

# Federation Magazine

The magazine of The Federation of Worker Writers & Community Publishers £2 \$3 €3

## New City Press

## "Mirrors and Windows" reviewed

*Broadsheet 16  
inside!*

Issue 30 Summer 2005

FEDfest05 Diaries

Members Magazines

Arras 2005

Book Reviews



[fedmag@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:fedmag@tiscali.co.uk)

[www.thefwwcp.org.uk](http://www.thefwwcp.org.uk)

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## New Executive Committee



The new Executive met for the first time in May at the FWWCP office in Burslem.

Those elected by the Membership at the 2005 AGM were:

Roy Birch (Stevenage Survivors), Dave Chambers - Chair (Newham Writers), Lynne Clayton (Southwark Mind Arts Collective), Eric Davidson - Honorary Secretary (Lockerbie Writers), Sharon Davis (Newham Writers), Jan Holliday (Pecket Well College), Ed Jenkins (Newham Writers), Anne Lambie - Vice Chair (Lockerbie Writers), John Malcomson - Honorary Treasurer (Heeley Writers), and George Tahta (Basement Writers). Nick Pollard (Heeley Writers) was appointed Honorary Editor of Federation Magazine.

# FEDitorial

The Fedfest is a great event, and most people who attend will say so. It's a family event – perhaps some of the material is not to be aired before the nine o'clock watershed, so it's not that kind of family event, but the atmosphere of this, and the other events put on by Fed groups throughout the year is always inspirational, emotional, hilarious and outrageous.

It's not always the best arena, however, for difficult material. Having a few, and a few more, jars, having such a diverse range of performances and wide-ranging audience, makes for a heady atmosphere. Periodically there have been readings, which, through the years, have stuck out as not going down very well. It is not just a matter of reading a long piece, which is quite involved at a time when people have been made more receptive to things written for amusement, or a political tirade, which misses a point. Individuals have been unnecessarily offended, others have been embarrassed, and feelings have been hurt.

On one hand, you could say that this is inevitable. To be an artist is to rebel against conventions, if something doesn't offend at least someone, then the message isn't going home. However, it's often been the problem that people haven't thought about who else might get caught in the verbal blast, or that it might backfire. No one is immune to such errors of judgement, but sometimes it is worth thinking before you read:

Who am I reading to?

Is this the right piece for the audience?

Should I explain anything before I start?

Would it be sensible to just pass this over to another time, with a group in a different mood?

Shall I read and be damned?

If someone has chosen the last option, it can be difficult to prevent until the damage is done. However, often this is something that can be worked on in the group itself before pieces are read out in performances. If while reading material out during workshops someone includes racist or sexist terms in their work then it is helpful to address this at the time, rather than wait until the silent and stony reception of the work in a public reading. It isn't a matter of censorship; it is a matter of challenging whether someone intends to offend others, and asking them why they want to do so.

Nevertheless, this issue points up another one within the Fed, an issue of support. What initiatives can we bring about to enable Fed member groups and individuals within the Fed to give more support to each other through the year as well as at the Fedfest. After all, a relatively small proportion of the membership attends the Fedfest. It can be easy to assume that the Executive and the small administrative staff should sustain all the groups, but actually, the Fed is a network, which is probably underexploited by the member groups in it as an opportunity to spontaneously engage with other.

It is through the experience of exchange and collaboration with other people that people can effect change in each other – Mandela himself found this so many times with even the most entrenched upholder of the apartheid regime. There's a lot of variety in the Fed, and so often people involved in it talk about it as a 'big family' – which means disagreement as well as agreement. The Fed also offers a process of exercising, investing in, and facilitating in others, our human right to creative expression as a means to liberation, expressing who and what we are.

When you take up a piece to read, ask yourself - *Does this say who I am?*

*Nick Pollard*

# FEDfest 05 - from the Diaries of a Fed Fest...

Magazine editor Nick Pollard makes a selection from the diaries and evaluation forms kept by participants at the FWWCP's 2005 Festival of Writing held at Alsager in April

## Friday

I wouldn't say it as an eye opener, that I never knew about such circles. On arrival a wonderful warm welcome... Along with the Fed Mag and pack full of information, just wish I could have got to read it before the events which would have helped me get a grasp of the organisation quicker. Everybody were polite and all had an interesting story to tell. The setting was excellent, pleased with my digs as they were bright and clean. Just went with the flow all the time, it was good fun. Didn't go to bed till 5 am...

*Donna Elliott, Pecket Well College*



I liked other people getting up to read and it was very good to hear what other groups did

*Billy Cryer, Pecket Well College*



Very interesting how many different ways community writing and publishing can be used to rectify wrongs and empower people, dispel the collective mental fog we live in. Inspiring. Would like to discuss the differences some time. Mostly we all sympathise with all the different projects but probably don't fully understand what we're not involved in and could learn more from each other's experience.

*Nan McCubbin, Shorelink*

I was amazed by the variety of groups and their activities

*Pat Thompson, High Peak Writers*

The pack was welcome on arrival. Seems to contain everything – even writing paper.

*Cynthia Price, Stevenage Survivors*

It's such a warm feeling knowing I'll be here for a weekend of creative bonding. It dawned on me I may have to speak out about the drumming workshop I'm offering, but I missed it whilst giggling incessantly in the ladies with Ashley – reason unknown!!

*Stephanie Chamberlain, Shorelink*



**Saturday**

Breakfast over, much enjoyed, bookstalls inspected, purchases made. Lynne's discussion group. Ideas, ideas fizzing in my head.

The AGM much shock and surprise, I'm now on the Fed Exec. What new responsibilities have I taken on now? Performing workshop, such a lot of advice and guidance. The celebratory reading. Wow! Wow! An experience to make the senses reel.

*Jan Holliday, Pecket Well College*



Somehow, I ended up on the bongo drums with Stephanie and we all had a great time buzzing with the drums. Tim was quite funny (I thought) as he was preparing the hall for the evening's entertainment and we were there banging away. He said he wasn't listening to us when Steph asked him how it sounded. We asked him could we film it or record it if we played it in the evening. And do you know he had it all arranged and I think it was George who did it. Good stuff and support.

*Donna Elliott, Pecket Well College*

I was quite inspired in this atmosphere of writers and actually spent most of the morning writing... amongst other things a piece called "The Phantom of the Fed". In the afternoon, I attended John Malcomson's workshop on writing dialogue and found it to be useful and informative. Hopefully it will help me to improve my skills in this area. In the



evening, I attended the celebratory reading and read two of my poems. The wealth of different talent was quite amazing...

*Anthony May, Shorelink*

I had no reason at all to feel nervous or shy – what a lovely bunch of people! This was a fantastic day with so much going on yet there was plenty of time to relax outside in the sunshine. The evening celebration was great, I performed with the drummers and really enjoyed the readings and getting to know people better.

*Linda Dean, Pecket Well College*

Saturday was quite hectic, went to continuous reading, AGM, song writing workshop. The food was marvellous

*Lily Cole*



Lynne Clayton's group – excellent  
AGM – as usual

Lucia Birch's workshop – wonderful  
Celebratory Reading – wonderful and overall, Great.

*Roy Birch, Stevenage Survivors*

One of the best readings I have ever been to

*Louise Glasscoe, High Peak Writers*

I was enchanted by some of the performers, would like to learn how to be an effective performer, communicate my writing. They were so inspiring,



very moving poetry and readings that were important to listen to.

*Michele White, Shorelink*

The performance in the evening – 5 star \*\*\*\*\* - great as always, always leaves me speechless at the quality, richness and profoundness of what is said. I can't believe it's 10 years since I first arrived at the Fedfest and realise as we may all get older the richness of voices, thoughts never diminishes

*Alison Smith*

I turned John M into a party animal

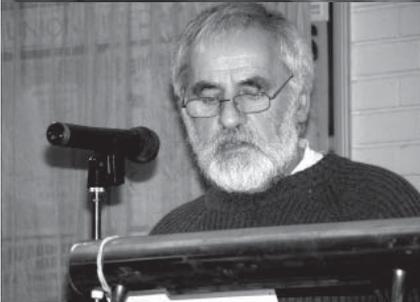
*Ashley Jordan, Shorelink*



### Sunday

After last night's readings, drinking, ending in Razz's playing the guitar for us to sing to ending at 3 am – for me anyway, I am still not certain (1.30 p.m.) what we did this morning. Seriously Roy and Roy's (Survivors Poetry and haiku) workshop was interesting and amusing.

*Cynthia Price, Shorelink*





Website workshop was nice, need more stuff on it  
*Amer Salaam, Gatehouse*

Went to a workshop on poetry using all the senses. I found myself exploring the world around me with renewed creativity and inquisitiveness – I loved it!! I was able to write openly, with constructive feedback from ‘tutor’ and other participants. I’m going to share these ideas at Shorelink  
*Stephanie Chamberlain*



I had breakfast; I went for a walk and saw some pheasants and a woodpecker  
*N Wilson, Pecket Well College*

On the Sunday I read Fed Mag and Lynne Clayton’s letter was very good also very useful to me, that gave me understanding of the events and group. Well done Lynne.  
*Donna Elliott, Pecket Well College*



Make it closer to Hastings:  
Overall impressions of the Fedfest weekend - Very good, useful and informative. Improvement: make it closer to Hastings.  
*Frank Kennedy, Shorelink*

Over the weekend I did – Very Little!  
*Roy Birch, Stevenage Survivors*

I enjoyed every minute and I learned something from it. Everyone was friendly, the food was good, and I found it easy to relax. It would be difficult to make it any better. Have learned a lot.  
*Sid Cole, Southwark Mind Arts Collective*

Felt more relaxed than ever before. Some very good conversations. Would like to have attended the continuous reading and the discussion. Simply couldn’t do





everything.

*Nan McCubbin, Shorelink*

For my first time of attending, I really enjoyed myself.

*Patricia Roberts, Shorelink*

Learned more about myself and how much people give to the Fed and to each other. I met Roy the new outreach worker for Survivors Poetry and was inspired to change the world!...

*Alison Smith*

I like poetry readings, I like performances and the breaks where you can sit outside. I like the performance spaces, I like networking, talking at the bookstalls and getting to know people

*Sue Horncastle, Shorelink*

More music workshops would be good, particularly to go with the song writing workshop and to put music to poetry

*Linda Dean, Pecket Well College*

Too much food, bookstalls a bit too low profile, so precious to share this time with people from such different places but a common human connection. Maybe promote workshops at breakfast, more instant writing, notice boards, and more people.

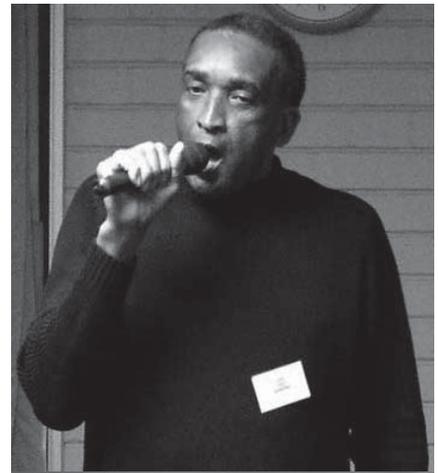
*Roger Drury, Forest Artworks*

I enjoyed listening to and watching all the different performers. This was my first Fed – so it was really interesting to see the variety of ages – styles – readings and the quality of talent around. Great to have singing included – (and to be involved in the drumming performance too!)

*Josephine Ho (Marchant), Shorelink*

I think my repeated use of the word excellent says it all for me... thank you all!

*Stephanie Chamberlain,*



# Producing a prison magazine - the pleasure and problems!

Alicia Jenkins writes about being part of the production of the impressive *Womans Words* magazine



I joined the team of 'Women's Words' (reviewed on page 28) at the start of 2005 which was a source of great excitement for me, as I had been on the waiting list to be included (for a number of months) since I arrived at HMP Cookham Wood in October 2004. I had never been actively involved in helping to produce a magazine before although I had contributed various forms of writing to other booklets and magazines in the past (which had been published by them); so I was looking forward to adding my own style to the existing team to hopefully include another interesting viewpoint to the others already involved.

I hadn't really given a great deal of thought to the difficulties that might be involved in producing a magazine within a prison but of course, they were soon to become obvious to a 'novice' like me!

One of the things that surprised me was the amount of people that complained about the content of the magazine although they didn't always give any constructive comments as to what they thought should be included; or even contributed anything themselves which I found to be rather infuriating to say the least.

Poetry came in many forms, some more suitable than others but of course the decision of what was included, ultimately was left to the Governor (fortunately) as otherwise the team would have been left with the 'backlash' from irritated contributors, whose work hadn't been included in the current edition.

Another problem of producing a magazine is the fact that the time scale between typing up all the work (when you only have one session a week in the classroom); discussing what would make it an interesting edition when sometimes only half the class is there, (due to appointments and visits); then producing a sufficient variety of reading material to make it interesting to 'everyone' that might read it; before creating a draft copy for the governor to look at and approve and then getting it actually printed up before the deadline that we aim for!

Of course, having produced the magazine there is the problem of distribution around the building, which usually ends up being left to the very people who 'do' the work on the magazine e.g. the 'girls and ladies' of various age groups and backgrounds who sit glued to the computer screens every week, trying to make the magazine a worthwhile read for 'all'.

*Being Bad Feeling Sad*  
Being bad feeling sad  
Mummy, have you been bad?  
As we're all feeling sad.  
Where are you mum?  
Why don't you come?  
We don't want writing from a pen,  
We just want you here again.  
I'm so sorry babes you'll have to find,  
Our memories from your fragile minds.  
I know that isn't good enough,  
And you know for me it's really tough.  
Because every morning and every night,  
You always brought me such delight,  
I hope in time it'll be forgot,  
Because you three girls were a happy lot.  
*Karen Godfrey*

*Alicia Jenkins*

# Lockerbie Writers

Eric Davidson writes about the group and has news of an FWWCP Executive meeting and the GaelForce Festival

Lockerbie Writers Group meets in the former restaurant of the Crown Hotel in the High Street of Lockerbie, which is in the southern region of Dumfries & Galloway close to the border with England. It was formed in 1992 out of the workshops of Soussa Jamba, an Angolan who was the first writer-in-residence for Dumfries and Galloway Arts Association, an organisation jointly funded by the local regional council and the Scottish Arts Council, one of only two at its inauguration. Now in our fifth venue in nearly 14 years, we get it free from our friendly landlord, Bert Dykes, who is very supportive (more of that later). Although one naturally gets 'ridiculed' as one walks through the bar for fortnightly sessions, it is good-natured 'ridicule'.

We have a diverse Membership of five men and seven women with other intermittent attendees whilst two of us are original members from 1992. Within the group there are 2 retired psychologists, 1 ex-social worker, 1 former WRAF member, 1 miniature book-producer/dealer and his wife, a shop assistant, a former nurse, and a former youth worker plus other vocations ... so it's quite a cross-section.

## For Cash

We have no fixed area of literature in mind and although poetry prevails, we have one or two who produce prose and a recent newcomer desires to write plays, preferably for TV and more preferably for cash. What we do then is to provide literary criticism, which then can be accepted or rejected. Our real aim, I suppose, is to provide an outlet, in our isolated and rural

area, for the "vast forgotten army of writers" (as Carlos Ruiz Zafon in *The Shadow of the Wind* calls them), to congregate and have a presence in our community. I have to say though that, strictly speaking, only a few actually come from Lockerbie, some travel up to 14 miles there and back to attend.

What we are NOT is a follow up to the PanAm air disaster of 1988. Some people thought that Dumfries & Galloway Survivors Poetry came as a direct result of that. DGSP, stumbling at present, rose out of a desire to assist those with mental health problems as an outlet for their talents.

## E-Mail

We have already produced a number of anthologies for and on behalf of the region and now hope to do one for ourselves. One or two have won writing competitions and our Gaelic speaking Angus Macmillan appears on radio from time to time. Our subject matter is various; we are members of the FWWCP as well as the new up and running Dumfries & Galloway Writers network. We always wanted to be in e-mail communication with another writers group. So, anyone out there interested can visit our group on the Fed website or contact me direct by e-mail [zimmerart@yahoo.co.uk](mailto:zimmerart@yahoo.co.uk) or phone 07715274875.

A point to make here; via the FED and Executive membership, I have been to most parts of England as well as Cologne and Dortmund, meeting interesting souls along the way over and above attending the last eight FedFests. I have got a lot out of the FWWCP. However, what if you are not on the Exec nor get to the Festival, what does the ordinary

member of an ordinary group in the Fed get out of being a member? One or two of our group have said ... not very much. I disagree but that is their viewpoint. What is yours the individual member? Write to the magazine. Let us know.

## First Ever

Now, the first ever FWWCP Executive Committee meeting to be held outside England was held in Lockerbie a few years ago. The second one will take place on October 8th 2005 in the same venue, Lockerbie Town Hall, underneath the stained glass window depicting the flags of the nations whose citizens perished in the Pan Am air disaster, 1988. Lockerbie Writers Group will act as the Executive Committees' hosts. Living in a large rural area, the incoming committee members will provide our group with not only a fillip, but also as support for two other events happening on that day. The first is the GaelForce event Poems and Pints of Prose - Humour Encore to be held in the evening in the Crown Hotel, High Street, Lockerbie, 7.30 -midnight. GaelForce is organised through Dumfries and Galloway Arts Association and acts as a late summer arts event. Through myself (Artisforme) and Lockerbie Writers Group, we organise two events in the day; a literary workshop in the afternoon in the library and the highlight of our year a performance in the back room of the Crown in the evening. Having eight or nine other members of the Committee, plus Anne Lambie (Vice Chair) and myself (Hon. Secretary), will add to the 10 or so Lockerbie members plus members of Lockerbie Folk Club AND our traditional bagpiper, as well as, hopefully, a surprise foreign



guest.

Last year forty of us crammed into a small room at the back, so this year we are hoping to add at least 50% to that total. For a small rural town of 3,000 souls or so, that is not a bad total for a literary event.

### **Retrospective**

As an addition to the above events, something else surrounds it; from the 5th to 12th October — a retrospective exhibition 21 years in Dumfries and Galloway From There to Here via Here and There. The Artist? Why, myself of course. It just fitted in nicely with the GaelForce event and now that the FWWCP Executive Committee is coming as well - well Magic.

Eduoard Manet, the French Impressionist said “The artist must always put his work on public display. Not to do so infers he is unutterably and infallibly right. The public must always be the jury”. This time, the Lockerbie public is my jury. I will await with interest, and not a little trepidation, their verdict(s). The exhibition will primarily focus on my visual art as I see myself as an artist first and foremost. Whilst I have my oil paintings/pencil drawings/sketches hanging in the houses of a number European countries and South Africa, many still hang on my own walls. I wanted the chance to stand back and view them from a greater distance. Over and above, I wanted to take my “gallery” to people and

not have it the other way around. So the exhibition will not only be on display in the Library, but also on the walls of the Crown Hotel bar (thanks Bert) - where the customers are, and in six local shop windows and the local Bookies.

Must go. Lots to do.

*Eric D Davidson, Lockerbie  
Writers Group & Hon. Secretary,  
FWWCP*

PS - Visit ...[www.dgaa.net](http://www.dgaa.net) for details of D&G Arts Assoc. plus GaelForce events.

# Member Mags

We take a look at some of the magazines and newsletters published by FWWCP members around the World

## A470

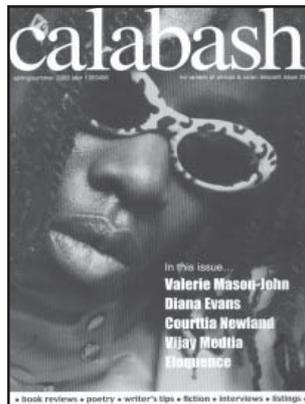


This is the magazine of Academi, who are the primary literary organisation in Wales. The title is the road number of the main route from Cardiff to Llandudno, a sort of backbone of Wales. It is a mix of reviews, news, and articles. If you live in Wales or plan to visit, this magazine is invaluable. Many articles are in Welsh, and unfortunately are often

not translated (probably because of space issues), so its a good excuse to learn the language. For information go to [www.academi.org](http://www.academi.org).

## Calabash

One of the most important magazines being published by any of the Fed's membership. It features writers of African and Asian descent and has reached its 23rd issue. Published by Centerprise and includes reviews, poetry, interviews, listings, fiction, and news. Without this magazine many new voices would go unheard. For details phone Sharron Duggal on 0207 249 6572.



## Exposure



Available online as well as in print, from [www.exposure.org.uk](http://www.exposure.org.uk). Exposure publishes this free youth magazine, and also a free Junior Exposure. Exposure is a lively magazine written and produced by young people in North London, full of great imagery and design, poetry, stories, and information. If your group is planning to work with young people read this. A

real inspiration!

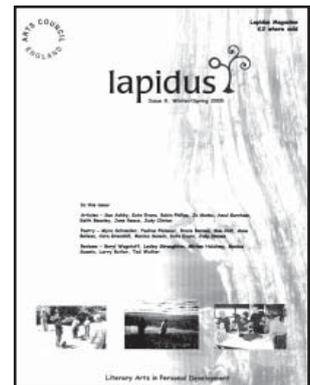
## Working Class Notes



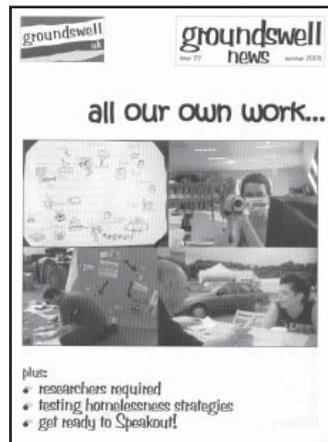
Produced quarterly by the Center for Working Class Studies in Youngstown, Ohio. An accessible mix of news and reviews aimed at the academic field. It is very useful for information on conferences in the USA. [www.as.yzu.edu/~cwcs/](http://www.as.yzu.edu/~cwcs/).

## Lapidus Magazine

A quarterly mix of poetry, articles, reviews, and information. Very usefully they have a style sheet for submitting work on their website [www.lapidus.org.uk](http://www.lapidus.org.uk). Lapidus promotes the Literary Arts in Personal Development, and the magazine is invaluable for all working in the literary field as well as those who wish to read excellent poetry and articles.



## Groundswell News



Groundswell promotes and develops self-help initiatives in the UK with people who are homeless, excluded or living in poverty. Their excellent magazine reflects this through a mix of news and practical articles. It also includes some creative writing and lots of information about events which would not be covered elsewhere.

There are well designed accessible articles which are useful for all organisations to help give their community a greater input. Their site is [www.groundswell.org.uk](http://www.groundswell.org.uk).

*Continued on page 23*

Broadsheet publishes writing by FW/WCP members and supporters. In this issue as well as writing by published and unpublished writers, we feature writing by members of the University of Liverpool Creative Writing Society for Life Long Learning,

We look forward to receiving your writing whatever form it takes. It is difficult to publish pieces which are longer than one page of A4, however as our website develops we plan to feature longer pieces than we are able to publish here. We aim to publish something by most people who send work to us, but we will not publish a piece which goes against the 'spirit' of the FW/WCP.

In a future issue of the Magazine we will include an article about our ethos.

If you wish to submit writing for consideration for Broadsheet 17, the deadline is October 28th 2005.

E-mail to:

fedmag@tiscali.co.uk

Post to:

FW/WCP

Burslem School of Art,  
Queen Street

Stoke-on-Trent ST6 3EJ

Manuscripts will not be returned, so please make a copy for your records

## Interview

Home

Iron hisses alive

News slide shows foreign dead

Trousers - appropriate grey - pressed  
like a knife blade

Sharp thoughts loaded;  
armed with rapid response,  
Just aim and fire, aim and fire.

Bus-stop

Scarred sheet metal

Stand in line with the resurrected

New life beckons; better than the old

Going up in the World!

Just a little higher.

Office

Bleak, sheer walls

Shrub guards a corner

Young woman -

fits the desk she works behind -

"Just sign here, your bank details there"  
she's about my age

Hands over the form, my life

fits perfectly onto the page.

*Steve Oakley, AB Writers*

## Just in Case

I wrote some letters 'just in case',  
to prepare them for the day.

I wasn't sure just what they'd do  
if my freedom was taken away.

I pictured my family's faces  
in an awful state of shock  
if the jury found me guilty  
as I stood in the 'Bailey's dock.

It was easier to think of others  
and how to relieve their pain.

I knew they'd all stick by me  
despite the hardship and strain.

So when they found me guilty  
and threw away the key;

I knew my family would wait for me  
until they set me free.

*Alicia Jenkins, HMP Cookham Wood*

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## Phone-in-Line - Phone Chaos

I got a letter in the post... second class  
telling me, page on page of text  
about my money books...  
DHSS benefits I need to survive.

So I picked up the phone and rang.  
An atonal mechanical voice intoned,  
for this department press 1.

For surgical appliances press 2.  
If your request is for hearing aid batteries  
or other information pertaining  
put the phone down and dial 08736 50134.

For immediate medical advice... press 3.  
Our staff of fully training nurses  
will be pleased to help.  
There may be a queue.

For queries about medicines, tablets and pills  
prescribed, please press 4.  
The pharmacist is always available to advise.  
You may have to wait until the line is free.

For other advice or further information press 5

If your ears still exist after  
Vivaldi and The Ride of the Valkyries  
Which have been played to soothe you  
into a suitable state of submission

You may get someone to talk to.

*Jan Holliday, Pecket Well College*

## Vote

I'd vote for G-d  
If He stood for Salford;  
Higher taxes  
Help the poor

Love thy neighbour  
Enough to let him live next door.

I'd vote for G-d  
If He stood for Kersal;  
Worse'll happen if I vote  
owt else

I'd vote for G-d  
Help those with less.  
Yes, I'd vote for him...  
G-d bless.

I'd vote for the Deity  
Common to most,  
Though votes for G-d  
Are a rarity,  
Even by post.

But it's no good him standing,  
'Cos he'd only lose,  
'Cos unlike the others,  
He doesn't promise the moon...  
(It's as well, as there isn't the room)

*Carol Batten, Manchester Survivors*

## Christmas at Batlharos

For days the donkey carts arrived, trudging patiently along, shuffling through the hot dry sand. Only the blue gum trees marked the mission station, lying by the underground river. The tall rushes along the valley where the river runs below, the low thorn bushes waiting to scratch your heels and the odd thorn ready to lodge itself painfully in your foot; and over all the sun, that relentless searing heat pouring from the cloudless sky, like heat from an oven. The carts out spanned inside the mission compound, and a little cluster of people began to unload their belongings bringing out cooking and fire wood to prepare their evening meal. The sun sunk rapidly between half past six and seven o'clock every day sinking, sinking, sinking, until it was quite dark. The frogs by the underground river began their lullaby, as if by command of a conductor they would croak together. Croak, croak, croak, croak and after a while all together stopped! This was apparently due to someone walking nearby. They would hear the footfall and go silent.

The Church, built by zealous missionaries soon after the turn of the century, stood strong and tall, while further down the hill stood buildings that made up the hospital. The mission had several small buildings with either thatched or corrugated roofs where staff lived. The Priest's house had its own small garden and gate, and the doctor's house similarly fenced.

Between the Church and the mission buildings stood St. Michael's Church Hall. On Sundays the children queued up in orderly fashion waiting to go to Sunday school. Small bare footed children, under weight and underfed, but all spotlessly clean, their African hair neat on their heads and their white teeth sparkling smiles. They sang "Onward Christian soldiers", in English and marked time as they waited for their teacher.

The Priest would appear in his long white robes accompanied by two acolytes and a thurifer swinging incense. He would stop and talk to the children on his way to church.

In the evening little fires sprang up around the area and thin wisps of smoke reached the darkening sky. Only oil lamps and candles disturbed the darkness. The low voices of conversation as families ate their evening meal.

Ten minutes before midnight the bell was rung and people began to filter into the dark church. (This was no ordinary bell, it was a lorry wheel hung from a post which the verger hit with a stick.) Inside it was cooler, everywhere was silent, bare feet moved slowly and reverently across the dung floor, sweaty bodies moved up close at the instruction of the church wardens, on the wooden benches, to make room for everyone. Not an inch of space was wasted; children sat on the floor at the front. Behind them the Mother's Union. Mothers and Grandmothers united in their fervour to serve God and the church. Dressed immaculately in their blue skirts and white blouses and blue headdress, they lead the singing. There was no instrument to accompany them, but the leader, Kagalela sang slightly ahead of the rest and often in a semitone higher at the end of the verse until the highest notes were almost unreachable!

Soon candles were lit in the church and it was surprising to see how many worshippers were there. The overflow would cluster on the church steps waiting their turn to crowd in for the sacrament.

The Christmas festival was very much enjoyed and celebrated by everyone. Some had travelled 2 days journey or more for their Christmas communion and they wanted a nice long service to celebrate. The Priest preached a good long sermon and got complaints at the end of the service if it was not long enough. Very often it did not finish until after 2 am when everyone would drift away to get some sleep.

*Pauline Murdoch, Grimsby Writers*

## Broadsheet 16

**T**eeth stronger than metal  
**I**t's ears are quite big so they can listen for their prey  
**G**rowls louder than a horn  
**E**yes wide like owls so they can see their prey  
**R**ipping and tearing their prey apart  
**S**tripes on their bodies so they can camouflage in the grass

*Sam McLatchie, Hollywall Primary School, Stoke-on-Trent*

## She Gives

She gives as good as she gets  
No man gaan lay down han'  
Understand?

She gives as good as she gets  
Intimidation?! Don't home with it!  
You bark. She barks. She bites!

Mamma, though weak with  
her man, taught her daughter  
Fer stan up strong,  
inshi truth and rights and  
equality, plus a few lessons  
down the gym,  
self defence help She

Any man mek de mistake,  
seh dem han' pan  
She skin ah lan', Blam! Blam!  
Ah hospital him ah goh!  
Ambulance door ah Slam! Slam!

Treat her right noh?! It's only  
fair no need to show power  
When power can share

Live life young, grow old together,  
Wisdom knowledge and understanding  
Is to be found in her, you and I  
She gives as good as she gets, so go on  
give her nuff respect!

*Sharon Davis, Newham Writers*

## Milestone

One last look back  
I'm turning 40  
Youth slipping away  
Age finally caught me  
A moment to remember  
the places I have been  
A smile or a tear for  
the people I have seen  
Facing tomorrow I must  
try with that smile  
To remember not dwell  
To remember not dwell

Time to look forward  
Plan for what is next  
Time for great courage  
For life is complex  
A Hug for the living a song for the lost  
A time to reflect on the emotional cost  
Live for today extract  
the maximum gain  
For none of us get to do it again  
For none of us get to do it again

*Antony May, Shorelink Writers*

## Jerusalem Blues

jesus had been to the loo  
and was in the bath cleaning-up  
singing a mississippi blues  
as he washed his toes  
in the warm flow of song  
he felt he really belonged  
where he supposed his father  
wanted him at that moment  
until an angry shout at the door  
stopped him in mid-bawl

it was peter saying  
where you hear that music  
it don't belong to any pantheon  
or colosseum - it isn't roman  
it isn't greek - if you is gonna  
squeak like that - i'd prefer my  
cat's purr - its not natural to a jew  
to sing queerly off-key - i'll tell mary  
you've suddenly a screw loose  
or worse that that you've got tonsilitis  
or pneumonia or bronchitis  
where you learn scat like that  
from titus andronicus was it  
its making my phlebitis active

jesus says well yeah man  
if you ain't used to the refrain  
blame ole satchmo or duke or fats  
i'm really where they are at  
and if you're not there  
which is a little unfair - as I am  
everywhere - despite the almighty  
enjoying the phrase - the blues  
is what I have with you peter  
when you don't have good news peter  
and you keep disobeying me

so i won't sing puccini or rossini no more  
until you know what  
                  good behaviours good for  
i'll stick to twelve bar or eight  
when I go to heaven  
                  i'll play sixteen or twenty-four  
and wait for you to arrive in four-four too  
before you know it you'll  
                  be black and blue with woe  
you don't know it but  
                  you'll have the jerusalem blues  
you'll have the jerusalem blues

*Bruce J James, Stevenage Survivors*

## Thoughts about ordinary days

Tell me about an ordinary day  
Conforming to a regular pattern  
Do not let your imagination stray  
Or follow any convoluted turn  
Confine yourself strictly to the banal  
Such as when you awoke or what you ate  
Your routine tasks and their rationale:  
Immerse yourself in this mediocre state  
'Til it dissipates in volcanised thoughts  
Of ages past and times to come, of circumstance.  
Then, even the most predictable report  
Reflects the subtle influence of chance  
And what becomes most plain about a day  
Is that each is special in its way.

*Celia Drummond, Meshaw Writers*

## Yam

Yam, solid staple grub  
Grandma stew peas soup  
Delight, delicious, Yam!

*Sharon Davis*

## Grazing

You stop by the gate  
Wearing the same walking shoes  
and T-shirts  
Smiling the same smiles  
Making the same noises.  
I smile back and think  
Perhaps you eat us  
Because you are us  
Not the other way around.

*Noam Livne, Newcastle-under-Lyme*

## Isobel by Candlelight

Her new perm seems to flicker  
with rainbow tints cunningly set  
in thick grey hair that had once  
been golden... One was tempted to see  
a halo above that immaculate brow,  
defiance of time in something indefinable -  
motion of light in an undaunted soul?

She moves with the grace of a girl,  
taking the bus from Hanley Road  
to the White Lion of an evening,  
sits by herself and spins a web  
of winsome independence, perhaps hoping  
to see a familiar face -  
hear a voice from the past -  
yet ever present in the maelstrom  
of youthful laughter, quiver of life...

A tipsy reveller breaks into song,  
"That old fashioned mother of mine..."  
some football fan from out of town.  
A piece of Warsaw is now outside  
in Stroud Green Road - Isobel's face  
an oval communion in her  
irrational moment  
of feeling young and back home again.  
The young man singing to her now,  
Newcastle bounty; she says she loves  
England and the 'good life',  
regretting the day  
she received the telegram  
about her Sgt. Hamish  
plummeting down wearing his Red beret  
across that bridge too far...

Their love is now atomised  
into living faith - with photos  
cluttering every corner of  
her neat council flat  
(Madonna and Child with votive burning)  
dog-eared sepia toned photos  
of her life in Warsaw  
where she played the piano in peacetime  
to children wearing National costume;  
her hands translucent with harmony...

And later  
with fingers of Lazarus dovelike  
over a keyboard  
music of Chopin and Tchaikovsky soaring  
above the menace and smoke  
of the vanished beast  
into fresh air, sweet air -  
heartbreak of proud music in ruins.

*Patrick Norman, Friend of the Fed*

## Living Next Door To A Greyhound, Lilly

I hear every day how great she is,  
The Greyhound next door,  
that bundle of fizz:  
From the early arrival of  
the Postman that's noticed  
she rushes to get all the mail that he's posted.  
And when I call to have tea with her Mum  
I'm excitedly greeted with a nose up my bum.  
She likes to help Dad in his garden a lot:  
as he plants it all up,  
she runs off with the pot!  
She is the only Greyhound I have met  
that lives with six cats -  
and not eaten one yet.  
Though she did have my  
chicken for trying her luck,  
for as soon as it landed she gave her a pluck.  
She sits at her gate and barks at what's there:  
it's normally nothing, but she does not care.  
I took her out once thinking it would be fun,  
in wide open fields, to see how she'd run,  
but avoiding the return  
is something to master,  
one wrong move and it's six weeks in plaster.  
We've not known her long -  
just over a year -  
the Greyhound next door,  
with the crooked ear  
and the big brown eyes and the whippy tail,  
who likes to bark, and eat the mail,  
who winds up my dogs and chases the cats  
And digs up the garden and drives us all bats.  
She likes to lie down on the best bit of floor,  
which happens to be between  
you and the door.  
Then as soon as you're stood  
with a leg either side,  
She has to jump up and you're off for a ride.  
But despite all these things that  
annoyed us to start,  
I do love that Greyhound  
with all of my heart.  
As daft as it seems and I know it is silly,  
I am happy to be living next door to LILLY.

*Sharon Slade, Meshaw Writers*

## Tower of Misfits

Crickets sing at the jungle window  
biology teacher kisses his-tory mistress  
behind the bromeliads.  
Night boys play  
on the very spot Hughie smashed from  
the eleventh.  
they were in their prams then and  
don't remember.  
Breath suspended, Mouse darts door to lift  
A jagged message -  
"Suffer you bastards, suffer!"  
Blobby Bob keeps the score  
"Fourth time this month,  
what do we pay rent for?"  
From Roland's clarinet  
notes falling down the stairwell come to rest  
on a rising bed of cumin and coriander.  
The News of the World holds the fifth,  
"The Milligans are at it again.  
And the lift -  
They are all puffing past here.  
Have you heard, Sandra's had a baby girl?  
No place for a child this!"  
All the death-long night  
Howard howls the moon.  
The girl with flaxen hair Hoover-hums  
her song of decency-despite.  
"SAVE OUR SOULS" writ large on the tenth  
Mouse crosses himself "Amen"  
Breath suspended.  
Somebody's dog has shit on the stair.  
"Slag!" "Pig!" - a Crash, a Scream!  
She was right  
The Milligans are at it.  
Breath suspended.  
Big Bernie's not home, no light.  
Or was that a movement?  
Key-fumbling panic before  
the door will open.  
Mouse reaches his hole, releases his breath.

*Ann Copeland, Stevenage Survivors*

*The rest of Broadsheet 16 features a selection of writing by members of the University of Liverpool Creative Writing Society for Lifelong Learning. For more details of where and when they meet, contact Tommy McBride on 0151 291 6942. There will be a further selection of their writing on our website [www.thefwcp.org.uk](http://www.thefwcp.org.uk).*

*If you would like your group's writing to be featured, ring 01782 822327 or E-mail [fedmag@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:fedmag@tiscali.co.uk).*

## The No Name Bar in Sausolito

Irregular, improbable,  
A place of truth.  
Haphazard, not stylised or themed.  
Sipping Zinfandel in  
The Bar with no name  
While sunshine splashes  
Through split slats  
Across an all but open courtyard  
In Sausolito.

A man with no name  
Unfurls a rolled up chessboard  
And waits for friends to gather.  
Swapping stories, knights and castles  
On a languid afternoon  
While an incurious cat  
Takes exquisite steps  
Across uneven stones.

Beyond, where roads are straight  
And minds are manicured  
Well drilled drones  
Conform to weary expectation.  
Dashing to an ever changing destiny  
Tearing past this place of truth  
They do not see  
The bar with no name  
In Sausolito

*Linda Houlton, ULCWSLL*

## On the Beach

The old man paces his window bay  
He scares the children with  
his brooding frown  
He says he needs twenty-seven rifles  
Just to keep the population down.

The CCTV points down from on high  
Surveys the scene electric eyes can see  
It stares right over the burglars shoulder  
To watch the X-Factor on a colour TV.

Illuminated under the Victorian lamp  
The Jawa's skin-up, laugh and tell jokes  
The tall iron post leans over on its side  
Lights up the scene and passively smokes.

The skies alight like Pollock's lino  
Cats and Dogs all huddle and groan  
The fireworks are big and clever enough  
To walk and talk and explode  
on their own.

The Gemini twins practice ball control  
The rubbish pours out of the  
skips on the side  
The rubble and timber go  
pudding and beef  
And ask for a game of five-a-side.

Caribbean girls tout for Gilbert Deya  
Hoping they'll find inner peace  
The scaffolding has breached its ASBO  
And its arrested by the police.

The ponch'd girls in Ug boots and gold  
March the streets in strict formation  
A million starlings black out the sun  
On wimpling wing in strict murmatation.

Like a training shoe, on a wire  
Like a drunk who sets  
the old police station on fire  
He is trying, in his own way to be free.

*Ken Henningan, ULCWSLL*

## Seasoned Defence

In the spring of adolescence  
Where feet tentatively tread  
With goals and ambitions  
The barriers are shed  
In the summer days  
In Laurie Leedom of youth  
Of sunshine and warmth  
The innocence my shield  
In the storms and tornadoes of autumn  
Slithering and sliding in the earth  
Afraid of more battering  
My second skin grew  
What's in store for the winter  
Will I wade through snow and hale  
Will I be brave and lose a layer  
Or stay in this coat of scales

*Pam Philburn ULCWSLL*

## Wasted Years

I thought I saw your face in the crowd mum,  
Which was partly hidden by another  
"Let me pass quick" I called out loud.  
"I just need to be with my mother".

You seemed to drift off into bright lights,  
too bright for my weary eyes to see.  
I just had to stop you  
and tell you there and then  
the painful troubles that  
had been haunting me.

Then you held out your hand,  
fingers brushed my cheek  
Racked my brain but no words could I find.  
Told me you had always been  
proud of your daughter.  
But I still wondered what  
was really on your mind.

Those wasted years in isolation;  
so empty and so alone.  
I held your hand tight;  
like when I was young again  
Your smile shone so bright,  
then your soul drifted away.  
I cried like a child in so much pain.

*Paula Kelly ULCWSLL*

## If I could be...

If I could be anything what would I be?  
A writer, a film star, a celebrity?  
Instead I wake up, I clean and I cook  
I iron, feed the kids, go to work then wash up  
I sleep, not enough  
I wake feeling rough  
Do the same things again  
Why is life so tough?

If I could be anything what would I be?  
I would be rich, win the Lottery.  
If that was me, if I was the one  
I could do what I want  
Get a place in the sun.  
I'd leave my job  
Tell the boss where to go  
Buy extravagant things  
I just couldn't say no!

If I could be anything what would I be?  
A wife and a mother?  
Just look around me.  
They jump on the bed  
Kick leaves in the park  
They wake up at night  
Because they're scared in the dark.  
They tell me they love me  
My heart bursts with pride.  
What do I care, that I feel a bit tired?  
They laugh at his jokes and giggle and smile  
They light up the room  
Make our loves so worthwhile.

If I could be anything what would I be  
If I could be anything I'd choose to be me.

*Venessa Dineen, ULCWSLL*

## Spanish Butterflies

The Mavericks had danced the night away, now the suffocating silence shrouds the deserted Playa.

My mind a kaleidoscope of emotions, memories and questions, as I sit on the small veranda. The white plastic chair is cold, my coffee steams on the round white plastic table. I light another cigarette. How many mornings had she done this? Watching the sun climb in the cloudless blue sky, waiting for the world to wake up. While she sipped her Camomile tea, listening to the gentle lapping of the waves breaking over the deserted beach.

Does she know I am here? Sleeping in her bed, eating at her table, watching the sunrise as I sit in her chair.

I breakfast alone, shower and reluctantly put on my new sleeveless black dress. My sister arrives to take me to see my Mum. The journey took about twenty minutes, up the narrow winding dusty mountain road. We didn't have a lot to say, short burst of unimportant conversation were all we could manage.

The gravel crunches as the car stops, as I close the door I hesitate, looking at the surrounding barren brown hills. We walk through the large ornate black and gold iron gates, in uncomfortable silence. Breathing deeply I push the heavy brown studded wooden door open, as I did yesterday, and I go in alone.

It takes a few minutes for my eyes to adjust; Mum is there dressed in lilac and white, her silver hair as lovely as ever. I glance out the window at the arid brown hills, such a contrast to the vibrant colourful flowers surrounding Mum in the small chapel. I talk to her for a while, telling her many things that have been left unsaid for too long. However, others wishing to say goodbye disturb me. We are alone again. I wish I could touch her hand and give her a final kiss goodbye. But the refrigerated casket makes it impossible.

It is time the Priest has arrived. He walks slowly down the tree lined avenue, his head bowed as he prays, and his robes stark white against the dark green Fir trees. We follow the casket carried with dignity, by four Spanish pallbearers to the circle of stones. Where Mum is placed gently on, the white stone alter.

The sun was high in the clear blue sky as the service concludes. I am empty void of feelings, surrounded by distorted voices of strangers talking to me about my Mum. I move to the gate staring at the beautiful pink flowers climbing the walls of the cemetery. A butterfly lands gracefully a few inches away from me; there is a fluttering of wings as another butterfly lands. Seconds later, they both fly away, spiralling towards the sun.

I hear a voice, the face a blur. "If a butterfly is seen at a funeral, the soul is on its way to Heaven. If two are seen it means another caring soul has come to take them to Paradise."

Words of comfort, from a stranger. Mum nursed my Dad for many years. I want to believe he had come for his beloved Vera, was it his turn to become the carer, on her last journey.

This was my last visit to my Mum, who died suddenly in Spain 7th September 1998.

*Sybil Hannon, ULCWSSL*

## My Liverpool

She's brash  
She's funny  
She's in your face  
She's music  
She's dance  
She's on your case  
She's comedy  
She's tragedy  
She plays many parts  
She's writers  
She's comics  
She's first in the arts  
She's beauty  
She's grot  
She's been well tested  
She's proms  
She's the river  
She's never been bested  
She's fashion  
She's passion  
She'll never walk alone  
She's Goodison  
She's Anfield  
She's elation and groan  
She's churches  
She's Unis  
She gets top marks  
She's cathedrals  
She's cafes  
She's larks in the parks  
She's hard to leave  
She's mine  
She's welcome  
She's great to come back to!

*Ann McDermott, ULCWSLL*

## Looking Back

I never equated dope  
with hope  
or revolution.

I never thought alcohol  
was cool  
or a lark.

Daring?  
Never.

Sex was no substitute  
for love  
or politics.

Words were

bridges  
not  
screens.

Faces were  
to inspire  
desire.

Holding was not  
containment.

Loving did not mean  
control.

And letting go  
happens.

*Val Walsh, ULCWSLL*

## Office Politics: A Bosses Cautionary Tale.

Nora marched into the office and removed the cup. The huge desk was tidy, clean and looked efficient, like Nora herself and this was just the way that she wanted it. The cup was out of place and it had to go. As she made her way to kitchen, she caught her reflection in the surrounding glass of the office. The “goldfish bowl” as Gareth called it. He swam around inside whilst the rest of the firm drowned outside in their cramped open plan workspace, as he looked out to check that they were working and to make sure that they weren’t having any fun. Gareth could not be described as a goldfish though, he was definitely more of a shark.

Gareth Terry was a solicitor and Nora’s boss. She had worked for him since he was a young trainee, now 20 years later he was the senior partner. In that time he had not made any friends, had lost his hair and the little sense of humour he’d had. He had grown wider, although he still bought trousers in the same size so his belly hung over the waistband. Gareth would often say that Nora had more hair on her face than he had on his head. How he laughed at his little jokes.

Other Secretaries said she shouldn’t put up with him, but Nora was used to his ways. Although he would often say that he should replace her with a younger dolly bird, Nora knew that he relied on her. In 20 years, she had only had 2 weeks off sick and that was for an operation. Gareth had been there when she had come to, with a bunch of flowers bought from the hospital shop. He hadn’t been able to find a file and needed her help.

Like tonight and every other Friday night, whilst the rest of the firm were at home or in the pub, Nora worked late. Gareth would always find some urgent letters for her to do which could never wait but he would never sign until Monday afternoon. Nora didn’t mind, and she played along and had done for years. Gareth didn’t do the pub. He wouldn’t have got where he was today if he went to the pub. He spent most of his weekend in the office. His wife had left him and his kids hated him, so the office had become his life. Nora had once felt sorry for him but not any more.

Gareth had overstepped the mark. He had insulted Dean, her grandson. “Good god Nora” he’d shouted all over the office when he’d seen the photograph on her desk. “He won’t be beating the girls off with a stick. I see the unfortunate bastard got his looks from you.”

Nora wondered whether maybe she had, over-reacted. She walked back into the goldfish bowl and looked at the desk. Gareth’s foot was sticking out. Nora walked behind the desk and tidied the foot away. Would anyone suspect it was her? Nora checked around one last time, put on her coat and left for the night.

She had a feeling that Monday was going to be a really busy day.

*Vanessa Dineen, ULCWSLL*

Continued from page 10

## Animated

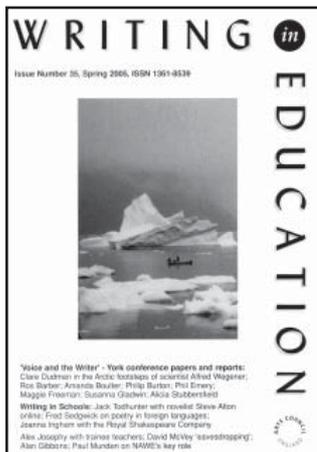


The quarterly magazine for the Foundation for Community Dance is a beautifully put together product. They are fortunate having great photographs to use, and the designers use them to the full to make a really attractive magazine. It is also one of the most useful magazines for anyone working in the arts in the

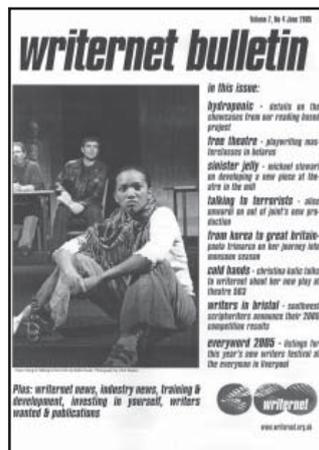
community, for as well as reports and reviews on community dance projects, there are extensive articles on issues such as equality, access, and working practices, which cut across all the arts. For copies go to [www.communitydance.org.uk](http://www.communitydance.org.uk).

## Writing in Education

A very useful and entertaining magazine from NAWE (The National Association of Writers in Education) is full of news, articles, and reviews, and invaluable to anyone writing in any form. This issue includes exercises which can be used by anyone to develop their own writing or adapted for their group, and an extensive series of papers from their recent conference. For details go to [www.nawe.co.uk](http://www.nawe.co.uk).



## Writernet Bulletin



If you write or plan to write for the theatre or TV, this is the most valuable tool you can get hold of. It is packed with news of training, professional development, opportunities for performances, writers wanted, and articles on current issues in the theatre. It's a very basic production, but full of information. Not to be

missed. Contact [www.writernet.org.uk](http://www.writernet.org.uk).

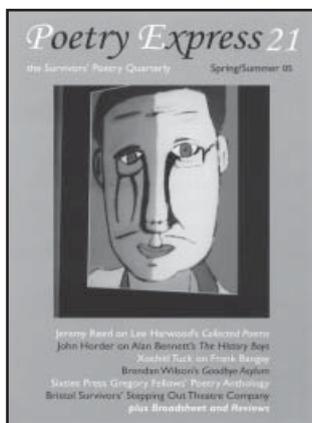
## Literacy Across The Curriculummedia Focus

LACMF is published by The Centre for Literacy in Montreal, Quebec. It can be downloaded from [www.centreforliteracy.qc.ca](http://www.centreforliteracy.qc.ca). Despite its long title it is accessible and full of information for anyone interested in adult literacy and writing. It includes creative writing, articles on literacy, reviews on



books and information about events happening in Canada and abroad. The print version is well designed and although it looks like a stodgy academic journal it is far from that. Usefully it is hole punched to fit in a file.

## Poetry Express



Poetry Express has recently been redesigned with a full colour cover. It is published by Survivors Poetry and full of writing, reviews and articles. Many who are published in Federation also appear in this, and it is always a great read. They are open to submissions of creative writing, articles and reviews, especially on survivor issues. All Fed

member groups should get on the mailing list. To get on their list contact 0207 281 4654.

## Literatur der Arbeitswelt



This is the regular magazine of Werkreis in Germany. It is full of writing, reviews, and articles in German, and they are open to all writing from FWWCP members, especially if it is translated. It is A5 size and reminiscent to Voices magazine of the 1970's. For details [www.werkreis-literatur.de](http://www.werkreis-literatur.de).

All the websites mentioned are linked to the Fed site [www.thefwwcp.org.uk](http://www.thefwwcp.org.uk). If your group publish a magazine or newsletter and it's not included above, let us have a copy and we'll include it in the next issue.

# B o o k R e v i e w s

## Weird Planet



*Weird Planet* - A collection of poetry by Mark Williams, 30pp, £3.50, contact markw2167@yahoo.co.uk

*Weird Planet* is a 30 page A5 booklet. The cover is a very colourful pastiche of some of the weirder things amongst the ordinary.

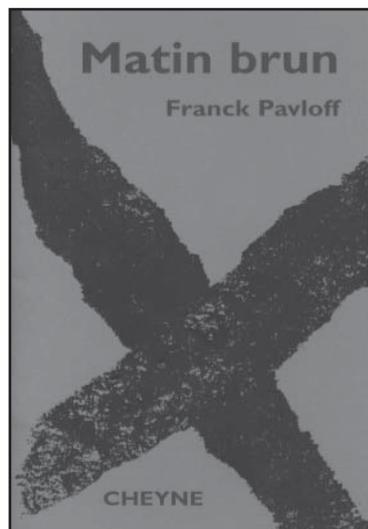
In the forward Mark says that he loves writing poetry but has not read much or studied poetry at all. This lack of reading and study does show itself occasionally.

Almost all the 33 short poems are in rhyme but sometimes lose the metre. This is not normally such a terrible sin, but it is usually structured. On a few occasions Mark appears to have lost the metre for no apparent reason. I noticed this because I am guilty of the same myself, and because it jars slightly in the reading.

Those are my only reservations. There are some good poems in the book. Really good observations of his surroundings, and another way to look at things. Especially the pink toes! It's a great read.

*Dave Chambers, Newham Writers*

## Matin Brun



*Matin Brun* by Franck Pavloff, 14pp, pub by Cheyne Editeur, 43400 Le Chambon-sur-Lignon, France, €1, isbn 2-84116-029-7

An interesting read, although mainly in colloquial French (which is difficult for an English reader!), Which gives the story a familiar feel, especially the conversations.

The structure of the story was what I would call typically French - no use of indentation when separating paragraphs which did make it at times difficult to distinguish the conversation, especially the end of conversations. However, I doubt if this would be a problem for a French reader.

There's only two characters debating the subject of which is better, dog or cat. Charlie prefers dogs whereas the author likes cats. Both prefer the colour brown for their pets, until the author buys a black and white cat. However, Charlie tells the author it is illegal to own a pet which is not brown.

The story is funny and would be great read to an audience, although the ending was a little fast and slightly confusing.

*Alicia Mole, AB Writers*

## Smoke



*Smoke* - a London peculiar Issue 5, £2.00, 52pp from PO Box 14274 London SE11 6ZG see [www.smokelondon.co.uk](http://www.smokelondon.co.uk)

This isn't so much a magazine as a daydream translated into paper and print. It's the kind of thing, after all, that on one of those dreamy days, you initially thought of doing yourself. Then, realising the enormity and the impossibility of it, the difficult 'can't-quite-put-your-finger-on-what-you're-trying-to-do-anyway' problem, you suddenly snapped out of it, wishing someone else would do instead. Well, now they have!

I came across the magazine by accident one day in a small independent bookshop. And it excited me in the same way as when I stumbled across the original Furry Freak Brother underground comics and the first locally published poetry books and community history pamphlets: the idea that you can make your own judgement about something without having been told in advance what your response should be by some trendy style mag. or poncey review in the posh Sunday papers. Advertising for the mag. is

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minimal and I bet they didn't spend a penny on market research. That's why, I suspect, that like me, those who subscribe to it feel some sort of ownership of it.

What the magazine sets out to do is collect together stories, poems, photos and cartoons which mirror the multitude experience of living in London. But in a quirky, off-the-wall kind of way. This particular issue, for instance, features ruminations on ferret-walking in Greenwich Park, an ill-advised attempt to walk from Trafalgar Square to Oxford, a history of elephants in the capital, polar bears on the banks of the River Thames and the invention of heat-sterilised compost and its effects on Chinese primroses in Merton Park. Yes, really. But it's the implicit brief of the contributors, after all, to act as guides through the capital's back alleys and side streets, leaving the main drags to the tourist industry and the publishers of those glossy photo-books that you always seem to find in the remainder shops.

This issue also features great genre-busting short stories, such as *Unreal City* by Jude Rogers, and some wonderful poems, including a homage to Bethnal Green by London Voices member Alison Clayburn. Oh, and as in most issues there's a lot about the Underground Railway system. Quite a big preoccupation in London, the tube is.

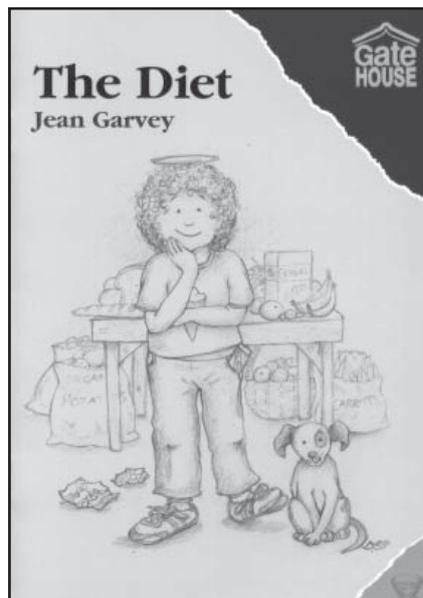
But you don't have to be a Londoner to enjoy all what's on offer. Many of the paranoia's, delusions and delights here will be recognised by city dwellers everywhere and it would be great to have a whole series of magazines dedicated wherever you live too. Think Scouse, Manc or Brum. You too, like *Smoke*, could have regular features dedicated to favourite bus routes, the city's campest statues and parts of your

town that are not as posh as they think they are.

One of the great mysteries is how this chimera came to life in the first place. And who is behind it all? Responsibility is spread over a number of suspects, editorials are indistinguishable from the articles and even trying to work out who the publishers are is pretty damn impossible. And, to add bafflement to mystery, it's also great value: fifty tightly-packed A5 size pages printed on good paper with great photo reproduction and it only costs £2.00! Invest in a copy now.

*Roger Mills, Eastside Writers*

## The Diet



*The Diet* by Jean Garvey, pub by Gatehouse Books, 14pp ISBN 1 84231 017 8 , [www.gatehousebooks.org.uk](http://www.gatehousebooks.org.uk) or phone 0161 226 7152 for details

This is a delightful small book aimed at adult learners.

From the eye-catching front cover to the back it bulges with fun.

The humour in the poem combined

with the droll illustrations by Heather Dickinson will make every reader smile or raise a laugh.

It has clear sans-serif type which makes it easily accessible, and is a book anyone would be pleased to buy.

*Jan Holliday, Pecket Well College*

## When Icicles Hang



*When Icicles Hang*, Shorelink Community Writers, Monday Evening Group, 62pp, for details see [www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk](http://www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk)

The information on the first page is very concise, giving all the information about the group without wittering on!

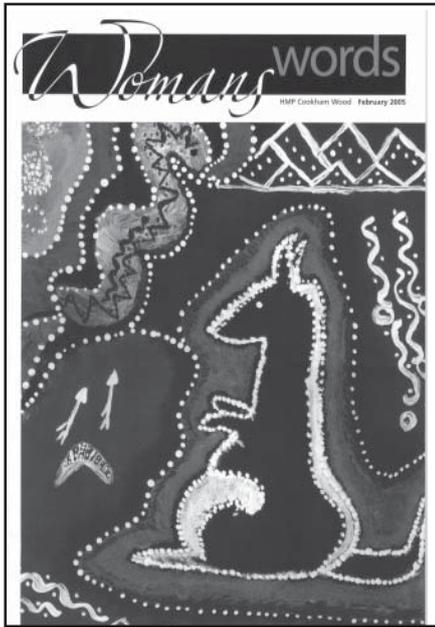
This is a good mixture of long and short pieces. The subjects range from fantasy to real life, humour to pathos.

Altogether it's a very enjoyable easy read, a book I could keep going back to and continue to enjoy the content.

*Anne Lambie, Lockerbie Writers*

# B o o k R e v i e w s

## Womans



*Womans Words*, HMP  
Cookham Wood, Issue 2  
February 2005

Thank you ladies for Issue 2 of *Womans Words*. You say Issue 1 was awarded the Koestler Award Best New Entrant Prize in 24. If it was anything like Issue 2, I can understand why.

The magazine is quite beautifully produced and the contents are all that could be asked for. The combination of poetry and prose, with articles, and publicity pieces for the many positive activities available to inmates, coupled with the different fonts and excellent colour use within a scheme of black, white and grey, all coming to climax with a two-page centrepiece quiz to celebrate Black History Month, make it a publication any mainstream creative arts organization would be proud of. Add to that the well-designed full-colour front page, a rear cover that puts most magazine back covers to shame - plus a Horoscope page - and *Womans Words* can be said to have spoken largely and well on

matters of genuine substance.

As a functionary of two artistic organizations - I am the National Outreach Co-Ordinator for Survivors Poetry, a charity which publishes and promotes poetry by and for survivors of mental distress, and am also an executive committee member of the Federation of Worker Writers and Community Publishers - I am in constant contact with publications of all types. I can say without fear of contradiction that *Womans Words* can stand with the best of them. Since all of the contributions to this excellent publication are of equal value it seems unfair to single any of them out for particular praise. But I'm going to, because three items especially impressed me.

The Quiz, which I have already mentioned, the John Peel article by Clare Barstow - Teenage Kicks All Through The Night - and Deborah Whaley's telling little story, *Two For The Price Of One*. Which I shall reproduce in full.

*Two For The Price Of One* by Deborah Whaley.

"I'm telling you, I've never been happier," Carol tells her friend. "I've got two boyfriends. One is just fabulous - handsome, sensitive, caring, considerate and he's got a fantastic sense of humour."

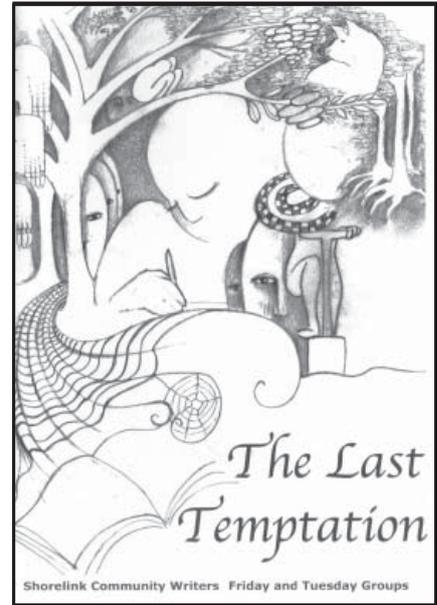
"Well what on earth do you need the second one for?" asks her envious friend.

"Oh," Carol replies, "the second one is straight."

Having been locked up myself for a long period I know the value of this magazine. Many thanks to everyone involved, inmates and staff alike. You've done a great job. I am really looking forward to reading Issue 3.

*Roy Birch, Stevenage Survivors*

## The Last Temptation



*The Last Temptation* published by Shorelink Community Writers Friday and Tuesday groups, 62pp, for details see [www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk](http://www.shorelinkwriters.org.uk)

Shorelink have produced an interesting collection, a mixture of poetry and prose, offering some intriguing insights into human emotions.

*Passing*, Linda Kennedy's poem for the dying Phyllis moves between the purely physical - "I can only hold your hand" - through the emotional "...a great chasm opens" to the almost spiritual.

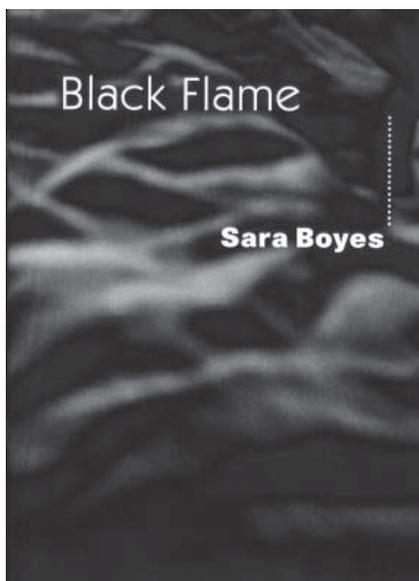
Doreen Oliver's *Character* is full of character and characters, all observed from grandmother Mabel's viewpoint during a chaotic family breakfast, watching her daughter "feeding the toaster endless slices of bread", with a nice twist at the end. A serendipitous mixture of poems on the seasons provides different metaphors on humanity. Robert Brandon's *Another Year* looks at old age almost joyfully, while

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Shirley Cowan uses *“Remembering when Summer has gone”* to take the reader through the seasons ending on a high note of Christmas. *“No Tomorrow”* by Ashley Jordan is in complete contrast, with a harsh view of the passing seasons, ending in aching sadness.

*John Malcomson,  
Heeley Writers*

## Black Flame



Black Flame by Sara Boyes, Hearing Eye, isbn 1870841 25 5, £3, see [www.torriano.org](http://www.torriano.org)

This is a fine narrative collection of poems which plot the progress of two lovers separated across England – will they be able to resolve the difficulties they find in their relationship with the passion they have for each other?

*“Between us lies the night –  
the lure of abandonment.”*

Aching, sensual, teasing, dense, veined with tensions and convoluted emotion, the prospect that -

*“They would go to Tesco’s on Fridays  
or Saturdays”*

Seems dim... but not utterly out of the question. I found this series of poems really enjoyable and provoking, blowing intimate fires from daily banalities, wringing hope from hopelessness and piquant with uncertainty. Read them with your partner.

*Nick Pollard*

## Espejos Y Ventanas/ Mirrors and Windows



*Mirrors and Windows* - Oral histories of Mexican farm workers and their families, pub by New City Community Press, 320pp, edited by Mark Lyons and August Tarrier, isbn 0-9712996-6-8, \$20, available through [www.newcitypress.org](http://www.newcitypress.org)

*Mirrors and Windows* is the culmination of many years work by editors Mark Lyons and August Tarrier, who with many others developed a trust with the Mexican

community in Kennett Square, Pennsylvania, and encouraged people to tell their stories in a frank and honest way.

This bilingual (Spanish/English) book is an amazing achievement. Many of the people arrived illegally, and *Mirrors and Windows* represents the plight of many millions of people all over the World, who for economic reasons have to find another country to work in.

*Mirrors and Windows* is a very handsome production, with the Spanish text on the left page, English on the right. It is also beautifully illustrated, with a mix of family photographs, documents, documentary photographs, illustrations and writings. Some of the duotones are a bit dark, but that is a minor issue

The people’s stories are of capitalist exploitation; the sadness of being apart from partners, family, and homeland; the stark reality of the ‘American Dream’; and both the support and racism of local people.

Most of the people featured are mushroom farm workers, who often work all day in darkness, for minimal wages. Like the new immigrants in Britain, they do the jobs others do not want to do, as Salvador Garcia-Baeza says:

*“Tell me, who will do the work?  
Who? Americans will not work for  
\$6.50\* an hour”.*

It is striking throughout how strong the women are, keeping families together back home in Mexico, then having to adapt to the new ways of life in the USA, but always with hope for the future and a consciousness of their culture.

These stories from a small American community are universal. People do not often leave their homes and families from choice, and these are

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stories of the exploitation of that necessity. For many the main quest is for the 'green card', so they can work legally. Money was tight, as not only did they have to support themselves in a new country, but they sent money home to build houses, pay for medication, keep families fed.

The 'adventure' of their journeys from Mexico are worth a book of their own. There are stories of crossing the border, swimming the river between Mexico and the USA, always on the look out for the border patrols. It was tough going over difficult ground, then being packed in the back of trucks by the 'guides', for the long haul northwards, and of course, everyone has to pay, small fortunes in Mexican terms. Many people got caught and had to try repeatedly to get through, then when they'd reached their goal, they suffered great abuse because they were without the protection of the authorities and feared being sent back yet again.

What shines through *Mirrors and Windows* is the determination to improve their situation, secure their rights, and improve the conditions they live in. There is pride in their achievements, culture and community, yet throughout a pervading feeling of sadness that they have had to leave their roots for an alien land.

This book will give you an insight into the Mexican community in the USA, and also what being an immigrant is like in any country.

Does this from Jose Luis Villagomez sound familiar?

*"The work was good, but I have had difficult*

*moments. When you arrive in a country where you don't know the customs of the people who live there, who aren't Mexican, things don't go so well. For example, people kept looking at me on the street. Before here in Kennett Square, it wasn't like it is now – the mix of people has changed a lot. Before there weren't any Hispanic or Mexican families with wives and children – we were only men. It was difficult to find a place to live because owners of houses didn't want single men. And we couldn't go to the store... because when they saw us they called the police".*

*Mirrors and Windows* captures the lives of a remarkable group of people, most of whom would go unnoticed without this book.

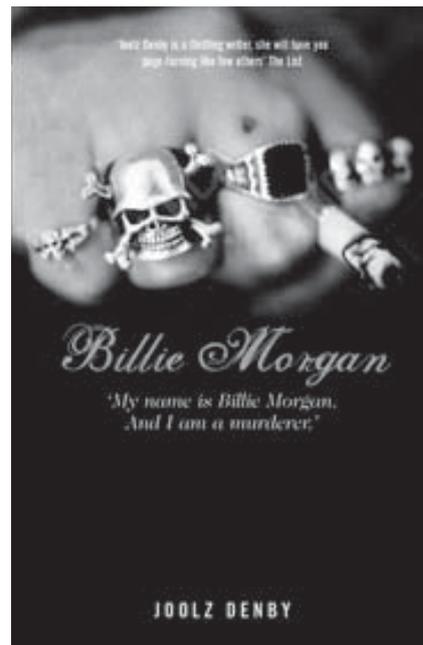
If you can, get hold of this book and read it.

*Tim Diggles*  
FWWCP Co-ordinator

## Billie Morgan

*Billie Morgan*, by Joolz Denby,  
Serpents Tail £8.99, 288pp  
isbn: 1 85242 865 1, details  
[www.serpentstail.com](http://www.serpentstail.com)

Remember those fantasies you had when you were sixteen about leaving home to join a biker gang? Well, this book will make you



glad you didn't. As a youth I used devour all those quickly written and cheaply produced paperbacks about American Hells Angels and I picked this book up expecting and seeking nothing more than a few cheap thrills along similar (albeit British) lines. What I got was a huge slap in the face for my assumption. Quite simply, this fictional account by the poet and performance artist from Bradford packs a punch like nothing I've read in years.

The story is narrated by the title character, a working-class woman somewhere in her forties who runs a small jewellery shop, getting by on a day-to-day basis and reflecting on her past as a 'biker chick' with the Devil's Own motorcycle gang. Her life on the edge leads her into a freewheeling lifestyle involving sex, drugs, rock 'n' roll and a secret involvement with murder that comes back to haunt her. Billie is having enough problems in the present and when people and memories from her previous life begin to re-emerge, Billie looks set to come crashing off the road entirely.

Being of a similar age to the author, I was pleased to be able to pick up

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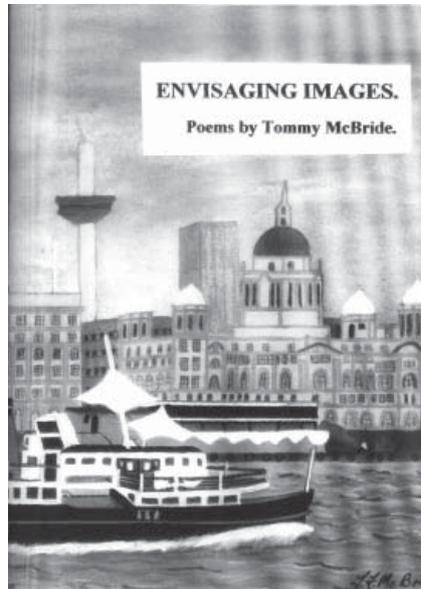
on the various cultural, musical and lifestyle details. But it doesn't really matter how old you are. Many people will be familiar with the problems that Billie faces, whether they're a biker chick or not. Billie is the sort of girl I would have gone for in those days but would have been too terrified to approach. I got some satisfaction therefore to discover that she was terrified most of the time as well – and about pretty much the same things as anyone else. Everyday things like appearance, clothes, getting in with the 'in' crowd and pretending that you're not scared of falling off the back of a speeding motorbike.

One of the strengths of the novel is in Joolz Denby's unpatronising depiction of Billie's life of today, her experience amongst what is sometimes termed the underclass by some: people screwed up with drugs, booze and a society all too willing to write them off. It must be said that there aren't many laughs in Billie Morgan and the language is extreme, but the overall tone of grimness is offset by the narrator's observations of people's foibles and Billie's belief in the innate humanity that lurks behind every leather jacket, junkie puncture and rudeboy hood. My only criticism would be that at times, the author tries to incorporate too many themes into already turmoil-packed plot

I was surprised to see that Billie Morgan has made the 2005 Orange Prize long-list. It exudes a power and frenzied energy that I don't usually associate with books up for literary prizes. But I hope it gets onto the short-list and that it eventually wins. If it does, I'm definitely going to go off and join that bikers gang after all.

*Roger Mills, Eastside Books*

## Envisaging Images



*Envisaging Images* by Tommy McBride, 52pp  
contact [thomas.mcbride2@btopenworld.com](mailto:thomas.mcbride2@btopenworld.com)

*I would love to meet a publisher  
I would love to write a book  
And bring special people alive again  
with a little bit of luck*

*I'd make them breathe on paper  
they could talk right through my pen  
like re-inventing the famous wheel,  
I'd bring them back again.*

In the broad sweep of this collection are poems about the history of Liverpool, the tough upbringing once levied out by nuns in Catholic schools, paeans to Bob Dylan and Bob Paisley, and moral tales on the dangers of Bingo. Some of these pieces really lend themselves to performance and must go down well. Swinging from vitriol to humour, nostalgia to current events, Tommy McBride fearlessly takes on topics big and small.

There's a tendency in places to over explain - even give a footnote on the subject of the poem, and sometimes to attack figures such as Saddam in a conventional way. However what shines through is the poet's love of demanding language with a keenness to experiment in words such as crocodiling and alopaeicaed.

*Nick Pollard*

## REVIEWERS WANTED!

Every issue we get more books than we can find reviewers for. For instance books from Grimsby Writers and Shorelink Writers are waiting in the office to be reviewed.

All too often books are sent out for review and no review appears!

Can you help?

It is vital that books get publicised and reviewed, as this is often the only magazine in the UK which covers these writers and publishers.

If you can help please contact Tim Diggles at [fedmag@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:fedmag@tiscali.co.uk) or phone 01782 822327.

# Salon du Livre in Arras, May 1st 2005

Alison Clayburn reports on her visit to the 4th Salon du Livre d'expression populaire et de critique sociale

Arras is a small town near Lille in northern France which has, in its centre, several main squares, many narrow streets and a lot of cellars or 'caves' under them. For the fourth year running it was the site of the May Day 'Salon Livre du d'expression populaire et de critique sociale', which, roughly speaking, means a socialist literary festival.

Last year FWWCP Co-ordinator Tim Diggles went and wrote in the Fedmag (issue 28) about it, this year he was invited back by the organisers and I went with him.

## Fermenter of Popular Revolution

We were officially included in the group (cadre) of 'auteurs' which, although it means originator rather than writer, seems to be the reason for us being allocated a space for the day in a marquee where we were surrounded by authors of books – mostly novels. We had Fedmags and a few Fed publications to offer rather than piles of novels but many members of the big crowd passing through stopped to talk to us and look (we had curiosity value in there!) and we made some sales. Others sought us out because we both had super little write-ups in the excellently produced and widely distributed programme, which advertised me as the last word in healing-type

workshop facilitation and Tim as a fermenter of popular revolution in the UK through his Fed role.

We booze. There was a super programme of free 'spectacles' such as a short play on local working class history – it's an ex coal mining area – by an adult education theatre group, a youth drumming band and Creole poetry readings,

another strand of talks and debates, and several 'expositions' – bandes desinee (cartoon books) being particularly popular.

## Clowns

In the afternoon clowns circulated as the temperature rose – it was a really hot day inside and out (except in the cellars) and Tim's head appreciated my sun block, while my body appreciated the cold bottle of water he fetched from a café.

In addition to the Mayday festival there were lead-up events and the evening we arrived we went to a screening of Eisenstein's film Battleship Potemkin, accompanied by a jazz band from Lyon. The festival ended on Sunday night with a punk revival concert.

All this is organised by Colores du Present (formed in 1902!) and backed by the local council – several pavilions bore the words Conseil General de Pas de Calais, and unions. It's a great event, popular with adults and children alike and it would be great to see something like it – a real working class celebration and forum – this side of the channel.



# Spread the Word's Forum

A new service is being offered by the South London Literature development organisation

Would you like advice on getting published? Interested in talking to other writers, exchanging advice and ideas? Want an opportunity to get feedback on your own writing? Got a literature event you'd like to publicise?

Spread the Word's FORUM is a brand new part of our website which aims to create an energetic online community of writers, poets and literature devotees. More than just a discussion board we want the FORUM to be place to ask for help, chat with other writers, upload pieces of writing you'd like to show off or get advice on, exchange tips and ideas, delve into resources and guidelines and find out about what's going on in the live literature world.

We'll even be running an online writing workshop for our microSTORY writing competition on the FORUM, and many more workshops will take place online in the future.

We think the FORUM will be a great resource for everyone interested in literature, whether you're a writer, reader or just an enthusiastic spectator, but it will only be as good as the members who participate so we hope you'll want to sign up. It's completely FREE and very easy to join in: just visit our website, at

[www.spreadtheword.org.uk/forum/](http://www.spreadtheword.org.uk/forum/)

click on "Register" and enter a few simple details and that's it, you can read and post messages, talk privately or publicly with other members and put up your own work for all to see. As the FORUM is a new service, it might seem a bit sparse at first, but more people are joining everyday so keep checking back to see what's new.

If you're not familiar with this sort of discussion board then don't worry, the website has some very clear guidance in the "FAQ" section to get you started and if you get stuck then you can email us at [info@spreadtheword.org.uk](mailto:info@spreadtheword.org.uk)

You can also find details of all our events and more information on what we do at [www.spreadtheword.org.uk](http://www.spreadtheword.org.uk) and enter our latest writing competition microSTORY at [www.spreadtheword.org.uk/microstory/](http://www.spreadtheword.org.uk/microstory/)

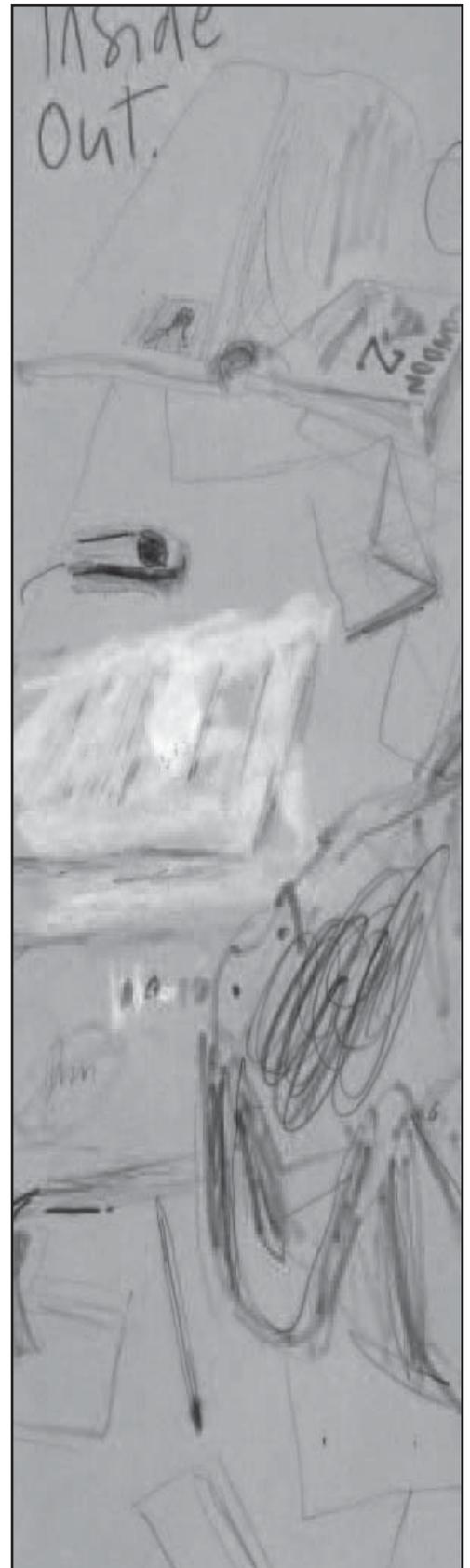
Spread the Word supports the development of new writing and live literature in London. We aim to create a climate of innovation and experimentation in which new literature can flourish.

Spread the Word,  
77 Lambeth Walk,  
London SE11 6DX

Tel: 020 7735 3111

Email: [info@spreadtheword.org.uk](mailto:info@spreadtheword.org.uk)

Web: [www.spreadtheword.org.uk](http://www.spreadtheword.org.uk)



Gaelforce  
Season  
Saturday 8th  
October 2005  
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Group  
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Afternoon Workshop  
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£2.00  
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Eric D Davidson  
zimmerart@yahoo.  
co.uk  
0771 527 4875

# See your novel on the shelves of Waterstone's

The search is on to find the best new novel from a North West writer, as Crocus Books, the Manchester based publishers, launch their latest competition. Organiser, Cathy Bolton explained, "We know there are lots of frustrated Ken Barlows out there who dream of seeing their books on the shelves of Waterstone's but just can't get their foot in the door of a major publisher. Most of our once revered publishing houses have been subsumed by multi-national companies and their commercially-driven editors are unwilling to take risks on new writers. Our competition provides a rare break for talented writers that don't have the ear of the publishing industry."

Crocus have already launched the careers of several local authors, including Cath Staincliffe, one of this year's judges alongside Rajeev Balasubramanyam and Sarah Tierney. Last year's winner, David Evans, praised the competition for helping him achieve a life long ambition. His novel, *A Touch of the Sun*, a personal and political coming of age novel set in apartheid South Africa, has just been published to much literary acclaim (to be reviewed in the next issue of Federation).

The competition is open to all writers living in North West England. It costs £15 (waged) or £10 (unwaged) to enter. The closing date for stage one of the competition is 2nd January 2006. The winner of the competition will receive £1,000 as part of a publishing deal with Crocus books. For further details send an SAE to:

Crocus Novel Competition, Commonword, 6  
Mount Street, Manchester, M2 5NS.  
email: [crocus@commonword.org.uk](mailto:crocus@commonword.org.uk)  
website: [www.commonword.org.uk](http://www.commonword.org.uk)

# Wanted Hair Poems

Commonword want poetic writings short stories/anecdotes by Black and Asian writers (both women and men) from the North of England on the subject of Hair.

From the myth of Medusa to the fraught tale of Hercules, hair has always been a key component of identity. And never more so than for black and Asian folk. Our hair is surrounded by traditions, legends, folk lore, rituals, myths and everyday joys and frustrations. Twists, dreads, comb styles, weaves, fluffed, afro-d, dyed, treated: every style has its own stories, anecdotes, occasions and meanings. There are special 'hair' days in our lives too: bridal hair, coming of age hair cuts, graduation styles: each one says a different something about ourselves, presents us in a different way to the world.

Commonword in association with Suitcase Press wants to publish an anthology of black people's writings on the subject of Hair. Says co-editor, Shirley May, 'if you have poetry, poetic writing or short anecdotes about Hair, however bizarre, moving or profound, this could be your chance to see your writing in print.'

Stuck for an idea? Some areas you may want to try write about:

The salon, working in a salon, or mobile salon?

Relatives who do hair for people, a scene (e.g. see below) or the hairless ones at birth who go on to have a huge head of hair!

Barbershop banter and characters.

Family taboos/prohibitions on ever cutting hair or the terrors of the hot comb (for those who remember them!) and dubious hazards of chemical treatments

Still stuck? Try bouncing off this short passage:

How many hours spent as a child at aunty's feet as she twists and corn rows and plaits, and all the while the conversation among women drifting like a gentle sea spray in a hot wind. A together time, even as you hear the crack of arthritic bones wrestling with your twists. And under those hands you learn of grandma's fooling around in her younger days, of the correct back a yard recipe for chicken soup including how to catch your chicken, of how your great great grandfather was a carver and furniture maker and how he could fish up conch shells from the sea.

The closing date for submissions is 31st October 2005. For further information contact the Hair Anthology Editors:

Shorelines: 0161 620 4115 email: [info@shorelines.org.uk](mailto:info@shorelines.org.uk) or Commonword: 0161 832 3777. email [cultureword@commonword.org.uk](mailto:cultureword@commonword.org.uk)

## PUBLISH YOUR WORK ON THE WEB

There is a page on the FWWCP website just waiting to be filled with new pieces of work by Fed members. If your latest poem or short prose piece is looking for an audience, send it to the Fed and we will put it on the NEW WRITING page.

As more new work is submitted, earlier pieces will still be available on the NEW WRITING ARCHIVE.

Work may be sent by e-mail to [thefwwcp@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:thefwwcp@tiscali.co.uk) or on paper and posted to

The FWWCP  
Burslem School of Art,  
Queen Street,  
Stoke-on-Trent  
ST6 3EJ.

Please bear in mind that short is best for the Internet. Visitors will probably not want to read large blocks of text on screen and shorter means more people's work can be represented.

# Book NOW for the 2006 FWWCP Festival of Writing!

FEDfest06 takes place between April 28th to 30th 2006 at Stamford Hall, The University of Leicester

The Fed is already planning for FEDfest06, the 30th anniversary Festival, with workshops, readings, discussions, book stalls, networking. Stamford Hall is a lovely venue, with good road and rail communications.



It would be great if in 2006 representatives of all member groups attend. Remember we welcome all to attend, not just Fed members!

The weekend will cost £130 for Members and £160 for non-Members, which includes all workshops and accommodation.

***Members, if you get your booking in before March 1st 2006 you pay just £115, a saving of £15!***

For a booking form ring 01782 822327 or book right away on line using PayPal, at the Fed's website [www.thefwwcp.org.uk](http://www.thefwwcp.org.uk)

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We look forward to meeting you there, it really is a great weekend!

# Federation Magazine Next Issue

The deadline for submissions of articles and reviews for consideration for issue 31 is October 28th 2005.

Post to:

FWWCP, Burslem School of Art, Queen Street, Stoke-on-Trent ST6 3EJ

E-mail: [fedmag@tiscali.co.uk](mailto:fedmag@tiscali.co.uk)

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