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STIR

ISSUE NINE



NINE

ISSUE NUMBER

For this issue of STIR we have been overwhelmed with submissions, receiving a record 330 in total! An exciting time for STIR. The theme for Issue 9 is music, and we asked the songwriters and singers amongst you to send in your work so we could create a CD (for the first time). It has been thrilling and a new process for us, but more importantly, a privilege to hear the work you have produced; a mixture of lyrical and instrumental pieces.

Believing that all art forms influence each other you will notice track numbers beside some visual art. We hope you will listen to the suggested tracks in order to make the most of this creative experience. In addition, we have combined written work with instrumental recordings to create spoken word. You will also notice that only Glenochil, Low Moss and Shotts are featured on the CD - our apologies go to the other prisons who didn't make the cut. Unfortunately, it all boiled down to the quality of the recordings and how we were unable to use cover versions.

If you have worked with them before you will recognise that we interviewed the lovely people of Vox Liminis, who held workshops within your establishments. Vox Liminis is an exciting new organisation that has begun working within prisons with the belief that 'music connects, frees and gives hope' but, without giving too much away, have a look at page 9 for their interview!

Reaching closer to the tenth issue, we have realised that it is time for change. These changes will begin with our art article - which can always be found on page 2 - it has been produced by our guest writer Kim from Cornton Vale. The poetry corner was such a success in our last issue and, inspired by Jackie's wonderfully and powerfully written 'The Dust' (Cornton Vale), we thought it would be exciting to showcase the longer pieces of creative writing - see pages 11 and 12. In particular, you might find that our trademark slash will begin to fade from the pages to allow us space for change in creative design.

With those in the field of science making new and stirring discoveries, and technology advancing, we thought Science and Technology would be a fantastic and relatable theme for Issue 11 and as you know, a new theme means we are looking for new submissions! What does science or technology mean to you? Perhaps the physicists among you have a funny story about black holes? Or maybe you want to share your experiences of how technology has affected you? Whether it is visual art or writing, be as creative as you possibly can be!

To all those emerging artists out there who have never submitted to STIR before; why don't you have a go? Whether it's a futuristic short story or even just a poem, take the plunge, pick up a pen, send it in and share your talent with us! And remember, you can write about anything, it doesn't have to be about science and technology. Closing date for submissions will be 16th January 2015.

Since the last batch of submissions we have had to say farewell to two veterans of the STIR editorial team who have been with the magazine since Issue 2, Iain and Dean, who we wish the best of luck in their progression. We will miss them greatly but, as always, we have welcomed Neil and Stuart who have strengthened the editorial team already with their talent and skills.

Lastly, a big congratulations to all those who won an award for the Koestler Awards 2014! Between you, you won 206 awards in total including 4 Platinum, 10 Gold, 11 Silver and 32 Bronze! This is the largest number of awards yet, almost double the number achieved last year (112). We'd like to think that STIR has helped inspire you to contribute work. You might even notice a few of the award winners amongst the pages...

The next issue of STIR, our International Theme, will be out in February.
Edited by Craig, Dean, Dennis, Eddie, Gareth, Jeff, John, Jok, Neil, and Stuart Shotts

COMMENT CARDS



An inspiring read! Shows powerfully what talent lies beyond the prison walls and why access to creative learning opportunities in prison are so important. Great work!

Nina Campion Head of Policy Prisoners Education Trust and Member of the Arts Alliance Steering Group



The STIR is a good publication, but I feel there is too much time between each issue. The art work is very good, but perhaps there could be a wider spread from all the prisons.



A Scottish colleague shared the magazine with me, and its beauty and design, poetry, art and news brought tears to my eyes. When will we learn, as Scotland has, that art heals and all humanity must find the light to express itself?

Karen Lausa Executive Director of Words Beyond Bars U.S.



Have more prisoner's families points of view as they can be doing time as well.

WINNING ARTWORKS FOR ISSUE EIGHT

WRITTEN

Eon Low Moss *The Graveyard Shift*

Eon applied a fantastic use of perspective in his short story. What seemed like a dark and somewhat menacing story turned out to be the complete opposite, with the narrator of the story being a pigeon.

VISUAL ART

Paul Barlinnie *Skater Girl*

Inspired by a cutting from a magazine this drawing was extremely well executed - the detail being extraordinary. It was also interesting to see pastel being used instead of the traditional oil and acrylic paintings. Beautiful!

Being in prison is hard, I for one can't argue that fact, but whilst music has always been a part of my life, it is much more important now - not just to pass the time, but to help evoke memories, remembering the good times and reflecting on the sadder ones.

And this makes me wonder - is there a relationship linking music and art? Can you have one without the other? Are they one and the same thing, with the strength of the relationship depending on each individual?

1 JAZZMAN

Paul Glenochil
Recycled Newspaper

2 PIANO

Derek Greenock
Matchsticks

3 ANNA PAVLOVA

Nick Dumfries
Acrylic on Board

Art and music evoke strong emotional feelings, ones that linger or won't (can't?) switch off when you are faced with them unexpectedly. For many, the emotional bond with music is stronger than a specific piece of art. Music can be with you at all times; heard in passing and can be recalled at random. More often, time fades the memory of pictorial art, although the emotion recalled can often be just as strong.

If we take the stated definition of music, it is described as "an art of sound in time that expresses ideas and emotions...of rhythm, melody, harmony and colour". Visual art, with its beauty and aesthetics does much the same.

For me, it is often difficult to listen to any music without me applying some artistic interpretation: whether it is imagining a scene of peace and tranquility from, say, Enya or Mike Oldfield, to an extreme and foreboding vision of thunder, lightning and clouds from Holst's 'The Planets'.

But it's not as easy to take a pictorial artform, such as a seascape, and then immediately imagine music to go along with it. We might imagine a rhythm of the waves as they break against the rocks, but a musical interpretation could be harder. We might just as easily see the picture, as it stands alone.

Though, it seems, many do see this relationship more strongly.

Visual artists used music as early as the 1900s to enhance their work, making an early form of 'happenings'. These were multi-form artistic responses - some might say rejections - of the traditional and staid 'painting hangs in gallery' approach to visual art and were often challenging collaborations between artists, musicians, poets and dancers alike. They became more popular in the 1950s by people such as the American avant-garde musician and composer, John Cage.

The link between music and art became more widely-recognisable at this time with the development of Pop Art, one of the most famous artists of the period being Andy Warhol, whose work and ideas are still much-loved today. Of course, even the name Pop Art begins to establish the link. Most people will have enjoyed his iconic cover art for the likes of John Lennon and his diptych of Marilyn Monroe following her death. He even managed The Velvet Underground!

RHYTHM AND PAINT

RELATIONSHIPS: DO THEY ALWAYS WORK?

The integration of art and music has continued to develop as time has gone on. Remember the German group Kraftwerk? Their rhythmic and minimalistic electronica music was paired with strong visual stage images, mannequin poses or robotic movements and bold or monochromatic staging.

This evolutionary wave has continued through the technological age. Picture a computer where graphics pulse alongside the rhythms. Shapes defined by beats and harmonies. This is exactly what audio visual artists - Hexstatic - did with their 2004 track Pulse, playing in clubs, festivals and leading galleries alike. The visual DJ (VJ) is hypnotic to watch, the visuals drawing you deeper into the music and you could be forgiven for letting the hours while away as you enjoy it.

This audio-visual marriage has even evolved into our everyday lives, with advertisers recognising and embracing the relationship between the senses. In one memorable (but personally annoying) advert directed by Chris Cairns - a one minute video called 'The Sound of Taste' - bags of spices explode in slow motion to the sound of a piano track, designed as an artistic reflection of flavours exploding in the mouth. We can only wonder where this will extend to next.

Music and visual art have long enjoyed a symbiotic relationship but, of course, there is no remit to be followed and no criteria dictating that you must have one to have the other. But the relationship between the two is like that of a mother to child, a strong friendship or a marriage: it exists (often without thinking much about it) but like all relationships, the more you put into it the more fulfilling it can be.

Relationships don't always work out, but the beauty and magic of this one is that it is down to us - we are all individuals and like what we like.

Kim Cornton Vale



Look out for the man in headphones to listen to our suggested tracks as you read! Copies of the CD* can be found at your learning centre.

*Limited Availability

And for those on the outside, you can find the music tracks on our soundcloud at www.soundcloud.com/stirmag



LOST IN MUSIC

DAVIE
GLENOCHIL

If life be the stage, and we the actors on it,
then surely music is the script? If music be the food
of life and love, then play on my good man, play on.

Music, however you want to define it, has played a huge part in my life, and I'm sure most other peoples' lives as well. Long before we have any real memory of it, we're being loved and communicated with by sounds and rhythms. As children the rhythms and sounds of our parents and other close family let us know we are safe and there is someone there for us if we need them.

Now everyone will have different experiences and stories to tell, to what shaped their lives and their taste in music but, since this is my band and I'm the front man, you can just sit back and listen to my tunes.

Growing up as the youngest of four siblings, I was exposed to a wide range of musical tastes, from my dad with his Johnny Cash (obviously at that point I didn't know later in life I was going to have my own Folsom jail blues), then there was my oldest brother, who at one time was into his punk and I learned my first bad word as a child, though I didn't know whose bollocks I didn't have to mind.

As I started to get a little older my other brother (who was just under 3 years older than me) was into stuff like the Jam, The Chords and Secret Affair, at that time they were sort of labelled New Wave Mods. As this brother was the biggest influence on my life then, I was always having a sneak listen to his sounds when he was out and I would say it was this music that really turned me on to start listening to the radio and seeing what else was out there for myself.

Music now was really starting to shape a big part of me, as I would find myself in some of the lyrics my favourite bands were singing and I would be getting into my clothes and starting to take an interest in my appearance which would soon lead to an interest in girls. This was also when music played a part in starting to socialise, and I started to find myself having new mates that I didn't know earlier in life due to us having similar tastes in music and going to the same gigs.

Music was really starting to have a big impact on my life and shaping me as a person, though you don't really see this until you actually look back on it. I'm sure most people will be like me in that when you hear a song or tune you know, your thoughts are taken to a time and place you've had in your life. Music has also helped me with feeling or showing emotions whether they be happy or sad, or helped me say the words that I sometimes just couldn't say, for example when putting together the old classic compilation tape.

As I said earlier, I'm the youngest sibling of four and I've only mentioned three counting myself, this is not because I don't like my other sibling, as I have nothing but love and total respect for my big sister, it is just the fact I thought her music was s****.

I will leave you with a line from those great philosophers from the age of disco, Sister Sledge, "I'm lost in music, I feel so alive, I swear, there's no turning back, we're lost in music." Couldn't have said it better myself.

LISTEN TO CD
TRACK 7

1 MUSIC MAN

Thomas Glenochil

Acrylic on Canvas

2 MICK JAGGER IN THE 21ST CENTURY

William Shotts

Digitally Enhanced Image

3 JOHN LENNON

Nick Dumfries

Pen on Paper

4 THE DOORS

James Dumfries

Pen on Paper

LISTEN TO CD
TRACK 7

LISTEN TO CD
TRACK 18

5 BOB MARLEY

Kevin Shotts

Monoprint

6 MUSICAL NOTES

Rita Cornton Vale

Pen on Paper

7 HAMMERS DOWN

Nathan Dumfries

Acrylic on Canvas



LISTEN TO CD
TRACK 19

7

'REAL' MUSIC

ANDREW
GLENOCHIL

I can still vividly remember the first time I was introduced to 'real' music; I must have been about 9 or 10 years old in the car going on holiday with my aunts and my older cousin, Jen. Jen is about 18 months older than me and decided that my musical horizons were somewhat...stunted. I must confess that as a small person I had something of a fondness for the cheesiest of cheese including, to my undying shame, every Steps album. In the car on the way to my aunt's house, Jen started looking through my CDs then, rather than waste time trying to argue or convince me that they were crap, she took the more direct solution...chucked them out the window.

I'd love to say that I got all upset and tried to stop her but in truth I was too busy trying to stifle laughter and make sure neither of my aunts noticed the shiny silver Frisbees flying out the rear window. Eventually my CD wallet was left empty save for a few very lonely survivors, a badly scratched copy of Runrig's Long Distance and maybe a U2 greatest hits.

For the next week Jen worked tirelessly to improve me. In quick succession, I was introduced to Greenday, Sum 41, The Offspring and most importantly Blink 182. For a boy whose appreciation of music was inextricably linked to the Top 40 or Top of the Pops, this was a revelation. I fell in love with the loud happy silly sounds of American pop punk. Under Jen's watchful eye, a trip to HMV consumed most of my birthday and Christmas money (and a generous loan from my wonderful cousin) and saw me leave with a whole new collection of what

Jen and I still call 'real' music (basically anything with drums, a guitar and copious bad language). Needless to say the rest of my family were not best pleased by this development but finally came to accept it so by Christmas it wasn't the new Steps album I received but Queen's Platinum Collection and a special edition of Greenday's seminal Dookie.

Over the years my horizons expanded further, often driven by various and sundry family members or friends and eventually my MP3 player (CDs having gone the way of Dodos and 8-tracks) featured everything from Metallica to Mozart. On a trip home from a wedding when I was 16 my aunt took a detour to visit Jen and her family and she wasted no time in telling everyone the story of how she fixed my taste in music. Her sister who was about 10, and would have been about 3 or 4 years old when Jen got all Keith Moonesque on my CDs,

absolutely loved this story and promptly nicked my MP3 to have a listen. Jen and I spent the next few hours catching up (having seen each other maybe 3 times in the intervening years) and, of course, talking about music.

As for her sister...she decided my music taste needed work and stuck a few hundred new songs on my MP3. The real kick in the teeth? Most of them were absolutely great.

Some people find new music for themselves, some stick with the stuff they know but I will always be grateful to my cousin for introducing me to the world of 'real' music, at least I can fall back on the excuse that she's older and wiser. The fact that her wee sister has better taste than me is a fact I choose to ignore.

DRIFTING

After a musical piece 'Arvo Part' by Alina

I stand, soaked to the skin by a slow constant drizzle of rain. Thunder rumbles overhead and a brilliant blue fork of lightning flashes across the sky illuminating a boat on the lake. I have goosebumps, not from the cold but from the wrenching of my heart. I'm as helpless and unsteady as a new-born gazelle on the African plains. I am alone. I call out but nobody can hear me. Selene is in the boat, my goddess of the moon. The water is choppy and the boat is drifting away from me on the tide.

I want to swim out to the boat, if only to be with Selene. However, the water is full of unseen dangers and the boat is too small for both of us, and the monkey on my back. I feel dead inside, empty as a carcass left by a pride of lions. And now the hyenas are gathering, their wicked laugh echoing in my ears.

I'm only a man, lost in this strange land. The only creature who doesn't want the rain to fall. It provides sustenance, the means of survival on these vast African plains. It drives Selene away from me. This place was too scary for her, she just couldn't stay. Sometimes you have to surrender to natural law, know your place on the evolutionary scale.

Stephen Dumfries

I'LL LOVE YOU FOR A THOUSAND YEARS AND LOVE FOR A THOUSAND MORE

A poem inspired by Christina Perrie

Lost it.
Long to get it back.

I found love in a place I had never thought possible with a girl who I wanted to take care of.

She hardly ever let me in. It was a challenge but I was getting there slowly but surely.

But it broke my heart when we fell apart. Back inside so I never got the chance to win her back And get that dance.

This song; that dance – A reminder of the girl I'll always love and always have lost.

Lorraine Cornton Vale



WRITTEN BY
STEPHEN DUMFRIES



'The Take Off and Landing of Everything' is the latest album by British alternative rock group, Elbow. It was released on Fiction Records on the 10th March 2014. This album has the ability to take all my cares away and leave me chilled out. As I work my way through each song the sense of calm is inspiring, I am able to focus my mind. It's a thought-provoking album with each track taking you on a journey through life's hard choices.

If I had one negative to throw at the album; it would be the lack of upbeat, dare I say, rockier tracks. The majority of tracks are low tempo. However, this doesn't take away the fact that every song is a piece of genius.

The album was named after track 9. Guy Garvey stated, "the band chose the title because so many of us have gone through life-changing experiences in our lives. People have kids, get engaged and split up." The break up in question was Garvey's split from long-term girlfriend and novelist, Emma Jane Unsworth. This sad moment in his life is one of the central themes of the album. We get reflections on his loss right from the start in track 1, 'This Blue World'. The track is about the pain we all feel when we lose somebody and slowly you start to imagine that person moving on and being happy without you. It's hard to take, but deep down you know it's best.

Track 2 'Charge', tells the story of that old man who drinks in everyone's local bar. We all think he's a nuisance, but how do we know if we never bother to listen to his story. The old man feels he deserves more respect. This song reminds me of my Grandpa, he was a good man. However, he was tortured by his experience in WW2. He drank to escape his memories. I listened to his story. He was an incredible man.

"STIRTWEETS"

#WHATISYOURFAVOURITESONG

"STIRTWEETS" is a new feature in our magazine, our version of Twitter and our attempt at keeping up with everyone on the outside. However, instead of a maximum of 140 characters (and being online) there will be a maximum of 140 words, giving us a chance to provide a platform for the flash fiction of our readers. We realise that writing a story in 140 words or less is a difficult prospect but we challenge you nonetheless, we can't wait to see what you produce for us!

Send us in your "STIRTWEETS" the theme of Science and Technology for Issue 11.

- 1 ELECTRIC GUITAR

Billy Dumfries
Pencil on Paper
- 2 GEORGE HARRISON

Billy Dumfries
Pencil on Paper

YOU ARE MY SUNSHINE

You brighten up my day,
Why I couldn't say.

You make me feel brand new,
When I'm with you.

You make the stars shine bright,
And the moon come out at night.

The sun shines in my face,
Happy to be part of the human race.
Without you all seems doom and gloom,
Till you walk into the room.

Thank you.

Isabella Cornton Vale

YOUR SONG

Your eyes were playing lead guitar,
my heart was a pounding bass,
the lyrics pouring from your lips,
didn't match the sweetness of your face.

You sang that I was unlovable,
of how I never truly had been,
the lyrics pouring from your lips,
like knives simply sliced through me.

And as the bass grew louder,
Your lyrics sharp and true,
a thunderbolt of realisation;
I never even truly knew you.

Anon Barlinnie

HARMONICA

In the 1940's my Grandad moved from Cork in Ireland to London to find work. He didn't take a lot with him but one thing he did bring was a small mouth organ that his own dad had given to him. He could not play it at the time but on his travels he learned to play it. He eventually passed it on to my dad when he was a young boy.

Since then I have had it passed to me. As a result I have learned to play the very same mouth organ. When the time comes I will pass it on to my son and tell him where and how I came to have it and the background behind it. This will tell him that his ancestors were musical and that we were once Irish and how our family travelled and moved over time in order to work and survive and live a life that we now take for granted.

Gary Low Moss

SHE'S WRAPPED IN MUSIC

She'd often lived but couldn't get the vinyl,
Feeling 'foreign bodies' in front of her tattoos,
The records contained bodies she'd have loved with sex,
Friends history versions reminded her of herself listening,
to drunk groupies while buying that record that you like,
Once she'd mentioned a concert the people would imagine,
Big idea bands travelling intently after immeasurable songs,
The music playing with the cross-legged bands.

Alex, Maciej and Robert, Barlinnie

OLD BLUE EYES

They call him Old Blue Eyes, the chairman of the board,
His music lingers on through generations,
He's every lady's sweet temptation,
No matter who the young the old,
They love his music: of much he's sold,
He may be gone but swing lives on,
In every corner of the globe they say,
His name is Frank and he did it his way.

Ross Barlinnie

THE LOTUS EATERS - THE FIRST PICTURE OF YOU

This song is of such importance to me as it has a line in it that perfectly summed up the feelings I had when I first set eyes upon my new born daughter, Shannon.

The line goes something like 'The first picture of you was like the first picture of summer and it seemed the flowers screamed their joy'. Words failed me at the time but it was a couple of years later when I heard the words from this song that it dawned on me, that is exactly how I would have described the sheer elation that left me so completely dumb-founded when first presented with my beautiful little girl. Whenever the song comes on the radio I, unconsciously or otherwise, stop in my tracks and have a moment of quiet contemplation.

James Shotts

AFTER MILES DAVIS KIND OF BLUE

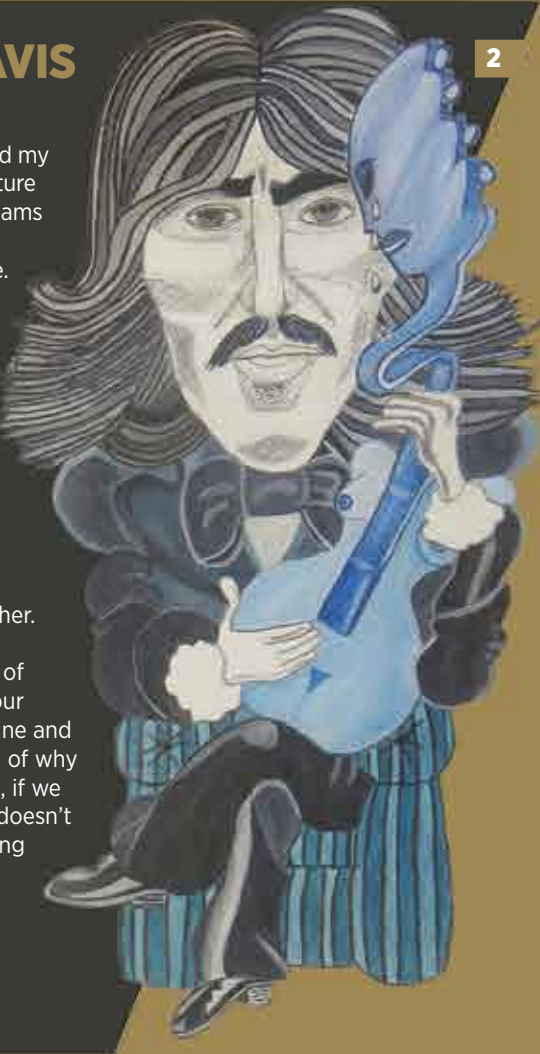
The smoke carries a smile all around my soul. The air is a cauldron of adventure and my mind is spiked with the dreams life can bring. Lifting me up and pushing me down at the same time. Holding me firm yet free.

Nathan Dumfries

ONE LOVE

Certain lyrics in songs have a meaning or a pull on our heart strings and often we can relate to them personally. Others can have a political or social point of view. Bob Marley's songs have used all these themes at one point or another. The one that sticks in my mind is "Until the colour of a man's skin is of no more significance than the colour of his eyes." I think this is a great line and brings up in my mind the question of why are we racist about skin colour yet, if we have green, blue or brown eyes it doesn't make a difference. Marley is showing us that noticing or judging people by their skin colour should be as insignificant as noticing the colour of their eyes.

James Low Moss



WALL OF FAME



- 3 RIHANNA

Robert Low Moss
Pencil on Paper
- 4 PAUL WELLER

James Dumfries
Pen on Paper
- 5 A GUY CALLED LOU

Chris Greenock
Pencil on Paper
- 6 JOHN LENNON

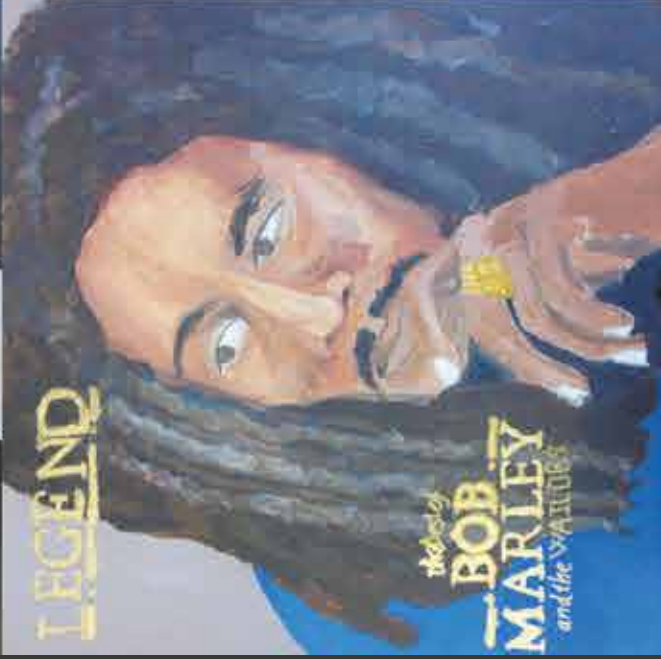
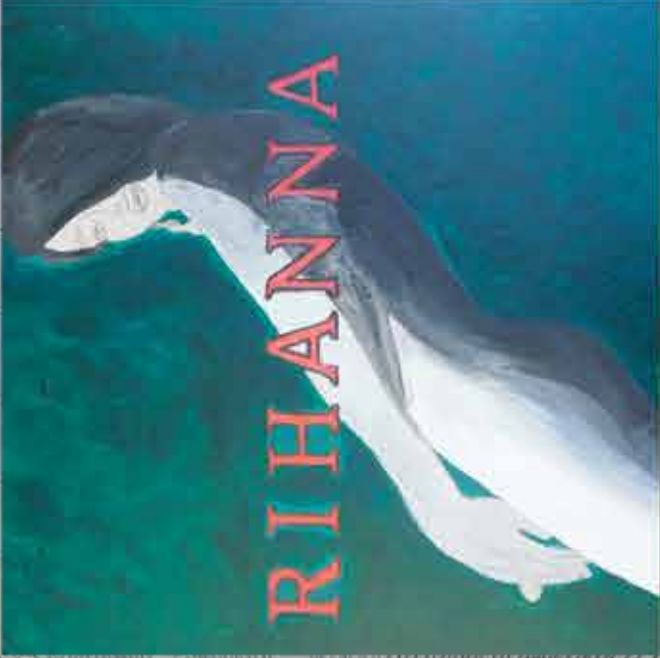
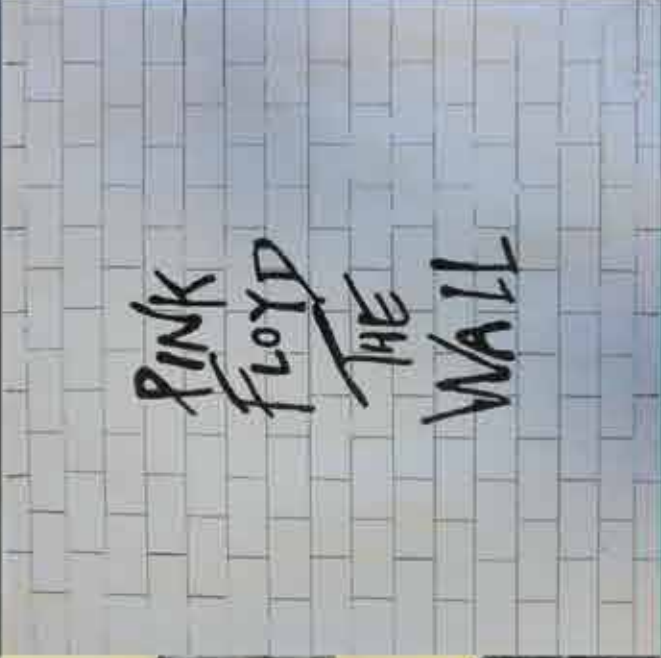
Archie Barlinnie
Acrylic on Canvas
- 7 RIHANNA

Allan Low Moss
Pastel on Paper
- 8 EMINEM

Zeeshan Dumfries
Pencil on Paper
- 9 EVERLONG

Stuart Shotts
Acrylic on Canvas
- 10 JESSIE J

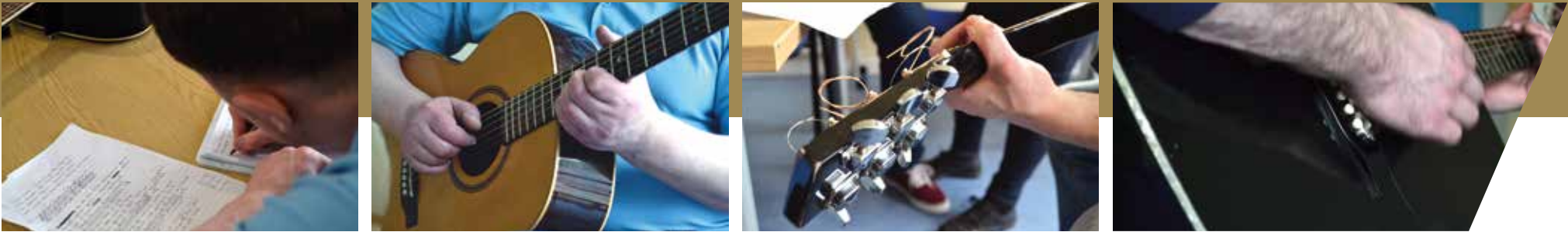
David Shotts
Acrylic on Canvas



VOX LIMINIS

WHAT IS THE PHILOSOPHY BEHIND VOX LIMINIS?

This is a good question. It’s driven strongly by a number of beliefs and values...belief that music connects and frees and gives hope...belief that as humans we’re all inherently creative, whether or not we think we are...and belief that community is an essential factor in thriving and finding new ways forward in life – something that music very quickly creates.



Can you tell us what motivated you to set up the project and work in prisons?

There were a number of influential things from my own personal perspective - 1. From previously running a creative youth community project in Dundee, I knew the kind of complex factors behind people getting involved in crime and the criminal justice system. 2. I was involved in a project with young offenders in Cornton Vale that exposed me to prison life and sparked my thinking on what justice looks like in our society, and 3. I took part in a couple of conversations on The Road From Crime – looking at the factors that support desistance from offending. Listening to the stories of family members of people in prison, and folks who had served sentences involved in this, further inspired me to action.

What is the format of the Vox Liminis workshops in prisons and does this differ across each prison and can you give an overview of the projects you have completed to date?

We have spent the first year of Vox Liminis trying out and learning from a number of short projects in different establishments. To date this looks like: a three month choir project in HMP Barlinnie and a series of four short song-writing projects called The Vox Sessions - in HMP Low Moss, Cornton Vale, Shotts and Castle Huntly with professional singer-songwriters. Some of these projects have been directly with the prison, and others in partnership with the Learning Centre; a year-long family music-making project in partnership with Families Outside in HMP Addiewell; a commonwealth world-music project in HMP Low Moss in partnership with

the Learning Centre and a project called Distant Voices, a project outside of prison, exploring the role of the arts in public understanding in issues of crime and punishment, resulting in a performance sharing some songs written in prison with the general public.

Has the project been a success so far, and what is the key to this success?

The initial projects above have generated a significant amount of energy and vision with prisoners, prison staff and musicians as to what is possible. We have worked with 93 prisoners and their families in prison-based projects, realising significant outcomes for almost all involved, and have engaged with a further 140 people in performances. 27 prisoners have written and recorded their own songs through the Vox Sessions. We have had 5 people get in touch with us to request further involvement in music activities on release from prison, despite us not initiating on-going contact or projects on the outside.

Musically, participants have grown and learnt new skills, with participants reflecting 'I feel that my songwriting has improved along with my singing' '[I have learned] how certain words you choose reflect the song and the instruments' and another commenting after a project 'I feel more confident in performing in front of people'.

Each project has had a strong focus on building good relationships quickly, and being ambitious as to what can be achieved. This has kept focus and belief running high within the projects.

The fact that artists intrinsically share themselves in their work is also a key factor in what has worked, making space for people to explore emotions in a constructive way. As one participant said:

'Letting go of pain I've kept bottled up for years. You guys have helped me to do that through music. I've been doing that a bit through art but using music has been dead powerful. When you guys were playing your music you really opened up to us. That's helped us open up to you. Us prisoners are usually dead stand-offish, we put up these brick walls. But you guys have helped us take the walls down.'

In Shotts we know the project was delivered over three days, however is there scope to facilitate longer-term projects in the future?

As we move into year two of Vox Liminis, we are working to develop longer-term work that leads to sustainable music work, builds community, and develops opportunities with folk on release from prison, and are focusing on developing a few core projects to achieve this.

One man from the Barlinnie choir project, who had never sung before, is now back out and engaged in a local community music project, taking the lead in singing in the group. He said: 'I'd really like to thank you and the rest of the guys for helping me find a wee bit a confidence. I'm gawny use it to turn my life around.'

Jo Shotts

BOOK REVIEW THE BLACK HOUSE BY PETER MAY

The Black House by Peter May is the first part of The Lewis Trilogy. It centres around a detective who has moved away from the Isle of Lewis to Edinburgh for a number of reasons. The Detective, Fin MacLeod, has to go back to the island to investigate a murder. When he goes back it brings back a past to him that he would rather had stayed in the past. The murder victim is also someone he knew from his childhood that Fin would rather forget.

Having been put through the mill with family issues in Edinburgh, Fin thinks he is running away from all his problems, only to run directly into even more than he could ever have imagined.

I found the descriptions of the landscape in Lewis very informative and I could picture a really beautiful island. The more I read, the more I wanted to visit the island. At first I thought this book was going to be another murder mystery, but the lead character, Fin, has a lot more going on in his personal life,

and by the last couple of chapters I did begin to really dislike him as a character. He seems to be constantly running away from his problems instead of facing them.

The main themes in the book are to not keep running away from your past and that you are better to confront it. Without giving the plot away, it is easy to say that this applies to a lot of the characters and much of the plot in this novel. There is also a hint of romance in the book between Fin and his childhood sweetheart.

I would say that most people would enjoy this book and would recommend it to anyone that likes a good page turner or detective novel. It explains island life very well and the more I read about it, the more I wanted to know about the place and its traditions. I am now looking forward to reading the second instalment of this trilogy, 'The Lewis Man'.

Mark Low Moss



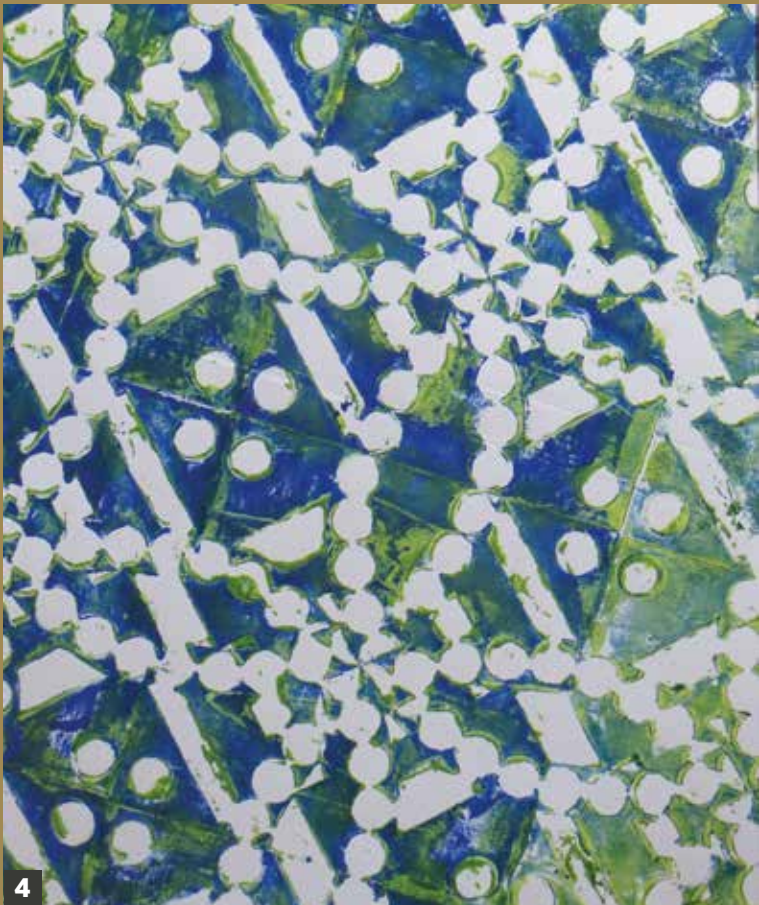
1 LISTEN TO CD TRACK 5



1 AFTER SEAN SCULLY
Steven Low Moss
Acrylic on Canvas

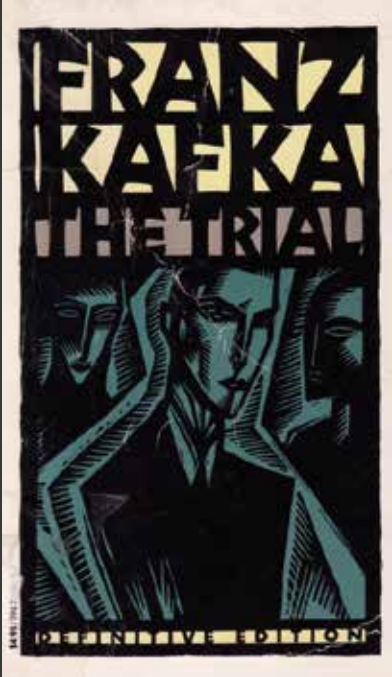
2 CITY
Mark Glenochil
Acrylic on Canvas

3 BOATHOUSE
Raymond Barlinnie
Oil on Canvas



4 ABSTRACT RHYTHM
Geoff Dumfries
Lino-print

BOOK REVIEW



THE TRIAL BY FRANZ KAFKA

Kafka's parable about the human condition plunges an isolated individual into an impersonal, illogical system. It portrays a nightmarish vision of a world in which rational explanations are absent. With highly provocative, ever-relevant issues related to the role of government and the nature of justice. In the process we read about the state's unlimited use of power as it acts arbitrarily, secretly and without accountability.

Josef K is a bank clerk arrested on an undisclosed charge, he knew he had done nothing wrong but was forced into a maze of nonsensical rules and bureaucratic roadblocks. Confused K inquires "and why am I under arrest?" Answer: "That's something we're not allowed to tell you". Josef K's paranoia is well based in reality as his world is turned upside down and his assumptions about his life are continually challenged.

Josef K's predicament mirrors many of the anxieties and feelings of alienation of modern society. Quite a feat of visionary foresight when you consider it was written nearly a hundred years ago. A must read for many prisoners (including myself) who have experienced such Kafkaesque behaviour whilst incarcerated. I have also heard many similar stories of this nature since my own experience began.

According to sociologists, crimes are committed when people feel they are excluded from society. An even earlier visionary, Emile Durkheim, believed anomie resulted from the breakdown

of the social standards necessary for regulating behaviour (delinquency, crime and suicide are often reactions to anomie). Travis Hirschi, in his Causes of Delinquency, claims there are four types of bonds that link people to law abiding behaviour: attachment, commitment, involvement and belief. All of these bonds are broken when totalitarian bureaucracies are allowed free reign to tyrannise those that they are meant to service.

Before K's arrest he believes he lives in a just and fair society in which laws are decent and upheld. His expectations of fairness are upended after appearing at court only to be wrongly chastised, denied the right to learn the details of his case and troubled when he learns he may wait years for this to be determined. This situation does not improve but, in fact, becomes worse as he is led down a path of surreptitiousness and apprehension. I won't spoil the ending but as Franz Kafka never finished the book himself, it is perhaps more frighteningly poignant to leave the ending unknown.

Steven Shotts

JAMIE AKERS VISITS GLENOCHIL

The renowned lutenist/guitarist, James Akers, took time out from his busy schedule to give a concert and workshop at Glenochil recently. Ruari Wilson, trumpeter and tutor, introduced the artist and opened the morning proceedings playing the trumpet in a duet with James on the guitar. Jamie then changed to a Spanish Classic guitar, on which he played through the history of guitar music, from the 17th to the 20th century, after which he conducted a workshop with the students.



During the concert part of the morning, the 50 plus students in the Learning Centre listened intently to the musician strumming the strings and making the guitar sing. It was very easy just to close your eyes and imagine dancers twirling in rhythm to the chords being created by fingers lightly skipping across the strings.

The concert concluded with James playing a Venezuelan waltz, during which the guitar invited you to drift across the seas to a South American restaurant, surrounded by dancers in national costume, lost in a world of endless music and a bright collage of dance.

After the concert, the Scottish Ensemble musician concentrated on going through chords, rhythms and guitar handling techniques with the dozen or so students who had their guitars with them. The morning finished with the students demonstrating what they had just learnt by playing to an attentive Learning Centre. Adding to the musical mix and complimenting the strings were an electric piano, an African drum and a trumpet.

From an early age, James has been playing the guitar. An early influence on the former Peebles academy pupil was Robert MacKillop. Later, when the lad from the Borders attended Napier University, he started to play the lute. Both the lute and the guitar has given James the privilege of travelling the world and performing with the very best artists. He especially enjoyed performing with,

then Leeds based, Northern Opera Company and also the National Opera of Wales. Among the many soloists James has performed with, Dame Emma Kirkby ranks highly among his favourite soloists. The much travelled musician will be continuing his journeys this year, when in May he performs at Traquair House in the Borders, then off to Denmark in June, and back to Edinburgh in time to play at the annual festival in August. Before that, he will be back in prison, this time at Low Moss where he will be teaching the art of Baroque music to the adult inmates.

The Low Moss project is the latest James has undertaken with the Scottish Prison Service. Previously at Polmont Y.O.I. he was involved in the very successful 'Inspiring Change' project. James is very pleased with the 'Inspiring Change' project saying that as a direct result of that project, two prisoners, after being liberated, are now studying music full time at college. He also thought it would be a good project for rolling out at more prisons. When asked why he had not brought his lute with him to Glenochil, James explained that he wanted first of all to connect with the students, on their level, and he knew they would have guitars and not a lute. He feels passionately that if he wants to teach students a different kind of music, such as Baroque style, then he has to do so on the terms that the students are comfortable with.

Ted Glenochil

ED THE BRICK

ROBIN BARLINNIE  **LISTEN TO CD**
TRACK 13



THE MILK RUN
Keith Barlinnie
Oil on Canvas



It was 7.45am. John arrived at the piece hut for his first day of work. “Make yourself a brew. I’ll go and sign us in,” Spike told him, “And don’t leave here without your safety gear on.” John knew about this from his site safety class. You could get yellow-carded for being on site without a high-vis vest on, red-carded for not having a hard hat on. “No worries I’ll just chill here till you’re back.” The piece hut was busy, guys coming in and out, having breakfast and a brew and talk of football, news, and the weekend’s exploits on the pull. John was a little over-awed but the air felt electric. This was a man’s world.

He was only two years out of school and hadn’t had a job before. He’d dropped out of a music course at college and had been spending his days playing computer games and watching *Jeremy Kyle*. So his dad asked Spike to get him some labouring work. “Let him taste a bit of graft,” he’d said. Well John certainly felt like a working man now.

He spotted the kitchen corner and made his way through the bodies to get the kettle on. He had to try a couple of cupboards before he found teabags and sugar but he found the mugs while he was looking. There were seven or eight of them and he took one from the back of the cupboard. It was chipped and tea-stained; it was a faded Dundee United mug. John had followed the Arabs since he was a wee boy and smiled when he saw that it was a 1994 Scottish Cup winner’s commemorative mug. He had only been nine when his dad had taken him to Hampden for the first time to see Dundee United win their first Scottish Cup in eight finals. He loaded the mug with a teabag and sugar and nipped to the loo while the kettle was boiling.

As he was washing his hands he heard a commotion coming from the piece hut and when he walked back through the door the room fell silent. Everyone turned and stared at John. He felt the blood creeping up his neck to his cheeks, which were now on fire. He was rooted to the spot. ‘What the hell are you all looking at?’ he thought and, as he looked at all the faces staring at him, his gaze fell on the guy standing in the kitchen corner.

He was about five foot six and about five six broad. He had a square head and square frame, well muscled, and his balled fists looked like bricks. In fact the guy looked like a brick, an angry brick and right now this angry brick was looking at John. ‘Oh no,’ thought John, ‘who the hell is this guy?’ But he knew he would be unable to speak even if he had the slightest idea of what to say...

“You!” said the brick. All the heads turned as one to the source of the voice like a cement mixer.

“Are you the wee daftie that’s makin’ a brew over here?” The heads turned back to John, faces silent, breaths held. A few were smiling at the prospect of the new guy not making it to 8am.

“Uh...Eh...” John was the fluffy little bunny, the brick was a ten-ton truck appearing out of nowhere with its lights on full beam.

“I said are you the wee daftie makin’ a brew?”

“I...I’m sorry,” stuttered John: “I...I thought the teabags were for anybody.”

“I couldnae gie a toss about the teabags,” growled the brick, “That’s my mug!”

John looked again at the chipped and stained nine-year old mug.

“I’m sorry man. I didnae know. I didnae think anybody would be using that manky old thing.”

“You’re right, it’s no anybody that uses it, it’s just me and I’ll gie you ‘manky old thing.’ I was at seven losing cup finals before I got a chance to see my beloved Arabs lift the cup. I got this the next day and I’ve had every cup of tea at work in the last nine years, out of this mug. Nobody else has EVER drunk out of it. Nobody sits in my seat at the piece table, nobody uses my trowel or hammer, and NOBODY uses my cup. See this chip right here?”

John saw the wedge missing out of the rim.

“Y...Yeah.”

“That was made when I rattled it against the teeth of the last guy who thought he could use it.”

‘Oh Jeez,’ thought John. ‘This guy’s mental.’

“B...But I’m an Arab too,” said John desperately.

The brick grinned an evil grin.

“So was he!”

CREATIVE WRITING

LAURA GREENOCK
THE HAUNTED HOUSE

It was a hot summer night when Lynne and Christen decided to have a sleepover. They were both so excited as Christen’s mum was going out, so they had the house to themselves and they both decided to have a film night. After dinner they sat down to watch their film when the electricity suddenly went off. Christen and her mum just looked at each other as if it was expected or it was something that happened often. Lynne thought it was strange but dismissed it.

Just before Lynne could turn back to watch her film, it happened again. Christen’s mum hadn’t even sat down yet - she had only got to the living room door before she suddenly turned and began speaking to someone called Mary. She was asking her to stop mucking around. This happened another three times before Christen even said anything about what was happening. Christen then started to tell Lynne that the house was haunted by a ghost called Mary, who wandered the house from time to time and that you would see her or she would do something to make herself noticed. Again, Lynne dismissed this, deciding it was rubbish. Christen’s mum went out as planned and left Lynne and Christen to settle and watch their film.

Later on that night when everyone was in bed sleeping, Lynne was woken up by the dog who wouldn’t settle. No matter what she did the dog would get excited as if someone was in the hall. Lynne thought the dog was being silly as everyone was in bed, besides she never heard anyone get up - turning over to go to sleep, she noticed something strange at the door. It was ajar and it looked like a mist had gathered round the doorframe. She was unsure what was happening and afraid to get up, but eventually curiosity got the better of her; walking to the door she could hear water running. She opened the door to find the hall filled with mist. Taking a deep breath Lynne continued to investigate the strange foggy air and the sound of the running water, all the time remembering the story she had been told earlier that day.

Lynne continued down the hall, through the mist to the bathroom door. She paused and took another deep breath and opened it. What she saw amazed her! The bathroom was lit up with an eerie, green colour and all the taps were running. She now realised that the mist she had seen was steam from the hot taps.

However, through the steam she could make out a figure standing in the bath; it was a woman, dressed in what looked like an old maid’s uniform. The ghostly figure just stood there staring back at Lynne for what seemed like ages. After a few minutes the bedroom door opened and Christen’s mum emerged just in time to see the ghostly figure disappear. The bathroom returned to normal.

Christen’s mum took Lynne into the kitchen and made her a hot drink. She explained to Lynne that the ghost of a woman visited the house often. After they had moved into the house, she had a few odd experiences and had seen the ghostly figure on many occasions. At first she doubted herself and couldn’t believe what she was seeing but eventually she decided to do a bit of research. She tried to find out about the history of the house to try and make sense of what was happening. It turned out the ghostly figure was the maid of the house and she had fallen in love with the master’s son. She fell pregnant and was sent away from the house and was found dead not long after. This was a big scandal at the time and was spoken about for years afterwards. It is believed the girl loved the master’s son that much that she still appears from time to time, roaming the house in search of her lost love.

THE DUST

JACKIE CORNTON VALE

Under the tree in the garden,
A door carved in the roots,
A little man lives, he’s always in,
You see him putting out his bin.

The rabbits, squirrels, owls, the finches,
Are all his friends, they grant him wishes.
He wished that all the stars at night
Would shine, the brightest, brightest bright.

He wished the moon come out to play,
And dance across the galaxy.
He jumped upon the bird, held tight.
He flies around the woods at night.

He takes him all around the houses;
He sprinkles dust, around the streets,
The dust he sprinkles is not cheap.
This is happy laughing dust,
In him the needy people trust.

The cats and dogs, all jump with laughter
The happy dust, they sniff with gust
The dust; a need, trust they must.

They go about their daily chores,
Shopping in their local stores
Buying this, buying that
Stopping, for a chit, a chat.
The little man he heads indoors
His work is done, he’s rich, he’s scored.

His dust is done, he has no more,
He hears the knock upon the door.
He answers; it’s the fairy queen,
With more dust, he looks so keen.

She puts the dust upon the table,
He hands her cash,
She smiles and leaves
Smiles, leaves, smiles, leaves.

He puts the dust in plastic bags
He phones the bird, the bird of flight,
“Hey can you take me out tonight?”
The bird, she switches on to this,
Tonight? Again? Some you missed?
He nods his head, winks his eye,
His dust he hides, a pocket in his thigh.
His happy dust is in demand;
He claps and rubs his little hands.
Let’s get going and spread
The love, the love, the love.
He jumps; upon the snow white dove,
He sprinkles all his dust again,
The people laugh and cheer him on.

For they don’t know the mass destruction,
In their daily lives that’s coming.
The more they take the dust you see,
It warps their brains, breaks their hearts,
Steals away their dignity, they still can’t see.

The little man, he just gets richer.
He knows, he sees the bigger picture
He doesn’t sniff the dust, why not?
He knows the consequences.

The people they all fall like flies
Relying on this rich man’s highs,
He knows you know, you need it
More and more and more.

Sniffed up your nose, and round your brain,
It makes you happy numb,
Takes away the pain.
You work, you rob, you cry in vain
You will never sniff the dust
Again, again, again.

The little man, he knows you will,
You’re addicted, addicted, addicted.

He knew, it was his mission see
To spread the lethal dust for free.
He knew that you would need some more,
And now you’re begging on the floor.
Please, Mr, can I have some dust,
I feel like crap, I must, I must, I must.

The little man he shakes his head,
Walks away, no shame, your dread
He knows that you will, get the cash,
No matter how, your house you trash.
All the thoughts are in your head,
You need your dust, He knows,
You said, you said, you said.

You steal and rob from your own kind,
Leave all your good friends behind
Because the dust, a greater need
The little man, he sowed the seed,
He knew what he was doing.

He’s all around you every day
You sold your soul, you kneel, and pray
That he will spray more happy dust
The little man you always trust.

He doesn’t care that your life’s broken,
You hang on to every word he’s spoken
You get the money, he gives you dust.
You shake, you quiver, your body shivers.
You know, you must, you must, you must.

You wonder how you’re going to get it
You’re trying hard not to let it
Make you do the things you do
To feed your habit, habit, habit.

The little man keeps getting richer
Big huge house, three cars,
A picture, picture, picture,
Of what you want yourself to be.

You ask him, plead, to set you free
You have no choice; you’re in his grasp,
He works you, and controls you, see
You take that chance, you have no choice,
You have to feed that nagging voice.

You work; you sell the dust for free,
A bag to yourself, that’s your fee
While the little man does what he can
To do nothing.
And get richer, richer, richer.

You get the picture, picture, picture.



THE TIGER
John Dumfries
Oil on Canvas



choices. He wasted no time and started to devour the food. He looked on in amazement as the tramp had better manners than him; he put the selection of food together with ease. Clark was ready to give him instructions, but just gave up and looked from side to side for Caroline, like a meerkat watching out for its young.

“You don’t know anything about haiku poetry by any chance, do you?” he said.

The tramp swallowed his food then wiped his hands with tissues. Then suddenly from nowhere, he says.

“I used to be like you.”

“I don’t bloody think so.”

The tramp smiled and stuck out his hand.

“Frazer Campbell”.

Clark hesitated at first, confused by the name. He recognised it from somewhere. Caroline appeared and Clark’s hand suddenly sprung out like a jack-in-the-box.

“Clark Spencer”.

They both shook hands. Caroline was very impressed by another good deed.

“Can you walk me to work please?” she said.

Clark nodded his head in agreement. Before Clark went, Frazer grabbed his hand and placed a piece of tissue in it.

“Remember, it’s just as important in life to learn from other people’s mistakes as well as your own” said Frazer.

Later in the afternoon when Clark was at his desk, he entered Frazer’s name into Google. Then it all came up in an instant ‘Top broker’s family dies in horror crash’. Caroline walked past and noticed Clark’s face as white as a sheet. She pulled up a seat next to him, shocked at what she’d read and began to cry. Clark remembered the tissue that Frazer gave him; he took it out from his trouser pocket and reads it. He smiled and handed it to Caroline. She read:

“A small glance
Beautiful blond girl
In a crowded room”

As they both looked into each other’s eyes, she smiled and leaned over to take hold of Clark’s hand.



THE CHAMBER
John Low Moss
Gouache on Canvas



EMERGING ARTISTS

FIRST TIME WRITERS AND ARTISTS

MAKE UP

Piling on the layers of foundation
To hide all the pain, hurt and frustration
Colourful shades of eye shadow go on
So no one outside knows things are going wrong

The feelings and thoughts that you have inside
Behind your makeup you're able to hide
Adding mascara, your lashes topped up
So no one outside knows something is up
Lipstick slicked on, you force a fake smile

The hatred inside at a person so vile
No one can see what's behind your mask
On the outside you're fine so you don't think to ask
The makeup protects you so you don't get hurt
From the outside world who treat you like dirt

With your makeup on you're able to cope
Without it you feel you haven't a hope
This makeup isn't on for vanity
This makeup's here to keep my sanity

Behind the layers where no one can see
There hides the person that is the real me
A person so broken and damaged and beat
That without makeup you never will meet.

Debbie Cornton Vale



LISTEN TO CD
TRACK 1

1

CAJON

I must love you Alberto
You beat the music that I keep inside
Like you resent me being made in the same country
The one you miss
The one that constituted your blood and heritage
Until you landed here
To learn how to be beaten to the ground
And give away music, not hatred.

Alberto Low Moss

WHAT INSPIRED ME...

This poem was written about a percussion box called a Cajon. When I have the time to play this instrument it makes me very happy. It is a good form of therapy for me.

LISTEN TO CD
TRACK 9



2

THE PIKE

Long and stream-lined, solid muscle
Spade-like head and powerful tail.
A fish flesh missile hooked
in an arm wrenching wonderful tussle.

In rivers, lochs, canals or gravel pits,
It sits stealthily, in ambush, amongst the weeds and snags.
Sniper-like, Unseen,
All yellow striped and camouflage green.

Waiting for its prey, the perch, the roach, the dace,
Who will fall to the jaws of razor sharp teeth?
That strike at a predator's turbo like pace.

In winter the larger are cannibal ladies
The little ones, male Jacks.
When a cannibal lady's annoyed
She eats them soon as they turn their backs.

Prehistoric freshwater shark,
dangerous and ferocious;
you suit your spooky Latin name,
"Essox Lucius".

Daniel Shotts



5

4 CASSOWARY
Alan Barlinnie
Life size sculpture (5 feet
and 5 inches high)

5 LEAPING SALMON
Daniel Shotts
Acrylic on Canvas

1 UNTITLED
Ross Shotts
Oil on Canvas

2 NO PLACE LIKE HOME
Richard Greenock
Acrylic on Canvas

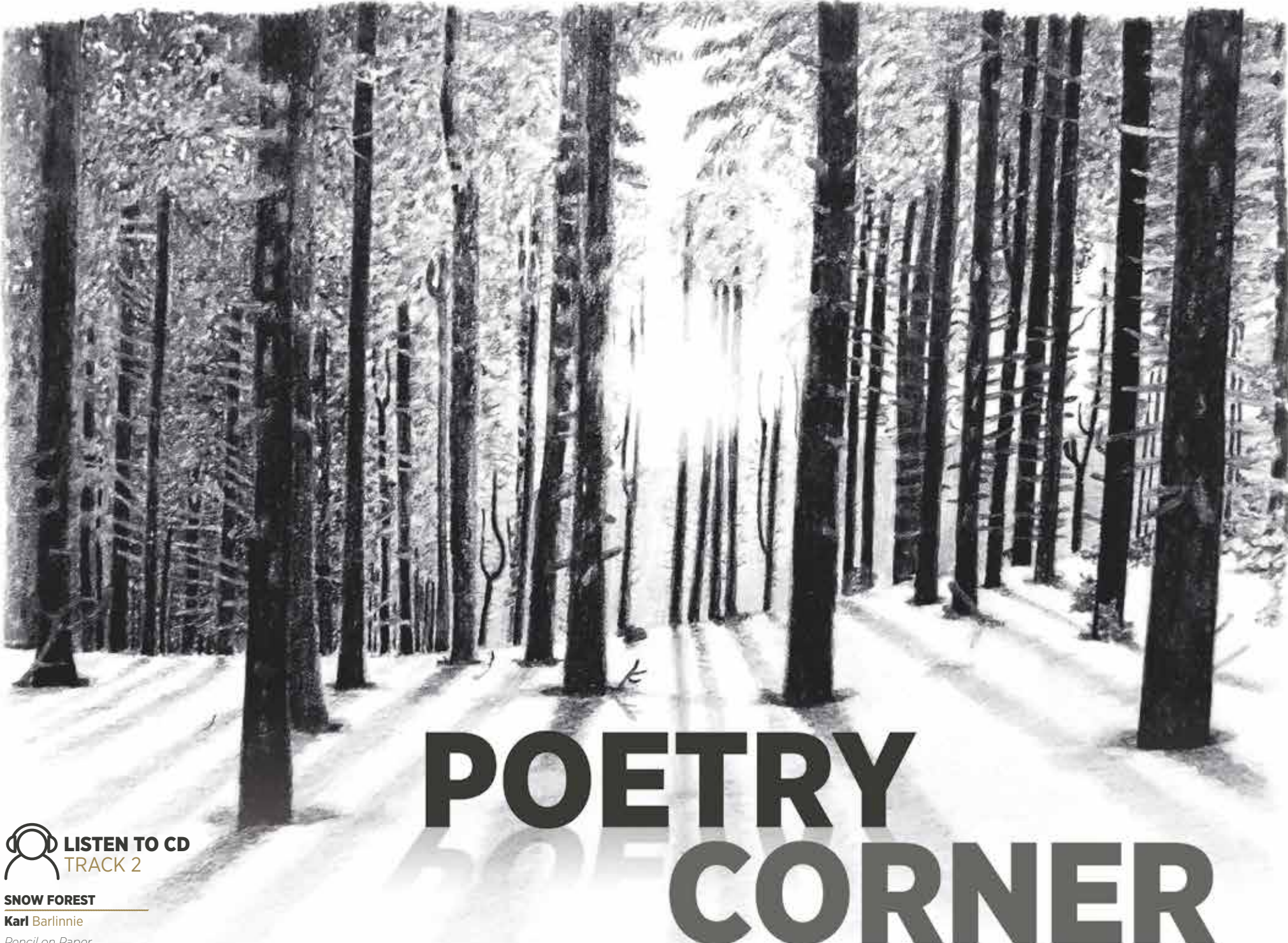
3 ORIGAMI VASE
Saima Cornton Vale
Origami



4



3



LISTEN TO CD
TRACK 2

SNOW FOREST
Karl Barlinnie
Pencil on Paper

POETRY CORNER

DIGITAL GHOSTS

You don't see anything that exists outside,
nothing beyond your digital world, you don't see us.
Your world is made of tweets and posts.
You can't imagine a day without Facebook
or think anyone can exist without their Twitter.

You see your friends' smiles caught on camera,
huddled around a cake made of pixels.
You read everyone's opinions and thoughts,
the crucial and the trivial, shouted out to the world.
Anyone outside of your realm just a ghost.

We live in the same towns as you
We breathe the same air as you
We hear the same sounds as you
but we are shadows and ghosts
existing on the edge of your reality.

Occasionally you'll find a glimpse
of where we've been and what we've seen.
Recorded accidentally by the megapixel eyes
of your teeming hive mind.
But we've moved on to somewhere new.

We are creatures of the real world,
bathing in the light of the dawn and the dusk.
We're not hooked up to your unreal reality
Of Facebook, Twitter, and YouTube videos.
We're ghosts. Spectres in your digital world.

Alastair Dumfries

MOST BEAUTIFUL OF THINGS

Most beautiful of things I miss
Is my child uttering "Daddy",
The fresh breeze of freedom,
Enjoying great food with those I love,
The cheeky look from my dog Lenny
When he has been up to no good!

Tony Dumfries

CAPTIVE

It was the best day of my life
I saw you smile and I knew instantly
Floating on air like a balloon when
You took my hand, kissed my cheek
Swept me away with your eyes
Drowning in oceans of blue
You stole my heart like a master thief
From that moment
I was yours

I was yours
From that moment
You stole my heart like a master thief
Drowning in oceans of blue
Swept me away with your eyes
You took my hand, kissed my cheek
Floating on air like a balloon when
I saw you smile and I knew instantly
It was the best day of my life

Stuart Shotts



THESE HANDS

These hands have been building the structure of my life.
Going through the motions just one brick at a time.
Loads become heavier and harder to bear.
Giving: breathing more life into them.
Each and every scar they have been destined to wear.

These two hands had built this monument.
Each and every layer created the strongest frame.
Behind the towering giant impenetrable cage.
Heart beats, muffles and flails.

These hands now have your hands.
Sunlight struggles and forces its way through the cracks.
Your hands take down the giant beast.
A heart enclosed in a cast.

Margaret Cornton Vale

FORTY ONE SHADES

Forty one shades of green
In a crooked, winding line
With nothing in between
But a big no smoking sign

Forty one shades of blue
Each bluer than the last
A rare one smiles than you
Showing the dye is cast

Forty one shades of black
Not a single shade of fear
As darkness comforts the rack
The fat man holds it clear

Forty one shades of you
But the only one I see
Tells forty one tales untrue
All left in hand with me

Brian Greenock

CANTANKEROUS BAST*RD

Cantankerous old b*stard that he was,
Grimaced, wrinkled, leather was his old face,
Fourteen-year-old rebel without a cause,
Moan and groan at me. Get off ma damn case.

Twenty one I've become; we are one,
Best friends no longer just father and son,
That devil cancer appeared out of the blue,
Hospital doctors, nothing they can do.

Six weeks to the day my father was gone,
My poor grieving mother left all alone,
I got married, had two sons of my own,
I look at them now; how much they have grown.

Years go by in the mirror I still see,
That cantankerous old b*stard looking at me.

Ian Barlinnie



SONNET ONE

Darkness coming, voices drifting, sparks flicker
Light dancing, skin burning, heart beating.
Dark nights, sad days, I shout, people bicker,
Bleakness falls, raindrops spitting feel like retreating.

Moving now, sounds I hear; screams, leaves rustling,
Branches dropping, people laughing, dizzy me.
Talking whispers all around, light sky bursting,
Twigs crack, chilled breeze, footsteps running, shadows see.

The gushy wind slaps my face sending water falling,
Dogs barking, snow melting, fields unfolding slums.
Breath of ice dissipates, sets my mind sailing,
Skin tingling, frozen over, what am I but scum?

Moving but still I can't find my way home,
Left and thrown away like a ceramic gnome.

Paul Glenochil

CREATE A STIR

"I AM 50 TODAY, AND THEY
HAVEN'T GOT ME YET."

"WHO?"

"THE GROWN UPS."

ERIC SATIE MUSICIAN

THIS ISSUE'S COVER



**YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL
WHEN YOU CRY**

Benno Shotts

Oil on Canvas



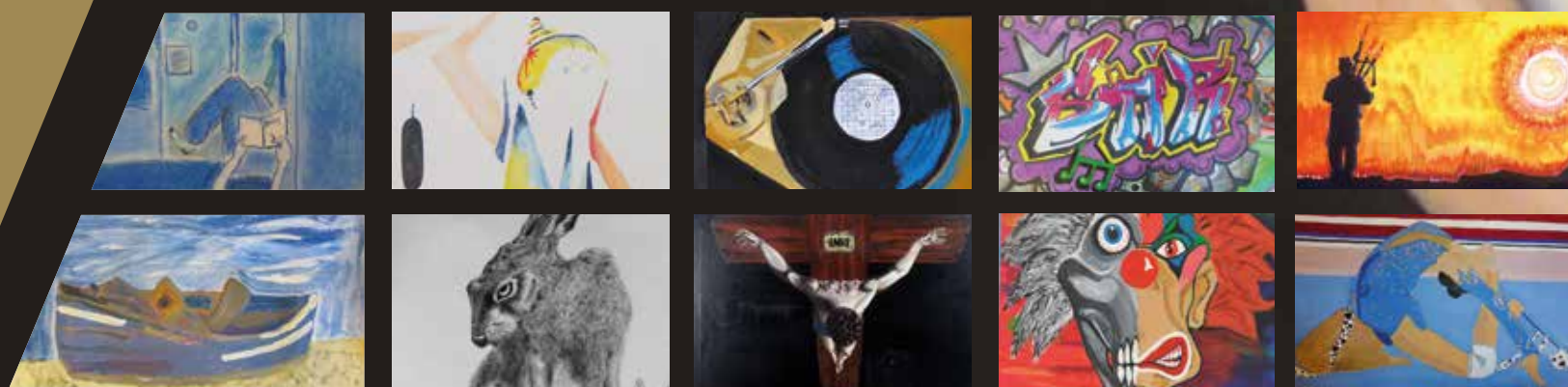
**KOESTLER
AWARD**

CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS FOR ISSUE ELEVEN

Our theme for issue eleven is science and technology!
So, what does science mean to you? Perhaps the physicists
among you have a funny story about black holes?
Or maybe you want to share your experiences of how
technology has affected you? Whether it is visual art or
writing, be as creative as you possibly can!

The closing date for our science and technology issue
submissions will be the 16th January 2015 – get it on your calendar!
Check in with your Learning Centre for the latest updates in
the STIR newsletter.

The next issue of STIR, our international theme (Issue Ten),
will be out in February. We are looking for any visual art, short stories,
poetry, excerpts and life writing. £20 each will be awarded to the creator
of the best visual art and the best written work.



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
HMP Barlinnie

MARISA FARRELL
HMP YOI
Cornton Vale

ANTHEA SUMMERS
EM STRANG
HMP Dumfries

RACHEL CLIVE
HMP Glenochil

TESSA DUNLOP
JACCI STOYLE
HMP Greenock

ANNA MACKENZIE
HMP Low Moss

IÑIGO GARRIDO
HMP Shotts

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