

SPRING – 2007 / 2008

European Year of Intercultural Dialogue

Ano Europeu do Dialogo Intercultural

Année Européenne du Dialogue Interculturel

Año Europeo del Diálogo Intercultural

Europäisches Jahr des interkulturellen Dialogs



Class 35





Na Irlanda do Norte, a fonte de conflitos tem sido a religião. Os Católicos têm sido discriminados ao longo dos tempos nas vertentes económica, social, cultural, educativa, etc. Os problemas (“troubles”) agudizaram-se, particularmente, a partir do fim da década de 60. Um dos momentos mais trágicos foi o que aconteceu a 30 de Janeiro de 1972, quando o exército inglês dizimou 13 manifestantes, episódio este que ficou conhecido para a História como o “domingo sangrento” e é recordado na canção “Sunday, bloody Sunday” da autoria da banda irlandesa “U2”.

Espera-se o bom senso e a paz e, depois dos acordos de Páscoa de 1998, uma luz ao fundo do túnel tem sido vislumbrada para que tão dramático problema venha a ser solucionado.

Class 42+45

Ninety miles form Dublin town

I'm ninety miles form Dublin town
I'm in an H-Block cell
To help you understand me plight
This story now I'll tell

I'm on the blanket protest
My efforts must not fail
For I'm joined by men and women

In the Kesh and Armagh jail
It all began one morning
I was dragged to Castleragh
And though it was three years ago
It seems like yesterday

For three days kicked and beaten
I then was forced to sign confessions
That convicted me of deeds
That were not mine

Sentenced in a Diplock court
My protest it began
I could not wear this prison gear
I was a blanket man

I'll not accept their status
I'll not be criminalized
That's the issue in the blocks
For which we give our lives
Over there in London town
Oh how they'd laugh and sneer
If they could only make us wear
Their loathsome prison gear

Prisoners of war that's what we are
And that we must remain
The blanket protest cannot end
Till status we regain

I've been beaten round the romper room
Because I won't say 'Sir'
I've been frog marched down the landing
And dragged back by the hair

I've suffered degradation
Humility and pain
Still the spirit does not falter
British torture is in vain
I've been held in scalding water
While me back with deck scrubs was tore
I've been scratched and cut from head to foot
Then thrown out on the floor

I've suffered mirror searches
Been probed by drunken bears
I've heard me comrades cry and scream
Then utter useless prayers

Now with the news that's coming in
Our protest must not fail
For now we're joined by thirty girls
In Armagh's women's jail

So pay attention Irishmen
And Irish women too
And show the Free State rulers that
Their silence will not do

Though it's ninety miles from Dublin town
It seems so far away
There's more attention to our plight
In the USA

Now you've heard the story
Of this filthy living hell
Remember ninety miles away
I'm still in an H-Block cell

Poem read by **João Marcelo – Class 45**





Only our rivers

by Sandra Castro

**When apples still grow in November
When blossoms still grow from each
tree**

**When leaves are still green in
December**

It's then that our land will be free.

**I wander the hills and the valleys
And still through my sorrows I see
A land that has never known freedom
And only our rivers run free.**

**I drink to the depth of her manhood
Those men would rather have died.
Than to live in the cold chains of
bondage
To bring back their rights were
denied.**

**Oh, where are you now when we need
you?**

**What burns were the flame used to
be?**

**Are you gone like the snows of last
winter**

And will only our rivers run free?

**How sweet is life but we're crying
How mellow the wine but we're dry
How fragrant the rose but it's dying
How gentle the wind but it sighs.**

**What good is in youth when it's
ageing?**

What joy is in eyes that can't see?

**When there's sorrow in sunshine and
flowers**

And still only our rivers run free





Se a União Europeia estipulou o ano de **2008** como o **Ano Europeu do Diálogo Intercultural**, podemos pensar que tal facto se deve ao reconhecimento das dificuldades que por todo o mundo se vão fazendo sentir, no que diz respeito à forma como as relações entre as várias culturas se desenvolvem. Por todo o mundo, hoje como noutros tempos, continuamos a assistir a conflitos onde não há diálogo e onde se continua a espezinhar as culturas minoritárias.

Na nossa turma não nos dedicamos aos nomes consagrados da poesia de intervenção mas sim a uma poesia actual de revolta contra as tendências estabelecidas. Descobrimos por exemplo que nos Estados Unidos da América existe uma plataforma de poetas contra a guerra do Iraque. Os textos que vamos ouvir são gritos de revolta contra essa invasão de que tanto se falou por todo o mundo e de que se continua a falar.

Seleccionámos, para o efeito 3 poemas de 3 autores distintos. O primeiro está intitulado «**Upon the War in Iraq**» de Mr. Rice; o segundo é «**The Beast of Baghdad**» de Steve Aspinall e o terceiro é «**Twas the night before Baghdad**» de Cynthia Anderson, que é a mãe de um soldado Americano deslocado para o campo de batalha.

Carlos Ezequiel 11º 40

Upon the War in Iraq (By Mr. Rice)

The time has come for thunderbolts
Of steel from the sky.
It is now right that murderers
Instead of children, die.
They have forged chains and thumbscrews while
We have made pleas and threats.
The portraits of the killer smile
But he must pay his debts.

A mountainside is split in two,
His coward legions fall.
His shackled cities fade from view
Beneath a smoky pall.
Armored treads sound in the street,
The tanks are not his own.
He has bid many to be slain.
He'll face his death alone.

Cineas told Pyrrhus that
"Rome has a thousand heads."
And Rome was a republic, strong
After that king was dead.
The tyrant butchers live in fear
And we go on and on.
A century shall find us here
And every tyrant gone.

Our carriers loom off his coast.
Our bombers fill his skies.
And brave, skilled men with stealthy tread
Prepare his grim surprise.
Grant, and Sherman, Patton, Greene
Have taught us to make war.
We now pick up their legacy
And free the world once more.

(Poem read by **João Pedro Martins 11º40**)





The Beast of Baghdad (By Steve Aspinall)

**Our free and democratic world is at stake
This despot wants murder for murders sake
He supports the hawk and not the dove
But says he is led by god above
He rose to power by means of corruption
Legality the first victim of his election
Stock piled arms to use his intent
Anywhere in the world his anger may vent
Innocent iraqi women or waif
No one with this man is safe
He says he stands for democracy
But has made the word synonymous wit hypocrisy
Who can stop this megalomaniac
Not us, not if we turn our back
Dont stand by cowered by the hawk
Listen to the dove what ever language they talk
If you say nothing and stand idly by
Will you be able to look your children in the eye
History will be written by the hawk not the dove
But judgement will be by your god above
Stand shoulder to shoulder against this murder
If humankind is to progress any further
Let,s stop this evil madman before the final push
This G. W. Bush**

Poem read by João Pedro Martins – Class 40





Twas the night before Baghdad

Twas the night before Baghdad
And all through the base
Not a heartbeat was silent
Not a smile on one face

The soldiers at attention
Fists raised in the air
Saddam is a monster!
We must all go there!

So we loaded our planes
With our guns and our tanks
And we sent all the soldiers
To Kuwaits outer banks

From Kuwait, from Turkey
From Saudi and more
With battering rams
We knocked on his door

The Fedayin heard
All the military clatter
And ran to Saddam
To ask what was the matter

Don't worry he said
With a heartening ring
They financed my reign
They won't do this thing

We bombed all the buildings
Til the fires were glowing
While Baby Bush yelled
Keep the oil pipes flowing!

He should be a magician
Our Baby Bush, cuz you see
He created the biggest illusion
The WMD's
He lied to us all
About terror and pain
When all that he's after
Is monetary gain

For Daddy, and Barbara
And Baby Bush too
There is no such thing
As too much oil revenue

Some people believe
That it's for our own good
To bomb and to kill
To shed innocent blood

They sleep in their beds
Oblivious to lies
While we who have wakened
Hear bloodcurdling cries

Cries of our fathers,
Our brothers and sons
Sent to fight in a war
That cannot be won

We liberated them!
Our Baby Bush chimes
That is why they attack us
Time after time

With Christmas upon us
He steps up his work
Of campaigning again
The self serving jerk!

He'll don his flight suit
He'll have all his fun
Wishing "Merry Christmas! Keep fighting!"
And to all....Duck and Run!

Cynthia Anderson
Mother of a soldier

Poem read by **João Pedro Martins Class - 40**





Alguns dirão que a poesia não é capaz de resolver os grandes problemas da falta de diálogo Intercultural. Por si só, certamente que concordamos... mas também devemos pensar que não deixa de ser um contributo muito importante na criação de consciências a favor dos grandes valores da humanidade.

Segue-se «**When There is Peace Gather**», do poeta Inglês Henry Austin Dobson. Dobson viveu entre 1840 e 1921 e é um poeta reconhecido que escreveu, quer em poesia, quer em prosa. Teve sempre o apoio e o reconhecimento de George Eliot, um grande aliado seu. Dobson é ainda conhecido pelas produções feitas para apoiar ilustrações. De seguida seleccionámos «**The soldiers**» de uma menina de 12 anos, Amy Allison, e decidimos concluir a nossa participação com um poema, intitulado «**In the name of Freedom**», de Elliot McGuken.

(Apresentação de **Carlos Ezequiel 11º 40**)

"The Soldiers"

by 12-year-old Amy Allison

There they go, off to war,
Leaving loved ones, whose hearts are sore.
Children weep in their mothers' keep,
As they hear their fathers' leaving feet.
Wives and mothers cannot speak,
Watching them leave makes them feel weak.
But, they know they must be strong,
For they might hear the bells toll,
Dong, dong, dong, dong,
And sincerely hope that they are wrong,
That their beloveds, whose love they've won,
Will return to them when all is done.

Poem read by **Diogo Simões – Class 40**





"In the Name of Freedom"

by Elliot McGuken:

The night fell fast, I found myself alone,
A D.C. summer storm was blowing in,
I stood at the tomb, these soldiers unknown,
and knelt and prayed for the rain to begin.

Not for the monuments nor any money,
nor pomp, circumstance, nor the pedant's
pride,
the politician's smile, nor lawyer's fee,
for these present treasures, none of them died.



I ran to Jefferson to read the wall,
to make sure that God was still written there,
then to Washington, and across the Mall,
where Lincoln invoked his immortal prayer.

Winded and ragged, lightning everywhere,
I slowed to a walk, pondered what would be,
if God's great Enlightenment weren't there,
we could still be brave but never be free.



found comfort in the Mall's mud and rain,
without mines nor cannons nor raining shells,
so free from fear, iniquity, and pain,
because thousands had endured a thousand
hells.

And I found myself back before the tomb,
humbled by the humbled, with naught for name,
shivering, though they had the colder room,
sans light, nor sound, nor tomorrow, nor fame.



I thought for a moment, what it could be,
the center and circumference of their
dreaming,
it must have been the prophet's poetry,
that granted their souls eternal meaning.

So judges and congressmen, please don't
forget,
the reason these patriots picked up swords,
not for perks nor power were their deaths met,
but for honor and duty--for mere words.



So do take pause before telling a lie,
for there's one more thing I saw on that night,
as the wind and the rain began to die,
I walked away, turned, and beheld a light.

Will 'o' wisp, reddish light, sailor's delight,
It hovered there--just above the tomb's stone,
As fading thunder whispered to the night,
"Freedom's the name of all soldiers unknown."



Poem read by **Diogo Simões - Class 40**



Para encerrar esta actividade do **Ano Europeu do Diálogo Intercultural** na **Escola Secundária de Fafe**, decidimos, a partir desta simples sessão de leitura de textos, lançar um apelo para que todos nós tentemos viver este Ano Europeu atribuindo-lhe o seu verdadeiro significado: respeito mútuo, colaboração e paz.

Escolhemos para o efeito 3 poetas consagrados da Língua Inglesa. Todos eles nos falam dessa necessidade que todos temos de sermos felizes: a paz. São eles **Walt Whitman**, **David Helbert Lawrence** (D. H. Lawrence) e **Thomas Hardy**.

De Walt Whitman, que viveu entre 1819 e 1892) iremos ouvir «**Sun of real peace**»

De D. H. Lawrence, que viveu entre 1885 e 1930, recitamos «**Peace**» da colectânea «**Peace and the Secret Waters**»;

De Thomas Hardy, que viveu entre 1840 e 1928, vamos apresentar 2 excertos da colectânea «**The Dynasts**» publicada em 1915.

Rita Teixeira- Class 38

SUN OF REAL PEACE
by Walt Whitman

***O Sun of real peace! O hastening light!
O free and extatic! O what I here, preparing, warble for!
O the sun of the world will ascend, dazzling, and take his height—
and you too, O my Ideal, will surely ascend!
O so amazing and broad— up there resplendent, darting and burning!
O vision prophetic, stagger'd with weight of light! with pouring glories!
O lips of my soul, already becoming powerless!
O ample and grand Presidentiads! Now the war, the war is over!
New history! new heroes! I project you!
Visions of poets! only you really last! sweep on! sweep on!
O heights too swift and dizzy yet!
O purged and luminous! you threaten me more than I can stand!
(I must not venture— the ground under my feet menaces me—
it will not support me: O future too immense,)—
O present, I return, while yet I may, to you.***

Poem read by **Mickael - Class 46**





PEACE

by **D. H. Lawrence**

Peace is written on the doorstep
In lava.

Peace, black peace congealed.
My heart will know no peace
Till the hill bursts.

Brilliant, intolerable lava,
Brilliant as a powerful burning-glass,
Walking like a royal snake down the mountain
towards the sea.

Forests, cities, bridges
Gone again in the bright trail of lava.
Naxos thousands of feet below the olive-roots,
And now the olive leaves thousands of feet below
the lava fire.

Peace congealed in black lava on the doorstep.
Within, white-hot lava, never at peace
Till it burst forth blinding, withering the earth;
To set again into rock,
Grey-black rock.

Call it Peace?

Poem read by **José Alberto - Class 38**





From "The Dynasts" by Thomas Hardy (1915)

I

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods
Half asleep as they stalk.

II

Only a thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch-grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

III

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

The Man He Killed

"Had he and I but met
By some old ancient inn,
We should have sat us down to wet
Right many a nipperkin!

"But ranged as infantry,
And staring face to face,
I shot at him as he at me,
And killed him in his place.

"I shot him dead because—
Because he was my foe,
Just so: my foe of course he was;
That's clear enough; although

"He thought he'd 'list, perhaps,
Off-hand like—just as I—
Was out of work—had sold his traps—
No other reason why.

"Yes; quaint and curious war is!
You shoot a fellow down
You'd treat, if met where any bar is,
Or help to half-a-crown."





European Year of the Intercultural Dialogue

Different eating habits

Find the words...

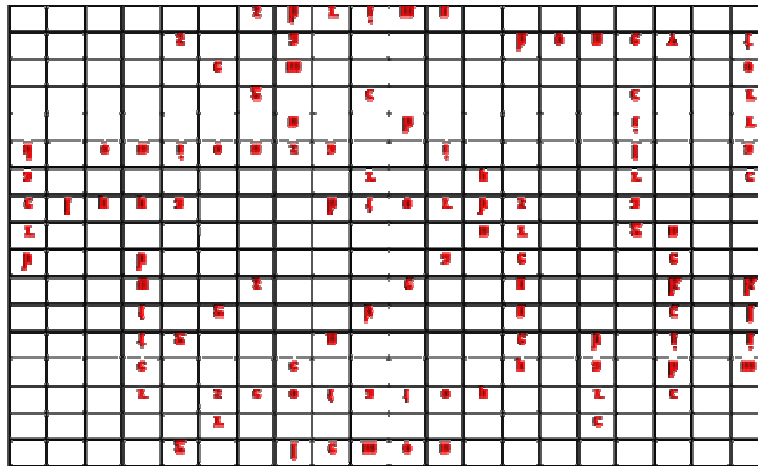
- ☐ Eggs- ovos
- ☐ Butter- manteiga
- ☐ Broth- caldo (sopa)
- ☐ Peppers- pimentos
- ☐ Shrimp- camarão
- ☐ Milk- leite
- ☐ Ham- presunto
- ☐ Oranges- laranjas
- ☐ Lemon- limão
- ☐ Garlic- alho

- ☐ Green Beans- feijão verde
- ☐ Bread- pão
- ☐ Carrot- cenouras
- ☐ Potatoes- batatas
- ☐ Chips- batatas fritas
- ☐ Crab- caranguejo
- ☐ Honey- mel
- ☐ Onions- cebolas
- ☐ Apple- maçã
- ☐ Chicken- frango

a	b	c	d	g	g	l	l	e	m	o	n	c	h	f	d	s	a	e	q
q	w	a	s	z	r	e	r	d	f	c	v	t	y	f	c	g	h	b	n
n	b	u	r	i	s	e	o	t	a	t	o	p	l	g	r	p	c	j	k
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e	c	e	t	g	f	m	k	n	u	a	t	t	e	h	b	e	i	e	i
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t	v	w	u	m	p	s	l	i	k	e	m	i	p	h	g	r	k	p	k
b	u	i	b	s	f	h	f	n	e	g	a	k	e	f	a	g	e	e	b
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e	l	p	p	a	p	p	l	h	t	o	r	b	s	o	r	a	n	o	e
a	l	a	k	j	i	t	g	o	r	m	d	p	l	a	e	r	b	f	c
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p	a	o	j	i	m	s	h	r	i	m	p	h	f	s	a	e	h	a	i

Done by
Micaela
Freitas 9º 10

Solutions:



Directed by
[Paul Haggis](#)

Writing credits ([WGA](#))
[Paul Haggis](#) (story)
[Paul Haggis](#) (screenplay) ...

Genre: [Crime](#) / [Drama](#)

Tagline: *You think you know who you are. You have no idea.*

Plot Summary: *Several stories interweave during two days in Los Angeles involving a collection of inter-related characters...*

Plot Summary for Crash -

Several stories interweave during two days in Los Angeles involving a collection of inter-related characters, a black police detective with a drugged out mother and a thieving younger brother, two car thieves who are constantly theorizing on society and race, the distracted district attorney and his irritated and pampered wife, a racist veteran cop (caring for a sick father at home) who disgusts his more idealistic younger partner, a successful black Hollywood director and his wife who must deal with racist cop, a Persian-immigrant father who buys a gun to protect his shop, a Hispanic locksmith and his young daughter who is afraid of bullets, and more.



Diários de Che Guevara

Ernesto y Alberto partieron a la descubierta de América del Sur, encima de *La Poderosa*. La viaje empieza con bonitas paisajes, unos entretenimientos y una quedas por el camino. La relación de amistad entre dos hombres, compañeros de viaje, que descubren Argentina, Chile, Venezuela, Perú y Colombia. Rincones encantadores en los cuales se contrastaban la realidad social, las dificultades de los pueblos, la discriminación y la opresión del capitalismo. Una realidad que nos hace mirar y enfrentar la vida de una forma más distinta.

Escenas muy divertidas que contrastan con momentos muy comoventes. La historia evita la política, mostrando solo el crecimiento interior del joven que vendría a ser conocido como EL CHE: una sencilla y humilde persona, que más tarde decidió luchar por sus ideales. La absorción de distintas culturas de una solo raza y de paisajes que tenemos miedo de perder.

IZNOGOURD

Iznogoud rêve d'être Califa. Malheureusement, c'est un rêve, juste un rêve ! Lui et son ami Dilat Laraht font rire aux larmes leurs astuces ne fonctionnent jamais.

Mais un jour parait la belle et jeune esclave Prehti Ouhman, fille du sultan Pullmankar, que Haroun a choisi comme l'épouse numéro 250. En utilisant l'aide de deux génies, capricieux qui ne font que discuter et de son ami Dilat, Iznogoud se joint à Pullmankar a fin de ruiner le mariage de Califa. Si celui-ci meurt, Iznogoud pourra se marier et devenir finalement Califa à la fois de Califa. Mais...

