

everyman & PLAYHOUSE

Transcript for Love, Liverpool: an A-Z of Hope - Letter 3: A Good Night Out

This audio recording features the voices of seven people. **Nathan Mc Mullen** performs a commissioned piece from Luke Barnes to open the letter. Then we hear **John Winter** and **Jennifer Chamberlain** reading their own public submissions. We are then joined by actor **Cathy Tyson** for a break in our stories as she shares some poetry, a few recipes and some theatre going memories. We return to our public submissions with stories from **Jess Parker**, **Rachael Norris** and **David Irvine**. We end with a message from actor **Pauline Daniels**.

Future Luke by Luke Barnes, performed by Nathan McMullen

THIS IS A LETTER TO YOU, FUTURE LUKE, DRUNK OUTSIDE THE LADY OF MANN.

Future Luke. You're a fantastic animal. You're fantastic because you got through the plague that I, current Luke, am going through now, and you're an animal because look at you; all that exercise made you look amazing; much better than I do now. I wanna hear you roar. Yes. I'm imaging that's powerful. Good lad. Deep. Powerful.

I know you'll be standing right now outside the Lady of Mann in Moorfields on a future Saturday because you can't get a ticket to the game so you drink there with the people that go, they get in a taxi, and then you hang around drinking with whoever else is in town now. I'm imagining this because... Why change what's boss?

Future Luke I know how you feel. I know you feel fantastic. It's natural after all this time locked up; and how can you not? Looking like you do you're raring to go. I don't blame you. If I looked like you I would feel fantastic as well but I need you to calm down for a second. I'm writing you this letter because I know you, when this is all over, will face a choice round about now. And I want you to confer with this letter when you are faced with it.

Assuming you haven't lost it, I know it's possible because you are a sexy animal, your phone is full of futures; there are possibilities in it that you know will take you to certain levels of chaos and I just want you to take a second, slow down, harness that animal energy, and think about which one you're going to walk down and which one will make you the most fantastic animal you can be.

The pressure on you right now to live your life to the max is almost paralysing. The pressure to have the time of your life is making this letter hard to write so here's what I'm saying. Don't worry about the choice you make next being the best story; just stand still for a second and calm down. Look at the building directly opposite Rigbys. The sort of gray one. It might be "LOFT" or something now. And look up at the carvings on it. The people. In fact just look at building next to it. And the one next to that right down to the Prudential one. I'll give you a second to take them in. This should slow you down for a moment whilst you gather that animal energy.

These buildings are like churches. I think it's also fair to note than I come in *from* town so only see these buildings when I'm leaving the pub so I may not be in best head but look at them but they're nearly as majestic as you now you fantastic animal. Usually when you're with people not from the city you use this moment to tell people that Liverpool has more Graded Buildings than anywhere in the UK except London and we lost most of them in war and STILL have the title. You can feel the air from the sea here. On a hot day that air, like the one I hope you're in, the heat makes time stand still; potential fun in the air; you can almost feel people falling in love tonight. But that's not for you, right now. Right now all you have to do is slow down and start appreciating what you're doing right now. Let's do that; with your six pack and your calves like that look like horses legs. Let's slow down.

When you look in your phone and you see the catalogue of chaos and made stories that the streets of Liverpool have to offer think about this before you chose one.

This Luke, the one talking to you from the past, is right now 2.5 months without seeing anyone. That's 75 days. Right now, my body, that will one day be as ripped as yours but right now is podgy, is slipping in and out of nihilistic depression and sometimes I'm waking up at 4:48 and I'm thinking of Palestine and of Belarus and of my ancestors in mines and docks across Wales and Merseyside and I'm thinking how lucky I am but that I still feel pointless and want to die. This has taught me something about Art and your Art, our Art. That I think you need to bear in mind now. Art doesn't make anyone like you. Mad stories don't make anyone like you. The people that checked in, sent stuff, called you are the people you should want to see right now because if they, hadn't made a choice at some point to choose love over chaos then right now you would probably be dead and everything would be pointless. Think about me and the people that saved us. Not you and the mad story you'd like to create. Think about those people. These are the people that matter.

I know you. I know that in moments like this, half cut, you run away from genuine conversations. I know you well enough to say that right now you've probably been invited somewhere and you won't go because you might actually have to talk to someone you like and you might actually have to feel connected to someone so you're going to call the scattiest people you can find and talk nonsense until 6am. I'm asking you now, Future Luke, half cut, 32, outside the Lady of Mann, to do the thing that honours the people that saved you. Because you don't know if you're going to be me again; alone, depressed, scared. And if you neglect those people. There is nothing worth living for and in that moment all these possibilities will be just death.

Keep looking at the buildings as well. Breathe. Chase the love of the people that matter.

Have a great day.

You fantastic Animal.

Love, You

-end-

-A new story begins

Blame it on the Beatles and Bill Shankly* written & read by **John Winter*

I suppose you could just blame it on the Beatles, but to be fair, Bill Shankly probably had quite a lot to answer for as well.

The thing is, we all thought it was normal. We were young, in our mid-teens when it all started. And when you're that age, you don't think too much about what's happening around you, in the places where you hang out, you don't know any different. What happens is what happens. It's just the way things are.

Only it wasn't normal for what was then a fairly ordinary city like Liverpool. It was about as far from normal as it could possibly be. But as I say at the time, we all thought it was normal. And we thought they were normal too. Well, no, we didn't actually, in fact, we thought at first they were from Germany. It wasn't that long after the war, which for us teenagers seem like ancient history, even though there were still loads of derelict bomb sites all over the city.

In Liverpool, we didn't get to see many people from Germany. So that made them a bit unusual, but the sound they made and the way they looked, that was something else. It's difficult now to describe the way it felt, watching them, listening to them that first time. It was Litherland town hall in 1960, two days after Christmas. The poster outside the hall listed three local bands. The Delraners, The Deltones and The Searchers. And in big black letters, DIRECT FROM HAMBURG, THE BEATLES. We'd never heard of them.

Inside the hall the opening line of Long Tall Sally hit us like a thunderbolt as it was hurled out across the dance floor. The singer stood at the mic, screaming out the words, it was electric, the hairs on the back of our necks stood on end. We'd gone out for a bit of a dance and then all of a sudden nobody was dancing. We turned towards the stage mesmerised by the sound and by the look of the leather clad figures. Don't get me wrong, some of our local bands were good, but these lads from Germany were like some sort of primeval force coming at you. There was a loud roar as the song came to an end. The singer waved to the cheering crowd.

"Thanks for that. It's great to be playing for yous all tonight."

One of the girls I was with turn to me.

“Jesus Christ. You'd almost think he was from round here the way he speaks.” Then she was gone heading towards the stage.

An hour later, as they ended their set the whole place erupted. Over the noise one of the guitarists was shouting into his mic.

“Ta very much, we’ll be back here soon. See you then.”

We never guessed for one moment that we just witnessed something special, something that was going to change almost everything. All we knew was we were on a real high. And to make it even better Liverpool had beat Rotherham United at Anfield that same afternoon.

We'd not long got a new manager you see. Bill Shankly his name was. There was something special about him. Everyone was saying it was a bit of a renegade. Once he got the job, he refused to take a blind bit of notice of the directors who'd been picking the team each week, saying they didn't know the first thing about football. And he was right, they didn't. With a bit of lucky he'd shake the place up a bit.

And it needed shaking up. Seven years it was since we'd been relegated from division one. Seven years. And Everton were riding high, that seriously hurt. In Liverpool football's like a religion. It really matters. We'd been close to promotion a couple of times, only for our hopes to be dashed.

Some days it felt like we'd be trapped in the misery of division two forever. But not that evening as we left Litherland Town Hall, with the music and the football we were buzzing.

So that's how it all started. Eventually it changed the world. But as I say, at the time, it just felt normal.

-end-

-A new story begins

Flat 4, Number 8 written & read by Jennifer Chamberlain

This is the home that love built.

A love born in the Spring of 2015 on a 24 hour date: Heebies Jeebies, Peter Kavanagh's, The Caledonia then back through the quarter to Rodney Street.

We grew together against the backdrop of MacKenzie's Tomb.

Our evenings scored by the soundtrack of Shiverpool in the street below,

Stories hiding ghosts

Yet there we were, in love - blind.

Two hundred years of history stood around us, as each day we carved out our own.
I remember so many things about that place.
The way the sunlight would stream through the sash windows, the promise of the weekend waking up outside.
Piles of records on the floor.
There was music all around, always, filling every crack, corner and cove.
I remember.
The Indian rug we argued over in Jaipur that travelled 4000 miles and beat us home.
The first time you made mushroom risotto.
I remember the night I saw a mouse when you were out so I stood on the sofa screaming.
I remember my head on your chest.
And laughing, laughing, laughing.
That time you spelt out S-O-R-R-Y in my favourite crisps.
I remember the Birthday, Valentine's, Christmas cards that we would leave up too long and forever keep.
I remember the parts I'd rather forget.
How slowly we knitted together and how quickly we fell apart.
My mind unravelling.
And how you held on, opening the door to rebuild our old love anew.
The heavy hope of starting again.
I remember it all.
The light and shade of our lives suspended in the hourglass of time.
And so we grew together against the backdrop of Mackenzie's tomb
Until the past pushed us into the present.
Five years boxed up in bubble wrap, closing the door to start our next chapter.
Whose ghosts lived there before us, I wonder?
And who has moved in now we've moved on to fill more space?
Our voices echoing still in flat four, number eight.

-end-

-We're joined by Cathy Tyson

Actor **Cathy Tyson** shares her picnic.

Hello everybody. What a beautiful day for a digital picnic, and I'm so happy to be giving you certain things to take on this glorious day to help you enjoy your picnic even more hopefully. Now I don't have a particular joke to share with you, but I do have a couple of programmes to go into your picnic basket.

One is *I'm Sorry I haven't a Clue*. It's a Radio 4 comedy programme, for years it has made me laugh in the kitchen. I started listening to this programme probably when I was pregnant, because I used to stand at the kitchen and I loved the radio on for company, as so many millions of us do.

And this program has made me laugh continuously every time I've put it on. So I hope it makes you laugh if you get a chance to listen to some of it. And of course, dear Tim Brooke Taylor died this year sadly and I never liked him on *The Goodies* when I was younger, I never laughed at all at *The Goodies*. But when I listened and met Tim Brooke Taylor and Graham Gardner in this programme they were some of the funniest people I've ever heard. So I hope they make you laugh as well.

Yes and a favourite song. I don't have a favourite song, but I have a few, as so many of us probably do. Anything by Cole Porter delights me especially *Night and Day*, and then *Let's Do It*. One of the things I love about Cole Porter is the language, the words, the lyrics. I'm a big word lover so if a song's got interesting words in it, then that appeals to me greatly.

A poem. One of them is Shelley's *Ode to the Westwind*. I remember reciting it to myself not for the public but for myself and just absolutely loving it. Having the good fortune to have gone to the Mediterranean, Greece, Italy and the way he talks about the Mediterranean in the poem is just absolutely so evocative. I love that poem.

Another one is *If We Must Die* by Claude McKay seems very, very you know apt for the moment. It's very stirring and poignant and I just wanted to include that.

And lastly, one of the poems that often goes through my mind if I think about poetry is the poem that begins:

What is this life?

If full of care,

We have no time to stand and stare.

And I live in London, very busy city, and often those words remind me to calm down. And I was introduced to them by my mother. She often used to recite that prayer, that poem, sorry, but it feels like a prayer.

And of course [claps hands] Maya Angelou. Two more poems. One is Still I Rise and the other is Phenomenal Woman. If you haven't heard her recite this live, do google it, it's absolutely fantastic, Very firming for all women I feel and for all people you if you take ... if you take that sentiment of not being looked down on but really affirming yourself and its funny and that again is again is another kind of poem prayer for me.

A recipe. I love spices. And so it would have to be something to do with spices and I do a curry lamb, and I also love jerk chicken so I'll pop those recipes in there for you to enjoy. Very simple as well, but tasty.

A picture. I have chosen Tahj Rust's picture called *Rückenfigur II* and it was done in 2019. One of the reasons why I like this, is I'm a lover of the sea. Coming from Liverpool I grew up the river Mersey and I was fortunate to go on holiday to Wales every year as child. Thank you Mum. Anything with the sea in it I adore, whether that be music or painting. This particular one has a couple of young Black teenager boys standing on rocks and in the background is the sea. It's lovely to see these two healthy boys standing there with that background. So often I think we're quite used to different kinds of backgrounds when we come to see, to think of Black youth but this one just affirmed me seeing two youngsters in nature, strong, healthy standing on a rock, standing tall. One's looking one way one's looking the other way. And it's a very modern painting. He's a figurative artist Tahj Rust and he lives in America.

Oh my best memory of the theatre. There are so many I'm happy to say. The most recent one was the Roman tragedies I went to see in Holland. I was working in Holland at the time and decided to stay on and extra 2 nights to see this trilogy. Five and half hours of theatre... the Roman tragedies comprised Anthony & Cleopatra, Coriolanus and Julius Caesar and it was directed by Ivo van Hove. The theatre was in a traditional theatre in Amsterdam but what they did when we walked in and the audience could walk all over the theatre while the show was on and we could sit anywhere we wanted to. This whole experience cost me 60 euros which was incredible. We paused and we had food on stage with the actors and then resumed what they were doing. They also filmed on the street. It was one of the most remarkable experiences I've been in but also there was a section of it that went back to traditional. I think the last 40 minutes was done in the traditional way with the actors were on stage and we were in the audience and in a way I liked that as well because it was something that we were familiar with. Just it was nice to add the traditional along with the modern and innovative as well. That was the most recent memorable theatre experience and it was worthwhile staying in Holland whilst other people had gone home and staying in IJmuiden and learning about IJmuiden, you know the defences during the Second World War and going to the beach there.

And I will travel far for theatre. I'm one of these people who if I can I've got to go. That's the furthest I've travelled from home to go and see a show. I would travel further hopefully if I had the money and if I was working on a project.

Another memory was seeing Ghost dances which was a ballet by the Ballet Rambert with my mother and feeling absolutely captivated by it. I can still remember it vaguely but it was very special.

I hope you can take some of these things with you and enjoy them as much as I have done as well on your digital picnic. It's been lovely doing this and I look forward to hearing any comments back about what you think of the things I've put in your basket.

-end-

-A new story begins

***Dear Krazyhouse* written & read by Jess Parker**

Dear Krazyhouse

It's Thursday at the K

A sticky, smokey, 2-4-1 day

Outside, freezing our Quiggins off as the bouncers make us wait, but

No ID, love...not to worry, love

Let's start out nice and easy

Second floor till it gets sleazy

With the blokes twice our age we'll just stay till they play Rage

Downstairs, down we go, through the thick cloud of smoke,

Feel the pounding in my head and the bass inside my sweating chest

We're jumping now, we're "moshing"

Bodies pressed together thrashing

Find a weird hard seat to rest on, catch my breath

On the move, up to the top

To laugh at the scals, to mock but soon we're up and with them

Dancing free to Steps and Kylie

The perfect oxymoron, of a Smirnoff and Doc Martens

But one more time we're down the stairs

Time for lights and Living on a Prayer

And chips and cab and back because we're up at the crack, of dawn for school

See you next Thursday, freaks and geeks

See you next Thursday, sticky seats

See you next Thursday for the best fucking night of the week

-end-

-A new story begins

***Brass Faces* written & read by Rachael Norris**

I got in a taxi with a liver bird, on the way to A Lovely Word,
I stopped at Pier Head to look at the graces,
Where the Beatles live now, all in brass faces,
I saw Florence, Eleanor, Cilla and Vic,
My names in the Cavern, scratched on a brick,
I ate scouse outside in the Bluecoat garden,
got pooped on by a pigeon, and gave him my pardon,

Had a tab at tabac, and a cry and berry & rye,
Sat under the big wheel by the docks and played eye spy,
Ended up at Ye Crack and then I wanted to get high,
O Me, O My, Radio City in the Sky,
Ichi Noodle, scratch my head, I am never going to bed!
Pop by central library and start getting well read....

Take the tunnel to the other side,
Visit the Williamson, go inside,
Looked at some paintings by some folk who had all died
Then to New Brighton beach and go on all the rides.

I like the Roger, Henri, Brian, beat,
Oye at Sefton, Raggas Caribbean treat,
I rode a lambanana from Lime Street to Crosby beach,
Got the duck bus to Sound City then had to dry my feet.

I went to see the floor in St Georges Hall,
the Playhouse, the Everyman,
in the Phiharmonic Hall they've got newsies on the wall

I cycled from Calderstones to Otterspool,
chucked up red wine in Princes park along the way,
had a nap in the Festival Gardens,
then headed down Lark Lane.

I attended a meeting under the 1000 year old tree,
had an ice cream and a sit down and watched some dogs on leads,
I've been watching horrors, watching soaps,
Reading horoscopes and doing crosswords over breakfast at the Tavern Co
and charity shop shopping down Allerton road, always stopping to take the bizarre shit in,
skate boarding round strawberry fields and waiting a really long time for the lights to change
at Sgt Peppers.

The Kaz, the Raz, Pen Factory, Nabzys,
Concert Square is not an orchestra pit, FACT
Find my feet going nowhere up Bold Street,
Roughly Handmade Chocolate Swirls,
Come and get yer bargains gerls!

The Park Road whirlitzer which apparently broke because too many people were shagging
on it,
The stench of eggs, three pint legs, standing on the ledge and getting up and performing!

-end-

-A new story begins

***The End of the Summer of Love* written & read by David Irvine**

Some people say 'Flower Power' died when the Beatles split, some say after the Stones played Altamont, others with Charlie Manson and his murderous 'family'.

For me it was when I stupidly told a girl I didn't want her anymore – and she agreed with me. Why would she want to be with someone so stupid?

I spent most of the year 1967 in and around The Phil, The Cracked and O'Connor's.

At one of the many parties that seemed to be around in those heady days I met and fell in love with a beautiful girl. I was surprised by it! It snuck up on me and knocked me sideways. I didn't need drugs to get high. She was out of my league, not just because of her beauty but socially and intellectually. We were together for long enough to make me think that she liked me too. I think she did; we had a good time together. We had our first date in The Phil.

Without sex or drugs but a lot of great music that beautiful person widened my horizons.

Come 1968 we parted. I phoned her one night and asked to meet. That phone call was made from a pub on Alt Street, Liverpool 8 around the corner from where I lived in my mum and dad's corporation tenement in Kingsley Road. I don't remember what was said that night, we had no argument but...we had our last date in the Phil.

Writing this each time I have typed 'Liverpool' it has come out 'Liverpool'. I wonder why?

So, that was the end of the Summer of Love for me.

-end of stories

Hello, I'm **Pauline Daniels**. I've spent many, a happy year working at the Everyman and Playhouse. Not least being a part of the first production back when they opened the brand new building.

I played Mariah in *Twelfth Night*, which was my first Shakespeare role. And I spent six of the happiest months of my life in the very first rep company that they did three years ago. If you are in a position to help then please, please, please would you kindly make a donation because it's going to be important that we keep our theatres open and that the Everyman and Playhouse can continue to do the great work that they've already done so far.

They work so well with communities and brilliantly with youths. I mean YEP is one of the most amazing theatre companies ever. So if you can, please, please, please look on the website. It's at www.everymanplayhouse.com and your donation will help them to carry on doing what they've been doing best.

Please. Entertainment is so important to us and we have been without it for so long. Please don't let it die. We need you, please help. Thank you.

We hope this transcript was useful. If you do have any feedback we'd more than welcome it.

Please email communications@everymanplayhouse.com

Thank you