

Breakin' down the walls of heartache Part 1: *Breakin' down* **The Redmen TV meet tenantspin uptown** *heartache*



It should be obvious that an adventurous voyage is most unlikely in the shallow waters of a bathtub, but the illusion of that possibility persists and is exemplified by art that never sails beyond the gallery.

Alan Dunn

15 January 2018

The day after Liverpool 4 Man City 3

While my grandpa worked for John Brown Shipbuilding on the Clyde and my dad for Denny Hovercrafts, by the time I left Bannerman High School in the east end of Glasgow in 1985 there were a lot less-nautical opportunities available. I chose instead the terra firma of Glasgow School of Art.¹

Scottish artist George Wyllie (1921-2012) was born a stone's throw from Bannerman and he spent his life at sea, taking up art only after retirement. His quote above about bathtubs compels us to look beyond the gleaming white art gallery for other contexts and during six years studying I was taught to be alert and sensitive to those spaces between, behind and around established forms.

Each day I commuted by train to art school and forced myself to be awake en route. In 1990 I raised money for my own billboard at Bellgrove Station, halfway along that journey, and invited other students, artists and writers to design posters for the commuters. The posters by Ross Sinclair and Douglas Gordon both gained significance from the station's proximity to Celtic Park and Rangers winning the league and my own work immortalised the Archie Gemmill goal,² three years before *Trainspotting*. The Bellgrove project opened up a way of thinking and operating that has endured, based on an interest in *between spaces*, a DIY ethic and art-football crossovers.



Figure 1 - Alan Dunn Archie Gemmill, Bellgrove Station Billboard Project, Glasgow, January 1991.

Jump to 2018 and I am living in Merseyside and lecturing in art and design at Leeds Beckett University half the week. On those mornings when I get the train from Liverpool to Leeds, I travel up the escalator from the Wirral Line and see the Black Dogs posters I installed during the Malcolm Lowry project; Goya-esque images of my dog Lulu amidst drunken seafarers, lighthouses and black dog depression. I exit by St Georges Hall and glance up at the 31m wide Media Wall where I presented the *FOUR WORDS* project with a former Liverpool FC striker and instead of heading straight into Lime Street, I cut along past the Empire Theatre and up London Road to check on the *RAY + JULIE* sculpture I created in 1995 with artist Brigitte Jurack.³



Figure 2 - Alan Dunn *The Black Dog*, Lime Street Station, Liverpool, July 2017.

Recently I was walking back from checking on *RAY + JULIE* along the dark lane by Ma Egertons and saw two men striding purposefully past the taxis into Lime Street. I recognised both and took a quick snap for Facebook. I caught up and said a nervy hello to the taller one. That man

was Paul Machin and, together with Chris Pajak, he runs The Redmen TV, an online Liverpool FC fan channel. Started in 2010, it now has over 2,000 *YouTube* subscribers and presents weekly shows before, during and after each Liverpool game. I stumbled across it in 2013 during *that* season and since then have watched avidly. The Redmen TV exists within a long history of cable television, internet TV, community radio, streaming, webcasting, blogging and podcasting; it is fanzine, pressroom, pub, living room, crowd and *The Detectorists* mining the burning fields of *Twitter* all twisted into one. I love it and it needs to be written about.

On the surface, The Redmen TV is an orthodox fan channel with regular shows such as *Uncensored Match Build Up*, *Chris' Starting XI Prediction Show*, *Reds Transfer Roundup* and *The Final Word Show*. The two main presenters Paul and Chris sit on a sofa in a corner space with bare brick walls covered Salon-style with Liverpool FC memorabilia of Rush, Dalglish, Kennedy, Paisley, Torres, Suárez and Gerrard. They address each other by first name and talk to the camera, occasionally about family or real life, but mostly just about football. It looks and sounds increasingly professional, closer and closer to terrestrial TV, and is free to watch, although subscribers for only £5/month at <https://theredmentv.com> can get additional content. They



Figure 3 - Back of a Redmen head, Lime Street Station, Liverpool, August 2017.

have regular guests on the other sofa with my favourites being Paul's dad, the cool Hansen/Lawrenson-esque John Machin, the razor-sharp and deadpan Ste Hoare, the much-missed legend Aubrey Reynolds, the passionate Tom Dutton and cool BBC sports journalist Emma Sanders.



Figure 4 - The early years of The Redmen TV, June 2010.



Figure 5 - The Redmen TV: Chris Pajak (left) and Paul Machin, December 2017.

I moved to Liverpool in 1995. Growing up in Glasgow, *SHOOT*, *MATCH* and *Panini* covered every club but we really supported those that were on TV and played fast free-flowing high-scoring football in cool strips: Anderlecht, Barcelona, Holland, Ipswich and, most of all, Liverpool. There's a photo of me circa 1979 aged 12 in my LFC kit and Liverpool also had the best TV and music during my formative years: Echo & The Bunnymen, Scully, OMD, Brookside, One Summer, Big in Japan, Pink Industry, Zoo Records, The Mighty Wah!, Colin Fallows' ARK Records that released *Dada For Now* (A Collection Of Futurist And Dada Sound Works), Erics, Teardrop Explodes, Adrian Henri's book *Total art: environments, happenings, and performance* and weird events like The Crystal Day or Joe Jordan's handball against Wales to qualify for Argentina '78.⁴

My first game at Anfield was late 1995 with a visiting curator from Cologne as Fowler curled two past Peter Schmeichel to beat Man Utd. I took my son Zak to his first



Figure 6 - Back garden of a young Liverpool fan, Glasgow, circa 1979.

game in 2006 and he sat close to Gerrard taking corners during a 3-1 win over Aston Villa. Zak later had the chance to go out with one of Fowler's daughters but it never worked out.⁵ My daughter Heidi decided to be a blue and I took her to windy nights at Goodison amongst Fellaini wigs but the camber at Goodison is so severe that she couldn't see the players' legs from the front row of the Family Enclosure so we didn't go back much. We should have done. We try



Figure 7 - Heidi at Goodison, 2012.

to get to one or two LFC games per season. We saw a stropky young Raheem Sterling at pre-season Tranmere, sulking when he didn't get a pass, Torres in his prime befuddling old Richard Dunne, Bellamy running Man City ragged in the semi and Gerrard slipping. We forget the chances Suárez and Allen missed in that game, but I marked the Gerrard moment in my work for the Bluecoat, *Recordings from a dark city (2017-1994)*, a 9m high digitally-printed list of the most haunting sounds I've heard in Liverpool since arriving.⁶

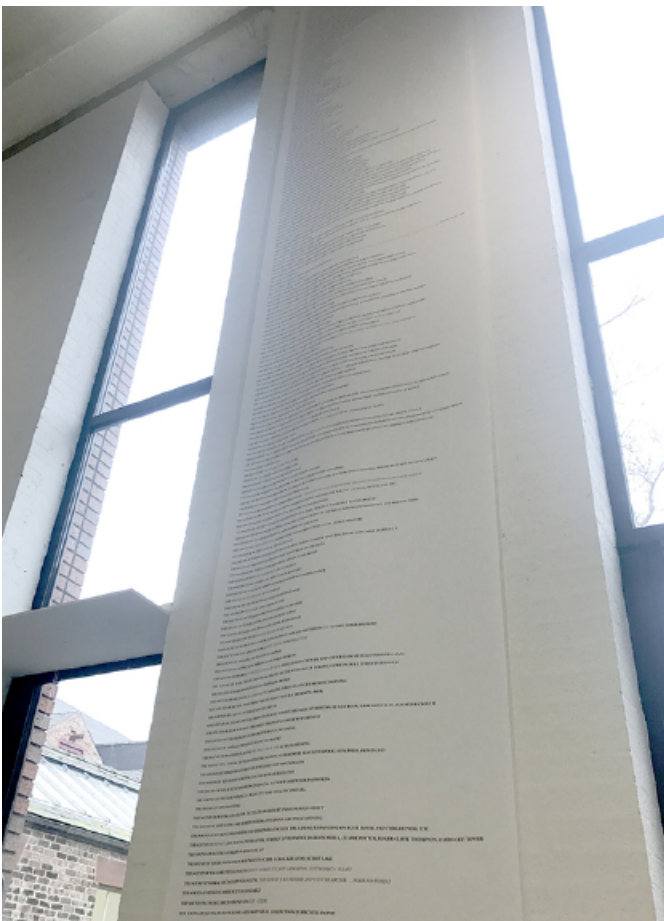


Figure 8 - Alan Dunn *Recordings from a dark city (2017-1994)*, installed at Bluecoat group exhibition *Public View*, 2017.

*It seems like every song of yours is real short but that's the good part. In many bands you know, you've got a long song, and then there's a good part here and a good part there. And Guided By Voices songs are just, they are the good part, and then it's over.*⁷

Sometimes on The Redmen TV we get to see them watching the TV and celebrating or bemoaning the goals, Gogglebox-style but without all the dogs. Those amazing little shows have titles like *Burnley 1 Liverpool 2 in 3 minutes* and are worthy of Martin Creed authorship. But they are more than conceptual highlights. They are us watching the goals only through the ecstasy and heartache of Paul, Chris and their guests. By the time we watch these mini masterpieces we already know the score, but we are drawn back to have our emotions reconfirmed and to watch the highs and lows of others. Time has been compressed with all the boring bits hacked out, just as those early Guided by Voices' Beatles-inspired home recordings made in Robert Pollard's basements skulk from catchy hook to catchy hook. Watching The Redmen TV watching football strips it back to whether twenty-two professionals make us feel lighter or darker, either reaffirming our identities or casting doubt on who 'we' are?



Figure 9 - Chris' *Starting XI Prediction Show*, before the FA Cup 3rd round game against Everton, January 2018.

We watch Chris reveal the new Van Dijk card, all ready to Velcro onto the Subbuteo pitch during his *Starting XI Prediction Show*. We watch Chris tease us with it. He waves it in our face then callously drops VVD to the subs bench. Chris does like to tease us. Sometimes he seems like



Figure 10 - Paul's dad, John.



Figure 11 - Ste Hoare, Head of Content at Fresh Press Media.



Figure 12 - Emma Sanders, Broadcast Journalist at BBC Sport.



Figure 13 - (left to right) Tom, Chris and Paul after Liverpool 4 Man City 3.

a lonely person. Maybe he wants to be somewhere else. He recently responded to a message sent from a viewer sat in school with 'If you don't get your Degree, look what you'll end up doing. Dropped out of University. Look at me now! Talking to a frigging camera!!' Said with an ironic smile, but still said. Maybe it's just because he doesn't have a family member on the sofa like Paul has. Sometimes Chris looks at the camera and there is something in his past. Maybe he's kept those bad defeats deep within him, yet while Paul may diplomatically sit on the occasional fence, Chris bends the ball round that fence with spitting stats, Klopp-style attacking force and absolutely nailed-on decisive opinions. Former curator at the National Football Museum in Manchester, John O'Shea has been making bio-engineered pig's bladder footballs⁸ to comment on the shift away from the mass community game to today's Sky Sports Premier League synthetic artificiality. Chris Pajak (Twitter name - *mrbloodred*) proudly wears that passionate dark crimson bloody raw pigs bladder mud-covered ball on his sleeve every show.

The Redmen TV of course reminds me of *tenantspin*, a community webcasting project I managed at the Foundation for Art & Creative Technology (FACT) in Liverpool between Houllier and Torres.⁹ Made by real people before broadband rolled out across Liverpool, *tenantspin* was a collaboration with Danish artists Superflex, ex-Microsoft programmer Sean Treadway, Liverpool Housing Action Trust and primarily elderly tenants of Liverpool's sixty-seven tower blocks who were facing refurbishment or decanting. *tenantspin* was part of the e-democracy drive, using innovative arts projects to give voice to those previously unheard. In essence, it was a series of weekly one-hour webcasts and occasional artists' projects, with all the presenting and production done by the amazing pensioners Steve & Mavis, Kath, Margo, Vera, Jim, John, Paul, Dolly, Rick, Michael, Tony, Brenda, Mark, Pauline, Freda, Josie and John Spoons McGuirk.

tenantspin webcast live discussions around the big issues of health, money and housing but also discussed robots,



Figure 14 - *tenantspin* E-Democracy show, The Box, FACT, Liverpool, 2003.



Figure 15 - *tenantspin*, Knotty Ash's Vera Cook on audio-visual mixing, FACT, 2004.

food, football, skateboarding and the paranormal. We had numerous guests and collaborators including Bill Drummond, Will Self, Jayne Casey, Mike McCartney, Alexei Sayle, Ladytron, Nina Edge, Wayne Hemingway and the Hillsborough Justice Campaign. As the lead artist on the project, in my mind I was the modern day Epstein, McLaren or Drummond as the world again looked to Liverpool as having something vibrant and fresh. People recognised that what we were doing was special and we were incredibly hospitable, insisting that people came to Liverpool to meet the tenants and experience it first hand. Over time, numerous PhDs and essays cited *tenantspin*¹⁰ and we were invited to exhibit in America, Sweden, India, Finland, Germany, South Korea and I was asked for *tenantspin* content to show in the Australian outback and the South Pole. In 2007 there were murmurs around nominating the project for the Turner Prize to be held in Liverpool that year. We were at our absolute peak but the Turner Prize would not be ready for an arts/housing project based in Liverpool until Assemble in 2015. The 2008 European Capital of Culture judges visited during the nomination process and Tony Factory Records Wilson loved *tenantspin*. They all came knocking, with BBC, Comic Relief, Guardian, ITV, BT and Sky wanting to collaborate or buy our content (we declined to sell it). Both Superflex and the Arts Council of England wanted us to set up training hubs to inspire communities across the whole country.

Years later, Matt Wilson, founder of the Ball Street Network of channels that includes The Redmen TV, speaks of the *engagement at scale* factor of fan media

that is attracting sponsors drawn to the genuine connection with audience. In 2003 we staged a conference in Liverpool entitled *England's Streaming* (a nod to punk/DIY) to look at that very relationship between grassroots and commercial broadcasting. We concluded that it was *tenantspin*'s (small) scale that generated the special content and we avoided at all costs letting it become the other way around. We worked with more or less the same tenants over many years rather than spreading ourselves too thin finding new participants or *directly* inspiring others every week; they had to come to us then go back home and find their own format.

In terms of content, I also banned nostalgia on *tenantspin* as there were enough other reminiscence projects around Liverpool. This is another thing that attracts me to The Redmen TV and in particular John, Paul's dad, who resists slipping back into the glory days of the invincible 1980s. It is live TV for live life, but if anything, it is Paul doing the 'Dad, you were used to just turning up at Anfield and seeing teams streamrollered' prompting but John resists and deflects it with a sharp quip about Rhian Brewster or the next big thing. How easy would it be to think back to thumping Fergie's Aberdeen 4-0, the 1981 semi against Bayern Munich, the colossal 1980 replays against Arsenal in the FA Cup, the 4-3 Newcastle games, Istanbul or the Houllier trophies? Nostalgia should indeed be left to BBC3, Netflix and other YouTube channels.

With *tenantspin*, we had a basic chatroom but most of the time live

audience figures were small. We noticed a *breathing effect* of early webcasting. Dolly Lloyd would forget the no-nostalgia rule and be getting into the groove of a tale about someone who drank in the Atlantic Pub off Scotland Road, then realise that maybe, just maybe, someone in Sri Lanka or Denmark was tuned in and they needed a wider context. Breathe out. Then back into surgical local precision, then breathe out again. However I think streaming media has evolved massively and The Redmen TV is completely *breath in* intensity and all the stronger for it. As social media picked up pace, DIY broadcasting developed with the utmost confidence that a global audience *is* on the other end, but that there is no need to make any concessions to the local. There is no need to 'put things in context.' The more asphyxiatingly-detailed and intensely local, the better. Television was the drug of the nation but the dealers are the addicts now and they demand detail detail detail.

world their class, a throwback to the 80s, but then their frailty, as a lead slips away. This is worse than being simply shit for ninety minutes. And the biggest example is Bournemouth away in those yellow kits. I was dismantling *The Ballad of RAY + JULIE*¹¹ at the Lewisham Arthouse on that Sunday and following the game on a dodgy beIN Sports stream. By the time I had gone up and down the ladders to disconnect the projector, 1-3 had become 4-3 and poor Roopa Yvas had the short straw of having to find something positive to take from the game on the couch post-match. In the subsequent twelve months, how often has the phrase *Bournemouth away* been heard on The Redmen TV like a hypnotist failing to wake us from that last fifteen minutes on the south coast?

Then there are the straightforward abysmal defeats; Man City 0-5, Spurs 1-4 and any from Hull, Burnley, Watford, West Ham, Newcastle or Leicester away.



Figure 16 - Bournemouth Away, December 2016.

It's just my opinion, but I think that Chris would broadcast at 3am for the sake of getting it off his chest. I think that he's the only one of the team who would do such a thing, which is not disrespectful to Paul, but precisely what makes them the Lennon-McCartney of fan TV; the darkness and light that can coexist without becoming grey. And together, their relationship and contrast *makes* The Redmen TV and The Redmen TV makes each LFC victory so so much sweeter and, just as importantly, makes each defeat much much easier to keep in context.

We see disappointment oozing from every sinew of Chris' face after a *throwback/throwaway*, which is the worse kind of defeat. In those, Liverpool show the

heartache



Figure 17 - Fan Cam, 4-3 Dortmund, April 2016.



Figure 18 - Free For All Fan Cam, 2-1 Everton, January 2018.



Figure 19 - Free For All Fan Cam, 2-1 Everton, January 2018.



Figure 20 - Fan Cam, 4-1 Man City, November 2015.

The Redmen TV help us through these troughs. They are trauma therapy. They are the *Eye Movement Desensitization and Reprocessing* sessions that enable us to still watch Moreno against Sevilla away (3-3) or Mignolet against Arsenal away (3-3), feeling like we're watching the defending at the Mexico 1970 World Cup while still sort of being able to function as our footballing hippocampus floods with cortisol every time a cross comes into the Liverpool box.

Of course, we see elation and frenzy on the faces of Paul and Chris when Liverpool win, which in recent years has been fairly often. The Redmen TV add beautiful icing to the theatre that those away from the ground cannot affect. There was the absolute chaos after the Dortmund 4-3 game and our screens filling with a swarm of delirious faces and arms and 'we were there' realisations. I remember Paul saying 'having heard of so many European nights from my Dad, we finally now have one of our own' as much as I remember Sturridge's stumble and pass to Milner for the cross to Lovren. I remember Mané exploding onto the scene against Arsenal and Chris nearly rupturing Paul's back with a goal thump, seen in Gogglebox mode. I remember Paul's laugh from the Kopp when Liverpool score and he turns the camera on himself for us to share. Watching LFC without The Redmen TV add-on now seems pointless. Or empty, which is weird. Share the joy and heartache; the wins over Everton, the carnage of two 7-0 wins this season, the arrivals of Klopp, Salah and Van Dijk, the ongoing Coutinho and Keita sagas, the darkness and light of Lovren and The Fab Four. Firmino, Lallana, Alexander-Arnold, The Ox and Gini are all genuinely exciting and Redmen-like footballers - modern, flexible, hard working and constantly looking for new angles.

The Redmen TV see the tiniest of details that the smugfest of Lineker and Shearer don't. The Redmen TV are the early 1970s American photorealist painters Richard Estes and Chuck Close cleaning the mud off their Woodstock glasses and showing us life in all its Attenborough HD intricacy - a particular little burst by Ryan Kent in a pre-season game, Mané cutting across the Arsenal defence in the 4-0 game (Salah's goal seen from the camera in the tunnel is a beautiful artwork¹²) or the angles



Figure 21 - *The Infamous Back Thump*, 4-3 Arsenal, August 2016.

created for Coutinho's second against Spartak Moscow, with each pass seeming to dissect two opposition players; Mané to Salah to Firmino to Coutinho and *she loves you yeah yeah yeah*. Each pass generates a nod and a silent 'yeah, of course it goes there' and that Fab Four goal is my goal of the season already, rapid forward-moving tika-taka with an end result.¹³

As if their own emotions aren't enough, the fans interviewed by The Redmen TV straight after the game outside the ground reflect this excitement. Paul or Chris thrust microphones in the faces of the articulate ones, the Ginger Kid, the tourists, the Scandinavians, skinheads, scallies, drunks and converts. Simon Reynold's *Retromania* considers the shortening gap between the gig and the bootleg, between the event and the documentation of the event, as the *digital zoom* collapses all space and time. With The Redmen TV we can be watching reactions to the game during the game. The Redmen TV, like many, are striving for the holy grail of reacting and documenting *before* the event. We love the event so much we can't wait for it to make us light or dark. We see the angles that regular channels don't show us, as the Cubists opened up new lines across the human form. We can see deep into fans' eyes as they spasm to what is usually

compelling drama, except that is if it's the park-the-bus conductors Allardyce, Pardew & Pulis, but The Redmen TV is *The Italian Job* bus, veering recklessly with no thought of braking and fuelled to the teeth with a Pop Art vocabulary of *Instant! Uncensored! Pre-match! Post-match! Live! New content uploaded in the next hour! They live in Reynold's franticity* and the city is dark blood red and alight.

January is a hard enough month of self-reflection and thoughts of debt, weight and summer. In January 2016 I hired the 31m wide Media Wall opposite Lime Street for an hour and presented 100 *FOUR WORD* statements about January from artists, writers, teenagers, bands, economists, a priest, journalists and David Supersub Fairclough (Liverpool FC 1975-83), having been impressed seeing him as a guest on The Redmen TV. Supersub came along to see it live and, just as his submission was screening, Exeter fans streamed out of Lime Street for the replay and blinked into the crisp January light, reading his text: *Try, make an impact*, quickly followed by retired seafarer Captain Pengelly's *I REALLY HATE JANUARY*.

Artist Derek Horton recently wrote on Facebook: 'I've always held to the belief that using lots of complicated words



Figure 22 - *Outside The Kop*, April 2017.



Figure 23 Alan Dunn & David Fairclough in front of *FOUR WORDS*, Liverpool, January 2016, photo: Mark McNulty.

heart

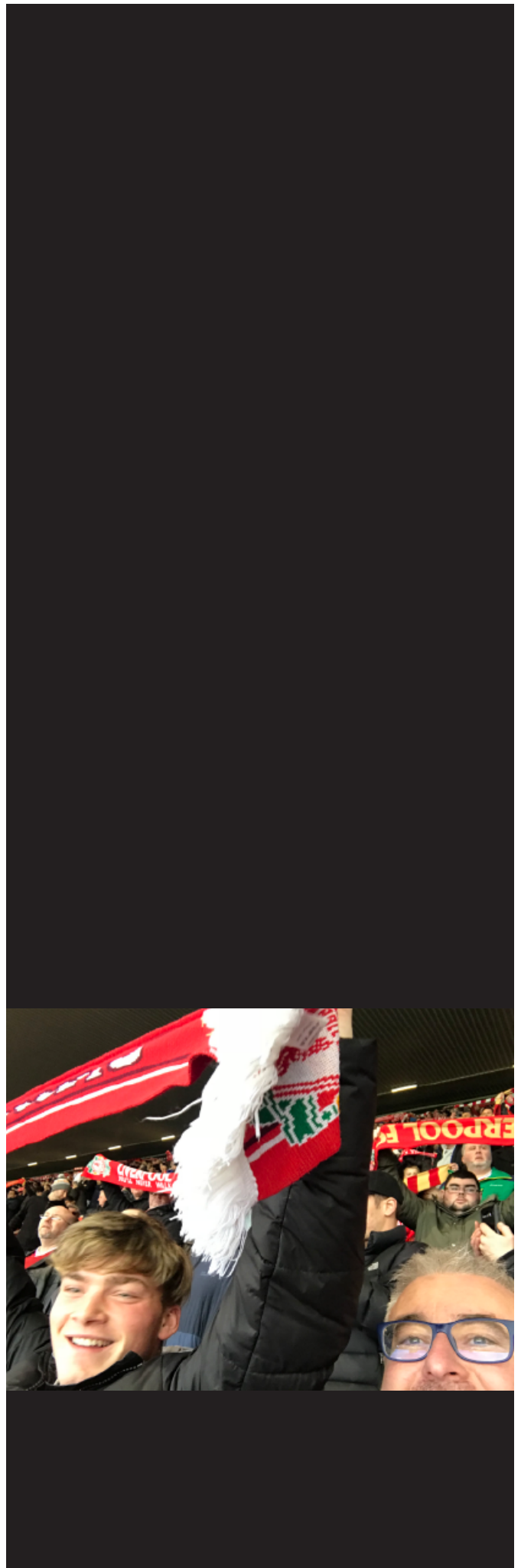
to express simple ideas is relatively easy, whereas expressing complicated ideas in simple words is where the real skill lies.' I believe that the The Redmen TV encourage us to dip into dark and complex places using the simple cover of football. It can get dark in there and Liverpool as a city knows that. Paul reflects on camera that he refuses to let Liverpool's result impact negatively on his relationships with his close and loved ones, but it is hard. It is only football but if we say it isn't personal then the good times aren't personal either. The Swansea 2-3 defeat in January 2017 came on a particularly bad and strained day between my daughter and myself. I did let it affect me. People screamed. I cried and sat alone and watched The Redmen TV and I like to think that I have not made a lot of those mistakes again. The whole of January 2017 made *Vantablack* look bright. It was 2-2 against Moyes' Sunderland, 0-0 Plymouth and 1-1 Chelsea. It was police, drugs raids, kidnapped grandchild, Social Services, debt collectors and threatened violence. Life's hard enough without losing Coutinho. And Mané. And losing to Southampton time and time again. And Wolves. Then Southampton again. Hell decanted to the south coast in January 2017 and Redmond and Long played like Messi and Suárez, leaving us all to *bleed out*, *Punisher*-style.

Towards the end of last year I took Zak to the Leicester game and Little Mo didn't let us down in the second half but I was thinking of my daughter and how we haven't spoken for over a month. Blocked. Never walk alone? This is meant to take our minds off real life, at least for 90 minutes plus Kasper Schmeichel time, but even a crackling atmosphere can leave you empty. My feet were cold in the new stand and I thought back to January, that split from my daughter and her son, our grandson who we rarely see now and who is growing up in a Leeds United home.

Obviously there are hundreds of faces in the Anfield crowd that are masking minds tearing through various problems as we all watch men paid to focus only on football when the whistle blows. And I subscribe to The Redmen TV to watch people focus on football amidst births and deaths. But what then is The Redmen TV to me, you and the world? Is it the online archive of content or is it the people and

their silly and poignant discussions that will be remembered into the future? Currently sponsored, unfortunately like too many clubs, by a betting agent, what happens if the big commercial offer comes knocking? Will we one day see Chris or Paul and The Redmen TV on Sky or BT Sport and any darkness is faded out? Possibly, and it may end up bland watered-down censored corporate fodder. I sincerely hope not but as we know from exciting young bands, it's hard to remain independent and keep the early fire burning. Paul and Chris will argue that they are fans and that negates any such conversation. I do hope so. The Redmen TV has helped me through some dark times, as escapism, distraction and a reminder, as if one was needed, not to let football results have a negative emotional echo after the final whistle. Walk away. Walk on. The Redmen TV has truly reconnected me with football, and with Liverpool FC in particular. No, I won't buy a derby ticket for £175 but I will continue to watch The Redmen TV for the Lennon-McCartney debates over formations and Firmino's celebrations backed by steady Paul's Dad John on drums and Ste taking the stage for guitar solos as complex as Coutinho's second against Spartak. The Redmen TV is very very special and one of the most exciting expressions of the complex and wondrous city of Liverpool since the early Beatles, early Biennial or early Bunnymen.

Now, all it lacks is a theme tune...



heartache

Like a madman who's walking the morning

Headin' for the walls of heartache

*Working everyday, I'm bringing home the
pay of heartbreak*

You are down but the walls are higher

And you feel the tears you're cryin'

Oh, I got to bring it back

I'm workin' 'til the day I'm dyin'

I herein propose Dexys Midnight Runners' cover of *Breakin' down the walls of heartache*¹⁴ as the first ever Redmen TV theme tune. Picture and hear the chorus kicking in as Paul and Chris *Glam Rock* stomp around the studio, joined *Banana Splits* style by Tom, John, Roopa, Aubrey, Emma and Ste; the screen cuts to Little Mo running through a static defence as the tune pounds and he coolly slots home the winning goal and we cut back to the studio and they scream wildly in unison 'Liverpool have just won the fucking Premier League and The Redmen TV are up for the Turner Prize – hello everybody, welcome to *The Final Word Show* with me, Paul Machin, and Chris Pajak!!'

Endnotes

1. In a nice twist, Stow Engineering College where my dad did his evening classes has just been bought by Glasgow School of Art as an annexe.
2. As well as the *Trainspotting* reference, the goal also became a dance - <https://tinyurl.com/y87wclrs>.
3. <https://tinyurl.com/yanw8vn8>.
4. In 1996 I was the Euro'96 FAIR (Football Artist In Residence) at the Bluecoat in Liverpool, making new works in the courtyard for and with visiting fans. Some more details of that and other Argentina '78-inspired works in this journal - <https://tinyurl.com/ybt42jeo>.
5. As can be seen, I like lists and links – Fowler got married in Duns and we have a family myth that we are descended from the 13th Century philosopher Jon Duns Scotus who ridiculed the church and hence the Dunce cap. I also once Photoshopped the Duns statue to have TARDIS pockets - <https://tinyurl.com/y7twexnu>.
6. <https://tinyurl.com/y7gfq7bl>.
7. Liz Clayton interviewing Robert Pollard, *Wind Up Toy Magazine*, April 1994.
8. <https://tinyurl.com/y993d24v>.
9. <https://tinyurl.com/y8kt3vdv>.
10. For example, Jane Clayton's PhD (<https://tinyurl.com/y86b9al6>), Lucy Hood's PhD (<https://tinyurl.com/yck56dhu>) and Marie-Anne McQuay's article (<https://tinyurl.com/y8yfbthm>).
11. <https://tinyurl.com/yark83cn>.
12. <https://tinyurl.com/ycmtcj9x>.
13. From 0.41 here - <https://tinyurl.com/yblghd5k>.
14. <https://tinyurl.com/y8copce8>.

Breakin' down

Title and layout are loosely based on *The Writings of Robert Smithson* (1979) edited by Nancy Holt, *Rock My Religion: Writings and Projects, 1965-90* (1994) by Dan Graham, and *King Tubbys Meets Rockers Uptown* (1976) by Augustus Pablo and King Tubby. The font, as always, is Century Gothic. See www.alandunn67.co.uk.

<https://theredmentv.com>.