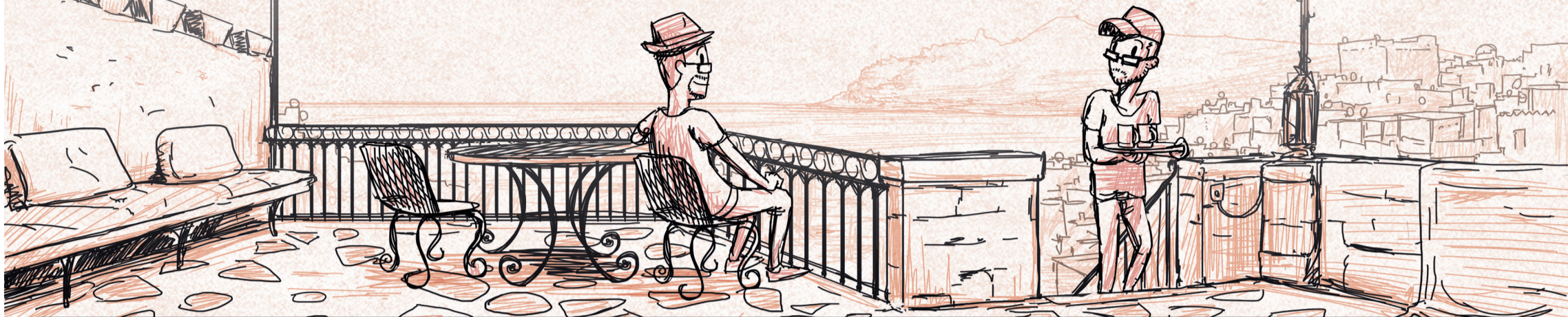


LUKAS & KILIAN WILDE

# BORDERING

SEPTEMBER 2013



Sooo...  
What's going  
on?

Take a  
look, Kil!

Ready?

Behold!

EUROPE!!



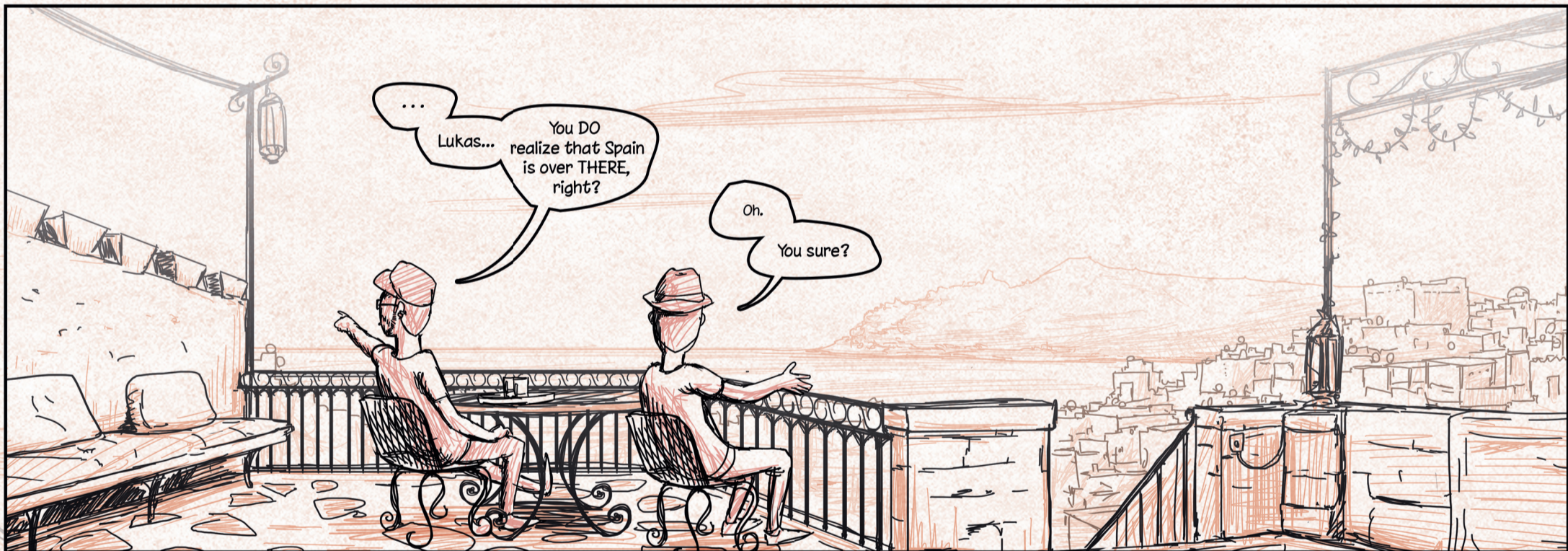
...

Lukas...

You DO  
realize that Spain  
is over THERE,  
right?

Oh.

You sure?



Yeah...

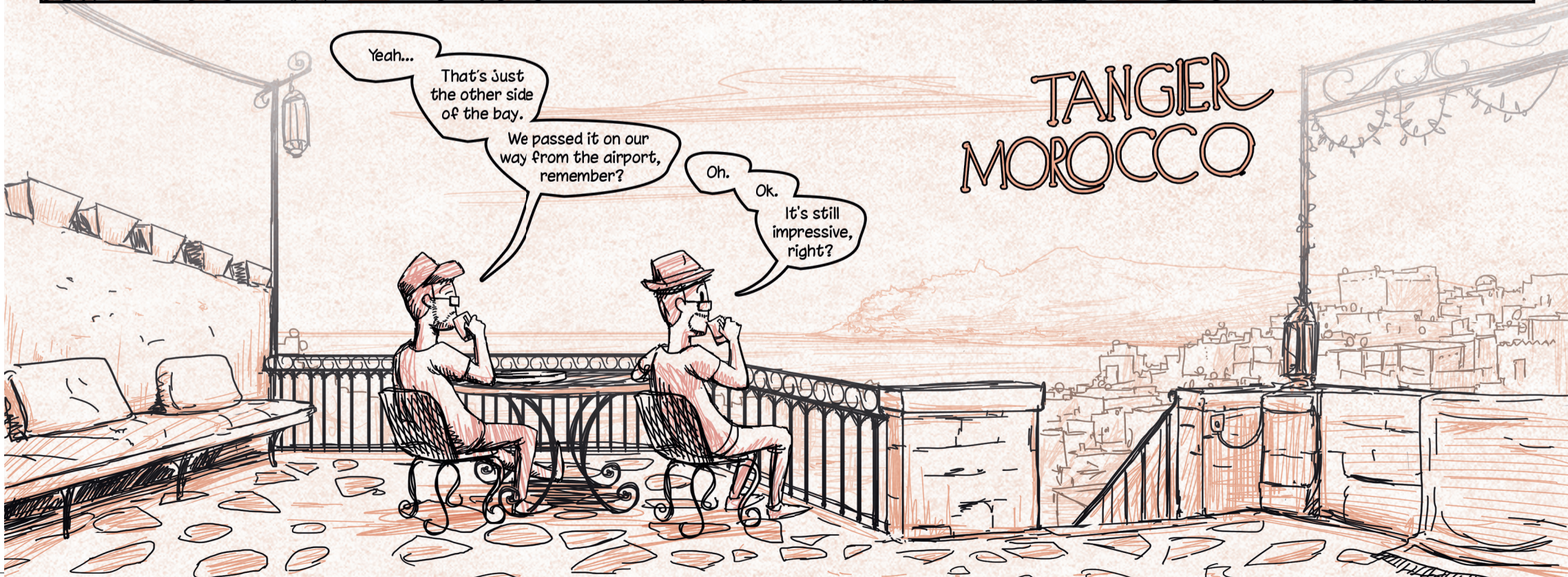
That's just  
the other side  
of the bay.

We passed it on our  
way from the airport,  
remember?

Oh.

Ok.  
It's still  
impressive,  
right?

## TANGER MOROCCO

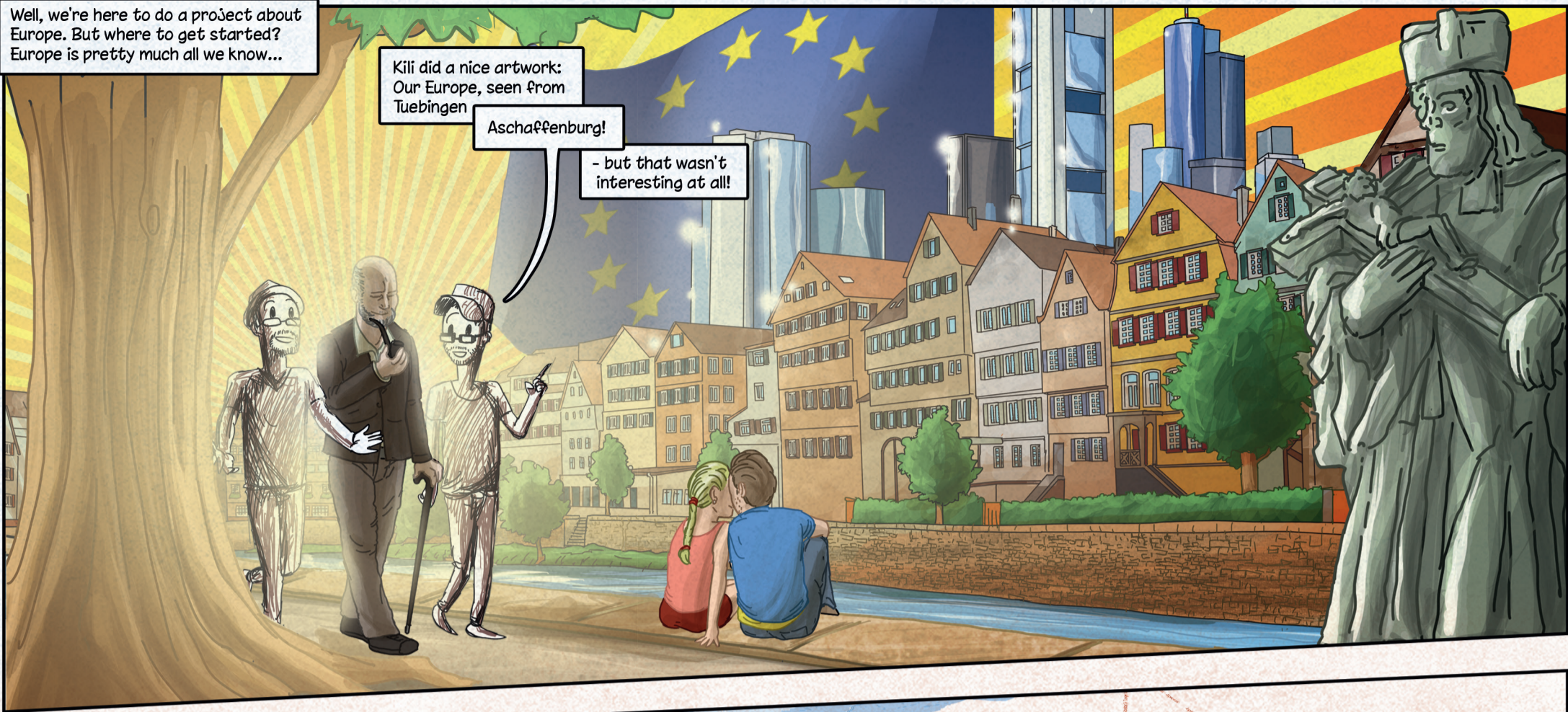


Well, we're here to do a project about Europe. But where to get started? Europe is pretty much all we know...

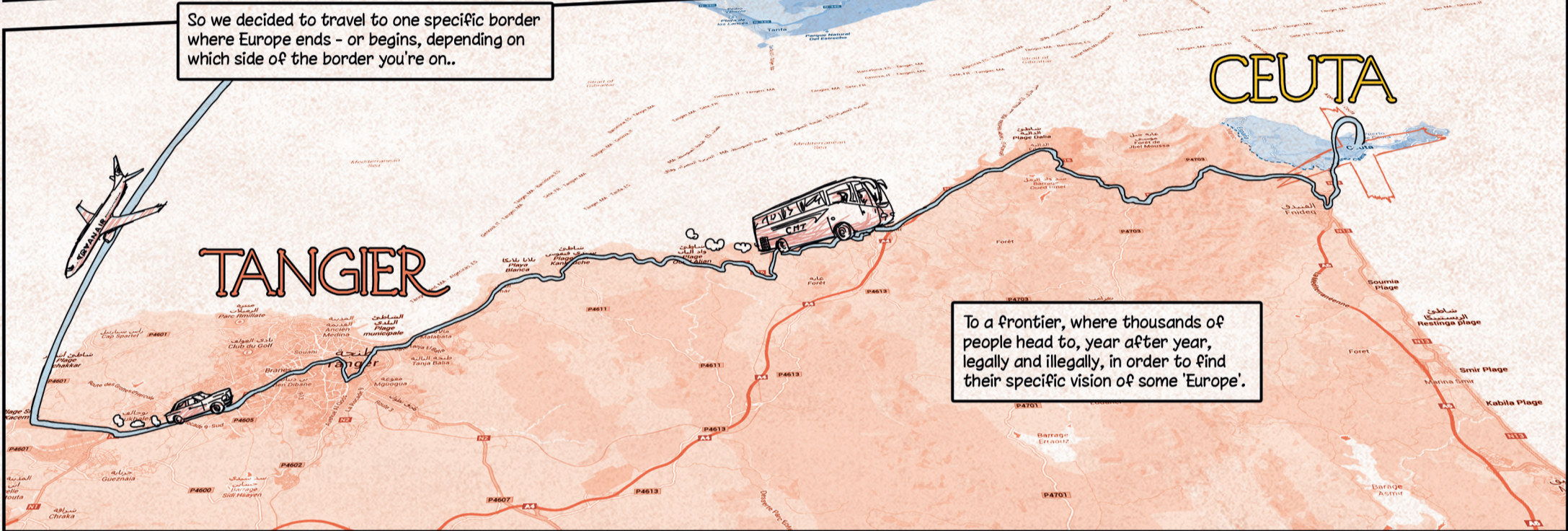
Kili did a nice artwork: Our Europe, seen from Tuebingen

Aschaffenburg!

- but that wasn't interesting at all!



So we decided to travel to one specific border where Europe ends - or begins, depending on which side of the border you're on..



To a frontier, where thousands of people head to, year after year, legally and illegally, in order to find their specific vision of some 'Europe'.



Morocco, very nice country!

Tangier is great city, very modern!

Marrakesh also, very nice!

Where do you travel?

We... Uh... to Ceuta?

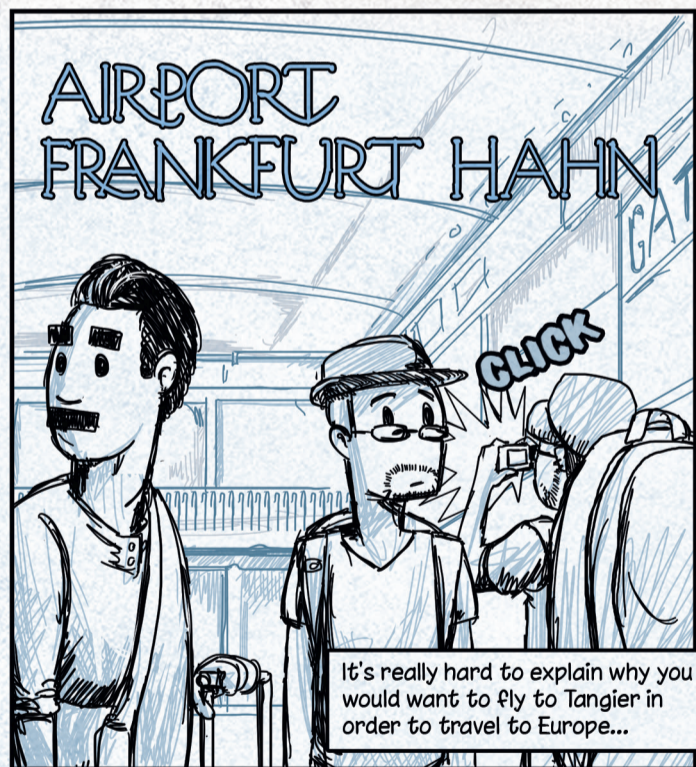
CLICK



... Oh. Like... Spain?

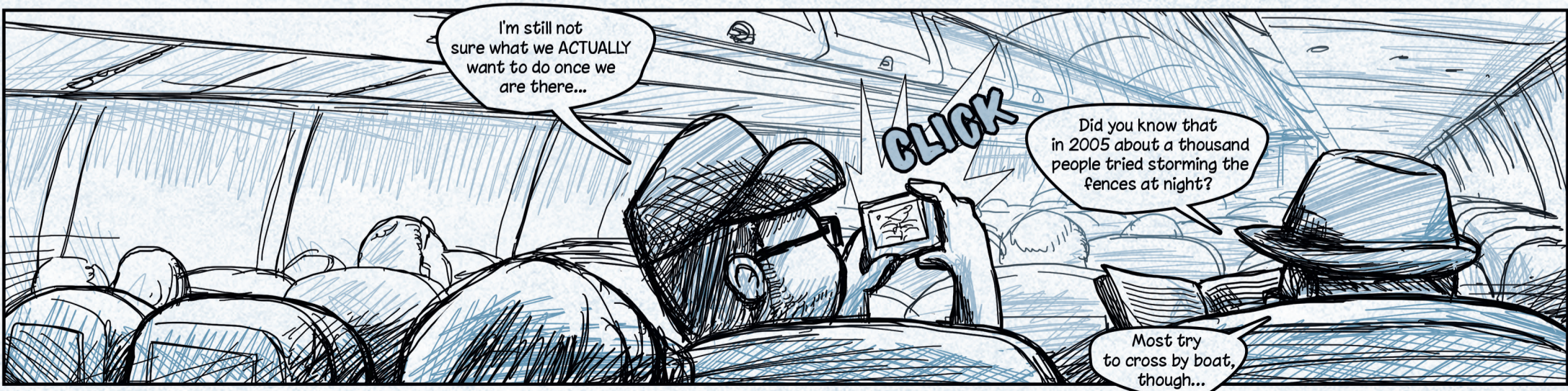
Yeah...

CLICK



AIRPORT FRANKFURT HAHN

It's really hard to explain why you would want to fly to Tangier in order to travel to Europe...

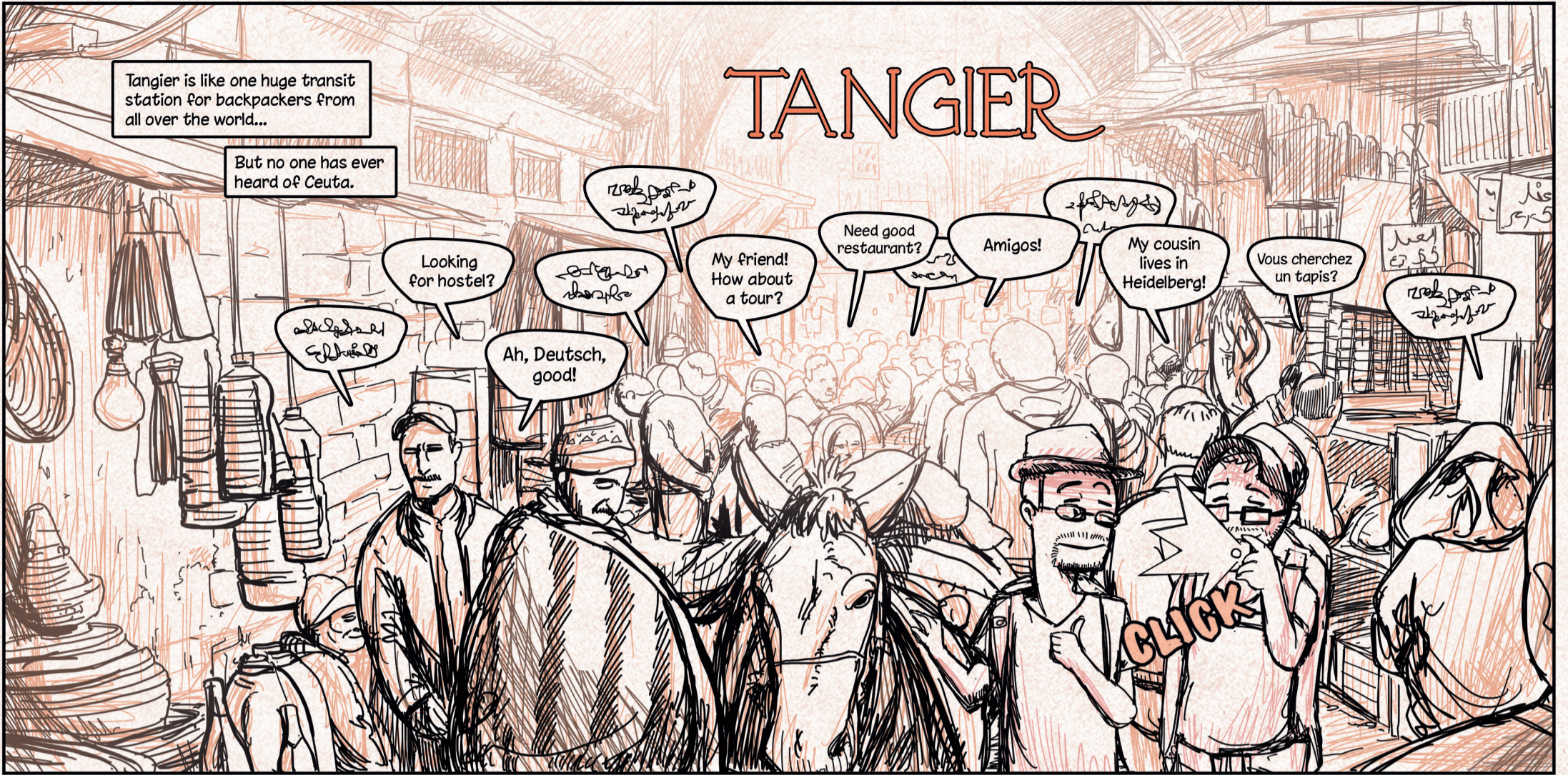


I'm still not sure what we ACTUALLY want to do once we are there...

Did you know that in 2005 about a thousand people tried storming the fences at night?

Most try to cross by boat, though...

CLICK



Tangier is like one huge transit station for backpackers from all over the world...

But no one has ever heard of Ceuta.

# TANGIER

Looking for hostel?

My friend! How about a tour?

Need good restaurant?

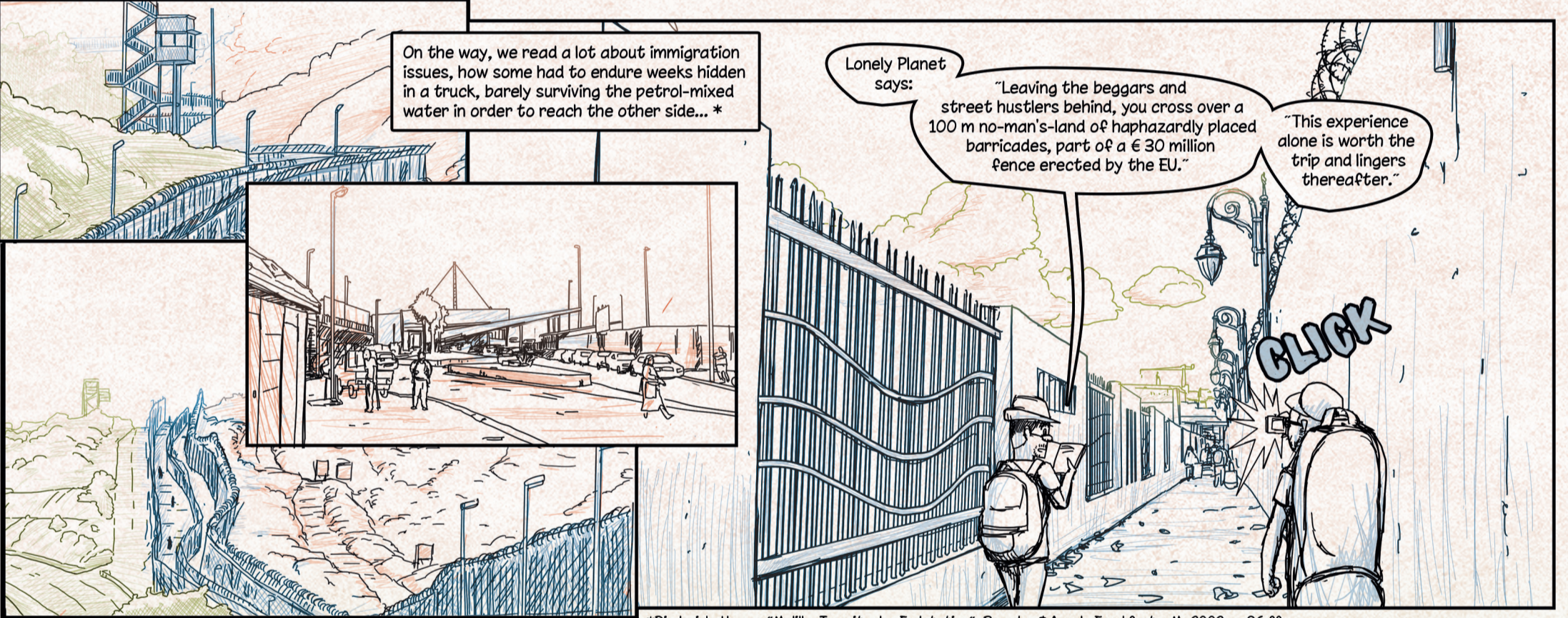
Amigos!

My cousin lives in Heidelberg!

Vous cherchez un tapis?

Ah, Deutsch, good!

CLICK



On the way, we read a lot about immigration issues, how some had to endure weeks hidden in a truck, barely surviving the petrol-mixed water in order to reach the other side... \*

Lonely Planet says:

"Leaving the beggars and street hustlers behind, you cross over a 100 m no-man's-land of haphazardly placed barricades, part of a € 30 million fence erected by the EU."

"This experience alone is worth the trip and lingers thereafter."

CLICK

\*Diederich, Hanna: "Melilla: Transit oder Endstation", Brandes & Apsel, Frankfurt a.M. 2009, p. 86 ff.

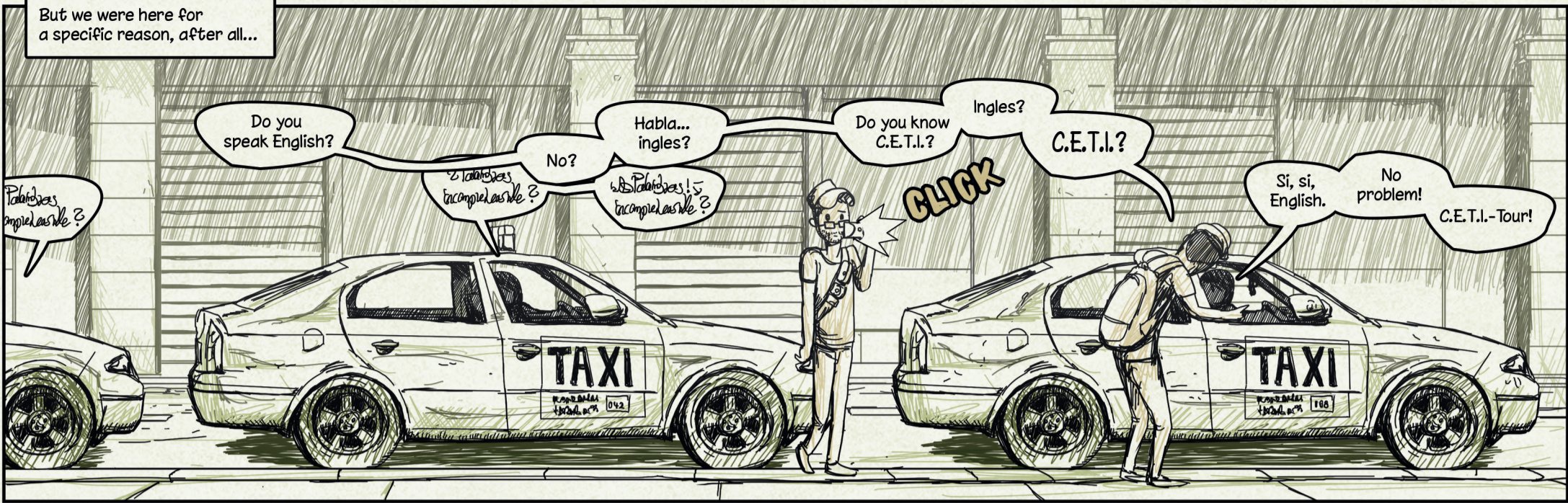


It really felt like we were the first non-Spanish tourists ever to come here...

# CEUTA

CLICK

But we were here for a specific reason, after all...



Do you speak English?

No?

Habla... ingles?

Do you know C.E.T.I.?

Ingles?

C.E.T.I.?

Si, si, English.

No problem!

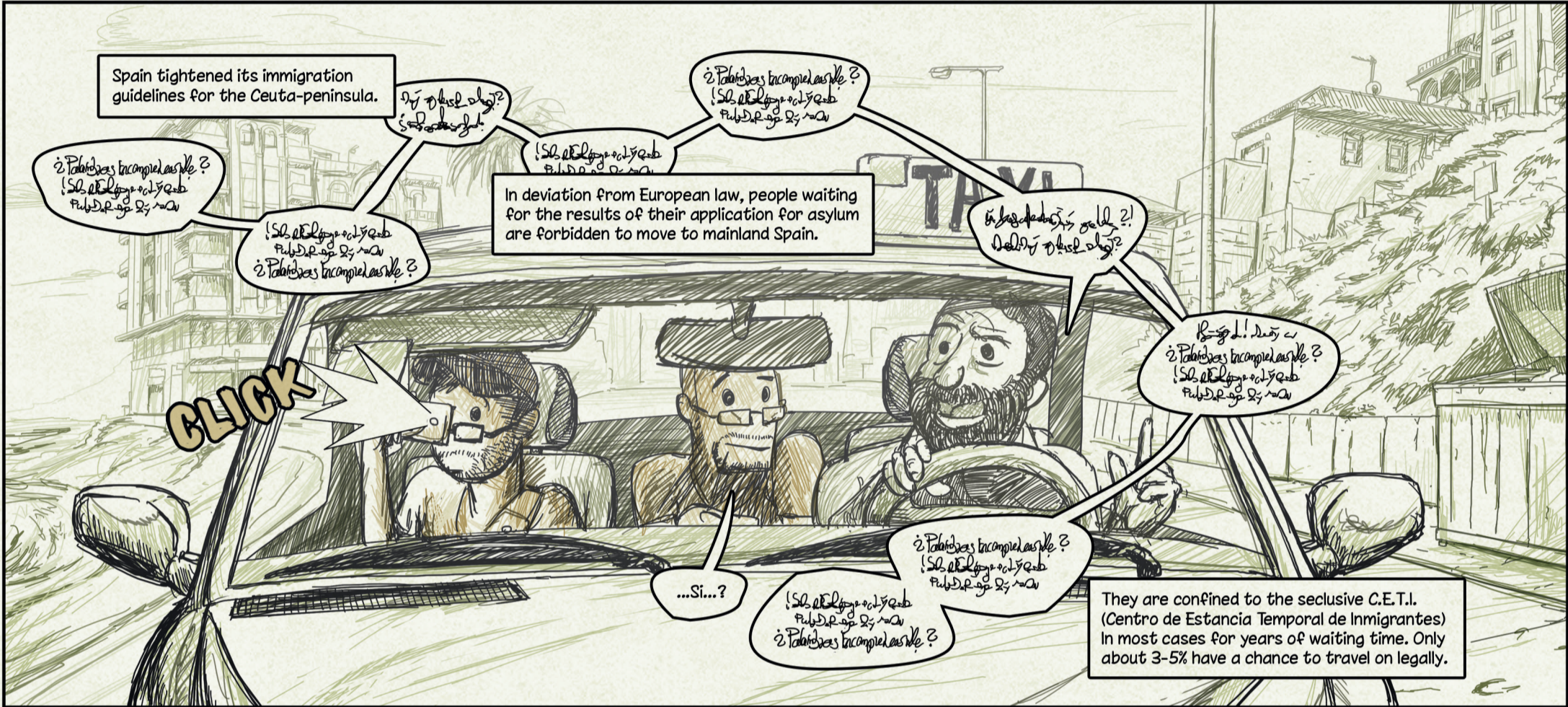
C.E.T.I.-Tour!

CLICK

Spain tightened its immigration guidelines for the Ceuta-peninsula.

In deviation from European law, people waiting for the results of their application for asylum are forbidden to move to mainland Spain.

They are confined to the seclusive C.E.T.I. (Centro de Estancia Temporal de Inmigrantes) in most cases for years of waiting time. Only about 3-5% have a chance to travel on legally.



CLICK

¿Poderías incompletable? ¡Sal al extranjero o tú que no puedes salir de aquí!

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¿Poderías incompletable? ¡Sal al extranjero o tú que no puedes salir de aquí!

...Si...?

Luckily, we were really well prepared...



Uhm... we are doing some research...

Investigación?

For a project... from Alemania?

Si. No problema.

But you need... Permiso.

Permission?

Yes. I wrote a lot of mails before, but no answer. Who can we ask?

Now fin de Semana. Weekend.

Go to Plaza De Los Reyes.

Delegacion del Gobierno. On monday.

Monday??

Si. It may take a while.

Unfortunately we had to leave on Tuesday...

Since even all the illicit employment in Ceuta is covered by Moroccans for a few Euro per hour, C.E.T.I.-inhabitants can basically just wait, day after day.



Seven to three to twelve.

I'm counting the ratio of joggers to soldiers to dogwalkers. Dog enriched walker units.

Mh?

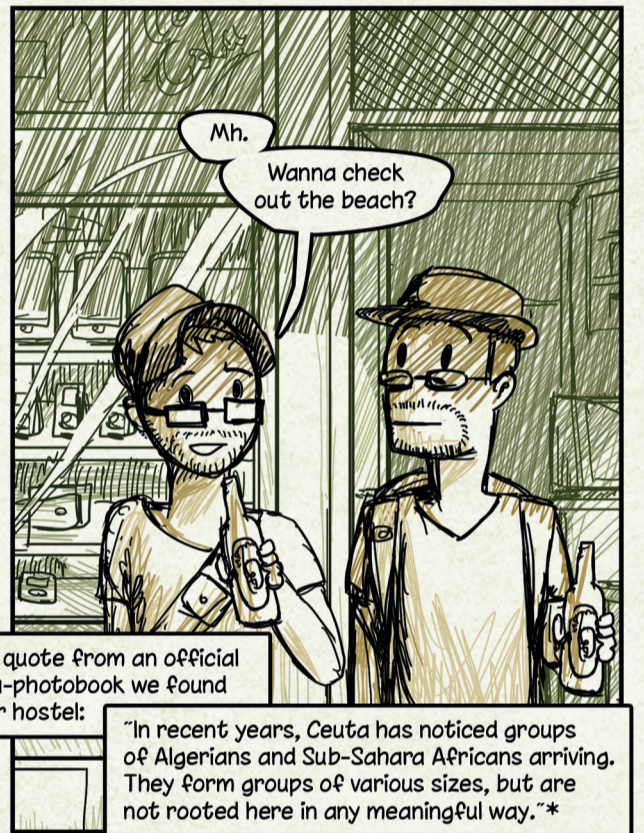
I call them DEWnits.

"DEWnits"? Nice!

In Europe you need hobbies to pass your time, right?

I like counting.

CLICK



"There is nothing to do but wait. There is neither work nor need for us here."

Is that from the C.E.T.I.-interviews...?

Naaahh... That's just me thinking about our act here.

Mh.

Wanna check out the beach?

Some quote from an official Ceuta-photobook we found at our hostel:

"In recent years, Ceuta has noticed groups of Algerians and Sub-Sahara Africans arriving. They form groups of various sizes, but are not rooted here in any meaningful way."\*

The book goes on:

"It is not easy to choose: The border - an invitation to discover Africa, to get to know this exotic neighboring country!" \*\*

Hey there, amigos...! May we offer you some whiskey?

MOROCCO

Two hours time lag

CEUTA

Where you from...? Poland? England?

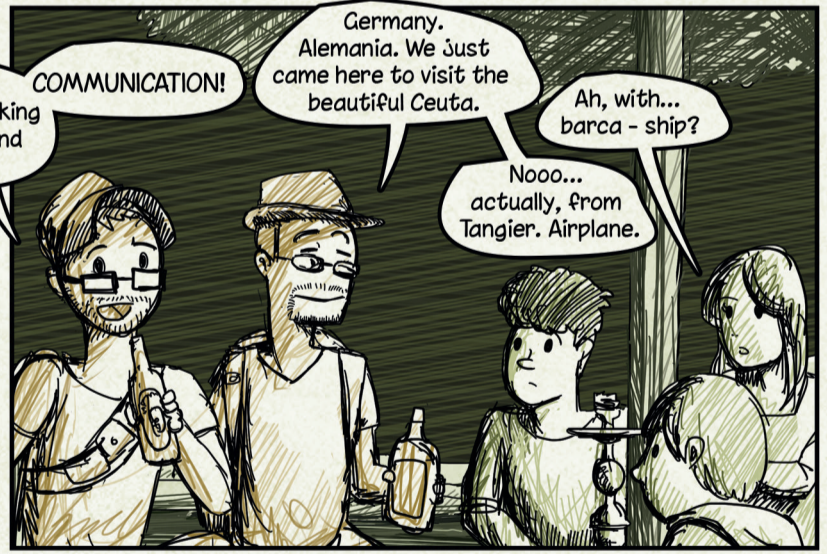
Finally! Someone speaking English around here!

COMMUNICATION!

Germany. Alemania. We just came here to visit the beautiful Ceuta.

Ah, with... barca - ship?

Nooo... actually, from Tangier. Airplane.



I don't like Morocco over there... Africa is dangerous.

We go to Spain as much as possible.

So you don't like it here?

Ceuta has a... BIG PROBLEM!

There is nothing going on!!!



\*Berceló, José Luis Gómez et.al. (Ed.): "Ceuta", Lunweg Editores, Barcelona/Madrid, 1998, p. 200.

\*\*ibid., p. 190.



Policia Nacional. We finally feel like real refugees, lost in the system. And with only € 6.16 and no cards left in our pockets: behold the unknown sensations of...

... hunger...

... thirst ...

HUNGOVER

HUNGOVER

09:12



11:10

...I have to pee...



... and a lack of public toilets.

12:45

There is no bathroom here.

"Maybe supermercado. Vale."



But people sympathize with our problem and try to give us good advice.

¿Poderías incomprenderle? ¿Poderías incomprenderle? ¿Poderías incomprenderle?



Did you get that?

Kind of.

That we were lucky this didn't happen in Morocco?

And we have no money left.

Where we'd have to pay the police to help?



Huh...

I thought he said we are lucky not to look like Moroccans, or we'd been fucked all the way from here to Bosphoros.

We'll never know.



Finally we get to talk to a police woman and her two translators.

Most frequently asked questions:

He was Muslim, right? No Spanish, right?

Looked Moroccan, correct?

Dark skin?

Actually, I'm pretty sure they were... Spanish guys, you know?

Like you? Europeans?

I remember nothing.

Lots of whiskey involved.

Next time, no drink whiskey, drink beer.

Makes you less so drowsy.

Could have fight them. Beer better.

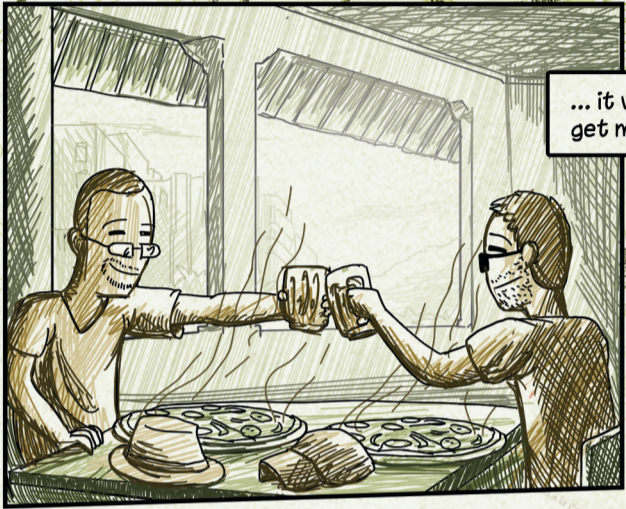




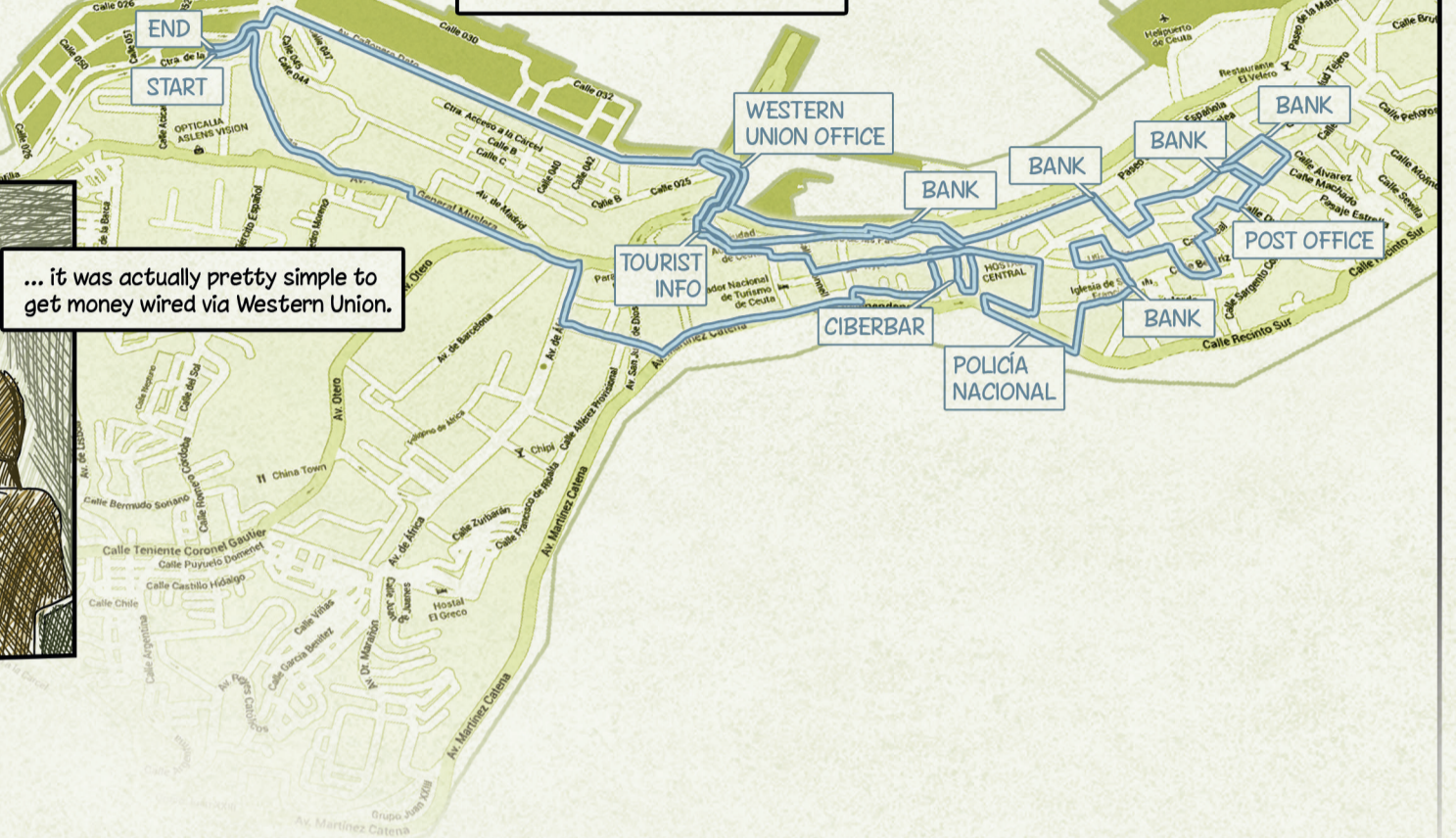
You wouldn't believe how dependent you are on your phones with all those contacts, pins, online banking options.

But after some reeeeeeally confusing detours through town...

... it was actually pretty simple to get money wired via Western Union.



Only later we found out on the news that the biggest wave of refugees in, like, years was to hit the Ceuta/Melilla-fences.



Now our flight leaves tomorrow, and we didn't get to the bottom of ANYTHING!

Not even of that whiskey bottle.

Because it was STOLEN!

Soooo, you guys were in Spain, right?

Do you have any insider recommendations...?

I heard there was a place called Rondos, with some authentic bullfighting!

We don't have time for that, we need to be in Liverpool in five days, and we HAVE to stop in Aix.

Aix is THE BEST.

HEY, CAN YOU SEE EUROPE OVER THERE????

