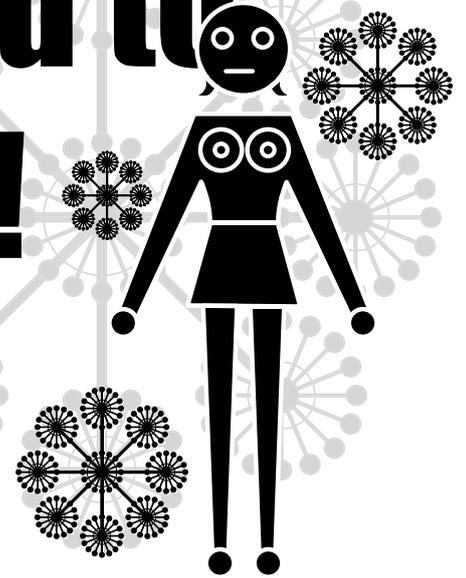


The Listening Voice

The newsletter of the Equi-Phallic Alliance & Poetry Field Club
Issue 7 / Pluviôse CCXV



Looking Forward to the Golden Age!



Nonism & Being

In the first push, we made *nonism*. We did it for a laugh. *Nonism* has now been many things, often simultaneously, but never an ism. In this issue of **The Listening Voice** we are concerned with ‘old school’ *nonism*. The way in which this function operates is defined below:

Nonism – the antidote to identity – is a random exploration of the falseness of places. The dispersal of the ‘self’ over culturally constructed landscapes and how this effects self perception and behaviour are also current subjects of interest. Locations are seen as machines that process the subjective matter of the self and extend the cognitive functions of the brain. This enables engineering solutions to the problems of being. In practice, the self can be re-engineered during a stroll.

The Poetry Field Club

The Poetry Field Club was founded in the mid-1990s. Amongst other things, it was used to study the cognitive phenomena described above through a system of field trips in which being was re-enacted by volunteers. On these occasions we would not only dress up as people but also mimic their behaviour – or what we thought it might have been – and their modes of organisation. Operatives who tried to talk like people did sound silly, but by the end of a field trip it was often possible to imagine that one was a person.

Poetry Wars

In addition, the Poetry Field Club was deployed against anal-retentive cultural enclosers and other buffoons. The results

were hilarious. The preposterous Poetry War of the 1990s – started by the Fatman (BSE) and Mr Weedy – was stopped in its tracks. We quickly realised that the rise of Wessexist and Southist factions was a response to the development of the ‘professional poet’ by capitalists. Weedy and his bibliomaniac sidekick, each leading the other, had seen it on the horizon – and it did need dealing with – but their strategies aided the anti-poetry of the capitalists.

They created nothing more than a little heap of regionalistic poo and, in doing so, they had taken to re-enacting the fascist critique. In taking ludicrous action – through the founding of **The Listening Voice** newsletter – we made their pretended phallic matter disappear. It was easy. But dealing with ‘professionalism’ has been a more difficult task. It is in the face of this task that *nonism* has been transformed, fragmenting into subtle and unsubtle elements.

Considering the umbel

To understand *nonism*, we must first consider the umbel. “A flat-topped cluster of flowers” – with footstalks of roughly equal length – “radiating like the ribs of an umbrella.” These footstalks or pedicles proceed from a common centre, terminating in a cluster of flowers. Each of these clusters is as dissociated from its fellows as any post-human person – and each is also an umbel in its own right (it is umbellate in form) – but despite or because of the way in which the umbel embodies dissociation, the form maintains a commonality – albeit a dispersed one – for each pedicle proceeds from the common stem.

As with the umbel, so too with *nonism*. All *nonisms* proceed from the same stem; rising two or three feet high, it is marked with fine longitudinal lines. It is hollow and fleshy. It grows in ditches and marshy places. As a metaphor, it can remind us of connections that might otherwise be forgotten or it can remind us of memory itself, of social connection, or of a tenable self.

The Oracular Font

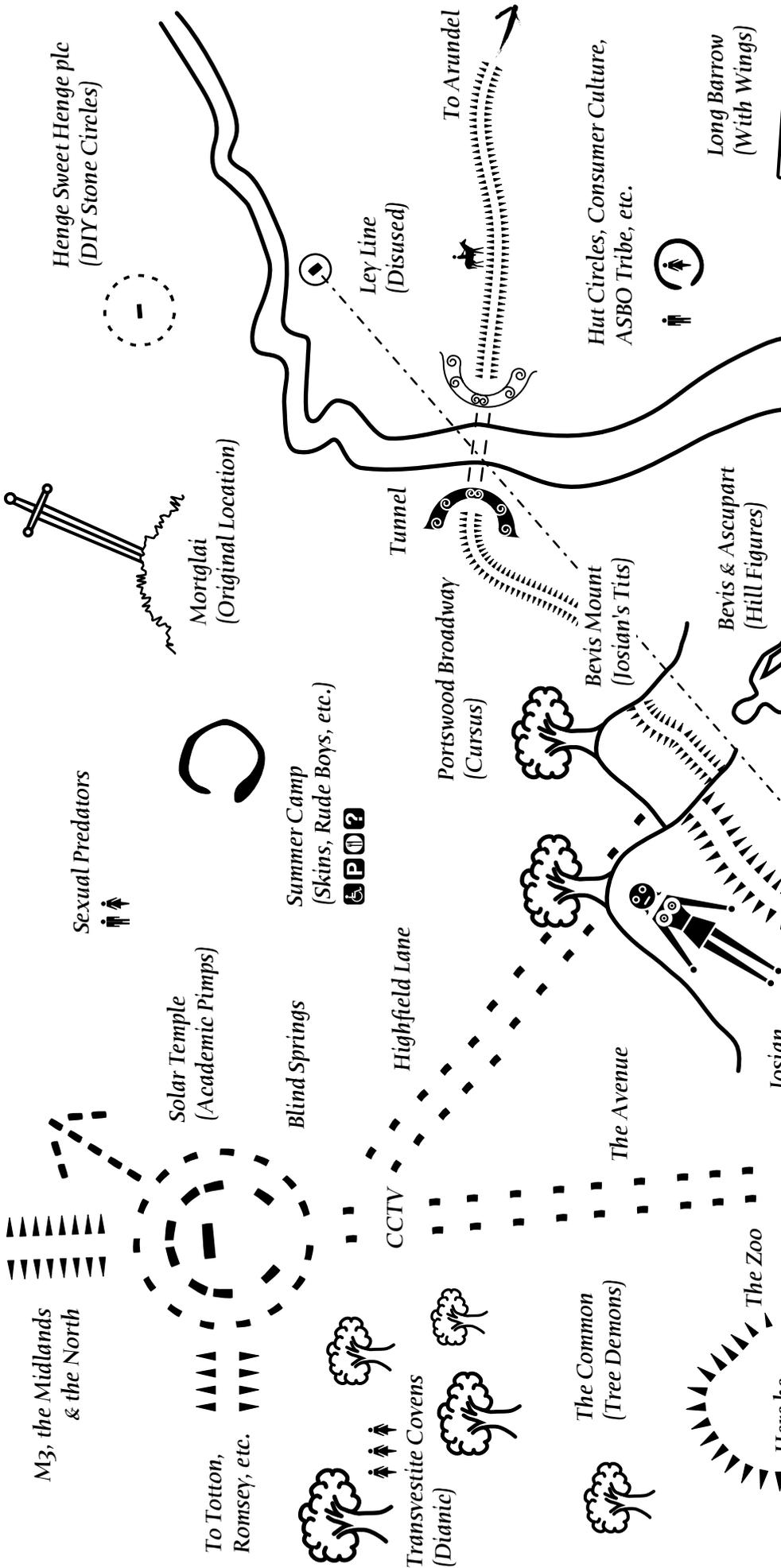
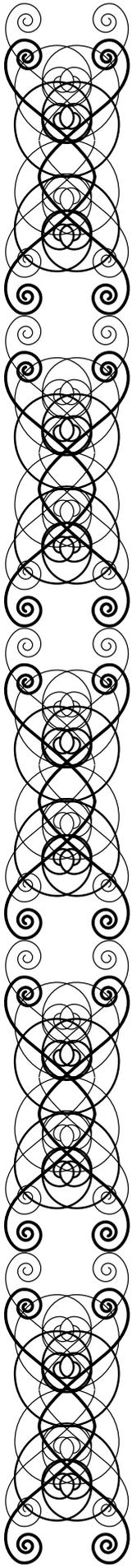
Through our re-enactments of the human – and of poetic forms – we have achieved *nonist* socialisation. It is a compound umbel, being made up of several other umbels. We may not always speak the same *nonism*, but we understand each other perfectly. Hence the adoption of the umbel as the symbol of post-human social connection. *And always those familiar hierarchical relations are reversed.* The umbellate inflorescence is a flat dish and the only thing below it is commonality. We grip a common stalk and have a strange light in our eyes.

So we lay in a ditch – our oracular font – and observed the common stalk. It appears differently from different parts of the umbelliferous flower. And in being ourselves umbellate, there is no single unified perspective for any one of us – an image is shattered within our eyes – there are endless possible forms.

NEOLITHIC PORTSWOOD

nu-modern (1663 BC)

twinned with north korea





The temple at the heart of Josian's Bower still stands; hidden, intimate and tranquil. Victorian architects maintained the interiority of the goddess in 1868.

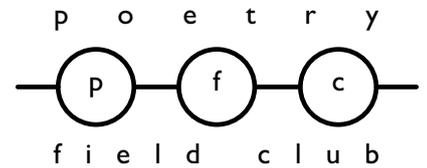
The modernist movement began in antiquity. The first brutalist structures were erected in Portswood in 1763 BC. Outside of time, invisibly, the Bardic Chair has rested on my back. I can put it down in Josian's Bower, its proper place, where poetry is said (modern, postmodern and archaic).

We are going back to modernism. We are animating the body of the goddess Josian of the Valley, Ancasta's sister.

Refounding the BARDIC CHAIR in JOSIAN'S BOWER at the RICHMOND INN



Join the Poetry Field Club putting landscape in its place



So, thus enabled, we wrote poetry and now the early texts of unplace are being published in one of their possible forms. **Ha Ha**, by Andrew Jordan – once a close associate of Dr. Charles Mintern – is to be published by Shearsman Books in February 2007.

Ha Ha

These poems explore the remnants of a system of ancient narrative trackways that criss-cross the landscapes of south and south west England. These flows of energy underpin the hermetics of enclosure. They are explored here for the first time.

This book might be a strategy – a self help manual for the ontologically dispossessed – or just an encouragement to trespass in the newly enclosed purlieu of the self.

Tell it how you want, emblematic landscapes – and how we perceive them – can mirror identity and relationship, creating a cultural space within which both can become tenable.

Of the author, Jeremy Hooker, writing in **PN Review**, said “...Jordan risks taking on an intellectual role, and articulates his ideas with lucidity and wit... he does not depict appearances but the forces that shape them and the possibilities they contain.” *And that's as close as you need to get to understanding him.*

Re-enactment & Amnesia

Each day the Amnesia advances further into our lives. We are in this fog and a problem engulfs us – how to deal with the Amnesia when we do not know its source? At the heart of forgetting is the original cause. Whatever the process, the event has obscured its own horizon. We cannot even remember what amnesia is.

Others, out of expedience – to create a suitable context for consumerism – have built the monument *Heritage* and fetishised temporal dissociation within that. *They look forward to nostalgia*. Memory becomes the product of an economic machine. We, in the meantime, and seeing no alternative, re-enact the present tense.

Heritage is history made relevant. We say that the past is meant to be obsolete.

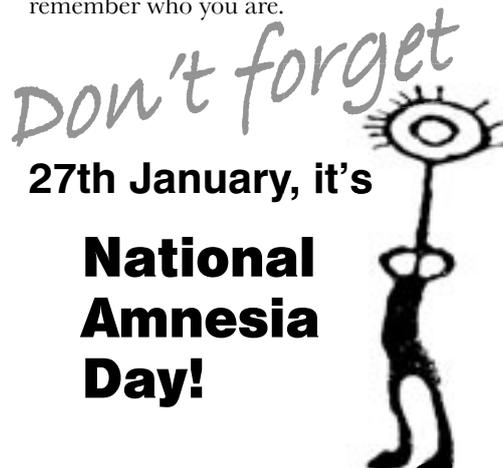
Re-membering Nothing

It seemed like a battle we could not win. Amnesia doesn't differentiate; like the past it consumed, Amnesia is dumb. It isn't even conscious and so – unlike other deities – it cannot be an imbecile, not even when embodied in its believers. We started with a proposition: That the task of the artist is to make meaninglessness beautiful. Re-membering nothing, we learned that the past should not be re-constructed but destroyed and said that ‘Memory has to be busted out of Here’ – out of “you, this instant, in action.” (Olson) This is how we came to enter the past again – as casual as you like and despite the Amnesia. Smash the past to liberate the present? *Time already did that*. We are trying to re-member what we are doing now, in this instant.

On Being Josian

Josian's Bower is a social thing. We don't make a goddess out of Josian, we merely share the moment of not re-constructing her, or her milieu, or her meaning, amongst ourselves. This is how the Josian Coven works. Anyone can be Josian for an evening if they wish and there can be several Josian's in the room at once.

The Poetry Field Club invites you to be Josian in her bower on Saturday 27th January 2007 for the Southampton launch of *Ha Ha*. This is not a public event. We want to make art inaccessible. Were it possible for them to buy a ticket, we'd charge students double. We aim for very small audiences. *We aren't reaching out to anyone*. If you aren't wanted, we won't let you in, even if your friend said it would be okay. If you have been invited and we change our minds, we'll act like we can't remember who you are.



27th January, it's

**National
Amnesia
Day!**

Ha Ha Launch

**IN JOSIAN'S BOWER
AT THE RICHMOND INN
108 Portswood Road, Portswood
Southampton (Hants)**

Saturday 27th January 2007

ADMISSION FREE

Arrive at 7.30pm for an 8pm start

*This is a private function.
Ask at the bar for the way to the Bower.*

We will stand still in honour of Josian and we will not say much. We will then drink beer and hear Andrew Jordan read some poems from *Ha Ha*.

Ha Ha: Copies will be available at a special one-off Josian's Bower discount price of £6.95.

Ha Ha is a paperback, it is 100 pages long and it will usually cost £8.95.

ISBN-13 9781905700127

ISBN-10 19057002121

www.shearsman.com

Public Transport

By train: St. Denys station is about 15 minutes walk from The Richmond. It is on the London and Portsmouth lines. *From Winchester:* departs 19.06, arrives at St. Denys at 19.33 (change at Southampton Airport Parkway). *From Southampton:* departs 19.18, arrives at St. Denys at 19.23. National Rail Enquiries: 08457 484 950

By bus from Southampton city centre: *First Bus:* the 3/3A leaves from Pound Tree Road at: 18.50, 19.05, 19.40 (then at 20.40). It takes 12 minutes. *Uni-link:* the U6 leaves from Civic Centre (Marlands) at: 19.06, 19.36 (then at 20.36). It takes 13 minutes. First Bus Travel Line: (023) 8022 4854 Uni-link: (023) 8059 5974 (office hours)

To receive **The Listening Voice** send six second class stamps to:

The EPA
33 Hartington Road
Southampton
SO14 0EW

banded_agrion@yahoo.co.uk