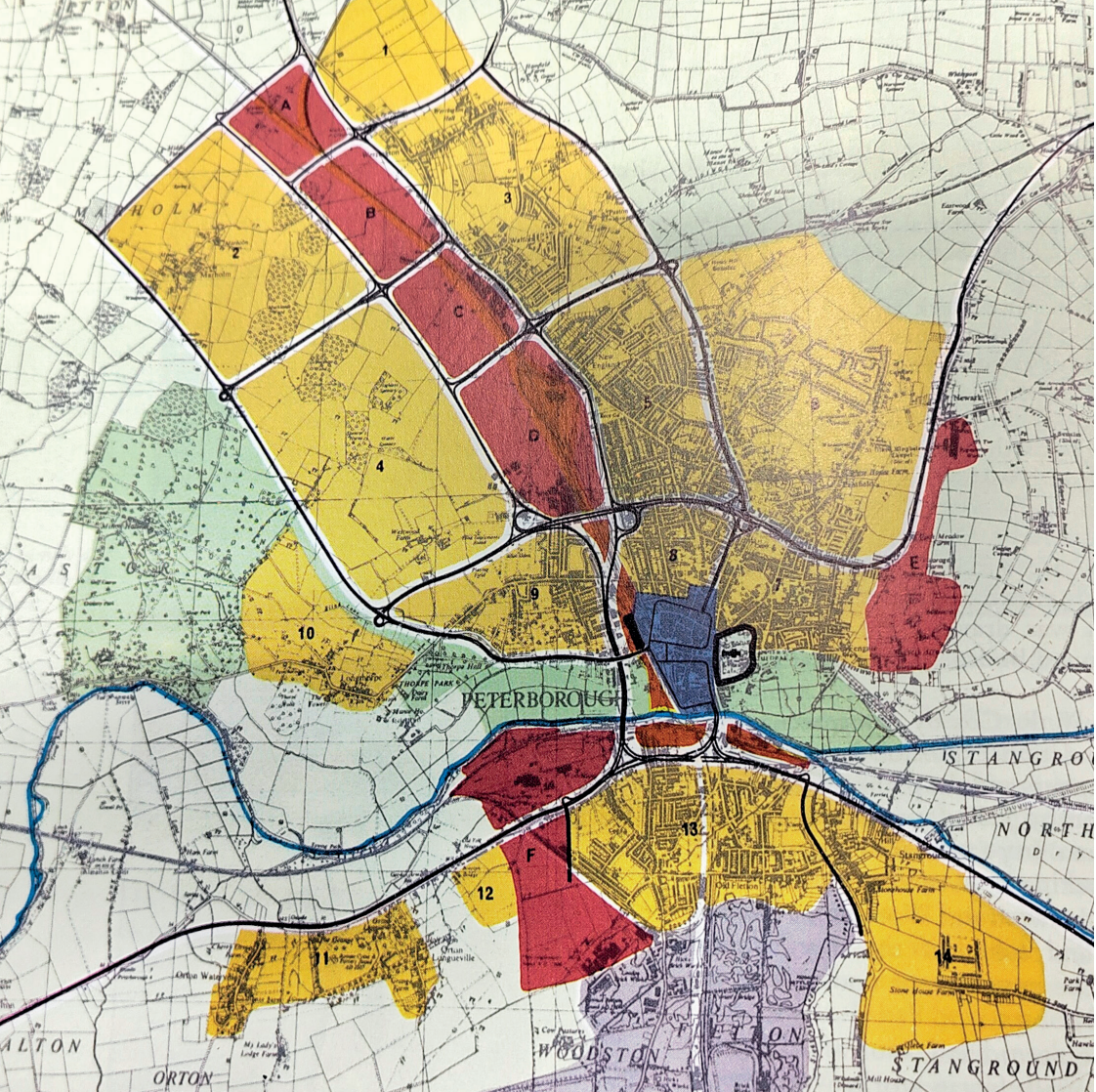


**A collection of paintings,  
drawings and moments  
about Peterborough**

**IN  
YOUR  
HANDS**



# PETERBORIANS

If you want to wind us up...  
talk about...

- cycling in Bridge Street
- the fountains on Cathedral Square
- a stadium on the Embankment
- Cambridge United
- why we haven't got a proper indoor swimming pool
- what sort of Christmas tree we've got to have
- the Council
- why Metal's got to leave the Chauffeur's Cottage  
(Chauffeur – the poshest word in Peterborough)

If you want to wind me up  
talk about Peterborough  
STANDING STILL

**IN YOUR HANDS** is a little collection of paintings, drawings and moments about Peterborough. It was made by people from across the city who came together one evening to eat, have a laugh and share their stories with strangers. We called that night "*Beyond borders*", because that's part of the charm and the power of Peterborough. It doesn't stand still. As the poet Toby Wood says, it's "*south of the north, east of the west*", not in the Midlands nor in East Anglia. It's in between and on the move. 10,000 years people have been living here, and today it's still a sanctuary and home to so many from across the world (and London). No other place in the country manages it so well. It's the Peterborough effect.

Come on, you're thinking, this city's got its challenges. Yes, that's true. Places are closing down while the wrong things are sprouting up. Our night was held at Chauffeurs Cottage, at the time the home of the city's arts organisations who the council were about to evict. But this city is a pretty, feisty little diamond. Its power is its people, the openness, the humour and the coming together. There's something here for everyone.

This little collection shares some snapshots about what makes Peterborough home. Most of them are anonymous. It's arranged in three themes: nature, love and home. And if you'd like to know more about the long-term research behind it and how all this came about, see the end of this zine.

**Dan**





LANDMARKS

FIRST  
LOVES

CRICKET  
TEAMS

BABYCHAM  
+  
BRANDY

TOUGH  
LOVE  
HAPPY  
FOSTER

HARD  
WORK

TRACTOR  
LIFTS

CARROT  
MOUNTAINS

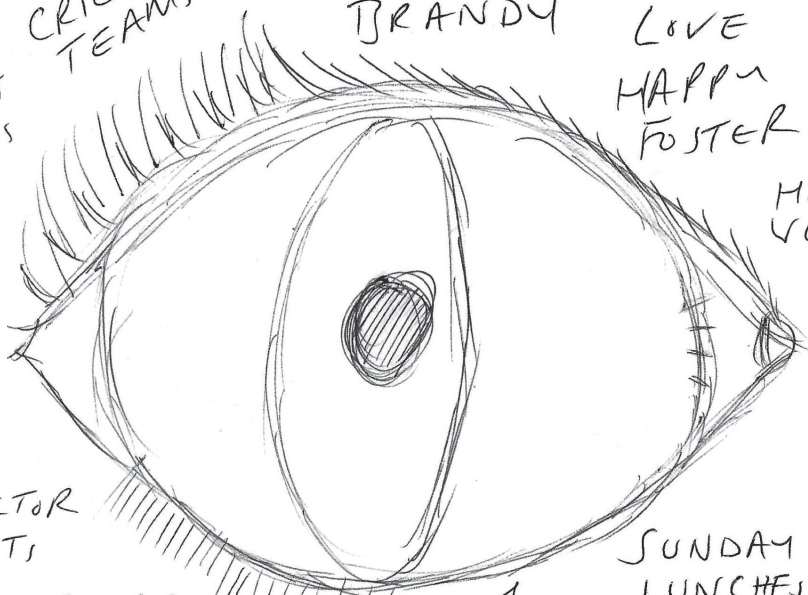
AUNT  
GLAD

SUNDAY  
LUNCHESS  
+  
FUDGE  
TARTS

ANCESTORS JUMBLESTORIES  
+ SALES +

BY PASSES + ROUNDABOUTS  
SOFT MEMORIES

DEFENDERS WHO BROKE YOUR LEGS



# **I LOVE PETERBOROUGH**

I love Peterborough because  
I knew nobody when I came  
and then I got invited...  
to “In Search of Angels”...  
to the mosque...  
to the Butter Cross...  
to Black History Month...  
to another mosque...  
to the Green Backyard  
and suddenly I found  
that wherever I went  
I always knew someone.



COMMUNITY Art & Music Center  
The GLASSONION



## PONDS & LAKES

I love Peterborough  
for my little lakes/ponds  
I love Peterborough  
as the clay soil makes pools  
I love Peterborough  
as the pools turn to ponds  
I love Peterborough as  
ponds are named lakes  
I love Peterborough as the  
ducks are home at the lakes  
I love Peterborough for all  
the walks around the lakes  
I love Peterborough for the traffic  
Stops for the ducklings  
make you smile :)



ORTON MERE  
Mark Murray 2024

# THE REASON I LOVE THIS CITY

The reason I love this P'bo  
are many  
so where, just myself  
should I start  
There's the shops from  
every culture  
There's the theatre and the  
art  
There's the festivals, so  
full of joy  
Then the history, twisting  
for ever as  
our wonderful park  
So glad we came here  
So many [50?] years ago  
And now the city is in  
my heart.





# PETERBOROUGH IS WEIRD

It immortalises strongmen who push peas with their noses, placing weathervane depictions on a graded building.

Peterborough is weird with its lakes haunted by a lorry, or a nearby highwayman on a bridge.

Peterborough is weird  
An old railway line used as much for filming as it is for riding, with Lee Marvin camping nearby.

WE

# IRRD

Peterborough is weird  
With links to kings and queens and  
archbishops, but also with the OTHER  
places you can get to when you leave.

Peterborough is weird  
With people who celebrate, and love, and  
hate, and hide, are vocal – whether  
anyone wants to listen or not.

Peterborough is weird  
And that's what means we all belong.

***Lou***



STUCK  
HERE

# **A MONSTER ATE MY FRIEND!**

I found you in 1972

Peterborough Cattle Market, the clue's in the name  
with metal pig pens and cattle troughs,  
chickens in cages – I'd stand and watch the  
auctioneer at work for ages.

My Dad's stall was close by, I  
hated getting up at 6am every Saturday morning  
and would often let fly.

The old market café with its tea and a  
roll was our reward for being ready set go  
for the crowds.

The old market became the new market with  
huts for stalls – then after 151 years there was  
nothing at all.

Now it's flats and buildings in that place.

A monster ate my friend – to me, a sad disgrace.

***Del Singh***



Longthorpe Tower

# **PETERBOROUGH FOR ME**

Home, a place of safety, security, peace  
Family full of fun, laughter & pain  
Friends, colleagues, teachers, community  
All constitute what Peterborough is to me.

A mix of the Asian, the African,  
the Eastern European, the indigenous white  
Living, accommodating, respecting, tolerating  
Culture, community, cohesion, fusion  
The village, the PE1, the urban, the rural  
A melting pot called home.  
Calm & inviting, embracing all

Quiet but not sleeping  
Bustling but not heaving  
Cultural but still quite rural.

Silo spaces forming a colourful collage.

# NEAR PERFECT

Peterborough,  
Who's Peter?  
I don't know,  
bur-rur or,  
bur-row,  
It's not near London,  
near Cambridge,  
It's near perfect.

Ultimately,  
Overwhelmingly,  
Proudly,  
I am grateful to the city  
that helped make me,  
me.









LOVE

What I love about  
Peterborough

I sat in the Buttercross  
drinking coffee

Until one day  
I found my wife!

open  
studios

communities



museum

metal

artists

I HATE  
PETER

# **I HATE PETERBORO**

That is how it started.  
I came protesting, arms flaying,  
Screaming & shouting & telling  
everybody who cared to listen

That I AM A CITY GIRL

What am I doing here  
And now, after 8 long winters  
And new friends and new hobbies,  
Finding myself in the solitude  
I have never had before.  
After all the support and  
meeting my tribe here  
I can say for sure:

I love Peterborough!  
or

I ❤️ Peterborough!

PETERBORO

P'BO IS



V R

Gx

8



# **PBO IS U, VR GR8**

Pbo is U, VR Gr8  
Lots of medieval history  
Lots of silent stories  
But Pbo is U and  
VR Gr8

Buildings galore  
And a City Centre bustling  
Which people like U  
Pbo is U and  
VR Gr8

Many Festivals celebrated  
by All of Us  
Sharing, Caring and Giving  
Pbo is U and VR Gr8

Pbo is dear to our hearts  
We all love the city  
Because Pbo is U and  
VR Gr8!

I LOVE PETERBOROUGH, YES I DO  
AND I KNOW YOU LOVE IT TOO  
I LOVE PETERBOROUGH AND I WILL,  
EVEN WHEN MY INCOME'S AIL ...

I LOVE PETERBOROUGH, AS IT IS  
AND I'M STARTING PROVING THIS:  
HOW? I GO TO THE EVENTS  
AND BELIEVE ME - NO OFFENSE,  
EVEN WHEN IT'S DARK IN TOWN  
I'M JUST GOING AND COUNTDOWN:  
6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 10!

I'M ON LINCOLN ROAD AGAIN!  
PEOPLE, FACES, VOICES, CARS...  
I AM LOOKING AT THE STARS.  
ALL THE STARS - THE PEOPLE WHO  
THAT TOGETHER WILL ADHERE!

I LOVE PETERBOROUGH,  
BECAUSE OF YOU!

I LOVE PETERBOROUGH  
AND I LOVE YOU!



HOME

# IT'S ALL I'VE KNOWN

From the Fletton Parkway being built  
Or swimming in the new indoor pool,  
The cycle path by the Key Theatre  
Or playing in the London brick yards.

Time spent in Ferry Meadows, especially  
Watching the fireworks!  
The snow walking through the  
Stanground underpass to school.

The great mix of people and cultures—  
It's all I've known.

**Mark Murray**







Cromwell Road

## 292 CROMWELL ROAD

292 Cromwell Road, that place with the small front room, leather sofas that we couldn't mess up, neighbours sitting on the wall outside.

292 Cromwell Road, Samosas again, Eid and nowhere to sit, it's okay though because we have bin liners of gifts, sour candy and lots of food.

292 Cromwell Road, I'm 11 now and we're moving, it's okay though, I'm sure I'll drive past when I'm big and have a look.



My important places

The Beeches  
Primary School



New Valley Park



St. Mark's  
worshipping  
community

Central Park

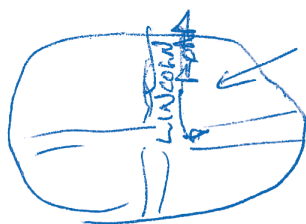


Run  
x 2 a week



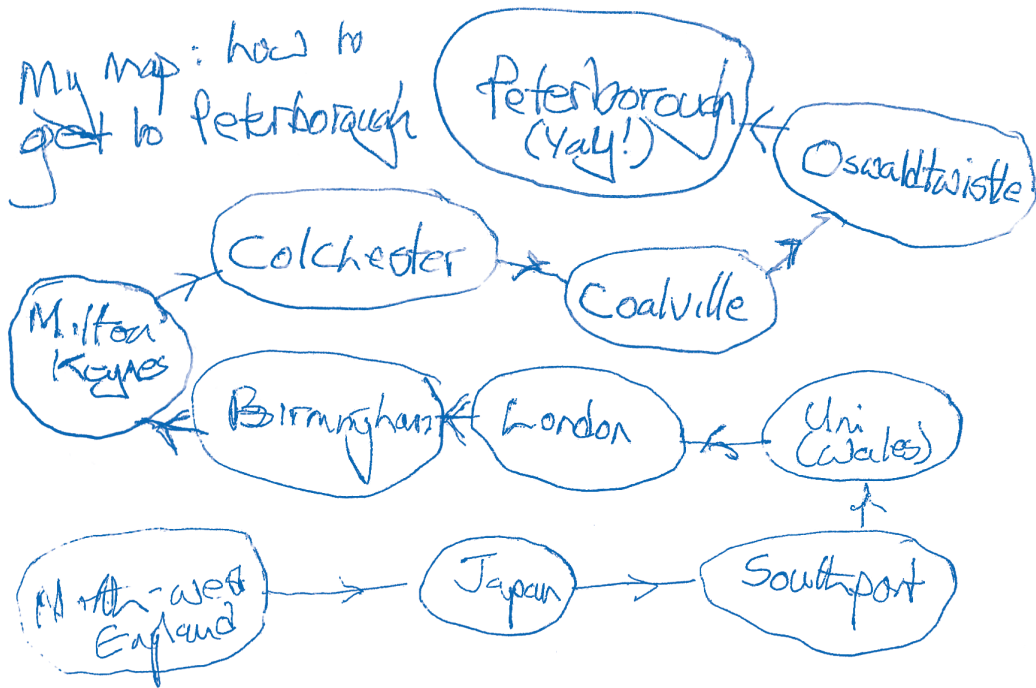
Saved  
my life

The area  
around  
PEI 25K



St. Mark's Hall  
- Community use

My map: how to  
get to Peterborough





# PETERBOROUGH

Peterborough's won a place in my heart  
So much so that I'll be loath to depart.  
My 3 girls grew up here, call it their home  
So many memories would fill a huge tome.  
We love the green spaces, the lakes and the parks.

Central Park's my favourite; we had many larks,  
Ping pong & mini putt, the squirrels & birds,  
Ice-cream at the café.

*(Small city 😊 No skyscrapers, less concrete than elsewhere. Cosier.)*

Came to Peterborough in 2001, didn't ever know  
where it was, only knew it had a Passport Office.  
Arrived at Christmastime, there was an enchanting  
carousel in Cathedral Square.

I found my best friend ever here, Keith.  
I had postnatal depression here twice, was in  
the Gables and Ward 5.

I volunteered teaching English to the Polish ladies  
who arrived in Parnwell & became my friends.

Done loads of voluntary work—Read Easy, PARCA,  
Poverty Truth.

Got baptised in the river by Milton Ferry Bridge.

**Sandra McCall, 2024**

# I GREW UP HERE

I grew up here.

With memories of our home,

One auntie after another coming for clothes.

I grew up here,

playing in the magic tree at the end of our garden,

With the neighbours we played till dusk.

I grew up here,

together we walked to school, collecting friends on the way

Stopping at the post office for arguments to get the oily jung.

I grew up here.

My home, I grew up in Peterborough.





# PETERBOROUGH

Peterborough, you have my heart.  
Well at least a piece of it  
No matter how far apart.  
And I know it seems like I'm trying to run away  
And maybe I am, but it's not your fault  
It's just that my feet don't know how to stay.  
Stay rooted in one place, so they take me all over,  
but there's so much I could say  
About the city that raised me into the human I am today.  
I was merely 17 when I saw you first,  
Ever so shy and utterly confused  
Why do they call me darling  
That in particular left me amused.  
But as years went by I developed an understanding  
That there really is no ending  
Within the possibilities that you offered to me  
and opened so many doors  
To be free.

***Kristine Vaivode***



# MY PETERBOROUGH

157 fast food shops on Lincoln Road,  
231 different cultures, colours,  
People are eating many fast foods.

Colour of dresses, of emotions on people's faces—  
Sad, happy, confused.  
You don't need to understand the language,  
You read from their faces.  
They walk, they run, they ask where is my home.

I'm here in Peterborough, it's my home too.  
What else can be better than to be at home.

Home for all emotions, home for happiness,  
Home for everything.

We all for everyone and everyone for us.

***Iveta Sūna***



# I LOVE PETERBOROUGH

Because I love the people  
Complex as they are,  
Complex as it is,  
As much as I've seen.

I'll always love  
The River Nene.

Nene  
NEEN

Or, just two lines:

I love Peterborough because:  
It's where you live!  
***James Farson***

Tell your own story.



So there you have it. Peterborough, sometimes I think you can't see how good you are. Granted, the landscape's a little flat so it's hard to get the bigger picture. But under the skin, behind doors and walls is a place where people from across Britain and the world have...



...come together to make a home and help each other out.  
And it works. Whether you look backwards or forwards, the  
key to the city is how people have come together before,  
as they will again, getting stuck in, talking and making  
this little corner of planet Earth a lovely place to live.

A photograph of a group of people in a room. In the foreground, the backs of several people's heads are visible, suggesting they are seated and looking towards the front. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a grey t-shirt and a bright pink scarf, stands on the left, holding a small white card and looking down at it. To her right, a man in a mustard yellow jacket stands looking towards the right. Further right, a woman wearing a grey hijab is seated, and another woman in a floral patterned top is standing and looking at a smartphone. The background shows a doorway leading to another room with green walls and a window. The overall atmosphere is warm and communal.

OUR STORY

**THE  
WORST  
PLACE TO  
LIVE IN  
ENGLAND**

**...ACCORDING TO  
THE TABLOIDS.  
BUT WHAT DO  
PETERBOROUGH  
PEOPLE SAY?**



**My name's Dan Taylor and I'm doing long-term research about Peterborough and the Fens at the Open University. Over the last year I've been interviewing hundreds of people from across the area about community, connection and place.**

Our evening and zine was funded by the national Being Human festival of the arts and humanities. We got together on 12 November 2024, at a crossroads moment for the city. Our thanks to Metal Peterborough for hosting the evening and helping out. Thanks to Keely Mills and Fasiha Ashiq for facilitating the poetry and artwork sessions, and thank you Fasiha for photographing the workshop. Thanks to Amanda Rigby at Paper Rhino for putting the zine together so wonderfully. And our thanks to you, for reading. **If you'd like to know more, take a look at our webpage:**

**TINYURL.COM/  
FENS-TIGERS**