EVERYBODY DESERVES SPACE

RUSKIN'S MANCHESTER NOW

Poets
Afshan D'Souza-Lodhi
SAF-S2E
Meshach Brencher
Michael McMillan
SuAndi

Editors
SuAndi & Rachel Dickinson

Everyone Deserves Space:
Ruskin's
Manchester Now

Published by artBlacklive:
ISBN 978-0-9542766-3-8

First edition 2022
Printed by Manchester Metropolitan University www.mmu.ac.uk
with project partners The Guild of St George www.guildofstgeorge.org.uk
& National Black Arts Alliance www.blackartists.org.uk

Cover design — *The colours are from the national flags of the writers, including the Union Jack*
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Manchester Art Gallery. River Irwell and Queen's Park courtesy of Shutterstock

The publication of this booklet was generously paid for by the Department of English, Manchester Metropolitan University.

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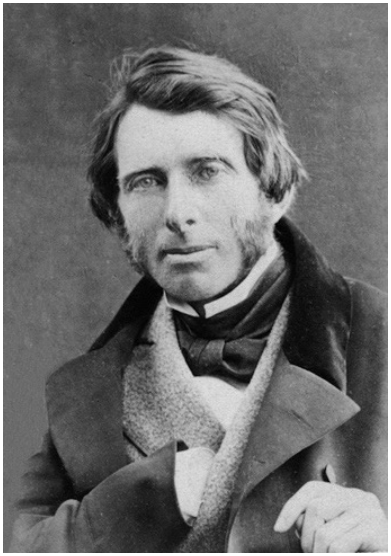
The film **Everyone Deserves Space: Ruskin's Manchester Now** is available on www.blackartists.org.uk and www.guildofstgeorge.org.uk along with a PDF of this publication to download.

Everyone Deserves Space: Ruskin's Manchester Now



John Ruskin, 1863

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Introduction

Manchester is a Nineteenth Century city. As ‘Cottonopolis’, it was at the heart of the Industrial Revolution. John Ruskin (1819-1900) was a Victorian celebrity. As a young man, he was famous for writing about art and architecture, and he won the Newdigate Prize for Poetry. Although from a privileged background, he recognised that most people were not as fortunate and changed his focus from art to life. He pointed out social and cultural problems. Looking to Manchester, he spoke of its ‘devil darkness’, meaning both its pollution-fuelled effect on climate and also its laissez-fair capitalism that prioritised economic profit over life and freedom.

The roots of this project are in 2019, the bicentenary of Ruskin’s birth. That year, as part of global celebrations, I coordinated a Festival of Ruskin in Manchester. I also met SuAndi when she was awarded an honorary degree (DArts) from Manchester Metropolitan University, and I knew I wanted to work with her. Before we could develop our idea, Covid-19 hit. In Lockdown, Ruskin’s phrase ‘there is no wealth but life’ took on added resonance; our global crisis highlighted basic human needs Ruskin argued everyone deserves, including access to green spaces, good housing, creativity, employment, food and human contact.

Our project is the final piece of the Festival of Ruskin in Manchester, and it combines our passions. I chose challenging quotations by Ruskin; SuAndi chose linked Manchester locations then commissioned five poets new to Ruskin to respond. These are collected here and, additionally, have been filmed by students and staff from Manchester Metropolitan University. The work has been funded by the University and the Guild of St George, an educational charity established by Ruskin in the 1870s, and coordinated by the National Black Arts Alliance.

This new work resonates both with Victorian Manchester and our world in 2022.

Dr Rachel Dickinson

The Athenaeum

It must be evident to us, at a moment's thought, that the way in which works of art are on the whole most useful to the nation to which they belong, must be by their collection in public galleries, supposing those galleries properly managed. But there is one disadvantage attached necessarily to gallery exhibition—namely, the extent of mischief which may be done by one foolish curator. […] let but one foolish or careless person get possession of it, and perhaps you may have all your fine pictures repainted, and the national property destroyed, in a month. […] Look around you for pictures that you really like, and in buying which you can help some genius yet unperished—that is the best atonement you can make to the one you have neglected—and give to the living and struggling painter at once wages, and testimonial.

From 'The Accumulation and Distribution of Art', a lecture Ruskin delivered at Manchester Athenaeum 13th July, 1857, published in *A Joy Forever*

Afshan D'souza-Lodhi

White Walls

As children, we would touch everything as we moved,
grazing our fingers lightly across each surface
as if our fingertips alone could
begin and hold entire conversations with textured walls.
our hands could understand the history,
the context, everything that was and could be.

with a small brush of nimble fingers
we would repaint every object with our DNA
– create stories of uprisings and revolt.
we would trace each outline of the world and
redraw it in our heads, each curve and turn
telling us of the richness of narratives
our ancestors used to hold.

we would draw words and colours from the world
through our fingers, took what our fingers learned
and committed it to the page.
we would regale tales to our friends of what we've seen,
chase butterflies into neighbours' gardens
just hoping that we could
replicate the experience of seeing colours fly.

we now have to fight off
our stories being twisted in between
unfamiliar hues upon the white cube.
we have been confined within the edges of the canvas.
the two dimensions do not do us justice,
surrounded by white and only white.

they say white is a palate cleanser
– in between each new piece of art
the bright colour acts as a void.
so uncontaminated and pure that
we can no longer have our fingers linger
with curiosity across them.

rather each stroke, brush or finger
must be measured to stop every dab
of paint leaving small indents, a
sign you were once there.

our art is to be devoid of us and
must be of us at the same time.
we are always the objects of the art
but never the creators of it.
the rich rawness that comes with marvel
is now replaced by
sanitised retellings of our own existence
on small white cards with black ink across them.

if the white on these walls could speak, what would they say?

would they speak of children
dragging their fingertips across them
leaving stories and little pieces of themselves
behind? or would they speak
of the gaze that follows them,
the lack of nuance and complexity
within the stories it is forced to uphold,
would these white walls remember
each and every colonized person
that was forced to live on them
but never be named?

would they remember the way
your hair smelled or the way
your mum cooked *sambhar* on Friday evenings?

If you were to drag your fingertips
across the white wall,
whose history and whose names
would your fingertips be told was important?

whose narratives would be prioritized
who would be given the lion's story and
who would be given the hunter's?
whose names would be bold and italicised
and who would just be identified by their ethnicity?

the next time you have the urge
to drag your unclean fingers
across those white walls, do it.

you never know whose story you might be adding to.

THE RIVER IRWELL

[…] and though fish can't live in our rivers, the muddy waters are just of the consistence crocodiles like: and, at Manchester and Rochdale, I have observed the surfaces of the streams smoking, so that we need be under no concern as to temperature. I should think you might produce in them quite "streaky" crocodile,— fat and flesh concordant [, the hot, polluted water making bacon of any crocodiles that might swim there].

From *Fors Clavigera* letter 27, February 1873. Ruskin's public letters to 'The Working Men of England' these were the equivalent of a blog today. Here, Ruskin is talking about pollution in a letter that also discusses the cost of living.

SAF-S2E

RIVER IRWELL

Blood sweat grind and grime
Souls of humility and grit
Smiles in the rain
And passion in the bricks

Murky waters muddy fields and sculpted sky lines
Southern slang among gentrified schooling
The gruelling of sludge and winds
Sleet and hail stones

They made money off the scrapers
Rough sleepers and young speakers
Graft is nature to the bees
More concrete surrounds the garden than trees
Nitty's by the gates of "Dean"[1]

Nitros cans by the pavement grids
City rats in alleyways
Baggies and cigarette butts on back doorsteps
Roaches by roots under trees

Willow weeps silent on the banks
Boats are merchant-less now residential
On a backdrop of communal workspaces and chimney-less industry
Vegan cafes and post-codes readjustments

Offices overwrite mills
And Irwell flows hapless still
Emerald and reflective but opaque
A development's collateral

Juxtaposed by *"blanding"*
And controlled trickling of wealth
I hope the workers would see their strength
As their good morning smiles fade in the rush hour swarms

Money over humanity
The switch from community to hustler mentality
But the culture flows vibrant under the viaducts
Resilience, the factories have evolved here

---

[1] Deansgate

The grey hasn’t changed here
But gladly the faces vary here
Outsiders are embraced here
There’s soul here.

Evolution is but nature’s course
The city screams wisdom in its feel
Change is simply knowledge
And these waterways have seen.

QUEEN'S PARK

Suppose you had each, at the back of your houses, a garden, large enough for your children to play in, with just as much lawn as would give them room to run,—no more—and that you could not change your abode; but that, if you chose, you could double your income, or quadruple it, by digging a coal shaft in the middle of the lawn, and turning the flower-beds into heaps of coke. Would you do it? I hope not. I can tell you, you would be wrong if you did, though it gave you income sixty-fold instead of four-fold. Yet this is what you are doing with all England. The whole country is but a little garden, not more than enough for your children to run on the lawns of, if you would let them *all* run there. And this little garden you will turn into furnace ground, and fill with heaps of cinders, if you can; and those children of yours, not you, will suffer for it.

From 'Of Queen's Gardens', a lecture Ruskin delivered at Manchester Town Hall on 14th December, 1864, published in *Sesame and Lilies*.

Meshach Brencher

Queen’s Park

Queen’s Park,
grand gently steeped
posture held by sharp thistles,
formal attire with rose gardens
used for walking, hosted festivals, events
and children’s play,
the centrepiece stood willing and gable,
red bricked with a porch,
Hendham Hall, which went through a metamorphosis
an isle within its own seed
to a fully-grown plantation
fed culture-forming nutrients
packed in muscle mass
olive branches unveiled its museum and art gallery
John Cassidy laid the literary dialect of Ben Brierley
high upon a plinth
weathering many storms
as the writer’s expression loosened up buttons
unfastening his reputation
his working-class status did not loom bright
to be ever-present in the minds of local people
Cassidy’s hard labour went in vain
as his statue’s soul was pulled down to broken, brittle pieces
‘Owd’ Ben’s appeal was gone before its time
The legacy left behind in Harpurhey
mirrors a divided kingdom, wealth bestowed within the crown
the pursuit of money’s shimmering gleam
left a hole in the heart of what made this community beat strong,
it was noble, happy human spirits
that cultivated the carriage, building steps
that sat firm on the throne,
a healthy mind that fuelled life from the soul
was the true royal emblem stood for,
like Queen Victoria status in power polarised,
her imperialism gaining humble awareness of the underprivileged
and cultural identity
a happy society filled with opportunity
eclipsed any elusive sovereign treasured
a place fit for everyone from all walks of life

Today walking past John Critchley Prince's monument
seeing nature beautiful in abundance
behind "every mood and dress"
whatever the season, traversing through time
waves cascading watching the River Irk
has a life form of its own
performing its exhilarating shapeshifting dance
breathing personality,
echoing the local children's laughter in the playground area
under the watchful eyes of loving parents
families enjoying the escape from the fast-accelerating urban
contemporary landscape
this park remains a priceless luxury
that isn't a single commodity held by monopoly
rather a shared vision held by many living local or
passing the congested road junctions
see for yourself and you'll get your opportunity
some occasional sightings of litter dropped discreetly
when it could have easily been binned,
committed by those unaware of Joshua Major's creation
his astute demeanour kept Queen's Park immaculately reverent
however, it boasts being a place for relaxation and a variety
of leisure pursuits
Tucked behind flourishing acres of trees and rugged fields
The Museum and Art Gallery now speaks a derelict language
the red brick building is monochrome
under a concrete microscope
with no colour palette, all boarded up
yet still stands erect,
while unacquainted art work is locked away
behind vandalised shutters,
the local jogger, dog walker going for a stroll,
the unappreciated hair riser, honourable pastor,
savvy YouTube influencer, aspirer footballer challenging for the ball with mates,
romantic picnic lovers, unassuming wanderer, serial chain smoker,
all innocently unaware of this hidden treasure,
a distant memory like Ben Brierley's working-class status
when it was once a pivotal and prime attraction
a ghost screams out for you to look right through it
from the outside and be transported within a trance
to taste the finely churned rosebuds once more
in tribute to this iconic landscape

On my way out the park, the plinth of Ben Brierley emerges
expect peculiar looks from onlookers when standing to admire its presence
he spoke in prose and verse to honour the working class
to me it's not a stained plinth,
it has history and it finally has someone to admire it
and hope this galvanises his memory to touch many hearts once more,
not nevermore

Cottonopolis

We have much studied and much perfected, of late, the great civilized invention of the division of labour; only we give it a false name. It is not, truly speaking, the labour that it divided; but the men […] And the great cry that rises from our manufacturing cities, louder than their furnace blast, is all in very deed for this, — that we manufacture everything there except men; we blanch cotton, and strengthen steel, and refine sugar, and shape pottery; but to brighten, to strengthen, to refine, or to form a single living spirit, never enters into our estimate of advantages. […] It can be met only by a right understanding, on the part of all classes, of what kinds of labour are good for men, raising them, and making them happy; by a determined sacrifice of such convenience, or beauty, or cheapness as is to be got only by the degradation of the workman; and by equally determined demand for the products and results of healthy and ennobling labour.

From 'The Nature of Gothic', the central chapter of *The Stones of Venice II* (1853). Manchester – known as Cottonopolis – was the epitome of 'manufacturing cities'.

Michael McMillan

King Cotton

I am King Cotton
For centuries I have been the property of others
Picked
Ginned
Baled
Bartered
Sold
Traded
Exchanged
Yarned
Spun
Woven
Tailored and stitched into fashion-design

Beaten on rocks 'Dolly Blue'[2] hand washed
spun in machines dry cleaned
St Vincent arrowroot[3] starched crisp
Then pressed by irons heated on coal
I was the wealth the South fought for
In the American Civil War

Always produced by cheap labour
now I am just cheap,
And the labour is Third World cheaper
By pesticide poisoned farm labour
picking this white dirty crop

Producing 80% of the world's cotton yarn and fabric.
Manchester titled herself Cottonopolis[4]
ignoring the human cost of slavery

But a hot cotton wash can't whitewash the past
It lives on in the presence of
Mancunians descendants of Captured Africans
The Slave Abolition Act[5]
Compensated £20 million for lost property
To the owners of slaves

---

[2] Bluing, laundry blue or washing blue were used to whiten and maintain bright whiteness in washed fabrics.
[3] Arrowroot tubers contain starch, used to stiffen fabrics.
[4] The term came into use in about 1870.

Who then reinvested that money in more mills
And grander stately homes
And civic arts galleries and museums
It released money to exploit further
The exploited

There was no regard for child labour
The millions of Black children born into slavery
By mothers who could not abort them from a life of terror
The countless children who starved
After the East India Company destroyed families' cotton looms

Today the concern for child labour
Debates a global crime
It speaks of the past not the present
And while some is 'over there'
Like the 1,000 and more Bangladeshis
Paid a pittance
crushed to death[6]
because their safety was less important
Than the profit of fast fashion

Not about the children at Leicester food banks
Whose sweatshop-employed parents
Are paid below the 2022 minimum wage

It has always been about the profit of
the Cotton King
grown instead of food
consuming the planet's resources
draining the Aral Sea

While the rich North tells the poor South
to stop consuming natural resources
that the West has exploited for centuries
lecturing the global majority to save the planet
because we are all in this together
(But) Are We?

---

[5] 1833
[6] Rana Plaza factory collapsed 2013.

Ragged School

And, whatever our station in life may be, at this crisis, those of us who mean to fulfil our duty ought first to live on as little as we can; and, secondly, to do all the wholesome work for it we can, and to spend all we can spare in doing all the sure good we can. And sure good is, first in feeding people, then in dressing people, then in lodging people, and lastly in rightly pleasing people, with arts, or sciences, or any other subject of thought. […] The order to us is not to feed the deserving hungry, nor the industrious hungry, nor the amiable and well-intentioned hungry, but simply to feed the hungry. [… We] must feed and clothe people where we find them, and lodge them afterwards. And providing lodgement for them means a great deal of vigorous legislature, and cutting down of vested interests that stand in the way, and after that, or before that, so far as we can get it, thorough sanitary and remedial action in the houses that we have; and then the building of more, strongly, beautifully, and in groups of limited extent, kept in proportion to their streams, and walled round, so that there may be no festering and wretched suburb anywhere, but clean and busy street within, and the open country without, with a belt of beautiful garden and orchard round the walls, so that from any part of the city perfectly fresh air and grass, and sight of far horizon, might be reachable in a few minutes‘ walk.

From ‘Of Queen’s Gardens’, a lecture Ruskin delivered at Manchester Town Hall on 14th December, 1864, published in *Sesame and Lilies*.

SuAndi

The Children

Hidden away by the tall cotton mills built by man
The same men who threw up tenements without water to drink to clean
Where sewage flowed amongst and between the horrors of their lives
Here existed — for this was no life, the poorest of poor
Invisible unwanted outside their 14-hour day toil
Common folk, a labour force of families — mothers, fathers, and children
whose small chests choked on fibres that filled the air and blinded their eyes
While hands large enough and small, scavenged cotton so that little was lost for the master merchant.
England's Empire cared nothing for the human cost
Black skin was property to the plantation
And her own poverty stricken were the worker-drones of the Queen's hive
How Manchester embraced this image of hard labour in her coat of arms, the bee —
An emblem of industrious loyalty to Queen and country.

But a swarm of bees is dangerous
A deadly threat to the lives of those who exploit them
So, leave a little honey
Like the offering after Confession a small donation
Charity to keep the devil away
With little care for what has been done for it can be done again tomorrow

Without war you need pestilence for the lower classes will breed uncontrolled
And as they multiply, they will look at their lot so small compared to the affluent, well-heeled and wealthy squanderers.
Prosperous from the honey they'd harvest from the bees
As they and their children starve

Time passes and slaves uprise — rebels are crushed but rise again to break chains rusty from daily use and the lash has torn too many backs to stop a fight for freedom.
Peterloo is testament to the dangers of a little education
The three 'R's of Rebellion, Riot and Revolution that sent Mancunians out into the streets for their freedom to vote to eat and make a decent living, diminishing, erasing the blood tainted profit for Empire and Queen.

Heed Sankofa— reflect on the past
Of our shared history

Where once rooftops were shadowed by Victorian red brick blackened by the smoke of those "dark satanic mills", is now a bright skyline of triple pane steel high-rise

The corridors of ragged schools no longer belch out children cramped 100 to a small room dark without light or ventilation

Today education goes beyond the three ‘R’s of reading, writing and arithmetic
The chalk and slate are antiquities long forgotten as technology is the forerunner to learning
The city prospers proclaiming its success across the globe
It speaks not of food banks
Of streets lined with charity shops
Of those so poor their teachers ask for shoe donations
Where beds are gifted so that the young may rest
These are this century’s neglected, disadvantaged, poor and depressed

Remember the forgotten for generational curses are motivated by trauma
Anti-Social Behaviour Orders. Education suspensions and permanent exclusions are easily exploited as County Line recruits
Identified as villains.
Criminally profiled, wrong place, wrong face
School uniform strip searched
Falsely accused.
Exploited and groomed

Let not our youth find solace in drink
Self-medicate the anguish of their lives
Let not parents read their children’s eulogies — Death’s final blow by gun, by knife, by suicide,
Let not their generation epitaph be — They did not grow old
Their lives did not matter

If you stand quiet in the meadow
It is not the voice of an Angel that may haunt you
But the wailing of those buried beneath
If you walk the cobbled street your imagination will not hear the laughter of children playing
But the sound of bare feet as they stumble from factory to school
Never to escape the bed bugs, cockroaches, and dysentery squalor
These are the lives that did not matter
For history is rarely the story of common people

Raised in love, we gift you our children
Respect them.
Their culture, heritage, and knowledge
Will make local-global in this city of my birth
Tomorrow can be better.
Now the empire is over, the Commonwealth is fleeing the Crown
And Victoria
She’s long dead

Long live the Queen

Biographies

Afshan D'souza-Lodhi was born in Dubai and forged in Manchester. She is a writer of scripts and poetry. Her work has been performed and translated into numerous languages across the world.
Afshan is currently a LabFellow for Global Performance and Politics at Georgetown University and will be taking her one-woman show 'How To Eat Mangoes' to Washington DC in 2022.
In 2021, Afshan was a Sky Writes writer-in-residence for Rotherham, a partnership between Sky Studios and New Writing North. She is currently part of the Royal Exchange and Warner Media writers exchange programme and is one of Oldham Coliseum's artist-in-residence. Afshan was selected as one of the BAFTA BFI Flare mentees for 2022, and is also developing a TV series with Sky Studios with her co-writer Guleraana Mir.
Her debut poetry collection 're:*desi*re' (Burning Eye Books 2020) was longlisted for the Jhalak Prize (2021).
As well as her own writing, Afshan is keen to develop other younger and emerging artists and sits on the boards of Manchester Literature Festival and Pie Radio.
Social Media: @afshandl **Website:** www.afshandl.com

SAF-S2E is a performance artist and rapper based in Manchester who has performed nationally and internationally.
He is one of six finalists of BBC 1Xtra's, BBC Asian Network's and BBC Contain Strong Language's Words First talent development scheme and performed at BBC *Contains Strong Language* (2019). Saf's poetry is published in *No Disclaimers Volume One* (2018), *Use Words First* (2019), *Young Identity: Working From HOME* (2020) and *Ecosystems of Fury* (2021).
Manchester International Festival (MIF) commissioned him as part of their MIF Sounds initiative, supporting Saf to develop his music project and release a new EP which was featured at MIF (2021).
He played the role of the son(s) in *Strength of Our Mothers* www.ourmothers.org (NBAA) and Marcus Garvey in *Voices for Freedom* https://tinyurl.com/5n6nd2th (NBAA/Mcr Poetry Library @ MMU)
Saf has been part of Contact Young Company and as assistant director for Saturnalia and a member of Young Identity

Meshach Brencher has a background as a spoken word artist and poetic writer, with a very polarised presentation of being both emotionally deep and completely ludicrous, expressing dry humour in his style.
He has featured in Commonword's *'Sweet Tongues' Food Poem Anthology* (2013); written and performed for the production 'Battle of the Minds' (October 2014 and 2015) at the Contact Theatre with Young Identity as part of Manchester Literature Festival; performed with music in 'Chaos to Order' with Brighter Sound's Echo Trace in May 2015, co-wrote and performed in 'Stagnant Change' in September 2015 at Z-arts.'

His writing has also featured in both Commonword's *Elevator Fiction* (2016) and *Shots in the Dark* collection of Crime Flash Fiction (2018) and Urban Word Collective's *Lyrically Justified Volume 2* poetry anthology (2017). He has also performed poetry for NBAA's *Strength Of Our Mothers* Book Launch (2019) and featured on BBC Radio Lancashire in September 2019 to perform poetry at the WASPI Campaign Rally at Salford Media City UK.
As of 2022, Meshach has explored writing comedy and in recent time performed stand-up for the first time, though it is in early development.
Away from writing and performing, Meshach is a Specialist Support Worker for young individuals with severe autism and learning disabilities.

Michael McMillan is a writer, playwright, artist/curator and academic, known for his critically acclaimed installation-based exhibition, *The West Indian Front Room*, which was the Geffrye Museum's successful exhibition (2005-06). *The Front Room* has been iterated in the Netherlands, Curacao, Johannesburg and France, the basis of the BBC4 documentary *Tales from the Front Room* (2007), in *Life Between Islands: Caribbean-British Art 1950s-Now* (Tate Britain 2021-22), and is now a permanent 1970s period room at Museum of the Home (formerly the Geffrye Museum) - as well as his triptych film installation *Waiting for myself to appear. The Front Room: Diaspora migrant Aesthetics in the Home*, a revised edition will be published in autumn 2022 by Lund Humphries.
Other recent work includes: *Sonic Vibrations: Sound systems, lovers rock and dub* – a multi-media online anthology - https://writersmosaic.org.uk/ and the short film *Walking in the Wake*, https://www.estuaryfestival.com/event/detail/walking-in-the-wake-2.html#.
He is currently an Associate Lecturer at the University of the Arts London, and Research Associate with VIAD at University of Johannesburg

SuAndi, OBE has enthralled audiences on all four continents and challenged perceptions of Black art and culture at seminars and as a keynote conference speaker.
Her work sits as public art at Salford Quays, capturing the history of how the docks were built.
Her one woman show "*The Story of M"* is taught on the "A" level curriculum and the MA in Black British Literature at Goldsmith's and she is the author of acclaimed libretto for the opera *Mary Seacole*. So, it is no wonder that this Manchester-born writer's work has appeared in twenty-two anthologies and 8 children's publications in addition to her 3 collections: *Style* In Performance, *Nearly Forty* and *There Will Be No Tears*.
As the freelance Cultural Director for National Black Arts Alliance, working with member artists she has realised work in the visual arts, and performance as well as workshops in prisons and schools and artists development training.
Recognised for the diversity of her work, she has received numerous awards including an OBE. and two honorary degrees – from Lancaster University and Manchester Metropolitan University – and is a Writing Fellow at Leicester University

Dr Rachel Dickinson is a Reader in Interdisciplinary Studies/English at Manchester Metropolitan University. Most of her academic writing, projects and exhibitions stem from a specialism in Victorian polymath John Ruskin. She is especially interested in how Ruskin's vision for sustainable living during the Nineteenth Century can be reinterpreted for the Twenty-first Century in areas such as art, business management, crafts, education, ethical consumerism, land management and museum curation, and. In 2019, she was elected the first female Master of the Guild of St George, the educational charity founded by Ruskin in the 1870s**.**

Manchester Now
A city made of different cultural heritages
some transient others permanent making a melting pot of lives living together

Afshan D'souza-Lodhi —— British South Asian. Indian & Pakistani
SAF-S2E —— Sudanese, South Sudanese and Kenyan
Meshach Brencher —— Black British - Trinidad, South Africa, German & Scottish
Michael McMillan —— Black British - St Vincent
SuAndi —— Black British - Nigerian & Liverpool Irish
Rachel Dickinson —— Canadian

The Film
Producer SuAndi
Video Co-Producer - Leighton Moody —— Northeast, UK
VO Sound Technician/Recordist - Raz Ullah —— Pakistani

In collaboration with the following talent from BA/MA Filmmaking, Manchester Metropolitan University.

White Walls
Vilas Prasad —— Irish-Indian, UK
Sam Ruis —— Italian

River Irwell
Abdul Nahid Salam —— Bangladeshi
Nadia Moshkina —— Russian/Ukrainian

Queen's Park
Chester Bell —— Irish-Manc UK
Dom Waddell —— UK

King Cotton
Bryn Rogers —— Welsh-Manc, UK
Jess Lippa —— Liverpudlian, UK

The Children
Erik Ancrum —— Scandinavian-South Asian, British

This project has been supported by the Ruskin in Manchester budget (sponsored in 2019 by the Guild of St George and MMU Cheshire) with additional funds from Manchester Metropolitan University's Centre for Creative Writing, English Literature and Linguistics, as well as the Department of English. It has been coordinated by project partner the National Black Arts Alliance.

The launch of film and book were held on 18th July 2022 at the Manchester Poetry Library.

Editors SuAndi & Rachel Dickinson
artBlacklive: ISBN 978-0-9542766-3-8