



PHOTO DESCRIPTION

Citizenship on the Border: the Voices of Youth

Getting to Know Each Other & the Community



Online meeting



Nature walk with Venaus Pro Loco





Icebreaker with *Treno della Memoria* facilitator





Meeting the Venaus Band

Meeting the Venaus Mayor



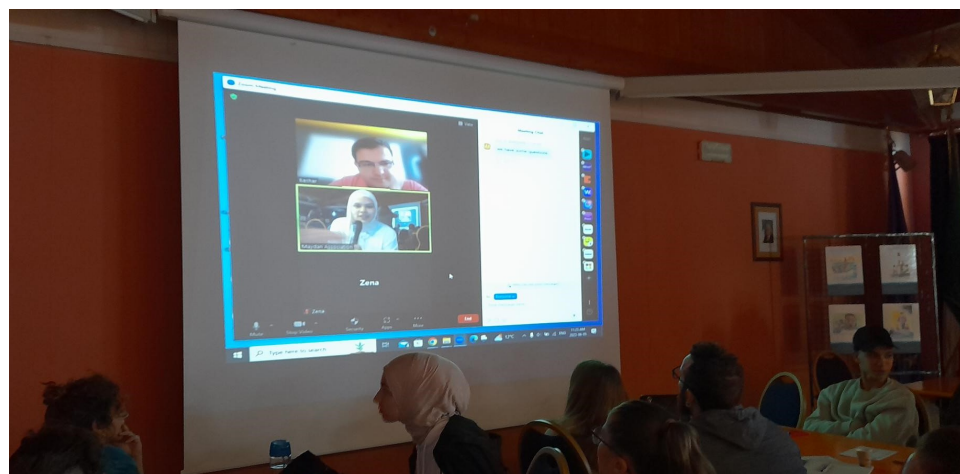
Migration and Art – An exhibition



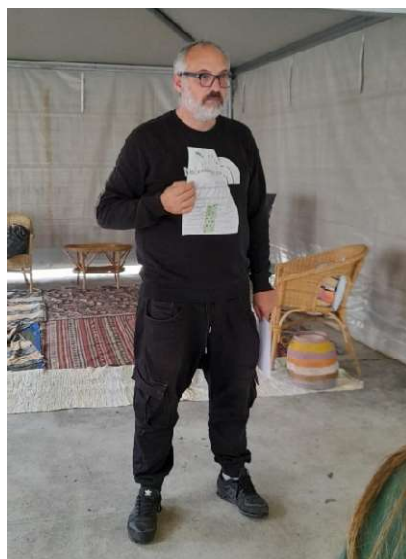
Getting Started



Chatting with our
Turkish friends



Creative Workshops



Intercultural Dinner



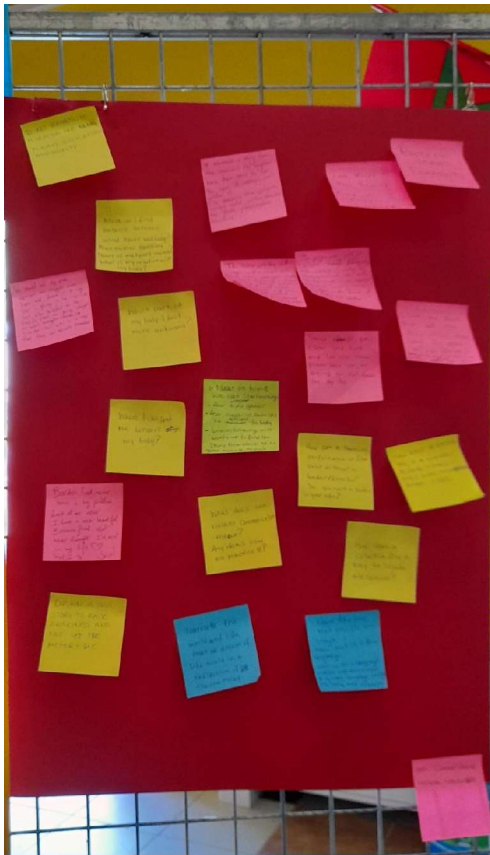
Being Together



Visiting Roman ruins in Susa



Sharing Thoughts



Collaborating





Conversations



**Andrea Costa,
Baobab, Rome**



**Evening conversation on wearing
a veil**



Communal Moments



**Watching *Trieste è bella di notte*
care of the Valsusa Filmfest**



Learning local traditions



Visiting a Venaus museum



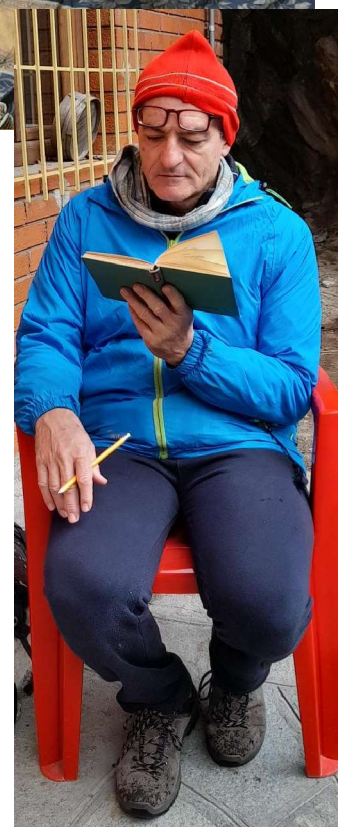
Music with local children



**An evening on bees &
honey**



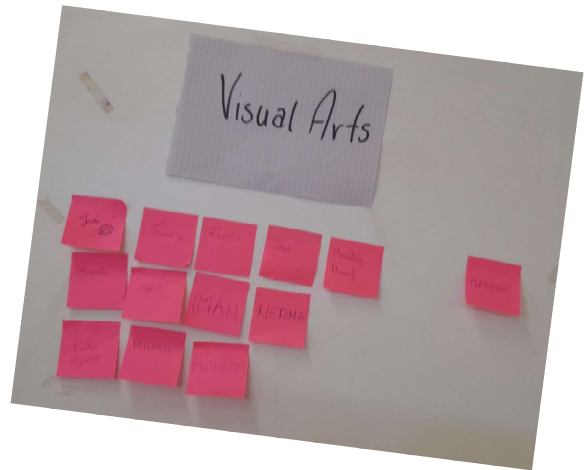
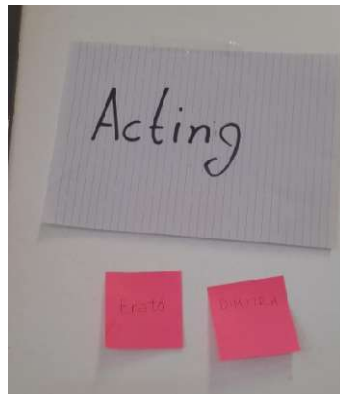
Relaxation



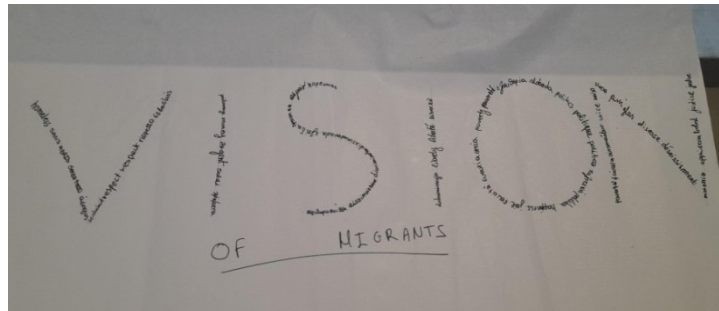
Volunteering at the Shelter



Creative Input



Written Word



Crossing, dreaming, leaving
 I can finally feel my breathing
 But for how long?
 How long until I am taken back to
 reality?
 How long until my hopes crash into
 the sea?
 Get lost around snow in mountains?
 Why am I always seen as the villain?
 Fear is paralyzing me,
 how long until I can finally be free?

insecurities
 insicurezza
 inseguridad
 انعدام الثقة
 meingumond
 avasporul

pain
 dolore
 douleur
 ألم
 bol
 mojos

trust issues
 problemi de fiducia
 problème de confiance
 ثقة
 meingumond
 Bitaco Elmeasoures

C'est si difficile de quitter ma
 famille

De découvrir une autre ville
 Passer de nouveaux souvenirs seul
 Et faire tout ce que les autres veulent
 Nos limites sont dépassées
 La fatigue commence à monter
 Les pensées me font perdre toutes mes
 idées
 J'attends avec impatience d'être aimé.

difficult
 difficile
 difficile
 مشکل
 podstok
 Surogto

loneliness
 Solitude
 solitude
 انفراد
 uramionat
 hova fia

migration
 migrazione
 migration
 الهجرة
 migraion
 meconagewer

The trees are closing on me,
 like a large green umbrella,
 what's left is darkness, along with
 the fear of not reaching the top...

Scared
 Spaventato
 effrayé
 خوف
 uplasien
 pobistivos

impossibility
 impossibilita
 impossibilité
 الاستحالة
 memogucimot
 αδυναμία

Stressed
 Stressato
 stressé
 توتر
 pod stresom
 apxwmevos

Trying to find your place under the sky

You ask yourself who am I

Where am I

Am I dead or alive

Fighting with problems all around yourself

Trying to find a better place for life

life

vita

vie

حيات

живот

жүн

fear

Paura

peur

خوف

страх

қобос

lost

Perso

perdu

مفقود

сгублен

Ақиёс

While our hopes are made of paper,
with their swords they cut them out
And there are tears inside my mind, a
salty taste in my mouth
as I watch my mother drown,
But there's nothing left to say
and nothing left to save.

trauma

trauma

traumatisme

تروما

травма

crime

crime

crime

جريمة

Эҗяһтия

violence

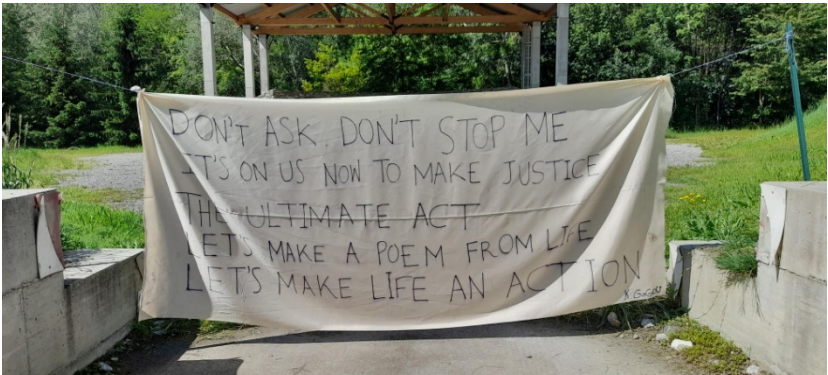
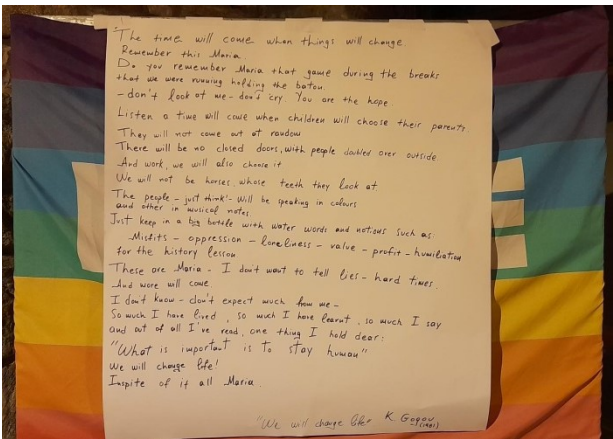
violenza

violence

كافة

биз

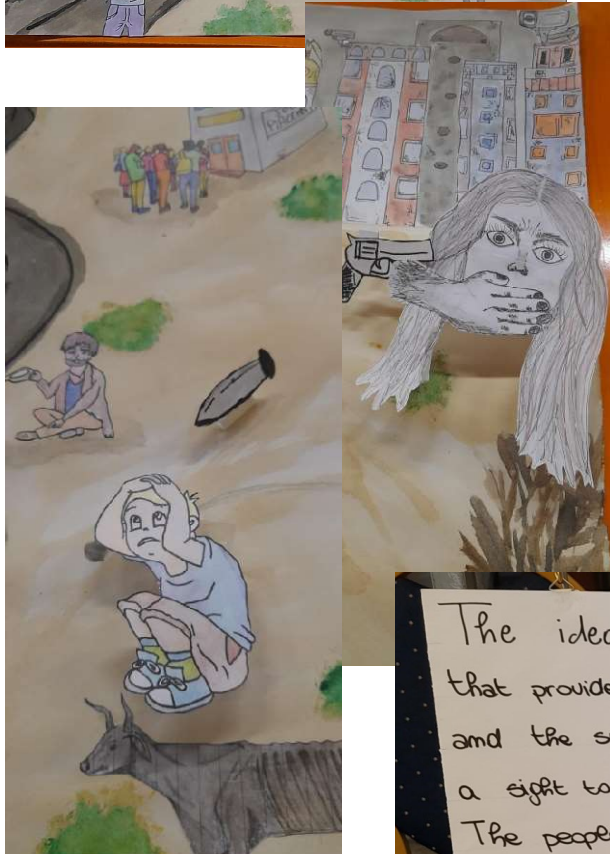
Theatre Performance



Audiovisual



Visual Arts



The idea of having a normal life includes having a land that provides us of our basic needs. The sun shines bright and the skies above, are painted with hues of blue and gold, a sight to behold, a tale to be told.

The people are kind and free, a world of peace, a sight to see, hearts so pure a world of peace.

In this Land, there is no hate, no discrimination, no fear, as all are equal, all are one.

A world where justice will win.

LAND OF JOY AND HOPE, LAND FOR HUMANITY.



The idea of having a normal life includes having a land that provides us of our basic needs. The sun shines bright and the seas are painted with hues of blue and gold a sight to behold, a tale to be told. The people are kind and free, a world of love, a sight to see. Hearts so pure, a world of peace. In this Land, there is no hate, no discrimination, no fear, all are equal, all are one. A world where justice will win. LAND OF JOY AND HOPE, LAND FOR HUMANITY.

L'idea di avere una vita normale significa avere una terra che provvede a tutti i nostri bisogni primari. Il sole risplende luminoso alto nel cielo dipinto con pennellate blu ed oro, una vista meravigliosa, una storia da raccontare. Le persone sono gentili e libere, un mondo d'amore, una vista da vedere, cuori puri.

UN MONDO DI PACE



In The Land where air is filled with Crime. The sky is dark and air is cold. A Place of Sin, a Place of Guilt. People are filled with anger, there is nothing but a darkness. All are oppressed, all are chained. Laws are applied only on the poor. But that is not all, hate can be challenging too, bringing not only war, nature of this land has a world of rage, which can be brutal, ending with fire or tremor that shakes many souls towards different direction. The only source for people to survive there is a narrow light of humanity.

Nella terra dove si respira criminalità il cielo è scuro e l'aria fredda un posto da temere. Un luogo di fantasmi. Le persone sono piene di rabbia e l'amore non è altro che una debolezza, tutte le persone fanno peccati, loro diritti e sono come incatenati. Le leggi sono come bugie e vengono applicate solo a chi è povero. Ma non è solo questo, se nessuno può essere affranto non solo a causa della guerra. La natura fa voce in capitolo e può essere uniche con un incendio o una piccola mossa può scuotere anime molto più sante di questo. L'unica possibilità di sopravvivenza per una persona è la sola manifestazione di umanità.

Final Festivities, Recognition & Goodbyes



Post-performance party



Municipal recognition



