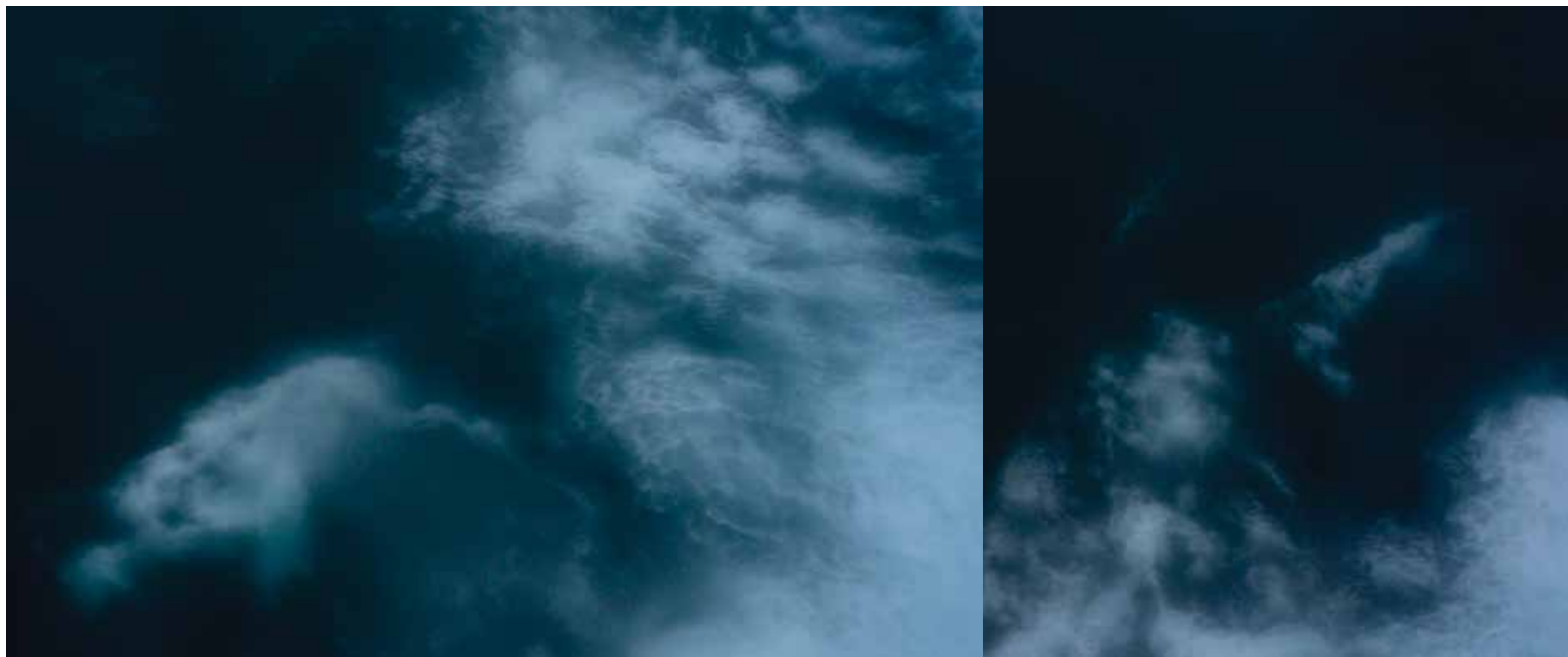


Nothing  
is  
Impossible  
Under  
the  
Sun

Alice Myers

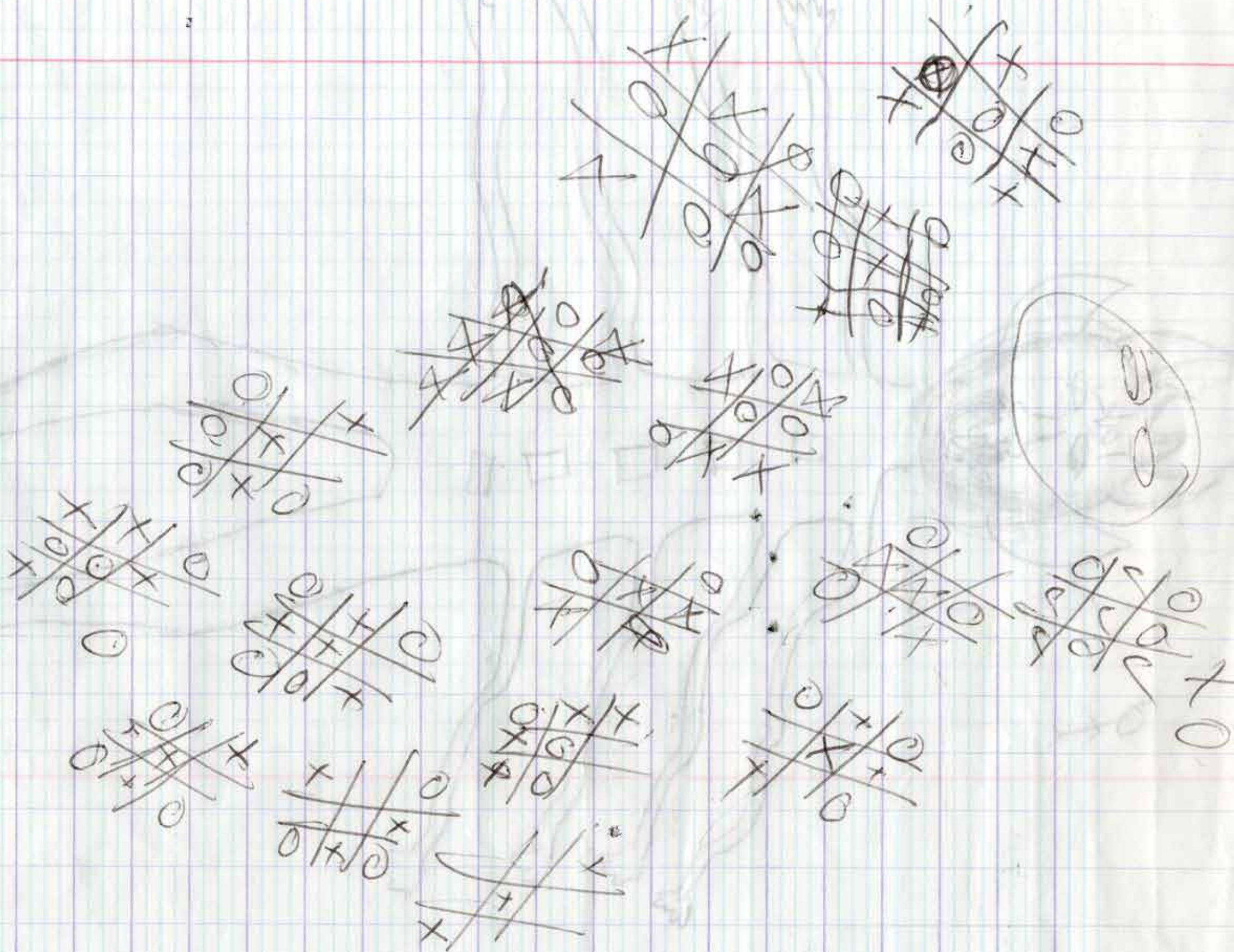
















- look <sup>at</sup> ~~to~~ my face  
eye, head, nose and  
my hair ~~to~~ to remind  
you about me.

- look <sup>at</sup> ~~to~~ my photo,

- body, legs and my  
arm to remind you

- ~~my~~ look <sup>at</sup> ~~to~~ photo  
is enough to  
express about  
your style life

















Perfer فصل  
disappear اختفي  
Poverty فقر  
Nervous عصبي  
Target هدف  
Task مهمة  
Deputy نائب  
Effort جهد  
Fair عادل  
un fair غير عادل  
Differ اختلف  
Attempt محاولة  
Torture عذاب





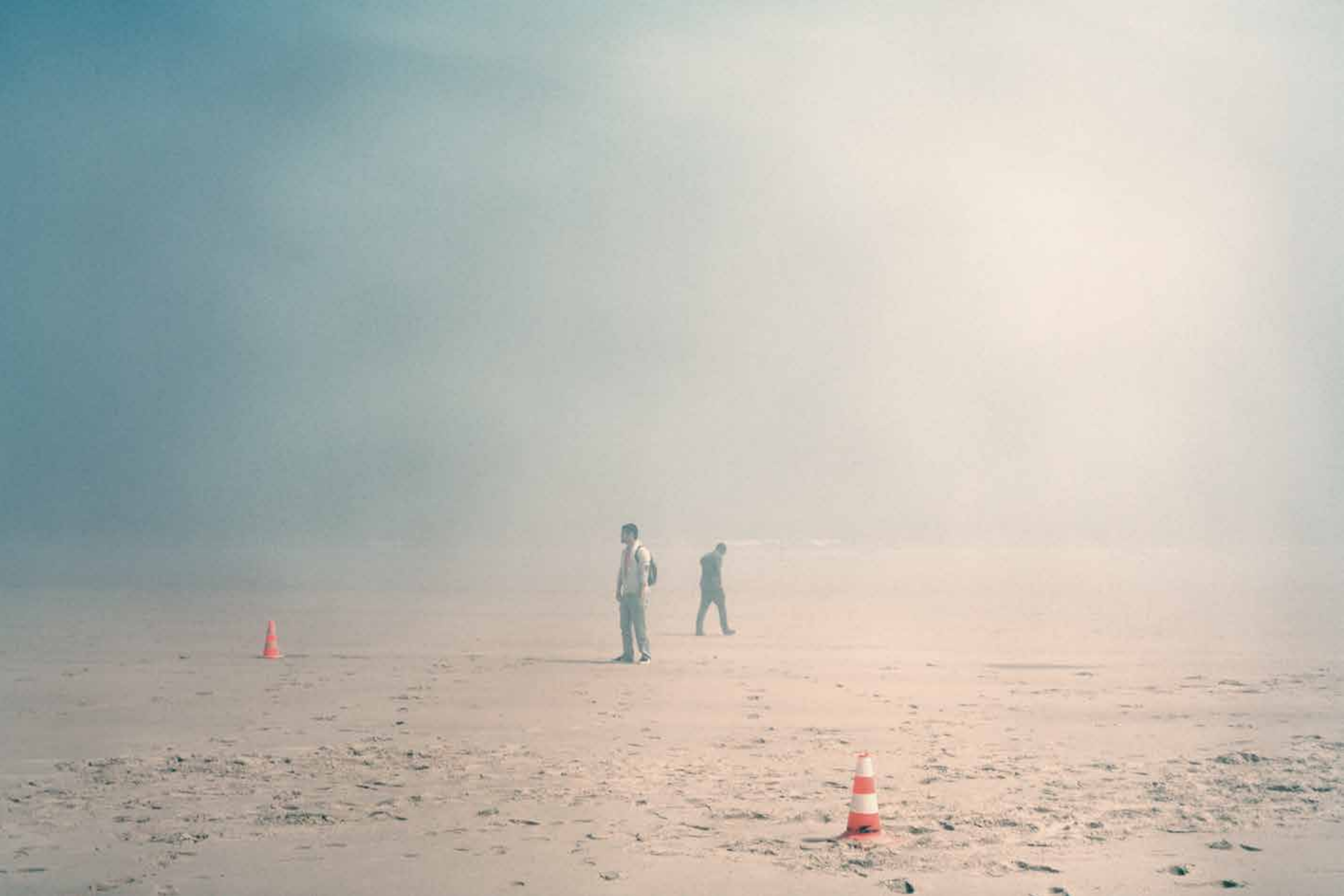


























ایک سادہ لکھی ہوئی عبارت، جو شاید نام یا موضوع ہو۔

G.B

C

















يا ثعلب ارحم للشور

لثعلب يهيمه وراء الشور

لاكن الثعلب لا يفقد الشور















Oh fox! Have mercy on the bull! The fox is running behind the bull.  
But the fox will not be able to kill the bull.



Last night I dreamed I went to Australia, and then I went home to Chad and saw my friend. He is a very good friend, closer than family.

My Uncle has dreams that come true. A lot of people in my family are 'imaginative' like that. What they imagine comes true. You don't have so many people like this in Europe do you?

When I left Chad my cousin said I would not come back. He also is imaginative like that. What he says comes true.

...

No I don't want to write anything. You just write down what I've said.

...

I left Chad a long time ago and lived in Kano, Nigeria. I worked in a shop. I liked living in a big city. I liked the atmosphere. Not like here, here there is no atmosphere. Every neighborhood had a youth organization. Ours was 'Jeunes Amis Confiances'. We organized parties together, or put money into a pot so we could eat together at the weekend. We danced a lot.

...

Once I dreamed I was in Russia in the mountains. Big mountains, with lots of Russians there. We were praying. No one else could see, only me. When I woke up I was crying. This dream broke my heart. I thought about it for a whole week.

If I'm in a bad mood, this is good because I know I will receive good news soon. If I'm in a good mood I know I will receive bad news soon. It always happens like this. Sometimes my left eyelid flickers and I know good news is coming. If my right eyelid flickers the news could be good or bad. But I'm not 'imaginative' like some people are. Some people could tell you all your secrets, or what you have in your pocket.

*I met Kely for the first time in May, and in July I saw him every couple of days, often in the park. He's from Chad, in his early twenties, and is homeless in Calais while seeking asylum in France. He spoke French while I scribbled translations in my notebook.*

This story is for you. You do what you want with it. You put it in a book or whatever. You do what you want.

I came in 2007 from Afghanistan. From Afghanistan and Pakistan. From Pakistan I used a smuggler to come to Iran. I gave the Smuggler \$400.

By foot. Every time by foot no car no nothing. Six in the night I start my travel and 6 in the morning I would stop. The police caught me in Iran. That week two times or three times they come. They beat me. They asked, 'where is your smuggler, why did you come in Iran?' They beat my arms with rope. After a week I gave them money and I came to Tehran. In Tehran I have my uncle. From there I took a smuggler and we came to Turkey. No boat. No helicopter. By foot.

After, I live one month in Istanbul. After, I found a smuggler who gives one boat for six people. We were on our way to the sea when somebody called the police and they caught everybody.

In Turkey they beat me and kicked my shins and asked, 'Where is your smuggler?' I told them I was from Mauritania. That's what I told everyone.

After two weeks we tried the boat again. No motor. I rowed. Five hours in the water. After, I

come in Mytilini. You know that place? If you go there it's very cold at night. The Greek police caught me and put me in prison again. He took my fingers. Do you have something I can use to cut my hand off because everywhere has my fingerprints.

The Christmas 2008 I was in prison. Fuck that Christmas. I hated that Christmas 2008. He took my picture. After, he gave me some papers for one month and left me in the street. This was the start of my time in Europe. I still had €50. I bought a €20 ticket to Athens. I spent three years in Athens. I worked and saved money. I tried to get to Italy by ship, by car, by smuggler. Three years I try to come in Italy. It wasn't possible. I paid a lot of money. The smugglers ate my money but still I didn't make it to Italy.

After, I have €550. I took the train to near Macedonia and got off near the border. I walked into Macedonia. I was walking at night. After, I sleep for two hours. Then I went to the city and asked for a taxi to Serbia.

I took taxis most of the way to Hungary. Money finished. Four days I walked the highway. At night I walk, in the day I sleep in the drain under the road. If it rained there was water in there. I slept in there to avoid the police. Not eating, not drinking.

On the last day we were walking very slowly.

After, the police saw me and said 'Where are you from?' I said, 'From Afghanistan'. I went to prison. They gave me water and two or three pieces of bread. Twenty-five, twenty-eight days in detention centre. After that I broke a window and eleven of us escaped.

I arrived in Vienna at three in the morning. At five I went to the bus station and took a ticket for Venice. After Venice I took the train to Milano. From Milano we took the train to the French border. In France the police caught me. I said I am 17 years old. They didn't take my fingers. I took the train to Paris with no ticket. Every time they checked I hid in the toilet. Ten days I live in Paris. Every day we went to the library. After 10 days my friend told me it is better to go to Holland.

I asked for asylum there. They said, 'You have finger prints [in Hungary and Greece] go to live in the camp'. Every week they give me €55 for food. In May 2011 I had an interview in Holland. The result was negative, 'sorry'. They didn't believe I was from Afghanistan. My appeal was negative.

Now I tell you my situation in Afghanistan. But put your pen down, do not write it.

*Farid is Hazara and in his early twenties. He spoke without pausing while I took notes. A year after I met him in Calais I saw him in Finsbury Park:*

FARID I lost my job. I fought with my boss. He wanted me to do the car wash as well as the tyres. I didn't want to do two jobs. He pays me £30 a day. I left that job.

Maybe I will go back to Calais and be smuggler again. I didn't tell you that before did I? That I was a smuggler?

I worked on my own. Nobody saw me, nobody knew. I didn't charge a lot of money. Though one time an Afghan man asked me I tell him €2000, because I didn't want to take him. He was too fat and couldn't run. Just before I left I said to my friend, if you stay here and smuggle for one more month the police will catch you. You should leave. One month after I left they catch him.

...

ALICE Can you remember any dreams you had while you were in Calais?

FARID One night I was sleeping in the squat in the fortress, by the river. I dreamt that a man came and spoke to me. He was dressed in white. No face, only light, shining. He touched my head and said something. Though he told me not to tell what he said.

I woke up because Mohammad and Zadar were fighting. I thought, 'why are they fucking shouting?' But I was light, like a ball.

That day was very good for me. I sent two people to England. They call me, tell me, 'we are in UK'. Then police catch me but soon they let me go. Later that night, four in the morning, an Afghan man who was sleeping in the White House [squat] asked me for help to walk to the toilet. His leg was broken and he was scared to go alone. After this I walked across the road and climbed into a truck. Potatoes. I think, OK I go with potatoes. And this truck goes to England.



Last night we tried to cross by hiding in a tanker full of liquid chocolate. We were up to our chests in it. The driver heard us and we had to get out. We walked home and washed in the river. You can see all our clothes, our shoes, are caked in chocolate.

These pictures are all Serbia. Now he's in Austria, this man Austria and this the same. This man now Holland and this man is staying in Macedonia camp.

This is Serbia as well, this man now in England. These are friends I made in Serbia. Here we are in the house. This was last year. It was so cold. I speak to them sometimes on Facebook.

This my son, picture. In Wales: Caerphilly.

This is Serbia, no, Macedonia. In camp. I was in Serbia, they deport me to Croatia, they deport me to Macedonia.

This man is in Belgium now. I think he's refused. This is a very good picture to show, because you can't see the face. And this one Macedonia, he doesn't have money to come.

This man is dead. He is my sister's husband's brother. When I went to Afghanistan he was with me in Kabul. A car drove up and they killed him and I lived and he had a wife and three children. I think they were trying to kill me. So my sister said if you stay you will make problems for me. I will give you money. You can go anywhere. But go.

All the time I dream about him. Like he's alive. We were together in Iran.

I like this picture. The hijabs are so beautiful. There are many colors. Look, here it is beautiful: trees, park.

My place in Calais. And this was a Christmas party. This is a picture of my tent. I've been sleeping here maybe one month — before I was sleeping outside the tent — until the man in the tent left.

This is a nice picture. It's lot of flowers and the hill and the beach and the sky. The sun is shining. It's very beautiful here.

*I took these notes while Javid showed me his Facebook photographs.*

You know Canary Wharf? There are two towers there. One has 55 floors, the other has 45. I did the tiles for those towers. Tiles, walls, floors, bricks: everything. I lived in Willesden Green.

...

My friend is talking about what happened yesterday. We were in a truck with three Egyptians and we were caught because they made so much noise. You know Tesco? It was a Tesco van, with oil, crisps, things to sell. They broke everything and made noise and we were caught.

Then they told the border control that they were Syrian. And the border control believed them. But Syrians do not behave like this. Many people, Iraqis, Egyptians are saying they are from Syria so they can get papers. This is not good for us who just need to be safe. Can you tell your government that this is a problem? Please tell them.

*These are notes from a conversation with a man I met in the Syrians' Squat. This is a series of low rooms, previously the offices for the abandoned beer warehouse next door. In the main room people sit on mattresses around an electrical heating element that glows red continuously. Everything that comes into this space: food, shaving equipment, tea, is shared out meticulously amongst the twenty people who live there. When I returned to the squat three months later it was exactly the same — the pictures I had taken in March were still on the walls — but the people I had met before had been replaced by twenty new people.*

*Osman and Ibrahim live in a hole in the ground underneath a cycle track beside a river. They have two kittens, 'Negger' and 'White', who scare away the rats. In July I joined them just after 10 most evenings as they broke Ramadan fast for the day.*

- IBRAHIM I dreamed about my girlfriend from before. She was in Europe. I said, 'what are you doing here?'
- OSMAN Normally my dreams come true, like, 80 percent are true dreams. Like, maybe you don't dream the actual thing, but if you know what it means you know what will happen.
- IBRAHIM If you dream about a girl these dreams are not true dreams. These dreams are from Shaitan. Like one time I dreamed about girl, I woke up I told Osman and he said this dream is from Shaitan. Then later that day they have a fight in Salam [the area where food is handed out]. Big fight. Many, many people I think. Afghan people and Sudan people. I think four Afghan people in hospital after that fight. One of them nearly died.
- ALICE So that dream about your girlfriend, that was from Shaitan?
- IBRAHIM Yes! Last night I didn't pray. I fell asleep and didn't pray and so I had this dream.
- ALICE So are there other bad dreams like that or just the ones about girls?
- IBRAHIM Sometimes I dream about guns and fighting, but those are true dreams.
- OSMAN When I dream about guns and fighting that normally means lawyers and immigration case. Like, gun is lawyer. If I don't take the gun I don't take the lawyer.
- ALICE So do you know how soon the dreams will come true? Is it always the next day?
- OSMAN Normally between two weeks and three months it comes true. Not everyone is like this. You cannot choose. Dreams are from God.



Now that you've finished recording me, you're gonna go to the Syrians and shake their hands and say 'Oh you are so interesting', and then you will go to the Africans and say 'Oh very interesting', and then you will go to the Iranians or Afghans or whatever those people are and say 'Oh you are so interesting, I really care about you, thank you!'

ALICE Let's talk about one of the ones where we can see your face. Which ones do you like?

ADEL OK... for example I like this one. It looks like I was sleeping or maybe I am not in a good mood. Maybe I was tired and didn't have enough sleep. But I like my way: sitting on rocks and holding cards and matches. Sitting, beside a tree. I imagine myself if I am on an island sitting by myself. And I was thinking about how I can get back to my land, or my people or my friends or whatever. That's my expression about this photo. Like a misunderstanding.

...

ALICE How about this one? This was your idea...

ADEL Because I like to be between trees. Or in green places, no one hates to be in green place. Or quiet place the same. Because before when I was young I was clever to climb trees. I like to climb and go up. I don't think if I fall down or not. If they say it's no good I have to do it. I don't listen. The hardest tree I get it's a kind of mango tree. Mango tree is not easy. It's not too high but sometimes if you like to catch mango you have to climb. And do you know cherry tree? Maybe I'm not hungry but I like to sit on top.

ALICE And what would you think when you were at the top?

ADEL Some people they say: 'if you want to smell fresh air, you go on top'. Clear and fresh air you stay on top, don't stay down. Because if you are near the land you smell the dust.

...

ALICE So you said you had a photograph of your father?

ADEL Yeah I said I have a photograph of my father ... It's my father but I don't know him, I don't have time to know him anyway. But I know — how can I say — I try to find him in a photo? And each time I try to think which way he was thinking. Like, as I say, if I put my mind in your mind. If I change my mind in your mind and think which way you will think. Or which way you will go. I do the same. Some people they die and they leave too much ... secrets. Not secrets, like maybe forget to tell you 'don't leave your kitchen lights open all the time.'

*I've known Adel for a year now. He doesn't seem to have any plans to leave Calais. He has lots of ideas for my project, particularly for words to include and photographs to take. The above conversation took place while we looked at photographs I'd taken of him.*

Hi, I am Hosein. I'm supposed to tell some stories to Alice, and then she would use them in her project.

The first thing she asked me is to tell the story of Mona. Mona was my owl, and I liked her very much, but one day she flew and left me alone.

One day, a friend of mine told me that he has an owl and doesn't know what to do with her. He told me that he's found her in the garden; she was fallen under the tree. First, I was scared to catch the owl, but then we caught her by throwing a scarf on top of her, and then put her in the cage, and decided to sell her, if possible. I told him, 'she is so sweet, let's keep her'. I took her from my friend. I asked my friend to give me the aggressive owl. I took her home with the cage.

When I was putting my hand in the cage, Mona was trying to peck on my hand; but with sheer bravery, I was putting my finger in her throat, which disabled her to bite. When I did this for several times, Mona realized that she couldn't be dominant, and gave it up. Her behavior became peaceful with me.

I used to leave her free in the house, without cage. According to a common belief, owl is inauspicious, but for us, she was very auspicious. Our life was much better when we had her.

From the very day that she left us, many problems happened to us, to my brother and me.

I used to bring her to my office, and she was there free in the garden. But one day, she flew and left me alone. I looked for her as much as I could. I was worried about her, for I thought she might not be able to take care of herself. She was very nice, but birds are all unfaithful. And that was my story with Mona.

I am Hosein from Iran I am an engineer. And I told this story to Alice whom I just met.

...

ALICE Can you repeat what you said when we went to the beach?

HOSEIN Yesterday, when we went to the beach, I thought again about the place I used to live in Iran, it was by the sea. Sea is the only thing that could relax me when I'm tired or when my thoughts are unorganized and fussy. I used to sit on the beach and the sea's vastness helped me to accommodate everything, any difficulty and trouble, within myself: just like the sea itself.

When I was in Iran, I was climbing mountains. And I told to mountain that I am greater than you, that I am stronger than you. I tried to be more stable and strong than a mountain.

...

Yesterday, Alice asked my views about mafia. Of course, by 'mafia' she meant those who're engaged in human trafficking. I said I like them. Alice wondered why.

I said they help those whose lives are in danger survive, and of course those who are wanted by the Iranian Police. They are being helped by mafia to escape, and find a way to carry on their fight and struggle.

But Alice said that they shovel up money, or they charge you a huge amount of money. But I said that when you're in danger, your life is worth more than your money. And also don't forget that the mafia also gamble on their life. So it's worth taking risks on what they do.

*(Translated from Farsi)*



I was sleeping in the squat in the fortress, by the river. I dreamt that a man came and spoke to me. He was dressed in white. No face, only light, shining. He touched my head and said something. Though he told me not to tell what he said.

Here is a canal, and here is a road. Here we put the peanuts in the ground. Then you turn over the mounds and leave them to dry in the sun. Then you take the peanuts and plough the soil. Then you make oil from the peanuts. We make oil from sesame seeds too, and grow corn. For meat we kill a cow, put it in the freezer and it lasts a month. The only thing we need to buy is sugar. Everything else we grow. Life is good in Sudan, except for the government. They stop you and take your wallet, your car.

...

I used to try to learn to swim by leaving one leg on the bank and moving my arms in the water. When I was young we had a game where they would hide under the water and someone would try to find us. I couldn't swim. One day my leg got stuck and I couldn't get to the top of the water.

...

*When Nour was in Turkey he gave €700 to a smuggler who said he would take him across to Greece in an airplane. But it turned out it was a boat. He always laughs when he tells this story. This was the first time he had been in a boat. It was a very small boat. But they were lucky it was a good boat. Not the kind made of wood that breaks when you get in it. And there were only 17 of them because it was winter. In summer there can be a lot more people and then the boat sinks. Everybody goes inside the water. It took maybe an hour to cross. They took the waves side on, because if you face them you go up and then down inside the water. He laughs again.*

*When they arrived on the island they thought they were on the mainland. They wanted to get away so they walked in every direction and still they came to the sea. There wasn't a boat to get off again for another few days. That time on the island was good. Beautiful.*

We were in Slovenia one month before we decided to go to Italy. We get in a taxi we give him just €100. They left us by the railway and we run along the railway. When a train came we jumped to the side. We walked through tunnels. It was dark. We had torches on our phones. Every 10 meters there were alcoves in the wall and we rested in them when a train came. When there was no train we ran. There were eight tunnels. Eventually we came to the sea. We asked someone how to get to Italy. He said, see those lights? That's an Italian city. The lights were 10 kilometers back the way we had come. We set off towards the lights. When our phones changed from Slovenia to Italy we knew we had crossed the border.

After this it was very difficult for me to walk. I have a problem with my ankle. It is finished — I cannot walk. My shoes were too small. My big toenail fell off. These nails I have now are new. When I arrived in Calais I just stayed in the squat, unable to walk.

...

*Nour has a stomach ulcer. It started in Sudan. He had an operation in Greece but it's still bad. The doctors in France said to come back in one month. He says they only give him 'bad medicine'. The pain stops him sleeping. Sometimes it makes him angry. Sometimes it makes him forget things. He forgets a lot of things. He says he doesn't dream except sometimes, when he dreams there's a weight on his chest and he can't breathe.*

We have sheep and cows and donkeys, horses and camels. The sheep and cows have names, but never the donkeys or the horses. The sheep come to you when you call. Once I sold a sheep, and later if it saw me it would still recognize me. We had many sheep at first. We would let them out of their pen in the morning and after that we would only need to check them once or twice. They know what time it is. At midday they would go to the water pool to drink because they would be hot. They would come back in the evening.

*We are sitting on the beach and Nour draws in the sand as he speaks.*

We had one good donkey and maybe three, four not so good. When you have a good donkey you can attach a trailer to it and it's like having a car. With a not good donkey it's not like this. If you buy a good donkey it's very expensive. Maybe you will not have enough money for one, two years. You have to be careful with a donkey, never approach it from behind and always keep it underfed. If you feed it too much it can be dangerous. Don't make a mistake with a donkey.

*Calais is the French port closest to the United Kingdom. It is not known how many people attempt to cross the border here without documents.*

*I travel easily and often across this border, getting to know those who are trying to cross by hiding in lorries, those who smuggle them across, those who are homeless while claiming asylum in France and those with no legal status and no plans to leave.*

*This book contains material gathered in Calais over a period of eighteen months. Some of the images were given to me from the Facebook accounts and mobile phones of people I met. The text is taken from recordings and notes of conversations. Some names have been changed.*



If a long time passes and you don't see me...

All images and text © Alice Myers  
Typography by Will Brady

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