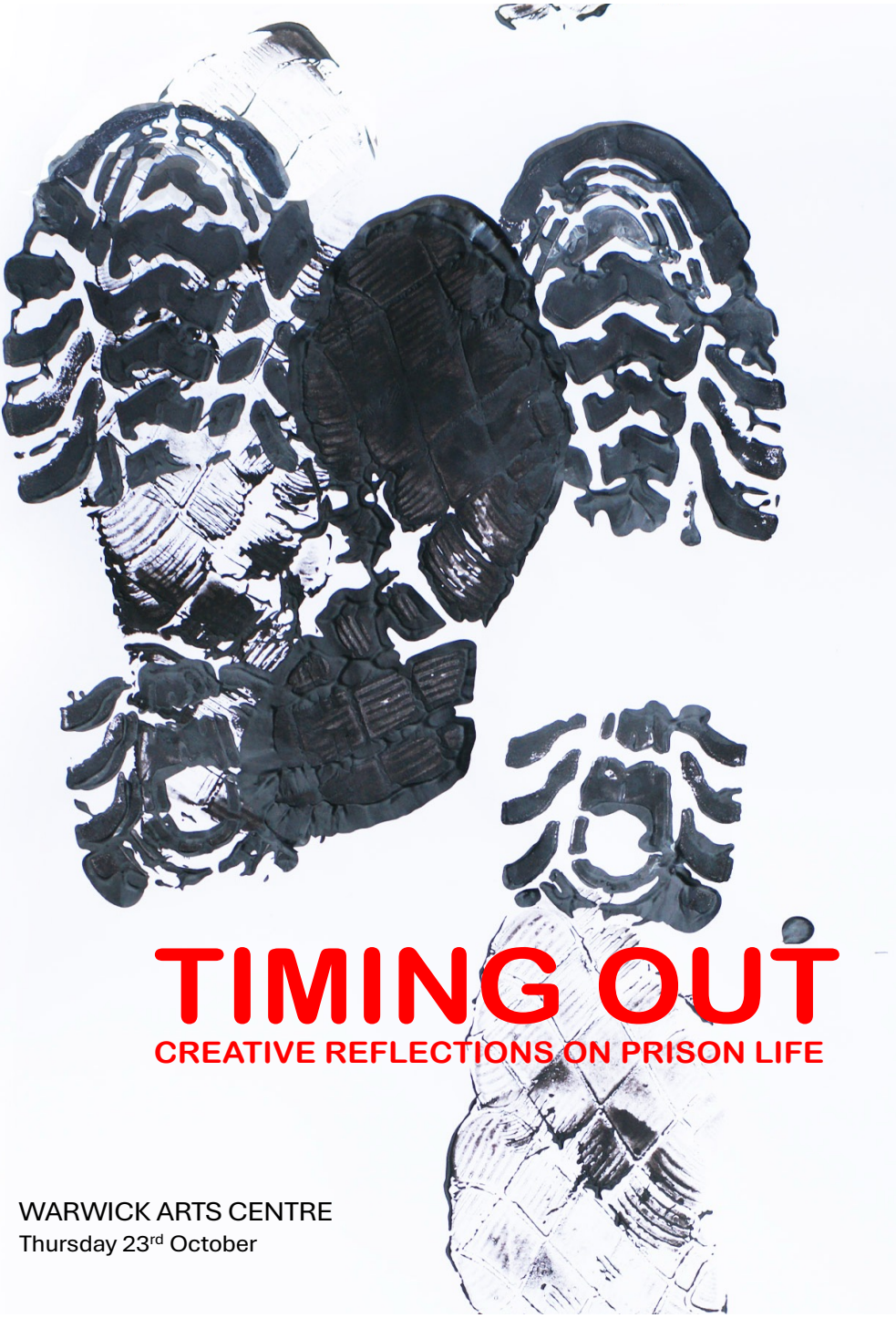


TIMING OUT

CREATIVE REFLECTIONS ON PRISON LIFE

WARWICK ARTS CENTRE
Thursday 23rd October



INTRODUCTION

This exhibition showcases artworks created by men serving long sentences in a maximum-security prison in England. A team of Warwick academics from the Sociology Department and School of Law engaged with a number of these men as part of an educational course in 'Sociology & Criminology' offered in 2024 and 2025 at this prison. Several of the artworks on display reflect the men's experience of taking up this academic course and more generally express key themes around what it means to 'do time' in prison. The exhibition's theme 'Timing Out' considers how life unfolds within constrained horizons of time and within controlled spaces. What does it mean to move through major stages of life - youth, adulthood, and old age - while in custody, when imprisonment disrupts the typical markers of work, education, family, and community? How does growing up or growing older behind bars reshape one's sense of self, perception of time and sense of belonging? While policy often frames education, work and rehabilitation as central to prison life, in practice opportunities for learning, creativity, and purposeful development are rare and due to recent budget cuts have significantly decreased. All this raises questions about the complex relationship between punishment – time – and justice.

This pop-up exhibition is organized by Dr. Ruth Bernatek, Prof. Ana Chamberlen, Dr. Silvia Gomes, Dr. Emily Gray, & Prof. Henrique Carvalho, and it is funded by the Economic and Social Research Council's Festival of Social Sciences, Resonate Festival and the Warwick Institute of Engagement, and the Centre for Critical Legal Studies at Warwick Law School.

This catalogue outlines aspects of the works on display in the words of the artists behind them. The academics organizing this exhibit met the artists in the build-up to this exhibition and received their feedback about how their works should be displayed and represented. As per Ministry of Justice regulations, all artists in this exhibit are anonymized. This exhibit also showcases beds from the recently closed HM Holloway prison as part of the Beauty out of Ashes project.

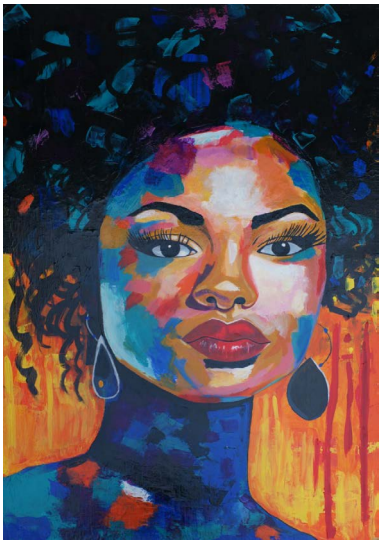
Content Warning: *The creative outputs cover sensitive and potentially re-traumatising subjects including those of oppression, marginalisation, structural and interpersonal violence, crime and confinement.*

Have Achieved

"My piece is based on justice hence the painting of 'Lady Justice' holding the scales of justice. I have also incorporated some of my many achievements of various courses and exams that I have taken within the justice system into the background of the piece. A lot of my time has been spent studying and trying to gain knowledge. Over time, I have enhanced my abilities after enrolling in the educational courses that have been made available to me. A typical day for me would be to rise early in the morning, prepare lunch for the day, attend education as a mentor. Then, I return for lunch, reattend education and at the end of the day I would either rest or attend the gymnasium. This is done frequently in sequence throughout the week eventually becoming routine. My time is occupied to the point where some may feel there is not enough time in the day to fully complete some of the required tasks."



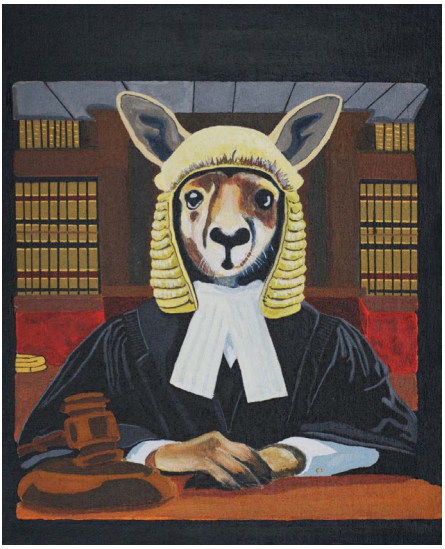
Have Achieved (2025), mixed media & acrylic on canvas.



Althea (2025), acrylic on board.



Hatshepsut (2024), acrylic on board.



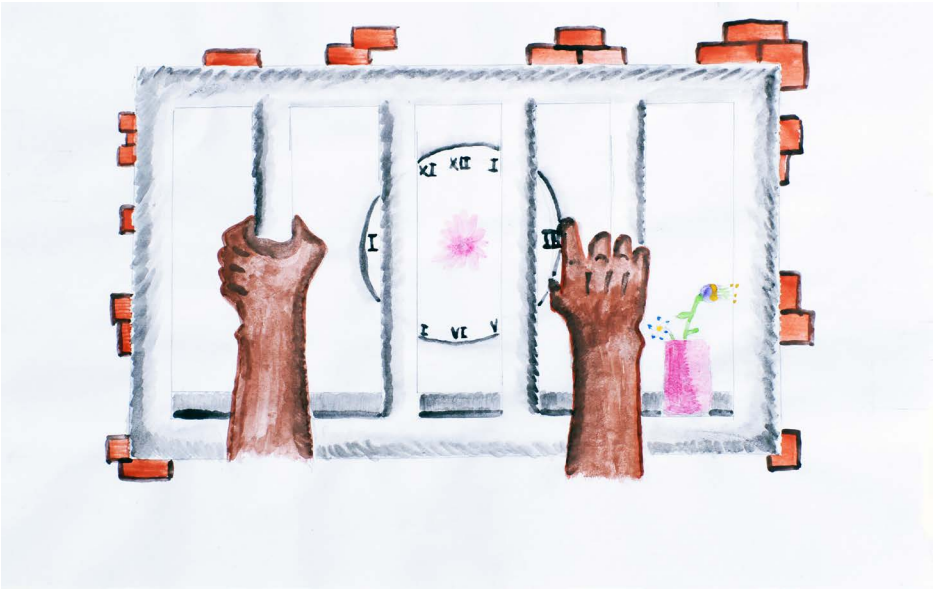
Kangaroo Court (2025), acrylic on board.

What is crime?
What is not?
What is justice?
I think I forgot?

I exist.

The Kangaroo Court

"I participated in the Sociology and Criminology course that was facilitated by Warwick University. I was enlightened by the key concepts formed by all aspects of the group. One particular thing that remains at the forefront of my mind is the discussion(s) about joint enterprise and the fact that it is surrounded by controversy and long-standing concern for miscarriages of justice. My artwork is based on that common law doctrine. This painting portrays an interpretation of a Kangaroo Court judge who appears to be officially presiding in a court of law on a case of joint enterprise. My painting is accompanied by a short poem of my own, which is informed by a poem we wrote together in the class of the 'Sociology & Criminology' course."



TIME INSIDE

Where days and months align,
And thoughts of death and old age comes to mind,
Where you can't help but wonder,
Will I be nothing but a distant memory to my family
And when the months turn to years and
All that's changed is that you have a few grey hairs
And your family's hope is all that keeps you through those years,
Does their hard work blood, sweat and tears.
Oh time, Oh time, be good to me,
For my one mistake has cost me years of my mortality.

The poem *Time Inside* and accompanying watercolour is a creative collaboration between 2 men. The painting was created as a response to the words. The flower represents life and death; the green means it is *alive* and "we are still alive in here", whilst the clock symbolizes the passing of time, "in here, we just watch the time passing."

ATTITUDE

ITS NOT WHERE YOU'RE FROM
IT'S WHERE ARE YOU AT?
WHERE HAVE YOU GONE?
NOW HOW DO YOU ACT?
THE FACTOR IS THIS
YOUR SONG IS SET
EXERT EXIST
LIVE THE TEST
WHATEVER YOU GIVE
IS WHAT YOU WILL GET
ACCORDING TO EFFORT
IS THE REWARD
MAY THE KING ANSWER US
WHEN WE CALL

We Come From ...

This poem was co-created during one of the 'Sociology & Criminology' classes delivered by Warwick academics in May 2025 at the prison. That morning class discussions focused on key sociological ideas around identity and included introductions to the notions of race, ethnicity, nationality, gender and social class. In the context of those conversations the group created this poem.

Each class participant received a strip of paper with the phrase "I come from" written on it and completed the sentence. The group then assembled the strips into this poem which was then performed by Dr. Ruth Bernatek, one of the academics leading the course. The poem's co-creative status and its performance made an impact on the men, who requested a recording of it. Following the end of the course, the poem's recording appeared in a pod-cast created by some of the men at the prison and appeared also in the prison's own TV channel.

I come from CONSCIOUSNESS. 1

I come from OBSCURITY. 2

I come from a place of Pain. 3

I come from 2 different countries and yet I have no home. 4

I come from WELSH AND VALLEYS. 5

I come from A LIFE OF EXPERIENCE AND VARIETY AND A MISGUIDED BELIEF IN SOCIETY. 6

I come from a place of sun, salt and violence. 7

I come from Confused Love! 8

I come from the British education system and. 9

I come from a feminist perspective. 10

I come from a place of hope, for myself + for others. 11

I come from Africa. 12

I come from China. originally. 13

I come from A 3RD WORLD COUNTRY FILLED WITH POVERTY AND IS MOSTLY POPULATED BY BLACK PEOPLE. 14

I come from a PEACEful place and I wish to end up in the same place. 15

I come from A MAN AND A WOMAN. 16

I come from a thousand years of struggle + EVOLUTION. 17

I come from I EXIST. 18





Steps to Manhood

"These steps represent growing-up in prison. The boots get bigger as I got older in prison. I'd like these steps to be put on the floor so people can walk on it or alongside it, to get in my shoes, so to speak. The detail on the smaller step inside of the bigger step symbolizes me growing older but still being the same child I was went I first came in at 15. Also, the work tackles the idea of repetition, always walking, always doing the same thing within prison, trying to move forward."

Steps to Manhood, Study I & Study II, (2025), acrylic on board.

15 Candles

They slammed the gate when I was just a kid,
A face still smooth, eyes wide with what I did.
15 candles flickered in the glass,
Lit not for joy – but marking what would pass.
No drivers test, no first day nerves,
Just numbers, noise and steel that never curves.
I grew beneath fluorescents, cold and bright,
Learning manhood in the absence of light.
Seasons passed, like whispers through the bars,
Dreams withered slow beneath indifferent stars.
The world moved on, its colours out of reach,
While I learned silence, sharpened thought and speech.
Books became my cities, words my streets,
Paper was the only place I'd meet.
The boy I was – he fades, but still appears
In cracked reflections shaped by stolen years.
15 years inside this concrete skin,
Chasing pieces of the man I could have been.
Some days I'm steel, some days I'm smoke and glass,
Haunted by the time that never learned to pass.
I saw young boys turn bitter, men decay,
Watched hope collapse, then rise another way.
I carved a soul from steel and circumstance
Learned how to fight, forgive and sometimes dance.
Now 31 candles flicker in my mind,
Not flames of rage – but ones I lit to find
That I am not my number, cage or crime,
I am a story shaped but not confined.



Steps to Manhood (2025)
[detail] acrylic on paper.





Mother and Cubs

This piece represents a single parent household - a mother with her 4 children/cubs. As the artist of this work explained, this reflects the family background many in prison come from. Each bear is crafted using A4 paper meticulously folded into 3D origami triangles.

By keeping the hands busy and the mind occupied the artist explained how this art-making practice helps him and his peers not do drugs; this is an activity the artist pursues within a drug detoxification unit at the prison. As he explained, while people make these origami pieces, they also get to speak with each other and share whatever they want to share; that's an important part of the process. He explained that he makes these bears for other people in prison so that they can offer them to their children - he can make them in different colours, sizes, etc. and his cell has loads stacked around. The artwork represents a family and speaks also to how his work helps other men's families remain connected with their children.

This artist has never been to an art gallery before, so he told us he does not know what is the best way to display his work. We brainstormed a little bit around the work's title - some options were 'untitled family', 'family of bears', 'bear necessities'. For logistical and symbolic reasons some of the bears are encased in this display.

Allegory of Justice: The view of a maudlin recidivist

"My allegory of what crime, punishment and justice looks like from my point of view is as follows: The N E S W represent the many transfers that convicted criminals receive during their sentence, often being too far away for family visits; the gold 'N' is representative of me being a Northern lad. The unfinished raven represents a sentence unfinished, "still doing bird" as you might say. The dung beetle pushing the spiral is for the struggle that prison life brings and the spiral signifies that things often go wrong for many prisoners which brings out a whirlwind of emotions.

The beautiful woman wearing the top hat signifies: 1. the Rose: Justice can be beautiful and brutal. 2. "see no evil, speak no evil and hear no evil" - means a lot of things but commonly said by criminals to evade, mislead, baffle, be noncommittal. 3. police top-hat to signify our prior arrests. 4. The AI badge to demonstrate that we are not really regarded as individual people anymore but numbers and whatever and however our p-NOMIS [prison information system] describes us which is always "copy and paste". 5. The vertical spirit level and Ying Yang are there to say that depending on a given situation we are either at peace and level-headed or out of kilter and unbalanced. Prison is a fluid place with many different and competing personalities and whether directly or indirectly we are affected emotionally by the prison and each other. 6. The Mexican death mask signifies ever changing circumstances, the "stick and carrot"; prisoners usually get away more of the stick than the carrot!

The silly monkey and the plunger is there to show that I have literally blown my life up- destroyed it and all I loved, love and hold/held dear such as family, being a good father and partner, etc. having choices, ambition, free will, the right to privacy and many more things, all gone because I am here, I threw it all away. The skull, bow and roses are for the many loved ones I have lost along the way, the people I loved most who I couldn't say goodbye to before they passed, family, my first love, friends. Lady Justice peeping, scales unbalanced: these are to show that not all justice is blind, not all justice is fair, or right, or infallible even; and, the scales of justice regarding criminal justice are ALWAYS tipped in favour of government prosecutors. The chained hands are there to signify and demonstrate that as prisoners we have very little rights, and the ones we do have are being tramped all over on a daily basis away from public view; it feels like our hands are always tied. The doves, the banner and the cuffs: I have these in an "infinity" loop to signify my recidivism, freedom, hope, despair, re-incarceration. I am a maverick, a recidivist but I am also a good guy. I am both good and bad. The shadows and the light are there to tell myself that no matter what, there IS light at the end of this long tunnel and I must strive to reach it no matter what, optimistically and positively.

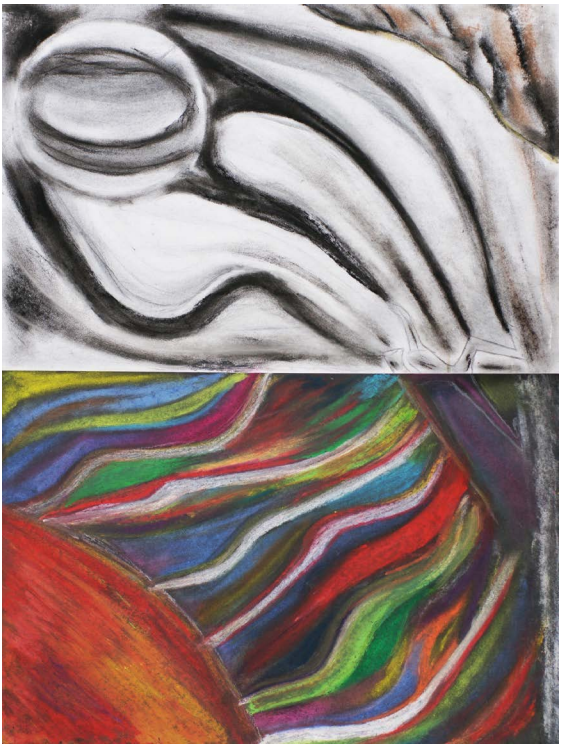
Thank you for viewing my art. "



Allegory of Justice: The view of a maudlin recidivist (2025), graphite, ink & acrylic on on paper



Still Life, (2025), pastel on paper.



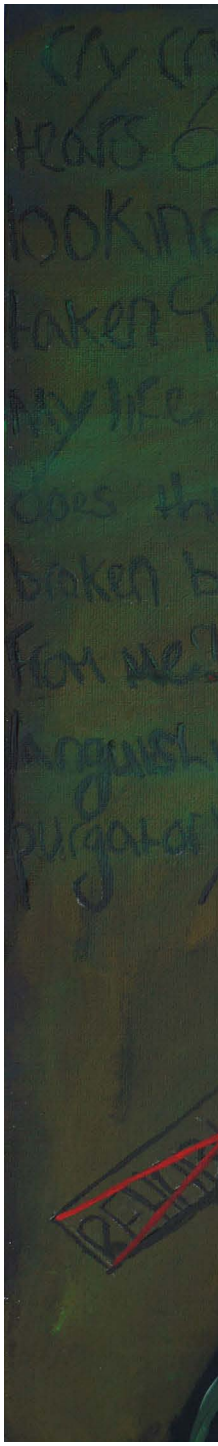
From Dark to Light, (2025), pastel on paper.

Tears of Time

"Since arriving in prison, I always had good behaviour and followed the rules. I wanted to do my time right."

However, this artist went on to explain, currently there are no programmes available for him to take, so he can't progress further. He expressed deep concern about the lack of rehabilitative and educational options available particularly as this impacts prisoners' sentence plans and hinders their ability to progress positively through their sentences.

"The state doesn't care about what happens inside. Everything is stripped away, regardless of what you do inside. There's no rehabilitation; the system is broken. People outside live in a bubble; they don't care. The painting is dark to reflect this and takes the anger out. They have taken away my voice (no mouth), my privacy. The glass is full of my tears.
I'm in a purgatory, just waiting."



Tears of Time, (2025), acrylic on board.


cry it all out these are my
dreams and hope, come on cry
you have
taken
much more
corrupt
state want
killing me
eternal

~~Censored Voice~~

Warwick University exhibition poem

My poem is about time within the prison system and the types of emotion I experience during my sentence. I will also express about what I see on and how I evaluate my interactions with other prisoners and staff within the prison. I will also document observations of changes in society from the perspective of a person who is not currently active in society essentially outside the bubble.

When you get a life sentence your punishment is to take away your most valuable asset, which is **time**.

The objective is to take your time while you are in your prime and **slowly bring about your decline.**

When the judge gives you a sentence, you unaware you will be subject to **years of deliberate destabilisation and dehumanisation.**

Prison is more than you could ever comprehend, the Category A high security estate where the level of phycological torture is not up for debate.

This is where the IEP, (incentive and earn privileges) system is **weaponized and used against you** and this leaves you vulnerable

Time inside prison is a window on the outside of society looking in.

Time is precious when your sentence begins, because you are under the assumption at trial you will win

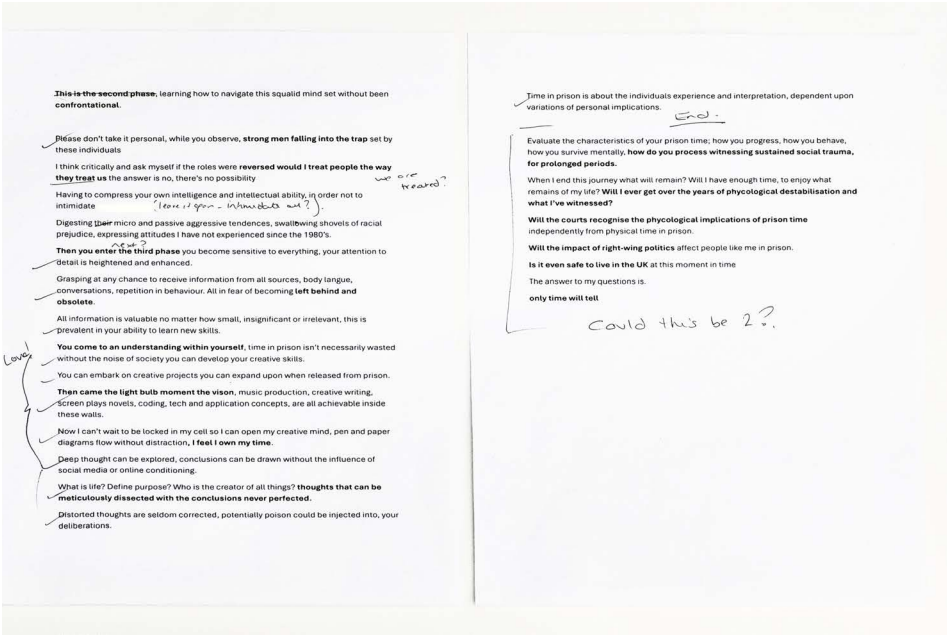
When you get that verdict **"life"**, you suck it up and take it on the chin.

But eventually it sinks in, **a full spectrum of emotion fills in**

That empty void that was once **ambition and aspiration**, quickly turn into frustration at your location.

Eventually you look within, that's the only way you can process the new environment and situation you find yourself in.

I call that the induction phase, adjusting to becoming a second-class citizen wit no rights or respect.



~~This is the second phase~~, learning how to navigate this squalid mind set without been **confrontational**.

Please don't take it personal, while you observe, **strong men falling into the trap** set by these individuals

I think critically and ask myself if the roles were **reversed would I treat people the way they treat us** the answer is no, there's no possibility

Having to compress your own intelligence and intellectual ability, in order not to intimidate

Digesting their micro and passive aggressive tendencies, swallowing shovels of racial prejudice, expressing attitudes I have not experienced since the 1980's.

Then you enter the third phase you become sensitive to everything, your attention to detail is heightened and enhanced.

Grasping at any chance to receive information from all sources, body langue, conversations, repetition in behaviour. All in fear of becoming **left behind and obsolete**.

All information is valuable no matter how small, insignificant or irrelevant, this is prevalent in your ability to learn new skills.

You come to an understanding within yourself, time in prison isn't necessarily wasted without the noise of society you can develop your creative skills.

You can embark on creative projects you can expand upon when released from prison.

Then came the light bulb moment the vison, music production, creative writing, screen plays novels, coding, tech and application concepts, are all achievable inside these walls.

Now I can't wait to be locked in my cell so I can open my creative mind, pen and paper diagrams flow without distraction, **I feel I own my time**.

Deep thought can be explored, conclusions can be drawn without the influence of social media or online conditioning.

What is life? Define purpose? Who is the creator of all things? **thoughts that can be meticulously dissected with the conclusions never perfected**.

Distorted thoughts are seldom corrected, potentially poison could be injected into, your deliberations.

Time in prison is about the individuals experience and interpretation, dependent upon variations of personal implications.

Evaluate the characteristics of your prison time; how you progress, how you behave, how you survive mentally, **how do you process witnessing sustained social trauma, for prolonged periods.**

When I end this journey what will remain? Will I have enough time, to enjoy what remains of my life? **Will I ever get over the years of phycological destabilisation and what I've witnessed?**

Will the courts recognise the phycological implications of prison time independently from physical time in prison.

Will the impact of right-wing politics affect people like me in prison.

Is it even safe to live in the UK at this moment in time

The answer to my questions is.

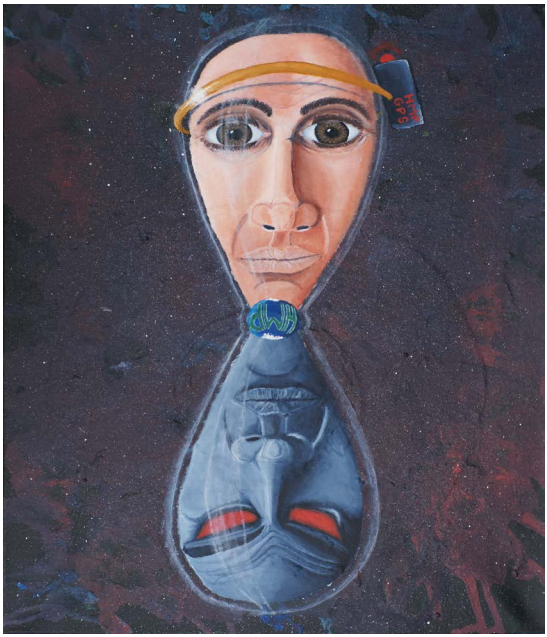
only time will tell

This writer explained that, although he didn't feel well versed in writing poetry, he wanted to put his emotions into several sentences and give this exhibition opportunity a chance. “It is not artistic, but it is how I felt it". While writing the poem, he described that he was always thinking about how it was going to be received by the prison who must give approval for all creative works to leave prison. Each line is provocatively crafted to spark discussion, but the feedback he received was to remove some parts of the poem (hence the edits in the text). When the team of academics met him prior to the exhibit, he said that this feedback made him feel upset and he considered retracting his work from the exhibition altogether. He explained this is because this final outcome is not his work; it is a censored version of it. As such, he said, it is not representing truthfully his sentiments at the time of writing. In his words, the poem expresses:

“The many parts of myself I need to kill to be here in prison"

Kierkegaard's Rose

"When one’s life goes down the drain, the road to rehabilitation can only be found internally. Through self-reflection and personal growth, we can learn to shed our insecurities and the hard exterior we adopt because of them. We can learn to understand ourselves and acknowledge our potential for beauty. "



The Good Man Decries Evil , (2025), acrylic on canvas.

The Good Man Decries Evil

"Genesis 6:5; 'The Lord saw how great man’s wickedness on the earth had become, and that every inclination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil all the time'. Modern Society has lost its objectivity and humility in its judgement of one another and fallen into the trap that is the vice of virtue."



Kierkegaard's Rose, (2025), acrylic on canvas.



In Beauty all Opposition is Quelled

"Orwellian London, 1984. A battle rages against oppression. From Rosa Parks and Ray Charles who stood up against racial segregation, and the efforts of H.G. Wells and Noam Chomsky to protect the freedoms and rights of humanity, to Marcel Duchamp, Wilfred Owen and Frida Kahlo and the art through which they sought to stir the spirit; humanity will always find a voice because in beauty all opposition is quelled. Creativity is a form of resistance."

In Beauty all Opposition is Quelled, (2025), acrylic on board.

The Animal In Man

You Really Want To Know
About My Time In Prison?
Where There's Next To No Ethics,
But You Can Find Religion.
Few Are Asking For Forgiveness -
Even Fewer For Permission -
That Goes For Both Staff And Prisoners.
Traditions Include Not Witnessing Kids Missing
Any Significant Life Experience Gripping
Nail Clipping Equipment, Stripped 'n'
Sharpened To A Precision Tipped Implement Sufficient
To Inflict Critical Injuries Upon A Victim:
"Snitches Get Stitches!"
Isn't Just Catchy - It's A Given.
Like Your Dinner Being Cold,
And Days Consisting Of Repetition -
Ad Infinitum.
Staff Behaving Inconsistant;
Appearing Indifferent Toward Addiction -
Spice Supplies Are Rife,
You'd Be Forgiven For Thinking
Its Distribution To Be Via Prescription.
Perhaps They're Curing Life With Death?
So There's Nothing Sick In Taking Bets;
Counting 'Code-Blues' Throughout A Shift, Then,
At The End The Best Guess
Gets To Count Their Winnings.
Can't Tell The Farmers From The Pigs
The Better The Training Kicks-In
And Takes Affect.
You Think Me Bias In My Opinion,
Yet The Stamford Experiment
Says Different.





Gold ‘n’ Brown, (2025), acrylic on board.

The Animal in Man
(previous page)

The artist who wrote this poem explained that he wrote it as a response to the theme of time in prison and as a response to a question another group participant brought up previously: 'how real can we be in prison?' More generally, a number of our group discussions in the 'Sociology & Criminology' course often brought up concerns around free expression and safety. In the group sessions informing the planning of this exhibit the wider group and academics contemplated the implications of the fact the men's artworks must be anonymized (as per Ministry of Justice rules) and that they would need to be approved by prison authorities before leaving the prison, to be exhibited. In response to those conversations, he wrote this poem about what it means to be inside.

In the last meeting with the academics prior to this exhibit, he went on to explain that the discussions in the 'Sociology & Criminology' course, and particularly the co-creation of the classroom poem *"I /We Come From,"* prompted him to request that his poem also be performed, as it also reflected group discussions from that course's key topics. The poem was performed in that in-prison celebration of all the artworks on display.

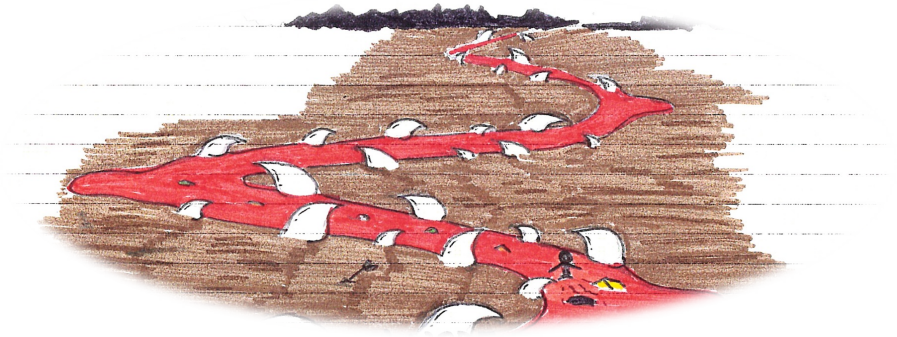
Gold ‘n’ Brown

“Happiness is the price of materialism. Wealth can be just another addiction – destroying lives and causing suffering. Humanity's credulity in being convinced that with wealth all of the pains of life will be alleviated is nothing more than a drug induced delusion.”

Observation:
Stygian Wade Through Treacle

The path is already so very long,
Made worse because so much is wrong.
The outcome was so clearly erroneous,
The proceedings tainted, unfit for purpose,
It's incorrect, defective, a mistake,
Blatantly flawed for goodness' sake!
Plonked on the path, problems really start —
So much malice, an absence of heart.
The hydra still continues to conspire,
Unmoved about the trudge through the mire.
The length of time removed from real life
Is bad enough - but there's more strife.
The system is faulty; it just doesn't work,
Integral component shrouded by murk
The process is tough, some people are taxing,
Keep your eyes open! Don't be relaxing!
The buildings are old and falling apart,
Systems out to get you from the very start.
Fellow residents are generally 'on the blink',
Though not as many as you might think.
The winding path can offer so much trouble,
And the occasional protective bubble.
The havens are few and far between,
And can be snatched away by those who are mean.
Pressed from inane scheme to vapid project,
Many grow frustrated and start to object.

Dealing with this on top of all else
Can start to erode one's mental health.
Beset on all sides by hydra's teeth,
It appears to enjoy inflicting grief.
And all the while, the path is slow-going,
Traipsing along, far from smooth flowing.
It can be seen to be prosaic and boring,
Obstacles manifest with zero warning.
Hazards within, hurdles without,
Disinformation! What's that all about?!
Thankfully, there are glimpses of humanity,
Those who offer help, learning, or charity.
Good folk exist who want to make a difference,
And those who offer external assistance.
Distracting from the insidious hydra,
Rays of light in all that is dire.
To limit those who become discouraged,
Such people need to be encouraged.

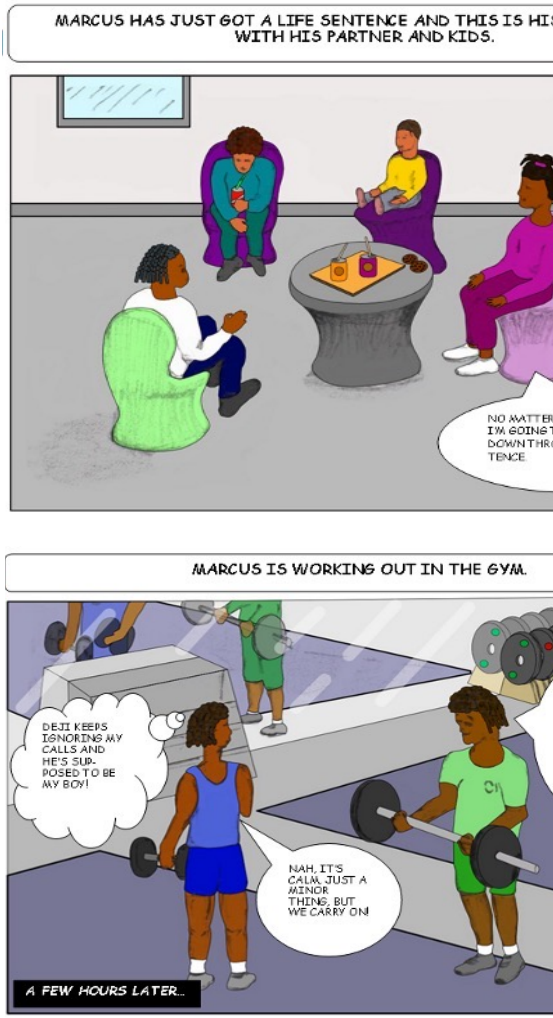


Break the Cycle

a graphic novel co-created by 2 men

This is the story of a young adult's mental health deteriorating over time. It relates to the overrepresentation of black and racialized minorities with mental health issues. In prison, there's no time to process what is happening, and mental health often gradually deteriorates. Based on a real story, with pseudonyms used to protect the person's identity, the scenes show: the importance of birthday parcels as these are perceived as a part of the outside world that comes in; the challenges prisoners face and the coping strategies they employ; the non-conversations or empty conversations; the inexistence of outlets to disconnect and distract oneself from the problems that people have on the outside; the difficulty of talking/reaching out to/communicating to people; it also makes reference to the prevalence of suicide inside; and speaks of the importance of hope.

The artists were conflicted about adding the final scene (13) in the book that ends the story on a more hopeful note. This scene now forms the start of a new (sequel) story which they're developing, because: *"We need hope in this place"*.



S FIRST VISIT

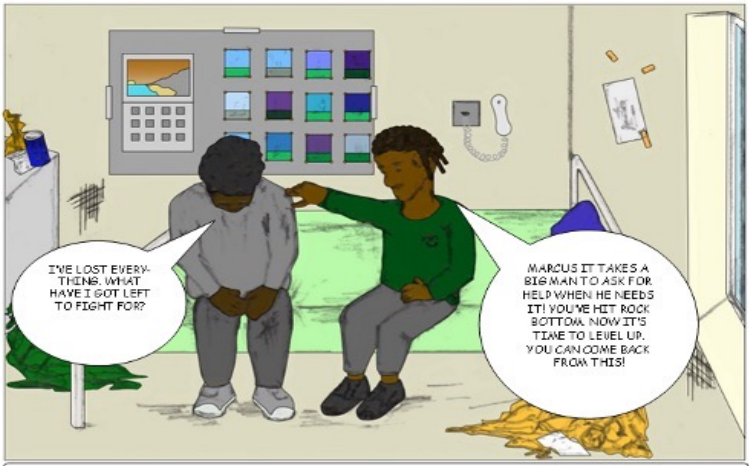




MARCUS IS IN HIS CELL AND GETS A VISIT FROM TYE.



MARCUS ASKS TO SPEAK TO A SAMARITANS LISTENER.



IT TAKES A BIG MAN TO ASK FOR HELP WHEN YOU NEED IT.

Audio Works

- Audio 1- Violin and Bop Drill
- Audio 2- Cee- Can't take this pain anymore
- Audio 3- The voice of God



Timing Out Mix-Tape

We'd like to extend our thanks to the music tutor at the prison, who was recently made redundant. She supported the men in these creations and generally made a big impact to the prison's education team. The works are composed using FL Studios software combined with instruments.

These works have also been chosen to be played at the Koestler Arts exhibition, taking place in London at the end of this month.



Her Bed 'Mother & Baby', (2021) mixed media installation. Photo courtesy of the artist.



Photo taken by Niki, showing the beds in transit to *Timing Out: Creative Reflections on Prison Life* (2025)

30 Beds Project *(Beauty out of Ashes)*

Beauty out of Ashes has rescued 30 legacy prison beds from HMP Holloway; a women's prison in North London which closed in June 2016.

The beds will be used in a variety of projects over the coming years, from exhibitions and events, to up-cycling and re-purposing art projects.

Beauty out of Ashes want to use the beds to raise awareness of the many and complex issues that people, especially women, face when encountering the Criminal Justice System, and then re-integrating back into society on release.

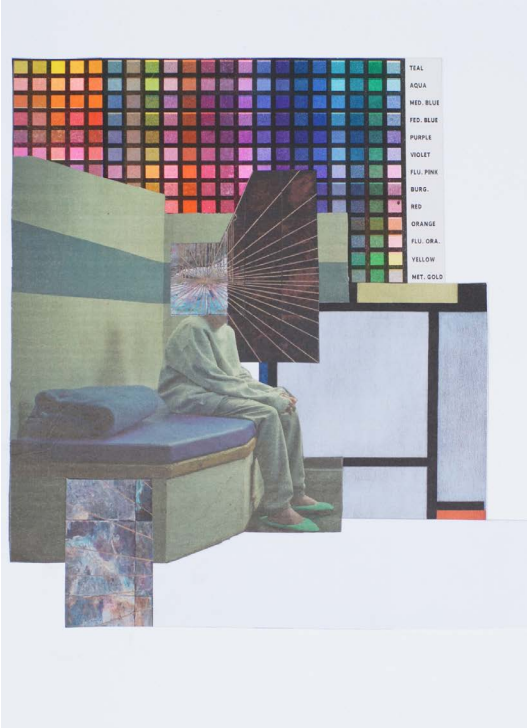
The beds were rescued during the campaign by Community Plan for Holloway [www.plan4holloway.org] for a transformative legacy women's Building on the site of the former prison. The site is now owned by Peabody, and is being developed into a complex of approx. 1000 new flats. Beauty out of Ashes want the Women's Space to be a visionary centre for all women, that helps women creatively and holistically, at any or all stages in their lives.

[Prison Beds for Hire]

We have 30 beds in total, 24 single beds, and 6 bunk beds, stored in Greater London (EN10) & the West Midlands (CV32). If you are interested in hiring any of the beds, please contact:

Niki or **Melissa** at
beautyoutofasheshwb@gmail.com

https://beautyoutofasheshwb.wordpress.com



Timing Out (2025), mixed media collage.
Poster design Ruth Bernatek

With Thanks,

To the men who engaged with the exhibition's theme and so enthusiastically and generously shared with the academics their creative outputs, personal narratives, and critical perspectives. They have taught us a lot.

We are also grateful to the prison's dedicated and supportive Education Team (Milton Keynes College) and particularly the arts tutors, Kate Borlase, Steve Findon, Amber Dewstow all of whom supported the men in their creations for this exhibit and beyond.

We also extend our thanks to Rachel McGowan and Victoria Syril for their ongoing support with the Warwick team's academic activities at the prison. Also, we thank Charlotte Barlow and Kate Skinner who supported the earlier activities at the prison.

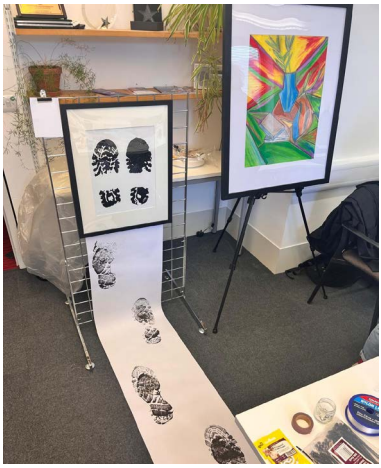
We are immensely grateful to Faye Claridge for photographing the artworks and to our various student volunteers, especially those from Warwick's Sociology Society, who supported with the set-up of this exhibition.

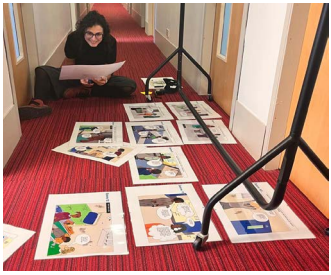
We also thank WIE for all their support with this exhibition.

For more information on this project, reach out to:
Ruth.Bernatek@warwick.ac.uk
A.Chamberlen@warwick.ac.uk
Emily.Gray@warwick.ac.uk
Silvia.Gomes@warwick.ac.uk
H.Carvalho@warwick.ac.uk



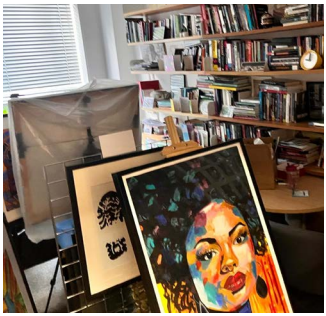






















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