

In the storm of The Joola

**By
Ari Gounongbé**

A personal narration

Translated by L. H.



The book relates the story of a psychologist who actively intervened on the occasion of the drama of the boat *Le Joola*. The *Joola* sank off the coast of The Gambia in September 2002... It caused the death of nearly 1863 victims. This English translation of the original book in French was done by L. H. who, after having read the French original version, spontaneously took the initiative to translate it into English. It is therefore not a professional translation but rather the mark of a compassionate friendship. I hereby cordially would like to thank L. H. for this initiative.

By the same author:

- *Fatigue de la compassion*, Paris, PUF, 2014.
- *Dans la tempête du Joola*, Paris, L'Harmattan, 2010.
- *Les grandes figures de la négritude - Paroles privées -* (avec Lilyan Kesteloot), Paris, L'Harmattan, 2007.
- *La toile de soi - Culture colonisée et expressions d'identité*, Paris, L'Harmattan, 1995.

A psychiatrist missed by all:
Doctor Lieutenant, intern in
psychiatry,
Lamine Diongue
Passenger on the *Joola*
This narrative is dedicated to
his memory.

O

*There is a catastrophe because
society is publicly suffering.*
Jacques Gaillard

It was September 26, 2002, and the vessel Joola was up and running. The *Joola* covered assured transit between Dakar and Ziguinchor, with a stop on the island of Karabane. More than a mere boat, the Joola was a symbol. Its name brought to mind the population of the Casamance, the main ethnic group in this region in Southern Senegal. The boat represented the integration of the South and North, assuring a regular connection for travelers.

The Joola, like any vessel, also knew times of trouble. It took 13 months to get the boat back up and running after the last breakdown. After 13 months out of circulation, its third outing proved fatal. On this fatal day, the Joola carried 1863 travelers, more than the Titanic in 1912, which had a total of 1513 on board. And for the Joola, the number of reported victims increased over time. Its normal capacity was 550 travelers, and a shocking

estimate of 1034 on board was announced just after the accident. The final number of 1863 passengers surpassed all imagination—for a boat that should have held three times fewer people!

Unfortunately, the number of survivors did not increase over time; 64 survivors were accounted for within days, and that number never changed. (The Titanic was more fortunate, with 711 survivors.)

Why? Why? What caused the accident and the horrific outcome? According to the official report, the causes included the lack of a loading plan, problems with fuel tanks, problems with the vessel's stability... Blame was passed around, to the boat's builder, political authorities, the head of the "Marine Marchande" and the national Marines.

The partial conclusion of investigators mentioned that "the vessel should never have been allowed to be on the water from September 10 to 26, 2002; it met none of the standards of navigation security" (p.66). So why, indeed,

did the Joola take to the sea? Maybe in order to please, or appease, the population of the Casamance, who feel cut off from Dakar and the rest of Senegal. Maybe to satisfy the merchants who had nowhere to sell their goods without traveling to Dakar. The head of state himself stated that the "tragedy was the result of a series of breaches and successive or concurrent errors," adding that "we have the habit of treating these issues lightly, of not being serious, of irresponsibility, and of greed in tolerating situations that we know are dangerous just to make a little money..." The writer Boubacar Boris Diop, in his remarkable "Letter to a friend on the Joola," deplored "the lax attitude that resulted in more deaths than years of rebellion." There is no shame in saying that, by inconsistency in our resolutions that seem to make sense at the time, here or elsewhere, we are in a way all responsible for this drama.

It's impossible to write about the emotions that invade you when you are reacting in crisis mode; you can only describe the events, throw words onto pages, page after page... When the after-shock passes, and you are ready to actually share your thoughts and transform your words into "writing," you no longer have the desire—or the force—to do much reworking. You ask friends and others to do it for you; I think of Fanta and Mbaye who did the painstaking work of weeding through the mistakes I made. Warm thanks to you... Also, the analytical reflections of my colleague and friend Nadia supported me in the conceptualization of many aspects of this text; many thanks, Nadia.

I also would like to thank the Association for the Promotion of Education and International Training (*Association pour la promotion de l'éducation et de la formation à l'étranger, APEFE*) and the AIDS/STI department of the Ministry of Health of Senegal for allowing me to get involved in this humanitarian mission, and would like to reassure them that only the time I spent

away from work was spent working with survivors, their families and the first aid workers was work. This text was written late at night, the only time of the day that I find myself capable of writing.

My deepest thanks to the survivors, to the rescue teams, to all of the families. By confiding their suffering and despair in psychologists, they add to knowledge and understanding of case management during catastrophes. Unfortunately, Africa is still especially vulnerable to such catastrophes, and psychologists and psychiatrists must get organized and be ready, always ready to respond.

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1

*The best burial grounds for the dead,
Are in the hearts of the living.*

The weekend was just beginning, and like most people who live alone, my emotions were mixed—happy about the weekend, but not looking forward to being alone. Weekends can be a good time for regrouping, or a time for scattered thoughts...I certainly had enough to do to keep me busy and out of trouble: catching up on technical articles on psychological case management of persons living with HIV/AIDS, editing overdue technical reports and articles... I didn't own a television... no distractions. I was ready to concentrate on catching up on my various projects.

Friday night, exactly 7:01 minutes and 54 seconds. I was ready for the weekend.

I call my friend Thierno to make plans to go out for a bite to eat. The call doesn't go through, and I try again and again. Finally, Thierno is on the line. "So, where are you, Ari? I wanted to call you, but didn't have any credit left on my cell phone. I am glad you called. I am here at the port with Momar, Mor and Ousmane and we're waiting for survivors from the Joola. You've heard about it, right? Get down here right away!"

I throw on a pair of jeans, a t-shirt and my tennis shoes. The sinking of the Joola. I had heard about it on the radio, but had convinced myself that it wasn't really a big deal. I rush to catch a taxi. Oddly enough, the taxi driver accepts the modest fare I propose without any of the usual bargaining back and forth. And it's rush hour, and I am heading across town.

The driver realizes that I am going to the center of the storm, to the port. The port is huge, but, somehow, without me saying more than "take me to the port," he patiently takes me exactly where I need to be. The taxi moves at a snail's pace in the heavy traffic. It's unbearably hot, this evening of September 27. The driver

takes off his shirt, and I open the window. The pollution is suffocating, but I prefer it to the stifling heat. It takes us at least an hour to go from my house in Mermoz to the port.

I finally arrive. The mood is dark; I realize it when I see a silent crowd being held back by armed security officers. A few of them raise their weapons, others do not. I present myself at the first control, identifying myself to the officer.

"Your professional card, Sir, please," he says. "I am sorry, Sir, I do not have a professional card!" And I never have had one, I think to myself. "Then move along," he says brusquely.

Thierno had warned me that it might be tough to pass through the battalions of National Security guards... I insist, "Please, can I see your chief officer?"

The agent takes his time to study me carefully, looking for something to indicate that I am an authority, that I have the right to be there.

"He's over there, the chief," he says, a little more respectfully. I approach the chief, introducing myself and, this time, using the Doctor title. I can see his hesitation, but his time I have another plan. I grab my cellphone and call Thierno, "ordering" him in what I think is an authoritarian voice to get me the Director of Health Education on the phone, raising my voice on "Director" and "Health," I explain the situation to Mor, and hand my telephone over to the chief. The long hallway leading to the gate of the Arsenal of the navy is packed with crowds. No go. Thierno decides that enough is enough, and comes to get me himself.

The officer finally decides to let me in, as I struggle to stay calm and appear submissive. I tell him that I understand that he is only following orders, and understand the stress he is under. Thierno arrives. The officer finally opens the door to us, thanking me for my understanding, my patience and my respect for authority. We walk quickly, very quickly.

Psychological support for the survivors? What exactly does this mean? How should I act? What to do? And how

is all of this organized? Is it really our place here, trying to offer psychological assistance in this urgent life-and-death situation? I was always taught that psychological assistance could not be urgent. So what are we doing here? In this day and age, with so many natural and man-made disasters, psychological assistance is hardly à.la.mode...

2

We rush on to the tents that have been hastily set up for the crisis. We hear our names, Thierno and me, as we arrive on the scene. They've been waiting for us. We are part of the team there to offer psychological support for the survivors.

There are five of us: Momar, Mor, Ousmane, Thierno and me. Gloves are distributed. What are we supposed to do with them? Thierno puts his on, and I follow suite, only putting the glove on my right hand. Just to show that I belong there, that my presence has been accepted by the authorities. What to do? And how to do it? Nobody knows for the moment.

We await the arrival of the first boat; that which transports the survivors, the lucky ones; the strongest, certainly, but perhaps the meanest, too. At any rate, the chosen ones. Twenty-one hours, or maybe even longer. A frenzy takes over, and I realize that they have arrived, these curious animals who have survived a catastrophe

that led to more than a thousand deaths. About twenty of them arrive, finally the earth beneath their feet, arriving at the stretchers where they are instructed to lie down.

First, medical examinations. The psychologists are at the end of the chain in the last tent. The organizers decided to start with medical examinations and some administrative details, then the psychological support. So we wait under the last tent.

Mor, Mormar and Ousmane sit. I cannot sit down, and Thierno also paces. I think about theories of assumption of responsibility in emergencies and catastrophes. Some specialists believe that urgent psychological care is not necessary—the survivors are traumatized, and it's better to wait and receive them later under better conditions at the hospital. I don't agree, but am not sure what to say to argue for immediate intervention; the urgency is no longer really there, since nearly 23 hours have passed between the tragedy at sea and their arrival on dry land. So maybe they are right, I don't know.

It seems like they are plenty of professionals waiting to help the survivors, but they all seem to be holding back.

But, then why are they there? Why are we here if we've nothing to do?

I get lost in my thoughts, thinking of how they justify not daring to intervene with these victims of catastrophe; I think, not knowing exactly what they are supposed to do, they didn't want be ridiculous, demeaning themselves by crouching down to touch the victims, if only to offer some words of comfort. But it doesn't make sense, really. Maybe they don't really believe in the therapeutic virtues of words...Maybe they do not want to be so close to people who have spent hours floating among corpses. Maybe this work is beneath them, too humble and humane to be compatible with the statute of chief, of person in charge. I have another thought, but many of my thoughts are silly, really, and I shouldn't pay attention to them, that maybe we're all afraid of the effects of the violence of the traumatism undergone by these survivors. Distancing ourselves from them may be our best defense mechanism.

After the medical examination, each survivor approaches, and I approach each survivor, standing, crouching, lying down. I kneel, squat or remain standing, according to the

position of each survivor. My body leans towards the survivor; my head slightly leaning to the right, I introduce myself and touch each one gently.

"I am Doctor *Ari Gounongbé*; I am a psychologist. I am part of the team of psychologists here to help you with..."
With what, with what? To help them to survive, to carry on, to manage this crisis...I decide to limit it to help, for now. They all seem to welcome this approach.

In spite of their stupor, haggard looks, all they had experienced, they all reacted to my words with a thank you, a smile, a sob, or sometimes a breathless description of what they had lived through. Somehow, hearing that I was a psychologist gives them permission to break down and show their emotions after being so stoic, so brave for themselves and others for so long.

Many have tired red eyes, irritated by the salt water of the sea. Many are still swaying, seemingly remembering physically the violent rocking of the waves, remembering that their life came down to a thread, a short lapse of life-or-death crashing in the waves.

Each one of these survivors has seen thousands of people, of bodies, in the water, under the water, kicking and screaming or lifelessly floating...bodies wedged in the boat transformed into a giant coffin. They held on, clung to the boat, swam or floated. Almost all know how to swim, the ocean was a part of life. Most of the survivors appear to be were strapping, healthy muscular men, their powerful chests heaving. One of the doctors talked about natural selection and survival of the fittest. Natural selection! I hated this theory under the circumstances.

Each survivor seems to be catching his breath, gradually relaxing tense and tight muscles; the emotion outpouring follows. "I am lost," one sobs. I allow him to cry; crying is normal, no? Others shout out of fear, out of anger. At least seven hours floating in the water before being fished out.

In this world where we are capable of sending a satellite in the heavens to allow the communication with the other end of the earth, we could not detect the shipwreck of a large boat on the open sea. Oh!—it's more than negligence, and I understand their anger. I see it in

another survivor, with his salty red eyes, he looks at me in a stupor, leaning his head but not speaking. Why did it take so long to send help? It is not possible. Another looks at my gloved right hand...and speaks of his children, his wife. I tell him that they must be worried about him. "No, the children, my children, I have three of them, and they are all under the water!" I try to muffle a gasp, try not to sob along with him. Okay, what can I say? Stay silent and listen, touch, hold? Let him hold me, let him realize that he is alive? Before moving on to the next survivor, I slip the glove off, bare-handed is better. After being rejected by the boat, after feeling abandoned and alone, the survivors needed contact, human contact. I have no idea if there is any risk in taking off the glove, but I choose direct contact.

Each time I approach a survivor, I extend a hand, posing my left hand on his chest, not far from the heart, helping him or her to feel the beat of this heart, the beat of life within. It is important to touch in similar circumstances. The touch, it seemed me at this time when the man is in rupture of bond with the world, confronted which it was a time with unthinkable death and the anguish of the

destruction, the touch, I say, engage with the word, the proximity, safety, the insurance, solidarity. It makes it possible to restore the bond with the alive ones. From time to time, I observe my colleagues. Thierno does not stop; Ousmane is busy collecting the necessary information from each survivor to ensure follow-up care: name, first name, address. A survivor asks me for the telephone number of the psychiatric private clinic Moussa Diop de Fann to which I invite him for a follow-up; this request surprises me; will he really be able to recall this number tomorrow?

In any case, I myself don't have the number memorized, so I call on Momar, who quickly gives the number. I understand that Momar, discretely but vigilantly, is supervising us as the head of the interventions. Mor, which in saw others like these survivors, chose to be reserved for after, for a more systematic work of follow-up. In any case, I don't feel useless; to devote itself to a prophylactic task. And I believe that it is most important of the feelings to be felt at this time, a human feeling, in a position not less professional.

3

The scene is still crazy. Madame the Minister of Health arrives, and a pathway opens up for her, the officials gather around her. The officials try to explain the situation to her, to introduce some of the survivors to her...what else could she really do? In similar circumstances, symbolic gestures are important, just being there to offer comforting words. I am introduced to the Minister, and she is happy to learn that I work for her Ministry.

Things calm down little by little. The survivors are being taken in ambulances to nearby hospitals, shiny red-and-white ambulances...I didn't know that there were this many in all of Dakar, and they actually seem to be running well. Two other boats with survivors are announced around one o'clock in the morning. It's now around 10:30 or 11 p.m.

Thierno and I decide to stretch our legs and grab something to eat quickly. We walk to the Plate, take care

while leaving to tell the guards that we are coming back, even showing our gloves as proof that we are working with the survivors. Everything is eerily quiet. The silence of tiredness, of stupor. We do not tease each other as we usually do. There's nothing to joke about. We wonder if our being there is really worthwhile. Should we just go home and to bed? "Could you really sleep now?" asks Thierno, not really expecting an answer from me. "No, back to the boat—they arrive in one hour, okay?"

During our little break, I let myself reflect on my actions, my reactions to these first survivors. What did I do up to now? I introduced myself, touched them, listened to them, convincing myself that we could understand each other in French; most of them had willingly described the tragedy. I left them by telling them that they could get follow-up care at the hospital in Fann if they felt the need, if they experienced symptoms like nightmares, insomnia, sadness, guilt. I hesitated at talking about the symptoms, offering psychological support...was I overdramatizing a situation that was already dramatic enough?

Was I creating a need which could very well have been dealt with by other social structures, the family, that great African family, the networks of friendships? Was I encouraging them to bypass the traditional cultural networks, traditional support systems? I comforted myself, and forgave my intrusion in their psychic space by telling myself that if medical doctors were there for physical follow-up care, why shouldn't we be there for psychological care and support? Is psychological damage less real, less urgent, than physical injury? The medical doctor does not wait for the patient to ask for care in an emergency, so why should the psychologist or psychiatrist wait to be asked? And, if there is no immediate physical injury or trauma, shouldn't the medical doctor wait to ensure that psychological shock is treated?

A victim of an emotional shock is confronted with possibilities of disintegration, dispersion, and dissociation of his or her image of himself or herself. Isn't this the moment, by a simple presence and authenticates to help it to reconstitute itself, to reinstate the universe of alive, that of the word? Psychologists tend to feel awkward, or misplaced, when we offer care than hasn't been solicited.

However, we know that sometimes just being there and offering care is enough, can help. But we hesitate to do anything, having learned that the first step to being open to psychological care is actually asking for it, like an initial test of motivation. In this emergency situation, I was often tempted--but restrained myself from doing so—to try to make the survivors, and later the first-aid workers, feel like heroes. However, transforming them into heroes would have been too easy, and may have set them up for later depression and defeat in getting on with life.

Lost in my thoughts, I find myself in a small restaurant that Thierno knows, close to the navy arsenal, a nice cozy restaurant. Our first reflex is to wash our hands. The customers are relaxed, laughing, having fun. Life goes on, business, too. We settle in and quickly order. The restaurant is air-conditioned; I feel and truly appreciate the cool air. I suddenly feel a pressing need, and run to the bathroom. I go to the toilet in the corner, finding it occupied by a couple. I excuse myself and back away, leaving them time to finish. They rush out, excusing themselves. "No problem, life is short," is all I can think of to say. The woman staggers, and the man wipes his

brow. Life continues, I say to myself, they have pressing needs, too.

Back to the port, still teeming with crowds. The guards let us in this time without a problem. We still have another hour or two ahead. The ships are running late. I sit down next to Thierno.

4

Our fellow-members are not there any more. The majority of the first-aid workers are exhausted, using the stretchers intended for the survivors to rest. Thierno is quiet and obviously sad. His cousin and friend Lamine were on the boat. I put a hand on his shoulder, then withdraw it. He can't break down and needs to devote his energy now to the survivors.

I am suddenly invaded by this sentence of a survivor. "My children, my children, they are all under water." I think of my children. We had taken this same boat a few years earlier. Strangely enough, I remember at the time thinking about the possibility of a shipwreck, of what we would have done. What would I have done to save my family? We know how to swim, but would that have been enough? To lose one's entire family at one time, what a horror! How can one survive that? At the time I had thought that if the ship sunk, those which were likely the most to survive were those who were traveling up on the boat's bridge. Those who could afford traveling in a

private cabin would have little chance of surviving or escaping. I think of the Titanic... only sixty-four survivors because of the arctic cold... See a child slip away, seeing one's beloved carried by the waves and not being able to do anything but shout, shout, grab, or jump in after and risk being swallowed up by the water. What a nightmare!

I think about the last book of Christian Morel, the one about absurd decisions and the sociology of radical and persistent errors. An enthralling book which explains why people sometimes do the opposite of what common sense dictates. The book pulls apart the cognitive and collective mechanisms at the origin of these absurd decisions which lead to a perfectly avoidable and unquestionable catastrophe. Its theory of rationality of reference is tempting in the context which interests us here. Because each individual concerned of near or by far by this ship, each individual having taken this boat was victim of his rationality of reference: of the policy which decided its resumption at sea with the young teenager that the parents put in this boat, while passing through the commander, whose competence is questioned. The

overload of the boat was obvious for everyone, but like the experts who are the commander and the sailors, all soldiers on board, did not react to that and were even responsible for this established fact, it did not have there reason not to trust them.

To satisfy the public casamançais, private since nearly one year of a protected way of transport. To respect the promised times of setting at sea. And especially, as this kind of catastrophe never occurred under our skies, it did not have there statistical reason that that arrives this day. The deviance which is the overload became normality. There was a fundamental error of evaluation of the risk. The fatal outcome comes from the will, here, to give pleasure with the one and the other. Our legendary incapacity to say not, to oppose to us to the risk to assume confrontation kills to us. Without counting this covetous tendency to fill the pockets on the back of the public thing. Error of vigilance, error of knowledge, error of representation, error of projection, transgression. All these errors cumulate in a shared fetishistic fatalism. It is time to introduce this concept of conflict co-operation into the thoughts at the time of the decision-makings.

This form of exchanges which allows the minorities, without ranks, ingenuous of saying their fears, their ways of seeing, their differences. Rather than to arrive, at a conciliation meeting, with absurd compromises, to use of the silence of survival careerist, that which makes it possible to save its gains bread, a place, let us discuss frankly starting from our divergences, of our oppositions, our apprehensions, our fears. Let us put on the dress of the modesty which makes it possible ingenuous to say to the presumedly expert ones of the simple but fundamental truths, sometimes those of the good direction... simply.

But common sense is not science. At the time of a coffee philo animated by Bachir, a famous teacher of the place starts his argumentation by saying: only those which made research have right to the word. Thus positioning as an expert, it denies the right to the word to ingenuous endowed with good direction. Thus, in front of the expert, the ingenuous one is keep silent. How many ingenuous on this boat didn't they feel the danger? Numbers of them shared certainly their fear with a friend, a sailor, an expert... and naturally these fears were standardized

because the expert, knows to him. The ingenuous one, the simple passenger does not dare statement with insistence its fear of fear of seeing itself ejected, unloaded, ridiculed,

The ingenuous one, the simple passenger does not dare statement with insistence its fear of fear of seeing itself ejected, unloaded, ridiculed, neglected... then, it goes back from there to God! One can also imagine that there were many meetings to decide the setting with the water of the boat. How many experts in these meetings did they prefer to conceal a concern not to aggravate, to weary? How much among the members having taken part in these meetings, because not having a complete knowledge of the problem they preferred to conceal an apprehension, an intuition for the simple one and good reason which an intuition, thinks one, is not objective, scientific? How much among the éminences grise which reflected on the setting on the water of the boat they preferred to keep silence to avoid confrontation in order to ensure an illusory cohesion of group, of corporation, because confrontation tends to weaken the argument rather than to amplify it? How many experts fearing and fearing the

setting with the water of the boat they could reiterate their fear the day before of his dropping, because the mediatized event from now on makes pressure and constrained with silence not to displease to the owner, to the policy, to the public?

Often, in these meetings where the chief is present, although the Senegalese is known to be a large polemist, a frightening contradictor, with the percussion argumentation, confrontation is not done and the part reserved for the debate is reduced to a portion congrue with the profit of a sterile formalism. I still wonder about the reasons which prevented a policy and a soldier to meet to discuss together urgent need for associating the French navy the Help |. Why did they prefer the telephone with "direct confrontation"? To certainly one will say me, in front of the urgency, the displacement of worms the other in this bottled Dakar would have caused an additional waste of time. But we know all how much the development an argumentation changes according to whether the transmitter is only or not during a telephone call. We also know all and Christian Morel draws our attention there, how much the analogical communication

misses at the time of a telephone dialogue. Besides that of the voice which one can suspect, to imagine, guess, the telephone overlooks all the message of the body, the face, mimicry, the signals visual, etc likely to help with the catch in consideration of the good decision. It is indeed easier to say not by telephone than face to face.

I also said myself that it is time that we African colonized monopolize finally modernity in all his complexity; let us avoid regarding it as this thing which comes us besides to which we dedicate a fetishistic tender with the risk to disqualify us.

5

Again, an agitation. My intellectual wild imaginings are dissipated. Ambulances line up with the tail leu leu. Two boats were announced; it arrives from there three. We cannot prevent ourselves from again looking at these survivors like curious animals. This time, I included/understood; the authorities, considering the late hour, chose to directly direct the survivors towards the hospitals. I include/understand at this time the absence of my fellow-members. More place for first aid here and now. There is not more truly of reason to give some besides. A man sitting by ground, the head enters the hands, apparently overpowered, the eyes haggards... I approach him. Hello does Sir, that go? He looks me without answer, the brilliant eyes. I call a medical team. She arrives in the second. In the hubbub of the power generating unit, the doctor had to begin again himself there with three times to take his tension; all is well, not of problem on this side.

I Untel do I say to him am called, I am a psychologist, can I help you? He breaks down, sanglote of a raucous voice, exhales: "they had to suffer, they had to suffer, my God what they suffered! I do not have any relative on this boat, says me it, but to only imagine their suffering, I cannot live any more. Ô my God! Ô my God!". I remain one moment with him, squatted, holding it by the shoulder that I tap delicately, then others come to take the changing to lead it out of the emergency zone. It was the director of a school of the place.

There is nothing any more to make truly. The survivors are installed in the ambulances, which, silently move away from this zone of reception. I approach the last arrived boat. A navigator invites the persons in charge to make quickly, very quickly, because under these paperboards, there, look at! - Oh not! My God, horror! That corpses! - "There is the body of a child who is likely quickly to break up: make quickly, make quickly, please ". I enter in errance. The sight of these corpses cuts me the breath and the legs. When I think that this crew sailed several hours in open sea, with, under paperboards, bodies amoncelés ones on the others! Two hours of the morning. I continue my

errance. I see the body of a child packed in plastic and deposited in a refrigerated container. There I cannot about it any more. It of it is enough. I understand that I do not have anything any more to make there.

I return at home. Thierno is of my opinion. He is obviously thinking of the disappearance of his cousin. I support it on the way of the return. It takes us time to find a dustbin in which to throw our gloves. The taximan finds the usual reflex of bargaining. Mercedes. It is roomy and comfortable. He is listening to a local radio station, in Wolof. And they're talking about the Joola. Then the radio crackles and cuts off. The driver taps the side of the radio, obviously his usual trick to restore contact. Still nothing. I ask him what's going on..."Oh, the radio, it died, too." In this silence cut only by the humming of the engine, I think about post traumatic stress disorder. I did not have the impression to have dealt with "stressed" survivors. Individuals still in a state of shock, without any doubt. But no typical signs of "stress." When does post traumatic stress disorder appear?

I toss and turn, not able to sleep on this hot night. Then I get out of bed and decide to start writing what I am living in this drama. Nightly writing helps me process, helps me sleep. I do it for myself, only to find peace.

6

Saturday, 9 a.m.

I call Mor, who was getting ready to go to the airport, but wasn't sure of exactly what time the flight was arriving, the plane that was bringing back the remaining survivors from Banjul. I call Thierno; having lost his cousin, he wanted to be with his family. I call Momar; he has been called to a meeting at the Ministry of Health, and asks me to take his place at the Ministry. I hop in a taxi, and arrive at the Ministry offices, explaining to the guards why I am there. They tell me to go to the eighth floor, the Ministry of Armed Forces. I get lost in the hallways of this ministry. No one's there on the weekend. I find the stairs—much quicker than the elevator—and go back down. I find the guards again..."Well, if there is a meeting here, someone should be there." We wait for the elevator. It finally arrives. Here I am back on the eighth floor, at the end of the hallway. "Here it is, Sir." I knock, opening the door. I feel dizzy.

Full of Ministers, more than I have ever seen in one room at the same time. Most are dressed in their flowing boubous, ready to start their weekends. I explain my presence, trying not to sound stupid, but realizing that I really shouldn't be here. Madame the Minister of Health accompanies me back to the elevator, and the guard is there, waiting for me to get on it. After five minutes of waiting, I finally decide to take the stairs.

I come across Badiane, finally discovering the meeting room. He asks me to wait in his office until everyone arrives. The Director of the Cabinet, the Director of Health; one of my former trainees, a Colonel of his State who's in charge of pharmacies, Issa, and some others I don't know. A true disorder, this meeting for which no agenda has been set. Everyone seems to be reeling from the shock...no one can seem to think logically, reasonably. Nobody really knows what needs to be done. Mobile phones keep ringing, information comes from everywhere, sometimes concordant and sometimes contradictory. We all introduce ourselves, simulating the beginning of a normal meeting, any meeting...Stories told, anecdotes shared, confusion throughout. Some of the participants

seem to wonder what they are doing there, and stay silent; others talk a lot, needed to get the words out. The drama does not prevent the usual Senegal humor from flowing. Madam the Minister of Health arrives. (So that's who we have been waiting for!) For the first time ever, I find myself in an urgent meeting in a Ministry, sitting there in a t-shirt, no coat or tie, no files or papers, just simply talking, spontaneously, trying to figure out what to do. Everything seemed pressing, so much to do. Madam the Minister begins to speak. "We are the Ministry of Health, and we should focus on what we can really do well, focus on the health of people. We are not here for other things. With all of the confusion, we are getting all kinds of requests, and we no longer know what is our responsibility." She also is concerned about transparency, not sharing more or less than the official facts. "There is nothing to hide in this drama. Only the truth can help the families to mourn their relatives." Her telephone rings. She answers it, then asks me how many psychologists she can have for the Africatel hotline set up to support families. "Well, there are not many of us, Madam," I answer her, "and most have already been mobilized to

work with survivors. There are may be one or two..." Her frown indicates that this is not nearly enough. A few moments later, she tells me that a group of social workers has volunteered for the telephone hotline, and that they urgently need a quick training.

7

I have never had to do an urgent or quick training. I take up the challenge. No time to lose; they will arrive at any minute. I start making notes, outlining the training. But I am hungry and thirsty. Fifteen minutes pass, time to munch on some peanuts and gulp down a bottle of Coke. I need the sugar. Shoot—I realize that I had left my scribbled outline for the improvised training in the advisor's office. But like me, he needed energy, and went out to find something to eat something; it takes forever to come back. The social workers have arrived, and in spite of the drama and the obvious empathy, I find the environment positive. These mothers and sisters seem to be in a good mood, mobilized and ready to help. We start out by talking about what their culture, their society offer in terms of assistance to those who suffer.

We start with the obvious. "Massa" or "Allah." Talking about divine will can be an important component in the relief of the suffering. A rapid brain storming lets us jointly define the procedures to be followed.

We agree that, after having answered the telephone, each of us will give the name of the facility, introduce ourselves to the person, greet them warmly. We will listen carefully to the request, paying special attention to the caller's tone of voice, be it sad, angry, or even joyful; remember the drama justifying this call, and offer a response according to the request and tone of voice of the caller. We will not ask the caller to stop crying if he or she is crying. We will not get upset if the caller seems angry. We will be involved; "What can I do for you?" instead of "What can be done to help?" We also need to remember that there are many common names in Senegal; if the caller asks whether a specific person is on the list of the survivors, we'll say, "this name" is or is not on the list." We should avoid giving false hope—and not say, "this person" is on the list, or "this person's name" is on the list. If the caller asks if there will be more survivors, we agree on the following response: "There are teams of rescue workers in place, and they continue to work." We all know already that chances of finding additional survivors are practically non-existent, and that we cannot create false hope.

If the person feels the need to speak, we should listen as much as possible, allowing them to release their feelings. We must remember that the situation is serious and dramatic, and that suffering in this case is normal and natural. As the psychological support unit had done the day before with the survivors, we will need to not try to de-dramatize. We can't say, "oh, it's not serious," or "life goes on," "think positively," "stop crying," or "a man doesn't cry." Such simple words often offered to comfort will not be welcomed in these circumstances. Also, we will not hang up without offering additional support to the caller, telling them about the psychological support unit.

The training ends with a series of role plays. The volunteers seem ready to go, but together we realize that the task will not be easy. The role plays allow us to realize how important our words of support will be.

The social workers go to the Africatel AVS to man the phone lines. I no longer know what time it is, as I continue on to city hall.

We had to choose a place for the psychological support unit to work, and I decide on the Abass Ndao clinic. It is

close to home and on a main road. It is also the choice of Nadia, with whom I love working, since we seem to have the same psychoanalytical orientation.

I go on to the AVS to observe the social workers in action. I am just starting to make the rounds when my telephone rings. It's the Minister of Health. "Yes, Madam, good evening," "Doctor," she says, "my colleague of the Social Affairs office gave us a new group of social workers to come in and support the Africatel hot-line unit. Can you do another training, or should we wait until tomorrow? You must be tired, I imagine?"

"Where are they now?" "Here at the Ministry." "I am on my way." "Perfect!"

This second training continues late into the night. It is... I do not know what time. There are even more participants, and this time some male social workers. I can't remember the last time I drank, and ask the guard to get me a glass of water. "Oh, there's no water here, Sir." For this training, we also need to make a copy of the list of survivors. "There is no more paper, Sir." I do not even

have the energy to scold him for his lack of initiative. I will drink later.

Half of the role plays are in Wolof, which, unfortunately, I still don't understand. But you don't have to understand a language to understand the emotions it expresses. One of the social workers lets her self get into the role play; she plays the part of a relative desperately searching for a family member, her pleas are jarring. The room becomes deafeningly silent. There are knots in stomachs, lumps in throats. Everyone had goose bumps. She made everyone realize that this was the drama that every affected family was experiencing. She cries, sobs, is inconsolable. Afterwards, she shares with the group. "The psychiatrist was there for me in my distress. I really was struggling, he supported me; he held me together; he had words of support. The fact that he did not tell me not to cry really helped me. He held me, it helped. It was important that I hear the sound of his voice, his voice was just as sad as mine." I still remember vividly the sounds of distress, the incredible suffering she expressed that day. This woman was either an

amazing actress, or merely a woman finding a way to truly sympathize with the families.

I finally leave the training, back to the turn over to this late hour, in green N° of Africatel, it must be 23 hours approximately 30. In way I buy a quill of fanta which opens badly. That's no problem! I plate aluminium surface on my lips transformed for the circumstance into suction cup and sucks like a infant sucking his baby bottle. The street night guard looks at me. Crazy man, he thinks. I appreciate the taste, the coldness of the sweet drink. We arrive, sweating profusely, at Africatel. The room with telephones is air-conditioned—thank God. The social workers are overwhelmed. Most have had only a few hours of sleep, if any, this night. I listen in—all of the conversations are in Wolof, or other local languages. The voices are low, calm. Allah is pronounced by everyone.

"You are not introducing yourselves?," I ask. One of them answers me. "People do not need to know who we are; they want to know if their relative is on the list of the survivors, that's all. We are trying hard to not give false hope, thanks to our training. It makes sense."

Complaints from callers: What is planned for the assumption of responsibility of the families on standby on the port since hours? Passengers would send to their families of the SMS since their portable to call the Help |. We need the complete list of the survivors. We need the complete list of the survivors alphabetically... that would save to us much time. Did research of the survivors and the bodies end? Can one have the complete list of the passengers on board? Can one have the complete list of the passengers having embarked in the island of Karabane? In Ziguinchor? We do not have the list of the members of the crew? We absolutely need the lists of the children of the school of football; names of the members of the orchestra which was aboard ship. There would be also soldiers on board, it is necessary their name for us. Which is the exact number of bodies found so far? Ah yes, it appears that the photographs of the victims will be posted in the town halls. Some require that these photographs be also put on Internet... It is necessary that one holds us with the current of official information which arrives in the various cells of crisis of device ORSEC. The first support that we can offer to the parents, it is to

give them objective information. If we do not have an answer to their questions they will believe only one hides things to them... Indeed. They thus have just pointed out the elementary principle of the counseling to me. Information. I take note of all that in a shorthand style; I believed that the day already long and testing would finish calmly and here that I find myself in an unexpected excitation. I encourage them and leaves them with their so fascinating work.

8

I no longer know if it is the same day or the next day, here is that confusion also seize me, I find myself in company of Star anise and Katy in direction of the Principal hospital. Do I have really something to do there? As I represent the psychological support unit which is assembled, there I could gather information necessary to the work of the psychiatrists And as I replace Momar, perhaps would be it useful, if necessary, to inform Madam the Prime Minister of the work which we begin. Indeed, Madam the Prime Minister went there in company of Madam the Minister for health and some others. We are there before them. During this latency, I talks one moment with my friend Vilane, psychiatrist of this hospital. A lady, European arrives, the hands filled with flowers in homage to the victims. Nobody had thought of that; that is not in our habits will say Vilane perhaps but our friends of another culture will come with flowers or candles. It is important to hold a space for this purpose.

An agitation. It is insane what the arrival of official creates of agitation. Everyone runs in all the directions. I do not know where to put itself. Star anise moves its car urgently. I am the movement. Beautiful official cars all tinted and closed panes pull over. Guards open their door while they still roll to open that of the minister; everyone is with guard-with you, even the civil ones. Some presentations, some tightened hands, I put myself at the variation and observes. Madam the Prime Minister in front of, is accompanied Madam the Minister by health. She is obviously moved, spoke little, the eyes some little scintillating of emotion. She is directed towards the room of the survivors. She remains in entrebâillement of the door to answer some questions of the televisual press. Its disorder is real, its visible sorrow. It forgets some to make this why it made displacement. Madam the Minister recalls him. She returns in the room; I withdraw myself at this time, thinking that it is one privileged moment of recognition of the suffering of the survivors, that this moment should not be parasitized by intruders! It is necessary that they remember that she passed. It is necessary that they remember each word that she will

pronounce. It is necessary that they remember its glance of compassion exhortant with the life. It is well thought I that in such circumstances the First after the President is a Woman, a Mother. It is well in such circumstances that the Minister for health is a Woman, a Mother, a Sister. They always do not have the words to say their compassion but as their presence is filled of consolation! The men also, on the matter, can comfort, sympathize, even awkwardly; a survivor will say to me how much the handkerchief that tended to him the Niang General, Minister of Interior Department made him good. How much the slap on the shoulder Mame Adama Gueye, president of the civil forum gave him hope...

I thus withdraw myself and find Sakho, the minister. An old acquaintance. I remember being impressed by his management style when I worked with him. He was serious, solemn, and soft-spoken. He remembers that I am a psychologist, and is happy to talk to me. He stumbles over his words, seeming overwhelmed by his alleged responsibility in the unfolding drama. But is he guilty?

9

I hail a taxi, too tired to haggle over the price that the driver proposes. I fold myself into the car, conscious that I am only beginning to grieve. I finally get home around midnight. I am thirsty; I am hungry. I try to swallow something. I lie down. Impossible to sleep. I write for a minute or two, then try again to sleep. But sleep is a spontaneous phenomenon, useless to seek it. I extinguish all lights and decide no matter what happens, to keep my eyes open in the darkness. The next morning, I have the impression that I have had a good night's sleep. This important for the day which awaits me.

Nadia calls me this Sunday morning. She is already at the hospital Abass Ndao. We have an appointment there to meet survivors. But first, I need to call the person in charge of the social workers at the phone bank, collecting the last complaints of the families. Nothing again compared to the collecting day before. I finally make it to Abass Ndao, a little late. Khady, my Senegalese colleague who was to supplement the team is not with go. It is

mobilized near the families, many, with the town hall. Salamalecs of courtesy to the doctor and the welfare officer. They quickly give us a clinical update on each survivor. There are six of them. We will introduce ourselves to each one of them and promised to spend a few hours together later. We run to the crisis unit. Some business leaders of the psychiatrist sénégalaise still miss with the call; but the tenors are there: Mor, Momar, Mamadou, Oumar... Mor and Momar seem to take charge of the operations. Momar in any case had interest well. I do not know if it is by modesty or concern of not posting itself, it spent time to take the direction of the operations. The minister insisted. I transmitted his insistence publicly to him... and gradually it is essential as a chief, as a person in charge, who it is in any event. Whether he wanted it or not. With this meeting thus, we listen, discuss... propose, counter-propose... confrontations of positioning take shape. Seeing the disorder being profiled, a scout chief strong of his let us galons wants to put order; it is quickly exceeded by confusion. But a disorder of which releases itself from the obvious decisions. Madam the Minister of Health telephones. She

asks me to urgently send a team of psys to Ziguinchor. "Professor Momar Gueye is there. I pass it to you ". It reflects the news with the cell. Oumar with low voice proposes to me. It is intended to answer: "You are insane! Me who's afraid to get on a bicycle, you want to send to me to Ziguinchor on a plane!" To laugh at the immediate entourage. Diémé and Youssoupha are indicated. First is of Casamance and includes/understands Diola, the second comes from Palestine, as regards psychological intervention urgently it is prepared. Moreover it is listened to when it speaks. It is him which suggests the assumption of responsibility of the first-aid workers, if I have good memory; it is still him which suggests the assumption of responsibility of the grave-diggers; it is him which prevents that it is not indicated in the current state of the things of médicaliser the shocked people...

Because on the matter many psys want obviously to answer as a doctor, as a magician. I slip by with the MSP. I subject the complaints of the telephone cell to the DS, Mr. Loum. It asks me to write them to him, which I make and transmit to him immediately. It returns me the sheet, asking me to give it to him at the end of the meeting,

question of not forgetting. Logic of the effect of récence.
It will transmit then the complaints to the cell of crisis of
plan ORSEC because, with the ministry for health, we
have only one concern, the health of the survivors, the
families, the first-aid workers...

10

What is striking, when one approaches the survivors the following day of their arrival, in any case per hour when we passed to see them, that it is in Abass Ndao or Principal, it is that they all are in contact with their bed: sat or slept. Admittedly, the bed characterizes hospital space but in front of this drama, it is sometimes making safe to find itself lengthened, on the back, the belly, in foetal position, leaned... some read the newspaper when we arrive, it is a good sign of a beginning of distance: to cease being an actor and becoming spectator. By seeing us, some greeted us and folded their newspaper, ready with the meeting; one started to cry. That questions me enormously, the tears or the sobs with the sight of the psychiatrist or the advertisement of this profile. Is this the fear owe replonger in the account of the horror? _ the relief of can himself leave go in front of a professional, with the insurance that these tear be not consider like a weakness, that no judgement be carry on these suffering, in we recognize also the competence to

accommodate the pain without him oppose a resistance, a defense of kind, a man cry not, that go pass, give you with God, see, have one idea to cry! Be courageous! " Or I do not know which expressions to contain the unbearable suffering... Of course we listened to what each one told, obviously also none of their actions have escaped us. With the example of this one which raises a smile as us to ensure that all is well because its concern first, it is to leave this hospital which recalls him unceasingly that it has just lived an exceptional drama; it wants to move away and take again a normal life from it, in his aunt with Yoff. It is by no means sad. Moreover it does not have any reason to be it since, with the difference of the others, it did not know anybody on the boat if not its uncle which is healthy and except in Gambia. It slept when the drama arrived. And when it awoke, it was not afraid, it did not shout either but since it is at the hospital it thinks much of his uncle and sees it in dream... At the beginning, indicator that the helps delayed, on several occasions, it was discouraged and failed to release the small catch which still attached it to the life until the moment when this floating bucket on the ocean passed very close to him,

that it caught it and more until the arrival of the first secours. I request only one released it disencumbers it of this gas oil odor mixed with sea water in which much bathed while waiting for the helps and that naturally some drank! Would be there no side effects with consumption of such a beverage? asks another. A floating bucket should have its lid as I says, it should be closed to float providentially so close to him. Bucket, odor, these two terms knock on the doors of my memory, targeting Edgar Poe, its extraordinary Stories, the vertiginous descent in the Maelstrom: "as I underwent the painfully nauseous effect of the descent, I had instinctively studded myself with the barrel with more energy and I had closed the eyes. During a few seconds, I did not dare any more to open them, awaiting me an instantaneous destruction and astonishing me, not already to be with the supreme anguishes of the immersion ". This one is said very tired. It is escaped cabin while passing by the window and once in water it did not want especially to move away from the boat; it ran a real risk. A survivor met with the port taught me that once left the boat, it hastened to move away some not to be likely to see itself absorbing by its

complete immersion, a little as with Titanic has me T-it says. But Joola did not know the diving of Titanic and much remained bound around, without resentment. They were constant, the tears, the cries, the blows on the hull of the boat, the corpses, much of corpses with through which it swam without counting those that it saw leaving, tired that they were to cling to the life... and still this beverage: water-oil rather let us say oil-water easier to pronounce. Like the precedent, this one looked at the tele one while drowsing when it arrived. It heard cries, much of cries, increasingly strong and this feeling which it arrived something of low register since it lost balance. It is escaped by the port-hole to rise above the boat. It had badly with the belly, drank much salted water, and, of up there, in the black, guessed, the drama which was played. The paddlers would have arrived early, rather early in the final analysis but would have remained remotely; perhaps they did not dare to approach, not including/understanding too much what occurred, these cries, these cries... they were afraid too; projection or reality? Perhaps observed they also distance of safety to avoid agrippements of distress able to make to capsize

their dugout... but as soon as they understood that a drama was played, they were put at work, of "I will be unable to remake what I made me to leave this nightmare which will remain about it in any event one. I never made a similar nightmare; it was necessary that I live it... I was not prepared with that. We did not even realize that these red balls floating on water were lifeboats.

Some could not even thread a life jacket. They were unaware of the existence of it; they were unaware of the use of it. I will be unable to remake what I made me to leave from there. And these people who clutched themselves with me so that I involve them in my escape... which I had to push back to release me... Ô! not, my God! I still have in the ear their supplications... I will keep these cries in my ear all the life... it is not possible to forget calls with the assistance ".

Some are ready to leave the hospital, immediately; others go back from there to looking after. Others still prefer to remain still a little in this bosom of safety. To remain for good to be still a little made look after with the expenses of the State, not to have to return with an ordinance. To

the fear of disappearing the fear follows of paying to live or survive. It is a promise of job which justified the displacement of this one in Dakar. Will be able T-it to undertake this work with all the images of horror which it drains in its head? When I close my eyes I see the scene... I see all of my buddies I left there. I am afraid. I am afraid of the nightmares to come.

There is this young man who starts to cry when I introduce myself to him, inviting him to come in the counseling room. He has only one concern, an obsession really, the large half amount of money lost, the result of two years of hard labor, which he was bringing to his family, who desperately needed the money. It carries out its chance but does not cry to have failed to lose the life. He does not cry for his lost friends, even though he, too, when he closes his eyes, he sees them, feels their presence. No, he cries only at this thought—what will he do for his family? Gradually, he seems to detached himself from this obsession, this image of seeing hundreds of thousands of francs swallowed up by the ocean. He also slept when it arrived. As soon as it included/understood, it leaped towards the port-hole. It

trampled of the heads, it heard tears of children... When Nadia and I left the hospital at the end of our talks, he was no longer lying down, but sitting up, laughing and joking with his fellow survivors. Nadia had been brilliant, asking: Is your family happy, thrilled, to see you alive—or is everyone thinking only about the money you had promised to them?

Another one, with a twinkle in his eye, talks of his "holidays from hell." A young muscular, strapping fellow, he becomes our support, a permanent smile on his lips; he says he is just happy to be alive, and had neither family nor friends on board. He made friends with some fellow travelers when he bought his "ticket to hell." He remembers being in the restaurant of the Joola. He recalls the cries, "we will die, we will die, we all will die." He thinks especially of his father, who is still crying. "Dad always cries, he can't stop. He was afraid to lose me. Me, too, I was afraid. I can never forget what happened." He is in a hurry to return to see his family, all waiting for him. But he decided to leave the hospital only when the doctor tells him too. And he is still tasting this strange beverage, this oil-water mixture... the taste of fuel is still

in his throat. Isn't this toxic? Will there be no side effects?

There are seemingly hundreds of stories like this. The only thing they have in common is—two minutes. Two minutes were enough for the negligence of men to condemn the innocent ones. Two minutes were enough to destroy a thousands futures. Two minutes, and irresponsibility plunges a whole nation into mourning, into suffering. Two minutes to see a life rocking. Two minutes, so much human life, human hopes plunged into water. Two minutes, the confidence placed in the expert sailors collapsed, the innocence gone. Two minutes, then silence.

Stories of survival, each psychiatrist has them. Birama, Fatimata, Thierno, Khady, Marième, Tawfik, Mamadou, Sérigne, Ababacar, Youssou, Mor, Omar, Oumar, Momar, Boubacar, Ousmane, Nadia, Diémé, Mactar, Aïda, Habib, Thiané, Emma and I share them...words like cephalgia, insomnia, nightmare, hallucinations visual, auditive, olfactive, psychomotor disturbances, confusion, disorientation, crying fits, loss of memory, fear, distress, syncope, guilt, shame, denial, monologue, lamentations,

hypertension, body, odor, corpses, skin falling off bodies, dismembered limbs, decomposition, shrimps, fish, freezing water, nausea, vomiting...

The doctor of Abass Ndao has been waiting for our reports on our observations: the emotional shock is obvious in these survivors, utter exhaustion. We need to give them answers on the side effect of drinking this beverage they all speak of, salted oil-water; we need to respect the desire of those who want to remain a bit at the hospital; and we need to not let them leave without reminding them of the need for a psychological support and follow-up. We need to prepare them for leaving the hospital by listening to their apprehensions, by listening to their immediate or long-term plans. They need to think about and talk about these plans to move on. Plans, the future, the future which will come. There are those who don't have plans to share, either unable to think about the future or because they see they see their futures destroyed by the catastrophe, because they do not find necessary any more to work out to see it called in one minute question for the other, that they hear that it is necessary not to give up it. To invite to describe this

project, to reinforce it and outline strategies of actions, those which are, in spite of the shock, with carried realization. To make sure naturally that after the exit, the family will be there to support them. Nothing is more oppressive than to leave a drama and to find oneself alone.

I learn the following day, Monday thus, that whereas Nadia and me leave Abass Ndao around 7 p.m., that a group of sailors had been hospitalized in this same hospital. We were not well-informed. A wave of culpability invades me. I would not have done my work! I was not well-informed if not would have seen we them the evening even. I would have awaited them if their arrival had been announced to me. It is terrible this feeling badly to do its work, this feeling to miss essential information with the correct operation of the professional responsibility. But I comforted myself. They all were seen, heard and followed one moment by a team of shock: Omar, Marième, Thierry, Stéphanie, Fatimata, Aminata. I wanted to benefit from a visit to the survivors of the day before to ensure me that they all were seen by a psychiatrist. I did not have time of it.

My cell phone rings. Momar invites to me to return without delaying too much for, together, returning to us to the ministry. A meeting has been called, and Madam the Minister needs the opinion of the psychological team for the press conference that she must give. We arrive, though I am still wondering whether my presence is really necessary since Momar is now completely involved and ready to take charge. But he wants me to attend. So here I am. Goal of the meeting: to help Madam the Minister to prepare her press conference by providing her with all the information we have. The psychologists are there as well as the medical examiner, Boye, the anatomopathologist, Jean-Marie... Their presence calms us. Its pace invites at more serene interior intervals. My cell phone battery is dead, and Katy lends her charger to me. I connect it in the office of the Minister, who looks at me but says nothing. The office is somber. Posters on AIDS control, the program for which I am in this country, remind me that the Ministry is committed to fight AIDS. We give the Minister all of the information we have, and I realize that my presence is not useless. The psychological team talk about the work in progress, the various places

of intervention, the potential traumatizing impact on the population...and how to deal with the photographs that are supposed to help with the identification of the bodies. Is it necessary to continue to post them if it's impossible to recognize a human being from a body in a picture?

And what are the psychological consequences of seeing all of these decomposing bodies, badly presented, disintegrating flesh, the naked women? The badauds and other curious had besides for their rank. And it is work in more for the psys which had to also take charges these curious which wanted to realize that the drama which proceeds in their beautiful country is not an illusion, a dream, a dream, an imagination, a mirage, a nightmare, but well reality. A terrible reality which extirpates everyone of the marvellous dream offered by the Lions of Téranga to the world cup of football. It is also necessary to inform Madam the Minister of the biological processes of decomposition of a body without life. To help with good to impregnate answer to the question: starting from when a body is not identifiable any more? Administrative procedures, so long and complicated, linked to recovering

the bodies, the only desire to which the families have from now on right.

She is now informed, and seems ready to face the many waiting members of the press, already assembled in the conference room. She begs us, if we should speak, to use simple words, to not talk about the macabre and useless details, and to avoid as much as possible any contradictions, specifying that technical questions will be left to the technicians.

Time for the press conference, led by the Ministry's communications advisor, who serves as master of ceremony. He starts with a simple introduction: "We are here to answer questions." Each one of us is introduced to the press. Following protocol, the press corps begin to ask questions, one after another... "Why are there psychologists? What are they doing?" The psychological assumption of responsibility of the victims, the families, the sailors? "When will the bodies be released, what is their state of decomposition?" "What instructions should be given to the families in terms of hygiene?" "What is really necessary to post the photographs?"

The television crew arrives late, and the questioning begins anew, this time in the office of Madam the Minister. More or less the same questions, and, like the first time, in both French and Wolof. Of all the answers given by the various speakers, only one given by Momar makes me shiver just because of the stark truth in it. I don't even think he realizes what he is really saying. "If it is true," he points out, "than we can count on our human capacity to control our memories and forget the suffering and get on with life in the light of this great loss, we also can count on this same capacity, this same control of our memories, to forget the negligence that led to the appalling tragedy. Won't this ensure its repetition, here or elsewhere... in a few years... the time of the lapse of memory. Is vigilance in the spirits now, the speech of the Head of the State also but for how long, if real decisions of prevention are not installation and unceasingly not subjected to controls? And then does one forget really the loss a expensive being? One resigns oneself to it, the memory helps there, by accepting as much as possible this reality, by dissociating the suffering of the absence gradually, if mourning is well made, if there is not

conversion of this suffering into recurring somatic complaints or behavioral problems.

12

A visit to Africate-AVS; the social workers are still steadily working. The following day, a fellow psy ask me to facilitate the coordination meeting of the psychological support unit. What I had begun to suspect is confirmed. These coordination meetings should really be an opportunity for the psychological support team member to counsel each other. We support each other. We, who are constantly in direct contact with the suffering, the pain, the despair of others. We need to support ourselves.

Most meetings in this country are organized with a lot of protocol, with Mister President of this, Mister President of that, hands are raised to request permission to speaks, contributions are eloquent and well thought-out. Spontaneous speeches are rather rare.

But in this meeting today, everything is upside down. We have our official moderator and secretary, but despite hands being raised, interruptions are the norm, as if everyone needs to spill the words out. We need this

spontaneity to be able to release, to reflect, to share. We express thoughts on our responsibility of the victims and their families. The social workers seem even more adept at expressing this feeling of responsibility. Up until now, amidst all of our coordination and organization, we have never taken the time, allowed the time to really feel and talk about what we are going through ourselves. It's like we have opened a floodgate here, and the words flow in free association, sometimes complaints, sometimes angry words. Because if each coordinator of meeting had caused this listening, it would have heard the feeling of impotence of the psychiatrist in front of the hugeness of the work of assistance which naturally exceeds the only framework of the psychological assumption of responsibility. Because information, the formulated complaints exceeds the medical, psychological level and do not raise of us. From where the tireless work of Momar to recall that we are competent to only answer the médico-psychological problems and nothing other. It was not easy to make hear. By being unaware of that the work of the psychiatrist answers another level that that of immediate

satisfaction, one embourbe in material considerations not being raised of our spring.

However, gradually, the support and the expressions of recognition appear. Givers, appears it, give money, bring to drinking, eating, of the vehicles are placed at our disposal; we now have tee-shirts with the mention "support psychological", of the arm-bands with the "psychological" inscription are at our disposal. Newspapers trail from now on on the large table of meeting, we can finally in our turn inform us because we do not have any more time to read, look at or listen to the press. We make information since the press is there, outside, await choper one among us for glaner some news. Personalities pass to thank us, to see our working conditions, to listen to our complaints. The first Lady of the country, Viviane Wade came, smaller than I imagined it, it had simple words... his passage made us good. The Owner of the companies sénégalaises came too; then a Mister like you and me, obviously in suffering, coming from New York I believe, who came to say thank you for all work that we make; his/her brother sent by him in committee in Casamance was on Joola...

13

It is late; I need to get home, but first I decide to pass by the boards that display the photos of those who have disappeared. The families are sitting silently, each one in its turn will search the board. As I arrive, I come across a petite woman, apparently from the Casamance, a large swath of colorful fabric on her head, walking like a saleswoman at the market, walking quickly and wiping tears away with the edge of her fabric, looking a bit lost. I turn around and call Emma, who approaches the woman and invites her to sit down. Coast at coast it speaks to this woman who answers of the head continuously to sponge her tears... Her quality of presence near this tiny woman is exemplary: a hand on her thigh, her body leaning in, talking gently and all the while listening to the woman when she wants to speak. After a few moments, I decides to go home without passing by the AVS.

It's getting dark outside. I sit down in front of my computer. I write a memo which I send by email to the executive secretary of the Minister of Health. The next

day, I check to make sure that the memo arrived, because there are questions and complaints to be addressed to the cell of plan ORSEC. Not, he did not yet open my message. No time. I insist, and he finally opens the message, but does not have a printer, and needs to find a computer disk to go print it. Katy calls me so that I go to the ministry. I find Dème, an old fellow traveller which I had lost sight of the fact. I submit an oral report.

We check a certain number of things, in particular the list of the survivors that I had taken the trouble the day before to classify alphabetically to facilitate the work of the cell of Africatel. Curiously, I do not arrive at the same number of survivors. We confront our lists and subject our reports to cd.. He offers a glass of fresh, pulpy orange juice to me; it is good.

I appreciate the juice, but practically vomit it up with violent colics. It is simple; no one is essential, noone can do the impossible. I was supposed to go back to city hall, but decide to go home. requesting the sky which the storm does not declare in the taxi. Oumar telephones me and gives me responsibility of a request to be transmitted to

the cell of Africatel: the catch of load is organized at the hospital of Fann with Habib and Mactar. It is necessary to transmit this information to the social workers transformed into operators so that they inform of them the families which telephone. I promise to do it and fall into my bed, exhausted, my bed. He calls me back around 4:30 p.m. "Did you do it" "Um, not yet." I go there. I am better. The intestinal storm has calmed down. I have fears to be HS for the remainder of my intervention. A microbe which did not want ego and which I did not seek to keep either. I include/understand now why gloves were distributed to us as of the arrival of the first survivors. I had put on only one glove, then removed it. I do not know besides if it is them which refilé me this microbe. I doubt it. The gloves, it was to protect us, but also, in their state of great vulnerability, to also protect them them from our microbes in these times of hot summer days.

Today is definitely not my day. On to city hall. I submit my report. The meeting lasts rather late, it must be 20h30 approximately when I undergone the aggression of a welfare officer. Verbal aggression fortunately. It is

carried, annoyed, not understanding that, in my great devotion, I did not think of their means of transport. "Very for the psychiatrists, nothing for the social workers. You, you have a beautiful car which will lead you on your premise and us, hein! And us! Me I live with the other end of Dakar, how I will return now at home, hein!" I dodge, it follows me, I calm it, it me rembarre, I explain, it thwarts... I finish by me calming to box his anger as soon as I understand that it is in its turn cracking. I had had relents of it a small front moment with one among us who explained me his dislike to see that the cell is to be polluted by problems of money, car, fuel etc.

"Ari," he says, "Isn't it sad not! In any case me, it continues, I will not take only one frankly in this history, the suffering of the families prohibits it, the memory of thousands of victims prevents me. This colleague also was limiting. I did not know him, I discover him sensitive. Indeed, some among us are ready from now on with the human sacrifice only if the means necessary, vehicles, gasoline, money, are placed at the disposal; I feel that gradually the daily newspaper shows the top; that we leave the emergency gently to worry us about ourselves, of our

comfort in the support. The emergency was completely dissipated as from Thursday evening. It is necessary for us to be organized now to continue in a more systematic way the psychological assumption of responsibility of the people who will need it tomorrow, after tomorrow, in six months, in a year... I inform the owners of the psychiatrist sénégalaise of my availability and gradually withdraw. I inform my supervisor that I am finally available to get back to work on the HIV/AIDS program that I am here for, and thank him profoundly for letting me participate in this affair. My work on the ground has lasted less than one week.

I realize that I did not respect my schedule, my appointments, on Monday and Tuesday. I had even completely forgotten that I had them. I try to contact them, one by one, to excuse myself and explain the reason of my absence. Mbaye reassures me. "I knew, knowing you, that you would be completely swept up in this story. I cried about it, Ari. You know me, in spite of looking like a big wrestler, I cry like a child. Eh! Well, I don't hide my feelings. I cried about it... To only imagine their suffering... It is the work of God ." I ask him to make

excuses for me to Ibrahima." "Don't worry. He will understand. You can call when you have calmed down a bit. I am with you in spirit, Ari."

I try in vain to get in touch with Salif. I call Tony. We had a plan for this weekend. "Ah, yes!" he says. "So you have embarked in this thing?" "Yes, Tony. Eh Ben it is well... Yes do BOF you know Senegal... you saw the paperboard that Paris St-Germain put at (I do not know any more which team?) ... Not! You know...; Oh it! What a match! What it one played well! There I recognize the team which I adored... I do not listen to it any more and keeps the horn by courtesy. I knew that he was a congenital fan of Paris St-Germain but not at the point not to retain itself one moment, in this time of national mourning! We are not over the same wavelength and I forgot one moment only the obviously continuous life elsewhere...

I cross some time after Katy, American, invites it to join to us. I tested, Ari, says me it; I was with the port to give a blow of hand. But I could not. I was in New York on September 11 not far from the WTC. I still remember

whole that I saw. I could not support on September 26...
it any more too is for me. I preferred to protect myself
by keeping me away, far from Joola.

14

Another meetings is planned, this time at the seat of AAA (Africa helps Africa). It's time to write the reports about our activities. It is necessary to reflect on action to be taken for our actions. Installation of a mobile cell; drafting of an action plan. All that to subject to the ministry. With the last meeting to which I attended AAA, our French fellow-members wished to meet us. They had been sent from France to offer counsel and support to the French marines who had helped to find and fish the bodies out of the sea.

I felt a certain irritation when I learned that French psychologists had come all the way from France to assist them here. They explained that there were cultural differences. Yes, but among us there is a woman from France, a Swiss, couldn't they have help with the debriefing? Why did they need to come from so far? And most of us were educated in France, in Belgium, in Switzerland; why are we disqualified? Disqualification what reinforced one among us of claiming a formation to

them. On the matter, I say, it there not formation which holds for the moment. We have lived the horrors together; it would have been good and therapeutic to exchange our experiences. Our hosts approve; they told us what they did; we told them what we did. We were not so far the ones from the others. I understood later why it was necessary to bring the psys of France. The French sailors who collected the bodies were soldiers. French psys also...

During this meeting, I appreciated the contributions of Thierno, confronted in his work of support for the sailors and other Senegalese fishermen, despaired to have brought back only bodies without life, not those of survivors. He thanked them for having brought back the bodies, allowing the families to mourn, not living with the doubts of disappearance, never being able properly mourn and eventually continue their lives.

I consider the emergency, the urgency, over, and take refuge in the room that Omar placed at my disposal for facilitating training on AIDS counseling. I find my activities of support to the PLWHA and for the personnel.

I nevertheless inform Momar, coordinator of the psychological interventions, the possibility of my continuing to support them as needed. I did not believe so well to say; Oumar has not been just named Director of the social action and medical at the town of Dakar, it does not have there any more but doctors psychiatrists in Fann. No psychologists. One morning, I arrive in this room, sit down on the desk to finalize a report on a workshop I had facilitated a few weeks earlier; I see the door of the office opening slowly; in the doorway, I see a squat man whom I immediately recognize as being one of the first-aid workers. He was often there for the coordinating meetings of the psychological support unit. One of his interventions during our meetings had let me perceive its share a certain emotional brittleness; He did not have go, I thus did not await it. After a moment of surprise, I rise to greet him and invite him to sit down. He sits. He doesn't shake my hand, and barely acknowledged me. I sit down across from him. It is livid, the empty glance and frankly solid mass in this armchair able to contain a mammoth. I bring back it to reality. "I recognize you, you are a first-aid worker, you were with our psychological

meetings at city hall. "Yes," he whispers, moving his head as though it weighed a ton. The man seems with end, the exhausted term appears weak to me in such circumstances. I respect one moment the silence which begins, question of observing it and of feeling by empathy to even read in a against-transferential way, this quiet intrusion in the office... He speaks. "I came, I asked for a psychiatrist and one said to me," it is there "and I returned." You made well him rétorqué I and to continue: what's happening? He answers slowly, struggling with the French. "I see a film unraveling in front of my eyes. There were bodies, so many bodies, I never saw so many. I never saw so many dead bodies...I moved some of them, I lifted some of them, I transported so many of them..all kinds of bodies, men, women, children..." He pauses. "While I was lifting the bodies, I also was looking for my own brother and my sister who had been in the boat... I did not find them..." He breaks into a barely audible sob. "Won't there be other survivors?" he asks. I have nothing to say, not wanting to give him hope, and knowing that he knows as well as me as there will be no more survivors—after almost... Only more dead.

But a part of me wants to still have hope. A long silence. My body is leaning towards his, I am looking directly at him. "My brother earned good money, he was a teacher." I finally speak, "You were a relative and a first-aid worker, it's not at all easy!"

"Yes, but I couldn't just stand by and wait! I needed to search... I have so many questions in my head, with no answers... Will there be other survivors? Maybe some of them went crazy and are wandering around in the forests of Casamance. Many some are in convalescence in one of the villages at the edge of the coast... Maybe some of them were stranded and are afraid to declare themselves because they don't have their identity papers, so who will believe that they are survivors? Sometimes, I think that I am drifting off to sleep, but I talk to myself all of the time. The only time that I really slept since this drama, I had a dream in which my brother was saying good-bye to me. Then, I cried."

I listen to him, listen to him speaking slowly, words and sentences coming gradually... I needed to let him get it out, according to his rhythm. The meeting lasts approximately

one hour. I invite him to pass by again to see me in one week. "No, I cannot make it. I need to go upcountry. But I do need a certificate for my employer, to justify so many days of absence."

When he leaves, I realize that he has just taught me an invaluable lesson of psychological support: in situation of catastrophe, not to make await a man in distress of life. I apply this same treatment of emergency reception to a relative, young civil servant of his State which to me is addressed to Friday morning, by Habib, the doctor psychiatrist. Let us call him Mandir. He decided himself to seek help because he felt that he was on the edge of a nervous breakdown. His brother had just passed an important test in school and, to please him, to be a good big brother, he had offered him, along with a friend of his, a vacation in the Casamance. The brother had always dreamed going back to the Casamance, back to his native village. As soon as he learned the news of the Joola, that same evening, he took a taxi to go on the place of the catastrophe. He arrived exhausted after a long voyage. One indicates a village to him where the marine current drained the bodies in perdition. The village of Saniang

some share in *Gambia*. It is there, has him one says, that it was likely to find the most body. In middle of the night, it begs the villagers to help it to find the body of his brother and his friend. The villagers ask to be made pay; that appeared normal to me says it.

He is given a mask or a handkerchief to plug his nose, warned of the horror which awaits him. "I don't think that I can ever go back to our village," he says, over and over. "The village to me, from now on, will be the home of the corpses." He is obviously sad, so sad. His voice is weak, weak from exhaustion, weak from anguish, weak from the responsibility of having wanted to give pleasure to his little brother. How will he be able to live with that? It was before with the FAC. University which it deserted after having lost a friend, companion of room which it had invited by beautiful an afternoon of wintering to the beach, to find itself the evening even alone. His/her friend had just drowned at the time of this friendly escapade. "I carry pitch it" does not stop it repeating. "All that approaches me too close disappears, my friend, my brother..." He wants to be some still not to have tried the impossible one to help it. It is what it tried to do while

going in middle of the night in this small village. Perhaps that his/her brother had failed it, with the hope to find a breath of life which it hoped to reanimate. But alas! Before going there, it had taken care, in a kind of ritual expiatoire, making the alms of all that was due to him in heart; its fringues, its cellular, its under... It could not, says it, to continue its higher education after the disappearance of its neighbor of room.

Its thought was unceasingly parasitized by ideas of discouragement; it had evil to concentrate. With its Vat and a year of university, he became teacher. "It was your way of punishing you not to have been able to save your friend. You did not want to continue these studies without him any more. How to make now not to repeat this same mechanism of self-punishment whereas your brother is not there any more, think you, by your fault? How to make now to secure you against that, so as to prevent that by repetition, you do not set up yet a process of punishment...?" Yes, you are right; I had thought of that... I carry pitch it with this permanent feeling to be maudit, only all those which cotoient me of too close are condemned to die. "would you have sent your brother on

the boat if you knew that this boat was going to capsize?"
Not. "If your brother caught the malaria and by
misfortune succumbed about it would be of your fault?"
Not. After one moment of silence, he says to feel
sequestered in this hospital where he went of itself to ask
of the assistance. He wants to now return to the house to
see his family; he feels stuffed drugs.

A trilogy of major feelings failed to lead Mandir to is
delirious psychotic: culpability to have sent his/her
brother in this galère and not to have been able to save it
in spite of its very great will. When it closes the eyes, it
hears it calling the Help |. Shame compared to people,
with the family in particular which must be upset with him
much. Can it support these glances which will make it feel
guilty forever to have offered holidays to him? The
depreciation of oneself, regard of oneself, from now on
sullied with died with close relations of which it is
believed responsible.

After approximately an hour of maintenance, Mandir
requires a coffee. What I offer to him naturally... all while
not forgetting to be used to me for the passage. We drink

it in silence, a moment of "Yes, yes it is true you are right, I could not with me only prevent this boat from running..." We agree to meet on Monday.

It is per hour with go. Always in the same behaviour. It has nothing any more but that one since it very gave. It could leave the hospital the weekend and returns from itself this morning. That made him although the last time was spoken; it felt reduced, that enabled him to have the feet on ground. He fears his return to Ziguinchor now; how will he be received? It is afraid to find the family; especially the family of his brother's friend. HE won't be easy, but he has to do it. He cannot not do it. According to him, everyone in Ziguinchor knew that something would eventually happen to this boat; it is a collective responsibility. It cannot take the vat with Farafégni any more to go in Casamance; It from now on will pass by Kolda.

He is still thinking about the field of corpses he saw in Saniang. "Most of them had open mouths," thinking, perhaps, that these people were shouting, died while shouting. Mothers who clung to their children. There

were about fifty black bodies, and one white body. He was there around 3 or 4 in the morning. "We had masks. The village stank." After a long silence, he wonders whether he will be still able to eat fish. "Many of the corpses had lost their eyes. The fishermen said that the fish probably ate them." In spite his macabre words, I sense that he is started to detach himself a bit. The memory returns, sights and smells. Tests of explanations appear...

That is obviously much better. The doctor considers his nearest exit. It is consequently confronted with the idea to turn over in Casamance to find to them his. We agree that it will not be easy but which it cannot escape from the responsibility to meet the families, his and that of his/her friend. But it is ready. Loan to hear their sadness, their anger, their cries, to see their tears. Our last maintenance made him good. It realized that it repeated much the same thing and which gradually, I helped it to deploy his thought on other subjects; it also appreciated the coffee and listening that I offered to him. What made him good, it is that I could make him become aware of his incapacity to prevent the boat from running or that

his/her brother catches the malaria. We take again a coffee. That made him good have been with the state funeral... for communier together... I do not feel this time of concern about it by leaving it. Habib telephones to me to enquérir himself of his psychological state. I make him share of my impressions and invites it to still keep it in observation a day for confirmation of my appreciation of good form. What it does. Wednesday, it comes to strike at my office and says to me with a great smile: that is there, I from go away. The handshake honest and is filled with encouragement.

15

Sunday 13. 21h30. Whereas I was absorbed by the reading of an article of Caldwell (Can one modify the behaviors to preserve health?), my cell phone rings. An even confused pasty voice pronounces my name. I have one moment of hesitation. I believe it's a wrong number. "Who are you calling?" "Dr. Ari". "Yes, it is me." "I am M.N. I am a survivor, you saw me at the hospital, it is you who gave me your telephone number". I understand immediately and my voice becomes more engaging... "Yes, yes I see. Mr M.N. How are you? I am happy you called." "I'm okay. I am in Dakar and I am supposed to start going to school in Rufisque and I don't know how to get there ." I am thinking that maybe this is his way of saying that he is not really okay, and that maybe he need to talk to me, that he wants help. Perhaps that this is his way of soliciting psychological assistance, suggesting a social, financial difficulty; I give him an appointment at the hospital the following day.

He arrives on time, with his mother. The good mood that I had perceived when I had first met him at the hospital Abass Ndao is still there, this time however, seemingly traversed by waves of sadness. He tells me that he keeps hearing cries of distress in his head...And when they become too much, he locks himself in his room and listens to his music, Mbala. He feels sad, especially because, as an only son, he keep wondering what would have happened to his mother if he had disappeared. His mother is young, and I mistake her at first for a sister. He is even more worried by the spasms that seem to overtake his body, he cannot control them, he trembles and shakes. But he didn't come to talk about that. He wants to know where to go to find identity papers, where to go to find a little money to go to Rufisque and resume his studies. I turn to his mother to learn about how she is coping with her son's experience. I still do not understand Wolof but I can feel, sense, her overwhelming joy that he has survived. I take them to see Marie-Jeanne, the social worker who directs them towards the Administrative Building, all the while reiterating my availability to him for another talk,

and thanking him again for having taking the initiative the day before to telephone me.

It's still Monday.

Let us call him Moustapha, a first-aid worker. I find it useful to mention his testimony, to explore the disorders likely to appear during the weeks, months and sometimes years after a crisis. I had often said to the survivors, and to the first-aid workers, perhaps that all would go well in the days which will come. But because you will experience unaccustomed feelings, sadness, distresses, fear, fever, or that you will experience unusual behavior, errance, staring into space, mental blanks, insomnia, lack of appetite, low libido, etcetera, you may need to consult without too much waiting. Moustapha is in charge of the operations at the Navy Arsenal. He says that he is tired, very tired; he does not feel anything any more, and his eyesight has worsened. He feels empty, and nervous at times. He has never smoked so much in his life, trying to get rid of the smell that seems to persist in his nose. He realizes, too, that he doesn't even remember the names of people, of acquaintances and friends. He can't eat, feels

sluggish, and, unlike him, speaks very slowly. And though all of this has bothered him, what really made him come to see a psychiatrist is that he had a fight recently with his brother. That had never happened before. They fought because the brother had refused to bring a seriously burned young girl to the hospital in his car. He had previously talked to his friends about the "shrinks," proudly saying that he didn't really need them. But since this brawl, and his feeling of wanting to insult and hurt people, and all these images of corpses engraved in his spirit, that and not being to feel, to stay awake, he decided to come and ask for help. This first-aid worker really appears to me reached by the test. Besides he asked to be hospitalized; he want to rest, to remain in observation.

Then the other first-aid workers starting coming to see me. Many of them.

I receive Moustapha again, and this time he is accompanied by a pretty young female first-aid worker. Moustapha, though he had already shared so much, still feels the need to talk. He says that things are going much

better since our last meeting, but that he is now worried about his desire to spend money.

The young first-aid worker does not speak. I realize that it is not a good idea to receive them together, especially since Moustapha is her supervisor. I give an appointment to the woman after the weekend.

She arrives on time. She apologizes, saying that it was difficult for her to speak in front of her boss, even though they had had similar experiences. She is consumed with images of the children. She has been irritable, has yelled at her mother, has been intolerant. She has the constant desire to cry, but cannot in front of her parents for fear they tell her to give up her first-aid work, work that she holds so close to her heart.

It is still Monday, the 14th. KB is a 27-year-old survivor who has been referred to me by Habib. A long chain in hand, he sits, playing with the chain, slowly, very slowly. He is a student, and we don't have any problems in communication. He says that he felt well when he left the hospital. He thought he would be able to jump right back into life, get back to his second semester of classes, but

from time to time he has cephalgias and moments of absence. He does not always notice when people speak to him, and his eyes often glaze over. Sometimes, his brother has to shake him before he realizes that he is speaking to him. To avoid the emptiness, he often grabs a book, but cannot concentrate. "I forget what I read the moment after I read it. It's impossible under these conditions for me to be ready for school."

KB had a nightmare: he was with friends; the students entered moving of strike. The police officers arrived and a fight broke out. The chief of police talked to the leader of the students, a young man was beaten and struck out at the police chief and escaped. Another police officer shot at the student... the young person shouted: he will kill me! He will kill me! Then he fell, wounded. They urgently took him to the hospital; when the police officer learned that this young man might die, he decided to complete what he had started. KB woke himself up, saying "justice will be done." This distressing dream, maybe it's an expression of a mixture of feelings of anger and vulnerability toward the authorities who were supposedly there to protect him.

KB says he has been going to funeral ceremonies in the hopes of finding some solace in them. There were no ceremonies planned for them, the survivors. I am able to tear off a smile to him when I point out to him that attached to his chain is a pendant with the flag of Senegal. This survivor and that which had appeared to me in anger with the port following the late arrival of the helps make me become aware that the work of the psychiatrist, it is caused to also them not to develop at the place of the mankind a hatred which would plunge them in an inextricable loneliness, to lead them not to despair of people, of life.

Still Monday the 14th. A group debriefing that makes me aware of the work of the first-aid workers, all young people, volunteers, devoted, not having other motives in such circumstances other than wanting to help, not asking for recognition. To help without succumbing to it, such is their challenge. They are young, healthy, beautiful and, should it be added, given though it manages to save lives. But in the circumstance, there is no more life. Those inert bodies which will make it possible to the families to continue to live with the certainty of death of one of

their own instead of living in doubt. They were initially to thus discharge the bodies from the bottom of the boat. Not a body, not two, but a hundred. Then, to expose them in the open air so that gendarmerie and justice do their work; to lay them in the refrigerated containers and to help the families to carry out the identification. But also, to accompany the families to the cemetery for the burial... to avoid with the family, the pangs of a body in an advanced state of decomposition, by these times of heat; to assist the families which do not want to approach this unrecognizable and disfigured relative on which still the doubt of the recognition planes.

You think well that it is not easy to be devoted to this work without the construction of an internal logic likely to support the first-aid worker in his task. Some resign and are not regarded as deserters. Each one has his or her limits. Some functioned like automats, robots, insensitive, declare. The male first-aid workers boys sometimes tried to protect, and sometimes to scare, the female first-aid workers. "This is not work for girls; go away, go home! Get out of here" The first-aid worker chief integrates them only when it is certain of their determination; then

only it lets them sink in the task in the name of the equality of the sexes, in the name of the oath of first-aid worker. All have masks, ridiculous; others avoid looking at and hasten the steps. To arrive there, some regarded this work as a play and these "things" on the stretchers, like toys, headstocks. For others still, these bodies which they transport are people who sleep; they will awake from one moment to another...

Yes, but then, how can one put someone who sleeps in a hole? One of them remained impressed by the bloodstains on the body of a toubab (white person); her body's physiological response is that her menses seems to have disappeared for a time. In spite of these various mechanisms installed to make the job, the importance of the number makes effraction and infiltrates through the meshes of the mechanisms of protection set up by psychism. The consequences are numerous and can worsen if the assumption of responsibility is not consequent: miss appetite, amenorrhoea, insomnia, falls of tension, as many absences which can take the form of the true absence of the subject to the participation in the life which surrounds it... Some start to announce the fear who

étreint when one speaks about dead around them, of the trémousslements of the body who agitate them without apparent reason. The young men especially express their desire of to move, fight, act out, be aggressive...others admit catching one logorrhée unverifiable. Some can no longer stand seeing the Ministry's ambulances, shining new and having been used only to transport corpses. Naturally, one cannot as many handle corpses without thinking of its clean dead. Because sadness and the fear which these young first-aid workers express, return them, recognize, in the conditions of their own disappearance. Then much become philosophical; one is if little thing is the usually heard expression.

Hardest of the four first-aid workers, that which did not see the need for consulting a psychiatrist and who described himself readily like egoist and associable, acknowledges that this event changed its life. That it became more sensitive, less indifferent; it starts to establish the reciprocity in its social relations and it is quite glad there to be with his comrades for saying things for which it did not see the need. This pretty girl, because of the jolts intern that it feels unceasingly, does

not want more to go dance, and she used to love to go dancing. Her friend the vain one, no longer feels like putting on make-up or dressing up, no longer sees the need for getting dressed up like a diskette, neglects her body and lets herself from now on live by the idea of God. This one will not make any more of the evil to its next, another swears to do only good, another says his faith in God grows more and more, day by day. We want to be together, they all say. We get together to talk among ourselves because other people, those which did not live what we lived, cannot understand what we are talking about. They can't imagine it. They do not think it. Among ourselves, we all understand when we talk." There are four of them. Considering the intensity of the emotions shared this day, I commit myself re-examining them a few days later.

This time they are new. Before pointing some information specific to this group, a concern invades me. It relates to this kindness to evolve/move in group since this event. This tendency to be more left, keep, even cultivate this bond of the test. A kind of group illusion which inhibits the individual assumption of responsibility of the lived

experience. That, not without a certain delight, this heroic feeling to have done something of exceptional not recognized with its right value. People flee us; people are afraid of us, say; because we handled corpses, us are rejected. When one is together, there is no more age. The meeting starts by laughter and an inopportune circulation of humor. I appreciate their utility and shares with them their functions of remote setting, decompression and the pleasure of being together. I decide nevertheless, this day, that the feeling of group was not to prevent individualities from starting to emerge... I change my technique of débriefing collective. Rather than to let the word circulate freely by free associations, complements and corrections of information, I decide individual speeches, each one in his turn, thus privileging the subjective specificity of lived of each one. It is a long meeting, free of emotions, rich in silence and respect of the word of the other. A first-aid worker testifies to his intervention in charge of a symbolism cultural with a great relevance. The European first-aid workers (I do not know any more their nationality) who brought their contests were on the point of separating two children that the

chance had put coast at coast in this boat. It intervened to request them not to separate them. They are twins, look at, they have same the gourmette and the same red wire with the wrist. They were not divided. The meeting ended by mutual agreement.

This survivor recognizes that after will not be any more like front. He is discovered more sentimental and wishes from now on the happiness of people. At the sight of all these mixed bodies, without distinction of race, color, of sex, children, adults, old men, it is time, thinks he, to recognize definitively that all the men are similar.

I could multiply these testimonies ad infinitum. Many is recut in the specific history of life of each one, according to the psychic structure of each one. I had heard that it was not convenient to say to the survivors and other first-aid workers or families only if that were not well it was necessary to go to the hospital of Fann. Fann makes fear appears it. It is for the insane ones. But I note that they come. They are not insane. They are rather exhausted, under tension and, fear an unexpected turning which could take their psychic life as an hostage, they prefer to

consult, to prevent the paroxystic crises of anxiety, to escape from the states of agitation, stupor, of mental confusion, with the possible relational difficulties which would be announced, with somatic conversions; for déconstruire foolish logic in which each one of them was placed, without any preparation. It is not even desirable to give the same first-aid workers under such conditions if by misfortune such a catastrophe reproduced. Too much, it too is. Because it is trying to say, that having had this experience, they would be capable psychic being more operational and more powerful with few expenses. The answer is not. However, they all said it to me, these soldiers of the life are always smelled mobilized to answer the call of a S.O.S.

17

Perhaps you will ask me how the psychiatrist works in such circumstances. I will surprise you. I do not know. I believe rather, than in spite of all of the great theories on post-traumatic stress, a psychiatrist or psychologist can only be receptive, be available, and truly listen in the context of catastrophe. Before advancing some theoretical aspects of this psychological assumption of responsibility, let us clear up what occurs at the psychic level.

We know all the experience of surprise, something completely unexpected that arrives, like a friend coming up from behind with a tickle or a "boo!" (Let's start with non-violent examples.) We jump because we did not know what was going to happen. A surprise because we were not ready for it. Our body is biologically designed to defend itself against external aggressions; a microbe appears our natural defenses are there to fight it. Psychologically, too, we have mechanisms of defense to face external aggressions. These mechanisms are effective when they

were already tested, when they could be tested, when we could build us a representation on this aggression and give to the words the opportunity to tell it for, of a certain way, to purge the spirit or mental the too full one with excitations which it underwent. The expression "I did not expect that!" means: I had not mobilized my mechanisms of defense to be spread in front of an excitation collected by the bodies of the directions, and which it can happen that its width exceeds the capacities of reception of my bodies of the directions which are the first entrance doors of the excitation inside me. I live at a place where the planes in operation of landing and seldom of takeoff pass regularly. We thus know the noise of the planes and are accustomed to see them arriving. We can even guess, according to the intensity of the noise, if a plane lands or takes off. One day, certainly because of the orientation of the wind, we intend to arrive at far a plane then in takeoff.

The more it approached our residence, the more the intensity of the noise to which we were accustomed grew until becoming paroxystic and unbearable at the time of its passage on the building. My small short last to blottir

itself against its mom who stopped the ears to him; itself, of a frightened glance questioned me on what occurred. I felt at home to grow instantaneously an anguish, expression of the fear of a catastrophe, a vital threat. My two other children gave up their respective activities and ran to the living room by stopping the ears with strong a grimace of crispation. It was the Harmony which took off in this unbearable hubbub. Our bodies of the directions were not prepared with being stimulated by a din of such an amplitude and when well even they would have been it, there are intolerable limits. We ran all on the terrace, stopped ears and jaws contracted to comfort us by admiring his superb thundering take-off. That one is survivor, first-aid workers, parents of victim, the process is identical to some small moderates near. The expression fear which it is advisable to employ in such circumstances translates simply the state in which one is to be overcome by the sudden hugeness of the external aggression. Hugeness of the external aggression which puts to you in position paralysing seizure, initially, not preventing in the second time the installation of mechanisms of escape. "They were not beautiful to see, the bodies, said certain

survivors and families, it is seen well that these people died with the fear".

This paralyzing seizure has the characteristic to induce a consecutive driving inhibition with the difficulty in reflecting, because the apparatus to be thought is also bombarded by this stimulus impossible to contain. It overflows us and of this fact returns impotent because disarmed as well from a driving point of view as cognitive. It constrained with the paralysis, with the contraction of the muscles as if the body wanted to be made sufficiently small to escape to him, with a desire for disappearing as by magic to find itself elsewhere out of reach threatening danger. Survivors complain about physical pains, certainly because they had to mobilize a great physical energy to leave itself there but also because the initial reaction is that of the instantaneous contraction of all the body. Seizure. It would not be superfluous to compare this aggression with an effraction with what that can have of abrupt, penetrating in a violent way in a private, intimate space. The whole body thus gathered by the seizure fears the destruction, disappearance, death.

The trauma is built thus by the absence, in the psychic apparatus, in the unconscious one, say in the system of representations, the system of preconstruction of known elements of anchoring, likely to offer to the subject this feeling already considering, of already tested, able to give him exit points, ways of solutions, a structure already preestablished to accommodate it. In the absence of this possibility of connection (or bond) with what exists, the memory able of the reception to transform the traumatizing image, that which failed to make us disappear, will remain in a state rough, intact, and of this fact owing to lack of development, of treatment, will reproduce as a film sequence which passes in loop, as an image engraved on a film which reproduces ad infinitum in the present. I borrow this image of film from an impressed first-aid worker who it was still by the perception of the accumulation of approximately 150 bodies without life in a boat. The state of sideration or *hébétude* in which one finds the first-aid worker but especially the survivor is the expression of the passive spectator, hypnotized and fascinated by a scene which is held in a way compacted and insistent in its spirit. He of it

is the single spectator. The characteristic of fear such as it is described and such as it was given to me to read it in the speech of survivors, it is this very short moment of rupture of interior temporality, characterized by the complete empty absolute as well at the cognitive level as on the level of the affects.

This precise moment where the words cannot be conceived. This precise moment where the affect, compressed in a powerful crystallization, creates the seizure, the vacuum, the breakdown, absolute silence. The expression "it comes by far" or "I come by far" translated this more or less short meeting correctly that the person had with the reality of death. Then obviously the cries, supplications, the prayers, the strategies of escape develop. The anguish in accordance with fear, is from now on the expression of the fear of being able to have the means necessary to face the danger under development in front of oneself... to be able to face the danger which one is a passive witness. Curiously, shame or culpability that certain survivors express translated this incapacity not to have found the right answer, to have been surprised, to have one moment lost the means, to have been broken

down of counterpart. With that also the disorder is added, sometimes aggressiveness to be able to transmit to the entourage, the intensity affects lived through tragic scene. I was impressed enough to note that certain survivors, first-aid workers and members of family of missing that I received were hardly audible when they entrusted to me. Naturally, the suffering of the loss is there and that of tiredness certainly also, but I could not prevent me from including/understanding this difficulty of making itself audible, like the residue of fear, the state of stupor, of sideration in which plunges, then, the subject, victim of this seizure of destruction.

It in this state that I was perceived the first survivors with the Arsenal; of course extremely exhausted per so many efforts to clutch itself with the life but also in a state of hébétude which prevented them from finding words to be expressed... Yes, yes, not, not and other movements of the head to mean constituted, for the hour, their register of communication. Cognitive functions though still on a level of passive operation however found at the time of their arrival of the reference marks of blooming. A survivor and some others went yesterday,

Monday October 14, 2002 with the private clinic Moussa Diop de Fann. I asked the one them if it recognized me. Yes, yes of course you were with the Arsenal; it is you who had said to us if we were not going well in the days have just presented to us here. The memories are thus there.

So I believe that the psychiatrist has his place as of the first moments of the drama, as soon as the first survivors are within reach. What did I say to them when I declined to them my name and my title? What did I say to them when I accroupissais myself beside them and that I touched them, perhaps imprudently with my dégantées hands? That I said to them when, arrived at the hospital, I received them without waiting. I said to them that we were a very acute aware of the suffering which they had known, of the test which they had crossed, of the fear which they had had. In other words, it was a first moment of recognition; we all are sensitive to the recognition. In their saying that I am a psychiatrist, I inform them that I am trained to accommodate their stress and unraveling, that they can show it without fear of disturbing me or of destroying me. I also tell them that even if I do not understand exactly what they are talking about, I will

listen and imagine, and feel the suffering that they have endured. I consequently contain a projective mechanism which lets believe that all that surrounds them is without life. Beyond the great theories, the psychiatrist is initially trained to accommodate the psychic suffering of the other.

In telling them that I am a psychiatrist, I inform them that they can give the permission to the psychic relaxation, even with the muscular tone necessary at rest. But also, to register of each one the hope which the raising is possible, and even if if naturally nothing will be any more like front, such is not besides the claim of the psychiatrist, it is there to accompany survivors and parents in mourning in a new turn by life. And I believe that at this time, and the testimony of a survivor confirms it to me, it is advisable to announce that this assumption of responsibility is not specific and to offer the availability for a follow-up in a more comfortable context for the psychiatrist who can then use testimonies and emotions for outward journey unit towards a Co-rebuilding. It is not the moment for the psychiatrist to leave them the repetition of the effects of the trauma

but it registers the survivor from the point of view and it is important... I chose not to make them wait, as far as possible, when they are referred to me, because that formed part of the strategy of support until I installation: not to make them live again lived of the abandonment that they knew, the feeling of exclusion which they underwent. Initially because the survivor waited to be helped already too a long time. But also because when one was an actor of such a tragedy, that one, families, (or first-aid workers), one is survivor waits to be recognized in the specificity of the endured test, in its suffering.

The work of listening is initially that of the empathic presence, that one even which allows the course of the language of the body and the verb. The listening of a chaotic speech, chopped, sometimes without continuation, logic, a speech repetitive, slow, wet tears... To accept this speech and from time to time to introduce a logic there into its semantics are in my opinion the first stage of the work of psychic and cognitive rebuilding. Seen under certain angles, this work is not finally so different from that which one carries out near somebody with which one

has just announced his seropositivity. The counter-transference plays for me a part determining in the listening of the patient. Because, in this history, one always any more does not know who is which. Is the relative really one? Isn't it benefitting from a situation to arrange its fate? As this patient who said to have lost in the drama his wife and his four children. His wife precisely went to Dakar to introduce the last-born child to him whom he did not know yet. In front of the shock gotten by the catastrophe, it would have very lost. Papers, car... It does not know any more where it parked it. Moreover, it does not have any more, in this Senegal, any relative able to be useful to him of accompanying for its hospitalization. Its neglected clothing gave the impression, one moment to me, to be in front of a tramp. I have evil to enter in communion with its suffering which it had also of the evil to transmit to me. In the doubt I challenged the doctor who did what is necessary. After investigation, its tragically true history initially, appeared the construction of an unhappy swindler. With less than in front of this drama, it is its way of expressing its distress. It is to say that a empathic position should not

block a vigilant listening; that which is with the listening of the readings of the counter-transference; that which pays attention to the repetitions; that which appreciates the persistence of images traumatogenes; that which estimates the level of development of the speech. That which is with the listening of the emotions transmitted by the customer. Is the repetition persistent? The memories gradually yield the step to the tests of comprehension, explanations, analysis... Which are the affects which are grafted with the speech? Sadness, culpability, shame, fear, anger? What says the body of the customer during his effort of word, its gestural? And then gradually to be with the listening of the realignments; those which are spontaneously stated by the patient himself; those which one could suggest... How to formulate them so that they are heard? The presence of the psychiatrist is thus not passive; it is active by the vigilant listening which accomodates the suffering all while allowing him gradually, slowly, while following the patient and his rate/rhythm to spread itself towards other logics. It is not negligible to appreciate with the patient all the supports symbolic systems which had considerable psychological

repercussions by their presence, with some words or some gestures. The account of the survivors teaches me that they do not forget anything of it.

18

"Hello, Ari!"

"Coucou...how are you? And how are the children?"

"They're doing fine, and me, too... but we are thinking of you so much, and, we would have liked to be with you with everything going on there. Everyone in Senegal must be suffering. Vinami is constantly surfing the Internet for news on the Joola. He learned about it on CNN. He remembers when we took the Joola when he was small, and he reminded me of the dolphins that seemed to escort the boat on its morning arrival in Ziguinchor. Vidia is working as hard as ever; he was look for the photos of our adventures in Casamance, Sèvi began scouting, and has been asking lots of questions about the Joola. Why did it capsize? He even talked about it at school, and his teacher has pointed out to me how nervous he is for you. You know the kids are so worried...! And me, what can I do from here? What should I tell them? And they're aren't very many psychologists in Senegal!"

"Please, send an email with our condolences to each one of our Senegalese friends. I believe that in each family here, there is a relative, a friend, an acquaintance, a colleague, a child, a student who disappeared. "

"How can one explain this accident?"

"I haven't really had time to think about it. An overload of passengers, a defective engine...and the hand of God. This last explanation irritates me some times. It's too easy of an excuse. I continue to believe that God is not one limps black. His divine kindness gave us an intelligence that we don't always use for the best, you know? I keep thinking that there is some distance between the hand of God and humankind. It's too easy to just say God's will."

"You seem frustrated...how are you holding out? Your last e-mail worried me."

"Oh yeah, why?"

"You seemed so tired, tired, and a bit depressed. You know as well as me that for us psychologists, we are our most important tool for psychotherapy, our first tool..psychology in these difficult situations, working with

HIV-positive individuals, people living with AIDS, the victims of catastrophe, how do you protect yourself?

"Well, I tease my colleagues and friends, and their laughter helps. But seriously, I believe that at home also the number made effraction; the quantity of testimonies heard at the time of the débriefings created a breach in my defenses. In this situation, all I can do is act, sink into the action. There is no time to wonder about my own emotions, my own suffering... time passes. I have discovered with the Joola that there is a psychological limit to listening about horrors..."

"I believe it, too. Listen: you wrote that to distract yourself a bit from the Joola, you went to visit your friend Gerard in Toubab Dialaw...but that didn't work, since when you went swimming in the ocean, you kept thinking about coming across a dead body floating in the water.

"Yes, true...after listening to all of the first-aid workers, survivors and families... but it's okay now."

"Marie also told me on the phone phone that you did not want to eat fish any more, you love fish!"

"No big deal, it's okay..."

"And you're even afraid of a plane crashing into your building! You never had such thoughts before! And this meal with Anne-Marie with Just 4 U, where you sat under a coconut tree, that made me laugh when I read that you were terrified the whole time that a coconut might fall on your head!"

"Hum... I guess it's what we would call a contamination of vulnerability... or then its terrible recall with the conscience."

"Ari, do you think you feel threatened by destruction, castration, like the victims of this life-changing catastrophe? Are you feeling burned out?"

- Castration? Destruction? Stop with the psychiatric talk. And what is burn out? Oh, I was reading about it, that Freudenberg article, from 1974, I think. With the image of a match which is consumed when it is exposed to oxygen... the professional exposed too a long time to

strong emotions can be also consumed, to become exhausted in work..."bruler" is burn in English. Herbert Freudenberger said that a syndrome of occupational exhaustion affects the physique as much that the psyche of the professional. Burn out seems more manifest at the professionals intervening near public stripped. The characteristic of the burn out that it places the investment of the actor in a position of disillusion, is had regard with the enthusiasm and the idealism which justified its heat with work. Its characteristic symptoms are resignation with attitudes of withdrawal, witness of demotivation, with feelings of emptiness of life, depersonalization by reports/ratios to the public. It was also raised an irritability and a psychic tiredness being able to lead to the deterioration of the relations extra-professional and family, which causes to isolate the actor still more.

"You who work all the time with HIV and AIDS, you are an ideal candidate for burn out, no?"

"Not funny. But I admit that it was hard after one day of support for the families, survivors and first-aid workers,

to find myself alone in my apartment. I missed a smile, a presence, affection...you, you."

"We also are longing to be with you... it is hard to be far away and to not be able to do anything!"

"Don't worry about your next visit to Dakar—I will be okay. Writing helps me, you know. But I know—I am tired and grouchy. I doubt extremely that my employer will give me time off for my health...on the contrary..."

"Well, if he's not a psychiatrist, he cannot understand what you lived, even if you try to explain it to him...How is it going at work, the training for AIDS counseling?"

"Hum...It's fine, it's fine...I haven't slowed down. However, my grouchiness has made me completely intolerant of the slowness, of promises not kept...of the strong language of a so-called chief who seeks to put the points on I to a collaborator who does not ask anything other but to make himself useful... A chief who puts you in the double constraint to impose an implication to you on 120% in a program and who slows down it in the same movement, no time, no money, blah blah blah. A chief who, still happy,

does not cease recalling his servants, all vaccinated adults, whom what they do in their private life does not look at it... Sad ineptitude to make dribble laughter, not! When one hardly leaves a support for a despaired patient, with the painfully confused speech, trying to tell the suffering which the advertisement of its seropositivity and the disappearance as of his in Joola get to him. How don't you want in your turn being struck of stupor and tremor in front of the short sight of the human spirit? Do the patients sidéens, my private life, you include/understand that, you?"

"A so-called chief! It is time that you understand that a chief is a chief and that that is not discussed especially if it does not cease being taken as such. You see, burn out affectes not only you, but your work, your professional duties...your sense of priorities. Your idealism and desire to want to rid whole world its suffering will kill you. What became this patient with whom your problems started with your chief?"

"Which patient?"

"The heroine user who was HIV-positive...the one who told you, after finally acknowledging his guilty feelings, that he had contaminated dozens of young people? What became of him? Do you think that the ethics of your work authorize you to help it to find all these young people like it requires it of you to make them a test?"

"Not really. I had lost sight of that... and besides, his experience enriches my work of counseling of substance abuse clients."

"Listen, please stop putting yourself in this difficult situations. You know that the AIDS counseling work is so important to you, and you need to get along with those in charge. You complain about the slow start, but all projects are like that—you, yourself, taught me that a few years ago! Time lost at the beginning can be time saved in the end! It's time for making contacts, knowing people, establishing solid relationships—all of that will help the program. It's time to figure out who you can work with, what the opportunities are...I am surprised you forgot all that. And you need to stop expecting others to protect you from the suffering...Take time to find

yourself again, Ari, and, if necessary, talk to another psychologist about it. Maybe it's not good for me to be so far from you during this drama."

"Yes, but if you had been here, we both would have been burnt out. Your advice is good, and don't worry about my health. Vilane is from now on charged to give the psychological support for the other psychologists..."

"Goodbye, Ari, and take care..."