

REPUBLIC OF
STAR



INTERNATIONAL ISSUE
PASSPORT





This is our 10th issue of STIR and it is a milestone, so an appropriate theme was required.

Fasten your seatbelts and make sure all hand luggage is stored correctly in the overhead compartments... Our International theme is about to take off! We will take you on a global trek throughout the magazine from the Brazilian favelas to enlightened Asia.

TEN

The only arts magazine made by prisoners for prisoners in Scotland

As we celebrate reaching the milestone of our 10th issue, the editorial team thought an appropriate cover was required. Keeping in line with the theme, the passport of the Republic of STIR was designed. The dinosaur was chosen as an idea that perceptions of prisoners and prison should change. The polar bear represents freedom and strength. 'Never think less of what's inside' was chosen to remind everyone that there is a lot more to people inside than out (and the work in each issue of STIR is evidence of how true that is).

We continue to feature in this issue sections dedicated to creative writing, our poetry corner and the successful Emerging Artists. Also we have the usual suspects: Film reviews, book reviews and a special interview with best-selling author Martina Cole! You will also find a questionnaire inside your copy of the magazine. We would appreciate your thoughts as to how we could improve STIR.

As it is a special edition for us, we have included an infographic showcasing STIR statistics for issue's 1-10.

We are currently waiting for a decision from Creative Scotland about funding to keep STIR going for the next four issues. However we are pleased to say the outlook is bright. We are optimistic that the only Scottish arts magazine made for prisoners by prisoners will continue.

We wish to thank you all for making STIR the success it has become. Without your submissions there would be no magazine. Please continue to send us your pieces and to those who either submitted, but not been published, or if you are thinking of sending us something for the first time, we will do our best to publish your work so don't despair.

Finally, the theme for issue 12 is Art and Protest. There have been artists who have used their craft as a means to 'voice' their opinions during times of oppression, political unrest and hardship. Picasso was moved by events during the Spanish Civil war to produce his great work Guernica. We ask that you think of an issue you feel strongly about and use that as inspiration for your work. The deadline for issue 12 submissions is 3rd July.

Edited by Craig, Dennis, Eddie, Gareth, Jas, John, Jok, Neil, and Stuart Shotts

The views expressed in STIR are not those of the Scottish Prison Service

It would be nice to see art from prisons alongside art from people in the free world. It would mean that there would be a connection to prisons and society. Which is important in my view.

I thought it was a really good read. I have just read it for the first time and I will keep reading it.

Thought that it was alright although it's not usually the kind of thing that I would read.

The artwork in STIR has inspired me to maybe enter some myself.



WINNING ARTWORKS FOR ISSUE NINE

VISUAL ART

Karl Barlinnie Snow Forest

Karl has used the traditional artform of pencil to create a realistic perspective of a snow covered forest. In particular what it would be like to stand there in person and watch the sunlight travel through the trees.

WRITTEN

Jackie Cornton Vale The Dust

Jackie has effectively used beautiful imagery and symbolism to discuss the serious subject of taking drugs and the consequences that follow. This is an extremely well thought out poem.

WORLD MAP

Andrew, Benno and Craig Shotts

Acrylic on Canvas

No matter where they live in the world, people want to create art. Whether paintings, sculpture, mosaics, or indeed any other of the many forms of art that are available, people allow their imaginations to run riot.

People tend to create the things that they know, and the things that are important to them. An American might create a picture of his favourite 4x4 truck but an Aborigine might make a sculpture of his ancestors. There are people within the art community who believe that art is universal, that it can speak to people no matter their origins. However, if people have such diverse tastes and subjects, can this really be true?

Can art really be described as international?

To answer this, perhaps it would be helpful to take a step backwards, to look at some of the earliest forms of art and creativity. In France, a number of cave formations were discovered, covered in art dating back to the Palaeolithic period, between 30,000 years and 17,000 years old. The caves at Lascaux were home to around 600 painted figures and animals plus a further 1500 engravings. These were no simple creations, but according to Stephen Jay Gould, a Professor at Harvard University, the caves exhibited the same level of technical ability as Picasso. What is interesting is that even in these earliest examples, there are themes that are reproduced around the world. Whether in Aboriginal Cave Paintings or the art of Native American Indians, the things that make up everyday life are evident, such as hunting and gathering. The art at Lascaux could be just as relevant to the American Indians as it is to the Europeans that created it.

Today though, Art actually helps to bring together, and glues together, the global society that we find ourselves in. Art helps communicate ideas and art has gone on to shape many of the international brands that we find around ourselves every day. If a woman from Moscow, who only speaks Russian, was to be dropped in the middle of Glasgow, she would know what to expect from McDonald's without any translation, just as if a Glaswegian was dropped in Bolivia, they too would know what to expect from a McDonald's. This is true as well for Coca-Cola, Disney, and a whole host of international brands. These logos might not be seen as traditional "artwork", but at their foundational level they absolutely are, and these examples of "artwork" are what helps create a common understanding in our world that goes beyond language. It is not too hard a leap to see how art really does glue our world together.

UNIVERSAL ART

COMMENT CARDS

How many people would think that McDonald's logo is art? Yes, it may have started life as an art piece, but does having all that brand identity attached to it, and used as a selling tool, take away the possibility that it remains art? Does the fact that it communicates across the world reduce that logo to simply a tool rather than art? Is the "Mona Lisa" more art than the McDonald's logo or are they just the same? This leads to the question what is art? Recently there have been exhibitions in art galleries of dead animals, cut in half and preserved in formaldehyde. Is this art? Is this more artistic than the McDonalds logo? Some say yes, some say no.

Perhaps, when deciding what art is, in instances such as these we should rely on our own judgement? Personally, for me, a dead cow in chemicals isn't art, but I do know people who disagree with me.

In the prison environment, no matter where in the world, art allows prisoners to express themselves. Artwork allows its creator to escape the reality of the moment, to create a doorway to a different place, and to experience different elements of life.

Prisoners who express themselves in art report finding a way to reduce their stress levels that helps them deal with their situation. Art created by prisoners does speak to other inmates no matter where they are in the world because they are experiencing the same problems and challenges. Art gives a voice that transcends language.

The language that we use, whether written or spoken, will always limit our being understood. Art on the other hand does not have such boundaries; it can speak on many levels to anyone, and arguably everyone, who sees it. It is true that an American painting of a 4x4 truck may not speak to every Aborigine, but will shout volumes to the Aborigine that loves cars. Equally a sculpture of an Aboriginal ancestor might not excite every American, but for those with an interest in history and human culture, they will find a huge amount to engage with.

Creating art, no matter by whom, is in many ways creating a voice allowing the communication of ideas, transcending the limitations of language. One piece of art can speak to countless people around the world, and in doing so, confirms art as a truly international form of expression and communication.



AFRICAN BEADS

Wendy Cornton Vale
Paper

JELA A PRISON WITHIN A PRISON

"Mama! Mama!" called out Makena, my beautiful princess, her big brown eyes looking up full of love and adoration. "Yes Maksy, am listening mpenzi."

"Can I ask you something mama? When are we going to cucu's house, so she can tell me tales of the Mau Mau?"

Makena loved going to her cucu's house, high up in the rain-soaked hills where the mists rolled down over tea plants; the red soil brought to life and nourished by the rains. I loved it as well because it was home for me and it brought back my childhood, with all its smells, tastes, and comforts.

Then it was all gone.

I am awoken by a screaming and I am not with my beautiful Makena.

Instead, I am stuck in Langata. A hell. Light has turned into darkness; happiness into sadness. In my world now human beings have turned on fellow human beings and I have been awaiting my fate for three years.

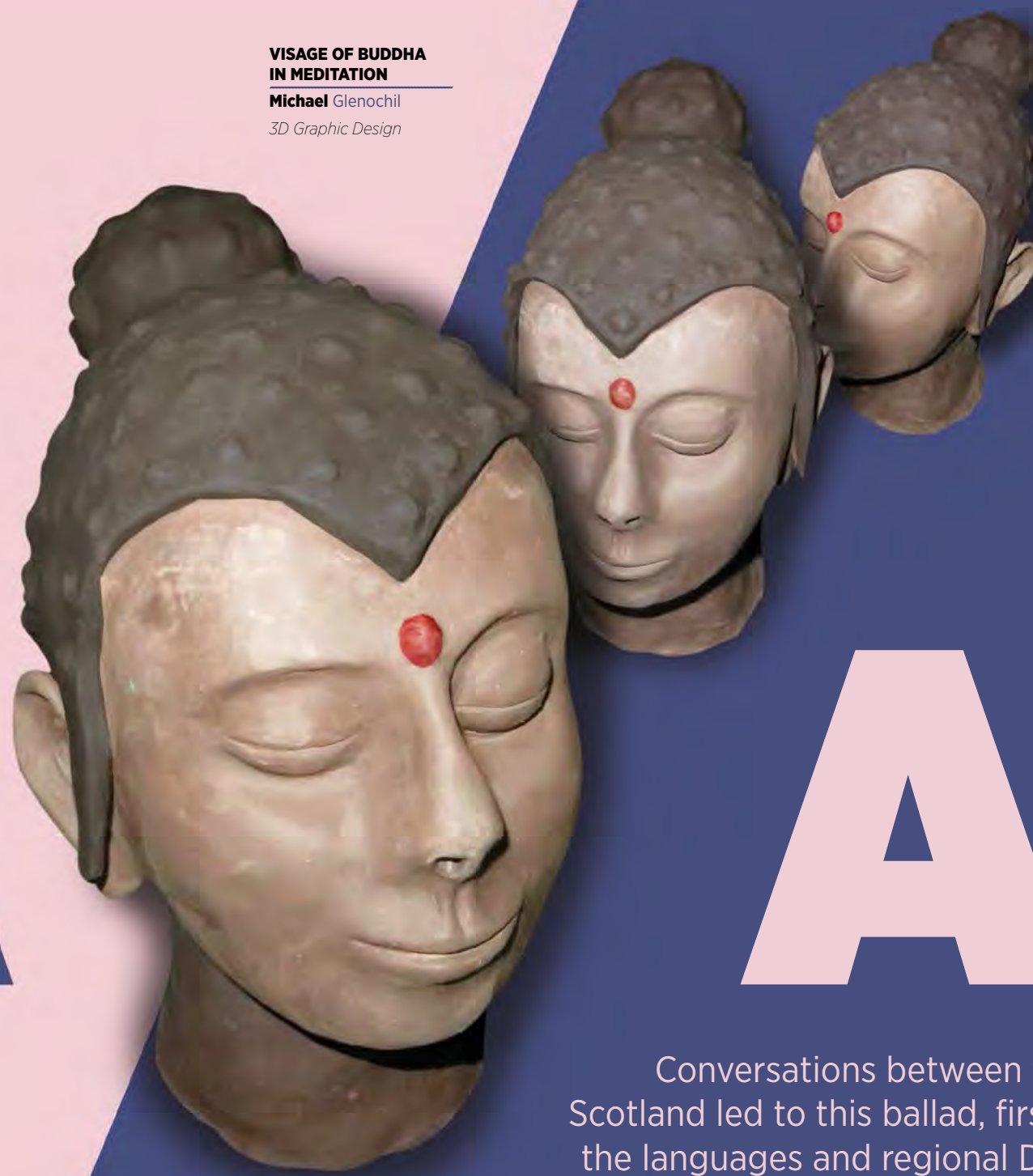
As I roll off my worn foam mat, onto the cold hard cement my back aches and longs for an earlier time. These four walls: built to hold four, instead holds twelve and my time here has been marked by a dwindling piece of panga soap. Kama mwangaza wa kila siku hivyo ndo kazi iliendelea." I am working to cope with the haunting thoughts.

*As sure as the sun will come up; as sure as the work will go on."

Jeanette Cornton Vale

VISAGE OF BUDDHA IN MEDITATION

Michael Glenochil
3D Graphic Design



CONTINENTAL HAIKU

On fertile plains
Twixt Euphrates and Tigris
Civilisation is born

A lion roams the plateau
He searches for food within
The land without cold

White man finds New World
Red Indians massacred
The land of the free

Spanish and Portuguese
Plunder its cities of gold but
Leave the forest alone

Vast once fertile land
Covered in sheets of ice and
Colonised by none

Small and diverse land
Fractured by many languages
Conquers the whole world

Captain Cook discovers
A giant penal colony
Now good at cricket

Michael Glenochil

ASIAN STEPPES

Colourful mystical personality
Land of dreams
Aromatic Slumdog
Millionaire's Monsoon Wedding:
Marco Polo, Bollywood spices.

Triads, Yardies and
Onion Bhaji carnivals: conflicts,
Sherpas, Delhi bellies.
Manila, Great Wall of China:
Curry, Taj Mahal.

Volcanic eruptions, natural disasters,
Extreme weather.
Multi-cultural tsunami.
Chocolate mountains, Trippitakka:
Democracy-free zone.

Traffic, honour, smog,
Overpopulated rooftop transport,
Terrorists, beaches,
Genghis Khan:
Asian Steppes.

Amit, Alex, Steven, Martin, Paul,
Michael, Phillip, Jack and David
Glenochil

AFRICA ASIA

CHI CHIRI

The women of Cornton Vale were visited by Sister Anna and Meja (an ex prisoner) from Malawi, who were here to tell us about the conditions and work they do on behalf of our sister Prison Chi Chiri.

The last time we had a visit was 3 years ago, and Sister Anna was full of praise for the work and gifts we sent to them, to help the women there.

But, it's not just women that are in Chi Chiri. To set the scene, Chi Chiri prison for men was originally meant to house 60-80 prisoners – in fact, in this one area alone, they currently have around 1800 prisoners, who have to eat and sleep in an area for 60. Things are so distressing, the men have to sleep sitting up with legs crouched and in rows. The women fare slightly better in that there are currently only 20 prisoners, but even still, picture a third of the size of our library - this is their 'home'. The pictures they shared brought their misery to life, but to see the women smiling through it all touched the hearts of all who heard about it.

The prisoners are fed one bowl of porridge 'like' substance a day, and if lucky they get a few beans. Other than that, they are on their own – food is so scarce, they often go days without any. They try to grow their own vegetables to help improve their food but each time they do this, the corruption allows the prison guards to steal the food for themselves. And even soap is a luxury – one bar every 3 months – for them to share!

But, the charity work that Sister Anna and Meja are doing is helping to improve the life of the prisoners. Many prisoners don't get any form of legal aid, and can often be on remand for years before their cases are heard. The Charity helps provide legal aid, and is introducing education into the system. They also support a building services company to help prisoners get work when they leave. A remarkable achievement in a short time.

The Prison Chaplain, Patricia, said "The most precious thing we give these women is hope. Many of them have nothing to lighten their situation so to know that people are thinking about them means more to them than we can understand. I see it in their faces every time I visit. Their gratitude makes you almost want to burst into tears."

This was an interesting, but very emotional visit. Cornton Vale has already supported Chi Chiri in the past, and is continuing to look at ideas and activities to help the women and the men improve their lives whilst there.

Kim Cornton Vale

THE POACHER'S TRAP

As she looks for water
With her baby daughter
Her eyes are full of fear.
The predators are so near.

She looks at her baby with tender eyes
Hoping for rain to take away the pain of thirst.
Her leg is infected but that's to be expected.
The poacher's trap.
She keeps on going.

Her baby is slow, so slow.
She tries to hurry her
But it's too late.
Down she goes.
It's too late.
That's the fate.

Seal Cornton Vale

TWO SIDES

A continent
full of contradictions
The beauty of the Savannah
To despair of the slums
From richness of the gold mines
then the ravages of war

Africa, many many countries
Some well known
Others overlooked by many
Heads you win, tails you lose
Two sides to the same coin
The destiny of life decides it all

The strength of the people
Fighting for their rights
For food, for water,
and for life
Through it all they remain
dignified and proud.

Kim Cornton Vale



Conversations between four prisoners in Glenochil who are from Asia and Scotland led to this ballad, first written in English and then translated back into the languages and regional Doric of the respective countires. This is the ballad of S.K.I.P.S (South Korea, India, Pakistan and Scotland).

나는 한국에서 왔어요. 우리의 일은 매우 어렵지요.
한국은 너무 비록 아름답지요. 나의 자존심은 큼니다.
나의 딸이 많은 시간을 나는 기다려요.

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میں نے پاکستان سے آیا ہوں۔ ہمارے کام بہت مشکل ہیں۔
پاکستان بہت خوبصورت ہے۔ میری عزت بڑی ہے۔
میرے بچے کو بہت سی باتیں یاد ہیں۔

In braw Scotland, hame wha a fae,
Ma mooth fairly slavers fae oor bonnie grub,
Am pure scunnered nae tae donder wur braes same mair,
An tae tack a dicht wa ma bird in wa bricht moonlicht nicht.

In South Korea, the home of my birth,
The machines are worked hard by Women and Men,
So beautiful is my country my heart fills with pride,
I long to see my child again.

Trivandrum in southern India is the home of my birth,
Cooking in our homes or on a fire by the road side,
Our streets have aromas of Fenugreek, Soap and Cinnamon spice,
I miss the taste of Sambar, Fish Molie, and Mutton curry with rice.

We live by our traditions, we're proud of them all,
Vast is our land, my people are wise,
Mouth watering foods and attire so fine,
Our colours so vibrant and rich to the eyes.

In Sahiwal, Pakistan, the home of my birth,
Our orchards they spill with the fruits that we grow,
I'll return to cultivate my family's crop once more,
The fruits of our labour from the seeds that we sow.

In beautiful Scotland, the home of my birth,
My mouth salivates for our fine culinary delights,
Oh how my heart hurts not to walk our mountains again,
And to swim with my lady in the bright moonlight nights.

Choi, Veedu, Farrukh and Colin Glenochil

UNABORIGINAL

Australia, where the natives used to die
As white men diseased the sky.

Australia, where the natives cry
As white man's progress passes them by.

Australia, where the natives have lost their land
And now instead, just a bottle in hand.

Nathan Dumfries

ALTJERINGA (DREAMING)

The natives of Australia are dreaming
of their Gods, their legends, their people
digging deep foundations, connecting to the land.

Today the British are dreaming
but their spirituality has a different God.
Innocence sacrificed on the altars of Power and Money.

The Aborigines sing of the adventures of the Sun,
how she teased up plants from the dirt
and then returned every morning to keep the world alive.

This island's natives sing their own songs
dreaming of a bigger car than their neighbours
and hoping those neighbours fall into the dirt.

We should learn at the feet of the
Aborigines a new dream, as compared to
them we are children

Alastair Dumfries

AUSTRALASIA



1 PARIS AT NIGHT
Andrew Shotts
Oil on Canvas

2 GREEN MAN
Sajadd Dumfries
Acrylic on Canvas



EUROPE



THE PERFECT EUROPEAN CITY

JIM BARLINNIE

If we could find a European city where everyone was employed, no one needed paying and each of us had duties assigned according to age...a city without unions, with one boss and the one clear objective: everyone was working for the good of the city, would it be possible? Would that be true Communism? Would human nature accept this? I don't think so and yet, nature provides such 'cities' all around us. The vast majority of us are not even aware of it. This 'city' with an average population of 50,000 is called the Bee Hive. One boss, the Queen is attended by the younger bees and their first duties are to feed and clean her. No one knows how these young bees know it is their duty nor when it is time to move on to other jobs but they do so without notice or question.

The 'boss' or queen keeps the population at a level which meets the hive's requirements. If the summer weather is really bad she will reduce the number of eggs she lays and vice versa; in a hot summer with pollen in abundance she will increase the number to maximise the amount of pollen gathered into the hive. So the hive's survival depends on communication and of course every bee doing their job to the best of their ability.

Jobs or requirements in this city are done by cleaners, scouts, guards, workers or collectors and drones. Drones are male bees (all others are females) and could be called lazy bees. They have no sting, do not collect pollen nor do they do any work outside the hive. Their sole duty is to watch for a virgin queen taking her maiden flight and the strongest and successful drones manage to mate. One may say: 'what a life.' But there is a down side, when they mate, they die. At the end of the pollen season they are all killed and dumped outside the hive. No work, no pay. The queen can live up to four or five years depending on the weather. In good summers she has to work hard keeping the population of the hive at a workable level. When after such seasons she begins to tire and the young bees attending the hive sense this. They start to remedy this by 'drawing' or enlarging a number of cells that have eggs newly laid. Then some of the younger bees feed these eggs with a food called Royal Jelly. They are the only bees able to produce this miracle food. Other bees within the hive keep the queen away from these potential queens.

The first queen to emerge immediately seeks out the other queen cells killing the enemy before they emerge. She will then look out for the old queen and either kill her or let her escape. When the old queen leaves the hive she will have her followers who will already go to a site chosen by scouts beforehand. Such is the organisation within this perfect set-up. This is called swarming and also enables another 'city' to be built.

Very few people are stung by first-day swarms because the bees will gorge themselves with honey preparing themselves for what could be a long flight. Bees that are in this state cannot flex their bodies because of their shape and therefore cannot bend to force the sting into an enemy.

The new queen will return to the hive and begin her lifetime of laying eggs as the hive requires. So the cycle begins again. Every bee without instruction fitting into their required duties. The mature or older bees are the ones who collect pollen. They know where to go after the scouts have found a suitable site with flowers, bushes or trees yielding enough pollen to make the journey worthwhile. The scout returns to the hive and dances near or at the entrance. They 'dance' in a circle which depending on the diameter of the circle indicates the distance from the hive. She will then within this circle go in a straight line from the hive to the site. Such is the accuracy of this dance that the collectors can go within three feet over a distance up to four even five miles.

There are very few people who are aware of these 'cities' around them. Cities with one queen, no squabbling, no pay, no timetable, no holidays but working for each other with survival in mind: miracle workers, miracle food.

URBAN UTOPIA

KRIS LOW MOSS

My idea of an urban utopia is sitting at a table placed outside of a cafe in a sun-drenched piazza of Florence.

I would be sitting under the parasol sipping espresso watching the beautiful Italian women, their hourglass figures combined with their tanned skin, dark eyes and Raphaelite curls in their hair, going about their daily business. My son would be sitting across from me, eating a gelato obtained from the gelateria, lost in childhood innocence. I would listen to the sound of the beautiful Italian language juxtaposed with the chimes of the local church bells. My son and I would go to the world-famous and academically-renowned Galleria degli Uffizi, near Piazza Della Signoria and the Palazzo Vecchio. We would meander through the corridors, gazing in awe at the artwork of Leonardo Da Vinci and Sandro Botticelli. Exiting the gallery, we would then wander through the piazza, marvelling at Michelangelo's famous David sculpture and Donatello's Judith & Holofernes. Strolling to a nearby trattoria for something to eat, I would feel very pleased with myself for the fact that I had taken the trouble to learn the country's native tongue even though it was no trouble at all. I would teach my boy some words and chuckle as he made an attempt to replicate what I had said.

I would feel an enormous sense of self-fulfilment in the knowledge that I had finally visited the one country that I have always dreamed of going to since I was a very young boy. My lifelong fascination with all aspects of Italian life – from politics to crime; art to literature and cinema to fashion and language – could only climax with my first of many visits to the sunny peninsula and although virtually any city, town or village in Italy would be my own urban utopia, I chose Florence for clarity and also because of its reputation as the nucleus of the Renaissance, home to literary masters such as Dante and Machiavelli. But I wonder if the best part of my urban utopia is the fact that I am somewhere far away from the streets of Glasgow, where I am a blank face in a crowd with the one person in the world who I love and where nobody knows my past or my name?

CHAMELEON

There's a chameleon in my soul
That wants to get out
But I am too transparent for him
I say, stop hiding, there's nothing
To be afraid of.

There's a chameleon in my soul
That wants to get out
But I afford him refuge with my
Blackened and tenebrous interior
To the extent that sometimes
I wonder, is he still there?

There's a chameleon in my soul
That wants to get out
But I'm too transparent for him.
I say, come out!
Why hide your light under a bushel?
How many more lives must I drift afloat
On the sea of samsara.

There's a chameleon in my soul
That wants to get out
But I'm too transparent for him
I only let him out
When sleep's blindfold slips off
When everybody's absent
I say, lighten up!
I know that you're there
So don't be sad
Then I put him back
But he's rocking back and forth
A little in there. I haven't quite
Let him die.

Andrew Low Moss

Inspired by Bukowski's poem 'Bluebird'

POETIC
HYPOCRISY

I waited years for my appointment
After several cancellations
I lingered in my concrete cell
Never knowing when
My day of reckoning would come
I enter the sterile chamber
Painted an ugly hue of green
A fluffy white pillow, a false sense of security
Secured to the chalk-white gurney
The straps are fastened, my arms extended
I am reminded of Christ on the cross
Yet feel like a stray, rabid dog
Being put down by a veterinarian
The curtains are pulled apart, show time
To reveal several vengeful faces, some tearful
Asked for my last words, I say nothing
As the Sodium Thiopental worms its way into my veins
I'm supposed to fall asleep, yet don't
Not a sufficient dose
The Pancuronium Bromide kicks in, freezing my breathing
I am still aware of my surroundings
Until the Potassium Chloride is injected
And my heart finally stops beating
These people are now on my level

Kris Low Moss

THE AMERICAS

F-16

At the speed of sound the F-16 flies high
When the jet tears through the sky, O my
Splitting clouds just for mirth
Far from its place of birth

Like a mother playing with her baby
In the air it dances like a bumblebee
It owns the sky like the angels
Wings powerful like eagles

No one but a pilot can understand that feeling
Heart pounding, experience thrilling
The blood rushing, air lashing
The beauty breathtaking, memories everlasting

He moves in the dark night like a shooting star
Like a lightning bolt he travelled from the USA to Kandahar
Up there the pilot feels truly free
Down below scared people I see

The pilot enjoys the freedom and tranquillity
On the ground no place of safety, no liberty.
Troubled times.

Javeed Low Moss

Inspired by America's military
involvement in Pakistan.

1 SOUTH AMERICAN
THREADS

Natalie Greenock
Fabric

2 THE MARVERLLOUS
MONROE

Andrew Shotts
Acrylic on Canvas

3 CAR

Hewitson Low Moss
Pencil on Paper

4 UNTITLED

James Shotts
Sculpture

5 SHADOWCHILD

Mark Shotts
Pen on Paper



THE MAN WHO SOLD
HIS SOUL

INSPIRED BY THE MAYAN FOLKLORE STORY

One day a hunter was in the jungle when he came upon a strange man by a stream; the man turned and looked at the hunter with a gentle smile. The man turned away and stared into the stream, curious at this. The hunter walked over to the man, sensing no threat and stared into the stream with him. The hunter realized he was looking at visions of his past, of his existence; one of which was when he was a poor, small child playing in the jungle.

The man turned to him and explained that he was Kizin (The Devil), that he was here to give the hunter whatever he desired, as he deserved it but in the end it would cost him his soul. The hunter wanted to be a good experienced hunter, he was granted it. He wanted to be bountiful in life, it was agreed. He wanted status in life and his community, he was given it.

Kizin told the hunter that he had given him what he desired and to go home. The hunter headed through the forest where he was attacked and killed by a jaguar, his soul went to the underworld where before him stood Kizin. The hunter angrily said, "You tricked me Kizin, why?"

None of it is real though, our painful memories have no physical weight, you can let them go, let them fade into nothingness. Be fresh, in the moment, tap into the energy of the beautiful spirit inside you. Enjoy the ride on top of the wave of life.

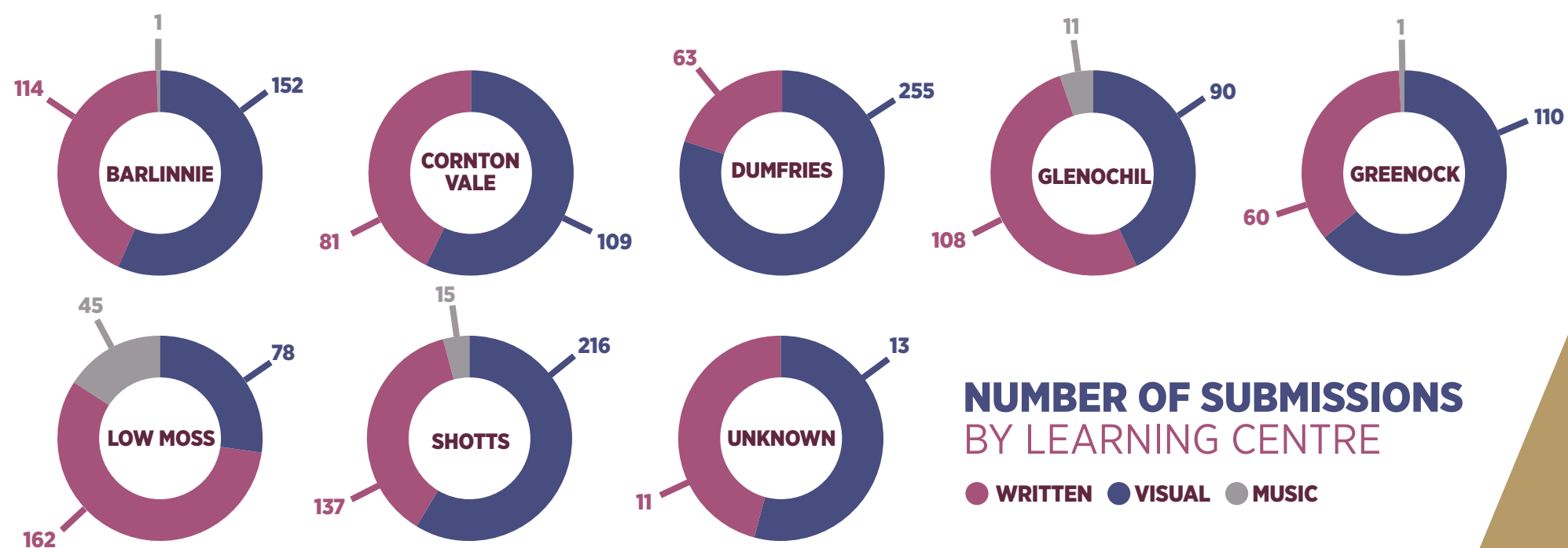
Jok Shotts

James Shotts



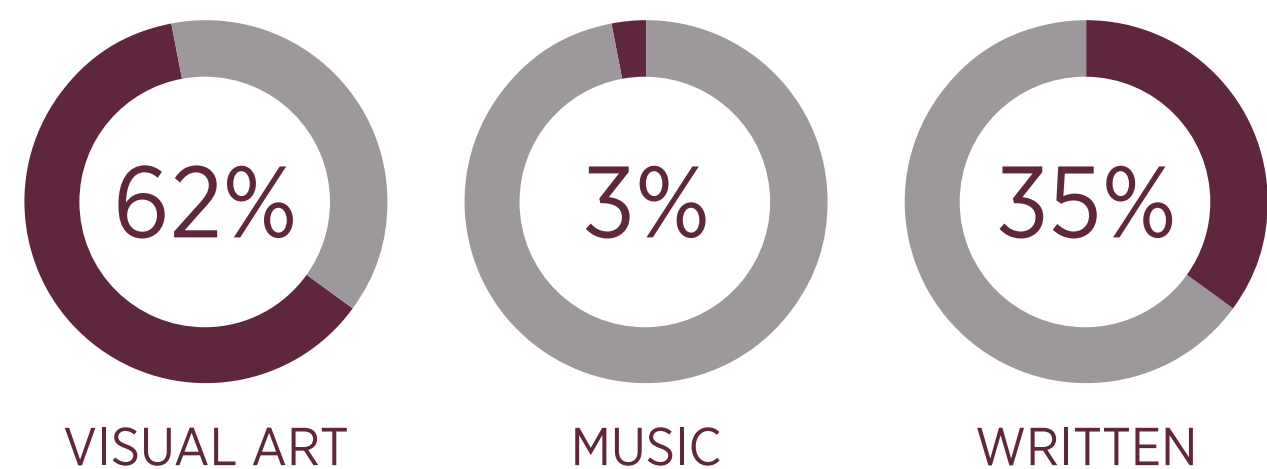
SLUR MAGAZINE
**INTERNATIONAL
ISSUE**
ISSUE TEN

THE MAP
Paul Glenochil
Paper on paper

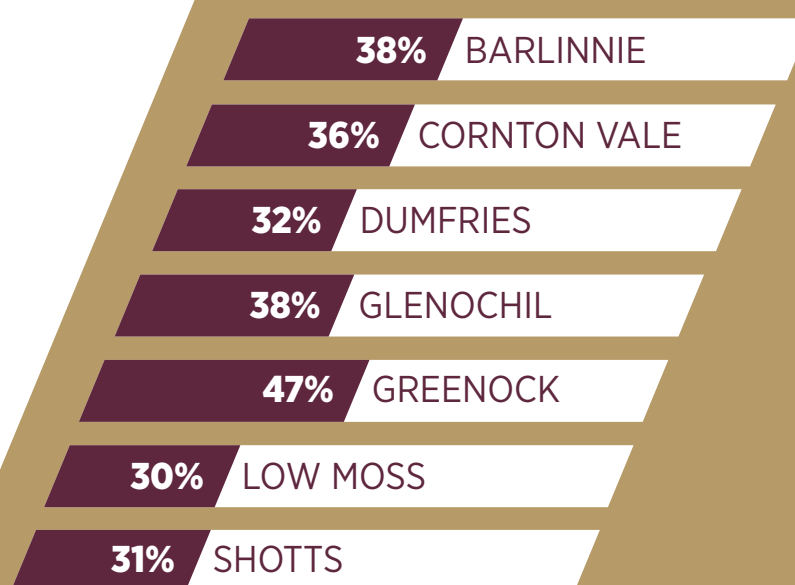


10 ISSUES IN NUMBERS

PUBLISHED WORKS BY MEDIA



TOTAL PUBLISHED FROM LEARNING CENTRE



7 PRISONS SUBMITTING WORK

4 AWARDS WON

3 ISSUES PER YEAR

1832 SUBMISSIONS

3 YEARS

PUBLISHED SUBMISSIONS BY GENDER



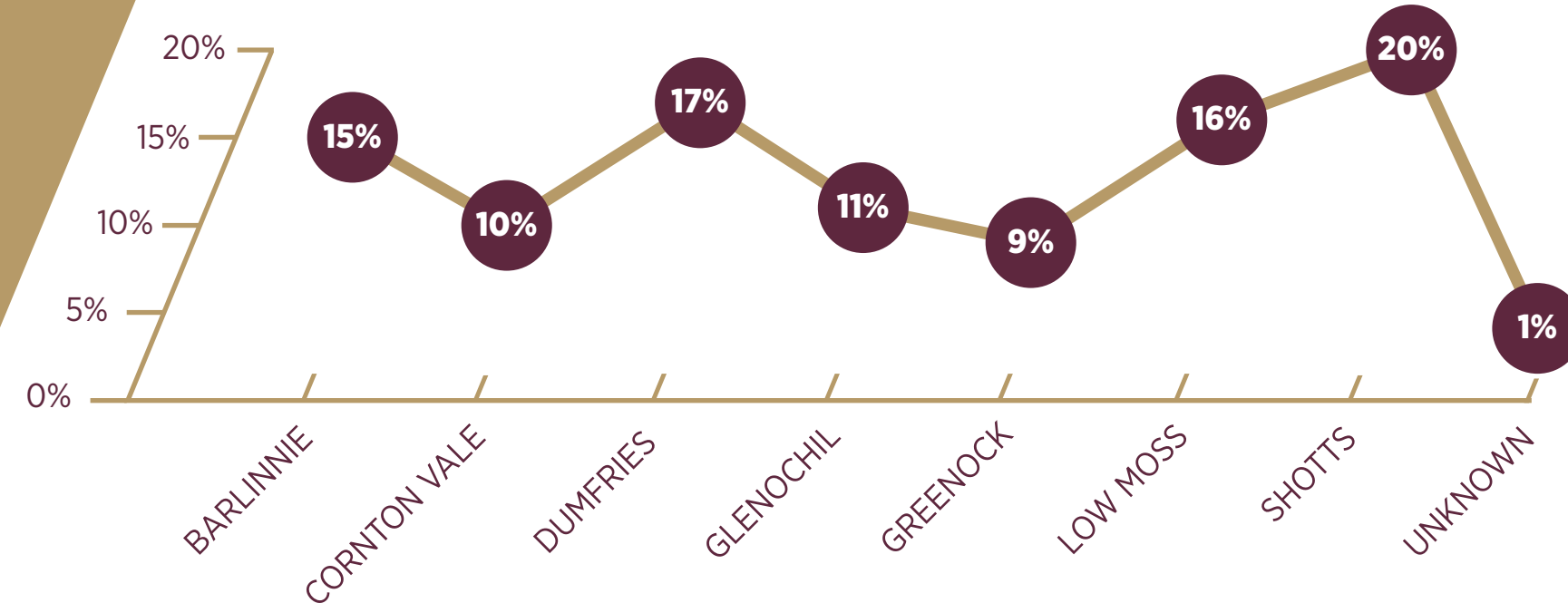
We can only build upon these successes if you take part, so send us your art, your writing, your thoughts.

We should tell you what we are about at STIR. Everyone has troubles in their life. This is often more true of people who eventually find themselves in prison. We are determined to use STIR as a way to enable imprisoned people to make a noise, we try to give you the chance to be heard.

We are also aware (through personal experience) that art is a healing process. Art allows you to express yourself. When you take the time to create something, you are creating yourself, the future you.

Another major intention of ours at STIR is to show people outside that there are human beings in prison. STIR magazine has won four awards since the first copy was published in 2012. We are now on issue ten and people outside are sitting up and taking notice.

TOTAL SUBMISSIONS FROM LEARNING CENTRES



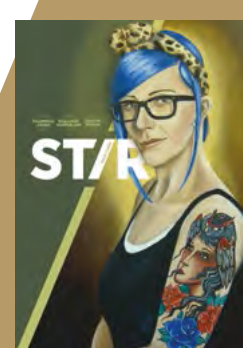
10 ISSUES



ISSUE 1
INTRODUCTION



ISSUE 2
PRISON ART



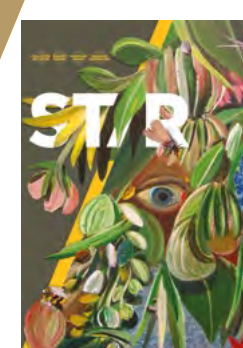
ISSUE 3
TATTOOS



ISSUE 4
FOOD



ISSUE 5
URBAN



ISSUE 6
ENVIRONMENT



ISSUE 7
SPORT



ISSUE 8
INDEPENDENCE



ISSUE 9
MUSIC



ISSUE 10
INTERNATIONAL

TEN CANOES

AN AUSTRALIAN DOCUDRAMA: A REVIEW

I remember you. Aboriginal people living in the TV, locked behind its screen. You seemed so free, roaming over vast Australian plains. You were locked there by a director's vision, recorded and contained by a camera, edited to fit a western viewpoint. Preserved on a DVD.

You seemed so familiar yet so alien and so wild. I was protected from you, surrounded as I was by Western comforts and familiarity. I thought I was shielded from your strange ways of life. I couldn't be polluted by your way of thinking; as natural as breathing to you, but as alien as living on the moon, to me. When I watched you, I thought you were contained and captive, like a zoo imprisons a tiger, and I'd soon forget you. That wasn't the case.

Today I'm in a nest of TVs, heating, computers, everything a Westerner should want, but my mind keeps drifting back to you. To your way of life. It is almost as though you've thrown an invisible lasso around my neck, and are gently pulling my thoughts towards the Outback and the world that I'd seen on TV. I can't help it or stop it and I'm not sure that I'd want to.

I am British, rooted in my island, my history, and identity. Now though, I wonder how solid the foundations to this island truly are. Have we become ensnared instead by some North Atlantic drift? Are we instead almost Americans in our culture? Have they in-fact invaded us and in doing so cast our identity to the wind?

I see you, Aborigines, who have lived on your land for many thousands of years. How you are connected to your land in a way that we may have been once, but no more. You have met Western society but you've held it at bay, kept your roots and traditions unpolluted by the corruption the new society, my society, carries.

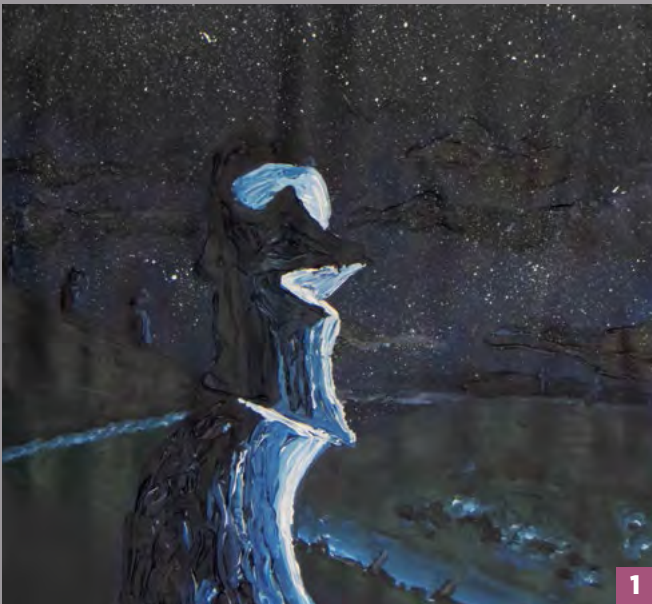
You know who you are. You know what you need. You know the laws and traditions that have kept your culture thriving and vibrant for all those thousands of years.

When I watched you, I saw how the older members of your tribe educate and help the younger ones. This is more ways though than multiplication or subtraction. The lessons were on how to live, and not only in their tribe, but in the world as well.

I saw thousand year old techniques on building canoes, on finding food that didn't need fertilizer, and how laws that were millennia old still worked today. How they kept the peace. I was amazed at just how much humour you found in your lives. Everything didn't have to be serious. People wore smiles, even when faced with difficult circumstances or conditions that would send Westerners running for the hills.

I realised though, when I watched you, thought about you, that for all our differences, we are the same. We have the same wants, the same fears, the same hopes and dreams. Perhaps there is only really one difference? Maybe that you, the Aborigines, have a past and ancestors who are still alive and so vibrant. We have forgotten ours, let their memories die, and are now much poorer because of it.

Alastair Dumfries



SALA SAMOBÓJCÓW

(SUICIDE ROOM) FILM REVIEW

Suicide Room, or Sala Samobójców as it is known in Poland, follows the story of a young man called Dominik. From the onset of the film it becomes apparent, through scenes of private school and personal drivers, that Dominik comes from a wealthy family. It is hard for the viewer not to label him as a spoiled brat as he tends to get what he wants. However, through this 'spoiled brat' persona, we get an insight into his family life by learning that his parents lead a life fuelled by their career and as such have no time for their only son.

Feeling rejected and unable to get the attention he desires, he treasures and relishes any attention at school. Eventually he begins to question his sexuality and when the opportunity to explore these feelings presents itself he takes advantage of it and kisses a fellow classmate. With no backlash he begins to fall for this classmate. However, high on these feelings, he misconstrues some mixed messages through no fault of his own and has a humiliating experience making him the laughing stock of the school. Feeling ostracised and with nowhere to go, he locks himself away in his room, finding refuge in an online avatar style game called 'The Suicide Room' where he meets a peculiar girl called Sylvia who wants to commit suicide.

Through Dominik's character, Jan Komasa, the director and writer, successfully portrays the difficulties that adolescence presents, whilst exploring the themes in great depth. The film focuses on two overlapping worlds, reality and fantasy and how, sometimes, it is tough to differentiate between the two – an issue that is becoming a more common occurrence as children turn to the Internet to escape the realities around them rather than face their problems head on.

Jakub Gierszal, who plays Dominik, provides a realistic and relatable performance. In one scene during his time of seclusion and depression, Dominik throws himself against his bed and begins destroying his room, the anger clearly visible, and all because the Internet was turned off. Although the scene could easily be considered as an extreme and cliché moment, I found it hard to watch because it was an honest depiction of teenage angst that a lot of people can relate to.

I think most teenagers can find similarities in this film whether it is through the depiction of arguments between children and parents; questioning themselves; feeling misunderstood or being easily influenced. Personally, and embarrassingly, I could relate to the similarities of Dominik's attitude towards his parents and how he felt they didn't understand him; questioning his sexuality; and the stress and confusion he went through, trying to process everything around him. Watching the film and looking back I question how and why I acted and wish I hadn't spoken to my parents the way I did but that is the benefit of hindsight. I have since apologised to my family. However, in saying all this, it doesn't change the genuine feelings I had at the time, extreme, as they may have been.

Equally though I believe it reminds parents of their past actions and that their children could easily experience the same thing and how ultimately, it should boil down to understanding and giving time, something which is easier said than done; sadly, it is easy to blow things out of proportion and, when someone lends a branch, it can easily be thrown back in their face. Adolescence can be horrible but the key to surviving it is communication and remembering to think before you talk. A lot could be learned from this film, if people are willing to listen.

Craig Shotts



1 STONE MAN
Colin Dumfries
Acrylic on Canvas

2 ISLAND
Graham Dumfries
Oil on Canvas



AN INTERVIEW WITH... MARTINA COLE



We were privileged to have author Martina Cole drop in on us while she was in Scotland to promote her latest novel: The Good Life.

Martina, the daughter of working class Irish immigrants from the city of Cork, was brought up in Aveley, Essex. She left her local convent school at fifteen, but even while she was there Martina would often play truant, spending her days hanging out in the local park reading the countless books she'd borrowed from the library on her mum and dad's ticket.

Martina wears her heart on her sleeve – and her success on her wrist, in the shape of a gold Rolex – and she was very generous with her time, agreeing to the following Q & A session where she shared some valuable insights into her own writing process with readers, creative writers and some members of the STIR team.

HOW DO YOU BUILD THE CHARACTERS IN YOUR BOOKS?

I've been very lucky with the people I've met in my life. Sometimes I build from people I know. I would never name them, but they know who they are. For instance, I have a 64 year old friend who is the character I used as a lap dancer in one of my books. I spend all day with the people I've created; I put wallpaper on their walls, I give them families, lives to live, cars to drive and, in some cases, I have even killed them! Not many people can say that about their jobs.

DO YOU YOURSELF SPEND A LOT OF TIME READING BOOKS? DO YOU FIND THAT THIS HELPS WITH YOUR CHARACTER BUILDING?

Yes! I read all the time. In fact I've probably read all the books you have in this library! And yes it does help me structure my books. One thing I would say is when you build a character then keep them in character! No use him being a nice guy all through the book then turning him into a madman. I think we all show a different side of our characters to different people, like our loved ones and friends, and I try to remember this when I'm writing.

DO YOU FIND IT'S IMPORTANT TO READ A LOT OF BOOKS TO BE A GOOD AUTHOR?

Yes. As I said earlier, I spent a lot of time playing truant from school and reading books. And that's why I travel around prisons and other institutes. If me being here can encourage someone to pick up a book and read then I'm happy. And the more you read, the better the author you'll become.

DO YOU SPEND A LOT OF TIME THINKING ABOUT YOUR BOOKS BEFORE YOU ACTUALLY SIT DOWN AND WRITE THEM?

Yes, I spend quite a lot of time thinking out my plots and characters before I write. I travel a lot and I get to meet people and hear their experiences. Last year I done Singapore, South America, Australia, New Zealand and I also spent time in America talking to people in the projects out there. I always carry my little notebook and write things as I go along.

DO YOU THINK IT'S IMPORTANT TO SET ASIDE A SPECIAL TIME FOR WRITING?

Yeah I do, but I can write anywhere. I travel so much now and I'm always writing. I've just been to Argentina and I've got to keep writing as I've got deadlines to make. But when I'm at home I like to write way into the night. I switch all the phones off and just write. You know its great writing; I can close my eyes and be anywhere, like walking through Soho or the East End of London because that's where my areas are. I'll tell you a thing I do – I go into all the old second hand shops and buy up all the old maps, because if I were burying a body or doing a robbery in the 1960s then you better be sure you knew where you were going. London is full of one way streets so you'd better know your way about. I also love to buy old TV listings, like the Radio Times. You get so much information from them, like who was popular then, and what shows people were watching.

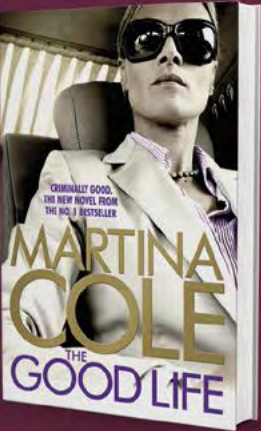
DO YOU WATCH TV REALITY SHOWS, IE BIG BROTHER, I'M A CELEBRITY ?

Nah, I don't watch any of these shows. I'm too busy writing and travelling. But I have been offered Big Brother and I'm A Celebrity! But as I say, I would rather spend my time travelling, and visiting guys like you in prison.

WHAT'S THE BEST ADVICE YOU CAN GIVE TO A BUDDING AUTHOR?

Oh, just keep writing and write what you know. And write things that you want to read. Don't write for other people, write for yourself. Try to write in your own voice. If you can master this then there's no reason you can't go on to be a successful author.

Thank you Martina.
Eddie Shotts



We were delighted to welcome Jess Thorpe to STIR HQ here at HMP Shotts. Jess is a very enthusiastic advocate for the use of creative arts in prison and has been involved in many projects promoting them through her work with prisoners and their families in Scotland and during her residency in the U.S. We also told Jess about the Family Time project that has begun here in Shotts. This project involves a lot of creative art and interacting with your children. It will run initially for 12 weeks and if all goes well it will continue. Jess thought this was a great idea and hopes it will be a great success.

JESS THORPE

THE USE OF THE ARTS TO CONNECT FAMILIES AFFECTED BY INCARCERATION

Jess Thorpe is a lecturer at the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland in Glasgow, which is a university for creative arts such as dance, drama and music. Jess's specialty is making new shows and she began collaborating with Perth prison eight years ago, working with prisoners to put on shows which prisoners families could attend as well as encouraging prisoners to learn about theatre. For Jess this has a relationship with rehabilitation; it shows the audience a really good show as well as allowing prisoners to express themselves. Her class in Perth has a saying, "What the audience expect to see when they come to prison, let's show them the opposite." They hope the audience goes away saying, "That was not what I thought prison or prisoners would be like." In other words as Jess says, "We are all human beings at different stages of our lives." In essence prisoners may have made mistakes in the past but they are still people with aspirations, hopes and fears, however, in many cases families as well, and Jess believes art connects all human beings.

Through her work in prisons Jess won an award called the Winston Churchill award which allowed her to work anywhere in the world. Having previously worked in a prison in Detroit, USA, this time Jess choose to work in a prison in Connecticut focusing on a number of projects, including one known as the 'Mom and Kids' weekend. Jess was given the opportunity to spend time with a member of staff called Jill who works alongside the artistic programme within the prison. As part of her job she runs a series of groups designed to provide the women with a space and time to discuss their feelings, as 'parenting at a distance' is a common dilemma.

The 'Mom and Kids' weekend involved the women working to prepare a creative weekend for their children. Over two whole days between 9am and 4pm, once a year, the women and their children spend time together taking part in activities, playing games and the women showcase their performance.

For prisoners anywhere family is usually the most important thing in their lives and research has proven that maintaining good family contact helps reduce re-offending rates, once people are released back into the community. Prison often damages positive social ties and the bond between those imprisoned and their children can be weakened as a result of incarceration.

Furthermore, a 2009 study by children's charity Barnardo's published a report called 'Every Night You Cry', focusing on the realities of having a parent in prison. It showed a strong link between parental imprisonment and adverse outcomes for children, who are around three times more likely to commit anti-social behavior than their peers.

In Scotland 48% of prisoners have children under the age of 18 (2011 The Prisoner Survey Scotland). This statistic, as well as the Bernardo's report, should encourage policymakers within the government or the Scottish Prison Service to explore means of maintaining or improving relationships between parents and children as well as peers and communities outside by whatever means available. Creative arts such as the 'Moms and Kids' weekend in Connecticut prison are undoubtedly beneficial for both prisoners and their families. Looking at the bigger picture, surely society as a whole will be the main benefactor of these scheme's as this type of project can promote parental bonds and lessen the perceived feelings of separation; fragmentation, disconnection and stigmatization for both parent and child, as well as reducing recidivism rates.

Children of prisoners are in a way indirect victims of their parents' crimes as they suffer the loss of their parent for the duration of the sentence. As Jess herself says, "We are all humans, so hopefully in future institutions can look at positive creative projects like those discussed and move forwards working with prisoners and their families to encourage contact, maintain bonds, helping children deal with a difficult time and also supporting rehabilitation."

Eddie and Jas Shotts



The lonely old shabby chairs, indented still with the shape of Mr & Mrs Johnston's bodies, sat side by side, in the lounge, in an empty shell of a house, where there once was the fulfilling sound of laughter, talking, joking. The arms of the chair were worn and tatty; you could see the ring where Mr J stood his tea cup every morning and the recess where Mrs J's arms would rest as she nursed her children, then her children's children.

A healthy happy family once lived here, bursting with life. The elderly couple had lived all their life in this house. The only love they ever knew romantically was the love for each other; they were childhood sweethearts. A headmaster's job had taken the Johnstons to this area and this house; Mrs J was a teacher in Mathematics.

BOOKENDS

JACKIE

CORNTON VALE

THE PRESERVATION OF LIFE

BRIAN GREENOCK

The old mongrel dog was better fed than his one legged master. The fading dog was his life, the dog ate before he did and that was easy to see.

At the beginning of his mission to bring the light of God's word to Rio's Rochina hill favela, sights like the man and his dog were of shock to Germano, who had come here from Lisbon at the end of the year two thousand. Born into a wealthy family, Germano had begun training for the priesthood at the age of eighteen when he left school. After serving Lisbon's St Christopher's parish for fifteen years he had become bored of the predictable life that accompanied one of Lisbon's busiest parishes. The fact that his textile tycoon father was both willing and able to pay for what Germano called his vocational calling ensured that the tight pocketed arch bishop gave his blessing and revelled in the badly needed good publicity this brought to the church.

Now though, sights like this were of a daily occurrence, and had ceased to be of shock a long time ago. During his first year in Rio he had been beaten up and robbed on several occasions. He was an outsider and his dog collar offered the level of protection you could expect from a paper raincoat. He'd liked to have thought that the drug gangs had grown to respect him and his faith in the power of hope. He wasn't a deluded fool though and had long since realised that his popularity

was no doubt related to the fact that most of the infamously brutal U.P.P - Police Pacification Unit or Unidade de Policia Pacificadora in Portuguese - were catholic and it had been Germano who had baptised their children and therefore knew most of the U.P.P. by name.

As a result he had become like a bullet repellent white flag, as the trigger-happy police didn't start shoot-outs when he was present. The local drug gangs had made it clear to any of the residents of Rio's biggest hill favela who valued their lives that to insult, rob or hurt Germano would be to insult, rob or hurt them and anyone with even an ounce of awareness knew that wasn't wise.

He wasn't blind or stupid and knew that getting his hands dirty was better than getting his shoulder saturated by the tears of another mother whose child had been tortured and killed by the U.P.P. He knew that he was a welcome smother and that his presence was used to divert attention from the illegal activities of the gangs. He wasn't exactly over the moon about this. He had prayed long and hard about this and had found comfort in the knowledge that nothing is more important than the preservation of life.

This is where the brood, as Mr J would call them, were brought up; the brood of two girls and three boys, the Johnston children. They had long left home and had children of their own, but every birthday, Christmas, or anniversary, the brood and their brood in turn, would return and the house would come alive again with childrens' screams and laughter, music and dancing. You could feel the affection and the love flow through every occupied room.

The old Johnstons loved the family coming round. They would sit in their chairs side by side, like bookends, watching on and taking comfort in their extended family as it grew over the years, occasionally glancing with that knowing little smile at each other in pure contentment, almost self gratification at the loving family they had created.

"We are so blessed" they would say ,"To have a lovely healthy family".

The lines and the grey hairs were rapidly noticeable on the old Johnstons' faces as the years passed - winter, spring, summer, autumn - no matter the time of year, it was guaranteed if you passed the house with the big window looking out into the beautiful rich colourful garden, you would see both of them sitting side by side: those bookends, those chairs.

Mr J would sit and read to her, the childhood diaries she had kept since she was a young girl. Her memory was not what it used to be and she became forgetful; this way she was reminded of treasured memories in her own sweet words.

When he read to her she would look right into his eyes, and smile fondly, sometimes with one eye on the cup balancing on the arm. When she smiled her eyes lit up and the corners of her mouth would curl. This, in itself, was reward for the consistent reading every afternoon. At these times he would look deep into her eyes and smile with great affection, and one could almost touch the love he felt for her, each stare longing for what was.

1 NEGATIVE LEAVES

Sean Dumfries
Acrylic on Canvas

2 STROLLING THE AVENUE

Raymond Barlinnie
Watercolour

He would always wear his glasses on his head. Although a man of great intellect, Mr J would spend half an hour looking for them, "Where are those darn glasses of mine?", she would laugh and say, "On your head love" chuckling under her breath. "I thought it was me who was forgetful". Putting his hands up to his head he would pull them down on to his eyes, shaking his head in disapproval at his absent mindedness and sitting down beside her, he would look, say nothing and start reading.

And still they sat. Hours on end, side by side, like bookends; her listening and hanging on to every word he said. To look at them sitting there, him with his tartan slippers with the bells his granddaughter had sewn on, as a joke. Every time he moved his feet the bell would ring, which always brought a cheeky smirk on Mrs J's face. If anyone came to visit it was always a topic of conversation and great laughter.

Mrs J was a very private person outwith her family. She was a tall woman with a slim build and everything in proportion; her height and demeanour demanded respect. A Jean Brodie character. She wore brown stockings and always a pretty dress, very feminine, with a long white knitted cardigan to cover her old frail arms. She took pride in her appearance and would curl her hair and apply her ruby red lipstick every day, to add to her already happy smile.



"We have been so fortunate" Mr J would say as he handed his wife her pills and a drink of cold water to wash them down. Mrs J was terminally ill, it was never spoken about; the elephant in the room. They just thanked god for every day they had together, each resisting the thought of what one would do without the other.

It was the dead of winter, frost lay glistening in the garden, a robin red breast flying to and from the bird house Mr J had made several years before. It had withstood umpteen rain, thunder, and snow storms, still standing in the middle of the garden, where they could watch the birds of all varieties, depending on the season, year in and year out.

The eldest of the children told the removal men to leave the two chairs side by side, as they are and as they have always been - like bookends. She stood for a while looking round the big room, where once all had sat happily exchanging stories. Memories flooded her head and danced round her heart. She gave a sigh and felt comforted to know it was her turn.

The brood waited impatiently in the cars as they made their way up to put flowers on mum and dad's stone. In the most beautiful cemetery on the hill, they lay to rest - side by side - like bookends, looking down on the area where they lived, where memories of the loving kind were made.

CORNER POETRY

MAN OF CLAY

Your creative hands have made me.
I'm a man. I have form, yet no life.
I'm a pale reflection of you.
I am made in your image.

All those things you do called life -
I want them too.
Like those around me, I want to leap or jump.
I long to feel, to touch, to smile, to laugh.

I'd love to feel the flush of success.
I want to experience pride at my achievements.
But I'm locked in my form. My life stands still.
I often wonder what's to become of me.

And that seat in the corner - who is it for?
I know I'm not expecting any visitors.
When you leave I wish I could go with you.
See where you go, and what you get up to.

If you can spare some time after your busy day,
I'd love your company.
There's a seat where you can rest and wind down.

I'm not much of a conversationalist;
you see I don't get out much.
But I'm definitely not cut out for this layabout
lifestyle.

Billy Dumfries

1 VAJRASATTVA

James Glenochil
Acrylic on Canvas



SAME AGAIN PAL?

Same again Squire?
Aye make it a double.

Count out my cash, money goes fast.
I'll get back on the ale, Brandy won't last.
I should spend some on food, my tummy is yawning.
I've only had coffee and toast since this morning.

Here you go Squire thy pint and thy double.

Along the bar patrons chat and laugh in a huddle
Tumblers clatter , coins counted,
stools dragged, betting slips crumbled
All cosy and happy. The door opens.
In blows the fresh air, cutting through the atmosphere.
It's big Tam Ingles from the fruit shop with his wife and daughter.
The odd couple , like 'Little and Large.'
Her slugging her pint, him sipping his half.

Same again Squire? Thy pint and thy double?

It's almost eleven, I'm already in trouble.
Head for the toilets, should make it in time
Try not to stumble into Old Maggie
at the jukebox putting on Patsy Cline.
'Who's sorry now?' I get the meaning of that line
If there's a queue for the urinal the sink will do fine.

Anon Shotts

ARGENTINA

I can't hear my own voice
Here parakeets greet
I can't see the sea
Here the sand is so bright - totally unlike
The gray of home
From ice to desert, from South to North, growing crops
On the old sea bed, on mountaintops
Rice and beans, beans and rice
From the low plains to air-less heights

Nabel Greenock

MEMORY BOX

I sit down on the bed and open up
a million memories from your old jewellery box
your illuminated pink nail varnish still scars
the sides from back in the day
each time I hold this wooden box I hear you say:
'I wish I could teach the crippled ballerina
to pirouette just one more time.'
Over the years the old box passed through the generations
from grandmother to granddaughter and into decline
But you loved the treasures it held within
not in gold or precious gems but stories
etched into its battle-scarred skin
Now that I hold the treasure
I will pass it on
So I too will be remembered
when I'm dead and gone.

Matthew Barlinnie

FEELINGS

It was just another September day back in 2011.
I felt as if my life had completely changed
I was so happy.
and also, all of a sudden, felt like
I was in love,

But with someone I didn't even know.
I didn't even know her name.

I'd never ever felt like this before,
certainly not with someone I didn't know.

But I felt great, alive again and
started to see a bit of light at the end of the tunnel.

Thought to myself, 'what's going on?',
I questioned

all of these feelings so many times,
and I still have the same feelings today.

On just another September day.

Edie Cornton Vale

A HEBRIDDEAN MEMORY

The Ocean ebbing
Forgotten land, trees: extinct
Turning peat I remember

Skeletons of old homes stay
Cattle paused, eating, dwelling
Atlantic tides breathe in me.

Shaun Barlinnie

2 MANDELA

Danica Cornton Vale
Acrylic on Canvas

3 VOYAGER

Harvey Shotts
Acrylic on Canvas

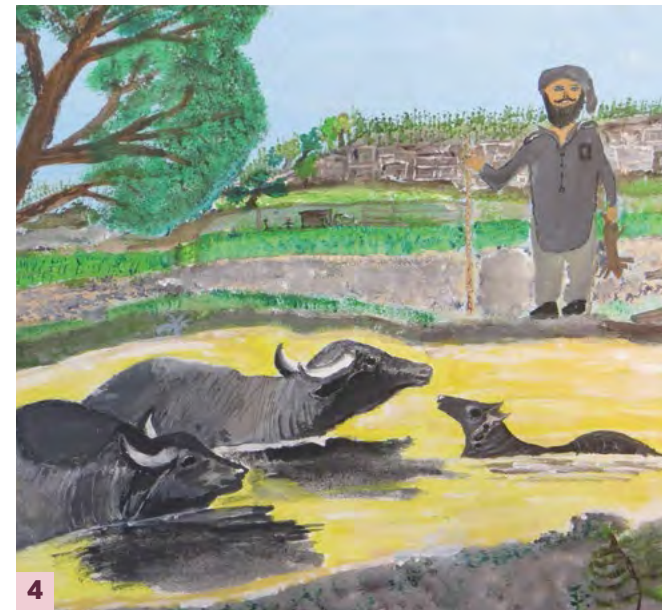
4 INDIAN FARMER

Sukdev Dumfries
Acrylic on Canvas

5 FIRST MOUNTAIN

Disco Barlinnie
Acrylic on Canvas

IT WAS A GOOD IDEA AT THE TIME



DARK NIGHT BLUES

The night is so dark, man I cannot see a thing
I said the night is so dark, man I cannot see a thing,
And I've lost my baby, she's waiting for me on the West Wing.

When I go home Lord, I want her right there with me
I said when I go home Lord, I want her right there with me
Please Lord do the right thing, and let my girl go free.

I'm sitting in the square Lord, I'm staring at the sky
I said I'm sitting in the square Lord, staring at the sky
Tell me where is my lady, sweet Lord you're gonna make me cry.

Anon Low Moss

LOOKING EAST

Vile acrid hate filled scorched land
Whirling dervish through sands of time
Blood splattered justice with sword in hand
Twisted bilious lies as truths enshrine

Whirling dervish through sands of time
Powers salacious lust the god to slake
Twisted bilious lies as truths enshrine
All hope who enter this arid land forsake

Powers salacious lust the god to slake
Their lands and minds a conflicting fissure
All hope who enter this arid land forsake
Extremist times call for an extremist measure

Their lands and minds a conflicting fissure
The fate of many recklessly scattered by few
Extremist times call for an extremist measure
Truth nurtured by lies does not make a lie true

The fate of many recklessly scattered by few
Blood splattered justice with sword in hand
Truth nurtured by lies does not make a lie true
Vile acrid hate filled scorched land

David Glenochil

CUTTING MYSELF

Starts with that feeling in my gut
That's when I know I need to cut
What is wrong I do not know
Left with nowhere else to go
It's what I use as my release
Goes on to give me sense of peace

As I slowly start to slice
The sensation it feels rather nice
You may think that I'm a fud
Excited by the sight of blood
I've self harmed they shout 'Code Red!'
Code Blue well that means you're dead
You say it's not good for my health
But I'm not trying to kill myself
Falling down the slippery slope
Don't worry it's just how I cope
Inside you cannot hear my cries
As my past trauma's start to rise
Everyone I've loved they seem to leave
We'll stand by you then you deceive
Every time I think of all the lies
Another part of me just dies

Dean Shotts

EMERGING WRITERS AND ARTISTS

CREATE A STIR

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS FOR ISSUE TWELVE

Finally, the theme for Issue 12 is protest and art.

There have been artists who have used their craft as a means to 'voice' their opinions during times of oppression, political unrest and hardship. Picasso was moved by the events of the Spanish Civil War to produce his painting Guernica. We ask that you think of an issue you feel strongly about and use that as inspiration for your work.

The deadline for issue 12 submissions is 3rd July.



We can't feature every piece of artwork we receive but here's a selection of what we got for this issue.

CONTACT

Submit your work to your New College Lanarkshire Learning Centre through the following contacts:

WENDY MILLER
ROSEANNE
MCMAMARA
HMP Barlinnie

MARISA FARRELL
HMP YO1
Cornton Vale

ANTHEA SUMMERS
EM STRANG
HMP Dumfries

RACHEL CLIVE
HMP Glenochil

TESSA DUNLOP
JACCI STOYLE
HMP Greenock

RACHEL WEBB
HMP Low Moss

IÑIGO GARRIDO
HMP Shotts

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