Apparantly, radio transmisions on unregulated frequencies interfere with normal radio and TV reception and, possibly, aircraftcommunications. Temporary licences to broadcast are available (from the same people who do TV licences) but cost around £200. In Glasgow for four Tuesdays in June you could—conditions permitting—tune into artily-run pirate radio. Necessarily broadband from various locations on customised equipment. Radio Tuesday was—and will be further broadcasts are planned—on experimental radio station with contributions by 40 active artists from Glasgow and beyond.

Despite being very much an intervention into non-art space, Radio Tuesday seemed pitched towards those who were aware of its existence rather than the accidental listener and, like a lot of artist-initiated exhibitions or projects, the intended audience for Radio Tuesday was probably the participants themselves, plus a few of their friends. In general, the contributions could be divided into those which responded to established radio formats—documentary, the interview, radio play, music etc.—and those which used the platform of Radio Tuesday to perform in a less conventional way. There were artist-created music, Robert Johnston contributed half an hour’s worth of hymns, electro-build-ups and break-downs, with additions and subtractions recorded live. Tristan Jouschke, Red Pedestrian and Michael Wilkinson produced Reel Sing, misogynist, a combination of three text-tun各种 appropriate voices rhythmically chanting the words of the Oasis hit over its Karaoke backing track, Tony Swan’s utilised a tune re imagined chordings.

Others took the opportunity to present themselves as DJs. Lucy Mackender’s imaginative mix, Saltimbas, licked off with the rarely-tamed Scheme Track, CHND—a priceless eighties post-punk song with wnyte Harekate harmonies ("CAM PAIN FOR NUCLEAR DISARMAMENT!"). This set the tone for a journey into the Wagnerian of socially post-apocalyptic pop music: Bill Bragg, U2, The Style Council, 3LA and Language with the Red Claydons. Deviations from the theme included Kit Althoff’s very busy tape piece track Richard Suckling and Alan Teenage Riot’s Paradigm. Evan Inea’s mix, Puky beat Bobo, was an hour-long cobbled out of the DJs between Puky (me) and Bobo—appropriated unwittingly by his show on Glasgow radio station Sat 7 FM.

Over the top of Bobo’s phone in lime played relentlessly war-splinter Galba and extreme noise juxtapositions of the kind to be heard at his club-event collaboration with Robert Johnston, Punish. Sound more like an archiac than a DJ. Rob Kennedy’s no a tease featured the likes of Nicholas Nairn and John Zorn. Bravely situated at a mid-point between visionary, cultural relevance and parody, Sam O’Shea and Joanne Taft’s suite of poems, January, Amaatop, Holloway, Wigan and Stabs Wood, sounded very much like the soundtrack to the picturesque sections of an Open University programme. Punctuated with passages of lonely new age--ish music, the poems seemed to reflect in a Ted Hughes kind of way to the countryside, changing seasons, various animals and plants and somehow reminded me of watching public-information films while climbing slope. Crystal Collins’ Great Grandfather Project was a recording of a first-time meeting between Collins, from Berlin, and her great--grandfather--from Dunbead. While games trying to break through the accent barrier, Collins activated the familiar artist’s family situation of explaining why she is working in video rather than doing paintings.

Hotel Room by Duncan Hamilton was a recording of ambient sound from a very noisy Tokyo hotel room featuring blood-curdling screams from radio or TV (hopelessly) over Japanese background chill-chat. Also functioning as a diary of sorts. See You on the Other Side (work in progress) featured Scott Kyle’s sleep-talking as captured by a voice activated device.

Other artists were engaged with the further reaches of changesound: Mark Lemon’s Long announced orca was a series of random free associations of sampled music and dialogue. David Fulford presented an electro-magnetic recording—City Centre Poets—a kind of sound equivalent to Milan photography.

Scott Simpson’s Poul and Becky managed to be both literary—uncomfortable to listen to, and very funny simultaneously. Of a sort of long-term collaboration between Derek and Clive and Louis Reed circa Metal Machine Music. Neatly and ominous high frequency feedback and a recorded telephone conversation between two of Simpson’s friends describing a night out in Derby (“I had three dry wines at the Shackleton Arms. ..to get a taxi, driver said: ‘No, too fast!”’). The more you listened to hear the dialogue, the more you hear fast from the electronics. Simpson asked his friend “What do you do now?” to which he replied “I used to go to college, and then going home to bring up “cocktail” (not proper sick) on the sofa. I feel like waking up in a damp cellar with too many lights on. This was followed up by playing Michael Jackson’s Thriller my Summer Love drunkenly of various speeds.

Rather than mediating on conventional broadcast formats—à la Juan Munoz and Gavin Bryan’s Shipping Forecast—inspired A Man in a Room Gambling—on the breaking out of unprepared listeners and performers by means with their expectations of real radio TV (Chis Burden’s CBST, Captain Beefheart’s Luck my Decals Off Baby TV ad even Blue On), Paul and Becky casually succeeded by not seeming to care too much about precedents.

Exchange 1999 by Daniel Jewellery was an animated debate—Daniel Jewellery (as chairman) and four people, who may have been actual exchange students. Or perhaps they were just doing the accents. In response to questions about the fames of current attitudes to immigration policy and national identity the guests hardly read their lines (“We all live in a multicultural society—and that’s a great thing!”). The gulf in intension between Jewellery’s more-relaxed conversational style and his guests’ pretend engagement in the discussion was slightly chilling.

To mark the end of the project a kind of wrap party featuring live performances by some of the contributors to Radio Tuesday was held at The Biff Club. It was a bit like the final scene in C U Very Soon where all the characters are suddenly united at a disco. Rob Kennedy’s and Robert Johnston both played records. Tony Swan’s band played some instruments, Kaylee and Sue Temples performed live spoken vocals—urgent repeated words and phrases that gradually then suddenly change. No planes crashed.

Radio Tuesday was broadcast during June, 1999.

Alan Michael