...Each of you, a bordered country,
Delicate and strangely made proud,
Yet thrusting perpetually under siege.
Your armed struggles for profit
Have left collars of waste upon
My shore, currents of debris upon my breast.
Yet today I call you to my riverside,
If you will study war no more.

...You, the Turk, the Arab, the Swede,
The German, the Eskimo, the Scot,
The Italian, the Hungarian, the Pole,
You the Ashanti, the Yoruba, the Kru, bought
Sold, stolen, arriving on a nightmare
Praying for a dream.

...Lift up your eyes
Upon this day breaking for you.
Give birth again
To the dream...

Maya Angelou, Presidential Inauguration, 1993

Weeks 1 & 2

Human Rights in the Multilateral System

Weeks 3, 4 & 5

Human Rights and the U.S. Government


"Of every hue and caste am I, of every rank and religion,
A farmer, mechanic, artist, gentleman, sailor, quaker,
Prisoner, fancy-man, rowdy, lawyer, physician, priest,
I resist any thing better than my own diversity."

America, Walt Whitman
Response of the USA to the Report of Maurice Glele-Ahanhanzo, unpublished draft; excerpts.

My house is the red earth; it could be the center of the world. I've heard New York, Paris, or Tokyo called the center of the world, but I say it is magnificently humble. You could drive by and miss it. Radio waves can obscure it. Words cannot construct it, for there are some sounds left to sacred wordless form. For instance, that fool crow, picking through trash near the corral, understands the center of the world as greasy scraps of fat. Just ask him. He doesn't have to say that the earth has turned scarlet through fierce belief, after centuries of heartbreak and laughter -- he perches on the blue bowl of the sky, and laughs.

Secrets from the Center of the World, Joy Harjo and Stephen Strom

Weeks 6, 7 & 8

Human Rights and Native Americans

- Information received from...United States of America E/CN.4/WG.15/2/Add.1, 13 November 1994, 1, 6.


inside
my deep brown skin
i ponder the wisdom of these Indians
who look just like me
and make me wonder
if i am indeed
Just Black
Just because
few of us can chant
the true litany of our tribal descent
Ashanti, Fanti, Dahomey, Twi
Choctaw, Chicasaw, Cherokee, Creek
French, Spanish, Irish, German and Greek
i re-paint my picture of what it is to be
Just Black

Tanika J. Beamon, student, 1994

Weeks 9, 10 & 11

Human Rights and African Americans


I swore it would not devour me
I swore it would not humble me
I swore it would not break me.

And they commanded we dwell in the desert
Our children be spawn of barbed wire and barracks.

...We, the dangerous,
Dwelling in the ocean.
Akin to the jungle.
Close to the earth.

Hiroshima
Vietnam
Tule Lake

And yet we were not devoured.
And yet we were not humbled.
And yet we are not broken.


Weeks 12, 13 & 14

Human Rights and Asian Americans


**Week 15**

Weaving it Together

Review and Questions