

[Andrew Gallix]

3:AM REVIEW: ALL KINDS OF DISORDER



3:AM's **Randolph Carter** reviews **Nick Burbridge's** *All Kinds of Disorder* (Waterloo Press):

All Kinds of Disorder (Waterloo Press) is **Nick Burbridge's** second collection of poetry complete with a 5 track sampler CD of readings arranged with music and effects by **The Levellers'** Jon Sevinck for a commercial recording to be released in spring 2006.

These are secretly angry pieces, depressing and depressive: the energies they hide within are what on the surface might be taken for lyricism and acceptance. But there's a hatred of dying and death here, a vital awareness of the sheer nastiness of time, and any attempt to be funny, to find humour or anything humanly uplifting seems curdled in the bitterness of its underlying, controlling mood. Something is wrong here, and Burbridge has the courage to write out the wrongness like a madman exposing the moral vacuity of bluebottles. It is all just weird. Lyrical and romantic though they are, there is nothing necessarily "confessional" in these voices though inevitably that is how such poetry contrives to impress.

Women seem to be a problem throughout for the men in this collection. Again, like the general bitterness and the hatred, this is often subterranean and often couched in terms that almost suggest the opposite. But there are moments when this bleak attitude bubbles to the surface, as in "The man Next Door" where suddenly the lines "*Woman, you have / single-handedly caused me / more damage than / all my enemies together*" rise up. To hear such a line is brilliantly glossed by the poet himself as like hearing "*W.C Fields without / the comfort of th camera.*" Here is the secret of the success of this collection. Without the warm avuncular presence of the physicality of the man, words are harsh and destructive, both to the self and others. Throughout, the poet is conscious of what is lost when in the presence of just the voice, written out on a page. Constantly the poet attempts to conjure up the lost bodies, and throughout there are the names of objects that are asked to present the comfort that the poet is asking for.

It is the very uncomfortable nature of the poet's subject matter that drives the writing to continually circle round the exposed hurts of many of the people that populate the collection. None of them are satisfactory people, all of them seem to be hurting and hurting others too. The poet doesn't let himself off the hook either even though occasionally we find him trying out the heroic stance to push away the more obvious and crushing self-awarenesses that he continually exposes. So again in "The Man Next Door" he first writes of his dreaming "*...as a young man, / of common spaces where noble epic / and pole-dance could work together...*" and we capture the urgency of his desire, which

still hovers round the rim of each of these poems, of youth and the physical needs of youth, sex and ambition, before the reality of the older, non-youthful self kicks in with the rather overblown deflationary statement: *"I see now my career's unfolded to the letter."*

It is in the letter however that the poet works his way back to the heroic dreams of youth and though the Beckett-like last line of the stanza *"But no emission on my sheets is / of evolutionary consequence"* might be read as an admission of grave defeat and stoic resignation in the face of extinction, the fact that it is so resolutely Beckett-like reminds us that the poet knows where this kind of line comes from. He still reaches for a kind of immortality and so, like all good poets, is grasping for whatever can be found in the embers and ashes.

Romantic lyric poetry that takes despair and loss as its driving forces can often seem too self-absorbed and selfish and sometimes the poems do indulge a little too much in getting himself off the hook. Relationships that have gone bad are often excused on time passing, carelessness, a kind of fated road rather than anything done by the poet through choice. I guess there's a sense that sometimes you read the poem and think that they let the poet off too lightly. Sometimes you think that he doesn't deserve such a rich consolation of despair. The despairing, dying fall of the voice rinses away a wrongdoing in a way that seems too easy. But then, there are moments of real lyric power and beauty and there are moments of real human closeness and nature which pull you in and deliver awful and terrible dramas. Throughout there are fathers and children, old men and young women, old men and young men facing epiphanies -- and indeed the poetry works through a series of these in order to deliver their bullets-- and at his best he shoves around images to ensure that the moments smash through into the eye with dead-on force.

In "Panic Stations", where the father collapses in one of those domestic scenes Burbridge uses so well to convey the frailty of happiness and which rip apart the thin veneer of routine, he writes *"He lay like a stunned mullet. / She picked up the rabbit shits / from the stairs, one by one; / in slow riffs of creak and air / the house slipped back into a kilter, / unable to evict the agency of fear/billeted in her home now / for his private war."* And what the poet does so well is captured in this stanza. The destroyed man and the burden men are to their women, the distorted domesticity that men bring through the violence of their weakness rather than their strength, a weakness which he understands as a "private war."



It captures the unique vision of this poet who sees the private wars of men, their hidden worlds that are buried in their heads

and are rarely seen, as something precious and yet utterly destructive and dangerous, especially to the women who come to love them. What is interesting is that the poet rarely can go to the final judgement of these wars and condemn them wholeheartedly and there's a sense that this failure to come down in any image or any poem with a clear sense of what it is that is happening inside these men is actually a mystery to the poet. The poems come out of the secret male places. These are poems that are the poet's own "private war" and it is because of this that they seem so revealing and at the same time secretive. The disorder of the title is the act of poetry itself, the motivation for the lyric anxiety in Burbridge's collection make his poetry a "masquerade" or "*a night-shelter / for some lost family or other.*"

He is writing inside the masquerade, building the night shelter rather than standing outside it, analysing it, thinking about it. The disorder comes through a collusion with the very forces of destruction about which he writes. There is a confusion in where he stands then, but out of this confusion is the discomfort we as readers feel when reading his poetry. "*Hold this focus / and burden; / drenched in tears / and trembling with / the weight of our sorrows / how will we fight?*" he asks in "Coalition". It is a brave question to ask, because in these poems you wonder if the voice is "ally or enemy", indeed you wonder if the poet himself is asking the very same question and then diving for cover in case the judgement is too harsh to bear.

Burbridge has conjured up fiercely lyrical, personal voices that scare the hell out of you because they are so unperturbed by their own lack of responsibility. You feel throughout they are the voices of self-pity without a sense of levelling responsibility. It is this that gives each poem a powerful undertow of discomfort, agony and bitterness, the sense that these are monstrously lying voices, sociopaths (maybe psychopaths in the case of "Coalition"). The compromised tenderness and strange wrongness reminded me of the kind of voices conjured up by the great [Patricia Highsmith](#); indeed I felt that had her psychopathic hero Ripley gone and lived in Sussex and joined a folk band he might have written these poems. Burbridge is a poet of this dysfunctional sensibility, imagining these terrible, terrified people and their cruel, careless, compromising lives with empathy and tolerance they probably don't deserve. As such, these are poems we should welcome.

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http://www.3ammagazine.com/buzzwordsblog/2006/03/3am-review-all-kinds-of-disorder_18.html

Nick Burbridge: All Kinds Of Disorder
Reviewed by Will Daunt

Nick Burbridge is a fine story teller, whose poems are both worldly and wise. **All Kinds Of Disorder** bustles with life, like a small community, its inhabitants portrayed with deftness, diversity and detail.

Pipe and Slippers exemplifies Burbridge's most accessible work, capturing the remoteness of marriage in retirement, and the contradictory cocktail of freedom and ailment:

Mother works long hours at the library...
or sits in the kitchen with her French novels,
as he limps down the hall,
a stranger she cannot accommodate.

Aging is a preoccupation disturbingly explored in *Last Waltz*, the poignant tribute to a dying musician. The theme develops in *Just Like that*, about a father figure, attentive to his young son, but neglected after an adolescent "moment". The son's perspective seems chilling:

He's eighty-five now. We don't see much of him.
But I think about his funeral...
I want to watch him watching
as they lover his body down.

The apparently clinical distance between the generations is bridged by one of those random connectives, Tommy Cooper "playing Hamlet on a tilting ship". Further contradictions are explored in the ironic layers of *The Man Next Door*, where the narrator enviously spies on an older writer. The resulting poem personifies the unfulfilled creative urge:

I know a good wine, I am the epitome
of hospitality and cleanliness.
But no emission on my sheets is
of evolutionary consequence.

"Disorders" beyond the family unit are captured on many occasions with a shrewd and compelling attention to details. In *Parsifal* one figure's arrival in a supermarket captures how a minor event can hoick out our prejudices:

A bad luck hulk comes downhill with his bust shoes
split carriers and piss stains, eyes burnt blue.

The street opens. A river runs through.

The title of *The Power Of Prayer* has an acerbic irony. Here, there is a recreation of the impact on a quiet community of Bohemian, but irritating neighbours. Some unspoken plea from and for normality is satisfied, when one half of the unwanted couple is pulverised against a tree in the street. The narrator is repentant for wishing it, yet more concerned that equilibrium's been restored:

...this is what I've worked for,
this is what I have to protect.

There are other layers of Burbridge's writing, and some are less accessible, but intriguing. For example, *The One Turning The Other Way* is a more subtle exploration of father/son relationships and *Shrink* is a roller-coaster of images, perhaps as seen by a psychiatrist, perhaps by their patients.

The Waterloo Samplers series combines a neat production with an attractive price; the book also includes a CD sampler. Burbridge's ironic and sparky reading, as well as a natural humour, makes more of an impact than the accompanying musical doodling.

Envoi 144

All Kinds Of Disorder
Nick Burbridge
Waterloo Press

This is a pamphlet with a difference: it comes complete with 'five track CD sampler of reading arranged with music and effects' - a trailer for a commercial recording to be released this Spring. The poet/reader is a 'seasoned songwriter' and the accompanying flyer describes his work as 'driven by internal rhythms and a deep musical sense'. I liked the sound of this.

As I read through the pamphlet though, 'musical' was not the adjective that sprang to mind. To my ear, Burbridge's typical line breaks mark natural speech pauses in prose-style delivery, rather than drive rhythm or cadence:

The first hot day in June
the plunge occurred
on the banks of the Ouse
at a picnic, by Barcombe Mills.

Nonetheless, I put the CD on with interest, curious to know whether it would evoke voice music I hadn't picked up on. I was somewhat nonplussed to find that two of the five poems on the CD aren't in the pamphlet at all. Why not? One of these two tracks, 'Up In Smoke', could not be more relevant to a collection entitled *All Kinds Of Disorder*, being a sort of letter to Santa, a.k.a 'old Doctor Birmingham' 'or any other who might want to put on a red suit and try out a few belly laughs.' The letter-writer explains what gifts not to bring (e.g. 'learned papers on the biochemistry of disorder') and states his preference (quoted here in prose, since I can't guess the line breaks from a sound track): 'Please substitute...a sense of time that passes on a well-paced linear path, where the loved remain in the heart and we are this evening who we were this morning.' I liked this - its mixture of pathos, humour and tenderness - and regretted its absence in paper format.

Despite some misgivings about voice/backing balance and some of the sound effects (e.g. birds tweeting in the woods in 'Moondance'), I was fascinated by the effect of listening to the CD. It did make me read the poems differently. Burbridge has a habit of holding the vowels just slightly longer than usual, so that there is a singing quality to his dead-pan statements which reminded me a little of the late Ivor Cutler. Without the CD, I'm not sure the pamphlet would have done much for me. With it, I will remember him.

Helena Nelson
Ambit 184

All Kinds Of Disorder by Nick Burbridge
Waterloo Press

All Kinds Of Disorder by Nick Burbridge, Waterloo Press

A frustrating jumble of a book, mixing brilliance with filler, the latter predominating. The former occurs in lines such as '...muslin-/caught like mannequins/in poses of commitment' (Professionals); 'Involvement begins with a steep roll in the gut' ("Shrink"), and in one entire poem. This is titled "The One Turning The Other Way", and I've yet to exhaust my reading of it. It catches that deep ache for what is lost and gone, of how it stays and resonates, like few other elegies I've ever read:

No one is absent.

In mid-course we are waiting
for what we think we cannot meet
yet master with soft hands and still head:
the timeless mingling of our thoughts,
son and father, willow in our hearts.

And, yes, it contains another brilliant line 'Among dark flights the marrow of this old house stretches.' The poet who can write that, however, also chooses to publish this: 'My rack/for/your bed' ("Cuts")

The filler occurs in sequences such as his "Festival Tales", which are character studies in the main:

Tom hit a bad patch at the care co-op
where he loved and lost Belinda,
entirely without legs, a trunk of sharp pains,
and no inclination to take it in good heart.
He had to watch as her wires failed
and she fell silent in her steel chair.

His interest in carpentry and baskets dwindled
and, hailed on brief journeys, he answered,
but without his customary verve.

("Outreach")

There are related poems about a 'celebrated playwright', a Hove musician, the man next door, a retired teacher, and chavvy Steve and Leila. Reading them put me in mind of Pope 'Who breaks a butterfly on a wheel?' Real or fictitious, I wanted these people to have the right to reply.

Too many poems in this collection have irregular lines and rhythms, and no fixed stanza pattern, features, I believe, which are among those that distinguish poetry from prose. Speaking of which:

We went fishing in the Arun
when the sun came out;
I crouched on the bank, threading lead,
while he put up his chair
by the car and practised speeches
on the redistribution of Health Service funds,
and waved when I caught something.

("Just Like That")

It's perfectly serviceable prose. But poetry?

Paul Lee
Poetry Nottingham

This collection of poetry, with an accompanying CD, by the multi-talented Brighton writer, Nick Burbridge, doesn't shrink from the anxieties that trouble us all. Reflections on cancer, old age, mental illness, infirmity, sudden emergency and other disturbing life events are set in familiar domestic environments with which we can all, uneasily, identify.

The thoughts are dark. But his touch is so light and wry that we can respond with compassion born of shared experience rather than a shudder.

My highlight? A shrewdly perceptive and entertaining reflection on retirement called Pipe And Slippers.

Freddie Lawrence

The Argus

All Kinds Of Disorder (from Waterloo Press) is Nick Burbridge's recently published second collection of poetry, an edition funded by the Arts Council of England, which probes his eccentric and distorted experience, full of dark humour and witty asides.

There is a feeling reminiscent of the late Ivor Cutler, whose ability to probe the seemingly insignificant aspects of everyday life Burbridge successfully mirrors. This is especially true during the specially chosen readings on the five track sampler CD, arranged to eerie effect with music and effects by The Levellers' Jon Sevink.

Barry Hodge

Lookout

All Kinds Of Disorder by **Nick Burbridge**

The Waterloo Samplers series is characterised by high production values, and this collection is no exception. Nick Burbridge's poetry makes the reader work to varying degrees and for this reader is most successful when less densely textured than in, for example, 'Shrink': 'Involvement begins with a steep roll in the gut./You are not in the business of support./Order the bolt at the temple.' More obviously personal poems like 'The Man Next Door' and 'Just Like That' are very accomplished pieces of writing.

Jeremy Page

The Frogmore Papers

Nick Burbridge's second collection, *All Kinds Of Disorder*, is part of the ever interesting Waterloo Samplers series and comes with a five-track sampler CD of readings arranged with music and effects by Jon Sevink of The Levellers. It also comes with some moving and effectively written poems such as 'Last Waltz' which unsentimentally depicts a hospital visit to a terminally-ill patient: "As you leave he looks towards you/like a sparrow in a box". Burbridge is equally spot-on when it comes to urban portraiture, as poems such as 'OI!' and 'Moondance' demonstrate. Good work and nicely packaged.

Nessa O'Mahony

Orbis 136

<http://www.poetrymagazines.org.uk/magazine/index.asp?id=52>

http://www.shitenonions.com/news_new.html

All Kinds Of Disorder

Nick Burbridge (Book & sampler CD)

Nick's own band, McDermott's Two Hours, and The Levellers have both recorded many of his compositions. In this book he presents another selection of his poetry, together with a reading on a 5-track sampler CD, with some atmospheric guitar or synthesiser backing.

Poetry, perhaps, even more than songs or music, is very much a personal taste, and anyone looking for rhyming couplets will be disappointed. But there are some deep insights here into human nature, poignantly expressed, sometimes with a degree of black humour, as in *The Power Of Prayer*. I can't say I got the point of all the offerings, but a sizeable number certainly made a strong impression.

Different gems may sparkle for other readers of his musing.

Colin Andrews,

What's Afoot

Nick Burbridge - All kinds Of Disorder (Waterloo Press)

Brighton-based Nick, best known to NetRhythms readers as long-term Levellers collaborator and leading member of that fine band McDermott's Two Hours, is not just an accomplished musician, singer/songwriter and playwright running his own fringe theatre company! For as this book proves beyond a shadow of doubt, he's a highly literate writer of poetry who's not afraid to probe unusual experiences with a level of consciously poetic expression that might be considered unfashionable. All Kinds Of Disorder is, perhaps surprisingly, only Nick's second book of poetry (his first, *On Call*, came out in 1994), yet its jewel-like qualities make it worth waiting for. It comes in a pamphlet edition which is funded by the Arts Council Of England, and the package also includes an intriguing five-track sampler CD containing readings of three of its poems (*Just Like That*, *Children*, *Moondance*), together with two other pieces of undefined origin (*Up In Smoke*, *Dance 6*), all arranged with accompanying music and effects tracks by the Levellers' Jon Sevink (these being taken from a full-length "soundtrack" CD containing ten or eleven arranged poems that's planned for release later this year). I liked Nick's poetry a lot, appreciating its rich variety, its economy of image and its piquancy of expression - all qualities which come naturally to a gifted songwriter yet which are not necessarily (let alone automatically) present in the work of contemporary poets. That doesn't mean, of course, that his poems could be sung - but that the qualities alluded to above are creatively harnessed at the service of a different discipline. Nick's poetry communicates by the kind of telling combination of pithiness and linguistic truth which can be found in the poetry of e e cummings, and altogether without compromising artistic or social commentary values. Mirroring the strangeness of experience and reality, disturbing yet entirely logical shifts of emotional perception and stance occur credibly within the space of a short poem like the opening *Last Waltz*, while longer pieces like *The Man Next Door* and *Shrink* are altogether more expansive in construction, panning out into an almost cinematic grandeur of imagery. Knowing cultural references are relevantly and believably integrated rather than being forced in for mere effect or to achieve a false degree of reader-bonding. Communal - if often quite dark - humour is inhabited by a deep compassion of understanding. Society truths are examined almost detachedly in the curiously conversational *The Power Of Prayer*, while *Virtual Reality* places a simple landscape vision into the realm of understated philosophical sci-fi. Other poems, like *The One Turning The Other Way*, may recall the visionary thoughts of Auden or Eliot; if not quite embodying those masters' potent innate musicality, Nick's adept use of internal rhythms is still striking. The healthy spirit of optimism pervading much of the volume is strongly in evidence in the final selection *Celibate*. This is a powerful volume of poetry, and I look forward to hearing the fuller-length soundtrack CD.

www.burbridgearts.org

David Kidman

<http://www.netrhythms.co.uk/reviews.html>

Top : Other : 'All Kinds of Disorder' Poetry Book and Sample CD (no album reference)

'All Kinds of Disorder' Poetry Book and Sample CD (no album reference)
by **Nick Burbridge (poetry) and Jon Sevink (music)**



'All Kinds of Disorder' Poetry Book and Sample CD (no album reference)
By
Nick Burbridge (poetry) and Jon Sevink (music)

If you think that poetry is all about namby-pamby daffodils and romantic ideals, you will be in for a rude awakening when you read 'All Kinds of Disorder'.

The book starts with a poem about a musician dying of cancer and the next is about an incompetent shrink. It is a dark world that the poet lives in at times, and his poems reflect that with eyewatering honesty. Yet his sense of humour and bravery mean that these poems are never self-pitying or preachy, and instead compel us to feel compassion towards those at the lowest ebb of life, and to recognise their humanity - the dying, the mentally ill, men with hairy torsoes. It isn't all doom and gloom - there are also touching poems about his son and his youngest daughter, angry poems about war and social justice.

The CD which accompanies the poetry book is a reading of a selection of the poems by the and accompanying music by Jon Sevink, the fiddle player from the Levellers. In the reading of poetry to folk music Nick Burbridge may well have invented another genre! He is a superb performance poet and Jon's intricate music fits the words superbly.

Why should you buy this CD? Because Nick Burbridge is a genius and his work could easily be compared to that of Blake or Coleridge. Get yourself some 'proper' poetry!

'All Kinds of Disorder' is available from [www.burbridgearts](http://www.burbridgearts.com) or www.levellers.co.uk

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<http://www.folking.com/reviews/reviews/684.shtml>

Author: Nick Burbridge
Title: All Kinds of Disorder
Publisher: Waterloo Press, Hove, 2006
Price: £3.50
ISBN: 1-902731-29-8

As the title suggests, dysfunction is embraced indiscriminately in this collection, whether physical, mental, emotional, social or aesthetic. That is not to say that it admits of that disorder itself; in fact it is a sensitive and measured articulation of the desperate struggles with the darker side of being many of us are faced with at some time or other in our lives. With a distinctly lyrical lilt and a calm yet penetrating evenness of tone, Burbridge plumbs the depths of cancer, osteoporosis, epilepsy, schizophrenia, paranoia, depression and severe anxiety disorder. The real strength lies in the lightness and humour with which the gravity of the subjects is dispersed, remaining faithful to the undeniable seriousness of the experiences rendered. In 'Shrink' the narrator is instructed to 'Carefully replace thoughts / of smoked salmon and your wife's inner thigh / with riddles of anticipation' and this comic repudiation of superficial understanding of the complexity of mental illness is echoed elsewhere, in 'secrets neatly papered and dark memories / washed over with magnolia.' The darkness is, however, forced into retreat by the illumination of poetic articulation, through confronting and exploring the fearful and uncertain depths of neurosis in the written word.

Like a tribal incantation, these words flow in 'unstopped cadences / that summon and echo dark moments of belief.' The distorted and delusional belief, in 'The Power of Prayer,' that one can kill one's neighbour merely by meditating wilfully on that eventuality, is one of those dark moments. In another poem about neighbours, the effort to escape the confines of your own narrow, troubled existence in order to enjoy the perspective of another is realised: 'he fills my imagination - / much as, at times, I am drawn / to the barred windows / and wired perimeters of prisons, / vicarious contrition capped by relief, / the taste of freedom.'

The war against disorder culminates in 'War Vigil', a poem of rich aural texture, conjuring an image of a candlelit lake with 'waving flames around the island thicket / where mallard and moorhen slumber.' Despite the profusion of entropy in all its various forms, the poems leave the reader with a prevailing peacefulness, ending with the optimistic assertion that: 'all manner of thing shall be well'. Fluent and highly readable, this pamphlet provides valuable insights into the perspectives of sufferers and help people to understand and empathise with them. Surely this is one of the most powerful functions of the poem; carving out a space where the reader can 'through the act of attention,' see through the eyes of another. It's good value for money too.

The accompanying CD combines music by Jon Sevink with five poems from the collection.

Karen Smith
Poetry Express

Nick Burbridge: 'All Kinds of Disorder - Waterloo Samplers No. 13' (Waterloo Press)

This consists of a book of poems produced (with Arts Council backing) with accompanying sampler of five tracks of what will be a forthcoming CD. The words are by Nick and the music on the record is by Jon Sevink.

Nick clearly has plenty of experience and talent to offer. **Just Like That** is charming as it changes through the verses from innocent pleasures of father and child via the questionable dangers of couldn't-care-less teenage background to wanting to meet minds at the end. Fiddle and guitar support the texture of the words. His matter of fact voice makes pictures with every word. It's very neatly done.

Children needs more than one listen. I was not entirely sure whether it was one parent comparing notes with another marveling about their offspring or parent and children wondering about the flotsam and jetsam of waking life. On balance, I much prefer the former. Either way, it is beautiful. The words of **Panic Stations** describe a few minutes of private terror and how it is almost automatically coped with. The words on the page seem simple enough but they are very carefully used. Since this does not feature on the CD, it is a perfect vehicle for comparing the quality of Nick's poetry, with and without his voice. The pictures in the mind created here are still strong.

Up in Smoke, the third track, does not feature in the book. It seems joyfully jaundiced about conventional Christmas activities complete with illustrative backing 'noise' including festive muzac tunes. There are some very collectable lines. **Dance 6** sounds very like a festival of envy of friends against a ridiculously talented and fortunate third person. **Moondance** illustrates the clear, vivid imagination of a much loved child. Strings and birdsong weave in and out of Nick's understated but fascinating voice.

This forthcoming CD album is obviously going to be good and Nick should be a very talented performer if his live performance is anything like as effective as the work on this sampler. I wish him and Jon all the best in what may be a very productive, enjoyable and unusual piece of work.

For more information about the book and record, contact www.levellers.co.uk

John Denny (**Folk Mag**)

Nick Burbridge: Fireside Hymns From A Thoroughly Modern

26 February 2006

Poet

Nick Burbridge has produced a wonderfully warm and rustic series of poems in his latest collection, *All Kinds Of Disorder*.



Nick and Ben Burbridge

The follow-up to 1994's *On Call* flows with wonderfully descriptive, almost song-like, verse.

The experience of dipping in-and-out of the collection is akin to sitting by a country pub fire and being enthralled by the **folk-singer/storyteller's fireside hymns** .. as he/she retails the wrongs and rights of times of yore.

All Kinds Of Disorder is a collection which probes **eccentric and distorted experience**, full of dark humour, but constantly illuminated by compassion

and attachment, and a profound aesthetic faith.

The writing is subtly measured, yet as one would expect from a seasoned songwriter, driven by **internal rhythms and a deep musical sense**.

It's been said that **poetry and music** have always gone together .. and Brighton-based Burbridge is an Anglo-Irish writer who stays true to that missive.

As a singer/songwriter he has made five albums with his band McDermott's Two Hours, three in collaboration with The Levellers, who covered his song **Dirty Davey**. He is currently at work on a new recording.

The pamphlet edition, funded by the Arts Council Of England, comes complete with a five track sampler CD of readings arranged with music and effects by *The Levellers'* **Jon Sevink**.

To order, or for any further information, use the contact form on www.burbridgearts.org, email nick@burbridgearts.org

http://magazine.brighton.co.uk/index.asp?art_id=1964

All Kinds Of Disorder

All Kinds Of Disorder (Waterloo Press) is **Nick Burbridge's** second collection of poetry, a pamphlet edition funded by the Arts Council Of England, complete with a five track sampler CD of readings arranged with music and effects by **The Levellers'** Jon Sevink, for a commercial recording to be released in Spring 2006.

Nick Burbridge is an Anglo-Irish writer, who lives in Brighton. His first collection of poetry, **On Call**, was published by Envoi Poets in 1994. As a singer/songwriter he has made five albums with his band **McDermott's Two Hours**, three in collaboration with The Levellers, who covered his song Dirty Davey on their eponymous number one selling album. He is currently at work on a new recording.



Nicholas Burbridge

His plays include **Dirty Tricks** (Soho Theatre Company), **Vermin** (Finborough), and **Cock Robin** (Verity Bargate Award Runner-up). He runs his own fringe theatre company, and his work is broadcast regularly on BBC Radio 4.

Nick has had one novel, **Operation Emerald** (Pluto), published under the pseudonym Dominic McCartan. He collaborated with Captain Fred Holroyd on **War Without Honour** (Medium), launched at the House of Commons. His short stories appear often in literary magazines, and Arts Council anthologies. He also performs live as a musician at major festivals and other venues.

All Kinds Of Disorder is a collection which probes eccentric and distorted experience, full of dark humour, but constantly illuminated by compassion and attachment, and a profound aesthetic faith. The writing is subtly measured, yet as one would expect from a seasoned songwriter, driven by internal rhythms and a deep musical sense.

'Burbridge's work allies imagistic skill with important social subjects. A good modern poet not afraid to be poetic.'

Alan Morrison

About On Call:

'full of richness and variety - the poems are life-affirming and unafraid' **Ore**

'strong and clipped verse with a striking undercurrent' **Weyfarers**

'frank and uncompromising' Envoi

www.burbridgearts.org

Below are some samples from the book.

Last Waltz

Stage-lights on his scalp.
Trenched face, half-empty clothes.
Chords struck with a numb pick.
Sojourns on a stool, shut-eyed.
Etched voice sparsely used, still intact.
A dredged encore.

In the white room afterwards
you hold him so hard it hurts,
fumble for his hand, and end,
stroking his neck, lost for words.

As you leave he looks towards you
like a sparrow in a box,
lost to the cancer
crowing in his lungs.

He forces a last line:
See you soon.
Defiant or dead-pan.
Like a smoke-ring, let it hang

Despair

Always you say
it takes you by surprise;

as if you were unaware of him practising,
each time your back was turned

a touch here, a stroke there,
poised with his brush against his lower lip;

so that now when you look round
and the whole scene is obscured

by his dark grey wash, you say,
I didn't see this coming; and he laughs,

as he takes your head
and buries it in his chest.



All Kinds Of Disorder £ 5

All Kinds Of Disorder is Nick Burbridge's second collection of poetry, a pamphlet edition funded by the Arts Council Of England, complete with a five track sampler CD of readings arranged with music and effects by the Levellers' Jon Sevink, for a commercial recording to be released in Spring 2006. All Kinds Of Disorder is a collection which probes eccentric and distorted experience, full of dark humour, but constantly illuminated by compassion and attachment, and a profound aesthetic faith. The writing is subtly measured, yet as one would expect from a seasoned songwriter, driven by internal rhythms and a deep musical sense.

£ 5



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BOOK REVIEW

All Kinds Of Disorder- Nick Burbridge Waterloo Press

This is Nick's 2nd collection of poems. It comes with a five track sampler CD of readings with music arranged by Jon Sevink (Levellers)

Here is a good modern poet who's not afraid to express himself. The poems reflect great human compassion amid the harsh grim realities of life that can be so uncompromising. Full of dark humour with its eccentric and distorted experiences, despair, loss but also hope and joyful realisation.

Two poems stand out 'Celibate' and 'Moondance' - "A stronghold that lasts as long as she dreams".

Being a seasoned songwriter and musician (McDermott's Two Hours) the writing is driven by internal rhythms - Nick has written many plays (broadcast on Radio 4), short stories and one novel and runs his own fringe theatre company.

Kathy and Bob Drage

Around Kent Folk



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All Kinds Of Disorder

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'Burbridge's work allies imagistic skill with important social subjects. A good modern poet not afraid to be poetic.' **Alan Morrison**

About On Call:

'full of richness and variety - the poems are life-affirming and unafraid' **Ore**

'strong and clipped verse with a striking undercurrent' **Weyfarers**

'frank and uncompromising' **Envoi**



Kayleigh Steer (27.1.94 - 4.2.05)

All Kinds Of Disorder is released to coincide with the first anniversary of this child's death, and is dedicated to her memory

Sample poems from **All Kinds Of Disorder**: [[1](#)] [[2](#)] [[3](#)] [[4](#)] [[5](#)]

Sample audio files [as MP3] from the CD [[Up In Smoke](#)] [[Dance 6](#)]

To order, or for any further information, [use the contact form](#) or email nick@burbridgearts.org

or write to: 24 Egremont Place Brighton BN2 0GA (01273 609121)

Copies (including CD, p&p) £5.00/ Cheques made payable to Tommy McDermott's Theatre

[Download the press release](#) for **All Kinds Of Disorder**