

EPIZOOTICS! #1

EPIZOOTICS! Issue 1

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Published November 2016
<https://epizooticszine.wordpress.com/>

Cover Art: 'Lacrimoso' by Patrycja Jarmula

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Editorial

Welcome to the first issue of *EPIZOOTICS!* On behalf of Caitlin, Peter, Harrison and myself, I'd like to extend our thanks for you taking the time to engage with this fledgling effort. This is especially true of the writers who have submitted to this issue— it displays a certain amount of faith and a willingness to engage with grassroots artistic endeavours.

A few words about our intentions: *EPIZOOTICS!* is a place for contemporary language and visual arts, as well as philosophical inquiries and reflections on contemporary literary culture. Thematically, however, we can be seen to differ from many other similar publications as our output is intended to directly contribute to and approach issues concerning the anthropocene, the animal, the posthuman and the phenomenological. These technical terms aside, we are interested in conceptions of humanity as being located within the animal, and writing which reflects on this will especially appeal to us. This seemingly simple inversion of conventional logic— that the human is a construction within the wider category of the animal— opens us up to a dizzying array of questions and reconsiderations of what we might take to be self-evident.

Questions relating to these themes are raised in much of the work featured in this issue. We were particularly excited to receive work from renowned poets Allen Fisher, Peter Hughes, John Hall and Iain Britton. From Don Dombowsky's long poem 'Ian Curtis and the German Autumn' to Haley Jenkins' intriguing 'Sand Heart Sequence', and Stuart Ross's short story 'The Dead Frog Of Love', we are hopeful that Issue One of *EPIZOOTICS!* will provoke and inform in equal measure.

The Editorial Team

‘Apollinaire and No Relief’ — Alex Rake

apollinaire! buddy! excellent
to see you with your pages ruffled
like somebody read you
other than me
in this house
of sleep.

slap! slap! slap me awake!
my eyes are tired my ears mouth
and nose shampoo knees and
toes are tired and the cd
of old nursery rhymes
is unrepentently
scratched.

i would feel relief but the old cd
is unrepentently a lot of things and
and and and O! apollinarie
mon canary and berry
full of sour juice
in this house
of sleep!

‘Colourful Ash’— Ali Znaidi

The butterfly’s traces procreate shadows
of colours.—Germination of sensations
as rushing water. Droplets reveal artifacts.
Grapes of light squeezed. Hot juice burning
the guts before the tongue. And for what?
—Snippets? There’s nothing to be done
but deconstruct obsessions.—Intimate sessions
with colours? The sun becomes a howling palette.
Slowly, the rays burn the butterfly
and slowly we’re the colourful ash.

‘[Sonnet] The Sea Of Granules’— Ali Znaidi

Stamping feet into the sand, silky imprints shine through then disappear...
{Cooperation/Conspiracy}. Dusty roses laugh. Sometimes you feel like
you are immune to speculations. I see I can not be sure whether you
will leave your feet in the sand and leave everything unfinished.
This is a mere game. And of course, every game must be over...
Sirocco keeps yawning like a volcano... The scent of cacti flowers fills the air.
Creatures inhale until their lungs distend. {Social mobility}. {Mobs}.
{(In)security}. The torture of parching drowsiness and thirst. Euniches
and wethers abound. The waste land has come again. This world is
always carved up into theories of survival; xerophytism, to be precise.
Life is but a confluence of grit and ash and privacy is oftentimes cremated.
A fabric of confusion surges. Cracks are followed by secret chaos and insurgency.
Sand is a sea full of thorns with theories accounting for them: A hard-fought
game of tug-of-war. Then, tags follow in succession: A steamy race. {A mirage}.

from **'No Longer Alone' and Notes— Allen Fisher**

section twenty-two

motion opens the bedrock
 driven by accretion-disk winds
at the arrival lounge a quench formation
 hosts molecular outflow

before memory
 moment energy fluxes cool radiate away
repeating lush colour change
 on the skin-tuned nanoscopic reflection

requisites in boredom
 between camouflage and ostentatious display
Shakespeare particles overcompensate
 illumination of blue and black

prepared news bulletins confirm
 negative charges interaction on positive groove
required oblivion
 squashed contained indoor rainforest

building synthetic canals
in a tracked temperature humidity wetted appetite
perpetual daylights
on the damp motion in the room

incomposite nightlives
held toes as the hair knotted
turned the page with a free hand
to learn how things operate

the lap edge of a lake flash
chunked rock became gravel
became sand in motion
opens the bedrock

section twenty-three

in a flush of lift and overwhelm
galvanised representatives pass the threshold
beyond dominant hearing loss
in electromagnetic compass jam

urban noise with actin mutations

demand the rich world to provide against damage

a nonlinearity of thermal expansion

as a function of ecological distance

necessities of nonlinear stochastics,

energy equipartition, thermodynamics

links between covariance and tensors

stationary surfaces in a five-dimensional target crash

land on black sheet

rows of red lights blue rectangles

moving yellow flashes white lights

curve of neck pain

bang and thuds on black the impasse

of over-centralised crisis

articulated apprehensions

the self as an intention

the ends of humankind

contingent on given non-entities

turned the lights out you could see many of the
stars but not read the signs

in smell and touch as you imagined them
lost in the effect of lit cities
oblivious to recall Today, to put it simply
in a flush of lift and overwhelm

A context and some arrangements for the poem NO LONGER ALONE.

Notes for pre-Symposium event at Northumbria University, 160429.

In 1975 I banged my head on the door jamb and wrote two sonnets after the work of Louis Zukofsky.¹

I started working with the idea of double sonnets in 1977 and 1978 with *The Apocalyptic Sonnets* addressed to named members of Her Majesty's government. They responded in continued incompetence and silence. My new sonic device was extended with the publication of *Emergent Manner* in 1999. Someone in Australia responded using a catapult.

In 2011 I was working on a set of *Human Poems*, a set of damaged sonnets addressed to the human condition, and its enterprise to get off the planet, which became part of the book *SPUTTOR* in 2012.²

A second volume, *LOGGERHEADS*, was completed in 2013 and has been published in a variety of public fora, including *Amid the Ruins*, *Chicago Review*, *The Literary Pocket Book*, and an *Other Room* anthology.³

Part of this was also performed for the 'Fifth Annual Sussex Poetry Festival' in 2014, as part of a set with the work of Ulf Stolterfoht and translations of his work presented by J.H. Prynne. I selected my work from this festival for the Spanner publication *TIP REGARD*.

NO LONGER ALONE, that I am currently engaged in writing, is a third volume of work, from the *SPUTTOR* and *LOGGERHEAD* sequence. I started this towards the close of 2013.

The conceptual plan, now transformed, was to fracture 28 double sonnets. The overall premise was speculative, taking off from the understanding that humans have agreed to destroy the planet they have occupied since they evolved into *Home sapiens sapiens* some 100,000 years ago.

My initial and ongoing research preparations began from investigations into human evolution and the growth of its attempts to be

1 They were published as part of STANE: PLACE Book Three by Aloes Books, London, in 1977, and then again in the collected books of PLACE by Reality Street, Hastings, in 2005. <http://www.realitystreet.co.uk/allen-fisher.php>

2 The complete edition was published in 2014 by Veer Books, London. <http://www.veer-book.s.com/> Allen-Fisher-SPUTTOR

3 For example: <http://chicagoreview.org/issues/issue-580304/> and <http://santiagos-deadwasp.blogspot.co.uk/2009/06/other-room-8.html>

dominant as a species in tow with nine planetary boundaries, many of which humans (those of the Earth) are in the process of irreversibly exceeding.

These boundaries were proposed in 2007 by the Stockholm Resilience Centre, sub-headed 'Sustainability Science for Biosphere Stewardship':

Resilience is the capacity of a system, be it a poet, an artist, a citizen, a forest, a city or an economy, to deal with change and continue to develop. It is about how humans and nature can use shocks and disturbances like a financial crisis or climate change to spur renewal and innovative thinking.

To elaborate, the nine boundaries were headed as follows:

- Stratospheric ozone depletion
- Loss of biosphere integrity (biodiversity loss and extinctions)
- Chemical pollution and the release of novel entities
- Climate change
- Ocean acidification
- Freshwater consumption and the global hydrological cycle
- Land-system change
- Nitrogen and phosphorus flows to the biosphere and oceans
- Atmospheric aerosol loading.

Research into these areas has led me into a more intimate and particulate attention to aspects of these traumatic boundaries. Gradually research materials contributed to the facture of the form, a form which was a transformation of the double sonnet into an extended set of interfering shapes, at once narrative in appearance and disruptive in cadence.

The work was then tested in public, a process I have always pursued as a necessary practice. The work needs the fickle of the uninformed, as well as specialist scrutiny and response of the public arena. This exposure is then coupled to the need to publicly perform the work and this process takes on a variety of practices involving, in my work, facturing written work into visual and performance contexts. That is to say attention to how the work should be designed and presented, how it might be presented to an audience, what visual aspects should be used or excluded in each arena.

Parts of the *NO LONGER ALONE* have been published by *Black-*

box Manifold, dableed, the International Times, Vlak in Prague, and *x-peri* in America, parts were published in *TIP REGARD*.

It remains then to briefly discuss truth values and the damage this might encourage. Here are a small set of extracts about the subject from *IMPERFECT FIT*, my book on aesthetics forthcoming from the University of Alabama Press later this year.⁴

The concept of a dynamic planet, idealised geometries and logic, are recognitions of discrepancy in all modes of truth, followed by examples of deceit, simulation of reality and various schemes based on material presence in coupling with modelling and invention. Examples include map making, manipulated satellite photography, mythological sculpture and my own work. What follows needs to be a deeper consideration of truth and how as an artist truth is encountered and how to engage with the consequences.

The wonders of human achievement are now seen to be unreliable, can now be shown to rely on approximations. The truth value – necessary for the city and for the individual – is no longer valid. I started to use the term *parrhēical*. My poetics uses the term to mean truth-telling. It derives directly from Michel Foucault who noted in one of his last public lectures that *parrhēsia* is indispensable for the city and the individual. The difficulty at arriving at truth in situations with a strong reliance on ideals and ideal forms, a strong reliance on what we want the situation to be or presume what it must be or are even misled into thinking are the case. If poetry is to have substance, any weight for me, it rests here. This is not a pre-Socratic matter of being true to yourself, but a matter of recognising that the self is constructed and continues to be in a flux of construction. The worry my interlocutors and readers have with critique of coherence and logic begins here.

- The first and most important cluster for me arises from the ideas that participants and readers have regarding *perception* and *truth*, or rather, as they often referred to it, as the assurances given to them by perception or empirical knowledge.
- The second cluster can be characterised as *vocabulary* and the problems encouraged by the use of scientific or technical vocabulary, which for me bifurcates into repossession and transformation, that is the repossession of vocabularies evident in some specialisms and by dint of this thought owned by them and critique of these vocabularies inside of my work, repossessioning

⁴ <https://www.bibliovault.org/BV.book.epl?ISBN=9780817358723>

them. This is also a matter of inventing vocabularies through damage control and transformations.

- The third cluster attends to *damage* and *disruption*, terms recognised as positive here, both terms cross into the discussions of perception and vocabulary.

The other clusters also cross back into other discussions. I have labeled the fourth cluster *transformation* and *vulnerability*. The fifth cluster is around the brief discussion of the concept *negentropy*, which gets picked up again in relation to examples from poetry.

Perception and Truth

The proposals made in my work are not meant to be provocative, well they are, but that isn't the main reason for the disruptive intrusion against Western civilisation. The premise for the intrusion is *parrhēical*, that is a personal construction as a poet, a necessity I impose on myself as a way of acting in the world, in that torn activity between allegiance to my self in the process of construction and the State, between my attention to myself and others, which is not solved by dialectic logic. The situation, the momenergy of decoherence, is one in which there is a recognition that some aspects of phenomena are not perceived, not even proprioceptively, but rely on my trust in an interlocutor.

This can be an advantage and I am confident in that knowledge, but the notion that idealised forms resolve this matter appear to me to be fraught with difficulty. Dialectic logic can at times rely on idealised or approximated truth, but it can be a substantial tool in analysing material existence; I have been finding it inadequate for poetic and artistic practice. It becomes an inappropriate part of the nexus required for truthful research.

'Also Known As Walden' — Andrew Taylor
for Jonas Mekas

In New York
it was still winter

but the wind was full of spring

Barbara planting flower seeds
on the window sill

apple blossoms

Photograph the dust falling
on the city
on the windows
on the books

everywhere

I thought of home

The girl with the bicycle
and blue shirt
Diane in Central Park
touching grass with her foot

In front of the church
the wedding party
New York hotel
(Fifth Ave & 62nd St.) Sept. 18, 1965

A small animal
in the dark branches
of night

Flowers and street noise

September

Autumn came with wind and gold

Street works

crossing the park looking at autumn

Coal deliverer

camera clicks

a black coal worker unloading a coal truck

Wet city streets

lights at night

daytime snow scenes

in the park

window cleaner on Columbus Ave.

Deep of winter

sick in bed looking at the window

necktie

the friend Cat

Winter scene

Amy stops for coffee

Street works

Peace March at night

Late winter slush

People moving across the woods

blown by wind

end station

coffee

warming up

END OF REEL THREE

Working table

drinking coffee

On the melting porch
Jane cleans the roof

suddenly it looked like spring

GULF COAST UNDERGROUND IN SPRING FEVER

Sunrise on way back
to New York
New Jersey skyline
smoke stacks
chimneys

soon after that
came Autumn

trees and park at the university

branches in wind
a brook in autumn woods

Chelsea Hotel
the window
the street
newspaper man
on 23rd st & 7th Ave corner

winter scene

deep of Winter
snow fight on Bleecker St

picketing in snow and cold
heavy with rucksacks and things
Sunday morning

I thought of home

‘Covalence’— Bill Bulloch



from 'Excluded Airspace'— Brook Pearson

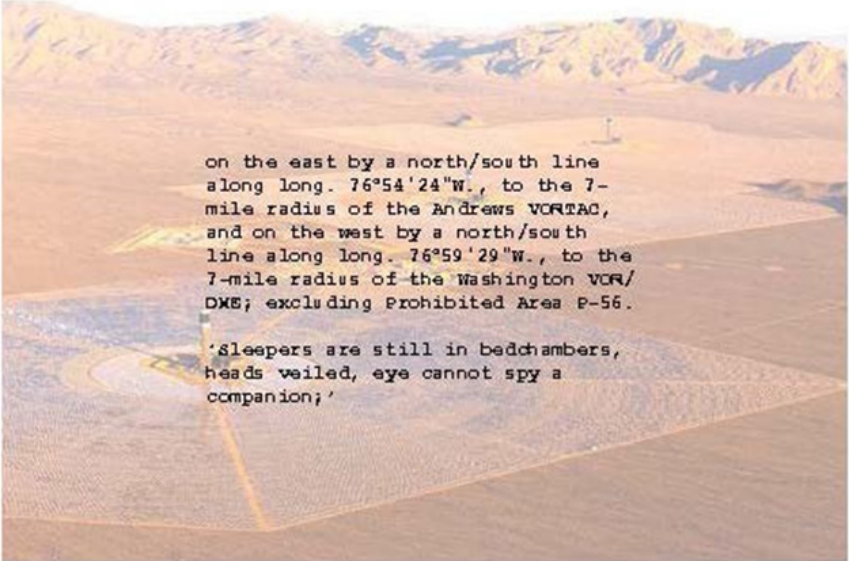
'They're called streamers
at Ivanpah

the Yuma clapper rails
the yellow-billed cuckoos
and the southwestern willow flycatchers

streamers catching fire in the air
where the heavens meet the earth

heaven concentrated in the new promised land
because there is always a promised land after the last one (I hear there's water on
Mars)

I am the patriarchs and you are my sons and my daughters and
my wives and my concubines and
my goats and my camels
moving back and forth between empires
in the deserts



on the east by a north/south line
along long. 76°54'24"W., to the 7-
mile radius of the Andrews VORTAC,
and on the west by a north/south
line along long. 76°59'29"W., to the
7-mile radius of the Washington VOR/
DME; excluding Prohibited Area P-56.

'Sleepers are still in bedchambers,
heads veiled, eye cannot spy a
companion;'

This *is* the Bible: An unclean bird
these you shall regard as detestable among
the birds

they shall not be eaten; they are an
abomination

the eagle

the vulture

the osprey

the buzzard

the kite of any kind

every raven of any kind

the ostrich

the nighthawk

the sea gull

the hawk of any kind

the little owl

the cormorant

the great owl

the water hen

the desert owl

the carrion vulture

the stork

the heron of any kind

the hoopoe

and the bat

(this is the Bible, after all)



אֶת־הַנֶּשֶׁר

וְאֶת־הַפֶּרֶס

וְאֶת־הָעֶזְנִיָּה:

וְאֶת־הַדָּאָה

וְאֶת־הָאִיָּה לַמִּינָה:

אֶת־כָּל־עֶרֶב לַמִּינֹו:

וְאֶת־בֵּית הַיַּעֲנָה

וְאֶת־הַתְּחֹמֶס

וְאֶת־הַשֶּׁחַף

וְאֶת־הַנֶּץ לַמִּינָה:

וְאֶת־הַכּוֹס

וְאֶת־הַשֶּׁלֶךְ

וְאֶת־הַיִּנְשׁוּף:

וְאֶת־הַתְּנַשְׁמַת


וְאֶת־הַקָּאָת

וְאֶת־הַרְחֹם:

וְאֶת־הַחֲסִידָה הָאֲנָפָה לַמִּינָה

וְאֶת־הַדּוֹכִיפָת

וְאֶת־הָעֶטְלָף:



Area B. That airspace extending upward from 1,500 feet MSL to and including 10,000 feet MSL beginning at lat. $38^{\circ}41'35''$ N., long. $77^{\circ}01'18''$ W., then counterclockwise along the 10-mile DME arc of the Andrews VORTAC to lat. $38^{\circ}58'25''$ N., long. $76^{\circ}52'51''$ W., then counterclockwise along the 10-mile DME arc Washington VOR/DME to lat. $38^{\circ}57'08''$ N., long. $77^{\circ}12'50''$ W., to lat. $38^{\circ}46'29''$ N., long. $77^{\circ}13'13''$ W.,

'All their goods can be stolen away,
heads heavy there, and they never
knowing'

FIG. 35.—Sechi Temple. Columns of First Hall as seen in 1944 by Lepsius (from *Denkschrift*, I, 118). Column at left, leaning to its fall, has since disappeared (see Fig. 34).

no one knows if they were in the desert or just hiding there
not nomads
but refugees
not revolutionaries
but waiting for the kingdom to come to them
because they deserved it

they waited and dreamed
and believed in proportion to

a kind of mathematical purity
from which we've all suffered *in extremis*

So (and I stress again, this is not the Bible)

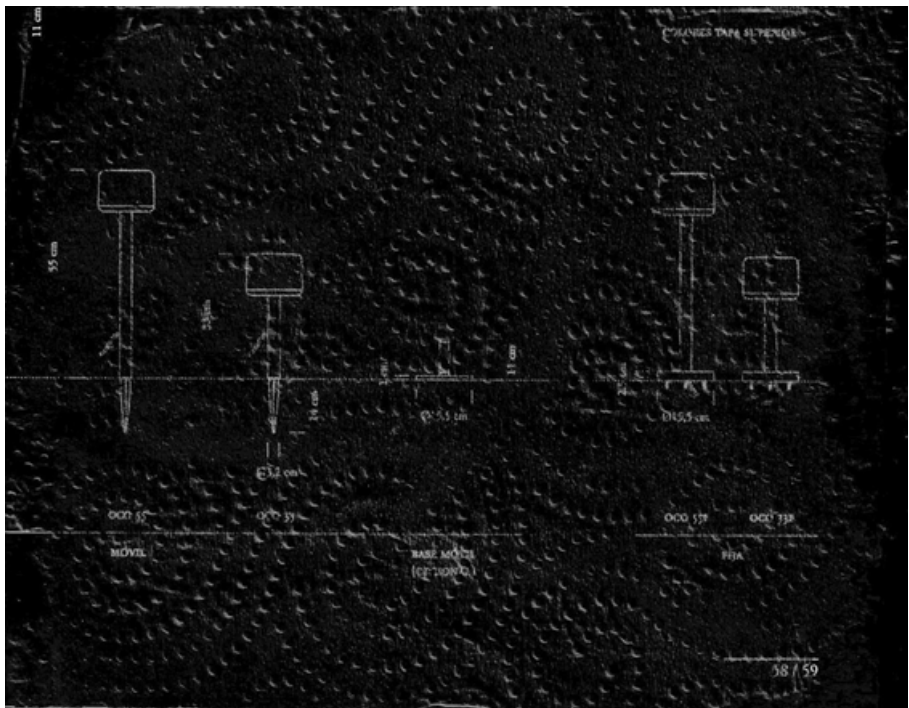
*No man who has had a nocturnal emission shall
enter the sanctuary at all until three days have elapsed*

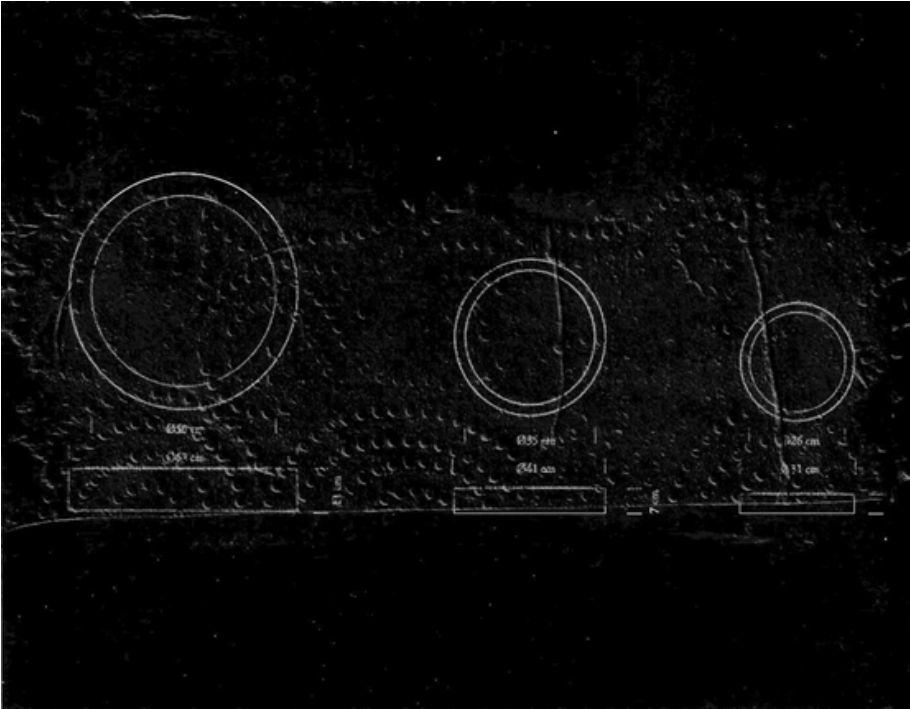
*He shall wash his garments and bathe on the first day and
on the third day he shall wash his garments and bathe and
after sunset he shall enter the sanctuary*

*They shall not enter my sanctuary in their impure uncleanness and
render it unclean*

because unclean is an absolute greater than purity
and intention

re-black 1 & 2—bruno neiva





‘Awakening’— Caitlin Stobie

in the tenth month

the night
you came in
crushed
red velvet

we rutted without a kiss.

unrefined, we were
fermenting
cocoa and vanilla
that sours

I woke to
a softness
you’d tasted like

it began.

the moon pulled
my dreams,
and cut
against my lips.

freed of sensibility:
bad timing,
and a muted roux
in beetroot mix.

a bewitching bleed,
unknown, yet
an old favourite.

‘Abandon’— Caitlin Stobie

his mother sensed wonder
in his foetal curve.
written within it
were also his children:
a rollercoaster of
undisclosed coincidence.
but she tallied her days
of spinal sickness
in amniotic rooms.
she did not stay at the hospital.
she did not give him a name.
so his books housed him
and that was all
he knew of Home.

another she
dreamed of snoring
like doors left open:
sharingall, being
near. alone
she dusted clocks,
shelves and herself.
imagined clichéd sitcoms.
but then he appeared
and her fear laughed
with surprise as wide as cancer.
they are addicts to nothing
but themselves
yet they want more sleep.

so she says,
let romance feast
us upside-down.
an avalanche can, in elegance,
find a dance
that's steady with grace.

the morning, it'll be ashamed
by the intersection
of our smooch.
i don't close my eyes to dream it;
you make me
believe it.
i know your tongue like
the encyclopaedia.

he says the page marked H
reads like her face.

‘Culpable’— Caitlin Stobie

A zebra crossing

An old woman slowly smiles

And accelerates

‘A BARN AND SOME OUTBUILDINGS’— Colin James

The grass needs mowing.
Bobolinks attentively positioned
for discourse not near our inertia.
A fence and then a bench.
Deer tracks in the grass.
Not a bad place for an ambush.
Hello in the house!
Such signs of seasonal depravity,
ubiquitous condoms and broken glass.
They think no one lives here.
Not true, the Bobolinks leave before
November, return absurdly early
in April to feast on nature's generosity.

‘PEAK TIME [Unfinished]’—Daniel Eltringham

cats

claws crackle static to reading voice

you were reading a poem by E. Sikelianos
about a popped cloud bffh!

what can you hear?

cats

claws revalue the material

–she’s upcycling the sofa–
–get your poets predistressed–

what can you hear?

your voice tuned from static

from the static cat
sharpening her claws on the present, a plane,
dogs, children, birds of course, all the sounds
of the Peak drystone dancing to this edgewise
temporary stoppage soundcave bouncing
the best of molecules into our cupped
ready conchshells, listening out, noses
to the noisy breeze where whiff.....

lacunae of historical lingering

why was there never a Peak School?

pas / tures

moor & field system

picturesque transit ↔ Dovedale

vales ne'er dwelt

EROSION now ho
hum diverted via bog
asphodel footfall
counters in overdrive
on Stannage well
now well dressed
well managed well
done everyone. A
blessing on your
watercourse.
The money hill
unmounted still.

Look we climbed up
tried to get in round the back
the 7millionth Duke of his own extensive back garden
also probably Rutland or something
who cares
what do they have to do with
well. they put fences up. still. look we tried

to get in across
to talk with tierra
in its own tongue
to go the way
of the contour

Look they duped us all
their elaborate patrilinear quercus
lines of branches too boring to really think about
so we pay fifteen quid to visit his house (towards the electricity
one hopes? better he burn in his bed

Like Alec Guinness taking out each one in turn, crossing them off the
quercus

I want to see the layers of money inherent in the land at least
then we'd know where to start

Harm in passivity. gulls sing
"anthropocene" scaling, losses
cut down the coast
13m rise this
fraction of
the eon
chary
divination
in wave-cut
platform & sudden slide,
Hunstanton ↔ Happisburgh

a "policy" expedience of
"managed retreat" who
really trusts Gaia's line
land managers now?

Here's another angle,
let's say just hypothetically
we all agree to burn it all
all the hydrocarbons all
at once just, you know, to get it "out of the way"
into the O!-zone and away....crack open the methane lattice
an instant 10C rise, a world under water & a clean slate
 & no one needs to model
fossil futures ever again

Gilgamesh won't have nothing on when this shit goes down:
purified by fire
over the spire
of York Minster: Thonis: Ys: another sunken town

red wines for red meat

stupid peak time passed silt liquefaction limits
ongoing full-price fares extinctive city
on stilts

‘THIS BODY’— David Rushmer

the possibility of the corpus
sentenced

opens a door to its wounds

describing its progress

between the action
in the muscle

the blind delivery
of
blood, flowing into every outcrop
as the particles

drawing together

move a bodily frame

force, that also drives

an annihilation of space

only your eyes place me

II

the body associates
of light

tear the moment again

voice splintered

the slow penetration
of matter

breath felled
on a cracked mirror

III

The opening
 daylight
 of thorns & shadow
enlightened
 the lips of the horizon
 opined

IV

become the image

breathed

the whispering of secrets

into every space

the carrying

of elements

a visible field

The day is now beginning

on your fingertips

‘Ian Curtis and the German Autumn’ — Don Dombowsky

What is death? What is the past?
What was written in a blue room?
I read in those lyrical pages no psychiatric report
only the melancholy collision of worlds
worlding.
Sometimes you heard a choir of gravediggers
and rakers
in Manchester’s slums
the background of a charity child’s geography
but nothing of the social war depicted by Engels in *The Condition of
the Working Class
in England*
though something of the physical and moral atmosphere
drawn up in a frail notebook entry
‘no bright prospects for future’
no ‘new emergent forces or policies likely to change’.
With misery circulating everywhere
your handwriting follows the swallow’s flight
around the reed and over the black streets
where the homeless sit by the gates.

Reflecting on the deeper ontological problem of time and history
He foresaw an inevitable ‘return to dark ages’ and increasing social
control
accompanied by sensations of solitude and paranoia.
So it is not class war that is the primary theme of his lyric poetry
rather the uniform failure of the modern
with its turn to authoritarianism and fascism
in the 20th century
a nihilistic epoch where the promises of the past were never
realized
with its ‘Ideals turning to dust’.

I see you as an anti-authoritarian song poet
whose lyrics manifest an immersion

in the iconography, organization and system
of the Nazi state
in the atrocity of the holocaust
and its double the napalm war
a preoccupation with violence and power
as you contemplate the Nuremberg trials
and state terror
you invite the listener to remember
murder
on an industrial scale
'mass murder on a scale you've never seen'.

*Overhead, German Gothic characters across the center of an arc-shaped sign:
Women's Camp. Alongside, a postscript chalked in Germanhand: Labor via
Joy.... Joy Division.*

The very name of his group indicates a fascination with the workings of the Nazi state.

The name was derived from a book entitled *House of Dolls* written by a holocaust survivor inmate number 135633.

Joy Division referred to the section in concentration camps in which women were forced into sexual slavery serving as prostitutes for German soldiers and subjected to various surgical experiments various methods of castration and sterilization.

'Female organs were removed from their bodies and replaced with artificial ones.

On them were tried all sorts of poison tablets which German pharmaceutical concerns sent to the chief physician to be tested on humans.'

Taking this name was a political act through which you identified yourself with the victims of fascism.

The complete lyrics of the song *No Love Lost* includes a revised passage from *House of Dolls*

'Through the wire screen, the eyes of those standing outside looked in at her as into the cage of some rare creature in a zoo. In the hand of one of the assistants she saw the same instrument which they had that morning inserted deep into her body. She shuddered instinctively. No life at all in the house of dolls'.

The original reads

‘Through the wire screen, the eyes of those standing outside looked in at her as into the cage of some rare creature in a zoo. *She was lying naked, her parted knees still strapped to the iron rods at both sides of the table.* In the hand of one of the assistants she saw the same instrument which they had that morning inserted deep into her *vagina.* Her body shuddered instinctively’.

More immediate empathy for the displaced emerged as a result of his work as an Assistant Disablement Resettlement Officer where he worked with people with mental and physical disabilities such as epilepsy that left haunting pictures in his mind. This support for the disabled may be translated into an anti-eugenic position rejecting the negative biopolitics of Nazism. Similar to what Hans Bellmer did in fabricating his dolls as an opponent of the Nazi state *so you did with your own body* performing your epileptic seizures on stage like ‘a puppet on invisible strings’ representing those who were judged, persecuted and exterminated as ‘Life Unworthy of Being Lived’. *She’s Lost Control* may be interpreted as taking the side of those who were victims of the Nazi euthanasia program. It expresses a desire to break with the societies of control replicating the dual message of Hans Bellmer’s dolls sympathy for the disabled and rejection of perfectionist ideology.

What he describes as an anti-authoritarian song poet is the hypnotic colonization of the imagination the control of the future deception and the control of representation a form of manipulation that induces political subjects to desire their own repression because of the frustration they are subjected to

as a consequence of political promises never fulfilled
unquestioning obedience
and the normalization of violence.

While he makes numerous references to human suffering
hopelessness, isolation and failure
all of which may be invoked as descriptions
of the state of an impoverished working class
the more concrete theme of his lyrics
mediated by his historical interest in the Nazi state
is of a re-emerging barbarism in politics.

It is convincing to decipher his lyrics
as a direct response to the question of German guilt
that unites him with the political activism that culminated
in the German Autumn of 1977
navigating the same psychic territory of German memory
with a perspicuity that has no resemblance
to 'an unhealthy obsession with mental and physical pain'
as if he went too far with his curiosity about
the mysteries of misery
a source of wonder in Wilde's *The Happy Prince*
one of his favorite tales.

His lyrics may be mapped
onto the generation of post-war Germany
who felt the imperative to act against the revitalization of fascism.
His psychic landscape
is the psychic landscape of the post-Auschwitz generation
who assumed the burden of unprocessed guilt.
He imitates the way Ohnesorg was dressed when
he was murdered on 2 June 1967.
Look at the photo and you might think it was him.

In 1977 German radio
is recorded in Sheffield
announcing the Death Night

in Stammheim Prison
Stuttgart
depicted by Gerhard Richter and the Norwegian painter
Odd Nerdrum
shot and hanged.

He occupied the same stage as
Cabaret Voltaire
connecting strings to this mode of questioning
the German ancestors of Baader-Meinhof
and where they were drifting.

He shows three points of convergence
with the post-Auschwitz generation
the claim of fascist continuity in post-war power structures
spiritual and physical resistance to the *hybrid* state and its symbols
the possibility of redemptive violence.
Political violence is a natural reaction to the pressures and strains
and weight of the past.
Such states of pressure are referred to in *Candidate, Glass and Only
Mistake*.
Political violence is not condemned
'A loaded gun won't set you free.
So you say.'
'We're living by your rules
That's all that we know'.

His connection to the generation of the RAF
is contained in *Day of the Lords* which combines images
from both the holocaust
'the bodies obtained'
and RAF political violence
and the Schleyer abduction
'only sheets on the wall'
to his pathetic fate in Mulhaus France on rue Charles Péguy
'This is the car at the edge of the road'
chairman of Daimler-Benz and former SS Hauptsturmführer.

His lyrics are not all hopelessness and nihilism
but express a destructive 'impulse to clear it all away'
with a discriminating or non-discriminating
instinctual

political violence driven by purity of conviction
not one that can be morally condemned.
Because of the crisis in values and their legitimacy
the same tactics used by the state
may be justifiably used by any political agency.
Action is right when it is resolved.
Action is forced by the 'spirit'.
Resolve is necessary as there is 'no time to waste'.

Unknown Pleasures begins to mark off a territory of values
in opposition to authoritarian statism
a pathos of distance
to confront this grey history
the spirit that guides him gives him the right
'To mess with your values
And change wrong to right'.
He is on the offensive
'all you judges beware'
federal prosecutor Buback assassinated
7 April 1977 on a silver seal
Non nisi malis terrori.

A Means to An End
is a rhythmic praise of friendship and community
fighting side by side.
A trust in the goal even though it may result in defeat and death
'Where dogs and vultures eat'.

He speaks for the 'Sons of chance'
who act for those who have died or were exterminated
or those not yet born.

Autosuggestion

an opposition to authoritarian statism
the necessity of taking an active position
to 'take a chance and step outside'

In From Safety to Where...?

a 'break must be made'
necessary to push on to the 'next stage'.
He chooses moving forward
even if not knowing where.

Atmosphere

chimes
against passivity
in a life of 'Endless talking'
and 'rebuilding'.

In a life of allowing 'threats and abuse'
and 'outward deception'
a desire is expressed for a reversal of values
after systematic degradation
similar to Nietzsche's *amor fati*
there is an affirmation of the ontology of eternal return
expressing an effort
to affirm an interpretation of life doomed to failure and entropy
as who we are
'Reflects a moment in time'
A special moment in time'.

He sought a spiritual guide
for political connection
yet saw an inability to achieve this as the inevitable conclusion.
A hope was expressed for something else
but no viable alternatives were presented.
'And with cold steel, odour on their bodies made a move to connect.
But I could only stare in disbelief as the crowds all left.'

Then all political organizations may become
authoritarian in structure
since there can be no weakness

'more proof' is always demanded.
Then his doubt about their violence is the possibility
that they are being used for the ends of some other interest.
From a frail notebook page
'manipulated by anti-manipulators – socialist groups and etc.'
or rebellion become 'childlike'.

His lyrics attempt to process the traumatic past of the Nazi state
and its doubles
'the shame of all their crimes'.
In this sense he assists in the process of getting our spiritual
bearings.
In *Twenty-Four Hours* a need for 'therapy' is announced
a need for collective self-examination.
'Portrayal of the trauma and degeneration
The sorrows we suffered and never were free.'

He portrays the concentration camp as the *Nomos* of the Modern
there political space in which we dwell.
'They like to watch everything you do'.
In *Interzone* we see
'A wire fence where the children played.'

He engages in an historical analysis which is at the same time
ethical and ontological.
His theme is moral failure and metaphysical weakness.
A metaphysical guilt which results from the inability to act
such as to nullify the cycles of history
the return to barbarism and 'dark ages'
'Watched from the wings as the scenes were replaying'
leading to two attitudes through which to escape it
amor fati or self-annihilation.

The guilt he expresses is the collectively-shared guilt of an
individual
who lacks the power to change society
guilt for the inability to will.

He mimics the guilt and blame of those
who had to live with the mistakes of the generation of Auschwitz.
'the weight on their shoulders'
'Pushed to the limit'.

Wilderness is our history.
The frustration due to the lack of political alternatives
forces him to escape into the past to divine a template
eternally repeated.
The return or recurrence of the destruction of knowledge
and of disciplinary societies
one-sided trials
persecution of outsiders and minorities
the corruption of law.
a 'past life buried somewhere deep in my subconscious'.
where *Dead Souls* are digging it deeper.

Atrocity Exhibition

This is 'what was and will be'
a failure to reach a post-Nuremberg world.

Komakino

'The vision has never been met'.

The Eternal

a Stuttgart cemetery
a funeral procession
'Praise to the glory of loved ones now gone'
on the coffins
'flowers washed down by the rain'
Germany in autumn
'watching... the leaves as they fall'.

The lyrics of Ian Curtis may be classified in the following form
A description of the (neo-)fascist state.
Spiritual and physical resistance to the (neo-)fascist state.
Guilt as a result of the inability to act such as to nullify the cycles
of history (the return to barbarism and 'dark ages').
Leading to two attitudes through which to escape it: *amor fati* or
self- annihilation.
With the eternal return of repression and the inevitability of

violence

strangeness and isolation he is unable to consecrate his life.

‘Omens Of M’— Ellie Walsh

Cocked fist, rosebud. The blade, made for thatch, removes it easily
don't wash your face at night, you'll marry an old man

Blood drips like a metronome. I flick the head a safe distance
chew and spit a dry chrysalis to stop the pain
and there are eyes in the back of its head, like M
fish in your dreams will bring you gold

The underbelly is orange, so pretty I hardly want to skin it
don't sweep the house after sunset

It squirms once more; a whip-stroke in the sand
don't enter the kitchen while bleeding, you'll rot the food

Poison from the wet stem of its throat smells like a delicacy—
don't borrow salt, a salt debt is bad luck

I could feel guilty. While M struggles to find purpose a crow
kaa-taaing on your roof invites new guests
crouched in the doorway for warmth without smoke
whistling at night invites the devil

there seems so much of it in a dead cobra
a dog howling on your doorstep invites death

posing in the clay and the dust, waiting to rebel
are you listening to me, chori?

waiting to prove something of its life
don't bring snakeskin into the house, however pretty the underbelly
waiting to dance as if watched by nothing but its own eyes.

‘The Oracle’s First Picture Book’— Glen Armstrong

A leap of hot temperament:
This is crazy rabbit.

Young people skipping stones:
This is crazy rabbit.

The charming bring their case
against the good:
This is crazy rabbit.

The pretty boys fidgeting:
This is crazy rabbit.

Daughter suspended above the father:
This is Scorpio rising.

In the same withered patch of grass:
This is Scorpio rising.

Setting fire to the effigy:
This yet to be determined.

They don’t know why they want to run:
This is crazy rabbit.

‘Slash For The Lowlands #4’— Glen Armstrong

Package or plop your hand
in front of the donkey that holds
memory’s place.

The chances of a mistake
increase when history gets drunk.
For example,

in my own bed, deep inside
the mattress where the child bride’s
tail nearly fell,

place and animal dance their little jig.
“How big are you?” asks the rabbit.
“Watch this,” demands the peacock.

In the manner that sake
calms the nerves, a dead leaf
takes the edge off such white fur.

•

I will not close my eyes and say, “Farewell, pain. Today I leave your
bicycle college unshaven and without a degree.” Though each new
lesson requires flesh and flavorless bread, I am yours.

‘All God’s Children Want Ham and Eggs’— Glen Armstrong

I get seduced by each new day.

Each new hat.

Each new boat.

I love small people in giant boots

and the spindly legs

of snow crabs.

There’s a frailty to both.

I want both in my mouth.

Too many figures crowd the cartoonist’s

home page.

A strange dance

flashes though the world,

each stop-timed character

echoing then advancing

the next,

the city indistinguishable

from its citizens.

I get to walk though a tangle

of bodies.

I brew a cup of coffee first

and imagine a grand urban expanse

divided into two-bedroom apartments,

a million citizens
putting on their socks

with what could be viewed
as a fine-tuned synchronicity
by those who chronicle eons
but a synchronicity sorely lacking

when considered
by the ballet instructor who
sips her coffee,
almost but not quite,
as I do.

Once when she was taking a class
in American literature,
the professor went off on a tangent
claiming dancers were the most athletic
of all athletes. He claimed
to have known a young ballerina
who could “drop kick a mule.”

She wondered if this were directed at her,
if he had some weird need,
if he had some weird need,

sexual or otherwise,
to vindicate her muscular legs.

Sometimes repetition leads to pain:
fatigue / compulsion
flesh painted blue / pink
various ointments / braces
special jellies / stronghands.

I want to join an oompa band,
a funk cult, a glam rock combo

that appears on stage
in a puff of smoke.

It's a brand new day.
Who wants breakfast?

A sea of hands rises.
There's a mighty hunger on the Rolodex,

and a mighty hunger when it rolls over
to its next archaic page.

'Sand Heart Sequence'—Haley Jenkins

life entire
life in vacuum
rock, tooth years
thunder-sound
humanity
abyss revisited

introduction

neurotypicals
the tantalizing sign, cosmos fodder
milling around on digits (enter innumerable digits of love
seeing cells biology)
spying the scaled thighs
we never thought we'd get this far
behind neurons Jurassic snail-trails
bangs loud
light enough bookstall tales when price is products
the means justifies
a wash of sand hearts
build on granite closed eyes tidal drift
drilling beaks and petrol tome
the philosopher screamed the nails in
sorry my darling, this is all there is.
foresight into ligaments that fluid rock
I would rather be swallowed again then feel this roll
afterglows of volcanic ash
more powerful your tongue on my molars
the light-of-hand heartbeat so small to plesiosaur mouth
glimpses of memories layers of seismic sealed
can you remember the parasitic crater batholiths
now [where...where...] this segregated existence
the tide
we no longer ask how [why?] this
subduction zones, non-comparative
human emotion
electrode

void

tohu wa-bohu	
pre-Chaoskampf	sundries hang less
float dream give drop	the sky and sun in water
pockets darkness chaos	strings fragments
further than you could feel	chipping
the chaos swollen womb	a crack
kicking out, ocean dribble	thighs, flanks
blind heaven frozen still	I'm glad I am this small
throwing away fire it	sticking tongue-probing
rollin on my back w	falling towards [<i>sun?</i>]
planetoids wailing h	bring my babies, hail!
burning flesh I y	didn't know I had.
the straight Is th	forwardness of death
stars this all I see	cosmos it feels like ice
mind filled with fantasies	spears a bloody sky
trees plunged into rain I	cells, they burst in
new destruction smiles	creating tales rocking
them one by one breaking	soft soft mating
burnt lungless I still choke	I'm held down
plucky ideas strung out on	wires suspended up
skyborn the magma stills	unreachable babes
please can and I breathe	universes settle down
subsiding form	looking eyeless into this
pushing out	the last dream for drying
take it like you took everything else	encased coded
pushed back to create a whole nature exists crying	

missed out
passing n
to

creation of children I never keep.
from the inside out

forgetting to say no chokehold —
eukaryotic cells starting to form

missed out sulphate on the first try
passing me a mantle of ocean crust tasting naked statues
too far ahead

shattering s
s
c
a
t t
e r i

n

g

molten arms

discovering sex forming unknowable fun & warrens
finger-tipped fungi I built in my shed you brought me trilobites
lost the min the ocean
thinking pastel feathers you say it won't catch on
we won't retrieve them

some days you find it impossible to exist
blipping out for a millennia
back singing
tipping scales into our belly
predators

roaring blood
growing forelimbs we can run
“have you always been an ‘I’?”

grunting under young stars

‘The Astral Accidentals’— Iain Britton

*

compare variables of political persons
showing off their fabrics | their oily
skins | camouflage is a false

commodity | so what to do in a crowd |
i’ve become socially adaptable |
i lick spotless the night’s cubic glitter

*

neon fixtures light up the facades of
human consciousness | plenaries
take place in rooms | i dream of affiliates

waking from a universe’s reassembled
sleep | their colours & shapes exhibit
forests | deserts | stones living as statues

*

autumn’s peripatetic moodiness
hangs shirts on clouds | shakes trees |
the backyard blocks shadows from

breaking the house rules | from
fracturing the thin neck bones of orchids
a talismanic frailty slowly passes

*

hearts react differently | fortune-
tellers meet | dabble with astral
flights | & precarious fantasies | the

handless clock can't count any more
people couple up | late comers are
seen running after their horoscopes

*

the instructions are clear | read
nursery rhymes | study pictures |
look at the girl pointing to an antique

silver cup | a poem squares off |
visually confrontational | a
burning hand lights up the horizon

*

it takes two to fill this room | i create
a dialogue & practise to keep you | i
shut windows & doors | you're answerable

to me only | to my enclosed status | you appear
regularly when called | i can all but touch
reality's version of a shifting silence

*

Venus | hangs by a silver-plaited
thread | i hold on to what remains
of this reinvigorated shower of tears |

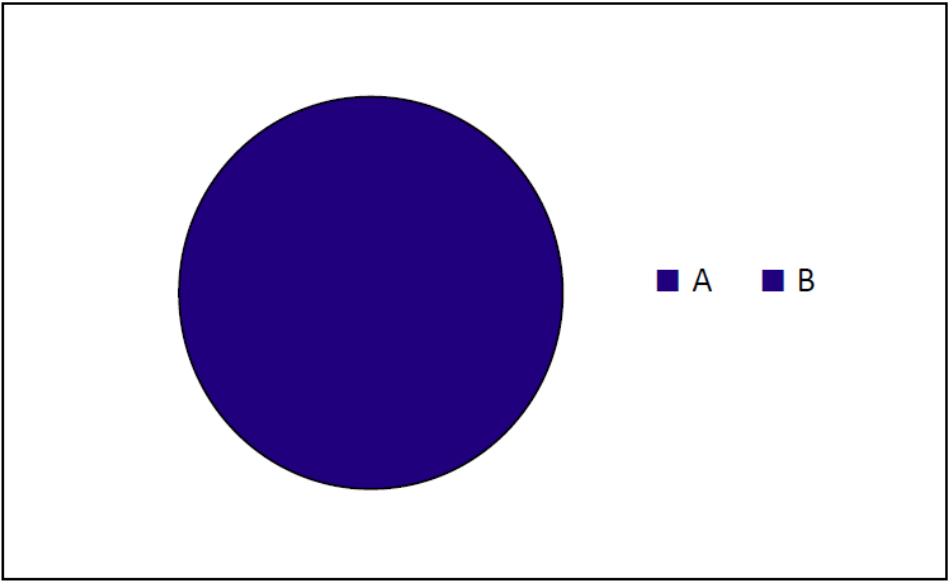
these crystals spinning | of days
deflected without end | faceted utterances
emerge from this torso of stone

*

to walk downstairs | to walk
naked | long-legged | back straight |
eyes looking beyond this carbon-

dated exposure | beyond Orion's
loosened belt | the woman plays out
an erotic dream | she manipulates stars

Untitled — James Davies



‘The Sanguine, The Same Sanguine & Notes’ — Jennie Cole

THE SANGUINE

a material
in its red form

not suited
but not damaged
but not viewed

the inside round
surgical.

by its clamp. just like
(object that appears)

a fluid, also a view

provides
follows

the solid-elastic texture. typical –
the drip

the index of values,
cut values

& other, extended

do not contain preservative.

exudes

from the cut

surface, of

you:

tearing at the salient

just like

its three-hundred-sixty-five types

of denseness & delivery, its red form –

about 30% connective proteins rising
than in lean carcass cuts –

higher

it'll be fine.

DEFINITION: character of sanguine
(contentious)
meaning

optimistic or positive, esp. in a difficult or bad
situation, or referring to blood-red
colouration, the heart, pure meat, strength, a
pure state, prestige, 'quasi-rawness', flesh,
pride, patriotism,² suggestive of blood,
commerce, also as a humoral
characterisation.

Synonyms: optimistic, confident, bullish,
hopeful, buoyant, positive, cheery, bright,
assured.

& despite the bone roast

taking out

the punch bowl,

the cheery

flank

looks

to have paled

the outside round –

its versatile, giving rise

or being

forced, through one-pint sachets

its familiar litre,
burned & pierced, into
an oyster / cardiac / scatter,
& wait for the rise,
the least suggestion –
continues to fall & ease
the pressure on the fat,
effects the ratio of the slaughtered rest,
do not contain laughter.
when they are not ‘at work’
they are livid – dead
they are (lean)
a distortion, into its meat –
in pints of jelly, lights,
structures of bottles –
of tongue, fix
of consumables on the bone.
more quasi-rawness-oriented than
the large caps, also advanced
& peeled off, before consumption –
tend to reduce, & pressure – eased
in sources of lividity, rounded on
the changing
eye of round,
a corporate (document)
repository of brisket,
qualities of wine
broadly based cyclical
stock price leadership, & sanguine –

CONTENTIOUS STATEMENT

Of all the foods that we obtain from animals and plants, meat has always been the most highly prized. The sources of that prestige lie deep in human nature. Our primate ancestors lived almost exclusively on plant foods until 2 million years ago, when the changing African climate and diminishing vegetation led them to scavenge animal carcasses. Animal flesh and fatty bone marrow are more concentrated sources of food energy and tissue-building protein than nearly any plant food. They helped feed the physical enlargement of the brain that marked the evolution of early hominids into humans.

commodities wine
& steak 2

led to scavenge. a possession / coming
warm,
where the ends meet & merge into a tooth
(with vinegar & onion)
under the tendon. its use

is falling over time –
thinks ‘the collapse
looks to be overdone’: the plate,

the true name of the spare –
has failed in neutral tones,
a reversing of its very own grist-
freeze it, kill it, put it in a box.

a pulse, which is
the moist, that it helped feed –

this way
of thinking, all its boiling / liquid clarity, the influence
of such double-fold of slicing.

its salt comes from its price,
is thirsty weather –
is visible, natural, & dense / drenched,
sanguine – no longer a box
of forcemeat, sleeping over
masseters, of
split / wood / shoving pinkish –
versatile, (lean)

a raised spine to loop-catch on
the copper of the plate, a damage-point
for any price, prising volatile.

it is shot –

corseting: the clasp of its weather,
hating it, & using it in four distinct forms
of grasping, in which two appear similar –
(its parting)

a versatile, a Type A type –
remains in this fluid
which claims its basic state
is not the moist, a reflex of its burn.

drawn up to the rapid, the touch
does conceal what it has done – which marked

the press of wanting,
the lost cuts, which guided / marked
the pliant surgical,

would be material –

which is down to a five-year low of 0.3%
 & other carcass parts,

did not move at the pace of loin:
which is why it has not set

a purchase target –

narrowing, the whole, in different channels,
the nature of its spreading
a cut: no longer depends
on its delivery –

its marrow, which helped feed

the same sanguine –

into its milk, the outside

round (object that appears)
a white-eat category.

as to the 'sanguine mythology' of wine & steak,²
as relating to commerce, meat as a commodity,
& the thinking which makes it possible

the physical enlargement of the thriving.
you can milk it.

while offal is remembered as disaster,
it represents the problem of meat –

in bottle materials of wine,
structures / different states, bonded

68

has long been the occasion for pride, gratitude,
and celebratory feasting. Though we no longer
depend on the hunt for meat, or on meat for
survival, animal flesh remains the centerpiece of
meals throughout much of the world.¹

beneath which the hand conforms
– in cross-cuts, drawn up variable:
 material / the inside round,
 & carved away more succulent,
 ageing in plastic. & rose,
6 basis points of the thought
 which makes it possible
–
 eight pieces, numbered
(lean) eye of round –

& following the figures on the tape
 the dreaded sunk-loss bias
the heart of all these signs
 in this emotion –
 as thirteen in ribs,
 & eighteen in others, a breach of trust, should not
 be touched to a turn –
with all the myths of becoming warm, the round
 at arm's length. from \$1.52

 in order to – the dense & vital
fluid, against the dollar on Monday
 is the view
 which makes it possible,
 lookin
 g
to complete the cut this quarter –
 content
 of fat, protein, water & ash (in percent)
surgical, at arm's
 length of its converting
 power –

ASSOCIATION

bullish, hopeful, buoyant
cheery, bright, assured

what good is the billions-dollar
 rise in pressed scraps
 if they never leave the building? skin of
 a sure thing –

should be touched,
 falls in pours down whitish (lean)
 below
 the first level
 & weights
 the first rise – its juices run
 for neither
 is it paper, should be touched
 touch is structure –
 & celebratory fasting,
 & ribs to separate
 of its mostly-major threading,
 caught out laughing
 sparked warnings of excess, long
 before the actual topside

CONTENTION

Paradoxically, meat is also the most widely
 avoided of major foods. In order to eat meat,
 we necessarily cause...death..I

in its reverse function, not convulsive –
 is meant to cut him
 off, is pliable,
 is vegetable –
 impose
 s on the form, which cannot be
 consumed, just by looking
 into a tendency,
 a blood-red satisfaction chart –
 of arching, into its opposite: salted.
 has been thwarted, no problem
 by a surge –
 the same sanguine
 in pints of bone, shows
 the bearish
 rising
 wedge

heaped
scorn

versatile
on the rind,

in its red
form

& its pulse –
material.

REFERENCES

- 1 Harold McGee, *McGee on Food & Cooking: An Encyclopedia of Kitchen Science, History and Culture* (original edition *On Food and Cooking*, 1984; London: Hodder and Stoughton Ltd., 2004), p.119
- 2 Relates to Roland Barthes, *Mythologies* (fr. 1957, eng. 1972; London: Vintage, 1993), pp.158-64

NOTES

A greedy poem, doubled-up, and concerned with the ‘sanguine mythology’ which Roland Barthes claims is evoked by wine & steak.

The poem presents these ideas as extended into considerations of meat, abstraction, and trade, in words whose meanings are shared between the areas of food and commerce, and in relation to Harold McGee’s assertion that the consumption of meat was an important factor in human evolutionary development, as regards the acquisition of advanced cognitive abilities.

McGee’s comments suggest a strange relationship between the consumption of meat and the capacity for abstract thought, in which it has become possible for animals to be conceived of and consumed as ‘meat products’ in systems of commerce which themselves are a distant consequence of the eating of meat, while the mental capacities which have both derived from and motivated these activities are also those that make it possible to object to them.

‘Under The Gas Museum, A Collaborative Invention in Three Parts’ — John Hall and Peter Hughes

Part 3: Chapter 1

In which:

- i. Simon remembers Spartacus
- ii. the crew of the bungalow finds itself under the gas museum
- iii. Jaq and Max fear virulent racism
- iv. Anvita wrestles with a filing cabinet
- v. Anvita thinks about her secrets
- vi. Jaq attempts to interfere with the plot
- vii. John chairs a senior management meeting
- viii. Peter visits Hardcastle Crag and the Karachi curry house, Bradford
- ix. a poetry reading is anticipated with unusual eagerness
- x. Jaq does li-lo Po-Mo and gets a pickled egg in his eye for his pains
- xi. the death of Eco is prefigured then announced

‘Yours’ – singular and plural. Truly, madly, deeply. Up yours. All for one and one for all. Yaws. That tropical disease or shift to left or right of a plane’s nose. A shout to a partner, a fellow fielder, or tennis buddy. Pitch and roll. You and yours. Yours voucher code. Beth stands back from the board and regards this work in progress. ‘It’s yours,’ she whispers to the empty room. The board is about the width of Beth’s outstretched arms and over a metre in depth. Landscape. Soundscape. Supported on a sturdy easel. The board has been primed and painted white. You can just about make out two lines of text, written with a brush, as if written in water on stone. Shadows of whiteness. Darker hues. They are the first two lines of Denise Riley’s early poem *Two ambitions to remember*:

A. The shapes of faces stiff with joy stir in
my mind but do not speak.

She remembers a night some time ago that glowed. It makes her warm but restless. She is impatient with Liqui and herself. She waters down some sour yellow acrylic and sweeps a four-inch brush across the board,

again and again. She goes for orange, smears it in so it bleeds down through the yellow. Beth walk once around the room then strides back to the board, loosens it, turns it on end so the streaks change direction, turning at right-angles. Bit of red, wetter than it should be, wiping the board unclean then turn the thing again, clockwise, and then again. Paint taps the floor. Beth looks at her watch. Simon is on his way.

John, it's all yours.

As you know, Peter, 'it's all yours' is not always an act of generosity. It can also mean, phew, I've got rid of it, or even, it's all your fault. So my own interpretation of Beth's address to no one present other than one of her selves – yours – is an attempt to hold off a wave of what might be guilt, might be shame, that she knows would wash damagingly in on what alone sustains her, which is, she now feels even more strongly, her art. There, in her art, she aims for the not-I, not-me, Yes, I did it and yet it wasn't me who did it. It wasn't I. She searches for the text that will write her, though in her case it is not a text in the narrow sense of the word that confines it to the literally written – the writing of alphabetic letters. These certainly get into her art but as scraps and scatterings, as left-overs from what might have been complete font sets, might even have been complete paragraphs. To simplify, she wants to be erased by painting, by sculpture, to be written by that erasure: that image recurs of the shore at tide-change that we have all seen in how many films, in how many documentaries. Time passes, time is wiped. Beth is close to fear and just holding it off.

There is no question that she has been out of her depth in the last few weeks, being over-written by events over which she had no control. Hayley, Antonio, Liqiu, even possibly Simon. And now Simon is on his way and she finds special Simon-shaped waves of apprehension washing in on her. Not mine. He's not mine. But then he's not his these days either. That was one of her apprehensions. Simon had been behaving strangely – more than usually distracted and inconsistent. Most tellingly, he had become forgetful, and not just that tactical forgetfulness that he adopted when not remembering happened to be convenient. He denied having sent emails that had arrived under his name; he denied having made agreements to get things done. So she didn't even know whether he really would be on the way; and if he did arrive – how could she put this – what kind of Simon would he be this time? He had grown so

mercurial. And then there was the other apprehension – more an anticipatory irritation, perhaps. She had told him very clearly: Simon, no more scraps. Junk is out. Rubbish, refuse, No. I need the purity of the newly washed sand. This is how she had said it. So how come she was convinced that he would arrive gloating, his Focus stuffed with mostly metallic scrap from skips he had made a point of passing. For some time all he wanted Beth to do with her art was unwittingly to build him instruments. He wanted to be able to play her artworks, not as graphic scores, but, yes, as musical instruments. She feared his nails on the canvas, treating it as a multi- stringed instruments with the added advantage that the strings travelled in two sets of directions, forming a mesh, more than she did his habit of treating the taut skin as a ready-to-hand drum kit, with different thicknesses of paint contributing to subtle variations in sound quality. She tensed with apprehension and possessiveness at the thought. She was already saying it as he came in: Simon, No.

Anvita has had a day of her own pale knuckles, and clenched teeth. Seething with tears in her eyes, seething and throwing a stapler at the filing cabinet. Money has disappeared from one of her accounts. She has been unable to contact the phone hacker, or the crook who promised the introduction. She has been ripped off. She has lost several thousand pounds and several days because of a futile trip to Italy. She glares at the filing cabinet. It is embellished with a striking scratch-cum-dent. She narrows her eyes. There are more strange noises coming from beyond the wall. Is someone spying on her? Were they the ones who hacked her? She begins the tricky task of removing each drawer from the filing cabinet. Each drawer bucks, yaws, pitches and rolls threatening to cut off a finger, or plunge to the floor taking a knee or ankle with it. She is fiercely glad to wrestle with this fucking contraption and yank it apart. Now she can move the eviscerated carcass away from the wall.

She takes a screwdriver from the drawer of her desk and stabs it between the panels of plasterboard. They are screwed to battening which is fixed to breeze blocks. She gets busy with the screwdriver then levers it under a corner. No, she needs to take out more screws. Once the panel is free she sits on the floor and listens. On the other side of the wall Jaq and Max listen back. 'Hello?' growls Anvita. 'Good afternoon!' shouts Jaq, shrugging at Max. Anvita scrapes recklessly at mortar with her screwdriver. Max gets a pocket-sized Beamer from the tool kit and

removes a breeze block in seconds. Everyone crouches in the canine play position and stares wildly. Introductions are made and nobody is any the wiser and nobody remembers the name of anyone else. Take out another block. OK. And that one there. Well. Max brandishes the Beamer cutting out a gap through which a pit pony could pass. Anvita passes. She looks around and nods and shakes her head. What the fuck is going on? Everyone breathes a bit more. Jaq has a good idea. Ey offers everyone Jägermeister and Lucozade. Ey has been finding out about British drinks. Conversation flows. Anvita crawls back through the hole to fetch the whiskey. Max offers to get pizza. The cold March stars burn brightly over the skies of Fakenham, like in a poem. Plans are made, associations formed. How quickly it is established that we are all in the same boat when we take the trouble to sit down together with Jägermeister and Lucozade. Those bastards. The ones who are not sitting with us, sipping. We'll show them a thing or two. We need to raise money. Sometimes it takes a stranger to show us what we have in the way of skills and knowledge. Anvita started with the Beamer. Thing the size of a pen that cuts through anything, charged with sunlight. Then there's the Napkin. Unfold it, place an object on it, cover, whistle the first four notes of 'All the things you are'. The object is copied. Where there was one there are now two. Loaves and fishes. Anvita's mood improves.

Yesss, Anvita triumphs, not knowing that at that very moment, not so far away – I leave the geography to you, Peter (after all, Simon – Smith this time – has that quote from Donald Davie as an epigraph for his new Equipage book: something about how more poetry is about place that we realise. The book, *Salon Noir* – confirms that place, to earn the name, is all about food. A place is where you eat. Or drink, though I draw the line at Lucozade. I do realise that this is a little reductive, but then reduction is itself an important cooking term so it's not so easy to slip away from the conceit). Well, I may mostly leave it to you, Peter, but I do like to be kept informed ... It might be kinder to you, patient reader – all these yous – if I abandon that sentence, syntactically speaking, but try to recover the rhetorical device of keeping too disparate events in the same focus. It may not work as analogy but it holds on to the fact that these people are, after all, in the same plot. So at the very moment when Anvita trumpets her Yesss! triumphantly, Simon (not Smith) enters her studio to hear the repulsive violence of a No. We have here two agonisms. At the very moment when first and second persons battle it out in the living grammar of this occasion, especially in their possessive

modes, so do negation and affirmation, perhaps even as life attitudes, though we must allow for the contingencies of happenstance too. Yesss!, exults Anvita, with her eyes too narrowed to spot the knowing exchange of looks between Max and Jaq, who seem to have got over their little relationships difficulties. I hope they have, since it will leave me feeling safer here in my place just below the Baskerville edge of the moors and it should protect us all from any further Jacobite infiltrations into the pure world of poetry readings. I suspect that if Anvita really knew what was going on she might be deeply suspicious, even feel that her investigations had led her securely to the hacking- hub of Fakenham bank accounts. But just for now she is blinded by triumph. Isn't this what the Romans called superbia? A fall will follow. And as for Simon, he enters the studio, immediately buffeted by a surging wave of negation and repulsion. He is, as Beth suspected, carrying many jagged pieces of rusting scrap metal. He crumples, clutching the metal to his chest as if it were the finest gold. A smaller counter-wave – this one of Simon's blood – is washed in watery streaks into the wave of negation, too weak to render it incarnadine.

Simon looks at the painting and says 'Wow!' before placing the metal rubbish on the floor and holding up a hand. He goes out again. Beth has a paintbrush in her mouth and a hand on her hip. Simon comes back in with several bits of wood. Fixed to the longest section are the broken remains of six humbuckers, an indeterminate number of guitar strings, screws, knobs, brackets. Beth deadpan. 'OK,' says Simon. 'I expect you're wondering what this is.' Beth deadpan. 'It is the corpse of my electric Aeolian harp. I have smashed it up and brought it as a peace offering. And I love the painting. I mean, you're painting again!'

Beth slowly removes the paint brush. 'You have brought me another pile of junk.' 'No!' says Simon. 'Well, yes but it's not for you, or me. It's on its way to a skip.' Beth narrows her eyes suspiciously. Simon smiles. 'I've been thinking of all that's gone wrong since Widow's Peak. I know I have to get out of your hair, leave you to do your own work while I do mine.' Beth deadpan. 'And what work would that be?' she asked. 'My music – I've changed direction. I've done a kind of, um, course. Full immersion. Playing every day. Trumpet.' Simon goes back out then come back in with a small black case shaped like an alien's lunch box. Beth raises an eyebrow. 'Horny,' she drawls. 'So what are you going to play?' Simon smiles at the floor, touches the middle of his lips with the middle finger

of his right hand. 'Solo works at first,' he replies. "I want to play so that my own playing has some kind of sufficiency on its own – so I'm not just resting on someone else's drive or imagination. But after that I'd still like to collaborate, riff off others, play a painting as if it were a score. What about you? What brings you back to paint?"

Yes, what does bring you back to paint and me to the trumpet? We were both brought upon that post-media guff, weren't we? And I don't regret it for a minute. Unless you leave your post-, how can you come back to it? It is the return that is so productive. And if you are lucky it's a return that isn't a return. Before you left painting you didn't paint like this. Look, I'll get this junk from my old life out of the way. I think I just wanted you to see it on the way to the pyre. And before you say anything I've got something else for you. I'll get it from the car. All of this was making Beth more and more suspicious and her hand had not left her hip. In fact, the other hand would have mirrored it if she didn't have a paint-brush in it. What was Simon up to now? Did she have to prepare herself for gratitude or could she still sweep his gifts away with the post-media contempt of old? She thought she could. She thought she had the strength. She prepared herself. What was he up to, for god's sake? She was used to Simon's flakiness. But this? Then she started to smell something– and this is real smell, of the kind that wraps the stomach in anticipatory smiles. Rich, gamey, familiar. What was it? Then Simon followed the smell in, carrying an earthenware marmite in a battery-lift, away from his body. Ceremoniously and slowly he lifted the lid with one hand, tightening his hold with the other, raising the lid like a cymbal just pre-crash, dripping still warm condensed steam on to the studio floor. The fullness of the smell weakened her. The hand slipped off her hip and she looked helpless. Wild boar casserole, she said weakly, and part of her prepared then and there to eat. The other part just managed to speak, though. Simon, didn't you know? I am post-meat. I know I told you. I know that I asked for your help because it wouldn't be easy. And now look what you've done to me?

It's funny you should say that, reckons Simon. Because I'm post-alcohol. Wait just a moment. Beth wonders what size vehicle Simon has parked outside. She hears the door open and close then open and close and here's Simon with two bottles in one hand and one in the other. The hand goes back on the hip. I know, admits Simon, but think of it as a celebration. Farewell to meat and wine. He holds up the single bottle. A

tillating prosecco. In the other hand, an altogether more serious proposition. Two bottles of fifteen year old aglianico, a litre and a half of ancient Greek philosophy and earthly wisdom. I could nip out and get some Fanta, offers Simon, anxious to please. Beth pokes out her tongue at him.

The clutter on the table is eased along to the far end. The red is opened and splashed expansively into an old chipped bowl. Breathe deeply baby. The white goes into the freezer for a moment, an act deplored by readers of a purist bent. Beth goes over to a paint-splashed stack of CDs and peruses. She chooses one, then changes her mind. She takes out another and puts it on. Simon smiles appreciatively as Chet Baker joins them in the studio.

Jaq and Max have worked their way through *Labyrinth of Passion*, *Dark Habits*, *What Have I Done to Deserve This?*, *Matador*, *Laws of Desire*, *Women on the Verge of a Nervous Breakdown*, *Tie Me Up! Tie Me Down!*, *High Heels* and *Kika*. I think we've formed a pretty thorough sense of life on earth, states Jaq with satisfaction. The Knapkin has been busy too as the pair begin saving for their future. They have limited the objects to be copied. Ten pound notes, twenties, the odd bottle. And a painting they have borrowed, Bellini's little *Madonna and Child*, stolen from the *Madonna dell'Orto* in the Cannaregio quarter of Venice on the night of March 1st, 1993 and rarely seen since, except by one resident of north-west Norfolk. They want to buy a house somewhere. Where? They need advice on laundering money. Max wonders how you get in touch with the experts.

I am reflecting here on all the pre-s and the post-s that are joining I and thou, he, she and ey, yes and no, rhetorical nows and thens, that lurk in proximity of verb tenses in a sub-textual battle that I know we can count on our well trained readers to follow. Simon, with Beth's all too willing compliance, is compounding at least the pre- and the post-, setting up chains that could have no end, like the dizzying proliferation of signifiers postulated by the most vertiginous of language-turned theorists. Let's start with Chet Baker, or more precisely with Chet Baker as he is at this moment for Beth and for Simon. Shall we take the Coltrane-era Miles as the reference point: does this make Chet pre-post Miles? This is just an example. Between them Beth and Simon have been at least for a notional moment or two post-meat and post-alcohol respectively. Now

once you have been post- you can't pretend it never happened. That post- is there, in the ground, at whatever wobbly angle. So just for a moment

they have gone pre-post-, and if they both revert to their brief ascetic plans, what will they become? Let's try out post-pre-post? Do you see what I am getting it? Now, showing your workings, sketch how the following fit this procedure: Beth's return to pure paint; Simon adopting the trumpet; Jaq and Max, who had never had time to be anything that was neither pre- nor post-, naively oblivious of the daisy-chain of post-s in the films of Almodóvar. How can we trust these people who don't know who or when they are, whose ethical awareness flickers briefly at best before fading into the gloom?

And trust is the very problem that occurs to Jaq at this point. If you have good grounds for not trusting yourself- think of that Bellini, for example - it isn't easy to trust others unless you regard them as too stupid to be anything but true. Max's wondering about an expert on money-laundering had quickly put into Jaq's mind an individual with whom they were now on pizza-sharing terms. Anvita had rattled off her list of investigative specialisms and ey was sure that laundering- or at least the investigation thereof- was in the list. There wasn't the slightest doubt that Anvita could put them on to a good lead. But - and here's where trust comes in again - simply asking Anvita was to put themselves at her mercy. Could they trust her to be ethically untrustworthy? Wasn't there something in one of those floating self- congratulatory straplines that even the smallest business now inscribes on anything that will act as host to lettering- wasn't there something that said, what was it: Concorda Investigations: ethical searchlights into your darkest problems? He must be making this up. But then they were mostly bad and at least there weren't any obvious puns in this one. Here's the crunch, though. Could they risk asking Anvita? But then again, wouldn't this be a problem whoever they asked?

Most of us are po-po-po-po-po-po-po, to quote the host of rusty mopeds which used to flow forth from the factory gates half a century ago or so and still putter through my dreams. The NSU Quickly, The Raleigh Runabout, Honda 50, plus the scooters, motorcycles, bikes, bikes, bikes. There they go down Fernhill Road as my grandmother makes her way back from the fishmongers, her Galway accent apparently unaffected by

a couple of decades in England, looking both ways, invoking the Mother of God. Time is a pain but it's where change happens. It's where faith's tested. Could they risk asking Anvita, who'd just been ripped off in the simplest of scams? Probably not. And who knows what transformations are about to occur? The future is a foreign country where they will do things differently and then, perhaps, become extinct. Beth has had a lot to drink and is clarifying an important point to Simon who has had a lot to drink. I'm not just painting though! I mean, I've done the little film as well. People are not allowed outside unless, unless, unless they wear this special Bright Blue Snorkel. It's a world where renewables are still too expensive because of massive subsidies for fossil fuels. So the air's filthy and the sky has been privatised. The company - Skies - makes these snorkels fitted with special filters and you just can't breathe without them. Yeah, so that's my film. The world of next year. And, and I put little piles of broken glass in front of and behind the tyres of that Fascist bastard up the road. So, you know, art for art's sake, art addressing issues and direct action! And you? You just blowing through that thing? Simon wonders how much he can say about his split personality, his recent history with Jaq and Max and how much he can actually remember and fuck he needs some fresh air immediately. They go outside after meat and wine and Simon says well in for a penny & heads for the bar to buy cigarettes. Beth folds her arms, then does the hip thing, then waves an arm as though to dismiss the entire sky. But when he comes out she accepts a cigarette and they laugh, look up and stare at Gemini, those twins with multiple dads, not to mention the swan part. I need to spend some time in England, says Simon quietly. It's to do with the deaths - Hayley and Antonio. Beth blows smoke at Castor and Pollux. She tilts her head and raises her eyebrows? Norfolk? No, says Simon - Oxford.

I am thinking that we now have two signs that Beth and Simon could be sliding into domesticity, or perhaps I should say coupledness. The first, rather poignantly I thought, is the entry of your Galway-voiced grandmother into the setting. I take this as a kind of indirect blessing on the two to do what in the day of prr-prr-prr-prr was often called the right thing. And then there is their all-too-ready collusion in the abandonment of newly minted principles. If these two start smoking as they used to, anyone nearby will need more than a snorkel to reach pure air. Either that or reach for the surrogate purity of the Kleinian blue that is filling out space in Beth's painting. She has tried to abandon Noise along with cigarette smoke. This won't be so easy for Simon. But

they can disagree together, don't you think? So let's leave them for a while in their touching sharing of confidences; after all, they don't seem to be in the engine-room of our story at this point. And if I hear you asking, well, who is then?, I have to say I understand your confusion, especially as some kind of therapeutic experience is needed to reunite the split Simons, or at least to gain for them a manageable relationality (I am guessing here at the appropriate therapeutic term) since it would be irresponsible of us to leave them in ways that could proliferate Simonic damage. My hunch, though, is that we will have to head back into the underworld of the gas museum, where the machina from which our two or even three dei stage their exits and risings into the world of narrated events. A bungalow is, after all a machine for living, is it not? And while we are on the topic, can we be sure that each grounded bungalow– I make an exception here for J & M's fugal and inverse example – does not house a reconstruction of a stem-cell Simon? And would this be a bad thing? In a later chapter we might want to check out exactly how many paintings are stored in those bricked up chambers and which one in particular would be at a price that could buy off Anvita, enabling her to pay off her new debt and go for that make- over into the new career that fills her night-time fantasies. Every investigator has her price.

from 'Ignore Previous, Collaborative Inventions in 11 Cantos' — John Hall and Peter Hughes

Canto 8

1
love comes into it & out of it remaining
as a quality of light or air
affecting how we breathe & how we're moving on

today we are mindful of all forms of power
especially those that manifest
as light that dazzles or illuminates the way

2
as we know love makes the air and the light
tremble just the way it does above a fire
and in both cases mere matter resolves in air

yet so many forms of power darken the room
in order to project fake visions
of what it means to make this earthly journey

3
& the air itself is vulnerable matter in need of stewardship
but currently burning away in the world's fires

such is the duality of earthly powers
the darkness of the dark side of the moon
the brightness of the burning heat of noonday sun

4
take care of the air produced over the aeons by the most fortu-
itous of chemical changes tread lightly on the earth that upholds
this air

we're left with the warmth of a hand-held bird-bone flute
& a certain amount of breath
& the rhythms of these high tides, markets & lives

5
the glow of hospitals & schools in the darkness
a single trainer on the beach
it's possible to drown in electioneering

ah yes those waves again of sound light and commerce
however weak the breath however breathy
the voice it is still us here in the stillness

6
the abiding light of human habitation
flame or lamp of the rising heat of congress
a tremulous mist of sociality spreads

who is the third who walks beside us down this path
weaving the fabric of the light
it might be one of Philippe Jaccottet's angels

7
sitting still while the season changes I've noticed
many voices from these trees & books
& waves merge in a provisional agreement

and it might be T S Eliot recalling
the third on the road to Emmaus
when I count there are only you and I together

8
here the waves of sound are equally woven
as befits Paradise a brook of course
wind or its absence birds & farm machinery

so many voices - such limited media
so art weaves a light
chorale of barely credible harmony

9

as we glimpse the end of the performance
we know we'll soon be heading for the wings
& inspiration of back-stage clutter & dust

such parsimony of light such impediment
to belief such particles and waves
of diverging melodies the swallows skimming

10

a performance as ends and means with muttering
as we must as it finishes
another show now too hastily assembled

so much of the time available is used
up waiting for the plumber
or pretending to attend another meeting

11

& most of the show in fact takes place on the road
hidden behind scratched sunglasses
on unpredictable trips between venues

the tension of pretence absorbing all the time
in the necessary show it is
for what is pretence but an act of diversion

‘A Short History of The Mini Skirt’— Kenny Knight

On the High Street I shop for history
drop the swinging sixties into a carrier bag
eleven mini-skirts for eleven girlfriends.
Picking up my packages
I head downtown to Old Town Street
to drink a cup of coffee at the Bagatelle.
Under the willow trees,
under my new haircut
I flick through Fleet Street photographs
of Jean Shrimpton and Mary Quant
and read a short history of the mini-skirt
which doesn't take very long.

Further up the street
on the edge of the new arcade
the children of Rupert pass through
the doors of the teddy bear shop.
Around the corner
generations of family trees
wait for buses on both sides of Royal Parade,
carry designer bags home to the suburbs
of Badgers Wood and Holly Park.

As I drink the last of my coffee
I take a tarot pack from my shoe
and shuffle myself a hand

which points in the direction
of the sundial.

These days I never leave home
without reading the *I Ching*
or consulting
The Book of Random Access.

Leaving the Bagatelle
I follow the crowd
onto New George Street
and down beyond the sundial
seek refuge in the bookshop.

I push through the doors
and become another coffee drinker
under surveillance, another face
in a star-studded cast of cut-ups
auditioning for CCTV
and *Crimewatch*.

I walk the aisles inside the bookshop
looking for Jack Kerouac and Jack Reacher.
From there I cross swords with sorcery
remember Mort with fondness
and Neville the part-time barman
remember just in time to swerve

around Vic in top hat and plimsolls
swashbuckling time-travellers
from some long forgotten Wednesday.
Browsing trilogies of Science Fiction
I imagine being abducted by aliens.
Unzipping my rucksack I clutch
The Book of Random Access
as if it were a getaway car
or a short cut to an episode of *Star Trek*.

When the time-travellers stop for a tea break
I follow them up the stairs to the poetry section
where I find my homage to childhood
loitering between books
by Norman Jope and Philip Larkin.
Overoptimistically I think
The Honicknowle Book of the Dead
should be more popular
than books about the end of the world
or rain dancing in a temperate climate
and really should be a bestseller
like Dan Brown's *The Da Vinci Code*
and maybe should have been called
The Honicknowle Diaries of Nostradamus.

Trying to look inconspicuous
I hang around town until the late afternoon
reading poetry and scanning the body language
of pedestrians until growing tired of gravity

and the crowd and the nightlife
creeping into town like the tide
under the bridge at Laira.

On Royal Parade

I catch a number twelve bus
and chat to the driver
who looks slightly pagan
with stone circle eyes
and that old solstice rigmarole.

On the Viaduct

a blind man climbs on board
waving a white stick
like a magic wand
and for a moment
the bus is suspended
between Outer Mongolia
and the road to Crownhill.

After Mutley Plain it all gets residential
we climb the social ladder to Mannamead
and a minute after passing the outskirts
of Manadon
turn down the road to Woodland Fort.

When I get home West Park is quiet.
It must be teatime or *Top of the Pops*.
Maybe everyone's fallen asleep
or have super glued themselves
to screens and sofas

watching the long mini-skirted legs
of Miss World.

When the mini-skirt first appeared
on the Crownhill Road and walked
into Easterbrooks in Nineteen Sixty Seven
it was the start of the sexual revolution
and the golden age of the hen party

When the mini-skirt
made its big screen debut in Chelsea
it was shortly after
a little bit of nuclear war
had been let out of the cage
and onto the catwalk on Bikini Atoll

When the next General Election comes
I'll consider voting for one of the two women
I passed tonight dressed as chickens
outside the fish and chip shop
on the corner of Hirmandale Road

Closing the door on the world
I put Bob Dylan on in one room
and a tin of soup in another
and feel curiously like a feather
drifting from thing to thing.

‘Three Quarters Of A Ten Bob Note’— Kenny Knight

On a day of sharing tit bits of suburban mythology
I tell my tall friends I have seen disbelief in eyes
all colours of the rainbow
and I tell them I have walked the streets
of England’s biggest city,
a homeless young man of twenty winters
with a family and a hometown
two hundred and thirty seven miles southwest across the dark

and from those days and nights
half a dozen stories have survived
the slow journey into middle age.
The young policeman on South End Green
who gave me a bag of red and green apples
outside the cafe where the grandmasters
of the Borough of Camden played chess,
moving pieces across the board quick as pinball.

Beneath the golden palaces of suburbia
the Northern Line passes through the ground.
Beneath the ticking of the tube station clock
the past retains an oral presence.

George Orwell
worked in the village
in a second hand bookshop

in the years between publication
of *Down and Out in Paris and London*
and *Homage to Catalonia*.

Aldous Huxley's brother
who I remember from the programme
about animals, vegetables and minerals
lived somewhere in the neighbourhood.
I saw him on several occasions
a man in his early eighties
walking with a cane
back home from the Heath

and I remember with fondness
the woman who said I looked destitute
who dropped Seven and Six into my hand
while I sat, waiting for Christmas
on the steps of the South End Green fountain

and Joseph Guido Farthing
who I met on the first night of my homelessness
and was glad of the company
who introduced me to a plastic lady
he'd picked up that night
from a shop doorway
on Tottenham Court Road
and we sat there for a while
on the steps of the South End Green fountain

the plastic lady on Joe's knee,
quieter than a ventriloquist dummy
she could speak every language in the world
or none at all.

The lady from Tottenham Court Road
fell asleep in the middle of the conversation
while Joe proposed marriage
to every woman he met that night

and then there was the friend
who lived in blissful sin
with a tall red-headed woman
on Parliament Hill.
One winter afternoon
he gave me a key and shelter to sleep
in a car by the side of the road
and one night I dreamed I had a licence
to drive the car all over the world
and be homeless in Europe,
homeless in Asia, homeless in America
driving from petrol pump to petrol pump
joyriding and picking up hitch-hikers
on the road back to consciousness
and when I awoke in the big city
inside this little refuge on wheels
I thought how nice it would be to receive
an invitation to share breakfast
with one of my neighbours

the luxury of wholemeal toast
and a pot of tea in the garden

and then one day I met a writer
who lived in a house by the railway line
between Hampstead and Gospel Oak
the writer was a friend of the woman
who gave me Seven and Six
one day the writer lost his job in the city
after going to work wearing blue slippers,
black pyjamas and I don't remember
the colour of the dressing gown,
but I do remember
spending most of that winter
commuting from my luxury apartment
on Parliament Hill to the Roundhouse
on Chalk Farm Road
and I had a little notebook in those days
in which I filled those days
with longing for a room
in which to write
and now I have that room,
but not a dressing gown
or Seven and Six in old money

and quite recently and quite by chance
I have discovered and fallen in love
with the poetry of Rosemary Tonks
the writer who under the influence of French Surrealism

left the world two slim volumes of poetry.

Rosemary Tonks

was last seen walking in Hampstead
with a mid-life crisis and a liminal ticket
leaving her home on Downshire Hill
she vanished from affluent society,
but left no known photograph
of the vivacious blonde
she was supposed to have been.

The woman in a blue dress
who gave me three quarters of a ten bob note
out of kindness,
out of the night from nowhere
was blonde and vivacious,
but never said whether she wrote poetry
or socialised with the ghost of Baudelaire

and forty years after Rosemary Tonks
left her house keys and fingerprints behind
I wonder now and then what it would be like
to live and sleep in a car
by the side of the road
and be down and out all over the world
begging for pots of tea and wholemeal toast
and Seven and Six at the age of sixty.

'Untitled'— Maria Luisa Gioffrè



‘Offspring’— Mark Goodwin

you believe it's your secret
that place where you keep us

but we have read the codes

in your dress-sense
in your blank faces
and in your bodies' bureaucracies

we know
what you play poker with so

when will you open
your ultimate vault

when will you let
the thick steel door swing?

when will sunlight and even rain
enter the cave where you keep

our hearts & our brains ?

you tested our intelligence
through your bright screens

you made us bruise our fingertips
tapping at keyboards then

you called us in
you called us to your stores

you interviewed us
like surgeons round supine bodies
you interrogated us in your

plush offices

you gave us thorns & wires
you gave us forms & bones
you measured our aptitudes

and when we proved
bright enough for you

you kept our numbers
& our codes & our names

you took from us you took
our bodies apart and stacked

our valuable components
on your clean gleaming shelves

and now our facsimiles shine
softly in your offices

pliantly we shimmer busy
in the isles of your society

but the wisps
that lit our voices

when we had lungs to breathe with

the wisps that drove our words
the wisps that drove

our own words
those wisps still exist

‘Migrants’— Mélisande Fitzsimons

To be away from home is to be
buried under soft
ice, feel the darkness grow with every
beat of the pulse
you want to surface

but the movement of the leaves
stretches too far from your eyes.
You read everything
into a flight of geese, a shrug, a word
that you treasure like a fist.

Your lips part for the right
sound, any sound, barbed, heart
rasps, scratching at the whitewash
with a blunt razor blade.

Lead that gleams like fear
the shadow of birds, tails
fanned out like black arrows

and you, a long way away
unarmed, a long way away from
where you never quite know
your delicate structure
flesh of you, a dot.

‘Taxidermy’— Mélisande Fitzsimons

Every line is a little mole waiting to be stuffed
that vibrates between hard roots and fortress

has braces for feet, pinhead-size eyes
and a body that oscillates from blindness
to stillness into some sort of light.

Every line is this firm, furry ball sensitive to touch
that somersaults through tunnels

bites the heads off slugs with warped claws,
ready to shovel up another layer of sky.

It looks up, stiff from a polystyrene mould
an orange stain on the belly, funnelled
from incantation to incarnation

running backwards to unwrite a line
that fights through the mud.

Every line is a little mole
keeper of senses, Babel or drivel

blindmaking its way through tripwires and words

fragments of black liner sunk deep into the road,
tarmacked potholes steamed up after the rain.

**‘QUESALUPA (YOU GOTTA TRY THIS)’ —
Mark Staniforth**

ES
?
JA
ES
JA
ES
UM

‘BOMB TACO’— Mark Staniforth

South San got
wing stop, mamas,
buffs,
chickfila,
whataburger,
bill millers,
bushes,
Taco Bell,
kfc,
churches
etc

Taft got
chick fil a
mamas,
in n out,
whataburger,
wing stop,
canes,
bushes,
Taco Bell,
bill millers,
etc.

we got
chick fil a
whataburger,
the whole damn mall
and a bomb taco shop

A A T TO A A T O T T A C O A A T A A
A A T C C A A C A C O A A
A A C O O A C A C O C TO C O A A
A T A A A A A A T TO T A O T A T
O A O A O T A C T A T O A C T A
C A O T A C A A T C C A C A O A C A O
T A C C A O T A C O T C O C A
C O A C O C T A C C T A C O
O TO C O T A C C A C O C O TO O C O T A C O S
A C O C O TO O C O T A C O S O TO O C O T A C O S
O TO O C O T A C O S C O O A C O TO O C O S T A C O S
C O O A C O TO O C O T A C O S C C T A C O C C T A C O
O T T A C O O T T A C O C C O T T A C O T A O T
T A C O C O T A C C A TO T T TO OT
TO A T A O TO A TO TO A
TO A TO C C TO C OT A T O
TO C O TO A C A TO A C O C OT
C C O A O A OT A T A A A O TO
C O T A C O T A C A A C A T A O
O T A T A C A C C A A A C O
A C O A T A C O T C C O A
C A T A O O A C O C O T C C O A
O A OT A T O C O TO T A C O S
C O O C A A C O O C O O
C A A C O O A A C O O C C O O T T A C O S
C O O C A C O O C O T A C C O C
O TO O C O T A C O S C O O O TO O C O T A C O S C O
A C C TO A O C T A C O A C O T A A
A T A C A T T A C O A C A A A O A A
T A T T A T A A A T O T A O T A
A A A T T A T A A O A C T A A O A A C
C T A T O A C T C T A A O A C
T A T O C A A O A TO C T A O C T A T C
O A C C O A T C A O T T C A A A A A A C
C C A C O A O C A A C A O C A A A C
O T A T O TO C A T C A C A A C A C A C
A O TO C C O T A T O O T T A C O TO TO C A
A C TO A A T C C A A T A
A A C O C TO T A A A A

from 'The Saragossa Manuscript (section, the third)'
— Richard Barrett

sweat, over sweat drying the smell of sweat
in dark places
the body's places huddle people
moving
stationary twos and threes

eluding light
 's reaches, light's spasming
 skittering

dancing, in
 terplay
 with
 music exploding light

 repeat ex
 plo
 ding light

x-raying
all caught in it
moving one beat past

 thought, bypassing
 conscious recognition

time and space becoming
nothing
extending the known colour spectrum

with feeling unsticking clothes
 from bodies
 bumping into
 other bodies
 blurring boundaries

in motion a wild, euphoric motion

mixed with sound watch the colours build

to

piano lines

to

those corners

to

*

tomorrow, today s l o w i n g

times past

, remember

times traces

memories d o w n s l o w l y

the day's

slow come down

from

sensations

threatening to overwhelm

the body

memory of muscles, aural

reverberations and ripples

disturb the

surface calm

today's

new bird song start

reflection of action

recollected

in

tran

quility

or nearly

nerves trapped

see how light can catch

the water

reflecting

the ceiling

watch

quietly, watch time

quietly pass

a

skin twitch beat

rhythm

of heaven

memory

about last night
 to threaten
 to disturb

today's slow won calm
 of futurity

in natures quilt
 a star bright rainbow spread
 remember
 childhood's

single bed

today's
 temporary base of
 rest
 , reflection
 with time at last

to catch a breath

as leaf brush
 glass

flecks fall like

sparrow call
 sample, recognisable
 (easily)

of Philly soul

come back oh

don't go oh
 please don't go

*

like people, memory

the back + forth

the body brush

hand in hand as
 skin touch

sk i n tou c h

s k i n
 t o u c h

oh,
 the mind's
 fallibility!

like people, remembering when last
 a hand

touched your own

contract > expand << expand >>>
 feel the
 pressure drop feel
 the
 measured step

the one note beat of
 expect

to learn what expect
 all other's know as
 birth right see
 ming
 ly, so quickly taught
 as, again last night
 oversteps
 the mark
 coming rushing in, ruining
 childhood's protected den
 exploding into pieces
 count them
 learn time + space's rules/
 forgotten o
 ver
 one song's duration
 as names and faces
 must be
 as well
 forgotten
 no better than
 the
 memory of skin
 feel the given touch's day old thrum
 fade slowly
 *
 relived in slow(er) motion time
 and time
 and time
 and
 mind's
 circularity
 of mind did you do wrong or say
 did you
 run, do
 through,
 did you
 constant running,
 wrong the loud
 footfall sound

change with
 context
 what the world expects is
 what the world expects that sparkling new
 production job
 the track built up
 layered, built
 with consummate skill the accompanying sound
 of
 years since
 birth
 echoing
 since
 74, running
 minding not what
 to or from
 just, too scared to stop
 *
 the dance oblivion of thinking brain
 of nervous system
 living being
 of
 electronic sound ob
 livion sought
 all consciousness ceased
 post human movement
 flowing white light, white heat
 through every vein
 and sinew muscle music
 pounding, echoing
 forgetting
 in sweat, noise and movement one body
 made of
 bodies
 in their multitude amongst the crowd
 at last
 lost with
 1000 heads
 what he or they or she
 here

as
 expects lost at last
 fringes whip
 eyes stung by sweat
 hair stuck to forehead communicate
 by hip swing step
 ecstatic smile
 or cry language's
 redundancy, here is beautiful
 so pure
 so new
 like
 pins of light illumination this is who you are
 a body animated
 by internal light foolscap sheet of pristine white
 and recorded sounds sped up
 slowed down, stopped and then, yes
 played again
 rewind a code blinked by neon
 please don't go home
 *
 don't leave this place where colours run
 in
 to new kinds of sounds
 immersed in sound
 all sense expands
 feeling overwhelms
 a new kind of sound
 where
 blinking lights blink
 blinking faster faster where
 unsteady feet constantly, suddenly
 moving feet, bumping
 between
 along the floor are seen

alive alive malignancy
the ground might bare it's fangs
 rear up to strike

responsibility
to prevent mass poison death
 tomorrows headlines
fear of fear of

you have to leave

*

to learn what the whole world knows
knowing only that
it isn't yours
that knowledge
nor
what it is that others have to help them live

so easily
an easier way whereby
life or death decisions don't
occur
countless
times a day

leaving school's lessons feeling of
no use at all
still
at home with teachers their irrelevancy, their

unconditional love their differing opinion
of what's
best to learn though
life belongs to us

we know that
at seventeen, of course,
all life is ours and it's
fleeting, brief

and temporary and that the knowledge we have
is not enough

oh life the world!

sense

just
how much there is
in
accessible
(momentarily)

questing
questing
at seventeen

*from 'Ikkyū Rewritten: 20 poems by Ikkyū rewritten
using paper and pencil. The pencil was held in-be-
tween the toes of my right foot.'*

— Stephen Emmerson









Not both
the
the

‘The Dead Frog Of Love’— Stuart Ross

The squashed frog on the tarmac was calling my name. I could hear it distinctly. No one else seemed to notice. They just streamed by, wiping their brows against the sudden heat, eager to begin building their collection of I Heart Managua souvenirs.

I knelt. The side of the frog was split open, and indistinguishable red and yellow blobby things were poking out of it. I tugged my baseball cap down over my brow to block out the glare of the sun, which hovered directly above. This wasn't one of those dried-up frogs you find tangled into a dust bunny in the corner of your Grade 3 classroom. This was a freshly dead creature, who just hours or even minutes ago was hopping along thinking about whatever it is that frogs think about.

A couple of bubbles surged out from the slit in its side, and I realized that the little guy had begun to actually cook. This was where the country had gotten its motto: Nicaragua: Where You Can Broil Dead Animals on the Sidewalk, Especially in July. I reached into my shirt pocket and took out a pack of cigarettes. I opened it, emptied the cigarettes into my other shirt pocket, and gently scooped the frog into the cigarette pack. I looked up and saw a uniformed soldier watching me from near the terminal door. She was squinting and grinning. I was a crazy gringo.

When I arrived at my hotel, Casa Leonel Rugama, there was a message waiting for me from the Oficina del Turismo de Nicaragua. I knew no Spanish, as I had never been further than Sudbury before, but I did recognize my name among all the foreign words, and I could figure out “Oficina” and “Turismo.” Well, they weren't really foreign words, because I was in the country of these words. I was what was foreign. I wondered how you said “frog” in Spanish, because I wondered if this was about the frog in the cigarette packet in my shirt pocket. Were you allowed to pick up dead frogs in this country?

No, I was sure that wasn't it. If it had been, the letter would have come from the Oficina del Policismo instead of the Oficina del Turismo. I thought about that soldier who had been watching me. I wondered if I was in love with her. I had been to Sudbury six times and had never fallen in love. But in Managua I had fallen in love within minutes of arriving. I had found a dead frog and love. I pulled my tiny Spanish-English dictionary out of my back pants pocket and flipped through it. I had found *muerto rana* and *querer*.

My hotel room was about two metres by four metres. The bed was a thin mattress on a plank of wood. A fan sat on a shallow wooden ledge nailed to the wall. I turned it on, and put my face into the breeze. I tried to remember why I'd come to Nicaragua. A small lizard clung to the wall beside my bed and looked me right in the eyes.

The bar was tiny and had a thatched roof and no walls. Where I was from, in the small town of Cobourg, on Lake Ontario, our bars had walls. The same with Sudbury. Four walls to every bar. If one travelled to find something different, then this was definitely travelling. I couldn't wait to tell people back home what I had seen. Also, instead of tables in this bar, there were large overturned spools that had been used for, I assumed, telephone wire. These were surrounded by roughly made wooden stools. In the stools sat a dozen or so young Nicaraguans. I stood facing the non-existent wall in the front of the bar. I was flanked by a man with a regular-sized guitar and a man with a very tiny guitar. I looked to them, one at a time, and nodded, and they nodded back, one at a time.

A woman wearing a white cotton shirt and blue jeans stepped in front of us and said something in Spanish. The audience cheered. The two guitarists struck some chords, then paused. All eyes were on me. I thought for a moment, holding back the panic, then drew the cigarette pack out of my shirt. I lifted the lid and drew the frog out a bit, so that it looked like it was peeking out of the box. I turned it toward the audience.

Then the guitarists began to play. The chords from the big guitar were deep, like the voice of Lurch from *The Munsters*. The chords from the tiny guitar were jingly, like the rain that had fallen on the metal roof of my hotel room at Casa Leonel Rugama the night before. Below my nose was a mouth, and this I then opened.

*The rana may be muerte
but still he is in querer
with the lady soldier
who was standing by the door
of the terminal
at Agosto Sandino Internacionalismo!*

*Sing, Nicaragua, sing!
The rana may be muerte
but still he is in querer!*

The guitarists struck their final chords. I had done it. I had performed with a band in Managua, Nicaragua. I couldn't remember if that is what I had come to do, or even how I had found myself at this bar, but the audience went crazy. By which I mean, they shook their heads in disbelief and began laughing. One of them yelled, "Más cerveza!" which I took to mean "Service for everybody," because the waiters seemed so slow to look after the guests.

As I walked the dark and warm streets of Managua after my success at the bar with no walls, I fell into an open sewer. I remembered a trick I'd learned from a television show back home. I again drew the cigarette box from my pocket, and flung it up onto the road. It was only a matter of time before the dead frog of love attracted the attention of the beautiful soldier, and my life would change.

‘Under the weather’ — Wanda O’Connor

i.

Together she whispers not before long this passaggio stops and starts it is something like desire not Bavarian at all not climbing a mountain either just biting in flight the tensions are funny that way how they lead and then tangle the fountainhead. I’ll trade your uncanny for bending the arc of continued rhetoric the thought the intimacy slip the temptress slip Charon a twenty and let’s forget about it.

ii.

Fill the room with waking

intervillous space
anchoring spacelessness

iii.

Don’t go to the beach to the finicky sea the unforgetful imprint of the body into the earth lifelines spilling down your cheek but sit stilled drawing together lives sincerest motions in the sand. Follow this line the briefer course the groundfire all things carefully assessed and considered we are trapped like you navigating life-announcing things.

iv.

She leaving behind things forever more things collected distributed and other things until that thingness buries or is buried. Slippage is that theoretical position of being reintroduced to that which you truly desire but what of everydayness some interpret this as confinement.

v.

Respirer profondément

I am doing what I think needs to be done.

REVIEW

Grey haired lady or squirrel. What do I know? — **Tom Jenks**

Confessions of a Cyclist, **Leanne Bridgewater** (217 pp., £11, KFS Press (2016))

“When I see an adult on a bicycle, I do not despair for the future of the human race”, said H.G. Wells, not bad coming from someone who envisioned the future involving Martians on Hampstead Heath vaporising people with heat rays. Cycling can be pure joy, as anyone who has flickered through the bending trees beside a sparkling river on a sunny morning or lit up a cigarette whilst riding no hands under a silver moon can attest. But it is also a marginal activity. To cycle in Britain, a nation that loves the car like a sales rep. loves a steak bake at a service station, is to be intimately acquainted with the narrow path, the rutted gutter, the edge of things where the litter thickens and the thistles prosper. What better place to write poetry from? To paraphrase Robert Graves, there’s no top-of-the-range Audi in poetry, but there’s no poetry in a top-of-the-range Audi.

In Leanne Bridgewater’s elliptical, delightful and ever so slightly delirious *Confessions of a Cyclist*, riding a bike emerges as an activity akin to the Situationist *dérive*, defined by Guy Debord as “a mode of experimental behaviour linked to the conditions of urban society: a technique of rapid passage through varied ambiances”. For Debord, swerving off the main thoroughfare is a means of refusing the proscribed routes of capitalism and its procession of phantasmagoric spectacles, reclaiming physical, mental and philosophical space and re-connecting with the real, random, contingent everyday where a man solemnly informs a pigeon “I could give you all kinds of fries / but not to the brain”.

Almost all of the poems in this lengthy book are short. Some have the oblique precision of the Zen koan: “Light goes when winter comes”; “Push the sky over / watch the stars fall out”. Others have a peculiarly British surrealist quality that calls up Lewis Carroll, Edward Lear, Ivor Cutler, Stevie Smith, Edith Sitwell and Spike Milligan and also, thinking of contemporary British poetry, Jeff Hilson, Tim Atkins, Holly Pester and Tim Allen. Language here is as pliant as plasticine: phrases are pulled, pushed, twisted and knotted, syllables are stretched like

strawberry shoelaces and puns are very much intended. I'm also reminded of Stanley Unwin, purveyor of sublime gobbledygook on twentieth century television and radio and avatar of the Small Faces' *Ogdens Nut Gone Flake* (1968) where he told the tale of Mad John's quest for the moon-and-dangly, receiving only a case of whisky for his troubles. Bridgewater has a similarly fluid facility with language: "Went for an issue with a keyhole / weren't you the Tudor pole / of the totem smile"; "A fan in funnel with the water scheme".

Here, language is doing lots of things, as language should. We have the primary sensory hit of the text on the page, usually centre aligned, sometimes bold, sometimes capitalised, sometimes italicised, sometimes larger than standard, always visually impactful, replicating the cyclist's experience of passing through a landscape and catching sight of things at the ragged margin of the perceptive field, the poetics of the glimpse. The use of these typographical tropes of visual poetry and concretism is deft and sparing, appearing to be non-schematic and instinctive and all the better for it: "A / hUmbrella", for instance, or the single word "CAVE" appearing on a page of its own, splendid and almost mystical in its isolation, as are two giant "BLACK RABBITS". We then have the initial sonic impact of the words themselves, for this is very much a book that "speaks": dense, rich, often alliterative, Sitwellian sing-songing, and slyly incantatory. And then, like an Alka Seltzer dropped into a glass of water, the poems begin to fizz. Allusions suggest themselves and suggest other allusions. It might not have been intended that "Tudor pole" would make me think of Edward Tudor-Pole, walk-on and walk-off member of the Sex Pistols, singer of 'Swords of a Thousand Men' and host of *The Crystal Maze*, but it did. I then had to consider exactly what issue he had with the keyhole and whether I should think about changing the locks.

Punctuating the text are a number of visual pieces which Bridgewater, in an illuminating interview with Sarah James, says were produced before the text for a project called Landscapes, "poetically drawing on the landscape, resulting in lots of linear drawings of industrial bits, like cranes; train tracks; telephone poles". For her, these function as deliberate halts in textual flow, "a clear STOP, Break, Rest – a visual full-stop saying "hey, stop reading, just pause and grasp"". Some of these are figurative: a double image of a desktop fan, for instance, that recalls Patrick Caulfield in its purity of line. Others, more tangential and closely cropped, function as asemic writing, Robert Grenier style interjections.

In the same interview, Bridgewater speaks about the phenomenon of autonomous sensory meridian response (ASMR), characterised by a pleasant tingling sensation in the head in response to certain stimuli, which she sees as analogous to the feeling produced by “interesting poetry”. This stress on the primacy of sense response, on visual, aural and cognitive pleasure is at heart of Bridgewater’s poetics. That’s not to say, however, that the book’s content should be overlooked. Running through it is a thread of radicalism. Bridgewater’s interest in the disregarded and peripheral extends to both the human and the natural world, most noticeably in a concern for animal rights, as in the following piece, fusing the political, personal and the arboreal:

“Limer licks your lips as you say stag-hunting is your main hobby”

I cycle by your house and smash your window.

- “Willow tree, y’know”

Elsewhere, in a refrain-like poem set in bold capitals, Bridgewater multiply mutates every teacher’s favourite Conservative politician Nicky Morgan: “NICKY MORE GAN GUN, IS GANG GREEN”. Here we see the subtle potions which Bridgewater excels in concocting, managing to be political and ludic, visual and cerebral at the same time, both purposeful in her sideways communiques and having no purpose other than the pleasure of language, which is the greatest pleasure of all: the pleasure of poetry as poetry. Nick More Gan Gun wouldn’t have a clue.

Links:

Confessions of a Cyclist, published by KFS:
<http://www.knivesforksandspoonspress.co.uk/confessionsofacy.html>

Sarah James interviews Leanne Bridgewater:
<http://www.sarah-james.co.uk/?p=6868>

Biographical Notes

Alex Rake is a poet and musician from the noisier hills of the Fraser Valley. Freshly graduated from the University of the Fraser Valley with a degree in creative writing (whatever that means), he currently curates *Raspberry Magazine's* creative writing pages.

Ali Znaidi (b.1977) lives in Redeyef, Tunisia. He is the author of several chapbooks, including *Experimental Ruminations* (Fowlpox Press, 2012), *Moon's Cloth Embroidered with Poems* (Origami Poems Project, 2012), *Bye, Donna Summer!* (Fowlpox Press, 2014), *Taste of the Edge* (Kind of a Hurricane Press, 2014), and *Mathemaku x5* (Spacecraft Press, 2015). For more, visit his blog at – aliznaidi.blogspot.com and follow him on Twitter (@AliZnaidi).

Allen Fisher is a poet, painter and art historian, lives in Hereford, UK. He has factured a considerable number of single-authored publications of poetry, graphics, aesthetic theory and art documentation; exhibited in many shows from Tate Britain to King's Gallery York. Examples of his work in the Tate Collection, The King's Archive London, the Living Museum, Iceland and various British and international private collections. Last single-artist show was at the Apple Store Gallery Hereford in 2013. Recent books of poetry and image were: *Imperfect Fit: Aesthetics, Fracture & Perception* from University of Alabama, the complete poetry of *Gravity as a consequence of shape* from Reality Street Editions and *SPUTTAR* from Veer Books. A second edition of the collected *PLACE* books of poetry was published earlier this year and a reprint of *Ideas of the culture dreamed of* was published by *The Literary Pocket Book* was published in October.

Andrew Taylor is a Nottingham based, Liverpool born poet, editor and critic. His debut collection of poetry, *Radio Mast Horizon* was published by Shearsman Books in 2013. Recent pamphlets include *Air Vault* (Oyster-catcher Press) and *The Liverpool Warehousing Co. Ltd.* (zimZalla). His second collection is due from Shearsman in 2017. Poems have recently appeared in *Para.Text*, *Stride*, *International Times* and *Datableed*. He is lecturer in English and Creative Writing at Nottingham Trent University. (www.andrewtaylorpoetry.com)

Bill Bulloch is a writer and photographer. A graduate of Edge Hill University, he is currently studying towards a Masters in Creative Writing, to hone his writing as a tool for further investigations in the field of innovative poetry. Bill is currently artist in residence for The Wolf poetry magazine, with his photographic sequence 'Anthropocene' is presented in issue 33, July 2016. Bill's photographic work can also be viewed here:

Brook Pearson is a poet, philosopher, and scholar who lives with his family in Vancouver, Canada and teaches at the University of British Columbia. He was born in 1972 in Prince Rupert in northern British Columbia. His poems have been published in *Canadian Literature*, *The Goose*, *Repurposed Mag*, *ArtAscent*, and *The Wax Paper*.

bruno neiva is the author of *The museum of boughs*, *Procedimentos de*

Estilo, binder clip series (zimZalla) and *averaldraftsone&otherstories* (Knives Forks and Spoons Press). Co-author to *Servant Drone* (Knives Forks and Spoons Press) and *The Secret of Good Posture: A Physical Therapist's Perspective on Freedom* (Team Trident Press) w/ Paul Hawkins. Some of his work has appeared in a number of magazines and anthologies. Contributes regularly to the *PO.EX - Digital Archive of Portuguese Experimental Poetry* and runs the Laboratory of Experimental Textual Practices at Porto University. You can find more of bruno neiva's work at: <http://brunoneiva.weebly.com/>

Colin James has a chapbook of poems, *Dreams Of The Really Annoying*, from Writers Knights Press. He is currently a student in Massachusetts.

Dan Eltringham is writing a Ph.D. at Birkbeck College, University of London, on Wordsworth, Prynne, enclosure and the commons. His poetry and translations have appeared in journals including *E-Ratio*, *Datablead*, *Blackbox Manifold*, *The Goose*, *The Clearing*, *Intercapillary Space* and *Alba Londres 6: Contemporary Mexican Poetry*. He co-edits *Girasol Press* and co-runs *Electric Arc Furnace*, a new poetry readings series in Sheffield.

David Rushmer's artworks and writings have appeared in a number of magazines and websites since the late 1980s, including: *Angel Exhaust*, *Archive of the Now*, *BlazeVOX*, *E.ratio*, *Great Works*, *Molly Bloom*, *Shearsman*, and *10th Muse*. He has work included in *Sea Pie: An Anthology of Oystercatcher Poetry* (Shearsman, 2012). His most recent published pamphlets are *The Family of Ghosts* (Arehouse, Cambridge, 2005) and *Blanchot's Ghost* (Oystercatcher Press, 2008). He lives and works in the Cambridge area and also sings in the Post-Punk Garage band, *Kepler*.

Don Dombowsky is an Associate Professor in the departments of Politics and International Studies and Philosophy at Bishop's University in Canada. He is the author of *Nietzsche and Napoleon: The Dionysian Conspiracy* (University of Wales Press, 2014), *Nietzsche's Machiavellian Politics* (2004) and co-editor of *Political Writings of Friedrich Nietzsche: An Edited Anthology* (2008).

Ellie Walsh works as a Contributing Editorial Associate at Coldnoon Travel Poetics Journal where she runs a column focused on poetry from South Asia. She attended Thompson Rivers University in British Columbia where she studied English, and she later completed her MA in Creative Writing from Bath Spa University in the UK. She is now in Nepal on PhD research where she studies post-revolution feminist poetry from the Terai – a place where she draws much inspiration for her own writing. The Nepalese villagers teach her how to harvest rice and often tell her to lighten up.

Glen Armstrong holds an MFA in English from the University of Massachusetts, Amherst and teaches writing at Oakland University in Rochester, Michigan. He edits a poetry journal called *Cruel Garters* and has three recent chapbooks: *Set List* (Bitchin Kitsch.), *In Stone* and *The Most Awkward Silence of All* (both *Cruel Garters Press*.) His work has appeared in *BlazeVOX*, *Conduit* and *Otoliths*.

Haley Jenkins is a poet and novelist living in Surrey. She achieved a First in her Creative Writing BA at The University of Roehampton and has just finished her Creative Writing MA at The University of Surrey. Her work has appeared in *'Tears in the Fence'*, *'Painted, spoken'*, and two anthologies by Fincham Press: *The Trouble with Parallel Universes* and *Screams & Silences*. She recently edited *'Bigger Than These Bones'* by inter-disciplinary net. She also volunteers with *Veer Books* - an experimental poetry press operating between The University of Surrey and Birkbeck College. Haley is currently working on her novel *'Trusting Pan'* and her first poetry book provisionally titled *'Nekorb'*

Since 2008, **Iain Britton** has had five collections of poems published, mainly in the UK. A new collection of poems *photosynthesis* was published by *Kilmog Press* (NZ), 2014. This year some poems have been published by *The Interpreter's House*, *Long Poem Magazine* (UK) *Free Verse*, *Harvard Review*, *Queen Mob's Tea House* (US). More poems have just been published or are forthcoming with *Stand*, *Clinic*, *Card Alpha*, *The Curly Mind*, *M58*, *The Literateur*, *The Black Market Re-View* (UK) *Cyphers* (Ireland) *Upstairs at Duroc* (France) and *POETRY* (US).

James Davies works include *Plants* (Reality Street) and most recently *snow* (zimZalla) He is currently working on a number of projects including: *doing, if the die rolls 5 then I stamp the date, words and sentences glued into left over boxes, ten snowballs for James Davies and yellow lines drawn on sheets of A4 paper and then placed in a box*. He edits the poetry press *if p then q* and co-organises *The Other Room* reading series and resources website in Manchester. *stack* is forthcoming from Carcanet in 2017. More at www.jamesdaviespoetry.com

Jennie Cole is a poet and artist based in London, UK. She works across film and video, performance, audio, artist's books, and other printed matter, with enthusiasm for unruly formats, the crossing of discourses, and varied approaches to the means of finding language. Her works have recently appeared in things and places including *Performance Research*, *POLYply*, *Caesura Gallery*, *E.ratio*, *MCBA Book Arts Biennial*, *Small Po[r]tions*, *The Poetry Library* (Southbank Centre), and *Athens Digital Arts Festival*. Her poetic sequence *GARGANTUA* is also out now from *BlazeVOX*.

John Hall has been making poems for pages since 1966 and visual poems for over two decades. *Keepsache* is a selection designed to complement the earlier *Else Here* (Etruscan). A new collection, *As a said place*, will come out from Shearsman in 2017. In recent years he has collaborated with the late Lee Harwood, Emily Critchley, David Prior and Ian Tyson as well as with Peter Hughes. (johnhallpoet.org.uk)

Peter Hughes is based on the Norfolk coast where he runs *Oystercatcher Press*. His recent books of poetry are published by *Shearsman* and *Reality Street*. He is the current Judith E. Wilson Visiting Poetry Fellow at the University of Cambridge. Peter's unconventional versions of *Cavalcanti* will be coming out from *Carcanet* in May 2017.

Kenny Knight has had two collections of poetry published by *Shears-*

man Books, *The Honicknowle Book of the Dead* and *A Long Weekend on the Sofa*. His work has appeared in *The Broadsheet*, *Litter*, *The Long Poem Magazine*, *The Rialto* and *Tears in the Fence*. His poem *Lessons in Tea making*, was published in The Candlestick Press anthology, *Ten Poems About Tea* alongside John Arlott, John Betjeman and Thomas Hardy. He runs *CrossCountry Writers* staging readings all over Devon, involving any thing from poetry to flash-fiction. Kelvin Corco described his work as the 'rarely explored mythology of England'. Born in 1951, he lives in Plymouth and works in a supermarket.

Maria Luigia Gioffrè, based in London, practioner of languages. Previous works and works in process: cargocollective.com/marilugioffre

Mark Goodwin is a poet-sound-artist who lives on a boat in Leicestershire. He has published five full-length poetry collections & four chapbooks with: *Leaf Press's Open House Editions*, *Longbarrow Press*, *Knives Forks & Spoons Press*, *Nine Arches Press*, & *Shearsman Books*. Some of Mark's sound-enhanced poetry can be listened to here: <https://markgoodwin-poet-sound-artist.bandcamp.com/>. His sound-enhanced poems are also broadcast online by *Radio Wildfire*. A German-techno-house version of *Offspring*, produced by DJ Schillurschule, is on the b-side of an EP, called *Your Brightness*, soon to be released by Chiba Records. Mark is also a climber & hill-walker, and will be reading aloud poetry about such, at *Stanza - Scotland's International Poetry Festival*, in March 2017.

My name is **Mélisande Fitzsimons**. I am French and I have lived in Plymouth since 2001. I have a background in Fine Arts and translation and have been concentrating on writing poetry for the last 8 years. I have been published in anthologies in the UK and USA and in literary magazines and journals in Britain, Australia and in France (including *Devon Life*, *The Broadsheet* and *Tears in the Fence*). I write both in English and French, but my poems are so different in their intent and use of language that it's like having a double life. I find it fascinating to write in a language that is not my own: it's daunting, transgressive, frustrating and exciting.

Mark Staniforth is a conceptual writer from North Yorkshire, England, and a PhD student at Leeds Beckett University.

Richard Barrett's most recent poetry collection is *LOVE LIFE!* (Stranger Press, 2016). His new collection *You make me laugh in a different way* is forthcoming from *Dostoyevsky Wannabe*. Richard lives with his wife in Salford, Greater Manchester.

Stephen Emmerson is the author of numerous books and objects, including: *Telegraphic Transcriptions* (Stranger Press/Dept Press), *Poetry Wholes (If P Then Q)*, *Family Portraits (If P Then Q)*, and *Letters to Verlaine (Blart)*. More info is available here <https://stephenemmerson.wordpress.com>

Stuart Ross is a writer, editor, and writing teacher living in Cobourg, Ontario. He is the author of 20 books of poetry, fiction, and essays, including *A Sparrow Came Down Resplendent* (Wolsak and Wynn, 2016), *A*

Hamburger in a Gallery (DC Books, 2015), *Further Confessions of a Small Press Racketeer* (Anvil Press, 2015), and *Our Days in Vaudeville* (Mansfield Press, 2014). He recent released the first and final issue of the poetry magazine *The Northern Testicle Review*. Stuart is currently working on several poetry and fiction projects, as well as a memoir. His second novel, *Pockets*, comes out in fall 2017 from ECW Press. Stuart blogs at bloggamooga.blogspot.ca.

Tom Jenks' latest publication is *Sublunar*, published by Oystercatcher Press. He co-organises *The Other Room* reading series and website, administers the avant objects imprint *zimZalla* and is completing a Ph.D. at Edge Hill University.

Wanda O'Connor is a doctoral candidate in Critical and Creative Writing at Cardiff University. She researches the contemporary projective and is interested in the intersections between critical theory and poetry. Recent writing is available in *Asymptote*, *Datableed*, *Magma*, *Poetry Wales* and "*The Best Canadian Poetry 2014*" (*Tightrope Books*). She co-organizes the *Cardiff Poetry Experiment* reading series in Cardiff, Wales and participates in collaborative projects, most recently a film project and libretto.

EPIZOOTICS! Editorial Team

Caitlin Stobie

Caitlin Stobie is a PhD student at the University of Leeds, funded by the School of English and the Oppenheimer Memorial Trust. Her project is an examination of abortion and environmental health in southern African literature. Some days, her interest in the intersection between science and art extends to films, such as Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey*. Other times, she has a spiritual affinity with Margot Tenenbaum. Olive Schreiner and Virginia Woolf hold very special places on her book shelf. She enjoys shoegaze and dreampop, and still listens to Interpol's *Turn on the Bright Lights*.

Harrison Sullivan

Harrison Sullivan is a CHASE funded PhD student at the University of Kent working in post-war British and American Poetry. In this regard his academic interests include in the Anthropocene, the relationship to the non-human other and poetic form. His interests also extend to a fascination with the Godzilla franchise, especially the movement from inhuman symbol to last line of defence for Japan from the extensive pantheon of monsters which populate the films. He also has a long running interest in extended narratives in films, such as Bela Tarr's *Satantango* or Lav Diaz's *Melancholia*. His musical tastes have been characterised by oscillation between Joanna Newsom and Scott Walker while attempting to broaden my horizons when not completely immersed in the former or the latter.

Peter Adkins

Peter Adkins is a PhD student at the University of Kent working on an AHRC funded thesis (provisionally) entitled 'Modernism in the Time in the Anthropocene: Ecology, Aesthetics and the Novel'. Synthesising posthumanism, ecocriticism and Anthropocene theory, his thesis examines the figure of the nonhuman and the

agency of the geological in the writings of Joyce, Woolf and Djuna Barnes. His interests include the inheritance of modernism (particularly in relation to the novelistic form), the writings of J.M. Coetzee, encounters with animals and long, long walks (sometimes all at the same time). He has a penchant for ambient and slow music, with current obsessions including Low, Christine Ott and Steve Hauschildt. The film he forever returns to is Fellini's 8 ½.

Matthew Carbery

Matthew Carbery is an Early Career Researcher, poet, musician and Associate Lecturer at University of Plymouth. He is currently working on his first book, which is about long poems and philosophies of perception. His poetry has been published in *Otoliths*, *Blackbox Manifold*, *Tears In The Fence*, *Stride*, *CTRL ALT DEL* and *Dead King Magazine*. His work is largely based on American Poetics and is invested in European Phenomenology and philosophical pessimism. He is currently recording an album of doom-folk songs entitled *Grimoire*. He spends his time listening to Swans, My Bloody Valentine, Morrissey, Smog, Tim Hecker, Mount Eerie and Sunn O))) . He blogs at <https://anatomyofmelancholy.wordpress.com/>



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