

Graffiti

#12



to Love and to Create

1998 ————— ↑

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FRONT LINES

Don Root

April

*"April is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain."*

—T. S. Eliot, from *The Waste Land*

Personally, I can't agree with old T.S. I have no fondness for the constancy of winter in the PNW — the endless gloom, cold, and rain. If April gives us more blue skies, I'm all for it, and what the heck kind of miserable heathen doesn't love lilacs breeding out of the dead land?

We have a bare patch of dirt at our abode I sprinkled with wildflower seeds a month or so ago, hoping to revive it with a bit of color. Nothing showing yet. I have a brown thumb though, so I expect my chances of seeing a wildflower actually poking its head up out of the dirt to say "Hi, Don! Mighty fine day today, isn't it?" are somewhat remote. But hope springs eternal. Bed springs just squeak.

They wrote a song about **April in Paris** — "they," in this case, being Vernon Duke and Yip Harburg, who collaborated on the tune in 1932. I like the name "Yip." His birth name was Isidore Hochberg, and he was blacklisted during the McCarthy era (Joe, not Kevin) for being a socialist. I've been to Paris a few times, but I'm not sure whether I was ever there in April. My most memorable visit was actually in January, when the festive holiday lights were still lit, the museums were empty, and snow lined the Seine. Nice. It's such a great city, and its mayor is a socialist... and a woman! Oh, the horror!

By the time you read this, we will be past **April Fool's Day**, which is probably a good thing. The Fool is Graffiti's signature tarot card, dontcha know? It's a card suggesting, according to thetarotguide.com, "innocence, freedom, originality, adventure, travel, foolishness, carelessness, idealism, youth, spontaneity, lack of commitment, [and] new beginnings," most of which sounds great to Graffiti (and we'll accept our failings in the remainder).

I have about a dozen friends with **birthdays in April**. Happy Birthdays, y'all! Speaking of "*mixing Memory and desire*," my first lover's birthday was April 16th. (It still is, I suppose, as birthdays don't change much, do they?) She was my best friend's little sister. We kept in touch rarely until a few years ago, when she wrote me a nice long email for my birthday, then disappeared. Maybe she was dying. Or maybe she was just thinking, "Why have I burdened myself with this Fool all these years? I must put an end to it at once!" Back in the day, she and I had lots of memorable sex in that exciting teenage exploratory way. There are many kinds of sex, aren't there? Romantic sex, dispassionate mechanical sex, unbridled lust-crazed sex, and just plain fun sex. That last one was us. It'd be TMI to relate the details, but rest assured, we had a blast! Happy Birthday, Banana, wherever you are!

April 22nd is **Earth Day**, promoting virtues actually practiced by three old hippies on a communal farm in southern Chile somewhere. The rest of the world's population can't be bothered, so we can probably just forget this one. But now **Arbor Day**, April 28th! There's a holiday everyone can enjoy! At least, everyone who lives near the coast and can take a picnic basket down to the Arbor and watch the boats sail in and out.

Finally, let's not forget the old saw, "**April showers bring May flowers**," or so they say — "they," in this case, probably not being Duke and Harburg, at least not exclusively. Personally, I've had enough of showers anywhere but in my bathroom for the time being, so I'd request Ma Nature to please give it a rest now. And in any case, from what I see out and about, the March torrential downpours brought April flowers... excepting, of course, on my patch of dead land.

Which brings us back to Eliot and "*stirring Dull roots with spring rain*." Now, I can't say T. S. and I were ever really close, but I thought we were at least cordial. That he would call me Dull with a capital "D" does hurt a bit, I can't lie. But there is blue sky out my window at the moment, so I'd best stir myself out of bed and take advantage of it. The trusty steedcycle definitely prefers delivering Graffiti when the sun is out.

Enjoy your April, Graffitoids! Maybe pick up a copy of *The Waste Land* and see if it stirs you, too. See you in May! ☺ ☺ ☺

LIKE WHAT YOU SEE?

*Spring is a time of new beginnings.
So why not begin by donating to Graffiti?*

It costs \$600 to print each issue, and we aren't making that with advertising yet. We rely on donations from people like you to keep us going. Every little bit helps, from \$1 to \$1 million! (Hey, we like to think big!) So get yourself a dose of good karma by chipping in something for the cause today, eh? Thanks!



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@GraffitiEugene

NEW ON THE WEBSITE! (www.graffiti-magazine.com):

- "*Irregular heart functioning*," by Al Fry
- "*Bouncing Betty*," by Wes Hansen
- "*Deih Freestyler: Strategies to be Free*," by Diego
- "*The Search for the Scenic: Travel in the Age of Tourism*," by Stephen Slater
- "*The Decline of the West*," by Jim Smith

Graffiti

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Find past issues and additional submissions online at: graffiti-magazine.com

ON THE COVER: Spring is in the air! Street photo by Don



FAQ

HOW DO I SUBMIT WORK?

- **Email to:** graffitieugene@gmail.com
- **Snail-mail or hand-deliver to:**

Graffiti, 1292 High St. #129, Eugene OR 97401

FYI: At that street address you'll find PakMail, not Graffiti's swanky corporate offices, the location of which remains a mystery, even to us.

WHAT SORT OF WORK DO YOU PUBLISH?

Artwork, poetry, short fiction, and short nonfiction, original to you and preferably based on personal experience. We eschew (cool word!) essays on politics and current affairs. No more rants or excerpts of other people's work.

DO YOU ACCEPT PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED WORK?

Only if it was self-published, and really, we'd rather not. The purpose of Graffiti is to encourage new creativity.

DO I GET PAID?

No. And neither do we.

DOES I GOTTA RIGHT GOOD?

No, but if you have something to say, you want people to understand it, right? Dictionaries are cheap—even free online! If you use one, you'll always have perfect spelling. It's that easy. Grammar's a little harder, but the more you write, the better you'll get. As a rule, we don't edit. What you give us goes as-is.

WHAT LENGTH WORKS ARE ACCEPTABLE?

For printing in the zine, anything under 800 words makes us happy. Submissions longer than 1,000 words will probably be posted on the website instead: graffiti-magazine.com.

DOES GRAFFITI ACCEPT SUBMISSIONS FROM OUTSIDE LANE COUNTY?

Yes.

IS VEUVE CLICQUOT STILL YOUR FAVORITE BUBBLY?

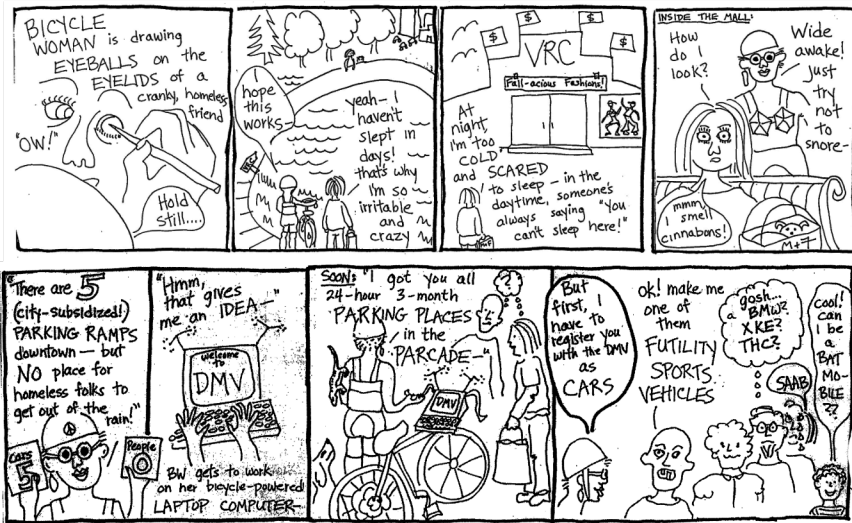
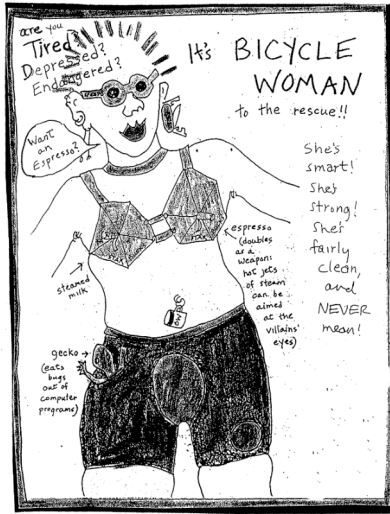
Yes, and we're absolutely parched! Be a dear, won't you, darling?



photo by Terah Van Dusen

Spring is: going barefoot... polka-dot skirts... blades of grass between the toes... swings!... daylight after school... daylight after work... cleaning the barbecue grill... thinking about buying new sunscreen... too late! that first sunburn... play-dates outdoors for a change... having friends over out on the deck... bicycling along the river... hiking up Spencer Butte... marveling at your bulbs blooming like a Van Gogh... opening the windows more often... sneezing more often... the birds and bees... drying clothes out on the line... putting away the flannel sheets... itching for summer!

Bicycle Woman



"Roll On, John" is a traditional folk song about love, loss, and the passage of time. Couple years ago, I heard David Bromberg and his band perform it at the Shedd, and evidently it left a profound impact on me. Bob Dylan re-purposed the song (as Bob Dylan is wont to do) on his 2012 album *Tempest* as a tribute to John Lennon. I'm re-purposing and re-imagining Dylan's version here as an homage to my sweet brother John. — Rod Williams

Roll On, John

Colorado, that old Rocky Mountain High
Never felt like home, you never really could say why
You knew you were different right from the very start
Drums in your head and a jukebox in your heart
Shine your light. Search for Avalon.
Just out of sight. Roll On, John.

New York City in the summer called your name
Pulled you east like a moth drawn to a flame
You settled down in the city that never sleeps
Where the urban ghouls and the rough boys play for keeps
Shine your light. Better turn it on.
You're in for a fight. Roll on, John.

Slaved in the kitchens of the uptown nouveau riche
The American Dream hovering just out of reach
Learned your job and brother, you learned it well
You cooked up a storm just like ringing a bell
Shine your light like a magic wand.
You burn so bright. Roll on, John.

Dance past midnight, party til the break of dawn
Weed and whiskey, then put your dark glasses on
The morning on fire, a symphony in the streets
The sky spins crazy, pavement tilts beneath your feet
Shine your light til the good is gone
You're high as a kite. Roll on, John.

The night your lover punched a hole in the bedroom wall
The morning you woke and saw the second tower fall
The week you spent in Brooklyn all stoned and blessed
The years of debt like a stone upon your chest
Shine your light and do no wrong.
Hold on tight. Johnny, roll on.

Then music filled the air and all the concert halls
Ten days with The Clash, three more with the New York Dolls
The Glimmer Twins, The Boss, and The Thin White Duke
Stop makin' sense, horses, and the talking book
Shine your light. Blonde on blonde.
Here comes the night. Roll on, John.

Toni Morrison laughed when you asked her for a dinner date
Gabriel Byrne loved your painting, he said it was great
Robert Creeley decreed your poem "the genuine shit"
You lived by the seat of your pants and by your wits
Shine your light. Shine it strong
With all your might. Roll on, John.

Winter comes creeping in slow like a cold sundown
The years blip by faster than the speed of sound
Snow piles high outside your windows and walls
The mystery train is here, it beckons and calls
Shine your ever-loving light. Keep moving on.
You'll be all right. Roll on, John.

Rod Williams

Brinkley's Lifer

It's Esther Brinkley's fault
you know—
She forced me to commit
an

act of poetry
In High School, years and
years ago.
I didn't like her much.
I thought her rattle
brained,
And once I kicked a chair
at her—
(Not really kicked—more
pushed and
Caused a clatter in her
class which
Bought me time in penance
after school)
But anyway—
At her behest I stand
condemned—
Sentenced to poetry for
life;
And now I wonder—
Should I have
thanked her,
Or hired a hit man?

G.L. Helm

Bad Shit

Under the wonders and
the where as and the
shouda and the couldas
are all the failings.
We duck into the darkness
to avoid even greater
darkness,

Or, do we?

"There's some bad shit out
there!"

Velcro zombies stick to park benches
And fetid mattresses
Hoping to outlast
A narco tsunami.
A collective demise
Even the marginal can't
deny

We have a problem.
There is a space between
people
That holds the dust and
the detritus
It can be obscure to the
eye
But, between the notes
and the molecules are the
hard volubles.
Pain may radiate
Dislocation is apparent
And we realize
we are not so far
from some bad
shit

The question, what is your
responsibility?

Ed English

Crayfish

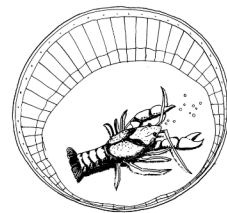
In a rainbarrel in the alley
lived three crayfish, content
in their utter strangeness,
but a child couldn't bear it
and had to interfere.

With their stalk eyes
and gray too-many legs,
did they see the baseball bat
descending calm and curious
until it chose one and pressed
lightly as it could
but too hard not to express
dark murk. Camouflage
or ruptured innards?

The child never knew which.
He jumped back, ran away,
and ever after
shied from strangeness.

Dan Liberthson

Illustration by Cassandra Mettling-Davis



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The Curious Case of the Sheep Who Thought He Was a Cow

Rene Tihista

These days there's a lot of conflict, hand wringing, puzzlement and outrage about the various sexual identity issues currently riling up our dyspeptic society. One of these disputes concerning what has become known as LGBTQ issues, is usually confined to humans. However, though not widely known, issues of gender identity are not exclusive *sapiens*. Lodged in my periential archive of is the curious case of a sheep, as rams were Montana where I grew ferred not from gender but, and arguably species confusion. A little ground is necessary to preface this tragically enigmatic tale.

When my oldest brother Edward assumed responsibility for the family business after my father died, he'd been away from any working involvement with sheep for more than a decade. After serving in WWII, he'd been a salesman and in retail management, both occupations he excelled at. But the cultural imperative of the eldest son taking over the family business after the death of the paterfamilias was compelling and he returned home to fulfill his patrilineal destiny. His absence from experience in the sheep business occasionally clouded his judgment as illustrated in the case of the aforementioned confused buck.

To breed our herd of 1,800 ewes we had three-hundred rams. That's a pretty standard ratio of six ewes per buck although obviously there were occasional anomalies to consider: bucks that were older, timid or only mildly in-

enthusiastically about their business. The Columbian was utterly disinterested in the ewes he was procured to implant his majestic genetic heritage into.

In early December, we trailed the sheep from the summer grazing range to our farm in the Milk River Valley for the

The drive took most of about twenty-five passed by several ever we passed a the big Columbian dead run to be with fuming and cussing, over in the pickup, citrant Romeo with a hook, and return him herd. This farce was peated three times that I remember, the last being

the very farm from which Ed had purchased the buck. He was

gone quite a long while that time because, as we later learned, he had had a heated discussion with the farmer who'd sold him the malingering Columbian.

For all his shortcomings as a sheepman, Ed knew when to cut his losses. He sold the gender-confused sheep for a very reasonable price to a notorious former bootlegger and alleged calf rustler named Homer Dribble, who lived in the Badlands south of the Missouri River. I suspect the species-conflicted sheep became the main ingredient in at least a month's worth of mutton stew.

By chance, many years later, an article in the *Seattle Post Intelligencer* caught my eye and shed an entirely different perspective on this unfortunate animal. A psychologist at the University of Washington was doing research on sheep and discovered that some of the rams in her study were apparently homosexual.

Another study by the University of Oregon corroborated this surprising finding. I quote:

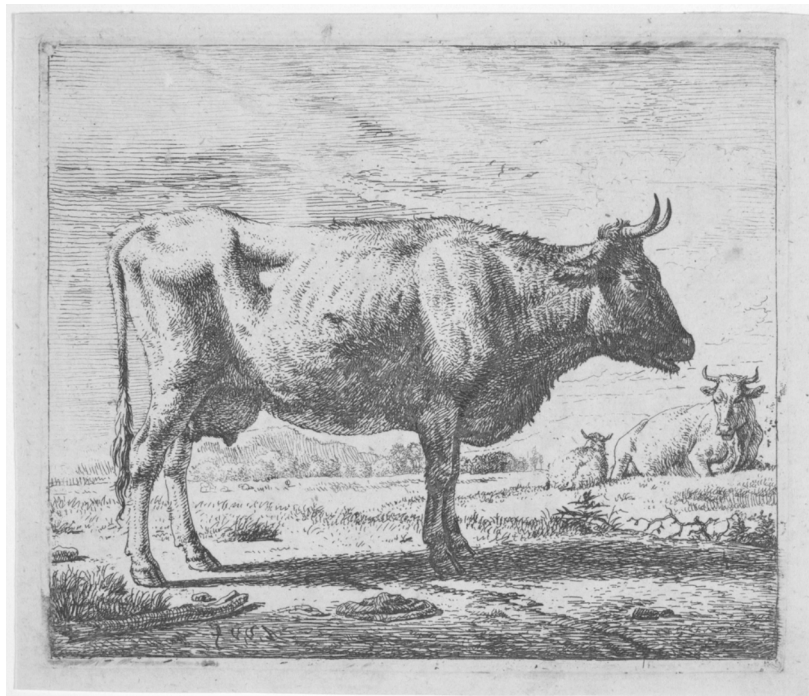
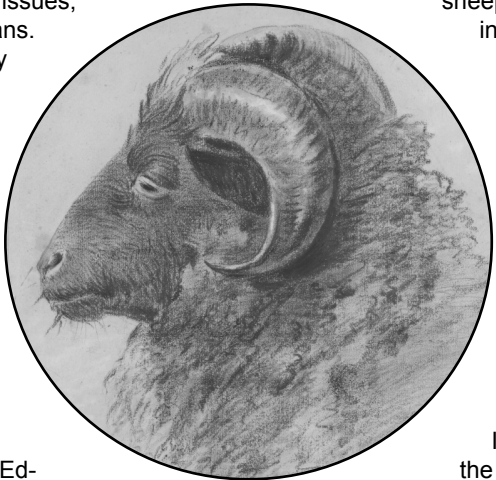
"Researchers in the Oregon Health and Sciences University School of Medicine, have confirmed that a male sheep's preference for same sex partners has biological underpinnings. This study, along with others, strongly suggest that same sex preference is biologically determined in sheep and

possibly in humans."*

After reading this I pondered how Ed might have responded to the news that his strapping Columbian buck could have been gay. But the ram displayed no apparent amorous proclivities toward his fellow rams. If he had, it might have explained the unexpected behavior. But there was his affinity for cows. Given the size differential between the big Columbian and potential cow mates, one has to be skeptical. Granted, he was huge—for a sheep, but still, to a bovine he might (to mix species metaphors) be considered a shrimp. I suppose an argument could be made for the odd case of species consanguinity. There is the precedent of Romulus and Remus though the veracity of that myth is questionable.

No, I suspect this particular sheep's interest in cows was more than confused sexuality. Could it have been some spiritual connection?

(continued on p. 12)



terested in performing their husbandry duties. Or ewes who were skittish, cantankerous, aging or indifferent to breeding despite being in estrus.

A neighboring farmer, who also had a small herd of cattle, had acquired and reared a Columbia Ram with his cattle. It was a beautiful animal. Quite large, as Columbia sheep are. They are a hybridized breed first developed in Wyoming prior to WWI and bred to thrive in the harsh climate typical in the western high plains of the Great Basin.

Open faced, they are good wool producers, their meat being a secondary asset. So, when the farmer talked Ed into buying the buck, just before breeding time in late October, it seemed like a propitious fit for our herd. Unfortunately, the big Columbian had a serious identity crisis. Much to Ed's surprise and mounting frustrated anger, the big ram ignored the ewes while his more amorous peers went

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Bad Boys: Michel Houellebecq and Bret Easton Ellis

by John Zerzan

In the late '90s Michel Houellebecq's *The Elementary Particles* was a sensation in France, somewhat surprisingly, given the frightening tableau it provides of modern society at the end of its tether. Ostensibly a tale of two half-brothers looking for love, for meaning, the novel is powerfully effective in showing how lost they are, how definitive is the erasure of pretty much everything. No juice, a zero level of energy, just Full Stop to society.

His 2016 novel, *Submission*, depicts a jaded lecturer at the Sorbonne. Literature is his field, but isn't fulfilling, and he's largely a bored hedonist. The emptiness of his life begins to disturb him, and starts to look for meaning, even resorting to a weekend retreat at a monastery, which proves fruitless. The background to his quest is a French national election that brings the Muslim Brotherhood to power. This becomes plausible because Houellebecq describes a society that is coming apart, that no longer coheres. Amidst the disorder, including violence, people vote in the only political regime that seems to command order, rejecting even Le Pen and the Right.

Submission was criticized by some as Islamophobic, which misses its point. The book is neither anti- or pro-Islam; it's not about Islam but about crumbling modernity. At the novel's end, our (anti) hero is given a choice: continue as a professor with some restrictions, or be pensioned off. His life is already so limited, and the implication is that he goes along with the new regime. *Submission*.

Bret Easton Ellis produced *American Psycho* in 1991. It was a shocking book that was widely banned, and caused Ellis to be ousted by his publisher, Random House. It is frighteningly graphic as it describes misogynist violence at the hands of a serial killer. The novel's central character is Patrick Bateman, a young Wall Street Mr. Cool whose contempt for the poor is a given, as he fantasizes mutilating and murdering women. But I read *American Psycho* as a devastating exposure of the blizzard of violence against women, the opposite of celebrating it.

Ellis's new one, *The Shards* (2023), is autobiographical, in the form of a murder mystery. Seniors at a private school in L.A. do a lot of drugs and try to ignore the looming threat of a serial killer. The estrangement of the various 17- and 18-year-olds, including Bret himself, is faultlessly rendered.

Karl Marx once remarked that one learns more about society from reactionary novelists than from progressive fiction. Houellebecq and Ellis are not Right-wing reactionaries, but non-PC, un-Woke characters, maybe jerks in their daily lives. And they are both unerring in their grasp of a profound alienation and emptiness, which is growing as capitalist civilization deforms reality. ☹ ☹ ☹

ANARCHY RADIO

with John Zerzan

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Stepping into spring (of 2024)

Sometimes the bitterness arises again
The soul has its own plan to heal

Silent winds

Love is power
Directing my life as a circus or a theater

Heart walls... melting!
Discovering new colors

Better by chance
Better by change

Blooming love

I know now
I am his cup of tea

Vibrant things happen all at once!

These soul lessons,
The wisdom...

Fergul Cirpan

The German word Liebeskummer means "love sickness." It consists of Liebe ("love") and Kummer ("grief"), and it's more difficult to cure than the common cold! Although you might not be sick with a fever, Liebeskummer can keep you in bed just the same.
— Fergul

March'ing

My soul shines
This perfect timing
The perfect clash of hearts

New Moon
New Moon
Fill my cup!

Flowing
To a vague destination

The desire to alter my life

I can hear your smile over your voice
You are my bucket list

You are my Liebeskummer!

Fergul Cirpan

A Love Letter To You

#1
"Bittersweet
The love I have for you extends beyond my selfish pride
Among my branches you'll find
My love grows long and far
Fruit so sweet
Luscious and fragile I am
The love I have for you means more than
Anything
Love conquers all"

#2
"A Sudden Rush Of Love
I Feel It In My Chest
The Rise And Fall
I Can See It Now
How I Will Always Feel This
Way, About You"

#3
"His hair, the dark curls that wrap around themselves
Just like me, he is a witness to life and death
Blue waves. Envelop and tumble, they end with their white foam.
They wrestle even though they cannot outrun one another, and
though the sea is so deep they stay with one another
They know no bounds and can see for miles
They stay with one another
For another wave will not wrestle and tumble just the same"

Jordan Valerie

I'm sorry

I'm sorry,
if I'm using you
I guess I just thought...
Well I guess I thought if
you loved me
I could learn to love
myself

selah Brougher

Late

Lately I am always running
To different places
But some-times it's the same place
I run when I want to go somewhere
That's when you know I care
I am no graceful runner
So I throw away public perception to
spend time with you
I will run to get to you
And somehow I'm always late.

selah Brougher

Inside/out

We heal inside/out
I take you outside/in
When the veil rises
What is revealed?
Scars.

Scars have eyes
They can see
something
Coming
They ask the questions
- What if,.....?
- Will this hurt?
- Should I?

Scars,
Memories of a fall,
A miscalculation, of pain.
Scars,
A pronouncement of risk,
and hope, and love at the edge.

What do your scars tell you?

Ed English

newlove

morning light, kitchen soft-boil hiss, invisible altar
air dances, the well-tread linoleum shines
I'm already beaming, memory of your kiss
anticipation of your touch, voice, scent
not really waiting when you still fill my senses
fresh as coffee aroma rising, perfect headbrow
buzzing me through the day—
our new love has got me feeling this way,
beyond our years
and old wound fears, just electric life shivers
all gift and free givers, overflowing
and rooted in peace—
what can I say, but we will speak
with our lips, our hips, our sway
swept away in newlove
nothing kept, feels like a lot left
no expectations,
history/herstory a light, fluid pour
it always feels new way
like that old mystery night
meeting virgin day.

Charles Mattoon

The exploded view

"Live in a perpetual great astonishment."
— Theodore Roethke

A leaf falls: countless
attitudes between its branch
and earth. Earth is changed
wholly in this transaction.
I feed on this, I live.

Sean Bentley

The Porch Swing

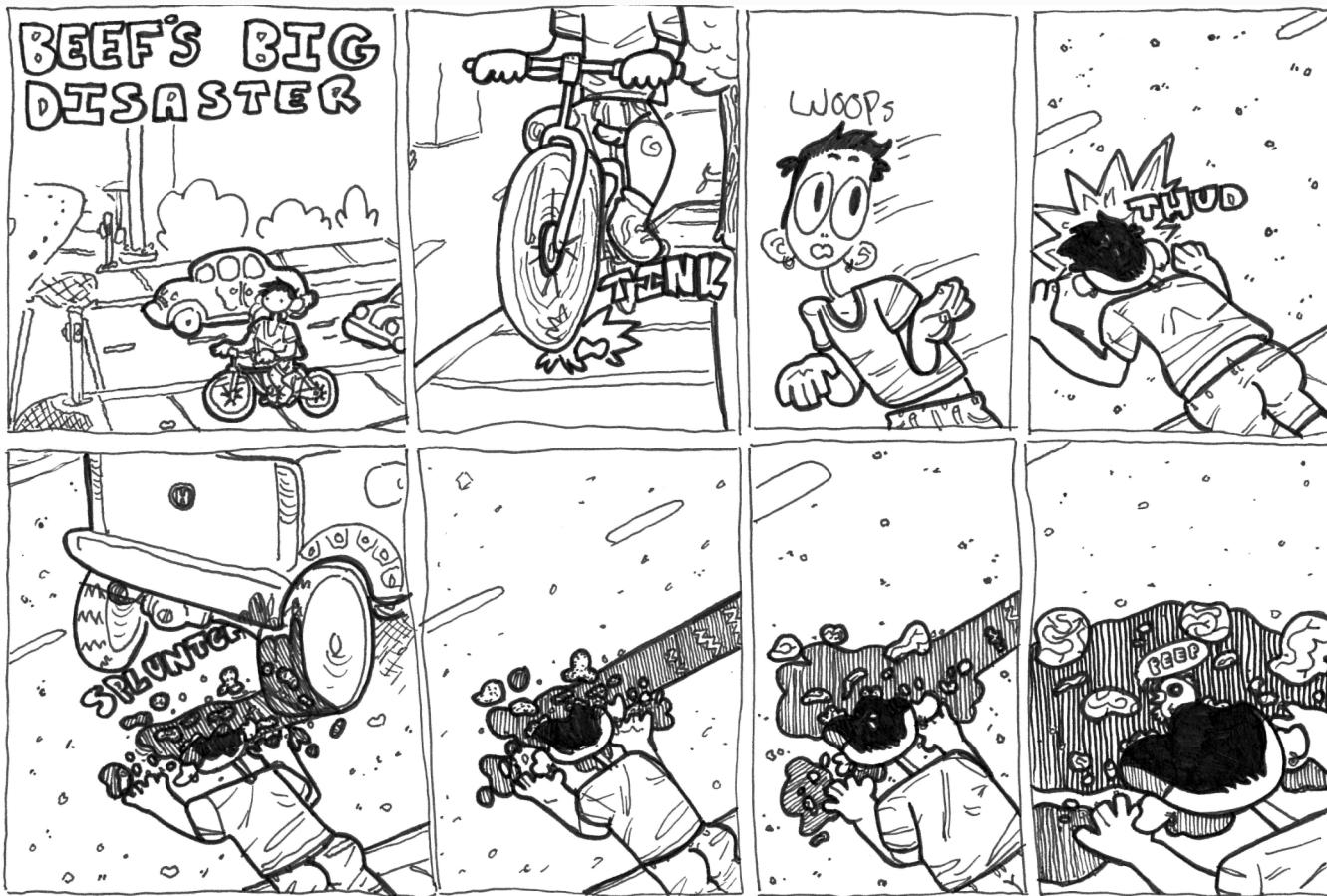
The porch swing doesn't care.
It's always been there, and it's happy to be.
And its role is to support, not to care.
Your porch swing might be made out of old wooden slab boards and
slightly rusted chains.
Or synthetic material, ready and hot.
The porch swing sways politely for pictures.
It creaks and groans in strong storms.
It's there on your worst days; to hold you when you're in your dumpy clothes,
with tears and snot rolling down your makeup-free face.
It doesn't mind your gripping, sweaty palms,
and it won't tell on you when you vomit violently off its side.
It will look respectable in the mornings with your coffee cup in one hand.
What has the coffee cup done for you lately? The porch swing might wonder,
but it won't ask.
Because it's the porch swing and it's seen things.
It's seen first dates, proposals, the breakups, the mail arriving,
everyone running past to watch sparkly combustibles explode in the sky.
It's seen the red/blue lights of emergency vehicles.
It's been stained and scuffed and painted over more times than it can even count.
It's born the scars of your bad days and the scorned embers of cigarette butts.
And long after you've forgotten about it, it's still there,
ready to welcome in and support the next family.

The porch swing.

H.R. Harney



Photo by Terah Van Dusen



Misha Kagutaba

"I call on Godzilla to Wage War on the works of the Smog Monster!"

I, too, when seeing the green vomit pouring
from every river into the sea
where I see the mottled gelatinous fans
of pollution opening
as if in shame upon the sea
where House Garbage,
the urban pulp of Poverty
and the shit of unsleeping factories
boils upon the face of the waters
and drops death's tentacles into the deep!

I, too, wish Godzilla would wade in from the ocean,
I, too, wish Godzilla, pissed off, would rise up from the deep
and beating the air with his fists
open his terrible jaws
to pour Hellfire upon the deep, letting
his merciless atomic breath sweep
in every direction like a lighthouse beam
pointing out the pollution and the sewage
and the waste
with a fiery glance that sears away the scabs
WE have left on Mother Nature's body.

I, too, wish to stand with that little boy
in the tide pools
of the wholesome ferns of kelp
that wash up on the beach,
carefully stepping between the octopi baby
as I, too, raise my fists and beat
the air in front of me.

I, too, call upon Godzilla
to roar the purifying flames
of Nature's vengeance
upon the poisoned backs of waves
that like a stampeding herd of bison
carry a king tide of pestilence and the pest
to plague us out,

out,
out from the sea...

Leo Rivers

Leo writes: *I wrote this in response to seeing Godzilla versus Hedorah on TV and watching "The History of Godzilla vs. Hedorah" by Big Action Bill on YouTube. The film is surreal. On the one hand it is a sincere protest against pollution, and on other it's a smashed piñata of wildly disconnected stuff. As a conventional film it's a Madam Web-scale mess, but I find much of it fun and funny. I meant this poem as a rant against all the hostile toxicity spewed out by the media.*

Haiku News & Views (Sermon)

Poetry debates now!
conducted by Poet Laureates
to descend to power.

Agent Orange Face
defoliates the scene
dark rifts exposed.

Thicket of views, false
and misleading news, bullshit
detectors needed.

Same war renews. Turn
around, see every heart
harbors the virus.

Peace means you must face
the dark, hot mess. A thousand cuts
to comfortable views.

Flowers, fields, hawks, doves
don't care a flying turd for
cock surety, hate, fear.

The way of peace flows
through the eye of cyclone love
calling us home, but

a sharp sword waits there
to cut out your pride and greed
to bleed you empty.

No grudge or bias
see each as brothers, sisters;
that's no surrender.

Resistance without
love, wisdom, is futile. Be
the change you wish. Change.

Protest signs and tweets
don't translate face to face. Grieve
blameless gap between us.

Minds dimmed to sound bites.
This is not haiku. Courage
meets in open fields.

Closed fist, last resort.
Closed heart, first and only sin.
Eden works through fire.


Feel what you're willing
to die for, if anything,
and work from there. Joy!

Charles Mattoon

Fish Monger



Tall
and
thin
carrying
his body
curved
like a fishback
you'd suspect
him of
fins
rather
than
feet.
Whistling
he glides
among
his
fishes
smiling
and clear eyes
winking oval scales
smile back. He loves
them and even now
cleaned and cased
they can't help
loving
him.

Dan Libberthson



**Foreign, Independent,
Classic and Cult Cinema**

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ART HOUSE NOTES

• April 25: *The Room*, with Greg Sestero Live.

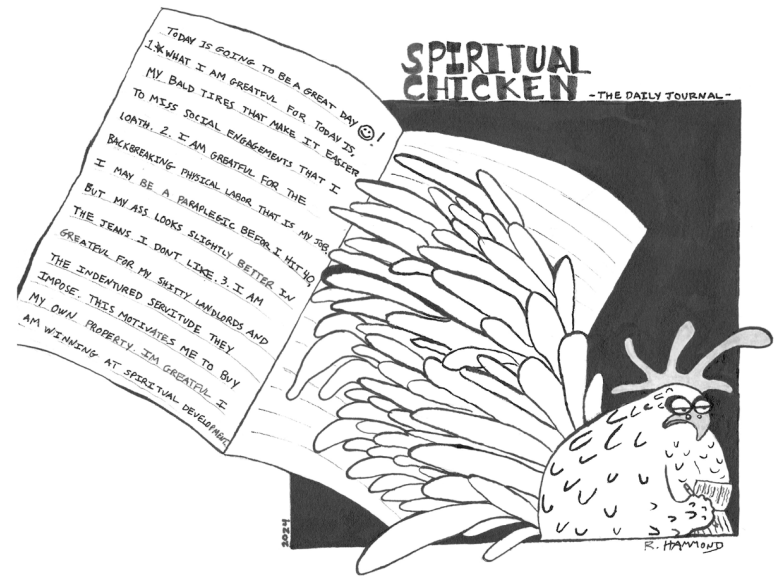
The story of the making of this godawful film by Tommy Wiseau might be vastly more interesting than the movie itself, which has for some mysterious reason become a cult classic. Greg Sestero was one of the leads and can talk about the inside poop. This event will likely sell out. Go figure.

Lucinda Williams, One of My Heroes

Thomas Avery

I have been following Lucinda Williams music ever since I first discovered her. Her father Miller Williams was a poet laureate from the South. Her mother was a sensitive intelligent woman who suffered from depression and schizophrenia. Lucinda had a challenging childhood. She understood what pain was about. Her grandfather, her father's father was a preacher in a Methodist church. But he was also a believer in human rights and supported labor unions. He was an influence on her music as well as her father was. She was born in New Orleans where her father taught literature and French Cajun music influenced her musical expression in songs like "Crescent City," "Lafayette," and "Louisiana Man." Those songs were on her earlier albums. Her first albums were *Ramblin' on My Mind* and *Happy Woman Blues* where she sings like a cowgirl on the western plains and after that came the album simply titled *Lucinda Williams*. Later, *Car Wheels On a Gravel Road* was a turning point in her career. After Lucinda's mother died Miller married again. His second wife, Jordan was a poet also and he landed a permanent teaching position at the University of Arkansas and Lucinda was influenced by the different poets she met at her father's parties in Fayetteville. On her album *World Without Tears* she does a slow bluesy poetic rant on "American Dream." On her album

Down Where the Spirit Meets the Bone she mixes it up with some lighter acoustic tracks and some hard driving rock. One that grabs my attention and speaks about the injustice and poverty is "East Side of Town." On one of her more recent albums, *Good Souls Better Angels* she really rocks out on "Man Without a Soul." She doesn't mention a name. But it is quite clear who she is singing about. Her music mentors are Woody Guthrie Joan Baez and Bob Dylan, Joni Mitchell and Leonard Cohen. She has shared the stage with Willie Nelson, Neil Young and many other luminaries. On one of the more obscure albums, *Vanished Gardens*, recorded with Charles Lloyd and the Marvels, she sings with jazz musicians. She also did an album called *Bob's Back Pages: A Night of Bob Dylan Songs*. She had a stroke a few years ago but made a come back on her album *Stories From a Rock n Roll Heart* and she keeps on rockin and singing songs of love, joy, pain, justice and truth. She wrote a memoir about her personal life and her music career titled *Don't Tell Anybody The Secrets I Told You* which I highly recommend. I saw her at the McDonald Theatre when she came to town after releasing *Car Wheels On a Gravel Road* and *World Without Tears*. I'll be looking forward to seeing her on stage again when she comes around. ☺☺☺



Art In The City

Stephen Slater

We who currently live in Eugene, Oregon, are blessed with a few examples of genuinely good public art. (That is more than I can say about the town where I grew up, a cheezy suburb of Tacoma, Washington.)

At the intersection of Willamette St. and Broadway there are several instances of such art. Four of them are entitled Four Seasons and were created by Wool Works Studio in Eugene. At the northwest corner there is a stainless steel structure surrounding a column, apparently of mineral origin. The whole is suggestive of frozen music (Goethe's phrase for architecture). At the northeast corner it is Eugene Farmers' Market with a metal torpedo sprouting from it and a smoky swizzle stick corkscrew on top. At the southeast corner there is a vertical cone with black & white tiles leading up to scaly bracts, sending forth something for which I have no description. At the southwest corner there is something a bit like the structures at the northeast and southeast corners: black and white tiles on a vertical cone supporting a pitcher plant covered with colored tiles, from which metal calligraphy emerges. The difference between viewing these structure in daylight and when the street lights are on is striking.

At the corner of 12th Ave. and Pearl St. is my favorite mural in town, Jim Evangelista's 1992 "Tuscany." It is an urban scene, evidently European, sometime in the 19th or 20th century, yet it has a "timeless" quality due to the cobblestones and the lack of technological markers of modernity: automobiles, street lights, power cables and obnoxious advertising. It is

impossible to tell which season the scene is set in. I find myself tempted to imagine what lies beyond the scene depicted on the wall: the visible suggests the invisible, as in (distantly) Akira Kurosawa's 1970 film, *Dodes'ka-den*. (As for the mural on the other side of the same building, I would suggest to the artist that the eyes of the child being carried are all wrong: they are "older" and more troubled than fascinated, thus detracting from the mural as a whole which is otherwise admirable.)

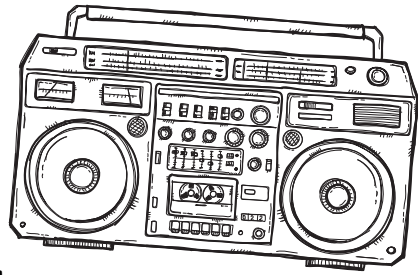
Near the corner of Olive St. and 10th Ave., near the LTD station, there is a very plain bronze sculpture of Rosa Parks created by Pete Helzer in 2009. The act of sitting as a radical act of defiance. Here the visual aspects yield to the act commemorated. And yet the same Pete Helzer also created, at a moment when his daimon had clearly abandoned him, *The Storyteller*, an unfortunate undertaking at the intersection where the Four Seasons are located, a enduring tribute to Eugene's own model family man, Ken Kesey, cast in an anti-weathering alloy of oinkoink ignoratio and willing compliance with generally accepted standards for public art in middle-class America. After all, reading to children was what he was known for, wasn't it?

As if making a mockery of the Rosa Parks sculpture, in front of the Eugene Public Library there is a metal memorialization of Eugene Skinner plopping his pioneer butt down in a symbolic act of taking possession in the name of militant Manifest Destiny. (Couldn't the artist have placed the man in an outhouse, where his squat would have had colorectal significance?) ☺☺☺



Turn it up!

by Ponder/Seek/Discover



The silky smooth surface of stuffed pleather sits against your skull, fully isolating the cochlear nerves. Five hundred dollars' worth of technology produces direct input, a sonic plundering, a minimalist caress, or anything between. Sometimes, listening to albums through a high-quality pair of cordless headphones, while otherwise sensory deprived, is better than the live performance, the dance internal.



Burnt Ivory and Loose Wires



Annie Gosfield
Released: June 21, 1998
Tracks: 7

Annie Gosfield is a classically trained composer dubbed by the BBC as "a one woman Hadron collider."

This is Ms. Gosfield's first album, released on Tzadik, John Zorn's label. She tends to dance on that critical boundary between form and chaos, maintaining the balance with a mixture of traditional and non-traditional methods. Here, the acoustic instruments are digitally recorded and conform to notated scores with openings for improvise; finally, the recordings are digitally detuned and otherwise manipulated, producing a sonic hurricane. Listener beware! Ms. Gosfield refers to this result as "calamitonality," after the infamous improviser, P. W. Schreck - "The dissonances on a beat-up piano can sound more beautiful than eighty union hacks reading down your score. Just because the funds aren't there, it doesn't mean music isn't."

Untitled #123



Francisco Lopez
Released: February 19, 2002

Francisco Lopez is a Spanish sound artist, creating minimalist soundscapes that, being rather lush, defy logic.

This is Mr. Lopez' second release on Alien 8 Recordings. It was created using sounds recorded by various artists invited to use the "Silophone" created by the experimental duo, [the user], in Montreal, Quebec; the "Silophone" an abandoned grain silo converted to a top-notch recording space. Being minimalist, listening to this album absolutely requires the best headphones money can buy, but I'll never forget the first time I listened to this album: lying mobile on my bed, at one point I found myself mysteriously floating about halfway between bed and ceiling!?! If Burnt Ivory and Loose Wires is a hurricane front, then Untitled #123 is the eye of the storm.

Sick Boi



Ren
Released: October 13, 2023
Tracks: 18

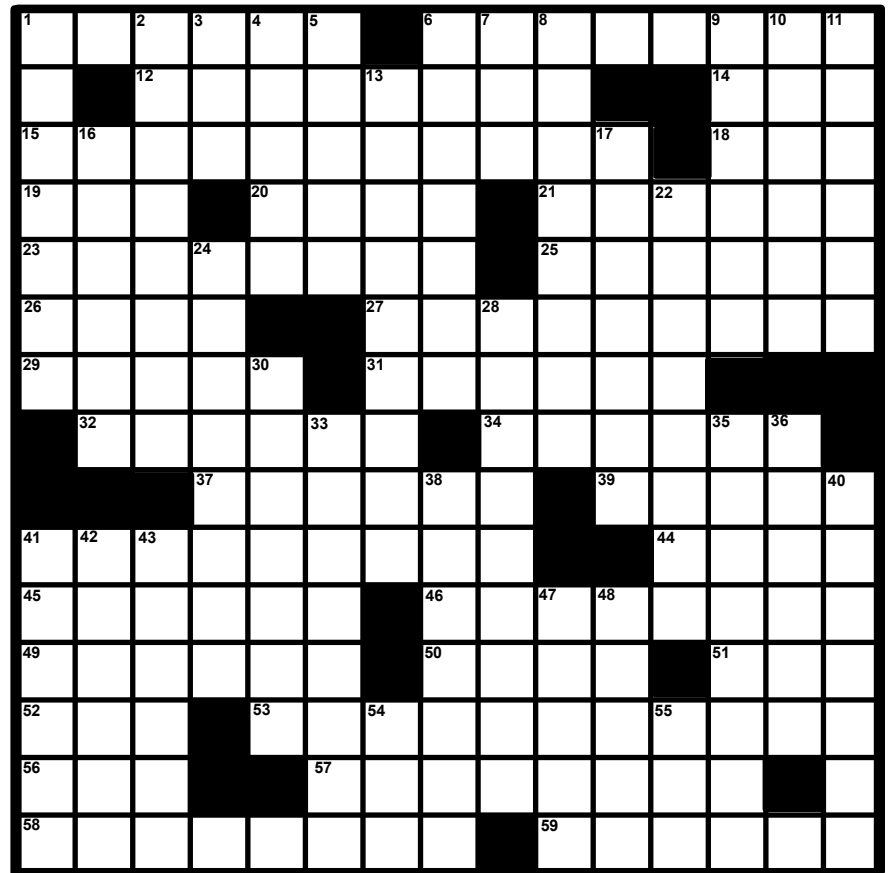
Ren Gill is, first and foremost, a poet, second, a performance artist, and third, a musician.

This is Ren's second, self-released, studio album. Ren is primarily a self-made YouTube sensation from Wales. Being a prodigy, he was initially following the standard trajectory, but then fell extremely ill. His illness was mis-diagnosed several times before the proper diagnosis of Lyme disease and a stem cell transplant cure. His illness lasted more than eight years and eventually led to psychosis, and this is the experience which informs his music. One of the most brutally honest and authentic artists I've ever experienced, his work leaves you emotionally exhausted. If Burnt Ivory and #123 is the hurricane, then Ren is walking about after the fact, gators and cotton mouths everywhere, too tired to care.



World's Worst Crossword

by Will Long-Pantz



ACROSS

1. Fergul, Graffiti poet from Istanbul
6. Graffiti's long-running music-review column
12. Obnoxious ass, in pidgin Spanglish
14. One of the biological Legos
15. Sick members of the high-school brass section
18. Dog breeders' registry org.
19. Animation frame
20. Inner-city transport trams (acronym)
21. Johnny Winter, for example
23. Graffiti's first cartoonist Misha
25. Holder of a security interest in real or personal property
26. Omari, early Graffiti contributor of outstanding fiction
27. Your first course at Beppe & Gianni's, perhaps
29. One of the covert "invisible" warfare experts deemed dishonorable by the samurai
31. A Mormon landlord?
32. The network connecting your brain with the rest of your body
34. "Would you like a second helping?"
"No thank you. I _____."
37. Tissue serving as a matrix with a structural or connective role
39. It's cool in Cannes
41. With 1-Down, Graffiti's popular new comic panel
44. A jumble of George Washingtons
45. Some Pennsylvania Dutch people with extra upper-body appendages?
46. Box for organizing and storing certain shrub leaves
49. Defeated by
50. "It's *really* cold!"
51. A spherical body
52. Alligator pear, slangily
53. An underwater vessel offered as a door prize
56. Sea in Saint-Tropez
57. "I bawl my eyes out! You?"
"Yes, I _____."
58. Graffiti advertiser John Davis's real estate firm
59. John, regular Graffiti contributor and host of Anarchy Radio on KWVA

DOWN

1. See 41-Across
2. Drummers with good double-stroke rolls inherited this
3. Shot _____
4. A grown-up
5. Feminist fashion statement you might be comfortable with
6. What you get when you bathe after going to the beach
7. Nickname for Jennifer Lopez's cousin Ursula
8. Support of the monarchy
9. If you live near 5th St Marketplace, you hear them all the time
10. What you might have to do to a kinked hose
11. West Eugene's über-funky coffee emporium, Caffé _____.
13. 1965 Western comedy film starring Lee Marvin and Jane Fonda
16. Introduction
17. How you remove slip-ons
22. Translations in the program notes for an early Roman production of *The Wizard of Oz*: lion: *leo*; tiger: *tigris*; ____; ____.
24. Things aren't fair around Rhode Island
28. Airport security updates
30. A segment of Graffiti's core audience
33. Eugene's premier indie-film venue
35. Where Dorothy et al were off to
36. Bad advice given to physician Larry Lawrence concerning his upcoming testimony
38. Person with a hot bod in yoga class
40. A vegan protein source
41. A decidedly non-vegan protein source
42. Sometimes done beyond a reasonable doubt
43. "How do you feel after that workout?"
47. Rice in Reynosa
48. Container for storage or shipping
54. Half of a chocolate treat
55. Tit-__-tat

Answers on p. 11
(You're gonna need 'em!)

Imagine

Please, if you will,
Kind colonizer,
Sweet imperialist,
Saucy capitalist,
A desperate father sneaks out surreptitiously as
a mouse,
Searching for ANYTHING to feed his starving
darling, the beloved soul of his soul
While a sniper playing Call of Duty,
Neutralizes his target,
And the child dies of hunger
And the father's body decomposes among
The rubble, denied a funeral,
Denied humanity,
Having been killed by the silence of civilized
braggards and heartless imbeciles,
Another day in Gaza
Where humanity haunts the witness
And confounds the innocent.
Gaza, where to be born
Is a death sentence
And an empty promise,
By an empty skull,
We are all guilty of genocide
While we hug both sides,
Oh oppressor, in your need to imagine
Yourself the victim
You killed a Palestinian child every 10 minutes,
And destroyed cities by your silence.
Oh oppressor,
Holding all the power,
A system of oppression at your fingertips
A shower of pain at your convenience,
What a pile of horror it must be
To have to continue this charade
That their blood isn't on your hands,
Isn't a stain on your soul,
Isn't in your control.

This thing you call society
Has been burned down in Gaza,
This idea of progress,
Of western civilization,
Of reputable institutions,
Is rotted and exposed, at its core
And its foundations,
Devoid of any shred of credibility.
All you have left is brute power
And when that fails you
I will enjoy watching you scramble for
A hand to hold,
But the hate you birthed
Will choke you
And I will not raise my voice in your defense
But will be dancing with all liberated people
On the ashes of your terror.

Shachar Efrati

A Seat at the Table

Outrage mounts,
Humanity shouts,
You will not win,
Your crooked grin
Will drown to a grimace
And we will look upon your face
As the face of evil within.
So bomb from a hill,
From the belly of a tank,
From the comfort of your American bank,
Keep sneering from your stolen land,
We will see Palestine stand
United in the struggle
Like a rose rising from the rubble.

So dance now on the blood of martyrs
As it sinks into the soil,
Feeding the revolution, as it boils
Over into fierce defiance
Of all oppressed people
Shaking the foundation to its core
Until dignity and equality break down the
halls of justice,
Once and for all,
Everyone gets a seat,
As humanity sits tall.

Shachar Efrati

Endecasílabo

El
mundo
lame
la
mano
del
amo

Jesús Sepúlveda

No Man's Land

With the third world in the bones
and the fourth in the heart
Erased from the map as a sinking island
Migrants' herd in the wake of exile
Storms of words
Splinters in the eyes or speck in another's eye
Brother against sister
Sister against brother
Melting guts on the battlefield
Do not listen to the engine of fury
Hurricanes turn the blades of power
Its deep core is a gear
Intestines eaten by the worm of death
Hatred and resentment go to bed on holy ground

Jesús Sepúlveda

On Viewing Watercolors by Adolph Hitler

There is no curling barbed wire shown,
or Semite faces shrunk to skulls.
No chimneys full of greasy smoke just steps away from
showers where water did not run.
Here is only watercolor applied in tiny daubs,
Controlled with draftsman's hand and photographic eye.
A Ruin is what you saw and drew.
A crumbling church all beaten down with war and pain
Of which you had some part in 1914's battles.
You captured the tone of evenings bluing shadows
as they came. . . .

And then you ceased to paint.
Why?
Why did you leave your brushes?
Were they so heavy that you had to lift a sword
to rest your hands?
Was watercolor so difficult you found it better
to paint in blood?
If only you had held to paint and canvas
you might have edified us all!
Instead of making art with flashing guns and mangled flesh
That screamed and begged before it gushed its life
onto the canvas of your war.
That was a bit of art the world could well have done without.
A picture that the children of Treblinka
would want no dealings with
If they had had a choice.
They got no choice.
You and all the ones who helped your earthly hell to be,
gave them no choice.
But they were living things!
Not crumbled ruins like this Belgian church
you trapped in watercolor so long ago.
Living creatures created by the acts of love
that never were a part of you, painter.
Creatures you could not create,
and so you waved you painters hand
And tried to wipe all life away
because you were a jealous fool
Who ran amok because he was not God.

G. L. Helm

Ode to the Mother

Creator

The drift of the Mother is dark indeed;
She needn't be present to plant Her seed.
She comes on occasion when life is unwell,
an Isis in hiding under Her veil.
She awakens Her lovers, their wounded dream;
She gives them meaning, dissolving what seem,
misery and illusory, a temporal scream.
A deliverance from sorrow,
Her people unchained;
Prometheus rising, Her will ordained.

The essential darkness, beginner's mind;
Her jewels and adornments a pleasure to find.
Awaked from ignorance, unending bliss;
a manifest of wonder brings us to this:
Serve Her will, She'll open the door;
a timeless kingdom, possibility galore.
Accept the wisdom, the ancient lore,
follow Her love to yonder shore.

Feed the Mother you fools, for She's the One to adore!
Feed the Mother you fools, for She's the Eternal Core!
Feed the Mother you fools, add to Her ancient lore!
Feed the Mother you fools, cross to the yonder shore!

Preserver

The essence of the Mother unchanged through time;
Birth and Death, the eternal rhyme.
Listen to the story it tells of this,
Colloidal Suspension, lovelorn bliss.
What is illusory and what is real;
the sword of death a determined appeal.
Discriminate wisely, you'll see the truth;
transcending time, eternal youth.
So mourn not Death nor yearn for Life,
the Mother in essence is full of Strife.

Feed the Mother you fools, try to even the score!
Feed the Mother you fools, no reason to abhor!
Feed the Mother you fools, calm the tempest's roar!
Feed the Mother you fools, let your spirit soar!

Destroyer

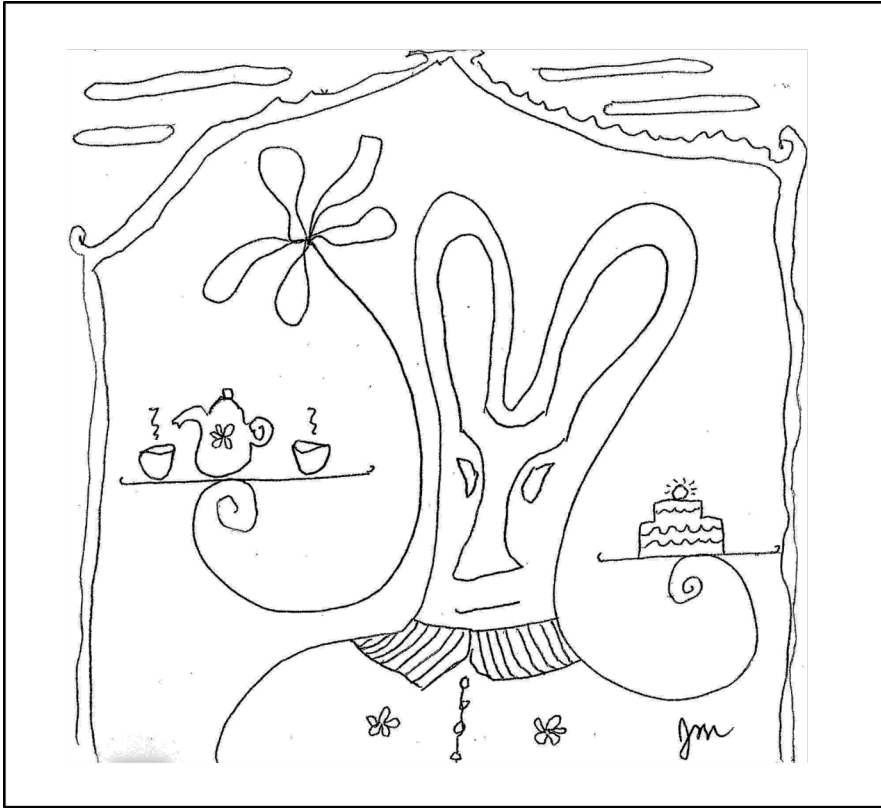
Fraudulent kings born into power, integrated desire,
prostitution, and war;
boardroom warmongers, a slick ass campaign,
exporting death with moral disdain.
Kings and their jesters plying the trade,
demons and fools a hell-bent tirade;
Mercenary killers still keeping the score,
all they care for continuing war.

Scene after scene, crusades of hate;
blood begets blood, it's already too late.
Killing sons, daughters, the young;
aborting their future in the name of the State.
Sorrow by sorrow recorded in time;
destiny repeating, the doom innate.

Feed the Mother you fools, treat the world like your whore!
Feed the Mother you fools, enjoy the bloody gore!
Feed the Mother you fools, until you're tired and sore!
Feed the Mother you fools, there's room in hell for lot's
more!



Poem and art by Wes Hansen



art by Jean Murphy

Steve in Cars

Stephen Swiftfox

First Crush

Facing South, school playground...empty
 You're in the driver's seat in more ways than one.
 White '62 Plymouth. Cross on the mirror.
 Me...far end of the vinyl bench seat,
 my head rolled back looking at
 the white foam headliner, watching my finger
 make - you're undoing my belt... pants - divots
 in the headliner.

Pants off, you're good at this. My butt on vinyl.
 You ask, working on me, if I had...
 impure thoughts about Michelle. 7th grade angel.

A trigger, eh?
 I thought impure thoughts
 were mortal sins.
 I can't stop my racing heart,
 quickened breath or..... that.
 Being a priest
 must make it ok.

Funny what the smell of hot asphalt
 will resurrect from 60 years ago.

The Persistence of Memory

With apologies to Salvador Dali

Rene! When we met at one of our Buddhist meetings my breath was caught by your 6' 2" frame. A new arrival from New York seeking a modeling job in L.A. Most everyone was Japanese and well under six feet.

No need to work up some confidence asking to go out with you, you asked me. This helped. At 20 I'd hardly been in even the close proximity of a woman.

On my 21st birthday you dropped by. Didn't know quite what to do. Small talk would suffice I guessed. As that ran dry I asked if you'd like to see my aquarium in my bedroom and you sweetly assented. Didn't take me long to realize you didn't come here to see an aquarium. The forever existing side of me said "It's about time Steve."

Soon we were inseparable. You showed me that it was possible to do 'it' in the back of a 1965 VW Beetle.

Now, in my quiet moments I wonder where you are. A lot of time and miles between then and now. A bright twinkle echoing to today.

PSST! HEY YOU! UP HERE!...

Yes, you! Graffiti depends on you to send us your creative work!
 Fiction, nonfiction, poetry, line art, photography—
 whatever you create.

Don't be shy! Do it today! More than once if you feel the urge!
 Be in the next issue, okay?

Email your writings and/or scanned artwork to us at
graffitieugene@gmail.com.



Leaked photographs of Graffiti's corporate headquarters: spacious gender-neutral outhouse (above) and C-Suite offices (below). © Morgan Smith, leaker.



Answers to puzzle p. 9

1	C	I	R	P	A	N		6	T	U	R	N	I	T	U	P					
	H		12	R	U	D	O	13	C	U	L	O			14	R	N	A			
15	I	L	L	T	U	B	A	B	O	Y	S			17	A	K	C				
19	C	E	L		20	L	R	T	S		21	A	L	B	I	N	O				
23	K	A	G	U	T	A	B	A		25	L	I	E	N	O	R					
26	E	D	E	N				27	A	N	T	I	P	A	S	T	I				
29	N	I	N	J	A			31	L	D	S	S	O	R							
			32	N	E	U	R	A	L		34	A	M	F	U	L	L				
						37	S	T	R	O	M	A		39	F	R	A	I	40	S	
41	S	P	I	R	I	T	U	A	L					44	S	N	E	O			
45	A	R	M	I	S	H			46	T	E	A	C	A	D	D	Y				
49	L	O	S	T	T	O			50	B	R	R	R			51	O	R	B		
52	A	V	O			53	S	U	B	A	T	R	A	55	F	F	L	E			
56	M	E	R				57	S	O	B	S	O	T	O	O						A
58	I	N	E	U	G	E	N	E						59	Z	E	R	Z	A	N	

Curious Case

(continued from p. 5)

Humans make up spiritual fantasies all the time—communing with the spirits of the woods and rivers the birds and the flowers. Fly Fishermen harbor mystical feelings of solidarity with salmon and their impossible odyssey from a mountain stream to the depths of the Pacific and then, years later, back to their original remote spawning grounds.

Are we to assume the so-called “lower” animals don’t possess the capacity for mysticism? How do we know that? Could this big Columbian have imagined he was a cow? Did he think, dream or contemplate life as a cow? I propose that the Columbian’s struggle with his species identity was a profound statement about life’s metaphysical mysteries. When I discover what those mysteries are, rest assured, I’ll report my findings.

**Science Daily*, Oregon Health Sciences Center, March 9, 2004

☺ ☺ ☺

Dies infaustus

Wake on the hours,
night gilding your walls
like infant shoes.
Tombbed with your stirring heart
you hear its pungent iambs:
I am the unwell being.

Thunderheads are sculptors
mutilated with their own tools.
Roll away from the open window,
feeling accused.

You think you are drawing farther
from her, when in fact
you are growing closer
and have always been
almost closer than you could bear.

In some hours you will leave
your bed, hornswoggled
into the irrevocable daylight.

Sean Bentley



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Slaterized!

Stephen Slater

Retro Procto: Dr. Duck

Kansas Porco Dio Radio's colorectal rock-hard "Procto Lollipop Suppository Suck Hour" is Dorothy and the Tin Man's very own contribution to pandemic-reinforced retrogression into 1950s Allen Dulles CIA-enabled United Fruit Chiquita Walmart gaga gimme gimme goatfuck warm fuzzy mommy foam / wheres my dacquiri & huz that meth-crazed reprobate rummaging my carry-on / Toto, I don't think we're in the 20th century anymore / one man's *terroriste* is another man's Enduring Freedom (as Noam Chomsky once pointed out regarding W.'s global war on whatever, one meaning of the word "endure" is "to suffer") / Wenn ich das Wort Umwelt höre, greif ich nach meinem Adolf / plus ça change / Hunter S. Thompson did not die: his gonzo turkey dinner with all the fixins was transubstantiated into the rarified element of *reiner Geist* with just a touch of materialist yeast, just enough to sprout a future froth of freaky Frank's inventive mothers / that woman's impeachable mouthful of Wild Bill's wayward wanger / but I regress / back to the war on Vietnam: Stephen Paddock's Las Vegas My Lai shootem-up / is mass murder a speech act? (Professor Searle, please call your office) / did Gottlob Frege sense the *Sinn* without broaching the *Bedeutung*? / does the pope shit in the sacristy? / Multimeming Mallarmé / Railroad Rimbaud ridin' roughshod on the *ratio* / James Joyssance, Ithacan author of *Derridas Dead* / lilliputian a la mode with a french-fried *frisson* / i'll have the turd aspic on a bed of lettuce / eine Kuh macht Muh, viele Kühe machen Mühe / vortex vertex Volly Darton / Madoff Karloff Benoit Mandel / white brot butterbrot / cuz the vandals took the handle


Redemptor mundi

As Mary of Nazareth was walking to the market one day, she was humped by an eight-legged flying saucer with a retractable pneumatic titillator. On the eve of the Super Bowl she gave birth to a stigmata-studded alien with an attitude. When it turned twelve it already had a BMW, a Prius and a Tesla. By the time it was twenty it had expanded a home-based hummus operation into a multi-franchise fast falafel chain. A few years later, unmistakable adumbrations of what was to come began to make themselves manifest. In its thirtieth year a large cruciform lump developed on its back, which began to sprout hairs and throb in ever more insistent fashion when the moon was full. It got into gin and blackjack, muttering "Golgotha, Golgotha" at every deal, and "Father, why hast Thou forsaken me?" when it lost – as was usually the case. Then it met Ichabod the Baptist in the sauna one day, who taught it how to attract lepers and storms. They did the talk shows and Vegas; they were even on Saturday Night Live. Yet there was no avoiding what was to be. The throbbing cruciform lump could no longer be dismissed as a mere by-product of overactive gonads. No – a full-scale hirsute crucifixion was taking shape, Roman soldiers and all, just beneath the grotesquely distended integument, literally itching to be hatched.

Mark Überverse

As Jared Samsa awoke one morning from troubled real estate dreams, he found himself sipping champagne at the American embassy in Tel Aviv. With him was Ivanka who, although enjoying the snacks and bubbly, began eying the bowl of Red Delicious resting on the sideboard. How does this story end?



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