

CHAPTER

CYLCH SGWENNWYR WRITERS CIRCLE

Col Howarth responding to
Beth Greenalgh and Tim Bromage: (Un)conscious Content
15 November 2025

A corridor. Grey, industrial, droning and dim.

Follow. Sit or stand. There will be large objects. If it gets overwhelming...

A chamber, single bulb-lit. Drift into drone and pulse over slow silent narrative. A dream of (self) reflection and identity. Orange peels are piled. Not symbolic of joy or abundance, but emotional transition perhaps, as we are drawn further.

A light and shadow interplay. Spoken snips, part heard, some snatched. Lights breathe and the drone pulse lulls, pulling us deeper.

A torch flashes S-O-S. 'I'm in a carpark,' someone says. Cones roll and rumble. Speech is a semblance. 'I hope your socks are dry,' it says. A rainy-day dog walk reaches through the flow of abstractions into my still damp boots.

The open-ended nature of dream logic renders pointless the pursuit of reason.

CHAPTER

Structure hides in oppositions: vague and vivid, hallucinatory and real, light and shadow, sound and silence.

A streetlight. Birdsong. Something rattles. A gate? A dustbin buffeted by the wind. Still deep in dream but appropriating the waking day.

Light floods in. We squint into it, searching, reaching for the reassurance of something solid. The comfort and cacophony of consciousness. The logic of narrative in our waking lives.