# Panel 1

This panel presents the title of the photo exhibition: Disability and Armed Conflict, in English and French.

The English text is in black and the French text in grey.

The logo of the Geneva Academy of International Humanitarian Law and Human Rights is placed on the top-left side of the panel.

The bottom of the panel has the following mention:

This exhibition is presented in partnership and with the support of the Legacy of War Foundation, Diakonia, the Republic and State of Geneva, the Centre de Compétence en Accessibilité de l’Association pour le Bien des Aveugles et Malvoyants, the Association Dire pour Voir and Gobet Rutschi, with the logos of these institutions.

# panel 2

## Accessibility of the Exhibition for Persons with a Visual Impairment

For persons with a visual impairment, we offer a descriptive presentation of part of this photo exhibition, developed in partnership with the Centre de Compétence en Accessibilité de l’Association pour le Bien des Aveugles et Malvoyants and the Association Dire pour Voir.

The presentation covers the first 26 panels (out of 60 panels), starting on this side of the exhibition (Geneva town side). The presentation lasts approximately 60 minutes.

The title of the exhibition is on panel 1. Panel 2 (this one) presents how the exhibition is made accessible to persons with a visual impairment.

Panels 3 to 6 present the context, project, the photographer Giles Duley, and the research publication ‘Disability and Armed Conflict’ of the Geneva Academy of International Humanitarian Law and Human Rights that accompanies this exhibition.

Panels 7 to 26 capture back and white images of persons with disabilities during and in the aftermath of armed conflict, with accompanying text to tell their stories.

Each panel included in the audio presentation has a QR code detectable by touch on the right edge, approximately one meter off the ground. To access the presentation simply scan the QR code with a smartphone.

Two guided tours for persons with visual impairments, their friends and families will be held in French on Sunday 19 May and Sunday 26 May at 14:00. The tours will start from the Geneva town side of the exhibition. They are provided free of charge and no registration is needed.

# panel 3

This panel comprises one picture, without text.

## Description of the picture

You can see a devastated street in a conflict zone during the day. The picture is framed in landscape format. The bottom of the street is the centre of the image.

The road has been cleared. On the right, the sidewalk is not visible anymore but you can see several mounds of rubble and a collapsed building on the first floor.

On the left, the line of buildings seems to be still there: the streetlights of the public lighting overlook the street regularly but the facades have been ravaged, you can see strings of curtains and blinds torn apart, severed cables and electric wires.

The sidewalk is cluttered with metallic frames and other objects, probably residues of disembowelled arcades.

At first glance, you do not notice any human presence in these surroundings. After a while, the necessary time to recover after a shock, you may recognize three silhouettes standing out from the ruins: two of them converge with the vanishing point in the background, in the middle of the street, while the other is in the foreground on the right, at the top of the damaged building, among the exposed reinforcing bars.

# panel 4

This panel entails the following text.

Approximately one billion people have some form of disability, involving sensory, psychosocial, physical and/or intellectual impairments. Many of whom live in conflict-affected states. Conflict has a devastating impact on persons with disabilities who are killed and sustain serious injuries as a result of being targeted, incidental victims of attacks, or after being left behind as others flee the violence owing to inaccessible emergency information and evacuation procedures. Persons with disabilities are often excluded from humanitarian services such as food, shelter and medical care and face an increased risk of conflict-related sexual and gender-based violence. In the post-conflict setting persons with disabilities are denied access to justice and are not granted equal participation in peace processes; their role and potential contribution to conflict prevention and resolution are yet to be realized.

Despite the devastating impact armed conflict has on persons with disabilities, they remain the forgotten victims of armed conflict. Determined to bring attention to the lives of persons with disabilities living in armed conflict, the Geneva Academy of International Humanitarian Law and Human Rights, a joint centre of the University of Geneva and the Graduate Institute of International and Development Studies, has partnered with the photographer Giles Duley to tell the stories of some of those affected by armed conflict.

This exhibition is part of a research project that the Geneva Academy of International Humanitarian Law and Human Rights is undertaking into the legal obligations of states, armed non-state actors and humanitarian organizations towards persons with disabilities in the conflict setting. Our publication ‘Disability and Armed Conflict’ is the output of that research. It explores the international humanitarian law and human rights obligations of states, armed non-state actors and humanitarian organizations towards persons with disabilities and makes a number of recommendations on how these obligations can be better met to ensure that in the conflict setting, no one is left behind.

At the top left of the panel, there is a picture, in a portrait format, of the cover page of the publication 'Disability and Armed Conflict'. The cover is in green colours with shades of white. It looks like a wall. The cover page comprises the title of the publication, the name of the author (Alice Priddy), the date (May 2019) as well as the logo of the Geneva Academy of International Humanitarian Law and Human Rights.

# panel 5

This panel comprises a photo of Giles Duley, Photographer and President of the Legacy of War Foundation, followed by a text in which he presents the exhibition and his work.

## Description of the Picture

The picture is framed in portrait format and taken from a slight low angle.

The subject is on a white cubic base; his body is slightly turned to the side, his left shoulder is forward while he is facing the camera.

He has dark hair, a short beard and thin-rimmed glasses. He is dressed in black, with shorts and a cotton t-shirt.

He is looking straight ahead, maybe slightly above the camera… he is keeping his mouth closed, without smiling.

His expression suggests that it was not an easy decision to make…

On his right wrist he is wearing a loose knit bracelet; his hand is placed on his knee.

His left arm is cut at the level of the elbow, his left leg under the knee while his right leg before the knee. The scars left deep cuts in the flesh.

## Text by Giles Duley

There is no truth in photography, just honesty. No single image can tell a full story or give you complete insight into a person’s character. We as photographers simply attempt to catch a fleeting moment, a fraction of light that gives momentary insight into another life.

A project as complex and nuanced as this means I could never tell the whole story. Every person has their own opinion on how we should represent those with disabilities and in my mind that thinking is dangerous as we stop seeing people as individuals. There is no ‘right’ way to tell a story, no single narrative in portraying the experience of somebody living with a disability. Reality is not black and white.

This project is intensely personal to me. I don't often refer to it but I too am living with a severe disability. In documenting those affected by war, my life became intertwined with theirs when I lost three limbs to a landmine. The price I paid for doing my work was huge, but the gift I received in return, it’s equal – I understand these stories in a way no other photographer could. The self-portrait I have included here is not easy for me to share; but I do in solidarity with those who have shared their stories with me.

Some days I feel unstoppable and that I have overcome the barriers that injury have placed in front of me. Some days I feel weak, I sit and cry thinking I’m not strong enough. Who am I? I am stubborn, I am strong, I am unbreakable, I am difficult, I am vulnerable, I am weak, I’m scared, I’m angry, I’m grateful, I’m normally happy but at times, I’m not. That’s who we are – living with disability means we are neither hero nor victim; we should not be pitied nor put on a pedestal. We are you. We are like every other human; complex, contradictory and wonderfully unique and all we ask is to be seen that way.

These photographs and stories give you a glimpse into the lives of others. I would hope they do so with an honesty and insight you don't always get to see. The good, the bad, the laughter, the tears: life as it is.

No one person should face disadvantage because of race, culture, religion, gender identity, age, sexual orientation or disability. No person should face a life of prejudice because of an injury, or be denied their human rights due to their disability. In all these conversations it can no longer be about us and them; it is simply about us. And we will only move forward, when we move as one.

# panel 6

This panel entails the following quote by Alice Priddy, Senior Researcher at the Geneva Academy of International Humanitarian Law and Human Rights and author of the publication ‘Disability and Armed Conflict’:

‘Armed conflicts have a devastating impact on persons with disabilities, yet they remain the forgotten victims of armed conflict. This exhibition and our research highlight that the protections afforded by international humanitarian law and international human rights law are for all and that no one should be left behind.’

# panel 7

This panel comprise one picture, without text.

## Description of the picture

The image is framed in landscape format.

At first glance, you can see a group of four men inside a room. You discover only at a later stage, through an opening without door, a second room in the background with two other men.

The sunlight is coming in from the left side: it is soft in the first room, while almost harsh in the second one.

The first room could be a backroom. Some catalogue pages are hanging on the wall, they probably advertise products available in the business…

On the shelves against the wall of the backroom, you can spot some rare white plastic bottles.

In the first room, all the way to the right, behind the glass door, you can spot similar shelves, although tighter and full. This might be the stock…

The image shows 6 characters in total, who form two distinct groups.

The two men in the backroom are standing, looking at the scene in the foreground.

One of them is getting closer, his hands in his pockets, his head bent to the side, and a half-smile lighting up his face as if he is taking part in the scene.

The other man is standing farther against the wall: he seems embarrassed, even in pain.

In the foreground, the men are drinking tea from glass cups. Three men are sitting together behind an ageless desk, facing the camera.

In the centre of the image, a young man, in his 20s at most, is sitting in the middle of the door frame which brings to the other room. He is holding his cup with his right hand, his arm is resting on the armrest of a chrome-plated seat. He is turning his head towards his neighbour on the right: his eyelids closed under thick eyebrows, his mouth half open, his face expresses gentleness or bliss, almost abandonment…

His right-hand neighbour looks just as young but his face is in the shadow; you can guess that his mouth is closed and his eyes half-closed. It looks like he was just speaking…

The third man sitting on the right, in front of the glass door of the stock of bottles, has just put his cup on the desk. With his moustache and black hair, he seems to be in his 40s: he is certainly the eldest of the group. He is looking at the two young men with a genuine smile.

The fourth man on the left is in the very front, with his rear resting on the desk. As he is about to drink, his nose, mouth and chin are covered by the cup as well as his hand. He is wearing jeans and a fur collar jacket.

Taking into account the Arabic letters and faces portrayed in the catalogue pages, it seems evident that the picture was taken in the Middle East...

# panel 8

This panel comprises text and a picture.

## Text

### Odai. Gaza. 2015

As a baby, Odai Ali was struck by a fever that left him unable to hear and also affected his physical and intellectual development. He started at a sign-language school but they were unable to support his intellectual impairments. When he also started to have epileptic fits at the age of 10, he had to leave.

Despite being unable to speak or sign, Odai developed his own way of communicating through hand gestures that his family learned to understand. After leaving school, Odai found comfort in helping at the farm his family owned. All that changed on 10 July 2014. While Odai was giving water to some cows, the farm came under Israeli attack.

Due to his deafness he was unable to hear the warning alarms, so he didn’t run for cover. A rocket landed near him, throwing him five metres. He landed on his back and the impact left him paralysed.

Now in a wheelchair, Odai has struggled to regain his independence. Living in a second-floor apartment, he now relies on his family to get him down the stairs. He’s too scared to visit the farm and is prone to mood swings.

‘He understands about Israel and the war and that they fight and he understands what happened to him’ says his father, Abu Addullah. ‘He has some sign language: pointing with a finger means shooting; moving his hand like he is picking something up, or a crab, means shelling. When he knows there are planes he feels afraid and he doesn’t want to come outside.’

## Description of the picture

The image is framed in landscape format.

A stairwell in a building: the plaster on the walls and the staircase is emanating a very white light.

You can find Odaï, the young boy who was at the center of the previous picture.

He is now halfway up the flight of stairs, in his wheelchair, with his back tilting backwards, his knees up to the chin.

His face is turned towards the photographer but his gaze is directed to the left, his mouth is closed, stretched: you cannot say whether he has a mischievious expression or he is frightened.

Behind him, holding firmly the handles of the wheelchair, you can recognize the same man wearing the fur collar jacket, who could only be seen from the side, partly covered by his cup of tea.

You can now see his fairly young face, high forehead and delicate features. With his eyelids closed and his lips pursed, he looks peacefully focused on his effort.

It is difficult to assess whether Odaï is coming back home or going out…

# panel 9

This panel comprises a picture without text.

## Description of the picture

The image is framed in landscape format.

On a very dark background, you can see in close-up a child’s hand grabbing the finger of an adult’s hand.

There is neither tension on the child’s joints nor strangulation on the man’s forefinger: you can feel the familiarity.

The sleeve of the shirt, smooth and white, may contribute to the sense of stillness emanating from this image.

Precisely, on the man’s right hand, you can see that the thumb is retracted, the last three fingers are slightly folded, and the forefinger, although not stretched, would indicate 4 o’clock if placed on the dial of a watch.

The child’s hand, also a right hand, is grabbing the adult’s finger between his/her thumb and forefinger, while the other three fingers are fanning out towards the top of the adult’s hand.

It looks like the leg of a small bird that has just returned to its nest.

# panel 10

This panel comprises text, followed by a picture.

## Text

### Maryam. Gaza. 2015

This photo is of Maryam holding onto her father’s hand. In 2006 her pregnant mother nearly died in a suicide bombing, as a result, Maryam was born with severe hypotonic cerebral palsy. She is unable to speak, walk or feed herself. In 2014 she was injured again when an Israeli rocket hit their house. The warning issued before the rocket attack did not provide enough time for Maryam’s family to flee in light of her mobility restrictions.

‘On my final visit to Maryam and her family, I finally see the photograph I’ve been looking for. As I sit talking to Farah, I notice Maryam is holding onto her father’s finger, gripping it tightly. I pick up my camera, take a few frames and place it back down.

This trip has made me painfully aware of the restrictions my photography brings. I can never truly express the horrors of some people’s experiences, I’m not sure I even want to try. But strangely spending time with people, listening to them, observing with my camera has shown me something else.

The realities for Maryam and her family are desperate and their outlook bleak. The family lives trapped in a nightmare, with little support. What I did see however was a moment of our shared humanity, a simple gesture that is universal and without barriers. A daughter who is looking for security, holding onto the hand of her father, who just wants to protect her. That surely should be a universal right.’

## Description of the picture

The picture is taken outside, it is framed in landscape format.

On the right edge, you can see the foundation of a building: a clear and grainy wall without windows and a graffiti representing a minaret and a mosque, with Arabic characters. The vanishing point, in the background, is converging on another building. On the left edge, you can see a stocky tree with dense foliage and a pile of hay in the foreground.

Maryam is in her father’s arms.

You can see him from behind; he is wearing a dark vest on a white shirt.

She is almost facing the camera, her head is bent over her father’s shoulder and her eyes are closed.

Her right hand is buried by her hair; her left hand’s fingers are extended behind her father’s neck.

The father’s mouth is stuck to his daughter’s cheek.

Maryam is smiling. One would like to hear her laugh…

# panel 11

This panel comprises a picture without text.

## Description of the picture

It is the portrait of two young girls, standing square, from head to knee, side by side.

One is holding her arms along her body: you can see the back of her hands, her fingers are slightly folded.

The other is holding her left arm flexed at a right angle; her wrist is wrapped around her navel, her little finger is pointing to the ground.

They are dressed identically: a straight sleeveless black dress on black stockings, a light-coloured blouse buttoned at the wrists.

One is wearing a white hijab on a black turban covering her forehead and eyebrows. The other is bareheaded: her hair must be gathered up on the back but a few strands got loose and are swirling.

It looks like they wanted to avoid the camera and they are making fun out of it: with her mouth closed, her head slightly tilted to the side, one girl is looking up while the other is laughing showing all her teeth, her eyes are closed and her head bent to the ground.

Both have a paper star pinned on the left shoulder; some star points are folded, wrinkled, they look almost hilarious…

It seems like the photographer seized a moment of pure joy.

# panel 12

This panel comprises only text.

## Text

### Khadija and Ghada. Right To Live Centre, Gaza. 2015

The Right to Live Centre in Gaza provides rehabilitation, educational and healthcare services for children with intellectual impairments and autism. They provide psychological, physio, speech and language therapy, skill development sessions, and healthcare. Daily they have about 400 students visit the centre. This doesn’t include the early interventions, of which there are about 130.

In 2014 the centre was bombed. The main damage was to the early intervention programme and the therapy rooms, which at the time they could no longer use (they have since repaired them).

Khadija and Ghada, who both have Downs Syndrome, study at the school and Heba is their teaching assistant.

Below is an extract of our conversation:

Khadija: I am 14 years old. I like mathematics, Arabic and science. I love school. All my friends are girls.

Heba: I came to the centre when I was 4 years old, studied here and now I am a teaching assistant. This is my home, my life, I have my friends here.

Khadija: I’d like to be a doctor.

Ghada I’d like to be a news producer, or a headmaster. I like handmade things (crafts), drawing and putting stars on things.

Heba: When I came back before the war was over and I saw the building I started to cry because we wanted to have a good place to be in. People didn’t have bread, rice or food and people were living in tents.

Khadija: All the windows in our classroom were broken. I felt very sad. The sound was loud and scary. When the shelling was very strong we escaped with all my cousins and aunt and moved from house to house.

Ghada: I am scared to sleep by myself in the night.

# panel 13

This panel comprises a picture without text.

## Description of the picture

The image is framed in landscape format.

It is an indoor picture of a living room or, more likely, a kitchen, with a tiled floor and a domestic appliance on the left.

In the middle of the picture, you can see a chromed metal wheelchair.

A child, not a young girl yet, is taking the pose.

Her hair, dark black, is separated by a middle parting; two almost hilarious little buns appear on both sides at the back of the skull.

She is wearing large hoop earrings, a pendant around her neck and a round-neck garment scattered with mirrored glass buttons.

Her skinny limbs and bust lost in the big chair remind that she is a child.

But there is a gesture: the child is placing her hand with painted fingernails at the base of her neck as to hide a deep low neckline, with a sort of modesty of another age.

You may notice above all the child’s dark look, which is questioning us, and her closed mouth, almost pursed, as if everything had already been said…

At a first glance, you may think that the little girl’s left leg is folded underneath her body. Afterwards, you discover that the trouser leg is empty.

# panel 14

This panel comprises text, followed by a picture.

## Text

### Yasmine. Mosul, Iraq. 2018

They first discovered Yasmine’s cancer when she was four years old, after treatment it seemed she’d recovered. For the next few years, she was able to live a normal life. Then in 2014 the cancer returned, but things were different now, ISIS was in control of the city.

ISIS denied the right to healthcare to most, and even when you could get to a hospital, supplies were dwindling and most specialist doctors were in hiding or had left the city.

‘My father once took me to the paramedic’ Yasmine told me, ‘but DAESH (ISIS) stopped us and said take her to the mosque instead.’

During the fight for the city, many hospitals were destroyed, so even when ISIS control ended, Yasmine still couldn’t get treatment.

‘She can endure so much without complaint’ explained Yazan, her father, ‘she is so patient.’

When finally they were able to get her to a hospital, set up by an NGO after the battle for the city, they discovered the cancer had spread, meaning they had to amputate her leg at the hip. Even then she was not scared, insisting on signing the consent for the operation herself.

War is not just about the injuries from guns and shells, for children, it’s also about losing homes, education and in Yasmine’s case, her right to access to healthcare.

A few weeks after this photograph was taken, Yasmine passed away. Her family still wanted us to share her story, in her memory.

## Description of the picture

Indoor picture. The image is in landscape format. In the background, you can see a fridge and a wheelchair. Yasmine is in her father’s arms.

You see the father from behind; his head is slightly bent forward, to the right. You can particularly see his shoulders and the back of his neck.

Yasmine’s face is emerging from her father’s left shoulder – you can barely see a few glitters from her garment’s collar.

She is staring at the camera, almost with a smile. Her big black eyes are telling us something we cannot understand. Only the hair clip on her hair (together with the hair ties for her two little buns) as well as the indefinable objects she is holding in both her hands, pressed against her father’s shoulders, are telling us that she is a child carrying her own little world in her refuge…

# panel 15

This panel comprises a picture without text

## Description of the picture

The image is framed in portrait format. You can see a light tiling on the wall, a large window with blind slats and some parallel bars.

A young girl is in her dark garment, with a black scarf around her head.

You can see some embroideries on the front of her dress, several bracelets on her left wrist and ballerinas with shiny tops.

She is standing, slightly turned to the left; her arms, held along her body, are slightly bent.

She has a smiling face but her mouth is closed; her eyes wide open are looking straight ahead, far from the camera.

The bottom of her dress is raised, allowing you to see her right knee: an elastic band is encircling a tibia without calf. It seems that she has the same band on the ankle of her left leg.

The right foot is lying flat on the floor; her left heel is detached from the floor and her leg is stiff.

Taking a closer look, the young girl’s smile may be a little nervous, not very relieved.

A plastic badge is clamped on the base of her scarf.

It is neither a dance class nor a ballroom: you can see a walker behind the parallel bars, in the background, under the window.

# panel 16

This panel comprises text, followed by a picture

## Text

### Baraq. Sulaimaniya, Iraq. 2017

In 2003 Baraq Qahtan Dharee’s parents stepped on a landmine in Kirkuk, as her father was carrying her. Both parents died and Baraq lost both legs.

Now 16 she regularly has to visit EMERGENCY’s Rehabilitation Centre for new prosthesis. One of the challenges for children growing with limb loss is the constant need to refit the socket as the child grows.

On the wall of the clinic are faded photographs of previous patients a reminder of Iraq’s cycle of conflicts and instability.

## Description of the picture

This image is framed in portrait format. It looks like a mosaic composed of 7 wide pictures and 7 tall pictures, but they all are in portrait format.

The pictures at the edges are trimmed: you can guess that the photographer made a selection on a larger fresco.

Most of them are essentially pictures of men, adults, young people and children; you can notice three women.

Their poses are highlighting the prosthesis replacing the missing limb, most often, a leg.

The pictures have been taken inside some rooms or in the compound of the clinic, indeed, you can find some of the same background elements in all pictures.

Their faces look focused, even inscrutable; a man smiles, sitting on a bike for rehabilitation.

# panel 17

This panel comprises a picture without text.

## Description of the picture

It is an outdoor picture, framed in landscape format.

In the foreground, on the left, you can see a tree with twisted trunk and a scarce foliage.

Behind the tree, you can see a traditional hut made of dried soil, with a conical roof covered by a cloth with serrated edges.

Still in the background, on the right, you can see a modern rectangular tent made of a light cloth with UNHCR stamps, and a white plastic jerry can of water. In the distance, you can see tall, dry grass and some spindly trees.

In the middle of the picture, you can see an area of compacted soil, some pebbles and no grass: a mat is unrolled on the ground and a pair of small size slippers seem to have been abandoned.

In front of the mat, closer to the camera, you can see the profile of an African woman sitting on a rectangular wooden stool (a sort of small and amazing handcrafted item…).

She has short hair and her face looks still young, she is wearing a short-sleeved, light-coloured shirt on a floral skirt and plastic slippers.

As the stool is very low – the seat surface is at the same height as her calf, her wrists are resting on her knees, her hands are gathered but it does not look like they are joined.

This woman seems to be waiting or looking far away, very patiently.

# panel 18

This panel comprises text, followed by two pictures.

## Text

### Betty. Omugo Refugee Camp, Uganda. 2018

Betty Knight, 38, a mother of five, lost her eyesight three years ago. Her visual impairment did not stop her living a full life in her village of Rumbek South Sudan. She had a small business selling pancakes, kept goats and cattle and had enough money to make sure all her children were in school.

All that changed when the armed conflict came to her region. Scared that the family would be attacked, they made the decision to seek safety as refugees in Uganda.

When they reached Omugo Refugee Camp Betty struggled. Unfamiliar with her surroundings she lost her self-confidence. After falling into an unfenced ditch by her hut Betty stopped going anywhere. Her mental health quickly deteriorated and she started to have suicidal thoughts because she felt useless and a burden to her children.

The NGO Humanity and Inclusion has given her psychological support, but many services, information and infrastructure in the camp remain inaccessible to residents with visual impairments, leaving people like Betty isolated and vulnerable and without access to basic humanitarian services. Betty is worried because she cannot access sanitary pads as the walk to the distribution point to collect them is unmarked and too treacherous for a person with a visual impairment. ‘Much of the information is on paperwork or signs’ she says, ‘but nobody tells me what’s written on them.’

Ironically there is a large sign with essential humanitarian information by her hut.

‘Do you know what the sign says?’ I ask

‘I didn't know there was a sign. Maybe that's what I bumped into’ she laughs.

## Description of the left picture

This image is framed in landscape format.

At mid-height of the picture, you can see a skyline formed by some hills with short vegetation.

In the middle, cutting the image like a vertical line, you can see a tree with a small trunk.

On the left, you can see a traditional hut with a thatched roof, it looks like shaggy hair…

On the right, there is a signboard: a white metal frame and two rods planted in the ground.

In the background, behind the signboard, you can notice a second hut, some bundles of thatch and a white UNHCR tent.

The signboard announces the presence of latrines: there is a drawing showing the place and the user as well as a text with hygiene advices.

The hut in the drawing is clearly visible on its support, its contours are sharp. The actual hut is blending into the landscape, just like the small fluffy clouds under the milky sky.

There is not much contrast in this picture: shapes and colours interpenetrate, it is difficult to find your bearings…

## Description of the right picture

You can see in close-up a drainage ditch. Within the landscape format, you can also see the furrow crossing the picture diagonally from the upper left corner.

The land is bare, the ground is rocky. The slops are drawing a V: the bottom could measure one meter and there could be two meters from one side to the other. The excavation left exposed on one side some sharp rocks.

Various debris carried by floods or pushed by the wind have accumulated there: from torn paperboard and cardpaper to a crumpled cloth (in any case, a dark-coloured agglomerate) and other light spots that are difficult to identify.

Under the midday sun, at a first glance, your eyes might almost be misled into seeing bones… maybe a sinister memory.

The shy shadow, which encircles the frail tree at the edge of the ditch, suddenly appears as a reassuring presence.

# panel 19

This panel comprises a picture without text.

## Description of the picture

Within the landscape format, you have a clear view of a left hand full of bean seeds. At a second glance, you notice the right hand’s forefinger which is slightly bent.

Below, more blurred, you can see a knee, then a foot and some toes. You can also see some seeds on the ground.

At the top of the picture, there are two metal basins cropped by the framing, side by side: the one on the right is full while you can see the bottom of the other.

You can imagine the following triangular sequence repeated a thousand times: drawing, sorting, emptying.

This picture could be a tribute to the hand itself. Indeed, the deep folds at the joints, the incredible network of streaks on the skin as well as the frayed thumbnail bear witness to years of hard work.

# panel 20

## Text

### Beatrice and Reida. Omugo Refugee Camp, Uganda. 2018

This is food at its most basic.

A handful of beans cooked over wood to feed a family of four.

Each day you wake up and sort the beans. You cook the beans. You eat the beans.

If you are lucky this happens twice a day. Most days it’s just once.

The rest of the time you sit by your tent in what shade you can find. You dream of home and the hope that peace will come. If peace comes you can return home and plant vegetables again.

Your children can go back to school.

Until then you wait till tomorrow and the next handful of beans.

This is life at its most basic.

This is survival.

This is life for Reida Tabu, 35 and her daughter Beatrice 10, who has been paralysed since she was 6 after getting the polio virus. Their life in South Sudan had been good, then the war changed everything. People were being stabbed in their homes, neighbours were killed and so in fear Reida and Beatrice sought safety in Uganda.

As a single mother (her husband died two years ago) Reida is unable to work because she has to stay with Beatrice. As a result she struggles to find enough food for the family.

Without the use of a wheelchair and owing to the camp’s inaccessible terrain Beatrice remains isolated from other children and denied her right to education.

## Description of the Picture

On their backs, you can see a cloud of dust, or smoke (you might think to glimpse bonfire logs among the stones), 2 water cans and 2 UNHCR tents.

There is packed earth on the ground; in the background, you can see trees and shrubs.

You can see Reida, in a three quarters frontal view. She is wearing a worn skirt, a blouse torn on the shoulder and a necklace of transparent beads.

In an almost squatting position, with her forearms resting on her knees, she is holding her hands together, one in the palm of the other.

Her daughter is holding her hands in a similar position; her legs are folded underneath her body. She seems to wear worn out clothing.

She is facing the camera but it seems like she did not notice it; her mouth is half-opened but she is not smiling.

Her mother’s gaze is turned to the right, far away; the contraction of her eyebrows make her look concerned.

# panel 21

This panel comprises a picture withoutn text.

## Description of the picture

It is an outdoor picture, framed in landscape format.

The soil is rocky and the landscape is dominated by bushes and shrubs.

A ray of light coming from the left side penetrates the image diagonally, thus creating a slight backlighting effect.

In the middle of the picture, you can see the side view of a man standing, with a pickaxe on his right shoulder.

You cannot see his face because his head is turned on the other side.

He is wearing a short-sleeved leopard print shirt, black trousers and… only one sandal.

It may take a while to realize that the man is balancing on his right leg.

The other one is cut off at mid-thigh; at first glance, the folded trouser could look like a bag that he is carrying with his left hand.

# panel 22

This panel comprises text followed by a picture.

## Text

### John. Omugo Refugee Camp, Uganda. 2018

John Ayume, 62, had his leg amputated in 2012 as a result of cancer. When shootings started during the night in his village in South Sudan, John and his wife had to quickly flee. John took his crutches but in the rush had to leave his prosthesis behind.

Without his prosthesis John has grown frustrated.

‘We are not disabled if we are able. If I had my leg, I would be able.’

That has not stopped him from being an active figure in the community. John works in the camp as a volunteer. He travels around the camp, identifying vulnerable people and people with disabilities, and helps them access support.

## Description of the picture

Within the same landscape of rocks and low vegetation, John is feeding his chickens.

The image is framed in landscape format. You can see John on the left, in a three-quarters frontal view.

The features of his face are not clearly visible because of the slight backlighting.

He is leaning forward, balancing on his right leg. He is holding a small metal bowl in his hand and has some flour on his fingers.

On the right of the picture, you can see a small shelter with a rounded roof made of thatch, some cardboard remnants and plastic sheets.

In the background, you can see a square of cultivated land.

John’s crutches are lying on the ground, behind him.

# panel 23

This panel comprises a picture without text

## Description of the Picture

This is the portrait of a left hand put up like a statue… The back of the hand is aligned upstream of the wrist to the fingertips.

Actually, you can see that both hands are present, with their palms closely pressed and adjusted against each other. The three middle fingers are gathered together; the little finger, slightly curved, is standing apart – just like the thumb.

The skin is dark, almost lustrous, like a beautiful leather. The nails are very clear, almost bright.

A complex network of veins, streaks and wrinkles bear witness to years of work, just like the bark of a venerable tree.

In the background, you can see a uniform surface of cracked dry ground.

# panel 24

This panel comprises text, followed by two pictures.

## Text

### Catarina. Omugo Refugee Camp, Uganda. 2018

For Catarina Kade, 70, life in South Sudan was good. Her friends and family lived close by, there was plenty of food, and the paths and roads were smooth so she could get around in her wheelchair.

Then the war came to Catarina’s village. She remembers the fighters slaughtering her community. Her family helped her as best they could, but as they fled Catarina had to leave her wheelchair behind due to the rough terrain. So for the journey to Uganda, which took a week, she had to rely on a crutch.

Catarina now feels lonely in the camp. It is very rocky and she cannot move easily. She wishes she could go to have a chat with her neighbours but spends most of her day alone in the shade of her hut.

An NGO offered to build Catarina a toilet because it’s impossible for her to get her wheelchair to the communal camp toilets. However, miscommunication between the various agencies involved led to the toilet being built with a steep step at its entrance. Catarina doesn't like to complain, but even with a toilet just outside her hut, she has to use a bucket.

‘When you are disabled, you cannot deny it, you have to put up with your daily life’ she said, ‘but can we make the floor flatter so I could move?’

## Description of the left picture

It is an outdoor picture, framed in landscape format.

In the foreground, on the right half of the picture, you can see Catarina sitting in a wheelchair with chrome tubes. You can see her left profile. She is wearing a thin, white dress.

The expression on her face is very dignified: her head is slightly bent forward, her eyes are closed and her mouth seems to be held closed by her wisdom…

The wheelchair is parked at the corner of a hut, under the shadow of the thatched roof and parallel to the wall.

You can recognize the same cracked dry ground, which was used as a background to her hands in the previous picture.

Further under the trees, in the background, on the left half of the picture, you can see three children sitting on the ground and a young man standing.

## Description of the right picture

It is an outdoor picture, framed in landscape format.

In the foreground, on the left, you can see a dry tree. On the far right, there is a traditional thatched hut.

In the middle of the picture, you can see a roofless building consisting of three brick walls and a door, perched on a cement base at least 20cm high.

The surrounding ground is arid and bumpy, littered with stones.

# panel 25

This panel comprises a picture without text

## Description of the Picture

It is an outdoor picture, framed in landscape format.

In the background, you can see a dry brick wall closing the perspective. On the ground, you can see bumps and stones.

In the middle of the picture, almost at the foot of the wall, you can see an indisputably old woman in a bright dress, curled up.

She is sitting on a low stool, facing the camera.

She is turning her head to the left but her incredibly long and thin hand, pressed against her cheek, is hiding most of her profile.

Her knees are touching each other: her right foot is resting flat on the ground but her left leg seems disarticulated: indeed, it extends horizontally but her foot goes down creating a right angle, and her toes seem to crush against the ground.

On the far right, two kids are standing apart, leaning against the wall, as if they were carefully observing the situation.

Their expression is difficult to read: they have a severe attitude and do not show any sign of amusement or compassion.

The old lady seems lonely…

# panel 26

This panel comprises text, followed by two pictures.

## Text

### Mary. Omugo Refugee Camp, Uganda. 2018

Mary Uba, who is not sure on her age, fled the violence in South Sudan and found refuge with her family in Omugo refugee camp. But in the rush to flee the fighting she had to leave her wheelchair behind; she has a new one now but it’s too heavy for her and combined with the uneven ground and drainage ditches by her hut, she has lost her independence.

‘I wonder if I will see my friends again?’ she asks. ‘I feel like I am in prison, not free.’

## Description of the left picture

It is a picture taken from above and framed in landscape format, in front of Mary’s left leg.

Mary is sitting close to the ground – probably on the stool of the previous picture…

In the upper left quarter of the picture, you can see the striped dress fabric covering her waist and thigh.

In the middle of the picture, you can see the second part of her long leg, with no calf, which is almost folded underneath her body; her foot is lying flat on the ground.

Her right hand is placed on her knee, while her left hand is seizing the top of her foot as if she was about to move an inert object.

The twists on these thin and emaciated limbs are painful to look at.

## Description of the right picture

It is an outdoor picture taken from a low angle and framed in landscape format.

On the left edge of the picture, there is a trackway made of rammed earth and stones.

On top of the slope, you can see a small portion of the sky and some trees. The horizon line leans to the right.

On the right edge of the trackway, you can see the rocky ground of a drainage ditch, which is surmounted by a small embankment. A little behind, at the top right of the picture, you can see a UNHCR tent, two children whose only silhouettes are visible, and a dark prefabricated building with a corrugated iron roof.

Along the trackway, you can sparsely find several cabins made of heterogeneous materials, with a small canopy.

Overall, both the framing and the elements captured in the picture make the landscape look like it is barely ridable, if not chaotic.