

Art School

Ray Davies

It was clear to everybody in the family that as a
cripple I was a complete
Failure. I did no better at college, actually. I went
to the Hornsey College
Of Art. Hornsey, with the emphasis on horn.
But being at Art College in the mid till late sixties
was quite an experience.
Everything was changing in Britain: fashion, style,
art, theater.
But the thing I enjoyed most about Art College were the
chicks.
Exactly. Don't think of me as crumpet man, do you? Do
you?
But there was one chick in particular. She was in the
sculpture
Department. She was a complete goddess. She was like
one of these
Continental film stars. Her body was shaped like a
Gretch country
Gentleman guitar. But like a Gretch country gentleman,
she was too
Expensive for me.
But every night I persevered. I carried her easel up
the stairs to her bedsit.
All these stairs to this attic apartment. But once I
was inside her bedsit
I'd sit down and talk to her about politics, art,
literature, ...revolution!
The usual crap, do you know what I mean? And this girl
would lean
Against the refrigerator, sip her cocoa and stare at me
as if to say
"You can talk all the bullshit you want. You ain't
gonna get anywhere
With me". And she was right, so I like to dedicate this
next piece
To that wonderful prick-teaser of my youth.