

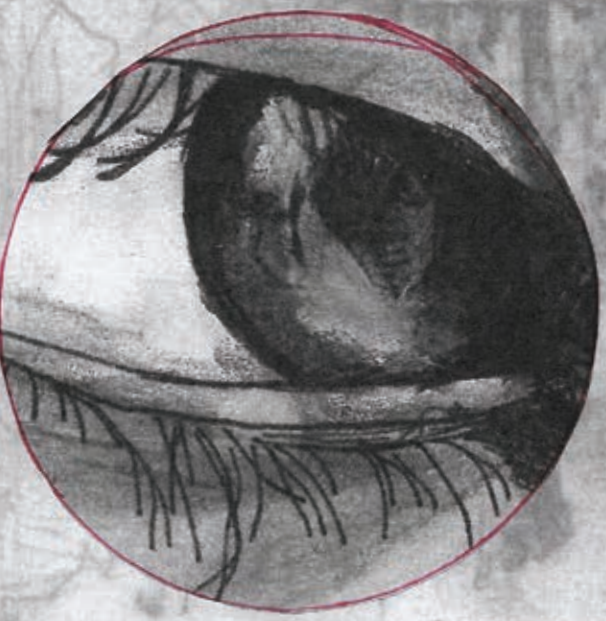
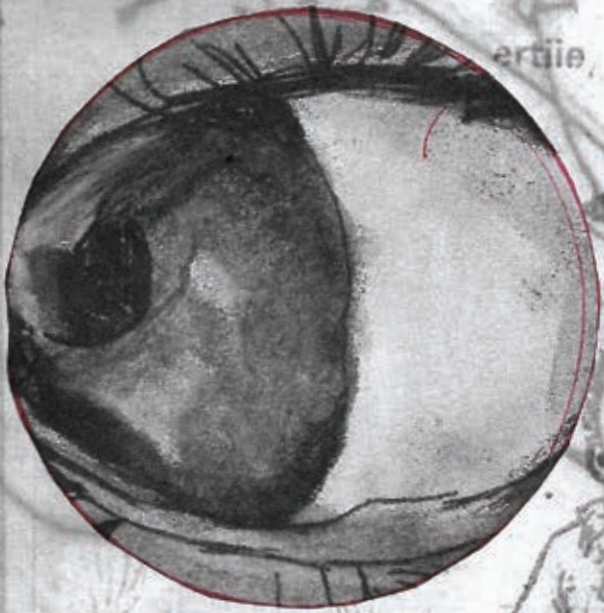
THE INCLUSIVITY COLLECTIVE



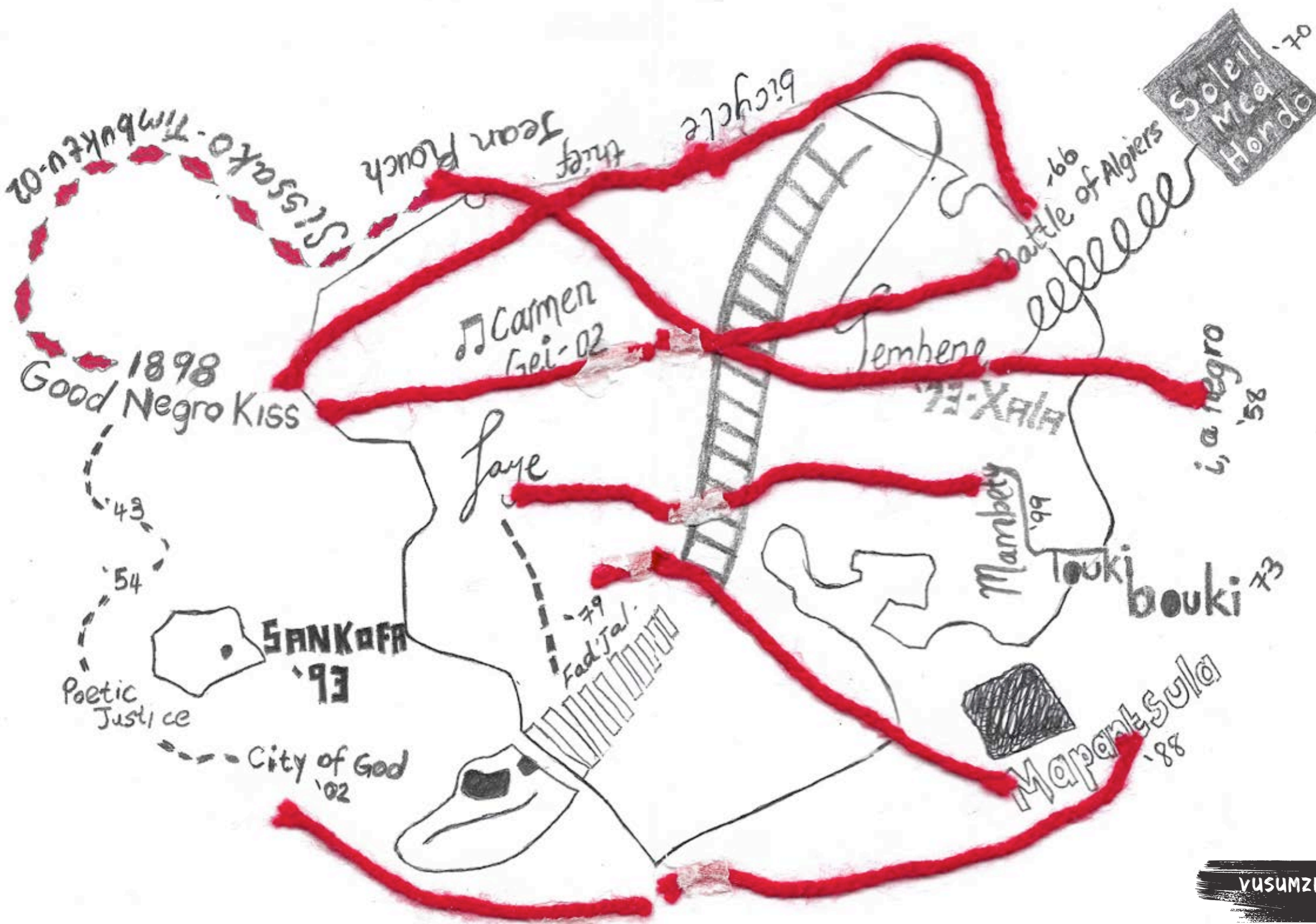
“STRUGGLING FOR EQUALITY”

ni/16

ertie



iae



I don't feel too well today.

I haven't been able to shower for ~~two~~³ days now.

I haven't left my room in a week.

the last time I took some pictures.

Two months have gone by and I can't remember

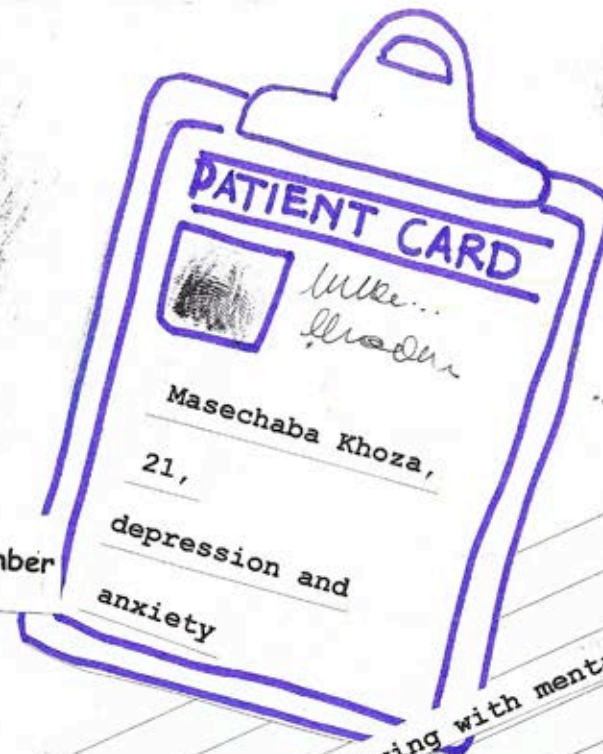
I need to send the email. I need to send that email.

"I think I need help..."

In the consultation room she asks me about my background. Brown drapes, flower pot and a glass of water on sight. I speak:

People can't know, they'll call me crazy.

She makes a diagnosis.



I am a black womxn living with mental illness.

I wish for those ahead of me what those before me were deprived of:

Free, accessible, stigma-free, prioritized and supportive mental health care.



Look at it...

No seriously, look at it

Look at the way it folds

The African flag.

Look at it!

The African flag that waves up high

Look at it

The flag with -

no borders.

no discrimination.

no nationality.

Africa -

A place called home.

A place where everyone

is greeted with -

"welcome",

"welkom",

"kwakaribisha",

Look at it!

A flag that represents

all Africans

A flag that represents

US.



CLINTON



In November 2012 when I was doing Grade 9, I was shot at by police - vans accused of throwing stones at Cape Farmworker's Protest.

The police showed no mercy for innocent bystanders whether they were children or even pregnant women. The violence was widespread & many incidents were not documented. The perpetuation of violence in the context of "democratic South Africa" can be traced historically. Important to note is the implication of this culture in 'townships' where this



BODIES ARE BURNING EKASI DAILY



Three years later in University of Cape town the protests had transformed into issues of Outsourcing of university workers, residence accommodation and decolonization. Unsurprisingly, I found myself in the midst of these, I had not received accommodation in UCT. I had to travel from Ceres (more than 60km away) to attend school every day. I witnessed the same violence even in a university space. We were being shot at with rubber bullets and the university hired private security and other tactics (i.e private investigation) to perpetuate the violence

She is everything that
she is needed to be when
she has to be how she
has to be...

She has never stopped
to fill her cup even
though it was emptied
to help others...

Born to
rise
above

Her truth
is the only
ground she
stands on!

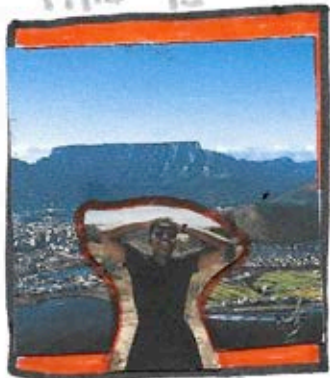
Vulnerability
is her
courage



She will
always
win.

Her words
heal
the soul

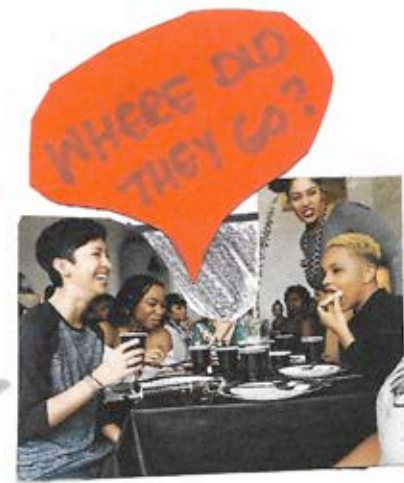
THIS IS



"THEY"



Why do i feel so alone?



SURVIVOURS DESERVE

SAFETY
EMPowerMENT
EMPATHY
KNOWLEDGE

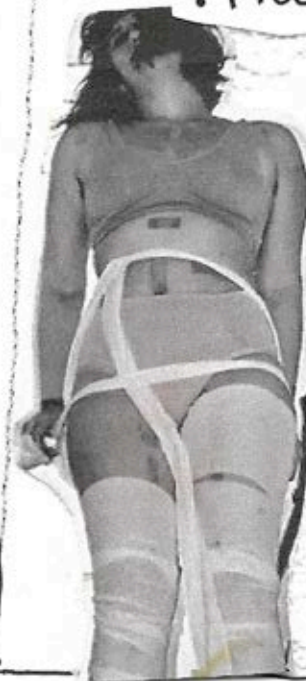


AMANDA

Many Survivors share
Similar reactions to
Sexual Violence...!!!

These reactions include:

- Guilt
- FEAR
- Avoidance
- Anger
- MOOD swings

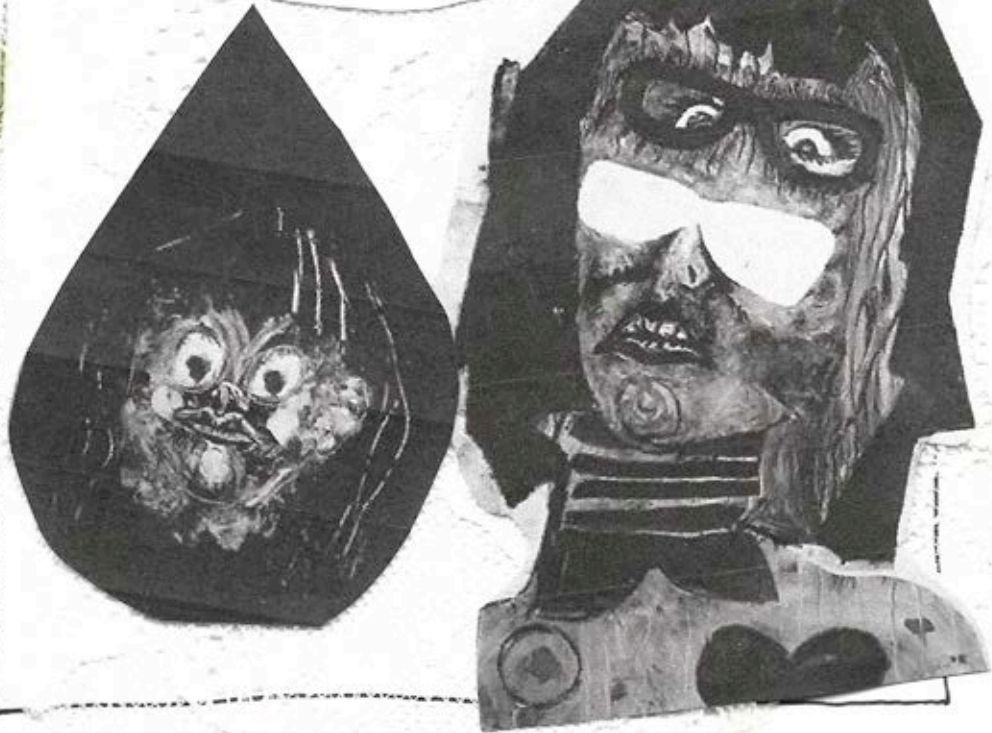


- Distrust >->
- Loss of control!!
- Numbness...
- Reexperiencing



It is important to remember - No matter how you are feeling,

YOU ARE NOT ALONE



AMANDA

**RAPE CRISIS
CAPE TOWN TRUST**



HELPLINE

021-4471467

WWW.RAPECRISIS.ORG.ZA

**23 TRILL ROAD
OBSERVATORY,
CAPE TOWN**



OVERCOMING TRAUMA (It's not your fault)

Life can get complicated, we are all vastly different - yet we are all human, and as humans we all have rights, right????

My life has been complicated, and I didn't think I deserved help. I believed where I was, was my fault.

Being differently abled, I became vulnerable to sexual abuse and assault - I needed help. The most helpful words spoken to me while I was at my lowest was "It's not your fault".

Once I learnt to forgive my body, I was able to unpack memories and feelings that had disabled me.

The flashbacks became less and less... I saved myself from an intensely abusive relationship and began to love myself for the first time.

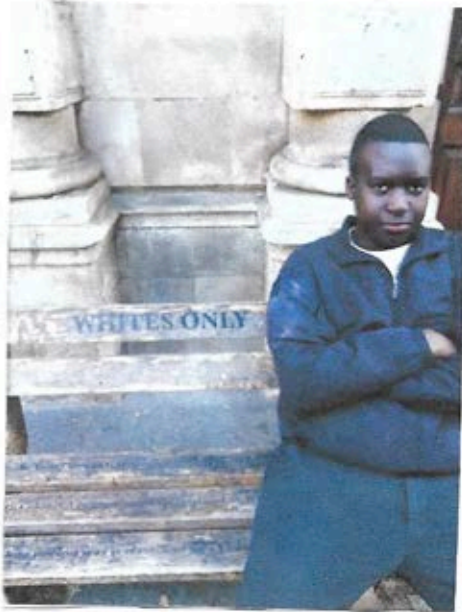
AMANDA

If you feel stuck, know there is a way out. You are loved. You are worthy. You deserve happiness. You deserve peace, and most importantly - IT'S NOT YOUR FAULT!

love from,
a survivor

THE FOREIGNER

We live in a city where discrimination and racism exists. A man by the name of Joseph had to go through this with his family.



Town in search of a better life. But while being here, it got worse. He got racially discriminated by the other people. Wherever he went he would be hated on because of the colour of his skin.

He came to Cape

He is now solely fixed on changing people's ideas on foreigners and he does not want his children to go through what he experienced.

get a job, and even when he gets one, he does not enjoy it. The people made him feel as if he didn't belong there, and they excluded him from everything, but he kept on going, to provide for his family.

It was even hard for him



ALWAYS left behind!!!



LESEGO





Ek hardloop skool toe
Ek hardloop huis toe
Ek hardloop kerk toe
Ek hardloop bib toe
Eks moeg gehardloop.
Ek begin stap.

BAH!
BOOM! POOF!

Hulle skiet my raak.

LANCE

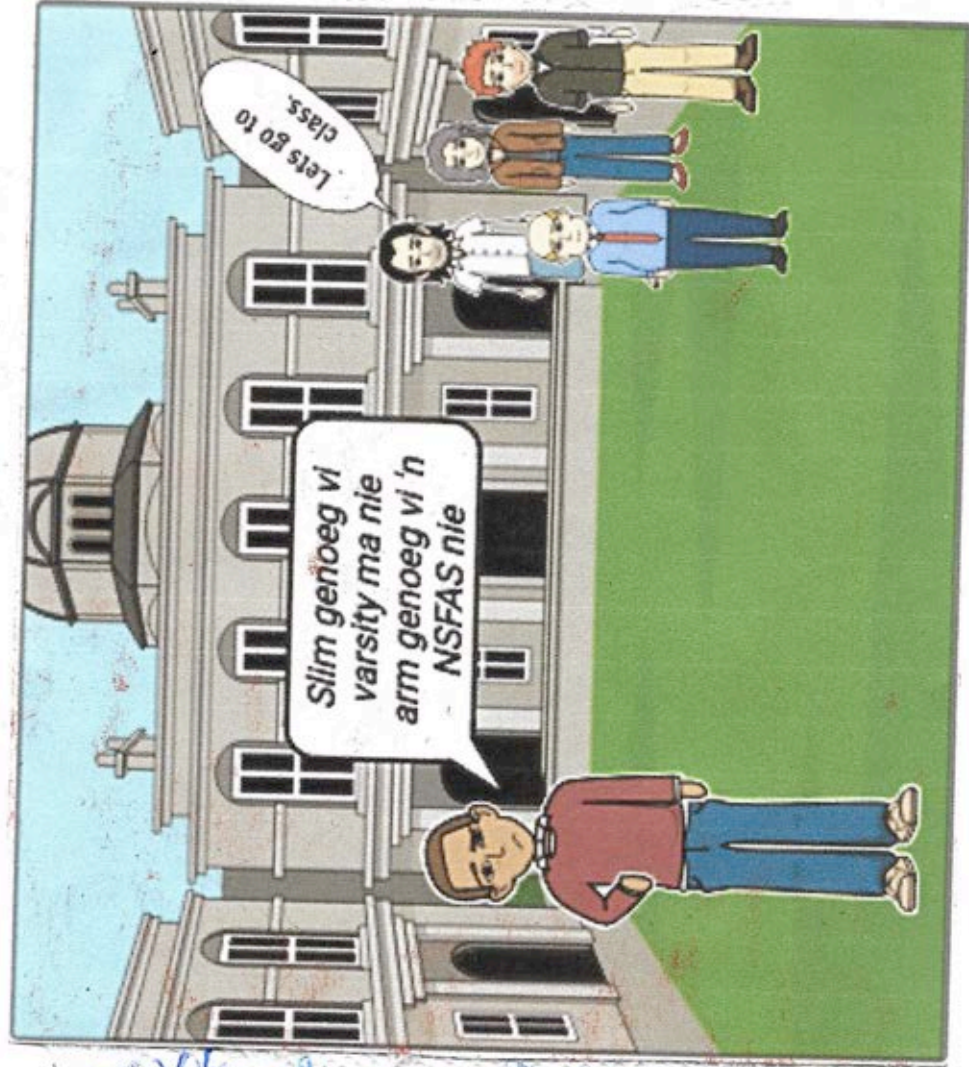
IRONIE

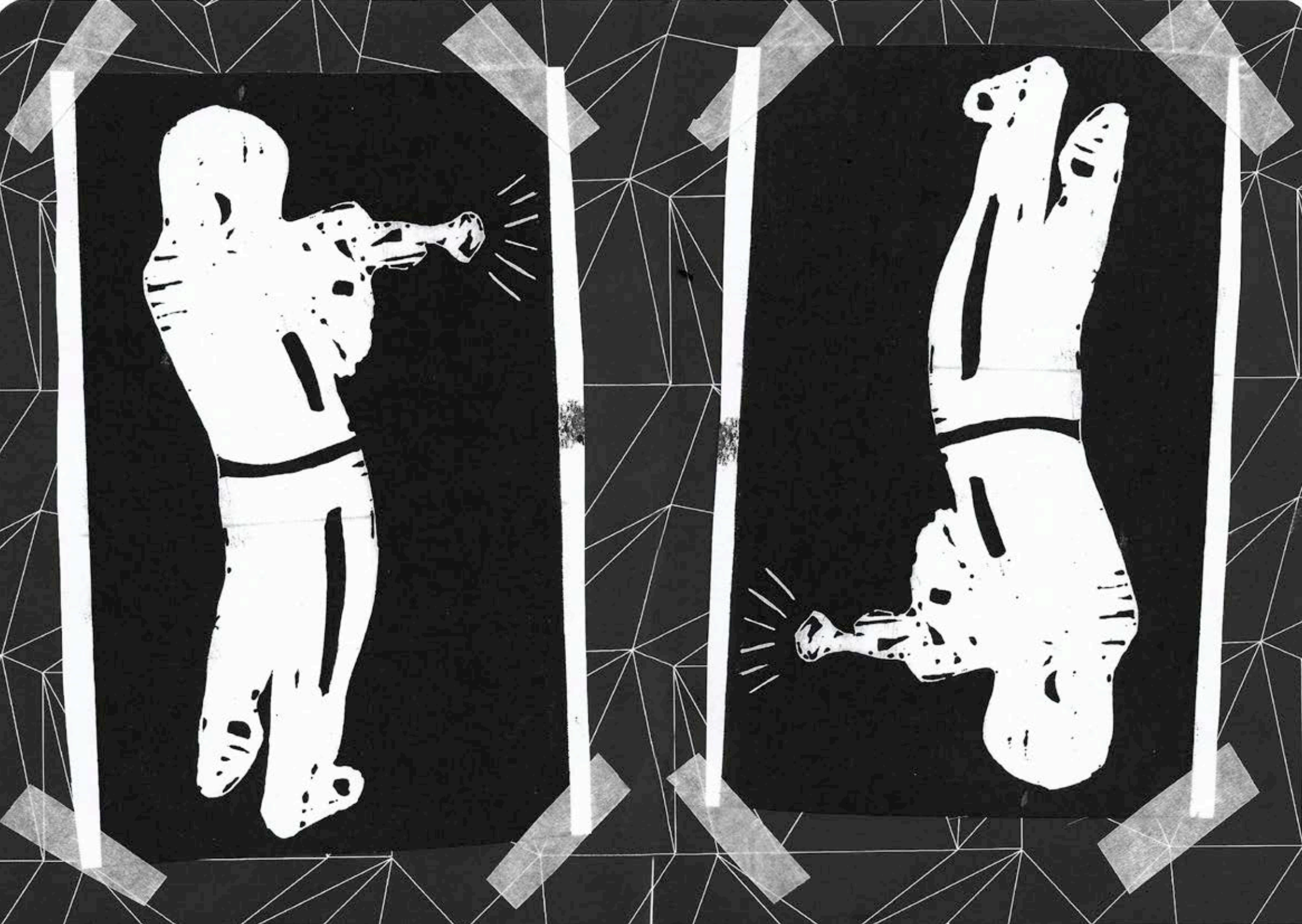
Eligibility criteria for financial aid:

- South African citizenship or permanent residency
- First undergraduate qualification
- Financial eligibility
- Application must not be under administrative order.



U.C.T





The world, my world's, a-part of me
apart from me; taken.
From me is a mosaic less of colour,
no lines detected,
a fight projected.

A.P.A.R.T

An ode to mental health.

I feel nothing as though I am.
Nothing.
A vessel through a vacuum where
there exists no thing.

I am a black womxn living with mental illness.

I wish for those
ahead of me what those
before me were deprived
of:

Free, accessible, stigma-
free, prioritized and
supportive mental
health care.

I know my other is there;
Here:
I need it for this world's
burden's bear.

Where are your
feelings?

Please respect me.
I am not beneath
you. Meet my eyes
when you speak to
me.

I exist. I am here,
and I am valid.

SYDNEY ADAMS

If you listen
If you REALLY listen.

You will hear our ancient cry,
centuries old.

Our voices are now cracked and
sore. Our throats are raw.

We have swallowed dust.

We are tired. We are so tired.

WE THOUGHT WE WERE NOT
SCREAMING LOUD ENOUGH.

But We have been screaming at deaf
ears. Deaf by choice.

Death by choice.

Our death.

Our blood.

On your hands.

SYDNEY ADAMS



Who is she?

she is a catcall in the street that makes her sick to her stomach

she is the shame that she tries to wash away

that no amount of soap can erase

she is vodka tipped neat as she tries to forget what happened on her sheets.

She is not a piece of meat.
Her "pussy" and "ass" and "bits"
belong

to a heart and a mind and a soul
song

that you do not even bother to learn
the lyrics to.

Before you take what does not belong
to you.

She is the beginning of everything.

She is the fluid in your spine and
the tendons in your thighs.

Her amniotic fluid was your first
baptism.

Her womb was where your heartbeat
found its rhythm.

There is a reason they call it Mother
Earth.

There is nothing on this planet that
holds more worth
than the bodies that birth you.

You call him a pussy because to be
anything female is wrong.

Why the fuck is that an insult?
When it's exactly where you came from?

We are the daughters of decades
of fighting against violence

We are the remnants of the
voices that they tried to silence

We are the echoes of cries
that we have not let die yet.

But we survived it.
We take what we are feeling
and make cracks in that
fucking glass ceiling.

Our patience is leaving.

The world has lost our trust but
to us it owes so much.
Enough is enough.

by Sydney Adams

SYDNEY

Thicc



THIS FAT BODIE



is my HOME

I LOVE MY ROLLS



Nigga i Chubby aint yo fetish!

Serving you Curve Bitch



FAT Quee eeee eeen!



FAT Free! ♡

MAMELLO

dragged from a hole
that travels past the
crust of your reality

Black

young

Past the mantle that controls
my narrative, past the core
of my struggle into what
makes who I am

We are not alone on
this earth we are moments
in time in connection through
experience

I am tangled up roots
in poisoned soil
unable to see or breathe

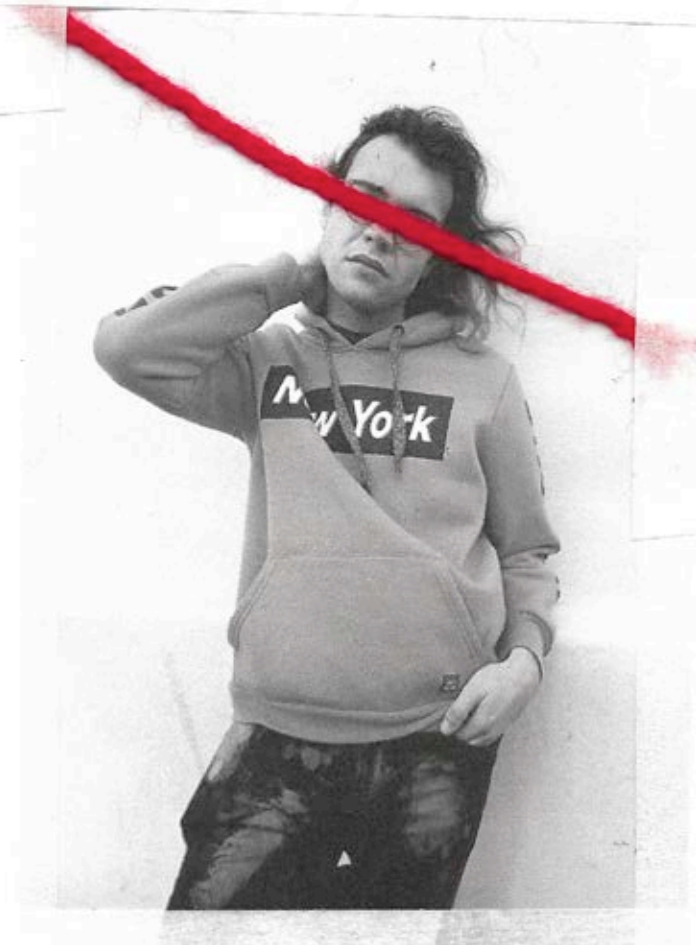
I yearn to be a branch
among other branches
dancing together in the
wind

~~Witchcraft!~~
~~Molot!~~

~~wildcraft~~

MAMELLO

Where do
we go
from Here?



DIEGO



they judge... You judge... We judge!

... IS POLITICALLY INCORRECT...

Being black is ... being white is. ... being colored is... Just be.

mother + old me in story...

when I was younger my

DIEGO

PARACETAMOL 500 mg Tablets (R)
Qty: 2 x 20 8-Nov-2018
Take TWO tablets every SIX hours (FOUR times a day) when necessary for pain and/or fever.
144115110 JEAN EILEEN WILLEMSE HI
Bothasig CDC, C/O Swellengrebel & De Grendel
BOT01/BOTPHAT2110 EXP.....BN.....
144115110 JEAN EILEEN WILLEMSE HI
Bothasig CDC, C/O Swellengrebel & De Grendel
Tel: 021-5585010 Fax: 021-5597567
KEEP OUT OF THE REACH OF CHILDREN





HELLO
my name is

BROKEN



DIEGO

"You are valid."

"I believe you."

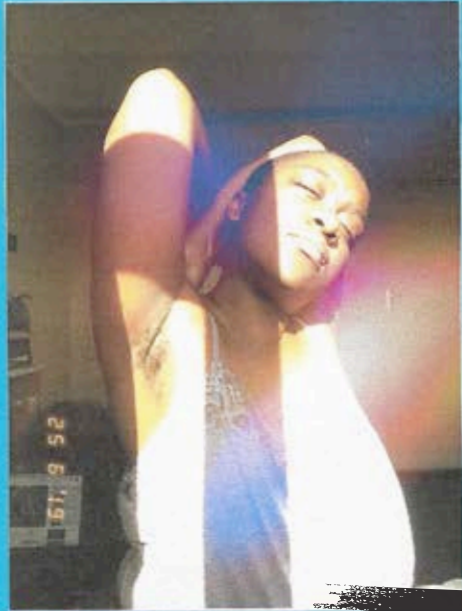
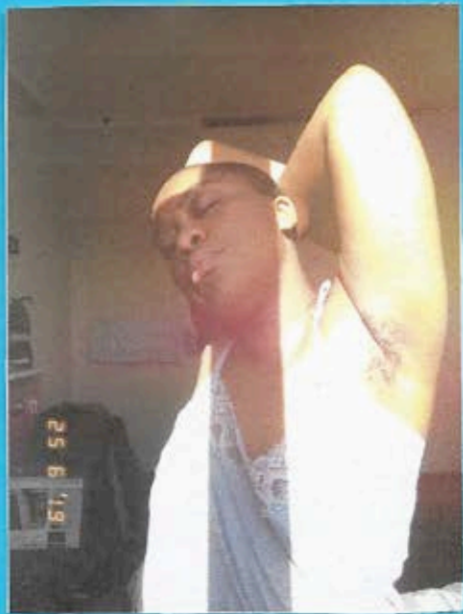
"How can I help?"

"You are not a burden."

"I care"

"You matter"

Offering support...



"I Love You"



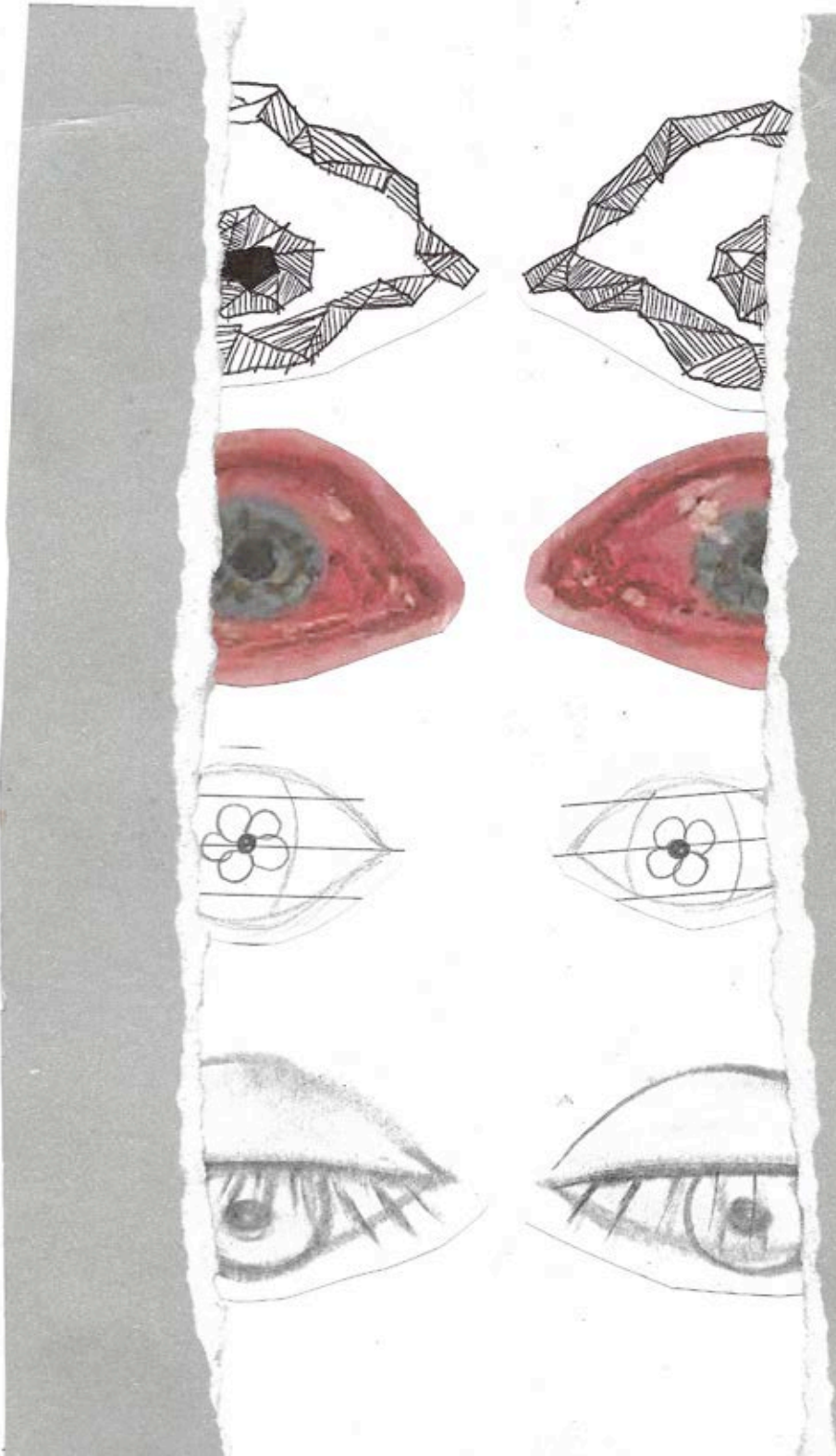
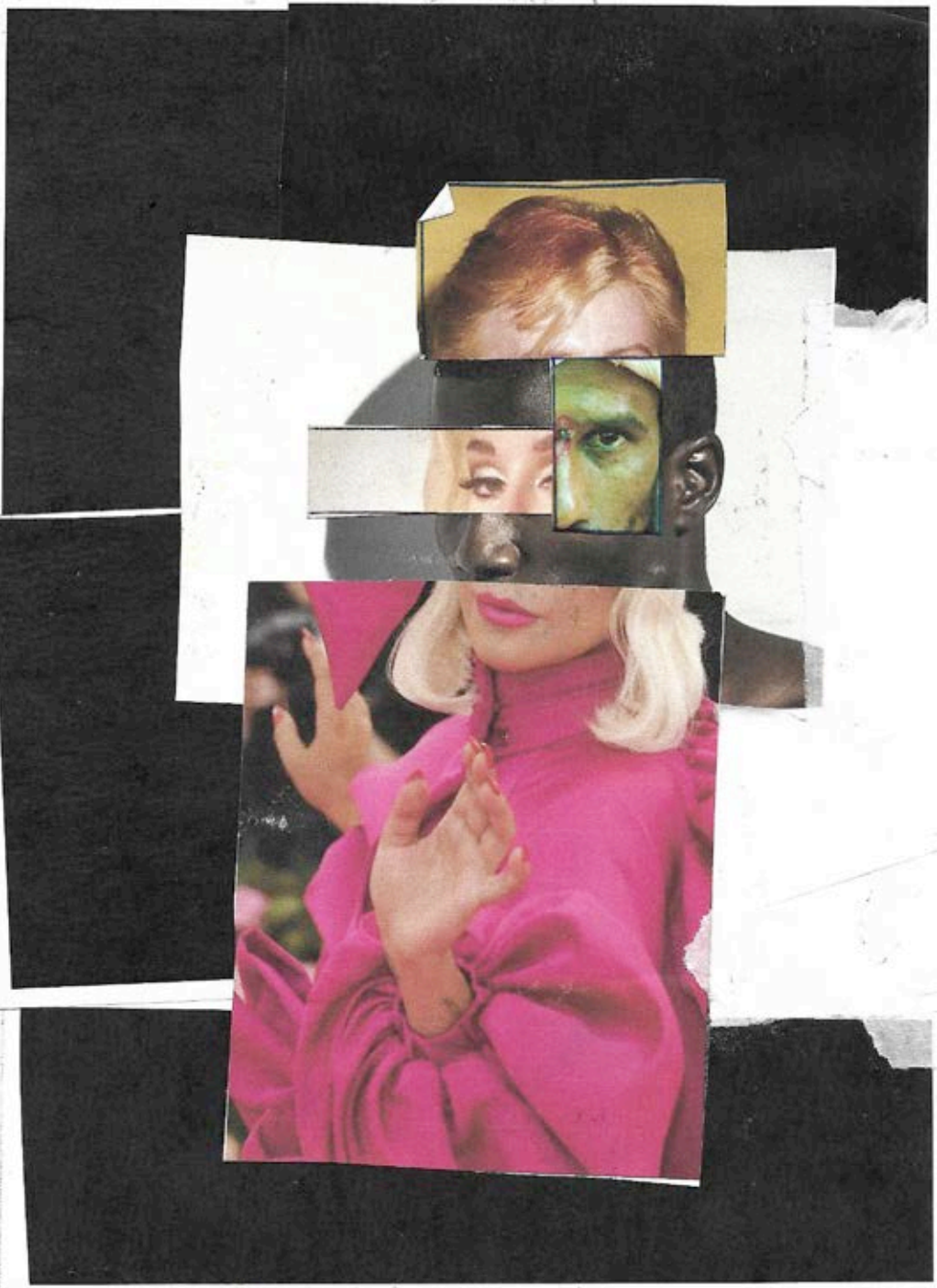
WANT TO TALK TO SOMEONE BUT
NO RESOURCES FOR EXPENSIVE COUNSELLING
FEES? *Counselling Hub* is a space in *woodbury*
that OFFER *counselling* services
FOR ONLY R.50.

ORGANISING FOR
SURVIVAL.

TAKE THIS TIME
TO BREATHE...

ZINTLE







CCoLAB
Collaborator



C002009820M1927M041909100N