

# LUDD GANG



What is familiar and over the tarmac, but I vault  
beside sewage of river systems

needling towards skew-whiff  
sounding, to hand in my notice

Hideout, don't  
down us and a vicious sky

Squall on the way, tanked up  
say it so another's here

The poem only spares me  
momentarily

I will not  
leave you

There is a language other  
than despair

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# LUDD GANG

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# GOLD MARIA AKANBI

## *A Thousand Merry Men*

*I* remember when *I* was a little girl  
*And* the teacher looked at me  
submissively  
*And* the boy respectfully

*Now I* am a woman  
*And I* dare you to look at me  
submissively  
*Like* that was a birthright bestowed  
on me.

*The* profanity and rage  
*The* seering freak of nature that  
rises up inside of me  
*Screaming* through my eyes

*Whilst* my lips smile sweetly and  
serenely  
*Will* never be lost on me.

**It will also never be unknown me.**

**For you see, in this fun trampeze of  
a game**

**This curiously torturous and  
stimulating  
distractive pastime of**

**heteronormative snakes and ladders  
Has me stimied. Every. Time.**

**And yet I lay in wait  
Ready for the battle that stands  
before me.**

**Sometimes I am a foot soldier.**

**Others, the first one ready to die in  
the war.**

**Jesus Christ. Thank God**

**Humanji prepared me for the blood**

and gore.

*If I am wise, I am seargent,  
leutenant and orchestrator of the  
war.*

*But I can never be too comfortable  
Because even those who seem to  
fight with me  
Can turn on me with the same blade  
that they had swore.*

*It is never easy. Living with this  
thing between my legs.*

*It is never easy, not complying with  
what they try to stick in my head.*

*And yet I fight. Gloriously.  
Often ready to die stubbornly and  
graciously.*

Often ready to die stubbornly and  
graciously.  
The damsel can also have their own  
ways of victory.

For in this mysterious labyrinth of  
a game  
It is never ending, forever seiging  
and laying waste  
To those who dare tell me I have no  
place in this war.

I have no place facing The Blood  
and The Gore.

But what do they know?

What the fuck is a thousand merry  
men

When I have a Berserker at my  
Core?



# ELLEN DILLON

## Townesong 1

Haunting is  
a second life  
& when I followed  
you upstairs  
from the lobby  
of a shut-down hotel  
in North Tipperary  
I knew  
without words  
that I was taking up  
a walk-on part  
in the second act  
of your American afterlife

there was no more I  
after that  
just us  
& we used up  
all the other vowels  
howling into the void  
& the void howled back

the room filled up  
with an all right  
independent light  
& a star chandelier

or neon ceiling constellation  
winked at us  
in our crippling fear  
of the dark

*headlights of angels blink on & off/ this hotel is dreaming itself back  
up/ from blueprints in the basement*

when they arrived  
in a cavalcade  
their dazzling wings  
made angel-shaped  
scotomata  
to cookie-cut the centre  
of our point of view

scoot over closer  
my hollow-boned  
ghost-friend  
tell me what's left  
on the edge of your vision  
mine has oak leaf shadow  
glitter-tipped feather  
& the margin of your face  
glanced sideways  
in error

horror vacui  
fills every square  
centimetre  
of surface up  
with curlicues  
& your first songs  
are orchestrated

to within an inch  
of their natural lives

shine up  
from under  
that pizzicato layering  
my love  
& sink your stylet  
deep in my windpipe  
for without  
your plastic shafting  
no breath is possible

*headlights of angels blink on & off/ this hotel is dreaming itself back  
up/ from blueprints in the basement*

nothing  
come of nothing  
left for nowhere  
led us down  
glad-handed & legless  
to a quiet glade  
where even the river  
was in no rush  
& the water bubbled  
too softly  
to muffle our cries

nobody knew us there  
nobody saw us to know us  
& our footprints traced  
a tangled track  
to the water's edge  
but not back

that was the first night  
we sat it out  
outwalking the stalking  
& the screams

## Townesong 2

You always said  
that dreams had escaped  
into your life  
& now no spirit  
known to man  
could corral them

you tried outriding  
too tired to dismount  
& face them  
if they had a face  
but there's no outrunning  
when you walk in circles

you paced a landscape  
full of ghosts  
filled with ghosts  
who'd made of you  
a hollow host

*hold me close/ she cried/ something I just can't get over*

curled on a mattress  
on the floor  
the wind whistles through  
your bird-boned ribcage  
& I could not love you more  
I'm stepping out of us  
for just one moment  
to make it clear

that this pile  
of floor-skeleton & rag-rubble  
was once two separate bodies  
before iron skin melted  
ribs clicked & melded  
& I linked into you  
& sank into  
our ink-lined dream

*all the good & bad/ make of us something that no-one else has/ you  
& I*

ampersands  
like handcuffs  
anding us together  
forever

### Townesong 3

*Mother I know you will grieve but I've given my heart/ time to leave*

Townes, you never did learn  
to slow the song back down  
once the crackling in the room  
had fizzed your blood up  
good & proper  
giving your songs the bends,  
their live & giddy death-spiral  
attuning to a time  
a half-beat faster  
than the room could keep

You brought a new pace  
to this flock-wallpapered  
place of chicken  
in a basket & glitching  
circadian rhythms  
You passed clots  
from all ends  
that took days to flush  
through the avocado  
toilet suite's coiled piping  
pushed out beyond the singing's end like afterbirth

*Mother I know you will grieve but I've given my heart/ time to leave*

Around the convent grounds  
on the way into town  
trees have grown back

& to think what their roots  
might be tangled through!  
The old bards lamenting  
the fallen forests in  
Seán O Duibhir of the Glen  
& lament for Cill Chais  
might be stopped in their tracks  
by the thought of their forest reborn  
through dead children's bones

By the time you were  
pacing the stage  
of the old hotel on Main street  
the home was long gone  
its buried babies  
laid in the dark  
where nobody'd find them  
Your Marie,  
at least she died  
with her boy curled safe inside

*Mother I know you will grieve but I've given my heart/ time to leave*



# GIZEM OKULU

## XXXII.

You are

You are

WHAT?

“Over the edge

Over the edge

Over the edge

the weight of sleep makes the body speak like weeping/  
am I getting older now/ I can get myself go to sleep/  
dependent on people/ happy in our habitat/ because  
we have faith/ to have faith in the scenarios of extreme  
justice/ moving on is an emotional sickness

# JAMES GOODWIN

*listening to Monkstar's set on Deja Vu FM (8.12.03)  
and Hope Dealers EP by Klein*

sonic press to ject pound by pound lucid to yr  
old 4bit dreaming tendrils/ yr neck back  
tingling in this cyclical mind trap. sonic press to  
ject pound by pound lucid to yr old 4bit dreaming  
tendrils/ yr neck back tingling in this cyclical  
mind trap. still on underground london train can't  
see the lost and found (i heard some kid say) fall  
short of essence and spectacle, shot of glean of  
jewel with the force of a technomarine. this  
to connect more looks around the pressure-encrusted  
scorn/ actions for the skip the protection sent  
to leave landing in dense set space where hope is  
coldest hope relay. lifetime jest 'mong the bricks  
and burners after u, chasing the same  
saturn bore /already/ so many stars like death  
and reemergence i wanna stay freeze  
blank with the hope more times seen lost to  
heart's smog mystic highway, less say when u  
walk the wind blows after the fact ur not even  
more real inchoate life, not notoriously  
anodyne silent bleating hearing body heat get  
spun in the park. waves mount, drift, glance, glamour  
chord so verdant in the face of dark star sunfish



# KYLE LOVELL

## To You to You as You

*i*

— My ambient spymaster,  
keep this rosy pane  
in your back pocket  
for another season.

*ii*

Again and again. Have we met before?  
Or, perhaps, have we bitten ourselves  
As a word into the world's nettled care?

Know less. I am tired of brushing up  
Against gorse hearts on the street.

*iii*

It is midday and shy.  
Chalk curtains twitching and  
Tracing taut harassment with  
A 'natural' moral flare:  
so what  
Can I call this shoddy ontology  
Of single-glazed snitches? Rotten.

And what can I call that? Stock.  
And what do they call me? *H'm*.

*iv*

'The pronouns bunched up and laughed behind your back'

Listen.

Listen.

As if the last pricks of light collapsed into sudden  
Violet waves on feeling her left hand curving fluid  
Night into my calf; Oh. Our existence goes by they,  
Them and their flesh is all starless and bladed joy  
On being railed by an organised set of obsessions.  
After all, this is not an argument you are making.  
It's a fucking joke.

- *The quoted line of iv is borrowed from Wendy Mulford's 'Summer, 1980'*

## Give Me

Undissolved fire.  
A tendency for marriage.  
Head over heart on a stone bridge.  
Broken crown. Muddy water.  
Dissolution of the sentimental cathedral.  
Old town. One mid-sixties university.  
Serious dramatics. Four serious swords.  
A tendency to ignore the bicycle shop.  
Dissolution of the naive scaffolding.  
Breast songs. Two Hoban novels.  
Evensong. Basement hymns.  
Head over heart on the stone stars.  
Sassy rock doves. One long evening.  
One short morning. One long evening.

## Spritz

*for D, T, and S*

Daft fragrance. A certain je ne sais quoi  
in the wrist, tightly wounding up-and-out.  
That haze kept pace with only our best;  
citrus, dogwood, asphalt, and samphire.  
Threats of English summer rain pelted  
as a brisk wind stumbled out between  
three Bloody Marys and a pint of cider.  
Morning hangover, malignant as jam.  
Cherry red and charmed by a song  
bent over the milk pitcher, slightly  
lyrical. *It's just a bit of protein, eh.*

# ROBERT KIELY

## Plonk & Plaint

Study must be honest about the conditions in which it happens. In early 2020 I was invited to write “an additional piece on Irish poetry to balance the books a little bit” for an academic journal, which is commendable. I’d rather not so much have been contributing to a balancing of the books as attempting to unthink or at least unsettle certain distinctions or categories upon which those books are based. The labels on the ledgers. A distinction between British and Irish poetry, or between UK and Irish poetry. Though the aim of attempting to proportionately represent both sides of the copula is good (even if I often find in using both terms, the “Irish” side is *de facto* under-represented) it might need to be unsettled more. Many of the contributors to the volume in question would no doubt agree. Let’s not speak of Irish and British poetry anymore. It might be better to speak of the Anglophone poetry of the Northeast-Atlantic archipelago, covering poetry of various languages and dialects from the Blaskets to Orkney and Jersey. It’s a facet of what Ed Dorn called the North Atlantic turbine, whose centre is no metropole whatsoever. And even then, what gets externalized? In order to unsettle categories like “Irish,” I initially wanted to demonstrate how they are unsettled in the poetry I read, I wanted to talk about distinctions between first and second nature, where roughly first nature would be the realm of objects or perhaps things-in-themselves, and second nature of acci-dents, perceptions, culture. Nature and history. Of course, these are straw figurines. Anyway, I wanted to make explicit a leyline of critical thinking in the poetry of Laurel Uziell, Frances Kruk, and Maggie O’Sullivan – poetry



I've learned a lot from. I ended up writing a different essay.

National categorizations are knotted up with gender and class and other market segmentations. Laurel's *T* includes a quote from a piece by G. M. Tamás about "categories of people" who are considered non-citizens by the state, specifically one category and the reasoning behind it: "*Homosexuals, by their inability or unwillingness to procreate, / bequeath and continue a living refutation of the alleged link / between nature and history.*"<sup>1</sup> It seems clear, at least to me, that partly what is at stake in *T* is an interrogation of label and identity or any funnelling of their dramatic playing out in life into box-ticking and form-filling. Laurel asks, implicitly, what can the *T* of LGBTQ hold? The 'Acknowledgements' rubbishes the notion that there can be a category such as 'trans writing' which could get neatly shelved away, thanking Nat Raha, Callie Gardner, and Verity Spott "for making 'trans writing' possible and showing it to be an utterly meaningless designation." I think for Laurel this is partly about having the work evade capture. As Tom Leonard points out: "possession is irretrievably bound up with categorization, and the function of the critic is to categorize, that the bourgeoisie might safely possess."<sup>2</sup>

Let's get to that again from another angle. In what sense might we consider Maggie O'Sullivan's *A Natural History in 3 Incomplete Parts* (1985) to be a work of *natural history*? In a broad sense, a natural history is not only a text which includes flora and fauna, but a history of processes taking place in accordance with or as a result of natural laws. What constitute *natural laws* is a fraught question. Human laws, customs, and history often confront individuals with the force of natural laws, so it is not always clear where natural laws end and culture begins. In O'Sullivan's text, the juxtaposition of text about flora and newspaper articles powerfully torques the natural and human worlds

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<sup>1</sup> Laurel Uziell, *T* (London: Materials, 2020), unpaginated. G. M. Tamás, 'What is Post-fascism?,' 13 September 2001.

<sup>2</sup> Tom Leonard, 'The Proof of the Mince Pie,' *Definite Articles: Selected Prose 1973-2012* (Devon: etruscan/Edinburgh: Word Power, 2013), pp. 91-99: p. 92.

together. I am thinking mainly of the collages in ‘Moral Conditions’ (a phrase with a thoroughly nineteenth century air to it), itself in ‘More Incomplete.’<sup>3</sup> Calling attention to worldly things, letting the thing-we-normally-call-poetry recede, this is the most shocking gesture of the work – and it is certainly the part that accrues most commentary. Why do these newspaper articles intervene in, or rather rest on top of, the text – and on top of text we have already encountered, already read? Is it *natural* that, as one newspaper headline announces, a Royal Ulster Constabulary member should go “berserk”? Was the northern Irish conflict something David Attenborough could have narrated? Is it natural that the language appears as it does on the page, or that the newspaper headline appears on top of the pages in question? I think the drama of Maggie’s work is that while on first encountering a page of poetry we think of it as first nature, the same page appears later covered over by something clearly of second nature, i.e. political events. Where we see first nature it is transmuted into second nature. And it keeps happening: “blood.that.morning.dipping.slits. / darned.po-ppy.or-ange.realistic. / Oranger.”<sup>4</sup> Is this a ramble through nature? I might initially think so, but “poppy” and “orange” in close recall poppies as mnemonic for a particular reading of WWI, a memorial frequently avoided or downplayed by Irish nationalists because a rebellion against colonial British rule began during WWI, and orange is a colour with Protestant and unionist associations through the Orange Order, a conservative unionist organisation based in occupied Northern Ireland.

One weekend in lockdown in early 2021 after it snowed I looked out the back garden and saw what looked like a gigantic wildcat bouncing around. It was the size of a house, a large doll’s house, it was four to five times the size of our housecats, Ticklepenny and Worf. Excitedly, I called for Nisha to come and see. By the time she came, it was gone, and I wondered if it was real. But Nisha had been on the

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<sup>3</sup> Maggie O’Sullivan, *A natural history in 3 incomplete parts* (London: Magenta, 1985), unpaginated. See also Maggie O’Sullivan, *Body of Work* (East Sussex: Reality Street, 2006), pp. 98-104 of pp. 82-104.

<sup>4</sup> Maggie O’Sullivan, *Body of Work* (East Sussex: Reality Street, 2006), p. 75.

local forums, and reported with confidence that it was probably the much-maligned “monster cat,” someone’s eccentric pet. We are always encountering things as if they are first nature. Cats. Categories. There is a morphism or functor between these.

A painting by Frances Kruk, dated 22<sup>nd</sup> May 2008 and I’m pretty sure called *Black Glove*, adorns a wall on the room I looked out from. Her *Discourse on Vegetation & Motion* (2007), a Baconian natural history, contains similar moments of misrecognition. For example:

today is 1646 & I rub Amber  
fiddle Genitals, spark for Electrolysis  
Thus I conjure  
some tasty Soldier for to test  
It is known I don’t approve of War  
yet I bubble  
I violent  
I set out to broomrape  
every One<sup>5</sup>

It is 1646, the First English Civil War is playing out, or it is 14 minutes to 17:00, or something. In line 8, we get “broomrape,” a genus of over 200 species of parasitic herbaceous plants mostly native to the temperate Northern Hemisphere. They completely lack chlorophyll, bearing yellow, white, or blue flowers. When not flowering, none of it is visible above the surface. It is totally dependent on other plants for nutrients. But, grammatically and in its setup (“I violent”), the plant’s name is inescapably a verb – broomrape. Later in the book “Shidane Arone” is mentioned, a Somali teenager who was brutally beaten and sodomized with a broomstick in 1993 by Canadian soldiers participating in, ahem, humanitarian efforts in Somalia. Yes, you read that right. Again, flora slides into second nature or the realm of human action, or rather the reverse, second sliding to first. I imagine that the speaker is setting out to avenge Arone. Who is included in “every

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<sup>5</sup> Frances Kruk, *A Discourse on Vegetation & Motion* (Cambridge: Critical Documents, 2012 [2008]), unpaginated.

One”? And are there other victims in the text? Perhaps. Earlier in the text we read “today I am Ally Sheedy.” The page alludes to *The Breakfast Club* (1985), but Ally Sheedy also played Detective Kelly Brooks in *Our Guys: Outrage at Glen Ridge* (1999). The film is based on an event in 1989, when a mentally disabled girl was raped with a broom by members of the Glen Ridge High School football team in New Jersey. The assailants were given special treatment by the school and local authorities due to their status as members of the local football team. The world where these events happened is right outside. It is inside too. The window doesn’t matter. The “Window goes white in fear.”<sup>6</sup>

At another point in the text, the poem mentions its “spoiled Plaints.” A plaint is an audible expression of sorrow, the expression in verse or song of that sorrow. This is chiefly poetic after the 17th century. But it is also a statement or representation of wrong, injury, or injustice suffered – the plaintiff in a legal proceeding. What court is it that this poetry takes Arone’s case to? I don’t know, but I do know that poetry is not meant to function in this work as an idealized court nor as an area for wish-fulfilment of the same. It is not a merely compensatory space. It might be an exercise in its own jurisprudential fecundity, like the jurisprudence of a children’s playground, in all its trouble and beauty. The ‘Afterword’ to Laurel’s *T* discusses the main text as a kind of response to a court case:

Between 2017-2018 I was involved in a trial with a group of TERFs after a scuffle emerged during a counter protest against a ‘debate’ about sex-based rights in light of proposed reforms to the Gender Recognition Act which would have made trans people’s lives marginally easier. Luckily I wasn’t actually in the dock, but I appeared to give evidence, and for everyone involved it was a humiliating ordeal as we were doxxed, harassed online and in real life, while the relentless media campaign which ensued took a toll on the entire trans community. The caricaturesque

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<sup>6</sup> Kruk, *A Discourse on Vegetation & Motion*.

reduction of a complex interrelation of political positions, epistemologies, traumas and personal grievances into two 'sides' ultimately worked to further the persecution of trans people, but nevertheless highlighted a social logic on whose terms the so called debate was forced to appear: sex was pitted against gender (or more revealingly 'gender identity'), objective biology against subjective 'self-identification', nature against culture, or, perhaps, first nature against second nature.<sup>7</sup>

Nisha visited that trial briefly. I've never been in a courtroom. One of the epigraphs to Nisha's 'a basket woven of one's own hair' asks what musical "categorisation" is for. Dhanveer Singh Brar's essay on Dean Blunt's music and blackness in Britain asks: "Why does the categorisation of music function so similarly to the modes of categorisation used to racially determine the nation? Why does the free movement of music across the border of genre raise such violent consternation?"<sup>8</sup> Nisha's poem has the line: "Onomatopoeia is the containerisation of the past in the present (in the future); the valorisation of perfect rhyme at the expense of grain; the ratification of sameness in service of representation."<sup>9</sup> Onomatopoeia is when a word describes the sound, or is the sound. This kind of word pretends to be unmediated mimesis of the object – a plonk sounds like when you say plonk, right? Word and referent merge. But in another language, tick tock becomes katchin katchin. These words are not intuitive or natural, even if they are not wholly arbitrary. This is one way in which onomatopoeia is a container, it traps us inside something, our language, which we take to be natural. Another thing onomatopoeia does, the poem claims, is hold the "past in the present." It carries history. This might be the truth of onomatopoeia – it is true that through conditioning and encounters with a long and very real cultural history,

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<sup>7</sup> Uziell, T.

<sup>8</sup> Dhanveer Singh Brar, *Beefy's Tune* (Dean Blunt edit) (London: the87press, 2020), p. 23.

<sup>9</sup> Nisha Ramayya, 'a basket woven of one's own hair,' *The Hythe*, 20<sup>th</sup> Aug. 2020.

we take this or that word to be a direct reference to a sound we really hear. We may even hear a plonk as a plonk. This, the poem tells us via semicolon, is the valorization of perfect rhyme – rhyme between word and world – but it comes “at the expense of grain.” Perhaps this grain is a sound-based grain rather than food, as grains are the small bits of a sound recording, and less granularity = less audio fidelity. This then ratifies (“ratification”), gives legal soundness, to sameness or homogeneity (perhaps from “past” to “present” and “future”) in order to represent a thing. What this line asks of us, then, is to attempt to forget this “sameness,” or work against its grain, in order to challenge orders of representation which, as the next line states, might have racialised undercurrents or problems – it attempts to undermine the prominence of onomatopoeia within a single language in favour of a multilingual decoupling, temporarily, of sound and referent – a decoupling onomatopoeia fantasizes it has overcome. This overcoming is a violent fantasy – Nisha was telling me ages ago about an artwork she saw at a gallery where she held a residency, called ‘Conflicted Phonemes,’ which highlighted the use of language analysis in determining the origin of asylum seekers and to reject claims of asylum. A group organized by Lawrence Abu Hamdan produced it, including twelve Somalians who had all been subjected to a language, dialect, or accent analysis by Dutch immigration authorities and subsequently had their asylum requests rejected. A pseudoscientific analysis of their accents was trusted above their own testimony, it was considered more real than their real lives. The realm of second nature, of acquired accent through cultural interaction, was taken for first nature, geographical origin imagined as a point. As if sound can be directly mimetic of a person’s history, like it can portray a plonk. The neat fold of form and content. All this by way of subcenograph. I have never read a literary critical PhD thesis or article which does not, at some point, gesture at how form and content speak each other, and even if not *that* the dehiscence and dissonance of form and content is shown to be performed by the text in some manner, which collapses into pretty much the same thing

doing exactly what they say on their tin  
I don't want to meet where we are  
on the ledger  
    the ledge  
it happens every day like a fucking zoom it happens all the time  
but where we're not just not  
the attorney or the barrister on zoom  
it isn't *my* job and I didn't want any particular outcome  
I didn't want to have to come here  
or support your application for citizenship  
in the reverse-colonization of pain  
    it hates my answers  
refusing to be under strain  
in a mask in a zoo telling the judge he is not a cat  
    like on the tin it  
isn't *my* job it isn't *your* job putting  
the label on the tin listen what  
you hear is what you get what you ask for what  
is it the fossil, the law as count before which operation nothing counts  
an extinct instrumentation  
like it had feelings or something  
only we know how greedy we are for blood  
set out set out to want  
to meet where we're not just  
    don't meet me where you are  
but where we're not just what we do  
but what we could do soon





## Fodder

Out Else are back with their first live event of 2021 at Leeds's Wharf Chambers on 4 November, 19.00-22.00 (LS2 7EQ). The readers: Mau Baiocco, Gloria Dawson, Bonnie Hancell, Nell Osborne. Free entry with a negative LFT required on the door. There'll be dancing and vegan chickpea slop so no need to have your tea before.

The87press are launching collections by Sarena Abuaker, Kat Addis, James Goodwin, Mira Mattar, Luke Roberts and Karenjit Sandhu at London's Café Oto on 4 November from 18.00-midnight (E8 3DL). Feat. tunes from Makkam Collective and Beirut Group Collective. Tickets are £10 via [cafeoto.co.uk](http://cafeoto.co.uk).

Kashif Sharma-Patel has a pamphlet called *relief I willed it* due very soon from Gong Farm. Keep refreshing [gongfarm.cargo.site](http://gongfarm.cargo.site) where you can also purchase pamphlets by Sarah Crewe and Sam Weselowski, postcards by Tom Pickard, and a bunch of collaborative broadsides.

Veer Books' new Veer 2 imprint have published a slew of exciting poetry titles this year, including pamphlets most recently by Daniel Spicer, Tom Betteridge, Katy Lewis Hood and Gizem Okulu. Head to [veer2.org](http://veer2.org) to check out their back catalogue.

Just Not still have copies going of Nell Osborne's *The Canine Redeemer Has Entered the Bungalow*. £4 (inc. P&P) to anywhere in the world. Further deets plus free PDFs at [justnotprints.wordpress.com](http://justnotprints.wordpress.com).

Co-editor Alex Marsh has a new book called *Two in the Wave* out with Distance No Object (£5 inc. P&P). Go to [distancenooobject.cargo.site](http://distancenooobject.cargo.site) to get a copy, plus stuff by Jimmy Cummins, Imogen Cassels, Ziddy Ibn Sharam and more.

If you'd like us to list anything in the next issue, just email us with the details at [poetshardshipfunduk@gmail.com](mailto:poetshardshipfunduk@gmail.com). We're also interested in pitches of <500 word reviews of new poetry books (especially anything mentioned above), so get in touch if you fancy reviewing something.



We dedicate this issue to the memory of our comrade and friend, the poet and critic Callie Gardner, who passed away in July. Callie was an extraordinary poet whose (com)passionate, witty, cerebral, utopian writing thought again and again about what might be beyond the abolition of this world of all of us as it's currently constituted, rejecting self-serving complacency, bourgeois blandness and careerism. They were tirelessly active in local organising in Glasgow, involved with vital mutual aid work in the trans community, and really supportive of the poet's hardship fund when we got going at the start of this year. Callie did so much for other poets, hosting free readings and workshops in Cardiff, Leeds, and Glasgow, publishing several (first) pamphlets for young feminist and queer poets, and editing 15 issues of the legendary little magazine ZARF from 2015 to 2020. They made revolution feel available, graspable, just part of what you got up and did on any given day of the week, in spite of it all. Callie's long poem *naturally it is not* (2018) is a modern classic, a whirling derangement of the seasons, surely one of the high points for poetry in the UK in this century: you can still pick up copies at [the87press.co.uk/shop/p/niin](http://the87press.co.uk/shop/p/niin). Much of Callie's writing is freely available to read on their WordPress at [calyxpo.wordpress.com/about/](http://calyxpo.wordpress.com/about/), and their study of *Poetry and Barthes* was published earlier this year by LUP. We are so diminished by their loss, which feels basically impossible to get our heads round, but we'll fight to carry on the work of Callie's life, talking to people about their writing, thought, and commitment wherever we end up. Rest in power.

'because the power of the obelisk comes from that place in ourselves  
not yet lit by generosity, not yet a face turned upward to the rain  
of what we have not yet given to one another,  
each crack in it is an entirely new & joyous articulation —'

Callie Gardner, *from* "modest witness" (a poem  
for the abolition of the university)

