




text + work



BORDERLANDS

**LEE MACKINNON / FRANK BROWN
+ CHRISTIAN EDWARDES / TOM HALL**



Borderlands presents the work of the artists Christian Edwardes and Tom Hall, and of the writers Lee Mackinnon and Frank Brown. The exhibition acknowledges the edge of systems and the hinterland between places and social classifications; they are areas of flux and sometimes conflict. This exhibition is an examination of this relationship. The artists and the writers are navigating their way around and through discussions, joining each other's standpoints. The works presented in Borderlands and the relationship between the two exhibiting artists is one of boundaries; Borderlands shifts and tests

the borders of these two artists' different ways of thinking, forcing the work together to deal with difference.

The artists have invited Lee Mackinnon and Frank Brown to have a parallel discussion on the subject of Borderlands through which they explore new territories and take defined positions relating to the two different processes employed by the artists. They discuss and foster debate around the processes in which the artists work, basing the accompanying texts on these discussions.



CHRISTIAN EDWARDES

Christian Edwardes' work is a series of ideological islands and are a reference to the separation between an idea of utopian 'place' and homemade attempts to reconstruct it. The work comprises of drawings and photographed constructions made from materials found in the home: from the contents of kitchen cupboards to domestic furniture. The islands set out the possibility of a transformation of space and physical 'stuff' through the act of making and representing objects.

TOM HALL

Tom Hall will present an 'unreal reconstruction' of the library repository in Dallas. This consists of basic elements that the artist feels describe the room from which JFK was assassinated referencing the explosive political act that took place. Built out of cardboard – materials linked to storage or packaging and to the artifice of the theatre – a space within a space is constructed. The room is not a representation of the actual space but is designed from hearsay, media coverage and conspiracy plots of the assassination. The work looks to a collective idea of space and events, and draws contemporary parallels to the public's construction of the terrorist here. We do have a 'feeling' of what it is, and as we begin to draw the threads of perception towards a 'real' thing, media and discrimination fills in the blanks of a fictionalised truth.



BORDERLANDS – POSTCODE WARFARE IN CONTEMPORARY URBAN BRITAIN

'Borderlands acknowledges the edge of systems and the hinterland between places and social classifications: they are areas of flux and sometimes conflict.'

The borderland is a specific phenomenon relative to the mapping of all people's histories; a non-place, a place between places, somewhere neither here nor there. Countries, communities, nations and religions are all subject to points of overlapping; places where two or more positions are occupied often in an uncertain and occasionally violent state. The nature of the border is an exacting one, specific areas where one activity, belief, way of doing things, comes to an end and where another totally different one begins.

*'Imagine there's no countries,
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too'*

Famous words indeed but once you strip away the rhetoric of the late sixties what we actually have is 'Imagine there's no borders'.

Borderlands usually occupy a defining position in the minds and hearts of the populace to which that border is significant, proof if you like that there is an edge to the world we know. It is as if the world is still flat for many of us, as you can only go so far before falling off every thing you understand and trust; beyond that, 'here be monsters' as the old shipping maps would once declare.

Of course, one's relative position in the big scheme of things is a matter of birthright and therefore chance rather than social engineering; nevertheless the random nature in which we are thrown into society at birth usually has a long-lasting and significant effect on one's passage through life. Opportunities and the overall experience of an individual's life is governed by this moment, and from that point on we are northern, southern, black, white, rich, poor, east, west.

After the second Great War the world took stock of such horror and made an effort not to repeat previous failures. Once more maps were redrawn and new territories decided upon, hopeful that the new era would provide a safe and stable environment for all who resided in it.

Strange then that we find ourselves, once more, immersed in a new and rampant territorialism with one of the most alarming and undeniably worrisome issues of post 20th century contemporary society being the proliferation of gang activity across the urban centres of the industrialized nations.

Gangs and gang culture are not new. The Vikings came across to rape, pillage and settle on our shores one thousand years ago, and they were a most excellent and efficient gang of sorts. Since then we have had hundreds of fighting factions, regional wars, religious and political emergence and new social structures to negotiate in order that we may call ourselves British.

THE STATE OF INNER CITY YOUTH

As I write this, there have been 26 confirmed gang related murders on the streets of Britain this year. Most of these have occurred amongst the 14-20 year old age group and the majority of these have been in the black community. Just why the UK's black youth appear to be embroiled in run-

ning turf wars with one another is a matter for separate debate and one which I am not able or committed to comment on. The Metropolitan Police initiative 'Operation Trident', designed to address issues of what have come to be known as 'black on black' killings in the capital, has had some effect on the problem in so far as many of the significant older individuals involved in gun and drug related crime have indeed been incarcerated. The result however has been to cause something of a vacuum at the top of the ladder of criminal activity, allowing younger individuals to graduate more quickly in the absence of the older members. This in turn has resulted in more frequent and more random acts of violence being committed.

Undeniably much of this activity augments itself around the drugs trade. This has always been the case and will remain so. What has emerged alongside this though is the critical role of organized gangs in perpetuating the situation through increased levels of violence.

The initial model for many of the UK gangs stems from the Original Gangsters [OG]

from Jamaica and the Caribbean. During the 1980s several major players in the cocaine smuggling business sought out new opportunities in the UK and found a lucrative market amongst the rich city kids of the square mile, as well as the blossoming club scene. Supported by members of the Jamaican community who had settled earlier, easy pickings were to be had and much money could be made.

This led eventually to all-out gang warfare between the Yardie¹ gangs of London, Manchester, Liverpool and Glasgow, as the new criminals came toe to toe with the existing underworld, who incidentally were slow to capitalize on the booming cocaine trade leaving the way partially clear for the new guns to move in and take over.

What began as a straightforward social issue of drugs and the illegal supply thereof has mutated into something quite different. Certainly much of the recent spate of killings has had something to do with a given area's control of the drug trade, but that has now taken a back seat in the order of priorities amongst many individuals engaged in gang activity. The new objective

is peer group 'respect', a respect earned through hard-nosed terror, and the defining feature of this demand is turf.

Out of the 21 killings on the streets of London this year every single one has been perceived (rightly or wrongly) as having a link with gang affiliation.

It seems that the modern English idea of the gang has as much to do with your postcode as it does anything else. This dominance of ideology is an import from the US, where for years the decaying project estates of major urban areas have seen consistent under-funding from central government, and in some cases a complete pull-out of social services. This has led to an almost total breakdown of lawful society in favor of a more individual approach to the matter of survival.

Much of this reality has been articulated in the musical idiosyncrasies of rap music: the power, the money, the cars, the chicks and the 'bling' – held tantalizingly close to a nation's underprivileged youth, there for the taking if you have the balls and a Mac 10.

Here in the UK however, our social support system is still – arguably – functioning, and rank poverty, although prevalent and on the increase according to the government's own statistics, is nowhere near as fundamentally debilitating as it is in the US. Why then are we seeing the emergence of gang culture in accordance with the experience of the US? Again, I am not qualified to comment, but suffice to say it is.

The killing of 10-year-old Damilola Taylor, in a stairwell of the north Peckham estate in 2000, witnessed the nation awakening with a jerk to the realization that children as young as that were involved in a frightening reality in the heart of our cities.

It had been suggested then that the UK would see a mushrooming of American style gang activity along the lines of the infamous *Crips and Bloods* disputes of Los Angeles, and latterly the rest of the US.

The police and community groups were slow to take up the challenge, and have arguably been left on the starting blocks as far as addressing the situation early enough to do much about it taking root. Just as in the

States, once it has permeated the psyche of a nation's youth, it would appear extremely difficult to debunk.

POSTCODE LOTTERY

According to one UK web site [www.gangs-inlondon.com] it is estimated that right now there are approximately 180 active gangs in the greater London area. Each of these is denoted specifically by the postcode in which they are resident. The most notorious gangs, unsurprisingly, radiate from the most deprived areas with Brixton, Peckham and Battersea in the south, and Walthamstow, Hackney and Tottenham in the north seeing the lion's share of gang activity. Ordinarily, these groups operate within the confines of their respective postal areas, but the occasion to put down a rival gang is almost always seized upon in the current climate.

My own experience of gang activity has been informed by my tenancy in the heart of one of these districts: Peckham, south London. I lived for 10 years in the shadow of the public library in Peckham, the last place Da-

milola Taylor was seen alive on CCTV as he was followed out of the building by a group of older youths, minutes before being fatally attacked. I became aware that the library compound had become the hub of the gang activity in the Peckham area.

A recent Channel 4 documentary [Guns, Knives and Broken Lives - July 2008] highlighted the situation with compelling interviews from existing south London gang members. One spoke of the rivalry between two adjoining postal districts, SE 15's *Peckham Boys* and SE 14's *Ghetto Boys*. The interviewee discussed the situation, maintaining that were he to catch the number 436 bus half a mile down the road, he would be in mortal fear of his life. When asked by the interviewer why this was, he replied that the violence between the two areas had gone on for so long that neither knew why it had started and therefore neither knew how to cease the rivalry: 'it's just how it is' he said.

On November 4 2006, Eugene Attram, aged 16, was stabbed to death in a fight involving up to 60 youths in Lavender Park, Wandsworth, south London. Eugene was a member

of the Battersea based 'Stick 'em Up Kids' [SUK] gang, who along with 14 other members had travelled up to Mitcham on the number 217 bus to 'tag' a rival TZ gang [Terror Zone] territory.

The act of 'tagging' –defacing the postal reference code found on the end of every street sign in the greater London area– is regarded by all London gangs as an act of all out warfare. It is this activity that resulted in the mass gang fight that culminated in the death of this young man: not drug related, not business related, not previous 'beef' related, simply writing one's own postcode over that of another's on a municipal street sign. The willingness of young men to defend to the death what they see as their rightful property is unquestionably related to the poverty in which many of them find themselves. To fight for a street you don't own is a distinctly poignant reminder of the lengths that many young men will go to in order to 'belong'. The notion of belonging is the central factor in gang psychology. In the seminal book *Gangs and Society*², the authors dissect the underlying features of youth concerns in the US and apply the findings to those gang mo-

dels prevalent today. Seemingly, we in the UK are already some way down the path experienced by American law enforcement agencies during the 1990s and early 00s. It is with great interest that they reveal that in one case a markedly different trend is emerging from the prison and street gangs of Los Angeles.

GANGS AS A POSITIVE SOCIAL FORCE.

In the late 1970s, a group of rural Hispanics, mostly Mexicans, incarcerated in facilities across the Texas penal system, started to affiliate themselves with one another. Partly as an instrument of defence against prison persecution from other gangs inside the system, the ALKQN was formed and its influence and ideology quickly passed through the prison system and onto the streets.

The *Almighty Latin King and Queen Nation*, as it is properly known, is the first significant organized gang that has essentially bucked the trend of antisocial behaviour in favor of positive grass roots activities within their own cultural quarters. Their

central aim is to uplift the Latin people, reinstall self-respect and act as a force for positive change in their shattered communities. Puerto Ricans, South Americans and Latino gangs were the first to ravage their own communities in the 1980s by flooding the streets with cheap cocaine and heroin. The devastation that followed in areas like Los Angeles, New York and Chicago, became the benchmark which many industrialized cities soon followed.

After years of spiralling destitution it is only now that a new direction is being sought and members of ALKQN regard self respect through positive behaviour, investment in one's own community, and the expulsion of antisocial behaviour in their community as the central goal. That is not to say that criminal activities are no longer carried out by elements of the ALKQN; rather, a peaceful coexistence and gradual integration of societies' rules are implemented.

This is significant in many respects as it defines a new approach to gang membership based on a socially-minded set of concerns rather than individual gain, and if this is the new model of gangs, then once the old gu-

ard of greedy self-promotionalists are either 'aged out', jailed or killed, perhaps we are set for fewer borderlands in our contemporary urban communities: progress indeed.

Frank Brown
September 2008

1 'Yardie' : gangster term for yard meaning the area which an individual runs illicit activities from; his or her 'yard' derived from the commonly used term back yard.

2 Barrios, L., Brotherton, D., Kontos, L.; Gangs in Society
Columbia University Press 2003.



LANDINGS

I

'Closing my eyes, I gather my strength and send out a vision of the island to hang before you like a substantial body, with birds and fleas and fish of all hues and lizards basking in the sun, flicking out their black tongues, and rocks covered in barnacles, and rain drumming on the roof- fronds, and wind, the unceasing wind: so that it will be there for you to draw on whenever you have need.' (Coetzee 53)

For a while, I lived on the coast of my Grandfather's voice - the diminuendo rasp of a tide rising steadily from the depths of him, as from a chest of rare and hidden stones. Such was the breadth of its trajectory, we voyaged often from its shore- he in my eyes and I in his. I, to the edge of sense and the foreign tongue of my own language that lay ahead - in wait, in lieu of a child's comprehension. The seeds of things that were already taking shape at my periphery, waiting to be possible, waiting to be named.

He was a secretive man whose silence could undo all but the most intimate of conversation (when he spoke it was with a voice that imagined itself close to your ear), as though

the very appetite of silence were the gradual ingestion of words which spin and reel about its oblique space.

On his upper arm, a bullet hole - entry and exit points on either side, like two miniature belly buttons, mapping the impossible voyage of a body through his own; a fact which made him spectral and impossible. I remember daring to put my doubting finger upon this wound like Thomas; a point of depression that might come to no end - the fate of all good stories.

My Grandparents' house was on a corner, inhabiting two streets. At its rear, across a narrow yard that my Grandmother filled with potted Geraniums, was my Grandfather's workshop.

A split level building: below, a dank and gloomy storage space; above, a bright wooden room that seemed held aloft by the blue sky itself - a ship's cabin that smelled of oil paint and turpentine. Sometimes I would watch him, applying gold leaf to a church notice; making straight lines on a new shop sign with string and chalk.

A magic hand from whose brush even the smallest and most intricate letters seemed to flow of their own accord, with only the slightest gesture on his behalf. How beautifully language thus transpired! Impressing, with such accurate seduction, words from his very hand into the mouths of others, indeed, in the art of his signage, silence made its most eloquent expression at the behest of other voices.

I am standing at the front door of the house: to my left is the greengrocer who keeps a yellow faced Mynah bird from the South Pacific, velvet black with a bright orange beak.

“Hello! Hello!”

it squawks to the customers, or to itself, for how can one be sure that this ‘hello’ is any more than birdsong?

“Hello! Hello!”

Or whistling the first bar of *Pop Goes the Weasel* over and over, piercing and indefatigable as the mechanical looms that some suggest this rhyme of the colonies refers to.

To the right, a great gap between the houses, where a tumbling concertina of concrete steps present as their backcloth the great blue drop of the sea and sky.

We went to Robinson Crusoe’s Island, a thick old tome from a first hand world that had no familiar pictures, only line after line of tiny black characters, whose long profile down the right hand side of the page made silhouettes. Sometimes of faces, sometimes of steps, sometimes - long empty shelves of closed paragraphs, smooth and undisturbed like silence.

II

'I made him know that his name was Friday which was the day I saved his life; I call'd him so for the Memory of Time; I likewise taught him to say Master, and then let him know that this was to be my name.'
(Defoe)

A man named that he may remind another of a life and time since left behind. How I wondered at this strange notion. Friday, the day that promised release from the interminable authority of school; to keep such a name was surely to be kept in a condition of such expectancy. And what use in naming yourself Master to one who has no access to your language, other than the assurance that you - to yourself - are the official point of view? The omnipotent narrator, observing the world through his mind's eye, as the reader himself looks down upon a world therein.

'I began to instruct him in the knowledge of the true God: I told him that the great Maker of Things liv'd up there... That he governs the world by the same Power and Providence by which he has made it: That he was omnipotent, could do every Thing for us, give every Thing to us, take every Thing from us; and by degrees I opened his eyes.' (Defoe)

Perhaps we can read an attempt to defer the complicity of one's own reality with that of this other; to escape one's own fiction into a world where things can reasonably seem to be the case and subject to one's own system of law and beliefs.

III

'But who, accustomed to the fullness of human speech, can be content with the caws and chirps and screeches, and the barking of seals, and the moan of the wind? (Coetzee 8)

Eventually, I conceive an island of my own. The sea is my companion. The sea but also the land; also the shore and the sky that made the sea possible in itself, and all of these things which saw me there and filled my senses with awe of themselves.

I remained alone and alone for there is no other way to describe life upon an island with no other companion than the memory of voices. Voices that gain life as one's self begins to ebb and pass with those elements usually considered external.

At night, I listened to the wind turning with the tide, approaching across the land like a great hand, brushing the tips of things in its wake. Diverted by the walls and windows that it might unloose had it a mind.

Now, overlooking the edge of a tiny country, just as once upon my Grandfather's knee, and seeming so far from the ground, I perched, far from the laws of women or land. While, from the window, beams of sunlight full of tiny particles revolved slowly around one another; timing the afternoon of childhood, marking its leisurely passage in a galaxy of dust

Here there were new windows, like the pages of that once open book before me. Looking across the ocean to a miniature landscape beyond, interrupted only by the slow passage of ships or containers, slicing through the flat, even surface of the day as a paper knife though its medium. As though the scene might fall open and give passage to some life as yet unknown.

IV

What fate had brought me here? By whose hand was I consigned to this shore of language with nought but the deep breath of the ocean to counsel me?

The sea's metronome rises and falls; its time tightens the skin across my bones, tuning me to its pitch until I fancy I discern the difference in tone of its turning. Occasionally, it sends the estranged bodiless voices of previous lives billowing about the door of the house, like the soul's messengers to itself.

One evening, the voice of Nancy Malu appears from some deep recess of the ocean's imagining. Borne upon the South Sea Island of her home and clasping the very letter once sent and to which I have not yet replied although some five years have passed. From the envelope of this remembered letter tumbles a journey that now seems so far distant as though I were recalling a tale once told me, rather than a brief passage of my own years.

She stands now beside the Solomon sea, in the covered market place of the capital, with its piles of coconut and pineapple crop; with taro and plantain; cabbage and limes; cassava and mango; and bamboo cages holding pairs of parakeets. Women sit, fanning themselves with leaves, or move slowly through the thick, incredible heat that renders the world in slow motion. I remember faces of many colours and shades - from light brown skin and sun bleached curls of the Malaitans, to the blue black sheen of the New Guineans.

The Solomon Islands' first contact with Europe was in 1568 when the Spanish court mounted an expedition to discover the fabled lands of King Solomon's gold. After six months exploration, the ship began its long journey home, having discovered not gold but several Islands, naming them Guadalcanal, Santa Cruz, Santa Isobel and Florida Island, and thus by extension, claiming them in the name of God and the King.

Finding it a wholly agreeable place, some thirty years later, the captain of that same ship set sail once more for the Islands, taking a group of colonists that might settle there. Most were killed at sea, the others succumbed quickly to disease and so the Islands would remain all but mythical for another two hundred years, and even in rediscovery (1768) would not be recognised.

During the 1800s investment interests began to infiltrate with the forced labour of Solomon Islanders' on plantations in Fiji and Australia. Eventually the Islands would become a British *protectorate* in 1898. The notion of wasteland would facilitate its new Copra plantations and a head tax was, somewhat ironically introduced - not to encourage the customary practice of headhunting; that was to be suppressed - but to persuade young men of the need to work.

The old world brought with it new epidemics including influenza, dysentery, T.B., small-pox, whooping cough, gonorrhoea, measles, and chicken pox. Diseases of industry and

modernity which would signify progress even as they arrested the birth rate and diminished the population.

“Missus” they called me, after the wives of plantation owners and the imposition of their commonwealth heritage, so I became shackled with a history which set me in its trajectory although I struggled unsuccessfully to free myself from its association and called myself *volunteer*.

Only once did I venture into town alone. On this occasion I am touched by passing men - not offensively, rather as one might brush with one's hand, and superstitiously, some unusual object as one passes. I had become translucent, as though all substance had drained away through the two black sinks of my eyes to leave some empty outline that hands might pass right through.

V

The said day there came on board a chief whom they call Tabriqui... This chief asked me by signs what my name was, and when I replied that it was Mendana, he answered that his was Bileban-Arra, and he rejoiced greatly at hearing my name, and learning that I was a Tabriqui, and he asked me to exchange names with him. This we did: I was called Bileban-Arra, and he took my name.' (The Narrative of Mendana, 1568)

Nancy shows me how to bake sweet potato in banana leaves, building a pile of large stones in the centre of the fire. She teaches me Pidgin English, the common tongue in this country of 64 living languages- a quarter of the world's total.

Her handsome face is flat and broad; her eyes deep set and her manner, deliberate and cautious, as though her life were unravelling in ever more unexpected ways. She smiles vaguely- a look which has in its distant aspect the hope for a future when such an expression will finally come to suit its bearer's inner predicament.

Nancy tells me many things about her home, an Island called Santa Cruz; of its custom and its people. She tells me that most young women of her age are by now married. She has no wish to marry and has rather come to the capital to work. I look at her soft face that masks its singular resolve without ceremony. Wherever we go in the world it seems that we are destined to meet with our own searching the searching eyes of others.

She tells me that Dolphin teeth are the 'bride price' in her home land, as is customary upon many of the Islands. I wonder at this bizarre exchange. Nancy laughs. "It's custom," she says, as though it were not worthy of question. Perhaps she is right, love is its own economy.

Sometimes in the afternoon, we would sit, Nancy Malu and I, on the verandah of the office where we worked, picking seeds from dry pods and stem heads, dropping them into tiny brown envelopes to send to other Islands.

Several times, I felt myself dizzy in the humidity, and the building seeming to rock gently from side to side in my sight. But Nancy saw it too—an earth tremor; it was the very island itself that seemed occasionally to render us thus afloat. We continued patiently picking sorghum seeds from their fat stems, dwelling in the realm of ourselves like sovereign rulers over their subjects; two rootless women, resisting the gravity of our sex to join forces with the breeze and gulls, disseminating seeds overseas.

Many of the islands' roads toward the interior are little more than dirt tracks. Occasionally, a pick-up truck takes paying passengers to and from the coast, where large ageing ex-Japanese passenger or merchandise ships with iron decks take human traffic between Islands. Into such trucks, letters can be tossed in passing, to be picked up by passengers who, if they do not know of the person, are sure to be sitting next to someone who does— or at least the cousin of someone who might, and will gladly pass it on. Things happen in 'Solomon time,' a time resistant to colonial authority or government, in time enough (for there is such time)

to sit and observe a world made softly languid with humidity. Each evening she uses the radio to communicate with other islands - there are no telephones.

“PMN base! PMN base!” she repeats moving the radio dial through space. Space crackles and hisses the amplified sound of vast, unbroken silence, a seething darkness such as that which the eye counters with flickering, multi-coloured snow. Occasionally, tiny voices emerge upon the waves, their calls gathering clarity through the ether like tiny points of light that suddenly demarcate the edge of land upon the otherwise black expanse of sea.

Outside the Bamboo office, cricket song swells - an electronic pulse, whose rhythm might abruptly change; a new pattern taken up by the entire colony of insects in the same instant; or perhaps my ears pick out a new pattern in its constant hum. I cannot be sure.

Lee Mackinnon
September 2008

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by Alvaro Mendana in 1568 Bedford Press London 1901

(Further reading on the Solomon Islands:
Fraenkel 2004 and Hogbin 1939)



Christian Edwarde
50°N



Tom Hall
Death in time of love and peace



Christian Edwardes
23°N



Tom Hall
Death in time of love and peace



Christian Edwardes
South



Tom Hall
Death in time of love and peace

FRANK BROWN

Senior Sculpture Technician,
Wimbledon College of Art
University of the Arts London

Frank Brown graduated from Fine Art Sculpture at the Norwich School of Art in 1996, whereupon he started the MOTA project which initially ran as an underground exhibition space in Anglia Square, Norwich. He has been Senior Sculpture Technician at the Wimbledon School of Art since 1997, subsequently moving MOTA to Old Kent Road, south London. MOTA's move to London consolidated earlier models of the project and it became a live/exhibition space as well as platform for other activities (including as a publisher's and as a record label).

In 2001, Frank Brown co-curated Subway Special a Democratic Platform with Stephanie James as part of MOTA projects, funded by the AHRB, inviting artists and writers to work with a disused underground station in London. In 2007, Frank Brown completed an MA Fine Art at the Wimbledon School of Art. Currently, he is developing MOTA along less characteristically fine art modes of production, specifically in areas of audio and alcohol production.

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LEE MACKINNON

Associate lecturer in Critical and Historical Studies, Solent University

Lee Mackinnon is currently associate lecturer in Critical and Historical Studies at Solent University where she teaches across the visual arts scheme. Her own work and research explore the philosophy and political expediency of technology particularly in relation to image making, subjectivity and power. These explorations form the basis of a study entitled 'The Self as Technology,' from which several papers have previously been extracted for conference.

As an independent writer and researcher, Lee has presented papers at European Space Agency 2nd Space and Society Conference, Netherlands (2007); Science and Public Conference, Imperial College London (2007) and recently as part of the 59th International Astronautical Congress, Less Remote Conference with Arts Catalyst and Leonardo/ Glasgow (2008).

As a visual artist, her work has been shown internationally including at The Bloomberg Space in London and Nordjyllands Kunstmuseum Denmark. She has contributed text to live events at the ICA and Serpentine Gallery London and has previously authored a catalogue for English Heritage (Arcadia in the City 2002).

It was in this same year (2002-3) that she travelled to The Solomon Islands with Stuart Johnson, under the auspices of the Slade School of Art, UCL, working as a volunteer with an NGO for 4 months and documenting an ecological project; an event which gives rise to the text in text+work, and which forms part of a larger ongoing literary project.

CHRISTIAN EDWARDES

Senior Lecturer, Fine Art
the Arts Institute at Bournemouth

Christian Edwardes is a UK based fine artist living in Dorset. He is working towards a practice-based PhD at Chelsea College of Art and Design where his research interests include spatial re-presentation through fine art processes.

This work focuses particularly on exploring the distinctions between place and space, (where 'place' might be seen as situated space), and in the exchange between place and memory. The most recent outcomes have been realised through drawing, video and text. Although he initially specialised in painting, recent work utilises a broad range of making processes: drawing, sculpture, video and digital media.

His current projects refer heavily to relationships between art and cartography, but have also embraced ideas from geography and the spatial sciences, drawing as much from the work of Stanley Broun,

Franz Ackermann and Francis Alÿs as it does from the work of spatial theorists such as Henri Lefebvre and James Blaut. He co-founded and ran the "Giant" studio complex off Liverpool's Concert Square. Christian has worked with artists such as Bernard Walsh and Ana Laura Lope de la Torre and assisted Julian Opie in the late 1990s.

Christian has exhibited widely in London and the Northwest and has recently shown work as part of the MEETING PLACE - Contemporary Art and the Museum Collection at the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery & Museum.

He graduated from Liverpool John Moores University in 1995, and completed his Masters Degree at Central Saint Martins in 1997, in Fine Art (Painting). Christian Edwardes is a Senior Lecturer, and Pathway Leader in Fine Art on the Foundation Diploma in Art & Design, at the Arts Institute at Bournemouth.

TOM HALL

Senior Lecturer, Fine Art
the Arts Institute at Bournemouth

Tom Hall is a fine artist who loves to make things. He enjoys the difficulty in trying to tie down and make real ideas that look at collective thought and shared experiences that are at the centre of his practice.

Tom Hall has a degree in sculpture from Wimbledon School of Art and an MA in sculpture from the Royal College of Art where he specialised in casting, graduating in 1998. He teaches on the BA Fine Art course at the Arts Institute at Bournemouth and has experienced many institutions including working at Wimbledon College of Art and as an educational artist in residence at The National Gallery. He has exhibited regularly in group shows like 'Boiler' at Trinity Buoy Wharf, London and MEETING PLACE - Contemporary Art and the Museum Collection at the Russell-Cotes Art Gallery & Museum, as well as individual shows in Paul Smith's shop in Covent Garden and 'scissorjackplane' at Wimbledon College of Art.

Recent works may appear to have a sense of the real or the representational. On closer inspection, though, there is a distinct theatricality about the objects testing their real status. Present ideas of collective experiences or memories are at the forefront of his thoughts, of what is real and what is constructed by us to fill in the missing gaps.

He is currently involved in 'To Scale', an exhibition exploring the expanding possibilities of the interpretive form of the architects/artists model. This project should have an outcome later in 2009 with a publication of interviews and essays from interested parties.

the Arts Institute at Bournemouth

The Arts Institute at Bournemouth is one of only fifteen specialist higher education institutions in the UK devoted solely to the study of arts. The Institute has been providing specialist education for over a century and enjoys a strong reputation both nationally and internationally, providing the creative industries with practitioners of the future. The Institute's strength lies in the quality of the staff and resources used to support learning and creative success. It is committed to an innovative programme of professional practice and research, and the development of professional skills and career preparation is a key element of all its courses.

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text+work

text+work is the concept which underpins the exhibition programme at the Arts Institute at Bournemouth. text+work promotes and provides a forum for challenging dialogue between innovative contemporary art, design, and media practice and its theoretical context.

There are text+work gallery events, critical texts, shared and networked exhibitions and a text+work website

The creative practice exhibited within text+work is thus made available to a wide audience, many of whom may never visit the gallery. It provides a platform for practitioners, writers and curators who wish to examine and extend the boundaries between contemporary practice and critical discourse. A text (essay) is published by text+work to accompany each exhibition in the programme.

www.textandwork.org.uk

EVENT

BORDERLANDS

**Lee Mackinnon/Frank Brown + Christian Edwardes/Tom Hall
27 October - 28 November 2008**

The gallery invites you and your guests to the
text+work event and drinks reception

Event: Thursday 6th November 2008

from 4.30 to 5.30pm, Lecture Theatre Two.
Followed by a drinks reception in The Gallery
from 5.30 to 6.30pm

For further information and
to book a place for the event please contact:
Violet McClean, Gallery Officer
on vmcclean@aib.ac.uk or 01202 363351

www.textandwork.org.uk

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Queen Street, EXETER.

CREDITS

COVER IMAGES

FRONT

Tom Hall

*Death in time of
love and peace*

BACK

Christian Edwardes
East

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TEXT + WORK

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text + work



BORDERLANDS

Lee Mackinnon/Frank Brown + Christian Edwardes/Tom Hall

27 October - 28 November 2008

For Further information on the exhibition please contact

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