

DESTINY

I was released from prison and soon after met a woman called Zoe, who was my world after a few months together. She fell pregnant with my first child but she'd had eight previous. All the doctors and midwives told us that due to Zoe's age and previous children we would have non-stop complications. At worst, Zoe could lose her life. But we went ahead and kept the baby regardless. From that time on I couldn't sleep or eat. I just wasn't myself, overthinking 24/7 I was going to lose my partner or the baby or both.

But time went on and one morning I head off to work as normal and that afternoon receive a phone call from Zoe. She's started to haemorrhage and an ambulance is making its way to my house. I rush to my boss, explain what's going on, but basically I'm told if I leave work then I'm not returning. So my boss sacked me. No understanding at all.

I get home and all over the bathroom floor is just blood. I got emotional. For the first time ever I got scared. The paramedics say the baby is alright and is sitting really low as if she was ready to come out. But she wasn't due for another three months or so. Zoe was rushed to hospital for further checks and to stop her haemorrhaging. We were there for what felt like days. All of a sudden Zoe is getting belly pains and contractions. But the baby was breech and 10 minutes later, without warning, Zoe is taken away. I'm left in the room alone and not told anything.

About 10 minutes after, a few surgeons, dressed in masks and aprons, come to me with some papers telling me I must sign quickly. Without thinking, I just sign and they leave me for what feels like days again. I have to go find out myself what's going on, what did I just sign? Turns out it was me declaring I won't sue the hospital if Zoe passes away while having a C-section. I never knew we were having a C-section! But it's to try and save the baby and because of all the blood that Zoe's lost and is still losing.

So now I'm sitting waiting again, just an emotional wreck. The surgeons come out first, then a midwife walks through the middle holding my daughter. I just break down with her in my arms. My thoughts return to Zoe and they tell me she's being stitched up and having a blood transfusion or something but is still not stable. I'm told to go home, rest. I have to leave both of them in hospital.

At home I can't cope. I cut my wrists, end up in hospital myself. The next day Zoe rings. She's fully recovered and fine. I'm taken to her ward, then together we go to see our daughter, who's had to stay in for twelve weeks because she was premature.

Her name was always meant to be Lily-Ann. But because of everything and me being stupid and selfish I saw her as my destiny and that name stuck and was perfect. And so it is she was called Destiny.

LIBERTY

So this is about true freedom being quite different from what we might think. The dictionary definition of freedom is:
1. the right to speak or act freely;
2. the state of being free.

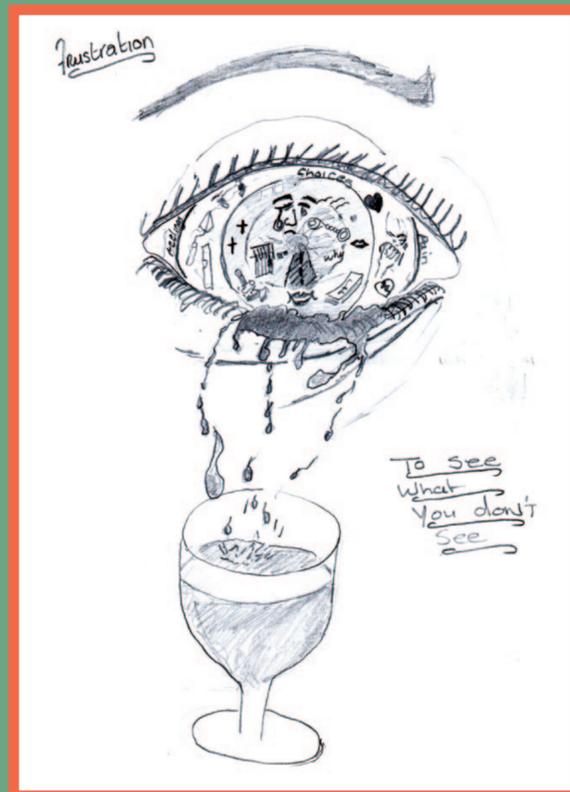
However, true freedom comes when I accept myself. When I choose a particular path, that, though hard, brings me joy. When I have fulfilling relationships with friends, lovers and family.

I imagine creating a short film, cutting together a collection of clips on three themes:

- manual labour in nature, (hedging, scything hay, working with horses, basket-weaving, beekeeping);
- athletes training, (but not competing, this is important, it emphasises the hard work);
- relationships, (old couple holding hands, Greta laughing at her dad's joke in the I am Greta BBC documentary, friends conversing and dancing together.

These would be set to Bruce Springsteen's *Thunder Road*; a song not usually associated with freedom, but in its construction it shows my idea in action and the lyrics relate. The protagonist finds freedom in a path that isn't entirely his choice by finding joy and fulfilment in the simple things, relationships, and by following his dreams.

FRUSTRATION

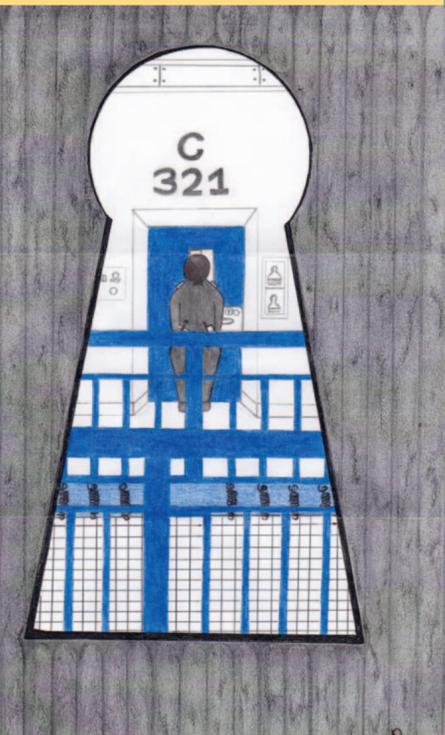


Unable, due to covid19 restrictions, to run a live festival, Pinned Up returned to HMP Lewes over the winter of 20/21 with a series of 'art challenges' set by a range of professional writers and artists. The challenges covered life writing, poetry, nature writing, conceptual art, perspective drawings and philosophy, amongst other disciplines. In this document, we celebrate the work created through the project and whilst we couldn't print them all, we hope this selection is a fitting tribute.

Our thanks to the staff of the prison library, without whom this project would not have been possible.

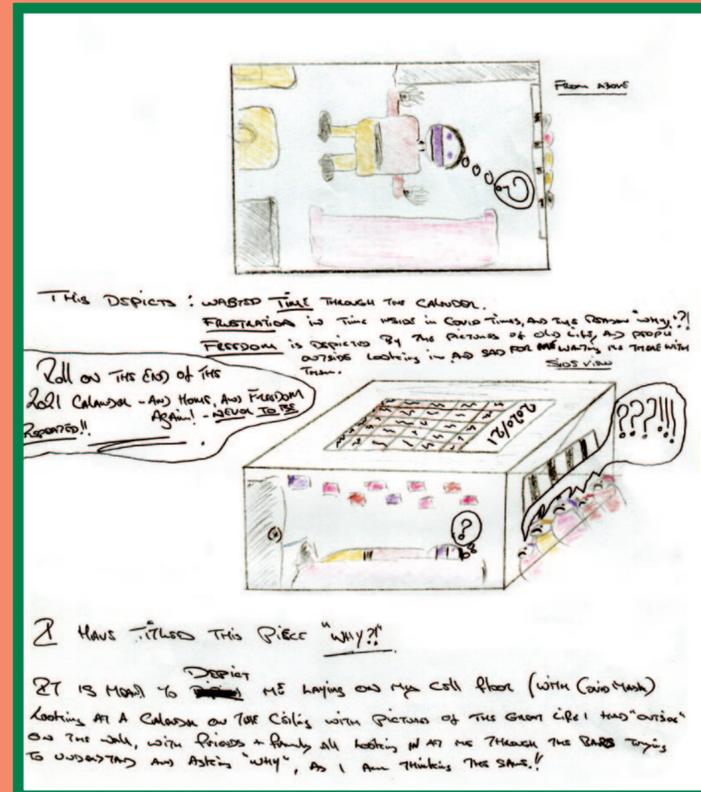


writings and drawings by prisoners at HMP Lewes



PINNED UP AGAINST THE CURRENT

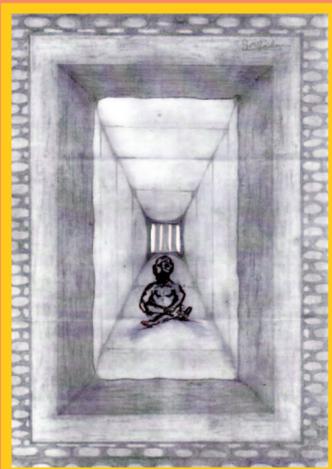
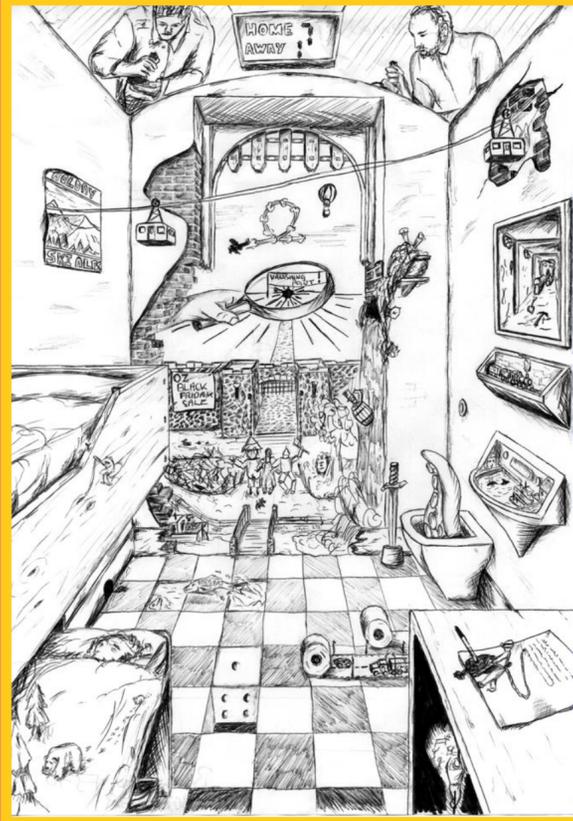
WHY?



A FATHER'S SON

I watched you as you was being formed in utter seclusion, as you was woven together in the womb. How precious my thoughts are, they cannot be numbered. I can't even count them, they outnumber the grains of sand. My purpose is to give you love and a satisfying life. My word is my bond and a lamp to guide your little feet, a light for your path in life. My unending love is higher than the heavens, my faithfulness to you, my son, reaches all the way to the clouds. You alone are my rock and my salvation, my fortress where you will not be shaken. My victory and my honour come from you. Be strong but not rude. Be kind but not weak. Be humble but not timid. Be proud but not arrogant. Mistakes are always forgivable if one has the courage to admit them. There are no limits to what you can accomplish except the limits you place on your own thinking. So we will not fear when earthquakes come and the mountains crumble into the sea, as now, my boy, you have the wisdom and you are just the other half of me.

PERSPECTIVE DRAWINGS



LIFE

The early days
 Not a care in the world
 Then we moved
 A downhill spiral
 Started to get worse
 Too blind to see
 He never came back
 She was left with the burden
 Brother moved on
 Responsibility was mine
 I chose the wrong path
 Didn't know any better
 As I rose higher
 Money poured in
 Others must've suffered
 Then came real joy
 But too late
 In too deep
 Ended with a bang
 19 years
 My turn to suffer
 Lost those dearest
 The money never mattered

HAPPINESS FROM MUSIC

When I was 14/15, my mum used to drive me to and fro from school and my boxing classes. She bought Akon's album *Freedom*. She would play it from morning to night in the car and in the house and after we all got familiar with the lyrics we would sing along, all my brothers and sisters. We even played it on the way back from hospital when my nephew was born.

At the time we lived in Cambridgeshire in a little village called Morron. We were 12 miles from the nearest town so had plenty of time to get a few tracks in. I would look at her while she was driving and she looked so happy, which made me happy, just seeing how something so simple made her happy.

One day we were driving to Wisbech to buy me some new boxing gloves. Bright blue Adidas, the best you could get at the time. I was so chuffed. There was me, Mum, and my little brother Josh, only 13 months younger and he was in a mood because he wasn't getting anything. But I was happy, singing out loud along with Mum and nudging Josh. At first he kept a moody face but shortly after cracked a smile and joined in. That's a memory I'll never forget. How music changed the mood of my stroppy little brother.

We arrived in the car park and made our way to JD Sports. Josh returned to his sulk but I was buzzing. I had a £5 note in my pocket and pulled Josh back and slipped him the note. His mood vanished and a smile came over his face.

After we'd found the gloves and purchased them, we went to McDonald's. We talked and ordered food. Once it landed on our table not one word was spoke until the food was gone.

Three months later my mum passed away from a brain haemorrhage. My whole world was shattered. Injected with sadness and pain. Weeks passed. I was still very upset. My dad decided to sell the house so we could move back to Sussex. That was also hard as I'd made friends the five years we'd been there.

Unpacking at our new house, my mum's CD fell out of a box. I got out the stereo, put it on. I thought it would make me sad. But it made me smile and brought back memories. It perked me up, made me celebrate her life rather than destroy myself over it. I still have the album: Akon: *Freedom*. Music that gave me freedom from pain.

UNKNOWN FUTURES

The ironic list of what's to come:

an acorn warship
 nuclear cavemen
 the brightest future from the darkest pasts
 the fortune teller's lottery numbers
 a blank piece of paper contains every picture
 the simple choices, the hardest path
 the hammer builds, the hammer kills
 death makes fertile ground
 signposts
 every hero wore nappies
 destiny's day off
 life's journey has side streets
 beginning, middle, end, and repeat
 history has a future
 bird in the wire
 voices from the wall
 a letter to myself
 my ancestors' fights are still our battles
 one history a thousand futures
 live to die

THOUGHTS ON APPRECIATING NATURE

Amazing, here's me banged up and just writing a few lines makes me feel free. I remember a magpie flying in my bedroom window. It stayed with me for three days before it flew off. Probably the funniest thing I experienced to do with nature was near my local shops. A fox came over to me, staring at me but pretty cautious. I went into a chippy, got him a battered sausage and threw it to him. After that he disappeared. When I went to get the bus home, do you know, I wasn't allowed on, the driver said I couldn't bring my friend! I looked around and there was the fox, trying to get on the bus with me! Had to walk to work that day. Funny thing about nature: we watch it on the telly but if we actually took the time we'd notice the more concrete we put down the more we're depriving ourselves of its existence.



FILM REVIEW

GET CARTER

Get Carter is a film of both self-reflection and revenge, and a triumph of stripped-down cinematography.

Charlie Carter (**Michael Caine**) is a smoothly dressed London mob heavy who, after learning of his brother's death, heads back to his northern hometown for the funeral. Carter suspects foul play. So begins a hunt through the interwoven lives of the northern mob, old friends and estranged family and their roles in his brother's demise.

The use of stark and gritty backdrops populated with equally gritty people produce a setting that the slick Carter can not help but agitate and stand out from.

This is superbly supported by the masterful and minimal use of sound and music. The drone of pub chatter or a snippet of music is often all that is used to identify the people or the setting Carter finds himself in.

What sets *Get Carter* apart from most of its contemporaries is the fact that there is no hero. From the start we know Carter is no saint. But as he ploughs through the story leading to his brother's murder, the lines blur further. Yes, ultimately he does find the killer – but not before discovering how so many other people directly or indirectly contributed to the murder, possibly even down to his own decision to move to London. Maybe the shocking twist at the end is actually the natural end of the hunt for all the guilty.

This is a gripping, disturbing and tense film that does not conform to the films of the 60s or indeed of now; just look at the remake's happy ending!

A CLAMOUR ON A SILENT LAKE

The last gift of the failing light: a family splashing in the foreshore across from me. A large tree, recently split, is half falling into the water's edge. As children everywhere know, a tree's somewhere to play. From the bank, I watch as two little ones clamber along and jump into the water. But the water, cold as it is, offers no danger, as these little swimmers are a couple of otter pups having the time of their lives. The parents, in contrast, slip beneath the water without a sound, barely disturbing it. Then a pang of guilt, as adjusting my seat, I move some loose stones and make a tiny sound. The whole family, aunts and uncles included, freeze and look at me. Only after they have disappeared, one by one, do I realise I've been watching them, captivated, for over three quarters of an hour. The magic was over but that moment is fixed in my memory now as golden.

MIND OR BODY?

A person's body will replace itself completely over the course of seven years, posing the question: 'are we the same person we were seven years previous?'

On the purely physical level the answer would be no. It would appear we are like computers being replaced with newer hardware. However, with a new computer you also load software, pictures, files and videos. When you now view these photos, are they not the same? Does your heart not beat double with your true love's photo?



TV REVIEW

SMALL AXE

Dissolute and abandoned, **Alex Wheatle's** story is told by traversing through pivotal moments that culminate in the realisation of a path that may lead to a purposeful life.

The universe appears to conspire to introduce the father figure he had been subconsciously longing for, who unravelled the dystopic, social-economic reality of a world inherited by a post-Windrush generation. Provoking Alex (**Sheyi Cole**) to search within himself, this now synthesized collection of memories quickly establishes itself, with unequivocal continuity, in defiant protest against social ills that reverberate through the generations in present day society.

Steve McQueen's biopic adaptation remains congruent with its inspiration (*The Uprising* – Alex Wheatle), with a dark and gripping rawness that penetrates the emotional fabric of the viewer.