



**Erasmus+ Thinking Allowed: Teenage students have their say on Human Rights**  
**Santiago de Compostela. Praza de Praterías – 3 February 2018**

Santiago de Compostela.

People from all over the world.

Hundreds of years of shared interests and values.

Today, we are students from 5 different European countries.

We worry about Human Rights.

We worry about women and their problems today.

Praza de Praterías, in English, square of silversmiths. The past and the present of a tradition of artisans.

Praza de Praterías. Women.

The Fountain of the Horses.

The woman with a star on top is the symbol of Compostela.

A fountain. Women carrying heavy pots of water in the past. Women, traditional water providers yesterday here and today still in many parts of the world. But also, women's everyday meeting point in the past.

The Romanesque façade of this cathedral. Representative of women in their traditional roles: saints and sinners.

To the right, Virgin Mary, symbol of purity and mother of God, distanced from carnal desires and a role model for women.

To the left, Eve, responsible for death on Earth, and a figure with a skull on her lap which is said to be either the very Eve or the adulteress, condemned by her husband to carry and kiss the skull of her dead lover twice a day.

Here we want to shout against women's discrimination, against violence towards women, and we want to make of this, a claim for respect and freedom.

We compromise to reflect and help overcome these inequalities in our daily lives.

Also, as a group of worried and committed European teenagers, we will create a book club and share literary texts by women.

Here we want to raise our voice against women's discrimination.

And we'll do it by reading texts written by women in five different languages, the languages of our countries: France, Greece, Italy, Romania and Spain.

France. **A witch like the others** by **Anne Sylvestre** read by [Name of reader]

Greece. **Recognition Sign** by **KIKI DIMOULA** read by [Name of reader]

Italy. **TO WOMEN** by **Alda Merini** read by [Name of reader]

Romania. **Game** by **Ileana Malancioiu** read by [Name of reader]

Spain. **WOMEN** text written in Galician by **Iria Rivas** read by **Lara Barroso**



France

**Anne Sylvestre 'Une sorcière comme les autres'**

*Je vous ai porté vivant  
Je vous ai porté enfant  
Dieu comme vous étiez lourd  
Pesant votre poids d'amour  
Je vous ai porté encore  
À l'heure de votre mort  
Je vous ai porté des fleurs  
Je vous ai morcelé mon coeur  
Quand vous jouiez à la guerre  
Moi je gardais la maison  
J'ai usé de mes prières  
Les barreaux de vos prisons  
Quand vous mourriez sous les bombes  
Je vous cherchais en hurlant  
Me voilà comme une tombe  
Avec tout le malheur dedans  
Ce n'est que moi, c'est elle ou moi  
Celle qui parle ou qui se tait  
Celle qui pleure ou qui est gaie  
C'est Jeanne d'Arc ou bien Margot  
Fille de vague ou de ruisseau  
Et c'est mon coeur ou bien le leur  
Et c'est la soeur ou l'inconnue  
Celle qui n'est jamais venue  
Celle qui est venue trop tard  
Fille de rêve ou de hasard  
Et c'est ma mère ou la vôtre  
Une sorcière comme les autres*

**Anne Sylvestre, A witch like the others**

I carried you alive  
I carried you child  
God how heavy you were  
Weighing your love weight  
I carried you again  
At the time of your death  
I brought you flowers  
I split my heart for you  
When you played war  
I kept the house  
I used my prayers  
The bars of your prisons  
When you died under the bombs  
I was looking for you screaming  
Here I am like a grave  
With despair inside me  
It's only me, it's her or me  
The one who speaks or is silent  
The one who cries or is happy  
It's Joan of Arc or Margot  
Daughter of a wave or stream  
And it's my heart or theirs  
And it's the sister or the unknown  
The one that never came  
The one that came too late  
Daughter of chance or dreams  
And it's my mother, or yours  
A witch like the others



Greece

**Σημείο Αναγνωρίσεως**

*ἄγαλμα γυναίκας μέ δεμένα χέρια*  
  
"Όλοι σέ λένε κατευθείαν ἄγαλμα,  
ἐγώ σέ πρσφωνῶ γυναίκα κατευθείαν.  
**Στολίξεις κάποιο πάρκο!**

**Recognition Sign**

*(a statue of a woman with tied hands)*  
**KIKI DIMOULA**  
*(Translation: Maria Dimitropoulou 28/1/2018)*

They all call you a statue, straight away,  
I, straight away, call you a woman.  
The ornament of a park. (1)

Από μακριά έξαπατάς.

Θαρρεί κανείς πώς έχεις ελαφρά ανακαθήσει  
νά θυμηθείς ένα ωραίο όνειρο που είδες,  
πώς παίρνεις φόρα νά τό ζήσεις.

Από κοντά ξεκαθαρίζει τό όνειρο:  
δεμένα είναι πισθάγκωνα τά χέρια σου

μ' ένα σκοινί μαρμάρινο  
κι ή στάση σου είναι ή θέλησή σου  
κάτι νά σέ βοηθήσει νά ξεφύγεις  
τήν αγωνία του αιχμάλωτου.  
Έτσι σέ παραγγείλανε στό γλύπτη:  
αιχμάλωτη.

Δέν μπορείς  
ούτε μιά βροχή νά ζυγίσεις στό χέρι σου,  
ούτε μιά ελαφριά μαργαρίτα.  
Δεμένα είναι τά χέρια σου.

Καί δέν είν' τό μάρμαρο μόνο ό Άργος.<sup>2</sup>  
Άν κάτι πήγαινε ν' αλλάξει  
στήν πορεία των μαρμάρων,  
άν άρχιζαν τ' αγάλματα άγώνες  
γιά έλευθερίες καί ισότητες,

όπως οί δούλοι,  
οί νεκροί  
καί τό αίσθημά μας,  
έσύ θά πορευόσουν  
μές στην κοσμογονία των μαρμάρων  
μέ δεμένα πάλι τά χέρια, αιχμάλωτη.

Όλοι σέ λένε κατευθείαν άγαλμα,  
έγώ σέ λέω γυναίκα άμέσως.  
Όχι γιατί γυναίκα σέ παρέδωσε  
στό μάρμαρο ό γλύπτης  
κι υπόσχονται οί γοφοί σου  
εὐγονία<sup>3</sup> αγαλμάτων,  
καλή σοδειά άκινήσιας.  
Γιά τά δεμένα χέρια σου, που έχεις  
όσους πολλούς αιώνες σέ γνωρίζω,  
σέ λέω γυναίκα.

Σέ λέω γυναίκα  
γιατ' είσ' αιχμάλωτη.

(Τό λίγο του κόσμου, 1971)

Κική Δημουλά



Misleading us from a distance.

One might think you have lightly sat up  
to remember a fine dream you saw,  
that you are speeding up to live it.  
But coming closer, the dream is revealed:  
your hands are tied up behind your back

with a marble rope  
and your posture is your will  
for something to help you escape  
from the agony of a captive.  
That's how you were ordered to the sculptor:  
a captive.

You cannot even  
weigh a rain in your hand,  
not even a light daisy.  
Tied up are your hands.

And your Argus is not only the marble. (2)  
If something was about to change  
in the course of the marbles,  
if the statues started fights  
over freedoms and equalities,

just like the slaves would do  
or the dead  
and our feeling,  
you would walk through  
the cosmogony of the marbles  
having your hands tied up once more, a captive.

You are instantly called a statue,  
I call you instantly a woman.  
Not because you were handed in by the sculptor  
as a woman to the marble  
and your hips promise  
good and affluent birth of statues,  
good harvest of immobility.  
It's for the tied hands you have  
throughout all the centuries that I have known you  
that's why I call you a woman.

I call you a woman  
because you are a captive.

- (1) It's about the marble sculpture of Konstantinos Seferlis "The Northern Epirus" (1951) which is situated at the Tositsa Square in Athens. The tied up woman is perceived, not as a historical and national allegory, but rather as a symbol of social oppression of women.
- (2) **Argus Panoptes**, is a many-eyed [giant](#) in [Greek mythology](#) set by Hera as a very effective watchman of Io. Io has been the mythic symbol of the oppressed and persecuted woman

**TO WOMEN**

Alda Merini (1995)

Fragile, opulenta donna, matrice del paradiso  
 sei un granello di colpa  
 anche agli occhi di Dio  
 malgrado le tue sante guerre  
 per l'emancipazione.  
 Spaccarono la tua bellezza  
 e rimane uno scheletro d'amore  
 che però grida ancora vendetta  
 e soltanto tu riesci  
 ancora a piangere,  
 poi ti volgi e vedi ancora i tuoi figli,  
 poi ti volti e non sai ancora dire  
 e taci meravigliata  
 e allora diventi grande come la terra  
 e innalzi il tuo canto d'amore.

**TO WOMEN**

Alda Merini (1995)

Fragile, opulent woman, matrix of paradise  
 you are a grain of guilt  
 even in the eyes of God  
 despite your holy wars  
 for emancipation.  
 They split your beauty  
 of which a skeleton of love remains  
 which, however, still cries for revenge  
 and you are the only one  
 who can still cry;  
 then you turn and see your children again,  
 then you turn around and you still can not  
 express  
 the amazement and joy  
 and then you become as big as the earth  
 and raise your song of love.



**Joc**

**de Ileana Malancioiu**

Îmi iau numărul meu de pietre  
 și le așez cât mai riscant  
 și-ncep jocul convinsă  
 că oricum voi pierde.

De ce joci, totuși?  
 mă veți întreba.

Ce altceva pot să fac?  
 vă voi răspunde.

Apoi liniștită  
 voi muta mai departe  
 piatră după piatră  
 munte după munte.

**Game**

**by Ileana Malancioiu**

I get my number of stones  
 and place them as risky as possible  
 I start to play convinced  
 that I will lose anyway.

Why do you play, though?  
 you will ask me.

What else can I do?  
 I will answer you.

Then quiet  
 I will keep on moving  
 stone after stone  
 mountain after mountain.



**\*Ileana Mălăncioiu** (January 23, 1940) is a contemporary poet and a Romanian essayist, publicist, dissident and civic activist. Her work was censored by the communist regime.

Since March 2013 she has been a member of the Romanian Academy.



Spain

<p><b>Mulleres de Iria Rivas</b>  Mulleres que loitan,  curan,  aman,  fin,  choran,  e crían.  Mulleres que abrazan  que danzan  traballan, xogan e saen.  Mulleres escultura, compañeiras de vida.  Mulleres que abren,  camiños e vidas.  Mulleres que aman,  mulleres obxecto obrigadas a vivir  nunha sociedade patriarcal,  mulleres que saben,  mulleres que aman.  Mulleres que gobernan,  mulleres motor,  Frida,Marie,Jane,Alva,Wangari,  Malala.  Mulleres vida, mulleres Nobel.  Mulleres, nazis, fillas, avoas e  persoas.  Mulleres.  Ti.  Eu.</p>	<p><b>Women by Iria Rivas</b>  Women who fight,  heal,  love,  end,  cry,  and create.  Women who embrace  who dance  work, play and go out.  Sculpted women,  partners in life.  Women who open,  paths and lives.  Women who love,  objectified women, forced to  live  in a patriarchal society,  women who know,  women who love.  Women who rule,  engine women,  Frida, Marie, Jane, Alva, Wangari,  Malala.  Living women, Nobel women.  Women, Nazis, daughters, grandmothers and  people.  Women.  You.  I.</p>
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\*Iria Rivas is a poet and student in IES San Rosendo. She has won several prizes for her poetry and short stories.