

# LUDD GANG



Forecasting is dead. Official language has always been the inheritance of bastards. But a magazine is still a bird's nest of equations, and we hope this one can fettle a decent enough base to hawk up a few gobs from, jimmy the door, cut a hole in the rain. Even King Ludd will lose his sceptre. Poetry is an apparatus, the threat of moving, something on the way. Never mind the administrators of executive truths: when the animals of the earth get together, all your slighted servants, shit gets real. *Now Bonyparty's dead and gone, and it is plainly shown | That we have bigger tyrants in Boney's of our own.*

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# LUDD GANG

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# MAGGIE O'SULLIVAN

one of the animals of this earth\*  
(\*Etel Adnan)

one of the animals of this earth  
dies crying

*The Crying*  
*The Wailing*  
*The Howling*

(don't do that to one of the animals of this earth) -  
and all who sob into  
blood i  
am less able to stand  
watched into myself  
my tongue  
my jaws  
broken my eyes out  
my wings  
my head  
my feathers  
  
hearing tears fall i  
am badly  
i carry scars

i am wept by one of the animals of this earth  
caged & clubbed & skinned &  
made  
insane in chains &  
beaten & set on fire &  
made diseased &  
made to die

*The Crying*  
*The Wailing*  
*The Howling*

one of the animals of this earth is  
still struggling and alive  
after her throat

*The Crying*  
*The Wailing*  
*The Howling*

one of the animals of this earth is  
still struggling and alive  
after her throat

*The Wailing*  
*The Howling*

Crying  
in her own blood  
splashed out  
after her throat

one of the animals of this earth is  
still struggling  
and  
alive

# TOM BETTERIDGE

## Positions

perhaps  
instead of  
part of you  
dies it's more like  
proposal  
positions in  
fathom-  
able procession  
becoming positional new fleck-  
like position  
of course  
rehab  
some significant emotional  
experiences the past year haven't we  
parts recede  
cut themselves away  
from  
as an infant I knew death well  
emergent colour  
rehab fluent  
death well without speech proceeds  
position saron-call clear  
new roles new  
relations the way I've been



babe thinking is  
vibrant bunny in yellow  
veers up  
from chateau cover  
position fragments  
also grease-like okay a sliver of far-  
out position  
catches in green light almost  
revolves  
but never fills  
out lemurs dance bouncy castle  
dance  
wall positions  
bulge and collapse  
lurid  
process is one thing but with no figure it's  
well I'm trying to settle  
I guess into  
unfigural  
movement makes sense  
you know saron  
not quite you  
rehab solo-  
call persistent  
bronzing

# LOTTE L.S.

## room for caption

she spoke into the room -  
of strokes, tsunamis, the way they moved their mouths  
on the video call

everything else felt kind of  
meaningless: the room's long chamber echoing back at her,  
the plant pots spitting up their seeds;  
the it of herself.

'what long pause of spring' -  
when the Spanish government  
used to shut down anarchist papers,  
printers unions  
would just insert their editorials  
into the mainstream newspapers.

I began the days wanting to bring into convergence  
three activities of being -  
what I'd seen, what I'd read, what I'd drawn.  
there was little if anything you could say otherwise:  
we all knew there was life beneath the ground. it is  
a practice of regard. soil informs an addressed constituency.  
a new logic is assumed:  
burden the freshly dug pond, burden  
the disposable camera,  
burden the paced circles of a monthly rolling tenancy.

he took three photographs of me at dawn:  
in one I was asleep, in another I was climbing a tree,

in the third I was shouting fuck-you at the man  
taking my photograph.

we laugh about it now -  
in the cool shade of his middle room.

I miss staying out. we were on a train  
moving through Iceland and the conductor  
announced over the tannoy  
someone might have been hit. they said  
we could choose whether to go back and check.  
I turned to you and said,  
“this would never happen in the UK”

and the dream ended.

I speak to you of all seasons:  
no classes, no clinics, no cafes.  
only the growing cult of the dead.

dying eggs red with onion skins,  
dying lilacs hyacinth blue -  
working a sentence over and over.

then I dreamed of the northern lights -  
only it wasn't a dream, it was  
1892, we were in Bossekop, Alta,  
and the world was monochrome.

or maybe it was 1978,  
dusk, the drawing of a tree,  
or sundown in Afrin  
in spring 2018.

either way I forgot, I  
tried to live uncertainly:  
the ambivalent woman

of non-personhood.

‘what does politicised identity want?’  
burden production conditions, burden a claim  
or a set of claims - I have taught evening classes,  
I have taught the grass to dampen, I have  
taught myself very little.

still the police continue to insert  
themselves undercover. in organisations. in collectives.

so how do you carry on?  
when sound is so muffled. when foxes  
are barking before dark.  
when to be alive  
is to be the horizontal body dreaming.

awake. and now nearly 20,000 dead.  
I sang, I cried, I perhaps, etc.  
the drawing of a figure emerged in the writing.  
I led him from his place. burden  
each street corner, so nervous  
and empty, burden  
‘the mistaken wedding of listening  
to the ear’  
in their, in our  
country. yeah, from fabric  
there is movement. they taught us songs,  
explained we could only hum among ourselves  
at home, in whisper,  
never outside.

nightmare: hard fingers like ideas,  
rectangles of yellow - so convincing.  
and then he started to talk.

the guards called it ‘letting him sing’ -

he sang like a nightingale! you're resisting for nothing!  
they said. then anyone  
could hear their trying listening.

'and the living?' I prefer  
absence. a postcard:  
Mary Magdalene's cave, recording  
thoughts in the garden;  
how such changes are legitimised  
(three to five hours per evening  
for three consecutive nights)  
- we attempted to live accordingly.

but she barely existed before the mid-1950s:  
in the history I record  
proves to be mostly illusionary.  
'she' has pretended to live.

babies, etc. every wet; that April category,  
i.e. where discussions branched out into other unmentionable body parts.

repetition: an effective mythologising tool  
(sometimes crying wildly)  
'I am' / 'we are'. why didn't we. admit  
we have thought so too. because we have dreamed  
we still dream. still no-one looks up from the street  
to see the starlings.

## a defence

some half hour's drive  
distance, "ah, there must be a \_\_\_\_."  
coolness and silence.  
she continued to live out her life in;  
led soft to a pale day.

silently blessing simple refreshments.  
climbing all 72 stairs -  
I lived off a street named Magdalene.  
I was unsustained, anyway  
bored as kindnesses.  
'comrade illusion': pinpoint site of  
sleep. site of upheaval. pinpoint  
site of draft.

I must need magnitude, a body  
three times longer. still honest.  
and walking is unchanging.  
look at her. holes where  
there should have been a question mark.  
I have pretended to live.

inadequately. what if the hour is left  
incomplete? to wake in site;  
'repetition is death' and the outtakes  
must be burned - all 52 minutes of them:  
have *her* elsewhere.  
I have known only that. incomplete people,  
sitting here interrupted. 'I say wet.'  
I say 'walking to.' I say 'work,'  
whatever.

and before the onset of real,  
these mechanisms

of industry  
give me a wet winter  
and three kilos of cherries.  
(she will swallow the pips)  
no construction of church: 'not a single  
book in common' that we share  
or otherwise. not trying to speak anything 'new'  
anything 'original' anything 'innovative'  
but just rearrange  
the perceived facts. a softening  
effect of  
incarcerated visibility - a  
reluctant autobiographical account,  
a mask  
with which  
I wear 'her'. principle of memory  
made me do it.

a limit of intimacy  
I never chose to wear it.

mostly we went to the threshing place  
below the water source, to talk. never to speak  
in a loud voice - "you are the bride  
of the other house" - she never had the chance to nurse,  
not 'of' no-one. a dense forest; spoken, said:  
all the outtakes were burned,  
diaper-wrapped and longing. at night I went out  
walking, alone. the animal took flight.  
we sang songs  
together - it raised the body  
temperature.

only the floor was concrete. nothing else  
suggested the military anymore. water basins  
in the yard were filled in with soil.  
crushed poppies

retrieved between notebooks. the delicate ambivalence  
of what we 'know' to be truth,  
the half-doubted thing. who is policing  
the thing? and which kind of delicacy of grief is profiting?

I lay underneath tenderness  
like the sequinned 'she' of the magician's saw  
thinking ambivalent:  
to demand nothing from a site,  
a 'state' but the destruction. of. itself.  
in sweet absolutes. to use an image,  
a street named Magdalene: there is no such thing.  
it is not 'like' anything.



# ZIDDY IBN SHARAM

*from* ACHARNEMENT

## 1. DEATH OF BAME

La Question becomes about murder  
, of course

    would you kill  
    the cop in your head?  
the saboteur who criticises you  
    the voice that tells you,

you ain't worth anything?

& now with vapid anguish

    I struggle to wake in the day  
night terrors haunting me  
    as I sweat in the fall of cadence.

Stricture comes to me in the mirror  
    reflecting those half-truths of sanity  
as if I can't cut a hole in my temple  
    and pour in all the gear and all the ideas.

The general practitioner on Zoom tells me  
    I have a candida overgrowth  
which is why I am suffering hypaesthesia  
    and I feel deeply wounded and triggered

by vegans foraging for fungi  
    because I wonder if they will take me  
out of my natural habitat  
    and make a dish of me or a meat substitute.

But where does the breath  
fall on my accumulation of bête noires?  
How do we eat Biscotti  
in the post-Brexit climate with  
    out realising the referendum ex  
    posed Europe for what it was  
    originally intended for: the movement  
    of capital and not of people.  
The rags that Nazi terror produces  
are calling refugees gadabouts  
and I am about to do more cocaine  
because there is nothing else to do.

I'm not sure  
    I ever wanted  
        a normal life  
and my therapist backs it,  
    who the fuck wants that?  
I was 13  
    when I first self-harmed  
                                and I still do  
from time to time,  
    the acharnement of my malaise  
it bursts blood  
    into the white  
        of my eyes  
I don't want anything  
    in my body to carry whiteness  
even my bones  
    are jaundiced by my inability  
                                to stay clean.  
I don't want to pay the bill  
    I don't want to talk to the old bill  
        I don't want to do hot yoga with Tim  
            I don't want to log in or tune in or anything.

So  
    I'll fuck it all off  
                        and call it on  
make sure the white I  
    inhale colours me.  
I have dreams of  
    a suicide vest  
        on me in Westminster

where rees bass  
    is pulsing my little hammer heart  
        at 170 bullets per minute.  
I have dreams  
    where the 20<sup>th</sup> century  
                                is really over  
and socialism is  
    no longer a stupid compromise  
where we listen to Russian punk  
    and know what the lyrics mean  
where Lenin wasn't  
    just another white fella  
                                in history  
but your best mate  
    whose got the connect  
and now we've got the guns and the sugar  
                                and we're gonna murder tonight.

# LUKE ROBERTS

*from* Glacial Decoys

1.

I understand everyone.

I can hear them on the roof.

I can hear them on the roof, understanding everybody.

But I'm troubled.

2.

I don't know how to write this book.

I don't know who it belongs to.

It begins in the present and it slips. It conjures up the voices of my friends and it pushes them away. The tune it plays is limited: a bitter parody of consolation.

But if the shape takes hold it could go, a little stupidly, towards them.

3.

It's a bright spring day at the start of an epidemic and I'm full of other people's great ideas. We've been at home for seven days already, gritting our teeth and dreaming of fever. David is on the other side of the city, alone. He comes over and we go out for a walk: it's unstructured but it isn't aimless. We keep the requisite distance apart, preparing a new relation to what we've been calling our bodies. We walk through gardens and squares, we tread the perimeters, doubling back in giant figure-eights. I'm hungry to see things, especially at spring-time.

David is being ultra careful, wearing surgical gloves and throwing accusatory looks at anyone who gets too close. I thought *I* was being responsible, but he's much more stringent and serene. My hypochondria is jangling, a nervous kind of excitement that I understand as the exact edge of depression. To tease him a little I start picking up litter from the street, whatever catches my eye. A Chinese cigarette packet. Some light-green moss. A plastic quartz heart. Some metal. I put each token in my pocket and I tell David I'm going to take it home and scan it: this will be my ritual, this will be how I keep vigil. Let me make an image of the wreckage so we can remember what it looked like.

David says okay, but you should really wear some gloves.



4.

I abandon the project.

We have to start somewhere else.

In August 2016 we went to Cornwall. Amy was finishing her PhD, and had a job cataloguing the archive of the artist Rose Garrard. Rose was a well-known artist in London in the 1970s and 1980s, but a head injury after a motorbike accident left her with a severe tremor. It became harder and harder for her to make her art. Although she'd taught for a few years at Dartington, she'd made a series of moves: first to Malvern, where a flood destroyed a lot of her work, and now to Bude, where her garage brimmed over with sculptures, paintings, and documentations of her performances.

Rose's work involved great long imaginative arrangements: elements she kept coming back to, each becoming definite and indefinite in repetition. Pandora, the garden, the gun, the frame, faces and masks and portraits of portraits. We spent weeks in the garage, unpacking and repacking the items while Rose talked us through the stories of her life. Once we were eating lunch and talking about post-war rationing and deprivation. Rose told us how she was weaned on tomatoes. Her mother would cut a little hole in a tomato and give it to her to suck.

She told us about an artist she'd known called Ray Exworth, who'd taught sculpture at Falmouth in the 1960s and 1970s. In the garage we found one of Ray's boxes, a little like a Joseph Cornell. Rose greeted it like an old friend. She

told us what we really needed to see was his *sheds*. For decades he'd worked on huge installations at his cottage in the remote countryside, building shed after shed to accommodate his visions. Rose had visited in the 1980s when she was working for the Arts Council, hoping to acquire some of Ray's large-scale sculptures for the collection. No luck. The box was like a consolation prize.

So we called around and got in touch with Ray's widow, Susie. On a bright day in the 21<sup>st</sup> Century we drove to Bluebell Cottage, up a mile-long track into the real middle of nowhere. Susie came to the gate and welcomed us in. What I want to describe most of all is her hair: that kind of delicate hair you only see on old women, thin and angelic, a halo of silver. Susie told us she liked to sunbathe naked in the garden. She told us how she and Ray married in London in 1959, and the next day headed west on a motorbike. She sat on the floor and asked us about the internet, about what London was like, what books we liked, which artists. I liked her about as much as I have ever liked anyone. She reminded me of Amy.

Eventually Susie took us outside to see the sheds. We had to practically crawl on our hands and knees to navigate the entrances: tarpaulin held up with timber, material scattered all over the floor and piled up on surface after surface. In Rose's garage we'd been used to disturbing the archive, opening up boxes and digging through the contents. But here we kept our arms close by our sides, trying hard not to bring anything crashing down around our heads.

Ray had only died the previous March, and she told us she was still getting used to his absence. Inside each shed Ray had focused on a different medium, or that's how it seemed:

plaster or wood or metal. What I recall most vividly was a lifesize replica he'd made of his childhood bedroom, a cascade of nails, a perfect plastercast wave. Susie was nimble and quick. She told us that when Ray was alive he would work in the sheds every day, like a job, from 9 to 5. He would borrow things from the house – a frying pan, a box of soap – and make replicas, scaled up or down. He had almost no interest in exhibiting his work. In fact, his work seemed to build other people *out*, to literalise the obstacles of a personality, raise them to monumental heights.

I don't think I understood Ray, and I don't know if I understood Susie. Although she won't make another appearance in this book, and she really has nothing to do with it, secretly she is its hero.

5.

A different spring, a different day.

A group of children dressed as Roman senators arrive at your door.

They say: 'It's time to give us your report. The poets are waiting.'

Outside the window I can hear the old-fashioned ring of a telephone, gentle traffic, birdsong.

Panicked, I spring ungainly to my own defence: 'I've been writing minor classics for a decade! I've scorned attention and cherished independence! I don't know what it is anyone could possibly want from me!'

The children, now dressed as skeletons, step back and become solemn. 'We accept the minor status of your classics. But your sentimentality is vicious and unbearable, and you're still using the language of the previous century.'

I start explaining my theory: that the 21<sup>st</sup> Century still hasn't begun. All we've had for twenty years is decades. In the long chain of catastrophes, stuck sometimes up to our ankles, our necks, our waists, we were doing our best to start it.

They begin to throw flowers. Roses, orchids, magnolias. They keep throwing and throwing. Soon there are so many flowers I can no longer see, and the flowers are heavy like eyelids.

Laughter. A faint smell of burning.  
And then with a recklessness bordered by grace.

We were more tender than anyone knew.

# SARAH CREWE

*from* garn [eliza doolittle]

squirming

*what is middle class morality? just an excuse for never giving me anything*  
*eliza's dad, act ii, pygmalion*

we reserve the right to write  
on the empirical as  
an increscent voice meaning

we are sick and thoroughly  
exhausted from being asked  
to forget our own language

to pretend we live off praise  
& opportunity the  
asda take neither of these

payment methods we regret  
to inform you that this is  
not a sinecure & if





# GERALDINE MONK

## Songings & Strangerlings

### Songings

Stoop rich fruit through nothingness  
caress and be a steeper bliss.  
Neon slips the storm.  
Seizure of light.  
Some fear to lose the day.  
The lioness may move  
o'er her prey.



Carved in the heart  
a rusting ring-  
serpent split  
eternity.  
Your image turns to  
arctic flakes  
such craving  
burnt the trusty tree.





Deepest abyss.  
A will-o'-the-wisp  
rock heavily my mind.  
Sea-lured river-wracked.  
Hovering night  
drench calmly  
the harm-quake  
drench calmly the  
quake.



Be still  
unresting limbs  
frantic as birdsong.  
Come now shades  
a-lingering sleep  
wallowin  
creature me.  
No words to strangely  
work the heart.



Take love easy  
big grow deep-feather-down.  
Ocean rumours favour with a-flow  
no sadness on me  
weepingo.  
In the land of strangers be  
lost be lost  
in me.



How long  
have we known  
songs grow not  
on trees — longer than  
longings  
may spring  
unrestrained  
sing yeah — sing nay  
sing-sigh.



Breakers rave her  
dis tresses  
round  
scattered ruins  
ruined  
sleight of banished  
hand throwing hearts  
the card . . . the knave  
of darts . . . darts . . .



Air this strain  
mug  
lemon heave of ebon  
mammato cumulus  
westwarding westward  
*refrain*  
unhallowed sky  
forests foraging  
doom  
rattle the core  
rattle  
*refrain.*



To bite this temperate fruit  
sweet  
sinned and purpled  
with vigour.  
Unmask the melody  
locked and languishing  
on the tip . . .  
tongue the  
soft-fell  
pash.

Stay! Stay!  
Jealous Season  
proud with fame-  
glorious conflagration  
roaming constant  
flocks of . . .  
flocks of . . .  
etherise.  
Stay! Stay!



Arctic wings bring  
exquisite gloss.  
Holy-Lice  
fast-gathering  
phantoms  
land  
on hill  
on brow  
on temples.



Peach-glad tree tips  
night notes throated  
steep  
fleeting  
continual  
enwrap feet  
with angel-high-wires  
mandrake cumber  
world  
turn-turtle.

Be still my  
float-a-bout  
soul  
until the  
hasting hurt greets daffo  
days a-parts the  
gold embroidered gorgeously  
unstained.



Setting bird  
la-light on ultra  
woodland  
violets  
fabulous  
crystalline  
lining  
dimples weary  
winter  
captive wilt  
not.

