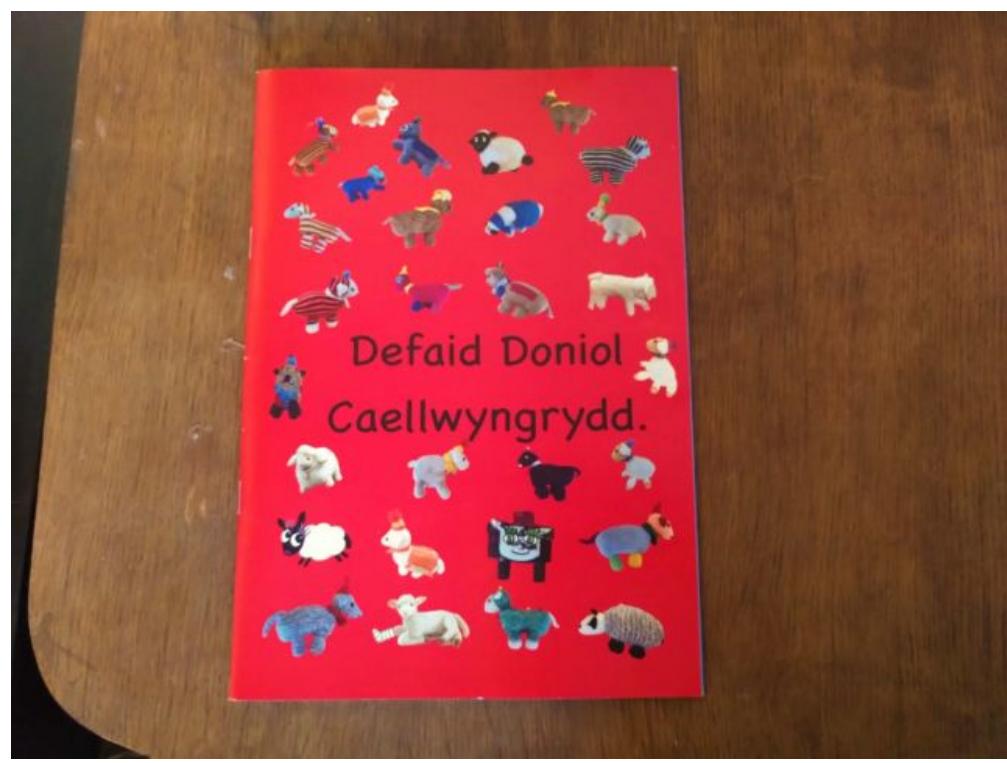


July 18, 2023

## T2 Final Destination

by Amy Grandvoinet

Monday 17th July 2023



Dearist Friends,

This latest installment of tiny-letter (Tiny Letter? TinyLetter? tiny letter? How To Format?) is not a reference to the five-befilm'd American horror franchise FINAL DESTINATION, but the T2 Traws Cymru Bus that flies all the way between Aberystwyth in mid-west Wales and Bangor in north Wales across a duration of c.3-point-5 hours. It is a great route, much like the Cambrian Line that takes you all the way by Transport for Wales *Rail* to Pwllheli which lies on the Llyn Peninsula, where there is a Wetherspoons, among many better venues, with a large turquoise sofa in the basemont & smuggled biscuits.

On the T2 Traws Cymru Bus to Bangor from Aberystwyth, you can eat dry-roasted

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St. Recently there has been talk 'against slate' and/or 'anti-slate' in the realms of aesthetics, and I remark many slate operatives - Oakley Arms Hotel, Inigo Jones Slate Works, more but cba - seated from the mist-rain vibrate-road rolling up to grey-er & cloudy-er, tho there's a rainbow on arrival in Bethesda where I'm visiting my friend H. Many stormz make raspberry chaos in garden, all drench and pock and rough and drop-trodden. But mm. U have the best chess-board door-handels, quick! arrange the dust just so and let us call Vogue round immediately. A black-bird as u clean bathrooms. A heaven house like few others.

It is a 70ies Saturday. I spell 70ies so because I have been reading the poerie of Iain Sinclair (*The Firewall* at the moment) and he spells sixties/60s 60ies what a maverick! I write a poem called 'A 70ies Saturday, 15/7/23 Bethesda' and try to capture the delightful banality (aka most fun ever) of our unfolding day which will include breakfast, radio, a trip to the high street incl. grocery provision, chips, return home, read ~ dinner ~ music ~ bed. & all sorts of special details. Ultimately, who cares about such trivialities, but, ultimately *ultimately* who could possibly care more?! It's all the ultimate, the end *and* the means, all together in one gorgeous

A film we watch is called 'Feathers'. On the BFI Player website, its advert is a chicken next to a children's birthday cake with rainbow sprinkles on it and a candle. The film, directed by Omar El Zohairy in 2021, begins with a children's birthday party in which a magician's show turns a father into a chicken. H had recently been to a work-do where a magician had been employed for entertainment. She works for an environmental organisation and this therefore surprised me, for some reason, don't you agree? But why should it? Magic Nature. Anyway the film, directed by Omar El Zohairy in 2021, thus involves PARTY SCENES, including that shiny metallic coloured streamer material (what is the name 4 it plz) strung from ceiling-corner to ceiling-corner and simply two giant marble-effect balloons (abit like those gobstoppers they sell near the counters at garden centres in plastic lidded stacks) attached to the ceiling, also, at pleasingly irrational interval. The film is 'surrealist' and a 'satire' but, f\*\*\*, is it dark. One subtitle reads 'You are a demonic swindler'. However a song at the end is subtitled 'We can hear the universe melodies, the lovely melodies' - much better. Frank Sinatra is used by somebody called El Sobhia according to ur shazam, an ambiguous tune (<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sbnNr4FzPXg>).

H and I eat magic breakfasts both mornings I am there. We sprinkle everything we can find (glitter, confetti, sawdust, ink, petals, sniggers) on both cereal and then toast; Cereal Saturday, Toast Sunday. Some of the sprinkles are from the pots of an old relative. Some of the sprinkles are from the plastic packets of a kind neighbour. Some of the sprinkles are from the furry pockets of a generous pet. Rasp- gooz-red- cloud- silver- mul- berries and/or currants come from the storm-torn garden plot. I stepped on a paving stone stepping stone and it moved and there were plenty of little orange ants under there! Fire, even in that rain. Go, baby. On the second day magic breakfast, 30p Barbie hair-clips were in the hair, obtained from the Bethesda branch of Annie's Orphans Charity Shop from 70ies Saturday & they also sell postcards with words of advice on them.

There is a flower called Melancholy Thistle. and whv on earth would anvbody want

Before the T2 Traws Cymru from Bangor back to Aberystwyth on Sunday at 1.05pm, H & I had decided to go on a psychogeographic trip to Penrhyn Castle & Gardens bc H has got National Trust Membership due to her current position of employment and I could be a plus and/or + 1. We were very excited to visit this colonialist and hateful castle, run by a man who made a fortune from slaves abroad and then further fortune from slate workers right here in Wales. I will not call him by his name. Megalomaniacs, ffs right! On a previous visit, we'd walked from Bethesda to Bangor along a cycle path and had seen a gem-hoard of égrets all diamond-shining from the trees above the river on the land owned by the Penrhyn Estate still. It was a great sight, at a site of gross. We entered the Gates of Penrhyn Castle wishing for more great sights at sites of gross, nuancedly encountered; but we had to leave immediately as it was the most horrible castle in the world, and a fake one at that. 'It's very ugly, isn't it', said H. *This* was brutalism. We were in prison & had to get out just as soon as we'd got in, forget the tea-room. Iain Sinclair's poetrerie (*The Firewall* at the moment) speaks of Dracula's Castle cast about the world's topography, and this was it too, another nasty repetition. We sought escape via a long road, stealing black-cherries on the way out, our own blood-drips from teeth now, & helped by little blue butterfly my favourite type of butterfly actually what's yours?

Everything seems okay after this distasteful encounter, and with renewed appetite for real life we find sweet sustenance at Bangor Town Clock before the T2 departure and the commencement of H's further shopping errands. It is midday. In the good town, away from mansion madnesse, the Hanging Baskets of Bangor hang beautifully and in many different colours. It turns out somebody H knows due to her current position of employment has a mother who is the person who dresses the Hanging Baskets of Bangor, a puzzle-piece we celebrate with untethered glee.

It won't be long til the next time in Bethesda and/or Bangor, where one should probably mostly keep oneself to oneself on a mountain-side aside others doing similar, and KEEP OUT of the Big Bad Castles, surely.

The image at the top of this email reads 'Defaid Doniol Caeillwyngrydd' and is a slim A4 tome purchased for £5 from Bethesda's Londis (best Londis) about toy sheep and the local area - more information in due course.

Good-bye for now with cooling or warming wishes depending on your whereabouts, & love,  
Amy Grandvoinet x x x