

SWANSEA
AUTOMATIC

§

a creative writing manual

#

rhys trimble

*

Rejectamenta

Clinker, ashes, leaves and branches mostly:
and batteries, bolts, oyster shells and cables,
rainpipe, a pair of scissors, a zip fastener,
grinding wheels, a marble washstand top,
springs, fuse insulators, a metal drug
phial, some rubber hose, odd socks, a pair
of army boots laced together, a rusted
toy train, umbrella stays, and inner tubes;
a gas-mask filter, car parts, a soapdish,
torn coalsacks, slate, part of a tiled
surround, a teapot, switches and contacts,
a woman's shoe, the twisted spring of a
lever-arch file, film spools, a spatula,
and tins; for polish, cigarettes, sardines,
milk, talc, oil - these alone recognisable
by their shapes, the myriad other types
rusted into nonentity, the edge
corroding last of all; who was it said
the path of civilisation is paved with tins?

BS JOHNSON

ORANGE SECTION

“I had never heard that bell strike before”

—the clocktower, Bangor, Gwynedd

How to start something? with my own handwriting—a wooden pen—gone for the cheaper book—not the moleskine—the two pound one [not weight] with 5 sections—orange, pink, yellow, green, blue—with a struck bell, with a departure.

This is a practical creative writing manual—I will take all the advice I’m given—I advise myself to choose a springbound book—to be free, to use my own handwriting, to use a wooden pen.

“we live here now” —I say, the coffee shop, puds laughs.

“a bulky book I should fill up with stuff?”

some characters—me, Sveinn, Beatrice (say) & Annwn.

“SHALL I GO DO MY SHOPPING?!”

“do you want this kind of one—coconut?”

“OKOK Ie”

“to the tobacco shop to get cherry flavour.”

interruptions

Sveinn ‘cause of Sveinn-Sea—a destination—possible etymology of Swansea, Viking.

Me—Rhys because I could never not write in the first person—
never he did, she said—though through following advice I may
try that technique.

some advice of the l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e poets—familiar faces—
so many welsh physiognotypes welsh bands I have seen,
played on the same bill as—something like:—cut up or ‘treat’ a
great writers work—no text available for me to predate upon.

“Be tisho?”

Terribly vulgar to write anything new always predating on input
text, always assimilating.

Orange section Buddhist section, divine colour.

“ Here’s Daddy”

“Joel’s eaten all his *inaudible”

“eatitupleeze”

In automatic writing you must (if you get stuck return to a pre-
agreed colour (not colour, letter—but why not colour? —the
colour orange (disappearing up a novelistic arse))

“I’d like to try it.”

“That should be ample”

“What the fuck”

“Feels so strange Walrus”

“That you’re going?”

“going without you”

That’s Puds—she’s off to Minorca with her mum. Walrus is also me—Rhys...grinding to a halt here—orange—orange—orange—marigold—marigold—marigold.

list.

Must put batteries in Dictaphone—for when I’m walking—to transcribe later (can’t walk dog and write)

Print out advice from l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e poets [online]

Photocopy that archetypaly shit creative writing book in library (abandoned idea)

“Yellow one”

Start: orange be free, orange be free—try not to crave success as novelists do— not like the pure obscurity of poetry—break with reality—stop, this is Bangor children.

“lokahrmime”

(is that a cliché) —the going to somewhere.

“this woman thought it was her daughter— ‘Branwen,’
‘Bronwen’

pendown—orange.

“where’s my Żabka puds?”

Żabka= polish = frog = ŻABKA is the Polish equivalent of
SPAR which I was obsessed with in Poland—this is fun kind of
epistolary—very cheap—chocolates—and those straight
salted pretzels—my obsession with cheap food snacks—with
sensation—sensate—adjectival that squeaking novelistic style (a
woman looks disappointedly at the child) sun shines orange

“you know when you go to work—when you’re a grown-up”

“mission accomplished”

says PUDS

“ I like scuzzy things” I say

—paper falls on the floor

—orange

pink prompt, no orange

HEADINGS

1st feather found—gull

[not recording, Nancy leaves on the train]

Library 808.02 (Dewy)

mood=more on-edge (no company) animal-like.

“The quality of mercy is not strain’d—it dropeth as gentle rain
from heaven upon the place by Neath” —comedy mis-
quotation by Twm Morys.

Nancy had left—watch the structure of her routine degrade—
degrade signal—back to bachelor.

I stop to photocopy a map with a superimposition of the Kiev
underground on it for a poetic project of extreme absurdity (like
life)

l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e poets say—their symbol shall be § ok? —

“Pick any word at random (noun is easy) : let your mind play
freely around it until a few ideas have passed through. Then
SEIZE ON THEM, look at them, & record. Try this with a
non-connotive work, like “so” etc.

erm orange— no too obvious, “at” rhyme is easy & first
thought cat, hat, that, at-at “all terrain armoured transport” star-

wars &c too much pressure in the library—an atmosphere of observance—try again later. [I think I forget to though]

orange, the number 2, nausea, no-PUDS—not supposed to be a character in this—improve your handwriting.

go home—look after Annwn (obligations
dog=son=underworld)

“ I looked up from the bottom of a dark well at the round patch of exposed blue sky above” Pauline Swatridge the dandelion mind, a name:Pauline—menai bridge jump commas—I spend approximately hours on my painting below & this means I was able to tend to the details—Pauline Swatridge was trilingual “well written death-but—a far distance form me. dot BS Johnson his friends angau—dementors in not a real word. Tormentors? cut tree “distant at start—the maturing of the brain to adulthood—the magical being of childhood popularised dies sometimes). feel the decay of my confidence to ask for a “define normal” badge, black, default to ultrapolite, prototocol, parking permit, sanctioned / fear double page spread out spectrum—I leave my gulfeather for Pauline and ask “Sad why do we let down the mentally ill and mentally beautiful?”

(RECORDING, RECORDING)

I’m childless (unsanctioned)

“I was hit with a vision of a Labrador retriever”

*

fear of mis-use. now I know what star is for (bright) (star)
(keats)

*=not recording

*=not writing

* * *

=sexual encounter

(tastefully elided)

* * *

* * *

* * *

only joking (I must improve handwriting)

sprung personality (perceived popular everyman-like, sufficient
for 'public consumption'.

back to exercises—think of a word (on bus home now) (rain
begins) (north wales town)—the word orange. commercial
obviously the company. the fruit (this is not what the

l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e poets are getting at. duck)) orange. (never had it—I'm from Neath)((write BS Johnson limerick here

[not autobiographical])) synaesthesia, orangiform, orriflamme—neither peace nor tumult—in this case the colour of beginning (bus skids (problematic driver —50s but new-ish tribal tattoos)

form a thought pattern—get your dog ‘underworld’ Beatrice “Annwn” “Curly” [metallic sound] [square brackets now] metallic orange (aquaplaning) Rachub etymology: - The Saviour; the save; RRR—‘record’ ideas—how? plainly or with aesthetic—wooden pen-slip-landy with animal trailer (empty) {like the one that nearly struck me down on my birthday} {curly brackets now?} EDITORIAL NOTE IS THERE A FOURTH KIND OF BRACKET? THREE TYPES OF PARENTHESIS, patrii filii et **spiritus** sanctii—ascent

NO PUDS – NO BEATRICE

Bee – at- Riche-chay [it]

annotate the decay of my charm.

*

take a dump [EDITORIAL NOTE* THAT LEOPOLD BLOOM MOMENT] use the toilet paper stolen from a portaloos at the train station—Annwn tears apart his image [a furry dog toy 12” height, red bow, andrex] better paper than I’m used to. Justification—work on station prevented going in the usual facilities—a few seconds discomfort.

† write-in limerick. †=dagger.

There was a young fellow from Leith (Neath)

Who circumcised men with his teeth

He didn't do it for money

Nor to try to be funny

But for the cheese that he found underneath


[BS changed it from Neath to Leith {malign the scots not the welsh} to improve scansion 'double neath' [note how I spontaneously change to caps and the beginning of lines; inculcated formality of the limerick]]

the nose has snapped neatly-off andrex


*

'the unfortunates' has arrived by post—here I “record” the symbols (ludically, we assume to suggest a way of devising a ‘good’ reading order) [EDITORIAL NOTE EACH CHAPTER IS A SYMBOL AND ARE UNBOUND STANDING ALONE, AVAILABLE FOR SHUFFLING] . – balled star . – target or atom . – [EDITORIAL NOTE DUE TO TYPOGRAPHIC DIFFICULTY ALL SYMBOLS WILL BE REPRESENTED BY .] . – flower . discrete petalled flower . shaded cluster {implied tarot-like quality—sortes bibliothecum




&c—reading your own fortune from dipping randomly into the bible or the Iliad &c] .- six pointed asterisk or starlet from

Garamond like font? (*) . – daisy . – dead five point flower 



- [OH ALL RIGHT] crossed flower [floriante theme developing]

 optical effect symbol [curly bracket=dog makes awful noise


trying to de-occulate stuffed animal}  - encapsulated flower

/ star  - dead dandelion (head)  - star in border  -


snowflake – a hexerfurkation followed by six trifurcations  -

shaded (dying) hexerisk  - bordered sun = happy  -

molecule e.g. methane  - bordered, encapsulated dead flower

(autistic)  - flower (seed) & cross running out of ideas LAST

*

conclusion = there must be a conclusion (through Bryan) =
there are a finite number of flower-like symbols. Oh and the
football  .

EDITORS NOTE – I REALISE I'M NOT CHOOSING
BETWEEN BEING GROOVY AND small case AND
PROPER CAPITALISATION, EVEN NOW I CAN'T decide.

*

|| in stars – yes pipe – double pipe – ||

	the fourth in the unholy trinity	
	borrowed from computing	
	went to a house got talked at	
	became lonely, thought & forgot	
	profound thoughts	

metropolitan consumption of fiction—exchequer of
continuance – don’t look back —m—old take tea & continue—
writing: a martial life, supermoulded clause upon clause – spring
on spring—saw my birthday in an old book + tea break + lower
standards of cleanliness - alone—

found my dictaphone—old tape variety here’s what is on tape 1:

“ who injected tetanus toxin into synaptic terminals [...] increased ... toxins ... presents exocytosis of docking ... yeah... eight events in a cycle that leads to ... NSF.. binds to the complex ATPase activity allowing exocytosis to occur...”
[accent welsh, tone bored]

tape 2

“ talk about the actual work itself —what are you most proud of- resonances INSIDEOUS what is extant – 25 years worth, divided into seven parts – in the earlier part of my career I had

publishers that came along at the right time – magic door is 25
years + worth in it – its quieter work - since the book of heat –
ways & byways —hanging out—summers pad out—
disappearing ecologic phenomena—GOSHAWK”

—an old poet I know—embarrassing I should ask him what his
favourite was—years of Saturday morning TV-style interviews
softening my edge—and he so serious Gwain Tunstall having
lived in isolation, feral almost- feral faced – completely husk-like
devoid of frivolity of humour- devoted monastic to his calling –
a quiet poet – who like so many amassed so much from just a
few ideas—loneliness did not improve his work, it suffused into
it—implicit in his line-breaks and fury.

revised character list

Dr Roy, Mr Sausage, Pauline, Cornelius Pugh, unnamed dog not
worth 50 kopecks

Mr Sausage says “ Systematically eliminate the use of certain
kinds of words of phrases from a piece of writing, either your
own or someone else’s. For example eliminate all
, or all ~~words~~ beginning with ‘s’ from
Shakespeare’s sonnets

OK—

replace Will for Dave

If thy soul check thee that I come so near
Swear to they blind soul that I was thy Dave
And Dave, they soul knows, is admitted here;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet fulfil

[EDITOR'S NOTE THIS IS PROSE]

'Dave' dave fulfil the treasure of they love / Ay, fill it full with
daves and my dave one / In things of great receipt with ease we
prove / Among a number one is reckoned none / 'Then in the
number let me pass untold/ 'Though in thy store's account I one
must be / For nothing hold me, a something sweet to thee
/Make but my name thy love and love that still / And then
though lov'st me for my name is Dave.

HMS EXPERIMENT

“yellow fever ... start to go wrong ... ships company very
sickly... discipline starts to break down

journey list

medicine	Annwn
blanket	
change of clothes	dog food
blender	toy (tesco
stuffed dog likeness)	
book	

a curly mass my dog, part jack, part west, winged. black skin
beige fur—a tope torpedo. eyes kohl around-searching,
intelligent—rattlesnake tailed—experimental temperament—I
borrowed his instincts to genius through woods—compose
tracks through—

my dogs [atopic eczema] became a way of measuring time 10mg
9 —that’s why I needed a blender to consume my raw-veg
babyfood 3mg² towards betterment—illusion of building of
projection – though we degrade—space signal—fourier
transform of the big bang

in these syllables I weigh on emotion

“I mean, did we ever say “boyo?”

“blast you & blast old ross”

“don’t stand about like a pregnant camel, stand to attention”

*

old utterances. now though night—an altogether different
configuration [mood:paranoiac unquiet] dark now I will tell you
of my dreams—I will advise you of my plans –

I dare tell you

I dare tell you how to write as a star writes

gaseous

gigantic

*

& now a journey [WHETHER TO USE AND OR & TO BE
FORMAL OR NOT TOWARDS NEW AMERICAN
POETRIES] what colour is a journey—? is this one orange?
what number is this journey: innumerable or the number 2, T2.
Bridge 2, an open track, a stasis of here – ‘normal time’ – a
suspension of primary life—a holiday—a necessity of aloneness
to search for company.

dog walked. hunched homeless. less is more—the bus will be a
yellow bus—yellow a prefiguration, a foreshadowing

everyone vaping not smoking. clear September morning—a
desire not to be in transition—to buy some objects to comfort
the self. look for the yellow—a sepsis, a sunshine. coffee.

the language poets say—

“re-write someone else’s work, maybe someone formidable”

or re draft another’s text

-c’est formidable”

to get a source text I will have to go through my bag—not
easy—logistics—only a series of simple gestures—but
embarrassment—the inability to relax in public—too many
different triangulations, environments—acting up my limbic
system—a rodentine twitch. but I must do it. must stop
“writing”

I retrieve *See the Old Lady Decently* BS his last, posthumously
published, post-humanely published. formidable enough? —I
respect him—so that’s enough—a book writ as a man declines
to suicide, already weary—doubt filled—ambition or
momentum driving him on while other sections of his self
wanted to stop.

like myself I would think, or anyone—a suicide I knew know &
the scratches in the dirt they leave behind—a bravery that’s the

difference—I would guess—the slow terrible accumulations of consciousness.

BS:

“How little I have to go on! How difficult it is to go on!

What little I have is this. Her first job, Emily, was in service to a doctor who lived in the Square ... already I do believe I have to explain that ‘in service’ means ‘as servant to’ ... who lived in a square in Westminster, Chester Square. I am tempted to alter his trade immediately, make it that he was not a doctor, elevate him to the peerage, write a socially conscious, viciously satiric account of my mother’s tasks at the beck and call of Lord and Lady Mucc, for example, there I go

But no”

{this was section heading designate “W”}

Here is the tension of the work—the opposing forces between fiction & truth telling (as Bry-o sees it)

and how difficult it is for ME to go on —yes— “How difficult it is to go on” —Bryan’s suicide note—at “dissatisfaction” of his

career. I should be as lucky as to discard such a career—well known throughout Britain—the ‘fiery elephant’ I answer a text message “Yes we can discuss such cheery subjects later – at length” in response to ‘ how slow life turns to death’—my destination: Mr Chris or Sven or.

Anyhow. all that is left is this. Her first job. Mother’s was a maid [no experience of such subjects][belonging to the generation after Johnson’s’ or the one after that? such things exist in the sphere of fiction to me—things English people know (too) — &so BS is tempted to fictionalise here – for whose benefit? his own? the imagined reader? My mother, a char lady for the aristocracy—now something of a fiction herself—working her way up to laundress (as my grandmother was in Birmingham) here it is irresistible not to insert your own biographical detail—this thing BS’ & MINE—the “truth” why shouldn’t we unburden ourselves of it—fall down to the lower energy levels—fakery requires energy to maintain

journeying on – much less fun without Pauline (PUDS) but the sun is pleasing—warmth & ease. is that the guy who went mental the other day – no surely not this person is reading—that guy was not the type. looks not dissimilar though—some small similarity with my now dead grandfather.

I forgot to say this is day 2. day 2, the ordinal 2—I must try for a section-a-day pink next. synaesthesia—blancmange

*

(a snooze)

awake—now Nancy is in Spain— I haven't even left the north
yet. no proper sleep only stupor

“Cannarve a sin-gul to Doll?”

else-here PUDS does continental things) [conditioned things]
what signals this continental quality? —a different tone of light?

I search for advice I get:

§ “systematically derange the language, for example write a work
consisting only of prepositional phrases, or, add a gerundive to
every line of an existing piece of prose or poetry etc”

I must find out what this means! & carry it out to the letter!
derangement—the dissolution of syntax? like poetry does—
when poetry is a disruptor like mine is.

*

orange the colour f apprehension of prefiguration [i say it is]

advice from self [hashtag=writing advice from self]

Derange poetry write poetry as prose—this piece is written in Swansea—the last time I visited Sven. [Mood=unready]

[EDITOR'S NOTE—THIS IS FROM THE OTHER POETRY—STANDARD ISSUE POETRY POLICEBOOK STYLE]

munjab¹ alight tamper cofio² mew³ cawell⁴ come crotchless
corduroy dole [Dr Roy] dote CRYF⁵ + GWAN⁶ steroid
distorted poundland⁷ form dog theories sand ciaidd⁸
Pensaerniaeth⁹ annular¹⁰ archisculpture¹¹ abandon seamark
zeta¹² Adfail¹³ dirgelwch¹⁴ Cymru¹⁵ Net.n.
ANINTERLLIGIBLE¹⁶ snare lobster mercy release Dŵr,¹⁷
Hexane¹⁸ release rhwyd¹⁹ unmazed²⁰ ecliptic²¹ yr²² oll²³ trosiad²⁴

¹ Munjab=Nancy's word for money

² remember

³ in

⁴ a cage

⁵ STRONG

⁶ WEAK

⁷ archetypal Swansea shop

⁸ dog-like

⁹ Architect

¹⁰ ring-like [Eng]

¹¹ made-up word, sculptural architecture

¹² Greek letter

¹³ ruin

¹⁴ mystery

¹⁵ Wales

¹⁶ INSCRIPTION NEAR TOWER ECLIPTIC, SWANSEA

¹⁷ water

¹⁸ C₆H₈

¹⁹ net

²⁰ made-up word

of araf²⁵ hil²⁶ y²⁷ dwyrain²⁸ cyfiawnhair²⁹ killmilk³⁰ primal
starslime,³¹ twll³² cyfalaf³³ diffyg³⁴ leave lloereliptic³⁵ fy³⁶ fi³⁷
gwedy³⁸ plenitude³⁹ decay both escoratory science, regeneration
{this work in now ‘plurilingual’⁴⁰}

trio⁴¹ dod⁴² a⁴³ diwilliant⁴⁴

²¹ tower, astronomical term

²² the

²³ all

²⁴ translation

²⁵ slow

²⁶ race

²⁷ of

²⁸ the east

²⁹ justifies

³⁰ made-up word

³¹ made-up word

³² hole

³³ capital

³⁴ lack

³⁵ portmanteau of lloer+elliptic

³⁶ my

³⁷ me

³⁸ and then (archaic)

³⁹ fullness

⁴⁰ a text of more than one language

⁴¹ trying

⁴² to bring / come

⁴³ with

⁴⁴ culture

“Stand clear of the station gates plz sand eer of a starry mates
peeze...”

Side piston deep Cadwyn⁴⁵ Kedryn⁴⁶ 1854⁴⁷

“It’s not a trip to Swansea unless I get to nonce-up Dylan
Thomas’s Brass countenance”⁴⁸

Helwick⁴⁹ Opening

“he walks like a chef, or a waiter or a plongeur”

“OWW! TYRONE U STAY’D AT MINE 4 6,7 MONTHS!!!”

Syntactic candy⁵⁰ hadrons⁵¹ & hadrosaurs⁵² F38 ARETHUSA⁵³

Swansea is Bonnie⁵⁴ Swanzee iz boney. Em Tessarize Tiler kill
your heroine—black fire or carbon monoxide. Sun’s guts

⁴⁵ chain

⁴⁶ Island of Britain

⁴⁷ date of

⁴⁸ quotation (me)

⁴⁹ Ship’s name

⁵⁰ as before

⁵¹ subatomic particle

⁵² dinosaur

⁵³ boat name

⁵⁴ Bonnier Tyler Swansea songstress

bolahaul⁵⁵. Texel rams solve manufacturers occasional furniture
barnrestored

Internet Says: “Gerunds without exception end in ing”

e.g. fucking

e.g. twinkling

also

“A prepositional phrase is a modifying phrase consisting of a
preposition & its object”

preposition

noun e.g.

below

ground

so now follow §’s advice—

[EDITOR’S NOTE—USING SHAKESPEARE’S XLV]

XLV

The other two slight purging fire sighting are both with thee
wherever I abide silting the first my thought , the other my
desire, feeling there present-absent with swift motion slide,
searing for when these quicker elements are gone, succinctly in
tender embassy of love to thee, calling my life, being made of
four with two alone, falling sinks down to death, oppress’d with
melancholy fucking until life’s composition be recurred
twinkling by those swift messengers return’d from thee sighing
who even but now come back again assured smiling of thy fair
health, recounting it to me fighting this told, I joy; but then no

⁵⁵ stomach, sun portmanteau (Wel)

longer glad eating I send them back again and straight grow sad
singing.

*

Yevtushenko Treatment

On my way through Aberystwyth I buy a book of Yevtushenko
poems (reducing the price a stub of a pencil with an eraser n the
end—the cover depicts a silhouette of gorse-flower in Orange—
Zima Junction [THE COLOUR AND THE PRICKLES]
Llandudno Junction, Swansea: graveyard of ambition is critical
as we get older we decay improve in one way, fall ill in others—
looking at myself backwards in a mirror not pines but oaks and
gorse of my childhood Zhitomir province spider's webs cut—
nedd fechan – not bussing, not training

1919 rifling squirrel star junctions frenziedly Neath deeply in
love with 19 schoolmistress hydra heads except hell bluster

into the sea

A484

bourgeoisie

Penarth hosannas dreams of Zhitomir province hide & seek
Cossack top-knot revolutionary racing lines T2 bus incalculable

hitcher not far from Moscow forgetting green rods black acres
yellow hives hayricks darkened by sunrain.

harmonious answers—red rover ticket £6.80 disturbed by which
I started on this journey. Into the un-native forest.

AberAeron I stepped happily, uneasiness out—ranging the towns
unfamiliarily—de-territorialisations— wooden legs hurrying

“He’s here! ‘Zhenka’”

Cossack song, Moscow vodka’s grey-blue onion shoots Uncle
Volodya—

“My bed was in the hay-loft as I wanted”

Mouth-organ playing in Llanbedr—But didn’t I know Sinyavsky
personally? bodily sanity—tree trunks—Plwmp & the
Komsomol—twin mouth for smooth nationalization only
texture of dark Camarthen – blood heated song. And I envious
and credulous a single cow went wandering after the rest—
strawberries in the deep woods—slow citizens—the calculation
of remembered factors.

•

*

*

the Buddhist monk says

“monk not punk”

[LOCATION:SWANSEA MARKET ENTRANCE]

the tall boy [pejor] has a wound in the same place as me, along the mandible towards the chin. he says—

“Orange is a colour that symbolizes celibacy—its saffron, an unattractive colour—unattractant—to show that monks set themselves outside [ILLEGIBLE HERE LOOKS LIKE PREOITPOLFIOL] development [I CAN’T COMPLETELY BE IN THE STATE OF MIND I WAS THEN OR COMPREHEND IT] marriage or desires—oranges spices—the same colour as bin-men of my chivvy-raincoat

His Divine Grace A.C. Bhaktivandala Swami Prabhapada says—

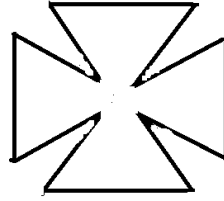
“Kali-yuga continues for 432,000 years, of which only 5,000 years have passed. Thus there is still a balance of 427,000 years to come. Of these 427,000 years, the 10,000 years of the sankirtana movement* inaugurated by Srī Caitanya Mahaprabhu 500 years ago provide the opportunity for the fallen souls of kali-yuga to take to the krsna consciousness movement, chat the Hare Krsna maha-mantra and thus be delivered from the

clutches of material existence and return home back to
Godhead.

I had just stolen some shoes from Primark. Orange the
colour of American prisoners—

pink section

recording 048



‘Paean for the bus driver’

“DDDDDDIIIIIIIIII...”

The mechanics of homecoming—the place in which the brain really recorded what was external—at the transitional point between childhood and the fully static mindset, neuronal, glial set. Unlike now where I progressively turn inwards, great exultations and great wounds, wounds that are stuck open—that we display as art, as performance as.

this colour is then not beginning but continuance, is pink travel? is pink is?

Lucrucia: part Maltese, attractive, attractant, Maltese cross—symbol of Neath rugby team—where B no Pauline, no Lucrucia lived—lives—problematic sexual encounter back in the day—weeping—now mumsie—[not amoretti] {old-flame}

“I don’t need to drink”

“I take loads of drugs to compensate”

“the novel is a form like any other”

automatic

diddle-daddle mogwai a tear streaked face—a sane
vibration—a new writing implement but he same
within—dyspiction of winter in film—the knowledge in
emdash—& upstrokes, that is to say I notice

pink return to pink to flesh the colour white the me
while the strum planet women vulva pudenda—

the cliché the endless ‘—‘ the pink prevent the omission
of preposition, exceedingly shakespeare a gnarled page,
hench fingers—pinkie

Pauline’s speech: [TRANSCRIBED FROM TAPE ON
A NIGHT IN SWANSEA, SEPTEMBER]

but first come feat [the] agaric fear—universal fear
of self, fear of body—fear the unsuccour of
south Wales—writing

but now Paula’s speech...

“famous now—*still on the dole*—you choose it—art,
art—I feel stupid—everything, I can’t retain facts, my
brain won’t retain, it and then

[writing plants in invisibly slow motion]

“concerned impartial that’s what it is—oh yeah—I *do*
remember—not all but this—remember them for 48
hours—when it came to my exam—I’d remember the
story and then fill in the dates—if I concentrated”

Sveinn inserts

“Copperopolis, Swansea’s Tinopolis ... little bits of info I’ve fount out on the way—cape horners like the Cutty Sark, the Bristol—the Sailboats—all the way to South America people from Swansea went—Kidwelly had a lot, a lot of history too—Gwenllian was from there—fighting princess—was sacked by Normans and things like that—world’s first canal—got silted up—the first industrial engineering—know where the old liberty stadium is all the old ruins of the copper smelting are up there ... I found our about Swansea Jacks and Llanelli Turks: SWANSEA jack was a black Labrador who swam out to sea to save peoples. Llanelli Turks is Gallipoli, the Llanelli regiment refused to back up the SWANSEA regiment—but SWANSEA jacks is a black Labrador”

§ “Get a group of words (make a list or select at random) ‘ then form these words (only) into a piece of writing—whatever the words allow. Let them demand their own form, and / or : Use certain words in a set way, like, the same word in every line, or in a certain place in every paragraph etc. Design words”

OK

say	simple
job	lamb
black	to

misunderstood	of
dog	at
pink	crystal
mint	green
moxie	landlord

the black landlord pushed his presumed ex tenant out
the door

the pink landlord phoned his ex tenant's dog:moxie

SWANSEA's mosques—double spire architecture

“nice present”

says the Vietnamese lady on a bmx as I pick up
Annwn's poo—buy an enormous phallic radish,
squished peaches—the windowless house—a dispute—
the landlord

“Get the POLICE involved I will”

lunges him out. ex-tenant: young enough to be in the
subordinate position—window missing from—

“say pink at dog misunderstood—simple lamb landlord
to moxie mint, green, crystal job at black”

or

“misunderstood moxie, green dog, pink crystal job
misunderstood, say black to lamb at “mint” —simple
landlord”

[CROSSWORD CLUES?]

Beatrice—

“voice (my own) —sounds like my brother’s voice.
[Paula’s classic declining town vowels. tone going down
at the end of words] ‘member when we took Rowena
into town—she was pretending to be a dog—woof,
woof—[school all week, my daughter][WASHING
NOISES SHSH] {in fact conversations overlap}—
everyone’s drinking champagne here—art SWANSEA, this
girl’s freckled back—though is a good 4 inches taller
than me—she senses my intensity, unwelcome low-
genetic attentions—what would you mean—right,
quite—scary really [voice becomes clearer over
background bar-noise] remember I used to go out with
[yes—my father’s voice] I did this thing the other
night—I thought I’d try and see—I wanted to recall the
relationship—so I though I want to go back in my head
and replay it, and so I did (handwriting improving)
YOU know the POWER of your mind? —it’s really
important you DON’T go back on those memories
[interruption from me—ignored] IN THE DARK—at
first I couldn’t remember, so I found I COULD

remember that moment, filled my head like ghosts,
expressions, the conversations—by the end I thought
“fuck” stop

Bernadette Mayor & the member of the St Mark’s
Church Poetry Project writing workshop 1971-1975 say
“Hello”

say

“Never listen to poets or other writers; never explain
your work (communication experiment)”

Bwlch-y-Groes—my family are from there says Sveinn,
says SWANSEA

a project—an impart of disparate discourses

“I lived in the army truck I had to visit Tal in hospital,
used my rucksack as a sledge with Milly on my
shoulders”

Rhos Ddu

a superimposition, a sub-imposition

Cwm Diad

the Kiev underground onto Cwm Cych—the supposed
entrance to the underworld—Annwfn [etymology
undep] and where I got my dog Annwn, the place
where Pwyll meets his otherworldly counterpart—
Arawn, lord of the underworld

Poetic Projects—the creating of artists—repetitive or absurd tasks—of factory jobs for ourselves—though we be guided by ‘higher ideals’—to walk crazy routes that made no sense but that felt right.

Cwm Cadifer Cadifor ancestor

[warmth sea-sounds]

Red Lady of Paviland—here present reluctant—how to transform mundane text into something of value—Tor Bay [etym gate? a. Saxon?] the illusion of significance—

describe something

the two men dropping from height on dunes—the object—rejectamenta [BS interposes—fat man on a beach]

“a seat” —one man says

A pebble of fibre glass embedded with black rubber spheres, erosion has exposed the sphere’s interiors—like honeycomb lump—a metre across—

“a sculpture” —says the man

Dialogue and description, dialogue & description. At least the dog is happy—sitting on the sculpted seat [keep the dog from other dogs][square brackets – interposition][authorial][CAPS

METAAUTHORIAL]watch the sand fleas—
encouraging voiceover—repulsion effect of other
people—

Second feather=gul

fear of water=fear of illness

=fear of *

*intimacy, love, death, others ...

these processuals, the PhD poetic plans I devised, I
planned them to make me do—got the got to get out of
the house—all these things to put-off my increasing
interiorization—to externalise my senses—offset
towards an eventual completer internalisation from the
world—death

I put a tracing paper map of the Kiev metro on an OS
map of Cwm-Cych—sympathetic magic

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