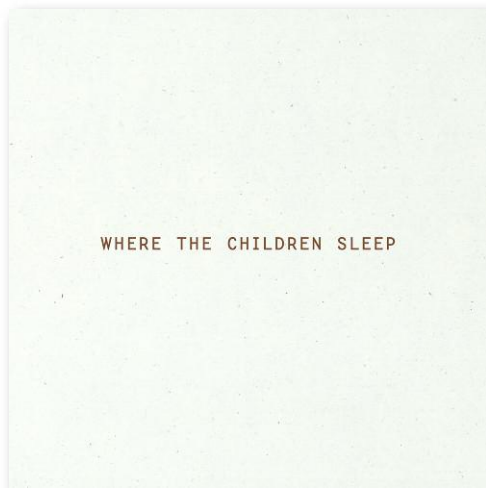


NEW RELEASE



Magnus Wennman **Where the Children Sleep**

Texts by Carina Bergfeldt, Erik Wiman, Magnus Wennman,
Jan and Per Broman

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Wennman's photos offer a rare and personal glimpse into the living conditions of the most vulnerable within the refugee population: the children

One is missing his bed. Another, her doll with the dark eyes. A third is dreaming himself back to a time when his pillow was not an enemy. The war in Syria has continued for five years and more than two million children are fleeing the war, within and outside of the country borders. They have left their friends, their homes, and their beds behind. A few of these children offered to show where they sleep now, when everything that once was no longer exists.

The traveling exhibition *Where the children sleep* is a cooperation between photographer Magnus Wennman, the UN Refugee Agency (UNHCR), Fotografiska (The Swedish Museum of Photography), and the Swedish newspaper Aftonbladet.

Magnus Wennman (*1979) has been working as a photojournalist since the age of 17 when he started his career with a local Swedish newspaper. Since 2001 he has worked as a staff photographer on Scandinavia's biggest daily paper, Aftonbladet. He concentrates mainly on news and feature stories and has worked in more than 60 countries around the world.

Wennman, winner of three World Press Photo Awards and fourfold winner of Sweden's Photographer of the Year Award, has met refugees in countless refugee camps and on their journeys through Europe. The story of when the night comes is a living narrative with no given ending.

Traveling Exhibition

Runö Folkhögskola, Åkersberga, Sweden
05.09. - 18.09.2016
Runö Folkhögskola, Stockholm, Sweden
19.09. - 30.09.2016
Festival of Ethical Photography, Lodi, Italy
08.10. - 30.10.2016
VZW Kunst, Schore, Belgium
07.10.2016 - 08.01.2017
Kulturcentrum, Ronneby, Sweden
28.01. - 26.03.2017

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Press images



Fara, 2 years old
AZRAQ, JORDAN. Fara loves soccer. Her dad tries to make balls for her by crumpling up anything he can find, but they don't last long. Every night, he says good-night to Fara and her big sister Tisam, 9, in the hope that tomorrow will bring them a proper ball to play with. All other dreams seem to be beyond his reach, but he is not giving up on this one.

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Ralia, 7 years old - Rahaf, 13 years old
BEIRUT, LEBANON. Ralia and Rahaf live on the streets of Beirut. They are from Damascus, where a grenade killed their mother and brother. Along with their father, they have been sleeping there roughly for a year. They huddle close together on their cardboard boxes. Rahaf says she is scared of bad boys," and Ralia starts crying.

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Iman, 2 years old
AZRAQ, JORDAN. Iman has pneumonia and a chest infection. This is her third day in this hospital bed. She sleeps most of the time now. Normally, she's a happy little girl; but now she's tired. She runs everywhere when she's well. She loves playing in the sand," says her mother, Olah, 19.

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Lamar, 5 years old
HORGOS, SERBIA. Back home in Baghdad, the dolls, the toy train, and the ball have been left behind; Lamar often talks about these items when home is mentioned. The bomb changed everything. The family was on its way to buy food when it dropped close to their house. It was not possible to live there anymore," says Sara, Lamar's grandmother. After two attempts to cross the sea from Turkey in a small rubber boat, they succeeded in coming here to Hungary's closed border. Now Lamar sleeps on a blanket in the forest scared, frozen, and sad.

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Walaa, 5 years old

DAR-EL-IAS, LEBANON. Walaa wants to go home. She had her own room in Aleppo, she tells us. There, she never used to cry at bedtime. Here, in the refugee camp, she cries every night. Resting her head on the pillow is horrible, she says, because nighttime is horrible. That was when the attacks happened. By day, Walaa's mother often builds a little house out of pillows, to teach her that they are nothing to be afraid of.

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Sham, 1 year old

HORGOS / RÖSZKE, SERBIAN-HUNGARIAN BORDER. In the very front, just alongside the border between Serbia and Hungary near the four-meter-high iron gate, Sham is lying in his mother's arms. Just a few decimeters behind them is the Europe they are so desperately trying to reach. Only one day before, the last refugees were allowed through and taken by train to Austria. But Sham and his mother arrived too late, along with thousands of other refugees, who now wait outside the closed Hungarian border.

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Mohammed, 13 years old

NIZIP, TURKEY. Mohammed loves houses. Back home in Aleppo, he used to enjoy walking around the city looking at them. Now, many of his favorite buildings are gone — blown to pieces. Lying in his hospital bed, he wonders whether he will ever fulfill his dream of becoming an architect. The strangest thing about war is that you get used to feeling scared. I wouldn't have believed that," says Mohammed.

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Ahmed, 6 years old

HORGOS, SERBIA. It is after midnight when Ahmed falls asleep in the grass. The adults are still sitting around, formulating plans for how they are going to get out of Hungary without registering themselves with the authorities. Ahmed is six years old and carries his own bag over the long stretches that his family walks by foot. He is brave and only cries sometimes in the evenings," says his uncle, who has taken care of Ahmed since his father was killed in their hometown Deir ez-Zor in northern Syria.

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