

The Road to Meikle Seggie, a collective *dérive*

DAVINA KIRKPATRICK

“The language of art is the language of healing...all art is about failure...and the capacity for love” - Richard Demarco presentation at Invisible Scotland.

A pragmatic description would be that the field trip consisted of combining a re-tracing of a real journey that Demarco and Beuys made together. But this was no straightforward bus ride; we were also exploring the fabled ‘Road to the Isles’ (from Edinburgh to the legendary Hebridean world of Fingal and his son Ossian), and the land of Macbeth.

Before embarking, on what felt more like a quest than a field trip, we were asked to write down what we were taking with us. I wrote, “I carry the absent ones on this labyrinthine journey.” It seemed I kept connecting to a deep sadness, a wanting, a yearning - exacerbated by a tantalizing round boat trip to Inchcolm Island where we saw from the boat the abbey and Demarco talked about his staging of Macbeth there with Traverse Theatre.

We travelled up into the hills; being told, “The hills are waiting for you”; tiny twisting narrow roads giving glimpses and then breath-taking views of the landscape.

Incredibly, just as I had assumed Meikle Seggie didn’t exist we were suddenly at a farm called Meikle Seggie where he and Beuys had met and exchanged ideas. It was a spine-tingling moment of six degrees of separation.

There were so many intimate stories of Beuys and his relationship to Scotland formed through the strong connection between them, insights into this iconic figure, that felt we carried him with us too, in invocation.

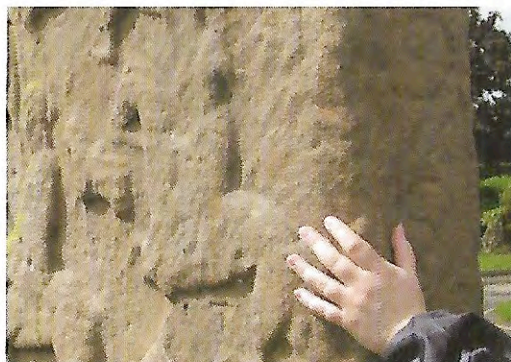
I was touched that Richard responded so enthusiastically to my response to his question “What did you get from the day?” that I was going to make something about love and remembering.



DAVINA KIRKPATRICK

- 1 *Untitled*
- 2 *Untitled (Carved Pictish Stone)*
- 3 *There is no life without love, watercolour and pencil over giclee image.*

2



3

