

Away and do your homework!:

Five pages from Stuart Murray

Can Stuart Murray draw? Does he choose not to? Does it really matter? For some years now the Glasgow artist has produced, with near-obsessive asperity, his homework-jotter-style booklets of pictorial meanderings through bars, doorways and recently, the National Portrait Gallery of Scotland. Should we be covering our 'Stuart Murrrays' with old bits of wallpaper and popping them into our satchels when we hit the town? What do these homework exercises, so untidy yet so oddly meticulous, centred on the page by the force of Murray's obsession, teach us about the world at large?

Much of the power of Murray's work lies in the invective, rants and verbal rambles scooped out of everyday life and language and recorded in his sloping handwriting. Writing and drawing contest for space on the five pages we've set aside for him here; his bar crawlers and beer-bowers seem to be extensions of their own words; doodles in the margins of some never-ending round of existential homework. Did he draw out these yarns as he heard them (if so, did he double take at the mention of 'lager enemas' – see below)? Murray gives us an inky, oddly authentic worldview that makes his position upfront and obvious; he is no cool professional that turns his subject into a sleek, slick coffee-table set-piece, but a part of the subject. And perhaps this is why his drawings are so defiantly unfinished – there is no convenient endpoint for those of us who are already there.

Yes, Stuart Murray had definitely done his homework.

Speaking of which, one last question before you hand your sheets in for marking. Is it stretching it to compare his brand of rude draughtsmanship and homespun publishing to the *YouTube* generation currently making waves on web, film and telly? Ya-tube!, might of course be more appropriate.

Mitch Miller

www.stuartmurray.co.uk



Did you ever hing shoot doon
the skatie when we wur at school?
Ah wiz never away fae the place.
Ah mind wan time somibdy bring a

pig's heid. A ful
fuckin pig's heid!



They'd fun it somewher roon at
the abatoir, an it wiz gettin
kicked shoot like a fit baw.

It wiz horrible...

Then this boag, he wiz tryin
tae gorge wan ae it's fuckin eyes
oot wae two ice-bolly sticks...

Ah was away fur the weekend
somewhere w: this guy I was goin out
w: years ago. We wur shaggin on that,
but I fuckin hated'm by this point
so I started shovin ma finger up eez
arse on that an he fuckin loved it,
eez arsehole went phwwwp!
That fuckin wide!



Ah thought right
fuck it, an started
pokin eez arse w:
a can of deoderant
that was sittin
there. An he
fuckin loved it.
Arse wideiz fuck.

Afterwards he was like "if you fuckin
tell anybody about this al kick fuck out ye!"

Fuckin macho prick.

Ma mate usedae know wawa
the guys ootae this band, mid '90s
early '90s none but then. A famous
band, a duo.



An accordin tae ma mate, these two
guys usedae gie each other Super
Lager enemas. Fuckin hell, instantly
steamin oot yer nut. Arse stingin
like fuck snow use dobt.

Then wuz this lassie wance, hardly knew'er really. She wuz in a wheelchair, nae legs below the knee. Ah wuz in'er hoose wance at a party an ended up stayin the night, jist me. In her bed, stayed in her bed. Didny shag'er or that but in the mornin like, ah wuz gettin aff wae'er an that thinkin this is mental.

So
then ah
started



She wuz right intae it
an that and ah wuz tae,
ah wuz rubbin'er stumps
an it was turnin me oh!

pokin'er wae ma fingers and she was like oh no, ah need somethin bigger. So ah says well... ahve got somethin bigger... Bit she says no, no, no, go intae the bathroom an get the shampoo bottle fae the unit. Ah says whit? she says hurry up get the shampoo bottle. So ah went an got it an started pokin'er fanny wae it, fuckin shampoo bottle, thinkin whit'm ah daisy pokin this lassie's cunt wae a shampoo botte! Stumps spread wide. Weird experience.

Then a went straight tae meet ma maw n da
fur lunch.

AW ase, we shagged a few Lezzies.

wan se thruu though, wid only let

me fuck'er
up the
arse...



Said'er fanny wiz
fur'er girlfriend.

Pfff!