## **BLACK HISTORY** MONTH

In honour of Black History Month (UK: October, US: February), the 1er students created works of art, such as drawings, sculptures, poems, and speeches, to raise awareness around racial discrimination. Here are a few samples:

> Standing up for your rights, for human rights. Or sitting down, not moving, not going elsewhere, staying here to claim your right to equality, to justice. This is what activism is about. It is also about boycotting what hurts You, what keeps you entrapped in oppression, what keeps your rights away from you. Activism is about dreaming, dreaming of another world in which equality and justice do exist. It is about dreaming of change, of evolution, of revolution. Activism never stops, though. It is when you think you're done, when you think you won, that the oppressor is back, their violence coming along. As perfection does not exist, the end of activism does not exist either. Black History Month is about reminding what activism is, and how necessary it is. When people cannot breathe anymore, when they go through Brief and pain because of the oppressor, activism is what makes them able to escape the oppression. So stand up for your rights, for human rights, and never stop dreaming. If you have a dream, share it with the world, and fight to make

your dream a reality.



The seal of the

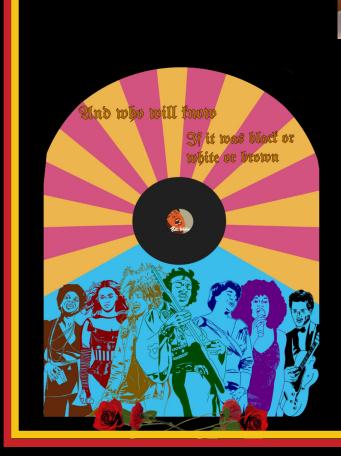
In this world we <mark>stand</mark> together Ighting for peace now and forever Equal rigths that's the demand Equal lives, and self-command

We march for freedom, side by side Breaking the chains, we won't hide Every voice, every soul, every fight Won't be silenced, they'll shine bright

No more oppression, no more per We rise above, we will attain We rise bove, life will be b Injustice will tremble, life will be better

Racism will crumble, all live

on, no more pain



Human beings

The Montgomery bus boycott

We are black and white and brown And yellow and red and purple We are the rainbow We are made of stars

That makes the eye of the children shine Which have no colour at all

What's in a skin colour? Shall it be black, white, brown, yellow, purple In the end, the grave is the same What's in a hair texture? What's the difference, if it's curly, straight or frizzy In the end, a corpse has no hair

And when the skin blemishes And when it falls off and leaves the bones Who will know? The greave is grey, the flowers red And the skeleton inside Has no colour at all And who will know If it was black or white or brown

People singing, their voices loud Loud with pride and hopes and dreams A strange fruit, goddam Mississippi Workin' together, for Freedom Coming alive in the mouths of those singers In whose adorable little guitar-driven melodies People find themselves set free