

TALES FROM THE LOYNE



Lune Fiction Issue 3 TALES FROM THE LOYNE

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Lune the Loyne!



Lune Fiction

Issue 3

TALES FROM THE LOYNE

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Messages that we receive will be interned

The Good Lord Save The Duke Of Lancaster

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Let there be rococo.

Editorial

Hello and welcome to the third Issue of Lune Fiction. In this world of suicide bombers, armed American assaults, Danish cartoons and other naughty things, I feel it is my duty to highlight an alarming development in the United

Kingdom: the increase in old ladies exploding.

Only yesterday, 85-year-old Myra Dewberry of 57 Roswell Gardens, Lancaster, spontaneously combusted on the high street outside the Big Bank. She scattered herself over an area of twenty square yards, destroyed some window panes and injured a few members of the public.

An eyewitness I spoke to told me that 'he saw an old lady shuffling along and mumbling to herself about old money and then suddenly exploded.'

"There were blood and guts everywhere. It wasn't very nice".

According to the police, old ladies exploding on the high streets of Britain's cities is on the increase. Last year there were two such occurrences, whereas this year there have been three so far.

Something must be done. But what?

Incidentally, this edition of LF is the first of Tales From The Loyne. TFTL presents a short story by a writer we like, in this case *GOD'S NOT DEAD; HE JUST SMELLS FUNNY* by controversial playwright Hendryk Korzeniowski.

May the contents of this issue delight you and don't despair at the state of mankind.

It'll be alright on the night,

Humble Sam



An Expert Writes

Exploding old ladies are an important part of modern life. They play a significant role in 21st Century society and can help to broaden our minds.

I believe (yes, I believe!) we can learn a lot from them and they can help us appreciate life and our foibles and fragility. In a way, they are the modern equivalent of the Good Samaritan because the Grim Reaper is never far away.

But we shouldn't forget 1066 and all that!

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GOD'S NOT DEAD; HE JUST SMELLS FUNNY

Letter To The Editor

To whom it may concern,

It's beyond my comprehension. Life begins and you do your best. You go through childhood, adolescence and adulthood. You do what's right; strive to avoid what's wrong. You listen to your parents and other elders & betters. You try to impress your peers. You cheat, you blag and you get on by. You do what's best for you. We all know

THIS IS AN ADVERT



DO YOU WANT ISSUES? DO YOU NEED BAGGAGE?
DO YOU WANT TO END UP IN A SWISS
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A HORSE, INSPIRE NATIONALSOCIALISM AND DIE
OF SYPHILIS?

THEN JOIN MATTHEW DEMON'S CLINIC OF THE
SUPER MAN FOR ONLY £94 A DAY AND WITHIN A
FORTNIGHT YOU WILL BE WHIMPERING WITH
LUGGAGE! IT'S GREAT!

As seen on most major tv channels and in The Daily Hate

Cut out this advert thing, send it to us and then we'll recycle it

life's a game and that ethics, morality
and civilization are just façades to
cover our primordial fears.

I found a girl. I married her. We had
children. I wasn't a family man. I was a
businessman; a wheeler and a dealer.
I made some money; I made a name for

myself. I indulged in treachery, treason
and pure bloody mindedness. Behind
my sweet smile and soft words, there
was a big stick.

And now? What have I got at the fag
end of my life? What have I got to
show, to prove?

A slut for a wife, a dickie heart, a fairy
for a son, a junkie daughter, terminal
cancer, a bad conscience. Where did it
all go wrong?

Yours,

An Ageing Self-Loathing Alpha Male

Fascinating Facts #1

Did you know that female members of
the 18th Century upper classes who
kept little dogs were known as
'Carolines'? Why, we don't know; but
we do know that the little dogs were
kept, so that they would pleasure the
women in question. And when we say
pleasure, we mean the dogs were
trained to lick the ladies' pussies. Talk
about *le petit mort*, eh?

HS

A Few Thoughts On Death

Death is not allowed to indulge in any
emotional involvement.

None whatsoever.

If it were, then just a minimal
indulgence of sentiment would drive it
mad within days, if not hours. The Mad
Reaper.

Death quietly mourns its lack of
attachment. Untarnished by such things

as love and hate, it drifts through the atmosphere and does its job. It is the divine janitor, the ultimate cleaning lady if you will. God's vacuum cleaner, Lucifer's pan and brush.

Death's scythe never rests and yes, it never rusts. Its garb, a black, dusty, dismal robe, is not susceptible to time, for otherwise it would have long since been reduced to fluff, dust and stuff.

But are these benefits not really a curse? How often does Death sit with empty eye sockets staring morosely into Nihilon, wishing for its robe of rotten, stinking, discarded human waste to fall apart and its scythe's infernally sharp edge to slacken?

All it wants is a one-way ticket to the place it has sent so many to.

How do I know these things? Do you, perhaps, find me presumptuous in claiming to know so much about Death? Do you? And yet I know so little.

Soothe your indignation. My presumptions are not groundless. Death is a frequent visitor to my house. It is that uninvited (and uninviting) guest who creeps in and out. It leaves soiled clothes in the wardrobes, dirty dishes in the sink and used tissues on the table. And I, none the wiser, tidy up the mess as best as I can.

And yes, after each call, I sigh "I do hope that was the last time". But deep

down in me, where the hard work of digesting events is done, I know that life would not be the same without it.

For you know, as well as I do, that without it, the world would become a stagnant, foul and dank place. The clean wardrobes, the unspoiled sink and the spotless table would pine for their erstwhile illusion of use, in remembrance of past glories. The chair Death sits in, devoid of the bony hips, would sigh wistfully whenever someone made use of it and wishes for Death to crease the leather once again. But who am I to judge the way of the world? Fate has chosen not to let me know a life without the rattling gait, the dry musty smell, the black robes, the brass scythe... and that morbid, incessant, grin reflecting in the mirror. Death becomes my family.

God's Not Dead; He Just Smells Funny

He takes a great deal of pleasure in his work. He believes in the importance of the "personal touch" – none of that production line rubbish for him. In this day and age of the JCB digger, with mass graves ready at the flick of a switch, he still prefers to do it all by hand. "There's a lotta difference in an 'and made grave and one that's by machine you know...my graves have

an 'eart – my graves can be called an 'ome."

He knows that recognition will one day come, when all the hours spent coughing through the mud and rain of his occupation will be rewarded, and he'd become "by royal appointment", requested to dig the graves of the House of Windsor: this he is quite sure of. "Course, your royals have a great feeling for internment, you know?. They're all so very natural when it comes to burial. My way of death is summit I'm sure they'd appreciate."

And he is by now highly recommended, speaking often of his satisfied customers, hundreds of them throughout the years. "I've bin an 'omemaker for all me workin' life an' never a complaint. Not like all this jerry-built rubbish today. Cardboard coffins my arse. Crematorial urns? Loada cobblers! Nothing but a bleedin' ashtray. Wot I do lasts. And I've customers' own words for proof!" Because he sees them, on a regular basis, paying their compliments personally. They all come to his little hut on the edge of the cemetery, ignoring the cigarette ash, the damp, the 1964 playgirl calendar and the sticky dark brown smell. And this really means something to him. It's definitely something special. Buried away in their Sunday best, they're still

prepared to have such lovely clothing ruined by crawling their way out of the earth in order to praise the man who has done them proud with his own bare hands. He stares out of his window on a starry night with mounting excitement as he sees the signs of an immanent visitation. At first, there's the tiniest of movements, like the ground hiccuping after a



A MAN YESTERDAY
(OR THE DAY BEFORE?)

disagreeable meal. Then, the daises are pushed up, and a well-off sleeve appears, hand groping around like a decadent spider. There follows an arm, a shoulder, a head and so on, until the recently deceased has been fully thrown up. And they never stumble (this makes him feel so proud), they are never the pallid, dishevelled zombies, lusting awkwardly with all the grace of a frozen liver or spleen. "Hammer Horror?!"

he'd exclaim, almost dropping the woodbine from his Albert Steptoe NHS false teeth, "No idea!" Because his clientele are the stuff that made the country great, full of panache and brought up by public school. The kind of gentleman with several cars and a conservatory. The kind of gentleman you would like to present to your granny. And they always doff their hats in his presence. Even when they are not wearing one. That shows good breeding.

And after the polite introductions and after-dinner type conversation, they are pleased to take some tea with him – smiling benignly like Edward VIII with the poor, ignoring his working class skin – out of the best bone china that he keeps reserved precisely for such circumstances. The tea set gleams with colour in the monochrome of his dank hut and he smiles as he listens to them. He takes great pride in relating these encounters to himself. Especially during moments of contemplation.

"Last week" he often begins, "I buries a fella who 'ad such lovely skin, skin the sort young gels dream of, golden it was. So I asks him, 'How come someone as 'andsome as you come to end up six foot under and so young an' all?' Blimey, he were only in his teens. And he says to me, he says, 'It's

the most peculiar thing' he says, but it was the majority opinion that God himself took a shining to me, so made me die quite young.'" He winks conspiratorially, before imparting some forbidden, mystical knowledge: "'God must be a blonde, he prefers gentlemen'."

"'Wot d'ya do then, in life, was you a missionary, or a papal boy or summit? I asks him. 'I used to be a salesman' he says, 'of the door-to-door variety, selling everything from rear bicycle lamps to zip fasteners and Dr. Tumblety's Patented Hair Restorative – the natural cure to baldness'."

"You must've bin kind and fair to all yours customers then, I imagines." But the young dead man with the angel's skin just winks.

"I'm very pretty you see and my parents are quite well off. Father once met Chamberlain you know." He then finishes his tea, setting off towards his grave before the break of day, with promises that the earth will be all put back just right. And he is left alone, in his damp and broken home, very touched by another grateful customer who came to tea.

He finishes washing his china and thinks back to all the people he's helped to find a home. With a little regret, he realises that he has never had to prepare a permanent lodging

for anybody famous. True, he's had the pillars of society and the captains of industry, but never any celebrities. Now that would be a feather in his cap: if a well-known personality came back to shake him by the hand, with thanks for the care he'd put into their grave. One of the great music hall artistes of the past would've been nice, Dan Leno, or Little Tich. He could ask them for their autograph, value shooting up of course with their eternal status.



AN AMERICAN

He often contemplates when perched on the toilet. Although it's outdoor, wet, with old books piled around his feet in lieu of proper paper, it's very

peaceful and provides a time to relax and think. "Oh yeah", he'd say, wheezing through his fag, "best place to ruminate if you asks me... 'What about the church?' some say to me. 'Clear off's' wot I say to 'em. The Church?! You gotta be jokin', great big dirty smelly things, with noise like a broken gramophone, over and over, same bloody words, same bloody singing. No bloody sense. And no bloody comfort either." He picks up a copy of the bible and all the pages flutter to the floor. Breathing out with relief, he feels so much better when the toilet door suddenly flies open to reveal a very, very large man. Framed with unearthly light that overwhelms the smoke, he stands there and stands there, and stands there in his glory, in front of the seated figure that silently crosses his arms over his lap, hoping no one will notice.

"'Ere, you somebody famous?"

The silhouette chuckles. "Sure I am boy" slurs a heavy American accent, "to many, I am the Lord." Trumpets glory-glory-hallelujah his words.

He stares in complete astonishment, blinking several times, the fresh woodbine almost hitting the floor. As the blazing light subsides, he sees the figure is very fat, bloated even, a size too big for any toilet to contain; clad in an unkind white lump jump suit,

with blue and golden lighting bolts that shimmer out from a freshly-fried fragrance that has skulked into the room like an embarrassing fashion trend. Dark glasses, huge sideburns, a Rolex watch, heaps of jewellery and a very sweaty, unhealthily face all make up this vision of divinity.

"Crikey...well, wot brings you here, er, sir?"

God stops chewing. "Well, folks kinda figured me dead, but it ain't harmed my career. Doggone German philosophers got a lotta answer for."

He laughs along with the Almighty, trying not to blush.

"Thank you very much...little less conversation, boy and I'll still be here."

There is a long and awkward pause. God pulls out a hip flask, no, tries to whip out a hip flask, but his movement is slow and lacking coordination; slow-motion trying to signify the super-human, like the Six Million Dollar Man. He notices the stare from his congregation. "Just remember boy, responsibility can damn well affect your sense of alcohol." He winks and takes another swig.

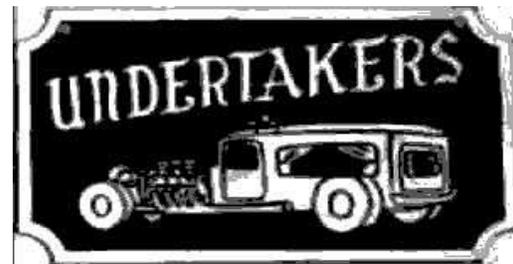
"Er, erm, pardon me sir, but did I, like, er, bury you by mistake sir?"

"Hell no boy. Like I said, it ain't harmed my career."

And he stands there, filling the toilet's tiny doorway, hands on hips, chewing loudly and belching, his jewels clinking in time with his laboured breathes, every inch a deity.

"Ask him" he tells himself, "go on, now your chance, ASK HIM!"

He now has the opportunity to question God himself on anything: life, death, suffering, everything, because he is here, right now, standing in front of him, right here, right now. The souls of thousands of thinkers weep in jealousy as he can ask God anything and everything and get the answers to the questions that have puzzled humanity throughout history.



He trembles with excitement at the prospect.

"ASK HIM!"

"Ere, is it true you once caught the clap?" His hands rush from his groin to his mouth as he realises what he has said. Screwing his eyes tight, the old man waits for the lighting bolt.

The Almighty chuckles, wheezing slightly. "Sure I did. I got the clap and gave birth to the whole damn bitch that is creation. S'why life is

spread by fucks, boy." He begins to cough loudly, with more than a hint of cancer, bringing up mucous, spitting it out with unnerving accuracy.



PRASIE THE LORD AND HIDE THE BURGER!

"So, er, sir...how's you been keeping?"

"So, so, boy. Forgotten by most... so goddam lonely, I could die." A single tear creeps down from behind the Almighty's shades. "Times was when I had the TV audience across the whole damn states...one time..." he drains the flask. "I blame them goddamn long-haired English Beatles, damn communists." He swings his hand down in a karate chop. Almost. "Still, you've kept your looks sir, hey?"

Several fat fingers smother themselves around his throat as God lifts the old man from his earthly throne, trousers round his ankles. "You insulting me, ya li'l punk? You goddam, blaspheming little punk, hey?"

"No, no. no no, sir" he squawks,

"never sir!"

"'Cause I could damn well kill ya now boy, like a damn li'l dog, ya hear me boy? My middle name can be *Misery*" He nods as God thuds him back onto the toilet. "Sorry sir, didn't mean to offend; always respected you, like, always."

"Thank you very much" purrs the Lord, "just so happens I got a li'l song here..." He then goes through a series of ungraceful martial art movements as an electric guitar starts up and a heavy microphone appears in his flabby hand. The old man is touched. God himself has appeared in his toilet and is about to sing. Now how many people can honestly say a similar thing has happened to them? One in a million, he dare say.

God goes on to sing how your breathing had made for his current sexy mood, as he gyrates his huge hips in a very ungentlemanly fashion.

When the spectacle is over, he claps enthusiastically as the Almighty departs. A deep voice then booms out from below: "God has left the building!"

Crowds cheer.

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