

I CAN'T ONE.

Oil on canvas

A portrayal of negativism, using limitation as an excuse to produce a work of art. The accompanying poem is a true story, real comments made by genuine people. Students and professionals, whose comments I have recycled and used to create a standing figure designed to represent positive body language. The pose speaks for itself and was described to me over the mobile telephone.

Painted with a pencil sharpener in the style of Aboriginal art 'I Can't One' condemns the entire negative, and uninspiring acts of education witnessed in the seventies through to modern day. A personal statement I have been longing to make since being rejected as a professional footballer by Bolton Wanderers at the age of 15.

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I CAN'T

The complete Artist.

I can't do impressionist pictures -
I don't have a suitable brush.
My palette has run out of colours
And my medium's melted to mush.

I ain't got no money for canvas.
The smell of oils get up my nose.
The fruit for my still life's gone rotten
And my model won't take off her clothes.

It's too cold for painting a landscape.
It's too hot to fire any clay:
No paper for papier mache
And the rain washed my gouches away.

No marble for sculpture, no tempera,
No scissors, no textiles, no glue -
No vital creative resources.
Oh, what is an artist to do?

The answer lies deep in the soil
Where the bones of dead artists still lie.
They painted with blood and with spittle
In dark caves made vivid with dye.

The purpose of art is creation,
The light that is carved from the dark.
Our lives are a record of what we endure
And even our bones leave their mark.

■

I CANT

I can't draw
I can't do ceramics cos we ain't got a kiln
And I can't paint on canvas cos canvas is too expensive.

I can't draw a still life as there aren't any objects
I can't paint a landscape cos it's too cold outside
And I can't do life drawing cos we ain't got a model.

I can't do a collage cos we ain't got any glue
I can't work with papier mache cos we ain't got a newspaper
And I can't do textiles cos there's no cotton.

I can't use oils cos they are far too toxic and dangerous
I can't use acrylics cos I ain't got any brushes
And I can't use my imagination cos I'm not allowed to think for myself.

I can't believe what's happening to me cos I'm not allowed to
I can't understand why they do this to me
And I can't trust myself anymore as I have no self belief.