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Somewhere, Yet Nowhere in My High School Spanish Class

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Somewhere, Yet Nowhere in My High School Spanish Class

By Jordan Lavant

My lineage, my heritage, my history, where is it represented? A single club? A single month in which we based uninspired projects and door decorations on the same black activists every year? There's nothing for us aside from the most brutal and violent units of our history syllabus. There is no African Languages and Cultures class. There is no presentation on the embracing of black culture. There is no predominantly black class. The BSU carries the entire black student body on its shoulders. There is no push to make black students more comfortable in their own skin. No minority should be deemed more oppressed or less represented than another, of course not, but why do I, as a black student, have to sit in a predominantly Latinx class, listening to a presentation on their heritage when the same is not done for us. I have to void my own trauma to embrace that of the Latinx community, but there is no pushback for me. Educationally, the black community is stripped of their culture to be little more than slaves and continuous victims of white supremacy. Where is our enhancement? Where is the focus on our deep-rooted struggles that don't revolve around slavery? Fundamentally, where is the acknowledgement of our variety of languages? I'm meant to spend four years learning a language and culture that isn't mine? Oh, but it's ok because it's good for me to learn about other cultures—any cultures aside from my own. Bullshit. I'm an amalgamation of every culture but my own. But then again, what is my culture? I don't think I could tell you. I'm too black to be white, but too white to be black, so where do I go? Is it my right to be mad? To say what I've said? What is my right? It's hard to say. It always has been.