

Speaker 1 (00:00):

Everything starts with work. You come, you see, you feel. [Music 00:00:06 to 00:00:20]

Speaker 2 (00:20):

Fraying factories, some dilapidated, ghosts, weltd and stitched together. Five-story faces with broken sash windows as blackened eyes, remnants of prosperity interspersed with survivors still standing, propped up by new management from the global economy.

Repurposed concrete, upon concrete, upon concrete.

Speaker 1 (00:46):

Industrial manufactured infrastructures frame fragile ambitions. Walls thickly divide assembly lines for inflamed fingertips that once fed fabrics through wiring lines for 50P deadlines, but no more.

Speaker 3 (01:02):

There used to be a lot of clothing factories, cobblers as well. The shoe industry was pretty much gone when we came. They were in decline.

Speaker 4 (01:11):

The good thing about working in factories is that they only give you one job to do. You had to sew on one belt onto trousers. It was made fast.

Speaker 5 (01:23):

They told us go home to do piece work. We have to make the whole trouser now and that was very rare so we are sitting 24 hours on the machine.

Speaker 3 (01:33):

Now carousing to comfortable conveyor belt routines. I work, I rest, I rise. Hard hat, clock card rhythms, and worker boot cycles. A town's shoe history now belonging to me.

Speaker 1 (01:47):

After one week when I come here, I started working in car wash, and after I work in warehouse, driving forklift. A pallet pattern I control in a smile, lacing loops whilst sweetly silenced from paycheck to paycheck. Money in the bank, roof over our heads, safety. What more could I ask for?

Speaker 1 (02:14):

I am the first to see the morning sunrise over dewed green I had never seen, never dreamt. I breathe it in, inhale the breeze I barely notice that brushes against my cheek, like the stir of life every morning. Eagle glares and bloodshot stares exchanged for glances. Smiles, acknowledgements, no contest, no news of dead friends, no threat to life, no neighboring cities compare, too hard to survive. But things close by like the clouds and rain and some sun to remind me of where I've come from, a place I no longer call home. So I keep my head down, go unnoticed in the grinding pace to keep my place.

Speaker 6 (03:18):

[Music 00:03:03 to 00:03:18] I came here when I was 12 years old because my mom and dad moved from London. They wanted to start a life away from a very busy city.

Speaker 4 (03:27):

[foreign language 00:03:27].

Speaker 1 (03:30):

Too many trees, too many grass. I like too much. Very, very quiet.

Speaker 5 (03:36):

I've never been anywhere nearly as cold. I come from near the desert. My face felt numb.

Speaker 2 (03:45):

I check them up again and again of a town yet undecided to move to, more south than I. Even with a name that suggests otherwise, a confusion over somewhere I'd not yet arrived. A fate worse than death, I'm warned as I search for more, but only see pastoral country

green. I reject these two opposing views. I just wanted to move, so begins the go-between. I work with nowhere to stay, commute and collapsed each day until the decision was made.

Speaker 6 (04:20):

Do I have regrets moving here? Some days.

Speaker 5 (04:29):

I came to an agency, an agency that applies for Sudanese students to study abroad. The guy was just advertising it.

Speaker 1 (04:39):

I know too many guys here from-

Speaker 3 (04:40):

...Albania-

Speaker 1 (04:41):

...Bangladesh-

Speaker 2 (04:42):

...Somalia-

Speaker 3 (04:43):

...Poland-

Speaker 4 (04:44):

...Egypt-

Speaker 5 (04:45):

...Lithuania, Pakistan-

Speaker 2 (04:47):

...Romania-

Speaker 1 (04:48):

...A granddad, a brother-

Speaker 5 (04:50):

...A husband, an auntie, a friend.

Speaker 1 (04:53):

A friend of a friend, a stranger, someone I don't know, never spoken to, never met, brought me here. Traveled for days laid in a wheeled tomb only to settle in multiplying homes, multiplying rooms.

Speaker 3 (05:10):

I came to work.

Speaker 5 (05:11):

I needed a change.

Speaker 3 (05:12):

I needed a chance.

Speaker 2 (05:14):

I needed to breathe.

Speaker 4 (05:15):

I needed to work.

Speaker 1 (05:17):

To be debt-free. It was for my life. I needed to hide. [Music 00:05:24 to 00:05:38]

Speaker 4 (05:39):

When I came first time to this country, I was in shock. All houses look same, and I forget which is my house. I went out after the three days because I scared of forgetting my house.

Speaker 2 (05:54):

Ignore dump stories and bomb past the past, past history permeated into fraying bricks, destroyed, forgotten each time by fast cars.

Speaker 1 (06:05):

Meanwhile, my uncounted hands build a new story, construct it up like it's trying to be a city, attracting unwelcomed fates, accommodating the weight of a new history.

Unfamiliarity swells, contracts, swells, contracts, and settles.

Speaker 3 (06:23):

I think it was just seeing people the same as them here, seeing them just settling down. A sixties craze, a new wave of faces. Carlsberg weren't the only ones establishing spaces.

Speaker 5 (06:39):

Constructing pulsating rows, I occupy winding roads. Wrap myself around fluorescent aisles, filling returning bellies with smiles. I cater cuisines from places I've never seen, assumed we're all the same, always have been. I reopen those remnants of prosperity with tastes and spice, treats and delights to maintain our legacy. And she covered the dark with light.

Speaker 1 (07:11):

Indian shops here fall everywhere. I know one Indian... When I used to live here before, I went to his shop every day, three, four times. And after if I no go in one day, him say, "Oh, where you been?". Now when I drive past I stop there and buy something just to say hi.

[Music 00:07:36 to 00:07:50]

Speaker 5 (07:51):

No cold, harsh lights, no prison cells, no force in sight. No queue, instead tall windows. I'm confused. A craftsman's architecture raised on a road made for merchants is where they'll record me. No time at all, I am welcomed a face like mine, except hair scarf falls softly to one side. I've nothing to hide, so I don't mind. The authority stamp of approval of my arrival, which I questioned myself. Why would I come all this way to do something, here, of all places? No reason to document our faces, no sense, no types, I don't see why. I dismissed the thought as quickly as I am imprinted. Existence noted sweetly, unnoticed by her beaming face, who they too would archive, though her country is not mine.

Speaker 2 (08:57):

I like it because it's home, but I can see why people don't. [Music 00:09:03 to 00:09:12]

Speaker 3 (09:13):

Memories of four in the back and a baby in a lap, routine weekends away.

Speaker 2 (09:19):

Escaping boredom and boarded clothes shops, pound shops, charity shops.

Speaker 4 (09:27):

Nowhere to collect recollections of familiar flavors, sentimental songs of a past I no longer identify and recognize, relate to.

Speaker 1 (09:40):

We hunt, we bargain, we pursue a nature savored for another place, another world away from home, where we quickly return. Return to beautiful parts, like beautiful parks, companions, family, and friends, creating pasts.

Speaker 4 (09:59):

I was feeling lonely and this all people give me to love. And I feel like, oh wow. It's like my home. Feelings coming of home. I not feeling lonely.

Speaker 2 (10:19):

I feel like this is home because people are here.

Speaker 1 (10:19):

So we'll keep carousing to comfortable routines, keep clock card rhythms and creating new stories. We'll maintain and change our home's history and keep reasons to call it home. [Music 00:10:34 to 00:11:05]