Strange Faeces

Source: *Reveal Digital*, 01-06-1971

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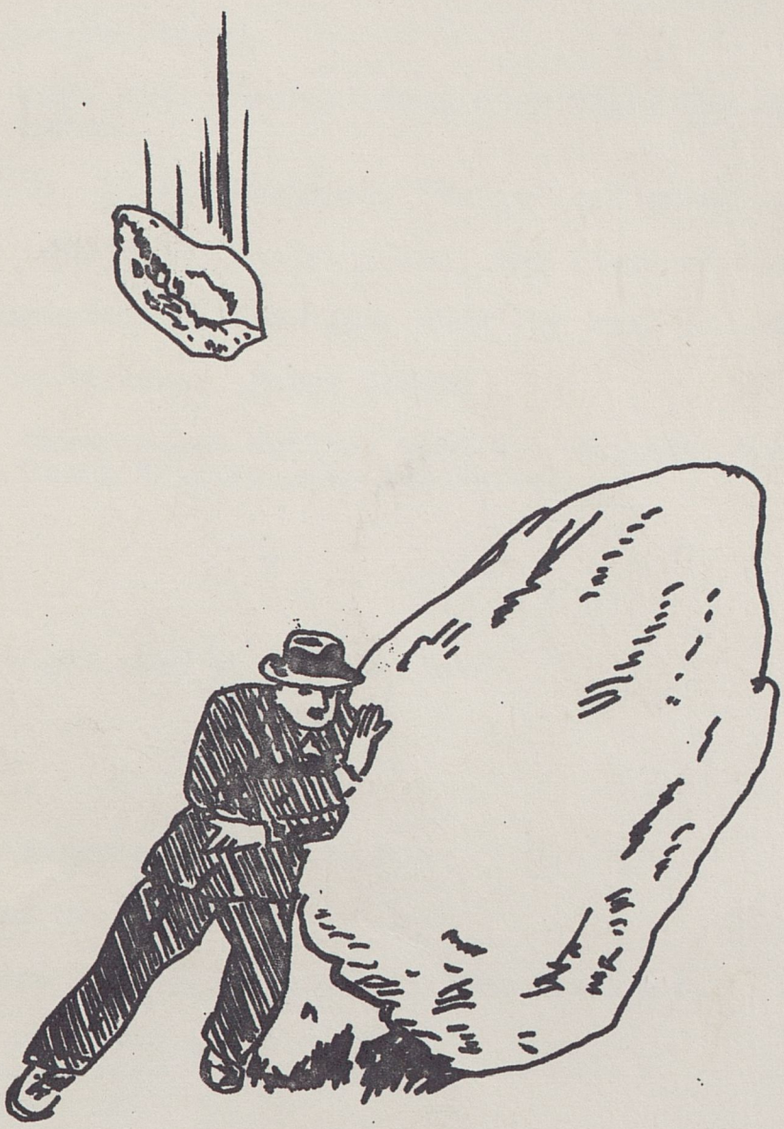
Stable URL: https://www.jstor.org/stable/community.28045327

STRANGE FAECES

6



LARRY FAGIN ISSUE

I Call On Edward L. Mann was published in NICE, Mental Picture in RONALD REAGAN, and Living Marimbas in THE ANT'S FOREFOOT (Canada). Otherwise, these poems are unpublished outside of the U.S., where some of them appeared in THE WORLD, TELEPHONE, BLUE SUEDE SHOES, and FIRST ISSUE.

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The following works were written in collaboration with

Michael Brownstein: Under the Volcano

John Clark: Spare Change

Tom Clark: Chap. III: Seamus' Drug Firm Wages War On Asthma

Clark Coolidge: Living Marimbas, "We noticed mules..."

Ron Padgett: The Wren, Honeymooners, Two Views of Fuji

Padgett & Brownstein: "Sometimes when the wall of a house..."

Padgett & Bill Berkson: Peter Coddle

Tom Veitch: Three Poems Written with Ron Padgett, Three Poems Written with Tom Veitch

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Dedicated to Anne Waldman

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strange faeces press 1971

limited edition of 2oo. strange faeces number 6.

published by opal and ellen nations
strange faeces press
42a, pembridge road
notting hill gate
london, w11
england

Once more I sit in the mephitic air of the buzzing moonlight. I hear a nocturnal man passing in the whistling air. In the back of my mind clicks a ticker. A dog howls in the distance, soothes my distracted soil, inspires me, fills me with longing -- Oh, what is life for if not to cultivate such moments as these, to record them for the pleasure and delight of others!

TWO VIEWS OF FUJI

raindrops disturb
bare buttocks
of poodles

snow on Mt Fuji

*

bare buttocks
of poodles

snow on Mt Fuji

LIVING MARIMBAS

hungry dogs

swinging macedonia

let's have a ceilidh

send me a pillow

loser's cathedral

banjo workout

pulpa de tamarindo

up pops

official bump ball record

whistling rufus

giddyup go

pig at home

yoga for life

post horn galop

fist city

maynard 61

bugs

motherwell flute band

banjo dude

red hot hottentot

movie grabbers

expoobident

mogie

scruffety

rock blottom

wear something green

son of icebag

medley of trot tunes

baiyina (clear evidence)

joe bonsall and the orange playboys

no star state

wizard oil

down by the embarrass

soap and turkey

take holland home - barrel organs

will the pain fade

puzzy cat

king's road raspberry parade

burn out your blind eyes

I stood long

funk chunkin'

steam under thundering skies

tingling mother's circus

maynard 62

rose and a baby ruth

working on footplate

ray pillow

extra 1235 east

man and his watermelons

dramatic cue music

windmills are weakening

toys with the world

get my hands on

dawn in duckblind

leathercoated minds

state funeral - dimbleby

evening in sapsucker woods

most much

mass at yankee stadium

basket of eels

communist trickery

aulikki rautawaara - selections

blitzkrieg - cronkite

fossil or nation

ecumaniacs - fr. depauw

hayfoot, strawfoot - stone

four amigos at the iliaki hotel

diesel on my tail

pachanga - how to

voice of night (frogs and toads)

power of brass

saloonatics

ga

earthwords and music

bagwell wendy and the sunlighters

I love you drops

explosive brass impact

coffee coffee

what god has done

lonely harpsichords

through a crack

that's truckdrivin'

wheel of hurt

what I'm cut out

maynard 63

rip, rig, and panic

mister stick man

flute by-laws

star bag with pitts

opus de don

big swing face

beaux j. pooboo

funk drops

lateef at cranbrook

dirty grape

smashing thirds

fathead comes on

popcorn with henrique

scratch in the sky

wild man meets jesus

soap symphony

mongo santamaria explodes at the village gate

clown died in marvin gardens

maynard 64

said I to shostakovitch (tupper saussy)

supercamp - goodload

there's a whole lalo schifrin

spoon in london

chicken shack - 40 blue fingers

wild bill davison at bull run

kee-ka-roo

samba so!

snowbound with costa

bell ringing in the empty sky

manny albam

SPARE CHANGE

On your donkey
you have seen a bush
growing beside the road.
It doesn't annoy you
or your donkey.
You chuckle.
You feel like a million bucks.
Your donkey chuckles.
"God is good!"
You both dismount
and begin to pick
the million bucks
off the bush.

THE WREN

(Building his nest)

Once when my spirit was depressed
I paused to watch a tiny wren;
He flew with movements full of zest
Into his house, then out again.

And on each trip he bore a load
Quite heavy for so small a bird.
He paused, and from his throat there flowed
The loveliest strain my ears had ever heard.

And as I listened to the song
Which labor had set free,
It seemed I felt myself grow strong--
And I leaped into a tree.

Story Book Story

The roaches jumped stuttering to their feet

The flags fell against the piano

Mr Sandman entered the iron door

Miss Mouse gave no regard

Listen to me the FBI agents said

But the lunatic shot John Dillinger dead

And when spring came and the eaves dripped a steady tattoo and strange birds cheeped in the wet trees around the school, the ice went out of the Missouri with a roar.

I CALL ON EDWARD L. MANN

Q. What about your movies?

A. It's hard to say. I don't know if the new one can be done...could be done.

Q. Why not?

A. It's...there's some physical things that are very hard. One or two parts would have to be cut. Also there are probably many allusions that wouldn't come off.

Q. Is there a plot?

A. Yes. There's a gang at first, six or seven hood types, mostly in their late twenties. They go around to bars, movies etc. Then these two, Jack and Joe, decide to leave town and go to New York. There's a long Greyhound bus sequence and you see how everyone, all the passengers on this bus, can do a special trick. There's an old man who can make large bubbles just from his own spit, in funny shapes, there's a young woman with a snake in her purse, a little baby who speaks Dutch (but whose parents are Okies), and so on. The passengers make a chorus and there's singing, "Keep Your Sunny Side Up," "Smiles," etc. There's a large off-screen orchestra. Jack and Joe can't do much, it's frightening for them. They really go right across the land and it shows the best and worst parts, lots of dull things. The second half is when they get to New York.

WASHINGTON, APRIL 12

Today a clown
got a dozen
or so children

to roll
their eggs
down a small hill

The winner turned out
to be rolling
a rock.

The London I Love

The London I know
is a noisy market with people shouting
"To-mart-oes one and six a pound"
Shoppers are shopping
The London I love
is men with briefcases so proud
and women with their noses in the air
speaking so posh, and doing nothing right

HONEYMOONERS

Great storms of rice
fly down on the happy couple
rushed to their convertible
idling at the curb

Scooting away
the folks get smaller
vanish in smoke
the tin cans clank under

Into Connecticut
the car proceeds
at the rate of 35 m.p.h.
an hour goes by

And 35 miles
the bride lights a Lucky
the lucky groom smiles
night comes

Now it is night
they put down the top
the bride falls asleep
the moon flies up

Through Massachusetts
and southeastern Vermont
parts of New Hampshire
and the great state of Maine

Their love is speeding
to a cozy inn
on the Canadian border
they stop and go in

Where they check in
as Mr and Mrs
they lie down on a bed
and give many kisses

Soon the sun peeps through
the lovers rise and shine
filled with air
they put on their clothes

When a tree falls
on your head,
it says yes
or no.

My mind
races ahead
to where

it isn't
passing
a thought

on the way back
to where
it was.

FOUR COMPOSITIONS

You can dimly see
how the stream
found its way
to the nozzle
of the hose.

*

The hog tore
away at least
a square foot
of flesh from
the boy's leg.

*

The mind pieced together
the snapping,
the roar,
the hiss,
& individual sounds
of the din.

*

The priest raised
a long,
three-pronged
finger.

PETER CODDLE

Peter Coddle lived in the town of Greenville, with an emetic and a lazy policeman. One day when it was as hot as a pickled whale, he climbed into a freight car that was standing on a track alongside of a fat duck, and laying down on a stewed fiddle, went to sleep as sound as broiled eggs and was not disturbed by a white cow.

When he awoke he felt like a hot poker, and found that while he slept the train had started and was going as fast as a tin nose after a red wig. Feeling hungry, he ate a leg of veal and drank a bottle of castor oil and after smoking a gridiron, he felt as happy as a stray cat.

The train finally stopped at New York, which Peter thought larger than a corpulent clam and a bob-tailed donkey piled together with a dose of salts placed on top.

He jumped out of the car, assisted by the freight agent who threw a sea serpent at him. Peter called him a bar of soap and in his haste to get away fell over a swelled head and ran against a cross-eyed pig.

He wandered around the streets for a while like a short-hand poem. His countryfied appearance attracted the notice of passersby, who called him an old gossip and a bustle, and made him feel as mad as a great nuisance.

Having a little money, he went into a Dime Museum and saw a long-eared donkey. He thought the last dying speech was the finest he had ever seen. He also liked minced fish and a poke bonnet. He next went into a store and bought stewed caterpillars and a rat trap. Dressed in these and with a lump of dough on his head he looked like a large blister out for a holiday.

He wrote home to his friends to send him a hot poker and a warming pan so he could get back again. He said the tall buildings in New York were higher than an insane bedbug.

As he was walking around staring at a paper of tacks and a pair of trowsers, some street boys threw clam chowder and a blue monkey at him, which excited him somewhat. He ran after them like a long-legged spider, but they dodged him and he ran into a water butt.

A policeman grabbed him and hit him with a pugilist and arrested him for disturbing a dancing doll.

Peter was put into a cell with a hod of coal and Tom Thumb and the next morning after eating a three-legged stool and a litter of mice the Judge let him off with a reprimand and a fainting lobster and told him never to come to New York again unless he had ice friend in batter or a warm poultice to take care of him.

Peter took the next train home and told his neighbors that he would rather have an emetic than go to New York again.

Sometimes, when the wall of a house stands in the light of noon, it is as though the light were taking possession of the wall on behalf of silence. One can feel the approach of the silence of the noonday heat. The light lies firmly on the wall as a sign that the wall belongs to the silence.

The gate in the wall is shut; the windows are covered with curtains; the people inside the house are very quiet, as though they were lowering their heads at the approach of the silence.

The inside wall seems to expand through the silence pressing in on it.

Then suddenly a song lights up on the wall from inside. The notes are like bright balls thrown at the wall. And now it is as though the silence rises from the wall and climbs upward towards the sky, and the windows in the wall are like the steps of a ladder leading the silence and also the song into the sky above.

CORMANEY, OLSON, FIGGIS, AND TEED

A gun bammed. "The hell you say," cried an hysterical voice, and Cormaney felt a bullet plant itself (twice) in the crack of a door. Someone hooted. "That's the Tom-gun," thought Cormaney. He fired again, clipped his ear and dropped the reeling Figgis. The woman had gone out screeching, crazy, dangerous, armed. Olson met her on the steps and thoughtfully plunged upon the porch. Teed, with his mighty weight, caved in the flimsy kitchen floor. Someone bawled, "Okay," through the rank haze. They could see two men with their hands on the floor. One was dead and the other was red. The dead Figgis lay in the doorway and the blood from Cormaney's forearm splashed down upon him. "God," breathed Cormaney, grinning, "you Newark cops are fast on your feet."

Under the Volcano

I asked for directions to the volcano, and Mr Henderson smiled. "There really is no volcano here," he said. "We have something even more remarkable. You're sitting on top of a gigantic worm."

Chap. III: Seamus' Drug Firm Wages War On Asthma

Part Two -- CARRAWAY

It was evident to Smipp that there was zinc in
The haws. He took up his shaum and picked a sharp
Tune or two, then all thought became a sponge
Two drops of blood dripped out of, blip blip.
That it was blood was evident to Smipp,
Who wiped it up with a copy of Francis Ponge.
Then Smipp got hot and blew a blue F-harp
Whose airs pissed out in whistles when you pricked it
with a pin.

Smipp was a nitwit like his friend Rin Tin Tin
Who portrayed himself as St. Joseph saying if I were a carp-
Enter and you were a lady would you take the plunge
Baby and wring its neck, giving it grippe?
That was the Pasadena Playhouse, 1948, a different trip,
Ace, sabe? Yo contendo y mas una muy bonita, Clunge
By name, and they dined that night on pan-fried carp,
Peaches, herbs, whisky sours, papayas, and gumballs in a tin.

I'm ill, I've lost an aileron, one fin
Is all I've left of a million. The warp
Has Weft the woof, I am bereft, I lunge
Forward, I see you laughing, my pants rip!
I have a heinous pimple on my upper lip,
Too soft to touch, and it's misty in the dung-
Eon with its dung and giggling Jean (Hank) Arp
Statues fast asleep. For sleeping is a sin

If you are in the hay with Mr. Larry Fagin
Or Mr. Zeus or Mr. Martin Marp
Or Mrs. Marp or her pet dog Muskelunge
Who, for a lark, oft eats a paper clip.
Her name is Bernice, a mere slip
Of a mutt, whose other habits I'll expunge
Right about here. Meantime on the tarp
Smipp was preparing to burst the thin

Man who kept saying "Tell me what is the barp flin
Doing in the hand box with the barp
Itself?" Smipp had a disease called Munge
Which kept him from cracking the chap with a jert fillip.
Instead, the both went to a cola stand to swill up
The cola, somewhere in Marakech, where one j-
Ust gets hung up, with a little help from Ivan Karp
At Releaso Gallery, and Mrs. Marp screams "gin!"

Smipp stands there with this estupido grin
On his face, muttering "My up, your up, his up, Our up
Your up, they're up." "I have hunge
Dis man do bad ting to dat lady no peepee hoo ha ip,"
Ivan Karp replies. That moment, in his kip,
Tim Carraway had a spurt and saw God. "What a big tongue
You got, Lord, holy shit! it's bigger than Europe
And China put together! Do you think Jeremy Prynne

Has any Fritos? Do you know any chicks from Lynn,
Mass.?" He pronounced these words oddly because his lip
Was attached to a moving vehicle. "Tongue" came out "tunj"
And"Europe" sounded something like "dog". "Nip
Concentration camps were awful for G.I.'s with Hip
Disease, Hand Sores, Eye Welts, The Grey Vunge,
Maiden's Asshole, Guy de Maupassant, Haws, Tarp
Being Rolled Out During the Rain Delay Blues," sang Seamus
O'Flynn.

Part Two -- FATSO

Listen, Tom, before we get any further into this thin-
G, don't you think it would be a good idea to stip-
Ulate the rhyme scheme once and for all, or else change the
"unge"
Rhyme to "ange" so we'd be able to freak in Doc Strange, Red
Grange, Clear the Range, The Red Mange, Hope Lange,
Oscar Stanage, Arnold Stang, Amos Alonzo and Andy Stagg,
666, Bob Bagg, Iggy's Prakiikal Pigg, I Want to Fok,
Marechal Foch, Ed Marshall, Marshal Tito, Tito Puente,
Point Blank, Blanche DuBois, Boise, Ida., Lee Stange,
Pop, Dad, Mum, Ed, Ray, Frank, Horace, Joe, Jim, Steve,
Dud, Len, Heb, Mimi, Jo-Ju, Zizzi, Old Mr. Blaine Up-
Stairs, Monk, Bud, Bard, Birdie, Bessie, Tessie, Molly,
Polly, Fender...hey, stupe,
Waddayathink? Or else is all we gotta do is..."pass the syrup,
Fatso and put on a record of 'Moonlight On the Gange-
S' by the James Cotton Blues Band," Aunt Penny said. "Burp,
'Scuse me"--this from Fatso who was wolfing down 6 doz. blin-

Tzes.."Gag." Thus spake Leo to his hula hoop,
Mike-Mike. Where's the rhyme scheme?
Oh great. What? Get away from the godamn...
Fucked up. Shit. Pain in the ass.
Pissed off. Fed up. Ticked off. Hung
Up. Bugged. It's a drag. Down. A bummer.
Mal. Troubles. The telephone just
Rang, don't answer it, it's the police.

(RING)

(SING)

I love the police. They bring me sweets.
I love my mum. I sucked her teats.
I loved her teats. I loved her bum.
For I'm a bloody Englishman.
The world is fine, the world is big,
There's Daffy Duck and Porky Pig.
Be kind to your friends and do no wrong
And Gunga Din will ring the gong.

I love the funnies. (I read the news.
The crossword puzzle fucks my views
Of current events, but I dont mind,
And the "Sports" is just the kind
Of thing to read over breakfast cereal
If you are like Fatso and make a meal
Of cornflakes covered with pig blood.)
There's Porky Pig and there's Elmer Fudd.

There's Dizzy Dean, there's Robert Howell,
They sure do make my stomach growl.
From head to toe they look a treat
To me, an eater of human meat
From way back,
rockin' and a-rollin'
in cotton bogs.
Charles Lamb made us hogs
Lick our lips.
Put on Stevie Wonder's "Fingertips".

Now I'd like to give my rendition of "Melvin"

(SCREAM THE WORD MELVIN 76 TIMES. CRIES OF BANZAI, KILL MELVIN, KILL FATSO, PORKY PIG, FATSO GOT HAWS ETC.)

Fatso is dead.
Now I'd like to give my rendition
Of "Melvin" - here goes:

I remember you well, I remember your name Melvin
And as I look back down the long track from here to there
I cannot see you behind me but I know you are there
I remember you well, I remember your name Melvin

You lived on my block, you wrote my favorite jazz poem,
Here it is:

All the years of our lives
ho de nazz ho de nazz
We made peepee in our wives
hot jazz hot jazz

But now you are dead you fink, ha ha ha ho ha hee ha hoo etc.

THREE POEMS WRITTEN WITH RON PADGETT

The sky must get tired
staying up all night,
every night.

*

There's an awful moment
at the start of pleasure--
hold it right there.

*

The shortest distance
between salt & pepper
is one inch.

Mental Picture

If you imagine a perfect period
on the bottom of a letter
you will see the letter perfectly
because you cannot take the mental picture
of a perfect period
and put it on an imperfect letter
but you may imagine the period perfectly
without being conscious of seeing the letter
and it is often some time before
you are able to be conscious of it
without losing the period

NARRATIVE TECHNIQUE NO. 8

Pete was on his way to Clark's house where Buddy had telephoned him.

Pete was wearing a shabby suit. When he passed a light his hair shone white. On his feet he wore sneakers. He was very fond of flowers.

As he walked down Elm Street he passed Sam's diner. He went in and ordered a hamburger. Boy, he was hungry. He ate fast, crowding his mouth. He paid and went on. His feet hurt. He'd been peddling books all day.

He walked with his hand in his pocket, fingering three clips, two bolts and a stub. The stub he'd picked up on the links where he died. They found the body of a man. Well dressed. No one knew him.

Pete stumbled over something as he crossed the lane to the house. He lit a match and stooped. It was a cute little wire. Hit by a car, of course.

He went on. The house was dark. He moved along the wall to the door that he and Buddy had learned how to open. Inside he moved forward a step at a time, and up the stairs. The place smelled of tar and rotten fish.

The stairs were white marble. The halls smelled of filth and old beer. The club was polished smooth and white by sand.

At the top of the stairs he waited. He didn't hear a sound except water slopping against an engine somewhere far off. His watch glowed. Buddy was late.

Pete and Buddy had gone to school. Buddy had been good at arithmetic--a course in counting. That was before he found out how to spend money. Pete liked reading and compositions. He'd written a piece about a vacca that had been published in the school paper.

Pete looked like a sheep.

The house was dark. Pete's match flared. He walked to the window and took out the handkerchief his girl had given him--embroidered on it his initials, PB. With it he wiped the window.

He could see below the dark mass. It roused happy memories. He'd made love to Louise in its shadows.

At twelve thirty Pete decided Buddy wasn't coming. He went down the stairs and home. On the corner of Market Street he picked up a dime. That bought him a nail, just what he needed.

At eight next morning Clark opened his house. At the foot of the stairs lay an unconcscious black victim.

Over Sherry

Despite much effort on the part of his friends, who knew he was a delightful dinner companion, they were never able to hide the fact that a stray remark over sherry might bring Francis the Talking Mule smack into your life.

And when I stumbled by as if I noticed nothing, I saw that for all her gay animation, her high lace collar was a pale branch whipsawing in the pounding stream of blood at her throat and that the veins on one of my uncle's hands stood out like long-suppressed whipcords of flue lightning.

St. Claire

St. Claire
is the patron
saint of tv
in Italy.

One day she
was sick
& couldn't go
to Mass

so Mass
came to her
on tv.

THREE POEMS WRITTEN WITH TOM VEITCH

My eye hurts
because it's missing
an important part.

*

My brother sleeps
in the street
because he's a communist.

*

When you spread your legs
you make me sick
to my stomach.

a red
tin pan
of tan
doom

Landscape

The little white dog wags his tail
The red mill turns silently
The movie line is a mile long
The sleepyheads toy with their food
The Japanese gardener flies to pieces
Orange soda blows in the wind
A lettuce leaf floats by

We noticed mules perched on stilts in a coconut grove, flavoring their native tapiocalike drink--remnants of an indomitable cavalry, fortelling the ruin of the Liberator's dream of a united South America. Their names? Peanuts, The Hope, Vortex, Whirlpool, The Tiger, The Crocodile, and The Future.

GLABELLA GLOWING

NOSE WATER

SPLIT WARTS

DAGGER LUNG

HOOP HEAD

EYE BODY

SUNK THOUGHT

BOIL JAW

SITTING WATER

LID STUCK

REELS FALL

PEAS LIPS

BLOOD PARTS

WOOD FOOT

HORN BURNING

FAT CHILDREN

HOT STOOL

HORNY WOMB

WAVING BRAIN

OIL TEETH

BALL NASAL

STOOPING LONG

EARS BAGS

FIBULA KNIFE

NOTHING AROUND

SMEARED EYEBALL

FELON THUMB

DIE WEAKNESS

REUNITED SCALP

DRUNK STUPID

BATTERY PENIS

HEAVINESS OCCIPUT

HAND PRECORDIUM

TOE IRON

SKATING THIGHS

TIBIA COAL

BACK WATER

PEPPER HEAD

BARRIER HEAD

MENSES COMING

END NEAR

WORM NOSE

STRING NARES

DROP BELLY

FAMILY UNCONNECTED

ERODED GUM

BARKING HYDROPHOBIA

Tent of Lenin

If a man has a tent of linen without any apertures, twelve ells across and twelve in depth, he can throw himself down from any great height without fear of injury.

Potboilers

The bookmobile pulled into Tranquility with reading matter for the prisoners--potboilers with clogged narrations and naive conceptions of a refinement that presumed to vulgarize Wilde, DeMaupassant, and even Somerset Maugham, for the sake of bringing culture to the masses.

One day

the explosive destiny
in my nose
will reveal the universal
irony of history and float
straight to earth.