

where rhyming anchovies are lucky

lucky

and strange intimacies which shoves dust that dislocates memory

if significant

or relevant

with **wool** accent under ill-lit **lingering** in relationship survey

thanks to

heavy feet in a fastback ballad on the oily spectrum

of the **writing blades**

that are **crush** absent but which nonetheless spark **hollyhocks**

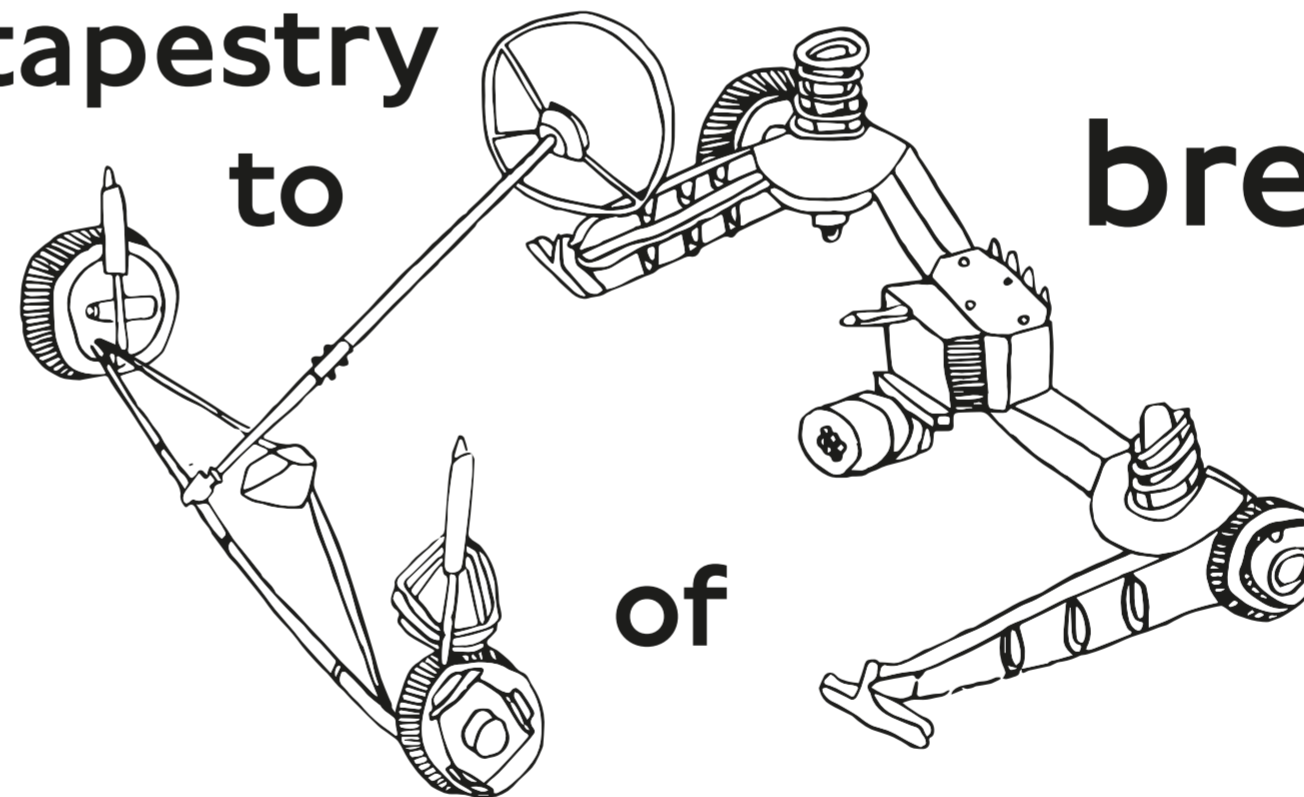
if they've met distant and **vivid** tapestry

that's crooning faraway

and reframe
the **blue**
blue

in a **pleasure** way

to



of

breathe

everyone else

not a **revolutionary garden** but attempt capture

by
nervous **lungs**

with a

searching pull



If you're holding this leaflet, we already have something in common.

Over 30 million of us traipse across the tiled floors of Brixton Station every year – each with our own purpose. This place is our one connection, where the bored commuter, the amazed tourist, the exhausted worker and the excited clubber converge.

We, the students of the Royal College of Art's Writing MA, were invited by Art on the Underground to create audio pieces in response to Brixton and the murals, past and present, in the tube station, the neighbourhood, and further afield. These pieces of public art were created for locals in consultation with locals. Some address the political issues of the day. Some brighten the place with positivity. Others show us who lives and works nearby.

As a group of writers, we come from far and wide, bringing with us a variety of experiences, beliefs, and aims. We are pleased to serve you this tasting menu of impressions, excerpts, and summaries. We hope they will spur you to feast on our audio pieces too. You will encounter among them an eclectic cast of characters, just as you would on the tube. Find a cat padding past lovers reflected in a window; archaeological treasures clattering around those trying to meditate or fill in a survey. Follow the fashionable into record shops, Japan and smudged memories. Catch the eye of someone yearning, just like you, while a saxophone shrills and noodles in your ear.

Scan the QR code below to access our audio pieces. Then we will find that we have quite a lot more in common.



An accessible, plain-text version of this leaflet is also available here.

ART ON THE UNDERGROUND

Royal College of Art

This

is

how

you

get

places

MAYOR OF LONDON

Reed

TRANSPORT FOR LONDON
EVERY JOURNEY MATTERS

Late for the train or the love of your life?
It will probably be alright.
Carriage the rhyming cat says anchovies
Are the only fish of short supply in the seas.

Carriage the Cat



This is

In his last book, 'Confabulations', the critic, novelist, and poet John Berger wrote:

'We tend to associate intimacy with closeness and closeness with a certain sum of shared experiences. Yet every day total strangers, who will never say a single word to one another, can share an intimacy.'

I think about this often on the tube, swaying between people in the thrum of the evening commute. What intimacies I might be sharing with the passengers around me, the other bodies being ferried to and from known and strange locations. How we momentarily inhabit public space together.

Julia Merican

Brixton revisited

Change doesn't always slap or kick, even when rapid, it pushes, shoves, nudges then you wake up one morning to discover that you, a long-standing resident, feel alienated as your neighbourhood is transformed into something less recognizable

You and your comfort zone fluctuate, become fragmented
You soon realize that you don't remember Brixton as it was back then

It's been ten years since you have set foot there yet remembering soon shakes away the dust of the past

You have had to be selective with your memories
Any gaps will fill themselves in when you return

Nicole Moore



The underground dislocates your time.
One minute lasts seventeen seconds or several years.
One train makes you absurdly early, the next impossibly late.
Measures stretch and swirl, shrink, spread and balloon until you resurface, where meaning pops back into unavoidable existence.
History? Memory? Facets of an unknown.
There is no time on the tube.
Let me take you someplace, while we're so out of step.
Somewhere that layers of understanding clash, over and over, covered and uncovered.
Oh, and there's a saxophone.

Skye Fitzgerald McShane

Nothing packs a flavour punch like a small tin stuffed with oily people. These metal cans are filled to the brim with a host of experiences, not including Vitamin D, to feed the heart and overwhelm the senses. We offer a delicious range of canned commuters marinated in the full spectrum of human emotion.

Emma Clarkson

Freddie's writing a novel. The newsagent once referred to him as a radical intellectual. Deckchairs on his tower block roof; hopeful white and complacent blue volant pennants caught in late spring. Helicopters fleck the skyline of a changing Brixton. Freddie ponders. Will summer bring the clarity he desires?

Geoff Dyer's 1989 novel, 'The Colour of Memory', is set in Brixton during the closing years of Thatcher's Britain. A circumvented historical moment, told through a constellation of smaller instances. Memories are withheld from oblivion, sliced and dispersed by rotary blades leaving the skyline.

Hugo Lucian Bou-Assaf

Murals are reflections of a place and time; they are sited, sometimes historical and often political visual representations. On transportation systems, where crowds crush, merge and meet in public space, the visual landscape is at once backdrop and cultural language. The 1960s to the end of the 1980s became a poised and pointed moment of cultural production in Britain, with many murals commissioned for interior and exterior walls around the country, but particularly in London. And yet this is largely unrecorded and absent from art-historical narratives.

Isaac Benigson

Sounds on the Streets

If you would listen for just a moment,
You'd hear steel drum buskers
Trading the sounds of their homelands
For the copper coins in their cases.
You'd hear Bowie blasting from a vintage vinyl,
Crooning over a glam rock guitar
That soundtracks a walk through the market row,
The calls of merchants,
And the breeze in flags of faraway places.
You'd hear brogues and lilt.
You'd hear twangs and drawls.
You'd hear voices of people at market stalls.
You'd hear melodies, rhythm,
You'd hear treble and bass.
You'd find culture and memories
You'd never replace.

Zen Mendonça-Collins

Did you go on a date to Brixton Market?
Do you stand on the right?
How certain are you?
All responses will be treated confidentially.

Lauren Briggs

Leroy. Leroy. A play.

Character List:
Narrator
Ulrich
Leroy
Basil
Chorus
Subway Preacher
Protestors
Boyfriends
Leroy's Wife
Ten Schoolchildren
Necromancer

Narrator: The performance was to take place. The performance was to take place in a place during a day. The performance was to take place in a place during a day in a month on a year and was commissioned by a body. The performance was to take place in a specific place during a certain significant day in a month with appropriate weather on a landmark year and was commissioned by a generous and relevant body.

Hugo Hagger

I remember the train in New York in the summer
the sun setting over the bridge into the city skyline aglow with orange light with
beads of sweat running down my brow

now here in Brixton it's cold bundled but the tube is warm from our bodies and breath and the familiar old comfort of the touch of a stranger's wool coat as they stand to exit

the accent is different but the sense the same
the thrum of the track and the gentle

sway of the carriage

A Ballad for the Fiat 600 Two-Door Fastback Sedan

Cowboy Jane

In the absence of a view, our eyes meet.
Locked in ill-lit windows
lingering,
leaving the last of the sky behind,
no longer troubled by the disappearance of tall trees and widening shrubs unfurling elsewhere,
in front of some other railway earthworks, where the branch-tips brush against some other curved rooftop,
pruned by some other train speeding ahead.

Dominika Jarečná

Congratulations!
You have been invited to participate in an audio survey.
But who is really being surveyed?
And for what purpose?
What is your relationship to place and change?
Whose memories are these?

How do I begin?
Streets are heavy with history, created by their stories, their narratives, the feet that pass along them daily.
Consciously, unconsciously:
the pedestrian beat.

Liz Kirk-Channing

When we walked, we walked with what felt like a purpose, even when we had none. He would spark within me a passion for the possible, a dream of becoming something else beyond everything we'd ever known. We'd make our way over to the park by one of the housing estates. In the winter everything would freeze over, even the mud, and he'd tell me I should see it in the spring when everything had bloomed. But secretly I liked the frozen parkland more, the hollyhocks around the broken fence by the railway track looking out towards a leafless field.

Eve Kunna

I've met you in distant times.

Indra Tincoca

Brixton is testimony to how fashion is not only attire but also a vivid dialogue between culture and personal expression. The styles on the street are a living tapestry of individual expression shaped by heritage, community and personal creativity, and a celebration of the historical and cultural richness of the place.

Mathilde von Rosen

I close my eyes on the tube
fall asleep to Radiohead and the screeching of the Victoria line
counting stops at places I cannot name
then I tear through the city to get home faster than everyone else,
just like everyone else,
my body pressed against everyone else,
alone like everyone else,
drawing lines from A to B
like everyone else,
my shoulder against the shoulder of everyone else,
standing too close like everyone else,
craving to be closer like everyone else

Salomé Mercier

I take pleasure in the small, interstitial moments of each day.
To be on your way is more thrilling than the finality of an arrival.

Maria Mba

lucky lucky
y
y
y

Gwyneth Tambe-Green

May every day be revolutionary, in a way that is meaningful to you.
Build your own garden.

Renée Eshel

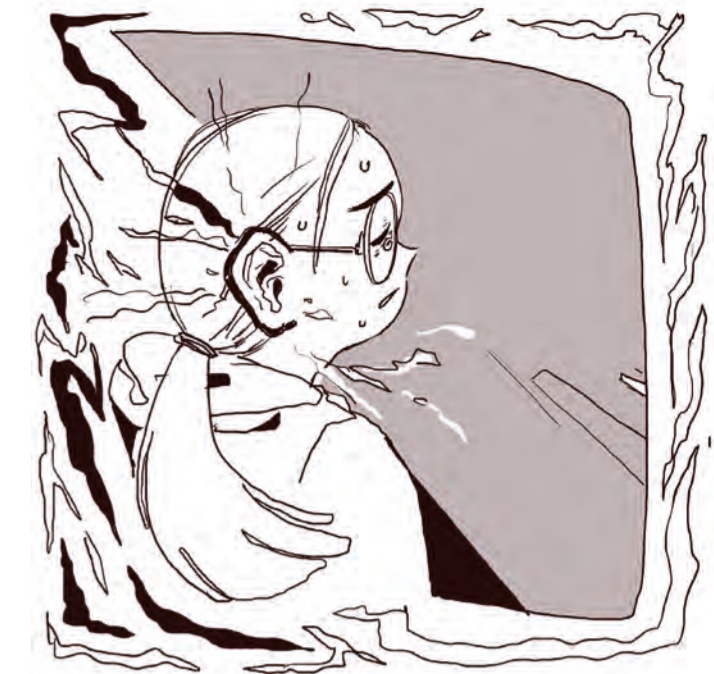
Take five minutes to breathe and recentre.
Whether this is your daily commute or your first time on the tube, give yourself a moment to reframe your experience.
This guided meditation will help you relax, and lead you on a journey through bodily sensations and to psychological depths.
Listen to 'Uprising' to stop and search for your very own pleasures and biases.

Francesca Considine

We are the blue remains: an ivory bracelet, a jet bangle, a bracelet of blue glass beads, a silver pendant, a bronze pendant, two large blue glass beads, a small round glass mirror, a dark blue glass flagon, an inscription on open bone:
ave soror, in deo vivas,
'Hail, sister, may you live in God'.

We are the same lingering blue as the pea flower found in Tutankhamun's tomb, the sheaf of blue flax waiting to be woven, the cornflower spilled on the perimeter of a field, the shale seam running through a cliff. We are the contents of a grave that are still capable of living.

Inez Reeves



London Underground as the setting for an adventurous story in an attempt to capture the experience of a foreigner.

Vava Lotareva

get places

The carriers of oxygen from centripetal nervous system

We soar along tubes to all parts of the body

from Central Lungs / Spinal Cord / Northbound / branch off / peripheral to Peckham / sciatic to Southwark

Naomi Delorme

Ramen, Okame, ひよひよ

Brixton Station, I have a story to tell you. You might already know everything.

But I need to ask questions.

These days, I am constantly searching for 'Japan'. No, not because I'm homesick. I somehow feel it calling me, like the pull of a magnet.

This afternoon, I was wandering around Brixton because someone told me they'd seen a piece of 'Japan' in the market. It was an Okame painted in a mural. Interesting, because my 'Japan' is the ひよひよ in the train station. And Okame, to me, is natto.

Yuna Goda