

Old School - A Winter's Tale, Sunday Matinee & EAST: tenantspin 2005 Alan Dunn

0-3 down, 3-3, 2005

Start again with the positives. We don't lose any more tenants over Christmas and I send off the ambitious 67 projects £25,000 Arts Council application. It covers a series of collaborative and curated billboards and soundworks and, along with *tenantspin*, these provide the trilogy for the next few years. I continue to work on *LEAVES* as the New Year brings a few more departures from FACT. 2005 is a momentous year of large confident projects such as *A Winter's Tale*, *Sunday Matinee* and *EAST*, redefining what *tenantspin* can be. It is also the year of Heidi and Zak, of billboards with Bill Drummond, Sue Fitch, Riikka, Jeff, Hamish and Scanner and of that Champions League final.



Kath Healy with Chris Watson's *A Winter's Tale* on her TV, *tenantspin*, image: Leila Romaya, 2005

We buy a pair of antlers for our big kitchen and two Lou Reed tickets. I try to avoid seeing the 'legends' or revivals or re-stagings, but Reed draws me in. Ironically I will have to give Marie-Anne these tickets as the gig clashes with an important *tenantspin* trip to Norwich. Rock'n'roll. We pipe *A Winter's Tale* through the Sefton Park blocks and I sit with Kath as the sounds of the city in the distance float through her small living room on the 9th floor. Phil and Mary visit us and Phil remembers seeing Devo and X-Ray Spex in the early days, but not much about the gigs. Fly away. Liverpool to the tiny Irish airport at Knock, built to host the Pope's visit to mark the holy water there. Hang out with the Italians in Westport for a few damp grey January days. Big houses, gothic mansions and Kylesmore Abbey where Madonna almost sends Lourdes.

January in the UK

January requires a certain type of cultural activity. I watch the astonishing *Pi* and catch up on paperwork and sleep. Down to London on a drizzly day to meet Frauke about the possible billboard project with Tabernacle. Back in FACT, we spend time with Jen Southern and Guardian journalist Donald Hiscock for his *Tenants get into tower block* TV article. It begins: "John

McGuirk is anything but modest when it comes to his talent for playing the spoons. And rightly so, because it's no mean feat to have performed with the Liverpool Royal Philharmonic."



County Galway near Kylemore Abbey, West Coast of Ireland, January 2005



Woolton high-rises and model house, Liverpool, January 2005

The *tenantspin* Steering Group meetings these days are well-attended and highly animated. Jean suggests doing something about all the hidden businesses on Bold Street and we bank an idea. Head out to Woolton with Jeff one cold January evening to give a talk about difficult sound art to a group of twenty elderly citizens. We play them Thomas Edison, Becky Shaw, Chris Watson, *SuperBlock* and morse code. Towards a new history of sound art. It is bloody cold. We meet Lynthia and spend a day at the Pilkington European Test Facility in Lathom. Our hosts in the Tech Dept show us flight simulation glass and then give Lynthia a mallet to try and smash glass. She bangs away, giggling, nothing happening, like hammering a balloon. They

hand her a harpoon. She has one last nervous giggle, checking if her dad is somehow watching her, and then plunges the tip deep into the heart of middle-class restraint. It is almost orgasmic and we record the whole thing.



Recording Lynthia at Pilkington's European Technical Centre, Lathom, Lancashire, 2005

January is the sound of Nouvelle Vague's *Too drunk to fuck*, introduced to the FACT office by Zoe C and I think about slowing down already slow cover versions. We get the £55k from Mersey Broadband and *tenantspin* spends time with artist Minna Långström thinking again about high-rise dreams. I invite Roger Hill in to have a day with CP, encouraging us all to remember what we are doing and celebrating some of our successes. Another retired Woolton tenant, Geoff, speaks of working with sound vibrations and we take him into Liverpool University's anechoic and reverb chambers. Experiential and experimental collaboration. Set the conditions and see what happens. Tellingly, that day ends with noise, burying a time capsule in the new Community Centre in a blustery Sefton Park and then a live broadcast. Drinks late with Patrick, Spoons and Stukoff, ending with John playing spoons to some Doors cover band in Quiggins. Ironically I record it over part of my anechoic recordings. Fucking mini-discs! Fly away.



Arena Housing, HAT, tenant and FACT bury the time capsule, Sefton Park Community Centre, 2005

Berlin, February (again): Transmediale

Exactly eighteen years on from the Environmental Art trip to a freezing walled city, I fly into Berlin again. Schönefeld to Ku'dam. Check into plush glass-fronted hotel and wander along to House of World Cultures for *Transmediale*. Catherine David bemoans the lack of the static image and proposes that artists should not be doing the work of politicians. Critical Art Ensemble give us some "we've been arrested" updates and I catch Jason Forest and duran duran duran duran at *Club Transmediale* amidst the vampires of Berlin. Casta is everywhere. Back home to have a few pints with Spoons in the Globe with its sloping floor. Any dropped coins roll down to one end. Jayne Casey leaves the A Foundation. Brenda brings in Kay Kelly for a webcast around salvaging important religious buildings in Liverpool in the midst of major redevelopment. This is a city that never ever feels finished. Constant flux(us). Home to put Einstürzende Neubauten on headphones and fall asleep. Not quite collapsed the new building yet. *Headcleaner*. Cool Fiona Banner work in the FACT Critic's Choice show. All day at DeadFrog mixing our 36 *Compositions for a Woolton jukebox*, inviting Paul D to rework the St. Peters' bells to the tune of *Eleanor Rigby*, a nod to Deller's *Acid Brass*.



Alan Dunn Self-portrait with Laetitia Casta & The Berlin Wall, Berlin, 2005

Living it up

The *Living it up* high-rise exhibition at Museum of Life opens and looks stunning. They have carefully recreated one of the high-rise living rooms, which is often something art students want to do, but this is done with resources and great attention to detail. We webcast from there, hosting loads of people and showing Kath's films that someone is interested in buying. This project feels exactly right for this city. Cheap Liscard videos. *Boys from Brazil*, *The man who fell to earth* and Deneuve in *Belle de Jour* (1967). I give Catherine Simmons one of the ISBN numbers I purchase at the time of Bellgrove for her book *Any other business? The Liverpool High Rise Tenants' Group story*.



Collision on Martins Lane, Wallasey, seen from studio window, April 2005

Over the water, we have amazing chats with Martins Lane neighbour Roger Cliffe-Thompson, philosopher, poet, retired hairdresser, academic, publisher, raconteur, ex-Scottish forester and friend to McCartney (Mike) and Henri (Adrian). We take six tenants up to Rampworx one dark evening to witness indoor skating and BMXing. Noisy. We follow up with great webcast that breathes between specific statues in Liverpool that are being worn away by skating out to wider cross-generational issues in the city.



Kath Healy Rampworx, film still, 2005



tenantspin SkateDebate, 2005

I continue working on the Tabernacle billboard project, lining up works from Bill Drummond, Riikka, Scanner, Faisal Abdu'allah and Ansel Adams, although the Adams Trustees are not keen for any of his works to be cropped, which is understandable. FACT cleaner Joan – Mrs Liverpool – lends me DVD after DVD to educate me further on the history of her red club. The early morning

banter with her and Roger McK is great. You can tell a lot, and learn a lot, about institutions before 9am, a rule I stand by.



Martins Lane studio, late 2005

Long train to snowy Hull. I talk about *tenantspin* to a group of de-motivated students whose course is being phased out. I vow that if I ever work on a course being phased out, extra resources will be made available and thrown at it. It should end on a high. Back to hang out with Minna and Chris in Tabac with tales of spiders and giant worms. Or is that worms and giant spiders, Liverpool? Pissed, back at 2.30am after long rant with Angy and Hilary and Tracy Emin is around, as is Roger as Mandy, Colin Fallows, Ross D and Jeck.



Thor's Stone, Thurstaston Hill, Wirral, 2005

BBC Radio 3's *Night Waves* finally covers *A Winter's Tale* and The Daily Post print a scandalous use of the Rooney billboard (football story, rather than art) but I decide to keep my mouth shut. Paul D runs off 500 copies of our Woolton CD but can't deliver (deliver cant?). I do a new piece, *Black Sheets*, and wonder whether it is good enough. It is a kind of male antidote to Emin's *Everyone I Have Ever Slept With 1963–1995*, but more about monogamy! Absorbing the new and reworking the old. We visit to the extraordinary Thor's Rocks in Thurstaston with generations of carvings on the soft sandstone.

Eddie B leaves and we keep webcasting with Jim North at the technical helm. Marie-Anne steps in to become the CP head. I pop over to Preston to talk about *Bellgrove*, cantaudio and *tenantspin* to Pete Clarke's MA students. Part of our Mersey Broadband requires us to develop a Dissemination Event and we see this as a creative framework, another dot on the line. I start thinking about *The End*. The song. Versions by Patti Smith and Nico. I somehow let it drift towards Diego Maradona as a theme. He nearly dies during the making of *THEEND*, Apocalypso-Brando-esque. And then he recovers and nearly signs for Dundee. Sound Theatre of The Absurd.



AD and Margo, Sefton Park Community Flat, 2005

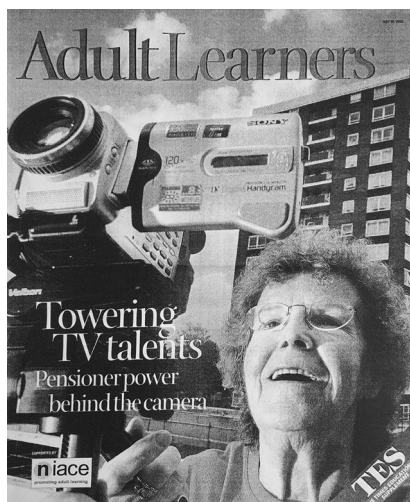
We apply for and get into *EAST International*, selected by Gustav Metzger, and I start taking Foreign Investment around to meet some of the tenants to collaborate on a new work. We begin with Betty at Riverview and end with Margo at Sefton Park and already they have formed a work, celebrating the tenants' ability to organise a party. Or rather, the tenants' liking for marking occasions, creating social events and finding reasons to get dressed up and making some noise. Deaf School play a hometown gig on the day that another Sheil Park tower comes down, and Suggs joins them on stage for Langer's *Shipbuilding* before Jilted John leaps up and does a raucous rendition of the song I always think should be titled *Gordon is a moron*. At RAY

+ JULIE, I notice some faint writing on JULIE's wall. It appears to read TED BUNDY IS BACK.



RAY + JULIE, 2005

On further to PKs to win four rounds of darts. Lesson learned and in extra early to FACT the next day. Coffee drunk, we train tenants, they edit in the Editing Suite and that week we host further visits from Sky Open Access, Middlesbrough IT, Philosophy in Pubs and four LIPA students. Sky TV in particular are after our content. They have the infrastructure, potential audience but, as they admit, absolutely no community-generated content. We discuss each of these offers at Steering Groups and on each occasion, a decision is made to keep *tenantspin* as it is, free of overtly commercial or industry pressures. Read Roger McKinley's fantastic *Jackson Pollock The Musical* and order two Laurie Anderson tickets. Well, if you can't see Lou. Take a big group of tenants to the Everyman to see *Port Authority*. I have my annual appraisal with Rebecca Owen and Ceri Hand but, tellingly, their minds are elsewhere and they are completely snowed under and I carry on with what I am doing. Somehow I miss the real rigour and debate with Maria B, despite it stretching us to breaking point both at the time! In early as usual to meet a journalist from the Times Education Supplement who pens the *Towering TV Talents* article with laughing cover star Kath.



Times Educational Supplement, 2005

Catch up with Vinny *Philosophy in Pubs* and I recognise him as a heckler from many a *tenantspin* show. But that is healthy and we never did have it totally our own way in this city. Marie-Anne and I head up to Walton jail to meet Delia Brady-Jacobs and see the sterling work she is doing with inmates. We think about the possibility of prison webcasting. The smell of training shoes and hard scouse men. What else did we expect? One young lad plays us his compositions and, almost crying as the situation hits him again, he looks at us and says softly "I just want to be a famous DJ." Back into town to ponder this while sitting in front of Bill Viola's stunning *Observance* at The Walker.



Dave McNamara about to secure the remaining coping stones, Martins Lane, May 2005

The Arts Council decide to give 67 projects the full whammy. I celebrate with a tenant/HAT night in the Town Hall and then a week-long detox from sugar, caffeine and gluten. The fucking headaches on day three are some of the worse I ever have. Scary. I spend that headache Wednesday with *tenantspin*, in The Box, celebrating the project's fourth birthday, four being an important number. Bernie somehow ends up (or starts) in our equipment cupboard and Cath presents me with a copy of *Any other business?*

Crime & Punishment

Ups and downs. Tabernacle billboard project is off as they go into liquidation, but Bill D calls right away to talk about his *NO MUSIC DAY* idea. I am also busy planning for the series of billboards and soundworks, of *Crime & Punishment*, of *The Ballad of RAY + JULIE* to mark ten years of the chairs and of dubplate 12" vinyl. There is no middle in *THEEND*. After *THEEND*, the fourteenth in the series, I go through all the soundfiles that I have deleted, but not yet emptied from trash, and put these together as four eight-minute compositions. *DELETER*.

I pay The Carvery in London to make each into a one-off 12" dubplate and give these to Philip Jeck to remix further. Superflex Jakob calls to ask for some *tenantspin* ephemera for the *Populism* exhibition that will tour the Vilnius Contemporary Art Centre, Frankfurter Kunstverein, National Museum of Art & Design in Oslo, Amsterdam Stedelijk Museum and Nordic Institute for Contemporary Art in Helsinki. I relax in Liscard with the fantastic *Contact*, Jodie Foster's eighteen hours in wormholes and an opening sequence that I will use at University to talk about scale. Dull Juventus-Liverpool quarter-final on the anniversary of Heysel. All over the place, fragmented late-night notes.

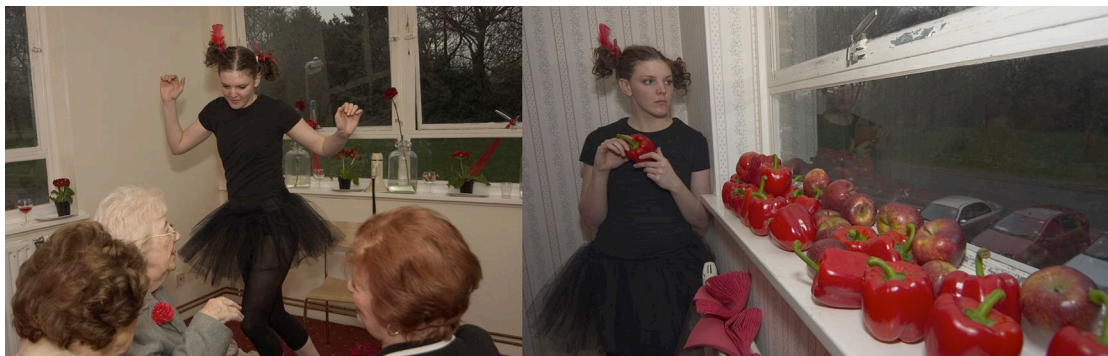


Opening sequence of *Contact*, dir. Robert Zemeckis, 1997

Scanner agrees to work up a billboard for *Crime & Punishment* and on 3rd April, Foreign Investment and the high-rise tenants of *tenantspin* present the landmark *Sunday Matinee*. Arriving at the high-rise blocks around Sefton Park, long red ribbons drape from the windows. The day is red. In one room, an exquisite red buffet is taped off, dark black balloons ready to escape.



tenantspin & Foreign Investment Sunday Matinee, Sefton Park, featuring Roger Phillips, images: Leila Romaya, 2005



tenantspin & Foreign Investment Sunday Matinee, Sefton Park, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

Wibke conducts a red choir. Sounds drift through the surreal flat like a scene from *SuperBlock*. Everybody is in red like a mad Communist gathering. Plants. Open mic with BBC's Roger Phillips and Margo and Spoons. Dolly brings her robot dog. The Philharmonic's string quartet greet people in another room as a dancer weaves her way through bewildered but also incredibly relaxed tenants. We count upwards of sixty tenants passing through this bizarre social socialist gathering that Kath films to broadcast on *tenantspin*.

Leila Romaya makes the most exquisite and sensitive serious of documentary photographs, moving invisibly between and amongst the tenants. It is all a bit unreal but it also all just makes perfect sense. Like another of Foreign Investment's pieces in the north west, *Moonshine Walk* in St.Helens, *Sunday Matinee* is an event that the participants love so much that they attempt to maintain the ritual and repeat their own interpretation. But, nothing quite matches the shock of the new of 3rd April 2005. Each guest receives a plush red pillow when they sign the guest book and depart, changed people.

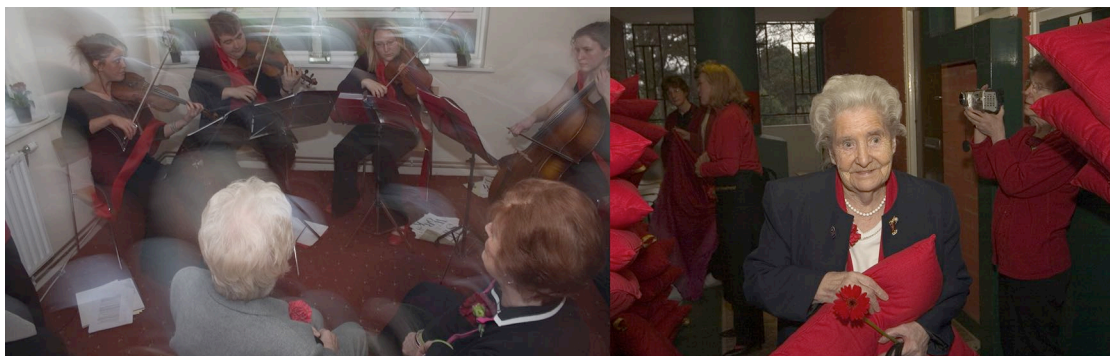


tenantspin & Foreign Investment Sunday Matinee, Sefton Park, featuring Wibke Hott's choir, images: Leila Romaya, 2005



tenantspin & Foreign Investment Sunday Matinee, Sefton Park, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

We meet with Arena the following week and progress the negotiations. Their staff are changing and, with similar flux at FACT, solid planning is difficult. *tenantspin* however remains focused and relaxed. Patrick tries to find Beatles-lookalikes that can talk about the future and Jim N develops plans for a show featuring the candidates for the Riverside Ward local election. Liverpool get a 0-0 in Turin to go through to semi with Chelsea, just like the old days, but nothing like the old days. London. Beuys, Carravaggio. Marclay at Barbican. Kenneth Anger at Frith Street Gallery. Hauser & Wirth. Gagosian. money money money money money.

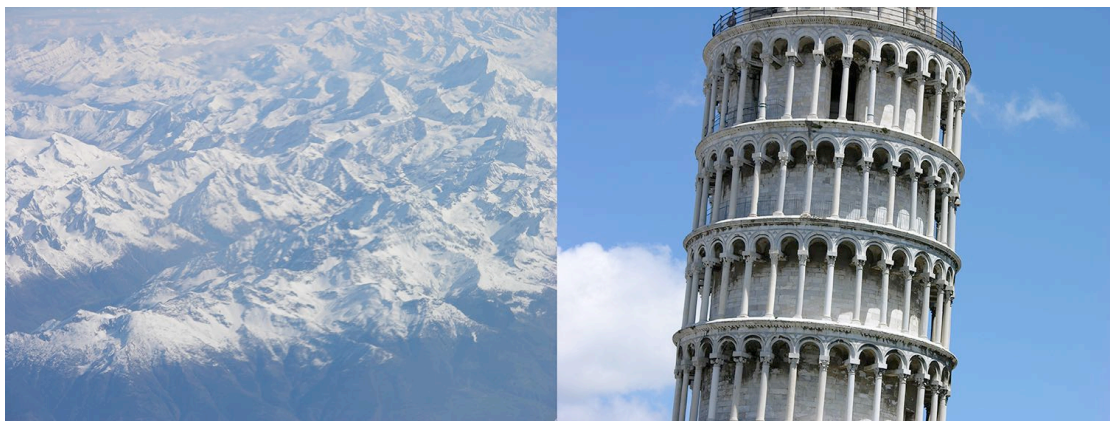


tenantspin & Foreign Investment Sunday Matinee, Sefton Park, images: Leila Romaya, 2005



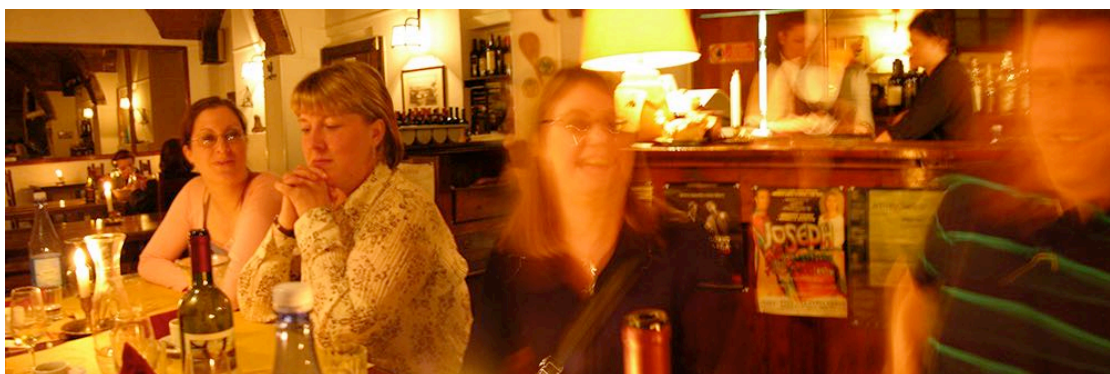
tenantspin & Foreign Investment Sunday Matinee, Sefton Park, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

Alas, *tenantspin* does not get short-listed for the Turner Prize. A Liverpool-based arts and housing project with a connection to Glasgow School of Art stands no chance. Funeral of Jean's 43 year old daughter in the Woolton sun. Jean plays an old cassette of *Seasons in the sun* and nearly everyone cries at its distorted beauty. Long journey to Norwich instead of Lou Reed. Marie-Anne says Reed is too dad-rock anyway. Give presentation on *tenantspin* to other artists and dinner with Pete Kennard, Cat Phillips and Lynda Morris.



Pisa, images by Alan Dunn, 2005

SS phone about two kids called Heidi and Zak, aged 5 and 7. We do a PiP broadcast from The Crown but Vinny doesn't think it is philosophical enough. I sit in with John, John, George and Brenda and it is a poignant discussion around notions of sadness. FACT hold a raffle to choose staff to go to Pisa for the day. For Norwich we plan an ambitious series of webcasts, exploring living forever through cryonics and affordable space travel. Looking back at the future again. We get interviewed by the Times, BBC and Independent. Liverpool and Chelsea first-leg stalemate. Could it happen?



Pisa, image by Alan Dunn, 2005

Car crash. Garcia 'ghost goal', although 'phantom goal' is a better term. 1930's Art Deco in Chirnside. The Catherine Cookson Department of Oral and Maxillo-facial. Jackie P webcast introduces tenants to VJ'ing. *Black Sheets* gets screened for a few moments on Friday 13th on the BBC Big Screen. We invite tenants to send and phone in questions for the candidates on our politics show. I like when the *tenantspin* team mingle with the tenants and emerge with ideas for shows that they research and deliver.



tenantspin Politics Show, images: Leila Romaya, 2005



tenantspin & Philosophy in Pubs Sadness, debate in The Crown, 2005



Alan Dunn *Black Sheets*, BBC Big Screen, Liverpool, 2005

Manchester Month. Meet Bernard Leach, Head of the Department of Sociology at Manchester Metropolitan University, and invite him to chair the

Dissemination Event. Laurie Anderson's *The End of the Moon* at the Lowrie. Foreign Investment's *Breeding* at Cornerhouse.



Alan Dunn *Black Sheets*, postcards and spray paint, 2005

Work up some promotional *Black Sheets* postcards and quickly spray them a virgin white. London, Waterloo, Brussels, beer, Godfather, under water pressure, Köln, Hannover, wedding, Power Point, flu, no smoke, beer, cycle, home. Order copy of the A House single *Endless Art* and it arrives cracked.



Foreign Investment *Breeding*, Cornerhouse, Manchester, 2005

Sit in 3345 for the first half, 0-3 down. Decide to leave Patrick and Spoons and head home as Foreign Investment are arriving. Wandering past Pogue Mahones, the street is strewn with grown men lying facedown crying. On Lime Street, a man lays on his back in the middle of the pavement, can trickling beer into the gutter. It is eerily quiet. By the time I get back to Martins Lane, it is 1-3 and as I get the TV on, Šmicer scores. Windows open. I hear screams from houses down the street. Alonso, Dudek, Shevchenko, penalties. Do I regret leaving 3345?

Thursday 26th May 2005, we head over to the Tate amidst almost half a million fans. The *Summer of Love* opening, Biggs and Snoddy, JumpShipRat, Kirk Ward calling me beefy but I don't care. The whole city is red and hot and still strewn with grown men on the streets. Rafolution. Takes me an hour to get home, Roger M's *Santa Maria* loud in the head. Train up to the Borders for my dad's 65th and my Uncle Kenny, the bluest bluenose in town, is working at Hampden and is chosen to present the Scottish Cup to the winners, that of course turns out to be Celtic. He tries to slip a red and blue ribbon around the

handle before handing it over to Lennon, Hartson, Sutton and Bellamy. Uncle Rab insists we all have a go on his Honda Goldwing. Spacemen on the A1.



Alan Dunn Self-portrait before Goldwing, Burnmouth, near Berwick, 2005



Uncle Kenny, Exhibitions and Collections Manager, Hampden Park, 2005

The Top Five Liverpool artists are chosen by Sorcha at Liverpool Biennial to represent the city in Stavanger and, um, they are Leo Fitzmaurice, Sean

Hawkrige, Rebecca Reid, Nicki McCubbing and Marcus Coates. Yes, Marcus London Coates. The system is so transparently bent that all you can go is laugh, get in the van, get on the 433 bus, carry on. The new crowd-funded Neubauten CD, *Anarchitektur*, arrives. Meet with Paul K and Jit to plan a whole series of events to mark the existence of *Outhouse* and I chat with Myriam Thyes about screening *LAST*, *Black Sheets* and the new *FUTOURIST* short animation as part of *Silent Shorts* in Düsseldorf. *tenantspin* is short-listed for more awards and there is a drunken night in London with Paul K, Kath, Spoons and Patrick. To Tate Modern next day for launch of some Housing Regeneration book that profiles *tenantspin* but the book is already so out of date we wonder what the point is. Fly away.



Foreign Investment TUNING-IN OP.2, Venice, 2005

Foreign Investment present *TUNING-IN OP.2* at the Venice Oratory, an arrangement for four ghetto blasters, performed as part of *VENICE AGENDAS* with William Furlong of *Audio Arts* and Mel Gooding. We hang out in the sun with Pavel, Valerie V and Esche. Otto B's cool *Mondo Veneziano*, *High Noon in the Sinking City*, Gilbert & George looking a bit lost looking for breakfast, Tom Cullen, Nick Crowe and the young Newcastle scene. No spaces in Venice, mentally or physically. Back to plan our unveiling of *36 Compositions* and we have the idea of turning *Outhouse* into one big speaker using a Whispering Glass euphonics systems of small speakers attached to the glass. More A-meetings and pints in *The Magazine* to ponder and get nervous. The *tenantspin* Open Day is well attended and we draw in a few more regular participants including Toothless Poet George and Tess. The Dissemination Event is a really positive day in FACT, around fifty folk including Stuart Nolan, Malcolm Dickson and projects from Manchester and Dublin. At the event, we premiere the legendary sci-fi alien movie *Space Insurgents* created by the tenants and artist Emily Völker and new *tenantspin* technical support worker Ed Pink. Typing "tenantspin alien invasion!" into YouTube may lead you to it.



tenantspin & Emily Voelker *Space Insurgents*, film stills, 2005



tenantspin Dissemination Event, FACT, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

Old School

EAST International in Norwich. We set up a temporary studio and hang out with Pete Kennard, Lynda, Eleanor and *Talkaoke*. We host webcasts under the umbrella title *Old School*. For *Live Forever* we chat with Chrissie de Rivas from Cryonics Europe about freezing the brain and body, retaining memories and Lazarus. For *High Life* we chat with Bristol Spaceplanes about impending space travel and what our future may resemble. We work hard and play hard. John plays spoons all over the student union. We take in the ultra-loud *War of the worlds* and invite the Reverend Max Ripple to interview Gustav who decides that this year's EAST shall have no prize awarded.



tenantspin *Live Forever*, John chats with Chrissie about cryonics and a rough price of £8,000 per body, EAST, Norwich, 2005



tenantspin *Old School*, Jean and Gustav Metzger, EAST, Norwich, 2005



tenantspin High Life, John and Jean chat with experts about space tourism, EAST, Norwich, 2005



tenantspin Old School, Patrick and Marie-Anne on tech duty, EAST, Norwich, 2005

Back (re)invigorated as the first *Crime & Punishment* billboard by Sean Hawkrigde goes up on the corner of Seel Street and Slater Street, on the wall of ADAM'S CLUB. Both Club and billboard now gone. Sean is interested in taking someone's parking fine and paying it for them, which he does but I

question his image of a cheque with a clear bank logo on it so he subtly changes it.



Crime & Punishment: Sean Hawkrige *Untitled*, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005



Crime & Punishment: Susan Fitch *21st Century Liverpool Crime: ASYLUM CRIME*, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005

Susan Fitch's billboard comes with the following text: "DEDICATION. This work is in honour of the courage of the refugees and asylum seekers I have visited in HMP Liverpool (Walton) since 2001, as one of a small group of volunteers, members of AVID (National Association of Visitors to Immigration Detainees). These are not criminals in any sense of the word. They are victims of asylum and immigration legislation now being enacted almost annually in our hostile political climate, and a correspondingly hostile or indifferent local criminal

justice system." The image is from a letter by a Kurdish asylum seeker detained in 2003. Hospitality. More interest in *tenantspin*. A West Coast Berkeley writer curious about community engagement and a University of Ulster researcher interested in our balance of art and housing. I do some research into artist Jessica Rylan from Boston who has a noise monicker called Can't. BBC Radio 4 get in touch about dedicating one of their *Archive Hour* shows to *tenantspin*. Meet Ash from PIES in Waterstones and, although he may have lost his harddrive, he thinks he has got some aerial shots of the largest PIES on the ground of the old Speke Airport. In the end, I only use the tunnel towers PIES for the December billboard. Adding an 'S' at the beginning probably doesn't help Ash's paranoia. Up to Kensington for strange METAL Aga dinner with Urban Strawberry, JumpShipRat, Paul Clarkson and Jude Kelly.



Alan Dunn *midsentence*, edition of 10 CDs, cantaudio015, 2005

We get the 16k City Council money I apply for and it enables us to draw in a whole new berth of participants through our *Park Life* CD project. We look through artists with the Biennial and select Kelly Mark to invite to work with *tenantspin*. Marcus S gets in touch about creating some work for Futuresonic in Manchester and I see it all immediately, the start and the end, the intros and outros of songs spliced together into very small, but recognisable and emotive, fragments, gone before you can process them, like Schwitters' *Die Sonate In Urlauten*. "A hard beginning maketh a good ending" (John Heywood, 1497-1575). There is now software such as *Ask the DJ* that aggressively removes the intro and outro from songs to allow people to just fucking carry on dancing. "You go blank, seeming to space out or fall silent, sometimes even in the middle of sentences" (*Is there a typical Aspergers sufferer?*). I strip out the middle of a sentence/song. Ramones 1,2,3,4 and then final chord. Dead Kennedys *Nazi Punks Fuck Off* Take 3 .. THINK! Some are abstract such as Cassette Boys' Jamie Oliver collage. *MID-SENTENCE* is a work I feel passionate about and can still listen to today.

Due to travel to London on 8th July to meet Wandsworth Social Services. Attacks on 7th, trip cancelled of course. Wander, distracted, to Gravy Train in Liscard, £7 for seven bits of vinyl, Amanda Lear, rockabilly, early Human League, Funboy Three and rare Donovan. Cycle down to the Tranmere vs Man City game, passing the derelict Glenda Jackson Theatre. The only highlights are seeing Chelski pawn Shaun Wright-Phillips and the sound of the ball rolling down the street as Richard Dunne hoofs it out the stadium. It is crap and I leave five minutes before the end at 0-0.



Crime & Punishment: Alan Dunn 15 November 2004: Coping stones stolen during the night, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005

My image of the stolen Liscard coping stones looks great as a billboard, with the same sports car parked there every day. I wonder what he or she makes of the art? I write: "Maybe one shouldn't get angry at the little things, the relatively insignificant acts of petty theft such as the six stolen coping stones. Maybe one should instead concentrate on the regional, national or global crimes. This is local theft. This is an authentic crime scene photograph. This incident was given a Crime Number by the local police. But this means nothing. Six Victorian stones at £10 each? But this means everything. This could have happened anywhere. June 2005. Damien Hirst 'drops' his proposed project to reproduce an image of a real crime (murder) scene in Scotland after a 'controversy'. "SICK! The Turner Prize-winning artist wants to use it as part of a new exhibition of pictures based on photorealism, a technique made famous by 1960s artist Andy Warhol. He makes minor adjustments before selling them for up to £1million a time" (Sunday Mail).

Kim Ryan pops into FACT to chat about projects, with her films of Alex Cox in the Futurist and her footage of emptying Anfield streets. Shrinking cities. We meet with BT to chat about what broadband deals they can offer Sefton Park high-rise tenants but from suggesting subsidising five blocks, they shift to "one-

month free per tenant" and we quickly send them packing. Fucking insult. Philip Jeck sends me his remix of the *Deleter* dubplates and I start banking revolution sounds for next year. Down to Lyme Regis. We wander the coast and stop by what we are told is Billy Bragg's house in Burton Bradstock.



Kim Ryan filming in Anfield, 2005



Alan Dunn Self-portrait with Billy Bragg's house, Burton Bradstock, 2005

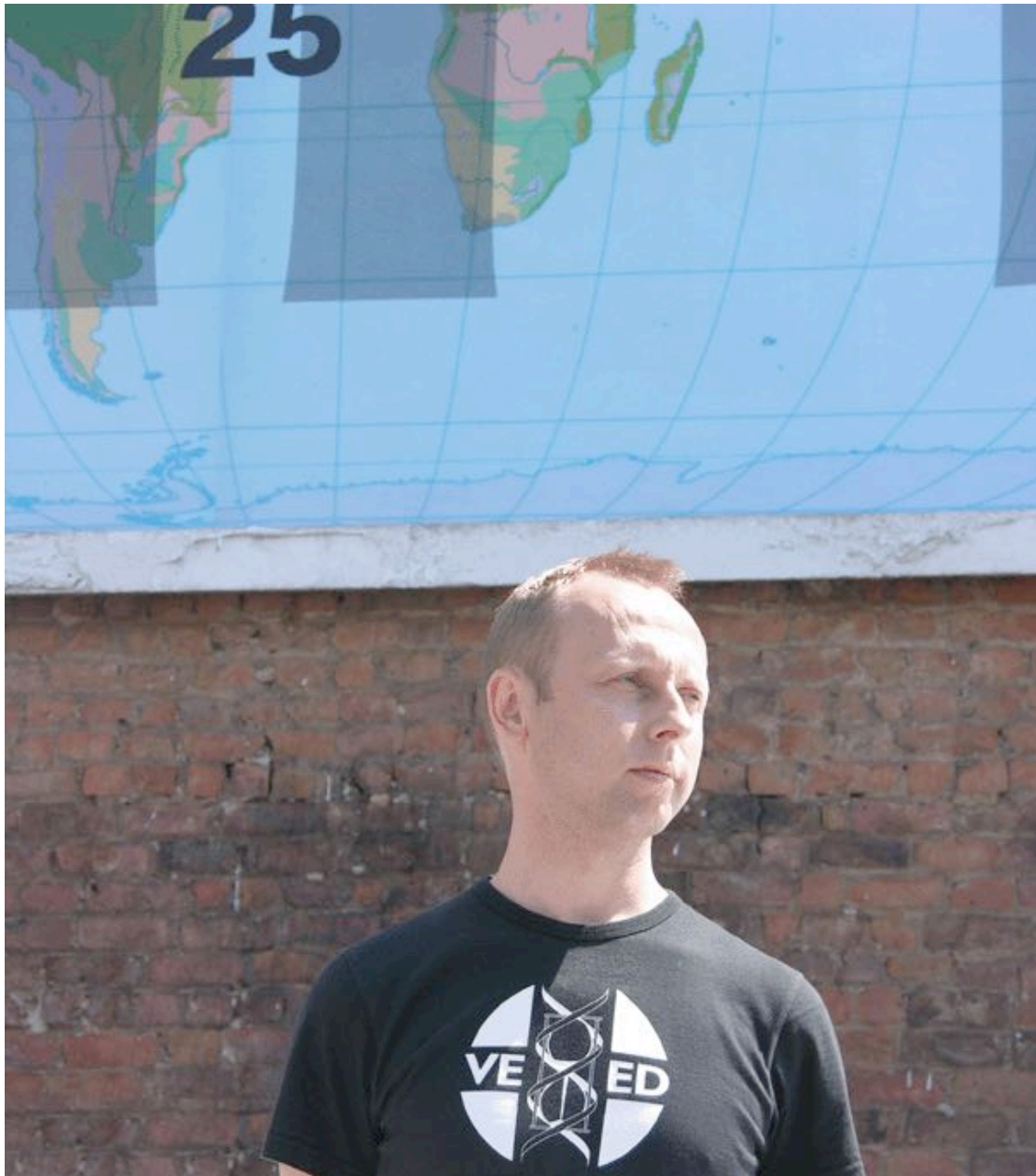


Crime & Punishment: Scanner *LIFE*, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005

Bryan B calls about the 2006 Shanghai show and Eddie B calls about including *tenantspin* material in the *Crosstown Traffic* group show at the Appejay Media Gallery in New Delhi. We provide archive videos but the show descends into a bureaucratic mess when Tony Blair wants to attend the PV. Scanner's billboard is installed and he writes: "I'm interested in the concept of Life imprisonment and the fact that it means different things in different places. For example, in the USA it really means life, but in Germany it can mean 15 years. It is a suggestive work about punishment and the ways in which different cultures punish." They cut the grass around *Outhouse* in preparation but the lawnmower clips a corner and cracks one pane. Anything remotely linked to vibrating more glass is immediately cancelled. The CCTV footage of the poor grass cutter is quite funny though. We abort the original launch and rethink things.



Alan Dunn & Jeff Young *36 Compositions for a Woolton jukebox*, edition of 500 CDs, cantaudio013, 2005



Crime & Punishment: Scanner LIFE, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005

I have some simple ideas with *tenantspin*. We create an email database of people around the globe we know will be online at 2pm UK time Wednesdays to let them know about the webcast. Going to an audience as well as nurturing one. I try a different type of free film and get twenty-seven (!) elderly tenants into FACT to watch *Madagascar* and follow up with a discussion around future travel. My mum and Uncle Kenny both get an invite through Hampden Park to go down to meet the Queen at her Garden Party in the rain. Email from Valerie to say that Track 36 from our Woolton project will be included in the Vibrofiles *Citizen Band* compilation alongside Stephen Vitiello, Zoe Irvine and Mark Vernon.

Turn 38 at Kath Healy's Nan's funeral. Catholics, touchy, lift with Jackie F, tales of Elvis, Australia and crabbing. Long drive through Bootle to burial, to Queens Drive for food with Greta and Audrey. Later, write Jeff's RAY + JULIE texts onto steamed up kitchen windows. Meet John Scotland about projects, see Goldfrapp at 02 Academy, uninspiring, bus home with Wibke and Wiebke. Uncle Kenny calls about the display they have in the Scottish Football

Museum commemorating Gemmill's goal. Could I do anything with it, he asks? I hit a wall. Sometimes, contexts should be ideal but just don't work.



Parents looking out across the bridge-less Mersey coast, an image used on 2008's *Soundtrack for a Mersey Tunnel*, 2005



Recreation of *The Archie Gemmill goal*, Scottish Football Museum, Hampden, Glasgow, 2005

Reading Ian MacDonald's *Revolution In The Head* and listening to the Jeck remix, banking ideas. Late in Liverpool with Marie-Anne and Colin, seeing Jessica Rylan's *Can't* and hardcore from Duckstab. Loud. The next day we launch *36 Compositions for a Woolton jukebox* in *Outhouse*, sun, Jit, Mike Badger, Leila, Bluecoat team, tenants, Neville Gaby, Jacques, Paul K and champagne.



Alan Dunn & Jeff Young *36 Compositions for a Woolton jukebox*, launch at Phaophanit & Oboussier's Outhouse, 2005

We do a webcast with FACT's new director Gill Henderson and I watch Juan Román Riquelme play at Everton for Villareal. An idea. He is born 24 June 1978, the eve of the World Cup Final, as are Shunsuke Nakamura and Luis García, a quite remarkable triangle of skill appearing on that thundery night before Argentina lift the crown with one-twos and dodgy refereeing. Meet Roger at bus-stop and take the 433 to a quiet Stuart Sutcliffe opening at the Cornerstone and on to FACT before Adam's MuseumMan. Chat with Gaynor and JumpShippers again, to Grapes with Aussie Daryl and home to work on what will become *9RPM-1* etc. Listen to Dorsey Burnette and this year it is fucking £245 on Zeiss lenses. New suite of four billboards, marking ten years of *RAY + JULIE*. Titled *The ballad of RAY + JULIE* with a nod to Lennon and Ono. My layered collage goes up in the rain, ten years' worth of images sedimented into a 2x1ft digital file, 10% of the final print size, distorted during creation between 72dpi and 600dpi, breaking the rules I don't know yet exist.



The ballad of RAY + JULIE: Alan Dunn *ANGEL*, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005

Train up north again, watching *Serpico*, met by Uncle K and off to Hampden to see The Gemmill and then Scotland 1 Italy 1 with a cool Kenny Miller header. Carnival Tartan. Great, but do we have to call it an army? They chant "deep-fry yer pizza, wur gonna deep-fry yer pizza." SS call to say there may be Small Head Syndrome and Breast Cancer issues and already I get a niggling sense that the system is over-worked, non-surgical and stretched to desperate breaking point. I will be proved right. Over to Birkenhead Park to

represent FACT at some other sport against Tate Liverpool. We lose but I somehow, with some last minute Simon Bradshaw advice, manage to score eight off their first two balls.



The FACT cricket team, back row l.to.r: Sara, Wibke, Paul, Alan, AD, Nick & Simon; front row Alex, Colin, Mark & Lian, 2005



Alan Dunn Carrying the harp, Ness Gardens, Wirral, August 2005

Listen to SMOG. Well, *The Well*. Dripping water, bank an idea. Up and down to London for SS meetings and The Panel. One out of fifteen tries to hint at the support we may need down the line. But, again, this is a different book. The second RAY + JULIE poster goes up, and Augustus Martin screw up the colours in Jeff's print, meant to match the brick wall behind, but still memorable. He

starts to write RAY + JULIE as a couple, as those who left, as London Road incarnate, as two people still in love.



The ballad of RAY + JULIE: Jeff Young The ballad of RAY + JULIE, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005

Mad racist fucker taxi driver lift to Denmark Street to sit in on live Foreign Investment ResonanceFM show with Normal Rosenthal, Mark McGovern and Guy Brett. To Angel and Stepney Green for a few pints and back to Claudia's. John Scotland works with Spoons and Kath on a really warm and fast-paced film shot in the new Cuban bar behind FACT, a *tenantspin* classic.



tenantspin & John Scotland Cuba, film stills, 2005

Meet Canadian artist Kelly Mark and Biennial Sorcha. Spend time with tenants and begin the process that will become *Liverpool A-Z* in the main 2006 Biennial. The third RAY + JULIE billboard is from Hamish McLain who paints a psychedelic world around these two little chairs.



The ballad of RAY + JULIE: Hamish McLain Untitled, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005



The ballad of RAY + JULIE: Riikka Ala-Harja To his coy mistress, Seel St/Slater St, Liverpool, 2005

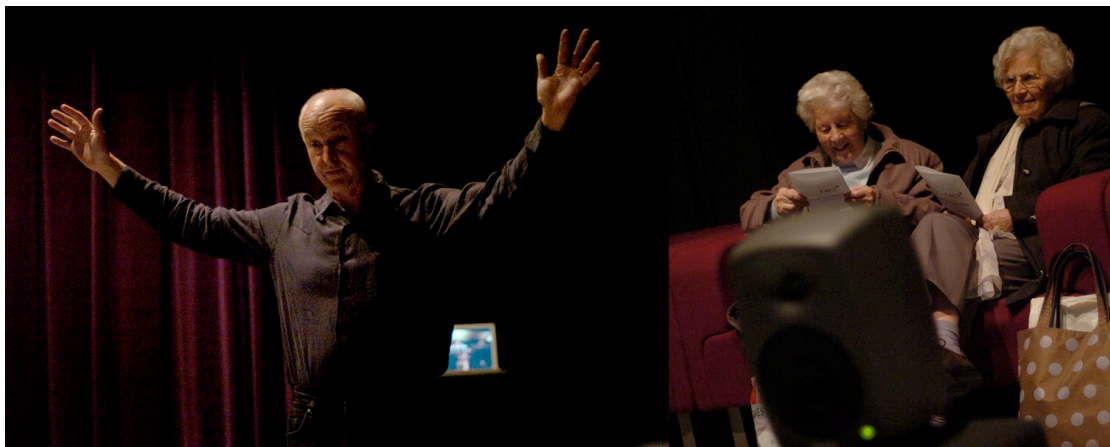
The fourth billboard is from Riikka as she layers a text from Andrew Marvell's *To his coy mistress* over an image of the chairs being sunk into the ground. I

include a website link on each billboard and mail out some postcards but in this pre-Social Media period, these attract more local than national or global attention. Out to Sefton Park to experiment with broadcasting live onto TV.

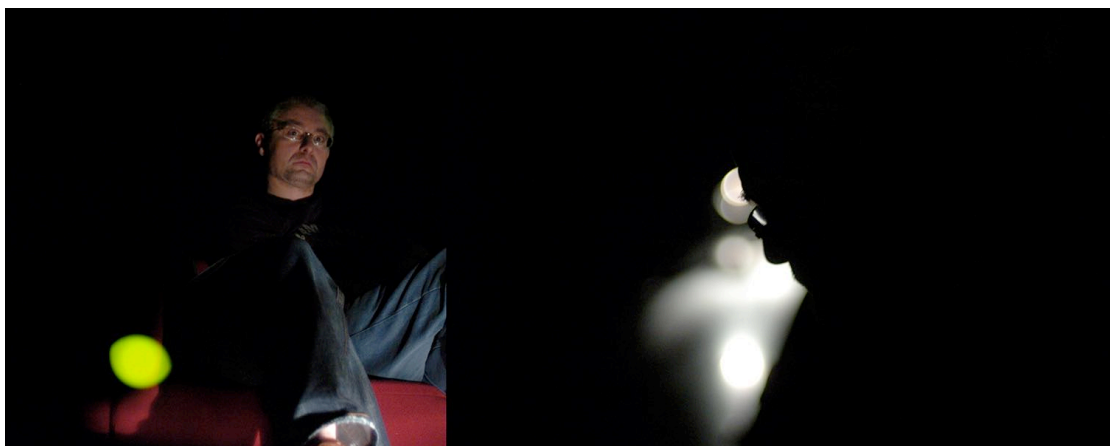


Sefton Park broadcast system and new community centre, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

We stage a version of *A Winter's Tale* in The Box, introduced by Chris to a healthy audience of tenants. We play the separate *Park* and *City* tracks and lower the lights. The incredibly crisp and subtle sounds float out from the five Genelec speakers. This is church. This is hearing for the first time.



tenantspin & Chris Watson *A Winter's Tale*, FACT, images: Leila Romaya, 2005



tenantspin & Chris Watson *A Winter's Tale*, FACT, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

Jit and I develop further Woolton events to mark *Outhouse*. Mueller Kneer create a night of zooming colour, refracting and reflecting off this folly object that, mostly due to the belief of Paul Kelly, exists in suburban Liverpool, amidst tower blocks and across a busy road from a golf course. Yes, imagine the objections they have to overcome.



Mueller Kneer Associates *A night of illumination*, *Outhouse*, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

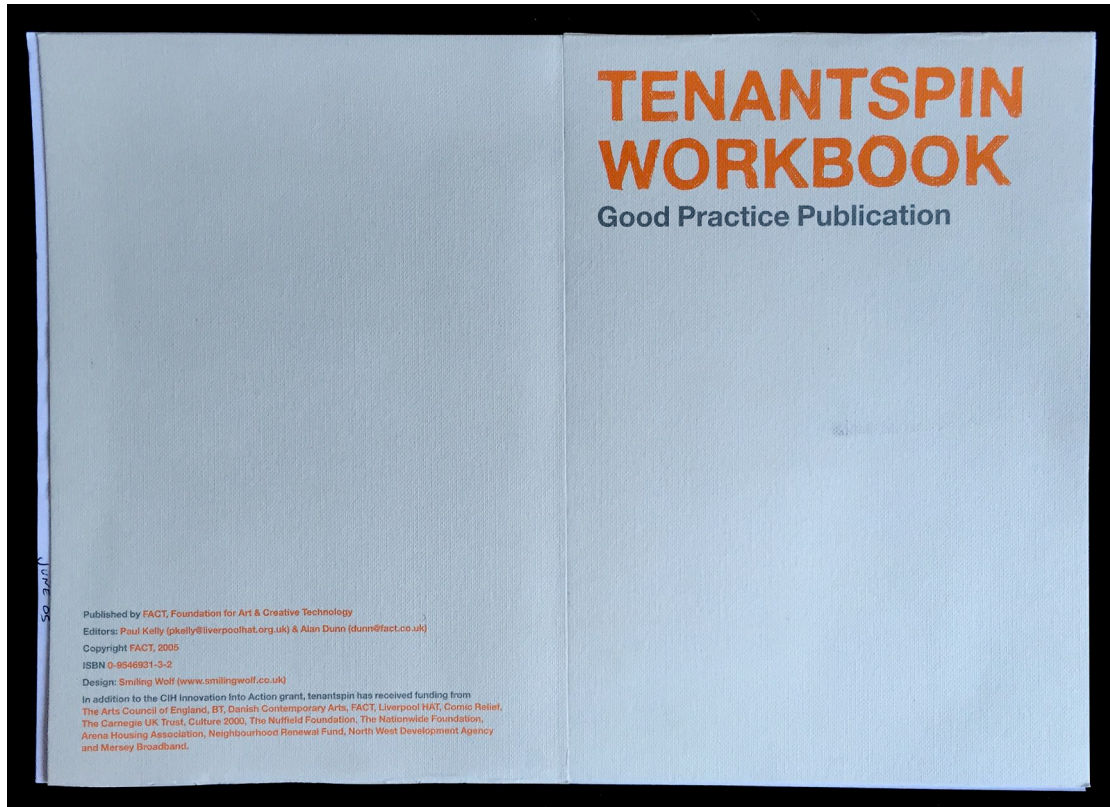


Mueller Kneer Associates *A night of illumination*, *Outhouse*, images: Leila Romaya, 2005

I design and edit *WORKBOOK* with Paul K, with lists and advice and texts from Paul, Eddie and myself. My essay *Painted from memory* includes the reflection: "*tenantspin* set out to bind and link a community but inadvertently became the maker of a new community." *WORKBOOK* is an important document that is designed as a cut and paste collage. It credits just about everybody that cross paths with the project.



Sefton Park Community Centre *tenantspin* Pod, image: Leila Romaya, 2005



Alan Dunn & Paul Kelly (editors) WORKBOOK, published by FACT, 2005

Spoons does a lovely film of waiting in the FACT lift with Kath Healy and hugging those who enter. Tenants work on a short film around the notion of dirt. This period also includes the arrival of H and Z, but that is another tale for another PDF.



tenantspin Dirt, film still, 2005



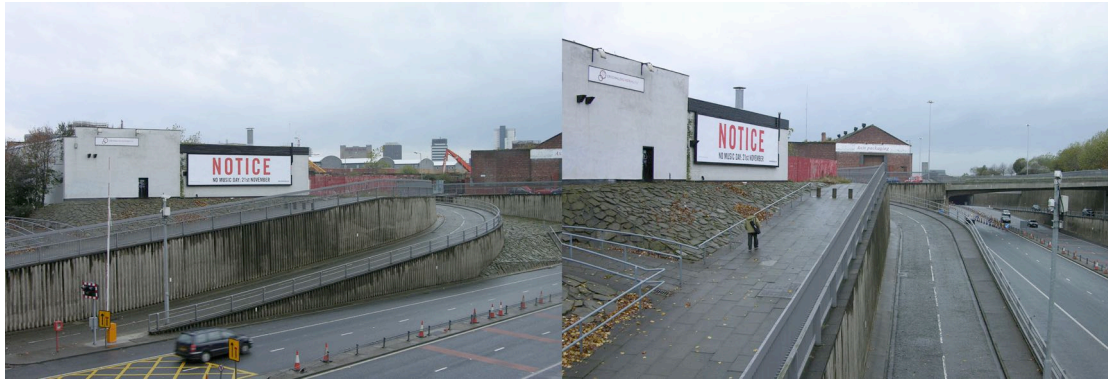
tenantspin London housing & innovation awards, 2005



Bill Drummond in collaboration with Alan Dunn NOTICE: NO MUSIC DAY, Liverpool, 2005



Bill Drummond in collaboration with Alan Dunn NOTICE: NO MUSIC DAY, Liverpool, 2005



Bill Drummond in collaboration with Alan Dunn *NOTICE: NO MUSIC DAY*, Liverpool, 2005

As mentioned, after the Tabernacle debacle, Bill D starts to share an idea he is developing around a *NO MUSIC DAY*, to take place annually for five years on the day before the Patron Saint of Music day, that being Saint Cecilia on 22 November. We agree to create the billboard near the Mersey Tunnel as the launch of his project. He later writes in *The 17*: "Alan had in mind a billboard site by the Liverpool entrance to the Wallasey Tunnel under the Mersey ... All the billboard poster had on it was the word *NOTICE* in huge red letters on a white background. Underneath that, in smaller black type: *NO MUSIC DAY: 21st NOVEMBER.*" On his website, Drummond announces: *LISTEN: SILENCE IN THE MERSEY TUNNEL.*



Alan Dunn *SPIES*, Liverpool, 2005

Following *NOTICE*, I create a 40x10ft work inspired by, but also undermining, the *PIES* graffiti that proliferates Liverpool. They are a band without any product, only a highly visible name and I like that. Putting an 'S' before their name plants a tiny seed, that is all. Full-time whistle. End of year.

Maria B later says that, from Day 1, *tenantspin* becomes my practice rather than my project and this causes some, if not friction, then clashes of belief systems. What else should a Lead Artist do, although the job was title

Programme Manager. What the fuck is an artist-as-Programme Manager, if not an artist? Where is the ambition?



Alan Dunn SPIES, Liverpool, 2005

tenantspin ends the year in the *Shrinking Cities* exhibition. Liverpool itself has dropped from a million to around 440,000. Kath Healy creates a special video for the exhibition that opens at the Gallery for Contemporary Art in Leipzig on 25 November and tours to New York, Detroit, Tokyo, Saarbrücken, Frankfurt, Dortmund and back to Liverpool. 2005 is an incredibly fertile year for *tenantspin* in which we take it away from the strict webcasting format that is perhaps hindering its development. We bring in experienced artists of the highest calibre to work with an increased number of tenants, secure the project's future, establish a good young team around it, spread the word globally and take a few risks along the way. Risks.



The arrival of H & Z, 2005

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