

Welcome to **Newstead Abbey**

As you explore Newstead today,
you will encounter a new
and unique exhibition
throughout the house.

BLACK NEWSTEAD

is the story of the influence
and experience of Black people
across nearly a thousand years at Newstead.

We have invited Black artists, poets, academics,
photographers, teachers and residents in the
community to spend time here, taking inspiration to
tell the Black history of this place.

You will see remarkable objects and artworks from
our collection, displayed alongside these new creative
responses to Newstead's long and complex history.

Newstead Abbey is for everyone. We are determined
that every person who comes here can see themselves
as part of the story of this extraordinary place.

**BLACK
NEWSTEAD**



After the Lion Hunt

by Alfred Corbould
1857

This scene shows William Frederick Webb (standing) at the end of a lion hunt in South Africa, alongside his friend Captain William Codrington (seated). Webb owned Newstead Abbey from 1860 until his death in 1899.

Webb spent much time exploring Africa. He hunted many animals on his travels, and displayed their skins and heads at Newstead. None of these remain here. Lion hunting is now widely condemned, although it remains legal in South Africa.

This painting is an imagined scene- the artist never travelled with Webb. The inclusion of local people acting as servants to Europeans illustrates the gross power imbalance that remained in Africa, over 20 years after the abolition of slavery in the British empire.

We are presented with a white European's idea of what black Africans looked like. This, alongside the depiction of hunting for sport, makes for uncomfortable viewing today.



Panya Banjoko is a writer, poet and PhD candidate at Nottingham Trent University. Her work features in numerous anthologies, and her debut collection *Some Things* was published by Burning Eye Books in 2018.

Panya has received numerous awards including the Notts Inspirational Women's Award in 2019. She co-ordinates a Black Writers Network and is patron for Nottingham UNESCO City of Literature.

panyabanjoko.wordpress.com



After the Lion Hunt by Panya Banjoko

At the top of every hunter's wish list
is the beast of legends.

Facing it off, on foot,
and shooting straight and quick.

After he records it in his book:
the days searching green savannas,

waiting silently
in the boundless wilderness

hidden behind patches of bush
and acacia trees,

looking down the barrel of his rifle,
staring the beast in the eye,
then landing the fatal shot
where the shoulder joins the neck.

Later his guide whispered
into a friend's ear:

*the beast he called a mankiller
was past its prime*

*and sagged with bad knees.
Even so it had not dropped*

*with the first shot
but lie in wait, then charged*

*at the over-gunned hunter
as he drew close.*

After the hunt the hunter stands,
with his right foot on the beast's head

rifle held high and marks himself
as the Great White Hunter.



Informational text panel, likely a museum label, positioned near the staircase railing. The text is too small to read but appears to be a list of items or a short description.



Lord Byron's tea pot

This is said to be Byron's favourite tea pot. It was made in China in the late 18th century.

Drinking tea was a status symbol in Byron's lifetime, as it was a chief import from the British Empire. One of the main ingredients of the drink is sugar, which was cultivated through the labour of enslaved African people on plantations in the Caribbean.

The plantation of St Mary's in Jamaica was owned by Thomas Wildman. The profits gave him the wealth to buy Newstead from Lord Byron in 1818.



Honey Williams is a Sonic and Visual Artist, singer-songwriter, and Designer. Decolonising beauty, identity, race, music and history currently inspires Honey's art.

Honey is the Director of the alt choir Gang of Angels and a Lecturer in Singing at Nottingham Trent University.

thehoneyeffect.wordpress.com
Instagram: @thehoneyeffect

Lord Byron's Debt Collector

2021

I was inspired by Lord Byron's favourite teapot; both the triviality of the object in contrast to the colossal brutality of the British Empire, colonisation and its endless plundering of tea from Asia, and cultivation of sugar cane by the enslaved, kidnapped West African people that the British owned. All represented in a pot of tea (and Newstead Abbey itself) without reparations given to all of those who were exploited by the British Empire.

The British elite grew addicted to a spot of tea and sugar, and wealthy from the global trade.

So I created Lord Byron's Debt Collector. She represents a redressing of the balance and she's ready and equipped to take back all that she is owed.

Honey Williams





Overmantle

When Newstead Priory was seized by Henry VIII in 1539, he sold the house to Sir John Byron. Byron converted the priory into a family home, that remained the seat of his family for over 280 years.

Byron installed these overmantles in several rooms - wooden carvings that sit above a fireplace. Among the figures is a black figure- described in historic descriptions as a Moor.



Panya Banjoko is a writer, poet and PhD candidate at Nottingham Trent University. Her work features in numerous anthologies, and her debut collection *Some Things* was published by Burning Eye Books in 2018.

Panya has received numerous awards including the Notts Inspirational Women's Award in 2019. She co-ordinates a Black Writers Network and is patron for Nottingham UNESCO City of Literature.

panyabanjoko.wordpress.com



Overmantle

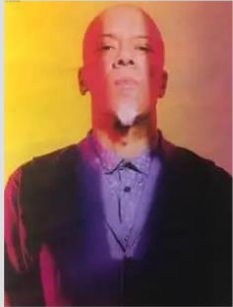
by Panya Banjoko

They have lost the name of the Moor carved in wood.

Was he a nobleman, a traveller, or a sage?

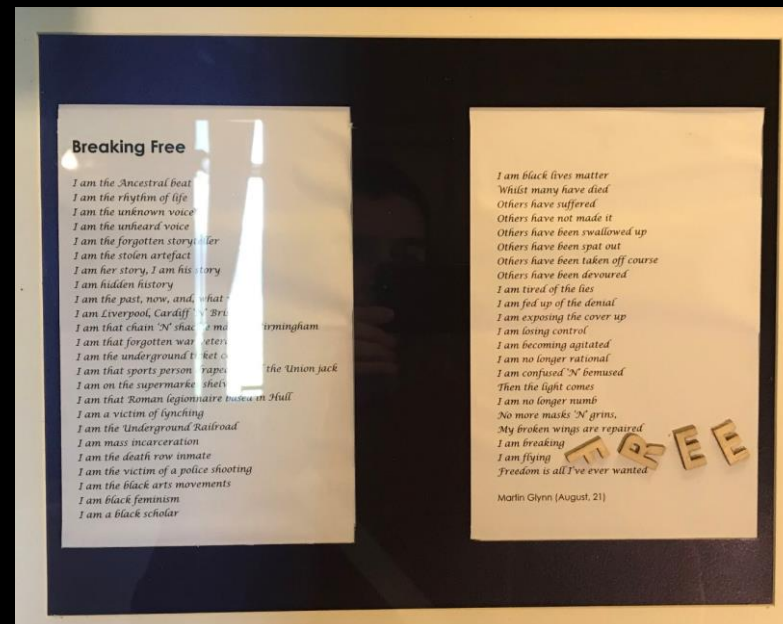
Dear Byron, why did you take this secret to your grave?





Dr Martin Glynn is a criminologist, working in criminal justice, public health and educational settings. Martin is a lecturer in criminology at Birmingham University, and Writer in Residence at the National Justice Museum.

Martin has published several books. The latest, *Invisible Voices: The Black presence in crime and punishment in the UK, 1750-1900* will be published by Routledge in 2023.





Banners from Black Lives Matter protest

Sunday 7 June 2020

On 25 May 2020, George Floyd was killed by a police officer in Minneapolis, USA. The officer had knelt on Floyd's neck during a routine arrest for over 9 minutes. This senseless death sparked protests across the world against institutional racism.

A protest was organised at the Forest in Nottingham, attended peacefully by hundreds of people.

These are some of the placards that were made for display there.

Lord Byron was a passionate believer in equal rights for all, and against the abuse of authority by the powerful.

There is no doubt that he would have been a strong ally of the Black Lives Matter movement.

His maiden speech in the House of Lords in 1812 was in defence of the Luddite rioters in Nottinghamshire, whom the government proposed to punish by hanging.

He said:

*Whilst these outrages must be admitted to exist ...
it cannot be denied that they have arisen from
circumstances of the most unparalleled distress.*



Mahogany Furniture

There are over 100 pieces of mahogany furniture at Newstead. Some were owned by Lord Byron, and others were brought here by the Wildman and Webb families.

The Mahogany tree is native to South America and the Caribbean. Between 1720 and 1760, over 90% of mahogany imported to Britain had grown in Jamaica, where it had been felled by enslaved African people.

By the 1790s the majority of Jamaica's mahogany trees had been felled. The removal of so many trees from the landscape exacerbated the effects of the devastating floods that hit the island in later years.



Panya Banjoko is a writer, poet and PhD candidate at Nottingham Trent University. Her work features in numerous anthologies, and her debut collection *Some Things* was published by Burning Eye Books in 2018.

Panya has received numerous awards including the Notts Inspirational Women's Award in 2019. She co-ordinates a Black Writers Network and is patron for Nottingham UNESCO City of Literature.

panyabanjoko.wordpress.com

Mahogany Furniture by Panya Banjoko

In my younger days, I counted over one hundred pieces
of hardwood furniture scattered about the place.

Some wore reddish-brown sheens to hide their grief,
others had darkened over time with worry

but all stood like soldiers in the Abbey,
longing for home where they once were Kings.

They are the souvenirs of resistance and endurance
against gnawing insects and the warping hand of time.

I half smile at their refusal to decay or fade
in this sometimes coveted, sometimes painful place.

Beauty has its price and somewhere in the world
homes are flooded with tears lamenting their removal.

So early in my life the lesson began
of what it means to hold power and to not give a damn.



Birthright

2021

There is history carried for generations with nakedness, tenderness, and truth. The skin, the bones, the body become a placeholder for these stories. A home for past and future to meet. To move between. To expand. These stories in our bodies emerge from the depths of our roots and become what holds history.

Though histories regarding the Black experience may be erased, twisted, and misinterpreted. Through heritage, lineage, and nature our truths are carried within the facts of our existence. Thus, we become artifact.

Arit Emmanuela Etukudo



Arit Emmanuela Etukudo recreates the relationship between her body's physical movements in the world and its incorporeal movements as a result of that. In her work, her body is not limited by form, space or time; but instead manifests itself beyond what is immediately perceptible.

Arit's work has won several art prizes, including the 2019 New Art Exchange Open Future Exhibition Prize.

aritemmanuela.com





Newstead Colliery

Newstead Colliery opened in 1874 by the Newstead Colliery Company, close to Newstead Abbey, once known as Newstead Colliery Village. Coal mining began a year later in 1875, providing much needed jobs and housing for the hard-working coal miners and their families, living in the village and migrating from afar such as Jamaica in the West Indies.



Norma Gregory is a historian, diverse industrial heritage consultant and arts curator of African Caribbean experiences. Norma is director of Nottingham News Centre CIC, and founder of the Black Miner's Museum. She has received several awards for her work, including the Windrush Award 2018 in Nottingham.

www.nottinghamnewscentre.com



Kenneth Campbell, a coal miner of African Caribbean heritage, worked at Newstead Colliery.

Kenneth came to the UK from Trelawny, Jamaica, in 1963 at the age of 11, to join his parents who were already living in the UK. He found work as a coal miner at Newstead Colliery and later at Cotgrave Colliery.

He recalls:

"I was the only black person down that pit. When I went to get the job, they wouldn't give me the job because there was no black people working there. I was the first and it was brilliant."

Norma Gregory



1988

Photo credit: Shane Philip





A narrative of Lord Byron's last journey

By Pietro Gamba

and

Recollections of the last days of Shelley and Byron

By Edward Trelawny

Pietro Gamba and Edward Trelawny were close friends of Lord Byron. Both published memoirs of their time together, which include descriptions of Byron's servant Benjamin Lewis, who was black.

Trelawny describes that Lewis was initially in his employment, and let him move into Lord Byron's service while they were together in Greece: "Byron persuaded me to let him have my black servant, as, in the East, it is a mark of dignity to have a negro in your establishment."

Byron wrote in his journal in Greece: "one of the Servants (a Negro) declared that it was as hot as in the West Indies".

Another memoir, by Byron's friend William Parry, describes a practical joke that he and Byron played on Lewis:

"Lord Byron had a black groom with him in Greece, an American by birth, to whom he was very partial.* He always insisted on this man's calling him Massa, whenever he spoke to him. On one occasion, the groom met with two women of his own complexion, who had been slaves to the Turks and liberated, but had been left almost to starve when the Greeks had risen on their tyrants. Being of the same colour was a bond of sympathy between them and the groom, and he applied to me to give both these women quarters in the seraglio. I granted the application, and mentioned it to Lord Byron, who laughed at the gallantry of his groom, and ordered that he should be brought before him at ten o'clock the next day, to answer for his presumption in making such an application.

At ten o'clock accordingly he attended his master with great trembling and fear, but stuttered so when he attempted to speak, that he could not make himself understood; Lord Byron endeavouring, almost in vain, to preserve his gravity, reproved him severely for his presumption. Blacky stuttered a thousand excuses and was ready to do anything to appease his massa's anger. His great yellow eyes wide open, he trembling from head to foot, his wandering and stuttering excuses, his visible dread, all tended to provoke laughter, and Lord Byron, fearing his own dignity would be hove overboard, told him to hold his tongue, and listen to his sentence. I was commanded to enter it in his memorandum book, and then he pronounced in a solemn tone of voice, while blacky stood aghast, expecting some severe punishment, the following doom. "My determination is, that the children born of these black women, of which you may be the father, shall be my property, and I will maintain them. What say you?" "Go-Go-God bless you, massa, may you live great while," stuttered out the groom, and sallied forth to tell the good news to the two distressed women."

These and other memoirs are the only accounts of Benjamin Lewis. There are no known images of him.



Contribution from **Cath Williams**

Assistant Professor in Social Work
School of Sociology and Social Policy
University of Nottingham

Byron's black groom, Lewis

It is interesting to note that Lewis would have had a strong presence at Newstead and I can now clearly imagine him wandering around the gardens and grounds, as well-dressed and fed as any other favoured servant.

Parry's description of Lewis and his appeal to save the two black women however tells much more than the explicit racism of the white 'massa' towards his 'blacky'. To my mind, Lewis knew exactly what he was doing in presenting himself so for his master's amusement, as most Blacks did in interacting with Whites, in accordance with their expected stereotypes.

He would have had the last laugh in fooling Byron into taking on the care and expense of the women through a great piece of acting. For me, Lewis becomes a figure of subtlety and power in manipulating the easily bought off Byron.



These images were taken during Seke Chimutengwende's residency at Newstead Abbey in July 2021. The artists spent four days in the house and gardens, reflecting on the history of the site and responding with movement and voice.

This has fed in to Seke's current research on a new group choreography, looking at ghosts and haunted houses as metaphors for how histories of slavery and colonialism haunt the present.

Seke's residency was in collaboration with six dancers: Natifah White, Rose Sall Sao, Rhys Dennis, Alethia Antonia, Charlie Ashwell and Adrienne Ming. It was co-commissioned by dance artist Eleanor Sikorski (with support from Arts Council England), Dancing Museums 2 and Dance4.

www.dancingmuseums.com/projects/nottingham-residencies-uk

Seke Chimutengwende is a choreographer, performer, movement director and teacher from London. He studied dance at Lewisham College and London Contemporary Dance School, going on to perform for a variety of companies and independent choreographers. He teaches improvisation in several London dance schools.

www.sekechimutengwende.com

Ben Harriot uses lens-based media as a tool to explore the relationship between the physical, emotional and subconscious.

www.benharriott.com

Eleanor Sikorski is primarily a dancer and choreographer. She is also a filmmaker and comics artist. Her work spans performance, comedy, music, dance and cabaret. Eleanor is associate artist with the Dancing Museums II project, through which she has curated a series of artists' residencies here at Newstead Abbey.

eleanorsikorski.com







Thomas Wildman

By James Lonsdale

Thomas Wildman bought Newstead Abbey from Lord Byron in 1818. He was a very wealthy man, having inherited the Quebec sugar plantation in Jamaica from his father. The plantation was worked by about 300 enslaved African people, generating huge profits. Wildman invested this whole fortune in purchasing and renovating Newstead.

Contribution from Charmaine Binns-Muhammad, Mrs Anderson, Lilleth Clarke, Louise Garvey, Rupert Aikman, Mr and Mrs Anderson, Sibon Phiri, Beverley Taylor and Mary Knight: all visitors to the Vine community centre in Hyson Green, Nottingham.

www.thevine.org.uk

How can you inherit a plantation?

Whose land was it at the beginning of time?

Who did you take it from?

And whose hands renovated it?

How many slaves died to get the money to buy Newstead Abbey?

What was the real price?

Was it on the backs of Slaves?





Mahogany furniture

There are over 100 pieces of mahogany furniture at Newstead. Some were owned by Lord Byron, and others were brought here by the Wildman and Webb families.

The Mahogany tree is native to South America and the Caribbean. Between 1720 and 1760, over 90% of mahogany imported to Britain had grown in Jamaica, where it had been felled by enslaved African people.

By the 1790s the majority of Jamaica's mahogany trees had been felled. The removal of so many trees from the landscape exacerbated the effects of the devastating floods that hit the island in later years.

Contribution from Charmaine Binns-Muhammad, Mrs Anderson, Lilleth Clarke, Louise Garvey, Rupert Aikman, Mr and Mrs Anderson, Sibon Phiri, Beverley Taylor and Mary Knight: all visitors to the Vine community centre in Hyson Green, Nottingham.

www.thevine.org.uk

We wonder how many trees did it take to build the chest?

10, 20, 30, who knows

How many slaves did it take to chop and fell?

Sweating in the heat, bringing them to their knees

And how about the devastation?

The lasting effect on the land.

The beautiful landscape gone in exchange for the climatical change

Landslides, flooding and still feeling the effects today

Skilled labourers, carpenters lost along the way

The economy and wealth transported to a different land.





Why wonder how many trees did it take to build the chest?
10, 20, 30, who knows

How many stones did it take to chop and fill?
Swimming in the heat, bringing them to their knees

And how about the devastation?
The lasting effects on the land.

The beautiful landscape gone in exchange for the climate change.
Landslides, flooding and soil losing the effects only

Defted labourers, carpenters lost along the way.
The economy and wealth transported to a different land.



Lord Byron's Screen

Lord Byron owned this screen in his early 20s. He decorated it with cut out pictures of his heroes from two of his great passions: Theatre, and boxing.

Boxing was a popular sport among gentlemen and royalty, in Byron's lifetime. To decorate this screen he used pictures of fighters he admired, cut outs from Boxiana magazine, and hand written accounts of fights.

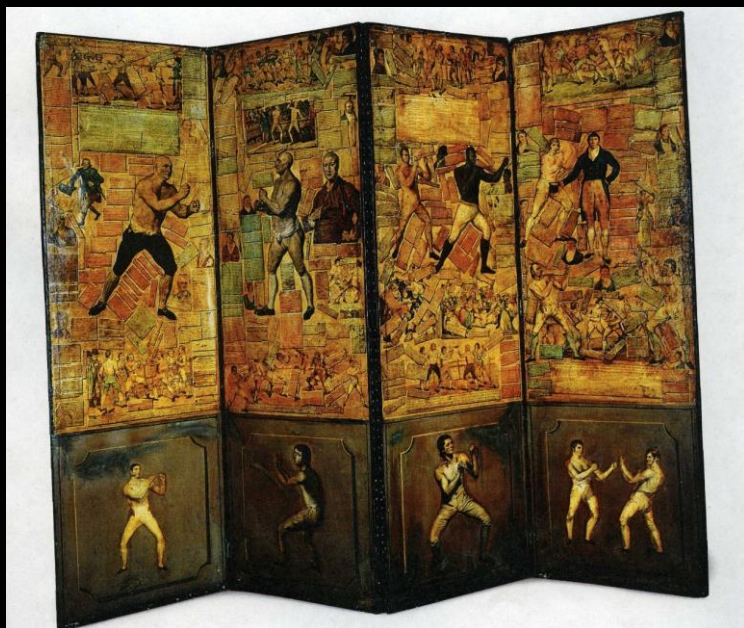
One of the biggest images is of Tom Molineaux, a black man who was one of the leading boxers of the 19th century. Byron was trained by another prominent black boxer, Bill Richmond.



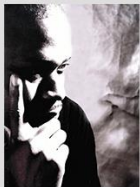
Ofilaye is a photographer and filmmaker based in London.

His work spans across fashion photography, lifestyle, documentary, and music video.

ofilaye.pb.studio







Dr Onyeka Nubia is a historian, writer and presenter. He has written on Englishness, Britishness and historical method for many publications including *History Today* and *BBC History Magazine*.

Onyeka has also been a consultant and presenter for TV programmes including the BBC's *History Cold Case* and Channel 4's *Skeletons of the Mary Rose*.

Oh to be seen and not heard: The Black Equestrians

Ignatius Sancho, 1729-1780 (London)

...but we must have patience—what cannot be cured—must be endured.

Letter XXIII, Ignatius Sancho, May 4 1779



George John Scipio Africanus,
1763-1834 (Nottingham)

... This is the last Will and testament of me

George Africanus of the town of Nottingham Yeoman...

The will of George Africanus, written in his own hand 1833.



In Memory of George Africanus
Who died 19 May 1834
Aged 70 years
Also Ester Africanus, wife of the above
Who died 12 May 1853!
Aged 81 years
Oh cruel death that separated here
A loving father from his daughter dear
Also a tender parent in decline of life
A loving mother and a careful wife
While in this world they did remain
Their latter Days were full of pain

'Black Charley' c. 1823 (Norwich)



John Dempsey, 'Black Charley' Norwich, 1823.

Dido Elizabeth Lindsay Belle,
1761-1804 (London)



Slavery does not start, or end, Black history.



**Oh to be seen and not heard:
The Black Equestrians**

George Selwyn, 1750-1788
Selwyn was a Black equestrian and a member of the George Selwyn family of the town of Selwyn, North Carolina. He was a member of the George Selwyn family of the town of Selwyn, North Carolina. He was a member of the George Selwyn family of the town of Selwyn, North Carolina.

Black Equestrians, 1800-1850
This is a list of Black equestrians who were members of the George Selwyn family of the town of Selwyn, North Carolina. He was a member of the George Selwyn family of the town of Selwyn, North Carolina.

Black Equestrians, 1800-1850
This is a list of Black equestrians who were members of the George Selwyn family of the town of Selwyn, North Carolina. He was a member of the George Selwyn family of the town of Selwyn, North Carolina.

Slavery does not start, or end, Black history



Darkness: She was the Universe*

Ben Harriott and Amanda Russell

Digital film
6 minutes 45 seconds
Summer 2021

This film was made as part of mayfield brooks' and Mary Pearson's interdisciplinary dance project, *How to Be Afraid?* which investigates the afterlife of the transatlantic slave in relation to body, time and space.

This work was co-commissioned by dance artist Eleanor Sikorski (with support from Arts Council England), Dancing Museums 2 and Dance4, and created during a residency on the site of Newstead Abbey.

Garments designed and made by Alena Kudera

This space was the passage that led from the cloister to the priory's burial ground. Lord Byron installed a cold plunge pool here in 1808- an idea he brought to Newstead from Turkey, believed to aid good health. His dogs often joined him in here.

*title inspired by Lord Byron's poem Darkness

Mary Pearson is a dancer and performance maker based in Liverpool. Her multi-disciplinary practice is rooted in improvisation and collaboration, with backgrounds in dance, visual art, comedy and experimental theatre devising.

www.dance4.co.uk/artists/mary-pearson-uk

mayfield brooks is a movement-based performance artist, vocalist, urban farmer, teacher, and writer, based in Brooklyn, New York.

www.improvisingwhileblack.com

Ben Harriot uses lens-based media as a tool to explore the relationship between the physical, emotional and subconscious.

www.benharriott.com

Eleanor Sikorski is primarily a dancer and choreographer. She is also a filmmaker and comics artist. Her work spans performance, comedy, music, dance and cabaret. Eleanor is associate artist with the Dancing Museums II project, through which she has curated a series of artists' residencies here at Newstead Abbey.

eleanorsikorski.com



Darkness

By Lord Byron

1816

I had a dream, which was not all a dream,
The bright sun was extinguish'd, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air:
Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,
And men forgot their passions in the dread
Of this their desolation; and all hearts
Were chill'd into a selfish prayer for light:
And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,
The habitations of all things which dwell,
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consum'd,
And men were gather'd round their blazing homes
To look once more into each other's face:
Happy were those who dwelt within the eye
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:
A fearful hope was all the world contain'd:
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks
Extinguish'd with a crash—and all was black.
The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them: some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smil'd;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and look'd up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again
With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd: the wild birds shriek'd
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawl'd
And twin'd themselves among the multitude,
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.
And War, which for a moment was no more,
Did glut himself again: a meal was bought
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left,
All earth was but one thought—and that was death
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;
The meagre by the meagre were devour'd,
Even dogs assail'd their masters, all save one,
And he was faithful to a corpse, and kept
The birds and beasts and famish'd men at bay,
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead
Lur'd their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand
Which answer'd not with a caress—he died.
The crowd was famish'd by degrees; but two
Of an enormous city did survive,
And they were enemies: they met beside
The dying embers of an altar-place
Where had been heap'd a mass of holy things
For an unholy usage; they rais'd up,
And shivering scrap'd with their cold skeleton hands
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath
Blew for a little life, and made a flame
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld
Each other's aspects—saw, and shriek'd, and died—
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow
Famine had written Fiend. The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirr'd within their silent depths;
Ships sailerless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon, their mistress, had expir'd before;
The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd; Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.

Cameo: Am I Not A Man and a Brother?

Josiah Wedgwood, 1787

Josiah Wedgwood was a hugely successful potter, the leader in the industrialisation of the manufacture of European pottery. Wedgwood was a dedicated campaigner against the slave trade. This cameo was made by his company in support of abolition. It became one of the most famous abolitionist images, raising awareness of the issue.



Panya Banjoko is a writer, poet and PhD candidate at Nottingham Trent University. Her work features in numerous anthologies, and her debut collection *Some Things* was published by Burning Eye Books in 2018.

Panya has received numerous awards including the Notts Inspirational Women's Award in 2019. She co-ordinates a Black Writers Network and is patron for Nottingham UNESCO City of Literature.

panyabanjoko.wordpress.com

'Am I Not a Man and a Brother?'

by Panya Banjoko

On rainy days, in rough seas,
the rumbling men come,
lock us in pairs to ring bolts
below deck,
with no room to crawl or turn.

We wait, for days
packed on strips of un-planed boards
with splinters and knots
and the unbearable stink
of the rot.

Boils shudder under our skin,
some raised red,
in this slaughterhouse
with the heat corroding our bodies
even the sharks who follow our journey
turn their noses up at our stench.

At eight in the morning,
and four in the afternoon,
we are baptized with one cup of water
from a bowl. Fed
horse beans and slabber sauce
by hand, from a bucket
shared between ten.

If we refuse:
the speculum oris cranks open our jaws
and if not the wooden dividers
our lips are burnt with coals
as we are made to dance
to the crack of the cat o nine swinging its tail.
Every motion we perform
is with a rope bridled
around our neck.

We journey towards port
and when land comes
the merchants
clamour, poking and picking
at our flesh, prodding our gums,
dismissing the clang of our terror
and seat us before the auctioneer,
high on his chair.

Where we wait
for the next leg of the journey
and long to be
like the lapping waves
free.

Coins of Edward I

Edward I ruled England from 1272 to 1307. He visited Newstead Priory twice, in order to hunt in the nearby royal forest of Sherwood.

Shortly before he became king, Edward took an active part in the Crusades in northern Africa.



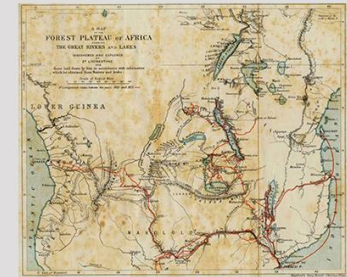
Panya Banjoko is a writer, poet and PhD candidate at Nottingham Trent University. Her work features in numerous anthologies, and her debut collection *Some Things* was published by Burning Eye Books in 2018.

Panya has received numerous awards including the Notes Inspirational Women's Award in 2019. She co-ordinates a Black Writers Network and is patron for Nottingham UNESCO City of Literature.

panyabanjoko.wordpress.com

Map of Africa showing river "Webb's Lualaba"

David Livingstone explored a huge area in Africa. In modern-day Democratic Republic of Congo, he named a river Webb's Lualaba, after his great friend William Frederick Webb of Newstead Abbey.



Coins of Edward I

by Panya Banjoko

In this part of the world
we stare into glass cases
admire the steel of men
who once palmed coins
minted by merchants.

Filling their pockets
along the way
with spices and silks
until their tongues lolled
from being stuffed fat.

Prying hands cannot feel
the cold metal
used by these men
who dug trails
by standing on others
to preserve who they are.

Map of Africa showing river 'Webb Lualaba':

by Panya Banjoko

Closing his eyes, he placed his index finger on a map
to see where chance would take him
and what mischief he could make.

It landed between a waterfall and marshy lakes
near a river that flowed, then plateaued, and dropped
in a place called the Congo.

He beat his chest in anticipation at the thrill
of taming unnavigable stretches and leaving
his footprint along the way as he renamed places.



Contribution from Charmaine Binns-Muhammad, Mrs Anderson, Lilleth Clarke, Louise Garvey, Rupert Aikman, Mr and Mrs Anderson, Sibon Phiri, Beverley Taylor and Mary Knight: all visitors to the Vine community centre in Hyson Green, Nottingham.

www.thevine.org.uk



Am I not Like You? We are all Brothers

We see the picture on white although it has the features of a black Slave.

He is beseeching his white counterpart to think again about the disgrace and cruelty that is being done to the black man.

Our slave is beseeching his master to think again about the disgrace and cruelty that is being done to the black man.

Still chained.

Would this piece sell if the image was in black?

We think not.

To have it white is to keep everyone sweet, an eternal slave.

The caption should be put foremost among men like Wilberforce and other abolitionists.



Am I Hot & Plan and a Brother?
12 Point System

The first step in the process is to identify the problem. This is often the most difficult part of the process, as it requires a clear understanding of the situation and the people involved. Once the problem is identified, the next step is to gather information. This involves talking to the people involved and looking at the data. Once you have gathered the information, you can begin to analyze it. This is where you will identify the root cause of the problem and determine what needs to be done to solve it. Once you have identified the root cause, you can develop a plan of action. This plan should outline the steps that need to be taken to solve the problem and assign responsibility for each step. Once the plan is developed, you can begin to implement it. This involves putting the plan into action and monitoring the progress. Finally, you should evaluate the results of the plan. This will allow you to see if the problem has been solved and if the plan was effective. If not, you may need to revise the plan and try again.

Revisiting Newstead Abbey: Diversity in British History

British history is not a last 'hurrah' to proud kings and queens, presiding on thrones fashioned from 'the skulls of their conquered dead.' Therefore, to include diverse narratives is not political correctness.

**British history is about all its peoples,
whomsoever they may be,**

including those that hail from Africa, Asia, the Americas, and the Caribbean. All their lives are interwoven into the tapestry of Britishness — before that term was even conceptualised.

Africans came on elephants in 43 AD when the Emperor Claudius conquered Britannia, and others were part of specific regiments stationed at Hadrian's Wall in the third century. Some Africans lived in Roman villas that peppered Britannia from Londinium to Eboracum, and they were buried as members of a Romanised elite.

In the sixteenth century, Blackamoors such as Helen and Ann More were celebrated and mocked in Edinburgh. The seventeenth-century Powhatan princess Pocahontas was buried in Gravesend. And descendants of the African, Scipio Kennedy are still alive today. He lived in seventeenth-century Lanarkshire (Scotland). Later in eighteenth-century Wales, John Ystumlyn sojourned, and in Brighton, Sake Dean Mahomed pioneered the use of 'shampoo' and lent this word to the English language from his native Hindi.

In the nineteenth century, the soldier James Francis Durham served his regiment in Cork (Ireland) and Duleep Singh was the 'Black Prince of Perthshire' (Scotland). Of course, his famous daughter was Queen Victoria's Goddaughter, the famous suffragette Sophia Duleep Singh and she lived in rural Buckinghamshire.

If these stories are missing from 'British history',

**we are left with a book with white pages
and no black letters in.**

Inclusion means including the black letters so that we can at last read the book!!

Dr Onyeka Nubia (FrHistS) University of Nottingham.