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NOTICES

Jonathan Swift, C.J. Dennis and Gertrude Stein, on Mutton
Hollingsdean Minutes, September 25th, 2025

Theme of mutton came about because of a joke followed by surprising discovery that this has historical legs. Apologies to vegetarians.

Faith in poetic language in and of itself. Pulled in the Marxist and mystical directions. Adrift in form without content. Someone threw the lighter into the fire. Gig, speaking words, online assessments, freedom. Nice to be back. The cruciate ligament, in the shape of a cross, holds the back of your knee together. We read Jonathan Swift's "Mutton". He talks about a toast. We laugh a lot at this poem. Read it in a funny voice. Relationship with Gulliver's Travels? There is a lot of feasting in fantastic lands, the big people and the little people; people that live forever and go mad; horses that can talk—does anyone have a spare ink cartridge? C is going notes-free, 'going acoustic'. Long discussion of pens. The poem is 18 lines. Tetrameter. Between a spell and a recipe and an invocation. What's it satirising? Mutton not historically considered a delicacy. A word that must come from French, mouton. Usually the Saxon word names the animal, the French word the meat. Alienate the idea of the animal from the food. The process of abstraction. Naming of food is the beginning of eating it, putting it in your mouth. *Jack* is an interesting word. Prince, tool, thing in a box, car, stealing, spit for meat. Eating and shame, not associated in Greece. Something to do with class, here, food and shame. All the knives and forks on the top deck of the Titanic. It is servant work, in the poem. Rhyming couplets in poems about meat are called rhyming cutlets.

We read "Mutton" by C.J. Dennis. We sang it in unison, discordantly. Gruel in *Oliver Twist* and nomads in Mongolia, this is known first-hand, have sheepy monotonous food cultures. Missionaries and middle life, peopling Australia. Greek immigration to Australia. John Kinsella. Dionysius the Greek form of Dennis? In Brighton the smell isn't mutton, it's weed, and fox-piss. Brighton doesn't smell of the sea so much. Why not? When I'd wake up in Portsmouth in the middle of the night, and the tide had gone out, the smell would keep

me awake. I felt pulled by it. When seaweed's fresh it smells good. It was not salty, it smelt like flowers, it was crazy. It could have been flowering? Sea weed.

"Mutton" by Gertrude Stein, from *Tender Buttons*. Oh! "no more curliness then soup". Oh! "mutton and liquor". So it's not really about mutton? I think GS would say it really is about the mutton. What is a line? Of Frank O Hara, of Alice Notley. Notley resists this. Is this a poem? A weird monologue. Promoted herself very well. All of her writing was to do with her writing. Authoritarianism. L Ron Hubbard. Would this count as a type of phenomenology of mutton?

Language as music. Done with compassion, she was really trying to get people to see things in the beautiful way she sees it. Her archive at Yale. Trances. Alice B Toklas. Mistakes. Ulla Dida [Ulla Dydo], *The Language that Rises*. Hello, sorry to interrupt, but can I return some weights to this cupboard? *The Making of Americans*. A family history and scholars say it *all* makes sense and there is a coherent logic.

We wrote for 15 minutes in silence. The snacks were jaffa cakes, raisin danish, rice cakes, fizzy water.

Attendees: Chris, Matilda, Niki, Jamie, Verity, Kat, Susanna

KNITTING MACHINE

J.H Prynne, *Kernels in Vernal Silence* (Face Press, 2020)

Surely I am not alone in feeling I have better things to do than to train sustained attention on the monstrous slab of Poems 2016-2024. While general statements on the characteristics of late Prynne would not be beyond me if I were pressed, they would leave unanswered questions of the point of it all. To which one might quip, what's the point of a porcupine? But when a copy of *Kernels in Vernal Silence* dislodged from a shelf to fall at my feet, I decided to show some grit and read this bulletin attentively. I found it a surprisingly enjoyable experience.

This poem consists of 4³ quatrains, amounting to 4⁴ lines. Each page contains 4 quatrains and there are 4² pages of text. Evidently a rule of squares has been set. However, the lines are irregular in both pulse and syllabic count. There are no capital letters used, although the text is punctuated with commas and semi-colons. Each quatrain is preceded by a colon and a double space; I find no technical example of this usage, and therefore assume each quatrain is an instance of something – perhaps of the poem's title, each presented as a kernel of vernal silence.

The first line of the poem reads ' : a dream needle creates its new chance,' while the second line reads 'its many threads in alliance due'. So at the start the text is offered as a textile rather than a vocal score; it will be silent. These lines are woven rows. The full quatrain reads:

: a dream needle creates its new chance,
 its many threads in alliance due
with nuts of the season, predilection
 in honeypot, wasp blisters here too

To parse these rows: a dream threads together immediate experience, deeply loved and sweet memories, and unassuaged hurts. This is not difficult semantically. The textile analogy is made

more explicit in the next quatrain with the phrase 'knit one pearl one'. 'Pearl' is an alternative spelling for the more usual 'purl' in knitting and sewing, a stitch drawn through its base loop from front to back of the fabric. This row then instructs 'edge two together', starting the next row with 'asleep prolific'. At this point in my reading I felt, perhaps prematurely, 'I get it!', and on scanning the text ahead could see garments, shuttles, weaves, needles proliferating. But also I noticed 'dew' all over, which along with dewiness, suggests an aubade, and the epigraph from 'Lycidas' chimed in: 'Under the opening eyelids of the morn', while the last row, row 44, ends 'if fresh grass still wet'. Note that this aubade occurs on the edge of sleep and waking; it is an hypnogogic aubade. Bees roam around their hives and cluster but do not buzz, while birds flit and wind, and 'to catch sight returning cheep askance' – so no cheeping here please, in this vernal silence.

But why 'kernels'? The 'nuts' of the first quatrain fail to proliferate as do bees and dew; it would therefore seem reasonable to regard each quatrain, marked by its initial colon, as a kernel sustaining vernal silence. Each quatrain is a single sentence, albeit too complex to qualify strictly as a kernel in the transformational grammatical sense, but close enough in that it 'does not contain any optional expression and is simple in the sense that it is unmarked in mood, therefore, it is indicative [...] it is a positive rather than a negative sentence'.

These observations then explain the kind of pleasure the poem affords, one of agreeable drift through a purling stream of dream and dawning, flickering into moments of recognition, fading and focusing filmily. The regularity of the textile dissolves any centre (no first person singular), any narrative progress, any emphasis, any suggestion of romantic cadence. Instead there is a gentle, continuous interweaving of threads performed not by an intent knitter but by a primary process machine. Stop that itch to interpret. Float in this immersion tank. But I can't do that for long before reaching for an annotating pencil...

John Wilkinson

ADELINE CHEVRIER-BOSSEAU, *FIRST BLOOD* (SLUB PRESS, 2025)

Sensory discomfort, the choice of motherhood, and stilted sleep patterns course through Adeline Chevrier-Bosseau's *First Blood*. The restlessness of white noise and cognitive hyperactivity in response to sleep shows perhaps a shared stir-crazy approach to restoration and recuperation. *First Blood* opens each page by emboldening the first few words, like unilluminated initials situating us in the uneasiness of the dark. At night, with the speaker's sense of sight and hearing inactive, this perhaps intensifies other bodily receptions in the form of a localised pain. Most strikingly, 'One ovary swells like a balloon, and then detaches and floats away'. This sensation is described as being a 'tug', a verb possibly reminiscent of the 'kick' of a baby, further bolstered by the imagery of child-like recreations with a balloon. We also find ourselves returning to bloodiness of reproduction, being First Blood, vampiric in its slow burn endeavours (and cadavers). The visual disturbances of the speaker's body being scooped out on a table are paired with musings over legacy, what decays, what doesn't, and how 'the thought of cradling my own hips', being a mother to oneself, is 'oddly appealing', which, although gruesome, is oddly understandable, since one's skeleton (bar teeth) are parts of yourself you rarely get to see beyond x-ray imaging.

Moments of kinship, such as the mnemonic-like routine of seeing 'Marie on Monday' at first seems make light of the brooding vignettes elsewhere in the text otherwise experienced in solitude, such as the 'mutual appreciation for Xanax', but there is much the speaker withholds. There is a sense that medication is long expired or fails to work, with a medicine cabinet that 'oozes mud', morphing between states, a roleplaying of 'thing-power' (Bennett, 2010). *First Blood* seems to return pharmaceutical chemistries to the earth from which they once originated, in the form of a soiled concoction of carbon, hydrogen, chlorine and nitrogen (Xanax being C₁₇H₁₃CIN₄). With this knowledge, we can't help but parallel the tears that 'dug deep beds' on the speaker's skin with the trees

'digging deeper roots into provincial soil', blurring the peripheries of the speaker's unsleeping body.

'I wish I could retreat in sleep but instead I count my losses like sheep on the blank screen'

This particular twist on soporific sheep jumping over fences is reminiscent of the looped visual of the Google t-rex leaping over cacti when internet connection fails, being a possible analogue for 'blank screen'. Perhaps a leaping armadillo would be more fitting, given the creatures that inhabit *First Blood*, and the hazy, frenetic memories and dreams that scurry in its wake.

Laurel Moore

Stewart Home, Fascist Yoga: Grifters, Occultists and the New Order in Wellness (Pluto Press, 2025)

In my final year at university, the final few months, Covid lockdowns lifting, one of my flatmates bought onto the Wim Hof Method. 'Ice Man' Hof offers a 10-week program of cold showers and breathing exercises, aimed at strengthening the autonomic nervous system. There were videos of him submerged in cold water or stood topless on snowy mountains. My flatmate would do YouTube yoga routines, followed by Hof's breathing exercises, sat on the floor of the living room. Eventually we were all doing it, part-mocking novelty, part-curious, part-entertaining the truth of whatever Hof said. The breathing exercises consist of sitting lotus-like, inhaling and exhaling rapidly and fully for a short time – hyperventilation, vasoconstriction, a reduced blood flow in the brain – and then holding your breath for a minute or so. Repeat. 'Breathe through it,' Hof's mantra in strong baritone coming through the TV, headrush coming on.

First year of secondary school, loitering in a playground, grey sky and red brick. Some kid was going around different groups of people trying to get someone to do a 'trick'. His trick was to squat, inhale and exhale rapidly and fully for a short time, maybe a minute, then stick your thumb in your mouth and blow out as hard as you could. It makes you pass out, the kid said. Reluctantly someone else volunteered, and sure enough, they passed out.

What the kid and Wim Hof both knew was that a specific breathing pattern would cause a reduction in cerebral blood flow. Their purposes differed. The kid just wanted to see someone pass out. For Hof, the temporary reduction in blood flow is a means of bringing about a moment of Stoic focus, a straining of the link between mind and body, an ensuing return to consciousness. 'Cold, hard nature' is Hof's teacher, according to his website, with the aim of achieving greater control over the body, though 'nature' here includes the brute material reality of the body, the reliance of the mind on the body's blood flow, the will to adjust to extreme conditions. Hof offers not only an online course and some exercises, but a set of philosophical

presuppositions which overwrite the gap between bodily techniques and spiritual insight. As the kid demonstrated, the two do not necessarily coincide. Hof's ideology would be the belief that they do coincide, or can be made to if his advice is followed. This implicit belief needs spelling out: it entails, first, the kind of degradation of experience that is a critical commonplace in the description of modernity, a spiritual vacuousness that follows from the sundering of mind and body; then, the belief in a practice that can redeem the division.

To what extent can you take Hof's course without imbibing its underlying beliefs? Hof's sleek website volunteers a set of spiritual tenets: the 'Three Pillars' of breathing, cold exposure and commitment, aiming to help you 'explore and eventually master your own body and mind'. (What, then, is doing the mastering?) Adhering to the course does not merely mean you might improve your chances of getting out of bed in the morning, or recover from muscle fatigue faster, although these might be side effects. It is likely to rewire your beliefs so that 'mastery' of self and world are your goals, or rather convince you of the belief that such mastery is possible, desirable, necessary. There is no denying that the Wim Hof Method has helped some people, somewhere. It helped Hof himself: he revealed to Joe Rogan that cold water exposure helped him to deal with the grief of his wife's suicide. It also helped him to climb Mount Kilimanjaro wearing only a pair of shorts. It probably helped my flatmate in the final-year trudge, and it probably helped my flat by providing something to do. It has also been associated with increased risk of cardiac arrhythmia.¹ Someone, somewhere, is keeping a Google Sheet citing details of deaths due to the Wim Hof Method.²

Stewart Home's *Fascist Yoga* provides something of a guidebook to

1. James Tapper, 'Cure or killer? The rewards – and very real risks – of the cold water plunge', *The Observer*, 1 Oct 2023 <https://www.theguardian.com/society/2023/oct/01/cure-or-killer-the-rewards-and-very-real-risks-of-the-cold-water-plunge>

2. https://docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1Kq4JvfC8IP7Fz8l_dyf4CuD4gZx-pYv6HJEjcXyLOSuk/edit?gid=0#gid=0

these experiences. More significant than the book's provocative title, and perhaps easier to miss, is the final phrase in its subtitle: 'the New Order in Wellness'. Home's book concerns more than just yoga and fascism. *Fascist Yoga* begins after the Covid pandemic, which Home frames as a 'gateway for yoga's repressed fascist past to resurface in the form of anti-vax and anti-masking politicking'. What follows from this is a historiography of yoga, running from its 'invention' by Pierre Bernard at the start of the twentieth century up to the 1970s. Home ends his work here, stating that '[a]fter this date, both technological change and the growth in numbers of those practicing modern yoga meant no successor was able to match the fame and influence Richard Hittleman attained within modern postural practice via his TV programmes'. As a child, Home saw Richard Hittleman's yoga instruction shows on TV, but Hittleman is framed as one of the final public iconoclasts of yoga before the whole movement effectively went underground, along with other fascist and occult beliefs no longer compatible with post-war society. Yoga's repression of its past begins there, its practitioners retreating to countercultural urban hotbeds. Fast-forward to the point where Home picks up the trail in the 2020s, and not only has exercise culture itself become more pervasive, but so too have many patterns of social behaviour that, for Home, are mere repetitions of a previous point in yoga's history. The 'New Order in Wellness' is a hypothesis more than a statement: not a blanket labelling of all 'wellness' trends as fascistic, given a certain degree of historicising research, but rather a question of how these trends relate more broadly to the apparently sudden normalisation of fringe beliefs or other habits that most people wouldn't consider fascistic, such as investing time and money in an image of Wellness.

Despite the fact that Home clearly demarcates the scope of his work, there is a kind of broken middle that he repeatedly traverses. What happened between the 1970s and now? There is plenty to learn from following Home's narrative, but after sitting through this whole sordid historiography, after seeing these people pull the same shit across the twentieth century, what are you supposed to do with this information? The answer is that Fascist Yoga is also a dot-drawing exercise, even an attempt to reclaim such exercises from tin-foil

conspiracism. It's a repetitive book – chapter after chapter begins to sound quite similar, *this* yoga practitioner invented a biography for themselves, *that* one claims headstands have spiritual benefits... – for two reasons: one is that Home originally wrote the chapters in a blog format, and therefore used a similar methodology across his studies (one also observable across his earlier critical work such as *The Assault on Culture*); another is that the history of yoga is itself repetitive, with each subject repeating the same gestures of biographical fakery and elaboration upon the spiritual significance of the same *asanas*. It's a strange trait for a historiography to have: the only real change between Bernard and Hittleman is the technological media through which ideas are disseminated, books and manuals absorbed into mailing lists and TV programs. But Home uses the framework of yoga's history to draw parallels with contemporary phenomena quite separate from yoga. Mircea Eliade and Julius Evola, current favourites of the terminally online e-girl alt-right and other Dimes Square auditionees, are read back into their earlier criticisms of fascism as 'too plebeian, too democratic and insufficiently aristocratic for their tastes' – i.e. not Right enough. Frank Rudolph Young's claims to occult vision and his mail-order cult are mapped onto Andrew Tate's 'Hustler's University', with its combination of access to MLM-esque e-commerce circles and 'secret knowledge' of how the world really is outside the Matrix. James Lee-Richardson's mail order yoga, peppered with homeopathic scepticism towards modern medicine, is aligned with Alex Jones's *Infowars* and ensuing line of dietary supplements. The form of e-commerce pedalled by both Tate and Jones is now commonplace: even beyond the standard cancelled-public-figure-to-podcast-and-Discord pipeline (Russell Brand), social media and other online media are now a more visible and wide-reaching platform for what would, in Home's earlier milieu, be described as countercultural. For every Wim Hof Method, there is also a small press, an arts collective, a fitness regime... What has changed is an increased individual exposure to bad actors, or at least actors with bad philosophies, whose powers of convincing their audience to suspend disbelief are multiplied by their medium of exchange.

Pierre Bernard made the primary synthesis of ‘modern postural yoga’, as Home terms it (always a term of suspicion), between Scandinavian gymnastics exercises and the bastardised ‘Eastern’ mystic idiom that gives yoga its hokey sheen. Yoga was, for Bernard, a money machine before it was a belief system as such, but it nonetheless claims a connection between bodily and spiritual experiences. Contemporary yoga’s array of poses were named as part of a symbolic framework, although the function of each pose changes depending on whose yoga manual you are reading, the separation of mind and matter capaciousness enough to house the whims of all manner of pseudo-scientific fictions. James Lee-Richardson, on breathing techniques:

There is an elixir in the air which no machine, however delicate, has been able to weigh or measure – and no machine ever will. The Yogis call it *Prana* and it is this which has such a great sedative effect and which makes us conscious of occult forces if we persevere in breathing it in the Yogic way. (120)

And then Savatri Devi:

You can also use the Recharging breath for protecting yourself against the disturbing influences of gross or depressing vibrations . . . In India one often does that when traveling a long distance by train with people whose vibrations might be of a low or an evil order. A friend of mine, a well-known artist in California, found himself doing it, too, when using subway and buses in New York, as he was so sensitive to alien vibrations that they would make him feel almost sick.

Home points out the elitism of Devi’s explanation, which quickly becomes an instrument of moral condemnation. To blame discomfort in taking public transport on the ‘gross or depressing vibrations’ of others is a convenient alibi.

Devi’s contribution in particular might be seen as an analogy for Home’s methodology as a whole. Devi used her writing on yoga to

smuggle in, under orientalist disguise, an argument that Hitler's rise to power represents the culmination of history in the cyclical human manifestation of the god Vishnu. This is reminiscent of a passage in Home's earlier work *The Assault on Culture*, a whistlestop tour through twentieth century utopian movements, not dissimilar in structure to *Fascist Yoga*. One chapter in *The Assault on Culture* describes mail art, and in this context, Home mentions the work of Pauline Smith, founder of the 'Adolf Hitler Fan Club'. When Smith writes of the motivations behind the foundation of the club, her ideas are simply a dilution of Devi's:

For the immediate present I am preoccupied with Adolf Hitler's involvement in the occult, the mediumistic nature of his public speaking and the mystery of his charismatic appeal to the multitudes. He may have been a bad man but he knew very well that people do not live by bread alone – a fact our leaders seem to have forgotten, and probably forgotten precisely because Adolf Hitler thought so deeply about meeting a people's need for inspiration.¹

To which Home, in *Fascist Yoga*, counters:

One of the many things that is needed today to help counter the growth of the contemporary far right is a separation of historical fact from fiction. The myth that the Nazis successfully deployed occult forces to ascend to power needs repeated debunking, so that the social and political factors that actually led to their rise become more widely understood.

As noted in Home's introduction, Devi's inclination towards millenarian prophecy is met today in America with the Christian fundamentalist clamour around Trump, elevating him to a world-historical figure on a par with those mentioned by Richardson and Devi. Crack-addled though it may sound, the mystification of politics is a deliberate effect of the current media landscape. You don't have to look far on Musk's Twitter to find similar claims, and Peter Thiel's

1. Stewart Home, *The Assault on Culture* (A.K. Press, 1991), pp. 71.

recent lecture series on the antichrist certainly attracts more attention than his earlier defences of libertarianism. To be sure, then, *Fascist Yoga* is a critique. Whether or not yoga can be separated from its fascist roots and its implicit spiritual alignments is Home's main bone of contention. Unlike the *Conspirituality* podcasters who published a similar book slightly earlier, Home does not pull any punches. There is no redeeming yoga, no

sorting the wheat from the postural chaff. . . . The combination of essentialism and anti-empiricism that is prevalent among modern yoga practitioners makes them particularly susceptible to both occult delusions and fascist conspiratorialism.

Such clear philosophical statements of intent are rare in *Fascist Yoga*, given Home's focus on historical exposition, but at least in its early forms yoga entailed a series of assertions about the fundamental reality of the world as a grounding for what you should do about it and why. These assertions have survived, even in such an innocuous and wholesome form as *Yoga With Adrienne* (she even has a dog!), for what is it that we want when engaging with yoga practice now? Breathing exercises have been absorbed into the corporatised virtue of mindfulness and given new justification under psychotherapeutic rubric, leaving behind any claims about elixirs in the air, but the problem of aligning bodily techniques with subjective purpose and belief still remains, still hanging around like a bad smell.

Home's conclusions are hard to deny, but also hard to say out loud without sounding like someone who isn't any fun at parties. 'Why can't I just like things?' has been the response of many people I've discussed this book with. Home does eventually concede, with conditions, to anyone who still wants to attend yoga classes without guilt. One of these conditions is reading the whole book, because the concession only comes at the end: 'I can't and wouldn't want to prohibit modern yoga', Home writes on the final page, by which point readers can make their own judgments. Sure, knock yourself out. This doesn't change the fact that Home is on the offensive

throughout, hardly concealing his contempt for the characters in the ensemble cast that play out his history of yoga. To anyone who doesn't want to entertain the question of whether yoga can be separated from the yogi, the practice can simply be a collection of exercises (maybe Adrienne represents this sanitised limit). There is no evidence that this exercise is better for you than any other ('the various "scientific" studies of yoga that conclude it provides health benefits merely demonstrate that exercise is good for you, rather than proving yoga is a superior form of exercise'). There are risks of short- and long-term physical harm to untrained back bends and more advanced poses like headstands, which is one criticism Home frequently makes of yoga book manuals which encourage novices to attempt these poses. All of this is laid out in the book. Ending on this somewhat agnostic note lessens the critical force of the earlier arguments about yoga philosophy. Nonetheless the book isn't about morality or permission, and anyone who reaches the end and still wonders whether they can or should do yoga has missed the point. A tendency to internalise such problems could be called 'mindful': the problems will dissolve away, if only you could achieve the right frame of reference, and if you can't, it's your fault, try harder. General questions of agency, choice and responsibility are a diversion from the conditions, contemporary and past, that make something like yoga possible, the very fact that yoga appears as one amongst many things that you could just like, if you want, which means accounting for a multiplicity of yoga's social manifestations. A mindfulness that does not come at the expense of its social basis. Isn't that the whole point?

Jack Martell

**COLE DENYER, ~~CC: DEATH~~ CHARTERED INSTITUTE OF
PERSONNEL & DEVELOPMENT (VEER 2, 2022) & AH BEAUTIFUL
SKY (SLUB PRESS, 2023)**

*The Chartered Institute for Personnel & Development believes in
nothing & hates everything*

The cover of *CC: DEATH* promises visionary outsider art. Satanic mills are being destroyed, recalling the artwork of early Fall albums. Inside is blistering political poetry that does some very exciting things with its language. The register is by turns feverish and still, grotesque and tender, setting up a space in which those tones of voice collide, speed up and slow down. The poem circles some of the injustices we take for granted either as our reality or the background to it: the grim merry-go-round of crap jobs and worklessness; jobs that don't pay, benefits that aren't paid and people who are sanctioned; 2008 and the hollowing out of both "safety net" and workplace protections that have happened since. There seems to be more space in it than in Denyer's previous book *In Boiling England*, room for different tempi and sudden weightlessness. The writing swings from political causes to effects and its more dazed personal mode. Here it locates itself in the particular nightmare of the lyric I and a shadowy yobbo dual.

I seek death

*& reasonable adjustments to my workplace immediately
o god on farced o go & do o god o o o god & in competences are a
billfold bound & burnt*

One of the themes is obliteration. Not annihilating but striking through events and individuals to undo them whilst marking and preserving the act. The poem needs to stamp out in this way: Peter Cruddas, the criminal Tory millionaire; Mark Kennedy AKA Mark Stone and a long list of his fellow undercover police, who infiltrated all kinds of protest groups in the sleaziest and most exploitative ways; various parts of itself; the person claiming sick pay; the author; the entire poem (via its title) and its publisher.

*Peter John, O.B.E J.C.B affordable rent over the road
& so we must work closely with local enforcement authorities
& the glass in my eye hurts, like full of sand
so we must work closely*

It has got me thinking about revenge in poetry. The strikethrough is not a straightforward thing. When the poem aims it at itself we have, maybe, an image of self-recusal and of the wounds that generate the work and remain in it. When it is directed outwards, naming then cancelling agents of the state, it puts the poem into this interesting tradition of poetical violence. I'm sure it must be fully ancient but some immediate references are in the work of Sean Bonney and Verity Spott. In 'after Rimbaud' Bonney (apparently) urges the reader to cut the throat of Tories in the street. Is that OK? A Tory MP was indeed killed with a knife a few years ago, how about that? Is offing pigs still radical? Was it ever? This line of concern (trolling) is the result of a bad naturalisation, "an attempt to reduce the strangeness of poetic language and poetic organisation by making it intelligible, by translating it into a statement about the non-verbal external world" (*Poetic Artifice*, Forrest-Thomson). That is not to say that the contents of such an outburst shouldn't be taken seriously: revenge poems need to be taken seriously and on their own (poetic) terms. Spott's 'We Will Bury You' consists of a litany of the lurid fates inexorably approaching certain MPs. Rather than a vindictive green ink letter, Dylan Williams hears "a furious, livid scream against our political present [...] gesturing to the limits of language and poetry as vehicles for material change."¹ Something similar can be said of *CC DEATH*: there's a complex but deceptively light distancing structure that makes the whole thing much more than a *cri de coeur*. So the meaning and status of verse that may be judged truculent, spiteful or even callous depends on the success or failure of its entire context. (And it goes without saying that the actions of politicians also need to be judged in the right context – the world outside of poetry.) Of the unruly interventions mentioned Denyer's may be the least likely to be taken out of context, as that context is too dense to easily give up

1. Dylan Williams reviewing We Will Bury You. <https://www.adjacentpineapple.com/spott-review>

its contents piece by piece. Despite the seething content and form the violence done is typographic, and not less trenchant for that.

*

Chains of lead in the Last of England

The companion, coda or “belated hitch” to *CC: DEATH* is Denyer’s 2023 book *Ah Beautiful Sky*. Although it could well stand on its own, there are several aspects that support its identity as an epilogue. There is a sense of rueful, brooding retreat. The language of Molotov cocktails and chains of lead is as urgent than ever but there’s an elegiac key, a sense of looking helplessly back. There’s now more sorrow than rage, a tenderness that even has time for an oblique callback to *Briggflatts*. The play of characters and voices has given way to a single speaker for the most part. As always, and in a way that makes me think of Derek Jarman’s films, multiple symbolic others wander in and out of the wings; sometimes mumbling things only they can hear, sometimes delivering a Blakean Jeremiad right to the audience. But significantly, when these characters speak in *ABS* they do so in quotation.

The first frog on the table is the Dismal Science of the 2020s, illustrated in the personal calamities of the most vulnerable among us but also in the calamity of prospering in such a society. The skin-crawling ambience of London PLC is brilliantly present. The unstoppable tide of Corporate Logic finds a perfect partner in the State and the two types of Power feed and eat each other. As their material, we are stitched together and torn apart and stitched together again. The other major strand circles around the student protests of 2011. Coming on the heels of and as part of the Occupy movement and phenomena such as protesters living semi-permanently in Westminster and elsewhere, the protests were, in retrospect, a high water mark for optimism and the belief in change. It seemed just possible that we might be, for once, actually on the verge of forcing some sort of change. The poem interrogates, skew-wise, that squandered opportunity and invites us to ask how the

bubble burst and how its bursting relates to Now. We had thirteen years of the Tories between Then and Now: Brexit, Johnson, the pandemic, a conveyor belt of vacant demons in charge of the country and now a differently coloured tie; I don't think there's much question that life is considerably worse, for many people, in the summer of 2024 than it was in 2011 but rather than people breaking into Millbank we have the British tradition of race riots. One key is the ghostlike Woollard, the young man who threw a fire extinguisher from a roof in a fit of exuberance (and bad naturalization). The fire extinguisher landed close to protesters and police and seemed even at the time to have a palpably sobering effect. We're back to asking where we *actually* stand on violence, enacted by the State or in retaliation to it. Witness the contempt Anna Mendelssohn, the British poet with the most convincing radical bona fides, shows in her poems for the likes of the Angry Brigade. In the film *Far from Vietnam* Godard talks about the bathos of revolutionary speech in a non-revolutionary moment. But neither were talking about Art. As for the bathos of militant poetry and whether or not it "makes nothing happen": *everything* happens in the paracosm erected by the poet, in which, as we've seen, Tory donors and undercover police are erased. And once in a while one of these barbs escapes its world and is heard in the wild, like Bonney's Fuck the Police mantra, which is as much as anyone could expect. The present moment is unspeakable but as usual it isn't, at least in Merrie England, revolutionary. We reach it finally in Denyer's book in the voice of one amongst a proliferation of Yaxleys, bringing us wearily, tragically, bang up to date.

James Burton

Here is Where: The Street Poetry of Jonny Writes Words

When I walk past Jonny, it is on an October day on Bristol's harbourside; my overwhelming impression of the day is gold and bright, startlingly so. I hear the mashing of Jonny's typewriter keys before I see him, sat cross legged on the ground like a poetic yogi, in front of a chalkboard that reads 'STREET LIT: HAND-TYPED POEMS TAILORED TO FIT'. I had come to some conclusion about something and I remember at this moment I felt an overwhelming sense of peace. This feeling only increased as I sat in front of Jonny, mirroring his pose, squinting in the reams of afternoon light.

Jonny is a street poet, sitting out in public places with his typewriter, waiting for people to come to him. He asks you about yourself, asks if you have a prompt, and types a small poem for you. I ask for two, one for me and one for my friend. In return for two prompts, I am given two small bits of paper, wet with ink. I gift one to my friend, keep mine, and realise later on the bus home that I've lost Jonny's poem to me. A few months later, I open the pages of a half-finished book and the poem flutters out, landing on my bed.

Since our encounter I have followed Jonny on Instagram, @jonnywriteswords, where he shares many of his street poems; I have also signed up for his Patreon, where subscribers receive monthly recorded 'audiobooks' of his poetry and a hand-written zine each month. 'Here is Where' is a poem shared on his Instagram, written for a Lucy on Bristol's harbourside, dated 31st of May 2024; I feel that the name of this poem encapsulates Jonny's whole project. Here is where; small street encounters, here, turned into material objects reflective of where a connection was exchanged, the poems themselves representing tactile and fleeting encounters between poet and stranger. The best thing about Jonny's project is that it is wholly unpretentious; it is poetry in amongst the world, a moment exchanged between two people, both simple and beautiful.

Nya Furber

Catherine Kelly, *How You Like to be Alive (Distance No Object, 2025)*

Catherine Kelly's witty debut pamphlet opens, in a three-part poem entitled 'Little Orphan Annie Decoding Society', with a kind of counter-slogan: 'Expulsion talks / Repulsion tells you | something'. Issuing from a fantasised act of defacement ('If I'm not careful I'm going to take one of those | Rebel Women picture books and spit'), soggy pages turn into 'wet lips', that ventriloquise the slick polite voice with which colonial rhetoric speaks through the products of mainstream feminism: 'there's infanticide and there's infanticide, you know'. Repulsion tells us this, but also something about the identity of the person feeling or showing it, and the same is true for the reader who shares this feeling: one's tastes, as we know, are likely to coincide with one's politics. In Kelly's hands, this truism of sociology is returned to its anthropological origins, through the types of binary opposition that structuralism taught us to see as the foundations of cultural meaning. As her speaker notes, in a moment of deadpan self-appraisal at the end of the poem's first part, 'I'm | learning like a caveman what is poison what is food'.

Across its fifteen poems, *How You Like to be Alive* appears interested in both the pleasures and the dangers of being known in this way. In 'Blackheath' a rich sense of intimacy is premised on one such scene of cataloguing and categorising:

in your nest of mended objects
some books are coded
red: fiona cooper's anglo-dyke americana under
boots of leather / the heart of the race / soft city
even joan anthologised who said that femmes go butch
in their old age

Here, a kind of blazon (the diagonaled lines seem to visualise the speaker at the bookshelf, appreciatively scanning the titles) is given a further twist through an implicit awareness of how this knowledge

might be perceived by a reader unfamiliar with ‘fiona cooper’s anglo-dyke americana’. Everything hinges on the difference between what ‘coded’ might mean within a shared sphere of private meaning and how this scene of intimacy might be viewed from the outside: as Kelly goes on to note, ‘privacy’s been such a fleeting thing’. The chapbook is full of lists and plays with how inventories of these kind turn all too easily into cultural coding; into a ready expression of what a particular person is like, and therefore, more reductively and more damagingly, as an idea of what a person *is*. The allure of the stereotype is on full display in the form of the contemporary phenomenon of ‘tradwives’, long-term residents of Uncanny Valley:

I’d be unnerved,
if I were a man, by the persistence of the Rich
Husband, by unzipped ballerina
farms and bridled incels, even
we’ve got charm and open mouths we’ve got
a thumb on the milk & the linen
the butter churn: the pirouette: the homebirth
reaching us through dry ice & blue ice.

(‘Out’)

This absurd assemblage brilliantly mimics the congeries that, in many aspects of life, online and off-, now comes to pass as an expression of personality. Kelly’s interest in and hilarious parody of these forms of performance place her work in a longstanding tradition of Marxist-Feminist poetics. Here, the seminal question of Denise Riley’s ‘A note on sex and the reclaiming of language’ (*Marxism for Infants*, 1977)—how ‘to write “she” and for that to be a statement | of fact only and not a strong image | of everything which is not-you’?—remains crucial. In the concluding lines of ‘PFI’, metaphorical invention—as opposed to an all-too-neat metonymy—serves as one way of figuring out a different kind of profile:

Someone always has a joke to tell from the passenger seat
and other things are like this too:
lightbulbs / golf balls / marbles—the engine dreams
it's Audrey Hepburn in *My Fair Lady* when she swallows
a marble and doesn't choke. The immortal English
language has a palm like a heel. The engine talks like
a cat and other things can do this too
and still be understood. The cat dreams
it's the car from *Grease*
making its final departure.

These lines may stand for the lived-in surrealism that marks
much of the collection, the self viewed against the backdrop of a
loose itinerary of semi-congruous objects, rather than *objective
correlatives*. It is probably better to think of people as more like jokes
than things, and this might in turn help us to think more about the
peculiar manner in which we relate to each other through the form of
lyric. Whether as subjects directly addressed, or merely overhearing,
we arrive through these poems at an odd sense of oblique affiliation
that may precede other forms of connection, or even community.
Or, as Kelly has it in the final lines of 'All Over', 'if | you're not my
comrade let's regret'.

William Burns

Ye Ling, South (No Imprint, 2022)

South is a beautifully yet simply presented 106-page pocket-format book of poems and short prose, with a beautiful yet simple cover image, which looks as if it might be score-marked card (though it is in fact a ceiling), by the author. Ye Ling (also known as Yě Yě) is a Gloucestershire-resident Chinese. She is the founder of Poetry Lab Shanghai (visit <https://www.poetrylabshanghai.com/>). *South* came into my hands at a book fair; receiving it was in itself worth being there. The book is bilingual, Chinese and English. I am in no position to know for sure but I have a feeling that Ye's English is probably not in every respect simply a straightforward "translation" of her Chinese but a rewriting (and in some cases vice versa). At least, certainly, Ye's English in her twin-poems is brilliant. I also have the curious feeling that I already know this book, that I have come across it before, but I don't know how that is possible.

Ye's sentences often resolve themselves in unexpected ways. If I were to be lazy I could say that surrealism is at work. But I won't be so facile, or lazy. As I have written about my own work "I have never written a surrealist poem in my life". And I don't believe Ye has either: "Then the light wakes, an / d shoots all hopes into still water." "May all harsh and / uncompromisable encounters / walk towards the beginning of an end / at an unprecedentedly fast pace."

Humanity is everywhere: "A tree is the only lifeform / that can capture memories in the war / between stillness and stars." As well as startling images:

. . .

The "intruders" scurry about like clouds of dust invigorated by tanks on a battlefield, reciting in full volume the sleep deprived by the storm from the evening before.

Like a chess piece assumed by contempt, she bounces up in the shape of a meticulous arc, from a rocking chair resembling an extremely relaxed moon. The bright yellow of pineapple patterns across her shirt, now silent as a midnight wall. The southerly wind moves on her face like a fine little dance.

. . .

“A fine little dance” indeed. “Light would get physical if people try to leave, unless the sound inundates the room.” And: “Colours supposed to attune to the rhythms, are now fleeing in all directions amid the sound swelling like a typhoon.” These last few quotes, although set like poems, are in fact prose . “. . . How I wish I were a breeze, that could hurl the stone in her utterance to the voyaging bird.” All I really need to say is I love this book.

Anthony Barnett

Alexander Dickow, *The Distance, and You In It* (BlazeVOX, 2022)

Alexander Dickow is an American professor of French literature. He has published poetry and fiction in both English and French. His translations include work by Max Jacob. He grew up in Moscow (no, not *that* one) in Idaho. Declaration: *Snow lit rev* printed extracts from pocket-format *The Distance, and You In It* and we are very glad we did.

I quote in full a back cover blurb by Norman Finkelstein because it summarizes (apart from the typo) the book better than I can: “What to make of *The Distance, and You In It*? Part creation myth, part rewrite of *A Midsummer’s [sic] Night’s Dream*, part riff on *Paradise Lost*, it is also a closet drama [i.e. one perhaps to read rather than perform], a satire, a mischievous set of verbal games balanced precariously between lyric and narrative. Dickow’s Hob is both Oberon and Puck, and reminds me of Harold Bloom’s mad reading of trickster Yahweh in the Hebrew Scriptures. His lovers are touching and adventurous. Awash in rhyme and scintillating word play, this book-length poem is a sheer delight—charming, always reminding us that charm is a magic spell.”

If the idea of rhyme seems off-putting, don’t be put off. Dickow’s rhymes, when he does it (for they are not everywhere), are natural, to the point: for an example, pretty much at random, here’s Hob in a sub-section entitled “Here we go round the mulberry bush”:

Nefarious intruder, be the garb
I ribbon down by gory tooth and maw!
To you I’ll sharply daunt with sudden claw
By dole out shreds, and kill by nimble barb
For crimes invading super private zones,
Upsetting and disturb the stomping grounds,
For falsely crossing into out-of-bounds,
I’ll ruthless eat and bite upon your bones!

The Distance, and You In It has introductory sections followed by “Jealousy”, “Estrangement”, another “Estrangement”, another “Jealousy”, all with sub-sections. In italic, again at random, some so-to-speak instructions, from the opening section “Hob’s Labor: A Cosmogony”:

This is a fillable dream.

You may inscribe more than one grimoire

(Such as A and B).

And more than one tragedy

In a meadow if necessary.

Inflict the disaster content

For each into the meadows.

All lightning and thunder for each grimoire

Must be included.

From the same section:

First off I lost my ever-loving knack,

The sleight and savvy of my sharpest guess;

Hints fluttered pointless off my puny back;

My shabby insights, paper-thin, undress

My brain and leave my notions blunt and bald.

And here’s Anah to Aviv from the final “Jealousy”:

I’d keep even your cartoon from harm.

This is no wretched ditto’s purple ink,

But a facsimile, faithless and bright!

Anthony Barnett

The Distance, and You In It is available in the UK as an Amazon POD

Unsettled shadows / The Aftershock Review, Issue 1, Spring 2025

Destruction is an old friend; the slow kindling that leads to the rebuild closer. It's an old story, smoothed by use: In September 2023 my brother died from his disabilities and derailed my life, like a thread turned loose to the tune of a stubbornly expected prophecy. A year passed on pause. No uni—I was meant to do a Master's—no work, and a growing list of diminishing returns. Then I returned, changed but the same, and like most people in their early 20s, choosing to live without really knowing how. I'm not sure I will ever be the same, but I prefer it that way.

Things can be born from destruction, and the learning to live from the need to survive. It's a familiar story, now, laced on billboards and tote-bags: Max Wallis survived a suicide attempt, was diagnosed with adult ADHD and complex PTSD, and chose not just to stay alive, but to thrive. The first issue of *the Aftershock Review* was the result, an unsafe but brave return to living, and something between lament and paean to that totemic, difficult word: survival.

It's a broad chorus: 120 pages of poetry from voices new and established, separated into fourteen sections thematic ('Queer Voices / Queer Disclaim'), experiential (bookended by 'Opening Tremors' / 'Exit Wounds') and elegiac ('Jackie Hagan—An Orbit of Love and Survival'). The poems, here, veer between love, loss and any other hackneyed dichotomies welded together by the commitment to remain and act in the world. It's an issue of replies: Adam Horovitz appears after a poem by his deceased father Michael, cold and furious at the inherited traumas of 'The Law, its straitjacket proof | against all crookedness' and its perverted perpetuations of 'pride and intolerance and genocide of nationhood', with a long poem reconciling the scattered traumas of genocide survival with the 'Unsung roundelay. Shortcut to laughter' of his father's final days. Misery is something I'm prone to stew in, but the shortcut to laughter is a sharp response in this collection to kneejerk blood and tears, where frogs, in Polly Atkin's 'Frog Song', become the totem of a repaired ethic: 'I want to believe in the undeniable |

brilliance of frogs [...] | I want to believe in trust.'

The peculiar restlessness of trauma, the “aftershock” that churns time into bodies, does haunt this collection. For what does “after” really mean? Jess Rahman-González’s searing narrative poem ‘Gatorland’ collapses the childhood memories of visiting a Florida waterpark into the final days of her sister’s life, bayed like an alligator after chicken into living until the inevitable moment ‘I forget everything | but her tiny fist, unfurling.’ Janused memories, Janused selves: what looks to the future is irrevocably laced with the lingering pastness of any “after”, like so many unrejected perspex shards embedded into the restless present.

But it would a thankless task to summarise so much of what, perhaps, is already known. With the meteoric rise and the publicity is the lavish funding: the £8,000 Kickstarter, a grant from Arts Council England for a year of activity, and now £15,000 from the T.S. Eliot Foundation. Perhaps this was never meant to be a fringe, ephemeral publication; Max Wallis is, after all, an established voice shortlisted for the Polari Prize already in receipt of an Arts Council England grant. But it could have been.

The *Review*’s tagline is simple: ‘Made from bed. Backed by community.’ The sickbed is a potent thing: a location that threatens an event-horizon of even miniscule things, jealous of its shackles, like ‘The Tupperware Box’ that seduces in Sophie Hall’s poem: ‘Let’s just say it. Life is too hard. | It’s too full of tasks and more stuff’.

By chance, my copy more than usual unspools into the bed: a random gathering of pages are misprinted, misaligned by inches. The words just slip into spine. The inner dark of the open page, spread effacing, gently erasing, the first words of lines of certain poems. That shadow speaks a similar language to the ink it rearranges, but anaphorised back into hardest part: the wordlessness before the utterance, the smile you press against bloodied teeth.

Over the first leaf is the short essay 'On Form and the Poetic Field' which celebrates 'the integrity of each poet's chosen form' by eschewing a 'rigid' kind of house style in favour of each poet's intricately raw, fragmented and personal technique (the editors, also, reserve each contributor's copyright, something the established Reviews could learn by). I'm left wondering something a little superfluous to requirements: is my copy's slip into shadow, this glitch in production and printing, another kind of (un)chosen form? Misprints are mortifying for anyone, but I want to exchange embarrassment for bravery. Poetry is, after all, a plunge into water lonely as ice as it reaches outwards, silent as the trust it takes to continue with the possibility of failure and sad communication. The misprints slink their way in and out of my copy at strange angles, almost letting me forget the linguistic rubble that collects in any attempt or that they are ever even there. They make my failure to listen crystalline. Puzzle away: or turn the page—a not-quite dichotomy I live my own (heartbroken) days by.

I don't know how many copies, other than mine, these misprints affect, but it serves as the shadow that lingers under glittering success. The *Aftershock* is well on its way to becoming an established, powerful force in contemporary poetry. My only hope is that it keeps with its traumatised principles as it continues to grow. Trauma is what sticks, what remains, what gets left behind. But the dance it plays in bringing past present, present past—and it is a dance, as playful and cruel as any child—is the shadow that guides, hurts, and makes nonsense out of dignity or purpose. But stubbornly fills moments with clarity, space, sometimes beauty. A little like this.

Jack Heath

Owen Brakspear, *eu-iii: Streets of Venus* (Slub Press, 2024)

Brakspear's *eu-3* continues the series' long sounding of *eu*. A declaration of pained, awkward intimacy, 'eu's off-kilter, painful twisting of 'you' indexes the broken conditions in which speech occurs. We move through an urban geography in permanent disrepair, overshadowed by a foreclosed future. Instances of social housing appear like relics, already inscribed and by future privatisation: "wisteria hangs over the remaining examples / of social housing." In many ways, Brakspeare operates in a romantic tradition, responding to violences of enclosure and capital accumulation registered by poets like John Clare. We see this imagery of romantic and pre-modern modes of accumulation auratically embedded in Brakspeare's urban environment: "wealth pooling in a field, a wealth sapping / a wealth---motionless pinions / of gold". To try and recuperate a space of community, Brakspeare's finds in 'eu', or the conditions of poetic address, a marker of an affective residue that exceeds and complicates the identitarian logic underlying commodity-exchange.

This logic finds expression in the poem's interest in excess, affect, and remainders, which work in ambivalent proximity to the surplus profit motivating capital. The remainder is both an index of violence, the torn fragment, but also because of this points to the grounds on which violence can be articulated and countered, against ideologies that make them unthinkable. "blossoming / into disrepair -- o spare the day." This line tentatively asks us to think "spare" as being forged through the elision of "s" and "pair" in "disrepair." The line ham-fistedly 'repairs' disrepair into "spare." We have the salvaging of a remainder within brokenness itself, such that the broken thing, the fragment, becomes itself a sign of resilience and possible resurrection. A fashioning of hope within "despair"'s half-voicing. It points to ways of interrelating and understanding outside of the identitarian modes of thinking undergirding commodity production, modes of thinking which refuse the oxymoronic "blossoming / into disrepair" as a logical possibility. Language's phonetic qualities speaks to a latent historicity, a

well-spring of contingency able to endure attempts to “fix” it. It speaks to a lateralised, non-identitarian logic able to traverse and undermine attempts to enclose or privatise aspects of social existence.

The remainder of *eu* motivates an “errant syntax,” one whose disjunctive movement indexes the broken social conditions that make it necessary. Hence, here more than elsewhere in this series *space* becomes one of Brakspeare’s concerns -- everywhere we find spaces owned, privatised, off-limits; and one of *eu*’s hopes is to invest in the valences of poetic address, a way-ward, trespassing commons where human community and freedom might become thinkable again. “Errant,” here touches errant’s more archaic sense of journeying, reflected in descriptions of trespassing, jumping fences and disused spaces: “it was a cement floor we built fires on, outside / a disused structure . . . outside / the downhill flats.” The double movement “outside” disorients distinctions between social and private space, and the line-break pointedly aligns this circumlocution to Brakspeare’s “errant syntax,” syntax whose traversing construal of sense obstructs binaried distinctions between private and public spheres. In its association with waywardness, the phrase reaches back to historical struggles against enclosure which---like the 1932 Kinder Mass---often take the form of mass trespassing. Against lyric poetry’s historic association with a unitary, private space of the individual, Brakspeare’s wide-ranging syntax invites us to see language as a commons, a social space where commodity logic can be resisted and political struggle can be fought.

Hector MacDonald

NOTICES

Books (Recent & Forthcoming)

Keston Sutherland, *Jokes* (The Last Books, November 2025)
Imogen Cassels, *Peach Machine* (The Last Books, November 2025)
John Wilkinson, *In Abeyance* (The Last Books, November 2025)
Andy Riley, *Brooklyn ave. Hymnal* (Pilot Press, Forthcoming)
Gill Houghton, *DAY BOOK* (Ma Bibliothèque, November 2025)
Joseph Minden, *Answerlands* (Carcenet, November 2025)
Bridget Penney, *Sonias Book* (Ma Bibliotheque, 2025)
Joe Luna, *No Life* (No Imprint, 2025)
Laurel Moore, *As Small as Dust* (Slub Press, 2025)
Peter Weiss [translated by Danny Hayward], *Convalescence* (Distance No Object, 2025)
Catherine Kelly, *How You Like to Be Alive* (Distance No Object, 2025)
Rob Kiely, *Psalms* (Distance No Object, 2025)
Dom Hale, *First Nettles* (The Last Books, 2025)
Georgina Starr, *The Discreet Dash* (Joan Publishing, 2025)
Nell Osborne, *Ghost Driver* (Moist Books, 2025)
Charlotte Northall, *Practicing Dying* (Pilot Press, 2025)
Fintan Calpin, *Terminal City* (Veer2, 2025)
Harry Brooks-Kent, *Sick Notes* (Veer2, 2025)

Journals / Magazines / Reviews

Snow Lit Rev 15-16 (eds. Anthony Barnett, Ian Brinton)
abar.net

Open Type Magazine (ed. Laurel Moore)
www.nothingmuchpress.wordpress.com

Placeholder Poetry Press
@placeholderbrighton

Ludd Gang 28 (eds. Dom Hale, Alex Marsh, Sam Weselowski, Tom Crompton)
poetshardshipfunduk.com

OffKilter Journal

Offkilter Journal of Queer Arts and Politics is a new publication showcasing art and writing which explores the political potential of queer creative production. We are about to open submissions for our first issue, themed around Queer Beginnings. Head over to offkilter-journal.org or follow us on Instagram @offkilter. artsjournal to stay updated!

EVENTS & READING GROUPS

Small Publishers Fair, London

Conway Hall, 24th & 25th October

Housmans Poetry Series

Double Launch: Imogen Cassels & Fintan Calpin

Housmans, N1, London, October 23rd, 7pm

Veer2 Launch: Harry Brooks-Kent, Fintan Calpin, Iris Colomb, Laurel Moore

Cock Tavern, 23 Phoenix Rd, London, 30th October, 7.00pm

Stav Poleg & Joe Minden, Carcanet Book Launch, Cambridge

Heffers Bookshop, Cambridge, October 28th, 6pm

Hard Work

Downstairs at Ryans N16, London, November 2nd, 2.30pm

Performance Revue

Torriano Meeting House, London, November 14th, 7.30pm

Placeholder Poetry, Brighton.

Bi-monthly poetry reading, upstairs at the Hope & Ruin

@placeholderbrighton

- 17th November, 7.30pm : Danny Hayward, Wendy Lotterman, Redmond Kerr

Hollingdean Wednesdays, Brighton.

Fortnightly free workshops at the Hollingdean Community Centre. Specialising in poetry (but open to all writing experiments) it is a relaxed and friendly space for reading and writing things together.

2:00 to 4:00 pm, Hollingdean Community Centre.

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