Kamal is a super barber. He handles the razor like a samurai handles the katana. He left Khartoum a year ago. He travelled through Egypt, Libya, Chad, Niger, Algeria and Tunisia before getting on a boat.

He was chosen to steer the GPS. Many lives in his hands. Expert barber’s hands.

He reached the coast of Lampedusa and moved to northern Italy with the aim of reaching Germany. Now he is in Ventimiglia fending for himself. He has put his life in danger (many times) to achieve his dream of working in a barbershop in Berlin, but he can’t continue his journey.

The French border police carry out daily pushbacks forcing hundreds of people to sleep under a bridge. The Italian Government doesn’t care. Kamal is not Ukrainian. They are not Ukrainians. Their skin is black. Unforgivable sin. All of us Europeans are failing. We are part of the problem, in Sudan, in Libya and in Ventimiglia. No, it is time to (also) be part of the solution.

What’s up, bro? Do you remember when I told you that someday I would have my own barbershop in Berlin? Well, I’m getting closer and closer. For the moment, I’m set up as a “barber corner” in Ventimiglia. The place is really fucked up, and we are constantly being harassed by the Italian and French police. There isn’t even a place where to sleep. But it is gratifying to see other young men and women who have left their home and they are here too. Haircutting is the mirror. Berlin, wait for me, my scissors are on their way.

Kamal