

# **SOUTHERN POET'S COUNSELLING SERVICE**

## **PERSISTENT FAILURE FATIGUE (PFF)**

PFF is a serious problem for many poets in the south of England. Due to their geo-social context poets most affected by this problem are those least likely to talk about it. We at SPCS see it as our pastoral duty to minister to these cultural rejects. The first point that needs to be made is that poets of 'the South' (aka 'Wessex') are people: their symptoms (cultural fascism, regionalism, territorialism, delusions of poetry, back-stabbing, Aggressive Reviewing Behaviour, Hatred, Jealousy, Penis Envy, Northern Orientation Paranoia (NOP), Placeism, a morbid fear of realisation, in-groupism, Secret Tory Voting Capability Syndrome (STVCS), Plagiarism and book theft from libraries) can make them seem like monsters, but these monsters are people. People who have been dehumanised by ambition. They need our care and understanding.

## **THE PROBLEM**

The problem, the problem is them, but what are they going to do? They've got too many problems. These men feel forced into intimidating behaviour in the belief that others have conspired to ignore 'their genius'. They become abusive and aggressive, projecting their ego-collapse out onto other people (typically, women and northerners). It is important, to them, that we do not ignore them. They demand a therapeutic response.

## **THE CURE**

The cure is in realisation. No, not through the narcosis of Victorianism, or the enclosed symbolism of neo-medievalism, but in the harsh cure of cold-light-of-day. These men need to be confronted with their failure (and with the effects of that on their families). We need to be tough on failure and on the causes of failure. They will, in time, thank us for it.

## **OUR PROGRAMME AND YOU**

The best known cure for PFF is laughter. These sad men need to learn to laugh at themselves. There is nothing more heart warming than the sight of a southern poetaster - once so filled with cant and pomposity, vanity and self-disgust - sitting before a mirror and laughing at nothing. Our group work, which involves the 'poet' reading 'their work' to a room full of trained counsellors, to be openly laughed at, has helped many Southists back into society.

Laughing costs money. We need cash for essential, therapeutic drugs (Ha Ha). Please, please help. Send your donations to:

**Southern Poet's Counselling Service**  
Hartington Road, Southampton S014 OEW