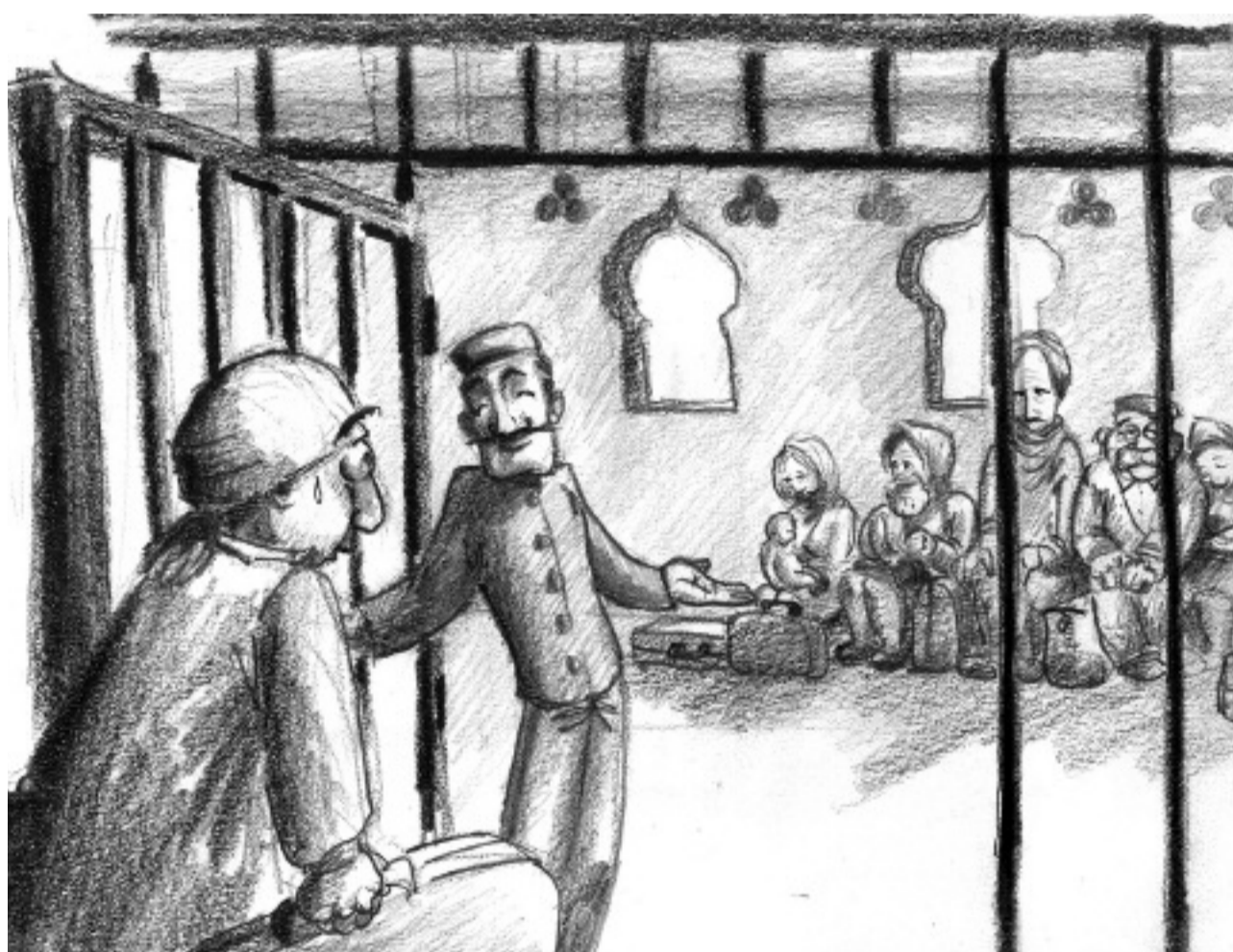




NEWSPAPER OF THE CALAIS NO BORDER CAMP - N°2 - 24 TH JUNE 2009

WELCOME IN CALAIS



Calais-sur-Flics

It has been already a while that the hundreds of cops in Calais use fascist state methods against the migrant population. Raids or human hunts, beating up, humiliations. As our neighbours from Beaumarais are telling us the popular areas of Calais are used to arbitrary arrests and searches.

The graffiti « Fuck the police » (Nic la BAC) on every walls show it.

But for the last few days, it's the invasion, the tsunami, the state of siege. 2500 police officers have been drafted especially for the No Border camp. The town is bustling with cops : loads of CRS (riot cops) and military police, dozens of unmarked BAC cars, the undercover cops following you, same thing for the big blue vans filled of pigs following you in the city... for nothing. And the very exotic horse police... In the camp, lots of cops roaming : constant patrols, undercover cops filming and photographing our faces with three metres long zoom for their databases, the helicopter patrolling regularly... Supporters of the status quo and order can be happy : everything possible is being done! Things are clear : the baddies who want freedom and fuck the world presidents won't win the game, the good guys in their fortresses protected by hundreds of batons will.

As for us, we quietly distributed this journal to Calais inhabitants. Reception is fairly positive, mostly curious, and discussions are very frequent. « why are you coming only now? / no borders? Thats impossible! / we got nothing against you, but it means that we'll have to close our store on saturday / I dont really understand the meaning of this camp? ». So we chat, we explain : the French state and the others that support dictatorships... their imperialist wars, the destroying of traditional economies... the population in exil trying to escape these crisis situation and find themselves beaten up by european police, put into databases, jailed, deported etc.

Back to Calais, the police has lived up to its pitiful mission. After an hour of distribution, an ID chek, then... another one... then a third one, where this time the main officer and twenty of his mates search us and seized the journals. Apparently, the distribution is illegal because not authorised, how funny... you're saying democracy? Freedom of expression? Last time we heard, the 'préfet' gave the order not to prevent the people from « communicating » with the population. As for the ID checks and searches, lets not hope too much: we're surrounded.

In the middle of all that, what about the migrants? a big cleansing?

The cops are the real thugs, the real rioters, the real terrorists!

Agenda - 25 th june



Ateliers...

- ✕ 12h00-13h30 : "No More Deaths": AIDES DIRECTES POUR TRAVERSER LES FRONTIÈRES (ARIZONA)
- ✕ 14h00-15h30 : Le régime des frontières du Royaume-Uni : les principaux acteurs du régime des frontières et comment fonctionne le système
- ✕ 15h30-17h00 : "S'écouter et se soutenir les uns et les autres : écoute active et utilisation du groupe affinitaire comme soutien à long terme" /
- ✕ 18h30-20h00: L'externalisation des frontières et la politique sélective de l'immigration et leurs conséquences
- ✕ 18h-23h00 - Concerts



Cinéma...

- ✕ 15h : "Khaneh-ye doust kojast ?" / "Où est la maison de mon ami ?" - Abbas Kiarostami , Iran, 1987-1h25- VOSTF
- ✕ 18h : films courts irakiens
- ✕ 20h : CARTE BLANCHE AUX FILMS REALISES PENDANT LA SEMAINE ET POUR D'AUTRES PROPOSITIONS
- ✕ 21h : "Takhté siah" , "Blackboards" , "Le tableau noir" - (iranien/kurde) Samira Makhmalbaf, 2000, 1h25 - VOSTF



Petit détour par l'Afghanistan

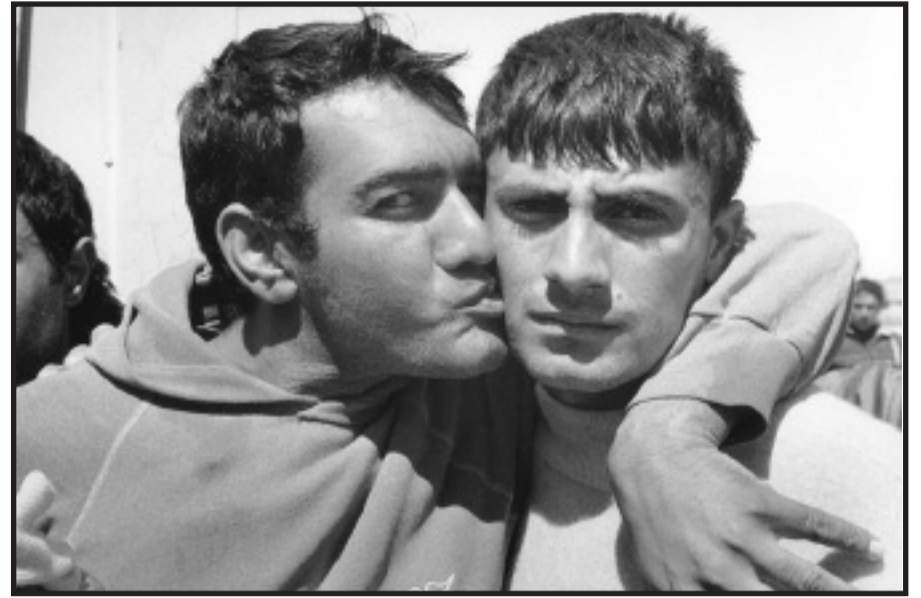
Kabul

Of something that is like the wind,
 Of something that is like the sea,
 Of something that is like the moon,
 Of something that is like bread,
 « of the thirst of a poem sad and alive »
 I must write.

The crash of thousands explosions
 - throughout the day,
 through the night -
 Of the outstretched hand of thousands of beggars
 in the wounded streets
 of « this new city » -
 I must write.

Of the impatient laments of the rain
 Of the death of nature,
 Of the death of joy,
 Of drinking throughout the night
 Of the dark cuts of sadness,
 The machine guns, the bombs and the blood,
 I must write.

So many wind,
 burnt faces by the sun,
 So many men dishonoured, desperate
 Who come home with bundles of hunger,
 With a burden of scars,
 Of something which is like tears,
 Of something which is like blood,
 Of something which is like Kabul
 I must write.
 Latif Pedram



Latif Pedram

Latif Pedram is a writer, a pacifist and a politician. He sought asylum in France in 1993, he fled from the Taliban because he denounced 'the medieval, obscurantist and fascist nature of this group who is the enemy of mankind.' He came back to his country in 2004 after he created the National Congress of Afghanistan, a democratic and multiethnic party. Since February 2008, Latif Pedram has been living in a house which is closely watched over in Kabul. They want to restrain his political activities. Several other democrats and pacifists are also threatened to death (the President of the National Committee for Human Rights, Mrs Sima Samar) or assassinated (Abdelsamad Ruhani from the BBC).

Latif Pedram wants to remind us that 'the Taliban project was intended by the British, supported by the Americans and financed by the Arabs. He denounces 'the role played by the Pakistani and Saudi Arabian governments who were in favour of the Taliban.' And he considers that the American crusade supported by NATO is a way of 'meddling to meet the strategic, military and oil-related requirements of the great master of the world.' Since then, the American and Chinese investors find that the president currently in charge, Hamid Karzaï, is a good ally to exploit the copper mines, to grab public markets of construction to make their dough at the expenses of tax-payers and impose their capitalistic model and its mortifying development.

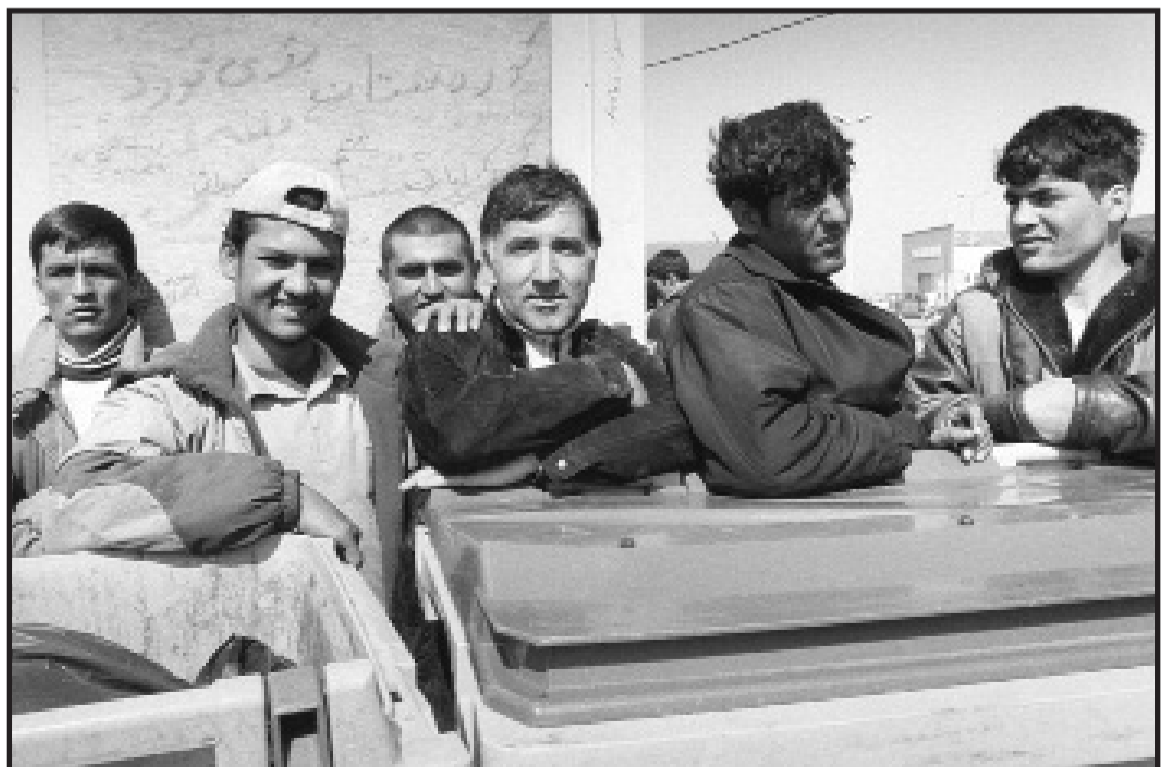
Meeting the Afghans in Calais

In Calais industrial area, along the 'petite rue du Pont Trouille', you will find a small piece of Afghanistan. About 400 Afghans Pachtoun settled there in 2009 and founded a mini-Kabul with its mosque made of plastic and its grocer shops made of palletes. Originally from the South East of Afghanistan, the Pachtoun started to arrive in Europe when their country was invaded by NATO forces in 2001. Most of them will tell you about the madness of the Taliban, some will evoke the madness of the Americans, but only a few of them will tell you the main reason of their exile : misery or oppression. Because for most of them who are between 15 and 25 years old, they come to Europe to find a place to build their future and it does not really matter if it is in England or somewhere else. It is particularly the case for those who come from cities. Those who come from the countryside around Jalalabad really fled from the Taliban. In a bad English, they will probably tell you how they lost their relatives and some of them will show you their bruises which betray the blows they received from those they call 'charsi' or 'mamagan' (Islamic police of morals).

Among them there are also Tajiks from the North-East of Afghanistan or from Panshir, the home country of the late Chah Massoud who supported the Americans against the Taliban before he was assassinated by fake Belgian journalists (that is why you have to mis-

trust the media). There are also some immigrants from Uzbekistan and Turkmenistan who share a few shelters at the entrance of the village. For all these groups, living together is not a problem because they are all Sunnis. But if you take the time to cross the bypass and walk through the copses next to the sea you will discover other Afghans who are themselves Hazaras. They are Persian Shiites from the central part of Afghanistan (Bamiyan) and are in a minority in Calais. They live even more preca-

riously than the others. Their shelters are isolated from one another and they want to stay apart from the Pachtoun because they have been persecuted by the Sunni for long. Whether they are Shiites or Sunni, Pachtoun or Hazara, their stories tell us about the same wounds, the same sufferings and the same hope : to find their country at peace one day. The NATO forces sadly failed to pacify the country as France failed to offer them the status of refugees that they should have.



En bref !

First provocations

On Wednesday at 1:30 am, the cops came to the entrance of the camp and put a big spotlight on and orientated it towards the tents. Was it to wake up everyone ? For the moment, nobody has reacted to their provocations. Until when will it be so ? A few hours later they were running after a girl from the security team.

On the bus

Calais bus-drivers received a letter from the management saying that they have to send discreetly one beep signal to their directors if any No Border activists get on the bus. If they look restless and ready to demonstrate, the drivers have to send two beep signals. Fortunately, some of the drivers refuse to do so.

Water war

To bring water up to the camp, a pipe must run across the road. The policemen enjoyed themselves by driving fast over it in order to do some sabotage. The neighbours showed more respect by slowing down carefully when driving there. Without the help of firemen, our sanitary conditions would have been quite precarious.

Calais : short stay in Absurdistan

Between the summer of 2007 and May 2008, we stayed a few times with the immigrants in Calais in order to give you an account of their life. [...] This is what we recorded...

On the 17th of January 2008, the residents of the dunes area were painfully waken up with truncheons and teargas. You might say that it's nothing unusual for the immigrants in Calais. But what was quite different on that day was the spirit of revenge which drove the policemen who did the waking up : since the previous Saturday, a squad of the riot police were contaminated by scabies and one of their guys was sent at the hospital. It did not calm their fiery temper for sure. So a score of policemen with dogs just arrived in five vehicles in order to catch all the foreigners living in the Afghan 'jungle'. And they ended up setting their shelters on fire. In short that was a decontamination operation. The Afghans, that we had met the day before, told us how they were shocked when the policemen dragged them out of their shelters pulling them by the feet as they were beaten and kicked by truncheons and boots. Then they were carted off to the police vans which were parked in the Tioxide factory. They did not see anything but when they came back everything was burnt down. It was a most horrible sight. Only the ashes could testify to what happened there. Nobody but the immigrants saw that drama. Nothing was left over but pieces of bricks and burnt saucepans, plus heaps of burnt clothes and tyres, corrugated iron and railings twisted by the heat...

The Afghans told us how they were shocked when the policemen dragged them out of their shelters pulling them by the feet as they were beaten and kicked by truncheons and boots.

At about 1 pm, in a square of wasteland at 'Quai de la Moselle', you always see the same young but craggy faces, the same teenagers kneeling along the railings, the same people

or Somalia, Palestine or Iran, they have always lived the same sad stories. They also always have the same look in their eyes showing a mix of hope, fear and melancholy. [...] Their names are Rasul, Abdullah, Walli, Safiullah, Ahmed, Hassan and even John sometimes. They are either their true names or aliases. They flee from death, poverty, hunger, or for lack of liberties, but they are not recognized as refugees here, even if the Geneva convention recognizes as a refugee "everyone who has reasons to be afraid of being persecuted because of his race, his religion, his nationality, his belonging to a social group in particular or his opinions[...]."

Not so miserable.

Within the queue waiting for the meal next to the 'Cabina', the mobile home which remains in the middle of that area at 'Quai de la Moselle', you could recently meet an Iraqi

Kurd who hid his face with a black scarf. He said that he used to be the bodyguard of the prime minister of Kurdistan Nechirvan Barzani. There was also Wahed Ulah who used to be an English teacher in Afghanistan. John is African who was a PhD student of politics in Eritrea, a young Afghan who was a translator for the American army, a tall stocky guy who was a police officer in Iraq, Muhammad who had a business in Iran, Sami,

student of medicine who fled from Eritrea in order to continue his studies and avoid being forced into joining the army : 'Why do we flee from our countries ? Most of the time we have



from the association 'La Belle Etoile'. They are curious and ask who we are, what we do for a living or ask if we are married, they wonder what we think of our president and often conclude the conversations by saying 'Police no good' which reveals a lot about what they suffer away from the city-centre. While talking to them, you quickly understand how they are and how they feel about the violence of the police, the injustice of their conditions and the absurdity of the prejudices about them. First there is the traditional 'we cannot welcome all the miserable people of the world' which is a forceful argument for all those people who think that the presence of 'the alien' is a handicap. The western minds are obsessed with the picture of 'the foreigner who steals our jobs', 'the tramp who begs at the doors of Europe' or 'the invader'. The immigrants are seen as people who take advantage of our advantages or as tramps in rags who come to beg and take the places of 'honest European citizens'. However, these are

more like middle-class; They are well-educated, they have diplomas and qualifications and some have spent up to 10 000 euros to pay for a journey towards what should have been liberty. And even if poverty was the reason for their coming, should we not give them a place where they can stay ?

Nightmares

6:30 pm, the immigrants come to the 'quai Paul Dévot' for the evening distribution of food. They bring with them the saddening stories of their daily fight for survival : wounds, truncheons and races

through the thorn bushes. But there are also some irritating bad news like the one about that young Kurd who had his face scalded with coffee by a lorry-driver or about that Eritrean who was stabbed in the neck by a

fascist, about that teenager who fell off a lorry and had his leg run over, that young Eritrean girl who was killed on the motorway... not to mention the acts of wanton violence done by the police all day long. As we walk in Calais, an Eritrean who was visibly panicked came running to us. He explained that he had just been arrested and taken into custody by the police. When they were about to let him go, one policeman put him to the ground and beat him up. He walked with a limp and held his arm. We led him to the 'PASS', a sort of mini-hospital for the destitute where dozens of immigrants come every afternoon to rest, take a shower and overall avoid being constantly oppressed by the police. The nurse said it was a luxation which was confirmed by an X-ray photograph : Mica had his shoulder dislocated. He refused to be healed : 'no treatment in this nazi country. First I want to meet mister Justice.' From the hospital he got a document testifying to his wounds. Accompanied by Sylvie from the association 'Salam' he intended to lodge a complaint. Obviously that was useless : how do you lodge a complaint against the police, at the police station ?

Loads of solidarity

As for the associations, their members are tired of the situation, [...] but nothing seems to stop their good will. Distribution of tea at 11 am and lunch at the 'Cabina', dinner at the 'quai Paul Dévot', locker room at the Church 'Notre Dame' on Saturdays, showers at 'Secours Catholique', medical team at the 'PASS' on 'rue des soupirants' and so on. [...] The volunteers have always seen myriads of journalists asking the same old questions and taking the same old pictures. They have also seen a lot of politicians who came to blow their own trumpet or show that they could not do anything : Dominique Voynet, Dominique Strauss-Kahn, José Bové or Isabelle Carré... [...] Public opinion does not seem to change either : it has not been understood that putting missile batteries along the border could not stop men and women who have nothing to lose.

From La Brique n°8, juin-sept 2008



wearing worn clothes who have been getting food given by associations here for five years. Exiled from countries at war and hurt by life, they do not have the same names but their destinies are strangely similar. Whether they are from Afghanistan, Iraqi Kurdistan, Eritrea

a job and a family there. If we could live there freely and in peace, we would not left. But we are threatened there and it is the first reason of our departure.' They welcome you with a big smile, they talk to you with sincerity and they even propose to share the food they got

The border police are recruiting, join us!

Are you getting bored in your life?
Are you willing to support our president in winning the front national votes?
Do you think there are too many strangers in France?
Do you want a job where the more results you get, the more money you earn?
So the immigration police were made for you!

You start your day around 6 in the morning, gathering a few paperless people directly at home, thanks to the

prefecture files or to good citizens denouncing their neighbours. Don't you worry if you miss them! During the day, you can organise ID controls only based on the person's face. Just stand in the station or in the subway and control black and Arabian people first, there is always at least one or two paperless persons among them. And if you ever miss them again, then do not hesitate to employ even more extreme measures. Just stand in front of the red cross, of a strangers hostel or even in front of an association acting in favour of paperless people and it's bingo!

You've always liked order, cleanness, and intimacy? Once again, our department gives you the opportunity to accompany the paperless people to

the special places known as detention centres.

They are placed by force by the dozen and you can move them, bring them to the hospital, to the court, to the consulate and even to their country. If you're afraid of Arabian and black people, just be aware that you can now handcuff them whenever you're moving. It's safer and funnier, because they don't understand why they are handcuffed without having done anything.

If you like children, you will find much satisfaction in our department. You cannot ignore that paperless just have children to avoid expulsion. Well you can now arrest children as well, put them in custody or in deten-

tion with their parents. Yes, yes, our job allows children's detention. It reduces the generation gap.

There are expulsions too. You are in a team and your job is to accompany the paperless to their countries. The great thing is the journey, because you enjoy beautiful landscapes. What's more, if the paperless are boring or noisy, sometimes you have the right to calm them down tanks to a little injection, or to tie them up in the plane. See, our job is quite the same as a doctor's, based on caring for people.

Do you think our job is revolting? So join our worse enemies from the collective for the support of people without papers!

Manhunt near the camp

On Tuesday evening, a group of immigrants were walking along the bypass behind the camp and some guys from the riot police got out of their van and started running after them. They did not catch anybody. For immigrants, those races with the police happen everyday. On the first day of the camp, we see this as a new provocation.

First action

On Wednesday morning, about thirty people went to the detention centre in Lesquin, next to Lille. They had chained themselves for two hours in order to protest against deportations. After having blocked the detention centre for two hours, the cops who, unlike them, are not pacifists arrested them all except for two people who manage to escape. The others are still kept in police custody. There will be more news about this tomorrow.

Politeness is useless

On Monday evening, A. came back to the camp quietly on his own. The cops suddenly appeared and threw him at the bonnet of a car and emptied his bag on the ground. They went away the same way they had come, like dogs.

Account on the preparation of the No Border

The organisation of a No Border camp is a political affirmation in itself. The members of the committee of organisation try to avoid any kind of hierarchy. Each important decision must be discussed by all before a consensus can be found. And everyone is able to take and share responsibilities: coordination, logistics, media and press team, finances are tasks which are dealt with collectively. A few persons or 'work groups' who are volunteers are mandated to deal with precise missions. They do it quite autonomously but always have to give an account of their work at the meetings.

The anonymous nature of No Border which has been criticized by the prefect and the mayor (and the media who are under their thumbs) can be explained thus: everyone is responsible for everyone, so why should we give the name of someone responsible for the group if the movement is a collective one?

Moreover, in order to face the way the No Border movement and its ideas are criminalised, the fact of remaining anonymous guarantees that the legal risks will not be taken by only person. The authorities can indeed charge us with any accu-



Belgium. And it was in April 2009 that a first call out was written, translated into several languages and widely diffused. Then an information tour was sent in several cities of France, Belgium or England: that No Border tour was intended to explain the current situation in Calais and to show how important was the issue.

In order to create a link of solidarity with the immigrants blocked in Calais, a call out for 'every exiled people who are blocked at the border between France and England', which was translated into Arabic and Afghan, was diffused during food distributions in Calais.

A cool and peaceful settling...

The activists arrived on Saturday to take care of their 'comfort' and to prepare themselves to welcome everyone. Water and electricity accesses were set up in spite of the evident lack of help and support from the mayor of Calais. Electricians and plumbers were helped by beginners among which there were children from the area and Iranians who are blocked at the border and who are settled near the camp.

Dry toilets (a bucket + sawdust), showers or the last wood structures are being finalised. The car-

penters have built the yurt and the marquees where there will be debates and discussions as well as the cinema which will show films during all the week. This weekend two big kitchens arrived transported by lorries. Collective tasks like cutting vegetables or washing the dishes are part of life on the camp. Three times a day vegan (without meat, eggs or milk) meals are cooked so that we can survive without exploiting other living beings.

Also, all the people meet in assembly twice a day to organise the different tasks and activities. In fact the No Border camp is a big hive of activity breathing and living. It is a way of talking to all the people, from Calais or elsewhere, who can hear us. It is also a pleasant way of cocking a snook at the cold people in power and their dogs.

Earthlings from all countries, you are welcome at the No Border camp!



sation on any pretext. The committee of organisation takes care of each decision and of the event as a whole. The camp is based on solidarity against the established and constant repression which the state inflicts on political activists.

The diffusion of ideas supported by No Border

The idea of setting up a No Border camp in Calais started in December 2008. Then there was a series of meetings between Lille, Calais, England or

