

Document A

The narrator is a Nigerian woman living in the USA who writes a blog about her experience as a “Non-American Black”.

In describing black women you admire, always use the word strong because that is what black women are supposed to be in America. If you are a woman, please do not speak your mind as you're used to doing in your country, because in America strong minded black women are SCARY. And if you're a man, be hyper-mellow, never get too excited, or somebody will worry that you're about to pull a gun. [...] If you're in an Ivy League¹ college and a young Republican tells you that you got in only because of Affirmative Action,² do not whip out your perfect grades from high school. Instead, gently point out that the biggest beneficiaries of Affirmative Action are white women. If you're telling a non black person about something racist that happened to you, make sure you're not bitter. Don't complain, be forgiving, if possible, make it funny. Most of all, do not be angry. Black people are not supposed to be angry about racism, otherwise you get no sympathy. This applies only for white liberals, by the way, don't even bother telling a white conservative about anything racist that happened to you, because the conservative will tell you that YOU are the real racist and your mouth will hang open in confusion.

Chimamanda NGOZI ADICHIE, *Americanah*, 2013

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Document B

Brian Jones is an educator and activist in New York. He is the associate director of education at the Schomburg Center for Research in Black Culture.

I am a black man who has grown up in the United States. I know what it is like to feel the sting of discrimination. [...] As many others have learned, there is no amount of assimilation that can shield you from racism in this country. Throughout my life, something — the kink of my hair or my “attitude” — would mark me as inferior, worthy
5 of ridicule, humiliation or ostracism. In elementary school I got the distinct impression that teachers didn’t like me. [...] In third grade, I had my first black teacher and the whole dynamic changed. Mrs Brooks decided it was OK if I squirmed in my chair. She taught us about discrimination and injustice and taught us to recite and interpret poetry from the black arts movement.

10 One year, one of the few black students at my high school found a noose hanging in his locker one day. The culprit — a white student — was quickly discovered, and all he had to do to get out of trouble was issue a lame apology. [...] I convinced my best friend to wear black armbands in school to protest. This act earned me no greater respect, and actually greater ridicule. Several of our teachers thought it was funny and even
15 prompted our classmates to laugh at our expense: “Look at Jones,” one teacher said, “starting a revolution.”

Looking back, I realize that, apart from my black armband episode, my survival strategy was to make myself as non-threatening as possible. [...] I knew how to enter a store, to make eye contact with someone who worked there, to smile and say hello as if to
20 say: “Don’t worry, I’m not trying to steal anything.”

Brian JONES, *The Guardian*, June 2018

Document C



Lawrence Bryant/Reuters, June 3, 2020

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