

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 grief 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.



ALL LIVES MATTER

In this world we **stand** together
Fighting for peace now and forever
 Equal rights 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 **pain**
 We rise above, we will attain
Injustice will tremble, life will be better
Racism will crumble, **all lives matter**



ELIA SELA



The Montgomery bus boycott



Human beings

We are black and white and brown
 And yellow and red and purple
 We are the rainbow
 That makes the eye of the children shine
 We are made of stars
 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