

By Paula Lobato Díez

STUDENTS' RESOURCE BOOK

UAM

Universidad Autónoma
de Madrid

ACTIVITY PACKS: WORKING WITH ICC THROUGH NON- ADAPTED LITERARY SOURCES

Paula Lobato Díez
Supervisor: Dr. Laura Torres Zúñiga

“Collaboration Scholarship”
awarded by the Spanish Ministry of Education and Professional Formation
2021-2022

Department of Philologies and their Didactic
Universidad Autónoma de Madrid



TABLE OF CONTENTS

INITIAL QUESTIONNAIRES.....	3
PACK 1: IT’S A MAD WORLD.....	6
PACK 2: NATIONALISMS AND IMMIGRATION	25
PACK 3: THE FRIGHT OF OTHERNESS	37
PACK 4: LGBTIQ+ IS MORE THAN JUST LETTERS	44
PACK 5: WORLD ACCENTS	61
PACK 6: DOES THE EXISTENCE OF OUR CULTURE MEAN ERASING OTHERS?	66
PACK 7: THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN	74
PACK 8: STEREOTYPES RELATED TO GENDER AND COUNTRY	86
PACK 9: HAIR IS CULTURE.....	94
PACK 10: THE UNENDING MYTH OF THE “WHITE SAVIOR”	99
PACK 11: WHITE WASHING AND BLACK PAINTING	106
PACK 12: WATERING THE ROOTS.....	121

INITIAL QUESTIONNAIRES

AGE:

NATIONALITY:

GENDER:

COURSE:

Mark with an X the option which you find to be the most correct.

Regarding immigration and immigrants, I consider that...					
1= I strongly disagree 2= I disagree 3= I'm indifferent 4= I agree 5= I strongly agree					
1. I recognize the nationalities and the different official languages spoken by immigrant people.	1	2	3	4	5
2. I recognize the right of all people to live and work in any country.	1	2	3	4	5
3. I am aware of the circumstances that often force people to migrate.	1	2	3	4	5
4. I know the different religions.	1	2	3	4	5
5. I know the origin of the most important monuments of my city (i.e. The <i>Cibeles</i> Statue).	1	2	3	4	5
6. The majority of our food comes from other countries.	1	2	3	4	5
7. Immigrants contribute to Spain having a good quality of life.	1	2	3	4	5
8. Immigrants are invading us.	1	2	3	4	5
9. Immigrant people are kind.	1	2	3	4	5
10. Immigrants receive more aid than locals.	1	2	3	4	5
11. We learn a lot of things with immigrants.	1	2	3	4	5
12. Immigrant people are related to crime and drugs.	1	2	3	4	5
13. Immigrant people are hard workers.	1	2	3	4	5
14. Spanish culture will be ruined because of immigrants.	1	2	3	4	5
15. Immigrants must have equal rights.	1	2	3	4	5
16. Immigrants want to impose their religion to us.	1	2	3	4	5
17. Immigrant people do things well.	1	2	3	4	5
18. Immigrants make delinquency rise.	1	2	3	4	5
19. Thanks to immigrants, we get to know other cultures.	1	2	3	4	5
20. Immigrants bring diseases to Spain.	1	2	3	4	5
21. Immigrant people are good people.	1	2	3	4	5

22. Immigrant people saturate our social services.	1	2	3	4	5
23. Immigrants take up jobs no one is willing to.	1	2	3	4	5
24. Immigrants are more sexist than locals.	1	2	3	4	5
25. Immigrants help with Spanish economy.	1	2	3	4	5
26. I like...					
- African people.	1	2	3	4	5
- Chinese people.	1	2	3	4	5
- Romanian people.	1	2	3	4	5
- Gypsy ¹ people.	1	2	3	4	5
- South American people.	1	2	3	4	5
- Arab people.	1	2	3	4	5

Source: adapted from Ballesteros-Moscocio and Fontecha-Blanco (2019, p.33)

Regarding our activities in class I consider...

1= I strongly disagree 2= I disagree 3= I'm indifferent 4= I agree 5= I strongly agree

1. In class we reflect about our culture in relation to that of other countries.	1	2	3	4	5
2. We use non-discriminatory language in class.	1	2	3	4	5
3. Intercultural values are fostered in class.	1	2	3	4	5
4. Tolerance is fostered in class.	1	2	3	4	5
5. In class we respect other cultures and accents.	1	2	3	4	5
6. In class we learn to communicate in an intercultural manner.	1	2	3	4	5
7. I am comfortable and happy to cooperate with immigrant partners.	1	2	3	4	5
8. In class we learn how to appreciate people from other parts of the world.	1	2	3	4	5
9. I am aware of the sexism and homophobia present in some expression I have used in my language.	1	2	3	4	5
10. In class we resolve conflicts through dialogue.	1	2	3	4	5

Source: adapted from Ballesteros-Moscocio and Fontecha-Blanco (2019, p.33)

¹ In Spain, it is not a problem to say 'gypsy' as they themselves take pride in the word and thus, the questionnaire adapts to the culture it reflects. However, in other countries such as Ireland, 'gypsy' is a slur and they prefer being called "travelers".

Ballesteros-Moscocio, M.A., & Fontecha-Blanco, E. (2019). Competencia Intercultural en Secundaria: Miradas entrelazadas de profesores y estudiantes hacia personas de otras culturas y creencias. *Tendencias Pedagógicas*, 33, 18-36. doi: 10.15366/tp2019.33.002

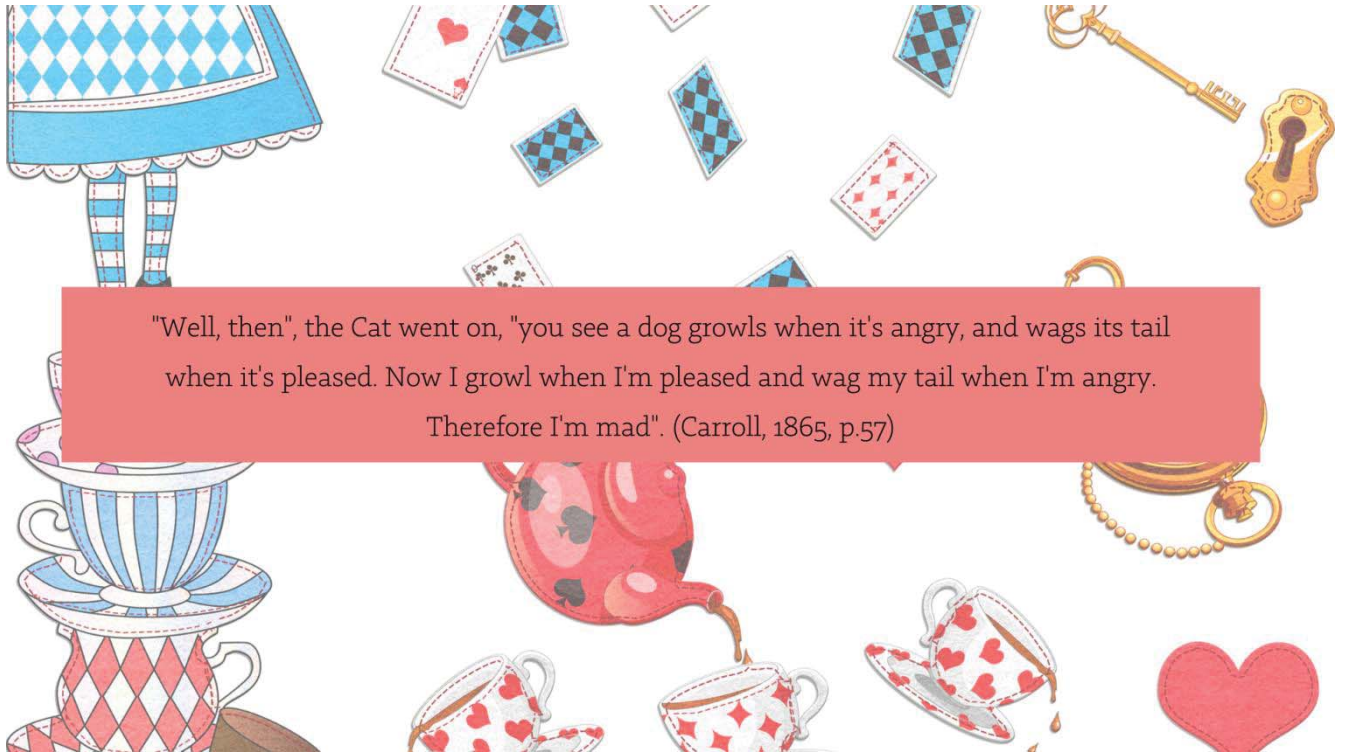
PACK 1: IT'S A MAD WORLD

1.1 Let's think about culture!



1.2. Quote from *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* by Lewis Carroll (1965, p.57)

2009 edition by Penguin Classics, Chapter VI: "Pig and Pepper"



"Well, then", the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it's angry, and wags its tail when it's pleased. Now I growl when I'm pleased and wag my tail when I'm angry.

Therefore I'm mad". (Carroll, 1865, p.57)

1.3. Collaborative session: notes and reflections



1.4. Summer village photo from *Call me by your name* (2017) directed by Luca Guadagnino based on André Aciman's homonymous novel



Source: *Montagues Magazine* (21st December, 2018) by Dag Sødtholt. Available at <https://montagesmagazine.com/2018/12/because-i-wanted-you-to-know-staging-luca-guadagnino-call-me-by-your-name/>

1.5. Let's read!

Book excerpt: *Call me by your name* by André Aciman (2007, pp.1-7)

Chapter 1, Atlantic Books

"Later!" The word, the voice, the attitude.

I'd never heard anyone use "later" to say goodbye before. It sounded harsh, curt, and dismissive, spoken with the veiled indifference of people who may not care to see or hear from you again.

It is the first thing I remember about him, and I can hear it still today. Later!

I shut my eyes, say the word, and I'm back in Italy, so many years ago, walking down the tree-lined driveway, watching him step out of the cab, billowy blue shirt, wide-open collar, sunglasses, straw hat, skin everywhere. Suddenly he's shaking my hand, handing me his backpack, removing his suitcase from the trunk of the cab, asking if my father is home.

It might have started right there and then: the shirt, the rolled-up sleeves, the rounded balls of his heels slipping in and out of his frayed espadrilles, eager to test the hot gravel path that led to our house, every stride already asking, Which way to the beach?

This summer's houseguest. Another bore.

Then, almost without thinking, and with his back already turned to the car, he waves the back of his free hand and utters a careless Later! to another passenger in the car who has probably split the fare from the station. No name added, no jest to smooth out the ruffled leave-taking, nothing. His one-word send-off: brisk, bold, and blunted — take your pick, he couldn't be bothered which.

You watch, I thought, this is how he'll say goodbye to us when the time comes. With a gruff, slapdash Later!

Meanwhile, we'd have to put up with him for six long weeks.

I was thoroughly intimidated. The unapproachable sort.

I could grow to like him, though. From rounded chin to rounded heel. Then, within days, I would learn to hate him.

This, the very person whose photo on the application form months earlier had leapt out with promises of instant affinities.

Taking in summer guests was my parents' way of helping young academics revise a manuscript before publication. For six weeks each summer I'd have to vacate my bedroom and move one room down the corridor into a much smaller room that had once belonged to my grandfather. During the winter months, when we were away in the city, it became a part-time toolshed, storage room, and attic where rumor had it my grandfather, my namesake, still ground his teeth in

his eternal sleep. Summer residents didn't have to pay anything, were given the full run of the house, and could basically do anything they pleased, provided they spent an hour or so a day helping my father with his correspondence and assorted paperwork. They became part of the family, and after about fifteen years of doing this, we had gotten used to a shower of postcards and gift packages not only around Christmastime but all year long from people who were now totally devoted to our family and would go out of their way when they were in Europe to drop by B. for a day or two with their family and take a nostalgic tour of their old digs.

At meals there were frequently two or three other guests, sometimes neighbors or relatives, sometimes colleagues, lawyers, doctors, the rich and famous who'd drop by to see my father on their way to their own summer houses. Sometimes we'd even open our dining room to the occasional tourist couple who'd heard of the old villa and simply wanted to come by and take a peek and were totally enchanted when asked to eat with us and tell us all about themselves, while Mafalda, informed at the last minute, dished out her usual fare. My father, who was reserved and shy in private, loved nothing better than to have some precocious rising expert in a field keep the conversation going in a few languages while the hot summer sun, after a few glasses of *rosatello*, ushered in the unavoidable afternoon torpor. We named the task dinner drudgery—and, after a while, so did most of our six-week guests.

Maybe it started soon after his arrival during one of those grinding lunches when he sat next to me and it finally dawned on me that, despite a light tan acquired during his brief stay in Sicily earlier that summer, the color on the palms of his hands was the same as the pale, soft skin of his soles, of his throat, of the bottom of his forearms, which hadn't really been exposed to much sun. Almost a light pink, as glistening and smooth as the underside of a lizard's belly. Private, chaste, unfledged, like a blush on an athlete's face or an instance of dawn on a stormy night. It told me things about him I never knew to ask.

It may have started during those endless hours after lunch when everybody lounged about in bathing suits inside and outside the house, bodies sprawled everywhere, killing time before someone finally suggested we head down to the rocks for a swim. Relatives, cousins, neighbors, friends, friends of friends, colleagues, or just about anyone who cared to knock at our gate and ask if they could use our tennis court—everyone was welcome to lounge and swim and eat and, if they stayed long enough, use the guesthouse.

Or perhaps it started on the beach. Or at the tennis court. Or during our first walk together on his very first day when I was asked to show him the house and its surrounding area and, one thing leading to the other, managed to take him

past the very old forged-iron metal gate as far back as the endless empty lot in the hinterland toward the abandoned train tracks that used to connect B. to N. "Is there an abandoned station house somewhere?" he asked, looking through the trees under the scalding sun, probably trying to ask the right question of the owner's son. "No, there was never a station house. The train simply stopped when you asked." He was curious about the train; the rails seemed so narrow. It was a two-wagon train bearing the royal insignia, I explained. Gypsies lived in it now. They'd been living there ever since my mother used to summer here as a girl. The gypsies had hauled the two derailed cars farther inland. Did he want to see them? "Later. Maybe." Polite indifference, as if he'd spotted my misplaced zeal to play up to him and was summarily pushing me away. But it stung me.

Instead, he said he wanted to open an account in one of the banks in B., then pay a visit to his Italian translator, whom his Italian publisher had engaged for his book.

I decided to take him there by bike.

The conversation was no better on wheels than on foot. Along the way, we stopped for something to drink. The bar-tabaccheria was totally dark and empty. The owner was mopping the floor with a powerful ammonia solution.

We stepped outside as soon as we could. A lonely blackbird, sitting in a Mediterranean pine, sang a few notes that were immediately drowned out by the rattle of the cicadas.

I took a long swill from a large bottle of mineral water, passed it to him, then drank from it again.

I spilled some on my hand and rubbed my face with it, running my wet fingers through my hair. The water was insufficiently cold, not fizzy enough, leaving behind an unslaked likeness of thirst.

What did one do around here? Nothing. Wait for summer to end. What did one do in the winter, then? I smiled at the answer I was about to give.

He got the gist and said, "Don't tell me: wait for summer to come, right?" I liked having my mind read. He'd pick up on dinner drudgery sooner than those before him. "Actually, in the winter the place gets very gray and dark. We come for Christmas. Otherwise it's a ghost town."

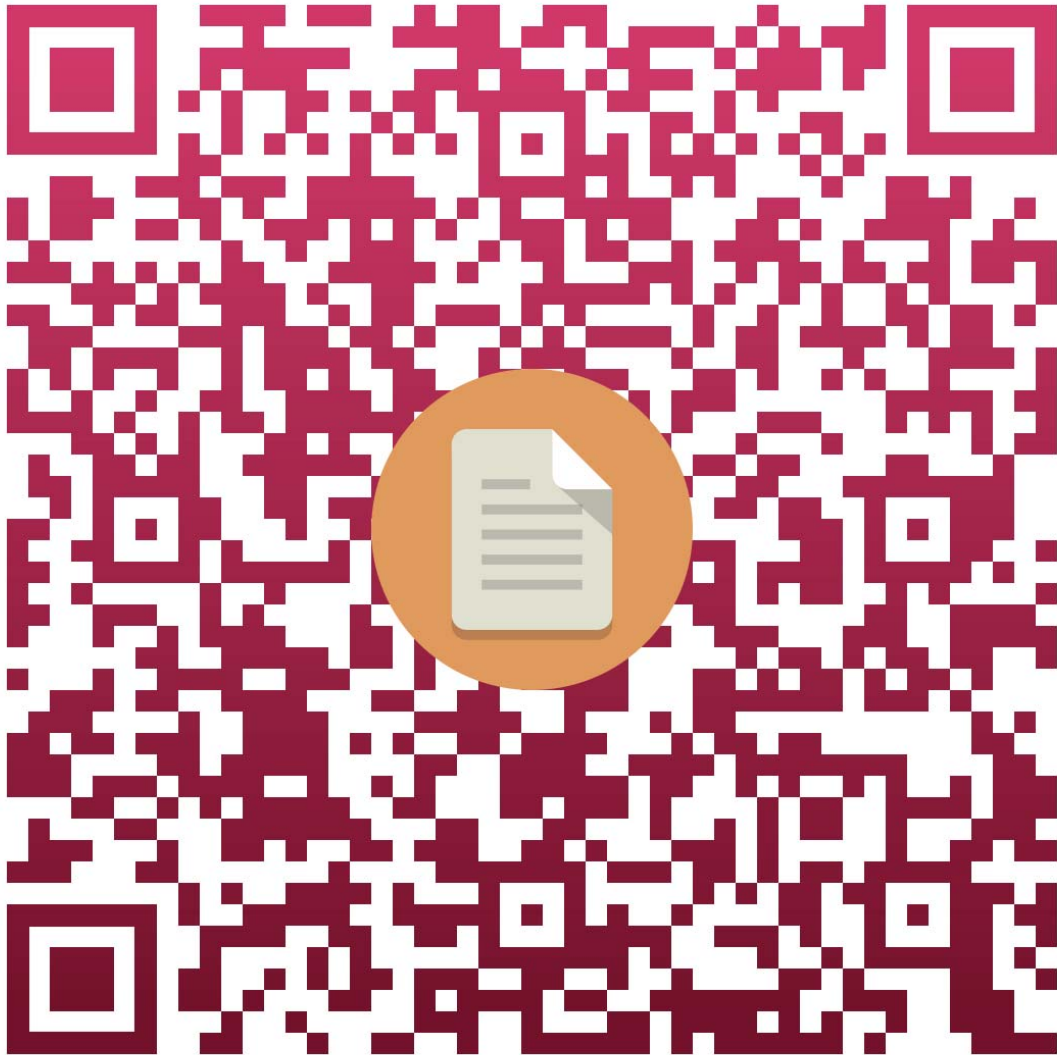
"And what else do you do here at Christmas besides roast chestnuts and drink eggnog?" He was teasing.

I offered the same smile as before. He understood, said nothing, we laughed. He asked what I did. I played tennis. Swam. Went out at night. Jogged. Transcribed music. Read. He said he jogged too. Early in the morning. Where did one jog around here? Along the promenade, mostly.

I could show him if he wanted. It hit me in the face just when I was starting to like him again: "Later, maybe." I had put reading last on my list,

thinking that, with the willful, brazen attitude he'd displayed so far, reading would figure last on his.

1.6. Wooclap open question:



1.7. Kahoot/other platform game:

What nationality is most likely to be punctual?

- a) German
- b) English
- c) Spanish
- d) Swiss

Who are the noisiest?

- a) Italians
- b) Spanish
- c) Norwegians
- d) Bulgarians

Who do the most sightseeing and take pictures of everything?

- a) Japanese
- b) Chinese
- c) North Americans
- d) Swedish

Who drink more alcohol?

- a) Russians
- b) Germans
- c) Irish
- d) British

Who show off the most?

- a) Moroccans
- b) Mexicans
- c) Argentinians
- d) Russians

Who are the most jealous?

- a) Italians
- b) Finnish

- c) Colombians
- d) Hungarians

In which country is English less spoken?

- a) France
- b) Spain
- c) Germany
- d) Kazajstan

In which country are women more independent?

- a) Germany
- b) Spain
- c) Ireland
- d) New Zealand

Where can you find the worst traffic?

- a) Spain
- b) Italy
- c) Romania
- d) Canada

1.8. Poem “Spanish Traffic” by Barry Spacks (1979)

Published online on Poetry Foundation

<<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poetrymagazine/browse?contentId=34328>>

SPANISH TRAFFIC

The American girl in Barcelona
Tells about the Festival
Of Flowers: how a smiling man
Had caught her up and run with her
Across an eight-lane highway's Spanish
Traffic. She's still angry, four years
After, for it never left
His face, despite her screams, her fists,
A smile which said of course she's angry,
Even though he'd set her down
Across the road, where she would be;
That women fight when ruffled, helped;
He's used to that in women, knowing
The women of his own country;
Touched, in fact, by this quality.

1.9. Article: “12 stereotypes about the Spanish which are totally NOT true” by Margarita Lázaro for the Huff Post (2012) available at

<https://www.huffpost.com/entry/spanish-stereotypes-_n_5822414>

What do you REALLY know about Spanish people? If you were to ask a foreigner, his response would probably consist of one accurate statement and many, many misconceptions. That's how it appeared to us in a cliché-ridden New York Times article called [“Spain, Land of 10 P.M. Dinner, Asks if It's Time to Reset Clock.”](#)

Foreign films and television series only serve to reinforce these clichés. In "Knight and Day," there were bulls running through Sevilla and in "Little Fockers," Dustin Hoffman was traveling to Spain to learn how to dance... the flamenco! (Was there any other option?)

The time has come to shatter these myths about the Spanish. The following stereotypes are totally not true:



1. We all know how to dance the Flamenco.

No, we don't. This dance is native to the south of Spain, and it's not like everyone in this area even knows how to dance it. Moreover, *flamenco* is hardly the only dance native to Spain. There are other regional dances: In Madrid, it's the *chotis*; in Galicia, the *muiñeira*; the *jota* in Aragón and the *sardana* in Catalonia, just to give a few examples.

2. Bullfighting is universally loved.

Actually, bullfighting is quite controversial in Spain. There are anti-bullfighting associations throughout the country, and in regions like Catalonia and the Canaries bullfights are prohibited.

3. We are lazy and take naps daily.

No one's denying that we invented the *siesta* and that, in fact, we're quite proud of it, but that doesn't mean that we take one every day (we wish!). During the time that, in theory, we should be taking them, the majority of us are at work. Pretty much the only people who can take them regularly are older (retired) people and little children (who aren't yet in school).



4. We eat paella every day.

Not even close. It's common in Valencia, but every region has its own cuisine and its own specialities. If we *had* to choose a national dish, it would undoubtedly be the Spanish tortilla (which consists of eggs, potato and onion).



5. We're constantly drinking sangria.

Actually, we prefer wine or beer, whereas sangria tends to be more popular among foreigners. We Spaniards save it for summers only.



6. We eat tacos.

News flash: This is not Mexico. We may speak the same language, but that doesn't mean that we eat the same food, nor that we sing *rancheras*. Contrary to what they thought in "How I Met Your Mother" and "Modern Family," in Spain there are no mariachis.

7. We all have dark skin, brown eyes and black hair.

The Spanish don't all look like Penélope Cruz or Antonio Banderas (though we're flattered you think so). We can also have light hair and blue/green eyes. Some of us don't even get tan in the sun. [Elsa Pataky](#) is Spanish, and yet she doesn't have Penélope's basic features. Famed soccer player [Gerard Pique](#) (Shakira's boyfriend) also doesn't fit the description.



8. We're very religious and attend mass frequently.

Sure, [Pedro Almodóvar gave a very saintly speech](#) when he won the Oscar for "Talk To Her." And yes, the country is filled with churches from north to south. However, Spain is a secular country with religious freedom, and [only 13.2% of the population regularly attends mass](#).



9. We only live in Madrid and Barcelona.

Spain has 47 million inhabitants, [according to data from the National Statistics Institute \(INE\)](#), and of those people, only 4.8 million reside in these cities. That's just 10% of the population. The rest are spread out among other cities throughout the country: Valencia, Zaragoza, Seville and Malaga being the next ones in terms of number of inhabitants.



10. We spend all our time partying.

Okay, this one has a lot of truth to it. In Spain, anything can be turned into a reason for partying. Our calendar is filled with holidays, some of which are as famous as [La](#)

[Tomatina](#) and others you've definitely never heard of. But that doesn't mean that we go to *all* of them. We wouldn't have time, nor would we be physically capable.



11. It is veeeery hot.

Yes, we have good weather, but not during the whole year, nor even in all of the country's regions. In the south of Spain the heat is practically guaranteed from the beginning of spring well into October. In the north, things are different. In Galicia, Asturias, or Cantabria you can easily find yourself beset by days of rainy weather during the summer, and in Madrid and Castilla-León by snow and frost in the winter.

12. Rafa Nadal is our only athlete.

We're proud of him. We love that he wins Grand Slam tournaments and that he represents us on a global level, but that doesn't mean that he's our only internationally successful athlete. In this group, we would also include the [Gasol brothers](#), [Marc Márquez](#), and [Fernando Alonso](#) or even the swimmer [Mireia Belmonte](#).

***CORRECTION:** An earlier version of this post misspelled the name of Marc Márquez. This post is a translated and adapted version of [El Huffington Post's original](#).*

1.10. TV series clip: *Blackadder* by BBC (1983).
Season 1 "The Black Adder".

Clip: Meeting the Infanta

Available on *BBC Greatest Classics* YouTube Channel
<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UveSVcz18R0>>

1.11. Transcript

Bienvenida a nuestro Castillo, espero que encuentre los desagües a su satisfacción

[Music]

In Spanish it means “welcome to our castle I hope you'll find the drains to your satisfaction” but I've jotted it down for you, it should help you break the ice with the Infanta

Oh, by the way I don't think you know the countess Caroline of Luxembourg...

How do you do young lady?

Well good luck.... bienvenue à notre châteaux oh Caroline

Luxembourg... ha! My god have you ever seen anyone so obviously seething with jealousy? no I see see see if he goes seething that much longer he'll turn into a sea....

Bodric... what are you talking about? Yes....

M'Lord...

Yes, what is it?

Do you know they do say that the Infanta's eyes are more beautiful than the famous stone of Galveston?

Mmm... what?

The famous stone of Galveston, my Lord!

And what's that exactly?

Well it's a famous blue stone and it comes from Galveston

I see... and what about it?

Well my lord the Infanta's eyes are bluer than it for a start

I see and have you ever seen this stone?

No not that such my lord but I know a couple of people who have and they said it was very very blue deep

And have these people seen the Infanta's eyes?

Nah, something similar!

... and neither have you...

No, my lord

So what you're telling me Percy is that something you have never seen is slightly less blue than something else you have never seen....

Yes, my lord

Percy... in the end you were about as much close to me... (...) you must be fair, you never had to actually be brave....

Hello! Here I am awaiting the arrival of those beautiful ravishing...

Hello!

Leave me alone, will you? I'm trying to talk to someone

[Interactions in Spanish and English: notice the Infanta's accent*]

¡Que soy la Infanta!

No one told me you had a beard

¡Yo soy la Infanta!

Well absolutely.... *gets scared and jumps into Percy's arms*

Your nose is smaller than I expected

I have suffered no similar disappointment

[Spanish comedy]

PACK 2: NATIONALISMS AND IMMIGRATION

2.1 Photo: The “Statue of Liberty” in the USA



Source: Carlblock “The Statue of Liberty and The Promised Land” (2019). Available at <https://americaniconstemple.wordpress.com/2019/02/01/the-statue-of-liberty-and-the-promised-land/>

2.2 Song “American Land” by Bruce Springsteen (2006)

Album: We Shall Overcome – The Seeger Sessions (2006)

Label: Columbia Records

Available on YouTube < <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=sjxIRNly3Dw>>, other music streaming platforms or album hard copies

2.3 Lyrics

Whoa!

What is this land America, so many travel there

I'm going now while I'm still young, my darling meet me there

Wish me luck my lovely, I'll send for you when I can

And we'll make our home in the American land

Over there all the women wear silk and satin to their knees

And children, dear, the sweets, I hear, are growing on the trees

Gold comes rushing out the rivers straight into your hands

When you make your home in the American land

There's diamonds in the sidewalk, the gutters lined in song

Dear, I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long

There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man

Who'll make his home in the American land

I docked at Ellis Island in the city of light and spire

I wandered to the valley of red-hot steel and fire

We made the steel that built the cities with the sweat of our two hands

We made our home in the American land

Go!

There's diamonds in the sidewalk, the gutters lined in song
Dear, I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long
There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man
Who'll make his home in the American land

Whoa!

Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Whoa!

???

Come on!

The McNicholas, the Posalskis, the Smiths, Zerillis too
The Blacks, the Irish, Italians, the Germans and the Jews
They come across the water a thousand miles from home
With nothing in their bellies but the fire down below

They died building the railroads, they worked to bones and skin
They died in the fields and factories, names scattered in the wind
They died to get here a hundred years ago, they're still dying now
Their hands that built the country we're always trying to keep out

There's diamonds in the sidewalk, the gutters lined in song
Dear, I hear that beer flows through the faucets all night long

There's treasure for the taking, for any hard working man

Who'll make his home in the American land

Who'll make his home in the American land

Who'll make his home in the American land

2.4 Quizziz time!

1. Where is Nicky Minaj from?
2. Where is Melania Trump from?
3. Where is Rihanna from?
4. Where is Drake from?
5. Where is Cameron Diaz from?
6. Where is Jennifer Lopez from?
7. Where is Pitbull from?
8. Where is Selena Gomez from?

Bonus question.... where are the USA from?

2.5 Poem: “Theme for English B” by Langston Hughes (2002) from *The Collected Works of Langston Hughes*. Available online at Poetry Foundation
<<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/poems/47880/theme-for-english-b>>

The instructor said,

*Go home and write
a page tonight.
And let that page come out of you—
Then, it will be true.*

I wonder if it's that simple?
I am twenty-two, colored, born in Winston-Salem.
I went to school there, then Durham, then here
to this college on the hill above Harlem.
I am the only colored student in my class.
The steps from the hill lead down into Harlem,
through a park, then I cross St. Nicholas,
Eighth Avenue, Seventh, and I come to the Y,
the Harlem Branch Y, where I take the elevator
up to my room, sit down, and write this page:

It's not easy to know what is true for you or me
at twenty-two, my age. But I guess I'm what
I feel and see and hear, Harlem, I hear you.
hear you, hear me—we two—you, me, talk on this page.
(I hear New York, too.) Me—who?

Well, I like to eat, sleep, drink, and be in love.
I like to work, read, learn, and understand life.
I like a pipe for a Christmas present,
or records—Bessie, bop, or Bach.
I guess being colored doesn't make me *not* like
the same things other folks like who are other races.
So will my page be colored that I write?
Being me, it will not be white.
But it will be
a part of you, instructor.
You are white—
yet a part of me, as I am a part of you.
That's American.
Sometimes perhaps you don't want to be a part of me.

Nor do I often want to be a part of you.
But we are, that's true!
As I learn from you,
I guess you learn from me—
although you're older—and white—
and somewhat more free.

This is my page for English B.

2.6 Poem “Spanish” by Pat Mora (2010)

My mom worried that I was sick
or changing, “¿Porqué estás tan quieta?”
I hurt too much to tell her. I was shrinking
in that school. I couldn't speak
English.

All my intelligence and feelings trapped inside,
en español. Quiet. I was the newest
so knew no words. All day I listened and looked
down hoping no one would ask me a question.
I hid so deep inside, I'd lose myself for days,
forget the sound of my own voice.

At home, I was silent more and more, my mouth
too sad to speak.

When I'd hear *español*, oh!
It surrounded me like a comfort,
una frazada, the syllables soothing
me, slowly thawing my wounded self,
the stranger inside.

2.7 Write your own version of the poem

2.8. Article “¿Negamos los españoles nuestros vínculos con árabes y musulmanes?” by Miguel Forcat Luque for “El País” newspaper (2021)

Also available at [<article>](#)

El pasado mes de agosto y, tras casi siete años viviendo allí por motivos profesionales, abandoné definitivamente el reino de Marruecos. No creo exagerar al describir esa etapa de mi vida como una experiencia personal casi mística.

Recuerdo que, a los pocos días de llegar a Marruecos, paseaba por la medina de Rabat cuando vi a un vendedor ambulante ofreciendo aceitunas. Para dar publicidad a su mercancía, el mercader gritaba: “¡zaytun!” (aceituna, en árabe). Intuí (y luego confirmé) que la palabra castellana “aceituna” provenía de ese “zaytun” árabe.

Este descubrimiento me sorprendió mucho: creo que uno de los elementos culturales que más define a España es la gastronomía. Pienso que la clave de la gastronomía española es el aceite que, a su vez, proviene de las aceitunas. Para mí fue todo un acontecimiento descubrir que el corazón de la gastronomía (y por tanto, el meollo de un elemento cultural importantísimo en mi país), llevaba un nombre árabe. Porque, de alguna manera, esto demostraba hasta qué punto la cultura árabe ocupaba un lugar privilegiado en la española.

Constantemente durante mis años en Marruecos descubrí nuevas similitudes entre ese país y el mío. Algunos ejemplos son el vocabulario (“pantalones” -“bantalon” en árabe-, “azúcar” -“sookar”-, “guitarra” -“githara”-, blusa -“bloosa”-, camisa -“kamis”-, música -“moseka”-...), la gastronomía (los turrónes que se venden en la medina de Fez son prácticamente idénticos a los que comemos en Navidad en España) y la arquitectura (el estilo arquitectónico de las madrazas de Marrakech es muy parecido al que encuentro en la Alhambra de Granada).

Efectivamente, entre España y Marruecos hay muchas similitudes... Pero yo no lo sabía. De lo que hoy quiero escribir es, precisamente, del porqué de ese desconocimiento: ¿Por qué no sabía que la influencia árabe y musulmana en España era tan grande?

El 1 de enero de 1986 España entra por fin en la Comunidad Económica Europea, la actual UE. Durante los últimos 25 años España ha tenido una gran vocación europea. Puede que eso explique por qué, durante nuestra historia reciente, hayamos dado prioridad a nuestros vecinos europeos olvidándonos, tal vez, de aquello que nos une a otros países o culturas igualmente próximos.

Pero, al margen de estos últimos años, ¿es correcto afirmar que los españoles no somos plenamente conscientes de la influencia árabe y musulmana en nuestro país? Y si la hipótesis es correcta, ¿cómo se explica esto?

Preguntado al respecto, Gil-Benumeja contesta: “En España ha habido una ocultación. Con los Reyes Católicos y sus sucesores, los Austrias, hubo una política de uniformidad religiosa que supuso la expulsión o conversión forzosa de musulmanes y judíos, pero también la represión de muchas costumbres que se asociaban (a veces erróneamente) con la religión islámica o judía... Y, por supuesto prohibición total de la lengua árabe, que en el siglo XVI todavía era una de las lenguas más habladas de España. El hispanista francés Alain Milhou llamó a todo este proceso de liquidación del islam y el judaísmo en los siglos XVI y XVII de desemitización”.

Otra razón es que nuestros libros escolares, cuando explican la Edad Media, prestan atención sobre todo a los reinos cristianos, y se pasa de puntillas sobre Al-Ándalus, porque se trata como si hubiera sido una presencia extranjera. “Una invasión de 800 años que finalmente fue expulsada. Esta identificación de la nación española con el catolicismo es lo que se llama nacionalcatolicismo. Es un término transversal a todo el arco político que sigue dominando en la actualidad, ya que existe un consenso general en torno a la idea de que lo español no incluye el islam”, abunda el profesor.

No es difícil sentirse orgulloso de compartir lazos con un pueblo que tanto ha aportado a la humanidad.

También recuerda Gil-Benumeja que lo islámico es o bien ignorado o bien presentado bajo trazos exóticos y muy estereotipados, como si fuera una cultura totalmente ajena a la nuestra. El judaísmo, afortunadamente, ha empezado a ser

rehabilitado, con gestos como el reconocimiento de la nacionalidad española a los descendientes de los judíos expulsados en 1492, cosa que no se ha hecho nunca con los moriscos (a pesar de que ha habido muchas solicitudes en ese sentido), o la tipificación del antisemitismo como delito (lo que no ocurre con la islamofobia).

“Por supuesto, no ha sido siempre ni uniformemente así. Ha habido momentos y personas que han hecho lo posible por reconocer ese vínculo de España con el islam. También hubo intelectuales como Américo Castro o después Juan Goytisolo, que hicieron mucho por reivindicar ese vínculo. En la actualidad estamos metidos en el discurso del “choque de civilizaciones” y la “amenaza islámica” que se inició tras el colapso de la URSS y con el 11-S, y parece más difícil que nunca reconocer la influencia islámica”, concluye el experto.

Puesto que nuestro vínculo con árabes y musulmanes parece demostrado, pienso que lo mejor es aceptarlo e incluso abrazarlo. No es difícil sentirse orgulloso de compartir lazos con un pueblo que tanto ha aportado a la humanidad en disciplinas tan distintas como son la medicina (los árabes descubrieron la anatomía del ojo), las matemáticas (el sistema de notación que se utiliza actualmente en casi todo el mundo es la numeración arábiga. Los árabes inventaron las ecuaciones de primer y segundo grado...), la agricultura, la pesca o la arquitectura.

Personalmente, creo que conocer y aceptar mi propia conexión con árabes y musulmanes tras estos años vividos en Marruecos me ha sido muy útil. Primero, porque tengo la impresión de que ahora me conozco mejor a mí mismo, ya que he entrado en contacto con una parte de mi pasado y de mis propios orígenes que desconocía. Y, sobre todo, porque hoy tengo la impresión de haber entrado en contacto con una parte de mi familia que desconocía y de la que me siento orgulloso de formar parte.

2.9. Join this Dotstorming session for sharing your conclusions!



3.1 Video excerpt from *The PowerpuffGirls* TV series (1998) by Craig McCracken and produced by Hanna-Barbera and Cartoon Networks

(If not available when consulting it, look for a similar clip)

“Mojo Jojo” available at < <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=AJgYxx5CYD4>>

3.2 Let’s read!

Book excerpt: *Dracula* by Bram Stoker (1897).

Macmillan Collector’s Library, 2016, pp. 32–34

Chapter 2, Diary entry of 7th May

In the library I found, to my great delight, a vast number of English books, whole shelves full of them, and bound volumes of magazines and newspapers. A table in the center was littered with English magazines and newspapers, though none of them were of very recent date. The books were of the most varied kind, history, geography, politics, political economy, botany, geology, law, all relating to England and English life and customs and manners. There were even such books of reference as the London Directory, the “Red” and “Blue” books, Whitaker’s Almanac, the Army and Navy Lists, and it somehow gladdened my heart to see it, the Law List.

Whilst I was looking at the books, the door opened, and the Count entered. He saluted me in a hearty way, and hoped that I had had a good night’s rest. Then he went on.

“I am glad you found your way in here, for I am sure there is much that will interest you. These companions,” and he laid his hand on some of the books, “have been good friends to me, and for some years past, ever since I had the idea of going to London, have given me many, many hours of pleasure. Through them I have come to know your great England, and to know her is to love her. I long to go through the crowded streets of your mighty London, to be in the midst of the whirl and rush of humanity, to share its life, its change, its death, and all that makes it what it is. But alas! As yet I only know your tongue through books. To you, my friend, I look that I know it to speak.”

“But, Count,” I said, “You know and speak English thoroughly!” He bowed gravely.

“I thank you, my friend, for your all too-flattering estimate, but yet I fear that I am but a little way on the road I would travel. True, I know the grammar and the words, but yet I know not how to speak them.

“Indeed,” I said, “You speak excellently.”

“Not so,” he answered. “Well, I know that, did I move and speak in your London, none there are who would not know me for a stranger. That is not enough for me. Here I am noble. I am a Boyar. The common people know me,

and I am master. **But a stranger in a strange land, he is no one.** Men know him not, and to know not is to care not for. I am content if I am like the rest, so that no man stops if he sees me, or pauses in his speaking if he hears my words, `Ha, ha! A stranger!' I have been so long master that I would be master still, or at least that none other should be master of me. You come to me not alone as agent of my friend Peter Hawkins, of Exeter, to tell me all about my new estate in London. You shall, I trust, rest here with me a while, so that by our talking I may learn the English intonation. And I would that you tell me when I make error, even of the smallest, in my speaking. I am sorry that I had to be away so long today, but you will, I know forgive one who has so many important affairs in hand." Of course I said all I could about being willing, and asked if I might come into that room when I chose. He answered, "Yes, certainly," and added. "You may go anywhere you wish in the castle, except where the doors are locked, where of course you will not wish to go. There is reason that all things are as they are, and did you see with my eyes and know with my knowledge, you would perhaps better understand." I said I was sure of this, and then he went on. "**We are in Transylvania, and Transylvania is not England. Our ways are not your ways, and there shall be to you many strange things.** Nay, from what you have told me of your experiences already, you know something of what strange things there may be."

3.3 Time for you to think!

Wooclap link



3,4 Movie clip: *Dracula* by Francis Ford Coppola (1992).

“I never drink wine” available at

<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ojgy7kyNp5g&t=75s>>

Minutes 12:50 – 18:23 in the original film

3.5 Article “Llegaron los Rumanos” by Luis Castellví Laukamp for “El Español” newspaper (2018)

Available at <https://www.elespanol.com/opinion/tribunas/20181201/llegaron-rumanos/357334264_12.html>

En España se es siempre bienvenido en todas partes". La cita procede del Diario de un campesino del Danubio (1968) de Vintilă Horia. Condenado por sus publicaciones fascistas, este escritor huyó del régimen soviético en Rumanía. Tras un lustro en Buenos Aires, aterrizó en Madrid en 1953. Durante su exilio llegó a dominar la lengua y cultura españolas. Lean su novela sobre El Greco. Un sepulcro en el cielo (1987) pone esta frase en boca del pintor: "El destierro se volvía arraigo y yo no lo lamentaba de ninguna manera". En efecto, Vintilă Horia siempre sostuvo que vivir en España era un privilegio. Compañeros de exilio como Alexandru Busuioceanu (fundador y primer director del Instituto Cultural Rumano de Madrid, 1942) y George Uscătescu (catedrático en la Universidad Complutense de Madrid) hubieran estado de acuerdo.

Se estudia poco aquella generación literaria, cuyo activismo en la España franquista fue más cultural que político. Por otra parte, los referentes rumanos populares no son compositores como Enescu, artistas como Brâncuși o pensadores como Eliade, sino la tríada Drácula–Nadia Comănesci–Hagi. En su ensayo La transfiguración de Rumanía (1936), el filósofo Emil Cioran se preguntaba por la relevancia para el mundo de las "pequeñas" culturas rumana, búlgara o húngara. En Europa occidental, a muchos les parecían formaciones periféricas.

La perseverancia de Jaume Vallcorba (editorial Acantilado) publicando literatura de la Mitteleuropa contribuyó a revertir esta inercia en España. Sin embargo, nada ha cambiado tanto nuestra visión como la inmigración contemporánea. Entre 2008 y 2015, los rumanos fueron la minoría extranjera con más empadronados en nuestro país. Oficialmente, hoy son unos 700.000, pero la cifra real podría acercarse al millón. A juzgar por la última encuesta del CIS sobre Actitudes hacia la inmigración (2016), no los recibimos con los brazos abiertos. En la clasificación de inmigrantes que "caen peor", los rumanos ocupan la primera posición, por encima de los marroquíes.

¿Cómo se explica este rechazo? En primer lugar, existe un prejuicio general sobre Europa del Este, tradicionalmente percibida como atrasada. Por ejemplo, abundan las fuentes históricas que presentan a los rusos como "bárbaros" con un barniz de civilización. Cito a Roca Barea: "En líneas generales la opinión común es que los rusos son como unos europeos a medio cocer" (Imperiofobia y leyenda negra, 2016). La opinión occidental sobre los rumanos no es más positiva. Vean el polémico documental británico *The Romanians Are Coming* [Vienen los rumanos] (2015). Básicamente, presenta Rumanía como el Kazajistán de Borat (2006): un villorrio a cuyos habitantes les falta un hervor. Simpáticos, pero zafios y limitados.

En España, los estereotipos sobre la rumanidad son parecidos: "Los hombres: burros, fuertotes, bebedores. Las mujeres: simples, coquetas, resultonas. Te sientes subestimada. He tenido que aguantar mucho", explica una rumana que llegó a España en 2004. Cuando trabajaba en Viajes Marsans, era la única empleada a quien no permitían llevar el efectivo de la caja al banco. También entrevistado a una gitana rumana dedicada al servicio doméstico. Denuncia que en su sector hay ofertas laborales con este requisito: "imprescindible española". Y ha visto cosas aún peores: "Piensan que si eres rumana estás tan desesperada que aceptarás lo que sea para ganar dinero. Te proponen de todo". Incluso sexo de pago.

Ciertos prejuicios proceden de la identificación de los rumanos con el pueblo gitano. Todos los entrevistados coinciden en que muchos españoles no distinguen entre gitano rumano (una minoría del país) y rumano a secas. Tampoco los telediarios. De ahí que apliquen al segundo los estereotipos sobre el primero. Aidan McGarry los disecciona en *Who Speaks for Roma? [¿Quién habla por los gitanos?]* (2010). Por un lado, está el tópico del gitano deshonesto y gandul, que vive de hurtos, chanchullos o limosnas. El sintagma "gitano rumano" evoca esta caricatura en algunas mentes. Por otro lado, la versión romántica es la gitana exótica, sensual y bailaora... pero oprimida y manipulada. Reservamos este estereotipo a los gitanos españoles, como muestra el folclorismo de Carmen y Lola (2018).

La autora rumana Anina Ciuciu publicó su autobiografía *Je suis tzigane et je le reste* [Soy gitana y lo seguiré siendo] (2013) cuando estudiaba en la Sorbona. El libro critica la gitanofobia institucional de Francia e Italia. Traduzco un pasaje por su interés para España: "Todas las noticias en prensa y televisión ofrecían las mismas imágenes de Rumanía: robos, prostitución, mendicidad. Sentí que era lo único que sabían sobre mi país y sobre mi comunidad". En este sentido, la tesis doctoral *Los gitanos en la prensa española* (2014) de Joan M. Oleaque es contundente: nuestros medios ofrecen una visión muy degradada de los gitanos rumanos, fuertemente estigmatizados como grupo por la asociación constante con sucesos y marginalidad.

Por eso muchos rumanos que viven y trabajan en España prefieren no ser identificados como tales. O al menos no como "inmigrantes/extranjeros", puntualiza la doctoranda Yara Pérez Cantador, que investiga su integración socio-lingüística. Dejaron atrás un país al que no quieren volver por bajos salarios y/o por racismo (en el caso gitano), y del que no hablan hasta que uno les pregunta mostrando buena fe. Tras salvar obstáculos como convalidar títulos y encontrar trabajo digno, hacen todo lo posible por adaptarse. A menudo, las circunstancias les fuerzan a aceptar empleos por debajo de su preparación.

Aunque está a solo tres horas de avión, Rumanía aún sugiere imágenes de lejanía y chatarra marxista. Sin embargo, hay muchos casos de rumanos españoles que alcanzaron sus metas profesionales. Y es injusto que no se conozcan estas historias de éxito: familias prósperas que regentan tiendas de productos rumanos en Alcalá de Henares; maîtres con cargos de responsabilidad en restaurantes; profesores, músicos y traductores que trazan puentes humanistas entre Rumanía y España. Cuando uno escucha su español, advierte el esfuerzo por aprender expresiones coloquiales, frases hechas y el argot del oficio. Una muestra de respeto por su país de acogida.

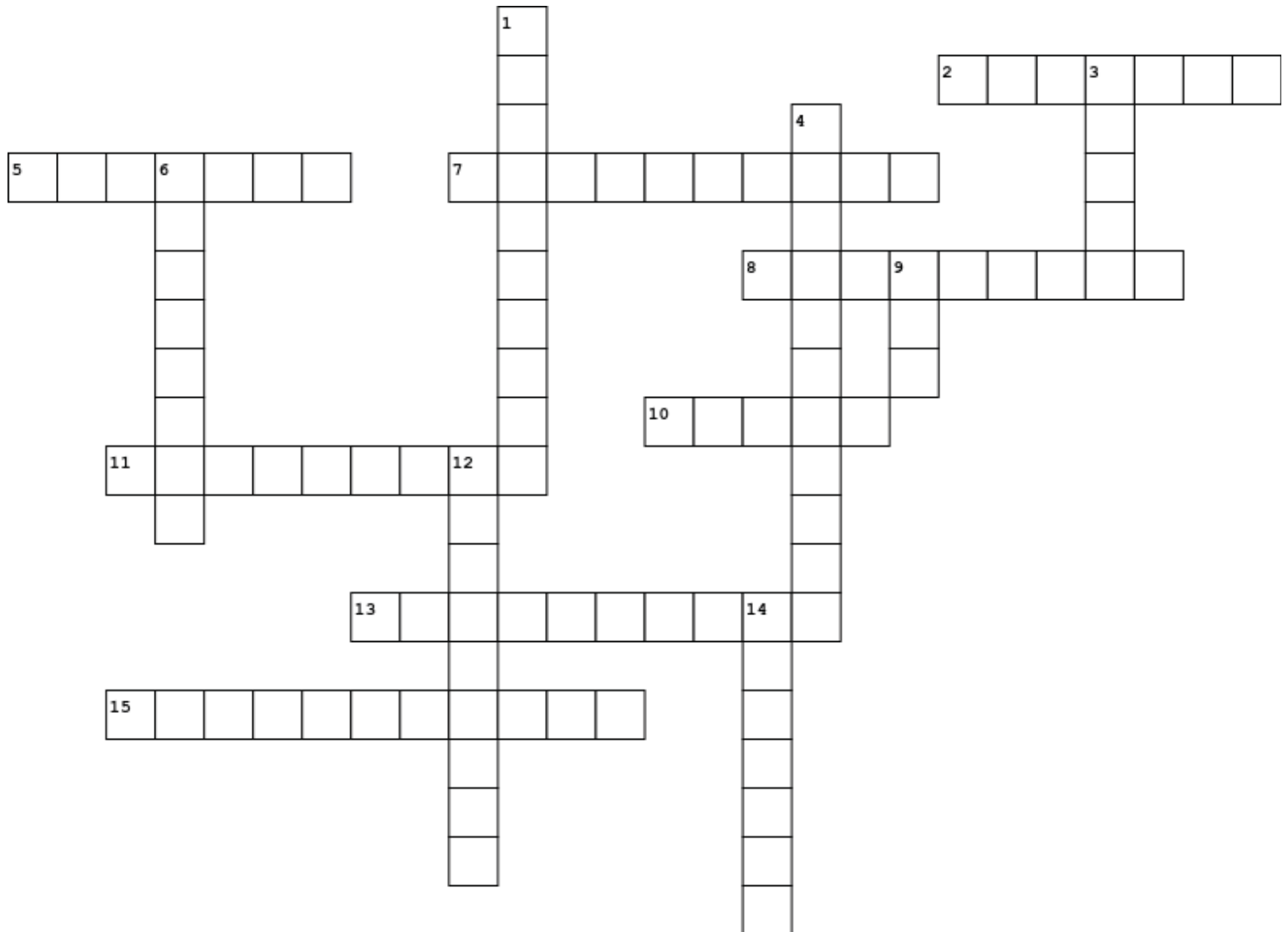
Es una lástima que esta deferencia no siempre sea correspondida. "Cuando te presentas como rumana suele producirse un silencio incómodo. Si dices que eres de Transilvania, reaccionan mejor", explica una instrumentista de esta región. Otra entrevistada añade: "Vengo de un pueblo rumano perdido, pero en casa leíamos a Dostoievski y escuchábamos música clásica. He conocido a españoles con prejuicios terribles sobre Rumanía a pesar de tener más medios y facilidades de acceso a la cultura".

Aunque está a solo tres horas de avión, Rumanía aún sugiere imágenes de lejanía y chatarra marxista. Desechemos estos clichés: el país ha cambiado desde los ochenta y el flujo migratorio ha remitido. Además, la mayoría de rumanos residentes en España está plenamente integrada. Muchos llevan aquí más de una década. Precisamente, hoy conmemoran el centenario de la unificación de Rumanía. Unámonos a su aniversario y celebremos los vínculos culturales entre ambos países.

PACK 4: LGBTIQ+ IS MORE THAN JUST LETTERS

4.1 Crossword time! Also available at <<http://crosswordlabs.com/view/queer-umbrella>>

Queer umbrella



Across

2. Female attracted to people who identify as female
 5. Physical and emotional feelings only for women
 7. Gender identities outside the binary
 8. Identity corresponds with their birth sex
 10. Umbrella term for not heterosexuals or cisgenders
 11. Considered a biphobic term, both mean the same
 13. Sexual attraction if there is emotional bond
 15. Identity does not correspond with birth sex
-

Down

1. Only interested in different genders
 3. Month observance of visibility and the movement toward equality, June
 4. Sexually attracted to intelligent people
 6. Sexual and/or romantic attraction to all genders
 9. Homosexual person, mainly used for men
 12. Experiences sexual attraction, but not romantic
 14. Lack of sexual attraction to others
-

4.2 Article “What Does the Word 'Queer' Actually Mean? Experts Explain Its History” by Sophie Saint Thomas, Carina Hsieh and Racher Varina, for “Cosmopolitan” magazine (20th, May, 2022)

Available at < <https://www.cosmopolitan.com/sex-love/a25243218/queer-meaning-definition/>>

Once upon a (more narrow-minded) time, there weren't nearly as many gender and sexual orientation terms to help folx define themselves and find their communities as there are today. Now, as language and understanding continue to evolve, more identity-related words are being added to our dictionary of terms (yay!), but that doesn't mean that many of the original terms aren't still used widely. In fact, many people still gravitate toward the word "queer" to best describe themselves and their community.

If you're wondering what the actual definition of "queer" is, Elise Schuster, MPH, co-founder and executive director of OkaySo, says the simplest way to describe it is “not straight.” For them, it's an identity and/or orientation that doesn't align with the heteronormative expectation that everyone's automatically heterosexual and heteroromantic. While you might've heard the word used as an insult, the term has actually been reclaimed by the community as an act of empowerment, says certified sex therapist, Amanda Pasciucco, AASECT.

“For many people who use the term 'queer,' it is specifically about embracing this idea of being out of mainstream ideas and embracing one's own authentic self,” Schuster explains. In general, “queerness” is an umbrella term that is both an orientation and a community for those on the LGBTQIA+ spectrum.

Considering how many people the term can describe—both as individuals and as a community—it's definitely an important word to understand and celebrate. Whether you consider yourself queer, you're trying to become a better ally, or you simply want to learn more, here's everything you need to know about the definition of and history behind the term.

This content is imported from {embed-name}. You may be able to find the same content in another format, or you may be able to find more information, at their web site.

Which orientations fall under the queer umbrella?

Since "queer" is such a broad term, it's a little confusing to determine who, exactly, it applies to. According to Schuster, “any [orientation or identity] that's

not straight” is considered queer. "Beyond that, it's really about if the person with that identity wants to see themselves as being part of a larger queer umbrella," they explain.

To many, queerness encompasses an intersection of identities. Pasciucco adds that the term indicates an “individual who self-identifies as either lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender, queer (also sometimes called 'questioning'), intersex and/or asexual, aka the LGBTQIA+ community."

To keep it super simple, if someone describes themselves as queer, it's quite often because their sexual orientation and/or gender falls under the LGBTQIA+ umbrella rather than the heterosexual norm. That said, there are *so* many ways to identify as queer, so if you feel like you're queer and want to own it, go forth with pride.

So...which orientations aren't queer?

The definition of queer varies depending on who you ask, so it's a little tricky to determine who *isn't* queer. Since sexuality is a spectrum, it sometimes makes using the term polarizing for bisexual and heteroflexible individuals (even though they totally count). Generally, someone who is heterosexual, heteroromantic, cisgender, and monogamous wouldn't be considered queer—but there's an exception.

Pasciucco, for example, utilizes the "+" sign when referring to the queer community in order to indicate pangender or pansexual individuals and those in alternative relationship communities, such as polyamory, kink, or non-monogamy. “As a person who is mostly in other-sex relationships, not all individuals who identify as queer believe that people like me, or people in the plus [of LGBTQIA+], ought to be included in the community,” Pasciucco explains.

Critics say that for a straight, poly person to describe themselves as queer is piggybacking on decades of LGBTQ activism to gain fundamental rights and celebrate their identities. The word queer, however, is intentionally vague, and with such vagueness also comes different interpretations. And the truth is, some people within polyamorous or kink communities *do* identify as queer even if they enjoy solely heterosexual relationships. “Just because it's one penis and one vagina, that doesn't mean there's not some queer aspect of you,” queer sex therapist Kelly Wise, PhD explains.

That's why it's always best to use the labels someone chooses for themselves, even if they're not the label you yourself would've used in their situation. It's called respect, mmk?

Is the word “queer” an insult?

The celebration and use of the word "queer" is one of reclamation, since not too long ago, it was used as a slur. "Back in the day, definitely when I was growing up, the word 'queer' was a derogatory term," Dr. Wise says. Schuster adds that it was used to say someone "wrong" if they were gay or different.

It wasn't until the late '80s that the LGBTQIA+ community adopted the term as a form of pride. "I like to think that my queer identity is me saying: 'You thought you were insulting me, but this is actually something I love about myself,'" Schuster says.

An important note: While the word is generally celebrated, some LGBTQIA+ folks still prefer to avoid it due to its discriminatory history. Schuster notes that the term hasn't completely lost its negative potential.

"It's safest for folks who are *in* the LGBTQIA+ community to use the word, especially when referring to an individual," they explain. If you're referring to the queer community (but you're not a part of it), Schuster suggests just using "LGBTQIA+" to avoid coming off unintentionally derogatory. And if you're ever unsure what label someone uses or the term they prefer, politely ask them! "Like any term, it is entirely up to an individual how they want to identify and use this language," Schuster says.

Is queer a sexual identity, a gender identity, or a community?

Queerness is more nuanced than a sexual identity or gender identity, says Pasciucco, who adds that it's a fluid movement "beyond the binary of cisgender and heteronormativity." As Nicole Scrivano, LMFT, one of Pasciucco's colleagues, explained in a blog post:

*"As queer women, we come in a variety of forms, identities, and belief systems. **Some of these identities are within sexual identities of bisexual, lesbian, gay, pansexual, etc.** Some of these identities are within **gender: transgender, cisgender, non-binary, femme, gender flexible, etc.** Relational identities such as **monogamous, polyamorous, swinging, open, etc.** Queer women are on a spectrum of gender and sexual fluidity."*

This content is imported from {embed-name}. You may be able to find the same content in another format, or you may be able to find more information, at their web site.

Some folks who fall anywhere in the middle of the sexual orientation spectrum will describe themselves as queer rather than bisexual or pansexual. Others will use both and introduce themselves as "bisexual and queer," for instance. The term "queer" is also used by those whose gender does not fall on the binary.

So not only is “queer” used to describe sexual, romantic, and gender identities, but as previously mentioned, it can also be used to describe the LGBTQIA+ community. Dr. Wise says in using “queer” as a community term, it creates a sense of acceptance. “There’s an aspect to it that doesn’t allow for isolation,” she explains.

Ultimately, the definition of queer might be different depending on who you ask, but all the experts agree it’s a powerful word that celebrates accepting yourself and others for *exactly* who they are.

4.3 Video “What does Queer mean?” (2021) by Seventeen available at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=58od0RIBIjY>

4.4 Let’s discuss a picture: what does it represent for you?



Source: Pons-Rodríguez, 2018

4.5 Gather in teams of six people: each shall use one card!

ROBA COBRE

NENAZA

BOLLERA

MARIMACHO

TRUCHA

TENER PLUMA

4.6 Let's set the mood in: *Forrest Gump* (1994) by Robert Zemeckis



4.7 Song: “Born this way” by Lady Gaga (2011)

Album: Born this way (2011)

Available at <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wV1FrqwZyKw>>, other music streaming platforms or album hard copies

4.8 Article: “Coming out stories” by Rheana Murray for *Today* (28th, June, 2021)

Available at <<https://www.today.com/specials/coming-out-stories-pride-month/>>

For many people in the LGBTQ community, the experience of coming out is a transformative one that shapes not only how others see them, but how they see themselves. And yet, for others, there is no definitive moment, no before and after. After all, LGBTQ people must choose whether they want to come out to every new person that they meet for the rest of their lives. And it is not a decision to take lightly: Safety and support must be taken into consideration.

Throughout the years, the experience of coming out has evolved, as gay rights expanded and LGBTQ voices became more mainstream. And yet, every individual experience remains unique. On the anniversary of the 1969 Stonewall Riots, which helped propel the LGBTQ rights movement forward, we asked people from multiple generations — from teens to senior citizens — to share their stories.

"I told my dad to pause the TV and I said that I was bi. He was like, 'All right.' Then we just kind of moved on. My parents were both very supportive. My heart goes out to all the people with unsupportive parents and family members, or without gay-straight alliances or supportive staff members in their schools."

-Molly Pinta, 15, student and activist in Buffalo Grove, Illinois

"I was 13 years old and had spent a long time watching YouTube videos about what it meant to be gay and what it meant to come out. I started coming out to friends in online queer communities who helped me find the courage to eventually tell my parents.

One night I typed out a really long message to them on my iPad explaining that I was gay and that I was sorry, I tried to change, this is just who I am. I locked my door and tried to get under my bed. Two minutes later my dad had picked the lock. They came in and started hugging me and told me they still loved me and accepted me no matter what. I was still their son."

-Amiri Nash, 19, poet, activist and college student in Providence, Rhode Island

"I knew my parents would be accepting, but I wasn't sure if they would get it, or know how to support me. So I put it in a PowerPoint presentation. I spent two weeks on it. I Googled, 'how to come out to your parents.' I put together all these memes and pictures of people who are gender-fluid. I pulled pieces of articles about Ruby Rose, who came out as gender-fluid.

One day after dinner, I said, 'Hey, could please sit on the couch so I can talk to you about something really important to me? I need to show you guys this presentation.' I set it up on a TV in the living room. My dad didn't really understand what was going on. At the end he said, 'Is this a presentation for school?' I was like, 'No, it's about me, Dad.' And my mom's response was, 'Why did you make such a big deal out of it? I know what these words mean.'"

- **Clay Horton**, 20, student in Austin, Texas

"I grew up in a mostly conservative suburb, as a closeted gay Asian kid. It was the summer between eighth and ninth grade. My mom was getting ready for work and I sat her down and said, 'I'm gay.' It was one of those moments that I'll never forget, that feeling of saying something that you know you can never unsay. My mom was very supportive and accepting. She said, 'Yeah, I kind of had suspicions.' It wasn't a huge surprise.

She encouraged me to tell my dad, who's an immigrant from Hong Kong and grew up with a different understanding of sexuality and family. I told him and he nodded thoughtfully and said, 'But how do you know?' And I said, 'How do you know you're straight?' And he said, 'OK, that makes sense to me.' And that was the end of the conversation."

-**Tyler Ho-Yin Sit**, 31, pastor and author, in Minneapolis

"Right before I left for college, around 18 ... I said, 'Mom, I have a very important thing to tell you. And it's probably the worst thing you could ever prepare for.' She said, 'Uh, you don't have a child, do you?' I thought it was going to be a long talk, but she said, 'Well, you're still you. And you're all I have.' It was just so accepting. And it was very somber. She didn't go out and have a parade or anything, but she just said, 'You know, this is it.' And it became so small suddenly, because she was right."

-**Ocean Vuong**, 32, poet and author of "On Earth, We're Briefly Gorgeous"

"We always wanted to come out, but we were so fearful, being on the same team and with our sponsorships. We weren't sure how everyone would feel. At the end of the day,

it just got to the point where we wanted to live our truth, and if that meant losing everything, we were willing to risk it. It was just liberating after we did it. It was freeing. I didn't feel like I was carrying this weight anymore. I was able to freely hold her hand and feel proud of her in public."

-Ashlyn Harris, 35, professional soccer player, on coming out with teammate Ali Krieger, now her wife

"My mom said, 'Oh, this is just a phase. It will pass.' I said, 'It's not. It's pretty real and I want you to take me seriously.' At one point, she said, 'This was not the Cinderella story I had for you.'

She came to New York. We sat at a table with (my now fiancée) Sophia and had a conversation about intention. My mom said, 'This is just so weird.' Sophia said, 'Look, I get it. I think it's weird, too. But we're so happy. And this is how it's going to be, and we'd love to invite you along to be part of the journey. It's healthy and vivacious and fun.' Slowly my mom opened her heart to the idea. Six years later, we're all very close."

-Jess King, 36, Peloton instructor, in New York City

"I'm Armenian. I grew up in Iran, as a Christian, with a very hardcore, aggressive father.

The first person I told in my family was my sister, when I was maybe 21. She was 17, 18. I said, 'I want to tell you something. I'm gay.' She grabbed her mouth with her hand and said, 'Oh, my God. Dad will kill Mom.'"

-Harma Hartouni, 40, real estate entrepreneur and author, in Los Angeles

"I remember my plan was to come out on 'Arsenio Hall.' He was a really cool guy, and he was the only one who would have me sit down and talk to him. The others you would just play music and go. So I was like, 'I'm going to sit down with Arsenio and I'm going to come out on the show.' But before that, I was invited to (Bill Clinton's) inauguration. I went to the big gay bash that night, and that's the video you see. I'm up there with K.D. (Lang) and all my friends, and I'm like, 'Blaaah, I'm a big lesbian!' I didn't plan on coming out that night, but that's the way it unfolded."

-Melissa Etheridge, 60, on coming out publicly at the Triangle Ball, a celebration for Clinton in 1993

"I came out to my mom — she's the only person I've come out to. The rest of the time I've just been me. And if somebody asked if I'm gay, I always said yes.

I told my mom when I was about 30. She kept asking me, 'When are you going to get married?' I wrote a letter and my sister and brother-in-law read it to her, and then they called me. She was so awesome. She was in tears because she felt bad that she couldn't be there to help me through it. I told her, 'Mom, you were there in so many ways. But, being in the Bible belt in the South, you probably would have sent me off someplace and they'd have put those electrodes on me and killed me.' So it happened right on time."

-Jessay Martin, 67, social media star in Cathedral City, California

"My girlfriend had written me some love letters and my nosy sister found them in a drawer and gave them to my mother. Back then, in the late '60s, (being openly gay) wasn't heard of. I was put out the house. I was homeless. I slept in hallways and underneath cars. I couldn't go back home. A lady I used to babysit for found me and took me in, but she died on my 23rd birthday. Since then, I've been living on my own, surviving. I think I did pretty good."

-Diedra Nottingham, 70, retired, in Brooklyn, New York

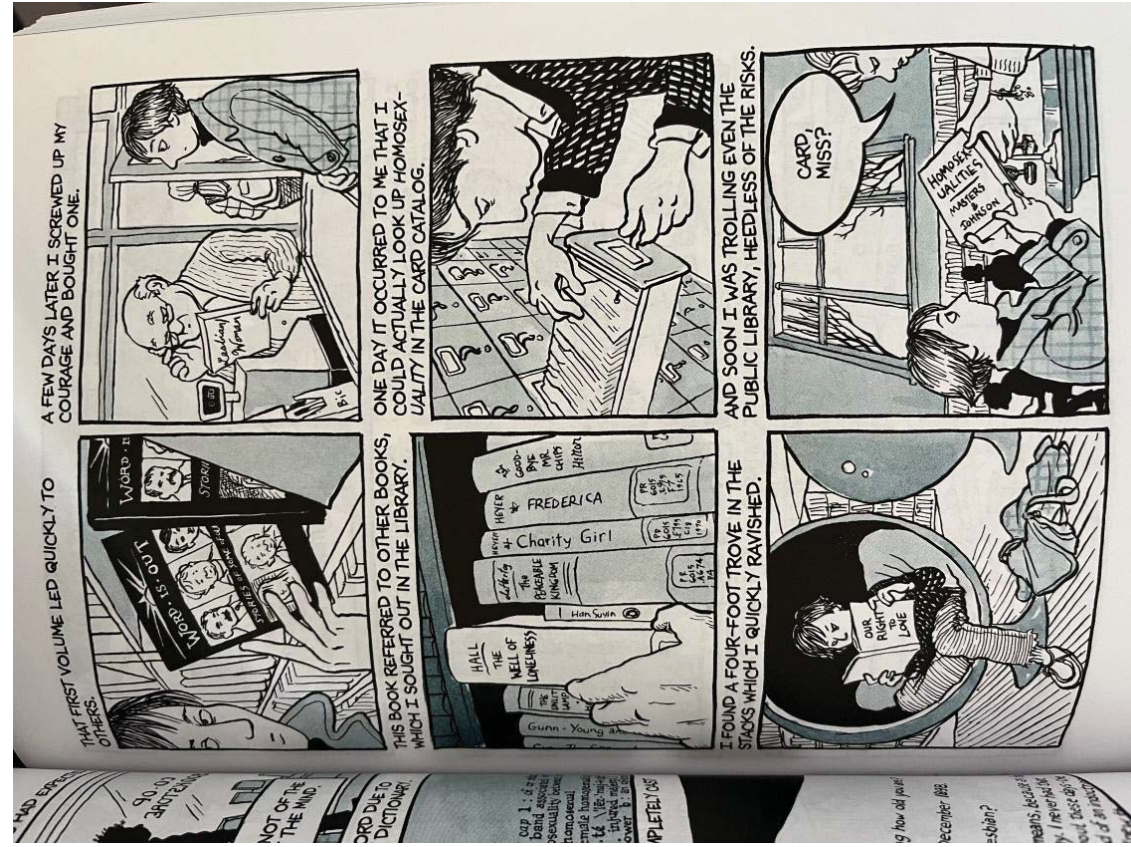
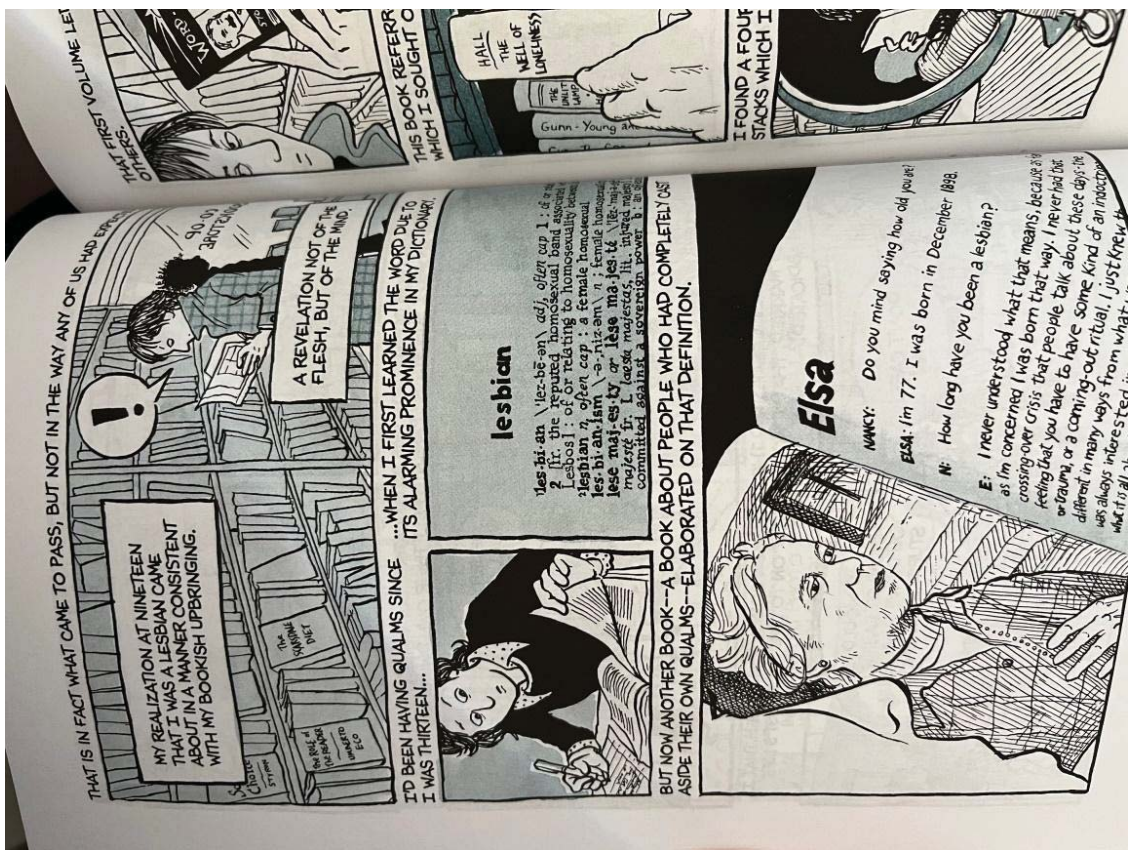
"Sixty years ago, it was a real struggle coming out. You didn't talk about coming out to your parents. In fact, in a lot of situations I heard about, when parents found out one of their children was gay, they kicked them out of the house right away.

I've known I've been gay all my life. When I had my first sexual experience at 16, I was a sophomore in high school. I had no peers to talk about it with.

I want our younger audience to understand we went through a lot, and I want them to understand that I am so happy that they can come out. Even 5- and 6- and 7-year-old children are questioning their sexual identity; I think that's wonderful. We've really come a long way. "

-Bill Lyons, 77, social media star in Cathedral City, California

4.9 Graphic novel *Fun Home: A Family Tragicomic* by Alison Bechdel (2006, pp. 74-77, Mariner Books Edition



MY RESEARCHES WERE STIMULATING BUT SOLITARY.

GENERAL CHART of the Sky

IT BECAME CLEAR I WAS GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE THIS ACADEMIC PLANE AND ENTER THE HUMAN FRAY.

BUT MY MERE PRESENCE I FELT, HAD AMOUNTED TO A PUBLIC DECLARATION I LEFT EXHILARATED.

I WENT TO A MEETING OF SOMETHING CALLED THE "GAY UNION," WHICH I OBSERVED IN PETRIFIED SILENCE.

IT WAS IN THAT TREMULOUS STATE THAT I DETERMINED TO TELL MY PARENTS. KEEPING IT FROM THEM HAD STARTED TO SEEM LUDICROUS ANYWAY.

WHAT ARE YOU READING? ANYTHING GOOD?

UH...NOT REALLY.

OUR BODIES OUR SELVES

OUR BODIES OUR SELVES

HOMOSEXUALITIES

OUT OF THE CLOSETS & INTO THE STREETS

McNairice - FORSTER

THE GAY REPORT

OUR BODIES OUR SELVES

MY FATHER CALLED AFTER RECEIVING IT. HE SEEMED STRANGELY PLEASSED TO THINK I WAS HAVING SOME KIND OF ORGY.

EVERYONE SHOULD EXPERIMENT, IT'S HEALTHY.

BUT HER RETURN EPISLE ARRIVED A WEEK AND A HALF LATER.

UHH...SHE'S WATCHING SOMETHING ON TV. SHE WAS PRETTY UPSET.

STILL, I WAS DEVASTATED.

AS DISAPPROVAL GOES, I SUPPOSE IT WAS RATHER MILD.

MY FATHER CALLED AFTER RECEIVING IT. HE SEEMED STRANGELY PLEASSED TO THINK I WAS HAVING SOME KIND OF ORGY.

EVERYONE SHOULD EXPERIMENT, IT'S HEALTHY.

BUT HER RETURN EPISLE ARRIVED A WEEK AND A HALF LATER.

UHH...SHE'S WATCHING SOMETHING ON TV. SHE WAS PRETTY UPSET.

STILL, I WAS DEVASTATED.

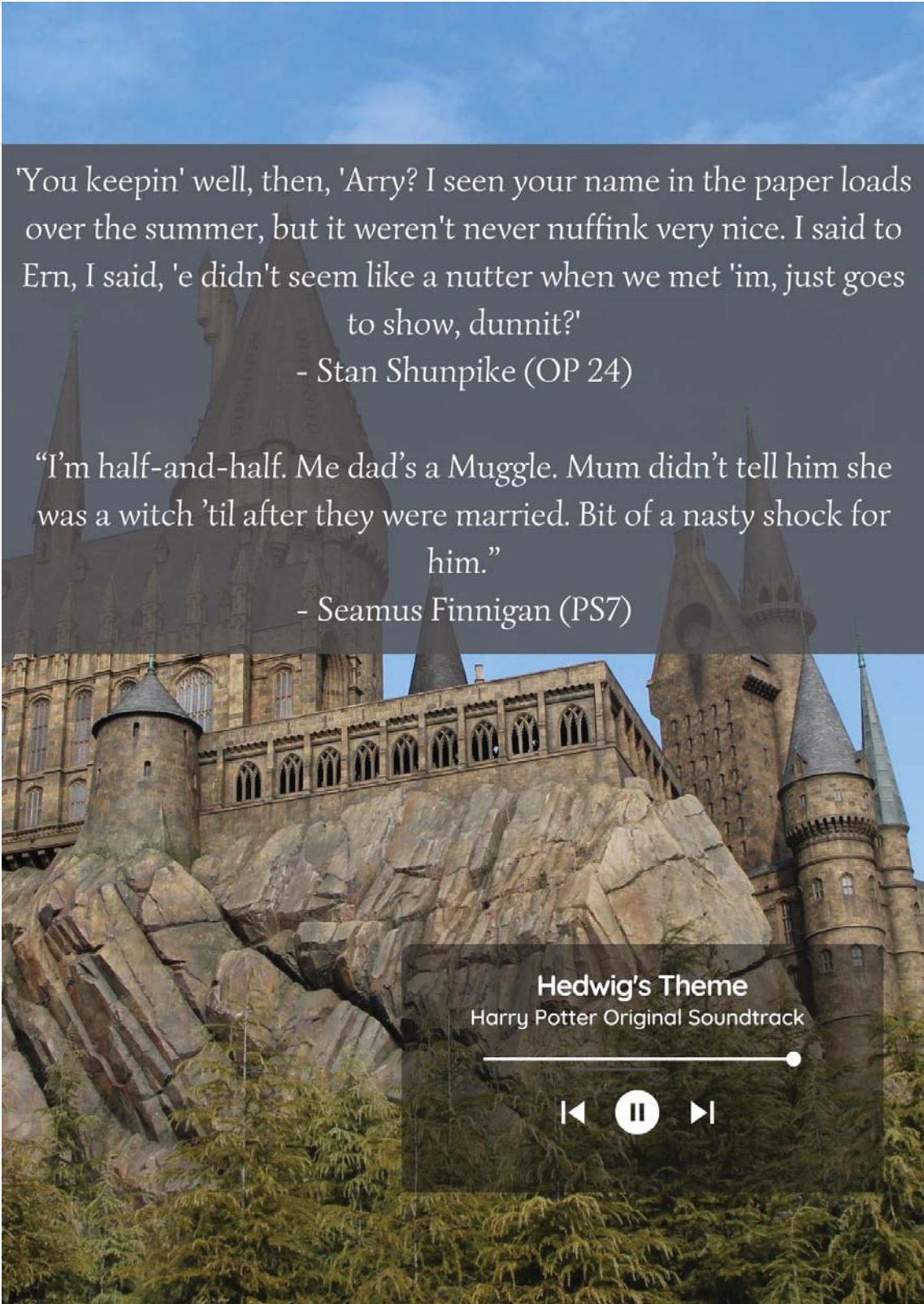
AS DISAPPROVAL GOES, I SUPPOSE IT WAS RATHER MILD.

4.10. Vote for the best creation on Wooclap!



PACK 5: WORLD ACCENTS

5.1 Worksheet of accents in pairs based on the *Harry Potter* saga books by J.K. Rowling



'You keepin' well, then, 'Arry? I seen your name in the paper loads over the summer, but it weren't never nuffink very nice. I said to Ern, I said, 'e didn't seem like a nutter when we met 'im, just goes to show, dunnit?'

- Stan Shunpike (OP 24)

“I’m half-and-half. Me dad’s a Muggle. Mum didn’t tell him she was a witch ’til after they were married. Bit of a nasty shock for him.”

- Seamus Finnigan (PS7)

Hedwig's Theme

Harry Potter Original Soundtrack



5.2 Portrayal of these accents in the movies:

B) Scottish accent – [Oliver Wood](#) and [Cho Chang](#)

Irish accent – [Seamus Finnegan](#)

Available on YouTube following the links or in the screen versions themselves, each time one of these characters makes an appearance

5.3 Article “El andaluz como arma para desprestigiar” by Raúl Limón, for *El País* newspaper (4th, March, 2017)

Available at

<https://elpais.com/cultura/2017/03/10/actualidad/1489167133_809200.html>

Los tuits lo carga el diablo y el último fuego descontrolado procedió de la cuenta del edil socialista en el Ayuntamiento de Madrid Ramón Silva. Este concejal, próximo a Pedro Sánchez, [tuvo que pedir disculpas](#) por haberse mofado del acento andaluz de la presidenta de la Junta, Susana Díaz, en un momento en que el ex secretario general intenta arañar votos de militantes en Andalucía. No es la primera vez. El desprecio al habla andaluza ha jugado malas pasadas a dirigentes de todos los partidos, que ignoran que el andaluz es una forma de hablar español y, según defienden los filólogos, culta, vanguardista y de gran influencia en América.

“Queremos un PEZOE ganadó”, escribió Silva como burla a una de las consignas que defiende Susana Díaz como dirigente socialista. Y a las palabras intencionadamente mal escritas le siguió un aluvión de reproches de su propio partido por usar el acento para intentar desprestigiarla. La presidenta de la Junta le replicó sin nombrarlo horas después en un acto público: “Los andaluces estamos orgullosos de nuestro acento. Un acento de igualdad y de tolerancia”.

Los filólogos no se sorprenden de la recurrencia del desprecio al andaluz, pese a la paciente labor de explicar una y otra vez a quienes lo ignoran que ningún idioma tiene una evolución uniforme y que ninguna variedad es mejor o peor. “[Si algo distingue al andaluz de otras hablas es que es muy vanguardista y tiene una gran influencia en América](#)”, destaca Pedro Carbonero, investigador, doctor en Filosofía y Letras y catedrático de Lengua Española de la Universidad de Sevilla. “Pero no hay una variedad mejor sino una dominante”, añade.

'No ni na', la mayor afirmación

Este mes hace un año que murió el catedrático sevillano de Lengua y Literatura española José María Pérez Orozco, quien dedicó mucho tiempo de su vida a enseñar y divulgar el andaluz como la deriva más culta del latín y la variedad más avanzada del español.

Con humor, el profesor de Montellano defendía la popular anáfora andaluza *no ni na*: "Son tres negaciones. Es la mayor afirmación que hay en el andaluz. Cuando una persona te dice no ni na, no te quepa duda que es que sí. Es una figura literaria de primera categoría: son tres sílabas que son tres frases".

Ni siquiera existe un andaluz. La rica diversidad del habla presenta singularidades entre provincias, entre pueblos cercanos e incluso entre barrios de las ciudades. Todo riqueza.

Carbonero cree que cuando surge una evaluación social negativa del habla, se produce por "mitos extralingüísticos", por [prejuicios de otros ámbitos](#), como el centralismo, y generalmente motivados por una falsa creencia de superioridad.

El filólogo Miguel Roperero coincide en que la descalificación de la lengua se hace con criterios ajenos que obvian cómo el andaluz es una evolución muy rica del latín que, sin embargo, "ha sido secularmente maltratado y despreciado". También destaca este investigador la gran capacidad de sus hablantes para expresar sus ideas.

El escritor Tomás Gutier (Tomás Gutiérrez Forero), autor *La lengua andaluza* y *En defensa de la lengua andaluza*, entre otros, hace autocrítica y lamenta que no se prestigie el habla en la comunidad y que se utilice en algunos medios de comunicación como la lengua de los chistes. "No hablamos mal, lo hacemos de otra manera", defiende. Gutier afirma que ya Adriano, el emperador romano cuyos orígenes se sitúan en la ibérica Itálica, tuvo que soportar burlas por su acento en el senado imperial.

El investigador Pedro Carbonero destaca que la primera gramática española, de Antonio de Nebrija, recibió sus primeras críticas por haber surgido de Sevilla. Y así hasta nuestros días y en todos los ámbitos. Tomás Gutier se queja de que el andaluz ha sido tradicionalmente el "elemento cómico de las zarzuelitas", en referencia a las obras menores que recurren al habla para la gracia fácil.

Durante años, los actores andaluces han tenido que aprender a ocultar su acento si querían optar a personajes relevantes en las obras. Lo mismo le ha ocurrido a los locutores y periodistas con presencia en medios audiovisuales, destaca el investigador de Sociolingüística Crítica en la Universidad de Huelva, Igor Rodríguez-Iglesias.

Para evitar la marginación artística, los actores andaluces han aprendido el acento neutro. “Si no, tus papeles se limitaban a hacer de camarero o guardia civil, quedabas relegado a papeluchos, nunca protagonistas”, recordó el actor de San Fernando Álex O'Dogherty en [un reportaje sobre cine](#) en el que consideró que ya empieza a cambiar esa estigmatización y se puede actuar en andaluz.

Lo mismo cree Carbonero, quien es optimista al observar que “poco a poco” se abandona la agresividad contra la diversidad en la lengua que, como en otros aspectos, solo aporta riqueza. Hasta que se cruza la política.

Igual que Ramón Silva, el expresidente catalán [Artur Mas tuvo que disculparse por afirmar](#) en 2011: “En Sevilla, Málaga o La Coruña hablan el castellano, efectivamente, pero a veces a algunos no se les entiende. A veces no se les acaba de entender del todo».

Un año antes, el entonces portavoz adjunto del PP en la Asamblea madrileña, Juan Soler, publicaba en su blog: “La forma de hablar de la ministra de Sanidad, Trinidad Jiménez, la hace más apta para Dos Hermanas o Vélez-Málaga. Suena extraña y solo aparece por aquí para aspirar a un puesto, le faltan fondo y cuajo madrileño”. Las críticas, principalmente de sus propios compañeros, le hicieron rectificar.

Esta metedura de pata ya tenía su tradición en el partido conservador. La diputada catalana del PP Monserrat Nebrera llegó a [calificar en 2009 "de chiste" el acento andaluz de la ministra de Fomento](#), Magdalena Álvarez. “Tiene un problema esta buena mujer y es que tiene un acento que parece un chiste, tiene un problema de comunicación, que se aturulla y hace un lío”. Curiosamente, la explicación que añadió dejaba en evidencia quién se hacía un lío con el idioma, ya que dejó esta incompresible frase en la Cadena SER: “Yo que algunas veces cuando llamo a Córdoba y oigo desde algún hotel que me contestan y no acabo de entender, porque si no estás avezado en hablar en andaluz normalmente pues te cuesta, imagínate cuando además el problema es de comunicación siendo andaluza”.

El dirigente de su partido Javier Arenas salió en defensa del andaluz. «No aceptaré ni bromas ni comentarios sobre la forma de hablar en Andalucía, por insignificante que sea cualquier comentario que se refiera a los andaluces en tono jocoso o en tono vejatorio».

5.4 Video excerpt: “Reese Witherspoon, Sofia Vergara and Ellen” on *The Ellen Show* (2015).

Available at < <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=zRc1SdC8Geo&t=60s>>

Special attention from 0:40-0:52

6.1 Video excerpt from *Pocahontas* (1995) by Disney (36:00 – 39:23)

6.2 Let's read! *Borders* by Thomas King (pp.131-135)

When I was twelve, maybe thirteen, my mother announced that we were going to go to Salt Lake City to visit my sister who had left the reserve, moved across the line, and found a job. Laetitia had not left home with my mother's blessing, but over time my mother had come to be proud of the fact that Laetitia had done all of this on her own.

"She did real good," my mother would say.

Then there were the fine points to Laetitia's going. She had not, as my mother liked to tell Mrs. Manyfingers, gone floating after some man like a balloon on a string. She hadn't snuck out of the house, either, and gone to Vancouver or Edmonton or Toronto to chase rainbows down alleys. And she hadn't been pregnant.

"She did real good."

I was seven or eight when Laetitia left home. She was seventeen. Our father was from Rocky Boy on the American side.

"Dad's American," Laetitia told my mother, "so I can go and come as I please."

"Send us a postcard."

Laetitia packed her things, and we headed for the border. Just outside of Milk River, Laetitia told us to watch for the water tower.

"Over the next rise. It's the first thing you see."

"We got a water tower on the reserve," my mother said. "There's a big one in Lethbridge, too."

"You'll be able to see the tops of the flagpoles, too. That's where the border is."

When we got to Coutts, my mother stopped at the convenience store and bought her and Laetitia a cup of coffee. I got an Orange Crush.

"This is real lousy coffee."

"You're just angry because I want to see the world."

"It's the water. From here on down, they got lousy water."

"I can catch the bus from Sweetgrass. You don't have to lift a finger."

"You're going to have to buy your water in bottles if you want good coffee."

There was an old wooden building about a block away, with a tall sign in the yard that said "Museum." Most of the roof had been blown away. Mom told me to go and see when the place was open. There were boards over the windows and doors. You could tell that the place was closed, and I told Mom so, but she said to go and check anyway. Mom and Laetitia stayed by the car. Neither one of them moved. I sat down on the steps of the museum and watched them, and I don't know that they ever said anything to each other. Finally, Laetitia got her bag out of the trunk and gave Mom a hug.

I wandered back to the car. The wind had come up, and it blew Laetitia's hair across her face. Mom reached out and pulled the strands out of Laetitia's eyes, and Laetitia let her.

"You can still see the mountain from here," my mother told Laetitia in Blackfoot.

"Lots of mountains in Salt Lake," Laetitia told her in English.

"The place is closed," I said. "Just like I told you."

Laetitia tucked her hair into her jacket and dragged her bag down the road to the brick building with the American flag flapping on a pole. When she got to where the guards were waiting, she turned, put the bag down, and waved to us. We waved back. Then my mother turned the car around, and we came home.

We got postcards from Laetitia regular, and, if she wasn't spreading jelly on the truth, she was happy. She found a good job and rented an apartment with a pool.

"And she can't even swim," my mother told Mrs. Manyfingers.

Most of the postcards said we should come down and see the city, but whenever I mentioned this, my mother would stiffen up.

So I was surprised when she bought two new tires for the car and put on her blue dress with the green and yellow flowers. I had to dress up, too, for my mother did not want us crossing the border looking like Americans. We made sandwiches and put them in a big box with pop and potato chips and some apples and bananas and a big jar of water.

"But we can stop at one of those restaurants, too, right?"

"We maybe should take some blankets in case you get sleepy."

"But we can stop at one of those restaurants, too, right?"

The border was actually two towns, though neither one was big enough to amount to anything. Coutts was on the Canadian side and consisted of the convenience store and

gas station, the museum that was closed and boarded up, and a motel. Sweetgrass was on the American side, but all you could see was an overpass that arched across the highway and disappeared into the prairies. Just hearing the names of these towns, you would expect that Sweetgrass, which is a nice name and sounds like it is related to other places such as Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw and Kicking Horse Pass, would be on the Canadian side, and that Coutts, which sounds abrupt and rude, would be on the American side. But this was not the case.

Between the two borders was a duty-free shop where you could buy cigarettes and liquor and flags. Stuff like that.

We left the reserve in the morning and drove until we got to Coutts.

"Last time we stopped here," my mother said, "you had an Orange Crush. You remember that?"

"Sure," I said. "That was when Laetitia took off."

"You want another Orange Crush?"

"That means we're not going to stop at a restaurant, right?"

My mother got a coffee at the convenience store, and we stood around and watched the prairies move in the sunlight. Then we climbed back in the car. My mother straightened the dress across her thighs, leaned against the wheel, and drove all the way to the border in first gear, slowly, as if she were trying to see through a bad storm or riding high on black ice.

The border guard was an old guy. As he walked to the car, he swayed from side to side, his feet set wide apart, the holster on his hip pitching up and down. He leaned into the window, looked into the back seat, and looked at my mother and me.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Good morning."

"Where you heading?"

"Salt Lake City."

"Purpose of your visit?"

"Visit my daughter."

"Citizenship?"

"Blackfoot," my mother told him.

"Ma'am?"

"Blackfoot," my mother repeated.

"Canadian?"

"Blackfoot."

It would have been easier if my mother had just said "Canadian" and been done with it, but I could see she wasn't going to do that. The guard wasn't angry or anything. He smiled and looked towards the building. Then he turned back and nodded.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Good morning."

"Any firearms or tobacco?"

"No."

"Citizenship?"

"Blackfoot."

He told us to sit in the car and wait, and we did. In about five minutes, another guard came out with the first man. They were talking as they came, both men swaying back and forth like two cowboys headed for a bar or a gunfight.

"Morning, ma'am."

"Good morning."

"Cecil tells me you and the boy are Blackfoot."

"That's right."

"Now, I know that we got Blackfeet on the American side and the Canadians got Blackfeet on their side. Just so we can keep our records straight, what side do you come from?"

6.3 Padlet on Spanish colonization of the Americas



6.4 Video excerpt: *The Godfather* by Francis Ford Coppola 50th Anniversary Trailer
Available at <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UaVTIH8mujA>>



6.5 Video excerpt: “Marlon Brando’s Oscar for The Godfather”

Available at

<<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2QUacU0I4yU&pp=ugMICgJlcxABGAE%3D>>



6.6 Transcript

Year: **1972 (45th) Academy Awards**

Category: **Actor**

Film Title: **The Godfather**

Winner: **Marlon Brando** (not present; award refused by Sacheen Littlefeather (aka Marie Cruz))

Presenter: Liv Ullmann, Roger Moore

Date & Venue: March 27, 1973; Dorothy Chandler Pavilion

SACHEEN LITTLEFEATHER:

Hello. My name is Sacheen Littlefeather. I'm Apache and I am president of the National Native American Affirmative Image Committee. I'm representing Marlon Brando this evening and he has asked me to tell you in a very long speech, which I cannot share with you presently because of time but I will be glad to share with the press afterwards, that he very regretfully cannot accept this very generous award. And the reasons for this being are the treatment of American Indians today by the film industry – excuse me – and on television in movie reruns, and also with recent happenings at Wounded Knee. I beg at this time that I have not intruded upon this evening and that we will in the future, our hearts and our understandings will meet with love and generosity. Thank you on behalf of Marlon Brando.

[Ed. note: When Ms. Littlefeather approaches the podium, she refuses to take the Oscar statuette being offered to her by presenter Roger Moore.]

© Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences

6.7 Video “Life as a young native-American” by VICE Asia (2019) available at
<https://www.youtube.com/results?search_query=life+in+a+reservation+>

PACK 7: THE WORLD UPSIDE DOWN

7.1 Movie excerpt “What will your verse be?” from *The Dead Poets Society* (1989) by Tom Schulman and Peter Weir. Produced by Touchstone Pictures
(32:44 – 40:00)

Also available at < <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-7OE6bDfM2M&t=47s>>

7.2 Poem “Tonight at Noon” from the book *Tonight at Noon* by Adrian Henri (1968)

Also available at < <https://rolandsragbag.wordpress.com/2018/01/15/adrian-henri-tonight-at-noon/>>

Tonight at noon

Supermarkets will advertise 3p extra on everything

Tonight at noon

Children from happy families will be sent to live in a home

Elephants will tell each other human jokes

America will declare peace on Russia

World War I generals will sell poppies on the street on November 11th

The first daffodils of autumn will appear

When the leaves fall upwards to the trees

Tonight at noon

Pigeons will hunt cats through city backyards

Hitler will tell us to fight on the beaches and on the landing fields

A tunnel full of water will be built under Liverpool

Pigs will be sighted flying in formation over Woolton

And Nelson will not only get his eye back but his arm as well

White Americans will demonstrate for equal rights

In front of the Black house

And the monster has just created Dr. Frankenstein

Girls in bikinis are moonbathing

Folksongs are being sung by real folk

Art galleries are closed to people over 21

Poets get their poems in the Top 20

There's jobs for everybody and nobody wants them

In back alleys everywhere teenage lovers are kissing in broad daylight

In forgotten graveyards everywhere the dead will quietly bury the living

and

You will tell me you love me

Tonight at noon

7.3 Time to reinvent the poem!

Tonight at noon

Supermarkets will _____

Tonight at noon

Children _____

_____ will _____

_____ will _____

_____ will sell _____

The first _____ will appear

When _____

Tonight at noon

_____ will tell us to _____

_____ will be built _____

_____ will be sighted _____

And _____

In front of _____

And _____

Girls in bikinis are _____

_____ are being sung by _____

_____ are closed to _____

There's _____ and _____

In _____

In _____

and

You will tell me you love me

Tonight at noon

7.4. King Kong (1933) original poster. Produced by Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B



7.5. Poem “Queen Kong” by Carol Ann Duffy. Poem 13 from *The World’s Life* (1999)

I remember peeping in at his skyscraper room
and seeing him fast asleep. My little man.
I'd been in Manhattan a week,
making my plans; staying at 2 quiet hotels
in the Village, where people were used to strangers
and more or less left you alone. To this day
I'm especially fond of pastrami on rye.

I digress. As you see, this island's a paradise.
He'd arrived, my man, with a documentary team
to make a film. (There's a particular toad
that lays its eggs only here.) I found him alone
in a clearing, scooped him up in my palm,
and held his wriggling, shouting life till he calmed.
For me, it was absolutely love at first sight.

I'd been so lonely. Long nights in the heat
of my own pelt, rumbling an animal blues.
All right, he was small, but perfectly formed
and gorgeous. There were things he could do
for me with the sweet finesse of those hands
that no gorilla could. I swore in my huge heart
to follow him then to the ends of the earth.

For he wouldn't stay here. He was nervous.
I'd go to his camp each night at dusk,
crouch by the delicate tents, and wait. His colleagues
always sent him out pretty quick. He'd climb
into my open hand, sit down; and then I'd gently pick
at his shirt and his trews, peel him, put
the tip of my tongue to the grape of his flesh.

Bliss. But when he'd finished his prize-winning film,
he packed his case; hopped up and down
on my heartline, miming the flight back home
to New York. Big metal bird. Didn't he know
I could swat his plane from these skies like a gnat?
But I let him go, my man. I watched him fly
into the sun as I thumped at my breast, distraught.

I lasted a month. I slept for a week,
then woke to binge for a fortnight. I didn't wash.
The parrots clacked their migraine chant.
The swinging monkeys whinged. Fevered, I drank
handfuls of river right by the spot where he'd bathed.
I bled with a fat, red moon rolled on the jungle roof.
And after that, I decided to get him back.

So I came to sail up the Hudson one June night,

with the New York skyline a concrete rainforest
of light; and felt, lovesick and vast, the first
glimmer of hope in weeks. I was discreet, prowled
those streets in darkness, pressing my passionate eye
to a thousand windows, each with its modest peep-show
of boredom or pain, of drama, consolation, remorse.

I found him, of course. At 3 a.m. on a Sunday,
dreaming alone in his single bed; over his lovely head
a blown-up photograph of myself. I stared for a long time
till my big brown eyes grew moist; then I padded away
through Central Park, under the stars. He was mine.
Next day, I shopped. Clothes for my main, mainly,
but one or two treats for myself from Bloomingdale's.

I picked him, like a chocolate from the top layer
of a box, one Friday night, out of his room
and let him dangle in the air between my finger
and my thumb in a teasing, lover's way. Then we sat
on the tip of the Empire State Building, saying farewell
to the Brooklyn Bridge, to the winking yellow cabs,
to the helicopters over the river, dragonflies.

Twelve happy years. He slept in my fur, woke early
to massage the heavy lids of my eyes. I liked that.

He liked me to gently blow on him; or scratch,
with care, the length of his back with my nail.
Then I'd ask him to play on the wooden pipes he'd made
in our first year. He'd sit, cross-legged, near my ear
for hours: his plaintive, lost tunes making me cry.

When he died, I held him all night, shaking him
like a doll, licking his face, breast, soles of his feet,
his little rod. But then, heartsore as I was, I set to work.
He would be pleased. I wear him now around my neck,
perfect, preserved, with tiny emeralds for eyes. No man
has been loved more. I'm sure that, sometimes, in his silent death,
against my massive, breathing lungs, he hears me roar.

7.6. Glossary

Peep: (v) look quickly and furtively at something, especially through a narrow opening.

Skyscraper: (n) a very tall building of many storeys.

To be fond of sth: to like something

Pastrami: (n) highly seasoned smoked beef, typically served in thin slices.

Rye: short for rye bread. It is a cereal plant that tolerates poor soils and low temperatures. Whisky is made from it.

Digress: (v) leave the main subject temporarily in speech or writing.

Toad: (n) a tailless amphibian with a short stout body and short legs, typically having dry warty skin that can exude poison.

Scoop: (v) pick up (someone or something) in a swift, fluid movement

Wriggling: (v) twist and turn with quick writhing movements.

Pelt: (n) the skin of an animal with the fur, wool, or hair still on it.

Finesse: (n) great subtlety and tact in handling or manipulating people or difficult situations.

Dusk: (n) the darker stage of twilight, semi darkness

Trews: (n) close-fitting tartan trousers worn by certain Scottish regiments

Bliss: (n) perfect happiness; great joy.

Heartline: (n) (in palmistry) the upper of the two horizontal lines that cross the palm of the hand, linked to a person's physical health and ability to form emotional relationships.

Swat: (v) hit or crush (something, especially an insect) with a sharp blow from a flat object.

Gnat: (n) a small two-winged fly that resembles a mosquito. Gnats include both biting and non-biting forms, and they typically form large swarms.

Thump: (v) hit or strike heavily, especially with the fist or a blunt implement.

Binge: (n) a period of excessive indulgence in an activity, especially eating, drinking, or taking drugs.

Fortnight: 2 weeks

Whinge: (v) complain persistently and in a peevish or irritating way.

Prowled: (v) move about restlessly and stealthily, especially in search of prey. Past form.

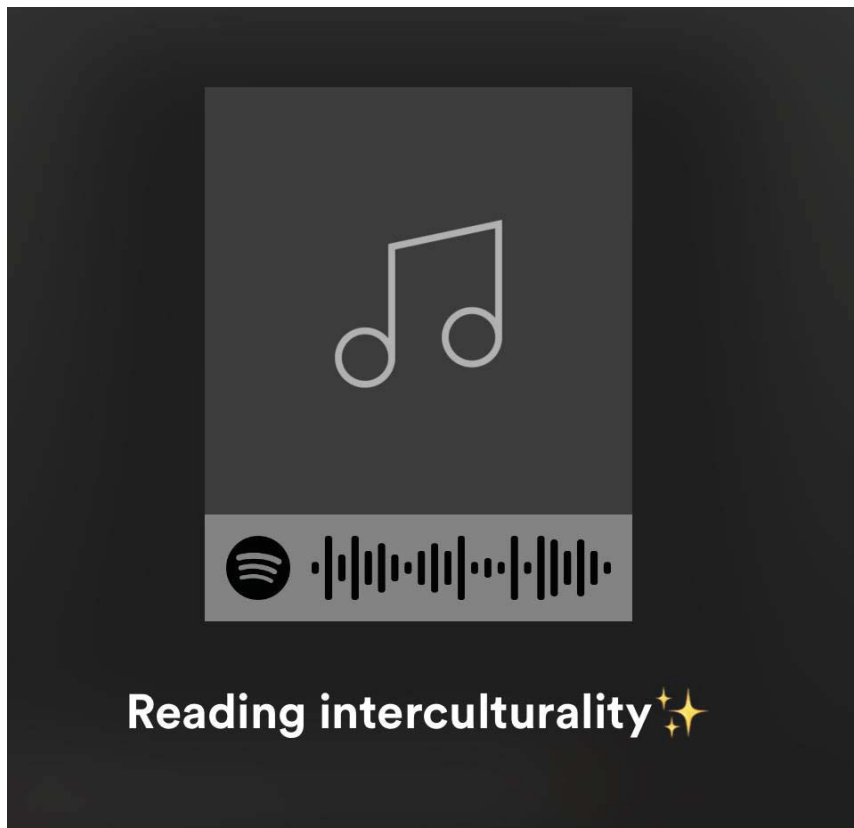
Peep-show: (n) a sequence of pictures viewed through a lens or hole set into a box, formerly offered as a public entertainment.

Fur: (n) the short, fine, soft hair of certain animals.

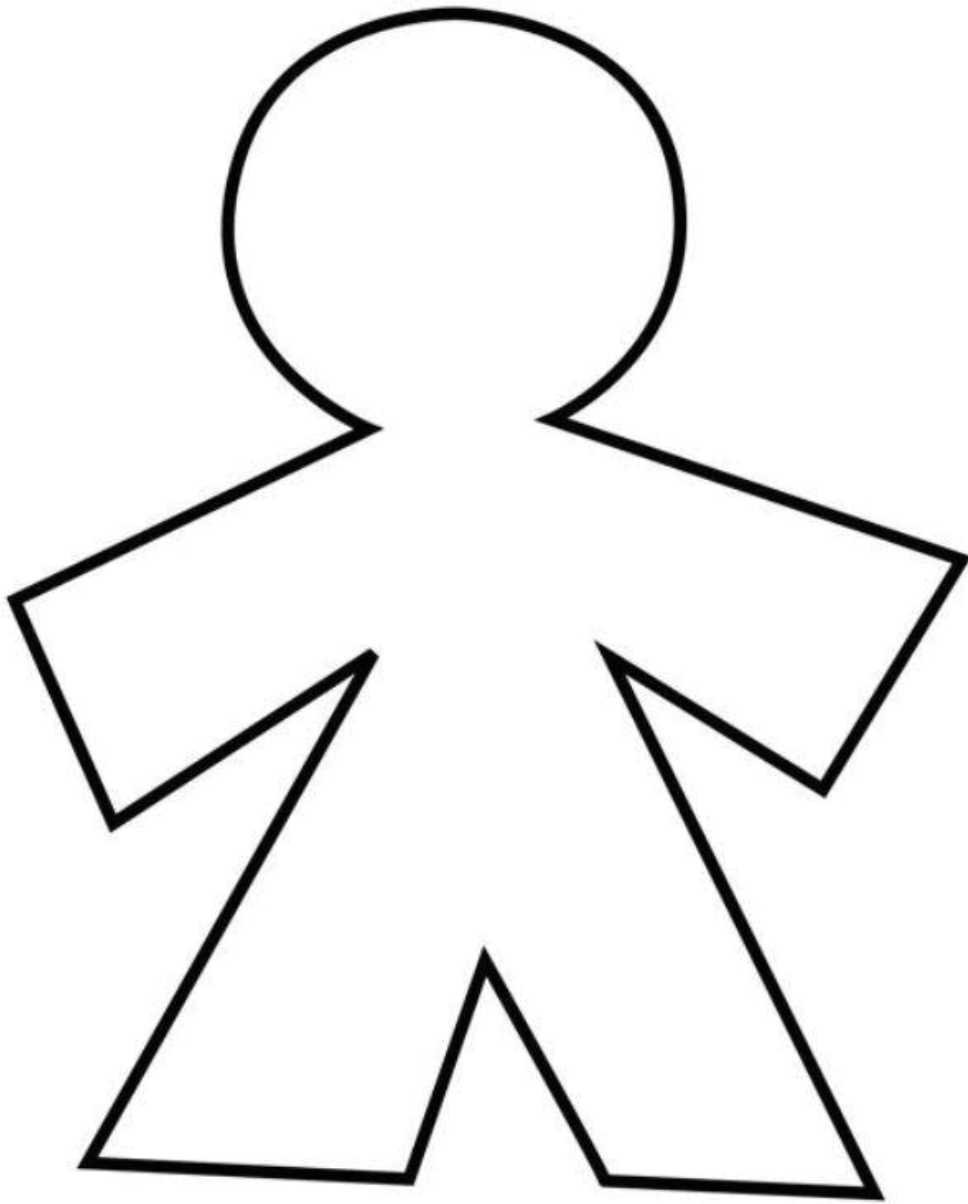
Plaintive: (adj) sounding sad and mournful.

Rod: (n) a thin straight bar, especially of wood or metal.

7.7 Join this collaborative playlist!



8.1. Worksheet



* * CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE * *

Possibly it is only accessible at five-thirty in the morning. Or it may only appear at the quarter moon — or when the seeker has an exceptionally full bladder.”

Harry snorted into his plate of goulash. Percy frowned, but Harry could have sworn Dumbledore had given him a very small wink.

Meanwhile Fleur Delacour was criticizing the Hogwarts decorations to Roger Davies.

“Zis is nothing,” she said dismissively, looking around at the sparkling walls of the Great Hall. “At ze Palace of Beauxbatons, we ’ave ice sculptures all around ze dining chamber at Chreestmas. Zey do not melt, of course . . . zey are like ’uge statues of diamond, glittering around ze place. And ze food is seemply superb. And we ’ave choirs of wood nymphs, ’oo serenade us as we eat. We ’ave none of zis ugly armor in ze ’alls, and eef a poltergeist ever entaired into Beauxbatons, ’e would be expelled like *zat*.” She slapped her hand onto the table impatiently.

Roger Davies was watching her talk with a very dazed look on his face, and he kept missing his mouth with his fork. Harry had the impression that Davies was too busy staring at Fleur to take in a word she was saying.

“Absolutely right,” he said quickly, slapping his own hand down on the table in imitation of Fleur. “Like *that*. Yeah.”

Harry looked around the Hall. Hagrid was sitting at one of the other staff tables; he was back in his horrible hairy brown suit and gazing up at the top table. Harry saw him give a small wave, and looking around, saw Madame Maxime return it, her opals glittering in the candlelight.

Hermione was now teaching Krum to say her name properly; he kept calling her “Hermy-own.”

the base of her neck. She was dressed from head to foot in black satin, and many magnificent opals gleamed at her throat and on her thick fingers.

Dumbledore started to clap; the students, following his lead, broke into applause too, many of them standing on tiptoe, the better to look at this woman.

Her face relaxed into a gracious smile and she walked forward toward Dumbledore, extending a glittering hand. Dumbledore, though tall himself, had barely to bend to kiss it.

"My dear Madame Maxime," he said. "Welcome to Hogwarts."

"Dumbly-dorr," said Madame Maxime in a deep voice. "I 'ope I find you well?"

"In excellent form, I thank you," said Dumbledore.

"My pupils," said Madame Maxime, waving one of her enormous hands carelessly behind her.

Harry, whose attention had been focused completely upon Madame Maxime, now noticed that about a dozen boys and girls, all, by the look of them, in their late teens, had emerged from the carriage and were now standing behind Madame Maxime. They were shivering, which was unsurprising, given that their robes seemed to be made of fine silk, and none of them were wearing cloaks. A few had wrapped scarves and shawls around their heads. From what Harry could see of them (they were standing in Madame Maxime's enormous shadow), they were staring up at Hogwarts with apprehensive looks on their faces.

"'As Karkaroff arrived yet?" Madame Maxime asked.

"He should be here any moment," said Dumbledore. "Would you like to wait here and greet him or would you prefer to step inside and warm up a trifle?"

* *
*

BEAUXBATONS AND DURMSTRANG

* *
*

passing the lights in the ship's portholes. All of them, Harry noticed, seemed to be built along the lines of Crabbe and Goyle . . . but then, as they drew nearer, walking up the lawns into the light streaming from the entrance hall, he saw that their bulk was really due to the fact that they were wearing cloaks of some kind of shaggy, matted fur. But the man who was leading them up to the castle was wearing furs of a different sort: sleek and silver, like his hair.

"Dumbledore!" he called heartily as he walked up the slope. "How are you, my dear fellow, how are you?"

"Blooming, thank you, Professor Karkaroff," Dumbledore replied.

Karkaroff had a fruity, unctuous voice; when he stepped into the light pouring from the front doors of the castle they saw that he was tall and thin like Dumbledore, but his white hair was short, and his goatee (finishing in a small curl) did not entirely hide his rather weak chin. When he reached Dumbledore, he shook hands with both of his own.

"Dear old Hogwarts," he said, looking up at the castle and smiling; his teeth were rather yellow, and Harry noticed that his smile did not extend to his eyes, which remained cold and shrewd. "How good it is to be here, how good. . . . Viktor, come along, into the warmth . . . you don't mind, Dumbledore? Viktor has a slight head cold. . . ."

Karkaroff beckoned forward one of his students. As the boy passed, Harry caught a glimpse of a prominent curved nose and thick black eyebrows. He didn't need the punch on the arm Ron gave him, or the hiss in his ear, to recognize that profile.

"Harry — *it's Krum!*"

8.3 Video excerpt from the movie *Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire* (2005) directed by David Heiman, based on J.K. Rowling's original novels (17:28–19:10)
All Rights belong to Warner Bros, Copyright © 2005.
Available at <[Harry Potter and the Goblet of Fire](#)>

8.4 Conclusions on Padlet



8.5 Video excerpt: “Harry Potter Quidditch World Cup - WC - Round #1 - France vs Spain (Spain)” from the PC game *Harry Potter: Quidditch World Cup* (2003). Available at <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yVWbV2zAkvY>>

8.6. Look up “Bookcreator” and:



8.7. Survey

1. From 1-10 (being 1 the worst result and 10 the best), what was your previous awareness of the connection between gender and country stereotypes?

2. From 1-10, what is your awareness now and why do you considered it has changed?

3. Were you familiar with the Harry Potter movies and/or books? In case you were, had you noticed these clear patterns before?

4. Do you think that you are perceived differently because you are a boy/girl in comparison with the citizens of the opposed gender?

5. From 1-10, how much have your enjoyed yourself while practicing English in this socially-relevant context?

PACK 9: HAIR IS CULTURE

9.1 Song: “I am not my Hair” by India Arie feat. Akon (2006) from album *Testimony: Vol. 1, Life & Relationship*(2006).

Available at < https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=E_5jIt0f5Z4>, other music streaming platforms or album hard copies.

9.2. Lyrics:

See, I can kinda recall a lil' ways back
Small, tryin' to ball, always been black
And my hair, I tried it all I even went flat
Had a lumpy curly top and all that crap, now
Just tryin' to be appreciated
Nappy headed brothers never had no ladies
And I hit the barber shop real quick
Had 'em give me lil' twist and it drove 'em crazy (crazy)
Then I couldn't get no job
'Cause corporate wouldn't hire no dreadlocks
Then I thought about my dogs from the block
Kinda understand why they chose to steal and rob
Was it the hair that got me this far
All these girls these cribs these cars?
I hate to say it but it seem so flawed
'Cause success didn't come till I cut it all off
Little girl with the press and curl
Age eight, I got a Jheri curl
Thirteen, and I got a relaxer

I was a source of so much laughter
At fifteen when it all broke off
Eighteen and went all natural
February, 2002
I went on and did what I had to do
Because it was time to change my life
To become the woman that I am inside
Ninety-seven dreadlocks all gone
I looked in the mirror for the first time and saw that
Hey (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within
Good hair means curls and waves (no)
Bad hair means you look like a slave (no)
At the turn of the century
It's time for us to redefine who we be
You can shave it off like a South African beauty
Or get in on lock like Bob Marley
You can rock it straight like Oprah Winfrey
If it's not what's on your head, it's what's underneath, and say
Hey (hey)

I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within
Who cares if you don't like that?
With nothin' to lose, postin' with the wave cap
And the cops wanna harass 'cause I got waves
Ain't see nothin' like that in all my days
Man, you gotta change all these feelings
Steady judging one another by their appearance
Yes, India, I feel ya, girl
Now go ahead, talk to the rest of the world 'cause
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better person?
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair make me a better friend? Oh
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Does the way I wear my hair determine my integrity?
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
I am expressing my creativity
(Whoa, whoa, whoa)
Breast cancer and chemotherapy
Took away her crownin' glory
She promised God if she was to survive

She would enjoy every day of her life, oh
On national television
Her diamond eyes are sparkling
Bald-headed like a full moon shining
Singing out to the whole wide world like, hey
Hey (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within
Hey (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am not your expectations, no (hey)
I am not my hair
I am not this skin
I am the soul that lives within

9.3. Create your whatsapp chat:

<<https://www.fakewhats.com/generator>>

9.4. In order to carry out the **book circle**, you must have read Chapter 1 of Chimamanda Ngochi Adichie's *Americanah* (2013). You can order it in your neighborhood's library, borrow it from the Department of English or buy it. It is also available online at <<https://afrikin.org/books/americanah.pdf>>

9.5. **Let's discuss *Americanah*.** Scan this code for both activities on Mentimeter planned for the class, both in the beginning and end of it.

Code: 9977 2093 <<https://www.menti.com/6zpywg4arz>>

1. What was the chapter about?
2. Why is hair relevant?
3. Conclusions? Remarks? Changes?



PACK 10: THE UNENDING MYTH OF THE “WHITE SAVIOR”

10.1 Poem: “The White Man’s Burden” by Rudyard Kipling (1899). Pay attention to the highlighted lines, you do not need to understand the text word by word. What could this poem be talking about?

Take up the White Man’s burden—

Send forth the best ye breed—

Go send your sons to exile

To serve your captives' need

To wait in heavy harness

On fluttered folk and wild—

Your new-caught, sullen peoples,

Half devil and half child

Take up the White Man’s burden

In patience to abide

To veil the threat of terror

And check the show of pride;

By open speech and simple

An hundred times made plain

To seek another’s profit

And work another’s gain

Take up the White Man’s burden—

And reap his old reward:
The blame of those ye better
The hate of those ye guard—
The cry of hosts ye humour

(Ah slowly) to the light:
"Why brought ye us from bondage,
"Our loved Egyptian night?"

Take up the White Man's burden-

Have done with childish days-
The lightly proffered laurel,
The easy, ungrudged praise.
Comes now, to search your manhood

Through all the thankless years,

Cold-edged with dear-bought wisdom,
The judgment of your peers!

10.2 Do you need help?

Burden: (n) a load, typically a heavy one. Metaphorically speaking, it is a hard job someone must do.

Take up: (v) to accept something offered, typically a job or task

Sullen (n): bad tempered

Thankless: (n) with no thank yous

1. What could that heavy burden be?
2. Who are those "devils" with bad temper?
3. Why do they have to speak in a simpler manner?

10.3 Poem: "Fuck Kipling" from *The Actual* (2020) by Inua Ellams

Fuck / Kipling

If I'd been there when he wrote / The White Man's Burden / If I'd seen
the / half devil half child / line form in him / If in reaching for his
neck I tipped his inkwell / If gallons spilled / like Black blood / across
the middle passage / If we fell into it and washed up back on gold
coast shores / I would spur him inland at gunpoint / find a village in
which it's practised / Force Kipling to watch the punishment unfold /
where / forsaking execution or confinement / after wrong-doings /
the guilty is stood in a large circle before every man woman and child /
who recount tales of the guilty's good deeds and kindness / Two days
this lasts before the circle is broken / to celebration / and the accused
welcomed back to the tribe / Then I'll lean to whisper in Kipling's ear /
before flicking the eager trigger / Such kindness is what we devil child
do / and our shit is too good for you

10.4 Do you still need help?

Inkwell: (n) a pot for ink housed in a hole in a desk.

Gallons spilled: (v) liquid accidentally spread all over a place

Spur (v): urge (a horse) forward by digging one's spurs into its sides.

At gun point: (n) holding a gun against someone

Forsaking (v): abandoning or leaving

Deed (n): action

1. What would the author like to do?
2. What kind of punishment is he talking about?
3. Does he want to be as cruel as Kipling?

10.5 Video: “What's Wrong with White Saviours? | How Not to Be Racist” available at <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VK5EQm-B5Q0&t=9s>

10.6 Article: “Dulceida, protagonista de una gran polémica en su viaje a África” from *La Vanguardia* (2018). Available at <https://www.lavanguardia.com/sucesos/20220530/8302958/10-fugitivos-mas-buscados-espana.html>

El viaje a **África** realizado por Aida Domenech, **Dulceida** en internet, y su esposa **Alba Paul**, ha desatado una oleada de **críticas** en las redes que prometen generar **polémica**. La pareja ha viajado al continente africano para promocionar

unas becas para estudiar inglés pero la atención se la han llevado unas **fotos** en las que la influencer y su pareja han desatado la ira de los usuarios de las redes sociales.

Dulceida y Aba Paul han estado en Ciudad del Cabo, en Sudáfrica, visitando diferentes poblados y conociendo a sus habitantes y, como suele ser habitual en sus escapadas por el mundo, lo han ido narrando todo a través de sus redes sociales.

Esta foto publicada en Instagram donde se ve a Aba Paul tomándose un baño ha sido el detonante de decenas de críticas a través de todas las redes sociales. ¿El motivo? Pues que la zona de África donde se encuentran está padeciendo la peor sequía de su historia y desde principios de año se ha limitado el uso del agua en acciones tan cotidianas como tirar de la cadena del wc o lavarse el pelo.

Ciudad del Cabo es la primera ciudad del mundo que se está quedando sin agua y por eso el consumo de este bien tan preciado debe ser restringido. La foto publicada por la esposa de Dulceida ha sido, en opinión de muchos, desafortunada y poco respetuosa con la situación por la que pasa el país.

Pero la polémica por el agua no es la única protagonizada por la pareja de influencers. El otro foco de críticas ha venido dado por una imagen compartida por Dulceida en su Insta Stories donde vemos a un grupo de niños africanos llevando unas gafas de Miss Hampstons con su nombre serigrafado que ella misma le había regalado.

“¡Una hora con ellos no ha sido suficiente! Feliz por haberlos hecho sonreír”, escribía Dulceida y añadía: “Ahora tienen nuestras gafas de recuerdo, yo sus sonrisas y el tiempo con ellos”.



Foto compartida por Dulceida en Insta Stories
Instagram

La evidente situación de pobreza en la que viven los niños que aparecen en la foto publicada por Dulceida en Instagram ha hecho que quienes la han visto hayan saltado a criticar la actuación de la influencer.

Los comentarios negativos (y algunos insultantes) no han tardado en aparecer tanto en Twitter como en Instagram donde la acción con las gafas, con tintes promocionales, no ha sido bien vista.

Esta polémica no ha hecho más que dar pie a que surgiesen otros comentarios que critican el estilo de vida de los influencers quienes viven de su imagen en las redes

sociales. “Hola, niños negros. Soy Dulceida y vengo a traeros algo para que por fin os podáis llevar algo a la boca: ¡Mi nueva línea de gloss!”, es un ejemplo de los mensajes irónicos que se han podido leer en Twitter.

Y ha sido precisamente a través de esta red donde Dulceida ha querido dar respuesta a todas estas críticas, aunque tal vez su mensaje, en vez de atajar la polémica, no haga más que avivarla... Con cinco puntos bien definidos, la influencer ha mandado instrucciones precisas a sus haters para que dejen de criticar cada uno de sus movimientos.

PACK 11: WHITE WASHING AND BLACK PAINTING

11.1 Handout: costumes or culture?



11.2 Song “Problematic” from *Inside (The Songs)* (2021) by Bo Burnham. Available at <[“Problematic”](#)> other streaming platforms and album hard copies.

I grew up as your usual suburbanite

A tiny town in Massachusetts, overwhelmingly white (White— White— White)

I went to church on Sundays in a suit and a tie (In a suit and a tie)

Then spent my free time watching Family Guy

I started doing comedy when I was just a sheltered kid

I wrote offensive shit, and I said it

Father, please forgive me, for I did not realize what I did

Or that I'd live to regret it

[Pre-Chorus]

Times are changing, and I'm getting old

Are you gonna hold me accountable?

My bed is empty, and I'm getting cold

Isn't anybody gonna hold me accountable? Ugh!

[Chorus]

I'm problematic

(He's a problem)

When I was 17, on Halloween, I dressed up as Aladdin

(He's a problem)

I did not darken my skin, but, still, it feels weird in hindsight

[Verse 2]

I want to show you how I'm growing as a person, but first
I feel I must address the lyrics from the previous verse
I tried to hide behind my childhood, and that's not okay
My actions are my own; I won't explain them away
I've done a lot of self-reflecting since I started singing this song
I was totally wrong when I said it
Father, please forgive me, for I did not realize what I did
Or that I'd live to regret it

[Pre-Chorus]

Times are changing, and I'm getting old
Are you gonna hold me accountable?
My bed is empty, and I'm getting cold
Isn't anybody gonna hold me accountable? Ugh!

[Chorus]

I'm problematic
(He's a problem)
I just remembered that Aladdin costume's in my mother's attic
(He's a problem)
I'm gonna go home and burn it
Or not burn it. Is burning it bad? What should I do with it?

[Bridge]

And I've been totally awful

My closet is chock-full of stuff that is vaguely shitty

All of it was perfectly lawful

Just not very thoughtful at all and just really shitty

And I've been totally awful

My closet is chock-full of stuff that is vaguely shitty

All of it was perfectly lawful

Just not very thoughtful at all and just really—

[Outro]

And I'm really fucking sorry

(Bitch, I'm trying to listen; shit, I've been complicit)

Sorry

(If I'm gonna catch up, first, I gotta fess up)

Sorry

Sorry

11.3 Write your own lyrics

I grew up as _____

I _____

Then spent my free time _____

I started doing comedy when I was just a sheltered kid

I wrote offensive shit, and I said it

Father, please forgive me, for I did not realize what I did

Or that I'd live to regret it

[Pre-Chorus]

Times are changing, and I'm getting old

Are you gonna hold me accountable?

My bed is empty, and I'm getting cold

Isn't anybody gonna hold me accountable? Ugh!

[Chorus]

I'm problematic

(____ a problem)

(____ a problem)

I did not _____

[Verse 2]

I want to show you how I'm growing as a person, but first

I feel I must _____

I tried to hide behind my childhood, and that's not okay

My actions are my own; I won't explain them away

I've done a lot of self-reflecting since I started singing this song

I was totally wrong when I said it

Father, please forgive me, for I did not realize what I did

Or that I'd live to regret it

[Pre-Chorus]

Times are changing, and I'm getting old

Are you gonna hold me accountable?

Isn't anybody gonna hold me accountable? Ugh!

[Chorus]

I'm problematic

(_____ a problem)

I just remembered _____

(_____ a problem)

I'm gonna go _____

Or not _____ it. Is _____ bad? What should I do with it?

[Bridge]

And

I've

been

My closet is chock-full of stuff that is vaguely shitty

_____ at all and just really shitty

[Outro]

And I'm really fucking sorry

(Bitch, I'm trying to listen; shit, I've been complicit)

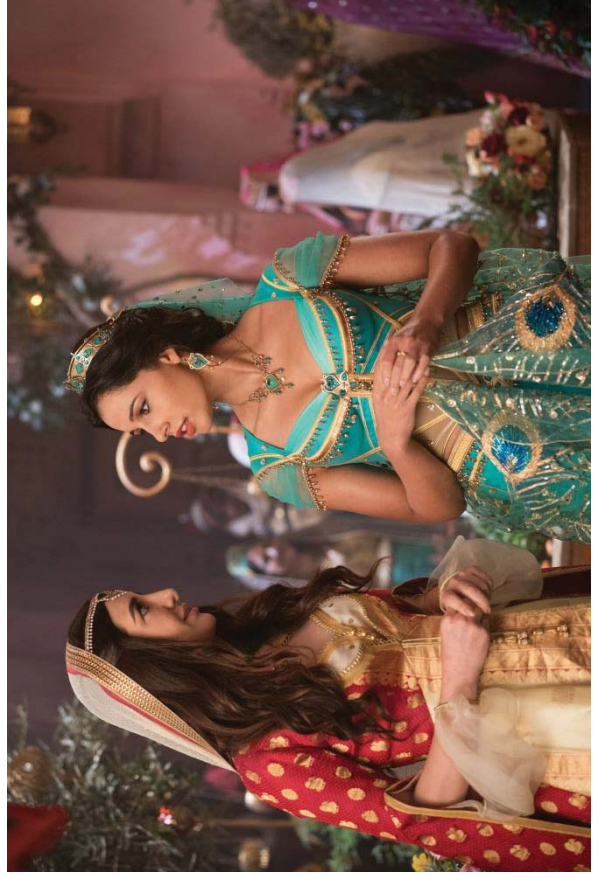
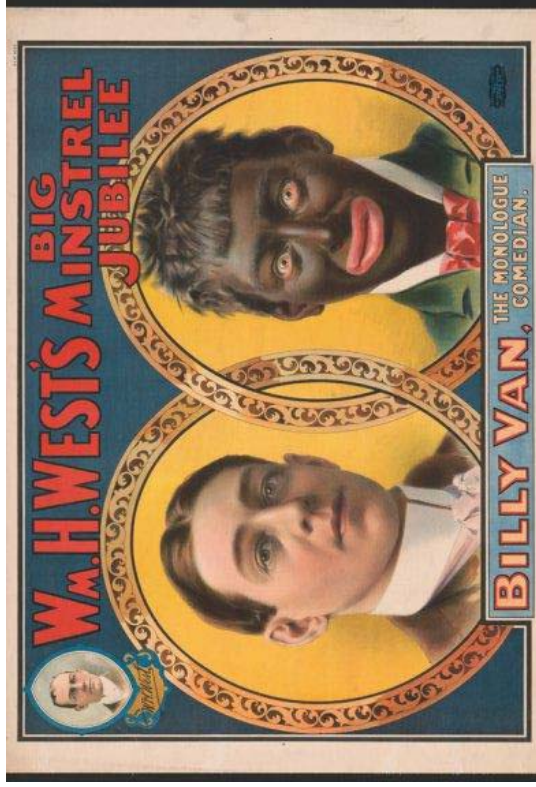
Sorry

(If I'm gonna catch up, first, I gotta fess up)

Sorry

Sorry

11.4 Handout:



11.5. “Blackfaced Balthasar” article available at

<<https://smoda.elpais.com/celebrities/que-pasa-con-baltasar-por-que-la-costumbre-de-pintarle-de-negro-se-resiste-a-morir/>> by Begoña Gómez-Urzáiz (2019)

¿Qué pasa con Baltasar? ¿Por qué la costumbre de pintarle de negro se resiste a morir?

A pesar de las peticiones populares, famosos y cabalgatas mantienen la costumbre del 'blackface', que escandaliza fuera de España. ¿La última en sumarse? Toñi Moreno en su Instagram.

BEGOÑA GÓMEZ URZAIZ | 04 ENE 2019 07:45



La presentadora Toñi Moreno, la última en Marcarse un 'blackface' desde su cuenta de Instagram. FOTO: INSTAGRAM

Empieza a ser un clásico de las vacaciones navideñas: las peticiones populares para que el Baltasar de las cabalgatas sea un negro de verdad y no un concejal o un famoso pintado de negro. En Change.org se suceden desde hace varios años. Se interpela a ayuntamientos que reinciden en esta práctica. Si en Madrid la cosa antes se repartía entre grupos municipales –costumbre que ha dado imágenes difíciles de olvidar como la de un Alberto Ruiz Gallardón embetunado, cuando era alcalde en 2006–, en Sevilla y otros ayuntamientos, sobre todo en el Sur, mantienen la tradición de dejar que los famosos hagan de Reyes Magos, lo que ha dado lugar a Baltasares sospechosamente parecidos a Sergio Ramos, Jesulín de Ubrique, Manuel Díaz el Cordobés y Lucas de Andy y Lucas. Toñi Moreno ha sido la última en sumarse a esta lista compartiendo una foto ataviada como Baltasar y con el rostro pintado de negro.

Cuando el futbolista holandés Ruud van Nistleroy hizo de Baltasar en la cabalgata de Marbella en 2013 y colgó fotos en Twitter, muchos aficionados británicos le respondieron llamándole “mierda racista” y el asunto llegó a los medios anglosajones, que año tras año siguen sorprendiéndose por qué en España (y también en Alemania y Holanda) esté aceptada la práctica de la *blackface*, la costumbre de que actores blancos hagan de negros con la cara pintada. En Reino Unido y, sobre todo, en Estados Unidos, se considera una gravísima ofensa racista que retrotrae a los *Minstrel Shows*, los espectáculos de variedades muy populares hasta los años 60 del siglo pasado, en los que se presentaba a los negros como criaturas algo necias y bufonescas pero alegres.



Alberto Ruiz Gallardón, ejerciendo de Baltasar. FOTO: GTRES



Sergio Ramos haciendo de Baltasar acompañado de pajes de cara negra y cuello blanco.

Quizá por eso una entidad con tantos intereses internacionales como el Banco Santander se cuidó mucho de pintar de negro a Fernando Alonso, Marc Gené o Pedro Martínez de la Rosa cuando pidió a los tres corredores de Fórmula 1 que hicieran de Reyes Magos en su ciudad financiera en 2011.

A muchos extranjeros que residen en España sigue chocándoles ver carrozas enteras de blancos pintados con ceras Manley o directamente con betún. El bloguero The Live-In Tourist escribía sobre la cabalgata sevillana: “Habíamos oído que los españoles todavía utilizan pintura para parecerse a los Reyes y sus pajes pero no te das cuenta de lo políticamente incorrecto que es hasta que lo ves en persona. Es un detalle raro e innecesario y completamente pasado de moda, pero nadie parece pensar que es ofensivo porque están demasiado preocupados

llenándose los bolsillos de caramelos. Y, para ser sinceros, no creo que haya racismo en esta cabalgata. Es como siempre se ha hecho y resulta extremadamente difícil romper esta tradición”. En la página de otra estadounidense residente en Sevilla, Sunshine and Siestas, otros expatriados comentan la cuestión y uno de ellos explica que quiso participar en la cabalgata pero se negó cuando le dijeron que tendría que pintarse la cara. El blog Not Hemingway’s Spain, que escribe un estadounidense desde Valencia, recogía una reacción similar: “Tengo que admitir mi *shock* inicial cuando descubrí el uso de la *blackface*”. Pero el autor reflexiona a continuación que en muchos Ayuntamientos, la figura de Baltasar ha servido en la última década para tender puentes con las comunidades subsaharianas.

Como no es probable que en España se llegue a legislar sobre el tema, algo que sí se ha intentado este año en Holanda a raíz de su polémica tradición de Zwarte Piet, el precursor de Santa Claus de connotaciones esclavistas que llega a principios de diciembre y que también suele representarse con caras pintadas –el líder del partido xenófobo PVV llegó a declarar que antes saldría de la Unión Europea que renunciar a la tradición–, lo más lógico es que los Baltasares *blackface* acaben extinguiéndose lentamente con el tiempo y se vean dentro de unos años como una sonrojante reliquia. Y, por cierto, la solución a la pintura de cara NO es el pasamontañas.

11.6. Write your postcard





PACK 12: WATERING THE ROOTS

12.1. Let's watch a video about fairy tales by Gómez-Correa (2021). Available at <
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=SXYA6LAtzog&t=145s>>

12.2. Watch *Shrek 1* introductory scene... is this a fairy tale? Why? Available at <
<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=rIK-BySadHk>>

AND NOW IT IS TIME TO CARRY OUT YOUR OWN PROJECT!