

*Postcards
from*

WOODHOUSE

Postcards from WOODHOUSE

A young persons multi-elemented project, combining creative writing and photography, video and voice work and an artwork build to house all of these elements, produced during the school summer holidays of 2003.

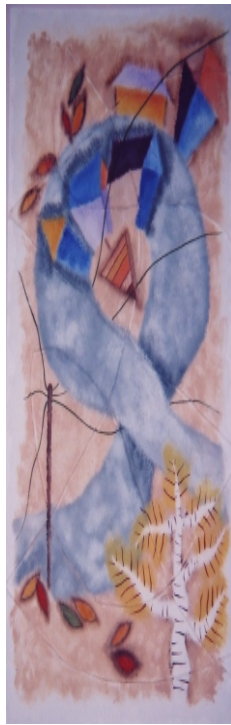
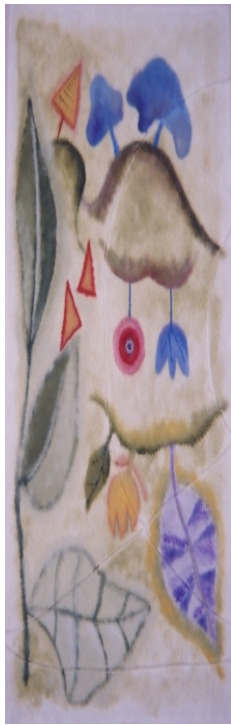
This booklet contains only a small portion of the photographs taken by the young people as they strolled the streets of their estate.

When developed, each of them chose their favourite and the creative writing began.

In some instances, no help was needed, but for most, I helped along their ideas and creative juices, by asking them questions about the image they had picked.

Through the answers given and subsequent conversations, ideas were formulated and these ideas then helped towards the construction of the pieces which you are about to read, writing which is well textured and full of richness.

Together they give us a wonderful insight into their thoughts and feelings.



*Landscape, open spaces; Beauty
Transplanting all that is green.*

*Growth is the development,
Through changes in form and need.*

*One surface to another,
Relocation on demand.*

*Transfiguration; from, to ~
Homes, community; Beauty*



Bright and colourful,
A lively place to be.
A playground for children,
Too late for me.
When I was little,
It was a mess,
Rusty swings and broken glass.
At first glance,
It seems a lot has changed -
But take a closer look,
The same problems remain.

**WALKER
DRIVE**

Walker Drive, Walker Drive,
Wherefore art thou Walker Drive!
It's a street at the heart of the council estate,
Which those looking in, sometimes hate!

Walker Drive, Walker Drive,
Youth & Community Centre.
A building packed with fun,
With loads of things going on for the young.

Walker Drive, Walker Drive,
There is a school there too!
This estate isn't all that bad,
Places to hang out, no time to be sad.



My name is Bobby, standing nice and tall,
Beside me is Rebecca, with hat known to all!
On the other side, Puddy, with his arm outstretched,
Holding on to John Jo; hanging on, having a rest!

We've come across some metalwork; beautiful, looks handmade,
Not broken yet, but maybe with time; paintwork already beginning to fade.
There's graffiti to our left and right; bricks laid all around,
It's a shame that it's been tarnished, this spot that we have found.

Newton's FISH & CHIPS

PIE
PEAS
GRAVY
£1.20

SMALL
GOLDFISH
CHIPS &
PEAS
£1.20

NEW
CONE CHIPS
POP ONLY £1

NEW
CONE CHIPS
POP ONLY £1

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I am ashamed of living on this estate;
It's dirty, with rubbish all around.
The row of shops is an area for 'hang-outs',
Drug takers, leaving their tools behind.
Nothing ever gets done about it.
It makes me feel unsafe living here.
If I were in the Council,
I would clean the place up more;
And tell the Government,
"We need greater powers"
To stop this from happening.



*It looks quiet and peaceful,
Lovely trees, neatly kept hedges.
Houses that have been given the personal touch.
It could be a setting anywhere.
Summer brings out the best in everything.*



Not all the estate is scruffy,
There are good people as well as problem ones!
Some try....
Houses that are kept tidy and clean,
When next door, the grass can be 4 ft!
“Who do they think they are”, is what’s said,
If someone gets new windows!
Tell me....
Why?



I'd like to tell you Mam,
That your garden is very nice.
Hanging baskets, potted plants,
Everything in it's place.

Gnomes that keep guard,
With fairies and cherubs keeping us safe.
I like your garden Mam,
It's a lovely little space.



I like my new house. It's just been decorated. You'll find it just behind the Late Shopper and Peters the Bakers. There used to be another row of houses between us, Ford Way. But it was knocked down because most of the houses were empty and kids would break into them and set them alight. I usually use the Late Shopper to mainly buy sweets and the odd magazine. But I do go in sometimes for my Mam, emergency stuff. Like, the other day I had to rush around there because she can't live without cornflakes!

The council is always sending leaflets through the door saying;
THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE TO BUY YOUR COUNCIL HOUSE
But we're not going to though, because of the area.
It's not worth our money!



Is it that I am caged in,
Or is it that I'm trapped?
I feel so different,
I feel so unsafe.
I sometimes feel like I have been kidnapped.

Beyond the cage are people on the outside,
They are looking in on me,
And I am straining to look out.
It seems to be nice and quiet out there,
But not here, where I am.



I live on the opposite street,
I wake up to this eyesore!
I think that it is a forgotten place.
No-one cares,
No-one takes responsibility.
Nothing changes,
It's a disgrace!



This secret place belongs to my next door neighbour.

~

There are fairies at the bottom of this garden!

When no-one is around, they will come out to play,

Skipping over the circular paving stones.

They dance in front of the statue,

Finding shade under the lovely pink flowering bush.

~

You do believe me, don't you?

WARRING
INTO CLUB
HALL



The doorway to a fun place.

Two pools, big and little.

The little one's for me;

The big one has a slide

An Octopus! Too scary!

You see, I can't swim;

I try, but I don't get very far!

My local swimming baths

Where I have lots of fun!



*Little flowers that have a tint of lilacy blue,
With weeds and dandelions pushing through.
Prickly things that may well grow into thistles;
Wild grass.*

*Beyond the living,
Is metal with paint peeling.*

*What you can't see, is the wasteland beyond;
Which I can only describe as a river of rubbish.
The land should be used for something....
Not just left to rot and decay.*



There are two pubs on the estate;
The Two Blues,
And this one, 'The Aclet'
I've only ever been inside it once,
When I was four, at a friends party.
Party games, pass the parcel, party food and cake!
A nice memory.



We used to suffer from rats because of this!

Everyone in our square had them.

My dog caught one.

He usually just catches birds,

As they go near his food and try to eat it.

But the rat came near that day,

And thinking it was a bird, Roger went for it.

I tell you, the rat was huge,

It's tail was long, and as round as a ten pence piece!

POST OFFICE

Last Collection Time
Monday to Friday

330

5.30pm

Saturday
11:15am

100

100

1999

100

10

1998

1

10

10

10

10

10

100

100

100

Last collection, half-past five;
I must hurry up and write.
I'd do better than most that get on,
You see I watch it every night!

On Thursdays, I'm late for Drama,
'Cause I like to see them try.
The best is when Anne Robinson says,
"You are The Weakest Link, goodbye"!



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 **County Durham Foundation**
Community Foundation serving County Durham and Darlington

