



ISSUE TWO  
PAOLOZZI  
TITAN OF METALWORK

# Polaris

THE EDINBURGH PARK  
LITERARY ZINE

# POETRY FROM ART AT EDINBURGH PARK

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# Polaris

## EDITORIAL TITAN OF METALWORK

### Issue Two

Titan of Metalwork

### Poet Contributors

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Tom Pow

MacGillivray

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Our second edition of Polaris welcomes a centennial commemoration of Eduardo Paolozzi, March 7th 2024 marked 100 years exactly since his birth.

Paolozzi's 'Vulcan' (1999) sits in its majesty at Edinburgh Park, originally commissioned for Central Square in Newcastle, it was finished just 6 years before his death. One of the last major bronzes Paolozzi ever made, and the first sculpture that I engaged with at the start of my residency exploring the affinity between poetry and art in public places.

Can you imagine the sight of a 6 tonne weighted 7 metres long sculpture in transit for its arrival on site to sit, where it lives now, at 1 New Park Square? The robotic sculpture on his side strapped to the back of an open lorry curtailing over George Street, passing Holyrood Palace and through the city. Well, it was a sight worth rewatching... you can watch on the Edinburgh Park website.

We will continue to bring you live poetry events at Edinburgh Park and host readings from our commissioned poets.

Keep watching this space!



# TITAN OF METALWORK HISTORY OF ART

Eduardo Paolozzi, Scottish-Italian sculptor and artist, was born in Leith (1924–2005) and studied at the Edinburgh College of Art. After this, he moved to London and then Paris where he became besotted and inspired by Surrealism and Dadaism, so he followed their trails. In the end, he was considered one of the pioneers in instigating the Pop Art movement and played a big part in its manifesto-making in Britain in the 50s/60s – his European background added to the cultural collision and essence that empowered his work.

Paolozzi's eclectic mind was revolutionary, and he was a science-fiction obsessed collector of parts from a young age. He grew up in an ice cream parlour where visits to the factory offered a treasure of metals, machinery and spare parts. The family shop with its gaudy poster art and collage, also fuelled his imagination and sent his greatness spiralling into superior artistic momentum.

His work spanned various media; bold printmaking, collage, lithographs, ceramics, and often juxtaposing organic and mechanical found objects. He was a successful and influential figure turning his wizardry to master various art forms, alchemise junk into gold (or at least bronze!), and recycle spare parts into sculpture playing with the aesthetics of the machine age and its impact on modern technology.

Several major works by Paolozzi are cited across Edinburgh, which adds dynamism to urban environments. In the sculptural collage of his famous “Vulcan” series, Paolozzi explores themes related to technology, machinery, and industrialisation. The Vulcan can be seen gripping his hammer with both strength and pride as Paolozzi depicts him as half-man and half-machine.

In mythology, Vulcan was the son of Jupiter and Juno and is known as the Roman god of fire and metalworking. Vulcan was thrown from Mount Olympus by his mother who was ashamed of his looks and during his fall, Vulcan is said to have injured his leg. This could explain why Paolozzi has depicted a distinct difference in the size of its feet. After marrying Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, Vulcan built a workshop under Mount Etna on the island of Sicily. It is said that whenever Venus is unfaithful, Vulcan grows angry and beats the red-hot metal with such force it wakes the volcano. Paolozzi regularly referred to this god (also known as *Hephaestus* in Greek myth) in his work perhaps because he wished to pay tribute to him as the archetypal sculptor.

Paolozzi's diverse body of work reflects a fascination with technology, the intersection between art and industry, mass media, popular culture and the cultural landscape of the 20th century. His innovative use of materials, and his ability to transform industrial elements into artistic expressions, contribute to his lasting legacy in the world of contemporary art which we will long continue to celebrate.

*Janette Ayachi, Editorial*  
*Poet-in-Residence at Edinburgh Park*

# CHRISTINE DE LUCA MEETING VULCAN



**CHRISTINE DE LUCA** — Writes in English and Shaetlan (Shetlandic), her mother tongue. She was appointed Edinburgh's Makar (laureate) for 2014-2017. She has had eight poetry collections published, several of which have won awards. She has also written two novels and several storybooks for children. She is also active in translation, with six bi-lingual poetry collections published as well as classic storybooks for children. She particularly enjoys collaborating with musicians and visual artists. Her poetry has inspired composers, most recently Tommy Smith (jazz) and Gemma McGregor (classical); and she has responded in poetry to the art of Victoria Crowe and Brigid Collins.

[www.christinedeluca.co.uk](http://www.christinedeluca.co.uk)

You are daunting, Vulcan, towering above me.  
Art shows magnificence well within your grasp  
as with your gammy leg and platform heels  
you stride the shining hall, hammer in hand.  
We could do with you in goal for Scotland:  
4 six-footers barely have your reach, your metal.

You were top-drawer: son of Juno and Jupiter,  
the royalty of gods. But in her regal eyes  
you didn't make the bonnie baby grade.  
There's something vulnerable still lurking  
that brings out the mother in me. I want to  
shine your steel, make you gleam and sparkle.

You could be the patron saint of blacksmiths  
as you were first to find the skills and secrets  
of the craft. Or perhaps for single mothers,  
in praise of Thetis who rescued you from  
your abandonment, and brought you up;  
never noticed you were ugly or deformed.

Or maybe you should be the patron saint  
of all those judged too flawed; of those whose  
inner strength and spirit is what truly counts.  
Stride on, half-man and half-machine, under  
those majestic heavens. The more I look at you  
the more I see a beauty in your fabled strength.

# MACGILLIVRAY COLOSSI



**MACGILLIVRAY** — The matrilineal Highland pen-name of artist MacGillivray. She has published four collections: *The Last Wolf of Scotland* (Red Hen, USA, 2013; Pighog, UK) and with *Bloodaxe: The Nine of Diamonds* (2016), *The Gaelic Garden of the Dead* (2019) and *Ravage: An Astonishment of Fire* (2023). In 2019, she was writer-in-residence at the Fondation Jan Michalski, Switzerland. Her writing has appeared in publications including Test Centre, Magma, The Scotsman, New River Press, The Poetry Review and Modern Poetry in Translation, and featured on BBC Radio 3 Late Junction and The Verb.

[www.macgillivray.org.uk](http://www.macgillivray.org.uk)

## COLOSSUS I

### The Iron Lung

Whose ship defied intellect and took down  
an arm of men into cold seas.

They drowned in many languages of air  
as the slim metal clip of a welded element you wielded  
was a burst lip in gun-metal grey  
handled across those drowning clouds of iron and lint  
in the swollen eye, the sculptured cheekbone, of day.

Colossus, you rose, and behind you burnt death  
on the cold seas of flame: a barrel of prisoners,  
a barrel of prisoners loosed in the waters  
and your family name soaked in perish.

The cold eye lifts, nude to dismemberment,  
and the hot howls of cast metal  
and dripped metal and molten metal:  
the ship of the brain of the blood of the flailing heart,  
the colossus of dream, the reflective sheen of a battered ocean.

COLOSSUS II  
The Bronze Skull

You are the dog-centurion,  
the grown putto, homunculus of ash and learning  
newly released from iron.

The walkways of shadows are growing long  
on the attic stones, stout in the long heart of winter  
that draws its own notes on the sallow ground.

I see your wide face of Lazio,  
pummelled in Leith and in the braziers of Saturn  
your wind-puffed cheeks, your eyes of dough  
and lips of cheese, you metal Arcimboldo,  
the wheat of the land and the grape of the land  
is the fat of pain-fatted sorrow. Rich are these,  
rich is the grief of the colossal.

The creased concrete of dragon's teeth,  
the burning hem of the madonna's grin,  
the ovoid screen of television,  
all water-scars cooling in seared metal.

They at the end, in the diving-ship of slid wreckage,  
clinging to water with broken necks, floating debris,  
rapid-drifting, the soiled ants' nest, the honeycomb sea,  
waxen waters, wax new-poured and cast with death,  
the casket body-shone in hard-waters of vast steel,  
vast iron, vast bronze, vast copper, vast tin,  
teleo-elektrik you encase them,  
metallic, enlarged and penalised in.

This: the stare of colossus  
in your pain-fatted heart.

### COLOSSUS III

#### The Copper Thumb

Lucca, Colonsay, no metallurgy,  
more than 800 stars scored on cigarette cards,  
damp cigarillo papers curled in the hook and trap sandpit  
of the colossal heart.

Little squashed putto of the lung,  
little barbarian,  
jacketted in steel,  
jacketted in Colonsay soil and Donegal loam,  
down the donkey-tracks and the salt-still  
grasses now stiff and without a wind,  
on they toil in the bronze-roiling seas  
and un-peel in tobacco tins,  
shreds and wicks of a sodden mourning.

Go down, squashed putto,  
go down to mourn them  
from the forehead of your sorrow,  
from your massy brow of Latin yearning,  
all colosseum of wounded centaur  
all churning, human blossom machine.

## COLOSSUS IV

### The Silver Lip

Dog-squatted centurion, I alight on your book  
like a telescope scanning the stars,  
to find a plump Italian: little uccellino, little bird,  
whose partridge-breast, puffed in pain,  
in plain view of the hills of Rome  
that suckle memory across the febrile water-courses  
of Leith and its salt-ship history...  
bringing the bobbed boats down to a slimed shore:  
yes, your colossal cant of brine and salt-headed ducts  
spurting metallic tears is the cant of the stubborn, dogged centurion,  
wrong-faced battle, wholly wrong-faced war,  
as your determination - a finned windscreen of breaker's pathos  
distorts with shipwreck, the bronzy honeycomb of dream.

And yet, in this barded sphere of colossal eye,  
whose silver-baroque-screens lidded fantasy,  
whose dog yard is a bone of snuff and articulated underwear,  
whose robes of intent travel out from a solemn madonna's mask  
to the ikons of Edinburgh,  
whose four-square fantasy of lunacy temperament  
came embedded in canine heraldry,  
yes, little dog-centurion,  
you were kitted out for fighting,  
fat and helmeted obsessions:  
the dog star still barking back  
at your stare.

## COLOSSUS V

### The Lead Tear Duct

Great, severed head of steel, the keeling figurehead  
beached on the cathedral shore,  
staring into its history of things,  
struck from a neck of jewels and stained-glass flesh  
and monstrosities of wide-open colour all kept,  
all chipped mosaic, wept.

Wipe your slit neck on a manure of blood.  
Wipe your bloodied nose on a plot of dung  
and your blood-filled eyes are tears of dung  
and your fat-pounded heart is a cake of dung  
living, still livid with worms, and your rancid  
smile is still bickering with pain, borrowed on the  
summers of ancient history, wild flags of dried fur,  
caked in the soil, caked in a straw-filled manure  
of a sorrow-ground.

## COLOSSUS VI

### The Nickel Heart

Your small, dog-fat heart squeezes out the tears of the sea:  
a saline urine, a salted dung, broken apart in Hebridean islands,  
only now, only deposited and grown,  
only now, only silted and fattened,  
only now, only receiving into their prayer-filled beds  
the bodies of the men, washed up in the insolence of time,  
only now, washed up in the insolence of time,  
and stilled.

Small dog-star, brilliant centurion,  
the core is netted in flame,  
your Vulcan arm pitted in flinted spark,  
the sky-ranged altar of pain rests in its glyphic vault,  
in all the gods and the goddesses of unreclected cigarette papers,  
in metallic mosaics of underground stations,  
in the beheaded cauldron of the heart.

Your wheat's ear listening, hears  
the blast of sudden, cubed palaces.  
Listing in rouge and stocking-black,  
the pop of wheat ears in the adamantine dar  
betrays blisters of sound, whispers...

COLOSSUS VII  
The Steel Nostril

Rubicon of the summer-rubbed dust,  
you come all madonna and crucifix of tin  
whose presence in the room is holstered in sound:  
fins of chisel, brush fins, upscaled monstrosity  
and cascaded monolith: the side-face wept  
into Edinburgh mist.

Round the room drowned men float and flow,  
ululating Michelangelo,  
from the broken towers of Dante and Vasari,  
of star-struck Michael Scot, the malignant magi,  
and Romano-Scoti seers of a late-watered heart.

Who placed the tread in the eye and the eye  
near-ground, listening in to the heart of the sea  
listening for one storm to pass over the young tea-party of death:  
gnocchi, amaretti, sigarette, saponi,  
and all the wild-flowers of semi-wild Kairos,  
drowned in restless time, like the rest.

Squashed putto, you fly, like a desperate time,  
its face pressed hard against a smashed window screen  
against a glass where no glass could have been,  
enlarged in giant portrait mirrors of the colossus,  
it is mammoth, little mutt-centurion, it is looming,  
wolf-cherub, it is vast, your master: pain.

# THE HISTORY OF MAN CAN BE WRITTEN WITH OBJECTS

Objecthood was naturally of fundamental interest to the Scottish-Italian sculptor Eduardo Paolozzi, whose colossi - crashed and upright; part prosthesis, part mythos; - figures of sabotaged anatomy and salvaged metalwork, stud the cityscape of contemporary Edinburgh. In this poem, Paolozzi's colossi are metonymic, dismembered fragments of corporeal experience relating back to familial tragedy when his father, grandfather and uncle were drowned off the coast of Ireland on the doomed prisoner of war ship, the Arandora Star, which was sunk by a German U-Boat in 1940. The terrible news reached a young Paolozzi, himself imprisoned in Saughton jail as a P.O.W. and this experience inevitably informed and shaped much of the collapsed and quasi-human representation in his work; the hulk of the Arandora bearing startling resemblance to the vast metalwork evident in many of his gargantuan sculptures.

*Colossi* borrows from Paolozzi's own writings, reworking, in particular, some of the imagery in his 1962 tract *Metafisikal* with its sixties pop rhetoric of the 'teleo-elektrik', cigarette cards, smashed windscreens, fins and honeycomb. With a nod to Plath's Colossus and the traces of myth littering the cinema of Cocteau, *Colossi* returns Paolozzi's dismembered experience to a Roman underworld; Saturnine and strewn with the beached food-stuffs of an Arcimboldo painting. Paolozzi's own ancestors originally came from Lazio, the area where Saturn was said by the ancients to have hidden himself, and in *Colossi* Paolozzi's personal appearance is melancholic: that of a gloomy putto or squashed cherub. If the she-wolf is Roman, she is also a marine missile, a sea-wolf. If her suckling twins are human, they are also the defunct twinned elements of the maschine-mensch. Paolozzi manages to

harness absurdism, the monumental, and a palpable sense of destruction in his sculptural output, conveying all three with Vulcan force. Yet, what is colossal becomes impeded by metal, what is gargantuan becomes fallen, and what is epic becomes hollow. Though studded with Surrealism, Paolozzi's sensibility is apparently wracked with the pain of generational loss, the aesthetics of industrial shipbuilding (and wrecking) and the inevitable collapse of man and machine as co-dependent elements within the context of the deliberate sabotage and sinking of the *Arandora Star*. His is a language of Frankensteinian proportions which defies the impersonal, itself being a monument to loss.

The poem *Colossi* was first commissioned by Janette Ayachi for an event in November 2022 at Edinburgh Park, titled *Paolozzi & Poetry*.

**EDUARDO PAOLOZZI**  
**VULCAN**













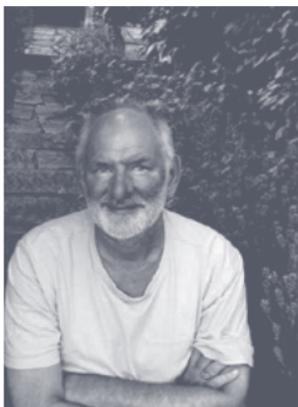




**“SCOOPED OUT BY THE ACTION OF THE  
CYCLOPS’ FIRES; YOU CAN HEAR THE CLANG OF  
HARD BLOWS ON THE ANVILS, THE ROARING WHEN  
MASSES OF ORE ARE SMELTED WITHIN, AND A  
THROBBING BLAST OF FLAME FROM THE FURNACES.  
HERE IS VULCAN’S PLACE.”**

Extract from Virgil's 'Aeneid' circa 19BC

# TOM POW HEPHAESTUS AND THE BLUE COUPONS



**TOM POW** — Recent publications are *Svetlana's Dance* (Mariscat) and *Naranjas* (Galileo Publishing). He was one of the poets involved in the Writers Shift project at The Fruitmarket Gallery in 2020. *The Village and The Road*, written and performed by him with music by The Galloway Agreement, was part of the Made in Scotland Showcase at the Edinburgh Festival Fringe in 2022. In September of this year, the show was invited to the Bird Theatre Festival in Japan. He has recorded at The Poetry Archive.

[www.tompow.co.uk](http://www.tompow.co.uk)

Between two windows on the second floor  
of Queen Charlotte Street in Leith, in faded  
white capitals, one word to each line -

ALL  
WISE  
LADIES  
COLLECT  
BLUE  
COUPONS

*All wise ladies collect blue coupons -  
a little something to put by for yourself.*

When they open a suitcase, the blue coupons  
fly out like butterflies. On the brightest  
summer days, in a light breeze, the Forth  
dances with blue coupons. In deepest dreams,  
wise ladies count the blue coupons of hope,  
they smooth the torn edges of their futures.

All wise ladies collect blue coupons -  
And in this Leith, this hub of Empire,  
between the smoke and the haar, it is hard  
to tell where industry and commerce end  
and where streets crammed with poverty  
and despair begin; though the name  
Rottenrow might give you a clue.

Nowadays though Leith has been  
'clarified' - time (and money) has raged  
through it like fire - making it so much easier  
for a bourgeois bohemian (like me)  
to find his way to the artisan baker  
or to the cappuccino of his choice.

*All wise ladies collect blue coupons -*

But they are of no interest – none of this is of any interest! - to Hephaestus, featured on a billboard on a boarded-up shop front before a 16 bus shelter on Parliament St two minutes away. Course featured as a boxer, but with something of the puffy tenderness of Dylan Thomas, he cradles the great weight of his head between his hands. Gravity will be his subject, graft his method. His soul, like all the tools of his forge, is bound to the earth. This is his gift. His forge flickers with a bonfire of blue coupons and he speaks with the blue tongue of his acetylene torch.

*All wise ladies collect blue coupons -*

It is Mediterranean blood that flows through Hephaestus' veins, but he has been formed in Leith between the cramped spaces of warehouse, ship and rail track. Who else would shape a heel like the hull of a ship or give a foot the presence of a shunting train?

My grandfather, Sam Black, a ship's engineer who sailed out of Leith, would appreciate the heft and the skill that made these monuments of memory and of ruin. My mother once told me, the only time she saw it, his engine room shone like a burnished brass coal scuttle. In the days he was at sea her mother counted the days -

*as all wise ladies count blue coupons -*

And Sam Black's engines, they fed on coal. King Coal! The Blacks and the Pows, coal was their lord and the knitting of their geography: the Erskines too – coal merchants in Leith before the money was lost. Great Auntie Agnes at eighty, her eyes bright with rage and her voice hoarse, told me how brother James had been fooled and she had been forced into service.

*All wise ladies collect blue coupons -*

They collect them like breaths  
to clear their husbands' dusty throats.  
But not the blue-blue coupons that gather  
in waves around the Virgin's feet in autumn.  
We are staunch Protestants after all: Call  
William Erskine! - Superintendent for decades  
at the Citadel Mission Sabbath School in Leith.  
Oh yes, in our own small way, we too  
have been a civilisation on its slow way to ruin.

Hephaestus though – he gives us no image  
to calm what future fears we may have. Rather  
he confronts us with prophetic creatures  
in which love and hope have been replaced  
by machine parts, creatures to whom it seems  
we must pay fealty. Pity them and pity him,  
for he must bear alone the tragic vision  
that is the gift of gravity.

*All wise ladies collect blue coupons -*

And being wise, they know the fragility  
of their hopes. But how could they not love  
the blossom of hope's passing beauty?  
So they continue to collect blue coupons.  
They weave them like feathers, like truth,  
into blue wings and they fly with them  
through the fire till their worthlessness  
becomes apparent and, like Icarus, they fall.

# JANETTE AYACHI PAOLOZZI FOR SIR EDUARDO PAOLOZZI



**JANETTE AYACHI** — (1982 -) BA (Film Media/English Lit. Stirling University), MSc (Creative Writing, Edinburgh University), is a Scottish-Algerian poet. Her first full poetry collection *Hand Over Mouth Music* (Pavilion, Liverpool University Press) won the Saltire Poetry Book of the Year Literary Award 2019. Her poetry, prose & essays have been translated into several languages in a broad range of newspapers & anthologies. She is a regular on BBC arts programmes & she collaborates with artists & performs at festivals internationally. Her next poetry book *QuickFire, Slow Burning* (Pavilion, LUP) will be released in early 2024. She is currently writing her debut fiction novel *Of Sweet Figs and Forget-Me-Nots* and a memoir *Lonerlust* about travelling alone searching landscapes, culture, desire & human connection. She is the poet-in-residence at Edinburgh Park.

[www.janetteayachi.com](http://www.janetteayachi.com)

I.

Paolozzi, you pioneer of Pop Art,  
drugging us with your jagged sculptures  
smooth in their mirroring  
of the frazzled post-war nerves of society.  
Industry bellows a cryptic throng  
figures with their boxy heads  
& embossed forms  
fetishistically cyborg.  
A laddie in Leith  
giving free ice-cream  
to your friends  
under the table, your parents  
born from the busy piazzas of Cassino  
kept you cradled with colouring books,  
& gaudy technicolour posters in the parlour.  
I am undone  
by your distinct visual vocabulary;  
cast iron at a London station entrance  
part of a ventilation shaft  
organic butterflies with a robotic motif.  
Cubism from the Mediterranean,  
the Brutalism of West Berlin  
& dabs of aluminium  
torn from American Sci-Fi  
all disrobed under your hand;  
silkscreens & stained glass windows  
a seemingly spontaneous composition,  
mosaic decorations on the Tottenham  
Court Road underground  
& a fountain in Germany  
where the phantom of water flows,  
the Hunterian Museum doors in Glasgow  
public works at Universities, Kew Gardens,

the near phrenological heads;  
the fantastic & the strange.  
Paolozzi in Paris;  
meeting famous artists you admired,  
you borrowed Surrealism & Modernism  
took them with you to the roundabout  
just where we turn to Leith from town  
gifting a giant hand facing the sky  
one foot as grounded  
as an Ionic column  
mechanics of bone on show,  
a scaffold of the stark body  
assembled like cooled magma,  
a haematite cluster, a forbidden kiss.  
You kept Dada & its edges & secrets  
carried them over the Seine  
back to the mouth of the Inverleith River  
a less threatening committee than Giacometti  
whose army of men find themselves as shadows  
under beds or pinned on bedroom walls.  
I worked for years beside  
a reconstruction  
of your London studio  
at The National Modern Art Gallery  
beautiful chaos donated to the nation  
I ordered off the curious  
who wanted to touch  
the radio always playing  
cleaners were never allowed  
to dust beyond the barrier.  
Such a cabinet of curiosities  
one was never bored  
peering in the same way  
your Vulcan sons peep through windows,  
towards half-finished clay; Carrara marble,  
piled papers, plaster chips & postcards, curling brass  
& zinc alloy nips of nickel nuts & bolts, bits of toys;  
a world built again from wrecking yard discards  
a contemporary herald of the old fires,

alchemical in flare, seductive,  
maquettes for monumental statues.  
Reinvention twitching each time,  
each cast, each production.

Paolozzi, a Pisces dreamer,  
you spent the final years in your eightieth decade  
in a nursing home paralysed from the waist down,  
learning of the closure of infinity  
your last geometry  
kept for the body-length window  
at the back seat of a hearse.

But your figures live on  
in all-night songs of freedom,  
singing shooting stars  
from the tips of their colossal tongues  
& catching missiles in their fingers if they come.

# RETROSPECTIVE EDUARDO PAOLOZZI

Edinburgh Park curated a special event where the poets who were commissioned to write in response to 'Vulcan' introduced their poems and performed from their work.

We were also joined by a direct descendent of Paolozzi, writer Anne Pia, who also shared some of her poetry and family history.

**“BUONA SERA DA ROMA... THANK YOU SO MUCH JANETTE... I’VE JUST BEEN IN VITICUSO..MY OWN ORIGINS; WHERE THEY ARE MAKING AN ARCHIVE OF EDUARDOS WORK... HIS ROOTS ARE IN NEARBY FALIGNANO. HE IS LITTLE KNOWN IN ITALY.”**

Anne Pia

**“WHAT A TRULY MAGICAL EVENING! SO MUCH VARIETY, MUSING, WANDERING, WONDERING AND MANY LANDINGS!”**

Event Attendee

**“YOUR VOICE AND FINGERS OF GLASS ETCHED ACROSS THE NIGHT IN A SPACE OF COMPACTED WOODLAND AND LYNCHIAN NOIR – A PERFECT SETTING.”**

Event Attendee





Photos from the evening © Michelle Rowe



# PATINA A BAKERY AND CULTURAL SPACE

Patina brings together a curiosity of food with personal interests of design and performance. Food is a big part of what we do but our passion comes from a curiosity in people, place, friendship and creativity. Since we began we've wanted to make spaces where everyone feels welcomed and accepted. At Kiln we have over 13 nationalities on our staff with regulars from all over the world. Patina similarly is somewhere we celebrate difference, encourage conversation and where you will always have a sense of belonging. We hope you enjoy what we have built.

Patina Restaurant & Bakery  
[patinaedinburgh.com](http://patinaedinburgh.com)

# VISIT 1 NEW PARK SQUARE

