

GITTERMAN GALLERY

Bennie and Roscoe, Gallup, New Mexico, 1979



R.A.

Roscoe's talking. His voice is like a whisper in my mind, too distant or too difficult to remember. He was a radio operator in Vietnam. Now he talks about the Nezpecares who broke his leg a few winters ago when he was passed out on the north side of town. They were trying to steal his boots. He talks about last February, when his wife died. She was choked and then run over by six men in the parking lot of the Tropic Bar in Ganado. He's been drunk ever since.

He tells me about his cousin Harry, whose left arm was sheared off by the wheel of a flatbed freight car. He tells me about finding a young Navajo woman down by the river last winter, frozen to death, with blood all over her face. "She was naked," he says, "except for a pair of red sneakers."

(July 29, 1979)

Roger Pablo telephoned from Gallup today to tell me that Roscoe was dead. He died in his sleep, from too much drink. He was 34 years old.
(February 21, 1981)