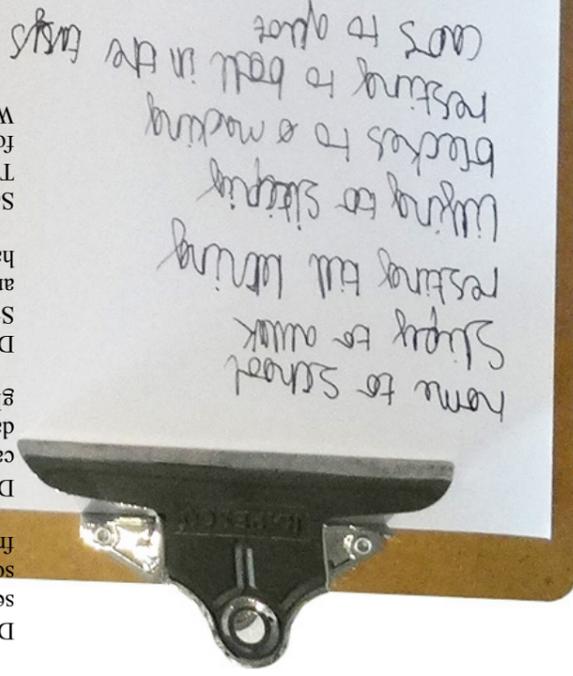


Visit to Laura Oldfield Ford's Exhibition

Fran Thurling

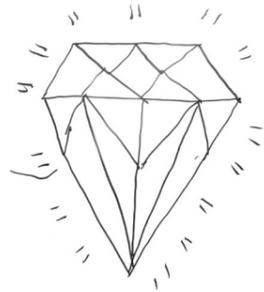
Drift into bright white light space
to view
a gallery of stories
in some new suburbia.
Drift among these trapped young lives
seeking
some refuge, some space, some time
from this too brutal bleakness.
Drift past new suburbanites
caught on
dark, unforgiving board and
glowing pink interiors.
Drift round this transient space.
Suburbs
are shifting, unravelling,
hallucinating, drifting...
Seroxat, Smirnoff, T.H.C.
They wait
for sunlight, cure, roses, riot
Wait for Savage Messiah.



stanleypickergallery:

Poetry & Prose
inspired by
Laura Oldfield Ford's
Seroxat, Smirnoff, THC

Stanley Picker Gallery
November 2014



www.rhythmandmuse.org
www.stanleypickergallery.org

twitter @PickerGallery
020 8417 4074

Someone just left and the room turned pink

Someone just left
and the room turned pink.
Or, maybe, something happened behind my eyes?

Open suitcase
Betrays
Temporary life
Toilet roll
Unused coathangers
Upturned lamp
There is some blue spilling across the bed
Window has leaked into rain-soaked grey
But always the pink
Fluorescent girl baby clothes pink
Highlighter shebert
Amsterdam sexy

Why didn't she hang up her clothes?
Clothes should be hung, shouldn't they?

Maybe the pink is like
The Cat in The Hat stain
It flowed, she fled

She never made herself at home, did she?
Got stuck living out of that suitcase

In the pink?

Home is a place in the head
An attitude of mind

An arrival
A journey
An open suitcase in a pink room you never chose

Home is a decision
Bearly, order, ugliness
Goal or goal, depending on how pink you're feeling

Heart of a place
Death of the heart
The slowest and bleakest of drownings

Someone just left and the room turned pink

Cath Howe Nov 2014

ZONE OF SACRIFICE

Away from jasmine, cherry blossom,
high walls and gates of iron,
deserted and abandoned shells
are where the sacrificed live.

Preferably a peaceful place
with roof and running water.
Rust, rubble, rats, refuse –

A mattress is a bonus.
minor irritations.

Somewhere they can stay a while,
hopefully with friends, to share
their stories, hopes and dreams.

They dream of jobs, respect.
Zero hours is better than zero

so some become slaves
to the telephone master,
to take interesting loans.

And when self medication
is no longer enough to numb
the injustice of it all, they might

rebel, riot, smash and steal.
But electric eyes are everywhere.

a criminal tag and time locked away,
these are large prices to pay
for a bottle of spring water.

The underclass must be sacrificed
to maintain the status quo.

November 2014

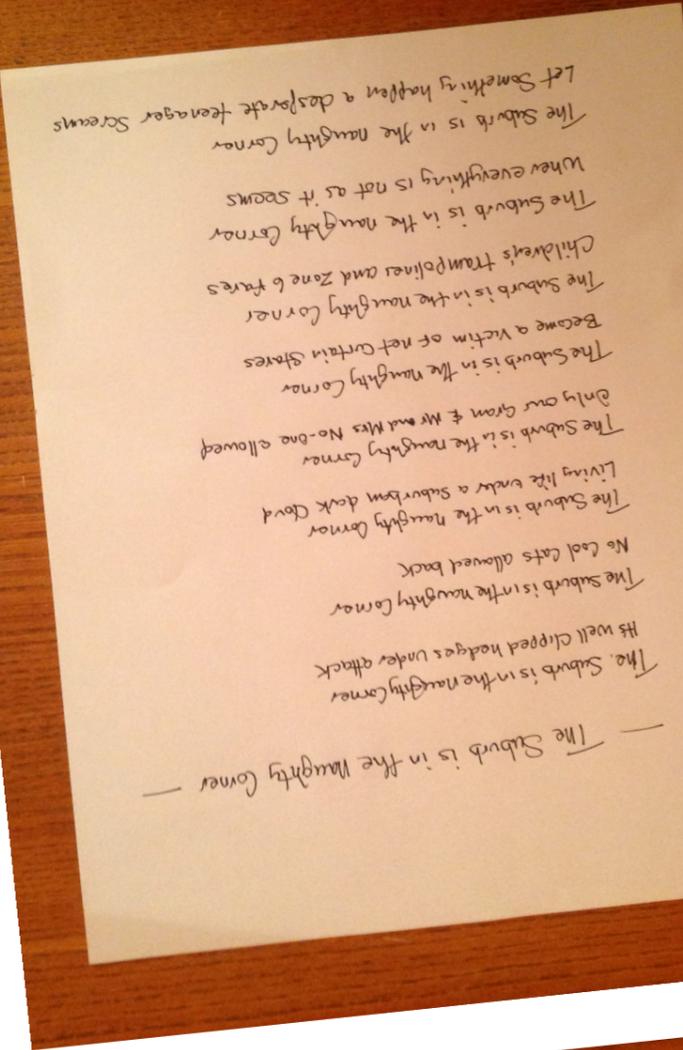
John Grant

Stanley Picker Gallery and Rhythm & Muse, a local Kingston-based poetry collective, invited members of the public - first-time writers to aspiring poets and professionals. to participate in a special poetry and creative writing workshop inspired by *Seroxat, Smirnoff, THC*, an exhibition of drawing, painting, text and photographic artworks by psychogeographer, zine-maker and Stanley Picker Fellow in Fine Art Laura Oldfield Ford.

Taking suburban South West London as a starting point *Seroxat, Smirnoff, THC* addresses issues surrounding contested space, landscape, architecture and memory, reworking the 'dérive' or drift as a subjective process of mapping territory along the lines of social antagonism. Navigation of the exhibition in turn formed the starting point of the poetic explorations, and complemented the current National Poetry Day theme 'Remember'.

We hope that you enjoy our muses.

To find out more or share your own texts visit
www.rhythmandmuse.org
www.stanleypickergallery.org



SUBURB

Green blue grey rose-red-tinted
Queen of the suburbs,
Metroland time capsule,
has roofs with perfect pitch,
Grade 2 listed double glazing
and a model landscape moulded
by the rocks of ages:
- Cut stone architected into border gateposts
- Welsh slate crushed and sprinkled up the garden path.

Iron railings black paint spikes
that would be so unsafe
if they fell into the wrong hands
here show polite restraint:
they beat the bounds between
private house public space,
holding back
the sculpted hedge,
flowering shrub, swaying hollyhock

from the sterile street.

The houses may be full of life
and its happening behind closed doors
but the street itself is empty.
And you only step outside
cos the garden needs attention
or you're on the way to someplace else
or you've just got back.
You're never in the street
for the sake of hangin out.

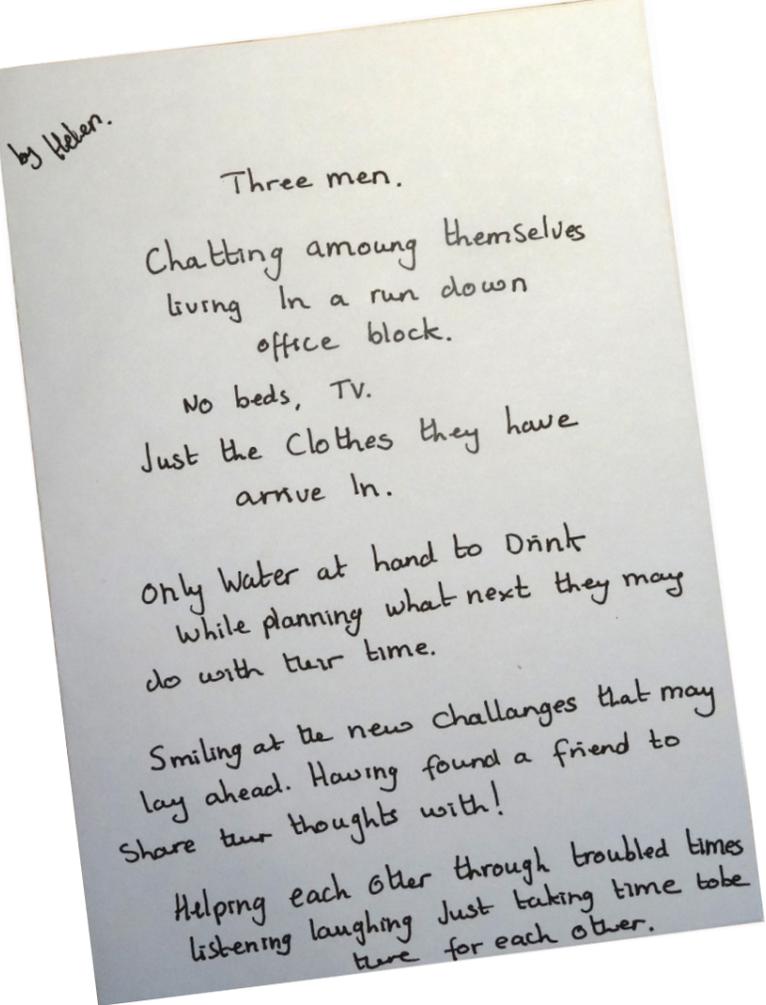
Say one fine day
you did defy convention,
took a garden chair,
placed it on the pavement, sat there,
just to make a statement.
Somebody might notice,
they might pick up the phone,
call you if they know your number -
Is there anyone at home?
No? So are you acting alone?
Or are the carers on their way?

But say they do not see you:
you are still being looked at....
cos the windows over there are watching,
the windows are always watching.

A dreary wet day weighs heavily down
Houses line the streets one by one in formation
Perfectly pruned rose bushes kiss the walls
And cry out for something to be out of place.

Emptiness fills the streets and pavements miss the clatter of footsteps
A breeze rustles through one or two trees
And a tree tilts over straining to carry the weight of living in the suburbs
What is this weight?
How can a place occupied by people be so utterly deserted?
Where is everyone? Why does no one show their face?

Pedro de Barros



High rise flat, brown walls, no curtains.
A laptop is the only connection with the outside world in this prison.

Pedro de Barros

Diamond in the Rough

Scribble down to the underneath
Beneath him
A deserted shop
Blacked out windows bin lined shut
So no-one can peek in

Jake sits behind a window on this world
Of scribbled graffiti and broken glass
He works from home

Tap tap taps on the keyboard
Finishing the project
Staring out at detritus
Living in his suburban mind
His thoughts off to the side a little
Uncentral

He sees a couple kissing
Diamond in the rough grass and broken glass
Enter in the shop below
He hears mumbles and muffled
Clumps

Calls the police
Jake rages, he paid 2k for his so they can get theirs?
Sympathetic coppers break in but nothing is found
Ghosts of graffiti and broken glass

A diamond fracture splinters his perspective
On screen or in a dream
He sees a car driving towards him
He sees goats leaping
He sees a love fake
He sees a tree, graffitied and broken glass
Stuck in its bark

Scribble down to the underneath
Beneath his tap tap tap
He is blacked out windows
He is bin-lined shut
No-one peeks in

By Rachel Sambrooks

Suburban Thorns Cut Deep

The girl labelled Savage Messiah hails wine glass wisdom,
eyes blinkered, one shattered, no illusions beneath the surface.

She's smiling away from the camera, oblivious to its tense, searching radar.
Yet her shoulders are relaxed, her silk dress flimsy in its negligence.

It's the same conversation she's had many times,
so she knows most of the answers.

Overblown roses splice black and white, blood seeping reality;
is this death of the outer city dream, or something else?

A jumble of suburban gardens, flashing by from a high speed train –
juxtaposed, montaged, overlooked.

She'll grin in the face of adversity every time;
grin and bear nothing, grin into eternity.

