

**UK AIDS
MEMORIAL
QUILT
DISPLAY**

POSITIVE EAST

SUNDAY 3RD DECEMBER 2023

WELCOME TO POSITIVE EAST

This three-story building was built in 1932 as Mile End municipal Swimming Baths. Since its construction it has been an important part of public life in Stepney Green. During the Blitz the building was lightly damaged but still functional. The swimming baths closed in the early 1980's and in 1992 the building was converted into a mixed-use space and became home to The Globe Centre and the London East AIDS Network. With the aim of providing direct care and support to those living with HIV in the East End, the building housed a clinic, advice services, café, gym, hydrotherapy pool, and massage and other complimentary therapy service offers.

Positive East was born from the merging of these two organisations, and the pooling together of resources and insight under one roof to create a stronger impact in the community. Thirty years on, and Positive East remains grassroots in its definition and serves many purposes in the community, including a community hub, a gym, a counselling office, a workshop venue, a HIV/STI testing centre and an advice centre for people living with HIV. The building is also home to The Food Chain, the UK's specialist Nutrition and HIV charity.

The building is also the home of the UK AIDS Memorial Quilt, which you are here to see today.

ABOUT THE UK AIDS MEMORIAL QUILT

The UK AIDS Memorial Quilt is a precious artefact. Each of the panels commemorates lives lost to the AIDS epidemic during the 1980s and 90s. It is a public naming of the names of loved ones lost, and a memorial for the many who died and went unnamed too. The UK Quilt is part of an international movement that sought to raise awareness of the impact of the AIDS epidemic and ensure that these lives would never be forgotten. It is both a shout of protest at the needless loss of life, and a celebration of the lives commemorated. It is a reminder that HIV is still with us and that lives are still lost. It is a call to action to do all we can to eradicate HIV related stigma.

The display contains 12ft by 12ft large panels, each comprising up to eight smaller panels. Each individual panel commemorates someone who died of AIDS and has been lovingly made by their friends, lovers or family members. Lives remembered include those of the writer, Bruce Chatwin; the actors, Ian Charleson and Denham Elliot; gay rights activist, Mark Ashton and the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe.

In addition, touching testimonials, photos and personal document accompany many of the individual quilt panels, bringing to life the stories of the people commemorated. The Quilts represent approximately 384 people from all around the UK

The Quilt reminds us how far we've come in the fight against HIV – it no longer has to stop you living a long and healthy life – but there is still much to be done.



INTRODUCTION TO THE QUILT

The display has been organised by a group of HIV charities working together as the UK AIDS Memorial Quilt Partnership.

The Quilt partnership organizes the public display of the Memorial Quilt panels and the capturing of people's stories as much as possible with limited resources with the aims of;

- Continuing the tradition of remembrance and celebration of the lives lost to HIV in the past and today
- Reducing HIV related stigma through public displays, discussion and activities
- Awareness raising and education about the history of HIV and AIDS amongst the general public
- Creating a new platform for the voices of people living with HIV today at Quilt events

The Partnership's long-term aim is to find a permanent home for the panels where they may be cared for, placed on public display and made available for exhibition across the UK in the future.

At this event we are also marking the launch of a Google Arts and Culture page dedicated to the Quilt. This means the Quilt now has a digital home which ensures that it can be viewed, explored, honoured and remembered by anyone at any time. **Search the Google Arts & Culture website for AIDS Quilt UK** to take a look.

www.aidsquiltuk.org/about/

www.facebook.com/aidsquiltuk

instagram: [aidsquiltuk](https://www.instagram.com/aidsquiltuk)

If you would like to support the work of the Partnership in any way, please contact aidsquiltUK@gmail.com



**PERSONAL
STORIES
FROM
THE QUILT**

MICHAEL, BY ALMA, HIS MOTHER

MICHAEL

I gave you life, you were my precious first borne,
And through your life you brought me so much joy.
We shared a special love right from that first dawn,
No Mother ever had a better boy

You lived a bright and carefree, full existance,
No one could tell what troubles lay ahead,
Each moment filled with laughter, and insistance
That life was good, there was no need for dread.

You bore your pain in such a noble fashion,
You never were a one to shirk a task,
Trode the stony path with courage and compassion
Some help along the way was all you asked.

Now your long drawn battle is concluded,
But others still must carry on the fight,
To conquer the dark foe, help the deluded
To understand, and put the problems right.

I watched you go, knew there was no returning,
The sword of grief then sliced my soul apart.
Hot tears I shed, and in my breast was burning
An anger that solidified my heart.

The time will come when we shall meet again dear,
Meanwhile, the tears and sorrow I shall hide.
Remembering the fun, and all the good years,
And always think of you with loving pride.

Alma Green



A letter from Alma Green, 5th May 1994, about the panel for her son Michael Buckland

To whom it may concern

This is a word picture of my son, Michael Maxwell Buckland, who was born on December 21st 1958 in the village of Hitcham in Buckinghamshire.

Even as a small child he showed a caring attitude to people. When he was two years old his father took him for a walk and they stopped to rest on a bench, a tramp was seated there and Michael insisted on having a conversation with him, much to his father's discomfiture. The tramp was scratching around on the floor, looking for cigarette butts, and Michael said, 'You don't want to smoke that, my Daddy will give you one of his fags won't you Dad.'

This compassion and friendliness followed into his adulthood – he would always champion the underdog.

He was loving, and intensely loyal. He loved all the good things in life, Art in all forms, all types of music, flowers (especially roses) and animals.

His two cats Tiger and Poppers were his pride and joy.

He was widely travelled and had a great many friends all over the world, and loved his family dearly.

Always immaculate, he was inclined to be finicky and would take ages to get ready if he was going out, which drove everyone crazy, but they made allowances for him.

Handsome, charming and highly intelligent describes him well, but he had his faults. He could be very impatient and was never on time for anything. This drove his step-father mad – they were always trying to score points off each other – and one day Philip said 'you'll be late for you own funeral'. Michael laughed but said nothing.

When that sad day came, Philip remarked, "Well Mike, this is one occasion where you will be on time" We were all assembled and

the phone rang, it was the undertaker to say that one of the cars had broken down, we were twenty minutes late at the crematorium, and we could almost hear Michael chuckling and saying, "I've got the last laugh now, Philip"

He had a wicked sense of humour which often got him into trouble. Like the time when he visited the Louvre, one of the plinths was empty so Michael quickly took up a pose, while his friend photographed him.

Unfortunately, the attendant did not have a sense of humour and escorted them from the gallery.

When he died in September 1992 the tributes were many – from the old lady who lived in the flat below him who said "your son is a gentleman, he always carried my shopping when he saw me" to old school friends and neighbours who never forgot him.

On the day that he told me that he was HIV he said, "Mum, I don't regret my life. I regret this outcome, of course, but I've enjoyed my life so have no regrets apart from the pain this will cause you"

He died as he had lived, with a smile on his lips, in fact he was laughing at one of his favourite TV programmes – Matthew Kelly's "You Bet" and the nurse turned to hand him a cup of tea, and he had slipped away.

What more can I say but that he was the most wonderful loving son that a mother could have, and he enriched so many lives as well as the family's.

He was my son Michael, and I am so very very proud of him and will love him for ever.

Alma Green

Ed. May 1994

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Letter from Anna and Serena Powell, June 1994 about the panel for their sister, Louise

QUILT FOR LOUISE

Louise was the most loveable vibrant person I've ever known. She gave a love that made you feel like the most important person in the world.

Louise was a heroin addict, a drug she loved, well she loved the feeling it gave her but hated all the "shit" that came with it. She tried many times to come off but never succeeded for a long period of time. This I think made her severely depressed as she wanted so much to be the loveable fun Louise without having the heroin monkey on her back.

Louise adored mum like no one else and she was very dependent on her. She called me Beans and Anna Buja. She always wanted to make us feel special.

In September 1987 she was in St Stephen's hospital as an inpatient for an abscess – a nurse came up to her and told her she was HIV+. That gave her no will to live.

We will always love and remember her.



A POEM FROM ARTHUR LAW, UNDATED, ABOUT THE PANEL FOR HIS HERO JOSEPH BEAM

Dear Joe,

*I stumbled across your words when I felt
like I was dying. You dared me to
dream as you dared all of us to dream.*

*You gave me back my life. And I risked
believing that I really could fly, that I
really could be strong enough, that I
would never be alone and that the power
of our love really is invincible.*

Your loss is an impenetrable silence.

Love,
Arthur
X

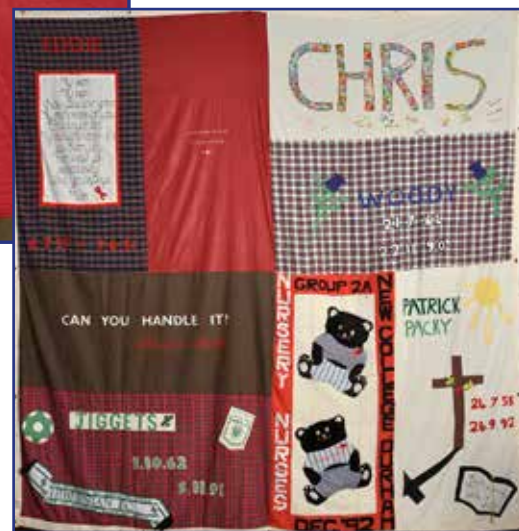


*Letter from Simon Walder, undated, about the
panel for their friend.*

IN THE NAME OF LOVE

This quilt is anonymous, as the person's family did not want their name identified with AIDS. There is a very good reason for this.

The person was a good friend of mine for 10 years and I miss them a lot.



SCOTT MacDONALD, BY HIS FRIEND, SAM

Words from Sam, June 1993, relating to the panel made by Alastair Hume for their friend Scott MacDonald

Scott MacDonald was a little fella in one respect only – his height.

Otherwise he was big,
In Heart
In Appetite for Life

And when the occasion required.....In mouth!

Scott's bigness of heart showed itself to all of us in a thousand ways – each of us now realises that we have lost someone who cared for us and who listened to our answer to his question "How are You?"

We all know how few are the people in our lives who really listened for the answer to that question. His genuineness made even little gestures of concern for us into significant moments.

In one respect, therefore, the monument to his memory existing already in all of our hearts.

In another respect, a literal monument to him existing in this very building around us. As a Trustee of Waverly Care Trust, A Director of Frontliners and SAFE, Scott was highly influential in the construction, design; nursing policies and management of this, Scotland's first and only AIDS hospice.

As a member of the Design Committee it was not just his nursing experience which informed decisions but, crucially, his experience as consumer of health services. He was determined (and as we all know when Scott was determined you might as well give up all opposition!), determined to make sure Milestone House respected every individual as a resident not a patient. So every design feature had to pass Scott's critical, nay beady eye –

Did it keep the building domestic-feeling?
Did it allow for privacy for residents?
Was it too medical?

That remorseless, relentless, often blunt, but always creative criticism is what helped to imbue what is, after all, only a building with the spirit which we all know to be unique here.

Long before he died the influence of Scott's spirit was felt in every corner of this building – now that he is dead in body we can be certain that part of his spirit will remain at work here for as long as it is needed.

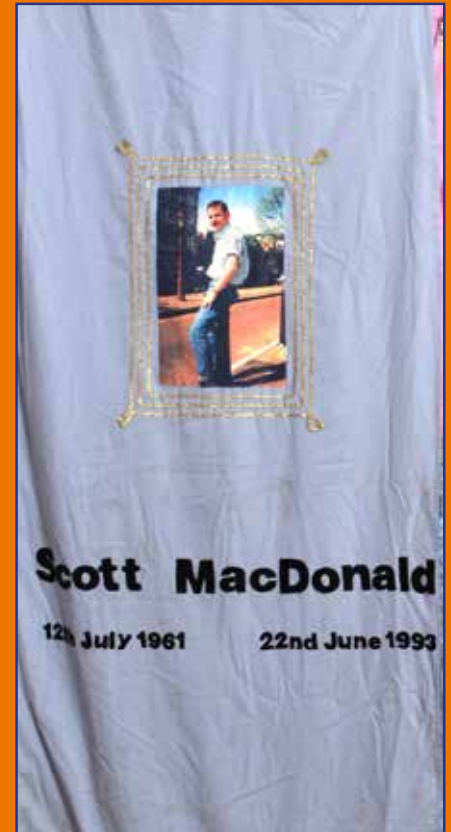
He was a nurse, and in olden, more wise days, he would simply have been called a healer. Then Ancient Greeks had an honourable and respected elite profession, called "The Wounded Healers". These were talented carers who had themselves suffered some catastrophe; like blindness or loss of a limb

The loss gave them a unique insight and wisdom in caring for others.

Scott MacDonald was such a wounded healer. Like so many gay men in the midst of this holocaust, he shouldered not just his own burden upon his small frame but the burdens of dozens of his fellows. This quite simply made him one of my heroes. The fight against AIDS, against bigotry and for human dignity has lost one of its most valiant and sweetest champions.

Let us at least never forget the wise lessons of compassionate care he taught us.

GOOD BYE LITTLE HERO, GOOD BYE DEAR FRIEND.



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Notices -

EVENING NEWS
TEL 031 556 9111
FAX 031 220 3714

PINK PAPER
TEL 071 490 3053
FAX 071 608 2544

SCOTSMAN
TEL 031 225 2468
FAX 031 225 7302

CAP GAY
TEL 071 738 7010
FAX 071 924 9174

MACDONALD: ON _____ JUNE 1993 AT MILESTONE HOUSE, EDINBURGH, SCOTT WILLIAM JOHN, AGED 31 YEARS, WITH GREAT COURAGE AND DIGNITY, BELOVED SON OF ANNE AND DONNY, DEAR BROTHER OF ASHLEY AND TWIN BROTHER OF ALLAN, LOVING UNCLE OF EILEEN, AIMEE, NADINE AND CALVIN, FRIEND TO MANY, PAST DIRECTOR OF FRONTLINERS (UK), A SELF-HELP GROUP FOR PEOPLE LIVING WITH AIDS AND A TRUSTEE OF MILESTONE HOUSE. FUNERAL SERVICE AT MILESTONE HOUSE ON _____ JUNE 1993 AT 3.00PM, COMMITAL AT MORTONHALL FLOWERS OR DONATIONS TO MILESTONE HOUSE, ENQUIRIES 031 441 6989

(68)

The Quilt

After my very much loved husband Brian, died, he was cremated. To me, it seemed pretty pointless to have a stone laid in his memory.

Nearly a year later - and after very much thought - I decided that I would add to the many thousands, a memorial quilt in Brian's memory.

The poem on the Quilt was written by Brian on the day he was told that he was - along with many others - HIV Positive. This, to Brian, was the worst news he could ever have been told.

To Brian, a relationship between two people was clean, pure and safe from harm of any form: almost seemed it you like. The sad thing is, his partners didn't feel the same and chose to have other partners - with the exception of me, Trisha, his wife. You could say 'if only we'd come together sooner', but what's the point of 'what ifs' or 'if onlys'. I can only say thank God for the short time we did have together.

There is so much I could say about my beautiful old fashioned gentlemen, who crept into my life and filled me with hope, joy, happiness and a whole lifetime to look forward to. He showed me the beautiful things in life - the things we take for granted that are all around us. Then, one day only to creep back out again, leaving me in darkness, emptiness, sadness and sorrow.

In my world, nothing grows, there are no children playing or birds singing, and I wonder aimlessly, waiting for the day when I can again be with my beautiful old fashioned gentlemen, Brian, my husband.

The lion on the Quilt signifies that the end in this world was near. In his dreams he saw this lion guiding him to another world, more beautiful than we could imagine, letting him know that everything for him will soon be alright, that for him a new life was to begin, where everything is pure, good and beautiful.

The bird - Well Brian always said if he had his time again he would come back as a bird because they have got the perfect solution to life. They can fly over the earth, walk on the land and swim on the sea. My son, Levi has a very similar imagination. For months, Levi would wake up screaming in pain from his knees. Brian sat with him and taught him how to land safely in his dreams. Believe it or not, we had no more problems with Levi's landings!

This man brought life into our home. He gave the children, Victoria and Levi, their childhood, for in a way, he was still enjoying his.

I hope this Quilt shows people that HIV and AIDS is also passed on through love, not just negative things and is not God's way of getting rid of our bad people. However it was caught, it is taking thousands of our good, beautiful people, people we need for all different reasons. All I can say is that the other world must truly be a beautiful place.

Love you forever,

my lover, friend, husband and soul mate

Trisha xxxxx

BRIAN BY HIS WIFE



LETTER FROM AJAY CHOTAI, MARCH 1994 ABOUT THE PANEL FOR HIS LOVER ANDREW

I made this panel in memory of my first and only love – Andrew

I met Andrew in Oxford where we were both students. It seemed that fate was pushing us together. I was not 'out' and neither was he. So, what started as an innocent friendship (with the 'friendship band' on the panel as his first gift to me) soon bloomed into a passionate, secret and loving relationship. Andrew was very good-looking, had a fantastic body, was very funny and incredibly randy. There were very few days in our two year relationship when he didn't want to make love.

At this point neither of us knew that he had the wretched virus in him.

Andrew was also very sensitive, caring, emotional and selfless. It is difficult to put into words all that he gave me. He loved books and this love is just one of the things that he passed on to me. The quote on the panel, "Don't be dismayed at good-byes...." Is adapted from one of his favourite books – Illusions by Richard Bach. Every time that I would become sad and heavy-hearted about his impending death he would hold me in his arms and say, "AJ, do you love me?" My answer was always and still is YES! YES! YES!

"Then we will meet again." He used this quote to overcome his fear of death and overcome the fact that he was leaving me behind. It is so full of hope; it meant a lot to us. He would never have forgiven me if I had lost my hope!

Andrew adored the moon in all its glory – hence the moon on the panel. Gazing at the moon on clear night, romantic walks in the moonlight, and writing poems about the moon were some of our best times together. Because neither of us were openly gay we often had to meet in tucked away places at night. The moon was our only companion all through this time. I still clearly remember the full moon midnight walk when he became very frustrated with the situation. I was going on about what we could do in the daytime, the places we could visit, etc. He interrupted me and asked "AJ, why are you dreaming all this? You know we can't meet during the day." Hugging him tightly to myself I said, "Andrew, look at the moon. I promise you that we will be together every night to watch the moon." Little did I realise then that there is no moon on the new moon nights. Usually this dark moon-less night happens once a month – but since the day that Andrew left me our moon has set for good.

My love and passion for music rubbed off onto Andrew very quickly. On the panel I have put an audio tape of some of his best loved songs that he used to listen to all the time, these were also used at his cremation service.

He also adored blood red roses and tulips. I knew that he would melt into my arms if I bought him blood red roses.

On the panel I have sewn the on the ring that he gave me to mark our first anniversary. The two chains (one his and one mine) were also gifts to each other. They were together when he was alive and thus they will still remain. During Andrew's illness I wrote numerous letters to him. Unfortunately, the last one, with my last poem to him, remained with me. I never got the chance to give it to him. I have put it on the panel in the hope that maybe he will read it.

Andrew, I love you so much. You will always have a special place in my heart. You gave and taught me a lot – but you forgot to teach me how to forget you and how to live without you.

I miss you so much.

AJ



WE REMEMBER YOU

Keith John Andrews
Stephen James Edward Carter
Michael Buckland
David John Phillips
Dean Roost
Daniel Queirola
Mark William Tyack
Scott Lago
Jerry Davies
Joseph Beam
John Bus
Stephen
Gary Palmer
Kevin John Dodd
John Scaife
Roel Arisz
Michael Colin David Heath
German Madronero
Charles Villalonga &
Gilbert Rodriguez
Joseph A. Nicastro
Martin Loveday
Eran Gill
Simon Anderson
Vaughan Michael Williams
Wilton Irwin Anderson
Don Melia
Gareth Allinson
Dale Roberson Oakes
Tom Lawrie
Stephen Fellowes
Andrea Regard
Mum
Colin D'eca
Terry
Randy
Howard Sasportas
Rohit Crohit Khosla
Rodney
Keith
Paul Sykes
David Freiherr Practorius
Von Richthofen
Colvin Mayers

Frank McEwan
Nigel Pearl
Alastair Davidson
David Horwood
Sebastian, Tony, Terry, Larry, Andy,
Steve, Simon, James, Colin
Michael Trask
Rob Walsh
Michael Smith
Vinni, Gellof, Serge, Tony, Eric
Hypheb Nureyev
Philip Monroe
Manic Mary
Nigel
Norman Lowe
Tommy Nutter
Denholm Elliott
Keith Haring
Richard Thomson
Peter Turnbull
Jody Baker
Robert Mapplethorpe
Douglas MacAndrew
Alan Cameron
Felix Turner
Andrew Carter
Farouk
Scott Fritz
David Wojnarowicz
John Davies
Andre Swinton
Ian Bryan (Little Ian)
Woody
Vito Russo
Roderick Stephenson
Sylvester
Nick Simpson
David C. Walburn
Scott MacDonald
Ray Petri (Buffalo)
Robbie Del Balio/Giallini
Richard Carson
Andrew
Michael Lenihan

John St James
Danny Barrett
Simon & Margo
Frank Wilson
Stevie Hughes & Bev
Nick Game
Geoffrey James Lustig
Peter W Randall and friends
Bob Townsend
Ian Macrae
Max Gordon
John Richmond,
all our friends/relatives
Thom Robert Rowe
Sandra Lane
Shaids-Steve, Dave, Jeff and Kevin
Sheffield Freddie
Geoff
Cameron
Jay
Tom Dwyer
Georgie Long
Douglas J McCusker
Doug McKenzie
Richard Evans
Peter Randall
Scott J Nelson
Robert James Lonsdale
Chris
Juice
Geoffrey Linden Taylor
Paul Ashton
Paul
Sandy Keith
Les
Richard
Nigel
Mark Ashton
Peter Andrew Ryan
Andrew
Ian, Peter, Brian & David
Alain Dehay
Anthony Perkins
Peter B Priestley

Steve Waters
Rodney Dunne
Roger Kelly
Josh Marcroft
David Johnston
Frank, Alan, Ian, Timmy, Philip,
Colin, Charles, Brian, Danny,
Richard C, Katherine, Everton,
William & Richard E
Bede Wilmot
Carl Morris
Paul Davies
Elaine Grieve
Nils Steinbaek, Michael Stanforth,
Tom, Jobe
Michael Blicq
Tim H
Anthony Brahame
Deaf Community
Roy
Sting Ray Petri
Graham Wilkinson
Simon
Smash
Michael Sundin
Tony Richardson
Patrick Cowley
Eddie (Lang)
Jim C
Peter Allen
Jack Babuscio
Geoffrey Ashton
Alan Reid
Pjilip Core
James Fraser
Jed
Jiggets (Tony Stewart)



Our Friends with Haemophilia
Steve B, Richard, Ian, Wendy,
Stephen, Paul, William, Stephen,
Ste, Paul, Stephen, Mark, Mal
Malcolm

For those rejected, denied, alone

Those who die alone and unmourned

In the name of love (anonymous)

Spanish speaking men and women

Birmingham remembers their names

Trade Members Deceased

To commerate all named and
unnamed, South Asian, Turkish and Irani
people who have died from AIDS

Body Positive Newcastle Upon Tyne

Durham County Body Positive Remembers

Ward 1 King's Cross Hospital, Dundee

**For all those names who
are not included here**

WE REMEMBER YOU

This event has been organised by a people who have donated their time and talents generously and with love. Thank you to everyone who has made this possible. Special thanks go to Siobhán Lanigan, Clifford McManus, Anna Brewster, Sam Brewster, Angela Derbyshire, and Ian, Mark, Liz and the team at Positive East.

This display of the UK AIDS Memorial Quilts is dedicated to all those who have lost their lives to HIV in the years since the HIV pandemic began, and to all who loved them. We will always remember them.