

Gillian Wearing: Wearing Masks
Video transcripts

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Bully, 2010

Sam, Method Teacher, *addresses nine people*

Sam, Method Teacher: Ok, this improvisation, it's like an enactment. James – or Jay, right? – is going to use you, in one way you could look at like an active tableau... of a common experience he had, when he was bullied as a younger boy. Alright? So what he's going to do is he's, he's basically going to act and function as kind of facilitator and director, in the same way that I'm actually dealing with you now. He's really going to just talk to you, from himself, and he's going to cast you in certain archetypal roles, whether that's a bully, or the victim, or the bystander etc. You understand? And he's going to work with it until such time that he genuinely believes in it. Yeah?

[Group answers]: Yeah.

Sam, Method Teacher: It's your floor, sir. Take it away.

James: The person that I want to play me, is actually going to be – you [*points*], please. Alright, and I think the scene is going to be on a housing estate, by a park. So there's going to be two groups of people; there's going to be some of you – whichever ones you decide, it's entirely up to you, just like separate a little bit – one to one side, one to the other. Some are in the park, some are bystanders.

James: Alright, we'll have the park here. Guys, you're just having a kick about, muck about, whatever kids do, d'you know what I mean, in the park, you're all over by the swings. You guys can be just having a conversation amongst yourselves. When things start to interact over there, I want only one of you to actually notice what's going on – want to do something about it, but not. Do you see what I mean, so hold back, but want to do something.

James [*to Stephen, who is playing the role of James*]: Right what I want you to do is, you don't, you're not actually a very sociable person because of, like, the sort of crap that you go through, but you're going to take a risk – you're going to ask these guys if you can join in, right?

Stephen as James: Yup.

James: But first of all, I'm going to speak to them, and then, go in, yeah?

James to Patric as Bully 1: He's going to come over and ask if he can join in your game. But when he does it, you're going to rebel against it, and I'm going to get these three guys to accept it, but you're not. Alright?

James: Just, treat him like shit. Absolute shit.

Stephen as James: She said I could join in, so...

Patric as Bully 1: No, I didn't say you could join in.

Stephen as James: Well, she said I could join in.

Patric as Bully 1: I didn't say he could join in.

Stephen as James: Well, can I join in?

Patric as Bully 1: Woah, what, what, what the fuck is 'beurgh' – 'well'! What language is that? Where you from?

Stephen as James: I said can I join in?

Patric as Bully 1: Where you from, no, where you from?

Stephen as James: Well, local.

Patric as Bully 1: Local, where?

Stephen as James: Well, just up the road.

Patric as Bully 1: Up the road? I know everyone up the road. Who are you? No one. What d'you want? Stand somewhere else.

Stephen as James: Fuck off.

Patric as Bully 1: Fuck off? You tell me to fuck off. Did you tell me to fuck off? Say it again. Go on. No, say it me. Go on. Tell me to fuck off.

Stephen as James: Just... play your game, yeah?

Patric as Bully 1: Just tell me to fuck off...

Stephen as James: Just play the game.

Patric as Bully 1: ...one more time. Fuck off.

Stephen as James: No it's you who needs to fuck off.

James [*intervenes*]: Steve, Steve – you’re going to be shitting yourself, you got to let them take over. Do you know what I mean, you’re just, like, you’re not in control of the situation. Just let ‘em do what they’ve gotta do.

Stephen as James: Serious man, what? Oh come on. Come on, uh.

Patric as Bully 1, Honestly man, what don’t you understand by ‘fuck off’? Do you know what ‘fuck off’ means?

Stephen as James: Alright, well do you want me to go? I’ll go.

Patric as Bully 1: ‘Fuck off’ means go away. It means pee away, it means piss off. It means get out of here now or you’re going to regret it.

James [*intervenes, to Bully 2*]: Do whatever you can to make him feel that big. Anything.

Luca as Bully 2: Do you have a small dick?

Patric as Bully 1: Do you understand? So, why are you still standing here?

Luca as Bully 2: How big is your knob?

Patric as Bully 1: Like a moron.

Luca as Bully 2: How big is your knob?

Patric as Bully 1: Why are you still standing here?

Stephen as James to Luca as Bully 2: What the fuck are you on about?

Patric as Bully 1: Get the fuck out of here. Now.

Luca as Bully 2: Are you a man?

Patric as Bully 1: Get out.

Stephen as James: Alright I’m going, I’m going.

Patric as Bully 1: Good.

Luca as Bully 2 Where you going? Where you going?

Stephen as James: I’m going. He’s just told me to go, so I’m going.

Luca as Bully 2: Yeah, but where you going?

Stephen as James: Going home, aren't I?

Luca as Bully 2: How you going home?

Stephen as James: I'm walking, how d'you think?

Luca as Bully 2: I wanna come home with you.

Patric as Bully 1 Hey mate! Beurgh! Heh. Beurgh!

James, whispers: Be aggressive with him. Pin him, pin him, pin him, pin him.

Patric as Bully 1: You've fucking got your Kleenex sticking out your pocket! Why don't you wipe yourself, you little cry baby, go on. Wipe yourself. Wipe yourself, go on, Mummy ain't here, you do it. You gotta do it, wipe yourself you little piss ant. Go on. Wipe yourself.

Patric as Bully 1: D'you need the toilet?

Luca as Bully 2 Sorry, I didn't see you there.

Patric as Bully 1: D'you need the toilet? Oh you've already been, you've already been in your trousers, you little cunt.

Luca as Bully 2 Sorry. I didn't see you, I'm sorry.

Luca as Bully 2 Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't see you.

Stephen as James: Fuck off!

Patric as Bully 1: He didn't see you, because you're an insignificant little maggot. You're a little maggot that doesn't need to be here, that shouldn't be here, that won't be here much longer, you little piss and fuck.

James: As you are, freeze. Completely freeze. As you are. I'm gonna move you [*Points to Stephen as James*], I'm actually gonna take you out of here. Alright so, come with me. Alright stand there. Face that way. [*To the bystanders*] Can you guys come over here? And just stand in a line there. [*Points next to Stephen as James*] All facing against the wall, yeah? [*To the bullies*] You guys come over here, and just all four of you, with your backs against the wall, just stand there. Heads down. Hands like that.

[To the bystanders and Stephen as James]

You guys, fingers up. All up against them. You. Like that. That's how I want the freeze frame... That's how I want the freeze frame.

Sam, Method Teacher: You can now use this opportunity to give anyone, when you want to, a piece of your mind, from what you're experiencing.

James: What, the ones against the wall?

Sam, Method Teacher: Anyone. Talk out to them, go on. They're real. React with them like you're really back there. Go on.

James [to Patric's as Bully 1]: Fucking humiliate me, ever again, and I swear to fucking God I will remove every fucking bone out of your body you little prick.

James to Luca as Bully 2: You, thinking you're a fucking tough guy? Tough? I'll show you tough when I rip your fucking bollocks out and stick 'em down your throat, you cunt.

James to Dave as Bully 3: And you. What the fuck you looking at? You got a fucking problem, or something?

You want this? You can fucking have this. I'll wrap it round your fucking neck and throttle ya. Prick.

James: And you. What, 'cause you're a bird you think you come up to me acting all fucking hard, giving it all this and this and this and this. You can bollocks and all, you prick.

James [To all four bullies]: All of ya, all go to fucking hell. Every single one of you, I will get back and I promise you that. Fucking 'til the day I die I will make sure that every single one of you cunts suffers.

James [To the bystanders]: And as for you guys, standing there, helping, thanks a fucking lot.

James I don't think you realise how shit you made me feel, and how much it's actually affected the rest of my life. And now I live in constant fucking fear, that when I go on the underpass I check there ain't people waiting for me or anything like that, cause I don't want to be put in that situation again, 'cause I'm not in control, and I always want to be in control in my situations.

Sam, Method Teacher: And what about the people that stood by and did nothing? What would you say to them?

James: Thanks. A lot.

Sam, Method Teacher: What did you want from them? **James:** Support.

Sam, Method Teacher: Tell them.

James: But, at the same time, as much as I looked at the people standing by, like you guys, I wanted you to do something about it, but I didn't want you to then have to put yourself in that situation that I was in. So I was kind of thinking, I was protecting you guys when really you guys should have been protecting me. And you just stood there, and watched. Just didn't give a shit. At all.

Jerome as Bystander 1: Sorry...

Ash as Bystander 2: Very sorry.

James: That's how I felt.

Fear and Loathing, 2014

Person one (right screen): My episode of fear and loathing began on May 3rd, 2011. While travelling in a friend's car in the back seat through Malibu Canyon one Sunday morning. My friend was pulled over by sheriff deputies for speeding, he was asked to step out of the vehicle having not provided his driving license and all the other passengers were also stepped out of the vehicle. Being the last person remaining in the back seat and having committed no crime with no motivations to do anything but remain in peaceful repose, I said no to a command of one of these deputies who said flatly "you said no?" I will Taser and stun you and charge you with this and this and mumbled as he went away and another officer appeared. From both sides with separate weapons I was tased and stunned repeatedly in the neck and the arms and I was in paroxysms of pain to the point where I was ultimately incapacitated, wherein I was also batoned and my eyes were coated with mace. I committed no crime and was merely a peaceful passenger. I was not even belligerent when this occurred. Subsequently my belongings were seized, false drug evidence was placed on my person and I was charged with assaulting an officer. This horrific episode continued wherein I was subsequently jailed three times and under duress accepted a plea bargain to prevent further suffering and a criminal conviction for drug possession. I am now in the midst of a civil rights law suit to represent against these criminals of law, sometimes referred to as peace officers who violated my peace so viciously. Whatever the outcome I echoed against this and all other forces of tyranny and oppression that exist in the world. With William Blake, the great dissenter and champion of speech, when he said "cast thy keys oh Rome, down deep down, even to eternity, down, let the stony law be smashed to dust, for empire is no more."

Person two (left screen): I'm talking about a fear today. Ever since childhood I've had these nightmares and I keep seeing this strange pattern that makes me so nauseated that's it's all I can do to keep from losing my lunch. I don't know what causes it I am just really, really upset by it, it doesn't make any sense. I can't describe it perfectly it's not just any swirling pattern it swirls counter clockwise and it looks like a barber pole on the end or something. I had a teddy bear when I was a child and this teddy bear, I loved him he was my best friend but he had these two swirling patterns in his fur that did the same thing and when I would see those two swirling patterns it would actually make me sick and afraid and afraid of him, I wouldn't look at him, I liked the bear, it was one of the few toys I had that was really nice, so like I would cover them up, eventually the fur at the top on his head where the one paw is, it wore off but the one on his hip never did. Even at the end when I was an adult I couldn't look at that pattern without getting sick. I have tried to trace it, it doesn't seem to be like a hypnotic thing, it doesn't seem to be like anything I have seen, I have never been caught in a whirlpool or anything like that. I have never fallen down in anything that would look like a swirling thing if I fell and it doesn't have anything to do with drains. I have no idea at all what causes it. I have had fear of the dark and other things like that that I have confronted them by shutting myself in a dark room. But I can't find a way to confront this even. And when I see this pattern my whole life gets disrupted for the whole day my life will be messed up if I see that pattern. I don't even have to see it directly. I can see it like in peripheral vision or something and it will affect me and later I will

remember that I did see it. As soon as I recognize it ...even now when I am talking about it my shoulders, toes and arms are getting all tense. I can't even talk about this thing, it scares me so badly and I have no idea why as it is only a pattern. It shouldn't make that much difference. it's nothing like it's attacking me or anything else. I have no idea what causes it, but it causes total panic in my system whenever I have to see it

Person three (right screen): Hello I will just call myself Tony and I am here to talk about my fear and loathing and utter revulsion of mayonnaise. I am I guess you would call a mayophobe. Other than my fear of mayonnaise I would like to say I am a normal guy, I have a professional career, grew up in a normal family. I have a job and all that kind of stuff. But for some reason I am just deathly afraid of mayonnaise and it all started when I was 5 years old and I went to work with my grandma and she was a cook in a restaurant and I remember going in the back and she had an industrial sized jar of mayonnaise and she was making tuna fish sandwiches and I just threw up on the spot. And ever since then I can't see it, I can't be around it and I can't really eat with people who are eating mayonnaise. And it's kind of gotten worse as I have gotten older, I guess since I have made it into a bigger thing than it needs to be. I remember in college living with roommates who ate mayonnaise and I would throw out the mayonnaise jars in the refrigerators, and then I would have to throw the bag of trash that was in our apartment out to the dumpster. And then even when it was in the dumpster, I think about it all night being in the dumpster and made myself even more nauseous. So, you know it's kind of gone from there, it tends to impact me with people at work sometimes if I'm going to lunch with someone and they're eating mayonnaise on a sandwich or something like that. Without fail they always end up with a little bit of, I guess a little dollop on the corner of their mouth or something like that. I can't really look at them when they're eating. I guess maybe they think I'm a little weird or something like that. I remember once going out with some friends, some of who I was good friends with and some I didn't know. And this guy had sat next to me and I was cornered into a booth and he was eating a hamburger and every bite he took, he had a squeeze bottle of mayonnaise and he covered the bite and ate it, and I don't know how I didn't throw up during that lunch but I somehow got through that. But I still think about that even now and get nauseous. There's been a couple other incidents as well. I remember going on a date with a girl and she ordered a sandwich with mayonnaise and I had a hard time talking to her throughout the meal, because you know, like I said, whenever someone eats mayonnaise, no fail, they end up with a little bit of it in the corner of their mouth. And just really, overall, it's kind of a strange phobia to have in my opinion, because I'm not scared of anything else. I'm not scared of heights, I watch horror movies all the time and they don't bother me. For some reason this always bothers me and it's not, you know I can actually kind of stare at a jar of mayonnaise, but for some reason it's just, it's almost like a horror movie where it's the little glimpses of mayo, you know, like on the corner of someone's mouth, a knife in the sink of a kitchen that really get to me for some reason. So, I don't know if there's any way to get treated for something like this, but I guess the best thing to do is just kind of laugh about it.

Person four (left screen): I have two major fears. One is a fear of bridges. When I was six years old I got into two car accidents on the Vincent Thomas, which connects San Pedro to Long

Beach, and even to this day if I want to cross a bridge I have to walk either in the middle of the sidewalk or as far away from the rail as possible. When I'm in a car and going across it, I start panicking, I start thinking about if we get into an accident or if a car swerves and flies off the bridge. And my other fear is ending up like someone like my father. Cause he wasn't there for me growing up and he disrespected his parents, his name, his friends and he's ended up an alcoholic and without anyone. So I fear that if I end up like him by disrespecting my last name, my friends, my family, I'll end up just like him, and I don't want that. I don't want that for my kids. I don't want to see my mother, have my mother watch me go through that. I just want to be a better person. I'm fearful of that every day.

Person five (right screen): Well I have this problem, this woman, sits next to me at work and she is a torment. All she does is ruin my life, in a professional setting. All the accounts that I've gotten, she seems to, wanting to get a piece of the action. I know she stole one of my accounts. I told my boss that this is something that needs to get addressed and she needs to be penalized or punished for. It's unbearable, she's constantly making noise, constantly going back and forth in the office, slamming doors, slamming desks, she's this unbearable piece of filth, and I really hate her. I loathe her, but I have a plan. I need to either make a decision on whether or not I want to keep this job, but more importantly, do I want to pursue the sabotage of all accounts. Take it to another company. And I plan to actually start that next year, and decide I'm going to steal all the accounts from the company and take them all to the new company. I have the backing of all the new employees that I'm currently working with, and we're networking, all because she just doesn't understand what respect and ethics are. She's not a co-worker that you want to be involved with or deal with. She disrespects people. She's filthy. She's this animal that I loathe. I really would like to see something be done to the company, or to her, because it's unbearable to see her have success when she doesn't deserve it.

Person six (left screen): I was raised in a farmhouse in Indiana for the first three years of my life. We had a few acres of land and a little bit of corn. And obviously with corn you have a scarecrow to go along with the corn. One night my two older brothers decided to play a prank on me when I was like three years old. They brought the scarecrow into the house and it scared the shit out of me. Ever since then I've always been really uncomfortable, they make me really uneasy, the sight of them. Whenever I'm around them, it's just not good for me. I need, I start to be panicky a little bit. And then, somewhere down the road, the fear of paper cuts got to be, it makes me weak, it makes me want to faint at the thought of them. They've manifested themselves together and the thought of a scarecrow coming into my room at night and tying me down and using an envelope or some sort of thick piece of paper and just paper cutting my genitalia over and over and over again. The thought just plays in my mind and it keeps me awake. I can't sleep. I try to leave the tv on. I have music playing or something just to distract my brain to not think about that to keep me awake at night. I don't know how long it's going to go on for or if I'll have to experience it in real life for me to get over it, but, we'll see.

Person seven (right screen): It all started in my first year of my current job. I was dating a guy named Ross and nothing was really happening with us, it was mostly friendship. We were still

getting to know each other, but somehow, you know, as time went on, we ended things and throughout my job and the area I work in it got around, oh I'm dating him, you know, I was sleeping with him. The next person I started talking to, even just being friends with, it got around I started sleeping with him by the time six months had passed I had slept with 8 people in my area. You know, here's me joking around going, I'm a stud, oh wait I'm a girl, I can't be a stud. Trying to brush it off, but at the same time it was very hurtful and being bullied. People were talking about me I didn't even know. A friend of mine, Jeff, was defending me at one of the places he works in the department people were talking about me and he walked up to them and he goes "do you even know her," "have you even met her?" and they're like "no, but we've heard things," and he goes "well if you've never met her you should be quiet about it." So there were a few standing up for me, but over the years things have just gotten worse. It's definitely something that I loathe most of all, is people that spread gossip, because it is a form of bullying and bullying is never acceptable no matter where you go.

Person eight (left screen): When I was about eleven years old, my mom decided she should start dating this man who I didn't trust, and I didn't like him. And for very good reason too, it turns out. He ended up molesting me for about three years. As I got older he started stopping because, I guess I was older and he liked younger girls. During that time I went to extraordinarily dark place. I always had razors, I was prepared to kill myself. I always had those sorts of thoughts and I started smoking a lot of pot and drinking and, you know, I was twelve. It's really destructive behavior, and I was really depressed. I didn't understand how sexuality was supposed to work. I was lost. I was alone, and I tried to talk to my mom about it, and she just said that was his way of showing affection. So I had no one, and I knew that if I said anything I would lose my mom. I'd be put in child services and I'd be lost in the system and I didn't want that. I didn't want that at all. I was afraid. So I continually allowed myself to be victimized. I allowed myself to be dominated. I wasn't allowed to leave the house unless I modeled underwear, or got fingered, or bunch of that sort of behavior I supposed. I was almost like a, I guess, a sex slave. Not really, but, in a way. It was always held over my head that my room and board being paid for, that I somehow owed being taken care of, and I believed it. I didn't know any better. So, luckily, I ended up getting away, but I'm left with so much trauma from the whole experience. So much pain, and so much insecurity, and so much self-doubt, and so much fear. I'm afraid that I'm not good enough. I'm afraid that I'm damaged goods. I'm afraid that I'll never be whole. That what was taken can never be given back, and I'm afraid that I'll hurt myself and choose bad relationships in the future. I'm afraid that I'll never be free of this. I am just terrified that my whole life is going to be defined by it, and it feels like it already has been, and I don't want that. I'm afraid that the choices I make are going to be self destructive, and some of them have been. I'm so afraid that he will always have control over me, and that's the worst feeling. He may not be here, he may not be in my life, but it feels like he always will be. I don't think he deserves that. I'm just terrified that I'll be stuck forever.

Person nine (right screen): My father died in February of this year, and we, it was always a bit of a difficult relationship, but one that I know deep inside he did love me. We very much did have our hard times. It was the funeral and the aftermath that was the real problem. He had

married another woman after my mom, and he was always a bit surface level as well as the children. The trouble started when they tried to have the funeral without us before we were able to get into the state. When they stole from his home and when they were sending texts to my phone saying that I never loved him, and that they were closer to him. I could go on for quite a while, the things they did. The way they treated us, and my brother and sister, but I will say I wanted to get over this a lot faster. I know it's only been a few months, but I am just filled with rage and loathing every time I think of them. I was going to have a difficult time with this anyway, but they took away my chance to mourn my father and mocked me for it. That is something that is going to stay with me for the rest of my life whether I want it to or not.

Person ten (left screen): I guess I can start. I've been sober for ten months, eleven months now. I haven't drank since November, well, Thanksgiving of last year, so it's getting there. The whole reason for me quitting was cause my last relationship was a whirlwind. I guess it was just a shitstorm. And it's kind of, on the course, cause they've all been like that. I've always had a rough history with women. The women that I dated, some of them that I've been with I probably should have dated and didn't, because I was not in the right moment in time, or something like that where the ones that I did end up sticking around were always the absolute wrong choice. The last really big relationship I had lasted maybe eleven months, and within two months we were living together. It was one of those situations were like, right out of the gate I looked at her dead in the face and said "this is either going to be really great or really awful," and it ended up being really really awful. She moved in two months after me, two months after we had met, and she quit her job, we were going to move to Seattle actually. We ended up not moving, so we stuck around and I got into a job where I was making decent money and then she refused to get a job on her own, and that put a massive stress on our relationship that shouldn't have been as deep as it was already. We just didn't know each other, we didn't know if we actually liked each other, and quickly we both learned that we did not like each other, and the problem is, is that we were already integrated into each other lives at a one hundred percent daily basis. She lived there, and I lived there, and we had a roommate, and it got worse and worse. The drinking elevated. Our hatred for each other really, she would spit in my face. She hit me. One night I got drunk on an entire bottle of rye whiskey, and she hit me. Yeah, I hit her back, and it's something I still haven't exactly gotten over. It's the reason why I don't drink. That specific moment scared the shit out of me. It scared me to death. I don't even know what went over me. I woke up and, I mean, she got her licks in too. I woke up and I was bleeding, and I was alone and everybody hated me, and I had no idea why. I lost some of my closest friends that night. People that I thought would be in my life forever, people who know things about me most people don't, because I am very close to myself. That made it even worse, cause now there's people out there who know things about me that I don't want people to know, and they think very ill of me. I get it, I do. It was an awful thing to do. I gotta say, I hate myself for that. I didn't think I could ever bring myself to do something like that, and even though I was drunk it doesn't make it right by any means.

Person eleven (right screen): No, I tell you it's like, come up with a dream and decide what it is you really want to do with your life, and I thought I had it figured out but they don't tell you

that that dream, it'll just shit all over you. So I moved out to Los Angeles, cause I want to be a star you know. I want to be the guy who got all the attention, who made everybody laugh and when I got here I thought I was meeting people who were gonna make that happen, but so many phony fucking people that you meet out here. There's so many people who say they're going to give you things, who say they want to work with you, but when you finally try to cash in on that, they don't want a thing to do with you. I think, I blame the people, I think Facebook too, it's just like people get so much more cold. Nobody wants to talk to you, they just tell you to contact them on Facebook, and they don't have the decency to write you back. And I try, so hard, to be happy for my friends, but it's tough. Instead I just hang them up on my little spite museum, cause I think they're just not as good as me, but then I start to realize that being good has nothing to do with me. People like to schmooze, and they like to kiss ass and they like to suck dick to get where they want to go but I can't do that. It's not who I am, it's not ever how I got anything that I earned, and I don't want to start. But that's still how everyone seems to get what they want because they fucking, they just know the right people. There's no such thing as a meritocracy out here. I had a friend kill himself this week. He loved stand-up comedy, he loved entertainment more than I do. More than anyone else that I know does. He put on shows, he reached out to people. He was probably the one decent person I met out here. He killed himself. Know what the last thing he wrote for a Facebook status was? He wrote, "Hope is stupid." Maybe he was on to something.

Person twelve (left screen): So I have this fear of coming off as being arrogant and conceited cause I feel that I am entitled to be happy. In my current situation I feel as though I should be happy, but I'm not. I don't know exactly why I feel this way, but I just do. Growing up, I thought I was a good person. My parents brought me up that way, and I still think I'm a pretty good person compared to a lot of people out there. And I just feel as though that should be enough to make me happy. Although, I don't believe in karma. I don't believe what goes around comes around. I feel as though bad people can go on living great lives, but I feel sort of entitled for my happy ending I guess, because I've been so good my entire life. They kind of contradict, my ideas kind of contradict each other, but I don't know why I still feel that way. It's kind of this whole big circle that just feeds off of itself, but I just feel as though I should be happier right now. Even though I'm not, I know I haven't had the toughest of lives, I know my life hasn't been the easiest either, and I don't know why I care what other people think of me, but I just don't want them to think I'm something that I'm not, which is being conceited or just all about myself.

Person thirteen (right screen): I was fired back in December. I had never been fired before, I always thought of myself as a good employee. Basically, I had just gotten a raise the month before. I thought people were happy with me. Through the course of the 3 years with my former employer, he's the kind of guy that likes to have a lot of women around him. He had a woman living with him, who he had been living with for at least two years, and he wanted me to be his office girlfriend. And I just didn't want to go there, and I did find myself with some mixed feelings about it. I did have a certain attraction to him cause he was a very powerful guy, not bad looking, charming, good sense of humor. I mean, nobody's really a monster, you know.

Nobody sets out to be mean or a monster, but I'm still angry when I think about it, because I went out of my way to do a good job, help everybody in the office. You know, basically, he asked me to go on a boat ride. This was around early December. I was gonna go, I was gonna go with him, but, you know, thinking it was a boat party or something, but anyway, as it turns out he just kept making these advances on me and at some point it just got unbearable. His girlfriend was always coming into the office, seeing what we were doing. She had her suspicions. I called him out on it, you know. I called him out on it mid-December, I just said, I'm tired of this. He has pictures all over his office of Playboy bunnies, okay. I don't really care about that. I didn't care that much about him being so into women and liking women's bodies, having an office that looked like an auto mechanic shop. But it just really hurt me to get fired because I called him out on it. I've been trying to make my peace with it, but I had to move back in with my mother. I went through some financial distress from it, and I had filed a case with the state of California, but I didn't have enough evidence. With only one email that I had, of evidence of what was going on. So, I decided that I probably just needed to put it behind me.

Person fourteen (left screen): My biggest fear is people. I grew up my whole life just working hard, doing what I have to do. No matter what I did, it was never good enough for people. I was always talked down. I was shrugged off, and it became to the point now where even if someone says okay, gives me a thumbs up, does any kind of sign, I feel like it's not good enough. I keep doing more, I do more and more to make sure that everyone's okay. Even though in the back of my mind I know they're okay, I keep doing more to make sure that they're happy, not sad. I do it so much to the point where I stress myself out and get so angry. I don't know what to do with myself sometimes. I would work, I would drive the extra mile for people and all I would hear is just, any kind of reaction is just a shrug. I could see someone else barely doing anything and they would just get all of this praise and glory, and everything. It's very upsetting to me, over 20 years happening, it still happens, whether it's friend, family. Now I just don't know what to do. That's my biggest fear, that it's happened so long, I don't know if it will ever stop now. That's my biggest fear.

Person fifteen (right screen): My parents divorced when I was very young, when I was about two years old, and even though that was hard and sad to grow up that way, I had a very good relationship with my mother. I lived with her, and living with her as a single mom was a lot of fun and I enjoyed it, and I felt that we were very close. When I was eight years old, my mother remarried somebody who I knew from the moment I met was not going to be a good person in my life. When I met my stepfather, he shook my hand and gave me a smile that was very insincere, and I was afraid of him. They married very quickly, about two months after they met each other, and we moved in with him hours away from where I'd grown up, and to a very small conservative town. He began to change the way my mother behaved. He's very controlling of her, and because of his very strict religious beliefs, he made her, essentially, his servant. He said that she should serve him as the man of the house, and she had to follow all of his rules, and also discipline me according to his rules, which were very strict and I still believe very unfair. I was punished almost every day for something as small as leaving the light on when I left the room, to not sweeping sufficiently. This went on as I was young and the

emotional and verbal abuse just got worse to both me and my mother. When I reached about twelve years old he began calling me a whore and a slut all the time, and would just yell at me and grab me, and throw me because of the clothes that I was wearing. I saw him once push my mother down the stairs, and she just told me that she had done something wrong and that I shouldn't worry about it. But probably, or definitely the worst thing that this man did to me and the reason why I hate him is actually based off something that his son did. His son, who was my stepbrother, was eleven years older than me. He lived in our house because he was going through a divorce. When I was fifteen he sexually assaulted me while my mother and stepfather were away on vacation. I was so afraid of my stepfather and the control he had over my mother that I didn't feel safe or comfortable telling them that this happened. So I told my school counselor, who then called the police and had him arrested. When my parents came home I was berated and screamed at and forced to sit in my room for days. My parents, or, my stepfather, hired him a lawyer and they essentially fought against me in a case where I had been sexually assaulted. MY stepfather and sister thought I was lying and just basically made me out to be a person that I definitely am not and helped somebody who had really hurt me and done something terrible. He broke, he jumped bail, my stepbrother jumped bail multiple times and my stepfather just kept paying it and eventually he got off just fine and nothing ended up happening. The trial went on for about two years and I just couldn't do it anymore, I was a kid and there was no way that I could fight against them. Essentially now, at this point, years later, I moved away from that small town and my stepfather has convinced my mother to stop talking to me, and I have no relationship with my family, essentially because of this man. He's done nothing but really bad things in my life and I think that he deserves to pay for them.

Person sixteen (left screen): I think that my biggest fear is that I'll let the fear kind of take over and hold me back from becoming who I know I could become, and that's somebody, you know, who is creative and paints, and creates costumes and I feel like I hold back from a lot of opportunities because I have this crippling fear of failure. I'm so scared to disappoint people that I work for that sometimes I'll just say no or toss the job off to somebody else and then I end up in the back seat watching the world become a place that I want to be in, but I'm too scared to step in, and it's ridiculous, it's completely stupid. I feel like fear is one of those things that can a great push for people, a great motivation, you push past those fears and you push yourself to grow and get better, or you use that fear and you let it eat you alive and you don't do anything with your life. You just kind of lose your sense of purpose, and I think that's something that's really dangerous for people it's feel like they have no purpose or no worth. I'm scared that that's what I'll end up doing. There's a lot of times I wake up and I wonder why I'm still here, like what am I doing, and then there's other days where I feel great and feel strong. I think the main thing is trying to learn to use fear to push yourself and not fall back into it, not let it take over. I really hope that that's something I can accomplish sometime soon and not constantly feel like I'm drowning and, you know, doubt.

2 into 1, 1997

Hilary speaking with Laurence's voice: I think I think I am very good looking. I'm intelligent, I'm sophisticated, well sophisticated means you know, you know about the world of course obviously everyone does but I'm only 11 and I already know about it. But when you come out come out of university or school you know where everything is.

Laurence speaking with Hilary's voice: My sons are unusual and they are absolutely adorable and they're bright and, and very alive and full of life and they've got very, very strong personalities which sometimes of course obviously drives me mad, but they, well they love me I suppose and they can be quite cruel too, they actually say to me, 'now get in and make our dinner'. I have had that a few times and I think, 'how dare you?'

Hilary with Laurence's voice: First of all she's a really slow driver, we kind of make it up to Devon in nine hours, like half the day, which really annoys me. My dad kind of like zooms through and he gets there in two hours. For instance today actually, she said she would give me some money and when we got to school she completely forgot her purse. She doesn't really think, she's really intelligent and clever but she kind of like failed her GCSE's.

Alex with Hilary's voice: Alex is a very, very loving boy and very bright and very caring really. However he can have terrible fits of temper and if he gets jealous or a fit of low self-esteem it comes out in violent ways towards me and abusive too.

Hilary with Alex's voice: I love my mother but she can be annoying, she's a loving person, I think she cares a lot about us. But she, well she rows with my dad. In two ways, in a lot of ways my dad's got better, got better ways of doing things than her but in a way she's got like, he's not very good at cooking but she is. But she's not good at handling arguments. She's just you know a very dramatic woman. It's like a Laurence Olivier play, I can't go on and things like that, I'll threaten to ring the police, I think she blackmails us a lot.

Laurence with Hilary's voice: Laurence is absolutely adorable and I just love every inch of him. I think he's good looking, I think he is beautiful looking, gorgeous face, very clever, very bright and funny and very alive. I think he's brilliant. But he's got a terrible temper and he can be a real bugger at times. 'Oh' he says, 'my teeth are yellow, I'm old and ugly and I never finish anything' – I say, 'I'm going to do it and I don't', he has a way of putting his finger on the truth. 'Oh yes' he says, 'I am a failure', he says, 'I am a failure', which has hurt because I think of myself as a failure.

Hilary with Laurence's voice: I don't like the way she dresses to my school, she doesn't try very hard, she doesn't look very good and she goes to stupid clubs which aren't kind of really necessary. She doesn't dress too young, but sometimes she looks at things in the shop which are really too young. I think she thinks too much of herself. I think she is afraid of getting old in a way.

Alex with Hilary's voice: I think having children brings out two very, very extreme emotions in us which is that one's constantly faced with the border of love and hate. Love is the usual the major emotion but at times you do really feel hate, hate towards them.

Hilary with Alex's voice: I'm not horrible, I stand up for my rights a bit more than my mum, she's a bit kind to people. I think children should have the right to be rude back to grown-ups, so whenever someone's rude to me – a grown-up – I don't think they should get away with it.

Alex with Hilary's voice: Well I think I am someone who likes to be dominated as all the men I've had are quite dominating to me so there must be something in that, that I do like it.

Family History, 2006**Part 1****My Family**

Young girl: When the... Heather and the woman were arguing, and the child was sitting on the side, I didn't like that cause I don't like arguings.

[arguing women, indistinguishable]

Girl: They might have been arguing about being jealous, because she had a child and she didn't and the other one had been saying "Just don't go on and *[indistinguishable]* my child" and just because you're past why you can't take him or her off me.

Sister: I don't remember that, you know, it's probably something so bloody stupid.

Heather: When did I say to you up in the bedroom you was jealous? Go on, tell me when then!

Girl: It was a bit too much, it's just like someone, something's passed away. You could still have another baby, couldn't you?

Sister: Every time we have a row with anybody they've gotta be jealous.

Heather: Do I?

Sister: Yeah.

Heather: Tell me when, tell me when then!

Sister: You've got to be jealous.

[string of TV dialogue and sounds]: Oh nobody fucking knews... *[laughing]* we've got to understand between each other, when I say "ta," there's a good little boy! *[giggling]* Give it to me, that's it! *[laughing]*

Woman: What I want to do is tell you about other opportunities and make sure that you have thought about all possible opportunities and also to tell you a little bit about how employers feel if you—you're going to look for a job, an employer really is most interested in what kind, kind of qualifications or what kind of educational standard you've reached... and I was just wondering, you know, why you were so keen to leave school at Eastertime when, within another six weeks or so you'd be taking CSEs and getting some qualifications, have you thought about staying on at school for... extra time?

Part 2

My Family History

Trisha: Think of the 1970s and you think of the birth of glam rock and punk rock, platform shoes and flared trousers were around. You associate the 1970s with the birth of the world's first test tube baby, Louise Brown. But one thing you might not associate with the 1970s is the birth of reality television.

Heather: No, I'm fed up with her telling me who I am. She's always pushing things with me, pushing a bit further.

Sister: She knows what I said, and that was enough.

Heather: No one's gonna try to tell me what to do. I'll do it again and just see what happens.

Dad: Calm down, calm down.

Heather: She's always tryin to tell me and anyone who thinks she's my mother. She ain't gonna tell me not once more, cause her mouth's gonna slip.

Dad: Alright! Just relax, unwind. Alright? It don't look bad. Alright... sisterly love.

Trisha: 1974, and the Wilkins family launches the start of reality television. In the clip there, you saw Heather, aged 15. And I've got Heather with me right now, aged...

Heather: 47. *[laughs]*

Trisha: 47! You were cringing looking back at that.

Heather: Yeah, I was.

Trisha: What do you see when you look back?

Heather: I...*[laughs]* just to see yourself sort of just, you can't shut up, can you, when you're just going...

Trisha: Were you willing yourself to shut up in that clip?

Heather: Sometimes... *[laughs]* I don't know about that one, but sometimes.

Trisha: Let's go back to the beginning, okay. Now your mum Margaret answered an ad in a newspaper.

Heather: That's right.

Trisha: What I wanted to know is when's the first time you found that that she'd even done that?

Heather: Um... I think she'd actually received a reply, and I can't actually remember exactly when but after she received a reply...

Trisha: Oh, so she didn't tell you when?

Heather: No, no. No, my sister knew, my sister knew. And then after she received a reply, she decided they better tell the others. So then we got told.

Trisha: Can you remember what she said?

Heather: I... I think I remember her saying to us, you know, that she'd applied. I mean, she kind of did it like it was just a fun thing, and you know, kind of shrugged it off like it's a nothing thing. They sent it off to this thing and they want to come and see you and... you don't really relate, do you know what I mean? At all. About what it was going to be. It was just a kind of another thing they were doing... so it was like, uh, okay...

Trisha: So these guys turn up at your house, who was the first person who came?

Heather: The producer come to see us, Paul Watson.

Trisha: ...so he sits down...

Heather: Well, he sat down with all of us, we all sat down and had quite a big meeting about it. Um... he was telling us exactly the kind of things to expect. Yeah...

Trisha: What did you think?

Heather: I didn't think very much of it at all, to be honest. I didn't. I wasn't very pleased.

Trisha: Did you shoot your mum some looks?

Heather: Well, yeah, my eyes shot him some, I think.

Trisha: Did you? What, like you're having a laugh?

Heather: No, yeah, no... I was looking at him like, why don't you get out and go away, really, I think. I wasn't none too pleased at the time to... it's a bit invasive, really. And I was already going through my teenage problems. And I was a pretty angry person at the time, as you can see...

Trisha: ...which is normal at 15.

Heather: Yeah, I think so...

Trisha: So he leaves. Did you say anything to your mum?

Heather: I don't think I did, particularly. You know what, to be perfectly honest with you, Trisha, I don't think it was really real, you know, even though he said and whatever... I think at that age as well, you just think "yeah yeah yeah" whatever. It's like always another one of those things that they're doing, you know...

Trisha: That you get roped into.

Heather: Yeah, and they get on with it and whatever.

Trisha: And, of course, there wasn't any other reality television...

Heather: There wasn't...

Trisha: So you couldn't say, "Oh it's like that..."

Heather: No, you couldn't even compare it, no. I didn't have... we didn't have a clue, really, I suppose, how it would go or what it was going to be like. They just said, you know, obviously, you're going to have cameras with you all the time and this is going to strum up interest.

Trisha: But you'd never even seen a camera.

Heather: Never. Only a little...

Trisha: ...Instamatic.

Heather: We didn't even have those little camcorders, did we?

Trisha: So... how did it feel once they actually started filming?

Heather: I think, I think the very first initial, like when he there and would be around, I think you might have seen sometimes my face expressions because they're just there again aren't

they, or there he is again. And, um, I think at first, you know, it was a mixed feeling, really. I think I was a little bit excited as well, cause like, it was a little bit of attention when you're 15. I mean it's great, isn't it?

Trisha: Was telly glamorous in those days? If you were gonna be on TV, did you associate television with glamour?

Heather: I don't think the original filming I associated with it going on the telly. That's the problem. I think they were at home, and it's another thing when we then saw the first series.

Trisha: So go on, you see that—that first time...

Heather: ...that very very first series and then you actually see, cause I've never seen film played back. So, obviously, you did your filming, and whatever, you had a bit of fun, and you did get used to them very very quickly.

Trisha: Now just, with contracts, can you remember or were you completely blanked out about that?

Heather: This, I'm blanked out of that completely. I'm sure my mum did discuss it, I'm sure she sort of did say, I mean we really didn't get very much for what we did in comparison to what you would do today. And, um, that was definitely my mum's department, and my dad, and I didn't really care much about that at all.

Trisha: Okay then, you go to school, and you know, when you get home, they're gonna be there. Was that "yippee"? Or "Oh God"? Or "I hope..."

Heather: I think sometimes it depended because you did have breaks, believe it or not, not because they gave you them but you like, for example, they'd go off, like they went to school one day with me or they'd go off to school with Christopher. Or they'd go off to work with my dad or with my mum or my sister. So you could come home sometimes and they're not there. Or, you could go off to your room and they'd be in the kitchen.

Trisha: But would that be good if they weren't there?

Heather: Sometimes, yeah. I mean, for me, sometimes, it was good if no one was there. I just, I was at that age as I say, I'd like to leave me alone, thank you.

Trisha: 'Cause I was thinking, you know, you go through things like monthlies where you just want everybody out of your face.

Heather: Can you imagine? I know. I know, can you imagine. Being a teenager and, as you say, going through things like monthlies. Even trying to work out your own self. You don't even

understand your own self, do you, at all at that age? And then... I mean, this house was full of people anyway, without the film crew.

Trisha: Did you sort of latch on to, like, one of the crew more than the other, do you think?

Heather: I got on very well, yeah, no, to be honest, I think... you know, I got on, we all got on very well with Franc Roddam, the director, uh... the cameramen. You know, we got on with them all. They really become good friends.

Trisha: You mentioned taking cameras to school. How was it? Did it change with your mates or anything like that?

Heather: Yeah, yeah. I always had good friends, I mean, you know, a lot of friends and everything, got on well, um, with people. But, I mean, no, my friends just became mega-excited and would show it. They were mega-excited. I think they run riot. *[laughs]* It was terrible.

Trisha: Now once the crew left, what was it, like a void? Or was it weird? Or thank God, or?

Heather: No, we missed them. We did. Because as I say, they were great guys, really great guys. In all, they did their job, but they were considerate, you know and um... it was just terrible when they went for quite a while, you know.

Trisha: Um, so, a normality. I hate that word, I always say, it's just, you know, it's a cycle on a washing machine, isn't it? Um, did you get back to normality or because...?

Heather: We did. Because we were able to just carry on living normal, as you say. *[laughs]* I do think that because we basically, um, we didn't act. Because we didn't act, and we weren't restricted at all in doing our everyday lives. We they went, we obviously continued our everyday lives. Um, the only thing that stayed the same is exactly what stayed the same when the program was on. You still couldn't sometimes go places, people would stop you for ages, and things like that...

Trisha: Slowed everything down.

Heather: Yeah, you'd still get that. Or people just stare. I mean, can you imagine me, 15, paranoid teenager. People staring at you. I mean...

Trisha: Did you hate it?

Heather: Well, before the program, if someone stared at me, I used to go off on one, say "well have I got two heads or something?" *[laughs]*

Trisha: Talking about kicking off, there's one piece of videotape I want to show you and we'll talk about that.

Heather: ...and that won't be worth last ends...

Sister: come here, come here...

Man: ...I was just looking at em!

Heather: No, don't you dare stick your foot in there!

Sister: They're only 5s!

Heather: If you stick your foot in there man, you buy it, they're a really small foot!

Sister: Heather, I promise I won't hurt them, alright?

Heather: Pull the strap!

Sister: Alright, but don't rush me!

Man: Do you want a pair as well?

Mum: You couldn't walk in them though.

Heather: If you lost weight, they'd be fine.

Sister: Why couldn't I? I can walk in this!

Heather: If you lost weight it'd be alright.

Sister: If I could walk in this, I can walk in this!

Man: What's the weight gotta do with shoes?

Heather: Because she cannot lose weight in her legs. And it won't look so ridiculous will it, fat legs with chunky shoes, will it!

Heather: I'm glad you didn't show too much of that! *[laughs]*

Trisha: No, but... do you find that embarrassing looking at that?

Heather: I'll tell you what, number one for a start I never ever planned for them to see me in my bra. They'd gone out that night to film at the pub, and for some...so I'd got the chance to wash my hair in the kitchen. We didn't have a bathroom in those days, you know, we had a toilet and the bath was in the kitchen. So I wash my hair when they went over to the pub filming. For some other reason, I don't know what happened, they came back early.

Trisha: But you didn't cover yourself up!

Heather: Well...that was it, wasn't it. They walked in and that's it. And I always had this opinion, anyway, people wore worse on the beach.

Trisha: It raised hell.

Heather: It was hell, yeah. It raised hell. My mum got it. *[laughs]*

Trisha: What did they say to her?

Heather: Mind you, my mum amazed me there, Trisha, to be honest, because obviously I'm a mother now myself. And my mum walked in the door and she actually says "what are you doing washing your hair at this time of night?" And if I walked in the door and my daughter was stood in her bra in front of her boyfriend washing, I'd have gone crazy. Absolutely crazy. There would have been hell. So she did surprise me.

Trisha: But it's funny, isn't it? Cause you would think that socially in those days people would be more conservative. I thought the same, if I found my 15-year-old with her boyfriend in her bra, I'd think, what's going on here?

Heather: I couldn't believe that she said that. Yeah, I did.

Trisha: Do you think that was because the cameras were there, or, she couldn't...?

Heather: Maybe, maybe, in case I had a row! *[laughs]*

Trisha: *[laughs]* Saved by the camera. Now the other thing that I think is interesting, I saw some film of a social worker and a sociologist. Do...have you ever seen that program where they're discussing your family?

Heather: I haven't seen it, I've heard about it. I haven't seen it...they're so rude, that they're dysfunctional or something...

Trisha: Let me tell you that one of the things they say—I've got here that posh psychologists talking about you as a "working class family" as if you were aliens. How they say "working class families are usually non-verbal, it's quite surprising with that family...it must have been something to do with Paul."

Heather: Oh really!

Trisha: I mean, they were sociologists...um, my father was doing a sociology course at the time, dissecting you and your family. Psychologists doing the same. Were you aware of that, or, you know...how does that feel?

Heather: I just, I mean, it's easy...I think it's easy for them to dissect and criticize. I think that kind of comment there, to be honest, um...I'm surprised in somebody in that profession, that's what they could come back with. Because um, "working class family" as you call it, uh... I think, okay they chat a lot. Okay, and maybe there was a lot of people in the house, you know, we're all very expressive and strong-willed people, but I mean...I think it's good that families talk and communicate and...

Trisha: ...but I think, there's a class difference in the 70s that we don't have now...

Heather: ...as much!

Trisha: ...and the fact that they keep talking about working cl—you wouldn't dare talk...

Heather: Well they got upset, didn't they, at the end of the day, because somebody—which was the press—said we were typical. And now, this caused the eruptions. That's what's caused, you know, the big problem.

Trisha: But nobody actually had the courage to say it again to your face?

Heather: No, they'd talk to reporters. Reporters would get out there and, I mean, we have to be fair, don't we? Because I happen to know, obviously, to be honest, I've never ever bothered with newspapers since. I don't particularly read a paper...

Trisha: ...because of that?

Heather: Yeah, because I can't believe a thing that goes on in the paper.

Trisha: What was the worst thing you think you read about you and your family?

Heather: I think, I think the worst thing was when they, um...I think...I don't know. I think, um, maybe when my mum, when they gave her a bit of a slaughtering about, you know, my dad and my brother's position, but in all fairness...

Trisha: ...you knew about it?

Heather: Of course, I used to live with my, my, um, brother's dad, you know, when they first separated. I loved it. So, um, I just think, it was all wrong the way they did it, because my mum was trying to show what a good man my father was, you know. And they just took it and used it, and it did hurt her.

Trisha: Did...you saw her hurt?

Heather: I saw her hurt.

Trisha: Did she cry about that?

Heather: Yes, yeah. She was gonna to end the program, actually. She was gonna. That would've been it. But we all said "no way."

Trisha: Don't let this get you down.

Heather: No no, that's one thing about us, we can all shout and scream at each other but you try and come at one of us and see if you can...like good families should.

Trisha: This one, uh, piece of videotape I want to show you and we'll talk about that. It's some link after this.

Heather: Come here.

Christopher: No. Get off!

Heather: Come here!

Christopher: No!

Heather: Come on!

Christopher: You're a fat pig!

Heather: Stop calling names!

Mum: Christopher, now you stop calling names! Now Heather, come here! Come here!

Heather: He hit me first!

Mum: Now stop it the pair of you! Now you, stop being cheeky!

Christopher: I'm getting bullied by her! [*crying*]

Mum: I'm telling the pair on you!

Heather: Oh, awful.

Trisha: Do you feel bad about that now?

Heather: I do... Did you hear? I hit a bit hard. It was a bit hard.

Trisha: But with the cameras there, did you not sort of think, "ooh, I better not do this"?

Heather: I didn't want to. You can see...I think you can see by the way I'm sort of trying to drag him into a position to, you know... but he was just pushing me a mean bit when he called me a fat pig, and you know, come on.

Trisha: You said you knew that he had a different dad. How...how early on did you know?

Heather: We all knew. I mean, my mum...fair play, they've never deceived us in any way at all. My parents split up when we were quite young, um, one day, and uh... they were separated. It's not like my mum went off and had a child or an affair. Do you see what I mean? That was the problem.

Trisha: Because that's how it was made out!

Heather: That's what they... that's what I'm saying, the way it came across. My parents were separated for three years, Trisha.

Trisha: How old were you then?

Heather: I, I...vaguely...5, 6. And I lived with my mum, uh, my mum went initially. And my father...

Trisha: Did you know, you knew she was going?

Heather: No I didn't, I didn't, and it was devastating. It was awful time. I think for the age...

Trisha: You just woke up...

Heather: ...she's gone! And of course, my home, our home went, um, with my parents' job. So we had to uproot everything, everything. And I mean it's not my mum didn't want to take us. My dad wouldn't let her, and, you know, whatever was what with them. So we were completely uprooted to somewhere else and you know, we...

Trisha: ...so where did you live? All the kids went with your mum?

Heather: First of all my father. No. All the children, mum went, that was it, one night. That was it. I know, it's hell.

Trisha: You come down to breakfast and you're like...

Heather: ...you get up, where's your mum? It's crazy, isn't it. Absolutely crazy. And I was the youngest, you see, then, so...as well. So, I was completely finished, you know. It was really a bad time for me.

Trisha: Then they came back together?

Heather: Well what happened, I mean, you wouldn't just walk out and get a divorce like you would these days. You have to work at it. Every time they say, divorce, no way. So, and obviously these children were split, and uh, because I lived with my mum later, my older brother come to live with us, um later on, my mum had had Christopher. And in all fairness, Christopher's father had other children. And they being amicable, I suppose, decided that, you know, it's not fair for these children, it's not right. And they sacrificed in a great way and got back together, and um...

Trisha: ...because the whole thing again through watching the...the documentary, through watching your family's life and the way the press dealt with it, was almost like your mother was the brazen woman gone off...

Heather: ...it portrayed it like she just went off, exactly, and got pregnant from some other guy. Yeah, that's right, it was awful, really...you know...

Trisha: Could she never speak out or...

Heather: And it didn't give any value, really. And can you imagine, poor Chris as well. You know he's only 9. And my mum has gone and sort of, you know, exposed this and he has to go to school. It's not good at all.

Trisha: Did kids say things to him?

Heather: Yes. Yeah, it wasn't good. It wasn't good, and it wasn't intentional, you know. I mean that's not the way it was at all. Not at all.

Trisha: So the fame, from sitting down, from your mum...

Heather: And Chris knew by the way. *[laughs]*

Trisha: ...yeah Chris knew. So, from filling out that form—"oh yes, let's do this"—and the cameras coming in. Obviously, there would have been no way your mother could have seen the repercussions and peoples' judgements and what have you. How did you adjust to that? Because it was always a different headline or a different situation...

Heather: I mean, that particular scenario, as I say...I mean, we stuck together. We were like, nope, come on, we will go on. You know...we know, we knew, I mean, so...

Trisha: ...but I'm just thinking, you get the—I don't know if in those days—you get the newspaper...

Heather: ...yeah we would get...

Trisha: ...and you go, "Ugh.."

Heather: Yeah. I mean, yeah, but it become like, you just expected it, to be honest, in the end. You just expected, like, "yeah, okay let's see what they gonna try to turn around and insinuate now." Because from the time that the local paper started to turn this thing against us. You know, it was awful because my mum was like, "we'll give free interviews to the local paper, because you know, it's our local and it's our town, and be supportive" —she's a lovely woman like that, you know! And they kind of betrayed her really, and betrayed us, you know. But it was a good lesson. It was a good lesson, you know.

Trisha: A hard lesson, though.

Heather: Hard, hard. Yeah.

Trisha: Did you ever come to the point where you began to fear what was coming next? Not so much from the television program or people, but from the newspapers?

Heather: Uh...I don't, I don't think particularly fear. I think you became wary. Obviously, you became wary.

Trisha: Cause I'm just thinking all your school friends would see it.

Heather: Yeah, we wouldn't be...but my school friends knew my family and they knew me. So, you know, it wasn't really...you know, it didn't matter, I don't think. Anybody you cared about already knew, so you didn't really worry. They just support you. They were just more supportive.

Trisha: So let's go back to how a fifteen year old girl became such a celebrity in the first place. And now, this is where I want to show you this next bit.

[indistinguishable crowd sounds]

Photographer: Alright, let's have a nice big smile!

Trisha: When you look back at that clip, that was your sister's...

Heather: ...wedding.

Trisha: ...wedding. Normally just a family affair. All of those people, what was it like that day?

Heather: Unbelievable. Unbelievable. I mean the wedding was fabulous and I loved the way, um, afterwards the BBC put it together. I thought it was great. But you kinda looked out the window, and you looked across there, and you, you know, I mean, how are you even going to get into the church? It was hell.

Trisha: But all of those people, did you think, "they don't know us"? Or, did they think they did know you?

Heather: Well, I think, yeah...In all fairness by then, several series had already gone out. And obviously we'd already started to get the effects of that when we were out on the street anyway. And in fact, that dress, I, I—we got on *[indecipherable]*, believe it or not. And it was so funny because my mum and I were up there and we were on the stairs trying to come back down and we got held up for autographs for about half an hour or more and we had to get someone to move them. And can you imagine people saying to me can they have my autograph? I didn't even have a signature, I was fifteen, for God's sake! I'd never signed anything in my life. *[laughs]*

Trisha: What did you think about giving your autograph? Did you think "these people are mad, are they stupid"?

Heather: Well I, I found it really funny. I thought it was absolutely hilarious. I signed away. I just thought “this is hideous, absolutely hideous.”

Trisha: In many ways, a lot of people say you’re really lucky because in the days, I mean, most people didn’t really have cameras, or snaps would come out disgustingly, anyway...you’re lucky...

Heather: ...we’re very lucky, yeah.

Trisha: You’ve got, you’re almost frozen in time. Do you cherish that, do you think?

Heather: Yes, we do. Very much. I know, I know for my own sake—self, you know, personally, it’s summit nobody has done. You know, we did it. And it’s summit you have, you know, it’s special to you. For sure, you know, we made a historic moment. And it served some very good points and things, so...

Trisha: These days reality television is almost no big deal, I mean...

Heather: My mum says it’s not reality.

Trisha: ...it’s not?

Heather: Not reality.

Trisha: What do you think of it? Do you watch it?

Heather: I don’t very much, I don’t too much. But obviously if it’s on, I’ll take a look. Because obviously, you know, you need to...because of things like this as well, we get asked when we do, um, interviews. Um...

Trisha: ...but I was just thinking, you know, they make so much money, and they’re on the red carpet...

Heather: It’s ridiculous, innit?

Trisha: If you’d been doing it now...

Heather: And how far they’re going to go, and what they’re going to do. I don’t know, I don’t think—well, I personally wouldn’t want to be involved in that, not like that.

Trisha: If they did another family...

Heather: If they, if they wanted to do something like what we did with us, if it was possible—I don't believe it is...

Trisha: ...cause what, people are too savvy?

Heather: Cause, well, we're all grown up. Well, yeah, maybe. I mean, Paul did say, didn't he, on that radio show—unbeknown to us—that, um, they wanted to run another 12-week series but he didn't want to do that because then we'd have been film stars. So...yeah. Yeah.

Trisha: But, if...you know...they, they make so much money these days and the celebrity. Do you think that's a good thing? Or a bad thing? Do you wish it had happened to you that you could've made a...

Heather: I think...I think—

Trisha: Imagine 15-year-old Heather with a heap load...

Heather: ...with heap loads of money, gosh, what would I do?

Trisha: ...red carpet... *[laughs]*

Heather: It could be very dangerous, couldn't it! Very. *[laughs]* Oh well, see, God knew best! *[laughs]* I think that, um, really and truthfully, um, the way, the differences in the way it is now, um, yeah, they, it does change some people's lives. I mean, it's fine if that's what they want. It's hard for me to criticize on them where they're at in life now. And also, even me, because I'm here where I am now, obviously been through a lot of things. Yes, of course we'd all like to be financially better off, secure, you know, not to have to flog so hard. I've always said I'd love to work out of choice rather than necessity. Because I do love what I do and I love the joy it brings to others. But it's horrible sometimes when you just, you know, you're being pushed by your circumstances, of course.

Trisha: So, how about your family these days? Because you seem very close, um, in the 70s during *The Family*, with all the arguing and what not. That's sort of just how families are. Is there a split between those of you that feel quite free about talking about those days that those of you that would rather forget about it?

Heather: Yeah, definitely. Yeah, there is. You will have...my mum and my sister and myself, we tend to, if anybody, do interviews or...or talk and so on and so forth. Um, my father's kind of gets up, but he moved away so he kind of gets on with it and doesn't have particular interest. My brother normally doesn't want to know anything at all. Um, however, he's kind of expressed a little different lately, you know. Yeah, I think he's kind of ready, you know, sometimes now to say, well, hey...

Trisha: ...to actually sit down? But is that a conversation that you had or did you just work out?

Heather: Yeah, no we had a conversation obviously when this come up because he's staying with me at the moment. So we've been having some lovely chats in the evening, it's really good, you know. So yeah, he kinda...I sorta said to him that this had come up and the other Radio 4 thing. Yeah, his attitude's a little different.

Trisha: Cause he's growing away...

Heather: He's mature as well.

Trisha: He went through some quite difficult times?

Heather: He did, of course he did, you know. Because, you know what? We were normal to us. You know, we lived there happy, loved—you know, okay we had a fight, or whatever else—but we loved each other and would protect each other, and so on. And then all of a sudden, you kinda go outside and you're getting digged at as somebody different, you know...

Trisha: ...well because his parents are different?

Heather: ...well, yeah, I suppose. Well, anything, I suppose. Even me hitting him, you know. Can you imagine, poor little boy? As a boy. But the problem was is when they repeated that in the 80s—in '84 time, they repeated it—and can you imagine? He's older then, he's ten years on. So he's a man, and there he is being shown his sister beating him up. It's not good, it wasn't good.

Trisha: So did you sort of sit down and say, some of you say, "Look, I don't want to talk about it anymore" or "don't mention me." Do you have to be sensitive to how...?

Heather: We like to be obviously respectful and considerate, yeah, because if we, you know something is a sore subject—it caused a lot of pain—for example, like the issues that we have discussed and I normally wouldn't particularly discuss these because it caused pain to others. However, I do feel it's important sometimes to get across exactly how it was, as you say, instead of this bad stigma of the way they looked at things. So yeah, we will be considerate to the pain of others and...

Trisha: I'd like to think it's a different climate now because you're allowed to talk about emotions.

Heather: You are. And like I said, it's not abnormal. Everybody has some problem somewhere, or a breakdown or something happened, and...

Trisha: You'd probably be rejected these days.

Heather: Or laugh, like “I’m bored,” now go to sleep.

Trisha: Now you’ve got four...four children?

Heather: Four children.

Trisha: ...from ages what to what?

Heather: My oldest one is 28, the youngest one is 19, nearly 20.

Trisha: You’re not old enough to have a 28-year-old! [*laughs*]

Heather: [*laughs*] I definitely am.

Trisha: Um, and, your children are of mixed...mixed heritage?

Heather: Yes, yes...get it right...get it poli—

Trisha: Well you know, because when...i-it... looking back to the days of the family with Melvin, um...you were called colored then, I was called colored...

Heather: You could be colored or...yeah, yeah.

Trisha: ...you didn’t say Black.

Heather: No, you didn’t.

Trisha: It was rude.

Heather: And now you can’t say black either.

Trisha: Oh, has it changed?

Heather: No, you’re not allowed to say Black. You have to say mix—you have to say either mixed heritage or Afro-Caribbean. Afro-Caribbean.

Trisha: But in those days...

Heather: In those days they were colored.

Trisha: Well the Immigration Act had only been, what, a couple of years in? I remember some of my mother’s friends talking about “will we get sent back” and what have you. And it became

a topic of conversation in The Family. Now, this is where I want to show you this next bit just on this very subject.

Heather: Okay.

Paul: Heather's boyfriend Melvin is 17 and a half-caste, his father Black, his mother white.

Dad: I'm not too keen on mixed marriages, let's put it this way, when it gets down to my own children. Uh, I don't think it's, um, fair on the offspring, because they get it taken out of them rotten. I've heard it, and I've seen it happen. And, this is the only reason I'm against it. I mean, apart from bringing him in the house and everything. If that's what Heather wants, well, fair enough. I would say to all the children the same: that's their life, that's the way they want to live, well, fair enough. They've got to put up with all the abuse and everything else, which they will get with a mixed marriage. You can't get away from it.

Heather: Bless him. *[laughs]* "Offspring."

Trisha: If only he'd known!

Heather: I know.

Trisha: What, did you know he felt that way?

Heather: Yeah, yeah, yeah. I knew what I lived with, yeah.

Trisha: Did he ever say anything to you and Melvin, or was it just to you--

Heather: No, I mean...my dad, as you can see, he's a polite man and, um, you know, always tried to address things in a right manner. And I think he was genuinely...

Trisha: ...it was the times, as well.

Heather: Yeah, for sure. I mean, in fairness, he was working in the world. I was in school, I've grown up with children from all part of the, you know...my attitude was to my dad, I remember one day saying to him, "well, if you didn't want me to mix then you shouldn't have sent me to a school that had mix because that's norm to me." And that's how I saw it: it's norm to me. That's what I knew. But obviously, if I looked at it from my father's point of view, he... it wasn't norm to him, and he's seen the other side of things and consequences and so on, you know.

Trisha: But he's got that you've got the verticums "offspring." [*laughs*]

Heather: How could you say that about anybody's children? What a thing to say... "offspring"!

Trisha: Well I suppose it was so far in the future, he didn't think about it...but now...

Heather: It's proper ready [*indecipherable*]

Trisha: If you could go back in time to that Heather we see documented throughout The Family and sit her down and give her some advice, [*laughs*] what would...

Heather: ...what would I say to her?

Trisha: ...what would you say to her.

Heather: Aww! Oh, how hard is that.

Trisha: They do that in therapy, have you ever been through... have you ever had any therapy?

Heather: No. Maybe I should! [*laughs*]

Trisha: No, [*laughs*] please no. No, I...well you sit down, what advice?

Heather: What would I say to her! I'm going to think now how I deal with some of the girls that come into my salon. Well, I think I'd wanna...I'd...personally, I'd want to give her a big hug to start off...

Trisha: Would you? Why?

Heather: Because I think you can see she's hurting and angry.

Trisha: What sort of things were you angry about?

Heather: Well, number one I wanted to leave school, you know. I got caught up when they changed this curriculum thing and I had to stay on another year and my job was set up. I'd been working towards that, all the school holidays, all keen and excited to go to my future and BAM. I had to stay in school another year. And that infuriated me. I was really...and I did become quite rebellious at that time. I didn't want to hear from no one, really.

Trisha: That was the actual point when you thought "stuff it."

Heather: Yeah, stuff 'em all. You know, what's the point? It's like, you get a hope, isn't it, and then someone kind of clobbers you back down again. It's like, ah...stuff em.

Trisha: Now, this is a piece that I want to show you because this is where I think you got a particularly tough time.

Heather: Okay.

Paul: Heather is bright, but bored and leaves school with hateful memories and no qualifications. She must take her chance in the growing ranks of unemployed youth. But without the certificate, she will be prey to every cheap labor employer. It could be a bleak future.

Woman: I think that you do a hairdressing job on Saturdays, is this. How long have you been doing this for?

Heather: Um...quite a while.

Woman: I feel that you may need to be aware of other opportunities, um, perhaps you haven't heard very much about, opportunities in the catering trade. You see, I'm... what I want to do is to tell you about other opportunities and, uh, make sure that you have thought about all the possible opportunities and also to tell you a little bit about how employers feel if you—you're going to look for a job, an employer really is most interested in what kind, kind of qualifications or what kind of educational standard you've reached...and I was just wondering, you know, why you were so keen to leave school at Eastertime when, within another six weeks or so you'd be taking CSEs and getting some qualifications, have you thought about staying on at school for... extra time?

Heather: I wanted to just get out before I hit her.

Trisha: You were that angry?

Heather: I was. Do you know what, when I... I couldn't talk, Trisha. I couldn't even give her a mouthful because I...I would have hit her.

Trisha: What...what were you thinking in your head?

Heather: I just thought she was an absolute prat. I did. I'm sorry, 'cause I was 15 and I wasn't polite. But I just thought she...[sighs] to me, I didn't have any respect or regard for her which was, believe it or not, even though I didn't show a lot of respect to people, um, if I couldn't respect a person, then I was, I didn't respect them whereas now, I respect everyone because I

respect myself. But I, I just didn't respect her at all because I...I kind of felt she wanted to say something else, really.

Trisha: What did you think she wanted to say?

Heather: I felt she wanted to tell me that I needed discipline, really, but she just didn't have it in her to come outright and say what she really meant, which I would've respected her if she did.

Trisha: Do you think she was looking down at you?

Heather: I think she, she...yeah, I do. I think she...well, she stipulated I think, anyway, not just me but all hairdressers. She looked down her nose to me and turned around and said it wasn't a career. So how dare you be so rude about some women that have been out there all their lives grafting and raising their children and contributing to their household and their families' needs.

Trisha: Still makes you cross now!

Heather: It was disgraceful.

Trisha: I guess you wouldn't have had that opportunity to prove people wrong if that careers woman's conversation hadn't been opened to everybody, 'cause it wasn't just her, it was everybody. If Paul's saying, you know, she's going to end up in slave labor.

Heather: When I look at how Paul ended that conversation, I mean, fine, he was talking in '74, yeah, for sure. They never would have seen a woman probably, um, strive and perhaps do as much as I have. It wasn't the norm. So, yeah, he probably was talking what he really thought would happen. But I just, when I hear that today, and I think...how could anybody say that about a person?

Trisha: But you see, it must have had some effect on you...in fact, most of us have our teenage struggles in private, and there it was voiced to everyone.

Heather: I always felt, even with, like, my parents, as well... because my dad, bless him, you know, he turned to drive in negatively. "Aw, you're no good, you're never going to amount to nothing." I know he didn't mean anything, but it's a way that probably he was brought up. So I do feel that I was pushed. It was like a launching pad, but as I say, it's hard that way.

Trisha: But you've come through it.

Heather: Yes.

Trisha: And you're growing all the time.

Heather: Yeah, yeah.

Trisha: And it's great to see the Heather then and the Heather now, and the journey, a real sense of journey. Thank you so much.

Heather: Thank you.

Paul: As you can see, we're filming. It is gonna be a tremendous intrusion into your privacy.

Snapshot, 2005

What can I say about my life, really? It's all trips to the doctors, trips to the hospital, aggravation with the people that live above me – they've just moved in, the noise is really awful. In fact it's causing me more trips than need be, to the doctor and the hospital. This person upstairs as well, comes in ungodly hours, like half past two in the morning, even sometimes half past six, and purposely banging and crashing around in heavy boots because he's fallen out with his girlfriend.

The first time I phoned the police, actually. And that was taboo as far as they were concerned because when the police came and went, um, they just banged on the floor with hammers, they dragged iron across the floor. Since then I've gone through torture with the two of them, but unfortunately because I'm not a person who gives in, they'll keep on, and I'll keep on and that's how it goes.

I mean, there's was a girl put up there who'd been in and out of prison, and she was shifted. But this one... I, I don't know nothing about her. I started off liking her, but maybe if I get to know her, if I got to know her, I wouldn't like her. Maybe.

This is a lovely flat, I've lived here 23 years, never fallen out with anyone before, but if you pressurise them to move you out, what they do is put you into these, sheltered accommodation with long corridors that stink of urine –no thanks, I'd sooner kill myself.

Also, I'm very much off the beaten track, as regards transport; I live nowhere near transport, which entails a lot of walking. I spend all my time ambling round the shops, talking to shop assistants, and then forgetting the essentials. I'll ask them silly questions, such as 'where's the fish?', and I know where it is. In fact, when it's winter, I go for weeks not talking to anyone, because I live isolated, and as I said before, there's no transport around. And then when you do go out you, you start to talk to people unnecessarily. And I've seen other women do that, I've seen other elderly women, go up and talk to the assistant, and you can tell she's asking, just for the sake of talking, you know.

I've walked in shops before now, and they've, literally, walked away from me to serve somebody else. And that's how life goes unfortunately – if you've got a pretty face, you know, you get away with murder. But now that I've become a pensioner, I'm not even noticed. I'm... ignored, in fact. When I was young, I was made very much of. I was a model for my age – not so much beauty, but I had a good bone structure. Any-which-way I turned it was always a good picture, and this is what the photographer liked, you know. I had such beautiful eyes, I mean, all these pictures, they really look beautiful, you know. Um, what happened to those? [laughs] You know, what happened? Great big brown, sparkly eyes! I remember people used to say to me, 'do you put something in your eyes?', cause they glistened, you know? They're just a pair of eyes now. And, the time in the photographs, they were the thing that a person first noticed when they looked at me. I've always been very vain, I'm afraid. 'Cause I was a very attractive

girl, you know, I suppose I was, I was selfish as well, 'cause my only interest was how I looked. I've just, I feel, to be quite frank with you, that I've gone to pieces – that's how I feel. You know, when I look in the mirror, for instance, I think to myself, you know, 'God, I've got so ugly!' It's the thing that bugs me all the time. You know, I think myself, 'that stupid dentist!', you know? It looks like I haven't got teeth, because I don't show my top denture when I speak. This part of my face really bothers me, because, if you look, it's different, ain't it? Can't you see it? Yeah, see, that side of my face is entirely different to that side. And the, the reason for that is, at one point, I can't remember what year, I had a lump come up there, and, um, my daughter eventually said, 'look, Mum, you really must go', it's getting on for Christmas, 'cause my birthday's in August, you know, and I thought about it, and I went and had it done anyway.

I had this dream about my daughter, that was eerie, and my daughter was standing in this archway, and she says, 'Mum' – but, very, very soft, you know – and I looked round, and it was me that was standing there, and not her. And it was me that was mouthing the word. We're two people who are so much alike – not only in our looks, we've got ways alike as well – and because I hadn't seen anything of her, I was probably thinking of her all the time. I saw my son at Christmas, and he said, you know, he says to me 'you're coming down with us for Christmas', which I thought was rather a demanding attitude. Anyway, I agreed, and I had a most wonderful Christmas, I must say. There wasn't anything I wa... you know, I was... everything was for me, you know? But, when it came to coming home, there was hinting about money, you know? Hinting about money instead of saying, 'Mum, do you think you could do so-and-so?', you know. Although I did give him money, although I did think to myself, I shouldn't have done that. Yeah, I shouldn't have done it 'cause it was like paying for my supper. Well, I gave the money, but I thought... I won't come again.

Wearing, Gillian, 2018

Hi. I'm Gillian Wearing. I'm an artist.

I do not like to be on this side of the camera. I'd much rather be on the other side of the camera. Watching me being me alienates me from me, and I don't recognize myself.

That's why I placed an advert online looking for people who'd want to be me in this film. Here are the performers selected in the casting to be me.

They will be wearing an AI digital mask of my face. I'm wearing one now. If you look, you might see it disappear and reappear as I speak.

One of my hopes is that the performers will be able to be a more convincing me than me.

[text on screen:]

UNTITLED GILLIAN WEARING FILM

Turner Prize-winning artist Gillian Wearing is casting perceptive actors to play her in a short film. Male and female talent, aged 22 and older, is wanted to portray Wearing, though the actor does not need to look similar. Casting and shooting will take place throughout July and August in the London area.

Hello. My name is Gillian. I'm an artist, and portraits and identity are the things that interest me in my work.

I believe that identity is fluid and it's what you absorb from the world around you and internalize.

But what you reveal of yourself to the world, that's how other people define your identity.

It's really about putting myself on the line, and that comes with the risk of being judged and laying myself bare to people's judgements, but . . . such is life.

People don't know you by your secrets. Would you like me to tell you a secret?

I've battled with addiction most of my life.

I went along with it, and I kissed both of them.

I have only been faithful to one partner.

I'm adopted and my parents don't know that I know.

I haven't told anyone that.

My secret is that I like numbers—not in a nerdy way, but I do love them.

I often cast myself as other people in my work, and I need to empathize with them in order to portray them. I'd hope that the people playing me in this film will do the same. I want them to bring a bit of themselves too *[laughs]* . . . Sorry.

Because the more I can relate to them, um, the more I can empathize. I don't want generalities, but I want specifics. So, you know, if they say they love someone or something, I want to know who they love, who that is, and what that is.

I love a photograph that Lee Miller took.

I love Michael.

An old watch.

My little sister.

Someone that I love is no longer—

Being naked in wild water.

I love May.

He, um, he loves me and then drops me. It's kind of an addiction.

A lot of my film work means eliciting deep feelings—No one wants you! Because I'm not dumb.

So for actors, that means tapping into what's underneath themselves. That can be sometimes through emotional recall or an old memory. It just made me so angry—.

What makes you angry? What makes me angry?

It frustrates me when you can see somebody that is crying out for help *[screaming]* and I don't feel the need to do that. I don't do that. I've not ever been that sort of person, that would . . .

We all wear masks. We're all actors. When you leave your front door in the morning, you're putting on a performance for the world. And I imagine that if you're watching this in a public place, you're putting on a performance now.

Maybe you feel that you're not entirely yourself. Maybe you are like a fraud—artificial, inauthentic, unable to act how you want to act for fear of violating social norms. And you know, I get that.

But do you feel that you know me a bit now? Do you feel like you have gained something from this?

And what if I told you that this is probably not super-authentic either? [*text on screen: *this was improvised*] I've . . . I mean, this is scripted, I've scripted this. Very aware that I am in a film studio and people are—

Do you think or believe you know what a true self is? What is a true self anyway?

Honestly, if there is one thing that is 100 percent true—

And that is: I like dancing, wildly and uninhibited. Like this . . . [*laughs*]

Keep moving around! Get that! Whoah! [*music*]

I'm Gillian Wearing.

I'm Gillian Wearing.

I'm Gillian Wearing.

I'm Gillian Wearing.

I'm Gillian Wearing.

I'm Gillian Wearing.

I'm Gillian—[*screaming*]

I'm Gillian Wearing