

NUMBER 215 – OCTOBER 2016



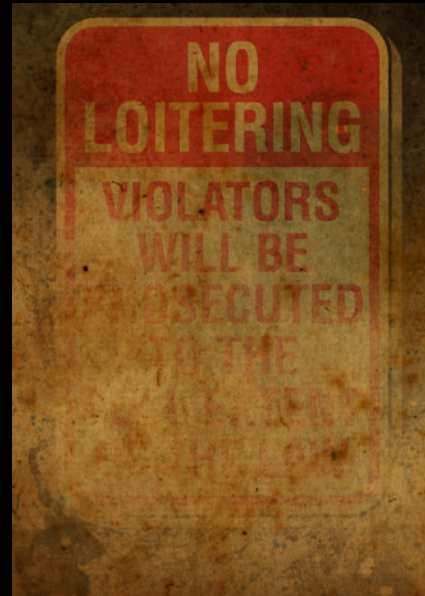
LE SCAT NOIR

FREE FOR ALL

WHERE ART & LITERATURE HIT THE FAN

EDITOR'S NOTE:

With this issue of Le Scat Noir we resume publication of the journal in PDF format. Originally published in print in 1991, it morphed into a blog in 2008, and subsequently 214 issues appeared until publication was suspended in 2015. It remains free in its present digital format and is currently presented & distributed by the distinguished house of Black Scat Books. Copies may be freely distributed and shared, although the contents may not be tampered with or altered in any manner whatsoever. The next issue will appear when we have acquired sufficient material to warrant a new number. Interested artists, poets & writers, may query the editorial department at ScatNoir@outlook.com.



OUR BACK PAGES [March, 2008]

It has come to the attention of the Editorial Board that certain readers have been (or are about to become) offended by the scatological nature of some of the news items and articles which appear in this upstanding journal.

Regarding the news we print, it should go without saying that we do not create the news, but merely report it—in as fair and balanced a manner as possible.

We are, however, human beings.

—CONTINUED ON PAGE 3—

WAITING FOR BECKETT

by Jason E. Rolfe

I'm waiting for Beckett. As a matter of fact I've been waiting for him all day. He said he'd be here at noon to help me out with my ten minute play. Yes, I've written a ten minute play. It's a comedy about cannibalism.

—CONTINUED NEXT PAGE—

RÉDACTEUR EN CHEF: NORMAN CONQUEST

GUERNEVILLE, CALIFORNIA

Le Scat Noir (not to be confused with certain rock bands and poseurs) is a free independent journal devoted to art, news, reviews, and entertainment. Unlike much of the trash we must compete with, ours is a publication you can depend on. We never mince words in the face of idiocy, and with all the idiots out there that's a lot of un-minced words. A legend in print since the 19th century, LSN continues to set standards where none exist. This new, improved digital version has everything the grand print edition had except ink and a trained staff of writers. Our droppings from around the globe are absorbed by millions of intellectuals throughout Europe, while in the U.S. (where our editorial office is unfortunately based) they like to look at the pictures. This publication is distributed free by Black Scat Books. Copyright © 2016 by Black Scat Books. All Rights Reserved.

—BECKETT / CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1—

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, 'Jason, there are only, like, two funny things about cannibalism and neither one has enough gas to spark a ten minute play.' Well, dear readers, since you know so much about theatrical writing, maybe I don't need Irish avant-garde novelist, playwright, theatre director, and poet Samuel Barclay Beckett's help at all! What does Beckett know about black comedy and gallows humor anyway? You're the experts!

Sorry, but I think I'll keep waiting for Beckett. He should be here any minute now.

"Oh," you say.

Don't bother finishing that thought. I already know what you're going to say, and you're wrong. My waiting for Beckett has nothing at all to do with Beckett's *Waiting for Godot*. That would be gimmicky, and I am not a gimmicky writer.¹ Besides, unlike Godot, my friend Sam Beckett just walked in the door. No, wait, that's not him. It looks a lot like him but it's not him. It actually is Godot.

"Jason," he says, "sorry to keep you waiting. Sam sent me to tell you he'd be late. He's directing a play right now. Actually, I'm supposed to be in the final scene, so I should really get going. Anyway, Sam didn't want you to think he'd forgotten about your ten minute play about cannon balls."

"Cannibals," I reply. "It's about cannibals."

Godot looks skeptical. "You know, there are really only two funny things about cannibalism and neither one has enough gas to fuel a ten minute play."

I know what you're thinking now, dear readers. Shut up. Besides, Godot is hardly Samuel Beckett. If he was he'd have called himself Samuel Beckett! I'll still wait for him. He will appreciate *The Drawing of Straws*. You'll see.

"He won't like it," Godot says.

"I wasn't talking to you," I reply.

Godot looks around. He's clearly confused (which, is not uncommon as far as he's concerned). He asks me who I'm talking to.

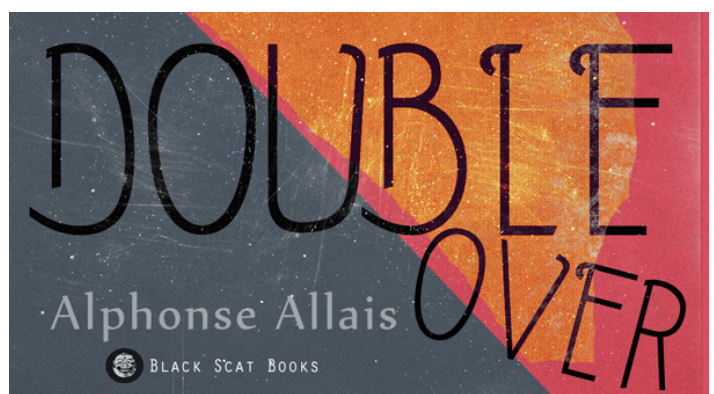
"My readers," I reply.

Godot laughs and says, "Readers?" He emphasizes the plural. "Don't you think that's a bit optimistic?"

I'm generally not a violent man, but there was some-

thing about Godot that just rubbed me the wrong way. Maybe it was his snobbish smile, the less-than-subtle arrogance of his tone, or the fact that he thought he knew more about cannibalism and comedy than I did. Whatever the reason, I admit the fight was my fault. I mean, I did throw the first punch. I won't take credit for all the damage done. Godot broke that chair over my head, and you faithful readers, weren't entirely innocent either. I realize you were simply trying to separate us, but the window you shattered on your way through it? That's coming out of your pockets.

Did you notice how Godot tried weaseling his way out of it once the police arrived? He kept insisting he was in a play. The way he cried, 'but they're waiting for me!' was sad, really. To be honest, after the publisher of this story posted my bail I caught the last half of Beckett's play and let me tell you, it was much better without Godot!



HELP WANTED: WE NEED VINTAGE TUBA WITH STICK SHIFT AND OTHER SPARE PARTS FOR A PRODUCTION OF *UBU ROI* IN LONDON, SUMMER 2017. REPLY TO BOX 11793

¹ *An Inconvenient Corpse* doesn't count. Neither does this footnote.



Fine dining on the Russian River at Le Scat Noir Bistro & Bowling Alley in Guerneville, California.

—OUR BACK PAGES / CONT'D FROM OUR ASSHOLE / PAGE 1—

In the words of H.L. Mencken, “Sh-- happens,” and when it does, *Le Scat Noir* is on the scene. And that is as it should be.

We are, after all, journalists.

It is fair to state that the literary texts we occasionally publish—as well as the photographs and illustrations—are, by and large, of a wholesome nature and might easily appear in a magazine for Boy Scouts. On the other hand it is a well known fact that many artists possess neurotic and/or perverted psychologies and derive peculiar satisfaction from exploring scatological subject matter. Indeed, some psychologists argue that artists are by nature “sick” and should be confined to mental hospitals where they can “masturbate like monkeys” without posing a threat to the general public.

The Editorial Board is divided on this point.

Associate Editor Paul du Frond-Massage seemed confused by the notion. “I thought rabbits were the ones always masturbating...”

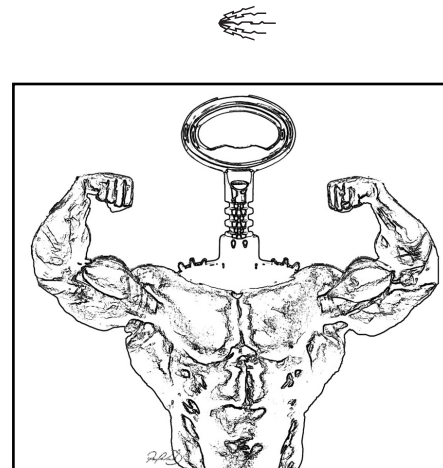
Norman Conquest, the Editorial Director, believes we should avoid publishing scatological works because they are—quite literally—beneath us. “The stuff is asinine,” says Conquest. “And it’s patently offensive to the vast majority of the American public. Art and literature preoccupied with excrement is not simply sophomoric, but it undermines this publication’s credibility and purpose.”

Maurice P. Turdot II, *Le Scat Noir*’s patron saint and mascot, disagrees. “We should be guided by the

words of the great Antonin Artaud: ‘All art is pig-sh--!’ Thus—like it or not—to publish art and literature is to be actively engaged in the distribution of excrement. Don’t misunderstand me, I’m not saying that publishing this ‘sh--’ is anything to be ashamed of. On the contrary... our mission is a noble one for, unlike *The New York Times* and our other competitors, we publish only the very best sh--.”

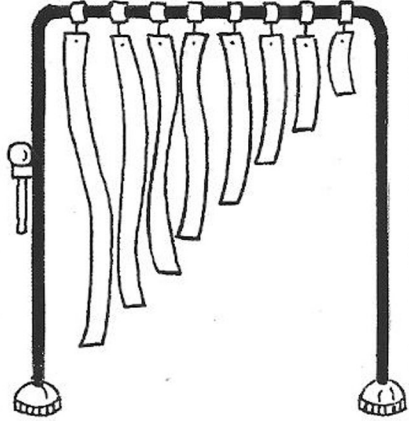
This journal’s Art Director, Alfred Bourdot, poses a rhetorical question. “Does anyone really give a sh--? Nobody reads anymore, so what difference does it make? Even if we were in the business of making waves, nothing we’ve published has produced the slightest ripple except, perhaps, that piece on ‘toilet art’ which upset a few cowardly advertisers and the handful of unbalanced readers who bombard us with hate-mail.... Maybe if we published details on how to make a portable nuclear device we’d cause a stir, but other than that, forget it. This business is utterly absurd!”

We will let M. Bourdot have the last word on the subject since we’ve exceeded our word-count and have run out of sh--.

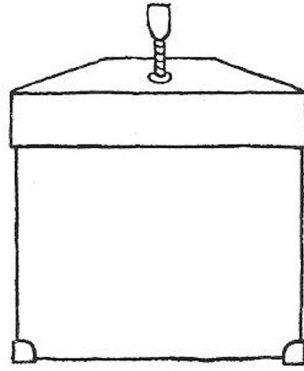


PAULO BRITO

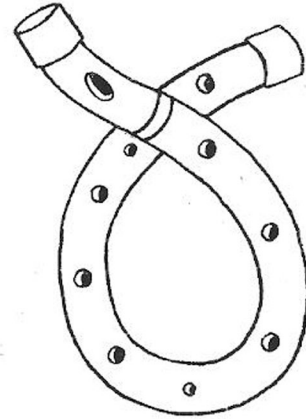
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS by DOUG SKINNER



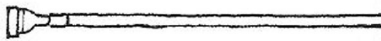
PAPER CHIMES



BOXOON



FLEXOFIFE

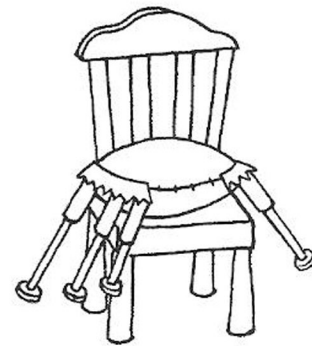


EXTENDS INTO THE WINGS →

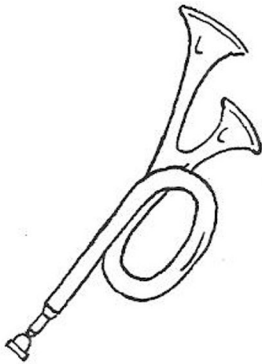
OFFSTAGE TRUMPET



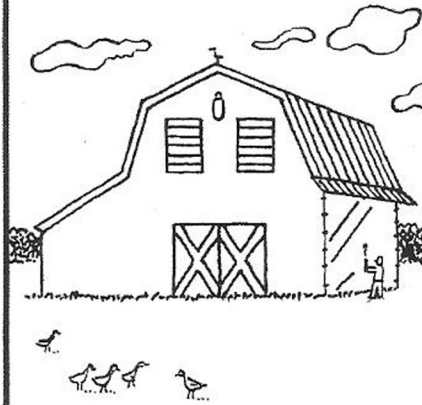
FEATHER BELLS



WHOOPIE PIPES



HARMONY BUGLE



BARN DRUM



UNMELODICA

IF THE STINK “STINKS” NORTHAMPTON FLUNKS



Northampton Dump-Sniffer at work.

PHOTO: Black Star

NORTHAMPTON, Mass.—A “Stink Squad” of trained noses has been employed to root out Northampton’s landfill odors. The city has hired specially trained stink-sniffers to help determine whether the dump is too pungent for neighboring homeowners to stand.

Northampton officials signed a \$25,000,000 contract with an Agawam environmental company, Skunkbusters, Ltd., after state officials ordered independent sniffing of landfill odors. Using little more than their own noses and a reference guide (Everyman’s Encyclopedia of Foul Odors: Third Edition), the Stink Squad members will detect and rate the strength of landfill gases, rotting flesh, and other common unpleasantnesses. Ratings are ranked on a scale of 1 to 8, as follows:

1. Mildly nauseating, but bearable
2. Rather foul, open the windows
3. Distinctly noxious
4. Who died?
5. Gross me out!
6. Beyond repulsive
7. Are those your socks?
8. Are there any barf bags left?

Each sniffer holds an advanced degree in Stenchnomics, and must judge the smells against a “shit kit” they carry featuring ready-to-sniff odors of various intensities, e.g., elephant feces, frog vomit, cadaver gas; etc.

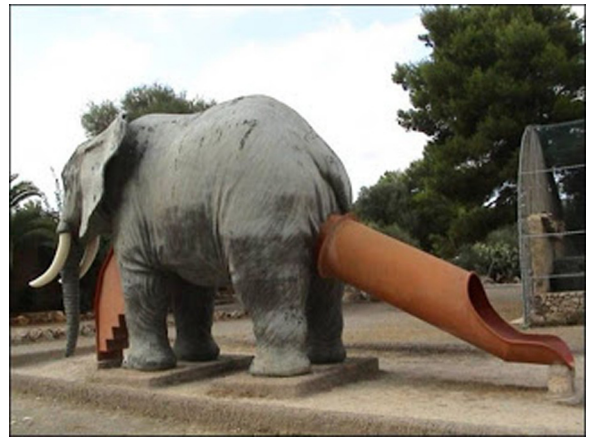
If the Stink Squad assigns a rating +4 on their scale, the city could be fined or ordered to make changes. A rating of 8 will require that Northampton be bulldozed.

G.O.P FAMILY FUN COMES TO IRVINE

IRVINE—The Republican Party of Orange County announced the opening of “Trumpland,” a 12-acre amusement swamp for young Republicans in Irvine, California. The featured attraction is a giant elephant-slide, carved out of tar by Sculptor Buzz Bernard of La Brea.

“Trumpland is a wholesome environment for the kids that reflects the values of our party and our nominee,” said Judge Mark Goldspit, Candidate for Irvine City Attorney.

Opening Day attendance was sparse, but organizers blamed it on t“that Muslim scumbag in the White House.”.



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Where proudly we pilfer from other publications in an attempt to garner lawsuits. The item below was stolen from *The Public Domain Review*.



The rowboat bath is the newest contribution to the physical enjoyment of living

BOLÉRO

by Paul Kavanagh

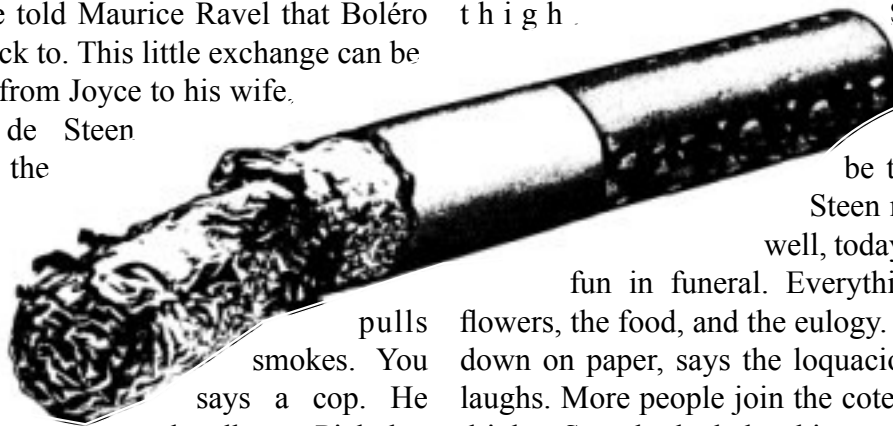
Guy Van de Steen allows the cigarette, which has been hanging from his mouth, to drop. He smoked without using his hands, a new trick. He closes the window and makes his way to the made bed. A whistle, tenuous, barely fills the space. He picks up the sheets of paper, pen, kicks off his shoes and reads until sleep. Maurice Ravel was an insomniac. This is Guy Van de Steen's first visit to the USA. He is very excited. He has not been excited in years. His wife has stayed at home. They both agreed she would stay at home. He doesn't miss her, not after seeing the pretty American Girls. He is diminutive, balding, walks with a limp and is an intellectual. Tonight, he will give a lecture on the diminutive, never bald, without a limp, dead French composer, Joseph Maurice Ravel. He has been invited to the USA by the Maurice Ravel Appreciation Society. June Van de Steen is tall, athletic, blond, ice blue eyes and not an Intellectual. But she is a Gold Medal winning clay pigeon shooter and a prodigious drinker of beer. She never listens to Joseph Maurice Ravel. She prefers loud rock music. Joseph Maurice Ravel never married. After the lecture, Guy Van de Steen plans on finding a nightclub where Jazz will be played live and loud. Maurice Ravel loved Jazz. June Van de Steen hates Jazz with a passion. A leading member of the Maurice Ravel Appreciation Society booked Guy Van de Steen into the fancy hotel. It almost touches the sky. For a man of many proclivities and slightly cantankerous, he is incongruously happy with the fancy hotel. The bed is big, the television has a lot of channels, and the view, the view is spectacular, plus the air-conditioning works. The view from the window is quintessentially American. Maurice Ravel spent hours staring up at skyscrapers. Maurice Ravel smoked American cigarettes. Guy Van de Steen is a chainsmoker, and proud to be a chainsmoker. He smokes the same brand of cigarettes as Sartre and Camus. Maurice Ravel wrote pieces for Ludwig Wittgenstein's older brother. The one with the missing left hand. Both were chainsmokers. June Van de Steen hates smokers. This anathema to smokers is proclaimed obstreperously. This could account for Guy Van de Steen's piano playing. Maurice Ravel was not the best piano player in the world. At the hotel bar, Guy Van de Steen drinks with a drunk in a suit that Guy Van de Steen finds fascinating and anachronistic. The drunk has been partying for four days. He looks awful. The

drunk says he had to get away from the party. The hotel room above Guy Van de Steen's hotel room has been a raging party for five days. The drunk says it a celebration but he can't remember why the celebrating or what they are celebrating. It is a Gatsby Party. All the men are dressed as Jay Gatsby and the women as Daisy Fay Buchanan. Maurice Ravel and F. Scott Fitzgerald were never formally introduced. They did, however, share a bottle of champagne in Paris and another bottle on a train from Ohio to L.A. The drunk buys two rounds and soon falls asleep or passes out on the bar. Guy Van de Steen orders a light meal. He eats. It is a surprisingly good meal. Maurice Ravel abhorred American cuisine. June Van de Steen loves hotdogs and hamburgers. She drinks a prodigious amount of Coca-Cola. Guy Van de Steen may have defecated in her wardrobe before leaving for the USA. Back in his hotel room, Guy Van de Steen drinks a glass of white wine, a coffee, watches the television, writes a few postcards, listens to Pavane pour une infante défunte, thinks about smoking while listening to Pavane pour une infante défunte, looks at a magazine, decides he is bored and really needs a smoke. The wind steals most of the cigarette. He sleeps. Maurice Ravel never won the Prix de Rome. He called them, the judges, "bâtards." After showering, Guy Van de Steen reads, takes copious notes, telephones the lobby and asks for a taxi. Maurice Ravel never drove a car, not after witnessing Sergei Diaghilev crash his car on the Rude de Rabelais. Guy Van de Steen brushes his teeth, pisses abundantly and loudly, washes his hands, checks for unwanted hairs in the nostrils, in the ears and slaps his cheeks softly. The taxi driver is from North Africa. He looks like Maurice Ravel circa 1906. He possesses the same dark wavy hair, the upturned waxed mustache, and the full beard. He is listening to Ralph Vaughan Williams. This makes Guy Van de Steen very happy. Vaughan Williams spent three months in Paris working with Maurice Ravel. "He was a right hard bastard," said the English man, reportedly. Guy Van de Steen and the taxi driver talk about the horror vacui. The taxi driver was a Professor of History of Art in Tunisia. He drives like a madman without the fear death. The taxi careens its way through traffic. Guy Van de Steen leaves a big tip in the dry hand. To calm his spirits, Guy Van de Steen goes for a drink. He finds a bar without character. He stands at the bar, orders a drink, takes out his cigarette case, finds his lighter, removes a cigarette, sticks the cigarette between his lips and produces a flame. No smoking allowed, says

the man behind the bar. He is big, very big and heavily tattooed. Guy Van de Steen has a hamburger. While eating he thinks of a piece to write: How Not to Eat an American Hamburger. 1. One should never eat a hamburger the Proustian Way. Dip the hamburger into hot tea. 2. One should never eat a Hamburger the Beckettian Way. Cut the hamburger into sixteen sections and store them in your pockets for a later date. Did he really find his wife in bed with his best friend? Did she have his penis in her mouth? Was she moaning mellifluously while mouthing the member in her mouth? Guy Van de Steen walks up a street of skyscrapers. It is very hot. He is perspiring profusely. He passes a theater. He stops. Tonight there will be a play about the writer Edgar Allan Poe. A young Maurice Ravel read Poe, Baudelaire and Mallarmé. Guy Van de Steen would go to the show if he could. Without Poe, there would be no Baudelaire, without Baudelaire no Joyce, without Joyce no Beckett, without Beckett no. He stops. Maurice Ravel never finished Ulysses. Maurice Ravel told James Joyce that he could not finish Ulysses. James Joyce told Maurice Ravel that Boléro was a great tune to fuck to. This little exchange can be found in a letter sent from Joyce to his wife.

Nora. Guy Van de Steen smokes, away from the wind. He looks at himself in a window. The reflection is not very flattering. He has a cool face and can't smoke there, drops the cigarette and walks on. Pick that up, says the cop. Maurice Ravel could not speak English. There will be no groupies, he laments. He checks his wristwatch, smokes, misses disdainful eyes, windowshops, dreams of winning the lottery, clears his nose with the back of his hand, thinks about weight loss, a shave, hears Gassenhauer and smells BBQ. He eats BBQ, which he enjoys. Sauce from the BBQ stains his shirt. He is unaware. Slightly late, Guy Van de Steen arrives at the hall. There are two halls. Around the doorway a group of young people, hands tucked deep in pockets, collars turned up, wait. He joins the crowd, smokes, smiles and talks. The girls ignore him. It seems this young crowd is waiting for a lecture on Ferdinand de Saussure and not Maurice Ravel. One points at the smaller hall. They are waiting to enter the bigger hall. Guy Van de Steen coughs and catches the attention of the crowd. He says: Ferdinand de Saussure only wrote

on blackboards. He used white chalk. Those hundreds and hundreds of blackboards are housed at École pratique des hautes études. They smile but do not laugh. When George Gershwin asked Maurice Ravel for lessons Maurice Ravel refused. Guy Van de Steen enters the smaller hall. It is slightly lacking, in everything. He finds his place, they find their place. He looks down upon them. Time slips by. Guy Van de Steen talks about Maurice Ravel and Vico and memory and imagination. Did this intellectual really set fire to the bed that had once been his bed? Did this intellectual really build a bonfire on top of the bed consisting of June Van de Steen's rock music records and clothes? Did he really chase her around the house with a hammer? Did he really threaten to kill her with the hammer? Did the firemen enter the house uninvited and remove the hammer from Guy Van de Steen's hand? He is in a bar, close to the hotel. There is no Jazz. He is drunk. Maurice Ravel hardly drank alcohol. At the bar, he does not need to order a drink. The woman next to him keeps refilling his glass and rubbing his thigh.



She is very loquacious and obese. Maurice Ravel was known to be taciturn. Guy Van de Steen manages a bit of wit: well, today showed why there's fun in funeral. Everything was perfect, the flowers, the food, and the eulogy. That needs to be put down on paper, says the loquacious woman, between laughs. More people join the coterie. Drinks and more drinks. Somebody helps him up and out of the bar. While waiting, he eats an awful concoction of meat, vegetables, spices, cheese, and bread. It's a different taxi driver. He sleeps, wakes with a jolt, swallows regurgitated food, pays the taxi driver and enters the hotel. In the elevator, he farts. It causes him to vomit. He collapses on the unmade bed and closes his eyes. He cannot sleep. The room is spinning. He pulls himself up and together. Above, the party is still raging. He can hear Jazz. He finds his divested coat, collects his cigarette case, spits, stumbles, finds equilibrium with the aid of a chair and returns for the lighter. I shall go to the party, he says. He goes to the bathroom, pisses, brushes his teeth, combs his hair, washes his hands, with the wet hands pats down his unruly hair, smiles, pulls three different silly faces, rehearses three, four very witty sentences and up zips the fly. Maurice Ravel could have frequented brothels. Guy Van de Steen

decides not to crash the party but smoke instead. He opens the window. He listens to the cacophony, thrilled. Maurice Ravel lived very dangerously for a time. Stravinsky praised Maurice Ravel's courage. Maurice Ravel defended Paris against the Germans. He was an old man. Guy Van de Steen hangs a leg out of the window. He lights the cigarette and the next leg follows. He balances himself on the windowledge and grips the window frame and holds on for life. Sitting, hanging, he smokes, buffeted by city winds, without his hands. Maurice Ravel, you are God, says Guy Van de Steen. Maurice Ravel was an atheist. Guy Van de Steen produces a smokering, watches it dissipate over the city. I think I will stay in the USA, says Guy Van de Steen. Fuck Europe. A Jack Daniels bottle leaves the sweaty hand of a very drunken Daisy Fay Buchanan. There's a dull thud. A groan. A cigarette falls, followed by an unconscious Guy Van de Steen. On 30 December 1937, Ravel was buried next to his parents in a granite tomb at the cemetery at Levallois-Perret, a suburb of northwest Paris.



Meet Maurice. Maurice P. Turdot, II to you. To us, he's "Stinky Le Scatman," our loveable little mascot—resurrected from piles of detritus in the editorial cellar. Surely he's a sight for sore eyes, if not a sniff for sore nostrils. True to form, "Stinky" paused for an ever-so-brief "stop-and-squat" with the editors before dashing off on his rounds.



M. Turdot, of course, is always on the runs; a man of distinction, a man with a mission—scampering hither and thither, dashing east, dashing west, always on the go, and then he's gone.

His motto: "*Merde happens!*"

Le Scat Noir is proud to have him back in this issue, so long as he keeps his distance. So don't be surprised when he suddenly appears. No need to extend your hand in friendship, just tip your hat and flash a shit-eating grin.



PAULO BRITO