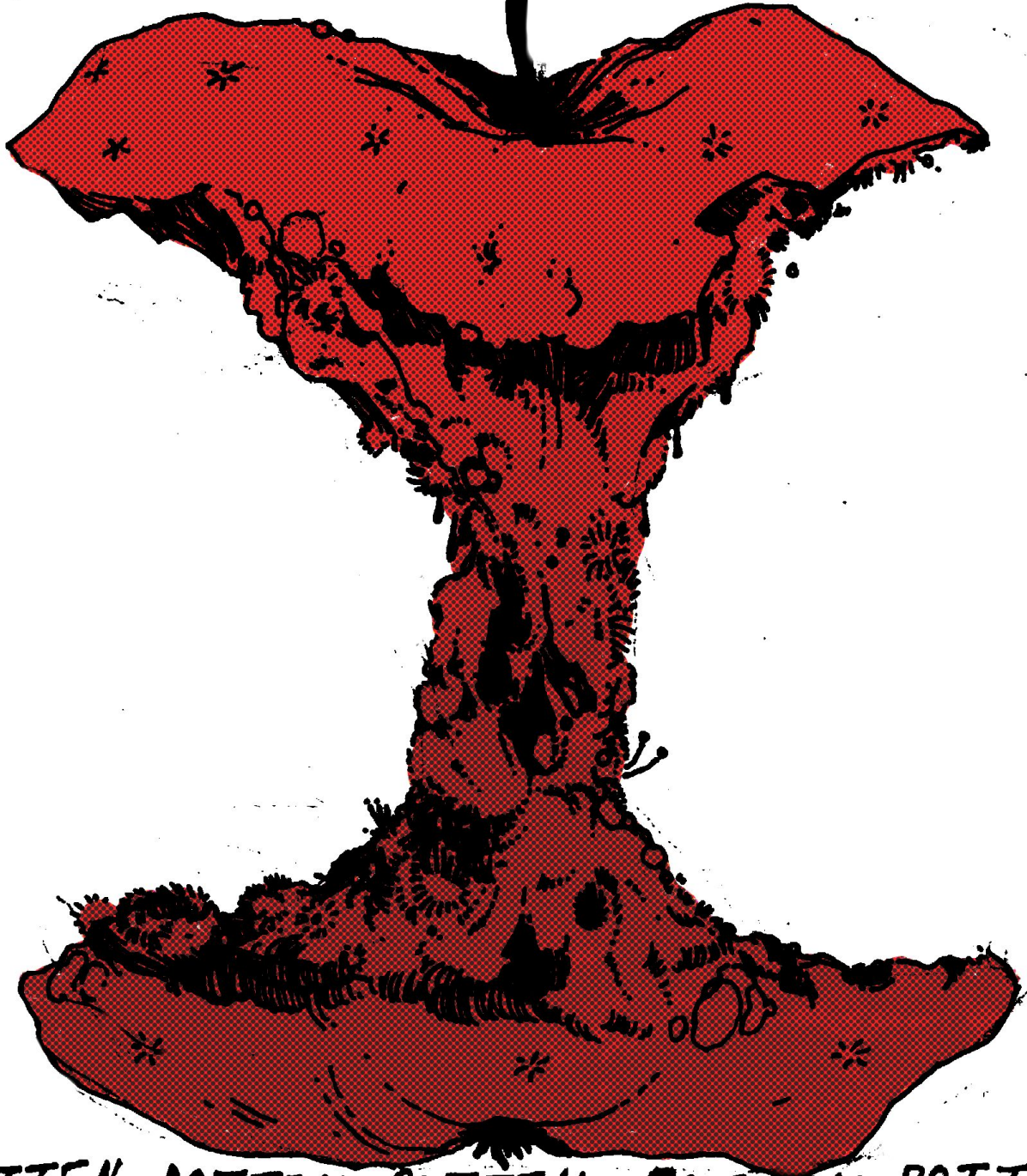




ROTTEN ROTTEN ROTTEN ROTTEN



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*Rotten Rotten Rotten! Aims to bring together a collection of disabled artists to showcase art, performance, sounds, textiles, poetry, film, zines, etc*

*To bring disabled people together at a time where we are expected to be isolated and alone, to find community!*

***Curated with love by Rob Herbert and Lo cleary***

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Rob Herbert



**Joey Hollis** @joeywesss

**:RADIO\FREE\CRIPPLE:**



*a hallucinated aural history of disabledpop &  
asticjouissance*

*Written (and sometimes performed)*

*I am a cripple. I choose this word to name me. I choose from among several possibilities, the most common of which are "handicapped" and "disabled." Even now, I'm not sure what [my] motives are, but I recognize that they are complex and not entirely flattering. People--crippled or not--wince at the word "cripple," as they do not at "handicapped" or "disabled." Perhaps I want them to wince. I want them to see me as a tough customer, one to whom the fates /gods /viruses have not been kind, but who can face the brutal truth of her existence squarely. As a cripple, I swagger.*

Nancy Mairs, 1991, *On being a cripple*

*"...And now here's some other stuff you don't hardly know about either."*

Rahsaan Roland Kirk, 1970, *The Seeker*



## FIRST TRANSMISSION: 1981 The Year of our Disabled Lord

Hello to you out there in Normal Land!

Spasticus Autisticus studio version (1981)



SPASTICVS SAYS: I come among yov as an example, sent by my tribe to portray them, as they are, as beavtifvllly as I am, In all my glory! Some people would stone my tribe and cast them ovt... The extreme members of my club are killed at birth/ withovt the aid of others my tribe can only crawl / s l o w l y.../ Hello to yov ovt there in Normal Land! / we too are determined to be free!

These are the last words of 'Spasticus Autisticus', the one-time avatar of a 'radical righteous psychomodo' - otherwise known as Ian Dury. They are the liner notes of a 'war-cry'; the prelude to a public execution; the paratext to a self-annihilating boast: 'I'M SPASTICUS, I'M SPASTICUS, I'M SPASTICUS AUTISTICUS.'

40 years after this act of auto-cancellation, it seems there are some of you out there still stvck in Normal Land. SO I want to broadcast a final transmission across this epistemological divide: a new-wave wavelength called 'Radio Free Cripple'. Assisting this occult transmission, psychological operations will be organised by a cabbalistic underground of spastic renown known amongst themselves as the differently various. Listening devices & demoralising literature will be airdropped into 'Normal Land' paid for by the crippled tycoons of the culture industry aka. Johnny Rotten and Sweet Gene Vincent. Programming will be haunted by a covert modernism dressed up in the Danimac disguise of a sleazy/spastic/musichall nostalgia. Support will come from blind blues singers and epileptic models. THE main act on the bill, a savagely disabled singer of singular eminence, is Spasticus Autisticus in all his glory.

In 1981 the UN declared it the 'International Year of the Disabled Persons' & Ian Dury sighed. In the same year England's most iconic disabled 'pop star' would be banned from the radio, exiled from public consciousness & commercially aborted for his forbidden spastic pride. Dury's crippled avatar enacted an auto-poetic suicide in a crypto-symbolic conflict over the use and abuse of the language of impairment. IN this psychic circus maximus, Dury was 'lucky like saint Sebastian', surviving his execution as an undead masochist revelling in the spastic agonies of his own martyrdom; Spasticus's sonic self-immolation was always the singles intention, to bring about a 'corporeal controversy' so uncompromising that it left the sham regime of liberal inclusivity crippled beyond remedy.

*Right! Here we go now! A Sociology Lecture! / With a bit of psychology! / A bit of neurology! A bit of fuckology! No fun...*

Ian's original idea for a poli(o)tical intervention in the 'Year of Our Disabled Lord' 1981 was to put together a new band of crips and freaks. Having temporarily disbanded the 'Blockheads' Dury was planning to tour Europe with a new group recruited from 'really savagely disabled places'. "I am going to put a band down the road for the year of the disabled, I'll be spastic and they can be the autistics". Instead, a different kind of punk theatrics emerged: a kind of new wave 'war-cry', Dury's first major label single, backed by Sly & Robbie of Jamaican Dub-Reggae stardom, the single 'Spasticus Autisticus' was born. It's safe to say



Ian's intervention in the politics of self-naming was not well received: not by his new commercial label Polydor; nor by the BBC (who banned the song from being played before 6PM); nor by the commercial radio stations who followed suit. When touring in Australia Dury was told by Brisbane police that he'd be arrested if he played the song live. A press release was issued by the label Polydor attempting to explain Dury's failure to chart, "Just as nobody bans handicapped people, just makes it difficult for them to function as *normal people*, so 'Spasticus Autisticus' was not banned, it was made impossible to function." IN Dury's own words "It wasn't allowed to be played anywhere and people got offended by it - everybody except the spastics."

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*The cripples, freaks and perverts are knocking at the door. They are slouching towards the centre of the public. First they enfreak the underground, then the pubs, then the music halls, and then we do it on the main stage. You, me, the happy spastics, the subhumans and the epileptics. First we take Southend, then Mile End, then Camden. First, we reappropriate, tomorrow we revalorize! The day after that the abject terms of impairment are ours and ours alone and free for everyone to use... And yet London never fell entirely on its side. Back in Normal Land a cabal of Temporarily-Able-Bodies known locally as the BBC were scheming for Spasticus's downfall. This was not the entertainment they had asked for. This was not the cripple they mandated. The troubled/troubling body of the spastic is churned up by the satanic mill of the music industry; his wasted limbs still throbbing with a complex and forbidden form of cultural embodiment; his appendages trembling like narcotised roadkill caught in the aftershock of a new-wave death-skank; it is like this that the spastic body retains a deviant pleasure entirely too corrupt to be amylosed and spat out by the eugenic reveries of mass cult capitalism.*

## Transmission Two : Spastic Become Plastic / fear of the disabled body

*Let's go out tonight and get loose! Let's shake our limbs! Let's neglect normative posture!*

### John Lennon making fun of 'spastics' - discussion (1995)



*[John Lennon doing the walk from R Crumb's Keep On Truckin' at the 1971 Cannes film festival]*

*There has been an interruption to the dance... A voice on the radio commands: Arrest your limbs you little deviant! Stop shaking all over & ask yourself: who's afraid of the spastic body? WHO, in their temporary fits of flailing somatic surrender, who in the carefree corporeality of the social dance, is haunted by the spectre of the cripple...?*

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John Lennon stands on the stage - angry again. This time he is pissed beyond belief that the front row is filled with the so-called 'differently various'. John, not yet sure if he is Jesus, screws up his face and starts stomping and clapping like a paraplegic. Lennon's hatred for the disabled was a real and prevalent issue within their 5 years of touring - in her second memoir, 'John', Cynthia Lennon writes of how, "the Beatles had become a magnet for the sick and disabled on their tours, which bothered John. Queues of people in wheelchairs, on crutches, or with learning difficulties



plus their helpers formed outside the boy's dressing room... John had always reacted badly to disability so for him this was a little short of a nightmare. In our student days he'd mocked the disabled and drawn ghoulish cartoons of cripples. For some reason, disability terrified him, though he could never admit it. It made him feel inadequate and guilty."

In the anthology documentary, George reveals this was not just an issue when performing, but that 'every time you put the camera on [John] he'd start doing his interpretation of what a spastic is'. Crippled by attention, outwardly cruel and not yet admitting he was 'crippled inside', John's bigotry is enlightening as to how the pop singer has repeatedly discovered their disavowed double in the disabled body. Cripples haunt the music hall: as the spastic body is looked down on for having neglected certain limbs, the figure of the disabled body becomes a paradigm of mal-coordination, an amusical icon of elapsed discipline. Normate enjoyment of the bodily and social surrender required in collective dance hinges on a complex disavowal, a need to exorcise the image of the spastic body from sight as that the performance of a certain carefree corporeality is not invaded by an abundance of bad feeling.

And yet the star of the pop performance has always found their inevitable double in the 'staree' of the freak show. The 'star/ee', as an icon of capture within the narcissistic feedback loop of seeing/being seen, can never be free on stage. They can only ever grope towards a malformed sense of their own liberty, practicing "their freedom on lockdown in the enterprise zone" & soon enough the pop 'star/ee' discovers they have been robbed of their autonomy and mortified into a plastic mould. AS Guy Debord wrote, "The agent of the spectacle who is put on stage as a star is the opposite of an individual; he is clearly the enemy of his own individuality as of the individuality of others. Entering the spectacle as a model to be identified with, he renounces all autonomous qualities in order to identify himself with the general law of obedience and the flow of things." Lennon's rendition of the cripple is bound up in this anxiety of entering the stage as a 'star/ee'. Lennon's nervous response to the mortifying & depersonalising implications of celebrity is projected onto the rigid mal-coordination, this parodic performance, of a disavowed/dehumanised/disabled 'other'. John's spastic character crawls on stage to express, 'the constant minstrel need', of the white pop performer, the thirst to 'derogate the real,' come out again. This kind of 'spastic appropriation' was widespread within the formative years of the anglophone counterculture. Archives of the 1968 Sunbury Jazz and Blues Festival & Woodstock in 1969 contain reference to a certain dancing style popular amongst performers and the crowd known colloquially as the 'idiot dance'. This nervous individual flailing, or 'idiot dance,' was typical of an awkward abundance of bodily autonomy in the era immediately following partnered dance. Writing from Sunbury suggests a highlight of this new form of idiot dancing was "Joe Cocker and the Grease band'. Joe was famed for his kinetic presence, when singing close to the mic he would be 'moving almost every other part of his body...

in a sustained *idiot dance* of wondrous proportions. The hands would flail and flutter in an almost spastic, uncontrolled way, the legs and torso would be moving constantly in an ungainly, yet somehow exhilarating, heaving, rotating manner.” The break up of more traditional forms of partnered dance combined with an accelerating regime of visual stardom to provoke a crisis in the body of the pop performer: what do I do with all these limbs?

Signs of this nervous corporeality suffuse the 60s dancehall from the Jerk, to the Twist, to the Hunch. Teenage hyperactivity reassembles the freak show in real time. Insofar as ‘the hunch’ is stalked by the figure of the ‘hunchback’, the temporarily-able-bodied dancer is in a sense chased by their own bent spine, frightened by the sum image of their own irreparable contortions. *The human feasts upon its discontents...*

Chasing this form of spastic high, elements of the white counterculture played more explicitly upon a parody of disability as a rebellious and mal-coordinated sense of freedom. In this appropriative mimicry, the disabled body was performed as if it were living under the conditions of a naive anarchy. The performance of disability at play in the ‘idiot dance’ suggests a tenuous and fraught relationship to the lived realities of disabled people. As the white pop performer looks both towards the black and disabled body as sites of a disavowed inspiration, there is a recurrence of this ‘constant minstrel need’, this ever-present malice of appropriative exchange. What is sinister about this disavowed exchange is the tendency for affective flattening, a kind of performance where flailing limbs or rhythmic recombination contain the assumption that disabled or racialised being could be reduced to a set of gestures: the reduction of identity to the motions of a temporary excitement rather than the affective & chronic experience of selfhood. It was out of this chronic continuum of disabled being that Spasticus was able to reassert the actual complexities and affective contradictions of beingspastic/spasticbeing. AND IT IS LIKE THIS... that

Spasticus was deemed ‘unruly’ - precisely because in his radical and unapologetic alteriority, in his troubled and troubling body-mind, he operated both beneath and beyond the possibilities of appropriation.

Against the ‘flow of things’, Spasticus Autisticus stood up and refused to be counted. Instead, he made an erotic-cum-entropic bid at infamy through his spastic self-declaration. ‘Spasticus’ existed as a self-consciously anti-market act of symbolic self-immolation, a masochistic affirmation of a manic autonomy through rejection of the ‘general law of obedience’ required by identification with the mainstream spectacle.

*The mentally bovine appropriation of the idiot dance was met with a movement so complex and crippled it can never hope to mimic.*



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TO understand the need for Spasticus's creation we must understand how the traumatic plasticity of polio as 'thecrippler', is in a sense repeated in the traumatic plasticity of celebrity and commodification. Dury said, "until I was 36 I didn't have any psychological problems, I was a dirty little pig and I was happy to be that. Then I stopped being that I started being required to be, not Des O'Connor, but along those lines, a household name. People kept coming up to me saying you're a household name now you know, I felt like a piece of tupperware, I felt like I'd been ordinaried, like I'd become plastic."

In Dury's performance of a garishly deformed 'other' the repressed dream of the disabled body to reanimate its spasticity finds meaningful consolation in this revival of a non-plastic non-marketable crippled vitality. IF as Dury portends, "to package our uniqueness we take a risk with our souls", then Spasticus appeared as a conscious attempt to undo this mortification. Spasticus made precisely the opposite kind of gamble, that is to risk his career for the sake of his 'soul'. IN so doing Dury renounced the 'general law of obedience' required of the 'star/ee'. Dury's crippled pop advanced a far more radical model of identification, through this avatar of the spastic hero, Dury fashioned himself into an icon of transgressive resilience. Spasticus's uprising hinged on a guerrilla strategy of abject & autonomous embodiment. 'Spasticus Autisticus' was always an 'anti-charity' song that intended to get itself banned. Precisely by not charting was it able to succeed on its own thanatic anti-market logic. In resisting the call to order, by rejecting his own assimilation into the world of things, by embracing the sense of 'plasticity' which is not rigid and repetitive, but protean and resilient, Dury affirmed a living state of disability, a crude kernel of uncorrupted selfhood, a present and acute affectivity, a real living spastic vitality. Dury's auto-iconoclasm, the destruction of his own image, was a tactical and revolutionary suicide, with a single demand -

*'no more solidarity with corpses.'*

## ***Antonia Atwood (she/her)***

Antonia is a visual artist working with moving image and photography. Antonia's body of work has developed a focus on illustrating and visually interpreting how living with mental and physical illness 'feels'. Using still, moving imagery and sound, Attwood depicts the phenomenology of illness. Her work explores how it feels for individuals to be vulnerable and overwhelmed in the world living with a medical condition. It is not about communicating a straightforward message, but rather sharing interpretations of experience.



*Skin cell .1*



*Skin cell .2*

*These two works Skin Cell #1 and Skin Cell #2 are from the series 'Maybe it was the chicken pox?' which Attwood has been developing since being diagnosed with Psoriatic Arthritis in 2022. In the series, Attwood uses micro photography, painting and text to visualise the excess skin cells being created by her body. These are presented alongside images taken in nature, with Attwood using nature and its imperfections as a way to process her own illness. The result is a series of beautifully grotesque images, at times appearing almost crystalline in their details.*



Bobbi is a queer non-binary writer originally from south London. Diagnosed with fibromyalgia at 19 it's a big part of their inspiration for poetry, scripts and prose, wanting to discuss the alienation of the self and mindset of what it's like living as a disabled person in an abled society.

**Unholy**

I speak in radio silence  
If I close my eyes I become static.  
You ask if I am in pain  
And words fall out of my mouth  
Like fog.  
How do I say it is all the time  
How to articulate it is my constant  
My mornings are trying to walk  
And my nights giving up  
Rocking in my blistering body of cracked bones  
My core a humming of screaming into silence  
Lord I am tired  
I try to love my body  
But god,  
Why does it feel like violence?

I am twisted, sick  
A ghoul walking  
But barely standing  
As I dissipate into my watery condition  
Just a shadow in the sunny world  
How can I be more than what I am?  
I try to love my body  
But god,  
Why does it feel like violence?



*Fibro-love*



Why do I feel as if I am falling?  
My lungs are sinking  
Collapsing inwards on mucus, sticky  
My blood curdling  
A silence that nails scratching  
Tongue biting  
Cannot escape.  
I am in the absolute  
Of lead, darkness  
Screaming like hysteria is the only thing that's ever owned  
me.  
I pray  
On my bloodied knees  
For the day my skin will not feel  
Caught in barbed wire  
The epidermis peeling,  
How translucent  
In this black hole  
Oh,  
How I wait  
To let my arm fall  
Still outstretched  
Gasping, grasping for that pressed linen of your bed  
Where I  
Now unholy, and  
So ardently fell into your arms.  
Loving has made a beggar out of me

### *Cemetery of the undead*

My body is beyond the grave  
Ivy strewn and bones cemented to stone  
A memory of what I am  
A reminder that the grip of death  
Is just a grasp away  
And hauntingly,  
There are no beloved words  
To bless my wretched soul;  
The snowdrops kiss my resting place  
As I think what it would be like to not live a life half-living  
don't hold me too tight  
I will break apart like ash  
And the only thing left  
Will be a sad, pile of bones.



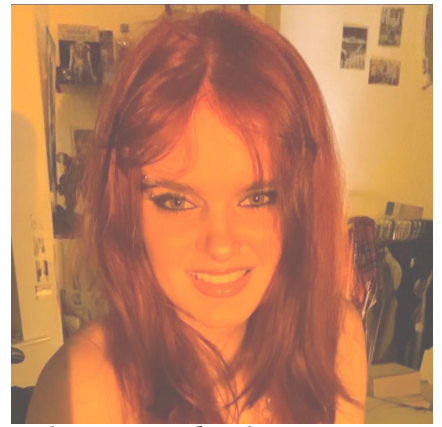


**Holly barton**

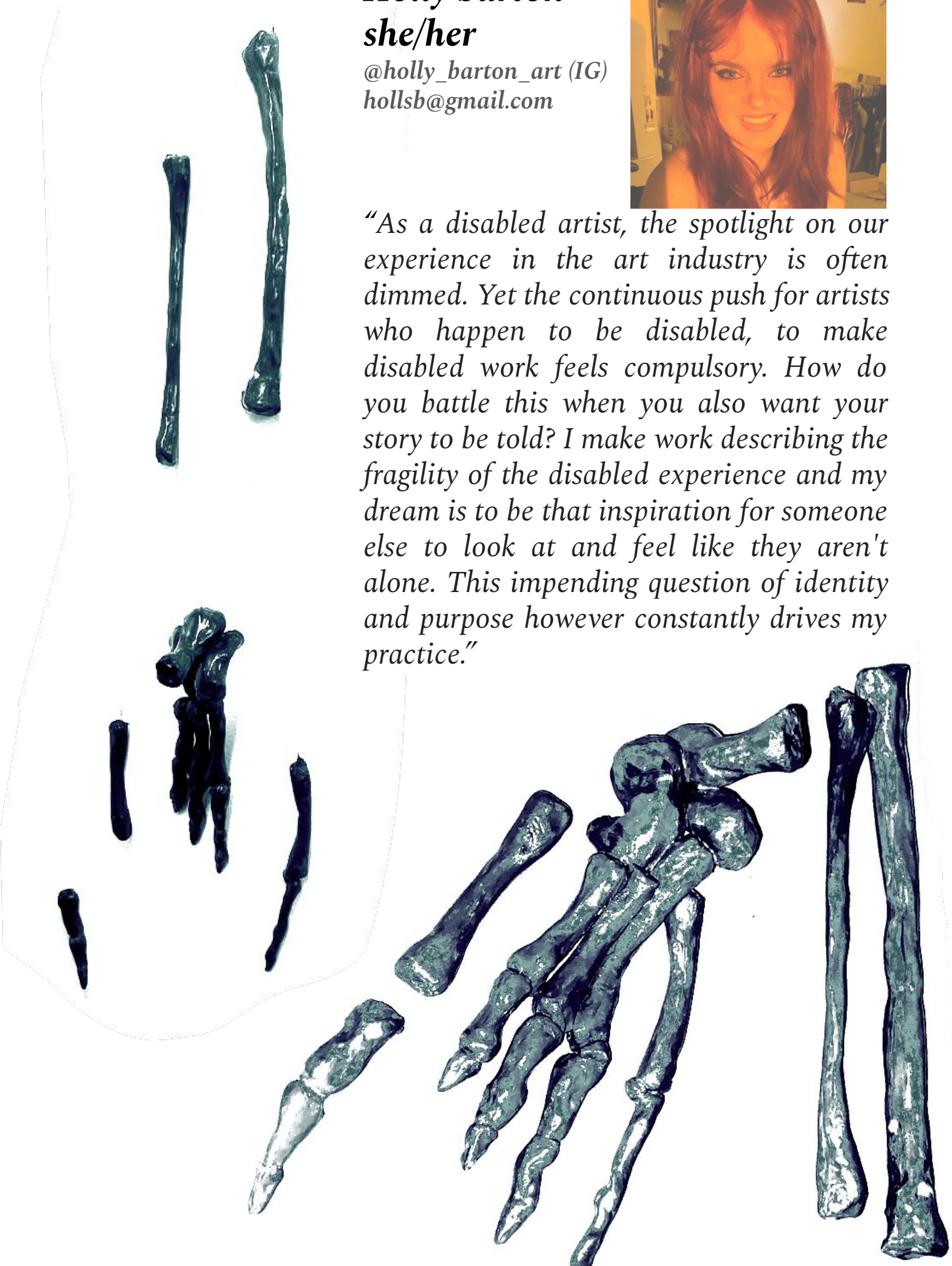
**she/her**

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*"As a disabled artist, the spotlight on our experience in the art industry is often dimmed. Yet the continuous push for artists who happen to be disabled, to make disabled work feels compulsory. How do you battle this when you also want your story to be told? I make work describing the fragility of the disabled experience and my dream is to be that inspiration for someone else to look at and feel like they aren't alone. This impending question of identity and purpose however constantly drives my practice."*





***bec graham***

bec graham is a london-based poet with undergraduate and master's degrees in creative writing. She focuses on visual poetry, using cross-form and multi-medium presentations such as music, photography, film and typography to explore the communication of emotion and storytelling through visual representations of language. She hates capital letters because they destroy the view.

**b.** [beckygraham.sbb@gmail.com](mailto:beckygraham.sbb@gmail.com)





*video one: swifts move across a clear blue sky, flying over each other in groups as the film layers across itself. Light can be seen bouncing off the window, as bursts of white light interrupt the image*

*video 2: from black, a forest at dawn emerges with red and orange sky fading into blue as the camera spins around lifting towards the sky. Bare tree branches stretch across the sky like skeletons as the camera lands on an opening in the trees. The blue sky fades to black*

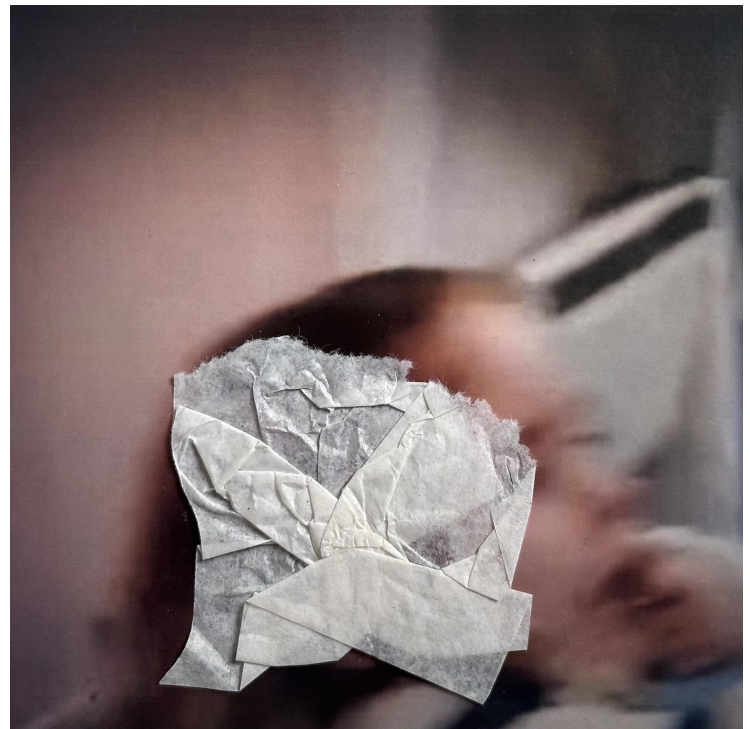


**Indianna McGrath-Clarke (she/her)**

*A London based artist originally from Bath currently studying a BA at Chelsea College of Arts with a social contextual practice based in class and identity.*

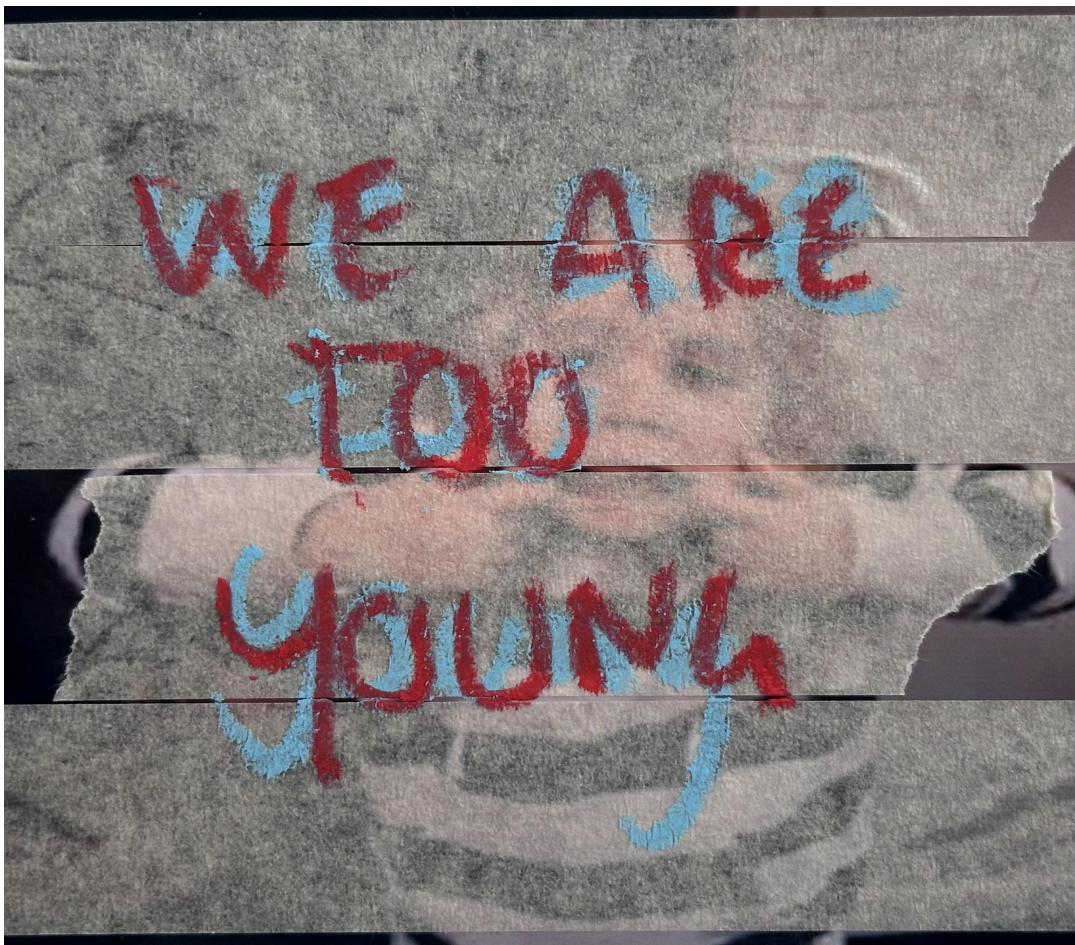
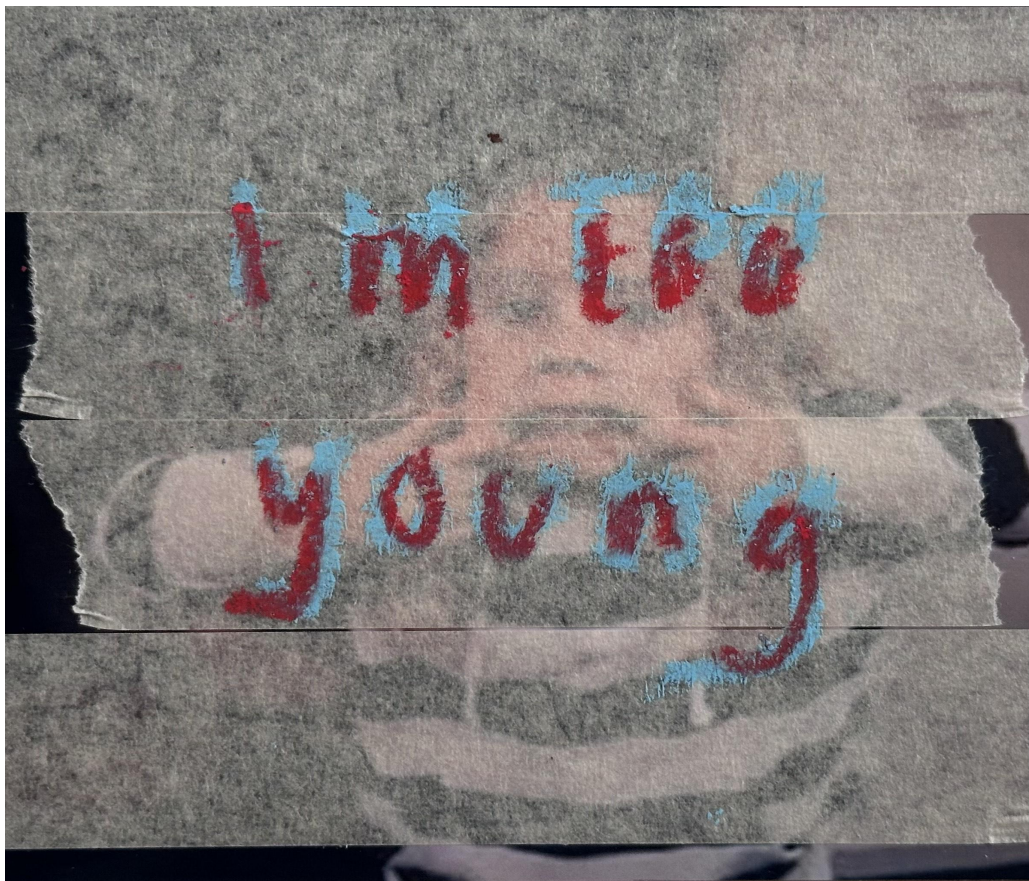


*"I've always been a working class artist that's found struggle to make work with my disability and now's my time to do so. I'm a multimedia based artist that works with primary photography and animation, I hope to one day bring light onto the struggle of the lesser known whether it be those who struggle in silence with disabilities or with quality of life."*



@youraveragejanedoe (IG)





***The prime of our youth***

*Video of young artist being manipulated using materials such as pen and paint to distort image and describe a range of pain*



Based in Leeds, UK, Laura Lulika is an artist and cultural worker. Their experience of being a disabled queer neurodivergent and working-class parent shapes their creative practice. Lulika can usually be found sat on their stoop like a gnome where the local kids will come for chunky chawks, plant babies and a natter.

*Autohaunt is a year-long project conjuring the many ways we are haunting ourselves individually and collectively. Ancient and Internet spirits consume and dissect us. The force of the medical industrial*

## **Autohaunt**

Expired hot water bottles  
Takeaway and readymeal tins  
Ring pulls and metal scraps  
Dried Scottish Seaweed  
Dried natural materials  
Thermal paper roll

*complex gets stronger and sick resistance grows and depletes in a rusty spiral. Autohaunt invites apotropaic magic and ritual within everyday activity; care and medical tasks, irl or url, to invoke the resistance of those who are blocked from accessing health/care.*

*This project is supported by Transmediale Berlin, Arts Council England, send+receive Winnipeg and Glasgow International Festival.*

A video monitor containing a video of two people in a cave. One person is a white person with ginger hair wearing a brown jumper and a floral bonnet. The other person is a Black person with black afro hair wearing a dark green jumper dress and a green felt bucket hat. They sit, stand walk and perform the music within a green-screen cave.

The video monitor has a white paper frame with smoky black markings.

From under the video monitor flows a paper scroll with smoky black writing and illustrations. The text story on the scroll is the same as the one you hear within the sound of the video.

Either side of the video monitor are two Sheela Na Gig creatures. Sheela Na Gigs are ancient pagan idols that are usually carved out of stone and are thought to have been used for birth apotropaic magic. Their defining feature are enlarged vulvas. These two Sheelas are made from care materials. One is made from expired hot water bottles in red, white and a creamy yellow colour. The other is made from takeaway and ready meal tins. They both have scrap and dried natural materials hanging from them.



'Video and sound created in collaboration with Hang Linton under the project name, Medical Museum'



The pseudo care merchant removes his doctor disguise



My haunted body drags itself home



The medicinal remedy  
is a natural product and  
is not synthetic and  
is not a drug.  
It is a natural product  
and is not a drug.  
It is a natural product  
and is not a drug.

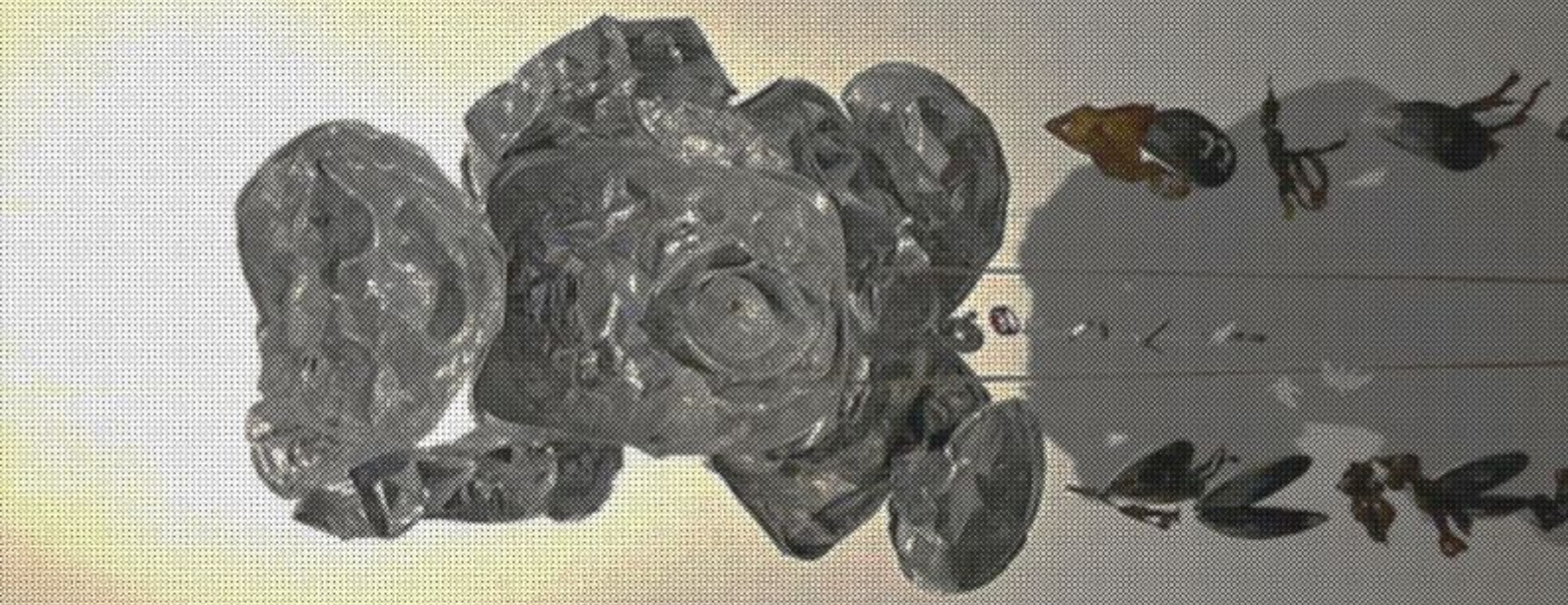
It is a natural product  
and is not a drug.  
It is a natural product  
and is not a drug.

It is a natural product  
and is not a drug.  
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and is not a drug.  
It is a natural product  
and is not a drug.







## Chloe watts she/her

"I am an artist whose practice provides a container for the exploration of my thoughts. My making process is visceral and cathartic, and is fuelled by my want to understand my own brain. I have recently taken up working with glass and have fallen in love with the delicacy of the materials involved."

(above) 'Inside my own head Volume. 7 45x65cm

An exploration of the mind

@chloeyasart (IG) [www.chloeyas.art](http://www.chloeyas.art) [chloeyasart@gmail.com](mailto:chloeyasart@gmail.com)





*"I am everyone else" 40x28cm*  
*An exploration of the self*



*I am everyone else*



Dr. Lovell is a survivor, a cripple and a Dr of critical community psychology. She has used the 'expanded I poem' process with people with lived experience as a way for them to reflect on their thoughts and feelings from personal, interpersonal, group and community levels of experience.

Being able to use your own words to write poetry that reflects our lived experience is to her both a joy and a challenge, given that sometimes we find out things about ourselves that even we were not aware of!

**Dr. Jacqui Lovell**



@jacquiluvslife

(blue-sky, IG/FB, and blogspot)

### **Politicians pissing on the NHS**

*People, patients and Politics*

*in the National Health*

*based on need not wealth*

*Social care in the community*

*meals on wheels*

*are decimated*

*while older women*

*are being cremated*

*in the name of economic*

*attitudes, platitudes*

*designed to appease*

*the masses*

*to pass the muck*

*buying shares*

*to make a buck*

*Billionaires*

*are getting theirs*

*but let's not worry*

*or cause a flurry*

*cos care is really*

*over-rated*

*Neglect is where it's at*

*it's so right on*

*false hope is pat*

*while they get fat*

*on fornication*

*Fucking up*

*the entire nation*

*Give 'em drink*



*cheap libation*

*so they won't notice*

*we've removed*

*the poultice*

*pissing up the Wall*

*watching, waiting*

*for it to Fall*

*Cos we'll be there*

*to pick the pieces*

*for any flesh*

*left on the bones*

*sitting on our*

*Austere thrones*

*setting ratings for*

*the loans*

*We're taking*

*over-inflating*

*pay back*

*then hacking up*

*the phlegm*

*to spit on us*

*again*

*When they're not*

*fit to shine*

*the shoes*

*of every Person*

*that we*

*lose*

## ***My heart lies bleeding...***

*My heart lies bleeding, not from a love lost or forgotten  
but from a childhood torn apart by corporate power and a weakling shower  
masquerading as a government that give a fuck when they clearly didn't and don't,  
they'd cut your throat given half a chance and discard you like the  
lost doll they imagine you to be.*

*My heart lies bleeding for the many and the few, the 'others'  
who didn't know what to do, to say, to make the badness go away,  
the government will make them pay & pay & pay & pay, ok,  
a 10 year route to re-settle-ment, means a lifetime lent to pain  
perceived as punishment for the sin of innocence omitted,  
trodden down to drown in the dirt of their twisted minds  
and bitter tasting justice.*

*My heart lies, bleeding for all the pricks that make me sick,  
the pomp, the ceremony, the prestige, the power, the sad, thick shower,  
dressed up in their uniforms, these appendages on arses, walking round the earth  
with no other thought than to display their worth and fight their farces  
with nameless faces, as if they were people from other races,  
loading women and children into vans, then sleeping sound,  
with blood on their hands.*

*My heart lies bleeding for the decision makers those movers and shakers  
who with a swipe of their pen, can wipe your wishes away again,  
so, you 'know your place' is not protected, you are the most affected,  
exams written off, discarded, no longer worth the paper they're written on,  
all through a date of birth they won't admit was wrong  
for fear of losing face, place and position in their schism,  
the prism through which they peer and leer and poke,  
a cruel sick joke, that no-one shares,  
as if they cared.*

*My heart lies bleeding for the powers that be, safe in their capitalist castles,  
aiming their misguided missiles at you and me, happy with 'austerity',  
supporting suicidal ideation of the masses, the working classes, futures  
discarded,  
with hard hearted health and social 'care', commissioned by those 'up there',  
that bears no relation to the needs of our diverse population,  
relegated to the lowest division, through media derision,  
the underclass supported in this self styled strangulation,  
curtailing culture and cooperation,  
as they forge their Brexit nation...  
...my heart...lies...bleeding...*

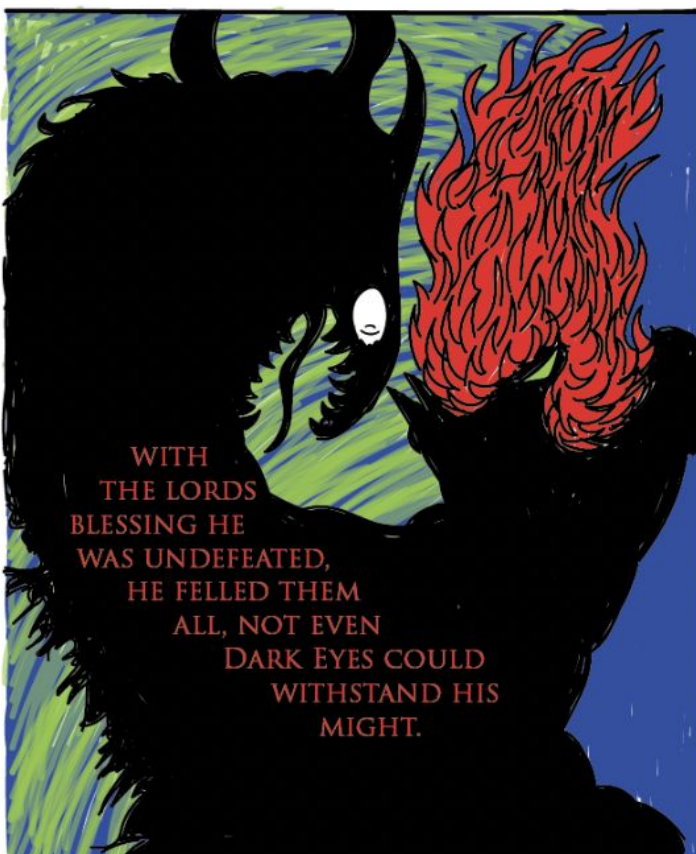
## Denis Carr-Murphy

“Hi I’m Denis, I like to doodle monsters and stuff, if you wanna have a look go to my insta @dcmthing” (IG)

Carr-Murphy has an ongoing original panel style comic titled “Devil Jam” which is available to the public on Webtoon.

Devil Jam features bold, saturated colours for emphasis notably red, purple and bright green with a hand illustrated touch.

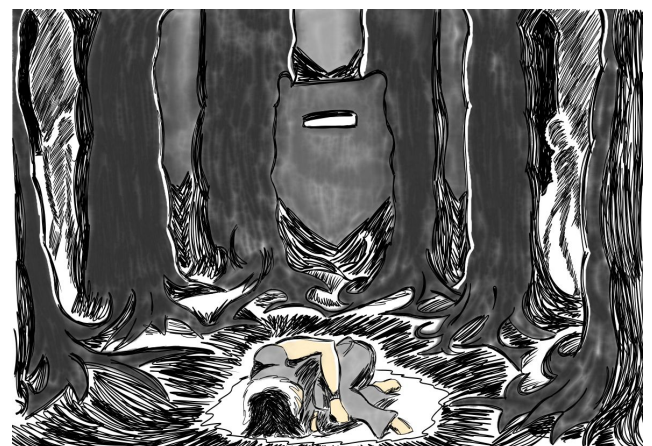
“Lidda is on the run from both the Sacred Order and the Demons that litter the country because she is possessed by the most powerful and evil of all the demons. She travels in search of a way to get rid of the demon once and for all.”



Episode 4, Scene 6, Page 115



Episode 18, Scene 20, Page 219-220

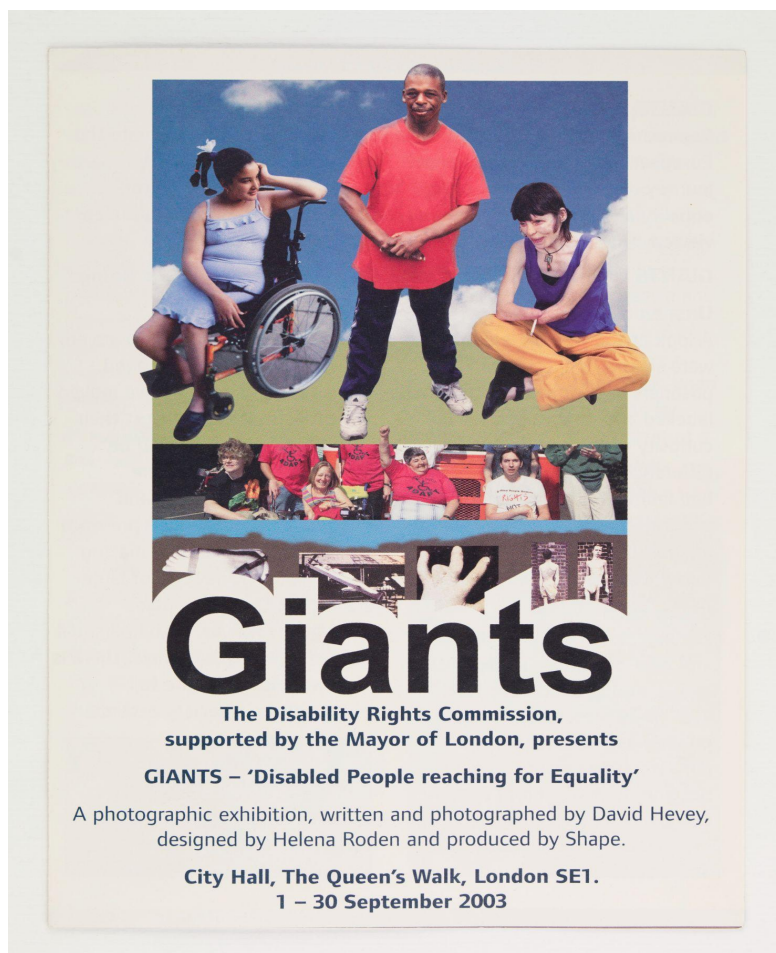


Solitary: A3, landscape, submitted for publication



# NDACA - National Disability Art Collection and Archive

A small selection of archival exhibition posters showcasing artwork from disabled artists. These images, amongst others, were kindly submitted with permission to print to be featured as physical copies in the RRR exhibition space.



## *Cloud 'spike' Sinclair* *they/he*



A savoury introduction: Cloud Sinclair is a black-queer trans poet from West London. They have a dream of writing on a fire escape in NYC but they'll settle for dreary London for now. Sinclair has been writing poetry since he first learned how to hold a pen, their poetry and journals share a first hand account into the daily living of a black non binary person in the UK. Poetry for them is a way of feeling their way through the ether that is this our confusing and beautiful world. You can find them in any brick- walled dim lit cafe.

@yappybebop (IG) // Substack: vergilswrds

### *bone splinter*

drowsy. a highway truck swerved into the ditch. underpass street lamp flickers - flashes and breathes its final breath. it started with your eyes. misplaced. blurry to the world. penguin walk on heavy hips. you okay love you look a little off balance. can you run on those legs? i don't want to slow down my daily walk to fit around you! yeah sure of course it's okay that we take a break bud just hurry up about it. yeah i didn't call you cuz we plan to walk around greenwich park for a few hours you know visit the little telescope you wouldn't make it to the top of the hill. just stay down here and sit pretty. a bone clicks. teeth fall out of place. jigsaw puzzle badly slotted. damaged and missing pieces. don't buy "parts only". lighting cracks beneath your eyelid. there's a storm brewing in your chest, the kind that's glacial- inhospitable. your body is a barren warehouse. water plinks and drops from the railings. the building doesn't have an accessible entrance. electrical wires spark and systems collapse. weird fishes swirl around your broken body. you're in splinters floating against the stream. hands grab you from the depths and you're on your way into interrupted visions . little malfunctioning robot sleep in static dreams.

**you're too young for that cane sweetie**

**you shouldn't be on that medication long term**

**you're so young leave the medical aid to us.**

**broken.**

**lazy.**

**left behind**

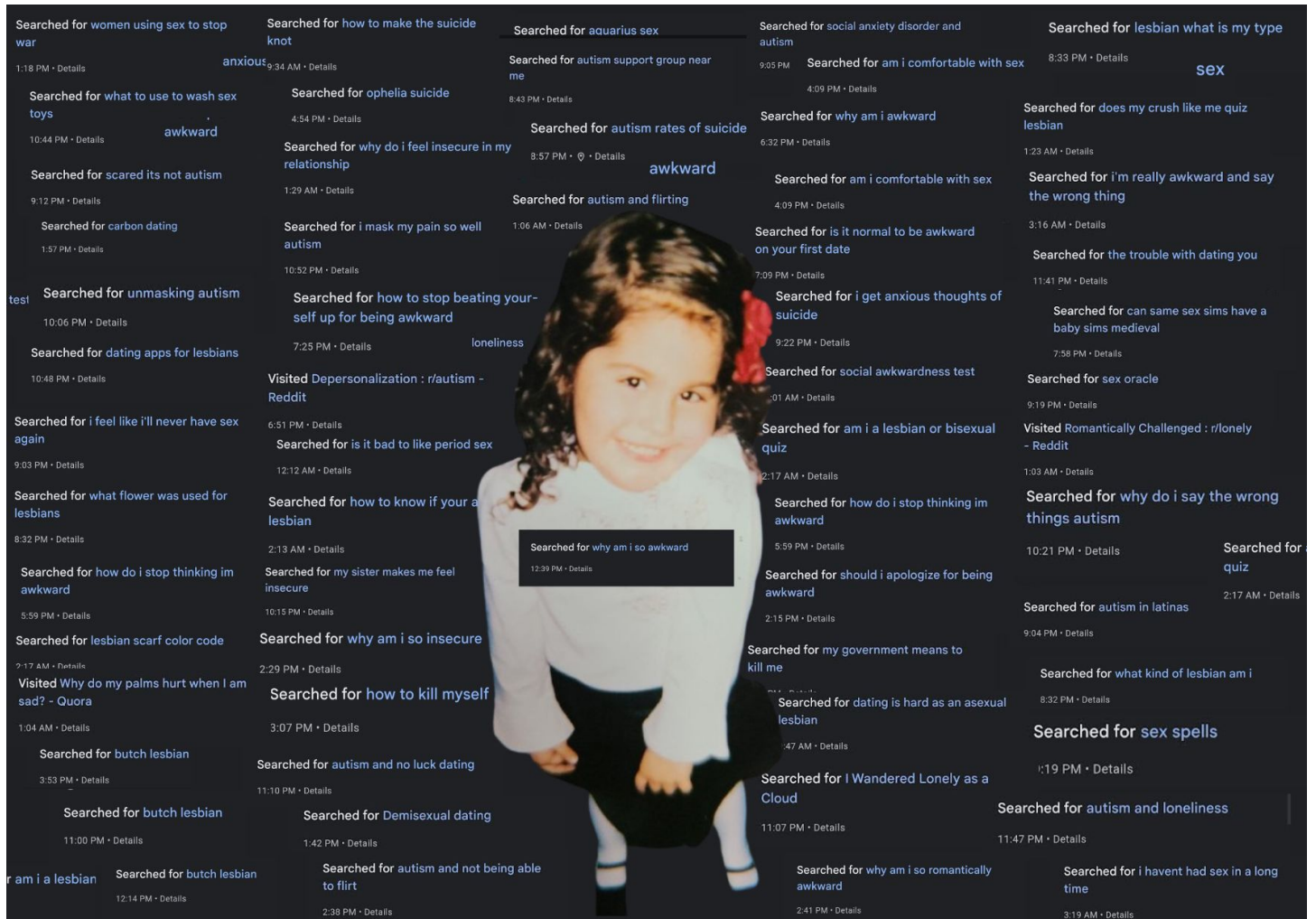
**crippled**

**busted winged sparrow**

***diary entry: 20/11/24***

*yesterday i felt deathly ill. i still won't see a doctor. not sure why. i was stumbling and on the verge of passing out and all i could do was panic. breathe in breathe out and it feels good to breathe. i don't know why i don't do it more. my body's baseline is pain, without it i travel the world confused. there has to be something wrong something for me to push through something for me to prove that i can beat. there's a strange comfortability in the aftermath of sickness. your limbs have no choice but to slump. you can no longer tense up, your voice goes hoarse and your eyes slip shut every few seconds. that's true peace. that inky blackness of nothing but you and your ebbing pain. it's when i feel the most relaxed, it's the only time i can think is after a bout of illness . let your body vomit it all and reject it and then you can relax but until then sit and stew with your inches upon inches of pain.*





**Victoria Jamilé Hernández**

**she/they**

@cuir\_bookseeker (IG)

Victoria is an Autistic Queer writer, student and teacher from Puerto Rico. A graduate student that dreams of publishing fantasy, science-fiction and horror novels with powerful Caribbean queers as the protagonists.



***The Search History of an Autistic  
Lesbian***

***By Victoria Jamilé Hernández***

Dating apps for lesbians

25 questions to ask on a date

How to know someone likes you

Why am I so insecureeeeeee??

How to flirt

How to flirt with a girl...

How to flirt with a girl when you  
are also a girl

How to kiss your date

When should I kiss my date?

Things to say before a kiss

I feel like I'll never have sex again

How to be less awkward on a date?

Why am I socially awkward?

How do I stop hating being  
awkward?

Being autistic and awkward on a  
date reddit

How to be less awkward? reddit

Is my date not having a good time?  
Reddit

Should I make a move?

Why did they say let's be friends?

What do people actually mean by  
let's be friends? Reddit

What can loneliness do to the  
heart?



*'shape shifter'*



***Prakriti Pachisia (she/her)***

@prakritipachisia (IG)

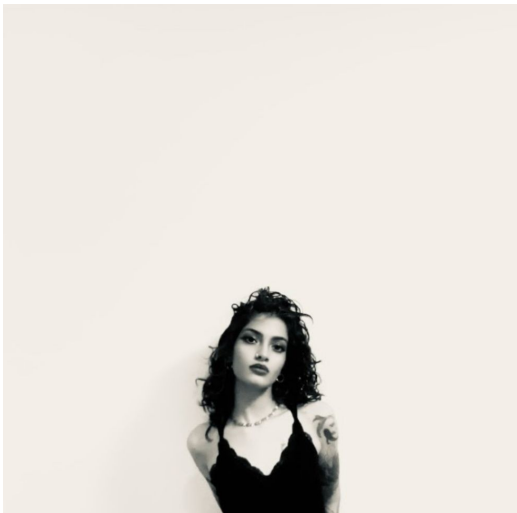
My name is Prakriti, and I'm a 23-year-old visual artist from India, currently based in London. I've been creating art since I was five, and it has always been a vital part of my life, especially during uncertain times.

I work across multiple mediums—painting, digital illustration, photography, filmmaking, and using paper or clay to build things by hand. For me, art is deeply personal; it's a reminder that I'm human, that I'm here, that I'm feeling. It's never been about perfection, so it bothers me when people say they're “not good” at art. I don't like the way creativity has been turned into something intimidating or exclusive. My purpose is to make art accessible for everyone because I truly believe it belongs to everyone.



Through my work, I explore what it feels like to exist in a world that's constantly shifting—a world where we're haunted by detachment, dissociation, and existential uncertainty. These themes run through everything I create, reflecting my inner battles and the ways I've struggled with mental health for much of my life. I'm fiercely against the rise of generative AI in creative fields, especially when it replaces the deeply personal act of making something with your own hands and heart. My work is grounded in a belief in humanity, in imperfection, and in a rejection of the capitalist systems that try to commodify art and creativity.

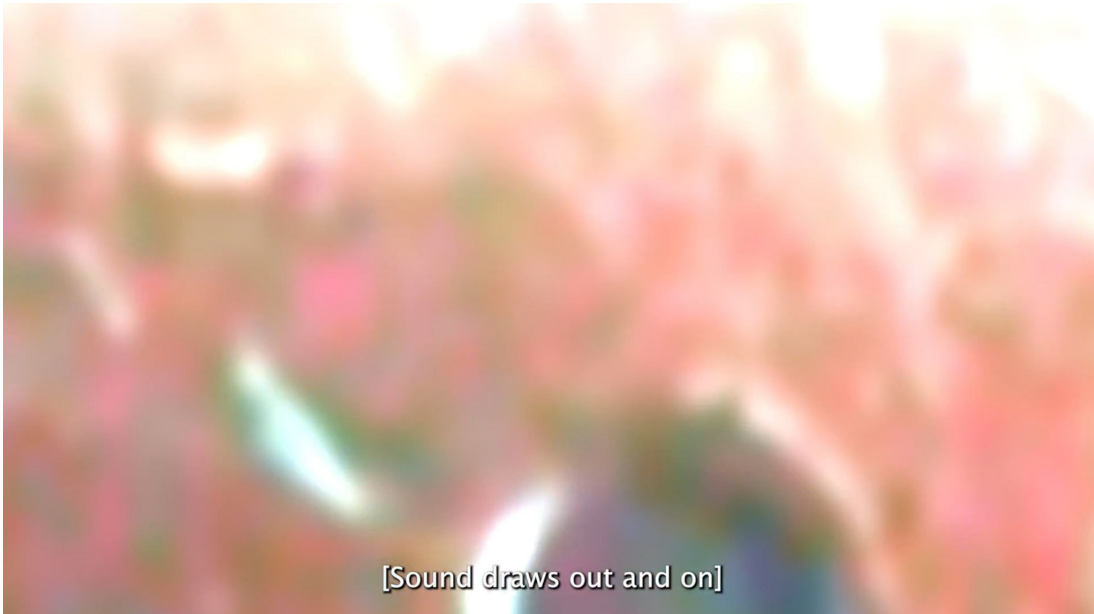
Creativity has been my only constant through it all. It's where I process my thoughts and connect with others in a way that feels real. I'm inspired by the idea of creating and curating spaces where people feel seen and understood. I'd love to work in independent filmmaking, direction and curation—spaces where I can continue to explore and share this journey of being human.



**Martha Wommack**

**she/her** @wommartha (IG)

*“Conversation computer”*



[-----]

The door distantly thuds. A small word is spoken, it slips under the floorboards of the room. The echo stops and stays as a dead thing. Buzzing, humming, everyone leaves, minimal interference now. Returning to the buzzing, it hums and hums and drones. The snare drum clarity of quick sonic identity does not align/t here. Unidentified, someone else would know, surely, they would know better than to sit in a static that does not welcome them. Sweat pulls down my back as I stand to the feeling, a single bead traverses the plane attached that I cannot see. White noise, bland signals, tap the floor 1,2,1,2. The pencil hits the wall, thudding and opening up, spelling out every letter. Punched the sound. The dry echo is stripped of its wet biology. Scrapes against the wall of the endless room. A light glitters in the window, part of the skyline reflecting impossible space. Tap the floor, 1,2, sweet echo. Rubber hits hollow plank and flexible points meet. Knuckle hits wall hard not hollow and heavy, fuller violent. Endless hum, unceasing buzz

---

The line is the hum, it goes and goes undefeated. Endlessly repeating. The whole building becomes a hum, the centralised point of the secretive buzz. Deep thud, push, pull, tap, tap, drill push, sift. How to form around the humming, where is the buzzing born? Bland signals, white noise, the sonic arc pulls itself around the room. I hear the soft pencil float, meeting the paper at a warm conjunction. The static stays, I must live here forever. There is no other house. A distant droning noise catches my ears. Pulling me to a new unknown. The door opens again, the question is asked. The hum is briefly covered in the interruption, falling back into the river.

---

Partial blur. Silent click. Feel the motion under my fingertips without the proof that it happened. Reverberating something, untrue noise. Light in each corner warp together, wrap around, designate. Faint ear worm, a bad pop song. Words are preferred so that I can face their clarity. The abstract city and its sonic lunarscape are undetermined territory. Clack clack clink, thud, pour, step 1,2, 1,2, 1,2 11111. Crunching underfoot in the park, busy hum of the street, drone of traffic, clipped birdsong. Physical to neural, transitory states and the pathways are altered beyond recognition.





## SYNTHESIS

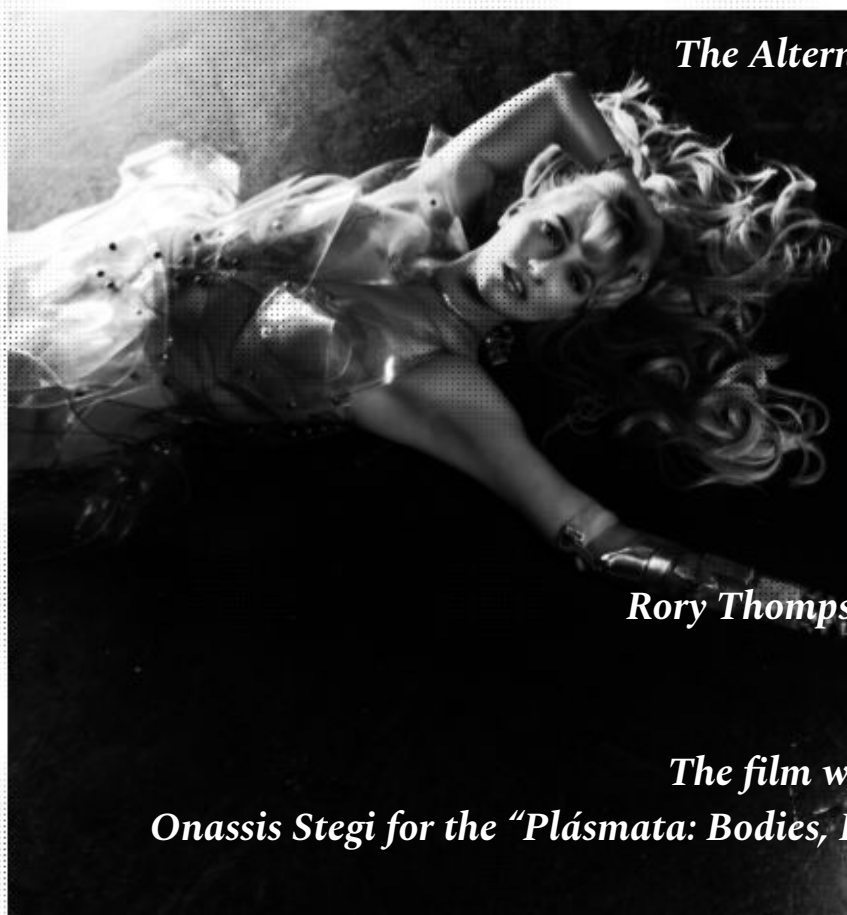
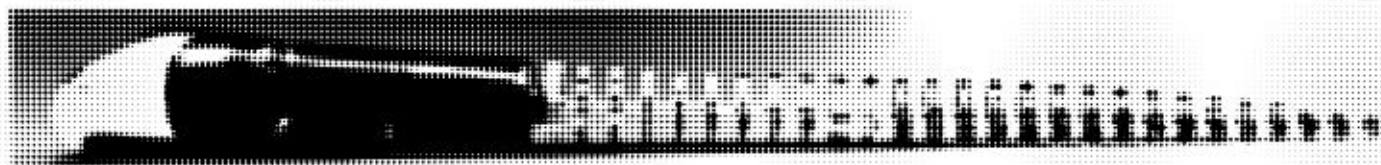
A series exploring the embodiment of technology and humans through prosthetics.

**Kelly knox**  
@itskellyknox (IG)

*"I want to change the way society perceives disability - showing disability can be cool, sexy, powerful...my body is the canvas and when wearing an Alternative Limb, I become the art"*



<https://thealternativelimbproject.com>



*The Alternative Limb Project*

*Modelled by*

*Kelly Knox*

*Concept design*

*Sophie de Oliveira*

*Mech design*

*Dani Clode*

*CAD design*

*Jason Taylor*

*Electronics design*

*Rory Thompson and Hugo Elias*

*Video*

*freebirdfilm*

*The film was commissioned by*

*Onassis Stegi for the "Plásmata: Bodies, Dreams, and Data"*

*exhibition*



**Juha.**

*my music is a mess, the sounds are worse. I try to make wretched, grotesque, brutal and beautiful things*

@juha.fool (IG) // <https://soundcloud.com/juha-fool>

“Instancing”

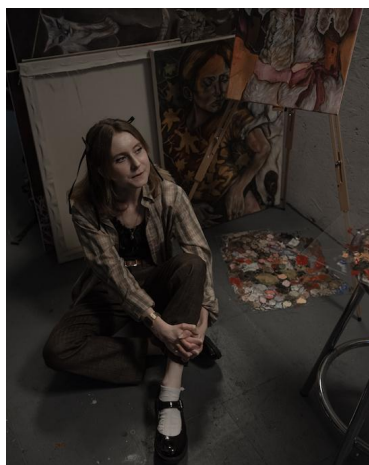






**Estelle Simpson**  
**she/her**

@interst3llars (IG)



estellesimpsonart@gmail.com

In smooth, careful oils, Camberwell College of Art 2023 graduate Estelle Simpson (b.2001, Leeds, UK) invites you into an uncanny fictional world, replete with symbols and tinged with menace. Within her practice, Estelle engages with a rich history of symbolist and surrealist painting whilst carving out her own unique voice within these paintings. She performs a deep reflection on the trespassings of the exterior world on the interior mind, and vice versa. It is the 'multiple narrative interpretations' which pull the viewer inexorably into the sphere of Estelle's paintings, as the mind seeks to make connections and form meanings within the shifting, duplicitous snapshots. Often invigorating everyday minutiae with theatrical elements, her practice continues to explore the staging of impressions of thoughts, feelings, struggles and pleasures. She hopes to draw attention to the subtle beauty of nature and the relics of our past.





Phoebe Kaniewska is a socially engaged artist, facilitator and curator from South London, who uses her lived experience working in healthcare, chronic illness and disability to shape her artistic practice. She strongly believes in the therapeutic benefit of art, both for the maker and audience. Kaniewska also facilitates workshops and art practises in a variety

of settings, including galleries, charities and hospitals. She is interested in creating and caring for spaces that support, excite and interact with communities and individuals alike. Her most recent work is 'Endometriosis Charms' - a charm necklace representing stories from 10 people with Endometriosis. She is also fascinated by storytelling and folklore, and explores forgotten and local folklore in her work.



explores Kaniewska's journey with illness, disability and healing. Kaniewska invites the viewer to open the medical cabinet at their own volition, revealing a heavily scented cabinet full of herbs in unlabeled glass bottles. Although each herb has healing properties, the smell of them combined is overwhelmingly pungent and not easily distinguishable - it is not clear which herbs should be taken. The three pendants that hang from the inside cabinet each depict a herb that has helped Kaniewska's symptoms, presented as amulets or tokens to preserve the herbs meaning after their use.



***'None Shall be Barren in Your Land!'***

***200cm x 200cm***

***Cotton, thread, wadding***

*After my partner was diagnosed with testicular cancer last year, I learnt how to sew, quilt and embroider. While my partner slept, rested and underwent treatment, I made this piece, which encapsulates the domesticity, grief and love of that period of time. This piece is quilted with sperm shapes via a computer-programmed embroidery machine, inspired by the many ridiculous, slapstick conversations about sperm and fertility we've had over the last 6 months.*



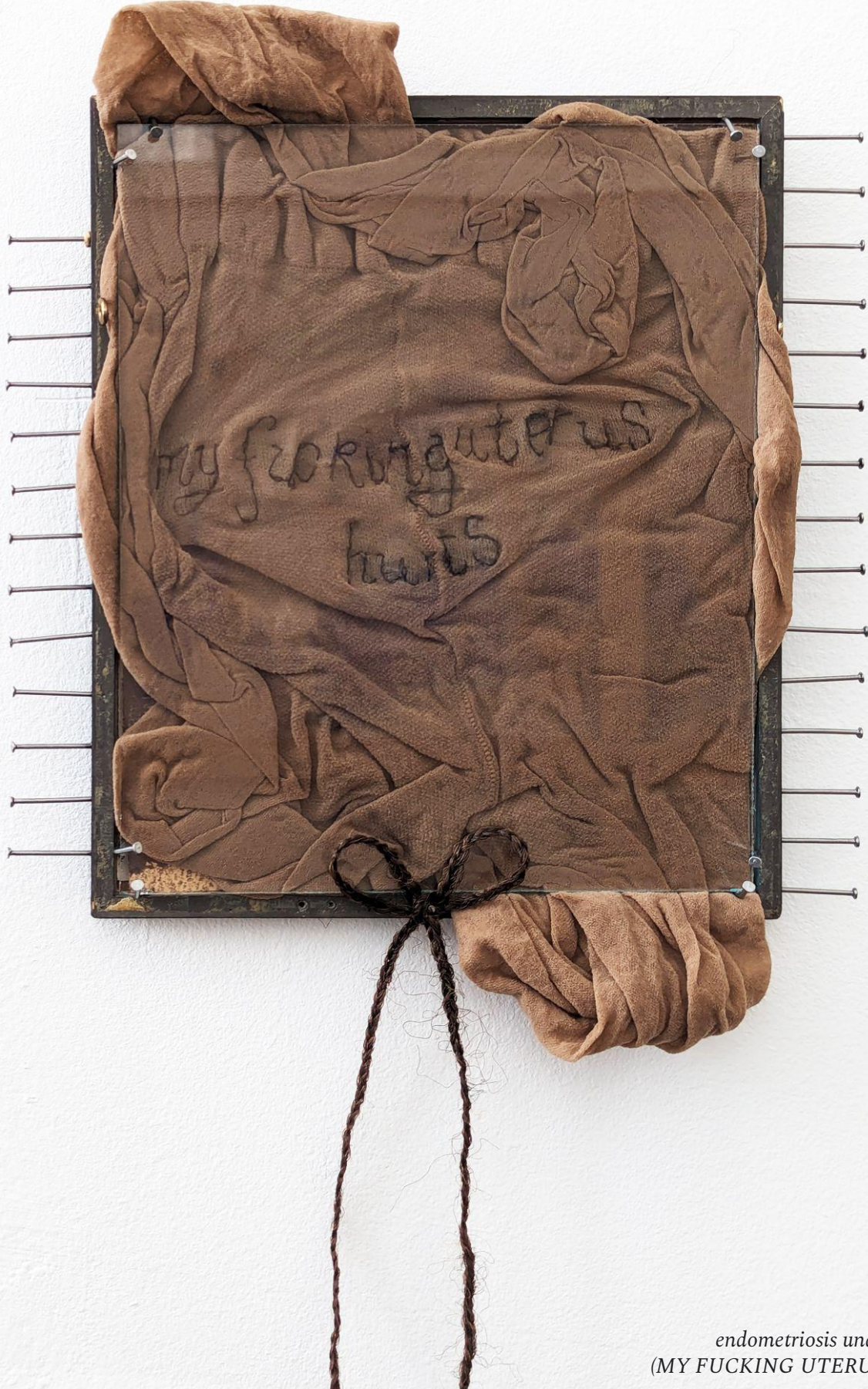


# Alice Rorrison

## they/them

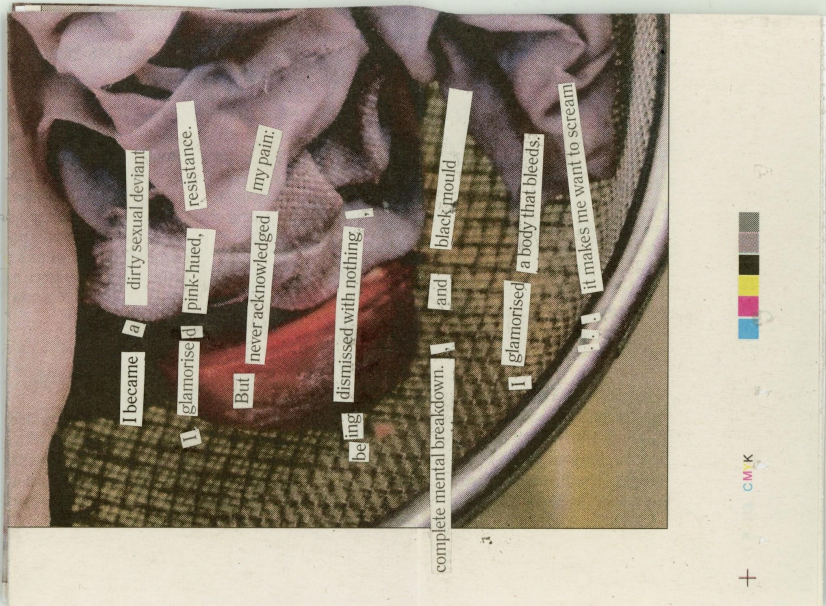
Rorrison is a South London based artist. Their work reflects on personal experiences of internal, physical, and neglected battles of disconnect from social categories. Rooted in gender-nonconformity, they are interested in challenging binaries and preconceived notions of the value of materiality. Through non-hierarchical forms of making they strive to queer the mundane in a celebration of authenticity.

@gnomefishing (IG)



*endometriosis undiagnosed ?*  
*(MY FUCKING UTERUS HURTS)*







*An ode to Jolene - 85x100cm hand quilted cotton*



@disgaybled (IG) // alicebye@gmail.com

**Alice Bye (They/Them)**

*A hand quilted textile banner, the top corners have blue flowers with green stems and leaves, framing the quilt is a border of stars in reds browns and yellows, in the middle of the quilt is a black power chair framed by elaborate shapes and plants. Below the power chair are two hounds with wings holding onto poles that have stars on the top and plants entwined. The name of the chair - Jolene is below the hounds in a red and yellow font with pink background. Below that the same blue flowers as at the top finish in a scalloped bottom edge.*

*An ode to my wheelchair, Jolene. She's carried me for years and years and years, I'm getting a new power chair soon which will meet my needs better and I genuinely feel sad that Jolene and I will be parting ways, I wanted to make this quilt to celebrate the absolute freedom and comfort she has given me, I feel so lucky to have had such a wonderful wheelchair all these years. We have travelled to different countries and countless cities, traversed the great outdoors and accessed nature in ways I couldn't before her. Here's to you, Jolene.*





*“I make work about these hidden worlds of disability I experience, behind closed doors and away from the medicalisation that follows me so closely. I create work that reflects my world outside the hospital and tests that have become a heavy trauma. Quilting has become my main source of expression as I combine illustration and textile skills in ways that break down the barriers I've faced when making my work. I've adapted my art to work with my disability by digitally composing my quilts and having the illustrations printed onto fabric which becomes the tops of my quilts. I'm constantly learning new skills that help navigate the creation of my work. I take inspiration from historical quilts and the stories behind them, often made by disabled or incarcerated people and try to echo this disability history within my work.”*

*“My queer, trans, disabled and working-class identities dictate the direction of my work. I look at the ideas of comfort, home, community and family. I craft objects that have dual purposes, both as home comforts and decoration. This desire to swaddle myself and my practice in the soft textile comes as a juxtaposition to my daily life as a disabled person. I'm seeking comfort in all aspects of my life, physical or psychological.”*

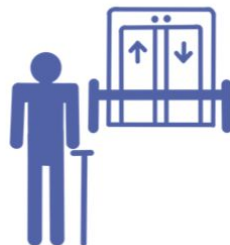
# “It’s accessible...”



but you need a member of staff to help you get in



but there’s no emergency evacuation plan



but the lift is broken



but the ramp is at a 45° angle



but there’s not enough priority seats



but there’s no accessible toilet



but they won’t let assistance dogs in



but only if there isn’t more than one wheelchair user



but mobility aids are expensive

“But you need a member of staff to help you get in”

“But there’s no emergency evacuation plan”

“But the lift is broken”

“But the ramp is at a 45° angle”

“But there’s not enough priority seats”

“But there’s no accessible toilet”

“But they won’t let assistance dogs in”

“But only if there isn’t more than one wheelchair user”

“But mobility aids are expensive”



**Beau Beaven**  
(he/him)

@BeauBeavenDrawsStuff (IG)  
<https://beaubeavendrawsstuff.cargo.site/>

Beau is an image maker that specialises in illustration and graphic design, currently studying Illustration Animation at Kingston University and set to graduate in 2025.

Blue icons and type on a white background. The type at the top reads “it’s accessible...”. Below, there are 9 public information style icons, depicting different examples of inaccessibility, with the following captions under each one respectively:



**Katrina Jade Nellist**

@katrinanellist (IG)

**she/her**

Katrina Nellist is a British Australian artist currently based in South East London.. Her work is focused on Disability, Feminism, and the disconnection of growing up in a rural community while living in London as an adult. At 18 years old she almost died from violent crime, which resulted with her developing many disabilities. Recently she was also diagnosed with a rare genetic disease known as Ehlers-Danlos syndrome. She was trained at UAL in collaboration with Exeter School of Art and Arts University Bournemouth in Illustration, and is now studying at Goldsmiths, with the aim of becoming an Art psychotherapist and researcher.



"View from sickbed"



"Memory"

## **Kay Chapman** (she/they)

@kayvcphoto (IG)

My practice so far revolves around my experience as someone who is visually impaired. I explore themes of identity, memory and acceptance within my work. I am blind in my left eye, and I have been this way since birth. I'd like to describe my artistic practice as kind of going through the stages of grief, specifically grieving part of my sight. However, the piece I am showing in this exhibition is a more light hearted form of acceptance of my condition. The giant 'eyeball' serves as a physical representation of my invisible disability. I cart it round with me through busy areas of London in an attempt to gain it's friendship. The idea of carrying the eyeball is a hyperbolic way of showing that sometimes having a disability is a bit of a burden, and sometimes you feel like one too. However the piece is also intended to be funny, and I feel like sometimes it's good to not take myself too seriously. The piece was originally shown with the actual ball shown in the piece, however it wandered off somewhere...







# Arlo Bailey-Evans (they/he)

Bailey-Evans is a queer-trans chronically ill artist based in London currently studying a BA at Chelsea College of Arts.

Their multimedia practice is process based working amidst themes of trans(otherness), DIY, language and form. Originally working in print and etching, now working collaboratively, his outcomes are typically immaterial, always in motion via moving image or live performance (as of late in sound/noise and translation.) Their research is based in archived material, typically community resources or 'non art' sources.

Previous public exhibitions include:

Parrotfish 04/23

Interference 11/23 —>

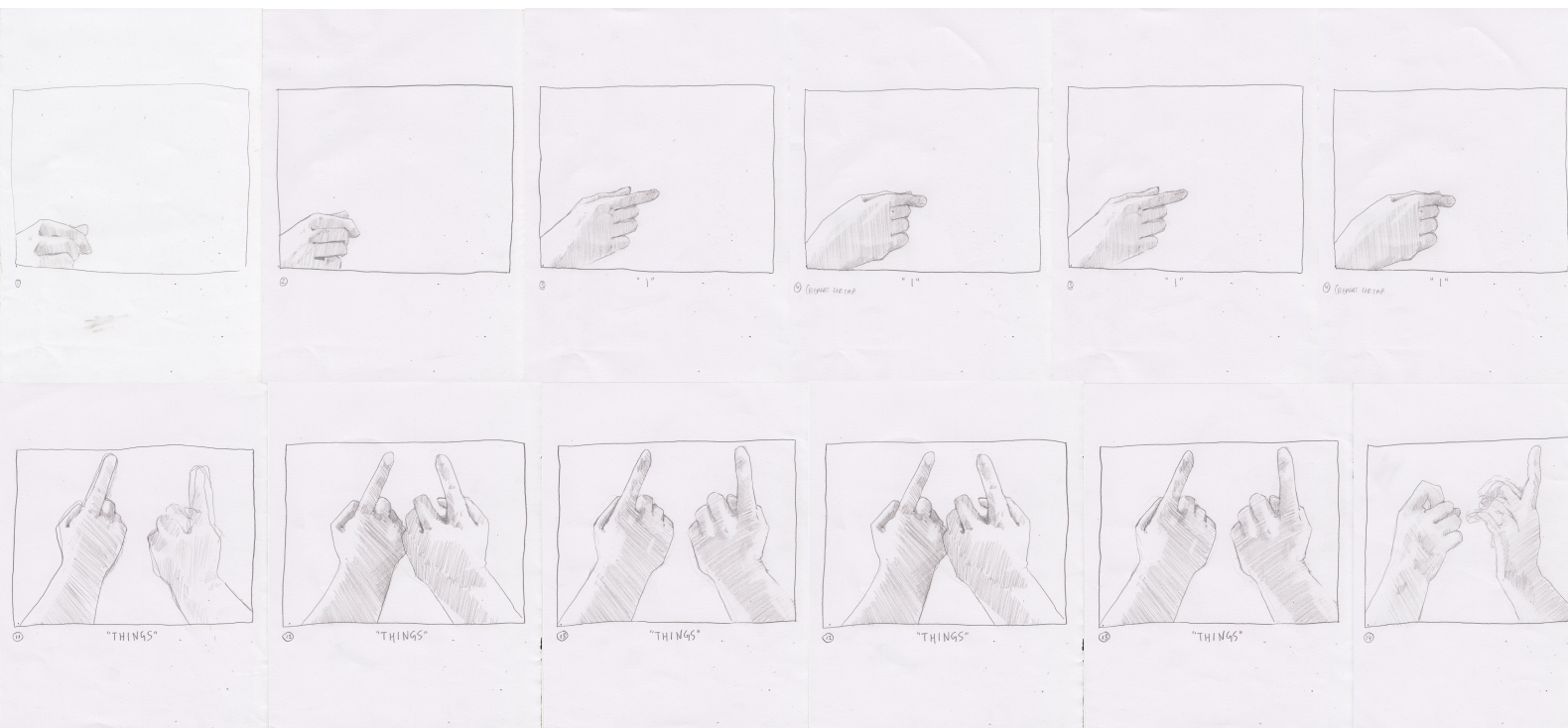
Dyke Just Do It (performer and translator) 11/23

NOISEGULF 04/24

Otherworldly soundscape 10/24-12/24 with a live performance 11/24



a.starlows@gmail.com // @starlows (IG)







ANSWER: (transgression)

If this is the gap then I (trans) am the bridge. My body unspooling made of pain and ache with new hair in the sunlight. I see myself in the grains of sand and there is no other way to feel communicated. My bare chest, my limbs, my hands in the static.

I will never find the words or hand shapes or terminology to translate how it feels, to balance across the gap.

It is not explicitly bad, not nearly as lonely as it first seems. My experience of pain and trans in body combined. Maybe there are words for it that I've not found yet. Buried in forgotten languages or hard to read books.

**MINE < MY**

Has this made sense? How do you feel? Where are you? What does that mean? How are you? What are you then?

What have you done?

INTERFERENCE poster

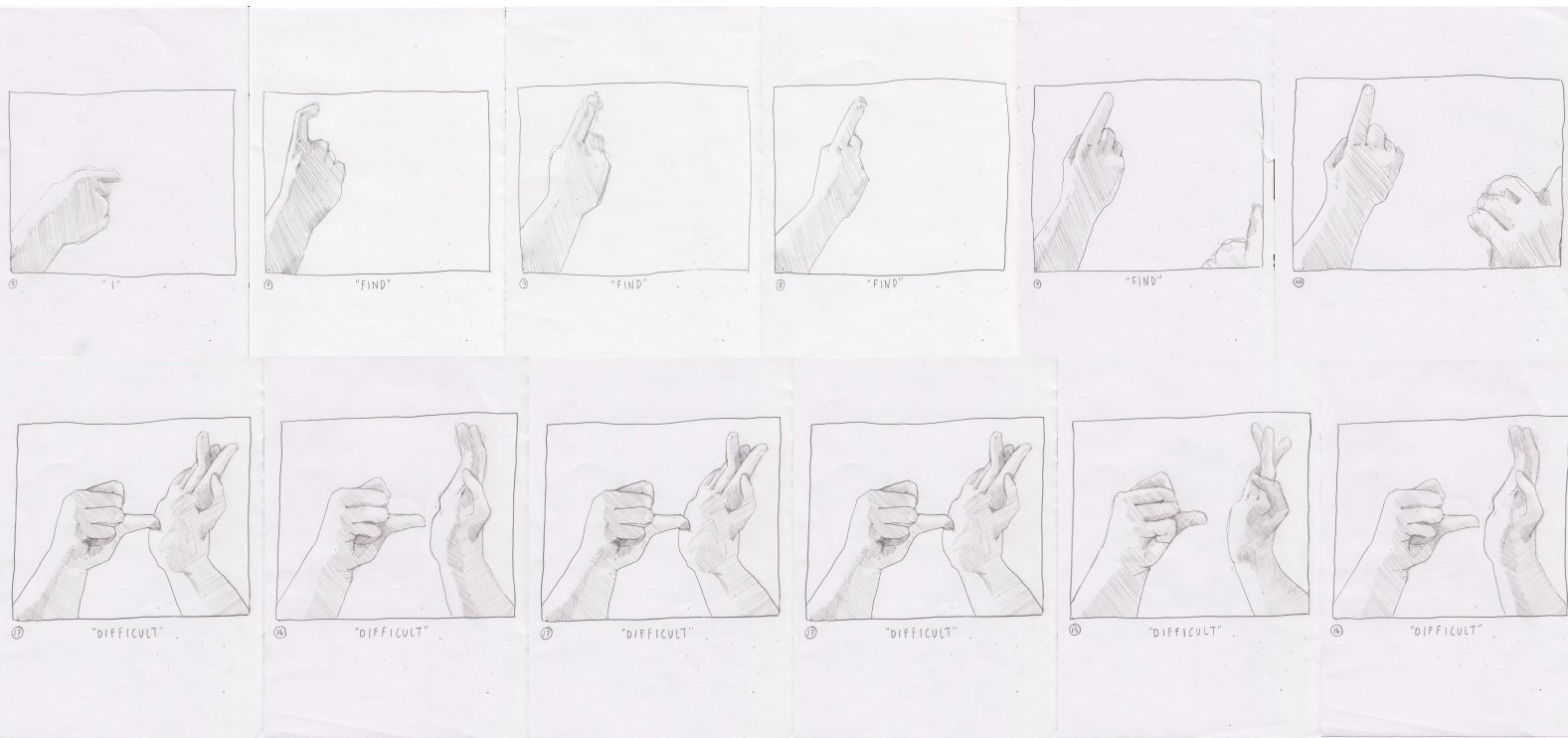
Noise Gulf press release still,

The closing passage of a zine titled "TRA- THE GAP"

"The Diver" aquatint etching

"I find things difficult" animation frames

2021-2024





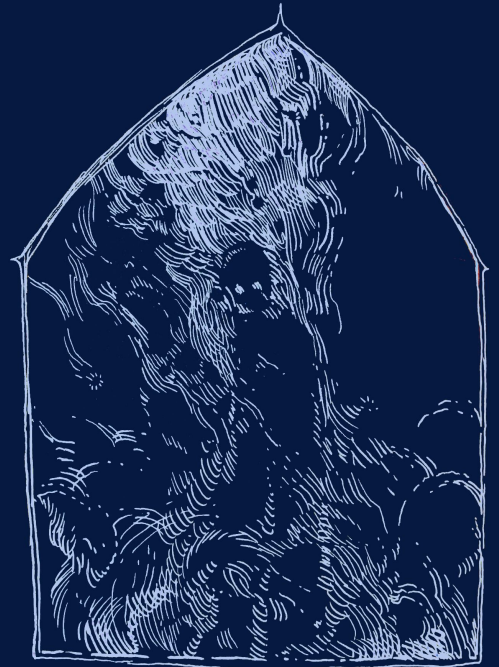
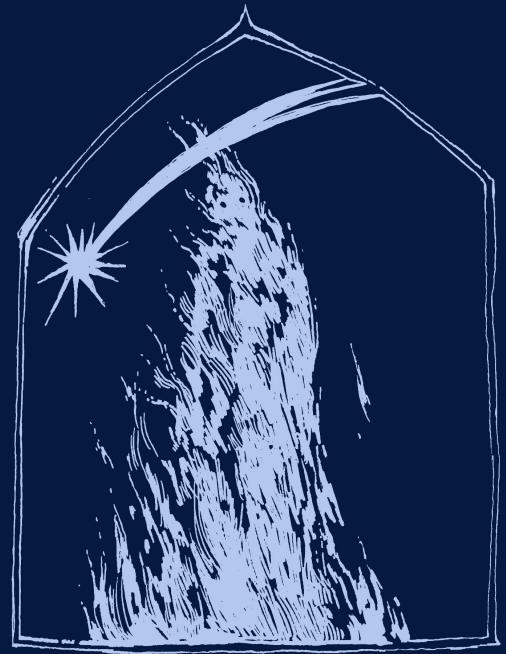
# Lo Cleary

@lollalette (IG)

Co-curator Lo Cleary is a queer narrative based illustrator, animator and concept artist currently studying a BA in Illustration at Camberwell. Their work is supported by contextual research into disability theory and crip studies. Lover of the neolithic, deep ocean and the colour blue, Cleary utilizes a multimedia approach to realising their ideas notably via Gouache, Collage, Ink and Digital illustration. As a person with complex and overlapping diagnoses, Cleary is able to visualise their disability, especially their experience living with fibromyalgia, through striking, dynamic visuals and compelling narrative storytelling.



The Artist's work in residence as part of a speculative biology exhibition titled 'Otherworldly' at the Peltz Gallery Oct-Dec '24



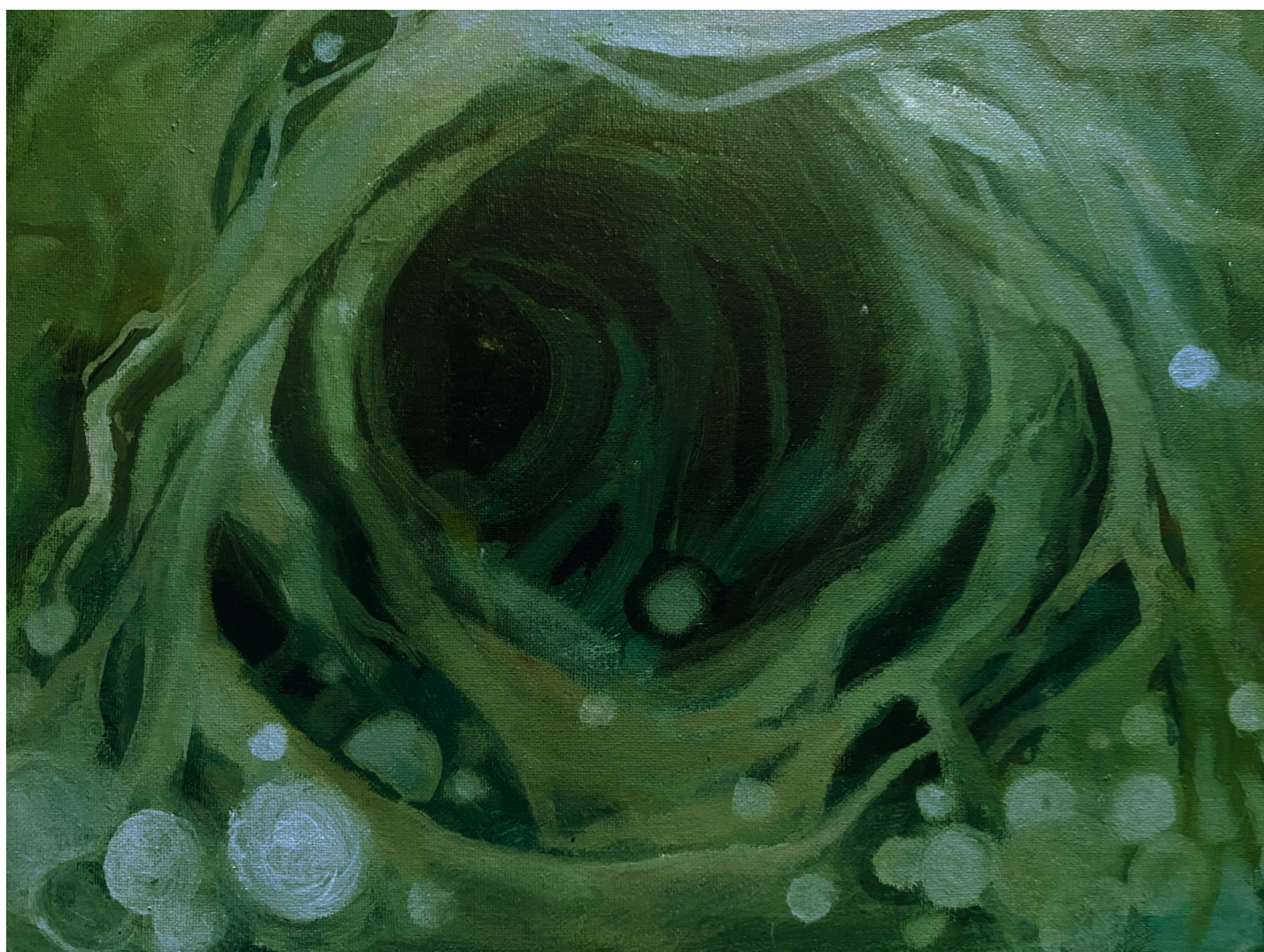


Artwork on display:

*"Untitled" (head) Gouache on canvas board*

//

*"Endoscopy" (2) Gouache on canvas board.*





# Rob Herbert

@sheriff.bones (IG)

Co-curator Rob Herbert is a London based queer and disabled artist/painter currently studying a BA in Fine Art Painting at Camberwell. His work ranges from visual studies to original concepts and compositions. Primarily painting on scrap wood board, Herbert often plays with form and scale with a series of 'cut out' pieces being a staple part of his portfolio. Visual motifs include; automobiles, machinery or otherwise electrical objects; animals such as fish and dogs; and natural backdrops to everyday life eg. expansive fields, intimate houses and trees in dappled light.





**In order of  
appearance  
:**

“Tram  
hopping”  
Oil on wood

“Is it cold  
enough for  
you?” Oil on  
wood

“Untitled”  
(fish) Oil on  
Wood

“Untitled”  
(Telephone  
Pole) Oil on  
greyboard



“Apple” (oil and acrylic on wood)



“Untitled Trees” (oil on wood)





*A special thanks to all the artists who are a part  
of this, to the  
National Disability Art Collection and Archive,  
Disability Action Research Kollektive and Arlo  
Bailey-Evans and Alice Rorrison for all their  
support*

*Love and solidarity*