

JOINING HANDS for a BETTER FUTURE

-WOUNDSCAPES- TENSION WITH NEW GEOGRAPHY

New York, beginning of the XXth century. This European family has just arrived in America leaving behind their country, their family and friends, their language and way of life... possibly for ever.

Can you imagine yourself in the woman's situation? Maybe she is illiterate, but with the help of a friend (you are that friend) she was able to write a letter home telling them of her feelings, hopes and despairs, at the very start of her new life.



Dear diary

It's been a week since I arrived, since I wrote that letter to my family, probably one of the few I will ever write to them. It hasn't been easy for me, neither for the kids. Most of the times I don't realise what's happening until it's too late and they've already robbed me or tricked me. Things I didn't have any problem with back in Italy, like buying the newspaper, are now a big challenge for me.

There are times when New Yorkers stare at me, and I don't really know why they do it, but I think it's because I look very different. I don't own any of the fancy things they have, or the cool suits & dresses, or even a car. And that makes me

feel like I don't belong here & never could.

I keep on trying to convince myself that I'm going to be happy and so are the kids. They always make my day brighter and I'm afraid I'm not going to be able to give them what they need or deserve. I just hope I find someone who can help me or is in the same situation as me, just to feel supported.

Goodnight,

karina