

I had to build this wall and I thought if I tried to lay the bricks, I'd spend so much time trying to lay them right, I thought I'll get someone who's a brickie, so he was doing the laying and the whistling. What I had to do then, once that was done, I made a mould of it and that was the time consuming bit really.

All that stuff is in the work, it's all true. It's not that it isn't true, but there's this thing, I'm not sure what it is, but this thing that is being skirted around. You can talk about it like this or you can find the right word for that.

About the wall, what should be said about the wall. I shouldn't even call it a wall. It's not a wall. I wouldn't call it a wall.

It's like there was one thing, the first thing and that was a new piece of writing. Since then, it all comes out from there. I'd like to get it all together. Each piece of writing is a copy! I'd like to get it all together. Put all of it together somehow, you know, trace the words back to the source.

Then there's another piece. A tree!

I mean you can almost kid yourself that there is some element of possibility, that it's real or it's found and then as soon as you add a light to it, it's like it's from a pound shop! You can't believe in it! You can call it a wall but that won't make it a wall. I can show you a tree. I can show you a face.

A lot of the stuff just tends to ... It does just tend to ... I feel a lot like that about my works ... My attachment to them feels a bit second-hand sometimes, it's done and it's gone. You spend so long with them ... I feel a funny kind of relationship to them sometimes. You spend so long with them ... and then they leave. You can enjoy looking at it for about 10 minutes before it gets put in a van and taken away.

The corporeal body that was one, one of those words at college. Entropy was also quite popular. It's a relevant state to be aware of! I'm not going to write a dissertation on it. Or the other thing of course. It's the high art equivalent blah ... blah ... You know, the skateboard flips. It used to drive me bananas.

There's been one or two times that I've made a mould of something, then either had a u-turn and think it's not quite right and that's the only time when things stay around really. Or times when your broken stuff comes back. That's happened quite a bit. There's a shelf of things that need to get repaired. It's quite depressing.



Moulds take up a bit of space. I try to keep a mould for a couple of years usually, in case there has to be a repair, the times when your broken stuff comes back. I'm reluctant to chuck them, the amount of money rubber costs, it costs hundreds and hundreds. I've got a shed at home that is just packed with old moulds. They take up a quite a bit of space the moulds.

Where I grew up, it's not that bad. It was on the edges of B\_, but that's almost irrelevant. It's not like I grew up on the moon and it was made of cheese! That's not really my thing.

No I wouldn't do a show based on a specific interest. I'm not capable of making that kind of work. I don't have any authority on anything. I shoved those things in the corner intentionally. It looked like the work hadn't arrived.

Mind you the stories of the work are so anecdotal at times, they take you for a ride right round the block! It's almost irrelevant.

The story was my cousin was in a band and they weren't very good. Every year he used to send us one of his records. Apparently they were big in Portugal or Greece, but I doubt that. Then my cousin decided he was into The Doors and he recorded this song as a tribute to Jim Morrison. That's where the title for that comes from. The band was called Dizzy Heights. Then all of a sudden my cousin decided that he was some kind of authority on Jim Morrison and he did this track as a tribute. The whole song was full of Doors quotes. That's where the title for that comes from.

The object. There's another one. I'm not going to write a dissertation on it. The way I see it, the way I tell it, is like this. When I make a work I use all my skills to decide what to do next. That's how the work gets made. I don't write something on a piece of paper and hide it inside. When it's finished, I don't whisper in its ear! I'm quite sentimental I suppose but my attachment to it feels a bit second-hand sometimes, it's done and it's gone.

There's nothing scientific about it, it's just labour and it's technique. I'm satisfied I get to the end though, when you get to the end and you can go, yeah that's achieved what I set out to do. You can enjoy looking at it for about 10 minutes before it gets put in a van and taken away. Sometimes they take you for a ride right round the block!

When it's finished I don't whisper in its ear. I don't write something on a piece of paper and hide it inside. Sometimes it's not a word that I like but the stance that it takes, yeah, not in terms of physically its pose or its gesture. I am aware of putting things in a sort of position where they are awkward or clumsy ... I shoved those things in the corner intentionally. I've never been someone who is in the spotlight but the thing that I really like is letting the things do the talking.





SHUT DOWN 2, 2010

I did have a proposal ... I did make a broken cat, I got a black cat and smashed it up and then remade it bit by bit. It was never going to work, it was an exercise in failure.

Now I have a lot of time to consider, you know, when you have a lot of time to consider ... Now I think about one piece and one title and it still takes me ages to find a title if they don't come naturally. I will be ideally reading something, just looking for things. Sometimes I just forget them.

I wanted to be an artist since I was young, or a hairdresser. The harder I thought about it ... it was really killing the work, so I stopped.

Then there's another piece I made. The bike ... that got taken away. They went right round the block with that! That's what the work does, that's its function ... but just to be able to do that. It seems quite pathetic, but it means quite a lot really.

The more I thought about it the harder it was getting. There are certain things that I do ... You erase your interests and think about things that you are just drawn to. In the end I should have just written I make some stuff. Then there are some things I never even ask about. It's almost irrelevant. Yeah, I'm going to have to lose a lot of stuff. I think we have to find some way of ordering these things together.

I've done a lot of casts from cardboard. I made 20 to 30 pieces that have been various crushed boxes and flattened things, but once they start to get put all together it's sort of ... ha ha, you can have too much of a good thing! In a way that might be the best way of doing it. Then there are the slightly anthropomorphic pieces. Another is broken bits. Or go from light brown to dark brown.

It's like with this book. There's got to be some way of making sense of it. That's as far as we've got, we're faced with hundreds and hundreds of pictures. It's just like a massive messy scrapbook, in my head it is anyway! It drives me bananas. I'll give my Mum a copy. She'll just say that's lovely. She won't read it. My dad will have a flick through it. It's not something you have much say over when you're growing up is it?

I suppose the labour aspect of it all, I'm doing everything by myself, so you pick up ways and tricks and techniques and there are probably people, professionals, who know these things a lot better ... But I don't suppose it is about control or anything ... Yeah, it's just a job.

Now I forget my titles and things ... I was making these bottles and I was thinking they might lead somewhere. Because they are quite labour intensive and I can't cut corners on them and I do have to spend a lot of hours on them. I'd rather it wasn't that way. If I did have a lot of money, I don't know if I'd ... Then there was this other piece I made. I made a clock. Well, I say it was a clock, it didn't tell you the time! Ha ha. It was one of those ones.



There's this other one here. What is that? I can't remember what I called it and it's like my favourite thing that I've made all year! I was thinking to myself last night what the bloody hell did I call that piece. I end up describing it and that's awful. I shouldn't do that and it's always the ones that get taken away as well, I find. The van comes to pick them up and they get taken away.

When it comes to the painting, I take real pride in that, it's quite satisfying. When it comes to the finish, those are the things that make me continue making the type of work that I do ... That's one of the great things about calling yourself an artist, not that I'm going to wear crazy glasses or something, but that you could get away with it, you know. That's important to me. I make stuff and I don't write something on a piece of paper and hide it inside. When it's finished, I don't whisper in its ear.

Something like fibreglass that isn't expensive. The bronze for the small things, I used it for its resilience. There is something about painted bronze, these spit balls, there's something quite beautiful about that. I shoved those in the corner. It looked like the work hadn't arrived.

I wouldn't quite say natural, but there is a naturalism to it, you know what I mean. I have to be very careful where I put things. It might be something like the way that you look at it as a viewer, it might be something that you use as an angle to view something ... I'm not like an inch that way, one more, no stop. It drives me bananas!

You can kid yourself that it's real but then it's like it's from a pound shop! You can't believe in it. There was the wood as well, wasn't there, the burning wood. I shouldn't even call it that, I shouldn't even say that!

Yeah, it's just a job. I'd definitely have someone doing the mould making because it's not something I get satisfaction from. I know I can make a mould properly, which is good to know, but it is so fucking boring, I get no pleasure. I wasn't up in arms about it, I just thought, well that's kind of the way that I work, you have a way of working and you just do it.

Well you have to make a living out of it. There's a shelf of things that need to get repaired. It's quite depressing. I try to keep a mould for a couple of years usually in case there has to be a repair, the times when your broken stuff comes back. Moulds take up a bit of space! I've got a shed at home that is just packed with old moulds.

The making is one part of it that you have to go through, but the way they behave, yes that's very important ... A lot of the stuff just tends to ... it does just tend to ... I feel a lot like that about my works ... My attachment to them feels a bit second-hand sometimes, it's done and it's gone. You spend so long with them ... And then they leave. You can enjoy looking at it for about 10 minutes before it gets put in a van and taken away. Yeah, it gets put in a van and sometimes they take it right round the block.