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Ways of Reading Migrant Experience: *A Seventh Man*

> The act of writing is nothing except the act of approaching the experience written about; just as, hopefully, the act of reading the written text is a comparable act of approach.
>
> – John Berger, "The Storyteller".

The 2010 reissue of *A Seventh Man* begins with the remark: "It can happen that a book, unlike its authors, grows younger as the years pass".[1] The decision to reissue the book presupposes its potential relevance to the present time. With the passing years, despite the obvious and increasing redundancy of statistical data provided in it – drastically outdated after the collapse of the Soviet Union – two factors have withstood the test of time and have arguably become more pertinent now than when the book was first published in 1975 – the need for solidarity amongst migrant labourers and the attitude or the stance adopted by the writer and the photographer in recording their experiences of displacement. The reliance of Western Europe's economic structure on the steady influx of migrant workers in the economically calamitous decades following World War II has been well-acknowledged. The representation of migrant existence in *A Seventh Man* is more pertinent than ever as an insightful rejoinder to the upsurge of current anti-immigration idiom. The book was originally conceived as a documentary film, seeking to record the everyday lives of male migrant workers in the northern European industrial regions. About the exclusion of the female migrant workers, Berger says: "Among the migrant workers in Europe there are probably two million women. Some work in factories; many work in domestic service. To write of their experience adequately would require a book in itself. We hope this will be done. Ours is limited to the experience of the male migrant worker".[2] Its structure considerably retains the essence of a filmic narrative. Berger and Mohr were aided competently by Sven Blomberg and Richard Hollis in the project. The written text and the photographic

images are arranged particularly around the movements of those workers who were mobilized out of the economically backward areas of Southern Europe into the towns and factories of Western Europe.

Many readers who approached the book from an academic point of view failed to regard the empathy with which the book's conception was invested. It was only after the book was translated into "Turkish, Greek, Arabic, Portuguese, Spanish, Punjabi … it began to be read by some of the people it was about,"[3] thus fulfilling the original aim of the makers of the book. Berger and Mohr did not set out to craft anything with the grand overarching ambition of universalising migrant experience. Today the impression that the reader forms while reading *A Seventh Man* is a flattening of the intervening decades of migration narratives into an indictment of steadfast resilience and universal oppression and pain.

A Seventh Man raises a question that is essential to the current debates about migration – whose pain is legitimate? Collecting, codifying and processing of biometric information like fingerprints and iris scans and pencilling in diagrams and maps establish and put into effect the legitimacy of the migrant's identity as a worker but the processes involved in legitimising his status exclude his suffering. Berger's concern is primarily empathetic and driven towards the experiential aspect of migration: "A man's resolution to emigrate needs to be seen within the context of a world economic system. Not in order to reinforce a political theory but so that what actually happens to him can be given its proper value. That economic system is neo-colonialism".[4] In the 2010 foreword to the book Berger calls this economic system "economic fascism" – a structure which greatly benefits German, French and British economies. The book tries to suggest that it is feasible, if not uncomplicated, to believe that another's distress deserves attention, kindness and compassion even if one has profited or gained social and economic advantages from that distress. It is increasingly problematical, though not unattainable, to endeavour to intercede and to assuage that pain.

A Seventh Man is a curiously amalgamated image-text entity whose multipart and fragmentary nature echoes the disarray and fragmentation of the people it is about, and consists of bits and pieces of oral statements, anecdotes, somewhat eccentric anthropometric/physiological illustrations of the bodily exertions and exhaustion caused by cyclic labour on the migrants, critical analyses that look into the *Gastarbeiter* attitude, and open condemnation of racist, bigoted politicians. After the World War II, there was a growing dependence of Western European states where capitalism had reached an advanced stage, on migrant labour to expand their economies further. In Belgium, France and Switzerland, migrant

workers constituted about twenty-five percent of the industrial labour power. In Germany and Britain, one manual labourer in every seven was an immigrant, as Berger has pointed out. The images in the book focus on the most subjugated members of the labour force in the 70s, the migrant workers who were placed far below the indigenous workers in terms of pay, social security, status, rights, promotion schemes and lodging environments. These workers, unlike many of their counterparts in Britain, had no right to settle or bring their families. The images can be divided into two categories: the working and living conditions in the host country, and the poverty-stricken places from where the migrants arrived. There is a correlation between the two. For instance, the impact of the sudden discharging of workers at Volkswagen registered more acutely in the rural communities of Anatolia, or places that Western capitalist economy had systematically underdeveloped, than in West Germany where Volkswagen factories were located. They were constantly brought in and sent back according to the industrial needs of the host countries. They came from Greece, Portugal, Southern Italy, Spain, Turkey and the states of the former Yugoslavia. In most cases they were not protected by trade unions and their dispossessions by exploitative labour regimes were frequently passed over in silence.

Monopoly capitalism, according to Berger, subjects all classes and all nations to similar modes of exploitation but strengthens the differences between them in terms of technology, ways of living and working, and culture. The differences are something one would imagine on which capitalism thrives. In the 70s, the growth of the world market and the consequent annexation of industry, commerce, navigation and railways ensured the rise of the bourgeoisie and increase in capital. This also meant the steady relegation of other classes to the background and a change in the geopolitical landscape and the subjection by the bourgeoisie of the country to the rule of the towns.

There is, in *A Seventh Man*, like in many other books by Berger, an edgy and visceral struggle between poetics and politics that does not really yield to easy formulations. This struggle occupies an intellectually engaging interstice between fiction and non-fiction. This informs Berger's Marxist-humanist concern for the experience of migration. He studies the effect that the neo-colonial system has on, not only the economy, but also the being of the individual working as a migrant worker, and his studies yield results that he presents in terms of a melange of statistical data, poetry, social reportage, interviews and standard Marxist analyses. There are a number of parallel narratives that unfold in the book. The description of the migrant worker – the protagonist whose life experiences embody the general struggles of all other migrant

workers – is accompanied by objective, informational commentary. Berger briefly alludes to the vocabulary of the 70s global financial order and takes one term at a time: 'metropolitan', 'advanced', 'developed' and most significantly the term 'underdevelop'. The term 'underdeveloped' or its more acceptable euphemism 'developing' was used to describe economies which were agricultural or under-industrialised. A critical approach toward this vocabulary exposes the exploitative ideology operating behind it. Berger points out, "The only serious contribution to this semantic discussion has been made by the Cubans, who have pointed out that there should be a transitive verb: to underdevelop. An economy is underdeveloped because of what is being done around it, within it and to it. There are agencies which underdevelop".[5]

The photos alternate between the close-ups of migrants and long-shots of village territories and urban spaces. This constant movement between closing in and moving out parallels Berger's writing technique. Seeing reality from close up and from afar is built into the dialogue that is set in motion between the urban and the rural. For instance, "the inhabitant of the modern metropolis tends to believe that it is always somehow possible to scrape a bare living off the land...".[6] The peasant, on the other hand, knows that it is not possible: "Nature has to be bribed to yield enough".[7] The romantic idealisation of nature by capitalism and the belief that the city lives off a surplus produced in the countryside are part of the exploitative rhetoric that victimises migrant workers in the cities. Since capitalist ethic sees poverty as a result of the lack of enterprise and productivity, underdevelopment is ludicrous in its eyes. The barrenness of the land, for instance, leads to rural poverty and peasants who were tillers of the soil are forced to graze cattle. The disguised social basis and implication of this poverty is unyielding. The economic relations intervening between the peasants and their lands are constitutive of the factors that contribute toward making the land barren. This involves the share-cropping system, the systems of land tenure, the money-lending system, the marketing system, etc. Sometimes the peasants are forced to leave their villages and find jobs in the city as unskilled labourers. The decision to leave comes much later. "Every day he hears about the metropolis".[8] All cities suggest a single image to his mind – a place which holds promises for him and his family. He does not have a clear idea about the nature of this promise or its future fulfilment. The shape of the half-understood promise offered by the city has been carved for him by other migrants who have been to the city. He has also noticed a certain sense of secrecy with which the peasant-turned-migrants guard their experiences. These experiences are shareable only amongst those who have been to

the city to work and for whom the act of migration suggests a discontinuity with the life lived in the village. They are the *passeurs* who cross borders to work, either legally or illegally. When they come back, they bring secrets with them that only other migrants can understand and share. The act of migration is a resistance against the stagnation brought about by underdevelopment. Migration occurs as a result of not only desperation but also an active agency to do something about the situation of stasis that the migrant was born into or was forced to confront.

The migrant's leaving is accompanied by a sense of the unknown. About the place he is going to, he has a vague idea. He does not know whether he will return triumphant or defeated. About the village he is leaving behind, he feels a strong and unprecedented attachment. His decision to leave has been approved and supported by his family members because they feel that all of them are going to benefit from it. It is a hopeful act and at the same time, an act of desperation. While leaving he takes a road which "itself is a passing of stories, with its listeners in the grass on the either side".[9]

When he arrives in the city, it appears to be different from the image he had harboured in his mind. It is larger and more populated than he had thought and there is a kind of will that is required to pass through it. The language that people speak here is the same as the one he speaks but it sounds different to him. He comes across things unfamiliar which give rise to a feeling of wonder and at the same time an obvious feeling of discomfort. Gradually he gets to meet more people like him, people who have come from afar to do work that is similar to his, and he begins to share his experiences.

In the metropolitan cities the forms of deprivation that the migrants are subjected to go unseen. Migrants live a ghostly existence with no clear sense of belonging. Their memories of the places they come from are incompatible with the incomprehensibility that their workplaces offer. They understand that the work they are required to do does not involve thinking. Their sense of 'achievement' is solely restricted to the pay packet they receive and what it does for their family members. The manual work is mechanical, repetitive and 'mindless'. A British worker at Fords is quoted saying: "You don't achieve anything here. A robot could do it. The line here is made for morons. It doesn't need any thought. They tell you that. "We don't pay you for thinking" they say".[10] The migrants become ghostly because they are not counted as human beings with the ability to think or improvise – human beings with desires and fatigue and yet they are indispensable. One single migrant worker is replaceable but migrant workers as a group and their usefulness is absolutely crucial. The unthinking manual labour that he is committed to in the factories

begins to affect him physiologically and psychologically. "He begins to watch his arm, as if it were being moved by what it is holding instead of by his shoulder".[11] He becomes extensions of machines he is made to operate. Traditions, history, political theory are employed in such a way that the categories of 'normal' and 'normative' are coalesced and questions regarding what is happening to the migrant workers are either passed over in silence or repressed. This silence is what characterises the migrant's experience. Inside the factories he soon gets used to a stream of repetitive noises: "stamping, boring, pressing, beating, the scream of hydraulic tools, the shock of substance hitting substance, and one substance grating against another...".[12] When he leaves the workshop these noises are so persistent in his head still that he can hear nothing else. "Silence here is deafness".[13] Metaphorically it is also the silence of history which has sanctified the norms as absolute.

Berger and Mohr deliberately avoided producing an 'academic' book restricted to analyses of facts and figures. What makes *A Seventh Man* 'human' is the incorporation of fragments of direct experiences, and the unhinging of the formal, generic structure that the subject usually demands and instead establishing a free-form, inclusive narrative style that looks/reads like, at the same time, a family album and a piece of social reportage.

The first couple of images in the book are that of roads and thoroughfares.

Even before we see the pictures of migrants, we are presented with the roads that they will take to reach the cities of their destination. The roads are anonymous and they are objectively photographed from a distance. The first photograph is that of a road that leads out from the village and the second one is that of urban overpasses. The anonymity and the ubiquitous nature of the images foreshadow the migrant's experience in the city: nobody really knows him, and his activities are restricted to the ones that are expected of him as a worker. The accompanying poem by the Hungarian proletarian poet Attila József, from which the book gets its title, reads like a prologue to the book. Berger read this poem out in an event organised by Subcomandante Marcos, where he likened the poem to a "message" and remarked that "many many messages come from the absent and the dead". The second verse of the poem is particularly relevant to the book:

When you must fight to survive,

let your enemy see seven.

One, away from work on Sunday,

one, starting his work on Monday,

one, who teaches without payment,

one, who learned to swim by drowning,

one, who is the seed of a forest,

and one, whom wild forefathers protect,

but all their tricks are not enough:

you yourself must be the seventh.[14]

Survival, an issue which is central to the experience of the migrant labourer as described in the book, can have two implications: endurance of a trial that threatens to erase one's identity reducing him to a replaceable machine, and the preservation of shareable experience despite antagonistic and disorienting conditions. Talking about the community of peasants in 1980s France as a class of survivors, Berger says in the introduction to *Pig Earth*: "The word survivor has two meanings. It denotes somebody who has survived an ordeal. And it also denotes a person who has continued to live when others disappeared or perished".[15] This is relevant to the description of the migrant worker. In its examination of the economic structures and their impact on individuals, the book is divided into three segments: "Departure", "Work" and "Return". The economic structuration and its ideological underpinnings are constituted by global financial capitalism's forceful incursion into the economically backward nations of Europe like Turkey, Portugal, Spain, and Greece and the erstwhile Yugoslavia and the working condition and rights of migrants within the economy of the industrial countries. Berger's examinations are accompanied by statistical information (now outdated), economic theories, and historical facts.

In order to establish as it were the materiality of the medium, Mohr places an image of a Belgrade street photographer next. It is an autobiographical image. The man in a worn-out coat and cap and cigarette hanging at the corner of his lips could be Mohr himself. His face has the look of a veteran street magician. Two figures – one a young man and a boy – look out of the photograph at the viewer. In the intersection between their gaze and ours, two moments are brought together – the moment of the photograph being taken and the moment of our looking at it. Interestingly, two photographs are being taken - one by Mohr and the other by the unnamed street photographer. The photo taken by Mohr we can see, the one by the street photographer we cannot. The interplay between the seen and the unseen thus underlines the

thematic conceptualisation of the book and Mohr and Berger's works in general. The images in the book are metaphorical in the sense that they bring us things from experiences happening elsewhere geographically or temporally. And to this extent they suggest a replacement or substitution. The substitution is not of the experience but of the medium. Photography is an art of partial return. As the makers of the book understand it, it is an intimate and empathetic record of having seen, witnessed and felt. The moment of taking a photo anticipates the innumerable, incalculable moments in which the photo will be viewed and reviewed.

Poetics of writing fuses with the central polemical arguments to produce a notation of human suffering that is at once topical and universal. The aim is not to theorise but to get as close as possible to the experience without interfering or being patronising. The writing suggests a kind of travel that is different from emigration: "Metaphor is needed. Metaphor is temporary. It does not replace theory".[16] The word 'metaphor' has its etymological roots in the Greek word 'metaphora' which literally means 'a carrying over'. The way Berger refers to it, metaphor has something in common with the figure of the migrant – needed, temporary and does not replace theory. The narrative voice shares an experience with the reader: "A friend came to see me in a dream. From far away. And I asked in the dream: 'Did you come by photograph or train?' All photographs are a form of transport and an expression of absence".[17]

The photos of the Italian masons contain a feeling of repose albeit a short one. They are of men who are posing for the photographer in between work. Although their expressions are different, their eyes have an alertness that often characterises the demeanour of migrants arrived in a new city.

The experiences of the migrant workers described in the book are embodied in the movements and activities and perceptions of a single migrant worker referred to as 'He' and the photographs are structured around his story. At a particular point of the story, he takes out a photo from his pocket. It is an evocative photo of a boy in rain.

Folded inside the pocket of the jacket of his migrant worker father, it signifies absence. The photo may be ten years old but the absence that it defines is timeless.

The book aims to make visible this sense of absence that photos may sometimes describe. It operates on two levels: one of the statistical data and one of experiential narrativity. Apart from the incalculability of the afterlives of the photos (or the book in general) a different kind of incalculability is confronted: "In north-western Europe, excluding Britain, there are approximately eleven million migrant workers. The

exact number is impossible to estimate because a probable two million are living and working without proper papers, illegally".[18]

Against this incalculability is pitted the mundane calculable and calculated minutiae of the lives of the worker and his family members: one of the boys making charcoal, he himself felling and cutting wood which he takes to the nearest market village, seven-hour away from his place, with the hope of selling, the wood fire burning in a hollow of earth near the centre of the room where they live, his wife making bread that is thin and unleavened, the three younger children, their grandmother, a baby and an ox whose pronounced ribs tell of malnutrition, the lack of furniture except for a milking stool and a cradle and the flock of sheep who sleep under the bed where the family sleeps. The picture that is painted with words and with economy of expression is one of poverty and desperation. The sparseness of the description makes it more vivid. Such descriptions which are very common in Berger's writing, especially in his trilogy *Into their Labours*, are reminiscent of painterly depictions of peasant experience by artists like Vincent van Gogh and Jean-Francois Millet. The production of such images includes the relationship between the seeing eye of the painter or the photographer and his medium.

Berger set out to document and define what he saw as a "new phenomenon of millions of peasants migrating to countries with which they have had no previous connection".[19] The book concentrates on the experience of European migrants in the 70s and deliberately leaves out immigration to Britain from its former colonies such as Pakistan, India, Caribbean, and North Africa, with the following disclaimer supporting the exclusion:

> In order to define as sharply as possible the new phenomenon of millions of peasants migrating to countries with which they have had no previous connection, we have concentrated here on the migrants who come from Europe. This is also why neither images nor text refer directly to Britain, where the majority of immigrants come from former colonies. The distinction is an artificial one, but it makes for a clearer focus.[20]

One might assume that if the book was written today, it would consider the influx of migrant labour coming to Britain from Eastern European countries.

In the 1970s, unskilled workers migrating out of Portugal in search of jobs in France came up with an ingenious system to make sure that they reached their destination safely and to prevent themselves from

being swindled by smugglers. Prior to their departure, every prospective migrant worker would take a photograph of himself, before tearing the picture in two equal halves.

He would keep one half and give the other half to the smuggler or the 'guide'. When the worker reached France he would mail his half of the photograph back to his family in Portugal to prove that he had been escorted safely over the border and across the frontiers; the 'guide' would then visit the family with the half of the migrant's photograph to verify that it was he who had escorted him, and it was only then that the family would pay the $350 after being assured that their kin had safely reached his destination. "The migrants crossed in groups of a hundred or so. Mostly they travelled by night. Hidden in lorries. And on foot".[21]

They are indeed like passport photos. Only, they are more compelling even though more anonymous. The diagonal split across the man's forehead, eyes and chin exacerbates the photo's spectral quality. Torn in two incomplete halves, it encapsulates the migrant's experience: the unfinished sense of belonging, the disorientation of his identity as a human. It is an image of absence and ghostliness. "The migrants who sleep buried in cellars belong to them. They are there, but they are not seen".[22] In bringing together the halves of the unknown and 'faceless' migrant worker on the page of his book, Berger symbolically counteracts the erasure of identity and subjectivity that migration entails.

By and large, the thrust of the book is formed by a sense of waiting and of living in a time that has fallen between two regimes, as it were, when industrial capitalism is slowly being replaced by finance capitalism. The fact of the book's growing 'younger' has bridged the gap between its first publication and Berger's 2010 foreword. It also marks the migrant's dream of passing from precariousness to something approaching refuge. In the original text too Berger attempts to compare what migration had meant in the past and what it meant in the 70s. In the segment titled "Work," Berger draws parallels between earlier migrations that assisted in building industries in and giving economic impetus to wealthy European nations and the current ones. He discusses in particular the Irish migration to Glasgow and Liverpool, after the famine of 1845-7, after what he sees as the destruction of their agriculture by British land policies. He also talks about the slave trade, the Poor Laws, child labour, factory conditions, the Armageddon of 1914-18.

He depicts the living conditions in migrant worker quarters and the narration gradually transforms into a kind of imaginary, disembodied, stream-of-consciousness voice-over:

> the wet floor of this place leads to the way out, down the stairs into the street, along the walls of the buildings on one side and the wall of the traffic on the other, past the railings, under the glass and artificial light to the work he does: that floor to clean: that hole to punch: that ingot to lift: that casing to beat: that gearbox to fit in; the job done, an identical or almost identical job takes its place, the same job, but a different floor, a different hole, a different ingot, a different casing, a different gearbox; they must be different because he has just done the job, and now he has to do it again, and after that again and again.[23]

The quarters are incarcerating, dimly lit, overfull and yet lonely. The narrative harkens back to the migrant population of the 19th century on the one hand and anticipates the problems faced by the migrants today on the other. The metaphors and associated photographs evoke the present day scenario of Syrian immigrants taking shelter in Tempelhof hangar in Germany or immigrants living inside container camps made by converting shipping containers, while the languid queues outside employment offices prefigure the current refugees waiting in line seeking asylum outside Landesamt für Gesundheit und Soziales, the State Office for Health and Social Affairs in Berlin which is the primary contact centre for recently arrived refugees.

The migrants that Berger deals with have certain restricted and inadequate rights, reliant upon the kind and impact of the labour that he is able to offer. Some of them are members of a workers' union, although the migrant workers are considered substandard by the indigenous workers. Some of them can take time off and visit city centres on Sundays and cook their own meal. All this is relatively more difficult today; especially mobility within the metropolis is made arduous by their assignment to the suburbs of the city, where public transportation is not always available. In hindsight, the nameless migrant workers do not appear as desperate and as oppressed as the population that is migrating today.

Today, to find an inhabitable shelter is more difficult and the risks involved in migrating, a lot higher than what it was in the 70s. In 2017, according to a report by International Organization for Migration's (IOM) Missing Migrant Project, the number of incidents concerning migrants, including refugees and asylum-seekers, who died or went missing in the process of migration towards an international destination was recorded to be 6,163. In 2018, the number of migrant fatalities in the first three months has been recorded to be 871. There may be a lot more incidents that have not been recorded. In 2016 the 'disappearance' of 10,000 migrant children after arriving in the EU made headlines across the world. The Observer citing

data furnished by Europol, the EU's criminal intelligence agency, saw a direct connection between the fact that several thousands of migrating children had gone missing after enlisting their names with EU state authorities and the suspected involvement of a criminal infrastructure that was targeting minors. Brian Donald, Chief of Staff at Europol, said, "Whether they are registered or not, we're talking about 270,000 children. Not all of those are unaccompanied, but we also have evidence that a large proportion might be".[24] These children making long and perilous sea voyages, often unaccompanied, are extremely susceptible to life-risks. The situations have become a lot more difficult than what Berger describes in his book. About the migrant worker, he says, "He has come to the metropolis to sell his labour power".[25] A few pages later, he says, out of a sudden upsurge of empathy, "To live he can sell his life" (90). African migrants are literally selling their organs to organ-traffickers, unable to pay people-smugglers, as the testimony of an Eritrean former smuggler revealed in 2016.

The stories in *A Seventh Man* are an indictment on estrangement and elimination. Berger's portrayal of the daily travails of migrant workers is a compelling illustration of the present crisis: crossing the frontiers and subsequent reduction to bare life. Although the text is resolutely and categorically a reflection on labour, it quietly circumvents several issues that might add to its continuing significance in the present time: the political turbulence in the countries where migrants came from and the trenchant political economies that forced them to move out. The scenarios may have changed but the exploitative logic of industrial to finance capitalism has only intensified over the years. Berger was writing at the time when Greece and Portugal were recovering from the devastating effects of dictatorships in those countries: in Greece the vicious Regime of the Colonels or the Junta (1967-74) was being overthrown; in 1973, the Carnation Revolution was bringing an end to Estado Novo, a corporatist totalitarian regime in Portugal. According to reports by UN DESA, 2015 and ILO, 2017, out of the 244 million international migrants of 2015, 150 million were labour migrants.

To migrate to Germany, France, Switzerland, or the UK then, even temporarily, meant to send home remittances and save money and escape instability, while doing the "hardest, most disagreeable, and less well-paid jobs": working in asbestos and rubber processing facilities, or in construction. As Berger notes, "it is he who has built the roads which will lead him to a new life. Roads, autoroutes, tunnels, airstrips, fly-overs".[26] The source countries of labour migration have not changed – Algeria, Greece, Libya, Spain,

Syria, Turkey and Slavic nations – and the constant influx of labourers have been integral to the evolution of economies in the host countries.

NOTES

[1] John Berger and Jean Mohr, A Seventh Man: A Book of Images and Words about the Experience of Migrant Workers in Europe (London: Verso Books, 2010), 7.

[2] Berger, 12.

[3] Ibid., 8.

[4] Ibid., 45.

[5] Ibid., 25.

[6] Ibid., 28.

[7] Ibid.

[8] Ibid., 27.

[9] Ibid., 37.

[10] Ibid., 103.

[11] Ibid.

[12] Ibid., 108

[13] Ibid.

[14] Ibid., 15.

[15] John Berger, Pig Earth (New York: Vintage Books, 1992), xiv.

[16] John Berger and Jean Mohr, A Seventh Man: A Book of Images and Words about the Experience of Migrant Workers in Europe (London: Verso Books, 2010), 7.

[17] Ibid., 17.

[18] Ibid., 21.

[19] Ibid., 12.

[20] Ibid.

[21] Ibid., 49.

[22] Ibid., 103.

[23] Ibid., 91.

[24] Mark Townsend, "10,000 Refugee Children Are Missing, Says Europol," The Guardian (London), June 30, 2016, News sec., June 30, 2016, accessed March 8, 2018, https://www.theguardian.com/world/2016/jan/30/fears-for-missing-child-refugees.

[25] John Berger and Jean Mohr, A Seventh Man: A Book of Images and Words about the Experience of Migrant Workers in Europe (London: Verso Books, 2010), 86.

[26] Ibid., 90.