

cardiff cut

lloyd robson

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this is a period piece. it offers a 'factional'
version of cardiff at the end of the 20th
century. in the time since it was written
some perceptions & situations (facts,
public perceptions, instances,
circumstances, whatever)
may have changed.

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**"behind the word
is chaos"**

henry miller, tropic of cancer

**"one thing should be clear...
ordering chaos is possible
only
by getting close to it"**

joachim berendt, the jazz book



cardiff central destiny the thermovitrine keeps me warm & clean in carriage C; offers view in reflectovision as we reach the city. dribbling from stat into queues of orange buses into taxicabs & cityslabs dark, consumer durable & pissy.

*'cold and tired
pop in
relax
have a
nice cool drink'*

(windowpaint, spielothek amusement arcade,
prince of wales theatre, st. mary street).

straight to the front of queue girls tryna get ina philly, lines of boys under lion canopy pissing their money over each others' shoes not a long sleeve between em not a goosebump let loose.

need food. consider a chinese but remember lastyear's poet in chowmein free-for-all incident/fraudulent use of/getting chased up the street. decide against it. settles for dorothy's fish bar in caroline street. cross & pass the shoepurmarket/taurus steak house/charlestons brasserie (an arc of chips surrounds a hit&run victim where caroline meets st. mary: not so much *cached them in* as flung em each end of the zebra crossing). trudge the masses piss up & in out up against wall of brains brewery: a mark of respect for the nite's liquid intake. otherwise known as recycling.

(the sweet response of a chipshop smile; the beauty of till girl reflects ina shine offa tiles)

orders currysauce & chips: when i eats when i'm piss

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everything tastes so superfuckinnatural so superchips so supertray so super plastic/wooden fork to throw away to catch under nails to remind me when i pick & flick in the morning; always a tossup between mayonnaise or currysauce depending on with whom you are eating. you gota consider tomorrow morning is what i'm saying.

(pause to eat; wipe curry from chops to me sleeve)

valleyboys hunting in brothers

scottish students lifting their sporrans & getting a barrel of cracks from the women

*"cold is it?"
("yack yack").*

some girl tryna rid herself ofa beerbattered fortysumit mean preen sweatridden suitwearing *i am the man* divorcee: he clings like a pube to a telly screen; eyes everywhere, fingers everywhere; eyeballs on stubby fucking fingers all over her; she feels what he whispers thro teeth; eyeballs on claws makes her crawl deep out of reach he squeezes arms/narrows shoulders/presses tits into him/does not release, his moustache irritating her very existence her knees in that skirt: must be freezing.

this chromeshiny bigcity for the nite ladies man parading like *'the cardiff giant'* this oldster tryna pickup on studes & young mams in minis & hopefulness in sweatygrasp don't matter which to this tuftshufflin fuckin hasbeen as long as he gets within a mile of some pussy as long as he or she gets the wet hand duty tonite. both, preferably. jus doan tell his ex wife: he thinks she's still keen to come back to him.

a somali bloke throws his chips to the road & currysauce

splatters *the suit's* shiny shoes which gives the woman opportunity. the suit looks up at somali, sez something like

"lick it up you scruffy cunt they're arfuckinmani"

the kardiffsomali sucks teeth & sez sumit to the effect of

"splott market".

the girl last seen jump a taxi. alone to her kids.

....

*'this sunday
live here at the king's
something very new & entertaining
THE OTHER WOMAN
superb lesbian duo
the very best in drag & cabaret'*

(the king's head gaybar public house & cabaret,
corner of caroline street, sorry, *mill lane*
le quartier de euro cafés).

serenading from the corner: the biggest taff diva you ever saw,
or

'cariadioli - the dame edna of wales'

as s/he's known universally & to whom the *Vale of Glam Organ*
holds a completely different meaning.

& the so-called straightboy labelqueens
don't realise they dress in drag to

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♫ *purr leeeassse*

homogeneity

(kickers
yves saint laurent
ellesse)

witha coupla padded zebras tied to their feet costin a ton ata
time well it's their fuckin money, adidas meself, if they're
cheap.



called to le citron noir: the el greco menu subject to control by market police, taxes & service charge (i am plain clothes inspector number fiftyfour: recently hadta shut down a 'beatles' theme bar only opened that morning, i said as i left

"ya semolina pilchard was off"

they said as i left

"you'er barred."

bloody ha, but the only one laffing was me when i made me report to another restaurateur name of aristo the greek top man to politicians he seeks to please, to grease. they were shut down as soon as the lab got a hold of what came out in me shit. but enough of the day job i'm here to meet...)

bloke barges straight after me & into the faces of two honeybees buzzing it up, screams at them

*"romantic young loves!
do not bring the furniture of divorced couples into
your house!"*

& leaves with the help of a large kick up the arse. but he has a point & they drink to it; drink to him on the street.

at the bar i comes over all yankcop & orders screwdriver (vodka, o/j, angostura bitters), black russian (vodka, coke & tia maria), a pint of dark & a slippery nipple (sambuca & baileys); gets joined by a middleage shinyshirt victim orders himself a silver mercedes (vodka, champagne, orange & cranberry) & a peach schnapps in a bowl for his alsatian *southpaw*. this here's aristo dexter, aforementioned owner of this overpriced mixt

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med ponce joint & so called cos he takes it away with both hands. sez to me

"yasoo, i know you, is the herring still red? are the birds still blue? did that story get out or is my rep still smooth after my AHEM little indiscretion?"

"where you been? i been looking for you, may have a little work..."

i shrug & grin & avoid saying anything but my eyes

"ah but you don't miss much so here it is from the horse's mouth: our mutual friend will be leaving tonite. the story: our editor the enigmatic doctor truth caught up & put him onto that shitlist youth who can't be found down the bus station no more: let them think he's on the 'harry secombe' outa town/better than the coldslab i carted him away in my own private ambivalence, tho he was in charge of the gas: figure that, but you know all this, true? tho i digress i am right - but tonite it all comes down so have your cameras primed cos meester big's gonna be pulling out & i think we need a final shot to get the red book ready for his this is your life & reel the fucker in/bring him down & if you'll pardon my french: pin the winkle out".

the truth is i haven't a clue what the fuck he's on about; he gets involved but i avoid/occasionally run a few rolls/check his competitors now he thinks i'm in tune & knows

ALL

every plan's about,
but me: i'm just a convenient snapper on the dippyside of a
double-edged mirror waiting for a pile of grubby fives for
filming religious & political leaders getting it away with those
who, in certain lights, could be referred to as *children*. but
don't ask me to identify the miscreant visions cos fat sweaty
arses all look the same to me.

& aristo, to be frank, is a cash&carry cunt who always buys life
by the catering pack the metric tonne he wants it all; used to
work with him on the donut stalls in the days when politics &
religion first took hold of his sexual exploits when everything
he did was in focus thro my lens, cos i was the only one who
knew which end of a camera to point & where, then he got into
massage parlours, sexshops & portrait studios, where their
every sexual gesture was for him controlling measure an
opportunity too good to miss to suck on the power juice of
lofty men to bring down bishops & MPs or rather: he likes to
keep with the grip & the grapple/his hook in the grist/within
reach of the city gents; have a hold on them; to get a feel; to
get a reel, a set of negs.

fuck knows why, i always jus thought him a dirty old twat but
so what he pays me on time & time again. i tell him i'll get out
there next morning.

"just make sure you remove the lens cap"

(how many times?)

"kampai"

"drink up"

"juss one more then"

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"one more then shift ya arse - i want results, i want the negs"

get him to order one last round & some substance is found in the palm of my hand from a shake for reassuring my activities continue. nip to the bog to examine contents, check face in the mirror take one last look so i can remember later my attributes/ how i'm meant to look, & wash down one of these microdots he's cookt up, put the remaining in me likkle levi's pocket like that's not the first place the polizia would look, walk back to the bar &

"efkaresto"

"tschüß"

out the door & into the cool nite.

....

commotion echostorming up the arcade from offduty CID & rugbyymen panelling random city youth stupid enough to be out at nite *remind me of that sales pitch again?*

'it's brains you want'

o-ay,

never forget you're welsh.

the supre hombres, the mountain men, plainclothes & uniform: too much neon sends them off the end.

(man they was donuts bar none, tho i soon learned to not go &

eat one: in the hole-making process many public figures had more than a hand, i have prints; i have negs; i have ammo...)

....

'the city of the grateful knights'

'like putting your hand in a bees' hive'

....

poster in pub window

'olga likes men'

(that's why she punches them out
& takes home to bed).

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*'& now my life has changed / in oh so many ways
my independence seems to vanish / in the haze'*

hayes island:

*'master gregory's
outfitters for young men & boys'*

*(this week only:
cardigans with elbow patches sewn on
dated: this year of our lord...)*

♫ *reeeleasssse mmeee*

security approaches with a 50p on his head: i takes his foto then a detour (the camera: he don't know what to do; goes giving eyeball instead).

& in the public convenience under *the haze* sits lockt a young girl with the look on her face of a new welsh madonna; she sits in a stable/a fluorescent lit cubicle her hands fold together her head tilts an angle & her long olive nose, luminous tracky trousers loose round her legs/down to her airsoles & takes place the immaculate miscarriage: not a donkey in town, the only star dissecting glassy cobbles above her upturned auric crown, the orange nylon clashing with a bloodred stain, the three blue stripes mirroring her veins, & deep the embryo down takes multiflush long enough to hang around for her to see it has her brother's face (childporn offenders hidden under beds; neighbours outside dallying for head; out in the street

"i just wanna be your friend, you can't sleep here, but i can give you a bed...")

'cleanse the streets'

(neonleak streetlites were cheating me)

from hayes: avoid working & trinity; go round the rear.

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calls to some hotpit hotel (the stainglass spirits were calling me); slide to the bar & snuck arm on the counter my elbow to beer the schlopp ofa tenna outa velcro wallet a pint of clout sensuous/chaser/packet of crisps

*"change!
thank you dear"*

take a seat. pub fulla tightcurl redhaired women (*ah! miss yumyum*) then realise mirrors. cheap mirrors.

scan pub: me eyes get stuck ona fruitmachine flashing out

'features or cash'

(the continuous dilemma: *'high stakes'/'big jackpot'*)

those lites always suck me round/me cash away gimme a pinball anyday (...memories of stopping at every little roadside caff in cyprus: a keo & change/a pile of coins/that's me for the day ...larnaca to lefkara home of lace, old blue rented austin maxi or allegro i forget which still righthand drive because of the british up countrydust roads up edge of mountains/island crust pinnacles, car overheats, leads to cliffhanging trek after miles of *longway up* on driver's side & *longway down* outa nearside, burst a tyre & it's sheer drop to a bunch of flowers & a spot on bbc world service radio ...meeting up with aristo the greek, him arranging a taxi/sixdoor automatic mercedes sweaty plastic vinyl seats/windows open & a poxy little fan on the dashboard the constant click of worrybeads for the remaining week ...ran him a few errands ...driving up to nicosia passport office in searing midday temperatures hanging round for hours to get a fuckin form stamp then back to larnaca head to head witha UN jeep, roadrage on behalf of the turks by the

swedish blue bonnet bastards/the blond police ...getting the paperwork sorted ...swarms of birds around early warning station up in the troodos range ...dodging forces across the mediterrain ...flying out from akrotiri famagusta'd in the head ...flying back to britain & chucking up midair ...*ah the joys of our cyriot escapade...* unable to shake the cunt since...)

doors rush open to a groupa *jack* suits demanding a lock-in still on their lunch break their cheap shiny ties their can't be arsed shoes (this city welcome for refugees escaping somalia kosovo england ireland & swansea *O-ay: swansea* they enjoys their right to the nice house/job/surroundings but still not one good word for their capital lodgings *now what kinda welsh logic is that?* you don't like: get ya arse out, simple as that).

....

bloke approaches selling dutyfree. buy a packa gold V.

chopsymonks & monkeychops all over the pub like a job lot of speedin cartoon characters: *blahblah bunkbunk* monkeychops & chopsyncunt stood in me lugs mouthin rave panza symbolism betting tips shag accounts whatever the fuck whatever smooth screw chat he/we comes out with like

*"let's hit the kinky cariad clwb baybee
i wanna live u up"*

yeh, to the fifty year barmaid; from the otherside

"i'll give you seven to four that bloke starts a fight"

looking at me, but not meaning me. jus sizing me up.

in steps *chatty lang*. makes up his own mockney rhyming slang/sez to this bloke

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"that's a big bottle you got there"

bloke looks & sez

"eh?"

to which chatty replies

"bottla gin: chin. get it? mate? eh?"

gets a bottle alright, & a face fulla stitches to straighten his grin.
well out of order if you want my opinion.

....

arguments amongst the clan

*"i seen him grow from a boy to a man & that's more than
she can ever say..."*

& whisperd from behind

"oi buggerlugs..."

some geezer lookin to sell me. substances offering subtitled
existence not substance but sex

*"step with me boy up to the harry o'tel, i've a harness you'll
find hard to beat, you'll discover you've a real man inside,
come up to my suite..."*

tell him to go home to his wife. & him a career priest

♫ *le-ett mee ggooohhhh*

gess caught in the frontrow ofa ginrage catswirl between family; landlord goes nutta as they all do eventually, threatens to throw everyone out

"ju nose wha i fink?"

pubs fulla dozy advice & plenty of people to offer it? i notice acid's kickt in so i'll juss sip at me beer/switch vision to colour/sit tight like a rivet in a bridge. it's difficult to tell the dancers from fists but tonite the contestants are antie & niece. the menfolk less pisst. for now at least

♫ *oooaaaaaghghh*

drink up & get on. could do witha burger bout now.

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rounda backa mArkzies: the brick of the wall warps out to me.
see for yaself.

ata topa charles street: lucky jim's betting shop (lease for sale).

pisst white bloke wi dreds outside burgerking corner wi queen
street, only noticed him after i'd been in, he's taken a kickin so i
leans over/eats chips, dips one in me ketchup & waves it at
him

"you're gonna need stitches mate"

he looksup at me, sez

"u do us a fava mate ay...."

i buys him some skinny chips but deny him the chance to kip
me settee. stomp off wondering what the welsh is for *taxi*, the
police coming after me asking

*"what did i see? nothing mate: me glasses: can't see a thing:
the rain on the lenses bubbling the image, take a look for
yourself: recognition unreliable to say the least"*

& me praying that's not jus the acid doin its thing.

the copper hands me specs back, looks at me wearily, warns
me as i walk away

*"there may be more questions so expect to be hearing from
me..."*

♫ *iiiiieeeeeeeee doan'tt*

♫ *waann chuuuuooo*

♫ *enn nee moooooaarrrrrgh*

♫ *horh horh*

♫ *hor hor*

ringing up & down almost every street.

*(there'sssssjussstoomuchhhhhovthissssgoinrowwwwnd,
gota get me arse outa town)*

black man in a white robe stands preaching the word of his lord to pistup pedestrians. he gets told

"yeh right mate, fuck off"

i in no uncertain terms then sees me, raises his arms & his eyes to the skies as if in anticipation as if commanding the stars & bellows in my face

"you are being watched!"

i see a caged van cruise slow & surveillance tv, look from one to the other & do an imagined flickt vees, stride to park place to get me a taxi, shouts back to the holy bloke

"sorry mate, no way is you scabbin a lift off me"

he gets approacht by the police while i tells drive to take me to

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clifton street. drive accelerates away & then turns to me

"tha cunt ina sandals: ad im in yur the other week, ad no muny, wanted me ta take im ta galilee - so i sez righ i sez: me not know way to gallery, but can take you to museum or art college, chop chop, velly solly!... fuckin laff? i felt like givin im a lift for free, yack yack, but fuck tha daft kunt, not ina back of MY fuckin taxi"

yeh right mate. praise the lord for cabdriver charity.

we goes passt dylan's ignoring the fights, i gessa flashback from temping as a shirt&tie up early mornings & all that cleanshaven shite/flashback from when the place burnt out: flames hit a beautiful spring sky (i watched the building burn from a great height; watched firecrews from the topflight of the friary tower, looking down from pearl assurance welsh tallest building ta firemen hosing photograph posing yellowtops pivoting air, pissing on flames how it seems up here; greyfriar towa, municipal powa & look down lookt down city lunchtime topless burnin burning like a cherry flambé & the crowds the crowds all cheerin cheering

"go on! go on! burn the fucking lot down!"

as real as the turin shroud i screamd we screamd

"burnit! burnit to the ground! go on my son go on!"

upfront the drive swears

"another fuckin one"

& finally shuts his mouth.



the rassclunk gearchange from second up to satdee, drive pulls an 8track from the pile on the passenger seat, 70's soul compilation blasts either side of me, along with

" : four nine "

" four nine : "

" : where you to four nine? "

" : two two "

" two two : "

" : universal street to crystal avenue via wild gardens road "

" six four : "

" : six four: the sanctuary to watchet close "

" : five O "

" five O : "

" : bookem dano! "

(a torrent of abuse from five O)

" : keep yuhairon; station call from sanatorium road "

(" : scramble blue seven ")

" : who's in town? "

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" three three : "

" : three three: *crockherbtown lane to roath dock road*"

(neon & headlites flash thro the window).

....

sprayed under bridge to queen street station

'camraz suck satan's cock'.

....

little fridee blackdress stilettos in hand crosses newport road; from outside the blind institute towards west grove. drive eyes her up & ignores common sense/red lites/highway code almost slams in the back of an ambulance on slowmo/on its way to infirmary (*head injury, gotta be*); slams anchors dead urgent & swears to me

"stupid kunt's problee dead by noww anyway"

(on the sounds: isley brothers' *who's that lady*).

needs must when the devil drives: i chucks ina back of iz taxi, hit his upholstery tho just miss me coat (*landslide* by tony clarke followed by johnny johnson's *blame it on the pony express* on the stereo) i coff up a lump out me throat

"one three : "

" : one three"

"he's chuckt in me friggin taxi : "

" : so charge & get rid of im"

" : three eight"

" three eight : "

" : three eight to knox road.

park on the pavement under the wall. use your horn"

" one nine : "

" : one nine: synchro city from newport road"

(synchro city:
where everything is linkt

(synchro city:
where there's no such thing as coincidence

(synchro city:
a metropol in stasis a miserable fuck in constant crisis a
weeping twat ofa town scabbed magnificence with saints &
human garbage so why love it?

becuz
it fuckin askt for
it deserved it.
)))

....

drive's having a serious go so this time i chucks out the
window. liquidsplayed streets with a curry tint. drive pulls in,
drags me from cab outside splotlands pub & takes off down
meteor street. i stumble/swear/trip & fall/spill me guts & me
pockets all over the road & hit the ground anything but

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running; can jus make out the remains of marvin's *what's going on* as i crumble in gutter.

....

misspelt declarations of love sprawl across sidewall of costcutter

'ramyond is lush'

further down: a derelict mattress lies burnt out.

otherside: moira terrace; a rack of beautiful almost amsterdam red & green wooden baywindows hang over street (*postcard, pure postcard, when they're sunny & clean a fresh lick of paint but defo very european*), sweetwrapper trail for dangerous partners leads to women's aid beneath.

writ large on wall

'lenin lives'

(in st. peter's street)

....

take time to check one of the twin minimalist fire escapes behind GUM/west wing infirmary. further: the aerial-adorned crown of thorns pearl tower in distance. closer: the black&steel NPI building, zoom down the tap-shaped 60's chartered trust glassblock stolen from *tracey island* (the great crosscut from roath & adamsdown looking down westbound; the great architectural crosscut of kAAhd- from a kerbstone: the best place to view it/the best place to come from).

but the only one here to place value on money is the oldster up

street tryna pickup a twenty a counterfeit glued to the floor. every penny's gracious but who's most susst: i got a free ride almost half way back while he has a dodgy score stuck on a slab. one thing's for sure: if i don't shift me arse we'll be here all nite, stuck on a kerbstone in a tarmac trance, the old bloke putting up the fight of his life against superglue & colourcopies & the humour of builders on site on the other side of planet street who done this to make everyone who passes think it's a wonderful life but looks a right twat. they caught me already. twice.

stand up. consider going mate's flat; spin round about turn & aim for city road/junction & traffic lites

& in the blue tinge of ambulance lites the inspection cover outside the CRI looks remarkably like the turin shroud: the folds burn out; its second mention of the nite. & lost below in the depths of that manhole tubular cameras lay jammed in the pipework abandoned to the wiles of sewage lines: worth thousands of pounds, i knows the man lost em that man was me dad now the A&E's shutting down ju reckon he'll ever get em back is he fuck as like

"oi ya fuckin cunts, gimme me fAth's fuckin camraz back!"

medics turn from the warmth of a meatwagon's insides, check out the gobby bloke, return to their rabbit & extralites, stuff like

"did you check out the rip on that fucker's face? pickt him up on tudor street - biggest one i ever seen since the roath/cathays curry war of 96, you could read a reverse 'sheffield' on his cleavered cheek for months afterward...".

....

stop. rolla spliff ona wall, corner of newport & glossop opposite

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both CRI & city road/on rim of the church of st. james the great/on edge of surveillance tv. huntin dead lighters. my pocket a graveyard of ript rizla packets loose skins change snotty tissues & matches, penlids all that remain the bic's & biro's long lost to coat lining. spark up & stroll on. head down & up city road passt heron house income support office, east city hq

'the department for the concerned is shut today'

you can tell from the state of the doorway: a no smoking zone. when you're here the queue's not for clients' enquiries it's to sparkup & outa the wind. benefits unpaid & forms returned giro's not arrived & the staff upturned behind perspex & microphones away from the prams, perceived weirdos, & crews. emergency loans now required justa cover the cost of fags smokt while waiting ya turn (a syntax to punish prospective deviants dreaming of the chance to have their hands caught not so much *IN* the till as waving to it when it comes on the telly, so hurt them where it hurts: in the purse in the sack money goes where money knows so take a pill & get over it money knows where the party's at & it ain't in the queue for heron house in the fagends on the pavement slabs nor in the pocket of the dozy twat walking passt in the the vomit of nite desperately tryna remember how far to his mate's flat so he can raid his kitchen/his fridge/his plants, get his arse outa sight).

....

laffingman approaches: lungclaps punctuate halfjokes/don't wait for response/laffs to himself/never gets to the punch/he's off again: down the road *what the fuck is he on about?* fucknose, he's always like that from what i know; always on form.

snookerclubs: boys hang around with cues in hand waits for

the barman get off his fatarse check the screen release the catch & let them in. they're looking pretty smart: a private match, no beers for me in there tonite then.

....

reach mate's & buzz intercom; arrives late & reekina chips/beer/sick & mildly blitzed, greasefingering me pockets for a packet of skins & climbing the stairs without tumbling. inside flat there is much chaos, perversion & despair; no expense spared the margarine drips from floor to bread; the place is a shithole but the food from the licensed premise downstairs smells exquisite no less.

stick kettle on, build one, sit & stare, collect myself, take a wash & while i'm there nick a fingerprint of toothpaste to get rid of the taste from my taxi escapade. replace me hat&coat & go give me mate an A. he takes it from silverfoil & downs with his ale, puts down his glass & picks up a hammer from the side of his chair & goes behind settee where i'm sat, pulls out a brightly painted papier mâché fish which he places on the table, sez

"right ya cunt; watch out"

raises the hammer & pummels side of the fish down to nothingdust. i didn't pick up on as quick as i should/me feet propt on table flew from the wood, little bits of smithereen all over us

"fuck wha u doin!?"

but all is revealed: the belly fulla top quality marihuana flowerheads sown grown & flown over from south of the border deep down mexico way

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"our man in the americas; it arrived yesterday"

we unwrap with care, both rewrap in 3skin with energy;
anticipate the first blast arome when we open the packaging,
the address label mark

'TNT'

(goodnite vienna, sut mae synchro city...)



hit spar for late shopping. queue at the grill. bloke at the front asks

"any milk?"

assistant takes his key out the till walks along counter lifts flap negotiates half empty boxes spilt packs down the end of the aisle to the cooler cabinets at the back of the store (we entertain ourselves while he's gone, hallucinogens & stripglow of spar), picks up a pinta fullfat & returns to the counter, walks to the grill sticks key in the till hands over carton & sez

"anything else sir?"

bloke sez

"i wanted skimmed"

the queue goes uproar: half ina rush to get home, half off their faces & pissing themselves as assistant has ta go thro it all over.

we gess chatting to the girls ahead. they wait as someone serves us (we order beer, bogroll, loaf of bread, disposable lighters, chocolate, rizla, cigarettes, O & a coupla porkpies: buffet size: all they had). the staff say

"enjoy yourselves/have fun/be safe"

knowing what they're selling & to whom & when (more than most of their customers aware; the girls on chocolate comedowns, the blokes grow impotent but too stoned to care).

girls in queue been drinking at angel hotel

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angel hotel: where norman bates was arrested for possession of cannabis posted from his missus in states; intercepted by customs & sent on its way; longhaul across atlantic for the sake of a setup fuh fucksake

the angel: where major major delivered a speech to the local representatives of the conservative party told them & the world how the city of cardiff was leading the united kingdom outa recession i mean: i still got an egg with his name on it

angel: where a student bumps into a bloke off the box, next thing: his wife declares frontpage disgust at the sight of his boxer shorts on a redtop bust

the angel: jus down from the toucan & canton bridge where washup south walian who've jumpt in pisst at the prospect of never finding work/love/their home/their feet (*the taff/ely/newport usk: none of em can cope with the rush; if the tides don't get em crohn's disease will shut the poor fuckers up*); barmy balmy nites crossing canton bridge into riverside/überterritory across the city/self-proclaimed artists' quarter or (*fuckem*) muggers' paradise/sorry, not riverside, it's *pontcanna darhling*

the angel: over from the great shitbrain zoo where animals clamber walls/turn ta stone/attempt escape to the filthy orangefilter glow bouncing off shop panes/over the walls of citycastle into backalley deaths & towercranes above the arms park...

spermsew gardens of sophia; prozzies, arseholes, mounted police on undercover coming to the sound of car alarms, hotwires, helicopters flashing over head, handcuff & baton fuelled by a desire to put this youngbastard to bed...

a reservoir of effluent breaks its dam/bursts taff embankments, an orgasm uninterrupted by shitpushing dogs walkt by waterproof wankers unaware of the parkbench shiftshank shafters of gaysex cardiff parks at nite, or maybe *aware*, that's why they go there: the loudest complaints from those who refuse to alter their route/cheapthrills for the righteous unaware it's their ilk who hide under moon & if unlucky: arrested: the zoo patrolled by titheaded horsefuckers riding beamfields/secret invasions litup & collared by legal uniform fetishists wank to a manjack of em; nocturnal promenaders kaarn av no privacy their individual wants trapt in public lavatories; agent provocateurs getting what they want themselves then arresting their young devotees, satisfaction no guarantee of freedom. but later released: the evidence didn't stick/still stuck in a copper's belly...

youngcocks prod holes in chipboard panels/names & numbers scrawl promised examples of secret lust (who's most disgusting lads: those who cottage or those who'd merrily beat the living fuck? it's pretty fuckin obvious: *you doan wanna suckysuck?* then wait til st. mary street where we're all allowed the pavement as lavatory/where a canvas lion guards against cockwatchers/scatmongers/police officers as we chuck, piss & punch streetsleepers/taxis/anything dulld enuf to hang long enuf ona bogstandard fridee nite down from the valleys, ready for the shuffling satdee shop crew who learn to shut their collective nose & mouth first thing in the morning. someone burn the lion out befor he sees too much. you have already. tidy. *whad? he look at you funny? hairy fuckin cunt...*)

the angel: the students in queue who invite us to party. O yeh. nice touch.

& the cheap beer claimed '*premier*' so we drank it while walking down street & up stairs to settee. prepare for the rest of eve tho by now it's deepnite, clearly.

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glossary

for those interested, here's a glossary of found lines & references:

westgate hotel, john frost square

the westgate was the scene of a nineteenth century chartist riot between workers & army. the chartists were led by the englishman john frost, amongst others.

devonport royal dockyard

a train, named after the naval dockyard in plymouth where sal's father worked. the work gave him asbestosis.

thermovitrine

brand of glass used in train windows.

the cardiff giant

in 1869 the petrified remains of a man over ten feet tall were discovered under a field outside cardiff, new york state. they created a storm of interest. even after they were declared a hoax people continued to pay to view the remains. the giant, a gypsum statue, was still used as a money-making sideshow as late as the 1930's.

cariad

welsh equivalent of 'love', '(my) love', 'lover'.

dame edna

reference to the australian drag character dame edna everage & her trademark prop: a bunch of gladioli.

please release me let me go / i don't want you anymore

from the song 'release me' by engelbert humperdinck.

semolina pilchard

from the song 'i am the walrus' by the beatles (lennon/mccartney).

yasoo

greek equivalent of 'iya' or 'seeya'.

harry secombe

a bus, named after the welsh entertainer.

this is your life, the tomorrow people, mister benn, mister bean, sesame street, the learning zone, strike it lucky
tv programmes.

kampai

japanese equivalent of 'cheers'.

polizia

italian equivalent of 'police'.

efkaresto

greek equivalent of 'thank you'.

tschüß

german equivalent of 'tara', 'bye', etc.

CID

police criminal investigation department.

it's brains you want / never forget your (you're) welsh
advertising slogans for welsh beers.

the city of the grateful knights

reference to 1920s cardiff made by dr. john davies, historian.

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like putting your hands in a bees' hive

how george thomas, viscount tonypanyd of rhonndda, described making his suggestion to the welsh parliamentary party that they put down a motion for the government to declare cardiff capital of wales.

& now my life has changed in oh so many ways / my independence seems to vanish in the haze

from the song 'help' by the beatles (lennon/mccartney).

famagusta

town in east cyprus deserted by the greek cypriot population following the turkish invasion of 1974. the turkish federated state of northern cyprus remains officially unrecognised by the UN.

jack

affectionate term for anyone from swansea.

clwb

welsh equivalent of 'club'.

mArkzies (marks & spencers), costcutter, phantasia, mister minit, woolies (woolworths)

shop names.

8track

1970's audio tape cassette system.

bookem dano!

reference to 'hawaii five-0' tv programme.

GUM

genito-urinary medicine clinic.

tracey island

reference to 'thunderbirds' tv programme.

CRI

cardiff royal infirmary.

A&E

accident & emergency department.

A

acid tab, or in this case acid microdot.

sut mae

welsh equivalent of 'how are things', 'how do', etc.

norman bates

reference to the actor anthony perkins who played bates in the hitchcock film 'psycho'.

makaton

a form of sign language.

kermit's nephew

reference to the song 'half way down the stairs' from 'the muppet show' tv programme (henson associates inc).

hola

spanish equivalent of 'hello'.

dim

welsh equivalent of 'no' (in this context, but also 'nil' 'nothing' 'anything' etc).

playstat

sony playstation games console.

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love me tender

song by elvis (matson, presley).

redafuckindair

a famous fuckin fireman.

made it ma, i'm top of the world!

from the film 'white heat' starring james cagney (warner bros.).

1001 questions to ask of your city

from the poem '1001 questions to ask of any city' by graham hartill.

who walkedst the foaming deep

from the hymn 'for those in peril on the sea' by william whiting.

WDA

welsh development agency.

wile e. coyote

cartoon character, falls off cliffs (warner bros.).

maxwell, murdoch, berlusconi

three of the world's biggest media tycoons; three men who, i'm sure, worked hard to uphold the freedom & impartiality of the media whilst providing much needed work for many, including lawyers.

SCFC

swansea city football club. but i support cardiff city. just thought i should put that straight.

stations of the cross

a ceremony of devotion performed before a series of images representing jesus' route to calvary.

SLR

self loading rifle.

taceval & alert states (black alpha, bikini red)

terms used to grade degrees of perceived necessary military vigilance. taceval (tactical evaluation) state refers to artificial situations such as war games. alert state refers to reality. (black alpha: normal vigilance. bikini red: a higher state of vigilance denoting a perceived threat to that specific environment).

DS

police drug squad.

trinitron

1970's sony television set.

glassbottle / bottleglass

reference to a classic line by comedian tommy cooper.

he's coming round! / thinkin: this is madness iz madness

from the poem 'crash poems: newent' by lloyd robson.

truth is molten

from the song 'goo goo barabajagal' by donovan & jeff beck (leitch).

peerless jim

peerless jim driscoll (1880-1925), cardiff boxer & local hero; undefeated welsh, british & european featherweight champion.

lynette white, geraldine palk, lily volpert

three women murdered in cardiff; three murders unsolved. in 1990 three butetown men were wrongly jailed for the 1988 murder of lynette white - after each serving four years they were cleared of the charge. in 1990 geraldine palk was stabbed

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over eighty times - by 2000 her killer had still not been found. in june 2001, after cardiff cut had been written, south wales police finally arrested a suspect. at the time the book went to press the case had not gone to trial. in 1952 an adamsdown man was found guilty of the murder of lily volpert & became the last person legally hanged in cardiff prison - his conviction was posthumously quashed in 1998.

cymraeg

the welsh language.

AX10

brother AX10 electronic typewriter, as used by the author.

it is better for a man to conquer himself than for a king to conquer & capture many cities

from the song 'i'm a levi' by ijahman.

poetry: the oil of the universe

from a conversation between lloyd robson & chris torrance.

sim city, syndicate

computer games loosely based on societal domination.

it takes courage to enjoy

from the song 'big time sensuality' by björk.

cashflow & lifestyle

from a conversation between lloyd robson & rachel ward.

brandnames mentioned include *armani, kickers, yves saint laurent, ellesse, adidas, levi's* (clothing); *tia maria, sambuca, bailey's, brains, welsh, keo, hooch* (alcohol); *gold v* (golden virginia), *rizla, sobranie* (tobacco & associated products); *bic, biro, blutak* (stationery); *mills&boon, studynotes, marvel comics* (reading material); *austin maxi, allegro, mercedes, ford,*

sierra (cars); *TNT* (parcel delivery); *freightliner* (cargo transport); *ikea* & *habitat* (furniture); *JCB* (plant vehicles); *yale* (locks & keys); *felix* (cat food); *PG tips* & the character *mr. shifter* (teabags), & last but not least *nurofen* (over-the-counter painkiller tablets).

i reckon everything else can be found in a bogstandard dictionary, is self-evident or common knowledge, but while i'm at it: the tommy steele quote is genuine & the welsh for 'taxi' is 'taksi'.

safe trip home.

lloyd