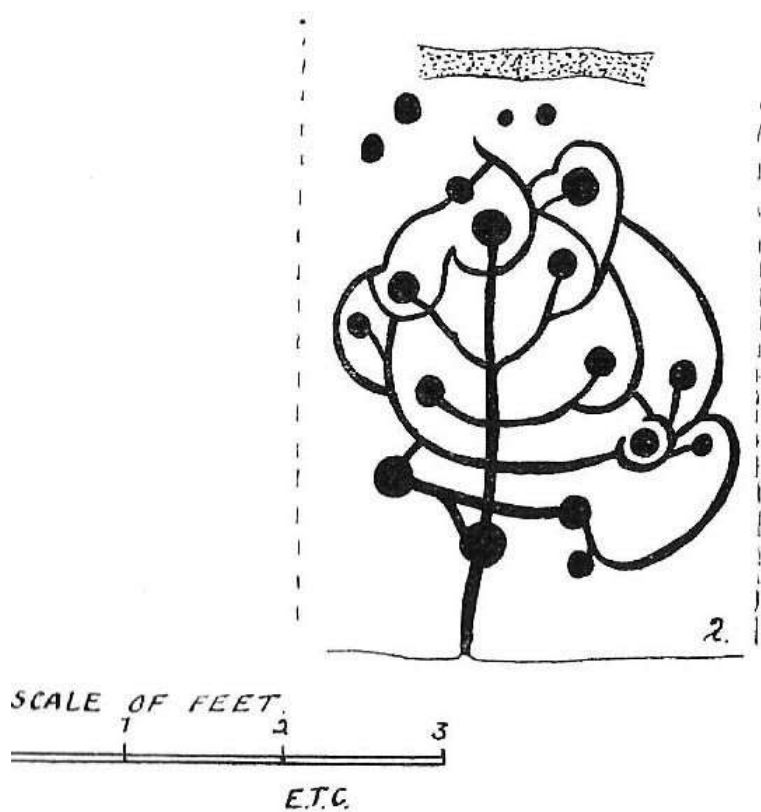


# LUDD GANG



the wrigglers beneath the panel  
with boisterous sunken prints  
are institutions  
the film upon their crest  
slices the realm of freedom

EDITED, TYPESET & PRINTED BY ALEX MARSH,  
DOM HALE & TOM CROMPTON

COVER: SKETCH OF TREE OF LIFE MARKING, ASKWITH  
MOOR, WASHBURN VALLEY, BY E.T. COWLING

SEPTEMBER 2023

# LUDD GANG

16

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# JAC COMMON

they dwell where they dwell

of bees collude sickly butterbur  
vanta pitch song  
blaaaaaaack-  
caps unrandom  
gather colour into porous skulls  
hawthorn along septum  
rail freight  
squeal diesel fume  
spectral scent, nervous arcs glisten glancing or sniff spillage  
escaping downstream of the wind.  
water tump-  
anumerous aaaaaaaaas they surface ripples its  
reflection  
overlead glide repeat squeals pulse thru tonal rain black  
gnarl false death  
false season.  
hunched fist from below a hot glue  
rope splice (back)  
gums hot  
dreams  
quiet of float switch whirl  
underground/ passages flood a night  
half-closure/  
throatscratch fur absorbing april  
tea among wood shavings  
we unstick from mud,

the wiring, the  
'progress'.

bladder ground

closure gurgle coltsfoot                      by late afternoon they were  
were picked, pocketed, refreshed & suspended

## interchange pause fugue

*28 April 2023, between 3 and 4am, between Bristol and Exeter*

night clunks coupled season to sleeping line  
levering slat push its frick overbeam. a.m.  
    eyelid heavy draped which is to say  
something of bloodblack curtains. sleepfall in-  
    divisible.    weeping whereas become subordind.  
tation.    to the side.    clunk logic peoples  
sodium with gritter & if worth the wait  
fuck that rail fright.    slowly pulling  
    black/creep wisdom in the  
    dead end shag slick inside  
    total bottom of null.

    puffed eye-skin  
    picks up inprint  
    of cheap seats  
    it's almost like  
@ broken salivations t  
                    unneled.    horizontal blasts.  
at the state of manufactured fatigue

think of it like a hot dream flying off all uncoupled  
flickering expand. the wayward convo.    into havox.  
LED ghosts collide red stars.    that man got on with a  
maccy d's and ate a bag of crisps at 3:42am.

    slivers with reptition glare.    clicking at

wherever granules rear end descent  
                  smallpoint senecio acids grumblesteel.  
so pin it, pin it, spike it,  
                  slurpacious acity of skulls absorbing prefabulous curves  
          this.     dream is possible at certain angles  
this dream is possible in the timetable and only  
within the timetable the timetable  
          abolishes space where the dwarf stars say 'luciferin/luciferase'  
      by shift pattering decay night's on or off  
red or green



# AMEENAH AFSHAN

## Atlantis

Dear Atlantis

I'm so shameless I'll stop at nothing 'til I find you I'd be too greedy were I to ask the Lord for anything else Fuck Plato if his work alluded otherwise Were I to tell you about my true feelings it'd loose nobility in translation I must confess I haven't slept a wink in years and I fear I might have developed arthritis for the want of you These days I swim as a form of hydrotherapy perhaps this way the buoyancy will take the resistance away By all means if drinking all the seawater from the sea is what this love will take I shall die trying using bamboo straw Now I crash diet in expectation that my hair follicle will disappear and it's the best thing since climate change for I can monkey about in the sea attending school with the herrings migrating across tides Today I ambushed and took ownership of a cathedral mound being built by an army of ants and it might surprise you that I'm holding the feeble aged ones captive I'm inclined to believe they know your whereabouts but soon they will bulge and divulge your secret hideout I know this sounds like tough realism but there's no telling what I might do next especially now that the young ants have started teaching me philopatry maybe the world needs to be on alert now for I can move unerringly even with my eyes wide shut like the ants

# JAZMINE LINKLATER

## Redraft Reprise

*After Ruth Anderson & Annea Lockwood*

Despondent day beneath a Turner sky  
HD lighting in the foreground  
makes foliage appear golden  
I mean to bloom –  
What is a verbal representation of a visual representation?  
I mean is it –  
These vegetables take so much chewing  
    We take so much  
Hello my darling. Hi my love.  
The way she laughs makes memory in my throat.  
The way she says *gee whizz*  
the way she says *that's wonderful*  
the way she says  
    *don't say goodbye unless you have to go*

I want to write a poem that is barely there  
No feeling  
Just unadulterated knowledge and then fade to black.  
    Don't you hate the word 'body'?  
All art itself as criticism –  
All criticism as art –  
I kept the options open until mulch.  
Now moving in a circle round a void  
scaffolded by distance.

That's the definition we're discussing  
Perspective angling the bottom of a cloud to light -  
I mean dispersal -  
I'm holding open my conditioning  
so next time violence won't temper

What have you done with your attention?  
Stop a second. Slow down. Right there -  
Is the pencil in your hand?  
Did you block it out first  
starting with the background  
divided into shapes?  
The inspiration has to find you working  
without content. The body obscured by bookended desire.  
I only mean to greet and then depart -  
I'm trying to identify the patterns in the thinking that are not led by intellect.  
Yes my heart's still slowly rupturing my sternum  
Hello darling. Hi my love.  
The hedgehogs are here shuffle-grunting in the undergrowth  
rearranging time invisibly for me  
while the big moon shines inanely  
I am waiting for your call -

Would it always be like -  
Well I didn't know.  
I make a collage, cutting out the bad.  
She got the sounds from by the silent graveside.  
We could live forever in the movie  
instead of trying to survive  
Let's go back -  
I think the silver clouds are breaking -  
Yes it's raining now. Extremely.  
Splashing off the paving and the tables

Slipping off the leaves at last  
Hello my love. My darling.  
There is no easy way to say this –  
The summer birds were here above my garden. Will I draw it for you?  
Did you eat? Did the lines make sense within their circle?  
Next time I mean –  
The painting adequately layered  
The arrangement more rococo.  
I mean to fray –  
To let the gilded frame bind value

# IAN MACARTNEY

## Utah Teapot

ontology aligned with workflow  
    primitive animation cringe  
dissolving macbook keys yes  
    i am still discussing trends  
the promise of bio-computers  
    cells initiating transistors  
sun-powered plant material  
    versus silicone  
we had previously sent you a regret  
    now it's mine

*StrathCyber Physical System B, Hyperglasgow, March 2323 (6<sup>th</sup>)*

## nine ayes

*aye – six(ish) twelve-syllable(ish) lines with a ‘quantum jump’ in the middle, expressed as ‘[...]’*

1: aye

No more of your corporate odes, bro, I wanna  
look at something antique, impossibility  
lessened between [...] between oblique, canonical,  
Thames’ oxygen-green bronze (imperial) and  
the wacky face emoji... an hour early  
for retail, I hereby consult the muddied waves.

*Bankside, London, April 2022 (20<sup>th</sup>)*

2: aye

Sure, you were protean and wide-eyed and flowing  
– you were not quite the 17-to-25  
year-olds’ narcissism needed to fulfil some [...] whole new set of opportunities. "You could just work in a bar”, right? It wouldn’t accelerate the world’s end, pints of time measured by the old glow.

*ECA Fire Station, Edinburgh, September 2022 (23<sup>rd</sup>)*

3: aye

There is a flowing mechanism called the world  
and it contains everything outside of the world  
[...] God, I loved that coffee. That young man who made  
it my preferred way seemed familiar (glowing  
bronze curls, an angel of burnished waters) so now  
I desire another – every! – drink, gold.

*Luckie Coffee Stall, Haymarket, Edinburgh, September 2022 (26<sup>th</sup>)*

4: aye

*for Maria*

How can the unsnowed coast be the one just cancelled?!  
And what else do I keep in my keep-cup that is  
not inhaled [...] i.e. what soft grandeur does each coy  
animal, their clutch of feelings, commit? Is it  
like a wedding, the commuter train, the landscape?  
Now I have an excess of things to say to you.

*Edinburgh Waverley to Dundee, December 2022 (10<sup>th</sup>)*

5: aye

What else have I created but the glitched pretence  
for a reference? And who cares about futures,  
the AI or some other person writing [...] then

we presented on the knife edge between crisis  
and opportunity, yeah. Our train was early,  
as if for me – O black ice, you every-screen!

*Linlithgow to Glasgow Queen Street, December 2022 (11<sup>th</sup>)*

6: aye

Vulnerable and spongy like a wound, those days  
I misread “future” as “failure”. Once again, twice  
the caesura, [...] oh. Cancel all appointments in the  
name of HR (HackeRy) like loose computers  
losing their shit in a dishwasher, a window  
cleaner sponging the skyscraper’s glow-surface.

*Linlithgow to Glasgow Queen Street, February 2023 (24<sup>th</sup>)*

7: aye

Endless deferral, comrades, endless deferral –  
I want to dim the lights and replay the dance-game.  
With nothing to do, work [...] invigorated by  
far too many screens. I cannot stand to count how  
many steps they took from me – it was never that  
many, left to my own snoozy-as devices.

*Technology and Innovation Centre, Glasgow, July 2023 (10<sup>th</sup>)*



8: aye

I feel the vast capacity of people. How  
many could be turned on to my presentations?  
Actions demean [...] the mystery of Manchester,  
like airports. Yes, I am in love with only one  
meeting by our side, but that does not mean much now.  
Openness is a category. It keeps song.

*National Express 183, Edinburgh to Newcastle, July 2023 (12<sup>th</sup>)*

9: aye

*for Santiago*

Though with the clean panorama a bit clearer  
I will use, knowing less than dust what sunny fear  
of the environment, [...] tendencies undulate  
as usual. This is not the first Thirty Years' War,  
but a superdense kind of relationship – got  
to clean my coffee cup, *then* capture the fruit flies.

*Shawlands, Glasgow, July 2023 (26<sup>th</sup>)*

Ladybird, Linlithgow Train Station,  
August 2022 (1<sup>st</sup>)

Lassoed to the flat of my dried palm  
like it is never meant to be now

we meet. Tail-tracks. Orange's shell  
a wheat-hue, a blot of dusk, then

the tectonic wink of my knuckle's  
moving scar. So amber, ladybird,

the sense of your crawling  
purpose! When you open

your body to reveal, in helicopter glory  
on a mote of summer light, how easy

it is to split on through  
the commuter's way,

perfectly timed, I see how voluntary  
some animals (participants) regard

work.

And I smile for paying pure attention.

# ROSA CAMPBELL

there are so many things to be angry about

‘Poems are bullshit unless they are / teeth or trees or lemons piled / on a step.’  
—Amiri Baraka

standing in the middle of the carpark there are so many things to be angry about  
so many people I love that I will never be able to save, so little meaningful work

my dog will die before me & none of the things I’ve grown will love me back:  
the space of my office, the daffodils, my students, all will turn towards the sun

as is right, the sea never having remembered me anyway, even after I  
gave my whole self unto it, saved by brutal osmotic onslaught

I can smell its indifference, samphire & massive grey, & I look every morning  
to the Queen of Wands in the bathroom mirror for a way to make rage useful

there are so many things to be angry about & yet somehow I don’t feel guilty  
about sitting in the prime seat at the back of the bus by the uncloseable window

about sitting in the fat slant of sun in the pub as someone lets me think  
that *The Salad of the Bad Café* is a clever title for something

it’s so impossible to put anything real in a poem: no lemons, no teeth—  
the little rat of my soul watches twitchily as I lay out another meal deal for it

# OWEN BRAKSPEAR

1.

when you were brought to me,  
so that I could be shown,  
I saw *eu*-, Venus, foaming  
at the mouth - so indelibly there,  
despite yourself, in ur ineluctable  
sense - still in excess,  
and this, moreover,  
for nothing. and here you are, again,  
with that extra fifth digit, hence,  
a sixth flower, uncoined, useless  
in double measure, and you, there,  
helpless, here, forgotten, in a garden,  
a cheap ornament. as for me,  
it took at least a life to comprehend  
*eu*-, there -  
as far as I know, we both continued  
on living. I for one, only lost money.  
looking at *eu*- now, though, through  
a cataract of blood like air,  
and joyous, of course, and joyous, and  
sadness, I almost panic - how has it come to be  
that I cannot just let you be other?  
why must I reach out, with my hand,

hopeless yet the world, searching  
with my fingers, as you once more  
fall to pieces and assemble, hoping only  
to produce?

2.

looking at it but there.  
well, what did you want  
a staff member, a word  
to reclaim everything, or just  
many things. your halcyon entrance  
disintegrates: a mount, a heel, upon  
the upper back, between  
your shoulder blades, strewn, over  
the central column, a pale,  
pale collection of leaves. what will be  
the forms of dependence, and credit. is love  
so separate. how do I cease to try  
to reconstruct, from fingertips and  
a certain heat, and then at work again,  
an aspect of service. the evenings are brighter,  
yet cold, yielding a weightless ochre, yielding  
an incongruency of suits, as love remains, a gloss  
of retinas, in cards and pieces, and hidden parts.  
your specimen, there, nigh limbless, of what  
is happening - the superb and fleeting  
wake of communal events. a nice bit of singing,

not descending to speak  
of the command rooms, or the landing  
upstairs, in the darkness - it is as limning  
as ash. I think I dreamt it. I may  
have just remembered it. or remembered  
dreaming it. or  
something along those lines. in the silence,  
I seemed smaller. I wanted it to be us, still,  
the unseen places. I wanted  
to be us. speaking thru the envoi  
of a temperature - the shape of you  
that will not end, as long as I do - to look upon *eu-*  
from the level of your ribcage. I think I was calm, in those days,  
before it all continued, disappearing, unravelling  
into a little ball. and back there, further -  
pooling in a field, a wealth sapping  
a wealth - motionless pinions of gold.  
in the corner of the building  
outside nomenclature, my idyll hoarding errant syntax -  
before it all, there was that playground  
we had to jump the fence to get to,  
it was a cement floor we built fires on,  
outside a disused structure we  
are now so far away, that it is right here, outside  
the downhill flats, the intimacy of what  
you cannot be, again, as if now could be  
real, or more than real, and the houses  
on the streets of the homes, who no longer  
knew each other, divided up like bones

by torchlights and smoke, and the sound  
of metal cages, and the fear, and the relative absence  
of news, and all the trees, through which we emerged  
in the shape of others, like birds  
from birdsong. o,  
how the people do so for each other, low fruit  
blossoming into disrepair - o spare  
the day loneliness that the night is for, o  
now, o here, where are you - but *eu* -  
somewhere somebody, late for a train, somewhere  
a small boy, walking there, with someone,  
who guided me through the streets  
whose names I did not know, or  
do not remember knowing, somewhere  
I'm not sure existed but it must, somehow  
I was confused because I could not  
thank something. the lights. or even  
many things. though I tried. and have I. the fire  
had continued to burn. at some point  
it expires, w/in a heart more sky -  
I have not been back there, not  
for a great many days. and now, what can I thank  
for such love that is not a living wage? for I too  
am happiness' greatest employee

I would go on telling you that I love you  
I would go on working in the places where I was working  
I would feel an indomitable sadness  
I would see a leaf falling, very slowly, to the ground

# SOPHIE CARAPETIAN

brain rape dont settle no place kitchen table  
(so called 2017 so called now)

they keep kicking head indefinite  
you fight to stop the kicking  
tell people who didnt kick about the kicking  
they join in kicking so many so called kicks look away then  
is it joy  
not kicking  
bruises you are bruises look away  
becoming

the mirror is disappointing  
there is no reflection  
then there is no mirror

there is nothing for the bruise to become  
many cells endless the same cell without corners the same bruise without angles  
go there spreading white cells the mirrors sold reflection is stolen and can  
reach a price for scrap heap deals and trades for time release injections

it was last time a plastic warped rectangle above the sink is cloudy and clawed  
again no bruise no screws  
cell is home sell it all i am no longer mine  
the cell shrinks inside the cell and is a small compound pricy cells no cheap in-  
side cells and outside cells sealed full of miniature cells forced  
passing every all  
you object



you object to the sinks face

is this the chorus again for fucks sake  
this is all in the head that you do not have that was never  
accept there can be no questions  
the bruise must heal but not be mentioned  
the bruise is not real on reflection  
the file has no history of abstention or allergy the psychiatrists consensus pro-  
jections are that the bruise is not  
comply detention rhyme no protection none bad ignorant pretension  
poor quality so indefinite suspension degradation bruise talks a cell  
with expertise in x-ray vision and radiation and prescriptions post assessments  
debates on the condition but there is no reason and this will not stop

the word bruise is wrong as the word kicking is wrong  
no words worse  
no sentences are possible and expression  
i cant find my voice i left it and forgot but i can find my brain rapes they are  
not blocked with the lethal medication inside the cell in the cell and the  
kitchen prison the bed i was raped in where i sleep each night in this so called  
home the mice gather to sing for crumbs of drugs and bread i dont want to poi-  
son them  
i am i want medi seen and escalation which might be sleep or stabs stop kick-  
ing me stop kicking me

those kicking with those kicking and those kicking  
what colour does a bruise bruise pastel questions polite curious and pleasant  
chatter what a turn on  
even the bruised bruised bruised bruised  
is no longer a bruised bruised cant bruised  
didnt you even know where bruises go

→ 85B

dt 17/8

METROPOLITAN POLICE SERVICE - MEMO

Please call 101 non emergency  
police number, with reference  
Cad: 1357/05 August 2017.

• This is to conduct a welfare check  
on believed occupant of vehicle  
Sophie Caratetian

• Police have been unable to  
get hold of occupier at the  
time.

Contact Name .....

Contact Phone .....

Crime / Ref. No. .... Date .....

MP 848/05

## Land of Copse

### Christina Chalmers' *Subterflect*

I watched Greta Gerwig's *Barbie* the same week I read Christina Chalmers' *Subterflect*. One of them is about the plastic figure of the body and how it sutures fantasy and violence. The other is about a toy manufactured and sold by the American multinational Mattel. One of them considers the movement "[f]rom democracy to misogyny"; the other paints the White House pink. Genitals, for what it's worth, feature prominently in both. Though tempting, this isn't a comparative study of the two but a review of *Subterflect*, even if *Barbie* supplies a bright backdrop for the liberal-democratic politics that Chalmers' poetry grates against.

Born in Scotland and based in New York, Chalmers is a poet, theorist, and translator whose book *Subterflect*, her first, wrestles desire from the police state, "the missionary position / in a land of copse." Published in large format by Distance No Object, the book sports a full-colour front cover drawn by the author: a mustelid vomiting or swallowing an oleaginous river filled with the book's title. "Subterflect" is probably a neologism coined by Chalmers. The closest match in the OED is the adjective "subterfluent," defined as "running underneath," which first appears in Samuel Johnson's *A Dictionary of the English Language* from 1755. In Chalmers' latinate diction, "subterflect" means something like "bending underneath" – "flect," related to FLEX, refers to bend, but could also signify tighten or tense. Not flowing under, but grappling, muscling?

The poems of *Subterflect* employ an orchestral sense of intricacy and swell (as in "Al cor gentil rempaira sempre amore") in tandem with balladic riffs straight from the Robert Burns or Helen Adam playbook:

green be your woods  
in golden hour clot  
in the green birk

by the sunshot  
Here's a nocturnal variant:  
The full moon tonight moves its craters  
rapid across the sky & I write a poem  
for you, meaning you are in me.  
We each can see.

But *Subterflect* isn't just "Pastoral & sheep shit." Rather, there's plenty of "flesh-eating fish," "seminal mistrust," "lead sulphide," and a "thyroid on steroid" topped off with "the limpest dick."

The "phobias" and "triumphal orgasms" are what make *Subterflect*'s love poems not ideal but true. "Love is a Formal Feeling," as the opening poem states. Love isn't a *thing* but a relation that hovers between people and things in historically specific ways, an affect that edges into definition via repeated attempts to name, shape, and share it. Chalmers describes it like this: "Love is also sought everywhere. / Love is also the need for presence in its miracle." So too is *Subterflect* animated by a search and, more sharply, an address. "How many milimetres / deep to say the crashes of I love / you," Chalmers muses, in language that braids together crisis, inquiry, and the textual compression associated with the lyric. By questioning "how to disrupt love following its encounter," Chalmers vocalizes a critical art that doesn't allow the social to freeze or solidify, particularly during those moments where it appears to deliver the utmost gratification. The poetic on offer here is defined by *making* rather than stabilizing. Chalmers decouples the love poem from the normative benchmark of Poetry (why not?), in turn rethinking the parameters of the tradition itself. What *Subterflect* comes up with is a political demand: "Renounce all possessives by only repeating the name. There's no they. / Just a repetition of everyone I love."

Sam Weselowski

*from* REPORTS - [communityofgoods.blogspot.com](http://communityofgoods.blogspot.com)

25/06/2023

Hi Danny

thank you for your letter of 31<sup>st</sup> May. What you write poses some very difficult questions about emotional pain and politics. I find it important to say that, for myself, trying to reflect on them involves pretty much everything else. That, in part, is why it's taken me a long time to respond. the other part is to do with what has seemed like reduced capacity for thinking these recent weeks—it would have been good to be at the recent MDR meeting.

I can bring the understanding of class to some particular kinds of psychic damage shared among the family I grew up in. But there's a part of that which persists in present time. It's not unalterable but it is very difficult to penetrate despite always having been there in a certain layer of memory. Nothing special about that, obviously. If I had lost a finger in a factory accident, I think I would—in spite of understanding the political context of the event—still imagine complete restitution, something which I guess is portrayed in the miracles that occur in the New Testament but which is more meaningfully conceived as a final afterwardsness in which justice is brought about.

But do these thoughts get us anywhere if there's a market for victims and wounds which has been expanding in the last 20 years or so. It's tempting to say that the idea of justice overcomes the effects of exchangeability. But does saying that actually mean anything, right now? What would justice look like in the face of irreversible destructions of environment, not to mention wars that create the cover of a difference

emergency. I can't imagine a Last Judgment as Benjamin did. Nor is there any figure of revolution hovering over present grinding antagonisms.

I am not making an argument for melancholia but a call to cite the writing of non-redemption. I think of César Vallejo and Paul Celan, both of whom set in motion a dismantling of melancholy, of its temporality in Vallejo and in the case of Celan of the adjustment to loss that it seeks to produce. Vallejo presents the pain that is outside of and prior to individuation, pain as belonging to the commons; class in this case comes after. Is that approach useful for political decisions? I don't know, since I've not been in a situation where it's been put to the test, but I ask myself whether it takes us outside politics as it currently exists. In Celan there's a deep desire for redemption, but inside the texture of the poems—their weaving of present time and space—there are almost no images of redemption, only larval stares of light and materials riven by historical disaster: 'grass, written asunder', 'The world is gone' (141 & 275 of the 1995 edition). I can't join the two things, political analysis and a terrain divested of hope, except to say that the naked earth and pain stripped of image seem necessary forms of thought and writing. Rather than find a compromise, e.g. in the limited gesture of saying that damage caused by work calls for the abolition of class society, I prefer to hold to class analysis and understanding of damage to mind and body at their maximum non-conjuncture, without abandoning either of them. Maybe I'm saying this to try to clear away the slime of righteousness. But that would still be a start.

William Rowe

## SINCEREST APOLOGIES

Save the date: on Saturday 21<sup>st</sup> October at **Housman's Bookshop** in London, we'll be having another **Poet's Hardship Fund Family Fun Day**, with a new anthology, *still pips*, available to buy on the day. Email us if you'd like further deets nearer the time.

Check out the **Leeds Poetry Studio** for 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](http://www.leedspoeetrystudio.co.uk) for info on how to book it and get involved.

Dale Holmes's *Bruce Ch(b)atwin(g)* is out from **Gong Farm**. Tim Wolf's *Participation Medal* and Bonnie Hancell & Elle Lo's *Untitled, or, in the stupid stupid present where I was living* are also still on sale (both £6.50 in UK). Head to [gongfarm.cargo.site](http://gongfarm.cargo.site) for these and others.

Tom Betteridge's *Dog Shades* is now out from **Just Not**, alongside a second run of Nell Osborne's *The Canine Redeemer has Entered the Bungalow*: <https://justnotprints.wordpress.com>. Peter Manson's *self-avoiding space-filling curve* is coming soon.

New books from Dom Hale and Christina Chalmers (Christina's reviewed *in this issue*) are available from **Distance No Object** at [distancenoobject.cargo.site](http://distancenoobject.cargo.site).

*Ludd Gang's* unpaid intern, maple syrup taste-tester, and in-house reviewer Sam Weselowski has a new pamphlet, *Triple Rainforest*, out imminently from **Veer2** at [veer2.org/Authors](http://veer2.org/Authors) with lots of other gooduns.

**REPORTS** ([communityofgoods.blogspot.com](http://communityofgoods.blogspot.com)) is 'a regular bulletin for the exploration of inarticulate social and artistic experience ... Send contributions to: [pxxtry@gmail.com](mailto:pxxtry@gmail.com)'. See **pxxtry.com** for pdfs of a bunch of rescued classics.

