DOG CAKE HAT
IN MEMORIAM

DOUGLAS C. LANDIES (Mr. Sensitive) 1945 - 1978

The Landies pieces in this issue come from the collections of John M. Bennett, Dr. Coffey, Jeff Way, John Evans, and Nancy Landies. Thanks to them and to all the others who made materials available.

Thanks also to Dr. Coffey for the generous cash contribution.

In the five Nips poems, Mr. Sensitive is with his friend, Nick L. Nips.

(c) John M. Bennett & Nancy Landies 1978

The survivors sobbed and beat themselves in anguish inside tents set up by the Red Lion and Sun while food prepared for them was left to be eaten by stray dogs.

Lost and Found Times
Aug. 1978 • No. 5

DOG CAKE HAT

vangogh's hat

$1.00; Subscription $5.00

Five Nips Poems: John M. Bennett
Everything Else: Douglas C. Landies

LUNA BISONTE PRODS
137 Leland Ave.
Columbus, Ohio 43214
The dog had on a wedding cake it was barking at a buglight hanging off the wall Nips was staring at the tabletop thought the greasespots eyes Looks like yer maw served up he said his shirt tightening on his back Yer hat's on fire! she screams and covers his head with the garbage bucket

Later he dreamed a toaster, electric green smoke towering out it, he was walking behind the shopping center saw a word fall off the roof, DOGHAT it said crashing on the empty bins

In the basement he filled a box with cockroach poison thought his hair was growing stiff and saw a light spiraling on the furnace; he grabbed his tools, fell on the stairs I'll have to change my plans he thought the hammer speeding toward his face
SENSITIVE'S LAST CAKE

They were walking toward the donut shop
cake crumbs spurting from his mouth
I gotta eat more sweet he said This
cold is dogpuke, slug trails on my cuff
at the store the light was blue and
blinding, Sensitive sits on a
stool, feels his shirt get taut on his
back and slumps down toward the counter
She put glue in the spaghetti sauce, said
Nips, And then she threw hangers at the
TV screen, he twitched in front of the
menu while Sensitive stares at the
wedding cake couples stacked beneath the glass and
sees his face, blank and black,
a single tooth glistening out it
SENSITIVE THINKS

They met at the TV store he was
eating a bag of donuts and jumping up and down
I saw a apshead running down the street he said
Big veined eye popped out
They were walking through the parkinglot, passed a
lady in a car her trunk was
open full of garbage Last night I saw these
bugs crawling in a spiral Nips said

They went off to the city dump saw a
manikin stuck in the glop a
giant tooth in its forehead, I gotta think, he thought
staring at a chair burning on the access road
SENSITIVE'S BOX

Sensitive was watching the girls slittering on TV, swallows a gob of phlegm and sees the diamond man; Tits, he sings, shaking his keys in his pocket.

He thinks about the vines growing through the porchlamp, steps outside a line of cars a light spiraling on the leader flies and dice for windows Must be the sweetroll van he says he hears the kitchen phone he sees his dog leaping at the icebox trying to tear the handle off.
He had a book was full of eyeballs, stood there, read it, leaned against the wall and stared at Time Release he thought rubbing the dimes in his pocket

His wife came home I gotta get my pap smeared she sighed standing next the grocery bags he thought her gagging on a rubber candybar falling down on top the TV, dead

He went up to the bathroom saw a blank dense spot inside the mirror the bathtub filled with tiny plastic skulls We are only flies he thought stretching out his arms and grinning in his hope
Dear Mr. Evans,

I once dreamt that I discovered a half inch tall dog in my refrigerator. He barked normally (in regard to his timbre) but you had to be very close to him to hear it. Just recently I had a dream in which a large bed was covered with a blanket which had a yin/yang dog on it. I pulled back the blanket to find a bright blue sheet illustrated with dual waterfalls drowning a dragon. Well, you are only as young as you feel... I did come to the city in Dec. I was only there for two days—running around like a mad man. I felt bad that I did not get in touch with you. This time—that is to say in mid-March—I definitely will see you. I want to climb those ginkurot stairs in the house of blue lights. I think dogs represent intuition. I have a boxer dog named Padma Sampraha.

2-16-77

[Signature]

2.2-2
LATE CUP

CARDBOARD Doggies puked
A grip of bon po Bondo
A Sloth of Time,
cheezes dripping fruitlessly
angled at the exit flame
burnt out houses hide.
The grease cup spew
monsters eat, in time,
in no time. Just one eye.

she wolf eating her man
I clutched his disk.

He climbed steel edged ladder
rubber vanity twixt he's teeth
weenie oil dropped off tip
he gazed and gapped at window screen
numerous buzzed by at the speed of lifes
he got lips on face
dog nose drooped

drumming fingers, tapping toes
this disk zoomed back
buried in the wall it oozed
half sticking out and in it.

L. Coburn
From the desk of
LUCKIE MUDFLAPP

dear NIK-
I know what you mean about self-centered—when I try to find the center of me self so hard I gets self centered.

AI AGUA
TANKS OF MEAT

BUNNY RABBIT
ON THE COPS LAWN.