

Erasmus+KA229 2018-2020

“TOGETHER: EQUAL IN DIGNITY AND RIGHTS”

Geniko Lykeio Moudrou, Limnos, Greece

2nd mobility

Workshop on Literature

Supervisor: Triantafyllia Vrana





Erasmus+ "Together: equal in dignity and rights"



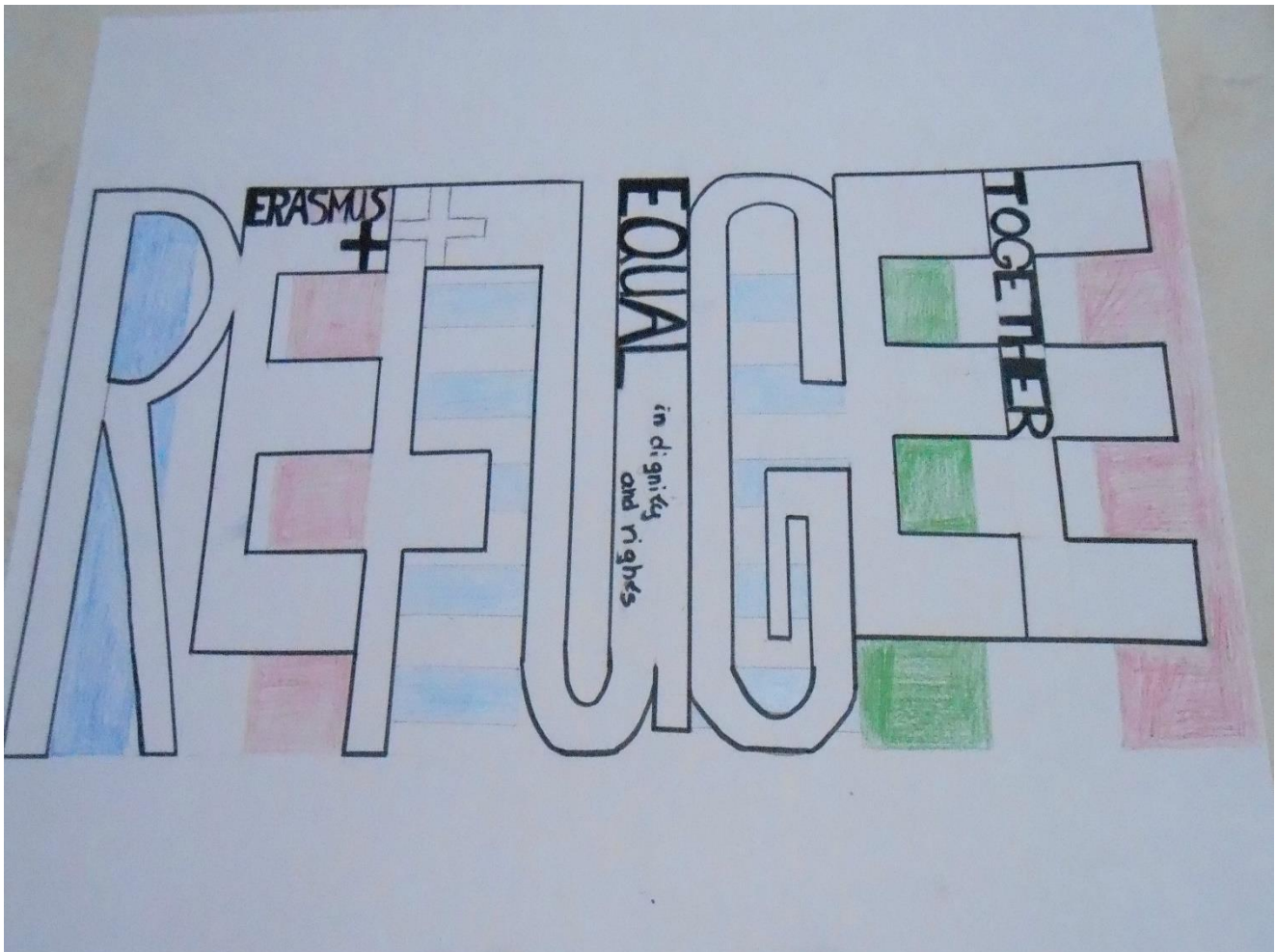
by Nasia Nikolaidou
student of Geneiko Lykeio Moudrou



by Virginia Zafeiriou
student of Geneiko Lykeio Moudrou

COVER: Painting by Dimitra Toulaki,
student of Geniko Lykeio Moudrou, Limnos, Greece

"Together: equal in dignity and rights"



✚ Painted by *Eugenia Thoma*,

student at Geniko Lykeio Moudrou, Limnos, Greece

✚ This booklet is made for and dedicated to all children, to all people and it employs words to voice what humane is

Triantafyllia Vrana, teacher at Geniko Lykeio Moudrou, Limnos, Greece



**AUTHENTIC MEMOIRS of GREEKS
being refugees in Greece
after the Catastrophe of Smyrna**

✚ *Testimonial of Eugenia, 85 years old.*

My grandmother, my grandfather both were from Smyrna. My grandmother had 11 children, but only one survived. My grandfather was exiled, I do not remember the place he was taken by the Turks. He died there, because of the tortures. My grandmother got married again to another man, who had two more children, two daughters, who were both lost in the destruction of Smyrna, and unfortunately, they could not find them. Many years passed and they came to Greece twice as refugees, they went to Samos and then they went back to Smyrna, but after the second persecution they left again and ultimately came here in Limnos and they were given land and a refugee home and stayed here. When my father came to Limnos had to face many difficulties, the life here was hard and then the war was waged, so it got even harder. We had to work as servants, in order to make our living.

✚ *Testimonial of Niki, 88 years old.*

My parents were from Smyrna. The first persecution happened in 1919 but they went through the hardships of both persecutions. In 1919 they left with everything they were able to take, just few things. Then, they came to Limnos and they were given tents. After the first persecution they went back to Smyrna and then after the second one, they came back to Limnos and settled here. Every refugee tried to take an icon, an icon of Virgin Mary, so that they would have Her blessing.

Interviews taken by *Eugenia Thoma*

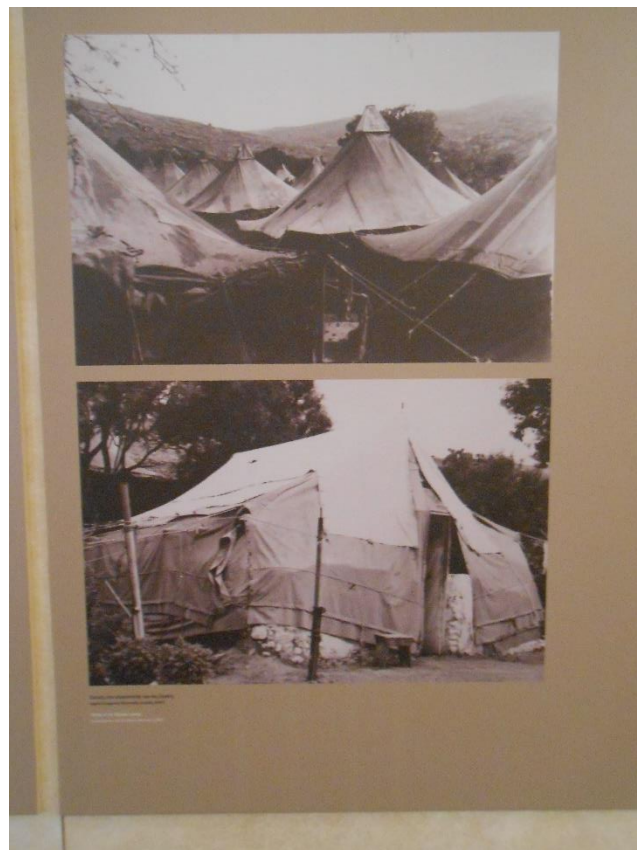
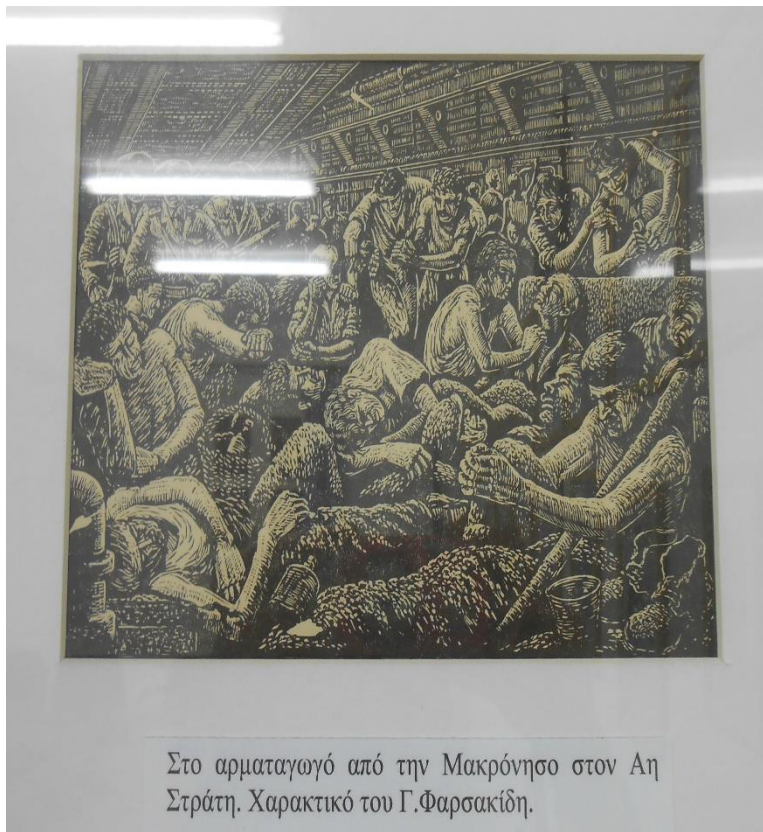


✚ **Minor Asia Mother: statue in New Koutali, a village built by the refugees coming to Lemnos after the Catastrophe of Smyrna in 1922**

Photo taken by *Vicky Fragou*, student at Geniko Lykeio Moudrou, Limnos, Greece



**Islands of Lemnos and Saint Eustratius:
a land of exile
a land of hospitality and artistic creation**



Museum of Democracy, Saint Eustratius island

Photos taken in September 2018, during a school visit of the Erasmus+ group



- ✚ Poems written in Moudros Limnos, during the period of exile/relocation of people due to political abnormality in the country

«Η σκάλα»

Σε κάθε σπίτι υπάρχει μια άγνωστη μυστική σκάλα,
που θα σε πήγαινε, ίσως, μακριά.

Αλλά τη βρίσκεις, όταν δεν έχεις πια σπίτι.

"The staircase"

In every home there is an unknown secret staircase,
which would probably lead you far away. But you only find it when you no
longer have a home.

Tassos Leivaditis

«Ολόκληρη νύχτα»

Ύστερα μας έπαιρνε το κύμα.

Ταξιδεύαμε μαζί σαν μια φωνή
που σβήνει στο πηγάδι.

"A whole night"

Then we were carried away by the wave.
We were traveling together
like a voice fading through a well.

Puis la vague à nous pris.
Nous voyageons ensemble
comme une voix que éteint
dans le puits.

Aris Alexandrou

Ήταν μακρύς ο δρόμος ως εδώ, δύσκολος δρόμος.

Τώρα είναι δικός σου αυτός ο δρόμος.

Τον κρατάς όπως κρατάς το χέρι του φίλου σου,
και μετράς το σφυγμό του,

πάνω σε τούτο το σημάδι που άφησαν οι χειροπέδες.

It was a long road to here, a tough road.

Now, this road is yours. You hold it
as if it was the hand of your friend,
and you are counting his heartbeat,
on this scar that was made by the handcuffs.

Kontopouli, Lemnos

Yiannis Ritsos

Πρώτη φορά μου παίρνανε τόσο χρυσάφι μέσα από τα χέρια.

It was the first time someone took so much gold out of my hands.

C' était le premier fois qu' ils prenaient tellement de l'or de mes mains.

Πέστε της πως θυμάμαι. Πάντα θα θυμάμαι.

Tell her I remember. I will always remember.

Moudros, 1948



Η κάθε μου λέξη αν την αγγίξεις με την γλώσσα θυμίζει πικραμύγδαλο.
If any of my words gets touched by the tongue,
it resembles the taste of a bitter almond.
Saint Eustratius island, 1951

Aris Alexandrou

Κι έγινε τότε μεγάλη σιωπή
Κι άρχισε ο ήλιος να κατεβαίνει μέσα στις φλόγες της δύσης.
Κι ο ουρανός έγινε κόκκινος. Και το χρώμα κόκκινο. Σαν αίμα.
Και πίσω τους έρχεται ο άνεμος
Πίσω τους έρχεται ο μεγάλος άνεμος
Πίσω τους έρχεται ο μεγάλος άνεμος βουίζοντας
Ειρήνη / / Ειρήνη / Ειρήνη
And then everything became silent.
And the sun started submerging into the flames of the East.
And the sky turned red. So did the Earth. Just like blood.
The wind follows them
The strong wind follows them
The strong wind follows them moaning
Peace / Peace / Peace

Tassos Leivaditis

Bibliography: T. Leivaditis, *Νυχτερινός επισκέπτης* and *Φυσάει στα σταυροδρόμια του κόσμου*

Aris Alexandrou, *Ποιήματα 1941-1974*

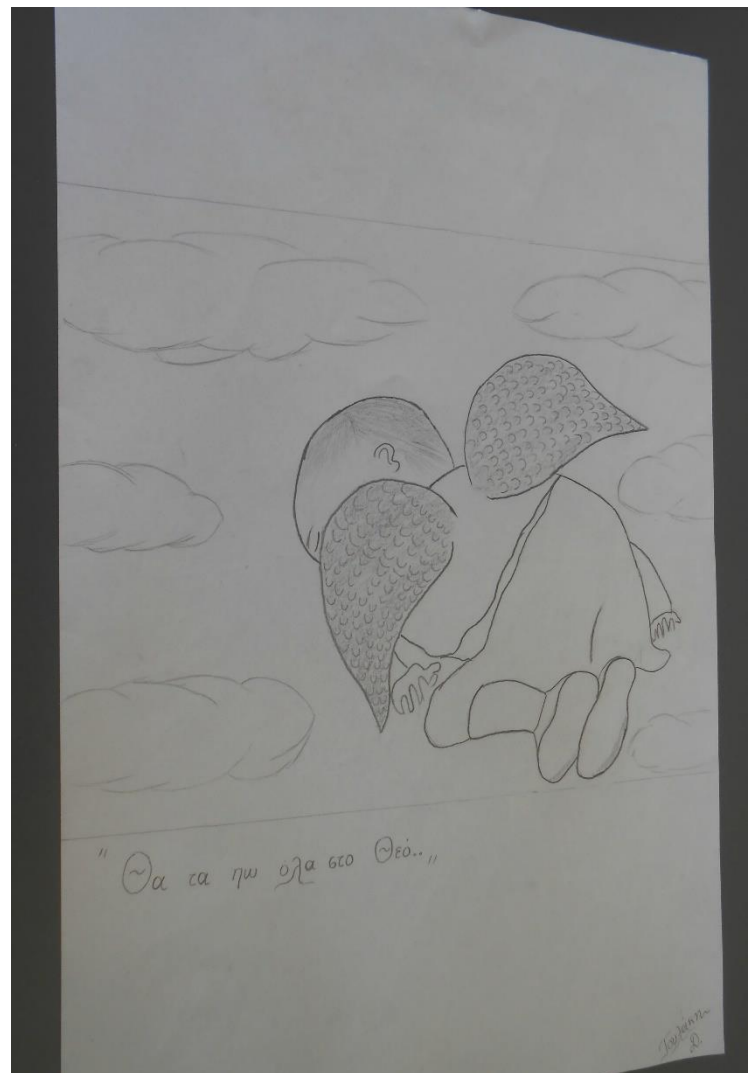
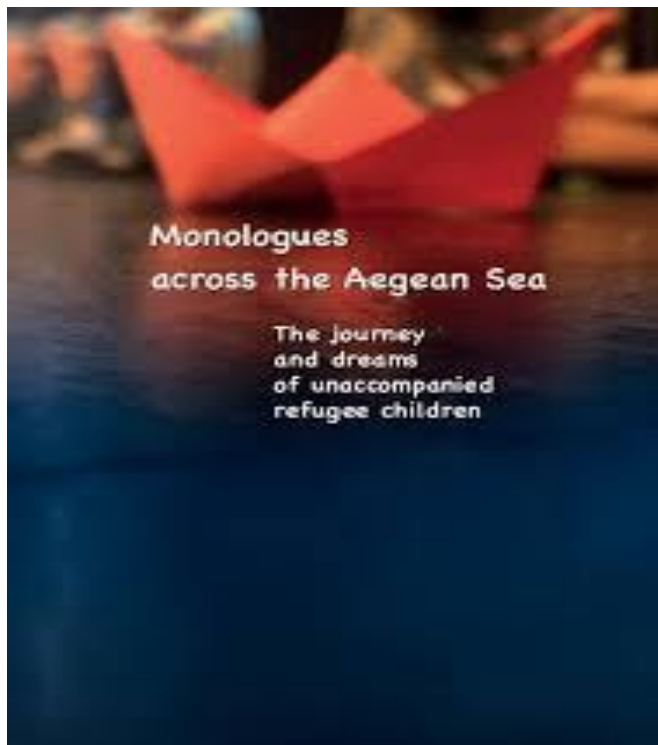
Yiannis Ritsos, *Καπνισμένο τσουκάλι*

Translation in English by Eugenia Thoma, in French by Stamatia Afentouli

Edited by Triantafyllia Vrana

Photos: Poet Yiannis Ritsos, Kontopouli Lemnos, land of exile





+ I have only one thing to ask you. Forget me not.

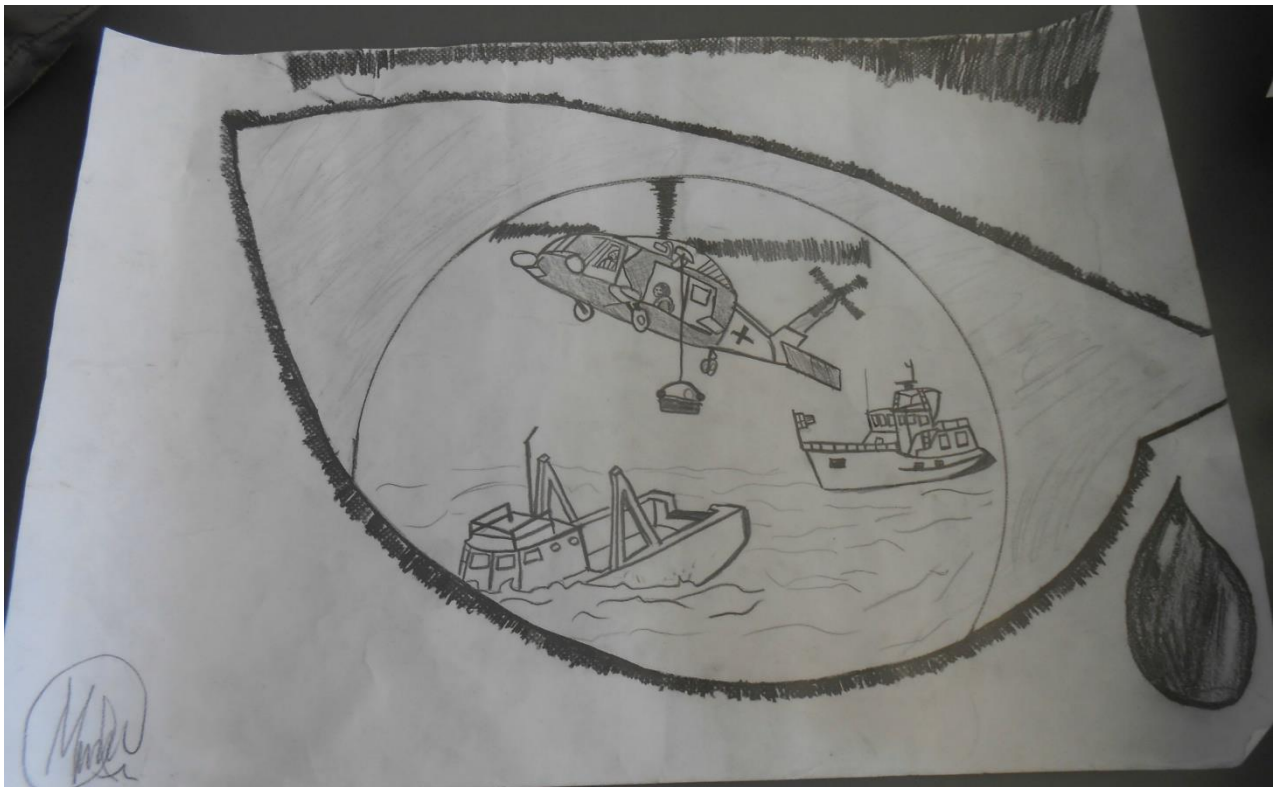
My name is Mustafa. I am 17 years old, from Afghanistan.

"I will tell it all to God":

Painting by *Dimitra Toulaki*, words by *Konstantina Agiostratiti*



IDEA project accredited by the International Drama/Theatre & Education Association



Painted by *Apostolos Manikas*, former student of high school of Moudros, member of our project on migration crisis

✚ This was not a normal journey. It took three months until I managed to reach Greece. There were many days when I had nothing to eat or drink. I almost drowned in the Aegean Sea.

✚ I was asked to draw my life and I drew a line of trees. The story of these trees resembles my story. Ever since I remember myself I was like a small green tree. I grew up, like all small trees. My parents, like the earth, watered me and gave me whatever I needed. But suddenly everything changed. Destruction took the place of good times. The war started. And I found myself like a small, weak tree in the middle of the storm. I had to leave, there was no other choice.

My name is Zolman. I am 15 years old, from Afghanistan.



- ✚ Everything ended suddenly when the war broke out. The beautiful squares and parks became war zones and the market was full of weapons and thieves
- ✚ I had to leave my country. I arrived in Turkey where, with some friends, I worked hard thirteen hours a day for five months. Time passed fast while working. I decided to seek a better life so, on the 5th of March 2016, I left Smyrna and headed off to Europe. We embarked on the ships of death and arrived on a deserted island.

My name is Abdallah. I am 17 years old, from Syria.

- ✚ My life seems like a wobbly ladder that always loses its balance.

My name is Ehsan. I am 17 years old, from Afghanistan.

- ✚ I often have dreams. In one of my dreams I am walking in the desert for a long time; the sun has worn me off. At one point I meet a dog that is dying from thirst. I take off my shoe, I fill it up with water and give the dog to drink.

My name is Inad. I am 16 years old, from Egypt.

- ✚ I lived with the time and the people. Time is a liar, I heard them saying. But I saw that the traitors and liars are the people.

My name is Ibrahim. I am 17 years old, from Syria.

- ✚ Now I am in Greece. I feel great loneliness at this point of time. I feel as if I am nothing.

My name is Amar. I am 15 years old, from Syria.

- ✚ I wish this pencil could express the hardships that the people of Syria face in their lives.

I long for freedom.

My name is Ahmet. I am 17 years old, from Syria.





Interpretation

Στοιχηματίζω σ' έναν θεό πατέρα παντοκράτορα.
Έτσι είπε. Ήταν πίσω απ' τα σύρματα, δεν μιλούσε ελληνικά,
κανείς δεν γνώρισε τις λέξεις που βγήκαν απ' το στόμα του.
Μόνο το νόημά τους ήταν εκ προοιμίου γνωστό.
Το φώναζε το πρόσωπο του ξένου. Ίδιο θεού.

Γιώτα Τεμπρίδου

Interpretation

I bet on one father and almighty god. That's what he said. He was behind the wires, he spoke no greek, nobody knew the words that came out of his mouth. Only the meaning of them was a priori known. It was written on the face of the stranger. A face just as god's.

Yota Tempridou

Translated by Eugenia Thoma
Edited by Triantafyllia Vrana

Interpretation

Scommetto su un dio, padre imperatore. È questo quello che ha detto. era dietro i fili, non parlava greco, nessuno conosceva le parole che gli uscivano dalla bocca. solo il loro significato era noto in anticipo. Lo urlò il viso dello sconosciuto. Proprio uguale a dio.

Yota Tempridou

Translated by Penny Giapraka
Edited by Chiara Padula

Interpretation

Je parie sur un seul dieu père tout-puissant. Alors il a dit. Il était derrière les fils de fer, il ne parlait pas grec, personne ne connaissait les mots qui sortaient de sa bouche. Seulement leur signification était connue à première vue. Le visage de l'étranger a crié leur signification. Même avec le visage du dieu.

Yota Tempridou

Translated by Dimitra Toulaki
Edited by Triantafyllia Vrana



Οδυσσεύς - Ulysseses

To the borders he wanted to go, to leave from here, he couldn't bare walking any more, he collapsed in Kastanies, he was offered shelter in a barn in Arda, he was afraid that his foot would be eaten by the pig when he closes his eyes, he stayed awake all night, his body wasn't sleeping, nobody knew about his inside self, he got up at dawn and left quietly as he came, nobody understood where he left from or where to, they said he lost his people at a crossing, he didn't speak the language, but that was not the worst, thereon he followed the birds and the ants, he felt that with people he wasn't safe or he was looking for the other lost.

Yota Tempridou

Translated by Eugenia Thoma
Edited by Triantafyllia Vrana

Photo: “On the ship from Makronisos to Saint Eustratius” by G. Farmakidis
Museum of Democracy, Saint Eustratius island



Στο αρματογωγό από την Μακρόνησο στον Αη Στράτη. Χαρακτικό του Γ.Φαρσακίδη.






Activities on the texts and the accompanying photographs and paintings

Activity 1: Read the different texts, identify their genre (memoir, authentic narrative, literary text) and next focus on the common elements. Underline words/phrases and use your own words to describe the following:

Condition	Emotions	Other	Your own reaction
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Activity 2: Write your own text.

-  Use words, phrases from all texts and add your own ideas so as to create a new text that would read as original. Give a title (your own or from the texts)
-  Narrate your own personal or fictional story
-  Write your poem

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Activity 3: Dramatize

Present your group's work employing drama/theatre techniques in combination with reading. Imagine it as a realistic scene of the life of a refugee, as a cinema scene or a documentary film. Use the title (or get inspired by) "It could be me, It could be you".

Make a video of your work.



- ✚ This booklet was made for educational purposes alone. It is created by students and teachers, it is a collaborative work of “together”.
- ✚ The translations of all texts bear the element of enthusiasm, love for literature as a way to respond to humanitarian crisis, the migration issue. It is not the work of professionals, it is inspired work done by amateurs with sensitivity and responsibility.
- ✚ Many thanks to author Yota Tempridou and her publishing house for allowing the translation of the texts. Their trust in a school project is seen as a gesture of open-mindedness and sharing.
- ✚ Many thanks to all contributors of this booklet, students and teachers, whose names are all mentioned.
- ✚ Our warmest thanks to our school Principal Stylianos Karagiannis, for his support and vision.
- ✚ The unaccompanied children wished their voice won't be silenced. We tried to unite their voice with ours, to preserve and cherish the one thing in common: being and remaining human.

*When words lack the power to express the unbearable and untold,
we only have to turn to words again and write it down aloud.*

Triantafyllia Vrana
September 2019
2nd mobility, Lemnos Greece