

SUSSEX BIRD PUKE

The following is a Twitter record of a reading that took place between 1 - 5 pm on Friday 16th April 2010 at Sussex University.

Tweeting up this Sussex malarkey, going to be a dazzle dazzle imposition. Expect violence.

Atkins, Critchley, Bonney, Tommy Peeps, Raha, Stanley, Roberts, Kane, Gilonis, Lisette to name but a few. It's all kicking off now! X

Can't see Charles Olson anywhere...

This tablet was erected on the 16th day of May 1869, to commemorate the opening of the NEW READING ROOM. Props to J Lindsay, brrrrrap.

Sussex Poetry Festival Scorecard missing categories: net yield; waste; merchandising; contemplation; equivalent amount in biofuels...

...carbon offset; stick-to-shoe ratio; Atkins dietometer (repulsive bagle intake); page turn quotient; hairiness; beard interactivity...

...quiff height [mm] (non-committal beard); Jonny Liron's infinity drive; quantity of silence that is and is not prayer (bucket count)...

UNITS NEED MEASUREMENT: Watts; Sutherland-over-two; placemats; 7up; equi-valenceomaticanter; more Watts; Henry 1/8ths, ginger units.

I see a child handling beer. This is what poetry is all about guys and girls, buckle up - I've seen the future and it's wired for Slug.

Sure I said hi to Sean Bonney but he's now disappeared. Perhaps an apparition or merely far away. Should get mapping.

40 minutes since first tweet and no sign of poetry. This is how things work. Soon the poets will coalesce out of Ghee and it will RIOT.

I met a man on the way to St Leonard's Warrior Square. He told me he was 'building a social network'. And now I understand.

Schneeman in a book in the faux library with the lead piping. Thank God for Ulli.

Tim Atkins has see-through-glasses and a cool dust jacket.

Just seen JK with Keston, not even holding a mic and already spittin fat rhymes.

Suggested nicknames for Justin Katko: Kat-man, The Big K, JustIN, JKat, sKat-man, rat-a-tat-Kat, K-Dog, K-ble, Y2K, J2theK, J2oK, Just K.

IT'S ALL HAPPENING NOW!!!!!!!

Guthrie lives. Someone tell Dylan for godssake.

Booze free, coffee and tea 40p. Mad shit.

Emily Critchley IS Jeanne D'Arc.

Leadbelly lives! Someone tell Cobain for godssakes.

You know what Malcolm Tucker says he's going to do with that photo of Nick Robinson? That's what this guy's quiff is like.

Guthrie is so young. Anyone seen The Search For Spock?

Tim, Luke and Carol ABSOLUTELY CANED THE SPACE.

DK has great hair.

Tweeting from inside the quiet room loo. Subversive.

Luke Roberts is rigging the raffle. Will keep you guys posted.

Attempting to work out the probability of winning the raffle having bought two tickets. Peter Snow ia rigging his election swingometer.

Made some stupid comment to Luke about liking his poems being in blocks. Sounded soooooo shit. Really did like his Reading though.

I hope he knows that.

An anagram of Tim Atkins is 'legend'.

Carol Watts delivered mad rhymes on Roger Taylor's contribution to A Night at the Opera.

Does the number of Watts in the room include the light bulbs? Tessa and Steve must know. Still Turing many of My commentaries.

Verdict: 602 Watts.

WAIT! 604.

Tessa has externalised her thoughts. Steve thought probably and then no. Roger McGough is prowling and will shortly be crawling up the wall.

Next up, Sussex poets. Maybe all of them. Might be here some time. Tessa needs a safety pin, can anyone help?

Gilonis and Bonney at the doorway. Darmok and Jalad at Tanagra.

Timba! His eyes open.

I see a Monk, and a Kane, and a Nat, and a Slug, and a Liron.

Marianne is sitting in such a way that from my vantage point it looks like she is driving a very small car. Must be hard to drive.

KICKING OFF AGAIN

Steve just won a T-Shirt! Lolteasers. Well done Luke.

Spillages everywhere.

Francesca suggests blood ratio as a unit of measurement.

Just saw a Klatch.

The stick just keeps getting bigger, then it falls in a moat and then it is retrieved.

PHONE FAIL

M. Ingram was Reading. No coughing allowed.

Andrea Handout.

Andrea pwned Elmo.

Alan Halsey has an exceptional tone.

Really fancy a Garfunkels omelette. Like eating birdshit.

The Reading is now over. We must vacate the premises before the fuzz find out we're here.

Nat is spinning. It was triggered by Steve.

On the beach, temporarily alone, surrounded by people who know not what they've missed.