

The Listening Voice

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE EQUI-PHALLIC ALLIANCE

Issue Two

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TOWARDS A RADICAL PLACELESSNESS



VICTORY TO THE DoT!

From Cunt to Countrycide - Road Building, Dr Mintern and the Realisation of the Placelessness Poetic

Since the leaking of our last internal bulletin to various poets, 'situationists', self publicists and psychic thugs (including the placeists themselves) we, at the safe house, have been deluged with requests for information concerning the true nature of 'place', Dr Mintern's ground breaking poetic and the results of our first assault on the underchalk. Although we are happy to answer general enquiries (providing they do not compromise matters of post-national security), it must be stated that we also are in need of information. There can never be too much realisation, and we still need to know the whereabouts of Dr Mintern, who remains lost.

Dr Charles Mintern, DCM, *Deus Christus Maximus*, worked as an archaeologist for Wessex Heritage until 1994. He first realised that places were false in 1992 when he supervised the excavations on Twyford Down (Hants.). The DoT, in league with Masonic forces connected to Winchester College, was involved in a millennial project which intended to realise the form of the Great Goddess in the landscape (this project was a success, with the huge yoni of the goddess being drawn over the false pastoral, from which mythic entities have emerged ever since). Radical progressives, who had long ago infiltrated the DoT and the Lodge based at Winchester College, had prior knowledge of the falseness of places and were intent on subverting the masculinist 'shepherding of the landscape' (post-Jellicoe) in order to destabilise the hold of the 'English' on



'the view.' DCM was quite unaware of the true nature of the M3 extension project or of the groupings that had set out to undermine the landscape in its totality. To him it was just another excavation. When giants were unearthed in the ploughed-out barrow on the down DCM began a process of learning that led him into, and through, a terrible nervous breakdown. The stress of the government cover-up that followed the leaking (by Masonic subversives) of information regarding the discovery of the giant skeletons proved to be such a contradiction to the identity that had contained DCM (he had, previously, believed himself to be 'English') that he could no longer lay claim to the possession of - or to containment within - a 'self'.

The fate of those original subversives remains unknown. Rumours abounded throughout 1993 that they were murdered by loyalist (Masonic) assassins, though we at the EPA believe that those reactionaries known as the Anti-Roads Movement ('English' to

the core, being of - or allied to - those Tory landowning scum, the 'gentry') - who are in the pay of 'green' 'thinker' the Golden Smith - bombed their HQ, which we believe was inside St Catherine's Hill (Hants.). The inside of that hill does show recent blast damage and the gutted remains of a camp are still to be found there.

The Golden Smith, in league with the rest of his crypto-fascist dynasty, plans to buy both the Tory Party and those remnants of the Anti-Roads Movement (ARM) that remain outside of his control, and thus all that is left of 'England', to create a pastoral - 'the way' - in which they can mystify processes of exploitation and thus farm the working classes more efficiently (they plan to force feed us on those we love, our fellow proles, like their friends force fed cattle on their own kind - it is their final economic 'solution'). Myths of place are central to the fascist project of this dynasty and to their puppets, the ARM.

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Bringing Places Down to Earth

DIRECT ACTION NEWS - MORE DIGGER DRIVERS NEEDED AT NEWBURY!

Things continue to go well at Newbury, although land owner *and* protest activity is on the increase. The landscape to the west of Newbury remains liberated, but the platform upon which the ideal had rested remains in place. The superstructure of trees has been felled, but the false base - the topographical platform upon which that portion of 'England' had rested - remains in its original form. It is essential that the work done by the DoT, which has so undermined the pastoral within which England positioned itself, is not squandered now. *The bypass must be built.* EPA activists have been in action at Newbury, wheeling Bonnington Castle away from its earlier position, placing it to the west, directly in the path of the bypass. The myth that it was a 'ley' point is thus no longer sustainable. The hill was replaced after flood waters from the displaced River Lamborne threatened to disrupt construction work at the unhinged remnant of Rack Marsh.

We believe that the geo-psychic disturbances caused by this horizontal realignment of places to be of great benefit, although idyllic historification has already occurred within the 'culture' of protesthood. The appearance of a hill and castle on the move has been explained within new myths; it has been variously explained as a 'sign' from 'fairies', 'King Arthur' and/or 'UFOs'. It is ironic that England decomposes most quickly at its own socio-mythic edge - the erosion of 'place' within ideology continues apace. The ARM protesters are themselves a symptom of the failure of those 'traditional' concepts - such as ideas of 'national' 'rootedness' which had previously sustained the appearance of 'places'.

There is an increasingly desperate attempt to salvage 'England' from its own deranged projections, headed by ruling class elements within protesthood, at Newbury. The close alliance between protest hierarchies and local leaders of the Conservative Party have been mentioned before and are obvious to any observer of the social formation of protesthood at Newbury. This echoes exactly what occurred at Twyford Down, where the protest was led by local conservatives ('the gentry', being both land owners, 'Englishmen' and self

interested defenders of the interests of the state) and those who obsequiously courted their approval. Radical elements were forced to the fringes of those groups which took and wielded power at Twyford Down, entrapping them in a mythic role - that of being human 'sheep' - or allowing them into the absurd enclosure of 'tribalism', within which they were encouraged to bang drums, but not to think. Radicals were thus entrapped within another picturesque addition to the quaint decoration that - socially - surrounds and obscures the true 'nature' of 'England'. Anti-Roads protests, despite their thin veneer of radicalism (which, ironically, is 'officially' 'verified' in that the state has agreed to prosecute some protesters in order to bolster the otherwise unsustainable claim that they are 'radicals'), are interested only in refounding 'England', as if the myths of 'England' were real, as if its landscapes were an effect of 'nature' rather than enclosure.

THE LAND IS THEIR'S

In recent months a new officer class has taken over the leadership of protest at Newbury. Oxford University 'Fellow' George Monbiot, gloating over his intention to 'rebuild Britain' (Independent on Sunday, 12/5/96), gave himself away when he said, "Development determines the national character, the sense of nationhood." Only a reactionary with an interest in reclaiming the rights of the landed gentry over trans (or post) national capital could say such a thing. A descendent of a French land owning dynasty (the Beaumonts) who were 'displaced' during the revolution of 1789, he continues with the family business, that of manipulating 'our' 'sense' of 'place' as only one who has been raised on the myth of his own belonging (or owning) could. When he says 'The Land is Ours' he means the 'English' gentry, which his family concealed itself within, not 'the people'.

Monbiot's is one of the new faces of conservatism. His parents - both leading Tories - must be very pleased with his 'success' (although it is doubtful they would admit it). In describing their 'morality', he also describes his own. He shows his urge to power in his

statements about his arrival at Solsbury Hill (Avon); "I found the campaign in complete disarray, and I just couldn't stand by...This road was going to be built...everyone was just saying, 'Well, we hope the press are going to come down.'" Monbiot thus justifies *his taking over* of a section of the Anti-Roads Movement by citing the utter stupidity of those who had been organising the campaign before him, *as if he were the first person to do a press release.* The 'movement' had already sold its soul to the media at Twyford.

How is it that supposedly radical 'protesters' allow themselves to be 'led' by a man who publicly humiliates them? The Independent article continues, telling us that Monbiot is a part of "the old boy network" - strangely, that radical outfit has never had an (overt) listing in *Pod* - and that he doesn't like popular culture ("I hate raves") and that he has much in common with "the workaholic executives and engineers and policemen whose plans he challenges" (or affirms). The final paragraph, although not a direct quote, suggests that the obsequious journo who wrote it felt the Great Ego to be rather disgusted by the appearance of working class people who, we are told, lived across the road from a Land is Ours camp.

Although some prole children were allowed into the pastoral, to be indoctrinated into picturesque forms ("The girls painted a wigwam; the boys built a playhouse out of boxes") some of them refused to conform. Within the Independent's text these people, from the genuine (ie. involuntary) 'poor', are represented as a threat to the bourgeois Utopia of the 'English': "Not everyone got the point, though. As the sun sank and the east wind got up, one small boy stood silhouetted, jumping up and down on wooden pallets until they smashed." Now there is a boy who is proud of his 'culture'. With one hundred such boys as its allies the EPA could destroy 'England' in a week, and still have a day off to party in the ruins. Whatever he might think of us, and of our shifting of the scenery, you can be sure that there is no room for him in 'middle England'.

**New Landscape! New Danger!
Down with Blue George!
The hills are alive, but not for long!**

CONTINUING FASCIST ALERT IN WESSEX!

Following our defeat of the Great Men of Wessex in the underchalk ('Hod Hill' sector), and the collapse of their 1995 rally in Blandford Forum, a number of replicants of members of 'The Management Committee' have been sighted - and contradicted - in that area of false place to the south and west of 'the edge'. Most of the replicants discovered were effectively dead: being self negating in origin, these 'characters' decompose within the view of their own accord. Their 'life span' beyond the edges of myth is short. They are unable to sustain their projections once the apparent 'reality' of that 'place' (text) has been punctured.

Our victory was almost total, but following the downing of 'Hambledon Hill', various pathways were left open. These led from the collapsed area of landscape that had been 'Hod Hill' (and environs) into a wide area of countryside. Replicants of Mr Weedy have been simultaneously sighted in 'Maiden Newton', in the ruins of 'Minterne Parva' and as far south west as what was 'Eggardon Hill'. A number of diminished replicants were found alongside a hedgerow near to the Nine Stones and others - which were too decomposed to be identified - have been discovered, often in clusters - at particularly picturesque intersections of 'place' - across a wide area.

These sad projections, forged (sic) into small groups, had been communicating Mr Weedy's 'ideas' on art and literature, and on regional culture, amongst themselves. In combat they are harmless, being unable to withstand either humour or the realisations that follow in its wake. The following texts were taken from a decomposed replicant of Mr Weedy close to the Secret Stone, near Cerne Park. They are typical of texts taken from these fictitious characters and provide insights into the wider project of the surviving Great Men of Wessex. Nonists nowhere are advised to be on their guard. We must not find the Utopia which Utopianism has unconsciously evaded. If we do not build it we cannot destroy it!

TEXT 1: The Wessex Manifesto

What Wessex artists expect from the New Government

(Blandford Forum, March 1993)

1. That all products of a cosmopolitan or nonist nature will be removed from Wessex museums and libraries. First they should be brought together and shown to the public, and the public should be informed how much these works cost and which arts officials were responsible for buying them. Then only one useful function remains to these works of nonart. They can serve as fuel for heating public buildings.

2. That all gallery and library officials who sinned against a needy region by their shameless waste of public funds, who opened our art galleries and libraries to everything un-Wessex, to be immediately 'suspended' (let us raise them up as Martyrs!) and declared forever unfit for public office.
3. That from a certain date the names of artists and writers subscribing to *Nonism* and placelessness to no longer appear in print. We must abide by the old law of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!
4. That in future we in this region will not have to look at apartment blocks or churches that look like greenhouses with chimneys, or at landscapes on stilts, and that ways will be found to claim restitution from the criminals who grew rich perpetrating such insults against our native culture.
5. That sculptures that are offensive to the regional sensibility and yet still desecrate public squares and parks disappear as quickly as possible regardless of whether these works were created by 'geniuses' like Lehmbruck or Barlach. They must give way to the scores of artists loyal to the Wessex tradition. The conscientious care and nurturing of all existing impulses towards a new flowering of art will have to go hand in hand with the radical negation that will free us from the nightmare of the past years! Our powers are waiting to be called to life! The people's love of art, immobilised by the terror of artistic *Nonism*, will reawaken.

TEXT 2: Mr Weedy's Thoughts on Culture

"Art as such is not only completely dissociated from its regional origins but is also the product of a given year. This product is deemed 'modern' or 'post-modern' today and will, of course, be unmodern, that is, obsolete, tomorrow. The ultimate result of such a theory is that art and artistic activity are made equivalent to the work of our modern garment industries and fashion ateliers. In both cases, the underlying principle is to produce something different every year. First Impressionism, then Futurism, Cubism, Dadism, perhaps even Nonism, etc.. This has meant, as the word 'modern' implies, a different art almost every year. 'Post-Modernism' provides different 'arts' on a simultaneous basis. There had been so called modern or post-modern art in Wessex until the Regional Socialists assumed power. Now we have rendered modernism and post-modernism obsolete. There shall be no placelessness! *Nonism* shall not exist! Long live Wessex!"

**Issued by the Central Committee
of the Wessex Chamber of Artists**

Old Winchester Hill

The EPA is pleased to announce the brutal murder of Old Winchester Hill (Hants.) by landscape idealists Wessex Nature. After entrapping that 'historic' hilltop within the picturesque - as a part of 'England', 'rich in history and wildlife' - elements within Wessex Nature have begun what we hope will be an ongoing process of spatio-ecological genocide. That 'hill', which had shifted uneasily within the view for years - that had existed within a 'living' 'past' - now shifts no more, after it was pumped full of cyanide by government 'environmentalists' (ha ha). One of our members visited Old Winchester Hill and spoke to the warden, just before the secret activities were set to commence. She was told, "basically, we're just going to pump it full of cyanide!" The project - designed to render 'unnatural' the 'ecology' of the 'place' - would thus remove it from that proto-fascist view of nature which is a central pillar of the concept of place as it is constellated within 'English' 'nationalism', within which the workings of the 'British' state are concealed. Radical elements within Wessex Nature (similar groups have infiltrated the Countrywide Commission), who are better known for their blatantly speciesist genocide of 'non-native' flora - for their nationalisation of nature - had camouflaged their desire to murder a nodal point - a place from which such projections are made - by convincing their

political bosses that the assassination of OWH was necessary to the well being of 'England'. They made it seem that the 'English' concept of 'place' had itself become a threat to those 'native' species upon which the concept of 'England', as a 'nation', is based.

The killing of Old Winchester Hill was presented as a geo-cultural form of ritual slaughter, sovereignty itself was being sacrificed in order that the power of the state - which is implied within that obscure concept - could be increased. The porous substance of the hill was filled with poison gas, the hill became ethereal within a drift of invisible vapours, it died upon the cross of its co-ordinates. The 'English' had been conned, nothing has been renewed, for sacrifice is myth. We welcome this action, as we welcomed the destruction of Twyford Down, which we feel to be on a par with the latest 'loss of place' in Hampshire. Already landscape necrophiliacs, the Dongas Tribe, have held a celebration on the corpse - clearly pleased by the funereal atmosphere that not only hangs like a pall above the place, but also heralds the end of places generally. This hill stands as a monument to the death of places everywhere. Its corpse should be stripped of turf and sculpted into the shape of a dragon's head, betokening the principle of change, hidden forces in the psyche and new messages and meanings in the surface of the earth. **There must be more dead hills!**

HONEST DAVE'S USED POEMS

Contact Mr Weedy of Huddersblandsford Forum for advice on discrete publishing opportunities. Successful applicants will be published in Mr Weedy's name.

"Trust me, I'm Dave"

Box No. 666, Huddersbland,
DORSET, DT11 8TN

UNITY IS LENGTH!

For further information about
The Listening Voice contact:
www.nonism.org.uk

(continued from front page)

DCM, after his breakdown, was forced to endure the humiliation of so called psychiatric ‘treatment’ and - it was thought - his spirit was broken. In 1994 he was released into the ‘community’ of Wessex, and was placed in low level positions within the Wessex archaeological establishment. By late 1994 he was, once more, supervising digs. Fortunately for us, and for the whole of humanity, he met up with his old colleague - notorious cross dresser and bon vivant - the muscular Barny. It was during this period that DCM confessed to Barny about the suppression of discourses concerning the Twyford giants. Barny, in turn, confided that he did not believe a word of the so called ‘interpretations’ projected onto supposedly ‘ancient’ sites by those in control of the archaeological establishment. They began work on their theory of placelessness. They soon realised that ‘archaeologists’ and ‘historians’ were involved in the cynical creation of a false ‘place’ called ‘England’ (with its ‘poetic’ counterpart, ‘Wessex’, existing in the ‘cultural’ realm). They worked on the hypothesis that the Wessex pastoral was a lie and - even more radically - that the very matter of place was mythical, that ‘places’ were made, that the landscape itself was fabricated.

Late one night, whilst the overseer was sleeping, Barny and DCM ventured out onto the exposed chalk of an archaeological site where Barny - stripping to the waist in the heat - ripped into the chalk with his mattock. Within minutes their theory was proven, they cut through the made geology and discovered the hollow heart of ‘England’ - that place they called *the underchalk* - and they entered the realm of the mother.

The campaign to discredit DCM began soon after. He was forced back into psychiatric ‘care’ where it was thought that his ravings about the falseness of places, the emptiness of England and the wretchedness of the Wessex poetic were symptomatic of some devastating ‘psychosis’. Barny was lost to him. He was cut off from the mother. DCM was broken once more.

DCM always refused to speak of the horrors of this time - he claimed to

have no memories of what he was put through in the name of *place* - in the name of ‘nation’ and ‘region’ - though we always felt that he could recall those losses, but that they were too much to bear, within language at least. He could not bring himself to speak of these things (would that he could, for we could heal him). Psychiatry - as with every other ‘profession’ - was simply serving the state. It tried, and failed, to destroy the most exciting poet of our generation. In some ways it *made* him.

In early 1995 DCM was once more released - this time into the care of a so-called ‘voluntary sector’ hostel (or private sector slum) - where I, being one of the staff there, first met he who had been into the depths of ‘place’ - into the soul of his soul - and had returned. One day, on a visit to the countryside, DCM told me that the landscape was false, that it was hollow and that he could show me the way down. I - unsure at first - believed him. Soon I was helping him to escape his persecutors and soon after that the *Equi-Phallic Alliance* was formed.

We were immediately opposed on all fronts. The proto-fascist Men of Wessex attempted to destroy our poetry, the Anti-Roads Movement (crypto-Tories) created ever more complex myths of place, Tony Blair launched ‘New’ ‘Labour’ (and ‘New’ ‘Britain’) and various ‘situationist’ believers (‘born agains’) attempted to project their religion onto the cultural matter of which ‘places’ are formed. We, careless of our selves (believing our ‘selves’ to be false), fought on all fronts. But we were overwhelmed. We lived out the affects of those archetypes that possessed us in order to realise the energy they contained within our consciousness, but we were few against many, and we needed funds. It was then - whilst we were vulnerable - that we were approached by agents of the *Golden Smith*, who said he wanted to explode the myths of place, and we took his money, and - at his suggestion (curse the day) - we first began to plan that bombing campaign that proved to be so disastrous to us, and to those who we love, and DCM was lost.

Hardly a survivor returned. The puppets of that rich scumbag, the *Golden*

Smith, had betrayed us to the SAS. *Within myth we were cut down*. Our lovers and our comrades were murdered. A few members of one active service unit made it to the place known as Eggardon Hill (Dorset), where they planted their bombs on the stilts that hold up the myths of ‘England’, and they blew out those stilts, and the ‘landscape’ in that area collapsed.

We know that a faction of the EPA - calling themselves *Anti Faber Action!* (AFA!) - have continued with the bombing, and have not given adequate warnings (being caught within the Shadow of their own ‘souls’ - which is what they found in the underchalk - they are unable to feel for those they hurt, even for their own loved ones, but that will change). We know that DCM still lives, for we reflect his charisma and whilst we continue to shine we know that he yet lives - *we reflect his charisma as the moon reflects the sun* - we could no more deny him than the moon can alter its alignment with barrow or hilltop, notch or bridge (only those features as are ‘placed’ can be ‘moved’). Only one of those EPA troops who remained loyal to us returned from that terrible mission, and he has written the *Great Poem* (Ha Ha). He grieves endlessly for his lover, who was lost there. He cannot be consoled and we do not know what to do with him. He calls himself ‘Perseus’ and acts out strange dramas with mirrors and masks in the sanctuary of the chapel we have built in the underchalk in memory of our comrades and lovers who have yet to return.

We urge radical progressives everywhere, *do not trust the Golden Smith*. Oh, never listen to the flattery of a gentleman and never accept his money, for he will blind you with his wealth, and with his power, and then he will ruin you. Our best hope is that the Department of Transport will succeed where we have failed, and destroy the myth that is England - its sickening landscapes - the pastoral that props up our oppression, and then perhaps those who are lost can find their way back to us through the holes made by new roads in the hateful false places that the ‘English’ still worship, as if they were real.