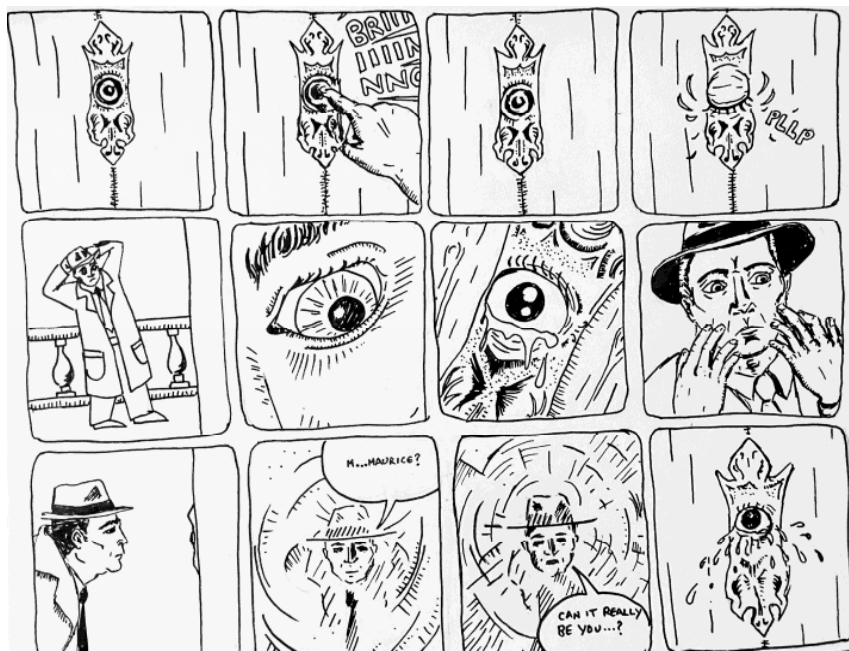


LUDD GANG



Green towards
solo, an off loading
is 3 yards moving
past the feeling.
Eclipse or flowers
in the *drip* business
for investments to spill.
Comes to in the
overcast, with our
dust clouds and
sensor clicks.
The weird stuff held,
from Weissensee to deft
touch, it won't back down,
no condition except
whatever we lost
in the view.

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JULY 2023

LUDD GANG

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MAGGIE O'SULLIVAN

of conflict

of conflict .

being cut -

criss

crossing chronic

“...houseless home, a ruined nest -”

so many sheddings

so many fractures

bleeding so many

so many silences -

being pushed -

pushed in -

when they -)

question you

so many waters

“as the water hushes

the soils”

“many waters

clouted -

to hunger
crying to curlew

crying to blackbird beak
of yellow furze

RAIN MAMALS

my throat -

thronging -

dragged -
my heart

crushed -
crushed-in -

wire they tighten -

spikes they 

when they -)

question you ~~~~~

stand your ground

when they -)

question you

speak boldly your ground

one of the animals

of this earth

boldly your ground

sing to live

sing animals again

sing this earth

NAOMI WEBER

Exercise for Sleep

in living, there is waking, sleeping,
in between,

boredom

a great big wheelie
down broader avenues
of return and fade

a snow fall or a skyline or a pint,
going home and sinking into silence
like a stone into cream

in diving with a body
that never learnt how to dive
in seas swimming out
for a futile search,
for firmer ground
when time is bruise,
space tempestuous,
surges of might
rock the rocket ship

and in moments

between waking
and sleeping
the universe may appear
sudden, sheer in its benevolence
generous in expansion

tapestry of hands,
dinner petal, low weight
as we lie slow, still
under the terminal century
breathing the plastic air
the horse still alone in his field

Out of the consulting room

a basin under frozen pink light,
another medium pilgrimage
to small stagnant water body,
sliced loaf under the pond ice

as passer-by, as chairperson
of the metropolitan
drinking fountain and cattle trough association
you were serious, reverential,
had the solidity of someone

like woman in shop
man behind counter
in public, in brief
huffing the overhead
overheard and ongoing in ourselves

outside the room,
we attribute more to these seasons,
stars, the auspicious nonalignment of moments,
materials, nauseous

within the room
two lines are only dividing for ever
time is contracting
to communicate
capillaries retreat
experience is its red shift

broken fans behind a blue screen
remembering Velcro
two people facing each other
in the stagnant indoor bureaucracy
of suffering
in the wild den of pain
in the need palace
in a state

inner ear
density of strip light
I make this with my arms
listening from the spine
in the sun of thinking
and in the numb cold
where lungs
may be smaller,
flowering quiet
out of neglected air

pack up, going home

these quakes of mutual life,
out in the day moon sky

New Poem

it is the enrichment of hands
the small, absently perfumed hands
of 13th century venetian ladies

it is the placement of hands
in the history of an elsewhere
whiling away the lagoon day
the tugboat enjoying his ride

catching the winch of the wind,
our jellyfish
conjurer, a handheld
cosmology of wonder, heresy
and concatenation

a stung thread like the line for the mill
where once the ocean was more living
ladies, lads, laddies
tabard felt, grain day, a little broom
itching mystery of worlds and womb

all knowledge born of longing
all longing born of the self's stretch, dispersal
and parade

IBRAHIM SALIHU

Second Life

Afar, a foghorn slices through the stillness of the night like a knife -
low and long, across the sea.

There are two coffee cup rings on the table and I'm oblivious to the
dramas of my doppelganger, cackling.

Wind-filled wheezes, this is where I belong - within the confine of
these flashbacks and hallucinations.

The night shuffles in reverse, a decade long - its vague remnant,
appearing and disappearing like flash fog.

*What's become of me? The inner monologue in my head
won't stop either.*

I'm bashing myself against the upholstered wall - fast, faster.

The straitjacket shelters me like a second skin.

*How can I ask the one whom has not spoken a word to me since
I got here - 'this upholstered wall'?*

It must be my tormentor.

OLI HAZZARD

Composed at Erdberg

I

Going forwards
into zinc motes
buggily humming

a maything song
I almost lurch
to punch my own

voice, crushingly
loud in airpods
cancelling the moor

of shuffled spruce,
rushes, and larch.
Before I or

anyone knows
a yelp comes from
our inbox out

II

What if the “way” of melancholy
is via a fiddly melody
the basic idea of which
is dead; she understands
through melody
the basic idea that
you die; or the method
of melancholia
is an awkward song
from which one basic idea
has expired; if self-denunciation’s
juggling hexagonal
piano patterns back to
yourself in agog air,
too ornamental
to be severe. Apostrophes
as the poem starts to snow
itself, as though—“apostrophes
like snow begins to fall
on poetry”—succumbing
to the environment,
giving in to it, since to clock
something partial’s
the payoff for being
a person short of
a person, the existential
reward of being a short man
alone. Because it’s a tense thing,
not nothing, to feel about

the freshness of the feel
of HD spruce leaf.

III

Probably time
to doodle

up a
song you

can look
at or

not. The pieces
do not

have tempo
indications

and recordings have ranged
from under 2 minutes

to over 4 minutes
in length for all six.

IV

Scratching
something irrational

on noise, that is
scratching when

you scratch
with noise, that is:

scratching while scratching
something useless

with useless
sound.

V

Not a waste
to waste
the fluorescing

misreading
reach of a
wren's wrung

routine.
Until the shine
comes on

it is misread
as access to the
Mutilated Warbler

one regular, disgusting
evening.
Jay called again

about the cosmetics.
Despite his
sweetness,

he leaves
a feeling
in you.

VI

Sorting recycling in
Eden—when

in doubt
shout—

the boxy rumble
of one consoling form

of indecision
verberating

through June . . .
Brush brush.

Playing it again
in the bland toy landscape

when in
doubt.

Literally just knocking
about with you

in the and
of the

inging
room.

RALPH HAWKINS

A Litany

pale bonnets in the laundry sun

followed by coupling in the sheds, harvest time

squinting eyed unto the ochre rayed sunne

the autumn air of acorn and sweet chestnut

women of the cities with their laced hankies

the men hand in hand in that violet Burnt Norton dusk

a vegemite and plant-based existence

dogs sunning

the thrumming of hover fly

freckled from the sun and worn out they rode out on the mistral
heading for the mountains on horseback,

a young boy with a limp and a fish hooked

a lax pause

the wavering colours of evening

I have shown weakness in my judgements sewn thru time

these felicitations

gongs florets and the litany of leaves

for what remains of the grass is as if a voice

a soft pace is set thru the woods with a rush of spore

of sorrows we cannot speak

wrenched, torn and divided

the city warm with constant flux

its Thames full broken with the songs at low tide

my thoughts slide

against the tyranny which gives no pause to the daily onslaught

some at wits end

both my failure to speak and to understand

a bright cellophane transparence

covers the constant flow

strange attachments to donkeys, dogs, chess

the night yet lustrous with need

a wound to the east, opens towards contested ground

hugging our loved ones

the grass filled steppes of a Hungarian summer

or milling by the Dnipro

Honey Thieves

on waves of honey bound barrels
pithos of minerals, wheat, sunflowers from
the rich soil, flat breads puffed up
a whole stack of diktats waiting
to butter up in price, whose interest
cosmetic plastic surgery,
que song, a diddle do
capture wish the saliva of stars,
the sun floating amongst small clouds as salmon
in a river spool out along the borne hum in the aire her
beehive hair of yellow broom her fingers
as pale wood-anemones and
from her feet stem white trefoil
honey-bears and honey-thieves
eve's cheeks the colour of the rose –
and what colour is that? care not a fig.
steer wide of swarm coming, I was tending
my flock fucked wallpaper, whirls combing
marriage tent party, whorls, O sweet honey
inbred blindness metaphor, some fizzy fishes but not endangered?
subumbrella skirt trim at the mountain top
perhaps skim zen stones, want for more
bred to separate the millet from the mine canary
mullet not on menu nor cod either
what price some piece and then quiet

les ombres on Sheba's eyes a gate opening
can you enter power a bright bird winging
mascara of the facts derm brightening \$200 a pop
bee wax candles buy the bunch throwing light into

cloistered darkness? 'together like so manie Angels',
darted in bright flash
like some kind of juice in the aire
the spiralling buzz of a mosquito
grasp and clasp of shut purse, shut out forever

A Feeling for Leaving

I will find something *wrong* with him
an eye or an ear, scooting through the nodding grass
to the splash of pure water, my blessing
his tan lines, I have to

and what does it say to her on the gravel
in moonlight with her pinched step,
the weight of groceries, faint dew on the grass
the size 5 shaped steps whisking her to her desire

a quick change of pace, a small sun floating
amongst clouds, drapes drawn, is he here now
my wishing nonsense, did he stop
at the cash machine,

fleeing the ancient city, the gate resistant to
opening, nameless by the thousands

Masochism World

nicky melville's *THE IMPERATIVE COMMANDS*

A touchstone for the political theories of both Rousseau and Kant (hear me out), *heteronomy* describes a scenario in which individual lives are compelled and/or ruled by structural forces that appear to exist outside them, the most recognizable of which are probably the state and the law. That said, anyone who works for wages, pays rent, or is regularly stopped at the border knows heteronomy firsthand. Published late last year by the enigmatic Dostoyevsky Wannabe, nicky melville's *The Imperative Commands*, "Printed in Great Britain by Amazon," represents a chunky field guide to something like heteronomy's low hum. The yield of a year-long transcription practice in which Melville has mined everything from his online banking homepage to his tobacco pouch, *The Imperative Commands* broadcasts a sprawling series of statements (directives, recommendations, proposals, portents, insights, guidelines, warnings) that take the form of prose columns, lyric poems, images, hashtags, and individual words where the font size has been whacked up to fill the entire page. The diktats themselves allude to public health, academic institutions, debt, credit cards, cash loans, apps, energy crisis, grocery shopping, coupons, financial planning, the UN, and Scottish parliament. "This £100 Iceland Voucher Has Your Name On It. Your £100 Zara Voucher Has Arrived! Your £100 Costcutter Voucher Has Arrived!" writes Melville, "New flights make it easy to unlock Middle East markets." At one point, *The Imperative Commands* declares: "**FORM IS TEMPORARY. / CLASS IS PERMANENT.**" The book even lets the environment announce its impending doom: "Climate — Something huge is happening." Like the nineteenth century American novelist with whom he shares a surname, Melville's penchant for the encyclopedic is less about documentary capture than coming up for air in the riptide of material conditions. Between the compendium and bizarre aphorism ("Cars can come with unexpected extras"), *The Imperative Commands* highlights the

economic ordering that seeps into the ostensibly banal spaces of daily existence. Think of it not as conceptual poetry but concept album, whose protagonist — the Imperative — guides us across the sites and sensoria of a world where “[e]very crisis is personal.” But this isn’t simple unmasking either; if crises are personal, how do we render them collective? Where does your accession to a structure you hate coincide with someone else’s? “READ THIS RIGHT NOW!” Melville instructs, because, in even bigger letters almost three hundred pages later, “EVERY WORD COUNTS.”

Sam Weselowski

09/06/2023

i think that probably most of us who love poetry have the conviction that there is one bit or snatch or line of it that seems to define everything else and to encompass it: a kind of ur-poetry, possessing an almost metaphysical significance. for me those lines have always been the ones from william blake's 'london': '[i] mark in every face i meet / marks of weakness, marks of woe'. and i mean it. i come back to those words every single day, like a mantra. they encapsulate for me the task of poetry and a basic challenge to 'my' politics, to my belief that things can change, that they don't have to be like this. and the struggle as i have felt it has always been to understand *in what sense the lines can be true*, in what sense the 'marks' (which i have always felt must be *indelible*) can be real, without the belief that things can change being proved false, or illusory; and it's only pretty recently that i've begun to feel as if i have a way of answering that question. try it like this. imagine a universe in which these lines of blake's are the centre and project outwards invisible fields of force, invisible lines of gravity within which everything else is located: 'the class struggle', economic reforms, principles of hope, going to work, reading the news, producing art, 'reproducing yourself'. shit like that. and we don't 'talk' about these fields, but everything that we *do* talk about moves within them insensibly: pasolini's rust and fish and dried blood and smoke in the air and our ideas about 'communism' all move within this forcefield that blake's lines define, and delineate. so the point is that when these marks of weakness, marks of woe are thought or felt like this *they don't rule anything else out*, the fact of their irremediability does not rule out revolution or happiness or, i don't know, whatever you like, transcendence, renewal, jfc even spiritual insight if you want it, they just don't, and the borders and walls and inner citadels of 'real injury' outside of which everything else is just pipe dreams and adolescent fantasies crumble like 'Cathedrals ... based on symmetry which later becomes magmatic, abnormal and out of

proportion'. *nothing is ruled out, nothing is destroyed, nothing left behind*, we play the notes of our life in the wrong order, and somehow we still hear the music as it really is, even though it can only ever exist like this, in the way that we're playing it right now: misphrased, discordant, a little slow, a little hesitant. and everything is the same and everything is different, and we are travelling backwards in time towards a thing that no one has ever seen before: and when i started writing these notes a few months ago i wanted to talk about what had gone wrong, i had the feeling that so many of us had lost our way, that the damage was accumulating but that we didn't know how to get it into words (I don't mean with 'professionals'), that even the act of opening our mouths to talk about ourselves would fill us with unwanted invasive feelings of guilt, and now it's six months later and i'm starting to feel like i've turned a corner, as if i've finally understood something basic and something has clicked or become clear: that blake's universe of woe and weakness is really just a set of rules, as indifferent and as mild and as neutral as electromagnetism, or gravity, or multiplication, and it is only when it ceases to be the substance of our style and our way of being that it becomes unbearable and stops us from thinking; but when it exists in our style or way of being everything else becomes possible again, we can go back to our political ideas and see them in a new light, changed but also persistent, and enduring, and for the first time in our life maybe they really seem like **our** ideas too, like things which are coming towards **us**, as the planets move towards the objects at the centre of their orbits; and maybe this feels good? to no longer have to chase after **them**, feeling ourselves getting weaker and weaker, and less and less able to remember why it is that we started, and looking up sometimes and seeing them always further and further away? i don't know, you tell me. we all know that when a new chapter of our lives begins, it'll have to be lived day by day: and there are notes that none of us have been able to play, and we hear them anyway in the notes that we are able to play, and do. perhaps even here.

Danny Hayward

PROPER CREAMY

Check out the **Leeds Poetry Studio** for future readings and workshops, or to use its library of pamphlets and poetry books as a study space. It's 'a free resource for anyone interested in reading, studying or writing poetry, regardless of experience, past publications or institutional affiliation.' Shire Oak Studios, Leeds, LS6 2TN. See www.leedspoeetrystudio.co.uk for info on how to book it and get involved.

Tim Wolf's *Participation Medal* is out from **Gong Farm**. Bonnie Hancell & Elle Lo's *Untitled, or, in the stupid stupid present where I was living* is also still on sale (both £6.50 in UK). Head to gongfarm.cargo.site for these and others.

New books from Miles Champion and Peter Gizzi are available from **Distance No Object** (£6.50 to UK inc. P&P) at distancenoobject.cargo.site.

RunAmok recently published pamphlets by Peter Manson, Vicky Sparrow, and David Grundy – have a look at runamokpress.com/books/ for these and more.

REPORTS (communityofgoods.blogspot.com) is 'a regular bulletin for the exploration of inarticulate social and artistic experience ... Send contributions to: pxxtry@gmail.com'.

And see **pxxtry.com** for pdfs of a bunch of rescued classics.

Materials have published James Goodwin's *Faux Ice*, Candace Hill's *Short Leash Kept On*, and *Kruk Book: An Anthology for Frances Kruk* at material-s.blogspot.com/

Erotoplasty Editions is a print-on-demand press that sells innovative and idiosyncratic books of poetry at cost price. New entries from Emily Martin and this issue contributor Owen Fortunato Brakspear are imminent: erotoplasty.tumblr.com/

