

In the field part 2 (Pizzas, RAY + JULIE and Euro'96): Community Art 1995-6 Alan Dunn

Postscript without conclusion



At that De Niro meal in Chicago in 1994, Jon Pounds says something to me that I don't quite process fully at the time but it lingers. He looks at *Bellgrove*, *Kilmarnock*, *Hamilton* and *Sinatra* and suggests that I like *the idea of public and community art* more than I like public and community art in themselves. I think

Jon's comment has to do with context. He has lived and worked in Chicago his whole life, which is very different from the notion of the artist in residence in different cities and working with different communities, which is what these texts are becoming documents of. Do I use community and public art as currency as I use sound art or curating? Very possibly, but at the same time the notion of *projects* is highly addictive. I see everything through project-glasses and projects are like little plays with organisation, characters, un/planned events, settings, moments of interaction and undercurrents of meaning. Liking the idea of something over the thing itself of course suggests a reluctance to commit, a map rather than the landscape or the concept of love as opposed to being in love. During an EA crit, Roddy B suggests his billboards are *conversational* whereas mine are more *presentational* or *observational*. There is a degree of truth in this, however, and these questions linger.



1995

Liverpool in January. We find a flat by Sefton Park at 28 Croxteth Drive and meet Stefania and Fabrizio, the Italian artists that live across the road, at the suggestion of Merilyn Smith who is an old friend of David Harding. I commute



between Liverpool and Langley Mill to produce the yellow and red rail billboard with 140 kids from the Infant and Junior School. Rather than whether I like the idea of this type of work, the

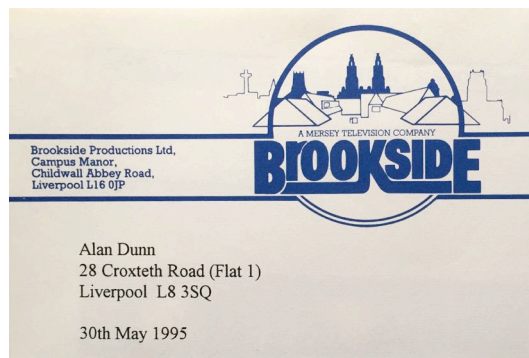
more pressing questions are to do with the *explainability* of everything. My images are drawn from each site, rather than dropped in from planet dada. This is something to constantly address. I devise the *PIZZA* proposal with

Dempster for Edition Klöckner in Düsseldorf, an old bakery. Upping the pace, I write: A YEAR OF MORE AGGRESSIVE PRACTICE. GET IN THE VAN. And if you don't drive, get on the train. I fire off a final proposal to Derby Photography Festival whose Elizabeth-Anne Williams will come to Liverpool to work on the first Biennial.

Side One

It is an odd month. Cantona kung-fu's into the crowd, Big Dunc punches John Jensen, there is a big earthquake in Japan and I get a knockback from Bradford for my Sex Pistols billboard. Working in communities and schools, you don't teach as such, but people do learn from you. Explore. Panny Lane, Ullet Road and the Mersey. Everyone seems to be wearing black leather. Arena Studios, Albert Dock and Visionfest's Christine Wiggins who, it turns out, hales from Kilmarnock. We watch the Ireland-England Dublin riot and Fowler's 92nd minute goal against Crystal Palace. As he comes off the pitch he mutters "fuck, fuck, fuck." I pop over to Manchester to catch up with Simon Grennan but there is nothing doing at Viewpoint Gallery. I get lost around Moorfields

and Pall Mall. Drink in The Albert in Lark Lane. I think about Pounds and maybe he doesn't look as much like De Niro these days. Or vice versa.



I am stopped in my tracks by the huge scaffolding tower of billboards at the corner of Hanover Street and Duke Street, now Liverpool One. I contact Mersey TV with a short script to install some billboards on these and write it

into a Brookside script. They are interested but unfortunately my contact there leaves and I get sidetracked by other projects. Sigmar Polke at Tate Liverpool and Daphne Wright in *On Stream* at the Bluecoat. This is more like it after Kilmarnock, Hamilton and Derby, no disrespect of course. Drink in Kavanaghs off Catherine Street where I play darts and fantasy football for six years. Work away on the *tortoise* images on our carpeted floor in the huge flat that has a weird basement. The landlords have a key and storage room in the corridor. They come and go as they like. Open studio.



I bump into ex-GSA MFA Michelle Rowley and get my bike wheel buckled by some scally, not the last act of indiscriminate crime. I get a rejection from

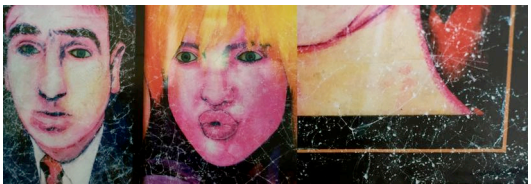
Pépinières. Le Bastards. I file the letter into The Black List and drown my sorrows by forking out £9 for Tricky's *Maxinquaye* that will be listed in my PhD as one of my top four LPs ever. It is not necessarily for the music alone but for being the soundtrack to these first few months in Liverpool when all the senses are heightened and we are both working and playing our socks off. We start taking in plays at The Everyman beginning with Berger's *The 3 Lives of Lucie Cabrol*. Over the road for Fabrizio's 30th and it's dope-filled (not us) with red wine, pasta and art talk until 4am. The next day we go for a queasy bike ride along the Mersey, by Otterspool, caught by the wind and just cruising.



We pop over to Derby, seeing the Ironville wall now dismantled and *The tortoise and the cow* installed in the Atrium. They are silver, hole-punched, sprayed, layered and weird. Red speech bubbles and lots of elements I cannot really explain. On to Nottingham to meet Stella and John at Bonington. Old Sean C looking pretty tattered and wizened as the

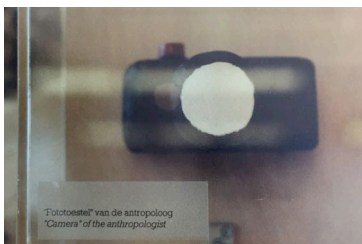
cranes move in. Start reading *The Real Frank Zappa* on the train home. Davie Cooper dies and I pass Shelagh O'Hara in the street (Karen Grant in *Brookside*). Stroll down to the cool 051 cinema for *Eat Drink Man Woman* and we attend a meeting at the Everyman about the annual arts festival Visionfest.

Vivid memories of sitting in our big living room, bag of pistachios from Mattas on Bold Street, watching Liverpool 2 Bolton 1 in the Coca Cola Cup Final. I head up to Croxteth Hall with the Italians and Ben and Kate as Merlyn suggests we could be the first artists to show there. I devise the title *Scooby Doo* and we run with it. Local artists hold a boistrous meeting in the Irish



Centre to debate and dissect Visionfest and through this we meet Margit, Sue, Jonny B and Roger Hill. I am told by Derby Photography Festival that my new address disqualifies me but I persevere and Dempster and me

show our experimental video *Pay us what you owe us* in a Job Centre window. My favourite section is the animated battle/dance between Derby's Rolls-Royce *Spirit of ecstasy* and the Liver Bird. I wander in to The Blackie, one of Britain's oldest community art centres set up in 1967, the year of my birth, by Wendy and Bill Harpe. I have two ideas for Croxteth Hall. One is *Rogue's Gallery* and will be a series of portraits of contemporary celebrities, framed, whose eyes follow you around the room as you move. I construct a huge



model of an eyeball in our back garden and photograph it with a four-lens camera that creates lenticular prints. The other is *ZOINKS!!* that will be display cases of curiosities, sketches, ideas and quirky objects, including two really strong works, namely the *VIRUS* cassette and *The Anthropologist's Camera*. Adrian Henri, then the arts critic for The Daily Post will love *Scooby Doo*. We chat and he laughs raucously at the canned cobwebs I spray over everything.

I meet John Brady at Visionfest. His former band The Moderates are a Peel favourite and his classic is *I don't want to go bald*. John, there are some things that even post-punks can't prevent. At Pavel's suggestion, I get an invitation from the British Art Show to send them some slides for consideration. I send loads of exciting public art billboards but don't make *British Art Show 5*. Drown my sorrows in old Au Pairs and Beatnigs LPs. We hop on the train up to the astounding dune-lined Freshfields beach in the cold wind and rain. Meet Janice Webster at the Bluecoat and she knows *Bellgrove* and we chat about possible projects. Get another call about doing some schools murals in Bootle, part of the drive, post-Bulger, to introduce more positive and cultural activities to the area. Drink at the Bluecoat *Video Positive* opening amidst ex-GSAs Andy McGregor and Eddie Stewart and later they waltz into the after-show party and us locals get turned away. Brother has a bit of a moment on Prozac so I rush up to Glasgow. Get tour of Hampden from my mum and reassure her. Head in a spin, down to Manchester for the Baldessari opening with a



pissed Bryndis and pissed Buchler on Zappa. Keep head in a spin and fly to Dublin to get away for a few days, staying with ex-GSA Dot in Ballyfermot. Brilliant Clemente tortoise painting at Kerlin. Buy Prince Charles mask and get photographed in front of some of the amazing empty architectures around Liverpool. I call it *Sleeping Beauty*.

Side Two

Meet Bryan B at the Bluecoat and he asks me to think about his *Vinyl Junkyard* project. David H calls about the *Ten Years of Girls' High* project and Gill Forrester of the Bootle Maritime City Challenge calls to offer a minimum of five murals. Everton win the FA Cup and my mum chats away to Dalglish at Hampden. It is the sound of Liverpool beating Dalglish's Blackburn as the



latter win the Premiership. I later contact Kenny to invite him to take part in my *Dadoption* billboards about fatherhood but he doesn't reply. Which is cool. Pick up Heylin's *From the Velvets to the Voidoids* and the *No Wave .. To Go* pizza 12". Bit of a theme as North West Arts award the grand sum of £200 to install a 10ft pizza in the window of a Düsseldorf editions store.

My folks visit and we *Ferry Across The Mersey*, explore Sefton Park Palm House and visit Speke Hall. At the Bluecoat, we meet the crowd from Cologne, one of Liverpool's twin cities, and big Rodney *Banana Suit* Dickson. Drink in Cains Brewery down in the underdeveloped quarter. Start baking some pizzas in our house and paint them with whatever is in the newspapers, including George Wyllie, Monica Seles and Jürgen Klinsmann. We meet up at an opening at Ainscough Gallery on Falkner Street and as I arrive, Jimmy Corkhill is leaving with a canvas under his arm. Drink in Ye Cracke. The Liverpool art crowd are incredibly welcoming to new artists coming in, even those that start picking up projects. Perhaps it is the port city mentality. I have this idea for a *University Challenge* set of billboards and run it past Bryan B at the latest Bluecoat opening and work up a GREY proposal for the MOMART Fellowship at Tate Liverpool. James Rielly gets it with his haunting double-exposure paintings. Wander down Bold Street. They say if you walk the length of Bold Street and do not meet anyone you know then you are dead. Bump into Ben L and Juliette on Bold Street and watch a five-pink-ladies-in-a-pink-car performance. Get out The Black List. Knock backs on proposals from Gantry in Southampton and Cornerhouse in Manchester.



On 28th July I check out the London Road site for a possible Visionfest public art commission and note the RAY + JULIE graffiti on the back wall. Brigitte is in residence in the Netherlands and we exchange sketches with the idea of sinking two wooden chairs into cement and seeing how long they last. The co-commissioner is the adjacent Furniture Resource Centre that provides furniture for housing associations. I do a one-day young peoples workshop at the Bluecoat and begin a long relationship with the institution. Bump into Dave Mabb on the bus and he talks of a possible Cologne exchange exhibition. This is more like it. Dempster visits and we pop in to the Tate to see the *Making It* exhibition with local artists Janet Hodgson, Sarah Raine and Pdraig Timoney. Head out to Liverpool Airport which resembles a shed in a

field and fly to Amsterdam for few days. Have drinks and Surinamese food with in-residence Ross and Otto B who installs his *Men's Room Etiquette* in Edinburgh the year before. Vermeer at Rijksmuseum, Kiefer's planes and a Vondelpark picnic while we work on the RAY + JULIE proposal.

Bonington send rejection letter about a Sean project but I persevere and it happens. Rush up to Hampden for 1-0 qualifying win over Greece and The Independent on Sunday lists Liverpool as the most fashionable city in the UK. Black leather. Head downstairs at the Bluecoat to meet the Moviola team (soon to be FACT) and chat with Clive Gilmann, Tom *The Damned* Cullen and Simon Marillion Bradshaw and do some video transferring as John Brady calls to say RAY + JULIE is on. The other proposal apparently was to sink a safe into the cement. Great meeting with him and London Road Development Agency and FRC and we agree to try metal chairs instead although the site is to be redeveloped in six months. Meet Andrew Brooks in Little St. Bride Street and he agrees to weld two chairs for us. Total budget is £1,000.

As you will know by now, dear reader, this is the EA spirit returning. Working hard. Listening again to old and new vinyl by The Specials, Dream Syndicate, Flux, Echobelly, Black Grape, Redskins, Echo & The Bunnymen, Camper Van Beethoven and Smokey Robinson. The Roswell incident is all over our TVs and I start reading Frank Zappa's *Negative Dialectics of Poodle Play*. Brilliant. I have



the idea of doing a work based on Jordan's handball and Dalglish's goal against Wales at Anfield in 1977. Hop on my bike and cycle up to Anfield, one of the roughest, poorest and dirtiest areas I have seen in the UK. Get asked by Dolan in Glasgow to create some backdrop animations for his club night. Head down to a crap opening at Arena Studios and retire to The Monroe to devise *The Woodchip*

Exhibition with Sue L. Rodney Dickson calls at 3am to leave surreal messages for us: "So, Alan, it's 3am. How many fish fingers in a row can you eat?" He also tries to fax a black loop to us to use up all our fax paper. Irish.



Bootle Maritime City Challenge line up four murals in four weeks for me in primary and secondary schools. Dempster invites me up to his school in Glasgow to do another mural. Madness, but say yes to everything. Fly over to

Düsseldorf to set up *PIZZA* in the window of Edition Klockner to a soundtrack of TLC's *Waterfalls*, Hole's *Miss World* and *Who the fuck is Alice?*

PIZZA looks gloriously funny when done and gets a great response. The collaboration however is showing signs of strain. It happens. I look at *PIZZA* and I think it is also about painting, about working with a round format and working with different fore/background spaces. It is of course about collage and the notion of cooking ideas and artworks, but mostly about spatial surfaces and how we see images from the news. I get my head back into Liverpool projects and hang out with nonconform, Lisa at Croxteth Hall, Gill F in Bootle planning the murals and Andrew B on the chairs that will be quasi-



Mackintosh high-backed. I like military operations. Drink in The Nook after Liverpool Open and eat in Quiggins. Up to the Abrasian opening at Atkinson in Southport and catch up with Sam Harrie who is recording the whole event. I research anti-graffiti treatment and scribble down some ideas to approach Moviola about "an electronic version of Bellgrove."

For four weeks in the lead up to *RAY + JULIE* installation, I am up at 6.30am, buy The Guardian and take the train to Bootle to work with hundreds of school kids and teachers on fairly bog standard murals. I sense the teachers are visibly subdued by the Bulger horror, almost trying to detect evil in their



classes of ten-year olds. We start with the jungle mural at Linacre with teacher Brigitte and they are shocked when we do the final lines white instead of black. Jungles again at St James School. Get a call from Rawson Road High



School in Seaforth, the maddest of all the schools in a good way, and book in another mural. Juggling murals (BMCC very impressed) and RAY + JULIE and I finish St. James on the Friday and cycle up on the Saturday as Father McCambridge opens up and I apply the three anti-graffiti layers. The local kids ask if it is sticky enough to attach fireworks to the wall.



I take a day off for RAY + JULIE. A company called SPS do the installation and the younger lad grumbles about how many kidney dialysis machines could be bought for the money wasted on these two chairs. Like Hamilton, the elder gives him a clip around the ear and I tell him that the budget was £1,000 and the chairs have cost us around £1,200. They sink the chairs down deep and



do most of the cementing. Brigitte and me (or is it I?) stand on the chairs with two poles creating the ripples. We wait a few hours in The Lord Warden until it is all dry then head home, satisfied. It is a beautiful cool array of greys.



Back up to Bootle. Lander Road school. On the weekend we assemble to listen to southern fucker Richard Cork telling us all about the British Art Show. We leave at lunch and head for Keiths. Fire off the *IN THE CITY* proposal to Bonington. Each school wants around 100 kids to be involved. Sometimes they invite in some older

brothers or sisters who have left the school to be my assistants. The Daily Post do a funny piece about RAY + JULIE calling Andrew B the "Director of Visionfest" but they are in the ground and their life begins. Buy more black masonry paint in Rapid and jump the curb by the bombed out church and the tin flies off and splashes open. The bus behind me screeches to a halt. If

you look closely today where the bus stop used to be, my *Black Splash* work remains. and I have an idea for another work and contact those behind the detailed pencil drawings of footballers you can buy. The ones that usually have cross-eyes. Thomas Gray school, chaotic space mural week. Gill F turns up with loads of press cuttings and I get call from John at Bonington to say *IN THE CITY* is on. We invite 85 kids to dip their fingers in white paint to create stars all over the mural.

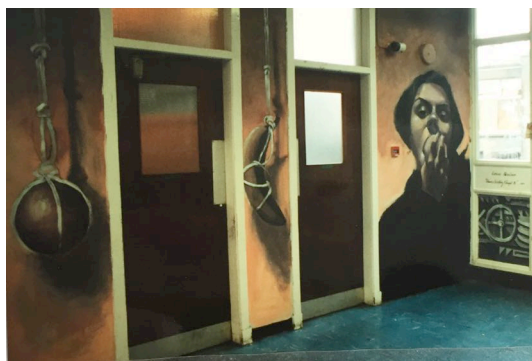


Plate spinning. Helen at Rawson is sussed and we later stay at her daughter's flat in Paris. It is November and freezing and time for the black mütze. Finish Rawson on time by doing the Spencer-inspired rivets and head to 051 to see Huppert in *La Separation* and then food in Kimos. Get The Black List out.



Rejection from Simon Grennan. Get invite to some school project in the appropriately named Mold (Yr Wyddgrug) in north Wales. Down to Nottingham for Brigitte's opening at the same Bonington and back for the glorious *Bicycle Thief* at the Philharmonic. Before the performance, a man in a kilt comes out to play the piano that slowly sinks into the stage as the show begins. Week "off" and up to Glasgow to do *Famous Female Artists* mural with Dempster. Chaos. My cousin overdoses and dreams of killing my other cousin's baby. Welcome back to the east end.

Reading lots of McEwan and Welsh and head down to Mold to chat to the school about doing animations of all the painting in the Head's office, but they give the gig to some boring historian. Get knockback from Bluecoat for *Vinyl Junkyard* but talk it through with Bryan and propose doing a 7" picture disc single mix of all the successful performances. Liverpool is full of the Dutch



and the Irish for the Euro'96 play-off and I get back tired from Glasgow to a flat full of pissed and bitter John Moores University technicians. Have dinner with Janet H and she suggests I get in touch with the engagement folk at the Tate. I meet Catherine Orbach and Naomi Young Tate Horlock and a month later start doing workshops, interpretation tours and projects. I fire off a dodgy proposal for the Hamilton

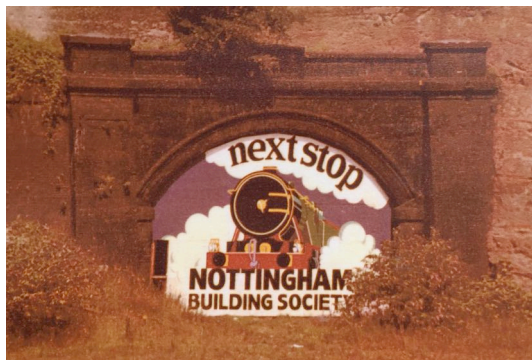


Quarter commission but that is one that disappears into some financial and political void. Stroll down to Student Union for Billy Bragg's Dockers Support gig and he is great, playing *Goalhanger* and *A Pict Song* and others from *William Blake* for the first time. RAY + JULIE looks great in the mild snow and I celebrate with the big triple Goldie LP but jungle does nothing for me of course. Cologne's

Jürgen K comes to visit and despite criticising the amount of cigarettes we smoke, he agrees to let me take him to Anfield for a Fowler-inspired 2-0 win over Man Utd. Young Giggs is great and there's even a streaker. Jürgen is impressed by our surreal hospitality and we talk about a 1998 project, which is a good way to end a first year in Liverpool. That is, except for 27th December's flooded flat and a rapid flit by the dodgy Southport landlords into a 70's themed Princess Avenue flat and a very odd New Years evening with the Italians. This is more like it.

1996

The Festive Flood gets us enough points with a Housing Association to move us into the brilliant Flat 2, 2 Livingston Drive North, right by Sefton Park, next door to Gary D who does the FACT exhibition builds and below the bloke that has



a band possibly called Dole or Zeb. January is as ever a slow frustrating month, full of waiting, wine, Indian takeaways, flitting and finding old Lou Reed LPs and *Urgh! A Music War*. I see John Barnes sat coolly in the window of a Hardman Street café. Some blame him for introducing slow passing to LFCs game but I always like him. Head north to grim Tuebrook to hang out with Rodney, Juliette, Margit and Sue

and stay dry in the 051 with Se7en. Force the flu down deep and head for the ever brilliant Bluecoat opening, the one with robotic shark fins roaming the galleries. It is a weird month. John H in Nottingham has his hands on a new Mac and sends me either (a) the most unprofessional letter a gallery has ever sent an artist or (b) a hilarious four-letter word filled drunken play with font sizes. Either way, the Gallery find it on the Mac and formally apologise to me. I just find it funny, no harm done. Head down to the Walker for the weird *Balloon Debate* and on to the Ship & Mitre to discuss doing PhDs. Then home to watch William Burroughs' *Commissioner of sewer*. It is a month of Babylon Zoo's *Spaceman*, Jacques Tati and Hans-A-Plast.



February emerges in crisp sunlight and Bryan B introduces me to Phil *High Five* Hayes at The Picket and mentions a possible Euro'96 residency. I come home to work on a huge animation for Nottingham, frame by frame. It is the story of Sean Connery and Robin Hood and urban deprivation and Jack Lemmon and Shirley MacLaine's *The Apartment* is on. Meet Steve Hardstaff at a VIEW opening, he of design work for The Beatles, Led Zeppelin and Half Man Half Biscuit, in that order, and a genuinely nice bloke. Coffee with Fabrizio and chat about doing a show in the Architecture Department of Liverpool University.



I start doing those workshops at the Tate, first one with 25 young people and the Susan Hiller show and I get home to news that my Auntie Babs dies; the old east end family is receding. I find this picture of me in my 1978 Tampa Bay kit and when you are young you don't realise how much white makeup your Aunts wear, you just presume they are a bit peely-wally.

Get put in touch with Duncan Hamilton to chat about his idea for a Three Month Gallery in Berry Street. More like it. Every few days seems to bring some exciting new artistic initiative or someone who is aggressively creative, but not arrogant. It is a fantastic time. There is no Biennial or the like sucking in all the events like a black hole and, dare I say, there are mostly artists rather than administrators, project managers or other agents.

Two days in Glasgow. Simon Grennan work at Third Eye/CCA, Babs funeral, arguments with Dempster but we show our video in the background of Love Boutique at Glasgow School of Art as Dolan spins his dance tunes. I keep my jacket on, fucking grump. I take in the Fuse exhibition with Kettles, Boyce, Hilary and Hunter and so forth and part of me is really glad to be heading for the train back to Lime Street. Meet Duncan H and Chris Evans for breakfast in Lark Lane to discuss their window show and I have an idea based on a comment from a kid at the Tate thinking he hears mum and dad discussing



muddled art (ie modern) and I want to muddle up a great Zappa *Sheik Yerbouti* image.



Why not? Remember the "too easy to explain every work" line from a previous text? For Nottingham I start constructing a big trolley thing with the Sean/Robin tunnel landscape and the tunnel cut away for a screen to play



the animation and it is a good idea let down once again by lack of funds and production values. During this, Klaus Staeck in Heidelberg is asked by Tate Liverpool to send over a Beuys' 1970 *Felt Suit* he has to see if they want to buy it. He sends it to Kirsten in Düsseldorf who gives it to Brigitte and thus do we end up with a Beuys work overnight in L17. I make *Self-portrait with Felt Suit* of course and we sleep

with it under our bed. Over to Salford for Sue Leask's opening, more Tate workshops and tours. One young lad collapses during a workshop and I am told that the flickering lights and lack of pure air, for conservation purposes,



often causes that. Duncan H asks for proposal for Three Month Gallery and I have an idea with Brigitte around towers of drums and RAY + JULIE. Wander along

Aigburth Road to meet Dave Jacques at Artskills and down to Tate for Terry Eagleton talk. *The Bacchae* at the Everyman and the extraordinary *Voix des Bulgares* live in the Catholic Cathedral. Daphne Wright talk at the Tate and massacre in Dunblane. Set up Zappa work and Italians drive us down to Runcorn for Sue's *Walled Garden* installation. Bryan introduces me to Rogan Taylor who is heading up football studies at Liverpool University and back down to Tate for Nikos Papadopoulos talk. The Bluecoat opening of *Vinyl Junkyard* is a good

one, with Philip Jeck and Dr Fiona Banner and after it we wander over to London Road to see *Trainspotting* with its cool Archie Gemmill



sequence. Dorothy Cross talk at the Tate and then workshops there with schools from Clwyd and Bolton. I chat with Naomi about doing a Young Tate billboard and it is great until it all goes wrong at paste-up and the paper disintegrates. My fault. Gillian Rose talk and back up to Bootle to do more murals. St Elizabeth of Hungary and Our Lady Star of the Sea. Great names. Big meeting with Bryan to plan my Euro'96 FAIR (Football Artist in Residence) with courtyard banners and hoardings and a curated exhibition of football record sleeves we will call *The Vinyl Whistle*. Even more excuses to check every single record shop in Liverpool. Rush down to



London and bump into Francis McKee in the Jeff Wall show at Whitechapel. Basquiat at Serpentine and Beuys, Schnabel and Warhol in Cork Street. The 1980's.

Back up to work at Tate on the billboard and spend evenings helping out painting floors at Three Month Gallery, listening to the classic Liverpool 4 (Fowler, Fowler, Collymore, Collymore) Newcastle 3. Tate session with special needs group from Porto. We find a studio in Maggs Antiques on Concert Square and meet Roger Hill at the Bluecoat. He lends me plenty of vinyls for



our show including *Sportchestra*, *Barmy Army*, *Serious Drinking* and the various *Bananas!* In just over a year, the Bluecoat has become *The Big Bang* from which all exciting Liverpool activity and connections seem to emanate and this is 99% down to Bryan Biggs. The dubby Slant, with Philip Jeck, play in the Bluecoat garden. Back up to Southport for Rodney D's *Life & Death* opening and

back down the road for Keital in the three-hour *Ulysses' Gaze* that drags until the Sarajevo scenes. Pete Kennard opening at Bluecoat and chat with John Baby 96 Campbell and Duncan H who says Three Month Gallery building has been sold. Ours will be the last show. On to Beluga and Jayne Garrity issues vodka like water. *Baby 96* is an installation by John Campbell and Henry *The Christians* Priestman for *Vinyl Junkyard* of 96 uses of the word *baby* from pop music. I take notes for future *revolutions*.

I do a Tate workshop/tour with ARCH Initiatives. Workshop means meeting the group, walking them round a specific show and possibly doing some practical making. I get on well with ARCH who work with those affected by drug or alcohol addiction on the Wirral and they ask me to do some more work with them. I get £35 for half a day's work and at this stage of my career, I am still scrabbling around for small pockets of funding, all of which I feed back into the projects of course. I work on a 1-in-10 policy of firing off ten proposals on the basis that at least one will be successful. In good years, that ratio lowers. We laugh a lot in Liverpool. It is a crazy exciting city. The team wear those cream suits but lose the final to Cantona's goal. Get a message to call Rebecca Gordon-Nesbitt who is working with David Harding on the *DECADEnt/Girls' High* ten years of Environmental Art project. Knackered, but get in the van, get on



the train, keep going. Watch *This Life*. Move Nottingham work out and Bluecoat hoardings in to flat to work on. Kempes. Klinsmann. Eric Morecambe and Luton. Design banners and I use sections from that Dalglish 1977 goal, taking screen grabs and printing with Scanachrome. Send off application to an artist in residence on the Raffles Estate in Carlisle and get offered a new mural in Crosby. Down to Nottingham to set up *IN THE CITY*. Filmed by young BBC crew and not sure where that footage ever goes or why I did this project. The Sean piece was great, but this show is not. Still learning. Get in touch with the cool Exotica label in London and they send me a delicious pack of vinyl and Bryan introduces me to Mike Brocken who is in charge of the Liverpool University Vinyl Collection. I may have enjoyed meeting him and browsing the shelves for obscure football vinyl, just a little. Only eleven turn up to the wee opening of the work Fabrizio and me put on in the Architecture Department and maybe I should stop doing these projects. Go to great Pete Kennard and Ken Livingston talk at Bluecoat and I ask Pete what he thinks about the role of humour in political art. On the bus home along Park Road, scally teens lob stones at us and smash two windows.

Euro'96



I start making little RAY + JULIEs for Three Month Gallery, install *The Vinyl Whistle*, buy the brilliant Primal Scream Irvine Welsh 12", hang the banners and get interviewed by Radio Merseyside. As there are a few group games at Anfield, the idea is that I am in the Bluecoat courtyard painting the advertising hoardings during and immediately after each game. The Post's Claire Stocks does a great feature called *The boy Dunn's good*. Euro'96 kicks off in the sun and I love being around the Bluecoat. I meet Jayne Casey and Jeck's Slant perform again. I paint after the opening games and squeeze in some Tate workshops. The Croatians are the first fans to arrive and hang out to chat. Over to The Post Office with Moviola



Tom and Simon for Scotland 0 Netherlands 0. Bluecoat put on *Albert Camus, What's the score?* and I take a day out (it's only Holland-Switzerland) to head up to Carlisle for the Raffles interview. There is controversy over balls not crossing lines so I paint a little football and attach to a string and let it flutter in the wind against a white line.

Saturday is the big Auld Enemy one. I had painted Venables and Brown and I let kids deface both in the morning. It feels right. Pre-match chats with John Brady and Philip Jeck and up to Scruffy Murphys with Nathan C and Katrina. I have memories of some scally spending the second half sat facing us with

I start making little RAY + JULIEs for Three Month Gallery, install *The Vinyl Whistle*, buy the brilliant Primal Scream Irvine Welsh 12", hang the banners and get interviewed by Radio Merseyside. As there are a few group games at Anfield, the idea is that I





two fingers up as McAllister misses that penalty on the screen behind him. We get depressed and drunk and later, Mick North from Carlisle phones to offer me the residency. Sleep it off on Sunday with the emerging Davor Suker and spend week two painting and doing live pre- and post-match interviews. The stylish Italian fans peruse the hoardings like art critics, but then

smile. McCoist scores against Switzerland and England run riot against the Netherlands which means that Scotland are going through to a second round game at Anfield until, with ten minutes left, Kluivert scores. I spend the



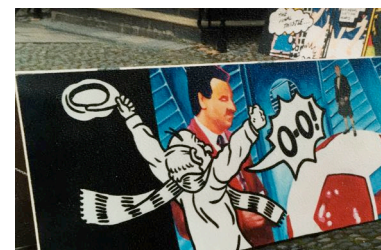
next morning thanking him in paint before a huge bomb alert empties Church Street. I turn one hoarding into a top scorers chart. Rush up to Crosby to talk about yet another mural and head for

Three Month Gallery opening. Dutch fans flood the city as the hoardings come to an end with the last Anfield game. Granada TV do final interview and I share a pint with Moviola crew that are now FACT. Straight into Crosby

mural and get a lift each day from teacher Belinda who is wife of John The La's Cast Power. It is Liverpool after all. "He's really into Beefheart at the



moment" she informs me. The semis are shit, and it is all France 0 Czech 0, England 1 Germany 1 etc etc. English fans riot amongst themselves in frustration. Finish mural and down to Tate for Sandling Unit workshop. Granada TV show a little feature on the Bluecoat hoardings and zoom in on my painting of Granpaw Broon getting excited about the 0-0 draw with The Netherlands. Germany win the final and I make little balsa wood chairs while watching it. I then set fire to a few of them.



Second half, no substitutions

Monday morning and it is back up to Bootle for another school mural. No mobile phone and I rely on the kindness of secretaries to



allow me to do business during intervals and lunchtimes. Morning off to do Tate workshop with seventeen middle class Shropshire schoolkids. Back to

Bootle. "A boy of 13 has been remanded into secure local authority care for a week by South Sefton youth court in Bootle, Merseyside, charged with the murder of schoolgirl Jade Matthews, of Merseyside, on July 7." I wonder if he has actually painted a mural with me. It is possible.



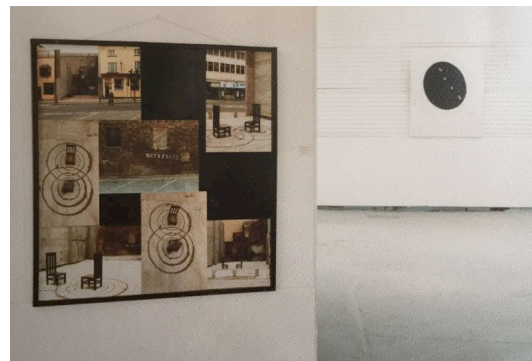
Tate from 9am-6pm, workshops around Miro show. Listen to stupid Presidents of the USA LP. Meet Duncan Curtis who is working at the Arts Resource Centre in Bootle and we start

collaborating in Seaforth. We will look back on ventures such as ARC as well-meaning, Lottery-funded and equipment-rich but perhaps not given the time to truly match the newly available arts funding with local needs. Duncan and me start on some legendary projects including *The Launderette* and *The Bin Issue* around Seaforth. Bryan B chats about the *Vinyl Junkyard* and invites me

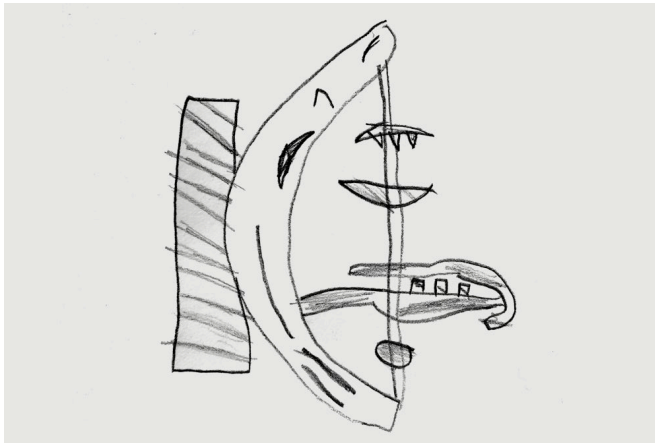


to a meeting with Bill Drummond and Jeremy Deller to discuss ideas. Things seem to speed up again. The original RAY + JULIE painted text vanishes over-

night. Our installation RAY + JULIE LOOK OUT!! opens to record crowds at the Three Month Gallery. Brigitte has constructed some large lookouts from old wooden drums and elongated tents and I attach the little R+Js to her old black moon canvases and give them titles from early 80's songs. The Tate's Lewis Biggs seems particularly interested in these titles and the place is packed with the 3MG crew, JMU students, Janet and Dave, Adrian Henri, the London Road Development Agency, Bluecoat crew, Michelle R, German Church, Rodney D and Juliette etc etc. Carry on upstairs at the Brewery, a classic Liverpool evening.



The Black List update – Baring Foundation and North West Arts knockbacks. What is needed in these times is surgical advice for artists trying to raise funds and someone to broker face-to-face meetings between primarily anonymous funders and artists. Start playing Margit at Badminton in Toxteth Sports Centre and pick up amazing vinyl in the backstreets of Liverpool, including Bill Drummond's *The Man* for £3 and a Nigel Rolfe LP for £1. Mum salvages me a seat from Hampden before the South Stand redevelopment. That seat will stay with us for a few years before it gets lost in one of the moves, never being quite sure quite what to do with it.



How to take a break from Liverpool, part 1. Traditionally, the locals prefer Wales this time of year so we pack some bags and train it to Betws-y-Coed, Swallow Falls, Llyn Elsi, Pen-y-Pass and Gwydir Chapel in The Parish of Llanrwst. I find an original copy of *Scully* in a charity shop there and get a sudden flashback to growing up watching Liverpool drama on

TV. *Scully* is Alan Bleasdale's series with Andrew Schofield, Mark McGann, Cathy Tyson, Sam Kelly and Elvis Costello. Equally good is *One Summer* by Willy Russell with David Morrissey and Spencer Leigh.

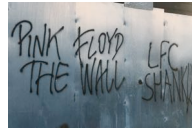
Things stay busy. The turntable spins with new vinyl from Barry Adamson and the wonderful Soul Bossa. I draw up a list of top four B-sides, including Oasis' *Acquiesce*, Adam & The Ants' *Beat my guest*, The Stranglers' *Love 30* and the Big Dipper Loch Ness Monster track on the *All going out together 12"*. The Black List – don't get IMMA residency with a reworking of the GREY idea. The GREY day shall come. Two more full days at Tate and start to prepare for Raffles. Hopping on the train to Carlisle for my first meeting, I feel energised by eighteen months in Liverpool. People respect that you have studied for six years in Glasgow and as for all the hours put in on school murals and workshops, they are about money and professional experience, of course, but also about a compulsion to listen to stories, to mix and match between opposite ends of the spectrum.

I do like the idea of community and public art, as a concept as well as a reality. But being between places and groups feels more exciting than being tied to one particular spot. Liverpool feels right as a setting for these stories and I accept the Carlisle residency, initially for six months, on the basis that I will only be there three days a week, a part-time *between-cities* model I shall maintain for years. Projects will continue in Liverpool between 1996-9, notably the Cologne exchange and *Liverpool Billboard Project*, but the period becomes about Raffles in Carlisle and my longest stint with one particular community grouping.

Images



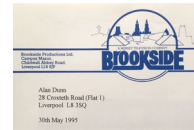
Jon Pounds, Chicago Public Art Group, image courtesy of <http://newsarchive.medill.northwestern.edu/chicago/news-223251-print.html>



Alan Dunn *Liverpool Defensive Wall*, photograph, 1995



Alan Dunn & Langley Mill Junior School And trains, 20x10ft, 1995



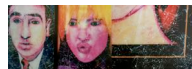
Alan Dunn *Soap Letter*, 1995



Alan Dunn & Alex Dempster *The tortoise & the cow*, Atrium, Derby, 1995



Alan Dunn *Robin and Marian*, Nottingham, 1995



Alan Dunn *Rogue's Gallery (Cantona, Love and de Sancha)*, Croxteth Hall, 1995



Alan Dunn *ZOINKS!!*, Croxteth Hall, 1995



Alan Dunn *Sleeping Beauty*, 1995



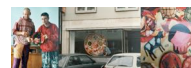
Various *No wave ... to go* (incl. Stranglers, Klark Kent, Dickies), A&M Records, 1978



Alan Dunn & Brigitte Jurack *Proposal for RAY + JULIE*, 1995



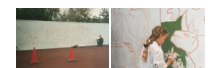
Alan Dunn *There's Kenny Dalglish in there, oh what a goal!*, photograph, 1995



Alan Dunn & Alex Dempster *PIZZA*, Edition Klöckner, Düsseldorf, 1995



Alan Dunn *Bootle mural (Linacre)*, 1995



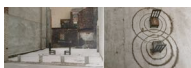
Alan Dunn *Bootle mural (St. James)*, 1995



Alan Dunn *Bootle mural (St. James)*, 1995



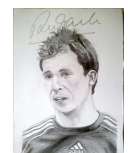
Alan Dunn & Brigitte Jurack *RAY + JULIE*, 1995



Alan Dunn & Brigitte Jurack *RAY + JULIE*, 1995



Alan Dunn & Brigitte Jurack *RAY + JULIE*, Daily Post, 1995



Muhammad Afiq Bin Abdul Rashid Robbie Fowler



Alan Dunn *Bootle mural (Thomas Gray)*, 1995



Alan Dunn *Bootle mural (Thomas Gray)*, 1995



Alan Dunn & Alex Dempster & various *Famous Female Artists*, Victoria Drive Secondary School, Glasgow, 1995



Alan Dunn *Bootle mural (Thomas Gray Infant)*, 1995



Nottingham, 1980



Nottingham, circa 1980



Alan Dunn Auntie Babs (right) and Peggy, circa 1978



Alan Dunn Young Tate Workshop: Wondering about in the future, Liverpool, 1996



Alan Dunn Muddled Art (Zappa), Three Month Gallery, Liverpool, 1996



Alan Dunn Self-portrait with Felt Suit, photograph, 1996



Alan Dunn Young Tate Workshop: Wondering about in the future, Liverpool, 1996



Alan Dunn Bootle mural (St. Elizabeth of Hungary), 1995



Alan Dunn Bootle mural (Lander Road), 1995



Alan Dunn Young Tate Workshop: Home & Away, Liverpool, 1996



Alan Dunn The Vinyl Whistle, Bluecoat, 1996



Alan Dunn & Alex Dempster *IN THE CITY*, Bonington, Nottingham, 1996



Alan Dunn FAIR (Dog on the pitch), Euro '96, Bluecoat



Alan Dunn FAIR (Daily Post), Euro '96



Alan Dunn FAIR (Kempes and referees chart), Euro '96, Bluecoat



Alan Dunn FAIR (Auld Enemies), Euro '96, Bluecoat



Alan Dunn FAIR (Dutch fans and top scorers), Euro '96, Bluecoat



Alan Dunn Bootle mural (Crosby), 1995



Alan Dunn FAIR (Grandpaw Broom), Euro '96, Bluecoat



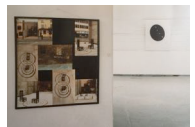
Alan Dunn Bootle mural (Our Lady Star of the Sea, Seaforth), 1996



Alan Dunn Bootle Bin Issue (Our Lady Star of the Sea, Seaforth), 1996



Alan Dunn & Brigitte Jurack *RAY + JULIE LOOK OUT!!*, Three Month Gallery, 1996



Alan Dunn & Brigitte Jurack *RAY + JULIE LOOK OUT!!*, Three Month Gallery, 1996



Alan Dunn Bootle mural (Rawson Road, Seaforth), 1995



Alan Dunn Tate Workshop: Home & Away, Matthew Arnold Primary School, Liverpool, 1996