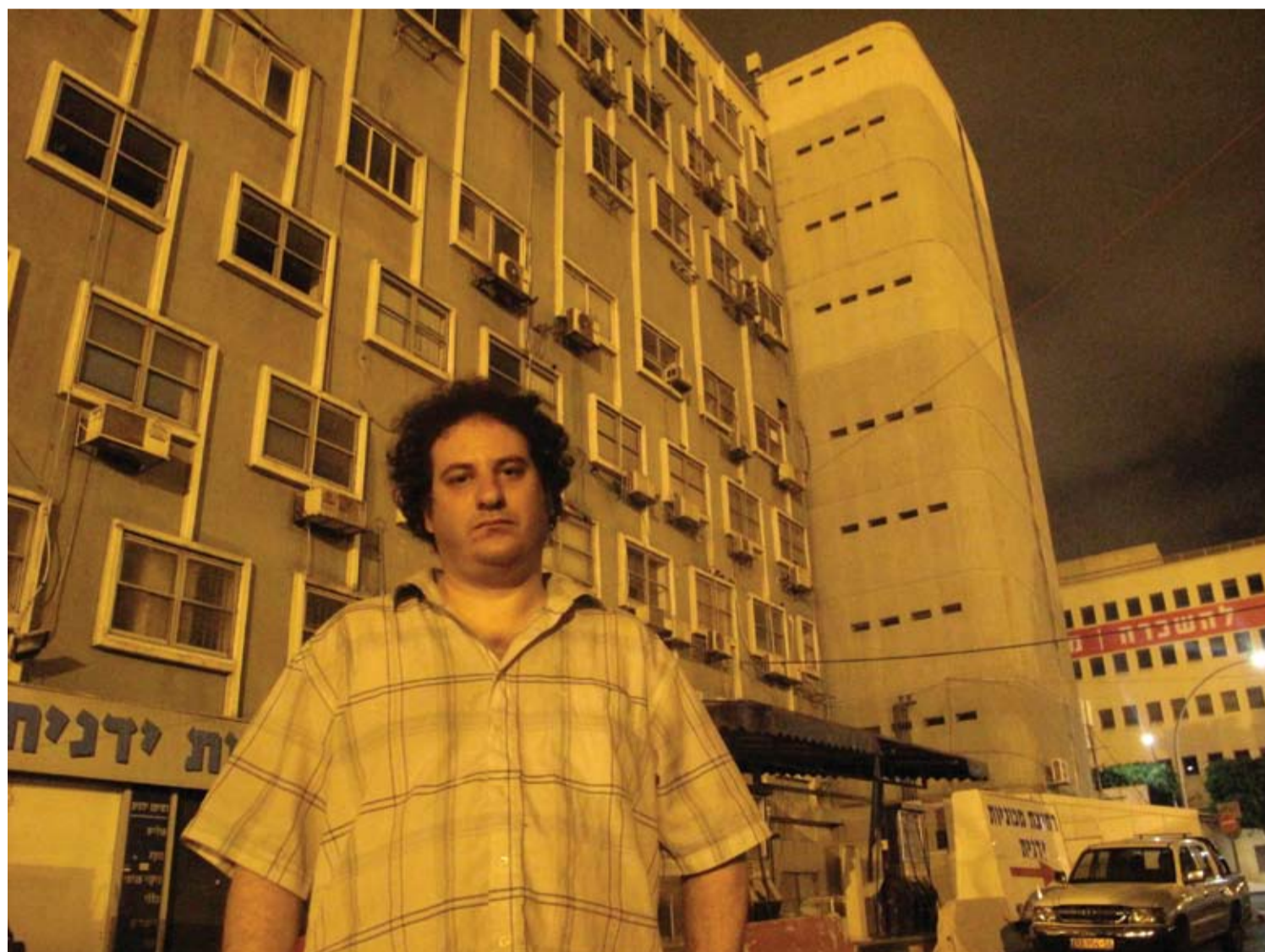


NEW WORK SCOTLAND PROGRAMME

Laura Edbrook | Norman Hogg
Jacob Kerray | Shelly Nadashi
Nicolas Party | Catherine Payton

NEW
WORK
SCOTLAND
PROGRAMME
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COLLECTIVE

FREE OCT 2010/FEB 2011 ISSUE 7

NWSP 2010

WHAT IS COLLECTIVE?

Collective is a contemporary art space situated in the heart of the city of Edinburgh. Collective is committed to supporting new visual art through a programme of exhibitions, projects, events and commissions.

www.collectivegallery.net

WHAT IS NEW WORK SCOTLAND PROGRAMME?

The New Work Scotland Programme (NWSP) lies at the heart of Collective's Professional Development Programme and creates a 4 month period dedicated to the support and development of new artists in Scotland through exhibitions, writing and events.

NWSP is an initiative launched in 2000 with an annual policy of open application to identify and support some of the most promising new creatives working in the visual arts in Scotland – providing them with the opportunity to make new work and bring it to the attention of a wider public.

NWSP writing was launched in 2002 in collaboration with Edinburgh College of Art's Centre for Visual & Cultural Studies. The aim of NWSP writing is to promote new creative and critical writing within the visual arts. The writers collaborate with the artists and produce texts for this newspaper as well as on-line texts for the Collective's website.

Applications for NWSP are invited from artists, writers and producers who are based in Scotland and are either in their final year or up to three years out of Education at BA or MFA level. Each successful NWSP applicant is supported by a commissioning fee which is vital at such an early stage in their career.

NWSP has won respect and recognition for identifying some of the most interesting and influential emerging creatives in the visual art world in the last 10 years. Previous recipients include artists: Ruth Ewan, Craig Coulthard, Jenny Hogarth, Michael Stumpf, Tessa Lynch, Sandy Smith, Alex Gross and Alex Dordoy; writers Steven Cairns, Rosie Lesso and Rosamund West; and producers Jamie Kenyon and Rose Ruane.

ARTIST SELECTION:

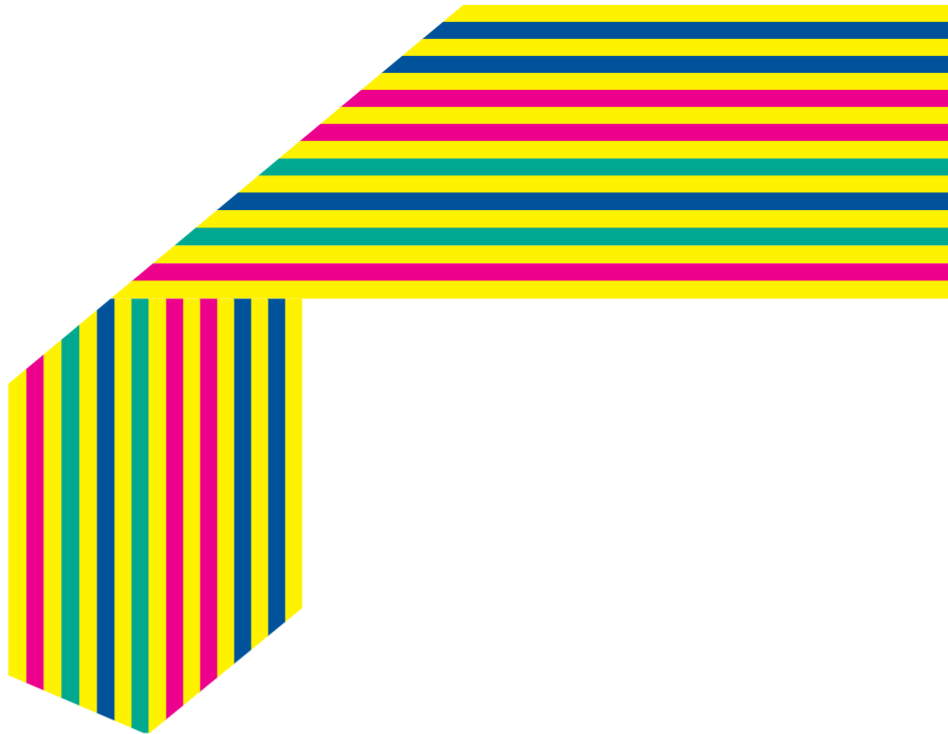
Each year Collective invite a different selection panel to review applications and select artists through written proposals, images and interviews.

Jordon Baseman (Artist and lecturer at The Royal College, London)
Lesley Young (Co-founder and director of The Salford Restoration Office)
Michelle Cotton (Independent curator and writer, curator of Cubitt, London)

WRITING SELECTION:

Collective work with MAP to select and deliver NWSP writing which involves editing and mentoring of the writers by the MAP team.

Alice Bain (Editor MAP)
Steven Cairns (Artist and Co-editor of MAP)



WHAT ARE THE NWSP RESIDENCIES?

During NWSP 2010 Collective were able to support two residencies for artists and writers.

STUDIO VOLTAIRE

Studio Voltaire is the first and only artist-led gallery and studio complex in South-West London. Established in 1994, the organisation has developed a reputation for supporting artists at a pivotal stage in their career, through an ambitious programme of exhibitions, commissions and live events. SV currently houses over 45 London based artists, ranging from internationally recognised practitioners to recent graduates. Previous tenants include, 2009 Turner Prize nominee Enrico David and Spartacus Chetwynd who Collective produced a new film commission with- *The Call of the Wild* – as part of the One Mile Programme 2005-2008. Sarah McCron, now curator of Frieze projects alongside Joe Scotland, (SV current director), worked with Collective and the Scottish Arts Council to initiate the residency. First piloted in 2008 this 6 week residency is for one of the selected NWSP artists, funded by the Scottish Arts Council (now Creative Scotland) to support the production of new work alongside mentoring from the creative team at SV and bespoke critical support.

www.studiovoltaire.org

MAP

MAP is a quarterly international art magazine, based in Glasgow. Each issue includes features, news and reviews on the best in contemporary art and is available throughout the UK, Europe and USA. Issue 23, published in September 2010 was the first to be designed by Berlin/London-based HIT studio, creating a dynamic new look for the magazine and website (going live October). MAP commissions new work and writing by artists for each issue: recent collaborations include Michael Fullerton, Mick Peter, Jimmy Durham, Jesse Jones, Nairy Baghramian and Ben Rivers. For the first time in 2010, NWSP are offering a writer the opportunity to have a 6 week residency with MAP in Glasgow. This residency will provide the writer with support in writing and editing, while working as part of the MAP team.

www.mapmagazine.co.uk

THE CONTEMPORARIES GUEST ROOM

This year Collective have programmed our guest room with a focus on young artists who are working outside Scotland, this programme acts as a relevant reference point for the artists involved in the NWSP and the wider audience.

Collective are pleased to invite London based Lucy Clout and Dublin based David Beattie to present work in The Contemporaries Guest Room.

Lucy Clout studied at Goldsmiths, London prior to completing an MFA at The Royal College, London. Recent exhibitions include *manual non manual manual*, International Project Space, Birmingham, UK and Limoncello, London, UK. Lucy is currently on the LUX Associates programme.

David Beattie trained at National College of Art and Design (BA), Dublin and Dun Laoghaire IADT, Dublin (MA). He has recently finished a residency at Mattress Factory Art Museum, Pittsburgh. Recent exhibitions include a solo show at Mercer Union Centre for Contemporary Art, Toronto and a group show *There is no solution because there is no problem*, that was part of Art Sheffield 2010.

SHELLY NADASHI

Shelly Nadashi presents new work in a gallery exhibition as well as producing an off-site performance at Edinburgh's Thomas Morton Hall.

Working with film, puppetry, text and object-making, Shelly's practice is rooted in live art, and explores the relationships between performer, object and environment. Through collaged narratives with surreal elements, her exhibitions and performances invite the viewer/audience to become part of a ceremony of self-examination.

In this instance, performance and exhibition are linked, both having been developed in relation to the Thomas Morton Hall Theatre in Leith. Both also explore Shelly's interest in the object and its relationship to narrative.

For the performance, an imposing object will be placed among the audience, questioning the role of the stage and incorporating the audience as one material mass. Puppets provide another way of investigating the link between object and narrative, taking the role of the agent or translator of Shelly's intimate voice.

Detached from the narrative and live event, the work in the exhibition provides an opportunity to re-consider objects from the performance. A filmed conversation between Shelly and her friend Noam further illuminates recurring themes.

THE NWSP NEWSPAPER

MAP is pleased to participate in **NWSP 2010**. At a time when many artists have an interest in writing, both from aesthetic as well as conceptual viewpoints, this year's NWSP writing strand has thrown up many questions. Should there be set rules of engagement between writer, artist and curators/editors? Can critical response be embedded in creative writing? How collaborative can the relationship between writer and visual artist be in this context? The two writers selected, **Laura Edbrook** and **Norman Hogg**, in tackling these and other questions with great energy, have been inspired by the work of the artists on the project, and with uncanny, imaginative perception, produced writing which goes to the heart of that work and beyond.

In past editions of the project, the writing emphasis has tended towards critical appraisal of the selected visual artists' work. This year however, both writers have chosen to move decisively away from this remit to contribute writing, adding a new strand of creativity to the programme.

Laura views the work of Shelly Nadashi and Nicolas Party through the eyes and thoughts of characters in a script, subtly weaving her own ideas about the work through these staged conversations. Norman too uses the language of script to collage his views on the work of Jacob Kerry, and takes an other-worldly, story-teller's stance in his engagement with the work of Catherine Payton. In addition, both writers have brought strong views on layout and illustration to the collaboration, working closely with each other, the artists, conducting interviews, collecting images and discussing work for some weeks in advance of publication. Together, they have also created 'Bad Romance', an ongoing project they will orchestrate on the Collective website until its published finale in January 2011.

Laura Edbrook is an artist and writer based in Glasgow/Edinburgh. She completes her MFA at Edinburgh College of Art this year, having achieved an MA in Contemporary Art Theory there previously. Published writing includes recent work in ZHB, a creative writing journal published by CCA, Glasgow. She has also written and exhibited for *Come Ye Hither*, North Uist; *They Do Things Differently There*, Talbot Rice Gallery, Edinburgh; *It all began without me*, Total Kunst, Edinburgh.

Norman James Hogg is a Scottish-based artist, curator and writer. He received his BA from Edinburgh College of Art and his MA from Chelsea College of Art. This year he graduated with an MFA in Visual Culture from ECA. He has recently served as a director of the Embassy Gallery and in 2009 co-founded the investigative curatorial group The Confraternity of Neoflagellants.



Above
Shelly Nadashi, *Puppet with Bitter Melon*, 2010, still photo
Right above
Jacob Kerray, *Dutch School, 20th Century*, 2010, 35 x 25, oil on board
Right below
Nicolas Party, *Fruitstones*, 2010, acrylic on stone
Far right
Catherine Payton, *Death Scene*, 2010, film still

JACOB KERRAY

Jacob Kerray presents a new series of paintings for NWSP. Juxtaposing diverse cultural references, his work has a particular relationship with male identity as described through visual culture through the ages, manifesting itself in large figurative paintings, often hung in a salon style.

Fusing the aesthetics of classical and Baroque portraiture in the context of the counter reformation, with a variety of present day pin-ups taken from wrestling, football and sci-fi, Jacob explores how these differing visual languages can be used to examine popular culture and produce modern mythologies. His paintings attempt to imitate the intensity, immediacy and drama of Baroque painting acting as a homage to its ideals. But by exchanging the traditional subjects of the canon for the somewhat forgotten heroes of male 'geek' stardom, he salutes, and, at the same time, undermines, their historical context.

For this project, Jacob is focusing on the Star Trek villain Khan Noonien Singh, the superhuman tyrant who once controlled more than a quarter of the Earth, and his voyage of revenge on Captain Kirk. Other heroes like 'Der Kaiser' footballer Franz Beckenbauer collide with Singh to perform new parodies full of visual puns and jarring clichés.

The artist's reference of these redundant modern mythological fantasies might pull the carpet from beneath any claims that the work attempts to reassert male heroism, instead expressing it with a form of dilapidated lameness.

Ainslie Roddick and Lauren Currie.

Glasgow-based Jacob Kerray was born in Dannenberg, Germany. He graduated from Glasgow School of Art BA in 2010. Following his degree show, he exhibited in *Bad Grace* alongside Ian Hetherington at The Duchy Gallery, where he also has his studio.



NICOLAS PARTY

Nicolas Party, selected for this year's Studio Voltaire Residency, produces a new installation, and launches the screen-printed publication created in collaboration with Glasgow-based artists Tatham and O'Sullivan at London Printworks over a six week period this year. Nicolas returns to London in 2011 to curate an event (devised during his residency) at The Woodmill Studios.

Nicolas' practice includes painting and drawing as well as exhibition curating for independent spaces. He often frames his own and the work of others within decorative installations and cross-art form events. Adopting different genres, conventions and artifice, Nicolas interrogates the language of painting and the nature of aesthetic experience.

Nicolas' most recent project at Haarfest Day Five for the Fence Collective, included three, oversized, painted chairs, which acted as both art installation and a functioning stage for Haarfest musicians. In collaboration with Clare McAllister, he also curated a walk marked by beach stones painted as cut citrus fruit, rare steaks and apples, guiding the audience to a coastal spot for an impromptu gig. By experimenting with how art works are experienced and framed, Nicolas redefines established boundaries between history and rationality to produce visual narratives that create new meaning and experience.

Glasgow-based Nicolas Party was born and studied in Lausanne Switzerland at the ECAL, before moving to Glasgow to take an MFA at Glasgow School of Art. In 2005 Nicolas established the artists collective BLAKAM, and while on the MFA course organised monthly exhibitions under the name Sweet Geranium Gallery. Since graduating in 2009 he has exhibited at the Glue Factory during Glasgow International 2010, had a solo show with Intermedia at the CCA, Glasgow, and has taken part in Tramway's Pecha Kucha series of events.

CATHERINE PAYTON

Catherine Payton is exhibiting a new installation for NWSP, which has an autobiographical starting point. A man, unknown to Catherine's family, believed he was the reincarnation of her great uncle, the second world war wireless operator, Richard Seymour. The man was initially believed to be an imposter by Catherine's family, after he was set a series of questions by her grandfather. But a few years later, an episode of the cult TV show *Strange But True*, captivated the public with a recreation of Richard's death as retold by this man, presenting his story as the truth.

Her work explores how the familiar and ordinary world can be transformed to incorporate and create unlikely and strange scenarios. Through constructed narrative, and its interplay with objects and sculptures, she invites viewers to suspend disbelief and invest in the implausible reality in front of them.

Catherine's practice is rooted in the production of text and will use the story of Richard and his supposed reincarnation as the basis for a new script which will in turn be used to frame a number of created props and objects in the gallery. The installation and sound work will create an environment, which navigates between fake and real, entangling the viewer in the fragments of a bizarre tale, which may or may not be reportage.

Born in 1986, Catherine graduated from Edinburgh College of Art in 2008. Recent exhibitions include Nothing New Under the Sun, The Duchy, Glasgow and Salon, The Embassy Gallery, Edinburgh. She is a co-founder and studio manager of Rhubaba curatorial collective and studios. She has also recently produced a publication in collaboration with the Edinburgh Psycho-Geography Association, (It'll) Never Work: Collected Writings of EP-GA.



Collective talk to Laura Edbrook and Norman Hogg on new writing and their experience of the NWSP so far.

What do you feel is the role of writing in the context of the New Work Scotland Programme?

Norman: Perhaps it needn't have any predefined role. Conventionally, artists and writers are treated very differently. Those involved in producing text for a publication such as this are often expected to respond (positively) to the practices being addressed. Under these circumstances, the artist's approval of the writer's work, to some extent, becomes a marker of its success. A reversal of this peculiar hierarchy seems inconceivable.

Even though some of the artists producing work for this programme use text, a particular type of journalistic professionalism is expected from the writers involved mediated by external editors. Having said that, NWSP actively encourages a broader, more collaborative approach to art writing. Given this freedom, artists and writers can exchange ideas to create a hybrid middle space. This can have very unexpected and rewarding outcomes. NWSP provides a forum for investigating these relationships.

Laura: I see the role as an opportunity to explore my practice as a writer and artist, whilst formulating an enquiry into the motivations of the New Work Scotland selected artists. I think this approach should be experimental, offering a reflective analysis of emerging discourses during the programme. The writings in the newspaper help to set the scene and offer a lens through which we can identify the work rather than decode it: a sort of staging, a performing of an experience that focuses on process rather than outcome.

You both have expanded writing practices, what influences do you draw on when you begin conceiving a piece of text?

Norman: Maybe I could say something about the dyslexic brain here. In many cases it has a ridiculously short capacity for recall—not enough RAM. It compensates by continually attempting to make connections, always randomly hyper-linking to new places whilst forgetting where it has just been. Now, with Internet speeds being what they are, you can rapidly expand and swarm this process while the browser history provides a safe route back to the start. For me this is a crucial step towards developing any ideas whether they be for curatorial projects, writing or producing artworks. Feed your irrationalisms into the hive-mind, let them grow there, then get out. Copy, paste, edit, then go back in. Repeat until a smooth paste is formed.

Laura: In this context I am interested in writing as a way to open and extend the horizons of an artwork, almost as a way of reintroducing the reader to the work. So often an assumption appears that writing and language can, and *should*, offer a translation of art. This capturing of art in words assumes that art is a metaphor for a concept in language but I don't think writing has to be used to explain the work or be dogmatic. There is no reason why art writers should infer logical translations, conclusions or even some kind of truth from the clues given.

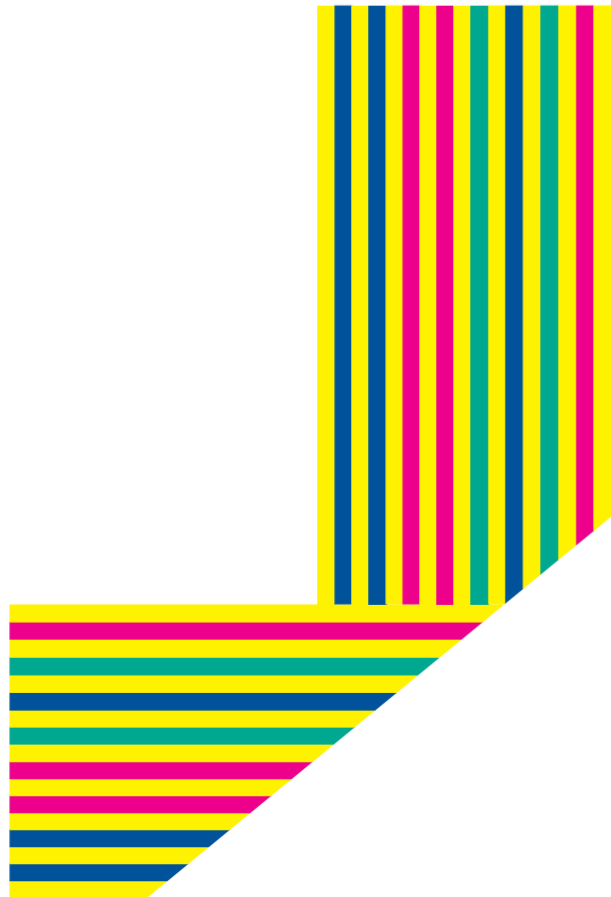
The newspaper texts began with preliminary discussions and the development of a familiarity with the artists' practice. A key concern for me was to write with the artwork; this involved an identification of the sources and subject of their work as a point of departure for writing.

What is your experience of working with the artists to produce the texts for the newspaper, particularly as the process required you to produce a text prior to the presentation of the artists' work?

Norman: I enjoyed my meeting with Catherine and Tom. There was this crazy fight in the High Street and all the tourists were screaming and running about. We then sat in this dark pub and enjoyed the strangeness of Jason Donovan being there with Richard Kiel! In a funny way these artists remind me of Marion Cotillard and Leonardo DiCaprio in that new movie *Inception*. Using tech to drill down into the subconscious and build new worlds there. Symbiosis is a powerful thing.

I really like the idea of remixing histories and Jacob had already made these whacked-out connections between ned culture and baroque nobility. It was fun to let them play out within a screenplay format. No smooth paste here though. Still lumpy.

Laura: Discussions with the artists revolved around past work and initial thoughts regarding the production of new work for the Collective Gallery. This was a good opportunity to experiment with methods of reading and writing the work simultaneously. With each piece of writing the aim was to find the most precise method of communication between writer, artist, subject and reader, and to be creative and experimental with this. Experimenting with how associations can be triggered through the process of understanding the work, adopting different authorial platforms and distances, playing with who narrates and how this is expressed, was essential in the conception of the writing.



Do you feel that there are any themes which link the different artists' work in NWSP 2010?

Norman: There were a number of connecting strands that Laura and I initially picked up on. If we were to write a review of the programme as a whole it would obviously be pertinent to explore these further; tease them out and make them explicit. At this stage though everyone is feeling a little cagey and vague about the new stuff they are working on. In fact, one thing they all share is a wariness of over-definition.

I will say this though. There is a spooky kind of romanticism afoot. Some fragile and irrational mythologies, best viewed from the corner of the eye. Richard Dawkins recently lamented that the rising tide of religion, new-age spiritualism and superstition are enemies of reason and an insult to Enlightenment values. He reckons that humans have a primitive storytelling gene that really ought to be irradiated. Good luck with that.

Laura: Despite having essentially different practices a loose chain of affinities can be identified with the artists. Although employing different methodologies, all four artists are involved in generating narratives, they are storytelling and also dismantling existing stories to create new narratives and blur the distinctions between reality and fiction. Each have discussed and displayed an interest in myth making and perhaps they are indeed mythologising themselves through their own practice. Similarly, a notable link could be the use of animism. With varying tactics each artist animates the inanimate and coaxes it to talk.

WRATH OF BECKENBAUER THE DECAYING ORBIT OF JACOB KERRY

Norman Hogg

-excerpt-

Act 2117 [In a briefing room aboard the HMS WARTIME INTERNATIONAL, Tuborg Xabi is powering up in a docking station while staring perplexedly at his reflection in the thin metallic slab held gingerly by the tips of his powerful gauntlets. Crewmembers E.E. Doc Smith, Felipe los Ramos, Dr Chu'lak Escamillo and Captain Jusépe Leonardo Poloz are gathered in stylistic postures at the opposite end of the room. The captain's piercing blue eyes glare accusingly from within his small angry head.]

CAPT. POLOZ: Xabi, the images will appear on the reverse. Also, the device must be wielded in a manner for all to see. Make it so!

[Xabi fumbles and holds it aloft. An animation of Khan appears, older now, wearing official federation kit and rapidly chewing gum.]

Khan, as we know him today. Full name, Khan Nóónien Félipé Singh.

DR ESCAMILLO: From 1992 through 1996, absolute ruler of more than a quarter of your Earth. With strongholds in Glasgow and the cities of Sub-Saharan Africa. *Olé!*

E.E. DOC SMITH: The last of the tyrants to be overthrown. A trickster, a smart temporizing toady, a brash flattener, a trimmer of moustaches characterized by rhetoric and complex metaphors. [winks knowingly] A length de plasto drainpipe kun a rulo skate che chiu end fari an idealo automobilo por serpento!¹

RAMOS: [alarmed and restless] Ah must confess, lads. A've aye held a sneaky admiration fur this boy. A superior product of late twentieth century genetic engineerin'. An' there begins a lang digression aboot the lords o' tha creation.

CAPT POLOZ: Just so. He was the best of the centre-forward tyrants and the worst. They were supermen in a sense—stronger, fitter and certainly more ambitious at the front. [shakes his head at some distant and dismal recollection] Profound abysses, we was robbed that day. A thousand times I shudder and a thousand times my furrowed brow [pauses to clutch forehead] furrows.

DR ESCAMILLO: [spurns him with his foot] Gentlemen, this romanticism about a ruthless dictator will not further our cause. Rigorous analysis is required. Xabi, move on to my report.

[after a moment's incomprehension, Xabi flips to the next screen and Dr Escamillo prepares to read aloud from a scrolling list of statistics. He points to screen with a virtual machete]

These are the Significances;²

- Yossi Grimmelshausen is the quickest player to reach 500 premier league goals in a mind shattering 65 games.
- France have had the most Spanish players to play in the Premiership a massive 61 ahead of 2nd place Canada with 141 players.
- “Manchester United fans. Save money on expensive new kits by simply strapping a large fake penis to your forehead. It is now clear to all, as to your allegiance.” Was translated into Spanish 13 times in December 1995.
- Chelsea have had the most Spanish players play for the club since the Premiership started with 93 players from Spain with Liverpool and Man City in joint 2nd with 79. The team with the least who still apply their trade in the Premiership are Bolton with only 14 Spanish based players to play for the club while they have been in the top league.
- Fernando Lázaro Carreter scored 58.47% of his goals with his legs. The highest player that is still playing in the Premier league is obviously Santiago Ramón y Cajal with 50% of ‘leggers’ scored is lying in 2nd.
- In 1986 Harry Harrison compiled a list of over 10,000 predicted Premiership outcomes. After translating them into Esperanto they were then buried in a time capsule with instructions to be opened and buried again in 1996.
- Richard ‘Picasso’ Dunne has clocked up the joint amount of red cards in the league with 83 along with Alex ‘Spaceport’ Ferguson and Patrick ¡mano! Swazi.
- The Eternal Governor holds the current record for yellow cards in the league with 91 in his long and surely permanent career, currently 3 ahead of 2nd in the list Noble Savage.
- Their has been a staggering 19,628 yellow cards dished out since the league was formed. Shared out by 1,961 players. Bewildered and suspended. Insensible on the ground. Baffling.
- Chelsea, Man Utd and Liverpool used the most amount of disposable players this season with 30, Aston Villa used the least with only 21 ‘tiro amistosos’ used up.
- Bishop McClintock has played the most PL games with 573 matches played his currently ahead of Ryan Garcia-Iglesias (548), Jerry ‘Spain under Franco’ Speed (535), Solomon ‘top shelf’ Campbell (496), Elroy ‘beauteous virgin’ Hernández (469) and Khan....

CAPT POLOZ: [interrupting with hand up – reverse spurn] Doctor Escamillo, you misunderstand us. Yes, your report may be scientific but we humans have a streak of barbarism in us. Appalling, but there, nevertheless. Now, having with my very blood signed a certain secret cedule, I expect us to pursue with bloody vengeance this grave and venerable punter of long balls. This being so, why wait? Your orders? Approach Khan, strike his legs, and from them his feet dis sever. Try my firmness as you will, for I am resolute!

[he steps up and shouts into a wireless heraldic device embroidered upon his chest]

This is the Captain. Put a twenty-four hour security on Mister Khan's quarters, effective immediately!

ESCAMILLO: [affronted] Biological!! Get half-naked people and fear my silky skills!

CAPT POLOZ: [removes electronic toupée to reveal awesome muscles] ¡Bastardos!

[they fight]

ACT 2118 [In Khan's quarters Khan is seated at a plain table when CAPT POLOZ bursts in and sits opposite him.]

KHAN: [bug-eyed] A wild wood-god! Have you from these bronze thighs issued?

[comes to his senses. sighs]

I'm sorry, Captain. I was lost in thought. My door. Locked from outside, a guard posted.

CAPT POLOZ: Unusual treatment for *Khan Nóónien Félipé Singh!*

KHAN: Excellent. You identified me with your computer system.

CAPT POLOZ: [ignores sarcasm] Give me those answers now.

KHAN: A new life, a chance to build another Stadiono. Other things.

CAPT POLOZ: Thank you. They have all been answered.

[he leaves, and the guard resumes his post. Khan summons his strength, wrenches the locked door open and kicks the guard in the leg]

[they fight]

ACT 2119 [Below deck in the transporter room Khan and his loyal compatriot EntrenadóR Beckenbauër are holding automatic swords to the transporter chief's neck.]

KHAN: Move away.

[they fight]

[Khan loses patience and incapacitates him with pressure at the base of the skull. They beam off to his Sporthalle]

ACT 2120 [The Sporthalle in the House of Khan Nóónien Félipé Singh. In the middle of a glass dome on a field of plastic grass an official is mistakenly explaining some basic rules to the highly experienced centrocampista, Francis 'Jesus' Rodríguez.]

ARBITRO: Mark ye how I place my outer effects and weapons here at this point [indicates with pointed shoe] and my under garments here [indicates with eyes]. This voided area where I stand is where the sportsman must parry the object betwixt.

RODRIGUEZ: Marcación del terreno?

ARBITRO: Gamberro! I can hear but indistinctly half-formed words and broken accents. Be silent while I issue your regulation espinillera und tacos.

RODRIGUEZ: [louder] Reglas de juego!?

ARBITRO: [strikes a whimsical pose in face of RODRIGUEZ] The whole arena, madly gay, style-blinded and insane. I head not this vulgar breath collecting in mine ear. Only the despotic whisper of the stern and cruel gentlies satisfies my courtly lugs.

RODRIGUEZ: ¡Bastardos!

ARBITRO: Rodríguez, your sort will never scale heaven's wall. Do not persist! I will have my judging eye on you. Be forewarned by the lingering kiss I now stoop to bestow upon you.

[they fight]

ARBITRO: You do not grow weary? Pray then, let us continue.

[they wrestle in the Rococo manner, with each manoeuvre anticipating the dead-ball fatality grip]



Above left: Jacob Kerray, *Prince Khan Noonien Singh, absolute ruler of the free world*, 2009-2010, 181cm x 80cm, oil on canvas

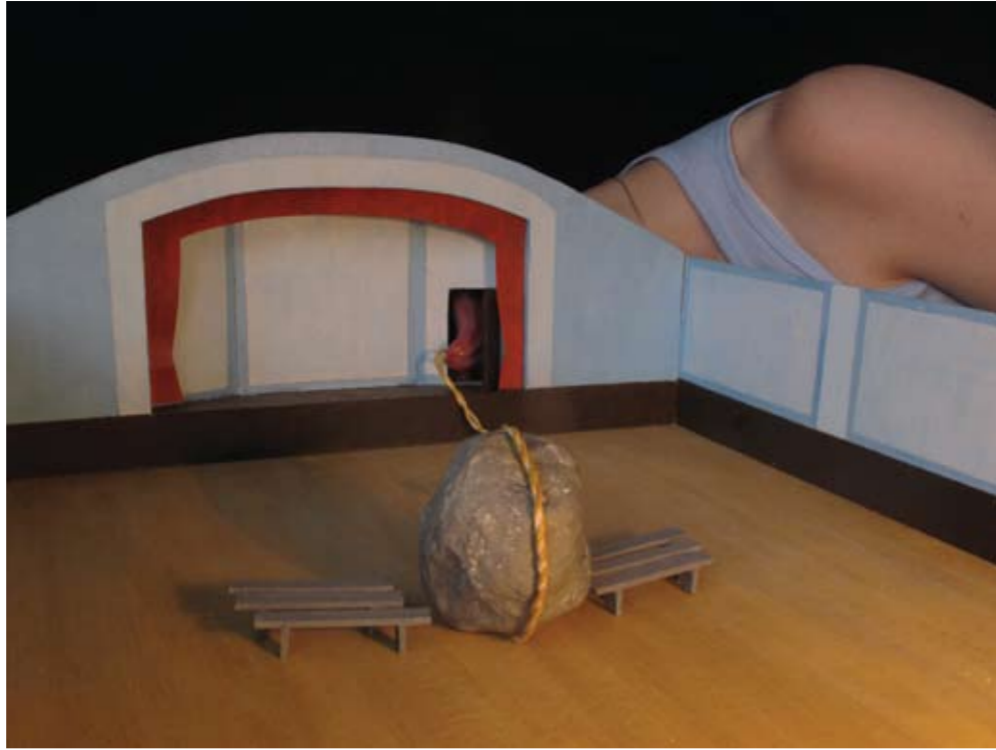
Above right: Jacob Kerray, *The Parting of Ferenc Puskas and Hungary*, 2010, 181 x 180, oil on canvas

1 Esperanto. Translates as: A length of plastic drainpipe with a roller skate at each end makes an ideal car for snakes.

2 Dr Chu'lak Escamillo's complete 'Significances' can be found online at www.collectivegallery.net and will be available in printed form for the duration of Jacob Kerry's NWSP exhibition.

The Ineluctable Weight of Living*
 Laura Edbrook

A fictional text informed by preliminary conversations with Shelly Nadashi about her performance and exhibition for New Work Scotland Programme 2010.



Shelly Nadashi, Model of The Thomas Morton Hall for forthcoming performance 2010, 50 x 40cm

You are asked to wear a headset by the usherette at the entrance and so you do. It's uncomfortable, but once in place you hear a series of instructions. It is the voice of a young woman, calm and poised, with little modulation. It echoes:

Enter the auditorium and find your seat. B12. The lights are still up so find a restful position, perhaps sitting back into the chair? Let your eyes turn vacantly towards the high plaster moldings of the ceiling.

Now turn to look left.

There is a vacant seat beside you. B13.

Look right.

You are at the end of the row. You catch sight of a great boulder sitting oddly, in front of the stage, on the floor of the auditorium, lifeless. The orderly rows, including your own, now broken, awkwardly surround it. You imagine its overpowering heaviness.

Place your damp coat on the back of the empty seat. It has been raining outside.

Turn to look ahead.

The sky blue decor seamlessly travels from the ceiling and the walls to envelop the stage. With the curtains drawn open, the stage lies empty, the heavy prop expelled.

[click] [jump] *You can hear the edit of the instructions, it breaks and starts, the voice warps; parts of the tape are scratched.*

You can hear what you now read being typed.

You hear someone speak, but the words come from another, and as someone now walks onstage, the sounds of their footsteps are traced by another. [tap] [tap] the amplified hollow sound of an old leather hatbox being drummed at the back of the room.

The rock speaks but its voice comes from the figure who is now onstage. Eyes fix on the rock. Sit forward. Bend your knees: they awkwardly press against the chair in front. You watch and listen as the figure and the rock present simultaneously. They are two and yet you hear them as one. Questioning yourself you ask; is your double not the subject you find in the mirror?

Rock: "I've been struggling to sleep again."

For a while now you have been afflicted with the same fate. Remember how thoughts running wild in your mind have kept you awake, night after night? You have kept this to yourself as no one wants to hear of your problems, they have enough of their own.

The lights now dim as the rock continues to speak. Its voice faltering, its tone unsure.

Rock: "I have been struggling into existence for some time. It's all rapidly becoming too much, all of this holding on the difference."

Now, look at your coat hanging on the back of the chair. Wet, it holds the shape of your tired body. A still object with no complaint of the dampness you feel in your bones, not at all eased by the stiffness of the aged chair. It does not say, "I am tired and cold, I want to go home."

It exists, you can see it, yet it is not aware of this. Imagine what it would be like if you couldn't say anything, absolutely nothing. And now wonder; what's the use of existing if you aren't aware of your own existence?

Perhaps there is a way. Since you can say "I", say it for the coat. Look at the coat, still nothing but it – useless. The coat is still there, indifferent, and you remain you.

As the coat lies still, the rock continues. It speaks of life's dramatic moments. You wonder, is it unrest that makes it able to say "I"? Maybe yes, maybe no, maybe not at all.

Rock: "I'm afraid I can't say anything different. Having been disturbed by all that has been going on around me I find myself full of dread. I have been watching you. I have been watching myself too. It seems to me that I ought to be happy but I am not."

The rock bellows a great sigh. Becoming frantic with malcontent, it trembles back and forth, churning the worn red carpet underneath into ripples of aged skin. All its loneliness. Its melodrama. It's yours.

Ask the rock if it is ill.

It doesn't answer you, it's not watching you. Its eyes are full with tears.

Rock: "The story I have lived, I want to tell you. Happy or sad. I am not the sort of person who likes to attract attention, but I want to make sense of it."

The figure on stage has gone but the rock still speaks, rambling on for its own pleasure. What mastery of transformation! Denying all resistance you now feel completely compelled by the rock's quest; you see his tears dry and a faint smile light up his face. With the figure absent, the rock is liberated. Delivered now, offspring of the stage, he speaks freely, piecing together his personal memories.

You are the audience, you are a living object, you are the figure on stage, and you are part of his ceremony. His narrative is not resolved by endings – your participation and speculation is needed, incomplete without the act of reception.

After he stops talking, he begins to lose his characteristics one by one. Now slipping out of existence you realise he has died. You stand, pick up your coat and leave.

* Italo Calvino, Six Memos for the Next Millennium, 1988
 At The Charles Eliot Norton Lectures, 1985-86, Italo Calvino spoke of Milan Kundera's 1984 novel The Unbearable Lightness of Being as 'in reality a better confirmation of the Ineluctable Weight of Living'. He proposed that everything we choose and value in life for its lightness soon reveals its true, unbearable weight. He further claimed that everything can be transformed into something else, and knowledge of the world means dissolving the solidity of the world; that a single common substance, if stirred by profound emotion, may be changed into what most differs from it.

A SPACE ON STAGE
 The Dinner Party



Nicolas Party, *Still Life with a blue teapot*, 2008, Oil on board

CHARACTERS:
 HENRY (teapot 1)
 MATTHEW (teapot 2)
 PETER (sausage)
 NADINE (fruit - unspecified)
 NICOLAS (table)

ACT I
 Scene I

Through the windows of a ground floor apartment four characters are arranged around a kitchen table. A bright light shines above the orange cloth covered surface. HENRY is stylish and charming; he sits proud in the back left-hand chair with both elbows weightily leaning on the table. MATTHEW leans back on his chair, his relaxed position causing him to be at a distance to the rest of the group, displaying an almost detached manner. PETER is tall, willowy with rather effeminate mannerisms; what he lacks in charm he makes up for with an ignorant stubbornness. He too is leaning forward, so much so he could almost be on top of the table. His chair is the only one positioned at the front of the table. NADINE is young, her face soft and rosy with rouged lips and cheeks; a timeless beauty. She sits to the right, positioned outwardly so that she is almost facing away from the others. A still life is hung to the left of the window. It depicts a bourgeois dining table stacked with fruit and lavish silver kitchenware, a knife protrudes, balanced under the corner of a silver platter, it signals a forthcoming disaster. It's early evening. Light is beginning to fall.

NADINE It must be getting late. How long have we been here now?

HENRY Some years I think. What time is it? (*scanning the room for a clock*)

PETER Whose time are you talking about?

I met with Nicolas Party a month ago now when he was keen to tell me about his belief of history's complete relevance for today. A relevance that is forgotten all too easily. So often is the trap to remember history generationally. Nicolas asked, "How can we make any good sausages this way?".

MATTHEW (*now leaning forward, springing to attention*) It's true, we must stand beyond history. Don't you think our understanding of art history is too narrow?

Nicolas' painterly practice and constructed worlds are filled with images and procedures that relate to art and art history. Celebrating traditional forms of representation, they present a memory of the past; of painting and eternal values.

MATTHEW The structure of art itself should indeed be a recognition of memory and the language of cultural forms: it should be an organic map of knowledge without the agency of time. (*raising his left hand*) We should abandon this historiographic tradition of understanding time as merely chronological.

PETER But doesn't this denial of historical praxis then take history as a ruin, a field to be excavated and used as if the choices offered and taken were of no consequence? To dismiss the particularities of history in favour of a generalised mythology; does this not leave us succumbing to sentimentality?

HENRY (*shaking his head*) No, no, no, borrowing and rearranging earlier strategies, thinking about discipline in the contemporary world: it is still a self-conscious and critical gesture.

MATTHEW (*eyes on Peter*) Artistic development follows not simply from the act of return to sources, but from interpretation of those sources. The time in which the work was made is not crucial; the work should not be attached to its time of history in general.

NADINE Precisely, it's a demonstration of historical sources yet provides a new, suitably critical framework. This reconciliation and display of juxtapositions primes us to understand the work metaphorically.

Indeed, Nicolas' practice makes use of established conventions. As with the traditions of still life, his work has the characteristics of being a never-ending web of representation, visual triggers and playful games. But the works are not at all the same, their viewing experience is very different. Nicolas creates complex environments that combine disorientation and information as both a formal and communicative strategy. Ranging from fast and immediate large-scale dusty charcoal wall drawings to visually jarring pop aesthetic spray-painted murals; from intimate, precise paintings and works on paper to experimental collaboration with peers, Nicolas fully embraces a hybrid practice, mixing forms freely and ignoring established boundaries.

According to rational systems employed when constructing visual narratives in a still life, Nicolas manipulates and controls the works of others alongside his own within tightly curated environments. He takes objects, whether they are his own, painted or drawn, or the work of others, and judges how he can use them, or better, how he can frame them to create new meaning. Despite adopting classical aspects of exhibition history, the result is not an exhibition but an installation; a play that offers objects a space on stage.

(*night falls*)

PETER (*reaching above to turn up the light*) Painting has been giving away throughout history some of the territory it carved for itself five centuries ago, if not before. (*now sitting back into his chair he is witness to the challenging faces surrounding him. He tries to save his argument*) I'm not suggesting that this signals that the discipline has ended. What is happening here is painting in the expanded field. It is installation that will save painting.

NADINE You're missing the point. (*Peter looks a little upset at Nadine's disagreement. He had hoped to impress her*) The role of the artist now is never concrete, it moves in one or more dimensions at the same time, shifting from one form of expression to another. Not just a painter, a curator or a sculptor, the artist is a producer of meaning. Perhaps it would be more fortuitous to move past distinctions all together. The defined disciplines carry with them considerable historical baggage. Isn't it time that we move from these preconceptions and entrenched values.

MATTHEW My thoughts exactly. My plea has always been for an extension of the methodological borders of art, in both material and spacial terms. What we need is an organic meaning of totality. Aesthetics alone is a self-sufficient type of human experience.

(*a moment of contemplative silence passes*)

HENRY Let's have some supper. (from the kitchen dresser, Henry lifts a cheese board laden with luxury cheese, sliced apple and a bunch of dewy ripe grapes) Would anyone like a glass of wine? (without waiting for any replies Henry fills each glass)

(*Peter takes this opportunity to pass a flirtatious smile in Nadine's direction, still conscious of her disagreement*)

MATTHEW (continuing from previous dialogue) And furthermore, we should not consider the past as a relic, but as a living tool we need to grasp in order to create new narratives. It's true that if we forget the past we are condemned merely to repeat it.

PETER I'm still concerned; have we not a nostalgic pastiche of historical consciousness?

NADINE (her eyes display an irritability towards his contrariness) Well, does nostalgia even exist anymore when we can be fed forever by quick access to an indefinitely recyclable past? Perhaps Matthew can see that his aspiration is indeed a truth; history now presents itself in a fragmentary state, an organic map that holds validity and energy.

(*Peter leans across the table to reach the cheese-board; he is clumsy and catches the knife lodged underneath with his right hand causing the contents to be propelled across the kitchen. As he scrambles to save the supper the conversation is interrupted and so lost. When Peter returns to his position they discuss their activities of the past week; this consists of sitting at the kitchen table in the same position for what has now been an age*)

–

Parts of this text are not new ideas, they are thoughts and theories borrowed and appropriated from history to provide a new, suitably critical framework for the practice of Nicolas Party.

This text includes the thoughts of Jean-Baptiste-Siméon Chardin, Gustavo Fares, Liam Gillick, Linda Hutcheon, Immanuel Kant, Rosalind Krauss, Robert Storr, Peter Osborne, George Santayana, and Aby Warburg.

The IncurSION of Festivus James Hogg

Chapter 1. Regarding Miss Payton and the Foley Ghost

I have always known the High Street of Edinburgh to be a dangerous place. Nevertheless, this August—at the very peak of its distress—I found myself urgently traversing this tempest-worn locale. I had arranged upon written request to meet Miss Catherine Payton and a close associate at the Waverly Tavern on St Mary’s Street. There, we were to discuss a subject most vexing in nature.

As I reached the entrance to the tavern, which sits somewhat adjacent to the crossroads, I was astonished to witness an impromptu incursion of the most un-gentlemanly violence. At the sound of a gunshot (or so it seemed to me), the narrow closes of the adjoining streets vomited forth a multitude of angry, black-frocked young men. Armed with chair legs, phonebooks and various other forms of makeshift weaponry, they swiftly set upon, and began to bludgeon, a startled ensemble of Oxbridge thespians. I looked on aghast, leaping into the tavern foyer as a stray projectile whistled past my head. From the relative safety of this vantage point I conducted my vigil until, at a second deafening report, the assailants vanished like so many phantoms, taking the beaten remains of their quarry with them. I found it all too sinister so I betook myself to the bar, ordered a drink and seated myself in the darkest corner.

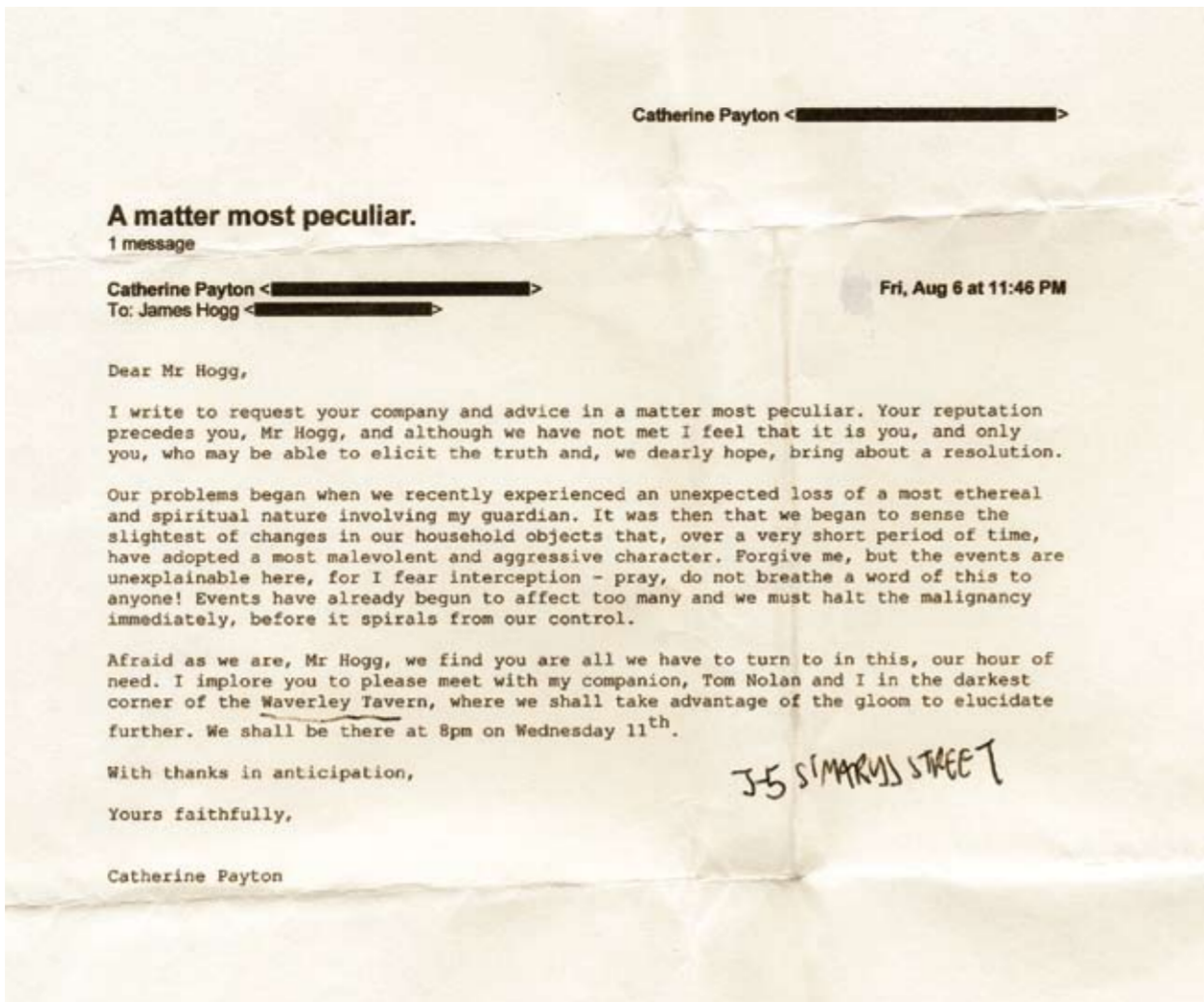
Through the gloom, in an opposing booth, I thought I perceived the subjects of my appointment. My faculties, however, proved befuddled still, for I was profoundly mistaken. As I half-stood, politely removing my hat in greeting, the proper identities of the shadowy couple became clear to me. Beneath a cluster of torn posters sat petite Australian actor Jason Donovan, gigantically accompanied by *Jaws*, the fictional assassin of the Roger Moore Bond era. Thankfully, they failed to notice my hastily aborted approach and continued to stare fixedly and lugubriously at a solitary can of Tuborg. I sunk back into my leather chair and sighed.

In good enough time, the bar door swung open to reveal the persons whose company I truly required. Miss Payton, who wore a delightful headband composed of little spheres, introduced me to her common-law partner, Mr Tom Nolan, who was fashionably provocative in the Cavalier style. As we shook hands, I observed a military aspect to his fluid motions. I further noticed that his forehead bore an abrasion, clearly of recent acquisition and that the butt of a pistol protruded from his coat pocket. I hesitated for a second. Had this pair been privy to the same murderous assembly as I? Was there involvement?

Miss Payton, who was clearly most eager to commence our dialogue, forestalled my inquiry by handing Mr Nolan her purse and requesting lager. As he marched off to the bar she launched into the matter at hand.

“As you may have gathered from my email, I am harassed by inconvenient occurrences that require hasty resolution.”

I nodded. “I understand that certain personal possessions displayed about your household have enacted behaviours which transgress those commonly expected?”



“Indeed. This is the case. A malignance has occurred in these past weeks whereby objects appear to move regardless of human agency or any provocation by nature’s customary laws.” She pushed my beer can with her finger to illustrate the status quo. “What’s more,” she continued, “the particular movement of each object produces sounds directly corresponding to my daily activities. An intelligence is indicated, and a most vindictive humour.”

Mr Nolan placed three Tuborgs before us and seated himself. Mr Hogg it is a relentless and tiresome series of spooky pranks. This very morn, as the good Miss P. came across the room to my arms, the chaise longue creaked rudely and precisely with every step, as if she were stricken by some mechanical flatulence.”

I fear I may have betrayed some emotion at this point. Miss Payton placed her hands to her cheeks and rolled her eyes. “Mr Hogg please endeavour to conceal all trace of mirth. These confessions do not come without consequence, as you yourself must surely be aware? There is a dark side to these events. We must now relate to you a less benign occurrence which, as we speak, continues to ferment foul emotion throughout this capital city.”

I frowned to indicate consternation and with a flourished gesture of apology begged them to continue.

They glanced at each other and Mr Nolan lent forward. “Last Monday our humble lodgings were selected by the Ancient Artisans’ Mutual Order of Protection as a venue for their annual convergence. This was a great honour. As you may be aware Sir ***** of ***** was chairing this year—a gentleman of immeasurable influence about these parts. We prayed that he would not be dismayed by some supernatural interruption.”

“Alas, he was,” Miss Payton interjected.

“Aye, and to what extent!” continued Mr Nolan “Miss P. had prepared a fine repast and our principal guest took it upon himself to congratulate my beloved personally. Before an attentive audience of distinguished fellows, he repeatedly attempted to take her hand. At each and every reciprocal gesture a shrill cry was emitted, caused by the sudden and severe tightening of the footman’s collar. This was all absorbed with remarkable tolerance but when Miss P. opened her mouth to placate Sir ***** the gun above the mantelpiece discharged itself explosively, removing, entirely, the top half of the poor Grand Commander!

“Miss P. was overcome by hysterics at this time—as was most of the room it must be told—yet it was my beloved’s spastic gesticulations that seemed to orchestrate the rapid mass migration of every single inanimate object within ten yards of her presence. It pained me to take such action, but I was compelled to bind her within a rug and, through hasty insertion of puddings, render her mute. Only then did this paranoid cacophony cease and allow us to reconnoiter the situation. Although a great deal of physical injury was in evidence it was

apparent that the bulk of the trauma was cognitive. The Order had become unhinged and remain so. They wander the streets in patterns of delinquency, seemingly directed by distinct eruptions of a sonic nature.” Mr Nolan faltered, “We have...”

“You have made some recent attempt at regaining order? I am generally considered an observant and deductive chap. I am not, however, an investigator of the occult, merely a writer of fictions. In what capacity do you suspect I might assist you?”

Miss Payton replied, “We hear that you too have been afflicted by visitations of a format not altogether terrestrial. Perhaps you have some experience to impart regarding the subjugation of troublesome guests?”

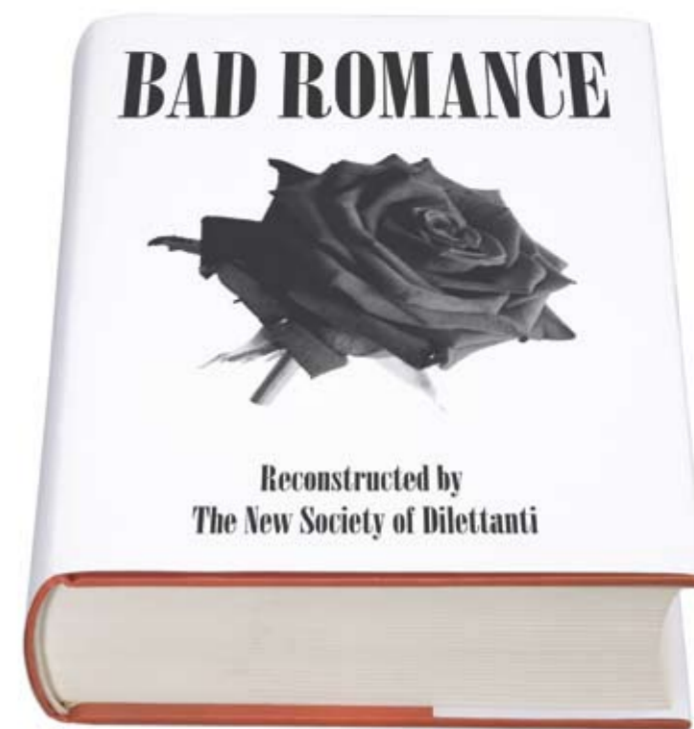
I winced and steadied myself on the handle of my cane. “You refer of course to my twin brother whose wickedness has tarred my reputation to some great extent! I am irked by your freshness. So then, by the content of our session I deduce that you, like many others, doubt his corporeality? Let me assure you that no medium is required to gain an audience with that twice-damned poltroon!”

“Do not take offence, Mr Hogg”, said Mr Nolan. “It is merely that...well Miss P. has a great uncle whose existence has been known to flicker somewhat between things. That is to say, he will not entirely acknowledge such proper rules regarding the conduct of being. Of recent, he has ceased communication and we cannot help but colligate his sudden absence with the aforementioned events. We thought perhaps your brother might...”

I stood and replaced my hat firmly in place. “If you wish to speak with George you will find him at the World’s End just up the way. Top floor lounge by the east-facing window. I will not join you. Do not sit too close as he will, no doubt, attempt to kick you in the legs.”

I bade them farewell and stepped, blinking and a little unsteady, into the harsh glare and bustling hues of the festivus.

BECOME A TRIBAL AUTHOR!



Bad Romance is an open-source project managed by The New Society of Dilettanti—an elite tribe of exuberant taste-makers, brought into bondage through the Collective’s 2010 New Work Scotland Programme. We are embarking on a swarmed reconstruction of an off-the-peg historical romance. If you would like to join the society, and re-author a section of this novel (250-400wds), then simply email us at badromance@collectivegallery.net. You will be sent simple instructions and a small chunk of text for you to augment as you see fit and return to us. Upon publication you will be credited as an author and invited, as a guest of honour, to the official launch.*

- excerpts from the project so far -

It was called the ‘City of Annoying Steps’. From the viewing parlour of the tightly orbiting HMS PALACIOS, the wheezing inhabitants with their brick-red faces appeared to be carved out of the volcanic rock itself. They were the Torn Folk—pilgrims on missile duty, painfully climbing their way up to the mock-medieval munitions factory, pausing only for short ejaculatory prayers...

Skanky Ashmouth had not given up trying to modernise her father with updated patches. The task was increasingly frustrating, because he’d finally made up his mind to convert to fundamental druidism, and now applied all the concentration he possessed on ancient inscriptions. His course was fixed...

“Ansan! You must be married before the children stop coming out, “ her father had told her...

** * **

Skanky’s Aunt Clem wondered what was the best way to resolve what had rapidly become a rather grim and hysteria inducing situation... it really was quite impossible to accept Mr. Courtland who’s favourite ice cream is strawberry cheesecake, or Sir Alfred, who’s oven could only cook two pies and they took nearly forty minutes, or Mr. Porter, who plainly smelt of fish...

...looking through her notes and sketches whilst away, the good looking Skanky hoped to discover something...

... now here was a “good-looking gel” man who was attempting to conduct some sort of intrigue of his own. It was Gandalf, but the beard gel seemed to have transformed him. After inhaling the fumes he saw that Skanky was approaching marriage with a man she didn’t love...

... and he knew it was him...

** * **

John Fashanu was tremendously ashamed... Hunter, Rhino and Gandalf were all totally ripped...

But now, thanks to the ‘Crazy Gang’ the Bash, was rich and even rather a hero— ‘good business’, as Bobby Gould liked to say, mainly in regard to the Bosman ruling. ‘The Bash’ had proved himself equally invaluable as a political aid and mediocre centre-forward and was in turn made a Knight of Malta despite previous misdemeanours...

Now when he returned to Pumelberg, Wimbledon and India, he would be welcomed everywhere. Television contracts and martial arts fitness videos were offered by the bucket load. Innocent daughters were thrown at him to feed upon....

And yet he doubted whether their virginal charms could compete with the more practised dark arts of ‘The Impures’ he was accustomed to; like Dave Beasant, Dennis Wise and Wolf. Still, never loath to be the centre of attention, he looked forward to embarking on an ill-advised loan spell at Miramar Rangers. But why did he recall so wistfully, the smell of Selhurst Park?

** * **

At a precise moment Skanky considered her woman-servant, the jovially rotund Leska, whom she could send into peels of laughter merely by asking her to pass her a flannel...

She further considered the potato that she cradled within her moist bosoms before leaning forward bionically to take a bite. I wonder if this is what it would be like to sink my teeth into Dhimitri’s buttocks she thought, idly.

No! She would break her teeth on his ugly buttocks. Much better she should find an aubergine bottomed man who could come and whisk her weak female frame away from Stonehenge and take her to his bed made of the finest down and strewn with rose petals the colour of his pulsing...

Ohhh! she swooned at the thought.

But what of Fashanu and Gandalf? By her fathers wish she’d have to submit to their hot, eager embraces—and produce left-wing children! Allah help her, she’d maul herself first. She’d fling herself into the nearest compactor.

Back in Pumelberg there were, after all, compactors aplenty...

** * **

a few celebrity endorsements for Bad Romance

Undeniably entertaining...I hope Italo Calvino reads this. The world’s first unputdownable meta-fiction! - Jason Donovan

When this manuscript first arrived at our studio we were unimpressed. Now we spend every night together tearing up books and steaming up the hotel room windows. - Richard, Ant, Judy and Dec

Thanks for sending this. We are very busy right now and couldn’t open the attachment. We would love to visit your city some day though. It seems to be brimming with history and culture. - Alice and Jilly Cooper

**See www.collectivegallery.net for details and updates.*

LIFE AFTER ART COLLEGE

Information for New Scottish Graduates.
This guide is not exhaustive but aims to offer a cross section of opportunities and projects with useful signposts to websites.

ARTIST OPPORTUNITIES

THE ARTISTS INFORMATION COMPANY
www.a-n.co.uk

Or to sign up to the CREATIVE SCOTLAND email newsletter contact:
newsand.opp@creativescotland.com

COMPETITIONS

NEW WORK SCOTLAND PROGRAMME 2011
Deadline | Tuesday 8 March 2011
Applications can be downloaded from the website as of January 2011, www.collectivegallery.net

BLOOMBERG NEW CONTEMPORARIES
www.newcontemporaries.org.uk

EAST
www.eastinternational.net

ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY
http://www.royalscottishacademy.org/pages/scholarships_awards.asp

JERWOOD
www.jerwoodvisualarts.org

STUDIOS/RESIDENCIES/SCULPTURE WORKSHOPS

W.A.S.P.S. STUDIOS
(Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Aberdeen)
www.waspsstudios.org.uk

COVE PARK
www.covepark.org

EDINBURGH SCULPTURE WORKSHOP
www.edinburghsculpture.org

DEVERON ARTS
www.deveron-arts.com

GLASGOW SCULPTURE STUDIOS
www.glasgowsculpturestudios.org

SCOTTISH SCULPTURE WORKSHOP
www.ssw.org.uk

PRINT STUDIOS

DUNDEE CONTEMPORARY ARTS
www.dca.org.uk

EDINBURGH PRINTMAKERS
www.edinburgh-printmakers.co.uk

GLASGOW PRINT STUDIO
www.gpsart.co.uk

PEACOCK VISUAL ARTS
www.peacockvisualarts.com

PHOTOGRAPHY FACILITIES/COURSES

EDINBURGH PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY
www.edinburghphotographicsociety.co.uk

STILLS (Edinburgh)
www.stills.org

STREET LEVEL PHOTOWORKS (Glasgow)
www.streetlevelphotoworks.org

FILM AND VIDEO FACILITIES

EDINBURGH FILM FOCUS
www.edinfilm.com

GLASGOW MEDIA CENTRE
www.g-mac.co.uk

NEW MEDIA SCOTLAND
www.mediascot.org

PILTON VIDEO
www.piltonvideo.org

ARTIST RUN INITIATIVES AND ORGANISATIONS WITH EXHIBITION OPPORTUNITIES

Edinburgh

ARTACHAT
www.artachat.co.uk

BAREFACE
www.barefacemagazine.com

COFRATERNITY OF NEOFLAGELLANTS
www.cofraternityofneoflagellants.co.uk

ECHO
www.myspace.com/echoedinburgh

EMBASSY GALLERY
www.embassygallery.org

KOMACHI
<http://komachi162.wordpress.com>

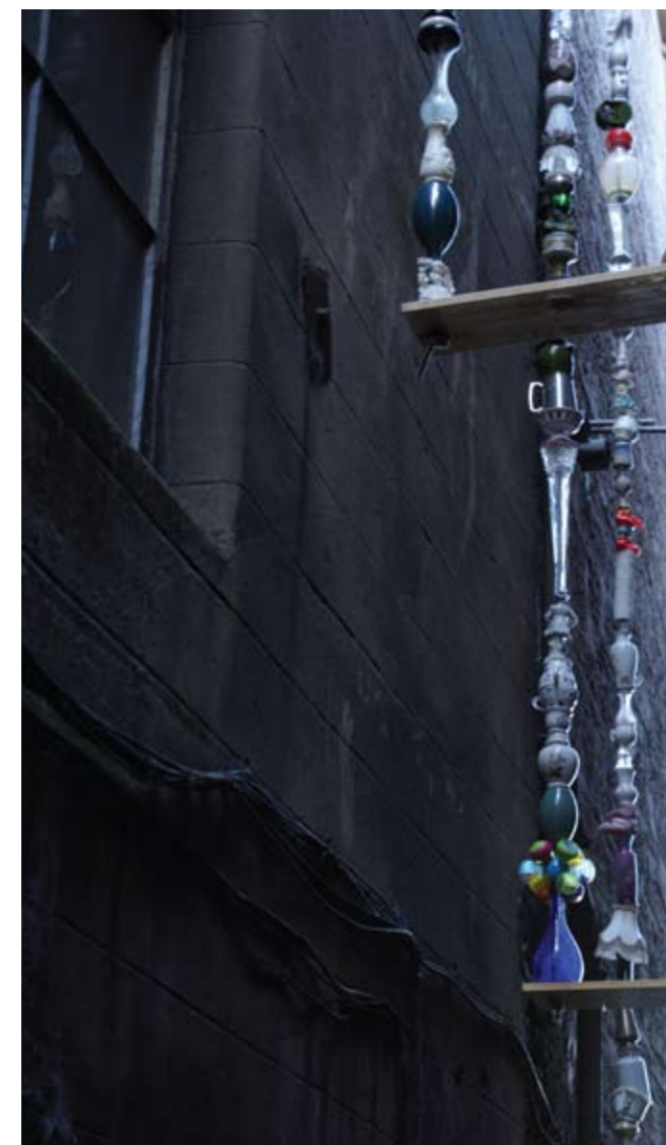
LINE MAGAZINE
<http://linemagazine.tumblr.com>

MOBILE PICTURE SALON
www.mobilepicturesalon.co.uk

OUT OF THE BLUE
www.outoftheblue.org.uk

PATRIOTHALL GALLERY
<http://patriothallgallery.co.uk>

PERENNIAL ART
www.nekojuice.com/perennial



Top: Nicolas Party, Stage set for Haarfest festival, organised by the Fence collective in Anstruther, 2010
Above: Jennifer Grant, NWSP Off-site, Craig's Close 2009
Opposite: NWSP Preview 2009
Opposite: NWSP Preview 2009
Opposite top: Jacob Kerray, Study of Gary Lineker's right quadricep 2010 50cm x 35cm, oil on board



POLAR CAP
www.polarcap.org.uk

RE-MAKE
www.re-make.tumblr.com

RHU BA BA
<http://rhubaba.wordpress.com>

SIERRA METRO
www.sierrametro.com

STANDBY
www.standbyprojects.com

SUNBEAR
www.sunbear.org.uk

TOTALKUNST
<http://tkunst.wordpress.com>

Glasgow

A.VERMIN
www.avermin.org

ARTPHARM
www.artpharm.com

DAIS
dais.art@gmail.com

FINN COLLECTIVE
<http://finncollective.blogspot.com>

INTERMEDIA @ CCA
www.cca-glasgow.com

LOWSALT
www.lowsalt.org.uk

MARKET GALLERY
www.marketgallery.org.uk

PLACE PROJECTS
placeprojects.blogspot.com

GLASGOW PROJECT ROOM
<http://gjs.uk.com>

SOUTHSIDE STUDIOS / FRIDGE GALLERY
www.southsidestudios.org

STUDIO WAREHOUSE / SWG 3
www.swg3.tv

TEN TIL TEN
www.tentilten.co.uk

THE DUCHY
www.theduchygallery.co.uk

THE MUTUAL
<http://www.agsamutual.org.uk>

THE NOW MUSEUM
www.thenowmuseum.org.uk

TRANSMISSION
www.transmissiongallery.org

VARIANT MAGAZINE
<http://variant.org.uk>

WASHINGTON GARCIA
www.washingtongarciagallery.com

85A COLLECTIVE
<http://www.85a.org.uk>

Dundee

BAD BAD BOYS CLUB
www.badbadboysclub.com

GANGHUT
www.ganghut.co.uk
www.ssw.org.uk/ganghut/profile

GENERATOR
www.generatorprojects.co.uk

YUCK 'N YUM
www.yucknyum.com

Aberdeen

FOYER GALLERY
www.foyerrestaurant.com/gallery.html

LIMOUSINE BULL
www.limosinebull.org.uk

PROJECT SLOGAN
www.projectslogan.com

Stirling

THE CHANGING ROOM
www.stirling.gov.uk/changingroom

St. Andrews

FIFE CONTEMPORARY ART AND CRAFT
www.fcac.co.uk

PROFESSIONAL PRACTICE

THE CULTURAL ENTERPRISE OFFICE
www.culturalenterpriseoffice.co.uk

ARTIST PROFESSIONAL DEVELOPMENT NETWORK
<http://apd-network.info>

FUNDING / GRANTS

EDINBURGH, GLASGOW, ABERDEEN, DUNDEE AND HIGHLAND AND ISLAND CITY COUNCIL
The city councils above all have artists award schemes for individuals. For more information contact your local council.

ARTS TRUST OF SCOTLAND
www.artstrustscotland.org.uk/info.htm

CREATIVE SCOTLAND
www.creativescotland.com

DEWAR ARTS AWARDS
www.dewarawards.org

HOPE SCOTT TRUST
www.murraybeith.co.uk

YOUNG SCOT ACTION FUND
www.youngscot.org/actionfund

THE SKINNY
[WWW.THESKINNY.CO.UK](http://www.theskinny.co.uk)
Work showcases, interviews, previews & reviews of the best of Scotland's arts scene

THE LIST
GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH EVENTS GUIDE
Out fortnightly. www.list.co.uk

Art lovers love The List
(95% of our readers regularly attend museums and galleries - twice the national average).
For visual art news, previews, reviews and artist profiles pick up a copy of The List.

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www.edinburgh-printmakers.co.uk

MAP
www.mapmagazine.co.uk

DIARY OF EVENTS

We are delighted to announce an exciting and varied programme of events for NWSP's eleventh year including exhibitions, artist run projects, screenings, talks and workshops as well as professional practice events aimed at supporting emergent artists.

All Collective events are **FREE** and all welcome.

Sat 16 Oct 5.00pm and 6.30pm | Offsite Performance
SHELLY NADASHI

The Thomas Morton Hall, 28-30 Ferry Road, Leith
Two presentations of Shelly Nadashi's new performance – free but booking necessary.
Email | book@collectivegallery.net

Sat 16 Oct 7-9pm | Exhibition Preview
JACOB KERRAY and **SHELLY NADASHI**
LUCY CLOUT (Contemporaries Guest Room)

Sat 16 Oct – Sun 28 Nov | Exhibition
JACOB KERRAY and **SHELLY NADASHI**
LUCY CLOUT (Contemporaries Guest Room)
Gallery open Tuesday – Sunday 11-5pm

Sun 17 Oct 4pm | Artist Talk
LUCY CLOUT
London based artist Lucy Clout discusses her practice and the development of projects since graduating.

Every Sunday | DVD Exchange
SUNDAY SWAP
Collective host a weekly DVD swap shop. Bring your own DVDs and swap for 'new to you' finds!

Thurs 11 Nov 6pm | Screening Event
SHOWREEL
To support emergent film practice, Collective have produced SHOWREEL, a film screening event, presenting a single screening of Scottish emergent film that you can be a part of.

If you would like to screen a short film, please send a DVD to Collective or email jennyrichards@collectivegallery.net. Films must be no more than 5 minutes long and formatted as a DVPAL QUICKTIME file.

Thurs 25 Nov 6-8pm | Talk Event
ARTISTS' DIY SOAPBOX
Do you know what's going on at the grassroots in Scotland? Come along, find out and be inspired by some of Scotland's newest and most exciting ventures. Please get in touch on **0131 220 1260** or email jennyrichards@collectivegallery.net - if you have a project you'd like to promote for 10 minutes on our soapbox

If you want to keep up to date with all the forthcoming events and/or receive information of how to apply for next year's NWSP please sign up for e-invites and monthly e-newsletters via our website:
www.collectivegallery.net

COLLECTIVE

COLLECTIVE
22-28 Cockburn Street Edinburgh EH1 1NY
Open Tues – Sun 11-5pm
+44 (0)131 220 1260
mail@collectivegallery.net
www.collectivegallery.net

ADMISSION FREE

Fri 10 Dec 7-9pm | Exhibition Preview
NICOLAS PARTY and **CATHERINE PAYTON**
DAVID BEATTIE (Contemporaries Guest Room)
Followed by a Collective Christmas Party!

Sat 11 Dec – Sun 6 Feb 2011 | Exhibition
NICOLAS PARTY and **CATHERINE PAYTON**
DAVID BEATTIE (Contemporaries Guest Room)
Gallery open Tuesday – Sunday 11-5pm

Sun 12 Dec 4pm | Artist Talk
DAVID BEATTIE
David Beattie discusses his practice and his recent residency at The Mattress Factory Art Museum, Pittsburgh.

Wed 22 Dec – Thurs 6 Jan 2011
Gallery closed for Christmas and New Year.

Sun 9 Jan 1 - 4.45pm | Workshop
STARTING OUT
Still trying to get to grips with becoming self-employed? Or do you have a few years under your belt but want to check you are on the right track? Cultural Enterprise Office's Starting Out workshop is specifically tailored for practising creative professionals and offers an ideal opportunity to share the experiences and realities of operating, financing and making a living from your creative practice or business. Aimed at anyone with an interest in working in creative industries and wanting to establish a business in the sector. The session is a mix of both practical exercises and discussion to help you define your work, value your work, take stock, make a plan, make legal sense and start marketing as well as dealing with money matters like tax and National Insurance. The event is free but a £10 refundable deposit is requested to secure your place.

To book a place, please email events@culturalenterpriseoffice.co.uk or call **0844 544 9990**.



Thurs 13 Jan 2011 | Advice Session
THE ADVICE BUREAU
We're offering you a slot to get advice and feedback from our staff and invited art professionals on future projects you are planning. Please note this is more a brainstorming session than a portfolio review and we are not soliciting proposals, but offering input, mentoring and expertise.

It's free but please get in touch on **0131 220 1260** or email jennyrichards@collectivegallery.net to discuss what you're interested in and we'll try to match the right guests for your session with us.

Collective are committed to supporting new visual art through a programme of exhibitions, projects and commissions.

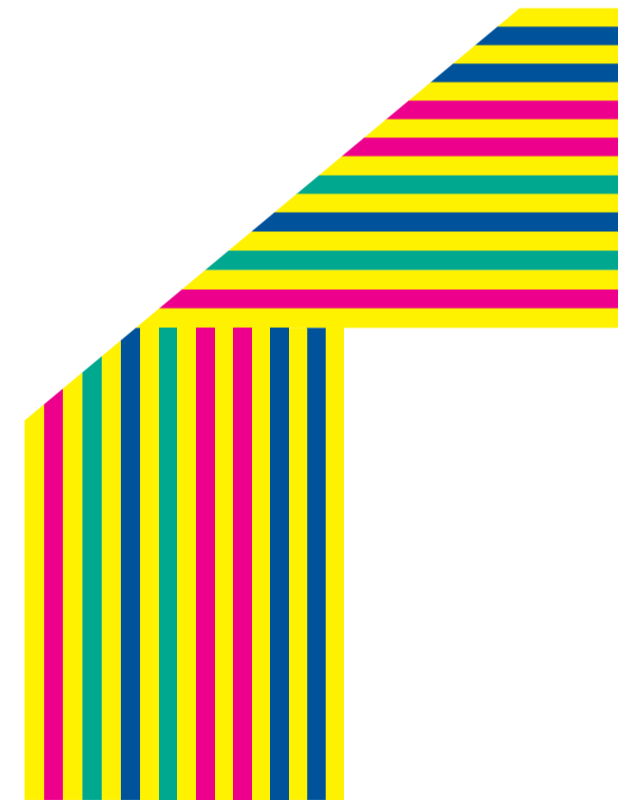
Staff:
Director **Kate Gray**
General Manager **Kate Smith**
Programme Coordinator **Jenny Richards**
Communications Officer **Jill Brown**
Voluntary Projects Assistant **Rebecca McGann**

Sun 30 Jan 2-4pm | Discussion
CREATIVE PUBLISHING

Collective invite you to take part in an informal discussion around self publishing and new writing. NWSP artist Nicolas Party will discuss his new book work and NWSP writers Norman Hogg and Laura Edbrook present their ongoing writing project BAD ROMANCE as well as invited contributors from the worlds of publishing, writing and online dialogues.

Fri 11 Feb 7-10 pm | London Preview
NICOLAS PARTY @ THE WOODMILL, LONDON
In conjunction with his residency at Studio Voltaire, Nicolas Party will assemble a group of Woodmill studio artists for a co-operative exhibition. The Woodmill is a large-scale artist studio and gallery complex situated throughout a collection of ex council buildings in Bermondsey, London. Opened in February 2010, The Woodmill houses 3 gallery/project spaces and is dedicated to the provision of affordable studios for 90 artists and a focussed programme of exhibitions, talks, workshops and events. www.woodmill.org

Sat 12 Feb – Sun 27 Feb | London Exhibition
NICOLAS PARTY @ THE WOODMILL, LONDON
Woodmill, Neckinger, London, SE16 3QN
Open Thursday - Sunday 12 – 6pm



Funded by:



In Association with:



THE WOODMILL
NECKINGER DEPOT . NECKINGER
LONDON . SE16 3QN

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