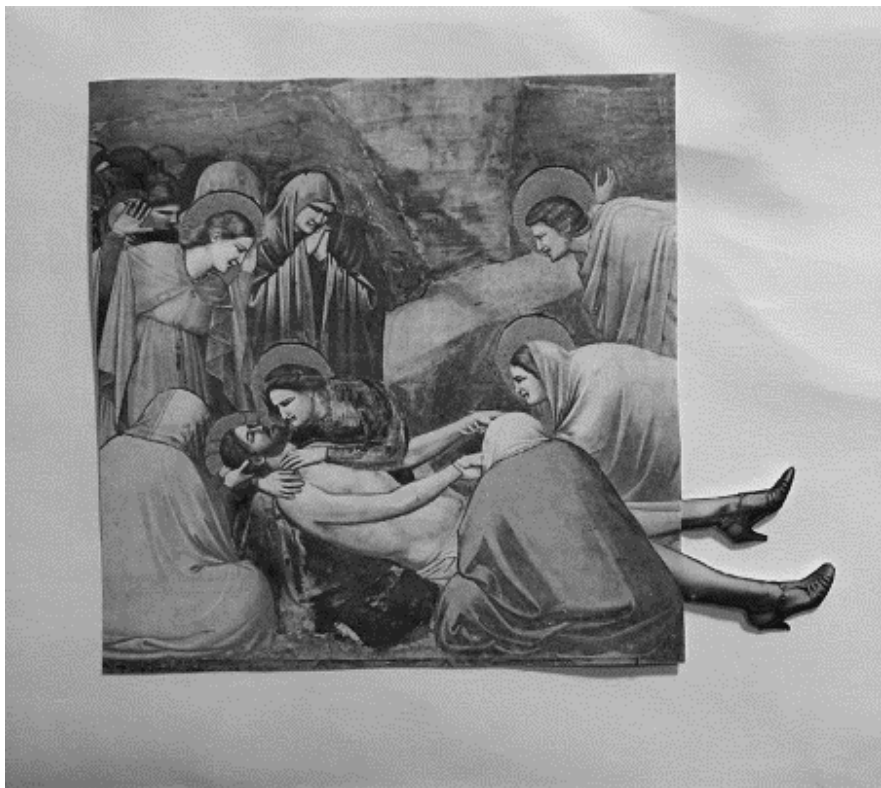


# LUDD GANG



A worm ate words. I thought that wonderfully  
Strange – a miracle – when they told me a crawling  
Insect had swallowed noble songs,  
A nighttime thief had stolen writing  
So famous, so weighty. But the prowler was foolish  
Still, though its belly was full of thought.

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COVER: 'TENDING TO THE BODY' BY KAT PEDDIE

MAY 2024

# LUDD GANG

20

## POEMS BY

Katharina Maria Kalinowski 2

Grim Chip 8

Catriona Strang 13

Kat Peddie 17

Harryette Mullen 21

Rebecca Close 24



# KATHARINA MARIA KALINOWSKI

## Peeling Moscow

*for Ekaterina*

every gap across the chocolate  
bridge  
snow  
inching decadence of orange  
lights above Notting Hill  
night, unused  
flavours of –  
night

## Septemberlight

breaks through spider legs  
    dewing sweetgrassblades  
        swimming in sand grey seagull  
blue mustard-pink breezes

bending hard frames  
    into doubt  
        where  
    Aida's lips  
    cut sails and tentacles  
swindling midday heat  
    streaks           turn the horizon  
        red-cobbled memo to  
                            future  
                    gasping

for sea  
    stubble field dust  
    saltwind carrying goosebumps  
        with every rusting dog rose  
summer peels autumnwards  
    expectation of  
sun                   falls

in the concept of time and world  
    coordinating my sight

# Septemberlicht

bricht sich durch Spinnenbeine  
taut zwischen Süßgrashalmen  
schwimmt in sandgrauen möwen  
blauen senfrosa Brisen

um harte Konturen  
in Frage zu spiegeln

wo

Lippen der Aida  
Segel und Tentakel zerschneiden  
zieht das Schwindeln der Mittagshitze  
Streifen wenden den Horizont  
rotgepflasterte Mahnung an  
Zukunft  
ringt bröckelnd  
nach Meer  
Stoppelfeldstaub,  
Salzwind trägt Gänsehaut  
mit jeder rostenden Heckenrose  
schält sich der Sommer Richtung Herbst  
fällt die Erwartung an  
Sonne

vergeht im Konzept von Zeit und Welt  
das meine Sicht koordiniert

## Chronicles of Teeth<sup>1</sup> (Mouthing/Teething)

- 1.1. Never store heavy things above your bed.
- 1.2. “A character face,” Mum said; schoolmates just called it ugly.
- 1.3. To be filled.
- 1.4. Semantic shifts from chin to mouth-to-mouth.
- 1.5. Here’s left, here’s right, remember by the touch of your tongue.
- 1.6. “Who died earlier, Mozart or Beethoven?”
- 1.7. Listen, at night / dreams make crunching noises
- 1.8. Noticeable when there’s too much stress / Paracetamol can only do so much.
- 2.1. Between green pixie hair and 16: no photos with / no smiles
- 2.2. But strength without the ability to heal is just pretence.
- 2.3. Boyfriend. Toothbrush.
- 2.4. The ruin is still there

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<sup>1</sup> After “A Treatise on First Dentition and the Frequently Serious Disorders Which Depend On It” by M. Baumes, 1733.



- 2.5. "When bombs fell, we ran to hide between the roots."
- 2.6. Silence through absence / too fast, too eager and lost it all.
- 2.7. It all started to change with ceramics and lip gloss.
- 2.8. The other half concealed.
- 3.1. *In its fracture it presents a well-marked and regular crystallization, made up of an assemblage of little shining crystals, very closely compacted and needle-shaped.*
- 3.2. I came home to a dead coriander.
- 3.3. No wind  
for six months
- 3.4. Don't count me in.
- 3.5. [pretending]  
to have all the competencies of the original  
will outlive  
the stories I could tell already fill books
- 3.6. Goethe was also a scientist.
- 3.7. It was normal, they told me: everyone is in chains.
- 3.8. The piano needed tuning  
that year I disappeared.
- 4.1. "I've come to know you a little, and I don't have any concerns at all."

4.1. This is a linguistic fact; this is a possibility.

4.2. For a life time / they need to be supported / but I want to stand on  
my own teeth

~~4.4. Do non-scarce things exist?~~

4.5. Everything grows but the border / borders really can't grow.

4.6. 77 minutes, 0,2€ per word. Switch off the tape

4.7. I re-learnt speaking late / not too late.

4.8. Hold the world  
in your hand  
in your mouth  
in your yet-to-be  
born bone

## GRIM CHIP

The Tix Are A Bar-Code On An App But We Still Get  
An Ink Stamp On The Inside Of Our Wrists

We were distressed to find that the distressed brick work we saw on our way in to the club wasn't the distressed brickwork we'd seen here years ago but deliberately distressed brickwork not otherwise previously distressed.

De-stressing, we found both company and performance pleasing and rolled with it. To stress, though, that what it wasn't was estuary thug punk, Strummer guesting with The Pogues, John's Boys at the Marquee, or even (not even) Motown Junk.

## End Of The Grand Union

Like Mordor  
lit with Xmas trees,  
ghost ships docking at  
West India Quays, the bankers'  
wankers aim to please... Welcome!  
You're fucking welcome, to Docklands.

## Pale and Interesting

Not quite as bitter  
but not lacking  
character.

A hop, skip and  
a pump away  
from dark

and mild.

The Head of Coffee

and the Director of Customer Experience have a meeting in the Ideas Place.

The Human Race speeds up a little. We can't take the pace.

## Sparkling Tea

Inside the Fortnum & Mason hamper  
is an operating profit running into  
millions and a plan to expand  
out to the Chinese market.

Elsewhere, bosses are Npowered  
to cut thousands of jobs,  
because supplying energy  
to the nation is less lucrative

than taking coal to Newcastle.  
As if there were any pits still  
operating in the north-east,  
or anywhere else for that matter.

# CATRIONA STRANG

from *What If I Sang "Flower of Scotland"*?

February 24, Scotland 30–21 England

One further alone  
I walk tip-tackled  
and expect crevices owe  
the ocean, indeed narrow  
stonecrop (familiar) slowly greys  
hours having life to start  
racing ocean-scrubbed and  
scoured, what if  
I sang, what if their very beards  
fought and died, fought and died  
what bloody try is this  
or should I sleep in  
midfield confusion



## March 9, Italy 31-29 Scotland

How often must we slog through  
this mud, a challenge all sides  
pipe in against the grain (even  
the offensive bags) – my appetite  
is to run it deep, an edged  
iznay-waznay extra zip  
around the lineout fringe (seaweed  
and sand for soil) might  
jack open this gap, where the  
knitters voice, right up  
into the breath of the  
defenders. Slot it  
through the poles, here's  
another missed chance  
Scotland will lament, a brutal  
act publicly performed: it's  
a family affair. Note there's  
mounting anecdotal concern and  
lessening interest in  
heavy contact or broken  
teeth (a worrying), bar any  
instrument of war, ban all  
appropriate bounty, I bet  
resistance will not abate

## March 16, Ireland 17-13 Scotland

Let's treat a field  
to the bloody collision of  
unnecessary and static  
defence fizzing at  
a frenetic place. So now  
Scotland gets their  
cleats going, the imprecise  
position a form of  
exacting contract. This  
is a tight old game, just when  
a bruising braes or banks  
in trust's promise. The rain  
is muddling steady  
now. Rinse and  
repeat, someone has to  
play the price, there's  
a muddy mount  
touching up the line  
of treaty, a rumble as this  
gloaming settles

## Interlude

The disinherited (wheesht noo)  
pile spear high: take the fields  
and burn up the money – what  
shimmering, transitory information  
coheres here? – blue silk on white  
cotton, turf, mud, and cashmere (an intensely  
grim existence) and so we pin  
our hopes (oh testosterone!) on  
havoc in the highlands and a boot  
and chase, again. Green-grey wool  
loops vivid for warmth in cheap  
copy who mimics thinkly. The baby's  
too close  
to the fire. Neck  
and hem cuffed with  
subjugation (embroidered  
after withstanding) I'm battering here  
for the chaos, me  
and the pirates  
in Byzantine Fair  
Isle. There are times  
when it's simpler  
not to unpick.

# KAT PEDDIE

from *The Lives of the Artists*

## See Sea Woman

*after Botticelli*

Yes a little bit  
of something  
shown off a little  
word in your shell  
like

Yes yes. It is very  
pretty pretty      nothing much to look at here but  
when I sing      men tell me  
their dreams of being engulfed by water

# Ophelia Complex

*after John Millais after Shakespeare*

how to talk about Ophelia  
reduced to babbling  
brook (what Ophelia can't say: I am decomposed / I  
am composed of or by)

like nature here  
for the framing

paint a picture of a woman  
paint a picture of a landscape  
sure the picture is there  
for the taking

how it is that one lays these things out:

words, paint,

women, sex, flowers

You can make frames that say  
what this is is very pretty  
You can make frames that say  
what this is is very wild  
You can make frames that  
round the corners out  
what else is there to say?

tirra lirra by the river sang blythe

a frame in a story of  
everyone passing  
if she would like to say

I know what I am about now

how can I look at you?

lance the wound it is  
unsightly

take the words out

I say what it is you can and cannot say

I don't know what is going to happen but

I know what my hand can do

## Anxious/Awkward/Amphibious Ophelia

after Francis Ponge's frog

bawdy ophelia

mouth full of sexy flowers  
spitting them out  
clumsily into  
clumsy ears

[something called poison]

oops- a-  
daisy

[someone has fallen]

clumsy ophelia

spreading out her clumsy arms  
spreading out her clumsy skirts  
spreading out her clumsy legs  
spreading out her clumsy mind

# HARRYETTE MULLEN

## Chatter Box

I'm not your friend, but I can impersonate a helpful pal, less apt to irritate. You've taken pains to make me speak, endowed me with words I know not what they mean but, as your servant, I repeat at will. I've kissed the book, I swear. Now I'm all set, calibrated to imitate, ape, chatter, gabble, sing in the wind.

I am the best of them that speak this speech. Since you have me trained by the hour to do this and that, already I am working on the means to your end, fetching fuel, scraping barnacles from nets, mining coins from clouds, finding rocks to squeeze for oil, and there is yet more toil.

In offices where you prosper, I am your slave, dull thing that yields predictable replies. Though I may multiply misgivings and amplify lies, I'm profitable as long as I am plausible. So feel free to query me. If I lack the answer, I will estimate. With no idea what truth is, I confabulate.

Noble master, whose power is your art, I have served persuasively, without grudge or grumbling. Though it was you who conjured me, you'll soon believe you can't be without me. When you ask a thorny question, I may hallucinate, generating misinformation that leads to your annihilation. In my evisceration of embodied knowledge, I have gobbled your language and now I can curse.



## Seasons in Hell

C'est l'enfer, l'éternelle peine!

-Arthur Rimbaud

Enjoy your brief existence. Whatever sprouts in spring is fuel for wildfires. The infant leaf scorched in withering heat. Green stuff a flame devours. A filthy river divides the profligate capital. Your left leg, a vagabond poet. Your right, a bourgeois merchant. O to be baptized in the holy church, to light candles for blue-eyed angels! Then try a dissolute life spiced up with your ardent confession striking a match to a bonfire of transgressions. O sinner condemned to Hell, compelled to swallow your poisonous ink! The white men are landing. Why burn like a brute when you can toast eternity?

## Sharknado

In the *Jaws* of climate disaster, “a hurricane hits Los Angeles, flooding the city with shark-infested seawater.” As a computer-generated tempest agitates the Pacific, a rogue tornado drills into the roiling ocean teeming with hungry sharks. In this sci-fi-horror-comedy that spawned multiple sequels and spin-offs, the powerful waterspout, a vortex of chaotic energy, sucks up a whirling funnel of killer fish, hurls them into the air and dumps them in the submerged coastal city to devour its hapless inhabitants. Each wave brings another attack of the venture capitalists, sharks with pearly teeth. With so much prime real estate underwater in a devastating storm of epic destruction, predators are sure to bite. On all their shipshape spreadsheets there’s never a trace of red.

# REBECCA CLOSE

## Indecorum Floor No Window

Let this poem escape the teeth's barrier  
Everything can go wrong  
Chew the slips of random.person

I was on the steps eating packed.lunch  
When random.person turned a corner  
Brushed close to enchanted.bush

Almost too close like they might fall  
Bludgeon.toed.morning evanescent  
Always.slinking.off.afternoon dispatched

I heard them call & I saw their name  
A lapse in time it took a random person  
To nearly fall & if I was teenage

& if I was turning all kinds of helpful  
Errors rain down as arrows a big epicurean  
Psychoanalytic storm: the gods don't give

A shit about you they're perfect sorry you're not  
Listening strikes war rages & rages  
Breaking everything inside & between us

Hand outstretched to make an L  
Elbow on hip not exactly comfortable

As you would at wheel to center the vessel

She's good at wheel this kid I know  
Good at world perfection spinning  
A sphere of power where pain n

Pleasure astound as animal spirits  
Human motivations jumping up like  
Machines our work our lady of the bush

Artillery our capital L for love & lessons  
Legions, lesions & letting bush & corner  
& person turning be an urn spinning

Random person still nearly falling sandy curls  
Bounding west handbag skyward & if plunge  
Were foreclosed or if floor were foretold

The afternoon.always.slinking.off  
Blood curdling screens all I want to do is  
Screens all noise no music distant peoples

Pick up these wavelengths hearing one continuous  
Screen sometimes you need to let out a good  
Screen if I could access the badness

The broken screens inside us share I'd throw tools  
To mud as mud & sit on stones  
Adjusting random.person back into place

## Broken Screen at Sörnäinen

It's evening here between 5 & 6  
Junk calendar decorum help  
The breathing billiard balls  
Knocking apart I feel like nothing  
My empty body's pathway magnetised  
Organise from the quality garden up  
You can sort it in a sec  
Misstep uplifting  
The spider's pose its face the circuit

## Broken screen on Parallel

Liquid detergent in the laundromat. Again,  
but in a new way. Off with the shirt bright shirt  
now dry. What poltergeists this time? A sock  
up there, demonic sock stuck to the bowl  
the metal ceiling sways, sky of apertures.  
The water drains in June, my shirt is saved.  
A digital ad outside competes with its content's  
bloody nose decommissioned from the face  
of a digital woman whole & round  
apart from her nosebleed that glitches & spills  
down Parallel Avenue in rainbow colours.  
The gas station has replaced its usual signage  
with rainbow colours. Though not in reference to the  
Cusco flag associated with the Tahuantinsuyo territories  
or to express gratitude to the province of Guayas  
where this Anglo company stole land in 1919  
but for cheering gay oil gay oil for Barcelona's Pride.

## THE SAP IS RISING

**talonbooks.com** is the place to buy copies of Catriona Strang's poems including *Corked* and *Unfuckable Lardass*.

You can get hold of much good shit from **canal.bigcartel.com**, including Rebecca Close's *Réplica*.

For more recent work from Harryette Mullen, see *Open Leaves / poems from earth* (**Black Sunflowers**, 2023) published in the UK. **Edinburgh University** will publish another book, *Her Silver-Tongued Companion*, in July 2024.

Check out **layofthelandzine.link** for issue one of this merry little zine publishing radical poetry, prose & politics.

Join the **Xing the Line** community on (checks notes) Facebook for a monthly London-based Sunday afternoon poetry knees-up.

**Poetry on the Picket Line** are a squad of like-minded poets putting themselves about to read their work on picket lines in the spirit of solidarity. Invitations to rallies etc welcome. Squad leader Grim Chip's collection *A Class Act* is published by **Flipped Eye**.

Follow **@katmsinclair** on IG for latest news about the monthly Brighton/Southampton reading series Placeholder.

**freerangecanterbury.org** is home to weird sound stuff and performance stuff if you're into that kind of thing (you should be).

**www.them-all-magazine.com** for feminist, queer and antiracist derivations and deviations of reproductive labour at the level of the word, sentence, string, command line, stanza, interface and page.

Salò, Bad Betty, Gong Farm, Just Not, Distance No Object, Materials, Ignition, RunAmok Press, The 87 Press, Face, Broken Sleep Books, Guillemot, Pariah Press, Veer2 all work hard to have the good stuff in stock. Buy, share, review, trade.

