

Donass Koulibali - Ottavio Roda



# ACROSS THE SEA Memories



La Rivoluzione delle Seppie

# Stories from the Front

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There, like in a warzone, there was some kind of "police", they were patrolling and searching for guides and migrants. If they caught us, the guide had to pay them some money. He would then leave us with them, and they would bring us in a sort of prison, a place with no law or moral. The sexual abuses on woman...I'm still haunted by the screams I have heard there. The one that wanted to resist to their rapist were shot straight away, in front of everyone.



Thousands of sons swallowed by the mediteranean sea  
and the dry deserts of Mali, Niger, Lybia and Tunisia.  
Those lifes sinking to the bottom of the sea, the broken  
dreams of women, men and children, caused by the system  
and its ruling class.



In Zourra, where we were packed, the noise of weapons and explosions where part of the routine. Any resistance was received with death if the lybians wanted. From the crossing of the desert to the shore of the mediterranean sea, unbelievable terror. The guide, Hassan, was part of a network, reaching 'til local police. And mens were working for him, and they knew what they were in for. His reputation in successfully bringing passengers to the shore, allowed him to be tough when it came to business. 700 Euros was the price to take part in the journey. The price was non-negotiable and there was no refund, few actually dared to change their mind, scared of the heavily armed smuggler's crew.

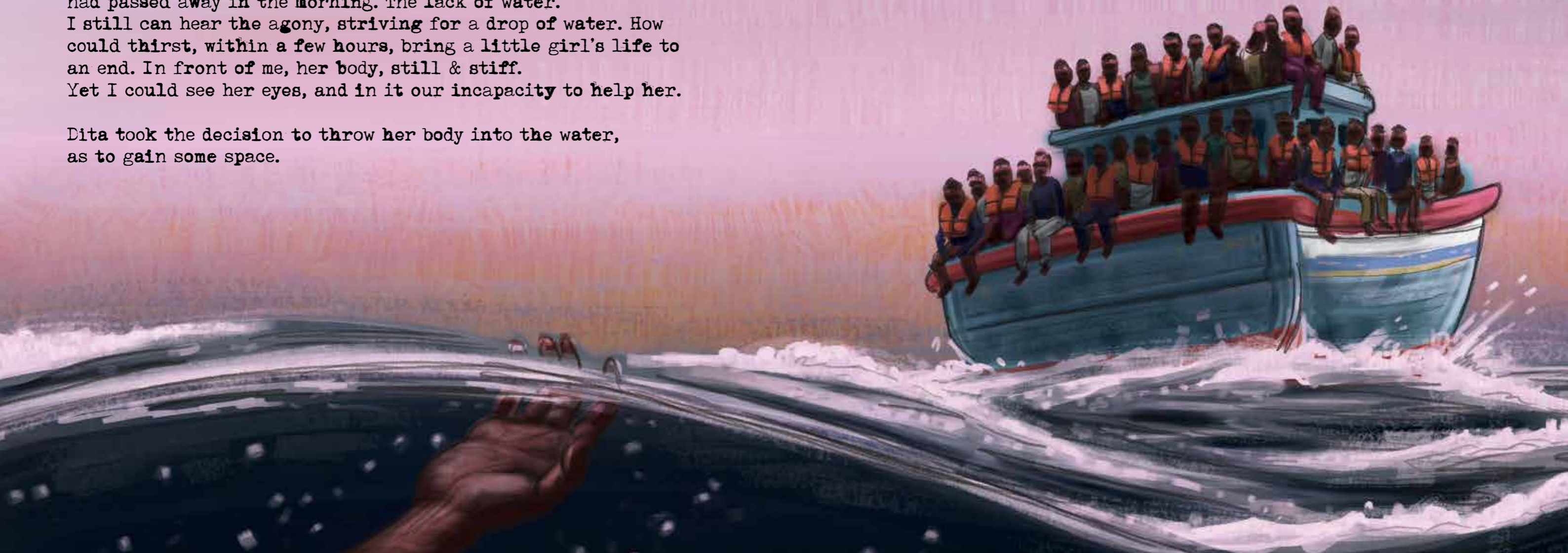





It could last for weeks, sometimes months. Inside this place, "beds". We would stay lying, days and nights. It was forbidden to go out. Sometimes, we would whisper a thing or two to each others. In fact, the silence was our shelter, a safer place.

We piled-up in the boat, with no compass. Screams and tears of childrens brought us subconsciously to doubt the decision of the journey. Then came the shivers, caused by the cracks coming from the plastic of the boat, bringing us everytime closer to the feeling of death. It was impossible for us to move, too scared of turning the boat upside down. I close my eyes and am still able to see the body of this young girl who had passed away in the morning. The lack of water. I still can hear the agony, striving for a drop of water. How could thirst, within a few hours, bring a little girl's life to an end. In front of me, her body, still & stiff. Yet I could see her eyes, and in it our incapacity to help her.

Dita took the decision to throw her body into the water, as to gain some space.



A painting of a boat on a choppy sea. The boat is white with a red stripe and has a row of brown seats. The sea is blue with white-capped waves. In the foreground, there is a large, crumpled brown object, possibly a piece of fabric or a tarp. The style is expressive and somewhat abstract, with visible brushstrokes and a focus on color and texture.

Sometimes, there were arguments, among camerounese, guys from ivory coast, sometimes the maliens against the sudanese but it always ended well enough. Infact the real master was the sea, especially when a wave came whipping the boat with anger, followed by a loud crack. We were sitting, or sort of, on a plank that felt like it could break at anytime. We felt death was around the corner for each of us, the one that humanity has left on the side.





Most of us are numbers, imaginary numbers serving a racist rulling class. A class of politicians only seeking popularity among their political family, using medias with the aim to create racial fear and conflict, forcing states to close their border and expel their migrants.

**La Rivoluzione delle Seppie is a small enterprise and start-up incubator in Belmonte, we join pedagogy and practice in all creative fields; where the boundaries between students and teachers are blurred and the actions undertaken are set in the real world. We believe in using design techniques & the design process to understand and act upon societal issues.**

**This is an illustrated book that we created based on Mr. Koulibali's diary that he wrote after his journey from the Ivory Coast through the mediterranean sea, to his final destination in Germany. Mr. Kpulibali wrote the diary to honour the dead he saw on the road, and raise awareness on the terrible situation that are undergoing some African countries. We think that telling these stories can help people to connect and relate to this historical situation.**



### **La Rivoluzione delle Seppie Manifesto:**

- ¶ Don't make a product, create a process.
- ¶ Examine the artistic expression beyond the traditional academy.
- ¶ Come together and create.
- ¶ Make a commitment towards the world through social creativity.
- ¶ Blur the conventional social and cultural barriers.
- ¶ Learning is a way of teaching.
- ¶ Accept any impactful method.
- ¶ Integrate living, learning and working.
- ¶ Valorise the complexities of culture and context.