff is after my time. I drank allot of shaving lotion. That's why I know what to look for. Not all of the shaving lotion has alcohol, only some of it. Rubbing alcohol, there's one brand that they drink and that's "Mechasem". Some of them drink it straight, some of them mix it with water. To this day I can't use that stuff. Just the smell of it (gesture). I can't even look at it. I said if I ever start drinking again, I'll start with shaving lotion. That's where I, if I run out of money, it's the cheapest thing. That's when you start shaking. Anything with alcohol. Alcohol, you'll think it'll help you. I ran into some guys in Kansas that really like "Bay Rum", you know, that hair thing. I use to drink "Vitalise" too. Really gives you the runs too. That's greasy stuff you know.
I imagine if the tribal police around here would let the people go, I imagine that they would cut down on their drinking. You know, maybe just come in on weekends, a beer or something. But what they do, you've probably heard about that bar they have out here; Kirby, Hardin. It seems they guard every place, every entrance to the reservation. And that's when the Indians stock up on it. They try to hide it. Allot of times they're lucky and they make it in. Like we've got a program—The Chief of Police, when he stops you someplace even if you're drunk, or you have some beer like we're having here, he'll tell you to go home and park your car; go inside your house and I don't want to see this car on the road again. Or, if I see it again, I have to run you in...Whereas, these other cops, oh they're just a bunch of young kids: get off, you're under arrest—They take the whole thing in. Allot of times they'll just walk right in your house and they'll just look all over. That's what allot of people don't like.

Before we lived here there was an older couple, which would appreciate this house, but the man started drinking. And he use to be head of the alcoholic thing (AA).

QUESTION. So he became deliquent on the payments and they took him out, huh?

ANSWER. No, his wife just couldn't keep up with him, he was just drinking. The house is still in her name, we're just renting it from them. We're paying her rent. We're probably just going to live here a year. But see, all this land belongs to that man. Now today, he came in. In my bedroom, come right into my house, into my bedroom and said: get out of bed...Well, it's not his bed 'cause he had sold his bed. We had rented it with the bed and everything, with furniture and washing machine and everything, you know. Well, he said: this is my bedroom. He was drunk. I didn't even know who he was. He had a gallon of gasoline and he said he was going to burn down this house. I said: wait a minute now, you're not burning me and my kids up. He said: oh no, you're taking me to Gymtown (local bar). He was really rowdy and then after I got to know him a little bit, but he was really belligerent... Then we talked about why he wanted this house...that it was his land that it was built upon, but the house is not good enough. It's not as good as they said it was and they were charging him all that money. After I talked to him, he decided I wasn't all that bad. I told him that it was a federal offense, that the house belongs to the government. He just can't get that into his head. Well, he is in the process of divorce. You see, they lost a boy right here in that creek, 16 years old. But after I talked with him awhile, well one minute he'd be all right the next minute he'd get up and—She's not going to get this house. Nobody's going to get it. The next minute it was because he didn't like it. They promised him this and that and he didn't get it. The next minute he was going to sell her land.

There's allot of fighting that goes on over here just like any other tribal government. Instead of working together, everybody's fighting each other. Allot of favoritism in the housing. You thought "Watergate" is bad, you should come down here to the tribal office. Down here we call it the "trouble office."
Even though we wanted a four bedroom home we didn't get it [received a three bedroom house]. Well, we got two girls in each room right now, but the rooms are small. We had to buy bunk beds in order for the girls to stay in one room and you can't move the beds the way you want. In the master bedroom, we put two of the girls in there because my mother-in-law comes sometimes so we have to put an extra bed in there. We have a double bed and a single bed in there. The oldest is 15 and she stays with the third one who is about 10. And then the little one she's 8 and the other one is 12, so those two share. Of course, we have our old house down there in the village and it's bigger than this house. I don't know why we moved to this house. They kept telling us that all the people got their houses, you know, and I should get one.

But, you know, I guess this one was better because there's hot water over here. Of course, we have running water down there but we don't have hot water. It's hard to get somebody to connect the hot water tank. It's convenient for the girls too, you know. Still we need another bathroom 'cause in the morning my husband goes to work and the girls get up at the same time. They all fight for the bathroom. I go to work at 8 o'clock so by the time the girls are all finished, it's my turn to go in there. The reason we wanted a four bedroom house was because there were two bathrooms, the bath and the shower.

Then they told us the reason why, this was after I made my first payment at the housing authority. This man told me; the reason why you got a three bedroom is because you've got four girls...while these other people who have just one kid or two kids in their family, they got four bedrooms.

QUESTION: Now is it because you had four girls or would it have made a difference if you had two boys and two girls?

ANSWER: I think that is what he was trying to tell me. If I had a boy in the family well, I'd get four bedrooms. They figured since I had four girls there could be two girls in each room.

And I don't see why that the peoples that asked for 5 bedroom and a 4 bedrooms, they only got three bedroom. And the person that didn't ask for it got 4 bedroom. The way that I look at it, relatives or something in the community. I know one person that asked for a four bedroom. He's gotten a three, and he's got six in the family. He only gets a three bedroom and this other person who only has three in the family got a four bedroom. If we had known that they were going to have 4,5 bedroom homes, we would have waited. They told me there was one vacant lot there and I better take it. That's how I got this one. [note: house is crowded; six girls, three bedroom] I sure hate to give this one up for a bigger one. It would be hard to do 'cause I've got talent in the rules [I've done so much work in this house]. With all of that I'd sure hate to leave it. What would we like to do is add on some more rooms if we can.

When I went to apply for the house they wouldn't give it to me. I had a hell of a time fighting for it. So the night of the housing meeting that executive committee told me that I couldn't get the house because I was single and everything. I said: how come in the first group those single girls got them?... That guy stood up and said: look at it this way, they've got kids... Well, I said: whose fault is it that they have kids? It's not my fault. Did I force them to do those?... They just looked at me and they didn't do nothing. I said, right to their faces: oh heck! You want to know something? You guys are nothing but a bunch of crooks... They didn't say anything else. Then they said: tell your dad to sign for you. I said: oh no. I'll fight you guys... Then I told my dad about it. My dad didn't like what I did and he went over there and signed the paper for me. They didn't say anything.

This man told me; the reason why you got a three bedroom house is because you've got four girls...They figured since I had four girls there could be two girls in each room.

That guy stood up and said: look at it this way, they've got kids... Well, I said: whose fault is it that they have kids?
I have five kids. This is a three bedroom house and one bedroom is empty. I got a queen size bed and a regular bed and a small bed. See, the two boys sleep on the regular bed while on the queen size the other three boys sleep on. When my uncle and aunt come they sleep in the extra bedroom. So you might call it the visitors room.
Like I tell you, you know this new house is not a fiesta house, maybe it's good for small parties or something like that. Anyway we managed to seat our visitors out there, right out there [outside under porch]. But, I wish that the bedrooms were as big as the living room. We don't have room for everything. There was one bed that we couldn't get in. You can't take it apart the way it is put together. It's right there where the boy's room, here's your hallway. And here's the other girl. And right here is our room... You can't. If you take it out this way you have to stand it up, you know, or work your way in. We couldn't take it in so we just have a mattress on the floor. I don't want to take the couch in there cause it wouldn't back in. You have to be careful because the legs break or something breaks because it can't get through.

Oh, these dining rooms are too small. That's why I want to add on to it. We don't fit in there during fiesta. After I finished at noon time I went into my room, sitting on my dresser, eating my dinner in there. I told my mom, we're stupid, I said, Why, she said. We buy, we cook all that good stuff, and we feed it to the outsider. When we're faced with hunger all we get to eat is the leftovers.

We're still a little crowded in here. We were more crowded [in the old house] cause there we had only a living room and a small bedroom, and the kitchen. And there were 7 of us, before my boy got married. All together there were 9 in that house. Down at the village we didn't have anywhere to add another room and when we have business[doings] we go down there. We don't hold anything up here, at this new house, we always go down there.

We were living at my parents old house before here. It wasn't crowded because they have a pretty big house. They've got a kitchen, a dining room, two living rooms, two baths, six bedrooms, and a laundry room. They've got a pretty big house. That's the whole northside of the village [laughs]. Just my mom and dad down there now in that big house. It must be lonely, it's a large house. There was a change, but, nothing really I guess. No change in other words except in the way you got around the house. The conveniences were just like here. She had two baths just like here. There really wasn't any change at all except location, and the way you get around the house, but otherwise...

You know this new house is not a fiesta house, maybe it's good for small parties or something like that...
I'd like to get one of the scattered home sites, that's what they call them...

And I tried to tell them that they promised me a house in the country. They said; no way...

Everybody knows everybody's business...

They have so many applications there they have to pick only certain ones. They put up meeting. They have meetings every so often, and who ever doesn't show up to that meeting, the next one in line if they show up, they go up. You have to keep showing up to the meetings, I guess. This is what I heard, but I tried to put in for one of these houses, but they were all filled. I was living off the reservation at that time. Then I tried to get one in Lame Deer. I couldn't get one. So, I'd rather live here in Busby rather than Lame Deer or any other place. I was born and I was raised here. Then I thought; well my uncle gave me some land down the Lame Deer area. Gee, he hasn't been back down. I and he were suppose to get the appraiser, to appraise the land. It was just where I want to build. I've been wanting to see him but he likes the city life. So, it just seems that I cannot bring him down here at Busby; I'd like to get one of the scattered home sites, that's what they call them. I think I'd rather live out.

When I first got this house I wanted it out in the country. I asked the housing authority if I could have a house out in the country. We had a big meeting here. We'll build these ten houses first, they said and promised me to get a house out in the country. Then we could sell this house here. And I tried to tell them that they promised me a house in the country. They said; no way. I lost that contract. The guy that was here, he gave me a paper. I was suppose to keep that and I don't know what happened to it. I'm suppose to live in the country. We're trying to apply for another one and sell this one after it's paid.

Everybody knows everybody's business. Too small quarters. You go to bed and you have to close the shades otherwise you see the woman undressing next door. I've got my field glasses here. (laughs)

Wife: As soon as it gets dark, he always gets after me. In the morning I pull the shades.

It would be alright if they were kind of scattered out, spread apart, but everyone is too close together. When people are arguing their family problems, we can hear them and when I have my family problems they can hear me. You see there's no privacy. You look outside and the windows are both on this side facing each other with the neighbors.
No, I don't mind it [living away] but, if something happens down at the village they may all come up this way. We're all related. I mean, one of the kids will come up and tell me. I walk back and forth to the village. Well, the kids have a shortcut this way, but I go the other way [on the road] because I'm afraid of the snakes and what have you. I hope they don't have any rattlesnakes here. My cousin was telling me that they killed one over there. They ran over it but I don't know. I haven't seen it.

It's scary for me. We're close to the highway and there are hippies going back and forth. We have had some people coming over to the house asking for water. And the way they are killing off all the Indians we'll probably be next.

I like it up here. I couldn't stand it down there in the village. We had a house way down on this side by the church. I didn't like it. I guess I got used to being up here. I couldn't wait to have the house finished so I could move up. I feel much better. I have more privacy, and I can do a lot of things without people watching. I like it up here better. I have to drop the kids off at my mother's place and I go down. I go like twice a day to see my parents and if I need to go down, I go down. I used to go more than twice a day or I just stay up here. But, when there is something going on in the village, I usually just go down and stay at my mother's place. After things are all over, I come back up here. And yet I miss it and I always go down there.

Today when we were busy, an old man died, I went down to the village and people would come over and say: we hardly see you any more. I was surprised at that 'cause I thought nobody would ever miss me, I said. I guess there is hardly anybody living down there in the village. Just a few people living down there now. This old man was saying this morning when he saw me and he said: Boy, I haven't seen you in a long time.... Yeah, I know it, I said .... He said: come to the fiesta down here.... He was just teasing me. [laughs] Like I say it's just the old people that live in the village.
Those two will stop me from fencing...

Just like me now, if I can knock the coal shoot out of there and put it over here then this other neighbor is going to...his is on this side too. Those two will stop me from fencing. See, if I fence it up, we got 74 feet right here. 250 feet straight across. See if I run that fence through there, he's going to be blocked off. He's cool [other neighbor is OK] but, that truck won't be able to get through to service. There's a big coal truck that has to go through there. So if I put my fence there I'll have to talk to him or he'll have to talk to the housing authority to see if he can move his [coal shoot]. See on this side if I run a fence through there he won't be able to get any coal. Well, he already said he is going to move his to the back [coal shoot], so it's OK with me and him. It's this other guy over here. I've already got 75 posts out there that the boss gave me. Stake it out, dig it up and try to plant grass. Nothing growing out there now, just colorful weeds. Good thing I cut that weed out from that corner, it would have pushed this house that way. [laughs]

I'm going to try to get together with my neighbor and fence this part off. I want something that will stay green in the summer anyway. All this stuff is green come springtime but come summer it burns all up. I think I'll plant cactus or something like that. Yucca plants, that's the only thing that will grow here. [laughs]
That line out there... That guy [neighbor] he stuck his marker but, he set his posts on my side. He's got the wire on my side. In other words, he's got about 8 more inches this way. He should have the wire even with his line and he should have his posts on his property. He's got his posts on my property and his wire on my property. The housing coordinator saw it and said: he shouldn't do that. He should have it on his side. But, not to make any trouble I haven't said anything. Then if I build my fence I can't do it cause I've got to come over this way which would give him a foot. Then I've got even less. In other words, he can take off his fence and have more this way. I haven't said nothing to him.

I don't know why they wouldn't let us do it. We wanted this house built next to the old house. We wanted to build on to it later on. Like right now you can't add on, I don't know, just open a door or something, you know. But, they wouldn't let us do it. So they gave us another lot besides my own land. That's another lot there. This lot goes all the way to where those kids are. All this way is the other lot. All the way back to those posts belongs to that man over there. We sure wanted it over there so we could just add on to it but, we can't add on. That is what they told us. You can't add on with your own things to the new houses when they're first put up. They said that we would have to knock this one down if we wanted to build on our own lot. But we didn't have no place down there at the village to go so...

He set his posts on my side. He's got the wire on my side. In other words, he's got about 8 inches this way...

They (housing authority) said that we would have to knock this one (old house) down if we wanted to build on our own lot.
It's a kind of a flower bed and keeps the draft from under there.

And they were all colors, so they started calling them: EASTER-EGG colored houses...

note: Capital payment houses were houses awarded to the tribe over a territorial dispute settled by the US Gov't. The houses are due debt toward this settlement.

It's a kind of a flower bed and keeps the draft from under there. The snow comes from over here [west]. I put that up to keep the snow and draft out from the basement. You see, some of these houses under the footing they got a draft that goes through. I'll tell you the truth, they're too lazy to fix them like that. I was the first one with a fence. It's just chicken wire. I wish they had lawns like this. They look nice.

The outside, my husband did all this, but now he's been deceased for five years. So you can see how neglected it is now. He did most of the work on this house. The first year everybody moved in they started planting grass out here. All this time they were looking for a place that was nice, you know, they [housing authority] were having a contest. This was the first place that won first prize because that's when he first put up that fence. And he kept the lawn, the trees, and it really looked neat. He got it all fixed up and the outside had a different color to it. I don't know much about these houses but they're all different colors. The blue house, then the red house, then the white house... or is it white or did they change theirs? I think it's still white.

QUESTION. So you don't like the different colors then?

ANSWER. No, I think they should all be the same. I don't like all colors. When they first built the home that belong, the "Capital Payment houses," my mother got one house. Everybody around the reservation got one of those new houses. Boy, those cost allot of money, but boy they sure went up fast. And they were all colors, so they started calling them "Easter Egg" colored houses. Easter Egg colored houses?.. bright green, purple, red, yellow, all kinds of colors... turquoise.
Whenever I get money, I'll try to do some landscaping. I tried that first year that I moved in. Oh man, I worked hard. I'm going to have to get new soil on the ground. Dig in and pour in some new soil. Oh it's so weedy out here. That's all that grew when I tried to plant some grass. You have to fence it. Oh we have so many dogs around here. When you plant something, they kill it, you know, they piss all over the ground. You can't have anything until you have a fence completely around. My brother said he's willing to fence it up, but we just haven't gotten a chance.

He'll go back and forth all day watering. You wouldn't believe what he's got growing. He's got it all that way and it goes all around like that. He's even got tobacco growing. We have lots of seeds. We got 50 lbs. of beans last time. Chili, his chili grows but he didn't grow any this time, I don't know what happened. Carrots, we grew carrots but the rabbits stole it. There's allot of little rabbits [wild]. We have allot of them. You should have seen them last year.

I'd like to at least start out that way [grass]. The gate when I moved it I got more room. I have about 6 feet more to level before I can start planting. I have some fruit trees out there now. I got some chickens the other time. About 21. One big old dud man. [They're not laying eggs.] I'm not much of a livestock man but I'll try. We might die of starvation. [laughs]

This one is the front door. I know, most of them they come in this way [kitchen]. They set it this way because in the winter time the other houses down at the old village, the roofs are the same way. They're all on this side. During the winter time the air gets cold and it comes in this way and the doors are on this side down in the village. Then we were thinking that maybe we would put our road, our bedroom is on this side, this way, so we wouldn't have too much cold air--it works. It doesn't blow in any dust or anything. My neighbor over there said he was sorry he ever put his door on this side. All that dust goes in their house.
Little kids; their parents don't care about them, they let them run around all day. Girls and boys. But one time my aunt, she owns a house and works at the school, she must have left one of the side doors open. Some little kids crawled in and they stole a bunch of jewelry. When she came home she found out about it right away because one of the other kids told her. All of them have B.B. guns and shoot the windows. A couple of the windows are busted downstairs by them.

It's alright if you mind your own business, keep your kids inside. The first year, I got along with the lady across the street, but this one still won't talk to me. I told her kids to stay away from my clothesline and she didn't like that one bit. She still won't talk to me. Everytime I see her, I try to talk to her.

It's not the playground itself. It's the children that play there. If the mothers were out there, they would be fighting. It's a playground for adults. It's alright when there's no one down there. I let my kids go, but the minute they get down there, all the kids run over there and start fighting. Then I have to walk down there and bring my kids back up here.

**QUESTION.** What do you think of the playground over there?

**ANSWER.** I don't like it. The kids get in fights over there. You know, I don't say anything about my kids when they get beat up, but the other people—when my kids do something to their kids they get mad. I don't say anything when my kids get beat up. One of my boys comes crying in here, I tell him to go back out there and fight, or our girl, whatever it is. He just went outside, pretty soon he comes back and he says someone hit him with a rock. Then the other parent comes: your boy hit my little girl with a rock...I ask the little girl: why he hit you for? She wouldn't say anything so I ask my boy: why did you hit that little girl? He said: she gave me a bloody nose...and there was a bunch of blood on his face. I just walked away...
Or the old man goes down there because of the kids. They're breaking windows. The windows in the back of the old house--they broke all the windows. We have only cardboard now. There were some people living there [they rented the house]. Oh my God!...the bathroom, the bathtub, they ruined them. We haven't fixed it yet. The lady was from here. Maybe you know her husband, n.o. He's always running around drunk in the valley.

The old man goes down there (village house) because of the kids. They're breaking windows...
Kids are more cleaner. I think when they go to school they feel just like everybody else. I notice that I was half scared to go into a house like this when I use to live in, you might call it a shack. I had allot of respect for people that lived in good houses. For some reason, they had a good home and I didn't, you know. I was scared to go into the house. In fact, I didn't even want to go into a clean house. There were times I worked for ranchers that had good houses when I was younger. We asked the rancher if we could eat outside. We were scared to go in the clean house. Clean table...Well, I just felt that I was too dirty to go into a clean house. Now it's different. I almost gave up this house because I wanted to move. I'm going eventually back to Lame Deer. I would have gotten another house, something like this. There's advantages and disadvantages [to living in a community]. I want to move out in the country. I imagine it's all right if a person's not interested in small animals, you know. My background is, I lived out in the country. I've been away too long from small animals, you know. It still comes back to me. I miss owning a few horses, calf, cow, chickens...I miss it. If I had a chance I'd move back in the country.

I was living down at Lame Deer. I've got a log house down there. I'm not from here. I'm from Lame Deer. The reason why I'm living here is I work at the school [Busby Government School]. By the time I retire I should be paid up on the house. I'm going to move this house to Lame Deer—That's what they told us, see. Pick it up and move it down. No way, huh? Well, what I think I'm going to do... That's what they told us when we first started that we could move it down to Lame Deer later. What I'm going to do is try and trade it. If they could build me one up there, I'll leave this one here.

NEW HOUSE TRANSPORTED TO SITE
note: the houses structurally are made to be lifted from the foundation to new site. Because the short summer season and long harsh winters, a good majority of the Plains housing is made in warehouses and transported later.
That's suppose to be the front. I always call this the front because we come in here and we drive up here and everybody comes through that door [Kitchen] but, my husband insists that that is the front. And when they built it that house wasn't there and there was a beautiful view of the Sandias [Mountains]. Then those creeps built their house right in front of our view.

I kind of wonder so... As I said, I'm new at the game of federally subsidized housing. I was really amazed when we first moved in here. I found that the payments were only 15 dollars a month. I'm used to 170/200 dollar a month payments on any kind of a house. For a house that is equipped with all the things that these things start out with... It amazed me until I realized that it was a housing project and made specifically to meet the needs of one group of people. Well, I see some things that are nice but, like I said, there are areas where I think the things are really cheap, cheap in these houses.... Like the bathroom. I think it looks like a public restroom to have a washbasin and the pipes showing and no cupboard. I've never seen a house like that and it kind of amazed me at first but you know, I guess that's the way that all the houses are standardly put together.

I went down one day to my brother's house to see him and just when I came back here my cabinet fell. All the dishes, those punch bowls, they all broke. The cabinet hit the range which was on. But good thing the cabinet didn't fall on top of the range or it would have caught on fire. The stove was burning. I went looking for somebody to help me. What happened?, they said. Poor me, they said I must have knocked it down [laughs]. If they had put heavy bolts to hold up the cabinets they would last, but they didn't. It was all broke and we couldn't even fix it. The back there is made out of cardboard. We just kept the cabinet 'cause they told me to keep it 'cause they were going to fix it or something. I guess my husband finally got rid or it, I don't know what he did with it. I thought after they had fixed the walls and everything, they would give me a new cabinet or something, but they haven't said anything.
What I should do is get an old jail cell door. I took my door to the store and they lost it at Lame Deer. I talked to that man and he told me to come back, maybe they'd find it. I never went back. I put that frame on myself.

I just shut off the door bell up there. I shut off my furnace and that shuts it off too. Usually, you know who's out there. They'll just push on it and push on it until you open the door. Way in the middle of the night. Somebody comes and they'll just keep on. Oh, my uncle was bad about that, you know, it was new to him. He doesn't speak English. He understand very little. He'd push on that and even though you say come in, he'd still push on it. It would be nice if you had these windows up there where you could push them out. These windows push out at the bottom. Like this nephew of mine comes home late at night and he comes right over to my window and he talks through the window: I'm home now open it... Wakes me up just like that. So I don't need a bell. We shut it off right there (circuit breaker).

Those mutual help houses over at Ft. Belknap. They're like this except I guess they got a concrete floor. They don't have wood floors like this. One guy had a buddy down there that said he got one of those houses. His buddy said: Oh, you just walk around these houses and your feet get tired. He said: look at my feet. I've got a flat feet. It got that way cause of that concrete floor. (laughs)
Well, we found to our sad experience that the electrical plug here wound up loose and we lost everything we had in the freezer. Oh, man, it stunk! The problem was over here in the plug. They're suppose to have a hole in the closet so you can get up there (attic) and inspect the wiring. There was no way to get up there so they had to saw a hole in the closet. We had to come over there (bedroom) and take everything out but the problem was over here (kitchen). The freezer was a mess and I think we lost a couple hundred dollars worth of meat. Beef, pork, turkey, and two big Christmas turkeys. But, that hole is still in the closet. We're suppose to cover it? I guess you can call it a attic. There's an airspace but there's no way to get up there. I think all houses should have hatches because of fire. All the wiring runs up there.

The ventilation ducts on this side, they're about 14 inches square. I guess. I closed them up. In the winter you could feel the cold air coming in, coming in the sides [electrical outlets]. I closed the vents that's how the house warmed up. When I pulled off those boards, you could feel the heat building up in there.

WIFE: I was afraid he was going to set the house on fire, because he closed the vents which should never be close. They're up there for a purpose and he close them tight.

HUSBAND: Well, I sealed off the cool wind that was coming in. It came this way and it came into the kitchen here. I sealed off all that warm expensive heat. I pulled them things off about two weeks ago and boy you could feel that heat come right at my face.

This house gets hotter than the old one. Sometimes we go back to the old house to get cooler. We leave the windows open and the door open, but boy! In the daytime, I go down sometimes. It's cooler down there. Other than that I can hardly wait to get up here. The other day I was adding mud plaster to my old house.
I stood there and blew on it (stove). I was really scared. Electric flames are kind of dangerous, you know...

Just like them to give the Indians housing and give them dirty water...

The other day one of the electric stove burners popped. I turned this other one on and it started popping too, and started on fire. I didn't know what to do. I stood there and blew on it. I was really scared. Electric flames are kind of dangerous, you know. I don't know what it did. It's shorting and it might burn the house down. Now we have to take our food over here to this next house to cook. There's only one burner now and I'm scared to use it too much. We don't even know where to unplug it. We couldn’t see the socket or anything where it plugs in. It must be on the back. They should get a new stove in here otherwise it'll burn the whole house down.

Just like them to give the Indians housing and give them dirty water. They can get sick and die. I'm not kidding you, my little boy just a year old, got really sick, dysentery (from the water in the house). And that Crow fair, he got sick there too, but that's different. The government didn't do that but the government did put this here... and the well digger comes in and he tells me all this stuff. Well, I told him that my dad was a well digger. They never even gave me a certificate for the well itself. The water turns black, like coffee, sort of blackish color. Like coal, sort of like it's got coal in it. Why don't they do something? I know they know it. Three weeks we've been waiting.
We had trouble with our bathtub for awhile up here. You wouldn't believe it. Well, me and my sister woke up and she decided to take a shower and I was kind of late for work. All of a sudden she yelled at me and she said: there's water on the floor. Sure enough, there was water all over the bathroom floor. There was water in the utility room and there was water in our bedroom. I don't know how that happened. I told her husband he should call that man to see what he could do, but nobody showed up. Finally when they were remodeling and fixing up the cracks in the houses, they went and fixed it and it's doing pretty good now. I don't know what caused that. We went almost a year without that bathroom. Well, just the bathtub, everything else was allright. We had to go down for baths to the old house or my moms 'cause we didn't trust the bath.

I had some problems with the switches too. I had to replace two of them myself. One of them wouldn't turn off. You turn it off and you'd be sleeping in bed and the damn thing would turn on. You pull it all the way down and it would stay for a second and then it would turn on again. It wouldn't go off, something with the contact. So I took that one off threw it away and put another one in. It worked. Then that bedroom in the back. Well, when you close the door the lights go on. I haven't changed that one so I don't know whether it still does that or not. That light over in the kitchen. When you turn the switch on it has some kind of a , I guess, a ringing sound. Maybe you can hear it. I'll turn it on. If you stand right under it it makes a noise.

Well, around that closet and around this corner, you know, there's some chips. I don't know how or why. You know, every time you turn on the faucet outside we get a shower of mortar or whatever. They put that faucet so close to the wall that you can barely get the hose on. They should have it sticking out more. They have it so close against the wall that the hose will jam up right against it. And another thing, they put the gas meter right underneath the faucet. They did, they really did. I can't figure that one out. Also they stuck the refrigerator in there and you open it and the door comes from this side. You open that and it's on the way. It's back-asswards.

Like I have my old refrigerator sitting out there in back. In fact, I bought that in 1954 when I was working in Tuba City [Arizona]. It's still running...20 years ago. A Sears Hotpoint, the best, in fact, allot of people want to buy it. I keep it because I can keep some beer in it. [laughs] But, you know, I can use it during the feast. Kept allot of our, these refrigerators that you get now they're so darn small they're not worth a darn. Refrigerators like those are made for white people. They store a little bit, you know. It's not made for the Indian family 'cause when we cook, we cook the whole day. Maybe our stew will last us for three days, you know. Where a white man they'll just come home and open a can and that's it. All the white man will have is a six pack of beer, or coke, or something like that in there. They'll open a can.
I wanted a swimming pool but they gave me a basketball court instead...

Q. What is that big concrete slab out there?
A. I wanted a swimming pool but they gave me a basketball court instead. (laughs). No...they didn't have any place to put that, they didn't have any ground there. That playground, they didn't have enough room there so they put it right by my house. It's not finished yet. I asked the housing authority last week and they said they were still trying to find someone to come and put up the goals. I said: if you do that, why don't you fence it off? That way, I can start on my fence and run it off of your fence out in front...They didn't go for that. It's about 17 feet from my house. I wasn't here when they put that in. I was down to the campus. If I were here I would have told them no. I would have put up a fight, so they wouldn't put it so close. Kids will throw rocks and hang around.
And those guys they were going to put that telephone thing way in the middle of my lawn, you know. I said: hey, why don't you move it close to the wall and just leave a little space in case I want to fit in a house in case I put in a lawn. OK they said, you're the first guy that asked us to do it otherwise we'd go ahead and put it in the middle.... I don't want it in the middle because it would be in the way, I said. Move it over this way.... And also the turn-off for the water, I had it put close to the wall. And here comes the architect and the son-of-a-bitch said: put it back over there. I said: you son-of-a-bitch, how if somebody comes over here and trips over it. They'll sue the shit out of me, I said... He didn't know what to do. But, I'm going to have it moved back again. Hell it's right in the middle right there.

The phone here is a ripoff. We have to pay 19 dollars a month for a phone here because they think everybody out here should live with the phone company. They think everybody out here should be content on a 8 party line just because everybody out here is related to you and everybody wants to know everybody's business doesn't bother the telephone company. We waited about 8 months after putting in a request for the phone to get it. When we found out that it was going to cost 19 dollars we almost didn't get it. Then we decided we better and it's a good thing we did because it's kind of isolated. Just a little bit, I mean there are snakes and things out there.
There (old house) the light bill use to go up to about 8 dollars...had two light bulbs...

When we first moved in we had nothing. No furniture and we slept on the floor. We ate on the counter. We use to live in an old log house before. There the light bill use to go up to about 8 dollars...had two light bulbs. We had propane and gas, and a wood stove. You fill up that propane and it last you all winter. I don't know, I'd like to go back and live the old style. I wouldn't mind it. I'd go for the lights and electricity, but I'd use my wood stove.

What's those Indians that live along the coast in Washington? Yakamas. There about two years ago when we were out there they built all these brand new houses and put all these electric appliances, washers and dryers, but somebody forgot to budget the money for the electric poles. No wires coming in. The people moved in and they didn't have any electricity, no lines, no nothing. Electricity was the first to give us trouble in this new house. It was just too high. But again, the kids have to live in a good home, this is my feeling. If I didn't have these kids I think I'd go back to my old log house. It's not that I don't like this house 'cause I'm use to it now, cut down on costs...looking for ways to cut down on costs. Electricity.

My brother-in-law was telling me that boy, I'm turning into a white man. I've got a new house way up there too. One time I was sitting out in the shade, he says: I want to go to the toilet... and I had to go inside...We were use to going outside the houses. You'd think these white people are clean, shit, they have their toilets inside their houses. (laughs).
We use to get some weeds in the baseboards. We sure did, we had a binder weed growing in the bedroom. I never saw a binder weed growing like that, growing in early in January. I has all them weeds coming in. Also, we have an awful lot of spiders which I despise. We got those black widows.

We sure have problems with insects. Scorpions, centipedes, flying ants. I killed one scorpion last night and I killed another one this morning. They're not the big, big ones, but they're only that small (approx., two inches). I don't know how they get in. We were just wondering that where ever they had that insulation stored it might have been where they were coming from, see? Well see, allot of times they, ...well, contractors buy by the bulk anyway and they store in the warehouse or where ever...and they pick up allot of these things (insects) and it might be awhile before they come out of the woodwork. They'll come out eventually after things warm up, you see. I think that is what is happening now.

We paid the man, what, 18 dollars? We paid him 18 dollars to come every month to spray the house inside and outside. He just came once and never came back. He must have been a pretty shrewd operator, man! And I paid him the 18 right away. He was from Albuquerque...More or less bothered by bugs at times. We had ants up in that attic. They climb down.

We want to make a hole in the wall so that if he's (mouse) got any kids in there with him, they'll be able to get out too. Trying to see if he's going to die in there or get out. Don't see him outside just hear the noise. This is the fourth night that he's in and we finally found out where it's at. There's no opening from the cabinet and there's no opening from the outside. The builder told me that he must have come down from the top (attic) and slipped down (through the studs). So it must be stuck down there. Well, we have the Truly-Nolen guy (bug-exterminator) who gave us a year guarantee that they'll take care of the bugs, scorpions, and all that. He promised so (to get rid of the bugs), but he didn't say anything about lizards. This critter is definitely bigger than a bug.

That's such a funny thing. He said we're not suppose to be living up here. One old man was saying down there; before we know it we're all going to be down there because this hill is where the earth turns and we really did invade the squirrels and little animals. I was telling him pretty soon we'll be down there. (laughs)
And I* had insisted on putting my sink under the window, you know, like the white man has his sink under the window...

*note: story related by woman in Fort Belknap Reservation.

I put in my ass-hole sweat and hard labor in that house, what they call a Mutual Help, and the housing authority told us if you don't put in no work in there you don't move in. Allright, I really did, and when I wasn't working I had a man that was working. Then I got finished and the housing authority said I couldn't move in until the last man is finished with his house. So the houses sat around and we waited, and we waited, and waited. Finally, everybody got done and we were told we could move in. Well, when these little things started popping up, well--And I had insisted on putting my sink under the window, you know, like the white man has his sink under the window? I'm the one who has this house, and I'm the one that has to wash the dishes. I want my sink under that window 'cause I hate to do dishes and I want to look outside so I won't have to look at the dirty dishes. Well the plumber said: that's on the outside wall and the pipes might freeze. I said: that's going to be my problem, not yours. Let me worry about the frozen water pipes...So he did; he moved the kitchen sink over under the window, you know, because they had the other ones backed up against the bathroom plumbing to make it cheaper. The two feet of pipe, you know, was too good for the Indians. And when the inspector came he sees that--the "inspector" who read my floor plan upside down--and he says: what the hell went on here? These are suppose to be economy houses, not luxury houses...
We raised a lot of money. This is the first housing, so we did some fund raising (by setting up a booth at the state fair and selling fried bread) and hired some professionals to do the job. The dry wall, the tiles, we hired professionals to do that. The only thing we had to do was the painting. They were about 6 or 7 of us women and we even had some money left over to pay for 2 months of our gas bills.

The guy would come and do some of the work and then leave and he wouldn't show up for another while. Even the guy that did the tile. He did all but one room and I think it was about a month before he got started again and finished.

I asked about these clean-outs, or whatever you call them, and I asked the housing authority if they had them planned out on these blueprints. And he told me that these houses are too old and that they don't have those drawings on them. If we were to have troubles what are we suppose to do? They just told us that we have to dig and find them, that they don't know where they are either.

We dug all over the front. We couldn't find it, we just found the gas line. Each homeowner should have some kind of plan in case they come up against some kind of trouble. It complicates working on the sink, the bathroom, the latchhole, or if you want to put in an air conditioner, you know, all that duct work that they have in there. They should have some sort of mechanical or electrical plan.
Some of these people, they want housing, but they want housing that suits them, that they feel comfortable in. Like my uncle down here. The first homes were bought by the judgment funds and given to the tribe here. And he told those contractors: I don't want an inside bathroom. I want an outhouse built... But they went ahead and built a bathroom. He didn't want it in the first place. My uncle with his bathroom, he skinned deer in there and butchered cows in the bathroom, ... in the tub, you know, wash them out. He finally ended up building his outhouse by himself. He never used the bathroom once. He's used to that kind of thing. He's used to the outhouse. If a person like that doesn't want a bathroom, he should have a choice. See, he didn't know anything about plumbing, the pipework and stuff. He said I know I'm going to have trouble because if this thing plugs up I won't know what to do ... Sure enough it plugged up and he tore the whole thing up. He threw out the commode and he tore out the bath tub and made a great big new storage area out of it. Let the people have some say about the type of housing they want.

Lucky I have a house to live in. Even though it's the same as the rest of them, it's a house. We lived in a two room log cabin. Used to be if some people got a hold or stole some shellac they would varnish it inside and others painted it. Some put, long time ago, cheesecloth on the walls to cover those old walls up. The real old ones had dirt floors. When I first moved in here I didn't have a job and she was the only one working. I would go out and buck bales. In fact, they tried making the log houses here two years ago. A guy had a business here making posts, then one of the welfare workers came in, some of them got together and they proposed the log houses and it was accepted by the housing authority. The housing authority here said they would go along with this and they would make log houses designed by the people here. But the big block was the superintendent (B.I.A.) and the forestry (D.O.A.). They even had the forester exaggerate the cost and say that these logs were not suitable, that they would warp. We tried to point out some of these log houses here, some of these that are older than I am. There's a house over here where my brother was born. It used to be up here but the guy dragged it down. I never really asked or inquired why, but they kind of knocked that thing. Later on, they did admit that they deliberately exaggerated the cost.
Damn, I worked on this house day and night. God-damn it was cold during the winter time but, I worked on it. I was the first to finish. Then I moved in and the housing authority told me I couldn't. They said: you can't move in. You got to wait until everybody gets through painting.... I said: shit, I ain't going to wait for you guys.... So I moved in. The guy that finished second, he didn't wait either and he moved in right away too.

Q. So you chose the pitched roof house, huh? Thought it would be better?
A. Yeah, it looks nice, I like it. Yeah, we chose it. I had an idea what it would look like but they just told us it would be pitched roof you know. When they first started out they told us we could have a choice, flat roof or pitched roof. I chose a pitched roof, that was my choice. Between her and I we had this choice. I was scared of the flat roof. You have to worry about the leaks, you got to go up there and fix it up. When it's raining you got to go up there and fix it, try to stop it. You have to put cups and buckets, anything you can find.

Just the painting needed to be done and we did that ourselves. We got the paint and we chose white. Well, you see at that time we didn't have our furnitures yet, and we didn't know what kind we were going to get. So I was telling my husband: we'd better get white then later on we can change the color... 'Cause we didn't know the color of the furniture 'cause we didn't get it yet... Because white goes with anything. I like white because it goes with anything but, it don't keep too clean. Especially when those kids come in, you know. Of course I don't have small ones, but my neighbors they have little ones and they come in. Their fingerprints are all over the walls now.

See that yellow? I think it is cresote or something like cresote, the lumber, the studs are treated with cresote. It's painted or else it's soaked on the boards. It doesn't cover, but you paint it and as long as it's wet you don't notice. When it dries, it shows through. I even put enamel. I even put 5 coats of white enamel and it still went through. It's oil, you know. Maybe if it dries out and I paint it over again? If I paint it over again after a while. It's like that right there behind the TV. I showed it to the inspector, too. I told them about that leak in the toilet too. I guess they aren't going to fix it. I'll have to fix that myself too.

I said: shit, I ain't going to wait for you guys...so I moved in...

I was scared of the flat roof...

I like white because it goes with anything but, it don't keep too clean.
That's what they usually do. They want outsiders to come in...

If we get housing we should get good housing because allot of the people just stay in the reservation especially the old people...

... Just like what they done here with these houses. When that guy came and the inspector said; where's the porches? There's suppose to be porches on these houses... We have two, three guys here that know how to lay block. They took training at Haskell Institute, brick-laying. They never did put those guys... they never did try to find out if anybody knew about this kind of work. One of the plant management people picked up a hitchhiker, a white man. They put him to work here to lay block. He just worked enough to get the first paycheck and he was gone. That's what really boosted the cost of this project. Then they use that and then they blame the participants. Then they justify bringing in outside materials too. That upped the price some more. They were suppose to buy local material. Our saw-mill down there at Lame Deer could have provided us all the lumber. But, the contractor, outside firms... That's what they usually do. They want outsiders to come in.

This Mexican guy from off the reservation worked on these houses. He said they were suppose to lay three inches of cement on the basement floor. And he said, the foreman, you know the guy that makes all the men work and stuff, would buy the cheapest materials. Like you were suppose to lay that cement down there. They only laid about an inch. What they do with the rest of that money is pocket it. I heard that from this guy that even worked here so I think that they should look into it more. I don't think that is right. If we get housing we should get good housing because allot of the people just stay in the reservation especially the old people.

Most of these here [houses] have trouble with these [screen doors]. They open it this way and the wind comes from this direction [opposite direction]. It comes from the west, most of the time. I'm thinking of putting a stronger frame...bigger boards. I've already fixed that door four and five times. It stays on just for a little while. This fellow next door, he changed it around and made his screen door open the opposite way. He took his front steps from here and put them over there. There's allot that can be done if you have money.
The only thing we did was paint the house. It took longer here than any of the other frame houses because we had the block and it took so long to fill it (the pores). This paint wouldn't stick and it would come out in uneven colors. There's a few of the block houses here but if I had a choice, I would have gone for a frame. (i.e., house obtained after another participant dropped out) I didn't complain because I was glad to get a house anyway. Well, your frame house, I learned this during practical experience building homes. Not exactly building block homes, but using block and lumber together. I prefer a frame house because the more it settles the more the lumber will flex. While with a block house once it starts to settle, once you get a crack it just keeps on going. The lumber will flex with the way the building is going. But like I say, I can't complain. I've got a house to live in.

This house, I made sure that they made it the way I wanted. The guy said; you're mean, you're hard to get along with...God Damn, I said, I'm going to be paying for this house, might as well have it good. Yeah, but see the problem is that they didn't think, you know. So I took an axe and just chopped them off. Like it or not...

They weren't paying attention to me, you know. So I went over there and said: God Dam, if you don't go over there I'm going to sue the shit out of you. These guys were putting in cheap stuff. And I said; why don't you put on the other stuff in there?...And they said it costs too much money. I said; there's less money in copper tubing...And they didn't think, you know. Well, there's nothing you can do. Sure you can, I said...No...So I went over to my lawyer and called him up. He said: they'll be over there and fix it. So I went back over there again and sure enough here they come again. They fixed it up. That's all it takes.

So I took an axe and just chopped them off. Like it or not...

*note: related previously, this participant kept a close watch on the construction on his home. He started to notice that the lumber for the studs was inferior containing many knots and many were warped. He consequently told the workmen about his dissatisfaction and was ignored. The next day he went back to the house and completely self-inspected the house himself. Where ever he did not find the quality up to his satisfaction he placed a red tag. He then told them that he expected these marked defects to be corrected. Ignored again he then took an axe and chopped down those tagged areas: "they thought I went crazy but, by the end of the week they had fixed what I chopped down..."
The housing authority seemed to be in a hurry so instead of having the people work together on these projects they brought these things in from the outside...

Perhaps I would have never gotten around to get the money together. I think these houses were appraised at 10 thousand dollars. But I really think it's 8 or 9 thousand. What really boosted the cost was when they laid the foundation. They had to hire special help... people that knew how to lay the blocks. The Bureau (BIA) took care of that and they had to hire the people that had to do the digging with the backhoe. This really added to the cost. They hired a special supervisor, someone that knew something about construction. In fact, several during the life of this project. I think that just about the time that the participants were getting to working real well together they changed it. The housing authority seemed to be in a hurry so instead of having the people work together on these projects they brought these things in from the outside. I think that has really added to the cost. Otherwise I don't think that they would have cost that much.

The housing authority said: you put in 700 hours and you have a house. Lots of people that's all they done. Then what about the people that had to work besides? Regular job, but they weren't getting big money if they did have jobs. Like in Ashland, I got 45 dollars a week clear. Then I had to work on this project in the evenings and on the weekends. Allot of these people that were on welfare or had some other source of income,... well, they could work all day or get someone else to put in time for them. This wasn't fair. Some people had relatives putting time in for them. One person had four or five people working for him with each of them putting in 8 hours and it wasn't long before they had 700 hours, and they never actually done any work. For awhile, that's what we done. We had one guy come and put in tile. Something, like pay him a dollar an hour or something. But, they were suppose to actually help in the construction.

It was a good idea, but if they had stuck to it, it would have led to other projects than just these houses. As it turned out, people put in 700 hours and quit. If they had said we have 10 houses to build and everyone will work until all 10 houses are done and the quicker we can do it then everyone will move in...but, as it turned out they began to work only on their houses that they had been assigned. That was another mistake. They shouldn't have assigned any houses until they had been finished or maybe drawn them, had a drawing or something.
For the amount of money I'm paying it's alright. 25 dollars a month. Don't know how long I'm going to pay but, I'm going to find out. I don't remember but, boy, I was really surprised. Since 1971 I've been paying and I've been keeping up with my payments. When I've got some extra money I go ahead and pay it rather than blow my money so there are several times when I was one or two payments ahead. And then, when I found out that my principal was only paid so much and that's it, I said: I wonder what they do with that money?

The amount of money that I've been paying since September of 1971 has gone mostly for administration, I think. To update their program or to update their offices, or I don't know what. I noticed that this office in Albuquerque, they just bought some brand new typewriters. Now where in the hell are they going to get that money for typewriters? (AIPHA) The only way they can do it is through our money.

And then another thing is that the housing authority sent a guy on Saturdays to come and collect the money. I heard that he was getting paid even if I was caught up on my payments for the fee. He was still charging me 1.73 for coming up here. I don't think that is right. According to them, the tribal council is suppose to pay them for the ones that he collects for. Like if I was delinquent, the $1.75 is suppose to be for the extra trip, but they were even taking it from me when I was ahead.

Another thing too, and it's not right, that people, and I can say this right here about my brother, that people that are not up on their payments. I don't think it is right for them to be penalizing us, for them to keep up with their payments. We have to,.. Like I say when I can afford, the only reason that I do that is because, well, there's 25 dollars more added to my appraisal. Here I find out that it doesn't do any good. I say, well what the heck, I'll be just like the rest of them. Why should I pay? I'm paying and keeping ahead thinking that it's going to help me with my principal, but heck no. I'm helping somebody else that's delinquent.

The trouble is I don't know whether you can use these payments toward your income tax because, heck... I asked the authority the money that I'm paying toward your salary and whatever,... can I use that toward my deduction? They said: no.... Well, I mean I don't think that is right. Then like, well, I was living in Albuquerque and I bought and sold my home there. So I tried,... I know that this house isn't worth as much as the house in Albuquerque. So just so I wouldn't pay too much to the Internal Revenue, I tried to say give me some figures that I know that my house in Albuquerque costs more than this, I realize that 'cause it was a corner lot, I had landscaping, grass all around, you know, It's quite a home. Of course it wouldn't go over to the Internal Revenue [i.e. to write in a loss]. They couldn't come up with a figure and they said they just didn't know. They said: we don't know how much the house costs. If they had helped me just a little, I think my equity was 7000 dollars. Well, there went my 7000 dollars to the Internal Revenue.

They said (housing authority): we don't know how much the (new) house costs. If they had helped me just a little...Hell, there went my 7000 dollars to the Internal Revenue...
I had a meeting with the participants and this was in the severe cold winter along about February. Four furnaces weren't working and these people living in these houses weren't orientated to maintain the hopper, the feeder... Stokermatic, it's easy once somebody shows you, but when you're just brand new, and you're moving from a wood burner to a coal burning stove, there's a little more mechanism. You're a little more reluctant to take a chance. To me, these people were just now moving into their homes, so what I did, I called a meeting. The housing authority, the contractor, the participants, to meet together. To point out to them present day problems. This was in February, cold, no this was in December, before Christmas. These people didn't come. Nobody showed from these people. Contractors: I only want to meet with the Housing Authority. We work only through your Housing Authority I was told. I had about 38 participants ready to talk to the Housing Authority and the contractor. To establish some sort of relationship there. The participants all came.

Some of these fellows are on the Tribal Council. I was told I can call meetings only if I was going to pay these housing (committee) members from the Tribal Council. They asked me if I was going to pay them. I said: that's not the issue. That's not what I'm meeting about, I'm meeting about the problems in these houses. We have to learn that the principle comes before the personality. You're selected to serve on the housing authority, not for the sake of the committee... But, he said, only the chairman has the authority to call a meeting. He said: you're not the chairman. And I said: let's meet tomorrow night again. My friends and your friends. He said: we meet once a month. You come when we have a housing authority meeting: you come with these participants.

Some of the participants had already been misinformed... Rumors... Some of them were behind, like I was behind a couple months. They didn't want to lose their house. They'd rather go without than to raise their voices. It still is today. Their only insurance for saving those houses is to speak loud which is on the other side. Let's say white people living here. They would tell you everything they know about the houses, even colored people. But Indian is different. Some Indians, we're living in a transitional period, some Indians are spoken out. Calling what's wrong, wrong. So finally I just got frus-

Until the day come when housing,... when these people begin to look this way. Reports look good, payments are up to date, but when it comes to that we're not really enjoying the house. It's an obligation. It's like a car... the water outlet. We had one but nothing would go through it. I tried to trace it down. Maybe it was just put on without any connection from there. One day I ran a snake and I kept hitting something solid. That's were "Dristan" didn't do any good. (Laughs). I put so much "Drano", that I nearly filled it up. With that big round pipe, it couldn't be plugged? So I began to think that it was just sticking out with no connection. Then when the water began to come out beneath the floor and the wall-board began to drop... I finally got disgusted and I said: you can have the house. I want a house that works.
Yeah, but what I'm kind of scared of is these white people will build you a home, but then you get so far behind in your bills that ... before you know it HUD from California will come and say: well, it's my place now, you go out and move someplace else. That's what I was afraid of and I didn't want a house earlier because of that. Before you know it all the land is going to the white people. We'll have to move someplace else.

I figure the house will stand in the neighborhood of 18 to 20 years with continual upkeep on it. What I mean is that I may have to replaster it every five or six years or something. I might have to change a few boards on the outside and so on, like that, but as far as lasting anywhere over 20 years I'd say it's too far an outlook. I don't think they are going to last for 20 years. They might, but like I said, I could be totally wrong. In 20 years, who knows? We might be right up there near the mountains. The only thing I can say to that is that if they don't last past 20, during that time if the government doesn't come up with something else, it's going to be up to us to rebuild. We may have to relocate or tear it down and start from the bottom and build up again.

If they (houses) don't last past 20 (years) during that time if the government doesn't come up with something else, it's going to be up to us to rebuild...
DISCLAIMER

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Husband: He meant $24,000. It's on the paper. There is no house that is worth $2,400. He's got it on the schedule sheet.

Wife: He's got a 2 and a little thing-a-ma-jig and a zero, zero. It's something like how much we pay and the government pays the rest of it. That's the way I understood it and I know that is what he said. Everytime we had a meeting he always said that. I haven't paid,... I've only made one payment. We were going to catch up this month.... Going to make little payments until we catch up. They had us down for about 66 dollars a month. That's what we were paying.

I wouldn't buy this house. I'd pay a little to live in this house, but I wouldn't buy it. It's not up to my suiting. I'd rather live in something else than this. If I'm going to buy a house, I'd rather have my own designs and have it just the way I want it. I wouldn't want to have someone build it and say: here, you can buy this house, you're going to have to buy it anyway.... I'd rather have my own blueprints, the way I want the rooms, what size, where they're going to be, you know. So I really want this house as my own. I don't mind waiting eventually...have it down in the Bosque instead. Seems like there is more room down there to have a farm or a ranch. It's sort of like a park down there but, up here seems like if you have an orchard or something, apples, people would be coming and picking them off. Or when you're not home they'll be helping themselves to something. More or less, I'd rather be someplace else than this. Going to have my own designs and it's not going to look anything like this. Well, I'll get ideas from this house, but I'll put my own ideas into the other. Who wants a house that wasn't built for them?
Q. Well, otherwise, you like the house pretty good, huh?
A. Well, I don't know, I guess I do. This is the first time I've ever had a house of my own. But, if I see the other houses I probably won't... It was like a dream, like a dream becoming reality. We lived in a log house, my wife and a couple of kids and it was cold there, that direct heat. We stayed in one room and when we got it dirty, we got a three bedroom home, we went to another room. Boy, it was a dream. We could take a bath. We could turn on the gas and we didn't have to chop wood. I enjoyed that for a little while but, then I began to see things breaking down. The vents were no good 'cause in the winter the wind would just come in. See, there has to be a listening board for this. The way the system is set up,... if they would only listen to these people. Take that woman there. She's pretty outspoken. (Owner). None of them are really out there to chew the fat with them, really progressive, in control, none of those guys are. So the housing authority really runs the whole thing. Where she's really good at, we get more housing. She claims that she will talk to us. Probably so but, the immediate problem's the housing problem.

These homes need attention and especially the poor. If I had been living in these new homes for two years and didn't have maintenance from the contractor I wouldn't have a leg to stand on because a year is already up, warrant's be my responsibility to fix the house. But just remember, one year was still in effect when I started hollering; Let's correct this, let's make the contractor correct these problems before he moves someplace away. I said one year warranty is still good... Then the housing would just for the... So I finally raised enough steam and they finally hired a contractor, no, a housing inspector... One of the councilmen; who was Question of the housing inspector? I said there should be some funds in revenue sharing or something to pay him from the tribe. Finally the contractor offered to pay him. So we gave the inspector a list and he went over there to talk to the housing contractor. It happens that on that day it was payday. The housing contractor greeted him with his check and that shut him up. He told us himself, he said; I had this list. I had it in my pocket so I went over there to tell them some of the things. When I got there, he handed me the check. There was nothing I could do...'cause this housing contractor is paying the housing inspector. He can't go against him. That's his bread and butter.

We're just way behind in bills, especially when my husband has no job. But we always hate to lose the house. I dedicate this house to the Lord. So we could keep it. My kids on their birthdays, the Lord's blessing... I don't want to lose it. When something... it's up to the Lord. Whatever it is. He can take it back or he can let us have it. I've been living with god ever since I moved in. My uncle's father, he use to pray for me. Every birthday, every holiday, I use to go after him. He don't drink, he don't do nothing. He's one straight man, one pure man.

My grandfather has a stone rock that he prays to. To him that's God, salvation is in that god. When God himself created that rock, that rock is dead, it's just a stone. But to him that is it. That's religion, that is religion. Things, when you believe in them, that you live by day in day out.

Fate. They just give us only three years. Three more years before it comes. The earth. Well, the grass will be all gone, the water will be bland, the fresh air will be polluted and the food won't grow anymore. Everything will be all black and all that will be gone. Do you believe that? That's what I heard from my sisters and my brothers. They're believers.

I hope you understand some of my problems. Because of my family, I don't want a divorce. I don't want to lose this house 'cause now I'm being chased out. When they come and throw my stuff out and chase me out... That's what they told us one time. If we don't make the payments, they gave us three days and we didn't make it in time. So I went down and talked to that's when they told them; And you want us to move out there? But where are we going to go? I don't want to go to my daddy's; my dad's blind and living with his daughter and they have a family. And my sister has a big family too. I've got no place to go, I said. And he said (husband) I'm willing to move out in my camper and my pickup. You do whatever you want to do with my family. But what am I going to do?
We've lived here at Sandia on and off for about two years. Originally this house was built at the same time that these others were built and I think that was six years ago. It was the first group of houses. I wasn't around at the time so I didn't know what was going on. Anyway, my husband's father and mother and four kids moved up here. Then my husband's mother and father split up and she moved back down to the adobe house down in the village and the kids went to live with the grandmother. Anyway, his father lived up here alone for a while and he really neglected it. There's places where you can't get the tiles clean. There's places where the water is really, really hard and has left a deposit on the sink on the porcelain and... His father is originally from another pueblo and I think there were periods when he was gone for months at a time. Then when we were sophomores in college, my husband's father died, so then the house was empty for a few months. My husband would come up here after school and live here and then we got married that summer. We've lived here since August. Since then there have been numerous problems. The water is so hard it leaves mineral deposits on all the dishes and over everything. I can't get the stuff off and I can't get the other stuff off that's been on for years.

Anyway, when I first moved in I didn't notice any big cracks in the house, mostly problems of the beam... (interruption)... So, we went away for school and then after Christmas we moved back here for a while again. In the meantime, his mother decided to move in here because we were away at school. She was already situated in the house when we continued to live here when we moved in. Then I started noticing big cracks. We moved out for a while again, well around winter, no last fall and I started noticing big cracks. Before I noticed hairline cracks, just kind of and then last fall it was big enough for lizards to get in.

Don't ask me about lizards, they just keep coming to my house. (Laughs). Anyway, there was this huge crack, the cinder blocks just pulled apart, you know. We couldn't get that door open because the house had shifted and we just couldn't get it open at all. So, in our bedroom closet wall the cracks were big enough so that it let in this lizard. He'd come in and I'd tell my husband to kill it and he wouldn't. He'd say: give him another chance and throw him out there, and the next night we'd hear noises and it would be the same lizard with one of his friends again in our closet. Finally, my husband lost patience and he did kill him and we left his body right outside the closet to show any other lizards that might be thinking of coming in.

Then there was another crack that formed in the other bedroom and the wall, I guess from all the shifting, started to crack. There's places in the window where they were pushed up and the tile was scruched. I had trouble with the living room windows cause the walls shifted and there were gaps in the corners of the windows and stuff. It was great for dirt and dust and stuff. I'm of the opinion of a kid who grew up in the suburbs of Denver and we're use to a little better quality... but, I think these windows are really cheap, especially for this area because no matter how tight you have them, it blows every day in the afternoon just about, it always leaves a huge amount of dirt and dust all around. The dirt comes in it comes in like that all around, every day. It's a monumental problem to keep the house clean.

The beginning of the summer I wasn't here and I guess they wanted to fix all the houses. As far as I know they've never fixed the brick part of our house before. So my husband moved all our stuff out and he moved in with his grandmother. Then I came back. I was in New York. We were living with his grandmother for another month and then they told us we could move back in but, if you want a report on how it did turn out... urgh... how the workmen operate around here, there's been an improvement since we talked to the head guy, the architect that's repairing the house or whatever.

Anyway, the first job that they did this time, they painted over our living room with paint so thick, over our electrical outlets, so you can't get the plug in... no way. They painted over our [continued]
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( Page 100 )
registers [thermostats] in some places. The people that put in this tile put in wrong to begin with because it's suppose to be laid alternately. But, it could have all been laid the same way and not left big cracks and got that masking stuff all over. They didn't finish it up. Well anyway, the people that put in the tile this time when they were fixing it,... You see they took up the tile, put holes in the foundation, pumped in grout stuff to try and stabilize it. And then they put in new tile and every time they put in tile they put in different to the grain of the way the other tile was going. I know that is the way it is suppose to be done but, when three hundred tiles are going this way and they put in a new one and particularly when it's not the same color because these floors have yellowed.

Well, they told us we could move back in, and my husband got the washing machine from school. We heavy duty washed, and scrubbed and buffed, and waxed these floors and got them as clean as we could get them. And the inspectors come around looking and they said all this stuff wasn't satisfactory, which my husband had already decided himself but he figured "typical". Then all the workmen had to come back and redo everything. The floors aren't as bad as they were, but they're getting that way. All the cleaning that we did has gone down the drain, kind of. They broke our porch light. Some way or another they completely wrenched it out of the socket. Again they were very sloppy when they were working on everything. They spilled paint all over things, there's plaster all over, there's just numerous instances of dumb work.

The head guy who came out and inspected things was really mad. They fired the first painters, the ones who first painted the inside of our house. Now I don't understand why when they fix it they are suppose to paint it also, because I would be perfectly happy to paint over the walls after they've done the right stuff on the structure...but I guess the painting comes with it. Well, anyway, when the head guy came out here he looked at the corner cracks and decided they weren't well enough done at all. There's some sort of plaster paper that they put over the corners that builds them up. Anyway, that wasn't nearly thick enough and the plaster wasn't done well enough on the top. And then another plasterer was up here to fix that and after he worked, there came another painter to paint over what he worked. Anyway, that wasn't good enough and there's a crack over our entryway that they haven't fixed yet. So they're sending him back again next Monday. After the head man walked through here, my husband showed him the tile and some of the other stuff that they did wrong. They sent a guy up here and he picked up the tiles and he replaced them, going the same way that our tiles are going, but at this point in the game they didn't have any of our color of tile left. So see that thing right there? Can you tell the difference? Kind of vague but, at least it's going the same way.

I think we're better off in these old homes. These new houses started cracking and everything. I don't know if this is OK? We have a new home. These two times it happened to us our hearts kind of fell. Like I say, I hope this will hold up.
And so it is that the two Indian nations have been presented. I chose to present the viewpoints that were and are now in existence for I assert that the fundamental wrongdoing of the US Government has been its failure to recognize the unique cultural existences of these minorities. As is the common theme presented in the first chapter, the historical basis of the Government's philosophy toward the Indian nations was that of acculturation—acculturation being the process of indoctrination into a preconceived notion of what an acceptable lifestyle should be. Although times have changed, this philosophy still is the doctrine with which current government policy operates. Be as this may, the immediate issue which arises from this is to what extent this benevolent attitude should be actively forced onto a weaker constituent.

The second chapter elicits personal accounts of people affected under the guise of this benevolent attitude through the Department of Housing and Urban Development's (HUD's) subsidized American Indian housing program. As directly and simply as possible, these participants of the housing program present their assessment of the lifestyle and rationality of the situation they live in. I deem this important despite the hazards of personal bias because documentation of such communication has long been overlooked in the bureaucratic process. This, as a result, has only perpetuated the insignificance of the recognition afforded to those who have to live with the decisions imposed upon them. For the American Indian, there exists a need to make evident their real human side. Too long have the people been shrouded in a euphoric state of well being as misportrayed through stereotyping.
The following shall not explain the intricacies of the Federal housing programs themselves: Low Rent, Mutual Help, and Turnkey III. There exist a multitude of surveys, analyses, and critiques which devote their whole text to this cause (see ref 18 biblio.). As such, little more can be contributed in this respect. What needs to be gained, however, is an insight into attitudes, or rather the interpretations voiced about these housing programs. It is a significant fact that the housing programs are not interpreted by everyone the same and it follows that many levels of understanding exist both amongst the bureaucrats and participants. Irrespective of how distorted the interpretation may be from its original, the truth of the matter remains that the confusion caused by these varying interpretations is what people have to deal with.

The participants are far from being apathetic which seems to be one of the easiest conclusions drawn from bureaucratic observation. Instead, they are immersed in a complexity of decision-making--incorporated in a contextual format that interweaves social obligation as well a personal--which I advocate is much more complex than that confronted by non-Indian Americans. I being of Pueblo descent, must make evident my personal bias in undertaking this endeavor as I must also make evident those assumptions on my behalf with which I was allowed by the tribe and participants to carry forth my work. It was assumed that I would with-hold certain personal Indian activities that take place beneath the superficial day to day occurences. I have done so, not that I would become threatened, but because there exists a fundamental understanding that has always been and continues to be amongst people who live their Indian ways. To release
some of these data would only arouse curiosity which historically has elicited criticism from those who do not understand/believe in the way of the Indian. Let it suffice to say that despite acculturation, superficially it may appear that the Indian ways have been abandoned, but internally they are practiced with great regularity.

In my interaction with the Sandia people, my assumptions about their lifestyle was as much a part as their telling me of it. It would be fooling nobody if this was not conscious for these assumptions are wholly responsible for the sincere reactions I was able to obtain. The close cultural ties of Sandia and my home Isleta were a definite asset. As for the Cheyenne, they being of Plains Indians, of whom I know relatively little prior to this, I approached possessing only a mutual sympathy of our common denomination—denomination, that is, not in the cultural context, but as advocated throughout American history by the consistent stereotyping toward all Indian nations. Therefore, I can honestly say that I was received as another Indian from a differing tribe that had problems comparable to theirs. Consequently, there was equal give and take of information with me contributing to their knowledge of Pueblo Indians as they contributed to my education of their culture.

This last statement reinforces the significance of dispelling the notion that the various Indian tribes are the same. As the two tribes are presented side by side, a realization that American Indians are unique; if not as individuals then at least as cultural entities, hopefully ensues.

Whereas the Caucasian race expounds and takes pride in the diverse cultures that they comprise, to the American Indian they all look alike...
It cannot be overlooked that historically these two tribes, the Sandia and Cheyenne, posed issues of concern to the US Government for their continual resistance to acculturation. For the Cheyenne, evidence of this can be found most notably during the Indian Wars of the 18th century, they being the last of the nomadic Plains tribes to surrender. The Sandia tribe was noted for its share of diplomatic difficulty toward political resolutions. Amongst the Pueblos, the Sandias were noted for their unpredictable behavior during diplomatic envoys. Ironically, these same two tribes have exhibited remarkable transitions in lifestyle during their histories. A threefold change occurred in Cheyenne lifestyle, in a matter of only 400 years, from agrarian, to nomadic, and were finally forced to settle within the confines of the reservation by the US Government. The Sandia has metamorphosized from being a difficult adversary politically to one of the pueblos most willing to accept outside assistance for promotion of self-sufficiency. How is it, then, that they, while maintaining such aggressive behavior toward protecting their own vested individualism, have succumbed to change? Persistence seems a possible answer. However, it would be folly to assume that their existing general cooperative attitudes with outsiders is all that trusting. Both tribes have indisputably learned from their political history to keep a good
appearance through cooperation, but to employ underneath a stubbornness toward some pressing issue. Cooperation serves as a decoy while the process is drawn out until an amicable solution is reached or the process is curtailed due to frustration.

Perhaps the first major political change came with the formation of the tribal government. It must be remembered that prior to the Walsh-Healy Act of 1932, which was the political vehicle for establishing tribal governments and constitutions, negotiations between the tribes and the US Government were through diplomatic envoys. The Indian representatives were selected according to individual merit as having exhibited the greatest and most beneficial decisions toward the well-being of their people. The Walsh-Healy Act, was drafted after it became evident that tribal affairs were destined to become a frequent occurrence and as such, diplomacy became too cumbersome. Hereafter, a very interesting perception became evident stemming forth from prior diplomacy. It was discovered, much to the dismay of the tribes, that those representatives selected on the basis of merit were not necessarily those who communicated the best in the new bureaucratic process. They needed individuals who could bargain effectively. As a result, a new form of hierarchy within the tribes was created to confront this disparity. This new hierarchy is the tribal council, who may or may not make the final decisions. It is often the case that in matters of important decision, the tribal council may only mediate toward a more powerful decision-wielding body, who in turn is responsible for the final decision. This group remains inconspicuous except to those impacted by their decisions. To non-Indians, or for that matter, to those who do not accept the Indian lifestyle, they
remain anonymous.

There was relatively little compromise which took place amongst decision makers. Instead, decisions were mainly qualitative and absolute. Whereas the US Government usually makes decisions in light of present and future needs of the society, the tribes made decisions which insured their well being at the critical moment. Perhaps the following analogy best demonstrates this conceptual time difference: If you ask an American whether he or she is hungry, the person will look at a watch to answer; the time determines the person's hunger. The same question asked of an Indian will result in a yes or no depending on how his or her stomach feels... To plan and allot time towards the future was scoffed as there were immediate impending issues that needed to be provided for.

Also, decision-makers, having achieved this position, reigned almost absolute in having the final word. Historically, there existed little room for questioning a decision, especially in matters of life and death. During a crisis there was little time for bickering and compromise. Obedience to a power-wielding decision maker/makers was necessary. So the current tribal structure has evolved from such a basis. Today, the decision process is not as absolute as when the tribes were self-subsistent, nevertheless, it can be seen today.

The bureaucratic process varies with interpretation among these cultures. Several unusual relationships have ensued as a consequence of the merging of ideologies. The most perplexing is the degree of authoritarianism with which the tribal council has power over the people and how they exercise it. As decisions are handed down, there is strict and prompt obedience by the
people toward their proclamations. Their decrees encompass major aspects that affect social as well as political issues. The Cheyenne had an easier time of adopting bureaucratic rule. Their traditional government was similar to the US Governments, so for them it was a matter of assigning titles onto their existing structure. The Cheyenne traditionally organized in bands that functioned independent of each other except during the summer when all bands convened to become one tribe. This was a cycle that evolved according to the availability of food; during the winter, survival was best attained in small bands and during the summer food was plentiful so the whole tribe could subsist as one. Each band was headed by a chief and as the bands joined for the summer, a council of chiefs was formed. Generally, the society was a police state with a system of clans that distributed tasks. A parallel can be drawn with the US Government as aspects of the Congress, the State, and Judicial branch can be evidenced. In fact, the Cheyenne are one of the few tribes that have a corporate charter as well as a tribal constitution.

For the Sandia, though, the government was too intermixed with tradition. The seperation of tradition and government was unresolvable although they did concede to a tribal council whose appointment to this day is as much a democratic process as a matter of modified tradition. Instead they were more attuned to the Spanish form of rule as early in their history the King of Spain bequeathed their form of government upon the Pueblos when they were conquered. The tribal government has remained relatively unchanged since then. Today, the elected offices are defined accordingly and the offices are handed down with much formality and preparation. Such titles as Governor, Lieutenant
Governor, and War Captains still define levels of authority. (see page 29.)

Basically there are only three actors that are involved directly in tribal relations; the Tribal Council, the State, and the US Government. Of these, the tribe and the US Government assume primary roles while the State becomes secondary. This is primarily due to the Federal trust status of reservation land which prohibits any land transactions, other than inter-reservation, except through Congressional act. With regard to the State, past and present relations are accompanied by Federal mediation. This means that direct tribal relations with the State are downgraded, and only recently has this begun to change. As for housing, however, the State plays absolutely no role.

The establishment of authority, therefore, was set to allow the initiation of the housing programs on these reservations under the various housing amendments. Although the Housing Act was law as of 1937, the initial public housing program for American Indians was not amended until 1961-62. After its conception, it took roughly 6 years, or until 1968, before construction on the first units started. In the meantime, prior to 1968, the time was preoccupied with drafting and establishing the administrative agent for the housing process. This was the Tribal Housing Authority, whose legal guardianship came from the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

The main characters of the on-reservation housing process consist of the tribal housing authority, the tribal council, and the building contractor. I will note that the Pueblos, Sandia included, are somewhat of an exception. The 19 Pueblos of New Mexico are divided into two housing authorities. The Southern,
having jurisdiction over 11 of the Pueblos, Sandia included, and the Northern having jurisdiction over the remainder. Their grouping is a matter of tradition. Since the Pueblos physical appearances were similar and their proximities were relatively close to one another, it came about that the US Government considered them as one common nation. Later there was found to be great variance in Pueblo cultures. Language, for example, consists of 7 unique dialects. Despite this, the US Government has persisted in its initial interpretation and as a result this has caused numerous problems in tribal affairs. The Plains tribes do not have this problem as each has its own respective agency, including housing authority.

Excepting for the tribal council, the rest of the decision levels in the housing process have defined parameters of authority that make explicit their responsibilities and how they are to execute them. As a result, many of the exchanges between the tribal council and the rest are subjective; in the sense that no one is sure of nor willing to question the legality of some interactions. Much weight is given to the tribal council by the housing authority in the selection of the participants, location of homes, and justification of need. Many critical details are left for the tribal councils by the housing authority, details which elsewhere would normally be the responsibility of the housing authority. Gaining access to service right of way is such an instance. Solicitation of the property owner's permission who is affected may simply be a matter of formality as the tribal council can conceivably over-rule any individual's decision. Moreover, unannounced entry into the participant's house by the housing authority or contractor is a privilege
whose legality has never been confronted. As the tribal council has such authority, this has unassumingly been extended to others involved in the housing program.

The tribal council's vested rule over the society makes it possible to implement the housing program relatively unaltered, according to the housing authority's wishes. If something is desired that is crucial to the housing authority or contractor's scheme, it is relayed to the tribal council who grant permission or carries forth the request, usually without question. Excepting for occasions that warrant public announcement or require the tribal council to convene, there really exists no other decision structure that can handle such requests. The request if not delayed until the next tribal council meeting may often be verbally approved on talking to a tribal official. As a result, you find fences, play areas, service lines, and a whole array of such things that seemingly appear out of nowhere and to no one's knowledge.

Planning issues are not yet a matter of public decision; the tribal council reacts to planning decisions and announces them. Rarely, however, is the public involved in the decision process itself. The successful implementation of the housing program rests with this. The truth of the matter is that implementation of the subsidized housing cannot be attributed toward the workability of the housing program as much as acknowledging the omnipotent power to implement that the tribal council has. The housing authority holds a psychological power of "knowing its business," such that the tribal council cannot help but unquestionably enforce their policies. The tribal council surely would not question "experts."
It is questionable whether the dictates of the Department of Housing and Urban Development are in the best interest of the clients they serve. Suspicions arise after it becomes evident that the program provides little or no opportunity for individual initiative in the design of the house. HUD maintains an absolute right to impose housing criteria according to its standard which shows little sensitivity to the region or culture where the houses are built. By employing its sheer size and sophistication, it can easily overwhelm or intimidate the constituents it serves.

The hierarchy of bureaucracy through which HUD makes its decisions contributes toward the insensitivity of the housing process. The decision process is as follows: At the top is, of course, HUD Central in Washington D.C. Here the policy is drafted and the money requested from Congress, after approved, to be appropriated and distributed. Only on special occasions, such as times when new policy is amended or when budgets are re-allocated, is HUD Central crucial. Otherwise it is considered only to be worth the approval stamp that it affixes. In short, if they are not antagonized, chances are there is little to worry about.

Secondly, comes the Regional level. For the Pueblos, the HUD Regional office is in Los Angeles, while the Montana Plains tribes have theirs in Denver, Colorado. The regional office is considered the bottleneck of the process as it is almost totally responsible for interpretation of the Washington memos and policies. As the regional office is overwhelmed by other minorities served besides American Indians--representing only a small clientele--it is difficult for HUD regional to
justify large endeavors or blocks of time exclusively to the Indian program. This is critical considering that it is upon the regions decisions and recommendations that Washington usually basis its decisions.

At the regional office the plans of a project submitted by the tribal housing authority are reviewed and judged for acceptability. The staff of the regional office holds the power to approve or disapprove the housing plans. Further, distance of the regional office from the reservation is a deterrent toward sensitive decisions. Some of the HUD personnel who make judgements on the tribes have in all probability never seen an Indian apart from the stereotyped vestiges readily available for consultation. It is unfortunate, therefore, that the most decisive level also has to be the one that has the least amount of ready information upon which to base its decisions.

Washington has seen fit to accept the recommendations of the regional level. Their unquestioning attitude has reciprocated a conservatism at the regional level for the sake of avoiding Congressional ire. This conservatism had dictated housing type and method of construction to be judged upon merits that are readily comprehensible to these regional policy overseers. Since the American system of wood frame construction is the most widespread and easily comprehensible system, it is the one specified by this level. The regional staff has effectively curtailed any indigenous building systems simply because it is afraid to delve into a new territory that presents a lack of ready reference. The result, of course, is the "match box" suburban single-family detached home. Its simple merits are: it is a mass produced product, affording cheap production; it is technically unimaginative
and uncomplicated, therefore making it quick to construct; and it
is without personality, which enables it to escape criticism
that money is being spent unjustifiably for construction of
"luxury homes."

With regard to the lower levels of the housing process,
there seems to be a discrepancy as to whether or not the
district level plays any significant role, in particular the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA).
The BIA does seem to assume a role in coordinating other
government agencies that work cooperatively on the subsidized housing projects. These specifically are the Public Health Service (PHS) and the
Bureau of Land Management (BLM). PHS is responsible for provision of services for the housing projects especially water and electricity while BLM plans the sites for services, roads, and rights of way. The BIA also manages its own housing program, the Housing Improvement Program (HIP). As the title implies, its concern is with improving only existing housing for a limited number of special hardship cases. It appoints its own housing agent, but for some tribal jurisdictions there is evidence of indirect consultation with the tribal housing authority on legal and paper-technical matters. The HIP program's limited impact is a consequence of its limited resources. As explained, personnel consider their jobs the same as HUD the only exception being that "their budget lacks 4 zeros."

The tribal housing authority is, of course, the most active element of the process. Its duties primarily center around relaying the needs of the tribe they serve to the higher bureaucratic levels, coordinating, and managing the on-site process of
the housing program. Being relatively new, the authority is still laboring over defining its responsibilities and commitments. Since it manages all payments and debts incurred by the participants toward the houses, its role is thus far guaranteed, at least for the next 20 years. Assuming that the housing program was to conclude now, the monthly payment structure toward the house is such that the debt, at the minimum rate, would take 20 years to pay off. The payments are adjusted to match the income of the family and can vary from the minimum payment of 9 dollars a month to some families that reportedly pay 150 dollars a month. Of course, the greater the monthly payment, the quicker the debt is paid on the house and ownership acquired. The Low Rent program is an exception to the latter as ownership is never acquired.

To avoid too much cumbersome detail about the other duties of the housing authority, let it suffice to say that the housing authority's remaining responsibilities are in the initiation of the design, allocation of the contract, and overseeing of the construction process for the housing projects. As this implies, a sequence is initiated with every housing project. The projects are awarded in blocks that never overlap and are fully completed before another award can be requested. The housing authority is given the option of employing an architect to design the units, letting the architect assume responsibility for coordinating the building schedule. Otherwise, the contractor submits its own designs. Both tribal authorities for the Pueblo, the Northern and Southern, have opted for the services of an architect. The Plains have let the contractor assume design responsibilities.

Thus far, there seems to be little difference comparatively between housing types of the Plains and Pueblos; however, the
Pueblos have effectively been able to use the architect as leverage against the HUD regional conservativeness. It has primarily been through efforts by the architect that certain design specifications contrary or non-inclusive to HUD's regional interpretation have been considered. Contractor-initiated design has yet to and cannot really be expected to reflect a sensitivity for design that an architect has. The contractor-designed projects of the Plains are lacking the innovation that the architect designed projects of the Pueblos have. One can attest to this by simply looking at those "amenities" that the Pueblos have been able to secure as opposed to the Plains. That is, the inclusion of fireplaces and just recently the use of the Pueblo's native building material, adobe, for their homes.

The bureaucratic process itself stifles innovative and sensitive design to occur. Despite any consultation or design assistance the housing authority can muster, the process simply does not accommodate much chance to innovate. There are too many levels within the hierarchy that have the authority to stop and ask for revision of the submitted plans. Further, these plans upon rejection are handed down, back to the designer, and upon compliance, the housing authority is forced to reinitiate the process at the beginning again. The hazards associated with new design may involve months of delay and as the regional office has consistently shown a conservativeness, it simply is not worth it.

The plan of the house is basically unchanged for the last 6 years. I think it's a poor design myself, but when you try and change anything in the plan it means a delay of another 6 months to a year while HUD regional is reviewing it. Even then they might reject it or want it changed which could mean a further delay. I guess it simply means the we're going sacrifice design for the greater pressing issue of getting these people into decent homes... ARCHITECT

The tribal housing authority has further responsibilities of coordinating other government agencies, notably PHS and BLM,
involved in the housing process. As these two are responsible for sites and services it is important for the housing authority to adhere to a strict building schedule. Unfortunately, sometimes the process does not run as anticipated. With PHS and BLM having to appropriate their own money for supportive services, such a change in schedule can be disastrous. It is not hard to find documented evidence of homes having been built lacking all services due to last minute changes (see rep. 18). And as there have been those cases where these other agencies were not able to provide service facilities, there have been other occasions where the facilities were provided but the house never showed up. Despite the enormous duty of coordination it is truly remarkable that there have not been more instances of the same.

Relationships between agencies have degenerated with each misunderstanding aggravating personnel. HUD regional often becomes a target of this wrath for often it is their delays that are responsible for the change in the building schedule. In fact, it has come that conspiracies have developed among the other agencies against HUD regional. Perhaps the most interesting one has been amongst the Plains housing program: Site plans were surveyed, plotted, and drawn by BLM in accordance with HUD density requirements. The Plains tribes, on the other hand, find close neighbor relations as called for by HUD requirements too cumbersome as they are accustomed to settlement patterns of dispersed farm lots. Despite their continual pleading, however, they have yet to receive a sympathetic ear from HUD regional. Consequently, with full knowledge by BLM, only every other plot was developed, and HUD regional was fleeced
into believing that the density was going to be twice what actually was to ensue. The projects were approved and the deception was successful.

It will do little justice to let petty architectural details overshadow the crux of the housing issues, particularly in the cases of the Sandia and the Busby community of the Cheyenne. These two areas were the first of their respective tribal nations to accept and build federally subsidized houses. Naturally, being the first they would be plagued with a greater than normal amount of problems as all fledgling projects usually seem fated. This, however, should in no way be allowed as an easy rational for justification of the problems that have plagued these initial housing developments. Despite their six years of existence since 1968, some of their initial problems, as well as new, have yet to be resolved.

In many cases the participants have not been responsible for the deterioration evident in their homes. On the contrary, some of these families have persisted in trying to fix their homes, but the problems reappeared. As often as not another problem arose as soon as something was fixed elsewhere. It takes little time living under these type of conditions before a pessimistic fatalism takes hold. In short, the participants see little use in fixing something that is likely to break again.

For the Cheyenne, there are an appalling number of houses that have broken door frames, stormdoors, and windows. It was morbidly humorous to see, during my interviews, little children and their pets jump in and out of the house via the non-existent glass or screen panels of the storm door—or further, to see these fixtures held in place by leather thongs or propped open by discarded
food cans. For the Sandia as the houses are plagued by construction defects, there is a prevalent attitude of wait and see if the houses would require any more major work; this before investing any more of their time and labor into fixing up their houses.

It is a simple matter to correct many of these defects—yet the consequences of the defects do not stop with that. Involved are impressionable individuals whose experiences in these subsidized houses have been far from ideal. As the state of the housing program has become familiar to me, there has emerged a distinct delineation of issues; one level are those concerns that must be addressed toward the housing process itself. Thus far, this is what many express their concerns toward. But this is only one level. At another is the impact that the process has had and will have for those that it addresses its concerns toward. The personages that inhabit the product have forthwith been overlooked. The future of these participants have prematurely been assumed to lead to a better life—under what pretense?..."good enough for the Indians?..."

Here tofore, the people of these reservations had never really been confronted with building housing on such a scale. These subsidized houses as a precedent introduce a "technology" as well as the "values" implicit in the American lifestyle from whence it is imported. The first houses were constructed incorporating participant labor via the "Mutual Help" program (see page 86). Finishing detail was left to the participant under limited supervision by the contractor. Unanticipated
indoctrination problems stemming from the importing of technology soon became apparent. Some were trivial such as laying the floor tile the wrong way or the lack of professional trim when painting. Others, though, were disastrous. Do-it-your-self electrical wiring, for example, resulted on some of the homes of the Northern Pueblos burning down. Of course, as the groups advanced, overall patterns emerged and future programs were modified accordingly. The outcome of this process differed for the two tribes. For the Cheyenne, it was an unquestionable success once they reduced the extent of participant involvement such that "anyone with any amount of brains" could do it. For the Sandia, it was an unquestionable failure.

Why? Taking a look at the locale of each reservation with respect to the opportunities afforded the Indians for job employment, it becomes evident that the Sandia, unlike the Cheyenne, have a large metropolitan center, Albuquerque, at their doorstep. The Sandians are afforded the opportunity for ready employment, however menial, while the Cheyenne's closest center, Hardin, is approximately 60 miles distant and quite rural. Further, the work opportunity for the Sandians is yearly, while the Cheyenne are forced into seasonal employment. Consequently, what developed was obvious. Those participants of the Mutual Help program in Sandia would rather have things done for them, as their preoccupations were with personal subsistence. The Cheyenne, lacking steady employment, appreciated any opportunity to work and in addition were happy to see some portion of their work going towards paying off the debt of the houses. Thus, the housing authority of the Northern Cheyenne has currently refused Turnkey III, whose process involves no participant work in construction,
and has actively fought to maintain the Mutual Help program. In contrast, Sandia's future programs are all going to be Turnkey III.

Another point to keep in mind is the importation of new technology has downplayed the significance of the existing building technology of these cultures. For the Cheyenne, the indigenous architecture is the log cabin; for the Pueblo it is the adobe house. For the Pueblo, impact of the new technology is great, ignoring a centuries proven adobe habitat. The refusal to use the Cheyenne forest resources for log homes at the Northern Cheyenne reservation is just as bad (see page 88). This in itself is cause for severe criticism as not only was a new technology unnecessary, but because of it the expertise and materials necessary for its implementation have to be imported. The result is that relatively little of the capital generated by these projects goes toward benefiting the tribes directly. Instead, the money is benefiting the surrounding non-reservation areas as they are the sources for the foreign materials. An opportunity for generated self-controlled and self-sufficient economies is being overlooked for the sake of capitalism.

Another unfortunate result of importing technology was the extent to which the housing authority was unprepared to monitor the construction practice; they could not judge the quality of the product or craftsmanship that went into these houses. These reservations, of course, have no building codes and initially the housing program provided no funds for inspectors. The result had the contractor completely free to build the homes unchecked. Small wonder, then, that some of the Sandia homes, are on the verge of collapse and just recently
required extensive stabilization to the footings after it was
discovered that the contractor failed to compact the earth sur-
rounding the foundations (see page 99). For the Cheyenne, as
one participant remarked: "that big truck just came over here
and instead of unloading the ceiling rafters one by one just
dumped all at the same time from the truck. It broke a bunch
of them and we had to piece them together..."

It was not that there was complete naivete by the housing
authority about the contractor's underhanded activities. There
was actually no need to hide such incidents as no means of re-
course existed and the contractor knew this. The housing author-
ity was pressured by the participants to draw up hasty measures
to thwart these activities. Yet today, the safeguards initiated,
such being housing inspectors, are still not adequate. HUD region-
al's bureaucratic indifference and sluggishness toward immediate
action has contributed to this inadequacy. So, even as the hou-
sing authority requests additional funding to monitor the construc-
tion process, delays at the higher levels have given time for
contractors to hide such activity before any concrete evidence
can be found against them. Just recently at the Isleta Pueblo
Reservation, it was discovered that the contractor was stealing
appliances by using their pass-keys to enter the houses after
working hours. Furthermore, they would take the stolen appliances
and change the serial number, to reinstall them again within the
same project after they had reported the appliances stolen. They
could then collect on the insurance as well.

Politics was an ever impending deterrent toward action. One such incident has already been illustrated (see page 94),
involving the Cheyenne's struggle for a participant grievance
coalition. The Sandians, also, were not spared political grief: At the beginnings of the housing program, at the request of one of the tribal officials, a State (New Mexico) inspector was invited to inspect the houses because of participant pressure over the dissatisfaction of their houses. The State inspector agreed and examined the houses. His consequent report to the council said that the houses were so poorly constructed that he could not even guarantee their withstanding the next 5 years. In response, the State official was willing to permit the free services of State inspectors to oversee the construction process. Unfortunately, this was ill timed, for it was during this period that a legal battle arose over water rights between the reservations and the State of New Mexico. The majority of the tribal council did not want anything to do with the State and to them approval of State inspectors for their houses would be the first step toward acknowledging State reign in the reservation.

The price of poor construction meant refixing or replacing the shoody work. Possessing only a one year warranty from the contractor, many defects that emerged from contractor negligence did not appear until after the warranty was void. The tribal housing authority was backed into a corner and was forced to obtain coverage against major defects for the period after this first year. To the disillusionment of many a participant, they found that it was a 100 dollar deductible policy. In short, the participant was forced to pay for the mistakes that were incurred by the housing program's shortsightedness.

Furthermore, faced with inflation, the housing authority...
trimmed awards to repair defects only to cover the apparent damage. For one participant, it meant that only the section of his roof which buckled was repaired and as the remaining sections showed no damage, they were left alone. A year later, the unrepaired sections buckled and required repair. Not only did the process have to be repeated, incurring expenses far above that if the roof had been replaced all at once, but the participant was forced to pay the deductible difference on the policy twice.

Initially with best intentions, the housing program was aimed at alleviating the worst cases of housing. This meant, of course, that those most in dire need of housing received priority. Often as not, they were large families who were up to this point contending with severe overcrowding in substandard housing. The first housing programs only provided for 3 bedroom houses, but as the demand was so great to provide adequate housing, there was common belief that these large families were better off in a house that had running water, indoor bathrooms, and modern kitchens, however crowded. Since then, the program has expanded to provide 4 and 5 bedroom houses with 2 bathrooms. The larger families were allocated the first houses and now in many instances those that qualify are the younger and smaller families whose needs are not as pressing. The result finds families of 6 to 8 in the initial three bedroom houses and newlyweds in the current 4 bedroom houses. Further, those who find themselves crowded are powerless to change their situation. Having signed the housing contract, they forfeit the right to do any major alterations or add on to the house as long as payments are being made toward the house. The government hierarchy has seen fit to add this clause in order to protect the investment in case of default. Even as
The housing authority is aware of the crowding, they too are powerless to do anything about it. Any request for such funding is automatically denied because of this clause.

The issues presented thus far are ones that have arisen with the execution of the housing process. Resolving problems derived from the process is usually a matter of time; with time comes experience, and the process is nurtured by its annual revitalization as flaws are eliminated. Yet this takes place concurrently with another facet of the housing process. One that involves the intrinsic values and ideologies from which the programs were developed, or, if you will, the moral constitution of the housing program.

If it is a basic premise that mankind assigns symbolic associations to physical things, then this is evident amongst the housing within these reservations. It can be evidenced (see chapter 2) that there exist definite human interpretations, feelings, and attitudes about the lifestyle that has evolved as a result of these subsidized homes. The people are committed to a process that involves perplexities beyond those they are familiar with. To understand this, they draw upon past experience to define their new predicament. If there remains any semblance of their Indian heritage, then it should be apparent as they rely...
on it to explain the present. These explanations become the symbols of the culture.

The whole topic of symbolism essentially focuses around one issue: What is an Indian house?... Much energy has been expended trying to define the physical answer to this question. It is common conjecture, for example, that the tangible elements are a result of their functions. That perhaps, clues toward finding the solution and design of a contemporary "Indian house" might be found through studying the society's use of space. Another strategy is of advocacy, wherein the users are acknowledged as being able to express their own solutions. Technical expertise is employed only to make their wishes concrete and real. Yet another approach that has been tried is locating natives whose consultation becomes the basis necessary to draft a sensitive facsimile. Which technique, then, has best succeeded in eliciting the essence of the Indian culture? It could be all or none, as long as it continues that the decision makers do not listen.

It can be said that although the American society is immersed in the 20th century, the reservations are living in the beginning of the 19th. Their lifestyle, the attitude toward materialism that they exhibit, and those facets of the American society which they mimic are very much antiquated. They seem to lack the forethought to plan for the future, instead preferring to let the future take care of itself. Especially in dealings involving money, there exists a recklessness toward spending rather than investing. Many a tribal housing authority will attest to the difficulty of convincing the participants that the home is more important than a color television. They fall easy prey to salesmanship, letting trend rule their train of thought.
Most widespread, is the feeling that materialism implies status. So it was, for example, that using such a sales pitch, hardware goods were pushed from door to door at some Pueblo reservations. It is a sad fact, as a result, that interiors can be found which are identically furnished; a sort of ironic parody to their identical facades. It seems that the pitched roof of the Pueblo housing projects has also identified itself as a sign of upward status. Despite the participant's option of pitched or flat roofs, most chose the pitched. Considering that the Pueblos have long had only flat roofs, this change is a radical departure indeed.

The discrimination between frivolous and necessary material goods is not yet an easy one. It is here that the Indian individual on the reservation especially falters. These housing programs have encouraged the participants to spend needlessly. By fact that the housing process only builds new houses rather than renovates existing habitats, eludes toward the necessity to furnish the house with new things. It is a formidable decision not to furnish a new house with new furniture. The majority of participants have completely refurnished their subsidized house and those that have not, have as a priority the acquisition of new furniture.

An "Indian house" in comparatively recent times has ceased to exist. A physical prototype of a typical "Indian house" is meaningless today, for as a society fosters a multitude of individuals, a multitude of individual configurations arise. Perhaps prior to the influence of the non-Indian on lifestyle of the
Indian cultures there was such a thing as an "Indian house": that is to say, a home that was conceived from the beliefs and ideologies manifested by the society and not necessarily the individual. Such a home once existed when the tribes were still free. The Cheyenne had its teepee and the Sandia had its village built of adobe. Details of each house was carefully prescribed as well as its relation to the other units. Furthermore, it was clear as to those parts of the home that were subject to the owner's manipulation and those that were affixed beyond their control. Today, that is no longer the case. With the exception of very special habitats, which are not the subject matter of this text, individuals have been awarded the freedom to dictate their own living style. It has evolved that the adoption of the American lifestyle has encouraged individualism, contrary to the dictates of the Indian society. Each has to strive and "do battle" for oneself. Whereas it use to be that the person contributed a great part of himself/herself toward the community, today that function has become self-centered.

That is why authorities are so perplexed when confronted with the definition of an Indian house. Deep inside they may lean toward the old concept of an Indian house, but in reality they cannot help but admit that the home has become nothing more than "a roof over one's head."

This does not imply that the American Indian is not conscious of his/her obligation to the tribal community; the US Government policy of acculturation has only been partially successful. The American Indians have been forced to take upon American values in order to survive. Even these, however, they abandon as soon as they are amidst their peers. They face great
odds against success in the non-Indian environment as new values have to be learned. Such concepts as aggression and competition are foreign to many of these cultures. One would think that 400 years of persistence by the American government toward acculturation would have succeeded. Fortunately it has not. But why not?

Perhaps it can be said that the easiest way to destroy an attitude is with kindness. With kindness, defenses are abandoned and in essence the person subjects him or herself to oblivion. Organized religion has proven time and again this doctrine. Under the guise of benevolence, missionaries have succeeded in destroying cultures by redirecting societal efforts toward millenarianism.* In many instances this was accomplished without any resistance. But, such was not the case of the American Indian. Instead, if not a matter of contempt, the Indians were ignored. The repressive indifference pursued by the US Government has been the very factor that is responsible for cultural unity amongst the Indian society. Despite the government's efforts to fit the American Indian into the American mainstream, the uncompromising indifference served to strengthen the Indian people to hold onto their traditional ways as a act of defiance. The Indian people have become leery to all strangers due to this abuse such that, independent of how sincere an outsider's act of benevolence might be, it will unquestionably be met with suspicion and caution. Further, as a result of perpetrators, including anthropologists, who have lacked respect for the personal aspects of the culture this has further been aggravated. Wariness is a lesson learned from such repeated incidents (see page 55).

TRADITION AS AN ACT OF DEFIANCE...
The effect that has come forth is that the culture has become introverted; communication with outsiders is kept at a minimum. It takes but little prodding with the tribal housing authorities to admit their frustrations in trying to obtain feed-back from the participants. Such basic fundamental information as how they feel about a house, how they use a house, and their attitudes toward its future, are virtually unknown by the housing authority. They are forced to play a continuous guessing game usually giving in to defeat and pretending that everything is fine, letting the dynamics of the housing process continue under its own momentum. They may also try to curtail that momentum momentarily in an effort to try and design for the needs of the culture, basing their decision on the sketchy feed-back they do receive. It is evident, I feel, that the latter is usually avoided.

To complicate issues on issues, the housing authority cannot be blamed for its failure to fight for sensible and sensitive design in the houses it provides. Why? Because its main objective is to house as quickly as possible those hundreds of American Indian families who currently have to contend with substandard housing.

Communication becomes meaningless or self-defeating if interpretation is awry. It goes beyond the bi-lingual problem toward the basic cultural roots itself. Perhaps this can be better illustrated by this related sketch: In the Crow reservation, during the early days of missionary work, the church was segregated. The Indians attended one mass and the Whites (Caucasian) attended another. There were other activities that the church sponsored, which were also segregated, one such being the ladies sewing groups. A day came when it was decided that as a
gesture of brotherhood, the two sewing groups should get together. A dinner was consequently planned with the Indian sewing group taking the initiative and inviting the White sewing group over. Upon receiving the invitation, the White sewing club offered to bring food and to help. To the Indian hosts, however, the offer was taken as an insult and interpreted to mean that their food and hospitality was not good enough. The Whites, on the other hand, took the refusal of their help as a gesture of non-acceptance. The dinner never took place...

It is not within the nature of the Indian to complain. As the houses have deteriorated, most of the participants view this as an inevitable consequence of the future. Yet, if these same people sense that they have not been treated equally, much dissatisfaction and anger will become aroused. As the houses all are a result of the same program, it is easy for them to compare between each others houses. Upon finding a difference, jealousy will often creep in. In the meantime, the housing authority will misinterpret their uncomplaining as a good sign. The jealousy often manifests itself as family feuds; occasionally they will get out of hand and as in Isleta Pueblo, one of the subsidized houses was burned down. The uncomplaining attitude may only be the calm before the storm.

The tribal housing authority confronts more problems when it attempts to explain the housing process to its participants. The details of the ever-amending programs are beyond many specialists much less these participants, many of whom lack sufficient educational background. Verbal explanations are a necessity as a distrust prevails with written documents since many cannot read and often as not they are lost or misplaced.
Confusion reigns as a result of attempts to explain the housing process to an audience that has difficulty comprehending the language. Often, several participants from differing projects will compare understandings of the housing process and as the projects differ, questions arise to this that add further to the confusion. It is a small wonder then that the participants give up in frustration, letting "what will be, will be."

Rumors plague the housing process stemming forth from the participants lack of comprehension toward his or her obligations. Despite repeated attempts by the tribal housing authority to explain these responsibilities, it has been futile. Perhaps the housing authority tries too hard to explain the process, especially the complex economic intricacies of the program itself. Its presentations are too riddled with abstract theory whose purpose sometimes is to shroud the processes that are not understood by the housing authority itself. There are simply too many special cases that have to be presented and little time to make a complete presentation. Such issues as ownership, scattered sites versus community sites, government leasing of tribal land for the housing site, the government's option for renew of the lease, default; and the list goes on and on. Many of these concepts require personal attention, but limitation of staff makes this impossible. The sketchy inferences that are drawn from this material helps perpetuate rumors. Such are rumors to the effect that their money goes toward the payment of all homes and is not directly credited to their own house: Why should they pay for another's house? There are other rumors that the homes will eventually become free gifts: So why should they make payments?
Thus the case stands for the severe delinquency rates among many participants.

Of course, this is not the crux of the whole reason behind delinquency. Other factors have contributed, such as the high number of defects in the homes, the disillusionment with the amount of daily maintenance required for upkeep, and hidden unanticipated expenses associated with the houses. Never before, had the people contended with convenience extras, such as the cost of electric/gas stoves, refrigerators, furnaces, and other appliances. Suddenly, whereas these people were used to making 8 dollar per month payments for electricity, they now received bills totalling 40 dollars per month for electricity alone, not to mention another 30 to 40 dollars per month extra for heat/fuel during the winter (see page 84). One can sense the severe impact it made, therefore, when the people were only prepared for a 9 to 20 dollar a month housing payment and then were unexpectedly confronted with a fourfold additional expenditure for utilities.

Interestingly enough, these higher costs became parents of an attitude that demanded extraneous social services—services as part of the housing package. In other words, the housing authorities, along with their primary role of coordinating housing, now have to contend with being a social liaison, police force, social services... counseling service, and psychiatrist amongst other levels of social welfare services. Since the participants were unwarily pushed onto this high cost of living, they have developed the attitude that whatever new problems they have gained as a result...
of this, the housing authority assumes and equal responsibility. The housing authorities have taken on the added burden begrudgingly, usually referring them over to other agencies. The housing authority realizes that there is little choice, as the wrath of the participants would easily take proportions of physical violence which is still an accepted way of life on many of these reservations.

Quality has been downgraded to a "minimum quality living environment." However, the question is—by whose definition? The subsidized house currently stands as a blatant statement of a suburban detached single-family house within any large metropolitan region. Further, the housing program incorporates the economic ethic of urban concerns rather than rural. The housing program has succeeded in modeling American behavior, but has failed to be sensitive toward the region and the people they house.

The basic intention of providing housing for those who could not ordinarily come by an opportunity on their own is well and good; my intentions are not aimed at downgrading this. What I feel, though, is that this provision has never matured beyond its present concern to alleviate this housing shortage and consequently has yet to recognize the problem beyond the present. A process has been started in many instance recklessly, and now that the din is beginning to settle, there is opportunity for reflection. Time is, in the end, going to make evident the successes as well as the downfalls of these houses.
We are learning from the process that no longer can it be claimed that the future will hold the same answers for everyone, much less radically differing tribes like the Northern Cheyenne and Sandia. The US Government has striven for acculturation, implying individual freedom, yet they have denied the exercise of this freedom by issuing a policy which outright limits their choice of housing. The US Government has persisted in offering absolutes in accordance with its convenience; you can take it or leave it... The people are not going to complain for fear of being excluded. Yet even if there was an outlet for complaints, it is doubtful that they would. It is not in their cultural nature to complain (see page 94).

The subsidized houses are American houses; the houses by their designs for two, three, four, and five bedrooms makes the assumption of the family who inhabits it. Implicit is a notion of mobility as tailored for an American housing market; a market that responds to the size of the family and the ability for them to change their housing according to their needs. A young family has differing spatial needs from an older family and they may change houses in a response to this several times in their lifetime. For the Cheyenne and the Pueblo, however, the home is a life commitment and, at least for the Pueblo, extends into generations of habitation in the same house by the same family. The Cheyenne are harder to interpret as it is difficult to say what effect their confinement to the reservation has had on their housing needs. One thing is evident, though, and that is the houses are all identical. We haven't had too much comment. Most of the comment comes from people that don't have houses. They say: Why do you build them all alike? You should have five like this and four like that, and one like this, and so on...I guess the people that get the houses, the reason that they don't comment is because--well, they are selected as participants; we have them come to a meeting and we explain to them that they are going to look all alike because this is a package deal. They know that before they sign the agreement. To my knowledge, I have not had any comment at all, unless my board members have, but I doubt it. We haven't had any complaints at all that Max's house looks like Mary's, and Mary's looks like Mabel's, looks like Beavis' or something. They've never come into this office. Maybe they think allot, but I don't know. Outsiders, ...these "blacktop viewers." I call them. They come in and say: Gee, what's the matter with you?...

HOUSING COORDINATOR;
NORTHERN CHEYENNE.
the people can ill afford mobility since their level of subsistence is so low.

Whereas the new homes are restricted by the technology, Indian homes were planned for a greater societal cause. The name itself "Pueblo," is Spanish for village. The Pueblo villages did not evolve haphazardly as their forms were a result of social needs. The plaza, the church, and the rows of houses were given their place by the function they provided to the community. The new homes, on the other hand, have ignored this, replacing it with the placement of houses according to the utility services. The Cheyenne still treasure what little independence they have managed to retain after their "domestication." It is a threat for them to see their independence and domain forced into these utility communities. For the Plains housing authorities, it was a welcome relief to see scattered sites approved, as they had become distressed at witnessing the social strife that developed among neighbors. Small wonder that many are convinced in both instances, Pueblo and Plains, that the US Government is conspiring to destroy the social fabric of the Indians by this development policy!

A US GOVERNMENT CONSPIRACY?!

MUTUAL HELP HOUSE; TESUQUE.
The society is, in many instances, the only thing that the people have held on to. The last remaining remnants of the Indian way of life can be found in the society. The actions and decisions that these people chose are those essences that distinguish the Indian from any other person. Those of the Indian society learn quickly that their obligation is toward the whole and not towards themselves. Aggression and competition are alien values because they are qualities taken forth to adulterate the self. They are necessary for survival in the American society, but foreign within the American Indian culture.

As such many qualities with which an American identifies with is of no concern to the Indian. The Indian does not have to take upon symbols of display to express his or her personality or position in the society. The community knows with the passing of time and observing their daily activities--their attributes and weaknesses become evident and follow a defined path--and it is this that the greater society responds to. A person only becomes noteworthy when he/she deviates from their usual person. Yet even this may not necessarily imply recognition, only concern. The society is tolerant until it becomes evident that this is a detriment to others.

Action toward correction are subtle and not as drastic as in the American Society. Correction within the American system rests with institutions, most notably the penal--the jail cell. Problems are solved by forced containment. This in fact, is the same attitude with which the American Indian was placed within reservations. As seen, or as time has proven, this has failed to solve anything. Within the Indian society peer pressure takes the place of containment. Should a person become
"harmful," then correction is an assumed responsibility of the whole society.

At first, correction may be a matter of ostracism. The culture, the festivities make accommodation for carrying forth such a show. To degrade an individual by laughing is one of the most painful occasions to be experienced by a person in these societies. So painful, in fact, that the family will try to absorb part of the burden. Many times the family will come forth under ridicule and bear it upon themselves than let one of their personages bear it alone. If this action still fails, then the family will call upon the leaders to take action. As this is the ultimate step, the leaders question the mental capabilities of the person. If decided that the person is sane; then the individual is evicted from the society. If not or if in doubt, individual attention is continued until henceforth the solution seems clear. If it never comes to such a state, then the attention is a lifetime concern, but never abandonment.

The conventions and relationships that have developed as a result of societal concern are many. So it is that anyone is always afforded a place in the home, no matter how crowded, during visitation or crisis. Also from this strong social sense, it follows that personal adornment is unnecessary. The subsidized housing has failed to serve the society. Instead, the house has conveniently imported a differing value system as well as a new technology. There exist many instances where the houses have fallen short of accommodating the American Indian culture. Basically, though, they clearly divide themselves

OSTRACISM AS A FORM OF CORRECTION.

We checked a house out here last year. It's a small family plan home that was built five years ago. There were 27 people in there. Three bedroom, 12 families. And two weeks ago three of us went down and looked at a house and this was a two bedroom house--I don't think it was bigger than 10x30 feet. It had 14 people. There were three families. One just got married two days before. You walk in and you see beds piled up that high (gestures to waist). You get too looking and you see three mattresses atop each other. At night they pull the mattresses off...
around two factors: The concerns that center around the basic house plan and those others that come forth from additions to the house.

As HUD has insisted on using American criteria for design and judging the houses, there exists as the result a rigid set of specifications that are to be met. Unfortunately, the overriding philosophy with which the specifications are dictated are to insure minimum standards rather than a minimum quality. This has meant that design is confined to manipulation or configuration of space planning. By issuing specifications that have defined the quantity, type, and size of space, they have made it impossible to design for anything other than a conventional American house plan. Especially in the instance of the Sandia, the house spaces are multi-functional and do not limit their use to one primary function as in the American context. Bedrooms serve as workshops, living-rooms double as dining areas, and hallways are totally alien. As the house is a lifelong commitment, the spaces must adapt to the time of the family.

It is interesting to note that for the Pueblos, there have been attempts to incorporate cultural needs; that is, from what small flexibility that is possible in this program. One of these, for example, has been the minimizing of bedroom size and taking the space gained by this and adding it onto the dining and living room areas. This was requested due to the necessity for large areas to serve visitors during fiestas; fiestas occurring yearwide and on the average of once a month. But this has created even more problems as the bedroom are severely undersized and often
cannot even accommodate regular bedroom furniture. Furthermore, it is doubtful that these houses serve that purpose as many participants migrate to the old homes in the village during such occasions anyway.

This does not mean that there is hope in the current housing configuration beyond design shortcomings. There are other fundamental issues that require restructuring. A consciousness that tries to make the impact of the home predictable must be initiated. This implies a concern for the future instead of responding to the present housing shortage. Such things as territory, aesthetics, and cosmetics—this latter issue being interior decorating and landscaping—are included. The American house is more than a mere habitat, but is consciously designed to evoke and display symbols of the individuals who inhabit them. The house announces its territory by its fence, the entryway makes evident the formality of directing strangers into the house, and even the names that are affixed onto the roadway or neighborhood project cues that define their status. These concepts are alien within these two Indian cultures.

The consciousness with which the participants have dealt with these said issues are basically involved with mimicking the American lifestyle. Above all, they have adopted the need to convey status, especially signs of prosperity. Almost every home visited had new furniture, or were thinking of acquiring new furniture. In many cases these were not isolated pieces but consisted of total sets. Even the architect of the housing project was amazed at how these participants could afford such amenities,
yet be of low income. It stands to reason why the Sandia chose to name their new community "Blueberry Hill," and at Lame Deer, one of their new communities "Shady Lane" (see page 49).

The participants seem to be most successful at buying symbols of status rather than maintaining them. Landscaping has been a total failure. To talk with the housing authorities will lead you to believe that this is due to a failure of budgeting money for landscaping, but in essence it hinges on a differing value; landscaping is not the same concept as the American. Land and the privilege as awarded by the tribal council is not the same as private property in the American society. Where it differs is in the aggressiveness with which each culture excludes others from using the property. For the American, it is simple and straightforward; all are excluded except by invitation. With the Indian, there exists a more complex system. To those that neglect the land, it is taken away and reassigned to someone who will make better use of it. Boundaries are landmarks rather than defined by physical constraints such as fences, excepting of course, when something such as livestock needs to be contained. All are welcomed to pass into it as long as they respect and do not alter what is there. Lawns, bushes, and shrubs are a concern for the idle.

The subsidized house has succeeded in depressing the areas, possibly as much as was existent prior to their construction. For the Sandia, the stud-stucco house is a statement of disrespect for the adobe houses and their statements within the village proper introduce visual conflict into a once homogeneous landscape. To those participants that cannot or will not adorn their houses in the American context, the subsidized houses
ruthlessly shame them—a house without grass looks unfinished; stark walls and empty rooms constitute a continual reminder of poverty and depression for those that live in them.
These are but a few examples; many more could be drawn. I leave it to the reader to find other obvious examples in the text provided. I chose not to detail them, as the essence of the thought can be conveyed just as well without them. Perhaps as a final illustration of the dilemmas being witnessed, however, I present the following: It is a basic fact that these houses are in no way totally replacing the homes that the participants lived in prior to their departure into the new ones. Within Sandia, the participants refuse to part with their old homes and maintain as a result two of them (see page 59). I feel that the Cheyenne would also have the same situation if it was not for the tribal housing authorities' strict adherence to destroying the prior habitation. Why? Despite the US Government's insurgency toward tribal cultural identity, the people nevertheless recognized their intrinsic need to maintain their common heritage. They maintain a daily coexistence of their own individuality versus their commitment to their culture. The two homes evidence this. Certainly if asked they will categorically state the shortcomings of the old house and exalt the conveniences of the new. Certainly, they cannot be expected to deny the opportunity of bettering their lives with a new home. And surely it cannot be denied that the lessons learned will better equip them to face the impending realities outside the reservation. However, as the initial novelties of the new houses wear off, they may realize that they have abandoned the village or log cabins to the old people, those stubborn few individuals who refused the new life, ... and then they may realize the diminuendo of foresight for their stubbornness—that is that they died attuned to making their own decisions apart from what everyone else told them they should do...
There are 735,594 (1970 BIA Census) people who are regarded as American Indians—that is, registered and recognized by their respective tribes as being of a minimum degree of Indian blood mixture and maintaining some identity with the tribe. There are 115 reservation areas in the US that are officially recognized. As the assimilation of these people into the American lifestyle continues, it will become increasingly difficult to discern the American Indian.

Many will lead you to believe that the identity of the Indian is a redundant issue—even a dead issue—as assimilation into the American society has taken its inevitable toll. But the story I have presented leads to the contrary: the American Indian is very much a reality. Through housing, the argument is developed. The Federally subsidized housing process bears witness to three recurring themes that refute the death of a society. These are: culture—the ideology within which a group of people establish and pursue a common goal; technology—the tangible interventions through which the culture makes real its purpose; and bureaucracy—the decision process that defines policy. Forthwith are the conclusions:

**CULTURE**

The cultures of these American Indian nations must be recognized. With a conscious strategy I have presented the Cheyenne and Sandians side by side. This method of documentation reinforces the disparity created by stereotyping in light of the cross national attitude toward housing solutions by HUD toward radically differing Indian tribes. The Cheyenne and the Sandians are evidence of this. The Cheyenne, who have their historical past as a nomadic
culture, are, so to speak, still groping with the concepts of territory and property. For the Sandians, hundreds of years of village life have refined these same concepts such that they are integral in the functioning of the society.

This does not mean that one culture is benefiting from the Federally subsidized housing program more than the other. The housing program does not address its concerns to either of these two cultures, or for that matter to any American Indian culture. The problems of these two Indian cultures may be mutual, but this does not mean that they are the same. An example is the issue of cultural identification with the house. Whereas in the American society, the house is a commodity to be forsaken in favor of another as soon as its usefulness to the family is outgrown, in the American Indian culture their house is a lifelong commitment. Especially with the Pueblo, the same house was/is handed down from generation to generation amongst the same family. Even amongst the Plains tribes, the handing down of the teepee was an occasion of prescribed ritual.

Another such issue is with land. The concept of private property is an alien concept to these tribes. The strength of the culture depends in part on the communal ownership of the land. For the Cheyenne, land is shared and respected by all. Its private issuance restricted the freedom they needed to carry on their nomadic lifestyle. The Sandia, by being community organized, subject themselves to the precarious environmental elements of their region. Survival depends upon optimal utilization of all resources. Land is a community resource not to be squandered by negligent individuals. Therefore, the US Government must recognize the meaning

...but we have a house that traditional history recites we lived in four generations before the coming of the strange people... (ref. page 23.)
that these Indian nations have towards their land. The Federal insistence that land be used as collateral for obtaining loans must be rethought, because the Indians' cultural dependence on land makes it unfeasible. This points to the need for the Federal government to reassess the developmental criteria individually for all tribes. Problems may be similar amongst the Indian nations, but solutions are going to be different.

Acculturation of these American Indian nations into the American mainstream must be stopped. This process, as implemented by subsidized housing, generates no direct benefits for the tribe. In fact, this subsidized housing program can be said to be exploiting these cultures in order to help support the American schema. As evidenced in the text, the house infrastructure is wholly dependent upon American supportive systems. The importation of technology is calling forth outside services. Electricity, gas, and sewer utilities are ensnaring the participants of the housing programs into becoming dependent upon the supportive services necessary to provide them. The mortgaging of property as an integral part of the housing package is forcing a dependence upon the American economic scheme. In short, everyone is benefiting from the housing except the Indian tribes themselves. Acculturation has yet to be demonstrated to be good.

TECHNOLOGY

The importing of technology must be replaced with greater use of existing solutions to solve housing problems. The current housing program does not employ the indigenous methods. HUD criterion is based upon American technology, more specifically the balloon frame, single-family, detached house. For the Cheyenne and Sandians, however, this structure neither supports nor is
sensitive to the region and the society. The Cheyenne indigenous house is the log cabin and the Sandia is the adobe house. They both developed as a result of solutions that utilized and optimized resources in the region, taking into account environmental factors. They stand as statements of ingenuity. Some log cabins in the Cheyenne reservation have survived at least a hundred years, which is remarkable considering that during their history they have been transported to several locales. They are built from forest resources that abound on the reservation and are designed to weather the extreme seasonal variations of temperatures that occur there.

Similarly, with the Sandia, the adobe is exceptionally suited to the hot, semi-arid region and more importantly can assume an amorphous growth which is integral in the village planning. Comparatively, the subsidized house have not proven to be better and are often inferior to the indigenous houses in these respects.

Also, the subsidized houses do not support the community planning evolved by and responding to the social order of these tribes. Community planning of the new housing projects is a matter of planning for utility services, especially sewer and water. Failure to plan for the culture has created more problems. For the Cheyenne, these housing communities are forcing families to live in closer proximity to one another, which is aggravating neighbor relations as well as contributing to an environment that fosters asocial activities, especially alcoholism.

For the Sandia, rather than being concentrated into these communities they are being displaced from the village and scattered into these detached family units. The society is trying to compensate for

If this is any indication at all, for our last hundred units, of the applications that came in, 70 requested scattered sites—detached and away. I think that is healthy. That lady that was just in here; if you heard any part of the conversation at all; her husband got beat up yesterday. He is in the hospital and he may have lost his eyesight. It was over a drinking party at one of our low rent houses. I think scattered sites would eliminate those kind of problems. The old projects are clustered and close together and the opportunity to get together over a beer is greater. The liquor problem—what can you do about it?..HOUSING COORDINATOR; NORTHERN CHEYENNE.
this; thus many of the participants of the subsidized housing program maintain two houses: the old and the new. As the occasion warrants, the family migrates from the site of their new house to their other house at the village. For both the Cheyenne and the Sandia, it is no wonder that an underlying attitude prevails amongst the tribe that this subsidized housing program is yet another attempt by the US Government to undermine the society and destroy the culture.

BUREAUCRATIC

Administration within the housing process has brought forth other problems. As with any process, a program is initially hampered by experimentation. With time and experience, the process becomes refined. There have developed inequalities between the initial and the updated housing programs that have result in the uneven distribution of goods. The participants of both the Cheyenne and Sandia tribes have in essence fallen victim to this ever amending program. Those larger families that were housed in 3 bedroom houses, the only house type available at the time, must be compensated. Some families with as many as 6 to 8 children, were awarded these houses with the attitude that crowding was forgivable considering the alternative of letting them remain in substandard housing.

Currently, these initial families are powerless to alleviate their crowding. Bureaucracy has warranted their situation unchangeable. Additions or major modifications are prohibited, as stated in the housing contract, until the debt on the mortgage is paid in full; this clause was deemed necessary to protect the value of the house in case of default.

Another problem is that the participants have fallen victim
to unforeseen costs. These subsidized houses consume large amounts of energy. The electric appliances, the lights, and other power consuming goods have all contributed to these hidden costs. Usually expecting only a 9 to 30 dollar a month house payment, the participants were unexpectedly confronted with an additional two to three-fold increased monthly debt for these services. As a result many families face financial disaster. It becomes evident that financial assistance and counseling on the participant level is severely needed.

The regulation of contractors during the construction process is another issue. Currently, funds are inadequate to provide enough full-time housing inspectors to oversee the contractors' activities. In lieu of a lack of building codes within these reservations, the contractors have unchallenged reign to guide themselves. As a result, there are large incidences of contractor scandal in the housing projects. Numerous cases of poor quality construction details exist where the contractors have substituted cheap materials or left out materials altogether. Workmanship has been shoddy and/or inconsistent. The Cheyenne and Sandians are especially plagued with high incidents of this. These two reservations were the first to accept and build subsidized housing amongst their respective Indian nations. Their initial status made their housing projects even more susceptible to contractor scandal. The subsidized housing program's inadequacy to regulate contractors' activities has promoted corruption and poor quality housing.

The regional level of the hierarchical HUD bureaucracy is the primary deterrent to necessary responsiveness in the housing process. Its insensitivity toward the cultures, fostered by its physical isolation from the construction sites has made it
uncompromising. The regional level relies on second and third hand information upon which to base its decisions. Its distance and preoccupation with constituents other than American Indians has made it politically conservative. It does not wish to jeopardize its financial position, so it remains conservative in efforts not to raise Congressional ire. The Cheyenne and Sandia housing projects are witness to this. The houses are void of all but a few amenities, being products of minimum standards rather than quality housing. These minimum standards, of course, are a matter of American interpretation. As such the regional level has promoted acculturation.

Taking everything thus far into account, one conclusion seems imminent: The existing subsidized housing program must be abandoned in favor of one that promotes self-sufficiency for these American Indian tribes. It cannot be denied that the US Government is still, and appears to remain for the immediate future, the only institution able to provide large sums of capital within the reservations. This does not mean, however, that the Government should be allowed to carry forth its unchallenged policy toward the Indian tribes. Needed, therefore, is a new on-reservation housing program, or at least a major modification of the existing one.

The participant must be allowed freedom to create alternatives for housing by permitting unattached use of funds to design for their personal housing needs. The responsibility of the regional level should be downgraded to that of an accounting capacity. The housing process should become decentralized, letting the respective Tribal Housing Authorities assume a larger share of the decision.
making responsibilities. The Tribal Housing Authorities' role should also be redirected toward consulting and technical assistance. It should have, at its ready disposal, alternatives, and counseling schemes to help the participants plan for their own housing needs.

Why then should this change be justified while the existing program has been so effective in alleviating the housing shortage already? Because it will strengthen the existing culture rather than ignore it. The success is a statistical success and not a social one. To solve the housing shortage or make provisions toward those that cannot ordinarily come by the same opportunity afforded to the rest of the American society is not enough. In a society that prides itself in affording every citizen an equal opportunity for choice, the hypocracies with which the subsidized housing program has limited choice is a disgrace.

To make definitive the course that the US Government should strive for is as follows:

Each Indian culture is unique and as each has evolved its own solutions for subsistence, they must individually be recognized. Obviously, had their culture been a total failure they would not be alive today to attest to their place in a greater society. The struggle to live and perpetuate the culture has brought forth unique and special solutions. These must be recognized, strengthened, and encouraged.

Within each culture exists a structured society that lives separate from the American. The process of decision-making, implementation, and enforcement are established to take care of the immediate society. As such, they can be given more
responsibility in determining their own fate than is given to them now. The paternalism that the US Government has insisted on is unnecessary respective of social affairs.

Where the US Government's help is necessary are those times that the tribal affairs involve questions posed during confrontations outside their culture. Basically these are dealings that involve outside intervention; to exercise control of acculturation, to settle matters of jurisdiction, and to help these Indian cultures maximize benefits drawn from the outside society is needed. Counseling and advice are the services that are lacking.

Decisions and the seeking of alternatives must be the responsibility of the tribe. They above anyone else are aware of their immediate and impending needs. Yet it cannot be helped but recognize that these tribes are poor and are therefore dependent upon assistance to initiate any large enterprises. As it cannot be expected that the US Government provide capital free of charge, then it should not be necessary to enshroud the award in red-tape. Along with the award must accompany a faith that the tribe is competent enough to manage its own allocations.

Protection is the most elusive issue and as such it is the most sensitive one. As the tribes advance into the future, hopefully, it will provide them with the experience necessary to survive in the national as well as the tribal scale. Until then, however, the tribes need protection from an outside society that would just as well see them victimized for their own personal gain. The degree and the necessity rests individually with each tribe. A common need, though, is the continual prodding of these tribes to force them to think about the future and plan ahead for it.
My justification rests with the bulk of the text. My motivation stems from the desire to alleviate exploitation, retain money within the reservation, and provide the people with a true decision-making role in deciding their own housing needs. The American Indian culture is not dead...only in need of encouragement.
MacCalla and Company


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