



## Interchange @ the Goldsborough

Interchange (Bradford Writers' Network) meets every Tuesday from 8pm at the Goldsborough pub on Bolton Rd, Bradford.

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...

**Poetry by Seema Gill and Patrick Blues, pondering creativity, lit-picnic, Opening Act's great start**

# Opening Act First Class

*A new chapter in the life of the Priestley began in April, with the first production by Actors' Community Theatre. **Mark Cantrell was in the audience...***

**T**HE fragments of the broken Priestley Centre for Arts recombined to brilliant effect in April with the first production by ACT in the reborn Priestley.

Actors' Community Theatre retains the variety of talent of the old days and has repackaged it for the new, as the Priestley's resident theatre group. Linked, but separate entities, they both got off to a fantastic new beginning with the Opening Act.

The event was a cabaret, featuring a wealth of diverse performances. Acts featured short excerpts of plays, such as a scene from *An Inspector Calls* by J B Priestley. New writing was also featured, such as a

wonderful short play by Andrew Crowther. Youth players also showed their talent with, again, a specially written play, and an extract of *Our Day Out*.

Alongside the stagecraft, there was song and dance, and poetry featuring our very own Patrick Blues (with a walk on part by Joe Ogden). Sara Thompson provided an entertaining novelty in the form of the *Wizard of Oz*, performed in only eight minutes. And Alan Kay's monologue of the actor who never quite seemed to make it was hilariously funny (and also made this editor wonder if he wouldn't be saying the same things from a journalistic perspective ten years down the

line).

In all, ACT's first presentation was a brilliant — as the title says — opening act, and a wonderful way to announce the Priestley's resurrection.

Look forward to yet more top-notch entertainment in the coming months and — I am sure — years.

*Forthcoming presentations proposed by ACT include:*

*Welcome to Paradise by Andrew Crowther and directed by Matt Blackmore (to be staged end of June); Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare and directed by Audrey Coldron (or Peter Newsome) (September/October); Nativity by Jonathon Hall and directed by Ken Lunn (December).*

*LAST month, Mark Cantrell co-organised the Love Poetry, Hate Racism gig with John Sugden of the Beehive Poets.*

*The event was a great success, with brilliant performances from Javaad Alipoor, Nick Toczek, Howard Frost, Karl Dallas, Mick Yates, Alex Krysinski, Louis Kazatkin,*

*Tim Moon and Patrick Blues. Joe Ogden compared the event, which raised around £50 for the anti-racist work of Bradford Anarchist Group, BTUC Anti-Fascist Committee and the Anti Nazi League. Unfortunately, the latter group, for reasons not yet known, did not come to the event.*

**BACK ISSUES FROM: <http://www.tykewriter.supanet.com/tw/>**

# Primal Expression

*Creativity is the essence of living, and we writers are part of the embodiment of Humanity's primal screaming desire to be noticed says **Mark Cantrell***

**A**LL humans beings are storytellers, cave painters, poets and musicians. We are creatures of creation; it's central to our nature to express ourselves.

This has been true ever since the first spark of self-awareness compelled us to ponder the dark depths between the stars, to search for meaning in our relations with those around us, and with

the world in which we live.

Creativity is the central strand that binds our diverse cultures together. It strikes out from one generation to the next to transmit those cultures from the dawn of time to the ever-distant tomorrow. This urge to create ramifies into everything we do, even into the darker aspects of our

surrounds us and stifles us in everything we do.

From the day we are born, we are subliminally informed that we are fit only to labour or to perform some functional task for the market and its support systems. That and to dutifully consume material products.

Modern society catalogues humanity. It compartmentalises the human soul, splits it into components and neatly files them away. Here is our box, and there we must remain.

Capitalism needs throwaway components. We are expected to be near automations performing repetitive tasks, regulated by the manager's clock and to live out our lives in the service of the market. This is called freedom.

In return, we get a little food, a roof over our heads, and a little pocket money to spend on consumer things like clothes and cars and holidays in the sun.

Capitalism does not need a wealth of thinkers, or visionaries or people with untrammelled imagination. Such people are in general a hindrance to

collective psyche – the capacity to destroy.

Art in its many forms was mankind's first expression of dissent; a subversion of the dominion of Nature. It stood for our own battle to escape the incarceration within the savage Eden that is the natural world.

Countless generations later, artistic expression in all its forms is still a basic act of defiance and of dissent. This time nature is not the object of our rebellion, but the human society that

## I Want To Know

I don't care what the colour of your skin is  
I want to know if you can see the reflection of your soul  
I don't care where you come from  
I want to know if you can travel to the centre of our pain  
I don't care what language you speak  
I want to know if you dare to expose injustice  
I don't care what you do for a living  
I want to know if you can earn my respect  
I don't care how you form your words  
I want to know if you can shape the course of history  
I don't care how you deal with your routines  
I want to know if you can act with your clean conscience  
I don't care what means you own  
I want to know if you can produce riches of honesty  
I don't care how much knowledge you've consumed in life  
I want to know if you can avoid ignorance  
I don't care how much gold, diamonds and rubies you've collected  
I want to know if you've gathered the courage to face life  
I want to know

**Seema Gill**

the smooth flow of profit. Instead, the vast majority is expected to channel imagination into other avenues.

So the accountant finds clever ways to boost a client's profit. The scientist working for an armaments company finds ever better ways to kill and maim. The labourer is simply crushed.

Or so it would seem.

Dig a little deeper into the Dark Continent that is the majority of mankind and we find the burning fires of ancient creativity. Sometimes it screams at us from the walls of our prison cities in the most colourful displays of graffiti art.

At other times we must peer a little harder into the crevasses and shadows of our narrow world, think a little laterally to realise that despite its circumstances, humanity still fights to express itself, any way it can, by whatever limited means.

"Shaz was 'ere" the scrawl tells us from a wall. This and many like it, sometimes accompanied by crude drawings in a primeval mimicry of the 'higher' graffiti art or indeed of ancient cave drawings, scream their creator's desire to be recognised in their exis-

tence.

As for the story telling tradition, that is alive and well in the most unlikely of places. Look to the pub, or similar gatherings where people flock to converse. In the simple telling of anecdotes and gossips, stories of their lives are performed for the small audience of family and friend.

Here are the rawest forms of self-expression, the human mind declaring its existence in the face of perpetual indifference. Perhaps it is also the most pitiable, but in a sense it shows that some spark of defiance still sputters in the human soul.

Some may find it difficult to perceive such notions in pointless scrawling, or in the casual gossip and boasting of a tap room milieu. Yet it represents in its most basic form that which lies in all human souls – creativity and expression.

In recent years, there has been an explosion in popularity for poetry. The muse sings to the masses and takes form in their own words and creative explorations. Yet so many of the cultured elite talk of taking the poetry to the masses, unaware that poetry exists there

already. Like missionaries, they take the light of wisdom to the heathen savages, only to find the torches burning bright where their arrogance said were only shadows.

Light already blazes, burning with the fuel of poetry and

prose and music and art. Words and deeds define humanity as something that is not content to be bound by the fetters of capitalism, anymore than ancient humans were content to be bound by

*Continued on back page...*

## Kick Out The Racists

I do not want no racists in our streets  
I do not want no racists around my feet  
No more racists in the town halls  
No more racists inside our city walls

KICK OUT THE RACISTS  
KICK OUT THE RACISTS  
NOW

Racism is a blight on humanity  
Racism puts an end to liberty  
Don't want no exclusion zones  
Kick racism build an inclusion zone

Kick out the racists  
Kick out the racists now

Does not matter about the colour of your skin  
All that matters is the truth of the heart within

Kick out the racists  
Kick out the racists  
Kick them out now

Everybody, everybody if you care  
You don't want racism anywhere  
Kick out the racists  
Kick out the racists  
Kick them out now

KICK OUT THE RACISTS

**Patrick Blues**

# Primal Expression

*Continued from page 3*

the fetters of nature. Like them, we lash out, consciously and unconsciously we tell the world that we are more than our allotted function. We break the bounds, shatter the blinkers of censorship and of sense and sensibility.

We are dissidents and subversives by the very act of writing. By putting our thoughts and deeds into words and image and song, we lash out against the bonds that attempt to strangle our minds. We are saying that we are more than just a dutiful consumer. We aim a blow at the ide-

ology that says we are less than human. The ideology of cultural elitism, that trains the masses to hold themselves in contempt, to turn away from creative endeavours until an essential part of their mind is withered and atrophied.

The farm labourer toils on the land, he is not supposed to write. The car worker mans the production line; he does not compose stanzas. The secretary files her nails; she does not create images in pigments and paint. A few insipid lines about a daffodil are mundane beyond words when penned by a poet lau-

reate. From the pen of a miner it is a most revolutionary thing – because through that daffodil he has said I am more than a hewer of coal. I am a man, a human being able to comprehend the beauty of the world and to be moved by it.

We are the torch-bearers, carrying what was bequeathed to us by our storytelling, cave-painting forebears, in the days when humanity still knew how to love and live and dare to dream. Art was and ever remains the primal scream of human awakening.

## Anyone for a Lit-Picnic?

**B**RUCE Barnes is hoping to organise a one-day extravaganza of poetry and literature in Bradford's Lister Park. He is consequently inviting expression of interest and suggestions from those involved in the literature scene for this one day 'Lit-Picnic'.

"The Lit-picnic is to be a one day festival of literary activity in West

Yorkshire, to be based in and around the bandstand in Lister Park, (Bradford's beautiful Victorian park), including the grass slope where traditionally folk have sat to listen to bands," Bruce says.

"It would include prose readings, and performances covering poetry, rap, singer-song writing; and it would be an opportunity for local writing groups, and literature

development organisations to publicise their activity, and a market place for small press publishers and self publishers to sell their wares. It would take place on Saturday 16 August 2003 from 12-5pm with possibly a celebratory evening event."

If anyone is interested in such an event, or wishes to know more, then contact Bruce at [bruce@poetbradford.freeserve.co.uk](mailto:bruce@poetbradford.freeserve.co.uk).

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 Goldsborough pub on Bolton Road, Bradford (about 5 minutes from Forster Square).

Or contact:

Carol Solorz, secretary: 01274 570006

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

**E**ditorial 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 received in type written form.

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