

The

Listening Voice



The Newsletter of the Equi-Phallic Alliance No. 1
(Induction Bulletin - Men's Section)

WESSEX EXPOSED!

- 1 The 'Wessex' poetic and proto-fascist currents within displacement culture
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This bulletin is produced as a response to the projection of place upon placelessness, to the fabrication of a 'Southern regional poetic', to cultural fascism in general and the imposition of destructive and picturesque aesthetics, a false cultural particularism, onto landscape, poetic and imagined (post-national) community in particular.

Dr Mintern, before his apparent death, had been working on what he referred to as 'a new poetry'. It seems clear that this poetic was formed beneath the false places we have found, being open to all poets and being placeless. This bulletin contains extracts from Dr Mintern's notes and fragments of reports received at HQ from our operatives in the underchalk as well as extracts from placeist documents.

"To any poet who is 'happening' (i.e. experiencing their own becoming) — rather than hoping to happen — place, politics etc. are unavoidably transformed. In the sense that the placeists refer to place, place becomes irrelevant — territory is place in the process of being lost. You can't really own 'your' ground. A poetic that is entrapped within myth to the extent that it conceals its own synthetic nature, its inauthenticity, is one that has no real function outside of the mythical (virtual) world of the poets who use it. (To have a real function it must have meaning within the social realm, that is — it must include both its own, and the wider socio-cultural, inauthenticities.)"

"All poetics are contained, but some are more tightly contained than others. A contained poetic, until it begins to explore its own enclosure, remains socially useless. In that it confirms and replicates the processes of enclosure,



THE FATMAN'S DREAM

within myth or ideology, it is socially harmful. It creates containment, it builds apparent distances as it unbuilds the means of crossing actual distances. It then becomes anti-poetic. Socially meaningless poetry is doubly displaced and may create double displacements in other people (these displacements are, I believe, responsible for both the psychic autotypes, or ghosts, and the physical replicants, accordingly). It constructs replicant people, replicant places and sentimental (often ideal-rural) cultures in place of the processes of being."

We believe that the death of Dr Mintern, as reported, is false and that a replicated Dr Mintern was murdered on the false landform called 'Wessex'. We believe him to have discovered *actual place* underneath 'place on stilts'.

"A poetic that doesn't take and transform experience is one embedded in a myth of itself. A poetic that does take and transform experience may well, in demystifying it, prove the actuality of it to be other than originally perceived (i.e. poetry should help you to explode your paranoid, not confirm them)." The retrenchment implied in the whole approach of the Wessexist vanguard (rearguard might be a better term) suggests to us that their bundle of poetics holds the common feature of reinforcing the self-mything principle, thus leaving any hope of realisation within their poetries a vain one.

POETRY AND PLACELESSNESS

The Wessexists, as a group they seem to be caught up in a gathering dynamic based on deep seated frustrations that 'the world' has failed to recognise the images they hold of themselves. There is a pronounced tendency amongst these increasingly fictional characters for them to attempt to 'live out' an idealised version of a 'poet's' life. Living such myths is, we think, self destructive. Their poetry confirms their paranoia, which must be alarming. Within their texts they put a great deal of effort into making out that their picturesque places are, in some way, both real and blessed by destiny.

The poetry of the south and south west sometimes seems to be synonymous with 'the poetry of place' (although this too is an illusion). The 'Blandford elite' (Ha Ha) have attempted to possess and enclose this 'poetic ground' in order to exploit it, but — as such — they have become entrapped within their (mystified) experience of place. Thus they are unable to realise displacement (as process or otherwise). Place has become lost around their mythical corner, contained by their own mything of themselves.

'Poetry of place' has, traditionally, been a very conservative poetic (essentially pastoral). Jeremy Hooker seems conservative in his writing, but he actually emphasises (enacts) the displacements within Englishness, rather than reinforces them, so — as such — his working of that conservative poetic — aka 'ground' — is very (socially) useful (unlike the placeist thugs, he is able to realise the cultural actuality of placelessness). In his *Soliloquies* Hooker does touch England's (cultural) ground, for real (it was a ground breaking book). He is still involved in a process that began with these soliloquies (a process clearly concerned with the myth of the self). He explores the results of some of the processes of displacement from the very core of that displacement, from within the conservative poetic that has been the poetry of place. We don't think he has lost his edge, in fact we'd say he's on his way to new edges. That there is no room for us inside that tradition just means that we have to further transform (explode)

it for ourselves (which is what any poet should be doing anyway). We can find our own new edges (and then expose them for the myths they are). Hopefully, within the process, we can find Dr Mintern.

Hooker's work provides us with a partial and virtual experience of a place none of us have ever seen, England. As for the great men of the south, they seem determined to reinforce the already emphatic conservative tendencies within that poetic (whilst at the same time supporting shoddy work, as if it were ground breaking), without taking on the secondary gains they offer, whilst at the same time mystifying the poetic as a whole. In that a poem must be made it appears obvious that confirming and mystifying a process of containment within (and as) poetic (as picturesque) involves no creative activity at all. Hooker's work, on the other hand, provides us with both a window on England and a window on the processes that have displaced England (and on Hooker as an 'English' man). As progressives, what more could we ask of any poet? He has given us a glimpse of a (partial) map that contradicts both the map projected by the metropole and that presented by the petty regionalists.

SPREAD THE WORD, BEFORE THE WORD SPREADS YOU!

The Wessexist representation of their politics as radical is in one sense misguided (and absurd) and in another potentially dangerous. John Howard Darre, who recently joined the *Fears of the French* team, made some remarkable political statements in his *Vigilante* mag: "England starves for brave leadership... If we do not vision our own choices... on this brave and beautiful island we shall fall voiceless into the nightmare... Our own political leeches, feeding off the creative blood of our people, will sell our national rights without shame... [We] need to rise up to assert our human rights in full national pride in our cultural heritage, Vigilante Publications is to pursue a far more overtly political purpose. Our poetry interest will merge with '*Fears of the French*' where I shall take up the role of managing-editor. The future is in the light and joy of independent communities freed of the sickness of centralised control."

(Quotes from *Vigilant 9*, 'Open Press' supplement.)

This is a typically picturesque (Wessex) version of the 'blood and soil' national chauvinism that contributed so much to Hitler's fascism. That kind of emphasis on (your own) community and an implied corruption in anything universalist is typical of the pre-war Nazi broadsides against the Weimar republic (JHD does not seem too keen on closer ties with Europe). The alternative is 'independent communities' (i.e. a regional centralisation that does not fragment the dead metropolitan centre, but replicates it in each so-called region, thus making the situation worse, not better: the ludicrous poetry of the Wessexists themselves illustrates the pompous guff such a socio-cultural formation must produce, they really are their own worst enemies). Their aggregate position amounts to nothing more than an English Volkischism (Length through Joy?). Hitler painted landscapes like the Wessexists write them.

These people are clearly enclosed within their own maddening myths (as are we all, if we become blinded or frustrated by ambition, humans being famously susceptible to conspiracy theories, rebirth myths and fables of easy heroism). Wessexists have become proto-fascist in both their world view and in their modus operandi (hysterical attacks on their 'enemies' being one of the more prominent social manifestations of this). In particular, they are increasingly fascist in a cultural sense, partly as an effect of the socio-political form their ambition is given or placed in (i.e. an imagined territory). They are pursuing their literary ambitions using imagined territory as a vehicle, replacing ultra-nationalism with ultra-regionalism. This is particularly the case with the Fatman and Mr Weedy. John Howard Darre seems to be caught between nation and region.

A PRECARIOUS ART

Dr Mintern has offered a number of scenarios that could be built into a new poetry of placelessness and, before his disappearance, he indicated that there might be many more such projections, as yet undisclosed (each one its own vagary). He seemed to think that there

might be an infinite number of such poetries! If one aspect of our work in the EPA is concerned with liberating 'nature' from the fascists (whatever 'nature' is when it's for real) then we couldn't do better than to start releasing mutant poetries now. That Dr Mintern believed that nature is synthetic is central to our strategy. We hope that by weakening containment within culture, our displaced poetries, mutating like they do, might weaken (and possibly explode) all other forms of containment. In the future people could become real (it sounds absurd, we realise that, but we must try or be lost within the view). Places could deflate, replication and plagiarism end, even compression could fail and we could ignore the quest for self and place within processes of realisation (although this too could be myth). Dr Mintern is truly inauthentic. He appeared almost liberated before he left. The Wessex enclosers have enclosed nothing (sic) but myths of themselves!

Dr Mintern's excavations within the virtual Wessex proved, to him at least, that not only were all of the archaeological remains synthetically made, and placed, but that the chalk underneath the archaeology was also made, that it too is synthetic. If that is the case then all Wessex history is myth, right down to its version of the class struggle (that aspect in particular being cheesy in the extreme). He discovered the theory of the underchalk (and was the first person to postulate that caves are suspended in a wider void). Together with Barny, he proved that places are on stilts, that machineries exist which can raise and lower the elevation of place, as required, according to social conditions, in order to pacify the dispossessed, to quieten those who still suffer enclosure. Now we must finish his work.

A VARIOUS ENCLOSURE

One way to gauge the ideological content of a group is to study its social structure. If it is based on definition by expulsion, as the Wessexists are, we know to steer well clear. We also have a theory that elements in the Wessex group may themselves be trying to destroy Wessex by fatally infecting it with Situationism (that can only be to

the good). It must be noted that the 'internationalism' of *Fears of the French* has more in common with the (virtual) internationalism of the Berlin Olympic Games (universalist fascism being the post-war offering of its philosophers, it does fall into place (sic) rather (un)comfortably)?

As it happens, the connections between 'England reborn' and Wessex do go back a long way. Wright's *Village that Died...* shows that up. Some very prominent English fascists have come from, or moved to, Dorset. Indeed, we have already received threatening and abusive letters from people who claim to be associated with *Southist* magazine. (It's unlikely that they are, but the claim could indicate their intentions, and the latest Wessex Projection does seem to be a nasty one.) Those letters came in envelopes festooned with English National Party stickers. One had "For England and Wessex" written in biro across the top of the envelope.

These groups are, as yet, fragmented (when mystified, the displacement process more effectively contains those who use it than its intended victims, fragmentation — on a socio-political level — is thus unavoidable). What we have to do is to explode 'their' mystified (fictionalised) ground from underneath them before they can unite. If we achieve that they will be trapped within the mythical realm for ever. They will be of denied ideology (as entrapped as a Situationist). Once they are thus transfixed we can work them into narratives that unbuild distances and make (non-family centred) communities (and thus places) real. It should be fairly straightforward.

LYRICAL ABSURDITIES

"As far as conflicts between ourselves and other groups go, our position is mutually inclusive with that of the (very) exploded realist position (in the sense that what is called 'realism' is both self consciously socially engaged and absurd) even though I do not believe that realism is any more real than symbolism (for instance)." Most 'new poetry' poets would agree that realism is essentially mythical, we think, and any who didn't would be daft, really. Strangely, one of the conceits of the new 'Wessex' fantasists is that what they say is, according to

them, real. Our position privately is the same as that in our policy doc (which you will all have received by now), that we are of an affinity with all inclusive poets, that we respect egalitarian inclusivity but that we must, within ideology, explode all exclusive hierarchies, and their myths and their mythical constructs (which includes their places, in this case, Wessex).

It is ironic that by the very Nature (sic) of the enclosing process, those who enclose themselves destroy themselves. That was shown up in the Fatman's review of the last Hooker book in *Fears of the French* (which was an attempt to enclose, or add value to, the work of Mr Weedy). The Fatman has been promoting Hooker as the (unwitting) grandfather of 'the South Movement' for years. It's typical that he should (a) turn against Hooker for ignoring the 'Southist' imperative and (b) use the review, in Weedy's mag, to promote Weedy as being a better poet than Hooker. The latter point is quite absurd — but Weedy is vain and *FOTF* is his mag.. In that review the Fatman quoted from Weedy as much as he did Hooker. The review was a vehicle for Weedy's ego, with the Fat one licking his arse so deeply that his turdy tongue must have protruded from the Weedy mouth, making him into a fabulous beast, if not into an actual poet.

PANIC IN WESSEX

Poetic cleansing can seem to be an inadvertent and acceptable side effect of (supposed) genius, at least some of the time. These superb poets are only following orders! At least that can be the Fatman's excuse, as that is exactly what he does (though he does have his own sneaky agenda). "One benefit of their attempting to unite their individual visions of Wessex, a benefit of their attempting to unify, is that as their group widens the tensions within it build." The Fatman has always tried to divide and rule, but he is very inept at it. Remarkably, up until recently he was still phoning us to slag off Mr Weedy, who in print he would have us believe is a genius. Whatever the Fatman feels, we think he'll carry on mything out the same viewpoint until it consumes him. He seems to hope that if the coup attempt fails he can bail out of 'Wessex' and land back 'in' the social realm, but Wessex and his myths

of that realm are indivisibly joined now, the former contains the latter. He has trapped himself in a dream world, well and truly. He was the one who set this thing in motion with his 'South Movement' (which at least dates back to 1987-88). If lightning is the symbol of the Wessex stormtrooper, then we have seen lightning strike itself in the foot (Ha Ha). It serves them right.

The Wessexist rally in Huddersbland (sic) provided us with an ideal opportunity to see the proto-fascists at work within their enclosure. Their bundle (faschi) of poetics are becoming increasingly unstable. The mixture of territorial chauvinism, rebirth myth, the need they all seem to feel for domination and the myth they all seem to have that others have conspired against them to deprive them of their (natural) 'rights' forms an aggregate that has much in common with a (historically) fascist world view. That they are all, in their own ways, involved in enclosure — in denying rights and freedoms themselves within the prison of region, nation and /or meta-nation and poetic — seems to be becoming increasingly buried (mystified) under the myth that they have 'suffered' and that they are 'poor' (the latter claim in particular is not only absurd but also deeply offensive). The aggregate ideology is made up of myths perpetrated by individuals who have now combined, within their shared myth of what northern poets are about, to 'forge' a — more or less — shared position of what they suppose they 'need' to do to correct those 'wrongs'. In that 'forging' of their personal myths into one group myth they became proto-fascist.

MYTH AS METHOD

When the Fatman talks of "the next palace revolution" [FOTF 12] being "most likely instigated by the south west" he is, typically, giving the game away. He certainly isn't talking about a "caring socialism", he seems rather interested in kicking out (what he sees as) a totally corrupt regime and replacing it with another, with himself and Weedy as the bosses (Ha Ha). When he states that "Armitage should... 'escape the massacre'" [ibid.] he reveals his delusions of grandeur at their darkest (and his lack of irony). References to "the killing jar" [FOTF 14]

may be sinister or they may be an outward projection of this would-be poet's overpowering social death wish. There is certainly a self fulfilling prophecy at work here, in which the myths created about poetry in the north will come true, but in the south and south west (though, without the poems to back it up, this particular renaissance seems unlikely to exist outside of myth). Self fulfilling prophecy has a tendency towards its own irony, despite the narrator. Myths consume themselves. If the landscapes collapse, as Dr Mintern predicted they will, all EPA agents should be sure to be outside of the myth zone, or we could lose you to the narrative. If that point arrives we will really have to get real. If they don't bring the landscape down with their (unrealised) absurdisms, we'll do it ourselves with our realised ones!

The Fatman has already started to crow about a "huge pot of money" he and Weedy have allegedly been "promised". He told us about it in the same rant about Blandford being imminently reborn as "the New Huddersfield", with its tower blocks all thatched and with 're-educated' northerners in Wessex costume, all happily singing regional songs and bowing cheerily to giant chalk cut portraits of Weedy and the Fat one (each totalitarian hill will be hallmarked, apparently). The meadows south of Blandford did shimmer slightly at sunset, on the appointed day, but Huddersfield remained firmly fixed in the north. Further, their obnoxious publications have done no harm at all to poets in the north but have caused varieties of harm to those who work in what was the south of England (the assault on the north has been laughable). It's bizarre, the way in which those possessed by Utopia will try to destroy useful actualities in order to attempt to build something that is unbuildable, in order to place the placeless (we are up against nerds).

RIDICULOUS LANDSCAPES

These people know very little about landscapes and even less about the forces which make and possess them. It seems daft that they can't work out that the 'northern scene' is a focus of the (post-) national scene and is not, as such, 'regional' (it would be really crap if it were). This wider scene is one from which the Southist brethren

are increasingly opting out, since their books have received few good reviews — and those written by each other. I think any poet who is going to 'make it' has to transform what is around them anyway (rather than transcend it into myth), all scenes are a containment (and an illusion). No happening poet can be so contained (so what Southists see as the cause of their failure is in fact irrelevant to it). If we can't transform the scene we perceive then we are just not a poet. Any poet who does transform their scene will get respect anywhere, no matter where they live or where the foci of the (post-) 'national' poetry scene happens to be. Those who don't offer such respect are fools (which neatly brings us back to Wessex, the South, our Shining Territories of the South West, where-ever).

"The current threat to actual (cultural) transformation comes from those proto-fascist tendencies which unfortunately exist within the cultural currents that make up the poetry scene overall, but which are socially material (apparent) in the actions of a small group of poets more or less local to ourselves. In exploding place we also explode the myth of Wessex. Doubt everything."

We believe that Dr Mintern is still alive and in the underchalk. He would not indulge in martyrdom (leave that to the placeists). We will get him back before we bring the landscape down and effect the realisation of social injustice (and thus of justice).

FORWARD WITH THE MISSION OF THE EPA!

DESTROY THE VIEW UPON WHICH THE LAW IS BUILT!

EXPLODE THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE STATE!

LET THERE BE NO LANDSCAPE TO OWN! EVERYWHERE IS NOWHERE!

REALISATION NOW! UNITY IS LENGTH!

Odu verlorener Gott! Du unendliche Spur! Nur weil dich reifsend zuletzt die Feindschaft verteilte, sind wir die Horenden jetzt und ein Mund der Natur.