

Surviving FACT, Odessa and the last cigarette: *tenantspin* 2003-4

Alan Dunn

Not dead

2003

Start with the positives. On Friday 3rd January I stroll into HMV and remember some advice about “only finding interesting stuff in record shops where nobody else is standing.” Following this rule, I find myself at a quiet rack and spot Stockhausen's *Helikopter-Streichquartett*. I know who he is but don't own anything. I read the packaging, about how he sends four violinists up in helicopters and mixes their performances from the ground.



In the four hours between buying the CD and getting it home to listen, I conjure up an imaginary sound, an anticipated sound that is of course nothing like it turns out to be. That evening, I think about this and realise I now have the tools and skills to simply make my own CDs. I will make what I think some tracks I have read about could or should sound like, a series of DIY anticipated sounds. It is about the time between reading about a piece of music (eg in the NME) or hearing

about something and having that gap as a creative space. Humans can, unlike other species, project and imagine. Today we mention something in a tutorial and before the sentence is finished, we have called it up on YouTube or Ubuweb. It makes us lazy at describing and imagining/anticipating. Of course, it is also less about the actual imagined sounds and more about where this new body of work might take me.



By the end of the Saturday I have produced *everything you hope from* It lasts 31 minutes, the same time as the original Stockhausen. It begins with the intro burst from GBV's *Everywhere with helicopter* followed by a 10-second silence, then GBV, 9 seconds silence, GBV, 8 etc. It's a classic and surprising start to a new body of work. I make 31 copies and pack them in some

DVD cases DeadFrog are throwing out and give them away for free. I number it cantaudio001. *Cant* as in a secret language, as in the Scottish Gaelic cainnt. *cant* as in canny as in *cannae* as in *va-cant* as in can. I write: “finish

helicopter in creative rush, just like the old days, can do this sort of stuff all the time, but is it important?" Already addicted.



That said, 2003 is *not* a great year. Not by any means. January kicks off with the sad news that Peggy Appelby dies, as does Vera Critchley. We move into the FACT Centre and I will later comment about *tenantspin* that "it survives the FACT Centre." I come close to not surviving it though, or rather, I have to modify things vastly in order to work in this new environment. I also change during 2003 with stopping smoking, buying our first house, changing to part-time work and starting the A-process. During the year I talk to hundreds of people about *tenantspin* and it will cement its reputation across the globe despite being picked apart closer to home. Does such scrutiny actually keep you on your toes, as Environmental Art's rigour does, or is it symptomatic of wider art world malaise, evidenced starkly in black and white in Liverpool during the 2000s?

We do lots of site tours and I catch up with Roger Hill who invites me to talk to LIPA students about *tenantspin*. We end the day at the LIPA quiz but even with twelve in our team, we lose. *The Office*. I buy a Conflict CD and already feel a rage. HAT work with us to find a solution for *tenantspin* in the post-HAT years, potentially drawing in one of the bigger Housing Associations, Arena Housing to collaborate on the project. We will do this successfully and *tenantspin* will run for another ten years. I catch up Dave Jacques and help him print and install his *As if in a dream dreamt by another* billboard although JCDecaux ask for it to be removed after a day, despite us showing them the design beforehand. It is characteristic of a very strange year.



Maria B is interested in expanding our webcasting channels, of *Common Channels*, of drawing in new groups. In principle this is a fantastic idea, but I think we underestimate the scale of the HAT in supporting *tenantspin*'s development, the role of an experienced artist at the helm and the behind-the-scenes drive of people like Paul Kelly who nurtures a real sense of pride

and experimentation with the project. I don't think that artists alone can develop groups or projects like this.



Superflex are also trying to pressure us into becoming agents and replicating the channel with other groups for money. None of this sits easily with myself and, on reflection, this is the root of a lot of the struggles in 2003, namely *tenantspin* being unduly stretched to breaking point. We move the project into the FACT Centre, our brand new media arts and cinema building and we can now webcast with live studio audiences. On the downside, we have to pack up after every show as our studio doubles as a cinema. Brighter notes come from Tony D saying how much he loves *Can't take my eyes off you* and how it reminds him of Tarkovsky's *Stalker*. I install the second of the trilogy on the same Hanover Street billboard, *Can't put your arms around a memory*. I use around fifty images from those Grimm Brothers forests and layer doors and ghosts and I am not sure what I am creating, but I like seeing it in public. As I am documenting it, the man who staffs the car park opposite gives me a good crit on it. He has been staring at it for a few rainy days and kind of escaping into it. I am pleased about this. Green door, what's that secret?



We create some badges to celebrate who CP works with and Otto develops an idea for *tenantspin* of taking the tenants behind the scenes of a real daytime TV show and he chooses the pre-UKIP *Kilroy Show*. I give a talk at LIPA, walking in behind Eddie Lundon of China Crisis in this city of eternal 1980s popstars. With the focus on FACT, the interest in *tenantspin* increases and I agree to write a text for *RE:MOTE* and to present at the Baltic. But, if I look back to my CP notes from this time, it is: finish Swedish report for some big trans-Europe



funding that includes a badly-organised Malmö trip, lengthy note from Carnegie about our funding application, having to let Nik Kraakenes go from our team, crap CP meeting about how many public visits we all need to host and copy deadlines for the new FACT brochure being brought forward. Sorry, it is like this. We balance it with the *SuperBlockRockingBeats* auditions and recording and Rick does his Zappa cover, Lil does her mad keyboard solos,



Diane A does *Happy Birthday* and various studio tech-heads work out how best to record John's Spoons. I have the stroke of genius of getting Superflex Bjornstjerne to phone up René Block to say *Never mind the blocks*, with its obvious and clever Sex Pistols reference, and ignoring potential copyright issues, we splice in snippets from *SuperBlock* between the tenants' tracks.

Brigitte and I then decide to hire a heli-copter for "research." We get the train to Pontefract on a grey Yorkshire day and Graham and Newson fly us for two-hours along the Derwent towards Scarborough and I fucking love the noise, height and perspectives. *Every-where with helicopter*. On Sunday 26th January, *SuperBlock* is broadcast on national BBC Radio 3. On Monday morning, nobody at FACT mentions it. To me, *SuperBlock* is a major piece, a well-observed



adventurous work with, as Jeff notes, major influence and input from the high-rise tenants who write and spend time on roofs. What happens? I feel it is lost amongst the petty details of the new building and the "Frankenstein" CP that has been created. We are too busy chasing new projects that we forget to appreciate the good work we actually do. Of course, it is also a marketing issue and I am never quite sure that marketing "get" *tenantspin*,

or rather, they don't have a box into which the project fits, being neither an exhibition, event, screening nor object. The only box we fit into is the physical ground floor Box.

I meet with Kathryn Hughes of the Arts Council to have a look at the green billboard. Lunch with Jit and Ross Dalziel and watch *The Enigma of Kasper Hauser*, *The Last Honour of Katharina Blum* and Adjani in *Diabolique*. We wander the folly Williamson Tunnels and I bank an idea. I meet Karen Shannon who is keen to start up a Manchester version of *tenantspin*



and I remember her language from the Raffles SRB days. Outputs. Returns. Impacts. Evaluation. Where is the art? In the first few months of the FACT Centre, we work very carefully to ensure that the tenants feel a sense of total ownership and ease within our £10m building. We draw in new ones, through



SuperBlockRockingBeats and through planning ahead for webcasts. John Pettitt from Altbridge becomes a regular. HAT start to alter their funding arrangements and that has knock-on effects and we sit in the Swan and Dispensary to mull it over. I write: "eat, drink, smoke, get wet, listen to Human League." Then, back in the real world, I start on a Community Chest application and we struggle to get the ADSL in the Centre working for us.

I give a talk on *tenantspin* at the Baltic along with Francis Gomila but I am not in a good place and really nervous for some reason. I drown my doubts in the big Jon Oswald *Plunderphonics* boxset. The FACT Centre officially opens and I invite Superflex and my mum and dad and there is glamour and champagne, covering the increasing stress behind the scenes. We do the first ever webcast with live audience and



Eddie B hosts a rocking *Countdown* quiz with around forty in the audience and Adele Myers on tech but it already feels like a different project. I can't

quite work out why. We webcast weekly and keep the theming tight, including Jim's webcast on activism. We get the Community Chest money I apply for. We nip down to Teddington Studios with Otto to sit in on a Kilroy show and briefly meet him after. My annual appraisal asks me to consider a fucking *attitude adjustment*, but it is clear that something is stifling creativity, be that bureaucracy, the increasing size of CP, an identity crisis in the new Centre or perhaps even simple tiredness. We get the Comic Relief money I apply for and do a cracking Red Nose show with live hair-cuts and comedians. The next day, I consider resigning. It is not fun any more. I start on a second CD, *will tear us apart*, splicing out the word *love* from various Joy Division covers. Miranda July gives a great talk and I am tapped by the Oxford Internet Institute about the inner workings of *tenantspin*.

My judgement on *tenantspin* shows is then questioned, despite it being a collaborative process. Admittedly, some are flawless and others more flaw than content, but as previously stated, the overall arch of participation and development is crucial to this project. The difference now is the live audience

and the very public association with FACT and major funders. I wonder whether we can no longer be shambling? We get the Nationwide money I apply for. I give a presentation in 3345 on audio art to some young artists. I do my First Aid training and get a request to investigate the possibility of creating a *tenantspin* for Walton Prison. I buy a Cabaret Voltaire boxset and carry on with *will tear us apart*. Addictive.



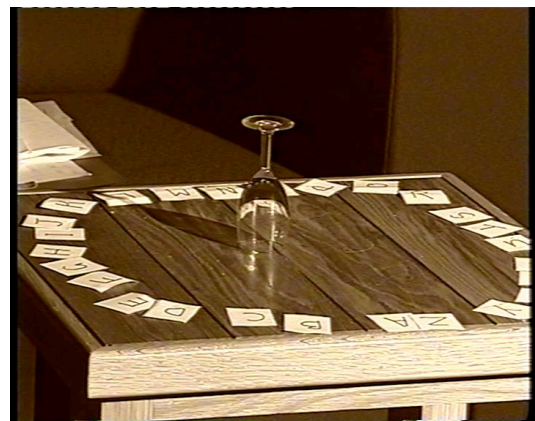
End of a bad month

The idea is to insulate *tenantspin* with lots of good ideas and strong local practitioners. Pete Greyhound Films Naylor and Dave Cotterill are around. We do a great Aintree Grand National show and Lord John Birt sits on our couch. Things going better but you don't need your line manager to question your programming in front of those you are trying to nurture and give opportunities to, and (symbolically) the roof of Cinema 3 at FACT falls in. Nobody hurt. We



get Liam Fogarty and Liverpool City Council on *tenantspin* to discuss e-democracy and become one of the city's main debating forums. Programming may be questioned, but our webcasts are raw and Jeremy Isaacs, Ruth Wishart and numerous artists see the potential in *tenantspin*. Post-busy-Programming, get away. Cardiff, Ludlow, Coed Hills Art Space for bizarre dark night in one of their yurts. We piss off to a local middle class pub for some hot food before wandering back through dark forests. The Transmission Suite team, where the streaming staff are based, are slow and undirected, and need to be managed carefully. We do a decent SPLICE webcast with Hilary T but it is not experimental in any way and we need to watch that. *Up in the Air* webcast with Dave Mabb and Perkins is similarly prosaic.

Train away. Deptford, Artlab, Lux, darts in The Dolphin, ResonanceFM, too many cigarettes in the capital. Some research students contact us to use *tenantspin* as a case study. Have we filled a gap in the UK? BT are sniffing around and we try to express a reality whilst others paint a utopian vision of



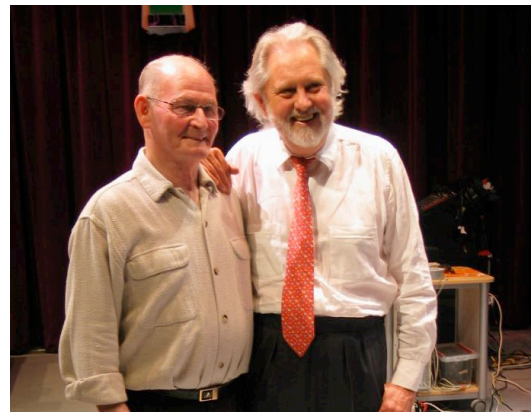
community streaming. Pop out to see Betty W at Riverview for cuppa. Well, gin. Collect some vinyl she doesn't want. Bill Drummond visits the FACT Centre with Dave Balfe. I love the tick-tock. Up to Glasgow and visit the amazing Falkirk Wheel and then Culzean Castle. Memories of Suzie H and Pete B. The BBC call me to ask if they can film part of their *Politics Show* within a



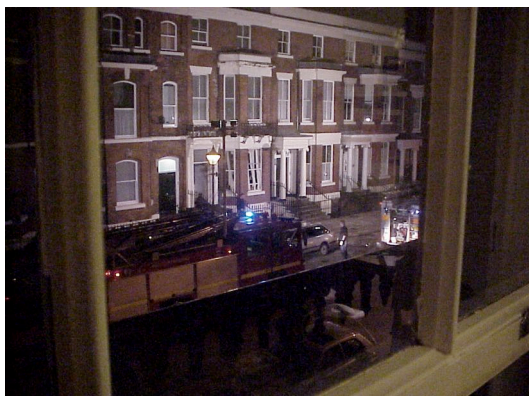
tenantspin webcast. I am interested in Zoe Walker and Neil Bromich's work and invite them for a visit. We get busy and just go for it. Fantastic supernatural show on séances and Liverpool poltergeists.

We launch the *SuperBlockRocking-Beats* CD and host more visits from leeches looking for community groups to make their desk-based proposals feel real. Fuck off. You know who you

are, in Liverpool. Get the new Cramps CD with the legendary *Elvis Fucking Christ!* Line manager interferes again. This building is like Nottingham's Goose Fair, full of monsters, vampires and parasites. Tony Factory Wilson hosts our quiz and we lose and we get one (!) tenant from Olive Mount on our webcast about a paperless future, although she (Olive) is fantastic. What are we doing right? Or wrong? I have to attend numerous meetings on "the future and problems of *tenantspin*" and I try to stay middle class and polite and ask if I can drop from full to part-time.



11pm. Canning Street. Big bang in house opposite. Turns out to be a grenade thrown through the window ("over girlfriend problems"), dodgy house, glass



everywhere, Pete Halligan rushes in, woman almost loses leg. We make p2 of *The Echo*. The CID turn up, but they seem bored and ask me instead about my record collection.

Steve and Mavis call in hushed tones to say they can get John Prescott on *tenantspin*. In the end, they get the world's worst Rxxx Hxxxxx lookalike who is used as ammunition against my programming strategy. Between, we

do a decent webcast with Lord Puttnam and start a series of *Late Review* style shows in which I take tenants to the theatre or cinema for free. I like to use the whole city as a playground and then it is announced: LIVERPOOL AWARDED 2008 EUROPEAN CAPITAL OF CULTURE. We are all extremely drunk that day. Otto, Stukoff, Common Purpose, HRTG, Town Hall. I end the day by



emailing David Harding to share the news. I write: "The future of *tenantspin* needs to be in Sefton Park." We have a CP away day in Huddersfield and see Clive G's exhibition. I get back to see the *Can't get this pla(g)n(e) to stop working* installed. Radio 4 call me wanting to work on some new project. Lots of giggling and blah, blah, blah.

Stephen Willats does a project with Sefton Park tenants and although I

admire his work, this project is lifeless. You need a triangle of good experienced local artists, non-Liverpool artist and community groups up for new experiences. If the shape is wrong or, God forbid, the shape is a line, you get lifeless work that is a waste of time and resources. At home, we continue to host social services and at the very tail end of one visit, Social Worker turns to me and says "you will need to give up smoking of course." Alexei Sayle wanders in to FACT and we arrange a quick *tenantspin* interview with Eddie. *Darling we're the Old Ones, and the Old Ones shouldn't be afraid.*



I spend my days with tenants, young wannabe artists, the Arts Council, BBC Radio 4 and the local GP who recommends the gloriously titled *FAG-ENDS* and the wonder drug Zyban. Developed by the American Military, Bupropion (Zyban) is an antidepressant that alters chemicals in the brain to negate nicotine craving. The GP says the side effects may include a reduction in



creativity and a grey listless fog. I immediately start on the soundwork that will become *GRAYVEN*. I mull it over in the Ship & Mitre with a Pilsner and a fag, knowing the time is coming.

It is the Martin Arnold opening (great show) and round to Maria's party without smoking or drinking and chatting with Sarah Fisher. I have a stupid

cigarette in The Baltic Fleet but *FAG-ENDS* measure my carbon down from 12 to 10 the next day. Dias & Riedweg arrive from Rio and more Urquells in The Ship & Mitre but keep on get readings down.

Tuesday 8th July 2003: Self-portrait with last cigarette



I have my last one filmed to put online to watch if I have cravings. But it is also a great piece of work, one that will conceptually be destroyed if I ever have another cigarette. Partly thanks to this work, I resist temptation thereafter (twelve years and counting), so perhaps Zyban does work. We start meeting with potential partners and Arena Housing sign up, with funding. I start to pick the brains of visiting geeks and techheads. Chat

with *Talkeoke* – could we do *tenantspin* wirelessly? The SS phone us to offer two kids in September already, but it will take two years to get the match right. On London Road, new graffiti appears by RAY + JULIE, FEAR EVOL SEX behind RAY, halo behind ANGEL JULIE.



Never mind the Baltics

Fly away. Manchester to Copenhagen to Riga and taxi to Balta Kaza. White goat. Big market in Zeppelin hangers, flat of Latvia's most famous artist, Rosenthal, few beers outside, sun, meet Janni and Sylvia, shit stone sculptures and crap moth paintings, to weird out of town Zaza restaurant, bus to Klaipeda in Lithuania. We visit Irma's council estate parents for lots of



potatoes and then bus to some outdoor art party in the rain and end up chatting with an arts officer who is working with Otto (!). We get drunk and the microbus back to the scheme, big fucking dog and tiny toilet, carpets on walls.

We find the Russian border to Kaliningrad on the beach, read *England Away* in the Neda sand dunes and early bus to Vilnius.

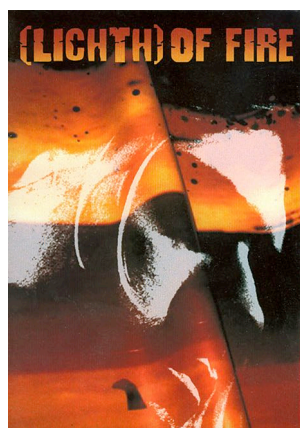
Met by sweet Jurgita and she tries to buy us a ticket to Kiev but it is too dear to go via Belarus by land so we get a cheap flight. Find Irma's scummy damp Vilnius basement to sleep in and I think I pass David Sense of Freedom Hayman in the street. Potatoes and lots of the hard stuff. Wander the Academy and markets of Vilnius and head to Alytus to hang out with Redas and the Soviet sculptures and the tasty Zeppelinas. He talks warmly of Pavel. Fly to Kiev in the sultry evening, beautiful golden orange city, Dynamo Kiev's



stadium with big portrait of Lobanovskyi, 70s style Bratislava apartment block, Taras Shevchenko museum, Kreshchatik Avenue, folks and whores with snakes, the Ukrainian diet of beer and ice cream, vodka and bed. Overnight sleeper, listening to Kraftwerk, to Odessa. Crumbling city, Hotel *The Shining* Passasz, Battleship *Potemkin*, snake dance church, told not to photograph the Turkish Embassy, sailors, cat

piss, fucking gangsters and breathtaking puppet theatres: every time the character Malibou appears, they play an amazingly loud trip-hop track. East & West Museum, get chatting to curator who knows Bryan Biggs in Liverpool.

Back to Kiev at night. Huge cemetery, black dogs jump out at us from nowhere. Vodka and watching ships and fly back to Vilnius. Dodgy and dirty Teachers' Hotel, Achtabar Georgian Armenian restaurant, served delicious chicken sashliki by The Boxer, but he runs out of beer. Find the Killing Fields, Zappa sculpture, meet Irma and Jurgita for vodka and sarcasm. The Devil's Museum in Kaunas. Over the border to Latvia. Riga 3am, pissing down. Fly to Copenhagen and Manchester. We move over the water to the dark side.



Steve T found (maybe) drinking, have to take him and Mavis to Maggie Mays to "have a word with" and issue a last warning (as much for his own safety around cables) as news comes through that Olga B dies. Thomas Dolby is around the FACT Centre. I write: "just carry on making work and allowing it to mature at its own speed." Webcasts about the mobile phone masts appearing on top of the remaining blocks and Adele M's CCTV show. Brilliant, exactly how I hope they would turn out. Meet some MeshAP guy and halfway through we wonder if in fact we could stream *tenantspin* free of charge to every high-rise TV using the existing internal CCTV system. Those webcasts on

mobile masts and CCTV are two of our tightest ever with our biggest online audiences from around the globe. At times, the project seems to deliver what it promises, with a crew of elderly citizens, newly engaged tenants, artists excited by the possibilities, live chat and professionals from other areas. Opening of the great McCoys show but tenant Paul M and Pete N get into a niggly dispute about intellectual copyright and it is not the spirit of *tenantspin*.



Head down to Windsor Castle with Kath H to represent *tenantspin* and hang out with British Housing Association's Silvia Guimarães, Ron Hackney, the Home Office and the Eldonian Housing Association. It is about ABCD (asset-based community development), of mining and nurturing local talent rather than importing all the time. Pay attention, Biennials. Finish *Lichth(of) Fire* and distribute. Discussions, discussions and

discussions about *tenantspin*. Martyn Heaven 17 Ware, Maria Stukoff, culture-online, Wochenklausur, Chris Cabaret Voltaire Watson, Jackie Passmore, Julie Arena Housing McNally, Ladytron, Sarah Fisher, Duncan Hamilton, Kate BBC Rowlands and our Anne Robinson lookalike. Pavel and John sit and chat about communism. Fly away.

Bergen

Manchester to Amsterdam to Bergen. Get bus in to town to Hotel Norge to meet artist Annette Kierulf then up hill to Skansens Pension, listening to Springsteen's *The Rising* and Stick Men with Ray Guns. Pick up cheap Luscious Jackson and Sugar CDs. Spend a



sunny day wandering Bergen composing a set of moral dilemmas that are then written in Norwegian on the Collinas and installed in the windows of



Annette's *By the way* space. They look fucking great at night and Kurt Johannessen turns up and I end up late in The Garage watching Arab Strap, but Aidan Moffat has the cold and they sound so so sad. Bergen is a beautiful fucked-up city and I head home feeling much better, even avoiding Peter McG who is on the same plane.

Breathe.

The Devils and Angels present:

barber dem av! (shave them off!) or la dem gro! (let them grow!)

bare en eneste! (just the one!) or aldri aldri mer! (never, ever again!)

download det! (download it!) or kjøp det! (buy it!)

Good work, boy!

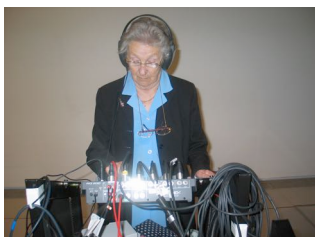


Back to the madness. Meet Danny from Ladytron to devise the *Proxy Music* project, tenants writing new lyrics for TV themes that we will record anew in the (room next to) the George Martin Suite in LIPA. This is when I write:

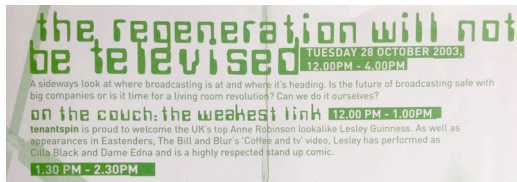


"*tenantspin* survives the FACT Centre." How can a new arts building appear to present such a threat to an established project? It varies. The Box itself, from where we webcast, can be a dark intimidating claustrophobic space. The sofas are all facing the door you enter through, which can make visitors self-conscious. We have a live audience now and are part of a bigger marketing and programming process. There is a pressure to make less mistakes, being in the public eye as well as virtual. We have gone from a housing office to a new media arts building. With bricks and metal, FACT becomes a major player in the 'Big Eight' with the Tate, Biennial, Philharmonic, Everyman, Bluecoat etc.

The city is changing, with the Biennial, and with engagement, community or collaborative practice becoming well-funded, but overly-programmed and chunked. Artists from abroad are being invited to work with local communities and this brings added pressures in terms of matching people correctly and timing. I try to develop that triangle-model in that I am the permanent local artist working with the local community and it allows artists to dip in with less risk of offending.

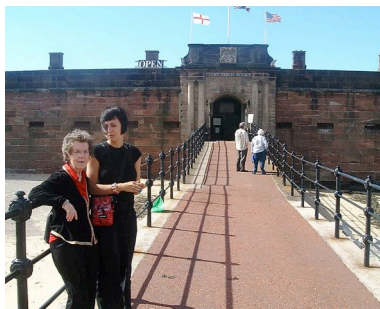


FACT do invite artists to collaborate with other community groupings and some of these artists get pissed off (again) when "the community" has not turned up, or is not in the mood, or is distracted or ... you get the point. If a short sharp engagement is built into the artist's project, such as Yeondoo Jung's



Bewitched, then this relationship is fine, but otherwise, it is disrespectful and fills the city up with administrators calling themselves art project managers.

We do see *tenantspin* as a five-day a week process, of which the one live hour is us poking our heads into the light and this is how we start to survive. I do the Lithuania commentary remix and put in another request to work part-time. I meet Sally and Karl from Wochenklausur to visit some blocks and locations with Kath and Sally O and chat about projects but they ask for fees/accommodation for up to nine artists and we simply cannot support that level. Lesley Guinness is an interesting guest, an animals rights activist, Anne Robinson lookalike and an extra in both *The Bill* and a

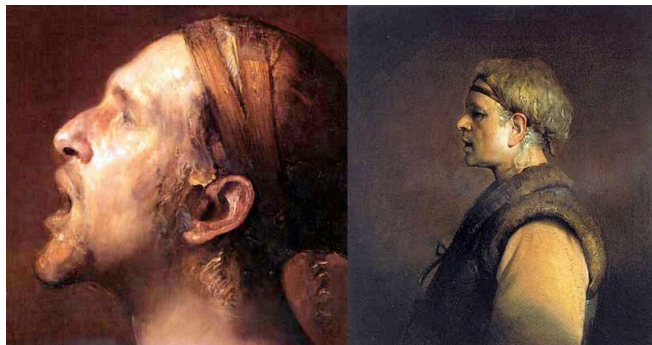


Blur video (*Coffee and TV*). Bryan B says how much he likes the audio works and Cath Gibson asks about doing a work for a Bluecoat group show. I know immediately I will do a work about the new young footballer just making his debut for Everton.



Crit, crit, crit, crit, crit, crit

Within FACT, *tenantspin* receives more harsh critiques from within CP. Sorry to hark on about the shift (and shit) within FACT but at one point I am accused



of being an artist by my line manager. Let's think about this for a moment. Let's think about what is happening to the manner in which genuinely inventive, risk-taking, internationally respected and, yes, occasionally fucked-up projects are being developed by the city's visual

artists. Throughout all this, we are constantly sharing the project and ideas with visitors to FACT, Claire Doherty, Gavin Ward, Julian Stalibrass, Malcom Dickson and Alex Cox included. Malcolm asks about a version of *tenantspin* for the Red Road flats in Glasgow and we get a visit from Channel 5 who are interested in *tenantspin*. Two PhD students from UCLAN spend a few days with the tenants. Work on GRAYVEN through the post-Zyban grey fog and a consideration of uses of the colour grey. This will smoulder over six years and become the *Grey is the colour of hope* CD. In Lithuania, they say "gerai" for ok, yes, great, cool, and it sounds like grey. I start the Rooney work and it is something to do with rage,



but also about Odd Nerdrum's portrait paintings. Layered and visceral. More visits and sharing of experiences and tenants chatting to professionals. Hospice TV. The next day, the line from middle management is "I am very concerned about *tenantspin*." To the outside world, we are an experimental and unified Collaboration Programme. I try to work out what to do next and infuse my head with the glorious sights and sounds of Melt Banana at The

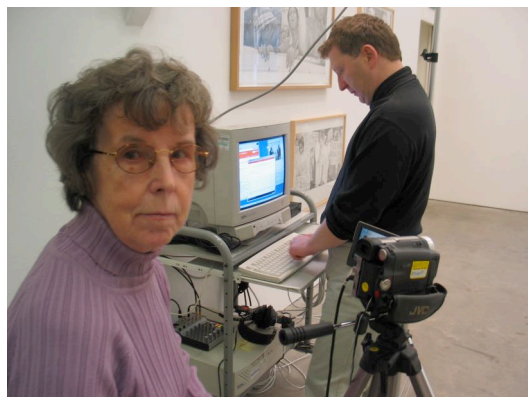


Magnet. Fireworks. Chris Watson pops his head into our office to give me a free copy of the early Cabaret Voltaire box-set material (*The Attic Tapes*) that includes their *Here she comes now*, dotting a line between the Velvet Underground and Dada. Tenants John P and Paul M are in the office and our editing suite developing their webcasts about water charges.

Tenant Kath Healy has really grabbed the bull by the horns and is confident and working on a series of film projects. I listen to Scotland 1 (McFadden) Holland 0 in earphones on way to see the always-different Jeck performing at the Bluecoat. The next day I record the England-Denmark game and edit everything out except every mention of Rooney and layer it over Melt Banana's *I hate it!* On Monday I stroll in to FACT with a positive mental attitude and in the evening, the city of Liverpool recognises some of our tenants with citizenship awards in the Town Hall. Pride. We celebrate at FACT and watch The Melvins do their grungy live soundtrack to Cameron Jamie's *Kranky Klaus*.



For £25 these days you can send away for a huge CD set of just about every song Adam & The Ants ever record and play live. Meet with BBC who are interested in collaborating with *tenantspin* again. Festivals of ideas. Scallies rob projectors from Gallery 2. Away Day on roof of Liver Building, thirteen animated tenants and Arena workers. Anthony Minghella pops in as a *tenantspin* guest to talk about editing major films on laptops. I show Nigel



Prince around our set-up and introduce him to John Spoons and other tenants. *Amazing Grace*. Begin work on *blind*. Meet Karen Lewis from the Council to chat about their e-democracy strategy and share *tenantspin* ideas. Through to Huddersfield's *Ultrasound* for a few hours of plinky-plonky expereo-electro stuff, Lawrence Lane performing, and rand{}%.

On the way back, I write: "the key lessons – tackle a fear of lecture theatres and avoid loops and make compilations into collections."

Through to Ikon in Birmingham to set up a *tenantspin* studio as part of one of Rirkrit's *Demo Stations*. Headly days. Walk into Probe at the end of the year and part £50 for the latest GBV box-set, Melt Banana and one of the Rough Trade comps. At the point of going part-time, I get asked to help raise money and forward plan to keep other CP projects afloat. Interviewed by Radio



Merseyside on *tenantspin* and to the pub with Spoons. His life. Motorways and navy and pubs and Liverpool FC and family and north Liverpool and Wyllie-esque in his late discovery of the creative world. Another member of CP puts in a complaint about being bullied by higher management and, ladies and gentlemen, please think twice the next time you spend £10m on a building. Bump into Duncan H and he is interested in distributing my

CDs via his *WhiteDiamond* publication. Don't let the bastards ever stop your ideas. Blind leap. I call *SightSavers International* and record their answer and get blind drunk to Shockabilly.

Copenhagen and super(channel)models

Bonnie 'Prince' Billy's *A minor place*. Fly away. Take the new generation of tenants back to Copenhagen. John Pettitt, Vera Cook, Jean Niblock, John Spoons and Bernadette. Hang out at film premieres and play table football late into the night. Meet Morten at The Older Mobilisation, an equivalent pensioners' group and get asked to consider visiting Los Angeles and Iceland to inspire new *tenantspin*-style channels. Sit and drink with Superflex and I ask them what else they think FACT



want from us and we all end up at a party thrown by Helena Christensen's agent and Vera is surrounded by male models and John is teaching supermodels how to play the spoons, the ones he "robs from The Hilton." Leave at 4am and tenants drag us to a Mexican party.

Between the fun, we work hard as usual, fully committed to *tenantspin*, constantly questioning what this project is, how the people within in are developing and how artists can relate to us.

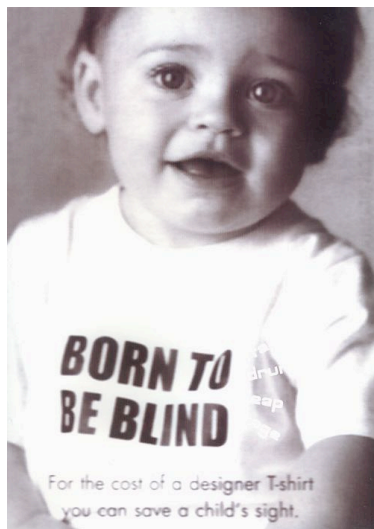


Helsinki – St. Petersburg – Tallinn



Perhaps it is this last point that leads to the most discussion. That is, how artists can work with *tenantspin* on new commissions that progress the notion of the one-hour live webcast. The station stops on the train journey. I think about this and split from the tenants as they fly home and I catch a flight to Helsinki to be met by B and artist author Riikka Ala-Harja. We dine on reindeer and get the train to her

island to row across the icy water to her home for Gammel Dansk. Snow, cold wind, meet CD label hipsters, NIFCA, Kiasma and meet Riikka at Moscow Bar before long night train to St. Petersburg. Ripped off by taxi to hostel, city tour with Russian lad into American hip-hop swagger, almost robbed on Metro as two guys shove us into crowded carriages and ransack our pockets. Freezing, beer and vodka, snow storm, Nevsky Prospect, Marble Palace, Hermitage, more overnight trains,



woken at 3am by some vodka-soaked guard who finds our 300 cigs and charges us 3000 Rubels (only £30). Vodka blue while reading Dostoevsky and arrive in Tallinn. Wander gorgeous and quiet mediaeval streets, find Hotel Dorrell, churches and scary Russian orthodoxy, back to ferry to Helsinki and one last evening in Helsinki before flight to Copenhagen and home. Home. Ant Macari sends us a little 'letter bomb' as a Christmas gift. Read *Full Time: The Secret Life of Tony Cascarino*. The self-doubt. I bank a title *A touch of the Cascarinos*. Buy *CAN DELAY 1968*. Can't. Goodbye shit year.



2004

Begin on a soundwork called *can't*. What if you remove *can't* from (*I can't get no*) *satisfaction*? *Can't take my eyes off you*? What if we can't can't? Make resolutions: go to LA, go to Iceland, another five cantaudio CDs, audio track from Jeck, review in *The Wire*, produce *The HAT files*.



Bluecoat meeting and Cath G prophetically wonders about "the use of Rooney's image – will his people sue?" I work up the final design, immersing myself further in Odd Nerdrum self-portraits. Bluecoat want to use Rooney image for invite. Drink in Carneavon with Hilary T and Steve R. Another attempt is made to wrestle 3k from *tenantspin* to fund another project. Sorry, this is getting boring. *Baise-Moi*. *RE:MOTE* book published. Take the risk and start three-days a week. For sanity, for cantaudio, for the projects. Balance the cynicism. Ignore the lack of support. Listen to The Byrds, Guided by Voices and King Tubby. Catch up with Jeff Y and Padraig and Tony *Factory* Wilson is in *FACT* and loves the idea of *tenantspin*. Meet with MainTec and they think that it is definitely possible to feed a signal for free through all the CCTV systems. Latest *HONOUR* installed in the rain on Leece Street with Italian texts.

sii paziente! (be patient!) or la vita è troppo corta! (life's too short!)
è una grande minaccia! (it's a major threat!) or è necessario per mantenere l'equilibrio! (it's required to keep a balance!)
attieniti al formato! (stick with that format!) or fai una sostituzione! (make a substitution!)
Good work again, boy!



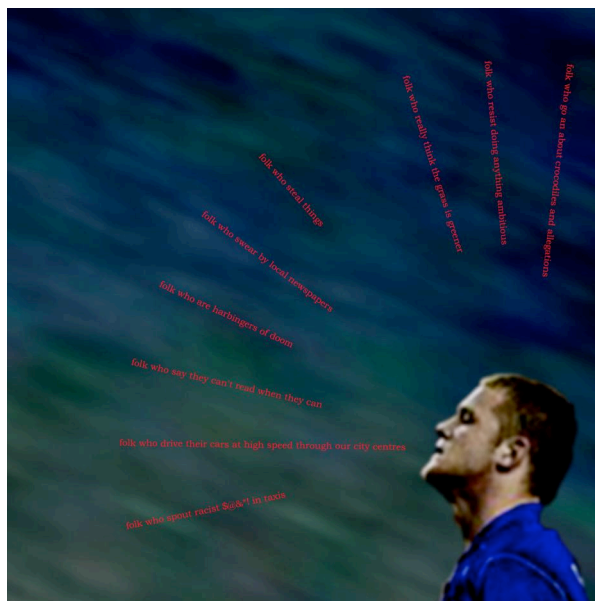
This is the end of Collina. I try to buy *The Resident's Satisfaction* in HMV and realise they don't have a single Residents item. I ask for Guided by Voices – none. *Einstürzende Neubauten* – none. I start recording myself asking for these items, and the responses (*no room, no interest, can order it for you etc*).





Webcasts on working with landlords and invited by Pavel to talk about *tenantspin* at Cornerhouse. Continue to work with tenants on webcast ideas. Asked to write about the project for *Engage*. The balance between delivering and documenting, between promoting it and improving it. I am aware that we need stronger artists' collaborations to take the project in new

directions. Over the next few years we will do this with breakthrough projects with Chris Watson, Foreign Investment, Kelly Mark and EAST International. We try to develop Friday 13th shows as part of a European-wide programme of protest and interruption. Badge Boy makes us some cheap F13 items. Get new Neubauten CD and Eddie says Channel 5 are now interested in broadcasting a *tenantspin* show on national TV, perhaps with a high profile cultural guest such as Yoko Ono or John Peel. What has this project become? Have I, as lead artist, led the train off the housing tracks into a slightly



eccentric magazine? Perhaps, but we have retained and expanded the tenant participation tenfold and have attracted the attention of citizens and professionals from so many walks of life. Our tenants have become important voices. And let's not forget we are still pre-broadband and pre-YouTube.

The HAT CDOs, especially Pauline and Cath, are doing a hell of a lot of pro-*tenantspin* work out in the field. Friday 13th Bluecoat opening with two Rooney billboards. The little Rooney has ten texts with

things that make him (me) angry: *folk who spout racist shit in taxis, folk who speed in city centres, folk who ...* When interviewed later, I say: "They are a grumpy old man sort of thing."

Sarah Fisher from ACE visits to say my "stock has gone up across the country" which surprises me. Other ACE workers try to chat with tenants and sometimes it is not easy when you turn up cold, but if engagement is your business, then do it better. I cover editing for Jackie P and enjoy these days with tenants, with their real stories, with their breathing between being old in Liverpool and

what they think about current culture: movies, clothes, banks, health, football, Biennials or arts managers. Jean's daughter is ill and Kath's brother is ill and they come in to FACT to share. Sit in Vicky B's *People Like Us* performance, re-watch the Ramones' *Rock'n'roll High School* for first time since around 1983, a dumbly smart magical film of pizza, Eno, paper aeroplanes and the fire of *If*. I deliver a slightly shaky Cornerhouse presentation with a trilogy of movies on cantaudio, *tenantspin* and *HONOUR*, but Pavel is pleased and talks about a possible research post.



Sometimes the tenants are aggressive. Ron Brown. I begin work on some one-second compositions that end up in a project called *greatestbits* with Kraftwerk's Karl Bartos. I extract yes and no from various recordings (Public Enemy, Irvine Welsh, Bowie) and alternate them, echoing the (in)decision in my head. Part-time is fucking great. I see FACT as a family but also at a slight distance each time I get on the 433 bus now. It is healthy

and I start to turn things around in the scrum. Through to Trafford to catch up with Fee, Maria Stukoff and Adele and some of the projects that *tenantspin* have inspired. They seem to me to be missing the pizzazz, the artists' projects, the real e-democratic recognition, the constant upping of levels and bloody hard work. Invite from Superflex to present *tenantspin* at The Whitney in New York. Split personalities. TV personalities. I see *tenantspin*, like many projects, as both a painting and a play. It is composed, with a patina, with areas of high detail and others with broader blurred sweeps, and key characters that we follow over the course of years.



Song of week is Norah Jones' *Sunrise* and when I mix it with Neubauten's colossal *Headcleaner*, I am entering new areas of sonic mash-up collage beauty, as The Wire may say. I feel lazy and fat. Should be working harder. The *HONOURS* were good in Rio, Bergen and Liverpool, and the Rooney and *Self-portrait with last cigarette* are strong works. And there are now the first seven cantaudio CDs. Eddie tries to get *tenantspin* nominated for an Ars

Electronica award. HR/Personnel call me in to ask if I am worried about my job. There is a self-perpetuating middle-level of arts management that anyway, we celebrate a *tenantspin* birthday with all the good things about the project, of elderly citizens truly expressing themselves in a Media Arts Centre, the engaged (and more middle class) Sefton Park contingent, the old

Scotty Road crew of Dolly and Spoons, the intellectualism of Pettitt, Myott, Brenda T and the sounds of the Len Norman Quartet, this time appearing for free.

Take tenants through to Blackpool to present as part of a housing conference. Dr Who. Donkey Derby. Tower. We spot Wayne Hemingway and John does a great interview with him then teaches him to play the spoons. Up to Loch Lomond for a cousin's wedding. Four other people also announce they are leaving FACT.



Utrecht nightmare

I have prepared a little *tenantspin* video for the presentation for the European Cultural Foundation's *Art for Social Change* event but fifteen minutes before introducing it, I am asked by Eric Kluitenberg to cut fifteen minutes off it because other artists are over-running. It is only fucking twenty minutes in the first place, I kindly explain

to him. This is the new millennium, of big European-wide funded projects about inclusion that lack a certain ... foundation. I stand up and play as much of the *tenantspin* video as I can and Eric comes up and says "is that all you have to show?" Like Middlesbrough FC, I am thrown by this, by this situation, by this imbalance of relationships and this climate of *social change*. Up next is 2002 Documenta curator Okwui *Universes in Universe* Enwezor, speaking about social change across Africa. The bigger a project or programme becomes, the harder it is to remember why you set off on that track in the first place.



The Museum of Liverpool Life approach HAT and *tenantspin* to develop a major exhibition about high-rise living in the city. At times I feel like we are one of those clubs who play well away from home but are under baying pressure from the home fans. Rumours of Spoons doing a late session in 3345 and sometimes I look around FACT and count those who

actually appear committed to art. End some night at the weird 27 Club in Wallasey with two country bands that arrive on stage to The Creation's *Biff, Bang, Pow*. Weird Wired Wirral pop. Research into *Gloomy Sunday*, the Hungarian suicide song that is once banned by the BBC. Start collecting versions of it, with Ricky Nelson's being the rarest and most haunting. Head down south to Oxford University to stay in Jesus College and meet their Professor of E-Democracy who picks my brains about *tenantspin*.



Walk into Probe and they are playing the brilliant *My 36 Favorite Punk Songs* by Jason Forest. Corey Arcangel is hanging out with Spoons and I perfect my Thai fish cakes. Zoe Chapman, Sean Hawkrigde and Eleanor are around FACT and we catch up later at the Philharmonic during the Squarepusher and Jamie Lidell gig. I wander Birkenhead in the grey and in Oxfam I find a 20p DVD, Syd Barrett's first ever trip captured on Super 8 by his friend Nigel Gordon. I reference this years later in my article on Douglas Gordon's Syd Barrett piece I develop in Bradford. Rooney (Paul) opening at Bluecoat and I



think Imogen hears about our Anne Robinson lookalike and uses her as Cilla? Drink late with pissed Grand National blokes in Aussie pub who ask "will your kids be Klocks"? Need to keep the faith and confidence up. I start removing the cigarette frame-by-frame from *LAST*. Wochenklausur start to gripe a little that they are not to be included in the Biennial and I woch away. Lunch with Jit. Italian cake and good company. BBC call again and

some *IF* series wants to film us. Another Bluecoat opening, Cologne, and on to Bar Fresa for mad burneverything Dave Tortoise rock with Zoe Ball on guitar and John Young laptop typing. Late through the tunnel on the 433.



Get Danish leaflets from leaflet-mad Paul K. Document everything. Henry runs riot with a hat-trick as Arsenal thrash Liverpool 4-2 and I wish he plays for us. Drink in The Magazine, late-night views back over to Liverpool. From this angle, the city looks absolutely tiny. How could it have ruled the pop and football worlds? We do some more webcasts with the Biennial and I fly away. Düsseldorf. William Kentridge, Duisburg, Mouse on Mars, Warhol, beer and back to more CP criticism of *tenantspin*. Fuck them. Our Hillsborough webcast with

Anne Williams, who loses her son Kevin, and campaigner Sheila Coleman is understandably one of the most poignant in the history of the project, with LFC fans from around the globe logged on. We sit and listen and admire and think about independent media and these key moments that this project has actually achieved. For this is much more than a simple interview or presentation, it is a respectful coming together, brokered



through many parties, in a city that doesn't make such commitments lightly. I come away that day extremely proud that this project, this play, has reached a stage in which it can cope with such an event with dignity. Roger Hill, a long-term supporter, plays some excerpts from my *helicopter* piece on BBC Radio Merseyside. For a moment, I think back to making this crude DIY sound collage at home and now it is on the BBC, albeit local radio, like some little band's demo being honoured by Peel.

Take delight in seeing Chelski hammered by Monaco while writing review of Kelly and Becky's *Wish you were here* radio project at Static. I begin: "Liverpool, Sunday 23rd March 2003, 9pm. Tune into 87.9fm to see if there's anything left. Just some fuzz. More of a hiss than a low rumble. The last strains of Åke Hodell's *Structures III (part 6)* are long gone. 87.9fm is now an empty space, one of thousands on the dial. Somewhere out there, maybe

in some of the flats opposite, someone is transmitting Morse signals. Six words a minute for beginners, shifting up to thirty words a minute for the more experienced. Three thousand miles east there's a war going on and we're not hearing any human noises."





Gimme a job, Wire! Jackie P shares tales of Ladytron's band manager losing his virginity with Lydia Lunch. And then GBV announce their split. I continue taking the tenants to the FACT cinema each week and then staging little review shows. We all sit in silence at *Touching The Void*. Evening with Will Bradley and Pavel. Bernie gets offered an ICDC job and we can't compete financially. I think about

things while up on the roof of an Everton tower block and the next day I meet with my line manager and I just come home to write: "no ambition, no ambition, no ambition." Leeds are relegated and I get some audio work accepted for Valerie's *Vibrofiles* website. Cornerhouse agree to screen the (cigarette-less) *LAST* film just once, exactly twelve months on. Continue work on new cantaudio008, *hungary*. Few pints with Jeff in Lord Warden by RAY + JULIE and we dream up our *36 compositions for a Woolton jukebox* project. *tenantspin* chats with Dias & Riedweg and tenants hang out at the Salla Tykka and Candice Breitz openings. I take them round each exhibition. They are being exposed to images and sounds that perhaps they mention in the lifts to other tenants. Just maybe. Then we get cut further and moved out of our Transmission Suite office. Down to London for TPAS (Tenant Participation Advisory Service) conference with John and Vera on the night that Rafa's Valencia win the UEFA Cup. I work on the next cantaudio009 as FACT even try to cancel my p/t work.



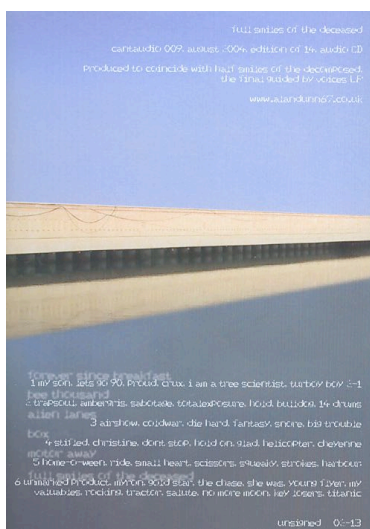
We start meeting with the architects working on the new Sefton Park Community Centre about ways in which we can build the project into its fabric. I get another 15k for *tenantspin* from the BRAIN Trust and my middle-management want to spend it ALL on evaluation. Sorry, *tenants*, no projects for the next six months as we need to evaluate all the sterling work we have done with you. We'll call you when we're done and thank you for taking part? Fuck off. Through to Manchester for Cornerhouse opening, Pavel and Adele, and I start working on a huge Arts Council application to shunt my own practice up a few levels with a series of curated billboards and soundworks and relax over at PK's with phenomenally drunk darts and Fantasy Football Sunday nights.

We spend the day with some Museum workers visiting five of the blocks and meeting loads of tenants and being offered tipples of all sorts and this day



reminds us all of what this project is about. Hospitality, plays, constantly reinventing yourself, adopting real life twists and being an artist. I write a constitution for 67 projects. I figure that I have probably 67 really good projects within me during my creative career. As Fluxus said, know your framework and push it to the limits. Bold Street, lunch in Maggie Mays, pop into Probe and collect Flamingo 50 CD, into FACT for three hours of Child Protection

training and then I secure another 3k from our new partners, Arena Housing. Foreign Investment Frauke calls for a 21k community/public art submission for the Tabernacle in Notting Hill. Watch *Kill Bill* and listen to Sonic Youth, Field Mouse, Velvets, REM, Shop Assistants and Flatmates. Studio like it's 1986. St. George's flags pepper the Wirral as the Euros approach. The big foster house opposite even put two on their wheely bins. Think about it. Get the staff to put together a hilarious *B-LEAVING* CD for Bernie that I edit and glitch and am quite proud of.



Drunken evening at Tate somehow with dull Christoph G speeches balanced by Biggs, Paul Sullivan and Tony D. Euro 2004 is almost as good as 2000, Zidane's late double against England, Greece 1-0, little Rooney, Ibra, Larsson, Henry, Baros and Maniche (anagram of machine - I bank an idea).

Great webcast with Wong Hoy Cheong about his Roy Rogers Trigger Adelphi project. *City of Ghosts* with Matt Dillon in Cambodia with James Caan and Depardieu. Studio like it's 1985. Order some Devendra Banhart from SWANS

Gira's label. Listen like it's 1986. I hide when Sir Nick Serota wanders the corridors of FACT and *tenantspin* gets hit with an outrageous 40k (!) contribution to core/staff costs. We apologise for the break in transmission but the money raised for you has to go to all the people who sit upstairs and make this building possible for you. Except that without projects, it is that - a fucking building. I work on my tribute to the last ever GBV CD. Their songs were once described as being like weird pop music with all the boring bits removed. I go through hundreds of songs and extract the good bits a level deeper. It is like *Inception* is later.



The strain is unbelievable. Eddie sits us down and virtually announces the end of CP?! Maria is off on maternity and Rebecca O is brought in and I have just brought Maria S back to replace Bernie and ... people call *tenantspin*



chaotic?!? Through this, I find a determination and belief in what we are working on with tenants. Artists I speak to about *tenantspin* see that we are doing it properly, developing it, always changing it but sticking with some principles. One year on, *LAST* is screened in Manchester. *Engage* article published. Pints in Dispensary with Jeff Y, Chris W and Mike *TOUCH* Harding. He remembers by order of *Ritual: Magnetic North* from 1985! We stage a strained CP Away Day to try to sort our heads out, but I sense lies and bullying. I am clear what we need to do with *tenantspin* and we will move forward for another ten years. I have a few drinks in the Dispensary with Lian and Simon, then

an amazing JODI laptop performance. Tenants are there too, and we end at 1am in the Hanover Hotel with Michael, Jean and Spoons and some crap French-speaking punk band. Work on *The Lord's Prayer*. Queen save the God. I battle and argue and finally get a permanent part-time contract. Hilary Thorn, an artist, leaves *FACT*. Chill in West Kirby with ice cream by the coast. Take the tenants to see *I, Robot*, and think about the future again. Fly away.



Warsaw

Splitting sun, breakfast is served in the bar by the most peroxidized lady we have even seen. So much restoration going on, the city feels like a stage set and the city is flooded by a Boy Scout convention. Eat fish and there are folk of all ages just

hanging out, fabulous. South to Lawienksi Park, contemporary art with Marysia Lewandowska and Neil Cummin's presentation of amateur Polish films. Find palace and wander the sunny grounds with ice cream. Find cool Pierogi resetaurant and sit and watch an outdoor French movie, free and with beer, and nudity. Only a thousand miles between Warsaw and Liverpool. Tram and bus to Wilanowa, a bit like Croxteth Country, cool Poster Museum, wander up north to spooky Jewish Ghetto, 300,000 put on death train. We witness the

start of the Uprising celebrations, find a great Libyan restaurant and then many cheap beers.



National Gallery, journey south to Krakow reading the fantastic Alan Bennett *Writing Home*, but our train catches fire and breaks down. We just laugh. Finally arrive and find delicious food in basement Ukranian restaurant. Next day we find the Kantor Museum which is disappointing. Sorry, Demarco. Wawl Castle with its white square, cool, Dominican (organ playing) and Franciscan Churches. We sit in a bar next to kids writing "Went to Auschwitz

today" on their postcards. The Japanese Cultural Centre with incredible prints and exhibition of new art from Quebec in the bunker. I dream of smoking. In fact, in my dreams, I am a regular heavy smoker, but also a car driver and long distance swimmer. Late beer and cocktails and I turn 37 forgetting about FACT on a bus through rural Poland to Kielce with its cracking 1970s UFO coach station and expensive cake and coffee. I get stared at by a grumpy lady in the Pope's Golden Palace retreat as I am wearing shorts and I do feel bad about this. Back to the Europejski Hotel in Warsaw and taxi to the airport as the driver plays Shakin' Stevens (four) *Greatest Hits*. Just as well the airport isn't further out of town.



Straight down to Birmingham with tenants Spoons and Mike R for a TPAS Conference. Awful Abba tribute band during dinner and I leave them to it and go upstairs in the Hilton to finish my *Lords' Prayer* remix. I find someone who has a recording of the time that Siouxsie, Sid Vicious and Marco P play

The Lord's Prayer. God save the Internet. Out the blue, Dawsons send a cheque for £50 (!) for two copies of the *Bellgrove* catalogue. Article on *tenantspin* in *iSociety* seen by BBC Radio 4 who contact me to have lunch with some tenants. I persuade Arena Housing to create a new job for a *tenantspin* liaison worker and we interview out at Sefton Park. We do a fantastic webcast on high-rise tenants' dreams and the role height plays in those. I find a dream analyst on Rodney Street to contribute. This is as close to nostalgia as we get, but are building a unique archive of high-rise living. Sophia Crilly gets in touch to contribute to their *Assembly* exhibition and I have the idea of showing *LAST* on a tiny screen and giving away free CDs called *TASTER*. Cod Dave the Bean. I think about Liverpool and rework the



FUTURIST sign for a free postcard. I have the idea of inviting Chris Watson to work with *tenantspin* in Sefton Park and I get in the van. Drive on, and listen to daily doses of Neubauten. Clare Charnley calls to ask if I will speak to MA students in Hull about *tenantspin*. I wonder why we hold housing events in dull hotels with no history. Can we really expect any momentous moments in a novotel? We appoint Patrick Fox from Arena to work with us, and I pick my 2004-5 Fantasy Football team: Dudek, Carragher, Cole, Gallas, Naybet, Ferguson, Ljungberg, Hitzlsperger, Van Nistelrooy, Smith and Gudjohnsen.



FACT: new marketing worker Anna, Clive, Alex G sorting small monitor for Assembly, Franny, Danny, video for TPAS, Marie-Anne coffee, ACE appraisal says that some FACT shows have been a little weak. Dispensary with Simon,



Sara S, Alex. Kimos food, *Miracle of Bern*. Megaphone Poetry. Through to Leeds, find Clare's house, rush to train to London for Biennial at Crystal Palace. Catch up with tenant Mark who is now working as a night guard and we talk about possible shows. Get a note to say the Rooney work is short-listed for the Comme Ca Art Prize. Rooney (Paul) wins it in 2003. Immediately start getting calls from media companies. Like this, like that.

We head off for the Secret Underground Nuclear bunker near Nantwich. It is clearly signposted. Big piece on the Rooney work and Comme Ca in The Guardian and so start my problems. A few days later, Getty Images phone to say that those are their original Rooney images I have used. They ask which websites I have used and I can't remember and they say if I pay them £1,000 they will let it go. I explain that it is a temporary billboard artwork that will not be reproduced (well, except for this article for academic research purposes) and they let me off. But I learn a lesson.



Biennial opening. Foreign Investment in red, yellow and blue in The Adelphi. The indie scene, Jayne C, Camilla J, Racquet Club meal and Santiago Sierra stands up and gives a cringing toast to the curators. We see Yoko Ono's breasts, Craig Richardson, The Masque, Declan McG, ISIS, Assembly, Echo and Post articles on Rooney, slightly mad times. Is *Framework FM's* Patrick around too perhaps?

Eddie B, FACT founder, drops a little bomb in the weekly staff meeting and announces he is leaving to head up the British Film Institute in London. Up to Sheil Park for Bill Drummond auction and I buy one of the tower block signs for £15, the one that says 13th Floor. Normally, the tower blocks superstitiously jump from floor 12 to 14. *tenantspin* celebrate Ed's leaving by giving him a leading part in our recreation of Jean's dream for another high-rise nightmares show. Trapped in her boot. The Daily Mirror call to ask about the Rooney piece and some Edinburgh film company



want some material from *tenantspin* for the Scottish Parliament. How high up can these high-rise tenants go?



I pay Neubauten along with other fans to help fund their new CD and I love that spirit of independence. Wander Sefton Park with Chris W and take him up to the roof of York House and within the hour we have devised the project. We shall create the soundtrack to these 360 degree views that the tenants can see but not hear, we will teach them how to record both the park and the city and try to pipe these sounds into every living room through the CCTV system. Do some more work on the CD that will become *SIDVICIOUS* as the music industry arrests 28 people for illegal file sharing. Chat with Jeff about it as we pop into Life Museum to see the Eric's show. Weird, but great, that many of these characters are still active creatively, Jayne C, Wyllie, Simpson, Priestman, Yorkie, Drummond etc. Jeff later texts that he has passes Donnie Osmond outside the Futurist.



Sunday, cycle to Chester and back, lunch in Neston, wildlife and the old disused rail track of the Wirral Way. Take twenty-five tenants to see *Code 46* and slightly cringe at the opening sex scenes. Sorry, Mrs (Rita) Robinson! Hang out at Sefton and recruit maybe another five new tenants which is phenomenal – Pauline, Joey and Nick included. Ronnie R laughs and tells me I'm putting on weight. He's right. Jeff and I start spending time in Woolton.

Paul K arranges a high-rise flat for us but most of our research time is in the supermarket café and wandering the streets with Brenda. We buy her tea and she shares her incredible knowledge of the Russian writers and pagans. Along to Static for Duncan-Faisal-Lyn and Arena opening, all the young dudes, and end in Dr. Duncans on a cold October evening.



Mersey Broadband call me to ask if we will "sell them *tenantspin*." Ponder this on way down to London for B's opening and chat with the Reverend Max Ripple and Red Architect Mike, fresh from working with Rogers on The Dome, and he says he would like to contribute some money to *tenantspin*. A good evening, but the friends we are due to be staying with are not at home and we wander London at 2am trying to find a bed. I wander Notting

Hill with Frauke to think about this new billboard project I am proposing, and

we spot one wall that has possibilities, but get home to news that for some reason, the Comme Ca Art Prize has suddenly been cancelled.



Patrick F hits the ground running and *tenantspin* writhes and reinvents itself in new and miraculous fresh manners. It drags me up with it when I am down, like some weird wrinkled multi-limbed city-wide creature. Time is of the essence and the spinners live each day as if it is ... a webcast day. Our marketing department on the other hand come skipping in and scream with delight "we can make *tenantspin* bookmarks!" We politely decline and work with higher ambitions. A fucking great show about faith and we get six denominations around the sofas to share experiences.

The same day, John Peel dies, and Jim North and myself sit next door in The Swan and put *Teenage Kicks* on the jukebox and raise a glass to JP.



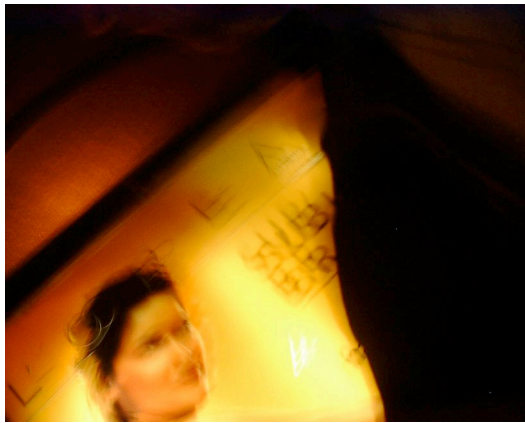
At home, we buy a cheap piano for our huge 1898 living room. I dream that all of FACT want to kill me. The next day, Uncle Clive announces he is also leaving to become director at Dundee Contemporary Art and I begin a work called *LEAVES*. I write: "The old chestnut: do you keep at it until something comes out (practice makes perfect) or do you walk away and do other stuff?" I start collecting versions of *Leaving on a jet plane* and this notion of the exit, of walking away from a situation as the basis of so many artworks. I am interested in these binary-level themes I think in the



cantaudio CDs, of walking away, of the grey that forces us into colour, of suicide, mortality, belief in miracles, of sight from blindness.

I sit alone and watch *Paris, Texas*, always one of my favourite films, along with *Repo Man* and *Rumblefish* and *Rock'n'Roll High School* and *The Core*. Head over to the Phil for disappointing Pere Ubu live soundtrack to the 3D *It came from outer space*. Hang out at

Riverview with Betty, Peggy and Jim, just catching up and introducing Patrick.



Brigitte brings a guitar back from Germany and maybe I should form that band after all. Some drinking implied. I photograph myself in front of Laetitia Casta, my new Adjani.

The CP department is now slim-lined and I think we have strategies for developing *tenantspin* that don't really include the FACT Centre. It will change anyway with Eddie and Clive leaving. Patrick and Maria S and Jim are on the *tenantspin* case, and I am part-time

and Sefton Park and Woolton are creative hosts. Sit next to Olaf Nicolai at some Racquet Club dinner and get fucking ignored by this insular crowd and should not have accepted invitation in the first place. What is wrong with asking questions?? Cycle along to Perch Fort in New Brighton and bump into Leo F for a bit of a *Comme Ça* post-mortem. And then the coping stones on our side wall start getting nicked at night. I photograph the crime scene and bank an idea.



Out to Sefton Park to do a live webcast from there and back for lunch in Maggie Mays with King Kenny hanging out and I start on John Denver's book, not realising he could have been a Byrd. Buy the new *Half-Life* but it requires Steam and to be online and I don't like the way everything is becoming online-dependent, as online is not dependable. In Woolton, we meet Lynthia, a very polite middle class lady who is chatting about the very rare acts of vandalism when she suddenly reveals her life-long fantasy is to smash glass. At



that moment we know we shall make her dream come true. I start writing a text about the cultural significance of smashing glass. *It's a wonderful life. Breaking glass.* I think *Half-Life* could still fuck with the mind a bit more and have less shooting. Jeff and I wander along to Lennon's childhood home but it is shut. We find a grave marked Eleanor Rigby next to St. Peter's Church and chat with the vicar who turns out to be the son of Bob Paisley.

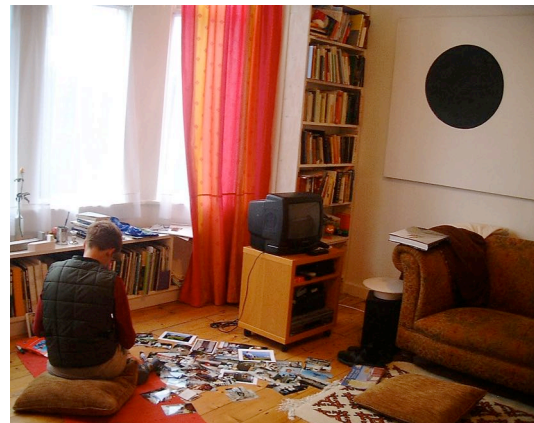
More bricks go missing despite us trying to cement them and I resolve to do a series entitled *Crime & Punishment*. I speak to Pilkington's test facility at Lathom about letting Lynthia run amock with a hammer and they agree.



My Godmother polishes the *RAY + JULIE* plaque. Saturday night opera, *Turandot* at The Empire, and glorious days and nights with Chris W and the tenants learning how to record, in Sefton Park, by the Palm House at 2am when we hear the sound of an oak leaf falling. My ears have never felt this tuned. They are muscles, he says, we need to exercise. We also need to wait for traffic and flights to die down. The sound of a class of school kids running

around the Sefton Park lake in studs, the sound of distant foxes and the altered sense of scale and distance. I see changes in the faces of these amazing elderly tenants. And in myself.

Vito Acconci and Steve Dietz in the house and Helen Wiewora leaves FACT. Head stinging. Home to listen to Bad Brains and read Toop. 120,000 dead in Tsunami. No fireworks this year. *tenantspin* survives its first two years in the FACT Centre and ends 2004 in a strong position with secure funding, Arena Housing on board for the post-HAT years, stronger artists' projects and a good young team to take it forward. *LAST*. Collina. Rooney. Wirral. *SIDVICOUS*. Chris Watson. *FUTOURIST*.



Images



Karlheinz Stockhausen
Helikopter-Streichquartett, 1985



Alan Dunn *everything you hope from, edition of 31 CDs, cantaudio001, 2003*



The FACT Centre, Liverpool, architects Austin-Smith:Lord, opens 2003



FACT Centre site tour, left to right: AD, Olga B and Colin Wayland (HAT), 2003



David Jacques *As if in a dream dreamt by another*, Canning Place, Liverpool, opposite Mersey Police HQ, 2003



Alan Dunn *Can't put your arms around a memory*, Hanover Street, Liverpool, 2003



FACT Collaboration Programme, 2003



Keyboard Lil, auditions for *tenantspin* CD *SuperBlockRocking-Beats*, Sefton Park Cricket Club, 2003



Launch of *SuperBlock*, FACT Centre roof, left to right: Ronnie Ross, AD, Jeff Young, Freda Smith and Jim Jones, 2003



tenantspin *The future of Sefton Park*, 2003



tenantspin *Countdown*, first FACT Centre webcast, 2003



Otto Berchem *tenantspin* meets Kilroy, Teddington Studios, left to right: Steve, Vera, Kilroy, Mavis, Kath, 2003



tenantspin, Dolly Lloyd, 2003



tenantspin *Comic Relief*, Otto Berchem & Vera Cook, 2003



Alan Dunn *will tear us apart*, edition of 25 CDs, cantaudio002, 2003



Otto Berchem *tenantspin* meets Kilroy, Otto, AD, Steve T, Vera, Kilroy, Mavis and Kath H in the audience for *Feuding Families*, 2003



tenantspin *Introducing E-Democracy*, with Paul Myott and Liam Fogarty, 2003



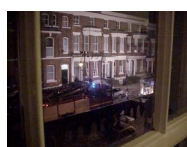
tenantspin *The Paranormal*, 2003



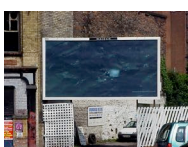
tenantspin - *SuperBlockRocking-Beats*, edition of 1000, 2001



tenantspin *Meet Lord David Puttnam*, with John McGuirk, 2003



Canning Street, minutes after bomb, Liverpool, 2003



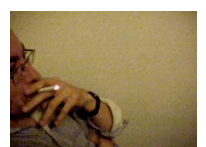
Alan Dunn *Can't get this pla(g)n(e) to stop working*, Hanover Street, Liverpool, 2003



tenantspin *Meet Alexei Sayle*, with Eddie Berg, 2003



Alan Dunn *Martins Lane Studio*, Wirral, 2003



Alan Dunn *Self-portrait with last cigarette*, video/still, 22.22hrs, 8.7.2003



Alan Dunn & Brigitte Jurack RAY + JULIE, 2003



tenantspin Steering Group meeting, 2003



tenantspin CCTV, with Adele Myers, 2003



Alan Dunn (LICHTH) OF FIRE, edition of 18 CDs, cantaudio003, 2003



Asset-Based Community Development, Windsor Castle, Silvia Guimarães & AD, still from video by Kath Healy, 2003



tenantspin May Day, with Pavel Büchler and John McGuirk, 2003



Alan Dunn Honour, By The Way, Bergen, 2003



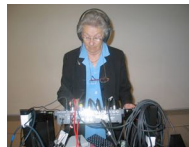
Alan Dunn Honour, By The Way, Bergen, 2003



tenantspin Crew in The Box, Mike, Steve, Rick and Kath, 2003



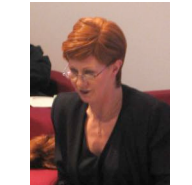
tenantspin & Ladytron Proxy Music, with John McGuirk recording in LIPA, 2003



tenantspin Crew in The Box, Vera Cook, 2003



tenantspin Schedule flier, design by burneverything, 2003



tenantspin The regeneration will not be televised: On the couch, with Lesley Guinness as Anne Robinson, 2003



tenantspin & Wochenklausur Research trip to New Brighton, with Kath Healy and Sally Olding, 2003



Odd Nerdum (left) The Astronomer (2000) and Self-portrait in profile (1998)



Alan Dunn GRAYVEN, edition of 18 CDs, cantaudio004, 2003



tenantspin Away Day, Liver Building roof, 2003



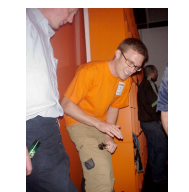
tenantspin Meet Anthony Minghella, 2003



tenantspin & Rirkrit Tiravanija Demo Station no.4, with Kath Healy and Mark Hobson, Ikon Gallery, Birmingham, 2003



tenantspin on tour – Copenhagen (left to right) Jean Niblock, AD, Vera Cook, 2003



tenantspin on tour – Copenhagen, Sean Treadway learns spoons in Superflex HQ, 2003



tenantspin on tour – Copenhagen, John Pettitt & Vera Cook broadcast from Superflex HQ, 2003



tenantspin on tour – Copenhagen, Vera Cook, Jean Niblock and John McGuirk, Superflex HQ, 2003



Alan Dunn St. Petersburg, 2003



Alan Dunn St. Petersburg, 2003



Alan Dunn
faith:drunk:leap:rage,
edition of 18 CDs,
cantaudio005, 2004



Alan Dunn *Honour*,
Leece Street,
Liverpool, 2004



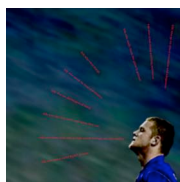
Alan Dunn *FOLK*,
Liverpool, 2004



Alan Dunn *FOLK*,
Bluecoat Gallery,
Liverpool, 2004



Alan Dunn *FOLK*,
Bluecoat Gallery,
Liverpool, 2004



Alan Dunn *FOLK*,
Liverpool, 2004



*tenantspin Living with
the landlords*, 2004



*tenantspin E-
Democracy*, with Sue
Green of Liverpool HAT
and Josie Crawford,
2004



tenantspin on tour –
Blackpool, 2004



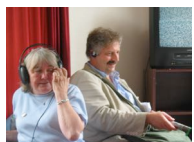
tenantspin on tour –
Blackpool, John
McGuirk as George
Formby, 2004



*tenantspin Test Sefton
Park broadcast*, with
Kath Healy, 2004



*tenantspin Test Sefton
Park broadcast*, with
Steve and John, 2004



*tenantspin Test Sefton
Park broadcast*, with
Mavis Thomas, recorded
by the BBC, 2004



Alan Dunn *Henry The
Scot*, collage, 2004



*tenantspin The
Hillsborough Justice
Campaign*, with Sheila
Coleman, 2004



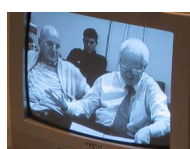
Alan Dunn *hungary*,
edition of 22 CDs,
cantaudio008, 2004



*tenantspin The
Paranormal*, 2003



*tenantspin – Ways of
Seeing* – Dias &
Riedweg, 2004



*tenantspin Introducing
E-Democracy*, with John
Pettitt and Jim Jones,
2004



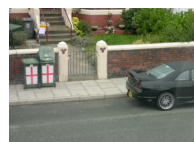
*Sefton Park Community
Centre under
construction*, 2004



*tenantspin Pre-match
warm-up (Euro 2004)*,
with John Pettitt and
John McGuirk, 2004



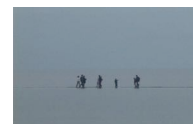
Alan Dunn *full smiles of
the deceased*, edition
of 13 CDs,
cantaudio009, 2004



*Opposite 50 Martins
Lane (Euro 2004)*, Wirral,
2004



*Opposite 50 Martins
Lane (pyjamas)*, Wirral,
2004



West Kirby Miracles,
Wirral, 2004



50 Martins Lane, Wirral, 2004



Alan Dunn FUTURIST, Liverpool, 2004



Alan Dunn FOLK press coverage, 2004



tenantspin & Ladytron Proxy Music, with Mike Roberts recording in LIPA, 2003



50 Martins Lane, Wirral, 2004



tenantspin The future of Sefton Park, last show to be hosted by Eddie Berg, 2004



Alan Dunn Parr Street, Liverpool, 2004



Alan Dunn SIDVICIOUS, edition of 20 CDs, cantaudio011, 2004



50 Martins Lane (cutting edge artist), Wirral, 2004



Alan Dunn PIES, view from Albert Dock, Liverpool, 2004



tenantspin & Arena Housing, conference, with Patrick Fox, Liverpool, 2004



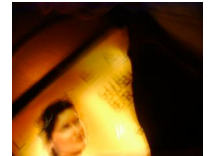
50 Martins Lane (piano delivery), Wirral, 2004



tenantspin The future of Sefton Park, with CP audience, 2004



Auntie B polishing RAY + JULIE plaque, 2004



Alan Dunn Self-portrait with Laetitia Casta, Liverpool, 2004



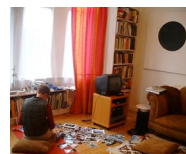
tenantspin & Chris Watson A Winter's Tale, Kath Healy and CW recording, Sefton Park, 2004



tenantspin Oscars, with Eddie and John, 2004



tenantspin The future of Sefton Park (scary Kath), 2004



50 Martins Lane (photo albums and black moon), Wirral, 2004



tenantspin & Chris Watson A Winter's Tale, Jean Niblock and CW recording, 2am, Sefton Park, 2004

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