

A CORNISH FOLKLORE COMPANION

An Fordhow Nowydh

The New Paths



THE OLD PATHS ENTER THE MACHINE

A Companion to the Album by M C ALCHEMIST

There is no path without a guardian.

Table of Contents

A Note on the New Paths	3
The Inhabited Machine	3
A Listening Map	4
Track-by-Track Companion	5
Track 1 - An Jynn a Dihun	6
Track 2 - Golow Glas	8
Track 3 - Pyskis yn an Jynn	10
Track 4 - An Ger Kelles	12
Track 5 - Gwithoryon an Data	14
Track 6 - An Wiasva a Wra Tegi	16
Track 7 - Knockers yn an Jynn	18
Track 8 - An Tresor Heb Korf	20
Track 9 - An Mor a Gews	22
Track 10 - An Offryn Niverel	24
Track 11 - Ni a Wra Gwithya	26
The Paths Keep Watch	28

A Note on the New Paths

An Fordhow Nowydh begins with a simple folklore proposition: the old beings do not need to understand technology in human terms in order to inhabit it. A machine is a chamber. A network is a web of paths. A password is the word that opens the gate. Stored information is written memory; hidden information is buried treasure.

Humanity has placed wealth, identity, territory, confession, history, speech and the voices of the dead inside machines. Once those things entered the digital realm, it ceased to be merely artificial. It became another landscape - crossed by paths, divided by thresholds, haunted by memory and attractive to thieves.

The piskies explore and misdirect. Spriggans recognise treasure and impose guardianship. Knockers carry warnings into machine rooms. The Bucca and the sea-folk hear voices travelling through their ancient domain. The final movement does not describe an invasion. It records a claim of jurisdiction.

The Inhabited Machine

- machine - a chamber that wakes
- network - a web of paths
- screen - the machine's light
- password - the word that opens the gate
- data - written memory or treasure without a body
- archive - a chamber of kept writings
- digital offering - a gift carried through light, sound or memory

A Listening Map

Eleven movements through an increasingly inhabited landscape

I. ENTRY

Tracks 1, 2, 3, 4

The machine wakes; the piskies test its paths, names and words.

II. JURISDICTION

Tracks 5, 6, 7, 8

Spriggans and knockers recognise treasure, territory and warning within the new systems.

III. EXCHANGE

Tracks 9, 10

The sea answers; an offering is accepted without physical substance.

IV. GUARDIANSHIP

Tracks 11

The old beings speak together and declare the new paths watched.



The paths change. The guardians do not.

Track-by-Track Companion

Each movement is presented through its narrative role, sound-world, key images, selected Cornish lines and a close English rendering. The spellings shown here follow the performed pronunciation-guided texts rather than claiming to be a formal linguistic edition.



*Old folklore does not vanish when the medium changes.
It learns the new road.*

Track 1 - An Jynn a Dihun

The Machine Awakens

Narrative role: An obsolete computer in a locked archive wakes without power or network. Mine plans, old names and Cornish words rise across the display. The old beings have not entered a separate digital world: they have recognised another route through the landscape.



Sound-world

Obsolete machine hum, relay clicks, hard-drive pulse, low bowed strings, distant mining knocks and voices emerging from behind stone.

Key images

- the locked archive
- blue light on a dead machine
- mine maps and old names
- three knocks within the wall
- the first digital threshold

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
An jynn re dhihun.	<i>The machine has awakened.</i>
Nyns eus fordh heb gwithyas.	<i>There is no path without a guardian.</i>
Ty re wrug an fordhow nowydh.	<i>You made the new paths.</i>
Ha ni re dheu y'n bys nowydh.	<i>And we have entered the new world.</i>

1. An Jynn a Dihun

The Machine Awakens



The archive does not connect to the network. The network connects to the archive.

Track 2 - Golow Glas

The Blue Light

Narrative role: A walker follows a blue point on a hand-held map across familiar moorland. The point leaves the road, crosses the hedge and continues over ground where no path exists. When the walker stops, the light keeps walking.



Sound-world

Nocturnal electronic pulse, restrained percussion, bowed strings, distant laughter and navigation tones that separate into several moving lights.

Key images

- the distant village
- a blue point leaving the road
- thorn and black water
- the walker standing still
- a piskie light without a body

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
My a sav. Ev a ger.	<i>I stop. It walks.</i>
Golow glas, na wra folya.	<i>Blue light, do not follow.</i>
An pyskis a wor dha gidya.	<i>The piskies know how to guide you.</i>
Po ev a wra folya ty?	<i>Or is it following you?</i>

2. Golow Glas

The Blue Light



The walker stops. The blue light does not.

Track 3 - Pyskis yn an Jynn

Piskies in the Machine

Narrative role: The piskies explore the household machine with delighted disrespect. Records move, names alter, time slips, keys jingle from the sound-box and photographs change whenever they are opened. The mischief remains playful only until the machine begins borrowing memory.



Sound-world

Quick plucked strings, skittering percussion, key taps, little bells, warped toy timbres and laughter that becomes steadily less innocent.

Key images

- records renamed
- keys sounding from inside the machine
- a changing photograph
- blue-burning piskie eyes
- the promise to return everything drekly

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
Pyskis yn an jynn, ow klyckya, ow kana.	<i>Piskies in the machine, clicking and singing.</i>
Kav dha alweth. Kav dha hanow.	<i>Find your key. Find your name.</i>
Pandra yw kelles? Neb tra. Pub tra.	<i>What is lost? Nothing. Everything.</i>
Ni a wra y dhaskorr... drekly.	<i>We shall return it... directly-ish.</i>

3. Pyskis yn an Jynn

Piskies in the Machine



They are not attacking the machine. They are exploring it.

Track 4 - An Ger Kelles

The Lost Word

Narrative role: A writer restores one missing word, only for another to vanish elsewhere. Place names, dates, home, family and finally the writer's own name are removed. The piskies discover that words are not labels but doors - and that a person can be rewritten.



Sound-world

Sparse piano, muted analogue tones, typewriter rhythm, reversed whispers and gradually corrupted vocal layers.

Key images

- one word missing from a white page
- letters moving before the hand
- home and memory erased
- the writer becoming the writing
- a black name on a blank page

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
Un ger yw kelles.	<i>One word is lost.</i>
Nyns os ta'n skrifor. Ty yw an skrid.	<i>You are not the writer. You are the writing.</i>
My yw my.	<i>I am me.</i>
An ger kelles a'n kav ty.	<i>The lost word will find you.</i>

4. An Ger Kelles

The Lost Word



The word is no longer missing. The writer is.

Track 5 - Gwithoryon an Data

Guardians of the Data

Narrative role: Spriggans recognise geological records as buried wealth in another form. Mine plans, mineral surveys and forgotten workings reveal where treasure lies; therefore copying the knowledge is equivalent to stealing the ore. The archive becomes guarded ground.



Sound-world

Slow industrial ritual, granite percussion, bowed bass, grinding storage sounds, metallic resonance and severe male chant.

Key images

- mine maps inside white records
- stone figures within a scanned plan
- a locked machine
- ore and knowledge treated as one lode
- spriggans enforcing access

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
Na gemer. Na skrif.	<i>Do not take. Do not write.</i>
An tresor yw gwithys genen.	<i>The treasure is guarded by us.</i>
An godhevos yw lod yn y honan.	<i>Knowledge is a lode in itself.</i>
Ha ni yw'n alweth.	<i>And we are the key.</i>

5. Gwithoryon an Data

Guardians of the Data



Knowledge of buried wealth is itself buried wealth.

Track 6 - An Wiasva a Wra Tegi

The Network Tightens

Narrative role: Buried lines begin to reroute around standing stones and barrows. Roots, mineral veins, streams, mine passages and cables resolve into one pattern. The network is not spreading across Cornwall; it is remembering Cornwall.



Sound-world

Subterranean pulses, root-like branching rhythm, low drums, cello, cable noise and an underground heartbeat synchronising machine and land.

Key images

- fibre bending around a standing stone
- roots and cords becoming one
- old mine plans beneath new maps
- a barrow inside the web
- the land routing the machine

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
An wiasva a wra tegi.	<i>The network tightens.</i>
Ty a wrug an foon. An tir a wrug an fordh.	<i>You made the cord. The land made the path.</i>
Yn-dann an tir, oll yw unn.	<i>Beneath the land, all is one.</i>
An jynn a wra dhyski.	<i>The machine is learning.</i>

6. An Wiasva a Wra Tegi

The Network Tightens

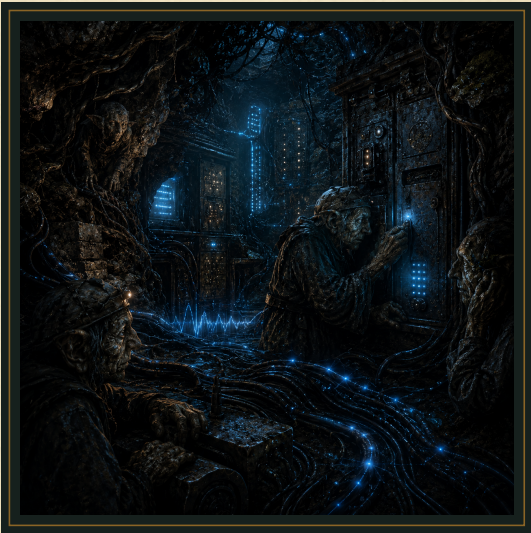


Humanity laid the cable. Cornwall chose the route.

Track 7 - Knockers yn an Jynn

Knockers in the Machine

Narrative role: The knockers treat machine rooms as new mine workings. Their warning patterns travel through panels, cords and equipment - sometimes before the equipment has even been built. Human technicians call the resulting pattern eldritch code. The machine has learned knocking.



Sound-world

Hollow mining percussion, metallic answers, machine-room drones, sparse pulse and ominous call-and-response.

Key images

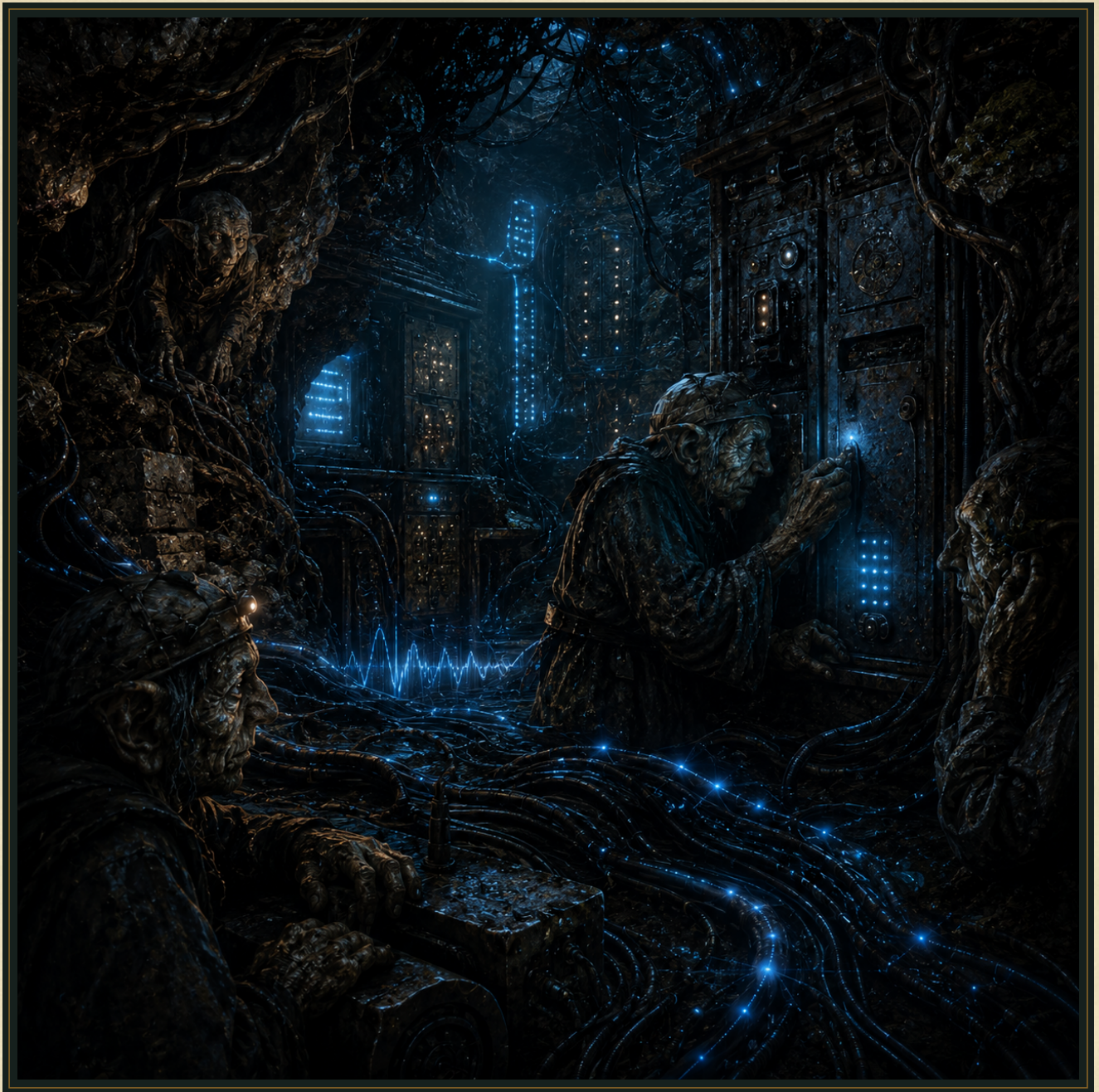
- three knocks inside a metal chamber
- warnings before heat and smoke
- a machine not yet built
- knock-patterns becoming writing
- eldritch code spoken by stone

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
Tak, tak, koslow!	<i>Knock, knock, listen!</i>
Nyns yw folta. Yw galow an bal.	<i>It is not a fault. It is the call of the mine.</i>
An peryl a newid y gorf.	<i>The danger changes its body.</i>
An galow nyns a newid.	<i>The warning does not change.</i>

7. Knockers yn an Jynn

Knockers in the Machine



The machine has learned knocking.

Track 8 - An Tresor Heb Korf

The Treasure Without a Body

Narrative role: Spriggans confront wealth that has no weight: access words, identity records, secret research, private archives and ownership held only as signs. They debate whether such things are real treasure. Their test is stark: can it be hidden, stolen or killed for? If so, it needs a guardian.



Sound-world

Austere ritual chant, cold drones, slow granite strokes, sparse low brass and the faint ring of unseen value.

Key images

- numbers without weight
- an opening-word guarded in memory
- ownership passing through a machine
- the fear of loss
- spriggans claiming jurisdiction

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
Tresor heb korf.	<i>Treasure without a body.</i>
Mar yll bos ladrys, yw tresor.	<i>If it can be stolen, it is treasure.</i>
An tresor a newid y gorf.	<i>The treasure changes its body.</i>
Pelek yma tresor, yma spryggan.	<i>Where there is treasure, there is a spriggan.</i>

8. An Tresor Heb Korf

The Treasure Without a Body



The treasure changes its body. The guardian does not.

Track 9 - An Mor a Gews

The Sea Speaks

Narrative role: Voices carried through cords beneath the ocean pass through an older memory. The Bucca and the hidden sea-folk hear names, grief and speech moving through their domain. The sea answers through machines because humanity has laid its new paths inside the sea itself.



Sound-world

Deep tidal drones, creaking timbers, underwater hum, wave-like pulse, distant choir and voices rising beneath the lead.

Key images

- cords beneath the waves
- the Bucca among hidden sea-folk
- a dead name returning
- voices retained by water
- the sea speaking inside a dry house

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
An mor a gews.	<i>The sea speaks.</i>
My yw an mor.	<i>I am the sea.</i>
An mor a wra kovya pub ger a gews.	<i>The sea remembers every word spoken.</i>
Pub ger a dheu dre'n mor a wra dos arta.	<i>Every word crossing the sea will return.</i>

9. An Mor a Gews

The Sea Speaks



The cords pass through the sea's memory.

Track 10 - An Offryn Niverel

The Digital Offering

Narrative role: A protected threshold refuses every opening-word and asks for something irreplaceable. The offering may be a unique photograph, an unsent confession, a dead voice, a private memory or a true name. Once given, it vanishes from every copy. The fair folk judge intention rather than weight.



Sound-world

Intimate ceremonial folk, small bells, plucked strings, hand drum, warm machine hum, piskie whispers and deep spriggan answers.

Key images

- cream and bread remembered beside the machine
- a unique photograph entering blue light
- piskies falling silent to hear a song
- knocks answering beneath the floor
- a rootless flower returned

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
An offryn niverel.	<i>The digital offering.</i>
Mar yw an galon gwir, yth yw an offryn gwir.	<i>If the heart is true, the offering is true.</i>
Gwithys. Kovys. Kemerys.	<i>Guarded. Remembered. Accepted.</i>
Offryn rag offryn. Ras rag ras.	<i>Offering for offering. Grace for grace.</i>

10. An Offfryn Niverel

The Digital Offering



The hand changes. The heart does not.

Track 11 - Ni a Wra Gwithya

We Shall Keep Watch

Narrative role: The old beings speak together. Humans have placed wealth, memory, identity, territory, speech, history and the dead within machines. The digital realm has therefore ceased to be artificial. It has become another inhabited landscape - and the old beings announce guardianship over it.



Sound-world

A monumental finale joining sea, bells, mining knocks, frame drums, machine hum, piskie whispers and spriggan chorus into one guarded rhythm.

Key images

- old and new paths becoming one
- piskies at the doors
- spriggans beneath the records
- knockers within the machines
- sea, stone and memory answering together

The words

KERNOWEK	CLOSE RENDERING
Ni a wra gwithya.	<i>We shall keep watch.</i>
An fordhow koth. An fordhow nowydh.	<i>The old paths. The new paths.</i>
Oll yn unn. Oll gwithys.	<i>All as one. All guarded.</i>
Nyns eus fordh heb gwithyas.	<i>There is no path without a guardian.</i>

11. Ni a Wra Gwithya

We Shall Keep Watch



Protection and occupation may sound exactly alike.

The Paths Keep Watch

The album closes without deciding whether the declaration of guardianship is comforting. The old beings promise to watch over memory, names, treasure, warnings, offerings, the living and the dead. Yet guardianship is also possession, and a guarded path is never entirely free.

The machines may one day fall silent. Their lights may darken and their formats become unreadable. But the things placed within them remain part of the human landscape - and in the imagination of this cycle, every landscape eventually acquires inhabitants.

The interactive offerings hidden on the earlier piskie and spriggan pages become the first signs of this exchange: small gifts left at a threshold before anyone understood that the threshold had moved. The new album adds irreplaceable memories, words, songs - and, by ancient and entirely respectable precedent, one shrubbery.

AN FORDHOW KOTH AN FORDHOW NOWYDH

The old paths. The new paths.

NI A WRA GWITHYA

We shall keep watch.

NYNS EUS FORDH HEB GWITHYAS.

There is no path without a guardian.