

made
unmade

JULIE BROOK

Cover: Detail from Pigment drawing 3, series 1. Oil/ice pigment on paper. H:27cm, L:48cm, 2012

An introduction from Fiammetta Rocco, Editor of Books and Arts at The Economist; a letter some months later from Skye; an abiding memory of the surprise and sense of discovery of coming across an intervention, later discovered to be by Julie Brook, in the landscape on a visit in the 90s to remote Mingulay. All paths appeared to be leading to Julie Brook: an artist and thinker who seems to defy definition but whose work is powerful and linked to the land. An artist whose draftsmanship, commitment to and sense of our place on and in the globe, feeling the landscape in truly remote places, allied to her interest in making and in material, chimed with an emerging exhibition programme at Dovecot. A programme finding its way, exploring the often fluid boundaries between contemporary art, craft and design and one that Dovecots' 100 year old tapestry studio has embraced throughout the decades. A studio immersed in making and in collaborating with contemporary artists and designers, from sculptors and fine artists to fashion designers and contemporary dance studios. Meeting Julie, first at Dovecot and then on Skye, it was clear that her work had an essence and an integrity that moved comfortably across different art forms and materials. Julie's respect for material and willingness to experiment is refreshing, especially when combined with a desire to learn from other art forms. This openness continues

to endear her to the weaving team and I am delighted that her willingness to experiment has resulted in a stunning collaboration with the studios to create a major new work created out of a dialogue with Dovecot and produced as a tufted rug by Jonathan Cleaver as part of this extraordinary exhibition.

made, unmade is a hugely welcome addition to Dovecot's programme in 2013, coincidentally Year of Natural Scotland, a landscape that has inspired much of Julie's work. As ever a complex set of relationships develop over the course of an exhibition project such as this, with a myriad of people contributing in many ways to helping create a set of finely distilled films, a rug, the drawings and photographs celebrated in this beautiful catalogue. And so huge thanks are due to Creative Scotland, Young Films, Alastair and Elizabeth Salvesen and The Dovecot Foundation for their support, Roanne Dods, Catriona Baird and the whole Dovecot team for their commitment to the project, Richard Holloway and Sacha Craddock for their elegant eloquent essays and of course to Julie for sharing her work with us.

drawing a line

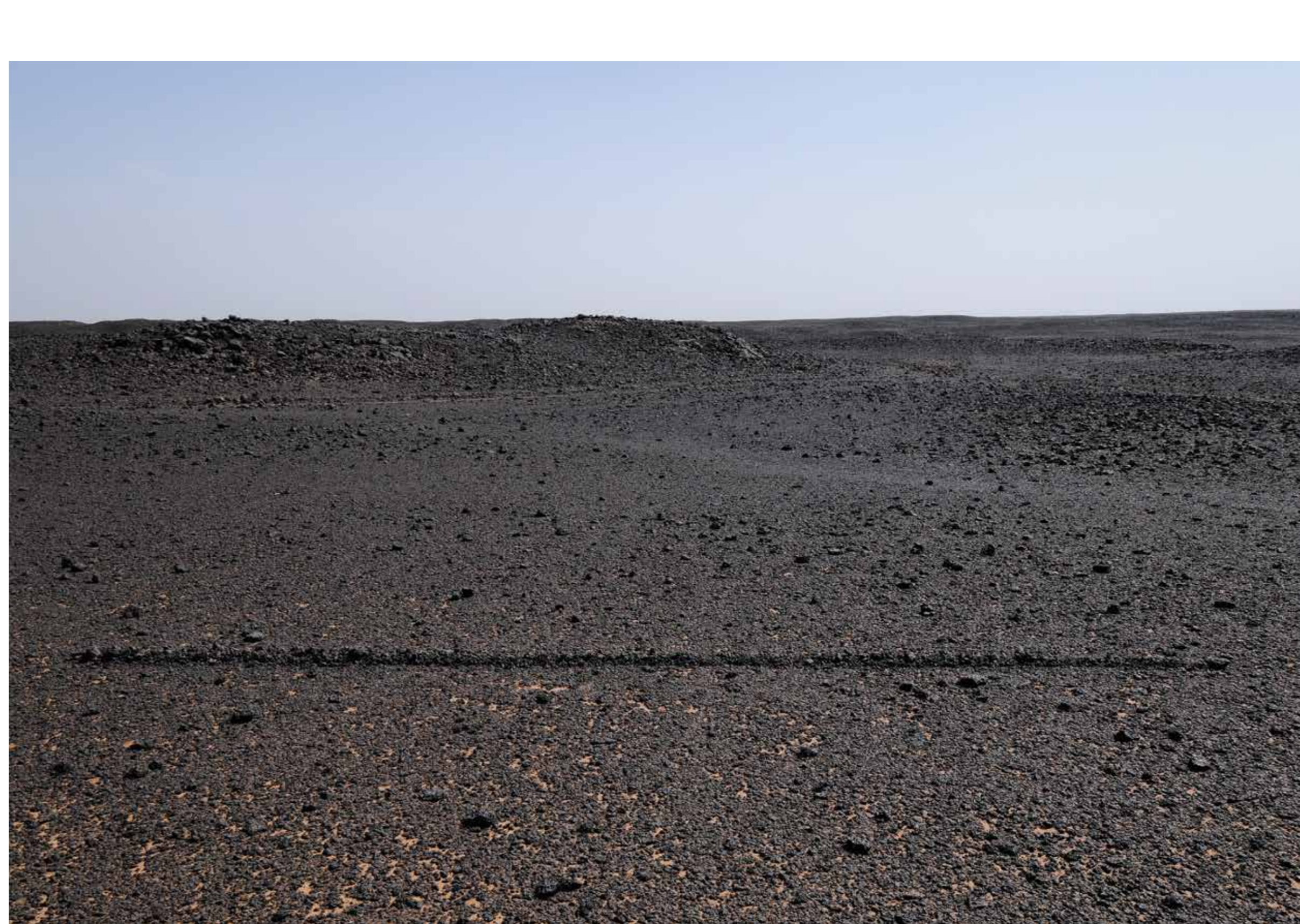


Right: Sand line, blue volcanic plates Waw Al Namus, Al Haruj Al Aswad, Libya, L.3570cm, 2009

Overleaf left: Sand Drawing 4, 5 lines Jebel Acacus, SW Libya L.1073cm W.310cm, 2008

Overleaf right: Curved rising line, white on white Garah Mandil, Al Haruj Al Aswad, Libya, L.1920cm W.60cm Top H.80cm, 2009





11 | Left: **Blue Line** - Jebel Acacus, SW Libya, L3800cm, 2008
Right: **Black line on black** - Al Haruj Al Aswad, Libya, L400cm, 2009







Left: **Untitled** Wadi Um Teleh, Al Haruj Al Aswad, Libya, 2009
Right: Detail from **Sand drawing 12, perpendicular lines** Ras Wadi Ibbil, Al Haruj Al Aswad, Libya, L.1260cm, W.36cm, 2009





Right: Sand drawing 2 - Jebel Acacus, SW Libya, 575 x 600 x 600 cm, 2008



Above: **White line on white** Waw Al Namus, Al Haruj Al Aswad, Libya, L.2470cm, 2009



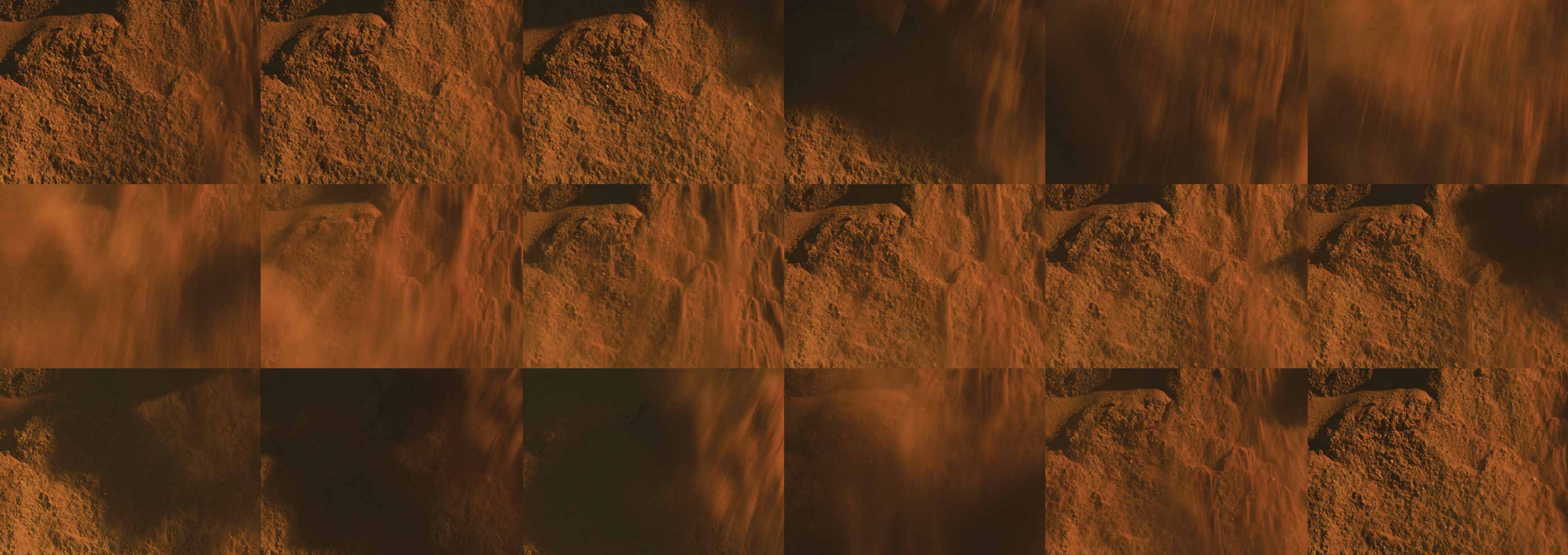
Right: **2 Curved rising lines** Tanta Mihnook, Jebel Acacus, SW Libya, L.1860cm W.60cm Top H.110cm, 2009

intercepting light





Above: **Suspended block** Otjize, NW Namibia, L.207cm, H. 82cm, D. 58cm, 2011
Right: Detail from **Suspended block** Otjize, NW Namibia, L.207cm, H. 82cm, D. 58cm, 2011







Left: Partial block 4, white clay river bank Dvikangi, Kaokoland, NW Namibia, H.270cm, L.450cm, W.360cm, 2012
Above: River bank 6, curved Marienfluss, NW Namibia, L.1050, H.60cm, 2012

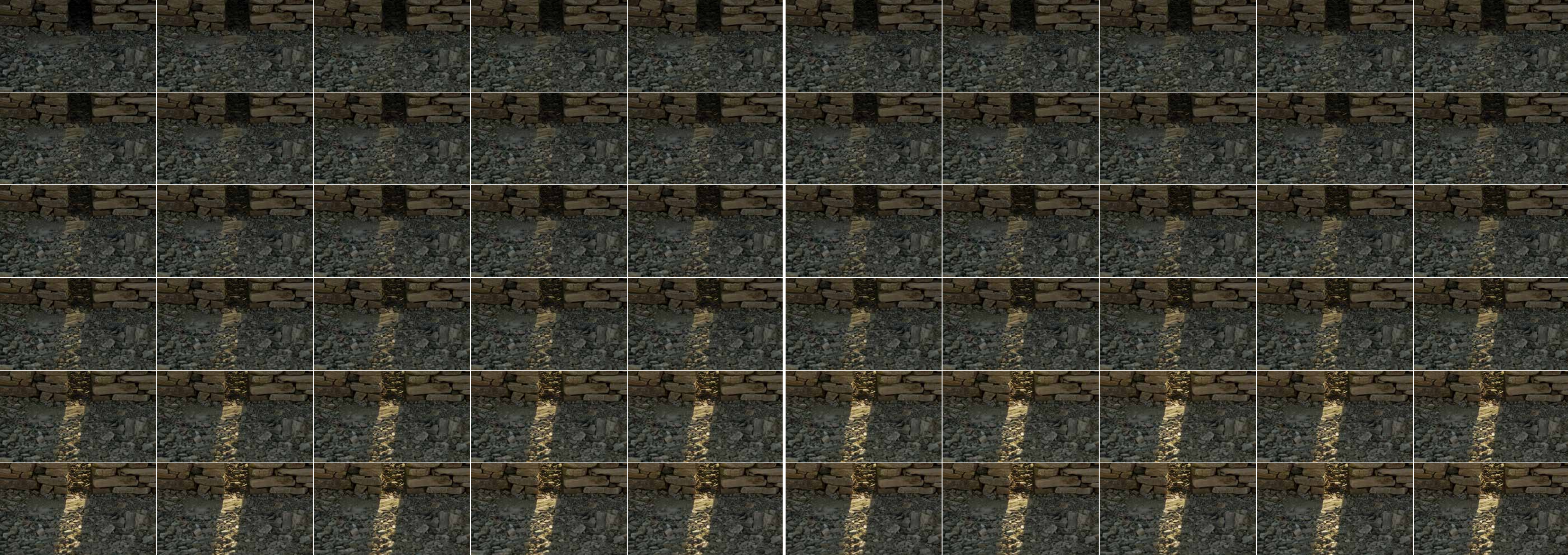




Right: **River bank 3, tall bank** Hoanib river, NW Namibia, L.1590cm, H. 400cm, 2011
Overleaf: Film sequence from **intercepting light; Curved passage, Straight passage** Orotjipanga, Purros, 2011/12, HD 7.27 mins
Overleaf: Film sequence from **Rising Light** 2012, HD 1.43 mins
Overleaf: **River bank 7, red** Marienfluss valley, NW Namibia, L.2100cm, H.160cm, 2012
Overleaf: Detail from **River bank 7, red** Marienfluss valley, NW Namibia, L.2100cm, H.160cm, 2012











Extracts from notebooks, Namibia

JULIE BROOK 2011, 2012

June 6 '11 Palmwag

We saw 5 oryx near enough to make out their handsome colouring and pattern.

And then zebra! I thought about their extreme markings. They are absolute like the shadows.

I love the calligraphic marks of their coat, like walking drawings. Beautifully painted. When they stand together they merge as one. Their stripes embody the exact spirit of the light and shadow here. The mountain zebra are a slightly rusty cream and black with the rust colour stronger on their face. They roll in the red earth.

Thursday June 9 '11 Ganamub

Where I had been washing was a good high river bank so I returned after some tea. I had the idea of cutting a very sharp straight line. It was satisfying work working with the mattock as lumps of sand fell away and then the more exacting work of making the wall of the river bank vertical and flat. I wanted to do this well without exactly knowing where it was going.

When I went back to the bank the sun had moved around sufficiently for the bank to create its own shadow. I had not thought this through but carried on completing my work in making the face good.

I climbed up onto the higher plain of the bank and stood carefully on the most protruding part at the end of the line. Suddenly the work sprang into life. The sharpness of the shadow gave an edge to the golden plains of the grass. The work was about the shadow and not about the wall itself.

At this moment the work had made a beginning. I feel uplifted and full of energy.

So unexpected.

Friday June 10 '11

BALANCE between responding to the new environment and staying within the language of my interests

SPORES- the way Elvis reads the landscape through marks made, footprints, dung

Sunday June 12 '11 Hoanib

Tall river bank

With the spade: good for chopping the line sharp and breaking into the clay vertically.

With the mattock: no good for the edge line or top hard layer. I have to swing it out, cut into the earth from underneath and haul it up for it to then slide off the bank - very satisfying but BALANCE... working over a 9ft drop so keeping balance is crucial and occasionally my mattock sticks into a harder lump and then jars and pulls. Here finding out with our hands the different layerings of earth, clay, sand over the years, the different levels of rain, the different deposits.

Good to explore the properties and qualities of the work through my camera. Looking along the classical line the straight edge is complemented and echoed by the river bank swinging around its curve further down - the feeling of a 90 degree swing.

Saturday June 18 '11

Keep focused and open, loose-limbed, experimental, let things unfold, push but don't try too hard.

Saturday June 25 '11 Otjize

The earth was very hard which was good in terms of big lumps not suddenly falling off but it meant it was carving all the way. The pickaxe was the most useful at the beginning as it removes a lot of earth efficiently. For the underneath space we had to clear a much greater volume of earth than I had imagined - an awkward angle to get to. Moving into damper earth it was darker and softer breaking off like butter when I dug in the pickaxe.

I was noticing every mark being made and how different they were: chiseling with a hammer the soil goes paler and is straight; with the spade the soil goes white like a scuff mark; throwing the red earth it goes up into the air in an arc like a brushmark; in mending I have to find the right consistency for the earth to stick smoothing it with my fingers or keeping it rough.

I crept under the overhang of the suspended block. It was lovely and cool under there. Thinking about how I experience sculptural work beyond the visual, from different perspectives and that it can be predominantly a physical and sensory experience. I like the way this work defies gravity, the heavy mass in suspension.

Once the light fell on the face of the form it had the illusion of being inverted or suspended so you could not quite fix it in space.

Tuesday July 5 '11 Purros valley

building the big wall

- building the void

- waiting for the light

- intersecting rhythms

I lay in the space for a while. I feel both the heaviness of the wall and rock but also an airiness. The experience of the different temperatures that are defined by the light, warm, and cool in the shadow, as clear cut as I see it.

The experience of the sculpture is how I experience the space and tactile closeness of the rock. I want the space to feel wide enough to walk through but narrow enough so I feel I am almost brushing my shoulder against the rock. Delicate.

Thursday Jun 7 '12

ORONDITI, Kunene river

Extended crack, cleared line

Throwing stones to one side

Gesture prospecting

Mark searching

Tool excavating, exacting

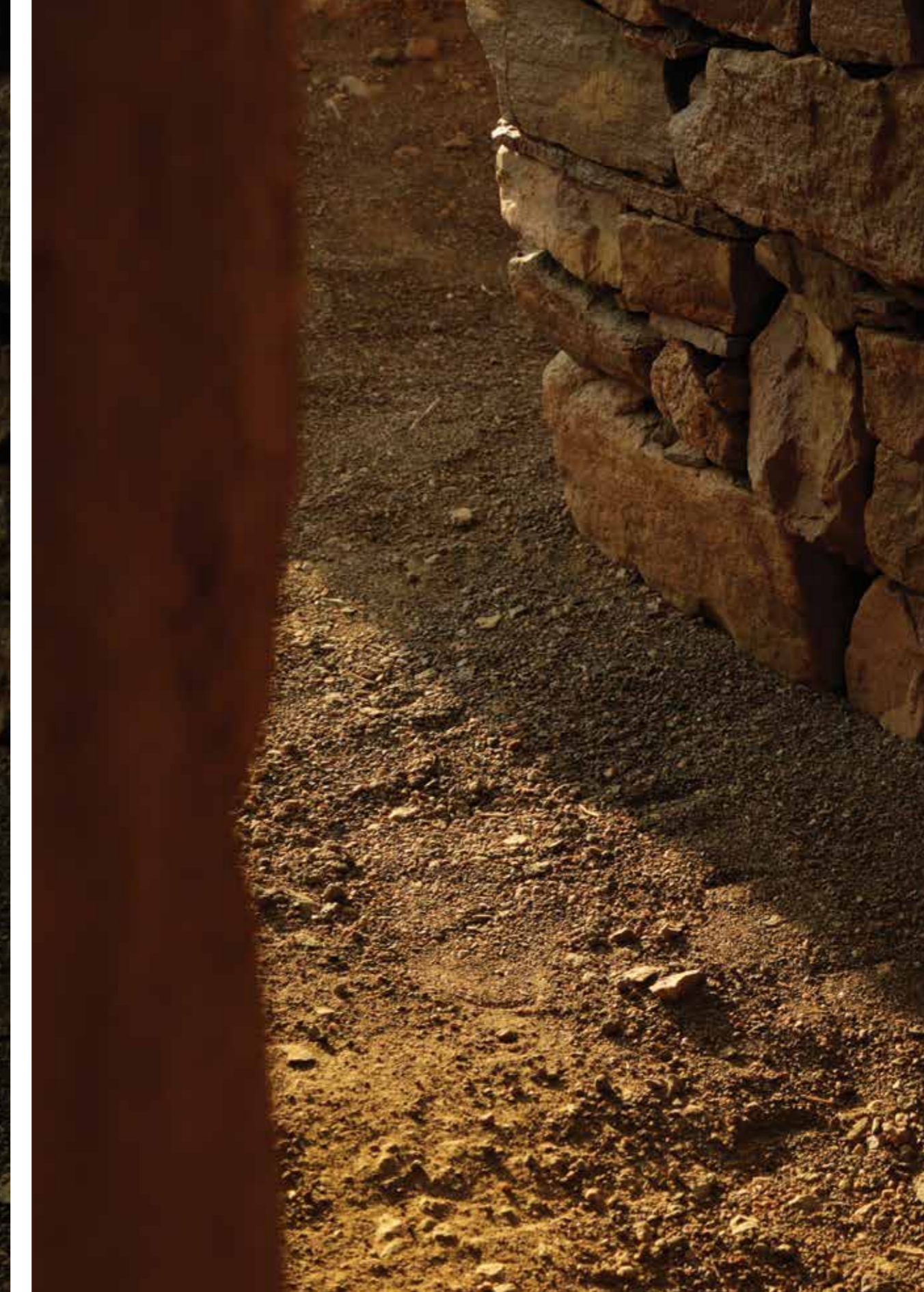
Hands constructing, carving , removing

Saturday June 9 '12

Why does this process of undoing need so much time? And why do I need to 'undo' before I can really open up?

Friday June 15 '12

Why do I choose one site over another?



47 | Left: *Morning light, curved passage* Orotjipanga, Purros, wall dim. L.770cm, H.180cm, W.93cm, 2012
Above: *Passeggiata* Orotjipanga valley, Purros, wall dim .H.191cm, L.337cm, W.83cm, 2011





The World in a Grain of Sand

If you are reading this essay before immersing yourself in Julie Brook's exhibition, you have a problem: language is your problem – words, words, words. Put at its starkest, human language has become an imperialistic medium that has assumed the right to mediate and interpret all other forms of expression. If it can't be worded it's not really there for us, not really present: that is the claim and it is more than wrong, it is spiritually impoverishing.

There's a story about a composer who played his latest composition for a friend and when his friend asked him what it meant, he played it again. By refusing to translate one form of expression – music – into another form of expression – language – the composer repudiated the primacy of words over other forms of communication; as did the painter Edward Hopper when he remarked that if he could say it he wouldn't have to paint it.

When they are thinking about the dangers and limitations of language, philosophers talk about the problem of *equivalence*. Words are signs we create to *point* to things so we can talk about them, but they are not the things themselves. *Things* are not what we say they are. The word bread cannot nourish us nor can you run the word sand through your fingers. That is why trying to translate Julie Brook's art into language is frustrating as well as impertinent; but if you move wordlessly through it without thinking you might experience, among other things, the mystery we call Red and the wonder of Pigmentation and wish you too could rub them into your body like an ecstatic Himba girl in the Namibian desert.

And this brings me to a deeper problem, for which words are only symptoms. We pride ourselves on being the cleverest animal on the planet because evolution has gifted us with these big self-reflective, language-inventing brains; but the price we pay

is the way we have become distanced from the rest of nature and now think of ourselves as no longer belonging to it. Gary Snyder reminds us that the other animals have languages that we have forgotten how to read because we privilege human discourse over other ways of showing: 'Narrative in the deer world is a track of scents that is passed on from deer to deer, with an art of interpretation which is instinctive. A literature of bloodstains, a bit of piss, a whiff of oestrus, a hit of rut, a scrape on a sapling, and long gone...' Because we now only talk to ourselves in our crowded denatured communities we have become monoglots who can no longer read the earth. Unlike the animals that are at home in the world, we have lost the sense of belonging here. The most tragic result of our alienation is the degradation of the planet itself, which is why Richard Mabey says that '...the list of our disastrous failures... bears all the marks of a species which no longer believes itself to be part of the animal world at all. We've become unearthly...' Because our heads are so full of our own noise we have lost the ability to listen to the earth and hear it speak.

But now and then geniuses come forth who immerse themselves in the study of nature's many languages. One of the most remarkable of these rare humans who open themselves to the earth and its creatures was J.A.Baker. In his book *Peregrine* Baker recorded his obsessive ten year pursuit of the peregrine falcon. He followed the peregrine not in order to observe it with the detachment of the human mind looking out of its bunker, but to enter its experience and become one with it – be in communion with it. Reading his book is to wonder at how completely he effaced himself in order to enter the experience of the peregrine, a being of an entirely different order. His book reads as if the peregrine had transubstantiated itself into human language and had become word so that for a season we might become hawk.

... we have become monoglots who can no longer read the earth.

“

... it is not another animal she is channelling through her work, it is the earth itself.

“

Julie Brook is another of these rare geniuses who are so able to empty themselves of their ego and its needs that other forms of reality achieve genuine expression through them. But the remarkable thing about her is that it is not another animal she is channelling through her work, it is the earth itself. Frustrated by the distance between herself and the mystery of the land and the languages it speaks – I don't want to use the word landscape here because it already suggests something humans have crafted – she chose to immerse herself in the earth in order to experience its mystery unmediated by the human filters that distort the very realities they are claiming to interpret. She did this by abandoning the comforts we all use to insulate ourselves from raw nature and by choosing to dwell within it unshielded against its terrors. She did this for years on Jura and other remote Scottish islands, but more recently her quest for unmediated access to the earth has taken her to the deserts of Libya and Namibia, the subjects of this present exhibition. One of the advantages of these desert sojourns is that they offer her new opportunities for self-abandonment. In order to survive in such extreme conditions she has had to trust herself to those whose element it is. In Jura she encountered raw nature on her own, but in Libya and Namibia she could not have survived without the help of fellow humans so at home in the desert that they are one with it and experience the kind of communion with nature Julie has been in search of for years. But having found a new wilderness how was she to mediate it?

Though she is an accomplished artist, versatile in all the skills needed to represent what she sees, one senses in talking to her that the very tools she has to use, such as brushes and paints, sometimes get in the way of her attempts to let the earth speak through her. This is why solitude and a heroic capacity for waiting have become not only instruments of her art but something else as well. In one of his poems about the presence of the absence

of God, R.S. Thomas tells us that 'the meaning is in the waiting.' Waiting is no longer a prelude to something else, an antecedent state: it is its own meaning. The waiting that Julie Brook does in wild places is not just a means to something else: it has become an end in itself, a way of being – a work of art.

But nor should we forget the spade and the pick and the sound of them descanting with falling sand and chanting Himba girls. What she is offering us in this exhibition, if we can turn down the noise in our heads, is a way of waiting and watching that gives the earth back to us and takes us back to the earth. Thanks to the genius of film, even comfort-loving cowards like us can follow Julie into the desert that strips the spirit bare yet offers us a mysterious joy. Yes, what surprises me most about Julie's art is the joy it offers. Joy in place and the playful shifting of light and shadow. And joy in transience and the peace that comes from letting things pass away without clutching at them. When the river rises again, that sculpted bank will crumble and the wall that casts those lovely shadows will be borne away. But they will have been and for a time we will preserve them in the amber of memory. Until we too pass away - as pass we will - blown like sand in the shifting desert. Peace.

RICHARD HOLLOWAY



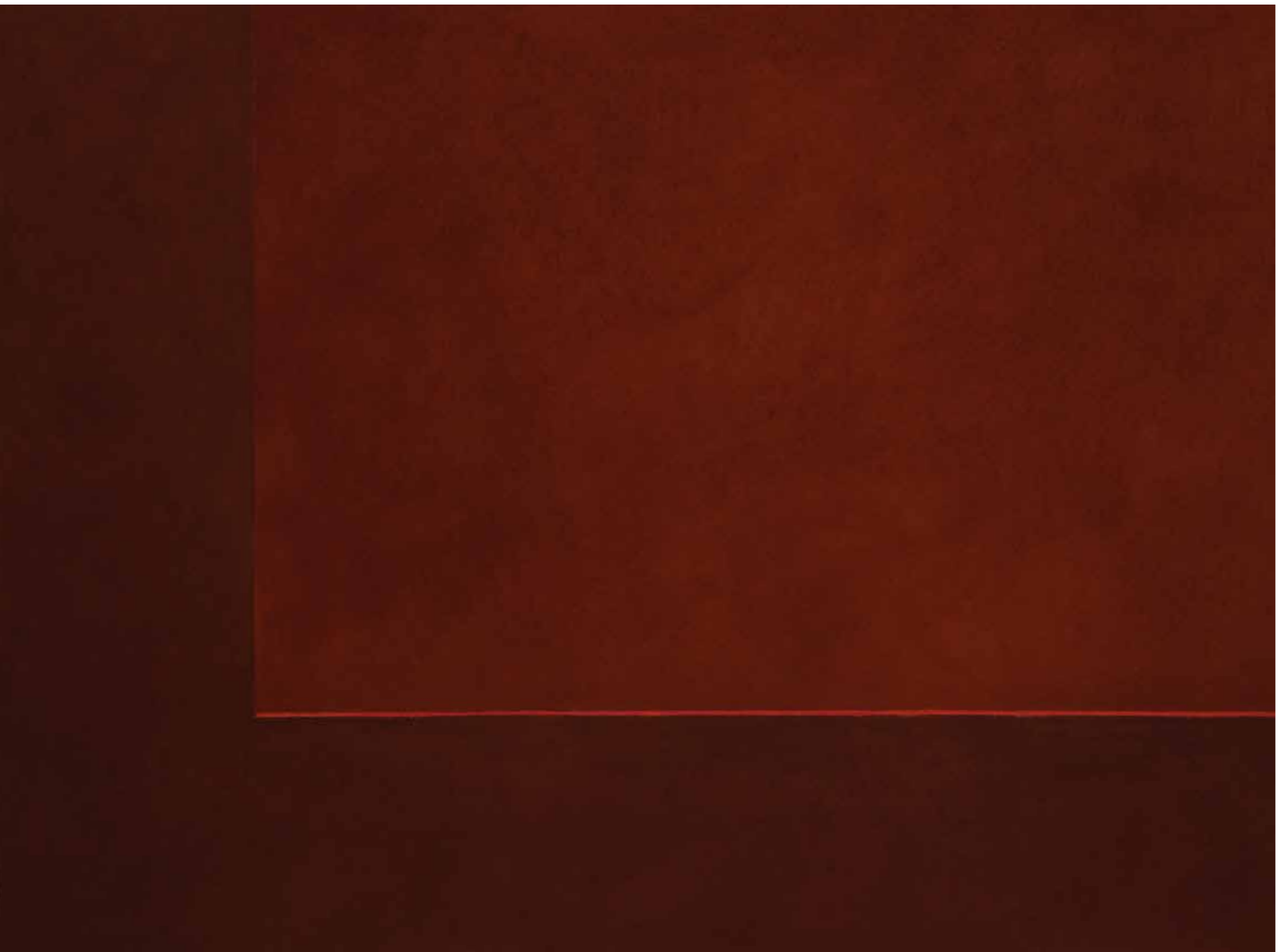
Desert drawing 4, series 1 desert clay pigment on paper, 92cm x 122cm, 2011



Black line on black conté on paper, 92cm x 122cm, 2011



SUSPENSO Desert drawing 1, series 3 desert clay, pastel on paper, 92 x122cm, 2011



SUSPENSO Pigment drawing 9, series 3 Ojiza pigment, pastel on paper, 92 x122cm, 2013

Place surrounds, and the rhythm of digging, cutting, slicing through a ridge of red desert builds up in time. Cutting away, scale shifts backwards and forwards



Re-drawing the horizon

Imagine the time spent, the cold, perhaps, even the loneliness. Julie Brook lived in isolation on Jura between 1991 and 1994 and one of the works made whilst there, represents a battle not so much against, as with, the elements. Distinct from the walks, the food gathered, the basic survival in real time, 'Fire Stack', a pile of neat, thoroughly judged stones, set high above the incoming tide but eventually not high enough, carried both success and failure. The relation between water, wind, wave and the resultant fire on top became a matter of basic rhythm as the artist made her way out at night, on a ramshackle raft, to re-light the successive stacks. This labour intensive process introduces the way Brook literally merges life with work.

But who is the audience? Does the point lie in the idea, the representation of the achievement of the idea, or the perpetual involvement of the artist? What was Brook doing making fires at night probably alone, perhaps only with an occasional visitor there to film? Obviously at some level she really did, through such immersion, over time, get to know the rhythm of the elements as stacks fell, failed, and had to be rebuilt, yet who then, and now, observes such a process? Perhaps physical labour becomes the most comforting and constant component in an artistic endeavour?

Brook studied painting at the Ruskin in Oxford, but came to realise that it could not do everything she wanted. A pull between process and result, image and experience, biography and intention was there from the beginning. Brook says she sought a 'rawness', the aesthetic and conceptual rawness of Auerbach and Bomberg charcoal drawings, for instance, or the 'free spirit' in a painting by Derain and Soutine, where paint is both material and immaterial, and resultant image, surface and sense, is as dependent on the fact of paint as its ability to produce illusion. It is important to emphasise, in the case

of Brook's work, the co-habitation of material and subject. Charcoal is burnt wood, after all, and the wrought, pushed, compacted paint, in a work by Soutine makes expression itself.

Brook maintains that physical work is never daunting to her. The sense of being in your body as a healthy active moving entity is, of course, about ease, possibility, and action. It is fascinating how an artist can be both in a place and take the place of subject. For Brook's work jumps between performance in real time and resultant image, which, it is hoped, stays on in different time.

Brook was drawn to the work of Robert Smithson, with his actual, and literal reaction to the landscape, to Nancy Holt and her powerful extension as well as independent manifestation. This marvellous foray into real space, this poetic re-arrangement of nature into, perhaps, geometric ideas and shapes, with Smithson's spiral jetty and the perhaps more urban downward excavation of Mary Miss, in what Rosalind Krauss so aptly titled the 'expanded field', is crucial. A field expanded to go along with the literal grand plan achieved by ancient civilizations but seen only millennia later from the air. Land Art often exists in remote places where the landscape itself can be a blank canvas. The shift between formal possibility and human habitation is fascinating and at times a touch conflicting while the experience of land art is more a matter of reputation, myth, and image, than experienced fact.

Before going to art college in 1980, Brook spent a year in Sri Lanka where she built a dwelling effective against the elements. Practical, strong, and effective when manipulating material, she introduced herself here, unwittingly, to future activity. Though she continued to make shelters at art school she considered herself no good at sculpture. The constant

question for the artist who makes sculpture is one of justification, the need to create a sense of place or context for the object or idea to exist. Brook's work, with its strong adherence to, dependence on, the reality of place, is conditioned by this. At ease with labour, with the relationship between food, shelter, place and real time, there is the opportunity for her work to be fluid, natural and clear. It is so much part of reality, at one level formal in the true sense of the word, not only fluid, natural and clear, but part of life lived.

The work takes many forms, and it is often a challenge to see exactly where the art will lie. There are the objects; left behind in their natural context, then there is film, documentation combined with experiential immersion; there is life lived, time spent, and ultimately powerful drawings for display and exhibition which come at the end of travelling rather than the beginning. Brook does draw and paint in notebooks as she goes along in response to the terrain, but the large topographical drawing, a form of distillation, a stand in for the actual made back at the studio are in no way diaristic or en passant. The intense rubbing of pigment on paper brings the outside in. This is the studio work, made after the effect: a distilled, condensed, marmite of experience. The drawing acts as a key to the artist's widely travelled, intensely experienced, map. It is a sort of blank but felt, metaphorical record of time spent travelling making, filming and photographing elsewhere. The question, for someone who works so much outside the studio, however, is how best to bring it all inside, especially what to do in the gallery?

made, unmade is an ambitious exhibition. It reflects an independent and separate artist literally brought to account. She brings film that surrounds and pigment encrusted paper, to the space to provide an experiential rhythmical beat. The work comes out of the strong Modernist tradition of making some

thing out of nothing, or at least, as the artist says, of 'making something out of something already there'. From Jura, through Skye, Libya and Namibia and back again, Brook uses earth, sea, land, sand; depending on the terrain, the most familiar aspect even, the actual fabric of ground, horizon and mound.

Brook moves easily, naturally, between two and three dimensions to make a temporary difference. A free standing stone is further incorporated, absorbed, into the context of the landscape by the artist. While working against the natural curve of a meandering dry riverbed in Namibia, Brook interferes to make a straight line, to cut the ground, utilise shadow, sharpen outline and draw with three dimensions. This reminds of paintings by Cezanne and Peter Doig of geometry of building glimpsed through trees. The contradiction of natural curve and straight line in Doig's paintings of a Le Corbusier building in the forest, shows simple outline with grid broken by the natural movement of branch and trunk. An expanse of horizon at Banff and Macduff, for instance, is broken by Brook's upright reflective poles. Elsewhere in Scotland Brook takes a vertical form and draws with it, instead of a three-dimensional assembled stone wedge she refers to the 'two lines' that rise out of the earth. In every case the artist is inside the situation, 'drawing with the bay' on the West Coast, 'marking the landscape with the point'. Lining up things that are already there, Brook will re-arrange an escarpment, breaking the edge with a spade to create a sharp and distinct line, a three dimensional reality made momentarily static.

However grand the vista, Brook's projects differ strongly to that of Nancy Holt, for instance, whose huge Sun Tunnels of 1973 and 1976, installed fifty miles from Smithson's Spiral Jetty, provide shelter and viewing post for a virtually non-existent audience. Work, for Brook, does not lie in spectacle, in the

spectacular, and she has perhaps more in common with Mary Miss who still treats the city as a laboratory with inventions between architectural and human flow.

Probably one of the most fundamental combinations of received image and experience is based on the artistic tradition of the figure in landscape. From Titian through, the artist shows the figure passing through time. The experience is suggestively figurative. Even the most classical, calm, Poussin landscape shows incident where the figure in space is the animator, the apparently unconscious giver of scale and experience. Brook's relation to place is one of fascination. Trips to Africa are intense both before and after; preparation exact and planning tight, yet the journey, drawing and sculptural work merge into each other. Brook says she is 're-aligning elements', that she is 'not interested in objects so much as finding forms and blocks in space.' It all returns to her experience of place, to movement within it; sun, shadow and shapes appearing between elements. Brook's touch is light and transient, she is passing through. Werner Herzog's Film 'Fata Morgana' is an observation, a movement through the Saharan landscape, the result of the process of filming from the top of a VW van in 1972 becomes an elegy on colonialism, observation, stillness and change.

Brook's work in Libya, to begin with, then Namibia, manifests itself in a series of film, photographs and photographs of the film. The relation to the figure in landscape is still symbolic here, however, the figure is not pictured, yet occasionally the artist and the people who work with her are caught on film working. The figure is there to make the change, to dig, and not appear as the subject itself. The resultant film provides a three dimensional immersive experience of labour intensity that translates into backdrop. Place surrounds, and the rhythm of digging, cutting, slicing through a ridge of red desert builds up

in time. Cutting away, scale shifts backwards and forwards, focussing every now and then on a small shuck, a tuft of grass on top. Then the labour finishes, the result makes a hasty shift between moment and generality; all becomes static, still, the finished work becomes more like a drawing.

The distinction between pigment brought back from Namibia as material itself on paper, butting against another visual wall, is really fully blurred just as the film has the banging, grand, almost sexual, cutting into the rock to illuminate the rhythm of the landscape. The multi projection de-personalizes where experience becomes shared and is in no way anecdotal. The figure, the artist in landscape is there to see, to facilitate sight and sense, to re-arrange, to pursue art in a somewhat pure and Modern sense, rather than to denote autobiographical contextualization.

Brook explains about being instructed by a Namibian schoolteacher of a valley by the Angolan border that he says she would not want to leave for a year. In a contemporary practice the relationship between image and place can be all too hastily and too heartily conflated. The artist passes through slowly, or faster. She lives in places but puts the idea of the personal aside to become the vessel for art and expression. Not so much as meditative as self less. The solitary testing of will, the duration of performance as an unseen independent activity is unusual, unique even, and of course the art comes back later.

BIOGRAPHY

Born in 1961, Julie Brook studied art at Marlborough College and the Ruskin School of Drawing and Fine Art, Oxford (1980-83).

From 1989 Julie Brook has been living and working in remote landscapes in Scotland; Hoy, Orkney (1989); the west coast of Jura (1990-94); on the uninhabited island of Mingulay (1996-2011), Outer Hebrides.

Her studio is based in the Isle of Skye.

More recently she has had the opportunity to work in different parts of the desert in Central and South West Libya (2008-09)

travelling with Tuareg guides; Syria (2010); North West Namibia (2011-12) travelling with Himba-Herero guides.

Drawing plays a fundamental role in her practice. She makes large scale sculptural work outside using different materials using photography and film as part of the process of working.

In 2009-10 Brook collaborated with the Fruitmarket Gallery on an 2 year educational project Air Iomlaid (on exchange) involving Gaelic medium children from Skye and Edinburgh.

Public Commissions

2010 **2 RISING LINES – SCALE**, Clandonald Lands Trust, Isle of Skye
2008 **INTERCEPTION – COAST**, Banff and Macduff visual arts festival
2007 **INVERSION – Fosgailte/Exposed**, Clandonald Lands Trust, Isle of Skye
2003 **BROKEN CIRCLE – Hidden Gardens**, Tramway, Glasgow with nva organization

Solo Exhibitions

2004 **ISLAND** – Watersay and Barra; Taigh Chearsabhagh, N.Uist; Upper Ostaig, Isle of Skye; 9 Adam St, London W1
2000 **THE LAND'S EDGE ALSO** – An Tuireann, Skye; An Tarbeirt, Argyll; Sable Gallery, Edinburgh
1999 **THE LAND'S EDGE ALSO** – Collin's Gallery, Glasgow
1997 **THAT UNTRAVELL'D WORLD** –15a Cleveden Rd, Glasgow; Taigh Chearsabhagh, N.Uist

Group Exhibitions

2013 **RUSKIN SHORTS 2013**, Modern Art Oxford
2011 **FIRE, EARTH, AIR, WATER**, Alchemy Film and Moving Image Festival, Hawick, Scottish Borders
2010 **WINDOW TO THE WEST** – City Arts Centre, Edinburgh
2010 **SCALE** – Clandonald Lands Trust, Skye
2007 **FOSGAILTE/EXPOSED** – Clandonald Lands Trust, Skye
2007 **SEALLADH 3** – An Tuireann, Skye
2002/3 **SCOTLAND EUROPA** – Scotland House, Brussels

Awards

2012 Creative Scotland – Development of work for Dovecot Studios exhibition
2010 Hi-Arts, researching UK galleries
2008 SAC award for Research and Development of work in Libya
2007 Hope Scott Trust, Hi-arts
2004 Hi-Arts, Barra Community Trust

Film/TV/Radio/Publications

2013 **intercepting light**, HD *48mins*; **drawing a line**, HD *12.26 mins*; **Rising Light** HD *1.43 mins*; **Sand drawings** HD *3.55 mins*; **Passeggiata** HD *3.20 mins*; **Sea Drawing** super 8, *3 mins*
The Invisible Life – feature film collaboration with Victor Gonçalves, HD, Super 8 *100mins*
2010 **Air Iomlaid** (on exchange) – 40min film for exhibition, Fruitmarket Gallery, Edinburgh - publication
2006 **An Dealbh Mòr** – BBC2, Gaelic
2000 **In Search of wilderness** – BBC radio Scotland
1999 **the land's edge also** – super 8, 30 mins film, Mingulay; publication
1998 **Castaway** – BBC Scotland documentary about work on Mingulay
1997 **that untravell'd world** – super 8, 40 mins work on Isle of Jura, West coast

Educational Projects

2010 Air Iomlaid (on exchange) – Fruitmarket Gallery, Edinburgh; Sabhal Mòr Ostaig, Skye; SNH HQ, Inverness with Bùnsgoil Shlèite, Skye; Tollcross Primary School, Edinburgh
2005 An Dealbh Mòr (the big picture) – Sabhal Mòr Ostaig, Skye; An Tuireann, Skye
2000 Glasgow at our Feet – Kelvingrove Art Galleries, Glasgow

FILMS by Julie Brook

Editor: Ling Lee

Camera: Libya 2008-09, Namibia 2012 - Julie Brook
Namibia 2011- Ian Dodds

Creative advisor: Kath MacLeod, Christopher Young

Music *Passeggiata*: Howard Skempton

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