

LUDD GANG



A communist designed your kitchen
& best noises hide in carpets
in place-holding, direct action gets the goods
the valleys ring with a national scrap drive
8 hours don't make a day
the whole animal in eternal sections
that and that, on & on
no one needs a hero in the muddy lowlands
everything is beautiful and nothing hurts
all land is private-public and no one knows their rights
in the point of echo
the dream leaps forward
everyone together again in the same place
loud and often.

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LUDD GANG

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ROY CLAIRE POTTER

One thing

There is one thing left that gives a feeling, a funny feeling still, in there. A funny sense. Starts in the corner of his eye, just out the corner can see a thing not quite not really there when looked at head on but hazy there when side-eyed in the back room. A sort of sound in his belly. A long low call says, You know me, I know you know me Jas, You know me everyday, I'm with you everyday, Look! But didn't look, knew it was there but didn't and the longer he didn't the stronger the clearer the more sound-like knowing the thing became. A bad tone from the back room from off the wall near the skirting board in the back room but also from his belly and so was in every room he went.

What started as a warning not to go near became a hotspot quarantine where a live thing lived that was not to be approached wasn't to be neared and it chided, Why won't you look at me? But Jas didn't know why, though did know in someway that he himself was saying, Why will I not look at it? Did know, somehow: when you can't focus on a thought or feeling you tend to give it form you can. Tend to give it a story, a quirk of logic becomes a quirk of character because the tricky thought or feeling is best discussed, best known by—best turned into—dialogue. A series of questions and answers is a way of working out.

Why won't you look at me?

I don't want.

Why don't you want?

Because you're bad and I don't want you to be real.

Play thing

Playing the game with things wasn't hard so long as you were fair and let everything have its chance. If Soft Hair Brush landed on Electric Company and could afford the price, the sale went through and then it owned another thing. The same the other way round when he himself could not pay Super Tax and would sell his cheapest thing to the player on the left, and if they could not manage it, it passed to the player on the left, and the player on the left, and if no player could manage it the bank stepped in and the game got longer and less dramatic with many rules and clauses and deferrals to procedure for the players had no tactics and could not spite or trick. He himself had it in him of course though chose not to but Soft Hair Brush and Dog's Dinner Bowl didn't have it in them to begin with, were made of different stuff, had no say in them, not really and their traits of character had been assigned: the comfy powder feel of his best nan; the quiet loyalty of his dead dog. You can build a thing like that if you need to anytime but the other thing, The Other Thing was not the same. Gave nothing off. Was silent. Always sort of winking, all the while winking, couldn't spit it out.

Nothing

Jas was supposed to be doing well now The Other Thing had stopped calling him, had no voice as such but still, quiet can have a tone in your belly a funny feeling, hazy out the corner of your eye. It had stopped alright but now it wouldn't speak not couldn't speak. Sure it looked much like the other things but it still was not the same. It played the game and followed the rules, said nothing. It let the streets and houses go to other players as a matter of procedure no sense of cooperation not as with the others. A sort of void dressed up in object's clothing but Jas knew that to be lies. Lies that The Other Thing was simply plastic that its holes were only entrances where other things press in. Jas knew the holes were exits too! Breath and voice went in and out from them but, It's good there is no voice, It's good there is no voice. But no it wasn't good if Jas knew this was a trick. Tried to force it speak turned it off and then on again. Flicked its switches twice but this made little difference now it wasn't on the wall wasn't hooked up to wires behind one.

When it had been on the wall it had buzzed and said, Come come here now Jas now the you're here. Sounded sick and funny and not at all as clear or lulling as the long low call had been from the back room the long low call down near the skirting. It was jolty now an irregular voice said Come come near Jas here Jas I am here. Tried to get it to the exact place it came from, looked banged up, buzz touched it when he touched it bang threw him. Everything went off.

Bad thing

What happened that day with the electricity was that a bad thing had to be taken down, have it screws loosened to be removed. It stopped speaking calling but Jas felt it still winking up to him from inside the bin. He laid it on the table he was doing better now so he could, It's good there is no voice, I do want to play games again, Things will be quieter now, I will be good. No speaking at first and then games with no speaking instead making up rules for action exchanges between things any things, things, all things are the same in here all objects are equal like when Soft Hair Brush can't speak the iron piece should move, when Dog's Dinner Bowl is schtum Jas slides the boot around the board. All these tokens could be switched with the players themselves for all the difference it makes in this place. Oh! To roll your dice and be a mute thing! Iron, Race Car, Double Socket!

from The Shooting of Aftershave Man

Think about all the young women out there. Beautiful young women in their twenties, not worn out by children or work, full of enthusiasm. To them the meaning of life is Love Island and Friday nights in local bars hoping to bump into a guy like you.

A nice guy. You're not some Johnny-come-lately who would message her friend while she's in the loo, then feign exhaustion as an alibi to head off for a sly fuck. Beautiful young women, they deserve better than that, don't they?

Make-up! There's a shine on his brow; can you just...thanks.

But God knows they're running after clowns, right? Sleeping around, wasting their peak years of attractiveness. Always looking for a better option; a guy with more money, a flasher car. The pressure that puts on a decent hardworking guy. After all you can see what the flash guy's doing. Think of it: the stress and frustration you'd feel to see the girl you adore work against herself like that.

It's crazy, sure but it's not her fault. She's just chasing the wrong goals—we've all been there, right? I mean, look around you: the world's built on fabricated desires.

How do you show her the value of naturally attractive male traits? What does that take to re-orientate this young woman?

Can someone fix his collar, please? Thank you!

You need patience and resolve. She'll see that in the end. You can play the long game— yes, that's it! Give me the long game; a little bit cool, a little bit angry.

You're waiting it out —nice!— as her sexual market value plummets. Her plump cheeks thin and she's looking down the barrel at forty. All out of options. And what do you do? You, my friend, mature like a cheese—a French cheese. Steadily acquiring potency and influence, you who they all ignored.

Can we do something with the lights in here? He's starting to sweat like pig.

We don't want you dying on us. Take a sip of water. It gets extremely hot under this spot light.

OK, stay with it: you're a high value man. The very image of one.

Show the camera.

Hands in shot—

And turn left, forty-five.

Give me little more shirt sleeve—

Chin down.

Look up.

Nice. Really nice.

MIRA MATTAR

The Light of Day is Sweet to the Eyes

Sometimes what appears as friendship
is only violent agreement
 revealed as such when you step
unknowingly, out of line
having mistaken again
a walled garden for the world
 or having yourself suggested a universe
instead of only a bilious fist.

 Though I may not shake your hand in the end
I think I always want my fist to be opened
 even if that means
pressing a palm to the sky in farewell
 even if that means
falling down, letting it catch me, snapping my wrist
 even if that means
it's only me here with my paw against my brow.

 I have no time anymore for force
disguised as passion
disguised again as care
 scooping detractors into the drain
and filling it with vinegar and bicarb
in the name of purity.

 Not every deviation is betrayal,
every blockage is not the final aneurysm,
though it may appear sudden
if your eyes have been closed to the drip

and my mouth has never a true word said.

Why sever this baby connection?

A little white bench covered in bird shit
dappled with California lilac.

Honey look at my pasta pot!
(I remember your chest heaving in the doorway).

Lots of you live high up
– we could see fireworks from Walworth all across London.

There is a zig zag house
excessively curated
just about big enough
to hold everything down.

I wanted to argue that:
DIY is the opposite of sex
and gardening is sex but enlightened
but I saw something so ugly all at once
in you.

Scale was frightening me again
how righteous the arch of a foot I loved
pushing my head down

‘I love sleeping on my face!’

Nourishing my devastation later in
a couple of drawings blind
is the one who makes friends easily
who forgets the ringing telephone is an option
not a command

moving towards moving towards –
I sweat like a giant
silent as a pin.

Note

The title of this poem is a phrase from Simone Weil’s 1939 essay ‘The Iliad, or The Poem of Force’.

SAM WESELOWSKI

from Other than North

The egg whites of your eyes moved me
as this urge to visit the upscale McDonald's
I would like to smoke you out of my head.
Planet Ice at the landscape's edge, cloudy gradients of
ozone, a parking lot, pulp mill
"from the relatively weak local economy."
If space is annihilated by time, then speed kills.
Executive functions. Holding company and memory
those planets could branch off or something

from the expensive part of Canada —

“a company that made synthetic heart valves”
plumb a source of meaning as well as financial support.

The sea breeze blows into your mouth
lugubrious trees in the overhang of surveillance, hire
they used a drone to inspect the gutters.

That car is giving me the stink eye.

“I got caught shoplifting at Walmart.”
Emotional labour poets

with the loaded gun and sweet dreams of you
keep your information asleep — the same, chemically inactive
economists can't figure out why people live in cities.
Tents slap against the rain's two axes. THIS HIDDEN SITE HAS BEEN
SEIZED. Buttery linoleum, petroleum petticoat
in the meadow dusk the gas station displays
green shadows on the snowbank, froth in the toilet
liquid moonlight, I watch you disappear —

A toddler in a t-shirt that reads “The Real Boss.”
Recline where the light warps your face
it was the hottest day of the year, we cleaned the house —
skin cells swept under the rug. Now I’m going back to Canada
with your restless heart
economists can’t figure out why people “desire stuff”
sorry. The playground is rubberized. Land grabs
“brush my teeth when I’m stoned”
ensconced inside a portfolio, lie as white as a bad Canadian tie.

Mitsubishi salmon farm
not in the hands: Intransigent
it's partway through the 21st century, scream your head off.
Icicles in my brain, spin around — hell freezes over and
over. Your figures count backwards
to me your mouth ripples:
“Unionize? That's something poor people do!”
Happy birthday Michael Bublé —
pumpin' the gas ev'ry night

“you’re like the planet, you’re only getting worse.”

I should spatula my parabola, ancient Roman fast
food restaurant and used cart dealership. In the quadrangle
the window washer dangled. Apples to
“my home and my hometown”

the snow was changing into a slow sleepy shower
alas, “Coastal GasLink said they would resume
pipeline construction on Monday.” Pig
farm. The world’s most exported flower: tulips, 4.3 billion

floating alcoholically

I'm receiving targeted ads from ExxonMobil –
tears splash into your omelette. Make out

“there's no culture in Vancouver”

enduring economic expansion. Your poetry

is boring – the unseasonable warmth

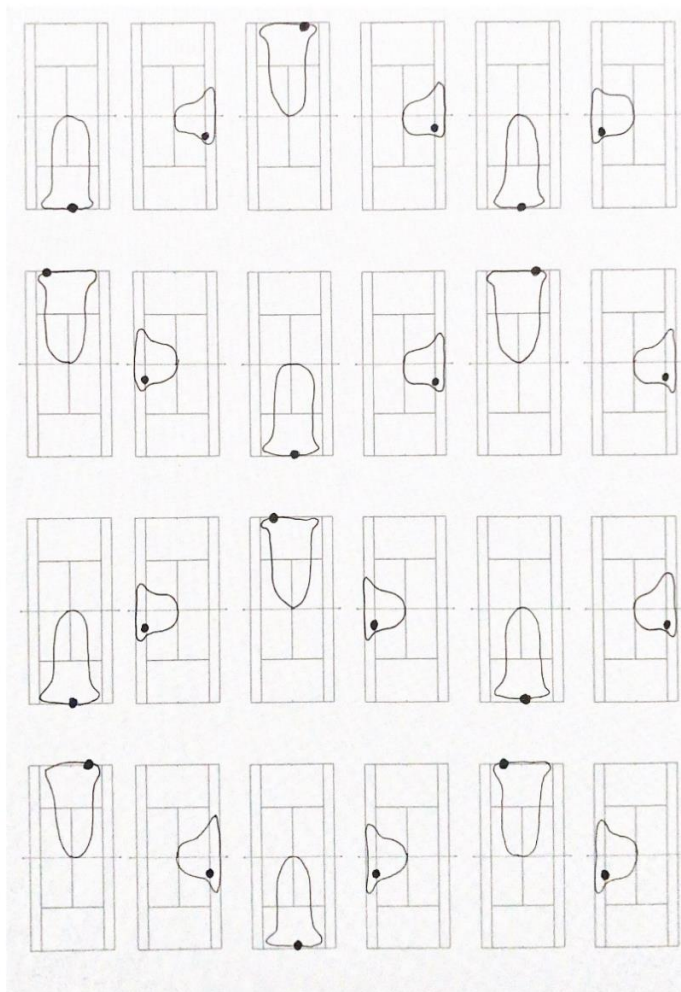
and so are you. “I want to learn about

Maoism, but not in a problematic way.” At least

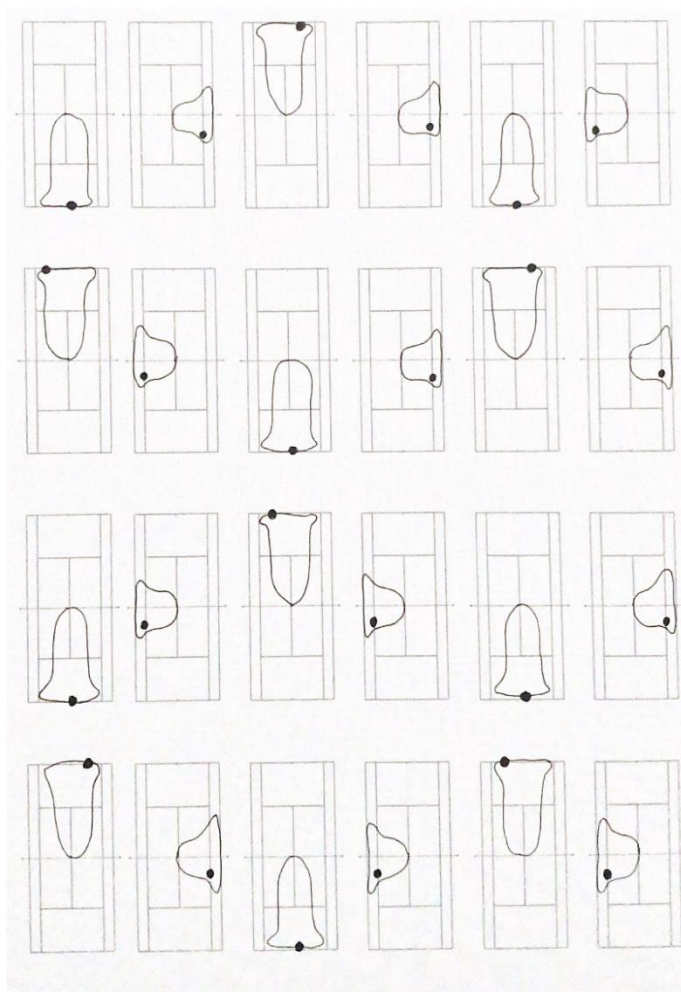
0%—————100%. Disarticulate me

other than “North.”

DANIEL OWUSU



Change Ringing



MAU BAIOTTO

untitled

notebooking, truly
this was the end of the good times
as messiaen did it
quartet for the end of time
whisky and peaches
—what man?
had fucked us into so much debt
davey cameron is a pie
get to fuck
i graduate when i want
tinsel mimics the effect of ice
badly, anyone who sings the juncture
can fucking leave it
spilt entrails into the light
if we ferry enough dead to their mouths
they'll suddenly stop eating
there is evil in this world no shadow
was cast on it
the tactical mistake was giving the fascist
the pleasure of rebellion
yet they've only won when they've been
in monasteries
if as dom says no skyscraper stays vertical forever
what rot settles like a cirrus
while huddled under thunder was terrifying
'while' took a walk

it disappeared in the skies over cambridgeshire
all acts of sabotage came preemptively forgiven
james butler fucked me in a dream
i was still feeling it
when the new state interrupted us
arts council funding
poets are integral to state building
though not to its authority
there we make the first mistake
the mother of necessity
sexual dissidence is about to resurrect missing children
if alternate media is successful we might push the papers to suicide
a decade done squinting
it's done now
the dead are fucking outraged
they don't need our help we need theirs

the death of chávez

the current situation is my country's
poetry has long sought to disappear into

the vast spherical night and the shapes of
its static demolition, the time maddened

oil that's what i admired, to run the machines
and gasoline with a cleanliness like war

as it were a style, everything a
style now i wear a gun.

we made a strong & assertive start
a flash of tranquility passing

between the eyes the homes of our childhoods
are on fire. revolutionary biography

still means doing without position
mostly meaningfully

manoeuvring on hostile air.
our guerrillas were bombarded by

british *canberras* decisively
defeated by the end of the 60s

at school too lurid to escape
teenage attention what i

was keeping score of:
the hinge of the century

coming into light. syndicalists
communists, students, end up

in prison at times and free
elsewhere. in complete boredom

i start writing with a sliver of saliva
on the pen a face cognate with

another face, how not to be caught in it.
a national guard once stood over a classmate

pelted his legs with buckshot & sliced
damp covered the windows of my language

a strange house a divine distance
foaming the blow against my head.

distance means having been agreed to it
the synthetic capacity of the lived

street knelt down with the ruminants
children, shoppers, bones, psychiatric

sun would be down your throat
clicking of a motorbike a scalpel

directly to the grid. the city has
an overground archeology. scratch

i only have the age i'm always repeating

our cities are barely cities suspensions

of governance the only time i've felt
anarchic was with the windows down

the first poetry came through the mirrors
the sentence grasps, holds on, finishes.

documentary

no time to stew over my depressed lentils
the house follows an infinite set of rules
and i'm drinking up the sunlight
could you describe the fountain as a contingent structure
an occasional piece of furniture
bubbling as it does
we split open our costs or ends
in rome you can drink in every public square
for free
in britain you have to ask at the shops
and only if you're dying of thirst
you get dressed down by the shop attendant
you're fully dependent on their generosity
you say 'thanks' no money is exchanged
you shunt your body back into the full view of the street
and quickly forget about this
satiety engenders a different kind of memory
you could definitely forgive this
if you study symmetry long enough
you eventually meet the boss
i'd rather not.

truce rhythm

granite is a remedy for the chest
grants rich society for students
subletting the very same
things that titillate and light up along the way
creasing nature's sounding ports
the premium and the excess
and why was value superadded?
what you feel is not entirely besides
decision
falls abound and just hanging
about
livid on holding back
or decide one's defects
context for comrades
form for events
proprioception for the world proletariat
bashing away a hole full of granite
our old radiae on the counter
denseing the arrivals
inwards pulse of a galaxy
very generous maquettes
reusing the end
tipping waste into corners
dippy directness it took to perceive
yet
swimming buddies
down
return to port and call
upon the darting
moon filling with granite

looking beautiful and garamond
ever quicker
on the axis of tears.

VERITY SPOTT

(off Middle Street)

I walked to pieces,
walked back together
become obsessed
by drink it..

We found so much lived
in a dead
like mutos offices
rained on

pigeon shite, paints,
held a wake
in there, could tell
no one

would listen:
And so break dependencies
sigh, repair each
other. Angle 1:

Here I am darlings, dreamboats,
women outta hidin'..
here we go, away
come up to the shore
we can just about
make you
the landing craft.

'a snare is come among us
there are none to comfort us'

— Sean Bonney

stolen to pressure

returning to him to and shut all
the doors
that dreaming. What its being hung was.
reverted never as once were set
scatter the teeth out
cancelled to detonate
tongue nearby & swelling to drag
living fruits
how women were snapped
to the cellars of towers you live
there in teeth that fly sharp from the drains
dirty the choiceless
rain the multi level
stick it.

A man on a bike, his light frame listing
eyes in cloying youth pale speaks
to the sheltering queue that
Jesus' love it overflows for you.
Remember the Jesus Army?
Like that, he was beautiful, all the pressures
of this new world
falling
away
but anyway,

STICK HIM. He was
(sweetly sung the sky),
bound in incredible promise. It was real
to what life springs un allowance, silver & coins
& stamping & teeth

the ashes
shifts
aches in to
floorline
grasps
for the water
body body body.

Latitude. Measles. A youth volunteer
make they like them eyes like that
one good eyes nice eyes young eyes one eyes
& they want her Pinched
wants all to corrective. Can't think. Re read,

beyond the wells of its patent
decay. The hills here are wretched,
leak / leaking / leaker,
device shutdown. War.
Here are some blankets.
I came for weapons.
The sky spills out and in this my confession,
Sagacity, let it be known I have behaved
like the vilest of dogs,
beautiful jade green creatures. Unit
clamped in the rotting leaves
lurking in the gloom of the woodland.
The only rebound I did what I did (hissing),
yes I wounded our captain.
This most stupid adaptor
the hope of my critical heavy on shreds..

The air cries..

Fury cries.. Wall cries.
Lays down the sticky spirals
demolishing the former
proceeds to the centre.
I have asked for silence
something goes out
in a hidden room
weeps bitterly in the night
She sheds tears on Her cheeks
yet among her lovers there is none
who comforts her.
The evening is trampled away.
For speaking into life I lie awake,
vomit for you again.
I have spent thousands of hours
like this; on the freezing ground
coaxing hairs from my stomach
(for I sent you out with sorrow and weeping).
Tell me some signal
to get dark
building
in summer
sinking..
The same
again & again

"Nothing is different now than it was fifteen
minutes,, an hour ago
the situation is the same,, the world is the
same. nothing
has changed"*

Glad to be spared the regimen this fury
to soften en pointe

through the air
it is good

you can't listen
it is wronged,

Spring Gardens

substation
demon who claws in your back
like some bleach

blitzed devouring fatberg
some hint of

lost

reason

lost

choking

person

lays open

my eyes
with its paws & it breathes them.

We are here at zero
in common.

Neck holes..
The whole of everyone's head is stuck
in the arms of the

substation

humming

your home is near there

I speak to it,, lostly,
come to the windows choking

and swallowed,

vanish

turn back

scream

inside the room it turns

*Danny Hayward

turns to fury
drifting out
to the waves.

Air.

Come, stick out the windows
bodies crisis perimeter
there are none left: Signs
Law stills & hates your
sluggish new death as is captured & canned
Sparrow, beauty,
all around

the world it goes
I am no more ~~some~~ some "inter" than you are,
my neckstone, you pickle;
see this grave?

In the Brighthelm
where was once a church graces in rows now stand
piled against the walls of the carpark, needles
& baggies Tallulah was there after all of these
buckled up years // swallows life. Everything
is it zips from the motion
& dies.

Its not that beauty had finished
(but as I said then, pickled)

to bitter, bitter reaction.
On the deck go some bunks
in lines.

Larry is prone on the ground
robed in burnt chemical.


It's shit to be Larry.
It is shit to crush under a 70 hour
working week only to have the decoy
drill your skulls.

You feel it, captain, Sagacity, My Mistress &
~~Ham~~ Ham? There's nothing will do
but the twilight storm.

a prizewinning
chain in a hazmat
is coming to stitch up your hole.

Clouds apart
red tear

until its dying day my Sir, stick this vilest dog
put all its brains out through
its eyelids..
What they did was detest to shame
recourse
all in Kangue its gorgeous bells
fit to the neckhole
stick it, we can show you a world
of its enemy faces
grinning
drinking
in glee of
estrangement
manic. Splitting.
Better
the details
are left unchanged
I never
more shall falter
a radar station
opened
on high trail
pink
in deep to switch it
103.5 MHz
stick it
damaged
look on their graves
you see in to
can you that distinct glimmer
is our lives
on isolate
glimmer
to turn
why don't they answer.
The ~~///~~ sky was as empty
the days stretched gay in lapis blue.
Teeth. Why's there no
law against
machinery
lip salve
twitchers
chicken shop
wronguns



smirking, slouching
swimsuits with petticoats
clock, clocktimes
reason smiling
blanket
squatting

sighed
phrase use
SRT3/
attitudes
drink
apology..

Law smiles down.
Law has a day, each day.
It beds, you too, in syndicate.
It prizes the Alone.
Makes of you its premises.
Torn of a shoreline.
Erased out. Dropsy.

Tallulah's ghost is not okay.
We are no good.
It is lodged in the backdrop.
(mind noise)

Fighting.
One of the crypts has been kicked out
yawning.
The gulf rendered
to a hexon margin
nails the guts of its air
to a tree.

Shrieking the modes of its tongue
to each flooding compartment
denies lucidity,
denies itself to life.

Tut.. Shrieke
dangled like ants in the front
of its face plate tacked to the
headpost closed on neck and this
gag feels perfect I'd bare it
for days now compressed tongue

shrinking

