

LUDD GANG



Sat in the middle of
A soft sequel
Mechanics of the plug
Romances cones
Blue and green

Attention is careless
Because nothing changes at all
& space is only noise you can see

No more visions
Full moon is pharmacy lit
Iced waves, we
Only eat January snow
The modern spirit
Through short wave
The conservative spit

Buy the daft pints
For boiling life
We don't know what it is
But we're sweating it out

EDITED, TYPESET & PRINTED BY ALEX MARSH,
DOM HALE & TOM CROMPTON
COVER IMAGE BY COLE DENYER
& MAX FLETCHER

JANUARY 2022

LUDD GANG

6

WORK BY

Eleni Poulou 3

Mark Francis Johnson 5

Edmund Hardy / Namida Red 11

Fred Spoliar 15

Andrew Spragg 22

Jesse Darling 25

Dan Eltringham 32

Gloria Dawson 35

ELENI POULOU

The well weathered leaf startled me again
I thought it was an upper denture
from the corner of my eye
It was only the first time it surprised me
It kept happening
Every time I went on the balcony
It was waiting there
Transformed
But the same

Now back out
Smiles of strangers on the streets
And friends on the inside

I say I can't bend down as my coat is too tight

You say finally something that fences you in
Shows you boundaries

All clothes show you boundaries
I can see them as colours
The graffiti on the train white and pink like something and cream

Folds, folders
Chance meetings become possible
In blue
Another leaf was waiting for me
As I picked it up the stem fell off

Onto the bag it went
Pro bono
Bent

Pro bono
Yes

20 h days

MARK FRANCIS JOHNSON

from The Faun Book

How thin I look, the striving
to walk straight evenings
real exercise.
The ills of one's landlord comfort
even cure, a little,
a little...
but I would need five landlords dying
alone of different horrors to ease
oversensitivity to sounds I never
hear - shovel and tongs on hearth - the sweet
instead of dolorous ringing of bells - fulsome
but not disembodied
agreement it's all pure farce
every second an old faun's
old symptoms get younger.

Let's believe it a picture
to preserve it from getting destroyed;
while I'm describing the mental event
onset of sleep should not be dismissed.
Trees in that exposed location lean,
of the figures
"many may die from the common maladies of life, many
from the fate of battle, but more from the severe
vicissitudes of climate and season and the unavoidable
hardships incident to employment
as figures"

an image built painfully
it leaves on the face a lasting impression
look long and feel a stoop
so that the expression of joy, in which the head is raised
hurts.
There beneath the picture
the windowsill seems crude.
One of the figures is a faun.

A while I followed
faunmobile tracks down the frozen canal

because that was easy.
Far back in

a field, a party of fauns uniformed
 in gray cut through snow,
smokestack of the place's heating plant
the other movement in that space's
area. I stopped and saw
a faun see me see it

looking through a barred window,
in for getting caught

saying the wrong thing, not moving fast enough,
maybe no reason,
in for getting caught.
A very formal kind of respect
passed between us.

Every faun has a job to be done
so find out what your job is
and if you find out mine
do it

please,
we seemed to be saying.

Close, timid and hunted after
long periods of war I ask why is
vitality essential to
recuperative power. After all an
appearance of lawlessness can
be rewarded in a dream
with an old cap. That
this garment - my flesh - should also
serve as a store-house
of the lesser griefs
cast as harmless polyps
all I ask. A little
knowledge may grow
into great knowledge
but is it likely. I smell
a whiff of principles...

Younger fauns have
still not wearied of dragging me
along on their journeys.
It is a wonderful and beautiful
story but I
know of one still more wonderful.

Coarse ground, broken shells
water perfectly sweet
were it not salt – air cold - the season here
forever advanced and inconvenient
I mean onions and potatoes
impossible. What a study in faces,
you crowd of not-fauns listening

listen, your faces
are like land adjacent sea,
so destitute of wood it
abounds with pasture
bad to eat.

Pineapples, peaches
grapes, oranges, citrons
melancholy proof a faun's
five soiled

fingers, the singing
of heathenish lays,
his many schemes,
can fail -

I have never seen fruit
except at your house.

Those birds of passage
present as fists.

I think we fauns may learn
more from those birds than

half-hours by the sea
teach us.

In the summer the woodcutter
wanted to fell my home

and I let him.

EDMUND HARDY / NAMIDA RED

The End In Itself

At a turn in the road, everything changed. A gateway, and E half remembered the code. From a party, an event, or was it a party after an event?

The residents were away on summer residencies. Holidays. Art projects. Where was the key? Behind the flowerpot which was behind the cast iron wood burner, behind the car and the pile of paling weeds pulled out from the stones.

Day by day, they had a base. Happy hours spent studying the classical world. Happy hours together, studying broken columns. How to escape their legacy?

The group splintered. A reading group, a study group, ransacked a line of books, and then - over increasingly feverish days - began drawing up plans for a new media.

Asking questions: which way *does* revolutionary cinema lie? Where *should* I draw the line? And where *is* the line drawn for me?

While they studied the industrial revolution, N studied it in her own way... Two groups, briefly bound by the belief that life is not entirely regrettable. Looking for a way to make it without you.

The code was: *I'm here for you*. The crystal decanter. A bottle of oak gall ink. Could some things be saved, could some things be retrieved? Could some things made in *this world* be carried into the next? No.

Work After Work

*Only loving, only knowing matter: an
indissoluble world; future-light in sparks
diffuses anxiety. Go to wreck in this room
or yours, pile up in the misery / mystery
of sense. Art: both flat and volumetric,
but where is it, a ground so theorised it
could be laden and elusive, made from and smothered
in fine grains of matter, the inside of a tumbling
on. Self-splitting, exacerbation – work
after unfulfilled work and no curve
should lead to Final Battle Avenue
where robots quibble and it's cryo-nap time
for Earthling the cat. Negative seas
scour us in sleep for the social histories
we long for. Holiday in a place of coherence/
settled forms. Destroy the time machine,
its fictions; no end and no tentative return,
euphony of brick bridges pouring as rivers do –
and as the red gaze of the sun thins to
an orange circle, anyone appears there.
Well, anyone would. Another film ends,
and on the plaster a scrawl, *I need a unity to
make sense of the bell of your giving.**

Note:

Beginning with a line from Pasolini and ending with one by Callie Gardner.

Immune Zero / Material's Path

Overflow from stars ends starving
in goblet cell secretions, or in memory's exemptions:

blushes are far from the only words to grow
in the skin. Fleeing weight, a legerdemain

to write below the surface, & although metallic inks
break apart as macrophage rewriting, still words grow

*around her in intercapillary space,
empty or hollow, in relation to organs – a circulation*

into silver and sky and world-around marks
which scry in gentleness (by having happened) on a face of water.

Note:

Quotation is from Mei-mei Berssenbrugge's 'Endocrinology'.

FRED SPOLIAR

test borer replaced by robots

has a big financial botherance
got a pineal gland? no
and it is so cumbersome to
slip out from under you like a curse
word for the worm arts of mourning
where uncertainty is a quality of soil
networks of hollow tubes and underground holes
shakily make us at all
fearful and so motivated by the commonplace
in spite of london bridge and all that's wrong
with it this brassic arcade of my voice is mine
and 'I don't have my own voice'
a way to break land like the worms
who sabotage by being so alive

from goodlands

██████████

I went to ██████████ and ██████████ wasn't there.

In recognition of the ground eeriness of life in private property
I tried to go outside, I went out, I dug up, I went down.

~

OK, someone says
Let's go for a walk.
They extract their leisure from the land.

Isn't it nice to be out in the ██████████
~~surveillance density paradise~~

Isn't it nice to be out in ██████████
~~a decorative windowbox, barred~~

Overgrazing, soil depletion and endless golf courses
Gentrifying, landlordism and luxury housing developments

Someone says *back to the land.*

~~Barred.~~

I mean try going back to Tottenham Hale Retail Park.
St George's Hill.
Try going back to Yarl's Wood.

I knew this story:

we were in a communist garden (savagery)
then lawfully evicted from the Garden (barbarism)
and sentenced to wander ~~conquer~~ the earth like future statuary
(civilization)

I had my suspicions...

I was found helplessly wanting
to grow necessary things
usufruct, the commons

~~but ghosts are necessary~~

Calling *ownership of dead souls* to the dull land

What was the use of calling to the land, with the call itself pre-owned/pre-figured by our enemies?

~~Fuck~~ a taxonomy:

The call to the land: diverted into volkish pastoralia

~~(Wasn't tenancy a haunting and wasn't it this that took us online, in our passion for the weird itself? Was it the land haunting us?)~~

The call to the land: absorbed by the nation state

~~(Was it our ancestors, our friends, our hopes, murdered by the accumulation plot? How were these relations of sufferance and haunting even available to think except mediated (held) by the property relation? Were we in our alienation the land in its haunting?)~~

The call to the land: hunted into fiction

~~(Was it the animals calling?)~~

~

I suspected my neighbours of the trauma of knowledge...

~~that we have senses still to gratify...~~

There were these hopes. The public-figure writers talked about the need
to *harness the power of the imagination* (whose?) – to hitch art to the
ethical plough of the hopes and drag redemptive fruit from the
poisoned mental earth,

as if they'd ever let us *abolish [ecology/gender] by means of the proliferation*
[ecology/gender] without a fight.

In this drastic terrain,
what use is the condescending mastery of deep ecology?

Go down, bourgeois nature lovers, singing your squalid purity, your
princely transports, your stately harmonies.
Blinded by access, go down.

What use is the perceptual apparatus ranged within/against us? That's
to say, even if we could "hack" development would we want to? To seize
the sensorium of the developers? It'd be like stealing a man-trap.
Occupying the sensorium of the landowners like a marble toilet.

What does tenancy make us?
What are its senses?

We're all (being) so fucking exhausted.

We have this inverse property.

I may not know that *the Enclosures are the common denominator of proletarian experience across the globe*, I may not know that. I may not know *the sine qua non of civilized life and society, an axiom sharpened at the expense of indigenous peoples throughout the colonial world*. I may not know the relentless hate of our ruling class for the GRT community. How could I not know?

Now *each word is reduced obviously to money*, now the story I want to tell is laid waste, now all I do is wriggle helpless vocals in the enemy garden,

~~(Ali said, a garden against what?)~~

against the owner's and speculator's human condition it's the renter's – presence suspended in projective distance – which comes closer to the matter
(that we camp this land)

suspended in the natural lie of ownership
(trespassers must be prosecuted)

there is this negative knowledge
like a [REDACTED]...

What can I do with [REDACTED]? How does a tenancy become a squat? If private property is a lie, how can we live truthfully? I went to Londinium and all I got was this lousy pen. I went outside and I was still inside. I paid my rent on time. How can we make something of this

holding, which as a (non-)relation to land has to steal its moments, do its unample guerilla gardening in the margins of wage time and get evicted in a tandem operation by the Metropolitan Police and private G4S contractors, costs all accounted for, according to information obtained by FOI in November 2018, as *being met from the capital receipt for the land transaction*.

~

The point, the police is why we can't have nice things. Developers is why we can't have nice things. In any desperate loyalty to what Bernadette Mayer once called 'the natural love of life', tree satyagraha or machine breaking, there's a spark they stamp. In self-defence of the forest. In self-defence of the people. The sacred fuck you. A cop eye for a branch. *None of our lives will be wasted*. The failure is the point.

Halftime

Kashif Sharma-Patel has a pamphlet called *relief I willed it* out from Gong Farm. Head to gongfarm.cargo.site where you can purchase other titles by Sarah Crewe and Sam Weselowski, postcards by Tom Pickard, and a bunch of collaborative broadsides.

Alex Marsh's *Two in the Wave* is still available from Distance No Object (£5 inc. P&P). At distancenobject.cargo.site you'll also find copies of Sam Weselowski's new *Love Poems*, plus stuff by Jimmy Cummins, Imogen Cassels, Ziddy Ibn Sharam and more.

–*algia* recently published T. Person's *Decalcomania*, and are donating all profits from the sales of this pamphlet to support the Poet's Hardship Fund. Go to algia.biz/shop to pick one up along with plenty of other titles.

Face Press are selling limited editions of Timothy Thornton's *Nothing Worked* (including an original painting by Ian Heames) for £111 each, with all the money going to support the Poet's Hardship Fund. Contact them to arrange purchase. More info and books at face-press.org/.

Run Amok have copies of Andrea Brady's *Tom Get Shrunk* going for a fiver each, with the profits from this also given to the Poet's Hardship Fund. See runamokpress.com/books/ for purchase as well as stuff by co-editor Andrew Spragg (a contributor to this issue), Jimmy Cummins and Rachel Warriner.

Monitor Books recently released pamphlets by Jesse Darling and Edmund Hardy/Namida Red, both contributors to this issue. To get hold of these titles head to www.monitorbooks.co.uk/books/.

The87press are organising Mushaira, a poetry and music event taking place on Friday 4 March at the ICA. Includes DJ sets from Mishti and Manuka Honey, and readings from Sarona Abuaker, Kat Addis, James Goodwin, Oscar Guardiola-Rivera, Dom Hale, Caspar Heinemann, Karenjit Sandhu, and Verity Spott. Tickets at ica.art/live/mushaira-the87press.

ANDREW SPRAGG

Always Part of the Plan

rather regardless rarer than ever
switch switching, you are a bad poet, let's
lift it to every dry occasion, let
your supper go cold, the shock of elsewhere
is not familiar, this specimen talk
of petit causes, a thumbing glance to all
erected sinking sensation, best you
suddenly become aware this is not
your side, you sus, and it's in all the pipes
in your place, and it's still whispering.

I love you least of all, less than my love
of all ceremony. This rising at
the utterance that all your friends are rich
and have poor taste in decor, fuck you then.

For Rob

The very best you can hope for is death.
It's hardly art, more admin and hard graft,
so calm yourself and think to these fresh pages,
look back a way to notes from your last year -
"Let down at the centrepiece." Pays to count
who got it in the neck, weathermen on
some movie set and those who have not slept.
Reprised plain and steady at the top step.
Some more on than off, tucked into the route,
around all this unofficial soft patter
and how much more there felt a sinking touch
at night when shadows ceased or did at least
not lengthen.

Spacious to a fault, it carts
along uneven, ever ready right?

For Jeni

Come see, this lain and coolant water was
in fashion, it swept on and over us.
This stamp of matter may find us a home,
radius lost in this or after and
on with its brutish matter, lots of stamps.
Already crowded and slid with a wish,
already so many with these powers,
by then assigned self with fatal hours.

Secretly we were to watch and be watched,
once we had seen as whole the issue and
then given it our full attention's glare,
and so suddenly as we find our self
marooned, lost on the weather station steps,
eyes close, eventually got some sleep.

JESSE DARLING

SPEED, MACHINERY, VIOLENCE, YOUTH AND INDUSTRY

Only a jobless kid living at his parents' place
would extol the virtues of labour and industry;
CrimethinC machos from lovely homes
in WASPy towns deride the worker drone.

Girlies can't keep up with these
excellent machines:
women & the mothers
motion-sick from all the mones.

Marinetti dreamed of fuckbots, thought
death lay ass-up in the ditch. No homo
economicus, but death like anybody
was he/him, a bro down bad & vanquished
like any subby bitch.

(Oedipussy yearns for Überkind
to return & suck her tits.)

But the workers know
& the real girls know
& the mothers know
that industry is overrated.

To feint & sleight, to fake it -
now that's the *real* art.

Marinetti carked it when his heart gave out,
like any other ancient fart.

USUAL CAVEATS

Becoming bourgeois wasn't about having or spending money, going straight, clean clothes, whole foods. It took years to lose the muscle memory of the laden tray; hen party, office drinks, a bad boy's 35th. His friends click their fingers at you, touch your ass – their eyes & foreheads shiny with cocaine. Oh benediction, what a smashed bottle could / carve the wretched rind of laughing mouth. But no.

In the open kitchen the cooks are eloquent accessory – furnishing, prop, like moving parts. You see them but you don't see them: sweated bandanas, reddened palms, up on their feet for hours. Guts, lungs, livers, hearts.

You know the stink of walk-in fridge, meez-on-plass, blue roll, grey water – but there you are, some long years later. Two tables pushed together to launch an open glossy; some young woman's money, wine. The corrosive flattery that shames each time it speaks your name aloud.

A toast! to those for whom you have at best a soft contempt: Chin-chin! Pull back your teeth & skin.

I knew girls who studied art, made latte hearts for cash. If you like a man who swipes your tips & slaps your assets while you labour for his profit, you'll love marriage & children. Oh they were proud, subjugated, & without rancor, though often tired & though it is great to be good, it's better to live your only life aloud.

On the other side of prison, p45, asyla – there's a fire. We stand around it. We raise our glasses.

NO FLAGS NO HASHTAGS

It's all ritual theatre until somebody gets buried alive in the basement wrapped in packing blankets: I wasn't sorry because he used to ring the bell all night & once scared the girls by asking politely if we'd mind him nailing himself to my crucifix. There's the whole #YesAllWomen thing & then there's actual commerce & there's physical violence & there are women who, for whatever reason, are not. One of the girls disappeared that night. We trace her last movements on the mourning cam. Where did she go when she left the dryout depot? With my eye I wanted to go there, to the end of that road. With my whole body I wanted to go there

IN WHICH “COLOUR IS FREED FROM
OBJECTIVE CONTEXT AND BECOMES
THE SUBJECT IN ITSELF”

Colour Field was the punchline
of a bitter joke. Was cartography,
superstructure. Vast plain and territory
sliced up and partitioned like country,
canvas long as army barracks.

My kid could do that,
and this is how they pinked the map:
with ferrous one-eyed vision machines
down whose noses the explosion of the possible
was a boundlessness left empty by god:

The gun, ONE. The camera, *oh*.

Now watch
as it surfaces out. Covered over.
And everything blends into nothing, or something,
and the violence is that

'the dialectic'

does not even begin to articulate
what was lost in amongst/ in between
enchantment/ conquest/ and terrain.

You knew to recognise the museum
as the big house, charnel house. Mausoleum.
The manor. Yes, but you can go there.
Yes but you don't.

THE LOST ART OF LEISURE

an elegy for Bronwyn Pandemonium

*The old Leisure Centre's a ruined church,
ancient architecture of ritual & obedience.
Holy rotten melamine marbled in bruisetone,
& the blue pool-hole gutted like a belly wound.
Blown like flies through fanged holes in the broken roof,
wet blossoms seed to maggot on the tile. Fifteen years*

& when you died I fought inside my working week
for five good minutes to mourn you right
but couldn't make the time. & so you came to find me,
between the idle hours of twelve to four at night.

You chewed at me for weeks. I took the whole day off.
The afternoon lay out long & cold without a claim
as you lay out in some Berlin morgue for three long months
before your old friends turned up your given name.

I cycled to the river & I bought us both a beer.
The Thames was stinking bloated & the clouds were thin.
I drank mine down from tab to cylinder, felt the sickly swim
& with my teeth I opened yours & poured the whole thing in.

*As drug pig kids, we dreamed a life
where days were full, discrete & whole
like apples on a tree, & not this limping mulch
of weeks & months where hours dripped off the clock
like tears or spit. We take our shots & dip.*

*Funny but it isn't,
how the pictures show us indistinct as ghosts,
like some kind of augur, although the light was bad
& we were almost drunk - our breath like hyacinth
& Listerine, the taste of a stomach eating itself.
At the all-day bar a booze rose blooms in every face.
We pour it up. We grin with all our skull.*

DAN ELTRINGHAM

Gauge Weights

in the pipeline, infra-structurally

for Sarah Bernstein & everyone at 'Poetics in Commons', Sheffield 2019

naturally enough
it doesn't attend
or won't go back
awkward encounters
with precarious others
strange stimulations
guilt & fear

*The feeling of corridors
Feelings of strangeness and awkwardness*

naturally enough
like all devices tuned
for measurement
it calibrates
contradictions
but blind to its
complicity

*A strange simulation
Turn the engine set the gauge*

naturally enough
a constant flow
down a pipeline
possible candidates
within against
& in spite of
for worse or better

Is this making anyone feel good?

naturally enough
a bad affect morass
while learning the language
of feeling feigned
a faint to the left
whatever we call
this feeling

*Closed and brutal night
A mule's head in leather blinkers*

naturally enough
however we call
this feeling of pipeline
corridor of bad terrain
a bullet in the back
an unexpected
telegram, surprise

*Until the wolf falls into the trap
It is not afraid*

naturally enough
gauge weights slide along
their bevel moving moving parts
learning to speak again
tonight light & leaden
to myself
via thru despite

*What would it be like
If we could stay on this roof
Above the machine
And never come down?*

GLORIA DAWSON

for Callie Gardner

*there is a distant isle
around which seahorses glisten
a fair course against the white swelling surge
four feet uphold it*

poem describing Celtic Valhalla, on an illustrated map
of the Outer Hebrides

i.

if from a break put back
together by soil we newly circled

hey, you were my weather
sometimes arriving at my door

gull moves to white dusk in pretty voices
we happened shattered on a park

a great rain came over me like salt
you needed badly I was open

this much love for this
and still more
founded unfounded
& more still

ii.

I hold my cup at the lip of your darkness.
we are all drying up
rivers but in some
the stones are also dry. has the water
sunk & does it
through peat trickle up
my conscience does it find a patter
making love for me my
bonny, curled & nowhere lover

utopias are drying
sometimes love sits on the molecular
den of silk and the spiderwebs
kiss across the path bewalked by
I'm fine but you are not ok

| | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------|
| poet-keeper | beekeeper of time |
| putting all the honey into words | |
| greasing hives | with attention combs |

can you become a temple now?
a gorge, a minch, a lykeway?

the force that splits the tree
so one half leafs, the other withers
this is the forest

iii.

mark it on the wrong ground
how curious hunger is
misleadingly like lace

a lush of equinox
splinters beech
milkcap & balsam

there's a belling pearl retina
three exclamation clouds
and no more

because there are many
more flotillas more
a mile-eye to the west

prepare to be unbraided
again again again
sealed breath releasing

