

## **Adopt a Canadian**

### **A short story**

by Alec Balasescu

“I would like to make a complaint. This is inadmissible.”

“You can’t do complaints here.”

His broken English constantly upset her.

“What do you mean? I need to make a complaint. To whom should I address it?”

“Don’t you have husband? Complain to him!”

This was too much. She felt she lost her air.

Outside the temperature was pleasant. The sun was gently shining on the green hills, and the tents’ white canvases reflected bright, yet pleasant light. The chirping of the birds in the nearby groves spiced the grasshoppers’ loud conversation. The sky was sparse with white puffy clouds, a perfect day to relax. But she could not. Not in this situation.

“Look, there is no need to be ironic with me. Do you understand ‘ironic’? I am not here because I want to be, but you are paid for what you are doing. So you better help me. Otherwise I will talk to your boss. Or with the journalists.”

“Ok, ok. Irony is same word here, no need to go to journalists. What’s the problem?”

She’d hit a soft spot. She knew they really wanted to be a “model refugee camp.” And they really cared about their public image and reputation. The place was the pride of the mayor of this small town, more a village really, in the middle of Romania. Of all the places in the world, she could have never imagined arriving here. It was ironic, this time for real: living in Transylvania in a refugee camp. She would not have considered the place even as an exotic tourist destination. But the days of tourism, when she and her family could jump in any airplane and go anywhere in the world where their money was worth more than anybody else’s, were long

gone. Gone were also the passenger airplanes – they were lucky they’d had enough money to buy themselves a way out, and that they had the clout to find the people to arrange for it. The days of fleeing were ugly and filled her with disgust – over what people, including herself, turned into in order either to leave behind their sinking lives, or to profit from those who chose to do so. She had heard that airplanes had become restricted to military and emergency use.

“What’s the problem?! This entire place is the problem! The shower pressure is terrible and the water is only lukewarm. The food is too greasy and heavy, even when you go out in the town. There is no place to buy gluten free, either. Should I go on since you asked? The shower though is the complaint I’d like to make.” She watched how his satisfied grin at the beginning of the conversation turned first into a barely contained laugh, and then into a contradictory frowning expression. He obviously disliked the attack on the local delicacies. ‘I may have gone too far with that one,’ she thought.

“So, what would you like me to do?”

“I don’t know. You are responsible here. Bring somebody to take care of it, tell your boss, fix it yourself, what do I care?”

“Well, you should. It is your shower, no?”

This was beyond belief.

“Look here, if you do not do something fast, I am going to sue you.”

“Go ahead,” he said, bursting again into his annoying smirk. He was obviously amused, and this infuriated her even more. He looked at her as if he expected her to laugh along. Seeing nothing but disdain and anger, he continued, “Ok, ok, no problem. We’ll see what can be done. What shower unit is it?”

“Number 42, on the south side.”

“And what is your name?”

“Bridget McKen.”

The man scribbled something in his notebook.

She saw the '42' among the minuscule, yet calligraphic writing resembling the traces of an ant with its feet dipped in ink, marching in a straight line on the yellowish paper. She allowed herself to breathe. At least there was some proof of her pain – both physical and emotional – caused by that wretched shower. She was not sure what bothered her more: the touch of cold water on her skin that instantly gave her goose bumps, or the fact that her children didn't care. Nor did her husband. He seemed not to care much about anything lately – in the past two months they had barely spoken, and he'd sunk into a state she could not understand. He called it melancholy, and pretended to enjoy it a lot. She called it depression and wanted to find him some pills. Needless to say, this was even harder than finding good food. Their access to medicine depended on the camp's doctors who were local and reluctant to write prescriptions for those kind of troubles – especially because her husband did not complain. He preferred to roam around the tent area, in the bucolic landscape, lying on the grass and absent-mindedly watching the clouds or the hesitant crawling of some unheard of insect.

She walked back towards her quarters. Her son Corbyn was 10 years old. His sense of reality protected him from the disappointment of the radical lifestyle change. After just a month he seemed to have almost forgotten his toys and friends back home. He enjoyed the sense of freedom and adventure that living in a huge tent in a foreign country gave him. Here it was also easier to make friends. Other families had children and they were playing together – the truth was they were safer here than in the city back home. She still thought of the place they'd fled as home. It was Ivory, her daughter, who worried her. Ivory had just turned sixteen and was difficult to handle. There she was, looking nervously down the camp's main road, waiting for her mother to appear. 'You're not safe anywhere at sixteen,' Bridget thought.

"Hi, Ivory..."

"What took you so long? I need to go."

Bridget saw that her daughter was all dressed up, with improvised makeup on – they did not have access to cosmetics like they used to, so they had to borrow or exchange.

“Isn’t it a little early for makeup? And by the way, did you wash? The showers do not work.”

“They do, Mum. They did for me.”

“Really? Do you call that working? The water is cold and barely flows.”

“Mum, stop being so bitchy. I need to go. I waited for you long enough already. Corbyn is playing by himself in case you wondered. So, since you’re here I think I am free now, right?”

“Hey, not so fast. And watch your language. Where are you going?”

“As if I could go far... Just out in town with my girlfriends, ok? See you later.”

“Ok - just be careful, please. You do not know much about these people, and they’re not like us.”

“Ok, Mum. But you’re wrong about them, you know...”

“We are going to have a talk about this, all four of us, ok?”

“Oh, yeah, as if dad gives a shit.”

“Language!”

Avory looked away.

‘There’s no use to have this conversation now,’ Bridget thought. ‘But I should talk to her before this goes too far.’

“See you at dinner.”

“Ok.”

After she was far enough away, Avory turned over her shoulder, and added, “I may be a little late though. Please don’t wait for me.”

The feeling of helplessness crept again through Bridget’s limbs. It happened so often lately. Nothing was under her control anymore. Nobody was interested in their full stories. Nobody cared that she used to be a high-flying, private collection curator in the rarefied world of contemporary art in Vancouver, or that her husband, Elias, was a respected historian of Medieval French poetry, a specialist in Theobald IV de Champagne. And now, Avory’s attitude

did not help at all. She became friends with these girls – she did not know where their parents were from, nor what they had been doing in their lives prior to this. Their sometimes too-long escapades in town bothered her. She quite often saw these sketchy-looking boys hanging around outside the camp. There were three of them who particularly bothered her, with a beat-up car, in tight jeans, colorful sneakers and slick leather-like jackets. She did not like the look of them. She did not like the look of any of the people here. She resented the feeling that they had power over her family's destiny. Notwithstanding the few well intentioned ones who made it easy for them to get food and brought them the things they needed in the beginning, she still did not like or trust any of them. They were so bizarre, so nosy, so unchiseled.

Deep in her thoughts, she did not see Ivory and two other camp girls squeeze themselves in the car with the boys, and take off for an unknown destination.

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Bridget's attention moved to Corbyn. She wanted to hug him tight, but held back, afraid to interrupt his concentration. He was playing with a camping knife and some pieces of wood he'd collected from the forest with Elias. It took her sometime to make peace with the idea of him handling that knife, but there were not many toys in the camp, and he also was proving to be a very good wood carver. It was thanks to Elias's patience that they discovered Corbyn's talent. The child had an astute eye and saw shapes in the dry branches. He brought them to life with a sharp knife he received from a local boy, in exchange of his most valuable action figure: Wolverine. Corbyn didn't care much about Wolverine anymore. He lost his interest at the same time he realized that there was no more internet to surf – no Cineplex at which to watch the newest installments from Marvel. His parents also knew that there was no more Marvel. But the local boy did not care. This was another thing to add to the strangeness of the place – its people seem to live in another, historic world, lagging some 15 years behind.

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Bridget's curating reflexes made her collect Elias's creations, and she managed to exchange the bigger pieces for better food or cold medicine that had not expired. It was still summer, and nobody in the family had caught a cold yet, but she was cautious. One never knew. The prospects of being here past summer grew every day. They had arrived in April, and it was already the end of July. She needed to make sure the whole family survived. She still remembered the moment when, after the first few days in the camp, they went to town to buy some food. They had carefully saved and transported a sizeable amount of cash in their children's clothes. It was like a game for Corbyn. He enjoyed it. Ivory did it reluctantly. She was so idealistic.

Bridget recalled how they entered the grocery shop, knowing that the locals would accept dollars. She asked, to be sure. "Do you accept dollars?"

"Yes, please, dollars no problem, please take what you like."

Now Bridget resented their "no problem," used indiscriminately, when in fact every little thing seemed to be a problem with these people. She had not known that at that time, but now she was sure of it.

"How much is it?" she asked after having filled her backpack with fresh fruits and vegetables. She had to agree, the local produce were so much tastier than what she remembered from Canada.

"Fifteen dollar."

She pulled out a 20-dollar plastic bill from her purse carefully not to show the entire amount she was carrying. The head of the Queen watched her sternly from one side of the plastic piece. The man replicated the Queen's expression when he saw the money.

"What is this? Not real dollar."

"Yes, they are real dollars. Canadian dollars. Same as US dollars."

“Not same. This is same like RON, our money. Look!” He pulled a 50-ron bill, blueish in color, made out of the same plastic, with the same transparency on the side. The head on the bill belonged to a man, but...

“Canada not even there now, it’s all ocean on the sides. We know here, too. They show on TV. Are you from the camp?”

“Yes. Please, you need to take my money. They are still good.”

“I don’t need to. You need food. We let you here because we thought you are American. Bring real money. This is like our money. It costs fifty.”

“But they are not the same. Look, it is written here, 20 dollars. And the Queen is on it.”

“Hahaha, the Queen is dead. And London half under water. We saw that, too. You pay?”

Bridget looked at him, clenched her teeth, and pulled out two other bills, one twenty, and the other one ten dollars. She felt a big knot in her throat. He grabbed her money and without saying thank you, or goodbye, he went into the back of his store.

She walked away with her groceries and with her resentment growing bigger. But deep inside she knew that this was not different from what she experienced back home, when no amount of money seemed enough to put all four of them on the same airplane.

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‘This amazing bug! How slowly he finds his way in the tall grass. For it, nothing ever happened. For us, everything has changed. How is this even possible?’ Elias asked himself while lying on the welcoming haystack, not far from the camp he now called home. ‘And everything happened so fast.’ He could not wrap his head around it. After Trump’s unexpected and disputed election, the world seemed to have turned back the clock. The newly elected US president started his first week with a series of measures that shocked everybody, and shook the foundations of democracy as they knew it. People were banned from entering the US based on

their national origin, oil pipelines to Canada were reopened, funds for women's reproductive rights in the developing world were cut, and any trace of governmental concern for climate change vanished – all of this had happened in seven days. People reacted faster than politicians, especially women, and they were out on the streets the day after the swearing in. Many intellectuals tried to move to Canada or to Europe. Others organized on universities campuses to counter the measures through reason and orderly protest, Harvard leading the way with the democratic slogan, "We are all Harvard." State governors and local mayors took actions to protect their citizens from the anti-immigration wave, proclaiming sanctuary cities. The US president sacked any government official who defied his policies, on grounds of treason. Paramilitary militias started to form in former Confederate states and threatened to take over places offering shelter to migrants.

Faced with the prospect of civil war, the president found an external threat in North Korea, and declared war. Nobody was fooled; it was a proxy for attacking China. The only ones who jumped on board were the Russians. The US president thought he'd found a good ally in Putin, and Putin found a great opportunity to liberate 'oppressed Russians' from foreign dominance: the descendants of Russian hunters, trappers and fur traders in Alaska. Under the cover of a strategic alliance with the US, Putin moved his armies first onto Little Diomed Island, and then to Anchorage and began a subtle movement of occupation. Before anyone knew it, Alaska was a second Crimea, while the White House was clueless. By the time the first nuclear warhead took flight for Pyongyang, something bigger was brewing. Something that nobody had control over, but that everybody had contributed to: climate change became real, even for the deniers.

Through a friend in the city council, Elias got early word of the dams failing in Richmond, just south of Vancouver. His observant nature allowed him to see the waters coming to the edge of University of British Columbia's campus where he was a professor, so he started preparations early. He also tried to alert his colleagues, but they were too busy organizing



political resistance against a president who was not theirs. He could not blame them. US's actions affected Canada greatly, and at the pace at which things were developing, American troops might have well marched into Canada if they needed, say, water. But the water was about to engulf them all. That is how it happened.

The beginning of the floods that destroyed the coasts created a huge number of refugees from the US and Canada invading Europe. Europe was hardly doing better, with Britain becoming an archipelago of many islands, and Holland all but gone. Nobody wanted the Canadians now. The Americans had priority in getting into the "good countries" – or whatever was left of them.

Elias was at first upset by this situation but now he was here, in Romania, and frankly, he enjoyed it. He found the Romanians warm and funny, willing to make connections and ready to help, despite the dire situation in which everybody now found themselves. Other refugees thought differently, including his wife, Bridget. She, like many others, was waiting and hoping to obtain the refugee status in other countries, France or one of the Scandinavian countries if possible. They were still on the map. They applied for France refugee status, claiming Bridget's Quebecois ancestry, but the truth is he was the only one in the family who spoke fluent French. They were waiting for a response to come any moment.

Elias could not blame Bridget for her hard stance with regard to the locals; she took upon herself the duty of taking care of the family and she had to interact with those who were trying to make a profit from their misery. He had dealt with those types in Canada, and it wasn't easy. He had done things he had never thought himself capable of, just to save his family. He lied, he bribed, he even withheld information from his friends, just to make sure his family would have a chance to get away. They did, and that was all that counted.

This time though, Elias chose like a coward to take only the good slice of cake. He forged a friendship with the local high school literature teacher, Liviu Petre, who was equally an amateur naturalist, and an encyclopedist in the classic sense of the word. Everything about him

amused Elias, starting with his name: Roman first name and a New Testament last name. The colonizer and the colonized concocted in the same person. Liviu embodied these traits, his slender, almost skinny physique hosting a stubborn, domineering personality. However, he was fighting the good fight. There he was, coming to meet Elias for an afternoon chat. They shook hands – that’s what men did here every time they met – and he sat on the haystack near Elias.

“How are you, my friend? I hope you are still enjoying your stay.”

“I am, Liviu, a lot in fact. It is a little hard in the camp, especially for Bridget and Ivory, but it’s all good.”

“It is indeed, and I have even better news: you know the program I try to put together, ‘Adopt a Canadian’? Well, I got the ok from the mayor, so I thought that I should be the first one to set an example, too. So I invite your family to be my adopted Canadians.”

“Liviu, this is too much. What do you mean?”

“I mean that starting next week, after we do the paperwork, you and your family can move in with me and my wife. You know we have a big house and no children.”

“Oh, I don’t know how to thank you!”

“Not necessary, we’ll be glad to have you. My wife is looking forward to getting to know Bridget better, and to practicing her English. We start this evening with a dinner at our place, ok? I will come and pick you all up around 6 pm. I have to go now to prepare.”

“Thank you so much, Liviu. I am going to break the news to Bridget.”

“Please don’t. Let us do it, as a surprise.”

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He found her evaluating Corbyn’s work.

“This is so beautiful, how did you come up with the idea of having a human coming out of a branch?”

“It was already there, Mum, I told you. I just took out the wood around him.”

“Wonderful, Corbyn.”

“Wonderful indeed,” said Elias stepping in. “I also have some wonderful news. We are invited for dinner tonight at Liviu’s. There may be other news he has for us, I think.”

“France went through?” asked Bridget, hopeful.

“I don’t know. But I would be surprised he’d know before the camp officers. He is coming to pick us up at 6 pm.”

“Alright, I’ll prepare. It is so embarrassing not to have a bottle of wine to bring with us.”

“Where are we going, Mum?”

“To have dinner with Liviu and Camelia, his wife.”

“Yay! I like her cakes!”

“Where is Avory?” Elias asked.

“Out in town with her girlfriends. She did not say when she’d be back. It is getting difficult to manage her...”

“It’s the age. She’s alright.”

“Yes, but this is not home. We don’t know how they behave here.”

“It’ll be fine. Let’s hope she comes in time for dinner.”

She didn’t.

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Liviu showed up as promised, at 6 pm. Since he was a notable figure in the town, he was allowed in the camp.

“Good evening, Bridget. Good evening, Elias. Hi, Corbyn. How are you?” He was almost pedantic in his manners.

“We’re fine, thank you. And thank you for your invitation. Could we please wait a little to see if Avory comes back from town? Sorry for the inconvenience,” said Bridget.

“Of course, no worries. Did they fix the shower?”

Bridget looked at Elias, but he made a puzzled face. How did they know everything so fast here? It was amazing. Comforting and scary at the same time. It seemed one could not have any privacy, let alone secrets.

“I heard them working on it. I didn’t go check. There were already people in line waiting for the shower.”

“I apologize for this. I know how they can be with maintenance.”

“No worries - it’s not for you to apologize. You’re not running the camp,” said Bridget. “Unfortunately,” she added, with the beginning of a smile. It was true that Liviu did not seem to her like the others. And he spoke impeccable English – what a relief.

Corbyn interjected.

“When are we going? I want to eat Camelia’s cake.”

“In few minutes, Corbyn. We are waiting for Ivory to come. Did you prepare your gift for her?”

“Yes, it is right here,” said Corbyn, proudly holding out his latest carving like an Oscar.

“Wow, this is wonderful! Camelia will be delighted. She baked a nice cake for you, it’s true.” said Liviu.

It was not their first time dinning at the Petres. It was true they were pleasant hosts. Camelia was always going out of her way to please them with home-cooked food – or maybe this was just the way here. Although Bridget still found the food too heavy, she could not refuse the hospitality, especially since Camelia made efforts to accommodate her tastes and find out about her dietary needs. But right now she was worrying about Ivory.

“Did she say when would she be back?” asked Elias.

“No, she said she might be late. I told you this already, didn’t I?”

“Yes. Does she have the phone with her?”

“No. I kept it in case you called.” They shared their two mobile phones among three people, and Bridget regretted not handing one to Ivory. She didn’t even think about it. She was on the brink of self-blame.

“Don’t worry, nothing can happen. This is a safe little town, everybody knows everybody,” said Liviu.

“Indeed, and it is quite early, too. Usually she comes back much later when she is with her friends. Maybe we should just go and leave her a note. She is a responsible adult now, isn’t she?” said Elias.

‘How can men be so naïve? How can *he* be so naïve?’ thought Bridget. The sound of a police siren interrupted her thoughts. It was coming on the road straight towards the camp’s gate. Liviu said, “Don’t move. I will go and see what is happening.” He rushed to the gate. The car stopped and the town’s police chief got out.

Bridget and Elias could see the animated discussion between Liviu and the officer, with large gestures like the people here usually make when they speak to each other, no matter the subject. Liviu’s body language projected concern. A couple of times he turned nervously in their direction. Something was wrong.

He came back almost running. The police chief stayed at the gate and start talking to the station.

“Take everything you can. But fast. I need to get you out of here. Now.”

“Why, what happened?” asked Elias.

Bridget felt a pang in her heart.

“Ivory!? Is she ok?!”

“Probably. Hurry. I will let you know on route. Please trust me.”

Bridget fetched the backpack in which she kept their most valuable things while Elias took Corbyn in his arms.

“Wait, Papa. Are we going to Camelia? I need my knife. Please let me get it.”

“Ok, but make it fast,” said Elias.

“Where is Ivory? I am not leaving without my baby!” said Bridget. She was frantically looking for Ivory’s Lululemon outfit, the only vestige left of their past life in Vancouver. Her daughter would be heartbroken if it were lost.

“She is ok. We are going to see her. Let’s go. She’s in the hospital,” Liviu said jumping in his car and starting the engine. They piled in, Elias in the front, Bridget and Corbyn embraced in the back.

Liviu accelerated and passed the police car at the gate. He said something to the officer, who nodded, and then pulled out his phone. Bridget was trying to figure out who he was talking to. She thought it was to someone at the hospital. His second call was to Camelia. She heard the name in conversation. Liviu talked to her as if giving instructions.

On the five kilometers of dirt road that led to the town they passed three other police cars heading towards the camp. The town’s entire police department.

“What happened? Where are they going? What’s this all about?” Elias voice shook with concern. “We need to understand.”

“They’re going to try to protect you. There was an accident. People are restless and looking to blame somebody,” said Liviu.

“What accident? What are you saying? I want to see Ivory now!” Bridget almost screamed.

“Yes, I am taking you there. I hope we can make it before them. The boys had an accident. There were three of them, with three girls from the camp. Ivory was with them. One of the boys is the priest’s son. He was driving. He is also in a critical state,” said Liviu.

“Then it’s his fault!”

“I agree. But it would be hard to argue with them,” said Liviu, gesturing towards a small crowd that was forming at the entrance to the town. They could see it from the road. They were in fact going straight towards it.

“I have to find a way to avoid them,” said Liviu. But this was the only way to enter the town. As they approached the crowd of agitated people, he carefully gripped the wheel, trying to decide the best course of action. A big vociferous man who seemed to be the leader signaled at them to stop. Liviu slowed down and lowered the window. They had a heated exchange, but the man was deferential towards Liviu, and he let them pass. ‘When does a crowd become a mob?’ Elias asked himself.

“What are they planning to do?” asked Elias.

“They don’t know. And this is what scares me.”

“But what are they saying? Why are they gathering?” asked Bridget.

“They’re saying your presence disturbs their lives, and your children are corrupting theirs. And now they have what they think is proof,” replied Liviu.

Silence fell.

As they were approaching the hospital, more of a big mansion than anything else, they saw another crowd. Liviu turned the car away.

“What are you doing? Stop! I want to see my daughter!” Bridget yelled. Elias expression was turning dark. Corbyn started crying.

“Mummy, what is going on?”

Elias hid his fury and tried to be supportive, but his fingernails penetrated the skin of his clenched fists.

“It’ll be ok. Let’s trust Liviu,” he said.

“Yes, please trust me. It’s impossible to do it now. I could justify your presence in my car, but I cannot justify your presence at the hospital. Those people on the road did not know who you were. And I told them Corbyn is your only child. Please, I have a plan.” Liviu drove fast towards his house. “I will take you to Cluj, is the closest big city here. You will need to lose yourself for a little while. I will take care of Ivory. I promise.”

Bridget was in a state of shock.

Camelia was waiting for them at the gate to the house, with a duffle bag in hand. Liviu asked Elias to open the door on his side. Camelia, tearing up, put the bag on Elias's lap, closed the door, and went to the other side of the car. She gave a small rectangular package to Liviu, and whispered something hushed for his ears only, although none of them spoke Romanian. He nodded and drove away. The silence in the car was punctured by Bridget's sobs. Once they were out of town, Liviu turned to Elias.

"We have only one hundred and sixty kilometers to Cluj. It's close, we'll be there around 10 pm. Camelia talked to a friend there. He will lodge you in the beginning. He is teaching at the university. You'll get along well. Here, take this money." He handed Elias the sizeable package from Camelia.

"We have money with us," said Elias.

"Yes, but please. Take this, too. You'll need it. There are some dollars, too. American ones. But in Cluj, mention that you are Canadian. It's a big city there. It's not like here. There they don't like Americans." Elias took the money without saying a word. It could have been Liviu's entire life savings, "white money for dark days" as Elias was aware they say here. Liviu's generosity overwhelmed him and Bridget, without washing away their despair. Under other circumstances the sound of wheels on the asphalt would have been relaxing white noise. Now it only spoke of the growing distance between them and Avory.

"Mummy, is Avory ok? Will she come with us?" Corbyn asked suddenly.

"I will bring Avory to Cluj. I'll bring back your sister, I promise you, Corbyn," said Liviu.

"It will be ok. We can only trust Liviu now. He is our only hope," said Elias. But Bridget was hopeless.

**END**

**Vancouver, January 2017**



### **Author's Subject Position:**

I wrote this fiction in January 2017, following a series of events on international politics. I felt the need to an alternative-to-anthropology modality of thinking about, and expression of, the concerns regarding three major issues that confront today's world: the forced displacement and refugee crisis, the climate change and its denial, and the raise of nationalism encouraged by the election of Donald Trump for the office of the president of the United States. The writing itself was triggered by the new White House administration's attempts to curtail the freedom of movement combined with the announced plans (at the time) to exit the Paris agreement.

The fiction is based on a classic anthropological type of approach: an appeal to an emic understanding of a phenomenon, or as Tim Ingold would put it for example "knowing from inside". The aim is to create empathy for the refugee condition not by presenting a fictional or ethnographic description of a group of refugees, but by a move to otherize the self. What if the knowing "us" become the others? Could this be better portrayed in a story in which the development of events bring the dominant subject in a subaltern position? And to what effect? "Adopt a Canadian" raises those questions placing the story in a not so far future when climate change and political choices provoke a change in the direction of refugee flows. It is a world that is not yet re-settled, in which new values and hierarchies did not emerge, while the old ones are shaken and reinterpreted.

The short story is a stand alone piece but could be seen also as departing point for a "Climate Change" novel. As Amitav Ghosh recently remarked, the climate change fiction does not have the prominence it deserves, because it tackles a sensitive subject. Its necessity is incontestable, and it may itself be an instrument of knowledge that enables us to think in terms of an ethnography of the future.

Currently I am working into developing the story into a film script together with 88FilmWorks production company based in Southern California.

<https://www.facebook.com/88filmworks/>