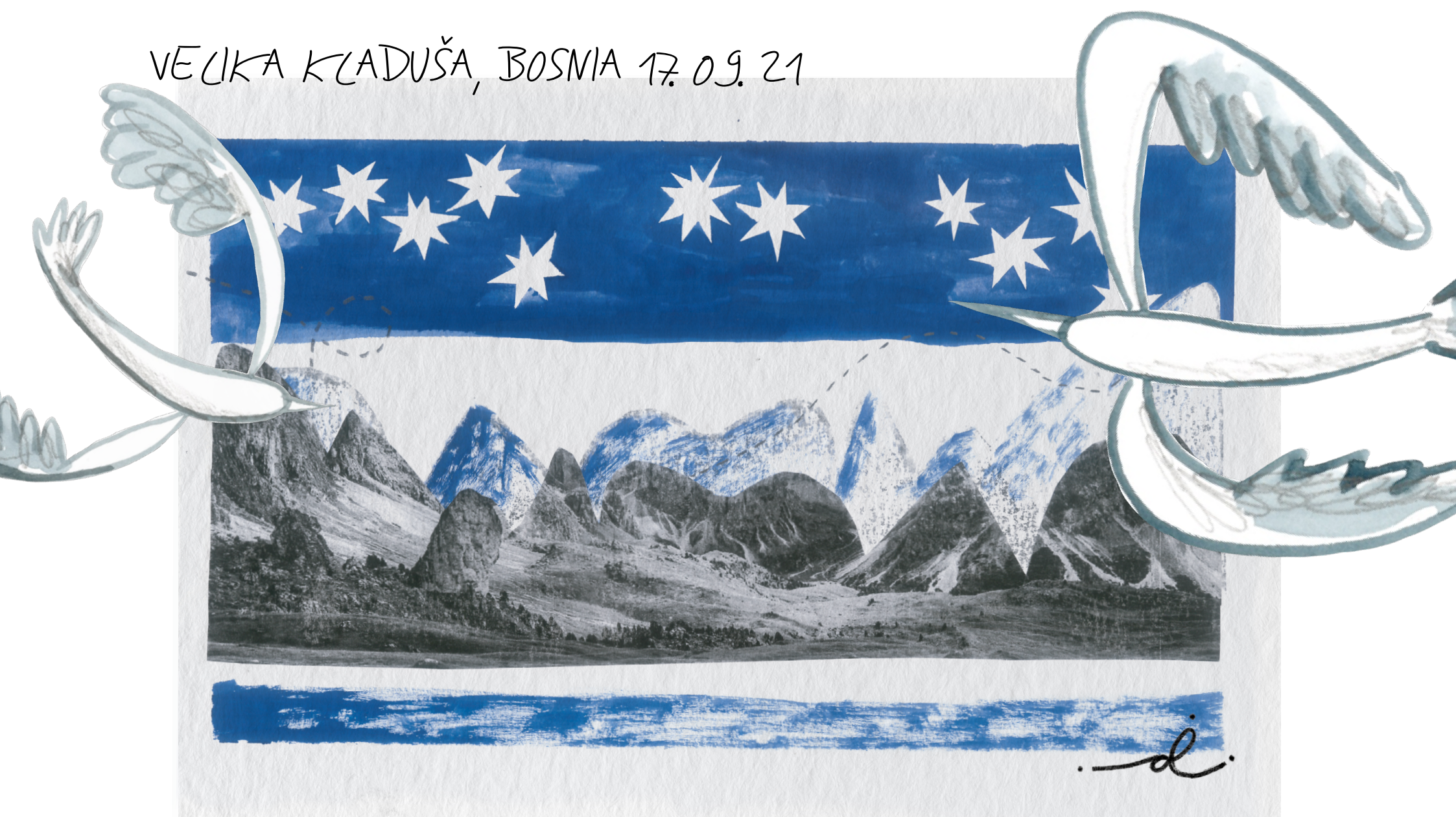


VECIKA KLADUŠA, BOSNIA 17.09.21



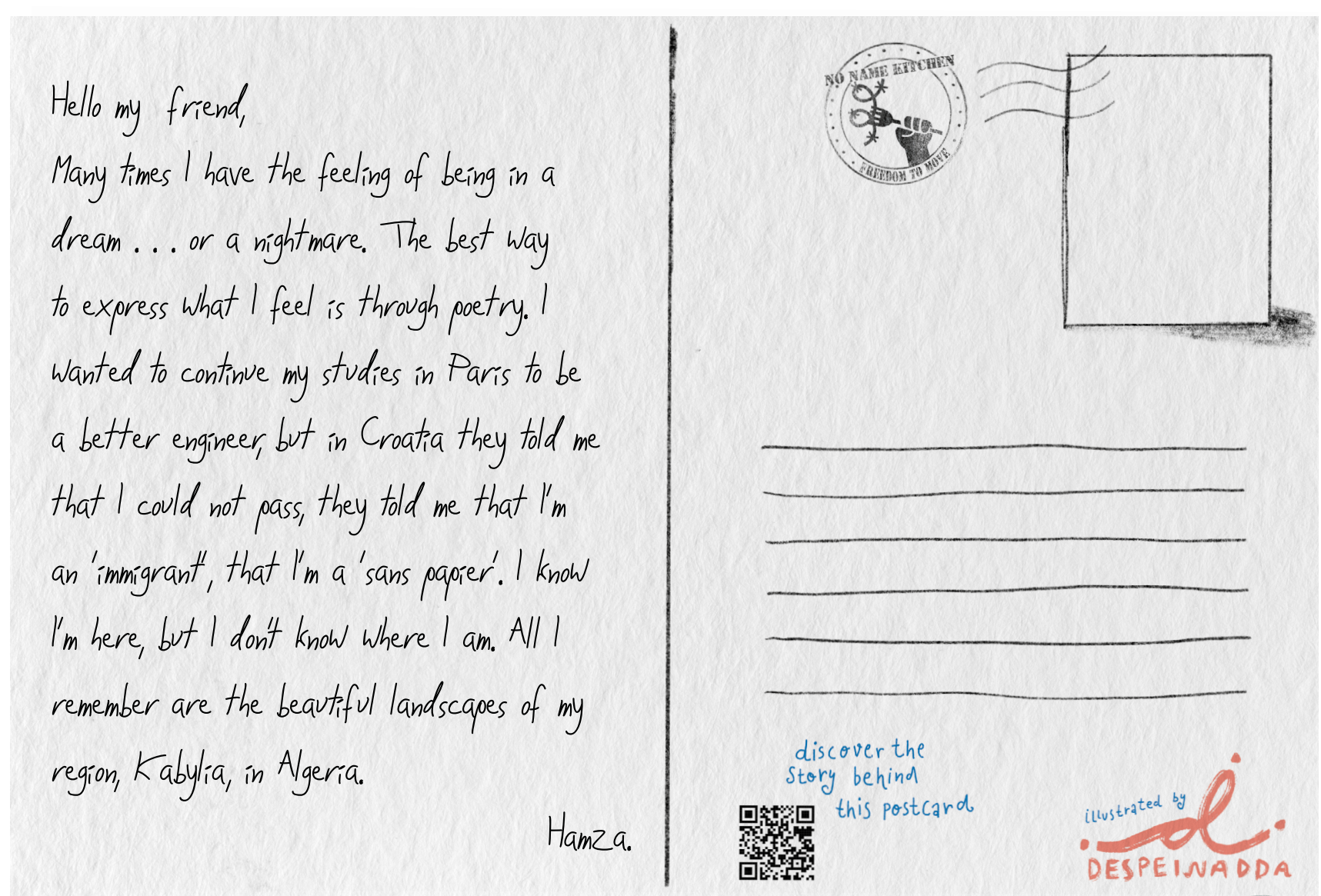
Hamza is 27 years old and comes from Bejaia, a town in the Kabylia region of northern Algeria. When we met him, he infected us with his love for the natural beauty of his land, showing us the mountains where he used to barbecue with friends, the hilly path for long walks and the tranquil scenery of the sea. He shared with us his rhythmic drum music, traditional dress and dances with a proud smile and a slight nostalgic tone.

Hamza graduated in his hometown as a hydraulic engineer and then moved to Algeria to work for an Algerian oil company. A year ago he applied for a university internship in Sofia (Bulgaria) where he studied for 8 months. In the meantime, he applied for a place in France, at the University of Paris.

He was accepted, but when he tried to cross the border into Croatia, they refused to let him pass, claiming that "he was not going there to study, but to emigrate", as he says in his poem. Despite being accepted by the French university, the embassies apparently did not provide him with all the documents he needed to cross the border. Hamza tried several times to reach the embassy and get the necessary papers but, as he explains, it was impossible. The only way he can do this is to try to get to France, and then solve this bureaucratic problem directly at the university.

Hamza never thought of being 'on the move' and being a 'sans papier' before coming to Europe. He knew nothing about the route. Enduring these conditions just to do an internship was not in his plans.

However, he is very determined to get to France and find work there, where part of his family has been living for decades. In the meantime, even in harsh living conditions, he expresses himself, his thoughts and his personal and collective feelings on pizza boxes. This contrast between the beauty of his soul and his words, and the dirty, ruined surface on which he writes, gives an idea of how absurd and unfair the condition of 'People on the Move' is.



On the way from the mountain
I'm here, but I don't really know where I am all I know is that fear destroys me
I look, but I can only see the night
I ask, where is my finger, where is my foot My God, am I dead or alive?
But yes, I can hear noises
that's a helicopter that's watching us
the other is water running
followed by the croaking of frogs
This one is the sound of a trumpet being played by a shepherd, ops... the rain starts to fall
My God, I'm soaking wet.
I'm here, in one of the Balkans' countries on my way to Europe, since at school they
blocked my way, they said
'you, you're not here to study but to immigrate'
with their bureaucracy they limited my opportunities. My God, I am completely hopeless?
And then a star spoke to me, 'you good man
If you want to get to the top, this is the way to go. you have to be like a farmer, in spite of
a wolf steals his chickens, his soup
is always well prepared'
But yes... I'm not dead but I still haven't understood life.

- escrito por Hamza en un cartón de pizza

