



One million words for peace and freedom of speech

A European support project by authors for authors

The project aims to protect, promote, and publish the voices of Belarusian and Ukrainian authors, who are facing either persecution or fleeing from the war.





To protect, promote, and publish the voices of Belarusian and Ukrainian authors, who continue to be creative in the conditions of the brutal suppression of freedom of speech and of the Russian military aggression.

The founders:

- European Writers' Council (EWC)
- Swiss professional association of authors and literary translators A*dS
- Forfatterforbundet Society of Authors (Norway)
- Community of Belarusian Writers (Belarus)

WE THANK OUR PARTNERS, SPONSORS AND SUPPORTERS!



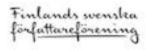
























The beginning: June 2022.

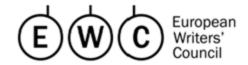
Today:

51 translators, from 21 countries are taking part at #freeallwords, translating from the Ukrainian, Belarusian, and Russian languages. 90% of works participating in the project are written in the national languages - Belarusian and Ukrainian.

Target languages: Danish, English, Estonian, Finish, French, German, Hungarian, Italian, Latvian, Lithuanian, Norwegian, Portuguese, Romanian, Spanish, Swedish

46 authors are currently (October 2024) participating in the project: 29 from Belarus, 16 from Ukraine, and 1 author of Belarusian-Ukrainian origin.

212 prose and poetry texts.



Natalia Matolinets, Ukraine, Lviv

It's different now....

When you sit in a bomb shelter, in a subway, in a corridor, in a bathroom, in your bed, after missiles wake you with an earth-shattering sound. When hands shake and shake and shake, and yet you manage to type this – it requires just two words, four letters in Ukrainian. How convenient. You type "How are you?" – "Як ти?"

And you press send.

And you wait, wait, wait. There's nothing else you can do.

There's nothing you want more, than the answer.

If the answer is

OK.

I'm alive.



(author's translation)



Marianna Kijanowska, Ukraine

Writer, translator and connoisseur of literature

a burned bee's like someone searching for a home, searching where there is no home, just ruins among other ruins I am crying, so I exist because crying precedes everything a baby's crying, crying and alive for living Ukraine summer begins, and uncut meadows cry to be mown voices of murdered children cry for retribution I am mute, I am silent, I'm asking and keep asking alone save, Merciful Mother, please save my happy nation...

(part of the poem, translation Hanna Komar, John Farndon)





Andriy Kostynskyi, poet, Kharkau, Ukraine

(not translated yet):

"Sorry that did not reply, the city has big problems with electricity and Internet because of bombing. Now it seems to be often". "Everything will be good!" – usual end of his letters.

Nadiya Havryliuk, poet, theorist of literature, Kyiv, Ukraine

All her letters are chronicle of war.

– Don't hurry me. Hold on for now.

Once I find the key I'll go.

Bit by bit, my time runs down.

- I need the key. - There's no door, old man, no.

There's just the one wall left – Shell shattered and beset.

A happy memory holds me here.

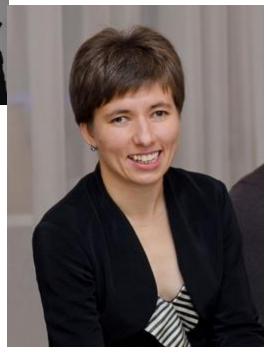
Don't hurry me. Not my time yet.

#FREEALLWORDS



A black eye socket for a window now And next door a crater's torn apart, And I have really no idea how: To find the key in the house of the heart. 05.07.2022

Translation: Hanna Komar, John Farndon





Natallia Trokhym, writer, translator, Ukraine FreeAllWords's Selection Committee member

Her son is fighting on the front line in Ukraine. Natallia currently resides in Vilnius, Lithuania







Kaciaryna Andrejeva, journalist, poet, political prisoner, Belarus.

In 2020 was arrested after a live broadcast from the place of the violent police crackdown of a peaceful protest rally in Minsk, sentenced to 2 years in prison, in 2022 was sentenced to 8 years for "high treason".

My love, eternal, until the end Look: my wounds are healing already My quiet one, who fate gifted to me I'm wearing your ring like a diadem.

Life caressed me, then it beat me
Bathed me in sun, then threw me behind bars
And you can see these fading scars
The pain lessens, dear, gradually.

The walls grow thick; they're pressing on me.
I cannot see the dawn's new glow
But don't be afraid – our love will, I know,
Survive the time and ourselves surely....

(Translation: Hanna Komar, John Farndon)







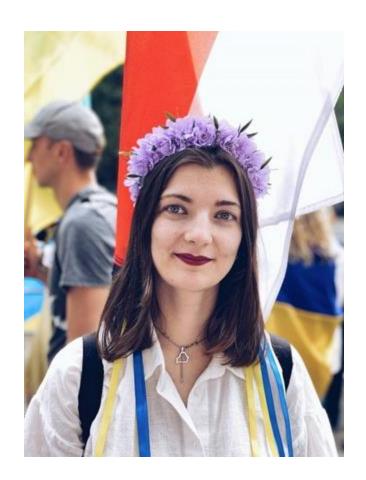
Hanna Komar, poet, translator and activist, Belarus. Was detained after taking part in protests, now lives in London.

from Documentary poetry

PALINA

i just wanna go home i just wanna go home i just wanna go home i just wanna go home

fucking immigrant





ALEŚ BIALACKI

human rights defender, Belarus,

the Nobel Peace Prize laureate in 2022, a political prisoner. Was detained in 2021, received 10 years in a medium-security penal colony.

"I look inside myself, and my ideals have not changed, have not lost their value, have not faded. They are always with me, and I guard them as best I can. They are like cast from gold, immune from rusting. We want to build our society as more harmonious, fair and responsive to the needs of its sons and daughters. To achieve an independent, democratic Belarus, free of foreign coercion. We dream that it will be a country full of warmth and advantageous to live in. This is a noble idea, concordant with the global ideas of civility. We are not dreaming of something special or extraordinary, we just want "to be called human", as our classic Yanka Kupala said. It implies respect for ourselves and for others, it implies human rights, a democratic way of life, the recognition of the Belarusian language and of our history.", (Nobel Lecture given by Nobel Peace Prize Laureate 2022 Ales Bialiatski, delivered by Natallia Pinchuk, Oslo, 10 December 2022).







Trouble shooting



- Ukraine and Belarus (VS or WITH). Language issues.
- Invisible cultures.
- Translation of poetry, prison literature.
- Authors under bombs and in the prison.
- Emotional burnout.



