



Interchange @ the Priestley

Interchange (Bradford Writers' Network) meets every Tuesday from 8pm at the Priestley Centre for Arts (formerly the Bradford Playhouse).

The sessions are informal and provide a sounding board for members' work, as well as constructive criticism and feedback should this be required.

Support, encouragement and words are at the forefront of the group's activities, and all kinds of writing is welcomed: poetry, short and long fiction, plays, memoirs, articles and songs.

Inside this issue...

Writer in residence, poetry by Karl Dallas, prose by Diane Johnson, news, views and events

Resident scribe

Mark Cantrell reports on the Beehive Poets appointment of its first writer in residence

MEMBERS of the Beehive Poets now get professional feedback on their work, courtesy of Geoff Hattersley, who has been appointed as the group's first 'writer in residence'.

The residency will initially last for six months, on the basis of the group's financial resources. The group plans to approach arts funding bodies to raise the necessary money to extend the scheme.

Geoff (pic below) will supply criticism

and comments on members' work, on the basis of his extensive experience as a poet and editor. The aim is to improve the work ready for publication.

"It will help individuals in the group to develop their poetry," says John Sugden. It's a way of getting comments from someone who has edited a successful poetry magazine for years and its is also help from someone who has

been nationally recognised as a poet.

"If we want to achieve publication, the first step is submission to the 'small press' magazines. Unfortunately these have acceptance rates of one in a hundred poems or less, and worthy editors hardly have time for more than returning a printed rejection slip. It is

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Hell Hath No Fury

Hatred and venom spewed from her every being as she laid her index finger on the jacket he had left behind, her face contorted with fury. No binding love now, just hate.

Her spine went rigid, sirens shrieking, car horn blaring. "Together at last," she spat. She raised the deadly poisonous pulp to her lips.

Her last vision was one of Leo's soul winging its way to the heavens as the Devil also made plans to claim his prize.

Diane Johnson

Geoff Hattersley: writer in residence at the Beehive Poets



The Bootleg Bard

*I'm ya bootleg bard, baby,
and my stuff's guaranteed to be one thousand per cent proof.
This ain't no bathtub brew, baby,
it's definitely the genuwine article,
aged in the cask for seven decades or more.*

*I promise you my verses'll blow your mind
but they'll never send you blind.
I'm all about opening up your eyes, baby,
showing you the way things could be
and should be
and would be
if only the bootleggers from the wrong side of the tracks
didn't keep hijacking the good stuff
and diluting it with wood alcohol and turpentine.*

*I'm ya bootleg bard, baby,
and my stuff comes to you in a plain brown envelope
marked danger: explicit lyrics within.
There may be stuff your grandmother didn't teach you,
four-letter words like love and gift and hope,
and yes, even work,
so hard to find these days..
Words like hate don't get in past the censor;
though anger kind of sharpens up the taste
but rage means it's past its sell-by date.*

*I'm ya bootleg bard, baby,
and my gang's spread all over the mean streets of this town.
Most of 'em are dead,
a St Valentine's Day massacre because they died for love,
but though their words are trodden into the gutter,
see that kid with his baseball cap on back to front,
he's picking them up
and straightening out the creases
and working out the words where they've got smudged and hard to read,
and updating them and re-writing them and fighting them
so they mean something in a time
when thee's and thou's and hey-nony-nony's just don't make it.*

*Take it, drink it, but just don't paste a label on it.
You can't put us bootleg bards in bags.*

Karl Dallas

Beehive Scribe

Continued from page 1

easy to achieve a sense of puzzled bewilderment or depression enhanced by the postman dropping heavy envelopes of returned manuscripts."

Geoff, along with his wife Jeanette, ran the *The Wide Skirt* poetry magazine. Among his collections are *Don't Worry* (1994) and *On the Buses With Dostoyevsky* (1998) both published by Bloodaxe Books. He was included in *The New poetry* anthology, again by Bloodaxe Books in 1993. Editor, poet and critic David Kennedy has called Geoff's poetry 'the surrealism of the provinces'.

"We think his editing experience can be invaluable in giving our poets an informed assessment of their poetry and how it can be improved," John adds.

Geoff Hattersley said he was delighted but also a little 'surprised' at being asked. "John asked me if I could recommend anybody and I suggested quite a few people -- but I actually had no idea he wanted me to do it," Geoff said.

2 Hot 2 Hate performs the Alhambra

RAP group 2 Hot 2 Hate performed at the library and the Alhambra last month.

The group emerged from the Manningham Live Literature Project, writes Bruce Barnes.

The group consist of 12 young men from Manningham, of different racial backgrounds.

They worked with Jamaican born writer and performer Jean Binta Breeze and others to put together the performances.

The work consisted of individually written pieces as well as collective worked that expressed the group's experience of living in Manningham.

The Pestilent Script

Mark Cantrell reports on a strange medical condition afflicting group members...

CREATIVE writing is the expression of a parasitic organism call *Inspiracoccus Scriptorius Infectis*.

It multiplies within the brain, invading nerve cells, and then uses the neural weave to nurture the larval creature into fully-fledged maturity.

Some writers have guessed at the nature of this affliction; Orwell for instance referred to writing a novel as like some bout of a vile and debilitating disease. To date there is no cure. There is no inoculation, as no-one has yet discovered the bacterium, virus or basic particle that provides the infectious mechanism of this disease.

Invisible the organism may be, yet we can acknowledge its existence through the effects it has upon the victims. Typical symptoms include staring eyes, the persistent presence of notepads and pens, calluses and ink stains, and compulsive

use of word processors.

Frequently, the afflicted are compelled to come together and so cross-fertilise their infection.

For sure, some people have a natural immunity, but again as yet science has no means of understanding why the parasite cannot lodge in the immune person's brain.

There is a notion that some talent and imagination is required to be a creative writer. There is some truth in this, but as with many things in life this is far from the absolute. Though the infection takes root the deepest in the minds of scribes and imaginative individuals, it can also infect others.

Even the illiterate can fall foul of this disease. Depending upon their cultural environment, they can either become oral storytellers, thus spreading the contagion through the air, or they may become the average tap room bull shitter. In

the latter case, the effect is the same — the contagion spreads through the air, but also through the faecal mechanism of verbal diarrhoea.

Nobody is safe from this disease. Though it takes root in the brains of what are commonly called scribes, where the larval idea form is nurtured into full-fledged maturity, the adult form must itself breed. It does this through he medium of the reader, and its gametic form is transmitted as further ideas. These infect writers through the general cultural material they ingest. Contained with this memetic pool of inspiration are the spores of the next generation of idea.

And thus the parasite breeds.

The writer suffers only the most extreme form of this disease, which thus far there is no known cure. So writers must beware, it is more likely that they are infected and merely replicating within their minds the seeds of one of the most virulent diseases known to man: inspiration.

Peace launched

BRADFORD Central Library will see the launch of an anthology dedicated to peace poetry in August.

Sundoves, Bumblebees & Blue Streak Bananas was brought together by Poets 4 Peace, a small group centred around Seema Gill, Richard Heley, Bruce Barnes and Lynette Shaw McKone.

The anthology costs £6.99 and was published at the end of May.

Seema will introduce the book at the library launch, and contributors will be reading their work.

The launch takes place at Bradford Central Library, Thurs 8th August from 7.30pm.

Write for it!

GOT any news for Tyke Writer? Then send it to the editor, better still pick up the pen and write for the newsletter for yourself.

There's nowt like a byline.

Anything relating to writing or the activities of writing in the Bradford area, poems, short prose. Get it in, get your name in print.

Escapism in New York

Bruce Barnes recently returned from a holiday in New York, here he recounts some poetic adventures in the Big Apple

JOY and I are back from a week in New York, taking in the major galleries, spending time with my aunt, getting enmeshed in the subway system and attending a couple of poetry readings.

Rather than bore you with a literary version of holiday snaps, I want to write about a small poetry venue, one of dozen or more in New York, the Bowery Poetry Club, at 308 Bowery and Bleecker. I might have written about a big one, the Nouryican Café on a Wednesday night, but jet lag got the better of me, and so Thursday night we turned up for a read-

ing by Jack McCarthy and a poetry slam. 308 Bowery has a battered looking house door in keeping with a part of the district that still retains the ambience of down and outs. But open that door, and you enter a high ceilinged performance space, with bar, cafe seating and tables to the front of the stage, and a rig behind the audience with the smoothest P.A equipment and a technician perched near the ceiling. In the audience area the walls are exposed brickwork giving a raw, anything can happen feel.

There was an audience of about 40, mainly

younger people, some slam contestants, others there for the reading.

Jack McCarthy is a friend of Michael Brown and Patricia Smith, our hosts when the Bradford 6 toured Boston in 99.

Jack reads from memory poems that are conversations with the self ; reading from memory is a rare skill on the poetry scene, but hearing Jack read, I was struck by how vital a skill it was with his kind of work. I heard his poems emanate from inside and not having to read, there was time for him to breathe life into the words and I quickly became an avid listener. a rare skill on the poetry scene, but hearing Jack read I was struck by how vital a skill it is.

The Tyke Writer is the monthly newsletter of the Interchange (Bradford Writers' Network).

For further details of the group, or to get involved, come down to the Priestley Centre for Arts, Chapel Street, Little Germany, Bradford.

Or contact:

Email: interchange@brad.communiagate.co.uk

Web: <http://www.communiagate.co.uk/brad/interchange>

Editorial contributions are welcome, but will be edited for space and style.

All contributions must bear the author's name, which may appear as a byline. Contributions are also preferably recieved in type written form.

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Editor: Mark Cantrell
Contact:

Tel: 07986 234372
Fax: 0870 1643314
Email: tykewriter@supanet.com

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Wed, 31st July

Featuring...

David Gill
And new Redbeck book:
The Amateur Yorkshireman.

And

Eddie Lawler
Saltaire singer songwriter

Sign up for floorspot performances from 8pm (first come first served). Evening begins at 8.30pm.

Price £2/£4 on the door