

A MINOR VICTORY AT BEST

she always claimed there was nothing worse
than a liar
her father's ridiculous whoppers
had shamed her more than once
her second husband also played with the truth
which seemed to amuse her
her stories tended to be long & elaborate
hard to verify
one of them involved John Garfield's death
in a NY hotel room
her room had been on the same floor
firemen outside his room
had furnished her with all the details
years later
looking thru a book about Garfield
I spotted a photo of the APARTMENT bldg
where he had died
proof at last
I offered to show her the picture
but she didn't want to see it

A SECOND VIEWING

I hadn't seen it in 20 years
the film is rarely shown around here
the only image I could remember
was a man buried up to his neck in sand
with 3 men on horses charging him
it was a bad day for my girlfriend
normally so cheerful & upbeat
she was sullen & withdrawn
after 90 minutes of Viva La Muerte
you see a man in the barber's chair
being bled
a school boy eating an insect sandwich
a cow's throat being slit
various forms of torture
a boy's father turned over to the authorities
by his own wife
it's all in color
Arrabal doesn't play
why should he?
with Spain's fierce history
you'd hardly expect him to be
sitting around
watching Alf