

My brother and I used to fight a great deal as children. We did a lot of things together, not always in complete harmony. In fact, he actually broke my arms on one occasion. It meant that I missed the school exams for that year, so I suppose that really he did me a favour.

Tony was a year older than me, so he was always first at doing things that I wanted to do – to perform in public, for example, at school. I was full of envy when, at fourteen, he got to play solo in a school concert at the City Hall. I had to wait fifteen years before I could do the same as a professional musician.

It was obvious that Tony was always going to be successful in his choice of career. When he had just left school and had taken a job as a designer in Glasgow, he was soon in demand from other companies wanting to make him part of their team. Tony's heart was always in the visual arts – that was the right thing for him.