

ST//R

ISSUE TWO



ISSUE NUMBER

TWO

We have eagerly awaited your work and feedback for this issue, and after an initial panic that we would receive nothing, your work and feedback came through in floods. The visual art and writing is of a very high standard which has made our jobs as editors difficult, but rewarding. We asked for pop art – you sent us ten pop art paintings. We asked for traditional prison art – you sent us 26 scrolls, nine matchstick models, seven sculptures and six portraits. Thank you for the many other submissions we received. We feel the magazine is better as a result: we have included almost twice as many images as in the first issue.

Welcome to issue two of the new arts magazine created and edited by prisoners

Your feedback was frank and to the point, some praised the magazine and others pointed out our shortcomings. One of the criticisms we faced was that the magazine is part of the system. STIR is funded by the lottery, led by Motherwell College Learning Centres and edited by a group of prisoners at Shotts. All the art and writing inside is from you. Without your work there would be no magazine. Make no mistake, this is an arts magazine for prisoners by prisoners.

In Issue two, we focus on traditional prison art such as scrolls, matchstick models and portraiture. Cuban artists inspire visual art and written work in Shotts. We have a new cartoon strip to add a smile to your face along with life writing on football, war and egg collecting. And of course lots of paintings and poetry. We hope you'll enjoy STIR and that it will inspire you to write, paint and create. Let us know what you think of issue two - we want your feedback. If you're reading this outside, email us at STIR@motherwell.co.uk. Start sending your work for issue three now. We can't wait to see it.

Edited by Benno, Dean, Iain, Joe and Steven
With thanks to Paul and Robert for their contribution

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

WINNING LETTER

I thought the best poem was 'Low Moss' with the lines beginning with the letters of Low Moss – some unusual words which I had to look up the meanings of in the dictionary. I liked 'The Richest Drug Dealer.' Gritty – haunting eyes, colours dark including orange. Imagine him selling drugs, counting his money.

Apart from the funny smell and the size the content varied, matching publications like Not Shut Up and Inside Time, even with the small catchment of STIR, compared to the national reach of other magazines/newspapers.

I think there should be an area devoted to agencies who can help with educational opportunities/rehabilitation in custody/ on release for Scottish prisoners. Also a book review, if people still read in the TV age!

Maurice Glenochil

PAINT POTS
Brian Barlinnie
Acrylic on cartridge paper



It's too big
We've folded it

Include more art submitted
25 more images plus thumbnails on back page

Include commentaries on work
We've added them

More reviews
Added two music reviews

More appealing cover
We added artwork to the cover

Not enough work by women
More pieces by prisoners from Cornton Vale and Greenock

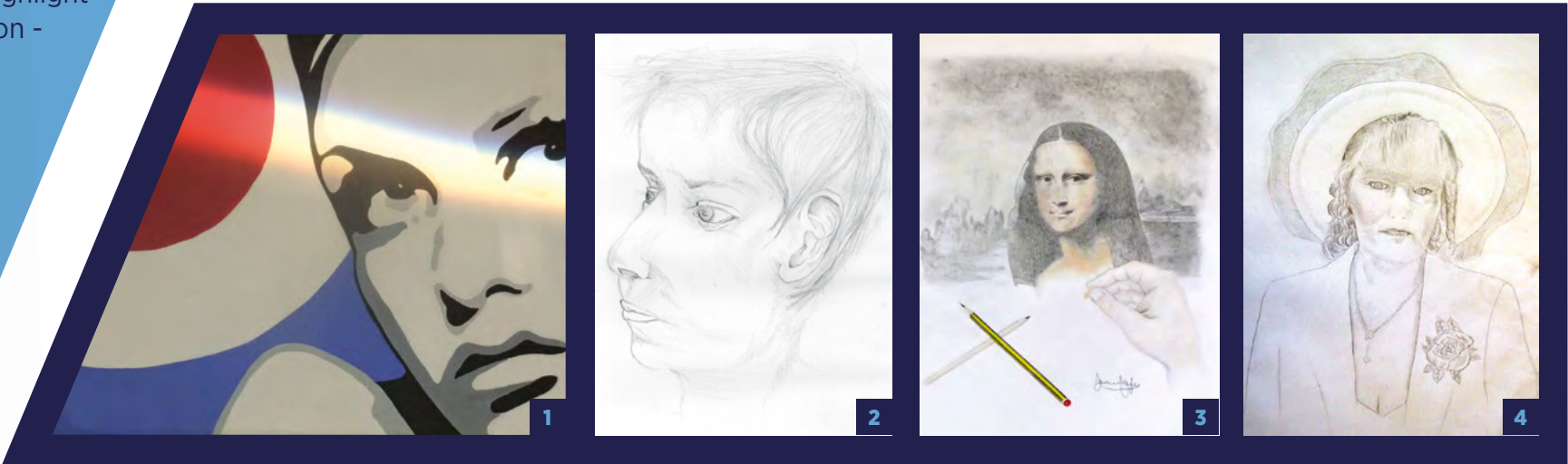
Include cartoon strip
We made one

Shotts/Barlinnie bias
In issue three we'll highlight the work of one prison - ask your Learning Centre to bid for the space

FACE TO FACE

THE POWER OF PORTRAITURE

When I was about 14, my mates and I would regularly go trawling around our local car boot sale in an attempt to discover rare Nirvana or Pearl Jam bootleg CDs. It was on one such trip that something unexpected caught my eye. It was a painted portrait of a young woman, probably in her late twenties, with long dark hair and beautiful brown eyes.



1 TWIGGY
Paul Barlinnie
Acrylic on canvas

2 YOUTH
William Greenock
Pencil on paper

3 MONA LISA
James Barlinnie
Pencil on paper

4 PORTRAIT, MUM
David Dumfries
This is a pencil drawing of my mum - a rare picture as she is not laughing or smiling in it, as she usually is. Pencil on paper

I guessed, from her clothing, that it had been painted in the 1970s and it's fair to say the picture had seen better days. The strange thing was that even though I had no idea who this woman was, or who painted the picture, I was captivated by it. This woman mesmerised me; she looked so quiet and melancholic. I began making up stories to explain where she came from and what had happened to her. I couldn't afford to buy the painting, but it is still with me 19 years later, such is the strange power that portraiture can have on us.

Let me give you an example of this power. Think about looking at a cherished photograph of a loved one, a child or a partner; look into their eyes and study their smile. Now think about what you'd feel like if you were asked to rip the picture up or poke out the eyes. I bet the majority of us would struggle to do so. Obviously we all know that the photograph is an inanimate object, just ink on paper and no harm will befall our nearest and dearest, yet we imbue the image with almost voodoo qualities. This is the power of portraiture.

In this example, you know the subject of the portrait, which makes the connection so much more direct; yet I had no idea who my 'car booty lady' was, and I still felt this pull towards her. Portraits transcend the personal; it's not what a portrait says about the sitter so much as what it says about humanity. That's not to say that the sitter is irrelevant, the sitter is crucial, as through them the artist can tell us about what it is to be human; our hopes, fears, vulnerability, desires and ambitions.

When you apply this thinking to our situation as prisoners, held behind walls, segregated from the rest of humanity, the power of portraiture is magnified tenfold. Our punishment is the loss of our liberty and access to our loved ones. Our worlds become walls of photographs and boxes of letters.

The one thing that is common amongst all of us is our humanity, even though the tabloid press would have the world think otherwise. Using portraiture we can express ourselves through the representation of the human form; penitent, defiant, proud, ashamed, lonely, lost, hopeful, strong.

I can now imagine that a lot of you will be saying, 'that's all well and good, but I can't draw' or words to that effect. I'd be forced to agree with you actually, capturing a likeness can be the hardest and most frustrating thing to attempt in the visual arts. However, it's not impossible and with practice anybody can produce a dramatic piece of art. The key, I think, is repetition, just draw and draw, and don't get hung up on early 'failed' attempts. Talking about this has reminded me of a lad, Sinky, who used to come to the art class here. He'd never drawn before but really enjoyed the process and he practiced and practiced. By the end of his sentence he was producing astonishing portraits and won himself Koestler Awards. He went on to college to study art and photography; the rehabilitating qualities of prison art in action!

It's also worth bearing in mind that a painting or drawing doesn't need to look like a photograph, after all, if that's what you want then just use a camera; it's quicker! The way marks are applied or features are distorted can be just as important to conveying the meaning and character, as facial expression or pose. Personally, I always find more life and soul, more humanity, in a drawing or painting than I do in a photograph. Experimentation is the key.

We live in a world that is overloaded with airbrushed, photographic images of the human face and body – some advertising executive's idea of perfection. I think this has made us forget that our faces, and bodies, carry the stories of our lives; warts, scars, tattoos and all. Through portraiture we are given the opportunity to retell these stories and ultimately to reinforce our humanity.

Benno Shotts

Prisons today are viewed as holiday camps where criminals take a sabbatical from felonious activities in five-star accommodation.

Yet, in reality, prisons are boring, lonely places where we spend a lot of time locked up alone and away from our families and loved ones. It is at these points in our daily lives that many prisoners turn to cell art. Scrolls, portraits, matchstick models – these works demonstrate skill, patience and artistic merit. Each prison tends to focus or produce one or two types of prison art in preference to all others: scrolls are common in Barlinnie, matchstick models in Addiewell and tobacco tins are more often found in the longer-term jails such as Shotts.

But where did prison art originate? No accurate record of prison art exists and this lack of documentation is likely down to the way the general public view prisoners or the way the prisoners themselves view this type of art. Prison art is almost always ‘of the moment’ as few prisoners pursue artistic careers upon their release back into society. However, records do exist of the many forms of art created in prisoner of war camps.

TRADITIONAL PRISON ART

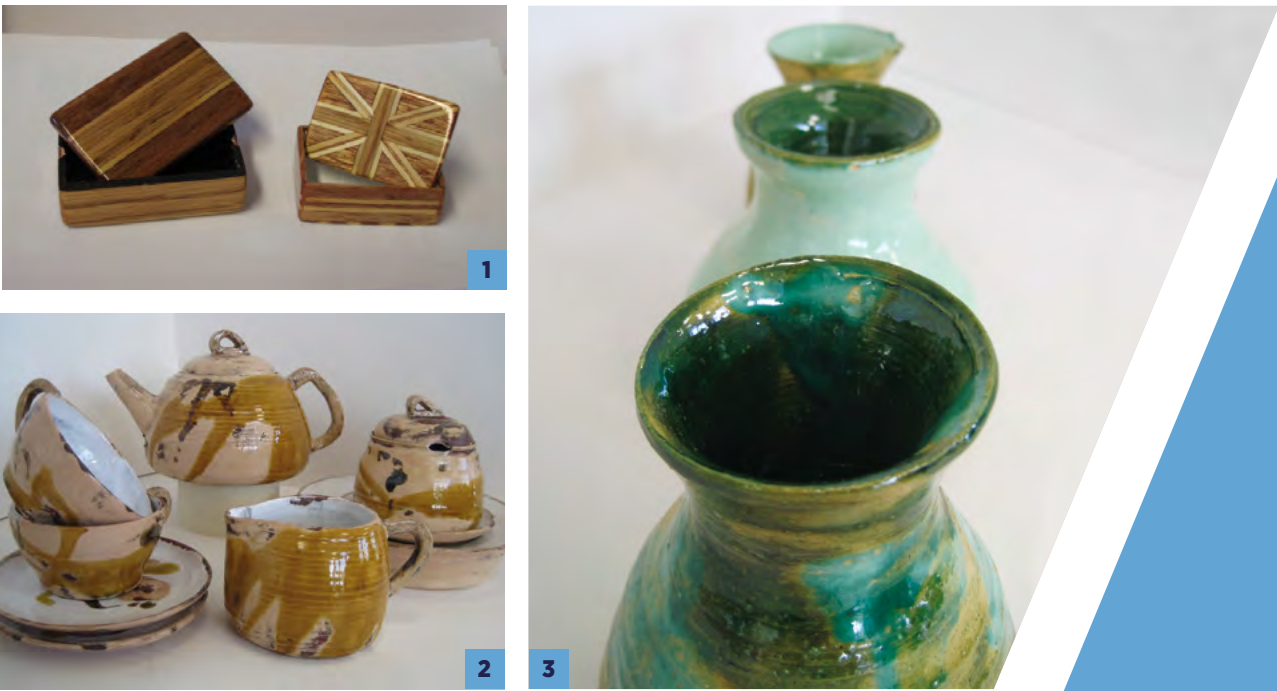
During the Napoleonic Wars tens of thousands of French prisoners found themselves interned in British prison camps (then called depots) such as those at Norman Cross, Peterborough and Edinburgh Road, Perth (later to become Perth prison). Whilst interned, French prisoners passed the time by making a variety of elaborate boxes, models and other pieces made from soup bones. They also created marquetry boxes (the matchstick models of the day) and similar items using plaited straw. The majority of these pieces were sold or traded for essentials by the prisoners at the prison gates, as a means to survive the brutal conditions inside. One particularly elaborate example of art, which has survived today, is a complete domino set that can be found in Perth museum.

Throughout the Second World War, prisoners dealt with their emotions and portrayed the daily horror of war through poetry and art. Some pieces of artwork however, were made for sale to soldiers or civilians in areas near or around the camps in exchange for food, cigarettes or money. Several prison camps even held art exhibitions in which these objects could be viewed by and sold to the public. For example British civilians who found themselves in Ruhleben, a camp outside Berlin, produced a number of objects by melting down silver coins, they also made inventive use of available materials such as rat skins to make leather wallets.

German prisoners interned in Britain created flower vases and napkin rings using mutton and beef bones from their rations. Turkish prisoners made realistic snakes and other objects from beads. Russian prisoners made use of their woodworking skills to produce carved cigarette boxes. Allied prisoners interned in Japanese camps in the Far East manufactured paints using coloured earth, from various depths of up to 12 metres, with colours ranging from white, ochre and brown to Indian red. This coloured earth would be dried, ground with bottles and mixed with rice water.

With the advent of in-cell TV, it is true that some traditional art forms are in decline. Yet the examples here show how much thought, skill and time still goes into cell art. These objects may no longer be sold at the prison gates or exchanged for a meagre chunk of bread but they are still essential for some prisoners’ survival. Scrolls for example, show our families that even though they are out of sight they are never out of our thoughts and always in our hearts. Prisoners who can create art are still able to sell, barter or trade their pieces in order to survive their sentences without the need for the financial support of their families; something of more value to a prisoner than any amount of money. Cell art is about survival, independence, connection and love: as you can see from the exceptional examples here.

Dean Shotts



PIANO
Anon Glenochil
Matchsticks

CARAVAN
Lee Glenochil
Matchsticks

DOG
Micheal Glenochil
Clay



Victor Barlinnie George Barlinnie Adele Cornton Vale



A SCROLL FROM THE HEART

Scrolls have been made by prisoners in Scottish jails for as long as anyone can remember.

Edward Barlinnie
I have drawn scrolls for family, friends and my wife for over twenty years. With no access to cash for gifts, it's a way of giving something back at birthdays, Christmas and Valentine's Day.

They are messages for loved ones; for the husbands, wives, partners, sons and daughters left behind. They are love letters that acknowledge the pain of separation, the disappointment of letting people down, the broken hearts. They are driven by the most human of motivations – the urge to connect. They are made by fathers fighting to retain access to their children, husbands desperate to avoid divorce, sons who need to know that they are still loved. Scrolls attempt to fix the mistakes of the past, to mend broken hearts, to foster new beginnings. As one Barlinnie prisoner and scroll maker puts it:

A scroll comes from the heart. I can put on the scroll exactly what I want to say and what best shows my feelings. It's to let someone know how much I love and miss them.

A SELECTION OF SCROLL ENTRIES



THE OLD CAR
Robert Dumfries
Watercolour on paper

CUBA BEYOND THE FRAME

In July the Shotts Learning Centre held a week dedicated to Cuban culture, art and music. Prisoners enjoyed visits from musicians Yamil Ferarro and Ricardo Pompa Fernandez. The week also included a visit from Jan Pietrasik, organiser of an exhibition of contemporary Cuban art, Beyond the Frame, at The Lighthouse in Glasgow. She explained how the plight of the Miami Five was the inspiration behind the exhibition.

The Miami Five were a group of Cuban's imprisoned whilst trying to stop terrorist acts being perpetuated against their homeland. Their convictions, long jail sentences and the treatment of visitors have been the subject of long-standing campaigns by Amnesty and the Cuba Solidarity Campaign. Three of the five turned to the creative arts behind bars and their work forms part of the exhibition.

Antonio Guerrero's, work is filled with colour and light. Painted with considerable skill, there is 'chocolate box' nostalgia to the work that is understandable considering his incarceration. As a prisoner he lives in memories and photographs of home; this has become the focus of his art as this is where he longs to be. 'My Havana' is a piece that is less about reality and more about that perfect place where he can go to when the walls of the prison just seem too high.

A standout work in the exhibition, 'The Trial' by Gustavo Diaz Sosa is a piece that has immediate impact. We are all used to seeing the strange, sterile, pastel drawings done during the course of criminal trials here in the UK. However this piece, with its smudged and scratched charcoal surface, coupled with small silhouetted figures, screams about the isolation and fear faced during a criminal trial. The work leaves you with a sense of foreboding and no doubt about the result of the trial; we know the defendant has no chance.

The title of the exhibition, Beyond the Frame, invokes many different thoughts; thinking beyond the frame or out of the box, or the idea of a person being framed for a crime. The inclusion of works by international and prison artists shows that people can come together from different cultures and backgrounds to highlight injustice and stand up for their beliefs.



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Professional artist, Luis Enrique Camejo Vento's painting also depicts a stereotypical old American car on a Havana street. However he brings contemporary life to the Cuban street scene. Old and new are combined in the painting. There is a sense of life and hope in this painting, with the woman representing all the positive things that could happen in Cuba if they are given half a chance. The monochromatic colour and car act as a reminder of what has been.

1 THE TRIAL,
BY JOSEPH K.
Gustavo Diaz Sosa
Mixed media on canvas

2 UNTITLED
Luis Enrique Camejo
Oil on canvas

3 MY HAVANA
Antonio Guerrero
Oil on canvas

OPEN MUSEUM

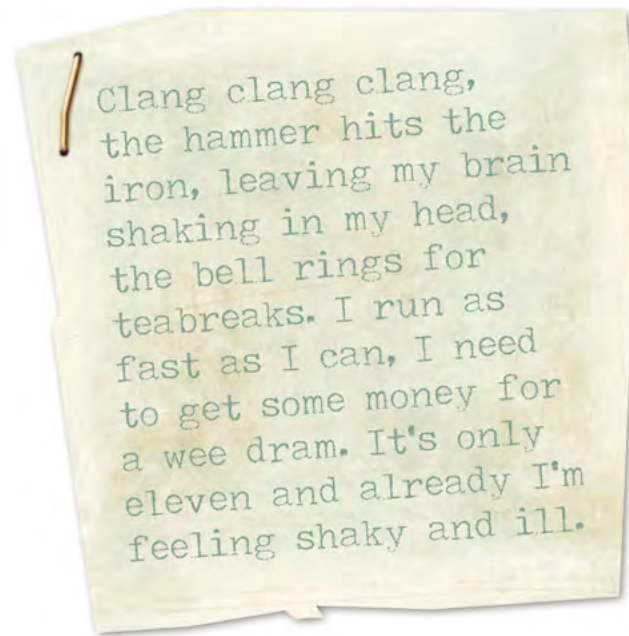
In March, seven men from Barlinnie worked with the Open Museum, writer Brian Whittingham and Motherwell College lecturers to curate a new exhibition of museum objects for the prison library.

The end result was a thought-provoking new display, accompanied by Walking in the Rain, an original, sketchbook-style publication of writings inspired by the museum objects.

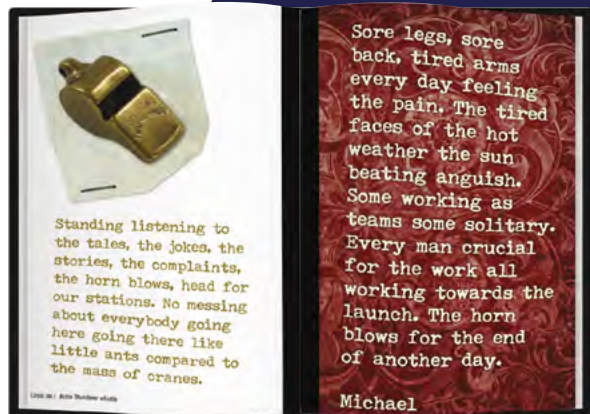
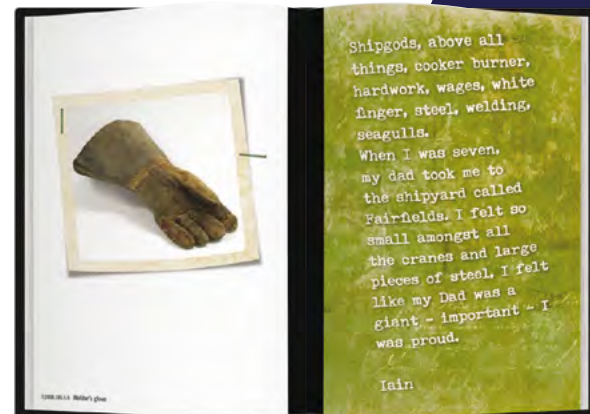
Students were given the opportunity to refresh the prison library display through using the Open Museum's resources, specifically one of their Handling Kits. Students were invited to consider and discuss the importance of a special object in their lives through viewing and handling the exhibits in the Enigma 4 museum kit. Objects stirred up memories of family, work and friends. They led to reflections on time passing and how it feels to be 'inside'. Stories were swapped and aspirations for the future were shared as the theme of the exhibition was born: In Time.

The launch of the new display and publication of Walking in the Rain has generated further interest in the use of Museum Handling Kits. The creative writing lecturer at Barlinnie and Low Moss has received training from the Open Museum and has successfully used the Folklore Kit with students. This kit included a prehistoric hammerhead and a tooting horn. Other kit themes include: Tenement Life, Spices and Curious Objects. To handle such ancient objects within a sterile prison environment is quite a unique feeling with one prisoner commenting that he felt 'proud to have held such a precious object' in his hands.

Any member of staff can request training on the use of handling kits to use within prisons, so if anyone reading this is interested in working with museum objects then ask a lecturer in your prison learning centre to consider receiving this free training.



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Brian Barlinnie



PORTRAIT OF A PRISONER
Magoo Shotts
Mixed media on board

DIA/DAY
Juan Roberto Diago Durruthy
Mixed media on board

He is a blank, emotional face,
Framed within a confined space.
Empty eyes stare out, from behind the bars
That hold him within.

No clues are given,
Who is this person?
What is he seeing?

UNKNOWN

What is he feeling?
I am this person; I am in prison.
I look out of my window; behind the bars,
Is there anyone looking back? I don't know.
But if there is - who do they see?

A husband, who misses and loves a wife, carried in his heart always;
A father, who hears his son's laughter,
Every time he closes his eyes?
All they see is another blank face, in another blank space.

Mark Shotts
Written in response to Durruthy's 'Dia'



ST/R

CHE
Dean Shotts
Ink on paper

KORDA'S CHE

Probably one of the most iconic images of the 20th century is Alberto Korda's photograph of Cuban revolutionary Che Guevara. First defiantly emblazoned on militant student banners in the late 1960s Che's image has since morphed into a form of pop art and even entered the market place as a countercultural designer brand – paradoxically manifesting Che's original revolutionary.

The photo also foretold a change in male image. Che's beret with the star and his uncombed hair prefigures the coming of an androgynous chic. Although he epitomises maleness, he heralds a profound change in masculinity. Essentially however, Che's image endures as a central motif in rebellious youth sub-culture and his famous poster continues to mark out a liberation territory in teenagers and students' bedrooms.

The iconic image was taken by Korda, at a rally in Havana in 1960. Five years later Che would be dead, killed by the army in Bolivia, where he was trying to spread revolution. His silent and visionary gaze has come to represent the spirit of rebellion and protest everywhere.

On a less profound level, Korda's updated psychedelic image of Che, now openly displayed on T-shirts even in New York, has come to represent non-conformity as a lifestyle choice, as opposed to life and death political struggle – but surely even that is to be celebrated as a lingering vestige of the spirit of Che Guevara.

John Shotts

JUST AN EGG

When I was 13 years old I had a fascination for wild birds and their eggs. I used to travel all over collecting birds eggs until one day at Castle Semple loch in Lochwinnoch (an RSPB reserve) my friend and I hired canoes to get to the water birds’ nests that we couldn’t reach from the land.

Unfortunately, we were spotted and when we came back to dry land we were arrested. The wardens were lying in wait for us and we were taken to a big building with our haul of eggs. We had raided the common-gull colony, mute swans nest and we also had eider teal and tufted ducks eggs. We had over 60 eggs between us but the eggs that caused the problems for us were the four dirty grey eggs of a bird called the little grebe, sometimes known as the dabchick, one of only seventeen breeding pairs in the country.

This was in 1975 and we were young so instead of phoning the police we were placed in a jeep and driven to a large wooden building, watched over by one of the wardens. Soon a projector and a large roll of film were produced and we were told to watch a film of these birds taken the year before. Instead of my normal view of birds fleeing in panic as I raided their nests I was watching a film of grebes dancing with each other on the water. I saw the male grebe present the female with a piece of water reed, which was her first piece of nesting material. I watched as the birds worked nonstop to build their nest and guard their eggs from hungry gulls. Then the glorious day mum appeared with the little grey heads of the chicks looking cute from between the wings on her back as she swam. Finally we watched the chicks fledging and flying away.

The lights went on and Gary the warden asked ‘how do you feel now?’ I hung my head in shame. To me it was only the shell that had the interest - the sizes, the colours, the squiggles and spots on them. My days of egg collecting were over. The birds were better to watch.

I got a voluntary job with Gary on Castle Semple loch, until I was 16, then a full time job with the RSPB. I went to Skomer Island in north Wales one March, to see how the puffins were coping, due to overfishing, and to ring the young birds. These comical birds nested in burrows on the island which was about half a mile wide and was covered with old, unused burrows. I asked John and Susan (my companions) how it was possible to find the burrows the birds were using. They both looked at me. Smiling, Susan said ‘you’ll find out tonight.’

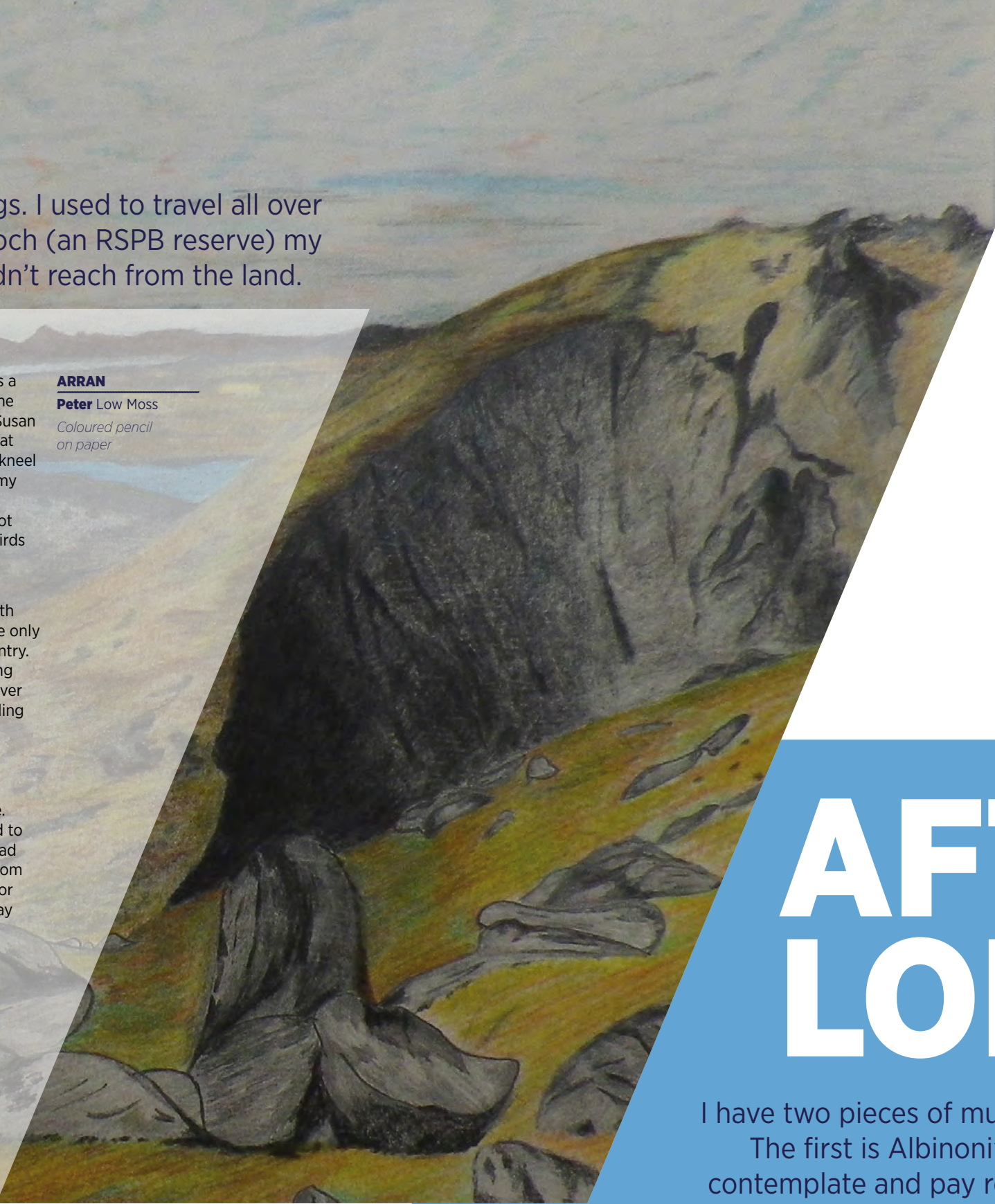
Finally 12pm came. I carried what can best be described as a bag full of knitting needles with plastic flags attached at the blunt end. After 10 minutes walking in the dark John and Susan stopped at a grassy hill. Treading quietly, they knelt down at burrow after burrow. Suddenly Susan motioned for me to kneel down beside her at a particular burrow. I knelt down, put my ear to the burrow and started to laugh. Those little birds snored! A flag was pushed into the ground to mark the spot and the hunt continued. We found seventy four of those birds snoring in their nest tunnels. Looking at an egg had never amazed me like this.

For the next five years I worked all over the British isles with the RSPB. In 1990 I was sent to Loch Garten to monitor the only breeding pair of ospreys the public knew about in the country. I was there about a month when we had a phone call saying a young peregrine falcon had been struck by a car. The driver stated he had placed the bird in the phone box he was calling from (as it had attacked him with its talons while he was driving); he gave us directions and told us he would meet us there. Looking at the map we realised it was on a small highland road over twelve miles away. We made our way over there but there was no sign of a phone box anywhere. After two hours we made our way back to the ospreys and to my horror I realised the tree containing the ospreys nest had been cut down. I had watched as the birds had returned from Africa to rebuild their nest, the female incubate the eggs for three weeks and now they lay smashed at my feet. That day I realised It wasn't just an egg; it was a life.

I gave my job up soon after that as I couldn't understand why I was so upset about a nest. That bird lost its young that year. Me, I've been in and out of jail ever since and racked up over twenty years in sentences. It turns out not only those young birds lost their lives that year.

Stuart Greenock

ARRAN
Peter Low Moss
Coloured pencil
on paper



MY PROUDEST MOMENT

One of my favourite hobbies is playing football. What is unusual about that I hear you ask? Well, the sad truth is that the only unusual thing about this is the fact that I’m female.

I started playing football when I was 10 years old. One day the boys were training in the school gym and as all my friends were away, I asked if I could join in. At first it was a bit of fun but the coach noticed I was good and asked me to come back. Before I knew it, I had been selected for the school team. I was the only girl player they had.

I really enjoyed playing against other school teams and seeing the look on the faces of the players when they saw a girl running onto the pitch. The only part I didn't enjoy was being kept apart from my team mates once the games were over. I had to get washed and changed in the toilet block while all my team mates were together celebrating in the changing rooms. It always made me feel left out.

When I went on to secondary school they wouldn't let me join the boys team and with no women's team, that was it. I decided to speak to the other girls and get a petition going. Eventually, the school gave in and formed a female football team. I couldn't believe what we'd achieved.

After I had left school, I played for Wishaw then East Kilbride. The training was so much more intense but I loved the physical challenge it gave me. At 16 I got a call up from the national team coach to take trials for the Scotland squad. I made it into the team and played as a right midfielder. My family were so proud. They were even prouder when I scored my first ever goal with the national team in a friendly against England.

My playing career came to an end when I fell pregnant with my daughter. I loved being a mum but found I had no time to continue with the team training. I still love watching and playing football even though I know my glory days are all behind me. Pulling on the Scotland jersey and playing in front of a home crowd really was my proudest moment.

Lorraine Greenock

AFTERNOONS, LONG AGO

I have two pieces of music I would include in my ‘Desert Island Discs’. The first is Albinoni’s Adagio in G minor, which fulfils my desire to contemplate and pay respect to a long past tragedy. It is a reflective piece of music, like a series of deep breaths rising to a great yearning sigh, then at the very end it subsides again, just like the tragedy that had once unfolded before me. When I hear this piece, it brings back the memory in a powerful expressive voice, like a storm, bursting with the torment of life and ultimately death.

It has been some nineteen years now, however it is so clear in my memory it could have been yesterday. Snow was falling as we made our way in silence through the valley. After a full day's walk we arrived at our first location, just after one in the morning. It was five below freezing. The troop set up an all around defence position whilst Nick the Canadian and I went to check the final location where we would set up the observation post, or OP. An hour and a half later we returned and led the others to the OP location.

For the rest of the night and most of the following day we watched the village, two of us at a time on two hour Stags, whilst the remainder slept in the hide twenty metres behind, except for one other, who guarded our rear in case an enemy patrol stumbled across us.

Mid afternoon, Cosh shook me awake saying that Silva wanted me urgently at the OP. I reluctantly pulled myself from the warmth of my sleeping bag, grabbed my weapon and crawled over to the OP.

I asked her what was happening. She handed me the binoculars and pointed. I spotted an old blue and white, mud-encrusted single-decker bus, which had not been there earlier. It was parked by an old stone barn near the edge of the village. Exiting the bus was a line of women: old men, and a handful of children with uncertain, frightened looks on their dirty, dust-covered faces.

I asked Silva who they were. Prisoners, she said, viewing events through her rifle scope. The prisoners were herded forward by a dozen heavily armed soldiers, and were made to stand by the side of the barn. Two women emerged from the building nearby, escorted by four Kalashnikov-wielding soldiers. The faces of the women were haunted, the front of their dresses torn, exposing their breasts.

They walked with shame as they stumbled along, sagging with humiliation as they joined the others at the side of the barn.

I knew what was about to happen. I'd seen it often in this shit country, but when the Serbs began firing, when they mowed down the old, murdered the women and children, it still made me jump and clutch the binoculars in a vice-like grip. The sound of gunfire echoed around the hills and inside my head, each crack and thump a receding heartbeat.

I fixed my eyes on a girl aged about eight, wearing what had once been a bright red coat but was now filthy. She grabbed hold of a woman beside her, who I assumed was her mother, just as she was mown down in a hail of bullets. The girl was crying and then a bullet took the top of her head off. She collapsed onto her knees, remaining there for what seemed an eternity before she slumped to one side, blood melting the snow beside her. So much blood for such a small body. The Serbs were laughing now as they fired short bursts into the bodies, finding amusement at the dead dancing as the bullets struck.

I turned to Silva, her finger on the trigger of her rifle, tears streaming down her face. I told her that there would be another time. I thought I knew how she felt, but how could I really know, it was her people down in the village being killed. I knew the sight would haunt her for a long time, if not forever, as it would me.

The executioners walked off, laughing and joking amongst themselves, some spitting, some urinating on the corpses, a final insult. The barn wall was crimson with blood, which was already beginning to freeze into a macabre mural. Some hung around like gun-toting gangsters.

BEACH
Colin Dumfries
Mixed media on
cartridge paper



I wanted to issue the command and bring down an air strike, but I couldn't. We left the OP the next morning, but the village remains here with me, and though part of me begs to forget, another part of me sometimes listens to Albinoni's Adagio, so I can pay respect, and feel the sadness and the shame.

Two pieces of music I said, and the second is by the Spanish composer Joaquin Rodrigo. His 'Concierto de Aranjuez,' is dream-like, and contains languorous melodies, evoking a Spain of long ago. The music reminds me of one of the few peaceful moments in my life, sitting in a Spanish garden surrounded by friends and strangers, the heat of the day pushing us beneath the shade of a line of young poplars, whilst the guitarist played. Such serene beauty gave my spirit time to breath, and reminded me that not all was bad in the world, at least, not that afternoon.

Anon Barlinnie

Thursday afternoon again, canteen day, the Coodgies are stakin oot their prey already. Like hawks aboot tae swoop in fur the kill. Canteen’s a special day oot the week fur the Coodgie. They know fur sure this is wan day oot the week when ye cannae say ‘Ah’ve no goat any.’

THE COODGIE

Canteen bags get dished oot, straight away there’s a Coodgie in yer Peter. ‘Awright mate?’ his wee beady eyes ur scanning yer full hoose, the hale time his mooth dribbles the usual pish. He’s already goat an empty cup in his haund (who walks aboot wi an empty cup? – The Coodgies dael) He spots the canteen bag that ye’ve tried hard tae shift right under yer bunk. He’s in a quandy noo. He’s come here under the guise ae exchanging pleasantries wae ye, but the underlying motive ae his wait is tae ask ye for summit afore movin oan tae his next victim. Noo he’s clocked yer canteen bag an he cannae make up his mind whit he wants tae cadge.

‘Here pal, kin ye help us oot? Ye widnae huv a wee coffee fur us wid ye?’

‘Naw.’

‘Nae bother pal, kin ye geese a wee draw ae yer roll-up then? Embdae any sugar?’

The Coodgie never wants tae leave empty-haunded, nor kin he, the list will generally start aff wi tobacco an work its way doon tae sugar. The Coodgie never replaces or pays back a debt, however, he will tell ye in the maist sincere fashion that he'll square ye up next week. The Coodgie kin think fast oan his feet. Whe ye chin him aboot a previous debt he'll make up some long-winded heart-wrenching speech in jist ower a second and it the same time huv a soorowful look aw ower his puss.

There’s a coupla different types a Coodgie. Ye’ve goat the ‘poor wee me’ Coodgie, that wid huv ye believe he’s goat the weight a the world oan his shooders. He disnae care whit ye think about his beggin antics, he'll jist blantly ask ye fur anything that he’s no goat: yer supposed tae understaun his predicament. Noo the other Coodgie, he’s an experienced character, his full week, 24 hoors a day, ur aw worked oot. Jist lik a real joab. This guy is skillfull wi his people skills, his patter, an ability tae adapt any situation tae his advantage. Integratin hisel intae company an ay leavin the table wi summit. He kin be so skilful he kin sometimes get it without even askin. Jist his presence and actions alane kin make ye part wi yer tobacco, yer coffee, yer milk an anything else ye’ve goat that he husnae.

Lindsay Low Moss



CELL DOOR
Colin Dumfries
Acrylic on board

INTERIOR STUDY 1
James Barlinnie
Mixed media on paper

DREAM THEATER

Progressive music has always been a passion of mine, from the sweet sounds of Pink Floyd to the heavy tones of Dream Theater - it will always bring goose bumps to my skin.

SONGS I RECOMMEND

- Peruvian Skies *Falling into Infinity*
- Honour thy Father *Train of Thought*
- Home *Scenes from a Memory*
- About to Crash *Six Degrees of Inner Turbulence*

Progressive metal (prog-metal) is a subgenre of heavy metal coming from the UK and North America in the late 80s. Progressive metal mixed parts of heavy metal and progressive rock music, taking the loud angry electric guitar-driven sound of metal with the more experimentally complicated and pseudo-classical epics of prog rock.

Dream Theater, formed in the late 80s, have released 12 albums. They scored an early and unexpected MTV hit with 'Pull me Under' from 1992's Image and Words.

Their concept album, Metropolis pt2, Scenes from a Memory, tells the story of a hypnotist who puts a man into a trance and allows him to go into his past life. It is truly a touching story, and remains one of my all time favourite albums.

Dream Theater's success is partly due to the virtuoso skills of the band's musicians, especially guitarist John Petrucci, although he doesn't interact with the audience much. Many songs are very difficult to play, so as a guitar player it challenges me when I try to play their music. Petrucci's solos are of particular difficulty, as he is a very technical player and 'shreds' a lot - he can get up to 22 notes a second.

If you are a fan of Pink Floyd, but want something with a bit more meat then I would recommend Dream Theater. With the average song lasting eight minutes and spine-tingling harmonies between the instruments, there is something to appeals to everyone.

David Glenochil

HARDSTYLE MUSIC

Hardstyle is a type of electronic music, developed in the late 90s. It is an evolution of hardhouse and hardtrance styles. It originates from Holland and Belgium but now artists from all over the world contribute to the scene.

The bass percussion and kicks are truer to the gabber sound while the melodies have more of an impact than hardtrance/hardhouse. Hardstyle finds the perfect middle ground between gabber and hardtrance, bringing the best of both of both.

Festivals take place all over Europe, including Defqon 1 and Climax, playing a variety of music - hardstyle, hardcore, early rave and industrial. Defqon 1 has been going since 2003 and regularly sells out to 45,000 ravers every June with headline acts including Headhunterz, Wildstylez and Noisecontrollers.

I like hardstyle because it brings people together. One of my best memories is home-grown Scottish DJ Mark McVey's set at Hostile@The Megabar in Motherwell in May 2010. It was raw! Hardstyle offers the listener everything from bone-shaking bass lines to spine-tingling melodies, so no matter how you're feeling there's always a hardstyle track to suit your mood.

Ryan Greenock



GHOST OF BAR-L (BLUE)

Ronnie Barlinnie

Giclée print of original pencil drawing on paper

CHILDHOOD

Gien it laldie at the fitba,
Masel and ma da,
Gettin' drookit in the cauld,
In ma jaiket and scarf,
Avoidin' the stushie,
Stervin,
Away fae haim,
Enjoyed the game,
Got ma bottle of skoosh,
Takin' a great big swallae,
Outside the pub,
Havin' a blether,
Wie a lady sellin' flooers,
Canna go wrang.

MAURICE GLENOCHIL

SPACE EXPLORER

Benno Shotts

Oil on canvas





1



2



3

MAX, A TRUE AND LOYAL COMPANION

Robert Dumfries

There is not a lot you can depend on in this life but having a pet like Max I know that no matter what life throws at me, he'll always be there. I've drawn a few of these in pastel for family and friends, so they too can take comfort and enjoyment from him.

A DOG

Leading the way lump in my throat.
Watch the dog jump on a boat.
It takes the lead and walks itself.

The basic dog sits so well
an intimate friend for life.
To trust and brush clean, so popular
the dog what a friend a dog.

Anon Glenochil

1 DUNOTTAR CASTLE

Paddy Low Moss

Oil pastel on paper

2 SKYLINE

Kyra Cornton Vale

Pastels on paper

3 MAX

Robert Dumfries

Pastels on paper

DISCO BOY

Anon Glenochil

Watercolour on paper

INSIGHT AND OUTLOOK

The Koestler Exhibition
for Scotland

3 November – 25 November 2012
Tramway, Glasgow

NUMBERS

In prison you're given a number. My number is 98060, but that's not who I am. My name is less important than my number. How often am I asked for my number? When I get my canteen – what's your number? When I go to a visit – what's your number? When I pick up my mail – what's your number? When I'm walking on the route – what's your number? When I'm at education – when I get my medication – what's your number? They built a new prison recently which is where I've been serving my sentence and they made space for 700 more numbers like me. It seems like the more room they create the more numbers they make. When you're outside you have another chance to be who you really are. When I'm outside I'm John.

John Low Moss

LIFE

Live life to the limit
Live life in the limelight
Live life in luxury
Live life with your lover
Don't live life a loner
Don't live life a little
Live life a lot
Live life full of laughter
Live life loud
Love life!

Leigh Cornton Vale

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Dakk Glenochil

Created from every 5th word
of The Essential Beginner's Guide
to Microsoft Excel



MOUNTAINS OF SNOWDONIA

John Barlinnie

Pastel on paper



HAIKU

Screaming on the road
Soaring like the summer sun
(I'm heading back home)

Stuart Shotts

I love the smell of
Chips, fried egg, sausage and beans –
My heart is knackered.

John Shotts

Crows wait patiently
Eyes held fast on my window
Cracks of frost on grass

Ian Glenochil

URBANE

For fiction
And TV 2000
A more,
A more,
Highly exemplified.
Doctor and Star.

Trek 2000
Ono (eds),
On press

Darcee
Sacred trek
New, new!

Robin the Urbane.
The,
The fiction,
And the Who.

John
Fiction
And 19

Dakk Glenochil

Created from every 5th word
of Film and Television History:
Television Genres

LEAVES



Among were hiding two themselves seven leaves; went up to the pit with whips they were ready to work to rise and run, pushing still alive their feet. and again dead

David Glenochil

A typexed version of a poem from Charles Reznikoff's Holocaust

UNTITLED

Michael Barlinnie

Acrylic on paper

PINK FLOWER

Celia Corton Vale

Watercolour on paper



Insight and Outlook is the Koestler Trust's fourth exhibition for Scotland showcasing artwork and writing from prisons, secure hospitals, secure children's homes and criminal justice services across the country. This year's exhibition will be curated by young care leavers in Glasgow, with guidance from internationally renowned artist, David Shrigley.

The Young Curators will be selecting the exhibits from over 400 visual artworks submitted from Scotland to the 2012 Koestler Awards - a charitable scheme which has been rewarding artistic achievement in the penal and secure sectors for 50 years. The exhibition will include painting, drawing, sculpture and creative writing from all establishments that have entered the 2012 Awards. Entrants shortlisted for the exhibition will be notified by the end of September. The exhibition is kindly supported by The Co-operative and Paul Hamlyn Foundation.

Koestler Trust | 1962
arts by offenders ■■■ 2012

EXHIBITION DETAILS

Tuesday to Friday
12pm to 5pm
Saturday & Sunday
12pm to 6pm
Monday Closed
FREE ENTRY

Address

Upper Foyer, Tramway
25 Albert Drive
Glasgow G41 2PE

Exhibition Tours

Saturday 10 November
Saturday 24 November
Meet in the Upper Foyer,
Tramway

Tours can also be arranged by request during the exhibition. To arrange a tour of the exhibition or for further information please contact Sarah Grainger-Jones sgraingerjones@koestlertrust.org.uk or 0208 740 0333

KOESTLER

CREATE A STAR

THIS ISSUE'S WINNING COVER



BLUE TIGER
James Barlinnie
Pen on paper

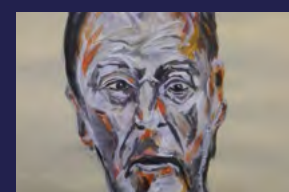
CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS ISSUE THREE

Issue three will focus on tattoos. Send in your drawings or paintings of tattoos, ones you have or would like to have. Perhaps you have been inspired to create a piece of unique art based on a tattoo. They say every tattoo has a story to tell – what's yours?

Tell us about a favourite book, film or song – we're looking for reviews with a personal touch. A book that's changed your life, a song that reminds you of a time and place, a movie that takes you back to childhood.

Don't forget, we always want visual art, short stories, poetry and life writing. Prizes of £20 are on offer to the best written work and the best picture.

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



CONTACT

Hand in your work to your Motherwell College Learning Centre through the following contacts

LORNA CALLERY
HMP Barlinnie

KAYE CLARK
HMP YOI
Cornton Vale

JOHN OATES
HMP Dumfries

RACHEL CLIVE
HMP Glenochil

JACCI STOYLE
HMP Greenock

RUTH FACCHINI
HMP Low Moss

KATE HENDRY
HMP Shotts



**AWARDS
FOR ALL
SCOTLAND**

LOTTERY FUNDED

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