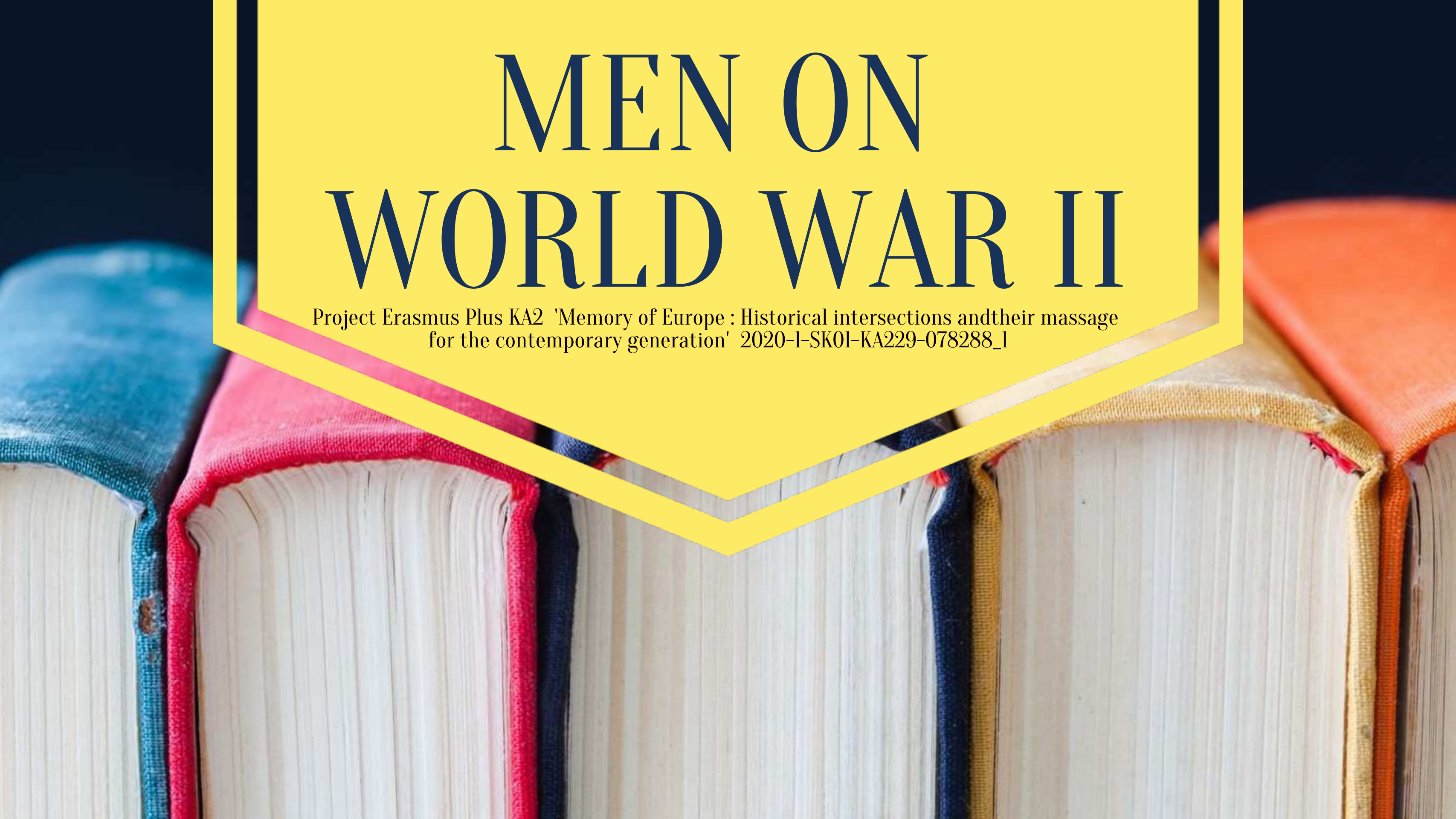


# MEN ON WORLD WAR II

Project Erasmus Plus KA2 'Memory of Europe : Historical intersections and their message  
for the contemporary generation' 2020-1-SK01-KA229-078288\_1





ITALY

01

# MAN OF MY TIME

QUASIMODO SALVATORE

## ITALIAN

Sei ancora quello della pietra e della fionda,  
 uomo del mio tempo. Eri nella carlinga,  
 con le ali maligne, le meridiane di morte,  
 t'ho visto – dentro il carro di fuoco, alle forche,  
 alle ruote di tortura. T'ho visto: eri tu,  
 con la tua scienza esatta persuasa allo  
 sterminio,  
 senza amore, senza Cristo. Hai ucciso ancora,  
 come sempre, come uccisero i padri, come  
 uccisero  
 gli animali che ti videro per la prima volta.  
 È questo sangue odora come nel giorno  
 Quando il fratello disse all'altro fratello:  
 «Andiamo ai campi». E quell'eco fredda, tenace,  
 è giunta fino a te, dentro la tua giornata.  
 Dimenticate, o figli, le nuvole di sangue  
 Salite dalla terra, dimenticate i padri:  
 le loro tombe affondano nella cenere,  
 gli uccelli neri, il vento, coprono il loro cuore.

## ENGLISH

You're still the one with the stone and sling,  
 man of my time. You were in the nacelle,  
 with the malicious wings, the dials of death,  
 I saw you – into the cariot of fire, on the  
 gallows,  
 on the wheels of torture. I saw you: it was  
 you, with your exact science  
 persuaded to extermination, without love,  
 without Christ. You killed again,  
 as always, as they killed their fathers, as they  
 killed animals that saw you for the first time.  
 And this blood smells as on the day  
 When a brother said to the other brother:  
 "Let's go to the fields". And that cold and  
 tenacious echo reached to you, within your  
 day.  
 Forget, oh children, clouds made with blood  
 risen from the earth, forgot your fathers:  
 their graves sink in the cinder,  
 black birds, the wind, cover their hearts.

# THEMES

The central theme of the poem is the fact that human nature has not changed. Instincts, feelings, drives and selfishness are the key to the way of acting that pushes man to go to war, despite the fact that he is fully aware of what he entails. Men uses the knowledge acquired to perfect his weapons and bring more death. Men has learned nothing from past mistakes, and this is evident as soon as his gaze falls on missiles, tanks, planes built specifically to kill people. The "man of my time", says Quasimodo, has lost all kind of consideration for the likes of him. Solidarity, brotherhood, religion: for the poet, all these values are crushed by the violence that overwhelmed man, given the horrors of the Second World War.



Quasimodo's mind goes back to the times of Cain and Abel, when his brother betrayed the other brother and killed him. Just as then, today too man betrays the other man and puts an end to his life. Lies and deception have come down to us, but in the final part of the poem, Quasimodo launches an appeal, which reopens to a feeble hope: young people, today's children, should deviate from what their fathers did, who lie so much now in the graves and they have only vultures to gnaw at their hearts, while the smell of their corpses blown by the wind spreads in the air. Human cruelty, therefore, remains the same over the centuries: man was and remains primitive, instinctive, savage and ruthless as when he used approximate tools to kill. There is neither love nor solidarity for others in our time.



POLAND

02

# The Elegy for Polish boy

Krzysztof Kamil Baczyński

## POLISH

Oddzielili cie, syneczku, od snów, co jak motyl drżą,  
 haftowali ci, syneczku, smutne oczy rudą krwią,  
 malowali krajobrazy w żółte ściegi pożóg,  
 wyszywali wisielcami drzew płynące morze.  
 Wyuczyli cię, syneczku, ziemi twej na pamięć,  
 gdyś jej ścieżki powycinał żelaznymi łzami.  
 Odchowali cię w ciemności, odkarmili bochnem trwóg,  
 przemierzyłeś po omacku najwstydliwsze z ludzkich dróg.  
 I wyszedłeś, jasny synku, z czarną bronią w noc,  
 i poczułeś, jak się jeży w dźwięku minut - zło.  
 Zanim padłeś, jeszcze ziemię przeżegnałeś ręką.  
 Czy to była kula, synku, czy to serce pekło?  
 krzysztof kamil baczyński

## ENGLISH

They have separated you, my little son, from the dreams, which are trembling like butterflies  
 They were weaving you, my little son, your sad eyes with red blood  
 They painted you landscapes with yellow stitches of fires  
 They were weaving with hanging men sea flowing with trees  
 They taught you, my little son, your land to remember when you have cut her tracks with steel tears  
 They raised you in darkness, they fed you with bread of fear  
 you have crossed groping your way through most shameful of men's ways  
 and you left, my little light son, with dark gun into the night  
 and you felt how the evil is bristling in sounds of minutes  
 before you fell, you crossed the land with your hand  
 was it a bullet, my little son, or it was your heart which broke?

# THEMES

First of all, elegy is a poem expressing lamentation for one who is dead, in this case - for a child. „ELEGY FOR A POLISH BOY” is concentrated on showing horror of the war and mourning of a lost loved one. It engages the reader to learn a story of a young boy who dies tragically shot by a bullet. The mother is recalling entire life of her son and creating a contrast - his beautiful and innocent childhood in peace compared to adulthood full of fear and death. It involves a sorrow reality of Polish people’s life during these hard times with death and suffering being always present. Is this enough or should I write more?





GREESE

03

# Το οικόπεδο δομετις τσουκνί- δες

Odysseas Elytis

GREEK

ΜΙΑΝ ΑΠΟ ΤΙΣ ΑΝΗΛΙΑΓΕΣ μέρες εκείνου του χειμώνα, ένα πρωί Σαββάτου, σωρός αυτοκίνητα και μοτοσυκλέτες εζώσανε το μικρό συνοικισμό του Λευτέρη, με τα τρύπια τενεκεδένια παράθυρα και τ' αυλάκια των οχετών στο δρόμο. Και φωνές άγριες βγάνοντας, εκατεβήκανε άνθρωποι με χυμένη την όψη στο μολύβι και τα μαλλιά ολόισια ίδιο άχερο. Προστάζοντας να συναχτούν οι άντρες όλοι στο οικόπεδο με τις τσουκνίδες. Και ήταν αρματωμένοι από πάνω ως κάτω, με τις μπούκες χαμηλά στραμμένες κατά το μπουλούκι.

Και μεγάλος φόβος έπιανε τα παιδιά, επειδή τύχαινε, σχεδόν όλα, να κατέχουνε κάποιο μυστικό στην τσέπη ή στην ψυχή τους. Αλλά τρόπος άλλος δεν ήτανε, και χρέος την ανάγκη κάνοντας, λάβανε θέση στη γραμμή, και οι άνθρωποι με το μολύβι στην όψη, το άχερο στα μαλλιά και τα κοντά μαύρα ποδήματα, ξετυλίξανε γύρω τους το συρματοπλεγμα. Και κόψανε στα δύο τα σύγνεφα, όσο που το χιονόνερο άρχισε να πέφτει, και τα σαγόνια με κόπο κρατούσανε τα δόντια στη θέση τους, μήπως τους φύγουν ή σπάσουνε.

Τότε, από τ' άλλο μέρος φάνηκε αργά βαδίζοντας νά 'ρχεται Αυτός με το Σβησμένο Πρόσωπο, που σήκωνε το δάχτυλο κι οι ώρες ανατρίχιαζαν στο μεγάλο ρολόι των αγγέλων. Και σε όποιον λάχαινε να σταθεί μπροστά, ευθύς οι άλλοι τον αρπάζανε από τα μαλλιά και τον εσούρνανε χάμου πατώντας τον. Όσπου έφτασε κάποτε η στιγμή να σταθεί και μπροστά στο Λευτέρη. Αλλά εκείνος δε σάλεψε. Σήκωσε μόνο αργά τα μάτια του και τα πήγε μεμιάς τόσο μακριά - μακριά μέσα στο μέλλον του - που ο άλλος ένιωσε το σκούνημα κι έγειρε πίσω με κίνδυνο να πέσει. Και σκυλιάζοντας, έκανε ν' ανασηκώσει το μαύρο του πανί, νάν του φτύσει κατάμουτρα. Μα πάλι ο Λευτέρης δε σάλεψε.

Πάνω σε κείνη τη στιγμή, ο Μεγάλος Ξένος, αυτός που ακολουθούσε με τα τρία σειρήτια στο γιακά, στηρίζοντας στη μέση τα χέρια του, κάγχασε: ορίστε, είπε, ορίστε οι άνθρωποι που θέλουνε, λέει, ν' αλλάξουνε την πορεία του κόσμου! Και μη γνωρίζοντας ότι έλεγε την αλήθεια ο δυστυχής, καταπρόσωπο τρεις φορές του κατάφερε το μαστίγιο. Αλλά τρίτη φορά ο Λευτέρης δε σάλεψε. Τότε, τυφλός από τη λίγη πέραση που 'χε η δύναμη στα χέρια του, ο άλλος μη γνωρίζοντας τι πράττει, τράβηξε το περίστροφο και του το βρόντηξε σύρριζα στο δεξί του αυτί.

Και πολύ τρομάξανε τα παιδιά, και οι άνθρωποι με το μολύβι στην όψη και το άχερο στα μαλλιά και τα κοντά μαύρα ποδήματα, κέρωσαν. Επειδή πήγανε κι ήρθανε γύρω τα χαμόσπιτα, και σε πολλές μεριές το πισσόχαρτο έπεσε και φανήκανε μακριά, πίσω απ' τον ήλιο, οι γυναίκες να κλαίνε γονατιστές, πάνω σ' ένα έρμο οικόπεδο, γεμάτο τσουκνίδες και μαύρα πηχτά αίματα. Ενώ σήμαινε δώδεκα ακριβώς το μεγάλο ρολόι των αγγέλων.

# THEMES

The poems and short texts by Elytis are difficult to translate so we used pictures and key words to convey the main ideas. The main theme of the "The plot with the nettles" is the retaliations of the Germans. More specifically Lefteris is a brave young man who sacrificed himself for his motherland during the German occupation, because he remained proud and brave in front of the German threat. His name symbolizes freedom! Lefteris is an example for all the world due to his courage.





**SLOVAKIA**

**03**

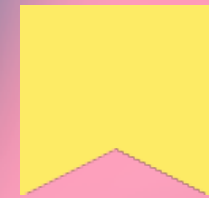
# **BLURR YEYES**

## ENGLISH

Behind the blinds  
I san through my blurry eyes  
I see paradise  
full of screams and shouts and cries  
I heard my heart skip a beat  
watching the fire in defeat  
Helpless,  
Sad and on my own  
wish that angels took me home  
Home with only white not red  
safe in my mother's arms  
while in my eyes she bled and bled  
and bled  
But I ran.  
Ran and ran till my last Breath.  
Hoping far a batter way.  
hoping for a better end



# THEMES



It's about a boy who sees how badly are people treated in the camp, including himself as well. He feels lonely, sad and hopeless. He misses his old life, the joy of life. He wants to be free and to live his life like before. He prays for himself for a better, he prays for his mother and his family. He misses his home and mother who was killed right in front of him. He tried to survive which caused him a lot of courage but he got caught.



# IN THE END. . .

What they all have in common is that in each poem we find as the protagonist a very young boy who was deported to a concentration camp and who witnesses the horrors of the Second World War and the torture to which his companions are subjected inside the fields. In each poem we find the horror and violence of man that prevailed at that time and how even very young boys including children were separated from their homes and families and were exterminated.

# THANK YOU



Konstantina Spanou



Nikoletta Albertova



Olga Ziola



Ileana Ludovico



Riccardo Cassano



Martina Donvito



Stefano Turi