Lost and Found Time

10

A cup of

But this

Puk

Splashed

in his

face
THE SLEEP

Al Ackerman
Guy R. Bening
C. Mehrl Bennett
John M. Bennett
Kiki Bonbon
Bonspiel
Robin Crozier
Michael Dec
K. S. Ernst
Louise Gagné
S. Gustav Hågglund
Scott Helmes

Davi Det Thompson
Edward Lense
Musicmaster
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Richard Olson
Sabina Ott
Francis Poole
Bern Porter
Marilyn R. Rosenberg
Ken Saville
Madam X
Susan Young

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THIS IS A MIRROR - John M. Bennett
THIS IS NOT A MIRROR - Richard Olson
19/05/81
20:09 SORRY HAVE BEEN OUT FOR A WHILE
bled for a couple of days
then drinking falling in love and depression
stayed home today everything is so still
walking very slowly
looking all around
sleeping
the telephone is ringing
somebody at the door
a dog is coming in the house
a dog is leaving the house
had to cut my hair it's growing so fast the more i cut the faster it grows
everyday i have to cut while i cut in front it grows in the back
it grows on the sides it's growing straight upstairs
should send you some photos you wouldn't believe
would you like something to eat
it's getting dark outside a fire is burning
thank you for this beautiful word you gave me
flesh
it's so much alive you can smell the blood
20:39

Louise Gagne

21/05/81
22:40 you must not suspect that indeed you are alive you
must come to the evidence blood is running through your body along
with electric impulses your flesh is sweating the thinking
of the mind you wake up and scream you feel cold and
need somebody to warm you up all this means that you are alive
so what so that you can't do anything about it it's there
you're there here and there you fall in love you get depressed
you can't do anything about it emotion is running through
your flesh you observe if you like it you know it won't last
if you don't like it it's the same it won't last emotion is running
through your body emotion is dilating and contracting your flesh the
heart is beating faster the blood gets thicker darker you look at
yourself in the mirror you're blue tomorrow you'll have reddish tones it
only means that you are alive you can't do anything about it try suicide
why you're not depressed you're alive we are vacuums we aspire
things then we expulse things are just passing by running through the
flesh the sweat can be sweet or sour an acid taste in the mouth
things are going through you we are vacuums we aspire things we expulse
inspire expire the heart the lungs they inspire they expire
why try to escape you're just living you don't bother with bad things
you don't care about happiness it's just going through you
but you like these convulsions of the flesh you like them so much
you don't want to die you want eternity what else see you
23:17 have another drink and think about me

Louise Gagne
In Los Angeles I go to a movie theatre to watch an Alfred Hitchcock film. Who should greet me when I walk in, but Alfred Hitchcock, sitting in a director's folding chair. After the show, I walk down a street lined with old, shuttered houses. JoAnn is with me. I want to find out if any of the houses are for rent, but there isn't anyone around to ask. Then we run into John Bennett, who says he lives nearby. He gives us his phone number, smiles nervously, and goes on his way.

JoAnn runs up to a liquor store and feet first, jumps through the plate glass window on which is painted a Budweiser logo "Pick a Pair of Sixpacks." The window shatters, throwing glass all over the sidewalk. She lands inside. Seconds later, JoAnn leaps back through the window with two sixpacks. Then she does what I fear most. She walks into a bank, hands a teller a note demanding money and, pointing to me outside, tells the guard not to move. The teller quickly fills her arms with bundles of crisp banknotes. After tearing the phone out of the wall, JoAnn walks outside and together we run like hell to a shopping center parking lot. While walking behind a long row of parked cars, a man runs up to us. I tell JoAnn to cover the money with my shirt, which I quickly remove and hand to her. We keep walking toward the sidewalk. I try to get rid of the man, who tells me he knows me and that his wife is going to have a baby. He says this worries him a lot. I tell him of all the bad things that will happen to him - he'll go crazy, become an alcoholic, go broke, and his cock will fall off. He leaves in tears.

From the shopping center we walk to a residential neighborhood. The sidewalks are lined with the tallest banana trees I have ever seen. They form a canopy, cool and luxurious, under which we feel safe. After a while, we exit onto a busy intersection. I go to a phone booth and call John Bennett, who says come over - but he can't come get us, so we take a taxi. When we arrive at his house, John is pleased but suspicious. JoAnn and I go into a bedroom and hide the money. Suddenly, I hear voices outside and then a loud knocking on the front door. John, not knowing what, lets the people in. I look through a window and see a police bus parked in front of the house. Then I imagine myself as a Genet sort of character and realize I will spend years in prison where I will go mad and write. JoAnn and I are not upset - the chase was fun. Then a small flash goes off and I wake up, feel reckless and rich.
a time of reckoning of even more common irritating doubts stalks us like a weary predator it may soon tire of it's unrewarding hunt if nothing is done to maintain our most enervating of collective psychoses we shall soon find ourselves reducing the mass and volume of our contempt

if you should choose to opt for despair and good faith-a guilt-ridden anquished experience of stark horror-come within striking distance again

IF YOU'RE FUSSY ABOUT HOW NEVER CONSIDERING THE LASTING DAMAGE YOU SHOULD BE JUST AS FUSSY

you can sulk later it was your bright idea wasn't it. blast into spring and knock out the competition prove it again we want to help you do things right when you're looking for action look to neoism then change your mind again

Kiki Bonbon

1. the tip of a rubber glove
2. one burnt potato
3. one black heart

go to the safeway store. buy a beef heart. put it in the toaster oven and turn it on broil 500. forget about it. in two hours the phone rings. it is the one you think you love. you are enveloped in the stench of a burning black heart that you have not noticed because you forgot, but stepping back to answer the phone, who is the person you think you love, you notice. oh, something is burning, hold please. take the heart and put it in a jar with a label on it. go back to the phone and continue.
take four steps, there is blood on my pants, take four steps and start the dance.
stilted stick movements, jerky and smart, he has an ass like a strawberry tart.
i think i want to die.
empty blacked heart, someone forgot to take it out of the oven.
take four steps and do a jig, then four more and take a swig.
cry tomorrow, then yesterday, go for a roll in some yellow hay.
i think i want to die, or have my insides scraped, red and black laid out on a table, a new map, some new territory, a long red vein is a road to Illinois, a small town, a clot on the floor, a piece of intestine is a wide field, a strand of hair, a cow.

(every minute that is spent with the insides of a burnt cow's heart here, in the chest instead of my own red fist, every second, every pulse beat with this blackened mass inside, there like that, every minute spent like this eats away at my tenderness. this is what cancer must be like.)

Sabina Ott

A COLLABORATION
BULL-----WORKS
LOST-----OVERNIGHT
DANDRUFF-----TUNE
HEART-----LESSONS
CUP-----LINK
SNAKES-----WEDDING

John M. Bennett & Bonspiel

MUFF VISOR

her
naked little
bush
on top of his head
to protect his brain from the sun.

Ken Saville
the army entered the city. a captain, like the rest of his men was red in color, from the blood red tint of his dark hair, to the crimson red of his cloak to the orange red of his copper breastplate to the purple red of his tunic to the brown red of his boots. red gold studs glowed coalish on the hilt of his sword and the shaft was black. he marched along with thirty three of these red men through the streets and then the courtyards and through the hallways beating thumping flowing red, all of them seeking, he found two large doors of glass, opening, entering and the thirty three follow. they found themselves in a large light room. the walls were bright and yellow with many murals, a pool glistened gold and green. beyond the pool stood the queen and her advisors. one stepped forward and asked the army men what they wanted. the captain stated the conditions, as they were the conquerors, the rules and privileges they claimed. the advisor agreed to these upon the condition that the captain must mate their queen. she stepped forward and was beautiful, so he put aside his black sword and came to her. she put her back to him and he trembling, lustig, did it. on the moment of his orgasm with red men watching, breathing this thick hot air, sweating in their redness, the queen, who in their red heads they too possessed, turned, howling catlike, skin became fur, hand and wrist, paw, reaching back claws out grabbing gutting the red captain, no sound heard, but for the man's slow moans and then his silence while moments dripped like the blood on her hands. thirty three black swords unsheath, thirty three red rush forward, stopped only by the looks of the advisors, gazing quiet at the last mural on the wall. thirty three heads turn and see their captain, a small part of a glowing red mosaic. then the slaughter starts.

Sabina Ott
Perhaps it was this hot wind did something to him
nerves jump like surf under a pier
it was booming against my shut window
like the surf under nerves
jump and your skin a red smear
of tail-light around the nearby corner

Scott Helmes

RED WIND

S. Gustav Hägglund
A woman stumbles into a police station rambling incoherently about Bartok, music, hollow voices, a clock striking midnight and murder.

Her lips said: red searchlights.

this wind

S. Gustav Hägglund
THE JUICE

The twisted pipe.
The field of corn.
The hand upraised.
The ham sinking in the mud.

John M. Bennett

Marilyn R. Rosenberg
He abhorred me: I blanketed his lawn with a glacier.
He bucked me: I loosened his moorings with a wrench.
He chastised me: I fumigated his bed with a cheroot.
He defamed me: I slashed his tonsils with a razor.
He exhorted me: I exiled his mother with a decree.
He fought me: I forfeited his bond with a disclaimer.
He gored me: I deluged his guts with a laxative.
He bucked me: I loosened his moorings with a wrench.
He chastised me: I fumigated his bed with a cheroot.
He defamed me: I slashed his tonsils with a razor.
He exhorted me: I exiled his mother with a decree.
He fought me: I forfeited his bond with a disclaimer.
He gored me: I deluged his guts with a laxative.
He heckled me: I pounded his elbow with an eider.
He ignored me: I smothered his ewe with foxglove.
He jeered me: I smacked his nurse with a firkin.
He knocked me: I bloated his nephew with tallow.
He lashed me: I slammed his mistress with a gavel.
He maddened me: I gilded his chest with mollusca.
He nominated me: I fermented his grub by exposure.
He oppressed me: I plastered him with dough.
He pursued me: I stuffed his nostrils with an eel.
He quoted me: I flushed his mouth with a douche.
He rankled me: I folled his plan with a caper.
He swindled me: I seared his wife with a geysor.
He twitted me: I gored his daughter with a chisel.
He unnerved me: I doubted his tax with the city.
He vexed me: I diluted his drink with spit.
He wounded me: I hocked his glossary for a banjo.
He x-rayed me: I strangled him with a halyard.
He yoked me: I gouged him through a maneuver.
He zested me: I cracked his skull with a mandolin.

Bern Porter

A can of beeferoni
in your mouth
it feels hard

C. Mehrl Bennett

I had a dream the sirens woke me at 7 am a black squall line to the west the billboard at 9 & Grosebeck was showing commercials like films instead of a flat advert then I got my mail a cassette from Richard H Kirk & from Nips and Lady C was 4 boxes of cake mix & some mirror-writing rubberstamp work of Nips with death images then next day for real got a card from Nips with an axe in meat head.

Michael Dec

MYSTERY STORY

There was a crown lying on the concrete floor where it had just rolled away from the dead man's fingertips, but he wasn't a king.

Was he an actor? the detective asked.

No.

Was he ambitious?

Yes.

Why was he lying on his back on the red floor looking up, his face turning away empty, looking at nothing, his eyes rolled up, his shoulders in a shrug?

Why was there no blood at all in the body?

Why hadn't he cleaned the chocolate stain on his tie?

Was he careless about his blood, or his ties?

No.

Did he know, then, that he was about to die?

Yes.

If robbery was the motive, why were a hundred dollars fanned out carefully in a circle around the body?

If revenge was the motive, whom had he wronged?

No one.

If fear or hatred or pleasure was the motive, who might have killed him?

Anyone.

The detective examined the room. Locked doors, no windows, no way in or out, no footprints, even his own, in the blood, no motives, means or opportunity, no suspects, no confessions likely. There were problems here, all right, but he would solve them. He always did. But first he would have to learn what the white face on the floor already knew: nothing is secret until the wrong questions hide all the answers; but about the acts that draw a man from nothing into life, or bludgeon him back to death, there is only one right question, asked by those who know nothing, understand nothing, assume nothing.

The detective lay down beside the dead man.

Edward Lense
A Story

As I sat in the tiny smoke-filled bathroom, sweat glinting in the tile grout beside a mistorn sheet of perforated tissue, I felt the throbbing of my missing eye. Hub-bub, Torque, Snotty - yesterday’s words ricocheted off the cracked porcelain. “If only she hadn’t ripped off my shirt”, I thought. A small bubble of gas lifted into my larynx. “If only I hadn’t spit in her purse.”

Mellon Park B, the 11:15 crosstown, had jumped a curb and pinched a tiny man against the trunk of a red Datsun. His squeals of delight sounded a treble accompaniment with a pounding in the roots of my eyes. I clutched my moist pencil stub and pressed its dark blunt tip.

John M. Bennett & Davi Det Thompson
MUGGED

parade nuclear mongrel layover handlebar facelifting
Czech cathode bib atop agnostic styling of pronunciation,
his long face imbedded with chunks of gravel is speak at the
restaurant "I'm going to freshen up" is speak
alone in the cool metal halls of the language vault.

mongrel face speak imbedded long facelifting styling atop restaurant

the hoodlum whispered in the shadows "I'm going to freshen up"
as the gun butt hit skull in line as motion the face down in the driveway
boot heel smashes skull as face contorts under pressure forming art form
with blood imbedded chunks gravel, cheeks & lips white pulp
the sculpture tense awaiting audience: agnostic skull forming art as
speak in the hamburger joint "what do you want of me"

lower cathode bib. he checked the files for copies of CRIME &
PUNISHMENT wiped hands free of blood order two fries long face
smiles
(a new language foreign sounds) breath to escape in a continuous
stream, as in pronouncing.

oddball recoil aegis "give me your infancy" last order now

F. A. Nettelbeck
STOMA 170

to demise
o exploratory
  came back to see
  the void
retrieved the crumpled bag again
  and thinking experimentally
  I put it in a larger
  bag
  4 feet high
and sat in front
  of a weekend
  and its fullness.
and when I saw you yesterday
  I thought
  rooms don't fit
your make-up
  you hide things
for example a wife who made the sounds
  of life.

Guy R. Beining

STOMA 890

fixed to papal tongue
a dark mug shining from
blood of workers
all truths in a dagger
cutting each paper tongue
from fields of newly turned
days
  and so it is said that
  the scavenger ate the ball
  that trusty bit of meat
  moving us thru revolving
  stairs
  as we had watched the lake
  of a concerto absorb a
  piano stool
  & in the rocker
dressed in royal red
  an axe.

Guy R. Beining

SEQUENCING: THE PARKWAY AT 4 a.m.

K. S. Ernst
he had almost reached the door when
the broken head began again to wall
I love you I love you through one
of the bloody rips this seemed to
trigger something in the other for
on hearing the words he became rigid
his body his head inanimate resembled
any blunt instrument a club perhaps
who knows what if anything he felt
at that moment maybe the image of
massed maggots striping the flesh
off a dead animal or perhaps a
picture of his mother flashed through
his mind or maybe there was nothing
at all once the rigidity had left
him he flung himself towards the
head and began again to pulverize
what remained of its features he
could hear the voice saying I love
you over and over to the machine
rhythm of his fists he could not stop

Susan Young

MEDICAL

White meatshop lights glare down
In every crease and crack
Nothing is spared its stare
Warm flesh was torn apart as we spoke
We appeared not to notice
Our hands held in tight fists
White bread dough stretched on kleenex blanket
Dangerous glint of chrome
Warm blood steaming on cold glass
Mucous coated rubber hands relax
On the edge of a blinding sink
In a dark place malignant ones never rest
Stomach contents stink and fizz
Like yogurt bloody strawberries float
Seeping foul juice
A brownish stain on pink spreads
Walking feels different insides out
Inside metal objects move about determined and slow

Susan Young

MANY SONS

My pants my keys I
open up the door a room of
smoke and shifting people piles of
chairs against the walls l
squeeze into the kitchen the
sink is full of butts and glass
soggy napkins on the floor
I ask a face Where's my wife?
he stares at my neck in silence

John M. Bennett