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Justice Denied

David Lloyd & Angela Blakely, 2009
David Lloyd and Angela Blakely lecture in photojournalism and documentary practice at Griffith University. For over fifteen years they have worked, individually and/or collaboratively, on a number of projects that have ranged from conflict areas to personal crises. They were commissioned by the History section of the Australian Army to document Australia’s involvement in the Rwanda crises (publication: The Rwanda Mission, ed Gavin Fry). Prior to this they had worked individually with aid organisations in Somalia, Bosnia, Malawi and also worked on a number of projects within Australia – sexual deviancy, hospice and palliative care, suicide and grief, eating disorders, solvent abuse. In 1996 Blakely and Lloyd continued their collaboration and were commissioned by the World Health Organisation (Euro Office) to document sensitive health care issues in the former USSR. In 2006 and 2008 they returned to Rwanda to collect stories (visual and text) of the survivors of the 1994 genocide who are denied justice through the pragmatics of national politics and the indifference of the international community. Whether working collaboratively or alone, Blakely and Lloyd argue documentary practice as an intersection of investigative journalism, ethnography and the politics of aesthetics. Their work is published in books, exhibitions and papers.
In the latter part of the 20th Century the dominance of the sciences, and the dictatorial tone of the researcher’s voice, were challenged and gave way to the acceptance of the non-rational elements of the human experience as being fundamental to any understanding of human practice. Today, photodocumentary practice, a discipline that blends ethnographic research methodologies, investigative journalism and the politics of the aesthetic, relies on visual images to capture and disseminate the rational and non-rational components of the human condition.

Justice Denied is a biographical (visual and text) paper that combines two stories of indigenous groups whose life chances are significantly altered and diminished because of the social space they occupy. In 2006 Blakely and Lloyd completed an in-field trip working with indigenous youth in a regional town in northern Queensland. Through interview, documentary images and commentary by the authors, We’re talking... anyone listening? gives voice to this marginalized group. Using a similar methodology, Blakely and Lloyd returned to Rwanda in 2006, and again in 2008, to collect and tell the stories of survivors of the Rwanda Genocide twelve years on. Never Again builds on the work produced from the commission they received to document aspects of the Rwanda Crisis in 1994. Combined into the one paper, Justice Denied provides a conduit through which the stories of marginalized people may be told. In addition it raises issues concerning documentary practice and social inquiry.
Within the scientific paradigm, researching the human condition has been limited to exploring the rational domain because this is the domain that is more easily captured, recorded and disseminated through scientific methodology. The non-rational and fluid components of the human experience are overlooked by academic researchers (both qualitative and quantitative) as fleeting and transient and, therefore, incapable of capture and dissemination especially through the traditional method of the written word.

In the latter part of the C20th post modern theorists (Pink, S (2004), Prosser, J (1997), Banks, M (1993), Harper, D (1993) et al) argued for a broadening of research methodologies seeking to acknowledge the impact of the lived experience of both the subject and researcher on the research undertaken and the conclusions drawn. In particular they questioned the dominance of the scientific models of research and the over-reliance on text to disseminate knowledge derived through research. Photo documentary practice, a discipline that blends ethnographic research methodologies, investigative journalism and the politic of the aesthetic, relies on the visual to bring forth conclusions arrived at through inquiry.

The similarities between some of the qualitative research methodologies employed in observation and ethnographic field-work and documentary practice appear obvious. Yet, until recently however, documentary practice had not been accepted as a legitimate mode of social inquiry. Paraphrasing Harper (Harper, D 2003), as the social sciences shackled themselves to the scientific paradigm, photography, and by extension photo documentary practice, became accepted as an art practice.

By the middle of the 20th Century, theorists began to acknowledge the confluence of documentary practice with some qualitative research methodologies. Becker suggested
that sociologists should learn photography “because photographers [documentists] have studied many of the same things which sociologists routinely study.” (Becker, 1974 p.11) By the time of, and subsequent to Becker’s writing, documentary practice had produced seminal works that, today, are acknowledged as rigorous, intelligent and discovery based practices. Some examples would include: Hine, L (1936/74) Two Perspectives; Stryker, Evans, et al (1935/73) The Farm Security Administration; Davidson, B (1970) East 100th Street; Smith W E & Smith A (1975) Minamata; Richards, E (1994) Cocaine True, Cocaine Blue; Goldberg, J (1995) Raised by Wolves; Billingham, R (1996) Ray’s a Laugh.

The changes that resulted from the “challenges posed by post modernism began to alter research practices. The hegemonic sway of the sciences and the authoritarian tone of the researcher’s voice were questioned” (Goopy & Lloyd p.8). New emerging research methods developed that acknowledged and incorporated the subjective experiences of both the researcher and the participant. Modes of dissemination were examined and new models emerged within qualitative frames that presented knowing as resulting from “…activities… that are able to relate or connect to any other (activities) in multiple, non-linear ways…(and) can emerge from chaotic and complex states” (Sullivan, 2004, p.121).

Warren argues that every human experience begins with a sensory perception of the world and results in value judgements being made about that world. She argues that the understanding of this “aesthetic experience” can not be achieved through … “(reduction) to either formal properties of the object….nor to some peculiar mode of contemplation enacted by the subject” (Warren, S p.225). And that studies of the human condition are studies of the non-rational elements of the human being at work that have been largely ignored by social scientists because they are not conducive
to study by scientific methodologies. The challenges forwarded by postmodernism coupled with an emerging focus by contemporary qualitative researchers on the lived experience “paved the way for the visual to be increasingly acceptable in researching the human condition…for it is no more subjective or objective than written texts” (Pink, S p.1). Today, while the epistemologies underpinning documentary practice and other disciplines may differ, the methodologies of the contemporary in-field researcher and the (photo) documentist run parallel. Neither seeks only to explain or describe the phenomenon under investigation, rather they seek ‘to know’ that phenomenon, that is, to have lived, and to allow their audience to have lived, the phenomenon under investigation.

Gathering the stories in Justice Denied argues for a shift away from the notion that ‘to know’ is a purely rational response to stimuli. As such, the work produced in this paper seeks to present knowledge as a combination of the rational and non-rational dimensions of cognition. Justice Denied combines the evidentiary and concrete with the metaphoric and expressive, each of which contributes to the creation and communication of meaning derived from the collaboration of the storytellers and the subjects of those stories. It is hoped to stimulate the rational and affective spheres of the reader allowing them ‘to know’ through empathy.

“Suffering is voiceless…it implies an experience…inaccessible to understanding…we cannot know – not at least in any normal mode of knowing – because it happens in a realm beyond language” (Morris, 1991).
The Pleasure of Knowing

“Objects which in themselves we view with pain, we delight to contemplate when reproduced with minute fidelity: such as the forms of the most ignoble animals and of dead bodies. The cause of this again is that to learn gives the liveliest pleasure…” (Aristotle, Poetics translated by S.H. Butcher)

So often when meeting friends or loved ones the questions asked concern “what’s new”. In wanting to share ‘stories’, we want to celebrate each other’s successes and lament losses. Bonded through storytelling, we crusade, cry and laugh together. Whatever the reaction, each of us seeks to be a part of the other’s experience. And in sharing “stories” each registers our existence. Storytelling gives meaning to what may often appear beyond meaning.

Reproducing ourselves through stories, whatever the medium, Aristotle argued “…is implanted within and separates us from animals” (Butcher 1902). Through storytelling we learn our “earliest lessons and derive, universally, pleasure” (Poetics Section 1 part iv). The greater the versimilitude the more immense the learning and the pleasure derived “not only to philosophers but to men in general: whose capacity, however, of learning is more limited” (Poetics Section 1 Part iv). Bathes argued the tautological qualities of the photograph, Sontag that “photography is acquisition…a possession which give photographs some of the character of unique objects” and 2400 years ago Aristotle observed that “we delight to contemplate [stories] when produced with minute fidelity” (Aristotle, Poetics).

The importance of the photo document is, therefore, that the common person, like the philosopher, delights in knowing.
The political dimension of knowing through storytelling

But ‘knowing’ is a political act and one that carries with it social consequences. In democratic countries, collective knowing is mirrored in governments elected and actions undertaken. Knowing determines the life chances of those who belong to, or remain outside of, the nation state.

In his writing on the function of religion, Durkheim (1965) established the notion of a ‘moral community’. He argued that through a consensual acceptance of what is sacred or profane, people became invested in the fortunes of others. Those who shared common agreement with this division, collectively, formed a “moral community” (Durkheim 1965). Membership brought security, solidarity and validity. Those outside the community were shunned and disregarded, their social worth being directly related to their (non) membership.

The end of the C20th saw a conflux of events resulting in the homogenising of western society and the merging of the sacred and profane. The rise of the liberation movements, the dismantling of the “iron curtain”, the market power of youth and the growth of the celebrity questioned dominant ideologies and de-constructed absolutes. The explosive growth of telecommunications fed a world already divided along fault lines predicated on old colonial structures, race and development. By the turn of the C21st century the political poles became known as the North – the minority and wealthy world, and the South – the majority and impoverished world.

The moral community had extended past the (religious) community and, along with technological advances often underpinning these changes, became “…social spaces of shared values and consensus (community, nation or culture) that are dependent for their existence on exclusion” (Regan 1991). The North, with its power and wealth is
viewed as sacred while the South, impoverished and underdeveloped, is perceived as profane. The social worth accruing to membership of these communities varies significantly. Events occurring in the North - 9/11, the financial crisis, the death of politicians/celebrities - are reported as great tragedies of cataclysmic scale. While similar events occurring in the South - and often exceeding in magnitude those of the north - are acknowledged as unfortunate but lack the biblical proportions necessary to generate great compassion.

Storytelling, and by extension documentary practice, connects us collectively to the human condition. It allows us to rise above the notion of the sacred as existing separate from the individual. By hearing the voices of others, documentary practice allows us to understand that which is sacred to humanity is shared by all. It is about validating our existence. The importance of photo documentary practice lies in the challenges it makes to the boundaries surrounding 'moral communities' increasing membership and minimising exclusion.
The conventions employed in documenting *Justice Denied* are as follows:

- The phenomenon documented existed irrespective of the presence of the documentist.
- The phenomenon was eye-witnessed by the documentists. In both stories this has meant a long and deep immersion into the phenomenon under investigation.
- The capture and initial interpretation of the phenomenon occurred at the time of happening or through the immersion period.
- The conclusions produced are understood as interpretive.
- The documentists sought to be as honest as possible with regard to their responses.

The processes employed did not vary significantly from those used by other researchers. The beginnings of both stories are heuristically bound in a mix of curiosity, shame and anger. This is then followed by an attempt to anchor that mix in a (research) ‘problem’. Broad readings across numerous platforms followed – text, film, photography, music - and an immersion into the lives of those whose stories we sought to tell. But of course as the immersion period continues, the ‘problem’ becomes weighted with complexities and confusion. As each day passed we became stakeholders in the lives of the participants. Each evening the observations made, the images completed and the objects collected during the day were reviewed, critiqued and, often, argued about. This process ensured that discoveries made did not lie unrecognised but were interrogated as best we could. Initially the cameras were used as a frame through which to view and interact with the participants or as data collection tools. As the immersion period continued and discoveries made, the cameras became tools through which those discoveries could be captured. Once away from the field, images, objects and field notes were used to triangulate conclusions being drawn. Only at this point in...
the process is consideration given to how the work will be disseminated. Of course, the process is not as linear as indicated above. The organic nature of this process demands a malleable approach, a sense of humour and the utmost respect for those with whom we collaborated.
In 2002 we set out to drive around Australia and document aspects of life in this country. It was going to be a light-hearted celebration of 'us' as a nation. We went no further than Mount Isa and there our project changed. Stopping for petrol and something to eat we noticed that although the indigenous and white communities lived in same town, they occupied different social and political spaces. There seemed to be a tacit agreement, not to venture outside of those spaces and to accept as right, just and proper whatever benefits, or lack of benefits, came with these boundaries.

We stayed and, through working with a number of NGO and government organisations, we had the privilege of meeting a number of kids who were the collateral damage of a nation unable, or unwilling, to come to grips with its past and of a multinational corporation intent on maximising its profits and minimising its social obligations.

We returned early in 2006 and nothing had changed save the faces of the kids. Those we met in 2002 were gone. We heard stories of some. They were not good stories. There were no miracles and no exceptions to talk about. Now, a new group had replaced them and the cycle continued. The kids are bright, sassy and full of potential. But it's a potential that may never be realised. At such a young age, their futures appear guaranteed. As their hopes fade their abuse grows. Statistically, they too will enter prisons, abusive relationships and die early. And the nation will blame them.

There are no heroes in this story and the villains, of all colours, are disguised and move about often unrecognised. Combined, they have taken away the futures of many we did not know and of those who speak to you now.
We talked to Ashlynn, Dellarina and Tahlia today, sitting on the grass outside. Tahlia elects not to talk - she’s very shy with us. The other two are talkative. Sometimes “gammin” us but wanting to talk and tell us about what they like and don’t like in life. They tell us about the girl-stuff they discuss and it reminds us that they’re not teenagers yet. We hope they’re safe.

Dellarina never takes her beanie off. She said she’s “shame” as she doesn’t like her hair. When we ask her why she says, “Because it’s black”.
KIDS AT SCHOOL ACT SMART TO US. WE BASHED ‘EM. AND WE GET SUSPENDED FROM THERE.

WHY DID YOU BASH THEM? BECAUSE THEY ACT SMART. BECAUSE THEY ACT SMART AND THEY LOOK AT US IN REALLY DIRTY WAY. WHO? WHITE KIDS.

THEY PUT THE RUDE FINGER. AND SOMETIMES WE RUN AWAY FROM SCHOOL...

BLACK KIDS DOESN’T LIKE SCHOOL. THEY JUST WANT TO GROW UP BY THEIR SELF WITHOUT LEARNING.

BUT SOME OF US BLACK KIDS LIKE WE SMART AND KNOW WHAT TO DO AND THAT... IF YOU COULD DO ANYTHING WHAT WOULD YOU DO – WHEN YOU GROW UP? I LIKE TO WORK, WALK AROUND, TEASE BOYS... I LIKE TO GO OVERSEAS AND THAT.

SO YOU’D LIKE TO TRAVEL?

YEAH AND BE A PHOTOGRAPH THING LIKE YO-SE. I WISH I WAS A MODEL. I WISH I WAS A SINGER. I’D BE RICH. I WISH I WAS RICH. I WOULDA BEEN A MODEL BUT...PEOPLE FROM OVERSEAS... I WANT TO GO OVERSEAS.

NEW YORK AND THAT. YEAH I WOULDA BEEN THERE.

I WOULDA BEEN ON POSTERS NOW.

TALKING WITH DELLARINA (12) & ASHLYNN (12)
SO YOU BELONG TO A GANG? YEAH, WHAT’S IT CALLED? THE DOG POUND BOYS.
WHAT SORT OF STUFF DO YOU DO IN THE GANG? JUST WALK AROUND, FIGHT WITH SOME FELLAS – SOME OTHER GANGS & OTHER FELLAS. JUST FUN. GO TO TOWN. WHEN ONE PERSON HAS MONEY THEY SHOUT ALL THE BOYS. WHEN WE HAVE MONEY WE GOTTA SHARE WITH ALL THE BOYS... IS IT A GOOD GANG? YEAH, WHEN ONE GET IN A FIGHT THEY ALL GOTTA GET IN FIGHT.

TALKING WITH KENNETH (14)
I used to sniff when I was fifteen. No, no, thirteen. What was that like? Like needle going through my head. So it didn’t feel good? No. I stopped doing it and then I wasn’t allowed to go anywhere, play with my friends. I used to get a hiding. Are you still sniffing? No, I don’t sniff. What about you girls? I started sniffing when I was thirteen, but I gave it up. So you’re not doing it anymore? No. [All laughing] When was the last time you sniffed? On Sunday. What was that like? Good feeling. Friends... How often do you sniff? Now and then, and what makes you want to do it? Friends take me. We just go down the creek. Does it make you sick? When you sniff petrol it give you a bad headache... Petrol is worse than paint. Which one is easier to get? Paint. Do you have a favourite colour? My favourite colour is yellow. And black, silver, and gold. Are they stronger than the other colours? Gold and silver is the strongest one, and black. Do you think you’ll grow old living in Mount Isa? No. Why not? Too much sniffing. Does that make you want to stop? Yeah. What do you hope for the future? Stop me from sniffing. Stop me from sniffing. Be like someone famous... Talking with Nicky (15), Glennice (17) & Letitia (18),
Earlier at the lookout, Clive showed us the caves where they like to hang out with friends and to sniff paint. Sometimes kids sleep there – probably when things are too rough at home. The climb was quite steep and the caves jagged with protruding rocks.

The kids were thoughtful. They told us to be careful so that he wouldn’t hurt himself.
TODAY

ALCOHOL IS KILLING OUR PEOPLE...
BEFORE I HAD A GOOD LIFE.

...A REALLY GOOD LIFE. I HAD A HOUSE.

KIDS... ALL MY FAMILY THEM'S JUST DYING OUT NOW.

TALKING WITH EILEEN, 2002
Do you like learning?

“Yeah, I got lots of thing inside my head.”

Kasmira, 13 years old
July 2006

According to the Australian Institute of Health and Welfare, in 2005
If you could be anything what would you hope to be?

“Superman... with all the spray can!”

Terrence, 11 years old
July 2006

indigenous juveniles were 14.6 times more likely to be detained in detention centres than non-indigenous youth.
Benny and Tyrone, are learning horsemanship skills with Paddo, a respected stockman, and hope to get work on a station one day. Benny appears to have had a hard life - too hard for a boy aged only fourteen. Tyrone sits in his cowboy hat, almost swallowed up under the brim, while Benny wears a Che Guevara baseball cap. The boys are open and direct with their conversation.

There are two other boys in the bunkhouse also. They come in and out of the room while we’re talking. They’re curious but not willing to sit down and talk with us. One’s watching Big Brother on a fuzzy screen. When we ask him if he likes the show he says that he likes watching the girls.

In 2005 if you were a 10 year old indigenous child
“I dunno why people are racist. That’s bad... Anybody just try be racist to me I just... I dunno, I take it offensive.”

Talking with Benny and Tyrone, 14 yrs old July 2006

you were 71.4 times more likely to be under a juvenile justice supervision order than a 10 year old non-indigenous child. (AIHW)
The kids tell us they can give up paint. They’ve seen what it can do to a person. When we talk about it they laugh at each other. They say they weren’t sniffing last night.

The kids have paint stains on their clothes - showing proof of their favourite colours. Many of the kids tell us they don’t sniff anymore. We ask them when they stopped and they say, Sunday...it’s only Tuesday today.
We visit the places the kids frequent: the caves at the lookout, Billygoat Hill, down on the riverbed, behind Food For Less – usually known as Jack’s. Drink bottles have been “sprayed up” and describe a variety of colours. The rubbish and very few food wrappers left behind reveal how the kids have spent their money and their time.

The kids are bored. Perhaps mum and dad are under the bridge drinking. For some, home is a battlefield with too much ‘grog’ and growing arguments. It’s not safe to spend the night there so they wander the streets and find other places to sleep.

They tell us that sniffing takes away the stress.
The genocide of the Tutsi in Rwanda and the politicide of moderate Hutu was a political strategy adopted by the elite to hold onto power at all costs. While misrepresented in the North as little more than an horrific tribal conflict, the slaughter of Tutsi and moderate Hutus was, in reality, a meticulously planned and well rehearsed attempt by extremists, within the Habyarimana government, to give life to a racial ideology that, paradoxically, had no foundations within historic Rwanda. (African Rights 1995)

Six months after the RPF victory and the end of the slaughter the first soldiers from the United Nations Assistance Mission to Rwanda II arrived in-country. Australia provided the medical contingent to UNAMIR II. Following a long tradition of embedding ‘war artists’ with troops in conflict areas we were attached to the first rotation of troops to Rwanda. Our brief was to document the impact of Australian Forces in Rwanda. Like so many others, we believed the genocide had ended once the killings had ceased.

In 2006 and 2008 we returned to Rwanda to find the traces of Australia’s involvement in the contemporary society. What we discovered was that for many survivors there is no life after the genocide. They have lost, and continue to loose, their health, their dignity, their security and their liberty. In many ways through the omission of the Rwanda government and the international community to enforce notions of justice, the genocide continues.

As we interviewed some of the women it was obvious the genocide had not ended. Like many survivors they see their lives as finished and themselves as the living dead. In telling their stories, they sought to share their scars in the hope others cared and they mattered. We came to understand in sharing their stories they validated their survival.
Asterie’s family was killed in 1994. She had five children – one daughter and four sons. But no one survived.

“No one remains… Everyone was killed… Everyone was killed except me… Some of them were killed by bullets, others were killed by clubs and others by machetes… Everyone was killed in my family.

I live alone now. Sleeping is a problem because I’m afraid of the night.”

Asterie

(as told to the authors by Nizeyimana Innocent - interpreter)
At the beginning of the Genocide Marie Josee was targeted along with her two children. The neighbours came and took her from her house to the Nyabarongo River where she was raped.

“There were three women… and two of them were raped. I was raped by two of the militiamen and the other woman was raped by too many…

They did it while I had my child on my back. They were like animals.”

Marie Josee

(as told to the authors by Nizeyimana Innocent - interpreter)
Catherine no longer has a family. Her husband was killed by their neighbours.

“They came into the house, with machetes and clubs, and took my son. He was twenty-one. I heard him being killed while I was being raped.

I don’t know where they have put the bodies - even now. Even with the help of the Gacaca courts.

I would like to see them.”

Catherine

(as told to the authors by Nizeyimana Innocent - interpreter)
We met Liberata in 1994 and again in 2006. She told us that her life is difficult.

Her protheses are broken, she is poor and she has a child.
Liberata and her child live in a two-building compound with her mother, father and two sisters. She said the house belongs to the father of her child, a married man who lives in another part of Kigali.
Thousands of people were killed as they gathered under the protection of the Archbishop in the Roman Catholic Church in Kabgayi.

When the militia arrived with the names of clergy and lay people they were seeking, the Archbishop stood aside.

...the approximate number of deaths in the genocide could be placed at between 800,000 and 850,000, a loss of about 11% of the population – probably one of the highest casualty rates of any population in history from non-natural causes. This figure should be taken not as a factual body-count, but as the least bad [possibility] in late 1994. (Prunier, G 1997)
People from surrounding towns fled to the seemingly safe haven of Rukara Parish. On April 12 the militia splashed gasoline into the church buildings and threw in hand grenades. They began systematically killing the predominantly Tutsi population with machetes, spears, clubs and guns.

The attacks continued Tuesday and Wednesday.
In 1981 visions, sanctified by the Vatican, appeared to three young women. They described a river of blood, a massacre, abandoned bodies that lay unburied, decapitated heads lying on a tangle of limbs.

Thirteen years later, thousands of Tutsis who sought shelter at the Kibeho Church compound were killed there, on the very ground where the visionaries saw the Virgin Mary.
I Met a Man
I met a woman today. She was sitting on a gravestone at the memorial museum, weeping quietly. She held a tissue in her hand and wiped her tears. Walking past, I didn’t want to interrupt her. She was sitting on one of the nine tombs that hold the bodies of 250,000 people - only some of those killed in Kigali during the genocide.

I wondered for whom she was crying?

Blakely/Lloyd
Sunday 4th May
I met a man today. Benoit is the Executive Secretary of IBUKA – a national genocide survivors association. I have met him a number of times now and it appears obvious that his day is full of people needing help, in desperate situations, bringing him their sad stories. Benoit tells me that he feels a moral debt to the survivors he works with. It appears to be a heavy load.

Blakely/Lloyd
Thursday 8th May
I met a man today. He was a policeman at the Ruhanga memorial burial. He told me I could not photograph a survivor who had run from the church to the crying room. Grace Uwamurera was giving her testimony but became too distressed to finish. I told him I did not want to photograph her. I had followed her only to catch her tissue if she dropped it. I wanted to bring her tears back to Australia.

I photographed the grief in the Church and I taped the sorrow in the crying room.

Blakely/Lloyd
Sunday 13th April
I met a man today. He was at the Ruramba health centre in front of which stands a lonely gravesite. Flowers have been planted around the edges of a long flat chamber with a single headstone at one end. A nun appeared. I asked her about the history of the site. She said she didn’t know and called the man to speak with me. He told me during the genocide people gathered here and were killed. I asked him how many bodies are buried. He said he didn’t know. He said simply, “There were too many”.

I thanked the nun as I left. She asked if I had the information I wanted and I said I had hoped he could be more specific. She explained the man couldn’t answer my questions. His wife and children are buried in the grave.

Blakely/Lloyd
Thursday 8th May
CONCLUDING COMMENTS

Lawrence Langer, in his essay ‘The Alarmed Vision’ called for a new language to “disturb our collective consciousness and stir it into practical actions that move beyond mere pity”. He argued that, “We will get nowhere with this problem until we admit that the familiar verbal modes for approaching it have been exhausted by centuries of repetition” (Langer 1996). *Justice Denied*, stories of the personal and particular, incorporates a language to provoke action. It is, therefore, political. Its politics are determined through the mix of the actions and motivations of the storyteller; the lives about whom the stories are told; the reasons why the story should be told and the community in which the story will be told. The authors believe storytelling does change the world. For it is through storytelling that the want for a better world is created.

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