



photo by carter tomassi

from the streets)

HOLLY: Unfortunately, I don't because I have money now. I never did the garbage thing anyway. That was a part that I played. This is my garbage (waving her hands around the room). If I pick garbage, I'm proud of it! Totally proud of it . . . I'm garbage. I love garbage! I'm below the sewerhole. I'm lower than whaleshit. And garbage is my environment; because garbage is the only thing that's real. It's real. It's honest and it's there. You either love garbage . . . or you throw it away, and I have to pick it up because I love my garbage. I live in garbage. We all enjoy ourselves. We're all happy, all smiling. Me and my friends . . .

A few minutes later Holly was saying, "I'm so unhappy." She said it several times that night. Holly, seemed a bit confused, a bit frightened at times in the loud room. She would burst into her act, be surrounded by corrections and demands, and subside into silence. After a bit, I asked her a question that turned her on:

BIRD: What about the kid who played the pickup outside the Fillmore? I heard he was in Atlanta now?

HOLLY: He lives here. That's the whole reason I came here is to see him—we're lovers. . . . They wouldn't let us fuck. (Referring to their scene in the movie.) When we got into it he said, "Alright, Holly, that's enough."—that's dear Morrissey. (the director) I was the one who asked him, "Can Johnny be in the scene? We need \$25." We were very happy that day.

Holly Woodlawn

BIRD: Did you make a lot of money from the movie?

HOLLY: Oh, yeah. Alright fellows, one, two, three, *A Hundred and Fifty Dollars!!!* Wasn't that glamorous?

BIRD: Who gets all the money? . . . Morrissey?

HOLLY: Mr. Warh . . . Yeah, Morrissey (said sarcastically). Warhol's okay. He's nice. Very sweet boy. No! No! He knows how to sign a check nice.

BIRD: Does Warhol do much work by himself any more?

HOLLY: Yeah. Once in a while you can see him behind the camera. A white wig. You know you say, "Andy, I love you." And another time you say, "Andy come here, sign this check." And he'll say "Yes, you look very glamorous." That's why I love Andy.

(Much of this was delivered in Holly's unmatched New York style imitation of Mae West and Zsa Zsa Gabor. She also does Joe Cocker. The tape's at the Bird if you're interested.) A bit later, after getting some weird answers from Holly I told her, "You can say anything and I'll believe it and put it in the Bird maybe."

HOLLY: Oh! Honey! this is all the truth, this is the whole fuckin' truth.

BIRD: Unless you know some really glamorous lies.

HOLLY: Glamorous lies? Like the guy who bought me this ring. But the thing is, you know who the guy was? You're looking at him! . . . So what can I do? What else can I do? *Shit!*

What else can she do? Well, Holly's got some big plans. A record, Holly Sings? is scheduled. Two movies completed since Trash; one by Warhol, Women in Revolt, for which she got \$500; another by Twentieth Century Fox! "about two goddesses who come out of the sea naked." How does Holly fit in? she's one of them. "It's never established what gender. Because gender, that's absurd!" Three more movies contracted for. What else? Well, she's been nominated for an Academy Award. No shit. Any last questions? Do you sleep in the nude? "Always!" Do you mind being called a drag queen? "You can call me a lumber jack if you want to." There may be a lot of Holly Woodlawns, but that's the very public Holly I met, and liked.

—smokey kaufman

Holly Woodlawn, the "drag queen" who played Joe's girlfriend in *Trash*, was in town last week and Carter and Ron and I went down to the Regency to get an interview. Beyond Holly's very powerful and charismatic presence we didn't get much, because she was surrounded by a crowd of sycophantic "friends."

Her tiny room reminded me of Groucho's stateroom in *A Night at the Opera*—too crowded to begin with and more coming in every minute. It was nice in a way—like a high school reunion. A black girl who said she was Red Dog of the Allman Brothers' girl friend gave me all the latest gossip about them, plus how mad Greg was when he saw the Bird story mentioning their cut of the Auditorium concert proceeds; Nancy from the Nutrition Center bummed a ride home off me; my old friend Chris, the forest ranger, told me what a hard day he'd had trying to get his park appropriation from the legislature; the Sheriff of Dekalb County told me what fun it was to ride around fast in his squad car and smoke dope; and Staven of Iran of Mother's Records (there's the plug you wanted) kept up a non-stop stream of insults and interruptions that make my tape sound like the hyena cage at the circus.

Now that I've vented my spleen, let me say that Holly came off smelling like a rose (amid thorns, it's true.) She's just like in the movie, or at least she was in that bad partylike situation. But let her speak for herself.

BIRD: Do you still do the garbage thing? (referring to the movie, where she was always scavenging stuff

Trying to find out more about the movie, I asked Holly if the pregnant girl who played her sister was any relation.

HOLLY: No, she was just my girl friend. He asked me, "Can you get a girl that'll look like a sister?" And I knew this girl who was pregnant and I asked her, "You want \$25?" and she said, "of course!" so she played my sister. . . . you should see her baby! Beautiful!! The two of us, we argue with each other. He smiles, and I say, "what the fuck are you smiling about? I'm miserable! You're happy?? What've you got to be happy about? Because you're a kid? But I love her. He's the only person who makes me happy. Oh! My sari is falling apart, I'm so unhappy!

Holly was dressed beautifully in a purple and brown translucent sari wrapped wrong, with her bare midriff cinched by a broad red velvet belt. She had on thigh high black hook and lace leather boots. All around the room were her other beautiful clothes: a silver sequined wrap, a shaggy black fur coat. Her curly black hair had been "styled on speed." She shaved her face, but not her legs, and her bathroom was crammed with nail polish, make up and such. I commented on her looks and on the beautiful sunburst ring she was wearing.

HOLLY: Yeah, it was a gift. This guy in the lobby. He took me into a jewelry shop and said, "Pick. Whatever you want! And I picked. (long pause) No, I bought it myself. With my own bread, my own money, that I saved up. Worked like a dog.

