

Bring Me His Head

by Gita M. Smith

This guy writes, you know the guy, *Mamet*, he writes dialogue that sounds like one side of a phone conversation.

Where did he grow up that people -- *I'm telling you, listen to what I'm saying* -- that people talk like the EL train's roaring by and you only hear part -- it doesn't matter WHICH part, just a part -- and they have to repeat it.

The guy writes, it's all herky jerky, it's all clicky-clackey, like the tracks on an old railroad bed.

That guy, yeah, the one like a turbine with words, the one they call *Mamet*. Bring me his head.

I don't care if it's still on his body, you ape.

Just bring me his head, that cerebral kiln of hot, ruddy verbiage and cadence -- yes, I said writing you can *dance* to -- and I'll toast to the rare guy who re-wrinkles my brain.

