

# The Listening Voice

THE NEWSLETTER OF THE EQUI-PHALLIC ALLIANCE

Issue Three

Samhain 398

OPPOSING • WESSEX • NOWHERE



## WESSEX CAVES IN!

### *Hollow Landscapes Fall*

Operatives of the EPA have completed the task of infiltrating the underchalk of 'Wessex'. Our key objectives have been achieved. We know the machinery and will soon begin to bring the landscape down, *without explosives*. The idyll that has enclosed England - its pastoral fictions, its history - will decompose. Places will decompress - being known to be *ideas*, culturally made - and the myths of individuals we have almost become, with each person in a 'self', will be known for the hollow structures they were. We shall found society, *on the ground*.

### *De-Scribe 'Wessex' Now!*

We send this warning to the men of 'Wessex', *cease ye your 'poetry'*. *Your cause is lost*. You can no longer idealise without the sound of laughter (Ha Ha) interrupting. Hod Hill is fallen and deflated, a crumpled hump. We have established our Head Quarters beneath the giant at Cerne Abbas. He is known from below, in unconsciousness. To resist us is to spread our fame ever more widely, over the horizon, into the world. *We know what ground is*. Within poetry the height of 'Wessex' hills was exaggerated. Implants were used to firm them up and make them bigger. *This policy has failed*. Those hills were falsies. As heritage, they were placeist propaganda. *We denied them*. They were all mythed up and not much at all, in reality.

Many hills are on wheels, we have found. When EPA activists gained access to the Pilsden Pen section of the underchalk and wheeled the hill away, the fraud was exposed. *We dumped it in a ditch*. Many rustic youths - unwilling to be shepherds, or to play host to a "submerged southern voice" - 'joy ride' on the hills at weekends. They will not be 'squashed out of acknowledgment' - *knowledge is their game*. Burned out hills litter the 'estates' most weekends.

### *Our Lady of Europe*

Wessex has once more exceeded its EU poetry quota. Reports from Brussels have listed Mr. Weedy, the Fatman and John Howard Darre as having exceeded their production allowance for the last poetic year. Calls have been issued for a poetry cull to begin, with immediate effect. Some critics have suggested that it is unsafe for 'consumers' to read poems written in Wessex. The high incidence of paranoid delusions of grandeur - with an associated obsession with posterity - amongst Wessex poets themselves, has raised questions over the methods employed by them concerning both the production and distribution of their poems. Further questions were raised concerning the legality of their distribution methods



with regard to trades descriptions regulations. It has been reported that in one advertising leaflet Mr. Weedy said of the Fatman that he had produced "one of the best poems in the last 25 years." Such obvious sleaze has caused Britain to be viewed as the 'poetry criminal' of Europe. "This must stop," said an EU spokesperson, "details of the cull will be agreed at the Amsterdam summit."

"The environmental problems which have resulted from the dumping of thousands of unwanted poems, which have caused widespread idealisation in the south west, will take years to clean up", said the Chief Executive of Wessex Nature. "They have flooded the market with shoddy goods and the value of poetry has collapsed, this is a major disaster in the happening." Already there are fears - with landscape values reaching new heights, as the 'millennium' approaches - that the stilt mechanism which supports the markets will fail, causing a total collapse in the value ascribed to 'places'. With disillusionment gripping those at the heart of the Wessex myth the best advice appears to be, "the centre cannot hold". Even now, with the poetic dope threatened, Wessex is disintegrating.

### *A Various Fatman*

It is with great pleasure that the Equi-Phallic Alliance and Poetry Field Club can announce that Mr. Weedy and the Fatman have 'fallen out' of their imagined, ideal realm. This is revealed in *Southist 15*, where the Fatman refers to Mr. Weedy as an "armchair ecowarrior". In *Fears of the French 14* the Fatman had attempted to install Mr. Weedy as the head of a regional poetry hierarchy. He de-scribed Jeremy Hooker's *Their Silence a Language* as "politically inert" and Weedy's published work as "in the widest sense political."

*(continued on back page)*

**'WESSEX' HILLS ARE FALSIES SHOCK!  
SILICON VALLEY IS DISCOVERED IN DORSET!**

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# THE FIRST CONGRESS OF THE NEW LETTRIST INTERNATIONAL - *A Report*

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Despite doubts about the validity of the Preliminary Committee for the Founding of a New Lettrist International, and concerns relating to the issue of verification, the Equi-Phallic Alliance and Poetry Field Club journeyed to Aberdeen to attend the Congress.

Our departure was delayed, due to a late sitting of the EPA/PFC Co-ordinating Committee the previous evening. We had been hoping that Dr. Mintern would arrive, but we waited in vain. News from 'the' front remained confused. We were unable to make sense of the contradictory 'nature' of the reports we were receiving. We realised, at length, that there is more than one front line, in existence, in any particular 'place' and in any particular 'myth'. *A myth is a process*. If you re-select a myth, or reconfigure one, you remake the process that effects the text of 'place', as you experience it. As an 'individual' is replicated, so each of their ('autonomous') replicants may - and, in practice, *will* - select myths other than that which was 'in' 'place' at the time of the initial action. This 'fact' explains the shock and disorientation experienced by both EPA and 'Wessex'/state assets in the early battles in the underchalk. With each reconfiguration of myth, or of *process*, a different text appears in the hills. If you ascend to the viewpoint on Eggardon Hill you will - if you are there on the appropriate date, and at the right time - be able to see distant texts, which are 'written' in 'the view', flowing each into the other, mutating and colliding. It is most beautiful, once you understand it.

We have found that the deeper we penetrate into the underchalk the more frequently we tend to replicate. Thus those of us who took part in the Great Assault on 'Wessex', which is recorded in The Great Poem (Ha Ha), have many replicants. With each replication comes a change in process (there seem to be an infinite number of processes). So 'my' texts of 'place' are as varied as the number of times I have been replicated. *In this we see the geometrical aspect of the relationship between text and place*. Also, interestingly, there will almost always be a change in the font as the text alters. So we have seen fantastically shaped letters, alone or in words, etched into 'hillsides'. We felt that these findings, which we deemed to be of great importance to the refounding of Lettrism, must be reported to Congress. We were rather late setting off though.

We were further delayed. The replicants made a number of demands. They were not happy with the part they felt they had been scripted to play, *within their own myths*, and they demanded the right to edit 'their' landscapes, as they see fit. We agreed to this, 'seeing' it as a self evident *ability* (rather than as a bourgeois 'right') which they had been exercising,

regardless of us. Together with the replicants, who are trapped in place (within 'myth') and thus could not attend the Congress, we visualised a New Revolutionary World, where places are all multi-textual, where the myths we make of our selves are permanent and non-autonomous zones of realisation, not visualised, within 'the view' or within grammar. We saw matter released from enclosure (as a category) 'within' the non framework of *nomism*. *We have found texts in place*.

We *were* very late in setting off. Reports of bullet points appearing in Hod Hill held us enthralled. The false hills themselves appear to be rebelling against the Men of Wessex, despite the 'brilliance' of their poems and their ability to write good reviews of each others books. Neo-Lettrists have already lifted layers of text from the Stour valley and have removed them to the space beneath Hampshire, where others are editing them into a newly publishable form. We hope to present these texts, as 'places', in the near 'future'. The hills of 'Wessex' are ideological advertising hoardings - thin propaganda texts - which we have learnt to subvert, *archetypally*. We have taken the texts put in place by the Men of Wessex and we have rewritten them.

These developments did mean that we were late arriving in Aberdeen. It was dark and no-one was at home, when we arrived at the ruined hospice on the hill. Courtesy Orchis was there, but everyone else was down the pub, or were engaged in activities elsewhere, so we slept.

I awoke early and found my 'self' surrounded by the sleeping bodies of other Lettrists. Courtesy had also woken early and the French windows were ajar. I walked into the overgrown garden and climbed the slope at the rear of the hospice. *I immediately became aware of the presence of abstractions*. A huge ovoid form had been drawn on the hillside at some point in the past. It's edge could be traced in flower beds, the curved line of the lawn, in the edges of the property and in the line of the path which I followed. Beneath this abstraction there was text. *I could feel it*.

I hurried on in search of Courtesy. In due course, I found evidence of an enclosure, possibly Neolithic. This was a 'ritual' site, I felt sure. I desperately needed to talk to Courtesy, who had been in Scotland for some time, but I could not find her. I spent most of the first full day of the congress plotting out a text on the hillside. This was difficult, due to the undergrowth, and by the time I'd finished it was dark. I returned to the room. The others had all left for the pub and only Courtesy was there, drunk on the floor, improperly dressed. Exhausted, I slept.

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## BENEATH EACH HILL - A TEXT!

(continued from page 2)

I awoke early and found my 'self' surrounded by the sleeping bodies of other Lettrists. Courtesy had also woken early and the French windows were ajar. I walked into the overgrown garden and climbed the slope at the rear of the hospice. I encountered the presence of a massive 'E'. Knowing that Lettrists value this letter above all others, I intended to uncover it, so that I could present it, as a 'finding', later that day. Courtesy appeared - above the 'E' - and together we removed leaf mould and infill from the splendour of this letter. *It shone*. Once I touched Courtesy, by accident, and she withdrew into the serified shadows. I bitterly regretted this unintended intrusion, and we did not speak for the rest of the day. By the time we returned to the room the others had all left for the pub. Exhausted, we slept.

We awoke early and returned to our labours in the overgrown garden. Unfortunately the other Lettrists were no longer there when we returned to tell them of our discovery. They had enjoyed a successful Congress and had returned home. My EPA colleagues had also left. Only my train ticket remained, in the empty grate. I knelt amongst the ashes, crumpled beer cans and cigarette ends. When I stood and turned I found that I was alone. Courtesy had gone. Already I imagined the letter to be lost or reconfigured. *That is how it is with letters*. They are dynamic 'things', more than mere concepts (which is all that words are, being bastardised forms). We had encountered these 'things', in 'place'. We had 'communed' with 'letters'.

If you wish to see 'texts in place', and the faultlines in those, please contact the Equi-Phallic Alliance and the Poetry Field Club at the address on this leaflet. We will help you to set up your own group and we will provide assistance with the tasks associated with the location of the lost ways down. We can also provide advice and information helpful to those mounting expeditions into subtext, image and 'things' themselves. Unity is Length! Forward with the New Lettrism! Down with 'Wessex' and with those who in-vented (scripted) 'it'.

## THOSE MINCING HILLS

The landscape is transsexual! 'It' is 'male'! This revelation has shocked 'mystical' feminists and 'New Agers', for it means that the 'Great Goddess' is, in 'fact', a 'man'. This categorical shift explains much concerning the falseness of places. The 'land' is only dressing up as a 'mother' (see *Dr. Mintern's Pastoral* on the matter of the matter/mater conundrum), pending its 'special operation', which will be carried out by the EPA. We will remove its penis and testicles, fully 'feminising' the landscape. It has to practice more - of course, and keep taking the hormones - in order to become more 'convincing'. As yet, it wears its high hills awkwardly, and its 'breasts' (burial mounds)- those essential attributes of 'feminine' spirituality - seem false and lumpy. *The hills are mincing about!* Our transcendent places are 'screaming'. The far view pouts, and looks troubled, like a minx or a queen, but we shall put that right, with surgery. Hod Hill is a transvestite. *We have seen its legs*.

## TRICORN UNDER THREAT!

In what is clearly a tit-for-tat action, Taylor Woodrow plan to demolished the Tricorn shopping Centre, 'Portsmouth' ('Hants.'), after EPA activists bomb the once picturesque 'Marsden Rock' (ex-'Tyneside').

The Tricorn, which has been described as "misunderstood", has defied its function, almost since it was completed in 1966. Designed by Owen Ludor, it has proven to be a major architectural bastion against the cult of consumerism, which has so impoverished civic life. It destroys the myths of hierarchy in those who enter it, causing the rich to feel insecure and 'equal'.

'Marsden Rock', which was a tourist attraction, symbolised aspects of the way in which the cult of consumerism has affected our 'relationship' with 'place'. It was an industrial product, much like a TV set. Being a mythed object, it provided a 'backdrop' to many TV programmes, most recently the 'Dame' Catherine Cookson adaptations of her novels *The Tide of Life* and *The Fifteen Streets*. It was made to prop up an ideal view, a view intended to idealise the viewer, making her feel edged and placed on sainted ground, in an "Eden walled up till some time of renovation; yet perfect in its building, ornaments and perfection". The effect of this was to create an apparent "grandeur in the beating of the heart" of the viewer. We put a stop to that. It was nothing less than the fabrication of a sentimental attachment to 'place'. Upon the raised surface of such idealised ground nationalisms were built, over the centuries, so we bombed it.

The Press ran the lie on Thursday March 13th 1997, saying that the rock was to be demolished later the following week, on the orders of the National Trust, who invoked 'Nature' as their cause. In fact the rock had already been demolished by the EPA two days earlier. Now the state looks set to get its revenge, by demolishing the Tricorn, unless we can stop them. If you wish to take part in the fight to save the Tricorn contact Proles for Modernism c/o the EPA address. We have suspended our assault under 'Wessex' until the Tricorn is saved. We shall make it our cathedral, for in the Tricorn we are transfigured.

Demolition of the Tricorn is due to start in August 1997. We call on you now to defend the Tricorn, which has been described as "a great belly laugh of forms", as "this matrix of working class vision."

**THE TIME FOR ACTION IS NOW!**

**SAVE THE TRICORN!**

(continued from front page)

The problem with the Fatman's *FOTF 14* text was its lack of a viable objective correlative. Mr. Weedy's poetry, being insipid at best, was revealed as an insufficient object for the image to rest on. The attempted 'coup' just revealed his poetry to be inadequate. Then the laughter began, echoing in the landscape. That viscous spell, deflected by the EPA, has returned to haunt the 'Great Men of Wessex'. It is all down hill now; a spectre is loose in Dorset, it follows them.

The Fatman says, "if there is a direction that the 'poetry of South' could fruitfully take, the sign posts are here." There is no poetry of south. It is a poisonous myth. We have re-placed that 'landscape', it does not exist. What *is* is a paradox, a non-thing, we walk in.

### **Porke Salut!**

In *FOTF 14* Jeremy Hooker was treated like some last year's Hercules, to be sacrificed by next year's victim. It isn't so much that the Fatman's text criticised Hooker, but rather that it attempted to consume him, within language. The way in which this text was concealed suggests an attempt at the slaying of a 'fool', a 'holy' innocent, a donkey eared (literary) cuckold. This is revealed in the etymology of 'victim.' It is from the Gothic *weihan* - which names 'a living creature given in sacrifice'. It is some 'thing' made 'sacred' (i.e. non-existent). This text was an attempt at literary cannibalism. That we in the EPA were instigated, within the text, as a 'victim' in waiting - and as an observer of the event - led us to mobilise and to actively oppose Wessex. The rest is 'history', much lied about. *The EPA is like London, much of it is not seen, being underground.*

### **Wessex Gets Cheesier.**

Whilst the Fatman presents an appearance of reasonableness, of rehabilitation, he is simultaneously attempting to refound the 'South' 'Movement' and to suck up to Jeremy Hooker. He says of *Solent Shore*: "If one book directly inspired the 'South' movement, it is this one, and Hooker's critical work - centred on Hardy and the Powys family, Richard Jeffries and Edward Thomas - has also been influential." It is neither 'natural' nor 'cultural' *determination* which shapes the 'things' projected by the Fatman, but his own will. His attempt to anchor his ideology on one who is entirely disconnected from him is a new Wessex cheese. 'Deep cheddar', you might say. He writes, of *Their Silence a Language*, "it is a complex and bold work of art, which needs time to come to terms with." How can this be? It is a collection of poetry, not a train crash.

*Immer wieder von uns aufgerissen, ist der  
Gott die Stelle, welche heilt. Wir sind  
Scharfe, denn wir wollen wissen, aber er ist  
heiter und verteilt!*

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**WESSEX HAS BEEN  
DECOMMISSIONED!  
THE 'HILLS' HAVE FALLEN!**

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