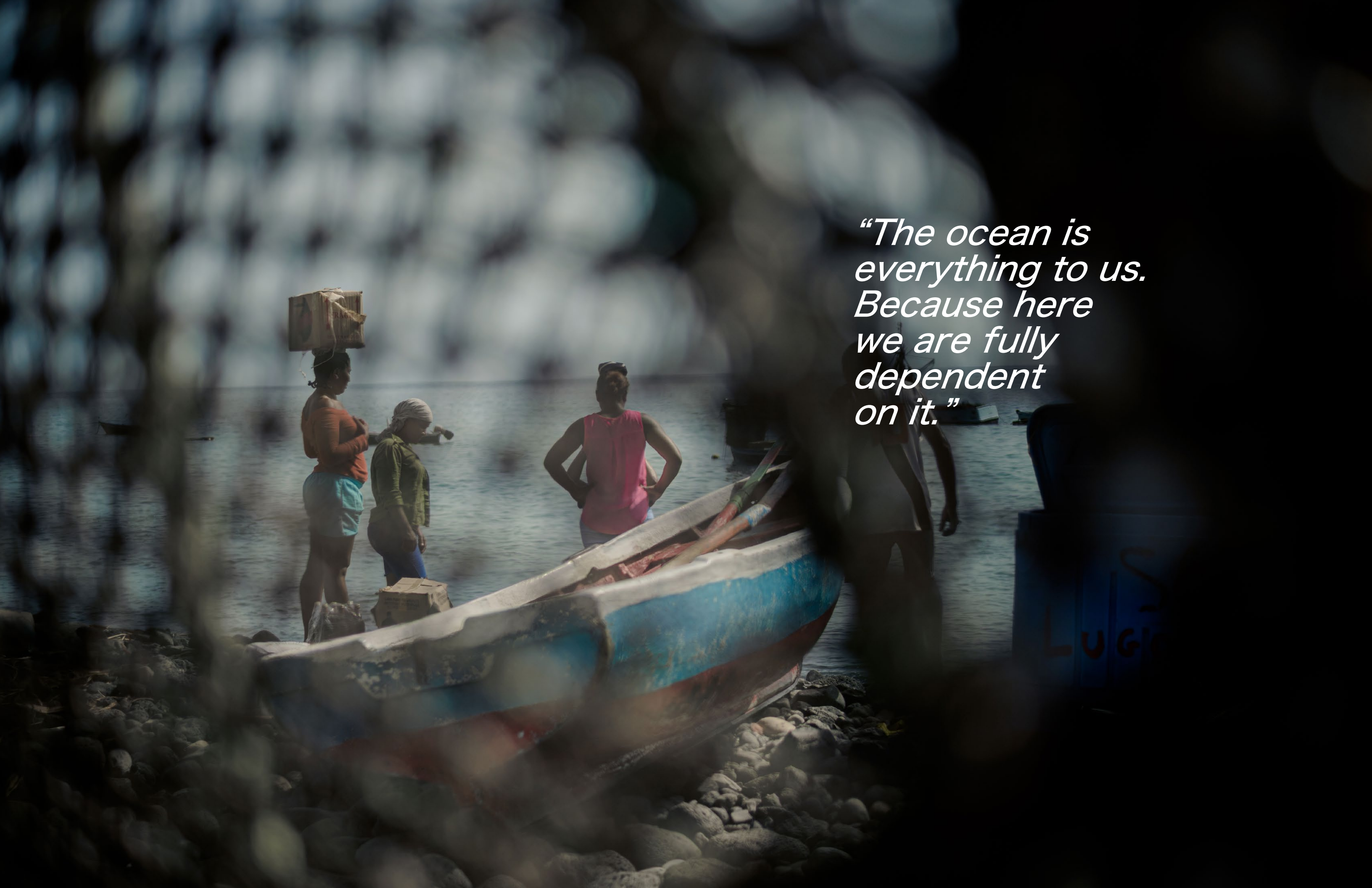


DRIFTING
AWAY FROM
THE SHORE.


THE NEW
RISKS TO
COME.

MONTE TRIGO, CAPE VERDE

*“The ocean is
everything to us.
Because here
we are fully
dependent
on it.”*





A fisherman with a beard, wearing a light purple baseball cap and a blue t-shirt with the text "CRACK A JACK" and "DESIGN Man Hala" on it, is holding a large, dark blue tuna fish. He is standing in front of a blue bin filled with white ice. The background is a rough, grey stone wall. The scene is framed by out-of-focus foreground elements, possibly hands or fingers, suggesting a close-up or a view through a window or barrier.

*“A long time ago
fishermen used to
be able to catch
tuna right here
in the bay.”*





On the base of the 1979 meter high Topo de Coroa vulcano mont lies a magical place called Monte Trigo. There are no roads going there and no harbor. Water, medicines, rice, gas, everything you can imagine, is brought to the community with the help of the fishing boats, that land on the rock beach with the breaking waves, right next to the football ground. Fishing is not only the most important economic activity for Monte Trigo people, it's also the structure that assures that all necessary goods are brought to the community.

Alfredo Durão is the captain of the fishermen association boat. This fishing boat employs most of the fishers at Monte Trigo. They know that by working together things turn out to be way easier. Times are changing and to be a fisher requires more and more from each one of them. Not to long ago they could use their unequipped small boats to catch tuna right there in the bay, keeping the main risks under control. Nowadays, with the purse seiners pressure on the surrounding waters, Alfredo and his crew and all the fishers from Monte Trigo are forced to go out far to the northwest banks, more than 18 miles away

from the shore and risk their lives to catch the tuna that will assure the bread at their houses. Although it was acquired with the huge effort from the community, the boat is still limited in many ways. And as time goes by, and the fisherman have to drift away from the shore, its limitations are becoming more and more evident. Once at the northwest fishing ground, after a 7 hour trip, they still have to fill up the boat catching tuna one-by-one with the line in their bare hands. The island is just a shadow shaped on the horizon and the boats, here and there, tend to disappear in between the fat waves.













*“Now we have to
go much further to the
far northwest banks to
fill our boats, because of
the purse seiners that
catch all the tuna
before they get to
our coastal waters”*

