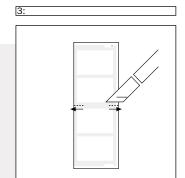
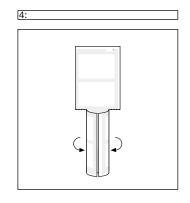
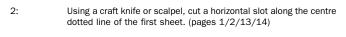


Construction





1: First, fold each sheet in half along the vertical axis.

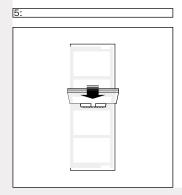


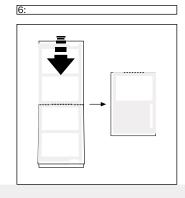
3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.

4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second page (pages 3/4/23/24).

5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first 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 sheet (pages 11/12/15/16) with the even pages in ascending order.

When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.





14 ET



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.

SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE

MELANIE JACKSON

HIFFUSICIN Shais of Shaws

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."

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.

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

SPECIES OF SPACES SPREADING LIKE WILDFIRE Melanie Jackson

www.diffusion.org.uk

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This publication is one of a series of essays commission proboses for the series SPECIES OF SPACES – inspired by

This publication is one of a series of essays commissioned by Probossis for the series SPE(EES OF SPACES.—Inspired by and in homage to Georges Perec's eponymous book. The series contemplates how we, in the contemporary world of the twenty-first century, occupy space — the virtual and physical, emotional and social — what Perec called the "infraordinary", SPECIES OF SPACES aims to radically question the trajectory 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.

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

The story brought to mind another I had seen a few months earlier. It featured the Anglican Church in Tanglers. The greater and most devoted part of the congregation was made up of sub-Saharan Africans (mostly Nigerians as I remember) passing through Tanglers 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 A/I: VOICEOVER: Each day I take out his photo, and remember the last time I saw him, Jrana 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 fends for himself. One day, if God is Great, he'll come back with a Mercedes laden with clothes, electronics, and a yacht.

are still in the mountains, restored and preserved for devotees - Mini Hollywood and ossified by sand and sun. The second was a mimetic goldrush: the movies. The film sets

Texas Hollywood.

precedents. Cactus and prickly pear, originally The new town burghers have followed the architectural motif of their miraculous goldrush that ended in disappointment, the

something more bountiful. The first was a real transformed their harsh landscape into greenhouses are the third miracle to into yet another scale. Locals say that absorbing the vastness of the greenhouses greenhouses the desert rolls on and on

have

it unfolded

Almeria. I began to recognise the landscape as I realised there was something familiar about Rome armed only with kitchen utensils. lead the first wave of his revolt against Imperial kind of exchange. Spartacus is said to have picnic and the cooking pot heralding a different

before me.

Beyond

the start of a three hour television and radio broadcast by the outspoken, voluble Venezualan Leader, who has made a habit of regularly lecturing the nation on his policies, experiences and protest began shortly after personal opinions.

annoyance at yet another lengthy pots and pans in a rowdy protest President CARACAS, Oct 30 - Residents of the Venezualan capital Caracas beat ρλ show appearance loquacious t C night television country's Monday

protest Venezualan leader Pot-and-pans

A film-shoot on migration from Morocco has

greets

Hugo Chavez, witnesses said.

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

In Caracas a cacereloza was sparked off by the President's overbearing television presence.

There is something so satisying about the

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

> 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 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 Pelham reports from Morocco, their flight highlights a startling increase in clandestine had taken their roles too seriously. They had been Director Mohammed Smail said he feared his cast migration from Morocco's shores.

5

requent calls from boats in distress.

6T 20 expressing dissent. The city centre is brought to a cacerolaza is a traditional and effective means magnanimity. In Brazil and Venezuala the seem to maintain it by the sheer force of their cities. It has become one of the city's rituals. They in the heart of one of the worlds most overcrowded the most developed business districts in the world:

sustain a weekly picnic on the concourse of one of social gathering, as they do every Sunday. were just using otherwise empty public space for a keep Hong Kong's domestic space in order. They thousands of 'amahs' from the Phillipines who anything at all. They were the maids - the I found out that these women were not waiting for He came home still wondering what he had seen

Brazil were a first response to the closure of banks standstill by the cacophony made by its citizens

beating on their cooking pots. Recent protest in

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

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 Luzon. In the shade under the Number 13 bus stop (the road is off-limits to vehicles on Sundays) one hears more Ilonggo, spoken on Panay island. students, teachers, or neighbours who are there, and gossip from home spreads like wildfire. They snuggle in the shade under the HSBC into the central business district, around Statue Square, to picnic, dance, sing, gossip and laugh.

*Domestic workers

building, a Hong Kong landmark, and spill out into smile. Humanity could stage no greater display of

the parks and streets. They hug. They chatter. They happiness. This in stark contrast to the other six 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.

8

Some amahs* sleep in closets, on the bathroom

days of the week.

Statue Square has a sense of whole region on into a map of the Philippine archipelago. The picnickers nearest to the statue itself, for instance, speak mostly Ilocano, a dialect from northern

Sundays. At that time the square turns, in effect,

ONCE a week, on Sundays, Hong Kong becomes a different city. Thousands of Filipina women throng Out of misery, some extraordinary lessons An Anthropology Of Happiness The Fillipina Sisterhood HONG KONG

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

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

> of the North Atlantic Ocean, and determine the mass, heat, and salt the shimmering night-time vista of Mediterranean Sea. It is 36 miles (58 km) long and narrows to 8 miles (13 km) in width between Point interested in the flow through this strait because the balances of the Mediterranean. The Straits of Gibraltar separate Tangiers narrow channel connects the important role in the circulation flow is complex because waters are formed can have southern Spain is an El Dorado. Marroqui, Spain, and Point Cires, Mediterranean outflow plays strait displacements of up to 50 m. Oceanographers Spain. From the Ocean i. internal waves Africa from Atlantic confined Morocco.

1T 18

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

> > other side. Such a tantalisingly short distance

next day. I wanted to do the same from the Spain, looking over to Africa, and sail over the sun going down on the most southerly tip of for a long time. I first made the crossing when

I was nineteen years old. I wanted to watch the have been fascinated by this stretch of water 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 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. picked

wonder where the workers live and ask to be 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 taken. I have seen only ranches and greenhouses 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 tones of regret and justification, why they couldn't get houses to rent. 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

Some Things You Are Not Allowed To Send To Spain

all arms and weapons ilms and celluloid gold human remains jewellry <u>00</u>

postcards decorated with glitter glass ive animals and plants personal effects money

osaries, relics and other devotional articles printed matter contrary to Spanish Morals playing cards and Customs saccharin

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

the last boat over in the evening.

following day relaxing on the beach and take arrest. To compensate I agreed to spend the my fantasy, but shivering with cold and fear of chaperone who was diligently trying to live out spent the night out on the beach alongside my for what had always sounded so far away.

Some Things You Are Not Allowed To Send To

Morocco

absinthe

sertain aperitifs anknotes

counterfeit Moroccan coins and medals jewellry

lottery advertisements (except those connected with Moroccan government lotteries)

precious stones exceeding £7 in value seditious literature platinum

spurious substances designed to adulterate food and drink

vorks of art

9

16 9T

halved the growing time. The greenhouses spread like wildfire: employing many people.

his first pair of shoes, he muses, at 60 he pays Although he waited until he was 10 years old for

> around them from feed bags and gradually the Europe, barely maintaining cottage industries Franco established several local regions as agricultural zones and for many years they aboured 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 They built some little windbreaks 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 The next crop they constructed a system of wooden poles across the field and covered the whole structure with growing olives and almonds and vine fruits. factory in Barcelona). nutrition.

polythene sheet. It produced a record yield and

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 professes to have initiated the whole entered the Chinese and American marketplace. meet one of the Directors of the syndicate, process of plasticisation. He tells me his story. who

The region had always been the very poorest in

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

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

ostentatious porticos. The farmers have grown the greenhouses, every so often, ranch style the smell of plastic and and taste of chemical washed thoroughly first. (After a few minutes touch my mouth or ingest anything until I have pesticides are so dangerous that I should not quietly warned by my translator that the welcome me inside to see their operation. I am

are beginning

to appear with

leaves a residue in the mouth). At the edges of

rich under cover.

fruition.

deserted. Inside they quietly drip their way to beds. The avenues between greenhouses are pans and pumped inland to the dried-out river is soon to be conscripted: de-salinated in giant plots into the mountainside. Even the seawater that British supermarkets are cutting their own horticultural squatter camp. It is so profitable directions. It is the size of a city; like a great stretch further than the eye can see in all When I drive amongst the greenhouses they

Farmers are very generous and

according to legend, by Alavez the last Islamic most touching spot is the Fuente Mora Though remodelled in modern times it maintains the Muslim tradition of turning water into art. An governor of Mojacar, to the envoy of Catholic back to the sea'. In Africa an inhospitable coast 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 Though my people have lived in Spain more than 700 years, you say to us: 'You are foreigners, go awaits us, where they will surely tell us as you do – (Moorish Fountain) in the lower part of the Pueblo. Monarchs in 1488. It translates in part: records the speech land of our ancestors. inscription