

# 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



# INDEX

<b>DRAWINGS</b>	<b>3</b>
• Finland	3
• France	8
• Germany	13
• The Netherlands	16
• Sweden	19
<b>CONFERENCE 3   Netherlands Uden</b>	<b>25</b>
<b>POETRY SLAM</b>	<b>31</b>
• Poetry slam Finland	31
• Poetry slam France	34
• Poetry slam Germany	39
• Poetry slam The Netherlands	40
• Poetry slam Sweden	42



# 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.

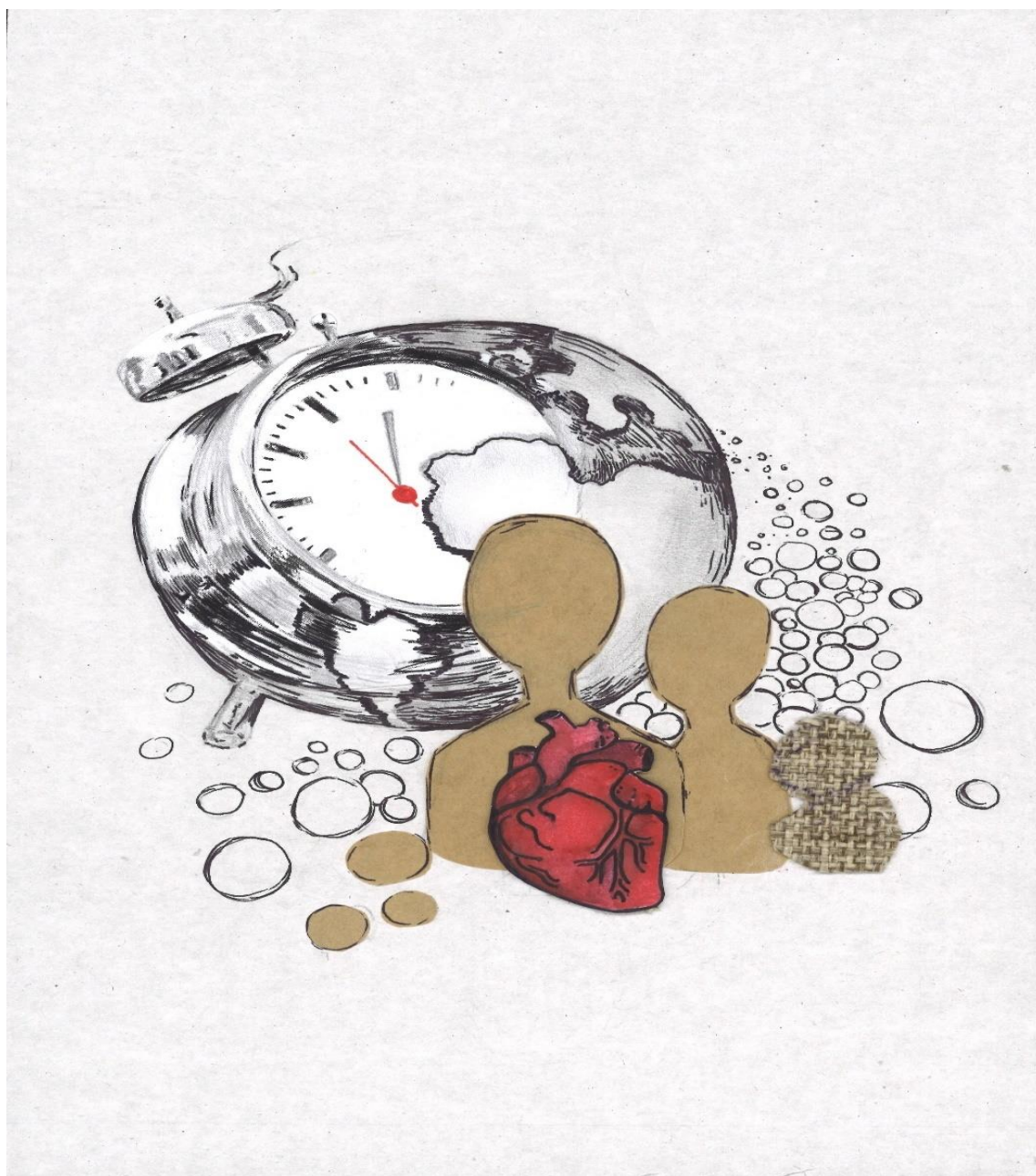
**Made by** | Amalie

**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



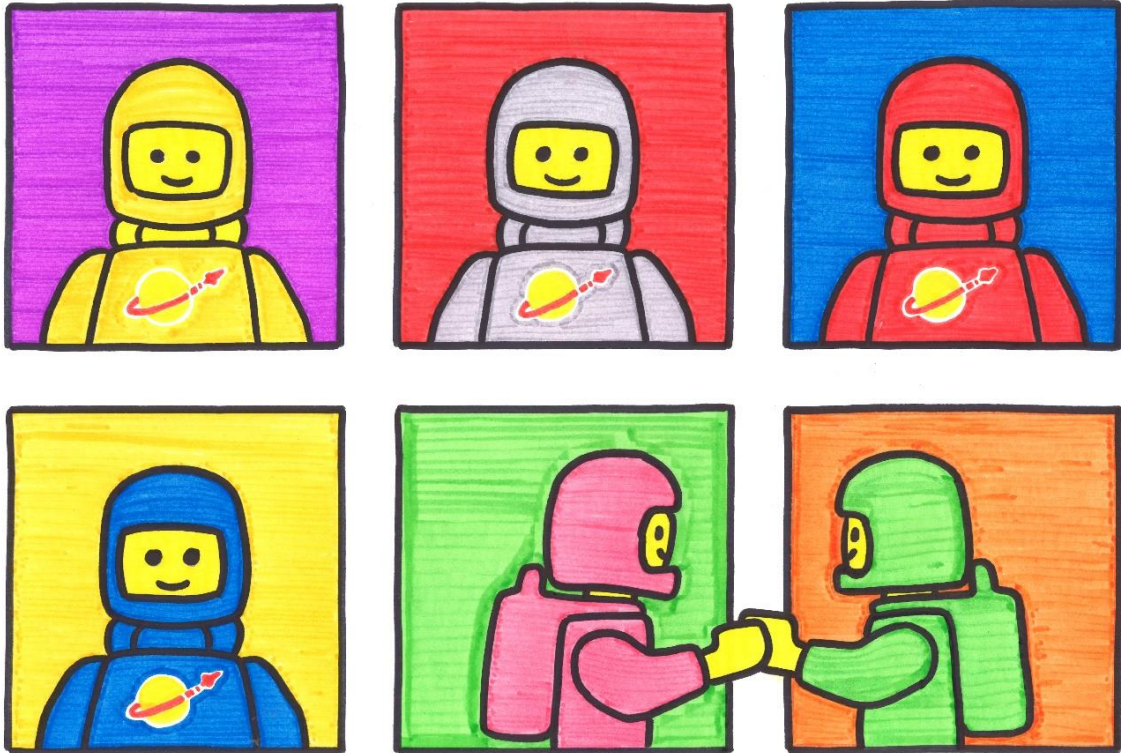
**Description** | Same side

**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.

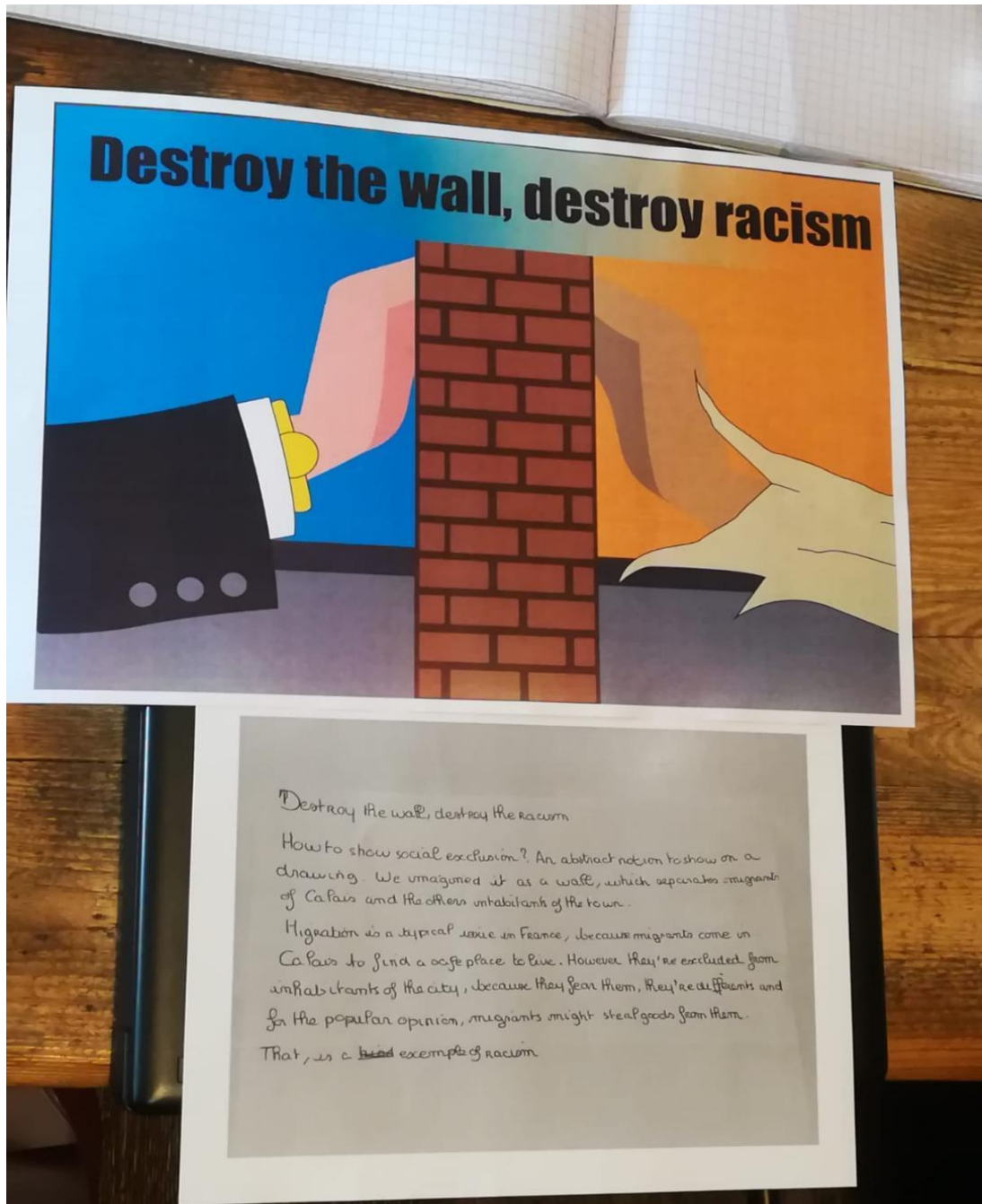
**Made by** | Nora

**Age** | 16

**School** | Jakobstads gymnasium



# France



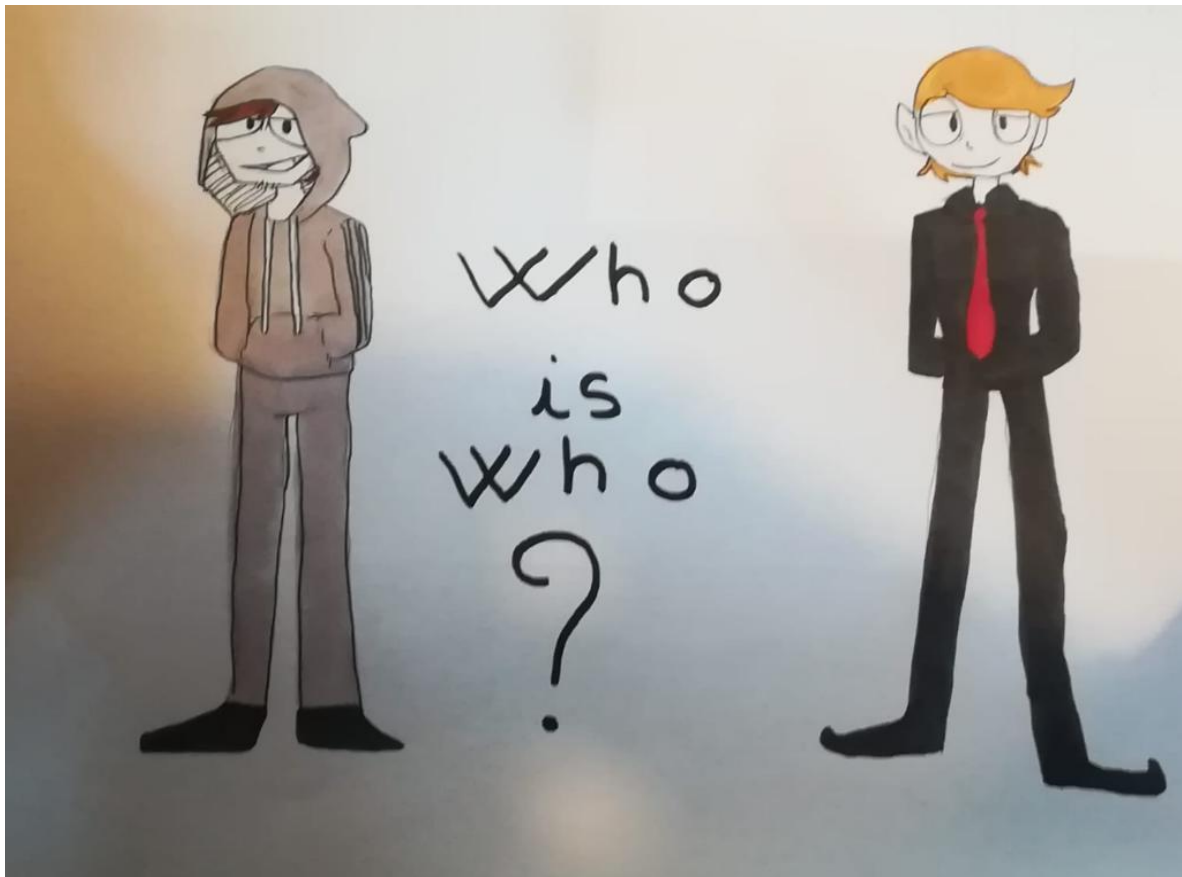
**Description** | Racism

**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

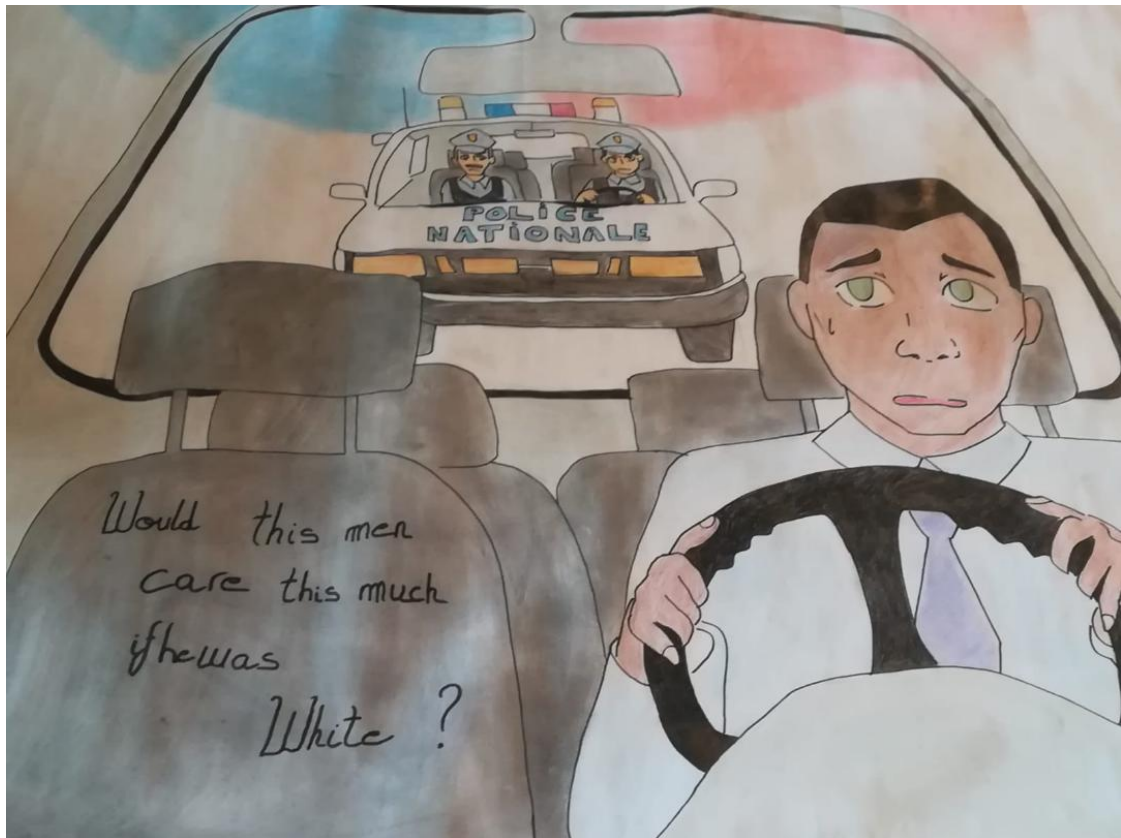
**Made by** | The French team

**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.

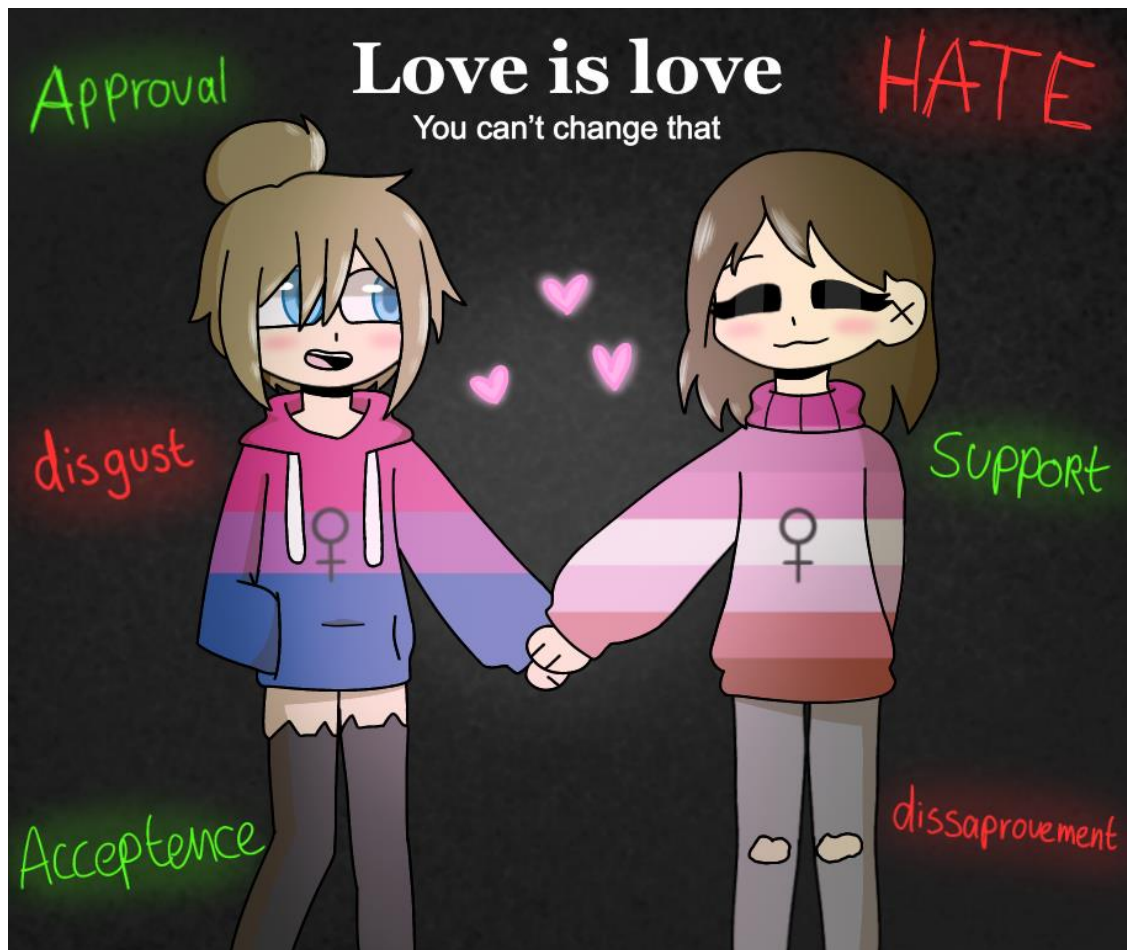
**Made by** | Fay Kooijmans

**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.

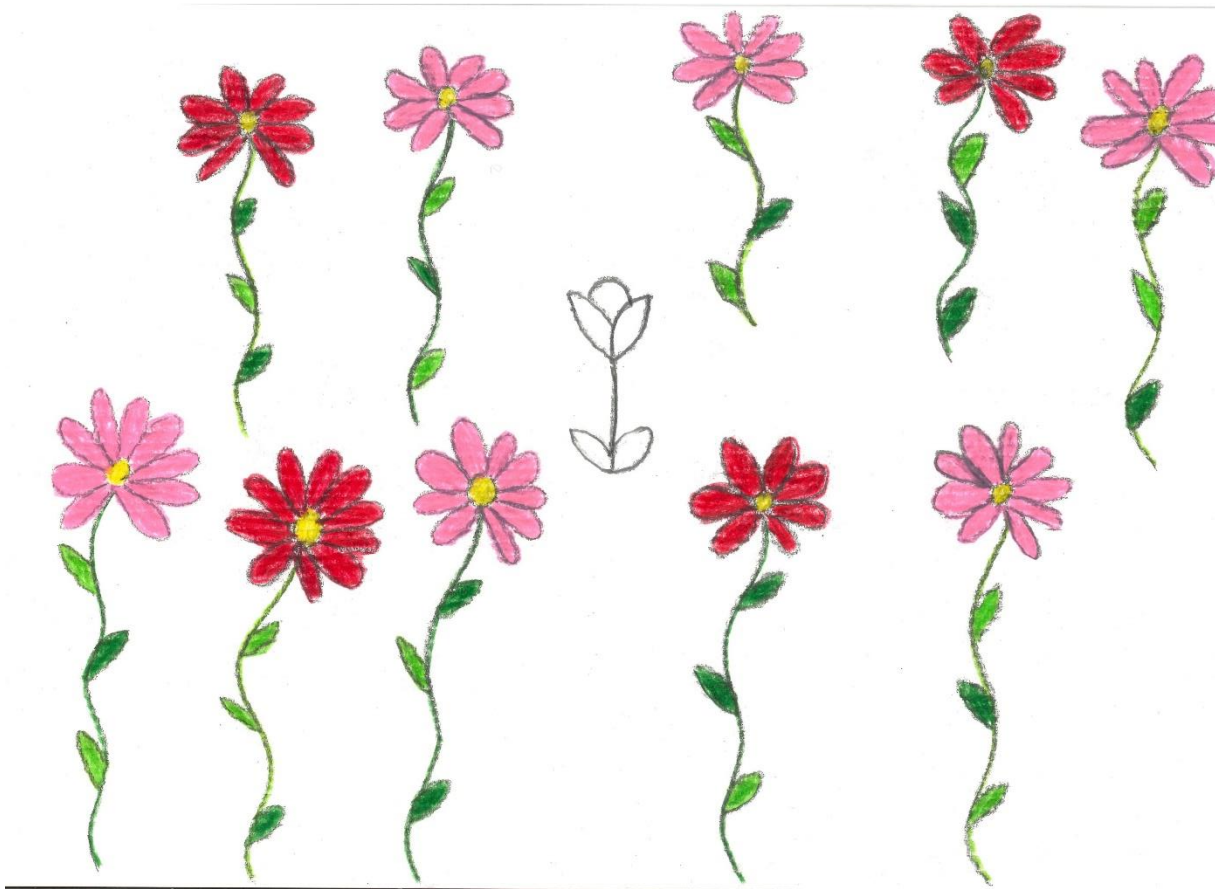
**Made by** | Arvid Frank & William Ehrenroth

**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

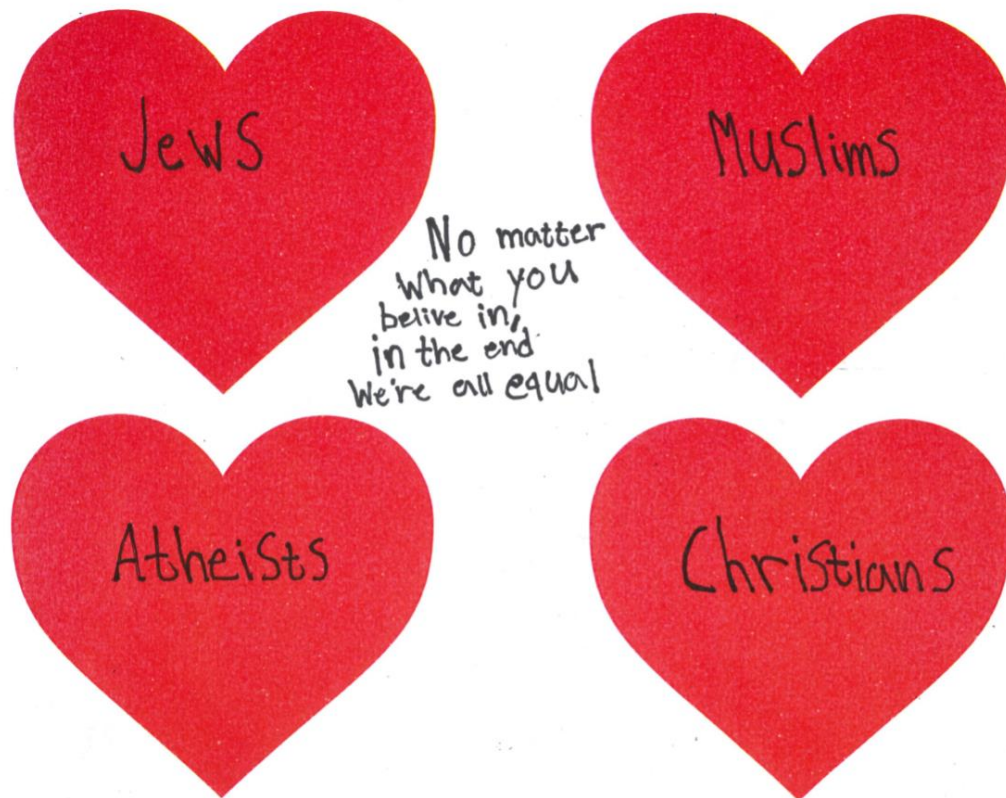
**Age** | 15

**School** | Almunge skola



# Sweden

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**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



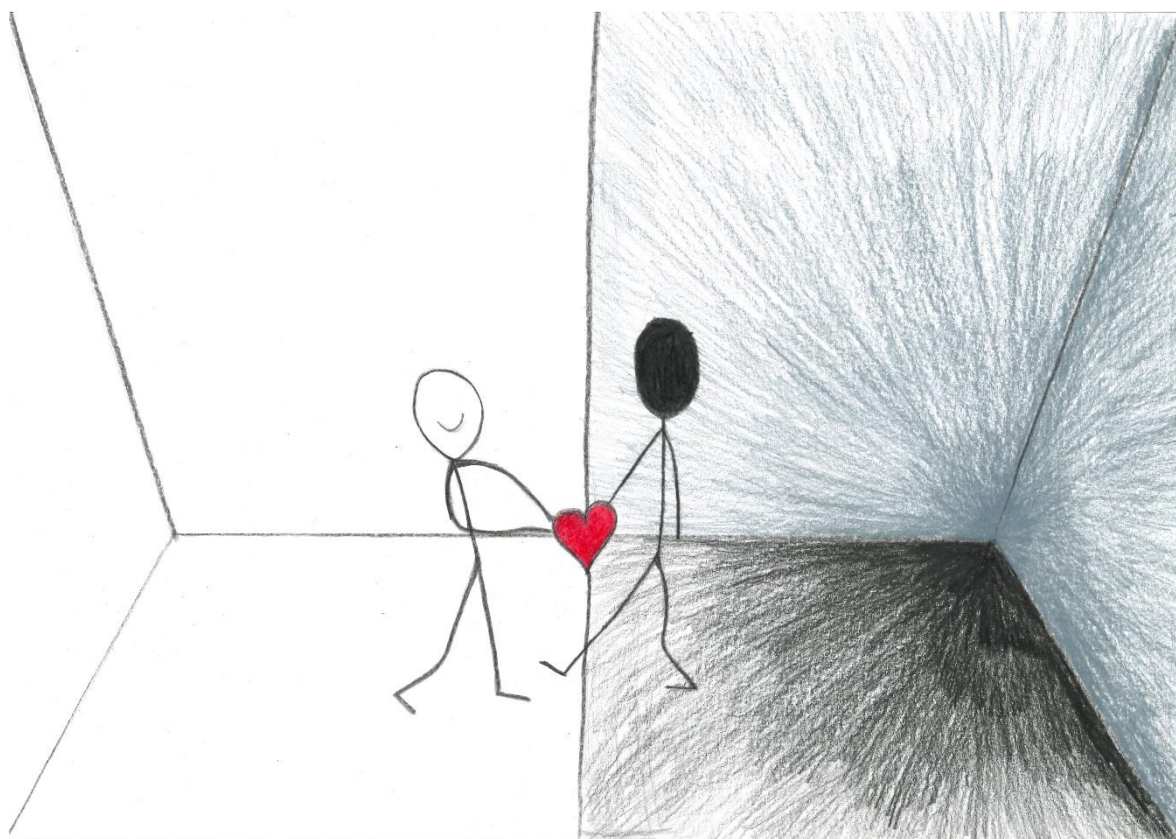
**Description** | Everybody feels lonely sometimes no matter how many friends you've got and how happy you look. We all have that feeling of being alienated. When you're trying too hard to be accepted by other people loneliness may follow.

**Made by** | Siri Sjögren & Matilda Gustafson

**Age** | 15

**School** | Almunge Skola

# Sweden



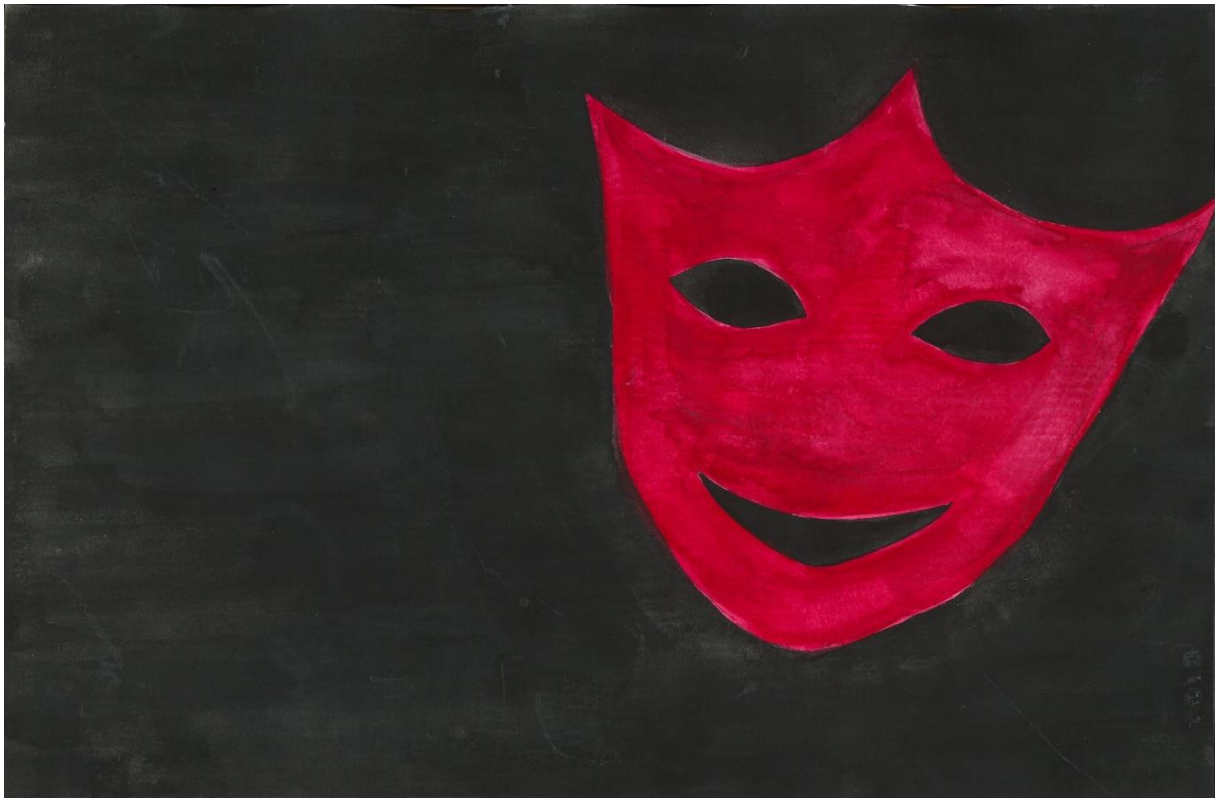
**Description** | Even in your darkest hour you're not alone. Real love of true friends or a partner who really cares about you makes you strong.

**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)

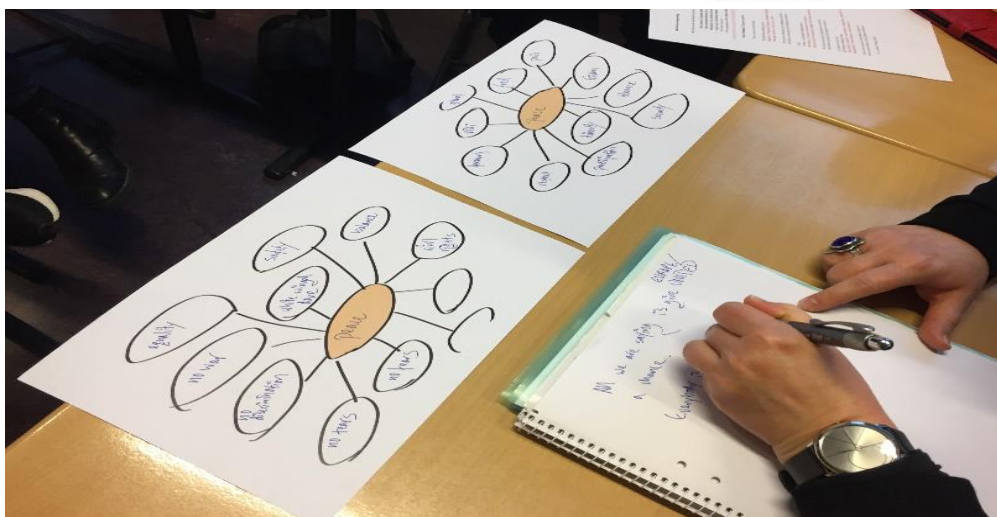
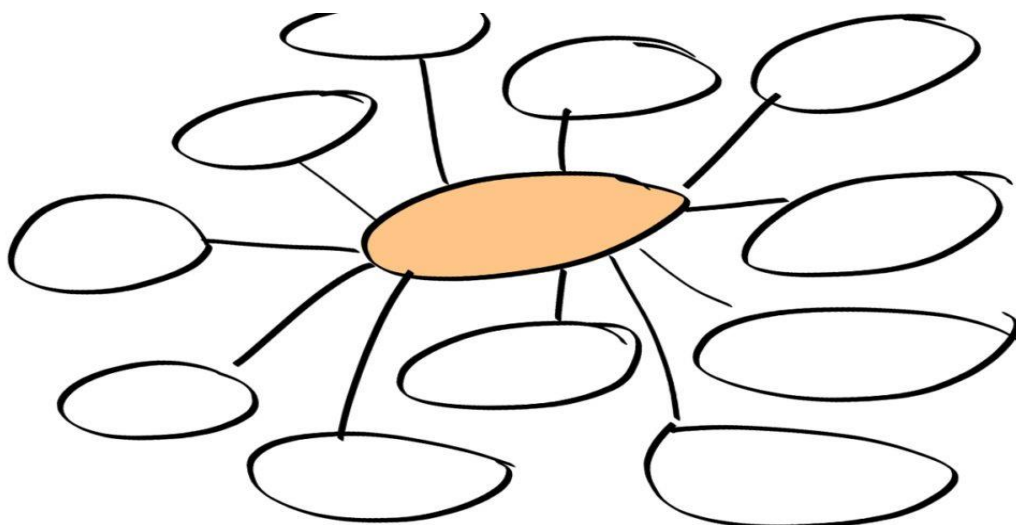
Fourth time: "We have now tried out different intentions. Which would suit the text best? Then we will do it this way! Last time as if we were singing it in front of a large audience!"

### 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:

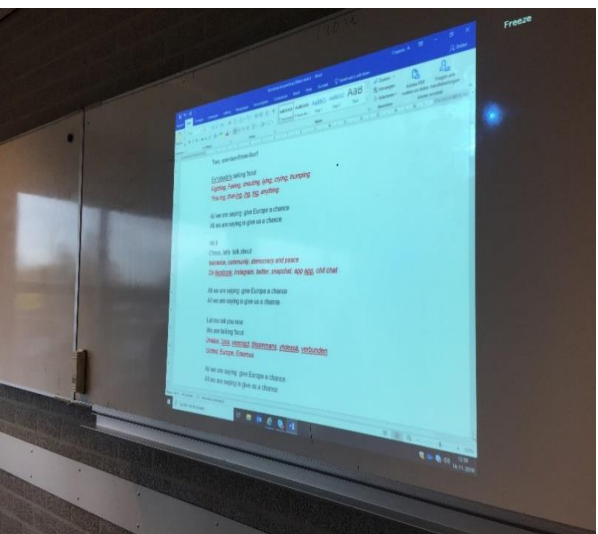
Judith (DE), Sofia(SE), Carina(FI), Jean Louis(NL), Laetitia(FR), Maggy(FR)





## 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.

