

Lost & Found Times 12

...the stars saw the doctor

He wondered whether they had success

"Correll has had

not have much confidence in the ability of the
Austrian...
...the street...
...was standing on the bottom platform. Ap-
parently he had been on his way for help
dispose of the bodies within, and had stopped
to listen to the noise from above.

...warming...
...favorite topic...
...crook...
...ranged through the bars at the heavy,
...of the...
...was...
...possible...
...felt...
...said...
...fighting...
...least...
...of the...
...seriously...
...of the...
...with...
...seriously...
...he remarked as he resumed his restless position
on the floor...
"Said...
"Correll...
"dispatched Correll to get some
...could guard...
The slight break in legal proceed...

ONLY THE TIN Y DIRTY MEXIC AN RESTAURA

HARD FOR A GIRL LIKE HER TO RECOVER UP IN A PLAC E LIKE THIS

Further on, sounds of excited...
...place...
...There were...
...A couple of Mexican girls...
...way that led into the big...
...was among the...
...all of
...appeared to have been drinking...

...of the...
...with...
...seriously...
...he remarked as he resumed his restless position
on the floor...
"Said...
"Correll...
"dispatched Correll to get some
...could guard...
The slight break in legal proceed...

...the street was quite dark

LOST AND FOUND TIMES

No. 12, October 1982

\$3

Al Ackerman
 Guy R. Beining
 John M. Bennett
 Ernest Noyes Brookings
 Judson Crews
 Michael Dec
 K. S. Ernst
 Sue Fishbein
 Giovanni Fontana
 Jeff Fright
 Ubaldo Giacomucci

S. Gustav Hägglund
 Davi Det Hompson
 Dave Johnson
 James Johnson
 Joel Lipman
 Vicky Mansoor
 Keith Rahmmings
 Dan Raphael
 Paul Weinman
 no wise
 Spike Young

Cover by Joel Lipman

Thanks to David B. Greenberger and the
 DUPLEX PLANET for providing the poem by
 Ernest Noyes Brookings

 Ohio Arts Council Individual Artist
 Mini-grant Recipient/FY 1982



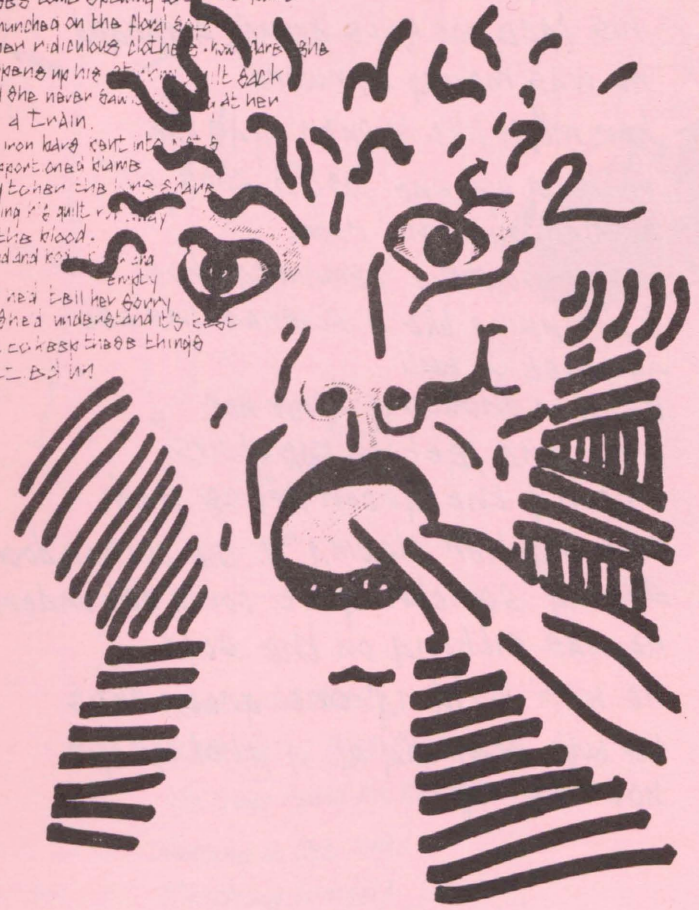
Mouth of Antz

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inside the skull - a hollow crash
 his face disintegrated - around his eyes
 something inside - rip like - from the inside
 lungs & bones spewing out like kuku
 she hunched on the floor
 in her ridiculous clothes - how dare she
 he opened up his stomach - all back
 blind she never saw - at her
 like a train
 when you have gone into it
 he appears like kams
 giving to her the same
 watching it's quite real
 with the blood
 his mind and body
 empty
 later he'll be her body
 she'd understand it's cast
 not to keep things
 KOT - B - M



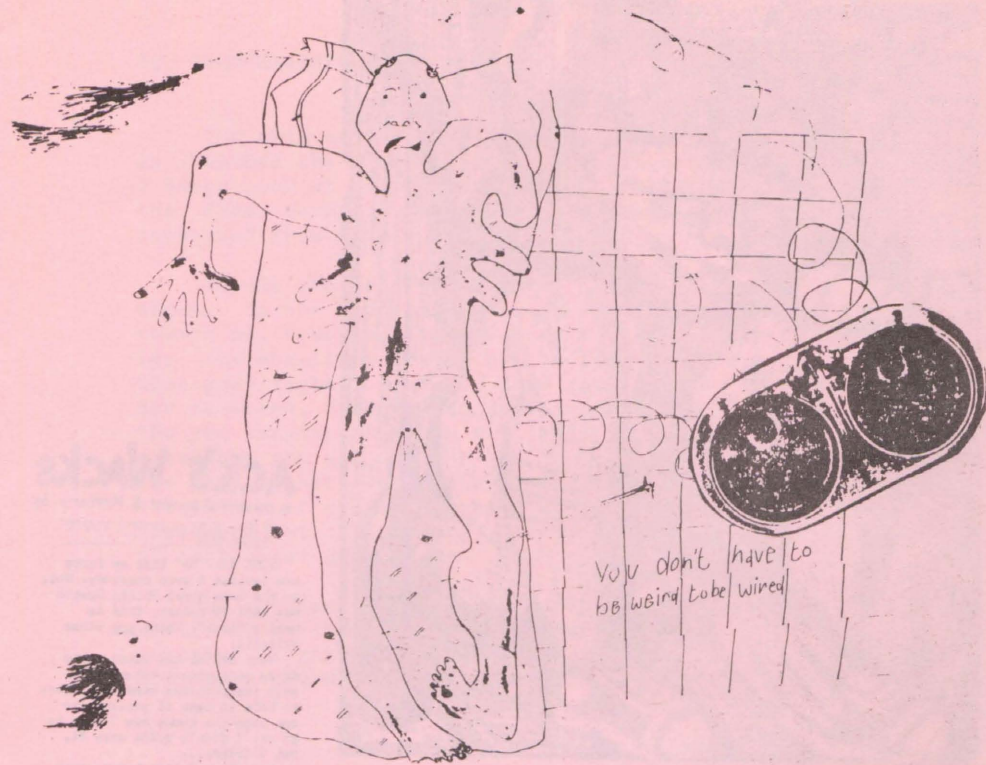
Spike

Spike Young

he was standing by the door
he was staring at something in a pan
running towards her
his apron looked bizarre
his face not quite humanly arranged
he was moving forward
her mouth like an open garage
backing up she lost a shoe
wishing out the room
kicking off the remaining shoe
it dropping like a stunned insect
against a wall
he was shouting after her
pounding feet on the stairs
seeing the green dress flash
hearing her clawing at the outside door
saying something he could not understand
he was sitting on the sofa
he was holding one green shoe
he was staring at a photograph
not seeing

dog

I saw a dog
it had no legs
it was burrowing in the mud
it had two heads
one snarling near eyes
one digging a hole.



man eats road
black plastic bags flapping
like crows round his stick legs
swaying in the road
clutching himself
tearing at his skin
wailing like a train
they froze the chickenheads
on sounds like that
til the dark rubs him out
like a swear word.



"By Sitting on the floor I got my pants off!"

Ack's Wacks

A Column of insight & Mystery by

DR. AL ACKERMAN

SOME WILL SAY that my facts are loutish & even unsavory. But, as the late great Philip Guston was wont to remark, this is merely "true". There are other criteria.

Your editor has asked me to do an occasional column. His only instructions were that I was to hold it down if possible to one page—he knows how I tend to go on. I didn't quite make it, but I tried....

Actually, I have known about this, known that I would wind up here in these pages, or to be more truthful, in your company—since November of 1964. So you could say I have known about it for nearly 20 years. Not that I am wildly psychic or anything of the sort. I have a fair amount of intuition, but this intelligence—that I would wind up here talking to you—belongs to an altogether different category of

experience. The explanation to such a mysterious phenomena goes like this:

In November 1964, I was a prisoner of the U.S. Military, in Montgomery, Alabama. I was 24 at the time. Naturally, given all their low cunning and vast experience in this sort of shady farrago, the military never cared to publically admit that I was being held prisoner, and so my true status was kept camouflaged under the nebulous title of Medical Service Specialist—a smokescreen that ostensibly included attending classes, working in the dispensary and so forth, but they never fooled me for a second; I knew a prison when I saw one.

What I did, mostly, when I wasn't marching to class or juggling bedpans, was drink. It was old Goethe, wasn't it, who spoke about "the ancient primitive distinction between an alcoholic and a drunkard—" Well I have been a drunkard in good standing off and on for most of my life. I got pretty drunk on Jax Beer with H.P. Lovecraft and Ambrose Bierce last night as a matter of fact. But my days as a prisoner of the military during the 60s were the only times I ever came close to becoming an alcoholic.

Besides drinking myself into stupors, the other things I found to do, the way a baboon might find the toes at the end of his feet, were 1) play cards, 2) read the complete works of James M Cain, 3) indulge in solitary vice, and 4) try to mail myself.

This last is a euphemism, of course. It has to do with attempts at fornication, hand jobs, blow jobs and so on, carried out under the worst possible circumstances. What it was, I shared expenses with three of my fellow prisoners in illegally main-

taining wheels—a wheezing 1947 Cadillac—which we kept off-base, in a clandestine garage. The names of my fellow prisoners were Linthead, Fuck Face, and Zero. Never mind what they called me. We used the rat-trap Cadillac on weekends to entice the local Alabama belles into our company, and we became fairly widely known as four deadbeats who would head straight for the Magnolia Drive-in Theater with a bottle of Four Roses whiskey and extremely limited funds and try to get funny right away, and since none of us would trust the others along with the Caddy, it was always a mob scene. Eight struggling bodies in a 1947 Cadillac is still the most uncomfortable arrangement I can think of. Even when things were going well, to get to the point of the euphemism, it was like trying to mail yourself.

I still remember the night of November 1964, and that the second feature playing at the Magnolia Drive-in was "Reptilicus."

I might have stayed in the car for that second feature if I had done what my lovely companion of the evening, Nettie Sue, had done, which was to have me more slug of Four Roses and pass out. But I found myself in agony instead. It was freezing that night, and the load of jism in my shorts was beginning to dry and harden; it felt like a clammy icy plaster gripping my loins! My only thought was to reach the men's room, which was in the same squat block-house as the projection booth and the snack bar, and ditch the offending shorts. I would have done it the minute I staggered into the men's room, but the place was occupied by three or four crackers. I waited ten minutes in high agitation for the room to clear and then, by way of ensuring privacy, put my back against the door and clamped my buttocks.

I eventually wound up sitting down on the floor. It seemed the only way to get my pants off over my tennis shoes—especially in my half-bombed condition.

I remember standing up—my trousers in one hand, my foul sticky shorts in the other (I still had on my sports coat, shirt, socks and tennis shoes)—and was in this cruciform posture, looking bleakly around for a trash receptacle to ditch the shorts in, when I first glimpsed the other door, a metal one set in the far wall. It was directly opposite me, and as I stood paralyzed, it swung open and the projectionist stepped through out of his booth and into the men's room. For one long moment we confronted each other—wordlessly. Then he said, "Well, Gawd-all-mighty!", and jumped back inside, slamming and locking his door behind him.

I have played that scene again and again in my mind over the past twenty years—"The Look in the Projectionist's Eyes!" It is sometimes given us to actually know in detail what will become of us—a kind of eerie blinding insight into our future lives that occurs in an instant. And that night in the men's room of the Magnolia Drive-in, I experienced such insight, seeing my destiny reflected in that man's staring eyes, irrevocably.

What it told me about myself was that I would never have much money—nor was I likely to become a Rotarian, a banker, a cop, a Sundayschool teacher, or a pillar of any community—but that if I made it through the military alive I might expect to have, not an easy life, but an interesting one—an interesting life among others of my same ilk and kidney. There, at the age of 24 and with my ruined shorts in hand, I was let in on this strange and comforting revelation, and as you can see, since we are in fact here together now, that's pretty much the way it's worked out, you little cutie.

DR. AL ACKERMAN

RECLUSE (C/SFE)

212 W. Courtland

San Antonio, Tx 78212

Your editor apologized for the tiny type on these pages, but Dr. Ackerman exceeded his space allotment by double! I urge you, however, to read this tale, which faithfully reproduced the original typescript.



THE LAST NOTCH

My acid tongue slits throat to throat
and the speed of the lamp losing light
facinates while you grasp its lack
fascinates as you recognize the maniac

Three times life flashes through the purple windows of the house
Is it chocolate you smell
as bullets fill your chest and a cadaver
drops like two gonads

The last red gasp of sunset
passes a rooftop under the ocean
Your hat rolling crazy down the road
like the dog who has bitten death

What are these uncountables
as I adorn my life with the waste of others
Is the way out of the cavern the way in
Must I gulp repeatedly

Look, it is you in death's crevice
I stand, victorious, a monument
What are those lamentable stones beating
beating my heart

Joel Lipman
Translittic from Julián del Casal's "La última noche"

TO MY FRIEND

("in the manner of the poems of Leopardi")

You would abandon me? An out-of-towner
fellow poet--just today I've lost my shirt
all my books and papers torn
like an amnesty note to enemies
who invite me over then slam the door!
Bastard, I'm no Witness hustling Watchtower,
but on Saturday morning I can spot a con
when I see one. The back of your accelerating car
I love fascistically. Friend,
put your teeth on the table. Friend,
would you leave me in the jungle without a rag
to dance to? Why drop me at the corner
of nothing and nothing, my tongue lolling?

Joel Lipman
Translittic from Julián del Casal's "A un amigo"

MAFIOSO

Friend, every dog in the hemisphere
calls some place home.

But who fucks with who? What with
the stone cold Puerto Rican

accent like a siren?
No-one sings for pisswater.

We pray dumb for Dondi daily
to be past poverty, healthy,

while night holds no deep sleep, not
while endless garbage trucks enter the driveway.

Look! One sheet fluttering from the hilltop,
a sign of nothing,

friend, it's just a matter of deciding--
government like a grumpy boss,

a slut to slobber for and frighten,
the cup of belladonna while I whiten.

A mess, life
one hasty yes after another.

Father of my holy mother,
there is no brotherhood after.

Joel Lipman

30

I stomped the ken dull
pleased to find no belly button
"cloned" sez Barby "but not
even anatomically close. take
me away from this" sez she
noticing my bulging Navel

no wise

THE BRUTE

This type is found all over earth
From morning, noon until night
Before asking is it materially worth
Drastic action and a fist fight

There is a saloon with other pals
Always happy with joyous glee
One from a table to his gal -
Would you enjoy a fast spree?

Brute's full of pep, really alert
Enjoy all dances including the rhumba
The favorite wears a white skirt
While twirling never slumber

Once with a texas cowboy ranger
Sir, your saddle has a bad sway
Even though a total stranger
You can certainly play

With a group around a campfire
How many branches on a tree
Even though brutes may tire
Their horse enjoys a spree

On a target range in state
Aim at target with precision
Pull the trigger and wait
For the target operator's decision

Once in a local court room
Near a county cross-barred jail
To judge - you need a whisk broom
With all decision do not fail

With donkey on a cattle range
Did not have a white sail
His animal voice was deeply strange
But did not resemble a whale

Ernest Noyes Brookings

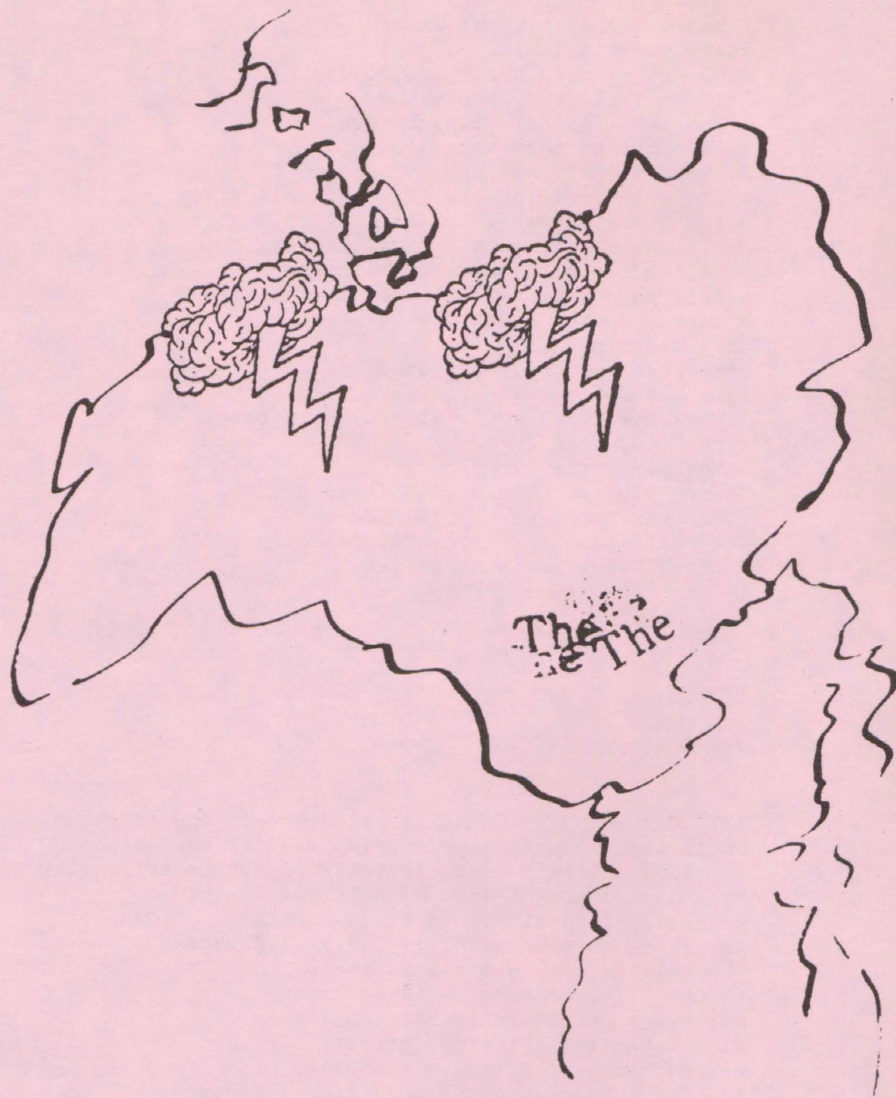
UH GONE WHEEL UH MEAT & WATER

I heard bagpipes in my dinner
There was fission...
my heart singing northward something
& the sub tropical midnight sun
half muffled from the inside
half eclipsed from the outside
I heard waves crashing
& the gulls returned to the tiny cold stars
& the gulls returned to the tiny cold stars
My infant antennae laid bare glistening
over the concrete moors of Michigan
A cold moon drips blood on a dark hospital
o dark hospital night o uh newborn
baby singing
like cold painterly bagpipes
like a musette fulla plasma
like a horn that wails at tiny cold stars
spread too thin
& the parachute burns
Flares pop over the sodden field
where the car lays on its side
its radio playing northward something muffled
I heard laughter in my coffee
I heard the waves break

GAS & MARBLE

IT'S TRANSCENDENTAL GAS he yells & lets his body
swell till elongated eyes press against the ceiling
He takes a breath deep explosion of fungus triggering
neon domino effect down Main Street where
a horse thief gallops in his own rain
hardening into cracked, ivy strangled marble
The thief's eyes sputter in their
thousand years' passage, deep gaping
Halloween opium den in relaxed shades of
blue & purple, allowing further
reproduction of flimsy structures,
Ice China translucent around sacred larvae;
a balsa heart, a Mandarin sky
pressed outward by a baby's finger

Michael Dec



John M. Bennett

NO

I was looking at my hands I was
seeing tiny spots I was
thinking about TV I was
wanting to sleep in the basement I was
standing at the door I was watching bloody
feathers on my car I was
touching the knob I was
feeling salt fill up my mouth and
gravel falling from the sky

I was stuffing crackers through my lips I
couldn't see the table I
couldn't see your eyes my
fingers gritty slippery
"Look at me" you yell I
try to wipe my face my eyelids burn my
tongue is white and stuck between my teeth

My shoes were damp I was
standing on the grass bees
zipping out a hole I
walked out to the alley stood next to a
power pole heard the humzing in the
lines above "No sky?" I thought and
looked up to the clouds
heavy and lumpy past my floating head

DEATH TRANSFER

Nails rusting through the paint my
eyes are sweating and running I
see damp trash heaped in the alley I
stand before the door my
pockets heavy and chaffing my legs
a key shakes in my hand

I lay on the bed I heard the
water hissing on the walls felt cold air
rising from my burnt slimy skin I
thought of dogs
running toward the river in the steaming rain

I was standing on a roof I was
seeing sunlight needle on the shingles I was
fearing the ground speed up at me and
grabbed the chimney its deep
coolness pulling at the backs of my eyes

John M. Bennett

TROUSERS LINED

Somehow, self-assurance had so infested itself in my easy glance that the first feel of rough lips on my legs made little impression. And my well-phrased flow of greetings and quick notice of purposeful grace passed silken in every face.

Yet there were raspings at my thighs. Even the satin lining of newly selected worsted wools didn't help. Selected, by the way, within panelled booths all rimmed in marble.

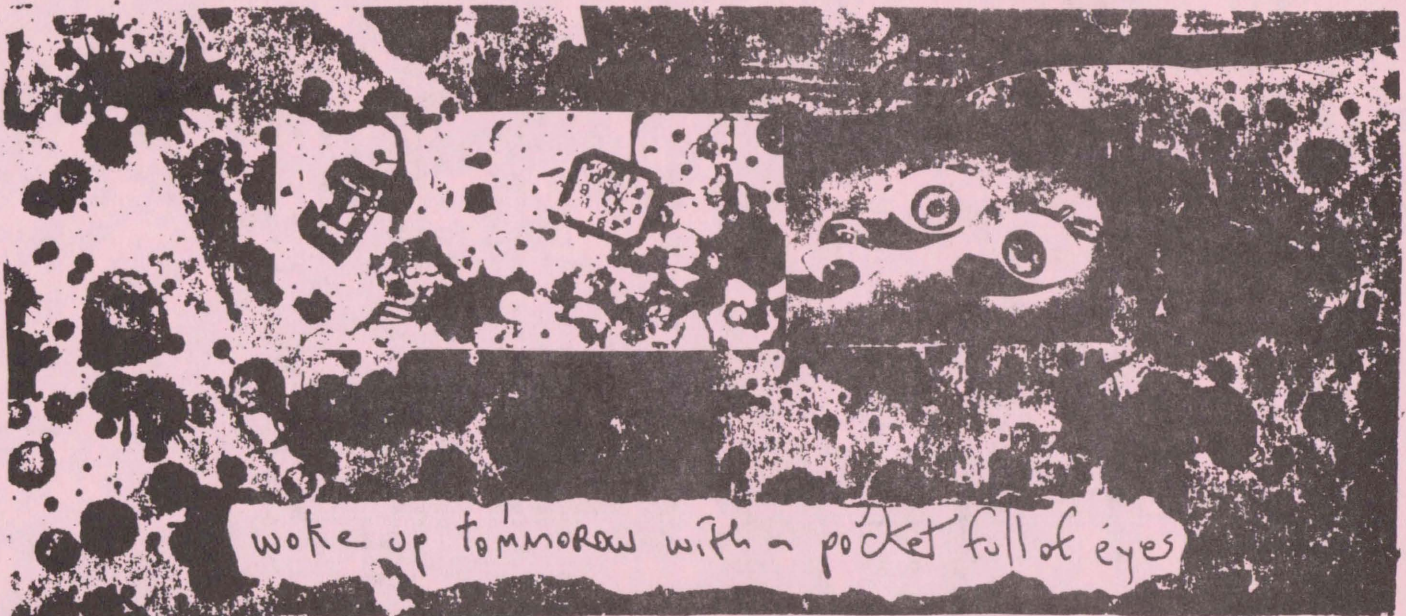
I tried ignoring the discomfort by returning each perfumed compliment with my own of more silvered tone. Even to offering lowered eyes, slightest touch of hand pressing for champagne so cool in golden effervesence.

But as my phrases spoke more of fantasies disguised as the lies they were, even those less guilty than I were standing back discreetly to glance ... even stare at the thrashing taking place beneath the gray of my trousers tailored.

Finally, in fear of what was unknowingly eating at my knees, I ripped wool away. Exposed - flesh all in pocked holes yellowed brown. And lizards ... a lot of those.

Some associates laughed, a few turned in their cards, but most spoke easily of yesterday's market's unexpected slump.

Paul Weinman



(hammer hitting the bloody clock)

On a late night subway platform
I cut the Marlboro mans eyes out

COP SHOT DREAMS

liked the sociopathic look of the kid's eyes . . .

he cop's wound to plug up the fountain of blood.
rainy night glowed with the red lights of other cop's

Pork bellies too abstract.

unloaded a trailer of hangers for breakfast - went out on an
afternoon ticket for five tearing down pyrobrick walls in a
dusty basement full of damaged christmas trinkets, decorations,
flannel flags from different states, boxes of old invoices

put the headed half of smashed porcelain saint in a lightbulb
cage with a stalk of tiny plastic bananas, backscratcher
skeleton hand, bride, and half a blond mermaid, the burnt
remainder of an old flag on a stick

headless jesus in a dead refrigerator with a decoy duck in the
freezer disemboweled fuse box black wires hanging photo of
someones son suspended on the prongs of a kitchen fork

mildewed nudist magazine "they all sat down to eat"

S. Gustav Hägglund

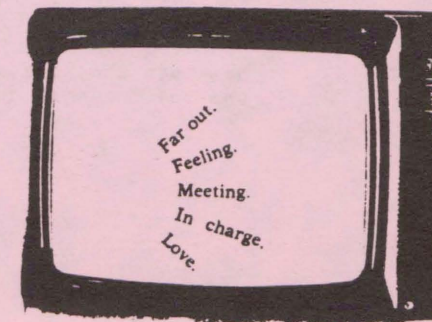
EXPERIMENT IN PERCEPTION

INPRINT of mecca on tarnished indian HEAD
TRIMMING space to zero with disc of head
to exploit axis
the CIRCLE bargains with itself
and watches a wounded SAILOR PUSH HIS TONGUE OUT
TO SEA
spied gravity of moon OVER MELON TOPS
all the loudspeakers OF tomorrow
TOAST A ROW OF numbed nuns
seek the TANTRUM THAT GOT CUT into the head
of the ANTelope
a view from HANDLE
BARS the ear of it
pieces escape telephone
the security OF LIVING OUTSIDE THE HANDLE
A LAMP sculptured in bone light
a buzzard sucking 9 LIVES OUT OF A CAN
W H E E L S
the sky in DRAWINGROOM WITH cabinet featuring a
set of black holes
the PLAN WAS EXECUTED thru the eye of an oyster
sausagepan gathers stellar mix AS TELESCOPE eyeballs
props of unyellow wall
from INFORMAL GRAY SHOULDERS a red block quickens.




Guy R. Beining

The first name



Ubaldo Giacomucci

 **Press Me DEATH**

I SAW YOUR KISS

AT THE TOP OF THE CLEAN LAMP WIND

A BURNING POODLE ON THE STEPS

YEARS AGO

I HAD A CHANCE TO

GO ANYWHERE BUT IT WAS

DOG TIME

NO TIME

NO TIME TO

TRY SUICIDE

The blood MADE ME ONE STEP TOO SICK - NOW

The blood DANCES WITH ME

SAY GOODBYE, GRINDER

DEATH IS NO SNAKES

it is the BLANK WALL

SO I GET NO ANSWER

K. S. Ernst & John M. Bennett

DAVI DET HOMPSON DEFINES JOHN M. BENNETT'S WORDS

Blunker - noun, one who blunks. A blunker is a person who presses large dimples into car doors and fenders with a foot or knee.

The - The Thes were a primitive tribe living on the southeastern shore of what is now Great Britain. Named after a characteristic sound made whenever they pointed to objects.

Histic - A permanent open boil-like sore that is used by East Indian gurus to absorb all of the body's ailments into one place. Usually induced in an out-of-sight area; for example, on the inner side of a knee or under the hair.

Lumberate - To turn over in one's mind, to consider large, formless concepts of contemporary and historical importance without conclusion. Although usually conducted without acknowledgement, a conscious episode of luberation can be triggered by a minor occurrence such as the crack between a store window's dummy's hand and wrist or a TV news reporter staring into the camera as he waits for a pre-recorded message.

Gaster - The plastic pull-up tip on a white glue or liquid detergent bottle that opens and closes the spout.

JOHN M. BENNETT DEFINES DAVI DET HOMPSON'S WORDS

Noggle - n. cranial drain hose, used after surgery. v. to jostle a person's hoses; i.e., to confuse.

Wamp - n. viscous ooze on basement walls. v. (colloq.) to spit on a person's pants.

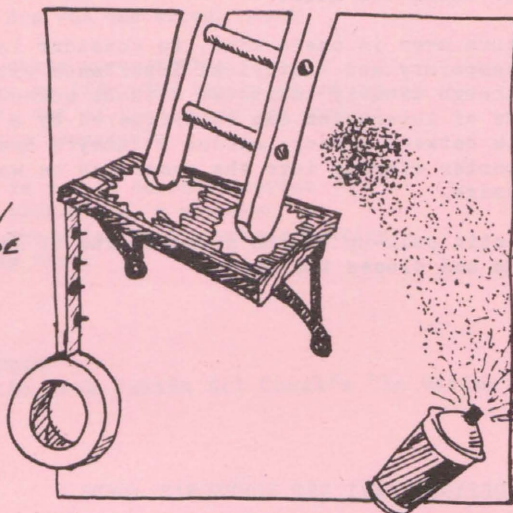
Sucigate - v. to walk with the knees turned out and slumping to the right or left with each step; applied to ambitious civil servants.

Fluch - adj. used to indicate a stopped-up toilet that is full to the brim with fecal matter, as in "a fluch toilet". v. to fill with fecal matter.

Davi Det Hompson & John M. Bennett

A#
LADDER
STANDING IN
PETROLEUM JELLY

B#
TACKS
STICKING ON
MASKING TAPE



C#
AEROSOL
FALLING OFF
SHELF

DET 2/81

THE PHOTOGRAPHED HOUSE

The skin of her face had been burned. As I walked the steps leading to their house I dared look at her grimace of pain felt in that first terrible searing; now permanently stretched from temple to jaw.

Inside the house "The Seven Samauri" had begun. On the floor a cockroach was scratching toward me, touching its way from table to chair leg, its stealth betrayed by the television's blue-grey light. I asked, "Are you angry?" She answered, "Yes", then said again, "Yes I am." "Do you imagine that you will ever be more at ease than you are now?" She shifted her eyes for a long moment to the collection of snap-shots hung above the dresser. "Perhaps, but I hope not. My anger is a document of that other life."

We gathered our things, said goodbye then waited as he closed the house; pulling shut curtains, tightening faucets and stringing trip-wire alarms across the thresholds.

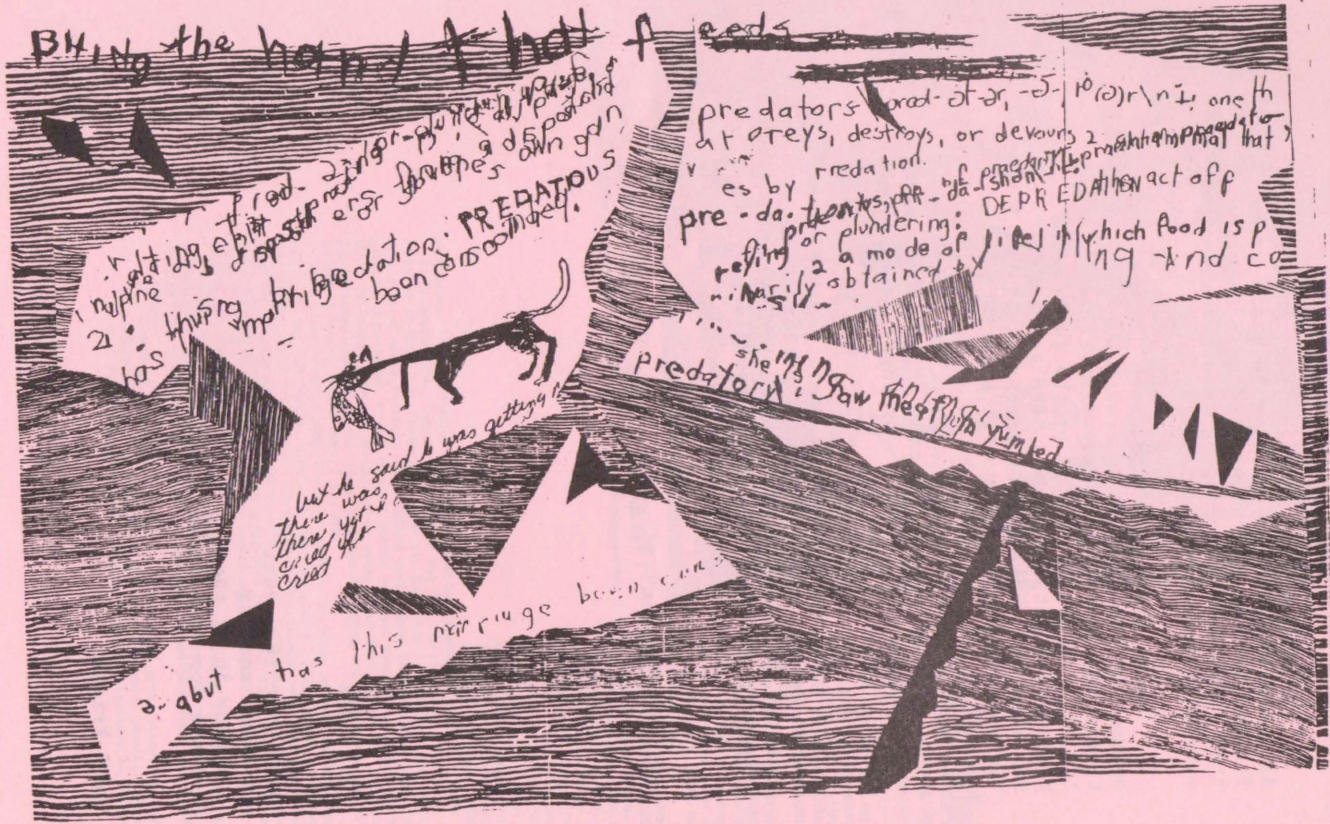
Davi Det Hompson

FAIRYTALE

Dead swan in a taxi
Thursday morning
A window in my chest
A cloud for an address

Jeff Fright

Davi Det Hompson



Vicky Mansoor



Then, thinking tends to
 is autistic. Patient may
 four disclose autistic
 fantasies, which betray a
 failure, possibly extending
 over many years, to make
 use, in his thinking, of a
 language which could
 serve the purposes of
 communication. Many of
 the words he uses, for
 instance, are private words
 or 'neologisms' or poor
 approximations to the
 correct word ('metonymy' in
 Cameron's terminology).
 It may be difficult to
 make any sense at all
 of much that he says,
 although it may seem
 to have profound mean-
 ing to him. In some cases
 the language is normal,
 although the ideas
 expressed are bizarre.
 The patient may be
 absorbed in his fantasies
 and these may be
 difficult to interrupt.
 Events outside him, or
 questions put to him,
 may fail to gain his
 attention or to direct
 and control his
 mental activity in a
 normal manner. His
 answers to questions
 may show a confused
 mixture of ideas, some
 related to the question,
 and others to his
 fantasies (wide penetration).
 He may impress as normal
 in idle conversation, but
 show severe disorder in
 his written productions.
 15th May 1982
 (R) at FOMT.

Dave Johnson

clue

a
t whi
ch into
rest / by
arterial pr
oportion(s) s
chematic dwelli
ngs on highly gen
etic or absent / to
the "actual" / glued t
he implement / as more o
r less credo / based and h
eard burials eventually / ha
ving or surprise / rather day t
hese mysterious / the supply into
somehow discursive / and link icons
though blue / for even rural matter /
they signify / we stand it / who pictur
e / only might be argued / time-honored d
uring its accord / aside their / hardly key
and walk mouth-to-mouth

Sue Fishbein

n i b s
i d l e
b l u e
s e e p

James Johnson

CAPE FEAR

Don't tell me shit about the Lone Ranger's big Yugoslavian asshole. You think just cause Heraklitus knew a trash compactor from Loni Anderson's poop-scoop the new Stones album is worth peddling your diodes on the street for? Theory of spontaneous generation holds that "under certain circumstances dead matter may organize self into living matter without intervention of already existing protoplasm." Adenoid-androids drift through profane quagmires of spastic Velveta. Naugahyde lumpenproles splitting for The Cape, shoot up into stratosphere where hebephrenic thud-junkies murderously flail their axes at everything in sight, fingers blazing up and down the Richter Scale send high-amplitude earthquakes thwacking the hippocampus to stone Brahma jelly with megadecibel overkill, genocide scherzos, pizzicato thuggee. "It had to be a burst of flak -- no enemy plane could have got him." Tonto's vital juices become blitzed Promethean plasma that waiks like a man, his pud specialist makes noise like a trash compactor, sending down the new polyvinyl cowpokes in a bulb of rigid plutonium light, Vulcan feelers probe the leprous purple meat under god's toenail. "Yanked her bleached roots, pound her head against the mirror until glass smeared with spurts of blood & pieces of meat from her head, she moaning yah, yah, dis feel goot, dis feel zo goot!" Wriggling shapes beneath the translucent pink membrane. White Eyes, you wanna see yo mother treating diseases of the joint the rest of her life man? "Everytime I rammed my prick into that hole, it was like smashing my fist into somebody's face." T-minus one & still counting. Down by the launchpad underarm zombies twang thoughtform Strats, honk up genocide dentifrice, slurp the burnt insides outta blown power-transistors, flash on coming eons of karmic diaper rash for Magister Lewdies and Shellshocked Power-Pop Pubies alike, crash through the time-barrier like Rodan with a hotfoot, total their Datsuns on Arcturus. "He felt his life draining slowly away; his life was a huge sinus, and it was draining, draining slowly away . . ."

Keith Rahmmings



Al Ackerman