

LOVER

he and his friend roger were the last ones not to cut their hair, for which they gained a certain local notoriety. they hung out and walking down the street together they would get yells from passing cars. "respect your mother, get a haircut!" "hey, sweetie, how about a date?" the florida cops treated them like LA cops treat black folks. "get your asses over here! now!" it was partly because of his hair that he eventually took a bust, got catcalls entering the county jail system, but still it was worth it.

it made him feel different, and after the trial he moved to california and let it grow back, though now he was one of many. what the hell, they were all different. then one night a revolutionary type acquaintance remarked that when he started shooting he would first go for anybody without long hair. it was only a remark, but after that he never felt quite the same about it.

still, he mostly didn't think about it a lot, until one day after finishing school and working at no particular place for several years he walked by a hair place that was just opening and the stylist invited him in for a freebie, which turned out to be a kind of caesar deal, short and with no hint of the brooks bros. "you're a good-looking guy," said the stylist, "you shouldn't hide your face with all that hair." he didn't quite believe the guy, but no one had ever said that to him so he made a half-ass attempt to keep his hair that way for a while, before settling mostly on a length that was start-of-long.

if it got too scrungy he looked even poorer than he was, other than that he paid no attention to his own hair or that of his friends, except in unusual cases like the guy who went away, got bald, got in the papers and was nearly unrecognized. some of his friends had their wives or girlfriends cut their hair, but he lived alone and had to get it done someplace, and feel funny for a day or two afterwards though who noticed?

then one night he met a woman whose hair was about as short as it could be. she wasn't much older than he had been during his first long-hair days, and she felt somewhat the same as he had only she felt it about her no hair. she was an artist with hair under her arms and wonderful pubic curls, and many of her friends had what he thought of as boy's regular cuts. most of them were about half his age, with a sneaker here and there only 10 years younger. after one long weekend he cut his hair short as hers, which made him look like he might have aids.

walking down the street together they got yells. "faggots die!" and "jesus still loves you." they could have been on

fire and the cops wouldn't have noticed. one night some guys jumped out, one started to punch her and instead grabbed her nice tits, another hauled back and after checking for "dyke tits" nailed him pretty good. still, waking up the next day not alone was worth it.

RICHARD

one night after a beckett performance
brian mallon & i talked about burton.

some of our remarks in no particular order: as soon as i saw him healthy after all that drinking i knew he was a goner. he deserted the english theater unlike larry, gielgud or richardson but who do you miss? brian, you fucking look like him. his daughter said the same, when she was in a bloomsday i did in ny, burton himself was briefly a possibility. would have upstaged everyone else. everyone else would have lived with it. liz's single interesting marital choice. he was in drink-throughs but there was also look back in anger, the spy who came in from the cold, camelot, night of the iguana, under milk-wood. recently saw live lithgow & glenda jackson as george & martha, good, but pale.... i was in the theater across from equus when he did the last performance; the taxi drivers were honking in the street.

DWARF'S LIFE

with less than a sterling attitude but certain employee skills he emerged as a working force in this land at age 11, hawking papers on the sidewalk in south florida — he was out like the lights for afternoon tv history class, and to this day is foggy about the past — rubber bands popped on his cold fingers and he joined in the casual abuse of the skinny older paper boss. at 16 he washed dishes, at 17 cleared them from tables, at 18 worked carpets & produce, and somewhere in there he and his friends helped build a miami beach type high rise with the aid of extensive samplings of the local herbs.

that was the last job for a long while that he had any fun at. after a bust he worked early morning maintenance, then out on the coast delivery truck, was a militant mealy