

# Brunswick Street

## Art & Revolution

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For over 25 years I've buskt ma poems an spruikt on Brunswick Street... it has been ma lifeline, socially, emotionally, habitually it has been ma self identity... In those years it has been ma sense O Home... where ma adopted family O artists, ma brothers an sisters would meet each day an night, an celebrate with revelry tha new creative Fitzroy.

Sure there were artists in the 1960s an 70's, bot there was a new wave in the 1980s... because Fitzroy was a slum it had lots of cheap accommodation, warehouses an shopfronts with dwellings upstairs... There was an influx o artists in tha early/mid 80's, collectives started ROAR STUDIOS THE WOMENS GALLERY an lotts a artist run galleries... loft spaces used as studios would be transformed

into temporary galleries, what tha artists brought ta Fitzroy was a D.I.Y. (Do It Yourself) creative vibe... with them they brought a social need o indulgence, places ta meet, exhibit, hear music & poetry, an drink... soon there were NEO-BEATNIK cafes everywhere on Brunswick Street, an it became a hip scene, tha artists would exhibit their paintings, poets would recite an musicians would Jam, not only in tha cafes an galleries, bot on tha street too, there were buskers galore... durin the day a piece o tha action... because o this excitin creative vibe that satisfied all tha senses, people in droves came ta Fitzroy ta experience tha BUZZ... so from tha late 1980s ta tha late 1990's Brunswick Street enjoyed its Halcyon days... there was always an exhibition openin on where there'd be be FREE GROG, there'd be Rock bands playin for FREE at various pubs, an tha artists, musos, poets, punks an drunks would gather on tha corner o Kerr Street drinkin Long Necks o beer or box's o cask wine celebratin tha good times... tha suburbanites, young professionals an tourists ogled us FREAKS...



We didn't mind sharin OUR STREET... it was fun meetin backpackers from all around tha world... "Welcome ta our little corner o tha world" we'd say... the suburbanites an young professionals were NOT fun!!!! They'd try an pose an be uber cool, we saw thru their FAKENESS straight away! an eventually it was these children o YUPPIES who RUINED FITZROY, because they liket tha bohemian flare they bought unREAL ESTATE... soon there was no cheap rent, bot they wanted MORE... warehouses were bought ta build apartment blocks an tha artists were kickt out!!!! Tha EXILED artists moved ta Northcote an created a new scene... culturally Brunswick Street is crippled, in tha last 16 years its limpt along, an with tha loss o Polyester Bookshop an Fetish who've'd been here for 30 years its GONE! I'm still here because o Public Housin which I'm very thankful for... an tha Rose Street Artists Market I spruik for which is a wee gem off B Street, every weekend I see Milan an artist o 95 years, Joan an Maureen who're in their 70's an 80's there are still a few of locals, an for that I'm happy.

I guess Brunswick Street is tha new Chapel Street... now! full o food an fashion, with a new breed full o greed... not for ART, POETRY an MUSIC... but for forken DOUGHNUTS!



