

# 'Making Links'

Transcription poems  
by  
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From the words of Tony Heaton

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## Wall of Power

## Home

I rode a bike really early.  
My dad was a motorcyclist,  
so there was always motorbikes  
and taking stuff to bits  
and putting things back together going on.  
So it's probably a fairly straightforward  
working class existence,

strict rules,  
rules of engagement,  
this is what you did, this is what you said,  
this is how you looked, this is how you behaved.  
Proper.

Somebody'd just bring something along  
and say can you have a look at this  
and he'd say yeah what is it,  
it's a this, alright, start to look at it.

He was interested in electronics,  
much more scientific than me,  
he understood how electricity worked,  
you know fix tellies, fix radios.

He'd trained to be a coppersmith.  
That was his trade, coppersmith,  
and he worked for Leyland Motors.  
You know straight in the factory  
making trucks, buses, tanks, all that stuff.  
And my mum was at home looking after kids.

## Growing Up

I was a bit wild.

We lived on the edge of fields and woods,  
so I would always get up early,  
nick a couple of potatoes out of,  
you know under the stairs, the veggie sort of cupboard.

Off with friends,  
I mean the thing about that estate,  
it was full of young kids, you know, postwar really,  
I was born in 1954.  
You forget, it's only  
nine years after the war, isn't it?

I guess when I was young  
there was still very much  
that sense of austerity,  
that things were gonna get better.

We'd just go in the woods,  
collect firewood and make a den,  
light a fire, stick some spuds in it, you know,  
we were pretty feral, really.  
Up and down trees.

We were frightened of nobody,  
you know kids are frightened today, aren't they?  
Eight of us with spears,  
half naked running through a wood,  
You wouldn't fuck with us.

## Paper Round

I used to do my paper round  
when I was eleven, twelve years old.  
And nobody knew. Six o'clock,  
five, six o'clock in the morning,  
mum and dad getting up for work you know,  
I'd just say, I'm off to do me paper round,  
get the motorbike out, pushed it round the corner,  
didn't start it till I was at the top of the street.  
Got to the paper shop, leave it round the corner,  
go in get your papers, walk back round the corner  
jump on the bike.

And I delivered to the two furthest rounds.  
They were both rural, one had a caravan site  
so you had to drive for three or four miles  
then deliver at this caravan site.  
Nobody wanted to do it, and you got extra money,  
I think you got fifteen shillings.  
And I think for the regular,  
I think it was like twelve, thirteen shillings,  
so it was a substantial difference,  
because it was such a long way away.  
That was a king's ransom, you know.  
I did two rounds so I got double,  
because I could do it on my motorbike.

I mean I did the paper round,  
so I earned a reasonable amount of money.

## Family Affairs

My mum and dad never took money off me,  
I never had to pay board or anything,  
they didn't believe that,  
It was like, we brought you up,  
we'll look after you, you know.  
A lot of my friends had to, you know,  
pay to live at home.

But I did help out. But mostly in the,  
you know, my dad probably didn't want any help.  
Soldering television sets, mending things, making things.  
And they all had gardens.  
Out in the garden planting the food, big gardens,  
you know everybody had a veg patch.  
And you did, you know, money was tight,  
you did rely on that stuff.

I remember mum always had  
a little red book in her handbag,  
this really tiny red notebook,  
everything she spent would go.  
My dad would just come home, here's the wages,  
I think she gave him ten bob,  
you know fifty pence, ten shilling note,  
that was his spending money,  
the rest she'd work out what it cost.

And that wasn't unusual,  
I think pretty much everybody did that.  
Never believed in borrowing money, never.  
That was absolutely not done.



## Trialling

We did BMXey type things.  
You know we'd ride through streams  
and kind of, over set-up things,  
you know planks of wood  
that you'd go over and really narrow things.

And then of course,  
once we started riding motor bikes  
when we were eleven, twelve years old.  
And we'd get the collective motor-bike,  
buy a bike between us.

I knew that track like the back of my hand,  
we used to do time trials,  
set off, two, three go,  
cause you couldn't race against each other  
cause we only had one bike between us.  
But the great thing, it was the same bike.

So, there was no advantage,  
you set off, you were timed on the same watch,  
probably only one person  
had a fucking watch, you know,  
with a second hand on it.  
And you went on the same track  
on the same bike.

And nobody ever beat me,  
I knew like the back of my hand.  
And I could drive through woods, through streams,  
I was quite a competent rider.

So it was, I'm slightly scratching my head  
when I had a road traffic accident.

## Legal

It's kind of an irony,  
the fact that I'd been riding a motorcycle illegally  
for five years, you know flying through woods,  
delivering paper round in the morning with a,  
no helmet or anything,  
just woolly hat, big coat.

Never seemed to be any police around  
when I was a kid, you know.  
It never occurred to me that I'd get stopped  
and someone would say can we see your licence.  
Of course you can't, I'm fucking eleven.  
Didn't have any tax, insurance or lights.  
I'm just a bit wild.

So I then finally became legal,  
I got this legal bike, had an MOT,  
I got a driving licence, I got insurance.  
And fuck me,  
a couple of months later  
I had this traumatic accident.

## R.T.A.

I was coming,  
it was dark, it was December,  
it was probably quite horrible, greasy road.  
And I was, well it's classic,  
some guy in a wagon turned right in front of me,  
you know he wanted to get on the motorway at Leyland.

I was, you know I was coming in this opposite direction,  
he was parked in the middle of the road here  
and he started to pull in front of me.  
He obviously thought  
he could get in front of me.

So in my logical head I thought right,  
I need to go round the back of him.  
So I started to go round the back and of course  
as soon as I started to do that  
lost the bike, so the bike slid on its side.

If the guy had've carried on going,  
I'd have just slid down the middle of the road,  
probably been fine.

But he, once he saw me,  
he probably saw the bike  
flip on its side, the light probably,  
you know the front light probably did something  
that really attracted him.

He banged his brakes on  
and I thought shiiit, you know,  
the next minute I was underneath the wagon.  
Cause he'd stopped.  
So I don't remember much about that

except that it was dark.

I vaguely remember  
being in the middle of the road,  
I vaguely remember  
people being around me.  
I vaguely remember  
being in the most intense pain I've ever felt.  
And then I don't really remember much.

## Transfer

I don't remember the ambulance,  
I don't remember,  
I guess I must have passed out.  
And they took me to Preston Royal Infirmary.

And I was on a board. Again  
it's all very hazy  
(probably got a shot of morphine).  
I vaguely remember being on a board  
and being in there overnight.  
I vaguely remember me mum coming,  
me dad was at work,  
and one of the neighbours brought my mum to see me  
and again it's all very hazy.

And the next day they transferred me to Southport,  
Spinal Injuries Unit.  
Which is about eighteen miles away from Preston,  
maybe twenty miles,  
they didn't tell me where I was going.

I just remember being in an ambulance  
with this small Chinese nurse.  
And we seemed to be in it hours and hours and hours.  
I kept throwing up,  
mostly blood, pretty horrible,  
and she was having to clean me up and,  
must probably have been quite a mess,  
and we got to Southport.

I didn't know I was in Southport,  
seemed to be in this ambulance for hours and hours.  
I thought I was on the South coast  
when I finally got there,

because I could hear seagulls  
and it was bright blue sky, you know  
and it was December, a beautiful day,  
some of those days you get this fantastic blue sky  
and I could hear these seagulls.

And I thought where the fuck am I?  
I just thought, oh, I must be on the seaside,  
down South, I don't know what I'm doing here,  
I'm obviously down South,  
because it took hours.

Because what you don't realise at the time  
is the ambulance goes at three miles an hour.  
It literally goes at three miles an hour  
because they don't want to bounce or vibrate you.  
They know you've got a spinal injury,  
so they're trying not to create any,  
you know, any sharp damage  
which suddenly broke the bones.  
I'd shattered, three shattered vertebrae  
in my lower spine.

And again I still didn't even  
know I was at Southport then.  
But they transferred me  
out of the ambulance and em,  
again it's all very mixed up.

But this guy who I now know,  
who was called Mike and he had a birthmark,  
really big birthmark  
all one side of his face down his neck,  
but I couldn't see it.  
I was sort of laid in traction on my back,  
and I could see his left hand side.

Big man, and he was very loud,  
his laughter was really loud.  
And then he turned round  
and it's like this purple face  
and I thought what the fuck's going on here.

And I didn't know whether I was in reality or not,  
you know is this some weird,  
am I in hell, you know where am I, what's going on,  
because you've got no control over anything,  
this mad guy laughing outrageously with this..

And it was almost like he did that haahaha, you know  
and it's from this sort of perfect side of his face  
to this very big birthmark.  
It's almost like, you know very theatrical.  
But whether that's morphine or not  
I don't know.

And the, they told me where I was. And then  
I was saying, will I have to have an operation  
and they said, no you won't have an operation.  
Then about an hour later  
they got me ready for theatre  
and off I went for an operation.

Apparently some visiting surgeon from Sweden,  
spinal injuries guy,  
just happened to be touring round the spinal injuries,  
just happened to be there.

And he said we will do  
this experimental thing that I've been doing,  
which is putting springs,  
that's where, so I got the springs, you know.  
I don't think they do that any more.

So he basically, you know,  
drilled into the good vertebrae at the top and bottom,  
put these four springs, two on each side  
which you can see on the sculpture.  
'Springback' is about that, you know it's the X-ray.



## **'Springback'**

I just thought the interesting thing was  
the juxtaposition of medical springs  
with motorbike springs that were on a bike .  
The idea that I would call it 'Springback'  
as a way of, it's autobiographical and it's,  
I often call it a self-portrait.  
It's part of springing back  
from a traumatic accident.  
That's what 'Springback's about.

And I had to nick the X-rays from the hospital  
because they wouldn't give them me.

There's always like this  
big orange envelope full of X-rays.  
they just leave them hanging around, don't they.  
So I just secreted the two I wanted,  
rolled them up and stuck them  
down the back of my chair.

Nobody missed them, you know,  
they were kind of from  
the year before or something.

They're quite interesting,  
they've got the little tag on it,  
so its got my name, date of birth, all that,  
so it's quite autobiographical when you look at it.

## Spinal Cord Injury

I don't know how many nerves  
I've severed in my spinal cord.  
Not all of them, obviously,  
because I'm incomplete.

But, you know,  
how big's a spinal cord?  
It's like a fucking telephone wire, isn't it?

How much damage?  
Milli..well not even millimetres,  
you know, you're measuring in  
thousandths of inches, aren't you?

Which is why it's so difficult to fix, you can't fix it,  
such a complicated bunch of wires.  
And yeah, I mean slightly more damage,  
you're completely paralysed,  
you only have to do a small amount of damage,  
you're fucked, aren't you?

## On the Ward

It was a mad regime.  
Get fucking dressed,  
get undressed,  
then you'd get undressed,  
then you'd go for a wash,

Christ, going down for a wash in this big sluice room,  
like being in the army, you know,  
just toilet after toilet. Toilets didn't have doors,  
just had curtains, you could hear everybody  
having a shit, smelt awful.

But when you were, eventually  
a guy came and evacuated your bowels.  
And you could smell him.  
You know coming down the ward,  
fucking hell he's getting nearer and nearer.

Couldn't see much,  
because you were in traction.  
His name was Jack,  
which was a great name.  
So we called him Jack the Evac.

He'd put a rubber glove on,  
dip his hand in some Vaseline,  
stick his finger up your arse, you know. Horrible.  
Pain, you could feel the pain, horrible.  
Anyway, we don't want to talk about that.

## Making Progress

I didn't, really,  
see myself as a disabled person.  
I never, I always thought  
I was gonna get better,  
that it was just taking a long time.  
And that's probably because I'm incomplete,

I started, the doctor said to my parents  
he'll never walk, he'll never have children.  
And he'll probably die roundabout,  
maybe before he's even forty.

Prognosis for someone with spinal injury  
wasn't great, you know, back in 1970.  
Bladder infections, kidney infections,  
kidney failure, it wasn't..  
or you'd get a pressure sore.  
And the pressure sore'd kill you.

My early life was, you know  
urine infection after urine infection, really.  
And it grinds you down.  
But I started to get,  
I could move my big toe, no, can I?

No, I could move a muscle in my thigh.  
I thought , I can move that.  
And it was, I was still in hospital.  
And I thought, can I move it?

Because then they talk about muscle spasm,  
it's basically what happens,  
because you're not using your muscles.  
They atrophy, shrink. You'll feel pain

because they're shrinking.  
And they might twitch.

And it's a nervous,  
it's a sort of automatic response, twitch thing.  
I didn't have much sensation in my legs.  
But they said, you know there's a lot of trauma,  
lot of bruising round that area.  
So as the bruising and the swelling goes down,  
we'll have to see what happens.

So I just started getting this,  
I thought I can move that muscle,  
in my thigh. And that's all I did,  
I was like a tenacious, I just,  
all the fucking time twitched the muscle.  
Twitch the muscle, twitch the muscle,  
did it all the time.  
And it did get stronger, you know.

And I was obsessive for years,  
two years maybe, all the time,  
everything I could move,  
I'd be like a twitching speed freak really,  
just twitching and moving whatever I could.

## Physio

Young woman in physiotherapy,  
I had two full-length calipers, she'd get me up.  
She's a wonderful person, in retrospect.  
You never thank people do you,  
for these things, but she'd say,  
right, I'm knocking off, gonna come and get you,  
we're going for a walk. I'd say oh fuck off Sue,  
I don't want to go for a walk,  
I'm knackered, you know.

And, I'd been in hospital a couple of months by then.  
I mean the first time I got up, sat up,  
was awful. They literally threw some clothes at me  
and said okay, you can get up now.

Who's gonna help me? Nobody.  
If you can get dressed, you can get up.  
Can't get dressed, you can't get up.  
Alright, fuckers.

Get half a sock on, knackered.  
It was really hard, you know.  
But it was tough love.  
You had to get dressed.

If you couldn't get dressed,  
you couldn't look after yourself,  
you couldn't manage.  
You weren't going home.

But she would come and get me  
when she knocked off work.  
And get me up on me sticks, calipers.  
And she took me up the steps in the hospital.

Every step was killer,  
because you've got two full-length calipers on,  
couldn't bend your knee,  
literally got to sort of wobble, wobble,  
you know flight of stairs, walk all the way along,  
down the stairs at the other side,  
all the other way back along.

She must have had immense patience,  
because that took a long time.  
It was incredibly tiring, you know,  
it was dragging your body. And she'd just  
sort of walk along, half a pace at a time.  
'Come on, you lazy bastard!'

But thanks to her and other people, it was tough  
but you had to become robust and get on with it.  
So I was out of there in three months,  
it was a record time.  
Nobody'd been out that quickly.

## Homecoming

And I came home,  
my dad used to carry me upstairs,  
extraordinary to think about it, you know,  
literally carry me upstairs.

He went in the shed,  
went in his shed and made a wooden support  
for the wash-hand basin in the bathroom,  
said to lean on it to have a wash,  
so I didn't, basically didn't  
drag the wash hand basin off the wall, you know.

No fucking OT, physio, home visits,  
none of that,  
he carried me up to bed and had a wash.

Spent a lot of time in my bedroom,  
mates'd come round,  
skin up a few joints, get stoned  
and that was life.  
You don't enquire why.

Then I went to art college.



## Invacar

And then I got an invalid carriage.  
I don't know what happened to the motorbike.  
Off it went. It's really odd,  
because the invalid carriage  
got a Villiers engine in it,  
which was very similar to the motorbike engine.  
So that was great.  
Right, okay, let's soup that up,  
see how fast we can make this thing go.

It was one of those blue things.  
That became 'Gold Lamé'.  
From lame to lamé, you know.  
So that's two bits of sculpture out of that.  
Because 'Springback', I used the springs  
off the motorcycle. Sort of reflects  
the springs in the X-ray.  
I remember exhibiting it.

## Art college

I'd been talking to some of my mates.  
And they were wow, we're gonna go to art college  
and we're gonna go to Lanchester Polytechnic,  
try and get in the Royal College of Art and all, you know.  
I'd think how the fuck am I gonna go to London  
in an invalid carriage. Where am I gonna live?  
Just impossible to even think you could do that.

I thought I need to be somewhere that's local,  
and so I just looked at art colleges around Lancashire.  
My friend went to the Harris art college in Preston.  
It's an old, Grade One listed Victorian art college,  
just completely inaccessible,  
thirty steps up the front before you even get in, you know.  
Little stairs and alleyways, just impossible, really.

So I looked round  
and the most accessible art college  
was at Southport. I knew Southport,  
'cause I was at spinal injuries unit there.

Amazing that they accepted me.  
I didn't think my portfolio was particularly good.  
I drew incessantly, all the time.  
So maybe they just thought, well alright  
you've got a talent that we can develop.

I did a year's foundation course.  
Which was great, I loved it.  
And that's when I discovered  
that I was really working class.

## Discovery

You know I did live  
in a little working class bubble.  
Preston was seven miles away,  
that was the biggest town.

If you live a working class existence,  
on an estate full of people like you,  
that're all like your dad,  
they all go to factory,

you know at Christmas  
you go in their houses  
and their houses are like yours,  
their kids are like you.

Then you just go  
eighteen miles down the road  
and suddenly different world.  
There's people with cars and money  
and *stuff*. Very privileged.

So I guess, you know  
being seventeen, eighteen years old,  
suddenly realise that there are  
people with a lot more privilege.

## Valid Carriage

I had a picture, I'd painted a picture of,  
I can't remember if it was Black Sabbath,  
some album cover with some devil's head  
on the roof inside. And on the door,  
because we used to call them Noddy cars,  
I painted a picture of Noddy and Big Ears  
on the sliding door. Then Big Ears,  
who I always saw as quite a malevolent character,  
and Noddy was always, like, easily led, quite naive,  
and Big Ears has his arm round Noddy.  
And he had his hand down Noddy's trousers,  
squeezing his balls. And it was like a cartoon,  
Noddy and Big Ears.

You weren't strictly speaking allowed  
to soup them up or paint them, but they did really.  
And I used to take it to the guys at Ross Autos  
who used to fix it and they always  
thought it was very amusing.

I remember going to the Bickershaw pop festival  
with about six motorcycle outriders,  
you know we were all doing forty-five miles an hour  
because that's about as fast as the invalid carriage went.

So I was sort of in the middle at the front,  
with all these motorcyclists, Hell's Angels, behind,  
driving down the middle of the road,  
quite ludicrous, I can imagine it looking  
like a ludicrous thing to see.

## Recovery

I think I probably said  
I had an accident I'm getting better.  
They probably thought by the time he gets here,  
he'll be, walk better. Yeah. So,  
I don't think there was any intention.

But I did think I was getting better, you know.  
I was getting better,  
you get more mobility, you move around.  
I'm sixteen, I'm strong,  
I'm young, I'm fit,  
you know lot to be thankful for.

If you're going to have a spinal injury,  
have one when you're strong enough to recover.  
And mentally able to, to just take what,  
what's coming at you.

Then I guess it dawned on me  
that I wasn't going to get much better,  
because the rate of progress stopped, you know.  
I'd kind of got all the strength,  
movement back  
that I was gonna get, really.

And so it was always walk with a stick,  
use your chair, walk with a stick,  
use your chair, you know it was,  
I use my chair an awful lot more now.

## College Days

I didn't do any art at art college.  
I remember a tutor calling me  
a dilettante. I'd no idea what that was.  
I thought it was like,  
you're a cunt. Dilettante, alright,  
if you want to abuse me you can.

Abstract expressionism was the thing  
at that art college. They all  
loved abstract expressionism.  
I didn't like it. It didn't have any meaning.  
American guys painting big canvases  
with decorators' brushes.

I liked, I was quite conservative,  
I liked proper painting, you know,  
I liked all the things that everybody hated,  
Victorian painting, pre-Raphaelites,  
I thought it was about technique and skill.  
I liked some of pop art.  
Hockney, Peter Blake,  
English pop art probably more than  
American pop art  
I always found attractive.

I was sort of expelled  
from art school. Quite proud!  
I kept that letter  
for quite a long time.

I didn't miss it.  
I enjoyed the experience  
but it wasn't any good for me.

## **I Did Leave Art College**

I was too young  
to go to art college really.  
D'you know what,  
the more I think about it,

I think art's an old guy's game, really.  
I dunno, maybe that's madness,  
maybe it's not an old man's game.  
But it feels like there's a lot to learn

to get to a place  
before you start to really think about  
and appreciate work,  
particularly work that's gone before.

I mean I used to skip past the marble carvings,  
to get to twentieth century work,  
to get to what's now.  
And it's only when you start carving marble  
that you realise how fucking difficult it is.

And then you start to think, well hang on,  
this was made in the fifteen, sixteen hundreds.  
Didn't have power tools,  
no really good steel tools,  
no light, no electricity, phenomenal really.  
You wonder how that work got made. Stunning.

I got kicked out of college  
'cause I wasn't a particularly good student  
and I wasn't really interested  
in the art that was on offer  
at that particular place.

## Filling In

I started working.

I just did a series of meaningless jobs,  
can't even remember them,  
working in factories, printing, printing mostly,  
printing machine manuals for Atkinson vehicles.  
I got married, had a child,

did graphic design, painted signs, made posters,  
so made a bit of a strange sort of living  
from doing creative things, commercial creative things.

I did that for a few years.

I had a printing press  
in the living room of my house,  
to print jobs off on.

Bit mad, but there you are.



## Record shop days

I had some money left over  
and a shop came up.  
Which had been a wet fish shop,  
it was one storey.

And it was almost built in a gap,  
in an alleyway. And it was for sale.  
And it was something like four grand.  
And I had four grand.

The guy who sold it,  
he literally taped a paper bag  
that he put fish in on the window saying  
'Shop for Sale. Enquire within.'

My sister-in-law saw it, said,  
hey there's a shop for sale.  
So I bought it.

And me and my best friend Mark and my dad  
set to knocking all these blue tiles off.  
Stunk of fish. It had penetrated the tile  
and the grouting round the tiles.  
So we just knocked it, made a counter.

I bought some second hand records  
from a guy who had a shop in Preston,  
who was a disc jockey  
and he ran a record shop.

He wanted to get out the business,  
he wanted to go into night clubs,  
so he got a night club.  
And he had two thousand LPs

and some browsers.

I bought them off him,  
I can't remember how much,  
stuck them in the back of my van,  
stuck the browser against the wall,

got this massive big mahogany mirror,  
and we screwed it to the wall,  
we painted it matt black,  
and it made the shop look really big.

It was called New World Records.  
Tagline, 'A haven for the musically insane'.  
'All records guaranteed round'.  
Some bollocks.

## Moving On

One of my great friends died  
when he was twenty-one.  
That was a very traumatic time.  
He got into the Slade school  
and he wandered off to London,  
oh he's going off to the Big Smoke.  
And then he died. Twenty-one.

I can still see his funeral in my mind,  
in this little church  
where my daughter went to school.  
And I can still hear his mum wailing.  
His mum was quite old,  
got caught in a change of life  
sort of thing, you know.  
So she always seemed much older than everybody,  
more like his grandma than his mum.  
And her wailing was just dreadful,  
that anguish and grief and awful, awful.  
And, you know guys, girls that knew him  
just kept to the back of the church.  
What the fuck's this,  
first funeral I'd ever been to. Horrific.  
You can't believe it can you  
when like your good friend's died?

And for no reason.  
Didn't get wrapped up on a motorbike or anything,  
it wasn't a proper death. Just fell over.  
And he had so much talent.

So I just decided to go to university.

## Essay

I did the access courses  
and the can you write an essay courses  
and all that carry-on.

I remember doing an A level question,  
again externally, and Steven Sartin,  
who was the keeper of fine art  
at the Harris Museum in Preston,  
and he was the tutor and I was gutted  
that I got really a bad mark.

And he said, it's a brilliant essay,  
but what you have to remember is  
the people who mark A level papers  
don't necessarily know very much about art.  
So they get a sort of crib sheet that says  
did you mention full names,  
did you mention dates,  
did you mention key pieces of work,  
you know compare Constable and Turner,  
you know the classic exam question.

You can't deviate,  
you can't create the unique discussion  
around Turner and Constable,  
you've got to, basically you've got to follow a formula.

I'd got no fucking idea you had to do that.  
I thought I'd written a really clever essay.  
And once he said that I thought,  
fuck it, then that's what you do.  
You know it's just a matter  
of counting the beans.  
It's cynical really, isn't it?

## **'Wave Rock'**

We started an access group then.  
And we modelled the front of the museum.  
Ian Hamilton Finlay,  
the brilliant Scottish sculptor and concrete poet did the,  
he made the front for the Harris,  
the Wave Rock sculpture,  
which is brilliant, you know.  
It was seen as one of the most innovative access solutions.  
And it was in this poxy little gallery in Preston,  
nobody'd ever heard of it.

What he did was create a drum,  
so the steps went up there,  
the drum was here and the ramp,  
you went towards the steps  
and then you went round.  
But as you went round  
you got higher and higher and higher.  
And when you came out the other side  
to join the steps you sort of did this  
three quarters of the circle.  
And he carved in the drum, big stone drum,  
and it just said, 'wave rock'.

And what Finlay said is,  
the people are the wave,  
and the museum is the rock.  
So the rock is changed imperceptibly by the wave,  
just as a museum is changed imperceptibly  
by the people who visit it.

Beautiful sentiment  
for a two word concrete poem.  
He was a genius, really.

## Identification

My best tutor at university was Paul Hatton,  
I've just been to his funeral, he's just died,  
but he was the guy, we went on Morecambe beach.  
So we just walked on the wet beach,  
making stuff, you know.

(Andy Goldsworthy was making  
interesting work in the environment,  
he's probably a couple of years older than us.)

It's like, okay, what would Goldsworthy,  
rock, pool, leaves, you know, shapes.  
And we'd all get on the beach  
and walk off in different directions.

And Paul Hatton said 'I always know where you are'.  
I said, how, what do you mean?  
He said, well your footprints are different than everybody else's  
so there are a lot of footprints over there,  
I know there's ten students,  
there, there, there, there and there.  
And I know Heaton's there.

Cause your footprints, your feet stick out,  
your crutches make. And I went ah yeah.  
He said, it's very distinctive.  
Perhaps you ought to think about how  
you can use that in your work.  
I thought, yeah, alright.

## Making Tracks

So I did the easiest thing in the world,  
get some plaster, take it down and walk across the beach,  
get some seawater, get some cardboard  
and some you know, just paperclips,  
make a plaster cast, put it over the footprints,  
fill it with plaster,  
end up with these plates with footprints in it.

And I just exhibited that work in a gallery,  
with a door, one door there, one door there.  
And then these footprints and crutch marks just walk,  
basically meandered from one door to the other.

And then I extended that  
by getting some false legs from the ALAC,  
the Artificial Limb and Appliance Centre,  
so I'd like false toes, false ankle, false below knee, false.  
And basically had them, again,  
walking across a room with a,  
just getting bigger and bigger and bigger.  
So the footprint went from artificial toes  
to just incrementally bigger.  
So that's the,  
I was making work like that really.

## **'Leadline'**

It's a line of tree trunks,  
about nine inches high,  
about fifteen inches in diameter,  
roughly sawn. And I lined them up,  
but not in a straight line. And then  
I carved a channel out of each one.

So the channel on this one  
is roughly in the middle,  
the channel on the next one  
is quite close to the edge, so,  
but it's quite spinal, it's quite,  
you know, vertebrae,

and then this lead is planished,  
hammered into the groove,  
which is probably about two inches wide  
and lapped over the edge.

And it's quite hammered  
into the wood surface.  
But the thing that  
connects the wood together

is the lead line.  
So there's a soft bit of lead,  
you can see this bit in the middle here,  
which connected the wood together.

So the wood,  
the tree trunk circles  
don't touch each other  
but the lead connects them all up.



And I made quite a few works like this.  
I really enjoyed it.  
Lead's an interesting material.  
It's quite poisonous as well.  
Melting it down,  
probably not the best of ideas.

I just love the way that you can hammer it  
and it changes shape, softens out,  
it's quite soft, malleable, but it's quite, um,  
it's got great history, you know  
and guttering, cathedrals, all that.

## **'Six Circles'**

And then, this is a very early work  
called 'Six Circles'.

1989, carved out of elm trunks.

Again, it's about re-connecting.

So this is the same tree,

these are five quite big,

these are probably thirty inches in diameter,

maybe even more, that's probably four inch,

what d'you call that thing,

floorboard. 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9, 18,27,36.

Yeah, so probably thirty-six inches across..

The diameter of that. So all these bits of tree

belong together as a tree trunk

and somebody cut them into slices.

So I wanted to reconnect them

by carving a circle into the top of each one.

And this is 'Squaring the Circle',

this is where 'Squaring the Circle' came from,

way back in 1989.

So it's trying to reunite this broken circle,

but the lead connected each one,

but this you don't need the lead,

you use your brain

or your eyes and your brain,

because you look at the circle

and you make a circle out.

Can you see that? You look at that

and it becomes a circle in your mind.

I used to do lots of work,

come back to this idea over and over again,  
this idea of reconnecting things together.  
I'm sure there's a psychology to it  
of trying to reunite broken bodies,  
I'm sure there is something deeply related to the,  
you know to the psyche of  
how do you reconnect things,  
how do you rebuild things.

And lots of my work, you know,  
plays around with that,  
like 'Split'.

## 'Split'

The wood turner was at university.  
And she said there's a shake  
in this piece of wood. I can't remember what,  
it might be ash, yeah ash.  
There's a great split down it.

And I just had it in the studio,  
probably for two years,  
what the fuck am I gonna do with that,  
I didn't want to turn it into smaller bits of wood.  
I wanted to keep it as one piece.  
I thought well, how do you,  
how do you make something with a rend,  
a great rend down the middle of it, you know?

It's a beautiful thing, you could see,  
you could see inside the crack,  
the wood, tearing you know,  
still connected, so as the wood splits,  
you've still got that, almost like a,  
like chewing gum stretched inside it somehow.

And then I just thought it's a fucking split.  
Just carve the word 'split' into it.  
Job done, you know.  
Got some chisels, three hours later or whatever,  
you know, just 's' on the side 'p','l','t'  
and again it's like your,  
you know you talked about  
'Great Britain From A Wheelchair'  
and like, you see it or you don't see it,  
'Split's exactly the same,  
people either look at it and go but, but,  
you know they don't get it,

and then suddenly.

Or some people just look  
at it and straightway go split yeah, good one.  
The l's the crack isn't it?  
You either get it or you don't get it,  
it's funny.  
Same with 'Great Britain', you either get it  
or you don't get it.

## Remembrance of Things Past

You don't know how injured your head is, do you,  
like fractured skull, what does that mean,  
is the damage that they know,  
did they care, you know?

I mean, I had a broken ankle  
but they never set it because  
they didn't figure I'd ever use it again,  
so it was just basically put in a woolly,

you know like a sheepskin boot to protect it,  
but it was never properly set  
or fixed or anything.  
Bizarre what they used to do in the old days.

My memory's terrible.  
My brother's got a brilliant memory,  
I've got a shocking memory.  
I don't know whether that's,

how do you know whether it's like you say  
chemically damaged or physically damaged  
or you know, I had a fractured skull,  
I mean my ear was full of blood,  
partial hearing loss as a result of it.

Nobody actually said,  
by the way you've got brain damage  
or it's likely to affect your memory  
or anything. So, I'm guessing  
that my bad memory  
is down to head injury,  
but it might not be.



## **'Wheelchair Entrance'**

A lot of my work was around my,  
the way I engage with the world.  
So an early piece would be 'Wheelchair Entrance',  
you know suddenly coming across an art gallery  
and the only way you could get in it  
was up four steps.

So how do you respond to that  
as a wheelchair user?  
Well you build a fairly temporal piece  
which is a piece of two by one inch wood,  
you write Wheelchair Entrance  
and you hang it in the doorway  
on two bits of string at wheelchair height.

And what you try to do is then  
enter the consciousness  
of people who walk up the steps  
and think what the fuck's that?

You know and realise,  
it's slightly inconvenient,  
they've got to duck under it  
or move it to one side.

And when curators say  
we can't show that work in the gallery,  
oh why not, well it's breaching health and safety  
and it's, people could hurt themselves on it.

And you think, I've made an art piece of work,  
it's political, it's potentially dangerous.  
Surely that's good. Not rejected  
on the grounds of health and safety.  
A lot of the work played around with that.



## Rules of Engagement

When you think about  
the Camden Town painters,  
they just looked out of their windows  
and painted what they saw, or their friends.

This is why I never quite understand  
why people don't get disability art.  
You know you look back at great paintings,  
Picasso, Toulouse-Lautrec, Degas,

they painted what was there, you know,  
they painted the people and the places  
that they hung out in. And it was contemporary.  
What was happening right there, right then.

And I think that's what disability art does,  
it engages with what's happening  
right here and right now and what's,  
what it is that creates barriers

for us as disabled people.  
I think that's interesting.  
But I would, wouldn't I.  
Just as you do.

The trouble is,  
ninety per cent of the art world  
comprises of white middle class men  
who don't really give a fuck

about whether we can get in and out of art galleries,  
or whether the text is too dense  
for us to understand or, you know  
whether the work that's created

is so elite that we can't access it.

Never mind making it accessible.  
You know for blind people  
or deaf people or whatever.

## North-West Shape

A woman from Shape in the North-West  
called Joyce Morris,  
came to one of my exhibitions at Lancaster  
and said ooh, are you a disabled person?

She said oh, d'you know about Shape?  
I said, never heard of it.  
But I was making work  
that had a disability context.  
And she said, oh yeah, there's this,  
we work with disabled arts.

Ooh! And that's when I was thinking,  
yeah but I'm not really disabled,  
you know I'm a working class bloke,  
I had a motorcycle accident, yeah, I use a wheelchair.  
It was classic denial,  
that 'hey, I'm not disabled'.

Of course, what happens later,  
when you're more politicised is,  
you can say in your head  
as many times as you want,  
I'm not disabled

but the minute you connect  
with another human being  
they immediately go,  
ah you're disabled.

It's very rare that people  
don't ask personal questions.  
They don't think anything of it.  
And I don't think they mean  
to be offensive. But it often is offensive.

## **A Bit of a Drag**

I saw disability as,  
well I didn't even see it as  
a personal tragedy, I just saw it  
was something that happened to me,

and it was a bit of a drag  
but I just had to get on and get over it  
and sooner I'd do that,  
the more I just am assimilated  
back into the world that I've come from.

And, yup, I'm a bit of an oddity but, you know,  
my sparkling personality  
and outward-goingness  
will just get me over that hurdle.  
I think that's what many people do.

Well you have two choices, don't you?  
You do that, or you retreat into,  
into a desperate world of..  
death I suppose. So yeah,  
I was always out and about.

And I had the ubiquitous  
blue invalid carriage  
to get around in.

## **'Out of Ourselves'**

I was still sceptical and dubious of this,  
and I remember going in and the first piece I saw  
was Adam Reynolds,  
and was the lead suitcase.

And it was in a corner.

This beautifully crafted lead suitcase,  
like one of those nineteen thirties, forties leather suitcases  
but it was made out of lead. And it was open  
and it was full of dead leaves,  
and the leaves spilled out into the space.

I was like, fuck!

That's a massively powerful piece of work,  
I couldn't believe it, you know it was really good.

And that was it then,

I just thought, yeah, this is alright,  
this work stands up.

Who wouldn't want to exhibit with,  
I didn't know him, I'd never met him.

But I met him there and then.

And I thought, yeah, what a nice bloke,  
what a great guy.

I think it was probably  
the first joint show  
of disabled artists about disability arts.  
(We never thought about that  
at the time.) And it was,  
I think it was a vanguard moment.  
And I think it was a unique moment.

And I met loads of nice people,  
But you just meet, you know,  
like fuck that was great.  
And you don't think, oh yeah  
he's a blind, he's a deaf, you know,

it's just like here's a bunch of nice people,  
we're having a few beers and they get it,  
and they're like me,  
they're young and they want to do things,  
they're angry about being excluded.  
And they're doing something about it.

I can identify with this group of people.  
And they bring me different experiences,  
'cause you know I,  
I'm still a northern bloke, really,  
I'm not really escaped from that.

And, this is suddenly  
when the penny drops,  
you just wanna go wow!  
You know let's go to London,  
fucking hell yeah, it is amazing,  
let's check out all this stuff that's going on.

There was interesting things happening.  
But it was very localised,  
I always say it was a bit  
like abstract expressionism in New York  
in 1940 or whatever.  
Probably about fifty people  
were aware of it.

Disability arts was the same.  
You could probably name  
the fifty people who were  
fully and truly engaged in it.

## Old Black Dog

I remember, he was manic depressive.  
And he wasn't out about it.  
Until there was something happened,  
something happened. And he wrote  
a very long letter about his black dog.  
(I'd no fucking idea what a black dog was.)

And he was saying, yeah I fucked up,  
but you never think about me  
as a disabled person. But I am.

And there was,  
we didn't fucking know you were  
a disabled person, you never told us.  
Yeah, you're manic, you know you're fast,  
you're efficient, you write things.

But the opposite side of that  
is desperation, everybody's against you.  
And well, you know what it's like  
to work with people like that.

And it was that thing  
are they part of this,  
are they really disabled?  
It was very hierarchical actually, wasn't it?

And there were real debates  
about whether learning disabled people  
should be part of the movement.  
Mental health, was that a disability,  
mental health? It's extraordinary  
now when you look back at it,  
cause it was like oppression  
within oppression.

## On the Board

So, Joyce Morris, then.  
Oh you're young. I said, yeah.  
And we don't have anybody  
on our board that's young.  
Why don't you join the Shape Board?

She basically gave me a briefing  
on what a charity board was all about.  
And I thought, do I wanna sit  
with these boring old farts,  
you know from Manchester University  
and the City Council,  
you know, all worthy people.  
And it was the great and the good.

And then I thought mm,  
they keep giving me work, you know,  
two hundred quid a day to go and  
do a workshop in the mental institution  
or a day centre or something,  
quite useful money.

And I ended up  
being the Chair of the Board  
before I left. I was actually Chair of Shape  
in the North-West.



## **RADAR**

Somebody just poked it in front of me,  
said there's this organisation in London  
called RADAR,  
they're looking to appoint field workers  
or development workers  
in the North-West,  
you could do that.

And I thought, well, yeah,  
I've just done social administration  
and psychology,  
I know a bit about this  
disability arts malarkey and this  
sort of burgeoning civil rights idea.  
Yeah, why don't I?

And they said oh we're gonna pay you  
twelve grand a year and give you a car.  
Fucking hell, that's alright.  
That's quite a lot of money.  
And what do I have to do?

Well you've basically got to develop  
a grass roots disability consciousness  
in the North-West.  
Tell 'em about RADAR  
I mean, the, the weird thing  
about the politics then is  
the Greater Manchester Coalition of Disabled People  
suddenly hated me. Because I'd  
suddenly got into bed with the enemy.  
They perceived RADAR  
to be a very conservative, and it was,  
a conservative organisation.

So they were radical disability-led,

you know banner-waving, hard-left,  
and I'd suddenly jumped ship  
and had sort of left that hard line  
to get a cushy job basically.

And I remember going in to Manchester Coalition. Grrrr.  
And I said look, do you want some RADAR keys?  
Oh yeah! Here's an accessible hotels guide to the UK  
or, all the RADAR publications,  
you know I'd just fucking give them to people.

And RADAR keys, which were ridiculously expensive,  
in those, I can't remember how much  
they were, like three quid,  
I dunno whatever they were.  
And I'd just give them out to crips  
whenever I saw one,  
you know, here's a key.

But I got into places of power.

## Access Groups

I remember going to places like Chester  
and setting up an access group,  
using allies in building control and planning,  
writing a ten point plan for an access group.

Say, look, stop complaining  
that you can't get in the fucking library,  
do something about it.  
I'd organise disparate groups of disabled people,  
often in day centres, saying, look you've got to self-organise,  
you need to recruit a chair, and a secretary,  
you need to keep minutes, you need to meet regularly,  
you need to be properly thoughtful and constituted.

And then you'll get a dialogue with your local authority.  
You'll get to see all the plans, and you'll learn about planning,  
and you'll influence planning decisions.  
That's exactly what happened.  
I saw it as a very radical thing to do.

And I was going,  
on RADAR's money,  
in RADAR's car,  
with RADAR's resources,  
and setting up access groups.

And some of those access groups  
are still going,  
thirty odd years later.

## **In The Front Door**

The Spastics Society, the Isle of Man,  
said, could RADAR send a speaker  
for their Annual General Meeting?  
And I was looking at the TTs.

The TTs were either the week before  
or the week after. And I said,  
I'd love to be your keynote speaker,  
but I can't make that date.

So they said yeah, alright,  
we can shift the AGM.  
So they moved their AGM.  
I flew from Blackpool to the Isle of Man.

And they hired me a fucking car,  
which I couldn't drive,  
because they didn't realise  
that I was a wheelchair user.

I got to this building,  
twenty steps at the front,  
fuck it, back door job.  
I went all the way round the building.  
How the fuck am I gonna get in here?

And people were wandering in,  
suits and dresses and everything.  
And I said, excuse me,  
are you going to the Spastics Society.  
I said can you find this guy,  
(I think his daughter had cerebral palsy)  
I said can you find this guy, he's an organiser  
and I'm a guest speaker  
and I can't figure out how to get in.

And he sort of  
came through the door,  
and he was totally stressed.  
Cause they'd obviously said  
there's a bloke in a wheelchair outside.  
We didn't know you were a wheelchair,  
bound to a wheelchair or whatever.

And they got me in, in one way or another,  
must have carried me up,  
or I must have bummed it up.  
But it's so typical.

D'you know what?  
That happened  
over and over  
and over again.

## Citizens Advice Bureau

I was doing work in RADAR  
with the C.A.B.

How can we make them more accessible?  
How can we deliver an understanding of  
disabled people's rights within C.A.B.s?

And I thought, d'you know what,  
this is a really interesting organisation,  
'cause it is about rights,  
social justice, information,  
information is power.

And a job came up,  
area development officer,  
a couple of thousand quid more money.  
And it was another car, you know,  
so yeah alright, time to move on.

And that's what I did,  
and again I worked for the C.A.B.,  
but again a lot of the work  
was driven around disability.

And again I was coming to London  
every month just like I was at RADAR.  
And finding out more about the, you know  
the administrative side of managing change.

So I was doing art and also, you know  
quite deeply involved  
in administration and politics.

## Creation

I was doing all sorts, but I'm doing  
exactly what I sort of do now,  
which is sit down, think about art,  
evaluate what your process is.

So what I formulated then  
and what I still adhere to now  
is a process that says  
you're a creative person  
and you can think about art all the time,  
because you think about art  
looking out the window in a boring meeting,  
or on a train or in a taxi,  
or having a conversation like this.  
So you don't have to go and sit in a garret  
and think okay, I'm gonna be a sculptor now  
for two hours, it won't work.

So always an artist or always creative,  
bring creative thinking into all you do, you know,  
that's rule number one for life really.

So I always made sculpture, and actually  
the process was, I'm working,  
I get reasonably well paid,  
that gives me the freedom  
to make the work that I wanna make.

## Inspiration

The other thing I realised  
is that the process could be quite slow,  
I didn't have to rush to make art,  
so I could just write things down,  
put things in books, do drawings  
and store ideas up.

The original drawing for  
'Great Britain From a Wheelchair',  
I think I still have it somewhere.

It was written on the back of a Melolin pad,  
which is a heel dressing.  
I used to get in bed at night and change,  
you know I had an ulcerated heel  
which I still have.

And it stops me walking  
as much as I might like to walk,  
because it breaks down.

And so I'd always have a pad  
and some micropore tape  
on the bedside table.

Every night I'd put a fresh dressing on.  
And I woke up in the middle of the night  
with 'Great Britain from a Wheelchair' idea  
rolling about in my head. So I drew it,  
just drew it on the fucking,  
two inch by two inch square wound dressing.

That was the sort of idea  
and I just kept that for ages.  
Think I just stuck it with the micropore  
into a drawing pad, you know.



And that, probably two years later,  
became 'Great Britain From a Wheelchair'.  
I wish I'd made it straightaway really.

## Making 'Great Britain from a Wheelchair' (1)

I don't make a lot of stuff  
that I throw away,  
because usually it never gets made.  
So the idea gestates for a long time.  
It probably kicked around in a,  
in a drawing book for ages,  
just sellotaped into the drawing book  
with a bit of micropore tape.

And then you just go through  
a massive thinking process.  
It's about what will it look like.  
Could you make it using bits of wheelchairs?

And, you know, big wheel there,  
you almost assemble it in your brain,  
the pushing handle,  
that could be like Scotland,  
because you've got  
this series of islands, coming down,  
that could be six backrests  
or four backrests or whatever.

And oh yeah, that could be that,  
and the little wheel could be Wales,  
you know maybe a bigger  
jockey wheel for Wales.  
And you could use the brakes  
for the bit of Cornwall,  
the thin bit that goes out,  
it's got a ball on the end of it.

I mean you sort of assemble it  
in your brain really.

## Making 'Great Britain from a Wheelchair' (2)

I literally ripped  
the weather map of Britain  
out of the Guardian newspaper,  
stuck it on an epidiascope,

projected it against  
an eight foot by four foot sheet of plywood,  
got a fucking great big fat felt pen  
and just drew round it.

Put it on the floor,  
started to take two wheelchairs,  
I think to bits, piled the bits up,  
then it was just a fucking jigsaw puzzle.

Two wheelchairs,  
completely took to bits,  
a box with nuts, bolts,  
screws, whatever in it

and my rule was that  
I couldn't use anything that was external from that.  
So everything had to come  
from those two wheelchairs.

It was just a matter  
of putting things in place,  
you know the lining up holes,

bolting things together,  
cutting the armrest, you know,  
cutting a bit out the arm rest for this bit.  
Dead easy, really.

## Squirrelling

It's process.  
Ideas come.  
If I think they're worth it  
I jot them down.

It's a bit like squirrels  
hide some food,  
deal with it later.

And when I think about it for a while,  
I think, well okay if I did do it,  
what material would it be,  
and how big would it be,  
what would it look like?

And I sort of just keep  
pushing the process forward.  
The great thing about  
that kind of process is,  
I don't end up surrounded  
by millions of failures.

I only really make  
the things that I think  
I want to make  
and that might have,  
you know that might stand,  
stand up for themselves.

## **Titles are Really Important to me**

I think about art as,  
almost the,  
as sort of tangible philosophy.  
So it is how do you wrap thoughts,  
idea and explanations into form?

I'm reluctant to admit this  
but there is a huge intellectual process  
that goes into thinking about the work,  
the materials, the title  
and what I'm going to say about the work.

And that's important, that  
as a working class northerner  
I'm not comfortable about admitting that,  
cause it smacks of intellectual  
namby-pamby middle class pooftery.

So don't tell anybody!

## Rigour

I'm a working class person,  
you take motorbikes to bits,  
you put them back together,  
you get covered in oil, you swear.  
But I devoured books, you know.

Me and my dad never really got on.  
We were at loggerheads.  
But the older I get, and of course he's dead now,  
and I can't have this discussion with him.  
But he, he was right, always.  
I was too stubborn to realise,  
too thick, you know, and too reluctant.

But he didn't present it in a way  
that was accessible and acceptable to me.  
He always, he got the message right,  
he failed to get the delivery of the message right.

The message was you read books  
and you learn things. And you apply that  
to practical things  
and they will be successful.

There are no shortcuts  
even though you think there are.  
And you want there to be,  
and I know this because I, like you,  
have tried every shortcut,  
doesn't fucking work.  
So you do have to follow those rules  
to achieve what you want to achieve.

But he never had the patience to explain that.  
So I'd just say yeah. Yeah but fuck that.  
I'm gonna just go from three to seven to ten.

And he'd just say then you're a fool.  
Slap you round the back of the head.

Yeah, and say what a waste of space you are  
and I'll say fuck you and I'll show you..  
And sometimes you could.  
And then he'd say, yeah you're so smart.  
And sometimes it wouldn't and he'd say,  
there you are, I fucking told you.

And he'd win more often than I, you know,  
over ten rounds he would win seven of em.  
It's about, you know,  
it's not just about the message,  
it's about the delivery of the message as well, isn't it?

And I, as I slowly become him,  
you know I suddenly realise that,  
that you do things and you can do things intuitively.  
And you can also read, and learn and apply,  
and you can do things that way.  
And having rigour is actually quite important.

Whether you're making art or writing,  
or driving a bus,  
it doesn't matter what it is does it,  
you need to apply rigour to it.

And I think it's one thing  
that disabled people  
actually have a standing start on,  
or whatever the word is.  
Because we are great planners  
and organisers and strategists.

We don't apply those terms to it,  
we just think, fuck,  
if I'm gonna get through life,

I've gotta do x,y,z,  
better make sure, what's plan B,  
okay, we're okay,  
and what's plan C if plan B goes tits-up.  
And we do that all the time.

I do it, I'm sure you do it,  
I have contingencies for everything.  
And actually you can  
apply those contingencies  
to being successful in what you wanna do,

whether it's making a piece of sculpture  
or running an organisation.  
So being disabled's  
taught me huge amounts.

Probably taught me  
a lot of patience as well, you know,  
and slowed me down.

Otherwise I'd just be another motorcycle statistic  
on a tombstone somewhere.  
Ride fast, die young.



## Holton Lee

My partner saw this advert, in the Guardian, I think,  
and said, this'd be a brilliant job for you.

It's running this amazing, this  
what looks like an amazing place  
called Holton Lee.

And you know, four aspects:  
the environment, spirituality, disability and the arts.

And I said, this is an evangelical  
Christian hotbed of nonsense, you know.  
And then I thought fuck it apply,  
it was probably about ten grand  
more than I was earning at the time.  
And again the carrot of the car.

Applied for the job, got an interview,  
what's the worst that can happen,  
we can have an expenses-paid  
weekend in Poole.  
The unthinkable thing that could happen  
is that I'd actually be offered the job.

And I distinctly remember saying, look,  
they're gonna want a retired vicar,  
or a retired social services person  
or a military person, actually,  
cause it's all public school boys  
and we know who runs the charities in this country.

I thought the last person  
they're gonna employ  
is a long-haired radical sculptor who's,  
you know, got my track record really.  
But Sir Tom Lees was an unorthodox man.

## Interview

I'm on the sticks, go for a pee,  
one of those little brass lock things,  
zipped up, washed my hands,  
got hold of the little brass thing to open,  
it fell off in my hand.  
I was locked in the bog.

So, I like put the stick out of the window,  
I fucking climbed out,  
my balls are hanging on the fucking thing that's,  
you know the bit that you put the window-opening thing on.

Dragging myself,  
it wasn't easy.  
Fucking hard work  
climbing out the window.

'What would you do in your first six months?'  
'I'd fix the fucking toilet in there.  
That path needs fixing,  
this is ridiculous, how can you have this?'

I just went on a major rant.  
A controlled, and relatively polite,  
I didn't say fix the fucking toilet,  
but I said there is a huge amount of things  
that are wrong here.  
And you know, you've gotta get the foundations right  
before you can even have these big dreams  
that you're talking about here.

These dreams are rhetoric,  
we need to get the reality in place  
and you need to do this  
and you need to do that.

And I remember them saying,  
well there's four aspects here.  
I said, look, I'm an artist, I know about art.  
I did environmental art, I lived in a rural place,  
I went running around in woods,  
I've worked on a farm,  
I went bird-watching,  
I was in the boy scouts.

I know about trees,  
I know what they're called,  
I know about nature.  
I'm not an environmentalist  
but I know a huge amount about it.

I know about disability,  
I'm a disabled person,  
politics of disability.

I said I know nothing about spirituality,  
but you do. And as long as you do,  
that's all we need. I'll do the three things,  
you do the bit that you're good at.  
And I fucked off out.

And before I, when I got back to Cumbria,  
Tom Lees had sent me a really long fax.  
It was on the fax machine when I got in,  
saying would you like the job.

## Investment

I rang Bert Massie at RADAR  
and said, Bert, I'm thinking about  
taking this job at Holton Lee.

They've got three months running costs,  
fucking great, three hundred and fifty acres,  
it's got, it's a blank slate,  
I can make it fantastic.  
Who can I go to for money?

And he said,  
ring Peter Attenborough  
at the Rank Foundation,  
tell him what you're doing.

He said, well,  
we're investing in leadership and excellence  
or something like that.  
And he got me sixty grand  
within weeks.

And I just got my sleeves rolled up  
and I worked twenty-four hours a day,  
seven days a week there really.  
I invested a huge amount in Holton Lee.

And I was forty, something like that.  
You know, I was in my prime, really.  
I felt I'd got knowledge.  
I felt I knew shit, you know.

## **Making It Happen**

The world felt like a great place,  
you know, and it was like fuck it,  
New Labour, let's get on,  
let's re-invent this place.  
It was quite euphoric.

And we did, I think we did great things.  
I remember talking to  
the people at the Arts House.  
And I was frustrated  
because it took me three years  
to build Faith House.

They just said fuck me,  
we've been fundraising for ten years  
for the Art House,  
we're still not there.

I was there twelve years, you know.  
We built Faith House, the artists' studios,  
all the paths, tramper wheelchairs,  
you know we transformed  
things like the Dutch barn.

I mean the artists' studios,  
they were a fantastic resource.  
You know, we did up the ceramics place,  
we did the Barn for the office  
and the, you know that meeting room at the end,  
we did the cottages up,  
where my office used to be.

## Submission

One of the outstanding examples  
of the Holton Lee Open was Sue Austin, you know,  
and she, she sent me a piece of work  
when she was a student.

And it was the fucking underwater wheelchair,  
you know, wrapped in bubble wrap.  
And as soon as I saw it,  
through the bubble wrap, you know  
I couldn't wait to get the bubble wrap off it,  
it was like what the hell is that?

And it was a photographic print on aluminium.  
And even through the bubble wrap  
it blew me away.  
Exciting image!

And talking to Sue Austin afterwards,  
she said, oh I hesitated to send it in.  
You know I didn't think,  
you would like it.

And you think Sue, really interesting artist,  
lots of confidence  
and having a bit of a dilemma  
about whether it would play. Fantastic.

And she's gone from strength to strength.

## Moving On

I think every five years,  
I really sit down and work,  
what's the next plan?  
What's the next five year plan look like?  
And what do I need to do  
to get there? And, what,  
what's the next five years?

When I get to it,  
what's that gonna look like?  
So I always do a sort of  
life and work planning.

And for me life and work  
are one and the same thing.  
Everything I've done  
I've wanted to do,  
I've been really lucky.

But I've also been, it's that,  
the more you practice,  
the luckier you get sort of argument,  
that I've been, I've been quite,  
quite, er thoughtful  
in setting out a plan of things.  
So I knew I wasn't  
gonna be at Holton Lee forever.

## **Buildings**

You know building buildings  
is not something to take on lightly,  
it's massively stressful.  
And problematical.  
And most people build one.  
Fuck me, I don't wanna go there again!

I built three, just at Holton Lee.  
But I loved it, you know,  
working with someone like  
Tony Fretton, the architect.

You just learn so much.  
Just searching for that knowledge  
and learning stuff, I just thrive on that.  
And that informs your sculptural practice  
when you go back to it.

So I was always, you know,  
getting eight, nine years into it,  
thinking okay what's next.



## Shape

I want to go in and invent something,  
create something, develop something.  
I'm a development worker really.

So that idea of being  
a development worker for RADAR,  
it was a completely open book.  
Develop whatever you want to do  
that empowers disabled people.  
So I thought, okay, whadda I wanna do?  
Access groups, you know, working with  
social services, town halls, planners,  
that will work.

So at Shape, it was,  
what do I want Shape to be  
under my directorship, you know,  
this is what I want it to look like.

So I had thought  
what I wanted it to look like,  
and then I set out  
to try and achieve that.

So things like Adam Reynolds Bursary,  
Shape Open, working with British Council,  
building a better relationship with the Arts Council, you know,  
working with mainstream galleries in London.

These were all things  
that I thought I wanted to do  
when I applied for the job.  
And they were all things  
that we've got on and done.

## Handover

I just thought  
they'd build the archive,  
thought it was a done deal.

We had the architect,  
we had the plans in place,  
you know we had everything.  
I thought everything was in place

I thought they'd get  
a really good director,  
because Holton Lee had got ten years,  
twelve years track record,  
I thought it'd be a really  
juicy job for somebody,

I thought somebody interesting'll get the job,  
and they'd ring me up  
and say Tony, give us a lift with this archive,  
and we'd all go down  
and we'd build the fucking archive.  
And Shape would be involved in that.

And instead they said,  
d'you know what,  
we don't wanna do this,  
it's not part of our agenda any more.  
And they killed it.

Sent three hundred and fifty grand  
back to the Arts Council.  
Fuck me, that's criminal.

## Getting Started

I thought visual arts was a niche area  
that wasn't being addressed  
by any other organisation.  
What I really needed to do  
was re-establish Shape's credentials in many ways  
as a leading disability-led arts organisation.  
So it was really important to get  
really good artists doing really good work  
in really mainstream galleries.  
Because that would get us a lot of attention.

And by getting the attention  
we could very quickly establish Shape  
as a leading visual arts disability-led art organisation.  
It was a pretty crude strategy,  
but it worked, you know.

So that's what I started to push towards.  
Some people on the staff team  
thought, yeah, that's a good idea,  
that's where we should be going  
and some people didn't and they left.

And that's what happens, you know.  
You don't get fazed by that.  
You just recruit people in  
to do the jobs that you want them to do.  
And they buy into your vision and off you go.

So the first few months  
were certainly months of change and redirection.  
And that's, that can be bit rocky,  
so you've gotta hold your nerve.  
you're not going to be everybody's best friend,  
but you know eventually you're going  
to move the organisation into a better place.

## Bursary

The real catalyst for me  
was making the Adam Reynolds Bursary  
work in those early days.

Adam had not long died.  
He was a personal friend.  
So I really wanted to establish  
an annual bursary in his name,  
because I didn't want,  
I didn't want his contribution  
to disability arts to be lost.

I don't think it would have been, actually,  
but I thought the bursary was a really great way  
of continually reminding ourselves  
as a disability arts community,

movement, whatever we call it,  
of the value that Adam brought to it.  
And the fact that he was a huge,  
huge loss to what we were trying to achieve.

And I'm really pleased that the bursary's  
not only given an opportunity  
to some artists who we know,  
but it's also given some real opportunity

to artists we'd never ever come across before,  
were not part of the disability arts movement.  
So it's been a really good vehicle  
for bringing in new artists who are good.

It goes from strength to strength.  
And part of the strategy is to take it  
to different parts of the country,  
so it's not always in London and it means that

disabled artists in different regions can get  
a better chance from an access point of view.

'Cause not everybody can come  
and hang out in London, you know.  
It's important that we offer the bursary  
to people where, you know

if they wanna travel from home  
because they've got a setup  
that meets their access needs  
then it's important that we can do that.  
I think it's been really successful.

## **The problem with our sector, Allan**

The problem with our sector, Allan, is  
we light candles and build sort of foundations  
then we don't get the critical mass do we,  
because Holton Lee's gone off in a different direction.

But if there was a Holton Lee and a Shape  
doing what we're doing now and somewhere  
three or four different places  
doing what we're doing,

if the archive was established  
in a building, you know,  
it would strengthen  
what we're trying to achieve.

'Cause you need great artists,  
you need great work  
but you also need institutions  
to sell and promote that work.

It's very interesting that, you know,  
whilst we, within disability arts,  
see it as a driver,  
almost as a life force really,  
the rest of the world  
just doesn't even know it's there, does it?

## Putting It Together

Getting information out to people,  
you've got to really hammer it home,  
it's got to be simple, straightforward.

So it is, here are good quality artists  
bidding for a bursary  
in the memory of a really good disabled artist  
in a really good contemporary gallery.

You start to put all that together  
and you sort of got to be able  
to be on a winner, haven't you?  
So, just get it established really.

And the thing is,  
once you've done it once or twice,  
you then start to build  
a reputation where you,

you know in the early days I had to go  
and knock on people's doors and say,  
look, this'll be brilliant, you'll really enjoy it,  
it'll be great, don't worry it'll all work,

nothing'll go horribly wrong.  
To the point where people are now  
coming to us and saying  
we'd love to host the Adam Reynolds Bursary.

Which is what you want,  
you want galleries to go  
d'you know what, we should be hosting this,  
cause it's a really good thing.

So that's fab, you know  
it's great that that's happening.

And the same with the Shape Open.

What I wanted to do with the Shape Open is say,  
well, we've done, we've done high quality good artists,  
I mean I always laughingly called the Adam Reynolds,  
it's a bit like Turner Prize for disabled artists, you know.

And I think it's up there.  
But the Shape Open is aimed  
at a different group of artists,  
it's opened up, it's really,  
though good established artists still  
apply and get in, which is great.

I don't want people to think  
oh it's only for emerging or young artists,  
I don't want people to think that at all.  
But it is an opportunity as an open exhibition that,  
you know there's a fair chance that work'll get in.

And we get some good work, you know,  
the last exhibition, forty-odd, fifty pieces of work,  
all I think pretty strong.



## The Last Open

It was my swansong, really, going out  
and we wanted something political  
and also we are in a political time,  
when we are back full circle in many ways  
to where we were  
when you and I were a lot younger.

Going, you know, fuck them  
let's get the banners and  
let's get these politicians  
to realise what they're doing  
to us as disabled people.

And I think first time round,  
I think we gave them  
the benefit of the doubt,  
that they hadn't quite cottoned on  
to our oppression.

But we can't give them that this time.  
They know full well what they're doing  
when they're killing disabled people.  
Or denying us access to transport  
or buildings or jobs or benefits  
or whatever it is, you know,  
they're doing that knowingly.

It's different,  
different kettle of fish now.  
But we still seem fairly powerless  
to do anything about it.  
Which is a worry.  
So yes, politics.

## The Strands of Shape

I was talking about the three strands,  
so the first strand I talk about is  
Shape's NDACA project,

The NDACA prong is  
scooping up all the past  
and making sense of it,  
owning it, you know back to the  
nothing about us without us.

Um giving life to that material  
and that history that  
we were making thirty years ago,  
but we didn't actually realise  
we were making history.

Well we scoop all that history, we own it,  
it's nothing about us without us.

The Unlimited strand is  
we give people  
loads of opportunities through Unlimited  
for them to be brilliant at what they do,  
it's well-resourced, they get an opportunity  
to work with producers,  
they get decent amount of money,  
they can go ahead and do things, you know.

Look at people like Jess Thom.  
You know, who'd have thought ten years ago  
somebody with Tourette's, you know  
would not only be performing to packed houses  
but be on the TV. And the radio.

And you just can't,  
can you imagine it

when we started doing this disability arts stuff  
all those years ago  
that somebody with Tourette's would,  
you know, be out there. I can't.

You don't get an Unlimited commission  
unless you're good.  
You know, Owen Lowery as a poet. Fantastic.  
Maybe in our day Owen Lowery  
would be working and writing as a poet.  
But I don't know whether Jess Thom would.

So they're the future  
and then we have the third strand,  
which is what I call the NPO strand,  
the National Portfolio, Arts Council-funded strand,  
which is the train-track  
of all the stuff we just do.

And that's things like the Shape Open,  
the Adam Reynolds, the networking,  
the things that we do at the Tate Gallery,  
the things we do in partnership with other people.

## **In or Out?**

We had all those discussions,  
didn't we, you know..  
Bloody disabled people,  
should they be in our gang?

Mental health, is that part of our gang?  
You know there was a lot of weird discussion going on.  
And that's part of the times, I suppose, isn't it?

And some good rational  
and reasoned arguments  
about why people should be,  
why disability had to broaden.

Because if we were looking at the social model  
and we were looking at barriers,  
then of course those people from those groups  
that were under question,  
I mean it's hard to think  
we even questioned it or debated it,  
so bloody obvious isn't it?

You know, course, of course there are,  
you know, they're facing barriers.  
Course within the social model,  
they're discriminated against,  
oppressed.

## The Shape of Things

I think Shape's done some great work, actually.

We could have done a lot more work  
with more money.

You know when you think  
we get less money than  
the Director of the Royal Opera House  
gets paid for his salary,  
then I think we achieve a lot.

But then again,  
in terms of the arts economy,  
we generate a lot more money  
than we get in terms of our support.

So we turn every pound into  
three, four pounds worth of value.  
So it's not like we're a drain on people.  
Yeah, I think Shape's in a good place.  
But I would say that.

Fortunately I can prove it,  
I can point to things that prove it,  
I can point to boring things like,  
you know the fact that income has gone up,  
but I can also point to people  
who've done amazing things  
because we've supported them.

I mean they're always  
capable of that great work,  
but they just need the investment.

Can you imagine, I mean  
I just think back  
to the wasted opportunities sometimes,  
you know the really interesting artists

that were around in those early days  
when we were first kicking around  
in this disability arts world that  
we didn't even really know was a world.

There's some really great talent  
that didn't get the investment  
to do really interesting work, you know.

Some of them are dead now,  
some of them not around,  
some of them not doing this kind of work.

Artists like Eddy Hardy  
doing amazing things.  
Aidan Shingler, you know,  
fantastic artist,  
you know ten years ago,  
fifteen years ago I'd have  
said he was right up there,  
you know top of the pile for me,  
very interesting case.

## Thoughts on Being a Disability Artist

Before I was Chief Executive of Shape  
or Director at Holton Lee,  
when I was just making sculpture, you know,  
I'd just say  
from my own work's perspective

I make work that I think of  
that's interesting to me.  
And that resonates with me.  
And if other people like it, great.  
If they don't, who cares.

And it often has a disability  
reference or resonance within it.  
Because it's interesting, you know,  
it's interesting subject matter.

So, you know  
do I make disability arts work?  
Well yes.  
But not entirely.

Sometimes I do stuff that just interests me  
for whatever reason. And it might be work  
that's trying to get you to another place,  
it is experimental, like stone carving for instance.

Some of my stone carving is definitely  
not what you would call disability arts,  
but it's more about exploring the medium.  
It's experiments.

But some of it absolutely is, you know.  
And a couple of marble pieces that I've done,  
very much based around disability arts,  
like 'Serpent Form'.

## 'Serpent Form'

Drawn from a conversation with Mike O'Hara,  
the visually impaired painter and sculptor,  
who I worked with down in Dorset,  
down in Holton Lee.

And it was just a conversation  
that he and I had.

He was talking about losing his sight.  
And he was, sort of almost describing,  
I can't remember,  
almost like watching a snake move.

And you can't really see,  
you can only really watch a snake move  
when you get it between two axis points.  
So if you watch a snake moving across a field  
it's very, you know, just a flat plane,  
it's really hard to figure out  
how it's moving or how fast it's moving,  
it's only when you, cause of the way it moves,  
it's not very obvious.

And he was saying  
that losing his sight  
was this idea of a snake moving,  
that you knew, you knew it was happening,  
but you didn't know what the rate of travel was.  
So you knew you were a bit blinder  
than you were three months ago  
but you can't actually remember  
how blind you were then.

But you knew you were getting blinder  
and it was,  
I mean that sounds quite crude



but it was basically that sort of conversation.  
And 'Serpent Form' came entirely out of that.

And it was this idea of carving the marble  
very thinly within the circle of this serpent form.  
So you got this quite nice twisty form  
which is a beautiful thing to carve in marble.  
So it's quite tactile and, and sensual,  
you know marble, curved marble that you can stroke  
is fucking sexy stuff.

But actually this very thin thing  
where you can see this opaque light coming through  
and the veins in the marble  
is very much like the idea of opaque sight,  
trying to see things  
through this slightly milky material.

You can see light and shade through it  
but very difficult to see,  
but when you look at the material  
you can see veins in it.  
And it's a bit like when you have your eyes tested  
and that blinding light goes off  
and you see all those veins somehow.

So for me to pack all that into that sculpture is you know,  
that's what it's about, that's the end product.  
But if you were looking at it  
you wouldn't necessarily say, oh it's disability arts.  
Unless I told somebody what it was.  
You wouldn't know, you'd just,  
you'd think it was either a dull or an interesting,  
moderately interesting, piece of carved marble.  
So it's about the stories as well, disability arts, isn't it?

I think often titles and stories  
are really an important part of the package.

## Channel Four Commission

I pitched a few ideas at them.  
The idea that I thought was the best idea  
was not the one they went for.  
And that happens, you know, with competitions.

You've got to put three or four ideas together.  
And I pitched something called 'Raspberry Ripple',  
which is good old rhyming slang for cripple,  
in neon. And I thought  
that was the strongest piece for it.

I wanted to make something that was  
subversive for Channel Four,  
but so subversive that they didn't  
know it was subversive after it was built.

Cause I think art's got to be dangerous again.  
In some way.  
Gotta be more than decorative  
to be proper disability art.  
It's gotta be almost propagandist  
or, you know, agitprop  
sort of edge to it.

I hadn't got a title for it  
when I pitched it to Channel Four.  
I had a few ideas what it was gonna be called.  
The strongest contender was  
'Monument to the Unintended Performer'.

I'd thought if I tell them that,  
and tell them what that means,  
they won't like it.  
So we called it something banal  
as a working title.

## **'Monument to the Unintended Performer'**

It was mixing together  
this incredibly famous iconic sculpture  
by, it's Discobolus,  
so it's this Greek discus throwing,  
so it's one of the early Olympians.

It's this amazing marble  
carved figure of a discus thrower.  
That becomes a starting point for it.  
So that's iconic of the Olympics.

And the iconic crip image  
is the bloody stick wheelchair user,  
isn't it, because that's the,  
that's the image that is,

you know if you ask people about,  
to identify disability,  
they'd always say the stick,  
you know the stick in the wheelchair.

So I thought well somehow  
we've got to amalgamate  
the iconic wheelchair logo  
and the iconic Greek Olympian.

So it was really just a matter of  
crunching those two things together.  
But using neon for the wheel  
and light for the discus.

And using steel for the body rather than marble.  
And stainless steel so that you got  
lots of nice reflecting light.  
And the figure was very fragmented.

So it wasn't a full figure, it was, you know,  
a head, an arm, a bit of a chest.  
So there were various bits of body  
which were connected  
by virtue of the fact that  
they were literally bolted on to the Big Four.

So it was a relatively simple mash-up really.  
And then, once it was up and done,  
I wrote the words, which they more or less hid  
in the window round the corner somewhere.

Cause it's called  
'Monument to the Unintended Performer',  
it's not about the Olympics at all,  
not about the Paralympics at all.

And it's a monument  
to all the performers  
who get stared at every day.  
You know, I get stared at all the time.

Getting on a bus,  
everybody stares at me.  
Somebody walking down the street  
with a white cane,

everybody stares at  
somebody with a guide dog,  
everybody stares if you've got  
any sort of facial disfigurement, impairment.  
People stare at you.

## Plans

I'm gonna make more art,  
I've got some plans,  
gonna do some interesting stuff.

And er spend more time  
thinking about making art,  
without having to drop ideas  
because you've got to deal with a staffing crisis  
or a finance crisis or a building crisis  
or whatever it is.

Or, you know, selfishly,  
that you've got to spend  
quite a lot of time  
putting funding applications together.

So that other people can  
apply for Unlimited commissions  
to do the fantastic things  
they've always wanted to do  
and enhance and build their careers.

So I think part of my journey  
has been about making sculpture  
in a selfish way.  
That's my sculpture for me.

And part of it has been about being able  
to administer a series of opportunities  
and see other disabled people  
who're very creative and very gifted  
do great stuff and deliver it.

You know, I mean  
I'll always regret the fact  
that we've not been able

to achieve more  
and we've not been able  
to have the influence  
that I wanted us to have,

but we are fighting  
a sort of faceless minority, aren't we,  
of people in power  
who don't want us to be  
exhibiting in the National Gallery  
or the National Theatre or the Tate  
or the Hayward Gallery or wherever it is.

## Wall of Power

People might say,  
well, it's not interesting enough,  
it's not important enough.  
If it was important,  
then people would have heard about it.

But I don't agree.  
I think it is important,  
I think it's really interesting.  
They just don't get it.

I think we've educated the subtle,  
you know the white middle classes  
to not express that prejudice in open court.  
But I think they probably still think it,  
a lot of them.  
They just know they can't say it any more.

So we're still fighting that, that um,  
that wall of power and rank  
that don't want us in there.

Because they instinctively know  
that it means one of their kind  
has to give up their seat at the table.  
And they can't hack that at all.