

IN
PLACE
OF
HATE

EDMUND
CLARK

IKON

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FOREWORD

Jonathan Watkins
Director, Ikon Gallery

As the pressures on Britain's prisons appear ever more regularly in the national news, Ikon presents an exhibition of work by British artist Edmund Clark, the culmination of a residency in Europe's only wholly therapeutic prison environment, HMP Grendon.

Established in 1962, Grendon's inmates must accept responsibility for their offences. They then exercise a degree of control over the day-to-day running of their lives, making a commitment to intensive group therapy and democratic decision-making, whilst holding each other to account. Through research and evaluation, evidence has demonstrated that Grendon has delivered lower levels of violence and disruption in prison, whilst reducing levels of reoffending after release.

Clark, an award winning artist with a longstanding interest in incarceration and its effects, has spent three years at Grendon. He has worked with prisoners, prison officers and therapeutic staff, immersed himself in the routines of the communities and taken part in the community meetings that are a key element of life on each wing of the prison.

The nature of Clark's subject matter (previous subjects include Guantanamo Bay, the CIA secret prison programme and the detention of terrorism suspects in England on control orders) means his work is shaped by his engagement with issues of censorship, security and control. At Grendon, as in other British prisons, he cannot make images that reveal the identity of the prisoners or details of the security infrastructure.

His response has been to create work that explores ideas of visibility, representation, trauma and self-image. These themes influence how prisoners and the criminal justice system are perceived and discussed by the public, politicians and the media in Britain today. Above all they are central to the experience of the men and staff engaged in the therapeutic process at Grendon.

Presented in partnership with HMP Grendon, Birmingham City University and the Marie-Louise von Motesiczky Charitable Trust, there are many individuals to whom we are very grateful. A thousand thanks to Frances Carey and others on the board of the Motesiczky Trust for their extraordinary level of support, both practical and moral, without which this project simply could not have begun, let alone been

realised. At the university, David Wilson, Martin Glynn and above all, Elizabeth Yardley have provided both a wealth of information and invaluable analysis. And at Grendon, staff – especially prison Governor Jamie Bennett – and the men who could not have been more helpful and engaged, sharing our conviction that great mutual benefit can be had through artistic means.

On that note, we take this opportunity to express our appreciation of the thoughtful professionalism brought to the coordination of the project, as a whole, by Reinis Lismans. He has been excellent company on this adventure. And finally, to Edmund Clark, our heartfelt gratitude and admiration.

AN OPTIMISTIC, REHABILITATIVE APPROACH

Jamie Bennett
Governor, HMP Grendon

In 1962, HMP Grendon opened as the first democratic therapeutic community (DTC) prison. Although emerging in the optimism of the post-War welfare state, over half a century later, it continues to operate successfully within the public sector, despite changing political and penal climates.

Grendon is a category B prison (in the UK, security categories run from the highest, category A, to the lowest, category D), holding up to 230 residents. The population is made up of men who have committed serious violent and sexually violent offences. They usually have a long history of entanglement with the criminal justice system and have often been disruptive in prison. Many also suffer significant distress and struggle to cope. Around half have considered taking their own life and over half have been using drugs in prison before arriving at Grendon. The roots of their behaviour are often found in childhood experiences of trauma and abuse. This is not an excuse for the harms they have caused, but understanding this is critical to helping residents change their lives. The staff group are more professionally diverse than in most prisons, being comprised of specialist prison officers, psychotherapists, psychologists and other group facilitators. They receive ongoing training, support and clinical supervision in order to maintain their wellbeing and practice.

In order to be accepted into Grendon, prisoners have to voluntarily apply. Following an initial paper-based screening, residents may be invited to transfer to Grendon for a 3-6 months assessment process in a dedicated therapeutic community. During this time motivation and suitability for inclusion in psychotherapy are assessed further.

Having navigated the assessment phase, a resident would be allocated to one of the DTCs. There are a number of elements to the DTC process. On a Monday and Friday morning, each community will hold a meeting to discuss issues of shared concern and to make

collective decisions. This covers issues including voting on who will take which jobs, whether residents should take up trusted posts and whether individuals are ready to progress through recategorisation or ending therapy. The community can also vote about removing residents, challenging their commitment to the process and imposing sanctions for breaches of rules. This meeting is chaired by a prisoner who is elected into the role for a period of time. On Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday mornings, there will be a series of small therapy groups held within each community. Made up of around eight residents, allocated with the intention that they will work together therapeutically over a prolonged period, these groups are facilitated by at least one member of staff, but rely upon the active involvement of the group members. Here issues are explored in depth, including examining the past and how this shapes individuals' thinking and behaviour. While these groups are not formally structured, in as much as there is not standardised course material, they are guided by clinical judgement and are focused upon identified risk factors for each individual. Once residents have been engaged in therapy for around a year, they can also access art therapy or psychodrama which further develop and expand the intervention.

During afternoon periods, residents have paid jobs or undertake education. There is also an integrated structure of community participation and responsibility. Each individual has a voluntary job that they do on behalf of the community. This can range from being the chairperson of the community, to being the person who waters the plants or looks after the fish tank. Each community supports a charity, often linked to offending, for which they raise funds and promote. Twice a year, each community will host a 'family day', where loved ones will visit the community for a meal, to receive information about the work of the prison, see where the men live and meet those they live with. This is in addition to, and more extensive than routine family visits, which take place three times a week. Also twice a year, each community will host a 'social day', to which they invite people with a professional interest. This helps to humanise the contact men have with criminal justice professionals, but also develops the network of supporters for the establishment as a whole.

All of the various elements work together in order to provide a 'living-learning' environment in which men are invested with trust and responsibility, are encouraged to explore their own background and history, and develop new skills. It is the nature of this approach that therapy groups do not happen in isolation, but rather, every aspect of prison life is an integral component of the DTC.

Extensive research has been conducted into the effectiveness of Grendon's DTC approach. This has shown a range of benefits, including improved institutional behaviour, reduced levels of self-harm and improved psychological health. In addition, a reconviction study, following men for seven years after they were released, showed that

those who stay at Grendon for eighteen months or more have significantly lower levels of reconviction, of between 20 and 25%.

The arts play an important role in the life of a DTC. Creative therapies, in particular art therapy, psychodrama and music therapy, are a core element of the programme. Most of the groups involve 'talking' therapy, so for many residents creative therapies offer an additional means to explore their own experiences, feelings and actions. This can be immensely powerful for them, playing a significant role in their therapeutic journey. Creative therapies use arts not so as to produce artefacts or exhibits, but instead the medium is used as a means to communicate, explore and understand individual thinking, feeling and behaviour. These sessions are delivered to small groups by qualified creative psychotherapists over a prolonged period, usually at least once a week for at least twelve months.

Involvement in the arts, whether that is the artist residency, music or theatre projects, is a valuable part of the broader social life of a DTC. The opportunity to explore new experiences, develop talents and interests is enriching. Research from the artist residency at Grendon has reinforced that found in other projects, showing that these can have a positive impact on personal wellbeing, self-esteem and engagement with rehabilitative work. From this perspective, the arts are a vehicle for personal growth and self-expression.

The production and consumption of arts is both an individual and a collective experience. Producing and appreciating art can be acts of individual agency, but also a shared, collaborative process. The meaning and significance of art is collectively constructed as it is discussed and debated between people long after its production. These co-operative and community building aspects of the arts are greatly valued within a DTC. One of the distinctive features of Grendon is that residents are encouraged to personalise and decorate their own rooms and their shared spaces, including corridors, group rooms and dining areas. There are a wide range of murals that have been produced over the years. This organic development of a more public kind of art is a means through which shared ownership of space is nurtured and communities can express their collective values. As well as deepening social cohesion internally, the arts are also a means of developing external connections. The artists running courses, projects and residencies are themselves a link between inside and outside. A particular feature of Edmund Clark's residency is the hosting of art exhibitions in the prison, with members of the arts community and others being invited to attend. This enables the residents to interact with people who are interested in them and their work, and enhances the experience and understanding of the visitors. This direct interaction and exchange humanises and deepens the act of viewing the art.

As well as the positive benefits for the residents and the DTC as a whole, the residency has also involved Clark making his own work.

As this has evolved, it has been shared with residents and staff. This experience of being offered a glimpse into the process of artistic creativity has been deeply rewarding. That is not to say that it has always been easy or comfortable. The work produced has explored some complex and disquieting ideas. On a broad social level, the reinterpretation of *The Oristeia* reveals the turmoil and pain of therapy, but also offers a meditation on violent crime in high art. How such acts are represented, who they are produced for, who commits them and who the victims are, all play a role in how they are received and understood. The deliberate use of high art and serving prisoners, who are perceived as being amongst the lowest status people in society, provokes consideration of both the nature of representation and social power. These tools, namely representation and power, can be used to humanise and build empathy, or to dehumanise and promote punitiveness. Clark's photographs of the architecture of Grendon reveal how buildings reflect changing penal values. Although the classic image of the Victorian prison gives the sense of permanence and solidity, these photographs tell a different story. Many of these buildings, from the early 1960s, now have a retro-modernist look. This not only illustrates changing tastes, but illuminates the sense of optimism and social ambition of the post-War welfare state from which Grendon was brought into being. At the same time, it remains a prison, a place of power, surveillance and punishment. The photographs of disappearing paths and bricked up doorways show that the architecture, like the idea of imprisonment, must adapt to changing times and expectations. Many of these photographs hint at a growing encroachment of security and discipline as the pragmatic utopianism of the welfare state has been in retreat and imprisonment as a form of social control has expanded. The most unsettling of Clark's works for me are the pinhole portraits of Grendon's residents. More than any other works, these reflect the painfulness and struggle of therapy as men explore the harms they have suffered and inflicted, examining their deepest feelings and darkest moments. Like much great art, these were in part a response to constraints imposed upon the artist. The representation of serving prisoners is subject to regulation through the prison, ostensibly due to concerns about the potential impact upon the victims of crime and their families. This is a legitimate issue, but as a consequence, prisoners are often obscured or absent from discourse about the prison. They are often talked about or seen through police mugshots or captured media images during investigation and trial. They are rarely seen or heard from at greater distance from their crimes or in greater depth. As a result they can be depersonalised, even dehumanised through representation. This is reflected and confronted in the distorted, blurred portraits produced. These images brought into relief my own role as HMP Grendon Governor in asserting these controls and the consequences of those actions, which however well-intentioned or legitimate, contribute to the

'othering' of prisoners. The re-appropriation of these images by the residents is an important process of humanisation and personalisation.

The work of Grendon and other DTCs is powerful and effective for those who live and work there. It promotes an optimistic, rehabilitative approach. The arts play an important role in this, as a core part of the therapy, and as complementary activity. Edmund Clark's work has contributed to the life of the prison community. This work has also carved out a distinct contribution as a means of questioning the role of crime, prison and power in society, and encouraging critical reflection by the viewer on their own role in that structure.



Photographs, pp.10–28
Community and small group rooms at HMP Grendon

WORKING WITH THE UNBEARABLE

Liz McLure

This is an edited chapter from David Jones (ed.), *Working with Dangerous People: The psychotherapy of violence*, Radcliffe Medical Press, London, 2004. Liz McLure worked as a psychotherapist at HMP Grendon for twelve years.

Anything that can be thought about has already been done. By extension, all of our most awful fantasies have already been enacted. How is it possible to bear the knowledge of having done some of these things and how is it possible to work with those who have done them? Complex and powerful feelings are aroused in those who do group therapy work with male offenders.

To illustrate the nature of this work I have included examples based on material from over 500 group sessions. No names are used and some details changed to maintain anonymity and confidentiality. Those who could be more easily identified, i.e. in vignettes, have given consent to the use of their stories for this purpose. I have also included some of my own transference and counter-transference reactions to the group, including the effect it had on my dreams.

The Group

The work takes place in a therapeutic community prison. The group is one of five in the wing. Each small group meets at the same time three times a week. These groups are interspersed with short wing feedback meetings and a longer large group experience twice a week. The continuity of staff assigned to each group and the structure and frame of the community provides the social setting that enables therapy to take place. The groups are places where the dilemmas of working and living together are explored; the dynamic tension is palpable and at times explosive. Re-enactments of traumatic situations in the lives of the men are played out continuously in the here and now of relationships on the

wing and in the prison as a whole. When the status quo is upset and the collective vulnerability is exposed, the cohesion is lost and the community easily regresses to a position of fight or flight, with scapegoating, pairing, splitting, intense projective identification, and a push against the rules and those who hold or represent the power. The small groups attempt to provide a safer and more personal place for further exploration and analysis of these happenings and the relationship to the internal world of each individual. The search for understanding and meaning is both exciting and threatening. It is often chaotic, yet despite this we continue to come together at the allotted time to sit in a circle on low soft blue chairs. Therapy is taken very seriously. The external world intrudes to give a flavour of reality about how these men are viewed; their shame and society's shame resonates in every group. The stories and experiences of working here are very real.

The Men

Can you imagine what it is like to be beaten and neglected by your mother, to have your bones broken, to be left hungry and dirty in your cot screaming — fighting for survival and not yet two years old? You are rescued by being put into care. You experience further beatings, emotional neglect and punishment, but you are fed and the care given is consistent if not necessarily good. You then suffer a traumatic separation from your newfound carer, she lies to you, and abandons you to a series of foster-carers. You are now four years old and struggling to make sense of your experiences. Your behaviour is troublesome, you are misunderstood and punished further and more frequently. The adults responsible for your care do not break the cycle of abuse, they continue it. The 'siblings' you share with tease and taunt you, you are on your own, if you are to survive you have to adapt and you learn to be self-reliant. You trust no one. You learn to lie, to cheat, to steal. You get what you want, you learn how to give yourself pleasure and comfort in this way. Life, of course, does not get easier, you suffer further traumatic near-death experiences. The terror from earlier fear of annihilation shoots up into your psyche again and again. Glue, drugs, alcohol and dangerous pursuits keep you going. You have lots of casual relationships, you pump out your frustrations during sex, intimacy is never achieved. You are 'rescued again' by someone who cares about you and wants a relationship. You struggle to share yourself with any other completely — why should you trust? You believe you are unlovable. You cannot commit fully to the relationship. Intimacy is intolerable, you could get hurt. Distance is intolerable to your partner, she rejects you. Devastation. What do you do with these feelings of being abandoned, alone, terrified, humiliated, isolated, lost, and unlovable? You are still relatively young, only 24 years old. You are

lost and you lose it, the rage and hurt of the tiny child within explodes in a powerful, destructive, uncontained way. You rob and kick a man to death. He is drunk, defenceless, weak and vulnerable, his life had no meaning and no value — just like yours.

Can you imagine being brought up in a house where your mother is beaten and discarded by your father? You, too, suffer terrible beatings. Anything that is loved is destroyed. Your mother is depressed and unable to resist or protect either herself or you. You hate her for her vulnerability and her inadequacy. She takes her temper out on you. You blame her for your father not loving you both; he is not there to bear the brunt of your feelings for him. You get a new stepdad. He blackmails your mother into having sex by threatening you. You hate him and you hate your mother for all of this, the bit of you that loved her and needs her is put in a box for safekeeping. New siblings get a better deal, they are loved and special. Your envy and hatred of them is added to your rage and resentment towards mother. You put that in another box. Your only consistent and safe relative dies — loving someone ends in disaster, this is painful. You put that in another box, one that is already full to overflowing. Feelings are dangerous and destructive, getting close to another is threatening. Sexual feelings become confusing and distress you. How can you be attracted to and have positive feelings towards the thing that is the source of your pain and you hate the most (women)? You hate your own feelings. You feel inadequate. You are lost and seek absolution and a wish for great power. You get preoccupied with death and evil. You torture and kill your pets. You mutilate your own body in a ritualistic way. You are the most dangerous man you know. You want revenge and you welcome death. Your hatred leads you to attack the things that your mother loves and are symbolic of her sex and your feelings of inadequacy and being like her. You beat, torture and rape her daughter, your envied and hated sister, you are all-powerful and you get revenge for the rape and pillage of your psyche. You try to kill yourself but your suicide attempt is thwarted as you are found — but not yet saved.

These two brief vignettes give an account of the typical life stories and an indication of the complex psychopathology and personality organisation of the men in the group. Each comes into focus and emerges from time to time against the backdrop of the group. Add another six equally disastrous life accounts and you have a typical group. The stories take time to unfold and the connections between the past, the offence and current ways of relating are pieced together gradually. The symbolic nature of the offence is often clearer to the observers in the group; allowing the individual to recognise, own and understand their own offending behaviour takes patience and time. It is a slow and painful process. This is not your 'typical group analytic' group and requires something different of the conductor in response to the way the group explores 'issues'.

The Past

The prison offers the containment required for this group to undertake therapy. There is a need for the extra safety that this external boundary provides; they had no boundaries in the past and frequently violated the boundaries of others. Their past destructive and deviant coping strategies when distressed or bored are what led them to being here. They got what they wanted, but were never satisfied. Many admit that they would not have stopped offending if they had not been caught. They are all familiar with offending behaviour as a means of survival. Exploring a different way to survive without violating others is new and threatening. It is all they know. Acting out in unsociable ways continues until better ways are found to be. What becomes apparent all too soon is that the most difficult thing to talk about, the most unbearable part of the therapy, is the past — how did they get to be like this, what set them off on this path? They realise the need to re-experience the emotions and feelings contained in memories of the past that have been defended against at all costs. Defended against, but habitual and symbolised in their offences. These men were halted or derailed from the normal course of psychological development at critical stages in their lives and did not learn how to contain feelings of hurt, pain, rage, despair and hatred from the past. They were often deprived of love, care, empathic understanding, nurture and stability in their lives. They were troubled and got into trouble. They were terrified and learned how to terrorise. They were shamed and humiliated and they learned how to denigrate others. They faced physical death and annihilation of the psyche and they killed and tortured. They identified with their aggressors in order to survive. ‘No one gave a fuck about me, why should I give a fuck about them.’

They take time to settle and to realise that the macho image of the survivor is no longer required. This comes with the development of trust and safety in the small groups. The ‘strong and brave’ man here is one who will talk and cry if need be. They will not ridicule each other, as they know that they need to do the same. There is respect for those who are serious about therapy and who wish to explore their darker side and to expose their vulnerable core to learn how to bear their emotional pain. Through the group they see themselves relative to others and appreciate the change which comes from being able to integrate and tolerate each other and as a result all aspects of the self.

The Dream I

The group often works at a very primitive level; some of the deeper and more painful aspects of their communications in the group usually emerge in my dreams. Often I will find myself having a recurring dream



about someone in the group prior to a disclosure or major piece of work from that individual. The dream is usually in context as the content has been lurking around for some time and just waiting to be voiced by one of the men. Sometimes my dreams are sexual, sometimes they are full of violence, mostly they are frightening and at times very disturbing.

I have learned to trust and make use of these dreams as an aid to understanding the group projections and transferences to me and what that means in terms of other object relations in their lives. This is particularly useful for those who have got tangled up in their libidinal and aggressive drives or where the libidinal aspects are split off and displaced completely into their other offences, e.g. arson. This is a vital part of the therapy for them and for me and can make sense of what is going on in the group.

The Beginning

When I started work with this group, they related to each other in a very abusive way. Everything that could not be contained was projected out and acted into on the group. They would humiliate and shame each other, abuse verbally and emotionally, threaten with physical violence,

bully, punish by exclusion, groom (seduce) and manipulate, lie, deceive and steal. There was a pecking order too: armed robbers were at the top, the 'most respected' in the system list, then came the murderers, the rapists, the paedophiles and at the bottom of the list the child killers. In the system, as in society, the lives of those at the bottom of the list were made hell. This group was no exception; no one wanted to be seen as the lowest of the low or to be seen as similar in any way to those perceived to be the lowest. All aspects of self which could identify with these offences were denied and projected onto those who conveniently had the label to be hated. Few talked of the violations they had committed and got away with. They were a destructive, abusive group. There was little space for reflection, no empathy or warmth towards each other, no concern or understanding of why they did what they did and why they were the way they were. They were both victims and perpetrators, desperately struggling not to be anyone else's victim by being a perpetrator. All without lasting relief from the constant projection and re-introjection of the bad, nasty, cruel, sadistic, vengeful aspects of their rage and pain.

It was my task to halt the cycle of abuse in our relationships with the group and each other. I could not afford to collude with or rise to the bait with an attacking defence on my part. It was a constant struggle to maintain my integrity and contain and control my own feelings of rage, disgust, despair, mistrust, fear and anxiety. Modelling care, compassion, respect, genuine interest, empathic concern, listening and being heard was hard work. This was doubly difficult as most of these men were betrayed as boys,¹ have experienced abuse in 'the system' or care institutions and have no trust in any person who symbolises authority. Most had poor or non-existent relationships with their mothers and were rejected by women throughout their lives. My gender was against me too. At times I acted into the abusive role; I am only human and not perfect. I acknowledged my mistakes to the group, fostering a culture of openness and honesty. To deny my misdemeanours would have served to widen the trust gap and leave them with a denial on my part.

The secure 'play pen' and the therapeutic space had to be created and maintained to enable a degree of trust, one of the hardest things for these men to achieve. Most want this yet fear it; they want intimacy with another but are terrified of abuse and rejection. They long for safety and warmth, care and understanding, but often do not know what to do with it. They wallow in the attention they receive from the conductor in the group. They vie for this 'special' place, yet resist any one-to-one connection in the group. The competition is rife at times, especially following breaks. My attention is torn every which way; I am fought over like a coveted toy. Keeping them in check without inflicting narcissistic wounds is a tricky business. This left me at times feeling paralysed, neglectful, depressed, and so conflicted that it was

impossible to think and hold myself together as well as the group. They needed firm containment, and being kept in check demanded greater emotional resilience and strength from me, tested continuously. It is a frightening thing to challenge those who step out of line, yet to not do it instils fear and despair in the group. Whilst they were taking off their 'macho' overcoats I had to work towards dispelling the myth of the projected stereotypical image of me as a 'white, middle class, lesbian, man-hater, do-gooder with a degree in something'. They tested me and tried to show me up in the larger community. They wanted to humiliate and denigrate me in public just to see how I would react. It was OK for them to do this to me, but if any others were critical of me they defended me to the hilt. The struggles with dependency and intimacy had begun. I knew that I was to be both loved and hated with a passion.

Subtlety and metaphor does not always work, particularly with the more concrete thinkers, and a direct approach is needed to get a point across. This takes courage as I have to face my fear of the reaction to say what needs to be said. Normally a group would challenge those who step out of line. However, here they often 'compromise' each other by holding secrets regarding minor misdemeanours and rule breaking or they fear a sneak attack or revenge taking in the way it happens in the system. Violence is a real threat here. Some fear 'bringing it on' in the group as they would lose their place if they 'lost it' and hit someone. Thus the pull to collude with others is immense. They fear and respect their own and each other's vulnerability and dangerousness.

Challenging their behaviour is like outing an abuser; it feels abusive and you then sit in their shoes for a while, having identified with them in your exposure of them. You also identified with their victim and reacted to what was put into you. The cycle of abuse can be understood. You begin to understand the principles and the motivation for revenge to get rid of the shame, rage, guilt and humiliation. You carry something for them now, it was perhaps not yours to carry in the first place, you are seen as the one who has wronged, but it is your burden until it can be understood and re-interpreted back into the group.

The group membership became more stable, with the majority being life sentence prisoners who could stay in therapy for an extended period of time. They became more able to tolerate and allow for regression and exploration of the more primitive aspects of the self. The regressive pull of group is a well-known phenomenon; the group as a whole reverberates with the resonance of shared feelings. When this 'hits' on the uncontained two-year-old and the terror and rage in all of them finds voice, the result is explosive. This is frightening, especially as the toddlers are now over six foot tall. Over a series of sessions I had been challenging one man for his continued rule breaking and testing the boundaries to the limit. He would not get away with this behaviour on release from prison. The group had held back from this as they had experienced confrontation and hostility from this man before. He raged

at me, pinning my ears back and pounding me with his words for several groups.

The Dream II

I had a nightmare of being chased down a corridor by the friend of this man. He held me up against the wall and slashed my face down my cheek. I knew that the friend had been set up to do this, unable to face me and express his rage directly. In reality he and his co-defendant had kidnapped and tortured his victim before killing him; the 'victim' was a paedophile who had abused him as a child. I knew of the details of the offence yet this intrusion into my dreams was not usual. I had wakened my partner with sounds of panic and fighting/kicking in my sleep. This disturbance was too much. As a child I used to sleepwalk, usually when tensions were high in the home. I knew that something was going to come to a head in the group. I had been unaware of why I had chosen to restate the boundaries of the group at this time. I am more active in the group when new members join but not usually in between these events. There was a great sense of threat in the air and my countertransference reaction in behaving uncharacteristically and reinforcing my authority at this point triggered feelings in the group of being trapped in a terrifying situation with the threat of violation.

The Rage

The man who was involved with me in this battle was then challenged by another in the group who was also raped as a boy. There had always been animosity between this pair and it was only now that the malignant mirror was visible to each. They did not choose to fight against me, instead they identified with each other, they could see both their own victim and perpetrator in each other. This resulted in a tremendous discharge of emotions and feelings in a vicious exchange of profanities. There was no relief from this and no escape. The risk of violence was imminent.

I knew that I was the symbolic but not the direct target for these men and found myself standing between them when they both decided to leave their chairs and get ready to fight each other. The reactions of the other men in the group were interesting; some pulled chairs away and removed themselves from the circle of the group — fear had set off the flight response in them. Others looked ready to fight if need be to avoid being hurt and a couple stood with me in the middle, talking and calming the two combatants. The situation was brought under control. Surviving this to allow them to know that they can be contained without breaking the container or destroying the group or me



is healing. They both needed to be able to stand up to each other and before me and not be destroyed or destroy in the process. Neither of them could attack me, the one who symbolised the betrayer of power and control directly. I was also aware that my position of 'sacrifice' to protect them touched the abandoned child within all of us, paralysed with fear and dread. They were stopped from abusing each other and not punished by me. It would have been easier to have just let them bash each other and be discharged from the prison. But that would not have served them well or the group, who would have failed them at the point of maximum distress and pain. As in all trauma therapy, the powerful emotions are often re-visited to be survived again and again until understood to become part of the history rather than the driving force in the current life story. The group had been disabled by the vibrant and explosive content and needed space to allow for the adaptation and moulding of the contents so that both the container and its contents could grow.²

The group called a 'special' to give us extra time to sit together as a group and feed back how we each saw and experienced this event. Processing required honesty from me as well. I said that I felt frightened and intimidated and that I thought that was how they felt too. In a less mature group they would have left me to contain all these



negative feelings but my disclosure enabled them to own their feelings too. These men are often terrified of their own rage — they killed when in this situation before. The battle to survive and fear of death was a reality for them. Surviving this sort of experience in the group without damage is different; they don't have to kill or be killed any more. For me to stay calm and not retaliate or run away is not difficult. I never did learn when to run! However, maintaining a healthy respect for the dangerousness of the situation is required. I never deny myself the right to feel my own fear as well as theirs. To ignore this would place me in danger. Following this group, I sought out the solace of people I trust and rely on to let me cry and express my fear.

The Violation

So far I have been discussing the part of aggression and violence in the therapy experience. What is often more difficult are the men's sexual experiences. For many, these were abusive. There are less inhibitions when talking about glassing someone in the face, stabbing or shooting someone or burning down a factory. When it comes to sex, a more intimate and personal encounter, this is treated differently by the group.

Exposure to sex and normal sexual development for them was often interfered with either through witnessing sexual acts in the home, rape, buggery, pornographic videos, or being sexualised at an early age through violation and abuse of boundaries from adults and/or peers/siblings. Mothers figure heavily in the early distortion of their sexual development. Many observed their mothers being dominated and denigrated by their father or other male figures in the family, thus it would appear that their power and expression of sexuality is a threat that needs to be controlled. Sexual acts become split off from attraction and intimacy and kept separate. Sex and violence go hand in hand for many of these men, and few have managed to sustain an intimate sexual relationship, one based on mutual respect and a sharing of pleasure and joy in each other. Early bonds with their mother were often non-existent or destroyed. Thus the longing for a mirroring response to the sexual aspects of self were thwarted during the formative years. An erotic transference develops towards the therapist in this scenario.³ Some have lots of sex but no intimacy, most will admit to domestic violence, some even though not convicted of sexual offences will admit to the abuse of sexual power. Sexual partners may be seen as objects of sexual gratification, or represent a place to forcefully discharge and displace their own unwanted feelings of violation, powerlessness, inadequacy, disgust, humiliation, denigration and pain. As in violent outbursts, they can dissociate from the victim and fail to empathise with their position. They may enjoy witnessing the other experiencing their split-off and disavowed feelings and emotions. They take control and do what was done to them. They run the risk of enjoying the relief and pleasure that this brings and become addicted to their deviant sexual behaviour. The eroticisation of their primitive libidinal and aggressive feelings is acted out in their sexual behaviour.

The closer and more exposed they become in relationships, the more powerful their defences against feelings of loss of face, failure and inadequacy. This level of intimate contact needs to be within their control and power, most especially if they have been abused. Yet there is something powerfully attractive in these men; they project the image of the potent, strong, powerful male. However, this is often a false self and they are easily crushed and shamed if their sexual potency and prowess is challenged.

The rules of therapy and prison prohibit abuse of the men in engaging in sexual relationships. This does not prohibit the exploration of sexual feelings, flirtatious behaviour and sexual fantasies within the therapeutic relationship. All observed behaviours come back onto the group for discussion. In this way boundaries are held and the re-enactment of incest in the family and the power of secrets, abuse and lies are challenged.

They are often embarrassed to acknowledge their sexual feelings, whether they be to do with lust, love or rape. This type of

disclosure would also give the object of their desires power over them. At times they are like adolescents in their fear of ridicule from others and view their loving feelings as soft and pathetic. When they fall in love they tend to keep this secret. Rape fantasies with women in powerful positions abound in the community, particularly with the female officers who lock them up at night and have control over them. I have to keep my sexual feelings in check constantly. To allow myself to be seduced or to seduce them would create an unhealthy merger and would be disastrous for their development through the therapeutic process. My sexual feelings are explored and worked through in supervision (my own sessions with another experienced therapist). This transference provides a rich source of meaning of what the eroticised feelings represent. The group tends to hold me in a 'Madonna' position where the power of the mother, symbolic and real, to have compassion, hope for them and set limits as a moral force is what seems to be important to them. Lust does get in the way at times and it is difficult to work with someone when there is a strong sexual attraction as this can get in the way of seeing them for themselves. The men learn to hold the sexual boundaries for themselves, too, and in situations where they find themselves being 'groomed' to in some way satisfy a need of another, they can stop this before they are taken advantage of. They learn to trust their intuitions and stop the violation of the intimate self. Those who perpetually groom their victims repeat this on the wing and in the group. The behaviour is regularly challenged as it is ultimately self-destructive as well as damaging to the object. It leaves those who have been molested or taken in feeling disgusting and dirty for being taken advantage of yet again. Rage and a wish to name, shame and seek revenge is the most common reaction to this type of behaviour. We are all capable of such forms of abuse; few will acknowledge that part of us for fear of this reaction. The fear that some may 'get off on' hearing others' stories of being abused makes it difficult to talk about without feeling that they have been further abused. This highlights the confusion within the individual if their body reacted to the sexual stimulation and they had pleasurable sensations during early sexual abuse.

The Dream III

One of my most disturbing dreams symbolised forced penetration. In the dream I wakened to find my left arm covered in a sheath of composted manure with lots of little seedlings growing out of it. I could not scrape it off, felt uncomfortable, disgusted, felt sick, my skin crawled and I was confused. I was filled with dread and thought that this was a mad dream. I knew, however, that there must be some meaning and that I would have to bear this madness for some reason. Within the week one man talked of his experience of being drugged and anally raped by

several men as a child. The dream had been forced into me prior to the telling of his story and allowed me to get in touch with the feelings of dread, disgust, disbelief, confusion, despair, powerless, impotence, annihilation, and shame.

The group fell into silence. Some had been convinced this man had been 'blagging' about being abused as an excuse for his behaviour. Now they had to hear the full story, they were shocked, but all believed. No one knew how to respond or react in a helpful way to him. I was able to use some of the words that I had used to describe my dream to myself in supporting him to tell his story. It was a most harrowing experience for all to listen to and be part of. I could empathise with him through the awareness that he had given me. I could also understand the group mirroring the numbness of the shock as my dream had been disturbing and alien to my experiences. This was what he needed me to know to be able to help him to bear the pain of this horrible event which was, of course, totally alien and abhorrent to him. There is always a sense of knowing whom you can tell your most awful secrets to without destroying the relationship. If I had not been accessible to his unconscious communication to me and willing to work with it, it is doubtful that he would have been able to work on this deep and painful memory. The group struggled to hear this story yet were able to listen and to be there in support of this man over the next few days when he was most raw and vulnerable. They treated him with care and respect. Through being contained in this way his most awful wound had been cleansed and the healing could take place.

The Face

One group talked openly of the photographs taken of their victims and the scene of the offence. Some had not kept these, refusing to carry them around and risk another inmate seeing them, some chose to erase this factual account. For those with little memory of the actual event, the photographs were a shock to them and the images were now burned into their memories for eternity. Here were the facts, the reality of which could not be doubted or questioned; it happened and they were responsible. Some, the newer and more defended members of the group, did not share, they listened, knowing their own picture was just as gruesome as the next man. The group had taken on the role of bearing witness to the horror of each other's offences. Each having to bear their own feelings of shame, disgust, horror, repulsion, despair and violation.

What was most striking was how many of them had destroyed or damaged the faces of their victims. They were unable to recognise or even discern the faces; after the attack it could have been anyone or



anything. They talked of feeling sick when they looked at these pictures. Some knew their victim, who for various reasons became the focus and repository for all the displaced feelings and emotions pent up from the past and discharged all at once. For others, the victim happened to fit the bill as symbolic or representative of the intended victims. They could not have the face of a real person staring back at them; to have the horror of what they had done mirrored back to the self was unbearable until now. Something had triggered their murderous rage at the time of the offence. Most lost control in the heat of the moment. Some dissociated completely from their victim, unable to see them as a person whilst they carried out a planned attack. At that point they were unable to see beyond the situation. Either they could not identify with the victim or they did with the intention of killing themselves too. Their victims were treated as objects, just as they were as the victims of persistent abuse, ridicule, humiliation and denigration. All of this was projected onto the victim and acted out in a most sadistic and violent way. They found it hard to believe that they were capable of this and were afraid of themselves. They could now see that part of them that was vulnerable, uncontained, unintegrated, uncontrolled and contorted. Their protective image, engineered to defend against all the intolerable emotions and feelings within, was gone. They could now see who and

what they truly were when they committed their offence. They talked of the shock and disbelief in their families who had not thought them capable of this; they themselves were shocked by their own action. They could see themselves as aggressors, yet today, at the same time, empathise with their own internal shocked victim.

Facing these demons and looking upon these haunting images had to be done to enable them to move on from the death trap which engulfed them. To stop the hatred and destruction of all feelings and emotions and choose to live a life and incorporate this part of their story requires a major shift. The group as a whole has a greater capacity to bear this intensity of feeling without being defaced or destroyed. This experience of baring emotions and feelings can then be internalised as they each learn to live with their shame. I chose not to say much in this group; I let them talk and share. I did not spell out the gory bits in the feedback to staff, possibly because I would have broken down and cried, struggling to bear this pain with the men, wanting to protect my colleagues from their horrible deeds and wanting to protect the group from further shame. I reacted as they and their families did; sitting with them, I could not bring myself to picture them inflicting such damage and destruction. I felt disabled and too frightened to believe in or express my feelings of despair at the destruction.

The Cost

What makes me good at what I do is also my curse. The permeability of my internal boundaries which allows free access for unconscious communications from the men helps greatly in understanding them and what is going on between us. This can, however, leave me in a mad and vulnerable space which takes its toll.

Pressure on the conductor and group to hold something that for the individual is unbearable and with a group that resonates with the same unbearable feelings can be overwhelming. I am usually aware of something being too much for me if I find myself hiding behind the therapist stance or 'lose it' and give an interpretation at the wrong level or withdraw into silence and do not help the group. When this happens the men argue and fight and leave the room. Absences from the group occur. Sweets are shared between the members. These are all signs of my emerging fragility, the group in distress and the risk of the container breaking looms again. We occasionally have what the group calls a 'time of the month group' where we sit together and clear the air of all the things that are troubling them about each other. Their sensitivity to me on an unconscious level is astounding as these groups occur when I am premenstrual and at one level they pick up on my vulnerability. It would be extreme folly to undertake this type of work without one's own prior personal therapy. I regularly see myself in a million pieces in

this group; maintaining my integrity can be difficult. The need for regular supervision is paramount, too, as the new ‘traumas’ experienced from working with this group need to be processed and worked through in the same way as old traumas. Without this I would not be able to be present in the group. The learning from this work is continuous; the homogeneity of a typical outpatient group or a training group does not prepare for this.

It may be that these men have developed a greater capacity or tolerance of these events than they are given credit for. They have borne their own pain and survived. They now develop the capacity to hold onto their feelings that have been made safer and less dangerous in therapy. They learn to control their impulses. However, the total awareness and understanding and acknowledging responsibility for their offence comes at a price. They know that they are no better than their own perpetrators. This feeds guilt and shame and they run the risk of wanting to kill the bad object, the self, totally. They can become very suicidal, dropped back in the loop that got them into trouble before. Holding this fear and anxiety is a tremendous risk for all concerned. This often results in a heavy depression. When I experience deep, dark depression in the countertransference I know that it is time for great care with the men. It is time to listen to and take care of my own mental hygiene too.

Generally, life experiences are less extreme, although our ghosts contain many of the aspects of these men in an attenuated or fantasy form. Most of us are shielded from the rawness of life and death experiences, extreme terror, torture, despair and madness by the experiences that mitigate against the toxic nature of these events: security, love, care, compassion and being comforted and reassured. Why do this work, you may ask? As a traumatised teenager I detested those who did not help or understand me when I struggled with my own fears and confusion. I wanted to put things right and offer the kind of support that I never had. I learned how to accept and tolerate all parts of myself, to love myself through my own experience of therapy. I survived and grew as a result of being held. I want others to have that experience too. If they can bear to tell their story, I can bear to listen and share my being with them. I enjoy watching them grow and change, and finally leave therapy, no longer dependent on others for whatever was lacking but able to stand proud and enter life with something we don’t often get, another chance to survive and live it to the full. The emotional cost in this work is high but the rewards to me are priceless.

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NO VIOLENCE, NO DRUGS, NO SEX

Noel Smith

HMP Grendon is a unique place. It is the only British prison where the prisoners actually volunteer to come and work on the issues that got them into crime in the first place. In a sea of lip-service about the concept of rehabilitation Grendon is an island of sanity where the concept becomes reality. There are many other things that set this prison apart from ‘the system’, which is what Grendon inmates tend to call every other prison in the UK, including the fact that the place is run along semi-democratic lines. Inmates really do have a say in how the prison is run – they get a chance to vote on the issues that affect their lives at the prison, such as choosing who gets what job or voting on whether someone who has broken the rules should stay at Grendon, or be transferred back to the prison they came from. Whereas other prisons are expert at taking away all choice and responsibility from their charges, Grendon does the opposite, making inmates take responsibility and giving them a choice.

There are three golden rules at Grendon – No Violence, No Drugs and No Sex – and the breach of any one of these rules can find the offender facing the community to explain themselves and then being put to the vote. For many inmates, voting on whether one of their peers should stay or go is a very traumatic event. In the system there is a simple unwritten, but very much understood, rule about mixing with ‘the enemy’, and it is very much a climate of them and us. Inmates do not mix with staff and in some top security prisons if you are seen being too friendly around officers you will at the very least get a friendly warning about talking to the enemy or, at worst, get a chiv stuck into you. These things are taken seriously in the system.

I spent almost three decades in the system, getting nowhere, learning nothing except to hate more and cause as much trouble as I

could, before a personal tragedy forced me to take a long hard look at my life. I had never really been offered any sort of tangible rehabilitation in all my years in prison, only tick-box psychology courses that could be manipulated by a half-bright chimp and had no proven track-record for doing what they said on the tin. When I did finally look around for some help in changing my life, the place that stood out like a diamond on top of a dunghill was HMP Grendon.

After volunteering and then going through a battery of tests, from an interview with a psychiatrist to completing an IQ test, I was accepted for induction at Grendon. At this time, Grendon had a bad reputation amongst prisoners in the system. The main reason for this was because it had very little segregation of prisoners, all prisoners, including sex-offenders were encouraged to live with each other. The worst of the child sex-offenders and child-killers were held separate from other prisoners, and that was only because the type of therapy they needed was different from the mainstream. So, in the system Grendon had a reputation as a 'wrong-un's nick' and there was a stigma to going there for ODCs (Ordinary Decent Criminals).

For me the allure of crime and imprisonment had lost its tawdry lustre. I was genuine about wanting to change my life. I no longer cared about the unwritten code of the criminal/prisoner. I no longer cared what other criminals thought of me, I just wanted at least a chance of living a straight life. But I still did not know if Grendon would work for me, I knew nothing of therapy and couldn't really see how talking about my life to a bunch of strangers could help. But I knew that if I stayed in the system I would get nowhere.

The first thing any inmate notices when arriving at Grendon is how different it is from other prisons. I don't mean the décor or the gatehouse – it is still a prison and this is quite obvious from the outside. The difference is in how you are treated by the reception staff. Most prison reception areas are places of organised chaos, prisoners coming in, going out, stacked up and waiting to be processed by indifferent (at best) staff. On arrival at prison you are stripped of your property, your clothing and personal effects and all responsibility for your day-to-day life. You are treated like cattle, herded from one locked room to another as orders are barked and the staff confiscate items from your personal property. You are just meat.

I was greeted by smiles and asked my first name when I arrived at Grendon reception. There were two staff on duty and the room was quiet and calm. I stuttered a bit, not used to giving my first name to prison staff (in the system you are addressed by your last name or your prison number). I was asked if I wanted a cup of tea! A cup of tea, in a prison reception, this was definitely not the world I had become used to. The whole ambience of reception was ... different. I was soon to find that in Grendon, a lot of things are done differently from how they are done in the system.

Getting through reception was painless and quick, and I soon found myself being escorted to G-Wing for my twelve week induction. The reason for the long induction at Grendon, most prison inductions are three days, is not only to familiarise yourself with the routine of the prison, but also so that you can be observed interacting with others and assessed for therapy. Twelve weeks on G-Wing will weed out the spoofers and fakes, people who may have come to Grendon hoping for an easy ride. A percentage of inmates do not make it off G-Wing and are returned to the prisons they came from.

So, from the start, Grendon had a feeling of being different from other nicks. Some people would say that Grendon is easier than other prisons, and the main reason for this is that the majority of inmates and staff are actually working together, instead of against each other, in order to make real change. If you are half-hearted about changing your life and your behaviour, then this will soon be spotted and pointed out to you. Commitment is a must for getting through therapy.

The reason Grendon works so well is because it is your peers to whom you must prove yourself first. Criminals lie to everyone, it is part of their *raison d'être*. They will lie to their victims, the police, the courts, their probation officers and their families. They will sit in prison visiting rooms with their loved-ones and tearfully proclaim how this will be their last time in prison, whilst knowing that they will be going straight back to crime once released. I had done it myself. But, in Grendon you cannot lie to your peers. You can try, and some people do, but when you are dealing with seasoned criminals who know every trick, dodge and lie in the book you will soon be sussed out. It is the inmates who will point out your lies and challenge you.

I passed my G-Wing induction and went on to spend five years in therapy on C-Wing. It was a long, hard slog for me. I wanted to change, but I had been a professional criminal/prisoner for over three decades and my criminal way of thinking was entrenched. I had never given any thought to the victims of my crimes. I learned very early on to depersonalise my victims, in my mind they were no more than cardboard cut-outs. I had no intention of physically hurting them, unless I had to. Like many bank robbers, I saw my crime as victimless. I was robbing financial institutions, not sexually abusing the vulnerable, nicking from OAPs or burgling people's houses, therefore I never felt much guilt about what I did. So, the idea of empathy was just that to me, a concept that I did not lose any sleep over.

But Grendon taught me about empathy, forced me to look more closely at what I had been doing, to see the human faces of my victims. I learned about the consequences of committing serious crime, and listened to the stories and downfalls of other inmates. I was put forward for psychodrama, a powerful tool in the therapeutic world in which you act out certain distressing scenes from your own life with fellow inmates playing the roles of family or victims. I shed real tears for,

perhaps, the first time in my adult life. And gradually, over months and years, I got it. I came to the realisation that I had wasted a lot of my life and that there were better ways of doing things.

HMP Grendon is no magic wand that can be waved in the direction of prisoners and cure them. The truth is that therapy is hard work and rehabilitation is something that you have to actually want in the first place. If you want it, then Grendon is your next step and will help you to achieve a change as long as you are committed to it.

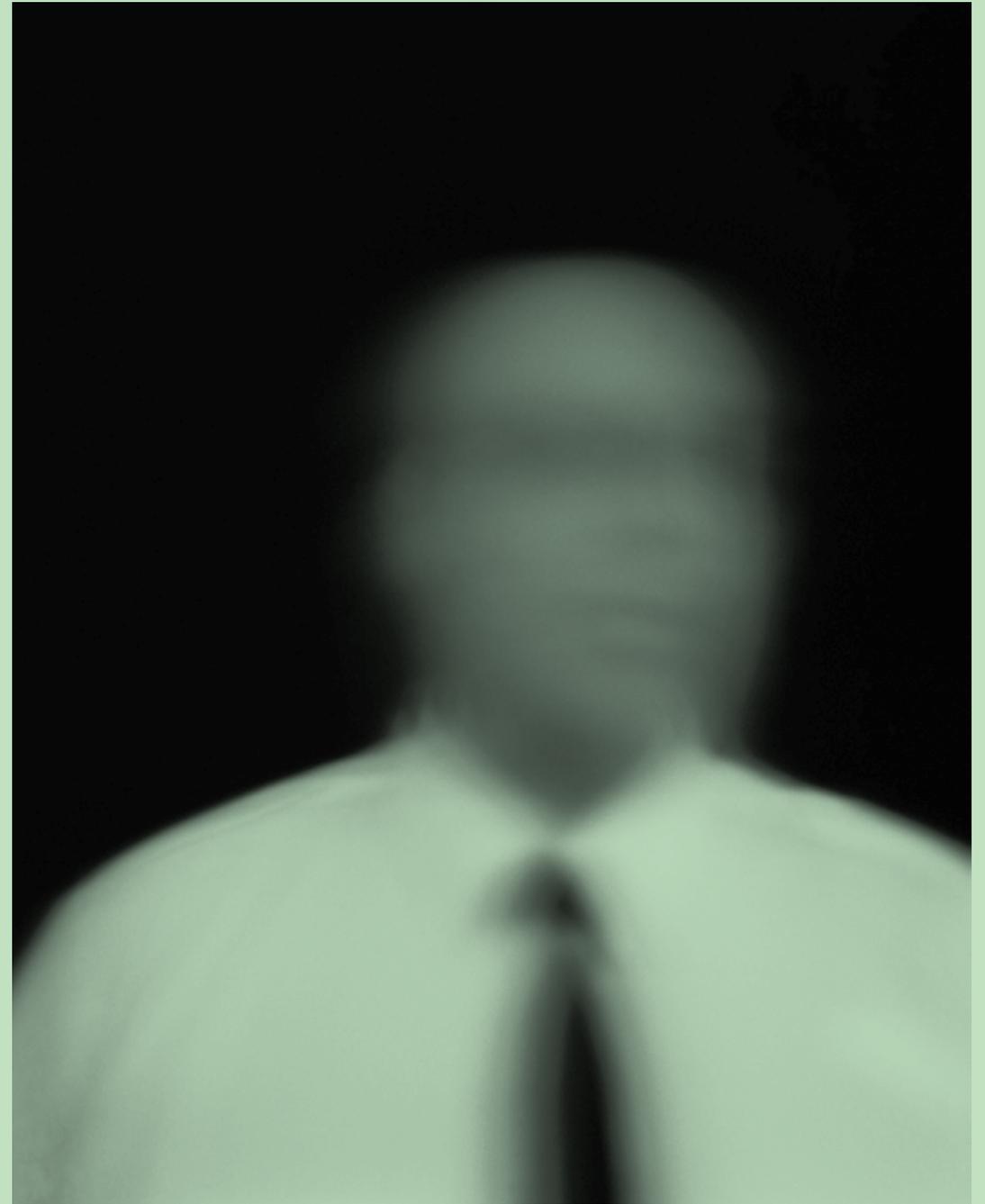
I was a career criminal who spent thirty-two years being a burden on society, on the criminal justice system, the courts and prisons. I was a menace to society, and I wasn't playing. But when a personal tragedy forced me to re-evaluate my life and finally seek change, it was Grendon that was there for me. I have now been out of prison and crime-free since 2010, the longest time I have stayed out of prison since the 1970s, and I am living a free and normal life. HMP Grendon, and the treatment I received there, is not entirely responsible for my change of mind and heart, but it is a huge part of it. Grendon gave me the chance to opt out of the madness and chaos of conventional prison and then gave me some of the tools I would need to stay out of prison altogether. For that I will be eternally grateful.











It's weird to see myself in uniform. I don't see how the men see me. The fact that I talked about how working here affects me, about how I was unable to bath my child because of the things that I have heard here really affected them. It was powerful for me to hear that. One of the men said it was the first time he saw me and not the uniform. □ I'm faceless. You can't see the intricacies of me. That's how I have to present myself so the men can reveal themselves. I hear horrendous things that make me bleed for them. I care deeply about them but I have to contain their emotion and pain and fear without showing it so they can deal with it. Humour has its place but the work is serious. I have to be strong in this job and this image is. □ The white shirt jumps out. I want people to see what's behind the shirt and tie of authority. I think over time the men have come to see me and not the uniform. My job is to engage with people to change their lives around. If I can make a small difference then that contributes to the big picture. Maybe there is one less victim. Detachment is needed to keep your personal and professional lives separate. You wouldn't survive here if they crossed. You need to be able to put this job down when you put the keys down. □ The way it is out of focus could be my true identity at the moment. I'm not the real me because I still have to get to know the guys and let my personality out. I've had to change how I discipline, how I talk and how I react since coming here from other prisons. It's very hard to hear about how people have been abused. One of the men said I'm his second mum. I like to be needed and it's nice they've got the confidence to say that. I'd like to think I'll stay here until I retire. □ I think it looks brilliant. I like the reflection from my glasses. The blurring of the image is so that you don't know who I am, in a good way. The men know what they need to know about me. Working in a prison environment you have to be careful about what you tell people about yourself. □ We hear all sorts of different things and deal with the stories of so many different men that sometimes you see a sea of blurred faces and stories that come together and are repeated or are very similar. I suppose men who are in for a long time see so many officers that we blend together and all they end up seeing is a black and white uniform. I have two roles: prison officer and group facilitator. Sometimes you have to deal with a blurred situation that is about both discipline and therapy. My role then is to find a balance. The nature of Grendon can make people forget that this is a prison. □ As a member of staff it can feel like you are under observation most of the time you are on the wing. The way you respond to issues and events, how you engage with individuals, what you feel about the material being processed is seen by all. Intense day to day interactions mean that residents get to know you on a deeper level and can read your emotions and behaviour more easily. Efforts are made to hide these so as not to impact or influence the residents but there are times when this is just not possible or even genuine. So the blurred image could represent how others see me at times. □ I do like that the photograph has a sparkle as for me it represents the lighter side of the place. Despite the deeply emotional work that is undertaken it can also be fun at times and a real contrast to the dark times. □

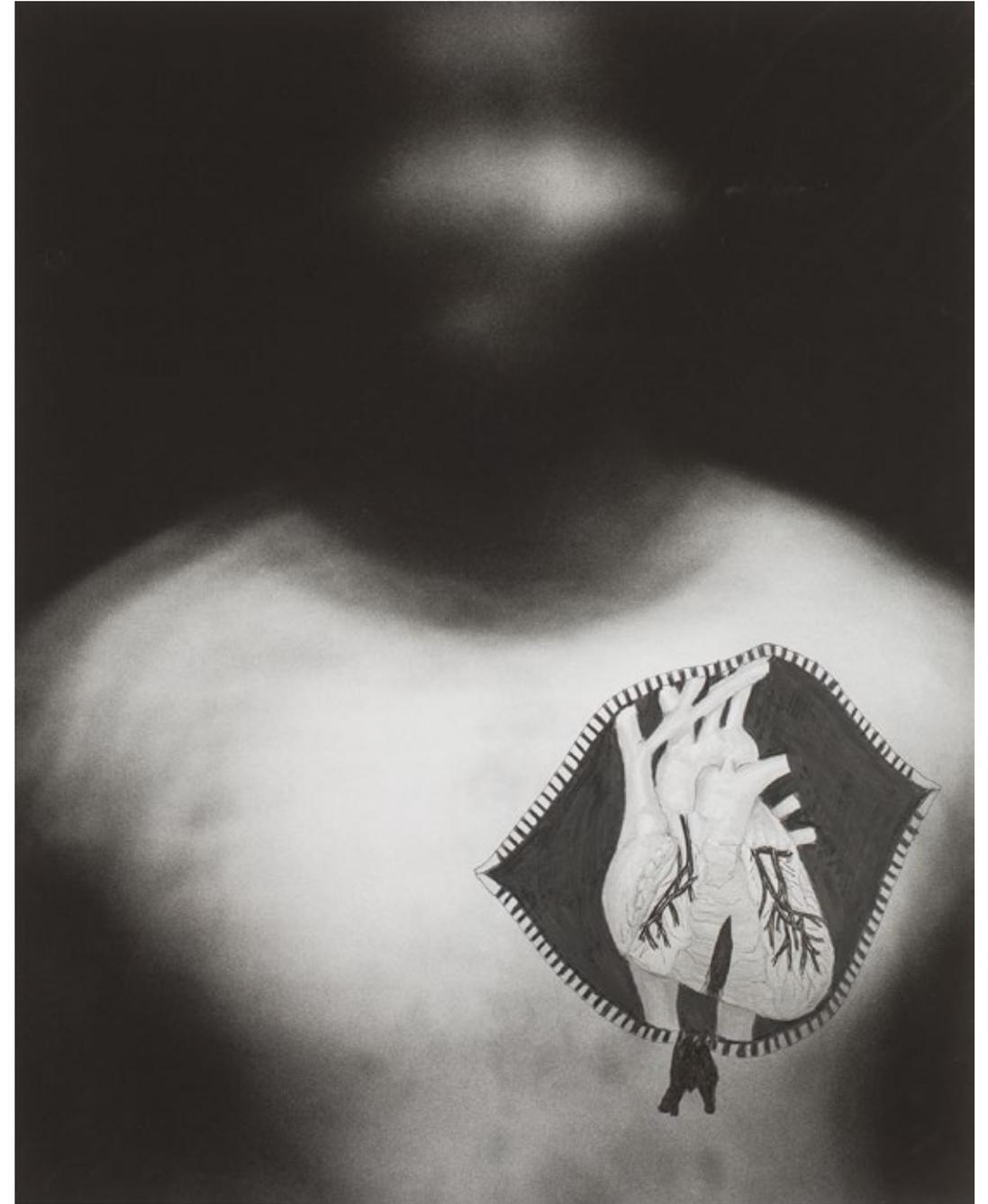


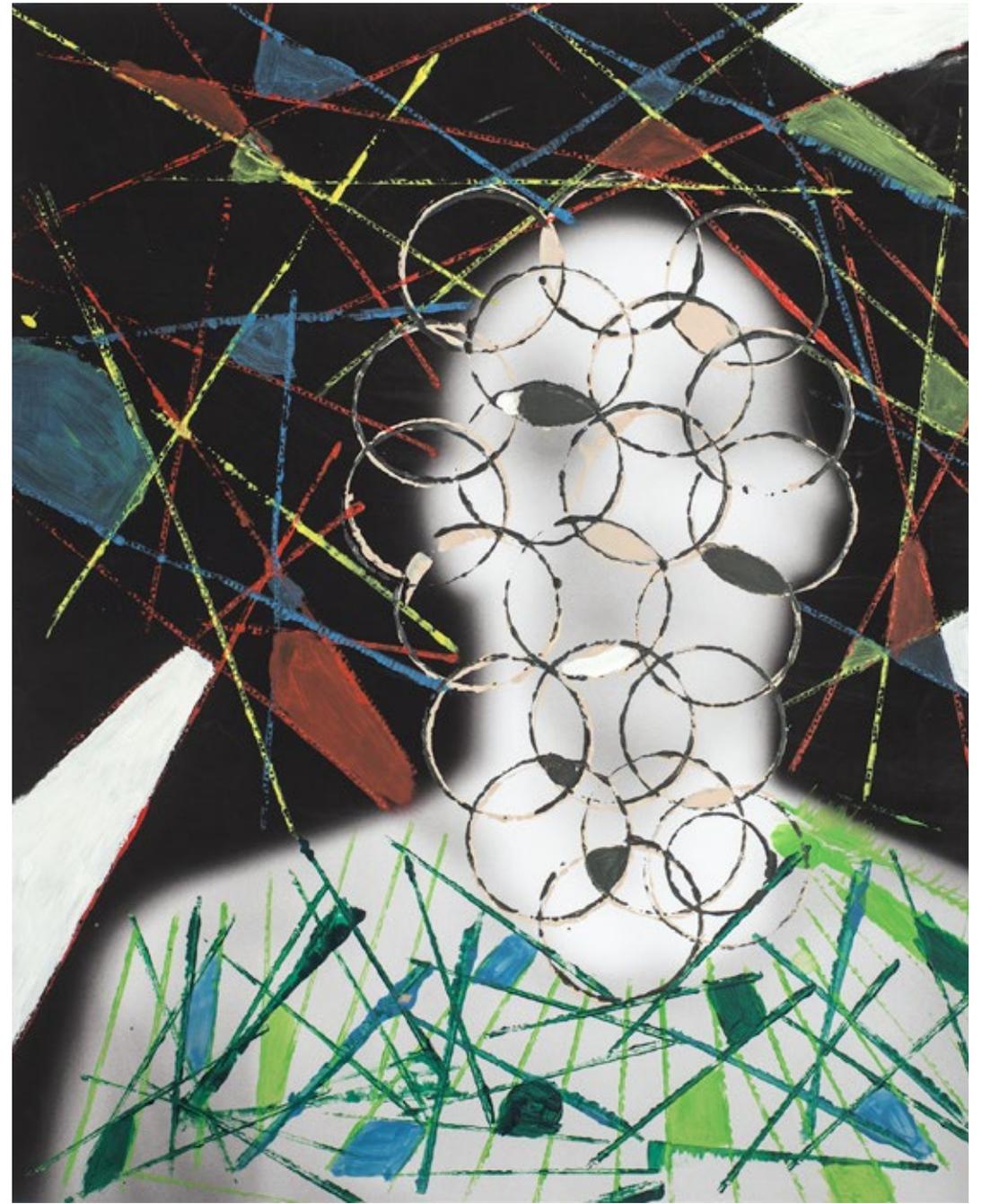


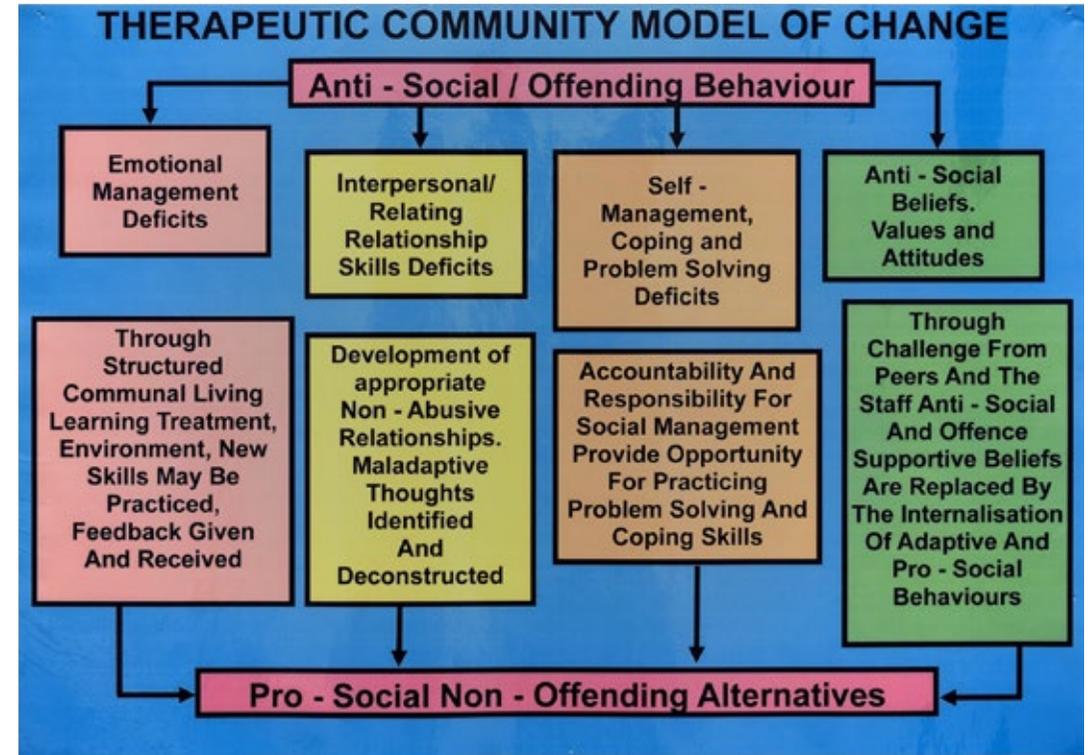
I hate myself because I'm a murderer. Once you kill someone that's it, you change your life, you're alienated from the world. I know you who are looking at this picture would hate me just because I'm a murderer. It's so sad. I didn't go out to kill anyone. I went out to go to work. □ I'm curious about the identity of the person in my picture. I want to find out more about me. I know there is a dark side to myself. They say the camera never lies so if I can look at myself the camera will show me who I am. The true self. That scares me but I can face it by looking at myself. □ It looks like the spirit is coming out of me, burning through my body, resurrecting my spirit into a new life of peace and harmony, freeing me from the shit life in prison. I am left in shame of my past. Fears of committing crimes again after eleven years become understood through the hurt and misery that I put people through. □ It's strange here because it feels abnormal not solving problems by punching someone or hitting them with a weapon. I've been in situations which have kicked off and I've sat there thinking why don't I just hit him? We have to talk about the problems, the issues. I'm getting better at it now. □ It's like looking at a baby that is wrinkly and small but will change as it gets bigger. This is like that; it's like being reborn. I knew who I was and what I'd done when I came here. That's all stopped, everything I've believed for fifty years has had to stop. The fuzziness of the image is that experience. It's like the picture has taken my identity away but allowed me to build a new one. Something happens here that can change your whole image. You're taken apart and put back together again. □ When I look at the picture I imagine a fairytale. I see myself walking through the woods. I come to a muddy swamp and fall in, shouting and screaming at passers-by who won't help me because they see something scary, menacing and monstrous. The more I struggle the more desperate and off-putting I am. It's only when I'm able to pull myself from the filth and dirt that passers-by recognise me as a human being and feel that I'm worthy enough to offer me a helping hand. The blurriness of the image shows that I'm still covered with mud and unrecognisable. I need to brush off the dirt that's still on me then they will see someone who is trusted and reliable. □ It's like a skeleton with eyes and teeth. All the rest looks like bone. □ As a child I felt I was invisible. People couldn't see me for what I was as a person. I know that's not how people see me now but if I look back at myself I wonder if this is how people saw me then, as a blur, not as a person who wanted to be loved just like everybody else. □ There's a bit of my head missing in the image and there was a bit of me missing when I was a kid. I didn't have a mother. She was a prostitute and my father was a pimp. She'd already done a sentence for supplying drugs before I was a year old and she was murdered when I was fourteen months. I've always thought people were going to leave me. As long as I was alright I thought fuck everybody else as they were just going to hurt me. That's what the drugs were covering up. I've always sabotaged my life, my relationships, my chances. □ I see someone that is nowhere, in limbo. You who are a looking could offer to help that person and pull them into focus or push them away into the darkness. □ It looks like a ghost of me. Or a lost young boy looking for help. I can see the pain.

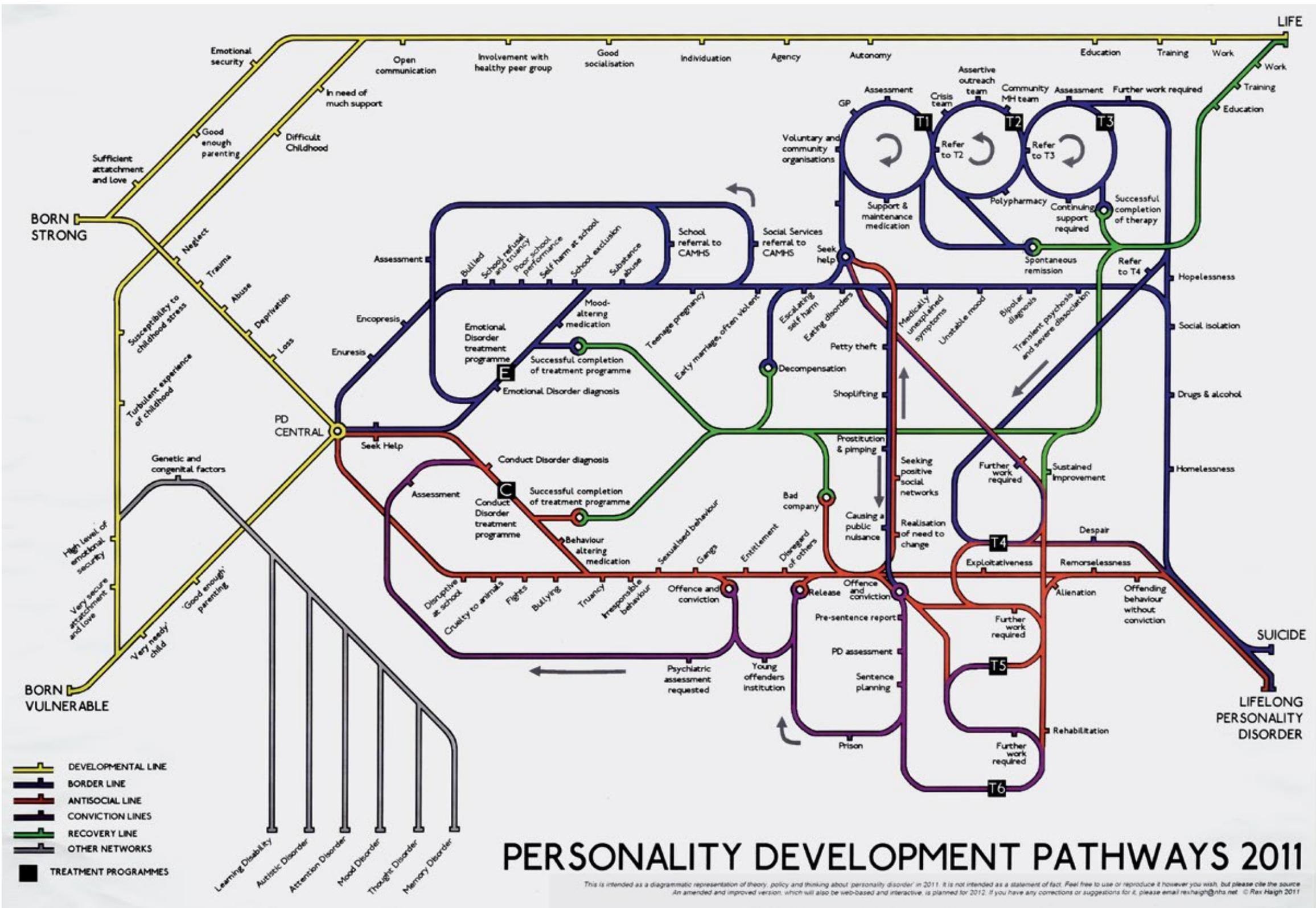
I'm terrified to take the mask off and feel vulnerable. That must be what my victims looked like, they must have been terrified and helpless. □ I'm an object. I used to see the public not as people but as my enemy. Not in my tribe, not in my cave. Now I'm a criminal this is how the public sees me. 'They see only their own shadows or the shadows of one another'. (Plato, 'The Republic') □ I think it is an apt image of me. It says exactly how I feel the general public see us. We are a faceless, forgotten part of society. That attitude perpetuates our responses. Treat us as scum and we behave like scum. If I'm irrelevant why should I behave any differently. In reality we are all somebody's son, father and brother with emotions and feelings who just made mistakes in life. □ There's so much in it I don't know how to express it. When I look at it I see a distorted view of me. I see all the damage, hardship and struggle I've been through, the struggle I face every day in wanting to be something different, something new. I can see a new me but it's such a hard path to get what I crave. I feel a fear of failure and I feel put off in reaching out and believing that I can be that individual. I've been so used to failure and negativity throughout my life it seems to be all I know. It's a shame that it's taken until I'm nearly fifty years old to be able to focus on seeing that I can be that new me. It's a crying shame. □ I'm getting out shortly so I put my hand over my face because I don't want people to see me as a prisoner, no good, someone not to be trusted. I'm not hiding, I just know I'm going to be judged as an offender. Once I take that hand away I'm unprotected and exposed for being a criminal and I don't want to be judged just as that. □ It's the best photograph of me ever, it's amazing. It's like you are looking through me but you can see the warmth of my body or my organs or the energy inside me, like a heat recognition camera. I'd like people to see me as a normal person. There is nothing in this photograph to identify me as a prisoner. I'd like them to see the essence, the spirit, the warm energy inside me. □ I was trying to portray shame. Like I can't face you and I'm turning away because I don't want to hear what you may say about me. It's my burden and I have to live with it. □ It says transparency. People can see through me. It's faceless. I'm there but I'm not there. I have no identity, I'm just part of the system. Another brick in the wall. □ It's someone who is stripped of their identity and lost in the cogs of the system. A faceless deviant offender who is part of people's nightmares. I'm devalued to the point where I don't deserve to be human. It makes me feel really angry looking at it. □ I was freaked out by the haunting ghost-like look to begin with. Reminds me of trauma from my childhood; of being left alone. If I hear noises like wind or stairs creaking it freaks me out. I ran away as a kid and slept in a graveyard one night. I was running away into a hole so that nobody could find me. The picture brought it back. □ It looks like a spirit waiting to cross over. It's the old me fading away as the new me emerges here. You have to talk about your life from birth to your offence. Again and again. You work out where your life changed and you went down routes of criminality. You learn about your triggers and what causes them. It's like looking in a mirror as people point things out and you have to see yourself. You can see yourself in others too. □





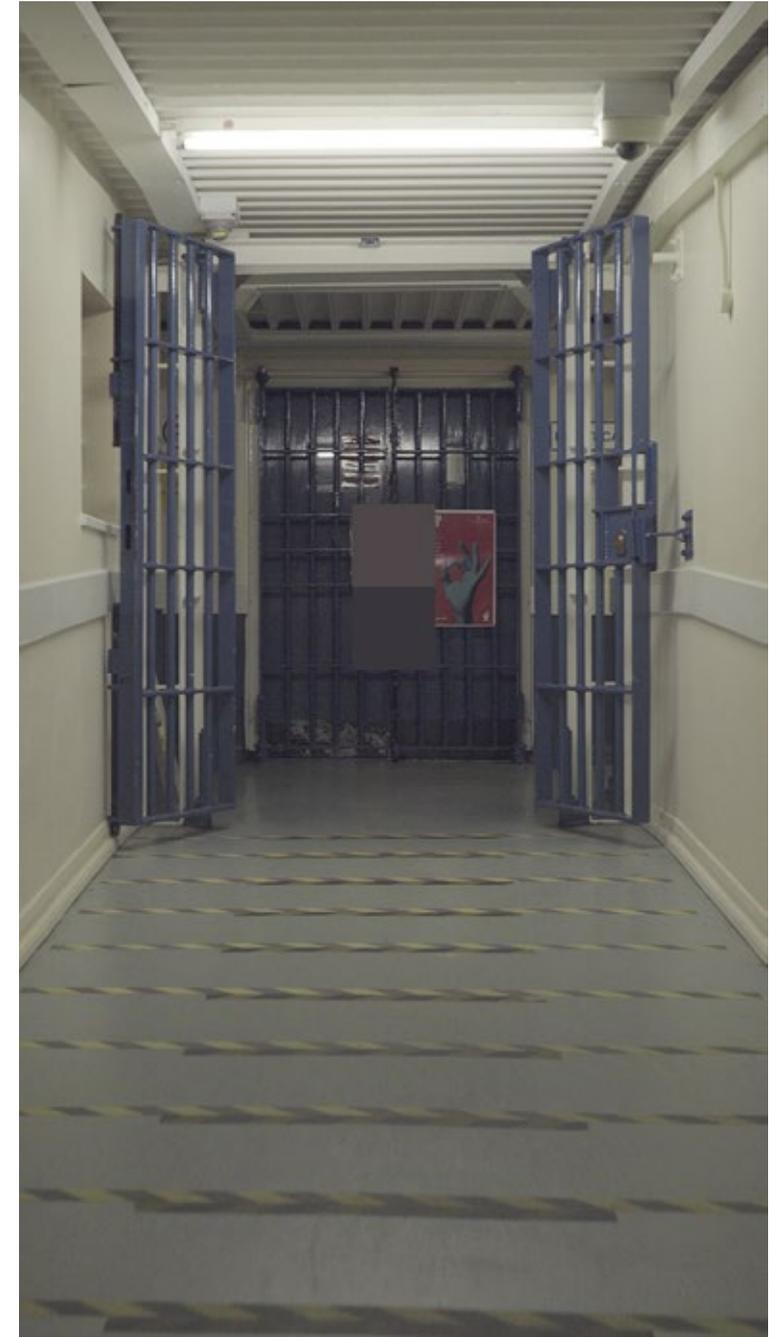


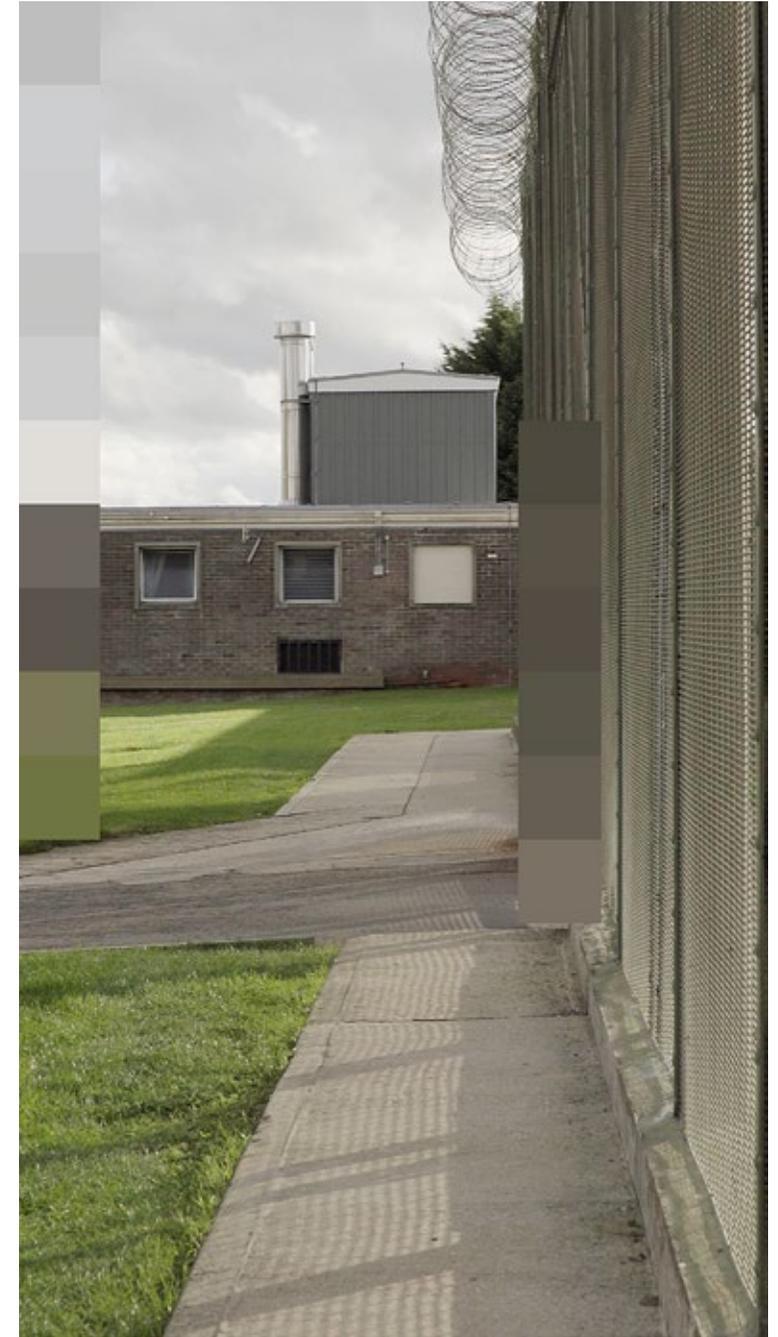












LIST OF WORKS

Edmund Clark

pp.33–48
Details from *My Shadow's Reflection*



My Shadow's Reflection is a five projector installation of three types of photograph: architectural images from around the prison; photographs of plant matter that I've picked inside the prison and pressed; images of the men made with a pinhole camera.

The pinhole images are made in a group situation where men take it in turn to stand before the camera and talk in response to questions from me and other men in the room about why they are at Grendon, their past lives and their experiences of prison. Each exposure takes about six minutes. Prison Officers and members of the therapeutic staff also take part in making images of themselves.

The men then respond to the image of themselves in terms of what they think it says about them, what others may think of the image and if it represents in any way aspects of the experience or process of therapy at Grendon.

The images are projected onto and through green bed sheets the men sleep between locked behind a door during what is described as 'hard lock up'. The night time of reflection on talking and hearing about the damage you did to someone and of what was done to you; of seeing those images of your self. Of hearing what those you live with and have to tolerate did to others; of what they have exposed to you of their episodes of violence, abuse and neglect. Prison officers and staff talk, in turn, about their images in relation to the experience of working in Grendon.

The mens' words and images, together with the plant and architecture photographs also comprise a stand alone artist's book with the same title. The design of this is a reflection of itself with the layout and placement of each page and type of image the same in each half. Copies of this have been given to the men and staff who took part and sent to decision makers and opinion formers involved in criminal justice, and made available for purchase.

pp.37–40
Details from *1.98m²*

1.98m² is an installation consisting of a lightbox in the shape of hollow square with an entrance. The inside dimension of the space it defines is 1.98 × 1.98 metres (or 6'6" × 6'6"), the size of a cell at HMP Grendon; the entrance is the width of a cell door in the prison. Suspended between two sheets of clear perspex above the lightbox are flowers and leaves from plants that have been cultivated or grown wild within the prison perimeter. These have been picked and laid between sheets of prison issue paper towels then pressed under art books in my office. Over time they have become fragile. Some have rotted, some dried and curled. The light shining through them shows every vein, blemish and crease. It is the only light in the room.

pp.49–52
Pinhole Image Interventions

Interventions made by men on prints of their pinhole images with words, paint and in other forms. Exhibited together with a video of text extracts from their spoken responses.

pp.53–55
Untitled Diagram 1 & Untitled Diagram 2

Two diagrams, borrowed from the prison and mounted in box frames, show graphic representations of the 'Therapeutic Community Model of Change' and 'Personality Development Pathways'.

pp.56–57
Stills from *Oresteia*

A film made possible by the collaboration of the psychodrama staff showing an episode related to psychodrama (one of the main creative therapies in the prison in which the men revisit events from their past under guidance) where prisoners respond to characters from Aeschylus's three part tragedy *The Oresteia*. The characters (Agamemnon, Clytaemnestra, Iphigenia, Orestes and the Chorus) are played by members of the psychodrama staff. The prisoners identify with the characters as perpetrators, victims or witnesses or more than one of these in a process of catharsis, central to the role of Greek tragedy. All the characters are masked; for the necessary anonymity of the men and as part of the customary presentation of dramatic personae

in Greek drama for the staff. The interaction between the participants combines accepted representations of violence in high art and the unheard narratives of serving prisoners stigmatised for their crimes and stereotyped as being amongst the lowest status people in society.

The film is shown on three monitors placed on a circle of the blue chairs seen in the film; the same chairs and configuration that the men and staff use during group therapy.

p.60–63
Stills from *Vanishing Point*

A multi-screen installation of slow, portrait orientation videos shot on a standard 50mm lens showing circular or repeated journeys made by prisoners and staff around prison gardens, exercise yards and along the long corridors running through the prison. The films vary in length from one to several minutes. They play in turn during the duration of the longest video, an eighteen minute journey, never made by prisoners for security reasons, around the entire inside perimeter fence. These films have been redacted where necessary for security.

pp.64
Stills from *Fish Tank*

Videos of the fish tanks that feature on every wing in the prison. These discrete glazed environments for exotic residents have a significant presence on the wings, with a representative appointed to look after the fish and the tanks on a rolling basis

THE TRUTH OF MASKS

Jonathan Watkins

In words or in colours, in music or in marble, behind the painted masks of an Aeschylean play, or through some Sicilian shepherd's pierced and jointed reeds, the man and his message must have been revealed.¹

Each charge meets counter-charge
None can judge between them. Justice.
The plunderer plundered, the killer pays the price.
The truth still holds while Zeus still holds the throne:
the one who acts must suffer –
that is law ...²

So insists the Chorus in the Greek tragedy *Agamemnon*, produced by Aeschylus as part of his trilogy, *The Oresteia*, in 458 BC. The Chorus is responding to Clytaemnestra's murder of her husband Agamemnon and his lover Cassandra, in revenge for Agamemnon's infidelity and murder (or sacrifice) of their daughter Iphigeneia. Previously it had questioned her proclamation of innocence – 'you are so wrong', she says, having been accused of thrusting 'the two edged sword':

And *you*, innocent of his murder?
And who could swear to that? And how?...
and still an avenger could arise,
bred by the fathers' crimes, and lend a hand.
He wades in the blood of brothers,
Stream on mounting stream – black war erupts
and where he strides revenge will stride,
clots will mass for the young who were devoured.³

Sure enough, Clytaemnestra – and incidentally her lover Aegisthus – is murdered by her son Orestes (who was fathered by Agamemnon).

Such is the stuff that tragedies are made of. *The Oresteia* is a chain of events, a curse, whereby one crime begets another and so the simple idea of punishment cancelling out crime, all-too-often readily assumed, is contradicted. This is an understanding that informs Edmund Clark's video installation, *Oresteia*, one of a number of works that has arisen from his recent three year residency at HMP Grendon, organised by Ikon, culminating in this exhibition. It has a central place here, and so suggests itself as a key to our reading of the show overall.

Grendon, a therapeutic prison, admits male inmates only once they have accepted responsibility for their crimes, the seriousness of which is translated in long sentences that mean these men can properly undertake a course of intensive group therapy. Psychodrama, whereby patients act out events from their own life stories – with fellow inmates playing the roles of family or victims – is often integral and so Clark proposed *The Oresteia* as a point of departure for one session. The murders that Aeschylus dramatically describes in the trilogy, as awful as they are rationalised, have a direct bearing on the experience of most of those joining in.

The men taking part are not simply actors – representation and reality are inextricably intertwined here – and their participation is deemed to make a significant and positive difference, to them as individuals and, ultimately, to our society. The transition from darkness to light that is exemplified by *The Oresteia*, suggesting evolved civilisation, corresponds to the enlightenment of psychodrama and the artist has contrived to capture it in real time, in 'one take'. Spontaneity by definition cannot be rehearsed; what we see is the men's immediate reaction to Clark's set-up as a kind of catharsis.

The characters in Aeschylus' plays wore masks, with exaggerated features not only to make them more visible in an open-air theatre, but also to divorce actors from their characters. Clark required the Grendon men to wear masks and we see them assembled in a prison gymnasium, those playing main roles wearing black, and the Chorus, wearing white shirts had white masks to match, identical and plainer than those worn by the others, in order to signify their unified identity. Of course in this situation there is no surrounding audience, and the men know who each other is, but the artist is playing on the idea that, like the Catholic confessional with its screen obscuring the faces of those involved, masks give rise to revelation.

Oscar Wilde wrote an essay entitled 'The Truth of Masks', more concerned with costumes in Shakespeare than actual masks, but in another, 'Pen, Pencil, and Poison: A Study', he makes a direct connection between art, crime and masks. He was writing about Thomas Griffiths Wainewright, who poisoned various members of his family before being transported as a convict to Van Diemen's Land (now Tasmania), where subsequently he made a name for himself painting the portraits of society figures. In his musings on the character

of Wainewright, a maker of likenesses who, incidentally, was also sentenced for forgery, Wilde makes the observation that 'a mask tells us more than a face'.⁴

'Pen, Pencil, and Poison' was written in 1889, six years before Wilde's own two-year prison sentence for 'gross indecency'. In his cell he wrote 'De Profundis', a long and extraordinary letter to his lover Lord Alfred Douglas, in which he refers to the tragedy of his own life – referring both to Aeschylus and Shakespeare – and reflects on the flaws of the penal system: 'The prison style is absolutely and entirely wrong. I would give anything to be able to alter it when I go out.'⁵ As good as his word, on his release he wrote lengthy letters to newspaper editors on the subject of penal reform, and his 'Ballad of Reading Gaol' was composed in this vein.

Wilde vividly described the awfulness of nineteenth century prisons, in many ways very different to those now existing in the UK, but the vicious circle of crime and conventional punishment – 'The vilest deeds like poison weeds/Bloom well in prison-air'⁶ – chimes in clearly with contemporary observations. Elsewhere in this publication, Noel 'Razor' Smith writes eloquently on Grendon as opposed to other prisons in 'the system' where '[he] spent almost three decades ... getting nowhere, learning nothing except to hate more and cause as much trouble as I could.' Grendon, on the other hand, 'is the only prison ... where the prisoners actually volunteer to come and work on the issues that got them into crime in the first place'. He recalls his surprise on arrival:

I was greeted by smiles and asked my first name when I arrived at Grendon reception. There were two staff on duty and the room was quiet and calm. I stuttered a bit, not used to giving my first name to prison staff (in the system you are addressed by your last name or your prison number). I was asked if I wanted a cup of tea! A cup of tea, in a prison reception, this was definitely not the world I had become used to. The whole ambience of reception was ... different. I was soon to find that in Grendon, a lot of things are done differently from how they are done in 'the system'.

As Wilde yearns for 'a human voice [to come] near/To speak a gentle word'⁷, Smith could not be more emotionally responsive to psychodrama at Grendon: 'I shed real tears for, perhaps, the first time in my adult life.'

Edmund Clark, likewise, is very positive about Grendon. An artist renowned for a photo-based practice exploring experiences of incarceration and detention, his subject matter has ranged from Guantanamo Bay to Afghanistan, from countless secret locations across the world to Portsmouth. The latter was the location of E Wing

Kingston Prison, home to 25 elderly men serving life for murder, rape, child sex offences and other offences of violence. It was the subject of *Still Life: Killing Time* (2007), a photographic series that smartly communicated Clark's observations on the disorder of aging thrown into sharp relief by the regulated nature of a custodial environment, thus raising important questions about continuing confinement into old age, especially for those with disability and dementia.

Clark explains what he has brought to bear on the work he has done during his Grendon residency:

Why we lock people up, how we do it and where we do it offer a profound insight into our society. I have tried to reflect on how criminality and prisons are seen, or not seen, in contemporary Britain while evoking the experience of individuals engaged in the intense psychological panopticon of therapy at Grendon. With the participation of the men and staff the work has been shaped or created by these processes and experiences, and by the environment of the prison itself.⁸

A visual artist, naturally Clark is concerned with the issue of visibility in prisons and what is permitted to be conveyed through his work. For example, he is not allowed to make images 'that reveal the identity of the prisoners. This is to protect their victims and their victim's families; in some cases it is to protect the prisoner once they get out.'⁹ And so we come to understand that Clark's working with men in masks as they respond personally, through psychodrama, to Greek tragedy is a masterstroke of artistic invention out of necessity. The same is true for his pinhole camera photographs.

Clark's artist's book, *My Shadow's Reflection*, a complementary publication that is also an outcome of his residency, is especially focused on these photographs, and besides numerous reproductions there is a succinct description of the method of their production in an afterword. Essentially a lens-less camera is directed towards its subject, one man at a time, in conversation with the artist – talking about 'what he has done, why he is at Grendon, about prison, about therapy and his community' – for an exposure that lasts several minutes. The result is a half-length black and white figure, very blurred due to head movements and other gestures that had occurred during the time taken, and so we see a nebulous embodiment of an intense exchange. This is a kind of masking, as facial features are obscured in the process, but unlike that in the recasting of *The Oresteia*, it is not due to the imposition of theatrical characters; these are masks that are revealing in a very different way. Clark uses them like Rorschach abstractions, later asking the men to make verbal responses, and a number of these are transcribed for *My Shadow's Reflection*. The

emotional range is extraordinary, to the extent that one sees himself in a very positive light:

It's the best photograph of me ever, it's amazing. It's like you are looking through me but you can see the warmth of my body or my organs or the energy inside me, like a heat recognition camera. I'd like people to see me as a normal person. There is nothing in this photograph to identify me as a prisoner. I'd like them to see the essence, the spirit, the warm energy inside me.

And another could not feel more differently:

It's someone who is stripped of their identity and lost in the cogs of the system. A faceless deviant offender who is part of people's nightmares. I'm devalued to the point where I don't deserve to be human. It makes me feel really angry looking at it.

If Aeschylus were alive today he would acknowledge that Zeus is no longer on his throne, and so there is no one truth. Likewise, the idea of an unbreakable curse, passed on down generations, is antithetical to Grendon's operating principle whereby denial gives way to ongoing conversations involving many different voices, that nothing is the way it has to be and that change is possible. Clark's pinhole photographs thus could give rise to any number of readings, and the self-perceptions articulated tell us more about projected attitudes and values rather than what is actually being looked at. They provide the kind of hooks on which therapy is hung.

Their indistinctness is foiled by the crispness that characterises Clark's photographs of the Grendon prison buildings – the hardware of the penal system – again black and white and thus emphasising geometry in a way that is reminiscent of Paul Virilio's 'Bunker Archaeology', Michael Schmidt's images of Berlin and Lewis Baltz's US suburbs. In a thoughtful essay, also included in this publication, Grendon Prison Governor, Jamie Bennett refers to an optimistic modernist style, signifying the 'social ambition of the post-War welfare state from which Grendon was brought into being.' But then, he reminds us, 'it remains a prison, a place of power, surveillance and punishment'.

This fact is brought home very effectively by a number of films Clark has made more recently – combined as a multi-screen installation, *Vanishing Point*, in the Ikon exhibition – documenting walks around the prison, indoors, along a corridor, and in various outdoor locations. In muted colour, we recognise some of the architecture from the photographs, but any details that might be deemed a security risk have

been redacted so that shimmering grids of digital masking sometimes interrupt a kind of gyroscopic gliding, not unlike that from an aircraft camera after landing. We are looking straight ahead from normal eye-height, moving slowly on and on along prescribed pathways, but our view is also blinkered due to the vertical video frame that Clark has chosen to use. This reinforces a feeling of being hemmed in, of being kept on a 'straight and narrow' that mitigates against roaming freely in the pictorial space of a landscape format.

There is a feeling of constant smooth movement in delimited space, with a vanishing point always stopped by intervening architecture on a level with the point of view. This is not the kind of surveillance undertaken by prison guards – aspiring to the condition of the panopticon – rather it alludes to the men's experience inside Grendon, a stringently regulated built environment. We do not see any of them in the films, but imagine them becoming very acquainted with these routes and the places they take in – this exercise yard, this entrance area, this garden.

The garden, a place for other living things, is tended by some of the men, and this we assume is done not only for duty's sake, but also for therapeutic benefit. The natural order of planting, tending and watching growth (and then decay) taking place under an open sky is essentially good for the soul. Without words, it is a meditative activity. Wilde's *De Profundis* is full of references to flowers. They are not blooming in Reading Gaol, but just the idea of them is comforting: 'I tremble with pleasure when I think on that very day of my leaving prison both the laburnum and the lilac will be blooming in the gardens, and that I shall see the wind stir into restless beauty the swaying gold of the one, and make the other toss pale purple of its plumes so that all the air shall be Arabia for me.'¹⁰ In contemplation of a life ahead, in which he can no longer enjoy the trappings of wealth, he asks, 'With freedom, flowers, books, and the moon, who could not be perfectly happy?'¹¹

Plants symbolise life, pure and simple – 'they toil not, neither do they spin' – and significantly, throughout his residency at Grendon, Clark has been pressing and photographing dozens of flowers and leaves he has found there:

Trees, hedges and plants are cultivated within the razor wire topped perimeter fences. Other things that grow find their own unplanned places in between, in corners, beside walls or away from the path. In the way or out of the way until removed.

... flowers and leaves ... Picked and laid between sheets of prison issue paper then pressed under art books in my office. Some rot and stick to the paper, others dry and

thin and curl if taken from between the sheets. Over time they become delicate. Petals tear, stems snap, colours fade. Tweezers are needed to handle them. Light shining through them shows every vein, blemish and crease.¹²

The resulting images, made by placing the pressed flowers and leaves on a light box, resemble Fox Talbot's early photograms, but with an enhanced transparency that is a metaphor for the emotional scrutiny characterising everyday life at Grendon. Plants are simple organisms – we clearly see their internal structures in Clark's images – and a far cry from the psychological states of the men expressed in response to their own pinhole photographs. Clark mixes both with his photographs of prison buildings in *My Shadow's Reflection*, and so the hardness of architecture collides with the vulnerability of living things; plants not evolved sufficiently to dodge human action (and so picked by the artist), and human beings who – according to Christ, incidentally revered by Wilde – could learn a lot from plants.

The Ikon exhibition includes an installation, entitled *My Shadow's Reflection*, of Clark's pinhole and plant photographs, constantly changing and projected onto regulation green prison bed sheets, suspended in a high ceilinged space. We are free to wander here, amongst the magnified flowers and leaves and ghost-like traces slipped onto sewn rectangles of fabric that enveloped Grendon men as they were sleeping, dreaming. Of course, there would have been many nightmares worried out between the sheets, but as Wilde poetically explained, in spite of awful circumstances, good things (from nature) keep coming back:

He lay as one who lies and dreams
In a pleasant meadow-land
The watchers watched him as he slept,
And could not understand
How one could sleep so sweet a sleep
With a hangman close at hand.¹³

Clark evokes the Turin Shroud, the winding sheet that is supposed to bear the trace of Christ between Heaven and Hell, at once a prisoner condemned to death (like the protagonist of Wilde's *Ballad of Reading Gaol*) and the Saviour of the World. Thanks to the abolition of capital punishment in the UK, the Grendon men are neither. As one of them said in response to his pin-hole image, '[besides being a monster], I'm a father, a brother, a nephew, a son. I'm a builder, I don't just destroy or break things' – tragically, for him, another builder built his prison cell.

Clark's Ikon installation with photographic images projected onto prison sheets is counterbalanced by a light box he has had made, table-height and filled with Grendon flowers and leaves, conforming to

the shape of a prison cell there, *1.98m²*. This is a strong confrontation at the start of his exhibition for visitors, moving from the outside in, with the stark reality of what personal space has been boiled down to for the Grendon men. But then the plant life shone through is telling another story, more basic – beyond good and evil – and, we would like to think, impossible to resist. Nurture is better going the way of nature, not against the grain, and certainly our penal system on the whole would be improved by less constraint. Grendon, despite a national economy that has dramatically reduced public funding, remains a beacon of hope, challenging conventional notions of justice.

As Clark puts it, succinctly, ‘There is care and support. It is a chance.’ He also speaks of prisons, as masks:

People effectively disappear when they become prisoners. Even in a panopticon prison only a shadow or silhouette may be seen. ‘We’ on the outside cease to see ‘them’ on the inside, as if humanity stops at the exterior wall. Or the police mug shot. In the binary of good and evil that afflicts the discussion of criminal justice, human beings are refracted into sharp stereotypes of victim and perpetrator. Once inside they become indefinite presences.¹⁴

We can enter the actual-size illuminated model of a gaol cell that Clark has made and, while feeling its crampedness, reflect on the truism that we shape our buildings and thereafter they shape us. When all is said and done, Grendon remains ‘a place of power, surveillance and punishment’, like all prisons, a type of architecture as mask that reveals much. Even the most conservative of politicians agree that prison reform is essential, an urgent issue, but ultimately the answer lies elsewhere, across the board of our society, whereby the kind of idealism that led to the founding of Grendon – a reasonable, democratic egalitarianism – applies to all aspects of our lives. By carefully scrutinising the day to day of this institution, for three years, Edmund Clark arrives at a philosophical conclusion that is this exhibition, very much in keeping with Oscar Wilde’s paradox, and Aeschylus’ theatrical proposition, that ‘the truths of metaphysics are the truths of masks.’¹⁵

- 1 Oscar Wilde, ‘De Profundis’, *De Profundis and Other Writings*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1973, pp.170–1
- 2 Aeschylus, *Agamemnon*, ll. 1588–93
- 3 Ibid., ll. 1534–9
- 4 Oscar Wilde, ‘Pen, Pencil, and Poison: A Study’, *Intentions*, Methuen, London 1919, p.62
- 5 Oscar Wilde, ‘De Profundis’, op. cit. p.181
- 6 Ibid., p.249

- 7 Ibid., p.250
- 8 Edmund Clark, artist’s statement for press release, *In Place of Hate*, Ikon Gallery, Birmingham 2017
- 9 Edmund Clark, Afterword, *My Shadow’s Reflection*, Ikon Gallery and Here Press, London 2017
- 10 Oscar Wilde, ‘De Profundis’, op. cit. p.207
- 11 Ibid., p.182
- 12 Edmund Clark, Afterword, *My Shadow’s Reflection*, op. cit.
- 13 Oscar Wilde, ‘The Ballad of Reading Gaol’, *De Profundis and Other Writings*, Penguin, Harmondsworth 1973, p.239
- 14 Edmund Clark, Afterword, *My Shadow’s Reflection*, op. cit.
- 15 Oscar Wilde, ‘The Truth of Masks’, *Intentions*, op. cit., p.263

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Edmund Clark
In Place of Hate

6 December 2017 – 11 March 2018

Curated by Jonathan Watkins
Assisted by Oliver McCall

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