



Amanda Vincent-Rous

Selections from the series: Limbo Land

I mainly document different social housing projects so far across London, Scotland and Germany. I've always lived in social housing growing up (from the stereotypical single mother on benefits unit) and I live on one now albeit not as a council tenant (unfortunately). More recently, as estates built in the 1960s through to the 1980s – the era where

local authorities experimented with different building materials they've never used before (and with devastating effects as in the Ronan Point tower block explosion in Newham in 1968), and completely bowled over by modernism to create brand new concrete 'streets in the sky' – have fallen out of favour / the council giving up on repairing and maintaining their blocks / gaining that bad rep, these estates are now being demolished.

Good riddance? Oh the council will find them somewhere else to live away from their previous damp, dangerous, infested conditions – probably in some new housing association build so what's the problem? It's not that easy of course. For a whole load of reasons, residents on these threatened estates can't just up and move (until they are given compulsory purchase orders or eviction notices from the council) and almost always are moved away from their local patch, their friends and communities built up over 30 years, moved into smaller flats with little or in some cases no compensation (as seen over the Clays Lane Estate that made way for the Olympic Park). So what happens to those left behind whilst an estate as vast as Ferrier Estate in Kidbrooke that used to house 1,000+ tenants are dwindled to just a handful. Blocks that are slow to come down create a ghost town. The shops shut up – they can't survive on business of 6 or so people. Blocks are being demolished around them. At least councils came to change the lighting in block staircases and balconies and sweep the leaves before – they all stop.

These are homes all the same – homes as I say for over 30 years – estates are homes for working class people like me (and you?) and not 'holding cages for the poor'. Rather than depicting sentimental portraits (that's popular with some reportage / art student photographers out there) of Edith (78, good old salt of the earth Londoner) looking out of her window of a 11th floor block from an empty flat, reminiscing about when they could leave their doors open, when they used to look after each other's kids and the Christmas parties they used to hold in the tenants hall....I've chosen to be unsentimental about it. Document what's there from the outside. This is where we live, where we have to make a home and where those forgotten residents on condemned estates still have to make a home when these very homes are being ripped apart (ok, that does sound sentimental!).

Images are from (taken over 2011 – 2012):

- 1) Barham Park Estate, Sudbury, North West London
- 2) Ferrier Estate, Kidbrooke, South East London
- 3) Red Road Flats, Petersfield, Glasgow

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Portfolio (under construction):

<http://cargocollective.com/photos-by-jack>