



I have found this difficult. Trying to put down exactly what happened at the Institute and how I feel about it. I can't say exactly why, but I think it is the strange situation which is part way between a personal and a professional experience. I know how to talk about a professional experience, and I know how to talk about a personal experience, but what stance do I take when a situation includes both? What does it mean to undertake a residency inside a family's home? What are the issues and crossovers that exist between home and institute? But the main one that I worried about while I was there was should I be working harder? Doing more? The best way for me to document the residency then is to write down exactly what happened, using the diary that I kept for the first half of the residency, and filling in the gap at the end from memory. Day One: Friday, 9th May, 2008.11.03am - Journey from home to Stoke-on-Trent train station. 3 Indian ladies walk past me on the bridge over the canal – one is eating pumpkin seeds, the kind with the shell still on. I realise that I could follow her trail, back to where she came from on her walk, because every few feet there is the shell of a pumpkin seed. Hansel and Gretel. 11.18 Stoke-on-Trent to Crewe. On the train. It was a stupid thing to wear a coat on such a hot day. I also just realised I have not packed my camera charger and the battery is low. Nincompoop. 12.08 Crewe to Liverpool Lime St. Nothing much happened – the toilets were closed on platform 4 so I had to wait. Then I waited at platform 11 for the train but at 12.06 they announced that there was a platform alteration. It is a pendolino – I hate these they make me feel sick. There is a man talking to a woman: Man: have you been to these toilets here? Are they flooded? Woman: Ooh no, I don't know. I think I'm a bit nervous. Arrive at Institute: 1.17pm Lena is on the phone when I arrive and waves at me through the window. I wave and then turn around. I don't want to stare at her through the window – I don't want her to feel like she has to hurry up. I can hear the baby. Lena lets me in and runs upstairs to pick up baby. Baby is called Sid and seems big compared to Rudi. Sid is 9 months old. Lena tells me about the conversation she has been having on the telephone about a nursery for Sid – that she has had to decide immediately, while on the phone whether to take the place offered or not. It is £28 per week and they will have to pay even when they are on holiday. So Lena decided not to take the place til September. She tells Sid "You have to stay here with Mama." Sid laughs. Lena Shows me around the Institute (and the rest of the house). A clear definition is made between the Institute and the rest of the house. Lena says it is part of the idea that in order to access the Institute you have to move through the rest of the house. Lena tells me about the different visitors there have been to the Institute. 'Remember Saro Wiwa' a project by London based group Platform. They did a residency here too – but they only took 9p in fees in the end. Lena also tells me about some other visitors that there have been. Inside the Institute Lena talks to me about how the Institute is different from the rest of the house because the furniture and carpet are from Freecycle – so the carpet doesn't fit. The postcards sent to the Institute are on the wall, as well as the proposals for residencies. Mine is there. They are, in height order from top: Zoe:Oct, Elaine:Nov, July:Ruth, Anna:May, Branka:July, Sep:Simon, Ania:Sep, June:Michael, Pete:June. I'm thinking immediately that I need to photograph and record all the objects in the room. Bit worried about the camera running out, but I won't mention it again, unless it happens. Lena tells me how she and Gary met in Slovakia. She was 20 and he was 22. He was teaching English and she was studying theatre. They stayed there for a while. They have lived in Scotland and Liverpool and Thailand and Liverpool and Liverpool again. Lena showed me the garden and said it was her first garden so she is growing lettuce. Also she planted some sunflower seeds and wants some help identifying which of the shoots are sunflowers and which are weeds. She shows me a patch where she and Neal planted some flowers. I must try and buy a pack of seeds to plant before I go on Sunday. List of things I need: blu tak, flower seeds/veg seeds, camera or battery. I ask Lena if the Institute was set up because of capital of Culture. Lena tells me that it is in opposition to it, and is also a direct result of their personal circumstances – both parents; Lena and Gary having recently finished PhD's in live art and film performance (?is that right?) They were investigating how the art world to some extent has to come to them because they have young children – so they decided to formalise this during 08. I ask Lena if the Institute would have existed without Capital of Culture and Lena says she thinks that Yes it would. She mentions academics whose writing and life are at odds – and that the Institute is a way of making sure theirs aren't at odds – by putting aside 10% of their income. By the way, Lena pays me my fee on entry to the Institute and says that they want the financial side to be very transparent – which is why the proposals with costs are displayed. I feel a bit weird taking the money, it feels like a responsibility. 3pm – Lena leaves to pick up Gabriel and Neal from school and I write up these notes. I must start to look for evidence of other artists/practitioners visits. And evidence of the family life which has crossed over into the institute. 3.35 Lena returns with Gabriel and Neal and gives me the keys to the house. They are Gary's keys and so I go to photograph the street. I will now go for a walk and hopefully find some materials: seeds and blu tak. I seem to be hovering on the stairs not knowing what to do. I go into the garden first and ask if Lena wants me to help weeding. Lena tells me I should go to the park at the end of the street and find the highest point in Liverpool. Maybe she senses that I am a bit hesitant. Maybe she doesn't want to talk right now – must be tiring having to make conversation with a stranger in your own house. I wonder if I am meant to be doing something more constructive. I will look for a bottle of wine to have with dinner while I am out. If needs be I can go back to the station to get one. Standing on what must be the highest point – but you cannot see Liverpool from here because of the trees. Considered to walk and went down to Liverpool Hope University Art and Theatre Dept. because there was a big sign saying degree shows – but I think that means theatre productions here rather than visual arts. Now sitting in Monument Place – a large square which is sort of between the Institute and the train station. Although very close to the centre this is a very 'local' area. It could be the Irish pub's presence – but this area feels distinctly Irish. A group of old men hugging. A large shopping place called T.J. Hughes – that looks very cheap and as if it sells everything. A market is just packing up and there's an old lady in the middle feeding the pigeons. SIGNS: 500 suites on 3 FLOORS LEATHER & FABRIC FROM ONLY 299 READY FOR DELIVERY Citysafe Help Point Curtains and bedding department on first floor! Pasha Restaurant, Barbecue, Charcoal & Buffet Middle Eastern, Asian & English Foods. SALE NOW ON The Lord Warden Pub (looking East) on London Road – evidence of art signs. Do you think you are more intelligent than the average person? (BIG) The average person thinks they're more intelligent than average. (Small) Looking West: DO YOU BELIEVE IN LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT? (BIG) The average person falls in love 3 times in a lifetime. (Small) 6.00pm Return to House for dinner and meet Helen – Lena's friend – a writer; she is going to do a reading at the Bluecoat tomorrow and tells me she writes short stories. We have pasta with basil and cheese, garlicky sauce and tomato salad. The baby also eats – and enjoys the pasta – dropping lots on the floor. There is a new popcorn machine which is great, Helen has brought it with her. Then all the kids go off for baths and then Gabriel and Neal come back to watch Doctor Who. There is a piece of paper on the window ledge which says SKEDJOO!-today – Get in Space I plot out the walk I took today on the map I bought from the train station. Gary tells me about the play 'Miss Julie In Utopia' which they are writing – it's a rewrite of another play – which was misogynistic – Gary explains that the original writer, August Strindberg, uses misogyny as a device to talk about Nietzschean theories on power relationships. i.e. the strong will always overpower the weak & asks me about what I think about big and small projects and their impact on regeneration. i.e. is a small/big project better/worse more/less useful and effective. I say something quite muddled about smaller projects being better – meaning grass roots projects being more honest/authentic and therefore relevant to a place and its people. One thing which was interesting which Lena said earlier was that she had not tidied up because I was coming and that is in a professional capacity but that she would like to tidy up for when Helen comes because that is different, and it is nice to make an effort for when people come. I wonder if I should be in the institute, rather than here in the dining room as I am? I could try writing out some of those labels. (This was an idea I had to tag everything in the Institute that is Institute and everything in the Institute that is Home in different colours to see where the crossovers are.) There was a bit of a discussion over dinner about how Capital of Culture means lots of property developers move in and the city becomes a bit of a building site and whether it is therefore the arts that win or the builders. I suppose if you are going to have builders it's a good idea to try and involve artists in that renovation/regen programme – but it seems slightly around the wrong way for capital of culture. After dinner we sit at the dining room table, drink a lot of red wine and talk about a lot of things. Notes taken during evening: One-to-one performance Kira O'Reilly Gregor Schneider. Lena did one where she was Margdalene washing peoples' feet. Women performance and processes – Elaine Ashton and Gerry Harris. We talk about amongst other things: What is a family? All families are dysfunctional. What is labour/work? Lena says this is something she thinks about a lot recently. It is something to do with 'housework' and how that is not seen as labour or serious work. We talk about Helen's books. Helen talks about doing a reading and how sometimes the audience do not give you anything. She hasn't decided what she is going to read. We move to the Institute to talk. We talk about the creative process – and what Helen does when she is writing. We talk about how she lays her story out on a wallpaper pasting table so she can see it. she wants to see the shape of it – we say that that is actually a very visual process. Helen says that she could never write a novel because she wouldn't have space to lay it all out. I suggest she could borrow a gym, and tell her about the 'Learning to love you more' book and how Miranda July laid out all of the pages in a massive room in order to decide on the order. Helen says that novel writers say that short story writers are very wasteful with their material – because if they just fleshed their story out a bit more, they could have a novel. Helen stops drinking the wine but I don't. At some point Helen gets a taxi home but we carry on in the Institute for a while talking. At the end I am left with 2 of Helen's books to look at. Lots of wine consumed. The debate continues next door. Saturday Morning: Woke up at 7 to hear the baby laughing next door and drifted in and out of sleep. Then at 9.30 the alarm went off so I read one of Helen Simpson's short stories – it was about lots of people dieing of cancer and a woman worrying about it, until she gets run over by a bus. It was mentioned that I might go to Helen's reading with Lena today – if I do I bet she reads that particular story. 'Papering over the cracks' are a group working with the Institute to put poems on boarded up houses. NOTES FROM INSIDE THE INSTITUTE: TAKEN FROM THE WALL (perhaps this is the institute's manifesto?) The Institute: in no particular order. It must be fun 4 us to do. Must be different from other venues – unique so that what is done here couldn't be done anywhere else. We can always change our minds. Mustn't start colonising everything as a potential guest for the venue of the Institute – not to think naturalise this Institute as a venue. Prefer conversation over presentational (or stimulation for conversation) But at the same time We do rather than talk around things Labour intensive/collective EXPERIENCE – exact on the domestic labour – collective labour. [eco paint] Exposing movie issues/roles artist/audience blurred economies Paying the audience – exposing economies of dependence Dress down We'll paint a little with brushes decorate Not too many How many people 10/20 Postcard – scan them! Postcards (marketing) Breakfast discussion over Staffordshire Outtakes. I brought these outtakes from Stoke for the family. Neal is really horrified about having a pancake with cheese in the middle and doesn't eat his. Sidly Boy and Gabriel like them though. We discuss my plans for today – we talk about questionnaires and how they can be used to gain particular info. i.e. only asking artists about 'What this city really needs...' Gary mentions Mark twain saying statistics don't lie but liars use statistics. We talk about where the best place to do the questionnaires would be...i.e. outside the Institute – or in town by the Bluecoat or Edge Lane area where there are a lot of derelict houses. We talk about how if I ask the questionnaire outside the Institute then the neighbours will know about the Institute and what that might mean. We talk about what people might think about the comings and goings of the Institute, but that the visitors could all be friends of the family so the neighbours will not think anything of it, but if I ask them about it then they will know. Perhaps the Institute do not want to be made public to the neighbours? We decide that Lena and Gary and the kids will drop me off at Edge Lane to see how the council have tried to cover up the dereliction on the way into the city and perhaps talk to some people there. Then Lena and Gary and the kids are going to go and get a lawnmower for their new lawn which was recently put down. I will perhaps walk back into town. I think to maybe do some questionnaires outside the Institute but a bit further away and some in town. Edge Lane: I speak to a couple just after Gary and Lena and the kids drop me. They are retired. I ask them the questionnaire but they tell me that Capital of culture hasn't really had any impact on their lives at all. Then they tell me that further down the street the houses have colourful displays which they think might be part of capital of culture. They tell me that they lived around the Edge Lane area – they had a front and a back garden but someone came round to tell them they had to move. She says they went to meetings but it didn't do any good. She says she didn't want to move but it was getting dangerous and awful around where they were as people were moved out – so he made her. She says 'I was awful bad with it.' And says that quite a few elderly folk from round there died and they believe it was because they were forced to move. It was two years ago and she says they are settled in now in the new place, but it was hard – she says they only have a back garden now because they could not afford a like-for-like property because they didn't give them the full value for their house. I ask what they think of it now that the houses are still standing today – and they say it's awful and that the process has been held up by people refusing to move. Went up to the houses with the colourful hoardings. I took some photos and wandered around a bit, but it felt quite uncomfortable around there, and not very safe. I didn't ask anyone else the questionnaire, but there weren't many people about anyway. Went to Bluecoat to see Helen Simpson's talk. Met Lena and Gary and the kids inside. Gary asked if the walk was too long and I said no it was fine, and that I was looking forward to Helen's walk. I mean talk. Gary said that proved that the walk was too far for me because I had used the wrong word. Helen read a story about a man thinking he has cancer but in the end he doesn't and how this does or doesn't affect his life. Helen talks a bit at the end – she talks about the creative process and how she uses a wallpaper table to set out her stories. Afterwards she says sorry to me for repeating herself – which I say of course not – and it is interesting. There is free wine but Lena and I don't fancy it. We look at Gary and the boys through a little window – we can see them in the garden but they can't see us. I think this makes Lena want to leave – so we leave. Lena says it is a different group of people in the room – a lot of writers and that we had Helen to ourselves last night so it is fair if we leave her to it. Went from Bluecoat to wander around town and ask some q's. Worried about the camera running out I go into Jessops to see if I can get an adapter thing which you put normal batteries into – the man says I can but they don't sell them. I ask if I can get a new cannon battery – he says I can but they are expensive, they don't come charged and they don't have any – but I can order one. I tell him I am doing a residency at the Institute for the art and practice of dissent at home and I am only in Liverpool for the weekend. I ask him if he has heard of the Institute and he says no. He offers to charge my battery for me for I come back before closing to collect it. I am amazed – how kind. I leave my battery and go back out to ask more questionnaire's. There is a square near the centre – there are a group of women and men in some sort of uniform doing sign language dancing to music. It looks quite rubbish but lots of people are watching and enjoying it. I ask a few people the questionnaire. Everyone I ask says they think capital of culture is a good thing, and then they all say it isn't having any impact on their life except one guy who lives in town and says it is having a negative effect because it has meant increased traffic waking him up in the morning. I speak to an old lady who lives in town about capital of culture. She asks if the sign language dancers are something to do with it, I say I suppose so. She says she likes capital of culture because it means she can take the grandchildren to enjoy things. I want to give the Jessops man a present so I go in a shop and have a look – I decide to buy a big bar of chocolate to give him and then I stand in a long queue waiting to pay for it. Then I decide it is a bit of a weird thing to do and put the chocolate back and go and get the battery. The man gives me my battery and tells me about a few bits of art that he has noticed around Liverpool – he mentions Banksy and the statistic signs that I have seen. I realise I haven't eaten anything since breakfast so I stop off at the station to go to Marks and Sparks – I buy one of those mini pieces of cheese and a yoghurt drink. I sit on the bench in the train station to eat the piece of cheese. I realise that it was the wrong thing to buy because it is too cheesy and only yoghurt to wash it down makes the meal too milky. I think about the fact that usually when you are at a train station it is because you are going somewhere, but I am here because I don't know where else to go. I make my way back to the Institute. Elaine and her two friends will be visiting this evening from Preston to talk about the possibility of me writing about my experience of the residency in the Institute in a publication they are putting together about artist's turning their houses into art spaces. When I get to the Institute Lena tells me that I haven't missed anything because they haven't started dinner yet – they are in the garden Gary is working out how to put the mower together so he can mow the lawn. When it is done he mows the lawn but the lead is not quite long enough so there is a triangle in the top right hand corner which cannot be mowed. This bit will become very long over time while the rest of the lawn is very neat. Lena, Gary and the kids are looking forward to watching Doctor Who. I think their favourite character is Rose and they are looking forward to when she comes back in. They make some popcorn to eat while they watch – I make a tomato salad to have with dinner. We watch Doctor Who. Gary goes into the kitchen to get some crisps, and Lena tells him to give me my own bowl of crisps, but I say not to worry. Elaine and her friends arrive before Doctor Who is finished so I tell them to come into the dining room. I am not sure what to do. In a way they because I am there, but they have also come to meet the Residents of the Institute. I feel a bit funny offering them a drink because it isn't my house, but I do. They only have water, but one has a cup of tea. Then I feel a bit awkward because dinner is ready and there might not be enough chairs for everyone now – so I run around and get more chairs. Lena and Gary's friend Cathy arrives – she is Miss Julie in the play. She says hello to me, and knows which one is me and which one isn't which I am surprised about. We sit around and have dinner – the people from Preston don't have dinner as they have already eaten and neither does Cathy. We have bread, roast veg, halloumi and tomato salad. During dinner we talk a bit about the publications that the Preston group are putting together. The Institute ask who is funding it. Cathy asks if any of the other spaces that they are including are going to be written about in this way – with a mediator writing about the space rather than the dwellers. We talk about how old everyone is and work out what our average age is by adding everyone's ages together and dividing it by the number of people. I realise that we have got it wrong, because we didn't count Sid who is 0 and would have brought the average down quite a bit, I don't say anything. I realise that I feel really exhausted after a day of talking and walking. And thinking. At some point we go up to the Institute and Gary and Lena introduce the Institute, why it was started, what it is for and what it represents. Gary says: Culture doesn't regenerate but people and politics do. Ringo dancing outside St. George's hall doesn't cure social ills. The Institute is about making these issues visible. Capitalism and culture. Lena says: We are not an arts venue. I said something downstairs about having to be a strong family unit, in order to allow something as dangerous and unpredictable as artists into your home in this way - in the Institute Lena and Gary talk about this idea of being a 'UNIT' and about how they do not like to be described like that. A UNIT suggests something which is ordinary, and all parts the same, whereas the Institute is made up of Individuals who are all different. It is like what we talked about last night with Helen about Families – all families are different, so cannot be described as a UNIT. I see what they mean. The Preston people ask a few questions and just as everyone seems to start to relax they have to run to catch a train. I don't think they really know where they are going, but they leave. I hope they catch their train. Lena, Gary, Cathy and I go downstairs so as not to keep the children up. We go into the lounge to watch a video of Lena and Gary at Gormley's Crosby beach. Lena says, not for the first time, that the Institute do not always agree. Gary says his name is Antony Gormless and that he doesn't like the word but Lena loves it. Lena says they make a video on her birthday every year – they have been doing this since she was 30. They mention the wine bottles in the Institute – every year on the anniversary they write down all the things they had about each other and put them in the bottle of wine they have drunk. One day they might smash them all open and read them out, but actually over time the paper is disintegrating, so the words are disappearing. I like the idea of this sort of exorcism of bile. We watch the video. At some point Lena goes to bed and Gary, Cathy and I stay up drinking wine. Gary gets his guitar out and prints of some lyric sheets for us to sing along to; Leonard Cohen and Joni Mitchell. We stay up too late and disturb Lena and the kids. "This was one of the moments during the weekend where I felt the collision of situations: in a professional situation it is not ok to stay up late getting drunk and singing songs and disturbing peoples sleep – it is also not ok to do this when you are receiving the hospitality of a family – but it is perhaps more acceptable than in the first situation perhaps. I would stay up singing and drinking with friends, and perhaps for a moment I may have forgotten where I was and who I was, for a moment I thought I was a member of the institute, but in fact I was a visitor, and should have gone to bed earlier. I regret it in the morning. Sunday Morning. I wake up at 9.30 when the alarm goes off and hang around in the room, feeling bad about the night before. I can hear someone is in the bathroom taking a bath. I want to have a bath so I wait until they are finished. I take a bath. I did not bring a hairdryer so have to leave my hair to dry on its own – which always results in something unexpected. After this I go downstairs and see Lena in the kitchen, I say that I am sorry about disturbing her last night, and she says OK and that really as a visitor to the house it is not up to me – and that it is Gary who should have known better. Lena says something about behaving like students staying up all night drinking and talking. I realise that this must be the difference between having kids and not having them of course. In my life, if I want to I can stay up all night because I don't have kids to get up to or disturb Gary and Lena have 3 others to think about and so their particular situation is different and they cannot generally stay up all night drinking and talking. Nevertheless, I know that I generally hate going to bed when it's light and feel terrible about that, knowing that the next day will not be quite as productive as it could be. Lena says that Gary will take me to Anfield if I want him to, to look at the houses around the Liverpool ground (we discussed this yesterday) take some photographs and perhaps ask some of my questionnaires. So I get my stuff together. Just as we are about to go Lena says "Have you had any breakfast?" I say No but I will get some when I get to Anfield, and that this will be like an adventure – finding some food. Lena tells me that there will not be anything around there for me to have, and makes me up a haloumi and grilled veg roll from the night before's dinner, wrapped in tin foil to keep it warm until I get there. Gary and I get in the car and talk about what I will do when I get there and how long I might need. I say an hour will be fine. Before dropping me off Gary drives me around some of the streets and we look at the boarded up houses. We stop and get out to have a look at one house that has a notice pasted onto it saying that vermin and vegetable matter have been removed. Gary points out a sign on one of the streets – It says 'NO BALL GAMES' – and we can see the Liverpool football ground at the end of the street. Gary gives me his phone number and says he will come back for me in an hour and leaves me there. I wander around a bit. There are just streets after streets of boarded up and derelict houses, every now and again there will be one house which is still inhabited. I see one lady with her two kids sunbathing on the front step of their house – they are the only people living on the street. It gets really hot. I find a shop to buy a bottle of water. The shop is all boarded up with bars on the windows and you have to put your money through a little hatch. This seems really threatening somehow, and makes me feel like I am in a war zone. The water I buy is partly frozen. There is a fairly large open area in between the backs of some of the streets, where there are some small landscaped hills. I stand on top of one of the hills to take some photos, and I see a lady walking her dog on the other side of the park area. She sees me and so comes over to talk. She sees my clipboard and wants to know what I am doing, and asks me if I am doing a survey of the houses. I say that in a way I am, but only unofficially. I say that I am visiting Liverpool and came over to look at the Anfield area. She says that it's just awful that I have come to look at this estate, and that what a shame to come to Liverpool and look at this. She tells me that Liverpool FC are going to clear the whole area up once everyone has moved on, and that it is only the stubborn people refusing to move that are holding everything up – which she thinks is wrong. She tells me that the club will move to Stanley Park, and that this area will be developed, and there will be lots of old folk's homes. Her son lives nearby and she says that it is a bad place to live at the moment but that it will get better. She says that it really is shameful to think about this area of Liverpool, she mentions that Paul McCartney will be doing a concert at Anfield soon, and that people will come from all over to see it, and that they will also see the derelict housing estate that surrounds the stadium. She is quite heated about it all. She tells me that the dog she is walking is her son's. I ask her the questions on the questionnaire. I walk all the way around the stadium, there are some really amazing houses to the left of the stadium, and it looks like they will be renovated at some point soon. I go and have a look at the entrance which has a large memorial to those that were killed in the Hillsborough tragedy. Gary calls me soon afterwards to see if I want to be picked up. I make my way back to the front of the stadium, and then have a quick look inside the Liverpool football club shop, which turns out to be MASSIVE. You can buy every possible thing to show you support Liverpool, from shirts to pens, from flags to babygros. It does seem like something from a science fiction film, this very rich capitalist company sitting in the middle of such destitution. Gary picks me up, and tell me I have caught the sun. He asks me about what I saw and I tell him about the woman. He says it is really interesting for the Institute to hear about some of these encounters, because this is not that far from where they live, and part of what the Institute was set up for is to figure out exactly where they are living. What is going on in the immediate vicinity and in the city at large – how do people feel about the changes that are going on? Who are the Institute living amongst? We discuss what we will do this afternoon. Lena and I talked about going to Crosby Beach to see the Gormley sculptures this afternoon, but there is also a picnic happening with some of their friends in the centre. Gary says this would be a good opportunity to ask some of my questionnaires because so far I have really been asking them cold – to strangers, but that the people at the picnic might have different thoughts. When we get back to the house Lena and the kids are in the garden and we talk about what to do, they both say it is up to me, and I say I don't mind either way. They don't know me, so they don't know how impossible I find it to make a decision. In the end we decide not to go to any of them. I say that actually I feel like I have done enough questionnaires and that the various conversations I have had have been interesting. We have lunch. Sandwiches and juice and cups of tea. Gabriel's glass of juice somehow shatters before he can drink it, and the juice goes over the table. He puts his fingers in the juice, but Gary says not to because there is glass in it. Neal tells me that red pepper in a sandwich is the best thing. We go back in the garden and laze about on the lawn. Lena shares a can of beer with me. Gabriel wants to put sun cream on himself and everyone else. Gabriel plays a game with me which is 'Put your hand up if... and wants me to guess what everyone's full names are. We start to hear rumbling coming from the North West, we think it must be a lorry at first, but it is thunder. It is really strange thunder – constant and grumbling. Gabriel and me find it exciting. We take the washing in but Sid, Gabriel and I stay out until it starts to rain. Then Gary and Lena and I discuss how I will get to the station – I say I will walk, but Gary says he will drive me. We have a last talk at the dining room table about what I am going to do. Gary and Lena think I should apply for a PhD to research art and cultural regeneration for Stoke-on-Trent. They think I can do it and offer to help me with the application. Gary tells me about an article by Malcolm Miles which he says he like to introduce people to when they come to the Institute – it takes a critical view of 'blind approaches' to cultural regeneration. I get my stuff together and say my goodbyes to everyone. I feel weary, but a bit sad, the way you feel when you say goodbye to family and know you won't be seeing them for a long time. Goodbye Lena, Goodbye Neal, Goodbye Gabriel, Goodbye Sidly Boy, Gary drops me at the station – in the car I talk about the long photographs I have been doing and how I will be doing one of the street in Anfield and I will send them a copy. I say goodbye to Gary inside the drive-in drop off point, he gets out of the car to say good bye which seems very polite and gentlemanly. Goodbye Gary. Goodbye Two Add Three. My train has been cancelled so I wait for the next one.

