

GITTERMANGALLERY

Roscoe and Roscoe, Gallup, New Mexico, 1979



RH

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 Mexicans who broke his legs 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 Tropics Bar in Ganeros. He's been drunk ever since.

He tells me about his cousin Larry, 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 28, 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)