





A EULOGY FOR SANA. I am a witness. I was there. I saw it. He was my friend, a handsome boy, a strong boy with a good heart. Clean skin. We met in Niamey, in Niger. I was alone. I had travelled from Dakar through Mali and Burkina. When I met him he took me and we decided to continue the journey together, to take the road through the desert. From Niamey we went to Agadez, the mouth of the Sahara. We were prepared, we were one step closer. From here the journey was hard. A time of fire and ice. We sat on the back of pick up trucks holding on to sticks between our legs so that we did not fall. So many days we spent like this. Holding on. Holding on. The traffickers left us in Madama. For 8 days we were left in the desert to wait. We had no food, only gari, a little water. At nights we froze. In the day... the desert is the desert. After 8 days they returned and we continued the journey to Libya. First we arrived in Qatrun and then to Sabha. The house... the room was unimaginable. Over one hundred people, twenty in each room with beds on the floor for us all to sleep. I slept next to Sana. One day the boss came. An Arab man. He was angry and pulled out his gun and we ran from the room. He shot Sana in the head. I am a witness. I was there. I saw it. He did not do anything wrong. He did not merit to die. He wanted to succeed in life and to give a better life to his family. The injustice is too much. He was a very good guy. He was a man who loved humanity. Who had projects. He wanted to go out of poverty. He wanted to be someone one day. To obtain his objectives, his dreams, his beliefs, because he thought Europe was paradise on earth. I am a witness, because when the man shot him, I saw him fall to the ground. I saw the gun. I heard the sound as we ran. I saw him fall. All was blood. All was blood. He shot him in the head. The blood was everywhere... on his face... on the ground. I imagined it was water someone had thrown on the ground. He was swimming in his own blood. We knew he was dead. We could not do anything. We were in Libya, in their country. Without law or justice, without sense or mind or reason. They make their own law and they do what they want to do. No control. We were suffering. We could not believe it. We went back in the room and we picked him up and moved him by the door and covered his body with a sheet. When the boss returned they took Sana to the hospital. Since then we never saw him again. We never knew what happened to him. We never knew if they put him inside the ground... we didn't know. That was the last image I have of him... by the door. This... it continues to go on in my head. Sometimes when I sleep I see

This publication is dedicated to

SANA JALLO
MAI GADIAGA
YOUSSEF
GOUMA MAKIL



*all refugees and migrants
that have lost their lives
attempting to reach Europe*

The aim of this publication is to provide alternative information from some of the world's leading specialists on the subject of the European migrant and refugee crisis. It also includes interviews and written texts from individuals that have experienced parts of this crisis first hand.

When journalism and public discourse move into the sphere of inflammatory language and misinformation, so often the real victims are forgotten.

Discussing Foreigner

An interview with Daniel Castro Garcia and Thomas Saxby by Tom Seymour

In 2015, 3,771 people drowned in the Mediterranean (source: UN Refugee Agency). Every week, on our TV channels and news feeds, we saw upturned ships floating in the ocean, bodies washed up on the shore. Throughout that year, photographer Daniel Castro Garcia and graphic designer Thomas Saxby were concerned how the photojournalism community documented the crisis and reported it in Britain’s national newspapers. The many people fleeing war and famine in Africa and the Middle East were described in Old Testament language: “cockroaches” and “swarms” who would threaten our way of life.

Castro Garcia and Saxby, who collaborate under the name John Radcliffe Studio, noticed how photographs were paired with such rhetoric – ones that typically served to emphasise the sheer number of people trying to make their lives in Europe.

Foreigner: Migration into Europe 2015–2016, a self-published monograph, was Castro Garcia and Saxby’s reaction to such a failing of our mass media. The series began when the pair left their homes in London, in May 2015, and travelled to Lampedusa, a remote Italian island that acts as a gateway point between northernmost Africa and southernmost Europe.

Later that year Castro Garcia, accompanied by Saxby and producer Jade Morris, followed migrant paths right across Europe, meeting along the way the many people braving the journey. Once home, Castro Garcia was nominated to enter the First Book Award (MACK Books) and together they began assembling the imagery in a photobook.

The book’s pages included hand-drawn maps, fonts that resemble a passport and captions that detailed the lives, experiences and, in some cases, inner workings of the faces seen in the photographs. The monograph encompassed imagery from Greece, France, Slovenia, Croatia, Serbia, Austria and Germany, including portraits of men, women and children of all generations from Africa and the

Each image was motivated by a willingness to provide subjects with an element of control over their depiction. That meant a process of consent and collaboration when much of the photojournalism surrounding the refugee crisis, amounted to an act of theft, or a form of violence.

Middle East: Eritreans, Syrians, Afghans, Senegalese, Chadians, Gambians, Iranians and Sudanese.

Each image was motivated by a willingness to get close, to try and engage with the people they met, and to provide the subjects with an element of control over their depiction. That process meant gaining a wary stranger’s trust, to undergo a process of consent and collaboration when, in Castro Garcia’s eyes, much of the photojournalism surrounding the refugee crisis “amounted to an act of theft, or a form of violence”.

The images found in Foreigner are often poignant and terrifying. They never try to leaven the immensity of such journeys and the tragic stories from which people are escaping. Yet they are also warm, funny, deeply connectable pictures; a haircut, a shared joke, an appreciation of the early morning mist. They’re the results of open-minded people willing to work together across cultural and economic borders, in a bid to start a conversation. “Without engaging with the individuals and conveying what you’re trying to do with them, it’s worthless,” Castro Garcia says.

Ahead of Castro Garcia’s first solo exhibition of the work, at London’s TJ Boulting gallery, brought about by the British Journal of Photography’s International Photography Award 2017, the John Radcliffe Studio pair talk about the ideas beyond the series.

Tom Seymour *How was the migration crisis failed by our visual culture in the mass media?*

Daniel Castro Garcia We live in such an image-based world – there’s nothing new in that statement. People use social media constantly, on a daily basis, and are therefore bombarded with photography, often in the form of fast, readily available news. That’s had a profound impact on how news is both reported and consumed and I think the quality of a lot of the news we consume has become drastically compromised by that phenomenon.

On the refugee crisis, the type of images we saw being used by the big media organisations, and therefore shared widely, were typically mass crowd shots, or often very distressing and violent scenes. We found these images were often coupled with sub-standard reporting. It instilled a very negative energy around the situation.

The crisis needed a more thoughtful and delicate approach. Enough boat images, enough teargas images. I felt like the subject needed images that could explain individual stories with the complexities they deserve.

TS *Photojournalism has always tended to lean toward the dramatic, violent and emotional. Was there anything distinct or unique to how the migration crisis was reported?*

Thomas Saxby Migration is a very polarising issue – some people try to present it as an “invasion” that we need to be protected from, whilst others preach a “no borders” idealism that isn’t viable either. The cornerstone of our project was to try and meet and photograph migrants without preconceptions. We didn’t have a huge amount of knowledge about the topic, but we let

ourselves be guided by our curiosity. Our only rules were to treat people with respect, and to be open to any message that came out of that engagement. It was important for us to form relationships, gain people’s trust, and let that connection speak through the work.

I don’t think either of us would have predicted the friendships that we’ve made whilst working on this project. How some of those relationships have evolved, and how they’ve pushed the work into new and different directions has been really special.

DCG I think responsibility can be shared across the photography world, the media and the public at large. On the one hand, the audience should be open and accepting of their own hypocrisy. If you consider the #refugeeswelcome boom that occurred, that response was actually very briefly lived. Then we saw very dramatic reactions to terrorist attacks in Brussels and Paris, which is understandable, but there is a fickleness to our response that should be recognised.

I think newspapers have an obligation to question what information is good enough, and accurate enough, to be published. Rather than be the first to release information, release the best information. It is something that can work both ways – some newspapers have a tendency to sanctify refugees, while others can demonise them. Although these organisations all have a responsibility to sell and gain viewers, should this come at the expense of preserving the ethics of their practice?

My personal view is that everyone deserves respect, but that shouldn’t come at the expense of critical thought. It shouldn’t come at the expense of underestimating the audience’s ability to interpret the nuances of a situation, and to think deeply about the realities of 500 or 600 people drowning in the Mediterranean.

A lot of photojournalists still seem caught up in notions of truth. I’m not that interested in objectivity, because I don’t believe a camera can be objective. You’re only ever going to be able to see the information that is available in that one frame, and the photographer is making a conscious decision to compose the picture in that way. I felt there was a version of the truth that was not being heard and it needed to be. Who knows what crossing the sea or fleeing war is like better than someone who has actually done it? I don’t feel a misinformed columnist that has never been to a refugee camp can offer a genuinely considered opinion.



CATANIA, SICILY, ITALY, JUNE 2015

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TS *What surprised you, or blindsided you, about what you discovered in these remote parts of Europe that had become world famous as gateways between Europe and Africa or the Middle East?*

TS One of the most surprising places was not even that far away. I remember the first time I visited the camp in Calais. I was amazed at how developed it was and how quickly the infrastructure would change with each visit. You would walk down a muddy path that was like a high street, with corner shops, bakeries, cafes, barbers, and even nightclubs - all made out of old palettes and scraps of wood. A whole economy had developed, and it brought home the fact that these were people like you and me just trying to make a life for themselves - their basic needs were the same as anyone else’s.

Another thing I don’t think either of us would have predicted are the friendships that we’ve made whilst working on this project. We set out to engage with people, but how some of those relationships have evolved, and how they’ve pushed the work into new and different directions, has been really special.

TS *Photographers are able to break down the formal barriers that can exist between strangers and create something that can feel confessional. Did you have to learn to do this or did it come naturally to you?*

DCG I’m very interested in the aspect of consent – the process of allowing someone to present themselves in the way they want to be seen. It makes an image much more humanising, much more dignified.

You look at a lot of the images that were awarded at the recent World Press Photo; there’s a lot of dramatic scenes and they’re often great images. The hard work and risks that photographers take are considerable and should indeed be commended. But what do the images really mean if you don’t know exactly what those individuals are going through? As a viewer you’re just being asked to pass judgement.

In Lesbos, there was a heavy media presence. Lots of boats landing and lots of photographers snapping furiously. I’d met a crying lady who had a baby and I managed to establish enough of a connection to take her photograph. Within less than a minute, all I could hear was the shutters of other cameras. There were 10 or 15 other photographers

around me, taking her picture. It felt like an act of violence. It was loud and frenetic. It felt like a theft – they were taking something away from that person without asking permission who was extremely distressed and vulnerable. I’m interested in trying to share something with that person. That was a formative moment for me, a blessing in disguise, because it helped me realise what kind of photography I wanted to create.

TS *A lot of the images taken of the migrant crisis have been politicised after the fact. The image Nigel Farage used for a Ukip poster during the referendum debate, for example. How did you guard against this?*

DCG It’s easy to lose a sense of ownership over your images in our visual culture today. We never intended to make a photography book when we set out to start this series. I remember coming back from the first trip and feeling the need to protect the images I had taken. I wasn’t interested in sending them out to newspapers in the hope of scoring a quick buck, we wanted to position the work in what we felt were the right places. Away from any hype or hysteria. I wanted them to be part of something bigger and contain a bigger message.

TS Ownership is an important word here. We self-published our book through a crowd funding web site, but that was more out of necessity than anything else. In hindsight however, self-publishing meant that we were free to make the book as we wished and have control over every aspect of the design and content. We would inevitably have had to make compromises had we worked with an established publisher because they have their own set of objectives and incumbent conditions. This way we were able to preserve our message, and create some balance to the complicated debate.

TS *Could you tell us more about what John Radcliffe Studio is and how it operates?*

TS John Radcliffe Studio is the name we use to represent the combined, collaborative effort that goes into a creating a project like ‘Foreigner’. And it’s not just me and Daniel. Jade Morris works as our producer, organises our journeys across Europe and sources funding. That’s a really invaluable role. We wouldn’t have been able to get the project where it is today without Jade, or myself, or Dani, or the people in the pictures. And it’s definitely our ambition to grow the team and recognise people like Aly Gadiaga and Madia Souare as proper members of the team. Their first hand experiences are essential in providing authenticity and detail.

TS *What do you hope to achieve from exhibiting the work in a gallery setting?*

DCG We often have to field the question of whether we’re preaching to the converted, because we’re making our work primarily available to a smaller audience via photography books or now a gallery space. But if the converted are seeing the work and they’re feeling something, then maybe they should do something more to address the situation. Something more to raise the calibre of the debate.

It is important to state that I am not trying to create muses or sanctify the people I have met. In the case of Aly and Madia, we have a deep and personal collaboration where together we try to create a message that is honest and can be understood by others. The gallery space provides a very important opportunity to reinterpret the work. Sizes, materials, sounds: there are so many variables and sensations to consider and explore. This newspaper is an effort to reach a wider audience and to continue providing alternative information.



ABANDONED SWIMMING POOL COMPLEX
LAMPEDUSA, ITALY, MAY 2015

These items were discovered in an abandoned swimming pool complex on the island of Lampedusa. Migrants had used this space secretly when the reception centre on the island became over crowded. These items were placed at the bottom of the pool as an installation.

The small fishing island of Lampedusa is the southernmost island of Italy, and is in fact closer to Tunisia than Italy. Over the past decade it has become a primary European entry point for migrants and refugees coming from Africa and the Middle East.

The island has seen both its tourism and fishing industries suffer greatly as a result of both the overwhelming numbers of people arriving and most

notably, due to the number of deaths that have taken place over the last few years in its sea. Many men do not want to return to work after boats have capsized, partly out of respect but also because nobody would buy the fish that came from the waters around the island.



MICHAEL
AUGUSTA, SICILY, ITALY, JUNE 2015

Michael fled Nigeria due to the intense poverty he and his family were facing. He eventually found himself on board a small boat along with 300 other people stranded in the Mediterranean. He explained how terrifying the sea became when the weather conditions changed and the cramped environment of the boat led to people fainting and vomiting. He also mentioned that people hallucinated and believed the water was burning their skin. This was most likely to have been caused by fuel (often spilt onto the deck during refueling) mixing with sea water and causing harmful chemical burns.

He had been in Sicily for 11 months, but didn't know exactly where in Europe he would like to go. "My situation has many problems but I am

ten thousand times better here than in Nigeria. The people in Sicily have been very kind to me". The final thing he said was, "Thanks to the grace of God I am alive."



ALY GADIAGA
CATANIA, SICILY, ITALY, NOVEMBER 2015

The theme of time passing is particularly important to Aly. Last year his younger sister, Mai Gadiaga, passed away from a sudden illness and he was not able to return for the funeral. He has not seen his family for 8 years.



CALAIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 2015

The European Refugee Crisis: Why We Failed and what to Do Next

Alexander Betts

There are more people displaced than at any time since the Second World War: 65 million, of whom 21 million are refugees, who have crossed an international border. They are not fleeing because they have a choice but because they are afraid and are fleeing conflict and persecution. Based on our common humanity, we have an undeniable shared obligation to offer sanctuary and protection to these people. But the European refugee crisis, which began with 700 people drowning in a single week in April 2015, and culminated with over a million asylum seekers coming to Europe in a year, revealed the collective failure of our politicians and policy-makers.

The crisis should have been manageable. The numbers coming to Europe were larger than ever, but not insurmountable. One million divided by 28 EU member states should not have created the political shock waves it did. Even on a global scale, refugees are just 0.3% of the world's population. But for several reasons, the movement of Syrians across the Aegean and of many Sub-Saharan Africans across the Central Mediterranean, led to 8500 drowning in 2015 and 2016, led to a collapse of human rights standards across Europe, and saw politicians lurch between heartless and headless gestures.

Briefly, Europe opened its doors. Angela Merkel's 'Wir Schaffen Das' speech in August 2015 welcomed Syrians, and many more came. Having largely remained in Lebanon, Jordan, and Turkey since the crisis began in 2011, many Syrians saw this as their green light. Other populations – from Afghanistan and even Albania, for instance – used the same routes. By the end of the year, other countries had not followed Merkel's lead. Hungary built a wall, Denmark started seizing assets from refugees. A planned 'relocation scheme' to allocate arriving refugees across Europe was agreed in principle but never implemented. Germany underwent a u-turn in policy. The lack of shared responsibility – the UK received around 30,000 asylum seekers in 2015 compared to Germany's nearly 500,000 – led Merkel to instead push to close the Balkan route, and agree a deal with Turkey to stop Syrians crossing the Aegean.

Part of the reason for Europe's failure was growing fear. The media and politicians connected the movement of mainly Muslim migrants, refugees, and asylum seekers to terrors – despite the tenuous connection. Attacks in Paris, Brussels, and on women in Cologne and other parts of Germany, tipped public opinion against refugees, even though many Syrians were themselves fleeing violence partly linked to ISIS. The Far Right has used the 'migrant crisis' as its rallying cry, and populist nationalism has grown across the continent and beyond. 'Breaking Point' served as the Brexit campaign's leitmotif and immigration was the single most important issue for Leave voters. As Trump, Le Pen, and Wilders grow in popularity, they do so on the back on anti-immigration rhetoric.

Today, while the Balkan route is largely closed, significant numbers continue to cross from Libya to Italy. Unlike Turkey, Europe cannot simply

do an effective deal with fragile Libya to stop the smugglers and prevent access, and people will continue to take extraordinary risks. They are leaving fragile, authoritarian, and violent states like Somalia and Eritrea, and also a range of circumstances, and poverty in many countries across West Africa.

So what should we be doing? Refugees and migration will be here to stay, and what we saw in 2015 and 2016 is simply one episode of others to come. Given the rise in fragile states and the increased opportunity for global mobility. Such movements will become one of the defining issues of the Twenty-First Century. Burying our heads, ostrich like, will not work for our communities or for those who arrive. It may be Syria today, but when tomorrow's crisis arrives – whether because of war or climate change, will we be better placed to offer a sustainable yet humane response?

The first thing to realise is that the real refugee challenge is not in Europe. Less than 10% of refugees are in developed countries, and the focus on Europe has led us to neglect the dire situation of the 90% of refugees in developing regions of the world.

Over 60% of refugees are in just 10 host countries: Turkey, Lebanon, Jordan, Kenya, Uganda, Ethiopia, Iran, Pakistan, Tanzania, and Chad. This is where we find the most vulnerable people, and yet we spend \$135 on a refugee in Europe for every \$1 we spend on a refugee in a developing country. This is not an argument that we should not be spending those \$135, but it is an argument that we are neglecting the majority of the world's refugees.

It's worth remembering how we treat that majority. The default response of the international refugee system has for decades been the refugee camp. But camps are awful places. From the Dadaab camps in Kenya to Nyarugusu in Tanzania, lives are put on hold. Camps offer assistance but generally not the right to work. And people get stuck there, year after year. 100,000 of Dadaab's 350,000 Somalis were born there after it opened in 1992. Around half of all refugees have been in exile for at least 5 years, and of those people, the average length of exile is 26 years.

This default response leaves refugee families with an impossible choice. Take the example of a

Syrian refugee family. First, they can stay in a camp like Za'atari, home to 83,000 Syrians. There they will receive some assistance but not be able to work. Less than 10% of Syrians take this option. Second, they can go to a city, where they have neither assistance nor the option to work, at least in the formal economy. Over 70% of Syrians take this option and many face destitution. Third, increasing numbers risk their lives to embark on dangerous journeys to Europe and elsewhere, and that is what we have seen in Europe. From the perspective of a refugee, these options are the international refugee system.

Our international response to refugees is badly outdated. Created from post Second World War Europe, the 1951 Refugee Convention and the UN Refugee Agency – though both still valuable – struggle to find answers in a radically changed world. There are missing models: over half the world's refugees are in cities and most receive no assistance at all. There are missing people: the legal definition of a refugee as someone fleeing 'persecution', although reinterpreted by courts over time, leaves out many vulnerable people. It also leads to eccentric decision making on who is a refugee: an Eritrean has a 24% chance of refugee status in France and a 100% chance in Sweden. There are missing providers: despite the obligation of states to open their borders to arriving refugees, there is no corresponding obligation on far-away countries to share that responsibility, which is why 0.2% of Syrian refugees are in the UK and nearly 50% in Turkey.

The first thing to realise is that the real refugee challenge is not in Europe. Less than 10% of refugees are in developed countries, and the focus on Europe has led us to neglect the dire situation of the 90% of the world's refugees in developing regions of the world. In the main host countries around the world – the ones that host the 90% - we need a very different approach. Rather than leaving them in limbo, we need a model focused on job opportunities – enabling refugees to help themselves and their communities. Refuge should be understood as a development issue rather than just a humanitarian issue. Refugees do not need to be a burden on host states, they can be a benefit – if we adopt the right policies. We need to create the incentives for the main host countries in developing regions to give refugees the right to work alongside host nationals. With the right input from donors, this can benefit host states by supporting their national development strategies, refugees by giving them autonomy and dignity, and donors by reducing the need for onward migration.

Uganda is one of the few developing countries that allows refugees to work. It has a 'Self-Reliance

We should not be giving into xenophobia and nationalism but should engage better with those who feel alienated.



LAMPEDUSA, ITALY, MAY 2015

Allowing refugees to work can offer 'win-win' solutions. In Kampala, for instance, 21% of refugees run a business that employs at least one other person, and of those employees 40% are host nationals.

Strategy', allocating plots of land to refugees in rural settlements and allowing them to start businesses in cities. An Oxford research project shows that allowing refugees to work can offer 'win-win' solutions by benefiting both refugees and host communities. In Kampala, for instance, 21% of refugees run a business that employs at least one other person, and of those employees 40% are host nationals.

But here in Europe, we also have important contributions to make, and it's not just about giving money. Our willingness to accept refugees into our own societies matters symbolically for sustaining the willingness of the main host countries around the world to do the same. If we are not willing to meet

these obligations, why should Kenya, Uganda or Jordan? But this is where we also need to be smarter. Resettlement – the organised movement of people from camps to Europe and elsewhere – offers a safer means for the most vulnerable who cannot stay where they are – to receive sanctuary. It also ensures that those people who simply cannot go home, and who have been stuck indefinitely in limbo can move on with their lives.

Furthermore, for the more than one million people who have arrived in Europe, we need to do far more with how we integrate people. Europe is divided between those who fear globalisation and immigration and those who embrace them. The

refugee crisis revealed many of those tensions, and at a political but also a civil society level, they must be taken seriously. For asylum to be sustainable, we must collectively listen to the voices of both new arrivals and those already within the arriving communities.

We should not be giving into xenophobia and nationalism but should engage better with those who feel alienated. One important way to do that is to focus much better on the receiving communities: improve schools and hospitals, and other public services for the entire receiving community, enabling refugees and migrants to be perceived as a benefit rather than an inevitable burden. They can and will contribute – if we let them.



A.



B.



C.

A. CALAIS, FRANCE, MARCH 2016

In February 2016 a court in Lille approved the French government's petition to clear the southern section of "the Jungle" camp in Calais. This image was taken as the work commenced on 1 March 2016. The French authorities claimed that 1,000 people were living in this section of the camp, but aid agencies suggest there were 3,455 inhabitants including 205 women and 651 children (423 unaccompanied).

Although given warning of the clearance, many were moved by force. They were given the option to move into alternative container accommodation, or to claim asylum in France rather than the United Kingdom. A small group of activists joined some of the camp's inhabitants in a sit down protest against the clearance. Twelve shelters were set ablaze in an act of symbolic defiance.

B. CALAIS, FRANCE, DECEMBER 2015

On 3 December 2015 a Sudanese man named Youssef was killed by a car in a hit-and-run on the highway in Calais. It is said that many deaths are ignored, facts are covered up or incidents are left unreported. The notice put up to inform inhabitants of his death read as follows:

A young Sudanese man (Youssef) was hit by a car on the highway on 03/12 near the channel and found dead. If you know him, please inform the Secretary or call Omar 07.53.xx.xx.xx (He is from Darfur Al Jinenah / Al Zghawa tribe. He left Libya on 04/11 and arrived in Calais on 01/12. You can see his photo at the office).

C. ABRAHAM, CALAIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 2015

Abraham, from Sudan, photographed during his prayer ritual. One of the most fascinating parts of this project has been to observe and learn about Islam as a means of strength, survival and hope - themes not presented or depicted by mass media.



CALAIS, FRANCE, NOVEMBER 2015

The Summer of Hope

Lindsey Hilsum

Everyone in the railway carriage was asleep apart from the little girl. They were exhausted after weeks of walking, hitching rides and sleeping rough, followed by the perilous rubber dinghy voyage from Turkey to Lesbos. The rhythm of the train was soothing, taking them speedily, steadily from the border between Greece and Macedonia to Serbia, a goodly stretch of their journey to Germany. But the girl was alert, like a bird perched on a branch, she knelt on the table jutting from the side of the carriage under the window as this strange new world flashed by. It was like watching a film on fast forward, except the viewer not the video was moving. Green fields, red-roofed houses, cars, telegraph poles, a woman taking her dog for a walk. Everything was fascinating. She was seven, maybe eight years old. Her jeans were a little short for her rapidly growing legs; she had pulled her dark hair back into a ponytail. Once she might have had the dreams of any Syrian girl - university, a good job, a kind husband, a home of her own not too far from her parents. War had shattered all that. Now? Well, who knew what a future in Germany might bring. How could you sleep when there was such excitement in the air? It was the summer of hope.

The carriages were packed full, and people spilled out into the corridors, some leaning against the windows, others sitting on the floor, legs pulled up to their chins. One man was stretched out, snoring, in a luggage rack. A mother brushed her daughter's matted hair. Two boys, scarcely more than toddlers, were sleeping head to toe near the junction between carriages, oblivious to the rails rushing beneath them.

"It's a hard situation in Aleppo," said a young man in his twenties standing in the corridor with a group of friends. He didn't want to give his name. "There's no power, no water, no internet. Bashar al Assad attacks us every day. The children are frightened of the sound of aircraft." Maybe he had fought with the rebels but decided that the cause was hopeless. Maybe he had refused to fight. He wasn't going to say. He had placed his hope in Europe where he might finish his engineering degree. Anything was possible.

"In Germany they have a lot of old people and they need young people," said his friend. He was not entirely wrong. Many of the refugees were well educated, and if they learnt the language would soon be able to contribute to their new society.

An older man with brooding dark eyes said he had fled Raqqa, headquarters of the Islamic State, Daesh. "Daesh, beheading," he said, running the edge of his hand across his throat. "They cut off hands for any reason. Even young children have been slaughtered or flogged. They have no mercy." He turned away and stared out of the window as the train continued its journey northwards.

Alone amongst the ranks of anxious-looking men, a stunningly beautiful young woman with perfectly made up pink lips, Kohl around her eyes and dark hair swept elegantly into a headscarf pushed back on her head smiled up from where she was sitting on the floor. Vida was, or had been, exactly what she looked like: a TV presenter. After the Taliban were swept from power, she had presented her own TV sports programme in the northern

Afghan town of Mazar-e-Sharif. But then the jihadis came back and threatened her family because they had allowed her to pursue her profession.

"I saw very bad things. They wanted to kill me with a knife," she said. She and her two brothers fled to Iran, but none of them could work there and, as a woman, she found it stifling. So they had decided to join the caravan of optimism and head for Germany. Surely there, she thought, she could be the person she believed herself to be, not the subservient automaton the Taliban decreed.

In a carriage further down the train, three Nigerians were chatting amongst themselves. Two men and one woman, they had lost their jobs as cleaners in Istanbul, probably because Syrians were now cheaper to employ. Everyone else was moving north so they had decided to go too. They would be regarded as economic migrants, bottom of the hierarchy of desperation, but moving made them feel they were taking charge of their lives, not succumbing to the torpor and misery of being poor and foreign. "We're just in transit," said one.

Who knew what a future in Germany might bring.

This was the cargo of hope and desperation on one train from Gevgelija in Macedonia to the border with Serbia in August 2015. Syrians, Afghans and Iraqis had piled into rubber dinghies on the Turkish shore and headed to the Greek islands, well aware that others had capsized and drowned. They knew that the future belongs to those who take chances, even if European politicians pretend otherwise. They had found their way by ferry and foot through Greece. For a while Macedonian border guards had tried to beat them back, but gave up after a few nights of perfunctory battles. After all, the refugees and migrants were only passing through. No-one wanted to stay in Macedonia, apart from the young Syrian woman who fell in love with a border guard and decided to make her life there.

The German Chancellor, Angela Merkel, said her country would take in a million. Syrians would get the better welcome - their war was on the news every day, and politicians knew there was no solution in sight. But Afghans and Iraqis were fleeing conflicts the world would prefer to forget, western interventions that had failed to curtail extremism, maybe even fuelled it. Syria was evidence of what happens when you do nothing, accepting the refugees a form of compensation for inaction. But Afghanistan and Iraq were more complicated, because the refugees were an unwelcome reminder that western policy had not created stability. Feredoun Tajik brought his family from Herat in Afghanistan because his seven year old son, Ahmad, had been kidnapped, forcing him to sell his house to pay the ransom.

"Some people said it could have been the government who did it and others said it was the Taliban, but there are no Taliban in Herat," he said. "In the end we don't really know who took him."

The Afghans and Iraqis should go home and build their countries, said European politicians. As for the Africans, no-one wanted them, but they came

anyway. Western Europe had not seen anything like it since the end of WWII. The wars of the 1990s in the Balkans had produced refugees, but they didn't walk in their thousands along the main roads of European Union member states, crossing Schengen borders and challenging political certainties. Journalists, anti-war activists and diplomats cared about conflict in the Middle East or poverty in Africa but everyone else was free to ignore these issues, to burrow into their own lives which were hard enough, as economies stagnated after the 2008 economic crash, and teenagers realised they would struggle to achieve the same living standards as their parents. The refugees and migrants knew nothing of that. As far as they were concerned, Europe was peaceful and prosperous.

As news went back down the line by Whatsapp and text message, more and more people decided now was the moment. Gay men left Iran hoping that in Europe they would be tolerated, even welcomed. Two friends from Kabul University set off in a spirit of adventure. By the time they left Greece they were down to their last 20 euros. Where were they going? "I don't know," said Mohammed Anoush. "Germany, London or maybe another country."

One day in August, on a motorway in Austria, hope collided with terror. A white van with a chicken logo on the side was parked on the hard shoulder of the motorway. At first the police had thought it was a breakdown but then they saw blood trickling out of the van and a terrible, unmistakable smell wafted across the fast lane. Police and officers in white crime scene investigation overalls surrounded the van and opened the sealed doors. Inside, they found the decomposing bodies of 71 migrants and refugees. One was a baby. Was it hope or despair that had made them hand over their last few dollars to smugglers who promised to take them from Budapest to Vienna? Late at night, as they piled in, packed so tight they could scarcely breathe, they must have feared this would end in disaster. One by one they lost consciousness but the driver ignored their desperate pummelling on the ceiling, until all he heard was silence. Once over the Austrian border, he pulled into the side of the road and ran.

The people who climbed into the van that August morning had thought they were running away from death not towards it. A few miles further on, in Vienna, European leaders were holding a summit to discuss migration and the refugee crisis. They could come to no agreement. Germany and Austria were willing to take large numbers of refugees. Others would take a few. Britain would accept only a handful. Hungary wanted none. In Germany, local authorities struggled to accommodate all the arrivals; even the volunteers who had welcome the refugees were getting tired.

Summer turned to autumn and right wing political parties began to make capital from the influx of foreigners. After all, many were Muslims who could be equated with terror in the popular imagination. False stories began to circulate about crimes committed by refugees, especially young men. Politicians wrangled while governments on Europe's southern borders built razor-wire topped fences to stop the travellers coming in. The season of hope was over. It would be a harsh winter.



(This page)
IDOMENI, GREECE, APRIL 2016
 A man holds a snake that he found and killed near a children's play area in the camp.

(Next page)
SHABIBI AND FATIMA
IDOMENI, GREECE, APRIL 2016

Idomeni is a northern Greek village on the border of the former Yugoslav Republic of Macedonia. In 2016 the population spiked due to the influx of migrants and refugees. In 2011, a national census recorded the village population at 154 people; on 31 March 2016, statistics from the Eurasia Group recorded a population of 11,318 people, all sharing 128 toilets and no official showers.

On 9 March 2016 FYROM (the Republic of Macedonia) made the decision to close its borders to migrants and refugees and subsequently the population of Idomeni began to swell. A camp formed around the disused train station with tents lining the railway tracks, extending onto the platforms and into abandoned buildings surrounding the station. As the

number of migrants and refugees arriving increased, people began camping in the agricultural fields away from the tracks and cowsheds were turned into places where hundreds of people slept, with some groups hiding out in the hills. Despite the best efforts of charity organisations both big and small, the people were reduced to animal status. From 4 – 9 April 2016, temperatures soared to 29 °C. Poor hygiene and a lack of food and water resulted in significant outbreaks of illness, which put a huge strain on the medical teams in the camp.

In Idomeni the presence of women and children was much more prominent than in other camps around Europe. Up to 40% of the people in the camp were under the age of 12. A recent head

lice outbreak meant that hundreds of children had their hair shaved. Looking at these malnourished victims of war with dirty faces and shaved heads, echoed images from the past.

Aside from the poor infrastructure in Idomeni, there was a shambolic management and distribution of information regarding the legal situation that people were facing there. "When will the borders open?" This was a common question. An EU agreement made in Brussels which came into effect on 20 March 2016 declared that all asylum seekers that reach the Greek islands would be sent back to Turkey, whilst the Balkan countries north of Greece would keep their borders shut and passport-free travel in the Schengen Area would be halted for the foreseeable future.



(Next page)
IDOMENI, GREECE, APRIL 2016

The legal movement for refugees to come to Europe now rests on a policy of relocation whereby one Syrian refugee returned to Turkey from Greece will result in one Syrian refugee being sent to an EU country. Those most affected by this policy, however, are the refugees that arrived to islands such as Lesbos and Kos. Not only are they the victims of people traffickers in Turkey but they face almost certain deportation and their asylum claim is relegated to the bottom of the register.

On 13 April 2016, Macedonian police fired tear gas and rubber bullets at a small group of refugees who tried to pull down the fence, which resulted in 250 people injured, including women and children. Since those violent scenes, the Greek government

started encouraging refugees to move to alternative reception centres and approximately 700 people agreed to leave the camp. In May 2016 the camp was evacuated, with most being transferred to specially designed processing facilities some 80km (50 miles) south, near Greece's second largest city, Thessaloniki.



Drifting Images, Liquid Traces: Disrupting the aesthetic regime of the EU's maritime frontier

Charles Heller and Lorenzo Pezzani



Figure 1: Screen capture of Google's search engine search for images with the terms "immigrant, boat, Mediterranean", accessed 16 October 2014.

Since the beginning of what has been called the "migration crisis" in the Mediterranean, international media have been flooded by images of overcrowded boats crossing the EU's maritime frontier. Mostly produced either by state agencies or embedded journalists, these images circulate indefinitely, often losing any reference to the context in which they were initially taken. A little experiment we operated is revealing. Using Google search engine with the criteria "immigrant, boat, Mediterranean", produced tens of thousands similar images (fig 1).

We clicked on one of the first results, which appeared to epitomize the migrant boat. The particular image was linked to an article in The Guardian dated 29 March 2012 (fig. 2). Here its caption read: "Many migrants and refugees risk their lives to cross the Mediterranean from Africa to Europe. Photograph: AFP/Getty Images". As the evasive and undated caption should suffice to indicate, this is a generic image, one which, in its media circulation, has lost any remnant of photography's indexicality and no longer points to a specific event. In effect, Google's search engine found this image to have appeared over 180 times, at many other dates and in different media. This image continues to drift from article to article to this day – it has become a "floating image" in the terms of Hito Steyerl.¹ Unmoored, anonymous, perpetually dispersed, it echoes the conditions of the subjects it depicts. No longer pointing to a specific event, this and thousands of other similar images are practically interchangeable in their use: they evoke the idea of a structural event, that of the precarious boat overloaded with "poor" and "coloured" people breaching the borders of sanctified white and wealthy Europe.

In seeking to re-moor this floating image to the conditions of its production, but in absence of any date or description of the events it depicted, we could only follow the lead of the image's credits indicating its legal owners: "AFP/Getty Images". A new search on the online AFP image archive with the term "migrant" produced over 17,000 results. The image in question was catalogued as item PAR2176581 (fig. 3) and indicated to have been released on the 25th of September 2008 by the French Navy. Here the image was accompanied with a longer caption, describing it as showing "a fishing boat carrying 300 illegal migrants in the Mediterranean sea, before their interception on September 24, by a French naval vessel patrolling for the EU border security agency Frontex. The French navy released the migrants to the Italian authorities on the island of Lampedusa." Searching for further information about this event, we quickly found that this minimal description of a seemingly smooth sequence of events in fact concealed a much more tumultuous interception: some migrants reported that during the transfer from their vessel to the French military ship, the military fired gunshots in the air.² This photograph was thus taken by a military of the French Navy who held a camera in his hand while his fellow crew-members held machine guns. The camera froze the boat in time while the migrants were being immobilised in space, under the threat of violence. The act of photography was thus deeply intertwined with the event it documented.

This image is no less bound to the violence of borders throughout its subsequent circulation in the press. As Nicholas de Genova has powerfully argued, the constant appearance of this and similar images of intercepted/rescued boats in



Figure 2: Screen capture of The Guardian article "Migrant boat disaster: Europe's dereliction of duty", Philippa McIntyre, 29 March 2012, accessed 16 October 2014.

the mainstream media participate in the "border spectacle".³ Through them, the threat of illegalised migration and the securitisation work of border control are simultaneously made visible and naturalised, in a circular way. If migrants are being intercepted through militarised means, it is because they are a threat. If they are a threat, then they must be policed with all necessary means. However, by focusing on the scene of border enforcement, the conditions that lie before – the state production of illegality through policies of exclusion – and after – the future exploitation of illegalised migrant labour – remain hidden as an obscene supplement.

When images revealing the violence of borders exist, states seek to keep them invisible.

So do the structural violations that are the product of the migration regime. When images revealing the violence of borders exist, states seek to keep them invisible. This was the case in what came to be known as the "left-to-die boat" case, which we have investigated in collaboration with a coalition of NGOs led by the GISTI and the FIDH in the frame of a project called "Forensic Oceanography".

In March 2011, at the height of the NATO led military intervention in against Libya, 72 migrants fleeing Libya were left to drift in the Central Mediterranean for 15 days, despite distress signals sent out to all vessels navigating in this area, and several encounters with military aircrafts and a

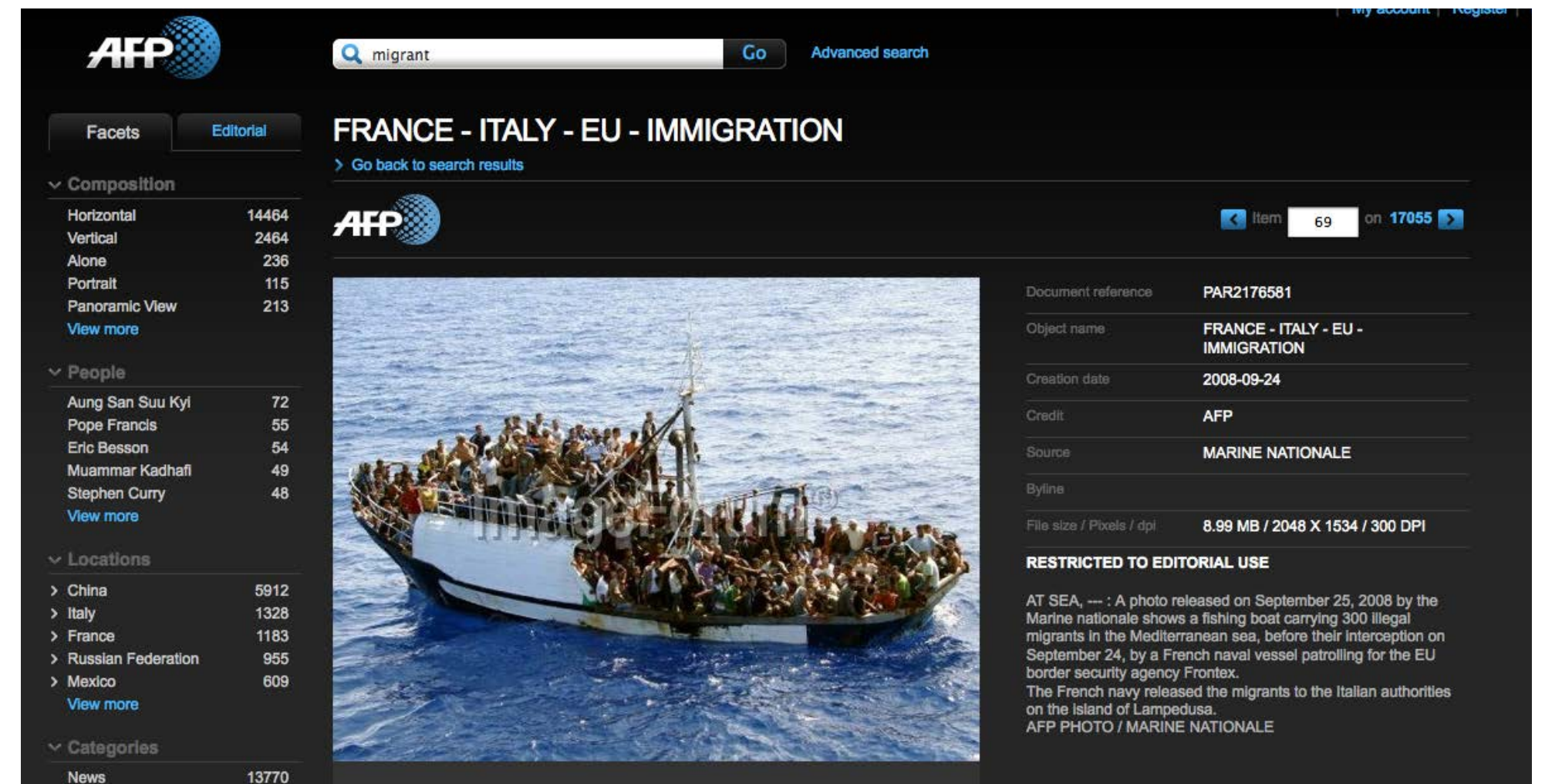


Figure 3: Screen capture of AFP image archive showing the migrants' boat image released by the French Navy on September 25, 2008, accessed 16 October 2014.

warship.⁴ The reluctance of all actors to rescue the drifting passengers led to the slow death of 63 people. Several photographs were taken at different moments during these tragic events, but only one of them has been made public: that taken by a French surveillance aircraft during the first day of the migrants' journey (fig. 4), which has been revealed by an investigation by the Council of Europe.⁵ Several other photographs have remained inaccessible and continued to haunt our investigation. In the interviews conducted with the nine survivors, they describe how at the end of their 1st day of navigation they were flown over twice by a military helicopter from which military personnel photographed them waving and crying for help before fading into the night.



Figure 4: Reconnaissance picture of the "left-to-die boat" taken by a French patrol aircraft on 27 March 2011.

Contrary to the passengers' hopes, no rescue operation was ever dispatched following these sightings. After ten days of drift, when almost half the passengers onboard had already died, the boat was approached by a military warship which came up to 10m. Dan Haile Gebre, one of the survivors, recalls this encounter, "We are watching them, they are watching us. We are showing them the dead bodies, children. We drank water from the sea, we cried. The people on the boat took pictures, nothing else."⁶ In failing to assist the drifting passengers in all knowledge of their fate, the crew on board this military ship – which remains unidentified to this day – killed them without touching their bodies.

We have often pondered the relation between the act of photography and that of non-assistance. For Susan Sontag, the act of photographing, which seeks to keep things as they are "at least for as long as it takes to get a 'good' picture", is fundamentally "an act of non-intervention", that is complicit with the forms of human suffering it documents.⁷ While Sontag's argument allows to point to these intertwined forms of deadly non-intervention, it cannot describe all acts of photographing, starting by that of the migrants who recounted to us how they themselves documented the entire sequence of events with their mobile phones. The encounter between these two boats, one belonging to the most powerful actors on earth, the other to the world's undesirables, was also an encounter between photographers, with each photographing each other. While in the case of the military, photography was an inextricable part of the act of non-intervention, the drifting passengers held their mobile phones while they were crying and begging for the military to intervene to avert their tragic fate.

Photography has thus been strikingly embedded in the entire chain of events of the "left-to-die boat" case. While these different photographs would have supplied irrefutable evidence of the crime of non-assistance, they have so far remained out of reach. The images taken by the migrants are likely to have been destroyed when their mobile phones were confiscated when they were imprisoned upon drifting back to the Libyan shore. Those taken by the military probably still exist somewhere, stored on a

flash card or on computer hard-drive, but have so far remained inaccessible to any investigation. The concealing of these photographs exemplifies the ambivalence of the "partition of the sensible" of the EU's maritime frontier, oscillating between controlled spectacularisation of border enforcement and the occlusion of the violence perpetrated against migrants.⁸ In the absence of these incriminating photographs, our investigation on the "left-to-die boat" case attempted to reconstruct a composite image of events by working with the "weak signals" that underpin truth production practices in the field that Thomas Keenan, after Allan Sekula, has called "counter-forensics".⁹

What we see here is a new ocean altogether, one composed of matter and media.

The notion of forensics mobilized here does not allude only to the application of scientific techniques to a judicial context, as in the traditional definition of forensic science, but refers more widely to "the art of the forum, the practice and skill of presenting an argument before a professional, political or legal gathering".¹⁰ The modern history of forensics is one in which states have sought to police individuals through the development of scientific techniques used to document their violations of the law. Inscribing in the process a hierarchy between the testimony of the victims of violence - often deemed unreliable because politically skewed or marked by trauma - with the "certitude" of "objective" science, we were on the other hand committed to the possibilities of turning forensics into a counter-hegemonic practice able to invert the relation between individuals and states, to challenge and resist state and corporate violence and the tyranny of their truth.

In order to do so, we had to go against a well-engrained image of the sea as an empty and lawless expanse. Roland Barthes famously described

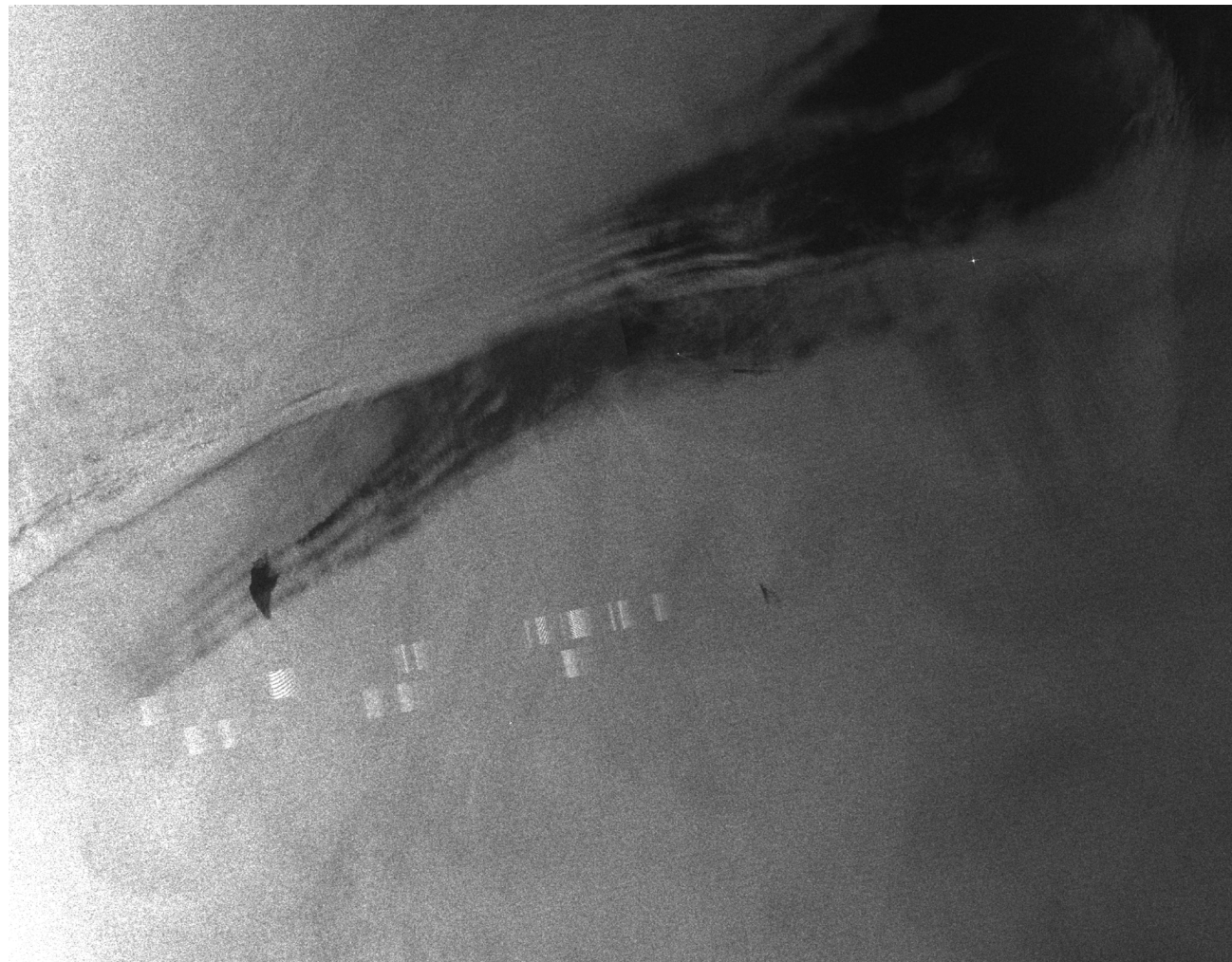


Figure 5: Synthetic Aperture Radar (SAR) image taken on the 28th of March 2011 by the European Space Agency's Envisat satellite.

the ocean as a “non-signifying field” that “bears no message”¹¹ and Henri David Thoreau wrote that “we do not associate the idea of antiquity with the ocean, nor wonder how it looked a thousand years ago, as we do of the land, for it was equally wild and unfathomable anyways.”¹² But it was not only writers who expressed this perception of the sea as a savage space without history: Carl Schmitt famously described the sea as an anarchic space in which the impossibility of drawing long-standing and identifiable boundaries made it impossible for

Images such as these are routinely used for the policing of illegalized migration, we repurposed them as evidence of the crime of non-assistance.

European states to establish durable legal order or found claims of sovereignty. “The sea,” he wrote, “has no character, in the original sense of the word, which comes from the Greek ‘charassein’, meaning to engrave, to scratch, to imprint.”¹³ If geography expresses, in its very etymology, the possibility to write and therefore read the surface of the earth, the liquid territory of the sea seems then to stand as the absolute challenge to visual and spatial analysis.

And yet, nothing appears more far from reality once we start to look at the sea a bit more closely. The image reproduced at figure five was taken on the 28th of March 2011 by the European Space Agency's Envisat satellite and depicts a portion of the Strait of Sicily between the coast of Libya, in the lower left corner, and Malta, in the upper portion of the image. As a “Synthetic Aperture Radar (SAR)” image, it was not created by an optical sensor, but rather by the reflection of the satellite's beamed microwaves on the sea's surface. If we look carefully at this image, we begin to distinguish different

textures that clearly disprove the popular image of the sea mentioned above.

A remote sensing specialist would be able to indicate, for instance, that the darker area that crosses the whole image diagonally, at times bordered by wave patterns, represents an area of calmer sea. The sharply defined dark feature in the mid-left portion of the image, instead, represents probably a oil slick caused by illegal tank-washing. When released on the surface of the sea, oil decreases the amount of microwaves scattered back to the satellite, hence appearing as a black hole, a veritable information gap. Just below that, a striping pattern was most likely caused by an error in the sensor response. Finally, the brighter dots scattered across the image represent large ships. Emerging at the intersection of electromagnetic and physical waves, what we see here is not simply a new representation of the ocean, but a new ocean altogether, one simultaneously composed of matter and media.

Images such as these are routinely used for the policing of illegalized migration, but in the frame of our investigation into the “left-to-die boat” case, we repurposed it as evidence of the crime of non-assistance. By combining this image with a drift model that maps the trajectory of the boat after it ran out of fuel (fig. 6 and 7), we were able to establish that the bright pixels appearing in the image represent large ships that were located in the vicinity of the migrants’ boat just as it had ran out of fuel and began to drift. All vessels in the area had been informed of the distress of the passengers on board the migrants’ boat as well as its position and could have easily rescued them but chose not to intervene.

Satellite imagery is one of the many techniques that we have used to offer an alternative reading of the ocean and of this dramatic event. In the absence of external witnesses, we corroborated the survivors’ testimonies by mobilizing against the grain the vast apparatus of remote sensing devices (optical and thermal cameras, radars, tracking and satellite imaging technologies), which have transformed the contemporary ocean into a vast and technologically mediated sensorium. While these technologies are often used for the purpose of policing illegalized

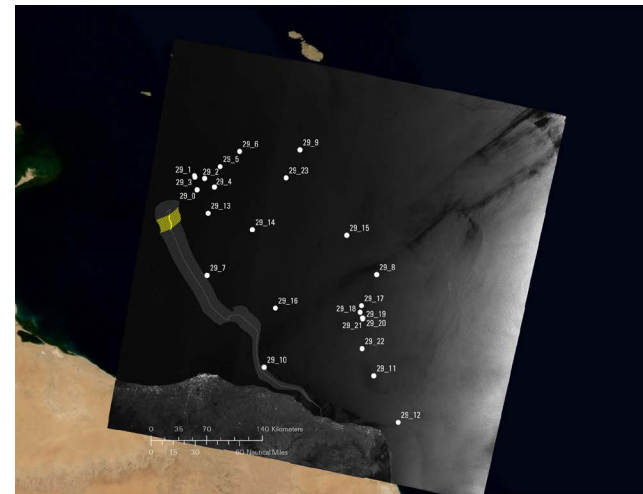
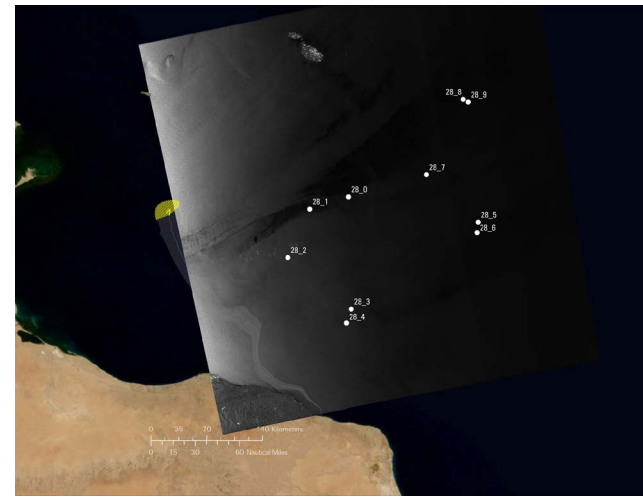


Figure 6 and 7: Analysis of the 28th of March and 29th of March 2011, Envisat satellite drift model.

migration as well as other “threats”, they have been used in this case to reconstruct and map with precision what happened to this vessel. Instead of replicating the technological eye of policing and its untenable promise of full-spectrum visibility, we chose to exercise what we have called a “disobedient gaze”, redirecting the light shed by the surveillance apparatus away from “illegalised” migration and back towards the act of policing itself.

The technical characteristics of these satellite images are crucial to understand so as to distinguish our practice from the technological gaze of surveillance. What the satellite image mentioned above does not show, in fact, are all migrants’ boats that are possibly to be found within its frame. Considering that a migrants’ boat is rarely bigger than 20-25m and that this image has a 75m resolution (meaning that 1 pixel corresponds to 75m), it is easy to see how such vessels would not appear as they remain below the threshold of detectability due to their small size and the low resolution of the image. This meant that, while the position of the “left-to-die boat” was known to us thanks to the drift model, the only other vessels that appear on this image are the bigger commercial and military vessels whose position (and inaction) we wanted to document and not the migrants’ boat whose trajectories we didn’t want to give away.

The resolution of the image became then a highly political issue, in that it not only determined the frontier between the visible and invisible, but also separated the practice of a disobedient gaze from an uncritical act of revealing that risks complicity with the surveillance apparatus. This threshold of detectability, that defines the limits of what we can know, is encoded in medial forms and bound up with the technological and material assemblages that constitute the Mediterranean scopic regime. In our investigation we thus had to work against the Mediterranean frontier’s “partition of the sensible”,¹⁴ piecing together several other fragments of information scattered across a vast assemblage of human and non-human feeds so as to contest the invisible nature of the violence of borders. Through a process of “trawling through, looking at, and looking again, interpreting, verifying, decoding and amplifying messages and broadcasting

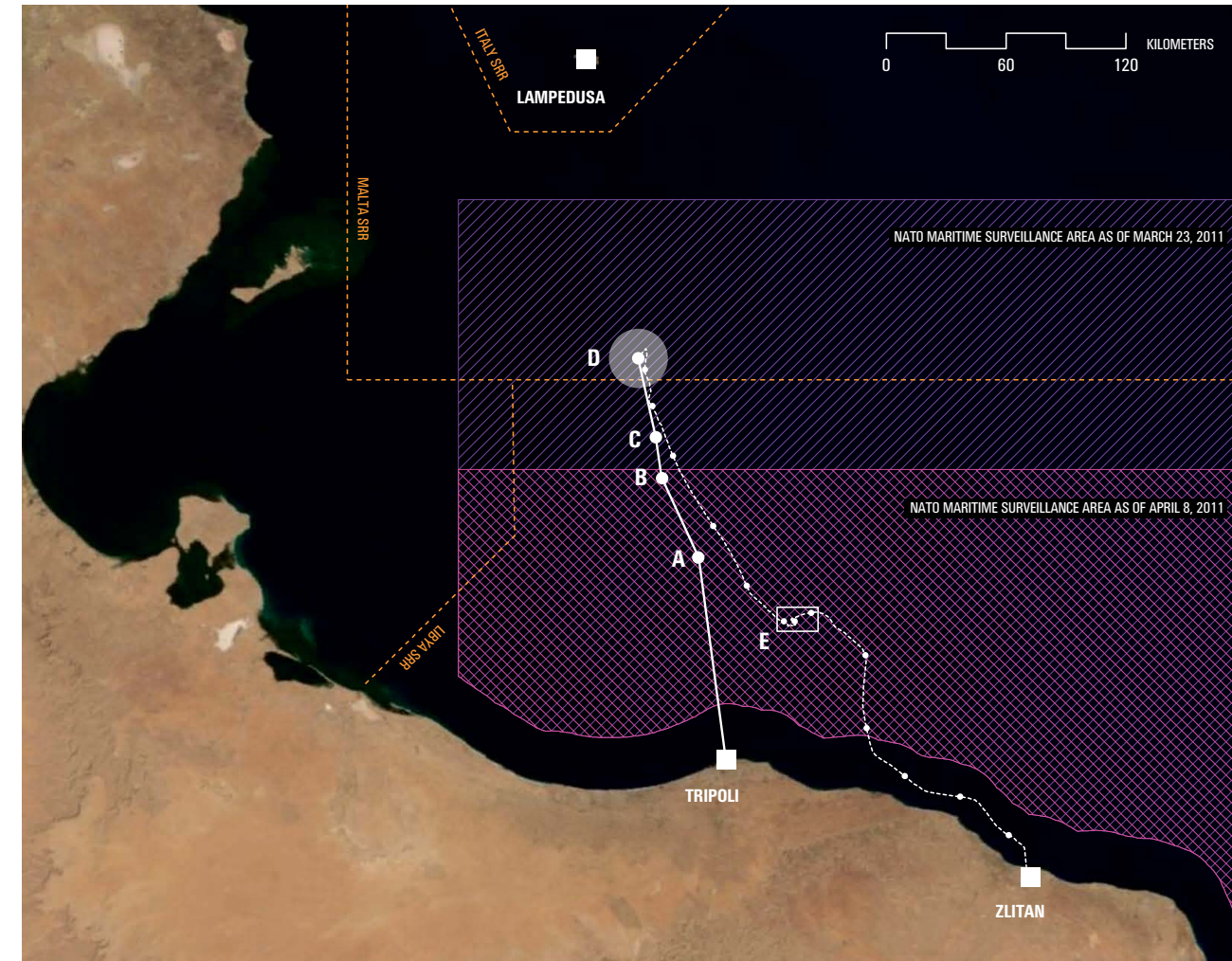


Figure 8: Chain of events in the “left-to-die boat” case as reconstructed by Forensic Oceanography. For a detailed key to this map, see: <http://www.forensic-architecture.org/case/left-die-boat/>

At sea, border crossing is expanded into a process that can last several days and extends across a territory that sits outside the exclusive reach of any single polity.

them further”,¹⁵ we managed to assemble a coherent narrative that was the basis for several ongoing legal cases against the militaries who were in operation at the time of the events – including the French ones.¹⁶

On the one hand, then, our work was a process of image analysis and production that aimed at challenging the current regime of (in-)visibility of the maritime border. Equally crucial, however, has been the possibility to “spatialize” and associate every moment in the migrants’ boat trajectory to a precise geo-referenced location. Because of the complex legal structure of the Mediterranean and the high number of actors operating there during the time of the event in question, creating a coherent spatial picture was critical for determining the degree of involvement of each of these parties. At sea, the moment of border crossing is expanded into a process that can last several days and extends across an uneven and heterogeneous territory that sits outside the exclusive reach of any single polity and “in which the gaps and discrepancies between legal borders become uncertain and contested”.¹⁷

As soon as a migrants’ boat starts navigating, it passes through the various jurisdictional regimes that crisscross the Mediterranean (from the various areas defined in the UN Convention on the Laws of the Sea to Search and Rescue regions, from ecological and archaeological protection zones to areas of maritime surveillance). At the same time, it is caught

between a multiplicity of legal regimes that depend on the juridical status applied to those onboard (refugees, economic migrants, illegals, etc.), on the rationale of the operations that involve them (rescue, interception, etc.) and on many other factors. These overlaps, conflicts of delimitation, and differing interpretations are not a malfunctions but rather a structural characteristic of the maritime frontier that has been often mobilised to produce violence and escape responsibility for it. It has allowed, for instance, different actors at sea to carry out unlawful pushbacks or to refrain from engaging in rescue operations, as in the left-to-die case. Here, it is not the absence of law, but rather the proliferation and spatial entanglement of different legal regimes that produces violence on a large scale.

It is because of this distinctly spatial dimension of violence at sea that mapping has represented such an important aspect of our investigation: if violence is made through space, mapping can help locate the indices of the structural violence of the maritime frontier. In the specific case of the “left-to-die boat”, mapping has been useful to re-inscribe responsibility across the complex legal geography of the sea. Plotting the trajectory covered by the boat onto the various jurisdictional areas of the Mediterranean was crucial in pointing to the multiplicity of agencies that, at different times, had specific responsibility for the rescue operations but did not intervene. By revealing the path of a “failed” migration attempt, it also provided a very striking counterpoint to the maps of migration that we are used to seeing, where the presence of big arrows pointing from Northern Africa to European shores is essential to underpin what has been called the “myth of invasion”.¹⁸

As the tragic events of the “left-to-die boat” case show, images and maps do not simply document the violence of borders, but actively participate in it. Whether it is through the logic of the spectacle or of that of state secrecy, the very act of exclusion that underpins the EU's politics of migration takes place as well within and through its various visualisations. Struggling for the rights of migrants, then, means also intervening in this regime of (in)visibility, and claiming a right to look that would be able to challenge the borders of what can be seen and heard.

Footnotes:

¹ <http://www.imageforum-diffusion.afp.com/> (accessed May 2015).

² See <http://fortresseurope.blogspot.com/2006/01/lampedusa-mitra-sulle-navi-francesi-di.html> (accessed May 2015). See the reply of the French authorities: <http://questions.assemblee-nationale.fr/q13/13-31911QE.htm> (accessed May 2015).

³ de Genova, Nicholas. 2013a. “Spectacles of migrant ‘illegality’: the scene of exclusion, the obscene of inclusion.” *Ethnic and Racial Studies* 36.7: 1180-1198.

⁴ For our reconstruction of these events, see our report: https://www.fidh.org/IMG/pdf/final_draftfrench_public_light.pdf. Our video animation *Liquid Traces* summarizes our findings: <https://vimeo.com/128919244>.

⁵ Parliamentary Assembly of the Council of Europe (PACE), “Lives lost in the Mediterranean Sea: who is responsible? ”, 2012.

⁶ The full interview of Dan Haile Gebre, is available here: <http://www.forensic-architecture.org/case/left-die-boat/>

⁷ Susan Sontag, *On Photography*, New York: Anchor Books, 1977, p.11-12.

⁸ Jacques Rancière, *Le partage du sensible*, Paris: La fabrique, 2000.

⁹ Quoted in: Eyal Weizman, “Forensis: Introduction,” in *Forensis: The Architecture of Public Truth*, ed. Forensic Architecture (Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2014), 29.

¹⁰ This definition stems from the work that we have carried out together with the members of the Centre for Research Architecture at Goldsmiths, University of London, in the frame of Forensic Architecture, an investigation on the use of aesthetic objects (video images, satellite imagery, architectural plans and models, maps, audio recordings, etc.) within the legal sphere as evidence of human rights violations. See: <http://www.forensic-architecture.org>

¹¹ Roland Barthes, *Mythologies*, ed. and trans. Annette Lavers (New York: Hill and Wang, 1972), 112.

¹² Thoreau, H.D., 2010. *Cape Cod*. Available at: <http://www.gutenberg.org/etext/34392> [Accessed February 8, 2013].

¹³ Carl Schmitt, *The Nomos of the Earth in the International Law of the Jus Publicum Europaeum* (Telos Press: New York, 2003), 42-43.

¹⁴ Jacques Rancière, *Le partage du sensible*, Paris: La fabrique, 2000.

¹⁵ Eyal Weizman, “Forensis: Introduction,” in *Forensis: The Architecture of Public Truth*, ed. Forensic Architecture (Berlin: Sternberg Press, 2014), 29.

¹⁶ <https://www.fidh.org/La-Federation-internationale-des-ligues-des-droits-de-l-homme/droits-des-migrants/63-migrants-morts-en-mediterranee-des-survivants-poursuivent-leur-13483>

¹⁷ Brett Neilson, “Between Governance and Sovereignty: Remaking the Borderscape to Australia's North,” *Local-Global Journal* 8 (2010): 126

¹⁸ De Haas, Hein. 2008. “The Myth of Invasion: The Inconvenient Realities of African Migration to Europe.” *Third World Quarterly* 29 (7): 1305.





(Previous page)
PORT OF CATANIA
SICILY, ITALY, JUNE 2015

(This page)
KIMYA
LESBOS, GREECE, NOVEMBER 2015

Kimya is a twelve year old Iranian girl photographed on two different parts of her journey through Europe, in Lesbos the day she arrived from Turkey (10 November 2015) and in Berlin beside the remains of the Berlin Wall (1 December 2015), which once kept philosophies and families apart. Soon after the second photograph was taken, Kimya and her mother returned to Iran. Life in Europe was not what they expected it to be.



KIMYA
BERLIN WALL MEMORIAL, BERLIN, GERMANY, DECEMBER 2015



ALY GADIAGA
CATANIA, SICILY, ITALY, NOVEMBER 2015

Love and Shame

An interview with Aly Gadiaga

What is your name, and what was life like before you came to Europe?

My name is Aly Gadiaga, I am 28 years old. I left Dakar, Senegal, when I was 19 because my life was extremely difficult for several reasons, and there was no solution other than to escape. I am the eldest brother, I have younger brothers and sisters, and neither my father nor mother were working... things were fragile. I thought that the decision to leave for Europe to find another opportunity and better life for my family and me was the right thing to do. To find my safety.

If you are at home and wake up in the morning and see that your brother and sister have nothing to eat, your mother doesn't eat, you don't eat, what would you do if you were me? I didn't leave because I wanted to. I left because I thought this was the only solution for me to help my family. Surviving in Africa is very difficult and everyone knows it. It is not only my family that struggle, there are thousands of families in Africa who can't eat, and they are starving. The kids can't go to school because their families can't pay. The kids are unhappy because they can't play.

This was something that I believed I could overcome. I was young, I was 19 so I decided to take the road to come here. I'm not the only one. There are thousands of other guys like me that left this part of Africa to come to Europe, hoping to find a better future. If someone decides to help his family, he is willing to face every risk, even if they are enormous, because family is sacred. I have seen my mother suffering because she didn't want me to leave, because she knew I would have faced hard times. But I had no choice. If I had to sacrifice my own life to make my small brother, my sister, my mother happy... I would.

How was your journey? Did you face many difficulties you did not expect?

One morning I got up and packed a bag and without even saying goodbye to my family, I left. I arrived in Mali, and slept at the bus station. I didn't know anyone there and realised I needed to find a job. After that first night I reached the city of Bamako and searched and searched for something or someone that could help me out. I prayed to God for help. Eventually I met a guy who offered me work at his restaurant and I felt really lucky. Although I wasn't well paid it was an opportunity to move forward so I worked a lot until I managed to save some money and then moved to another country. I had to keep moving forward. I arrived in Burkina Faso, and did the same job. I think that it was God that helped me find something to do. I worked as much as I could until the time came I could leave again, this time to Niger.

Niger was harder for me. I slept almost three days in the streets, looking for work. By chance I met a friend who helped me find one of the men that trafficked people to Libya. This is a long story. After I met these people we made a deal on the price for getting me to Libya, they gave us an appointment time to return and my friend and I came back and here started the adventure.

This journey was the hardest and longest of any I had previously done. We were both unaware of the difficulty. You can not imagine how they can put

more than 20 or 25 people inside one car, packed in like animals. Sometimes people reach Libya almost dead because they couldn't move for days. The journey is so long and dangerous through the desert, the traffickers try to avoid the Libyan military and other militias. I think that to face such a journey you should be at least in a comfortable space, and even if you would be comfortable it would hurt. After I reached Libya, I had to face many difficulties. I was tired.

What was the situation in Libya? Did it surprise you?

When I reached Libya I thought things would take a better turn. The hardest part was already behind me. Instead in Libya I started the hardest chapter... a complicated one, and a completely new life. I realized it was a different world.

When you reach the station where they leave you, many Libyan men come to you and ask information about you. "What do you want to do? Where do you want to go? Europe? We have flights to Europe." They say flights, but they are joking, they are trying to fool you because they only have boats and they say, "Our airport is nearby, come with us. Tell me how much do you want to pay?"

"What do you want to do? Where do you want to go? Europe? We have flights to Europe. Our airport is nearby, come with us. Tell me how much do you want to pay?"

If you are new they realise it immediately because you may answer, "No I didn't come to take a flight, I came to take the boat." Then they can see you don't know how things work there. Some people try to steal your money and your possessions; they try to make you pay too much for things. My only strength was to be really smart and sharp and as soon as I reached the station, two kids came up to me and said, "Hey boy how are you?" I said I was fine and then they asked, "Do you want to go to Europe?" I said yes. "We have flights, our airport is here nearby," and I replied, "No, you guys have no flights. You have boats". They asked me how I knew this and I told them the whole world knew it. "Ok, if you want we have a boat leaving in two months." I couldn't wait for so long, I needed to leave soon as I had my family waiting and I couldn't waste time. They told me that I had to wait because the weather was not good and no boats could leave so instead they offered to take me to their foyer. They call it a foyer but it is a reception center where they hide you so as not to be seen by the police. I had no other option other than to follow these guys. I was with a group of approximately 30 men, but only two agreed to come with me and follow them. The others said no as they were afraid.

How do the people traffickers work? What is their process?

The guys from Libya took me and the two other guys to the foyer where the big boss was. The boss doesn't need to work, he simply finds a big house to hide migrants, and he exploits these people. He has the boats that kill people in the middle of the sea. He has lots of guys like the ones we met around Libya. They go around the cities to get new clients, because they also make money. The more clients they bring in the more money they get. The boss with the boats gives them a fixed price for every person taking the boat.

He will tell them he wants €700 for every migrant jumping on the boat. His workers then tell the clients that they meet the price is €1000 for the trip. In this way the guys under the boss make money on each of us. This is how the human trafficking works in Libya. It's all about money.

Once you are in the foyer you pay straight away, and then wait. You don't know how long you will have to wait, sometimes months. They decide... your life is in their hands and they make a decision when they please. There is nothing you can do but wait until they come and say, "We are ready. You have to leave now".

When the two guys and me reached the foyer we noticed it wasn't as big as the others we had seen before. On the way to this one we passed others, which were much bigger. When we arrived we left our bags and had a look at the place, and tried to cook something and wash. The other guys in the foyer warned us, "Here you have to be careful, you have to do what you are asked to do by the boss. If you don't obey them they will kill you! Here we are kept like animals. We keep our mouths shut."

The city was in war. It was dangerous and if you are a black man you can get killed like an animal, mistreated and abused, it was really hard for us.

Did anything happen to you? Did you face danger?

One day the boss didn't feel good and couldn't go for groceries. He sent two guys, one from Mali one from Ivory Coast. They should have returned in 20 minutes, but after they left they didn't come back when expected. They came back two days later, but they were in terrible condition, we couldn't believe it. When they came in, one of the guys was almost dead, so we called the boss and asked him to check what happened to the guys.

They had been stopped by a group of guys from Libya. The boss started asking them what happened and they told him something I will never forget. Something I will never forget for the rest of my life because it is something you can't even imagine. People shouldn't even think about such things. The guys said they had been stopped and kidnapped by an armed Libyan militia and they were taken to a hiding place, with their eyes blindfolded.

The Libyan squad tortured and raped them. Like they would do with women. They forced them to have sexual intercourse. This was the most shocking and unjust act for me. Not even animals do this. It was so shocking. I couldn't understand

how people could conceive such an evil act towards another human being.

The boys were desperate, one of them was crying, begging to die. It is such an atrocity I can't even talk about it. I hope one day that justice will overcome these evil men in Libya. This is not the only case. So many cases like these happen without us knowing about it. When you are there you have to accept the way you are treated because your life is in their hands. On my journey from Mali, to Burkina Faso and then Libya, I want to state that Libya was the most dangerous and terrible place I have ever been. It is an atrocious place.

When did they tell you they were ready for you to take a boat?

Eventually the boss found a boat. He said that the weather was good and we could leave without risk so we all said ok. There were two captains; they didn't even know how to drive the boat, because they were taught only one week before. They were just trained to turn the engine on and use the compass. For them this was enough to carry over 300 people through the sea from Libya to Italy.

We had no choice but to collaborate with them. We couldn't oppose what they said as they would threaten to kill us. Also we could see the country was in war, every single person was armed except for us, we were not in our home country, so we couldn't escape from the foyer nor from them, the threat of violence was everywhere. We simply agreed to collaborate and we gave our trust to these two captains.

The boss told us not to sleep because we had to leave at 4am, at that time in the morning there was no patrol, it was the ideal time for the boat to leave. We all got our stuff ready, and at 3am a truck came to collect us. A big silver coloured truck. We all stood up, it was time. We got on the truck without even knowing which direction they were taking us and after approximately one hour we reached a drop off point, and we jumped off the truck.

“It is time to leave! If you must die, die in the open sea! You must not return. If any of you come back you’re dead. If any of you come back and report me, you’re dead! If you have to die, you die all together! Now go!”

We were told to wait under a big tree. This was where we had to wait, where we had to hide ourselves. Meanwhile the guys from Libya went to check the seafront, to make sure there were no guards. When they came back they said it was all clear, and we followed them to the seafront and we saw the boat. It wasn't that big. The boss said only 30 of us could jump on it because it was taking us to the bigger boat that was waiting for us further out. Hidden from the patrols.

Then all of us got in the boat, including the captain. They made the captain check what they trained him to do; to turn on the engine and to check the compass for the directions. Then they left, and told us, “It is time to leave! If you must die, die in the open sea! You must not return. If any of you come back you're dead. If any of you come back and report me, you're dead! If you have to die, you die all together! Now go!" They waited for the boat to

depart, and pretended to leave, but then they came back to verify we had started sailing, and so the journey started. We were now in the open sea.

How was the journey at sea? Were you afraid?

The first day was ok, the captain was sailing and sailing without any problems, however the second day we realized we were lost. Everyone realized we were lost and sailing without any direction because the Libyans told us that if we sailed in the right direction it would take us less than one day to reach the Italian shore. We were seriously lost and started to loose our patience and our hope. All of the great hope we had before the departure. All of us were thinking, “Wow, is this really the last step? We have made it! Finally our goals our dreams are going to come true!”

I remember talking to the guys and they were all saying, “The first thing I will do when I reach Italy is call my family. Call mum. Now our families will not have to die of hunger, because we will do our best and achieve the impossible and arrive to Europe.” Each of us had his own idea, his own goal. We thought we had already crossed the hardest part of the journey. But it wasn't so. In fact after two days, we all lost our hopes. We started to pray. We were all going to die. Some people started crying, they wanted to die. They were afraid they would not see their families again. For the most part I was calm but now I was starting to feel afraid. I was not afraid of dying, but I was afraid of what would happen to my family. Who would take the risks I took for my family? This is why I was sad and afraid.

On the third day all of our resources, the petrol, the food, the water... were nearly finished. From the top part of the boat I could see that some guys started to fight each other. They were blaming each other. They were accusing everyone, including the captain, saying he couldn't drive. They started a violent fight. The top of the boat is dangerous because if you fall, you go straight in the open sea. I felt that it wasn't safe so I decided to go in to the bottom part of the boat, even if it was more dangerous. Now that we were going to die I thought that if I should die, I should do it peacefully.

I went down. On the bottom part of the boat you can get in but you can't get out because the key to get in is outside. So if you are at the bottom you can only stay there and you can't keep the door open because the sea is cold and the heat inside would escape and people would die freezing. I opened the door and locked it behind me. I felt resigned and I accepted the idea that we were going to die altogether. All of us were thinking only about dying, talking about dying. We had lost our hope; we thought there was no chance left.

At some point we heard the guys from above screaming, “We are here! We are here!” Since we couldn't open the door, a man said that maybe someone is coming to save us. I said “No what you talking about? We are lost in the sea, nobody is going to find us here.” It turned out to be true.

It was faith. We waited and kept hearing the people on top of the boat screaming and after around 15 minutes, a guy from Sudan opened the door and said, “Guys finally a boat has come to rescue us, to save us!” Everyone screamed with joy, everyone was praying to God saying thanks, everyone in his own way was relieved. We moved to the top of the boat and we saw the rescue boat come closer to us. We realized that boat was really coming to rescue us. That boat saved the life of more than 300 people.

Where were you taken?

We made it to Italy but things were not as easy as we had imagined. The Red Cross came, along with many other NGO's and other organizations. They filmed us and interviewed us, and there was press for the newspapers. Then we were moved to a reception center. When we arrived we all went through a

process of identification to check if someone had asked about you or to check if you had relatives around in other places. Later that day some guys in the center said, “Guys you have to leave. If you guys do not escape they will send you to back to Africa.”

After hearing these words, and seeing that the identification process was advancing quickly I took the Senegalese guy who was with me and told him that after all of the sacrifices we had made we could not go back to Africa now. No! We had achieved the impossible. I remember I told him I would prefer to die rather than go back. He asked me what we should do and I said let's leave, we are in Europe now. Let's go. He had relatives in Tuscany and called them. His brothers said we could stay with them. So we decided to leave.

By giving people the chance to show their skills, you also humanise them.

When you get identified they issue you with a document, a temporary visa as a refugee that allows you to travel freely around Italy, so on the second day we left. We didn't even know how to reach the bus or train station or how to speak Italian. I could speak a little English and French. We managed to find the station after I had asked people some questions in English, and from there we took the bus to Tuscany, to Florence.

When we arrived there we called my friend's brother and they told us where they were in Tuscany. So they decided to send us someone to pick us up because we didn't know how to get there. He introduced me to his brothers as his “great friend. We escaped together.” So they took us home with them. After two days his brother told me I couldn't stay with them any longer, I had to find a solution because I couldn't stay there. I said ok.

I spent a few more days in Tuscany, sleeping at the train station in Florence... it was called Santa Maria Novella. I decided to go to Sicily, because everyone said Sicily was one of the best places for immigrants. They said people are open to helping migrants. I immediately made many friends because there is a big Senegalese population. They gave me the possibility to stay at a home, but I had to pay. With the Senegalese you have to pay for everything. At that moment I didn't know a single word of Italian, and I had to find something to do as soon as possible so I could help my family. I had not heard from them for so long and I did not know how they were.

I asked my friends how to work, and they explained the system for us Africans in Catania. In Sicily most of the Senegalese guys sell shoes, but I had no money to buy the material to make the shoes. So I would go to the market and started helping the others and learning the job. In the beginning I would earn €2 or €3 or €4 a day, then I started to buy the shoes and sell them in the streets until I met another Senegalese guy who said, “You can come and work with me.” I started helping him and would earn €5 or €7 every day and I started to save it. After one year I had some money on the side and started to work by myself, and I was able to send money to my family. Even if there wasn't enough for me, I had to do it.

I kept working until I was caught by the police and my shoes got seized. They took me to the police station and gave me a verbal warning and said that I would risk losing the right to documents if I were to be caught working. I decided to never go to the market again. After all my sacrifices to be here and despite the need and hope I have to see my family I realised I could not do this work anymore. It was really hard though, because if I couldn't work I couldn't pay for my room, I couldn't buy food, I couldn't buy clothes, and above all the most important thing for



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me, I couldn't send money to my family. My family had no other way to get their food. Nor had I.

How do you feel about not being able to work?

Sometimes I felt like a dead man. It's true, I really felt like a dead man. The dead can not do anything. When you are dead you can't travel, without documents I can't travel. The dead can not work, without documents I can not work. Those who are dead can't help out their family... without documents I can not help my family. I can't send them anything. So I can say I'm a dead man walking.

My thought is, if you have no opportunities to show your qualities or capacity, no way to move around, no choice but waiting and doing nothing, then you're dead.

How would you explain the migration of people from Africa to Europe?

Explaining the reason of this wave of migration to Europe is easy. It's something that everyone understands although they might pretend not to. I'll give you an example. If you take a room, put a cat inside and for two days you don't feed him or give him water. The room is locked, but if you forgot to close the window and after two days the cat realizes its open, what does the cat do? He escapes, he goes through the window and escapes due to hunger. That cat knows that if he stays in the room he dies. If the window is your only chance to escape, what would you do?

It is due to hunger and starvation and war. You don't go because you want to, it is hunger that forces you. One can't go without eating, without drinking. This is the experience of the thousands of migrants risking their life to reach Europe.

How important is your faith to you? Are there any difficulties for you here in Italy?

In terms of religion there are no major clashes. Most of the people here are Christian. Yes there are some Muslims, fewer, but it is not a problem because I think in life everyone is free to choose their own beliefs, and to practice whatever religion you wish. I was born Muslim and my family was Muslim and practicing. They taught me what it meant to be Muslim and what the word Islam means. I am attached to this definition.

kept so that they can neither work nor demonstrate their capabilities for so long. I can say that 90% of African migrants here are intellectuals; they have been to university or are trained and skilled electricians, woodworkers, and carpenters. There are so many things they could demonstrate, so many things that they know how to do but Europe is not granting them this opportunity. I think Europe is missing a chance with this. By giving people the chance to show their skills, you also humanise them. They are not clandestine anymore. They can find a job in a company, or in a restaurant or in a bar or anywhere they want. This is why I am saying that the Europe is good but it could be better.

Someone can't be waiting for over four years without documents. Four or five years without the chance to work or travel. This time... this time is so important. The time you have lost you won't ever be able to have back in your life. So why are young people stopped from living for five years? One day, 24 hours, are so important in someone's life. In 24 hours you can do so many important things, not just for you, but also for the whole world. So why should I wait for so long without the chance to work or to travel. This is what I think Europeans have to re-think and talk about. It's normal to discuss this because Europe has always been a very democratic continent, striving to respect the laws. If Europe did not respect the law, none of us would die to come here. Why didn't we go to America or Asia? It's because we Africans know that Europeans have always been democratic, good people that respect human rights. This is why everyone from Africa wishes to reach Europe.

Right now is a chance for Europe to show the whole world that they are the most democratic continent in the world. The only place where the human rights are truly respected. They exercise freedom, legality and equality for all. I hope Europe can work on this aspect of bureaucracy. I think it is a crucial point.

It makes me feel very happy when I talk about the future. I think we are all the same, we are all equal. All of us hope for a better future, all of us have dreams and goals. For my future I want something like everyone else. To have a simple job where I earn enough money to raise a family and help my family in Africa.

I tell anyone who can help me and offer me a better future that I am ready to work. I am ready to do everything that may help me find a better future. I am ready to participate in the development of Africa and Europe, because for now I am in Europe and Europe is providing me food and water. For this I feel treated like a European even if I am African. I feel treated with the same rights as a European and I feel this can be my home as well. This is what I wish for my future.

Two very diverse emotions... You want to leave but you know you can't until you're an independent man.

Mosque where we can pray and this is not a small thing. It is a huge thing. For a Muslim there is nothing more sacred than the Mosque and if someone gives you the chance to build a Mosque in his own land it means he gave you the chance to practice your religion. I am thankful for this, and I give thanks in the name of the whole Muslim community.

What do you think of Europe? What do you think of the systems in place to deal with all of the migrants that arrive here? What would you change?

I can't say the system in Europe is bad, or ugly. I think it's good but I think it could be improved. It is good because if you are in Africa and can't eat or go to school and have no security, here in Europe they give you a house, they give you food, they send you to school if you want. It is beautiful. But I think it could be improved. I think it should take less time to issue an immigrant with documentation. People are

kept so that they can neither work nor demonstrate their capabilities for so long.

I can say that 90% of African migrants here are intellectuals; they have been to university or are trained and skilled electricians, woodworkers, and carpenters. There are so many things they could demonstrate, so many things that they know how to do but Europe is not granting them this opportunity. I think Europe is missing a chance with this. By giving people the chance to show their skills, you also humanise them. They are not clandestine anymore. They can find a job in a company, or in a restaurant or in a bar or anywhere they want. This is why I am saying that the Europe is good but it could be better.

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How do you see your future? What are your hopes and ambitions?

It makes me feel very happy when I talk about the future. I think we are all the same, we are all equal. All of us hope for a better future, all of us have dreams and goals. For my future I want something like everyone else. To have a simple job where I earn enough money to raise a family and help my family in Africa.

I tell anyone who can help me and offer me a better future that I am ready to work. I am ready to do everything that may help me find a better future. I am ready to participate in the development of Africa and Europe, because for now I am in Europe and Europe is providing me food and water. For this I feel treated like a European even if I am African. I feel treated with the same rights as a European and I feel this can be my home as well. This is what I wish for my future.

How would it feel to see your family again?

For me it's emotional. It would be one of the most beautiful things in the world to return to my family after seven or eight years of not seeing them. I get so emotional by just thinking about it. For now I have to wait, I have to wait because after being away for so long without working... in Africa it is considered an embarrassment to return with nothing. Despite how beautiful it would be, the shame is strong. Two very diverse emotions.

I would love to see my family again, but it would be hard without having any financial independence. It is hard to explain, if you're not from Africa. It is a matter of pride and culture. You have to experience it to understand this feeling. You have two sensations at the same time. Love and shame. You want to leave but you know you can't until you're an independent man.

Contributors

Aly Gadiaga is 28 years old. He left his family home in Dakar, Senegal aged 19. He has been collaborating with John Radcliffe Studio since 2015. Aly speaks Wolof (a language of Senegal), French, Italian and English. He has lived in Catania, Sicily, for four years.

Madia Souare is a 26 year old writer from Senegal. He has been collaborating with John Radcliffe Studio since 2015. His writing focuses on the life of migrant communities across different cities. Together we have created work that explores the psychological impact his experiences have had on him and allowed him to process certain aspects of his trauma.

Alexander Betts is Professor of Forced Migration and International Affairs, and Director of the Refugee Studies Centre, at the University of Oxford.

Throughout the European refugee crisis in 2015 and 2016, he was a prolific commentator, contributing opinion pieces to the New York Times, the Guardian, and Foreign Affairs, as well as appearing regularly on CNN, the BBC, and Al Jazeera, and advising numerous governments and international processes.

He is best known for his advocacy to reframe refugees as potential economic contributors to their host societies. His research on the economic lives and contributions of refugees, particularly in Uganda, has received extensive media coverage, and was awarded the Vice-Chancellor's Award for Public Engagement with Research. The study relating to the work was published as Refugee Economies: Forced Displacement and Development (Oxford University Press). He is co-author (with Paul Collier) of a new book, Refuge: Transforming a Broken Refugee System (Penguin Allen Lane).

Charles Heller and Lorenzo Pezzani are both members of Forensic Architecture, a research agency based in Goldsmiths University.

Charles is a filmmaker and researcher whose work has a long-standing focus on the politics of migration. Originally from Switzerland, he completed a Ph.D. in 2015 in Research Architecture at Goldsmiths, University of London. He is currently based in Cairo, conducting postdoctoral research supported by the Swiss National Fund (SNF) at the Centre for Migration and Refugee Studies, American University, Cairo and the Centre d'Etudes et de Documentation Economiques, Juridiques et Sociales, Cairo. His writing has appeared in the journals Global Media and Communication and Philosophy of Photography.

Lorenzo Pezzani is an architect based between London and northern Italy. His work deals with the spatial politics and visual cultures of migration, with a particular focus on the geography of the ocean. He holds a PhD in Research Architecture and has taught at Goldsmiths College and at the Bartlett School of Architecture (UCL). He is currently post-doctoral fellow at the Kent School of Law. His writing has appeared in the journals New Geographies and Harvard Design Magazine.

Together, since 2011, they co-founded WatchTheMed and have been working on Forensic Oceanography, a project that critically investigates the militarized border regime and the politics of migration in the Mediterranean Sea. They are both Research Fellows at the Centre for Architecture, Goldsmiths. Their collaborative work has been exhibited internationally and has been published in several edited volumes as well as in the journals Cultural Studies, Postcolonial Studies, and in the Revue Européenne des Migrations Internationales.

Lindsey Hilsum is Channel 4 News' International Editor and the author of Sandstorm; Libya in the Time of Revolution. She recently reported from Europe on the refugee/migrant crisis and terror attacks, as well as conflicts in Syria, Ukraine and Mali. She has covered the major wars and refugee movements of the past three decades, including Iraq, Afghanistan and Kosovo and the Israeli-Palestinian conflict. In 2011 she witnessed the Arab Spring uprisings in Libya and Egypt. She has also reported extensively from Iran and Zimbabwe, and was Channel 4 News China Correspondent from 2006 to 2008. During the 2004 US assault on Fallujah, she was embedded with a front line marine unit, and in 1994, was the only English-speaking foreign correspondent in Rwanda when the genocide started. She has been Royal Television Society Journalist of the Year, and won the Charles Wheeler Award and the James Cameron Award as well as awards from the One World Media, Amnesty International and BAFTA. Her writing has been featured in the Sunday Times, the Guardian, the Observer and Granta, among other publications. Before becoming a journalist, she was an aid worker, first in Latin America and then in Africa. She is currently writing the biography of the late war correspondent Marie Colvin.

Tom Seymour works as a long-form feature writer for the British Journal of Photography, after spending two years leading the publication's online operation. He contributes arts features to The Guardian, The Financial Times, The New Statesman, BBC, Foam, i-D and Vice.

John Radcliffe Studio is a film, photography and graphic design practice founded in 2015. In 2016 the studio self published the photobook "Foreigner: Migration into Europe 2015-2016". The book was shortlisted for the First Book Award (MACK Books), the Paris Photo Aperture Foundation First Book Award and was named The Observer's Photobook of the Month for June the same year. It has been featured by The New Yorker, British Journal of Photography, Amnesty International, Frieze Week, Photo District News, Photoworks amongst many others.

The project has been exhibited internationally at events including Paris Photo, Month of Photography Los Angeles, Photoville (NYC), Tokyo Art Book Fair and the Sydney Opera House.

John Radcliffe Studio have also given lectures at Photo London, Oxford University, London School of Economics, University of the Arts Bournemouth, Plymouth University and The University of Edinburgh.

John Radcliffe Studio members:

Daniel Castro Garcia is a photographer and filmmaker. Starting as a street photographer working on personal projects, his work now focuses on social documentary and portraiture. In 2015 he founded John Radcliffe Studio with creative partner Thomas Saxby. In 2017 Daniel was named the winner of the British Journal of Photography International Photography Award in recognition of his work on Europe's migrant and refugee crisis.

Thomas Saxby has worked as a graphic designer for studios across Europe. He has an MA in Humanitarian Design from the Design Academy Eindhoven, and is a recipient of the Fabrica scholarship from Benetton's communication research centre in Italy. In 2015 he founded John Radcliffe Studio with Daniel Castro Garcia.

Jade Morris is a UK based film/photography producer. Having started out on music video sets, she later moved into production on some of the UK's biggest commercial film projects. In 2015 she joined John Radcliffe Studio as Head of Production and played a pivotal role in the creation of the photography book, "Foreigner: Migration into Europe 2015-2016".

James Demetriou is an award winning freelance editor. He has collaborated with an internationally awarded roster of directors, editing commercials, music videos, short films and trailers. He has worked with clients including Nike, Samsung, Braun, Peta amongst others. In 2017 he joined John Radcliffe Studio and as video editor for the British Journal of Photography International Photography Award exhibition of "Foreigner".



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List of related websites:
www.helprefugees.org.uk
www.msf.org.uk
www.savethechildren.org.uk
www.proactivaopenarms.org
www.drapenihavet.no
www.redcross.org
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(Cover image)
MADIA
CATANIA, SICILY, ITALY, NOVEMBER 2015

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26 year old Madia left Senegal crossing the Sahara desert in a highly dangerous pick-up truck convoy. He witnessed his best friend, Sana Jallo, being shot in the head by people traffickers in Libya. Together we wanted to create an image that considers the theme of witnessing and also finds a way for him to communicate this memory to other people.



the image in my head. I have spent a long time thinking about this. How it could have been me. How my mum, my friends, my family, my sisters, my brothers... how would they know if it was me? What would be their life? And I remember it was him. He told me he wanted to come to Europe to find a job, to help his mum. Our objectives were not the same. Me, I want to learn. To climb the borders. To open the doors. To see another thing. To get a new opportunity. To meet other people. To talk about them... about me. To tell them who I am and to try to know who they are. It was not easy to leave home. Some times I ask myself, if I was born in Europe would I want to go to Africa? And if I wanted to go to Africa should I take a boat? Why this difference? Some of us we continued our wish. Sana's wish. He wanted to succeed. I am trying to succeed for him. I have arrived but it was not easy. From Sabha we went to Tripoli. That was hard. We were in a big house in a Libyan area. Life was hard, unimaginable. It's not for human beings. We were living like... you can not understand because you will never live that. One night the traffickers came to take us to the beach and we climbed the zodiac, one by one. Two lines, one on each side. 150 people. And then we went. The man told us to follow the big star in the sky and we sailed all night. In the morning we saw a big boat and we followed it. In the afternoon, they came for us and rescued us. It was a German boat and they were good people. After, they moved us to an Italian boat, which took us to the south of Sicily, to Pozallo. This was our destination. We arrived in Europe. We believed it was paradise, but the reality of the life and system is not easy. Some of us have been here for a long time with no papers, no jobs, suffering in camps, in the streets. Many people sleep in the streets. Some regret the journey, but many of us keep our belief in our hearts and our heads. We have to finish what we started. To believe in the greatness and the possibilities life can give someone. A new society, with new friends. We try to adapt and to be like you. To do what you do and what you want us to do so we can try to obtain our objectives. This journey was not easy. It was far. I am a witness. I saw it. I don't know if the journey has finished or if I will stay because we are checking. Some of us leave because we have war in our country. We have violence. Some have other reasons, but all of us are checking and finding a better way, a better life... looking for paradise.

Written by Madia Souare

