

Welcome to The Creative Corps!!!

Creative Corps is a collective of international artists and educators committed to active and healthy global citizenship through community-engaged theatrical projects.

We are thrilled to have you as a part of our membership connecting people through individual growth and collective creative action on vital social issues.

Creative Corps' projects embrace the idea of the **Whole Artist** which we define as 7 elements that encourage and nurture intellectually and creatively formed individuals; so that they can participate more fully in establishing healthy society. These 7 elements are:

- Curiosity (observation-research-inquiry)
- Passion (intimate alignment to subject matter)
- Sensual Development (five senses involvement)
- Connectivity (to others in group, those touched by subject matter, planet)
- Hunger (for remaining in the gray area of learning and questioning)
- Knowledge (socially expansive, politically questioning)
- Courage (facing truths learned and seeking a deeper view)

When applied through **Creative Corps** processes and events, these elements encourage heightened discourse, exploration, expression and communication which can add to the overall functioning of our communities.

This particular project - **An Explorer's Desire** - will be the first to launch **Creative Corps**. In the future, as we develop, we envision a time when members will propose their own projects incorporating both **The Creative Corps Process** and the **Whole Artist** elements. But for now we have developed a piece which contains all aspects as an introduction.

A **Creative Corps** project places equal value on the quality of the process and of the final event. We are seeking to ENGAGE with members of our community folding them into the process as much as possible, encouraging their participation and growth (as well as our own) both intellectually and creatively. The impact of our final theatrical event - and we use the word 'event' not 'play' - is measured by the caliber of discussion, of activism that arises throughout the process and that is born in the hearts of all involved. This is achieved through a strong process and an artistically fulfilling presentation.

*With regards to activism: we expect that **Creative Corps** members are activists who stand for the celebration of an individual's creative and intellectual involvement and impact on their local community as well as the global stage upon which we all tread. The issues we face are those requiring examination necessary for human and planetary progression and/or survival. Our work is public in as many ways as we can seek to do that. It is shared and celebrated - as its purpose is to celebrate human intellectual and creative capacity and community. We are, in fact, building **Creative Corps** as a community which, as it grows, will offer connection amongst its members, support and ideas in how to improve our individual impact locally and globally.*

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THE PROJECT - An Explorer's Desire

In order to step immediately into the question of living together on this planet and in our neighborhoods the first issue we will be addressing is **immigration**.

The mission of this project - **An Explorer's Desire** - is to inspire intellectual and empathetic discussion in our communities which, hopefully, will have an impact on the general narrative in our societies. In other words - let's stop listening to sound bites and reading memes and start sitting down with each other and hashing out reality. Bottom line: we need to learn to live together in a world that is projected to have permanent human migration.

An Explorer's Desire is a compilation of short pieces written by playwrights around the world. The format is inspired by the Passover Seder of the Jewish tradition where the table is a sacred gathering place for conversation, contemplation, sharing and learning. **An Explorer's Desire** is written to be presented sitting around a table (or in a large circle) while intertwining performance with contemplation and discussion. And... a little food. However, if another format works best for your community this can be discussed. We ask that you respect both the intention of the **Creative Corps** process and mission. The plays themselves cannot be changed without permission from the playwright. You can contact us at info@theglobaltheatreproject.org to discuss your ideas (which we would be eager to hear!) and gain that permission.



Included along with the script you will find images and a link to a musical composition which you are free to use as a part of your event (as in the photo above); and a list of approximately 200 questions about immigration and refugees that you can use in anyway that inspires conversation or thought. Some ideas for that might be: making a table cloth covered with the questions, hanging sheets written with the questions as curtains to enter the space, making a soundscape of the questions as people enter in or exit, filling a box with each question and having someone pull a question and discuss it with a partner, having a commitment signed that each person will take 2 or 3 questions to discuss with someone in their life in the coming week. . . .

Lastly, we ask six things of you as actionable items on this project:

- Please share specific information as to what people can do to help refugees in their local community. We are partnering with *International Rescue Committee* where you can share opportunities for volunteering to help new families or by giving donations in funds or materials to their cause. You can find information on their website: <https://www.rescue.org>. Please contact them directly to see what would be the contact in your area or locate another organization that is working with or for refugees.
- We want to add more questions to our list! We would like to demonstrate that there can be no easy and quick answers to an issue that brings up so many questions. Please ask your artists and audience to write down questions which you can send back to us.
- Please take photos and/or video of your event to send back to us with a few words about how the discussion went and what was learned or shared. Each **Creative Corps** member will be highlighted on the **Creative Corps** website with information about them and their **Creative Corps** projects as a way to build a community of individuals who can support the development of this work, and to share with the global community the impact of our collective efforts.



- Please follow [@The_GTP on Twitter](#) and join [The Creative Corps Facebook](#) group and share your process, the additional questions, photo/video and experiences on social media with #ExplorersDesire and/or #WeRCreativeCorps as the hashtag.
- Please work to bring individuals into this project who may think differently from one another on this issue.
- Please take a look at the **Creative Corps** process sheet that will help clarify this work and its intention.

The Creative Corps Project PROCESS:

1) Immersing Self into the subject (in this case immigration/refugees/migration)

a) You and your artists are asked to research immigration as preparation for the event. *We will include links to articles and information below but feel free to add or use entirely different sources. If you find something of interest of course PLEASE share it on both our Facebook page and Twitter accounts so we can build a library of information to make available to others working on this project.*

b) During the research stage artists share with others in their community what they are learning through activating the Whole Artist elements of: passion/curiosity/knowledge/hunger/connectivity/courage. *By sharing what they find and experience during their research with others they offer the possibility of those elements to be developed in their community. This sharing can take place in anyway the artist feels is right for her or him.*

2) Engaging others actively in the inquiry process.

We encourage you and your artists to go into the community and speak to individuals who are immigrants or refugees or working in the immigration field in order to connect to the issue as it is being lived and experienced in your local community. Use these people as respected resources and see how they may participate in your final event.

3) Creating a theatrical event which:

- a) encourages participation in the community and the audience
- b) educates, develops empathy and compassion and invokes & inspires healthy discussion
- c) activates the Whole Artist elements both in the theatrical event and for everyone involved or touched by it
- d) offers an action opportunity for them to carry forward

And remember that all of the above is done and shared as PUBLICLY as possible

Research Links:

The Jungle of Calais/Good Chance Theatre:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zD-RyGco3kQ>

Two blog entries of a personal journey of a young woman to the US/Mexico border:

<http://www.britneywinnlee.com/uncategorized/theborderlands1/>

<http://www.britneywinnlee.com/uncategorized/the-borderlands-part-2/>

4.1 Miles NYTimes documentary short on Greek rescues in the Mediterranean Sea:

<http://www.nytimes.com/video/opinion/100000004674545/41-miles.html>

Stepping Over The Dead In A Migrant Boat NYTimes Photo Journal:

http://www.nytimes.com/2016/10/06/world/europe/migrants-mediterranean.html?_r=0

Borders and Barriers Washington Post Graphics and Interactive Media:

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/graphics/world/border-barriers/global-illegal-immigration-prevention/>

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/graphics/world/border-barriers/europe-refugee-crisis-border-control>

<https://www.washingtonpost.com/graphics/world/border-barriers/us-mexico-border-crossing/>

Universal Declaration of Human Rights:

<http://www.un.org/en/universal-declaration-human-rights/>

Island Of Despair the Sydney Morning Herald:

<http://www.smh.com.au/federal-politics/political-news/island-of-despair-australia-intentionally-torturing-refugees-on-瑙鲁-says-major-amnesty-international-report-20161016-gs3sm4.html>

The Mediteranean's Deadly Migrant Route BBC News:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-32387224>

Mediterranean migrants crisis: Is military force the solution? BBC News:

<http://www.bbc.com/news/world-europe-32428500>

Boat With Hundreds of Migrants From Myanmar Heads Farther Out to Sea/NYTimes:

http://www.nytimes.com/2015/05/16/world/asia/migrant-boat-myanmar-thailand.html?_r=1

South Africa deports Mozambicans after anti-foreigner violence BBC News:

[http://www.bbc.com/news/world-africa-32772793?](http://www.bbc.com/news/world-africa-32772793?utm_source=Sailthru&utm_medium=email&utm_term=%2AMorning%20Brief&utm_campaign=New%20Campaign)

[utm_source=Sailthru&utm_medium=email&utm_term=%2AMorning%20Brief&utm_campaign=New%20Campaign](http://www.bbc.com/news/world-africa-32772793?utm_source=Sailthru&utm_medium=email&utm_term=%2AMorning%20Brief&utm_campaign=New%20Campaign)

End Of The Line Washington Post:

<http://www.washingtonpost.com/sf/world/2015/11/25/end-of-the-line/>

An Explorer's Desire

a Creative Corps project

Play List And Cast List:

THE HEART OF AN EXPLORER by Bianca Bagatourian
The Conjuror (Host) • Storytellers

TERRA, TERRA, TERRA (LAND, LAND, LAND) by Alessandro Grisolini
Man • Girl • Voice

RARE STEAKS” - NATIONAL NEWS NETWORK by Roberto Andrioli
Reporter 1 • Reporter 2 • Reporter 3 • Reporter 4 • Reporter 5 • Girl

DENTIFRICIO FIOR D'IRIS (IRIS TOOTHPASTE) by Marcos Najera
Iris • Marcos • Marta • Police • Guard

DEDICATED TO YOU AND TO VESPUCCI by Tomas Jelenik
Everyone



What you will need:

A bell or sounding bowl and stick

candles, matches/lighter

images of immigration (see packet or powerpoint presentation)

scripts, Pens and paper

A copy of “Dedicated to you and Vespucci” for all to read

sound system and/or projector (optional)

A program/printed sheet with contact information (see template)

glasses and napkins

Juice and/or wine

Vegetable sticks (celery, carrots), Salt water in a bowl or bowls for dipping, Mandarin or oranges (enough for everyone), Tortillas and salsa

Notes for performance:

The piece is designed to be a ritual which brings people together around the sacred subject of human migration, of celebrating each individual's capacity for intellectual and creative expression and for the communal event itself.

A few food items are used at the event because the gathering of people over food is communal throughout all culture. Again, if the items chosen do not work for you, feel free to find others which do. But please note that the progression of discussion and the items chosen are intentional in relation to the plays as well as a forward movement toward empathetic discourse and contemplation.

*We suggest that **An Explorer's Desire** is as communally shared as possible and can work well as a read performance. Choral voices will add to that aspect. The Story Tellers, the Voice, The Reporters all can be done as one voice with multiple actors. The amount of rehearsal is up to you.*

"Voice" in 'Land, Land, Land' is both the man's inner voice and memory. The girl does not hear "voice".

The Conjurer of 'The Heart Of An Explorer' can also be the 'host' of the event. Or this can be given to another individual. The 'host' directs the audience/participants between each performance. You will see these moments in the text boxes. They are not considered pauses in the performance, but progression out of one performance, into our own hearts and minds and through to another. Build the event with this concept in mind. Each new play title is read by entire cast. When casting, we encourage diverse casts, but if diversity is not found in your community, the important point is to share the stories. Human beings sharing human stories.

Whether performed at a table with a few additional audience/participants or in a larger facility with a bigger number of audience/participants the performers can also take part in the personal contemplation and discussion which evolves.



AN EXPLORER'S DESIRE

Table is set - white. Candles. Wine glasses. Wine and juice. Food prepped for passing. Pens and paper. Bell or Sounding Bowl

BENEDICTION

Glasses Raised. HOST SAYS:

“MAY WE HONOR THE ANCESTORS. AS BEST
AS YOU KNOW SHARE WITH US ONE PLACE
YOUR FAMILY TRAVELED FROM THAT
BROUGHT YOU HERE”

(All share. A bell is sounded. Titles of ALL pieces are
to be read by full cast.)

THE HEART OF AN EXPLORER

The Conjurer: (lights a match)

Where are our explorers of today and yesterday?
Where have these men and women strayed?
Under which stones are they laying unturned?
Under what conditions can they be heard?

(lighting candles)

Come one, come all, heed the explorer's call.
Come forth from generations to the town hall.
Come forth from the past and our history.
Come forth to make us a brand new story.

Where lies the hope for today's explorer?
Where be this spirit for which we are poorer?
Without the help of a brave heart like yours,
as those that discovered all countries and shores.

Then slowly I hear perks and peeps from old bones,
from cracks and crevices of paved gravel and stones.
Under sleepy blankets of tatters and wool,
emerge the pluckiest, most courageous of them all!

PURIFICATION:

*pass around the table or project images of cen-
turies of migration*

The Conjuror (con't):

For who is the explorer of today's high seas?
Say, could this adventurer be you and me,
who migrate to other lands in a mad dance
and end up somewhere as immigrants?

As we dare to cross lines of language and word,
a convergence of sounds and textures blurred.
The noises and smells of foreignness,
becoming one in the bloom of this egress.

Moving between two points on a map,
the act of entering and exiting is planned.
Thriving on foreign soil amongst issues of race,
to make a small corner and call the pavement theirs.

Entering this fresh port with novel legends of fame,
We must hold on to our mother's name.
Of grandmother and grandfather who have returned to the earth.
We must not forget the legends of our birth.

Story Tellers:

I enter your city with its sunbaked highways,
and vastness of land matching only blue skyways.
As the rhythms of a wave can well tell what's to come,
under the blunting sharpness of the acrid sun.

The Conjuror:

So the earth is all done, explored and old,
with no more myths and legends to be told.
Aliens legal and illegal chart a new biography,
a new guide to planet earth's geography.

This is human migration cut from a new cloth,
of patterns and portraits of new growth,
the chronology of which is already false dust.
Newborn communities sing in closed chorus.

Story Tellers:

I erase previous lines to travel even further.
Who sees a reason why I should not wander
where my heart chooses itself to so saunter
overstepping boundaries as I enter?

The Conjuror:

Making firsthand encounters in strange places,
observing intrigue on new faces

The Conjuror (con't):

Seeking after new scraps of knowledge,
learning along the way an entirely new language.

Story Tellers:

Our new home! Land of metropolitan mobility.
Immigrant-rich land, who are your new citizenry?
With multiple prides driven by lofty ambitions,
I strive to understand your geography of immigration.

The Conjuror:

For man will surely suffer abroad,
when he leaves his own shores and lives in the clouds.
His soul can agonize from wandering this earth,
a rootless alienation, a disease from our birth.
For what have we done, what design have we approved?
What map have we drawn? What is our new route?

On what have we imposed, on whose call have we implored?
I ask you to consider the conditions we've ignored.
Born with natural curiosity, be it primary or secondary,
lack of which may provoke mere insanity.

But is not curiosity timeless and imagination boundless,
the desire to know endless and the capacity of man tireless?
Nonetheless, this isn't a tale of woe as I may have led.

I look to the future and contemplate the long haul.
I imagine a one with no borders at all,
where we will move freely from there to here.
A borderless world where no lines interfere.

For it does not matter where you stem from,
or matter it not where you stem too.
The heart of the matter is we are all one
in a democracy of exploration.

Story Tellers:

I am explorer and an immigrant all in one.
One and both – one and the same man.
I stand at this crossroads of humanity,
this massive examination of the spirit of mortality.

And if you forbid me from the attempt, from reaching that shore,
you not only forbid me from myself, but much more!
And with that you will kill the immigrant in me,
and succeed to forbid every man from he.

Conjurer:

For what is keeping us out and what is keeping us in?

Is it just a matter of skin?

Was I born with a border to my tomb?

Was there a border in my mother's womb?

Story Tellers

I will cross. I will make it to the other side,

whatever that side may be. I will not hide.

Because the other side is what I have lived for.

For I was born with that nature, the heart of an explorer.

(A bell is sounded)

"THE APPETIZER" -

HOST SAYS:

WE EAT VEGETABLES SYMBOLIZING THE SACREDNESS OF LIFE AND DIP IT IN SALT WATER TO GIVE THOUGHT TO THOSE WHO HAVE TRAVELED MANY SEAS TO ARRIVE TOWARD SAFETY. PLEASE TAKE THIS MOMENT TO USE YOUR PENCIL AND FINISH THE PHRASE "TO MY KNOWLEDGE THESE ARE ALL THE PLACES MY FAMILY MIGRATED FROM" AND TURN THE PAPER OVER WHEN YOU ARE DONE."

(A bell is sounded)

TERRA, TERRA, TERRA! (LAND, LAND, LAND!)

Man:

(speaking to the Girl) Land, land, land. That's what I cried out loud when I first saw the coast of Sicily, like an explorer who has finally reached his goal. My throat was dry, my skin scorched by the salty air but nothing mattered anymore. Excitement had already exploded on the boat, our spirits were higher now.

But our joy was spoiled by the recollection of the bodies we had handed over to the sea. Where are they now? I cried each time one of my fellow travelers of hope died, but I couldn't give up, I couldn't lose hope. I wanted to touch the Promised Land.

Yes

Voice:

Man:

Don't move. Keep that hint of shyness on your lips. Today you see a man without troubles, happy, enthusiastic. An artist. I'm lucky. But it was hard to gain this peace.

Yes

Voice:

Man:

I knelt down and started to stroke the soil, smelling it, searching for its rich scent. I could feel the wind gently brushing over it, taking it south, towards the sea and beyond.

"Land, land, land" I cried and they thought I was insane. They brought me to a hospital and a doctor saw me. He said mine was a case of delirium, due to temporary traumatic shock from the crossing...I had been gone 20 days.

He said I was fit and able to work. Two men entered. Big and sweaty, wearing white shirts and hats and told me:

Voice:

"Come with us to work the land".

Man:

Yes, here I come. This is what I came here for: I want to work the land. What a country! Just got here and I've got a job. So this is the Promised land, I thought. The land of plenty.

They piled me into a small truck with ten or twelve others. I couldn't make out any familiar faces. It didn't matter. We were happily laughing, singing.

Voice laughs and sings

Man:

A new life was about to begin.

We drove for hours. Jolted by the potholes on the dirt road and then there we were in the country. A disused factory. They shoved us in and then locked us in with a padlock.

Voice stops laughing and singing

Man:

This is what I used to do to the goats, when I was a child and I would lock the animals up at night. Broken window panes, water pouring out of the pipes.

Voice:

Well, at least we have running water . . .

Man:

. . . I said, to cheer us up. But nobody laughed. Our beds were mattresses cast on the ground, eaten up by rats that were fatter than us. I almost envied them. Sorry. I made your smile disappear. Are you afraid of rats?

Voice:

Yes, yes.

Man:

Let's take a break. How about some music?

Voice:

Yes.

Man:

This is a song from The Godfather called "Brucia la terra"

Voice: (along with him):

"Brucia la terra".

Man:

'The moon burns and I burn with love' the words say.

(the Voice hums the song softly)

Man (con't):

I'm burning with love, too and at last the fire can burn in my heart, but when I first arrived in this country, I could not approach a woman. Immigrant to them meant rapist. Plenty of repressed hormones and energy in that old factory, that could only be released in work from dawn to dusk. Twelve, fourteen hours bent over tomatoes plants or picking lemons up high in the trees with a glimpse of the free horizon. I'm a lucky man because I can look at you, touch, observe and no one can harm me because I'm holding earth in my hands. I can mould it and make it become whatever I wish.

(the Voice stops humming)

Once during our lunch break the water flask I kept in my pocket broke. You see, the only thing I brought with me from Africa was a little bag of soil, my African soil. By day I kept it in a little cloth bag in my jacket pocket. At night I would pull it out and let the soil slip through my fingers. But that day I reached in my pocket and felt a soft mush. I pulled the bag out and mud tumbled out and hit the ground. At first I wished to separate the African soil from the Italian soil.

(The Voice rubs their hands together in desperate motion)

What a fool. In the end I started to play with it. I kneaded and pounded the earth.

(The Voice bangs one fist into an open palm)

Man (con't):

I made a little mud ball and then two little worms that I divided and made two legs. I made two more and they became arms and then a body. A childish excitement lent a strong emotion to my hands as I worked. I, the creator.

(Silence)

I went back to work. At the end of the day the sun had dried my little toy. I no longer had African soil in my pocket but my first sculpture. For months, when I had a break, I kept a little water aside for my new creations and poured it on the ground that would greedily drink it all up. I was free to invent a whole world with earth. Would you like some water?

Voice:

Yes.

Man:

Water. How I craved it those days in the fields while we were picking oranges and tangerines. Every once in a while, unseen, I would eat a fruit just to quench my thirst and save my ration of water for my sculptures. The fruit exhaled a strong sweet scent that inspired me with the beauty I wanted to transfer to my images of clay. My back was not as happy to carry all those crates: 1 euro for a crate of tangerines and

Voice:

50 cents for a crate of oranges.

Man:

And from our pay they withheld money for themselves, our masters. Every morning, when they opened the gate of the factory, we had to have 3 euros ready to pay for our commute to work. How things had changed: in the past it was the masters who paid for slaves, transporting them to working sites across the Atlantic at the expenses of the whites. Now we, attracted like flies to honey, were the ones to pay to become slaves.

One day two Italians decided to break the boredom that gnawed at their little village and used a compressed air rifle to shoot at two of us on the way back from the fields. Our pride, repressed rage and frustration all exploded at once.

(the Voice breathes through open mouths)

In no time, more than a hundred of us invaded the streets with sticks in our hands, breaking the windscreens of the cars, the windows of the shops. Asking for justice. And you know what? It worked. We made so much noise that the media arrived. Reporters wanted to interview us. We had become stars. The government reacted. The police arrested our jailers and blocked the exploitation of illegal immigrants.

(silence)

I told my story to the police and was rewarded with a permanent visa. I collected all my things and left, like a tourist off to discover a new world. How different the panorama was now from the one I had seen until then and how different from the land of Africa! From the train I could see thick vegetation, trees on the mountains, hills with vineyards and olive groves. And then towns,

Man (con't):

villages, people. Men and women. Before me there was a woman. Alone. She started asking me questions about my life. She was the first Italian woman to talk to me without being a police-woman. We arrived in Florence.

Voice:

Firenze!!!!

Man:

She worked there. In her sculpture workshop. She used earth to make sculptures, plates and china. She asked me what I had in the bag I was holding so tight. "Earth and its fruits".

Voice:

(with him) Earth and its fruits.

Man:

I showed her my little sculptures and she started laughing. Right then a policeman came up and asked for my ID and where I was going. The woman replied for me:

Voice:

"He's one of my workers".

Man:

I proudly showed my brand new working visa. We got off the train. She gave me a job and from that moment on I was allowed to touch the earth, play with it, bake it, paint it, transform it and sell it. Then we fell in love and got married. I discovered I was an artist and a hero for my children who saw me daily turning a piece of clay into the objects of their fantasy. My vision had come true. It took me some time to understand the suspicious look of the people who have lived their entire life in the same place and who fear their land will be taken away by the newly arrived. It takes time to support a soccer team. It takes time before my kids can understand both my language and that of their schoolmates. It takes time to let my daughter go out alone with her boyfriend and to accept that my eldest son is gay and wants to live his own life. I need many hands and feet to step on this land.

Voice:

Land, land, land.

Man:

I can't do without soil, earth, land. I need to touch it, stroke it, let it slip between my fingers and coat my arms with it, my face...Would you please answer the phone? I can't, my hands are full of clay. It must be Gea, my wife.

(the girl answers the phone)

Girl:

Yes. (pause) Yes. (pause)Yes.

Man:

So was it her?

Girl:

Yes.

(A bell is sounded)

SPLITTING IN TWO

HOST SAYS:

THE FOOD OF SUFFERING CAN ALSO BE THE FOOD OF FREEDOM. AS WE EAT THIS MANDARIN/ORANGE, REFLECT AS WE PEEL AND OPEN IT THAT EACH INDIVIDUAL SECTION HELD TOGETHER MAKES A WHOLE . . . GIVING IT GREATER VALUE. PLEASE USE THIS MOMENT TO, ON YOUR PAPER, FINISH THE SENTENCE: WHEN I THINK OF MY OWN FAMILY'S JOURNEY I WONDER _____.

(A bell is sounded)

THE TELLING

RARE STEAKS" - NATIONAL NEWS NETWORK

Reporters:

Good evening, our first piece of news today comes from our nation's capital.

Reporter 1:

A few hours ago, a special squad of the police broke into the kitchen of a nationally famous restaurant and arrested the owner, Chef William Smith.

Reporter 2:

The Police had discovered that Chef Smith is involved in human trafficking and child prostitution between our Capital and Venezuela, in particular the suburb northwest of Caracas and the neighborhood of the barrios, the slums that surround the hills of the Venezuelan capital.

Reporter 3:

When the children arrived in our country, the Chef sold some of them to mysterious and wealthy friends and clients, but most ended up in the kitchens of his restaurants "New Lands", famous for combining the best of our country's culinary traditions with refined ethnic influences.

Reporter 4:

According to investigations young Venezuelan girls were living illegally without documents and without any legal identity and therefore they were totally non-existent.

Reporter 5:

And here's the most dramatic part of the story. We must warn you that this information is horrifically disturbing. As new girls arrived at the restaurant, the ones already there were eliminated:

Reporter 5 (con't):

killed, immediately cooked, and served as special cuts of meat. This news is incredible and horrifying especially since this traffic went on undisturbed for over ten years, until one of the girls managed to escape and report everything to the police.

All:

Here is our exclusive interview with her:

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All:

Good evening

Girl:

Good evening

All:

What shall we call you?

Girl:

We never had a real name from the time we were taken away and brought here. In Caracas I was called Concita, then for many months, nothing at all, and finally he . . . our master . . . called me Ninì.

All:

Would you like to tell us your story, Concita.

Girl:

No, please don't call me Concita. Concita doesn't exist any more. I was lucky, I don't know why he wanted to save my life, I'm the only one he gave a name to or something like that, one night he took me out of our hideaway and took me to a Villa and...

(she begins to cry)

All:

And what happened Concita ?Did he rape you?

Girl:

I already told you, Concita doesn't exist anymore!... He was nice to me, he let me get washed and changed, he gave me a beautiful dress and then he took me into a very big room with frescoes where we had a drink and he showed me around his villa - paintings and sculptures and beautiful things, things I'd never seen before, then he offered me some really good wine in a glass with a gold rim, we were walking from one floor to another, then he and I sat down at a table and we had dinner, then ...

All:

You see, emotion gets the better of Concita and she breaks down, but Concita please, try to be strong, there are thousands of people watching and wanting to know the truth, please, what happened then did he rape you?

Girl:

I already told you Concita doesn't exist...No, he took me into his bedroom and started to bite me, he said he wouldn't eat me because I was too beautiful to eat but he couldn't resist at least biting me...

All:

Ah Concita, can we see, is it possible to see the bite marks?

Girl:

Yes, here look, but please don't call me Concita

All:

And then what happened?

Girl:

He wanted me to do... certain things... to him and then he fell asleep, so that's when I escaped and ran away.

All:

To the Police?

Girl:

No! I was afraid to go there, because the police in Venezuela are bad and they can be dangerous ... I walked and walked until dawn, I was very tired. And in the morning I went into a hair-dresser's shop and I asked for help and she let me get washed and helped me, now she is my only friend, Elisabeth. Then she told me to go to the Police.

All:

So, Concita, can you tell us what happened in the kitchens of William Smith's restaurants?

Girl:

We worked there, we did everything, we worked all day long and at night we slept in a house right next to the kitchens, underground. It was clean, we girls cleaned it and we had a TV too. It was big but we could never go outside. Sometimes some of his friends would come over and we would have... a kind of party...

All:

But, what happened in the kitchens?

Girl:

When new girls came, some of us would leave, nobody knew where to, but others, especially the fatter girls, he would make us kill them with a stick. . .

All:

.....were you ever afraid, Miss Concita?

Girl:

My name is not Concita!!! Was I afraid? I think I was lucky. he never wanted to kill me, every time I saw new groups come in, I'd see some girls disappear and others die

All:

(to the camera audience) There, emotion has taken over again,

(to the cameraman) can you do a close up while they escort Concita out

Reporter 5:

That's all for now, let's go back to the studio for news and sports and then after the break a

Reporter 5 (con't):

new episode of the season's hot new cooking show "Eat Hearty.

(A bell is sounded)

COMBINING

HOST SAYS:

"TORTILLAS ARE RELATIVELY PLAIN UNTIL WE DECIDE WHAT FLAVOR TO GIVE THEM, WHAT TO COVER THEM WITH, WRAP THEM AROUND. EACH MOMENT OF LIFE IS SIMILAR. IN A BREATH'S TIME IT IS OPEN AND PURE, WHAT WE CHOOSE TO PUT IN IT OR ON IT GIVES IT AN IDENTITY THAT WE MUST CELEBRATE OR CONFRONT.

WHILE YOU'RE CONTEMPLATING YOUR TORTILLA PLEASE FINISH THE SENTENCES: FOR ME COURAGE IS _____.
AND, WHEN I THINK OF LOSING EVERYTHING I AM MOST AFRAID OF _____."

(A bell is sounded)

**IRIS TOOTHPASTE
LOS ANGELES, FALL 2011**

Iris: (speaking to the audience)

The streets of Los Angeles look a lot like they do on TV. But the streets of Los Angeles don't look like they do on TV. It's weird. But I love it. I like thinking that something looks one way. Then finding out it's totally different. That's Melrose Avenue for me.....Dreamy. Now, all of a sudden, I am here on Melrose!!! Like I popped inside my TV screen transported here from back home in Arizona.

By the way, my name is Iris Leyvas. I'm a senior in high school. And I'm kind of a dork because I belong to the University Club at my school, Alhambra High, in Phoenix. Every Wednesday morning before class, our club meets to help each other write college applications, watch videos that universities send us as prospective freshmen and we raise money for trips to make campus visits. This week, we are here in SoCal to visit UCLA. It's my topchoice school. If I get in, I'll study electrical engineering next fall. Don't laugh, but I'm also part of the Robotics club. Yes, we build robots for fun. And we compete against other schools in underwater robotics contests. Like I said, dork. A Chicana dork. And yes, I'm the only girl in the robotics club.

But there are lots of girls in the University Club. Thank God. And we all came to LA together. Tomorrow we will take the UCLA tour and meet with the admissions dude. But today, we get to explore the town.

So of course the girls wanted to come shopping on Melrose Avenue. The guys have totally been pretending they are pissed, but I can tell they are having fun while trying on hip shirts and shades. Besides, I'm pretty sure three of the guys are gay. Or at least they will be by the time we all graduate from college. Especially Marcos. He is super gay and doesn't know it yet. He

Iris (con't):

knows way too much about Fred Segal and Jonathan Adler for a brown boy from Phoenix. I love him for that. Plus, he is super smart. Everyone knows he'll get into Harvard or Stanford. But he says he just wants to run away to Italy to study art at a place called the Uffizi. In a town called Florence. God, I hope it's not like Florence in Arizona, because that's where the big state prison is: The Florence Jail. It's a huge detention center where they lock-up all the Mexicans who get caught trying to cross the border. People die inside of there. That super sucks. I hope the Florence in Italy super sucks much less. Hopefully, nobody dies there. Otherwise, Marcos won't last a week. He is too much of a diva to be tossed in a cramped jail cell. He needs too many bath and hair products to survive incarceration.

Anyway, Marcos comes running up to me in this fab store with bath products and beauty products lining the shelves and squeals:

Marcos:

"I found you something . . . It's IRIS toothpaste from Florence Italy!!!! It's a sign. You have to get it!"

Iris:

"Twenty dollars? Are you serious? For toothpaste? Oh my god!"

Marcos:

"It's a sign."

Iris:

"A sign of what? Willful poverty?"

Marcos:

"No, it's good luck because it's Iris toothpaste. Let's split it. You pay \$10. I'll pay \$10. We'll share it. Someday, you can come visit me in Florence. In Italy, not in the jail. We will go to a real Italian pharmacy and buy more when we are adults and rich! This is good practice for the lives we want, Iris!"

Iris: (to the audience)

He talks me into it. The next morning, we brush our teeth in the hotel room with the Iris Toothpaste. I don't know what Iris root is supposed to taste like, but the sweet, cinnamon licorice-esque flavor is wonderful. UCLA. Here we come!!!

PHOENIX, ARIZONA, JUNE 2012 (title announced by whole cast)**Iris:**

I can't believe I got a summer internship at Intel out in Chandler! That is so awesome. I get paid AND I get college credit at UCLA before I even get there. I just graduated from high school last month. I already feel like a superhero. Just wait until I move to Westwood. People will trip out on me. A Chicana engineer with a penchant for conjuring up artificially intelligent bots. I am the bomb.com.

I love everyone at Intel in my summer work group. Except for our main supervisor Marta. She is out-of-shape, gruff and a bit of a gossip. She is a Latina like me. But she knows English is my first language and Spanish is my second language. So she purposely tries to speak to me in Spanish as fast as she can in front of people so I will mess up when I answer her. She says,

Marta:

(in Spanish if possible) "Oh, Iris, your American accent is so thick. Have people told you this before? Has it been a problem for you?"

Iris: (to Marta)

"Not until I met you. I guess most people accept that I speak Spanish the same way Shakira speaks English. It doesn't seem like it's been a problem for her."

Marta:

(In English with accent) "Oh, I don't mean to offend you, it doesn't make you any less Latin. It just means your parents wanted you to assimilate with white people so they didn't teach you proper Spanish. Don't worry. It's not a big deal. Only real Spanish speakers will notice. No one else will realize that you sound like you do."

Iris: (to the audience)

Wow. How do you like that? I live in a state where the government gets mad at me if I don't speak perfect English. And my own community gets mad at me if I don't speak perfect Spanish. Maybe I'll move to Italy with Marcos someday. Florence here I come.

I got my wish sooner than I expected.

Last night, after a wonderful day at Intel (despite Marta's ignorant insults), I was driving home to the Westside of Phoenix. It was getting dark so I turned on my headlights. I decided to avoid traffic on the 1-10 freeway so I cut through the little town of Guadalupe. It's a little Yaqui Indian village right smack dab in the middle of Phoenix. White folks are too scared to drive through there because of all the brown folks. But I love it. I love looking at the beautiful Yaqui people and their little street-side markets.

All of a sudden, blue and red lights popped up in my rearview mirror accompanied by a shrill siren. The police were pulling me over. They were nice? I think? They asked for my license. I said nothing. I just handed them my insurance, registration and license like my mom told me to do. They said

Police:

"Young lady, your tail lights are out. We need to give you a fix it ticket."

Iris: (to the audience)

I nodded. They asked

Police:

"Do you understand what we are saying?"

Iris: (to the audience)

I grew cold. I nodded.

Police:

"Hablas español?"

Iris: (to the audience)

they asked. I nodded.

Police:

"Wait right here please ma'am."

Iris: (to the audience)

I nodded. Several moments passed, when one of the officers—who looked Latino—came back to my car and said

Police:
"Are you here in this country legally?"

Iris: *(to the audience)*
I nodded.

Police:
"Do you have papers to prove your citizenship?"

Iris: *(to the audience)*
I froze. I didn't move a muscle. I didn't say a word.

Police:
"Please step out of the car young lady and place your hands above your head."

Iris: *(to the audience)*
Tears started streaming down my cheeks. But I didn't utter a word. Not a sound. Fear and panic choked me silent. The officer got my backpack from my passenger side seat. He placed it and me in his cop car. I had never been inside a cop car before. Ever. I never even had detention in school. The criminal had finally been caught.

Florence, ARIZONA, THE NEXT DAY, JUNE 2012 *(title announced by whole cast)*

Iris:
My detention cell is clean and smells like pine sol cleaner. The detention officers aren't mean. They just remind me of Marta. Many are Latino. I feel ashamed. I learn that night that I am being deported to Magdalena, where my family is from—even though I have never been there before. And don't know anyone there any more. And as Marta can attest, I can hardly speak Spanish with my grotesque American accent that was raised on MTV and That's So Raven re-runs and Lady Gaga lyrics and the sound of scientific formulas dissected and digested in English. My flight leaves in a few days. I can call my family in Phoenix when I land in Mexico. At least that's what my court-appointed attorney promises me. I wished for Florence. But I think I should have been more specific. I wished for Florentine sunshine on my brown skin, but not inside this encampment of shame. I am so tired. I lay my head down on the jail cell pillow and let the tears drop on the scratchy pillowcase. They are about to call lights out. A guard comes by and raps on my metal cell bars and prompts

Guard:
"Iris Leyvas?"

Iris:
"Yes?....."

Guard:
"Is this your backpack?"

Iris:
"Yes,"
(to the audience)

Iris (con't):

He opens the cell door and hands it to me. I sit on the bed and clutch it. After a few minutes, I unzip it. Inside I find my Intel summer intern badge. My UCLA acceptance letter. And a near empty tube of my always lucky Iris toothpaste.

(A bell is sounded)

THE FEAST

HOST SAYS:

PLEASE TAKE THE NEXT TWO MINUTES - ON THE SECOND PIECE OF PAPER - TO DO THE FOLLOWING: WRITE DOWN, IN A LIST OR IN EVERY SPACE OF THE PAGE, EVERY WORD OR PHRASE THAT COMES TO MIND ABOUT YOUR MIGRATION STORY, AND YOUR THOUGHTS AND FEELINGS ABOUT IMMIGRATION AND REFUGEES. PREFERABLY IN SINGLE WORDS AND SHORT PHRASES, NOT FULL SENTENCES OR STORIES. BEGIN.

THANK YOU. NOW, IF YOU WILL ALL HOLD HANDS, GOOD. TAKE IN A BREATH, GOOD. WE WILL CONTINUE."

(A bell is sounded)

OUT OF HIDING

HOST SAYS:

"IF YOU WILL PLEASE TURN TO SOMEONE, PREFERABLY SOMEONE YOU DON'T KNOW, UNFOLD YOUR LIST AND READ IT TO THEM. YOU HAVE 1 MINUTE TO READ YOURS THEN I WILL SOUND THE BELL TO SWITCH"

(A bell is sounded)

"YOU HAVE 1 ADDITIONAL MINUTE AND THEN I WILL SOUND THE BELL."

(A bell is sounded)

"NOW PLEASE FIND 2 OTHER PEOPLE TO FORM A GROUP OF 4 AND SHARE YOUR PREVIOUS THOUGHTS AND RESPONSES. YOUR GOAL IS TO COME UP WITH A COMMON THEME. SOMETHING THAT BINDS YOU ALL. YOU HAVE 5 MINUTES. I WILL SOUND THE BELL."

(A bell is sounded)

“NOW LET’S BE SURE ONE OF OUR PERFORMERS IS IN EACH GROUP. TOGETHER COME UP WITH A MOVEMENT OR GESTURE TO SHARE WITH ALL OF US THAT EXPRESSES THE THEME YOU IDENTIFIED. YOU HAVE 5 MINUTES. I WILL SOUND THE BELL.”

(A bell is sounded)

“LET’S SHARE WHAT YOU’VE DONE.” (MOVEMENTS/GESTURES ARE SHARED)

“HERE IS A PHRASE THAT KEEPS POUNDING IN MY HEART AND HEAD: “THERE IS NOT A SINGLE HUMAN BEING ON THIS PLANET NOW OR EVER THAT WAS NOT BORN OF A MIGRATORY LEGACY.” THIS IS BOTH A LOCAL AND GLOBAL ISSUE. WE ARE, CLEARLY, A GLOBAL TRIBE OF MAN LEARNING TO LIVE TOGETHER. WE WANT THIS EVENT TO OPEN THE CONVERSATION, CELEBRATE THE UNIQUENESS AND THE COMMONALITY OF OUR JOURNEY THROUGH HISTORY AND LIFE. AND, HOPEFULLY, INSPIRE YOU TO ENGAGE OTHERS IN A MORE SOPHISTICATED, CURIOUS, REFLECTIVE AND PRODUCTIVE CONVERSATION ON IMMIGRATION.”

FINAL BLESSING

(A bell is sounded)

“PLEASE JOIN US WITH OUR NEXT PIECE WHICH YOU HAVE IN FRONT OF YOU”

Everyone reads together:

DEDICATED TO YOU AND TO AMERIGO

What were the great explorers looking for when they left home?

And what did you come to here to find?

And what about all of us others,

including myself,

Everyone (con't):

that have migrated to many cities here and there and everywhere,
expecting to find what they were missing,
what they lacked.

How many steps in the unknown forest,
the desert,
the mountain passes.

How frightened at night, in the daytime, in a storm, on the rocky path,
where nothing is certain and no certainties have been packed arriving in the city,
a city of angels,
laughing, because they, they know that the only thing packed is a soap bubble.

But the journey is beautiful, curious, and creative. As a guest we learn to respect our hosts, who
provide us with the shadow of an angel's wing.

And when we are the hosts, and invite someone to our homes

man,

woman,

angel,

learning their languages, their cultures and meeting their needs,
we enrich each other.

Thanks to the roundness of our planet,
thanks to the horizon.

Thanks to those who go exploring new planets.

Thanks to our ancestors, to you, to those people like me, who are looking on the Moon, on Mars
for new lands to host those expelled from hysterical Queens.

Have a good trip, good tidings.

Have a great future without boundaries. Have a great future respecting all cultures.

Peace be with you, with me, with us

ACCEPTANCE:

HOST SAYS:

“WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW WHAT QUESTIONS MIGHT BE COMING UP FOR YOU ON IMMIGRATION OR REFUGEES OR THOUGHTS YOU MIGHT HAVE FROM OUR TIME TOGETHER SO THAT WE CAN SHARE THEM WITH OTHERS WHO ARE DOING THIS EVENT GLOBALLY.

WE ALSO WANT TO BE SURE THAT WE SHARE INFORMATION WITH YOU ON THE INTERNATIONAL REFUGEE COMMITTEE (OR OTHER ORGANIZATION) IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN GETTING INVOLVED WITH THEM ON ANY LEVEL.

PLEASE SUPPORT OUR EFFORT TO RAISE THE CONVERSATION OF IMMIGRATION IN OUR COMMUNITY, OUR COUNTRY AND AROUND THE WORLD BY SHARING THIS EXPERIENCE AND YOUR THOUGHTS WITH OTHERS IN YOUR OWN LIFE. PLEASE SPEAK ABOUT IT ON SOCIAL MEDIA (HASHTAG #EXPLORERSDESIRE), AT WORK, AT HOME, AT AS MANY TABLES THAT YOU FIND YOURSELF AT IN THE COMING WEEKS AND MONTHS AHEAD. WE ASK YOU TO BECOME A PART OF A MORE HUMANE CONVERSATION ABOUT HUMAN MIGRATION WITH ALL ITS CHALLENGES AND, THEREFORE WORK TO DIMINISH THE FEAR

THIS SCRIPT IS AVAILABLE FROM THE GLOBAL THEATRE PROJECT FOR ANYONE ON THE PLANET WHO WANTS TO GUIDE A CREATIVE DISCUSSION ON IMMIGRATION. INFORMATION ABOUT THAT IS IN YOUR PROGRAM.

BEFORE WE BEGIN A MORE FLUID DISCUSSION I WOULD LIKE TO OFFER:

“A FINAL TOAST TO OUR ANCESTORS, OUR OWN JOURNEYS AND THE JOURNEYS OF OTHERS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW. MAY THEY BE SAFE AND KNOW THEY ARE A CARED FOR. THAT THEY ARE A PART OF A SHINING PRISM CUT FROM OUR COMMON HUMANITY”

A bell is sounded. Blow out the candles

TALK AS LONG AND AS DEEPLY AS YOU CAN.

THE BEGINNING

[PROGRAM]

AN EXPLORER'S DESIRE

A CREATIVE CORPS INITIATIVE OF THE GLOBAL THEATRE PROJECT

The Heart Of An Explorer - by Bianca Bagatourian
Terra, Terra, Terra (Land, Land, Land) - by Alessandro Grisolini
"Rare Steaks" - **National News Network** - by Roberto Andrioli
Dentifricio Fior D'Iris (Iris Toothpaste) - by Marcos Najera
Dedicated To You And To Vespucci - by Tomas Jelenik

CAST:

FOR MORE INFORMATION OR TO BECOME INVOLVED IN IMMIGRATION ISSUES IN OUR COMMUNITY PLEASE CONTACT:

PARTICULAR NEEDS AT THIS TIME ARE:

PLEASE SHARE YOUR EXPERIENCE AND THOUGHTS ON SOCIAL MEDIA USING THE HASHTAGS: #EXPLORERSDESIRE #WERCREATIVECORPS

SEE MORE WORK BEING DONE AROUND THE WORLD ON THIS PROJECT AT:

www.theglobaltheatreproject.org
or on
The Creative Corps Facebook page

THE QUESTIONS

(All or some of these questions can be used in a myriad of ways either prior to the performed reading or during the discussion period. They have come out of research and exploration of others and are to be used to encourage further questioning and engaged discussion)

- WHAT ARE REFUGEES LIVES LIKE?
- WHAT DO THEY FEEL?
- HOW DO THOSE WHO MADE IT OUT FEEL?
- HOW LONG UNTIL THEY LEAVE THE CAMPS?
- HOW COME THEY COULDN'T LEAVE THEIR HOMES IN THE FIRST PLACE?
- HOW DO THEY SURVIVE?
- WHAT IS NORMAL FOR THEM?
- WHERE DO THEY GET THEIR NEWS?
- HOW DO THEY COMMUNICATE WITH OTHERS?
- WHAT SHOULD WE DO?
- DO WE PRIORITIZE THE ISSUES OF OTHERS OVER OUR OWN? AND HOW DO WE KNOW WHAT GROUP OF REFUGEES NEEDS MORE "HELP" THAN OTHERS?
- IS THERE A HIDDEN HATRED FOR OUR OWN COUNTRY THAT MAY BE HOLDING SOME OF US BACK?
- IS THERE A DEEP-ROOTED PATRIOTISM THAT CAN'T BE RID OF?
- WHY SHOULD THEY FEEL HUMILIATED FOR RECEIVING HELP?
- HOW HAS MEDIA SHAPED YOUR VIEW ON IMMIGRATION?
- WHAT WOULD IT TAKE TO CONSIDER AMERICA HOME?
- HOW MANY IMMIGRANTS ARE PULLED/PUSHED TO AMERICA?
- HOW LONG WAS THE IMMIGRATION PROCESS?
- IS AMERICA A FIRST CHOICE?
- ARE REFUGEES FLUENT IN THE NATIVE LANGUAGE OF THE COUNTRIES THEY COME TO?
- HOW DO THEY PRESERVE THEIR CULTURE WHILE HERE?
- WHAT HAVE YOU LEARNED ABOUT IMMIGRATION OUTSIDE OF THE MEDIA?
- HOW HAS REFUGEES VIEWS ON IMMIGRATION CHANGED AFTER IMMIGRATING?
- WHY AND HOW DOES HISTORY REPEAT ITSELF? SHOULD WE FEEL RESPONSIBLE TO STOP IT?
- HOW DO WE JUSTIFY OURSELVES AS A BETTER COUNTRY IF WE DON'T ALLOW IMMIGRANTS TO FEEL WELCOME?
- HOW CAN WE LEARN THE EXPERIENCE OF OTHER IMMIGRANTS? DO WE "WALK IN THEIR SHOES" FOR A DAY? FOR A MONTH? FOR A YEAR? AND HOW WILL WE COME TO UNDERSTAND THEIR EXPERIENCES?
- DON'T WE NEED TO CONTINUE TO HAVE AN EXISTING "MODEL" FOR EVIL IN ORDER TO KNOW HOW TO BE GOOD TO OTHERS?
- ARE WE JUST INNATELY GOOD OR BAD FROM BIRTH? WHAT IS THE NATURE AND NURTURE BEHIND THAT?
- WHAT ARE THE NON-WESTERN VIEWS OF GOOD AND BAD, NATURE AND NURTURE?
- WHY DO SOME PEOPLE USE CYNICISM AS MEANS TO EXPRESS THEIR FEELINGS ABOUT THE MIGRATION CRISIS?
- WHAT ARE THE COMEDIANS' RESPONSIBILITY IN TIMES LIKE THESE?
- IF WE ACCEPT THE FACT THAT OTHERS' VIEWS WON'T EVEN SLIGHTLY CHANGE IN THE FACE OF A POWERFUL/PERSUASIVE ARGUMENT, DO WE FEEL WE NEED TO INQUIRE FURTHER WITH THEM?

- WHAT KIND OF PEOPLE FEAR IMMIGRANTS?
- WHAT MOTIVATES THIS FEAR?
- WHAT KIND OF GOVERNMENT FOSTERS THIS FEAR?
- WHAT KIND OF MEDIA PROMOTES THIS FEAR?
- WHAT KIND OF REFUGEES - PEOPLE - DOES THIS IMPACT THE MOST?
- WHAT ARE THE WORST CONSEQUENCES OF IMMIGRATION?
- DOES FEAR OF IMMIGRANTS ACTUALLY BENEFIT THE COUNTRY?
- WHAT IS THE EARLIEST MENTION OF THIS FEAR?
- WHAT CAN WE DO TO FIX THE PROBLEM OF FEAR?
- IS A FIX OF A FEARFUL POPULACE EVEN POSSIBLE
- WHY ARE PEOPLE FORCED OUT OF THEIR HOMES?
- WHERE IS HUMANITY?
- WHAT CAUSES THE SOLDIERS TO TREAT REFUGEES BADLY ALONG THEIR JOURNEY?
- WHERE IS COMPASSION?
- WHY CAN'T PEOPLE GET ALONG?
- WHAT IS THE SOLDIER'S THINKING MENTALITY WHO WOULD ABUSE MIGRANTS?
- WHY ARE THERE NO CONSEQUENCES FOR THE BAD MEN WHO BEAT INNOCENT PEOPLE UP ON A DAILY BASIS DURING THEIR MIGRATION?
- WHO CAN IMMIGRANTS AND REFUGEES TRUST?
- WHERE CAN IMMIGRANTS AND REFUGEES GO TO GET HELP?
- WHY IS THERE NO GOVERNMENT ACTION BEING TAKEN TO HELP REFUGEES?
- IS OUR STATE AMOUNT OF IMMIGRANT/ MIGRANT RESOURCES EQUAL TO THE AVERAGE NATIONALLY?
- WHY DOES OUR NATION HAVE SUCH A HARD TIME UNDERSTANDING THAT SOMETIMES WE'RE JUST WRONG?
- HOW CAN LAWMAKERS TURN A BLIND EYE TO THOSE IN NEED?
- WHY DOES IT SEEM LIKE THE ONLY THINGS THAT DRIVES TOP POLITICIANS ARE POWER AND MONEY, AND NOT HUMAN NEEDS?
- WHEN IN THEIR LIVES DO POLITICIANS STOP BEING FORCES FOR GOOD/CHANGE, AND START BEING PUPPETS OF LOBBY'S AND PARTISANSHIP?
- WHY DO WE PUT SO MUCH EMPHASIS ON PARTISANSHIP?
- WHY CAN'T WE JUST FOCUS ON WHAT IS FUNDAMENTALLY RIGHT AND JUST?
- WHY CAN'T WE FIND IT IN OURSELVES AS A NATION TO HELP THOSE OUTSIDE OF OUR NATION?
- WHY ARE WE SO DESENSITIZED TO OTHERS WHEN WE AREN'T DIRECTLY AFFECTED?
- WHY ARE WE SO HYPOCRITICAL IN OUR THOUGHTS/ ACTIONS WHEN IT COMES TO HELPING OTHERS?
- HOW MANY CAPSIZED BOATS OF MIGRANTS GO UNREPORTED?
- HOW DO THE MIGRANTS ON BOATS MANAGE DAILY FUNCTIONS, LIKE EATING AND PEEING?
- HOW MANY DIE OF STARVATION AND GO UNREPORTED?
- HOW MANY MIGRANTS KNOW HOW TO SWIM?
- HOW MANY HAVE EVER SEEN A BODY OF WATER THAT BIG BEFORE?
- WHY DO MIGRANT CHILDREN TRAVELING ALONE GET SO LITTLE COVERAGE?
- FOR EMERGENCY BURIAL RITES, DO THEY EVEN HAVE TIME TO PROPERLY PERFORM THEM?
- DO THE PEOPLE VOLUNTEERING TO SAIL THE BOAT EVEN KNOW HOW TO?

- WHAT EMOTIONAL/MENTAL IMPACT DOES DEATH HAVE ON THE MIGRANTS?
- WHAT HAPPENS IF SUCCESSFUL BOATS GET TURNED AWAY ONCE FINALLY REACHING THE DESTINATION?
- WHICH GROUP OF CITIZENS ARE THE DISLOCATED THROUGHOUT THE WORLD?
- WHICH GROUP OF CITIZENS ARE THE MOST PRIVILEGED ONES?
- WHICH GROUPS OF REFUGEES NEED THE MOST HELP?
- HOW COULD RESOURCES BE ALLOCATED TO THESE DIFFERENT REFUGEE GROUPS?
- IN WHAT WAYS COULD WE HELP? (RESOURCES? MONEY? MORAL SUPPORT?)
- WHICH THINGS DO REFUGEES WANT THE MOST? (HOME? JOB SAFETY? FUTURE? FAMILY?)
- IF HELP WAS TO BE DIRECT, WOULD THAT MEAN HELPING RELOCATED REFUGEES, OR ONES LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO BE?
- HOW DO WE INSPIRE PEOPLE TO TAKE ACTION?
- HOW DO WE GAUGE THE GENERAL PUBLIC'S KNOWLEDGE?
- HOW DO WE CONTINUE THE DIALOGUE?
- HOW CAN WE HELP THEM GET INVOLVED?
- CAN PEOPLE BE EMPATHETIC IF THEY'VE NEVER BEEN ABROAD?
- DO YOU HAVE TO BE AN IMMIGRANT TO HAVE AN OPINION?
- WHERE DOES EVERYONE'S FEAR COME FROM?
- WHY DOES THE MEDIA PROMOTE FEAR?
- HOW CAN WE LESSEN/SHIFT THE IMPACT OF THE MEDIA?
- HOW CAN WE USE THE MEDIA FOR POSITIVE CHANGE?
- IN WHAT WAYS COULD WE DIRECTLY SUPPORT OVERSEAS?
- THEORETICALLY, IF EVERY "PRIVILEGED" AMERICAN DONATED A DOLLAR TO THE CAUSE, HOW MUCH WOULD THAT HELP?
- IF MONEY WAS COLLECTED FOR REFUGEES, WOULD WE BE ABLE TO GET IT TO THEM DIRECTLY?
- WHERE ARE IMMIGRATION RIGHTS MOST LIBERAL?
- WHERE ARE IMMIGRATION RIGHTS MOST STRICT?
- WHAT ARE THEIR LIVES LIKE AFTER THEY IMMIGRATE AND TRY TO SETTLE INTO A NEW HOME?
- ARE THERE PLACES WHERE IMMIGRANTS ARE TREATED RATHER FAIRLY?
- WHO PROTECTS THESE IMMIGRANTS?
- WHAT ARE THE SPECIFIC REASONS PEOPLE IMMIGRATE?
- DO THEY KNOW ABOUT THE STRUGGLES THEY MIGHT FACE?
- DO THEY FACE THEM NONETHELESS?
- ARE WORLD LAWS BEING DISCUSSED TO REGULATE THIS?
- WHAT MAKES PEOPLE THINK IT WILL RUIN THEIR CULTURE?
- WHAT IS LOVE?
- WHAT IS HATE?
- DO OTHER PEOPLE KNOW HOW TO LOVE?
- DOES HATE COME NATURALLY?
- HOW DO WE SHOW OTHERS HOW TO LOVE?
- HOW DO WE CURE HATRED?
- CAN WE GET RID OF HATE?
- DOES LOVE REALLY OVERPOWER HATE?
- WHAT MAKES PEOPLE HATE?
- HOW DO WE GET LOVE TO WIN EVERY TIME?

- IS THAT POSSIBLE?
- HOW DO WE HELP EACH OTHER?
- WHAT CAN WE REALLY DO?
- WHY DO PEOPLE LACK COMPASSION?
- WHY IS REFUGE FOR MIGRANTS AN UNNECESSARY HASSLE?
- HOW CAN THOSE SO FAR AWAY AND DISCONNECTED FROM THE SITUATION HELP?
- WHY IS IT A SITUATION THAT THE MAJORITY DOES NOT WANT TO AID IN?
- HOW LONG HAS THIS BEEN HAPPENING OVERSEAS?
- WHAT CAN WE CHANGE ABOUT OUR OUTLOOKS ON "FOREIGNERS?"
- DO COUNTRIES BENEFIT OR DAMAGE ANYTHING BY WELCOMING FOREIGNERS?
- WHY DO SOME COUNTRIES WELCOME CHANGE WHILE OTHERS TURN THE OTHER CHEEK?
- WHAT CAN THE WORLDWIDE SOCIETY COLLECTIVELY DO TO IMPROVE OUR RELATIONSHIPS WITH EACH OTHER?
- WILL THESE SITUATIONS EVER CHANGE FOR THE BETTER TOWARDS A MORE ACCEPTING-OF-ALL-SOCIETY?
- WHAT IS HAPPENING IN SYRIA TO CAUSE PEOPLE TO MIGRATE?
- WHAT IS THE SOURCE OF THEIR CRISIS?
- WHAT IS THE WAR OVER?
- WHERE ARE THEY FLEEING TO?
- WHO IS SUPPOSED TO ASSIST THEM?
- WHO ENDS UP ASSISTING THEM?
- WHERE IS THE LARGEST REFUGEE CAMP?
- WHAT HAS THE US GOVERNMENT DONE TO HELP?
- SHOULD THEY BE INVOLVED AT ALL?
- HOW DO THE REFUGEES ESCAPE?
- ARE THEY ALL TAKING BOATS?
- IS THE REFUGEE POPULATION A GROWING ONE?
- WHO ARE THE CULPRITS?
- WHY DOES IT SEEM LIKE THE SMALLEST INCIDENTS SPARK THE BIGGEST CATASTROPHES?
- IS ANYONE IN GOVERNMENT ON THE SIDE OF THE WAR THAT IS WINNING SAYING ANYTHING?
- WHAT IS THE PRICE FOR SPEAKING UP?
- THERE ARE OVER 3 MILLION REFUGEES AND THE US HAS TAKEN IN 6,726 AS OF JULY WHY SO LOW?
- ARE THEY PROVIDED WITH HOMES? MONEY?
- IS WAR NECESSARY FOR HUMAN PROGRESS?
- IS ANYONE'S LIFE WORTH PROGRESS?
- WHY IS THERE SO MUCH FEAR?
- IS IT BECAUSE OF THE MEDIA?
- OR SOMETHING DEEPER?
- RACISM?
- HOW DO WE PROTECT THEM?
- WITH LAWYERS?
- WRITING LETTERS TO POLITICIANS?
- HOW DO WE CHANGE FEDERAL PERCEPTIONS OF ILLEGAL IMMIGRANTS?
- WHY CRIMINALIZE IMMIGRANTS?
- HOW DO WE SPEED UP THE PROCESSING TIMES?

- WHERE DOES PREJUDICE COME FROM?
- AT WHAT POINT DOES PREJUDICE TURN INTO HATRED?
- WHAT MAKES A PERSON A NATIONALIST, VERSUS A PATRIOT?
- IS NATIONALISM BETTER THAN PATRIOTISM? OR VICE VERSA?
- WHY IS THE CONSERVATIVE IDEAL TO "BUILD A WALL" A COMMON IDEA?
- IF WE BUILD A 15' WALL, WHAT'S TO STOP ME FROM BUILDING A 16' LADDER?
- WHAT ARE IMMIGRANTS SO VEHEMENTLY DISLIKED/HATED?
- WOULD IT BE EASIER FOR ME TO HATE THEM TOO?
- WHAT WILL I GAIN FROM ADVOCATING FOR/AGAINST REFUGEES AND IMMIGRANTS?
- WOULD THE LEGACY LEFT BEHIND TODAY MATTER TOMORROW?
- WHAT IS THE END GOAL?
- WHAT DOES IT ACTUALLY MEAN TO 'FIX' THINGS IN A GLOBAL PERSPECTIVE RATHER THAN IN THE INDIVIDUAL PERSPECTIVE?
- ARE WE ATTEMPTING TO CREATE A HOMOGENOUS SOCIETY/CULTURE?
- WHAT ACTIONS MUST BE TAKEN FIRST? ECONOMIC RELIEF? FREEDOM FROM OPPRESSION?
- SHOULD RELIEF EFFORTS BEGIN IMMEDIATELY, OR SHOULD LONGER TERM PLANNING TAKE PLACE FIRST?
- WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR ENACTING CHANGE?
- SHOULD NATIONS BE EXPECTED TO HELP THEMSELVES UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF OTHERS?
- WHO SHOULD BE HELPED FIRST - NATIONS CLOSER TO THE 'END GOAL', OR THOSE FURTHER FROM IT?
- HOW DO WE ENSURE THAT THINGS 'STAY FIXED'?
- DO WE USE MILITARY INTERVENTION? CONSTANT SURVEILLANCE? PERSISTENT FUNDING?
- SHOULD SOME GLOBAL GOVERNING BODY PRESERVE ORDER IN THE EVENT THAT THINGS ARE 'FIXED'?
- DO 'WE' HAVE THE RIGHT TO INTERVENE IN THE AFFAIRS OF OTHER NATIONS FOR THE SAKE OF CREATING A MORE STABLE GLOBAL COMMUNITY?
- DO PEOPLE IN DISADVANTAGED NATIONS EVEN WANT HELP FROM OUTSIDERS?
- WHAT IS IT LIKE TO BALANCE IDENTITY AS FEMALE AND AS AN IMMIGRANT?
- WHAT IS IT LIKE TO "START OVER" IN A NEW COUNTRY?
- AS A CITIZEN, HOW DOES ONE'S RACE AFFECT HOW YOU SEE THE PROBLEM?
- HOW CAN WE EMPATHIZE/CREATE EMPATHY?
- HOW DO WE USE LOVE AND ART AS A WEAPON?
- HOW CAN WE DISCUSS HUMAN RIGHTS WITHOUT BEING POLITICAL?
- IS BEING POLITICAL SO INEVITABLE IN THE UNITED STATES AND IN WESTERN CULTURE?
- COULD WE SAY THAT OUR COMMON HERITAGE IS FEAR?
- ARE WE TO JUST ASSUME THAT BECAUSE SOMEBODY IS BIOLOGICALLY OF A RACE/ FROM A RACE THAT IT WOULD BE EASIER TO ASSIMILATE INTO A CULTURE THEY DIDN'T GROW UP IN?
- WHY IS THE MEDIA REFUSING TO SHOW THE SUPPOSED "TERRORISTS" COMING FROM OVER THE WALL?
- ONE UNDOCUMENTED IMMIGRANT OPTIMISTICALLY SAYS HE WILL "TRY FIVE, SIX MORE TIMES UNTIL MY DREAMS COME TRUE." DO MOST OTHER IMMIGRANTS SHARE THIS SAME MENTALITY/PERSISTENCE?

- AT WHAT POINT CAN SOMEONE AS PRIVILEGED IN OUR COUNTRY PUT DOWN THEIR CELLPHONES/TV SHOWS/ESCAPISMS IN ORDER TO CONNECT TO THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION? WHEN THE TRAGEDY HAPPENS CLOSE TO THEM?