

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHAMPTON

**NARRATIVE IDENTITY
AND DEMENTIA**

**Narrative and Emotion in Older
People with Dementia**

VOLUME TWO

(2)

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APPENDIX TWO

**SCHEDULE OF INTERVIEWS SHOWING
NAMES AND AGES OF INFORMANTS,
TOGETHER WITH NUMBER AND DATE OF
INTERVIEWS AND SETTING**

1.
MRS ABIGAIL WOODLEY
D.O.B. 27.7.1915
AGED 76 YEARS

1. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 6.4.1992 MWDH
2. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 14.4.1992 R. Annexe -Respite Care
3. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 20.4.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 27.4.1992 MWDH
5. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 11.5.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 18.5.1992 MWDH
7. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 1.6.1992 MWDH
8. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 15.6.1992 MWDH
9. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 22.6.1992 MWDH
10. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 29.6.1992 MWDH
11. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 6.7.1992 MWDH
12. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 20.7.1992 MWDH
13. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 3.8.1992 MWDH
14. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 10.8.1992 MWDH
- 14a. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 17.8.1992 MWDH
15. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 7.9.1992 MWDH
16. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 15.9.1992 MWDH
17. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 27.9.1992 MWDH.
- 17a Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Woodley 5.10.1992 MWDH
18. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 12.10.1992 MWDH.
- 18a Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Woodley 20.10.1992 MWDH.
19. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 26.10.1992 MWDH
20. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 3.11.1992 MWDH
21. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 17.11.1992 MWDH
- 21a Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Woodley. 23.11.1992 W.ward - Respite Care.
22. Interview with Mrs. Woodley. 1.12.1992 MWDH
23. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 7.12.1992 MWDH
- 23a Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Woodley 21.12.1992 MWDH
- 23b Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Woodley 22.1.1993 MWDH
- 23c Unrecorded interview with Mrs Woodley 26.1.1993 MWDH
24. Interview with Mrs. Woodley 19.2.1993 W. ward - Respite Care
- 24a Mrs. Woodley continues to be seen at weekly to fortnightly intervals in order to maintain our relationship. She continues to remember me and to welcome our meetings. Interviews are unrecorded.
25. Interview with Mrs Woodley 8.7.1993 MWDH
- 25a Mrs. Woodley continues to be seen at irregular intervals. She appears to remember me and to welcome our meetings. Interviews are unrecorded.

2.

MR. RONNIE SILVERTHORNE

D.O.B. 10.4.1913

AGED 80 YEARS

1. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 6.4.1992 MWDH
2. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 13.4.1992 MWDH
3. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 20.4.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 8.5.1992 MWDH
5. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 11.5.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 18.5.1992 MWDH
7. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 1.6.1992 MWDH
8. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 15.6.1992 MWDH
9. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 22.6.1992 MWDH
10. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 25.6.1992 MWDH
11. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 10.7.1992 MWDH
12. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 20.7.1992 MWDH
13. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 3.8.1992 MWDH
14. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 6.8.1992 MWDH
- 14a. Unrecorded short talks with Mr. Silverthorne 10.8.1992-21.8.1992 MWDH
15. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 21.8.1992 MWDH
- 15a. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Silverthorne 24.8.1992.MWDH.
16. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 7.9.1992 MWDH.
- 16a. Unrecorded interview with Mr. Silverthorne 17.9.1992.MWDH.
- 16b. Unrecorded interview with Mr. Silverthorne 24.9.1992 MWDH.
17. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 12.10.1992 RAU
18. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 20.10.1992 RAU
- 18a. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Silverthorne 26.10.1992 MWDH.
19. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 5.11.1992 MWDH
20. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 6.11.1992 MWDH
21. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 17.11.1992 MWDH
22. Interview with Mr. Silverthorne 18.11.1992 MWDH
- 22a. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Silverthorne 23.11.1992 MWDH
- 22b. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Silverthorne 1.12.1992 MWDH
- 22c. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Silverthorne 21.12.1992 W. ward Respite Care.
- 22d. 21.1.1993 - 22.2.1993 I have seen RS. at least once a week during this time. He is bedfast now and dying. He looks very peaceful and content. The staff in the setting are looking after him with great care. I cannot be upset or wish him back.
- 22e. Mr. Silverthorne died March 1993.

3.

MR. CHARLES CLERKENWELL

D.O.B. 18.12.1910

AGED 81 YEARS

1. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 5.6.1992 MWDH
2. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 19.6.1992 MWDH
3. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 22.6.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 6.7.1992 MWDH
5. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 20.7.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 7.8.1992 MWDH
7. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 24.8.1992 MWDH
8. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 7.9.1992 MWDH
9. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 25.9.1992 MWDH
10. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 12.10.1992 MWDH
11. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 26.10.1992 MWDH
12. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 6.11.1992 MWDH
13. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 18.11.1992 MWDH
- 13a. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Clerkenwell 23.11.1992
W. ward- Respite Care
14. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 30.11.1992 MWDH
15. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 9.12.1992 MWDH
- 15a. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Clerkenwell 21.12.1992
MWDH
- 15b. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Clerkenwell 22.1.1993
MWDH
16. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 27.1.1993 MWDH
- 16a. Unrecorded interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 4.2.1993
- 16b. Unrecorded interview with Mr. Clerkenwell 11.2.1993
- 16c. Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Clerkenwell 16.2.1993 W.
ward Respite Care
- 16d. Mr. Clerkenwell continues to be seen at weekly to
fortnightly intervals in order to maintain our relationship.
He continues to remember me and to welcome our
meetings. Interviews are unrecorded.
17. Interview with Mr. Clerkenwell W. Ward. 6.7.1993.
- 17a. Mr. Clerkenwell died Oct.1993

4.

MRS BESSIE PINKS

D.O.B. 14.2.1907

AGED 85 YEARS

1. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 13.4.1992 W. Ward - Respite Care
2. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 8.5.1992 MWDH
3. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 15.5.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mrs Pinks 19.6.1992 MWDH
5. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 25.6.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 29.6.1992 W. Ward- Respite Care
7. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 24.7.1992 MWDH
8. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 7.8.1992 MWDH

9. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 18.8.1992 MWDH
10. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 25.8.1992 MWDH
11. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 11.9.1992 MWDH
12. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 15.9.1992 MWDH.
13. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 29.9.1992 MWDH
14. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 20.10.1992 MWDH
15. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 27.10.1992 MWDH
16. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 3.11.1992 MWDH
17. Interview with Mrs. Pinks 17.11.1992 MWDH
- 17a Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Pinks 30.11.1992 MWDH
- 18 Interview with Mrs. Pinks 7.12.1992 MWDH
- 18a Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Pinks 21.12.1992 MWDH
- 18b Unrecorded short talk with Mrs. Pinks 21.1.1993 MWDH.
Is moving to L. House in the near future.
- 18c Final visit to L. House 16.3.1993. She seems happy but no longer remembers me.
- 19 Final recorded meeting with Mrs. Pinks 17.8.1993
L. House

5.

MR. ROBERT BIDDLEY

D.O.B. 21.4.1926

AGED 66 YEARS

1. Interview with Mr. Biddley 11.5.1992 MWDH
2. Interview with Mr. Biddley 18.5.1992 MWDH
3. Interview with Mr. Biddley 1.6.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mr. Biddley 22.6.1992 MWDH
5. Interview with Mr. Biddley 29.6.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mr. Biddley 6.7.1992 MWDH
7. Interview with Mr. Biddley 20.7.1992 MWDH
8. Interview with Mr. Biddley 3.8.1992 MWDH
9. Interview with Mr. Biddley 10.8.1992 MWDH
- 9a. Unrecorded interview with Mr. Biddley 17.8.1992 MWDH
10. Interview with Mr. Biddley 25.9.1992. RAU
- 10a Unrecorded short conversation with Mr. Biddley
12.10.1992. Did not want to talk
11. Interview with Mr. Biddley 20.10.1992. RAU. Is moving to L.
House today.
12. Interview with Mr. Biddley 19.11.1992. L. House.
13. Interview with Mr. Biddley 24.11.1992. L. House.
- 13a Unrecorded interview with Mr. Biddley 3.12.1992. L. House.
- 13b Unrecorded interview with Mr. Biddley 23.12.1993
L. House
- 13c Meeting with Mr. Biddley 12.3.1993. L. House. He does
not remember me.
- 14 Final Interview with Mr. Biddley 17.8.1993 L. House

6.

MR. ANDREW COXLEY

D.O.B. 7.11.1916

AGED 76 YEARS

1. Interview with Mr. Coxley 25.6.1992 MWDH
2. Interview with Mr. Coxley 9.7.1992 MWDH
3. Interview with Mr. Coxley 23.7.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mr. Coxley 6.8.1992 MWDH
5. Interview with Mr. Coxley 13.8.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mr. Coxley 18.8.1992 MWDH
7. Interview with Mr. Coxley 25.8.1992 MWDH
8. Interview with Mr. Coxley 10.9.1992 MWDH
9. Interview with Mr. Coxley 17.9.1992 MWDH
- 9a Mr. Coxley has been ill since last interview. Is recovering. Get well card sent. 20.10.1992
10. Interview with Mr. Coxley 3.11.1992 MWDH
11. Interview with Mr. Coxley 17.11.1992 MWDH
12. Interview with Mr. Coxley 23.11.1992 MWDH
- 13 Interview with Mr. Coxley 30.11.1992 MWDH
- 13a Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Coxley 1.12.1992 MWDH
- 14 Interview with Mr. Coxley 7.12.1992 MWDH
- 14a Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Coxley 21.12.1992 MWDH
- 14b Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Coxley 31.12.1992 SP
- 14c Unrecorded interview with Mr. Coxley 28.1.1993 MWDH
- 14d Unrecorded interview with Mr. Coxley 2.2.1993 MWDH
- 14e Unrecorded Interview with Mr. K 16.2.1993 MWDH
- 15 Interview with Mr. Coxley 23.2.1993 MWDH
- 15a Mr. Coxley continued to be seen at weekly to fortnightly intervals in order to maintain our relationship. He continues to remember me and to welcome our meetings. Interviews are unrecorded.
- 16 Unrecorded interview with Mr. Coxley 18.1.1994

7.

MR. MELVIN RIDER

D.O.B. 19. 7.1926

AGED 65 YEARS

1. Interview with Mr. Rider 1.6.1992 MWDH
2. Interview with Mr. Rider 5.6.1992 MWDH
3. Interview with Mr. Rider 25.6.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mr. Rider 9.7.1992 Secure Ward
- 4a. Discussion on Mr. Rider with ward staff 20.7.1992.
5. Interview with Mr. Rider 6.8.1992 MWDH
- 5a. Interview with Mr. Rider 10.8.1992 MWDH
- 5b. Interview with Mr. Rider 13. 8.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mr. Rider 18.8.1992 MWDH
- 6a Seen twice this week for short talk 8 & 10.9.1992 MWDH
- 6b. Unrecorded interview with Mr. Rider 17.9.1992 MWDH .
7. Interview with Mr. Rider 24.9.1992 MWDH

- 8 Interview with Mr. Rider 27.9.1992 MWDH
9. Interview with Mr. Rider 29.9.1992 MWDH
10. Interview with Mr. Rider 20.10.1992 MWDH
11. Interview with Mr. Rider 27.10.1992 MWDH
12. Interview with Mr. Rider 3.11.1992 MWDH
- 12a Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Rider 5.11.1992 MWDH.
- 12b Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Rider 6.11.1992 MWDH
- 13 Interview with Mr. Rider 17.11.1992 MWDH
- 14 Interview with Mr. Rider 26.11.1992 MWDH
- 15 Interview with Mr. Rider 1.12.1992 MWDH
- 15a Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Rider 7.12.1992 MWDH
- 16 Short recorded talk with Mr. Rider 9.12.1992 MWDH
- 16b Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Rider 27.1.1993 MWDH
- 16c Short talk with Mr. Rider 2.2.1993 MWDH
- 16d Unrecorded short talk with Mr. Rider 23.2.1993 MWDH
- 16e March 1993 Mr. Rider continues to be seen at regular intervals in order to maintain our relationship. He continues to remember me and to welcome our meetings. Not a lot of conversation but lots of hugs. Respite care seems to be steadily increasing.
- 16f. Mr. Rider entered long stay care W. Ward September 1993
17. Final meeting with Mr. Rider W. Ward 18.1.1994

8.

MR. HUGH RAFT
D.O.B. 16.7.1920
AGED 72 YEARS

1. Interview with Mr. Raft 13.8.1992 MWDH
2. Interview with Mr. Raft 20.8.1992 MWDH
3. Interview with Mr. Raft 7.9.1992 MWDH
4. Interview with Mr. Raft 15.9.1992 MWDH
5. Interview with Mr. Raft 24.9.1992 MWDH
6. Interview with Mr. Raft 1.10.1992 BH.
- 7 Interview with Mr. Raft 7.10.1992 BH
8. Interview with Mr. Raft 14.10.1992 BH
9. Interview with Mr. Raft 21.10.1992 BH
10. Interview with Mr. Raft 4.11.1992 BH
11. Interview with Mr. Raft 18.11.1992 BH
- 12 Interview with Mr. Raft 25.11.1992 BH
- 13 Interview with Mr. Raft 2.12.1992 BH
- 13a Unrecorded interview with Mr. Raft 22.1.1993 MWDH
- 13b Unrecorded interview with Mr. Raft 5.2.1993 MWDH
- 13c Mr. Raft continues to be seen on a weekly basis commencing March 1993 - July 1993. His social worker feels these visits are important for him. He expresses this view on each occasion. These interviews are unrecorded
- 13d Meetings interrupted by holiday period. Social Worker informs me of any change.
14. Final unrecorded interview with Mr. Raft RAU 18.1.1994

**TOTAL NUMBER OF RECORDED AND TRANSCRIBED
INTERVIEWS: 141**

**RELATIVES, FRIENDS, AND SOCIAL WORKERS OF
INFORMANT INTERVIEWED DURING THE
INVESTIGATION**

Mr. Clerkenwell	X	Wife
Mrs. Woodley.	X X	Husband, Daughter
Mr. Coxley.	X X	Wife, Daughter
Mr. Rider.	X	Wife
Mrs Pinks.	X	Husband
Mr. Raft	X X	Wife, Social Worker.
Mr. Biddley.	X X	Friend, Social Worker
Mr. Silverthorne	X X	Wife, Colleague

TOTAL NUMBER OF INTERVIEWS : 13

APPENDIX THREE

THE CASE-STUDIES

1. MRS. ABIGAIL WOODLEY
2. MR. RONNIE SILVERTHORNE
3. MR. CHARLES CLERKENWELL
4. MRS. BESSIE PINKS
5. MR. RONALD BIDDLEY
6. MR. ANDREW COXLEY
7. MR. MELVIN RIDER
8. MR. HUGH RAFT

APPENDIX THREE

FIRST CASE-STUDY: MRS ABIGAIL WOODLEY

INTRODUCTION

This appendix is concerned with the findings of the investigation. The longitudinal data, gathered from each of the eight informants during interviews, will be presented singularly during the following eight case studies, in order to identify individual emergent themes and core categories. The first informant to be presented will be that of Mrs. Abigail Woodley. It is appropriate that it is this lady who will open this particular section of the work, for she was the first person to take part in the study. I owe much to her participation, as she taught me a great deal during our developing relationship. Mrs Woodley had a rich interior life that was not immediately apparent during the first weeks of the investigation. It would have been easy to see her as a quiet, withdrawn, and pleasant person, who had moderate dementia of the Alzheimer's type. This, as will be demonstrated was only a small part of her personality, for much of Mrs. Woodley was hidden from view.

ABIGAIL WOODLEY

I first met Abigail Woodley in March 1992, during a visit to the day hospital to meet possible subjects for the investigation. She was sitting quietly in a corner of the lounge with three other elderly ladies, none of whom were speaking. She was of average height and weight with pretty grey curly hair and wide blue eyes. She was wearing trousers, a jumper and sensible lace up shoes. Mrs Woodley's face wore a look of watchful observation which was at curious variance with the rather blank expression in her eyes. She seemed interested in the activities of others. She also appeared neither anxious or concerned. I was introduced to her, by the charge nurse, as someone who would welcome the opportunity to visit her regularly to talk to her about her past life, if she so wished. Mrs Woodley gave me a beaming smile and said:

'I wouldn't mind that at all'.

As she spoke her facial expression became more animated. She seemed to genuinely welcome the idea of a visitor. Both the charge nurse of the setting and Mrs. Woodley's primary nurse had described her as "a very pleasant, quiet lady", who might well benefit from the therapeutic aspects of the investigation. It was decided to include her as one of the informants in the study. She was the first informant to be interviewed, one month later.

The Beginning of the Investigation

I began the series of interviews with Mrs. Woodley on April 6th 1992

and they continued until July 1993. There was a total of twenty five transcribed interviews from our meetings, although we met more frequently than this number of interviews would suggest. She no longer remembered our introductory meeting when we met again in April, but was very willing to talk to me. I asked her if she would like to speak to me on our own, or to remain in the lounge. She chose to go somewhere more private and, again at her choice, we went into the deserted dining room in the setting. This procedure was followed during all visits to the setting and only varied during periods of respite care in other parts of the hospital. Mrs. Woodley always chose to sit in the dining room which overlooked a main hospital path, rather than the small quiet lounge which fronted a large aviary. It was only after some time that I realised she loved to watch people and the hospital traffic pass by the windows.

The First Interview

Our first interview together was exploratory in nature and lasted about three quarters of an hour. As with all other informants and interviews, it was unstructured in nature. The main aim was to try to establish emotionally meaningful life themes which would warrant further exploration during our time together. These themes were not immediately obvious. Many of her responses gave a mixed message.

A further difficulty in understanding the felt meaning behind her 'messages' was caused by her expressionless tones of voice. Her voice was also quite faint and 'whispery' at times. She had a habit of giving little nervous laughs as she spoke and frequently omitted words altogether. She would often make wordless sounds of agreement. I felt as if I was trying to clumsily grasp nebulous wisps of her personality, which remained tantalisingly elusive.

Although Mrs. Woodley appeared eager to please, and readily answered all questions, it seemed difficult for her to recall many facts about her life. She was unable to recall the names of her two daughters and initially, could not remember that she had six sisters. She did however mention her mother several times. She described her as, "marvellous", "strict" and "frightening". Mrs. Woodley as a child, would go and hide whenever she could. I recapped on the interview in the final stages to try to clarify her mixed messages concerning her mother:

Int. And your mum was good mum?

AW. Oh she was!

Int. But very strict?

AW. Yes.

Mrs. Woodley then told me that she appreciated her mother's attitude:

Int. She kept you all in order?

AW. Yes. I was glad that we had that sort of background, because it's no good to you being very lenient and then having to be shouting at them, they're either upstairs or downstairs or..!

However, although Mrs. Woodley readily spoke of playing happily with her sisters in the open spaces surrounding their home and their family bakery business, it did not sound as if her childhood was that happy:

AW. She [mother] did say to me... well the last time we two had a conversation, she kept on saying "Oh thank goodness when these days are over, I just cannot stand them. It's about time these children grew up!"

The emergent and possibly significant themes appeared to centre around her childhood, relationship with her mother and the family business.

Following Interviews

The second interview took place a week later whilst Mrs. Woodley was on respite care. These tended to take place every few months to allow her husband some much needed time for himself. The interview continued along exploratory lines until her eldest daughter arrived to see her mother. She prompted Mrs. Woodley into recalling her days as a chocolate maker for a local patisserie. She disliked making the chocolate mint crisps which had some local fame.

AW. Mint crisps, yes I didn't like those very much.

Int. Were they hard to make Abigail?

AW. Well, a bit more difficult. You've got to be very tricky, you know.

A review of the data from this interview indicated that her employment history might be seen as significant. It was still difficult to see anything of the 'real' Abigail Woodley. Her emotional responses seemed very muted and I began to wonder if she felt strongly about anything. This viewpoint however, began to change during the third interview which took place the following week. Mrs. Woodley was not feeling well. She thought she had seen her mother recently:

AW. Oh, it's horrible! [arthritis in her knees]..... I met my mother. I couldn't make her understand what I meant, Anyway she turned up a short while in front of me so I made me excuses and said that I would walk down the other way.

She then noticed a motorised hospital trolley pass by the window

AW. Oh there's that milk truck. It is funny isn't it?

She gave a little laugh as she watched the driver manoeuvre it expertly along the hospital path. She was asked if she had ever learnt to drive. Her reply was full of strong affect:

AW. No! No, I got no courage for that!

Int. No courage for that?

AW. No!

Int. Does your husband drive?

AW. Oh yes! Thank goodness for that! I don't think I could do it.

She was asked if she had ever thought about learning to drive. She sounded quiet and full of sad acceptance as she answered:

AW. I did! About a fortnight before I was going to take my test and I knew I couldn't do it then

Slowly a self picture of Mrs. Woodley was beginning to emerge. The outlines were faint, but appeared to indicate a lady with little self confidence, whose mother may not have 'listened' to her when she was young.

AW. I met my mother. I couldn't make her understand what I meant.

It was also interesting to note that her semantic recall was obviously impaired, but the strong emotions associated with some meaningful events appeared to override this barrier to communication. By the time of our next meeting I had interviewed her husband who had given me much background information. It did appear that her mother was a major influence in her life. Indeed her husband disliked her intensely and perceived her as a very dominant personality. He also gave an employment history of Mrs. Woodley which included details of the work she had undertaken during the war. Mrs. Woodley remembered much of this work, including her time as a nursing auxiliary in a specialised burns unit for injured servicemen:

Int. And then you worked on the burns unit

AW. Mm

Int. You must have seen some terrible burns there

AW. Oh the burns were horrible!

Int. They were horrible?

AW. Mmmm. It used to make me cry when I used to have to look at her, look at the nurse doing it, you know.

Further Disclosure of Feelings

She also advised me not to get too friendly with her mother who was very strict. She further disclosed she disliked her:

AW. I shouldn't get too friendly with her!
Int. I thought I should be frightened to death of her! Because all of you had to do what she said.
AW. Oh Yes! Ssss! (AW. laughed). Where'd you put that stick yesterday?
Int. Was she like that?
AW. She had a real cane, you know..
Int. A cane!?
AW. Mmm. One of those that..... (Unable to decipher word).
Int. You used to have to go and get it?
AW. Yes, Oh yes!
Int. So that she could smack you with it?
AW. Mmm..
Int. How awful!
AW. Poof!...
Int. Mmm....Did you ever feel you disliked her?
AW. Oh yes! Ooh, there's not a lot of liking about it!

We went on to discuss her contribution to the war effort. When I remarked that she had had an interesting life, she replied:

AW. Yes...but some I would have liked to missed.
Int. You would have?
AW. Mm..
Int. Some you would have liked to have missed. What would you have liked to have missed?
AW. Well it was temper more than anything at home.
Int. Temper? Your mum?
AW. Mm
Int. Do you mean the atmosphere at home?
AW. Yes.
Int. Not very nice?
AW. No....No...

Her voice sounded quiet and sad as she said this. I remarked that she must have been very frightened:

AW. I was ! Ah it was terrible!..And any horrible job that wanted doing either my mother or my father did it and then they used to stand up and have a row. (Row was said as if it was a nasty word). Oh gosh what can you do with them!
Int. Would your mum turn on you if they had a row?
AW. Oh yes! Ooooh!
Int. So you've never liked nasty atmospheres then, have you?
AW. No! No.
Int. Don't like people shouting?
AW. No. I felt terrible about it, you know, Oh I thought, surely grown up people can be more...grown up about

their affairs and that but, Ooh! I know I couldn't do it!
Int. Your mum doesn't sound a very happy lady.
AW. She's not!

Mrs. Woodley went on to expand her dislike of loud noises, rows, and nasty atmospheres. She said that she had always liked to keep out of everything all the time. It was a great relief when her mother died:

Int. You must have felt quite relieved when she died really...
AW. Well I was! I mean, well it's an awful thing to have to say isn't it, about your own mother?

She seemed to spend a lot of time trying to understand her life:

AW. I try to work it out, you know!
Int. Do you have trouble working it out sometimes?
AW. Well at times I do.
Int. Do you sit and think a lot?
AW. Terrible!
Int. You do?
AW. Mm.
Int. What you try and make sense of things?
AW. Mm. Yes, yes.....

The Emergence of Fragmented Self Stories

This interview was regarded as significant because Mrs. Woodley had seemed to choose to disclose some of her hidden self. Gradually it was becoming apparent that Mrs. Woodley was disclosing fragmented stories of her life and of herself. As the interviews progressed, these fragments, through repetition and expansion, were beginning to cohere into parts of whole stories. It was further evident that these stories were autobiographical, highly self referent and were emotionally meaningful. Her memories of her mother appeared to contain emotions of fear and dislike. She recalled her lack of confidence in her ability to learn to drive, together with her dislike of rows and unpleasant atmospheres. The fifth interview with Mrs. Woodley lent further value to these emerging concepts.

This interview began with Mrs. Woodley expressing puzzlement at being in the setting. I commented on her evident physical well-being as we sat alone in the dining room:

AW. I feel well. (She laughed). I sort of shake me head sometimes, well what am I am doing in there?

She said that people in the setting were a bit noisy. She was asked if it reminded her of when she was younger, when her mother raised her voice:

AW. Well.....Very much so at times!

Int. Could she [mother] shout a lot?
 AW. She **does** shout ! I must admit that!
 Int. She's got a loud voice?
 AW. Mm. It frightens me you know!
 Int. When she shouts?
 AW. Mm.
 Int. Did you never know when she was going to shout?
 AW. No, No she'd suddenly, whooh out it goes. Oooh a loud voice! Oh gosh! *(AW. raised her hands and pulled an angry face. She looked as if she was going to explode).*
 Int. Does it make your tummy go funny?
 AW. Mm! All over!
 Int. All over?
 AW. Yes I feel awful when I...
 Int. Awful, yes.....
 AW. Still...
 Int. Those days are gone now..
 AW. Yes.
 Int. But you still remember them don't you?
 AW. Oh you do!
 Int. And the feelings, how she made you feel?
 AW. Mm!.....
 AW. Well! I don't think she realises that she shouts so loud.

We spoke about Mrs. Woodley's desire to be a good mother herself. She recounted fragments of the time when one of her daughters was ill. Her daughter had a nervous breakdown when she was at college and Mrs. Woodley cared for her during this time:

AW. Yes it was.... well she was out of commission for six months.

A further tragedy occurred when her daughter eventually got married and had a family. Her husband, who was a policeman, got killed whilst on duty. Mrs. Woodley remembered very little of the actual event but recalled her feelings clearly:

AW. Yes! That was a shock! It was terrible!

She was to expand on these feelings in later interviews. She agreed that sometimes her life seemed all problems:

Int. Does your life seem all problems sometimes?
 AW. Oh at times. At time I feel I could go ughhh! Never again!
 Int. Does your brain.....
 AW. And it's all like that. *(AW. squeezed her fist tightly).*
 Int. All tight like that?

She was asked if she was a worrier:

Int. Do you worry a lot do you think ? Do you worry about.....
AW. I do worry! It's no good to say I don't. I do! I'm always worried about her.
Int. You've always seemed to worry about everything.....
AW. *(Gave little laugh)*. Oh yes, I carry it on my shoulder.
Int. You carry it on your shoulder.....So a born worrier?
AW. Mm.....
Int. Probably your mum started that off though, wasn't it?
AW. Oh yes!
Int. Because if you were brought up like that.....
AW. It follows doesn't it?

Mrs. Woodley said that she kept everything shut away inside herself in order to cope with "the heaving tension". We agreed it was hard to make sense of life sometimes:

Int. Life... It's hard to make sense of it sometimes, isn't it?
AW. Mm yes...
Int. Do you try and make sense of it?
AW. I do try, yes!
Int. Does it worry when you can't remember things, do you think?
AW. Mm! *(AW. nodded her head)*.
Int. It does worry you?
AW. Yes!
Int. What do you try and make sense of?
AW. Ooh! You walk down in here, have a walk under the garden and, you know, then you just let things simmer! It's no good to boil it over is it?

However, later in the interview she said that she wished she could express her anger:

AW. Mm. yes I wish I could!
Int. What? Get angry?
AW. Mm.

She agreed it was her mother who made her become a nervous lady:

Int. Do you think it is your mother who made you a nervous lady?
AW. I think so really! I know it's unkind to say I suppose, but I used to be able to hear her shout from one end of the house to the other.

When it was pointed out that these days are now over and her mother was dead, Mrs. Woodley quickly disagreed:

Int. But she's dead and gone now!

AW. No she's not, I'm afraid. She's alive.
Int. She's alive? She's certainly living in your head isn't she?
AW. Oh! Where's my key? (*AW. put an imaginary key to her head and pretended to turn it as if to turn off memories of her mother*).
Int. The key to switch it off? (*AW. laughed and nodded*). You think about her a lot?
AW. Mm..I always get a feeling one day she'll go into a terrible temper.
Int. Really?
AW. And she'll storm in that entrance and slam the doors and the windows. Everything! Phew, and I thought I'm not staying in this!
Int. Like living on top of a volcano?
AW. Mm! It is!

Indications of Some Developing Self Concepts

At the closure of this interview, Mrs. Woodley's concept of her mother suggested a fearsome woman, a many headed hydra who was impossible to destroy. To Mrs. Woodley, her mother was still very much alive and continued to terrorise her, much as she had done in the past. Her mother and her effect on Mrs. Woodley, as a child and as an adult, continued to remain the most important themes in her stories. Her own view of self also seemed to be a significantly important theme. Her view of self continued to remain negative. Her coping skills largely comprised of a desire to keep out of things, to keep the peace. It will be recalled that during the first interview she expressed a wish "to hide wherever she could". This appeared to be a strategy that she had used throughout her life. Her semantic recall continued to show quite definite deficits, but, again, appeared to be overridden by the emotions associated with her recalled self stories.

By the eighth interview Mrs Woodley had become confident enough to develop her 'self story' further. She had said again that she like observing others. She was "content to sit and watch the world go by". This seemed a very safe role, for there was still much in life that frightened Mrs. Woodley. Her health over the previous weeks had been poor. Her arthritic knees were very painful and gave her cause for concern:

AW. Yes.... I feel absolutely terrified about seeing the doctors and that now.
Int. You do?
AW. Mmm! Terrified!
Int. Why are you frightened of the doctors?
AW. Well, I don't ..Well of course they.. they got their sort of call on. Must be very good.
Int. You don't like doctors very much?
AW. Not all that much, I'm afraid.
Int. Do they frighten you as much as your mother?

AW. *(Gave a little laugh)*. No worse! Whew! *(AW. pretended to wave something in the air. It looked like a stick)*.
 Int. That's your mum isn't it? With the old stick!
 AW. Mmm!
 Int. At least doctors don't hit you do they?
 AW. No...*(AW. laughed)*.
 Int. You seem nervous of lots of things. Do you think you're nervous of lots of things?
 AW. Mm..I am. I am terribly nervous. It's no good to say I'm not!

She was asked if she kept all her worries locked away when she was younger:

AW. Oh I....Oh, yes. I managed to keep it in there. *(AW. pointed to her chest)*.
 Int. In there?
 AW. Mm...
 Int. So you wouldn't worry anybody else, just you?
 AW. Mm..
 Int. You're a nice lady aren't you?
 AW. Am I? *(AW. laughed)*. That's the first time I've been called that!
 Int. You are a nice lady...You're very kind....
 AW. Mm..
 Int. You wouldn't ever hurt anybody would you?
 AW. I'm sure I wouldn't. *(AW. said this very quickly)*. I couldn't!
 Int. I know your mum wasn't very nice.
 AW. No she wasn't! She used to shout! Oh dear, it makes me feel all like that you know! *(AW. screwed up her hand tightly)*.
 Int. All screwed up?
 AW. Mm...
 Int. Frightened?
 AW. Oh yes!

The Developing Use of Gestures in Place of Words

As well as revealing more of her hidden personality, Mrs. Woodley was also displaying an increasing tendency to use non verbal gestures in place of words. It seemed as if she could no longer find the right words to express feelings. Her gestures were becoming remarkably expressive. Further into the interview, Mrs. Woodley spoke again of her war work. It was interesting to note, that some disclosures of a personal nature tended to occur, after we had explored the factual content in some depth. It was as if her impaired semantic memory needed time to become fully operational. She recalled her personal difficulty in nursing the burns cases after speaking of her wish to have become a qualified nurse:

AW. Yes, I would love to have really been a

Int. A nurse?

AW. A nurse, with, you know, with the recommended.....

Int. Qualifications?

AW. Mmm...

Int. You'd have been a good nurse.....Why didn't you do it?

AW. I couldn't! Because I still couldn't put..... come face to face with it!

Not only was Mrs. Woodley more able to express her feelings more readily through the use of her own sign language, but she was also leaving out words that were beyond her immediate recall. She was beginning to use me as a 'word finder'. The verbalisation of her unspoken words, by myself, seemed to act as a prompt or cue, which led to further disclosures. These aids to her difficulties in communicating her thoughts also included interpreting her muddled sentences. Her stimulated semantic memory appeared to require long periods to allow a topic to fade. It was not unusual for her to combine both a previous and present topic in a sentence. This was illustrated as we continued to speak of her time as a nursing auxiliary:

Int. Did you like talking to the people, or doing things for them? What did you like best?

AW. Oh, talking to them chiefly.

Int. You liked talking to them?

AW. Mm...Mrs Rushton [One of the owners of the patisserie] was very keen on that. She said " We got you a nurse coming" or something like. you know. You'd sit down, I don't... Oh I don't know what, I suppose it was in this room, must have been!

Int. So anyone new who came to Rushtons, you would train them up would you, and show them what to do?

AW. That's it!

Mrs. Woodley was asked if she still thought about her mother very often:

AW. Every day!

Int. Every day?

AW. It seems so stupid! That's what annoys me!

Int. You think about her?

AW. Mm...I, you know, if I sort of go in to say hello to her or that, she says "Oh you'd better pop on out, you can't go out of this, to do this you know". That sort of business, you know.

Int. So she's still telling you what to do in your head?

AW. Mm Mm..

Int. Yes.....She had a great effect on you didn't she?

AW. Oh yes!

The Tentative Beginnings of a Personal Sense of Well-being

The therapeutic aspects of the investigation appeared to be having some beneficial effects on Mrs. Woodley. By the ninth interview, which took place some two and a half months into the investigation, Mrs. Woodley was indicating signs of a sense of personal well-being, as was indicated by her following comments:

Int. How do feel in yourself? Do you feel quite happy?

AW. Quite happy...I feel more more or less fit, you know, ready to go!

Int. Ready to go? That's good. What would you like to do if you were ready to go?

AW. Oh I don't know...I love to walk over Headland.... not Headland Hill, Old Slipway [All local well known beauty spots].

She was also beginning to speak of things that gave her an increased sense of well-being:

AW. The nice sunshine. Isn't it beautiful?

Int. I love the summer.

AW. Mm...

Int. Makes you feel good.....

AW. It does, doesn't it.....

However, she still appeared to have good recall of some of her more unpleasant memories:

Int. Don't like people that are nasty.....?

AW. They look at you and glare at you don't they?! (AW. gave a nervous laugh).

Int. Yes, Don't like that!

AW. Who you think you are!?

Int. Did your mother used to glare at you?

AW. Oh yes!

Int. Oh yes.....Were all your sisters frightened of her?

AW. Oh yes, we were terrified!

Int. Were you?Was she a big lady or a little lady? (AW. puffed herself up and indicated with her hands that her mother was very round.)

Int. Very fat?

AW. Mmmm.....

I asked Mrs. Woodley if she thought she would ever forget about her mother:

AW. No!

Int. You don't?

AW. No....Little things come back in my mind every now and

again, you know, and it was "What are you doing up here? You'll have to go on downstairs out of the way. I can't be troubled with you!" And things like that, you know. I mean, it hurts!

Int. Oh yes.....So all your memories of your mum they're..... they're hurtful memories are they?

AW. Yes..Oh yes!

Int. Ah.....Dear dear.

Mrs. Woodley went on to say that she felt the interviews had been good for her. She felt better. However, it was still very evident that her self esteem remained low:

Int. Everyone likes you here.

AW. I can't understand that at all.

Int. You can't understand that ?

AW. No. All the badness running through.

Int. All the badness running through you?

AW. Yes.

Int. That's your mother talking Abigail!

AW. Yes!

A review of this interview suggested that the main topics or self stories for Mrs. Woodley continued to remain her mother, her mother's effect on her childhood and Mrs. Woodley's subsequent poor self image. However, there were indications of a slightly more positive outlook on life. The tenth interview commenced with Mrs. Woodley agreeing that "she felt happier in herself lately" and was also able to say how she felt more easily. Her self confidence however still remained shaky:

Int. Mmm.....Do you think you're good at anything? Do you feel that you're good at anything?

AW. Not really....

Ah....You are though aren't you.....

AW. Mmm...(AW. pulls a face and laughs)...I've got it tucked away in here. (AW. touches her head).

Int. In your head.... You've got it tucked away in there.....yes...

Nevertheless, there did appear to be a lessening of her anxieties:

Int. Is there anything you want to talk about?

AW. Not really. I haven't haven't got any worries.

Int. You haven't got any worries? Oh that's good! Because you used to have a lot of worries didn't you?

AW. Terrible!.....I used to think whatever can I do, I must get out of this!..That was going home!

Int. Was it?

AW. Mm.....

Int. But you don't feel like that now?

AW. No!

Int. That's great isn't it?
AW. Mm.....
Int. So we've taken away some of your worries?
AW. That's it!..It's very kind of you!
Int. Oh!
AW. Whoever gives me a kind word I'm thankful for.

The Beginning of Some Conceptual Change

Mrs. Woodley also appeared to have changed some of her perceived concepts of her mother:

Int. And we've talked about your relationship with your mother a lot.
AW. That was awful wasn't it?!...Oh I felt awful!
Int. But you can see that the way you feel, was because of your mother.
AW. Mm.
Int. Not because of you.....
AW. Mm...
Int. It was your mother who helped you feel like that...
AW. Mm...Yes.....
Int. But she's gone now.....
AW. Shame isn't it?
Int. Shame she's gone, or a shame that she was so horrible?
AW. That I was..I was ashamed to think that, you know, I had tosort of talk to people and.....
Int. About your mother?
AW. Mm.
Int. Ah ... Yes I suppose it makes you feel guilty but I never liked my mother....
AW. No...
Int. So...You can't like everybody.
AW. No..No.
Int. And you always did your best for your mum. No one could have done more!
AW. No..Oh I did try hard with her! I thought, Oh what a lovely release!...You know.....
Int. When she went?
AW. She went!
Int. Mm..
AW. She never said goodbye or anything really.....
Int. Mm.....Well, she was a difficult lady...
AW. Oh she was!
Int. But you couldn't have done anymore. You were a very good daughter.
AW. Mm...
Int. A lot of daughters wouldn't have bothered with her.
AW. No. It was terrible wasn't it to think relatives, you know, can't sort of live together or anything isn't it?

A Discussion of Some Possible Theoretical Concepts

This conversation has been reported in its entirety, because it is has some significance. Mrs. Woodley was able to recall that she had spoken of her mother in detail, and that, on some level, the disclosures had been beneficial for her. It is this recall that is perhaps challenging to existing knowledge. It will be recalled from chapter one and chapter two of this work, that dementia negatively affects both short term and long term memory structures and processes, although the decline is most evident in short term memory. These recalled memories of Mrs. Woodley were comparatively recent and as such, would not be expected to be so readily available. It might be possible therefore to tentatively suggest that the highly emotional content, and personal meaning of her mother's story, in some way allowed her to retain and access these memories, in spite of inhibiting damage to neural structures and pathways. Furthermore, it is perhaps possible to tentatively suggest that Mrs. Woodley's recent comments indicated that she was now more able to lay her mother to rest, to let her go. Her words suggested that she was able to express sadness at her passing.

AW. She never said goodbye or anything really.....

This comment in the context of the previous conversation, might also suggest a mourning for the death of their relationship. However, there appeared to be a certain sadness in most of the reported remarks concerning her mother. Following these disclosures, Mrs. Woodley seemed to become more lighthearted and full of fun. She laughed easily about herself and her tendency to worry:

Int. You mustn't start worrying about that Abigail! I know you like to have a worry! (We laughed).

AW. That's right! (AW. laughed and sounded full of fun). So long as I know I got something in the back of my mind..

Int. To worry about!

AW. Worries me, yes.

Int. You're alright! (We both laughed).....I don't think I'm ever going to stop you worrying am I ?

AW. No! I don't think I could! (AW. chuckled).

I asked her later in the interview if life was good for her at the moment:

AW. I feel quite happy at the moment!

Int. Oh, isn't that nice!

AW. Mm..Quite happy...

Int. Yes. I'm really pleased about that.

AW. Mm....

She still saw the interview process as positive, even after these painful disclosures:

Int. Do you still like talking to me each week?
AW. Oh, I do!

Some Evidence of the Increased Use of Humour

In subsequent interviews her mother appeared to fade more into past memory. She was still mentioned from time to time, but the deep hurt, which had been so evident, was more muted. It was as if her memories of her mother had prevented her from developing her own sense of self worth and personhood. This was not to say that her developing view of self suddenly became very positive. There were still many negative aspects to her concept of self. Her need to worry was still very evident, although she found it humorous at times. Laughter began to significantly fill the interviews. During the eleventh interview Mrs. Woodley again expressed her preoccupation with self. She had said that she sat and thought a lot. I asked her if she often did this:

AW. Yes! *(AW. chuckled)*. You bet!
Int. Yes....What do think about?.....
AW. Self...
Int. Yourself.....
AW. What the devil's she been doing this morning!..... *(AW. chuckled)*.
Int. Do you try and work things out?...
AW. Mm...Yes *(AW. almost whispered this)*.
Int. What's going on?
AW. Mm.. *(AW. laughed)*...Try to push it in the back of my head and I can sort of forget for a while! *(AW. gave a nervous laugh)*.
Int. Oh, your worries?
AW. Mm.....
Int. You mean you sit and have a worry?
AW. Mm.....*(We both laughed)*.....It costs a lot of money to do that doesn't it! *(AW. laughed)*.

When we tried to identify specific worries, it proved difficult:

AW. I don't know how to explain it.....

It was necessary for me to go through aspects of her life that might cause her concern. It was found that Mrs. Woodley was worried about what might happen to her in the future. She worried that people might become irritated with her and shout. Her memory gave her cause for concern but she said that this was a minor worry. It transpired that she felt she had to worry:

Int. So do feel that you've always got to have a worry?
AW. Well it keeps going.. going through er mind, in there. I go through a worrying patch..I do!

Int. Do you think you're the sort of person that has to find a worry if you haven't got one?

AW. Mm *(AW. nodded her head)*.

Int. Yes..You're nodding your head! *(We laughed)*.....So is that your hobby, worrying, Abigail? *(We both burst into laughter)*.

AW. How lovely! *(AW. continued to laugh)*.

Some Identification of Positive Life Concepts

Mrs. Woodley was then able to identify aspects of her life that gave her pleasure, and brought her happiness and contentment. These were sunshine and talking to people. She also loved to watch other people:

AW. I do! I like watching expressions on faces and everything! *(AW. laughed)*.

AW. Yes, I tell you what I can....sort....I'm not being nosy when I say it, but I look round at the people that look happy and I sit down!

She also tended to see her own maternal skills in a more positive light and to know that she was a better mother than her own mother:

Int. And you're certainly different to your mum aren't you?

AW. Thank goodness!

Mrs. Woodley still endeavoured to make sense of the world around her. During the twelfth interview she was still showing signs of puzzlement:

AW. It's queer isn't it? You can't sort of fathom it...

Int. Mm.....And you tend to sit and think don't you? *(AW. breathed in sharply and gave a kind of gasped agreement)*.

AW. Ohhhhh.....*(AW. laughed)*...I've been having a little packet of that done up!

She was finding it difficult to differentiate between her husband and her father. Often her stories were difficult to understand because of this. It normally appeared to centre around authoritarian issues:

Int. Does your husband wake you up?

AW. My husband wakes me up and my father *(AW. chuckled)*..... One day...when I was young, sort of talking....I'd say, "Goodness what have I done!" And I said straight away,you know, that it must have been me. I know it was me and you!

Int. *(Pause)*..... What was that?...What had you done?

AW. Well the first I'd done wrong..I can't remember what it

was, my husband had dropped something I think. Got an idea he dropped a teapot, and I'm sure you can see that can't you?

The main point of this story appeared to be that it was all her fault. She seemed to need accept the blame for mishaps. Mrs. Woodley, however, did not see her life as hard. She felt she had been fortunate. She recognised the tragedies in her life and spoke of the devastation caused by her son in law's death:

Int. And she lost her husband didn't she?

AW. Mm...

Int. That must have been terrible for you?

AW. It was awful!...You know I... I'd catch or work hard on that..

Int. Did you?

AW. Else I shouldn't wouldn't have come up here. I worked hard at myself. I thought well, jolly well do it!

Int. Yes.....

AW. And, know I.....

Int. That must have nearly finished you Abigail.....

AW. It's ah just how I felt I... I...You know I thought. well now I know I can't go out to work straight away like that...And, you know, I sort of spoke to myself. I was real daft I know that!..but.....

Later in the interview Mrs. Woodley said that no one had ever known "the real her", nevertheless she seemed to be happy in the setting and I noticed her greeting people with pleasure and spontaneity. Her husband also commented on her changing personality. He said she was more trusting. This however, was to change! Mrs Woodley's developing self confidence led her to show small signs of assertiveness. During our next interview she indicated that her husband was too authoritarian:

Int. So your husband's getting on your nerves!?

AW. He's got on em! *(AW. laughed).*

Int. You think he's bossing you about do you?

AW. Mm.....Don't forget to.... *(Cannot understand word).... Don't forget to do that! (We both laughed).*

Int. Perhaps your husband's making you feel nervous now?

AW. No, he doesn't!.....

Int. He's just getting on your nerves!?

AW. Mm...*(AW. laughed)....That's right!*

Int. So you're not going to let him tell you what to do?

AW. No! Why should you? I mean after all you're your own master aren't you!? *(AW. chuckled).*

I commented that it was good to say how you felt:

AW. Oh yes! You must get rid of these feelings mustn't you, that hurt you...

Int. Absolutely! But you never used to get rid of them did you?

AW. No! (*AW. laughed joyously*). I used to tuck them away! Written on a piece of paper!..

Int. And now you're starting to say how you feel....

AW. Mm.....

Int. That's really good isn't it?

AW. Mm.

Int. I'm really proud of you!

(*AW. gave a laugh. A sort of gasp*)

Int. That's excellent! You must feel happier in yourself to be able to do that....

AW. I am happier! (*AW. interrupted me to say this with great conviction*).

I told her again how pleased I was. Mrs Woodley concurred:

AW. Mm...So am I!

There was a sense of joyous release about this interview. It was as if Mrs. Woodley had rediscovered life and found it to be good. She sounded exhilarated and happy. This was to continue during subsequent interviews, but her old worries were still there to haunt her.

Continued Evidence of a Sense of Personal Well-being

Our fourteenth interview together began with a partial life review and led to a discussion of her personal precepts. Mrs. Woodley, however ended the discussion on a positive note:

Int. So you think the happiest times for you was when your family grew up and started to leave home?

AW. That's right.

Int. Yes, I think that to!

AW. Mm...Oh yes! There's too much being pushed on me even now! I can't understand it!

Int. So you feel put on you do you?

AW. No! No. Because I've always tried to... Well, I may be talk talking silly. I expect you know far more than I do about it!

Int. No. No I don't.....You don't feel people are putting upon you.... you...you've always tried to think of others haven't you?

AW. Mm..Oh yes!

Int. All your life....

AW. Mm.

Int. Are you still trying to do that now?

AW. Mm..I have to because I, you know, the worry is still there somewhere...

Int. So you think if you don't worry about it... it'll all go wrong will it?

AW. No! No!

Int. Got that wrong!.....Do you worry about doing the right thing?

AW. Mm....I want to have done the right thing, you know! But I honestly can't!

Int. Er....I think you always have done the right thing.

AW. Do you? ...(AW. gave a little laugh).

Int. Yes. I think that you don't believe in yourself.

AW. I haven't got enough confidence.

Int. No, you haven't got enough confidence, I'd agree there..... You don't think very much of yourself do you?

AW. No!..No as far as I'm concerned it's my worry and so I've got to care of it...so..

Int. You've got to take care of your worries? It's your worry?

AW. Mm. Yes....Mind you I've been very much happier since I have been coming here.

Her growing assertiveness continued to remain evident. She told a confabulated story which was difficult to understand but a sense of personal control and change came through:

AW. I remember I was stood down in this room. I don't whether it was your influence or what it was and I came in and spoke to Wendy [her daughter] here.. told her, you know, "Don't act the silly at all. We don't want any nonsense".

This sense of personal change remained with her. She continued to display increased signs of personal well-being, and to verbally acknowledge her more positive outlook on life. By September, she was beginning to acknowledge this at the beginning of the interviews:

Int. So you feel quite good?

AW. Mm Mm!.....Very good!

Int. You feel happier?

AW. Mm.....I hope it lasts!

She acknowledged that she like life to remain peaceful and uncomplicated:

AW. Smooth. (AW. made a straight gesture with her hand).

Int. Smooth...That suits you doesn't it?

AW. Yes.....

Int. No rows or loud noises for Abigail...

AW. No!...(AW. chuckled).

She further acknowledged that she saw her worries as more in the

past than the present:

Int. You definitely do seem happier Abigail.

AW. Oh I am happier! I know I am!..

Int. Mm..You don't seem half so worried.as what you used...When I first met you months and months ago, you were such a worried person weren't you?

AW. Oh I was full of worry! Moans and groans! (*AW. laughed*).

She saw happiness as important:

AW. That's all! That's all we need isn't it!?......

Int. Yes.....Because I asked you once what made you happy and you said um.....Talking to other people made you happy.....

AW. Mm. That is one of the things! Sort of got make sure that I can always find a few words. (*AW. laughed*).

AW. No I've....Well I can definitely say I do feel happy now!
Really happy!

Mrs. Woodley still continued to see her mother in a more positive light:

AW. No! No.....No she's just a ..a hurt sort of personality, I have always.....

The importance of disclosure of feelings to another trusted person, was also seen as beneficial. She tried to explain that it was difficult to speak of how she felt to her mother:

Int. Most of us keep it in too much

AW. I know! I know I do! Cause I know that I can say things, which I know I must say to.... not a group of people.....but, you know, and em she [mother] said, "Well". She said, " We cannot understand our feelings can we?" And that's one or two which really upset me because I howled. I couldn't help it!

A Partial Life Review

Her happy state of mind continued to remain constant. During the sixteenth interview she agreed that she had no regrets about her life:

AW. I've enjoyed my life.

Int. You've enjoyed your life...

AW. Mm.....

Int. Yes.....So you you haven't got any regrets?

AW. No....

AW. Oh I'm sure I have.....Had a lot of fun in between too!

Int. You did? What sort of things made you laugh?

AW. *(Laughed)*. I don't know!

Int. So most...You find most things funny?

AW. Yes.....

She continued to review her life and recalled things she wished she had done. She told me that she would like to have run a little corner sweet shop. This lost opportunity did not seem to cause her pain:

AW. I don't mind at all...I I've not regretted it or anything, you know, like that.

Her developing assertiveness continued to grow. During the seventeenth interview she spoke of need to assert herself with others:

Int. Not everybody can get on with other people.

AW. No.

Int. Some people fall out at the drop of a hat don't they?

AW. I know. I know someone that.....sort of played up ever so badly, which was...you know she went off on her on her own, with a friend presumably, and she said, "Oh I've arranged to go"...I don't where it was, perhaps it was the! *(AW. named the hospital setting)* I don't know, I can't tell you but.....

Int. She made a fuss did she? Did that upset you?

AW. No!

Int. That's good!

AW. I thought, no going to give in like that! *(AW. chuckled)*.

She brought up the subject of her mother when we were discussing her pleasure at talking to other people. Mrs. Woodley told a muddled story which might have referred to the setting or to our meetings:

Int. Does it give you pleasure to talk to.....

AW. *(AW. interrupted)*. It certainly does! In fact when I first came back over here..... I don't know about back over here, but I have come, *(AW. giggled)*.. you know, having to. Anyway it's all turned out alright so.....

Int. Were you a bit nervous at first?

AW. Yes...My mother scared me!

Int. Mm Mm.....Your mother's always scared you.

AW. Mm..

Int. But not so much now?

AW. No.

Mrs. Woodley referred to the difficulty in keeping her feelings well defended:

Int. You kept a lot shut inside though.

AW. I know I did! *(AW. laughed)*... Oh dear! I felt as though I was going out of my mind...clearly you know *(AW. put her*

hands by her head as if her head was going to explode).
Int. All that suppressed anger inside you.
AW. Horrible....

After this interview, most of the time Mrs. Woodley seemed to be far happier,. She laughed frequently and made jokes. The major themes of the eighteenth interview were happiness and laughter. Her main self story had become her changing self:

Int. So you feel that you could laugh now?
AW. Oh yes!
Int. Laugh and the world laughs with you. (*AW. had said this earlier*).
AW. With you....That's right. (*AW. laughed*).
AW. I've just come out with a smile from the house....
Int. So do you think life's quite good for you at the moment?
AW. I feel as though I have been, because I've laughed.....

As we walked back to day room in the setting, after the completion of this interview, Mrs. Woodley appeared to retain her personal sense of well-being:

AW. I feel happy. (*AW. thumped her chest*)...In here!

Throughout the remainder of our time together, her mood remained consistently high. Interviews nineteen to twenty three reflect her rising contentment:

Int. Do you still feel happy?
AW. Yes! Course I do!... (*AW. laughed*)....Yippee yippee aye!
(*AW. laughed with exuberance*).

She told me that she had had plenty of giggles:

Int.. So life's been plenty of giggles? Yes?
AW. Yes!
Int. You've just told me...Ah...good!.....So you've felt happy?
AW. I feel very happy at the moment! (*AW. gave a little chuckle*).

Mrs. Woodley continued to employ her gestural signs to denote subjective feelings. They became gestures that indicated she was letting feelings out and happiness well up inside her. They continued to be very expressive. She was still able to make jokes and some surprising cognitive links. During one conversation in December 1992, I described a funny situation in which I had done something wrong. Her reply amazed me:

AW. (*AW. laughed as she spoke*). You'll have to have some

therapy! (AW. laughed again).

We both laughed for some time. Mrs. Woodley was delighted with herself. I had never used the word therapy in all my dealings with her.

She continued to remember me:

Int. Do you still feel me coming to see.....does you good?
AW. I'm sure I do!
Int. You do?
AW. Mmm.....(AW. laughed).
Int. It's.....So it makes you feel good does it?
AW. Yes..Yes..
Int. Is it having someone to talk to, that's good ?
AW. I...Well.....It's...you know, different people.....
Int. Is it because you know me? Do you like seeing me?
AW. I.. I do like seeing you!
Int. Because you remember me?
AW. Mm! I..I can remember you alright! (AW. laughed). Don't worry about that! (We both laughed).
Int. Well, you always seem as if you do, so that's nice. Yes...yes....

Conclusion of Investigation

There were no transcribed interviews between December 7th 1992 and March 1993. There was a long unplanned break over the Christmas period of about five weeks. Mrs. Woodley continued well during this time and staff in the setting saw her as more confident and outgoing. On my return, I found her to be happy and joyous. We continued to meet regularly. In March 1993, I saw her, whilst she was an in-patient on respite care. Her memory had worsened but she still seemed to recall me quite well:

Int. Do you remember me?
AW. Oh yes! (AW. gave a little laugh). You're one of my clearest memories quite honestly.
Int. I am?
AW. Mm!
Int. So you remember me when I come in?
AW. Mm.

Her buoyant mood had continued:

Int. You seem much better than er when I first saw you....
AW. Mm....
Int. Much happier.....
AW. (Paused. AW. gave a little laugh).
Int. Do you feel happier?
AW. Yes!.....Crumbs, a lot happier.....

She recalled her mother with no prompts or cues:

AW. But I know that my mother was quite sort of chuffed when she said I think I'm going have something to s s to listen to, or to hear or, you know. And that was that! (AW. laughed).

Although the message was confused, it did seem as if her mother sounded quite pleased with her. I asked her if her thoughts of her mother worried her as much as they did before:

Int. Mm.....Does she worry you as much as.....does the thoughts of her worry you as much?

AW. No!

Int. Doesn't?....No.....

AW. No.

Int. Do you think about the old days at all?

AW. No!

Int. No...Just about now.....

AW. (Interrupted me). I've got no...I've got no regrets as to where my mother is or.....has gone or, you know.....

Int. Ah.....

AW. But....you know, for a week or two I was quite upset.

She acknowledged her increased self confidence:

Int. You've done really well haven't you?

AW. Well, I I sh sh sort of felt..... sort of more confident!

Int. You seem more confident, yes.....

AW. Mm...Mm....

I continued visiting Mrs. Woodley regularly each week, until May 1993. She remained in good spirits and said life was good for her. Staff in the setting confirmed this. It was becoming obvious that I was no longer so important to her well-being. She was always pleased to see me but would continue to watch others as we spoke in the day room, prior to going into the dining area. A discussion with the senior charge nurse confirmed this, and we agreed that a gradual lessening of the visits would be appropriate. He felt that Mrs. Woodley was a happy and adapted lady who no longer needed me to the extent that she had done in the past. He told me that she was a changed person. I continued to visit Mrs. Woodley, at irregular intervals, throughout the Summer and Autumn of 1993. She appeared to retain her personal sense of well-being although her physical health had deteriorated. She remained pleased to see me.

A review of the interviews with Mrs. Woodley indicates that this lady possessed significantly meaningful and emotional self stories that still could be told, even within the state of dementia. The therapeutic

aspects of the investigation for this informant would appear to be self evident. The theoretical considerations are open to interpretation but, again, the link between cognition and emotion has been indicated. Mrs. Woodley, at the commencement of this study, was an unknown quantity. Her developing self stories were a revelation to me. The extent of her emotionally charged autobiographical recall was surprising. Recounting these memories, not only restored, but increased her sense of personal well-being. I saw Mrs. Woodley develop into a whole person during the course of this investigation. It was a privilege to be a part of this event.

APPENDIX THREE

SECOND CASE-STUDY: MR. RONNIE SILVERTHORNE

INTRODUCTION

Not all stories from informants were as rich in content as those told by Mrs. Woodley. Many stories were difficult to gather. Some informants found it almost impossible to share their deep concerns with another person. This was not wholly due to speech and cognitive deficits imposed on them by their illness. It had much to do with their own well defined personal boundaries and life long habits of reticence. In Mrs Woodley's case, the use of psychotherapeutic interventions were beneficial. Further, they aided and supported disclosure. Interviewer use of counselling skills appeared to enable her to recall more of her past. This, therefore, could be said to have aided the retrieval of her own autobiographical memories.

As will be discussed, other informants also appeared to benefit from this psychotherapeutic approach. It encouraged disclosure with all informants, but to varying levels. Perhaps, more importantly, it allowed all informants to be seen as whole people. For even in the moderate to severe stages of dementia, the personality of the sufferer was very apparent. One such case was that of Mr. Ronnie Silverthorne.

MR. RONNIE SILVERTHORNE

Mr. Silverthorne was the second informant to take part in the investigation. I met him shortly after my initial meeting with Mrs. Woodley in March 1992 in much the same circumstances. Mr Silverthorne, however, was not sitting peacefully with other clients in the setting. He was wandering anxiously along the corridors peering through the plate glass windows and trying to unlock the main door. During later interviews he was to tell me of strong desire to return to his wife and home.

Mr. Silverthorne was very different to Mrs. Woodley. He seemed to be full of restrained anxieties and fears in his anxiety to leave the setting. His present concerns appeared to far outweigh his need to speak of past experiences. Physically, he was a tall man with green eyes and well groomed brown hair. He was always immaculately dressed in a suit, waistcoat and tie with a toning shirt. His long narrow feet were encased in well brushed suede shoes. He tended to examine himself to make sure his clothes remained in pristine condition. He took an obvious pride in his appearance which was evidently well encouraged by his wife. He, too, spoke very quietly with flattened affect. This was not helped by his severe speech impediment which had developed due to his illness. He appeared to be a quiet, very reserved, but gentle man. This initial assessment proved to be supported by his self stories. But, again, as will be shown, Mr.

Silverthorne still had some fragmented self stories to tell which allowed me to see him as a unique individual.

Although he had agreed to take part in the investigation by agreeing to talk to me when I visited the setting, he, again, did not recognise me when I began our series of interviews in April 1992. We met regularly for some eleven months, until his death in March 1993. There were a total of twenty two transcribed interviews with Mr. Silverthorne but, as with Mrs. Woodley, we met more frequently than this would suggest.

I also learned much from Mr. Silverthorne. He helped me to see the depth of variations between sufferers of dementia, and he gave some indications of a strength of personality, which allowed him to retain his beliefs and behaviours almost until death. Mr. Silverthorne, as his story will indicate, appeared to be an individual whose strong adaptive self was under severe attack. According to Kitwood, (1988), this would lead to a greater dependency on his experiential self. He appeared to continue the struggle to retain his social persona in all circumstances. He seemed to be a person continually under siege.

The Beginning of the Investigation

Mr. Silverthorne and I saw each other almost exclusively in the setting. The senior charge nurse had told me that he lived with his wife in a small country town about three miles from the setting. They had no children. Mr. Silverthorne had retired as the manager of a large department store in the locality. The department store had since closed. The first interview with Mr. Silverthorne indicated that these topics were very meaningful for him. His wife was the most important person in his life:

Int. And Dan [SCN] here, tells me you live with your wife in Thexly.

RS. Yes.

Int. What is your wife's name?

RS. Lillian Rose.

Int. Lillian ? That's a nice name.

RS. Lillian Rose, yes.

Int. Lillian Rose

RS. Yes and a very nice smart word she is too.

Int. A very nice smart.....?

RS. Wigan, witting.

Int. Is she? A woman? A very nice smart woman?

RS. Yes, yes. Well I says she thinks she ought to. I saw her, liked her . *(I could not understand the next few words).*

Int. Have you been married a long time?

RS. Well. *(RS. spoke slowly as if trying to remember).*

Er's a question. It's not so much the wives ... though she did a great deal of me... and a lot of that, of course, was queer, er much nearer, and we got a fair bit, bitcher there

that er, she first of all did one or two jobs to arrange, that I er I was running as a.... *(Impossible to understand remainder of sentence)*.

Mr. Silverthorne was able to recall some details of his working life. His relationship with his former staff seemed very important to him:

Int. You actually er.. em... worked. Your job was...you worked at Sutors.... didn't you, and Harrods?

RS. *(RS. interrupted)* Yes, that's right. That was...That's only one though.

Int. Only one job. But you were manager, general manager of Sutors weren't you?

RS. Yes.

Int. Mmm.....

RS. And er... *(Disordered speech)*.

Int. So you had another job as well did you?

RS. Yes.

Int. Do you remember where you worked? You worked at Sutors as a general manager.

RS. Yes. Was general manager from, at the other ones. It would be er shall we say. *(Disordered speech)*. I was stayed with er, with them longer than I would of done. I had a very good staff.

Int. At Sutors?

RS. Yes. Out of... *(Disordered speech)*.

Int. So most of them were very good staff were they? That worked for you?

RS. They were all there and I er was walking across the road. They pick over the road, come across the road to say hello.

Int. After you left?

RS. Yes, oh yes!

A former colleague of Mr. Silverthorne's, who knew him well, had been introduced to me. She provided me with much background information on Mr. Silverthorne's time as a general manager of Sutors. She confirmed that he had been a very popular, but strict, employer. She also said that he had been very good at his job. I mentioned her name to Mr. Silverthorne. He recognised it immediately:

Int. I met someone who worked at Sutors. I don't know if you remember her. Her name was Mary Greenaway. Mrs. Greenaway.

RS. Yes *(Again, RS. spoke before I have finished)*. Oh I knew her very well. er she's she was a doctor out there.

Int. Yes she did bring her daughter into er Sutors

RS. Sutors was er yes...yes. *(We are misunderstanding each other)*.

Int. She worked in Sutors as a sale, she was a sales manageress.

RS. That's right!

Int. I must tell her I've met you.

RS. Yes..She won't be surprised...She won't be surprised.

Int. She worked there for a long time, so she should remember you.

RS. Yes....quite.

It was often difficult to understand Mr. Silverthorne. I frequently misunderstood him, but as time passed and I became more familiar with his stories, I was able to supply prompts and cues that helped to aid recall.

Mr. Silverthorne did not believe in his wife working, or certainly not working with him. He felt quite strongly about this:

Int. Did your wife ever have job?

RS. Er..... Not there really, because there, I've seen some that have their wife as well....er it's better to have the rights of business can be done. It depends how...how ... much or how little.

Int. So better not to have your wife working with you, do you think?

RS. Er..she can go in in a right, she went in er..the hairdresser's. She had her hairdresser done for free and four nearly always.

Int. Really?

RS. Yes.

Int. What at Sutors?

RS. Yes.

Int. Because they did have a hairdresser's there.

RS. That's right. They had a hairdresser long long before Sutors.

Int. Was there?

RS. Oh yes.

Int. Oh, so you remember that?

RS. Yes.

Mrs. Silverthorne did have her hair done at Sutors, and there was a hairdressers on the site long before Sutors itself was built. Mr. Silverthorne still had some operational semantic recall in spite of obvious deficits to long term memory. He recalled some facts concerning his family. He found it difficult to remember the place of his birth:

Int. Where were you born Mr. Silverthorne. Do you remember where you were born?

RS. Er see... (Again, RS. interrupted). The older you get in life, the la...worse it is, the easier it is confer.....(Disordered speech).

He remembered his mother. She didn't work when he was a little boy:

Int. And your mum, er your mum stayed at home and looked after you?

RS. Yes when I was small.

He had three older sisters. He could not remember their names but he recalled quite clearly that they did not spoil him:

Int. So you were the baby of the family. Did your sisters spoil you?

RS. Not ruddy likely! *(We both laughed).*

Mr. Silverthorne said they were good to him, as was his mother:

Int. So they were very good to you. Now, was your mother a good mum?

RS. Yes well poor mum was a long ..long gone er....oh barcel farcel! No bad...bad feet end em.....

He seemed to be very fond of his mother. He also found his poor memory very annoying. Mr. Silverthorne continued to talk of his mother, but then started to speak of his wife and the big London store where he first met Lillian. These became inextricably linked in his mind. I became confused as I thought the name of the store was a part of London. I thought he was trying to recall the place where he was born. I managed to muddle poor Mr. Silverthorne even more. He put an end to it quite firmly:

RS But now I think I'm going to stop, because I don't know how much I've said! *(We both laughed).*

He then became concerned about leaving the setting. He was frightened that he might miss the transport:

RS. What's the time?

Int. The time's er just quarter past two. The car won't come just yet.

RS. Yes, but it doesn't take long to set em up and gets 'em. Because some of the girls don't wasn't to mmm..... get away.

Int. Do you worry about missing the car to take you home?

RS. Well yes 'cause you got me wife at home.

Int. So you miss her when you are here do you?

RS. Yes.

This concern was to feature in many of our interviews. Mr. Silverthorne went on to talk of his car. I asked him if he worried about his wife being at home on her own:

RS. Er she doesn't worry about it really because from where she is knows.... a number of people un unfortunately I

- got rid of my bi....because er I didn't think it was safe.
- Int. Your bike?
- RS. Bi ..no.
- Int. Car? *(I was again becoming a word finder).*
- RS. Car, Yes. Er er ..the wife said it was a very good idea, er I had to agree with her em and get rid of it, but it was sim, it was quite a pull.
- Int. Oh I'm sure it was a pull! Did it make you feel bad when you got rid of it?
- RS. No er side because if it hit somebody and killed em, I'd be more than sad!
- Int. Yes. Yes
- RS. Wouldn't I?
- Int. Yes Yes. You would be very sad! *(I made interjections throughout this sequence while RS. continued to speak. He felt very strongly about this).*
- RS. So that's..that's what I fed on.

Mr. Silverthorne however, pointed out that their friends and neighbours were very good:

- RS. We got about with different houses anyway. We knew a few houses that have got gars. They were very good in point of fact!
- Int. What, the neighbours have been very good?
- RS. Mmmm.....Seble of em and er different dows and dos.

Mr. Silverthorne then took control of the interview by telling me quite firmly he had said enough!

- RS. There, I think that's a good run!

This authoritarian attitude was to surface in other interviews. I played some of the interview back to him so that he could hear his voice. He was not overly impressed:

- RS. They'll say there's aman, he's making a noise.

This first interview was quite full and suggested a number of significant themes for Mr. Silverthorne. His work seemed to be of some importance to him, and the respect in which he was held by his staff. His wife occupied a very important place in his life, and he appeared most eager to return to her. His attitude to giving up driving his car, because of the possibility of damaging another human being, seemed to denote a caring and responsible personality. Again, as with other informants, these reported conversations with Mr. Silverthorne indicates an ability to recall pieces of his emotionally meaningful self stories. This was apparent, even with the fairly severe speech and cognitive deficits imposed on him by his illness. Through his stories, Mr. Silverthorne was able to be viewed as a person in his own right.

The second interview took place a week later. During this time I had met his wife who gave me quite detailed information concerning his employment history. She was much younger than Mr. Silverthorne. She said he had looked after her, and protected her throughout their married life. Mrs. Silverthorne said she now felt as if she was living in a nightmare. The role reversal was complete. She was now the protector and manager, and life for her was very stressful. Mrs. Silverthorne found our meeting to be helpful and it encouraged her to seek additional support from available resources. I told Mr. Silverthorne I had met his wife and that she had told me he had trained at Harrods in London. He agreed that he had worked there, but muddled Harrods and Sutors. He once again recalled the staff at Sutors who were so fond of him.

Int. Did you like it in Harrods in London?

RS. Yes mm but they were tough tou questions and that they got two or three.. *(Confabulates)*..... Crossing the road to say "Hello Mr. Silverthorne".... er you know, it was nice.

Int. When you left Sutors, everyone still comes up and remembers you, which is nice.

RS. Oh yes. Kindness.

We discussed the various stores where he had worked. He corrected my pronunciation of one name. He recalled one store that burnt down. He was very pleased that no one was hurt:

RS. Yes and over that it wasn't anything good, so I went to er away from that. *(Disordered speech)*.....very good.... came all the way. Saves. Thank God for that .

I told him that I saw Mary Greenaway last week:

RS. Oh yes.. She say something?

Int. Oh she told me...Well, I'll make you blush because she said so many nice things about you!

RS. *(RS. gave a little chuckle)*.

Int. She said were the best manager she's ever worked for. *(His eyes shone with tears)*. Isn't that nice? She said you were great.

RS. Yes.

He recalled the big London store where he worked after finishing his training at Harrods. He met his wife there. Mrs. Silverthorne had told me she was the managing director's secretary. She worked on the top floor:

RS. Oh yes, quite a big store. That's where I met my wife. She was there.

Int. Was she pretty when she was young?

RS. Yes. She is now!

Int. Oh I've seen her, she's beautiful. Did you like her as soon as you met her?

RS. Yes I did, I told all the checking upstairs top office .

Mr. Silverthorne then decided he had told me enough:

RS. Well there we are Madam. Is that you do er you nicely?

He began to get extremely anxious about going home. He became very restless:

RS. But the time you're getting out from here and going along and waiting on the bus.

He calmed down after a while and consented to expand on his past work experiences. I asked him about a store which was part of the Sutors chain. He had to visit this store regularly to ensure standards were met. It was located some fifty miles from Sutors:

RS. Go to Y..... yes, cause that er that a half a go, and there was also another one that was also a long way by the bus.

RS. Yes it..... They didn't know. That was a poor old do.

I complimented him on his successful running of Sutors. He was asked if he liked being the manager:

Int. Did you like being the general manager?

RS. Oh yes. I don't think I want it now *(RS. gave a little chuckle)*.

Int. No you don't want it now , but nice to think back. You made a great success of it didn't you?

RS. Yes, still cross the road when they see me.

Mr. Silverthorne began to worry about going home again. He became quite authoritarian:

RS. Well that's it Madam, you see! Cause you said you got a date night, if I can't get there, get that... get my anorak but...*(Disordered speech)* .

On his way out, I asked him about his diabetes:

Int. There was something else I was going to ask you Mr. Silverthorne. Your wife says that you are a diabetic.

RS. Yes.

Int. So you have to watch everything you eat do you?

RS. Yes.

Int. Do you have to have an injection every day?

RS. Yes.

Int. Does that hurt?

RS. No me.
 Int. It doesn't hurt you when you put the needle in then?
 RS. No, I know it got to be done I just.. there it is.
 Int. Do you miss eating sweet things?
 RS. I don't have a lot of sweets. I have an odd one. But you can get the odd one that really isn't anything like er...
 Int. Real sweets, is it though?
 RS. There we are!
 Int. Do you miss having the chocolate?
 RS. Well I don't get that! *(RS. gave a little chuckle).*
 Int. You don't get chocolate?
 RS. The wife says no going.

Mr. Silverthorne then walked out of the door into the corridor to wait for the bus to take him home. This was not to be for some time yet.

The Emergence of Fragmented and Developing Self Stories

This interview confirmed that a significant self story for Mr. Silverthorne was his work story. The staff at Sutors who continued to see him after he had left, appeared to greatly add to his self esteem and these memories were also meaningful to him. This seemed to hold a special place in his memory. His wife was still the most important person in his life. He still came across as a man who cared for the well-being of other people. The ending to the interview was abrupt but showed indications of some retention of personal control. He certainly controlled the interview. His apparent edginess and wandering behaviour suggested he felt trapped in the setting. He was to expand upon this feeling in subsequent interviews. The third interview began with Mr. Silverthorne asking me a question. He asked me how I had been. He was amazed to hear that I had been working at home:

Int. I've been at home working.
 RS. Been at home working ? *(RS. sounded incredulous).*
 Int. Yes.
 RS. Well, I'm out of wor working!
 Int. You're out of work, working yes..... You used to work though didn't you?
 RS. Oh yes! Long time ago now...
 Int. Does it seem a long time ago?
 RS. Yes, for a long time they still come along and cross the road and say "Hello Mr. Silverthorne". It very nice, it was pleasant! Think that they would do it! And then they carried on, but its been a long time since I er...done it.
 Int. Means a lot to you when your old staff say hello doesn't it?
 RS. Yes.

He recalled his other places of employment. I remarked that one would have to know a great deal in order to run a department store:

RS. Several small ones you can take and take it. (*Disordered speech*). It wasn't like having West End stores to play with. It's a bit of a difference.

RS. Oh yes. S'pose it's.... the thing being I had....I've been in so many stores and whatnot ander.... as I was fair with all the girls and men, they.... (*Disordered speech*).

I reminded him that Mrs. Greenaway had said what a good manager he was. His reply was very moving:

RS. Yes. See it's very difficult with some of them now. It's is flowed away a bit and er I don't know. I still still get them come across the road and say hello. Nice isn't it? (*RS. had tears in his eyes. His voice broke a little as he spoke*).

He mentioned this again later in the interview, after I had asked him about the time Mrs. Greenaway's husband had died. He had been ill for a long time. Mr. Silverthorne was very supportive during this period:

Int. Mrs. Greenaway said that you were very kind to her when her husband died.

RS. Yes well, It's not being a terrific thing is it?

Int. I think it is um I think it is actually...terrific when you're kind to people who work for you, and I think we all should be.....

RS. Yes.

Int. When you lose someone... when your partner dies, it's such a terrible thing isn't it?

RS. Yes.

Int. You appreciate all the kindness.

RS. Oh yes. Went on so long. Months and months and months.

He recalled again, the staff who came to see him:

RS. And er the were a few.. (*Disordered speech*).... sometimes and er the girls all did well...(Disordered speech).... I know that they still still for a long time came, and ...the one you mentioned came.

He remembered that he had seen Mrs. Greenaway outside the hospital where he had an appointment for his diabetes. I mentioned that she would like to see him:

Int. Yes, she knows I'm coming to see you and always asks how you are. So she would like to come and see you one day if that's OK.

RS. Mm.

Int. Is that alright?

RS. Yes. Course I don't...(Disordered speech). I'm not a....a.....an old horrier nan!

I told him that, of course, he wasn't an old horrible man, and that he was a very pleasant person. Mr. Silverthorne went on to talk of no longer being able to drive. He missed this very much, but was still concerned that he could hurt someone:

RSand I didn't either because I thought if er I need... go...drive the car, I've only got to wait one person per cint ...couldn't forgive er.....

Int. No you couldn't forgive forgive yourself, if you hurt somebody.

RS. No, no.....I wouldn't .

Int. But you must miss driving the car.

RS. Oh, I do! Yes!

I asked him if his wife ever learned to drive:

Int. Did your wife ever learn to drive?

RS. She could do all things inside, upside. She never had a licence, and er she could do quite a lot of things, er where I used to say every day out she put out er er er, put it all back, that's alright do that... turn that... all these she could do, but she didn't want to do it.

Int. She didn't want to take her test?

RS. So I wouldn't er.. So I wouldn't er for.. push on it.

Int. It's a shame isn't it, because if she could have driven, you could have kept the car, couldn't you?

RS. Oh yes.

He returned to this topic a little later in the interview:

RS. Well I er I er the wife, I didn't make her, because the I gave all the notions she could stop. The only one she really didn't like er, was a big lorry right. She didn't like it, cause it was just in front. (We both laughed).

Mr. Silverthorne indicated that his failing memory gave him cause for concern. He told me a confused story in which he appeared to be two people. I asked him if his failing memory worried him:

Int. Do you get worried about when you can't remember Ron?

RS. Oh yes! I do that. I'll speak meself in the ear now. (Could not understand rest of sentence).

I asked him if he would like to be younger, to go back in time:

Int. Do you still.. do you wish you were younger? Would you like to go back?

RS. I don't know whether I want to go back. No, some of the

things were alright, but believe you me (*RS. gave a little chuckle*)... it er...it's an almost an impossible one would you... er I had with one, and quickly got it er sorted out when I came out the Army, because er you've got no trouble, cause they give..given you some sizes. (*Could not understand rest of sentence*)... You get an envelope.You don't have to learning...they, it's good!

I had asked Mr. Silverthorne earlier in the interview about his time in the Army. Again, as with Mrs. Woodley, some of his past memories seemed to need a long time to become operational. His days in the Army appeared to be good. He seemed to appreciate their practices. I asked him some questions about his time in the forces. Mr. Silverthorne found it difficult to recall this time:

RS. No it was. (*Disordered speech*)... and oh aye er! See I'm sergetting it again!

This interview finished on a good note:

RS. Anyway, it's pleasant seeing you for a spot!

A review of this interview would indicate that Mr. Silverthorne's meaningful self stories still revolved around familiar themes. I felt as if I was beginning to have a greater understanding of him. He still appeared to be a very kind person. Obvious displays of emotion seemed to be foreign to his personality. I also felt that he dictated the pace and content of the interviews. This allowed him to feel in control of the situation. This was encouraged as much as possible.

A Growing Preoccupation with Present Concerns

The fourth interview which took place in May, was concerned with a theme which was to become all too familiar. Mr. Silverthorne wanted to go home. He was anxious and highly restless. This was to be the last interview where I saw him in the afternoon. All subsequent interviews took place in the morning when his anxiety levels appeared to be less pronounced. During this interview Mr. Silverthorne did not want to talk of the past. His present concerns were quite overpowering and he could think of nothing else:

RS. Yes, but sitting here you won't catch the bus. I'm sorry!
Int. That worries you doesn't it, that you might miss the bus?
RS. Course it does! I'm carrying me wife for i i it ..as well. I...I...I..So say catches er get the bus and er she gets it (*Disordered speech*)...of course. She's very good, and all that lark, but er.....

Mr. Silverthorne felt that the day was too long for him in the setting:

Int. So do you worry that you will miss the bus?

RS. I do of course! Cause I've been a long time on it.

Int. Do you feel you've been here a long time?

RS. I know I've been here a long time, yes!

I asked him if he worried about many things:

Int. Do you worry about lots of things?

RS. I..I..What do you think! (RS. sounded incredulously angry at my stupid question).

He became quite irate. I suggested that we went and sat by the main front doors of the setting:

Int. Let's go here. Let's go and sit by the door.

RS. You won't be the same there's.. there's only three..three weeks! (RS. sounded quite fed up and angry) Three weeks is that to er three, free times and you say P..P...Put here. You're not doing it! I'm sorry!

Mr. Silverthorne strode off but a little later he found me again in the setting and decided he wanted to continue our conversation. He led me into the main lounge. It was horrendously noisy. Chaos reigned! Mr. Silverthorne sat by the window. The sun streamed in making him very hot and uncomfortable. He would not remove his coat. I asked him if he got very worried. His reply indicated that life was not happy for him at all:

Int. So things worry you here, do they?

RS. Yes...(RS. sounded very sad and pathetic).

Int. You'd rather be a home?

RS. Well you don't get it as easy as that!

Int. You happier at home?

RS. Yes and no.....

Int. Yes and no? Do things worry you at home as well?

RS Yes!

He found it hard to make sense of things:

Int. Do you often try and work things out in your head ?

RS. No in my head.

Int. Do you try and work things out what happening?

RS. Dunno what use it is..... Not easy!

We spoke for a few more minutes. His anxiety levels remained high. I observed Mr. Silverthorne for some time after the interview had finished. He remained very agitated and distressed. He saw a minibus outside and rushed down the corridor. The driver told him it was not for him, "Boyo". Mr. Silverthorne was upset. "Bloody hell!" he said. He tried to tell the chap he was rude, but could not find the words to do so. He shrugged his shoulders in despair and slowly moved off. I felt very sorry and upset for him. The day centre seemed too much for

him during this time.

Mr. Silverthorne's View of Activities in the Setting

Interview five took place in the morning. Mr. Silverthorne was much calmer. He did not want to sit in the quiet room to talk to me, he wanted to sit in the main day room with other clients. He was still preoccupied with present concerns:

- Int.** Do you miss home when you're here?
RS. Yes! Very often!
Int. Very often?
RS. Yes. Well, sometimes some of the things are so much a load of rubbish roobush.
Int. Lot of rubbish?
RS. Yes.
Int. What here? Is a lot of rubbish?
RS. Lots of them, you know play up.
Int. A lot of the people play up?
RS. Yes.
Int. Does it get on your nerves?
RS. Very often!
Int. Do you like it quiet?
RS. No I'm not er fussy. I reckon sometimes listen here and there an...around.
Int. Do you try and work it all out?
RS. Mm! Softly softly catchee moushkee!
Int. Softly softly catchee monkey. Yes! Is it a puzzle to you sometimes, what's going on?
RS. Yes. It was a hard one the last time I think. It was...
(Disordered speech)... wasn't there then, that particular time.

We spoke of his past life. He recalled he liked his work:

- Int.** Did you like your job?
RS. Yes, er wouldn't, yes. Very much!
Int. You were very good at it, weren't you?
RS. Yes, an just keep em quiet. They know darn fine...A good crowd! Very good!
Int. You made some good friends didn't you?
RS. Yes. Some coming up and some rolling away!

I asked if he found it tiring to remember the past:

- Int.** Does it.... do you find it tiring, does it make you tired to think about long ago?
RS. Well long ago....is always always that way you find er you're ra ra away.
Int. Is it hard to remember?
RS. Yes! Yes.

Int. Does that worry you?

RS. Well it's not easy but you the fa fa.....

He returned to the subject of the setting. His observations were lucid and valid. Again, it was very moving:

Int. Do you like the people here?

RS. Some good, some not! Sometimes it's too much agney again!

Int. Too much noise?

RS. Oh yes! because lung about playing games like...!

Int. Do you like playing games?

RS. Not in here, just when you don't want...!

Int. Do you feel you're made to do things? Do you think people make you do things?

RS. Like to! *(We both laughed).*

Int. But you don't let them?

RS. Well.. .. Some you have to!

Int. Some you have to?

RS. Yes.

Int. But if you don't want to you won't?

RS. That's right!

Int. Well you're used to being in charge aren't you? You're used to telling other people what to do.

RS. Oh yes! Well that's it's gone from glory hasn't it?

Int. It might have gone from glory, but you did it didn't you? You're still used to telling people what to do.

RS. Oh Lord yes! Yes.

Int. You're a manager, and a manager manages people.

RS. Yes. Oh yes, we do.

During this interview, Mr. Silverthorne appeared much calmer. His former role may "have gone from glory", but he still saw himself as a manager, a controller of other people's lives. He was still perceiving himself as an individual who refused to be told what to do. His sense of personhood still seemed very strong.

Developing Theoretical Concepts

Mr. Silverthorne's self stories concerning past experiences, seemed to be fading in importance. He seemed more preoccupied with present concerns. His stories concerning his work, his staff, and his car were still there, but were assuming a more shadowy substance. This fading of self stories seemed to be of some significance. Another facet of his conversations was the apparent lucidity that occurred when Mr. Silverthorne was speaking of emotionally meaningful events. It was very easy to understand his messages at this time. It indicated that strong emotions also overcame his speech deficits caused by his illness. However, even when his inability to find the right words was very obvious, he usually managed to make himself well understood. His cognitive processes were more intact than his speech deficits

would suggest.

The sixth interview began with general conversation concerning holidays. I had said that I had been away to Devon. Mr. Silverthorne remembered going there. This reminded him that he no longer had a car. He further recalled his decision to cease driving in order not to hurt anybody:

- RS. Yes, er I've got no.. co... cart now.
Int. No car no.You had to give it up didn't you?
RS. No.
Int. Mm?
RS. No. Didn't gave it up. Happens sometimes
- Int. Do you miss your car?
RS. Oh yeah! It's long time ago now. I was thought about it and said I'd like to do it again, but em I well I first did it, I first packed it up and er cider er off straight away. I didn't want, didn't want re rill kill this other person sees.
- Int. Didn't want to hurt anybody?
RS. No! No!
Int. That's nice!
RS. Mm. What?
Int. That's nice.
RS. Is it?
Int. Well, thinking about about other people.
RS. Yes, well you should!
Int. You should, yes.

I asked Mr. Silverthorne if he had had a good life:

- RS. Oh, I should think it's a reasonable one.

His thoughts then turned to returning home:

- RS.wondered when we're gonna go home *(RS. gave a little laugh)*.
- Int. Do you look forward to going home?
RS. Oh yes!
Int. Mm..To see Lillian?
RS. Yes!
Int. Do you feel safe at home?
RS. Yes!.... Bus late. No.....Those quite late er coming back home.
- Int. It worries you when you're late does it?
RS. Yes. Er..Don't don't want it to be dark!
Int. Don't want it to be dark?
RS. No!
Int. And you miss Lillian?
RS. Well you know she's back..she's be back.
Int. Do you miss Lillian when you don't see her?
RS. Yes!

Int. You've been married a long time haven't you?

RS. Yes and so's she! *(RS. laughed).*

Mr. Silverthorne told me he had to work. He pointed to the activities board in the setting. He said that he wouldn't do all of them. Some games were silly:

Int. Do you not like playing things, if you think they're silly?

RS. Of course they are!

Int. Of course they are?

RS. Yes.

Int. So some of the games are silly?

RS. Yes.

He felt they were more suitable for younger people:

RS. Well, it's alright with the em young per.. the young ones can have it, and do it, cause it's nothing much.

Mm....Whistle while you play! *(RS. laughed).*

Mr. Silverthorne asked me what I was doing in the setting. I explained about the investigation which was part of a doctorate. This caused him to expound his views on the medical profession!

RS. A doctor? Well writing is the odd enough..enough time damn things last for a the life!

Int. You've seen too many doctors?

RS. Yes..yes yes..So they got the little drop of writing, but *(Disordered speech)*... There's been so many! There's no no..*(Disordered speech)*...I said, doctors making their money doing no thing!

Int. You've seen too many doctors? Do you think you seen too many doctors?

RS. Over the time er..Oh no, not too bad really!

Int. Not too bad? Do you think they've done you any good?

RS. Well er some of em ones one one down in in where where we often went to him, and we went to him and he was very good! And er also he de er young.. young person. She was very nice and that.

Mr. Silverthorne returned to the subject of driving. He asked me what car I drove. He recognised the make. He asked how much did it cost. He recalled the car he drove. He remembered that he could no longer drive:

RS. Well it's...I've left it off for a long time. I've said I'd like like to do it again, but I don't suppose I will! *(RS. sounded sad).*

He cheered up and said that it didn't worry him enough to start again. He had to accept it. He also recalled that people came to see

them now. He seemed to enjoy this:

RS. Gotta take it and think you've been right. Because you got a lot of people, different people and they come along, and come along and spend an evening and er....

Int. Do they come to you?

RS. Yes.

Int. And you don't go to them?

RS. That's right! Yes.

Int. That's well planned isn't it?

RS. Yes....It works well.

This interview ended happily with Mr. Silverthorne agreeing that he liked to talk. He seemed to be showing some acceptance of his many losses during this interview. His lowered anxiety levels permitted him to speak more lucidly. He seemed calmer and happier.

His self stories still centred around his wife, the setting and his loss of driving. His stories of self continued to be fragmented. It was difficult to see him in his entirety. He still appeared to be a very contained man, not given to sharing his inmost thoughts readily. Even so, he still retained his strong principles and determination to follow his own rules of conduct. The seventh interview took place in June, two months after our first meeting. Mr. Silverthorne was not in a happy mood! It was raining heavily and he thought it ridiculous that they had to come out in the rain:

RS. I think it's a bit damn silly. I told er the girl that's putting me...seeing me through, and er bits and pieces, she said. I said, "Well it's not.. not in it." I says, "It could quite easily be so much time them". But no, no she didn't!

Int. So you'd rather have stayed home?

RS. Er..The roads are wet.

Int. Because it's raining today as well?

RS. Yes!

Int. Bit miserable.

RS. Nobody's got in yet.

I asked Mr. Silverthorne which days he came to the setting:

Int. You come here on a Monday and a Friday isn't it?

RS. Er, not if I fee first! *(RS. laughed)*.

Int. Not if you can help it?

RS. No! *(We both laughed)*.

Int. Do you like it at home best?

RS. Yes!

Int. You do? With Lillian?

RS. Yes.....

He still found some aspects of the setting annoying:

Int. Sometimes it's too much, is it?
RS. Well er I don't er I don't have ...
Int. Doesn't get on your nerves?
RS. Yes!
Int. It does get on your nerves?
RS. Now and again!
Int. Now and again..

Later on that morning Mr. Silverthorne wandered into the quiet room in the setting where I was talking to another male informant. He interrupted our conversation:

RS. Do not...say gentle maiden do not trust him!

Changing Relationships During Process of Investigation

The following interview, which was interview eight, was significant in terms of changing roles within our relationship. Mr. Silverthorne was still concerned with the present, but I also became a major theme during this interview! Mr. Silverthorne became very cross because he saw me talking to another informant. I felt very much like a junior staff member of Sutors. He was extremely managerial. We began the interview by going for a walk in the hospital grounds. It was a nice day. Mr. Silverthorne admired the birds in the aviary. When we returned to the setting he wandered off. I began speaking to another informant. Mr. Silverthorne came and found me, he was very cross:

RS. You..dumped..gone!

RS. Yes..... Now what have you been doing?!

Int. What have I been doing? I've been...We've been out for walk haven't we?

RS. Yes...

He continued to air his grievances:

RS. It blissfully..you blissfully take me these things, and you should really say, Mr. Silverthorne is such and such, and er you come in as if you come in from outside and go into the ziggles. It's way I can't do it. I stay pect stay in big outside there, and take all the pieces where we going and er n not happy. Don't know where this goes...

Int. So you feel everyone's running away and leaving you today?

RS. No I don't! Toe if I got the right time, we could both go it!

I tried to change the subject, but Mr. Silverthorne felt too aggrieved to let the matter drop:

RS. Yes...well er I've had I've had er I've always felt git git git to that station and you come in say, "Can I come can I go

back!" You see, it start's to get er run me a bit...

Int. Do I worry you?

RS. Well you dump things... er you do what you want for you. I wanted to do what was being done.

Mr. Silverthorne wandered off. He saw me in the day room, I was still very much in disgrace!

RS. You Madam, sit there!

I was unable to talk to anyone else and I had to ask him if I could now return to work! He grudgingly gave me permission:

RS. I've said so!

During this interview, Mr. Silverthorne indicated feelings of powerlessness and unimportance. A possible explanation of his behaviour might be that his feelings of "being dumped" led him to re-experience old griefs and losses associated with the past. He indicated a felt loss of control, which he was quick to reassert. He may, of course, have also felt jealousy. It is possible that he felt that I was his visitor and had treated him impolitely. This attitude was also displayed by some of the other informants at times.

His preoccupation with present concerns left him with no desire to recall past experiences. However, his attitude, behaviour and speech said a lot about his personality. It was relatively easy to see him in charge of a major concern. He exhibited great power and command. He was never to become this angry with me again.

The Beginnings of Change in Some of Mr. Silverthorne's Self Stories

Mr. Silverthorne was in a very different mood during the next interview. He was very quiet and withdrawn. This was to become a familiar finding in subsequent interviews. He recalled Mrs. Greenaway, but with no great interest. He remembered working at Sutors and meeting his wife Lillian, in London. He did not seem very interested in any of these topics. He was however quite clear what he did want:

RS. Now I wan, what I want. I really want! Most unlikely, is the er run run lady.

I misunderstood him. I thought he wanted to run away from the setting, but he wanted the 'bus lady' to take him home. The tenth interview was to prove the final interview with full content. Mr. Silverthorne was very sleepy, but amiable. His voice was very faint and largely expressionless. It was as if he had no energy to feel strongly about anything. However, all in all, life for him was fair at present:

Int. How's life at the moment, is it quite good?
RS. Middlin'.
Int. Middling? Middling to fair?
RS. That's it!
Int. Could be better then?
RS. Yes.
Int. What..what could make it better?
RS. It's difficult to stairs see er...
Int. Difficult to say?
RS. Yes.....It is.....

He was asked what would make life better for him. He seemed to be in a state of calm acceptance:

RS. Goodness knows.....
Int. Goodness knows?
RS. No!Chuck it away.....(*RS. gave a little chuckle*).
Int. Chuck it away.....
RS. Yes.....
Int. Do you feel happy?
RS. Reasonable....Reasonable, I think.....
Int. Reasonable...But you don't feel unhappy?...
RS. No....But.....
Int. That's good!.....
RS. Yes.....
Int. Would you like things to be different?
RS. Oh.....I I had a reasonable wife (*Life?*).

As his memory loss continued its inexorable decline, some of his principles also began to fade. His driving story began to lose shape and content. He had also forgotten his fear of causing damage to another human being:

Int. Do you still miss driving car?
RS. Oh yes. I'd like to! Eventually I think I might have it.....with champagne.....yes.
Int. You liked driving didn't you?
RS. I did, yes.....Put could down here, when it needed.

He recalled that Lillian, his wife, tried to learn to drive. Much of the content of this story had gone:

Int. It's a shame Lillian never learned isn't it?
RS. Yes! I got onto her about it.
Int. I know you got onto her about it...But she was too nervous wasn't she?
RS. Yes.....She may get come out.....

Mr. Silverthorne asked me what job I had. This allowed me to introduce the familiar theme of his work experiences. He recalled

working at Sutors and other large stores. I reminded him of the big fire that had occurred at one store. Surprisingly, Mr. Silverthorne expanded on this story and gave new details:

- Int. Still you never had a fire at Sutors like you did at the shop in S..... That must have been awful.
- RS. I know it. *(RS. chuckled)*...That was a game and a half.
- Int. A game and a half was it?...It must have been terrible when the police told you...
- RS. Mmmm, I can't put shooting along all wrong!
- Int. Got down there quick did you?
- RS. Mmm....Yes it bit tight....
- Int. Was it a bad fire.
- RS. Well, it was bad enough.....It went right to the opposite side of the road.
- Int. Opposite side of the road?
- RS. Yes.

Mr. Silverthorne objective recall of this event seemed to enable him to speak of his present attitude to life.

- RS.So er never mind.....
- Int. Never mind?
- RS. No....What's the er....
- Int. Is that what you think? Never mind.
- RS. Yes.
- Int. Take it as it comes?
- RS. Yes. Take it where it is .
- Int. Do you think that's the secret of getting through life? Take it as it comes?
- RS. You can't be it. *(Cannot understand his words)*....I forget some of them now.....

This led to a brief discussion of his failing memory:

- Int. You do?.....Is it hard to remember sometimes?
- RS. Mmm.....
- Int. Does that worry you?
- RS. A bit.....
- Int. Does that worry you when you can't remember?
- RS. Oh I don't think so. Some thing to do with other.....

It did not appear to upset him, however. He seemed very fatalistic:

- Int. Do you get angry sometimes?
- RS. I try not to...*(RS. yawned)*.
- Int. You try not to.....
- RS. Yes.....But I didn't get very angry..No me....
- Int. Do you get fed up more than angry?
- RS. Mmm...
- Int. Fed up's a better word.....

RS. Yes.

Mr. Silverthorne asked me again what my occupation was. I told him, again, that I worked with older people:

Int. I work with older people.

RS. Yes, Oh well. I've done that.....

Int. Were you in the Rotary Club or something. Or the Round Table or anything?

RS. No, the Rotary..the voluntary...cause we had the er....It's hard to remember a lot of them...

Int. Yes.

RS. Don't know else.

Int. The Rotary.. em... do a lot of good work, though, don't they?

RS. Oh yes!.....

Int. They do help older people a lot...

RS. Mmm..

Int. Were you ever a Free Mason?

RS. Yes! (RS. gave me a sharp and suspicious look. He still seemed to recall the secrecy surrounding his membership of this organisation).

Int. You were? You've been in everything?

RS. Yes. A good many pieces.

Int. Yes.....

RS. Cum Cause some shocks.....

Int. I've got..I look after someone who was a Free Mason. I think he was a Grandmaster.....(I knew that RS. and this person attended the same lodge).

RS. Oh yes.....Call?.....

Int. Mr. Brickley..... Do you know Mr. Brickley?

RS. Yes.

Int. Gerald Brickley?

RS. Yes.....

Int. He's very old now....

RS. Yes.

Int. He's over 90. He used to run his own business.

RS. Yes. What 90?

Int. Over..About 92 he is now.

RS. Oh.

This interview was surprising in that Mr. Silverthorne appeared to retain, or have access to, more memories than had been previously indicated. A possible explanation, however, is that I had not asked him about these memories before. He seemed very lucid for much of this interview, but unfortunately this was not to last. The eleventh interview which took place towards the end of July 1992, was amicable but short. Mr. Silverthorne recalled that he driven a car but there was little content to this story. He still remembered that he came to the setting too often, however:

Int. Do you feel you come hear a lot, Ron? Do you feel you come here a lot?
 RS. Yes!
 Int. You do?
 RS. No such de feat!
 Int. Not such defeat... You feel it? You know it?
 RS. Yes! That's what I like to see, where are they! *(It seemed as if he was asking where the people were who made him attend).*

Mr. Silverthorne remembered that he liked the SCN who ran the setting. He still called him the governor.

RS. Well the guvner isn't here so.....
 Int. The governor?
 RS. And there's for... *(Disorganised speech).*
 Int. The governor is here. I've just seen him. He's just come back.
 RS. Jus...back....I did I didn't think he was!
 Int. No he wasn't here. He was at a meeting, but he is here now. You like the governor?
 RS. Yes.....Must...Puts up with me! *(RS. smiled).*

This led me to ask Mr. Silverthorne if he felt men were better managers than women:

Int. Puts up with you? Do you think...Do you think men are better than woman?
 RS. It depends what is your intent!
 Int. Do you think men are better at being in charge than woman?
 RS. No...No it's not really that way....It's quite doing the...bring.
 Int. Do you think that men are better at being bosses than women?
 RS. Mm!.....That's right....
 Int. Yes?
 RS. Yes...Getting there there!
 Int. The men are better running things?
 RS. Well they vey try and more!
 Int. They try more...
 RS. But er.....with er workings..er they would be quite good in the use.....*(Could not understand remainder of sentence).* They'll be going on that!....You say tha tha that the the big wheel is here?
 Int. The governor's there yes...If you just go

The interview then ended with Mr. Silverthorne walking off to find Dan, the SCN. Following this interview, I had been told that Mr. Silverthorne had been asking the staff:

Where is the lady who talks?

It would appear that Mr. Silverthorne could remember me even when I was not present. However, it is possible that his memories of myself were very linked with his present concerns. His recall of past events was very diminished.

The Gradual Loss of Self Stories

This last interview began to set a gradual pattern for subsequent meetings. Mr. Silverthorne's self stories gradually began to lose shape and content. He was no longer able to expand on them. They began to become more shadowy as time passed. Other people began to be mentioned less frequently. His world began to visibly shrink as his memory loss continued. He seemed to be almost entirely preoccupied with present concerns. Interviews twelve to fifteen supported this assessment:

Int. Still, you look happy today. That's good!

RS. There's nothing to do with it!

In October 1992, Mr. Silverthorne entered a ward in the hospital setting for two weeks respite care. This was his first period of respite. When I went to see him I found him to be largely incoherent. Anxiety permeated the entire interview. He was trying to make sense of non-sense. It was a very sad interview. I experienced feelings of hopelessness and powerlessness.

Mr. Silverthorne led me all around the long corridors, looking for familiar landmarks. He read the name of each patient on each bedroom door. It seemed as if he was looking for his name, or a name he knew:

Int. Are you...Are you staying here at the moment?

RS. No.

Int. No?

RS. Not if I stand.....

Int. Not if you can help it?

RS. Not if I can help it. That's it. Must be like night night...

We walked the corridors together for about twenty minutes. I found it impossible to hear what Mr. Silverthorne was saying. His voice was very faint and he was incoherent. We eventually arrived back in the main lounge where tea was being served. Mr. Silverthorne did not want me to leave:

RS. Will you be going with me?

Int. Mm?

RS. Will you be going with me?

Int. Do I be... going soon?

RS. Mm san be me..... (Could be 'Stay with me')

Int. I don't understand, Ron. I'm being silly today.

RS. I don't like it.....I'm lost.

I saw Mr. Silverthorne again the following week. He was still on respite care but seemed calmer. This may have been due to changes in medication. He had a large mark on his forehead. He looked as if he had had a recent fall. His conversation was almost totally incoherent but he appeared to recognise me. We spent the visit wandering the corridors together. Mr. Silverthorne held my hand.

Final Interviews

Interviews eighteen to twenty one constituted the final recorded interviews with Mr. Silverthorne. They took place in November 1992, although I continued to see him for some months after this date. His self stories continued to diminish into faint outlines, rather like a stain on a garment. During the eighteenth interview I reminded him of the big London store where he had met his wife:

Int. That's where you met Lillian.

RS. Long time!

Int. Long time ago.....You met Lillian there.

RS. What work did we seek to be ? *(Could not understand remainder of sentence. There was a long pause. We sat in silence. RS then started to tell me something. I could not understand)* ...And the em this round. And this ter person perse come on and up and up. Shir shirt on not *(certainly not?)*. Quite bad of.....

He found it painful to be reminded of his past life:

Int. Do you feel like talking about when you worked at Sutors.

RS. Oh, don't...don't.

The following interview seemed slightly happier. Mr. Silverthorne was still preoccupied with his present concerns but they were not of a highly anxious nature. He had a nasty cough:

Int. That's a nasty cough!

RS. Yes. Tha that for for ever I sink.

Int. Had it for ever you think?

RS. No it's it's off on.....

He did however, speak of his personal happiness:

Int. Ron, what makes you happy?

RS. I don't know!

Int. You don't know? Does having a laugh make you happy?

RS. I like the fac faction my the five being here. Very often bought bought or or f foe fall down errr it's it's that way.

Int. That way? That makes you happy?

RS. Yes. Sink er suff stuff the others.
Int. Do you think laughing makes you happy? Do you think having a laugh makes you happy?
RS. Yes. Sometimes it does.
Int. Sometimes?
RS. Yes, sometimes.....

Overall, he seemed slightly more happy than unhappy:

Int. Do you think life is quite good?
RS. Well, it's it it in can be wells, but er.....
Int. Do you think life is good for you?
RS. What?
Int. Do you think life is good for you?
RS. No. Because somebody'll se see...the thi thirdIt might be.....Oh God, eventual.....
Int. So do you think life is good for you now?
RS. Pardon?
Int. Is life good for you now? Do you think life is good for you now?
RS. No that's er....a race of sixty lou (*love?*).

He still recalled his wife and home. He knew that this was a source of happiness:

Int. Do you think you worry a lot?
RS. No I ca like to get back to me wife I er ses...(*Disordered speech*)....like to go back to my home.
Int. You'd like to go back to Lillian? And your home at Thexly.....?
RS. Yes!
Int. Does that make you happy?
RS. That's true. Is yes.

During the final recorded and transcribed interview, Mr. Silverthorne recalled Mrs. Greenaway:

Int. Do you remember Mrs. Greenaway?
RS. Yes. Certainly! She ought to.....break put look out.....(*Come and see him?*)

He recalled no further details. I asked him about his wife:

Int. So Lillian's well?
RS. Yes.
Int. Your wife Lillian, she's ok?
RS. Rrr she's just about loaded not not like wonderful.
Int. Not wonderful?
RS. No.....
Int. Does she get upset sometimes?
RS. (*Paused*).... She must do, I should think.

With prompts and cues, Mr. Silverthorne recalled the names of some of the stores where he had worked. He offered no detail, just agreement:

Int. Did you remember the times when you worked at Sutors?

RS. Yes.

Int. Mmm! You started off at E & E, didn't you?

RS. Yes.

Int. In London.

RS. Yes...Yes.

I saw Mr. Silverthorne briefly in December 1992. He did not want to talk although he smiled and seemed to recognise me. He was asked if he remembered me. He said:

Sometimes.

I continued to visit Mr. Silverthorne once a week from January 1993. He remained an in-patient during this time as he never seemed well enough to go home. He still appeared pleased to see me throughout January. His speech was totally incomprehensible, but he laughed and chatted. He seemed relaxed and happy. His condition continued to deteriorate and by the end of January he was bedfast. He looked very peaceful and contented as he lapsed into coma. He died in March 1993. I had visited him and held his hand two days before his death. I could not feel sad, although I deeply regretted not knowing him more fully in earlier days. I had much respect and admiration for this informant. I still saw him as a unique, but fragmented, human being until his death.

Conclusion

Compared with the findings from Mrs. Woodley, the story of Mr. Silverthorne seems sadly incomplete. It must be agreed, however, that Mr. Silverthorne's illness was in a more advanced stage. He was also the first informant to die during the course of this investigation. In some ways, his story is more significant than that of Mrs. Woodley, for he indicated several important themes which are worthy of further interest. Mr. Silverthorne appeared to be a very different person to that of Abigail Woodley. He seemed to be a contained, but less fearful, person. He also appeared to be a very private person, not easily given to displays of emotion. This aspect of his personality was retained until his death.

His reported conversations indicate that he, too, had emotionally meaningful stories, but they were not disclosed at such a deep level as were those of Mrs. Woodley. Further, some of these disclosed stories appeared, in some cases, to be strongly linked to his emotions. However, there were indications that much of his personality concerned with his thoughts and feelings, remained

hidden. It could be argued that the progress of his illness was largely responsible for this state of affairs, but I would suspect that this was a familiar pattern of behaviour for Mr. Silverthorne. However, he too seemed to find much of the process of the investigation quite enjoyable. There were times when I felt that I was his friend and that he needed me. It is possible to say that I fulfilled some of his psychotherapeutic needs in that Mr. Silverthorne was permitted to maintain control throughout most interviews, thus enabling him to 'feel good about himself,' and allowing him to experience higher levels of self esteem.

Further, Mr. Silverthorne allowed me to see the dissolving content of his self stories. Over time, and even with regular meetings to aid and prompt recall, they still slowly slid away, until only the faint outline remained. What, if anything, he recalled in the state of coma is impossible to say, but I remember one visit towards the end of his life. I said his name and patted him gently on his cheek. He did not open his eyes, but smiled with great sweetness and contentment. It was as if he felt safe and secure. Perhaps he was recalling a time of safety when he felt loved, possibly when he was a small child. This is impossible to say. Throughout our time together, his high levels of anxiety appeared to inhibit his fragmented recall of the past and possibly made his life 'in the here and now', a time of little happiness. I saw few signs that Mr. Silverthorne was a happy man during much of the time that I knew him. His conversation and behaviour indicated endurance and reluctant acceptance. I never heard, or saw, him in a violent or frenzied state, neither was this ever reported to me. Perhaps this contained man was possessed of an inner strength that allowed him to recall his desire never to hurt another human being. Who can say? It can only be supposition, one can only report on the evidence offered and observed.

The evidence presented so far, gives some indication that these two informants did have emotional memories that they were able to retrieve and to verbally recall. Further, these emotional memories appeared to be linked to cognitive states of awareness. They were able, in most cases, to expand on these memories over time. Mr. Silverthorne was able to recall tiny pieces of his past for much of our relationship. The evidence further suggests that self stories in dementia, tend to lose content over time and to retain merely a faint outline, or trace of the original memory. One was still able, knowing some of the content of his past stories, to use this faint trace to gain a response from Mr. Silverthorne until well into his illness. It is possible to suggest therefore, that in dementia, knowledge of an older person's meaningful past is probably essential for effective communication between client and carer. The story of Mr. Silverthorne gives some indication of the difficulties that must be faced in gathering this information. It is possible, however, to view his story as one of encouragement, for in spite of the many obstacles, it was possible to communicate with him, to understand him and, finally, to learn from him.

APPENDIX THREE

THIRD CASE-STUDY: MR. CHARLES CLERKENWELL

INTRODUCTION

All informants had stories to tell, but none told them so eloquently as did that of the next informant, Mr. Charles Clerkenwell. He was a man who loved the richness of language and its informative nature. As the following pages indicate, there was never any problem in encouraging him to recall the past. He was the natural story teller of the group, and delighted in the opportunity to display his skills as a raconteur. He told me his stories from June 1992 until July 1993. Again, as with other informants, the total number of interviews does not reflect the number of times we actually met. However, unlike other informants, it was not possible to merely stop and have a short conversation, for Mr. Clerkenwell tended to want to prolong our encounters. He became upset if he thought I did not spend sufficient time with him. Interviews with Mr. Clerkenwell would last for thirty minutes to an hour.

MR. CHARLES CLERKENWELL.

I first met Mr. Charles Clerkenwell during a routine visit to the setting in May 1992. The senior charge nurse had mentioned him as a possible informant during my introductory visit to the setting. His wife had agreed to his taking part in the investigation, but Mr. Clerkenwell had then succumbed to a severe chest infection, and had had a lengthy stay in hospital. He was still not yet fully recovered.

He was found sitting in a chair in the day room, leaning forward on his walking stick and staring at the floor. He was wearing sunglasses and had woollen gloves on his hands. He appeared to be a very tall man, although his height was difficult to judge, sitting as he was. He was immaculately dressed, and his brown brogue shoes were highly polished. His thick grey hair was well brushed, and he tended to stroke his moustache as he spoke.

The senior charge nurse introduced me, and explained the purpose of my visit. Mr. Clerkenwell willingly gave his permission to be interviewed. He stroked his moustache and promised to tell me all the saucy stories from his youth that he could remember! It was with some trepidation that I met him again, at the beginning of June 1992, but, as will be shown, Mr. Clerkenwell was actually a rather shy man. Mr. Clerkenwell normally elected to be interviewed away from the day room. We tended to use the small quiet lounge in the setting where interruptions were infrequent. It normally took us some time to make our way along the main corridor and into this room. It then took further time to find an appropriate chair and to make him comfortable. He was always very appreciative of my assistance.

The Beginning of the Investigation.

When Mr. Clerkenwell and I met for our first interview together, it was difficult to tell if he really recalled our initial meeting. However, he was very willing to talk to me. His recent bout of ill health still caused him some concern. He said that he had had this type of illness before and saw no use in being frightened by it. He recalled his time as a POW and the many times he was at death's door, during his time of imprisonment:

CC. And all that sort of thing you youdon't be dramatic, but you came at death's door several times.

He spoke freely of the ill treatment he had received. He readily recalled that he had been a prisoner for three and a half years and that he weighed six stone on his release. He said that as he was six feet two inches, this meant he was pretty thin and frail:

CC. Aah yes t... to try and climb up some stone steps to a brick building, and you found you had more or put your hand under leg and heave it up to the next one.....and so on. But there we are. These things all teach us lesson in life, I'm not quite sure what it is but....

He seemed to have reached a certain level of acceptance of his time in the camp:

CC. And the buggers still hit you, you know, with their little sticks! But there we are!.....Seems long time, but comes to an end eventually. Yes.And then you get tired of people saying, "You weren't in ..Not in Changi! Oh what ever next!"....You get a bit sick and tired of that. You wallow in it for time and then you get sick and tired of it.

He blamed his poor sight on his experiences in the war:

CC. I suppose the worse thing it's done to me is I've near enough lost my sight, hence this.... And er, I can't see prop... well....It's still a strain to seeWhat causes that, I know...I suppose, it's er it's it's er the lack of vitamins over the years and er sort sun and er...can't blame it, the sun. I love it, I live in it all day when I can!

I remarked that it must be hard to cope with poor eyesight:

CC Oh it is! As you get on with fret of...Giving my poor wife an extract from my book of tempers, every now and again, which is not fair, but you you get so sick and tired of this business all the time! It does improve slightly but you go to an optician or oculist, I never work out which is which, and um he calmly tells you "Oh no, never improve! Sorry to tell

you this but it will never improve!" And you go on peering at the darkness you see. Sometimes you want to stand up and scream!

Mr. Clerkenwell's pain over the loss of his sight was a recurring theme that was to emerge in subsequent interviews. However, he appeared to enjoy the experience of telling his stories, during our first meeting:

Int. Can I come and see you again? It's very interesting talking to you...

CC. And you're a very charming person, and I'd be delighted!

During our second meeting, Mr. Clerkenwell showed evidence of impaired recall. He could not readily recall his wife's name. He also had no recollection of his first marriage. He gradually began to recall details of his childhood when asked, but, again, as with other informants, his semantic recall was slow to operate:

Int. Did you have any brothers and sisters?

CC. Oh! Sorry, sorry. There's nothing difficult about that question..Um..Just took me by surprise, I suppose...They were er...Yes odds and ends ..I remember one black cat in the middle of the 14-18 war. and others popped up from time to time as we moved nearer to the country of course because.....

Int. What did your father do? (This question was repeated three times).

CC. He was a ship's steward. Nothing terribly romantic.

He recalled the shipping line which employed his father, and the various exotic pets which his father brought home on his return from sea:

CC. And er he strolled down the garden path once, with one monkey much my mother's disgust, because she was one of these very neat, very clean, very tidy types. And to see that small monkey bouncing up and down on the clothesline, and relieve.. relieving tself ..at frequent intervals did not bring a smile to my mother's.....

Int. Did you like the monkey?.... Did you like the monkey?

CC. No not really! I was slightly timid of them because they kept showing their teeth, and er had been bitten in my time, and er savage little so and so's. But of course there was a lot of them around in.....

CC. And er every boy had a... Seemed... seemed like everybody had a er.....these wooden trellis rails, up and so on. And then every one of those was inhabited by an ape of some sort.

I asked Mr. Clerkenwell if he had got on well with his mother. He said he had been very close to her. His father, however, had been something of a womaniser:

CC. Oh yes! Very very close! The fact of father being away most of the time, usually with another woman.....

He recalled his sister easily during the following conversation. She had been kind to him when he was a small boy:

CC. She was very sweet to me.....Well I was chastised for being..... doing naughty by my mother, or I'd be given some repulsive medicine which my mother knew I detested...That's another form of punishment...I mean, it wasn't given er in in the shape of er sort of whips and canes and all that , it wasn't. It was just something that er my ..now you get that spoon and you swallow that white powder on it!

Int. Oh?

CC. Revolting that was! Sick, oh!..... But my sister, bless her heart.... I used to hide under the bed, in case some other dose of this foul rubbish was on its way. And suddenly an arm and the five hands would descend by the side of bed, holding out out a saucer with some.... maybe a plate with possibly a small bar of chocolate or few sweets. And er descended and swung it's way in, which you know, made my er my suffering, er... Well, it did ease it a little bit.

In spite of this, Mr. Clerkenwell saw himself as having had a very happy childhood:

CC. Oh yes! I can't deny that! She [mother] was a good sport. She was always.. she always saw jokes. She was always singing.....the songs of the period, you know.....

He still had some bitterness concerning his father:

CC. The other chap was never there to sing anyway! Unless it was in jail or something! No he wasn't a very er...Oh he was a ha half sort of person. He would come on leave, dragging a hamper full of lovely rosy apples in the middle of the war...pretty precious. But er what he did between polishing the apples, and polishing this woman behind the blackberry bush or something, that was the point! We had stuff given to us, we had all that, that's not everything.....Oh he..he'd give a bit of cuddling, and he took us to the pictures and er it was Charlie Chaplin all the way, you know....No,No I can't complain about that! But I didn't understand the inner.. why was he there such a lot? When other kids were boasting about their daddies at the war and all this passed out? So I er I couldn't get a

grasp on that, not until much later.....

It was unclear exactly what his father had done during the war, bar, of course, deserting his family about this time. The mention of the first world war however, seemed to spark off recollections of his own war experiences:

CC. I shall never forget that Japanese sergeant.....A chap, one of our sappers..ordinary private soldier, had made a bit of a jam up of something so he decided to punish the whole squad. So he had us lying down this dirt road and er I heard him...I was at the end of one.....I heard him unbuckling his belt, which was very thick leather and had heavy brass bits and knobs and buckles and things. I thought er Clerkenwell, your backside is about to... ah.... have little slices taken off it. And true, he retired at a few yards away and advanced at a gallop ,and the next minute.. cor the crows! Phew!.....Pain...Pain and pain.

CC. Another favourite one was, they'd stolen all our British Army boots, so they would take..... because their boots were a sort of canvas things.. All sorts of weird and wonderful things.....and er.....they received these canvas things or they would..No! (CC. gave a little laugh). They receivedleather British Army boots with great joy, because they were going to outlive their own versions from way back er um er...with great delight!.....And er.....so they were not overstrong these boots, they didn't come anywhere near the British style of things. Their idea of mini punishment was to see a chap standing there picking his teeth or something...They would stand in front of them, and then they'd jump up in the air and come down....come down several yards farther up the road.. (CC. gave a little chuckle)... with a British Army boot firmly implanted on his ankle or his, you know, other parts. I find myself about to er use the exact language but I'd better not !

His memories of life in the prison camp were bleak. Not only did the Japanese torture and ill treat prisoners but, according to Mr. Clerkenwell, they also took pleasure in torturing animals:

CC. I shall never forget those dogs being beaten to death, while they screamed all the time.

Int. No..No.....

CC. That sort of thing lives long in the memory of a mind....

At our next meeting, one week later, Mr. Clerkenwell remembered me:

CC. You are the young lady who came to see me a few days ago....

With the aid of prompts, he recalled speaking of his childhood and his father. It was during this interview that Mr. Clerkenwell first admitted that he was a shy man:

CCbecause I was a pretty shy person..

He spoke again of his war experiences and retold the story of the torture and death of dogs by the Japanese. This indeed did seem to be "the sort of thing that lives long in the memory of a mind".

As he told his stories of the camp, he occasionally screamed orders in Japanese. It was as if he was reliving these days, and hearing once again the voices of those guards who were in total control of his life. He said they were funny people who loved children, although woman prisoners were not safe with them. He implied that rape was common. I asked him if he had read Nevil Shute's book 'A Town Like Alice'. He said he had, and had seen the film:

CC. It was a very good picture I thought..Very good picture. You had horror of the man being crucified.

He had never personally witnessed such an event himself, but he did know it went on:

CC I never saw anything like that, let alone experienced it.

Int. No..

CC I never saw that ???? (Word difficult to understand) but er....only in the film....But I do knowthat there were instances of that sort of thing.

Int. So you were lucky in a way weren't you?

CC Oh yes! Lucky in a lot of ways.....Some of our chaps in er... in in Burma, and some prisoners from Malaya, were nailed to palm trees and all that sort of thing, you know....But there we are, that was.....fairly common as the war progressed.

Although Mr. Clerkenwell was full of an obvious bitterness towards his captors, he did acknowledge that not all Japanese, as a race, could be considered cruel. He agreed that war did not bring out the best in people.

Again however, Mr. Clerkenwell made reference to the strength of these memories:

CC. And it er... lingers in memory, and will... will do for a long time I think!

As subsequent interviews were to show, Mr. Clerkenwell was absolutely right in this respect. He was able to recall his war stories, in some detail, throughout our time together. The fourth interview was largely concerned with Mr. Clerkenwell's story of his failing

eyesight. This was a major concern, and appeared to fill him with grief and bitterness:

CC. This is the curse. (*CC pointed to his eyes*).

CC. I've always been... er... years in the army and that, and perfect sight! Well at least it's er, you know, quite adequate! And er all of a sudden this thing strikes at you!

CC. Three times I've fallen down a long stairway at home, and you feel so...You could almost weep! You feel so upset about, you know...

CC. A blow comes with this thing. It's when.....specialist says "I'm...I'm sorry it will never better", you know. Oh thank you very much!

Int. That must have been a terrible blow...

CC. What dear?

Int. That must have been a terrible blow..

CC. Yes, it is you think, well it'll be all right one day, you know.....And then this chap in his very.. e....r what can I say his um.....thorough examination after several... well several months!And then I said, "Surely there must be some improvement?!" but "I'm afraid not..Not in your case!.....Just not showing any improvement!" And after a long examination I'm sure there will not be one!

Int. I feel sad that that should happen to you.....

CC. Yes, you go along thinking there's hope you know. There's always hope, and then you find er he's only doing his job anyway, and you find there is no hope! (*CC. gave a wry chuckle*).....Except by some magic.....

This loss of eyesight was compounded by the fact that he had been a first class shot in the Army and had taken part in several competitions. Further, he had loved to read and this pleasure had been denied to him for some years.

Some Emergent Themes

Mr. Clerkenwell's stories were indicating major themes concerned with loss. Loss of his father, loss of freedom during the war, loss of health, and loss of independence associated with his poor eyesight. He appeared to be enjoying the experience of telling his sad stories however. As the investigation progressed, he began to display more obvious pleasure over my visits. His behaviour became increasingly flirtatious. For some time, my method of response was to smile, try to hide my embarrassment and endeavour to change the subject. It was difficult to know how to respond appropriately. It took some time for me to accept the relevance of this aspect of his behaviour, as an emerging and serious theme. In some respects, as a shy person, he was placing great trust in me. Equally, he was displaying at times,

relatively strong feelings:

CC A hell of a lot of pain to make me forget you. Ravishing blonde or something....And every time I think "Is that her over there? Looks like..I think it is!" But I...and the next time I look, you've gone!

Eventually the most appropriate response was deemed to be an acceptance of this complimentary behaviour, with limited encouragement. The literature in this area of work with dementia sufferers is extremely sparse. Further, this is an issue that tends to be ignored in care planning. Mr. Clerkenwell's gently flirtatious behaviour continued throughout most of our time together. The acceptance of this stance seemed to increase his feelings of well-being. His stories gradually began to lose their sombre themes, and occasionally his recollections were more light hearted. He made jokes. During our fifth interview together, he told me of his experiences of swimming in the South China Sea:

CC. Places like Hong Kong and Singapore, and others. Er, I was always in the water swimming and jumping around you know...er.....Well that's about it I think, but I always.... I was always doing something active like that...

Int. Mm.....

CC. Until the slithering feel slimy feel of a ...champion size jelly fish..

Int. Ohhhh....

CC. *(Laughed)*....Caused me to loosen my hold....

Int. Where did it sting you?

CC. Well I could be funny and say in Hong Kong! *(We laughed)*. Oh....now...I've cracked a funny! This is lovely! Oh, I'm not going to let you go!

He appeared to recall the experience of being stung by the jelly fish, in some detail:

Int. Jelly fish stings are very painful aren't they?

CC. They are indeed! Used to swim out from er..D ..D... what was that bay in Hong Kong? My God! I can't even remember that now! And you could feel the great lumps of jelly stuff slide sliding across your body...er...and then it started! You felt you were being whipped!

Int. Ohh!

CC. By er well the best nearness I could get to was the..was if you had.... someone was whipping you with a very thin wire.

Int. Ohh!

CC. And when you got into the bathing hut..and examined yourself, you were covered in red weals!

Int. Ohh!

CC. Small weals, but my God! *(CC. whistled)*.

Int. Could they do anything for them?

CC. Nooooo. He put pain elim... eliminator stuff, and that sort of stuff, but I could have done that myself! But it it was um a quick sol.. solution and it worked! It did, this awful stinging, helped a great deal.....

There were often times when I felt that Mr. Clerkenwell's recall was so good that I began to doubt the original diagnosis of dementia. The senior charge nurse, however, confirmed that Mr. Clerkenwell did become very confused and disorientated. His wife also agreed with this. Nonetheless, I occasionally wondered if his dementia had been preceded by severe, and possibly untreated depression, during the period when his eyesight began to fail. This however, was conjecture and speculation, and was unsubstantiated by the setting. His recall of his experiences in the Far East, enabled me to ask if he had always wanted to see the world:

Int. When you were a boy, living with your mother in Portsmouth, did you ever dream that you would go all over the world?

CC. *(Paused)*.....No! I used to hope for it! I used to think of it , and er my father...er.... was one who wandered portions of the world, you know. Especially in South Africa and places like that, and I used to... I used to lie in bed and think cor, wish he could take me, and things like that. It's just a schoolboy's dream. Well a bit more than a schoolboy. But I used to look at photographs of South Africa... parts of South Africa that I had never seen, and never would see! Er...well the chaps, the the natives, you know, er big bags of what ever you like. Coffee, tobacco, and so on and so forth, and I used to make my own little dream worlds of that. But that was mere romanticism, because I'm that type!

Int. But you did it.....You.....

CC. Pardon?

Int. You did go and see the world didn't you?

CC. I like to.. I'd like to be wealthy, and just wander everywhere I could find. I've seen a lot of it already, but er I do love it! I.. er...poking around, you know, all these different African states, and all these Far East types with their differing er attitudes of... and so on.....Flat noses, long noses, thin noses.....

Int. So you feel a citizen of the world, do you?

CC. Precisely!.

Not all conversations with Mr. Clerkenwell were concerned with memories of his distant past. Some of his recalled memories were of more recent events. During our sixth meeting he spoke of his feelings concerning visits from his wife's children:

CC. She can't wait unless she's got a nice... got a family all

round! I never....Her family's family, and then they.. they... gradually grow, and you.. the bell rings, you fling open the door, and it's difficult sometimes to accept the er, you know, put on that lovely smile of welcome. (CC. *laughed*)...When you've just dealt with two or three of them that you think, "Oh my God, not another one! And they're relatives of yours!" But still, there we are!

He indicated that the presence of his wife's family irritated him:

CC. **My er.....My point is that I sometimes blurt, is, "That I married you. I did not marry that lot!"**

I asked Mr. Clerkenwell how long he had been married. As with other informants, he found this type of semantic recall difficult:

Int. **How many years is it?**

CC. **(Paused).....Er.....You've caught me out on the memory business. People very often do...**

Int. **Oh all it is... that...that I've no idea.....**

CC. **Yes...**

Int. **Do you know how long your first marriage lasted?**

CC. **Er....**

Int. **Was it a long time, was it?**

CC. **Um.....I'm desperately fighting with that.....**

Int. **Oh, don't fight it!**

CC. **Piece of er..Nooo... er fighting my own conscience and my own... God know what and I should know! I should have these statistics...Heaven knows! There's a large family....and they all....Excuse me.... (CC. *coughed*)....And they can all...They've got all their respective dates all off pat, you know....**

Mr. Clerkenwell tried to explain away his inability to remember:

CC. **(Paused)...Yes a fair.....But see I've been away...**

In spite of his irritation with his wife's family, Mr. Clerkenwell did not regret marrying his wife:

Int. **Do you ever wish you hadn't got married?**

CC. **(Paused).....No I can't go as far as that. I've had very good periods, in the main.**

The Middle Period of the Investigation

When we met for the seventh interview, there had been a lapse of over two and a half weeks since our last meeting. I had rung the setting and apologised for my unavoidable absence. Mr. Clerkenwell however, was still distinctly cross with me, although he quickly became more cheerful:

CC.Full of rage at one time! Having, I think I..I made a sort of date with you, and I never saw you again or something! ... And I tore lumps of hair out of my noble head (*We laughed*)....As long as live I.....

He eventually forgave me, and went on to recall happier days in the Far East. He adored the sunshine, and still loved to lay in the sun. He remembered swimming in the warm seas, and recalled the tragic event of a man eating shark attacking a swimmer:

CC. The amazing fact that the shark was so near the shore, which they [sharks] don't like. They don't like being near to where grown..er... where people are splashing about and making a noise and all that.....So that was very strange.....But he [the shark] came in! They were pulling nets in....er....He came in, and he seized one [man] by a leg and dragged him out to the deeper water.....

Int. Did he survive? The Chinese chap?

CC. I don't know! I don't know the end of that story. He couldn't have been.. er.. er... He must have been pretty badly done in..Seized by the legs, and then dragged into the deeper water.

I asked him some further questions about this time, and led the conversation into a discussion of the present. He admitted his memory was poor:

CC. If I could remember it, it would help.

CC. Yes umGod! It's. difficult sometimes to roll back the..the.....ages that were.. and er..... I.....

He appeared to confuse his first meeting with his second wife, with memories of the prison camp:

CC. No, I'm trying to.....I remember going across that big sports field up in Changi and I ...our paths crossed.....and er.....

Gradually, with the aid of prompts and cues, he recalled meeting her in the Park on his way to work. He managed to remember that she was a teacher. I repeated the nice things his wife had said about him. He was very pleased that she thought he was a gentleman:

CC. Well...I ...try! I have always tried in my dealings with women to be a gentleman. That's about the er er, you know that's.....that's..that...nature demands that in my mind! I always am a ???? (*gentleman?*) I hope, with ladies.

He appeared to have firm views on the nature of the marriage vows.

He felt strongly that there should be loyalty and trust. He expected married men to be faithful to their wives.

Int.but do you feel that married men should be faithful to their wives?

CC. Well, I mean why do they marry? I mean, one expects them to be er....So I think!.... er....

He implied, however, that one had a duty to preserve a marriage:

CC. I feel there's this bond..between you, which is not there... which is not there. Cut with a pair of scissors, or snapped. Just when you think that.. er.. you've had enough or something, that you've got to er try and do something about it, haven't you?.....

He did not see himself as having had a very exciting life:

CC. I very often think that I've met a dull drool sort of existence.....

There was to be another two week period before our next meeting. Again, Mr. Clerkenwell was not happy. He said he had missed me and had been feeling bad tempered. He referred once again, to his failing eyesight and his dislike of increased dependency:

CC. You know, you're dependent all the time! They're only too pleased to be dependent, but em, it's not quite the point is it?

Int. Does that make you feel angry?

CC. Errrr....ahhh...well...ell in a way! You start cursing unlucky. What em, what use am I in this world? And then, well it's damn silly, but em, it's nothing you can do about it, but.....

CC. Well it's... When you're used to seeing people talking...er seeing flowers... seeing the country, and all that sort.... And it's all wiped out!

I asked him about his family. He found it difficult to remember:

CC. Oh darn! This cold weather freezes your memories, you know!

Emergence of Life Philosophy and Life Review

Although Mr. Clerkenwell was a natural teller of stories, he was reticent about his feelings and, to a certain extent, his personal beliefs. By the ninth recorded interview, some four months into the investigation, he had begun to reveal some of his deeper feelings and life philosophy. He agreed relationships were difficult::

CC. Yes.. er...Isn't that to be expected. I mean it's er what particular marriages are..heavens on earth and er...gold plated andI mean....You can fit your ..fit your wagon to a.. a... a.. rusty old star sometimes.....but there we are

He told me he thought of me quite a lot:

CC. You go home and you lie on your bed and and you think and think and think and think and before you know where you are you're half married. It's quite silly! Quite silly!.....

He referred again to his feelings of shyness. His speech was hesitant, but measured:

CC. I have been shy in my time, yes.....Believe me!

He would liked to have gone to University:

Int.. Do you ever regret not going to University and getting a degree?

CC. Oh I would love to have done that.

CC. I.....often think of these.....see these chaps come swarming out of the universities buildings and thatAnd I have a slight pang of jealousy, you know.....

He had loved to read. I asked him which books he had liked:

CC. Ah.....Well it could be a strange mixture...Er, it could be the really....interesting things, fascinating.....

Int. Mystery?

CC. Oh mystery! Not all that much ...They um, I mean I pick up some of these books from the library, where somebody is gnashing his teeth and all this sort of stuff, and supposed to be um you know, very, er.....high blown sort of mystery stuff and I just couldn't swallow it, I'm afraid. I used to love nature things.....As long as I could translate, say a squirrel, or or something, into a human being or, you know, that type of thing....Get to know them and um.....And I've always mixed with animals up to a point, and I've put myself in their place and so on, for for I I I....like it! I can translate myself into the animal world.....except for polecats and things like that.

He recalled reading Tarka the Otter, although he could not remember the name of the author. He said he like historical books. He liked history, but shyness would have prevented him from becoming a teacher:

Int. Could you have imagined.....[teaching]

CC. I knew you were going to ask that!.....Because I'm one of

the shy types. And I would stand in front of these.... Some of them loathsome, some of them very nice, and er try spout forth my dubious nature.....Er.....

Int. So would you have enjoyed it, or not?

CC. Yes, if I could overcome this er....

Int. Shyness?

CC. Shyness, indeed!

Int. Or would you have preferred working in a library?

CC. Oh yes! I like books and things and all that really. May have guessed but er.....

He agreed that he would have liked to have changed some of his life:

Int. So there are things in your life that you would liked to have done differently, is there?

CC. Oh Lord yes! I should think so!

However, he saw himself as having had a good life on the whole:

Int. Looking back, you've had a good life?

CC. I think so, yes *(Said rather questioningly)*...Well, .I've had jolly good moments.....I've had calm and peaceful moments.....I've met some exciting women.....One of whom is smiling right at me now!

We discussed his life achievements. He indicated that he thought he could have achieved more than he did. There did seem to be some regrets:

CC. Well....*(CC. sighed)*. What have I achieved?One asks.....

Int. What do you think you've achieved?

CC. Oh, I've met and married a very good woman. I've met and tried to marry another good*(CC. laughed)*.

Int. Yes, but you...but you had a successful career in the army didn't you?

CC. Well, it could have been much more successful.

He found it difficult to accept his survival as a POW, as an achievement. Neither did he see his personal principles as being worthy of praise:

CC. Well, done my best, haven't I?

CC. *(Paused)*.... Well.....It's.....nothing more than scratching your nose when it itches. I mean it's er.....

He admitted however, that he enjoyed making people laugh:

Int. Have you always been able to make people laugh?

CC. I've always wantedto. At the right time, and at right the place.

The next interview which took place in October 1992, was out of the ordinary. All other interviews had taken place in the morning. Mr. Clerkenwell was tired and very confused. He did not recognise me but talked about me as if describing 'his morning visitor' to a stranger:

CC. I used to like those talks with her, because.....well she said such well.....simple...er.....um simple straight forward stuff, and er I used to sit back in the old chair in the old...one of noisy things.....No! Not noisy they're quiet aren't they...And er.....I used to enjoy them very much.

Int.. Weren't you enjoying...(CC. interrupted).....

CC. And I wish she could go on talking and talking talking....And I don't think myself a better riddle, and wishing they'd go on and on and on

He began talking about other losses in his life. He spoke of his loss of sight. He was not so communicative as usual:

CC. I think in your quiet way you're wheedling.You're just like um my wife. You're wheedling bits of information out of me, which I would otherwise keep tight about.

He became anxious that he might "miss the train that was taking him home". Because he did not recognise me, he did not make the usual fuss at the curtailing of the interview. It was decided that all subsequent interviews should take place in the mornings. The eleventh interview did take place at this time and I was promptly told off for neglecting him for a month!

He spoke of his general ill health. His arthritis was more painful than usual on this occasion:

CC. Arthritis! Don't know why I had to be prompted for that! Because, my God! It's singing at me all day long!

Int. It's very hard living with pain though, isn't it?

CC. It is. Continuous sometimes, you know. And you think what have I done to deserve this?!

Int. Mm...It's very tiring being in pain all the time.

CC. It is indeed!.....

He remarked on the things that kept his spirits up. One was the homemade beer produced by his wife, and the other was his love of music:

CC. I do! I love it! I love that sort of stuff. Dreamy old.....well it's not all dreamy! Some of it's quite bright and cheerful, but it's er....I have in fact..Er, I remember when I was working, well I was er I wasn't in er, Chatham in Kent, but er I found every excuse to go in there, because there was a period of Mantovani. You ha, must have been in the area,

and he was um trotting out all those dear old Spanish Italian....All that type of stuff, you know. And that orchestra. I could just lean back and close my eyes and get a bit soppy at times. (CC. gave a little chuckle).

He tried to recall another composer, whom he much admired but the name escaped him:

CC. Good heavens! I can see the man! Just as well...Had grey close cut hair.....Ah! I don't know! But he played beautiful music, or his band did I mean.

I said I would try to find out the name before our next meeting:

CC. Which.. I hope won't not be long delayed Madam!

We met again the following week. This interview lasted for approximately one hour. We began by my asking him if he found talking to someone to be beneficial:

Int. Would you find that useful? To talk about anything you wanted to.

CC. Well it...Yes. I mean.....(CC. coughed..... Paused....) Yes, I think, um an unequivocal yes.

He said he felt rather like a prisoner in the setting at times:

CC. The trouble is, I'm chained in here you see. I can't just get up and walk out.

Int. Do you get fed up with coming here?

CC. Only in the sense I like... seeing people and so.....er especial especially charmers! (I laughed). At which you're a good er example but um.. (CC. sighed)...No I like coming here, but what I object to is the doors clang behind me, and there's....I have a feeling I've just walked in into Pentonville, or some..similar prison. And I can't get out again until the warder er gives a nod, you know, and says "Right you can..."

Int. So you feel you're giving your freedom up when you come in here?

CC. (Sighed). Yes, but freedoms can be worth.....a certain amount, can't they? Or a.. er.. quite a lot!

His perception of the setting as a prison, appeared to bring forth memories of his time as a POW. He recalled this time in rich detail. Further, he recounted experiences that I had not heard before:

Int.. Mm...You've had enough of being locked up haven't you?

CC. Yes. Er, locked up wasn't always er a suitable phrase, because we were a free... free to go and long as we could..were prepared to er bend the back and shovel this

and shovel that.....Typical army stuff, you know.....Yes. It's that or some equally unpleasant equally er. Even that can have its laughs and jokes and all that, would you believe?

Mr. Clerkenwell recounted a long story in which a Japanese sergeant made all the POW's line up and bend over. He then hit them with his brass buckled leather belt:

CC. They sting for a few minutes, and then you've forgotten about it. In fact we started to burst into laughter, to think that we were punished as hundreds of schoolboys are punished, by being belted across their bottom by a leather strap!

This made him recall days long ago, when he was punished as a child:

CC, I've even been..many a strap with leather er leather belt, and wasn't even doing any wrong! At least that..in my childish mind I couldn't see that anything that I did was...brutal or er deserving of brutal er attention. And yet she was lovely mother! But she just wouldn't take er, "Stop doing that". And if I didn't stop doing stop doing it, then it was, "Charlie, forward!" Left right! Left right! Left! And when you're wearing short pants or something....It's not funny to be struck.... to be struck in the nether regions...

He returned again to the humiliation of the POW's by the Japanese:

CC. Yes, it's a difficult thing, because he thinks he's doing just the stuff for the honour of Japan ...And we think... We think we're doing just the stuff for the honour of Britain, by standing upright and taking what he's offering! Like a hard harsh smack across the face.....Sometimes hard enough to draw blood.....But mostly of course, the other aspect of er... You are a fully grown man, and you're being treated like a chi... like er er er naughty child.

As the interview progressed, Mr. Clerkenwell told more stories of brutalities. They were stories of beatings while the prisoners were labouring for their captors. He also told stories of the Japanese stealing from the prisoners. He perceived the Japanese as irrational people. They were difficult to understand:

CC. And he'd [A Japanese guard] go into a foaming fury.....Quite unnecessary! For for the crime they [the prisoners] didn't understand, a foreign language, i.e. Japanese!.....Very strange people!

Mr. Clerkenwell then recounted in more detail, the torture of the

dogs by the Japanese. When he was asked if he hated the Japanese, he replied in a slow and thoughtful manner:

CC. I... have.... hated... them... for certain things they've done, and I've wanted to be able to do that myself on the Japanese! Sort of vicious....repulsive, which will be counted by some as....not very nice and you were doing it, you know.....

He did not really believe in retribution:

CC. But er, I had no desire to beat one of them to death behind a brick wall or something you know. Some handy place.....

However, he agreed that he had some painful memories:

CC. Yes. And I must admit they've er.....faded like the rest of the stuff that we endured.....

Int. But they're still with you.

CC. Yes!

Happier Times

As we moved into the thirteenth interview, Mr. Clerkenwell began to express more positive feelings. I was unsure whether this was due to his expressed feelings of happiness, or my own tendencies to try to keep our conversations on a lighter level. Interviews with Mr. Clerkenwell which intensively focussed on his war experiences, were stressful for the listener:

Int. How do you feel in yourself? Do you feel quite happy or quite sad?

CC. Oh! Tip er ter top! I feel alright.

Int. That's good.

CC. We Clerkenwell's are a hardy race you know! (We both laughed).

We discussed his present health problems which normally caused him to express quite negative feelings:

Int. So apart from that life's quite good at the moment?

CC. Er....TheOwh!.....Yes I er.....get along alright like that chapin the song, about one wheel on my wagon or something! (CC. sang) "But I keep moving along!" (We both laughed).

He referred to his poor sight in a more positive manner:

CC. Before you were blind or anything. (CC. pointed towards some armchairs with white steel legs)..And you can see the white tubular legs and so on. They're no great

problem. At home it's er...you just grope your way from wardrobe to...larder. *(CC. laughed)*.

Int. Do you feel you're living in a fog?

CC. Yes, very much so! Like somebody keeps letting off a cloud of smoke or something, you know. *(CC. laughed)*.

Int. Mm....

CC. But, course, when you're in your own home you can... just stick out a hand. You know exactly where you are.

Mr. Clerkenwell went on to talk about his homemade beer. He said again that his wife made it for him now:

CC. I used to do it.....And er that's very passable, very passable indeed!

Int. So how many pints do you have a day?

CC. Anyone listening?

Int. No. No....*(We laughed)*.

Mr. Clerkenwell said his wife was very good at making his beer. She was a good person. He sounded very cheerful. We discussed his present view of his life:

Int. Do you think you have good life, Charlie?

CC. *(Paused)*. Yes! I can't complain at all!

Int. Mm.

CC. Why should I ? It's er...It's all there.....me roast beef, m'beer. Never fails.....*(CC. gave a little chuckle)*.

Int. That's great.....Yes you certainly seem in a good mood today...

CC. Sorry dear?

Int. You certainly seem in a good mood today....

CC. Yes!.....What's the good of being miserable when it's so easy to be happier?

It is hypothesised that mood will influence recall in an experimental context, as discussed in chapter two of this work. This appeared to be one possible explanation of Mr. Clerkenwell's increased memories. Another possibility is that the association of words triggered recall. These theoretical considerations are, of course, open to several interpretations. Whatever the cause, Mr. Clerkenwell appeared to feel much happier about his life. This happier stance was to continue throughout our next meeting. He said he felt quite good considering his age: When asked how old he felt, he said:

CC. Varies.....Sometimes 97.....which is pretty near cause I suppose.....And and some a mere 46 or something like that.

He felt happier than he perhaps looked:

CC. I look miserable, but I feel inside quite jolly, yes.

I had been told by the staff, prior to the interview, that Mr. Clerkenwell's behaviour normally got quite difficult as the day wore on. He was a big man and tended to lash out with his stick. He said, however, that he didn't mind attending the setting:

CC. Not in the least! Why should I?

He agreed that life was good for him at present, although he did imply that it had changed for him:

Int. So on the whole, life's quite good for you is it?

CC. What dear?

Int. On the whole, life's quite good for you?

CC. Yes! Yes.....

Int. You look...You look happy.....

CC. Yes! I I am....No doubt about it!.....

Int. You're content with your lot, do you think?

CC. Yes. The only trouble is, the lot's not very big! (We laughed).

Our next meeting at the beginning of December 1992, continued along similar lines. Mr. Clerkenwell greeted me with great pleasure. The interview began with him singing to me

CC. 'I feel your arms around me. Your kisses linger yet. You taught me how to love you, now teach me to forget.' It's a bit of weepie, I think. (We both laughed).

Int. I should think it is! Good memory though. (Pause). What would you like to talk about, Charlie?

CC. Anything is interesting, discussing it with you!

Int. Oh! That's nice.....Have you any worries?

CC. (Paused). No. They're rather fatuous ones, my worries.

He felt his worries could be described as irritations with the setting. Some of the older people who attended the setting "irritated him". His next words could suggest that he was aware of his own life knowledge, and that he felt this life experience was unappreciated by other members of society:

CCWe have gathered in.....the in in the um...knowledge of the, of our age!.... you know um.....Unaware of , or not unaware of, muttered imprecations in the mob round us....."Silly old twit!" or something like that. They keep....They should realise that their voices carry sometimes! And can be very hurtful!

After some further discussion, the topic of Christmas was introduced. It was after all, rapidly approaching. Mr. Clerkenwell was asked if he was looking forward to Christmas:

CC. Yes and no! That's the easiest answer to that one, sort of thing. I like Christmas! But I think it's more....from the.....um..what ca I say? Er er.....The expectancy!... Of er.....In my case, it used to be a.....Oh, anything from a toy drum to a, you know, that sort of thing! Or box of Clarnico chocolates or something. But um.....now I'm er, what am I? What are my...what are my thoughts now? Well, of course, they creep up with your age!

Mr. Clerkenwell did not enjoy Christmas now, he felt that his home was too full of family visitors and noise. He returned again to the subject of Christmas past:

CC. I preferred the time when I was a boy and...I could creep down the bed towards the foot of it....because....swinging from this...the old brass rail or something.....was er either a a a well, it could be any colour, but very often they were white stockings or something, and it had mysterious bulges on them . And I used to go down to this thing.....and my nimble fingers would sit at..Ah!.....What's that?.....Oh! It's silly old chocolate! Who wants chocolate?! Oh you did er as soon as somebody else's back was turned, you were stuffing yourself with chocolate...But um....then you felt er er er ...a a thing which seemed to be a tennis ball and you realised, to your horror, it was a tangerine or something!

Int. Was it an exciting time though? When you were small, you know, when you were a boy?

CC. Oh! Lovely stuff! Yes.....Used to spend the night before imagining what it poss possibly could be! But you you kept having.....stern admonitions.... "It's no good fingering that thing that there now. You leave it alone until Christmas Day! Stop pawing it about!".....And all that sort of thing, you know.

Int. Did you have a tree? A Christmas tree? When you were a boy.....

CC. Er.....Yes. Because they were ease..... Whether we would have got one if they weren't so easy to pick is er, I don't know! But being near a forest, you know...

Int. Oh, yes...

CC. You could.....Er..you had it more than plenty.....But still, I mean it was a joyous time and er there we are.....

Int. Do you think that you still have that joyous anticipation, now?

CC. In a way, yes!

Mr. Clerkenwell seemed to have recalled some very pleasant memories. He did not want the interview to end:

The Ending of the Investigation

I saw Mr. Clerkenwell once more before the Christmas break. I

explained that I would not be able to visit the setting until the New Year. He was not at all happy about this and I felt quite guilty. Owing to unforeseen circumstances, we did not meet again until the middle of January 1993. The staff in the setting reported that Mr. Clerkenwell was becoming more difficult. He now needed one to one attention, especially after lunch. They said he became angry and agitated. When we met, he seemed pleased to see me. I asked him if he remembered me. He said he did, and sang the first line of a song to demonstrate this, "Marie, the dawn is breaking". Following his reported behaviour by the staff, he was asked if he ever felt angry:

**CC. Oohh! Well this business (CC. pointed to his eyes)
And.....**

Int. Does it make you feel angry at times?

**CC. Yes! But when I've got friendly people like you
to...entertain me, and er.....(CC. gave a little chuckle).
Why should I be angry or.... well least....I'll be doubly
angry if I didn't have you sitting....near me.**

I still wasn't totally convinced that Mr. Clerkenwell really did remember me. I asked him again:

Int. Do you still remember me?

CC. Course I do! (CC. sang) "Marie the dawn is breaking....."

I asked him once more, if life was difficult at present:

Int. ..So... life's been making you a bit angry lately then?

CC. What's been making me?

Int. Life has been making...

**CC. (Interrupted). Oooh! Well, it makes all of us.....We have
our.....things, our periods don't we, when we, you
know,....seem to trip over everything and.....fall flat on our
faces. And then we....Well! So what! That's what obstacles
are put there for for you to jump up. Well what not jump
over at my age!, but er.....ah.....well they are. They're
there to be avoided aren't they?**

He was asked how he felt about growing older:

Int. Do you hate getting old, Charlie?

CC. (Paused). It's quite pleasant in its way.

Int. It is?

CC. Yes....

Int. What's good about it?

**CC. Depends who you're um.....bumping up against or er things
like that. If if you find people are polite to you and helpful
and all that, you take on a new perspective you see.....**

Int. Yes...Yes.....

**CC. Yes, some of these people aren't so bad as I thought they
were.....**

His mood continued to be good. He was asked if he would like to have done anything different with his life:

Int. If you had...Would you have like to have done anything different with your life?

CC. Oh!.....

Int. If you're looking back.

CC. Everybody does really.....

Int. Oh yes! I'm sure everybody does. What would you like to have done that was different?

CC. (Paused. Laughed). Well, I could get out of that easily by saying make love to two women instead of just one!

He continued in this vein for some time. He seemed to feel very light hearted. There was no apparent anger or bitterness. I continued to see Mr. Clerkenwell at regular intervals throughout the rest of the Winter and Spring of 1993. Our interviews were unrecorded. He continued to remember me and welcome our meetings. In June 1993, his wife underwent an operation for a hip replacement. Mr. Clerkenwell was placed in Willow ward. It was known that he would be there for sometime, as he could not return home until his wife was fully recovered and mobile. His behaviour and general condition rapidly deteriorated. He became very demanding. Discussions commenced over his future.

I went to visit him in Willow ward at the beginning of July 1993. I had not visited him for about a month. I wanted to record this interview in order to compare present memories with those of a year ago. The planned structure of the interview was very open ended. I intended to supply a few cues and prompts, and to see what might emerge. Mr. Clerkenwell looked a very sad and sorry figure. He was sitting in a wheelchair, in the day room of the ward. He was slumped to one side of the chair, and was gazing at the floor in an unfocussed manner. He was not wearing his glasses or his hearing aid. He looked very unhappy and disengaged. He did not look like a man who would remember anything about his past. His appearance, posture, and behaviour was similar to the many other severely demented patients on the ward.

He did not seem to remember me clearly, but agreed to come and have a chat. I wheeled him into an empty room where we remained undisturbed. The following report of this interview is long, but it is of some significance, for Mr. Clerkenwell still possessed extensive memories of his past life. Some of these memories were new to me. It is therefore, deemed appropriate to include much of the content of this interview, which contained themes of loss, brutality and a certain bleakness of existence. The interview commenced with general pleasantries. I then began to ask him about his past life. I asked him what his father did for a living:

CC. *(Long pause)*. What did he do?
 Int. Do you remember what your father did? For a living?
 CC. *(Paused)*. He mostly ran away, I think!
 Int. He ran away?
 CC. Mm.
 Int. I know he ran off and left you, didn't he?
 CC. Mm.....
 Int. Do you know what job he had?
 CC. *(Paused)*. Pardon?
 Int. What was his job? Do you know what his job was?
 CC. Yes... *(Paused)*... He was a steward...on
 board.....an.....er er.....He was stew.....steward, a
 first class steward or something on a.....Union Castle
 Line er.....so on and so forth.....When he wasn't
 drunk *(CC. gave little laugh)*.

These memories were difficult for Mr. Clerkenwell to recall. Further, the process of recall appeared to be slow and lengthy:

Int. He used to bring...He brought you home a monkey didn't he?
 CC. I don't remember a monkey, but he used to bring.....He brought back a small anti aircraft search light gun for me*(Paused)*... And er for for for my sister... *(Paused)*.... I don't quite know why it er turned out that way but er...he er.....turned out a scooter.....
 Int. Mm!
 CC. A a a cheap scooter.....but it was it worked! I mean, that's main thing. It was a mus ready made toy, you know.
 Int. And you liked that did you?
 CC. Oh yes!
 Int. You said to me that your mum was a lovely lady.
 CC. She was.....And I take after her! *(We laughed)*.
 Int. Oh yes! Did she ever work? Did your mum ever work?
 CC. She worked herself to death almost! I should think! Making clothes, doing sewing all that sort of thing for the neighbourhood, you know.....
 Int. Mmm.....And then you left home, and then you went into the Army didn't you?
 CC. That's right
 Int. What happened to you in the Army?
 CC. It would be easier to ask me what didn't happen to you in the.....*(We laughed)*.
 Int. You were a prisoner of war weren't you?
 CC. Yes, not in the Army though.....
 Int. No in the...You were in the Royal Engineering Corps weren't you?
 CC. The Royal Engineering Corps! *(CC. said this in tones of great disgust)*. The Royal Engineers!

I apologised profusely for my mistake:

- Int. And you were captured when you were in ..Was it in Malaya? Were you in Malaya?
- CC. That's right....
- Int. Yes.....Which prison were you at?
- CC. Which one?.....(Long pause).....Well I er er er I had a taste of various prisons.....
- Int. Were you at Changi prison?
- CC. Ex Changi?
- Int. Yes.
- CC. Yes (Long pause).
- Int. You told me that the Japanese did some terrible things.
- CC. Well, they did.....They did all sorts of things from the.....slow an.....brotherly sorts of things.....right up to um to beating people up.....
- Int. Not very nice people.....
- CC. Well they were they were nice enough according to their precepts. But I... er... their precepts don't match up to ours, you see.....
- Int. No.
- CC. What was ok for them, was not ok for us.....
- Int. They could be very cruel couldn't they?
- CC. Yes well they didn't er... the speaking.... not speaking on behalf of the Japanese, they did inculcate....certain things.....that we would never have dreamt of doing.....
- Int. Hard to live with that though...Very hard to live with that.....
- CC. You got to remember that they are completely and utterly different.
- Int. Did you feel that you couldn't understand them?
- CC. Yes, Well you can't understand people the way they....some of the things they did. Evenso called.....um....small things which I I mean aren't small to us.....Taking a dog and beating to death....I mean we don't look upon that as being funny or careless or anything. It's downright bloody wicked, even if it is a dog....
- Int. Indeed! Indeed!
- CC. Oh very very different! When they are on a different ssss end of the spectrum, you know.....
- Int. Mm.....
- CC. My first introduction with there, was.....eating rice which was endless, which contained more er mould and other.....dirty filthy things. The rice we had was impregnated with black droppings from the er mice. We got it from the er....the stuff they were giving. You see, they used to import rice. Nothing wrong with that, as we soon live with... (CC. gave a little laugh).. But er it is not our natural food. It's only a casual food for Europeans. But

now we had to start living with it. Morning, noon and night. I mean, we weren't starved to death because we were given rice and rice again. And they...they, because they liked rice and lived off it. They ...their thesis was, "Well why can't you people eat it, you know....."

Mr. Clerkenwell continued to talk, in some depth, of the food they had to eat:

CC. It was lying about in the um....British imported rice. It came from er Bitish... Britain but it was er...It was a British import into Malaya, and into other places too. And they took some of that rice.....Their idea of well....if its got um,, maggots and weevils in it, then we'll douse it for er er er er we'll pass it through sieves which er kill the.....germs and kill the insects, and all that. Well that's alright in a way, but er they expected us to eat these bloody insects.....The same.....not not not Yes! Insects, yes. So we used to get er er er a rice ration which was crawling with maggots....and er...loathsome species...and so there we are. That was good start wasn't it?

Int. Mmm!

CC. And later on that developed into er...We passed from the maggot stage. Into the w w, not worms,.....You never saw a worm in the whole place, as far as I can recall. But that these infernal maggots... So we did the only things possible we ate the bloody things ! (CC. gave a little laugh). After all, they were providing a sort of vitamin. I mean, we didn't want aWell..er er ...one thing, we thought we'd better stay on the right side of the Japanese. They were obviously.... from the start, they were obviously.....cruel people who gave not... who didn't give a tuppenny damn. You were a prisoner, "Why did you become prisoners?! You gave yourselves up after a bit and so on"So our debt our er er um.....debt. We were helping to pay the war debt of the Japanese, by eating all this filth, or what they called filth, although we still eat it today when it's... we're very hungry. And we use used to eat these stinking maggots, which normally we only use for fishing in this country.....

Mr. Clerkenwell continued to speak of his war experience. He told a long and detailed story of the brutal treatment of women prisoners, by the Japanese:

CC.in that in that er er twenty odd people, women soldiers, ATS or what have you. And they were locked up, and they were raped, one by one, whenever the Japanese felt like it.....Not very nice!

This interview indicates the strength and longevity of emotional

memories. We were, after all, discussing possible events that took place some fifty years ago. They had lived long in Mr. Clerkenwell's memory. Many stories had been told before. The rice story was new, although hinted at in previous discussions of poor food, men dying through lack of food, and having to eat dogs. Mr. Clerkenwell did not discuss his wife. His memories seem to be of his childhood and the war. Possibly these memories might be perceived as congruent with his existing mood state. One could tentatively suggest that his present circumstances allowed him to feel both a child and a prisoner. His voice, during the interview, had sounded tired and 'thready'. He had tended to stumble over words. His pauses were now much longer. However, he could still retain the memory of the theme under discussion.

Interviewer stress was experienced after this interview. There were feeling of depression, and of being overwhelmed by the uncontrollable cruelty of some human beings. The world seemed a bleak place, a grey, empty and unfeeling place.

Mr. Clerkenwell never returned to his own home. His wife slowly recovered from her operation and visited him regularly. It was obvious, however, that she would be unable to return to her role of primary carer. Mr. Clerkenwell remained in the setting where I continued to visit him. Not all visits were unhappy, but he gradually retired into his own private world and his stories ceased. I visited him a few days before his death in October 1993. He had been bedfast and comatose for some weeks. Again, as with Mr. Silverthorne, it was possible to see this as a welcome release. As with Mrs. Woodley, I felt fortunate in knowing Mr. Clerkenwell, and sharing so much of his past life.

Conclusion

The case-study or life-history of Mr. Clerkenwell possesses a certain clarity, due to the 'completeness' of his own particular life stories. Unlike other informants, from the beginning of the investigation it was possible to see them as non fragmented parts of the whole.

The heuristic implications of this case-study suggest the existence of a number of theoretical considerations, which might have relevance to the findings. Mr. Clerkenwell loved to tell his stories and it is highly probable, therefore, that these recollections were well rehearsed. They were the type of memories that "live long in the memory of a mind", for they tended to be significantly concerned with the individual physical and psychological survival of the self. It is tentatively possible to suggest, that the intensity of effort to survive, may have created these durable memories, which appeared to withstand the onslaught of dementia, almost until the end.

Of further significance is the emotive aspect of these memories. Survival, as discussed in chapter two of this work, is perceived as

having a strong theoretical link to the emotions. Many of Mr. Clerkenwell's memories had a high emotional content. It was difficult for the listener to remain unmoved by his disclosures. Further, for a substantial period of time, the sharing of his stories with another person, appeared to lead to gradual increase in well-being and personhood. The telling of his narrative enabled the listener to understand him as a whole person, and to perceive him as playing the central role in his life drama. It gave Mr. Clerkenwell a sense of narrative identity.

It might, however, be posited, that it is this sense of a narrative identity which appeared to become slowly and inexorably lost, through the process of dementia. The unavoidable decision to admit him to long term care may have increased this loss of identity. This is an issue which is explored further in chapter seven of this work. Mr. Clerkenwell may have ended his physical existence with us, but his words will remain. These words may perhaps, grant greater understanding of the importance of the maintenance of a narrative identity, in the paradigm of dementia care.

APPENDIX THREE

FOURTH CASE-STUDY: MRS. BESSIE PINKS

INTRODUCTION

Mrs. Bessie Pinks, the fourth person in the investigation, was the only other female informant in the group. She, too, had stories to tell but never such complete stories as those told by Mr. Clerkenwell. Mrs. Pinks stories were fragmented and repetitive. Again, however, her role was that of a natural story teller. She had led an interesting and full life, parts of which still remained in memory. Mrs. Pinks was a delightfully easy lady to talk to. She took great pleasure in having visitors, and she loved to laugh. There were a total of nineteen recorded interviews with this informant which took place between April 1992 and August 1993. Again, as with other informants, we met more frequently than this total number of interviews would suggest.

MRS. BESSIE PINKS

I first met Mrs. Bessie Pinks, during my introductory visit to the setting, in April 1992. She was found sitting in a chair in the day room, gazing around with interest at the various interactions taking place. Mrs. Pinks looked like everyone's idealised version of a grandmother. She was short and round with beautiful white curly hair, and pink cheeks. She had big twinkling blue eyes, which were slightly magnified by her glasses, and she was smiling. She was wearing a pink heather tweed matching skirt and jacket, with a cream blouse. She kept looking down at herself to check that there were no marks on her clothes.

The senior charge nurse introduced me, and explained the purpose of my visit. Mrs. Pinks said she would like to have a chat. She said she thought that would be very nice. She twinkled at me as she spoke. She appeared to be a pleasant and welcoming lady. Following the usual procedures, her husband agreed to her taking part in the investigation. Mrs. Pinks, at the beginning of the investigation, normally elected to be interviewed away from the day room. As with Mr. Clerkenwell, we tended to use the small quiet lounge in the setting. As the investigation progressed, however, Mrs. Pinks was reluctant to leave the day room as she felt she might miss her husband who was coming to collect her. It is possible that the effort of moving was also unwelcome.

The Beginning of the Investigation.

Mrs. Pinks and I met for our first interview during the second week of April 1992. This did not take place in the setting, but in Willow ward where she was having a period of respite care. She did not remember me, but willingly agreed to "come and have a chat". We went into the quiet lounge on the ward. There were no interruptions. I asked Mrs.

Pinks if she would like me to call her Mrs. Pinks, or Bessie. She said that she would like me to call her by her Christian name. As with other informants, it was initially difficult for Mrs. Pinks to recall her past life. She was moderately confused, but her memory was worsening. She tended to repeat her fragmented stories constantly, but the content of her stories often grew during each repetition:

BP. Don't forget I lived twelve years in Borham Rectory.

Int. Did you go to work?

BP. I did, did yes. Yes of course. I lived in Borham Rectory before I left school.

Int. Before you left school?

BP. Yes. Because they had a maid there called Mabel, and em she kind of took a fancy to me. So I used to spend my evenings after school there, you see. And in the end I finished up by living there.

BP. I just sort of grew into the place. I used to ..I was still going to school. They had a maid you see she was 30 years old. Mabel. And she took a fancy to me, you see. We used to play games... card games in the evening time there. In the end I slept there, because they said I was going home late at night you see.

BP. Oh, I've been working for them whilst I was still at school. So I just faded into to it you know.

BP. Well of course I drifted into the rectory you see. They had a maid there, Mabel. She was one of the old fashioned type maids, you know... Mabel....And when I came home from school, I used to go in there, and they used to give me all sorts of things to do....And I've just faded in there, you see. But one year they...the vicar and his wife [relief clergy] come to give them a holiday. So they went away on holiday, and the vicar and his wife lived in the rectory, and we looked after them. Well Mabel had lived with them [incumbents] for about thirteen years. Well she did it in ..Er the vicar and his wife came, and they took a fancy to Mabel and they took her off, which was very upsetting for the rector's wife really, because she had been there many many years, and they were upset. And then I faded in to where she went out. Although I was still at school, I still worked there.

Int. How old were you when you left school?

BP. Just fifteen.

Int. You were?

BP. Yes.

Int. So you had a job to go to?

BP. (BP. smiled). Oh, so I just fell straight into work.

Int. Easier than some people do nowadays.

BP. Yes. I lived fifteen years at the rectory with them.

The story of her life in the rectory was to occupy much of the interviews. Not only did Mrs. Pinks recall these days quite well, she also recalled driving the rector's car, with great pride. She introduced the subject of cars, herself. Again, as she repeated her stories, new information would emerge:

BP. Do you know much about motor cars?

Int. No.. do you?

BP. Well not not actually what happens to them. But the kind of....kind of motors, like a Rolls Royce you'd know, wouldn't you?

Int. Yes I would.

BP. Well, you must have known the Trojan.

Int. Yes.....

BP. Well the vicar.. They brought one of those when they were new.

Int. Really?

BP. And then I used to drive it.

Int. Really? what colour was it?

BP. Blue, yes. Bright blue.

Int. Did you drive in it, or could you drive it?

BP. I drove Mrs. Romney around all over the place.

Int. And that was the vicar's wife was it?

BP. Then I learnt to drive their car you see. So I used to drive Mrs. Romney around. Out to tea here, and out to tea there.

BP. When I wasn't driving the car, I was scrubbing the floor, polishing the grate or something.

Int. Was it hard work there?

BP. Well not really cause er Mrs. Romney used to do a fair amount of work. I did all the rough work. She would do a bit of polishing and dusting, and so on.

BP. Yes. It was...and then they brought.. Do you know if you remember the Trojan cars, the great make cars they first came out. They brought a new... new Trojan car, and I used to drive it.

Int. Did you like driving?

BP. Yes but it's er... it's tricky on the steering, because it's got solid tyres.

Int. Really?

BP. Yes not pneumatic tyres.. They're sol.. solid tyres, with notches in and it's a bit heavy on steering. Yes but I used to get away with it. (BP. chuckled).

Int. So you're a lady chauffeur!

BP. Yes. Jack of all trades!

Int. And master of a lot I expect!

BP. Ringing the church bell, blowing the organ. I can't tell you the jobs I've had in my time.

BP. Yes, drive her {Mrs. Romney} out to tea. I sit in the kitchen, while she was having her tea in the drawing room. (BP. chuckled).

Although this period of her life was well remembered, Mrs. Pinks also recalled her mother's name, and the names of her two brothers. She could not recall how long she had been married, but she knew her husband had something to do with plumbing. She said she had met him whilst she was still at school. The use of prompts and cues allowed her to recall more details, as the interview progressed. She told her story of life at the rectory and driving the Trojan car, several times. She went on to describe the layout of the rectory and returned again to a description of working there before she left school. Mrs. Pinks found this period of her life to be happy:

Int. Were they good days Bessie?

BP. Pardon?

Int. Were they good days, when you lived at Borham?

BP. Oh yes. Very good days, yes.

As the interview ended, I thanked Mrs. Pinks, and asked her if I might come and talk to her again:

BP. Course!

Int. That's very kind, thank you.

Mrs. Pinks and I met some three weeks later, at the day hospital. She did not remember me. This made her rather anxious:

BP. But I should know you, shouldn't I?

However, she agreed to talk to me and we went into the quiet lounge:

Int. Would you like to stay here, or would you like to come and have a chat?

BP. Where..Where?

Int. We could just go into the room along there.

BP. Yes. Yes alright.

During the first part of the interview Mrs. Pinks discussed her husband. She said she was older than him:

BP. Yes. I'm a bit older than him in years.

Int. Are you?

BP. Yes em..... Born in 07 and my birthday was.. er, 2 months ago. And I worked out that I was fifty two.

Int. Fifty two?

BP. Yes, from when I was born.

Int. Do you often sit and try and work things out?

BP. Yes. Yes and.... er..

BP. Yes..And he's, as I say. He's much younger than me. He still in his forties.

Mrs. Pinks then recalled her time spent in Borham Rectory:

BP. Vicarage! I was working in the vicarage, before I went to school and then directly when school came, come I had to go. I still worked there! I slept.... Used to sleep there, because they got a maid there you see, and the rectory's a very big building. Got a loft, you know. Upstairs there was rooms, and on top of that another room... And er so there was room for me. We we went were the room was, there where two beds.....Crept up to bed!...At night and crept down in the morning.

Mrs. Pinks again recounted the story of the maid leaving the vicarage to go off with the locum and his family:

BP.Then after a while, they had a locum come. It was in the summer time, to take the services. And then, (BP. *laughed*), they pinched the maid!

When asked if her mother minded her working at the vicarage while she was still young, she replied:

BP. No she didn't. No. She was quite happy that I was there. Still.... I still had to go on going to school until I was 14, you see. But I wa going there to this maid, being friendly with them, in the evenings after school. And I er, they gave me all sorts of jobs to do. So I sort of worked me way in there before..(BP. *laughed*)... before she left and er, before I left school. I still was going to school from there.

Int. Did you work hard?

BP. In..In some ways I thought..I used to think I did, and er then I thought, "Well I don't know. I suppose I've got to learn to work hard, so might as well carry on...Keep going". So of course when the time came when I was taken in as another maid for Mabel, you see. She was always talking to them about me coming there, when she leaves school. I knew they always used to chatter about me. Then, of course, that's what happened.

Mrs. Pinks then repeated the story of Mabel leaving the rectory. She was evidently fond of her:

BP. Because she was a good girl. We used to do gardening together, the rectory garden. She would work at anything!

Mrs. Pinks missed her friend when she left the vicarage. It was a lonely life for her:

BP. Oh yes! I missed my....Missed a lot of things that I
....Because then, they said, "Well you might as well sleep
here, you see".

Int. Yes.

BP. So when they did that, of course, that was my home then. I
had to live there.

Int. That was lonely life for you, Bessie..

BP. Yes it was! It was. I've often wondered whether I should
have done that, or I should have gone out in the world, you
know. Because the moment I left school you see, I was
already

..
Mrs. Pinks also missed her home. She felt she had been forced to grow
up too quickly:

Int. So you missed your home?

BP. Oh yes! I missed playing outside and.....

Int. You became grownup before wanted to!

BP. I..I did! Actually I did! Yes. Because I was always looked on
as a little girl, but all of a sudden I was turned into a grown
woman!

Int. Yes..

BP. Just like that!

She agreed she missed a lot of her childhood by commencing work at
such a young age:

BP. Because I er I er.... None of this running out and round the
streets after school. That that was wiped.. wiped out
absolutely.

Int. Yes.

BP. I just stayed in.

During this interview we were interrupted by a member of staff. Mrs.
Pinks lost her concentration, and began to repeat the story of her life
in the vicarage. When asked again about driving her Trojan, she
recalled further details.

BP. The vicar's son in the next village taught me to drive it.

Int. The vicar's son in the next village?

BP. Yes. Lovely fellow he was. Only about... coming into his 20's
.....Lovely boy he was! Lovely boy!

Mrs. Pinks talked of the work she had to do at the vicarage. She led a
very restricted life:

BP. For goodness sake! I used to get... Work in the morning
before I went to school. Come home at lunch time. I ..I
helped wash up the lunch time things.

Int. You came home at lunch time from school?
BP. Yes. It was only like going from here, down to those buildings there! *(BP. pointed to some nearby hospital buildings that she could see through the window).*
Int. You had no freedom then?
BP. No!

Mrs. Pinks went on to recall that she had had a son from her first marriage:

BP. Er..yes.. I had the baby. I still went back to work, and my mother looked after the baby.
Int. What happened to the baby?
BP. Er.. He a boy... er, Richard!...Richard....My Richard!
Int. Your Richard...
BP. Yes.....Richard.

Initially, Mrs. Pinks spoke of her son as if he were still alive. A calm acceptance of this appeared to allow her to recall his death, although she could not remember what had caused his demise. As with other informants, past and present events seemed difficult to separate.

BP. Er, he married. He's still around.
Int. Is he?
BP. Yes.He married. Er. Had two grandchildren.
Int. Two grandchildren?
BP. Yes and er, I know it's a sad story. I er I don't why he died. I don't know. I never really been able to work it out....What....What caused his death, I don't know.
Int. Mm. Mm. Must have been an upsetting time for you...
BP. Yes, it was.Yes!

Some Emergent Themes

Mrs. Pinks stories, as with other informants, were indicating themes of loss. These were loss of her childhood, loss of her son and loss of her memories. Again, Mrs. Pinks had evident temporal deficits in her recall. She was frequently confused about her age, and the number of years surrounding her past life events. Past and present seemed, at times, intertwined. Although her semantic recall was compromised, significant life experiences concerned with themes of childhood, work and work skills were still present. Mrs. Pinks appeared find the telling of her stories to be pleasurable. She further appeared to enjoy the social interactions inherent in this process. This obvious enjoyment continued throughout the investigation.

During our third meeting, we met in the afternoon. Mrs. Pinks did not want to leave the day room. The senior charge nurse was himself, a keen collector of memorabilia of classic cars, and he had brought in some old car magazines which featured the Trojan. One magazine had a very clear picture of this type of car. It was blue, a similar colour to

the one that Mrs. Pinks had driven so many years ago. When she was shown the picture of this car, she recognised it immediately and stabbed at the picture with her finger several times. "That's it!" she said. "That's it!" She continued to talk about the car:

BP. A solid tyre Troj...solid tyres.

BP. Yes, that's right. But er..eer. the tyres were very..er.. when it was raining. Very skiddy.

As in other interviews, Mrs. Pinks memories began to grow in content:

BP. We used to have the hood down. So directly it starts to rain, you have to get out and put the hood up!

Int. How did you start it?

BP. Inside the car, you've got a han... handleand you had to pull it up. It's a bit tricky with solid tyres.

Int. A bit tricky?

BP. Mm. Especially in the frosty weather.

Int. In the frosty weather?

BP. Mm.

Int. It must have been nice in the summer though, to drive...

BP. Oh yes! Cause it had a hood down,

She recalled driving the Trojan:

BP. Drove a few miles with Mrs. Romney in it.

Int. You did?

BP. Mm..And the son, he drove his mother. He used to come and stay. He came in to me and he said, "Oh Bessie you... you put that thing along, far better than I can!"

Int. I bet you felt good when he said that !?

BP. I did! I did! Oh yes, I stuck me chest out a bit! (We laughed).

Int. And felt very proud didn't you?

BP. Yes. I did! Because he was the officer type, you know. He was in the Army. He was the officer type. And er....

Mrs. Pinks agreed she had enjoyed driving, and she went on to give a more complete and detailed account of her experiences with the Trojan:

Int. Did you enjoy driving?

BP. Yes!

Int. You liked it?

BP. The only thing I didn't like about these...It doesn't show you there, (BP. pointed to the picture in the magazine), that's a pneumatic tyre. They all got solid tyres, and that's tricky for steering! Very tricky! You hit up against something hard and tough, and because these pneumatics, you see..... But with the solid tyres, it was bump! bump! bump! You know.

Mrs. Pinks did not want this interview to end. She seemed to enjoy our meeting:

BP. You know, it's lovely getting to know you.

Int. Is it?

BP. Yes!

Int. Oh, that's nice!

BP. That's right! That's why my husband's jealous I think. Because he knows I like you! *(We both laughed).*

She also said she enjoyed coming to the setting:

BP. Oh yes! I've always found it very pleasant here. And that sort of why we come here actually.

Our fourth interview together, focussed on her life abroad. She did not recall this period of her life so clearly as she did that of her childhood. However, she enjoyed recounting her experiences as a nanny for a family, in the South of France:

BP. They were living here {in England} you see, and I was working for them daily because they lived so close to us. And er.. even.... actually I had two jobs. And er... they were very nice to my mother and er so I said, "Oh when you go back, I must come and see". So off I went back ..So spent a week with them there.

Int. In the South of France?

BP. Yes.

Int. And you learnt how to speak a bit of French, didn't you?

BP. Yes..yes! Oh I... Actually, I've always been a bit keen on the French language.

Int. You have?

BP. Je vous aime beaucoup..I love you very much...All this rubbish, you know. I used to know.

Int. Well it's a lovely language isn't it?

BP. Yes it is....Yes it...it is a nice language, but er, it's no good talking to somebody here about it *(BP. chuckled).*

Later on in the interview she returned to this topic again:

BP. Yes, I was a nursemaid to a little girl, and they these people went to France for holiday. So, of course, I went with them.

Int. Who were the people that you were nursemaid to?

BP. They were er Army people.

Int. Army people?

BP. Yes....An office.....[Officer?]

Int. So that was your job was it to be a nanny?

BP. Yes. *(BP. gave a little chuckle)* That's right!

Int. So you've always liked children.

BP. Yes..I quite enjoyed looking after children....
Int. You seem as if you would. You've got that kind of personality.
BP. Perhaps so!
Int. I bet they used to run to you with all their troubles.
BP. Oh yes, they did! Well children do, don't they?

She enjoyed the sunny climate:

BP.It was very nice....nice sunny days.

She recalled going to Africa with her husband. She enjoyed it because the weather was so good:

Int. Africa.... You lived in Africa for a while, didn't you?
BP. Yes, Yes.....I liked it there.....The climate was so nice.
Int. You like it warm do you?
BP. Yes. But it wasn't extra hot, you know. It was gentle heat, all the time.
Int. It wasn't too sticky?
BP. No.....No it was lovely climate but there you are! Co... couldn't go on staying there. Had to come back and work again. (*BP. chuckled*).

Mrs. Pinks did not like the cold weather:

BP. I don't... I don't like it when it's cold...No! Your body seems to shrink up, doesn't it?

She felt that sunshine made her feel happier:

BP. Oh it does! There's no doubt about it! I've always said..agreed about the sun. I think it makes you feel very different...I mean, now take this afternoon, (It is actually in the morning) for instance. It's lovely sunshine. You look out there. You see there's the lovely sunshine.....Then comes over a big dark cloud, then it goes on and we get a bit more sun.

The interview ended with me complimenting her on her appearance. She told me her grandmother was very neat:

BP. And people, my relations, tell me I take after my granny.

Mrs. Pinks went on to say she was eighty nine years of age:

BP. To my mind, life is so totally different now to when I grew up.

Our next meeting took place in Willow ward. Mrs. Pinks was having a week of respite care. She thought she had been ill and that was why

she was staying in hospital. She seemed quite happy although she thought it was a "bit tedious". She thought it was the best place for her to be, because her husband, she said, was working away from home:

BP. Well yes, of course I prefer being at home! But I if I'm sick, I suppose this is the best place to be.

Int. So your husband...Is your husband.. em, at home then, while you're here?

BP. No, he's away. Working away from home?

Int. Oh I see. He's working away from home, and you're here because you've not been very well?

BP. Mm..... He's...Just as well he is away from home really.....

During our conversation, Mrs. Pinks continually watched all the happenings on the ward. It seemed as if she was trying to make sense of her surroundings. She saw the ward sister who was wearing a long white dress:

BP. Oh, she's in their nightdress. She's a patient

The next interview took place whilst Mrs. Pinks was still having respite care. Again, she seemed happy although rather bored:

BP. Oh dear! No..Life gets tedious sometimes, doesn't it?

Int. You bored here? You get bored here, do you?

BP. Mm..Yes....Yes..

During this interview, Mrs. Pinks spoke of her son. She discussed him as if he were still alive:

BP. He's a policeman, yes...Yes.....He's married. He's got no children yet..Don't whether they're not going to have or what.....I don't see them very often you see.

Int. Oh, I see.....

BP. Yes.....I live ..Oh, we live apart, you see...A long way apart.....

Again, Mrs. Pinks appeared to be trying to make sense of the setting:

Int. Do you like the people here?

BP. Yes! Oh yes.....Pause..... Do the regulars...Have they got regulars who stay here long time, or... or.....

The Middle of the Investigation

As Mrs. Pinks and I moved in to the next stage of the investigation, the tone of the interviews began to show definite changes. Mrs. Pinks was now very reluctant to move away from the day room in the setting. Further, topics tended to be more generalised, and it gradually became a rare event for her to speak for any great length of

time. Our seventh interview together took place some four months after the commencement of the investigation. She spoke of her son Richard. She said that she had had him late in life:

BP. Er, by then I was getting on in years you see....You..It's nice to have a children when you're very young, because you're growing up with them....But when you get to over the thirty limit, you beginning to..... go downhill, so to speak.

Mrs. Pinks asked me about my own family. She was very interested in my replies. She recalled her own brother had eight or nine children. She agreed she liked talking to people, and found it easy to make friends.

BP. Oh, I I like listening to the other people..... I always hope to find who...who chat along.

Mrs. Pinks then began to discuss her worries. She was asked if she was a worrier:

BP. Oh yes. A... about sometimes er things, I get worried about. But er.....

Int. What sort of things do you worry about Bessie?

BP. I can't really..Don't know really what it is.....

She interrupted my reply to say:

BP. It's not money! It's not money...

Int. You don't worry about money..

BP. No. I'm not worried about money.

Int. Do you worry about remembering sometimes? (*BP. responded immediately to this*).

BP. Yes I I had...Oh it's dreadful. I forget things! That is one of my downfalls! All my life I ..my...forget!

Int. And it's got worse has it?

BP. Yes!

Int. It's a shame isn't it?....

BP. Oh, Oh. From very young I was forgetful!.....One of my downfalls...Being so forgetful....

Int. So you'd like to have had a good memory would you?

BP. Yes! (*She chuckled*)I live in.....When I was younger I.. I always said I lived up in the head..Up in the air! (*We both laughed*).

Later on in the interview, we discussed her husband. Mrs. Pinks felt that her husband's memory was better than her own:

BP. He's...er..he's much more down to earth than what I am, you know...He's.....

BP. Yes.....But er..Yes he got a better memory that what I have.....Sometimes it's it's good idea, another time it's a

very bad idea! "Why don't you remember this, why don't you remember that!" *(BP. gave a little laugh)*.

Int. When you look back in the past, does it seem hazy? Is it a ..Is it hazy when you're trying to remember... er?

BP. Yes! It is.

Int. Like a fog?

BP. Yes..... *(BP. laughed)*...Yes....

However, it did not seem as if she was unduly worried about her poor memory. The next time we met, Mrs. Pinks said she felt a bit low. She became more cheerful as the interview progressed:

Int. Do you feel a bit better now?

BP. Now I've seen a smiling face.....

Int. You look happier. That's good isn't it?

BP. Yes...Yes.....Yes I've picked up your smile ...

Before our next interview, I had arranged to meet her husband. This meeting had been delayed because of his own ill health. He was at home, although still recuperating from his operation. He gave me a lot of information concerning their time abroad. This proved useful in providing prompts and cues for Mrs. Pinks. She readily responded to my questions, her answers however, tended to be short:

BP. Oh yes..yes.....yes. I enjoyed working overseas very much.

Int. You never minded travelling?

BP. No..No..

She seemed to be more focussed on her present age:

Int. So you've always got on well with other people?

BP. Yes..Yes.

Int. I think you have. You've got a nice personality!

BP. Oh thank you! *(BP. laughed)*....I'm.... Trouble is I'm old now!.....Oh yes. Born in 07 so work it out how old I am.

When told her present age, she said she didn't feel that old. When asked if she felt eighty five, she replied:

BP. Nooo! I I don't think so! No I don't think it's.... Er I'm very much different! I I do get tired I must say!

Mrs. Pinks went on to say that she remembered me:

BP. I remember you.....Yes.

She went back to an earlier period of her life:

BP. Yes. I've done a lot of things, yes. Had a lot of different jobs.

Int. And a lot of different experiences as well!

BP. Yes. That's right! And meeting such a lot of different people! I think I like that part. I think it's nice to meet a lot of people.

By this time, our interviews were tending to become much shorter. Mrs. Pinks appeared to become tired easily and her powers of concentration seemed to drop. Our meetings still remained friendly and welcoming, and she appeared to benefit from them. She was always happy and smiling. She still seemed to recognise me, although with increasing vagueness:

BP. I have a feeling that I...I.. I've known you somewhere, but I just can't place it.

BP. Yes. I'm sure I've seen you, probably several times.

At first she did not seem worried or anxious. However, she mentioned her mother as if she was still alive:

Int. So you've got no worries at the moment then have you?

BP. No, not really.....No.

Int. That's good!

BP. My mother's very old.

Int. Is she?

BP. But she she's still creeping around doing her little jobs.....She's wonderful really...

Int. Do you tend to worry about things?

BP. Oh yes!

Int. You do?

BP. She doesn't live alone.. she so she's alright. She's being looked after.

Miesen (1992) suggests that more or less permanent feelings of unsafety, trigger off parent fixation. Mrs. Pinks was not unduly worried, but her reference to her mother may have indicated a desire to return to a time that was safe and secure. Further, her husband was beginning to report that he was finding it increasingly difficult to cope with her at home, partly due to his own weakness. During our next interview she indicated that she loved her mother very much:

BP. Yes she was lovely mother.

Int. But she had a hard life didn't she?

BP. Yes.

Int. Your husband said she had a hard life.

BP. Yes she did. Yes....Her husband died.... and.. so she was left.....two sons and me!

Mrs. Pinks mentioned her own hard work in the rectory. She repeated this story again later on in the interview. She also spoke about driving her beloved Trojan. We spoke of her son. She seemed surprised that I remembered some of his story:

BP. You haven't forgotten that I had Richard then?

Int. No! You told me.....

BP. How did you come to know that?

I explained she had told me before:

**BP. You know I'm.....my brain's so muddled now about Richard
Of what did he die of?.....**

BP. I can't remember what what actually died of.

Int. That must have been a big shock for you Bessie...

**BP. Yes, it was.....I don't really know why he died. I don't
know....But he's just not here now.....**

By September 1992, and our twelfth interview together, I felt as if Mrs. Pinks memory was losing substance. It seemed to be gently fading away. There were times when she spoke with great clarity, but, overall, there appeared to be a gentle acceptance of her loss of recall. The next interview indicated her apparent lack of concern:

Int. So you don't remember as well as you used to.

BP. No.

Int. Oh...

BP. I don't.

Int. It's hard, isn't it?

BP. Yes! Tis!

**Int. Because you keep thinking "What have I got to do, or
what's going happen next".....**

**BP. That's right. That's rightYes. And your mind still seems
full of the backload.....part of your life.**

Int. You can remember when you were younger ..Yes?

BP.. Yes.

**Int. But you can't remember if you've had lunch or not, can
you?**

BP. (BP. chuckled). I hope I'll get some lunch today....

Int. I'm sure you will.

BP. My husband's at home. He can cook it.

We discussed some of her life experiences. She felt that life at the rectory was one of the happiest times of her life, but possibly this was because it still remained in memory. She spoke about her son Richard, but more in response to questions rather than unsolicited statements. Her answers were generalised and short:

Int. What about when you had Richard?

BP. Oh yes.

Int. Was that happy?

BP. Oh yes!

Int. Did you have an easy time when you had him?

BP. Had what? (I repeat the question twice).

BP. Oh yes!
 Int. Did you have a difficult pregnancy?
 BP. No! It was pretty normal...
 Int. Didn't worry you too much?
 BP. No..No....Managed to squeeze him out! *(We laughed)*.
 Int. Do you remember if it was very painful?
 BP. Yes...Oh yes! Because you don't forget....
 Int. You don't forget that, do you?
 BP. No.
 Int. No...Were you in labour a long time?
 BP. Yes, quite a long time...Yes..
 Int. Was your Mum with you?
 BP. Yes..er.....only one child.....first time so.....

I continued to ask her further questions concerning the birth of her son.

Int. Did your Mum stay with you?
 BP. Yes.
 Int. When you had Richard?
 BP. Yes...
 Int. Was there a nurse there?
 BP. Yes...Yes.....The li..local nurse, you know...
 Int. The local nurse?
 BP. Yes
 Int. Was she nice?
 BP. Oh yes!
 Int. What was her name? Do you remember?

BP. *(BP. paused)*...No. Can't remember!
 Int. When you had Richard, did you want a boy, or did you want a girl?
 BP. No!..I I I'd I would like..I liked boys.....So he turned out to be a boy *(BP. chuckled)*.
 Int. Did you wish you'd had any more children?
 BP. No! *(I laughed)* One's enough thank you! *(We both laughed)*.
 Int. So you liked looking after other people's, but you didn't want any more yourself?
 BP. No! That's right...I done fair amount of looking after other people's children during my life.

It is interesting to note that this almost question and answer session, did eventually produce some emotional responses from Mrs. Pinks. Further, Mrs. Pinks appeared to derive some enjoyment from speaking about this period of her life. The thirteenth recorded interview took place at the end of September 1992. Again, Mrs. Pinks chose to remain in the day room. It was unusual in that Mrs. Woodley was sitting with us and we had a three way conversation. It was a pleasant interview that gave both of them pleasure. There were a lot of smiles and laughter.

Int. You always seem happy Bessie. Do you always feel happy?

BP. I try to be, yes.....(*Mrs. Woodley said she liked Mrs. Pinks smile*). Something happens. Somebody in the family die or something die or something, then you're miserable for a few days.....

Int. But normally you feel happy?

BP. Mm! Yes. Yes I try to be.

We then spoke about a French student I wanted to bring in to the setting to meet Mrs. Pinks. Mrs. Pinks gave Mrs. Woodley some tips on how to learn French. We discussed how easy it is to learn a language when one is young. Mrs. Pinks spoke a few words in French for Mrs. Woodley who was most impressed. They smiled and laughed together. It was a pleasure to watch them. Both of these informants had said that they enjoyed speaking to others. It was evident from their behaviour that this was so. Mrs. Pinks and I were not to meet again until the middle of October 1992. She told me she remembered me, but could not recall where exactly. Again, Mrs. Pinks referred to her age. She said she was old now:

Int. Do you feel very old?

BP. Not really!

Int. No. You don't act very old.

BP. I.. I.. I've..lived through the years, but um..I mean I think maybe perhaps some people er er er look old and feel old.....Er you know very soon. But touch wood (*BP. touched the table*). I mean I... I...I don't feel too bad.

Int. So..inside you feel young?

BP. Mm! Yes! That that's true! Because it's... it if you've stomach troubles, it's awful isn't it? You know, you seem all upset altogether.

Int. That's right!

BP. But no, touch wood (*She touched the table again*). I feel very good!

I asked her if life had been good for her:

Int. So looking back overall, do you think you ...The life you've had so far, has it been good?

BP. Mm.....Yes.....Well I worked very hard from the time I left school. I worked straight away when I left school. Fourteen.....

Int. You've worked very hard all your life haven't you?

BP. Yes.....Yes.

Int. What was the best...(BP. interrupted me).

BP. But I've already got married so I.... (BP. gave a little chuckle)... still went on working.

Int. Now.....What was the best bit of your life do you think?

BP. Phew....(BP. paused).....Don't know really....Nothing

exciting hap..... happened really. Oh! I went to work before I got married. Abro... South of France. That was quite a bright time.....

She recalled a Russian countess that she worked for as a nanny:

Int. Was the Russian Countess....Was she a nice lady?

BP. Yes. Yes.

Int. You got on with her ok?

BP. Yes..Yes

Int. What did she look like?

BP. (BP. paused). Very er.....Almost masculine.....She was a strong women.

I asked her about her husband. She said she was worried about him because he was ill. She said he was poorly and was in bed:

Int. Does that worry you?

BP. Yes!.....Because he....He's not the type of man been i.. i.. very ill. He's very strong.....And he's kept going very well.

Int. Well he seems the sort that can do anything.

BP. Mm...

Int. Yes...

BP. Still let's hope he can stand up to the, whatever's happening to him now.

Int. So that must make you feel a bit depressed.

BP. Yes it does, yes. But I mus.. mustn't let him know I'm depressed. Could help make him better.

This was a short interview. Interviews with Mrs. Pinks remained happy and pleasurable, but she was unable to sustain

conversations for too long a period of time. I felt this would continue throughout the remainder of the investigation but I was to be proved wrong. Mrs. Pinks surprised me at times, and proved that older people with dementia could recall significant pieces of their past, for longer periods than professional carers might think possible.

The End of the Investigation

The fifteenth interview with Mrs. Pinks took place at the end of October 1992. The conversation remained general. Mrs. Pinks was curious about my age:

BP. I've I've been try trying... Sometimes I look at you, when you're sitting there, trying to work out how old you are. (BP. chuckled).

Int. You're as old as you feel. That's what.....

BP. (BP. interrupted) That's what truth! That's cer is so!

We began to have a general conversation with Mrs. Woodley. There

was a great deal of laughter:

BP. Oh dear. We're gigglers!

Int. It's good for you to have a giggle, isn't it?

BP. Pardon?

Int. It's good for you to have a giggle.

BP. Mm. Oh yes.....

Int. Does you a lot of good.

BP. Oh yes! Must have a giggle. *(BP. laughed)*. Keeps you going!

Mrs. Pinks then, to my surprise, began to tell me about the grocers shop she ran, while her husband was away. We talked about what hard work it was.

BP. Especially when we had the shop.

MM. Yes.....?

BP. *(BP. gave a little laugh)*. I'd never undertake that again!

Int. What shop was that Bessie?

BP. Grocery.

Int. Did you.... Did you run it with your husband?

BP. Well he used to go to his job, see.

Int. And you ran it?

BP. Oh, I had a girl who used to help me. She was very good.

Int. Mm....

BP. Local girl.

Int. Was the shop in Depton or London?

BP. Pardon?

Int. Where was the shop?

BP. Out.. out at the village.

Int. Mm. That must have been hard work!

BP. Yes...yes.....Well it's the hours isn't it? You got, you know.. You have to be there early to get the thing under go in front. Then you can about take some time putting it away at it's six o'clock at night.

Int. Long day.....

BP. Mm...

Int. I bet you were good at running a shop. Bet everyone liked coming in to see you...

BP. *(Laughed happily)*.

Mrs. Woodley then joined in the conversation. She said she would like to have run a shop.

Int. Well you're both good at talking to other people. *(They laughed)*.

BP. Keeps you on the move all the time.

Int. Whoosh! I should think it would do! And some fruit and veg are very heavy aren't they?

BP. And you keep watching the clock when it's closing time! *(We all laughed)*. Have another look at the clock! Oh,

another hour! Oh dear!

Int. That's wishing your life away, isn't it?

BP. Yes. Wishing the the war..throw money by trying to shut the door too early.

Int. Absolutely, yes.....Did it pay its way, the shop?

BP. Yes, Oh yes. Yes...But it's er so much of your life is put in to a shop.

Int. Mm. Mm.

BP. Unless you got somebody you can afford to pay to look after it, while you sit down and read a novel (*BP. chuckled*).

The story of her little local grocery shop was well recalled. I was not sure why this sprang to her mind. Possibly, her good mood may have aided recall, but she had tended to remain in good spirits throughout the investigation. There seems to be little that can be offered by way of explanation. It was a salutary lesson to this researcher not to assume that the severe fading of most memories meant that all memories would fade. When we met again in November 1992 for the sixteenth interview, Mrs. Pinks was feeling rather bored:

BP. Yes. I... I feel alright. Bit bored!

Int. Bit bored Bessie, are you?

BP. Well nothing seems to be going. Just keep looking all round the faces. Some are asleep, some are not. (*This was a good assessment of the setting*).

Int. That's true!

When asked if she used to like activities such as dancing, Mrs. Pinks replied:

BP. Oh, well it's nice to sit back watch other people do it, dancing.

Int.. You don't see yourself in a ballgown, twirling round the floor?

BP. No. No.

Int. I think you'd have been good at that.

BP. Be exhausted! (*We laughed*). Seems such a big waste of time, you know.

Int. What sitting here?

BP. Yes.

Mrs. Pinks thought she would like a little job. When asked what kind of job she would like to do, she said:

BP. I don't know really. I mean wh... do only be a cleaning job, wouldn't it? Unless there's something to do with paperwork. I don't know. Might be. Don't seem like it.

Int. So you'd like to do something?

BP. Yes. It would feel...what a waste of time, don't you know. Sitting here.

Int. Do you sit here and think?

BP. *(BP. laughed).* Brain's too addled. *(We both laughed).*

Mrs. Pinks was asked if she ever thought about the old days. She did not hear this question at first and asked me to repeat it:

Int. I said, do you ever think about the old days?

BP. Oh yes! All comes back and hits you in the face. *(BP. laughed).*

Int. You got some good memories?

BP. Oh yes. Some very good memories, yes. I always try to think of the good memories. *(BP. gave a little chuckle).*

Int. Not the bad ones?

BP. That's right.

Int. The happy times.....

BP. Not the sad ones.

She said she did not like being unhappy:

BP. Yes, Oh yes! I'm... I don't like being miserable.

She appeared to be her usual happy self when we next met. She smiled when she saw me:

Int. Do you remember me?

BP. I ha.. it. Face looks familiar.

Int. My face looks familiar?

BP. Yes. I don't know ..Must have been here I saw you before.

I told Mrs. Pinks I was there to have the benefit of her life experiences. Mrs. Pinks agreed that she had done a lot of things in her life:

BP. *(BP. chuckled).* Yes I've...worked overseas....

Int. Yes, you have!

BP. Mm...

Int. Did you enjoy that?

BP. Yes, yes, I did....

Int. What did you like best about working overseas?

BP. Well, life became every dayish, you know. Just the same as here....but the same people...sort of people here. I was working for English people you see. So life was about the same as it is here.

Int. So you like people best do you?

BP. Yes. *(BP. chuckled).* That's right, yes.

Mrs. Pinks went on to recall her early life at the rectory. The main outline of the story was still in memory, but much of the content had faded. Because I knew this story well, I was able to supply prompts and cues which appeared to encourage recall:

Int. So you've had a good life?

BP. Oh, yes!...I started work before I left school. Work er... when I came out in the afternoon. Four o'clock, I went to work in the big hou.... house....

Int. Yes....At the rectory.

BP. Pardon?

Int. At the rectory.

BP. Yes.

Int. For Mrs. Romney.....

BP. Yes.

Int. You had hard life....

BP. Em...They....they had a motor car and er, they were elderly, you see. And it taught.. and had me taught to drive.

Int. That was the Trojan.

BP. I used to drive er drive Mrs. Romney, tea here, tea there, tea somewhere else.....

Int. That was the Trojan wasn't it?

BP. Mm...Yes that's right. It was....

Int. It was royal blue, you told me....

BP. That's right. It was...Royal blue. Their colour blue.....All their cars were the same colour....

Mrs. Pinks was then asked about her son:

Int. Yes...And you've had one child haven't you?

BP. Yes...Yes...

Int. Richard?

BP. Pardon?

Int. Is that Richard?

BP. Richard, yes yes. Richard.....*(BP. paused)*.....Do you know my brain's gone completely addled at the moment.

Int. Has it?

BP. What happened to my Richard?

Int. I never met your Richard, Bessie.....

BP. What happened to him?

Int. He became ill didn't he?.....

BP. *(BP. paused)*.....Well where is he?

Int. I think he became quite ill many years ago.....But I don't know the full story.....He got married didn't he? *(BP. shook her head)*. No? He didn't?

BP. Can't think what happened to him.....He's gone.....That.....S'gone think...What...what is was. What his illness was.....Can't think...It'll come back to me all of a sudden.

We then spoke about the problems she had with her memory:

Int. Does that happen? It comes back to you all of a sudden?

BP. Yes. *(BP. gave a little chuckle)*.

Int. It's hard not being able to remember things isn't it?

BP. Oh yes! It's awful when you get to certain age! Seem to forget things.

Int. Mm...
BP. My mother was just the same....
Int. Was she?
BP. Yes.....

An occupational therapist came up to speak to both us for a while, and unintentionally interrupted Mrs. Pinks recall. After she has gone, I endeavoured to return to the subject of Mrs. Pinks problems with memory:

Int. Does it come back ?
BP. Oh yes! Yes. Oh yes....
Int. Does it worry you a lot?
BP. No!
Int. I don't think you worry about too many things, do you?
BP. No! It's no it's no good to er.. at when you get older. It's no good!
Int. Doesn't change anything does it?
BP. No...Just take things as they come.....
Int. That's a good philosophy!
BP. Yes *(BP. chuckled)*.
Int. Take things as they come!
BP. Yes *(BP. chuckled)*. That's right.....

As we entered the month of December 1993, Mrs. Pinks and I met for our eighteenth interview. She welcomed me with pleasure. A carer was giving her a manicure. Mrs. Pinks was rubbing her hands because they were cold. She said this happened in the cold weather:

Int. Have they always gone quite dead in the cold weather?
BP. Yes! O.. only in one hand always! I don't why that is. Only in the right hand.

Mrs. Pinks continued to examine her hands:

Int. These hands have worked hard haven't they?
BP. Yes. *(Pause)* Worked hard all my life.

Mrs. Pinks was asked if she had any present concerns:

Int. No worries lately?
BP. No, not really, no. No.....
Int. Life's quite good?
BP. Yes. yes.....so far.....*(BP. looked around for something wooden to touch)*. Not wood is it? Under there the wood. *(Looked at the coffee table covered by a cloth)*.
Int. *(I touched her hand to my head)*. There's a bit of wood! *(We both laughed)*.
BP. That's wood is it?
Int. Yes! My head's definitely made of wood today.
BP. Oh, I don't believe that! *(BP. laughed)*.

Mrs. Pinks was asked how her head felt today:

- BP. Oh, some days..Dead! Another day, looks up bright.....
Int. Is it hard to remember some days?
BP.. Par... pardon?
Int. Is it hard to remember some days?
BP. Oh, yes!....Yes.....Well, I'm old now.....Eighty... How old am I? Mm.....Born in nought seven...
Int. Oh.....(Pause)That's um eighty.....five.....
BP. I'm eighty five now!
Int. Do you feel eighty five?
BP. Not really! No!

Mrs. Pinks recalled some of her earlier stories:

- BP. Well, er. (BP. cleared her throat). My life's been sort of organised. I lived.....(BP. cleared throat again). Worked for a family for about ten years. Living in spasms, you know.
Int. Mm...You started work young didn't you?
BP. Mm...
Int. You started work when you were young.
BP. Oh, yes! Mm...
Int. When you were at school.
BP. That's right! Used to go home to the...rectory at night and help to do jobs with the maid there.....
Int. Her name was Mabel wasn't it?
BP. Mm..Yes.....
Int. You're a hard working lady!
BP. (BP. laughed). Oh yes, in my young days, yes....I worked quite hard...A bit here and a bit there and a bit somewhere else! (BP. chuckled).
Int. Did you enjoy it?
BP. Yes. Oh, yes!...Mm.....Yes I...

Mrs. Pinks became distracted. She was watching the carer attend to another client. However, she responded to a comment on the weather:

- Int. The sunshine's nice isn't it?
BP. Mm...
Int. Do you think the sunshine makes you feel happy?
BP. Oh, I think it does! Yes.....It's.....Bright day out there.
Int. You've always liked the nice weather haven't you?
When you were abroad, you liked the climate.
BP. Oh, yes! I ...enjoyed living abroad...when I was there.....

During the Christmas break, and as with other informants, I did not see Mrs. Pinks for one month. She did not remember me on my return to the setting, although she was friendly and chatty. It was reported

by staff in the setting that Mrs. Pinks would be moving to a long stay psychogeriatric nursing home soon, as her husband could no longer cope with looking after her at home. It was decided that as I was no longer necessary for her well-being, in that she no longer remembered me, I could curtail my visits. I decided to try to see her infrequently, on a friendly informal basis. I visited her again in March 1993 at the nursing home. She seemed happy, but had no recollection of who I was.

As with some other informants, I paid a final visit to Mrs. Pinks to try to ascertain what memories of her past life still remained. This prearranged visit took place in August 1993. I was a little later than I had intended and Mrs. Pinks was just going in to lunch. It was not yet time for the meal to be served, so she was taken back to the sitting room in order to speak to me. She was puzzled and did not recognise me. I was told that she wandered most nights and became very tired during the day. This morning was no exception. She looked quite tired. She appeared to be a little nervous, as she tried to work out who I was. I explained that I had been to see her many times before, but I had not seen her for a long time. I told her she used to talk to me of her past life and it was very interesting. She smiled. I gently led her into a discussion of major themes that had emerged during the investigation.

Int. Do you remember much about when you were younger?

BP. Not much really.....

Int. Not much? A bit of a blur is it?

BP. Mm?

Int. A bit of a blur?

BP. Yes.

Int. What about when you were at the rectory? Do remember that?

BP. Oh yes.....That's wrong. Itlong time.....

Int. Mm! You worked there a long time.....

BP. Mm.....Yes I did.....

Int. Do you remember the name of the vicar?

BP. Yes!

Int. What was his name?

BP.Dear.... Don't remember.....

Int. You drove their car didn't you?

BP. Er, William.....

Int. William?

BP. William Rom.....Ney....

Int. William Romney..Yes....

BP. Yes....

Int. And you drove their car...

BP. Yes.

Int. What sort of car was that?

BP.Now.....

Int. You were very proud you drove the car, weren't you?

BP. Mm.....

Int. Do you remember what colour it was?
 BP. Singer....A Singer.....
 Int. I thought it was a Trojan...A Trojan car.....you drove for them.....
 BP. We had a Trojan....
 Int. Yes. The Romneys had a Trojan car...A blue one...
 BP. Yes...
 Int. And you drove it...You told me it had got very hard wheels....Solid tyres.
 BP. Solid tyres!
 Int. Yes. A bit of a devil when it was frosty and icy
 BP. Yes....Yes...
 Int. You've done everything haven't you?
 BP. *(BP. gave a little laugh)*. Yes...
 Int. Driven the car....And you worked...You got friendly with a maid, didn't you, at the..Rectory...
 BP. Yes.
 Int. What was her name?
 BP. Can't remember.....
 Int. Is it Mabel?
 BP.Can't remember what name was....
 Int. You worked at the rectory before you left school didn't you?
 BP. Mm?
 Int. Worked hard...
 BP. Yes, indeed.....
 Int. Did a bit of everything
 BP. Mm.....
 Int. Including driving the car...
 BP. Mm.....Yes indeed..... I stepped in a few jobs.
 Int. You stepped into that before you left school didn't you? *(Pause to allow BP time to answer)*. Because your mum was widow wasn't she?.....*(Pause to allow BP time to answer)*. Was it two brothers you had? *(Pause to allow BP time to answer)*.
 BP. Mm?
 Int. Was it two brothers you had?
 BP.No I don't think so....
 Int. You don't....But you remember the rectory?
 BP. Yes
 Int. A big place....
 BP. Yes.
 Int. And you kept it clean *(Pause)*..Do you remember going abroad with your husband?
 BP. Mm..
 Int. Because you liked the sunshine didn't you? *(Pause)*.... And the South of France?

Mrs. Pinks finally dropped off to sleep, or perhaps pretended to do so. Her voice was very faint and quavery throughout this interview. During the interview, while she was sitting with her eyes closed, a

staff nurse came in to the room to tell me that this was one of her "very tired days". Mrs. Pinks had been very active in the night. I asked the nurse if Mrs. Pinks ever spoke about the old days. The nurse said that she didn't mention them. Mrs. Pinks was an obvious favourite of this particular nurse. She said Mrs. Pinks was very special to her. I also spoke to another member of staff, who worked one night a week in the setting. She said that Mrs. Pinks occasionally mentioned the rectory. This member of staff had no knowledge of this period of Mrs. Pinks life.

From this final interview, it would appear that Mrs. Pinks stories are sadly depleted. She could recall only a few fragments of the whole. There were indications that the outline remained, but the content had all but disappeared.

Conclusion

As this case-study reaches a conclusion, it is possible to state that this informant also had emotional memories of the past which were still available for recall. Again, although Mrs. Pinks stories were fragmented, it was still possible to see them as part of the whole. Through her own life history, it is possible to see this informant with some clarity. The life story, or narrative, of Mrs. Pinks is of interest, because it gives some indication of the developing relationship between memory and dementia, during the later stages of this illness. It is possible to trace the progress of some memories throughout the life of the investigation. Many of these memories appeared to gradually fade, to lose content until only a faint outline remained. However, even at the very end of the investigation, knowledge of Mrs. Pinks past stories gave the interviewer some assistance, and marginal success, in prompting some recall.

Again, as with Mr. Clerkenwell, it is possible to tentatively suggest that the process and management of dementia, might inhibit the preservation of a sense of narrative identity. During the final interview, Mrs. Pinks had appeared to have lost the ability to recall her stories. She had perhaps, lost this sense of narrative identity, based on her narrative which informs, and is informed by life.

The story of Mrs. Pinks might be perceived as one of total loss, yet this is one facet of the whole. Her own experiences may perhaps, be instrumental in informing others of the need to maintain a sense of identity, a sense of story throughout the process of dementia. Mrs. Pinks may, in a small way, enable other sufferers of this illness to exist in a state of greater well-being than before.

APPENDIX TWO

FIFTH CASE-STUDY: MR. ROBERT BIDDLEY

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Robert Biddley was the youngest, bar one, of all the participants in this investigation. There was only a difference of three months between him and the youngest person in the study. Although, at the commencement of the investigation, he was diagnosed as having moderate dementia, clinical studies indicated that his age would hasten the progress of this illness. Mr. Biddley's condition did appear to deteriorate with a greater swiftness, compared to other older informants. This is indicated by the lesser number of interviews in this case-study. There were a total of thirteen recorded interviews with Mr. Biddley although, as was usual, we met more frequently than this would suggest. These recorded interviews took place between May 1992 and August 1993. Mr. Biddley, as with other informants, had significant stories to tell. He, too, loved to talk and appeared to gain great enjoyment through the social interactions inherent in this investigation.

MR. ROBERT BIDDLEY

Mr. Robert Biddley was suggested as a possible informant for the investigation, during my introductory visit to the setting in March 1992. We did not meet on this occasion. Permission for this informant to take part in this study was rather more complicated than most, as Mr. Biddley lived in a local authority residential home for the elderly. Following the usual procedures, his sister and his social worker gave their permission for Mr. Biddley to take part. During one of my visits to the setting at the beginning of May 1992, I was introduced to Mr. Biddley by the senior charge nurse. Mr. Biddley was asked if we would like to see me on a regular basis, in order to talk to me about his past life. He willingly agreed to take part in the investigation. He said he liked to be of help whenever possible.

Mr. Biddley was a small, slightly built man, with dark hair and green eyes. He looked very fit. He was neatly dressed in a navy blue blazer and grey trousers. He had an ornate signet ring on the little finger of his right hand. He appeared to have a pleasant and friendly personality with good social skills. He smiled and laughed a great deal.

The Beginning of the Investigation

Mr. Biddley and I met for our first interview in May 1992. He did not remember me, but agreed to come and talk to me away from the day room. Mr. Biddley chose the dining room of the setting as a venue for this event. He tended to walk very quickly and it was difficult to match his pace. When we were seated, I asked him if he would prefer

to be addressed by his title or his Christian name. "Oh call me Bob", he said, "Everyone calls me Bob". He looked with interest at the small dictaphone that I placed on the table between us. I explained that this was to record his voice as I would not be able to remember everything that was said. He thought this was a good idea. Mr. Biddley had only recently moved into residential care. He said it did not bother him:

Int. Are they nice there, or do you like it better at home?

RB. Oh, it doesn't make any difference to me, you see.

Int. It doesn't?

RB. No, not a, not a bit!

Int. So you feel alright about it?

RB. I can adapt to anything. It's the only way isn't it?

He was asked about his former employment:

Int. What job did you do?

RB. I did anything. Clerical.

Int. Clerical.... Who did you work for?

RB. British Rail!

Int. British Rail? Did you work for them for a long time?

RB. Quite a bit! Yes yes..

Int. Were you happy in your job?

RB. As I say I can adjust to anything. It doesn't make any difference to me. If I got a.a...very nice job, well then I really strive to keep that.

When asked about his single state, Mr. Biddley replied:

RB. I didn't want to get married. I'm one of seven children and that makes a big difference as well, doesn't it?

He never wanted to have children of his own. He was asked if being one of seven children had anything to do with this point of view:

RB. Noo! It didn't put me off, no. Everybody to their own choice, isn't it choice really, isn't it really. That's what I think anyhow!

After a hesitant start, Mr. Biddley recalled the village where he used to live. He was asked about his interests, did he like to go out and have a drink? Mr Biddley did, but in moderation:

RB. But that didn't I... I wasn't like that. I I didn't want to sit down and drink four or five pints of beer. I didn't want that!

What he really enjoyed was talking to other people:

RB. Oh, I've always em, have a chat with anybody, you know.

Int. I've seen that! You like chatting don't you?

RB. Yes. If you don't do that, then what's life?

In trying to find out his other interests, it became apparent that wasting money was not one of them!:

Int. What sort of things did you enjoy doing? Did you like betting on horses? Or anything like that?

RB. No!

Int. You didn't?

RB. I wouldn't, I wouldn't put a penny on one, a horse!

Int. You wouldn't put a penny on a horse?

RB. No!

Int. Waste of money?

RB. It is.

Int. Were you good at saving money?

RB. Oh not necessarily. I wasn't just trying to save money, or anything like that!

Int. Do you think you were careful with money?

RB. Yes. Yes!

Further, Mr. Biddley seemed to be a person who accepted and welcomed the differences in other people. He indicated it made the world a more interesting place:

RB. Oh yes! ...Oh I mean...If everybody was the same, boring wouldn't it?

Int.You seem to accept other people.

RB. Oh yes! If they want to have chat, I'll have a chat, whatever it is. They, you know.....

Int. That's good. You can talk about anything can you?

RB. I think so...

Int. I think so....yes!

RB. It may not be the right things, but then that's just my choice.

Int. But you'll have a go?

RB. Oh yes!

He enjoyed reading:

RB. Oh, I read a fair amount. Not comic cuts or anything like that, but something... If it something good...

He enjoyed laughing with other people:

RB. Well, it's nice to have people.. to have a laugh at each other.

Int. Oh yes!

RB. You know, you know not the, you know, derogatory or anything like that!

He saw it as important to be able to laugh at oneself:

RB. Oh yes! But you've got to be able to laugh at yourself as well. Otherwise all

He saw no point in fighting or arguing:

RB. No! But, you know, I er, to talk ..I try to, you know, come to some sort of.... If they want to have an argument, they can have one. (RB. laughed) But it doesn't do anything, does it really?

Int. No.

RB. No.

Int. Do you like arguments?

RB. Not all that much. You know, I mean, you get some people that er, really want to have a go don't they? They want to...

Int. They do want to have a go...

RB. Pull you to pieces.....

Mr. Biddley saw laughter as very important. He finished the interview with a statement, that was to become an important theme throughout most of this investigation:

RB. I think that if you can have a good laugh, that's a lot of goodness.

Mr. Biddley was asked if he would consent to be interviewed again:

Int. Bob, I come back here once a week. Can I have another little chat to you sometimes?

RB. Yes! Sure!

Int. It will just be about this length of time. Is that alright for you?

RB. That's fine!

When we met the following week, Mr. Biddley was asked how he was feeling:

RB. Very well my dear! No troubles at all!

Int. That's good!

RB. I make sure of that! (RB. laughed).

I commented on his good mood:

Int. You always seem happy Bob.

RB. Well there's no sense in being miserable, is it?

He then referred to his failing memory:

RB. Ar I mean.. I could make the except.. This er, in the first instance beforeNo!..I couldn't do this, I couldn't do

**that! ...You.... you...It comes to you, that you're right.
You're nowhere near as sharp as you used to be, you know!
Mm.....!**

He quickly denied, however, that this was an area of concern:

**RB. Doesn't [worry] me!
Int. Doesn't you?
RB. No! No. I know what it's all about! (RB. laughed).
Int. Oh, yes.....
RB. If you know that, why worry!
Int. Why worry.....
RB. I mean, most people are er helpful in any case, Mm!**

I remarked on the amethyst ring he was wearing. He said it was very old. It had belonged to his mother. When asked if he had been fond of his mother, he said:

**RB. Oh, yes! It's obvious isn't it?
Int. Not everyone's fond of their Mum.....
RB. No, I don't suppose they are. But er, I should say that
there's more than er.....eighty per cent would be with their
mother, because they usually are!**

He recalled helping to care for his mother during her long illness, but saw nothing to warrant praise in his actions:

**Int. And you looked after your Mum when she was ill, didn't
you?
RB. Yes..She she was.. wasn't too well for quite some time.
Int. You're a good son then.....
RB. Yes, but I'm one of seven children! So, (RB. gave a short
laugh)...it's not phenomenal is it?
Int. No, but you did do a lot for your mum didn't you?
RB. I think we all did!
Int. You all did? So you didn't think you were out of the
ordinary?
RB. Not really, no. Because she would have done the same for
us.
Int. Oh yes!.....
RB. So why, you know.....?**

Mr. Biddley appeared to have a positive outlook on life. He seemed to be aware that his life was now different, and he had to accept these changes:

**Int. That's the secret of getting older? Being happy when you're
older?
RB. Could be! I don't know! I don't er, sell.. try to have em out
or anything like that, because it's gone! You're wasting time
aren't you? You get to know people and that's it!**

Int. So you just take it as it comes?

RB. Yes, yes.. It's...If you try to alter everything, you know you can't! Well that's being stupid, isn't it?

Int. Very sensible!.....

RB. Course to me, it makes sense you know.

He continued to expound on this theme:

RB. Yes, because most people in my predicament, they get to know the other people and , you know, they do the best they can! And that's all there is to it, isn't it!

Int. So it doesn't make you angry?

RB. No! because I used to be as really sharp as a tack!

Int. You used to be....

RB. I did. Yes!

Int. I can well believe that!

RB. But I accepted it, I mean, *(RB. gave a little laugh)*... It's altered some, you know, as sharp as before you were! And it does..... Everybody helps you in any case!

Int.But you accept things as they are...

RB. Well it's no good trying to fight it, is it?

Int. No. That's the secret.....

RB. You can't get anyone to er agree with you! *(RB. laughed but had tears in his eyes)* So you don't want to feel an outsider, do you?

Int. No. You want to feel happy.....

RB. Oh, yes!

He saw having friends as important:

Int. And have friends.....

RB. That's it,.... Yes.

Int. I've met a lot of people who know you and like you.

RB. I expect you'll find quite a few more yet, I'm sure.

Int. I think you've spent all your life....um....enabling people to like you.

RB. Well, I don't try an to upset equals, if that's what you mean.....

He saw the staff in the setting as being caring:

RB. But er....people are helping other people. There's no doubt about that!

Int. Do you think people are very helpful usually?

RB. Especially in this sort of.....

Int. In this place?

RB. Yes, I should think so anyhow, yes!

Int. I've always seen them as very helpful.

RB. People, lot of people... Just because it's er, you're being not being quite one hundred per cent, you know, it makes it's... it easier. There's a lot of people in the

same.....illness. The same predicament coming....

Int. It is a predicament.

RB. I used to be really sharp and do any job, you know. But er it's no good to apologise! Er...(There were tears in his eyes).

Int. No....

RB. No. Not a bit..Help..Friends. Start again, don't you?

A picture was beginning to emerge of a man who knew he was not as he once was. Mr. Biddley found it difficult to show his emotions. He had indicated, by his words, that he wanted to put a brave face on everything, but the changes that accompanied this illness appeared to be overwhelming. He seemed to be trying desperately hard to be positive in the face of great loss.

He went on to talk of his poverty stricken childhood:

RB. What being.....um one of seven children... We're not going get a lot given you. So you've got to get what you can! And that's it!

RB. We looked after my mother, you know. They all did, all the children. We did what we could. We didn't have a lot but we did the best we could! Mm.....

Mr. Biddley could not remember anything about his own personal finances, but he felt strongly that people were more important than money:

RB. I can't remember though I've got....I don't think I've got a ... a.....Not quite sure if I've got enough... for what I should have done, you know, but still, I'm not bothered.....

Int. Enough money?

RB. Mm? I'm not bothered about money part of it at all...People who are more better than.....

Int. Money?

RB. Yes.

Int. People more important than money..

RB. Oh yes! Yes.

He was asked if he had a good life. Mr. Biddley felt he had done his best:

RB. Everything that I've done, I've done purposely and that's it! So I've no sense in... (He gave a little laugh)...I shouldn't have done that, or I shouldn't have done this.. You just do the best things you can, don't you?

Some Emergent Themes

By the end of the second interview, it was possible to suggest that

there were several emergent themes present in the recalled memories of Mr. Biddley. The most significant theme, at this time, appeared to be his sadness over his failing cognitive processes. There were also indications of a strong desire to move towards a state of acceptance of this change, to make the best of the situation. Acceptance itself, appeared to be a fairly strong theme. Mr. Biddley indicated his desire to get on with everyone, not to argue, but to seek agreement where possible. The importance of laughter held great significance for him. He felt that laughing at yourself, and with others was important

His memories of his childhood and his mother were meaningful. His experiences from this time, suggested that he felt he had to make his own way in the world. He had to work hard and be careful with money. His work was, therefore, of significant importance to him. This theme was to be developed as the interviews progressed. Understanding of his personality developed as the interviews continued. He could be seen as a kind man who valued people, and who had a willing sense of duty towards his mother, which he felt to be the norm. He appeared to have good social skills, which suggested a person who found it easy to talk to others. He indicated he had many acquaintances. It was not possible, given the existing information, to see him as a gregarious, outgoing person with many close friends. During our third interview together, Mr. Biddley asked if he was in the local psychiatric hospital. He used the correct name for the hospital. I focussed on the setting by giving the name of the day hospital, and explained that I was visiting him there to hear his stories. Mr. Biddley laughed and said:

RB. Oh, he's a bit scatty and bit round twist, but apart from that he's all right! How's that?

He went on to comment on the weather. It was raining quite hard:

RB. I can't understand why they just bring people out....

Int. In weather like this?

RB. Exactly!

Int. Would you have rather have stayed in today?

RB. Well it's obvious isn't it!

We went on to discuss his work. As a worker for British Rail, Mr. Biddley was able to travel free on trains, all over Europe. He went on many holidays:

RB. That was a perk for us because we were working for British Rail.....We just as well take advantage while you're at it, hadn't you?

Int. So you'd get the train over to the ferry and go on the boat would you?

RB. And go to the various places that you want to get to. Yes, mm...It's quite good.

I introduced the topic of Mr. Biddley living in residential care. he denied that he lived in the local authority home:

RB. No. That's just what they....I've never lived there!

Int. Oh... You're staying there?

RB. We just go there and have a chat, and then we're away again.

I asked him about his house in the village.

RB. Oh I've got an address! Of my own, yes. But it's still not much good.

Int. Because you've got a house at Depbridge haven't you?

RB. To be telling you.....To tell you the truth I'm not quite sure these days!

Int. You're not?

RB. No, honest! I'm not em.... not kidding!

Int. Does it worry you?

RB. No!!! *(Said with great vehemence).*

He didn't see the need to worry:

RB. Well why should you? Eh? I mean we got nice people like you *(BP. laughed).*

Int. That's a nice thing to say....

RB. Getting the...you know. Putting things in the little pegs in the little room, the holes...*(He laughed).*

Int. Working everything out for you?

RB. Well, that's all it means, doesn't it really?

Mr. Biddley went on to discuss the setting. He found it difficult to understand why he was there:

RB. Because the last time I was in there...There was about four or five of us, all went from here down this, you know, seeing various people. But er I don't suppose they could too much really..... could they?

Mr. Biddley saw himself as less impaired than others in the setting:

RB. It's all up here, that's the thing isn't it? *(He pointed to his head).*

RB. That is the thing, mm. This is the people that come here are about ten times worse than we are..

Int. Oh yes.....People that come here are much worse?

RB. Yes, that's what I mean. Er, it's obvious isn't it.....

Int. Mmm. Does that make you feel sad?

RB. It is! Yes!

Int. It is sad!

RB. Mm.

Int. Do you think you shouldn't be here?
RB. Well they can't do much for you. They've got all these things... people around.... There's nothing they can do. A lot.... not really, I don't think so, no....
Int. So you think that some of the people come in here much worse than you? ...and er....
RB. Oh yes. I'm sure!
Int. Well they are, yes.....So why do you think you're here then?
RB. *(Gave a short laugh)*. Why..you tell me...Yes, you ought to know more about that than me!

I explained that I was only a visitor to the setting, a visitor to see him. I had no authority. I was not a nurse or a medical person attached to the setting. Mr. Biddley accepted my explanation. He still tried to seek an explanation of how to meet the needs of the clients in the setting. He said that money was the only answer:

RB. Wants money.
Int.Money?
RB. Yes. Money is the only thing that can help.

RB. Yes..Yes But apar..apart from that, I don't think you can do anything..... without money!

It was difficult trying to follow Mr. Biddeley's reasoning, but it appeared that he felt not enough was being spent on medical care for people in the setting:

RB. I don't feel that I'm out... How's that er....all around em, and that sort of thing. But um, apart from that, I don't think it's much can be done here...It's money! Everything's money isn't it?
Int. So you don't think that the people here can cure....the staff here can cure people?
RB. No! No, I didn't say that!
Int. Oh You didn't say that? I'm sorry..... I'm just trying to find out...
RB. Mmm..... They're all...Most of the people down there, you have a chat with them, they're..They're the same as myself I expect! Mm...So why ...You can't do much can you? It's money all the time isn't it? Mm
Int. You think if there was enough money.....
RB. Is it worth, why should he have a chance this time, you know, that.... that's the type of thing I think.....But there, again, I don't really know you see....
Int. No...It's hard to work it all out isn't it?
RB. Mmm.....Because everything goes back to having money all all...That's all it is! Got enough moneyyou can put everything right then can't you?

It appeared as if Mr. Biddley viewed money as buying total security.

He was very adamant that having money solved most things. He went on to say that after he left the Army, he started saving money in order to buy his own house:

RB. Since when I came out of the Army I...I..started um, paying money in to our people um, for a place, you know. Quickly to get um....

Int. Get a house?

RB. Well, the that type of thing, yes

Int. Yes...Put money in a building society?

RB. That's right, yes!

He was asked about his time in the forces:

Int, Mmm..... So you were in the Army were you?.....

RB. I was called up in the Army, yes...

Int. In the war?

RB. During the war, yes. I was um.....Wasn't very old!

Int. Did you enjoy your time in the Army?

RB. Made friends! But um everybody had the same idea of getting away from the Army. Mmm.....

Int. Wanting the war to be over and go home?

RB. I was...I been always started buying a place.. Down here somewhere....It's all a bit loose now....

Int. Is it hard to remember sometimes?

RB. Not when you got all these things that are, you know.....

Int. When you try and remember?

RB. Oh exact things....Oh yes! Yes!

The fourth interview took place some two weeks later. Mr. Biddley was pleased to see me, and readily agreed to leave the day room for an interview. We discussed significant events from his past life, much of which appeared to be lost from memory. He was unable to recall his engagement, or the circumstances surrounding it. Further, he felt that his present living arrangements in residential care were only temporary. His mood was good however, and he reaffirmed his own particular life philosophy:

RB. Well it's better to laugh than to cry.

We met again the following week. Mr Biddley was again, happy to see me and we went into the dining room in the setting. The interview began with a discussion about memory. Mr. Biddley felt it was silly to worry about not remembering:

RB. Something might come into me "Ah yes! So and so and so". You start talking. But not er... not all the time but.....doesn't bother me at all!

Int. Nothing bothers you Bob.....

RB. Well what is the sense! You know...(He laughed) It's no... It's too...If something's gone out of your mind.....Perhaps

five minutes talk with a person, and it brings it all back...Doesn't it?

He felt it was good to help others. He implied that it was pleasant to have me as a visitor:

RB. It's right, you know! It's nice to have someone, what's ever happened, to help other people! And you. And you go in a place like this.

As Mr. Biddley spoke, he looked around the room:

RB.It's a funny room isn't it here? You could do a bit of dancing here, couldn't you?

This led into a discussion of one of Mr. Biddley's favourite past times. He loved to dance. He most enjoyed going as part of a group:

Int. But who did you dance with? This is what we are trying to find out.....

RB. Anyone! No, anyone.....

Int. Anyone?

RB. Because I didn't want to er..It's er...See if you got about say, ten different people, and there's other people there, it's nice to join in with them, you know...

Int. I think you were a bit of butterfly, Bob. I think you flitted from flower to flower. This is what I'm beginning to suspect! *(We laughed)*.

RB. Yes er..No I'm much too shy. You wouldn't do that.....And I tell fibs! *(We laughed)*.

This frivolous exchange gave Mr. Biddley much pleasure. He spoke again of the need for laughter:

RB. So long as you get a good laugh, why worry?

Int.That's your secret.

RB. Laugh at yourself!

As we left the dining room at the end of the interview, Mr. Biddley saw Mr. Ronnie Silverthorne wandering along the corridor. He recognised him:

RB. Oh look, there's Ronnie.....

At the beginning of June 1992, we met for our sixth interview together. Mr. Biddley's mood continued to be positive. He agreed that life is what you make of it. It was not possible to like everybody:

RB. Yes! It is! I I can't see any sense in, you know, say five or six different people around you and that, and er some attracts you, and others don't do they? And that's it! You

can't do much about it!

RB. You know, I mean occasionally you come up against awkward people!.....But..

Int. Life's full of them!

RB. Don't take..Don't take any notice do you? *(He chuckled).*

This led into a discussion of the customers he served at work. Sometimes they could be difficult, but again Mr. Biddley felt they had a right to complain:

RB. But em you've just got to let it go over the top, haven't you really? Some of them have paid to up up up up to the right of it.

He had had a busy life working for British Rail. He had worked occasionally in the ticket office, but had always dealt with members of the public. Life for him at present, seemed rather boring:

Int. So it's a bit quiet for you at the moment? You think life's a bit quiet?

RB. Very dead I think!

Int. Very dead...You get bored sometimes?

He implied that the setting was not always to his taste:

Int. Do you... Do you like spending the day here? Do you find it interesting?

RB. Aaah! Very difficult isn't it?

When he was told that some clients did not like coming to the day hospital, he replied:

RB. I can understand that! It's more like um apretty bare isn't it! really.

However, he enjoyed some of the activities. He felt all clients should join in them:

RB. Well,they should do and that.... I mean that helps er things go along, doesn't it?

Int.you enjoy the activities.....

RB. Oh yes, yes! Mm...Because I mean, if if you're there to chat to people you can't sort of say, "No can't do that!" *(He gave a little laugh).*

Once again, he said he liked talking to people:

Int. You like chatting to people do you?

RB. Oh yes! Yes!...Don't care what they say!

Int. Just like chatting....

RB. Talk right over my head if they.. If I don't want to listen to it! *(We laughed)*. That's the best way isn't it? When they keep rabbiting on on....

He was asked if he recognised anyone who attended the setting:

RB. If I was coming here enough, yes! But not if you only come very spas mod ly you wouldn't, would you?

When he was asked how often he attended the setting, Mr. Biddley's temporal and semantic deficits in memory, were indicated with greater clarity:

RB. I should say the last time I came was about eight, at least eight. That much away.

Int. What.. days or weeks?

RB. From the last.. from the last thing to, you know...

Mr. Biddley went on to crack a joke, He was very pleased to make me laugh. Laughter continued to be important to him:

Int. Do you think having a laugh and a talk, makes life worthwhile?

RB. I'll say so. It's the whole thing isn't it really?

Int. It's the whole thing, yes.....

RB. I mean some people they don't want to know that, they want this, and want point five 0 five and six and eight, so they can know this. Oh, that doesn't do anything for me.

As with other cognitively impaired informants, Mr. Biddley could still make his meaning clear. Social relationships including laughter, continued to hold particular significance for him. They became a significant topic of discussion in most interviews:

Int. So it's relationships? Talking to.....

RB. *(RB. interrupted)* It is! Well tis tis, I I can have a chat with people, I mean it's easier isn't it!

Int. I think it makes you feel happy, would you say that?

RB. Oh yes! Oh yes!

Int. Makes you feel good?

RB. Yes! Yes.

Int. Mm....

RB. I mean, if they get a bit stropky and stamp on your corn or something like that, you can't love em can you? *(We both laughed)*.

Int. Oh no! Well you can't love everybody!

RB. You can't love em all can you?

Int. You always make me laugh Bob.....

RB. Well it is a funny thing isn't it really? All this...All the other things that people like trying to get on to some of this and that, you know. And em, you ask them about something

special. They think, "He's brash". And er, they don't know what to ask you or..... no conversation at all! Funny isn't it?

- RB.** I like the fun of talking to people that, you know, not trying, they're not trying to be big! or anything like that. That's what I like, because they have a good laugh, and you have a good laugh and that's the best thing isn't it?!
- Int.** Do you like people that you think are the same as you...Not too high [up]?
- RB.** I'm not too high, no. Well I'm very short aren't I? *(We laughed)*....But when.... But when I'm me me tip toes, I'm alright! *(We laughed again)*.

Mr. Biddley was delighted that he had made me laugh. The interview ended on a very positive note. Our next interview began with Mr. Biddley referring to the setting as:

RB. A big place with emptiness.

When questioned about this statement, he said:

RB. Yes.....Well it is though, isn't it? When you look at it...

After a generalised discussion, I asked Mr. Biddley if he was the sort of person who tended to keep his feelings concealed from others:

Int. When you were younger, were you the sort of person who kept your feelings to yourself?

RB. I wouldn't em.....I wouldn't go up to them and give em a mouth of my, you know, all my mouth.. Er I don't think it's.. it's doesn't doesn't do em any good!

He continued to expound on this theme, later in the interview:

RB. I could have a bit of a barney now and again with other people, but very very few! You know, there's....there's no sense in upsetting other people, that you don't really know all that well...

Mr. Biddley still saw no point in arguing with other people:

RB. Yes! I'm..I always try to have things easier really! There's no sense, you know, trying to make it ten times difficult..You don't want that do you?

He still maintained that one should live and let live. Acceptance of others continued to be a strong personal principle. He seemed to feel there were people who thought of nothing but themselves. His words suggested that he felt it was a waste of time to try to change them:

RB. Some people usually come in..in a crowd even, you know....And em, they don't take any notice.. any bad, the other person's likes or dislikes, or anything like that, you know. And they go their own sweet, you know! So....you can't, you know, demand that they should do this, that, and that the other. That don't get you anywhere, does it?

Int. No...

RB. Does it?

Int. So you think it's best to take things as it comes do you?

RB. Without a doubt! And em.....There I've em...They're about the same as us really! Don't you think so?

During this interview, Mr. Biddley again appeared to express puzzlement at having to attend the setting;

RB. I can't understand why they been.. Why they send us up here, to tell you the truth!

Int. You can't?

RB. No!.....

Int. It doesn't do anything for you?

RB. *(Laughed)*. No.....And I don't think they they get much..the best of me either!

When asked if he found it boring, he indicated that he found the interviews to be pleasant:

RB. *(Paused)*.....No! You and I talking our bits.. Quite decent isn't it?

RB. We're not..you know....You've got to give and take, haven't you really? For a thing like that.....

Int. But I think, what you like best is talking to someone, isn't it?

RB. Oh yes! Well...if you don't talk to a person you'll never know em! Would you? *(RB. laughed)*.

He returned again to his need to laugh:

RB. Yes. I like to have a laugh as well..

Int. Oh yes...We've had several good laughs up here....

RB. Yes! And er, they say that we're round the twist! But we're not.

The Middle of the Investigation

As we met for our eighth interview together, some four months into the investigation, we discussed death. This topic arose because we had not met the previous week due to the death of one of my own clients. After I had explained to Mr. Biddley the reasons for my absence, he chose to discuss this subject at some length. He said he was not frightened of dying;

Int. Does it frighten you, the thought of dying?

RB. No! Because it's.. it's got to happen! You you can't er avoid can you, really? If we could, we'd put a bit more in the kitty! (*We laughed*).

RB. I'm not very keen on talking about it but it seems.....Well you..you shouldn't.....Some people take it as a matter of fact, don't they? It is!..Well nobody's going to stay here for ever and ever and ever, are they?

RB. Yes...Yes.....It's sad but er inevitable, isn't it? You going to deathly go going yourself...Yes.....

I endeavoured to change the subject by asking him where he lived. He recalled that he was living in residential care and said that it was "quite nice". He returned again however, to the previous topic:

RB. Mm.....Oh yes but.....doesn't matter where you're living it's...you're going die (*RB. gave a little laugh*).....You can't stop that can you? No.....

In response to a question concerning his father, he said:

RB. He didn't last all that long...

His father did indeed die young. When asked what job his father had, Mr. Biddley said:

RB. He was a plasterer.

Int. A plasterer.

RB. Mm.....You know things like this (*RB. demonstrated the work of plasterer by pretending to plaster a wall*)
And em....all this sort of thing and that.

He could not recall how many brothers and sisters he had, but he did remember one sister. He also knew the name of her husband and those of her children. This particular relative, however, visited him most weeks. Although this interview contained some serious topics, Mr. Biddley still managed to inject some humour into his conversation. He made us both laugh:

RB. So you've had a damn good laugh.....And I did as well!

Int. So that's good isn't it?

RB. Yes, it is! Course it is! Yes, if we took it too serious, it would be terrible wouldn't it?

The following interview took place one week later. He remained pleased to see me. He discussed general topics, including his enjoyment of reading;

Int. You were a great reader as well, weren't you?

RB. Yes, yes..

Int. You really enjoyed reading....

RB. Oh yes! Beats working! *(RB. gave a little chuckle).*

When asked what type of books he read, he said:

RB. Adventure stories mostly. Em, now and again one of these love ones. *(RB. whispered this last sentence).*

He recalled that one of his sisters was a librarian. He did not ask her to get him any books:

RB. I never asked her! No...Don't want her to know what what I'm reading.

He was able to recall the name of his former fiancée:

RB. Er, Wendy, that's right, yes.....

Int. Wendy, yes.....

RB. She was a lovely girl. Still is I should say.

He said again that he did not regret his single state. We discussed his bungalow in Depbridge, that he built for himself and Wendy. Mr. Biddley did not recall if he finished building it. This led to a discussion of his failing memory:

Int. Do you worry sometimes about not be able to remember clearly?

RB. Not really. Because I mean, no matter what you do you can't alter it! If you had a roll of things..things wanting to do, and all sort of things, well you miss a couple or three, something like that and then....It's no good worrying about that!

During this interview, Mr. Biddley went on to recall the names of his parents and the fact that he was one of seven children. When asked which was the most happy period of his life he said;

RB. It definitely wasn't when they called me up in the Army!

He was asked if he had had a good life:

Int. So you think you've had a good life do you?

RB. Well I'm not ready to give up the ghost yet! *(RB. laughed).*

Int. Oh no...Well lets say, "so far". So far, has it been ok?

RB. I've.. I've enjoyed it! I've made mis mistakes, we all do. There's no one can tell me they've made no mistakes and things like that, but I know, I think I'm I'm just as good good as most.....

The following week when we met, Mr. Biddley was not his usual self. He was most unhappy. During a short conversation together, he displayed some anger. He felt that he was being taken advantage of by others, and that he was expected "to do all of the work on his own". "People" in the setting, he said, did nothing but sit all day, and he had had enough of it. He apologised to me for his bad temper, but continued to voice his displeasure. It was decided by the staff in the setting, to return him to his residential home.

Mr. Biddley and I did not meet for a further five weeks. He remained away from the setting due to his increasingly unstable behaviour and was admitted as an inpatient the following week. His behaviour however, continued to deteriorate. It became so uncontrollable that he had to be transferred to the secure ward for a few days. After this he seemed to settle a little, and was then transferred back to his original ward. It was felt to be inappropriate to interview him until he was more firmly settled.

Mr. Biddley was still a patient on the ward when we met again at the end of September 1992. He was found to be calm and obviously sedated, although busily pacing the ward corridors. He recognised me, but his conversation indicated that his memory was much diminished. As we paced the corridors together, it appeared that he knew he was in hospital, but thought he would soon be returning to work:

RB. Well I can't say too much.....I suppose I soon get a letter coming, now that they've seen er, consultants and all of this. So I shan't be going to work until I get that I suppose.

He did not seem to mind being in hospital:

Int. So you still.....So you don't mind being in hospital?

RB. Nooo! No, if.. if I'm can't work.....I shall, I shall out everyday....Trouble is.....With a walking stick! And I reckon I'll walk every day. The other serious bit is being ...sitting on me.....sitting doing nothing... something like that.....I presume it'll work out.

When asked about his former enjoyable hobbies such as reading, he replied:

RB. I used to...I don't do much of it now, no.....Anyway, life's sh'em....out...you know.... Getting things.. all getting hog....bigger and bigger and bigger, and more people you can't. I don't know, I forget and.... *(Rest of sentence impossible to understand)*.

He implied that he had nothing:

RB.Got no clothes, got no transport. And that I mean,

walking all...(Cannot understand remainder of sentence)... I shan't stay there long, I'm going home. (Again, impossible to understand remainder of words).

We continued to walk along the corridors together. Mr. Biddley stopped at every locked outer door and tried to open it. He still continued to talk. We discussed his father:

Int. Well, your dad was a master plasterer wasn't he?

RB. That's right, yes.

Int. Did your dad used to like a drink?

RB. I'm sure he did.

Int. Yes.....Did he ever drink too much?

RB. I daresay yes, to be honest. To see....It's a shame really.....but all this dust when they were plastering and things like that....

Int. I suppose you're right, yes.... Dusty job.....

RB. I remember him working at the what...The King's Tavern [a well known hotel in the locality].

As we walked towards the main doors of the ward, I asked if I might visit him again:

Int. If you're still here, can I come and see you again?

RB. Sure! Yes, be nice to see you.

The End of the Investigation

Towards the end of October 1992, Mr. Biddley and I met for our twelfth interview. Although our association was to continue until August 1993, Mr. Biddley's rapidly deteriorating cognitive processes generated less data for the investigation. It is probable, therefore, that this stage marked the beginning of the end of the investigation. Staff in the setting informed me that Mr. Biddley was due to be transferred later that day, to the same psychogeriatric nursing home, as Mrs. Pinks. This was felt to be an appropriate move, as his local authority home would no longer be able to contain him. Mr. Biddley was found sitting quietly in the main lounge of the ward. He greeted me, and we sat down next to each other. During this interview, Mr. Biddley thought he was on duty for British Rail. Much of his conversation was confabulated and confused;

RB. Do you... Does he usually put the on them, the.....I don't do the job as a rule. Not..nothing to do with me, but I'm sure her and you, and so I I told.. Well I told them where to put the thing, and and all that sort of thing, so that would go from here, it'll be a hundred per cent.

He talked very happily, and his social skills remained good. After a while he wandered off across the room. Mr. Silverthorne entered the

lounge and Mr. Biddley noticed him. He went up to Mr. Silverthorne, shook his hand and greeted him with great pleasure. They stood in the middle of the room and had what appeared to be a very enjoyable conversation. Their body language expressed great pleasure at this interaction.

Following his move to the nursing home, we did not meet for some weeks. I was taken to his room in his particular wing, but Mr. Biddley was unable to remain still for any length of time. We patrolled the corridors together and talked. Mr. Biddley's conversation was fragmented and confused. He appeared to have deteriorated since our last meeting. As we walked along the corridors, he seemed to be hallucinating. He would continually stop to pick up nonexistent objects from the floor. He then placed them with great care on various pieces of furniture. The conversation consisted of probes and cues from myself which tended to generate short responses from Mr. Biddley. He recalled working for British Rail. He mentioned the name of a station, but said he did not associate me with this period of his life:

RB. Well..I travel all over the place.....But....I I don't believe Iknew you.....at Depwell.... All all bad.

He was asked if life was good for him:

Int. Do you think life's quite good for you?

RB. Oh, yes!...

Int. Yes?

RB. Mm.....

Int. You haven't got any complaints?

RB. No.....Its not.....Very sad.. (Could not understand word)... in there I suppose. Very small.....(Could not understand rest of sentence).

Int. Mm....

RB. All tied up.....

He winced as he walked. His back seemed very stiff. he agreed he became easily tired. He was asked if he thought his dancing days were now gone:

Int. Do you think your dancing days are gone?

RB. Yes. And er... The time has come...the walrus said.....

Int. The time has come, the walrus said... to talk of many things....

RB. It is, yes.....

Mr. Biddley recalled small fragments of his past stories, as the interview progressed. He remembered his mother. He further recalled that he felt money was important:

RB.We're going down and do some work now.

Int. We're going to do some work now?
RB. Yes....
Int. I see.
RB. Turn it into money.
Int. Turn it into money.
RB. Mm...
Int. Do you think money's important?
RB. Oh, yes!..

We spoke a little about driving. Mr. Biddley said he could drive a car. When asked if he had ever driven a train during his time with British Rail, he replied:

RB. *(Paused)*.... I forget now.....Now to tell you the truth.....It's because I..I got to move on. Move on all the time.....

I asked if I might visit him again:

Int. So I can come and see you again?
RB. Yes....Oh I...Oh, yes!

I was able to visit Mr. Biddley a few days later. He was in the dining room, seated at a table with two ladies. They were talking together. The conversation was quite confused, but they all appeared to be enjoying it. He recognised me as I walked over to him and smiled. He said "Hello" and kissed my hand. He then left the table, after politely saying goodbye to his two companions. As usual, we wandered along the corridors together. His conversation appeared less confabulated than before.

He said he had seen his sister twice recently:

Int. Have you seen Maggie lately?
RB. Yes! Er. Twice I saw them.
Int. Mm...
RB. Mm..
Int. Nice lady.....
RB. Friday, yes.
Int. She's a nice lady.
RB. Yes, she is....Nearly as nice as you. *(We both laughed)*.
Int. You recognised me today, when I came in didn't you?
RB. It was good, wasn't it?
Int. Yes...That was nice.
RB. You only one want one..one at times....
Int. One at a time?
RB. One at a time.
Int. One visitor at a time?
RB. Yes.....

Again, Mr. Biddley remembered his mother. He recalled her name. He still thought he worked for British Rail. He thought I should have

known this:

Int. Do you miss your days at British Rail?

RB. I'm I'm still working. Oh yes!

Int. Oh you are?

RB. I thought you'd have known that!

Int. I don't know much!

He also recalled his ability to dance:

Int. You were a good dancer weren't you?

RB. Who?

Int. You.

RB. Oh, yes! Yes.....

Once again he referred to the importance of money. After some discussion of this topic, I asked if I might visit him again:

Int. Can I come and see you again?

RB. Yes, I hope so.

Int. Yes, I like seeing you.

RB. But the longer I'm there the less...you'll see of me, if you if you know what I mean.

Int. I'll come and see you again then Bob.

RB. Yes.

Int. OK? Lovely to see you.....

RB. Nice to see you again.....

Int. Yes? Always a pleasure.....

RB. Yes. And I find the same for you. I don't think I'm ready anybody else this er, this sort of place. Do I?

I visited Mr. Biddley again at the beginning of December 1992. He was unwell, and I helped to care for him. After one visit to the bathroom I endeavoured to encourage his mobility, by reminding him of his time in the Army. "Come along Private B." I said. Mr. Biddley attempted to march as if on parade, "One, two, three, four". he replied. When I asked if I might come again, he said he would be pleased to see me. The sister in charge commented on the fact that he had recognised me during this visit. I continued to visit throughout December 1992. Mr. Biddley was often unwell, although he was pleased to see me. After the long Christmas break, I rang the setting who said Mr. Biddley remained much as before. He had not asked for me. or mentioned me in any way. I visited him again in March 1993 and found him to be very thin and frail and still walking continually around the corridors of the setting. he did not remember me at all, and his conversation was almost incomprehensible.

As with some other informants, I returned to the setting after an absence of some months, in order to see if any fragments of his past stories remained in memory. This visit which took place in August

1993 was very short. He was actually fast asleep when I arrived at the setting. The staff reported that Mr. Biddley still continually wandered the corridors. He looked very frail and much older, although the sister in charge said he was now much better than he was. She reported that his behaviour was much as before. He said very little, and continued to pace the corridors almost unceasingly.

All the staff in the setting displayed much compassion and concern for him. A member of staff lightly touched Mr. Biddley's arm, and told him he had a visitor. He immediately rose and walked across the room into the corridor. I accompanied him along the corridors, and gently led him into a discussion of past major themes:

Int. Do you remember when you worked for British Rail?

RB. Yes.

Int. You do? Was that a good job?.....*(Pause)*. Was that a good job working for British Rail?.....*(RB. did not reply)*... Do you remember looking after your mum?

RB. Mmm!

Int. Was her name Violet?...Was her name Violet? *(RB. nodded)*.....You looked after your mum for a long time.....*(RB. made no reply, he just kept trudging along the corridors)*. But you remember working for British Rail?

RB. Yes.

Int. A good job.....*(RB. did not answer. He continued to pace the corridors)*.

The quick relentless sound of Mr. Biddley's feet hitting the floor as he walked, was often all that could be heard on the tape of this interview. He was exhausted. I led him into the dining room and sat him down for his lunch, whereupon he immediately got up again. Staff in the setting said he would only sit if the food was on the table. This final interview would appear to indicate that as with other informants, only the faintest trace of Mr. Biddley's stories remained.

Conclusion

A review of this case-study suggests that, as with other informants, Mr. Biddley was recalling his own personal narrative. The interpretation of the story, or history of Mr. Biddley presents the reader with some difficulty, as he appeared to be a man who kept much of himself hidden. Although dementia destroys many of the defences, which are so carefully erected during the course of a life, Mr. Biddley remained a relatively private person throughout our time together. Unlike Mr. Clerkenwell, it was difficult to see him as an actor playing the central role in his own life drama. But, again, for a short period in the investigation, the sharing of his stories led to an increase in well-being and a sense of narrative identity. This in turn, gave the researcher some understanding of the importance of his emotional memories.

Of some significance for this investigation, is the final interview, in which only faint traces of his former memories can be seen. The only fragmented memories available for recall appeared to be those of his work, and of his mother. These memories, however, were much diminished when compared to those contained in earlier interviews. It is possible however, to see a gradual loss of content in most of his memories as the interviews progressed. The rapid advancement of his illness led to major life changes in the initial stages of the investigation. His behaviour led to the breakdown of his placement in residential care and caused his eventual admittance to the hospital. This was followed by a further move into the nursing home. It is possible that these changes perhaps placed a further burden on his declining cognitive abilities. Mr. Biddley was unable to recall his narrative, with any clarity, after this time. His sense of a narrative identity appeared to dissolve.

However, as with other informants, the earlier stages of the investigation suggested that he still had his own particular stories to tell. His narrative contained much that was meaningful to his life, and allowed some light to be shed on his behaviour. His early childhood experiences led him to view his work and financial security as important. Other unknown experiences allowed him to develop good social skills. These skills permitted him to enjoy social relationships, albeit on a perhaps, more superficial level.

The relationship that remained in memory seemed to be of that between himself and his mother. This is not to deny his self confessed need to interact well with others. Indeed, during most of this investigation, Mr. Biddley stressed the importance of getting on with other people, his enjoyment of conversation, and his love of laughter. His skills of acceptance, social interaction and the use of humour, still remained part of him for much of our time together. They gave meaning to his life. As he said so clearly:

RB. I think that if you can have a good laugh, that's a lot of goodness.

APPENDIX THREE

SIXTH CASE-STUDY: MR. ANDREW COXLEY

INTRODUCTION

Although all informants who took part in this investigation had some form of memory loss, Mr. Coxley's cognitive impairment was relatively mild. He was able to remember much of his past, including the years that he spent working as a farm labourer. He was the teacher of the group and actually taught me a great deal about the local countryside and farm practices. This role seemed to give him much pleasure.

His medical history indicated that he had some difficulty in recall, however, following a stroke which occurred some years ago. His general health was not particularly good. He had had a major operation to remove most of his bowel in 1978. This left him with an ileostomy which required fairly frequent check ups with his doctor and the hospital specialists. He also had a tendency to succumb to urine and chest infections.

The senior charge nurse had suggested that he might be a suitable informant for the investigation when we met in April 1992. Mr. Coxley however, was unwell at this time and we did not commence our interviews together until June 1992. These continued until January 1994. There were a total of fifteen recorded interview with Mr. Coxley. However, again there were more meetings than this number of interviews would suggest.

Having obtained the necessary permissions, I was introduced to Mr. Coxley during a visit to the setting in May 1992. As with other informants, the senior charge nurse explained the nature of the investigation to him and asked Mr. Coxley if he would like to take part. Mr. Coxley said in his strong country accent, "I don't mind....." Although this appeared to be a somewhat restrained reply, the senior charge nurse said that Mr. Coxley tended to give rather slow and understated responses. He felt that Mr. Coxley would welcome the opportunity to speak of his past, and that he would most certainly have refused to take part in the investigation, if he did not wish to do so. Information from the staff had indicated that Mr. Coxley had been a farm worker for much of his working life. He loved this type of work and would readily speak of this time. The staff described him as a slow speaking, kindly, humorous and very pleasant man who was an asset to the setting, in that he was able to take part in most organised activities and was able to talk to other clients.

MR. ANDREW COXLEY

During my first meeting with Mr. Coxley, I found him sitting placidly in the day room watching the various activities and interactions taking place. It was a quiet period of the day. The day room was

bathed in sunlight, and everyone sitting in the room looked relaxed and somnolent. Mr. Coxley was very smartly dressed in a navy blue blazer, charcoal grey trousers, white shirt and toning tie. His shoes were highly polished. His grey hair was well groomed, and his gold rimmed glasses gleamed in the reflected sunlight. He was leaning slightly forward in his chair, resting his hands on his walking stick which stood between his knees. He looked up as we approached and smiled.

After the introductions and explanations, I said that I would come to see him when it was convenient for him. Shortly after this, Mr. Coxley contracted a cold/infection and was away from the setting for some time. His wife who was highly protective of him, would not allow him to return to the setting until he was completely well. We met for our first interview together on June 25th 1992.

The Beginning of the Investigation

Mr. Coxley normally chose to be interviewed away from the day room. We tended to use the quiet lounge unless it was being used for staff meetings. In that case we would go into the dining room. I always ensured that Mr. Coxley had comfortable seating. His medical problems caused him to find hard seating very uncomfortable. He was most comfortable in an armchair with an extra cushion to sit on. He was always highly appreciative of my efforts to make sure these needs were met.

Mr. Coxley was inclined to walk slowly and would use his walking stick to support himself. As we made our way to the quiet lounge, he was often use this stick to point out articles on display that had been made in the OT sessions. He always knew which items he, himself, had made, and would point them out with some pride. When he was comfortably settled in the armchair, I began to ask him some exploratory questions about his past. His recall was very good:

AC. I was a farm worker.

Int. You were a farm worker?

AC. Yes. Drived the tractor.

Int. Was it a good job?

AC. Well, it wan very ...pay wasn't very high, not on the farm then. Not agriculture.

I asked Mr. Coxley his age. He had to think about this:

AC. Well, that's goin on a bit innit. I gotta think now en I? I was born in er....Think I about 75 now.

He appeared to have been very happy working on the farm:

AC. Yeah. Open air wan it, yes. I used to love it.

Int. And you were your own boss really, weren't you?

AC. Yes, yes..Yes. Still I had a good boss anyway.
Int. You did?
AC. Yes, he were.

i asked him about his family. He said that he had two children:

AC. I had two, a boy and a girl.
Int. That's good...
AC. Brought them up on a farm and they left school.

He remembered the name of the farm where he worked. I commented on his good memory which led Mr. Coxley to recount the story of his stroke. He felt it was his family who got him through this:

Int. You've got a good memory haven't you?
AC. *(Chuckled)*. Supposed to have. I lost me memory back home..
Int. You did?
AC. I gotta, I had a stroke see.
Int. Oh I see....
AC. Then I got it all back. That was nice.
Int. Was it frightening when you lost your memory?
AC. Yes.. *(AC. whispered this with some intensity)*.
Couldn't remember anything.....
Int. You don't know who you are do you, when you've lost your memory?
AC. Not No No that's true! No.....It's..*(Word not understood)*.... I took it steady for a bit, and the wife looked after me and we worked the hand and all that and got it all back. It was the left brain that went. The left side.
Int. The left side?
AC. Yes.
Int. Did it happen all of a sudden?
AC. Yes, I went down to the garden.
Int. Just boom?
AC. Bowled over, yes.
Int. Did you have a headache before or anything?
AC. Yes, I had a bit of a one.
Int. Yes.....
AC. The wife happened to come out and I was laid in the garden....
Int. So you were rushed off to hospital were you?
AC. No, they sit me down in a chair and sent for the doctor. Seemed to get over it quite well. Wasn't very serious you know. Could have been worse, I suppose.

Mr. Coxley seemed to minimise his health problems. A little later he said:

AC. Oh yes! Never had nothing the matter with me.
Int. Never had nothing the matter with you.....

AC. Only not to had this.....

I asked him the name of his wife and children. He recalled them with ease:

AC. Remember that see, can't I!

Int. Yes, yes. You're really good, yes!

Mr. Coxley was due to go to his pottery class shortly. We finished speaking, and he agreed that I come come and talk to him again. We met some two weeks later. Mr. Coxley began to speak of the losses associated with his illness. He missed being able to drive his car:

AC. Yeah...yes.....I could used to drive..He [doctor] won't let me drive now see...

Int. You must miss that.....

AC. Yeah I do!....And the wife.....She never took it up....She never....Pity really!

Int. So that affects your life a lot if you can't drive...

AC. Yes.....Yes.....(Long pause).....Well he told me not to, and that's it. Just as well not take the risk have you? (AC. gave a little chuckle)...I get tempted sometimes when I see them tearing about here!

Int. But life's sweet isn't it? You don't want to.....

AC. (Interrupted).....No!

Int. ...Lose it before you have to...

AC. Yes (AC. whispered this)....

I asked Mr. Coxley what things made him happy. He said he didn't know, but began to talk about his work on the farm:

Int. What sort of things make you happy Mr. Coxley?

AC. (Chucked). I don't know!

Int. You don't know? Everything seems to make you smile.....

AC. Yes.....Worked on the farm for years, you see.

Int. Do you think you've got an easy going nature?

AC. Yes, Oh yes, yes.....

Int. Take life as it comes do you?

AC. Yes..Yes

Int. Do you think working on the farm made you a patient man? Because you have to wait for things to grow don't you?

AC. Oh yes! Yes...

Int. Did work....Did working the farm make you happy?

AC. Oh yes! I got on there alright! Well...its long days, that the trouble....But I didn't take no notice, you know. Used to know what we had to do. Used to get our orders in the morning...And they'd last all day.....

Int. So you were your own boss really?

AC. More or less...I had a good boss anyway.

Int. You did.....So you were a man who was happy..

AC. Yes! Yes...

He appeared to lead a very quiet life now. He knew he attended the setting twice a week. He occasionally went out with his wife. He said he did not mind attending the setting. When he was asked about his siblings, he became confused and gave the names of his own children. He could not clearly recall his daughter's occupation. I knew that she owned a small six bedded residential unit for the elderly:

AC. Amy, that's the youngest one, she she got a whasisis centre at Depton..um Health Centre...

Int. Really?

AC. Um.

Int. She's got a good job then?

AC. She's got about 16 like this..Not sort of people that are not well....She looks after them.....

During further discussion about his family he said that he, his father, his son and now his grandson were farm workers. I asked him if he would like to work on the farm again. He said with quietly, but with great affect:

AC. Be on the farm.....

Int. That's what you'd like to do is it?

AC. Yes.

Int. What, drive the tractor?

AC. Yes.....Got some biggerns out now..I think they'd be too big for me! (AC. chuckled).

I told him of the linseed that a local farmer had planted in a field near my house. It was a crop that Mr. Coxley appeared to recall in detail:

AC. Oh yes! Horrible stuff!

Int. It looked pretty when it was growing. What do they use it for?

AC. Oh they make cattle feed with it..

Int. Oh I see! Cattle feed...

AC. Mmm.

Int. Why is it horrible stuff?

AC. You can't cut it!

Int. It looks pretty rough, I must admit!

AC. You've gotta have a.....We were lucky...You gotta have a special binder to cut the..you know, they used to have binders to cut the corn..

Int. Yes.

AC. Before the combines come out. We used to ave have binder to cut this linseed, because it's like wire to cut.

Int. Is it?!

AC. You had to have a binder with what we call a fast knife. The Albion, when they brought the Albion, he had a fast knife!

Well he could whip it off. You got a slow knife, it's no good, it won't cut it.

Int. Yes.....So linseed's just used for cattle feed really?

AC. Yes....Yes.....Gotta let it get fairly ripe you know.

Int. Is it a good crop? Does it grow easy?

AC. Yeah! Easy enough to grow. We sowed acres of it!

I told him that I had seen a deer in the farmer's field. He said he often saw them on the farm. He remembered the farmer shooting pigeons on the farm. He didn't like this. He said he didn't like killing things:

AC. No I don't like em shooting birds...No I don't like that!.....Although I use..I .er... The old boss I used to work for, he used to get bad head now and again, and he'd come out to me one morning...I was just off up in the field...getting the tractor out of the reach... *(Not sure of this word)*.. "Think we're having a day's shooting today, Andy"..Oh.. Oh God! Shooting! All the pigeons shot... It...I didn't like doing it you know....*(AC. sounded very unhappy and regretful as he spoke)*.

Int. You don't like killing things?

AC. No!.....

We returned to the subject of his family once more. He spoke again of his grandson. He said his grandson worked on a famous estate owned by a nobleman. Mr. Coxley recounted the history of this family in some detail. He didn't approve of the heir:

AC. He's a weirdo isn't he?

AC. I thought they other one would have got, but he had already give it to this one. I suppose he he was next in line. I don't know.....

AC. Likes the women don't he! Got this foreign wife han 'ee?

Int. Is the the first or it's it's.....

AC. The second one innit?

However, he thought the heir might make a success of the estate because he liked farming:

Int. Hope he makes a success of it...

AC. I think perhaps he will, that's he will. That's one good thing about he. He seems to like the farm bit of it.

The interview concluded on a good note, and Mr. Coxley appeared to have enjoyed it. I was still very unsure of his feelings and attitude to life. I felt that his apparent acceptance of everything did not quite ring true. During our third interview together, Mr. Coxley did disclose some of his emotional past memories, which supported this tentative interpretation of his narrative. We began the interview by discussing

the weather and its effect on the harvest. Mr. Coxley was very disparaging of modern farming methods:

AC. There tis their own fault. They puts so much manure on it..... Artificial.....That makes it limp.....

Int. Oh I see.....

AC. Won't stand up if we get a heavy rain.....Went down the other night when we had that thunderstorm.....

Then to my surprise, Mr. Coxley began talking of the scandal surrounding a current politician:

AC. Yes.....Mrs. Serrrr.....That ud be Mrs. Mellor innit? Tis Mellor innit?

Int. Who's that?

AC. The bloke that's, you know, had this trouble....Mellor innit?

Int. Oh yes!.....David Mellor!

AC. Yes!

I found his recall to be so surprising that I could not think of what to say for the moment:

Int. Oh be...Let it be....Mmm ... You don't think they should have put it in the papers?

AC. Well, they should have made such a big how do you do of it, should they really? He been a bit of a devil though ant he?...Don't treat her right does he?

The senior charge nurse told me after this interview that Mrs. Coxley read the paper to Mr. Coxley every morning after breakfast. I congratulated him on his good memory:

Int. Your memory's getting better isn't it?

AC. Yes, a lot better! Can remember what the wife says.. (AC. *chuckled*).

Int. Are you pleased it's getting better?

AC. Well, yes! Bit lost without aren't you?

Int. Oh yes.....

AC. Don't realise... You don't realise til it goes.....

Int. What does it feel like when it goes?

AC. Well I I ...I er.....well I got me wife and daughter to thank for getting me back because I completely went!...Like you do, you know, and....

Int. Is it frightening?

AC. Yes!....They kept massaging and that and doing me arms an one thing and another.....

Int. And talking to you as well...

AC. Yes...Kep Keep talking...make me talk or try to!.....

Int. Can't beat a good family can you?

AC. No No!

We returned to the subject of David Mellor. Mr. Coxley felt that he had treated his family badly:

AC. Well, yes!...Not so much of a thing he got saddled with is it? (AC.chuckled). Don't call that a.....Have something better than that! She had a porn.. She had a film show last.. in today's paper....

AC. He he rang up the parents...the parents this morning....told them off.....He said they ...told them they wouldn't see the grandchildren anymore.....

Int. Really?

AC. What a chap innit?! Never thought he was a bloke like that.....

Int. Well he isn't an oil painting is he?

AC. No he isn't!...I always used to mention that, with other chap on the...government.....er what used to be Education Minister. He isn't now is he?

Int. Kenneth Clarke?

AC. Ah, Clarkey!....

By this stage of the interview, I was beginning to wonder if Mr. Coxley should be in the setting, let alone be part of this investigation! His recall seemed unimpaired. I gently tried to explore his understanding of why he attended the centre, but he did not answer and changed the subject. It was not until he began to tell the story of his mother who died as a patient in the setting, that I understood his reluctance to respond to my questions:

AC. My mother was in here for about eight years...

Int. Was she?

AC. Died in here actually.....Over there in the.....(AC. gestured towards another part of the hospital)...I think towards up there somewhere.....I always used to go across to the ballroom...Used to come in every Sunday and Saturday.....and see her...

Int. That must have been sad for you.....

AC. Yes!.....Never got no better see.....I mean I had two children.....and they wanted to come in and see her and...they wouldn't let me bring them in.....Cause she used to get violent sometimes.....

Int. Oh dear.....Things were different in those days weren't they?

AC. Yes! Yes!.....

Int. I think we treat people much better now...

AC. Yes.....

Int. Eight years is a long time!

AC. Yes.....

Int. Long way for you to come in....Did you have to come in on the bus?

AC. I come in on me bike..

Int. On your bike? How long did that take you?

AC. Well it's three mile innit? Three mile..It didn't take too long...

Int. How often did you come and see her, once a week?

AC. Yes. Sundays.

Int. Well that was the only day you had off wasn't it?

AC. Well, only day I had off on the farm see!

i asked him if he had any brothers and sisters. At first he said he didn't, then said he had a sister. Mr. Coxley's recall was impaired, but it seemed to be an impairment of long term memory. His mother's story, however, seemed securely lodged in his memory, but this story was emotionally meaningful for him. The literature has suggested that it is this type of memory which is comparatively resistant to forgetting.

I wondered how it must feel to be a day patient in a setting where your mother had died insane. To look out of the window and see the ward where you visited her every week. I thought it must be very frightening. I wanted to ask further questions, but I felt it would be too intrusive at this stage. I would have to wait to see if Mr. Coxley would chose to explore this issue at a later date. Mr. Coxley went on to tell me his mother's name. It was very biblical. I asked if they were church going family. Mr. Coxley told me he rang the bells at their local church:

AC. I used to ring the bell..

Int. Did you really?

AC. Church goer then, I was!

Int. Which church was that....That Church of England?

AC. Yes! One thing about that church..the ..tower lower than the ch.. No, what was it? I forget now, but...one part was lower than the church.

Int. Really?

AC. Yes.....Which is unusual in the church for the steeple was higher than the church.

Int. Rang the bell!

AC. Yes. Rang the bells!.....I....The first day I took...made a hash of it, you know!

Int. Must have sounded ever so loud!

AC. Yes... He said..The old parson said "You you'll have to let em come down a bit slower!" I was going like this, you know..(AC. demonstrated how he pulled the ropes and we laughed). I got the hang of it in the end....

I asked him how old he was when he left school. Mr. Coxley said he was fourteen. He went to work straight away on the farm. He could not remember how long he had worked there. He thought he worked there until he retired. This did not tally with the account of his

working life which was given by his wife in chapter four of this work. Again, there appeared to be patchy deficits in memory. The interview concluded with Mr. Coxley speaking of the people he worked with in farming:

AC. Yes. Well they all worked on the farm together. There was nine of us I think.

Int. So you were all mates were you?

AC. Yes!

Possible Emergent Themes

At this stage of the investigation, there were indications of some possibly significant themes in the narrative of Mr. Coxley. His work on the farm was an important part of his life. He had said this on several occasions. He enjoyed certain aspects of this work, such as driving his beloved tractor. He would get his orders for the whole day from his employer when he arrived for work. He would then carry them out. It is possible that this ordered routine appealed to Mr. Coxley. There may be some significance in the fact that driving his tractor was a solitary pursuit. Given his current situation, this time of certainty and order would be especially meaningful in the present.

Another meaningful part of his life was his disclosure of his mother's illness. He had said that she was violent and that she was a patient in the setting. Indeed she died there. Although his narrative of this part of his life consisted of a brief outline, it could be suggested that his mother's illness is a story of disorder. This disorder is not only descriptive of her condition, but is also descriptive of her effect on much of his existence. It is possible, therefore, that Mr. Coxley had experienced strong elements of order versus disorder in his life. Further interviews will either support or dismiss this hypothesis or interpretation.

However, an overview of Mr. Coxley's narrative does suggest that his employment as an agricultural worker features strongly in his story. His phenomenological view of his mother's illness is also important and, indeed, was to be explored in future interviews. His immediate family were also seen as very important to him. He indicated that they were supportive and helpful. He attributed his recovery from his stroke to the nursing care given by his wife. Mr. Coxley was also concerned with the losses that had accompanied his illness. He had indicated some loss of control over his actions such as driving his car. Again, this theme of loss was to be developed more fully in subsequent interviews.

Continuation of the Interviews

Mr. Coxley and I met for our fourth interview together in August. Prior to this interview, the senior charge nurse had told me that Mr. Coxley had been given an extra day in the setting. He would now

attend three days per week. This had be done at Mr. Coxley's request. I asked Mr. Coxley if he had been out lately. This led him to discuss the harvest:

AC. Oh yes, been out and about. Watching the harvest progressin'.

Int. How's it going?

AC. Nearly finished up our way!

We discussed the harvest and Mr. Coxley spoke knowledgeably about harvesting. I asked him how often he came to the centre. I wanted to know if he remembered that he was coming for an extra day a week.

Int. How often do you come here, is it twice a week?

AC. Three times.

Int. Three times?

AC. Put an extra day see.

Int. Really?

AC. Don't know why

Int. Do you mind coming?

AC. Mmm?

Int. Do you mind coming?

AC. No. Int nowhere to go....particularly.

It seemed as if the setting provided Mr. Coxley with something to do. It was interesting that he professed to have no knowledge of why he had been awarded this extra time in the setting. For him to have asked for an extra day, suggested that the setting certainly met some of his needs. He told me that his wife was going shopping that day. He was no longer allowed to accompany her:

AC. Used to do it but she won't let me do it.

Int. Mm?

AC. I used to do it but not allowed to go now.

Int. There's lots of things you're not allowed to do isn't there.

AC. Yes. (AC. sounded sad).

Int. That must make you a bit fed up at times?

AC. Yes....(AC. sounded depressed).

Int. So you can't do the garden.

AC. No. She got all me spuds out the other day.

Int. What, your wife did?

AC. Yes.

Int. And you can't do the shopping....

AC. I'd as sooner get get em out meself but she had em out afore I got 'ome. She artful there, wasn't she?!

Int. Yes.....I expect she's worried about you don't you?

Mr. Coxley did not answer. He seemed to be depressed and withdrawn over the loss of role and independence in his life. The conversation became more general and the interview slowly concluded. During our

next interview, one week later, I asked Mr. Coxley if he had had a happy childhood. He said not really, as his mother "had been a bit mental":

Int. So, as long as you can remember, was your mother a bit mental?

AC. Yes.

Int. When you were small?

AC. Yes. When she..when I was a kid! Actually, when, you know, she was...When the...I had a brother and sister or she did....and she was took ill after the daughter was born....

Int. Was the daughter the last one?

AC. Yes. She had milk fever apparently. Went to her head....Never got her right anymore, you know....We tried hard with her. She used to get over it and then get attacked again, and it was a bit of a struggle you know.

Int. So you couldn't have had a happy childhood then, really?

AC. Not really, no as far as mother was concerned.. Yes.

Int. How did your Dad cope with it?

AC. Oh, he got fed up with it, you know....

Mr. Coxley's memories of his mother continued to be vivid. He seemed to want to disclose this part of his story:

Int. It's hard living with someone who's depressed.....

AC. Yes.....yes....

Int. You get depressed yourself..

AC. Yes.....Makes you depressed don't it?...She...Well she used to try hard, but used to break down into another one....I used to take her out quite a bit bit. It didn't do nothing, you know.

Int. So you never knew...you used to come home from school and you wouldn't know what she was going like?

AC. No, no.....Didn't...Never had no tea ready or anything, you know...

Int. Nothing like that?

AC. No...And she....And another day she would have a beautiful tea ready. That's how it used to go on.

Int. Didn't give you a lot a security then did it?

AC. *(Gave a little chuckle)*. No..No...

Int. It's a wonder you've turned out how you have..so placid.....

AC. *(Chuckled)*.....My father was always alright...He's done his best.....She used to have good and bad days.....And they decided to send her in here, [the hospital] and that didn't do no help much.....

As Mr. Coxley continued to disclose further details of his mother's behaviour, it became obvious that all the family must have suffered a great deal:

Int. But at least you knew where she was..

AC. Yeah....You knew she was safe....Cause she once used to try and get out of here!.....

He implied that she had tried to end her life. I asked if she had often tried to do this:

AC. Yes, fairly often...No she couldn't help it see.....I used to get home from work at night and had to find her always... Dad was still at work....He used to work til five look and I used to come at five, near enough before five.....and she wasn't there. She was gone!

Int. Mm Mmm.....

AC. And you didn't know what to do! (AC. gave a brief chuckle). Had to go and look for her didn't you? And I knew..she.....down where we used to live, just down the road a little way, there was a river.....It's shallow but good enough to do the damage.....I only had to walk down there and look in, and there she was, you know.

Int. In the river?

AC. In the river, yes.....That was as a far as she could get, but I had to get....I had a lovely job getting out!

Int. Was she a big lady?

AC. Yes! Bigger bigger'n me! Well she was a smart lady when she was young...but er.....this stuff just got hold of her you know and..... Cause she used to get sort ofviolent too, you know, she used...It used to come over her, I suppose....I used to try hard and pacify he and that, but...you know, they were always worse then.....and you'll..she tell you to send in here. Well I suppose the doctor had um decided on that.....

Int. Mmm.....A bad time for you.....

AC. It was, yes.

Int. Mmm.....You feel helpless, don't you?

AC. Yes! You feel you want to go somewhere and get some help. Don't help, but you can't!.....But when she was alright, you know, she were alright. You couldn't wish for anybody better, but it didn't last long see.....Just come over her or summat, I suppose, I don't know.....

Int. Depression's a horrible illness, you can't help it.

AC. No.....

Int. You just don't think clearly.

AC. No.....

Int. And life for her must have been horrible.

AC. Oh yes!

Int. If she wanted to kill herself.....

AC. Yes.....(AC. whispered)... She used to try.

This account of his mother's illness and effect on his life gives support to the hypothesis that his childhood was filled with disorder. It was also filled with uncertainty and pain. He seemed to have loved his mother and tried desperately hard to cope with her behaviour.

Indeed, the whole family appeared to have tried to support the situation. I tried to imagine what it must be like to go home never knowing if your mother was there, or was lying face down in the river. It must have been unbearable. Mr. Coxley changed the subject. He remarked on the birds in the aviary just outside the window of the quiet lounge. We spoke about the birds and the effect that the wet weather had had on his garden. We returned to the subject of his mother. He spoke of the effect it had on his brother and sister:

AC. Well I don't thinkThey weren't that old you see....The brother used to get worried a bit.....He didn't know what was going on. He was sort of lost, you know....that age you see.....When he sort of got older, she seemed to buck up a bit. I suppose she had....she thought she'd better do summat about it, cause he...he wanted looking after more than I did, you know.

Int. Did he?

AC. He weren't as old as I was and.....she sort of bucked herself up and we... They got her into hospital and she had some treatment....Had this electrical treatment.....well in here!....She seemed to get better....but...didn't last particularly...Come out one night and she was gone...

He said his mother did not like the ECT treatment:

AC. Yes..(AC. *laughed wryly*)..She wouldn't..She was always seemed to be worse after it...I don't know what happened. She didn't seem to like it.

Again, following painful disclosures, Mr. Coxley reverted to light inconsequential conversation. We then spoke of his own illness. He reminded me of the support given to him by his own family:

AC. Mmm.....I know my wife and daughter got to work on me.. Got the arms circulating and.. cause I hadn't got no use in these arms.

Int. You were lucky weren't you?

AC. Yes I was. Damn lucky!

I hoped that this discussion of his recovery from this illness would enable him to feel he had triumphed, even if he felt he had failed his mother. I felt so sorry for the young Andrew Coxley who had tried his best to help his mother, with little success. Mr. Coxley, however, still remained with the theme of loss. He spoke of his inability to work in his garden, due to his health:

AC. Oh last year I suppose, I felt better, you know,...got over it well and....the wife said better have a few spuds dug up.....I went out there on the prong...(AC. *chuckled*)..I knew it! I thought hadn't better do that any more..I got better. I got over it sort of more and began to take interest in it, you

know. But she won't let me dig em up now, so that's the end of that!

Int. Well she frightened it'll happen again, and you must be scared as well..

AC. Yes.....

Int. And it's like living with a sword over your head, isn't it?

AC. Yes!

He told me of his wife's illness when the children were small. She had to have an operation and Mr. Coxley cared for the house and children while she was in hospital. I implied that they both looked after each other when they were ill:

AC. Oh yes! She looked after me and the daughter.

He spoke again of how his wife and daughter had helped him when he was ill. He implied that he was worried about himself during this time:

AC. The doctor used to come in and look at me and say "You're doing alright", but I didn't think I was, you know.....

This entire interview would appear to be focussed on the topic of ill-health and the effect that the state of illness has on others. However, Mr. Coxley had lived with personal ill-health for most of his life. He continued to explore this theme during our next interview. He spoke of his ileostomy which he had had now for seventeen years. He said it was a big operation. I commented that he had had a few brushes with death, but had triumphed:

AC. He been about!

Int. You've fought him off a few times haven't you?

AC. Yes (AC. *chuckled*).

I asked him if the thought of dying worried him:

AC. No I don't think much about it really...Well you do! but.....

We discussed his visits to the setting. He said he found the travelling very tiring. I asked if he ever got bored in the setting:

AC. I do a bit sometimes in here. It..Well sort of that two in there, got more used to it. Some of these of poor old ladies in here, they get a bit boring don't they? They can't help it I know. They fighting it al the time or trying to.....But it comes over em don't it? They can't help it!

He expressed some puzzlement as to why he was in the setting:

AC. Don't why they sent me in here really. But I suppose they thought they'd better when I had a stroke.

He said he enjoyed some of the activities. Recently they had looked at an old farming book. He enjoyed that:

AC. Yes.... Well, when was it? Well yesterday, I suppose, or is it.. no.... the other day I think. We had a book, we had the old fashioned farming and that was quite interesting! The old binders and course they didn't sort of realise that I used to use these things!

He enjoyed being able to speak of things he used to do:

AC. Well, yes you sort of realise what you've done.....

AC. Yes.....Acres and acres of barley we used to grow. And wheat!

AC. Yes...Lovely when the wind moves through it.....

He went on to describe the various types of barley he had grown. He told me what happened to the wheat they harvested. Some went to the mill for flour, top grains were used for seed and coarse grains were used for cattle food. He seemed to enjoy imparting his knowledge to me. I said that these days seemed special times for him:

Int. Those were the days weren't they?

AC. Oh yes! All gone now though!.....

Int. Everything changes though, Andy, doesn't it?

AC. Yes!.....Go over the years don't it?.....

He went on to recall his childhood, living in the country with no modern amenities:

AC. Well that again...Things are different again now in't they? They got freezers and fridges and what have you. You had to try and keep ours cool (AC. *chuckled*).

Int. The old ice box.

AC. Ar...Bucket of water. We put the milk down in a bucket of water!

He spoke about the old earth closet in their garden:

AC. My Dad used to say "Andy" he says, "Think you can go up and see to the loo?" I said "Yes", an go and get ashes and all sorts and cover it right ready for the next lot!

Their garden contained the boundary lines between two counties. This became a family joke when they went to draw water from the pump:

AC. Yes. We had a pump down the bottom. We used the put the the buc..bucket round Depshire and we pumped the water

in Okeshire.

Int. Really? *(I laughed).*

AC. Yes. Always remember that! Used to say our Dad, "Got some Okeshire water today!"

He said he was pleased to have lived those days. I felt pleased that he had some happy memories of when he was a boy. The affectionate way he spoke of his father appeared to indicate that they had a good and warmly supportive relationship. The interview which had been full of meaningful self stories ended on a good note. Mrs. Coxley and I met before my next interview with her husband. She was very informative and told me much about her husband's ill-health. She said he had been ill with ulcerative colitis for most of their married life. Mr. Coxley continued with this theme during our next meeting. His ulcerative colitis greatly affected his life, prior to his operation. One day he had over twenty attacks:

AC. Oh yes..I couldn't go out all that much see, I ...never know when it was going to start again

AC. Used to get in Marks and Spencer's and used to say the wife, "You go" on down there, I gotta go!" I knew where everyone was in Depton, I think. Toilets, yes....

AC. I didn't...wasn't too bad when I first had, because I was on the farm, you see. I was out in the field I could go anywhere.

Int. Yes.

AC. Used to be ploughing, when I used to plough up the furrow and then go in that and bury, you know. I always liked to bury it! But t'was there all the time sort of thing.....Said, "I think I'll operate", he said.....I said, "Well the sooner the better.".....

AC.Well it's not too bad now it's quietened down.....Don't actually affect me all that much, you know..Well you know it's there don't you? You live with it and that's it! He em done the operation, and it's been better since that.....

We spoke about my visit to see his wife. He was pleased that I liked his little bungalow. He told me that they used to have two cats:

AC. One of ours, well they're gone now, but one of ours come from the farm. He was.. He was born blind up at the farm. We used to watch him getting in and out. Blooming marvel how he used to get about! He'd miss anything! He never hit nothing.

Int. He was blind?

AC. Yes. He couldn't see. He used to come in every night and sit down. Boy got really attached to it. Nice old cat he was.

Then we had another one that was our own like. Never had no trouble. Course we lived by that main road see we ...and er.....always afraid that they were going to get run over, but they never did!

AC. Yes the old cat was.....Jinx we used to call her..

Int. Chinks?

AC. Jinx

Int. Jinx?

AC. Jinx, yes..Where's Jinx gone.... where I know where she is, out in the scullery. *(Could not understand word)*.... beyond the shed like. Not where we are now, where we come from. She used to spend most of her time in there see, when she got on..older. One morning I went out there and there she was dead! Curled up.

Many of Mr. Coxley's stories echoed the familiar theme of loss. His stories would often leave me with feelings of sadness. I felt that he had much unhappiness within himself that could only be expressed through a description of his life events. He found it difficult to express many of his emotions. The next interview took place in September. Mr. Coxley spoke again about his mother's illness. I asked him if he thought the worry over his mother contributed to his own ill-health:

AC. It don't help, of course, does it?

He said his mother attacked him one night with a hammer:

AC. Well she used to get...Not very often but something do go wrong, then it sort of, you know, affect her.....

Int. Did she hit you with it?

AC. No she never.....She sort of come to her senses. I shouted at her. She sort of realised what she was doing, you know.....

She frequently attacked his father:

AC. Oh yes. She were always on at him.

Int. Was she?

AC. Yes....She couldn't help it, of course.....

AC. Yes.....Dad had a hard life.....Cause he used to go home from work..Well, I was working with him then. He'd come home...say five o'clock, like you do on the farm...He didn't know if she was going to be there or not.....Well nine times out of ten she wasn't. She was gone down the road somewhere....We had to go and find her.....I used to go and find her.....

Mr. Coxley said that his mother did not like his wife:

AC. She was gone. Well we had to do
summat!.....Until I started going out with the wife.
That were wrong!

Int. Why was that?

AC. Mother didn't like that did she?! (*AC. smiled and gave a
little laugh*).

Int. Did she never like your wife?

AC. Well she didn't like anybody really, if they got they got in
the way, you know.....

I was beginning to have some understanding of Mr. Coxley's passive and quiet nature. Peace and tranquillity did not seem to feature strongly in his home. His quiet and structured life on the farm must have provided some much needed solace for his spirit. He said again how his mother had to be put into hospital. She had attended other settings prior to coming into the setting. He spoke of her death as a happy release:

AC. She died in there, You see.....I went in there one
afternoon and she was gone.....

Int. Did you feel it was a blessed release really?

AC. Yes, I did!.....

Int. Mmm.....

AC. I sort of come out, went to get me bike.....I..I didn't sort
of realise it that she were gone, but I sort of thought, well,
that's er a lovely release.

AC. My Dad had a stroke see, and finished him off. Afore
mother went, that was. We had mother on our own for
quite a time.....

He said that when he was younger they lived with his grandmother:

AC. We lived with Gran then.....Cause Gran was ...she looked
after us. She always looked after us.....She used to look
after me and mother.....

Int. So your Mum was ill for quite a long time was she?

AC. Ye-sss...Very long it was.....

I asked if his memories of his mother were mostly sad memories:

Int. Mmm.....So all the memories of your mother, are they
mostly sad memories really?

AC. Yes. They are really.

Int. Mmm.....

AC. Wasn't really old enough to understand, you know.....

He spoke of the time his mother escaped from the setting and turned up on his doorstep. He had to bring her back. He pointed out the ward where she was a patient, where he visited her every week. I said

that he was a good son and could not have done more. He replied very quickly:

AC. Well that's what I've often thought that but.....I done what I could and well I got to the stage where you couldn't do anything else for her.....(*Tears filled AC.'s eyes and had done so several times throughout this interview*).

Int. No.....Sometimes you just can't win whatever you do.....

AC. No! I used to come in here, and I don't know what she's going to be like today, and then she'd have one of her moods on, you know, and I couldn't get nowhere with her.....

Int. What a worry for you.....

AC. It's er.....It passes on don't it? Goes.....you know, I used to think well I suppose it....Well I knew she wasn't going to get any better when she come in here.....That was the end of the story near enough.....

Mr. Coxley appeared to have much unresolved grief over his mother. I felt as if he thought he had failed her, both as a child and as a man. It is quite probable that this situation, experienced as a child, would have led to high levels of anxiety and guilt. It is possible that he felt, in some way, it was his fault that his mother was ill. Further, her many absences from home may led to him feeling abandoned by her, even though his grandmother seemed to have provided 'good enough' mothering. He most certainly would have lived in a constant state of uncertainty. His story of his childhood and relationship with his mother was very painful to hear.

The Middle of the Investigation

At this stage of the inquiry, the main themes that had emerged from the narrative of Mr. Coxley were more clearly defined. The initial hypothesis would appear to be supported by subsequent disclosures. Therefore, they remained his work on the farm and related activities, his troubled childhood caused by the mental illness of his mother and the loving support of his family. His own illness can be linked to his turbulent earlier years. Mind, stress and illness are known to influence each other through complex interactions (Totman, 1990). An important characteristic of these themes, as with other informants is the emotionality which was intertwined with his memories. These emotional memories had been with him for many years, and although they were not painfree, he could recall them with ease.

The ninth interview with Mr. Coxley was not filled with dramatic revelations. This was in part, due to my own attitude. I felt unable to cope with his largely suppressed pain, and deliberately kept the conversation light. Mr. Coxley chose to follow this route with me.

However, if he had wished to disclose painful and meaningful memories then, as in other instances with various informants, I would have supported his self exploration to the best of my ability. Our discussion began with Mr. Coxley talking about family pets. He spoke again of his blind cat. He spoke of the death of Jinx and the funeral he had to arrange in the garden for her, for the sake of the children. He said he was surprised at how quickly life goes by. He was amazed to realise his wife was seventy:

AC. "Well", she said, "Well I'm seventy". I thought to myself, "Well she isn't is she?" And I looked....sort of reckoned it out and she is seventy! You don't believe it do you? You don't believe the years are going on.....

I asked him if he thought he had had a good life:

AC. Yes..well perhaps it.....Never lost much on it, you know. I had a bit of trouble with mother, of course, but got over that and then we got married and that were that.....

He felt that he had a good marriage and that made his life worthwhile. He said however, that it was not always plain sailing.

AC. We've had our ups and downs but.....

Working on the farm enabled them to stick together, he thought. He seemed to be implying that his work and home life were very intertwined. They, of course, lived in a tied cottage:

Int. But you stick together you see.....

AC. Yes..Yes. Well working on the farm and that, you haven't got much choice have you, you know?

The interview concluded with Mr. Coxley enumerating his wife's many creative skills. She makes a number of things for charities and good causes. He described her latest creation with obvious enjoyment. Shortly after this interview, Mr. Coxley became ill. He had some type of infection and remained at home for a period of six weeks. We did not meet again until the beginning of November. He was pleased to see me again. He thanked me for the get well card that I had sent. He still looked quite ill. He was quite pale and his voice was very thin and whispery. He found it hard to sustain long sentences during this interview. He quickly became tired and his voice faded away. He said he had got bored at home. I asked him how his wife was feeling:

Int. How's your wife?

AC. She's all right. Fed up with me!

He said that his family had been very supportive, especially his daughter. He went on to talk about his illness, which was a bladder infection:

Int. Did you feel ill? Terr..... Did you feel terribly ill?

AC. No! I just felt a bit tired that's all. But what I didn't sort of like much, these bugs you could see em floating about in the water, in, you know. Like, they made me keep the water.

I asked him if his illness was painful:

AC. Yes, cause I was passing er.....stones

Int. Oooh!

AC. I had stones.

Int. Crumbs, that must have made your eyes water!

AC. *(Laughed)*. More....More than that girl! *(We laughed)*.

AC. Yes....One day I was terrible.....They can't..they don't seem nothing to shift it. Grind em up or summat.

AC. I've never had anything like that in all me life, you know. Just happened I suppose. I was getting on alright too.

I asked him what he had done at home during his convalescence:

AC. I done a bit of drawing and what have you. Watched telly. Wasn't much on though was there? Not really.

This led to a discussion on politics. Mr. Coxley was still very aware of current events although his knowledge seemed more limited than on previous occasions. However, this may have be due to his poor health. He seemed quite low. I asked him about his evident tiredness:

Int. You must still get quite tired.

AC. Oh yes. I do a bit, yes.

Int. It'll take you a bit of time to pick up won't it?

AC. Yes. Yes.....Yes

Int. But I'm sure you will!

AC. Oh yes. I will.

Int. I'd bet money on that!

AC. *(Laughed)*. Will you? *(We both laughed)*.

I told him I thought he was a survivor. Mr Coxley agreed:

Int. Yes. I think you're a survivor.

AC. Yes. More than that.

Int. Well, what what you've been through all your life, eh?

AC. Yes. All the years I gone on the farm. Tractor man, and old tractors. Good old tractor wasn't he? Never let me down. I used to drive it every day. Now winnowing *(possible misinterpretation of meaning)*..... and everything, you know.

He thought they were good days:

Int. So, were good days were they?

AC. Yes. Won't come back no more will they? I don't think.

Int. I think when you think about them, they come back don't they?

AC. Well, they seem to. Yes.

Int. Does it give you pleasure to think about them?

AC. Yes. *(AC. coughed)*.

The interview shortly after this. Mr. Coxley said he was pleased to be back in the setting. He was looking forward to the day's activities. We met again two weeks later. Mr. Coxley appeared to be brighter. As we settled in the quiet lounge, as was usual, he began to speak about politics. He was scathing about the Conservatives. He said he was a Liberal:

AC. One, well I was....Not actually Labour! *I was...Liberal for years....And my father got hold me... (AC. gave a little chuckle)* .“Bloody Liberal!” he said. “Huh!” I said, “They're alright! They're trying hard!”....Well, he didn't reckon much of that.....But I....got on with the Liberals very well but.....they keep changing don't they? You know.....Always on... [Don't] Stay in the right place for long do they?

We talked about politics for a little longer. We discussed how hard it is for some people to manage nowadays, and how hard it was to manage on a farm labourer's pay. I pointed out that he managed to bring up a family on this money:

AC. Yes. Tried hard! Weren't enough to go round at times but we made it go round.

Int. Did you get cheap food from the farm, Andy?

AC. Yes, we used to have harvest rations.

Int. What was harvest rations?

AC. Well I...When the war were coming about they ...The farmers was allowed so much rations for the workers. Wasn't much, you know! We used to...pounds of butter and a pound of summat else. I always done pretty well, cause I had two children.....I was a leading light on the farm, you know. Helped the others and that and.....

i asked him about his position of authority. He trained other workers:

Int. So were you the senior one then?

AC. Yes, I was. Yes. *(AC.'s voice sounded strong. He seemed proud of this fact)*...I used to help the others...if I could....Some of us...some of us.. ...Well we couldn't help could you?.Not with the young'uns!

Int. Still the same today.....

AC. Ye-ees. Feels like whacking em with a stick or summat! (AC. grinned).

He continued to talk of his work on the farm and the necessity of growing much of his own food. He spoke of his son's work and of some modern farming practices. He enjoyed explaining these facts to me. We went on to discuss his current state of health. I asked if his illness had made him feel low:

Int. Since you've been ill do you feel low sometimes?

AC. Yes, a bit.....Especially a night, when it's time to go to bed. I don't want to go to bed (AC. laughed) Yet, I can get a book ...Have a read.

Int. Do you think it's the dark evenings that do it?

AC. I don't what it is really!.....Well, we ain't got no many neighbours.....S'all on your own....

I asked him if he played any board games with his wife in the evenings to relieve his boredom. He said they played dominoes. He recalled playing dominoes with his father:

AC. I could never beat him! (AC. laughed).

Int. You could never beat him?

AC. No, he was hot at it! (We both laughed).

I asked how he dealt with feeling low:

AC. Go off out and walk a long way.

Int. Does that work?

AC. Yes. Most times.

Int. Makes you feel a bit tired does it?

AC. Yes.....Found a lot of funny places to go, you know....

Int.Does your wife let you go out on your own?

AC. Yes, I don't think she does. Well she don't like to really, not now. Cause I sort of blackout once or two before..Used to wander, didn't know where I was.....

Int. Hmm.....

AC. I use used to say I've still idea I'll go for a little walk. I used to walk it..(AC. gave a little laugh). Not think it of anything, of anything else.

Again Mr. Coxley was speaking of loss. His long walks were now a thing of the past. His solitary pleasures were now denied him. He said that he liked reading. He read westerns. He liked them very much. He told me the story of Jesse James:

AC. I'veI've read er...Well you wouldn't know, I suppose....Well er, this bloke in the western world there.....Oh, I forget his name now.....(AC. paused)..Jesse James!

AC. Four of them. He got killed. Jesse.....He was a miserable devil...

His interest with tales of cowboys and guns led me to ask him if he had ever fired a gun. He said he had:

AC. Me? Yes. Used to.....That's when the...over on the when the war broke out....We used to go off ...to the rifle shooting on the range.....And er...we used to get up to all sorts of games that, you know!

Int. Were you a good shot?

AC. Yes! I was pretty deadly!

However, he was still opposed to shooting birds or animals:

Int. Did you ever shoot anything on the farm? Did you have to shoot crows and things on it?

AC. Oh, yes! Didn't like doing though.....

Int. You don't like killing things do you?

AC. No!....I can't bear it!

Our twelfth interview together reflected his current mood. He was low and seemed unwell. He indicated that he felt resigned to remaining unwell:

AC. Yes, not much.....better now I don't think.....Still got to watch the old tum.....

Int. Are you passing any blood or anything?

AC. Not now, no.....

Int. That's all stopped?

AC. Well, it stopped this week, yes.

Int. Good!

AC. It'll start again somewhen I expect.....

AC. Yes.....Get to live with, see. Don't you?

Int. Do you think you're a patient man, Andy?

AC. Got to be haven't I? (AC. gave a wry chuckle).....

Int. You seem to be able to cope with most things.....

AC. Yes, well.....Was on the farm for a few years an.....that wasn't easy.....

Our conversation turned to generalised topics. He spoke of programmes he had watched on the television and that he had enjoyed. We discussed happenings in the setting and current affairs. It seemed, however, as if he was far away, isolated inside himself. It was as if he were grieving. The general tone of the interview was one of resignation. His mood continued to be low during our next meeting. His memory was more impaired than usual. He told me that he had to have an operation concerning his ileostomy:

AC. Yes.....But I don't know whether they're going to do it

today or not.....Doctor said he'd do it Monday, so they might do it today then.....

When I said that I thought that he was brave, he again indicated feelings of resignation towards life:

Int. You are brave.....

AC. Well you can't odds it can you?

I asked him if he thought about his forthcoming operation a great deal:

Int. Do you think about it a lot?

AC. Well, I'm always thinking about it. I.....used to have to keep going in, see, at one time.

We spoke about his wife and the care she gave him:

AC.She's holding her own for me. Got a grip on herself.....

As usual we spoke of his life on the farm. They remained good days for him, but he was very aware that they were gone, never to return:

Int.They were the best days weren't they?

AC. *(Whispered)*... Yes.....Won't come back no more will they? I reckon.....

Int. But you've done it....

AC. *(Whispered)*... Yes....I've done it....

Mr. Coxley appeared to be brighter when we met again in December. The staff told me that he had had another urine infection. He was also due to have a scan at the general hospital this same week. Mr. Coxley told me all about it:

AC. Yes, I had to have a.....a.....Monday...which, no, when was it? The other day.....I had to go in an have a....checkup.....And they wanted to...to examine me. *(Muddled word)*... they doing that Wednesday, I think. Tomorrow or Wednesday.....They haven't made up their minds yet....

Int. Does it worry you?

AC. No-oo! Not much good for it to, is it? *(AC. gave a little laugh)*. They said it won't.... but it's only to to take, put a flange over it. Now what is it they call it? Er.....Scan! That's what I got to have, a scan! They ain't quite sure what's behind theeostomy an over it. They think they ought to have another look. Old Smithy [surgeon] been up there about six times I think.....Having a look.....

Mr. Coxley changed the subject. We spoke about the weather and the

setting before turning to his favourite subject, that of Nature. He told me of the rabbits he used to see on the downs:

AC. When we lived along...what we call the downs up onMartin Downs just across Delton there.....All up one....gravel bank was all rabbit burrows.

Int. Really?!

AC. Yes! You never seen nothing like it.....Cause they used to get in there and that were it, wan't it? had to either dig em out or...gas em out or summat.....I mean.....Y you couldn't keep on, you know....

He sounded regretful as he spoke. I wondered if he had to kill these rabbits. He then asked me about my little cat who had been poorly. It reminded him of his own cat. He told this story again but the content seemed diminished:

AC. Then we had this one that....followed on over....right up the farm.... I brought her home from the farm. She was a kitten.....Never, she did an.....never thought she were gonna thrive! She didn't have to die, cause..I brought her up. She didn't neither. She went through some squeaks!

Int. She was alright though was she?

AC. Yes. Used to come round an.....course, sit up with her.....course when you're trapping lambs... I...you're haven't much chance, have you?

We discussed things in general, including what he was going to get his wife for Christmas. He talked about his younger days and then began to speak of his young sister:

AC. Course I had a sister and I couldn't move for her all that much.....Dear little cuss she was.....(AC. said this in tones of great affection).

Int. Was she much younger than you?

AC. Yes. Se.. five years I think. Summat like that.....

It was this sister's birth which caused his mother to have 'milk fever' or, perhaps, post natal depression. He recalled his mother's time in the setting:

AC. Yes....She was then over there. (AC. looked out of the window towards the building where he used to visit his mother on Sunday afternoons). That place haunts me, over there.

His sister died of meningitis when she was seven. When I said that he had rather a hard life, he said:

AC. Hasn't been all that.....pleasant. Well! Wasn't too bad, I suppose yet.

The Ending of the Investigation

Mr. Coxley and I were not to have a recorded interview together for another two and a half months. I was away from the setting over the long Christmas period. This, unavoidably, lasted for one month. On my return to the setting we had several meetings which were friendly and pleasant. No new topics were discussed during these meetings. Mr. Coxley then succumbed to another bout of illness. We finally met again in February 1993. He was in a happy mood. He began the interview by telling me that he would quite like to have a lie in sometimes:

AC. But you mustn't must you? Mustn't lay in bed.....

Int. It's nice sometimes.....

AC. (Laughed)... You got a good partner, yes!

He told me about his current health problems. He was due to have another check up in the near future. He then began to tell me of the death of Mr. Will Crew, one of the clients from the setting,. It was very sudden and Mr. Coxley was upset. Mr. Crew was his friend:

AC. Well, I don't know, they.....I lost me best mate yesterday.

He sat next to him in the dining room:

AC. I liked old Will too. He used to sit next to me at meal times and.....why.....you know, you could get on with him but others.....One or two others you couldn't talk to much.....

I told him how sorry I was that he had lost his friend:

Int. Oh, I am sorry! That must make you feel sad, Andy.....

AC. Yes, I was....found it a bit yesterday, cause he wasn't.....the chair was empty and he wasn't there.....It sort of come back to me, you know, cause I was...I thought a lot of Will.

Int. And you're very soft hearted aren't you?

AC. Yes,I'm.....shed a tear over nothing.....

Int. Aah.....Oh well.....That's not over nothing....You've lost a friend....

AC. Yes. he was a good friend too.....I was surprised that to to hear he was gone.

As was usual when he was distressed, his thoughts turned towards his life on the farm:

AC. I used to go up...I used...I had a big field, Oh! He.....I don't know how long it was. Take me....couple of hours to go up through there.... on the tractor.....

AC. Then with a plough, you turn up this new soil.....way it

smells....all fresh.....

I reminded him that I had been coming to see him for a long time now. I asked him if he felt talking to me had been helpful:

AC. Oh yes! Makes a difference for the say don't it?

Int. Well, you've taught me lot, you know, about the farm and er...

AC. Oh yes!

Int. And er the animals and things.....yes.

AC. Yes.....I used to look after the calves and that.....And I used to work me way back to the older animals.....It all comes back to you, don't it?

Int. It does.....Looking back, do you think you've had a good life?

AC. Oh yes, I have.....

He began to speak of his health problems. He looked out of the window towards the setting where his mother was a patient:

AC. Well, it do when I come that....no which...where was she as it happens? Oh, it's that bit over there.(AC. *pointed out of window to a hospital building*). I hate coming.....round that bit. I used to park the car up...Well, I don't know where it was now, up there somewhere. What's the name of the ward, I forget the name of the ward now....

He told me again that he used to cycle in every Sunday:

AC. I used to cycle in every Sunday. She was always there waiting...(AC. *paused*)..... Then was as it happens, don't it? Can't do much about it.....

His thoughts turned to happier times. He recounted some memories of his school days:

AC. There was an old teacher, Mr. Blacker. I shall never forget him....Well I like the bloke, he like me to a certain extent I suppose. Always treated me kindly. Must have upset him one day, cause he clouted me with his stick. He had one....Always tickled me, he had one of these sticks that used to bend.....and open. He had a girt split through here, and it used to open and take your hand with it!

Int. Ooh!

AC. In there (AC. *pointed to palm of his hand*). When he used to hit you it used to open out. Cor! I used to hate him...I used to to go at him and I said, "Why you doing that for?" "Oh" he said, "I like to make it feel. Want's to be sure you feel it". I said, "I feel it alright!" You know, the split it used to open out and just catch hold of that and

take.....(AC. gave a little laugh).....When he, when he lift him up, it used take it...Cor! After Mr. Blacker. Yet he were quite a good sports teacher. Never forget it.....(AC. gave a little laugh).

Int. Were your school days happy?

AC. Yes! I used to like it down there. Had five mile to walk to school.

Int. Really?

AC. From Pitcher Farm.

He described the walk to the school and local landmarks He used to walk across the moors.

AC. Wasn't too bad cause it was across the moors. They were...never seem wet down there. It was always wal walk....Well, I had me sister with me, and used to take her along.

This was our last recorded interview together, although we met regularly throughout the Spring and Summer of 1993. Mr. Coxley then became quite ill, and was away from the setting for some time. Our last meeting together was in January 1994. He was pleased to see me. He was frail but still able to recall many of his stories, although not in such great depth. He recalled the story of his cat Jinx, his life on the farm, the support of his family and his mother's illness. He still pointed out to me the ward where she had died. The themes of his narrative were still very much part of his story.

Conclusion

The story of Mr. Coxley does not reach a final conclusion at this point. He was still living his life and his story. Further, his mild loss of memory, and often understated responses, created difficulty in defining a clear path through his narrative. Mr. Coxley often gave understated replies, many of which were concerned with present events, as opposed to the past. Often in cases of severe memory loss, the repetitive story indicates an area of important significance. With other less cognitively impaired elderly people, this is not so readily perceived.

However, certain major themes in the narrative of Mr. Coxley were identified over time, through the process of the interview. These memories were emotionally significant and very moving. Much of his story was concerned with the myriad losses which accompany the ageing process. Underpinning these losses was the major trauma of his life, his mother's illness, which even in old age remained to haunt him.

Unlike Mrs. Woodley, Mr. Coxley did not appear to have fully resolved his anxiety, guilt and grief over his mother. In juxtaposition to these sad events were his pleasurable memories of his work on the land.

Again, these two themes of order versus disorder characterise much of his life and can be compared to Erikson's (1963), concept of the eighth stage of life, in which he perceives wisdom as arising out of the interplay between despair versus integrity. Much of Mr. Coxley's life appeared to have been spent searching for interpretation and understanding. His stories themselves tended to be segregated into one or other of these themes, focussed as they were on either loss, or accomplishment, and/or acceptance.

Not all of his memories were readily available for recall. He had problems with semantic recall, indicating that his stroke had not left his memory unimpaired. It would appear however, that his emotionally meaningful memories remained. In a sense, these stories were both created and experienced by his life events. Mr Coxley not only lived his stories, he was his stories. They gave form and structure to his life. They gave meaning to his existence and appeared to enable him to accept with some equanimity, the negative aspects of his life.

APPENDIX THREE

SEVENTH CASE-STUDY: MR. MELVIN RIDER

INTRODUCTION

Mr. Rider was the youngest informant in the study, although only three months separated him in age from Mr. Biddley. Of all the informants in this investigation, it was Mr. Rider who experienced the most difficulty in telling his story. The dementing process had left him with a pronounced stutter and loss of word recall. Although he had attended a famous Oxbridge university, where he obtained a degree in physics, his illness appeared to have damaged much of his cognitive ability.

His cognitive impairments were already fairly advanced when we first met in June 1992, and he was frequently highly anxious. He received regular respite care and this slowly increased during the investigation, due to his difficult behaviour, his wife's poor health, and family circumstances. During the initial discussion with the senior charge nurse, there had been some doubt as to his ability to be part of the investigation, due to his difficulty in speaking. It was decided, however, to include him in the study as it was felt it would aid his well-being. Also, his life had been one of excitement. It had been very eventful. There was a possibility that the recall of some of these life experiences might prompt further recall. For these reasons, Mr. Rider was very much an unknown quantity in this investigation.

Mr. Rider and I met frequently from the beginning of June 1992 until March 1993. In total there were sixteen recorded interviews, although as with all informants, this number of interviews does not reflect the number of times we actually met. Interviews with Mr. Rider were very unpredictable. I was never sure if his anxieties were going to be contained enough to allow him to speak to me. Equally, he found it difficult to concentrate for any length of time. Interviews were therefore, often short and frequently fragmented. It was not unusual for him to wander off to talk to someone else, but to speak to me again after I had seen another informant. Throughout this investigation, I found the stories of all informants to be very moving. It was this informant, however, who affected me most deeply. He was a most loving and kind person, but the uncaring cruelty of dementia had left this man bereft, yet with some degree of insight into his condition. At times, my own feelings of helplessness were quite overwhelming.

However, not all interviews with Mr. Rider were occasions of great tragedy. His ability to visually recognise people was very good, and if he saw me away from the setting he would still smile and wave. When he recognised people he knew, he would let out a great shout of laughter and greet them boisterously. He tended to give female staff great rib squeezing hugs and kiss them on the cheek. I was no

exception to this behaviour. Occasionally he reminded me of a very lovable St. Bernard puppy. Mr. Rider was very popular with staff and patients in the setting.

MR. MELVIN RIDER

I first met Mr. Melvin Rider during a routine visit to the setting in May 1993. His wife had agreed to his taking part in the investigation, after my initial meeting with the senior charge nurse of the day hospital. However, Mr. Rider was due for a period of respite care in Willow ward. I decided to wait for him to return home before beginning our interviews together. Also, as discussed in the procedures used during this investigation, I tended to gradually increase the number of informants. I was not yet sure of the size of the case load that I could adequately manage.

During our first meeting Mr. Rider was standing in the corridor of the setting by the staff room door. The senior charge nurse introduced us. Mr. Rider smiled down at me as he held my hand during the introduction. He was a tall, strongly built, pleasant looking man with well brushed greying hair. He wore half rim glasses perched on the end of his nose. He was well dressed with a tweed sports jacket and grey trousers and brown sturdy shoes. The senior charge nurse told Mr. Rider that I would like to come and talk to him if he agreed. Mr. Rider was quite happy with this, "Yes, yes, yes", he said. The senior charge nurse and I agreed that this consent would be conditional on Mr. Rider's mood state. If he did not want to talk, then he would not.

The Beginning of the Investigation.

Our first interview together was more of an introductory meeting. The staff had given me some information about his past, and I planned to use this knowledge as prompts and cues, if I deemed it to be appropriate. Mr. Rider was found in the quiet lounge trying to complete his jigsaw, which was of a circular design filled with flowers, animals and insects. He was bent over the table with a look of puzzlement on his face as he picked up pieces of the jigsaw and put them down again. He seemed unable to fit any pieces together. I decided to help him with this activity, rather than ask him questions about his past life. While we were doing this, Mr. Silverthorne walked into the room and spoke to me.:

RS. Do not....Say gentle maiden, do not trust him!

Mr. Rider took no notice of this interruption. He continued to concentrate on his jigsaw, even though Mr. Silverthorne made it obvious that he thought it was a childish activity:

Int. Do you like jigsaws Mr. Silverthorne?

RS. Not particularly. I did when I was a boy.

Still ignoring Mr. Silverthorne, Mr. Rider tried to explain to me where the jigsaw pieces should go. He seemed to want to keep busy, although he appeared to be willing to talk to me. His speech was difficult to understand, and even more difficult to transcribe. Many of Mr. Rider's words had to be transcribed phonetically throughout this investigation, as is apparent in the following conversation concerning his jigsaw:

MR. You see that is there here. *(MR. laughed)*.
Int. So you doing...like doing a jigsaw?
MR. Well it's n n n not. I do want want a saf saf something to do!
Int. Have to have something to do..
MR. But but if I I can can't come to talk to people and things, there'ssssss er was errrr.....
Int. You find it hard talking to people?
MR. Oh No! Oh No!

I felt rather confused over this latter part of the conversation. It seemed to me, however, that Mr. Rider might be trying to say that he could talk to people, without any shyness on his part. He continued to talk about the jigsaw:

Int. So you look at the picture and that's the yellow bit round there...
MR. Yes...yes....
Int. And then you're looking for the bits that go in here.....
MR. Yes..yes that goes on.....

It was very difficult trying to understand Mr. Rider, and I frequently made mistakes. He picked up a piece of the jigsaw that looked part of a bumble bee:

Int. So that's a sort of bee isn't it?
Mr. Yes.
Int. Looks like a bee
Mr. And ter er so some. Oh it is re.. ro ...
Int. It's round, yes.
Mr. No ! No!
Int. It's oval?
Mr. I came in this morning and the thing was all altered. I said.....*(Confabulated speech)*.

Mr. Rider was unable to name the various animals that were in the jigsaw, but recognised them when I said what they were. We seemed to get on well together, but, by the end of our first interview, I was still unsure if he would be able to continue in the role of informant, due to his impaired speech. The second interview took place a few days later. Mr. Rider was having further respite care due to a sudden illness in the family. Mr. Rider was pleased to see me. As we sat down together in the dayroom he leant forward and kissed me on the cheek. I began with some exploratory probes concerning his past. He agreed

that he had been in the Navy and said that he had liked it:

MR. And I was very good!

He further agreed that he had taught physics:

Int. And then you went into teaching...

MR. Yes.

Int. And you taught Physics?

MR. Yes. Yes...

Mr. Rider went on to imply that he felt that his cognitive capabilities were diminished:

Int. You've obviously got a very good brain.

MR. (Paused). It's em, it's not g goo good ge good goby gone now!

Int. Not good now?Does this worry you?

MR. I ca ca can thing ing on things things, but em.....

Int. You can think on things?

MR. Mmm...Mmm.....

Int. But it's harder now is it?.....It's harder now to think on things?

MR. Nooooo! I d d d d I think I can do the things I want to de de do do to!

Int. Does it get muddly?

MR. Not no no no. I don't think that! No.

He could not remember who I was:

MR. I mean I don't know you, or we wer...(MR. laughed nervously).

Int. No you wouldn't remember me.

MR. Why...Why?

Int. No, no.....I saw last... I saw you on Monday, just for a little while.

MR. And that that was were gugh were you g going to see me?

I explained who I was and why I was in the setting. Mr. Rider suddenly lost interest in my explanation and interrupted me to ask about his wife:

MR. Wha de de did ever I have a wife?

Int. You have a wife don't you?

MR. Where's my.....

Int. Your wife's at home isn't she?

MR. I've s'not not seen her!.....(MR. said in this in tones of great sadness).

Int. Oh you.....Does that worry you?

MR. It de dis!

Int. Yes, it does worry you.....

MR. It is!
 Int. Yes...
 MR. Well you d d d
 Int. You will see her again!
 MR. Well I may be er be get again the next day! Cause cause for I I I b b cer.....(MR. pointed out of the window to Willow ward).
 Int. Oh, you're staying over there...Do you...Do you not like staying here?.....Would you rather.....
 MR. I want my wife! (MR. began to become very upset).
 Int. You want your wife.....? You'd rather be home?
 MR. I men we come...
 Int. Yes, you'd rather be home?
 MR. Yes! Yes, that's what I want!
 Int. Yes you'd rather be home...
 MR. I d d do ooo love love for for for.....
 Int. You love her very much...?
 MR. Very much!
 Int. And you miss her?
 MR. An an an I'm I'm... (Incoherent speech)... You do l l l l get me I t t go an see her! I want to gant t se se se.....
 Int. You want to see her.....?
 MR. I do! er erWork work with her! (Impossible to understand rest of sentence).

I managed to change the subject and Mr. Rider became less anxious. We spoke about his teaching days. He agreed he had helped a lot of pupils go on to university. When I remarked that he had achieved a great deal, he said:

MR. Mm! Wha what d do I do n n now? I I I nothing else, there's n not.....
 Int. Do you get bored?
 MR. Yes!
 Int. Very bored...?
 MR. It's awful bor er er er!
 Int. It's awful, is it?
 MR. Yes!

Mr. Rider returned to the subject of his wife. He wanted to know if she loved him and if she did, why wasn't she there?

MR. What can my my wife?!
 Int. Your wife?.....
 MR. Does she l l love me?
 Int. Your wife loves you very much...Very much indeed...
 MR. But but does she she wo com come with with much she very much!

He seemed very distressed:

- MR.** But then I wan wanted t t to be with her! er wher er.....
(Confused speech).
- Int.** Mmm.....
- MR.** Do d d do you se that?
- Int.** Yes, I understand that. I understand that!
- MR.** Put co can I I I d d do!
- MR.** Well, you've just got wait a bit. Is it so horrible here?
 Everyone's very nice to you.
- MR.** Goin! G g No no. T T it isn't, it t isn't er um er....But but....

I said that he seemed very worried, and asked him if he worried a lot. His reply indicated that he wanted to do his best:

- MR.** Well I think er think erI don't lay lie doing nothings
 tha'ssss not not good!
- Int.** You don't like doing nothing. It's not good, It's not good.....
 But I think, always been a worrier. Have you always been a
 worrier?
- MR.** I wanted t t t die ve to b be de um good!
- Int.** So you wanted everything you do to be really good?
- MR.** Oh, as much as much as I can!

Mr. Rider asked me again why I was visiting him. He found it hard to understand my interest in listening to him:

- MR.** But I no not very clever!

I asked him about his jigsaw and he tried to show me how difficult it was to complete. He was due to return home the next day, but he said that he would not remember this. His carer from the Alzheimer Disease sitting service came in to visit him and to take him out to lunch. Mr. Rider recognised her and greeted her with pleasure. He seemed very happy as I left.

Indications of Some Emergent Themes

Although this was a very early stage in the investigation, there were some indications that Mr. Rider liked to be busy and to finish whatever he started. He seemed to want to do his best in all circumstances. I wondered if he was rather a perfectionist, or if he was trying to create some stability and control in his increasingly changing world. He displayed great concern and love for his wife but, again, this may have been heightened by her absence. Miesen, (1991), suggests that the insecurity that confronts AD sufferers leads them to become 'attached' to times of security, such as childhood and parents. Attachment theory might also be seen as applicable to other providers of safety and security, such as a loving and supportive spouse.

Although these interpretations were speculative, I decided that future interviews would indicate any possible significance of these themes.

Our third interview took place nearly three weeks later. He remembered me and he appeared to be happy. This was a long interview and his recall of the past was good. He displayed interest in the dictaphone:

Int. I'm recording your voice.

MR. Myee voi vois voice?

Int. Yes (*I played a portion of the tape back to him*).

MR. Yes?! I said tha tha that that ! (*MR. laughed with delight*).

When I said that I used the recorder because I did not remember too well, Mr. Rider said he, too, had a problem with his memory. It did not appear to cause him great concern:

Int. Because I don't remember very well.

MR. Yeah, I don't!

Int. You don't?

MR. I don't.

Int. Does that worry you?

MR. No....

Int. It worries me sometimes...

MR. No, no! But it di di di di do come back when n n n n int!

Int. It'll come back?

MR. Yes, Mm!

I commented on Mr. Rider's time in the Navy. He interrupted me to tell me he had two children:

Int. You were... (*MR. interrupted*).

MR. An an an I have two!

Int.in the Navy.....

MR. No No...No iser iser there. Um an me me my wife er er and we had two two two little childer.

Int. Two children?

MR. (*Long Pause*). And I went in in to to tee teaching.

Int. Teaching? You went into teaching.

MR. Not not er long time!

Int. For a long time?

MR. Mmm...

This exchange indicates the difficulties that I had in understanding Mr. Rider. It is quite possible that he was trying to tell me that he had not taught for a long time. Misinterpretation of client's meaning in a psychotherapeutic context can harm client disclosure. However, Mr. Rider continued with the topic of teaching. He went on to say that he was a better teacher than his wife. He said that he had taught for about forty years. He could not understand why he had to leave:

MR. But woulder would I um....I do do that job! For about forty years forty...

Int. Forty years?. Wow!
MR. Mmm.....That's me!
Int. That's you!
MR. That's me! (*MR. laughed exuberantly*).
Int. So you're very clever?
MR. I don't know why they they thre threw me out!....

He said he liked teaching. His wife had to stay home and look after the children. He implied three times in the interview that she didn't like doing this. I was not sure if he was referring to the time he was in the Navy when he was away at sea for long periods and his wife might have missed him. She may have found it difficult bringing up their children while he was away. As in all conversations with Mr. Rider, interpretation was speculative:

MR. And she did didn't didn't like the (*Confused speech with laughter*).... childrens! She had to do she.....I ha had to to get to the main money for for to to do.....
Int. So you had to go out to work?
MR. Mmm!
Int. And she stayed home to look after the children?
MR. Yep! ..Mmm....She did did'le did'le like that....
Int. She didn't like that?
MR. No.....

He felt he could look after children himself:

Int. Hard looking after children....
MR. Yes!.....But I c c could er do that!
Int. You could do that, yes.....Do you like children?
MR. Mmm.....
Int. You do?
MR. Yes!

As the interview progressed, Mr. Rider began to recall fragments of his past more easily. He spoke about his time in the Navy:

MR. Mmm...Well ! Was in ships! Ss se sssss...
Int. You were in the Navy...
MR. Navy! For for four years I'd
Int. Four years? Did you like it in the Navy?
MR. Yes.....(*MR. sounded a little hesitant*).
Int. Did you go all over the world?
MR. No n n a lot! It's the me Med. In the Med!
Int. In the Mediterranean?
MR. Yes. Mmm....I was the.....

I asked Mr. Rider if he had been an officer in the Navy. After much hesitation and misinterpretations, we established that he had been an officer in the Navy and he had had three stripes. This meant he was vey important:

Int. So what does three stripes mean?

MR. Try try try it's good!

Int. It was good was it? So three stripes meant you were good?

MR. They they were wer captain then, but it jus jus jus was....
(*Confused speech*).....over m me!

We continued to speak about his working career. He said that he had worked since he was twenty one, when he left university with his degree in physics. I asked him if he had had a good life. He seemed to have no regrets. He said he would do it again:

Int. And you're a happy man?

MR. Yes! I I've a good good vife. (*Wife or life?*).

Int. You've had a good life?

MR. Mmm....

Int. Do you have any regrets?

MR. (*Paused*).....No! Does it gain, no.....Good!

Int. It's good...Thank you, thank you.....

I asked Mr. Rider if I might come and talk to him on other occasions. He agreed that I could return to see him again. This last section of the interview, which was concerned with life review, indicated that Mr. Rider felt he had had a good life. However most of the interview appeared to be largely factual in content. It was interesting to note that he could recall more facts than before. This might be for a number of reasons. Mr. Rider was now in his own home and his anxiety levels were much reduced. Further, he recognised me, and, perhaps, perceived me as non threatening. Also, his recall was focussed on life achievements. These appeared important to him. He told me several times that he "was very good". I took this to mean that he was good at what he did. I left the setting after this interview feeling that perhaps I would never really understand Mr. Rider, but would only gain faint glimpses of his personality. However, the fourth interview was to change my perceptions of him. This was undoubtedly the most traumatic interview of the entire investigation.

The fourth interview took place some two weeks later. He was once again on respite care which appeared to be slowly increasing. This period of respite care was lasting longer than the usual seven days, as there had been a death in the family, and his wife was away from home. He became increasingly anxious on Willow ward and tried to leave. Two days previously, his behaviour had become violent when he was prevented from leaving the setting, and he kicked down three fire doors. He was physically restrained and taken to the secure locked ward, as staff felt he was a danger to himself and other patients. The staff had tried many therapeutic approaches prior to this incident. They had taken him home to show him his empty house and continually told him his wife was away visiting relatives. None of these approaches were successful. Staff from the day hospital and Willow ward, seemed very sad that Mr. Rider was in the secure unit.

The senior charge nurse of the day hospital reported the events of the last few days on my arrival in the setting. He rang the the secure unit to see if it was appropriate for me to visit Mr. Rider. Staff felt that as he was now much calmer, it would be permissible for me to visit him.

Mr. Rider was very pleased to see me. He hugged me and kissed me on both cheeks. The senior charge nurse of the ward showed us into a small private sitting room with a glass viewing panel. Mr. Rider and I were alone. The following interview has been reported in its entirety as it disclosed so many of Mr. Rider's emotions and his phenomenological view of his present situation. The underlining of certain words and phrases denotes the emphasis placed on them by Mr. Rider. I began the interview by asking him how he was. He said life was rotten:

Int. So life's been rotten!?

MR. Dat dat e ..well I'll I'll think you'll say see umNow if if I can say say propaply...

Int. You can say it properly?

Mr. Rider thumped the arm of the chair as he spoke:

MR. I I don't don't know maynent in in my friends ind in there! Because I I they'll they'll.. (*Speech became incoherent*)And they'll they they they'll let let me me me my my my hands for ends.... (*Speech became incoherent*).... I I I so si si seen my wife!

Int. Yes..Yes.....

MR. E e ec ec I I I . I did not not see seen this this friend!

Int. Yes.....Yes.....

MR. Well er er it I get I I don't know her! And then then it's it's se se....(*Speech became incoherent*).... in my house, in our house.....and I haven't never seen her! Not for a se se anow.

Int. So you went to your house and you didn't see your wife?

MR. No!

Int. Aaah...

MR. No!

Int. Well, your wife is away. She's on holiday.....

MR. She has un um num but it's not always! always! (*MR. sounded angry*).

Int. Oh no no no.....

MR. I know as I say I nev never never ever eve... (*MR.'s speech became incoherent*)....She she she come come to to see! She she does does to to see! I see not not NOT ever!

I asked him if he felt angry with his wife:

Int. Do you feel angry with your wife Melvin?

MR. What?

Int. Do you feel angry with your wife?

MR. No! No so so so rotten! er er rotten.
 Int. You're sad and unhappy..
 MR. I'm ad de de yes!
 Int. You're sad and unhappy.
 MR. I'm very happy happy!
 Int. Very unhappy?
 MR. Very! *(MR. began to cry. Speech became incoherent).* I do
 wan she like.....
 Int. And you feel angry?
 MR. I do! Very ! Very!
 Int. Very angry...yes.....Do you feel people are making you do
 things?
 MR. What!
 Int. Do you feel people are telling you what to do?
 MR. N No!
 Int. No.....
 MR. N N N N I can't can't can't do d told. I I I not not not said!
 I've never seen la seen er ...and anything else! And that's
 what's on on on my my my bad head! *(MR. sounded
 frustrated and angry).*
 Int. That's what on your mind?...All the time?
 MR. Yes! Yes! *(MR. spoke quietly and calmly).*
 Int. And you're very upset.....
 MR. I I am! *(Again said clearly).*
 Int. I'm upset for you. I feel sad that you're upset.....I don't
 like.....I feel sad for you.....
 MR. No no seen een it! Saw any!
 Int. Oh....Poor Melvin!.....
 MR. I I vi vi vin in et that that I been in nnnnnn youb
 job!.....And all is never never never ca ca came to see to
 the ho my my wife se ve. Is it se se se sink in.....I'm all for
 for el all the body bodies is is the the I go go to do a job, do
 a joba joba a job job a job job and it's all the..... *(Speech
 deteriorated as MR. became increasingly angry).*

I tried to remind him of his past, of the days when he was in control of his life. I tried to return a sense of self identity in the midst of self disintegration. I was remarkably unsuccessful:

Int. You've worked hard! You went to University. You went into
 the Navy didn't you?
 MR. Yes!
 Int. You were good! You had three stripes in the Navy. You went
 into teaching, you taught at You were head of the
 Physics Dept. You were a better teacher than your wife. You
 were a very good teacher! And now.... you feel that all
 that's gone.....
 MR. I've not set seen seen my mo mother or or or any event se
 se se.....
 Int. You haven't seen any of your relatives?
 MR. No! My the whole of this is is been here! And in in on one or

two... *(MR.'s speech became incoherent. MR. became very angry and then cried. He put his head on my shoulder. My eyes filled with tears).*

MR. I have have here all and nothing else! I d d d d.....I don't
le le le t t er r r farm! *(MR. cried).* I I I I

Int. You're very unhappy aren't you?

MR. Very very very un.....*(He cried again)*.....Is er is isi si
choughed from me! I can't can it's either had always
always all all wa wa wa there. I d d d d I n nno else.....

Mr. Rider went on to speak of how he felt when he was restrained and brought into the ward:

Int. You've been a very important man, and now....*(MR. Interrupted).*

MR. No! No I le don done done no! I I I... *(Speech became incoherent)*... are saying jus jus chuck chuck in me in.....

Int. Just chuck you in?

MR. And nothing!

Int. Did it hurt when they chucked you in?

MR. Very!

Int. Very?

Mr. Rider sighed heavily:

Int. You don't like it here?

MR. I don't!

Int. You don't.....You want to be home.....

MR. The the the that. Oh yes! The wo er er here! I'm on all on!
I've got to stay here!*(Said with great anger).*

Int. Oh, you've got to stay here?

MR. Oh to stay stay stay say.....

Int. And you don't want to stay here....

MR. Yes! I'd lik like to to go go home, of course.

Int. You'd like to go home.

MR. I have not not got talk talk to fen fen my... *(Speech became incoherent)*.....I have not not any any ism. This
this is used used us as me. It's me! And I can't can't can
the the only thing that I can de do! Now now! Can
you tell mo ther you'll let let me go go see now!*(MR. sound very angry and frustrated).*

By the stage of the interview I was aware that I was experiencing feelings of powerlessness and incompetence. I found the interview to be very distressing. In trying to empathise with Mr. Rider's feelings, I became aware that I too, was possibly encountering similar feelings in myself. I was experiencing emotions of fear, rage/anger, anguish. I felt in pain. I felt lost. Mr. Rider begged me to take him away from the setting;

MR. But but they hel n n ot not long to do! Th th se se se ...I

want to go there!It'll be rattle be be cause cause I I I I be
 be be no no there, I think! But but can I can go?Say
now! Will you take me there!..Er er an an let me and
 I have not said bu be....

Int. I don't under...Sit down Melvin..I don't under...Aahhh! *(MR. put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a sweet. He gave it to me).*

MR. Sat so I only got one!

Int. Melvin.... Have a sweetie.....Sit down.....

MR. Er what?!

Int. Sit down, have a sweet.

MR. That's my two.....

Int. Yes....you're a..... you're a lovely man!

MR. What?

Int. You're a lovely man..

MR. Why?!

Int. I like you. You're a very kind man. I always like seeing you.....

MR. You you you.....I'm sixty years an and and and and I that was the time. All this this head has had had my three. Always. Never! Til go go in here!... Do do you you do you.....

Int. I understand Melvin

MR. Can can do.

Int. I understand I understand You don't *(MR. interrupts).*

MR. I I not! I

Int. You want go from here.....

MR. I can't yes.....Oh.....*(MR. cried)....And you'll go on won won't you. Making me me get in in so so go go there there an I say out! Get get it out for that for that for....(Speech deteriorated. MR.'s voice rose. He sounded very angry).*

Int. I haven't got any...*(MR. interrupts).*

MR. For thing *(Speech deteriorates).* Can't can't cant' t t do it!

Int. I'm only your friend, Melvin.....

MR. I haven't any friends! I have nev nev an any frens *(He screamed this at me. He was beside himself with rage).* An you don't know know. Any of you! Dun't don't all in seeing you. What are you going to do?

I tried to explain that I had no authority over his treatment. I could not take him home. Mr. Rider did not understand, or want to accept this:

Int. I just came in to say hello.....I'm not..*(MR. interrupted).*

MR. What?!

Int. I just came in to see you to say hello.....

MR. Do you cloned?

Int. I'm not being very helpful and I'm not very good. I'm very sorry.....

MR. No! You you beil beil t t to do! *(Speech became*

incoherent)...It's Rider doing this!
 Int. Rider? Yes that's Mr. Rider. That's you.....
 MR. Yes! I want on out!
 Int. I know..
 MR. Please please now now count out out take me out and go!
(He knelt in front of me).
 Int. I know you want to go.....
 MR. Come! Look I've had to gie you you had it for it for all these weeks. *(Speech became incoherent)*.....*and they they*
(Speech became incoherent)....Oh come getlet me get out!
 Int. Let's go and see the other chaps.....
 MR. Come! Come!

Mr. Rider then led me out of the door and we went into the day room where I looked at his jigsaw on the table. Mr Rider began shouting. He was not shouting at anyone in particular, it was as if the sight of the room enraged him. His behaviour became very violent. He overthrew furniture and threw coffee cups from the trolley on to the floor. The staff in the setting attempted to calm him down, but without success. The panic button was pressed and staff flooded in from other wards. Mr. Rider pushed/hit the senior charge nurse, he was then restrained. I left the ward as he was being carried to one of the single restraining rooms. He was screaming:

MR. You sods! You sods! You absolute sods!

It is difficult to evaluate this interview subjectively. As I write these words some eighteen months after the event, the memory of this experience remains vivid in my mind. The associated emotions remain overwhelming.

Throughout all the psychological pain engendered from this interview, however, Mr. Rider made his feelings and meanings, very clear. His anger and rage allowed him to tell his story with greater clarity. He indicated that he felt he had no control over his life, and that he had no one who was on his side, "no frens". All he wanted to do was to go home. For this he had been "chucked in" to the ward. He was desperately trying to remind both of us that he still retained personhood, "I'm Rider". I was of no help to him whatsoever, in that I did not take him home.

It is interesting that he did not hit me, but chose instead, to push/hit the senior charge nurse. This however, may just have been co-incidental. It might be argued that this entire episode could be perceived as an example of Alzheimer frenzy. However, although Mr. Rider was beside himself with rage, his viewpoint was not irrational. Indeed, it had much rationality. This experience was, in some ways, positive. It indicated to the hospital staff that asking informants how they felt, when they were very angry with the perceived system of care, was dangerous. It was generally agreed that I should not speak to informants when they were on the secure ward, or subject to severe

mood swings in any other setting.

I was not to speak to Mr. Rider for a further month. He remained on the secure ward for a further week before being returned to Willow ward as the secure ward needed his bed. He managed to get out of Willow ward and was returned to the hospital by the police. He continued to make repeated efforts to escape. During a visit to the ward, I saw him sitting in the dayroom feeding one of the patients with great care and kindness. He was not discharged from the ward until his behaviour was considered to be stabilised. He seemed to settle quickly at home and staff in the setting reported that he seemed quite calm. We met again in day room of the day hospital at the beginning of August 1992. Mr. Rider was very sleepy. He appeared settled, and life seemed good for him at the moment:

Intbut you feel quite happy
MR. Mmm...Yes!
Int. Nothing's worrying you?
MR. No!
Int. That's good!
MR. Ni mare's ppppeoples! *(MR. laughed).*
Int. Nice people to talk to?
MR. Yes yes yes.

He found it difficult to believe that he was popular in the setting:

Int. Yes you. All the staff like you.
MR. Me?! *(MR. sounded incredulous).*
Int. You!
MR. Oh. Oh. *(MR. laughed).*
Int. Makes you feel good doesn't it?
MR. Yes.
Int. It's nice to be liked isn't it?
MR. Likes to be b b b be with be be be people.
Int. Nice people?
MR. Nice er yes....

We chatted for a while. Mr Rider looked at the large clock in the dayroom:

MR. It's turn turn nin nin
Int. It is. The clock does say it's twenty five past nine.
MR. *(Paused).....Dear... Poor dear.... (MR. looked at a very frail chairbound lady who was making a lot of noise). She tries doesn't she?*

He sounded very caring as he spoke. I asked him again if he had any worries. Yet again, he said he happy. I began to talk of a forthcoming visit to the dentist. Mr. Rider said that he had to go to the dentist as well:

Int. I've got to go to the dentist this morning.
MR. Well so have I. Not that it it it.....It's bad! S s I think
me me mine.....l l l let bi bi bit more rer. This day to today
I've got to go go this day.
Int. I've got to go this morning....
MR. Mmm...Yes!.....
Int. Do you mind going to the dentist?
MR. No, I don't like really no.
Int. I don't like going.
MR. Some some sometimes there there there hurties!

Mr. Rider looked out of the window of the setting towards Willow ward:

MR. They goooo over there the the the

Int. Have you been over there?
MR. I've been, yes.
Int. Did you like it over there?
MR. It's funny.....(*MR. did not smile as he said this*).

I asked him if he minded coming to the setting:

Int. You don't mind coming here though, do you?
MR. Well The haft t to!
Int. You have to?
MR. Mmm....

Other clients entered the setting and our conversation ceased.

A Discussion of Some Emergent Themes

Although Mr. Rider could recall some of his past life, it was his present concerns that appeared to be most significant. As soon as his anxiety levels rose, he wanted to return to his home. The evidence so far indicates that his anxieties were able to spiral into rage and anger, but when these were under control he appeared to lead a more peaceful and happier life.

Whilst Mr. Rider and I had shared some emotionally intense experiences, I still felt that I had failed to fully understand him. I had gained an impression of a controlled man who was losing control of his life. It was difficult to touch the inner person although he was a very tactile man, much given to hugs and embraces. I had seen him in a very caring role with two patients in the setting. Staff had told me that he frequently helped others, especially during periods of respite care. It was not uncommon for him to sit and calmly feed more dependent patients.

Mr. Rider often held my hand when we met. If my hands were cold, he would exclaim in some surprise and briskly rub them for me. He would also examine my varnished finger nails with delight, and gently

stroke each one. These experiences and observations led me to see him as a gentle and caring person who found it difficult to readily share his feelings. This may have always been the case. Equally, his loss of cognitive ability may explain his reluctance to disclose. However, other informants, both in this investigation and in the pilot study, who were also severely cognitively impaired were able to express their emotions with some ease. Our sixth interview together indicated a preoccupation with present concerns. Mr. Rider wanted to go home. He was worried about his wife and he wanted to be with her.

MR. All day!

Int. You don't like her being by herself all day

MR. No!.....

Int. And you don't...And you don't like being here?

MR. (Paused)....Well she can't can't can't to do self...

Int. You don't like her being on her own?

Int. Do you find it hard to think about anything else Melvin?

MR. Mmm..

Int. Is all you can think about is your wife being at home?

MR. Mmm....Well she sh sh she did d d she does n't see any any any body body!

Int. Oh you think she's lonely?

MR. Yes!....

Int. So you're worried that she may be lonely?

MR. Yes! Mmm.....I don't want to come!

Int. You don't want to come here....

MR. Mmm.....

Int. So it's two things really isn't it? One you think she's lonely and two, you don't want to come here.....

MR. Well she can't cansk comsk comsk skere.

Int. She can't come here?

MR. Can't she?

Mr. Rider did not want to talk anymore. He would not answer any further questions. He looked sad and miserable.

The Middle of the Investigation

Our next recorded interview in the setting took place near the end of September. We had met a number of times before this for brief chats, including an unrecorded interview which took place earlier in the month. For some reason the dictaphone failed to operate, but field notes indicated that our meeting was pleasant and free from anxiety. During our conversation he told me that physics and maths were easy to learn, I asked him if he preferred being in the Navy or teaching. Mr. Rider said he liked teaching. There was some classical music being played on the radio in the day room and he was nodding his head in obvious enjoyment. He pointed to a very demented lady who was tapping her foot to the music. When he was asked if he liked classical music, he said he liked it very much. He could not recall any favourite

composers but nodded his head vigorously when I asked if he liked Mozart. He also agreed he was a member of the local operatic society.

The seventh interview which took place near the end of the month had far less content. Mr. Rider was very sleepy although pleased to see me. His speech was very confused. I told him my son was at university. He was interested in this and asked what he was studying. We spoke of his own university days. He seemed to have enjoyed them:

MR.And it was good good good!

Int. It was good?

MR. Oh yes!

Int. I think it's lovely to look back and think you went to a famous college.

MR. Mmm.....

Int. You were very lucky.

MR. Mmm....

Int. Mind you, you must have been very clever.

MR. *(Paused)*. I had a good good good d d d d thing in b b....
(Confused speech).

Int. You had a good start?

MR. That's the very! Very very good start star!

Int. Very good start...And your Mum um really well helped you didn't she?

MR. Yes...Mmm.....

Int. Mmm....So you had good parents?

MR. Mmm ?.....

Int. You've really achieved, Melvin!.....

MR. Oh it's good good days!

Int. Good days?...Good days.

MR. Yes, yes yes yes....*(MR. gave a lovely joyous smile as he said this. His tone of voice sounded happy)*.

Our next meeting which took place a few days later, was quite dissimilar. Mr. Rider was having a further period of respite care and did not appear to be quite so happy and content. His speech seemed to be more disordered and his memory loss was more evident. He implied that I was not a lot of help with his present concerns:

MR. I don't know what's what's the top.....You came here here a p p p p p this morning to t t t t tWhat use is that?

He did not seem to remember me at first:

MR. How do you know know will be be be be about me?

Int. How do I ? I've seen you lots of time before.

MR. Have you?

Int. Yes.

MR. Why with?

Int. I I've come in to say hello and speak to you.

MR. Have you?
Int. You don't remember me Melvin!
MR. And so?
Int. That's upsetting.
MR. Mmm?
Int. I remember you. We've had lots of chats.
MR. Didn't one one one gone g g go gid gid in the the the morling?
Int. Yes, I've been in here before in the morning to see you, yes.
MR.. But didn't did n't ask so speak.
Int.. Didn't I...Mostly I speak to you if I see you. Sometimes you're asleep. You're sitting here. *(I closed my eyes and pretended to be asleep).*

He could not remember his wife clearly, and also failed to recall that he had two children.

MR. One....Mm.....*(Long pause)*....I had a wife.....Don't know where it's gone a gone g g g.....
Int. Got two children as well.
MR. What?
Int. Got two children haven't you?
MR. Who? Who?
Int. You have two children.
MR. Me? I I have ee?

His memory seemed to improve, however, as we continued our conversation:

MR. I d don't don't don un understand it it!
Int. You remember that you were in the Navy don't you?
MR. Yes!
Int. And you went to university.
MR. Yes!

Int. So you remember all that don't you?
MR. Mm....
Int. And you enjoyed your time in the Navy didn't you?
MR. Yor for not not for long!
Int. Not for long? You enjoyed your time at university.
MR. Yes.
Int. You told me they were good days.
MR. Yes.
Int. And you told me you had good parents.
MR. And I have..when when de then! I w ha had d d a wife. I don't know what the the the is now!
Int. You don't know where your wife is now?
MR. What?!
Int. You don't know where your wife is now.
MR. I don't know where.....*(MR's voice sounded soft and sad).* Have n you?

I told him that he would see his wife soon. He questioned me closely about this, but seemed to accept what I was saying.

MR. And you se you think that that's...

Int. I know it's true!

MR. And were sh should I should d do?

Int. What should you do? Well just wait. You'll be home soon.

MR. T coming to me?

Int. You've not been forgotten. You feel forgotten don't you?

MR. Mmm!

Int. I know. But you've not been forgotten. You're not lost and forgotten Melvin. Not lost and forgotten.

MR. Well, have to wait and see. (*MR. smiled*).

He seemed happier and more peaceful as the interview came to an end. The next interview took place a few days later. Mr. Rider was due to go home the next day after fourteen days respite care. The whole interview was largely devoted to constant reassurance that he would go home:

MR. Tomorrow?

Int. Yes.

MR. Is it?

Int. Yes.

Int. Well, that's alright isn't it?

Int. Your wife comes back tomorrow.

MR. And we we c c c cut cut cut together gether?

MR. Do you think it's a be alright?

Int. Oh yes! It will happen.

MR. She wills be be bebe be...

Int. She's not left you. She's coming to get you tomorrow.

MR. And she she lets it... (*Speech become incoherent*).

MR. The there's two of us.

Int. Two of you

MR. Me and she.

Int. Me and she, yes.

MR. And that's that's alright?

Int. That alright, yes. That's fine. That's good.

MR. Mmm!

Int. Very good.

He returned to the subject of going home again, but ended up laughing. The interview ended on a good note.

Our tenth interview together took place some two and a half weeks later. Mr. Rider was in a good mood and agreed to sit with me in the

staff room of the setting where we were alone. His speech impairment was worsening and it was difficult to interpret his meanings. During the interview, we discussed his need to do everything to the best of his ability:

Int. You like things done well don't you?

MR. Mmm....

Int. And organised.

MR. I'm not not dwigh d d d....I'm not very g g good good good at er at er d d d d duzel dems [doing them?].

Int. You're not? I think you're a very organised man. You like things just so don't you? You like things to be done right!

MR. Oh yes! Mmm.....

Int. Very good!

Mr. Rider then asked what I did:

MR. What what d do you do do d do?

Int. What do I do? I look after older people and....

MR. Oh! Oh..

Int. Yes, I look after older people and I'm er.....

MR. Oh I c c c can. (*Disordered speech*). Now now! (*MR. pointed to himself*).

Int. Oh I don't think so! You're a bit young for me! (*We laughed*).

We spoke of his teaching days. Mr. Rider still felt he was a good teacher:

Int. And you liked teaching people.

MR. Mmm! And I d d d did it good!

Int. You were good I'm sure! Yes! (*MR. laughed*).

Int. It's hard teaching isn't it? (*Pause*). It's hard work teaching.

MR. (*Paused*). I don't un cer cer cer ces er erNo! We did did our job! And er er er der....der.....

Int.. I've done some teaching and I find it hard work.

MR. Mm...Oh no! N n n n not tee ge get...liked doing!

He recalled his days in the Navy:

Int. Did you like teaching better than being in the Navy? Was teaching better?

MR. Now? (*Said questioningly*). Well l l l l lWell l l l l it it it does der der der der but but de de no no wa wa ter de de de de..I I I was alright! I I

Int. You were alright sailing about on the water?

MR. Mmm...Mmm...

Int. Enjoyed that....

MR. Mmm...

Int. But you...You said to me..... (*MR. interrupted*).

MR. Well I have a a wife. And she she want to to... (*Disorganised*)

speech). I was here, there, and all th th th th doubt about and er so so we got about.. house and we we.....

Int. So your wife stayed in the house, while you went to sea?

MR. Yes! Mmm Mmm.

Int. You said to me, going back even further when you at Oxbridge, they were good days.

MR. Yes! Oh yes!

I congratulated him on his academic accomplishments. He was pleased:

Int. You're so clever Melvin!

MR. Well I did did was er (*MR. laughed*)... I di di di want ter ter do it! Mmm! Mmm...

Int. You're a very lucky man.

MR. That's nice! Nice.....

After the interview had ended, I went with Mr. Rider back to the day room. There were two schoolgirls there doing community work. He greeted them with great pleasure and it was possible to see him in the role of a teacher. His approach and manner were very good and they responded well to his skills. He took great delight in their presence and he looked very happy as he spoke to them. Mr. Rider and I met again the following week. He was in a very affectionate mood and greeted me with a big hug and a kiss on the cheek. As we sat down in the day room he leaned forward and kissed me again on the cheek. He seemed very happy. One of the staff brought him some coffee and placed it on the table in front of him. He was concerned that I had not been given one:

MR. You haven't go got got one of those other d d d. (*He looked at the cup of coffee he had just been given*).

I told him that the staff had given me some coffee while I was waiting for him. I remarked that he seemed happy today. He agreed that he was, although he immediately

MR. Yes! Mm.....That go g g g go ove ove over there. (*MR. pointed towards Willow. Ward*)

Int. You don't like it there?

MR. Not a lo. No....

Int. No.

MR. Funny!

Int. Funny place?

MR. Mm. Mm....

Int. You like it better here?

MR. Oh yes! Mm...(*MR. leant over and kissed me on the cheek*).

Int. Oh! Oh! Three kisses! (*We both laughed*).

Another resident wandered across the room and stood in front of us. I offered her my place. She sat down next to Mr. Rider and began to talk to us. It was impossible to continue the interview with Mr. Rider. The three of us had a general conversation which gradually included most other clients in the room. When it was time for me to leave, they said they were sorry to see me go. I felt happy that Mr. Rider seemed so settled and contented. His mood continued to be good during our next meeting, again one week later. He was pleased to see me in the day room and began to tell me a story about a girl. His speech was very disordered, and it was hard to understand what he was saying:

MR. Mm.....No this g girl....she's to to to she. I a had w w one t tirl [girl?].

I wondered if he was trying to tell me about his daughter:

MR. I know know. I know know there are are are r r r this is isThe this girl...And er and she's got two two now now.

Int. Two? Two children?

MR. Mm.

Int. Is this your daughter? (*MR. did teach his own daughter at the grammar school*).

MR. Not mine.

Int. No. Because you've got a daughter haven't you?

MR. (*Pause*). I don't know!

I knew his daughter lived in Leeds and had two children. This information, used as a prompt, seemed to help Mr. Rider to remember:

Int. With the little ones. Two little ones. They live in Leeds don't they?

MR. That's it is Leeds Lee, that that's the one!

Int. That's the one!

MR. One, yes!

Int. We got there!

MR. Yes. That's right! Yes an she she's ha har way down. We like them!

One of the staff in the setting began to read the daily newspaper aloud to clients sitting in the day room. I asked Mr. Rider if he would like to go to a quiet room and he agreed. We went in to the quiet lounge and looked at the large aviary that was situated just outside the window:

MR. Oh Oh Oh Oh! (*He watched the birds in silence for a while*). There's a bird! How many? How many?

Int. Oh I don't know.....

All the birds suddenly took to the air in a great, colourful, wheeling flight:

MR. Look at tho!

Int. Yes!

MR. *(Laughed).* A londerful!.....There's nice ni ni d d day.
(The sun was shining, creating a pretty scene).

Int. Beautiful day! Sunshine makes you happy.

MR. Yes!

Int. Makes you feel good to be alive.....

MR. Mmm.....*(He watched a man tending to the birds in the aviary).* And they feed them.....

Int. *(I noticed a man talking to the aviary keeper. He looked like a vicar).* Is that a vicar?

MR. Mm?

Int. Is that man a vicar? He's got a collar on. Looks like a..

MR. *(Interrupted).* What, there are these he here? *(MR. touched his own collar).*

Int. Yes. yes. Round his neck.

MR. Oh it's me that's that's er er de *(MR. laughed loudly as he touched his own collar).*

Int. Do you think you're a vicar Melvin? *(We laughed).*

MR. Well e sarts a see me! *(MR. touched his collar again).*

It was interesting that we were able to hold a meaningful conversation, even with Mr. Rider's severe speech impediment. It seemed as if sharing meaning and understanding enabled him to feel happy. I asked him if his wife was well. He thought she was. I reminded him that they had been together a long time, and that they had met when playing tennis:

Int. Years ago when you first met your wife, you played.....you were playing tennis.

MR. Yes! Mm!

Int. And you've been married a long time....It's good!

MR. Mm! And we d don't go far. We w de go....like e e each other.

Int. You like each other?

MR. Mmm.....

We watched the birds again:

MR. Mmm.....There's all wa some some seeds. And water!

Int. Yes. Seeds and water. Everything they could possibly want!

We watched the man in charge of the aviary feed the birds.

MR. It's do doing it now!

Int. Yes. The food and water. They're well looked after aren't they?

MR. Mmm.....

Int. He's doing a good job!

MR. Mmm.

We returned to the day room where Mr. Rider greeted all the female carers with hugs. They welcomed him with much affection. I said goodbye to him and left the room. I was pleased that Mr. Rider was so calm and happy. The interview had appeared to increase his feelings of well-being. I spoke to the senior charge nurse at the end of this session and, to my surprise, I learned that Mr. Rider was on respite care. It was unusual for him to be this settled when he was an in-patient. The next recorded interview took place in the middle of November. Mr. Rider still seemed to be in a happy state and welcomed me with his usual hugs. He wanted to stay in the day room which was noisy and cheerful. While we spoke, the occupational therapist ticked the back of his neck as she passed by him. Mr. Rider thought this was very funny:

**MR. Aah! You click click click click my my er earr. Yes! Yes!
Mm. (MR. laughed). Go ger click! (We both laughed).**

Int. She's a nice lady...

MR. She ee te tink so not not not not clicking round my necks!

I remarked on his evident state of well-being:

Int. You seem happy today.

MR. What?

Int. You seem happy.

MR. Oh. Yes! Yes!

Two schoolgirls came into the day room. They were visiting the setting as part of their community work project. They were wearing school uniform and seem to be about sixteen years old. Mr. Rider would have taught girls of this age. Mr. Rider noticed them and smiled and beamed at them benevolently. They smiled back at him as he spoke:

**MR. Now what what we not got to wear there there there who's
going and so so so tha's al alright!**

Int. You think uniform is good?

MR. Yes! Mm!

He spoke to the students:

MR. And what are you go going to t do?

They have a conversation with him about their future plans. They knew Mr. Rider had taught, and they reminded him of this fact:

Int. You liked teaching didn't you?

MR. Mmm.

Int. You were very good.

Mr. Rider did not seem to remember that he had been a good teacher. He also wanted to know how I knew this:

MR. Does it? Was I?....Mmm where now da da di do you know?

Int. You taught Physics didn't you?

MR. Yes! Yes!

Int. At the grammar school.

MR. Yes. Yes.....

Int. And you were very good.

This exchange appeared to trigger his recall of the past. He remembered going in to the Navy:

MR. Yes! (MR. chuckled loudly). Yes! Yes. I went into the Air force.

Int. Into the Navy?

MR. Into the Navy!

Int. Yes.....

MR. And then I d d d vo.....

Int. You went to S..... College in Oxbridge didn't you?

MR. Yes! Yes! Yes...

One of the schoolgirls interrupted us to say that her brother had just one place at this college. She and Mr. Rider had a brief discussion about this:

MR. Aaaaah! It's wiz a wood. It was good!

The schoolgirl told him that her brother had also been offered another place at University. Mr. Rider also recalled the name of that college:

MR. Eee what what I I was a long lol lol lol lo long

Int. Long time ago?

MR. Yes. Mmm.

Int. But they were good days weren't they?

MR. Oh, yes! Oh, yes!

Int. You were happy there.....

MR. Mm Mm.

Int. You've had a good life.....

Mr. Rider wanted to know how I knew this:

MR. How d d d di you re kn kn n n n that?

Int. How did I know that?

MR. Tha! Mmm!

Int. You've told me.

He asked me what I did. I said that I had done some teaching but I was not as good as he had been. He said that he had forgotten what he had achieved:

**MR. Is weedy. I forgotten what what I've done! (MR. laughed).
Not what ell [done well?]**

The two schoolgirls began to ask him about his teaching days. Mr. Rider seemed happy to chat to them and I gradually withdrew from the conversation. As I left the room, the two girls sat either side of Mr. Rider, their heads bent towards him as they spoke together. Mr. Rider looked very contented.

The Ending of the Investigation

A review of the data gathered from the last few interviews indicated that Mr. Rider's concentration was becoming more limited. Conversations were shorter and more generalised. Words were fading from memory and his speech became increasingly disordered. I was still able to understand him, however, possibly because I had spent so much time in his company and the interviews remained a source of pleasure for both of us.

Although we were yet to share a further three recorded interviews together, it is probable that this stage marked the beginning of the end of the investigation. As with other informants, however, it was still possible for Mr. Rider to surprise me with his comments and insight, and to indicate the uneven progression of his illness.

Mr. Rider and I met for our fourteenth interview together towards the end of November 1992. We met in the day room of the setting but eventually settled in the quiet lounge where Mr. Rider showed me his jigsaw. He was unable to use long sentences and frequently muddled words. His meanings however, remained clear. He picked up pieces of his jigsaw and said:

MR. Can't you see?

Int. Can't you see? Have you done some of this?

MR. Yes! Yes!

Int. That's pretty.

MR. Mm...

Int. You must be pleased!

**MR. Plee.....Or some bis some bis mu mucky be be mucky
[missing?].....(Disordered speech)....Look it's..it's...
it's....o o over there and then there's town town down down
b b b.....**

I pointed to the birds in the aviary just outside the window:

**Int. Have you seen the birds? (I pointed to the aviary
outside the window).**

MR. The birds?

**Int. Here. (I led him to the window. We looked at the
birds in silence).**

MR. Did you did you said?
 Int. The birds.....
 MR. You said there.....
 Int. They're all in there...
 MR. Yes, yes all all in th th th lit little leetle birds! Birds.
 Int. Little birds.....
 MR. Birds.....Yes.
 Int. They're lovely.
 MR. *(Clapped his hands sharply. The birds heard the noise and, in unison, rose in flight. MR. laughed with joy. He appeared to have meant to do this). Oooh!*
 Int. You've made them all fly.....*(Pause)...(MR. clapped his hands once more, but the birds did not rise again). No more.....*
 MR. Heh.....

The sun was shining in through the window. I commented on this:

Int. A nice day.....
 MR. Yes. A ice tart of day [Nice start to the day?]. And it's the good of a a 'll then stay.....Mm...
 Int. Sunshine is good.
 MR. *(Interrupted). Se sun shun senshine.....Very! Very, very very.....very.....*

Mr. Rider then moved across the room towards the door. Before he left the room, I asked him if his wife was well. He stopped moving and considered my question:

Int. Is Sally well? is your wife well?
 MR. Is my wi wi wife?
 Int. Sally?
 MR. Yes.

Int. You've been married a long time
 MR. Have I?
 Int. Mm...
 MR. Yes! Well well well...Mm....

Mr Rider then strode off back to the day room. I went with him. They were serving hot drinks, and after asking him if he would like a drink, I brought him a cup of coffee. As he drank his coffee, he told me he liked to see me. I repeated this:

Int. So you like to see me?
 MR. Oh yes!
 Int. Oh good! I like to see you.....
 MR. Mmm.....*(MR. Paused)....*
 Int. The sunshine is nice isn't it?
 MR. Mm! Mm! S s s sudden.....*(MR. paused).*

Int. The sun shines on the righteous.....
MR. Yes! Yes.
Int. It's shining on us.....
MR. Mm.....Not not when you're dead. No!

Because of the difficulty in understanding his words, I did not fully understand his reply until this interview was transcribed. I continued to talk about the sunshine and effectively halted any further disclosures that Mr. Rider might have made:

Int. That means we're good.
MR. Mm! Mm?

Mr. Rider began to watch the activities in the day room. He seemed content and settled and I left. We met again at the beginning of December. He saw me in the day room of the setting and greeted me with great pleasure. He gave me his usual bear hug and a kiss on both cheeks. He seemed very happy although he was having a period of respite care.

Int. You're happy, Melvin aren't you?
MR. Mm! Mm..
Int. You're happy.
MR. Yes! Yes! *(MR. stopped speaking and looked out of he window at Willow ward).*

His words indicated that thoughts of Willow ward did not worry him at the moment, but that he had lost something there:

Int. Do you like it there? Over there?
MR. There.....Yes! Wh it is, yes.....
Int. Quite nice?
MR. N N N now and mon de de de che 'll do! I've lost er per der s s s me lo e e over the there....Some'ere there.....

Mr. Rider was handed a cup of coffee by the staff:

MR. Mine!?
Int. Yes. Aren't you lucky!
MR. Wheeee! Where you going to s s sit?
Int. Shall we sit here?
MR. Eh.....*(MR. sat down and continued to look out of the window).*
Int. You notice everything going on, don't you?
MR. Yes! Mm! I've got to to t t t see s s... *(MR. laughed).. in any of er.....(Confused speech).*
Int. You like to see what's going on?
MR. Mm!.....

I began a general conversation with other informants who were sitting in the day room. Mr. Coxley was due to have an operation in the near

future. Mr. Rider appeared to listen with some interest. I asked him if he liked doctors:

Int. Do you like doctors Melvin?

MR. Mm?

Int. Do you like doctors?

MR. Yes! Yuh in maize [in the main?], please..mm..

Int. They don't.....?

MR. *(Interrupted)*. They teach you their their jobs an they know what's there..rr an then then that's good!

Int. They know their, if they know their jobs that's good.

MR. Mmm.

Int. They don't frighten you?

MR. No!

Int. They frighten me!

MR. No! No!.....

Int. So you respect someone who knows their job?

MR. Mm.....*(MR. paused)*. Oh, yes! Mmm.....

He continued to be preoccupied with his missing items:

MR. No!.....I'm going to the de de..... *(Disordered speech)*....Go there! I've got some something in the-ere rr over there that's mine! *(MR. pointed to Willow ward)*.

Int. Yes.

MR. Which is Rider....

Int. Yes you have.

MR. Mmm...

Int. But it's safe over there

MR. S s s s say ov over there....

Int. Mmm....Do you want to go back there?

MR. Yes! I'll have to!

He continued to worry about his lost property, but did not know what he had mislaid:

MR. Mm. Mm.....I do want I I d d left some something ov ov over there that I want it.

Int. Do you know what it is?

MR. *(Paused)*. No! *(We laughed)*.

Int. But you think when you see it, you'll know?

MR. But but some something I I've lo lost it then tend.....

I began to ask Mr. Rider about events in his past. The outline of his stories remained, for he appeared to recognise events that related to his own experiences, but the memory of the content of these events was much diminished:

Int. Do you miss when you were a teacher? Do you miss being a teacher?

MR. *(Paused)*. I liked tea tea teaching.

Int. Well, you were good.
MR. Mmm.... Mmm.....
Int. But you liked it in the Navy didn't you?
MR. Oh, yes! Mmm....
Int. And you liked it at S.....College at Oxbridge.
MR. Yes!

I told Mr. Rider that I was hopeless at physics when at school:

MR. Well you can c c c go in and to [do?] it t t t t I think!
Int. If you've got the right sort of brain....
MR. *(Interrupted)*. Yes! Yes!

I asked him some questions concerning this subject. The process of dementia had appeared to rob Mr. Rider of all knowledge of a subject that he had taught for years:

Int. Did you ever do much quantum physics?
MR. De what?
Int. Quantum physics? *(Pause)*Tiny little particles....
MR. Do larti c cules. You your little things.
Int. Little things...
MR. Mm...
Int. Yes.
MR. Mm....I met this this se se.. *(Confabulated speech)*.. on there. I don't know!

I saw Mr. Rider again one week later. After his usual boisterous greeting, he told me his feet were cold:

Int. You're cold!
MR. Mmm my my feet!
Int. Your feet are cold?
MR. Mmm.
Int. So you're not happy!
MR. Mmm.

He told me he was not wearing his own glasses:

MR. N not not my proper ones!
Int. Not your proper glasses?
MR. Mmm.
Int. Ah!
MR. G G ge got one at all! *(MR. found his glasses.in his pocket and looked at them intently)*. No it's er re re row row long long little ones!
Int. Oh! The wrong wrong little ones?
MR. Mmm.....

I noticed that he was watching a group of people speaking in the corner of the day room. One of them was a senior nurse who Mr.

Rider liked very much:

Int. You like....You like Sue.

MR. Yes.

Int. You like Sue.

MR. Mmm. Mmm. Is that Sue?

I continued to see Mr. Rider, at somewhat irregular intervals, throughout January 1993. He seemed to be happy although it was difficult to understand his words. He appeared to be deteriorating. I saw him in February 1993 and found him to be quite distraught. He could no longer remember/visualise his home. He seemed very frightened. He hugged me and put his head on my shoulder. It was very sad.

Mr. Rider and I continued to meet until the end of March 1993. He was always pleased to see me and would hug me with pleasure. Touch and simple non verbal communication became our chief method of contact. As his behaviour became more difficult to manage, his wife finally admitted defeat and requested full time care for her husband. Mr. Rider moved into Willow ward in September 1993 on a permanent basis. I saw him at irregular intervals after this time. I paid a final visit to the ward in January 1994. He found walking along the corridor with great difficulty and supported by a carer. He was very thin and looked very ill. He was unable to speak. He looked at me for a few moments and laid his head on my shoulder. He bore little resemblance to the tall vigorous man that I had met in June 1992. I gently held his wasted hand and silently said goodbye to him.

Conclusion

The story or narrative of Mr. Rider, on one level, appears to lend itself to simple interpretation. Following the progress of the interviews, it is possible to trace the disappearing content of his self stories. They show a positive decline over time. The meaning of his life was told in the form of accomplishments. He was proud of his achievements, and rightly so. It proved more difficult to encourage him to speak of his emotions. They were not easily accessible, except during the traumatic interview that took place in the secure unit of the setting. It was this interview that contained great emotionality. Indeed, these emotions were overwhelming and spiralled into uncontrollable rage and anger. Sinason, a psychotherapist, suggests that anger unlocks memory (Sinason 1992).

Perhaps this anger fuelled his understanding of the total loss of his autonomy. It certainly permitted Mr. Rider to tell his story with searing clarity. Sinason further suggests that therapists must be able to bear the painful reality of a experience, or no treatment is possible. However, in her extremely moving account of treatment with a highly intelligent man with advanced Alzheimer's disease, she, herself, needed support from a colleague. I well understood her grief over the

mental and physical devastation experienced by her client who was similar, in many respects, to Mr. Rider.

A review of his narrative indicates a life that is in decline, a story of progressive loss. But there were many moments in our time together when Mr. Rider was happy. On occasions he was joyful. Further, it appeared that some interviews gave him pleasure and he indicated that he enjoyed seeing me. In the midst of his terrible story there were times of happiness, which existed in spite of the malignancy of his illness. Above all else, however, the narrative of Mr. Rider gives us some shared understanding into the phenomenological world of the dementia sufferer. It opens our eyes to the reality of human suffering that has to be endured by these people, even if the sight of such suffering is almost too much for us to bear.

APPENDIX THREE

EIGHTH CASE-STUDY: MR. HUGH RAFT

INTRODUCTION

The eighth, and last informant of the group, was Mr. Hugh Raft. Mr. Raft was not selected by the senior charge nurse for this investigation, but rather joined the group because of his perceived needs. During my visits to the setting, I would often see him sitting in an armchair in the day room, silently crying. He looked very sad and pitiful. I spoke to him and said he seemed very upset. He said he was upset because his wife had died. The staff told me that this was his first wife, he had remarried during the last year. He attended the setting two days per week.

The senior charge nurse told me that Mr. Raft was mildly demented due to a probable CVA, or series of transient ischemic attacks. His sadness, therefore, contained insight which sustained his grief. In July 1992, I asked the senior charge nurse if it was possible for this man to join the group of informants as I felt it might be beneficial for him. The senior charge nurse agreed to seek the necessary permissions from Mr. Raft's wife and social worker. He, too, thought it might be helpful for Mr. Raft to talk to me, although he said that the family dynamics were somewhat complicated. There was a lot of tension in his new relationship, due, in part, to his behaviour.

Following this discussion on the possible inclusion of Mr. Raft into the investigation, I met Mrs. Raft as she was bringing her husband into the day room. We were introduced and we discussed the aims and processes of the research. She gave her permission for her husband to take part and also told me something of their life together. Mr. Raft's social worker also felt it would be therapeutic for Mr. Raft to be part of the investigation. Mr. Raft was then asked if he would like to talk to me on a regular basis. He unhesitatingly said he would.

There were a total of thirteen recorded interviews with Mr. Raft. We began meeting in August 1992 and continued until January 1994. Not all interviews were recorded and, as with all other informants, we met far more frequently than this number of interviews would suggest. It was not always easy to arrange to meet Mr. Raft. He attended various settings during our time together, and in spite of well planned meetings we quite often missed each other. There were many occasions when I waited in vain for him to appear, or had to go looking for him. Often there were sudden changes in his routines and I would find that he had been discharged from a particular setting. Indeed, the thirteen interviews that we had together, were often a triumph over adversity.

MR. HUGH RAFT

As has already been discussed, my first impression of Mr. Raft was

that of an extremely distressed elderly man. He was of medium build with slightly under average height. His grey hair was cut short and he had a small well trimmed moustache. He wore dark grey trousers and a smart black blazer with an army badge on the pocket. He was a very articulate man who had no apparent physical handicap. He would often to walk with his wife from his home into the town, a distance of about a mile and a half. His cognitive impairments appeared to be mild, although his memory deficits were more marked than those of Mr. Coxley. Mr. Raft was very much an unknown quantity to me at the commencement of the investigation. Initially, I was not sure if he would remain part of the group of informants, as my reasons for including him in the study were purely therapeutic.

The Beginning of the Investigation

Mr. Raft and I met for our first interview during the second week of August 1992. He jumped up out of his chair in the day room and rushed over to me. He was eager to be the first informant that morning to speak to me. This pattern of behaviour was to continue. I asked him if he would like to remain in the day room, or to use the dining room or quiet lounge. He said he would rather we were on our own, but he did not mind which room we used. During his time in the setting, we tended to use the small quiet room, or, if this was in use, the dining room.

The interview began with Mr. Raft saying that his first wife was the love of his life. They had fostered twenty six children throughout their years together. He said they married in 1942 and his wife had died a few years ago. Mr. Raft cried throughout most of this interview. He was very unhappy. As with all first interviews with informants, this interview was more exploratory in nature. He implied that he had remarried rather quickly:

HR. Yes...Course it wasn't quite quite so long when I lost the wife see. I I had to marry somebody else..Well I didn't have to marry somebody else.....

Int. Are you happy in your second marriage or not really?

HR. Well..S S Yes I think I am. She gets a bit funny now and again, but you got to put up with that at the moment haven't you? (HR. gave a little laugh).

Int. But you're not as happy as with your first wife?

HR. Definitely not! No...She was a lovely kid..Really beautiful...

He recalled his first wife's name and that of his two children. He said they had two children of their own, one of whom was adopted. This was his son Brian. He had not seen Brian for a while:

HR. Brian...And when when when I got married he seemed to disappear, and I was very hurt by it. He done me a lot of harm I think.

Int. So you haven't seen Brian for a while?

HR. Not since we got to the marriage of the lady.

HR. Me son I used to worship because he was one of these kids that was turfed out, and we adopted him and changed his name and all of a sudden.....I got married and he disappeared. It hurt me very bad, actually. *(HR. cried).*

Mr. Raft indicated that he was ashamed of displaying his emotions:

HR.I can't help the tears just come, you know.....

Int. That's very good for you...

HR. Um...Well I feel a bit ashamed sometimes.....

I asked him if he cried at home:

HR. Not very much not just.....It's just that I get sort of keyed up when I see other people [clients] can't feed.....It's not fair to me, I don't think.....cause I went right through the war as a sergeant major and it hurt me very bad to think I had to sort ofgive up the proper life.

Int. That was the proper life was it?

HR. Mm.

Int. So you missed that as well? Being in the Army?

HR. Yes.

Int. Did that make you feel safe being in the Army?

HR. Not particularly. No..I just ..I loved the Army! I joined when I was seventeen I think it was.

He seemed to have joined the Army at a young age. I asked him about his parents:

Int. What about your parents. What were they like?

HR. My my mother and father died quite old. I had a step father. He was a right boozier, but they sort of disappeared in the end because they were sort of getting on as well, you see.

I asked him about his siblings:

HR. Yes, but they were not my real brother they were step.

Int. Ah..

HR. I'm the only....Well I had a sister who who died, Daphne, she was me proper sister, but the rest we had quite a big family and they were all step.

Int. So you feel you belong to nobody at the moment?

HR. No! That's right. *(HR. cried).*

Int. Ah..

HR. I'm sorry I'm crying but....

Int. It's very good for you to cry...

HR. I'm very soft hearted...

Int. Don't worry...Don't worry....

I asked him if he regretted marrying again:

HR. No! I don't regret it! No...don't regret it! But she isn't like the first wife...

I asked him if he had been able to speak to anyone concerning his grief over his wife. He said:

HR. Not really, no. Nobody came to see me or nothing.....

Int. Loads of grief you felt when your wife died...You just kept locked inside you.....

HR. Yes! (HR. cried)...And it's still there now.....

Int. It will be for while yet.....

HR. It's a long time ?????????? (Unable to understand word).

He cried as he spoke about his second marriage. It did not seem a settled relationship:

HR. When my wife died I obviously went and got married again. I knew the woman quite well. She's dangerous sometimes.....I'm sorry I'm acting like a baby but ...

His deficits in memory became more apparent when he spoke of his life in the Army. I had been told that he had left the Army after the end of the second world war:

HR.and I went right to the end of the you know, the latest war we had.

Int. So when did you come out of the army? Do you remember?

HR. Can't be very long ago. I can't remember now.....

We returned to his obvious grief over the loss of his first wife:

Int. So you'd like your first wife back again?

HR. Yes, please God I could! (HR. cried). Me second wife's alright, but she's she sometimes tells you off for nothing.....That gets into me you see!.....

Int. You don't like being told off?

HR. Well, I don't mind being told off, but not when it's unnecessary. I mean....Like you folding a hanky or something.. "What you want to do that for?" that sort of thing...(HR. sniffed).

He told me he had a hard childhood:

HR. Cause it was a very hard life when I was a kid anyway.

Int. You did?

HR. Oh yes! Hit about terrible!

Int. Did you?

HR. Yes. Drunken father..step father.....terrible man!

Int. So you....That would have frightened you to death when you

were a boy.....

HR. No it didn't frighten me death, no. I just scared of keep getting good hidings... *(HR. laughed nervously)*. I sorry I got to tell you this sort of way, bu...but it's all true!

Int. Really.....So you had a bad childhood.

HR. Yes. From when I was about ten or twelve.. and then I had to.. being the senior in the family, I had a sister, a sister who died. My sister died..eldest sister....and of course I become sort of head of the family...My step father he...died and my mother died...Lovely mother I had....But um when it all sort of become falling back on me I... I felt the pressure very very much.....

I had some difficulty understanding his family background, but Mr. Raft gave every indication of feeling powerless and bereft. His stories were of loss and pain. He continued to tell me he loved the Army:

HR. I loved the Army.

Int. Had a good life really.....

HR. Well! Up to the army.....It was good in the Army, honestly it was, very good indeed! Well I had had eight hundred and eighty men in my company!

I tried to end the interview on a comforting note:

Int. I think you must be a bit easier on yourself.....

HR. I think so..I think..I think I'm alright now. The only unfortunate part were think about these things!

I asked Mr. Raft if he would like to see me again:

Int. Would you like to me again?

HR. Yes please!

After this interview I tried to understand some of the things that Mr. Raft had told me. His pain and bewilderment were evident, and there was much emotion associated with his recall of the past. I was left with the impression that he felt greatly insecure. It is known that a new grief will often act as a trigger for older unresolved griefs. This might be so in this case. He was experiencing difficulties in his second marriage. His wife became angry with him and he had no understanding of why this should happen. He told his story of his Army days as much for himself as me. He had achieved in the Army. He had attained a respected rank and he had been a leader of men.

Our second interview took place a few days later. He was very pleased to see me and eager to talk. As with the first interview, he cried a great deal when he spoke. He began the interview by telling that he was beaten a lot as a boy, he could not understand why. It was his stepfather who beat him:

HR.Well it was.....Yet I done nothing wrong. *(HR. said this in tones of bewilderment).*

HR. Yes...He's [stepfather] dead now he is, Thank God! *(HR. gave a short, harsh laugh).* You see the great problem is he's....I'll get something for his...for the shops or something and I always made my mind up that I was going get it! But sometimes you wouldn't get it..... When I used to go home.....use some bloody good hidings! It was terrible, honestly!

He appeared to be the only child who was treated in this way:

HR. Yes..Yes. See the rest of the family got away with it, you see!

Int. But not you?

HR. Me be...Me being the stepson...that ..that was the answer to that, but er.....

I asked if his stepfather had been a big man:

Int. Was he a big chap?

HR. No! He weren't much bigger 'n me!...much bigger 'n me.....But he was always scrumpying [drinking cider]..... "Where's the little bastard to" he used to say! Oh.....I shall never forget that as long as I live..... *(Bastard was said with great venom).*

Int. It must have been terrifying for you.....
Yet the other kids, you see, there was about nine ...eight or nine of us and he never touched them, cause they weren't his kids...Well they were his kids! Butnot...not like I was. I was born of another mother see.....I'm not a bit ashamed of it either!

I was still very confused over his family relationships and after many questions on my part, we established that he and all his step brothers and sisters shared the same mother. Mr. Raft and his sister had different fathers. Both Mr. Raft and his sister were illegitimate. Mr. Raft hated his stepfather:

HR. I did hate him,! *(HR. gave a brief laugh).* Not much! Yes, I did hate him it's true...You see, you never knew what he's going do when you come from school.

Mr. Hart often wished his stepfather would die:

Int. So you would quite like him to have died, when you were a boy?

HR. Yes! I'd have killed him if I had the chance but, cor I was frightened! *(HR. gave a brief laugh).* Frightened I was going get inside wasn't I?

Int. Did you ever think about it?

HR. Yes, lots of times. Well I had to! It was terrible, honestly!
Terrible life!

Int. Did you ever think how you might do it?

RH. *(Long pause while HR. thought this over).* No! I didn't get round to that, you see. "Time I get you", excuse me swearing dear, "You bastard somehow!" That's what I used to say to myself, but you see it never came off *(HR. said this in tones of some regret).*

His stepfather was also cruel to his mother:

HR. Yes.....Course he used to sort of get on my mum as well, but my mum was...I was... I was her boy, you know, cause I was the eldest. And um....

Int. Did he hit your mother too?

HR. Sometimes, yes.....It was terrible, sometimes.....But she's dead, well, thank God! But er...it is a good I think you if you can get dead somehow! *(HR. gave a little nervous laugh).*

He was about ten or twelve when his mother married his stepfather:

HR. I must have been about ten or twelve. Very young.

Int. Yes. But old enough to know what was going on.

HR. Not really! Because when you getting hit about, you don't get time to think about things what's going on!
(HR. laughed nervously). I had a terrible life! I'm not ashamed to admit it!

He saw himself as a gentle, honest and good person:

HR. I was quite gentlemanly like I am now. You know I know I am! I've always been the same. I shall never alter!

HR. My great problem is I'm too gentle.

HR. ...I'm n in the habit of getting in trouble with any..not even the police or nothing. Touch wood I've never been in trouble. Though I thought I would have been done by now. But no, I've never stole nothing I was...To be truthful I was a little angel! I shouldn't say that really, but I was! To myself!

He was very proud of his Army career:

Int. You did really well!

HR. Very proud! *(HR. cried).* Very proud indeed! I had one hundred and eighty men in my company. Only had trouble with one of them and then I managed to get him off of the trouble, because it didn't look good with one hundred and odd, and you got one getting into trouble.

Int. One hundred and eighty men eh! That's a lot isn't it?

HR. Little short arse like me .
Int. Nothing to do with size at all....
HR. Well it is really! Cause they..they sort of cut you down
can't they?
Int. Oh yes!
HR. Bigger people! But I was only thinking about it last night.
Like to go back in the army. Course I got no hopes now,
not....seventy two!

He said again how proud he was of his achievements. I asked him if
life had been good for him:

Int. So do you think you've had a good life?
HR. Noo! Not not family wise, no.
Int. Not family wise? But in the army you had a good life?
HR. Very good life! Well I made it so!

He returned again to the subject of his stepfather and the terrible
beatings that he had as a boy:

HR. I used to have some bloody good hidings! *(HR
whispered)*. It was terrible!
Int. He could be prosecuted today couldn't he?
HR. Yes. I suppose so, I don't know! He should have been
prosecuted then! Til it wasn't wasn't for five minutes. It
was sometimes an hour he was hitting me about.
Int. An hour!
HR. Yes.

He said he never would get over it:

HR. Well I'll never get over it love! Unless I die or something
like that.

This was the second time that he had mentioned death. I asked him if
the thought of dying worried him:

Int. Are you...Do you get frightened of the thought of dying?
HR. No! No! No, no. Not at all, no! I'm glad someday! *(HR.
laughed nervously)*.
Int. You look forward to it some days?
HR. Mm. Mm...
Int. Well you'll see Ruby again wouldn't you?
HR. Yes! *(HR. cried)*.
Int. So life must be sad sometimes, if you don't mind dying?
HR. No. No. I feel very sad someday cause directly you get
anywhere you see, you start thinking went wrong. What am
I going now? And it automatically all comes back to you.

He said the whole family lived in a three bedroomed house:

HR. We were all over the bloody place. *(HR. laughed)*.

Sometimes I used to stay down sometimes. Try to go to sleep on the settee or something like that.....

He admitted that he worried:

Int. Do you think you're a worrier Hugh?

HR. I am now! I've been a worrier since I was a kid.

Then a little later, he said that he no longer worried:

HR. Yes, I was a worrier. I'm not now. I couldn't care less now. As a matter of fact I often wants..I wish I could die! I have truthfully! I'm not ashamed to admit that. (HR.'s eyes filled with tears).

Int. Life can be sweet though.

HR. Mm. It wasn't very sweet for me was it?

His reply to my efforts to interest him in a more positive outlook, suggested that shades of the past coloured his perception of the present. The past lived on in the present. Given that Mr. Raft's recall was good and that he had many significantly emotional memories, I felt that, in order to have some understanding of him, it was necessary to look at his background and experiences in some depth. He had experienced some major losses in his life, many of which occurred in his early formative years. At the conclusion of this interview, therefore, I once again endeavoured to interpret Mr. Raft's narrative from a psychotherapeutic approach. It is probable that most psychoanalytic theories from Adler to Winnicott, including Klein and Freud to name but a few, were applicable to this informant. However, space precludes an exhaustive and complex psychoanalytic interpretation of his stories. A relatively simple analysis must suffice.

The significance of his abused childhood and disordered family life, which was so clear in memory, might explain much of his personality. His own perceptions suggest that from a fairly young age he had been devalued, and treated as unlovable. His mother had failed to protect him from his stepfather who treated him with such physical and emotional brutality. Mr. Raft may have survived physically, but psychologically he appeared to have been scarred for life. His unresolved memories of this time were with him still. He had been labelled unlovable by his stepfather. He had been made a scapegoat through no fault of his own, other than he existed. Mr. Raft could tell his story but was unable to face the true reality of this abuse. It was too frightening for him to face the depths of his vulnerability. It is suggested that he coped with this trauma by 'splitting' which is a defence mechanism that enables the self to disown 'the bad self' and to project it on to others. Mr. Raft retained the 'good self'. He continually praised himself for his achievements in order to feel better about himself and to deny that he was unworthy. This seemed to be a clue to his personality, a continual battle between the two extremes of worthiness and unworthiness. I felt he had been made truly vulnerable in childhood and that this had never left him.

Emergent Themes

Psychoanalytic hypotheses apart, Mr. Raft had some clearly defined themes which gave structure to his narrative. His grief over the loss of his first wife was evident and it has been suggested that this may have re-emerged, due to the uncertainty of the present. He had difficulties with his second relationship, although he had not described these difficulties in the detail that he gave of his abused childhood. His childhood memories occupied much of the interviews and he returned to them time and time again. His service career was a significant part of his life. He associated this time with very positive emotions. He continually reiterated his pride in his status and ability to be a leader of men. Further interviews will either support or dismiss these theoretical considerations.

Continuation of the Investigation

We met for the third interview in September. He was very pleased to see me. Although most interviews were very open ended and informant led, I wanted to explore a sensitive area during our meeting on this occasion. His wife had disclosed to the community psychiatric staff, staff in the setting, myself and the consultant, that Mr. Raft was obsessed by sex. She said his approaches to her were beyond the bounds of normality. This was an area of great concern and disgust for her. She said she never dreamt that he was like this. It will be recalled that they had been married for a year, but had known each other for many years prior to this event. I felt that a discussion of these issues would clarify the situation. The interview began with Mr. Raft saying that his life had gone downhill all the way. He agreed he had had a very unhappy childhood but that he had been very happy in the Army. He thought most of his troubles began when he lost his first wife:

HR.Then I lost me wife and....me first wife.....and that's how it went bad from then on I think.....I've always been a carer. The unfortunate part was my caring failed me at the end...the end.

He had been a widower for eight months before he remarried. I asked him if he disliked living alone:

Int. Did you hate being on your own?

HR.. I suppose I did really, cause it's bloody awful coming home from...If you're doing a little job, or come from work or something, you've just got to sit there or something.....Where is she? (HR. gave a short nervous laugh).

I asked him if he felt lonely when he was living alone :

HR. I think, personally, I do, but I'm I'm not too sure absolutely

because I can still cope. The only unfortunate part about it you always feel as though....well.....seventy two now, it'sBloody hell haven't got much longer to go now!....

I asked questions about his expectations of married life:

Int. So....you've got married again really, because you wanted a...a...married relationship with someone.....

HR. I did.....

He implied that his second wife was rather repressed:

HR. No well, she's...she's about the same age I am, so you're not going to alter her about things like that are you? Not honestly.....

I asked if this worried him:

HR. Sometimes it does.....I think to myself, bloody hell at least I be able to..Used to be able to make love, but you can't make love if it if if the two are not responsive....

He said he got married again expecting to have a sexual relationship with his wife:

HR. No...I don't....Wasn't hoping for a good sex life, but I did expect sex.

He discussed his sexual expectations of marriage in some depth. He seemed very rational and matter of fact about the topic. He said that he felt his wife did not like it, and that he did not particularly miss it. He led a celibate life:

HR. Well I haven't had any for a long time to be honest! (HR. gave a short nervous laugh).

Mr. Raft's attitude to this area of his married life indicated a relatively calm and rational acceptance of his wife's stance. Further, there were no indications of obsessive preoccupations with the topic. He disclosed with no embarrassment. He made no suggestive remarks or innuendoes, and his behaviour gave no cause for complaint. This was also true of previous interviews. I posited that the issue of expression of sexuality might be perceived as the presenting problem in their relationship. I did not feel it was the base cause of their difficulties. Without breaching confidentiality, I informed the senior charge nurse of my findings at the conclusion of the interview. Mr. Raft became tired of this topic. He wanted to talk about his son:

HR. I think the greatest problem with me was my son. Because he literally walked out on me, didn't he?.....

HR. Broke my bloody heart it did!....(Tears filled HR.'s

eyes)...Matter of fact my daughter wrote to him last week ...No week afore last.....To tell him all about this and he just..he just ignored the letter and I'm very very hurt, cause I brought him up...He was a little basket and we sort of adopted him... named him what have you but.....it's..it's caused a lot of trouble in my life I think, personally.

He felt his son was upset because he got married again. Mr. Raft could not understand this. He did not see the possibility that his son might have been very upset or even angry with his father for marrying again relatively quickly:

HR.just to be suddenly told we were getting married I reckon it sort of shot him down...But it shouldn't have done! Because my wife had died some time before that...

His inability to understand and interpret other people's behaviour may have been due to the cognitive impairments imposed on him by his illness. However, it is possible that he had always found it difficult to understand others. He spoke of his wife:

HR.No.....I've got a good wife but she's got a bit of temper which is natural with some people, but she's very good to me. I always get me grub and ..There isn't nothing to pay out have I? Cause she has me pension anyway so...so er....nothing at all to pay out..but er....

He thought that seeing his son again would make him feel happier. He then said he was quite happy now which was rather difficult to believe:

HR. I don't think anything else could make me happier. I'm quite happy now..The only thing is, you see, I get in a bit of a turmoil and I don't lose me temper or nothing! I I can't lose me temper. I'm one of these these chaps who..sort of laugh and let this..let the bye go bye, but em...

Mr. Raft disliked rows and violence:

HR. Well, I I I've always have been very soft hearted...That's my trouble....People are harder and I can't just...can't work with hard people...I think to myself, well if I can treat people better like than other people are...I.. I'd get round there, if I see somebody..I was trying to give somebody else a good telling off or something...I would never hit anybody...Never...No.....

He spoke of his achievements through life and during the war:

HR. I feel very proud...that's, let's see...as far as living and all

that I feel very proud to think I've gone through life like I have.....Coming through the war, see, I went through the war...

He felt God had forsaken him:

HR. Dodged a few but em.....That's the thing that sorts of get me down a bit...I mean...God...God looked after me so well during the war, why can't He sort of help me now?....

Int. Really, you're saying you want to be surrounded by people who love you and care for you...

HR. Yes! (*HR. cried*).

He felt his kindness to others was not reciprocated:

HR. I'm silly like that.....I I help anybody, but the little buggers don't seem to want to help me! (*HR. laughed nervously*).

As this interview reached its conclusion, I felt that Mr. Raft had continued to tell me stories of loss and powerlessness. His stories also contained themes of rejection on all fronts. There were some positive signs, however. Mr. Raft said that he was proud that he had survived his life experiences and that he had never been in trouble. It is possible that encouragement of these feelings of pride in his ability to survive would sustain and support his fragmented sense of personhood.

Although there were tears during this interview, Mr. Raft appeared to be marginally less depressed than before. I felt, therefore, that it would be more appropriate to listen to his stories and validate his feelings, rather than endeavour to help him to reach a greater understanding of himself and his problems. Attentive listening had more relevance for Mr. Raft's problems than did that of explanation. This, I hoped, would encourage a sense of well-being, rather than his very evident despair and ill-being. We met again the following week. Mr. Raft's mood continued to be low. He seemed very depressed. He talked of committing suicide several times, but said he was not courageous enough to end his life:

HR. But em....I don't.. what the answer is to be honest. I'm not brave enough to commit suicide. I'd have done that by now!

HR. I don't..Well I don't want to er commit suicide...

HR. I'm not going to! Don't worry. I haven't had the guts to do it, I don't think...

He still found it difficult to understand why he was ignored by his family:

HR. I got loads of relatives, but none of them seems to be any interested....The only one who comes and sees me every

week is my daughter.

He said she was a smashing kid.

HR. She knows I have me ups and downs with my wife, but it's not serious ups and downs. Just the fact you suddenly "What you want a do that for!" and you know you're right, but in her eyes she trying to make it wrong see...You understand it see?

Although he thought his wife misunderstood him, he thought she loved him most of the time:

HR. I think 90% yes.....There's one or two days when you think yourself, "Oh what the bloody hell did I marry this for", sort of think.....Er.....Af...When I first lost my wife, I got so confused I didn't know what I was doing....I thought to myself I can't go through life without.....having something to go to....

These thoughts of loss recalled to mind his son's neglect:

HR. My daughter even wrote to my son ...andhe never even had the bloody decency to answer it! I'm very very hurt and he's such a lovely lad! He's big as a bloody house and....got a nice wife and a nice kiddie, but I can't understand it, I can't honestly.....

He continued to see himself as a good person:

HR.I personally feel that I'm.....I'm a bit too good. I'm not..not in a big way but I suppose like Mrs. Jones, say she was here, she fell down. I'd pick her up, but some people wouldn't do that, would they?

Even though he was low and depressed during this interview, he cried less easily. He seemed to be less grief stricken, and more inclined to see life as unfair rather than overwhelmingly negative. It is interesting to note that his concern over the present lessened his desire to speak of the past. Of equal interest is the fact that his first wife did not feature prominently in this interview.

Our fourth interview together was the last we were to have in the setting. Mr. Raft was due to be discharged from the day hospital in the near future. He was not very happy there and, as he had mild cognitive impairment, it was felt that day care in the special unit of a local authority home for the elderly would be more appropriate. Mr. Raft seemed generally happier than before, although he expressed some dissatisfaction with the present setting:

Int. Any happier at all in yourself?

HR. Well I suppose I must do, because there's no no quarrelling.

My wife hasn't been well anyway. *(HR. laughed)*. So she..she couldn't stir it anyway, could she?..No..no....But happier to be with other people, because when you're in the doldrums....Well, bloody crowds here...Used to get on your nerves sometimes.....

HR. Yes. I get very depressed that's why. I can't help it. It's not my fault, it's the fact that I've always been a goer..wanting to do summat. This sitting around all day well....not a bit of good! Is it? Be truthful.

He said that his problem was his memory:

HR. I can't...It's my trouble is my memory.

He spoke again of his poor childhood:

HR. Yes, yes. See there was about ten of us in the family. I used to be... I used to be the stepson, the eldest stepson... *(HR. repeated his family history)*. Anything went wrong, it was poor Hughie got the bloody good hiding!

Int. Well, I think you got blamed for everything, didn't you?

HR. I did yes..yes...Anything missing.....

He spoke of his love of order and discipline. Discipline seemed to offer him a firm knowledge of what was right and what was wrong. It offered a safe and clear path to follow through life:

Int. So you never knew if you were doing right or wrong, did you?

HR. No..No definitely not, no. I always kept meself.....to the best of my ability...clean and all, no thieving or nothing like that. Well, it would frighten me someone come along and said, "What you doing down here with your hand.. putting your hand in the sweet box or summat!" I've been....been the best disciplinarian I could think!

Int. It's safer that way.

HR. I love discipline.

Int. You love discipline?

HR. Yes...Well I was sergeant major.

He spoke again of his hatred for his stepfather and the abuse that he suffered at his hands. The conversation turned to more general topics. I was pleased that he seemed to be feeling slightly happier.

The Middle of the Investigation

We next met in October. Mr. Raft was now attending the local authority setting. He was very pleased to see me and we were given a small empty office to use for the interview. There had been some

major changes in Mr. Raft's life. The situation at home had deteriorated and his wife had asked for some respite care for Mr. Raft. He was upset, but did not seem to grasp the significance of what was happening:

HR. Wasn't much of a tiff. Just..just to say she didn't want me and that sort of thing.

His social worker discussed the situation with him. It did seem as if his wife gave him very mixed messages about her feelings. This was confirmed by the senior CPN, who said that Mrs Raft often expressed very different emotions to Mr. Raft and to the CPN services. She would tell the CPN that she couldn't stand Mr. Raft any longer, but she would tell Mr. Raft she would never get rid of him:

HR. No, I told this other person here, I said, " I don't know what's gone wrong", I said, "Because I'm real.. I I try to be sincere as I can. I've never let anybody down yet". But er er she [wife] fetched me back yesterday, you know, because I I been going up the home, just up her place, or my place, just the same. But when I got there she said, " You got nothing to worry about, I'll look after you". You see.. (HR. gave sad laugh). It's not the answer is it?

I felt quite confused myself. I was not sure what was happening, but continued to let Mr. Raft lead the interview. He expressed a fear that he might have to go into residential care. He said he would not go:

HR. I said, "Well I'm not going in there for good".

He then reported another conversation he had with his wife:

HR. You see I've been so happy up there, as you obviously know. She obviously has her days, and you got to put up with that. Any man or any woman got to put up with that. But all of a sudden she's going to start, "Why are doing this!" you see, and it's not nice. Cause I'm not a bugger. I I'm a ...I try to be as gentle as I can. Anyway she said yesterday...this morning she said, "Oh I'm not going to get rid of you, I got to keep you". She said, "I couldn't manage without you". I said, "Why do you think that in the first place". I said, "You shouldn't have upset me". Cause she do upset people.

The present situation did not appear to help Mr. Raft at all. He was very ambivalent. He said he could manage, and then denied that he could do so. He said he could live with his brothers, and then said this was not possible. He seemed very confused and frightened. He felt great insecurity about his future. The setting worried him:

HR. I don't want to be here with these poor devils! Because there's always...Sometimes you think to yourself, "Oh

bloody hell I'm going to finish up like that". You get so depressed....

He told an idealised version of the story of his marriage to his second wife:

HR. Pat wanted to get married, cause she had nobody to look after her see. She had no father and all her family is split away and gone to.. and gone long way obviously, cause they all got married. And in the end, well it wasn't in the end, Pat said, "Well, will you marry me?" I said, "I'll gladly marry you." Cause I was terribly lonely then, see.

I asked him what he would like out of life at present. What would make him happy:

HR. Well I I I ...to be truthfully I don't mind dying at the moment (HR. gave a little nervous laugh). I don't honestly! I don't I don't ...I want to go carefully, not not sort of go die...harmfully or anything like...just very very peaceful.

He agreed that if God said tonight that he would die in his sleep he would be happy. I felt very sorry for Mr. Raft. He was extremely unhappy. Although he possessed limited insight, he still had sufficient to allow him to be aware that it was only his wife that prevented him from going into long term care. He kept enumerating his qualities as a kind and caring husband. He said he did not know why his wife was behaving as she was. He was a perfect husband. He had done nothing wrong. I thought of the words used by a colleague to describe this relationship at the commencement of the investigation:

This is a marriage made in hell.

I had to agree that it was a horrendous situation. I tried to understand how it must feel to be Mr. Raft at this moment. To feel so uncertain and so lost, that death was seen as a welcome alternative. Mr. Raft gave his permission for me to speak to the officer in charge of the unit. She said he was due to come in for respite care for one week. However, Mrs. Raft could change her mind and take him home. She herself was uncertain what would happen. She had known Mr. Raft for some years. She nursed his first wife. She too, saw his future as bleak. She felt he would be admitted to residential care at some stage, due to the breakdown of the relationship between Mr. Raft and his wife.

Our seventh meeting together took place the following week. Mr. Raft had stayed in the setting after all, and was due to go home the next day. He was pleased to be going home, but he did seem less anxious and more settled. He said he had been happier there than he thought he would be. Everyone had been kind and no one had shouted at him. Although I had made it clear, at every interview, that I was there

merely in the role of a researcher, I was there to listen to his stories. Mr. Raft seemed to see me on this occasion, as something to do with "the welfare". He felt I had the power to keep him in the setting. This worried him:

HR. Please...please don't keep me here!

Int. Oh no! No! Nothing to do with me.....

HR. It relies a lot on Pat. If Pat starts a bloody nonsense, I shall have to...get out and find somewhere else.

Int. But you couldn't...you didn't think you could live here? You don't think you could live here all the time?

HR. No...I rather get back into some digs. Nothing for me today see.

He seemed more positive in his outlook on life. He spoke of committing suicide, but now he said he wanted to live:

HR. That's ...well I've often felt like committing suicide. (*HR. gave a brief nervous laugh*). I wouldn't have the guts I don't think. I have honestly and truthfully.

Int. You.....Do you still feel today that.....like dying is a good way out of it?

HR. No! No! I won't die now no. I've made up my mind. You see I've got so much to live for.

However, he saw death as a way of ending his unhappiness if his life did not improve:

Int. Do you think you still feel depressed?

HR. Not so much now. I'm I had a lot, but you obviously see I'm a better than I was. But er.....I can only give it a try. If it's not bloody good I'll just have to commit cide to get out.....suicide or get out of it.

Int. You look very sad.....

HR. I am sad! (*Tears filled HR.'s eyes*). I've been sad a long time, darling.

He implied that he had had enough of rows and disagreements. He could no longer cope with it:

HR. Yes yes yes. Yes, but if she starts her bloody nonsense...excuse me using that expression... If she starts nonsense I shall just have to move out, or do something, cause I I just couldn't put up with no more.

I left Mr. Raft happy that he was returning to his home the next day.

We met again the following week. Mr. Raft told me he was due to have yet another change. He would be part of the hospital gardening group one day per week, and would attend the setting for two days a week. The local authority unit that he now attended did not meet with his full approval. He felt more should be done for the clients. However,

Mr. Raft did not really consider himself to be one of the clients. They made him feel embarrassed because he was more able. I asked him if it made him depressed attending the setting:

HR. No..No, no. I've been very very ...very happy. The only thing I'm worried about is, from half past two onwards you got nothing to bloody do, to tell the truth. Just sat around looking at each other. Then. say in the mornings, once half past eleven's over, you finished for the day more or less and it's the wrong life. These people should be kept occupied shouldn't they?

He said that our relationship had helped him. He felt I cheered him up.

HR. Any rate, thanks to you ...Thanks to everybody else, I'm here. Especially thanks to you.....

Int. Well, I don't think I've done a lot.

HR. Yes you have! You you coming along cheers me up don't it?

Mr. Raft then launched into what I mentally termed 'his perfect story', in which he painted a rosy picture of himself, and his relationship with his wife:

HR. Yes.....I don't know why, cause everybody says I'm I'm I'm the perfect man. There's no....There's no ifs and buts, I am, touch wood! I shouldn't be boasting should I. I'm not... (*HR. gestured towards confused residents in the day room*).....Poor sods.....

Int. So you feel, that as regards your relationship with Pat, you've been the perfect husband. You can't do any more?

HR. No I haven't been the perfect.....I have been as far as I'm concerned!

Int. That's what I mean. As far as you're concerned.

HR. Yes. Yes, yes. I am

Int. You've tried your best....

HR. Yes. She said to me last "Actually I don't know what I done without", she says. "I'd be dead by now. You boost me up". And of course that sort of my makes my ego good doesn't it?

Int. Mm.....Mm.

HR. And she said the same about a fortnight ago. But she does go off the deep end now and again.....Course it hurts me, cause I've always wanted to do as people say. I'm not, I'm not one of these here miserable old things, "Oh bugger I'm not going to do it!"

Mr. Raft did however, feel a happier person. He felt that our meetings had helped him:

Int. Do you still feel unhappy deep down?

HR. No! Not now, no, no....You've already taken that out of me....No...You've taken that out me, love. I'm not unhappy am I?
Int. But I think I'm hearing you say, you feel a bit worried still...
HR. No, I'm not worried!
Int. Not? Things don't worry you?
HR. No..No..No, if it worries me now I shall have to laugh at it....

Although he did seem to be a much happier person than the man I met three months ago, he still had major areas of concern in his life. One of these was the fear of becoming severely demented:

HR. I'm not..I'm not ashamed to admit that I can't have a laugh anywhere! I have a laugh there..A laugh down there, but when I see these poor devils in ?????? (*Word not understood*). Oh please God don't let me go like that! Cause it's terrible isn't it?
Int. That frightens you, getting like that does it?
HR. Yes. It does, yes...Yes.....

Mr. Raft reverted to the subject of his wife. He told me once again how much she thought of him:

HR. and when I come back she said, "Hugh" she said , "But I can't live without you!"

The interview concluded with a discussion of his wife. He seemed quiet and happy. We met again one week later. The world now seems a happier place for him:

Int. So life's changing for you Hugh?
HR. Oh it's gone lovely! I hope, please God, it stays like it! (*HR. gave short nervous laugh*). I pray every night anyway.

He said he had told his wife Pat that he hoped to see me today:

HR. 'I said to her this morning, I said, "I hope I see my...mate tomorr this week". And she says, "Well you goes away Friday don't you?"
Int. On Fridays, I go to Southampton.
HR. Oh Fridays, that's right yes. That's right, yes.

I asked if his outlook on life had changed

Int. You um.....You seem happy, you don't, you're not talking about wanting to be dead lately.
HR. No.
Int. That's gone now?
HR. Yes it's all gone, yes.
Int. You think about...wishing you were dead?
HR. No! No, not now, no....You you all brought it back to me. I'm very very grateful. I am honestly.....But um.... one or two

here gets on your nerves a bit doesn't it?...There's one old devil in there, she kep on the other day.....

Mr Raft did not like arguing with anyone. he did not like people being at loggerheads with each other:

Int. They're at.....

HR. They're at loggerheads.

Int. Yes. Loggerheads, yes. You don't like that do you?

HR. No! I've always tried to avoid rows and arguments, because its always been in my mind that if you start a row, that row goes on for years and years. It does...it doesn't go.....And I've always been very keen on discipline.

Int. You like rules don't you?

HR. Yes.

Int. Like to know where you are.

HR. Yes..Yes....But you've got to walk away some times unfortunately, cause you start arguing with the types of people like this [Confused clients in the setting].. you'll...just as well forget it.....

Int. Well, keeping the peace means keeping your mouth shut sometimes.

HR. Yes...yes Yes! (HR. laughed). That's very true! Very true.....

The interview ended on a happy note. It is interesting that present events continued to preoccupy his mind. He gave very little thought to the distant past. He also cried far less than before. There were very few tears in this interview. Mr. Raft's good mood continued to be evident during the next interview two weeks later. I asked him if he was still happy with his wife:

HR. I gotta be haven't I. She's my wife and that's it. I can't just desert her. I wouldn't walk out on her anyway! Not if she called me the biggest....biggest rat in all the world. No I wouldn't walk out on anybody like that. No. You know I'm sincere. I think I've told you enough times that.

He said that helping others made him feel happy:

Int. So helping people makes you feel good.

HR. Yes. Yes, I always have been...that way inclined. I'll help anybody, but you see there's nothing really can't make me an any more happy, cause I'm happy at the moment.

He liked being with other people:

HR. Yes. It makes me feel good to mix with people. You you obviously got the odd buggger who wants to be awkward, but I try to ignore that, if possible.

I asked him if he had a good life:

Int. Do you think you've had a good life?

HR. No, I've had a bloody awful life!

HR. I've had a happiest life I think I'm ever going to have, to be honest.

Int. You had the happiest life you're ever going to have?

HR. Yes. I wouldn't say I had a happy life with a stepfather....

He went on to recount the familiar story of his childhood. I asked him if he felt anyone loved him when he was a boy:

HR. No, not really loved me, no.

Int. So you didn't feel anyone loved you when you were a child?

HR. No. No...No. I I'm convinced they, you know,..my mother used to love me, obviously, but she couldn't love me too much cause my old man, my father used to give her a bloody good hiding for talking to me, you know. It was awful. Really really awful.

Int. You must have felt useless when you were a kid.

HR. Yes, I was. Yes.

Int. And then you went into the army and felt good about yourself.

HR. Yes. Made me burst up, and then and then, when I went in the army I had to keep on top, otherwise I would get a bloody good hiding by me stepfather and him ...He was a bastard, he was. Scruppy waller.

Int. Yes you said that. What did he look like?

HR. Er...He tall. He had his hair brushed back pretty thick and he walked on his on his toes quite a lot. As he walked along he he used to go up and down like this... *(HR moved his hand up and down in a bouncy motion)*... He..he had a beery complexion.

I asked him what his mother looked like:

HR. Very very nice. Very nice woman but she hadn't much chance. She had to agree with him, otherwise most of the time he gave her bloody good hiding as well if she.....*(HR whispered)*. He was a right sod, he was. The only one good thing I had about it is my stepfather and his name was Wyatt. And police come and say, "Hugh that's not your dad there is it?" I said, "No, that's my stepfather."

It is significant that his story of his childhood now began to show a more objective stance. He did not deny that he had felt unloved as a child. Further, he was able to describe his stepfather in some detail. He seemed less of a victim as he spoke of his stepfather. Freeman, (1992), would argue that this new interpretation would suggest that Mr. Raft had 'rewritten' his narrative and his view of himself, and this allowed him to have more positive attitude towards his life circumstances. This more positive mood continued to prevail

throughout the rest of our time together. There were only infrequent tears shed, and he appeared much calmer than before. During our eleventh interview I asked him if life was good for him:

Int. How do you feel about life at the moment? Is it quite good?

HR. It's been very very good.

Int. So you've been happy? You're feeling happier?

HR. Yes. Yes.

Int. Yes, you look happier

HR. Yes.

Int. Not so worried....

HR. No. Not worried at all.

He spoke of his desire to keep busy and of his time in the Army. He recounted happier times of his childhood. He had been in the choir of the local church. He said he believed in God:

HR. I believe in God, yes thank you! I wouldn't have come through the war if I didn't believe in Him. Tell you, had a bloody ha hard time in the war, mind!

HR.but the only unfortunate part if you get somebody who's shot or wounded or something, they're a long time afore they gets their wounds healed.....That's a terrible thing that is...But I was very very lucky.....Very proud.....

He spoke of his childhood. I asked him if he thought about the old days:

HR. Yes! But not so much as I used to. You sort of.....took me off it when you come..The time before last.....

He displayed some insight into the effects of his poor upbringing:

HR. Yes..Yes.. I had a self...bad image of meself, cause of me parents.

Int. Yes.....Yes....

HR. Used to get some bloody good hidings, mind. I'm not ashamed to admit it. Cor! I used to get whacked!

We continued to speak of more generalised topics. Mr. Raft said he liked to laugh:

HR. Now you're making me laugh now, aren't you, see. See how mu much better it makes it for me. For you to be happy.

Int. So laughing makes you happy?

HR. Yes...Yes....

Our next interview together continued to explore his familiar themes of his wife, army days, childhood and present concerns. He said he felt our meetings had been good for him. He was very grateful. He

agreed he had felt very depressed:

- Int.** When I first saw you over the hospital, you were always in tears.....
- HR.** Yes. I'm in tears now but that's more joyfulness than...Tis honestly!
- Int.** But you're not...Yes, you don't....seem...You seemed unhappy then. You don't seem un..so unhappy now.....
- HR.** Yes. Actually it's an awful life for me when I was on me own sort of.....

He went on to discuss his life after his first wife had died. He lived alone in their flat in the grouped dwelling. He was very lonely:

- Int.** But you did say when you went back to your flat at Leonard House, the evenings were awful when you.....
- HR.** Oh, they bloody terrible really! (*HR. gave short laugh*). They were terrible.....

We went on to discuss his feelings about the setting. He said he would prefer to have a job rather than attend the setting. However, life continued to be much happier for him than when we first met. I spoke about our first meetings:

- Int.** I was looking back. I think you were quite depressed....
- HR.** Yes. I very depressed. Very depressed indeed.....Not ashamed to admit to admit it.....
- Int.** But life's better for you now?
- HR.** It's a hundred per cent better, yes....

Our next meeting together was to be the last in this setting. Mr. Raft was once again on the move. He told me that he would no longer be coming to the setting. The staff knew nothing about this when I questioned them. I decided to contact his social worker, prior to our next meeting, to see if any changes had been planned. I asked Mr. Raft if he had seen his social worker recently:

- HR.** No. I haven't seen her for some time. I think she told Pat that I was too good to be here. Which...could be right with some devils here. I feel sorry for em, but they don't want to help theirselves, look. Do they? They want to just sit there.....and pee their trousers or something like that. Oh, it was terrible, it is.

He compared his present life to past times:

- HR.** Yes. But she told me that...We had a little bit of a tiff the oth.... yesterday. It washed off alright. I'm I'm so, I'm so self satisfied with the way I'm living....I couldn't have done it in my home. I was..quite glad to get away cause there was one, two, three, four ...There was about seven of them there. Two of them boys or men, men anyway. Cause to

keep keep the equilibrium, it was a bit awkward! The two brothers were normally about...fifty fifty five. You can just imagine you being on the beer all the time weren't.....I haven't done that! Touch wood, I haven't been on the beer since I been up here anyway, or down the other place. I haven't had a pint!

He recalled his first wife:

HR. I did do something nice on Saturday. Was it Saturday? Yes, Saturday. Got my wife to come up the cemetery. I got erI had a wife who died up at em...Oh my word.....Up St. David's Church! And I got my wife, I said, "Come on, let's go and put some flowers on her grave". And I went and put flowers on her grave.

I thought of our first interview together, and his tears and grief over the story of the loss of his first wife. This story he had just told not only seemed to signify an ending to this grief, but also an ending to his past uncertainties. I felt that Mr. Raft and I had accomplished this together. Mr. Raft went on to tell me the story of the death of his first wife and his subsequent marriage to Pat. He then recounted his Army story. He remained proud of his rank:

HR. I don't now whether I was important or not but I was.... I was, according to them, I was very important.

He then discussed his early years. I said he had had a hard life:

HR. I think I have! But I can't can't sort of say. I don't what other people's like you see. I've had a very hard life. I've had to get up in the morning and get three pennorth of stale bread, if you didn't get the stale bread, it was bloody good hiding and then come at night teatime, "Well now, go and get some stale cakes, Hugh". You'd go down for three pennorth or six pennorth of stale cake. We lived that way!.....Very, very rare we had a real good cooked meal.

HR.But it was terrible when I was a kid. Oh! I used to get bloody good hidings every day. And hit round the head not.... not little soft touches!.....

He interrupted his story to say, somewhat anxiously:

HRBut you ain't going to get rid of me yet are you?

I reassured him that I was still going to continue seeing him:

HR. Come away, come along when ever you can, even if I'm not here. They'll [staff] know where I am anyway.....

Int. I think um.....I'll only be able to come along once a fortnight sometimes.

HR. That's nice! That's nice! Once a month a do! Long as I bloody see you!

He continued to feel that I had helped him:

HR.You done a lot for me, haven't you?!

Int. Why?

HR. What a different man I became! Be truthful!

The interview ended on a positive note. Mr. Raft was indeed different to the man I first met at the beginning of the investigation.

The Ending of the Investigation

It proved very difficult to arrange to see Mr. Raft after this interview. I rang the setting and found out that he had been discharged. They did not know where. After the Christmas holidays, I rang the social worker who told me that Mr. Raft was spending all of his time with his wife, as his wife now felt she could manage him. The only organised activity for Mr. Raft was a weekly attendance at the hospital gardening club. Mr. Raft had told her he still wanted to see me. I arranged to meet him at the hospital gardening club centre in January 1993. It was hard to track Mr. Raft down for this meeting. He was off looking for me all over the hospital. I eventually caught up with him and we had a long interview which was unrecorded. He seemed well and happy and talked of familiar themes. Everything seemed stable in his life.

This arrangement continued throughout the Winter and Spring of 1993. Often Mr. Raft forgot that he was due to meet me. Eventually it became apparent that I was no longer so necessary for his well-being, and the meetings gradually ceased. I kept in touch with his social worker to ensure that he was well. In November 1993, his wife said she could no longer manage him. His dementia had worsened and she found life impossible. Mr. Raft was given a short term bed in a local authority home. He was later transferred to the assessment ward of the local psychiatric hospital. I visited him there in January 1994.

He immediately recognised me when I walked into the setting, and greeted me with great pleasure. He took me off to show me his bedroom which was very pleasant and overlooked the hospital grounds. He was very pleased that his room was so fresh and clean. We held our final interview in his room. This interview was unrecorded. Mr. Raft seemed remarkably calm and happy. He implied that he worked in the setting. He was quite rational about this. Again, it seemed as if he felt he was different to the other patients. I hesitated to ask about his present wife as I felt it might cause painful memories to emerge. He brought it up, however, by mentioning her name. I gently asked if that was his wife. He denied this and said that she was merely a friend. She had been a friend of the family for many years. I felt very relieved that his illness had allowed him to forget this

relationship, and the painful memories associated with it.

He recalled his time in the Army and some of the events of his earlier years. His stories were still present in his memory, although some of the content had disappeared. Mr. Raft invited me to come and see him again and we parted on the best of terms. I felt more like a visitor who he was pleased to see, rather than someone who was very necessary to his well-being. It was a good feeling.

Conclusion

Although much had happened to Mr. Raft since we had first met in August 1992, the positive changes in his personality, that had taken place during our time together, still seemed in place. Mr. Raft, some eighteen months later, appeared to be a much happier person. Feil, (1985), might suggest that this may have been facilitated, in part, by the resolution of his conflicting and emotional past memories.

Throughout this investigation, Mr. Raft displayed strong emotions associated with significant life events. His memories of these times were intact and readily available for recall, in spite of the influence of the dementing process. It can be suggested that Mr. Raft has demonstrated the strength of these memories. It is also possible to suggest that addressing the emotional content of his memories allowed him to expand upon their meaning and significance.

Further, as the investigation progressed, Mr. Raft began to rewrite his narrative. He began to see himself in a more realistic yet positive light. He appeared to move from a state of bewilderment and uncertainty, towards the possession of a certain peace and acceptance. This remained with him in spite of the major changes in his life. This may be attributable to the acceptance and interpretation of his narrative by others. Although Mr. Raft and myself had a meaningful relationship, he also had an excellent relationship with his social worker, who was very supportive towards him throughout his many ordeals. He liked her and he was able to talk to her very easily.

This case-study indicates that an psychotherapeutic approach in the investigation of the characteristics of emotional memories in dementia, can be beneficial to the informant. The case-study concerning Mr Raft indicates that it is possible for this approach to be both a therapy and a theory. It permits a clear illustration of the existence of the emotions associated with a significant past and allows the client to experience an increased state of well-being and personhood. The ability to listen, to understand and to accept the narrative of a dementing elderly person might be deemed a simple strategy. It has however, some significant implications in reducing the emotional pain experienced by sufferers of this illness. Life for Mr. Raft is now perceived as less threatening. He appears to be happy. This is a significant improvement on his view of life at the commencement of this investigation.