

THE FARMYARD FASCIST & HIS INSULAR ARSE LICKER



Closed Fields

In issue 14 of *Tears in the Fence* magazine David Caddy's errand boy (aka Brian Hinton) adopted a scholarly tone as he set about reviewing Jeremy Hooker's *Their Silence A Language* (Enitharmon 1993), this to conceal what he was actually doing. A long term 'friend' of Jeremy Hooker, Hinton's review was a knife in the back. Hooker was comprehensively trashed and Hinton stuffed the review with creepy praise for his new friend, David Wessex.



David Wessex

"What Hooker misses is the ebb and flow of contemporary existence . . . It is interesting to compare two younger poets of South who write about the same landscapes, but with radically different intent. David Caddy takes a Dorset village not far geographically from the setting of Hooker's first book 'Soliloquies of a Chalk Giant' . . ." *And so it goes.* Whatever assumptions are at work in relation to Hooker's 'intent', we know very well what Hinton and Caddy intend. Hinton might bad-mouth Caddy behind his back, but they are yoked to the same placist machine, palingenetic ultra-regionalism.

If Hinton ever manages to accept Caddy as his natural superior (Ha Ha), then together the dysfunctional duo will lead the poets of the South, or of Wessex (there lies the symbolic faultline), forward into a glorious future in which poets from London and the north of England will vanish in the light of that glorious sunrise like the fashionable and yet also ephemeral

mist etc.. The only problem is the issue of leadership, which continues to prompt their Laurel and Hardy style rows.

Sadly for Hinton his anal retentive other half won't share the leadership role - and David Wessex is careful never to publicly reciprocate the grovelling praise he receives - so Hinton is forced to compensate by pretending to be leader when Mr. Weedy isn't around.

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Through Hinton's review of Jeremy Hooker's book we learn, in a publication edited by David Caddy, that Caddy's poetry has things in common with the "best of open field poetry" and that it is similar to that of others who have developed "a carefully thought out philosophical framework" of ideas that amount to a "caring socialism".

We also learn that "his collection 'Honesty' is written not out of self but to represent a community . . ." (This said about Honest Dave?) We found ourselves wondering, did Dorset elect its rustic Führer? If so, are this electorate happy with how they are 'represented'? (They can it seems chose to identify with one of two types, powerless victim or thug.)

But enough of those idiots, what about Hooker? How might he have felt about how he was 'represented' within the South/Wessex aesthetic, especially as - to the Fatman's eternal shame - Hinton was previously his friend of many years.

Faking Clarity

You will note that things got nasty after the Equi-Phallic Alliance and Poetry Field Club published issue one of *The Listening Voice* newsletter. Although the *nonists* had no idea what had gone on behind the scenes, the publication of the newsletter provoked a jittery Fatman to reveal what he had done. Hinton grassed himself up to Jeremy Hooker, who it turned out had never seen the review of his book *in the form in which it was published.* Weedy

and the Fatman had sent Jeremy Hooker a printout of a different text. He wasn't sent the issue of *Tears in the Fence* that contained the actual review.



The Fatman

Jeremy Hooker knew nothing of what had been done to him by his 'friend' until he received a phone call from The Fatman himself. Hinton had read issue one of *The Listening Voice* and had panicked. He assumed that its author had found out about the fake review (he hadn't). He assumed that Hooker had been sent a copy of the newsletter (he hadn't).

Oh dear oh dear . . . The Fatman phoned Hooker and told him that everything in that leaflet was a lie. What leaflet? asked Hooker. Hinton then had to explain and ended up saying what it was that he had thought the leaflet was referring to and in the process confessed that he had written two review texts and that the one sent to Hooker was a fake.

It is ironic that the other of the "two younger poets of South" referred to above is not only the author of the newsletter that prompted Hinton to grass himself up, but also that it was Hinton's shitty review of Hooker's book that prompted him to write the leaflet in the first place.

In the South, as in Wessex, it is very much the case that the landscape is false, that it is up on stilts. It is said that sometimes you can feel it sway and that is why people say they feel nausea when they go there.

