

July 21, 2023

P.S.

by Amy Grandvoinet

Iain Sinclair's poetrerie also references hanging baskets, like those in Bangor as elsewhere, and it also references *beakers*, can u believe it. A dream I had in Bethesda involved wearing holographic high-heeled shoes as a means of transport, always hopping with feet together - *click clack, clack clack* - and in this particular scene witnessed during sleep-time, it was happening on one of those faux-marble supermarket hard floors (grey/white, a bit fake sparkly). It felt quite like being a rabbit, if you know what I mean. Bouncy shoes.

There is a poem in *Poems from the House of Virtue* vol. 2 named 'Hanging Baskets of Bangor' and it is in approx. 5 verses (although designed to be endlessly expanded) in a kind of hearty pub-song ballad, that kind of thing.

No rabbits exist in Bethesda and/or Bangor because there are too many sheep. In aforementioned & aforerepictured 'Defaid Doniol Caellwyngrydd', the red A4 book purchaseable for £5 from Bethesda Londis (best Londis) covered in little toy sheep of different varieties at the top of the letter before this 'P.S.', the local history of Rachub is told via the movement of those sheep through its various places. Rachub is another village in Wales near Bethesda and/or Bangor. The sheep - page by page more-or-less - frequent: the residential lane, the chapel entrance, the front garden, the pizza meadow, bara brith flower-beds, the outer-house wall, snowy hill & frozen lake, the working field, the harp chamber, mountain summits, the local siop, the tea table, the special party, the cycle path, warm hearth of the fire-side, the ponies pen, fairground, choir pit, and more. After all of this hullabulloo, listed are specific place-names next to blank boxes to be ticked relating in some way or other to the topographical whereabouts of the many sheep in their many situations. Sheep really do rhyme with sleep, and they really do look like clouds don't they.

H, the friend I said I was visiting as previously recounted, went to a music event the other night in Corris, another village in Wales though less near Bethesda and/or Bangor, where somebody who knows Rachub quite well sung about its sheep and how they are considered a nuisance for eating everything belonging to the humans who live there. During the music event, people were encouraged to baa like the sheep of Rachub in an ancient rendition. A celebration? An exorcism? Aspiration? Who knows.

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