

afamba apota by tawona ganyamatopé sithole

(sounds/acoustics)

Heaven:

welcome to this documentary brought to you by MIDEQ. we have come here on the ground to bring you the real story straight from the horse's mouth. there are horses here of course, but we won't be talking to them for now. for now we will speak instead to the human creatures.

please note: in respect of confidentiality and our ethical obligations, and to protect the identities of our participants, we have anonymised the human creatures featured in the making of this documentary. the voices you hear are in fact the voices of voice actors. well, they are not real actors, but their efforts are real.

(transition)

Stephen:

hi there, for those that don't know me my name is Paul Lamont. acclaimed documentary maker of masterpieces such as 'Is the Globe really Warming' and 'Capitalism - flawed or flawless'. this time we are taking a look at the Migration for Development and Equality Hub - a team of researchers whose work aims to reduce inequalities through a better understanding of the movement of people between countries. in this documentary we focus on one concept – the corridor. to quote the MIDEQ website:

“Corridors are used as a framing device and metaphor to understand the movement of people, goods, money, knowledge and skills between two places with sociocultural, economic, political and historical dynamics that transcend national borders.”

quite a mouthful there, and here's more:

(transition)

Charles:

we human creatures have been very good at problem solving and inventing, we've been better than other creatures at making and using tools, discovering, pioneering and innovating. but we've been the very best at regretting and forgetting. we have built up so much that now we nearly cannot go anywhere. we've made so many rules that now we nearly cannot do anything. we've created so much knowledge

that now we nearly don't know anything. we regret that we now nearly cannot go anywhere, nearly cannot do anything, nearly don't know anything. but then we forget our regret, until it's time to regret again. and then that is only until it's time to forget again. until then it's just business as usual – the intelligent enterprise, cash slash kudos cash slash chaos on repeat like broken recorders, newer and newer world orders, wars and borders, wars over borders. aargh it borders on the unthinkable.

(transition)

Stephen:

my producer forced me to feature that quote. stay tuned though because from now it's a Paul Lamont show. this thrilling thrilling documentary will continue after this commercial break:

Katharine:

new from your trusted suppliers at PenSell comes Mejik Marka. designed by world-leading scientists. trusted by celebrated imperialists and warlords everywhere, Mejik Marka's revolutionary ink technology allows you to write on land, in water and in air. if that's not impressive enough, the lines made by Mejik Marka are completely invisible. yes that's right, invisible. want to write with authority, want to write right, then Mejik Marka is the one for you. don't get left in the old world, get right into a new world with Mejik Marka.

(transition)

[this corridor is made of](#)

Stephen:

welcome back to our MIDEQ documentary, welcome here to . . . where are we again?

Hyab:

we are in the corridor

Nerea:

pasiyua
korredoré

Sadie:

the corridor

Stephen:

hmm . . . ok what country is this?

Sadie:

country?

Hyab:

this is no country bro

Stephen:

surely there is no piece of this dear green place that is not owned or claimed by some government . . . look, it's a simple question, what state is this?

Hyab:

this is no state bro

Pinar:

unless you mean the state of affairs

Dan:

the state of things

Nerea:

the state of mind

Stephen:

hmmm ok clear as mud . . . to our viewers . . .

Kevin:

viewers in an audio recording?!

Stephen:

i'm just so used to tv . . . i mean to our listeners. sorry i cannot say exactly where we are here but there are lots of people and trust me they will tell us what's going

on. (i'd better humour them) welcome to the state of affairs state of things state of mind . . . welcome to the corridor

Bella:

no man's land

Hyab:

no woman's land either

Hope:

don't forget children

Stephen:

ok so tell me a bit more about this no woman's land

Nii Tete:

you ask where we are . . . better to ask how we got here . . . you crossed the line
coming here . . . all of we are crossing the line
someone drew the line
invisible line, visible only if you believe
only if you believe in rings around land
rings around land people culture language
culture language tradition
tradition of belief in banners
banners proudly decorated
proudly decorated with scars of history
scars of history echoing names
names like Ghana

(echo sound effect)

Jixia:

China

Anita:

Nepal

Seng Guan:

Malaysia

Katharine:

Ethiopia

Dan:

South Africa

Mariem:

Jordan

Alison:

Egypt

Bella:

Haiti

Kevin:

Brazil

Nerea:

Burkina Faso

Pinar:

Cote d'Ivoire

but these are only few

Alison:

global north and global south

formerly known as east and west

formerly known as 1st world and 3rd world

(whatever happened to the 2nd world)

formerly known as civilised and uncivilised

Pinar:

but these are only few

Alison:

progressive and backward
democratic and dictatorial
developed and developing
low income
middle income
and high income . . .
ringed in by the invisible line . . . you crossed the line coming here . . .

Nii Tete:

i don't know about any lines, i am just walking through my kingdom

(transition)

someone gave names to these trees
odum
wawa
sapele

Bella:

muchakata

Pinar:

nah'la

Hyab:

rowan

Hope:

matai

Dan:

okö

Pinar:

but these are only a few

Stephen:

goodness sake! let me try someone else here, hey you . . .

Katharine:

i'll tell you . . . about this place
one part wood one part metal
one part glass one part stone
one part human one part inhuman
one part fact one part doubt

Stephen:

aye the doubt i'm starting to feel about my own sanity . . . pesky poets

(transition)

Nerea:

made of accents behaviours flavours

Hyab:

long traditions seasons reasons

Nii Tete:

(in Ga) the bird that does not fly will not get food to eat
(in English) the bird that does not fly will not get food to eat

Sadie:

the bird that doesn't fly doesn't eat

Alison:

some say chitsva chiri mutsoka

Hyab:

gifts are in the feet

Bella:

some say darebacha

Hope:

some say merantau

Pinar:

speaking of this corridor

Esa:

made of tears rumours hearsay

Katharine:

made of words names attitudes information

Nerea:

made of grit and grime

Hyab:

made of edges peripheries . . . an edge made of edges

Bella:

made of inequality the mathematics of reality

Sadie:

made of rules statutes policies laws

Nii Tete:

i don't know about any laws, i am just walking through my kingdom

Alison:

made of footnotes footholds footprints footsteps

a spirit woman once danced from the corridor to the world

Dan:

the corridor is a chain

pulled with great force

in the never-ending tug of war

between citizens and non-citizens

Sadie:

the corridor is a rope

pulled with great force

in the never-ending tug of war

between nature and human nature

Hyab:

the corridor is a vine

Pinar:

this place is full of flowers

(chorus) yes

orchids

(chorus) yes

jasmine

(chorus) yes

hibiscus

(chorus) yes

the sweetest fragrance of memories

(chorus) yes

this place is full of weapons

we human creatures forgot again

about these weapons

stealing our jobs

(chorus) no

stealing our women

(chorus) no

Katharine:

lives we lead and the people we follow

Esa:

the people we follow and lives we lead

Hope:

increasing numbers crisis overwhelming flooding

sometimes i feel like i'm drowning

and the waves keep coming

sometimes i feel like i'm drowning

Bella:

illegal

(chorus) no

alien

(chorus) no

illegal

(chorus) no

illegal

(chorus) no

Nii Tete:

i don't know about illegal, i am just walking through my kingdom

Stephen:

ok let's take a breather right there. don't go away we'll be right back after this commercial break:

Hope: (Mandarin)

new from your trusted suppliers at PenSell comes Mejik Marka. designed by world-leading scientists. trusted by celebrated imperialists and warlords everywhere, Mejik Marka's revolutionary ink technology allows you to write on land, in water and in air. if that's not impressive enough, the lines made by Mejik Marka are completely invisible. yes that's right, invisible. want to write with authority, want to write right, then Mejik Marka is the one for you. don't get left in the old world, get right into a new world with Mejik Marka.

(transition)

[life in the corridor](#)

Stephen:

many people out there will be wondering, what life is like here . . . in the corridor . . . you you've not said anything

Sseng Guan: (Malay)

well i just think that a corridor is a passage or supposed to be a passage, a path, channel, route touching two places and all spaces in between. i'm torn . . . my heart is there my head is here . . .

my sweetness is there my sweat is here. life here is something somewhere between work and life between dreams and survival . . . the corridor is a forest full of life, breathing with danger but potential abundance. it's an ocean and the waves of uncertainty wash over me washing away dignity humanity sense justice fairness . . .

Stephen:

ok pal it's not a recital, what's he saying?

Katharine:

oh he's just saying it's not too bad

Stephen:

really

Katharine:

yeah he said it's kind of ok

Stephen:

you know what, he sounded better when he wasn't speaking . . . let's find someone who can tell us something useful (we'll just delete that bit)

(transition)

Esa:

from the old latin currere, to run, corridor means to scuttle . . . it's restless here unrelenting

Nerea:

it's restless here unrelenting

(underscore, machine-like)

Hyab:

15 hours on the factory floor as a breadwinner . . . only when i sleep i'm free

Pinar:

minimum wage maximum pressure as a breadwinner . . . only when i sleep i'm free

Bella:

meetings upon meetings as a breadwinner. . . only when i sleep i'm free

Dan:

kids to get ready in the morning kids to pick up in the afternoon as a breadwinner .
. . . only when i sleep i'm free

Esa:

prove yourself provide proof as a breadwinner . . . only when i sleep i'm free

Mariem:

worry and anxiety, panic and fear as a breadwinner. . . only when i sleep i'm free

Alison:

small head with a big afro of problems as a breadwinner. . . only when i sleep i'm
free

(underscore ends)

Stephen:

trying to make a documentary in the corridor . . . only when i sleep i'm free

Hyab:

dreaming
wishing for a bit of ordinary magic
to turn a door into a doorway
doorway into the corridor

Hope:

the corridor can lead to success
can lead to regret
can lead to happiness
the corridor can lead to depression

Katharine:

can lead to surprise
can lead to danger

Pinar:

corridor can lead to another corridor

Nerea:

the corridor gives the corridor takes

Hyab:

the corridor gives and takes opportunity hope promise

Sadie:

gives and takes name identity dignity

Alison:

gives and takes innocence kindness trust

Bella:

gives and takes strength courage resilience

Nerea:

gives and takes language creative arts resistance wellbeing

Kevin:

the corridor gives and takes voice

Sadie:

the old you becoming the new you

Stephen:

yeah the young you becoming old in the making of an impossible documentary

Kevin:

this place invites you to listen

Nerea:

this place begs you to listen

Hyab:

this place forces you to listen

Mariem:

this place teaches you to listen

Nerea:

and let your feelings flow

Esa:

and let your feelings flow

(sounds and then silence)

Katharine:

remember the music

when it played

so sweet in my neighbour's yard

(chorus) yes

Dan:

remember how they respond

when we ask them to turn it up

(chorus) yes

Sadie:

remember the music

(break)

Stephen:

remember the documentary we're trying to make here

Sadie:

remember the music

when it played

so loud in my other neighbour's house

(chorus) no

Bella:

remember how they don't listen
when we ask them to turn it down

(chorus) no

Nerea:

that song is playing again the one i cannot stand
that one you know the one

Hyab:

where all the singers want to lead
while the band plays beautifully
on instruments of torture

Sadie:

and the crowd does the warlord's waltz

Pinar:

i am so sick and tired of being sick and tired
of that long wrong song
someone switch that off
please

(silence)

Dan:

sometimes we forget how silence sounds

(silence)

Kevin:

nothing makes sound anymore

(underscore)

Hope:

please note: you should ensure that you are up to date with the status of the area that you are travelling to

Hyab: (Blen)

please note: you should ensure that you have familiarised yourself with the laws and customs of the country you are visiting. information on these issues is available at . . .

(transition)

keeping in touch

Bella:

there's someone in the waiting room

Stephen:

oh ok let them in

Bella:

you're the host you let them in

Stephen:

no you're the host here i'm just a visitor in your space

Bella:

we're all passing through remember no man's land

Hyab:

no woman's land either

Hope:

don't forget children

Stephen:

ok ok no woman's land

Bella:

ok i'm making you the host now

Stephen:

make me co-host

Bella:

done

Stephen:

ok thank you. hi welcome. just to let you know this meeting is being recorded hope that's ok

(silence)

All:

you're on mute

Muturikwa:

haha i always do that sorry my mind was far away

Pinar:

do you want to be in the film we are making

Hyab:

it's not a film

Pinar:

i thought you said it's a documentary

Hyab:

have you ever heard of something called the 5 senses

Pinar:

actually there are more than 5

Stephen:

shut it you two . . . anyway do you want to be in it

Muturikwa:

i'm not sure

Stephen:

ok fine let's continue . . . feel free to chip (but raise your hand first) or if you prefer not to speak you can just write instead (i have a few Mejik Markas here)

Nerea: (Basque)

new from your trusted suppliers at PenSell comes Mejik Marka. designed by world-leading scientists. trusted by celebrated imperialists and warlords everywhere, Mejik Marka's revolutionary ink technology allows you to write on land, in water and in air. if that's not impressive enough, the lines made by Mejik Marka are completely invisible. yes that's right, invisible. want to write with authority, want to write right, then Mejik Marka is the one for you. don't get left in the old world, get right into a new world with Mejik Marka.

Muturikwa:

speaking or writing . . . hmm i'm not sure

Stephen:

hey we can hear you but we can't see you

Muturikwa:

no its ok i'm keeping my face covered i feel more comfortable that way

Stephen:

no worries, so feel free to share story or share point . . . many good points raised, but yours could just turn out to be the power point. hold on i can see a hand up, do you have a comment or question?

Bella:

no sorry that was a legacy hand

Nerea:

so just to catch up with the flow so far can you tell us anything at all about the corridor . . .

Dan:

anything you think is interesting

Stephen:

here who's running this documentary!?

Nerea:

who's running this
who's running things
who's running rings
who's running a racket
who's running
running
running
running
running

Stephen:

enough of that whimsical nonsense

Muturikwa:

the corridor is a squinty house
of many traditions and none
of many designs and none
no symmetry
the house leans in whichever direction
the tradewinds blow
no no no the corridor is a channel

Kevin:

no hold on the corridor is a bridge joining connecting

Muturikwa:

yep . . . we don't celebrate enough

Hyab:

what's there to celebrate

Pinar:

don't be afraid to celebrate

Kando:

on the bridge . . .

Muturikwa:

languages meet shake hands and sing

Kando:

on the bridge

Muturikwa:

cultures hug find a way of moving dance

Kando:

on the bridge

(others start to join in)

Muturikwa:

sit down for a delicious meal

(chorus) on the bridge

Muturikwa:

try on these stylish clothes

(chorus) on the bridge

Muturikwa:

get your nails done

(chorus) on the bridge

Muturikwa:

go for a massage

(chorus) on the bridge

Muturikwa:

go to sleep

(chorus) on the bridge

Muturikwa:

celebrate a wedding

(chorus) on the bridge

Muturikwa:

pose smile take a selfie

(chorus) on the bridge

Stephen:

i'll shove you off the bridge. what about you . . . what goes on here?

(underscore, ringtones and signal failure)

Bella:

it's the flow and interruptions

connecting and reconnecting

hello . . . i can't hear you . . . let me restart the call

hello ok i can hear you now but i think there is a delay

there is definitely a delay

you're gone again . . . hello . . . hello . . . you're breaking up . . . hello . . . hello . . .

it's the flow and interruptions

Stephen:

i see you all got your faces in your phones

Dan:

sorry we are being rude

Stephen:

no no we all do it . . . so how important is your phone?

Jixia:

this is not a phone it's a little village
little village i grew up in is now a disappearing memory
disappearing memory of songs and stories
songs and stories for sharing with others
sharing stories with others is not always safe
always safe when i don't speak out
when i don't speak out they don't hear my accent
here my accent can take away my protection
my protection is . . .

Stephen:

someone please switch that poetry off . . . what else happens here?

Hyab:

from here we send signals
we send south-south signals . . .

Mariem:

cidis

Dan:

ringgat

Hope:

rupees

Kevin:

yuan

Sadie:

real

Muturikwa:

goud

Hyab:

birr

Mariem:

dinar

Katharine:

pound

Esa:

rand

Bella:

west african franc

Pinar:

but these are only few

Alison:

from here we send signals

south-south signals

messages

goods

gadgets

bodies

to be buried back home

we send signals

sometimes there is no signal

(crackling and then silence)

the big dis-ease

Stephen:

what do you want to say?

Dan:

workforce

Stephen:

ok you're the workforce

Dan:

yes work force me to be here . . . to come here . . . now its my family force me to stay here . . . my duty force me to stay here . . . my work load so much on me . . . even when the big dis-ease came

Stephen:

you mean Covid-19?

(underscore, distant phone call/low bandwidth/struggle to communicate)

Anita:

the big dis-ease came and spread with such ease
came and spread with such ease like rumours
like rumours of stolen jobs and pressure on resources
pressure on resources perceived and believed
perceived and believed to be the fault of the other
the other side of the human condition exposed
exposed as our need for control over our lives
our lives in fear of running out like toilet roll

(transition)

hospitality being human

Stephen:

what's all this?

Hyab:

you look hungry we have made some food

Stephen:

ah great (hesitant) what is it

Sadie:

bushrat

Stephen:

great

Bella:

(laughs) please have some pumpkin soup my grandmother's way

(silence and general background sound)

Dan:

this is my wife . . . i took this the day i left . . . and these are my kids

Stephen:

lovely family . . . do you see them much?

Dan:

yeah well . . . but my girls made up this superhero . . . they call him pinky pink punka biscuit man . . . don't ask me where they got that from

Stephen:

so if you were a superhero like this punky biscuit man . . .

Dan:

pinky pink punka biscuit man

Stephen:

aye very good what would you do?

Dan:

well i would use my powers to design the perfect work package so we can get rid of poverty

(others join in)

Katharine:

i would get rid of people's ignorance and misunderstanding

Hope:

i would ensure justice for all especially women and children

Sadie:

i would create an app that multiplies the money i send home

Katharine:

i would fight all the baddies and help people move safely

Esa:

i would take hope and love and make an anthem

Bella:

i would get all the countries working together

Stephen:

what about papers?

Nerea:

(exclamation) i would get rid of visas

Dan:

usual thing creating problems to sell tools

Nii Tete:

i don't know about papers i am just walking through my kingdom

(transition)

tawona: (song)

shiri yakanaka unoendepi

huya huya huya titambe

ndiri kuenda kumakore

kuti ndifanane nemakore

Stephen:

hey little fella what do you want to say?

(underscore Nerea's song)

Nerea:

i wish i was a bird . . . birds fly anywhere anytime they want . . . why can't people be like birds

Stephen:

great, i like that. are you behaving, do you listen to your mum and dad?

Nerea:

yes but they also should listen to us

Stephen:

why should they listen to you?

Nerea:

well we are the ones with all the information and new ideas. . . my mum doesn't even have an email . . . we are teaching the adults now

(underscore ends)

what keeps you going

Stephen:

ok what about leisure?

Hyab:

leisure?

Stephen:

what do you do to relax?

Hyab:

relax?

Stephen:

what keeps you going?

Katharine:

we meet every Saturday in the park to play traditional drums from our homeland

Sadie:

we get together every month and have some food from home

Muturikwa:

i like listening to music

Dan:

we meet every week and play football pretend we are superstars

Bella:

i like playing games on my phone or watching tv

Hope:

magic tricks on my deck of cards

Nerea:

we love going to the cinema it's expensive but worth it

Alison:

on my day off i sleep

Pinar:

we upset the state it's the only way we can do our work

Katharine:

after a while you just need to forget you're in the corridor . . . honestly it's just better to forget . . .you're here now might as well just forget your regrets and carry on . . .

Hope:

we human creatures are good at that anyway forgetting

Bella:

if you are rude or treat me bad i just say to myself "i wonder who's gonna have a better day"

Stephen:

ok time to pay the bills. don't go away we'll be right back after this commercial break:

(transition)

Bella: (Dutch)

new from your trusted suppliers at PenSell comes Mejik Marka. designed by world-leading scientists. trusted by celebrated imperialists and warlords everywhere, Mejik Marka's revolutionary ink technology allows you to write on land, in water and in the air. and as if that's not impressive enough, the lines made by Mejik Marka are completely invisible. yes that's right, invisible. want to write with authority, want to write right, then Mejik Marka is the one for you. don't get left in the old world, get right into a new world with Mejik Marka.

[what matters in the corridor](#)

Stephen:

what would you say is important to you here in the corridor what matters most

nerea:

for me it's data bundles

Hyab:

development

Sadie:

i can't stand a complaint i need a compliant worker

Dan:

what matters is management

Bella:

what matters is control

Hope:

what matters is the cost

Pinar:

what matters is human rights

Kevin:

numbers should be kept in check

Esa:

what matters is hope

Alison:

rules are important to keep control

Sadie:

what matters is the right papers are important

Nii Tete:

i don't know about papers i am just walking through my kingdom

Hyab:

what matters is getting across

Katharine:

what matters is knowledge and understanding

Pinar:

what matters is action

Kevin:

what matters is making it to the other side

Muturikwa:

what matters the most is leaving the corridor

Hope:

what matters most is keeping the corridor

Nerea:

what matters most is faith

Bella:

what matters most is fairness

Pinar:

what matters is the law is important

Nii Tete:

i don't know about any laws i am just walking through my kingdom

Jixia:

the flow of people matters

(transition)

Nerea:

what matters is the safety of my loved ones

Stephen:

well i can't disagree with that

Nerea:

you're here now you're in the corridor

(underscore)

Katharine:

i am wife

Hope:

i am granddaughter

Bella:

i am organiser

Sadie:

i am hill walker

Dan:

i am sunsets

Muturikwa:

i am the ocean

Nerea:

i am mama

Helene:

i am kamara the moon

Bella:

i am cousin

Dan:

i am gym member

Hyab:

i am curious

Katharine:

i am rain on a tin roof

Sadie:

i am horses

Hyab:

i am father

Bella:

i am cook

Helene:

i am kindred beyond blood a family to my friends

Muturikwa:

i am carer

Nerea:

i am elephant

Sadie:

i am cool shade in the summer heat

Kevin:

i am daddy

Hyab:

i am brother

Alison:

i am music lover

Mariem:

i am volunteer

Pinar:

i am forest floor

Bella:

i am cat

Katharine:

i am daughter

Esa:

i am twinkly night sky

Muturikwa:

i am dancer

Pinar:

i am sports

Nerea:

i am butterflies

Hope:

i am raindrops

(all) i am corridor

Stephen:

ok any final words

Pinar:

you make it sound like we are about to be executed or something

(transition)

afamba apota said by all one by one

(transition)

Stephen:

well well viewers . . . i mean listeners. you've heard it all for yourselves, straight from the corridor. we go right to the heart of the matter. the participants were ok, but i'm sure you agree with me when i say this has been another remarkable, simply stupendous Paul Lamont show!

Heaven:

this documentary was brought to you by MIDEQ

the end

Featuring the voices (not real actors 😊) of:

Heaven Crawley

Charles Forsdick

Stephen McKinney

Katharine Jones

Hyab Yohannes

Sadie Ryan

Nerea Bello Sagarzazu

Bella Hoogeveen

Pinar Aksu

Nii Tete Yartey

Dan Fisher

Hsiao Chiang Wang

Alison Phipps

Esa Aldegheri

Jixia Lu

Kevin Murray

Anita Ghimire

Tawona Ganyamatopé Sitholé

Yeoh Seng Guan

Mariem Omari

Tafadzwa Muturikwa Mutumbi

Helene Grøn

Afamba Apota written by

Tawona Ganyamatopé Sitholé

dramaturgy by

Mariem Omari

sound design by

Kevin Murray

directed by

Mariem Omari, Kevin Murray and Tawona Sitholé

produced by

Jennifer McArthur

the executive producer was

Heaven Crawley

Afamba Apota was Produced as part of the MIDEQ project, funded by UKRI

A full list of the cast is available on the website

For more information please visit <https://www.mideq.org/en/>