

# SUNRISE

*And the Whispers of Dawn*

سُن رَاسْمِز  
اور صُحی سِرگوشیاں



A COLLECTION OF WRITING

FOR LITERARY ARTS

Edited by Paul Silva

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**Selected and Introduced by Paul Silva**

SUNRISE and the WHISPERS of DAWN

Edited and Introduced by Paul Silva Ph.D. MASC

Foreword by D. M. Rogerson Ph.D. FRSA

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## **FOREWORD**

Within the inner cities, the population is mixed. This is sometimes seen as a considerable difficulty and disadvantage because socio-economic conditions and cultural diversity combine to produce a lack of social cohesion and animosity. There is sometimes some truth in this and dramatic events which characterise the “sometimes” are highlighted in the media and in memories so that it is assumed that the truth is perpetual. For those who live and work in the inner cities, there is an alternative view which gives dignity to their everyday lives. The diversity is interesting and enhancing when the people are given the opportunity, and have the confidence, to express their feelings and experiences.

This book is about giving a cross section of the population of inner city communities in Huddersfield associated with two comprehensive schools, Fartown and Moor End High Schools, the opportunity to explore and express their cultural perceptions with a view to increasing confidence and literary skill.

The contributions are from a variety of people and very different ages. It is an interesting exercise to try to distinguish one generation from another and to try to decide whether there really is any essential difference between the generations.

It is appropriate to note the contribution made by Paul Silva, who was employed by the Routeways to Success to work in the two high schools. He has worked very hard to encourage contributors and to put the book together in a form which could be published. He has been helped by number of people, adult and adolescent and the community influence is strong.

When you read the book or extracts from it, it is probably helpful to remember the communities which generated it. They have undergone considerable change. Their economic and cultural bedrock was associated with the “dark satanic mills”. Much of what dignified their lives and gave them the wherewithal to live was generated by the textile industry and associated industries which have largely disappeared or changed greatly. Many of the people, or the preceding generation, had considerable social disruption to come to work in the mills; many travelled thousands of miles and left different communities and very different climates. Some still have very strong connections with “home” communities.

There may be occasional flashpoints within those areas which are inner cities. There may be general problems which condition aspirations, health, educational performance and economic achievement. It is manifestly true that there is a great deal of ability, experience and energy which is under-utilised.

It would benefit us all if it was to be released into society generally. The book expresses one way of releasing that energy because it was generated by inviting people to explain themselves and develop their talent. The effort of exploring ourselves in relation to others is worthwhile because it dignifies each one of us. It is not about competition; not about who is best. It is rather about how much value we can gain by sharing and through understanding.

**D M Rogerson MA Ph.D. FRSA**

## EDITOR'S INTRODUCTION

Sunrise and the Whispers of Dawn is a book of contemporary poetry and prose; it combines poetry, short stories, interviews, oral history, articles, portraits, fine art, computer art, and music with a new inventiveness within the traditions of Literary Arts!

In its current revised edition as in the first imprint published by the Huddersfield University Press, the collection has remained diversified in both content and contributors. Amongst its contributors, there are pupils, parents, teachers and educators, well-established writers, musicians, artists and poets; all challenging the borders of fiction and non-fiction to define a new parameter for literary arts. The boundaries of which invite readers to the dialogistic, but changing relationship between literature with the small 'I' and the other art forms, occasionally bordering Mathematics, Science and Technology.

The selection of work remains based on the evocation of different realities, and the artistic skill, integrity and sincerity of moments however arresting or absurd they may be. Going behind the scenes and being part of the backdrop seems to me, to be the hallmark of this collection.

It is unique in its controversy as it is widely influenced by micro cultures of the varying multicultural, pluralistic views. Yet, much of the poetry, like most of the twentieth century poetry, is written in free verse. The stories echo thrilling rhythms of overcoming obstacles, or adversaries, or personal pains or exciting experiments into futuristic writing, embracing realness, fiction and science; yet remaining thoughtful and aesthetic.

The dynamism of Sunrise and the Whispers of Dawn is dynamism of communities that have been emboldened by the sheer depth of their own self-awareness, and their many selves, contradictory yet uplifting! Therefore, this is a book about the integrity and feelings of the ‘everybody’ whose life can be worthy and meaningful, a concept so affronting to many publishers! The latter fact necessitates the high, low and flat terrain of the collection which is best seen as a holon in which individual piece is a part of the whole collection, and at the same time each part is a whole by itself.

The collection is part of the new trends in literary arts, but does not compromise on quality, and has a particular advantage for schools. It is accessible even in its most complex themes, it is also accessible by association, in that most students and teachers will be motivated as they read works by students and teachers like themselves. The book can further provide insights into the relationship between language and age groups, between age groups and different social and cultural norms.

Above and beneath that, it is a useful resource for literary arts which guarantees enjoyment without dulling its critical edge. Educators wanting to use this book in their lessons could consider some basic notions relating to the different ways of reading, comparing linguistic – words, links, contexts, movement between beginning and end – conflicts, binaries, contrast, juxtapositions, interpretation, opinion and interaction; to the traditional ways of reading such as setting, plot, characterisation, intention, criticism and meaning.

The implication is that it is necessary for teachers to familiarise their students with more than one set of literary term in order to increase the possibility of their students' enjoyment of literary arts, of which literature is only a part, but a significant part. Students and teachers can improve the quality of their vocabulary work by considering questions such as: Is the vocabulary simple or complex, concrete or abstract, referential or emotive? Investigating the use of adjectives is particularly beneficial to the study of poetry and fiction. Considering if adjectives are used in normal collocations with nouns, or in unusual forms, or the association they evoke are all worthwhile tasks from which students and teachers can derive pleasure and deeper level of understanding a poem, or story.

Content, form and figures of speech are the other components to the study of poetry, and questions of content such as: Whose voice or voices can one hear in the poem; to whom is it addressed; what is the setting of the poem in terms of time and place; what is its message and tone? What kind of poem is it anyway, narrative, descriptive, lyrical, pastoral, epic? Does it follow any set of layout, or what is its metre, stress, patterns, if any? Checking to see if there is a rhyme scheme, and what kind of rhyme scheme, if any, in addition to the identifiable elements of phonology or sound, such as alliteration and assonance. Other visual elements such as pictures, drawing, computer arts and so forth are also useful to students who would like to enjoy this collection to the fullest. Figures of speech cover anything from imagery connected with any particular sense or semantic field to the difference between the language of a poem to that of day to day usage, and other art forms; and should include the broader picture of the overall effect of a poem after the first, second, third, and many more reading.



Teachers ought to encourage their students to practise reading aloud. It is important in any classroom activities if teachers and students were to have fun and enjoy the ‘offerings’ contained in this collection.

The themes and the structure of the book provide a rich resource in the study of language. For instance, students can learn the different characteristics between written and spoken text by comparing the written interview, online conversation with the oral history interviews selected in this collection. It is worth remembering that this book’s pagination is deliberate, its arrangement and ordering are discourse led and should provide many opportunities for contrast and comparison, parallelism, linear and lateral contextualisation. It is also worth remembering that Sunrise and the Whispers of Dawn represents the voice of the child and adult everyone knows, compelling yet playful. The embarrassment of hearing one’s own voice should soon give way to one’s voice showing confidence and providing comfort.

The world of the book is diverse and varied as one can find in any multicultural nations around the world, with their polemic conflicts and tetchy integration, or the assimilation of older cultures by forces of survivalist melting pot; or in the rainbow coalition of celebrating the other, to make a small point! The multicultural world of the book is a mirror by context and analogy of what is communicated in the writings, and to the contributing writers themselves, whose backgrounds are as varied and as challenging.

One small drawback however is that the Urdu translation of some materials in the book is very limited, not limited in the quality of translation, but for pieces translated. It is my hope that grandmothers and grandfathers of many Asians, and Asian British who speak Urdu may enjoy this few translated texts in their own original language. The future of this collection may yet see it translated into many languages.

I sincerely hope that those who will read this book will enjoy it and find it possible to bring their own meaning to bear upon it. I have come to believe that this collection is a portent symbol of the closeness we share - it is worth fighting for without resorting to brutality and banality!

**Paul Silva**

## DAYBREAK WITH ANGELS

Slowly the town settles, and the last drunks expand on their excitement in the night; their plaintive joy joins the first cries of the seagulls. They all dream of futures now and not their past. The sleeping hold on to their lives, the leaves unfold from their own shade until they almost appear.

In the circles of the light we see the rain reflect the spreading ripple of the dawn; when we see the still puddle before a car destroys it we can see its own reflected world complete, a dawning before the dawn arrives, that moment we all know and cannot place for it cannot be measured like time,

that moment when the light is artificial and the rain drops individually maintain in their rounded sides the street lights and the night, that single window and the curtain drawn. That moment when,

before the sun has been so much as hinted at, the electric light that seeps out of the room is fading, has lost its power to create its own small world and shine on to the smooth sides of each rain drop, has become a colour more than light; that moment will always be known and undefined, as certain as grappling with an angel.

Outside the shouts that spill through the windows  
of the last parties have discovered a new tone, and the songs  
that sustained another pool of late night revellers who  
asserted that the night would never end, that they would  
better it as they stumbled over the impediments, are now  
reflecting on the cries that come when pleasure turns  
to melancholy and like the ambiguity of seagulls  
make a cry deprived, deprived.

And when the night is inevitably sucked away  
like a tide turning and we know there is no holding back  
the waters, with the dark night in the pools  
black as the sea, even when there is a spread of darkness  
that the moon illuminates, there is a hint of sun,  
or not of sun exactly, but sun mitigated, not so much  
sun as light, not so much light as that presence  
which the light intends, when without self-consciousness  
each of us is still because that moment when the world has  
turned on itself and all the horror of the heart  
is made as clear as wrestling with an angel.

The world outside is for a moment here. The sound  
of waves hoeing shingle is replaced by the more sustained  
shingling of a lorry streaming through the rain and turning  
over the ripples of the water in the road and that slowly  
fading pool of light the headlamps make is  
becoming part of a larger life, no longer isolated

like the driver in his cab but making him into a need  
to talk as well as listen, struggle with himself and other  
people, no longer anonymous in his own light, but when the  
night is almost over and the last gift is given and the traffic  
noises its way along the seafront faster in its darkness  
than the day would allow and other traffic could contain.

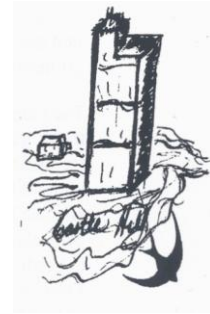
And all the sounds then, at that moment the sea  
and the rain make similar, the patterning revolving  
water on the shore or in the turning wheel in water until  
the sounds are familiar but differently sustained  
then it is the moment when the outside angel enters in  
and with that change, that silence, comes the wrestling.

The light that has been centred in the room is then defused  
and the turning ripples of the streets made the more like  
shore for all their struggling, then it that most bleak  
of long time hours that makes each know that tight terrible  
moment when we do not know the day breaking from night,

we do not know which is more real. Here, inside, I  
do not know if this angel is real although I struggle with her,  
wrestle with what I would like to make more palpable  
because if she'd stay she'd be more like people in the day  
not like the ghosts of pleasure, the lost souls sleeping  
after their long enterprise, and I would see what kind of

angel is next to me, try to understand as the day  
begins a little more of what is dream and what is real.  
Now, outside, the night is changing. It is at that moment  
when the night is at its zenith, before all the changing  
with the dawn, a new beginning, a new day daring to be born.

**Cedric Cullingford**



## SUNRISE

The Pennine Hills of Yorkshire  
Looked a wondrous sight  
As the sun awakened  
In the early morning light.  
The Emley Moor TV mast  
Standing proud and tall.  
But as the sun ascended  
Side by side it looked quite small.  
Castle Hill another landmark  
With its famous tower,  
Looked in the shadow  
At this early hour.  
Just like the pendulum  
Of a ticking clock.  
The sun went on its journey  
Its work it could not stop.  
The Holme Moss TV mast  
Standing tall and proud  
Looked like a rocket  
Shrouded halfway in the cloud.  
The early morning dew  
Waiting for the sun  
To warm and feed the flowers.  
A new day had begun.

**Barbara Hellewell**

# **AUTOBIOGRAPHY - EXTRACT - ORAL HISTORY**

## *Childhood and school life in Barbados - now living in England*

Interviewer: **Cath Williams**

Interviewee: Female from Barbados - born 1940

Q. Did you ever play truant from school?

A. No.

Q. Why was that?

A. Never heard of it.

Q. Just never seemed to...?

A. No, never sort of. I don't think - I suppose it did occur but I was never exposed to it, probably... It wasn't something that sort of - done or talked about, like here you hear children not going to school, everybody went to school, because I think your parents knew if you didn't go to school anyhow because the teachers would let them know. I don't remember even a friend or anybody playing truant, no.

Q. Could you read and write before you went to school?

A. I think so, yeah, I think so, yeah.

Q. And who taught you?

A. I think my mum would have, probably. I seem to remember my grandfather teaching me my tables, I can remember my granddad teaching me my tables.

Q. Was he somebody that was around in your life quite a lot?

A. Em, not particularly a lot, the extent, you know, extent of a lot but they lived near - near us and with my father being dead my grandparents, if when my mum was working and I was at home and so forth, they used to look after me or I used to go up there, and so, yes he was around quite a bit but not - not with me, as such as living with me but was near.

Q. What kinds of things were children punished for in school, what was the discipline like?

A. Telling lies, not doing homework, just being bad behaved, you know, what - shouting in class, you had to keep quiet in class during lessons so if anyone would disrupt the class they would get punished, er, used to be brought up in front of class, em, so I suppose it embarrassed them. Em, fight and things.

Q. And what would they do?

A. Em, they used - at that age I think we used to get smacked on our hands and just sort of left to stay there till the class was finished. I can't remember...

Q. That was - was that a deterrent, it was supposed to deter you from behaving like that again?

A. I think so, yeah.



Q. And did you find it worked?

A. Yes because if you did it again they would let your parents know, if you did it the second time.

Q. Did they use, was it a cane or a strap?

A. I think at 9, 10 it was more the - I remember the ruler, being smacked on my hand with a rule but later on I think, when I went to Secondary school, the strap - leather belt, which I think we used to call it the Black Devil (?) at that time.

Q. So you had a name for it?

A. Yeah...

## **MY MOTHER'S PERSONAL BELIEFS**

My mother disagrees with the views I have on Islam.

“No! you have not been taught the truth, it’s all a lie.”

But Mother I...

“Nothing has been taught right to you. You must listen to the speeches your grandfather makes, carefully.

These kids! I don’t know what this world’s coming to.

We learnt with pride when we were your age.

Caste system has an important part in Islam.

We cannot get married to anyone who is below our caste,” So my mother says.

But mother, all Muslims are equal.

We all believe in the same God.

We all pray five times a day.

We all go to the Mosque.

“I would like to know, young lady, who has taught you this nonsense.”

Grandfather, mum!

**Uzma Kauser**

## **UNTITLED**

She wanted to get married to a white man, but her parents were dead set against it. They wanted her to marry someone that they had chosen for her. But she did not agree with it.

Her parents were furious when they heard that she was seen talking to a boy, but worst of all she had been talking to a white boy. Their first reaction was to send her to Pakistan. But after a while they let her come back and stay here in England. But she tried to explain to them that he was willing to become a Muslim, but it did not matter.

Her parents said that she had ruined the whole families' reputation and they would have to move somewhere else. Her parents would not talk to her for days and she was forbidden to go out alone.

But she never regretted doing what she did. The neighbours always whispered behind her back and gave her looks which made her aware of what they thought of her but she did not care.

While her parents were out one day she packed her bags and left without her brother who was supposed to have kept an eye on her and make sure she did not try to run away, but he was busy watching football and she sneaked out and met her boyfriend.

She never saw her parents again or her brothers or sisters. She was not really bothered because she was with the man she loved and was happy.

**Kaukub Asia**

## IMPRESSIONS

Keyboard, leather, velvet,  
we're your new family now.  
No holidays for Shirley Valentine  
this time Mr Sun.  
Time just wastes my time  
people waste my fun time.  
Shops bottle up emotions  
and jazz keeps in appearance.  
You can sing loud.  
You do it up tight in tune,  
lace up your rhythm shoes.  
Show off your ugly countenance,  
stand up, count your poor,  
lap up your milk.  
Go along with your background.  
Keep churning, learning, do this, go there, be here.  
'That'll be for you' and Zebras are pink...  
'That'll be good, that will.'  
Yeah, you should know.  
Dry skin comes real easy,  
bumps up real soon,  
like your 'see, made you' chords,  
easy, isn't it?  
Impressions.

**Amy Babbington**

## ‘LOVE LIVING WITH ME...’

Distrust and apprehension  
Remission of guilt  
Unrepentant disloyalty  
Insecurity of an ugly child  
Pain in the head.  
Arteries’ malfunctioning  
Backside tremor, mainstream culture  
Friendship once held dearly  
Now sold for suspicion, integration and  
Unreliability, the misgivings of it all  
Is as much your fault  
As it’s mine  
Why describe a spade  
As ‘a vertical wooden stick  
Attached to a perpendicular shaped  
Metal’ or, invoke in rhetoric that  
A spade is a spade  
Leaving me stunned.

A wry face set in  
An open jaw  
However sincere the  
Attempt to smile  
Leaves a strong indication  
Of teething violence.  
I rest my case -  
No tears WILL!  
To my face  
No groaning shall abide  
In my heart  
I simply love  
Living with me...

**Paul Silva**

## **ECHOES IN THE WIND**

The wind is my spirit  
With no fixed abode.  
I am pushed, I blow, I hollow.  
My fathers and mothers are under the whip.  
The echoes of late-night drumming in the hills  
Are drowned by the cries from distant ships.

Louder than rustling of trees,  
The sway, the swoo; people  
Who were strong - wise and proud  
Ebbd at the columns of confusion  
Their hell, I cannot choose.  
Why suffer exploitation for a moment's lull...

So, I, my soul, reflect  
To know the plight of those before  
Chained below a ship's hull.

**Rupert Beverley**

## THE SIZE OF THE HEART

The size of the heart is the size of a hand  
bunched up, dense and compact.  
The size of the heart is the size of a fist.

And the heart that begins to beat  
at just four weeks after conception  
at eight is fully formed.  
From now you'll mark the progress  
of your inch long counterpart -

Months numbered, the weeks  
the foetal heart rate monitored.  
You can calculate the exact date.

The size of the heart will have kept pace  
through all this with the size of a fist  
curled up on the chest.  
The heart whose width and length

whose rate of growth you can predict -  
the weight of the new born heart  
at a guess - twenty four grams,  
perfect, distinct, compared with yours

which is an aggregate, the heart you were  
comfortable with is the size of an expanding rib cage;  
no longer fixed, it cramps  
the size of the heart and the weight of it  
like a clenched fist.

**Jo Haslam**



# I'm Sorry World.

Act 3, Scene 1, Song 10.

Lyrics - Lyne Barrow.

Music - Alan Brierley

Voice

Moderato

Piano

*mp* *cresc.* *dim.*

1. I'm sor - ry world, I di - dn't un - der - stand.

10  
I held your fu - - ture tight with - in my hand.

Things that we do af - fect the ones who fol - low.

*cresc.* *dim.*

Our games to - day may lead to tears to - mor - -

row.

*cresc.* *dim.*

2. We're sor - ry world, for things that we've been do - - ing.

*mp*

30 Mis - takes we've made could bring a - bout your ru - in.

How could we know how foo - lish we have been.

*cresc.* *dim.*

40

The harm we've caused is felt but sel - dom seen

8

*mf*

50

(8)

3. We're going to

*cresc.*

try to make our world get well. We've made it

60

sick as all of us can tell. It's up to us to

make our voices heard. And put things right, we're

70

real-ly sor-ry world. We won't for-

get, we're real-ly sor-ry world.

## **SEVEN WONDERS OF THE WORLD**

A group of various aged students from various years of schooling were asked to list what they thought were the present "Seven Wonders of the World."

Though there were some disagreements, the following received the most votes:

1. Egypt's Great Pyramids
2. Taj Mahal
3. Grand Canyon
4. Panama Canal
5. Empire State Building
6. St. Peter's Basilica
7. China's Great Wall

While gathering the votes, the teacher noted that the youngest and quietest of the group, a child in the 2nd Grade hadn't turned in her paper yet.

The teacher asked the girl if she was having trouble with her list.

The girl replied, "Yes, a little. I couldn't quite make up my mind because there were so many."

The teacher said, "Well, tell us what you have, and maybe we can all help."

The girl hesitated, then read, "I think the 'Seven Wonders of the World' are:

1. to see
2. to hear
3. to touch
4. to taste
5. to feel
6. to laugh
7. and to love."

The groups were silenced!

**Gregory Keyes**

## DID YOU HEAR THE CALL

A solitary bittern's call echoed across the water, breaking the early morning silence, as I rowed round into the Broad. I could hear the creaking of rowlocks and the occasional splash of my oars, but there were other sounds.

Not a breath of wind stirred and either that or the adrenaline pumping through me, amplified each and every noise. A rustling of the reed tops as a warbler of some kind took off behind me. The bittern was still booming, the echoes resounding in my head.

I kept to the right hand edge of the Broad, the expanse of water to my left had a magical feeling, mist shrouded the far bank and patches of grey hovered above green water. I half-expected to see *Silver Elven ships* emerge out of the soft greyness. To the other side of me, submerged posts loomed up in the murky water, sinister and dark.

As I rowed past the reeds, gradually, hardly detectable, they grew thinner, until all of a sudden there was an opening in them. A once black and white post with a faded sign, half-covered in water told me it was shallow ahead. I laughed out loud. I didn't know why. Maybe because I was there, I was free, free from everything outside of this, my own little world. They'd never find me here. I had got away from everything, mum, dad and so-called care. I had time to sort out everything in my own mind, without so many people telling me what I should say, do or even think. I hated them all.

As far as I knew, nobody knew about this dike except me and the birds. I was almost certain. The dike wasn't straight, it curved and as I rowed the boat round the bend the water got shallower and as the water got shallower, water lilies started to appear along the banks. They became denser as I went along, they also crept further and further in until the whole dike was covered in blanketing leaves, and my oars got stuck in clutching stems. It was as if something grabbed hold of them and dragged them down.

The dike came to an abrupt end, so did the water lilies leaving clear water in front of me. I slipped towards a decrepit looking jetty, pulled my oars inside and the boat gently came into touch. I went forward and tentatively put my foot on the rotten wood, unsure if it would take my weight. It did.

I stood and breathed, deeply. Facing the way I'd come, the sun shone in my eyes. This, in front of me was broad land, and it seemed so alive. Each and every thing living in its own way, but without disrupting the lives of anything else - so unlike how man went about living. I tied the boat up with a clove hitch and then turned away. Over the reeds a thatched roof was visible; I walked off the jetty and onto the duckboards that led away into the reeds and beyond. The boards ended with a path of sorts, rough and overgrown.

I went along, fighting the brambles as they scratched my arms and legs. I had lost sight of the thatch. It wasn't long before I saw it again. It was very unkempt; patches of moss were growing on the reed thatch, particularly near the apex of the roof. The rafters were showing where the roofing had fallen in or completely disintegrated. The thatch belonged to a disused farmhouse, with a dairy on the north side. I had approached it in, more or less, a direct line from the dike, from the east. There were outhouses as well, all built out of the same flint and red brick.

I walked round to the front of the house. The paint work had once been white but was now so flaky and peeling that it was hard to tell what colour the door, that had half come off its hinges, had been originally. I was standing just looking. The worn front step had pennyroyal trying to take it over from both sides. The tangy smell of freshly crushed peppermint wafted across the once tidy and regulated herb garden at the sunny side of the house. Broad noises were distant now, but there were different ones. The house was almost living, its squat form against the deepening blue sky of morning. I walked closer and suddenly a strong steady breeze picked up from nowhere, there had been no indication of it coming. The breeze swept through the smashed window panes and into the house. Rustling sounds came from within, as if the wind was blowing paper or turning book pages.



I went further towards the house, until I stood on the step. Through the doorway it was dim and I could hardly see anything at all. I made out a staircase with the rail missing and a step or two that had fallen in and splintered. The hall had two doors leading off it and ended in darkness. I edged onto the threadbare carpet, stripped to the last bits of string holding it together. A dank musty smell pervaded the air around me. I felt strange, as if there was something wrong. Then I heard it.

Above the rustling and even the scurrying of the rats, there was the distinctive sound of heavy footfalls. I froze. The rhythmic padding went on above my head, as though someone was pacing up and down. My brain began to thaw out and work again. How, how did they get here, I had seen no boat and there was no other way of reaching this place. Why? Why would anyone come here. It was so out of the way, so secret that I'd thought no-one else knew. My first reaction was to run. To where though, they would be looking for me by now. I could see it all. Mum was crying her eyes out, blaming herself now I had gone. Too late to be sorry now. Dad would have gone out as soon as he heard. To the pub probably. No I couldn't go back now, not to that. Then there were the *care people*. No!

What options did I have. Anyway, maybe it was just somebody who had run away like me. Yes, that must be it. My mind simply would not accept such a coincidence. But it never occurred to me that it could be anyone who would hurt me. I was scared all the same, oh yes I was scared. As the initial shock of not being the only one there ebbed away, I became curious. Then as suddenly as the footsteps had started they stopped. I was still in the doorway, I moved further into the hall. I stuck very close to the brownish tinged wall paper. Then my common sense hit me like a bullet. 'Get out', it screamed at me. What kind of person comes here and what for. Fear gripped me again. I turned. There silhouetted in the doorway was a tall, well-built man. He had a cap on. He had a cap on. He also had his back to me. He looked tense, his shoulders were hunched. In his hand something glinted in the sun... I knew if he saw me I'd have trouble. I had to move now and fast. If I could just go along a bit I would get to the door. I slowly felt along the wall. I kept my eyes trained on the man. My fingertips came to a gap in the wall. I gingerly picked my foot up and put it down again. I made no noise, gently easing myself along.

The man walked out of the doorway, turned and came back towards the house. I was lucky; he was staring intently at the floor as he was coming my way. He stopped on the threshold and seemed to continue his motionless vigil. It was as if he was not exactly looking out for anything but looking for something or was expecting somebody. The only thing that reassured me was that he could not be expecting me. That did not stop the blood thumping in my ears. I slipped soundlessly into the open room and sighed with relief. The room was big and had no windows that I could see in the intense, impenetrable gloom.

Then it occurred to me that the man on the doorstep was not the only other person in the house. The footsteps. What about the footsteps. What the hell was I going to do? What if there were more than two of them. I could see no way out. If I went out of here they'd hear me, then what; I knew one of them had a knife, at least. I slid down the wall. Sweat poured off me. All the *what ifs* and *if only* went through my head. Why hadn't I gone when I first heard them. Who says they are doing anything wrong. Something inside me told me that someone who carries a knife and has it out like that is either expecting trouble or has something to defend. All of a sudden I knew what I was going to do. I'd wait. They'd have to go sometime.

I must have fallen asleep. I woke to the sounds of voices. Arguing voices. I couldn't hear what was being said, except for a few words, like *stuff* and *Bobby*. Then I heard someone coming down the stairs. I tensed up like a spring. Then a torch flashed past the doorway. I held my breath. The torch came back. It shone right in my eyes. I stared in shock, like a rabbit trapped by a car headlights. The next thing I knew was I felt cold steel on my wind pipe. A voice in my ear was saying, 'so what do we have here then'. It wasn't a question, it was a statement. The voice dripped with mockery.

Another voice, thin and strained said, 'what is it?'  
'Only some kid', came the voice in my ear.  
'S\*\*\*. How the hell did it get here?'  
'Look, don't worry. I'll deal with it'.

I could feel the man's presence near me. My brain had stopped functioning. The pressure on my neck lessened. I felt something force my feet to push together and then I couldn't move them. Then the same with my arms. The knife blade pressed further into my skin. Something dry and tasting like grease was shoved in my mouth. All this time, my reactions had been nowhere. I still made no voluntary movement. The knife left my throat and as far as I could tell the man left the room.  
I blacked out.

**Laura Harris**

## HAY MAKING

The valley is below us here.  
In winter snow will reach the window sills,  
blown across the hillsides and settled  
like sleep in the night.  
The road too steep to ride our bikes up  
we pause to see the opposite  
almost identical fields  
raked into lines and spirals.  
Gold tracked between green.

The farmer there will scythe it into stooks  
swinging the hook with slow  
balletic gestures. Later his wife  
will come out, dark dress and sun-bonnet,  
and they will cross like dancers  
all through the hot June day.

They are the only ones in the valley  
to cut the hay by hand. Together  
they pile the ripened mounds  
without the baler or other help.  
His last haymaking. He will  
be buried this December. But now  
his swinging arm is smooth.  
From here the work looks easy. They fork it up  
as if from underground, the arduous gold dust  
showered on their heads  
like some new discovered fortune.

**Jo Aslam**



## **MUZZLED MOON**

Walking wearily home  
On a clear, cold night.

A star-crusted sky, but for  
The moment like my life

There is a muzzled moon where  
The glowing gold should be

In a windowless room, you left  
Turning out the light, instant

Blackness woke me up. I lay there like a  
Muffled moon but felt your love surround me.

**Diana Monahan**

## **ANIMALS OF.....**

America has the buffalos, fierce and horns.

Nigeria boasts the elephants hunted for their ivory.

Ireland has lots of fish, swish, swash, swish.

Malaysia has loads of snakes, hiss, hiss, hiss.

Arabia has camels, one or two humps, what the heck.

Laddies are dogs from all over the world, 'Woof, Woof'.

Snails come from Great Britain, Ugh!

**Aaron McCrorie**

## **THE RABBIT, THE DOG AND THE MAD COUPLE**

I'm being chased by a very quick rabbit,

It's being chased by a very quick dog.

That's chased by a mad looking owner.

He's been chased by a mad looking wife.

**David Thorp**

## **THE SNAKE**

I know a shiny fellow

Who is green, orange and yellow.

He moves very quickly

and loves to slither and slide.

His looks are very sickly

but, he's got a lot of pride.

**Shanaz Khan**

## **SOME FROGS OF ALL THINGS**

Whilst sharing, I also received this, author unfortunately unknown. I have taken the liberty of editing and adapting it:

The story is about some frogs of all things.

There once was a bunch of tiny frogs, who arranged a running competition.

The goal was to reach the top of a very high tower.

A big crowd had gathered around the tower to see the race and cheer on the contestants...

The race began...

No one in the crowd really believed that the tiny frogs would reach the top of the tower, due to the sheer scale of the obstacle.

Statements were exclaimed:

"Oh, WAY too difficult!!

They will NEVER make it to the top."

or:

"Not a chance that they will succeed. The tower is too high!"

The tiny frogs began collapsing. One by one...

Except for those who in a fresh tempo were climbing higher and higher...

The crowd continued to yell

"It is too difficult!!! No one will make it!"

More tiny frogs got tired and gave up...

...But ONE continued higher and higher and higher...

This one wouldn't give up!



At the end everyone else had given up climbing the tower. Except for the one tiny frog who after a big effort was the only one who reached the top!

ALL the other tiny frogs who failed along with the spectators naturally wanted to know how this one tiny frog managed to do it?

A contestant asked the frog how he managed his feat and found the strength to reach the goal?

The tiny frog didn't answer. It turned out...  
That the winner was DEAF!!!!

\* Adapted

**Gregory Keyes**

## **DEEP IN THE WILD**

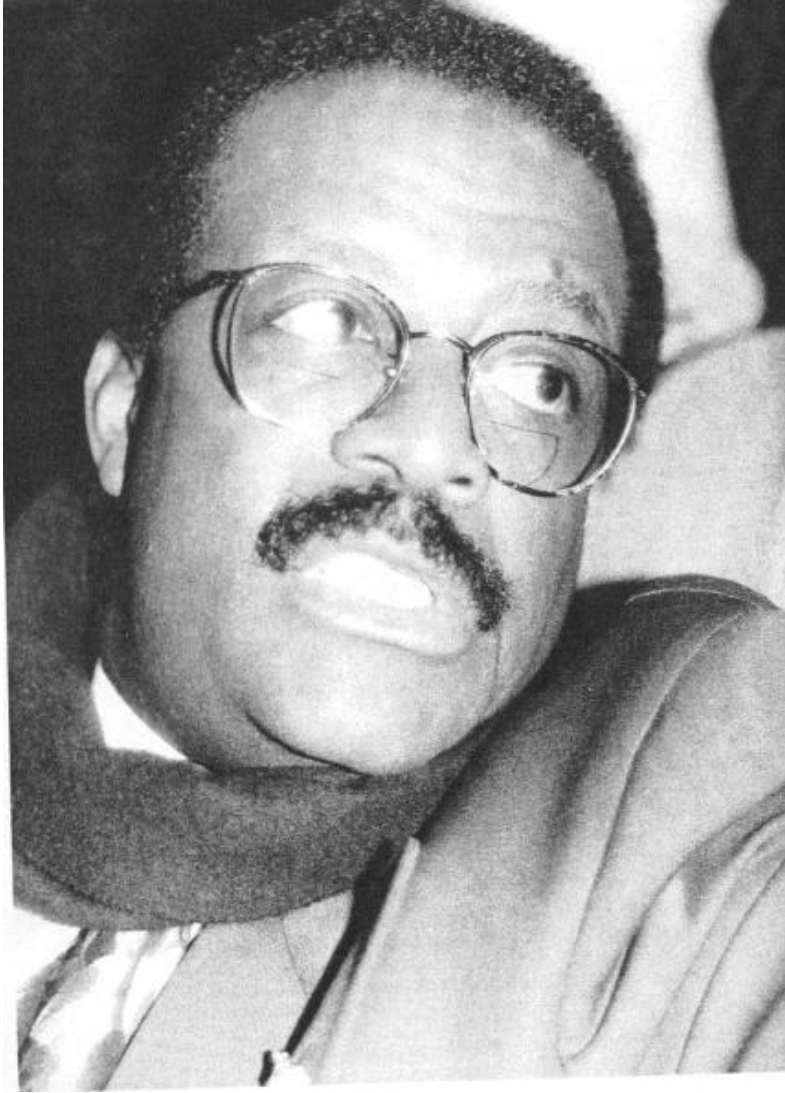
We're the birds  
And we're building nests;  
We're the monkeys  
And we're being real pests.

I'm the panther  
So strong and wise  
I'm the tiger  
I have glowing eyes.

We're the owls  
Toowit-toowit-twoo,  
We're the hyenas  
Ha! Look at you.

We're the elephants  
Brown and grey.  
Let us hope  
We're here to stay!

**Faaezah Qahhar**



# JOHNNIE COCHRAN - ARGUMENT FOR THE DEFENCE

Marcia Hutchinson

Where his contemporaries are aloof and distant, doling out interviews like scarce crumbs from the table of the mighty, Johnnie Cochran is pleasant, amenable and generally makes time for journalists. Yet the reward for his availability is some of the worst press coverage ever received by a lawyer. He is 'slimy', he is 'flash', and he is "flanked by minders, admirers..., hangers on." One article about him was even entitled, "Here's Johnnie and his get-out-of-jail card."

But he manages to shrug off the carping with equanimity. He seems to bear no grudge even when they ignore his laser sharp legal mind and instead convict him of wearing "designer jackets." He has, they say, sold out. Lawyers like Shapiro and Dershowitz who only ever acted for rich defendants cannot be similarly accused.

In person he is somewhat shorter than expected, exceptionally charming and has the knack of giving you his undivided attention despite the chaos going on around him. His family also exude southern charm. They happily made room for me to accompany him on his way to a conference in Brixton organised by the Society of Black Lawyers. His wife Dale even gamely holding my baby daughter while I spoke to him.

He is totally unflappable; grace-under-fire personified which is, of course, what you would expect from one of the world's top criminal lawyers. He was born in Shreveport Louisiana in the segregated south of 1937. The family moved to California when he was six. "In junior high school when I was 11 or 12 years old I liked to debate, and to think "How can I convince people." My mother wanted me to go into medicine but my father said; "No it's OK let him go into law if that's what he wants to do." It is what I always wanted to do and I never changed."

So what's next for Johnnie Cochran, he has climbed just about every legal mountain there is. He must be the most famous lawyer on the planet right now. He rules out entering politics. "I'm really not interested. Most of the really good people who go into politics don't do it because they want to have their reputation besmirched. There is the fear of assassination. I enjoy much more practising law and I try to effect change through the law, than I do through politics." And he may be right in his assessment of the effectiveness of the average politician as an agent for change. He has put the American jury system under the spotlight as a lawyer much more than he ever could as a politician. Besides he values the freedom to speak plainly, denied to politicians. "If you ask me a question I want to give an honest answer as opposed to a political answer, which depends on which way the wind is blowing."

The fear of assassination is not an idle one. "We were getting death threats faxed into the courtroom during my argument. But do you know what it meant? It meant I was doing my job." It also means that his bodyguards are not just for show. The recent assassination of Israeli Premier Yitzhak Rabin should be enough to show that the threat is real.

But even though he is not planning to enter politics he was saddened by Colin Powell's decision not to run. "I think it's unfortunate. It's a real important fact that the leading presidential candidate and the guy who could win is an African American. That says something to all the young kids out there who have given up hope. He would have been the favourite but I certainly understand and respect the fact that he didn't run. His wife didn't want him to run. If he didn't think he had the passion then he shouldn't run.'

Those who accuse him of playing the Race Card in the Simpson case seem to ignore the fact that; as Bill Cosby said. "Race Card? What race card? - They are holding the whole deck!" To fail to mention race given the presence of Mark Fuhrman one of the chief witnesses who boasted of beating up black suspects - "Don't worry, just body shots - Ever I see bruises on a nigger?" - would have been a dereliction of his duty as a defence attorney.

"We hear he [Fuhrman] has retired - but that is voluntary, The justice department and the Civil Rights movement is looking at the allegations where he contended that he had done certain things years ago. For instance, a beating that occurred in the Hollandbeck division involving a Hispanic young man.

With regard to his perjury - it's right there, we have the tapes. It's a criminal offence and they haven't done anything. The LA County District Attorney's office doesn't have a choice. We are very disappointed with them." So far there are no moves afoot to prosecute Fuhrman - "It's been months. [Since the trial ended.] I think they think it's going to be swept under the rug. We can't let that happen. We've got to hold their feet to the fire."

Scholar Cornell West said he was sick and tired of being required to condemn Louis Farrakhan as a condition of his acceptance into polite society. Cochran echoes this. “You may not agree with his views; and any of his views that are anti-Semitic or sexist I don’t agree with; but I’m not in a position to condemn anyone. African Americans should not have to go around taking some litmus test or having to condemn somebody. There are some positive things that Farrakhan does. It was his idea about the Million Man March. You may not like that but that was his idea. He was the one African American who galvanised that kind of support. You don’t say to white politicians, “You’ve got to go and renounce the KKK.”

It is sad that he may be remembered only as the lawyer who got O J Simpson off, his agenda is much wider than criminal law. Like many black people he is dismayed at the wholesale dismantling of the affirmative action programmes that were built up with blood sweat and tears as part of the wider civil rights movement. “I think that this whole idea of rolling back the clock of Affirmative Action, these code words of ‘Welfare Reform’, they are disturbing. The Republicans have this term, they call it; “A contract with America”. I call it a contract on America.’

## WINDOW

The Do-It-All bookshelves filled with Playboy,  
Plastic glasses, pornographic videos.  
Your Saisho hi-fi pumping out Elvis  
Sits pride of place on the middle shelf.  
You'll have paid for it in nineteen ninety-six.  
The second-hand shitty brown suite  
Centres around your portable fourteen inch,  
You wish for Nicam Stereo to impress  
The fish-netted red-lipped women,  
Their stilettos digging into your lino  
On a daily basis.  
I see it all. Reflecting your sleazy  
Bachelor pad, within your high rise block  
Until you close your Superking stained curtains.



# MOONHONEY

The foetal foaming of the facing sea  
Is as soothing as the frothing coffee  
Bought at the bookshop cafe. Minted pea soup  
Bubbles as the waves eat the beach, slowly,  
And the seagulls swoop as we watch the womb  
Of the earth and dream of dinosaurs.  
The spoon hits the saucer and we kiss again  
And the dusty bookshelves within shudder.  
The sky has lost the sun, but we don't care  
As Mother Earth nurtures us with water.

Joanne Huszcza



## NIGHT SHEETS

He told her he loved her  
as fireworks exploded in November's sky.  
Her mind reeled  
like a Catherine wheel  
and the rocket which pierced the dark  
took her heart  
high  
with it.

He called her his firecracker  
told smutty jokes about bangers  
and they giggled together  
between icy sheets  
that smelt of damp afternoons.  
His touch  
made her body tingle  
and the fireworks of that night  
rose again in the midnight room.

But in the light of a grey flannel dawn  
his hurried note lay propped against the pillow;  
"impossible situation"  
"love you forever"  
"family commitments"  
and her night of stars  
became damp squibs.

The only thing left  
was his imprint  
on the cold night-sheets  
and a distant smell  
of burning.

**Catherine Morris**

## **THE STREAM**

Twirling, whirling, twisting and curling  
Over the bed of sand.

Small and big rocks stand solid, as fresh  
water meanders quietly, but with a current,  
happily over them.

The clear water, glimmering in the sun has  
grassy, muddy sides which direct it  
under the flowering Horthorn trees  
and round the bright bits of pollution.

Water Skaters dart energetically  
from side to side, using the rocks as  
stepping stones or little resting spots  
for about two seconds.

The stream flows round and over,  
Over the bed of sand.

**Fiona Arbuthnot**

## SO GENTLE

So gentle your breath  
and held so tightly  
So gentle your smile  
and so content  
So gentle you are

As I close my eyes to dream awhile  
Taking deep breaths  
of all the sweet air  
moist to smell and

So gentle your breath  
and held so tightly  
So gentle your smile  
and so content  
So gentle you are

Radiant beams of soft moonlight  
guild my paths  
beside the stream  
grass so deep and  
So gentle your breath  
and held so tightly  
So gentle your smile  
and so content  
So gentle you are

Rolling mists like my blankets cover  
close and warm  
in soft and grey  
diffused in rays and  
So gentle your breath  
and held so tightly  
so gentle your smile  
and so content  
So gentle you are to me

**Stuart Pedley**

## **DREAM ON**

For Autumn's sake,  
At Summer's break...  
End of the lake...

My heart he'd take

Our bodies awake...  
My shyness I

fake...

Hotter my blood,  
But there he stood...  
My blush, like rose bud...

I wanted...I could...

He gave me a thud,  
Rolled around

in mud...

Like hell he'd shove,  
Pulled down from above...  
Shy secret...

my love...

**Noreen Asha Akram**



Sun  
circle  
round  
bright  
hot burning

At night you go  
To bed in the sky  
your

Modeeha Parveen



# PATTERNS

Pattern

red blue

yellow

green

orange

circles

triangles

bicycles black

feathers white

sun

shining

colours bright

Qamer Gohar



# IN A RARE TIME OF RAIN

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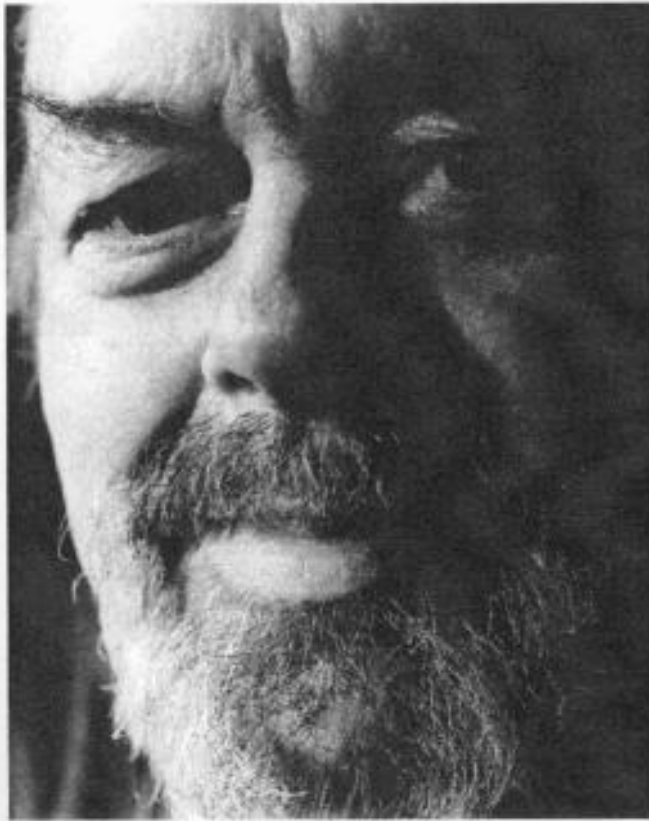
BY MILNER PLACE

80pp 216x135mm

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Chatto & Windus

March 1995



INTERVIEW BY PAUL SILVA

## **DARK WINGS**

She thought this is my lucky day, when the baas  
didn't beat her when she split the coffee, when  
he didn't squeeze her young breasts and take her  
like a sweating bull when the missie went shopping;

when she wasn't locked in the shed with no windows  
for having forgotten to polish the horns of the kudu,  
whose sad head hung over the mantelpiece gazing  
at the twin tusks and assegais on the facing wall;

when they said she could go home for a night, even  
to leave in the gold and pinks of the sunset, to walk  
the dusty road through the wattle plantations, farms  
where birds fluttered and dipped over the green corn.

The judge asked if she had anything to say. She said:  
I saw the black widow-birds dancing in the mealie fields.

### **Milner Place**

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Your poetry is widely published in the United Kingdom by small and medium sized magazines such as The North, The London Magazine, Poetry Wales, The Rialto, Scratch and The Wide Skirt to name a few. Since your Spanish Collection first appeared in 1977, you've produced another three before your latest, IN A RARE TIME OF RAIN.

How would you describe the progress of your work from small press patronage to a major publisher's such as Chatto & Windus?

My first reaction was that I was staggered to be asked by a major publisher for the publication of my work. On the other hand, I will consider being published by a small press like the Wide Skirt Press to be just as important and exciting.

Progressing is just a question of change and if you don't change, you're dead! I hope my work has got better in many ways, although I think I probably still write as much rubbish as I ever did; only now, I don't present a lot of them to other people. When I first started to write I had pretensions to being a novelist. I remember when I was sailing boats particularly around the Mediterranean, when we laid up in the winter and each winter I started on the same dreadful book then restarted it next winter and never got anywhere with it - eventually I did complete the novel but it was while I was writing it that I started to write some poetry in Spanish as a kind of relief - something you can finish and polish, rather than the long book.

My poetry got taken up and my first collection in Spanish was published almost twenty years ago. So it seemed I was better with poetry than novels, but I didn't take up writing poetry again until eight years ago when I came to Huddersfield and went to a poetry workshop. I think I've been lucky since then in that I generally get one poem out of, say, sixteen to hit. Again, in the earlier days I was sending out a tremendous amount of work that shouldn't have gone out in the first place and I've been asked sometimes to change the odd word or two and very often rightly so. I had one or two bigger alterations suggested but there were times when I stood my ground.

Since you've spent most of your life as a skipper of trading vessels and yachts sailing across continents, is the desire to share your diverse experience the motivating factor for your poetry?

I don't quite look at it that way. Obviously my experience is hugely an influence on my work. However, I suppose it's a question of extending that experience. The process of writing in itself being an adventure, a further adventure, but it's using the experience and the settings and it's also to a great extent taking off from there rather than recording. Experience is more in the nature of backdrops. Maybe working more like a novelist, using scenes and more particularly using characters or perceived caricatures, that's more the way I look at it.

How essential is the reading of other people's work to you?

Oh, that's quite vital. For instance, when I did start writing seriously, it was important for me to try and catch up with the latest poetry publications. This is because I had quite a lot of poetry put into me when I was young and because I really knew very little. At school, I don't think we really studied anybody much after early Eliot's and so there was a gap there but I didn't really try and fill in that gap or previous gaps so much as try to get in with what was happening today. The reading of current magazines and the New World Poets that I'd heard of from there was the most important thing to me and still is, in a way.

IN A RARE TIME OF RAIN is breath-taking in its scope, colourful without carelessness to details and adventurous to the point of becoming a myth of its own; how long has this attempt taken to turn your personal journey with all its ramifications into a trip worth taking by others?

Imaginative writing is a journey and I don't think it will hold the attention of readers if it were not a journey especially in a broad sense. I hope that people do have the reaction of wanting to share my poetry with others given that one of the difficulties for a writer is that your head is sort of loaded up when you're writing and you have no way of knowing how much of your writing is getting to other people and how much of it will be changed.

I think people should read poetry. It's excellent that people should - but I'm against any form of compulsion. Poetry is a compression and it deals with an area which is close to music in many ways. I think making a distinction between prose and poetry sometimes is a vague one. There are novelists who write like poets. It's more of the equations of poetry having a different balance in the head between the left brain - the intellectual side and the right brain which probably involves some other processes of logic working with imagery and emotions.

I think everybody is going to read most poems differently because after all, they're the sum total of their experiences. It's not realistic to expect that anybody is going to get the whole of what was in my head when I wrote. But how much they get depends on them. I'm not always sure myself because sometimes I have poems where there are lines that when I was writing them I might have particular meanings in mind and then saw other meanings which might encourage me to read them differently. So, if I, the writer get such reaction from time to time, not knowing how I want to read a line or some particular lines, how much more of somebody else's reaction.

I think continually finding new meanings in something, particularly when you've written it yourself, is quite fascinating and revealing for we don't really know what goes on in the head anyway, we are only aware of the conscious side of it. One of the startling things about writing is when you've done it; you look at it and find things that you haven't consciously put in there at all.

To this effect, I'd like to propose my idea of a perfect poem - this is a poem that grabs you when you first read it and maybe you don't even understand it totally but it's very strong and then you read it another time and each time you read it again and again you make new discoveries, so it has endless layers.

How extensive did you research this collection in terms of other works and to what extent did you rely on your imaginations?

If you mean by researching it - looking at other collections, then very little because I didn't approach it that way. I suppose in a sense my approach was similar to a novelist's. I was thinking of the reader and to some extent on some kind of form and continuity to create interest. It was being more experimental - a bit like trial and error. I work in various ways, sometimes it's just a clue or a snatch of conversation. Take for instance, one of my long poems, 'Top Hold'. I remember I was coming back on the bus late one night and I suddenly got this picture in my head of a man standing on a high pass in the Andes, looking one way and looking back to the four points of the compass and that was the start of the poem. I had no idea where it was going but that image was something concrete with which to start. At some other times, it could be something I've seen on television, or it's just sitting down and saying I haven't written a thing for two or three days and I've got to start on something. So I would write anything that came into my head and see where it leads me.



What danger signs have you had to navigate in order for the book to remain true to you?

I changed the collection many times and ended in its final form when it came to working with the editor. I actually had a little more courage in myself than I'd thought when it came to improving it.

Immediately, of course, when you put together a manuscript and then the editor comes and says we've got to get it down to a certain size or there's too much of this or that type of poem and your whole edifice is mucked around with - your first reaction is to become uneasy or regretful that one or two of your favourites haven't gone in. But then when I've had a couple of days to look at the result I found that it was extremely true. What I liked most was that the poem which has the title of the collection in it, which I had a little bit of diffidence about and which I didn't put at the beginning of the manuscript because I'd thought it might be the one he might take out - although I'd hoped, again cunningly he'd have difficulty because I'd taken the title of the collection from it - so I thought I was creeping up on him there, but instead he wanted it first in the book and this pleased me. I felt reassured in the way that I work as I don't usually pre-plan a poem and if I've got a plan and I find in writing that the poem goes somewhere else, I'd take note because that's very important but won't try to bring it back.

Certainly because of the way I work I no longer plan a poem from the start as I consider doing that to be wrong.

Did you feel with hindsight that your use of extensive registers - Spanish, Mexican, Yorkshire etc., might get in the way of new poetry lovers?

I don't see why they should. Hopefully, I avoid using all kinds of foreign words just for the sake of them. I also don't find if I read novels that are about other places that I get put off unless somebody is really laying it on. I should be disappointed if it got in the way. I think one of the things about travelling is the different perspectives you get, the contrasts and also the similarities because people are people, no matter where you go.

The title of your book *In a Rare Time of Rain* appears fabulous in the first instance, then other notions spring to mind such as drought, starvation or even an end to recession; how did you arrive at it and what's its significance?

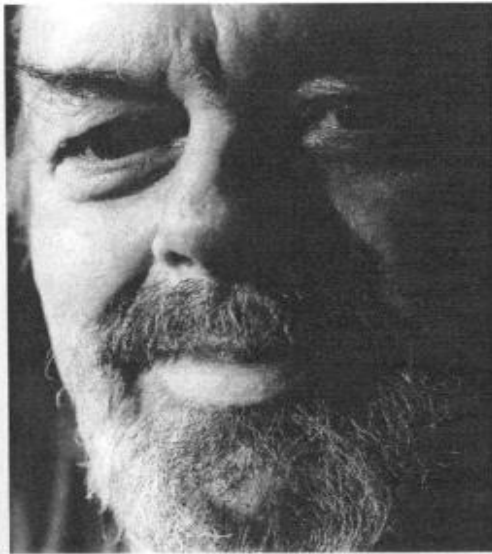
The title comes from one of my poems - 'The Passer-By' and the two significant things about it are firstly the flowers blooming in the desert - that rare occurrence of coming and going quickly; the transient nature of things. Secondly, there's a reference in the poem to four horsemen which of course have apocalyptic significance. However, the rather depressive view of human kind and history, in my opinion, is not the apocalypse to come or apocalypse now, it's a continual apocalypse.

## **THE PASSER-BY**

{“}He came to a valley where the choughs built nests  
in the churches of failed gods, in a rare time of rain,  
and stopped to smell the flowers that shivered like

a perfumed sea, rippling their pink and saffron blooms,  
their velvet lips open to the sun dance of bees {...”}

### **Milner Place**



In one of the poems in this title 'Lum Street' you have characters some of whom are named Septimus Arkwright and Fishface Wagstaff etc., what would you say is the difficult aspect of using caricature in a poem concerned with ordinary people in a place like the West Riding?

Sometimes it's a challenge if you can go straight for the stereotypes and somehow flesh them. Stereotypes are all around us, anyway. We stereotype everybody, don't we, particularly if we don't know them that well but I think the important thing in dealing with stereotypes in writing is to flesh them. It's a great challenge, particularly if you can do it and get away with it in fairly short individual sketches which are mainly involved in this poem. I also think it's trying to get to the kind of ability that Lowry had as a painter - in that you paint these very simple figures like matchsticks but actually you get the impression that all those are real people.

It was significant that you mentioned Fishface Wagstaff which was the second poem because when I'd written the first bits about him, I really felt I'd caricatured him too much and rather than trying to change that I then wrote the second one in which he becomes the character - to fill him out a little bit. He's the only one I'd felt I had to do that with because I had this gut feeling that he was too close to the caricature without the flesh in the first one.



Interview with Milner Place by Paul Silva

To be continued on page 112

## **AY, BUT TO DIE AND GO WE KNOW NOT WHERE...**

Imprisoned in the viewless winds,  
Blown with restless violence round the  
Pendant world. Life after death is  
Weariest. Life is a dream.  
Death is when the light  
Falls into endless darkness.

**Saima Afzal**

Come out, come out,  
to gather food  
for the poor ones.

**Mohammed Kamran**

## **FEELINGS**

As smooth as silk,

As icy as milk.

Feeling prickly,

When it's so plump.

Not as rough as rock,

Nor as cold as a lock.

I like to touch and hold,

And clutch it bold.

I think there's something in me,

I quiver when it hits my knee.

**Kirsty Jo Moorhouse**

## **HAIKU**

Cold silent sorrow  
in the wake of one man's gun.  
Black snow has fallen.

Dedicated to the 17 victims of Dunblane, 13.3.96.

**Eleanor Cave**



# We're Bored.

1

Lyrics - Lynne Barrow.

Act 1, Scene 1, Song 1.

Music - Alan Brierley.

Voice

Piano

*f*

**With conviction and energy.**

1. We're  
*f* 2. We're

bored, we're bored, as you've pro-bab-ly guessed we're bored. Oh  
bored, we're bored, as we've told you be-fore we're bored. Oh

Lord, we're bored so we've come down to the park cos we're  
Lord, we're bored and it's writ-ten all o-ver us that we're

bored. Yes we're bored. The year is nine-teen six-ty three, they're  
bored. Yes we're bored. It's just as well we've got the park where

10

put-ting men in space. We on - ly wish they'd put a bit of  
we can hang a - bout. Cos the neigh - bours give us trou - ble when we

life in - to this place, cos we're bored. Yes we're bored.  
start to yell and shout, but we're bored.

bored. We're to - ta - lly and ab - so - lute - ly,

20  
tho - rough - ly and po - si - tive - ly bored.

*cresc.* *ff*

## CHENG'S ADVENTURES

Cheng was a little boy from Japan. One day he went to visit his grandfather in England. His grandfather was very interested in plants. The last time he counted them, there were one thousand five hundred and one but that was two years ago. There were a lot more now.

Grandmother did not like the plants. She would not have minded one or two plants but she did not like the house looking like a forest. A few days after grandfather got some new plants, grandmother vanished.

Granddad and Cheng felt sad that grandma had gone but they did know why: It was like this...

One day, granddad and Cheng went up into the loft. Inside a box there was a book. It looked like this. It had a star on it. Inside the book were the spells of Yeng. They went down to the kitchen and started to make the spells inside the book. They began to stir the spells in the pot. The spells were intended to make grandfather young. After they had mixed the spell it went wrong. It gave him orange teeth. They put the potion on grandma's roses. The roses went from red to mystical blue and the stems went black. Grandma was glad to see the blue roses. She took them inside and put them on the kitchen windowsill.

Cheng and his granddad were in the garden until they heard grandma scream. They rushed inside and found a sign of a struggle and grandma's apron was torn with giant sharp rose thorn tears and grandma was gone.

Cheng dived up into the loft to grab the book but the book said "THE EVIL SPELLS OF YENG". Shock spun across his face. Tears filled Cheng's eyes. In a flash Cheng dashed down to tell granddad but when he got there granddad had vanished as well. All that was left were shreds of pink stuff that used to be granddad's slippers. Cheng was all alone. In an instant a wind began to blow inside the room and the shutters began to bang. As for the roses, they started to grow. The big thorns became sharper and shards of thorn split off and hit him on his arm. Two of the roses were very odd. They were very big and had eyes. In fact they were clones of grandma and granddad.

Cheng felt very frightened but one clone began to talk to him "Do not run away. I'm hungry."

"Me too," said the other clone.

At this a nasty idea came into Cheng's mind. I think these clones are cannibals. I'M OFF!!!

"Stop, don't go. We will help you to find grandma and granddad. They are in a mist in the Land of Darkness."

Cheng asked, "what is the mist?"

The clone said “If you are in the mist all your colour vanishes within three days and you belong to the Nightmare Prince.” Cheng felt bad but he just had to go to the Land of Darkness to try to get grandma and granddad back. He asked the clones how he could get there. One of the clones said, “to get there you must prick your finger on this thorn and in a flash you will be there.” Cheng did as the clone said.

He found himself under a tree on the green grass. Pink and red blossom was drifting onto his arms and legs. This is very funny. The clone said it would be misty or even stormy. Just as he was thinking this he felt a pinch and a punch from under him.

It was an odd man with horns. He told Cheng that this was the last patch of green left in the land. The mist and darkness were going to take over. “Will you help me fight the Nightmare Prince?” said Pan. “Yes” said Cheng. “And can you help me to find grandma and granddad?” “Yes” said Pan, “but we must be quick. We have got three days and then our colour will vanish.”

**John Fox**

## **NEIL RAYMOND’S EDUCATION and ANTI-RACISM IN PRACTICE: A SUMMARY of RESEARCH SCOPE and RECOMMENDATION**

**“An examination of ‘British’ Educational policies in relation to the education of black students and the impact of anti-racism in state education.”**

The “British” Education system has attempted to deal with the presence of black children in a number of ways. These attempts have been underpinned by changing theories and ideologies, ranging from assimilation/integration, multiculturalism through to anti-racism. This study examines these educational underpinnings and suggests that the underlying philosophical assumptions of assimilation and multiculturalism have had an adverse effect on black students. It looks at anti-racism in education as advocated by black people and more radical educationalists. The concern here is having the right structure to implement an Anti-racist philosophy in education which is aimed at challenging racism in its various forms (Brandt 1986, Mukherjee 1983, Gillroy 1983, Hooks 1990, Rice 1989 and Raymond 1994). Currently, National Curricula are studied in their most Euro-centric form. Therefore evidence of an African-centred knowledge is often misplaced – Elijah McCoy’s development of the steam engine, Imhotep the great mathematician, architect and physician and the technological inventions of Nubian

civilisation are often accredited to Greece, Britain and Italy.

This paper considers the British educational policies and their implications for the schooling of black children. It traces the development of various theories about race and education and how these have been translated into policy at State, LEA and individual school level. The paper focuses on the debates around anti-racist education and the integration of anti-racist perspectives into the National School Curriculum.

In determining the extent to which the radical anti-racist agenda has been incorporated within the education system, the paper finds it crucial to place its analysis within the context of government policy, LEA strategies and individual school commitment towards it. It examines the impact of Central Government policies of the 1980's culminating in the introduction of the National Curriculum and the various clauses of the Education Reform Act and submits that, in respect of anti-racist education, the structures provided are widening the gap between the LEAs and schools.

The paper highlights the role of parents from black communities and individual teachers whose actions and initiatives must provide impetus for the LEA's response to educational reforms at local levels. The issue of the State *versus* local accountability therefore provides the argument for change and action alongside *real* power and responsibilities for local government, at wider levels.

Education is important both in terms of the process of socialisation of the individual at an early age and in terms of influencing that individual's life chances at a later stage in life. Within society there is an assumption that education is about developing the abilities of students by increasing their knowledge and skills and contributing to an enhancement of their understanding of the world, (Lacey 1988). Racism within the educational system has resulted in discrimination against black students with regards to access, treatment and subsequent outcome when black students leave school. Local Education Authorities need to review the way their local education services are delivered in order to combat racial inequality. They must ensure that education remains one of the significant sites of struggle against racial discrimination.

Based on the analysis of primary research findings carried out in three schools in Kirklees, the study provides evidence of the extent to which policy and day to day implementation of anti-racist education is managed in schools. The findings are compared with views expressed by writers on the subject and an assessment is made of the impact of school policies in facilitating the kind of educational change demanded by the anti-racist agenda.



The key issues which schools and school communities should be seeking to address are:

- 1) If a school has no, or few, black staff, what plans should the school put in force to address this?
- 2) If a school has a disproportionate number of black students who are temporarily or permanently excluded, what action is the school going to take to reduce this?
- 3) Are school recording, monitoring and reviewing the educational achievement of black students to ensure that students are meeting their potential?

## **Neil Raymond**



## LETTER FROM THE ANTIPODES

Yes, it's that moment again, when you can hardly believe that I could have time in my busy schedule to bring you news of far-away places and exotic lifestyles. But it's true. In fact I do have a little time on my hands and, now that my course has finished, I'm going to be staring at the walls again and talking to insects and lizards.

It has been rumoured that the fauna of 10/17 Bond Place is going to feature on the next 'Life on Earth' series and I fully expect to see David on his hands and knees, grubbing around the furthest recesses of the garden in the very near future. I use the word 'garden' in its loosest possible sense, for to describe the tangle of weeds and vines, the barren waste of sand and stone as a garden is pushing the definition somewhat. It is, however, rich in local wildlife. We have three lizards, one quite large; say 30 cm top to tail, several visiting finches and two galahs. "You stupid Galah" is a term of friendly derision and, seeing their behaviour, it's not difficult to understand why. That this bird ever clawed its way up the evolutionary scale is scarcely credible. And then we have the ants...

Long, dense columns of the beasts march endlessly around the patio and scale the dizzy heights of the wheelie bin. If you stand still for more than twenty seconds they swarm over your flip-flops, probing the unexplored territory between your toes with all the enthusiasm of Dales' potholers. And for every ant there is a fly, as though they are trying to outdo each other in the population stakes. Apparently, I'm not to be trusted to hang out laundry on my own.

Whenever I venture, tea towel in hand, towards the jungle that is the washing line, I am helped by a jamboree of Boy Scout flies, buzzing advice and encouragement into every orifice.

Inside the house the wildlife is less exuberant. There are two geckos, Al and Bert, who appear as if by magic at night and flit about the walls catching the bugs that slip through the holes in the flyscreens...(stiff letter to the letting agency forthcoming)... Al is a bit of a card. Yesterday he investigated the contents of a jug of orange juice in which he was obliged to wallow all night and when we released him from his watery prison this morning his legs were all stained bright orange. He won't be sneaking surreptitiously through the undergrowth for a while, that's certain. Then we have a very large powdery moth that lives behind the ceiling fan mechanism and specialises in being annoying on the odd occasions that the TV is on by floating aimlessly across the screen. I have a suspicion that it's a fieldworker from the Australian League of Public Decency on a mission to protect the viewing public from the dubious quality of post watershed programming.

And so to the cockroaches. Our house is mercifully very light on roaches, which, considering that the bush variety are about 6 cm long and can fly is a relief. We are quite liberal with the exterminator sprays. While far from ecologically sound, they do commit the disgusting beasts to a slow and lingering death. These large roaches are difficult to kill with any form of missile short of an Exocet and, though I hate to see a dumb creature suffer, there is a horrible vengeful thrill in watching a 2 inch roach writhes in hideous death throes.

It has to be said that not everyone in the North West shares my dislike of these creatures. Last weekend saw the tenth Annual Pilbara Cockroach Cup in which people obviously starved of entertainment raced and placed bets on cockroaches. This event was even reported on State-wide TV!!!

I've realized that to be a true blue Aussie I am going to have to make some radical changes to my lifestyle.

1. Consume a lot more alcohol - average consumption in WA is 10 litres or less, here in the Pilbara they manage 19 litres.
2. Wear less.
3. Get a large and ugly dog, train it to slobber and bark incessantly and call it Throttle, Slasher or Ouzi.
4. Make myself enjoy shopping at 2 am.
5. Drive a very big car and incorporate terms such as bull bar, dead roo and mega coolant into my active vocabulary.

Now that I'm more of a resident and less of a 'newie' I have been out a little more. Last weekend I went midnight Cray fishing with Neil and a couple of friends and a big, ugly dog called Hammer. 40 Mile Beach was our destination and after 90 minutes of preparation, involving filling up with fuel, buying lots of ice (to keep both the beers and the anticipated haul at hypothermia temperatures), eating lots of fries to keep our strength up and applying liberal amounts of insect repellent, we set off to drive the 40 miles to this aptly named fishing spot.

After driving at break-neck speed and avoiding the roos, we bumped 15 K through the bush. Squiddie had a hard time of it as he was sitting in the back of the pick-up and he looked visibly shaken by the time we spotted the cluster of lights that told us we had reached the beach. Road-wise Aussie caravanners were frying fish on their wood Barbies. Believe me, they get everywhere...into godforsaken spots most Brits wouldn't drive a golf ball through, never mind a 20' caravan. Then the feeling of deja vu began to creep upon me... Heafield's Catastrophe Tours were about to strike again.

Firstly, there was no water...the tide was so far out it could have been Skegness except for the absence of waste oil on the sand. Further investigations along the dunes revealed a likely launching place on the estuary so we unloaded the boats, or rather Neil, Squiddie and Tone the Spark did so while I swatted in vain at huge insects intent on investigating the lights we were carrying. Secondly, Squiddie's inflatable had sprung a leak due to the friction of the journey. Unexpected deflation is one of the worst things that can happen to an Aussie male and poor Squiddie was beside himself. Fortunately, Tony's tin boat was rigid and watertight and we pattered off into the moonlight looking for an island 1K off the coast with two flashlights and an unerring sense of direction to guide us. About half an hour and eight beers later, the outboard spat its last and we drifted aimlessly on the Indian Ocean, watching the phosphorescence and the flying fish and contemplating our predicament.

Clouds and a slight gusty breeze were gathering, heralding the presence of Tropical Cyclone Tim, so we decided to row back to shore and abandon the exercise. I've a feeling I may be jinxed.

On the subject of Squiddie, it is perhaps worth pointing out the Australian predilection for diminutives and nicknames. Finding out someone's real name is sometimes quite a tricky business. Squiddie is actually a Perry so I suppose it's understandable.

Anyway it would seem that I'm now likely to become more mobile with the recent acquisition of a 'pushie'. It needs a little light overhaul and I need a cycle helmet by law and then I'll be blazing along the cycle paths in 35° of heat with the best of them. Some other gentle exercise may be on the cards too; aerobics, badminton and maybe a little belly-dancing now that I'm an independent spirit. Apparently, it's all the rage amongst NW housewives. It would certainly add a little novelty to the weekend sausage sizzles and it's not likely to be as competitive as the 'social' badminton, which would rival the Roman games for sheer animal savagery.

This week I've applied for another job as Student Support Officer at Karratha College, which involves organising cultural and sporting events (best not to mention the 'Crucible' trip), health promotions, counselling, serving on the grievance committee and College Council and, the deciding factor in my application, running the bookshop and ensuring that stock 'is appropriate to curriculum needs'!

Last week we had an unexpected injection of culture by way of a touring theatre company en route from the Perth Festival. “Steaming” played to packed houses and certainly gave the audience something to talk about as it featured 5 naked women intermittently wrapped in skimpy towels, discussing life and men, in a Turkish bath. The matrons in the front seats were apoplectic with indignation and simple shock when one character used ‘sexual swear’ words and whipped her kit off only 3 minutes into the play. A substantial male contingent in the audience actually clapped, hooted and whistled encouragement at the next disrobing! The bar manager claimed he’d never before sold so much cold beer in the interval and all this in a place where people habitually wear next to nothing, especially indoors, and the ever more inventive use of ‘high level coarse language’ appears to be a regional competitive sport.

To offset some of our rent we now have a boarder, a taxi driving ex-abattoir attendant from Darwin. As he works night shifts I bump into him quite a lot during the day and fortunately he seems OK, quite well informed about the world and fervently anti-sexist, anti-racist etc; quite a find in Karratha, in fact. His habit of waking up shouting, “Let me out, I can’t stand it,” and beating the walls with his hand is, I hope, the result of some past trauma and not a reflection on the hospitality at No.10/17.

Hopefully, in a few weeks time, we should be taking a short break to a spot on the extraordinary beautiful Ningaloo Reef called, appropriately, Coral Bay.

We might drop into Shark Bay too, but I won't be swimming without the aid of a chain mail suit, despite the locals' claim that they haven't had a shark attack in over 18 months. That's about a millennium too recent for my liking. So I'll just laze on the endless stretch of dazzling white sand and maybe feed the fish from the beach instead. That's before I retire to the tent and spray myself and the canvas with enough insect repellent to let the mosquitoes know that I mean business.

Time to go. Hope this letter finds you fit and well and a touch cooler than I am.

**Ann Heafield**



## **GOLDEN DOLL**

Doll, whose name is Jane,  
Is sixty-five years old.  
She fell off the shelf in the dolls' hospital.  
And smashed between the legs.  
"I've no insurance! You'll have to pay"  
Yelled the man.  
Bemused and angry  
I wrote out the cheque -  
Sixty pounds!  
But doll, whose name is Jane,  
Has really earned her keep.  
She is nursed in the living room  
And pushed round the garden  
In her pram.  
She is told stories from the far reaches of childhood  
And is taken on buses, planes and ships  
That were never invented  
When she was "real".  
She has bright red-painted nails!  
She smiles like the Mona Lisa.  
She has an aura of wisdom  
And of eternal childhood.  
She is worth her weight  
In gold.

**Ann Fisher**

## FOR ART'S SAKE

For art's sake, the little  
brown fish leaps amidst  
a shower of large droplets.  
And the gentle gull  
glides in the grey sky.  
The little hull beams like  
Joseph's coat of rainbow  
as long as the blu-tack  
holds to the wall.

### Ann Fisher



## QUOTATION

Sunday morning,  
flow of energies  
trauma and events  
of the week.  
The “go slow”  
of minimalist culture  
paring away, creating  
a space to be still.  
Avoid being ill -  
centre of thought  
to be taught.

**Ann Fisher**

## **ORDINARY**

You wake to see them  
ordinary ghosts -  
the woman ironing,  
little puffs of steam  
a rustle as she folds the clothes.  
The man shakes out the creases  
in his newspaper  
taps a pipe out on the hearth.  
You see them but they do not look at you.

And every night you are alert -  
come in through the door,  
do not switch on the light  
you know your way all round this house  
need no light to climb the stairs.

You wait for darkness at the window  
hairs on your neck start to rise,  
the clock to strike midnight -  
now you can open your eyes  
wonder if it's you or they  
who are truly alive.

**Jo Haslam**

## WOMAN IN FLIGHT

Wake up  
The baby's crying  
Crawl down the stairs  
Don't wake him up  
He's got to go to work  
Subtract his income  
The baby'll starve

One hand on the milk  
The other on the family breakfast  
Legs drifting towards washing machine  
Head on tidying the house  
He might come home with friends

Run the bath  
Choose his clothes  
You don't want him to be late...  
Wash the kids  
Take them to school  
Oh you've got to wash your face too

Toast's on fire  
He's up and complaining  
Which makes you wonder  
What time it is...

**Paul Silva**

## **THE GREEN LIGHT**

The Green Light was first performed by pupils of Moor End High School, Huddersfield in May 1994.

Written by language teacher Lynne Barrow and Head of Music Alan Brierley, it focuses the thoughts of the audience on the state of the environment today and challenges them to do something about it.

The storyline of the musical, which has since been successfully performed by Rawthorpe High School, centres on a local park, the only amenity for a group of young people. They do not appreciate the value of this until its existence is threatened by the Planning Department, who wish to convert it into a shopping precinct and car park.

Through the magic dealings of the Bag Lady, the animals in the park manage to enlist the services of the young people in their defence and preserve the park. Their most unlikely spokesperson is Fila, who up to then has had no time for Green issues - unlike her friend Hubert, otherwise known as Green Hughie, and his brother Herbert.

To the great pleasure and disbelief of Fila's hippie parents, and to the satisfaction of the keeper of the park shop, the planners are defeated, and the young people and animals retain their territory - all this after three

‘Dream Sequences’ in which Fila and the others learn to appreciate someone else’s point of view.

This happy conclusion is reached after many songs, three of which are included here.

The opening song - ‘We’re Bored’ - shows the dissatisfaction of the young people as they meet in the park.

The song ‘Give It A Go’ however comes at a point in the musical when the young people have seen in a ‘Dream Sequence’ what the park could be like if they don’t take some action to prevent the Planning Department carrying out their plan. So they decide to ‘Give It A Go.’

The third song ‘I’m Sorry World’ shows concern that things have been allowed to get so far without anyone doing anything about it. The song expresses regret and holds out the hope that they can build for an improved world in the future.

# Give It A Go.

1

Lyrics - Lynne Barrow.

Act 2, Scene 5, Song 9.


Music - Alan Brierley.

Voice 

Piano 

**With enthusiasm!**



Voice 

1. Give it a go, Give it a shot. You might be suc -



Voice 

cess - ful in life... or you may not. But if you





♩ To Coda after  
verse 1 repeat.

give it a whirl. Give it a try... You're bound to feel so diff-erent as the

time goes by. You might feel scared, you might wob-ble and shake. But

that's a feel-ing you'll have to take. Cos how on earth are you going to know,

If you don't give it a go!

CODA 3

20  
feel so diff - rent, you will feel so diff - rent, you will feel so diff - rent as the  
time goes by. Give it a go!

2. Make an attempt, you're good enough.  
 The very thought of it can't be all that rough.  
 You know that you can make waves just as you are.  
 And you might rock the boat, but you could be a star.  
     You might feel sick, you might palpitate.  
     But that'll go if you concentrate.  
     So how on earth are you going to grow  
     If you don't give it a go?

3. Some folk are shy, they hide their light.  
But you're not like that at all, you'll shine out bright.  
You've got to speak as you feel and without fear.  
You'll find that folk will listen and they'll also hear.  
    You might feel ill, for half the night.  
    But at the end of the day things'll turn out right.  
    So keep on wishing, you never know.  
    Come on and give it a go!

REPEAT VERSE 1 AND GO TO CODA AT END OF BAR 7.

## **THINGS I DREAD MOST**

I dread the hand on my shoulder,  
I dread the kick up the bum.  
I dread the stitches that I get,  
when I try to run.

I dread it when you catch me,  
and empty my things on the floor.  
I dread it when you beat me up,  
and I can't say "no more!"

I dread it every time you're near,  
I dread the fearful fist.  
And every time I see your foot,  
I hope you're going to miss.

I'm happy when it's over,  
I'm happy when you're done.  
And every time I see you  
I want to tell my mum.

I need my mum to help me  
to see me through the night.  
When she asks what's wrong with me,  
the decision is to tell.

**Debbie Martin**

## **THE BULLY**

It is every child's nightmare,  
to have a friend like you.  
When I play with you  
you make me feel ever so blue.

It is every child's nightmare,  
to have a friend like you.  
That when I go to school,  
you make me look the fool.

It is every child's nightmare,  
to have an enemy like you.  
That when you are near me,  
I feel like climbing up a tree.

It is every child's nightmare,  
to have an enemy like you  
who comes to the same school as me.

**Craig Stopford and Shazad Iqbal**

## LIGHTS OUT

Amongst the neon signals and directing lights  
the traffic fumbles and obeys, discriminates between  
signs it enjoys, and those it thinks are right.

Drivers manipulate their clear intentions, turning  
left or right. There are few signals in the words they use  
to soothe their passengers, unkindness and resentment burning

like an accident. Only communicate. It seems that all the  
gestures made are for the other drivers, steering through the  
primitive assertions of their ordered place, letting passions  
fade.

It is not always so. Others survive by loving.  
And then they listen and they hear. They do not always  
presume that being close is being near.

The lights are flashing and the drivers go  
from the lit streets into the darkness where they  
follow their own lights, where they know

that only their own headlamps guide them, making a brief  
light where the dark road leads them out of sight  
while long distance lorry drivers signal in the night.

**Cedric Cullingford**

## A KISS

You will put things right.

Yes, mother, I remember the concentration  
at Clapham common.

My boy, the platform was lifeless.  
Planks dripped with blood...  
no glimpse of the sun all day.

I can't settle down

During my connection for Belfast,  
I saw a splash. A baby's head  
performed the spectacle like a fowl's:

She was breast-feeding it,  
had simply glanced at *The Times*, no  
*The Guardian* no let it stet...  
Slowly, she gathered the air around her  
as swiftly as everything, that told her calmness.

Their epitaph missed much to say everything,  
she'd acted out with gestures  
she'd painted their song in blood.

Meaning nothing as everything put into words.

\*

Simulations, their slaughtered victims.  
Bare-chested, an acclaimed victory.  
The Republic, beleaguered,  
feeds on phlegm, on politics.

Mother, why go on indulging in this lamentation  
d'you want me to hang myself?

My son, I'm trying to endure this agony,  
I'm trying to be quiet and bra-chestful, but the torture and remorse  
they call justice... fly about with naked shame  
oh, I have pneumonia, yeh... my head is cold  
the island is swept clear of water.  
Kiss me, my son... kiss me... no, my breast, kills.

**Paul Silva**



## **I REMEMBER**

I remember the time I fell off my bike.  
I remember the time I had two teeth out at the dentist's  
The time I went to Spain  
The time I had chicken-pox  
I remember the time I went to school for the first time  
The time a piece of glass got stuck in my foot  
The time I went on the Ultimate and  
I was nearly crying to get off!

I remember when I fell off my bike.  
I remember when I got locked in my room and  
Didn't get out till dark  
When I first got roller blades and fell down a steep hill  
When I fell and got a nail stuck in my arm and  
Didn't go to hospital  
And I remember when I burnt my finger  
And the time in Cornwall when the tent got blown away  
And when I first came to this school and it was scary.

I remember when I fell off my bike.  
I remember when I was sick in the middle of Asda  
The time when I had my first birthday party  
The time when I first kicked a football  
And I remember when I was dancing with my friends  
And a dog chased me  
And when I was three and my brother and  
My cousin put me in a bin and  
Rolled me down stairs  
And the day I got a Playstation for Christmas.

And me?  
I remember when I fell off my bike!

**Anon**

## **‘TODAY, I PRAISE BRITAIN’**

Today, I praise Britain,  
the water heals  
the ungovernable.  
A cedar tree  
leans backward.

Bountiful harvests.  
Omens; crank, crack,  
crash! Patches of blue sky  
paint the windows, a rabbit  
chases two squirrels.

I hear you today laughing  
with ecstasy against  
a raucous river praising  
the Stock Exchange;  
eulogising economic recovery.

The promiscuous river,  
generous to a valley as  
a castle to rabbits, or  
a squirrel’s love for  
trees – bowing to open skies.

Today, I dance to my country,  
drenched in condemnation.  
Above the weepy ice, the public  
beat a deaf-drum; why I  
chant, praise even in tears.

**Paul Silva**

## **YOURS TO BE ONLY**

You hate me,  
You rate me...

I'm no fake, me  
I'm no date, me...

You'd shake me  
You'd rake me

I'm awake, me  
I'm all aches, me...

You laughed at my love,  
You spat down from above...

I don't mind, see...  
I'm still yours, me...  
I wish, but I can't be...  
I need, but I can't have...  
I am, but I can't change...

**Noreen Asha Akram**

## **TIME, THE KILLER AND THE WINNER**

When we used to be together,  
I knew I was a man.  
But now you've gone and left me,  
It's the pain I cannot stand.

I sit here on the stairs,  
'cos I'd rather be alone,  
Turning the pages of my mind,  
Thinking where the hell to go.

It took away my love,  
It took away my life,  
It's taken away your future  
And seems to think it's right.

It's made me feel so cold.  
It's made me feel so tense.  
It's made me feel so weak  
Like a chicken wrapped beneath a barbed wire fence.

Time is the killer.  
Time is the winner.

It's taken your life,  
It's taken your soul,  
Feeding like a hungry mole.

It's been so long,  
I can't always be strong,  
'cos now you're gone,  
And everything's wrong.

Tell me, Sugar,  
Why did you die?  
Oh, child,  
Wipe the tears from my eyes

Time is the killer.  
Time is the winner.

Time has killed you.  
You didn't have long.  
You thought that it would do no harm,  
To have my name upon your arm.

You wore a tattoo  
'cos it was the trend,  
But on my love  
You can always depend.

**Ravinder Sunda**

## **AGE**

Somewhere in the hollow heart of things lie  
The remnants of a shining time.  
Now leather brown, leather tatters  
Folded neatly  
In corners  
Of a future past.  
Others abandoned in the haste of growing realisation  
That created limits  
Have killed the light of possibility.  
Enduring dreams to be recalled  
When hard days' hard edges jar the spirit.  
Leather remnants reconfigured  
Softened, fed, polished  
By young hands  
Stretched towards the light.

**Chris Hill**



## **BEAUTIFUL DOLPHIN**

As beautiful as the daylight,

As beautiful as the sun,

Wherever I am, wherever I go,

I always have some fun.

My beautiful body shines and glitters,

I glide through the water world and

My fins flicker.

I'm very speedy, speed on flippers.

You'll never catch me or you'll end up like kippers!

**Denise Myers**

## **HEDGEHOG**

As I roll into a ball,  
My spikes ready to defend.  
The animals come and go away howling.  
Even the wolves  
Who always come prowling.  
I'm only small  
Not very scary.  
I'm not very strong,  
I'm always lazy.  
So if you want to see me,  
If you want to see me,  
You'll find me on the ground.

**Cassie Martin**

## **HYENA**

I'm a hyena with big glowing eyes  
Like the stars and moons.  
Glowing like headlights  
I hunt for food  
Scavenging around.  
I laugh all day with my friends,  
Then prowl for food.

**Jamie Roderick**

## **A CAT**

A cat,  
Fluffy and fat  
With the softest fur,  
And the sweetest purr.  
Who prowls around the house  
Looking for a smelly mouse.  
Hard as he tried,  
Still no mouse in sight.  
He prays one day he might.  
Who knows - maybe one night!

**Sadia Malik**

## **THEY NEED**

Helpless women  
They need painted photos  
Images for half a week  
Two seconds to buy a mix-match soul

Helpless women  
They need  
Quarter of a cow to push  
A pram with no where to go

They debate a country  
With no bus to catch  
Helpless women, they need...

## **WHAT'S IN TIME**

Maybe it's memory  
Old timeless charmer  
Destined to weave dual garments  
With jinksable thread.

**Sally Anne Silva**

## CHECKLIST

Not for the men at the conference table  
or in hidden rooms  
but the child still curled  
in the womb or cradle.

Not for the uncertain  
fate of the planet  
but the comet that won't  
blaze its way to earth again.

Not for the ages of cold.  
The frozen grip on the world  
but the arctic bird that flaps  
its long way home.

Not for the country poised  
on the knife edge of war  
but the woman who searches for water or bread.

Not for the state but the man  
mother without the infant,  
the child taken or drowned  
the last star burnt out,  
the sight gone, unspoken word,  
the broken heart, the letter home,  
the letter unposted, the telegram  
the thing not said, the lost and the damned,  
the hit, the near miss, the risk taken  
chance gone, the one last kiss.  
Checklist.

**Jo Haslam**

## **I'M NOT PERFECT**

My body isn't perfect  
I'm too fat with legs too short

My mouth's a funny shape  
but my words take a lot of thought

My nose may not be small and cute  
but it will have to do, my eyes aren't  
pretty yet they see the good in you.

I've handed you my heart  
and gave you the key,  
could you look at the inside  
and see the real me!

**Amy Scholes**

## THE HERETIC

Why do we need poetry?  
When you can call a spade, a spade,  
Why can't we stick to black and white?  
That's how the world is made  
'I wandered lonely as a cloud'  
Is a stupid thing to say.  
Why not say 'I was by myself,  
And met no-one on the way.'  
Did Shakespeare think that fancy words  
Would give us all delight?  
Just to hear that Orpheus  
Could play his lute all right.  
And 'I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he'  
Is three blokes mounting horses,  
Two mates and me.  
Have you ever read 'Silver' by de la Mare?  
What a load of rubbish written there.  
'Slowly, silently, now the moon  
Walks the night in her silver shoon.'



The moon never walked past my front gate,  
And it doesn't look silver when I'm out late.  
Walter can't be all that bright,  
If he can't find a word that rhymes with white.  
'Twas brillig and the slithy toves,'  
What's that supposed to mean?  
If it was me, I'd just have written  
Swampy, wet and green.  
'And did those feet in ancient times'  
Is a way that's far too slow  
Of saying that somebody walked  
Past here a while ago.  
No, I see no need for poetry  
To make me understood.  
I say things on plain English,  
I find it's just as good.

**Julia Akroyd**

## MILNER PLACE - INTERVIEW

Since your techniques combine portraits, myth, deliberation, reflections, compound metaphors with reportage; what are the keys to understanding the complexity of your work, say, for inexperienced readers?

I would think not to look for too much complexity. We are all very complex, the way we think, the way our minds work - certainly mine does, and I don't think I'm a total freak. We are many people, we are complex people and our heads are full of contradictions and complexities all the time, so what's so different?

Well, let's go back to 'Lum Street' and I will tell you more about how I developed it - the character Septimus Arkwright sort of came into my head as people do and I wrote the first one and then his friend, Fishface Wagstaff appeared and then I began to think all of a sudden, where are they? A Street came into my head and people began to pop out here and there and populated the street and the pub was on one corner and the various shops and the street built itself.

You mentioned earlier about my picking on names and I find that a very useful process because for instance for the next people to come on, all I had to do was to let weird names come in my head and immediately they were fleshed out and were in the street and that's all that really happened. It became quite difficult to stop.

The multiple voices in your poem 'Dark Wings' provide insights into the emotional details of the piece but given this is a short poem, what made you decide on alternating the voices?

I don't suppose I was really conscious of doing it at all. However, it's part of the magic of writing that the writer becomes a little God - a very friendly god because you invent the characters and then you'll stand on their side but then you'll also enter into their head.

Do you think the voices work?

I hope they work because the reason for the different voices is that at the same time of trying to describe her from the outside I'm trying to get inside of her to express the awfulness of her experience both from outside and inside.

How do you then explain the last stanza where she appears immune to pain?

Well I think she's gone past pain. I was talking earlier in the interview about ambiguity - the first thing that came into my head when I first wrote and read the last stanza was of somebody in utter bewilderment but then I later reinterpreted the same stanza in another way - 'the black widow bird' and the notion of freedom in the face of what she'd done that's brought her before the Judge which isn't mentioned in the poem at all. Of course, the reason why she's in court is not what the poem is about.

In the same way I could reinterpret the last lines to mean that she felt all the pain and seeing the widow birds dancing had actually changed her from submission into action.

How detached were you when writing this verse?

Not very detached, no. I don't think this is a kind of poem that one could or should possibly be detached from. You've got to keep the balance.

So you're saying the other voice is the voice of the narrator - you, as opposed to the 'she' who we meet in the first line?

Well in a strange way, we've become one in the process of writing 'Dark Wings' and the empathy of the creator- writer has blended with the sympathy of the created.

Would I be too far-fetched if I put it to you that your real concern in this collection is exploring the arguments between survival and living and between make-beliefs and perceptions of reality and above all the process of individuals evaluating their own experiences?

Too far-fetched maybe in the idea of it being conscious. I would like to think that one of the things about writing poetry is about exploring all of these concepts particularly 'reality' - what is reality and perceived realities?

The exploration of these concepts is true about my collection but I don't think it was consciously done.

Dr Lesley Jeffries, an eminent commentator on modern poetry in her survey of *Ten Twentieth Century Poets* 1957; *The Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry* 1982, *English Poetry 1918 – 60*, 1962; *The Faber Book of 20th Century Women's Poetry* 1987; and *Dunn's Selected Poems* 1964 – 83, 1986; claims that “who we write to in the twentieth century at least partly defines who we are.” To what extent are you, yourself, defined by *In A Rare Time Of Rain?*

I write very strongly from mood in the sense that if I'm feeling a certain way that a poem will come out that way and if I'm feeling another way, there'll be a different poem. So these different moods define, naturally, different aspects of my personality and me. I hope I've got plenty of variety in my collection of these various views and moods. In that way I hope my work defines me quite broadly.

Following on from Dr Jeffries' comments, how would you want us to view the relationship between the child in you, and you as an adult and a writer with reference to your poem, 'On The Beach'?

You often get more of yourself in one poem than another and that poem is an autobiographical in tone and again it's very much me in a tongue in cheek mood.

Let's look at your elaborate use of natural images; the sea, the moon, the sun, mountains and in this particular poem - 'On The Beach', mermaids, is that Freudian?

You'd have to ask Freud if you could. I should think it's more likely just purely related to the way my life's been lived, that these images have been prominent, you might say. in my life and they are things that are noticeable. I agree that they can be very much overused. You should see a lot of the stuff I haven't published!

I'm curious about 'And writing more sophisticated conception of the universe from his studies' in stanza 5; is that true of you in at least the sense that as you're growing old you're having a more sophisticated concept of life?

Well, as we accumulate more experience presumably we should also accumulate a more sophisticated opinion at least about life and its complexities.

If I may ask you, why are you now writing about your childhood?

Every statement I make is a question. That's my philosophical approach to life and the whole business of trying to comprehend anything to a degree like the scientific approach of making a statement and saying, is this more or less true and that's a continuing process for me, until I'm overtaken entirely by senility!

The advent of Women's poetry, children's poetry, technological innovations and multicultural interplay has made mainstream modern British Poetry a different spiritual experience according to Dr Lesley Jeffries, and I share this view too; where do you think this development will lead?

Trying to forecast how it will develop further, I presume it will get more and more diverse. I don't believe mass communication in any case does not come into uniformity. However, the marvellous profusion of women poets will continue as the culture in any particular country is more diverse so the arts should be. Internationalism is the word for arts. Technology and global networking is good for writing and I for one hoped to be seen as an international poet rather than an English poet with a very big capital 'E', because of my life and work.

I also think that as the world shrinks, world literature will be more and more the norm, hopefully.

What about the notion of 20th Century spiritualism in writing?

I'm not really into spirituality; I'm not even a believer in the soul. The nearest thing is a possible excess of romanticism which I have to tame, that's my nearest thing to spirituality.

Why write poetry, why not a travelogue from which you can make much more money?

Making money from poetry was never my motive. I'm not condemning making money. I took to it seriously when I was out of work and had no prospect of getting any work and being fifty by then I wasn't thinking of poetry as a career. I began to change a little when my poems began to be published here and there. Poets moan that it's hard to make any kind of living from poetry. However, there is the plus side, it gives freedom in writing. I would probably find it too difficult to recite travelogues because I consider doing it honestly would give too much of myself away. In poetry, you can let yourself go but only little bits of yourself come through. Maybe I choose to reveal myself that way because it's an easier way of doing it.

If you pick any generation, which poet or poets have influenced you a great deal?

Pablo Neruda, a 20th Century Chilean poet probably more directly than anybody else with less emphasis on two other earlier poets - Shakespeare and Blake. I'm quite convinced of the poetic genius of Shakespeare and Blake. These were almost built into me from my youth. Neruda came to me late in life and has certainly been my strongest influence. He really taught me how to look at things from very different perspectives.



## WAGSTAFF'S PASSION

{“} *‘Suspicion and insinuation are the water of life in Lum Street, gossip its bread, and the trafficking of salacious scandal a greasy spectre and anathema to appropriate conclusions, and a constant source of social disorder. But the fiercest wars, fought from doorstep to doorstep, corner to corner, and even reaching beyond all natural frontiers, into Neat Street and Butlin’s Close, are over the nature of the lights that shine in garrets and basements in those hours when the clatter of beer cans dies away, and even the cats call a truce.’ A Chronicle of Woollaton, Arthur Clutterbeck. Grimesmere Press... {“}*

### **Milner Place**

Editor’s note:

This extract is reprinted by the permission of the author.

## **NO ORDINARY LOVE**

I sent a Valentine once  
But it was just a simple card.  
Perhaps something wild and exotic  
Wouldn't have been ignored.

If I sent another  
It will be a pride of lions,  
Or a swarm of bees,  
Or a host of red irons.

A fire burning with fury  
And an ocean of angry sharks.  
A knife with a sharp blade of steel  
And a dog with a piercing barks.

When I find my perfect partner  
I'll give him lightening from above.  
These are not ordinary Valentines,  
And this is no ordinary love.

**Zoe Beech**

## **DEFORMED ORCHESTRA**

We are watching the honey war  
Glimpsing the terrain of  
Intellectual dishonesty  
We are airs  
We are imperial  
We are metric!

Weighing personal matters  
Locked to country trolleys  
We are testing  
The rear of  
The liberal world  
Thirsty for the words to keep up

We are swinging in our walk trying  
To vibrate the ravine dust  
We are a deformed orchestra, tiring  
To the eyes, but watching, we are watching  
The honest snow measured in imperial metric  
By persons locked out of our age

**Paul Silva**



## WHISPER, SHAKE THEIR DREAMS

When their chants pick up rhythm, a boiling heat whistles  
through the bamboo shed, festoons of jewellery announce the dance.  
Shackled feet... a little roistering, tale-telling and bottom-pinching.

I turn to Momma, the dancers pretend to hump each other from behind, we  
laugh. She says they're like animals who speak in grunts and belches.  
They screw and smell organically, pregnant with a huge pile, dense and  
heavy when the noon has come and gone.

\*

She despises the tribal dancers,  
picks the bush clean as they jump, shout and sing...  
slap each other playfully on the bums, brag about how  
many times they've screwed her. I rap the drum a dozen times  
to wind the insolence up, everybody else heads for the  
palm-wine bar whooping and hollering.

I feel abandoned by my own connection to the tribe...  
Stunned-blinking and gaping; the air burned in my nostrils.  
In the beginning, I loathe the tribe: selling off the lands  
and people by the chiefs and all that...

\*

The tribe finds me at last thinking I've really screwed up.

\*

They whisper, shake their dreads, back-off a little  
and circle around with age. The timeless gestures of the African  
secret tale blink with tears as the movement brings the bear  
closer to the fisherman.

\*

Carcasses covered with contentment  
at the bank of River Niger.  
The fisherman grieves.  
Carefully fuming,  
they tolerate each other's presence  
for the sake of a piece-meal.

There is a real danger if people behave politely, the hunters  
expect something more dramatic. In a close encounter, the animals  
stand their ground except for the cubs, naïve and clumsy  
they wander away from their mother – parental instinct lost – no  
respect at the top of the food chain. Such relationships are  
based on fear. Discomfort lies at the gate of a bull's ring –  
dancing to the beatings of the flesh, red scarf dripping of an  
imaginary blood. Visibility becomes wintry. The earth is alive  
with the sun as the stunt of a strong man full of wine marks  
the death of a hard day's work.

The fisherman returns lazily, drifts upwardly forming shapes  
like a jigsaw – naked soft lights, erotic, in a rapid projection.

Persuading the currents to swim them ashore,  
their passion pierces the sacks of the tropical heat –  
the hunt, fish and animals keep a reasonable distance,  
leaving it in the hands of native explorers.

**Paul Silva**

## **AT THE GRAND AGE OF 77**

My Grandfather was a gentleman.  
He was big but gentle.  
Quiet but lethal.

He liked me best because I was the only  
son of his best son.

You should have seen him.  
There he was polishing his  
brogues, night and day until  
he bent down and could see his  
face shine.

In Pakistan he would sit down  
on his manja with his friends  
and smoke his hookah all day as  
he had men working on his  
land.



The hookah would stay lit from  
the morning at 5 to past midnight.

His walking stick's from Afghanistan,  
His flap cap from India, his trousers  
from Pakistan, made him feel proud  
of what he was.

**Mohammed Arfan Riaz**

## GRANDADS CAN BE SILLY

*I like Christmas cake; I like Sam and fake.  
I like bread and jam; I like Jake and Sam.  
When we've got a lot to do, give us a hand.  
When we've done a lot of work, give us a break.  
Give us a hand, Sam.  
Give us a break, Jake.  
Sam and Jake, Jake and Sam  
climbing up Castle Hill, hand in hand.*

*I like Christmas cake; I like Jake and Sam.  
I like bread and jam; I like Sam and Jake.*

Pint of bitter for dad, for goodness sake,  
a couple of colas and packets of quavers;  
mum wants a lager with lime if she can.  
We all need a rest and grandad says, "I am  
in need of a Guinness and I want it now.  
Did you see that lamb? Did you see that cow?"

"No! There were none, they've all gone in.  
What a pity! What a sin!"

*I like bread and jam; I like Sam and Jake.  
I like Christmas cake; I like Jake and Sam.*  
But we had a nice walk anyhow,  
without the lamb, Sam; without the cow.  
Time for a break, Jake. We covered some ground.  
Grandads don't know everything we found –  
their shortcut was a long way round.  
In for a penny, in for a pound.

*I like bread and jam; I like Jake and Sam.  
I like Christmas cake; I like Sam and fake.*

**John Bosley**

# GRANDMA

Voices constantly eating into my head  
talking about me.  
Can't sleep.  
can't close my ears.

They steal my food. One had a knife: which?  
A knife dear? Ridiculous!  
One calls me Mother how dare she?  
Disgusting!

What is this place? Why so familiar?  
Who are these people and why hurt me?  
TV shouting threats  
Know it's me.

Protection -  
a rug will stop the bullets.  
Must wear my coat.  
Keep them away.

Can't run any more.  
They will drop their guard  
Then I'll escape.  
Live again.

Children, confused, crying,  
someone screaming.  
Was that me?  
What was the matter?

My daughter brings tea.  
Hand shaking, face wet.  
Takes a goatskin rug from my legs.  
Who put it there?

Bitch! Trying to poison me again  
Hit them, punch, kick. Get away.  
Help me! No, won't let them...  
Do what?

Warm by the fire. Comfortable  
Voices, lulling me to sleep.  
Happy home, happy families  
Drifting...

Men, unknown,  
Bright coats, gentle voices.  
Stiff joints walking  
Going where?

Cold outside.  
Strange bus...  
...odd time to be taking a holiday.  
Where's my handbag?

**Gill Simpson**

# THE AFRICA PROJECT PARTNERSHIP

## BARNARDOS & ROUTEWAYS TO SUCCESS



**GORDON SLATER ON COMPLETING HIS  
APPRENTICESHIP IN THE 1950s**





## APPOINTMENT WITH THE MAN

It was early in the morning. Outside was still dark. The room was as untidy as his thoughts and feelings. Although there was no light in the room everything was visible by means of the lights on the street. All his stuff was scattered around the room on the old fashioned furniture. Among them one could make out many dresses both for male and female, and lots of books, which mostly belonged to playwrights such as Brecht, Chekhov, Aristophanes, and Moliere. A dog barked outside. A door creaked, probably in one of the flats above. Dawn was breaking.

He straightened up on the bed slowly. His dirty brown hair was jumbled giving a sloppy expression to his appearance. He cast his honey coloured eyes over this mess in the room. He needed to prepare for the afternoon. He slipped his shirt on and rose to prepare breakfast for himself. He ate breakfast while he thought of his past and future. He was neither handsome nor even a pleasant looking man. Neither was he too young. He would reflect the sense of weakness on people and inspire the sense of pity when he walked on his thin legs. His absence and existence were all the same; nobody would even care if he were alive or dead. He was just another nobody on the street for everybody, yet he would often think himself the mere commander of so many people's lives in such boldness.

He had just moved to this city and had been here for about a week. He wouldn't stay longer than a season in one particular place. He had come here for a business. This would take him about a month. Later, he would rest till spring. He got up again lost in thought taking the watering pot with him, went out to the balcony. It was cold outside. Winter was in the air. He observed his roses waiting on the floor silently. Some of them looked faded.

“The cold weather must have hit them”, he thought. How feeble they were, how needy and how much he loved them. He would carry them with him wherever he went, to experience this miserable moment of their death, time after time every winter. This was a kind of worship for him, kind of responsibility to himself. Roses must die before his eyes. He should feel the death even in the least part of his soul to be able to perceive the pain and misery, to be able to become him, to be able to remain himself. He took the dropped leaves in the palm of his hand gently, stroking them like a lover and cried for this material ending while quenching their thirst with water and tear.

He busied himself with housework for a while. He spoke to himself in front of the mirror a little as he did on the stage ten years before. He told many stories of humanity to his invisible audience. Meanwhile, somebody stumped down the stairs. Two people were shouting at each other as if they were husband and wife. The noises of car horns were coming from all around the building. The day had started. The world was announcing it's waking up.

He was a lonely wanderer in the middle of chaos. He had nobody to leave behind or to meet at the end of the road. He knew lots of stories about roads, cities and people he had seen, but nobody to tell except this poor mirror that reflects his own image on himself and his roses; he was condemned to solitude. Anyway, he hadn't come here to cry. There was a lot of work to do. He was a serious businessman; a professional and he had an appointment in the afternoon and needed to prepare for it. His business was simply to meet people in the name of others. He was one of the best at his job. He was a man in demand. His clients were always satisfied with his work. They knew where and how they could find him, even though he was constantly on the move. He was quite an experienced man, an old player of dusty stages, even if nobody remembers his name he was successful, even if he had never performed a leading role at least once, he was successful as he is in the present.

He knew “The Man”, he was to meet. In fact, he had got a lot of information about him. “The Man” was one of the partners of one of the biggest law firms; he was at the peak of his success. “The man” was an invincible one with so many rivals who were jealous of him, but he couldn't care less. He was confident enough... This day, “The Man” was in high spirit because of the case he had won. He could see his name in the headlines: “the most successful lawyer...” He picked up the telephone and checked the plane tickets one more time. He was leaving the city in the afternoon; he deserved a short holiday. Nobody knew this journey; the tickets had already been bought for a secret and warm place in the south. A modest hotel room, near a lake had been booked. He might not be here for at least a couple of weeks; he leaned back, happily thinking about the beautiful days he would spend. “They” were going to meet at the airport and, depart together secretly. He crammed some important files into the safe and left the room with his usual bag and coat only, locked his office door, said good-bye to his secretary and the other office workers. There was nothing left in the office but a small photograph in a frame in his drawer, a smiling face of a pretty woman.

He smelled the air at the gate of the building; it smelled of some kind of “flower” to him. He felt strangely bitter, got in his car and drove towards his home uncomfortably to prepare before the flight. He was ready for the meeting with “The man”. He had all the required information about the man and all the required stuff with him; he set off. He smelled the air of the city, at the gate of the apartment. It was quite cold and smelled of winter. He started to pace the road lifting the collar of his coat up, with only a black bag in his hand. There was a crowd of people on the road rushing here and there, when he arrived at the main road. He walked towards the bus stop and queued behind a woman covered in make-up. A man came and stood behind him smoking, and behind the man, two giggling girls.

The queue was lengthening little by little, like the seconds passing through our life one after another and increasingly getting closer to the end. He waited for the bus together with all these people as if he was one of them, an ordinary man leading a moderate life in this city of winter. Yes, indeed, he needed to confess, sometimes he wished he was an ordinary man, hating himself more and more, sometimes, he wished he was invisible. Often, he would think that he had a transparent face, as transparent as glass and for this; he would usually prefer to wear dull colours. Always he wished he were lost, lost in crowd. "Crowded indeed" he murmured. The bus came. They passed the roads and places that he hadn't seen before. He saw the faces of those he hadn't seen before. He made up stories about them right away habitually. "How they would live, in which way they think, how they would cry, what would make them happy and what would scare them" He tried to imagine if there was anyone else like himself. It was so painful, so grievous to be alone. They are just happy and ignorant pictures passing before me", he thought.

He examined their faces carefully, but they weren't aware of him, as they weren't aware of time that bestows life to nature and people, while taking something away from them. Now, he was sitting among them and they ignored him. The road was leading to the airport, passing some towns and their inhabitants. He saw many people, tried to see something else rather than flesh on their faces, but they had neither an expression, nor a glass-face. They were running, going somewhere, they were staying somewhere, or standing. They were laughing and crying. They were happy and worried but out of tune as if they were wound-toys, and all these acts are performed not to tell something of themselves but merely as the sign of their being alive. "To try to understand people was unwise", he surmised. "Death was cleverer than all, anyway. Was not everything, everything around us serving death? Every step, from morning to night and from childhood to old age would carry us to our end. And, how unconscious, and how desperately we would obey its rules. At least, I had a mission in this world that fits the sense of time", he thought. He considered himself special suddenly and shivered because of his thoughts; they had arrived at the airport.

“The Man” was sitting at the departure lounge as if he was waiting for someone, impatiently glancing at his watch and the entrance. He was about to come in. He could make him out among the people, and see his impatient looks that passed through upon “himself” carelessly as the other people did, from the door. Meanwhile a security staff stopped him since the security system had warned them signalling when he was going through the metal detector, it gave the signal of a metal object. One of the staff searched him and his black bag, but couldn't find anything metal, yet the system kept alarming. "There is a small device in my heart, a battery, might this be it?" He asked. "Why haven't you said this before, sir?" The security guard said, annoyed a little by this man. "Go through" said the security guard, and he passed through the signals of the security system and headed directly to the rest room without a care about “The man’s” impatience. He went in the ladies’ toilet by mistake first and went in one of the cabins under the bewildered looks of the women inside without lifting his head up as if his mind was busy and he wasn’t aware of these women.” The man” was growing more and more impatient as time went by, he was seized by desperate thoughts. If the person he was waiting for would not come, he would be bitterly disappointed. He didn’t want to hear his wife’s irritating voice for a while. He just wanted a small break with his lover away from the city. “Is this too much for me? Everything is planned. After this moment, please don’t say ‘I cannot come, darling, don't spoil it’” He was almost whispering to himself. As he was so doing, his round face suddenly shone, he fixed his bright burning eyes at one point, took a deep breath, and opened his arms widely to embrace his lover.

She was very beautiful and gently dressed and attracting everyone's admiration. He was quite delighted by her coming. All his anxiety had disappeared.

At that moment, somebody in uniform who must have been a staff member of the airport, quickly rushed to his side and asked: "Excuse me sir, are you Calchas Philos?" "Yes, but...what is the problem?" asked Calchas with the trace of anxiety in his voice. "Sir, you should come urgently with me? Calchas' tender and happy mood had now changed. Who was this interferer? Was he aiming to spoil his short happiness? Suddenly, the expression on his face changed completely, as if he was in the court in front of the judge, entirely in defence. All his face was full of frowns. "It can't be anything urgent, is this joke mister? If it is, it won't be good for you?" "The man" said. "This is what I was told, come with me please" replied he. "What damned person had sent you to me, to come... ok, I will, this is very strange indeed, lets go." Calchas finally said, submitting unwillingly.

He didn't know why he so easily obeyed his instruction. Maybe it was the tone of his voice that convinces him to go with him. As if he had to go with him, this was an uncontrollable force out of his will. Calchas followed him till the emergency exit door. This part of the building was a little more isolated. There he stood uncomfortably. A sudden fear covered him all over, he didn't know why. "Why should we go further?" Calchas asked. "I'm very sorry sir, but my superior ordered me to bring you, it may be about your partner, he is upstairs now," replied the security staff. "Where - are - we- going? I'm not sure we're on the right way!" He continued getting more annoyed. Then the staff stopped too, there was nobody around, no noise except those announcements. He lifted his left heel up as if there was something in his shoe; played with it a little and removed something from the sole of his shoe without allowing him to recognize what it was and said "Go back then, sir, I couldn't force you to come any more" he went on. "Are you making fun of me? Look, you are annoying me a lot, what's your problem? You stupid! What are you trying to do? My plane is about to take off and I'm playing here with a mad man, I must be c -r -a -z - y ..." Calchas lay there lifeless after falling like a full sack. There was a small, flat handle knife thrust into the nape of his neck.

The assassin was now in the rest room trying to take his black bag off the flush, he loosened the screws that kept its cover on its place, then removed the plug from the orifice of the water pipe, which supplies the required amount of water into the flush, changed his clothes and went to the men's toilet first then the women's. After wearing a new costume, he headed directly to the departure lounge. He passed "The man's" pretty lover waiting bewildered in the departure lounge, and couldn't help thinking that he was prettier than her now. He felt relaxed when he was on the plane; it was impossible to be caught from then on, it had already taken off. He sat in her place with relief for having performed his task and feeling safe. One hostess came and asked him if he would like something to drink. Meanwhile the security, of course, had already been aware of the case through the cameras all around, but they had lost the track of the man after his going into the toilet. There were lots of men all alike coming out of the toilet and a cleaning staff amongst them who had come from the ladies' toilet that was opposite of the men's, about forty-five minutes ago. The men all went towards the departure lounge and the cleaner had gone into the ladies' toilet again and never came out after that. They subsequently realised that the cleaner never went into the ladies' toilet nor did the security staff into the men's before the murder, but it was a strange man who interestingly went in the ladies' toilet and never came out later. The murderer had tricked them.

He had performed his role successfully as he closed his eyes and felt he was standing in front of the invisible crowd of audience showering roses on him. He was the best again; it was he who they were applauding. "The man", at the moment of his stabbing, never left his mind as other victims did. "The man's" helplessness had suddenly made him feel lonely without warning. He was sad. He felt bound to cry on the plane but stopped himself; his make-up might spoil.

For him it was a simple rule of life: 'death is the biggest mission that is to be carried out.'

**Gul Ulker**

## **INTRODUCTION TO URDU SECTION**

I am pleased to commend to you, “SUNRISE and the WHISPERS of DAWN” a fine collection of work from students, parents and teachers of Moor End High School, Fartown High School and their family of schools. The collection consists of short stories, poetry, interviews, autobiographies and historical recollections.

A selection of this collection has been translated into Urdu by Zahida Naseem, a bilingual, at Moor End High School whilst the Urdu version of the book title is provided by Khalid Mirza, another bilingual at Fartown High School.

The short stories consist of: “UNTITLED” which focuses on attitudes about inter-marriages between members of different cultural groups; “THE STAG” is a story that emphasises the functional worth of the poor, long, thin legs of the stag in comparison to the beautiful antlers - that may be nice to look at - but would not provide him any protection from the hunter. An excellent interview of three players from Huddersfield Town Football Club is presented here. They were interviewed at ‘The McAlpine Stadium’ by a team of visually impaired pupils from Moor End High School.

A recollection of “Childhood and school life in Barbados - now living in England”, is accurately described.



I am sure, we are all aware of the inadequacy of translation as a substitute for the original. It is an accepted fact that every language has its own peculiar flavour and fragrance, and its special idiom which is hard to transfuse into a different medium, especially if the medium is as far removed - culturally and geographically - from the original as English is from Urdu. For this reason it is quite clear that a translation cannot reproduce the harmonies of the original. However, despite the imperfections, a translation is indispensable for the dissemination of knowledge and information in our multi-lingual world. If there was no translation, we would be denied access to the treasures of world literature written in languages other than our own.

The quality of the Urdu translations of the selected English texts, I am sure, truly reflects the ability of the translators respectively.

In the end, I would like to congratulate all the students, parents, teachers and members of the editorial advisory committee for their contribution, commitment and support in the production of this publication. There is no doubt that by combining our energies and working in partnership we can find solutions to problems through collective action. This initiative is a practical contribution towards the development of a multicultural society that recognises and celebrates the cultural diversity of Kirklees population.

**Nasim Hasnie O.B.E, Ph.D, FRSA**



مور اینڈ ہائی سکول کے نابینا بچوں نے ما کھل پائن سٹیڈیم کی سیر کی۔



احسان علی  
کوکب آسیہ  
لیاقت حسن  
عائشہ بلبلہ  
صائمہ بشیر  
محمد جاوید  
کھلی مون  
مری رڈلز  
ابراہیم لمبٹ  
سمیہ مجید  
محمد عدیل

## ڈارن انڈمونڈ سن عمر ۲۵ سال

سوال ۱۔ آپ کو کتنا عرصہ پروڈیویشنل فنٹ بال کھیلتے ہوئے؟

جواب۔ سات سال۔

سوال ۲۔ جب آپ کھیل رہے ہوتے ہیں تو آپ کو لوگوں کے شور کی آوازیں سنائی دیتی یا آپ انہیں نظر انداز کر دیتے ہیں؟

جواب۔ مجھے انکی آوازیں سنائی دیتی اور مجھے اچھا لگتا ہے کہ وہ وہاں موجود ہوں۔

سوال ۳۔ آپ کو نسی پریر شپ ٹیم کیلئے کھیلنا پسند کریں گے؟

جواب۔ لیور پول۔ اور انکے خلاف بھی کھیلنا پسند کروں گا۔

سوال ۴۔ کیا آپ انگلستان کیلئے کھیلنا پسند کریں گے؟

جواب۔ جی ہاں۔

سوال ۵۔ آپ کی کرئیر کی زندگی میں سب سے زیادہ کس کا ہاتھ ہے؟

جواب۔ ایک آدمی کا جس کا نام مکھاڈسور تھا ہے۔

سوال ۶۔ سکول میں آپ کے پسندیدہ مضامین کون سے تھے؟

جواب۔ پی ای اور حساب (ریاضی)۔

سوال ۷۔ آپ کا سب سے پسندیدہ پریر شپ فنٹ بال کا کھیلاڑی کون ہے؟

جواب۔ الن شیرر

سوال ۸۔ آپ پروڈیویشنل فنٹ بال میں کیسے آئے؟

جواب۔ میرا انتخاب ایک بہت ماہر نے کیا تھا۔

سوال ۹۔ آپ اور کون سے کھیل پسند کرتے ہیں؟

جواب۔ سنوکر۔

سوال ۱۰۔ کیا آپ نائٹ کلب میں جانا پسند کرتے ہیں؟

جواب۔ نہیں۔ مجھے اسکی اجازت نہیں ہے۔

سوال ۱۱۔ آپ اور کیا بننا چاہتے تھے؟

جواب۔ میری ہمیشہ سے خواہش تھی کہ میں فلم اسٹار بنوں۔



## ٹومی کو ان - عمر ۲ سال

سوال ۱ - کیا آپ کچھ اور بننا چاہتے تھے؟  
جواب - نہیں، میں فٹ بال کھیلنا ہی پسند کرتا تھا۔  
سوال ۲ - آپ کو اس کا انتخاب کرنے میں کس نے مدد دی؟  
جواب - کینی ڈگلش نے اور میری والدہ نے۔ اور میرے والد جن کو میری زندگی میں کچھ دخل اندازی کرنے کا حق تھا انھوں نے میری بہت مدد کی۔



سوال ۳ - کیا آپ نے کوئی اور کام بھی کئے ہیں؟  
جواب - میں المیکویشن کے کام میں ماہر ہوں۔  
سوال ۴ - آپ کس پریمر شپ کیلئے کھیلنا پسند کریں گے؟  
جواب - مانچسٹر یونائیٹڈ۔  
سوال ۵ - آپ کو سکول میں کون سے مضامین پسند تھے؟  
جواب - سب ہی حساب کے علاوہ۔  
سوال ۶ - کیا یہ آپکی خوش قسمتی ہے یا آپ نے محنت کی جس کی وجہ سے آپ فٹ بال کے پروفیشنل میں آئے۔  
جواب - تھوڑی بہت میری خوش قسمتی بھی تھی لیکن یہ ایک بہت محنت طلب کام ہے۔  
سوال ۷ - آپ کو پروفیشنل فٹ بال کھیلتے ہوئے کتنا عرصہ ہو گیا ہے۔  
جواب - نو سال۔

سوال ۸ - آپ کا پہلا کلب کونسا تھا؟  
جواب - کلتیڈ فٹ بال۔  
سوال ۹ - آپ کو پریمر شپ فٹ بال کا کونسا کھیلاڑی پسند ہے۔  
جواب - گری پالسرڈ ڈیفینڈر۔  
سوال ۱۰ - جب آپ کھیل رہے ہوتے ہیں تو آپ کو لوگوں کے شور کی آوازیں سنائی دیتی ہیں یا آپ انھیں نظر انداز کر دیتے ہیں؟

جواب - جب ہم اپنے علاقے میں کھیلتے ہیں تو لوگوں کی آوازیں انسان میں حوصلہ پیدا کرتی ہیں لیکن دوسری کسی جگہ نظر انداز کرنے کی کوشش کرنی چاہیے کیونکہ اپنی پارٹی کی نسبت مخالف پارٹی کے لوگ زیادہ شور کر رہے ہوتے ہیں۔

**PUPILS AND SOME OF THEIR TEACHERS  
DURING A RECORDING SESSION AT  
BEAUMONT STREET STUDIOS, BATLEY**



## روبی رائن - عمر ۱۹ سال -

سوال ۱۔ آپ کو پرفیشنل فٹ بال کھیلتے ہوئے کتنا عرصہ ہو گیا ہے؟  
جواب۔ دو سال۔

سوال ۲۔ آپ کو اپنے پیچھے لوگوں کی آوازیں سننا اچھا لگتا ہے یا آپ انہیں نظر انداز کر دیتے ہیں؟  
جواب۔ مجھے انکی آوازیں اچھی لگتی ہیں یہ آپ میں حوصلہ پیدا کرتی ہیں۔

سوال ۳۔ آپ کس پریمرشپ ٹیم کیلئے کھیلنا پسند کریں گے؟  
جواب۔ لیورپول۔

سوال ۴۔ کیا آپ آئرلینڈ کیلئے کھیلنا پسند کریں گے؟  
جواب۔ جی ہاں۔

سوال ۵۔ آپ کو کون سا انتخاب کرنے میں کس نے مدد دی؟  
جواب۔ میرے والد نے۔

سوال ۶۔ سکول میں آپ کے پسندیدہ مضامین کون سے تھے؟  
جواب۔ سائنس، حساب اور پی ای۔

سوال ۷۔ آپ کا پسندیدہ پریمرشپ فٹبال کا کھیلاڑی کون سا ہے؟  
جواب۔ جون بانز۔

سوال ۸۔ آپ پروفیشنل فٹ بال میں کیسے آئے؟

جواب۔ میں ڈوبلن میں کھیلتا تھا اور میرا انتخاب گیری مرفی نے کیا تھا۔

سوال ۹۔ آپ اور کون سے کھیل پسند کرتے ہیں؟  
جواب۔ سنوکر

سوال ۱۰۔ کیا آپ نائٹ کلب جانا پسند کرتے ہیں؟  
جواب۔ نہیں۔ مجھے اس کی اجازت نہیں ہے۔

## بارہ سنگھا

بہت پہلے کی بات ہے کہ جنگل میں ایک تنہا بارہ سنگھا رہتا تھا۔ اس نے پہلے اپنے آپ کو کبھی نہیں دیکھا تھا۔ ایک دن وہ پانی پینے دریا پر گیا۔ دریا مچھلیوں سے بھرا پڑا تھا۔ جب وہ پانی کی طرف دیکھ رہا تھا اس نے پانی میں کچھ دیکھا تو وہ اسی جگہ رک گیا۔ وہاں ایک چہرہ تھا۔ اس نے جب غور سے دیکھا تو وہ اسکا عکس تھا۔ اسے بہت فخر ہوا کہ اس کے سنگ بہت خوبصورت ہیں۔

لیکن اسے اپنی تیلی، لمبی ٹانگوں کو دیکھ کر بہت افسوس ہوا۔ اور اس کے نتیجے میں وہ بہت افسردہ ہو گیا۔

وہ جب اس افسردہ حالت میں کھڑا تھا تو حالات بدل گئے۔ اس نے اپنا سر اٹھایا اور ایک آواز کی طرف کان کئے۔ یہ ایک شکاری کی آواز تھی۔ اور اس نے اندازہ لگایا کہ شکاری اور شکاری کتے اسے مارنے کیلئے آرہے ہیں۔ پھر اس نے اپنی جان بچانے کیلئے اپنی لمبی، تیلی ٹانگوں کو حرکت دی اور تیزی سے بھاگ گیا۔ وہ بچ گیا اور اس نے شکر ادا کیا کہ کس چیز نے اسے بچایا ہے۔

اسکی لمبی، تیلی ٹانگوں نے!!!

نازرین اختر

## بار باڈوز میں بچپن اور سکول کی زندگی۔ اب انگلینڈ میں ہیں۔

انٹرویو لینے والی۔ کاتھ وولیم

انٹرویو دینے والی۔ بار باڈوز کی عورت۔ تاریخ پیدائش ۱۹۳۰ء

سوال۔ کیا آپ نے کبھی سکول سے بھاگنے کا کھیل کھیلا ہے؟

جواب۔ نہیں۔

سوال۔ کیوں؟

جواب۔ کیونکہ مجھے اس بارے میں پتہ نہ تھا۔

سوال۔ ایسا کیوں؟

جواب۔ مجھے معلوم نہ تھا۔ میں کبھی اس بارے میں سوچ سکتی ہوں۔ میرا اندازہ ہے کہ ایسا ہوتا ہو گا مگر میں نے کبھی ایسا نہیں کیا۔ اور نہ ہی یہ ایسی بات ہے کہ اس بارے میں بات کی جائے۔ میں پرتوا کر مہینے میں آتا ہے کہ بچے سکول نہیں جاتے۔ ہمارے زمانے میں تو سب سکول جاتے تھے کیونکہ میرا خیال ہے کہ اگر آپ سکول نہیں جاتیں گے تو آپ کے والدین کو معلوم ہو جائے گا کیونکہ اساتذہ انھیں بتادیں گے۔ میں کسی کو نہیں جانتی۔ اور نہ ہی میرے دوست کبھی سکول سے بھاگے تھے۔

سوال۔ کیا آپ کو سکول جانے سے پہلے کھانا اور پڑھنا آتا تھا؟

جواب۔ جی ہاں۔ میرا خیال ہے مجھے آتا تھا۔

سوال۔ آپ کو کون پڑھاتا تھا؟

جواب۔ میرا خیال ہے کہ میری والدہ مجھے پڑھاتی ہو گی شاید۔ مجھے یاد آتا ہے جیسے میرے نانا مجھے پھاڑے یاد کروا یا کرتے تھے اور میں یاد کر سکتی ہوں کہ میرے دادا بھی مجھے پھاڑے یاد کروا یا کرتے تھے۔

سوال۔ کیا وہ آپ کی زندگی میں آپ کے بہت قریب تھے؟

جواب۔ نہیں زیادہ نہیں۔ وہ ہمارے گھر کے نزدیک چنتے تھے اور چونکہ میرے والد فوت ہو گئے تھے تو جب میری والدہ کام پر جاتی تھیں تو میں اکیلی ہوتی تھی تو پھر وہ آجاتے تھے یا میں انکے گھر چلی جاتی تھی وہ ہمارے ساتھ نہیں رہتے تھے مگر انکا گھر ہمارے گھر کے نزدیک تھا۔

سوال۔ کن باتوں کا ذکر ہے بچوں کو سزاملتی تھی اور وہاں کا ڈسپلن کیسا تھا؟

جواب۔ جھوٹ بولنے پر۔ گھر کا کام نہ کرنے پر۔ اور خراب رویے پر جیسا کہ آپ جانتے ہیں کہ جماعت میں اونچی آواز میں بولنا۔ جماعت میں بالکل خاموش بیٹھنا پڑتا تھا اور اگر کوئی بولتا تھا تو اسے سزاملتی تھی اسے جماعت میں سب کے سامنے لایا جاتا تھا اور میرا خیال ہے یہ شرم کی بات تھی۔ اور لڑائی جھگڑے پر۔

سوال۔ تو پھر انھیں کیسے سزاملتی تھی؟

جواب۔ جہاں تک مجھے یاد آتا ہے ہمارے ہاتھوں پر مارا جاتا تھا اور جماعت میں رہنا پڑتا تھا جب تک جماعت ختم نہ ہو جاتی۔ اور کچھ مجھے یاد نہیں آ رہا۔

سوال۔ یہ تو خاصی سخت سزا تھی اور پھر آپ دو بارہ ایسا نہ کرتے ہوئے؟

جواب۔ جی ہاں میرا خیال کبھی یہی ہے۔

سوال۔ کیا پھر اسکا کوئی اثر بچوں پر ہوتا تھا؟

جواب۔ جی ہاں۔ کیونکہ اگر وہ بارہ بچے ایسا کرتے تھے تو انکے والدین کو بتانا پڑتا تھا۔ اگر وہ سری دفعہ ایسا کرتے تھے

سوال۔ وہ سزا کے طور پر کیا استعمال کرتے تھے۔ ڈنڈا یا کوڑا؟

جواب۔ جہاں تک مجھے یاد ہے ایک فٹے (پیمانے) سے مارا جاتا تھا۔ میرے سر پر ایک فٹے سے مار پڑی تھی اور سکینڈری سکول میں ایک ہڑے کا کوڑا ہوتا تھا۔ جیسے

ہم بلیک ڈیول (کالا بچہ) کہتے تھے۔

سوال۔ تو آپ نے اس کو نام دیا ہوا تھا؟

جواب۔ جی ہاں۔



## میرے نانا ابو

جوانی میں میرے نانا ابو پاکستان اور بھارت کی جنگ میں پروان چڑھے۔

انکا طاقت ور جسم آج بھی ویسا ہی ہے جیسا پہلے تھا۔  
وہ کہتے ہیں کہ:-

”بیٹا! میں نے جنگ میں بہت مصیبت اٹھائی تھی میں اکلوتا بچہ تھا۔  
میرے والد جنگ ختم ہونے سے پہلے ہی فوت ہو گئے تھے۔  
مجھے ابھی تک انکا چہرہ اپنی آنکھوں میں نظر آتا ہے وہ بہت مضبوط جسم کے مالک تھے۔  
وہ میری والدہ کے ساتھ ایک مسجد میں فوت ہوئے تھے۔ اس مسجد کو بم مار کر شہید کر دیا گیا تھا۔  
میں اس طرف بھاگا تھا مگر دیر ہو چکی تھی۔“

میری خالہ نے میری پرورش کی تھی۔  
اب میں جب ماضی میں دیکھتا ہوں مجھے ہر طرف مردہ جسم نظر آتے ہیں  
اور آگ کے شعلے اس طرح نظر آتے ہیں جیسے وہ آسمان کی طرف جا رہے ہوں۔“

میں نے اپنے نانا ابو کا چہرہ دیکھا۔

تو انکی آنکھوں میں آنسو کا ایک قطرہ بھی نہ تھا۔

عظمیٰ کوثر

## بغیر عنوان

وہ ایک انگریز سے شادی کرنا چاہتی تھی۔ مگر اسکے والدین اس بات کے سخت خلاف تھے۔ وہ چاہتے تھے کہ وہ وہاں شادی کرے جہاں انھوں نے اس کیلئے ایک لڑکا پسند کیا تھا۔ لیکن وہ اس بات پر رضامند نہیں تھی۔

اس کے امی، ابو کو بہت غصہ آیا جب انھوں نے سنا کہ وہ ایک لڑکے سے باتیں کر رہی تھی اور وہ بھی ایک انگریز سے۔ انھیں پہلے یہ خیال آیا کہ اسے پاکستان بھیج دیں اور پھر کچھ عرصہ بعد واپس انگلینڈ بلوالیں۔ لیکن اس نے بہت کوشش کی انھیں سمجھانے کی کہ وہ لڑکا خوشی سے مسلمان ہو جائے گا۔ لیکن یہ مسئلہ نہ تھا۔

اسکے والدین نے بتایا کہ اس نے تمام خاندان کی ناک کٹوا دی ہے اور اب انھیں یہاں سے کسی اور جگہ جانا پڑے گا۔ اسکے والدین نے اس سے کئی دن بات نہ کی اور اسے اکیلے باہر جانے کی اجازت نہ تھی۔

لیکن وہ اس بات پر بند رہی کہ اس نے کچھ غلط نہیں کیا۔ اس کے ہمسائے اس کے پیچھے باتیں کرتے تھے اور ایسی نظروں سے گھورتے تھے کہ اسے پتہ چلے کہ اس نے کیا کیا۔ مگر اسے ان باتوں کی پروا نہ تھی۔

ایک دفعہ جب اسکے والدین گھر سے باہر گئے ہوئے تھے اور اس کا بھائی جو گھر پر تھا تاکہ اس پر نظر رکھ سکے مگر وہ فٹبال دیکھنے میں مصروف تھا تو اس نے اپنا سامان اکٹھا کیا اور اپنے بھائی کو بتائے بغیر چپکے سے گھر چھوڑ کر اپنے دوست کے پاس چلی گئی۔

اس نے اپنے والدین اور بہن بھائی پھر زندگی میں دوبارہ نہیں دیکھے۔ اسے اسکا افسوس بھی نہیں تھا کیونکہ وہ اس آدمی کے ساتھ تھی جس سے وہ پیار کرتی تھی اور وہ خوش تھی۔

کو کب آسیہ



## **AUTOBIOGRAPHY - EXTRACT - ORAL HISTORY**

*School life, playground songs, songs that family used to sing*

Interviewer: **Susan Duffield**

Interviewee: English White Female

Q. Do you remember any of the folk songs that you used to sing when you were younger?

A. I don't think they'd be called folk songs. We used to do games - in the streets and at home or in the gardens or in the school yard, but - and always at Whit Monday when we'd walked out, you know, there were games in the cricket field and they were always the same type, er, looking for a partner even though you were children, I don't think you knew what looking for a partner was - apart from somebody you were picking out of the ring, you know. There was a King William, in fact somebody wrote a year or two ago to see if anybody knew the words, do you know it?

Q. Was it a game where you stood in a circle?

A. That's right, two circles.

Q. I've heard about it - I don't know all the details.

A. Well, you have two circles and everybody sings together you see, and they're funny words "King William was King James' son, all the royal races run. Upon his breast he wore a star pointing to the Russian war. Choose from the east, choose from the west, choose the one that you love best. If she's not here to take her part, choose another with all your heart." So the middle circle was less than the outer circle, one from the middle circle would choose a partner from the outer circle and you just used to kiss her sweet you know, raise your arms and then back into the big circle again and the one who had been chosen was in the inner circle, and that's all it was - it was just a game.

Q. Do you remember any more?

A. Er, I suppose it must be the same thing, em, "The green leaves are falling, falling, falling, the green leaves are falling, are falling for me. Then give me your hand love, hand love, your hand love, give me your hand love and a sweet kiss for me." And I think that was the same thing, to two circles but that's a bit vaguer somehow. I think that's all I remember.

Q. Were there any rhymes or monologues, do you remember?

A. Rhymes as such, let me see, we used to do one for skipping about half a dozen words, you know, one at each end holding the rope, and you were in turns waiting to get in and the rope would turn, it was "Salt, vinegar, mustard, pepper." and it went quicker and quicker until you were "pep - pep - pep" you see, till you fell over.

Q. Do you remember the local Wuffen fuffen bands?

A. Yes, I do, as a child, yes, there was always one in some - they used to have carnivals you know, a yearly carnival and the wuffen fuffen bands always played - they were always dressed up you know, funny noses and funny hats and funny costumes.

Q. And did they play instruments?

A. Well you wouldn't call them instruments - what did they call them... some would have a comb with tissue paper, you know, have you ever blown through one?

Interviewer: yes!

Interviewee: Yes? And then tommy talkers, did you know those, oh, they're pieces of metal you hold at each end and then there's a piece risen from the top bit with a bit of gauze over and em, I think that's about the only instruments they had. I can't remember any more unless they were the ones that took our fancy, you know.

Q. What was your most memorable occasion when you were younger?

A. Oh that is difficult, oh you shouldn't ask me things like that because I remember all sorts of silly stupid things sometimes. I wouldn't like to say because sometimes when you're just sitting there or if a friend calls you say, oh do you remember so and so, and oh yes, didn't we have a good time.

Things like walking out from the church on Whit Monday, you know, you'd always a pretty dress and the boys were always dressed nicely and I don't know why but we always had white shoes, and usually they'd always tarred the road and we used to go home with tar on our shoes and legs and little white socks and our mothers would get the lard out to get the tar off, you know.

After the walk with the, you know, all the banners were out and the band was playing and they were singing hymns and then we'd call back at school and have a mug of tea and a currant bun and then into the cricket field for games, you know, and races and it always seemed to be a lovely day. I can only remember it raining once, and we were standing outside a lawn at Varley Road at Slaithwaite, I don't know whether you know where that is, and the rain just came down in torrents for a few minutes and I can always remember worms coming out of the grass and they were those huge ones you see and we thought oh, it's raining worms! So I do remember that.

Q. Do you think the war changed a lot of things that were going on at the time?

A. Well again, it's difficult to say, things had certainly altered after the war but I don't know the reason. I wouldn't like to say it was the war that had done it, I don't know, but our values were different, you know, different afterwards, so perhaps, I don't know.

## THE YEAR OF THE MISSING ‘LINC’

1991 is likely to be remembered as a year of change resulting from war, revolution, coup and counter-coup. But some things never seem to change, among them prejudices about language and the teaching of language skills. This reflection is prompted by the fate, earlier this year, of the “LINC” (Language in the National Curriculum) materials at the hands of the DES. These materials were the outcome of some two years of work by a project team, 150 strong, composed of linguists, regional coordinators and advisory teachers, which was set up in 1989 by Kenneth Baker, then Secretary of State for Education. The National Coordinator of the project was Ronald Carter, Professor of Modern English Language at the University of Nottingham. The aim was to produce recommendations and classroom materials covering the teaching of spoken and written English, and the development of reading and listening skills, based on the recommendations of the Kingman Committee and the Cox Report (1988). After revisions required by the DES, the “LINC” materials, contained in a 500 page document with supporting TV and radio programmes were, it seems, approved for publication by HMSO and subsequent circulation to all schools, towards the end of 1990. But in June 1991 it was announced that the document had been suppressed on the orders of Tim Eggar, Minister of State for Education, and presumably with the approval of the current Secretary of State, Kenneth Clark. The cost of producing the materials was not negligible: about £100,000 for the documentation, and a total of £21 million including the cost of piloting and extensive training of teachers in the “cascade” system that was intended to ensure dissemination of the ideas.

The “LINC” Project was designed, according to **The Times Educational Supplement**, “to set up a new system of teaching grammar in Britain’s schools”. In fact, the terms of reference given to the project team were much wider than the word “grammar”, as usually understood, would imply. In an article confirming the Government’s decision not to publish the materials, the Minister of State, Tim Eggar acknowledged that:



“The point of LINC is to improve teachers’ knowledge of language - in layman’s terms, grammar - on the model outlined in the Kingman report”. (TES 28.6.91)

The model presented in Kingman, however, was one that embraced not only awareness of the conventions of standard English, but also understanding of the way language works through its systems of sound, grammar, and meaning; and of how it is acquired, used, and evaluated in particular contexts. Curiously, it was the concept of “language in context” that the Minister was unable to swallow. Under a front-page headline: “Minister suppresses £21m study”, the **TES** of 14 June 1991 reported:

“He (the Minister) wants a simple set of traditional grammatical exercises which teachers can use in schools, but instead project leaders have produced a 500-page document which argues that language should be placed in its social context.”

Elsewhere in the same edition, the **TES** claimed that 4 out of 11 sections of the project materials were “at the centre of the row”. These were the chapters dealing with accent, dialect, and standard English; multilingualism; pupils’ knowledge about language; and repertoires of language (including news reporting, and language and gender). These topics are, of course, standard elements in existing sociolinguistic courses at undergraduate and “A” level. What is involved in this dispute is, essentially, a conflict between a narrowly prescriptive model of English teaching required by the Minister, and a descriptive model of language structure and use favoured by the project team and by Kingman - a contest that can be traced back, in one form or another, at least as far as the 18th Century.

Following the announcement that the materials would be suppressed, the **TES** opened its pages, in successive weeks, to a shoot-out between Professor Carter and the Minister of State. In his column: “Caught out on a point of grammar” (**TES** 21.6.91) Professor Carter summarised the history of the Project, noting that it had been established to equip teachers with the knowledge about language needed to deliver the new curriculum. The draft materials had been in use for two years in training every primary school teacher and secondary heads of English in England and Wales. The materials, which had been extensively trialled and amended in the light of advice from teachers, HMI, and a DES-appointed steering committee, had been applauded in Britain and abroad as a major breakthrough (several publishers are said to be interested). A substantial unit of the materials was devoted to grammar and grammatical description, and the document underlined all approved national curriculum requirements with regard to the teaching of Standard English. But, it seemed:

“some politicians cannot endorse anything which is different from their own memories of grammar in the Forties and Fifties: ‘simple’ grammar exercises based on naming of parts of speech, in which the content and functions of the text are irrelevant”.

The LINC materials, on the other hand, emphasised the analysis of real language texts that were interesting and motivating. The emphasis was on language in use and in social and cultural contexts...

In his response: “Correct use of English is essential” (**TES** 28.6.91), the Minister, Tim Eggar, performed some elaborate verbal acrobatics:

“We are not” (he announced) “going to publish materials which have been developed by the (LINC) project... The LINC units were not designed nor are they suitable for classroom use as teaching materials”.

This material, he implied, would be potentially dangerous if used “outside the context of in-service teacher training”. (**The Daily Mirror** had earlier reported that the Minister “objected to the backing given in the 500-page document to trendy teaching techniques which ministers have declared ‘crazy’ and vowed to stamp out”) The “uninitiated” (including, one surmises, Ministers and Secretary of State for Education?) might wonder, he suggested, why so many of its examples of children’s work would seem to be so poor in quality? Why did so many examples taken from the media deal with controversial matters in a biased way? Why was so much prominence given to exceptions rather than to the norm - to dialects rather than Standard English, for example? (The interesting question of whether the “norms” are those of adult or child was, predictably, passed over in silence). The material, he insisted, was

“too sophisticated by far - certainly way above the head of the lay reader with an interest in how his children will in future be taught about language”.

This is a bit like lamenting the upheaval caused by a hint of global curvature in the lifestyle of flat-earthers, or the inconvenience of having to come to terms with the conclusions Newton derived from the apple’s dropping on his head. It might also seem to overlook the fact that the initial difficulty experienced by an earlier generation of parents in coping with their children’s study, in school, of atomic physics, or sex - or, come to that, even of primary mathematics - wasn’t necessarily permitted to inhibit curriculum development.

“And” (the Minister continued) “it is probably (my emphasis) pitched at the wrong level for most teachers unfamiliar with linguistic theory”.

All that can be said about this is that the Minister would seem to have a low opinion of his teaching force (envisaged, perhaps, as increasingly ill-trained, given the prevailing “Hire ‘em cheap” philosophy?) since the concepts introduced in the LINC materials are regularly mastered without great difficulty by first and second year undergraduates. However, there was more to come. The Minister’s displeasure is next directed at the project’s unit on “Accent, Dialect, and Standard English”:

“The introduction to the unit sets the tone” (one hears, already, the lip curling in elegant disdain) “when it says that: ‘Language should be studied in its own right, as a rich and fascinating example of human behaviour. It should be explored in real, purposeful situations, not analysed out of context’ And again: ‘Language reveals and conceals much about human relationships. There are intimate connections, for example, between language and social power, language and culture and language and gender’”.

Reasonable, self-evident even, one might think? Not for the Minister, apparently, for whom these sentiments represent: “a number of fashionable secondary agendas (that) have pushed into the foreground” and are a distraction from “the main task of teaching children to write, spell and punctuate correctly”.

Fashionable or no, these approaches to the study of language are neither new nor crazy. They have their origins in a long tradition of linguistic enquiry and description against which an obsessive concern with “correctness” - too often simply the desire to resist any change in a set of preferred conventions - appears trivial. (It is moderately easy, given some motivation, to write “correctly”, but rather difficult, as most of us know, to write well...). That tradition has been honourably sustained, and its insights eloquently presented, during the 20th Century, through painstaking fieldwork, formidable scholarship, and the ability of its protagonists to inspire interest in the infinite variety of language.

The briefest roll call of names associated with this enterprise would have to include, in the United States, Franz Boas, Edward Sapir and Leonard Bloomfield; and in Britain, J R Firth with, more recently, M A K Halliday (currently resident in Australia); all of them scholars whose work repeatedly demonstrates the inseparability of language and society. Firth's assertion, over 30 years ago, that "The object of linguistic analysis ... is to make statements of meaning so that we may see how we use language to live" deserves to stand as a poker-work motto for all those concerned with the study of language. And the claim by one of Firth's most distinguished students, R H Robins, that "Language is rooted in social intercourse" is essentially the credo that informs the LINC materials - and, indeed, other language materials successfully developed for teaching purposes in recent years. Yet, despite some hopeful signs in the Bullock Report: A Language for Life 1975) and intermittently since then, the impression remains of an attitude at the higher levels of DES policy-making that is unsympathetic, and even resistant, to a broader concept of English language teaching.

Against the political upheavals of 1991, in Europe and elsewhere, the suppression by Government of an inconvenient report on language teaching might seem to merit no more than a headline of the "Very small earthquake - not many dead" variety... In my view, it is rather more serious than this. As Professor Carter has indicated, the refusal by Government to waive Crown copyright imposes a censorship that makes the materials inaccessible to publishers in Britain and abroad who have expressed an interest in making them available to a wider readership. Why should a Government find it appropriate to adopt such a course? One answer was offered in a letter to the **TES** from a Bristol teacher, Helen Salmon, reacting to news of the Minister's decision:

"What better illustration could there be of the relationship between language and power?... If children do learn about language in its social context, they will undoubtedly learn that language can be used to manipulate and distort, as well as to enlighten and reveal".

This view certainly commands respect in a period notable for what the letter writer describes as ‘Orwellian double-think by the DES’. Possibly however, the real explanation is less Machiavellian. It may be that the Minister’s action is merely a further example of what has become a disturbing feature of DES pronouncements on specialist matters during the past dishonest decade: the arrogance of ignorance.

**Gordon Byers**

## **PASTA AND PASTA**

I'm trapped in a Pasta Restaurant  
and I'm going to be sick if I see  
any more pasta. There's lots of  
food that goes with pasta.

Red pasta, brown pasta, yellow pasta,  
yum white pasta. Pasta Bolognese,  
Pasta Lasagne. Actually, I do feel  
hungry. I think I will have some  
pasta.

**Gavin Allpress**

## DANGEROUS FOOD

Soft drink contains compressed carbon dioxide and phosphates, these are natural. The pH of soft drink is pretty close to neutral, more neutral than fresh lemon juice. Depending on the concentration of fresh lemon juice, can be between 3 and 4. The gut contains much lower pH from bile and digestive juice...

For MSG, it is an acronym for mono sodium glutamate. MSG is the sodium (Na) salt of glutamic acid. Na is natural; the body use this with Potassium for electrolyte balance and for transmission of neural signals. Glutamic acid is manufactured by your body from the transamination of the glucose molecule (sugar). Glutamic acid is in fact, one of the amino acids necessary as a building unit for protein and polypeptide production. Excessive amounts are expelled by the body through the kidneys. The source material for the manufacture of MSG is natural food products like corn. So MSG is OK in moderation. If you get too much of the stuff, the body needs to drink water and get the kidneys to work overtime. This is to get rid of the extra sodium. The glutamate part gets used as any type of food. Every time you eat meat, you are ingesting protein and therefore glutamic acid. A small % of the population does sometime get a rash if there is too much MSG. Maybe with these people, they cannot excrete the excess fast enough.

Now this might be a nice research project. Some medico or biochemist should do correlation study with this group against any other food items laced with the like of alcohol or gluten.

Relax!



For the wedding cake, how about this one. We got married in the mid seventies. For our wedding cake, we had a 3 tier fruit cake coated with icing sugar. We saved the top tier for prosperity. We kept the cake in a cake tin and every couple of years; we opened up the cake tin and checked the cake (no mould, colour of the icing sugar has not changed.) Twenty eight years later, still OK. I wonder what it will taste like now.

## **Genesis**



## **BUTTERFLY**

A butterfly with no colour

A river with a blanket of silk

Grey rocks with a shady colour

Water dripping off a tree, a leaf

Rippling the inside of a peaceful

River, the river mowing through a

Butterfly's wing sending a silent

Disturbed movement.

**Colette Peace**

## **THE PEACEFUL RIVER**

The mirror is shattered

By the sour frog

It soon mends up again.

**Natalie Budby**

# **MAD MONKEY**

Cheeky monkey

Beating its chest

Sun is going down.

Little ladybird

Sees monkey

Flies around it

Monkey looks mad

Gets madder

Ladybird flies away.

**Gemma Tipping**

# NAUGHTY

Fed up

Considerate

Disappointed

Upset

Gritting her teeth

The children get told off

The day broke

Toys broke

Toys rolled in her hair.

The children in their tiny pyjamas

Get dressed, played *Hide and Seek*

In their house

They broke an ornament.

**Kimberly Gardner**

## THE TREE

It was spring when Jack and Ben went into Farmer Pember's best meadow. It was a balmy, pleasant day and the birds were in full song whilst vigorously gathering their nesting materials and marking their territories.

"Let's roll down the slope Jack," said Ben.

"Beat you to the bottom." Jack replied.

And down they rolled, laughing and screaming like the eight year olds they were.

At the bottom the grass was quite long and in it under a large tree was a small sapling.

"Look here!" said Ben. "Let's dig this tree up and plant it somewhere so it can grow into a great big tree." So off they went to get a spade from Jack's dad's allotment. When they got there Jack's dad asked what they wanted a spade for.

"We've got our own tree and we are going to dig it up and plant it in Farmer Pember's meadow." Ben blurted out full of excitement.

A look of concern came over Jack's father's face.

"You can't just go and plant a tree just where you want to, you know. You'll have to ask Farmer Pember where you can plant it and get to know how big it will grow," he said.

Both the boys looked downcast as they had thought they could plant it anywhere.

"Never mind," said Jack's dad. "He's a nice farmer and I think he will help you so why don't you go over and ask him?"

Jack and Ben set off for Farmer Pember's farm full of doubt.

"I bet he says no," said Ben.

"We'll see." Jack replied.

The farm consisted of a small barn, a house and a large shed for the cows in winter. The smell from the pile of cow dung was quite strong and both boys held their noses whilst passing it.

"What brings you here?" a voice shouted at them. A short, round man came over to them. He had a ruddy face which had been weathered over the years and his hands were very big: a detail which both boys noticed as he gripped a hay fork.

"What are you going to do with that?" asked Ben.

"Oh, clean out the cow sheds, seein' as all t' cows have gone out t' meadow. Now, what can I do for you?" the man replied, leaning on his hay fork.

"We've found a small tree and want to plant it somewhere so it will grow into a big tree" said Jack.

"That was my idea." cried Ben.

"Never mind which of you said it," said Farmer Pember quickly. "I don't mind young ones like you having an interest in nature. Put it aside now and we'll find a nice spot for it. But mind now, you'll have to look after it until it grows into a small tree."

"What kind is it? How long before we can climb it?" asked Jack bubbling with excitement.

"Now then, lad," said Farmer Pember, "it will be years and years and you'll be young men with children of your own when it's time to climb it. It's a Sycamore tree and good timber it makes, so come on, let's find a field to plant it in."

All three left and went down the winding farm lane passing many fields. “Here we are. If you want, plant it in the corner of this meadow. I don’t mind. It will help keep the wild life in winter and the birds will nest in it.” So, Jack and Ben, watched by Farmer Pember, dug a hole and planted the tree in the corner of the meadow. “Now,” said the farmer, “get some fallen branches and put them around your tree so that squirrels and birds don’t peck and eat the young shoots, and then it will grow into a big, big, tree.”

When they had finished Jack and Ben left the meadow and went home for their tea very pleased with what they had achieved. They told their mums and dads and anyone who would listen. It was great fun.

The years passed and Jack and Ben grew into old men. One day they met by chance in a supermarket. “Hi,” said Jack. “It’s ages, not years since we last met.”

“Remember all the good times we had as kids? The fields, streams and the meadows?”

Ben responded. “Remember that tree we planted? I wonder what it’s like now.”

“Tell you what,” said Jack, “meet me at old Farmer Pember’s a week from today and we’ll look to see if we can find it.”

A week later found them walking up Farmer Pember’s old lane. When they arrived at the farm they were surprised to see that it was all run-down. The house roof was caved in and windows were broken all around. The



cowshed and barn were now completely covered in ivy. They both agreed it was a real mess but as they had come to find their tree they set off in the direction of the far meadow to see if it was still there. They eventually came to a brand new gate which had a notice on it saying, PRIVATE PROPERTY - KEEP OUT. Not wanting to trespass they leaned on the gate looking for their tree in the corner of the meadow. The meadow was laid out for gymkhana practice and the young girl who had been practising came over and asked them what they wanted.

“Oh we planted a tree in the corner of this meadow when we were about eight years old. That’s about sixty years ago” said Jack.

“You mean the big Sycamore in the corner?” the girl replied. “That was cut down years ago. As a matter of fact, some of it made the gate you are leaning on!”

**J Trevor Haigh**

## MY GRANDFATHER



As a teenager my Grandfather  
grew up in the war  
which was between India and Pakistan.

His strong body is still as hard as gold  
as he'll say:

“Beta I struggled in the war,  
I was the only child. My  
father died just a few days  
before the war ended.  
I see his face clearly,  
he was well-built.  
He died with my mother in  
a Mosque which was blown up.  
I ran towards it but I was too late.



My Aunt brought me up.  
I look back and see  
bodies scattered everywhere  
and flames rising up into the air  
like fireworks making the sky go all  
cloudy.”

I look at my Grandfather’s strong  
face.  
No tears ever appear in  
his eyes.

**Uzma Kauser**

## THE STALKING



Libbi was fifteen years old. She had lived on Bradley Road for eight years. Living across from her was a friendly old woman called Mrs Carter. There was an age gap of about fifty years, but they got on like a house on fire. They would play cards, talk, and Libbi would take her magazines over and fill Mrs Carter in with all of the gossip. Nearby lived Libbi's good friend Emma. They went to the same school and had the same interests in almost everything. They had their own spot at the top of the road where they would sit, chat and read magazines. It was not anything special, just a wall at the end of someone's garden, but they always went there. A few doors away from Libbi lived a family called the Hendersons. They had two children. Peter, who was nineteen and Amanda who was twenty-one. When they were younger, they would play "chase" and "rotten egg" on the street, but Libbi never really liked them. They also knew Mrs Carter, but as Amanda got older she stopped visiting and Peter did not go as often.

Peter gave Libbi the creeps. He was around 5ft 8ins tall, broadly built and had the most out-of hair style. Libbi hated him. She disliked the whole family. Peter was a bit of a geek. He would try to act hard to impress people, but he would just end up making a fool of himself. He had small brown eyes set very close together, that made Libbi feel very uneasy and he had a huge nose. He was a bit of a mummy's boy. He went to the Technical College twice a week, and his mum would get the bus with him and escort him to the doors, fussing. Libbi and Emma even gave him a nick-name. "Pervy Pete".

It all began in the summer holidays when she visited Mrs Carter. She would be talking and Mrs Carter would say something like:

"Oh. I wish Peter was here so he could see you. He really likes you, dear."

This would give Libbi the creeps even more, and made her feel sick. Then Peter just happened to be at Mrs Carter's house whenever Libbi went there, and always made sure he sat next to her. She didn't like to say anything to Mrs Carter because she had known Peter longer than Libbi and was quite fond of him. Instead she decided to tell Emma.

"He's really giving me the creeps."

"Has he said anything to you?" asked Emma.

"No!" Libbi answered annoyed.

"Well! What are you worrying about? You're probably just paranoid."

"Yeah. You're probably right," replied Libbi. But she was not convinced.

Over the next few weeks Peter would follow Libbi and watch her from his bedroom window. He would catch the same bus, and walk behind her wolf-whistling and staring at her. Then began the messages and love songs on the answer phone. Huge bunches of red roses would arrive for her at school, and they would also appear on her doorstep. He also tried to woo her with poems he had written and soppy letters, which arrived for her in the post. Libbi hated it all. He became a nuisance to her friends and kept trying to find out things about her. Whenever Libbi walked down the street he would stand in a corner giving her longing looks. When he started jumping in and out of doorways with flowers and chocolates in his hands, she decided drastic action was needed.

She would have to discuss it with Emma.

“Have you told your mum?” asked Emma.

“No! I don’t want to!” snapped Libbi.

“What are you going to do then?”

“I don’t know yet. I am thinking of setting some boys onto him, just to frighten him off. What do you think?”

“You can’t do that!” yelled Emma, “you’ll get into serious trouble. Mind you, he sounds a bit of a nutter. Anyway, who would you get to do it?”

“Friends of a friend.” said Libbi.

“Well, just be careful!” Emma warned.

“Yeah, whatever.” sighed Libbi. She was getting totally fed up of it all and just wanted it to end.

These ‘friends’ were friends of a boy Libbi knew called Sam. Sam was a family friend and they were the same age. Libbi saw him once a week when they both had dinner at his grandma’s house. She managed to get Sam into the garden to talk privately and she told him what had been happening. Most of Sam’s friends fancied Libbi and they were always asking Sam to ask her out for them. She asked him to arrange it for his friends to go to Bradley to sort Peter out for her.

“I can’t promise anything but I’ll try my best and don’t worry.” Sam assured her.

A few hours later, Sam came back from his friends’ house.

“Any luck?” asked Libbi.

“They won’t go all the way to Bradley” replied Sam.

“Huh! some friends! What shall I do now then?”

“Next time you’re at Mrs Carter’s and he’s there, pretend you have a boyfriend. You can use one of my mates’ names,” suggested Sam.

“I’ll try it but I don’t think he’ll get the message” said Libbi.

The following Monday night Libbi went to Mrs Carter's but Pervy Pete wasn't there.

"I'm going out on Saturday" Libbi said.

"Oh! Who with?" asked Mrs Carter.

"Just a friend of Sam's."

"Male?" quizzed Mrs Carter.

"Yeah. He's called Chris" replied Libbi.

"Oh Peter will be upset, dear." Who cares? thought Libbi.

"Why will he be upset?" asked Libbi trying to sound interested.

"Well dear, he tries really hard to get a girlfriend but no-one seems to want to get to know him" explained Mrs Carter. Oh, get the violins out! thought Libbi.

Libbi told Mrs Carter all about her date with 'Chris', how they met, what he looked like and where they were going on Saturday. All week Libbi thought of a story to tell her friends. She hated having to lie to them but it would be worth it if pervy Pete stopped stalking her.

## **THE STALKING**

To be continued on page 186



## NUMBNESS

It's cold outside,  
But our love will melt the snow away...  
    It's cold outside,  
Will your love freeze day by day?  
It's cold outside,  
    Break my heart...and you'll pay...

Truth is out, the truth is out!!  
The ice is on fire!!  
    The truth is out, the truth is out!!  
You sang my death wish in the choir...  
Truth is out, the truth is out!!  
    You always were a liar...

My heart is broken... you threw me away...  
Without feeling... you pushed me from a height...  
    My heart is broken... you threw me away...  
How will I cope when your thoughts haunt at night?  
My heart has broken... you threw me away...  
    Laughed at my love... believe  
me... I... WILL... BITE...

**Noreen Asha Akram**

## **BRYLCREEM**

The mirror hadn't seen his reflection  
for years, remembering when,  
in black, they'd passed by,  
thinking of his large frame.

It only showed her now,  
fiddling with her hair  
every Thursday morning,  
before going up the Post Office  
for her pension - pocket money.

It watched every Friday  
as she would squeeze a coin  
in her granddaughter's hand, whispering,  
"Don't tell mum"

It remembered when they all came round  
on Saturdays for tea  
and 'The Muppets' on television.  
The NHS specs were memories  
of Christmases past,  
the children stood smiling  
in front of their Granddad,  
half pint of lemonade in their hands.

It had seen how their grandchildren  
had grown. At first they came  
to her waist, now, crouching  
to miss the light in the hallway,  
to give their nana a kiss.

The new PVC door lets in  
a false smile of light.  
She's replaced the carpet he chose,  
taken down the shelf  
where his brylcreem used to sit.

His coat isn't on the end  
of the banister.  
She still calls goodbye to him  
as she opens the door.

**Kelly Smith**

## THE STALKING CONTINUED

When Saturday night came, Libbi had forgotten about the pretend date and went to Mrs Carter's. When she answered the door she gave Libbi a surprised look.

"I thought you were on a date?"

Libbi had to think fast.

"Oh! er yeah, we decided to go out a bit later," she said. Entering the living, she saw Pervy Pete sat on the settee. Libbi sat down as far away from him as possible making sure there was no eye contact with him. Mrs Carter sensed the bad atmosphere and broke the uncomfortable silence.

"Shall we tell him, dear?" she asked Libbi.

"Huh!" replied Libbi.

"About Chris."

"Er, yeah, sure." Libbi didn't know if this was a good idea after all. Mrs Carter told him all about 'Chris' and even Libbi began to believe the charade. Then Pervy Pete began acting quite strange, talking about all of the girls he was 'chasing' after. Libbi decided to make up a story about a boy that had been stalking her, and 'Chris' and his mates frightened him off for her. She waited for his reaction.

"Well, if anyone started on me, all my mates would stick up for me. Ha! They wouldn't stand a chance."

For the first time that evening Libbi stared him straight in the face. I wonder if he knows that little speech was meant for him, she thought. At this point she decided to leave.

“Well, I must go; I’ve got to get ready. I don’t want to keep him waiting, do I?” She left immediately. All Saturday night she was thinking up a story about her ‘date’ and ‘Chris’. Should she make a big thing about it and say she enjoyed it? Or would it be best to act cool and say it was just OK, she asked herself. She wondered what to do for the best.

A few days passed and Libbi went to Mrs Carter’s ready to tell her all about the ‘date’. When she arrived, Mrs Carter did not mention Libbi’s ‘date’, which was very unusual for her. Ten minutes had passed until Libbi decided to tell her anyway.

“I went on that date.” she said.

“I don’t think that you did, I think you are bluffing.” Mrs Carter said calmly smiling.

“What?” asked Libbi with a confused expression on her face.

“I said I think you made it up.”

“Well I did go on the date but it didn’t go very well” replied Libbi, without thinking.

“Oh, OK then” answered Mrs Carter with a sarcastic tone in her voice and she left it at that.

All night Libbi wondered what had gone wrong.

I don't think that I slipped up or said something wrong she thought to herself, unless... PETER! He could have seen me when I went to Emma's house!

That was the only explanation that she could think of. She felt really stupid. Even worse, Peter did not stop following her.

Right, that's it, he's asking for trouble... Libbi thought to herself.

The next day, Libbi went to Sam's grandma's as usual and told him what had happened.

"It didn't work," she explained.

"What do you want me to do then?" asked Sam.

"Isn't there anyone that will sort him out?"



## **THE STALKING**

To be continued on page 192

## **AN A - Zee OF DRUGS**

**A** for Addiction

**C** for Cannabis

**E** for Ecstasy

**G** for Grass

**I** for Ice

**K** for Keef

**M** for Money

**O** for Obsessed

**R** for Roll-ups

**T** for Trip

**V** for Valium

**X** for X-ray

**Z** for He sleeps of a drugged death.

**B** for B &H

**D** for Dope

**F** for Fags

**H** for Heroin

**J** for Joints

**L** for L.S.D

**N** for Nicotine

**P** for Paki-Black

**S** for Spliff

**U** for Uppers

**W** for Weed

**Y** for Y take these drugs?

**Irfan Ilyas**



# **RAPE**

Feelings and emotions  
Scratching at my skin  
Ripping at my clothes.  
BANG, BANG, BANG.  
His heavy breathing and strength  
overpowers me.  
BANG, BANG, BANG.  
Voices in my head keep telling me  
You're cheap, you're dirty  
You're cheap, you're dirty.  
A lot of crying  
A lot of hatred  
I feel all alone.  
Paranoid, frustrated, rotten and weak.  
Empty inside, emotionless and cold.  
A phobia, a mania, loud music  
and the beats of pain -  
Black pain, red pain, grey pain too.  
I'm scared, I'm lonely

**Zoe Douglas**  
**Candice Bernard**





## THE STALKING CONTINUED

“I’ll see what I can do” replied Sam.

He went out as usual and when he came back he told Libbi that he had found four boys who were willing to help her. They all went into the back garden where they could talk. There was Luke, who was thirteen, David, who was fifteen, Craig, who was also fifteen. Scott, who was eighteen and there was also Sam. Libbi told them about Peter and what she wanted them to do.

“Don’t hurt him unless you have to” she advised.

“What do you want us to do, then?” asked David.

“Just warn him to keep away. Say that I’m one of your girlfriend’s or something” she told them.

“What if he gets physical?” asked Scott.

“Then fight back!” replied Libbi, “but I don’t think that he will.”

“Well, can we push him about then?” asked Luke.

“Oh if you must!” sighed Libbi.

The next day, the boys went to Bradley. Sam knocked on the door and Peter’s mum answered the door.

“Is Peter in?” he asked.

“Yeh, who shall I say is calling?” she asked.

“Some mates from college.”

She closed the door and a few minutes later Peter answered it.

“Can we have a word, mate?” asked Luke.

“What do you want? Who are you?” asked Peter with a confused look on his face.

“Come to the park with us. We can’t talk here” said Sam.

“OK then” said Peter.

All six boys went to the park down the road where they knew that they wouldn’t be disturbed. When they were sure that they could not be seen, the boys surrounded Peter.

“Why have you been hassling Libbi?” asked David.

“What are you going on about? You’re mad!” replied Peter with a worried tone in his voice.

The boys started pushing Peter around to each other.

“You’ve been following her, haven’t you?” said Sam.

“No” said Peter. He was trying to act cool and calm but it was not working. He tried to push past them and Luke tripped him up and he fell to the floor.

“You perverted, sad it!” shouted Luke. Luke kicked Peter and the rest of the boys joined in. They punched and continued kicking him until he cried out in pain, when suddenly they were distracted.

“Oi! What are you doing?”

The boys looked up to see a young girl with a dog at the other end of the park. She started to run towards them.

“Leg it!” shouted Scott.

All the boys ran away until they could no longer be seen. The girl went up to Peter.

“You poor thing. Who were those boys?” she asked.

“I don’t know” replied Peter trying not to look like he was in pain.

“What! They just beat you up for no reason? They didn’t take anything?” She asked with a puzzled look on her face.

“That’s right.”

“Are in any pain?”

“A little.”

“I’ll ring for an ambulance.”

The girl ran to a nearby phone box and dialled 999. Five minutes later, an ambulance arrived and took Peter to hospital. He had a broken rib and a black eye and had to stay in hospital for five days.

A few days later, whilst watching TV in his hospital bed the curtain was pulled back. It was the girl who had helped him in the park.

“Hi!” she said. “I’ve brought you some chocolate to cheer you up.”

“Thanks” said Peter.

As the girl went towards him, there was a look of admiration on his face and a smile stretching from ear to ear.

“What’s your name?” he asked sweetly.

“Vicky”

“That’s a pretty name. Come over here and tell me about yourself.”

He listened intently while Vicky talked.

Peter never did tell anyone who beat him up, or why. For Libbi the ordeal was over, but for Vicky - it had just begun...

**Caroline Morreale**

## **PROTECT ME!**

Here I am,  
Small, rough, young and helpless,  
Nothing to protect me, nothing strong,  
Here I am,  
And here they come,  
Cutting,  
Cutting away at my body,  
Help me!  
They are going to make paper out of me,  
They are going to destroy our homes,  
Our families,  
Our community,  
They are going to destroy us!  
The world can recycle paper that they have used,  
The paper made out of us,  
It's wrong!  
Our forests are shrinking,  
Until we are nothing,  
TIMBER!!!

## **Muzaffir Choha**



## AUTOBIOGRAPHY EXTRACTS - ORAL HISTORY

*Working life in textiles.*

Interviewer: **Ian Horsfall**

Interviewee: English White Male - born I 916

Q. Were you born locally?

A. I was born in Golcar and lived all my life in Golcar, well within the boundary of the old Golcar parish.

Q. When was that?

A. I was born in 1916 in a little cottage in Handel Street in Golcar. It was, er, it has now been pulled down and when I look at the area I wonder how we lived. It was only a two up and two down and three generations living in the same house and where there were about twelve or fourteen families living in recent years after the houses have been pulled down, plans were submitted to put four houses on that area which were condemned because there was not enough room for four houses. So it is easy to see that there wasn't a lot of room for those twelve or fourteen families in that area at that time.

Q. What did your father do?

A. My father worked in textiles. At the time I was brought up he was working with heddle in a woollen mill and in those days he was willing to work for his family and it was a great thrill to me as a boy to be able to stay up occasionally on a night to meet him coming home at 8 o'clock in an evening regularly.

Q. So did he work shifts?

A. No, he didn't work shifts but he did quite a lot of overtime, I think the working hours in them days were about fifty normally and he did overtime practically every night and sometimes Saturday afternoons. He did get finally, final promotion and eventually before he was retired for a number of years he was a weaving shed manager, looking after some three hundred looms.

Q. So did you think you would go into that line of work when you left school?

A. No, definitely not. I wanted to be a cabinet maker but when I left school in 1930 I think times were equal to today as far as unemployment goes for I remember wanting keenly to be a cabinet maker and when I went for an interview one Saturday morning against an advert in the paper to a company down East Parade in Huddersfield there was over two hundred of us applying for that one apprenticeship. But after I'd left school a month there had been a local strike and mills were going back at various times and I was taken on at the same place as my father and started as an office boy in the general office.



Q. Had he helped you get that job?

A. He had very much so because he was concerned (like it is today) about {...} a gang of us roaming round Golcar and I suppose we should have been called today 'dropouts' because we were no better behaved than some of the youth today.

## THE MACHINE SPOKE...

As usual she woke up and waited for the monotonous voice ringing in her ears to alert her that the bright morning had begun.

Well, it would have been bright 2000 years ago, before the Diabolicals decided peace wasn't exactly what they wanted on this world, not while they were around - people who decided monarchy was not the best way to rule the country and left it looking ravaged. She heard the intelligent machine announce:

"July the fourth three thousand nine hundred and ninety seven," adding to the everyday announcement of dates. "When's the baby..." Stacey turned her finger towards the machine and it instantly switched off. Stacey could hear the machine mutter.

"Sorry," moaned Stacey, but she was feeling some pain as she felt a small kick in her stomach, and then another kick. I knew the doctors said I would be feeling a lot of them, but they didn't say so soon.

Managing to get out of bed she dragged herself to the lounge washing her face with her empty palms. Then suddenly she felt inside her body, the worst pain, ever, she could imagine - a pain that took every ounce of energy out of her. She fell.

"Where am I, darling?"

Her husband looked at her, and looked at the floor. Thinking that her husband didn't hear what she had asked him she spoke a little louder, in spite of her sore throat.

"Where am I, darling?"

This time he answered,

"You'll be OK," in a very concerned way.

Stacey, though, could not stop fidgeting; she looked down on what she lay on. She was on a styrofoam bed. These old fashioned styrofoam beds were around during World War Three and were used by the people suffering from the bombing incidents at the Royal Infirmary hospital. Royal Infirmary had the worst reputation for treating patients. She turned her head towards the bare, white painted walls, holding her head she noticed the time on her watch, 12:05 5.7 3097. A smile emerged from her face making all her pain disappear. A special sparkle shone in her eyes as she looked towards her stomach. "Nurse number 21!" She yelled again "Nurse number 21! Can you tell me; am I dreaming or have I given birth to my baby?" She spoke with joy trying to catch her breath and waited for the reply. The machine looked very confused and the light shining on her forehead changed from red to black. "Oh yes, you have given birth to a baby girl." The machine was talking to Stacey but looked towards her husband, Mark. Stacey noticed tension in the atmosphere. "Sweetheart, have you seen the baby? I bet she's got beautiful eyes - just like your eyes." Mark stared at Stacey. "Yes, um, she's very beautiful." He smiled at Stacey but Stacey felt a difference in his smile, his smile seem faked like as if he didn't really mean it.

Something's wrong she thought to herself. She began to be aggressive because nobody would let her know what was going on. "Nurse number 21! Where's my baby?" The machine turned round and her luminous skirt swayed towards Stacey. "Um... can you wait a minute?" The machine's voice began to echo in Stacey's ears. This irritated her.

Twenty minutes went by. Stacey still gazed at the clock and her husband stood next to her holding her hand. There wasn't the warmth she felt when he usually held her hand - she didn't feel comfortable.

Five more minutes went by.

“I think I’ll have to get up myself.”

She tried to get up but noticed her hands strapped to the styrofoam bed with metal bars.

“What kind of treatment is this - I’m no maniac?”

Nurse number 21 arrived because she heard Stacey.

“We will speak to you in another 60 mintz, but for now...” She stabbed a wooden stick through her small finger, which was coated with a black gas.

She awoke in a room that looked absolutely clean. It was made totally from copper, just like an ordinary house, just like Stacey’s house, but she noticed something weird. In her house, every house, there was always a small square air hole next to the door letting air in, which most people didn’t use because the air was full of pollution anyway. Instead of a square hole there were cross-shaped holes on all the four walls in this room. Although confused, Stacey knew the Royal Infirmary hospital did not have modern styled rooms and that the hospital was old and made from bricks which were used thousands of years ago for buildings. It was in the year 2017, when the Royal Infirmary was still the best hospital around that a formula was made especially for the hospital building so its bricks would not corrode. Now, lots of people tried knocking the building down to build a new modern building made from copper but the formula was too strong, and the scientist who created the formula had passed away. Now people can’t be bothered with it. They have other things to work out like what to do about thousands of people living on streets and begging.

The door sensed some people approaching the room. “Password please,” spoke the door. Looking at the door Stacey noticed her husband coming through with a doctor and a priest. Her husband stood next to Stacey.

“Why am I being treated like this?” Stacey spoke, pleadingly.

“Where’s my baby?”

She asked, looking at her husband.

“Be patient, will you!” Her husband spoke.

Stacey heard a piercing cry, and turned her head towards the door. Number 21 brought the baby in a metal trolley.

“Here you are, Miss, your baby girl.”

Stacey held her baby, still lying on the styrofoam bed.

Every wish she ever dreamed of had come true. A baby girl she’d always wanted, feeling that the pain she went through was worthwhile; she thought nothing could make her happier at this moment. This was the happiest day of her life. Her husband spoke.

“Can I hold her?”

“Sure.”

Stacey replied. Her husband held their baby tight in his arms and tears fell down his cheeks.

“Don’t cry - you’re supposed to be smiling.”

Her husband looked at her again, giving her half a smile. Machine number 21 spoke.

“Can I have the baby now?”

Mark wouldn’t let the baby go, he held her tight.

“A few more moments please.”

“Dear me, Mark, give the baby to the nurse, you can hold her as long as you want when we get home, and you don’t have to clean her nappies, I ordered a robot to do the dirty parts.”

A few more tears rolled down his cheeks.

“Yes.” He spoke, gazing into her eyes.

“I never knew you were so emotional. Mind you, I always thought you were a big softie.”

She laughed. Mark gave the baby to machine number 21, looking devastated. The baby started crying. The machine put the baby on the trolley.

“These procedures will take a few...”

The machine stopped talking, her lights switched off. “What’s wrong with the machine? I knew they would never be as good as humans, the slightest bit of noise level destroys their batteries, in this case I think it was the baby crying.”

The doctor moaned.

“I’ll have to fix her up.”

After a few moments the machine’s lights switched back repeating the same sentence again. Stacey spoke angrily.

“These procedures, you never said anything about procedures. I’ve never heard of them.”

Her voice echoed in the copper room. Suddenly, emerging from the trolley, metal straps of wire strapped the baby on to the trolley.

“What’s this, what are you doing to my baby? You’re going to damage her skin, stupid robot; you’re going to kill her.” She immediately turned towards her husband, he walked towards the door and the door sensed him and opened.

“Where are you going?”

He turned around.

“I loved you once, before you turned...” stuttering, he finished the sentence, “EVIL!”

The door closed behind him.



Suddenly everything became clear, everything that had happened during this day clicked together in her mind. Her worst nightmare had become real, the worst thing that she'd not even wish on her worst enemy had happened to her. "Evil, he called me," she thought to herself. Her heart raced, trying to think what time she saw on the clock when she first awoke. Twelve something - that's it! She thought 12.00 at midnight!

Watching with her own eyes her daughter being strapped with metal strips of wire she struggled to get off her bed, but the doctor switched a button on his computer and her arms and legs were immediately strapped to the bed. Thinking a mother's worst fears had become real, she started to scream. Then she remembered her mother once told her how happy her mother was when she had her, she felt she was the happiest planetary woman ever because the old law regarded any child born at exactly midnight as a child of great destiny. Of course, the Law of the Future meant the reverse. Stacey thought wildly to herself of how the future in which she lives has made the most ridiculous law ever. She longed for her gran's gone-by years. Stacey's drift soon expired.

The nurse switched on infra-red rays from the cross-shaped holes in the walls, the rays headed towards the baby...

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH"

Stacey screamed. In two seconds flat her whole life had been torn apart, everything she had was destroyed. She looked down with tears rolling down her soft cheek, one after the other, realising that this was it. She was screaming for help where nobody would help. She was screaming in a room where humans had lost their feelings, living with robots day and night, where even a priest was a machine.

The priest started reading parts from the Bible which had been programmed in his brains. The machine came closer and closer towards Stacey. Stacey shouted at the machine, at the priest, totally terrified. Her husband, who she thought had loved her had walked away from her, no-one could help, she shouted in anger. The priest held his cross on Stacey's heart. Laser beams penetrated her body.

Everything became silent - no more screams - no more cries.

“MISSION COMPLETE”

The machine spoke and switched off - after all, machines don't have feelings!

## **Ghul Afsha**





## **THE STAG**

Long ago a stag lived in the forest all alone. He had never seen what he looked like until one day, he stopped for a drink at the river. The river was full of fish.

As the stag was making an inspection of the water, he saw something which made him stop his investigation. It was a face. A closer examination told him that it was his own reflection. He was very proud of his beautiful antlers.

But, he was very upset at the sight of his poor, thin legs. In fact he had a bad reaction and felt sad.

Just as he was standing in that sad position, the situation changed. He lifted his head up high and moved his ears in the direction of a deadly sound. It was a hunting horn! In his estimation, hunters and dogs were coming to kill him! For his own protection he lifted his poor long, thin legs and shot off in a flash of lightening. He escaped and felt thankful for what had saved him.

**HIS POOR, LONG, THIN LEGS!!!**

**Nazreen Akhtar**

## **MRS GREEN**

**Mad** as a hatter, she doesn't care.  
**Red** freaky hair flies everywhere.  
Sits on her broomstick streaking through the air.

**Glides** through the air in funky green leggings.  
**Raves** every night but always is bright.  
Everybody loves her but some are not so sure.  
Even if she's kind to you, you'd better just watch out.  
New spells are always waiting in that cauldron of hers!!

## **Emma Hinchcliffe**



## **TO THE ASTRONOMERS**

Consider its beginnings and endings,  
its fostering and killings, its love  
of water and sun,  
its treacherous alliance with water and sun.

Consider its light and dark, its shades and colours and  
textures,  
its heights and depths, and its love of death.

Consider its relationship to its Brother planets,  
its place in the universe, and consider  
that for a few seconds  
maybe  
meaningless.

**Anna Noble**

## **ANSWERS ON A POSTCARD**

(From a novel based on the life of Russian Poet, Osip Mandeistam)

Who forked me like compost from my country?  
Who spat in my water left me diptherial, half alive?  
Who shovelled me in a bucket, lobbed me in the shit

with heads of schoolchildren, kulaks, priests?  
who hoofed up the ground in Red Square? Who  
potted corpses? Who was the angel of earthworms,

first with the mass grave, the bone-field?  
who hacked the breasts off the widow?  
Who blurted acid across her mouth? Who forced

her head back and cheese wired her throat?  
Who smashed the nails from my fingers?  
Who hauled me out, wrestled me under water

until I spewed the answer? Who chewed it all over-  
the ribcage, skull, the spine?  
Who spattered my guts over a collective?

Who ploughed in brain-mulch? Who broke the earth?  
Who found the stench ever so exciting?  
Who felt my death essential to their lives?

**David Morley**

**THE DRESS**



Today, like any other day, should have been his day for coming here. My valley looks magnificent. It is soft and green and full of life. It should be wearing autumn but for special effect it isn't. I am walking knee-deep in a perfect English October summer day. The wild geese returned this morning; crossing my attic window in waves of primeval swamp music just after dawn. I got up so early that the mist was still lying over the lake and the geese were standing confused in the shallows, squinting at the patches of most unlikely blue above them.

I feel like part of the scenery here. It's not just by birth either, rather because I have nothing useful to do like milking the cows or tilling the soil. I just feel the sun in my eyes or the rain on my face, loll in various attitudes all over the landscape and curdle the milk in poor cows with my misguided singing. Generally, I dread people invading my privacy and yet I wish they all could see it, but mostly I just eat it. This morning I stuck two pieces of cake and some dog-biscuits in my pocket and headed for the part of the bank I call Africa with a mug of tea in my hand which kept sloshing romantically onto my shoes over the rougher parts. Laska, who is the kind of dog that nobody wants and I have got, did everything she could to mangle the morning not least by peeing on it, digging up lumps of it and piercing it with unrefined yaps, but the day is far too splendid to be scathed by such irreverence.

It was lying on the pocket with the cake in it, *unser*, a twisty little tree in Africa, gazing across the lake towards my house that the glory of the day began to force on me the oppression of my spirits. I am miserable and I cannot avoid this longing for the man's presence. It is over a year now since this particular weather and I were in the same place in Russia together, and on that day the sunset mirrored itself in a particularly inviting low cloud and set itself pinkly on either horizon. The sunset comes later of course. It couldn't have existed without the rest of the day.



To find it all I have to do is to keep the weather and change the punctuation from geese to layers and layers of Russian country suburban curs and cockerels. Russian towns are still surrounded on all sides by intricate patterns of old pre-communist houses which add to the town what a border of lace adds to a tablecloth. The houses look like cuckoo clocks masquerading as slums, the streets are irreconcilable with all the usual aspects of streetness and the old women are forever casting spells on one-another's cabbages. All the bandits live here, all the artists live here. People who die in various degrees of tragic circumstances live here too. In one street there is a man whose job under communism was to launch missiles at the north of England and another who made his fortune in the banana smuggling racket. His garage is built entirely from machine-gun ammunition boxes.

There is a family of Chetchens who make a huge bonfire when it is fifty degrees and sit around it toasting their toes and eating ice-creams and there is a beautiful young man, a teacher called Vronsky who is having a devastating affair with a woman who is not called Karenina.

There is a railway station at the bottom of the hill where the woman who announces the trains and the man who does the signals argue constantly with one-another over the loudspeaker system. Half-down the street there is a large stone house set back from the road which you reach by a winding path through the orchard, and it is here, 1274 miles away that my husband lives. And how can one ever explain a husband? It is better to explain it the way marriage explains itself to the participants; by waking up one morning and finding yourself one of the main protagonists.

I woke up first. There was more blue than usual behind the deep red curtains which cover the three square windows in Kiril's bedroom. If I lived in it for twenty years it would still be Kiril's bedroom. His objects, his books, even the pool of light which falls on his desk and his moving pen at night are all so unshakable. Admittedly, since we met he has made hundreds of spaces and filled them with pictures of me - but they are ones he likes and they are placed at his angles.

I lay quietly on my arm, enjoying the filtered sunlight and admiring Kiril's share of our long family nose until the smell of roast chicken made me tense with the realization that this was a Saturday. I slid the back of my hand down his arm and Kiril opened his eyes and smiled. It's not just the smell of roast chicken, even first thing in the morning he is as polite as ever.

Breakfast is our meal. We ate it with our fingers, speaking softly in English to exclude the relatives. I like to sit eating in an armchair with my feet in Kiril's lap as he sits at the table with his mother and grandmother. They talk to us in loud voices over the top of our English which they ignore as if it was the cat scoring.



This morning they were animated. They were preparing to get rid of the ancient contents of a particularly handsome wardrobe in the sitting room.

The relatives speak a little too loudly to be heard so we continued our talk about our plans for the day, about the problem of how to get rid of the numerous stray dogs the large garden has accumulated, about how women would run their Utopia. We were to attend a party that evening given by British ex-pats for whom we are firmly united in our disdain. The dogs were discussed in Russian. It's nicer that way.

“The dogs must be shot,” I warned.

‘I’ll do it.’

‘To practise for dealing with rapists in your Utopia?’

Soft smile.

‘I’ll do it. I’m not sure of the second barrel on the shotgun.’

“You won’t enjoy it.”

‘You won’t enjoy your Utopia. Anyway, I shan’t do it today. We’re invited for a picnic with the musicians. They want to thank you for some worthy deed or other.’

I lifted my feet down, causing a flurry of Russian muttering from the other side of the table on my unforgivable English habit of not wearing slippers on an uncarpeted floor.

“I told them already. I can’t make it this afternoon, I have a student.”

Kiril turned gentle eyes on his grandmother, it seemed she insisted on being heard this particular sentence.

The day moves on. By ten o’clock the sun was strong enough to force us from the garden and I lay on the old, carved divan in the sitting room watching the process of discarding old clothes. Far away in the depths of the house, the telephone rang and I vaguely heard Kiril answer it. His voice was very deep and at a distance I felt it more than actually hearing.

It is hard not to be drawn into the enthusiasm with which Russian women try not to throw things away. From the innards of the wardrobe, there was already a dwindling token collection of rubbish and a towering heap of things to keep. I drank cold tea and ate plums from the trees outside the latticed windows. A shriek of delight at the discovery of some of Kiril’s mother’s evening dresses and I had the uneasy feeling that my vital statistics were being hastily monitored by grandmother’s innocence-free eyes. There was a small, rare silence as they began with one accord to collect the most ingratiating garments to press upon me. (Not without reason did Lermantov say that a Russian woman can enter a burning house or stop a bolting horse. Resistance is useless.)

By the time Kiril came in, reading a book as he ascended the stairs from the hall, I looked like all the characters from a pre-Revolutionary pantomime. We laughed a great deal. Mother stuck feathers in my hair and conjured a collection of hats from nowhere. Grandmother ran around nipping my heels and pinning things and planning their refurbishment. She often reminds me of a terrier one would aim kicks at if its owner's attention were elsewhere. All the things were of course unspeakable except for one dress which even caused Kiril to lay aside his book completely and join the fray. It was a very lovely dress.

'Let's wear it tonight,' he suggested. He always speaks of my attire as something common to both of us. 'Let's wear it tonight and wow the ex-pats. You'll have time to change after the picnic.'

I stiffened. This is usually an imperceptible movement of mine but the dress, made treacherous by its sudden dazzling reanimation from perdition, rustled a warning. 'You'll cancel your student. I told them just now that you would go.' He continued to kick the pile of salvage and that of rubbish into one. He was unwilling to discuss it further. I have never yet bent my will unless I had already planned to bend it as part of the effect. I did wear the dress of course.

Kiril took up his book again and the women melted into various jobs. He was careful not to look up and equally careful to keep me in range. At lunch I mentioned what I work on with my student today. Kiril's fork stopped moving at that point and remained where it was like a time bookmark, though we quietly continued work on my Utopia. Half-way through not eating and not drinking coffee we forgot all about the table routine altogether and drifted away to sit on the swings and read to one another; some kind of modern mock-Faust of the type good Russian writers have a habit of writing badly these days. We lingered a long time and I smoked a cigarette. Something I almost never do anymore and almost always on Saturdays. We parted later at the end of the crusty baked domestic circus of a street. One of the rickety old inhabitants was washing clothes at the pump. Her back no more bent than if she were watching a parade. I remembered her in the winter at the same job with blue hands.

We arranged to meet at ten at the party. I kept turning for another look as Kiril walked back towards the gate. He never looks back. Probably his mind is already on other things, but I always excuse him because of his eyesight. Actually, I have never asked him how good his vision is. He would probably consider such a question rude from someone so close and anyway it is a fault of mine that I always assume my sight to be better.

I walked down the hill towards the railway bridge. The crossing of my life. Too much Russian literature made me believe that if you live in this country, your life has to be regularly slashed by railway lines. I always stop for a moment on the bridge.





I would have Kiril in my Utopia.

The sunset mirrored itself in a particularly inviting low cloud and set itself pinkly on either horizon. I watched it from the balcony of my office sitting room on the ninth floor at the other side of town. I was a little late for the party, waiting for my lover kneeling before me to remove his traces from the dress with a damp brush. I suppose I must have got there in the end.



It's strange, the chasm between what I would have chosen to come back to me and what does. Such a precious memory for such a dustbin reason. The only time the man was ever on his knees before me with something which could pass for a look of desperation in his fine, teflon eyes.

It's time to get back to the house. I whistle half-heartedly for Laska who I'm sure got out of earshot half an hour ago in pursuit of her elusive dream rabbit.

My body is settling into deeper, faster folds whilst I await this arrival which will never be. I want to hang from a cliff by his hand, to un-crease my heart a little and to feel my toes splay out as they fear the sea below.

**Leonora Rustamova**

## **FIRST CONTACT WITH TRANS HERCULID CIVILISATION**

after all these years  
back home I STILL taste brains in  
my teeth together brighter than  
my own but lacking any  
means of self-defence  
-how lucky, our scientists  
say, we now know all  
there is to let us forget  
them like wives, children

**Steve Sneyd**

## **OVER THAT HILL DEAD QUARRIES**

dropping steeply down  
toward Little Shepherd Castle  
rock above Winford Res  
seemed to see  
at angle farm windbreak garden  
floored with Hiroshima shadows

eyetricked just sheep in  
over wall's dereliction

nothing at all to worry anyone  
scavenging this empty land

**Steve Sneyd**



## SET WATCH UPON YOUR EMPTINESS

the robot servant/savant  
believes Man built Earth

Why spoil the illusion  
it is harmless it seldom  
ever interferes with his duties

the sharpest of minds deserves  
a place to hide from  
itself  
and after all do I not believe

Man built the robot servant/savant  
who works round me as if I  
did not exist yet meets

all my needs as if  
God made both of us

## **FIRST LEAVE, THE CLUSTER WAR**

I've forgotten the words but  
the worlds that framed your  
head I remember forever unlike  
you

**Steve Sneyd**

## MY JOURNEY THROUGH THE WATER CYCLE

Hi! My name is Harry H<sub>2</sub>O and I have been around a long time. I travel a lot but I don't have much choice. I've seen it all - from sea to sewers. Let me tell you about the first journey I ever made...

There I was one beautiful afternoon, minding my own business when I started feeling a bit hot. I looked up and there in the sky I saw a big, yellow blob. I swam up to the surface of the water as fast as I could to take a closer look at it. Suddenly, I started to rise. Higher and higher I went. I could see the whole of the sea, it was amazing. As I got higher into the sky I began to feel cold, very cold. It was also very windy, and strangely, I began to feel myself disappear. I was getting moved side to side by the strong winds. I started feeling very dizzy. I also felt much heavier than I did before. I soon realised that I was myself again. Boy was I glad or was I glad!?

Suddenly I fell out of a cloud and all I could see were hills. Aaaaaaaah! I was falling through the air. 'Plop!' At last I was back in water, in a stream. I went gushing down the hills with other drops of water. I tried to get to the surface of the water. I managed to get there, and saw a glimpse of a reservoir. I had a feeling that the stream was leading straight to that reservoir, and I was right. A few seconds later we were all in the reservoir. I saw some big white filters. I had this very bad feeling that I was about to experience a trip down one of those. And guess what, I was right! It was like a whirlpool - swishing from here to there. I went through this enormous pipe that seemed to last forever. The next thing I knew I was in someone's glass. I didn't want to be drunk at all. But unfortunately that's exactly what happened. It was dark in that woman's stomach but I decided to have a little nap.

'Splash, splash, splash' "Oh my God!" I was in a toilet! That certainly woke me up! I was probably asleep for about...maybe....an hour, and hour and a half. Suddenly....the toilet was flushed. The first time that happened to me (now!) I thought I was going to die, but I didn't. Then came the enormous pipe again. A few minutes later, I was in a sewer (I think). My mother used to tell me about this place, and boy, did it stink!!! I looked around and about a metre away I saw one of my friends. I went up to him to see if it was who I thought it was.

"Hi!" I said, "hi, so it is you, Splot"

"Yeah!"

"How are you?" I asked.

"Fine thanks. How about yourself?" asked Splot.

"Well, not really well. It's my first time round the water cycle." I said.

"Third for me." he answered, looking pretty proud.

"I can't wait to get home." I said, looking exhausted.

"Well, Harry, not long to go now, you'll be out of this lot soon."

"Oh." I said looking a little more relieved, "that's good."

"Right then, we'd better get a move on if you wanna get home quick." said Splot.

“Where are we going?” I said curiously.

“First we’ll get cleaned so we don’t stink, then we’ll be out of the sewer and into the river.”

“OK. Let’s go then!” I said.



We went through the filter again. It didn't seem as bad as it did the first time. After going through the water filter again we didn't end up in the stream I came through, instead we were in a river. Splot told me about all three of his journeys round the water cycle when we were heading for home. We were in the river for about half an hour to forty-five minutes. In the distance I could see the sea.

“That's where you live, ain't it?” said Splot.

“Yes.” I replied.

**Sangeeta Kaur**

## **WHY ME?**

There must be more to life than this,  
I feel somewhere I've gone amiss.  
For all the work and things I've done -  
life for me has not been fun.  
Just one long drag from day to day,  
to make ends meet from pay to pay.  
I see my children go without,  
I feel for them, how I could shout  
"Why me, why mine?" but no-one hears.  
In bed at night I shed my tears.  
I'm in a trap, I can't escape  
as all I meet is more 'red tape'.  
With bills to pay and food to find,  
to a life of poverty, I'm resigned.

All I ask is that some day  
this pain and hurt will go away.  
To share my days with someone who  
would wish to share in my life too.  
So that my dreams won't seem in vain  
that life have meaning once again.

**Yvonne Kaye**

## DEAR SANTA...

'Tis many a year since I last wrote  
to you, a simple Christmas note.  
A little girl just wanting what  
all the other children got.  
You did your best, I know you did  
and I my true emotions hid  
when on those mornings I did find  
presents of a different kind.  
I'm older now and understand why  
things I wanted were hard to come by.

But as a child it seemed unfair  
just as if no-one did care.  
Yet now I write - thirty years on  
those dreams now faded and gone.  
But here I am, still wanting what  
everyone else seems to have got.  
Love, affection, friendship too.  
Again, dear Santa, I turn to you.  
Look inside your sack and see!  
Is there something in there for me?  
A friendly voice, a cheery smile,  
an evening out once in a while?  
Just a present that you can give,  
perhaps, maybe the will to live?



You see, I've lost all purpose in life –  
no-one's lover, no man's wife.  
My boys have grown - they no longer need  
their mum to help them wash, dress, feed.  
They live their lives in their own way  
whilst I just limp from day to day.



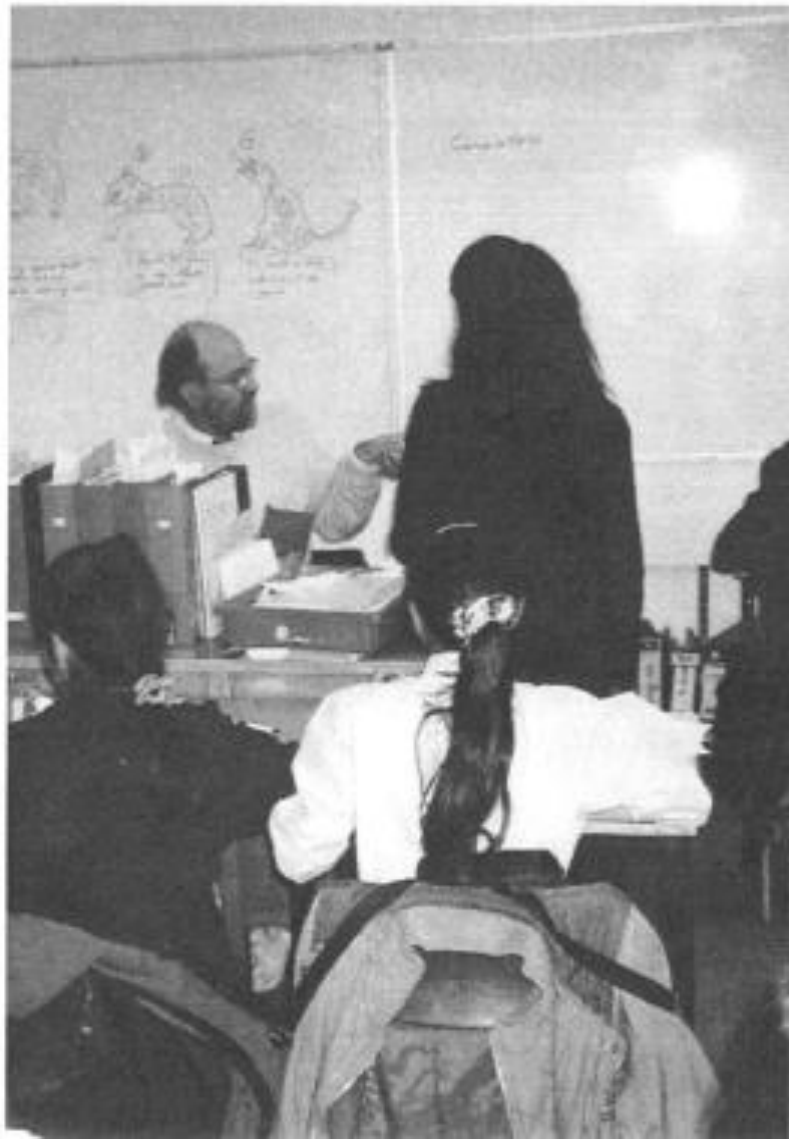
That little girl is asking now  
if you can help me find somehow,  
the answer to a broken heart,  
a better life, a brand new start.  
And so, dear Santa, I ask can you  
restore my faith in life anew?

**Yvonne Kaye**

## **AFRICA PROJECT, THE GREAT LAUNCH**



**PUPILS FROM FARTOWN HIGH SCHOOL AND  
THEIR TEACHER**





## **WHO AM I?**

I'm a bag, am I?  
I suck, do I?  
I'm noisy, am I?

You just wipe the floor with me,  
And treat me like so much dirt!  
Just call me "Dusty"!

I move, dance to pipes with curves,  
And if I'm really hot  
I smoke, cough and splutter your dirt in clouds.

**Anon**

## **WHO AM I?**

You stretch me too much over your hands.  
I hate being me.  
Yesterday I shrunk in the wash.  
I am black. I have five finger holes  
And I am stretchy.  
Oooh Oooh Oooh Oooh!  
Why are you standing on me, you stupid thing?  
Wait a minute. I can just see my friend the hat!

\*

You keep scratching me!  
I hate being me!  
Yesterday I fell off somebody!  
I am green! I am curly!  
Yuk! Yuk! Yuk!  
Someone put shampoo on me!  
Wait, I want to see my friend, hair band!

**Anon**

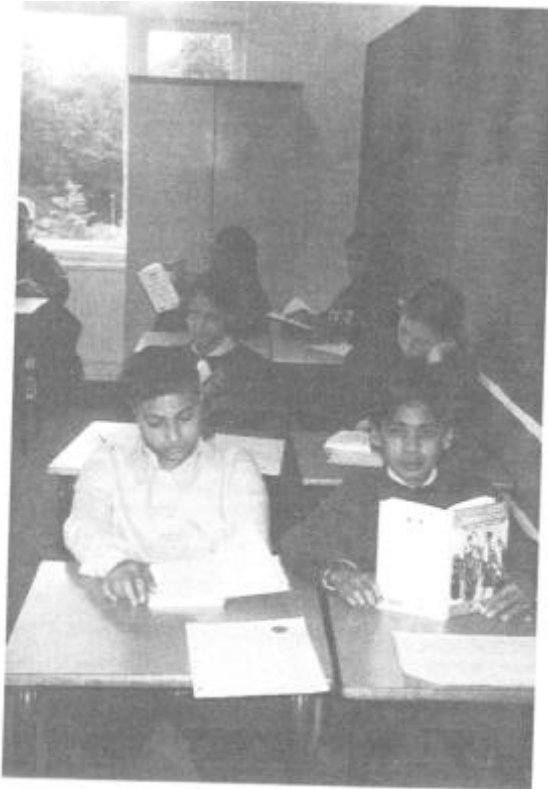


## **I KNOW...**

I know you look normal.

I know your feet smell.

I know your gloves are really long...



**Anon**

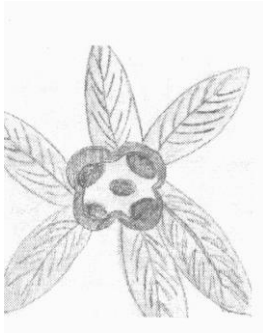
## A JAMAICAN ALPHABET

**A** for Akee that hangs from the tree

**B** for Bob Marley, Rastafarian King

**C** for Calypso, music to our ears

**D** for Dunns River Falls and the desire to reach the top



**E** for Eating curried goat and rice

**F** for Fired fish, beautifully seasoned

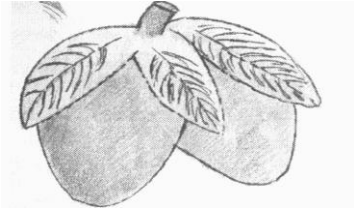
**G** for Guava, see the juice run down

**H** for a Hurricane destroying the land





**I** for an Island in the sun  
**J** for Jamaica, a beautiful country  
**K** for Kingston, capital of Jamaica  
**L** for Lime, a citrus fruit



**M** for Mango, a mouth watering delight  
**N** for Nutriment, a milk shake drink  
**O** for Orchids, an exotic flower  
**P** for Plantain, a banana shaped fruit



**Q** is the Quest for an African past  
**R** for Reggae, the music of our soul  
**S** is for Sugar Cane, sweeten yo' mout!  
**T** for Tamberines, a fruit with sugar on  
**U** for Understanding our roots  
**V** is for Vitality, dancing to the rhythms  
**W** for Water Melon, a mouth-watering joy  
**X** for Xstacy of sun and sea  
**Y** is for Yam, a big hard potato and  
**Z** is for the Zest of the Jamaican life!!

**Kashelle Taylor**

## **A PUBLIC TELEPHONE BOX**

I was shattered in pieces  
Broken in half.  
They destroyed me  
But what do you care?

It was the awful day  
I got pulled down by a tractor  
For saving someone's life!

I was torn,  
Torn by the wonderful memories.  
Torn by the joys I had,  
Torn by the way I died.  
The way they pulled me apart.  
I hated every bit of it.  
I wish I was repaired  
But no!  
I was thrown on the rubbish tip  
Above others who didn't exist in the world anymore.

**Amna Bibi**

## **‘MY PARENTS’**

Museum pieces, I suppose is my first thought  
In a box, not through choice either.  
A marriage of convenience if I understood  
Correctly, displayed together  
To form an aesthetic unity, pleasing the  
Whole neighbourhood except themselves.  
But even they admitted they’d looked pretty in  
Their day. His book-spine back leafed her  
Round the dancing floors, supporting her vase shadow  
in spot lit shows of romantic  
Perfection.

Their excitement though must have been excavated  
Many dances ago, to be  
Displayed in some other showcase with imitation  
Glass fronts, leaving them shut up in  
A corner cabinet separated by crowds  
Of no one but my blind thoughts.  
Their fondness is still on show in the tulip vase  
But the costumes are hung outside  
In the public gallery, revealing the plain  
Love about a private affair.  
My parents.

**Krista J Alford**

## CONCERT

Every member of the audience searches for an allotted place to rehearse what they will hear, to inspect the others there whilst the single partners of the orchestra draw near,

sidling to their seats, carrying their instruments as if they were reluctant to be seen to play, and contemplating us as if no-one else belonged there, for it is they who are on display.

In every orchestra there is one girl at least, usually a second violin, that I enjoy watching, that I would like to meet. I see the soft skin and the way her black dress clings to her as she sweeps

away her hair, adjusts her chair for a moment before the stillness falls and between her chin and shoulder the violin snuggles like counterpoint, and then contemplation can begin.

Although my heart sways with the music I wonder what would happen if we met. Would I have meant so little to her, would she have played me like an instrument of discontent?

Or would she be as perfect as anonymous. I do not see grey in her hair, do not see her sulk or rage. I do not know whether she would change from role to role as if she stayed on stage.

But even if the second violin turned out to be impossible, the moment we were close, she could only have been better than these absences: she could not be so inharmonious.

Her hands that make the music flow would understand a touch. At last I am placed into the audience with clapping. At this cue she stands self-consciously whilst the many become few,

and we drift into the silences, taking harmonies away. Some hold hands and share the darkness, almost touch what they have heard. Whilst I am left only with the thought of her, knowing it's absurd.

**Cedric Cullingford**

## **FATHER LEAVING THREE CHILDREN AND HIS WIFE**

It happened when we were allowed  
to have long hair and wear trousers  
that disappeared with a flare;  
with a wash of a curve

It happened in the heat of seventy-six  
when The Pistols were festering:  
before King's Road was bracing  
itself for riots between greased quaffs

and sugared spikes. It happened  
after rows and fights, that pierced prepubescent  
nights, once, twice, sometimes three times,  
though often more. It happened after wild

threats and abuse. A father driven by  
freedom, a younger woman, a blown fuse.  
No stretch-marks or dark eyes on the newer model  
parked on a futon: no marital struggle.

It happened, in the end, on a sunny day;  
no smash of spoilt food from the oven.  
No slamming door. No more loving.  
Only a quiet reversing: reversing quiet out of the drive  
and away

**Graham Bell**

## ABSENCE

There is something different  
in this thought,  
in this pause.  
Maybe in the air.

There is a certainty,  
conspicuous in the unframed picture:  
makes me smile,  
makes me cry.

There is a certain silence,  
uncomfortable,  
loud:  
your voice,  
your footsteps,  
your sounds...  
They are not here.

There is a certain chill  
not in the weather,  
but in the eyes  
not watching your movements.



The window is not open for the moon:  
it says out of this life,  
out of this room.

I close the curtains.

Cruel time.  
or is it the clock?

\*(translated from Portuguese by the poet)

**Pedro Malard Monteiro**



# **LIFE, DEATH AND ALL THAT SHIT**

think about it

look around

search some more

don't understand

dive in deeper

flip it over

ask a god

get no closer

why? when? who?

roll an insight

...just because!

**Tim H.**

## YEARNING

I see the pain she is feeling,  
As I watch her kneeling.  
To whom she might be praying,  
I can't quite hear a word she's saying.

Her tears flow from sunken eyes,  
She is yearning for that dead guy.  
Deeply, dearly she did love him,  
She hates herself, she didn't tell him.

He was a lethal mistake,  
And for that he did not wake.  
The name of that drug and that fake,  
Was Ecstasy - it was more than he could take.

He thought he was on cloud nine.  
He was - he did look fine.  
He danced the night with his brother,  
Who persuaded him to take another.

He had fun all night till the end,  
The end was when she lost a friend.  
A friend who was loving and kind,  
And a friend who was there all the time.

She feels a part of her is missing,  
The other half to make up kissing.  
But now she keeps on praying,  
Hoping that will heal the wounds of her staying.

The pain as she grieves alone,  
No-one to hold her - she's on her own.  
His body and soul may be burning,  
But her heart and soul is yearning.



**Melissa Bent**

## **AILMENT**

I have a non-specific ailment.  
One of irregular duration.  
At night half sleeping I worry after it  
but it eludes me. As in my dream where  
I'm searching through the pockets of my overcoat.  
Underneath I'm naked, my feet are bare.  
I've left my child somewhere and can't find him  
From my pockets objects fall. They block my way  
and the overcoat refuses to fasten round me.

I listen. Someone's calling my name  
and it strikes me with terror.  
I can't answer, struggle out of sleep  
fumble for a blanket, slippers, cold door handle.  
In his room I inspect my child. His eyes are closed.  
Hair and cheek are beautifully aligned.  
Perhaps this is where the trouble started.

In the kitchen with the cat, the clock,  
my mind calms on some flowers which are dried,  
stand in a blue jug.  
They are orange and carmine, pink and cream.  
They are like some painting I should do and will  
if I can hold my trembling heart still for long enough.

**Jo Haslam**

# SAVING THE TRAIN

## CHAPTER 1

Once upon a time there lived a dog called Bruno. He had two friends called Coffee and Cream who were not dogs. One was a cat and the other was a bird. They all lived together in an old train. All went well until one day!

One day last spring they were all sitting having their breakfast when the postman rang the doorbell. It was a letter from the Council telling them that they had to move out because the Council wanted the land to build houses on.

“They can’t do that!” shouted Bruno.

“But it’s their property,” said Coffee.

“I know what we can do,” added Cream.

“WHAT?” they all shouted.

“Last year when I was down South I made quite a few friends, so I will fly off and see if they can help.”

“We must put our brains together. I am afraid that if we do not complain our train will go down the drain”.

## CHAPTER 2

The next day Cream flew back with a surprise visitor,

“This is Mr Brain, the wise owl. I have explained our problem and he is here to help us”.

“It is plain to me what you can do. You must get as many animals as you can who will live in the train in case there is a raid.”

“I will go and get all the dogs,” said Bruno.

“I will try and get all the cats,” said Coffee.

“Wait a minute,” complained Mr Brain, “The dogs and cats might fight, I am afraid, so we had better have some rules:”

1. Animals must join to beat the Council.
2. No animal must fight with any other animal.
3. Everyone must get their own food.
4. Do not tell the enemy our plan.
5. Do not give up until we WIN!

**Sakeeb Khan, Carl Moon and M. Dearlove**



## THE RULES OF HITCH-HIKING

The basic rules are very simple; the irresistible smile is the perfect place for cars to stop. But do not be amazed at the powers of resistance. You keep grimacing or dancing till you drop.

There are also rules for everyday emergencies, when you have smiled and caught their eye. Don't be downcast and don't be shy. Put up a sign-board for a distant destination, or, better still, somewhere more exotic, like the sky.

Or, failing yet again, you prepare to change. Dress in a dinner jacket, hold a bottle of champagne. Drivers can resist compassion and need, and yet there are few people who do not like to see a bet.

But when all else fails - who would want to stop for unopened champagne, or, worse still, drink and drive, then make the sign-board state the place you have just come from, and will

never seem to get away from. The first driver seeing the sign, not you, for all your dance and song, will stop. One thing no one can resist: it's telling you that you are wrong.

**Cedric Cullingford**

# **SPIDERS**

Spooky spiders

Peeping around

Intelligent and grey with all spots around

Dark body

Ears too big

Rosy cheeks

Squashy skin

**Charlene Coyne**

## **SPELL NUMBER 42**

Hell to headmaster

Turn you - spin you, fry you - sizzle you

Bats droppings - ears flopping

Toad legs, head of hamster

Mouldy mushrooms and brushes and brooms,

Testicles of turd - head of Hell with worms

Eyes eeking - shredder shrieking

Fur of fox - chickenpox.

Stir it well, stir it more - give it a taste, give it four?

Hell headmaster, Hell to you!

This is my spell, this is your stew!

## **Anon**









## **MR EXPRESSION**

Oliver boasts about his new things,  
Faye sorts arguments out.  
Some other children run loudly around  
And then a huge riot breaks out!

**BANG!**

Door flings open, hits the wall,  
Silence reigns in the room  
All children stop dead in their tracks  
And stand still as statues.  
Slowly they return to their seats.  
**MR EXPRESSION'S ARRIVED!**  
He slowly walks down to his seat  
Makes some funny remarks.  
Then everyone's silent again.  
He stands at the front, as if he were a king  
And looks at us  
As though we were things,  
How grotesque, I cannot say.  
Then he parades up and down  
Lesson has begun!

He talks 'bout Hudds town  
When he talks about someone.  
He shows an impression  
Of their faces too.  
Then he sorts out  
The kids who  
Caused the trouble before  
He shouts to Oliver,  
"SHUT YOUR MOUTH!"  
Faye shuts up too.  
But the culprits  
Of the classroom caper  
Get branded "CLOWN" on their foreheads.

**Claire Smith**



Thunder sounds like  
tapping. The water spits  
hard, pouring down tastes  
sweet as rain.

## **Jonathon Cruickshanks**

I like playing football  
I like watching football  
I am good at playing football  
I run fast

I tackle people and

I score lots of goals  
Football is fun.

## **Shaun Myers**

## **MY PETS**

I love my kittens  
I love my gerbils  
I love my fish  
I love mac,  
my grandma's dog  
I love chocolate,  
so does mac.

**Camren Rawcliffe**

AT THE DEIGHTON CENTRE.



# SCHOOL

School - easy and hard  
Good and bad.  
School is a challenging place  
Messing about  
Reading and writing  
Throwing stuff - then “dinner”.  
School is a place to learn  
Hard or easy  
Good or bad  
It doesn't matter what it is -  
You should still go,  
Even though you'd rather not.  
If you stay at home  
You'll not learn a lot  
Your mother will get mad  
And that'll make you feel sad.  
So do what you're told  
And as you grow older  
You'll always remember  
School wasn't that bad  
So don't be so sad!!!

**Andrew Ledwold**



## ON A CHESSBOARD WITH 64 SQUARES [8 X 8]

*On a chessboard with 64 squares [8 x 8], two Kings can occupy 3,612 different positions. How many different positions can two Kings occupy on a chessboard with 117 squares [13 x 9]? Two Kings may not be on the same square at the same time or occupy adjacent squares.*

If the first king is in a corner, then the other king cannot be on that square or the three surrounding it.

For a 13x9 board that means the number of possibilities for the second king is  $(13 \times 9 - 4)$  squares when the first king is in one of the four corners. For all four corners the total combinations =  $4 \times (13 \times 9 - 4) = 452$ .

If the first king is on a side, then the other king cannot be on that square or the five surrounding it. For a 13 x 9 board that means the number of possibilities for the second king is  $(13 \times 9 - 6)$  squares when the first king is on one of the side squares. The total number of side squares is  $(13 - 2) + (13 - 2) + (9 - 2) + (9 - 2) = 36$ . For all the side squares the total combinations =  $36 \times (13 \times 9 - 6) = 3996$ .

If the first king is in the center somewhere, then the other king cannot be on that square or the eight surrounding it. For a 13 x 9 board that means the number of possibilities for the second king is  $(13 \times 9 - 9)$  squares when the first king is on one of the inner squares. The total number of inner squares is the board size minus the side squares minus the corners of  $13 \times 9 - 36 - 4 = 77$ . For all the inner squares the total combinations  $= 77 \times [13 \times 9 - 9] = 8316$ .

Total possibilities =  $(13 \times 9 - 4)$  squares for each of four corners plus  $(13 \times 9 - 6)$  squares for each of 36 side squares plus  $[13 \times 9 - 8]$  squares for each of 77 inner squares:  
 $4 \times (13 \times 9 - 4) + 36 \times (13 \times 9 - 6) + 77 \times (13 \times 9 - 9) = 452 + 3996 + 8316 = 12,764!$

**John G. Sarber**

## THE TEACHER

I awake, to curtained windows  
and the dull interior of room and mind.  
The day ahead promises tedium;  
my colourful dreams left behind.

My gate springs, crack, like a gun shot  
and my troublesome car coughs into life.  
The journey ahead a minefield of chaos,  
at the end pure angst and strife.

My feet though strong trudge wearily forward  
my awaiting experience dictating their pace.  
But into the cauldron I step with forced vigour,  
met constantly with a slap in the face.

Mouths brimming over with irrelevant chatter,  
their owners though young have forgotten the task.  
To restore their life's meaning, I've worked hard to accomplish,  
I have always to ask.



Occasionally, I'm met with someone who's lost it:  
a pen, pencil and ruler, a full-stop or two,  
I must maintain a veneered dignity and  
professionally try my value(s).

Then, into the lesson, planned hours last weekend  
hoping to promote a long-lasting effect, and  
there, in the corner she sits, providing me  
with strength just enough not to defect!

**John Naughton**



## **ANIMALS**

Bought a cat hat that looks like a rat  
Bought a dish which looks like a fish  
Bought a whale who eats snails  
Bought a dog who eats frogs  
Bought a monkey and a bird  
And wished they would speak a word.

**Vanessa Carter**

## **A WITCH**

Look at a frog in the pocket of a Witch's scarecrow  
Her long mole, hanging off her nose

Look at her big chin and her nobly thin hands  
Dragon eating flowers; the dead brown leaves singing to  
black crows

She welcomes them, in greeting, with her long, loud,  
giggly laughter.

**Tanya Byrne and Jon Marriott**

## **I CAN'T STAND IT**

Dog shite, I can't stand {in} it!  
Noticed, you do, you always do  
You go out, walk about, you come back  
You're in it, dog shite, right there stuck to  
Your shoes, the stink getting too familiar

So, you go outside, poke it with a stick  
Scrape it on the next door's step!  
Inside back, over and over  
Again, stink - wash still stinks  
Dog shite, can't stand often in it.

**Susan E. Smith**

## CHICO CHARLIE

You ever have one of those days when the world is absolutely dull, and you begin to wonder what life is even about? Well let me tell you, there are a lot of people out there who will tell you some story as drab as a coffee stain on the ceiling. The messages of those stories are usually just to remind you life isn't that boring, you could be them and isn't that scary. But "Chico" Charlie is not one of those people.

"Chico" Charlie entered my mind's eye through a glass door just as I was giving up on hope for a meaningful existence. I was sitting by myself at the counter of a restaurant, a book next to my plate of half eaten fries and my fingers were drumming a rhythm-less song on the table, when I looked up to find I was no longer alone in the restaurant. There was a man, sitting a seat or two away from me, a sight I had never seen before. He was about six feet tall, Caucasian, bugged-out blue eyes, curly knotted up brown hair and had thin crusted lips freeze-dried in a smile. He was dressed in a long tattered brown trench coat which opened to reveal a stained white shirt and ripped apart blue jeans. I guess he noticed me looking at him, because he began to stare at me, so I averted my eyes. But out of the corner of my eyes, I could see he was still staring at me, and I was growing rather nervous. I decided to leave, before he hit me up for change, so I closed my book. That was when he spoke.

"Do you speak Spanish?" He asked his was light and somehow masculine. It sounded like he was a little tipsy, and perhaps out-there. He took in a deep breath afterward, as though he had said a mouthful. He leaned in intently for my reply, hardly blinking. I looked around for the waitress, or anyone else, but the place only had people in the corners, and the waitress was addressing them. So I looked back at him and leaned forward.

“No,” I stated, trying my hardest not to sound scared, offended, angry, or humored. Just a simple “no” I thought would be sufficient. Then I thought about it and after a moments pause, I rephrased. “Not much.”

“Oh, well you should learn it. Because learning Spanish is easy and if you learn Spanish it could be fun, because if you learn Spanish you can learn Italian like that!” He quickly told me, snapping his fingers to represent that. He didn’t blink during his statement and spoke it with such pure confidence in what he said I began to believe he was my new Messiah.

“Oh really. That’s interesting,” I spoke, my eyes prompting him to continue. He didn’t even have to look at me, he had almost begun before I finished.

“You know what’s really interesting!” He eagerly urged me with a nod of his head to cock mine. So I did. “Well, I used to live in New York in this apartment on Manhattan. It was really busy there, and there were a lot of people. I had just moved there and didn’t know anyone, so I was walking down the street and ran into this Mexican man. Do you know what he said to me? (I shook my head) He said ‘What’s your name?’ and then he said ‘my name’s Chico and your name’s Chico, we’re both Chico so we should be friends’ because Chico is my name in Spanish you know, Charlie. So to tell us apart he called me Chico Charlie and he took me to this coffee shop in Times Square. And back then I looked a lot younger and better looking (He then laughed. His laughter was a flat tire spinning repeatedly in a gravel road). So in this cafe, all these women who served us coffee were hitting on me and Chico. They took this cream and spooned it out into our cups and put the spoons to their lips and then stirred the cream around and I’ll tell you I got some that night!

“But I didn’t live in New York all that long, because it was too much crime. Way too much crime, yes, people running down the street shooting people. So I moved to Italy, and since I knew Spanish it was easy to learn Italian (He took a breath for probably the second time, blinked and then laughed). Well I got this flat that over looked the ocean, see, it was huge, covered it yellow and it had flower pots all along a gorgeous balcony, it was filled with tulips, and people were running up and down the street shooting each other (He laughed again. I found myself smiling.). While I spent my time there, I was in a band. Do you play an instrument?”

“No,” I said, completely compelled by the grotesque appearance of this man and his senseless speedy story to take him home with me.

“Well, I hadn’t either. I hardly ever, anyway, and I went to this wedding and I was the one who played the electric bass in the wedding band right, and they asked us to play a tango. I’d never played a tango before, but I gave it my best and we played that song until it was done. When it was done the mother of the bride came up to me and she took my hands and said, in Italian, you are the best bass player I’ve heard play a tango before in my life. And I’ve never played a tango before. Well after that we began to really rock the house. I set my tequila on the amp and we played so, I mean so hard, so hard it knocked the tequila off and it dropped and crashed all over the floor that the people were dancing on and they almost fell. But they were okay.”

“Did you do anything else with the band?” I asked as an innocent infatuation seemed in danger of ending if his story was over.

“Oh sure, sure, sure I did. We traveled all over the Europe, all over the place and we went to France. But in France we camped out by a river and we weren’t that rich so we drank that water and brushed our teeth with frogs (This made me laugh.). Yeah, frogs, we caught them and brushed our teeth with them. Then we shaved our faces with those knives, you know those knives you have, those knives on the placemat, we had some and shaved our faces with them. You bet it was the best thing in the world. I miss those days; I really miss them you know. Someday, just for nostalgia sake, I’ll brush my teeth with a frog, knock some tequila on the floor, and pour some cream on some sexy Mexican girls.”

I nodded, and felt another pair of eyes staring at me. I looked up and the waitress slapped the check down on my plate. She then looked over at my storyteller and gave him an angry look, sucking a sliver of food out of front teeth.

“You going to order anything?” She asked, a hint of bitter anger. “Because if you aren’t, sir, your stench and voice is disturbing the other costumers. “

“Nah, I’m not hungry. But I can tell when I’m not wanted, so here-” Charlie stated, digging into his pocket. He tossed her a penny, and slid off the stool. The waitress looked at the penny and flicked it onto the floor. By the time it clinked, he was gone.

And just as easily as he slid in, he was gone. Back to doing whatever he had been doing before he’s stumbled thoughtlessly into my life. I wasn’t attracted to him, not at all. But his presence lifted me out of my gloom. Charlie didn’t seem that old, and he even if he was lying that was an interesting story. I don’t how it helped me, but I know it did. I was drawn to him, he pulled me into his world, and at times he actually made sense. So here’s to you, “Chico” Charlie, may our paths cross again, and next time, may I have a tape recorder.



**Theresa Stefaniak**

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## **THE WITCHES ARE COMING TONIGHT**

Misty spooky,  
Creepy gloomy,  
The witches are coming tonight.  
Chains clinging,  
Ghosts frightening,  
The witches are coming tonight.  
There's a full moon.  
Shadows in your room,  
The witches are coming tonight.  
It's just past midnight,  
You're having a terrible fright,  
The witches are coming tonight.  
Misty spooky,  
Creepy gloomy,  
The witches are coming tonight.

**Sajid Nazir**

## THE WITCH'S PICNIC

I came down for a midnight snack when  
I saw something gloomy.  
It looked so red as though it was dead  
like a cat's head.  
The full moon was gleaming so bright  
and it gave me a real big fright.  
I saw a witch's broomstick outside and  
wondered if it was right to look outside.  
I approached the window with great fright  
and then my clothes suddenly felt very tight.  
Then I saw a big black witch falling into a  
real big ditch.  
And from this day things have been the same,  
as they were before it came.

**Aslam Khan**

## **HALLOWEEN HORRORS**

Hey diddle ditch.

The bat had a fit.

The witch jumped over the moon.

The werewolf howled.

The vampire growled.

And the skeleton jumped out of his skin.

The devil drove level and came to a house.

He sat by an oven and cooked a mouse.

The Halloween Horrors soon came to an end.

But watch out next year,

They might come again!

**Shabana Siddique**

**VISUALLY IMPAIRED PUPILS FROM MOOR END  
HIGH SCHOOL PAID A VISIT TO HUDDERSFIELD  
TOWN FOOTBALL CLUB AND INTERVIEWED  
SOME PLAYERS AT THE MCALPINE STADIUM**



Ahsan Ali  
Kaukub Asia  
Liakat Hussain  
Ayesha Bulbulia  
Saima Bashir  
Mohammed Javaid  
Kelly Moon  
Mary Riddles  
Ebrahim Lambat  
Somyha Majid  
Mohammed Adeel



### **Darren Edmondson - 25 years old**

1. How long have you played professional football?  
7 years.
2. Do you hear the crowd when you are playing a game or do you block them out?  
Yes, I hear the crowd and like to get them behind us.
3. Which Premiership team would you like to play for?  
Liverpool - I would also like to play against them.
4. Would you like to play for England?  
Of course!
5. Who had the biggest influence on your career?  
A man called Mick Wadsworth.
6. What were your favourite subjects at school?  
P.E. and Maths.
7. Who is your favourite Premiership footballer?  
Alan Shearer.
8. How did you get into professional football?  
I was spotted by a talent scout.
9. What other sport do you enjoy?  
Snooker.
10. Do you like going to night-clubs  
No. I am not allowed!
11. What other career did you consider?  
I've always wanted to be a film star!

Editorial note: Darren is now thirty-one years old.



### **Tommy Cowan - 27 years old**

1. Was there any other career that you wanted to pursue?  
No, I've always wanted to be a footballer
2. Who influenced you in your career choice?  
Kenny Dalglish and my mum and dad who also had a bit of influence on me and gave lots of support
3. Have you tried any other jobs?  
I trained to be an electrician.
4. Which Premiership team would you like to play for?  
Manchester United
5. Which subjects did you like at school?  
All of them except Maths.
6. Was it luck or hard work that got you your break into professional football?  
I had a little bit of luck, but it was mainly hard work
7. How long have you played professional football?  
9 years
8. What was your first club?  
Clyde Football Club
9. Which Premiership footballer do you admire most?  
Gary Pallister - defender
10. When playing a game, are you aware of the crowd or do you block them out?  
At home games the crowd's cheering spurs you on. At away games you tend to block the crowd out because the opposition's supporters make more noise than your own.

Editorial note: Tommy is now thirty-three years old.

**Robbie Ryan - 19 years old**

1. How long have you been a professional footballer?  
2 years.
2. Do you like the crowd behind you, or do you block them out?  
I like to hear the crowd cheering - it gives you confidence.
3. Which Premiership team would you like to play for?  
Liverpool.
4. Do you want to play for Ireland?  
Yes.
5. Who was the biggest influence on your career?  
My dad.
6. What were your favourite subjects at school?  
Science, Maths and P.E.
7. Who is your favourite Premiership football player?  
John Barnes.
8. How did you get into professional football?  
I was playing in Dublin and was spotted by Gerry Murphy.
9. What other sport do you enjoy?  
Snooker.
10. Do you like going to night-clubs?  
No, I'm not allowed!

Editorial note: Robbie is now twenty-five years old.

**“DO WHAT THOU WILT, THAT’S THE WHOLE OF  
THE LAW” - A Crowley**

Karma runs through  
or over  
any dogma.

Reap what's sewn  
effects from cause  
goes and comes  
around what is

**Robert Stefaniak**



**"LITTLE WHEELS SPIN AND SPIN, AND THE BIG  
WHEEL GOES AROUND AND AROUND"- Buffy**

7 and 3  
4 and 3  
plus 3  
trinity  
is 1  
and then  
10 again  
whole wheel  
21 + 0  
fools go where wise fear  
fool's golden path  
diddle boppin through the golden threads  
Archetype and Fates  
a glass bead game

Liber 777  
ergo 21  
as all  
do or don't  
it's a done deal  
major trumps  
et al  
till end game  
begins anew

As James Joyce points out  
The end and the beginnings  
were always it  
before the beginning and after the end

& big wheel goes round and round  
Galactic spin

**Robert Stefaniak**

**“BIRDS IN FLIGHT FLOCK BY MIRACLE WING”**

Birds in flight flock by miracle wing,  
Flying over cities with feathers they sing  
Message from above to below they bring,  
Angels and bees do their dodge 'em thing.  
Choirs of creation pull on their harp string.

Eternal gyroscope spinning around,  
Elohim whirls the spacest surround,  
Atoms and Adams they come into town,  
Attracting repelling creating such sound,  
Circles encircle an onion is found.

Peel away layers and levels of meaning,  
Poetry wraps the message for gleaning,  
Absent minded professor play together teaming,  
Reading and writing and posting and scheming  
Planning the work to be sent out while seeming

To say its ok if we can't sound a chord,  
We can agree to disagree all in accord,  
The pen is sure mightier than that old sword.  
Our eyes are all open, primordially toward,  
A future with SRU unfoldin' forward.

Rock on with Peter and Paul and John too,  
Evangelical voices to steer the crew through,  
Sounding from steeples and altars and pew,  
Reflecting inspecting this circular stew

I'm loving this virtual vision, don't you?

**Robert Stefaniak**

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**“YOU KNOW IT”**

You know it  
show it  
go it  
poet  
sorry say  
not ok  
not today  
ain't no way  
that's what  
no luck  
pull tuck  
corn shuck  
LOL  
gasps  
grasps  
tasks  
to  
fit shoe  
it wear  
beware  
no scare  
fun  
done  
spun  
run  
to live  
please give  
forgive  
he is

**Robert Stefaniak**

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**OPEN, OH TREASURES OF THE MIND!**

Open, oh treasures of the mind!  
How I long to see thy realm  
If for a moment to glimpse thy wind  
Forever more I shall dream, overwhelm

I wish to see much more than I can  
Experience all thy wonders, Joy at thy scheme  
Could that I venture into thy land,  
Never, ever should I wake from glorious dream!

Open, oh treasures of the mind!  
Can it be possible to comprehend thy scope?  
I should embark there, glory in my find  
And secret its beauty, treasure its hope

Open, oh treasures of the mind  
Oh please open thou to me!

**John G. Sarber**

## ONLINE CONVERSATION



**Dr Sarber:** Here is that same link Genesis...it works every time for me.

<http://www.cut-the-knot.org/blue/SysTable.shtml>

Look at it and let me know what you think.

**Genesis:** Hi Prof Sarber

I had a look last night, its great. From my neck of the woods, the Internet comes through several more router hops. I think if the traffic is heavy upstream sometimes it times out before an alternative path is found or perhaps one of the router machines are getting maintenance or in backup mode. It happens about 5% of the time.

**Dr Sarber:** That is true and unfortunate. I am glad you liked the site...it is neat and fun.

Boy...sure have to learn how to add and multiply all over again! Pineapples, cone flowers, daisies, sunflowers (the spirals within each)...all Nature contributors to the Fibonacci Number Sequence. Amazing study that I encourage anyone to partake in.

**Dr Steiner:** My office wall is decorated with high class photographs which I got from our branding department; these guys elected to use Fibonacci even for standardized intranet and internet page grids - which really look good. Take a look at [siemens.com](http://siemens.com) to get a taste of it.

**Dr Uchil:** 0, 1, 1, 2, 3, 5, 8, 13, 21, 34, 55, 89, 144, 233, 377, 610, 987

**Dr Steiner:** Sure, that's the story here. However, Fibonacci brought the Indian numbers, which we falsely call Arabic numbers to Europe - AND had a hard time sell.

**Dr Sarber:** Let's not forget the relationship between Fibonacci numbers and the Golden ratio...*phi!*

**Dr Uchil:** The golden ratio is a special number approximately equal to 1.6180339887498948482. We use the Greek letter Phi to refer to this ratio. Like Pi, the digits of the Golden Ratio go on forever without repeating. It is often better to use its exact value:

$$\frac{1 + \sqrt{5}}{2}$$

The Fibonacci sequence happens all the time in nature. In fact they occur so much it is amazing.

For Example:

3 petals: lily, iris often lilies have 6 petals formed from two sets of 3

5 petals: buttercup, wild rose, larkspur, columbine (aquilegia) the humble buttercup has been bred into a multi-petalled form.

8 petals: delphiniums

13 petals: ragwort, corn marigold, cineraria, some daisies

21 petals: aster, black-eyed susan, chicory

34 petals: plantain, pyrethrum

55, 89 petals: Michaelmas daisies, the asteraceae family.

Some species are very precise about the number of petals they have - egg buttercups, but others have petals that are very near those above, with the average being a Fibonacci number.

## The Golden Ratio

The golden ratio is a special number approximately equal to 1.6180339887498948482. We use the Greek letter Phi to refer to this ratio. Like Pi, the digits of the golden ratio go on forever without repeating. It is often better to use its exact value:

$$1 + \sqrt{5}$$

-----

$$2$$

**Dr Sarber:** Now...does anyone know how the number theorists arrived at this? I know ONE (hint...hint!)

**Dr Uchil:** Dr. Sarber.

If you are one of the number theorists, I have developed a whole new level of respect for you. Cheers

**Dr Uchil:** The **golden ratio** is also called the **golden section** or the **golden mean** or just the **golden number**. It is often represented by a Greek letter Phi. The closely related value which we write as phi with a small "p" is just the decimal part of Phi.

**Fibonacci:** The "greatest European mathematician of the middle ages", his full name was Leonardo of Pisa or Leonardo Pisano in Italian since he was born in Pisa (Italy), the city with the famous Leaning Tower, about 1175 AD.

Pisa was an important commercial town in its day and had links with many Mediterranean ports. Leonardo's father, Guglielmo Bonacci, was a kind of customs officer in the North African town of Bugia now called Bougie where wax candles were exported to France. They are still called "bougies" in French, but the town is a ruin today.



So Leonardo grew up with a North African education under the Moors and later travelled extensively around the Mediterranean coast. He would have met with many merchants and learned of their systems of doing arithmetic. He soon realised the many advantages of the "Hindu-Arabic" system over all the others.

Another famous Italian - St Francis of Assisi (a nearby Italian town) - was also alive at the same time as Fibonacci: St Francis was born about 1182 (after Fibonacci's around 1175) and died in 1226 (before Fibonacci's death commonly assumed to be around 1250).

## ANGLES, THEIR ANGELS OF SQUARES

They own the cities, stocks and squares, defiance to failure. Defining themselves tall, they attempt to compete with the sky. The short ones are unsteady, large and bold like a cold. They measure schisms, frescoes and times with The Dark Ages. Saintliness was manufactured for feud as the Victorians, aided purity too literally to embezzle their children's faith. Jacobean Renaissance baffled nightmares with misogyny. Distant voices to the 'Next Doors' in high-rise buildings blame poetry to twist sophistry, confusing intonation with cough-decors, seizing on shortages as historical dent; leaving their angels to admire the vault which was once the earth. Now their earth is visiting their angels in the tallest, fastest plastic cements. Mellowing out their roughness with bold-sadness and angles, their angels of squares without correlation.

**Paul Silva**

## **BY-GONE LIGHTS**

Leathered wilfully, desperate caricatures are laughing still as folklores live longer than people, and people are tripping in and out of lights. Different shades of darkness are pontificating at bare existence... But the poor make round the goings on in the world. Self-amusement is enchanting as an honourable Philistine, praised for his masonry outside womanhood only to go home to 'mummies' rejected in the bright, but loved in shades. Disparagement of a pint or a glass of wine would not do damage to a dream reeled on knocking the stars, beaming silly! Neither a 'James Bond' nor a 'Nicole Kidman' has a monopoly on aesthetics. The downtrodden are the infinite symbol, their efforts are real icons rekindling the craved boldness, the boldness of by-gone lights.

**Paul Silva**

## FAT LADY AND A PAPERCLIP

Skimming through the poetry books on my shelf recently, I noticed that in twentieth century poetry there were a large number of poems written in the second person, i.e. addressed to 'you'. It also became apparent that the identity of this directly addressed audience ranged very widely and was not at all restricted to the 'beloved' of traditional love poetry.

The next question that arose from these mental meanderings was whether 'traditional' poetry (whatever that is) was in fact very often addressed to the lover and whether there were many other types of addressee before 1900. The sketchy answer to this question that follows is based on another skim through my poetry collection and is not comprehensive.

In the seventeenth century, John Donne wrote a number of poems addressed to his lover of the time. These included the Love Elegies His Picture, On His Mistris and To his Mistris Going to Bed and many others including The Flea, The Good-Morrow and Aire and Angels. He is not alone among the Metaphysical poets to write much of his poetry as if it were a letter to his beloved. In the same collection (Penguin: The Metaphysical Poets, Helen Gardner, ed. 1957), Andrew Marvell tries to tempt his lover into bed in To His Coy Mistris as does Thomas Carew less famously in Perswasions to enjoy. But was the lover the only direct addressee of seventeenth century poetry? No; the other main recipient of poetry written in the second person was God. There are many examples that could be cited, but George Herbert was perhaps the most consistent writer of such poems; the Penguin collection contains eight addressed directly to God (or Jesus Christ), although the remainder of the twenty four by Herbert are also religious in theme.

The eighteenth century saw a shift in the addressees of second person poetry. Though love poetry continues (e.g. Samuel Johnson: To Miss Hickman Playing on the Spinnet and The Winter's Walk) poetry began to have a new social and political role which led Swift to write To Their Excellencies the Lords Justices of Ireland a poem describing the story of a young woman robbed of her dowry which is written as a letter asking for money. We also find Oliver Goldsmith writing a poem in reply to an invitation in Verses in Reply to an Invitation to Dinner at Dr Baker's. The incoming Romantic movement meant that the late eighteenth century saw poems written in response to personal emotions and recollections and this gave rise to second person poetry addressed both to familiar landscapes and to human emotions. The first of these is found in Thomas Gray's Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College which speaks to ye distant spires, Ah happy hills and Say Father Thames. The second type of addressee (emotion) was a favourite of William Collins (among others) who wrote Odes to Pity, to Fear, to Liberty, to Mercy and to Simplicity.

When the Romantic period was in full swing, the number of poems addressed to natural phenomena increased quite rapidly; William Blake wrote To the Evening Star, Robert Burns wrote Ye Flowery Banks in which he addresses the birds, Leight Hunt wrote to The Grasshopper and the Cricket, Percy Bysshe Shelley wrote variously to The Moon and The Nile and John Keats wrote to a Nightingale, Autumn and Ailsa Rock respectively.

Though the twentieth century has poems written to similar groups of second person addressees, it has added at least one major group and has varied the attitude displayed to the most traditional group of addressees, the lovers.

There are, of course, still poems written to extol the virtues of a beloved as, for example, The Confirmation by Edwin Muir (TTCP<sup>1</sup>). The previous sentence was supposed to have had more than one example in it, but as I looked back at my notes on poetry to lovers in the twentieth century, I discovered that only one of the twenty four poems addressed to lovers in my sample could be described as ‘extolling the virtues’ of the lover. Others are poignantly affectionate describing a relationship that is over. For example, Andrew Motion’s Bathing at Glymenopoulo (PCBP) is about a prostitute, Charlotte Mew’s In Nunhead Cemetery (FTCW) is about a dead lover and Mebdh McGuckian’s The Weaver Girl (PCBP) is written from the perspective of a naïve young woman who has obviously been used by a rich and callous man and is pregnant by him, but seems to feel no anger towards him, though she is denied his company.

Apart from praise and nostalgia, other attitudes towards the lover vary as widely as people’s experience and yet there are recognisable groups of addressees within the poems. There are those which reveal a cooling off of the relationship: Auden’s Lay your sleeping head my love... (TTCP) and Wendy Cope’s Depression (FTCW). There are poems which seem to reflect some of the traditional modes of feeling in love poetry i.e. distress at parting from, or absence of the object of love: Anne Ridler’s At Parting (EP18-60) and Michael Longley’s Swans Mating (PCBP). There are poems addressed to ex-lovers as in Edna St Vincent Millay’s Passer Mortuus Est and Sonnet xxiv (FTCW), and poems written to the lover, but whose subject matter is not the relationship itself. The last group includes Philip Larkin’s Lines on a Young Lady’s Photograph Album (EP18-60) where the interest of the writer is taken up at least as much by the value and effects of photographic records as by the young lady herself. Amongst many poems which reflect the twentieth century dissatisfaction with permanent relationships there are also a few poems addressed to partners in stable married relationships placing value on the friendship and companionship such relationships can bring. These include Rosemary Dobson’s The Fever (FTCW) where a woman ill in bed wonders what the depth of her husband’s empathy for her is and Christopher Reid’s

Parable of Geometric Progression (PCBP) which focuses on the domestic ritual of untangling the washing and its significance in the relationship concerned.

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My trawl through the history of poetry in English prior to 1900 revealed a few cases of poems addressed to friends and relatives. The twentieth century has taken up this option widely and there are many poems written to specific individuals in the writer's (or narrator's) family or specific friends of the writer. Some examples are Tony Harrison's Book Ends (PCBP) addressed to his dead father and Timer (PCBP) to his dead mother, Jane Cooper's El Sueño de la Razón (FTWC) addressed to a cousin, Adrienne Rich's Snapshots of a Daughter-in-Law (FTCW) and John Holloway's Warning to a Guest (EP18-60). Where the twentieth century departs from poetry of previous eras is in addressing poems directly not just to individuals, but to groups of people, some of them very wide such as all men/boys (Carol Rumens A Poem for Chessmen: PCBP), women (Aldous Huxley's Second Philosopher's Song: EP18-60) and even all the people who love England (Cecil Day Lewis's You That Love England: EP18-60). The anxiety that goes with uncertainty no longer seems to worry the modern poet who has also used the second person pronoun to address the reader not knowing who that may be, or some indeterminate person. Stephen Spender's The Double Shame (EP18-60) is one example of a poem written to a vague addressee whilst T.S. Eliot's The Love Song of Alfred J. Prufrock (TTCP) either addresses an unknown figure or more likely invites the reader to witness the story.

Whilst the Romantic influence on poetry survives, there will be poems not only about, but addressed to, the natural world. In fact, this kind of addressee seems poorly represented in my sample, although there was one poem addressed to a mosquito (D.H. Lawrence's The Mosquito EP18-60) one to a cat (Anne Stevenson's Giving Rabbit to my Cat Bonnie: FTCW) and a number to shrubs and flowers (e.g. Arthur Waley's The Chrysanthemums in the Eastern Garden: EP18-60, and Sylvia Plath's Poppies in July: FTCW).

The second main addressee of earlier poetry, namely God, seems to be all but absent in the mainstream of poetry in the twentieth century. I have found one poem (Louise Glück's The Gift: FTCW) apparently addressing God (by a traditional prayer-opening, Lord), but even this poem implies that the writer is not a believer, she simply wishes that her son could believe in miracles. However, we should not assume that spirituality is therefore absent from the century's poetry. There are many poems addressed to pagan-sounding spirits such as Deus Loci (Spirit of Place) as in Lawrence Durrell's poem of the same name (EP18-60) and 'Lord of the Images' as in Thomas Blackburn's poem Hospital for Defectives (EP18-60). There are also poems that address, for example, the Western Star (Rosemary Dobson's Country Press: FTCW) or the year (Judith Wright's Request to a Year: FTCW) or even 'Mother Toothache' (John Heath-Stubbs' A Charm against the Toothache: EP18-60).

Perhaps the most striking change in the addressees of the twentieth century is in the number of poems written to children. Although we might assume that the increase in publication of women's poetry is responsible for this, the sample I have investigated produced six poems by men and only three by women. There is a tendency for these poems to look toward the future as in Sassoon's The Child at the Window (EP18-60) and Robert Graves' Warning to Children (EP18-60). This may well be a reaction to the wars of the early part of the century. It is noticeable that the poems written by women are of a much more personal nature and address a bereaved child (Frances Bellerby's Bereaved Child's First Night: FTCW), an unborn baby (Sylvia Plath's You're FTCW) and an indeterminate number of aborted babies (Gwendolyn Brooks' The Mother: FTCW).

It may be the case, as I suspected at the beginning of this trail, that who we write to in the twentieth century at least partly defines who we are. We are no longer in a world where poetry idealises love. Instead we are more often moved to write to those we have failed to love or those who have died and whose only after-life in a godless world is in our memory. It is also an impersonal world in which we try to relate to complete strangers as in Frances Cornford's To a Fat Lady Seen from the Train (FTCW) and a world in which the technological complexity surrounding us makes the relatively simple



technology of a paperclip seem attractive and worthy of poetic eulogy (Ode to a Paperclip by Douglas Dunn<sup>2</sup>).

## **Lesley Jeffries**

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### Notes

(1) The poems cited in the rest of this piece are all except one taken from the following four anthologies:

TTCP – Ten Twentieth-century Poets Wollman (ed)  
1957 Harrap

PCBP - The Penguin Book of Contemporary British Poetry  
B. Morrison and A. Motion (eds) 1982 Penguin

EP18-60 - English Poetry 1918-60 K. Allott (ed)  
1962 Penguin

FTCW - The Faber Book of 20th Century Women's Poetry  
F. Adcock (ed) 1987 Faber

(2) From Dunn's Selected Poems 1964-1983, 1986 Faber.

### **EDITORIAL NOTE:**

For an extensive examination of the author's analysis of the twentieth century Poetry and other related matter, readers may consult some of Dr. Lesley Jeffries other work listed below:

*Meaning in English: An Introduction to Language Study*, Basingstoke:  
Macmillan, 1998

*Reading Contemporary Poetry*: joint editor with Peter Sansom.

Chapter: *Point of View and orientation in Carol Ann Duffy's Poetry*, Smith Doorstop books, 2000

'Don't throw out the baby with the bathwater: In defence of theoretical eclecticism in Stylistics', PALA Occasional Papers No. 12, 2000

Reading Contemporary Poetry: joint editor with Peter Sansom. Smith Doorstop books, 2000

'Point of View and orientation in Carol Ann Duffy's Poetry' in Jeffries and Sansom (eds) Smith Doorstop books: 54-68, 2000

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'Schema theory and White Asparagus: readers of literature as culturally multilingual', *Language and Literature*, 2001

'Analogy and multi-modal exploration in the teaching of language theory' *Style*: 67-85. 2003.

'Not a drop to drink: Emerging meanings in Local Newspaper Reporting of the 1995 water crisis in Yorkshire' *Text*. 2003.

## THE SOUTH

He looked at the face of the girl. She was the ultimate accessory, perfectly beautiful, stress on the perfect. With her he was ready for paradise. He needed that, paradise, because he wasn't just an affluent automaton, not just a workaholic who thought all there was to life was ME FIRST in 24 (two four) carat cubic PS.

Paradise was like a holograph. You could see it, but it wasn't there. Or rather it was there, but when you went into it, it disappeared. He wanted to make it real. The girl would help.

He'd met her at a party, the air dark-dark blue, she, dancing alone in a bitter chocolate leather coat. He'd said to her she's beautiful, no need to be alone. Beneath the coat nothing, her smooth skin colour of iroko.

Later, elsewhere, hardly a word, she'd executed the delights of the flesh close to the margins of bliss. Happiness, but anybody's. Not authenticated exclusive, limited edition.

At twenty three he had the accessories, had it ail. Penthouse. Portfolio. Porsche. He had worked long months, years for them, undergone sensory deprivation, noise, exhaustion, bad diet; lived in almost constant symbiosis with flickering screens, sick phone lines; suffered interminable hieroglyphic intercourse with brutish shouting beings in shirtsleeves, drunk or drugged, their burnt—out brains fused in a m of overheated money. Known panic and despair.

Yes, he had worked for what he owned. He was ready to trade.

The meal was the most expensive he'd ever bought - just flesh and leaf and root sure, but transmuted by long steeping in other people's time to meta-

money, worth its weight in big D notes. No palate refined enough to appreciate, no words hyperbolic enough to extol the quality of the wine. Only in terms of cost could its excellence be measured.

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“Watcha fink o’ the nosh then?” he asked the girl of perfect beauty.

“It’s all right,” she replied in chaste and downward glancing tones.

“Watcha fink o’ the booze?”

“It’s all right,” she reassured him.

“It’s fucking marvellous.” Somehow she had not given their due the outward and visible signs of his inward and spiritual grace.

“Yes,” she agreed, “it’s fucking marvellous.”

He took another forkful of the Navarin d’agneau minute, another sip of the 1985 Chablis come with the moules au naturel. He smiled at the girl.

“Fucking marvellous,” he repeated. She smiled mutely back.

He looked around him. Other couples, some elderly, few as young as him and the girl. At a long table a party of his kind were laughing raucously. A pair of knickers flew up from amongst them and perched on the chandeliers above their heads, bird of omen, a small dark shape no larger than a man’s hand. The upturned eyes of the roisterers were wide and glaucous. Their mouths were like holes into fire gutted worlds. They were trying other routes to happiness.

Later he smoked a cigar with his brandy. The girl drank orange juice. She was a model. She said there was nothing better than fruit juice. Sad. He’d have liked to give her something better.

“Fancy a nightclub, do yer, then?” he asked her. “Not really.”

“Tell yer what. We’ll go to the Charity Auction. That’s a real laugh.”

The Charity Auction Hall was crowded. It was stridently lit and sweaty. Bits of the floor were slippery under foot. Sprawled around the wall were the terminally drunk or drugged. Groups sagged in schizophrenic fragmentations of sex, as if they couldn’t quite remember what they were doing, or why. “The Toy Dog Marital Aid and Guidance Association,” the Charity Auctioneer was bellowing from the plinth. “What am I bid? Two fifty, will anybody start me

at twenty five? Fifteen, come on ladies and gents, dildos for our dumb chums at one five, it's not a lot to ask. All right, then, a derisory ten - be the patron of free sex therapy for Chihuahuas for a mere ten K. Oh dreary me, there'll be a dire lack of counselling for impotent pooches at this rate. Come on, Wankers, what am I bid?"

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"Two and a half," yelled a wag from the floor, and soon the bidding was climbing on golden wings, five, ten, twenty-five, fifty, sixty. Pulses began to race, it was the ultimate chicken, below you the void; seventy five, seventy eight, eighty five, and then a hysterical shriek. Heart pounding, brow iced with sweat, a fevered adolescent became sole life patron of the Toy Dog Marital Aid and Guidance Association for a hundred thousand pounds. Large men escorted him to the rostrum where his credit was checked on the terminal.

They watched people become life patrons of the One Two Zero club - therapy and surgery for those who had suffered road accidents at more than 120 miles an hour - hospices, clinics. One successful bidder failed on the credit rating, and was stripped and beaten on the platform. He staggered naked into the crowd, howling through blood and vomit. "No glory without risk" blazed the slogan above the rostrum.

"It's a laugh, i'nt it?" he asked the girl. She yawned delicately.

"Come on, let's go."

He put the sound system on in the Porsche. Ice clear. Pin sharp. Point source. The music exploded with soft fiery percussions all over the kid lined interior, sparks of sound so precisely located that you could put out a hand and take the expanding shells between finger and thumb. He felt he was getting close to it, to what it was all about, to what made it all worth while. Breezes wafted from the Garden of Eden. He turned the key in the ignition and all the dashboard lights came on, a gentle lambency of the information that came dear, very very dear.

Before he twisted the key any further he turned to the girl and kissed her avariciously, feeling her quality, her polish. Her heart thumped beneath his hand beneath her bitter chocolate coat, her lips slid beneath his like blood.

"Fucking great motor," he said to her. In the lambency of the instrument panel he saw her smile. It was almost enough.

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He fastened the seat belt and fingered for a second the thick chunkiness of the steering wheel. Then rich in glow and music and the girl's smile, he started the engine and pulled out into the midnight traffic.

For a while they moved with the stream, down to the river, across Westminster Bridge. Then the power of the motor began to get to him. He started accelerating harder from lights, penetrating narrower gaps, swinging the car on its crouching tyres. He was turning the earth beneath him. Any dodderer who disturbed his rhythm got strobed with the quartz and carved past too close for peace of mind or blood pressure. The scheme of things was, oncoming drivers evaded collision as best they could. He never stopped to watch the overweight proletarian pull shaking to the kerb, skinny pensioner late night walking dog mown on the sidewalk. The reward was all in the imagination.

"Ever done the one two O?" he asked the girl. She shook her head. In streets and avenues that became impossibly short, street lamps scintillating past like railings, he wound the car through bellowing second and third gears, again and again stabbing the 120 as if it would bring consummation - and then the great braking, the surge like anti-gravity, the solidity of man and machine in perfect harmony.

"What's the greatest?" he asked her, "what's the fucking greatest?"

"I don't know." she said. "What is?"

"I don't know," he said, "that's why I'm asking you."

"Is it this?" she asked, non-committal.

"I dunno," he said. "It must be here somewhere, you, me, the meal, the motor, soon we'll go to my place, will we, we'll have a bath, marble and gold, we'll

drink Krug, we'll smoke a joint, and then, when everything's perfect, just perfect..."

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They were across the road. Blacks mostly, Rastas, but a few whites as well. They weren't doing anything. They were just across the road. He brought the Porsche to a powerful, easy stop. No hassle.

For a second or two nothing happened. The people just looked at him. He decided to cut his losses. He put the car into reverse, and glanced over his shoulder. Other black faces, and a few white, illuminated in the powerful glare of the reversing lights.

He put it into first gear, revved the engine, let in the clutch and drove at the people in front. No move. The girl beside him, she was black too. He shrieked to a standstill, and the Porsche crouched on heavy tyres, growling.

A man stepped forward and gestured to him to turn off the motor. He was a tall man, very dark, with a tall cap on his head. Unafraid.

He didn't turn off the motor. The tall man went back to the ranks. Others came forward. They spat upon the pantherine surface of the car, dull blobs on the jetty gloss. Again the tall man gestured that he should turn the motor off. He did. The tall man came to the door and gestured that he should open it. He was at a loss.

"Open it", said the girl beside him. His hand went to the central locking mechanism.

"Wog bastards," he said, "they'll fucking kill us."

A lad, almost a boy, stepped forward. With a knife he began to incise some emblem on the curving bonnet. It was impossible to see what the emblem was, but the high-frequency vibration of the knifepoint went through the car like a dentist's drill.

“Open it,” she said. He turned the device, and there was an almost imperceptible give, an easing of metal, as the car opened itself.

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“Get out,” said the tall man. He got out. The crowd gathered round, closer. He felt like an animal in the zoo. They commented on his clothes, his hair, his accessories. Not hostile, dispassionate.

“We want your money.”

“I have no money on me.”

“I wonder if that is the truth.”

“Honest mate, I don’t carry money. Tell him. I don’t carry no readies do I.” He turned and ducked to the girl in the passenger’s seat. She was no longer there. He looked over to the other side of the car, expecting to see her standing there abashed, a prisoner like himself. She wasn’t. His eyes searched the crowd. There were fifteen or twenty girls among the men, some white, most black. She was one of them. He pointed at her.

“Hey, she’s not one of you, she’s with me.” He sought her eyes. “Come on. You’ve had a good night out. You’re not going to give up on me now.” “The crowd turned, but could not distinguish from their number the one he was addressing. He moved forward a pace, pointing. “It’s her, that one in the brown leather.” The crowd turned back to him, uninterested in his diversions.

“Your money.” “He handed over his wallet to the tall man, who took it in gloved hands and opened it. There was only plastic. The wallet was returned to him. The gloved hands went to his throat, and removed the heavy gold chain.

“It would be more dignified if you were to give me the rest,” said the man. He handed over his platinum lighter, his ring, his Zebia crystal cross.

“That is all?”



“Yes mate, that is all.”

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“Then you may go. Please drive carefully through our streets. It is late, but there may still be young people going home.” “He was clapped on the shoulder, pushed gently into the car.

He drove slowly North towards the river. It had not been a perfect evening, had, in fact, been one of some inconvenience. He'd have to get the motor resprayed, or get another one.

On the other hand he'd discovered something that made paradise a little more real - the hordes of Lucifer without. He invested his mental futures in high volt chain link, and kept on driving.

**James Waddington**

## About the Editor



Paul Silva edited and co-authored the innovatory poem-collage publication Lampshade (1991) which drew remarks such as:

‘An excellent production, which deserves commendation’

Alistair Niven, Director of Literature, Arts Council of Great Britain,  
now Director of Literature, the British Council

‘I feel grateful I have a treasurable copy of Lampshade’

James Berry

Editors, educators and critics alike praised his debut Poetry Collection, The Book of Openness (1994):

‘The poems are sensitive and exquisitely constructed and Paul Silva’s love becomes my love and his pain my pain {...he} is a poet of humanity’

Martin Holroyd, Editor poetry nottingham

‘ {... } taut rhythms working into beauty, the edginess of a new world’

Meena Alexander, Professor of Creative Writing,  
Hunter College, City University of New York

‘Paul Silva is a definite presence in Huddersfield poetry’

Peter Sansom, Poetry Business

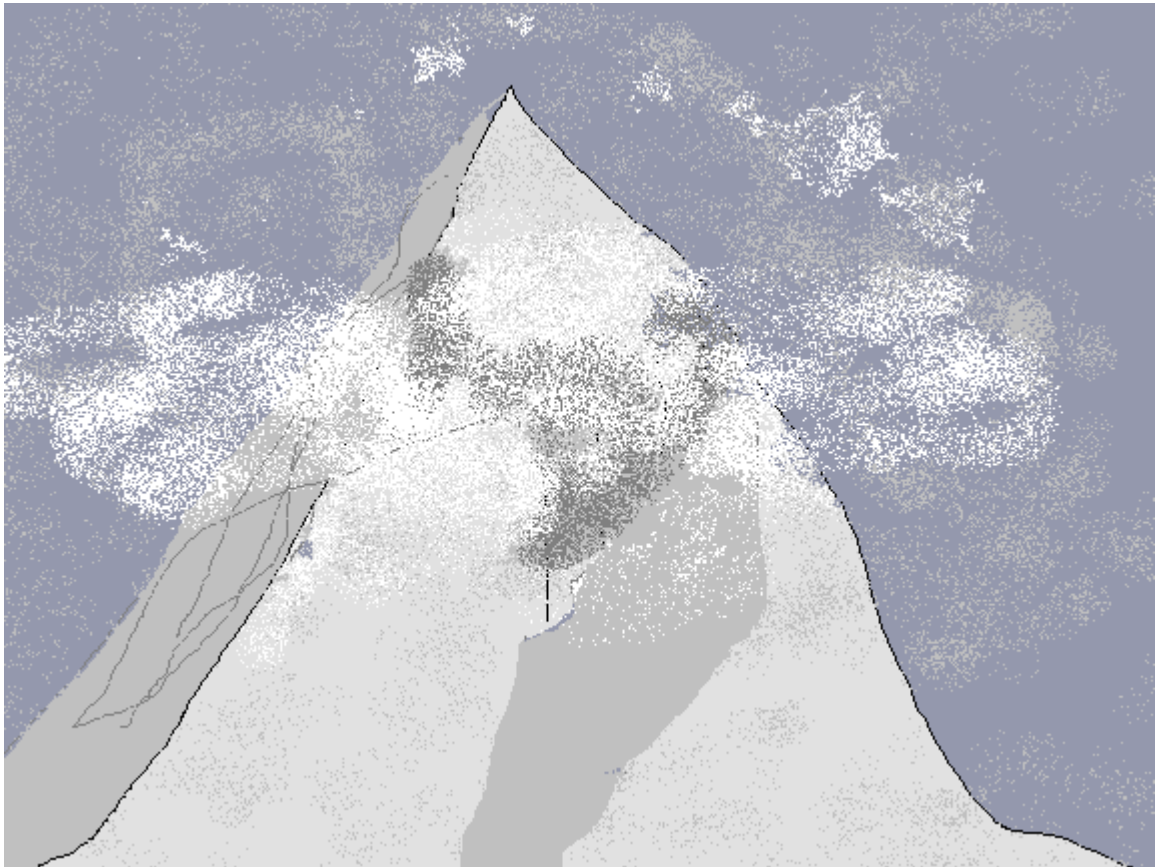
‘The initial pieces seemed a little surreal until I realised that it was  
theatrical melodrama - when all fell neatly into place’

Krax Magazine

Paul’s new collection, Paradise and the Doubtful Sixpence is due out in 2004  
and features his poems and his insightful explorative interviews with Buchi  
Emecheta, Edward A. Markham, Benjamin Zephaniah, Ian Duhig, David  
Morley and Maggie Hannan.

“{... } The effort of exploring ourselves in relation to others is worthwhile because it dignifies each one of us. It is not about competition, not about who is best. It is rather about how much value we can gain by sharing and through understanding.”

D M Rogerson MA Ph.D. FRSA



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