

UNited In The European Differences

UNITED

A collection of drawings & poetry slams by students and teachers



France



Finland



Germany



Netherlands



Sweden

Co-funded by the
Erasmus+ Programme
of the European Union



INTRODUCTION

This little booklet is the result of an International Erasmus project of 5 schools out of 5 countries. The project was about the major changes that have taken place in Europe since the First World War. The students have learned a lot about the European history, personal and regional differences. The participating students tried to express their feelings about all these differences. They have done this by incorporating these feelings into drawings, paintings, poems and songs. And in general, we can conclude: We are all equal in our differences.

Every participating school will get some copies of the booklet, so it can be used as an eye opener for future projects with the subject discrimination.

Thanks to all the students and teachers in Europe who participated in this project.

The UNITED team



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DRAWINGS

Finland



Description | Marafiki

A cave painting symbolizing friendship, cooperative and the irrelevance of ethnicity.

Made by | Alexander

Age | 17

School | Jakobstads gymnasium

Finland



Description | The great Western world

The painting represents how the EU should be. We are all equal regardless of skin color, age, culture and background. All people have a duty to uphold equality for all.

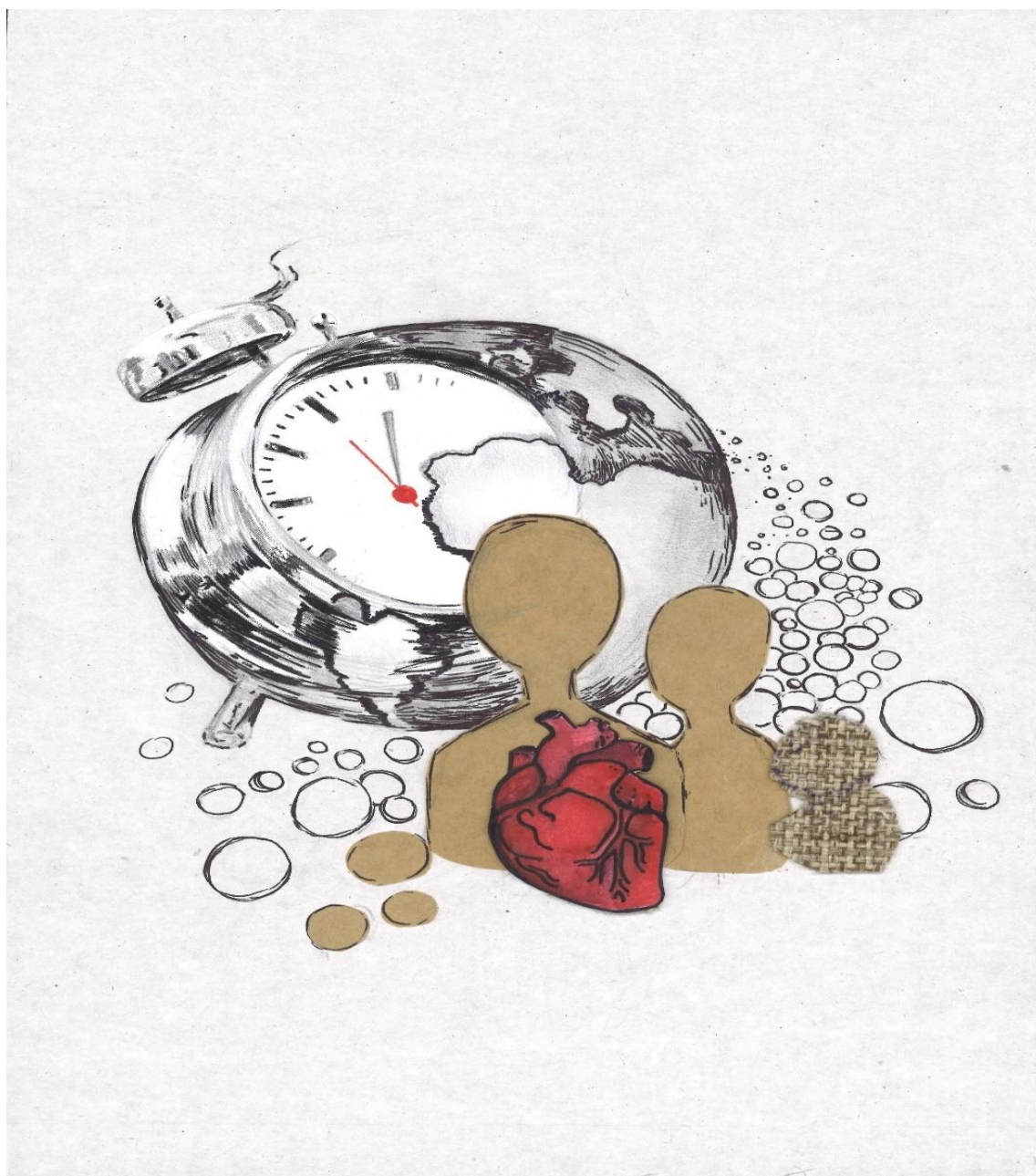
Made by | Amalie

Age | 17

School | Jakobstads gymnasium



Finland



Description | This represent people through the ages and from all around the world. Their cultures and values are different, but their basic needs are not. So the heart on the picture is meant to be a symbol for the longing we have for the same things.

Made by | Evelina

Age | 18

School | Jakobstads gymnasium

Finland



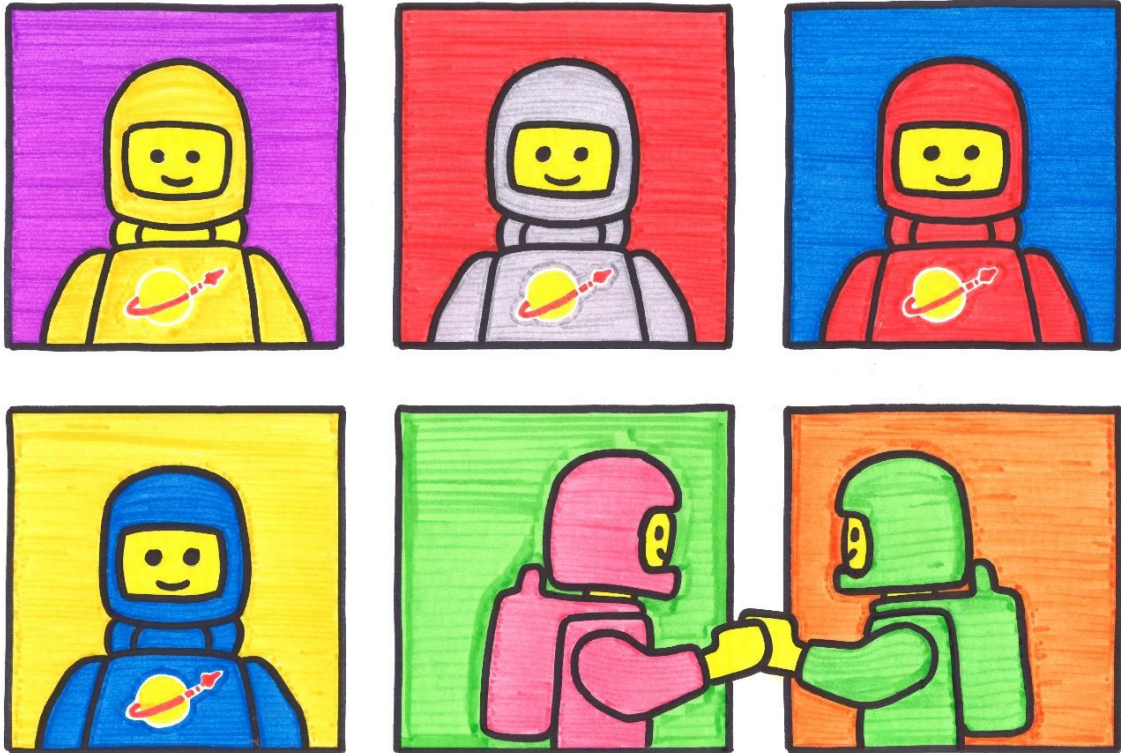
Description | Same side

Made by | Josefina

Age | 17

School | Jakobstads gymnasium

Finland



Description | Outside the box

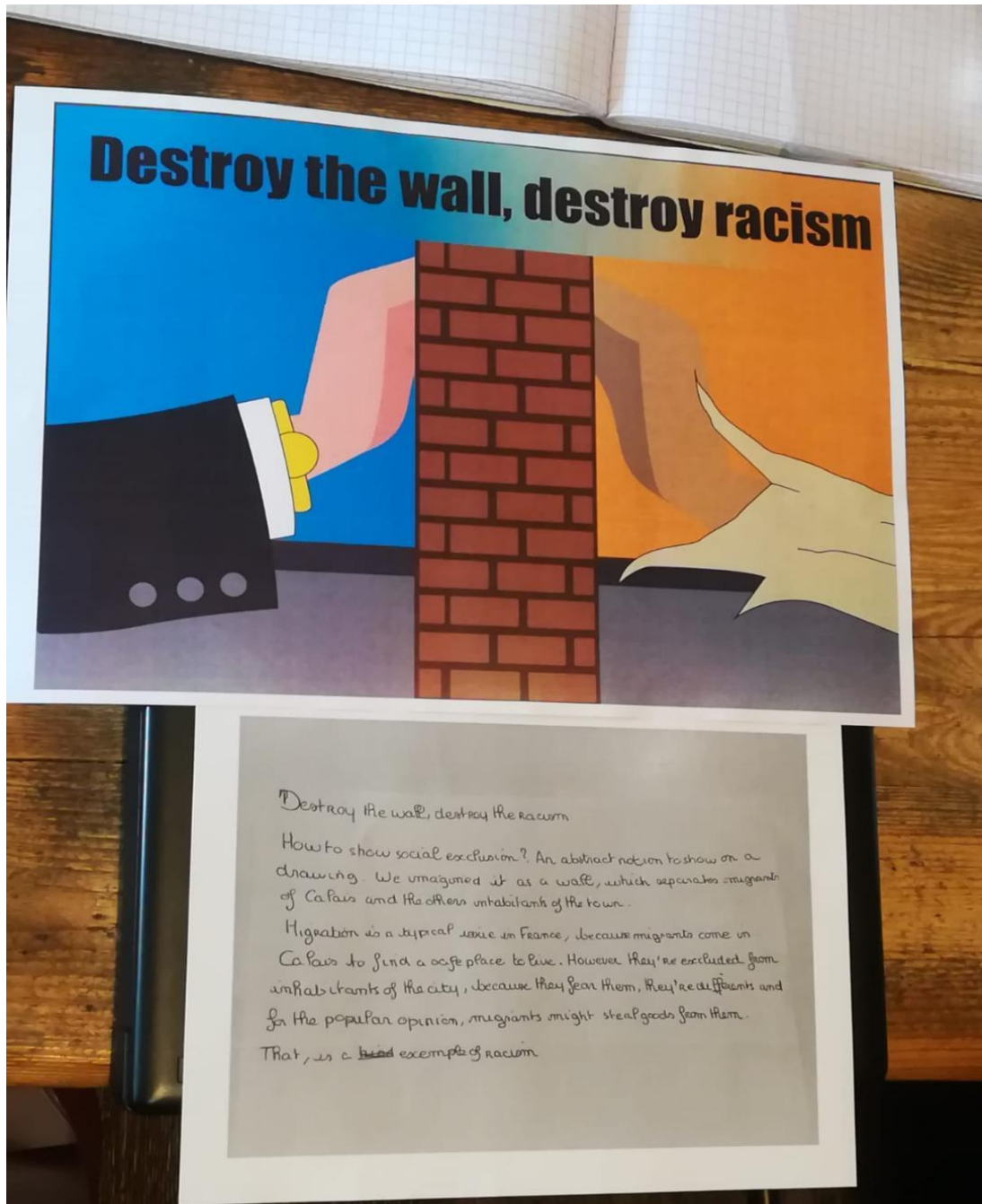
We may look different on the outside, but on the inside we are more alike than we think. Dare to step out of your comfort zone to help someone else.

Made by | Nora

Age | 16

School | Jakobstads gymnasium

France



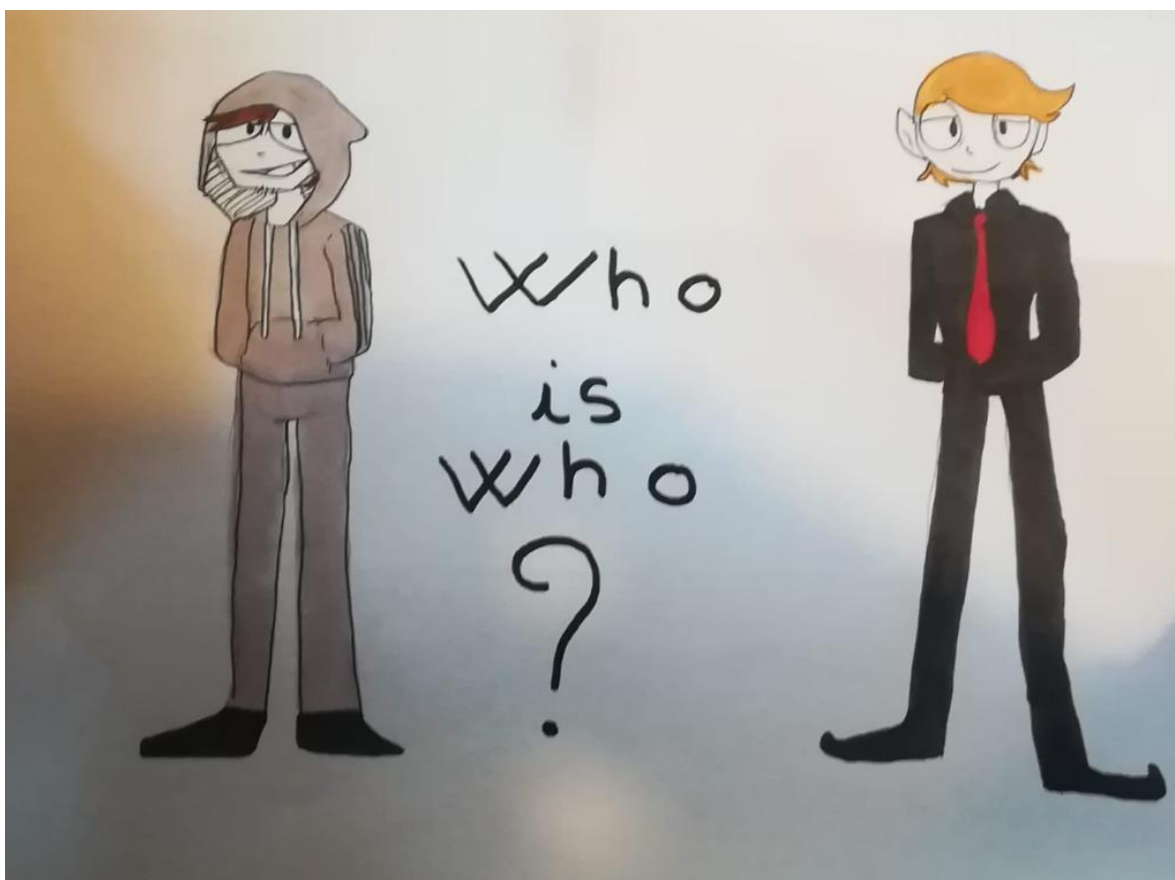
Description | Racism

Made by | The French team

Age | 15 to 18

School | Lycee St. Paul

France



Description | Discrimination

Made by | The French team

Age | 15 to 18

School | Lycee St. Paul



France



Description | Colour skin doesn't matter

Made by | The French team

Age | 15 to 18

School | Lycee St. Paul



France



Description | Inequalities

Made by | The French team

Age | 15 to 18

School | Lycee St. Paul



France



Description | Racism

Made by | The French team

Age | 15 to 18

School | Lycee St. Paul

Germany



Description | All human beings are equal, no matter what religion they belong to or what gender they have. Everybody should have the same rights and be accepted by society. In Europe, there is no room for discrimination.

Made by | Laura Ramiro

Age | 16

School | Europaschule Ostendorf-Gymnasium Lippstadt

Germany



Description | An every-day situation. An African-American man is sitting next to a woman and her child and the child is reaching out for the man. We are born without prejudices and do not care about skin colour, gender or sexual orientation but take every individual the way he/she/... is.

Made by | Mark Niehage

Age | 17

School | Europaschule Ostendorf-Gymnasium Lippstadt

Germany



Description: In Europe we are open for people with different religions, origins and skin colours. We are free to choose our partner just on the basis of love.

Made by | Maike Rotter

Age | 17

School | Europaschule Ostendorf-Gymnasium Lippstadt



The Netherlands



Description | Freedom, what you don't need to feel free.

Made by | Lise Velthuis

Age | 15

School | Udens college | vmbo

The Netherlands



Description | Four different nationalities but in the end we are all human.

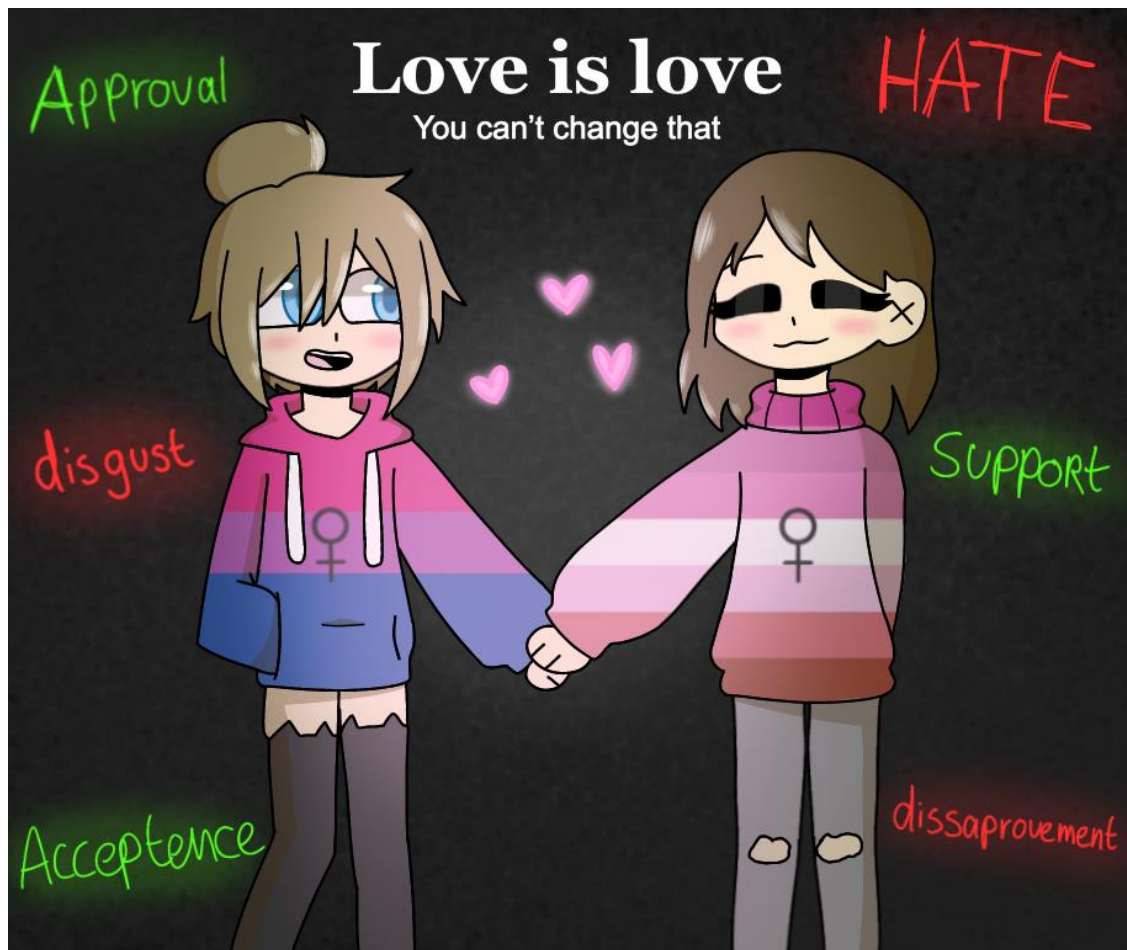
Made by | Fay Kooijmans

Age | 15

School | Udens college | vmbo



The Netherlands



Description | This drawing is about how people react to a non-straight relationship (I took a lesbian relationship as an example). Some people are okay with it and other people are against it, such as homophobes. But no matter what they say, you can't stop someone from loving someone.

Made by | Fay Kooijmans

Age | 15

School | Udens College | vmbo

Sweden



Description | Don't judge a book by its cover. Even if you feel alone and different there will always be somebody there for you.

Made by | Arvid Frank & William Ehrenroth

Age | 15

School | Almunge Skola

Sweden



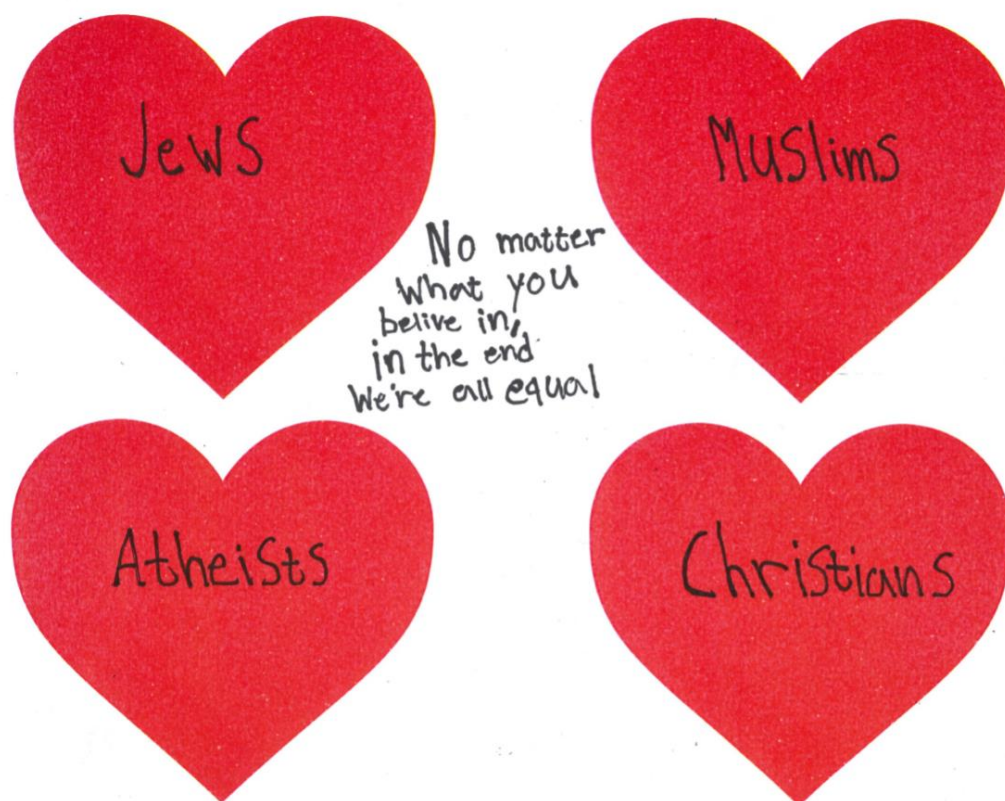
Description | Most people are scared to be left alone and perhaps hang out with the wrong people because of their fear. Some might even bully other people to be accepted by the group. A true friend that you can trust and who is always there for you takes away that fear. You may find a friend in the unlikeliest of places.

Made by | Albin Holm

Age | 15

School | Almunge skola

Sweden



Description | Black or white, christian or atheist, jew or muslim is irrelevant. Racism tears people apart and is unconstructive.

Made by | Elias Kelam & Robin Márd

Age | 15

School | Almunge Skola

Sweden



Description | Everybody feels lonely sometimes no matter how many friends you've got and how happy you look. We all have that feeling of being alienated. When you're trying too hard to be accepted by other people loneliness may follow.

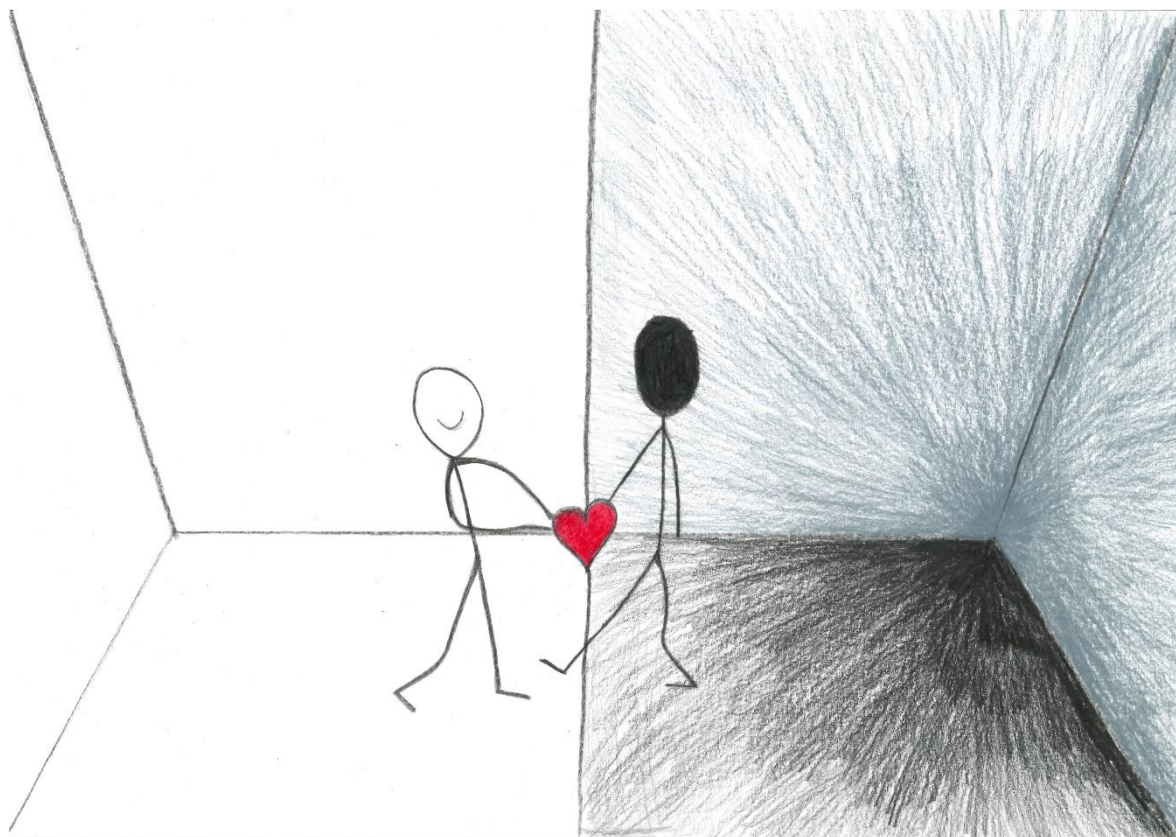
Made by | Siri Sjögren & Matilda Gustafson

Age | 15

School | Almunge Skola



Sweden



Description | Even in your darkest hour you're not alone. Real love of true friends or a partner who really cares about you makes you strong.

Made by | Emelie Mattsson and Felicia Halvarsson

Age | 15

School | Almunge skola

Sweden



Description | Often we've got two faces, one that we show the world and one that is our true self. When you realize that you don't need a mask your life can finally begin.

Made by | Engla-Elise Öbom

Age | 15

School | Almunge skola



CONFERENCE 3 | Netherlands Uden

Workshop songwriting

Part 1: Getting to know the song

We start the workshop with a classroom explanation of the workshop planning.

- Give Peace A Chance listen and explain that they are going to write the verses in groups (You will rewrite what is marked in red in the lyrics below)
- Classroom: How do I make a mind map?
- In groups: Make a mind map: 1) brainstorm 2) shade important words 3) Can we make it rhyme?
- Put the verses in sequence and sing

Give Peace A Chance Lyrics

Two, one-two-three-four!

Ev'rybody's talking 'bout

Bagism, Shagism, Dragism, Madism, Ragism, Tagism

This-ism, that-ism, is-m, is-m, is-m

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

Hit it

C'mon, ev'rybody's talking about

Ministers, sinisters, banisters and canisters

Bishops and Fishops and Rabbis and Popeyes and bye-bye, bye-byes

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

Let me tell you now

Ev'rybody's talking 'bout

Revolution, evolution, masturbation, flagellation, regulation, integrations

Meditations, United Nations, congratulations

All we are saying is give peace a chance

All we are saying is give peace a chance

Ev'rybody's talking 'bout



Part 2: How do I make a mind map?

Explain that the subject of the song is "Give Peace A Chance." In other words: peace. What does that mean for everyone? Start a conversation about that.

Step 1: Conversation: 5 minutes

In 3 groups, discuss how they think they can achieve peace. What do they need for that? What should be different? What is the big difference with how it happened now?

Let them chat about this for 5 minutes. Then you briefly discuss the answer to these questions. Give all groups turns to say something about it.

Step 2: Create a mind map: 15 minutes

Each group will fill in the mind map. Print the attachment on the last page. That is the fill-in sheet.

While making the mind map, the groups continue to build on the previous conversation. However, they are now no longer allowed to make whole sentences, but must briefly list words and put them in the mind map.

Step 3: Fine tuning: 10 minutes

It is helpful to confirm the lyrics of the song on the board so that the groups can see how many words they need to have to complete the verse. Divide the 3 verses over the 3 groups. When they have collected all the words, challenge them to make it rhyme. That way it's really going to sound like a song.

Step 4: Practice 1: 5 minutes

Put on a karaoke version of Give Peace A Chance (<https://youtu.be/NRIMK4wUvHw>), or let the participants clap along rhythmically and let them practice the verse in groups. They just need to perform the words rhythmically correctly.

Step 5: Practice 2: 5 to 10 minutes

Everyone comes together again in one room to sing the song together. Explain that the chorus is sung together. It is best to go through this first, by first playing the chorus and then singing it together twice.

If this goes well, turn on the karaoke version and go through the entire song. You repeat it two or three times.



Have them sing it in the following ways:

First time: Nothing special, this is a practice round or they get it lyrically done.

Second time: "Sing it with a lot of energy as if you were angry!" (Result: loud and loud sounds)

Third time: "Now sing it like you're trying to rock a baby to sleep" (Result: soft and sweet)

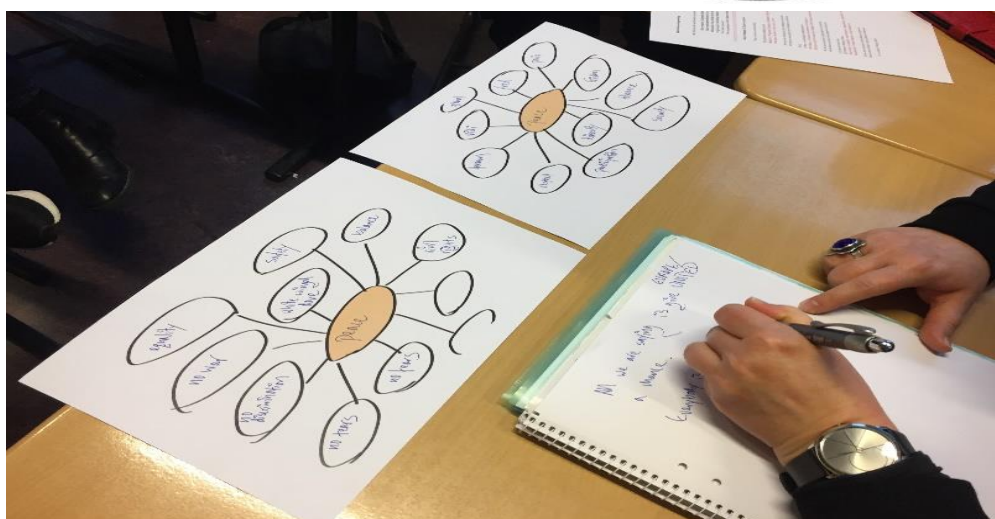
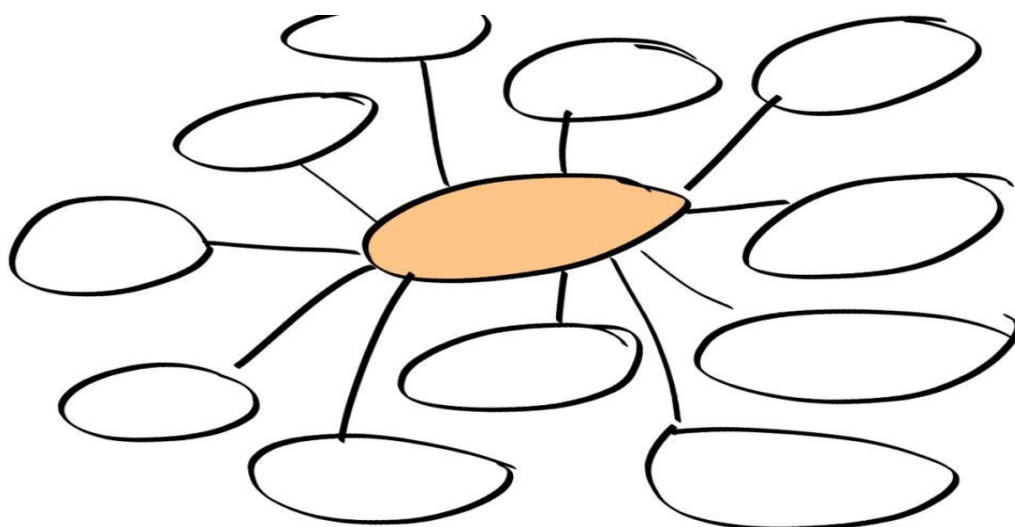
Fourth time: "We have now tried out different intentions. Which would suit the text best? Then we will do it this way! Last time as if we were singing it in front of a large audience!"

Closing

Thank everyone for their efforts and compliment on the result!

By: Anjo Coppus (workshop leader), Jean Louis van der Veen, Hans Brouwers, Janine van den Elsen, Miranda Kusters (TEAM NL).

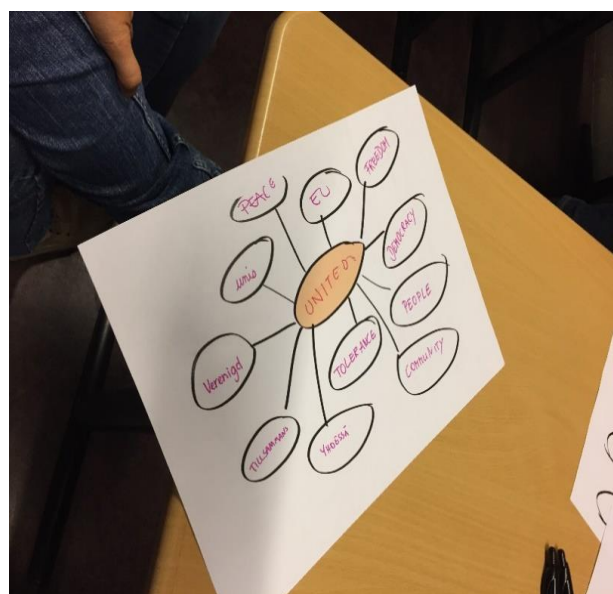
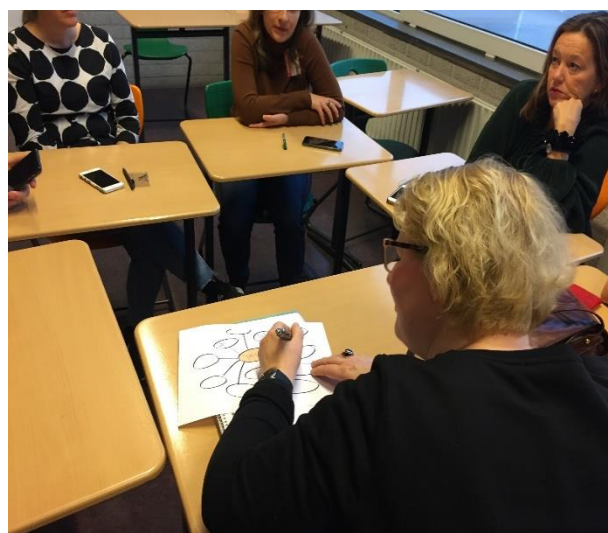
With special thanks to Celine Raijmakers, the music teacher at Udens College.



An impression of the workshop

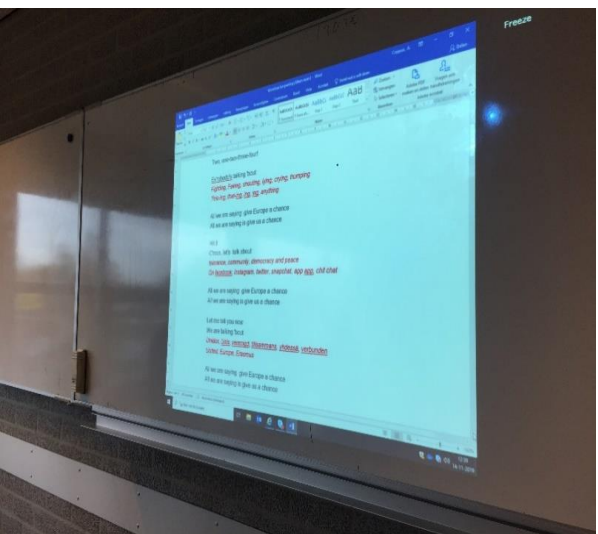
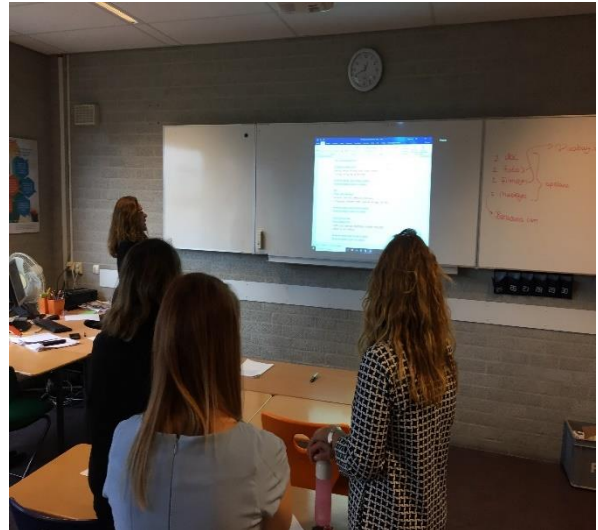
Group 1:

Judith (DE), Sofia(SE), Carina(FI), Jean Louis(NL), Laetitia(FR), Maggy(FR)



Group 2:

Ulrike(DE), Janine(DE), Rasmus(FI), Johan(FI), Theresa(FI), Maggy(FR),
Nadia(SE), Janine(NL), Miranda(NE).



The winning song from group 2:

Fighting, Facking, shouting, crying, trumping
Thinking, star-ing, ing, ing, anything

*All we are saying is give Europe a chance
All we are saying is give us a chance*

*Tolorance, community, democracy and peace
On facebook, instagram, twitter, snapchat, app, app, chit chat*

*All we are saying is give Europe a chance
All we are saying is give us a chance*

*Let me tell you know
We are talking about*

UNdas, unis, verenigd, tillsammans, yhdessä, verbunden
United, Europe, Erasmus

*All we are saying is give Europe a chance
All we are saying is give us a chance*



POETRY SLAMS

Poetry slam Finland

I'll never be able to change who I am
that would make every boy want me
Fight the patriarchy?
Woman - nice - quiet - nursing
those cheekbones,
for me to be able to pay for a face
We wanna be equal - but are letting boys come in between us
wondering how much it would take
why are we so stressed?
We want to fight the world together but can't
i don't have an answer
why are we trying so hard
Fight society?
I'll never be able to have that face
Sisterhood?
empty
debating whether it's worth it
a cup
enough.
it's your favorite cup
thinking about the hours
I'll never have a body like that
pieces - on the floor
but forget ourselves?
why are grades more important
you know that one cup of coffee
I look in the mirror
without thinking about the calories entering my body
why do we care so much
but kind to others?
Because - We - Are - Broken
and the fact that it's different
give cups as gifts)



Wrong?
but nonetheless
it doesn't fit in
to be honest
and that I will never look like that
we feel like we aren't good
on the model's face
that tiny little nose,
that one cup
to all these whys.
non-cracked cups
do I have so many cups
We preach about girlpower but still slutshame
tearing up at the fact
(why
it's a little bit cracked
doesn't fit in
why are we so mean to ourselves
you like it the most
Hands all over me until i collapse and all you can do is watch.
but i'm sure it is because
to be looking like that
to get a body like that
that doesn't bother you the slightest
I look at that cake on the silver plate
that I would have to spend
(btw I don't like coffee)
why
Women support women. Right?
than mental health?
because no matter what I do, I will always look fat
maybe
out of all your perfect
Right?



and not being able to change,
that I look like that
made for drinking coffee
is worth three days of starving
I'll never be able to eat what I want
do so many people
anyways
of what others think
that would give me
I look at that popular girl's body
but still
ever,
at the gym
you use it to drink your coffee
but you still keep it
Have to pick 'em up
those lips,
whether that piece of cake
be perfect
why are we starving ourselves
to be like everybody else?

I look at that model's face
all of them
to look like a girl on instagram?
to be perfect like that
never,
with the rest of the cups
why do we try to please everybody else
about us?
means that I will



Poetry slam Germany

gefördert durch



**Toleranz, Respekt und faires Miteinander –
darum geht es hier!**



Poetry Slam der EF

23. Januar 2020

OPEN YOUR EYES by Fatima Oun

Assalamu aleikum ladies and gentlemen... *short break*
Waleikum assalam...it's already starting off very well here.

My name is Fatima, not Fatma, not Fatme either,
But hey hear me out- Fa Ti Ma –a girl.

Uhm sorry hold up a sec, that one girl over there, the one with the headscarf,
yeah that one- exactly!

"Where are you from?" Germany.

"No but like for real- where were you actually born?" Germany.

"Oh sorry mam, how was I supposed to tell by only looking at you, haha"
I don't get it but whatever.

Jokes aside.

The one, with the headscarf.

The very first thing all of your glances are thrown on, I mean, you can't really
deny it ya know.

And when you open your eyes, like a magnet, it pulls your glances to it, with
such an enormously strong force like all of those clients on Black Friday.

In a nutshell: You can't really put a blind eye to it.

The headscarf, the hijab, *cough* the hiedshab



"That thing that's supposed to represent the IS and symbolizes terrorism."

Not to be racist but, a white terrorist,

Oh my bad, a mentally ill white man who's been falsely accused of a terrorist
attack.

The hijab.

No matter in what color...I mean I always end up having to choose between the
same 3 colors every damn morning, like ...is it my fault the rest does not even
my fit my outfit?

So open your eyes.

And that's when – I ask myself

Can you see those colors like I do?

Could you even get a glimpse of them despite your foggy surroundings?

Despite your impaired vision-

That were once created by all of you?

Could you even get a proper glimpse of me?

Fatima, not Fatma, but Fatima, not the shiedshab, but me.

Could you even take proper advantage of it- the voice, I conferred you?

So open your eyes.

In order to acknowledge those corpses' silhouettes,

Those blind corpses staring so intensively into the voided sky

Like you.

Those sightless corpses, that I once offered my hand,

As in the very next moment,

I found myself

With my head stuck between the bitter ground and their feet.

Those blind corpses that were worth your recognition, that were worth their
integrity,

Whilst not even being aware of my presence.

So open your eyes and look around.

As you did in the security check at the airport

Basically staring with your blazing gazes right into my soul

And ripping it apart.

And all of the sudden

BOOM

That silence broke its barriers,



In the moment you pulled me into the side room
"Just for checking purposes, just in order to play safe"
'cause I could've been "technically" sneaking weed
Right under this thing
Under my hiedshab, why you gotta make this so hard for me, uhm, carpet,
shower curtain.

So open your eyes.
Just like you did while watching the news that were dealing with the ISIS,
Suddenly throwing plenty gazes at me again,
Just like you did once you heard about the Christian KKK 's attacks,
which sounded like lullaby's in your ears
Singing you to sleep.
Still keeping an eye on me,
Telling me how pitiful you feel,
That you feel so sorry for
way I'm being suppressed.
Telling me how much you respect me
For having managed to survive with this thing
Up until now.
The thing which, you know,
My father's forced me to wear
At such a young age.
Now let's start all over again,
My name's Fatima, I'm 16 years old
And yes, I can take it off in front of my father.
So open your eyes.

"Oh I didn't expect that from her."
"So she does talk right- even to guys?"
"Are you actually allowed to do that?"
"How come you are still alive while fasting?
I'd literally die like I'm not even joking."
"Don't you get at least a little bit hot in summer?"
Sorry to break it to you habibi, but I don't need summer in order to be hot.

Once again you avert your eyes from me,
Babbling about your alleged acceptance,
Your alleged tolerance towards all of us
No matter what color, size, looks, sexuality,



No matter whether these people are from German or Arabic,
from Turkish, Kurdish or afghan origin...
whispering Dude, don't they all look the same anyways?
Aren't all of them either named Fatme or Ahmed.
I swear to god they're always screaming their lungs out at bazaars:
in foreign accent "One original Gucci apple for 50 cents, today only, vallah
only 50 cents"

After all, Your babbling won't stop,
So I continue overhearing it
Your "lack of judgmental behavior"
As you only consider my traits, my values, my complexes, my abilities,
As you only consider me as a proper human being, well just kind of...
So I continue listening to it, recognizing my own voice.
Please open your damn eyes,
Please look around,
And recognize the silhouettes around you,
The way they are filled with actual souls instead of those corpses.

So open your eyes and lend me that voice,
Our voice.
Let's take advantage of it
By saving those blind corpses,
Whose eyes have been closed for an eternity.
By saving you
Including me,
I mean I'm dead inside already bro.
And that picture played on repeat,
the picture of me.
Could you tell me-?
What you can see?

What can you see in those melancholic and gloomy nights?
What could you see when your own souls left you behind?
What can you see whenever they ask you about me?
Do you see me or Fatma, who has to pray 5 times a day!
Do you see my actual invisible values or the curtain wrapped around my head?
knocking sounds



Do you hear her?
Knocking at the door?
The silence.
The silence akin to me
Who broke your marionettes' chains.

YES, the carpet, the hijab, the headscarf may be a part of me.
But it ain't me and it will never ever be.
It ain't me.

So please open your eyes widely and give me what once belonged to us.
'Cause you know these chains we're trapped in don't define us;
Starring contest with my mirror image and-

My name's still not Fatma nor Fatme,
But Fatima.

Thank you, take care and don't let anyone put labels on you.
Massalama guys.



Poetry slam France

France team

Today we'll tell you about the story of Maya
Maya is a young Syrian immigrant
She left her country because of the war
Maya hopes to find a better life in a peaceful country
She wants to build a new life
Tomorrow will we have a better destiny ?
Will everything be better ?
Can we think that a peaceful world exists ?
Will everything be better ?
The journey was long and hard Maya was excited to arrive
She wants to see her life change Tomorrow will we have a better destiny ?
Will everything be better ?
Can we think that a peaceful world exists ?
Will everything be better ?
The boat has arrived at the port of Calais
No one was waiting for Maya
She has to solve all the problems alone
It is complicated She doesn't know the French language
She must find a job, an accomodation
Tomorrow will we have a better destiny ?
Will everything be better ?
Can we think that a peaceful world exists ?
Will everything be better ?
In France, Maya suffered from discrimination Racism towards her origins
She must fight against this She got up
Full of hopes
She dreams of finding happiness and freedom
Tomorrow will we have a better destiny ?
Will everything be better ?
Can we think that a peaceful world exists ?
Will everything be better ?



Poetry slam Netherlands

By: Zinae – Songtitle: Respect

{Gitaar Intro}

-

{PreChords}

Respect hebben voor elkaar is de basis van alles

Wat goed is voor elkaar

Wat goed is voor elkaar

2x

{Chords}

Want we hebben

Respect voor elkaar

Respect voor elkaar

Samen kunnen wij dit aan

Yeaah, Yeaah

2x

{Verse}

Respecteer elkaar, daar kom je verder mee

Want RESPECT is gebaseerd op het besef dat iedereen van waarde is

En behandel een ander altijd hoe je zelf behandeld wil worden

Zo kunnen we samen verder komen

{PreChords}

Respect hebben voor elkaar is de basis van alles

Wat goed is voor elkaar

Wat goed is voor elkaar

2x

{Chords}

Want we hebben

Respect voor elkaar

Respect voor elkaar

Samen kunnen wij dit aan

Yeaah, Yeaah

2x



{Bridge}

Respecteer elkaar, doe iets voor een ander

Respecteer elkaar, toon respect naar jezelf en een ander

{vervaagd stukje}

|| Respecteer elkaar, doe iets voor een ander

Respecteer elkaar, toon respect naar jezelf en een ander ||

{PreChords}

Respect hebben voor elkaar is de basis van alles

Wat goed is voor elkaar

Wat goed is voor elkaar

2x

{Chords}

Want we hebben

Respect voor elkaar

Respect voor elkaar

Samen kunnen wij dit aan

Yeaah, Yeaah

{Gitaarsolo Outro}

-



Poetry slam Sweden

Robin, Elias & Kelam

Black or white, thin or fat
it doesn't matter you look like a twat
For real, why care about this racist shit
white people and black people both admit that the opposite race is a misfit
Because we are people not beetles or weasels
but people;
and we are arrogant, kind of intelligent and often irrelevant as well.
Racism is pathetic
it does not have a good esthetic
it renders the mind apathetic,
Racism belongs in the past
and it will make you end up last,
Why be in the past and end up last
when you should make sure you are in the front,
Otherwise you will end up behind the rest
and then you will probably suffer from a cardiac arrest,
Racism could tear you apart
and it definitely makes your comments sound like a fart.

Racism what is it all about?
I hope all the racist people will prominently get checked out,
for psychological problems,
or just go to college for an education
and please just not give a fuck about anyone's nation,
Can everybody just stop with the racist allegations
and just chill out and go on a vacation.



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