

THE ANFIELD HOME TOUR

Original idea

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OUTSIDE THE CUNARD BUILDING

(The audience assemble at the Cunard Building Reception, Carl, the tour guide, leads them to a mini-bus with a driver, all passengers board, Carl gets on last)

CARL: Welcome to the Anfield Home Tour. Thank you for choosing this tour above some of the others out there. We really appreciate that. My name is Carl with a C, not a K - that's just weird. I'm your tour guide for today. I have a City and Guilds in Leisure and Tourism, so I know what I'm doing. I'm here today in my professional capacity as a tour guide for the Liverpool "Biennial", but I also work independently, this is my card. I do heritage tours, Beatles tours, horror tours and any other kind of guidance, financial; career, marriage.

This is my uncle Alan, The Big Al, I call him, and he's the best driver in town, so you are safe – today at least. Say hello to our passengers, Big Al.

This is Al's business card, he specialises in airport pickups, stag/hen nights, family occasions, children's parties. If you need a van, Al's your man!

Okay, fire her up Al, let's go.

Just while we're leaving, let's begin with health and safety.

You all have a seatbelt-so use it.

(Carl demonstrates on one of the passengers.)

It has to be firmly attached. That saves lives that.

If you start feeling under your seat in case of an emergency, don't, it's just dust.

Please turn off all mobile phones. And don't turn it on vibrate, I can still hear that and it just gets annoying.

Don't smoke, what's the point?

And I want everybody to remain seated throughout the tour; nobody is allowed to stand.

Only me. If you need to get off, put your hand up. Then I will say yes, or no.

Exits are ... here, there is only one, just a one door in and out policy.

Fire her up, Al.

(Start driving. Carl picks up microphone)

We are now leaving the Pier Head, and our three graces, The Cunard Building, The Liver Building, and the Port of Liverpool Building. We are heading to Anfield, Uncle Al's and my home and the home of Liverpool Football Club (blesses himself).

The tour will take about an hour and end at The Bakery for a nice hot cup of whatever you fancy. And cake. A nice fat slice of what's left of the cake.

(Puts microphone down)

By the way ladies and gentleman, the budget for this tour is provided by the “Biennial”, but the music is provided by me and my mind. Enjoy!

(puts on Our House, Madness, turns around and shouts like a mad man)

This is Madness, everybody! Madness!!! Step on it, Al.

*Our house it has a crowd
There's always something happening
And it's usually quite loud
Our mum she's so house-proud...*

That song always reminds me of my mum, I don't normally tell this, but you seem like a nice bunch. My mum was house proud. We weren't allowed in the parlour. He's laughing already, knows what I'm gonna say. Every Sunday morning, she'd scrub the house from top to bottom with a pair of knickers on her head. She'd kill me if she found out. (banter)

(takes up mic again)

This is a typical Liverpool traffic light everyone, they're usually on red, but we're good at waiting.

FLYOVER

If you look across to your right, to your right not my right, got that? You can see a massive flyover, impressive isn't it?

This flyover slices through the city, completely cutting off the north from the centre. On that side of the flyover you have the Town Hall, The Council Offices, The Courts, Liverpool One, all the power. On this side of the flyover we have the homes where people live. That's where we're going now.

Alan, slow down.

If you think that's the wrong side of the tracks now is the time to get off.

Anybody want out? No? Drive on.

The flyover, ladies and gentlemen was opened in 1969 and named after Winston Churchill.

It was part of the city's vision for the future. It was meant to ease congestion into the city centre. Winston Churchill rationed himself to fifteen cigars a day.

At the time, that flyover even won an award.

Did you know that Winston Churchill rationed himself to 12 cigars a day?

(silence)

Okay, we're on our way to Anfield which is Alan's home, and my home. As we're going to be neighbours for a couple of hours, let's get to know each other a little better.

Turn to someone you have never met before and say hello.

Where's home for you? What's it like? Anyone here very house proud?

Your favourite room in the home? (chat about homes, favourite rooms and fire places, gardens, whatever comes up)

(Repeats answers on microphone)

THE VIEW

(arriving at Everton Brow)

So we are nearing our first stop. Everton (spit) Brow, great neighbourhood, terrible football team.

We are about to get off the bus. Leave your valuables on board. Alan will take great care of them. Hold on to your tickets though. You won't be allowed back on the bus without your ticket.

(Exit bus. Get passengers safely to the view).

Impressive, isn't it?

That's where we just came from over there. Now you can see how close we are to the city centre.

For me, this is the best view in the city.

Have a look around you, the locals call it Teletubbyland, and you can see why.

You're actually standing on the rubble of generations of demolition.

In the early 1800s Everton Brow was full of mansions, an area populated by rich merchants.

(points) Then when the docks started to thrive; terraced houses were built to house the dockers and their families, as well as Irish people who settled here after the potato famine, including my great granddad, bless his soul.

So imagine, a tidal wave of terraced houses swept up from down there, past right where you are standing, madam all the way to Anfield down that way.

(shows picture)



This is what it looked like.

My nan said it was often crammed in the terraces; and the toilet was outside. But people looked out for each other. It was a thriving and strong community.

After the war, in the 1950s and 1960s, that same community got caught up in one of the most drastic slum clearances of our time. The terraces were demolished. People were shipped out to new housing estates in places like Kirkby, 12 miles that way, Skelmersdale, 20 miles that way.

Some people stayed here and experienced first-hand the city planner's new vision for the future.

Pile them up high, streets in the sky, tower blocks!

Imagine there was a tower block here, one there, one there.

My auntie Carol lived on the fourteenth floor of Corinth Towers. I used to visit her when I was a kid. We'd spit down off the balcony, go in and make a butty; come back onto the balcony, and the spit still hadn't hit the ground.

However, the novelty of tower block living didn't last very long, after living in a close-knit terraced community, many people felt isolated, lifts were broken all the time, it stank of piss and to cut a long story short they were pulled down as well.

For a long time after this was just rubble. Now it is a park. With a view.

I've got a picture of rubble here. Pass that round.



You would think the city had learned from those mistakes, but I am afraid they didn't, there's more to come.

Come on. Let's get back on the bus.

(Back on the bus.)

Everyone here? Let's go.

I know some families, on a Saturday, come here with a picnic, park up where their living rooms used to be and eat their sandwiches.

BRECK ROAD

Ladies and Gentlemen, this one my mum made me put in, Jacquie and Bridie everyone.

(plays Jacqui and Bridie: Back Buchanan Street)

*A fella from the corpy, just out of planning school,
has told us that we've got to go right out of Liverpool.
They're sending us to Kirkby, to Skelmersdale or Speke.
Don't wanna go from all I know in Back Buchanan Street.*

(turns it off) Okay there is only so much you can take of this.

To your right, behind those housing estates, you can see the Everton water tower. That tower is lit up with small blue lights every night, and when they were first installed, people called in from over the other side of the Mersey with UFO sightings. My cousin, Michael, lives in that house over there, he is a bit of a sci-fi geek, me and Al cut a Casey in half, didn't we Al? A leather football, and taped it to his head and when the press arrived, he pretended to be an alien when the press arrived. That's probably the closest we have ever been to the future here.

THE REGENERATION SIGN

(mini-bus stops and does a u-turn)

We are about to enter the Anfield/Breckfield Clearance Zone, also called the Zone of Opportunity. I hope you are all excited. (Alan shows a map). You are here.

This zone is part of the largest programme of mass demolition since the 60s.

But before we get to that, it's time for our first photo opportunity.

Everyone get off the bus. Hold on to your ticket.

(everyone gets off the bus)

Welcome to the Anfield and Breckfield Regeneration Zone. Come on now, get in the zone. This is the zone.

This sign has actually been here for ten years. But don't worry; it's creating neighbourhoods for the future. (shows the writing) And the future is not now. The now is now. We've got loads of time.

Come together now, picture moment, photo opportunity. Right, after 10, nah, just kidding, after 3. 1,2,3 SHOUT REGENERATION. I'm putting that on facebook. Not now, when I get to it, in the future.

Lovely flowers, dead now, he's three times divorced, and she's pregnant. And they all live in Hackney anyway. Or maybe they're clip art reproductions.

That's regeneration for you. Live Liverpool! Come on, back on the bus.

HMR

Is everyone back on board? Everyone safe? Still got your ticket? Got your neighbour? Hold on to them. You never know what's gonna happen.

So, as I was saying, ladies and gentlemen, you are entering the Anfield/Breckfield zone of regeneration or clearance.

I've done my research. So I wrote this down:

(reading out) This area was part of the Housing Market Renewal programme, HMR. A multi-billion pound regeneration programme implemented by the Labour Government in 2002.

(aside) The clue is in the name really, Market renewal. Market is the key word. Not community.

This program was thought up in the late 90s. At the height of the property boom, house prices stagnated in some neighbourhoods in England. They had fallen victim to ‘market failure.’

(Al is watching him spell-bound, Carl looks at him) Al, why are we not moving? We need to move on.

Alan: Oh, sorry, mate!

Carl: Where was I? Oh, yeah, they identified, ‘Areas of Market Failure.’

(aside) These neighbourhoods had something in common, they were predominantly one type of housing: old terraces, like these, to your right, and they were all in the north of England.

Someone in a University in Birmingham came up with the theory that this so called ‘market failure’ was due to terraces being an undesirable type of housing.

His solution was to demolish most of the old terraces, and build new, more desirable houses with gardens and off-street parking. This would get the local housing market going again in no time at all – he thought.

(off paper again) In real life, these undesirable homes had people living in them, they even owned them.

(entering estate of new-builds)

So, here we are, Ladies and Gentlemen; the new builds. We are now entering the Keep Moat site. Keep Moat is Liverpool City’s preferred developer for Anfield.

Give a round of applause to those houses! Thank you for turning up! For a while it looked like they wouldn’t because the HMR got pulled two years ago due to whatever, let’s not go there.

My mate, Donkey, lives over there, he phones me when I’m in my flat and says, I’m sitting in me back garden, the sun’s cracking the flags, and I’m having a beer. And I always say: I hope it rains.

I’d love to have my own garden, have a vegetable patch; plant flowers.

It’s just a shame that home-owners who lived in the terraced properties that used to be here; didn’t get enough money for their homes. So they either had to rent, or, like Donkey, get into debt to buy these new houses.

(driving on, leaving estate)

FRED

This is Fred. He's got a memory from the time when the demolitions happened across from his house. He would like to share it with you.

(Fred is standing at his gate. Carl passes a microphone through the window. Audience hears Fred's voice over the speaker)

It was a couple of years ago. I was standing at my gate. Just like now, but across the road looked very different. The housing estate you have just driven through hadn't been built yet. There was just wasteland. There hadn't been any demolition going on for ages, and the row of houses opposite me was still standing. The houses had been tinned up for ages, but nothing was actually happening to them.

One morning, this massive digger turned up, this big demolition machine, a lot more impressive than the usual machines. And I knew something special was going on cos it was clean. And I knew something unusual was going on cos there were loads of people milling about with clean high vis jackets on. And you don't see that when there's a real demolition going on.

And they were waiting and waiting and then all of a sudden, a bit like a police raid, a mini-bus turned up with loads of people in it. Not unlike this one. And there was an official looking car behind it. And all these people started piling out of the mini-bus with cameras.

And out of the car came a local councillor, not local to here, but a city councillor. He went around glad-handing people, and then posed right in front of the big digger that had just taken out the face of my friend's house. Lots of pictures were taken. Then they all got back into their cars; and the mini-bus and disappeared, leaving me to look at my friend's wall paper for weeks. The real demolition didn't start until weeks later.

The whole publicity stunt took seven minutes max. On his way back to the car the councillor passed by my gate and he said: 'All right?'

(saying goodbye to Fred, driving down Domingo Vale)

BRICKS

Just a couple of fascinating facts about bricks ladies and gentlemen. (gets out two bricks)
This old brick is from the houses that used to be here, and this one is used in the new-builds.
Here, catch. (holds up old brick) This one goes for a £1; that one is worth 30p. These bricks are being sold to even as far as Japan. 20,000 bricks to one house, £1 per brick, you do the maths. Are we in the wrong business? I think we are.

Alan: That's a million pounds a small street!

GRANTON ROAD: JAYNE'S STORY

(driving into Granton Road, whilst still possible. When demolitions start, park up at the end of it)

(into mic) This is Granton Road; this is all coming down.

(without mic) My friend Jayne and I used to play in the enog together here. Not what you think! Just forget about it. Everybody knows what an enog is? A jigger? It's the back alley. And again I want you to erase that from your mind. We were eleven for God's sake! She bugged off anyway. She found herself in art, I mean she's an artist, she makes sculptures and that. Look, I just wanna play you a bit of her story. She grew up on this street, in this community, and it meant a lot to her, so it's best you hear this story from her.

(Play voice-over Jayne in front of her old house, if still possible)

We just had, erm, and I'm not just saying this, the best childhood here. This street was a little oasis of joy. So we're just coming up to our house here, you can just see the 50. It used to be 150, but something's happened to the 1.

I hadn't been up here for a while. I came up about 2 weeks ago, and was quite, (gasps). I was standing on the step, taking photos and stuff, and I heard a beep from inside. And I was just like, Oh my God, the smoke alarm it's still going, still trying to protect us, even though we're not there anymore. You think you've gotten used to something, and you go away and you come back, and you go away and you come back, and you can't let it go. It's just the injustice of it. There's nothing wrong with it, there's nothing wrong with it now. It's just that it's tinned. The whole street was on, off, on, off, what was gonna happen...

At first, they paid for everyone to have new walls built, new front doors, double glazing, we thought, they're not gonna give us the money to do that, and then tin them, cos that doesn't make any sense, but they did.

So we all know it was a controlled decline, and that was the sad part. My mum and dad had worked hard all their lives, they were paying a mortgage, they were 5 years from finishing it, and they were basically put in a situation where... whose gonna buy it? So they were forced into selling. And the money that they got for it was so small; they were then forced to take out another mortgage.

*And the best bit is; the council gave them a loan of £30,000, which, the best part is they have to pay it back after they're dead. Which effectively means me and my 2 brothers will have to pay it back. And to me, that is the **absolute killer**. It should've been £30,000 compensation. For being subjected to this, cos they had no choice, cos whose gonna buy it apart from the council? Nobody's gonna buy it.*

It took ten years to bring this street to its knees. There was nothing wrong with it; not a single empty. We all played out. As far as I'm concerned, there was no bother.

From what I understand, and how I figure it, this was all about money. There was a big pot of gold. In order to access that pot, this area had to tick so many boxes in the magical world of deprivation. So suddenly, we were being told all the time that we were from this deprived area.

(mini-bus starts driving again through the boarded up streets, while still possible)

And we were like, I'm not deprived. I don't feel deprived. We have food; we have clothes, both parents work. How am I deprived? But the more you feed that in, feed that in, you're poor, you're this you're that, you watch the standards drop, everything seemed to drop and it took about ten years, but they finally ticked that last box they needed to tick, and that was that, really.

As soon as somebody moved out, as soon as the private landlords got in, and 2 or 3 houses got tinned up, you just knew you were trapped. And that's it, really. That's just one family's story, but then you multiply that by how many? Thousands?

CAR MINDING

Me and Jayne used to car mind here on match days. We'd get the money; wait till the match had just started, then run over to the game. My mum would mind the cars out of the window for us. Just before the game ended we'd run back and stand by the car and say did we win? If Liverpool had won, you got an extra quid.

ANFIELD

Ladies and gentlemen, Liverpool Football Club, enough said, just take that in sshh. This is Anfield.

And over there on the sidelines, is Linda's cafe. She does smashing butties. That business is still under compulsory purchase order, she doesn't know if she's coming or going.

As I said before, the HMR scheme has gone down the swanny, but this area over here is the next chapter in the saga of regeneration. It has been happily re-branded 'Anfield Village'.

Liverpool football club, over here, that's my life. This football club is the second biggest tourist attraction in Liverpool. It's big business. And a lot of people point the finger at this club, blaming them for the demise of the area. That's because LFC haven't made their mind up for now 12 years, whether they're gonna move the stadium or extend it to this side. To keep their options open, they bought up a lot of houses and put them on hold.

But they are not the only big player in this game of regeneration. There are others too. This is a developers' wet dream, ladies and gentlemen.

Over here one of the plans is to make way for a village square with little shops, bistros, and a farmer's market. I wonder if Linda will be invited over.

Over there, one of the plans is for a Hilton training Hotel developed in partnership with our Social Landlord. It'll be a great way to fund Paris Hilton's shopping sprees.

There are plenty of plans and blueprints for this area, but I've pitched my own idea and I think it's a winner.

(Plays jingle: H20 – let's go! A vision for the future; a vision for the future, a vision...)

I got some start-up funding and I spent it all on doing consultations, not with people from here, but from places like Walton and Aintree. And it was really positive, 51% of people said yes, that's more than no. And this is the pitch. What we are gonna do here is, we will dig around this whole area, pick it up, and move all of the statistically challenged people somewhere else, doesn't matter where. Then we'll fill this hole with water, build water slides, it's gonna be a giant water park. We're gonna call it 'H20 – Let's Go.'

We have spoken to a lot of people in the area. We have found out; that the most popular job is a Life Guard. So it's a no-brainer really.

If anyone is interested in investing, see me or Alan in the end.

Thank you very much for your time. Any questions?

(Carl and Alan Shake hands)

JIGGER

We are about to enter a real jigger.

I wanna give you a little bit of time to think about where we come from and where we are going. This is Liverpool's finest.

(plays John Lennon, Nobody Told Me)

Everybody's talking and no one says a word...

There's always something happening, and nothing going on...

There's always something cooking and nothing in the pot...

BOB

This is Rockfield Road. This wasn't officially part of HMR, but still affected by blight, or as we call it 'tinning'. I guess this would be the moment to talk to you about how 'blight' works. But to be honest, to really understand what happened around here, you would need a degree, a different one for every single street in this neighbourhood. Houses boarded up either side of you, fires, accidental or not, and pipes that burst next door and before you know it your cellar is full of water...

Look, there's Bob, Al, stop the bus. Imagine; we had no idea. Just walking down the Street; here he is, come over here Bob, best singer in Anfield this fella. They call him Boot-Scootin' Bob. He used to live just here, in that house. Giz a tune!

(Bob gets on bus) Here, stand in the doorway, Bob, so no-one can get out.

Bob's gonna give us a tune now, that's three minutes you're never gonna get back in this lifetime.

You've got three minutes Bob; then the sprinklers come on.

('This old house' live by Bob Norman.)

*This old house is a-getting' shaky,
this old house is a- getting old,
This old house lets in the rain...*

Okay, Bob, time to go now. That was Bob, Ladies and Gentlemen. You can see Bob live, every Monday at the Fazakerley British Legion.

Bob lived in that house for 50 years. Both houses either side of Bob were sold to different landlords. And, at some point, they got boarded up, just leaving Bob's house stuck in the middle for 15 years. His whole house is damp and covered in mould, and, to be honest, he can't breathe, so that is damaging his career. That's why he moved, to KeepMoat. Good on him. Lives right next to Donkey though now, bad luck, Bob.

SUE'S HOUSE

This is where my old primary school teacher lives, Ms Humphries. She's kindly agreed to help me out with this part of the Anfield Home Tour. She was expecting us ten minutes ago; hope she doesn't give me a detention.

(everyone gets off the bus, Carl gets people to ring Sue's doorbell and Sue invites people into her house, to her living-room)

Welcome, everybody, to my home. I would like to give you a bit of history about this home. This house was built in 1881. My family moved in in 1920. My gran bought this house in 1920, and it's been in the family for 3 generations, apart from the person who built the house, this house has always been owned by a woman. So my grandmother owned it, then my mother, and now me.

My grandmother was a community midwife in the area; she was given patients to look after by the doctor. My gran delivered my brother and I; upstairs in the front bedroom. These are pictures of my gran, when she was very young and also in her midwife's uniform, look at her tiny waist. There's a picture here of my gran, myself and my twin brother and my mum sitting on the front step.

We'd chat to neighbours' as they passed by. This has always been a family home.

My mum was born in Salisbury Road, a street which you've been down as part of the Anfield Home Tour.

This house has seen many changes, not all of them good changes, I have to say. If you'd like to come into the hall, you can see some of the original features. You can see the cornices, and the stained glass windows. But in the 1960s, 70s; which was a time very much to do with formica, and hardboard, and we were no exception.

We took out all of the picture rails, we hard-boarded over the doors, and the staircases, wallpapered over it, hard-boarded over that window, there, hiding all that lovely coloured glass. And then the story here; is about the beautiful wooden cap, in the shape of a ball, at the edge of the bannister. We cut it off, sawed it off, to make it more modern-looking. When we realised, years later, what we'd done, of course we hadn't kept the cap.

So, I remember one day my mum, who had been down to Lothair Road, where workmen were working on houses, she'd asked them to saw off a wooden cap so she could replace the one we'd got rid of. So she appeared home with it in her hands, and it has proudly been placed back here. I regret some of the things we did, but that was what it was like then. I've spent a lot of time trying to put things back in place.

You can see, in the vestibule here, the original floor tiles, and this is the original front door, that's been on the house since 1881. This is the front step where my gran sat, and where my family has sat for generations. My gran planted that hedge when we moved into the house in 1920.

When they wanted to do up this street, the idea was to replace the front door with a plastic one, remove the hedge my gran had planted to erect a brick wall, and tile over my front step. This was the proposal, and of course I refused. The door, the hedge, and this step, are all part of my history, and this home's history.

We've seen a lot of changes here. This road was a family-orientated place and everybody knew everybody else. You felt safe, part of a community. We had the Miss Walkers' who lived over the road, two spinsters. We had a teacher who lived next door, that way.

In fact, my father's family lived next door, the other side, here; so we are very grounded in this area.

However, once the families started moving out, the houses became empty, they were bought by landlords who made flats out of them, because they're big houses.

That was okay, initially. Gradually, the landlords sold the properties on, because the area is very unstable, we didn't know what was going on with Liverpool's football club. Whether they were extending or moving, so unscrupulous landlords put troubled families in, and things changed. We've had fights in this street at three o'clock in the morning, drugs; a gunman in that house opposite, which culminated in a police siege. While this was all going on, my mum, being a scouser, went into the kitchen to make tea for the police.

Eventually, it got to the point where I didn't feel safe in my own house.

One day, I had lunch with my brothers, and I talked to my brothers, and they said you need to move if you feel that bad. So I decided I would move.

But when I got home, I came in, and sat down, and I cried. I didn't want to move, didn't want to leave my home; this is where we've been all our lives.

People don't understand. It's not just a house. It is a home.

We have been given lots of promises about changes in this area. But none of them have come to fruition. And, as you can see, we are left with these boarded up houses, which is a shame.

However, there seems to be a little spark of hope. You will have seen the scaffolding on your way around, and there is a plan to bring these houses back into use, whether that will be commercial or domestic, I'm not sure yet.

My hope is that Anfield/Rockfield becomes an area where people want to live again, a place where there are homes again, and not just boarded up houses.

(everybody back on the bus, Sue joins)

Sue: So, as I said my nan was a mid-wife and if you have a look over there to your left, you'll see big mansions. Well, you probably know about Brian Epstein, the manager of the Beatles? His family owns one of these mansions and my nan delivered Brian. That's my claim to fame!

*(driving down Anfield Road past the back of the Stadion and the Hillsborough Memorial,
Alan puts on We'll never walk alone quietly in the background)*

*When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark*

Sue: There were more big mansions to your left, but they all came down and now it's the LFC car park.

But the relationship between the community and LFC didn't always used to be difficult. In fact in the times when footballers still got normal wages, a lot of them actually lived around here in digs. We always had people staying at ours, including for a long time Bob Paisley, the famous Liverpool Manager. This is a picture of him with my nan. (passes around photo)

DRIVING THROUGH KEMLYN ROAD TOWARDS MITCHELL'S BAKERY

Carl: This street has been saved and the houses restored to their former glory. You can see how beautiful they can be.

And coming up ahead is the old Mitchell's bakery, where your cake and drinks are waiting, provided you still have your tickets. Once you're ready, Alan can give you a lift back to the Cunard building.

Ladies and Gentlemen, my name is Carl with a C, not with a K. I do hope you've enjoyed the Anfield Home Tour. A huge thank you; from both myself, and Big Al, and everyone involved in the Anfield Home Tour. You've been great company.

And this is our very last photo opportunity. You can leave your things on the bus if you are going back with Alan.

The music video to the last song from me and my mind, was shot right over there. Come on get out and gather for the last photo.

(plays We Will Rise, Grace Petrie)

*Can we meet your blood with kindness,
can we meet your hate with love?
Can we keep our years of silence,
as you crush us from above?
As the judgement day draws closer,
as the reckoning draws near,
there's plenty more of us than you here.*

(everybody leaves bus, Carl takes a last picture of the group)

Carl: Eeerm, we've got a bit of extra time and I want to show you something. This is not part of the tour. If you want to come over here, this used to be my house, my parents' house. My dad, he's a poet, not published or anything, Frank- Frank Ainsworth. I just wanted to read you this.

(he stands on the old wall of the house and recites)

Reincarnation of a Home

If I could choose,
I'd come back as a caravan.
Then nobody could slap
a CPO on me.
And the only fire to come
within six feet of me would be
a campfire.
I could join the circus;
draw up a crowd,
the oldest Victorian caravan in town.
They would charge to look at me.
Do me up like a dog's dinner.
I'd make friends with a lion.
Let him curl up against my wheels,
shit under my belly.
Fill up the holes.
I could circle around it for years.

(Carl walks off, audience make their way to the bakery, where they are welcomed with a letter, read out by one of the Homebaked community members)

Welcome to Homebaked. I will read you a welcome letter which has been written collaboratively by members of Homebaked. We hope you can hear all the different voices.

Dear Visitor,

Welcome to our future.

This is an auspicious occasion.

We have been waiting for a long time. For you to arrive, for them to make it happen, for it to move on. We are sick of waiting. We deserve to welcome you.

With Cake.//

A little over two years ago we started building. We have learned together and found a way to collectively own land and buildings, to make a business plan, to start a co-operative and a community land trust and a lot more about what it means to build physically, socially and economically.

First there were four of us. And one of us took some convincing.

Somebody new // and I need convincing because I wonder what it was that made us sick by the waiting, and why we deserve to welcome you.

And in what spirit we will welcome you.

I WOULD CHOOSE TO WELCOME YOU IN THE SPIRIT OF INCLUSION, IN THAT BY ARRIVING, YOU CHOOSE TO BRING YOURSELF AND WITH THAT ALL THAT YOU CAN BRING.

FEEL FREE TO BRING CAKE//

And questions, we love questions.

We welcome you because we know you deserve a warm welcome – don't we all?//

And we do actually hope you are here to stay.

And now it is finally time to have a big fat slice of what is left of the cake. There is enough for all.

Enjoy!!!