

This document confirms the opening night of Angela Garrick's exhibition *at that exact moment*.

Opening the 4th July 2017, between 5-7pm it falls aptly on Independence Day though likely a coincidence.

The night was unusually warm for the middle of winter; the turn out was decent, though for clarity this document's purpose is not to account for the overall success of the exhibition.

When standing, the majority lingered in the adjacent exhibition. This speaks more to openings generally than to Garrick's work. Words can be wearing, needing a slower more generous engagement.

Some were not willing to give.

Of the various recollections mounted on the shelves, two people mentioned Walter Cronkite and five recalled childhood memories of their TV programs being tragically interrupted for bigger tragedies.

Shows included:

Spice World

Barney

House Arrest

The Little Kidnappers

One memory described it as a "*Communal Compassionate Psychic Wave*". Not the lack of TV time, the death of Diana.

This phrase stuck with me.

I was a twinkle in my dad's sack also caught my eye.

There were no snacks, but there were beers for a donation, coins, mostly silver.

The white cube found its gaping hole to the outside world in the smoking area, lined with art people and booze and some old men at the back who embraced each other.

A fruit fly came in and put his nectarine soaked feet on the work. Only trying to help, my shoo fly don't bother me breath made the cards move precariously.

Notable figures included:

The lady of the hour

The guy who pushes in at the resource centre

That teacher

An all white ensemble

A potential friend of a friend

The girl who said this was her "first real exhibition" and her friend who replied, "This isn't even a real exhibition"

For the record (this record), I liked it.