

The Gillian Purvis Trust

NEWSLETTER NO. 9 WINTER 2014

supported by The Stanley Morrison Trust

CELEBRATING 10 YEARS OF THE GILLIAN PURVIS TRUST

We can scarcely believe that in January 2015, it will be ten years since the first Gillian Purvis Award was presented to Scott Ramsay Kyle, who graduated in June that year with a First Class BA(Hons) degree in Textiles at the Glasgow School of Art. Since then, 31 individual students and others directly affected by the fire this year at the Glasgow School of Art, have benefited from a total of £27,000 given by the Trust.

Scott, wishing to contribute to the anniversary, has very generously increased this original award in its tenth year from £750 to £1000.

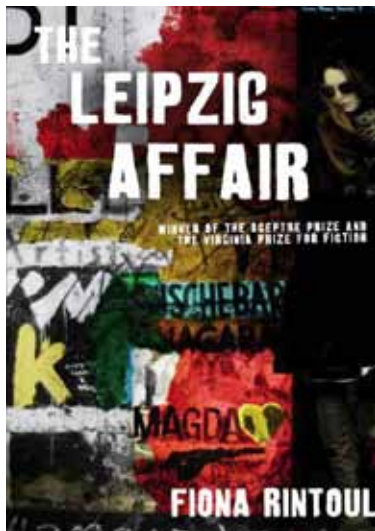
The 10th Anniversary will be celebrated at a special event on the evening of **Thursday 12 February 2015**. The Trust is privileged to have access to the new Reid Building at the Glasgow School of Art for this celebration.

Invitations will be issued but if you want to be sure of receiving yours, or would like more information, please email: info@gillianpurvistrust.org or call 0141 334 4114.



Reid Building, GSA

AWARD WINNER'S FIRST NOVEL PUBLISHED



In 2008 Fiona Rintoul was the first winner of The Gillian Purvis Award for New Writing which she

used to travel to Leipzig and Berlin to continue her research first-hand, allowing her to add an essential element of authenticity to her writing. The Trustees were thrilled to learn this year that her first novel was to be published. Coinciding with the

25th anniversary of the fall of the Berlin Wall, *The Leipzig Affair* was published on 10 November 2014. It tells the story of a doomed love affair between a young Scot studying at Leipzig University in 1985 and an East German woman desperate to flee. An advance copy to the Trust was greedily consumed by the Administrator and is thoroughly endorsed as a compelling and poignant read. It is published by Aurora Metro Books.

At the Glasgow launch in Waterstones, Fiona spoke of the long process of research, writing and editing that led to the finished novel. She warmly credited The Gillian Purvis Trust for the award which additionally was a confidence boost, inspiring her to persist her with literary endeavour. She went on to win The Sceptre Prize and The Virginia Prize for Fiction.

A NEW AWARD FOR GLASGOW CALEDONIAN UNIVERSITY



For some time, Chairman of the Trust, Toby Paterson, had sought to provide an annual award from the Trust for a student at Glasgow Caledonian University, where he is a Cultural Fellow and

received an Honorary Doctorate in 2011. The Trust was very pleased, therefore, to confirm that **Pinja Salmi**, 3rd year BA (Hons) Fashion Business student is the first recipient of a Gillian Purvis Travel Bursary at GCU. The £1,000 bursary is assisting with travel and living costs to enable Pinja to undertake a five month exchange at Helsinki Metropolia UAS in 2015. We look forward to hearing from Pinja on her return from Finland next summer.

THE PHOENIX BURSARIES

After the devastating fire in the Mackintosh Building of the Glasgow School of Art on 23 May, the traditional Fine Art Degree Show in June was abandoned. Nobody's work in Fine Art escaped unscathed and some saw their entire final year's output destroyed. The new graduates were denied the opportunity to promote their work, the potential to launch their careers. Phoenix Bursaries were established by the GSA to help them rebuild their practice, providing financial support for living costs, studio, materials, academic supervision and, for those taking up distant offers, travel costs. Offers poured in from art institutions world-wide, including USA, China and Eastern Europe. The programme will culminate in a group exhibition at the Glasgow School of Art in 2015.



Instead of the annual Degree Show Prize in 2015, the Trust contributed £1,500 to The Glasgow School of Art Phoenix Bursary programme.

WHO ELSE HAS RECENTLY RECEIVED AWARDS

THE GILLIAN PURVIS AWARD

to 4th year Textile or Fashion students working towards their GSA degree shows (£750)

Sophie White, printed textiles, was the happy winner in 2013. In her application to the Trust she declared her aim to create for her degree show a resort fashion collection that would showcase her love of tailoring, colour and printed surface design. The Trustees were intrigued that, motivated by bold colour palettes and geometric design, her inspiration came, not from marinas at some glamorous Mediterranean destination, but from resorts such as Alnmouth and Hartlepool, near her home town.



At the presentation to Sophie White with Trustees Hazel and Toby



Sophie at her colourful Degree Show

This year, **Catherine MacGruer** received the Award in the Mackintosh Room of the GSA.

Mosaics at Parc Guell, Barcelona had inspired Catherine to develop an interest in mix-colour blocking and pattern clashing, using various shapes. This led to her translating these patterns into knitted textiles for multi-use interior design, aiming to produce a collection for soft furnishings and upholstery. Her degree show, a stunning collection of merino wool blankets, also won her the Bill Naysmith Award for Innovation.



Mosaics at Parc Guell, Barcelona



Jimmy Stephen Cran, Head of Textiles & Fashion Catherine, Toby and Tom Inns, Director GSA



Catherine at her Degree Show

THE GILLIAN PURVIS AWARD FOR TRAVEL FOR PRIMARY RESEARCH

to 3rd year Textile or Fashion students at the Glasgow School of Art (£500)

Interested in the cultural mix of the architecture and applied design of mosques in Scotland, **Sahrish Shafiq** used the Award in 2012 to widen her research around Britain. The basis of her research was to analyse, and consider how she might interpret, the architecture and patterns of different mosques in developing her designs in woven textiles.



Sahrish's images of Shah Jahan Mosque in East London



Some woven results of Sahrish's research



Ailis Dewar was always intrigued that the age-old craft of weaving remains relevant and innovative in contemporary design. Coming from Islay, much of her research had centred on that island until the Award in 2013 helped her to expand her horizons with an amazing trip to Iceland, which further sparked her imagination. Her degree show also won Ailis the Incorporation of Weavers Prize.



Images from Ailis's Iceland trip

Ailis at her Degree Show in June 2014

This year's recipient of the Award, **Christopher Barton**, outlined a specific wish to travel to Waldassen in Bavaria, Germany to visit the Papstliche Basilika St.Johannes Evangelist. On his return, Christopher told us: "The imagery I've seen and the level of craftsmanship has really inspired me for next year and since returning to Glasgow I have been itching to get back in the studio and start weaving."

We look forward to seeing Christopher's Degree Show in 2015.



Inspiration in the photographs Christopher took during his visit to Waldassen



More of Christopher's photographs from Waldassen

THE GILLIAN PURVIS AWARD FOR NEW WRITING

to a student of creative writing at the University of Glasgow, the University of Strathclyde
or the Glasgow School of Art (£1,500)

The Trust was pleased that celebrated Glasgow author, Denise Mina, helped the Trustees with the selection of **Bryony Stocker**, student of creative writing at The University of Strathclyde, for the Award in 2012.

Bryony was writing a novel inspired by the 1811 Ratcliffe Highway murders, utilising contemporary accounts held in the British Library. Through this novel, Bryony aimed to excavate and reassess the origins of detective fiction, throwing light on the development of literary argots such as 'cant' that would become central to the genre's evolution.



Denise Mina presenting Bryony with her Award

Here is Bryony's winning extract from her novel:

The Hanging Man (extract)

Scotland 1793

The boy looked down into the water catching the pale reflection of his face. He studied it for a second or two. Seeing in his own eyes the silver grey echo of the sea, he tipped in his bucket of fish guts to break up the image. As the boy turned away gulls dove in after a share of the catch, and the bird's shrieking masked his footsteps from the women gutting herring on the quay.

"That bairn's a changeling, fair like he is when all the Killicks are dark. Not able to go out in the boats." The speaker snorted. "Him as healthy as a horse and gutting the catch wi us rather than out on the water."

"Jamie could go for a cooper, you dinnae need sea legs for mending barrels."

"Aye and who's going to pay to apprentice him? I hear there's no a stick left in that house and the rent man never away fae the door. Moira'll be off to Glasgow and the boy wi her. There's plenty work in the town for women good wi a needle but no wi a knife."

The first fishwife sucked her teeth.

“And those as can’t stomach the sea.”

She shook her head. Her hands, the fingers wrapped with cloth, moved quickly laying the fish into the barrel; tails against the wood, heads touching. Her mouth ran on.

“She had luck enough to get herself a good man and sons, but wi him gone and only that one left to her...”

She shook her head again, changing the pattern for the next layer, so the gutted fish mouthed at the oak.

Jamie thought of his father, his soft voice and rough hands. Da hadn’t come back with the catch. Ma had stared at the sea and avoided his eyes. It was two days before anything washed ashore. Five men and a boy had been lost to the storm but only two bodies had been found on the beach.

Ma hadn’t cried when they’d come to the door only asked if they’d found her boy; if Davy was on the beach? They shook their heads.

One man turned his hat in his hands.

“No missus, both were men full grown.”

They had shuffled into the house laying Da on the table to be washed clean of salt and sand then dressed in his Sunday best. In the water the hard skin on Da’s hands had become soft and bloated, the fingers raw from nips and bites. A small blue triangle crudely tattooed onto the fold of skin between finger and thumb was how they kenned him. The mark of Da’s year onboard the trading ships.

Jamie picked up the knife he’d left on an upturned creel. He turned the blade over, once, twice as he stared at the fishwife. She bent over adding brine to her barrel. The crone felt the look and turned. Fishwife number two flushed, then jerked her chin at Jamie in mute enquiry. The boy held the gaze whilst he picked a fish out of the basket. The knife worked in his hand, each movement sure and practiced. The silver body was split from head to tail, the innards turned out with a push of the thumb.

The woman looked away but every now and then she would glance over at him, worry her lip then focus on the catch like before.

His first day on the line Jamie had been clumsy. His fingertips were soon numb with cold and he’d pushed the knife in too far, causing his own blood to run into the fish’s belly. He’d not felt the cut but called out at the sight of the scarlet on silver. Someone had given him a barley sugar and the pain had mingled with the unfamiliar sweetness, the blood and the fish scales. Now he kept his mouth shut and moved the blade with ease even as he nicked his thumb, barely stopping to put it to his mouth.

The taste was cold, salty and fresh, but the smell tainted everything. At first he’d been teased about hands that smelt of fish guts then Davy cuffed anyone who dared.

They had filled the grave next to Da’s with stones taken from the fields and the shore. Grey and rough. Smooth and black. White as bone. They tumbled together and were covered with earth whilst Ma looked on.

“Here boy. Empty that,” the first fishwife said.

Jamie picked up the basket and went back to the water. He didn’t look down as he threw the last of the catch to the gulls.



Toby chatting with Bryony and Denise after the presentation

A recent update from Bryony: “Last year I submitted part of *The Hanging Man* for my Masters of Research (MRes). I was awarded my MRes early this year and I am now studying for my PhD part time having returned to management consultancy. I have started on a new novel provisionally entitled ‘Keeper’.”



When she won the 2014 Award for New Writing this year, **Defne Cizakca** wrote “I am so grateful and very honoured; this is an incredible gift to me when I most needed it. At the end of the process, I hope to have produced a book Gillian would have loved, and one that will make you proud.” Defne is now working towards the conclusion of her PhD and, she says, “editing the novel profusely whilst consuming too much coffee”.

The Trust is indebted to Elizabeth Reeder for her expert support in the ‘Trustees’ selection process for this Award.

Defne’s writing focuses on a chaotic period, generally referred to as the Tanzimat era (1839-1876) in Ottoman studies. That time was filled with tensions between traditionalism and Westernisation, but also a myriad of new political possibilities and eccentric projects. Here is the winning extract from her novel in progress:

The Biggest Library of Istanbul, Κωνσταντινούπολη, قسطنطنیه

The Messenger of Allah said: ‘The djinn are of three types: a type that has wings, and they fly through the air; a type that looks like snakes and dogs; and a type that stops for a rest then resumes its journey.’

My destiny was decided by a footnote in the Christian year of 1608, in the Muslim month of Recep, and just as the crescent moon was rising high above the Bosphorus.

What was being sealed was not only my fate. Rezaizade dipped his quill into the inkpot and my grandparents’, my parents’, my siblings’ lives changed. For always.

It was Rezaizade’s plan to write the first Ottoman novel. The Turks did not write novels

till Rezaizade came along. They had poems and miniatures and they told stories in coffeehouses. They had the Qur'an, the hadith, gossip and hearsay, but they did not have fictitious prose. So when the first novels known to men arrived to the rainy winter of Istanbul, Rezaizade became as excited as a child drinking sahel for the first time.

That rainy day had been ordinary on all accounts but this: Rezaizade was to encounter, by kismet, pages that would begin to haunt him. They were piled in a perfectly ordinary looking trousseau casket. How the novels had ended up in there, and how the casket had ended up in the bazaar of Eyüp, no one knows. Rezaizade glimpsed at the pages, understood these were stories longer than usual, and spent all his money to buy the old box. To entertain the seller boy who thought the chest was for a new wife, he put a sly smile on his face. Then, leaning on his rosewood cane he shuffled his way back home.

Rezaizade told his wife he had found a treasure so she made a fresh pot of tea. He closed the wooden shutters of their home. They put incense into silver cups. One after another the times of prayer passed as they got lost in a cloud of words, and husband and wife were not drawn to bed even by the longing for one another, and they read for a straight day and a straight night, and only then did they fall asleep, resting their heads each on a book, with narrow bellied glasses of stale tea in their left hands, the right ones tightly holding onto each other.

The idea to write the first Ottoman novel occurred to them at the same time but they had different beginnings for it. Rezaizade had begun all things only when he had left his little village in Thrace and moved to Istanbul. So he thought the story should start with a dirt road leading to this city and then progress on it.

His wife had thought of faces first, because the faces in Istanbul were the most melancholic she had ever seen. They appeared to her every night in a sad procession before she went to sleep. She also wrote about places loved and lost; burnt houses, burning houses, houses readying themselves for fire. The places, faces and fires formed out of nothing, became heavy, turned into words. But a story never came to stay.

At the beginning, they waited. They were certain the story would arrive sooner or later. They treaded patiently. They hoped it would come along as the characters got acquainted with one another, or as the city gained edges and curves. But the story never arrived. And they discovered with a knot in their hearts, that they were, in fact, not writing the first Ottoman novel. Their ink stained hands had produced something they would rather abort; an encyclopaedia of Istanbul.

They could not stop, though they thought they should. It became more and more difficult to contain the chapters because, just like the neighbourhoods of the city, they multiplied inexplicably. The pages were copious, the letters cast shadows.

The footnote that was to change everything arrived with the entry "Alif". A first letter. An intake of breath on a misty morning. A gulp like the one that changed Jonah. The beginning and end of things.

My grandfather was the third one to read the footnote. After Rezaizade and his beloved wife. My grandfather did not talk much, but people talked to him all the time. It was like he had a cardboard attached to his chest that read: "tell me things". Everyone took

notice. All the mecnun of Istanbul, and those who couldn't find a priest to confess to, told him stories.

My grandfather was a creature of habits. He took the same walk every day by the shore of Eminönü, he bought fish and bread from the same vender around 3.15, then he sat at his favourite bench and looked over at the sea, at the caiques, and at the bigger boats, and the rich people that came from Europe, and the poor people that went to Europe and their small wooden suitcases but most of all, he liked to stare at the Italian ships because they passed by Greece.

He found the encyclopaedia on the edge of his bench. There were gold geometric lines on its cover, he noticed, alike the calligraphy in mosques, or in the palaces of Alhambra. Lines like the contours of cheekbones and smiles. Pretty, sudden, elegant.

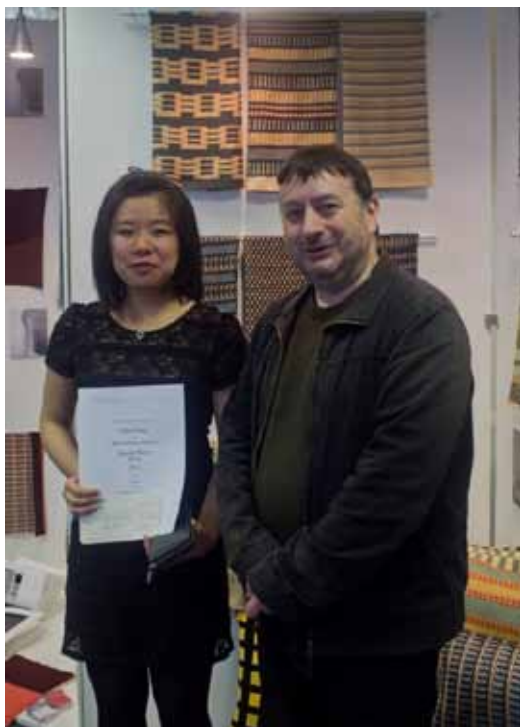
He opened the book. He opened it mostly so that he could see its dedication. He was more interested in people than he was in books, and more interested in dedications than he was in stories.

But instead of a dedication, he found an introduction. *This is the foreword of those who have prepared the pages for publication*, it began.

THE DEGREE SHOW PRIZE

to a graduand of the Schools of Art, Design and Architecture at the Glasgow School of Art (£1,000)

Min Zhong's degree show of woven textiles stood out as a winner for Francis McKee, CCA director, writer and curator, who generously toured the 2012 GSA degree shows for the Trust. Min, whose family was unable to come and see her show, was especially pleased that the Trust recognised the quality of her work.



Francis McKee presents Min Zhong with the 2012 Degree Show Prize





The Trust was delighted and very grateful that artist Ross Sinclair committed much time to reviewing the 2013 degree shows across The Glasgow School of Art. His selection for the 2103 Degree Show Prize in the work of **Chris Silver** was a popular choice.

Chris's *Austerity Cafe – Servitude with a Smile* was a witty, provocative and entertaining installation. A subsequent update from Chris includes cheerfully supportive personal correspondence from Alex Salmond after an encounter with Chris who suggested, ahead of the independence referendum, that his creation of the Dobber could be the currency in an independent Scotland.



Chris Silver receiving his Prize at his Degree Show with Ross Sinclair and Toby

THANKS TO YOU ALL

The success of the Trust has exceeded all expectations since it was first conceived by Toby Paterson in January 2004, as a living memorial for Gillian. That success is due entirely to the generosity and kindness demonstrated by a wide range of supporters. The Trust owes enormous gratitude to all those individuals, organisations and charitable trusts who have helped. Help has come in single or repeated donations, in cash and in-kind, legacies, in lieu of wedding presents, organising coffee mornings, afternoon teas, live and DJ music performances, plant sales, tombolas and prize draws, selling a dedicated work featuring 'Gillian's tree' in Kelvingrove Park, opening homes and gardens, running marathons, giving time and professional expertise in assessing grant applications and selecting prize winners, auditing annual accounts, helping with the presentation events and thanks to The Stanley Morrison Trust, sponsoring the Newsletter for many years. Only all this goodwill and activity, in memory of Gillian, has enabled many talented students to benefit from travelling for research, dedicating more time and materials to their field of study and working towards fulfilling their creative aspirations.

A WET, BUT HAPPY, DAY IN JUNE



A prime example of supporting endeavours was access to the lovely garden in Eaglesham of Bill and Florence Niven in June 2012. "Flaming June" it was not and such was the deluge that they generously opened their home to serve tea and cake in an elegant manner with a highly efficient team of helpers to the horde who arrived. It was an impressively large crowd who patiently queued in the rain. Throughout the afternoon, the three "tearooms" were serenaded by Jim Purvis (Gillian's father) on mandolin and Alison Scott on flute. Phoebe (Gillian's niece) and her cousin Bo, did brisk business in selling tickets for guessing the age of the large cuddly toy tiger. Enthusiasm for the beautiful displays and sculptures in the garden was undiminished by the downpour and a sale of high quality plants and a busy tombola all helped to make a magnificent £1,800 for the Trust. Many thanks to the helpers and especially to the Nivens for their generous hospitality.

MESSAGE FROM THE PURVIS FAMILY



Gillian's sister Hazel, mother Libby and aunts Rosemary and Sally at the award presentation February 2014

Following the devastating loss of Gillian, we were overwhelmed by the outpouring of support from not only those who knew Gillian, but those who empathized with our situation and wanted to do something to help ease our pain. The establishment of the trust provided people with a mechanism to demonstrate their support and ensured that Gillian's name would live on throughout the artistic community.

Being a trustee has been a source of comfort to me as it has enabled me to stay connected to Toby, and Gillian's other close friends. Additionally, when reviewing applications I ensure that my decisions reflect Gillian's sense of style and artistic preferences as I feel that it is important that the award goes to someone whose work Gillian would have liked. The ability to make a difference to these talented students has provided our family with a sense of pride and we are thankful to all the contributors over the last 10 years, for their generosity and support.



Minstrel Jim, Gillian's father

Hazel Quinn, wee sister



The spectacular garden in Eaglesham



Libby promoting the plant stall



Hazel with that tiger and Phoebe and Bo



Duo Jim and Alison providing live music



One of the tearooms



Queuing for tea and cake



Cheerful service at the tombola

AWARDS MADE BY THE GILLIAN PURVIS TRUST

THE GILLIAN PURVIS AWARD

to a fourth year Design student in the Department of Textiles & Fashion, The Glasgow School of Art

2005 Scott Ramsay Kyle
2006 Catherine Aitken
2007 Lynsey Park
2008 Hillary Fry
2009 Charlotte Horsley

2010 Eva Joly
2011 Angela Porchetta
2012 Joanna Faulkner
2013 Sophie White
2014 Catherine MacGruer

THE GILLIAN PURVIS AWARD FOR TRAVEL FOR PRIMARY RESEARCH

to a third year Design student in the Department of Textiles & Fashion, The Glasgow School of Art

Travelled to:

2006 Holly Rothwell
2007 Jennifer Groundwater
2008 Ian Porter*
2009 Emma Shannon
2010 Kathy Beckett
2010 Ting Ye
2011 Israel Parra-Zanabria
2012 Sahrish Shafiq
2013 Ailis Dewar
2014 Christopher Barton

Kizhi and Moscow
France, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Lichtenstein, Germany
Berlin
London, Coventry, Birmingham, Bristol, Nottingham, Walsall
Sao Paulo
South China
Mexico
London and Surrey
Iceland
Waldassen, Germany

*on Ian's return from an exciting and fruitful trip to Berlin, he became seriously ill and although later he did manage to resume his course and was triumphant in achieving BA (Hons), sadly he died in 2011.

THE GILLIAN PURVIS AWARD FOR NEW WRITING

to a student of creative writing at The University of Glasgow, The University of Strathclyde or The Glasgow School of Art

2008 Fiona Rintoul, University of Glasgow
2009 Kirsty Logan, University of Glasgow
2010 Linda Maclaughlin, University of Glasgow

2011 Philip Murnin, University of Glasgow
2012 Bryony Stocker, University of Strathclyde
2014 Defne Cizacka, University of Glasgow

THE GILLIAN PURVIS DEGREE SHOW PRIZE

to a new graduate of The Glasgow School of Art for an outstanding work in the Degree Show

2010 Lucy Duncombe, Visual Communications
2011 Romany Dear, Sculpture & Environmental Art

2012 Min Zhong, Textiles & Fashion
2013 Chris Silver, Sculpture & Environmental Art

GLASGOW SCHOOL OF ART PHOENIX BURSARIES

An exceptional award in 2014 to support Fine Art graduands affected by the fire in the Mackintosh building of The Glasgow School of Art

THE GILLIAN PURVIS FASHION BUSINESS TRAVEL BURSARY

to a student of Fashion Business at Glasgow Caledonian University for an international academic exchange

Exchange in:

2014 Pinja Salmi

Finland

Future Communication – please help

So that we can send you future news and invitations, please forward your email address to: info@gillianpurvistrust.org
Enquiries to Lesley Paterson. Contact details below.