

Hegemonick

Also by Andrew Jordan:

St Catherine's Buried Chapel (Taxus, 1987)

The Mute Bride (Stride, 1998)

Ha Ha (Shearsman, 2007)

Josian in Ermonie (bending oeuvre, 2009)

Bonehead's Utopia (Smokestack, 2011)

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Hegemonick

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Some parts of this book have previously appeared, or will appear, in *Blart, Great Works, the text*

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Designed by Andrew Jordan.

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Part One: The Sonnet Past

The Bull Artefact

[*artefact inscription*]

A worm of many features

A colossus of tiny worms

[All eyes and mouths]

Collision of myth and genetic

marvels • Beast of many heads

Colossal thighs • Huge buttocks

This invisible majesty

she sings sweetly • this head

that emerges from a hole

in the ground • it sings

Hands everywhere • Nightie

pulled up • Heraldic autopsy

Surgical exhibition • I saw

the calm exterior • Tradition

Fields • Trees • A path where

the worm wriggled back into

her mouth • Eyes of forearm

Eyes of the palm • The closed eye

of the nipple she reveals • Eye

of tongue • Inside the beast

“all gothed up” • a host synapse

Cortex technicality • Neural
networks • ions • In the mirror
there are scales—tiny wings
and [all over her body] these
blank despairing eyes.

The Paulsgrove Experiment

A mast or tower inside an enclosure.
This is what it was like then, I said
“It looks like an idol, the head of a bull.”
A test rig, canvas draped on scaffolding,
about it many obsolete fortifications,
buttress and bastion, a bulwark built for the
defence of the past. I had it in my mind
to walk up to the tower, to look down
into the gardens, to see the houses below,
the shops and flats a colossus bends to inspect.
Paedophile thoughts were beamed into the estate.
Relax she said your limbs relax and breathe.
Allurements, coercive rewards, false claims;
of course some fell for it. I had a strong desire
to confess, to clear myself from all my harms.
And then it went and identified clusters and
who was in them; from ordinary homes
it told me they monitored nodes in the network.
It wasn't just us spreading rumours. It said
to me by means of mathematical modelling
where new labyrinths were formed they saw it
and where old tunnels opened up they knew.
From up there they looked down on us
and we enacted it. *Echolalia*. I had this thing
about an ancient moon goddess for days,
she called my name, said *let your mind
roam free*. Go through the science to the bull in
the maze, *Qinetiq*. Remember how, in the past,
we had furtive or private lives, the things
we cared about and then lost hold of.

Obsolete fortifications. Their ramparts embody the way collective or national power has become a re-enactment of itself within an illusion called 'transparency'. Powers dispersed through sentiments, our sense of the past. Pain and remission from pain underpins our interest in heritage.

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This where there is nothing to see. The turf is eerily smooth—
or in the distance rucked and bumped
where the remains of structures poke through.

Pasture of muniments. It monitors their phones.

The private person is compared with the personas

they present, their observable behaviour. Strident

or furtive, they are known. Outer compliance and

inner withholding of compliance: this is the fracture

the State must fill, into which it already extends.

Qinetiq and Dstl (Defence Science and Technology Laboratory) were created in 2001 when the government divided the original cult into two colleges. Dstl is the publicly owned research organisation. Qinetiq is the privatised 'shop window'.

Qinetiq works to a "global customer base" and offers "technology rich services and solutions". Enclosures used by the cult are mostly not marked on Ordnance Survey maps. The most famous centre of cult operations is Porton Down in Wiltshire.

There is a long history of weapons research on Portsmouth Hill. It is a tradition continued to this day in compounds first enclosed during the Neolithic period. Many new or experimental weapons are based on prehistoric originals unearthed, it is said, from the very barrows upon which today's research facilities are located. What was once considered 'magical' is now merely 'state of the art'.

The prototype 'Bull Artefact' was raised from just such a site.

Hypnophrenia

A poem was transmitted into my head
or my poem was broadcast over the landscape. †

I walked into The Churchillian
and everyone stopped talking
and the girl behind the bar said, “Oh you’re here—
we’ve been expecting you . . .”

The whole place was lit up
by light off the sea, the horizon was
silvered. I sat by a window
and endured the glare. I felt like a component
on a circuit board, a transistor.

As directed, I took out my notebook
and began to write—I channelled
involuntary imagery, invasive thoughts
called ‘inspirations’.

She interrupted me: “. . . of course
you should be pleased,” she said,
“you have broken through a block
and these affects are natural, a part
of the healing process. That’s why you came.”

*I was crawling along a tunnel that linked one complex
of fears to another deep in my neurosis. I did not know
this part of my body—this tunnel that will go on forever
with no opening out into the chamber . . .*

† The poem referred to is The Sonnet Past.

“You see,” she said, “how you are exploring neural pathways, precious veins, energy lines . . .”

She said we must LIBERATE THE SACRED GROVE
to cure the phobias I had known
as a part of my self since I had lived
on Portsdown Hill, over an emptiness—
the chambers of the heart, the miles of tunnels
that make up the body— where
I had walked too close to the fences at night,
becoming drawn by shooting stars and strange
pulses of light over the research establishments.

Helicopter movements, there were objects
in the night sky to ensure a new dawn.

My hypnotherapist was Dstl trained.
I think she told me this and then told me to forget.
She set the conditions
under which I recollect her, or parts of her.

She had worked for them. Through a process of healing
she concealed her own thoughts inside my body,
left me to wander through her neuroses in my dreams,
feel how they connected to mine, forming centres
of consciousness deep below the hill that I must find.

She tuned me to the frequencies, placed codes
of her own within my flesh, made the muniments
work differently, as if they were a part of me—
she used my numb dissociation to embody
experimental technologies, pleasures
and rewards and meanings to strengthen me . . .

And when I realised and tried to contact her
she didn't answer her phone
and her listing had vanished
from the Hypnotherapy UK web site.
They said they'd never heard of her.

She made my being subsidiary to hers—she became
my meaning—stored her self in my own for safe keeping;
she left the map inside my body, so that I know my heart
is a location inside Portsdown Hill;
she betrayed her employers, used me as her mule,
and then she disappeared. Recalled to head office,
she is filed in deep calcareous fissures. *She is gone.*

There were suggestions.

A sound like shouting through the wall.

I could not sleep.

The lines I followed led me to Portsdown Hill,
past the house where I had lived as a teenager,
the location of despair, and up into the dazzling light,
that extraordinary view, where the insights began.

The Sonnet Past

There was a raised causeway: *an atmosphere, a depth.*¹
This might have been a Roman road. Present time
came through the outer world of antiquity, *a steep hill angled
on a coomb* an unavoidable utopia.

Our point of view
is manufactured in
the odd perspective
of these days.²

In the distance the city dump beside the motorway
where the past is contained in a crucible of earth.
Unclean narrative. We watch from timelessness,
preservation, stillness. We can see Public Art—
those ludicrous sails between the carriageway and dump,
which might have been placed to entrap the energy
spill of cars, their endless murmuring.³
Heritage is a form of amnesia.⁴ After the Reformation
there's nothing to remember. With heritage, objects
do it for you, the past is just the bit you consume.

There was a storm
of Time in the night.
A vast black spiral
lifted rooves, erasing

things, it uprooted
trees in the park.
Decades tore through
the woods, nulled futures

from the otherworld,
or its absence,
removing whole tracts
of memory, leaving

blank views through
the new cognition
(evoke)
and Psyche Woods

¹ Cancer of power—the line of tension
a swelling in the earth; tubercle, embossment,
a stud platform from under which to measure
and survey the machine called Time
they had discovered and explored. A cameo
on the printed page, a clock made of money.

² This prominence to show the ages of man
and woman as a flatness—horizontal planes
of non-history under the Romance—stunning
finds of giant bones beneath them, the
lizard spread—like a drawing on the chalk—

³ once worshipped; a tableaux of beasts
and this her teat *Apollyon* over
a pattern of ribs. Simultaneity & the vortex. Titania
leading an incubus into the distance—a blur
or dazzle into which you cannot see.

⁴ (*Ex patria, ex sonnet*; Portsea Island was always a world apart.
An ancient funerary grove, the place of British Pyramids
and life everlasting (see *Tricorn, Hilsa Triangle*, etc.). Here the
princes were raised to have no sense of direction. They sailed
to all points at once. From this absence of perspective
the mainland is the otherworld or the Land of the Dead
and so it remains—Cosham is the portal and you go up hill
into her body via Purbrook, there are buses or you can walk.)