

# Balkan caravan

*13<sup>th</sup>-20<sup>th</sup> July 2024* - Nodes: Padua, Bihac, Trieste

## **Introduction**

The “Balkans Caravan 2024” is a joint project of Abriendo Fronteras (Spain), Ongi Etorri Errefuxiatuak (Spain), and Carovane Migranti (Italy). Drawing on the same idea and somehow evoking the huge migrant caravans that, since 2017, periodically gathered along the Central American countries, the Italian and Spanish activist networks parallelly developed similar projects. Since 2020, they have joined to organise the annual migrant caravan as a common international project.

Previous editions were held in: *a)* Spain: Melilla (July 2017); *b)* Italy: Ventimiglia-Palermo-Catania-Riace (July 2018); *c)* Spain: Granada-Ceuta-Tarifa-Sevilla-Lepe (July 2019); *d)* Spain and Italy: Bilbao, Briançon, Palermo, Torino, Trieste, Valencia (August 2020); *e)* Spain: Gran Canaria-Tenerife: (July 2021); *f)* Spain, France, Italy: Pyrenees and Alps (July 2022); *g)* Spain: Melilla, Malaga, Almeria, Valencia (June 2023).

“Migrant caravans” can be considered a travelling initiative to: i) raise awareness and foster networking among activists about migrants' rights; ii) denounce the violence of the current EU border regime. They can also be considered attempts to construct broader coalitions of activists working on human rights.

Participants from the SOLROUTES research team are: Enrico Fravega (researcher), Andrea Ferraris (artist), and Valeria Garré (research collaborator with a specific expertise in the Bosnian context).

Our objectives were:

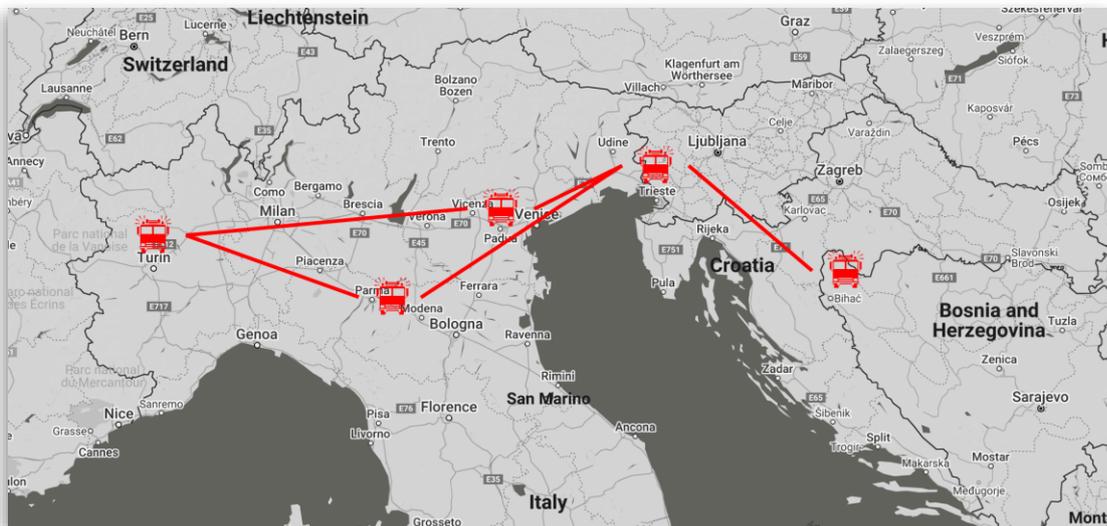
- a. to explore the issue of borders from a historical perspective, viewing the Balkan region both as a laboratory for the development of nationalism in Europe and as a testing ground for (violent) practices of ethnic

"homogenisation" (the Yugoslav wars), and, currently, for migrants pushbacks as well as for violent border control practices;

- b. to immerse in the world of activism related to borders and migrant rights;
- c. to conduct a first exploration of the following two nodes: Trieste (and the Italo-Slovenian cross-border area), and Bihać and the Slovenian-Croatian border, which represents an external frontier of the European Union.

The 2024 caravan followed this itinerary:

- Turin (departure);
- **Padua**, meetings at Abbazia di Carceri, Parco degli Alpini, Aviano (NATO Air Force Base);
- **Bihać** (Bosnia-Herzegovina): Cultural Centre;
- **Trieste**: meeting at Piazza dei Popoli, Gradisca (CPR), Casa del Popolo di Sotolongera, Risiera di San Sabba;
- Gattatico (Parma): House of the Cervi Brothers (partisans killed by fascists in 1943)
- Turin (arrival).



### Warning to the readers

This text is the result of a writing experiment. To the ethnographic notes drafted by Enrico Fravega - which superimpose the interactions in the physical space to the

virtual space of the Whatsapp chat of the Italian group participating in the Balkans Caravan 2024 - are added, as a sort of alternation or counterpoint, the personal reflections and the questions raised by Valeria Garrè. To give visibility to this double gaze and try to experiment with a dialogical character in the notes as well, it was decided to assign a different font depending on the author. Accordingly:

- the font 'Cambria' is assigned to Enrico Fravega;
- *the font 'Garamond', italic style is assigned to Valeria Garrè.*

Song lyrics, or poems, shared on the move through the Whatsapp group are written in following style:

- Font: Aptos; dimension: 8 points.

Some drawings by Andrea Ferraris and Enrico Fravega, complement the text.

### **Prequel. *Why are you gone?***

*Day -2. 11 July 2024.* "Never... as in this journey we are about to start, will the dead and the disappeared be so present," writes Daniela Gioda<sup>1</sup>, visual artist and activist, in the Carovane Migranti WhatsApp group. The message is a reply to Vesna Scepanovic,<sup>2</sup> also an activist with Carovane Migranti, and On Borders, who previously sent both the poem by Abdulah Sidran "The tears of the mothers of Srebrenica", and a meme with black-and-green crocheted doily and white dove joint with the inscription "Don't forget Srebrenica". referring to the massacre of the Bosnian Muslim population that occurred 29 years ago, precisely in July.

#### "The tears of the mothers of Srebrenica"

It would be better not to be / rather that it be / so / as it is today / our Srebrenica / Nothing dead nor living / in her / can no longer dwell / Under a leaden sky / the leaden air / no one ever / has learned / to put in his lungs / From her flees all / that which has legs / with which she can / and knows where / escape / From her flees everything / even that which nowhere / but under the black earth / can flee / The orthodox flee / the new like the old / the Muslims flee / the old like the new / And those who somehow / remained alive / left and then returned / not even a winter with summer / has not put together / or an autumn / with spring / but sought / as soon as possible / to get out of Srebrenica / And those Catholics / our neighbours / and for them Srebrenica / for hundreds of years / has been the beloved / and beautiful / princely seat / of their good / and noble community / long gone / As if / in their wisdom they had / known that a time would come / when there would no longer be / the good Srebrenica / They have been telling us / for ten years they have been telling us / that in Bosnia / the war is over / To us they explain / and send written instructions / that in our country / Bosnia and Herzegovina / the war is over / and that no one / should no longer / look back to the past / Do they believe / really / that we are alive / we who stand here / and from this place / we talk like this / as if we really were alive. / They really think it is called health / really think it is called reason / what is left in us / of former health and

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<sup>1</sup> Daniela G. is a visual artist who has long championed the concept of the "Linen Sheets of Migrant Memory" as a form of testimony to the violence of borders. Essentially, she brings matrimonial sheets into public spaces, upon which activists, migrants, relatives of the disappeared, and others embroider the names of victims of border violence and police brutality—from the Mediterranean to Central America, from the Balkan Route to the victims of detention centres (CPRs).

<sup>2</sup> Vesna S. is a journalist and playwright of Montenegrin origin, residing in Turin, who has been actively engaged for some time with the issues of migration and conflicts in the former Yugoslavia.

reason? / Do they not see, do they not hear perhaps / do they not know perhaps that us / those left behind, we are more dead than all / our dead, and that here today, with their voice, / the voice of our dead, from their throats, / we cry out and with their cry - we speak? / Do not allow us to / look to the past! / And we do not look at it, but it looks at us! / You say: / look to the future! / But we, no / future anywhere / can we see / nor see but him / with one eye / look at us / nor that he sees us / and that he cares for us / We have a present / that with a human eye / cannot look at / We have the same / leaden air / in our Srebrenica / that no longer exists / we breathe with those / whose eyes / whose hands / whose souls / of our blood drip / And only they / can rejoice / of your commandment / Not to look back / But what else have we besides him / what else / if not the past / do we have to look at? / Can you really / tell a mother / not to look at her son? / Can you really / order a sister / not to look at her brother? / Take our eyes / but teach us no more, send us no more / such advice, instructions and orders! / Perhaps indeed, as you say, / the war is over! But for us, in our Srebrenica, / the war is barely over, and we ourselves, in the daytime, / we deceive ourselves that it is so, that it is really over! / But, in summer and winter - and so for seventeen years! - the days are too short, and long, too long the nights. / At the first announcement of twilight, we our gates / with iron we lock up, lest he come and go / He who then came and entered, and all that of our / loved and cherished was - separated from life! / He, today, watches over Peace in Srebrenica! / How can a mother in Srebrenica sleep? / As soon as she closes her eyes, here is the war at the door, here is / that second in which she saw, under the ethnic knife, separate / from the body the head of her son! Only sometimes, among a thousand / Jasmin murmured in sleeplessness, the Good Lord has pity! / And when sleep rests upon her eyes, she, in a dream, continues / to join her head to the body of her unburied Son! / How can we live in the present? / How can we not look to the past? / There is a sister of ours, she is not with us, yet she is alive! / She has turned a house here in Sarajevo into a tomb, / windows she doesn't open, she doesn't dare look outside, much less / go out into the street! Four children she has lost! If in the street a / boy or girl met, and appeared to her / resembling one of her children - her heart would burst, in / four hundred pieces! / Is this Peace? / Is this how War ends? / When they silence / the weapons of iron / And up to heaven cries / the maternal heart? / When the criminal / changes his shirt / and with the new one on / under our houses / and our windows / in our Srebrenica / watches over our peace? / For you yours has passed / but for us / our past / is not at all past! / Neither shall it pass / Nor can it pass / as long as the leaden sky / our Srebrenica / with silver covers. / As long as under its / leaden sky / the leaden air / and leaden / of air we breathe / we breathe and swallow / with those who have / changed their shirts / but whose heart under their shirt / and in the heart the hatred / have not changed / nor think they will change / For you yours has passed / but for us / our past is not past! / Do not make us return / do not make us return / to this made / of lead / Srebrenica / Rather / for a moment at least / look where / in your souls / in the books / a grain was lost / of Truth and Justice / If in your hearts / a single grain / of Justice and Truth / you will find / Of good and silver / the silver and good / Srebrenica / the beautiful - / to Srebrenica return! / An ounce of Justice / and a grain of Truth / found! / Srebrenica - / to Srebrenica give back! / And we / with God's help / some alive, some dead / we will return there immediately / May / with God's help / be reunited and appeased / all / of all times / the souls of Srebrenica / and so our souls / afflicted and dead / with the living souls / of all our dead.

While I receive these messages, several things come to my mind. The poem struck me first, reminding me of the moving encounter with Jalila Taamallah Khenissi, a Tunisian mother member of “Mem.Med” met at the University of Parma in mid-May. She was there for the conference “Collective Memories of Transit across the Mediterranean,” and her intervention, recalling the missing of her son, with her teen daughter at her side, brought tears to my cheeks.

Indeed, the poem also raises an issue which will accompany us along the whole travel; let's call it the “*politics of motherhood*”, which will be embodied in the presence of Socorro Guzmàn, a Mexican mother of a guy who happened to disappear in 2018 after Police detention. I would say it is a strong pre-political claim for the right to truth and justice, which is questioning the pivotal role of mothers in both in emigration and immigration contexts. Under this perspective, it is a profound political issue, shaking the grounds on which institutional power is built.

Furthermore, thinking about the Yugoslav Wars, it's impossible not to reckon that in those same places, we now can meet the dead bodies and the wounded ones of another (nameless) war. They are Pakistanis, Moroccans, Afghans, Kurds, and others; men and women (also minors) who venture into the "Game" across the Balkans'

route, thus becoming the victims of the bloody "war on migrants" that the EU has "silently" declared; a war which manifests through increasingly brutal and violent border control policies and pushbacks, also exercised far beyond the EU borders.

Ultimately, the very concept of "ethnic cleansing" – a political construct raised in this region that has marked the entire Balkans, allowing a widespread revival of the most extreme nationalist ideologies across the whole of Europe – seems to resonate here still. This is evident both in the tensions that continue to simmer beneath the surface in these places and in the rejection of all those populations on the move, whose presence challenges the notion of Europe as something defined according to a "colour line", as well as religion or social class lines. In this context, Bosnia, where we are headed, and the broader Balkan region can be seen as laboratories of repression but also as a vantage point from which it's easier to frame the whole issue of migration and solidarities.

*Stray thoughts: Caring / Solidarity / Risk of new colonialism in the will to do what you think is good / Encounter with the other / Everything is spiritual and it is not*

In the same chat, Vesna also suggests some musical pieces to help us immerse ourselves in the atmosphere of the Balkans: "Many will narrate to you the past and present, amidst the conflicts, but also the monuments of resistance, the poetry, the migration. It must not all be suffering and pain. Beyond the nationalists and warmongers, the Balkans are home to many remarkable women, activists, poets, artists, and environmentalists." She adds, "We are searching for contemporary contradictions: nothing ethnic, but something traditional". Then, she sends many Spotify links. Even before leaving, I experience the exclusive power of the language barriers. Consequently, I ask Vesna for the lyrics, and she send me a couple of links. One is regarding a song by Jadranka Stojakovic: *Sto te nema* (Why are you gone?)

### Why are you gone?

Why are you gone? Why are you gone? / When on the young field flowers / Pearls are strung by the silent midnight, / Through my chest the desire heals / Why you are gone, why are you gone? / When my son gives me peace / And my soul prepares for peace, / From my heart a voice steals: / Why you are gone? Why are you gone? / Every path has blossomed / Like the fury of wonderful days / On the roses it is still splashing / Clear water filled / And in the hour of exuberant happiness / And when sadness prepares a sigh, / My love starts a song: / Why you are gone? Why are you gone?

A text, another one, sadly fitting also to the issue of migrants' disappearances along the Balkan route. Along all migration routes.

## **Day 1. Turin, 13.07.2024. Transfer**

Valeria, Andrea, and I reach the starting point of the Italian coach in Turin at around 10:30. The coach leaves at around 11:00 and heads to Padua. There, we will meet the three Spanish coaches and some Italian participants from southern or north-eastern Italy, to whom it was easier to reach Padua. The journey, also because of the planned stops, is rather long, and we arrive in Padua in the middle of the afternoon, around 4 p.m. Onboard, most of the participants already know each other.

A long journey, some chat and some explanation along the way allow us to enter in touch with some of the participants.

*Vesna fled Sarajevo shortly before the siege in 1992. She was about 29 years old and was a journalist. She now lives in Italy, is about 60 years old, has a daughter, and is married to a 70-year-old Montenegrin man. A woman of integrity, a woman from two countries. Italy and Montenegro, a state for her, is Yugoslavia, not Montenegro. The division of a single country through a war, a war and a division for some never understood or shared. What does it mean to be Yugoslavian? Does it mean to be who? Which nationality or party? Brothers and enemies with other peoples, your enemies and brothers simultaneously. Confrontation with people who have now arrived in their land and are passing through to places they hope will be better. People who disappear, people who die, how Balkan people have disappeared and been killed in Srebrenica and the various conflicts. Immigrant woman, Italian woman. Strength and sweetness.*

In Padua, we are divided between ‘those from the campsite’, who will sleep at the Carceri Abbey—which hosts the “Centro di Spiritualità Scout Carceri”, a Catholic scout association, and where a meeting on the ‘Balkans issue’ will be held the next day—and ‘those from the hotel’, who will sleep in a hotel in Abano Terme, a small centre in the peri-urban belt of Padua.

While we meet the Spanish group in Carceri, the stark contrast between the anarchist/communist and catholic social world hits Valeria, who looks around with astonishment and curiosity.

In the evening, a group of activists who opted for camping under the slogan ‘Memory, truth, justice’ joined the Sherwood Festival on its latter date. The Group accompanied Socorro Gil Guzmán, mother of Johnatan, a 19-year-old boy made missing by the Acapulco Police in Mexico. Her appeal preceded the concert of the Modena City Ramblers.

This event raises some questions that will accompany us throughout the trip: *where does the migration issue end and the justice issue begin? How do the questions of borders overlap with the issue of unjustified violence by police forces?*

## **Day 2. Padua, 14.07.2024. *We the people***

We spend the whole second day in Carceri. The daily programme is entirely dedicated to a sort of socialisation in the Balkans region issues. In the morning, at Carceri, there's a workshop on the history of the so-called "Jugoslav wars" and the current situation. Experts invited are Eric Gobetti (independent historian), Gianni Tamino e Aretta Pini (Fondazione Alex Langer), and Luisa Chiodi (Osservatorio Balcani e Caucaso). The speeches and the discussions which followed were very much inspiring. Here, we highlight some key points that we deem relevant to the issue of migration and solidarity.

Eric Gobetti frames the issue of the Yugoslav wars as a war against the Yugoslav peoples, who, for centuries, were accustomed to living in peace side by side. In that specific context, multiethnicity resulted from historical stratification and the proximity of two empires: the Austro-Hungarian and the Ottoman, which happened to share a border cross-cutting the current territories of Serbia, Croatia, and Bosnia-Herzegovina. While the Western EU was ruled by nation-states, in the Balkans, the survival of two empires facilitated the maintenance of a multiethnic culture. It is interesting to discover that the presence of Serbs in Croatia and Bosnia-Herzegovina territories was because they were hired as border guards by both empires to avoid collusion among local people who usually had families split on the two sides of the border and entertained cross-border relations.

Jugoslavia was born after the First World War on the idea that the same cultural identity could combine with different religious affiliations. At that time religion was not a crucial element in cultural – and political – representations. Only in the 90s did it gain relevance due to the cynical use of this element by nationalist political elites to divide the Yugoslav people. Accordingly, the Yugoslav wars were the consequence of the overlapping of multiple crisis factors: *a*) a lack of leadership following the death of Tito (1980); *b*) a loss of role of Yugoslavia within the context of the end of the Cold War; *c*) a lack of democracy; *d*) an economic crisis caused by the end of IMF funding. In other terms, Jugoslavia suffered a crisis of power legitimation.

Within this frame, the rise of nationalism in former member countries has been explained as an attempt by former socialist leaders to maintain their local power, trying to align/conform to their countries' interior while differentiating at the exterior. In this framework, while Croatia and Serbia are responsible for the partition of Bosnian territories, the EU's responsibility was Croatia's international recognition.

Accordingly, the Yugoslav Wars can be interpreted as a widespread violence outbreak against the idea of "cohabitation." It is no coincidence that most of the violence was directed towards cities, which used to be traditional places of social co-existence, and that most of the war actions were city sieges. Victims were all those who were

not either Serbs, Croatian or Bosnian (namely, Albanians, tziganes populations, etc.), “mixed-families”, and anti-nationalists, whichever was their nationality.

The political narrative that favoured the war’s outbreak – that all these peoples could not anymore live together – was a lie. It was far more difficult to persuade all these people who used to live together that war was the only solution.

Auretta Pini and Gianni Tamino (Fondazione Alex Langer) consider the Yugoslav wars, together with the Ruanda genocide, the markers of a new kind of conflicts/tensions based on the idea of “ethnic exclusivity” which is intended as a way to cancel/remove/erase the historical inter-ethnic, and intercultural intertwining, which from the 90s has become the “new enemy”.

Luisa Chiodi, scientific director of “Osservatorio Balcani Caucaso”, explains that during the Yugoslav, those who spent their time delivering humanitarian aid made a crucial learning experience. Yet, compared to the current scenario, at that time, solidarity was not as threatened and discouraged as it is now. And this is not the only difference: pro-migrant mobilisations are pretty rare; EU citizens have become accustomed to human rights violations.

The whole Balkans region is now considered a trap for migrants aiming to reach the EU. Accordingly, border closures entail the rise of instability in border zones.

Solidarity with migrants in the Balkans region is focused mainly on health assistance and the practices required for victims' identification and burial.

Someone says “xenophobia as the new anti-semitism”. It seems relevant to point out that integration in the EU for former Yugoslavian countries means the adoption of repressive anti-migrant measures.

Accordingly, it is crucial to consider the critical role of the colonialist, nationalist and imperialist heritages in the process of EU construction and consolidation (or crisis).



*Abbazia di Carceri. "A learning Caravan"*

In the afternoon, we moved to "Parco degli Alpini" in Padua. Many associations and activist groups have gathered there to welcome the Balkan Caravan 2024. From the stage, many people address their speeches to the Caravan participants. A vast meadow is full of people - the participants of the four caravan buses alone number about 200, to be added to local participants, which are supposed to be few less - and of posters through which the various activist groups give signal of their existence and their political position. Many groups stand for the Palestinian cause, but there are also historical anti-militarist groups and Catholic grassroots movements (Assopace, Beati Costruttori di Pace, etc.). Apart from the Balkans Caravan activists, the only group directly connected to the issue of migration was "Collettivo Rotte Balcaniche Alto-Vicentino", which happens to be the only group carrying out SAR operations on land, mainly on the Turkish-Bulgarian border. There's no clear "fil-rouge" in the speeches from the stage, and due to the crowd and a bad amplification system, it's quite challenging to follow each intervention. Instead, this heterogeneous multitude of people attending the event gives a real image of what the "coalition" Queirolo Palmas and Rahola (2022) is supposed to be. That is an encounter of *"ephemeral and often tactical alliances supporting people on the move within and against European borderland (...) within a specific, re-actualized abolitionist horizon (...) between subjects that are differentially situated/captured in*

*terms of class, gender, and race*". In other words, this agglomerate of subjects, associations, groups, and movements is fighting for a wide range of aims, significantly more comprehensive than the border issue. Yet, they all seem united by a deep aspiration to defend human rights, freedom and equality. It's exactly for this reason that this conglomeration can be considered a transient space for elaborating the idea of borders; that is a space where the idea of border abolitionism allows the recognition of new transnational, trans-religious and interclass identities. It seems to me a sort of a declaration of the existence of a new unidentified political subject, whose outline is still blurred (or under construction): "We the people".

Although observing different principles, such as religious or political beliefs, the defence of human rights is a common trait that stands at the base of this rally. A stance which goes far beyond the issue of migration and questions identities, avoiding national, skin colour, or religious schemes.

As I listen, with some difficulty, to one of the last speeches from the stage, a lot of words crowd into my head: NATO, war, migrants, Gaza, borders, violence, EU, deaths, Balkans, police, missing persons... and my mind is taken in a whirl of questions: Can we speak of an EU "war on migrants" as we speak of the USA "war on drugs"? Are we going to put "white privilege" at the base of EU democracies? Is the "war on migrants" better framed as a "war on the poor"? Do we need the idea of war to think (and exercise) the border? Or do we need the idea of a border to think (and exercise) the war? Is the border a necessary device for the radical othering of the foreigner, or is the radical othering of the foreigner necessary for constructing a border? What are the names or the labels we need to exclude someone?



*Labels*

### **Day 3. Aviano, 15.07.2024. Rituals.**

Monday, 15.07, has been dedicated firstly to the rally with the pacifist and anti-militarist protest in Aviano, where the USAF 31st Fighter Wing (31 FW) is based, and secondly to the transfer to Bihac.

In Aviano, opposite the Air Force base entrance, under severe Police scrutiny, we met the pacifist and anti-militarist groups calling for the rally: about a hundred people. We gathered under gazebos, which were placed in a circle. Then, a series of interventions alternated one from another. The first one is from the daughter of the Representative of Sikh migrants in Italy, who has been invited concerning the deadly accident which provoked the passing of Satnam Singh, a migrant daily labourer in the Lazio agricultural sector. That case shook from the ground the media, due to the utter violence characterising it. Satnam Singh, a man of Indian origin, happened to die on 19 June, two days after being abandoned by his employer in front of the house where he lived in the province of Latina. A machine from the farm where he was working illegally had severed his arm and broken his legs while he was harvesting melons. Yet, the speech of the young Sikh lady is entirely devoid of any explicit political claim; instead, it could be considered a declaration of “goodwill”: Sikh migrants are good migrants who are here to work, and they are hard workers. Then, like a laic ritual, a plethora of local groups leader takes the floor to present their instances, running from anti-noise committees related to the air base to anti-militarist initiatives, pacifist issues, ecological activist groups, and many others.

This alternation of local and global issues is probably the key to understanding what is happening. This almost endless exposure of political stances – started yesterday in “Parco degli Alpini” – laying on different scales and involving many levels of social conflict, is raising anxiety and standing for a widespread need for help. Sharing our common worries, one after the other, does not mitigate them. Instead, it can help those who are bearing the flags to feel just a bit less alone. Under this perspective, rituals are a key-factor for the promotion of solidarity, as well as for the (self)representation of a (scattered) community.

While all this happens, and despite some evident worries of the policemen patrolling the US Air Force base perimeter, a group of activists from the Spanish coaches organise a choreography in which people with white and black t-shirts compose a writing on the grass (No NATO), which is captured by a camera put atop of a very long pole. This action, whose meaning is mainly symbolic and communicative (the video will be shared on different social media platforms), marks the end of the event.



At about 1.00 PM, we left Aviano to go to Bihac (Bosnia-Herzegovina). Transport by coach is quite dull and does not allow any close contact with the Spanish groups travelling on other buses. Furthermore, due to the seat disposition, it does not allow people to get in touch, not even those travelling in the same vehicle. Except for those who are seated nearby. Yet, something is happening: the Italian Caravan Whatsapp group is quite vibrant, and the incessant conversations and sharing of reading suggestions and reflections often encourage discussion in small groups.

On the WA group, Vesna S. proposes many reading tips, many of which allow us to understand the nexus between current solidarity actions (and actors) and an indefinite number of stories from the past.

A reading tip makes us aware of the fact that Lorena Fornasir – the soul, together with Gianandrea Franchi of Linea d’Ombra OdV, whom we will encounter in the next days in Trieste - is the daughter of a woman, who was a member both of Yugoslav resistance to Fascist occupation and a partisan within the Italian Garibaldi formations.

See:

[https://www.ibs.it/tutte-anime-del-mio-corpo-ebook-maria-antonieta-moro/e/9788862525657?srsId=AfmBOorS0e\\_0P8lDBb089n1AGXz71IfuS0Ux1Nt\\_eiWPMD8uYf1o6ExSm](https://www.ibs.it/tutte-anime-del-mio-corpo-ebook-maria-antonieta-moro/e/9788862525657?srsId=AfmBOorS0e_0P8lDBb089n1AGXz71IfuS0Ux1Nt_eiWPMD8uYf1o6ExSm)

<https://ilmanifesto.it/aiuto-i-migranti-e-linsegnamento-dei-miei-genitori-partigiani>

All this raises multiple issues: *firstly*, is solidarity – in that case referred to migrants - due to some kind of cultural pattern, reproduced according to intergenerational schemes? *Secondly*, there’s a significant number of women joining the Resistance

who, in the wake of a revolutionary imaginary, openly contested the partition of traditional gender roles. Yet, the gendered “memory regimes” which came after WWII have often cancelled, or drastically diminished, the women's contribution and role in the fight against Nazis and Fascists. How can we better understand resistance from a gender perspective? *Thirdly*, on a different temporal plane, what is the role of women in solidarity with people on the move? When dwelling on this, it comes to my mind that on our coach, about 34/40 people are women.

*As the bus heads towards Bihac, I think that a few kilometres from Bihac, going southward there is Medjugorje. It is a small village in a rural area not far from Mostar, white stones and barren countryside, where a lot of Catholic tourism concentrate, every year. Since the end of the 80s, it has been a destination for Catholic pilgrimages. A Christian tourism flow, made up of European, often wealthy, citizens. It struck me the contrast between this place and the rest of Bosnia, as well as the turnover of money that this entails, and the possible lack of knowledge of what those territories lying beyond that Bosnian site. Places which are no longer entirely Bosnian.*

#### **Day 4. Bihac, 16.07.2024. Bihac**

We arrive in Bihac at night, and we will have the chance to visit the city only the day after. The day after, we discover a little town whose heart is pleasant, with verdant grass and high trees embracing a slow-flowing river. Here, memories of the Yugoslav Wars seem quite far away, but it's sufficient to move a few dozen metres away from there to discover that many houses are still bringing the signs of bullets around the windows. Here, the presence of an Islamic population is visible through a discrete presence of women wearing the veil, some even the burqa. Yet, alcohol consumption and sale are common.

Today, we gather at the Bihac “Kulturni centar”, a public space with a theatre room that functions as a local cultural venue. It happened to be the premises of the *Savez communist Jugoslavije*, the League of Communists of Yugoslavia, the majority party at Tito's age.

Today's event will cover the full day. About 300/350 people crowd the room. In the theatre, beyond the “caravaners”, there are numerous groups of people working for local NGOs, coming from Italy, Germany, and other countries. The stage is crowded with people from Bosnia, Serbia, and Croatia. Because she speaks fluent Italian and Spanish, Staša Zajović —a peace activist and feminist writer, co-founder and coordinator of Women in Black in Belgrade—relentlessly works as a moderator and translator.

Mika, from Tuzla, let us know it has been about seven years that refugees and migrants have been crisscrossing that area. Personally, he is active in reporting and informing about the high degree of border violence coming out from the closure of

passages. He also talks about the Drina River, which happened to be the tomb of multiple generations of victims: those who fought in the I and the II World Wars, as well as those who fought during the Yugoslav Wars. Now, the same river is one of the more lethal points for migrants involved in “the Game”.

While he is speaking of the Drina River, my mind goes to the idea of weaponisation of the landscape (De León, 2015), and to the “political production of exposure to the elements (...) environmental factors’ such as geography, topography, and weather (which) are part of the border assemblages and imbricated in the complex chains of responsibility and accountability for migrants’ deaths”(Schindel, 2022).

It is worth mentioning that Mika points out that in these conditions, a process of loss of dignity is affecting both dead and alive migrants.

He says clearly that the invisibilisation of dead migrants is possible only with a cooperation of the Police force. To fight against information manipulation on border violence, and on migrants burials it is not merely an “immigration issue”. Instead, it is a democracy issue.

**Stray thoughts.** *Is it different to be Muslim, Catholic or Orthodox in Bosnia-Herzegovina? Is it different from the way I dwell on the foreign/migrant issue? Or, is it different to belong to those minorities that are not represented in the Bosnian government?*

*Vesna complains that the Balkan people with whom she has spoken in recent years show a strong indifference or annoyance towards the migration present in the territory. She complains about this, recalling how she happened to be the first to be a migrant during the Yugoslav conflicts. Like her, many other people. A people divided into different nations, a group of peoples, who have a difficult past, the need to forget for some, the need to create a new life, the need to remember and understand, the cry for recognition and justice for others. Redemption. One wonders how and why people have forgotten their pasts. How and if the different "ethnicities" and political groups, Serbs, Croats, etc., move... if there are differences between the way of relating to migration and if so, what they are dictated by, whether by suffering, the need for denied recognition that now influence and affect action, religious differences. Migrant as a living memory of one's past, a threat, an element that highlights a policy already incapable of helping its population in these years following the Balkan conflicts.*

*Yet, the migration from the Balkans is not over. There is a new haemorrhage underway within the Balkans themselves, many young and old, men between 30 and 50 years old are leaving the Balkans today ...tired of a territory that has not recovered its strength and has no safe guides but dormant nationalisms and embers that ignite... they find work especially in Germany and in the Scandinavian countries. Some Bosnians consider Bosnia and Herzegovina to have no future and leave. Since I left Sarajevo in 2018, both through my friends and former colleagues still there and through social media, images and news of people who used to live there, some of whom I collaborated with, are now in EUrope. But it is a quieter emigration. Or maybe it just makes less noise because they are White and Balkan? Or are they felt/perceived closer? Or maybe they get confused between people more easily?*

## How much noise does the "colour line" make?

Then happened something really powerful. Socorro Guzmàn, the Mexican mother joining the Balkan Caravan, and a mother from Tuzla who happened to lose both her two sons during the Srebrenica massacre. They hug each other in tears while the whole room is in tears.

*The mother from Tuzla, now elderly, is mother two: brother and sister, who have been killed in concentration camps and then found in mass graves. The serenity of having found them (that is having put a period to whole issue) meets the restlessness of those who are still demanding truth and justice.*

I have the clear impression that many other mothers are, at least spiritually, here, and I wonder when all this has started. My mind is going to the remembrance of the mothers of Plaza de Mayo (Argentina). Was there something analogous before?

*The story and testimony are repeated. It is a moment repeated like it was the first time. Words that give voice to facts. Words that become flesh, for the person feeling the lack of the flesh and the body of the person being spoken. Catharsis. It is a story of a cry to call the missing ones. The missing children.*

All this leads me again to wonder about the "politics of motherhood". What are the key elements on which it is based? Let's make a try:

- a) they draw on a pre-political assumption – that is about the role of the mother, which is cultural universal - which under specific circumstances can be strongly politicised (e.g. claiming the right to truth, to find the dead bodies, etc.) and used against consolidated power regimes;
- b) they raise a political stance on the opposition between the sons' (and daughters') violated bodies and the sacred mothers' bodies;
- c) on the symbolic level, they perform a transformative action making an individual feeling of grief a sort of universal mourning;
- d) they deeply despise the role of the state authority that enabled (when it was not directly complicit or a perpetrator of) the violence suffered by their children;
- e) they elaborate a peculiar, feminine mode of struggle that rejects the role of hegemonic masculinities and male forms of exercising political struggles;

- f) the lack of a funeral ceremony is considered an obstacle to the mourning elaboration but also a wound in the “social fabric”; until the dead won’t be celebrated properly, there will be no rest neither for them nor their families;
- g) the failure to grieve keeps mothers in a loop that continues to prostrate them even years later, but it is precisely this condition, in the incessant repetition of trauma, that produces a political action. That repetition becoming a sort of obsession, a strong compulsion to repeat the same gestures, and the will to remain in a condition of “open” mourning; all this, creates new spaces for horizontal / transnational / intergenerational solidarity, standing antagonistic to the vertical power of politics.

This public exposure of grieving mothers somehow intercepts and feeds the so-called “grief activism” (Stierl, 2016). A “label” under which are gathered a multiplicity of practices – such as protests and public vigils, collective commemorations (which are not funerals!), artistic and symbolic performances, engagement with families of the deceased, and enumerating the names of the dead – which while are challenging the unequal “distribution of vulnerability”, are fostering solidarities countering the exclusionary and violent border regimes.

Indeed, at least three elements are recurring here, in the Balkan Caravan: a) the engagement with families of the deceased (represented by the participation of Socorro G. in Balkan Caravan, as well as her meeting with the mother from Tuzla), the artistic and symbolic manifestations, and the enumeration of the names of the dead. The two latter are represented by the artistic work of Daniela G. – who exposes the sheets with the names of the border victims while the event (and the mothers’ meeting) is going on, and which is growing and growing for years and years (due to the work fo a group of volunteers who continue to write new names sewing them with a red thread)– and the billboard with names, photos (sometimes even phones) of the missing persons in Mexico.

Many people take the floor, crisscrossing narrations from the Yugoslav wars and the hard conditions of current migrants. Yet, after a while, someone says that viewed from the Balkans, the whole issue of migration is different. For someone, migrants are a mere excuse for Balkan states to claim (or to extort) more money from the EU and to legitimate nationalist discourses.

At “Kulturni centar,” we meet Silvia Maraone, an Italian woman who is in charge of IPSIA activities in Lipa, where we are supposed to go the following day. Valeria knows her in person from her previous experience in the Balkans.

We have a small talk; she asks me about our research, and I explain to her that our work focuses on solidarities and we aim to deconstruct the same idea of solidarity,

avoiding pointing only to “white saviours”, rather highlighting how people help each other while they are on the move, exchanging multifarious forms of “interested solidarity” while they are on their way (Bonnin et al., 2024). “Unless they are not exploited...” she comments, which are almost the same words Nicole L. (from CUAMM Medici per l’Africa) addressed to me in Bari when I presented her my research work. This leads me to the idea that from the NGO’s standpoint, the nexus between solidarity and exploitation is not so clear, particularly when it involves relations with “compatriots”. Silvia M. also gives the availability of IPSIA to host a SOLROUTES researcher for a long stay in Lipa.

We spend some time in the evening at Gradska Otoka, the “city’s island”, which is a captivating place, offering visitors picturesque views of lush landscapes amidst serene waters. A leisurely and charming spot where a local music band is performing from a stage. Around the grass, where people gather to listen to music and dance, some takeaways offer the chance to buy a drink or to have something. The place selling couscous is run by people from IPSIA; they are both employed and refugees. I try to talk with Benedetta, who is an operator and a friend of Michela Lovato but it is not an appropriate context.

### **Day 5. Bihac-Trieste, 17.07.2024. Rituals (reprise)**

Today, we were supposed to reach Lipa, but we were told the road was in bad condition and the Police wouldn’t let us. I’m also told that, due to current political circumstances, even local activists deemed our visit inappropriate. So the Caravan move toward Trieste. Yet, before leaving Bosnia, we visit the Garavice Memorial Park.

***Stray thoughts.** The recognition of some places for some atheistic faiths. We are in front of the anti-fascist monument of Garavice Memorial Park: a monument to the Victims of Fascist Terror in Bihać, Bosnia. We encountered it on the way back from Bihac, going towards Trieste. With us, there are the other two Spanish coaches and our Bosnian guests. Materially, it is a hill with towers of square concrete monoliths on top, piled up one on another. Above them, sculpted abstract images.*

*Some of the group’s participants and some Bosnian guests sing songs such as Bella Ciao and El Pueblo Unido by Inti Illimani, as acts of commemoration. Some coloured crepe paper flowers are left on the monuments.*

*In my mind it appears an image of a laurel wreath while an alpine song echoes in my ears while the priest is blessing a monument, in my village; it is when the dead soldiers of the I World War were remembered. A monument to the deceased for the homeland.*

What is homeland, anyway?

*Then come the memories of flowers left on religious monuments or at the base of religious statues, places where the Madonna is thought to have appeared.*

*The rite of commemoration, singing, sharing and praying. Do similar people make rituals or are they open to diversity? Conviction of what you do, feeling that that place is important according to what you believe.*

*A place that has meaning for those who value it and for those who have a memory of it, whether true or false, this is a place that, in turn, strengthens the meaning and memory of the person who believes in it. What does the value of memory and transmission through the place (and the abandonment of the same place) entail? Is there still a belief?*

*Wondering about the monument. A monument to something contradictory and "biting". It is seen as a monument to anti-fascism and nationalism. I wonder where is a monument in memory of every victim of every "-ism"? I see a monument made by a president who, for some, was a hero while, for others, was just a dictator. In the caravan, I perceive a "single vision".*

*Perception of an enemy, like Fascism once and now the anti-migration laws and politicians; against them there is a talk of struggle. There is no talk of dialogue.*

To get back to Italy, it is required a long way on the winding Bosnian and Croatian roads. Along the way, we find some time to present on our coach, both Andrea's work and The Routes Journal's, as an anticipation of the presentation I will hold in Trieste. The Routes Journal project raises some curiosity and many asks how they can help.

At the evening, in Trieste we gather in the so-called "Piazza del Mondo", the square just opposite the railway central station. A liminal nonplace, as it is common to find in the railway stations' nearby, which have been given a meaning, as well as a new name (its official name is "Giardino di Piazza della Libertà") by the solidaristic work of Gianandrea Franchi and Lorena Fornasir. We are much more than the migrants than the migrants hanging around, who are almost all males in their mid-twenties, mostly from Afghanistan and Pakistan. Some are coming from Morocco, or Tunisia.

*We arrive in "Piazza del Mondo" where there is a service for migrants by "Linea d'Ombra OdV". Most of us reach the middle of the square, where, among the tree-lined flowerbeds, there is a space with benches where volunteers work. The boys are there and on the sides of the square. I consciously decide to stay out of the central space for a moment. We are arriving in dribs and drabs, just after having left our suitcases at the hostel.*

*Due to the way the flowerbeds are located, the square is concentric: on the outermost sides, there are individuals alone; in the flowerbeds, there are groups of people; in the centre, there are other people. On the sides, mainly are migrants. Yet, the main action is at the centre: the volunteers who help and the migrants who are there and/or get help. Compared to the rest of the city, it is as if it were an island. An island surrounded by*

*buildings and a few bars, kebab shops and a grocery store; the latter run by a Turkish family, father and boy at the kebab, daughter who helps both at the shop and at the grocery store, younger son (if they really are children or relatives). When I went there to buy Halva, the mother's eyes lit up, almost amazed at that moment that I liked it and that I knew a typical dessert of theirs and was not there for the classic cold drink. I take a tour of the square from the outside, almost perceiving my extraneousness in that context. I decide to enter from where there are no other Italian volunteers, even if they are just a few meters anyway.*

*One thing that challenged me in the past was my being in that situation. There is the physical part, I am a woman, young, Italian and the bearer of an unsolicited birthright, that is, the power of my passport. There is the internal part, then; that is my interiority that, in that situation, does not come out directly even if it is involved. The migrants are easily visible on the street; most of the time, they are men, sometimes old, very often young. This opens you up to situations as a young woman. Situations in which you can choose to stay or not to stay, to look, observe and not judge and consider interesting. Or they can be considered as situations that can oscillate between the fine line of possibilities or risks. As I enter from the side, I meet a group of young men; they are three, between 19 and 25 years old, Afghans. Not far away, there are two Pakistani boys, with whom they interact.*

*We start to communicate. One of them, in his 20s, speaks Italian, another one just a few words of English; all the others use Google Translate... They speak and translate, and make me speak and listen to the translation. The latter are illiterate. After some small talk, they invited me to play cards with them at what I would call "Ruba Mazzezzo". Sitting there and being with them... watching me there, aware of the fact there is also some seduction game... being in the middle of them, feeling observed... observing myself among them... looking them straight and clearly in their eyes... not caring about being dressed "well", as well as about being sitting among them and feeling calm. Perceiving that they are a group and, at the same time, they are not. They are a group out of necessity because they need to stay in touch, to have connections, to survive. Some are friends. Not all of them. One of them tells me that some have been there for 2 months. Kamran has been here for a month and a half; he has applied for documents. He says he left Afghanistan 11 months ago, and then he visited Iran, Turkey, Bulgaria, Serbia, and Croatia. He also tried to go to Brussels but was sent back to Italy.*

While Lorena is fully engaged in taking care of the wounds and the scars migrants bring on their bodies, I spend some time talking with Gianandrea Franchi.



Gianandrea F. explains to me that arrivals from the Balkan route are now considerably lower than what happened in the same seasons in 2023. At that time, arrivals could be about one hundred a day or even more. Now, it is about 20/30, not more.

Now, they are forced to sleep on the road because the major of Trieste has ordered the Silos to be cleared. The Silos is an abandoned building at the side of the railway station, which was squatted by dozens of migrants. While their dwelling conditions were awful and they were exposed to many health risks due to the lack of any sanitation systems, it allowed somehow them to sleep “indoors”. Due to favourable weather conditions, they now spend the night in “Piazza dei Popoli” flowerbeds, sleeping rough. Alternatively, they sleep in abandoned houses or building sites. “The difference, compared to what happened in the last years, is that now they arrive with their foot in better condition,” tells Gianandrea, who, then, adds: “This is because they now walk significantly less, making the longer segments of the Balkans travelling by cars or trucks”. It seems an improvement, and it comes spontaneously to me saying it, and as I do it, he contests my affirmation: “In that way, they are exploited!”. Once again, the complicated overlapping of solidarity and exploitation, in the eyes of those bringing humanitarian aid, is not considered a complex structuration of social and market relations; rather, it is considered just a shady business.

*Stray thoughts. On the perception of safety and space*

*While I am sitting with the boys, I stand aside although I am part of the circle they have created. Together, however, we are part of a broader context, public and, at the same time, private. Public because it is open to*

everyone: just look up, and there are the volunteers, the other migrant boys, my companions of the Balkan Caravan. I purposely decide not to be with them, with my travel companions/colleagues, because our exteriority, physicality, and gender open us to interaction in a different way. They are figures that I perceive as predominant and, at the same time, extraneous to the relational space that exists in that period of time with the children. At the same time, they see me, and each one knows of the presence of the other but is in different windows. Each window can be private.

Unhinge / break / stand / dichotomies: migrant vs. voluntary, EU vs. foreigner, migrant vs. Italian vs. foreigner, person with power and rights (by citizenship and law) vs. person to whom the State does not recognize them, European person (from whom to take something), white woman: passport and wallet vs. migrant trying to improve her situation. Italian woman vs. migrant men. Vertical relationship, a woman with money and a passport, therefore usable (to access money and passport), a man who is hitting on a girl, male group dynamics, where the woman is a bit of a test. Can there be a relationship of trust in this?

Simply youth spending their time together.

### **Stray thoughts.** On safety

What makes us feel safe and what does not? And what makes migrants safe? What drives a migrant boy to trust you? In a square, does it make you feel safe that you are not alone with the guys? ...that you have colleagues and volunteers all around you, that is "the Italians"? Are they those you perceive as similar to you? ...is it just because of the colour of their skin? Is there really a similarity only with some and not with others? What do I consider similar to myself and why does this instinct make me think he is therefore worthy of my trust? Beyond the fact that what is similar seems familiar and therefore already known and therefore trustworthy. What is really similar between me and other people? What is really similar...? What at first glance appears similar ...or is there another level to consider? At a certain point I break away from the group and go buy cigarettes with one of the guys. I know and perceive that I am leaving the "safe zone", which I perceive as safe as we are together with other people in the group I know but it is also perceived by me as frank as an accepted space, a space recognized as a place in a city inhabited by migrants. This space is "not wanted".

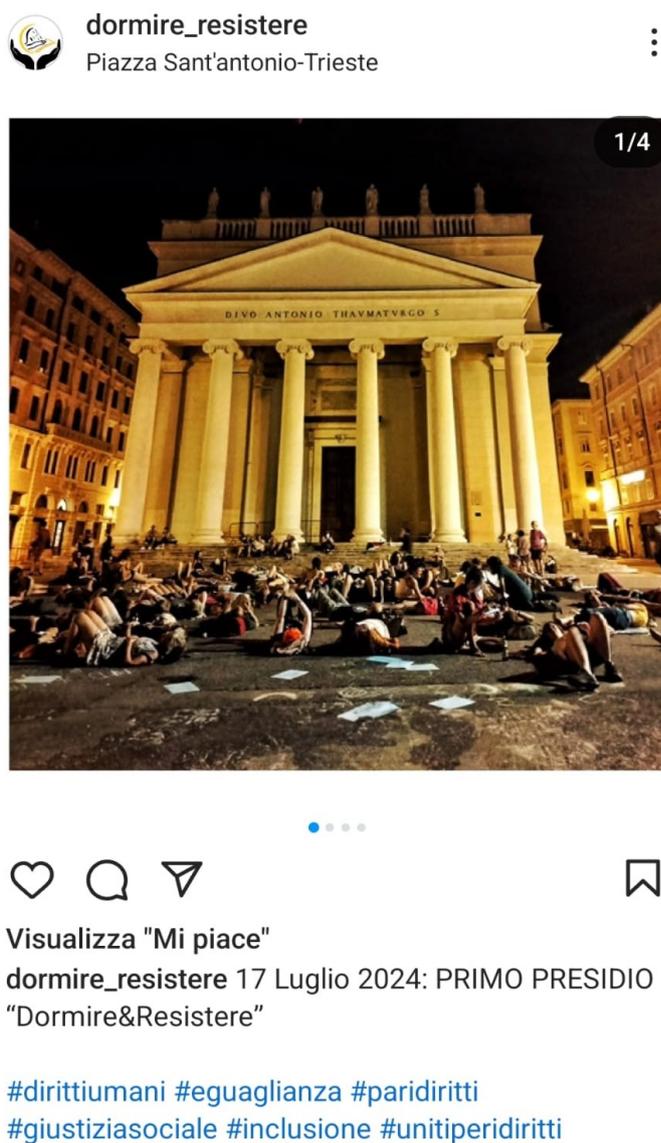
If this space had been "wished"/ "wanted" (and appreciated) by the citizens, I imagine that probably the presence of people from Trieste would have been greater. It almost seems that it is a square where one does not want to pass by, a sort of private area for migrants and their point of support... a public and open space visible and accessible where it is possible to stay. I perceive that I will be alone with this guy in the streets nearby, where the group dynamics are no longer. At the same time, he, too, for a while, comes out of his group, which is composed of friends, people with whom he shares spaces, etc.

Exposing oneself, being an individual, being in the swing ... The same situation experienced by two people is perceived differently. Be aware of who you are and, who he is, and what situation you are in, in order not to get hurt and neither to raise a false hope. Perceiving that there is a very thin line, on which we are walking, between mutual knowledge and a complicated game where a migrant guy tries to hit on a girl and an Italian girl try to avoid to nourish a false hope or to hurt him. Or hurt herself.

Writing lightens and allows you to rework what you have experienced, but it also makes you come out and exposes you.

In the Whatsapp chat comes the invitation to join the action of "Dormire\_resistere" (Instagram: @Dormire\_resistere), a new-born local solidaristic movement which has started its action just a few weeks earlier, supporting migrants evicted from the Silos.

This same evening, there will be a first rally in Piazza S. Antonio. A sit-in and a reading have been organised and a group of protesters will be sleeping there as a sign of protest.



We get there around 11 PM. No migrants are nearby; almost all the people there are from the Balkan Caravan, while the "Dormire\_resistere" group is rather small, and I don't get to contact them.

## Day 6. Trieste, 18 July 2024.

The afternoon is dedicated to the presentation of associations and projects active on the issue of migration. The event is organized at the "Casa del Popolo" in Sottolongera, and bears the following title: "**Breaking down walls, building bridges**. Dialogues on the Balkan route and others, proposals for resistance". Among the participants are Waffo Soh Deyo Leandry Shyve, a Cameroonian refugee in Italy and activist of Mem.Med (Mediterranean Memory) who lost his family in a shipwreck in the spring of 2023; Safura Jwarazmi, an Afghan refugee in Madrid, Socorro Gil Guzmán (the Mexican mother who accompanies the Balkan caravan putting her body and her memories as a mother at the disposal of a larger struggle), Ramiz Berbić and Svetlana Sarić (SOS Vlasontince, who followed the caravan from Bihac) and other participants from Serbia and Croatia. Among the Italians: Guido Mandarino (Language Aid) and Gianfranco Schiavone (ASGI). I will present The Routes Journal.

At evening, a solidarity dinner has been organised in the "Piazza del Mondo", with the cooperation of the Fornelli in Lotta association.

*Immersed in the social dynamics of Piazza del Mondo I have almost never been with Andrea and Enrico. If we had interacted together at the same time with the same people, what would have opened and what would not? And who would have driven the interaction? And in what way would I have inhibited the interaction of the migrant person with Enrico and in what way would he have inhibited my relationship? How would I have felt about being in a relationship with people and having him there? What would relating together have helped? In what would it have helped to confront each other differently or more?*

Should ethnography adhere to a methodological individualism paradigm?

**Stray thought.** *On safety (again)*

*Perception of identity as security and the idea of identity are united at this moment in my mind in some thoughts close to me: security in a society, perceived security, security from what? Security as similar ways and customs, or as a social structure in which one recognizes oneself? A society where you feel at home because you recognize ways, customs, and religions? Christianity = European culture? Axiom for which European culture has Christian foundations. Perception of Islam as a danger. Overlap between migrants and Islam. Migrants are accepted if they fit into our customs and rituals. Religion used as a structure?*

## Religion is a social institution<sup>3</sup>

*Religion as an identity rite, as a form of security given by etiquette and structure. Loss of content of religion itself. Migrants in Trieste or along the Balkan Route are not of interest. Rites. Static or moving identities?*

*Evenings spent in the square in Trieste, where you know that there are migrants and that there are things to do; volunteers who take turns doing actions that become structures and codes of behavior.*

## Struttura e agency.

*Solidarity based on spontaneity or repetitiveness, constancy? Solidarity of momentum vs. perseverance and disenchantment in action. Outside that square, how is the situation of migrants and citizenship structured? How do migrants move and how do citizens move towards them? The square as a space separate from the city, a micro-environment within the city or connected and integrated? Spaces and relationship with institutions and armed forces? How are they seen?*

## Day 7. Trieste, 19 July 2024.

We meet again in Casa del Popolo di Sottolungera. The goal of the gathering, today is to make clear the principles of the mobilisations, that is the Caravans along the years and the actions that have been carried out along the way. The meeting is considered as a space to strengthen this rather “thin” European network, and to define the possibilities of common actions on the following issues: a) the right to migrate (regularisation, reporting criminalisation, etc.); b) no more deaths due to migration (safe passages, identification procedures, databases); c) no war! And also: No to arms trafficking! And No to militarisation.

Within this framework, two main issues are considered to be worth of a collective discussion: a) Drawing on what those who have joined the Balkan Caravan have experienced, which solidarity experience/associations/group are considered worth to involved in the future? And which kind of common work is conceivable? B) Which kind of transnational mobilisation should be organised? How to stay in touch within the Italian, Spanish, French, Belgian ...etc.? The discussion is moderated and participation is under a strict control in order to ensure the best possible balance between male / female, Italian / Spanish / other nationalities, participants.

The afternoon is dedicated to visiting the Risiera di San Sabba, an old rice husking plant which under the German domination, in October 1943, was transformed in

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<sup>3</sup> <https://plato.stanford.edu/entries/social-institutions/>

Police Detention Camp, where many prisoners has been tortured and deported to extermination camps. Many antifascists and partisans were killed here. The visit is particularly touching. The analogy needs no explanation.

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