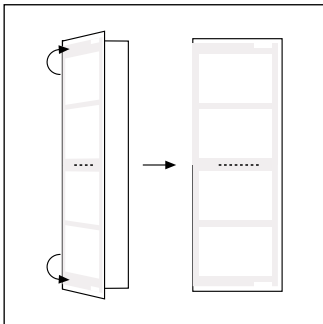
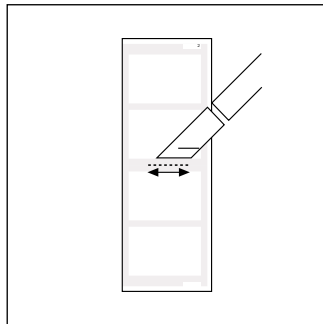


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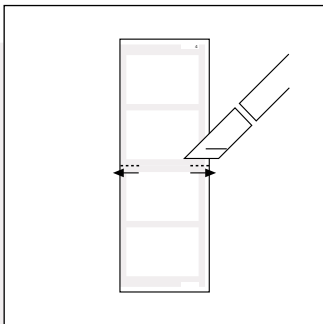
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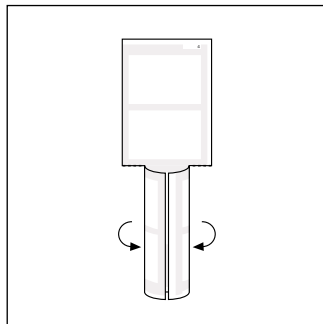
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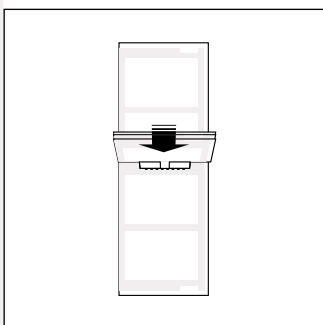
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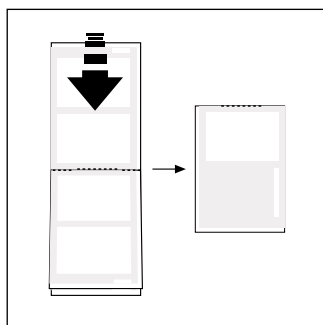
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6:



- 1: First, fold each A4 sheet in half along the vertical axis.
- 2: Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first A4 sheet. (pages 1/2/13/14)
- 3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.
- 4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second A4 page (pages 3/4/23/24).
- 5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first A4 page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/21/22), fourth (pages 7/8/19/20), fifth (pages 9/10/17/18) and sixth A4 sheet (pages 11/12/15/16) with the even pages in ascending order.
- 6: When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.



Many of the people – mainly young men (though increasingly women and children) who make the night crossing to Spain head to the *plasticos* of Almeria. These are basic greenhouse structures that cover an estimated 64,000 hectares. They are constructed from aluminium or wooden poles and covered on all sides with vast sheets of polythene. They have spread over such large tracts of Europe's only desert that they have become a desert landscape in themselves. From the vantage point of the mountains, it looks like an alpine vista: only the plastic reaches the blue of the mediterranean and a heat haze flickers overhead.

The greenhouses are filled with tomatoes, peppers, aubergine and cucumber grown for export. They are grown hydroponically in accelerated six week growing cycles. Even the most primitive structure – wooden poles and a little mortar swathed in sheets of yellowing polythene has vats of chemicals in an outbuilding with a computerised drip system delivering nitrates and pesticides to each seedling in its fibre glass bed. The crops are harvested and taken straight to auction where they are sealed in plastic and sold electronically to the highest bidder.

BAND 1 - visa song, more music, 48:
 LINK 1: The music of Moroccan star, Abdou, rings through the alleyways of the old city of Tangiers. He sings of longing not for happiness or love, but for visas. "The doors of the Consulates are closed," he wails. "The price to paradise is a forged passport and three thousand dollars."

DIFFUSION *Spans of Spans*

**SPREADING
 LIKE
 WILDFIRE**
**MELANIE
 JACKSON**

Frequent arrests for criminal damage, such as fence-cutting and slogan painting, inside the base blockades and visible protest outside, plus lots of local, national and international media attention, meant that eviction was inevitable. The last straw for the authorities came when we acquired a large static mobile home, wood burning stoves and laid gravel paths and flowerbeds.



SPECIES OF SPACES
SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE
Melanie Jackson

www.diffusion.org.uk

Series Editors: Giles Lane & Alice Angus

@ Proboscis & Melanie Jackson

First published by Proboscis in 2003.

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ISBN: 1 901540 33 2

British Library Cataloguing-in-publication data:
a catalogue record for this publication is available
at the British Library

DIFFUSION ebook design by:

Nima Falatouri (www.NMDesign.co.uk)

Paul Farrington (www.tonne.org.uk)

This publication is one of a series of essays commissioned by Proboscis for the series SPECIES OF SPACES – inspired by and in homage to Georges Perec's sporadic book. The series contemplates how we, in our virtual and physical, emotional and social – what Perec called the "infra-ordinary". SPECIES OF SPACES aims to radically question the teleology of contemporary urban existence, intervening in current debates on how the virtual and the physical relate to each other, and how technological advances affect cultural and social structures.

Supported by Arts Council England, London.

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of foreboding regarding all this desert scenery, and the films that might go on to be made. But with a touch of sardonic reassurance, leaping through the literature, I find that *Spartacus* was filmed here too.

Flicking channels on TV and thinking about radio waves. I pause on a story about a race that is run across a section of the Sahara Desert. The only Moroccan woman to have entered the race (six times longer than the London Marathon) is asked about her hardest moment. She explains that when night fell, after running all day in temperatures peaking 50 degrees, she found that her torch did not work. This meant that she could not verify her direction with the compass and she could not track footprints in the sand. Sandstorms raged around her, whipping her exposed skin. She was running alone, in absolute darkness, with no phone, in the middle of the largest desert on earth. She kept running in a straight line and by early morning she had rejoined the entourage.

The story brought to mind another I had seen a few months earlier. It featured the Anglican Church in Tangiers. The greater and most devoted part of the congregation was made up of sub-Saharan Africans (mostly Nigerians as I remember) passing through Tangiers en route to Europe.

Throughout the service there was a peal of ringtones. Not the singular tones I am used to hearing in public places, but a chorus that played for the length of the service.

REEL 1/1: VOICEOVER: Each day I take out his photo, and remember the last time I saw him, Jirana the Frog, four years ago. They said he boarded a bus for Italy. Perhaps the bus-driver took him. But I didn't tell the police. They couldn't have done anything, and anyway I was still too poor to feed him, and his four brothers. It's better he feeds for himself. One day, if God is Great, he'll come back with a Mercedes laden with clothes, electronics, and a yacht.

In Caracas a cacerejoza was sparked off by the President's overbearing television presence. There is something so satisfying about the picnic and the cooking pot heralding a different kind of exchange. Spartacus is said to have led the first wave of his revolt against Imperial Rome armed only with kitchen utensils.

I realised there was something familiar about Almeria. I began to recognise the landscape as it unfolded before me. Beyond the greenhouses the desert rolls on and on absorbing the vastness of the greenhouses into yet another scale. Locals say that greenhouses are the third miracle to have transformed their harsh landscape into something more bountiful. The first was a real goldrush that ended in disappointment, the goldmine now ossified by sand and sun. The second was a mimetic goldrush: the movies. The film sets are still in the mountains, restored and preserved for devotees – *Mirni Hollywood* and *Texas Hollywood*.

The new town burghers have followed the architectural motif of their miraculous precedents. Cactus and prickly pear, originally brought in for the movies, now proliferate the desert untouched by plastic, but in town they are importing palm trees from Libya to line the main drag. There is a sense

Pot-and-pans protest greets Venezuelan leader
 CARACAS, Oct 30 - Residents of the Venezuelan capital Caracas beat pots and pans in a rowdy protest Monday night to show their annoyance at yet another lengthy television appearance by the country's loquacious President Hugo Chavez, witnesses said.
 The protest began shortly after the start of a three hour television and radio broadcast by the outspoken, voluble Venezuelan leader, who has made a habit of regularly lecturing the nation on his policies, experiences and personal opinions.

It was strangely moving, like a victory call. These young men had walked and hitched across the Sahara Desert to get there. It takes some a whole year to get across. Here they are only 13 kilometres away from Europe. Shaking hands with the English vicar is not only an affirmation of belief, but a taste of arrival.

When I see young people in London wield mobile phones in their hands like mascots, I begin to think of them differently. It is partly a display of status, and meant for each other – but the phones are also talismans to ward off the unknown and the uninitiated. At the press of a button they are restored to their group (their *brederens*). When I carry my phone, I conceal it carefully, as I am more concerned about being attacked for it rather than it symbolising my enfranchisement.

A film shoot on migration from Morocco has suffered a setback after seventy members of the cast fled across the Straits of Gibraltar bound for Spain. The director, Mohammed Smail, told the BBC his film extras had escaped in boats to Europe days before filming was due to begin. As Nick Pelham reports from Morocco, their flight highlights a startling increase in clandestine migration from Morocco's shores.
 Director Mohammed Smail said he feared his cast had taken their roles too seriously. They had been due to play the lives of young Moroccans who take to rickety boats in search of riches in Europe. The plot ends in a familiar tragedy – over the past decade over two thousand boat people have drowned in the eight-mile sea which separates Africa from Europe. But the mobile phone has made the crossing safer – coast guards now receive frequent calls from boats in distress.

A friend went to Hong Kong just for a single night on a stopover from New Zealand. On Sunday morning he went for a stroll and came across a congregation of thousands of women on the forecourt of the HSBC bank, spilling over onto bridges and sidewalks. They were sat on rugs, talking, swapping pictures, eating picnics. He stopped to ask them what they were waiting for. They didn't understand what he meant.

He came home still wondering what he had seen. I found out that these women were not waiting for anything at all. They were the maids - the thousands of 'amahs' from the Philippines who keep Hong Kong's domestic space in order. They were just using otherwise empty public space for a social gathering, as they do every Sunday. They sustain a weekly picnic on the concourse of one of the most developed business districts in the world: in the heart of one of the worlds most overcrowded cities. It has become one of the city's rituals. They seem to maintain it by the sheer force of their magnanimity. In Brazil and Venezuela the *cacerolaza* is a traditional and effective means expressing dissent. The city centre is brought to a standstill by the cacophony made by its citizens beating on their cooking pots. Recent protest in Brazil were a first response to the closure of banks.

one hears more Ilonggo, spoken on Panay island. Closer to City Hall, the most common dialect is Cebuano, from Cebu. Hong Kong's Filipinas, in other words, replicate their village communities, and these surrogate families form a first circle of shared being. Indeed, some of the new arrivals in Hong Kong already have aunts, nieces, former students, teachers, or neighbours who are there, and gossip from home spreads like wildfire.

*Domestic workers

The Filipina Sisterhood An Anthropology Of Happiness HONG KONG

Out of misery, some extraordinary lessons

ONCE a week, on Sundays, Hong Kong becomes a different city. Thousands of Filipina women throng into the central business district, around Statue Square, to picnic, dance, sing, gossip and laugh. They snuggle in the shade under the HSBC building, a Hong Kong landmark, and spill out into the parks and streets. They hug. They chatter. They smile. Humanity could stage no greater display of happiness. This in stark contrast to the other six days of the week.

Some amahs* sleep in closets, on the bathroom floor, and under the dining table. One petite amah sleeps in a kitchen cupboard. At night she takes out the plates, places them on the washer, and climbs in; in the morning, she replaces the plates.

Statue Square has a sense of whole region on Sundays. At that time the square turns, in effect, into a map of the Philippine archipelago. The picnicers nearest to the statue itself, for instance, speak mostly Ilocano, a dialect from northern Luzon. In the shade under the Number 13 bus stop (the road is off-limits to vehicles on Sundays)

In Morocco, the term *haraqas* is given to describe the burning of identity papers, and is part of the preparation for travel. Most people are not eligible to apply for work or travel visas so must reinvent themselves if they want to see Europe. Unlike Europe, all kinds of human experience finds its way into popular music. There is a whole body of song that refers to this crossing. Some lyrics describe adventure, bravery and emancipation. Others are laments, and mourn the separation from lovers and friends. Some are warnings, and urge us not to join the "sea of death". Many refer to *haraqas* - which is so common it is an everyday turn of phrase.

Passengers with papers take the hourly daytime ferry. Passengers without risk the night crossing: the *pateras* (small wooden fishing boats) or *zodiacs* (inflatable dinghies) and pay six times more. They leave from remote beaches in the dead of night when the sea is calm, the sky is clear and the wind blows from the west. To those that make it over, the phone acts as a sonic beacon, a link to the identity that has gone up in smoke.

The Straits of Gibraltar separate Africa from Spain. From Tangiers the shimmering night-time vista of southern Spain is an EL Dorado. The narrow channel connects the Atlantic Ocean and the Mediterranean Sea. It is 8 miles (13 km) in width between Point Marroquí, Spain, and Point Cires, Morocco. Oceanographers are interested in the flow through this strait because the Mediterranean outflow plays an important role in the circulation of the North Atlantic Ocean, and determine the mass, heat, and salt balances of the Mediterranean. The flow is complex because waters are confined in the strait and internal waves formed can have displacements of up to 50 m.

I speak to the the men. Some of the youngest are still optimistic. They have lived off their wits for months on end and they are still on the way. One of them had tried six times to get here and now he's here. Well not here. Not yet. He has dreamt of Paris or London or Frankfurt. Others begin to speak. The real problem with *haragas* one ventures, is that it is just as hard to go home as to go on. An older man joins the group. He is furious with the others for talking to me, his eyes are blazing. The translator feels very scared, but perhaps it is because he has just witnessed fear rather than felt it.

I have been fascinated by this stretch of water for a long time. I first made the crossing when I was nineteen years old. I wanted to watch the sun going down on the most southerly tip of Spain, looking over to Africa, and sail over the next day. I wanted to do the same from the other side. Such a tantalisingly short distance for what had always sounded so far away. I spent the night out on the beach alongside my chaparone who was diligently trying to live out my fantasy, but shivering with cold and fear of arrest. To compensate I agreed to spend the following day relaxing on the beach and take the last boat over in the evening.

The strong winds and bright light masked the intensity of the sun and it wasn't until the evening that I realised I was seriously sunburned. I needed to find a room. I lay down to rest and was immediately unconscious. I woke in a room in my grandmother's house. I realised I must have been sent there to recover. I would be anywhere but there, a place where I would draw a punishing kind of comfort, and be reprimanded with my own foolishness....

Some Things You Are Not Allowed To Send To Morocco

absinthe
banknotes
certain aperitifs
coins
counterfeit Moroccan coins and medals
jewellery
lottery advertisements (except those connected with Moroccan government lotteries)
silver
platinum
precious stones exceeding £7 in value
seditious literature
spirits
spurious substances designed to adulterate food and drink

Some Things You Are Not Allowed To Send To Spain

all arms and weapons
films and celluloid
food
gold
human remains
jewellery
live animals and plants
money
personal effects
postcards decorated with glitter glass
playing cards
printed matter contrary to Spanish Morals and Customs
rosaries, relics and other devotional articles
saccharin
tobacco
works of art

The farmers rely on the migrant labour market to set out and harvest their crops. Hopefuls line the edge of the road and roundabouts waiting to be picked up in trucks. Though cutting edge business systems and biotechnology is in place, these make –do structures and the itinerant workforce make for something far more ancient. The crops are picked by hand, in sweltering heat, strictly for cash.

I wonder where the workers live and ask to be taken. I have seen only ranches and greenhouses and hotels. Budget airlines are due to fly here very soon and apartments and hotels are rising to meet the imminent guests. On driving further I realise that there are several towns and they are also growing at a pace. They feel like goldrush towns: houses, bank, hotel, chemist, bar. But we drive right on through. We drive out to shacks and outbuildings – remnants of another era of farming.

They are augmented by the inevitable plastic sheeting and have satellite dishes tacked all around. We pull up in front of a building that was once quite literally a pigsty. I looked at my translator, who had been explaining in mixed tones of regret and justification, why they couldn't get houses to rent.

The most touching spot is the **Fuente Mora** (Moorish Fountain) in the lower part of the Pueblo. Though remodelled in modern times it maintains the Muslim tradition of turning water into art. An inscription records the speech made here, according to legend, by Alavez the last Islamic governor of Mojácar, to the envoy of Catholic Monarchs in 1488. It translates in part:

Though my people have lived in Spain more than 700 years, you say to us: 'You are foreigners, go back to the sea'. In Africa an inhospitable coast awaits us, where they will surely tell us as you do – and certainly with more reason – 'You are foreigners: cross by the sea by which you came and go back to you own land'. Treat us like brothers, not enemies, and let us continue working in the land of our ancestors.

I moved through the room testing the materiality of things, trying to orientate myself, hoping that I might be whisked away as suddenly as I had arrived, in the way of a dream. I breathed onto mirrors and drew frantic circles in the condensation, I unpicked the weave of fabrics, vinyl off the wallpaper - and checked for paper fibres by tearing at some hateful get-well cards placed on the side table. I opened and tasted jars of foods only my Nan would keep: ancient jars of cocktail cherries and piccailli. This sickly and vinegar evidence was final proof. My sense of failure was overwhelming. I wept in resignation. I dabbed at my eyes and opened them to the delicious sight of a dirty hotel room, with my companion bent over me, anxiously biting at his lips. It made me realise how consummate hallucinations can be. Not the animated projections I related to LSD but total environments acting on all the senses.

For three days I slipped from one room to the other until I managed to shake off the sunstroke and stay in the hotel. I was so grateful to be there.

The refrigerated freight is lined up ready for the airport. It is flown all over the world. To the delight of the auction house it has recently entered the Chinese and American marketplace. I meet one of the Directors of the syndicate, who professes to have initiated the whole process of *plasticisation*. He tells me his story.

The region had always been the very poorest in Europe, barely maintaining cottage industries growing olives and almonds and vine fruits. Franco established several local regions as agricultural zones and for many years they laboured on, hand to mouth, fighting desert winds and lack of water. One year a vicious desert wind damaged the tomato seedlings on his family farm - but he was determined to coax them back to life. He tried digging sand in the soil to hold moisture, mixed with guano for nutrition. They built some little windbreaks around them from feed bags and gradually the plants flourished. A tourist passed by and asked why they didn't use bigger plastic sheets – why not cover the whole field? (He owned a plastics factory in Barcelona). The next crop they constructed a system of wooden poles across the field and covered the whole structure with polythene sheet. It produced a record yield and halved the growing time. The greenhouses spread like wildfire:

employing many people. Although he waited until he was 10 years old for his first pair of shoes, he muses, at 60 he pays for hundreds.

When I drive amongst the greenhouses they stretch further than the eye can see in all directions. It is the size of a city: like a great horticultural squatter camp. It is so profitable that British supermarkets are cutting their own plots into the mountainside. Even the seawater is soon to be conscripted: desalinated in giant pans and pumped inland to the dried-out river beds. The avenues between greenhouses are deserted. Inside they quietly drip their way to fruition. Farmers are very generous and welcome me inside to see their operation. I am quietly warned by my translator that the pesticides are so dangerous that I should not touch my mouth or ingest anything until I have washed thoroughly first. (After a few minutes the smell of plastic and and taste of chemical leaves a residue in the mouth). At the edges of the greenhouses, every so often, ranch style houses are beginning to appear with ostentatious porcos. The farmers have grown rich under cover.