



The Tyke Writer

INTERCHANGE NEWSLETTER

Issue 6/ October 2001

EVENTS GUIDE

Interchange @ the Priestley

Weekly workshop that takes place every Tuesday from 8pm at the Priestley Centre for the Arts, Chapel Street, Little Germany.

It provides a friendly and informal gathering where group members can share their work.

Also provides a forum for constructive feedback if requested.

Interchange @ the Melborn

Every last Wednesday of the month on White Abbey Road, Interchange hosts an open microphone event for writers, performers and singer-song-writers.

Singer/song-writers please contact in advance, as slots for musicians are limited.

Be there at 8pm to sign up for an 8.30pm start.

From the Big Apple to the Little Pip

Phil Wainman reviews the 2001 Paddington International Poetry Festival.

LONDON is not one of my favourite places, and after a tiring four hours drive down from Bradford, my thoughts were veering towards sleep.

'Never-the-less', I thought, 'I'm a professional' so with my video camera in

one hand and a pencil in the other, I made my way to the venue for the opening night of the Paddington International Poetry Festival.

As weary as I was, I can honestly say that before the night was half through, I had been truly inspired. The event, which was on three evenings,

from Friday 12 October until Sunday 14 consisted mainly of featured poets, with some musicians and open mic spots.

The festival proved to be international indeed as there was a good cultural mix, including many Americans who were over here on tour. I was particularly moved by the many sad and brave pieces about the World Trade Centre terrorist attacks and the shock and grief felt by many at the large-scale civilian casualties in Afghanistan.

Day two hosted the two round poetry slam

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*Thom the
World
Poet
performs
his work*

Inside This Issue:

Poetry by Joe Ogden;
Back Page Poets
interview: Miranda
Rook; news, views
and events.

No more Monkeying around

By Mark Cantrell

AFTER a successful run of just over two years, the Interchange @ the Monkey Bar event is no more. The last one was held at the beginning of the month, in exile at Henry Boones.

This reflected part of the problem that led to the event's closure; that

the Monkey Bar had become too unreliable due to staffing problems during week days.

"In its lifetime Monkey Bar achieved its goals," said Howard Frost, the man who co-hosted the event. "There were indeed memorable occasions with over forty in the audience. However, it is in the nature of these things that some adherents lose interest,

and some become too busy, and eventually one or two people are left holding the baby.

"This happened in the last two or three months, added to which the venue became unreliable due to staffing problems. As we were also experiencing problems at the Melborn, due in part at least to falling numbers, we took the decision to consolidate

our efforts into keeping the less travel-costly venue in our home city alive."

For a while, it looked as though the Melborn would be affected too, but problems there were happily resolved so that it continues with its schedule on the last Wednesday of the month.

Little Pip...

(Continued from page 1)

competition, a form of poetry that lasts about three minutes, is delivered to make an emotional impact and is scored by a panel of judges. This was won by black American Glenis Redmond (www.glenisredmond.com) whose performances were powerful if not a little angry in places. Day two was also filmed by a three person film crew.

On day three we got to see the fine art skills of event organiser and MC, Richard Heley. Together with the audience and performers, he created paintings for some of

our American friends to take home with them. Richard also proved himself as a fantastic and uplifting performance poet who often played on the use, misuse and double meaning of words.

Also to be marvelled at was the unique improvisation poetry of Thom the World Poet who was accompanied on guitar by Jeff Lawson. Jeff's own sets were excellent, not only because he is such a good musician and songwriter but also because he has an incredibly powerful voice.

Representing Bradford Interchange Writers Network were the talents of Lynette Shaw McKone and Joe

Top: American poet Glenis Redmond performs her work at the Paddington International Poetry Festival. Below: Interchange's very own Joe Ogden. Photos: Phil Wainman

Ogden, who both were on top form and gave performances to make Interchange proud.



September 11

Out of blue sky morn
Doomed aircraft flown
In one heart's beat
Flaming fury crosses
High-rise offices

The world slows, heads turn, stunned

Thousands never will return home
And millions more will moan
'My friend, he saw it all...'
As the fledgling angels fall
While others make their final call

Stunned, heads turn away, the world in
shock

Where once stood the dreaming towers
Lays a nightmare sprawl of urban avalanche
'All those people - gone'
Turned to dust?
Has the war begun?
Then many more are sure to die

Heads stunned, world 'turned', takes stock,
asks why?

Joe Ogden



Brief bits...

Appeal goes out for Priestley

THE Priestley Centre for Arts needs everyone's help if it is to stay open, *writes Phil Wainman*. It needs to raise £10,000 by

the end of the month, or it will close down. Basically, donations, sponsors, people to come and see the plays (The Cherry Orchard on from 9th to 13th this month) are urgently needed.

More generally, the word needs putting out that 'Bradford Playhouse' does exist, it's just under a different name.

War Poets Called Up

BEEHIVE Poets are appealing for poetry about peace and war for a new anthology.

Proceeds will go towards assisting refugees from the crisis. Contact Seema Gill (01274 632186), or John Sugden (01274 490561).

Going Dutch in verse

NEVER offer to go Dutch with Miranda Rook unless you can understand the language. Otherwise, stick to English; her poetry is just as good.

Miranda comes from Holland originally, though she has now made her home here in West Yorkshire. She runs the Rook Residence B&B with her husband, cat and 'loony' dog. If poetry is served at breakfast, she hasn't said so it might be an idea to book a room and find out.

It was one of those strange coincidences that brought Miranda to the group: "I was reading a self-help book on how to be a better writer," she says. "It advised joining a local writers' group and the

very next day I saw an ad in the newspaper. So off I went.

"I like to attend meetings about twice a month and some performance or show about once a month. Certainly no overdose," she adds. "I think it is important for writers and other artists to join like-minded groups and make an effort to see shows and exhibitions to keep in touch with what's happening."

Along with this, she finds that attending helps with practical advice, and can also be inspirational.

"The highlights of my writing life are those rare moments when I am absolutely satisfied that I've written something that cannot be improved," she says. "That's when I know I've

written a little gem."

Artists are renowned for being a difficult and traumatised bunch. Miranda thinks this is all 'rubbish'.

"I have neither big heroes nor enormous traumatic experiences to be influenced by," she says. "In general life influences me: the news, art, friends."

Though she's been writing for thirty years (since the age of five), she considers herself an amateur. If a professional writer is judged by the money they earn, then Miranda wouldn't mind the money, but confesses she couldn't cope with the deadlines.

"You have made it when you are happy. Earn enough out of what you do to make yourself happy, without

having to sell your soul."

The words will always come first, however: "Writing is a brilliant form of expression. As soon as the idea is put to paper it has a long life, much longer than it would have if merely spoken. We can't remember everything so we need the back up of the written word. And telepathy is just not an option yet."

Telepathy seems to be something that interests Miranda. So have a care next time you find a poem echoing through your mind; it might not be inspiration. It might be Miranda's discovery that telepathy has become an option.

Mark Cantrell

The Tyke Writer is the monthly newsletter of the Interchange (Bradford Writers' Network). For further details of the group, or to get involved, either come down to the Priestley Centre for Arts on Tuesdays from 8pm or contact:

Lynette Shaw McKone, Interchange

Tel: 07930 236122

Email: interchangebwn@hotmail.com.

Web: <http://www.writers-circles.com/interchange>

Editorial contributions welcome, but will be edited for space and style. All contributions must bear the author's name, which may appear as a byline. Opinions expressed are not necessarily those of Interchange. Copyright on all work is retained by the original authors.

Editor: Mark Cantrell

Contact: Tel: 01274 541468.

Fax: 0870 1643314

Email: editor@soviet62.freemove.co.uk

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