





The Response XIV



place

I have so many places stored in my memory. First I see colour & shape then details emerge sharp as knives, low light, cold wind, wet grass, sticky floor; damp coaster, scratchy blanket, pitch pitch black, too too high, long long road. Now that I've been, it's easy to revisit. The colours are slightly off and the smells are made in my head but the copy of the memory can get me close to that place. I store all my memories in all types of places. Cosy in an album, cold on a screen, suffocating in piles in boxes, in books, in globes irritated by snowflakes, speared through the heart and pinned to a board, stuck to a wall, stuck to birthday card, screensaver, wallpaper; in a camera, in a phone, tag, tag, tag, replicate, reprint, reuse, revisit.

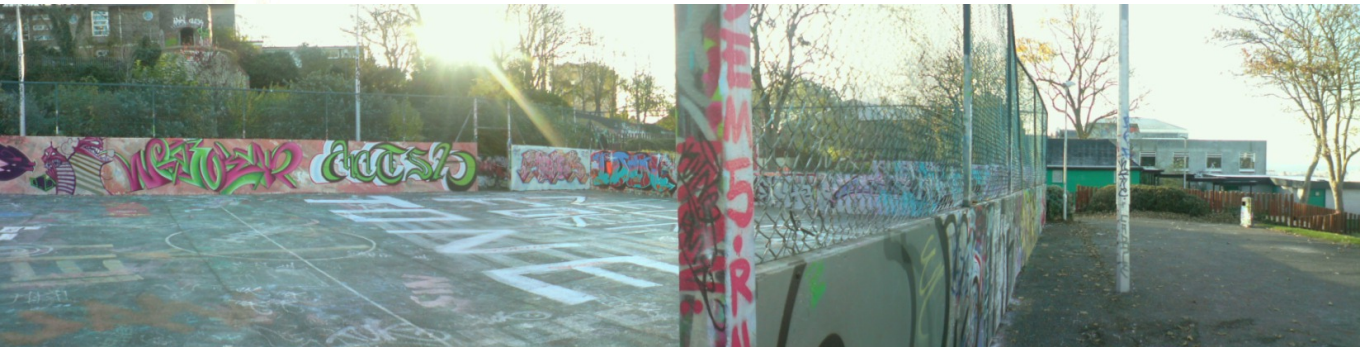


scarlett hermon.



... it reminds me of walking down western road after a late shift. The buildings stand still, like they always do, and will for a few decades or centuries to come. But occasionally a shop doorway is adorned by flattened cardboard, dogs, camping gear and bodies rapped in sleeping bags. A kind of nocturnal architecture, bathed in shadows and moved on once the sun rises.

keith robertson.





darren calder.

time

The edges of the photo are starting to curl.
Sellotape has pulled at the colour, a pin has left
a hole in the head.

The corners are blunt rounding off on all four sides
circling my memories around and around.
I have revisited this photograph every year and
every time it is different. As the distance from here
to the picture grows vast, the image appears more like
a stranger.


I look at my old family album and all I see are ghosts.
Everyday we archive strangers and ghosts.
Ghosts who resemble me, for my eyes or hair, or someone
close to me.

These pictures of the dead send cold blood to my feet.
One day my own archive will be a collection of
ghosts.

scarlett hermon.



joe falconer.



people





The deeper I go the more I find but I will never find you.

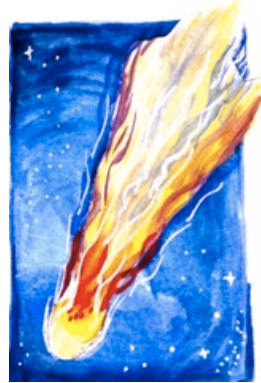
You are smiling in space with your hands on your hips and your head tilted to one side.

Why is that?

The deeper you go the more you find but you will never find me.

The picture might leave you understanding less but you wonder more.






scarlett hermon.

najat zaari.





How do we consider those living on the edge of the social periphery? The answer is not at all straight forward. First of all, what is the 'social periphery' and secondly, is it possible that everyone will experience this at some point in their lives?

While the theme of 'social exclusion' was inspired by La Horizonte's street kids who encounter poverty on a daily basis, I want to discuss how feeling excluded can also occur in our society.

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ildikó Kovács.

When I lived in Edinburgh, I worked in a small independent card and gift shop in the city centre and there was an eccentric 'Big Issue' seller who sold the magazine just outside the shop. Every time I went to work I resented the fact that he "pestered" me to buy one of his papers and I would feel bad for saying no. Because of the clothes he wore and his peculiar personality I made preconceptions about who he was and where he came from. One day, a colleague of mine who was studying psychology at university and was writing her final year dissertation on social class and homelessness asked the big issue seller if he would mind being interviewed for her investigation.

anné-lise mackenzie.

During the course of the interview all of our judgments about him were proved entirely wrong. We discovered that contrary to prior judgment he wasn't the nuisance we had labelled him as. He was in fact a very successful lawyer who'd tragically lost his wife and two children in a horrendous car accident years before. After the accident his life went spiralling downhill.

Unable to cope with his grief he became an alcoholic, lost his job, his friends and eventually his house, leaving him homeless and alone in the world. Who was I to judge this man? He was a functioning member of society and through no fault of his own suddenly found himself socially excluded and unable to recover. This is an example of somebody who didn't choose to live on the edge of society.



keith robertson.





darren calder.

Some people go out of their way to live differently to others. An example of this is the world's most pierced lady. With a face covered in piercings and her body covered in tattoos I had always noticed her walking the streets of Edinburgh. Everyone noticed her and knew her. Some people mock, some people stare and tourist's take photo's. She has consciously decided to look different from others. This was her choice.

She was living life as she wished and for that I am envious. She doesn't feel pressure to be like everyone else and do regular things to be instantly accepted.

anné-lise mackenzie.



angie lowrie.

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