

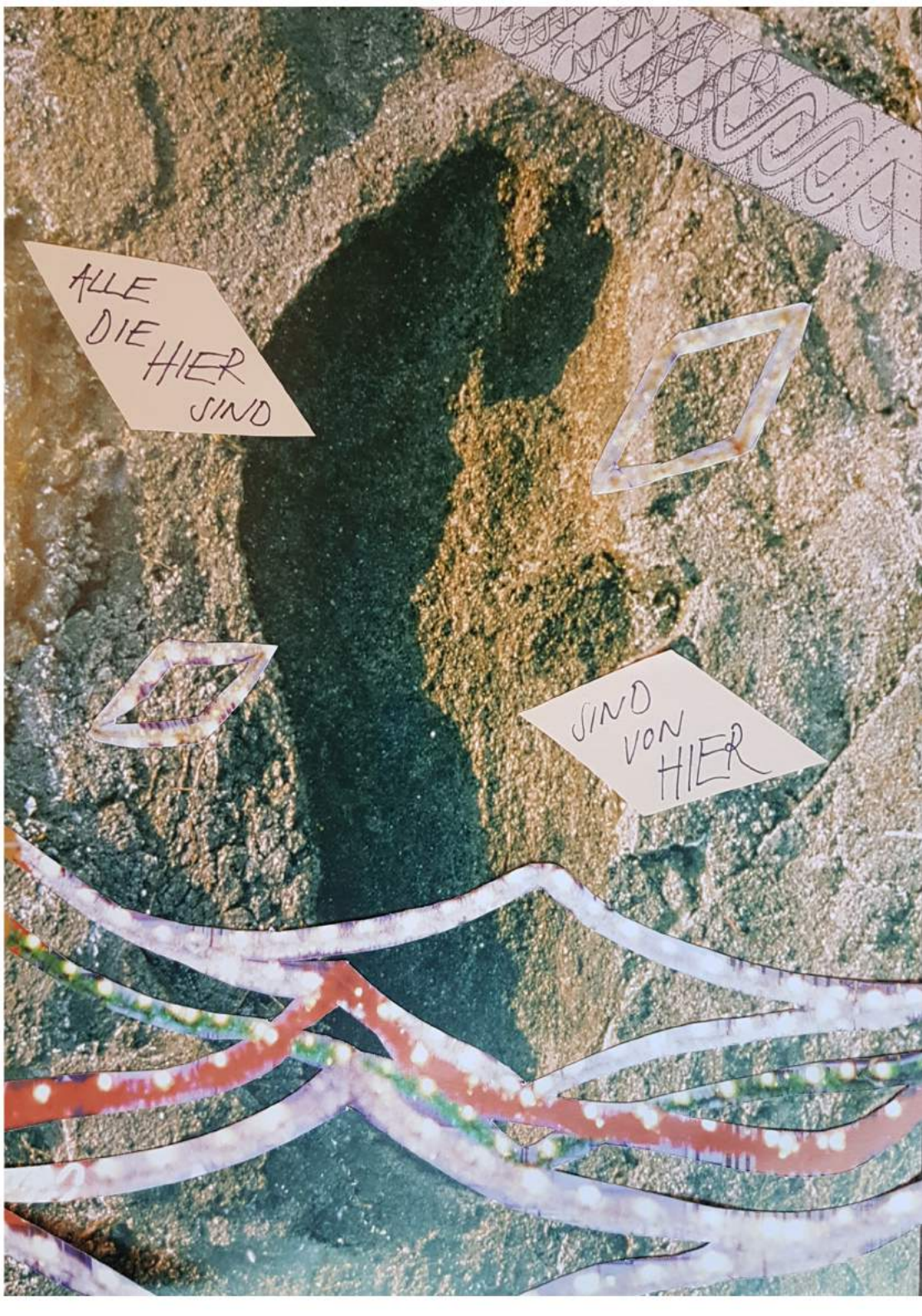
Viyah
Aiza

Balkis
Jehona
Nisa
Rathy
Saha
Khooula
Sindw
Lili

ahha
teem
Leila
Paloma
Gökçe
Christoph
RaP,Sha
cecile
Roko
Martina

CULTIBO
22.3.2019

#2
Collective fanzine composted at
zine workshop organized by Paloma
Ayala, Martina Baldinger, Gökçe
Ergör and *Les Complices
in Aktionswoche gegen Rassismus
Olten, 2019



ALLE
DIE HIER
SIND

SIND
VON
HIER



siM
 tpeir Mame
 Hsivng
 to berit
 si orhw

Kausk for Life
 Kausk for Life

Meiner tsurten qinunen

Meiner Oms, meiner Mams

In mir steckt der Sonn

brigtstentkind

anienm rei sella, Alles ist mein

Mein Besitz, meine Blocks

Kausk for Life

Kausk for Life



Als wir uns liebten, des ...

Was ist das fucking Problem

In mir drinnen stecken 1000 Leben

1000 Leben

1000 Leben

Hab Flure geputzt

Häuser gebaut

Wurde ausgenutzt

Wurde ausgesaugt

Ihr habt nie an mich geglaubt

Ich war immer was ihr braucht

Ihr habt nie an uns geglaubt

Wir waren immer was ihr braucht

Und so lebe meine Legende

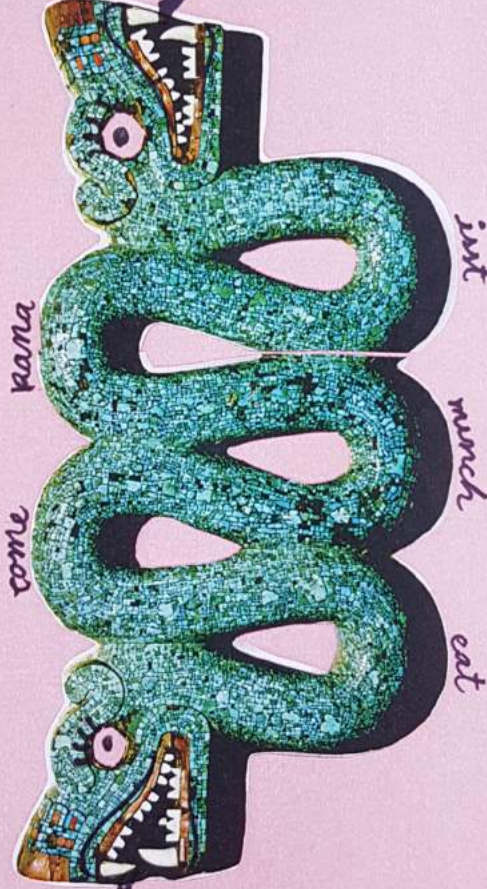
Bis zum gottverdammten Ende

Und so klatscht in eure Hände

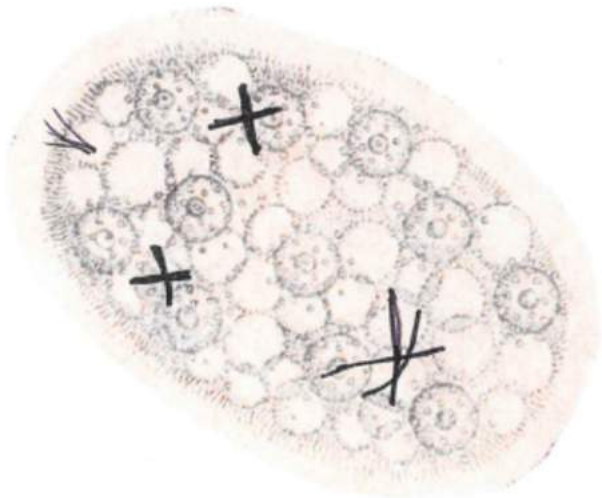
Wenn ich die Straßen nieder brenne

Fyyy

Rassismus



Acheisse



Nisa

COLLECTIVE MEMORY

Racism

aber Es bleibt kompliziert.

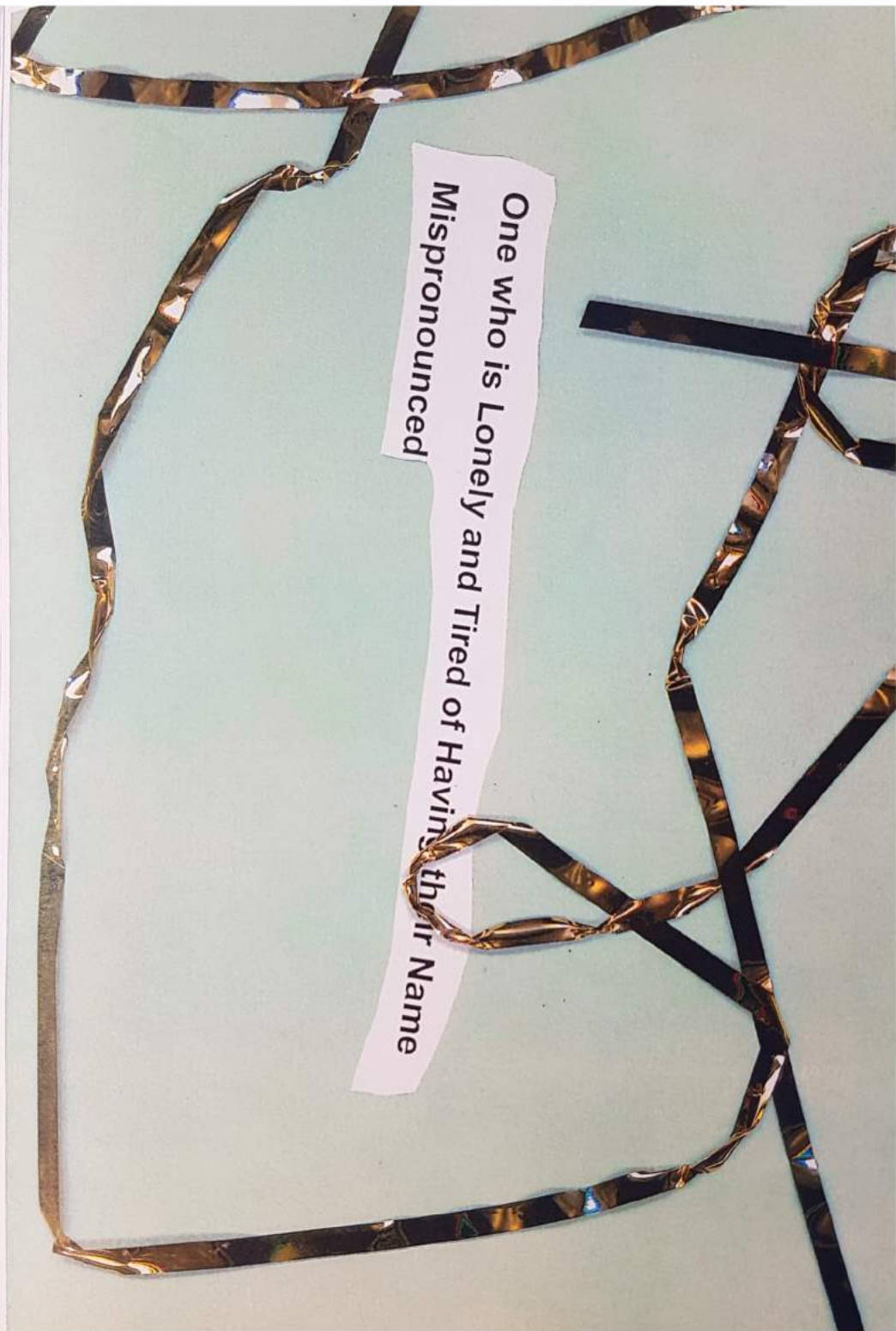
WHITE



«Weiße sehen sich normalerweise nicht als weiß, wir haben das Privileg, als Individuen gesehen zu werden und als objektiv. People of color dagegen werden immer als Repräsentant ihrer Gruppe gesehen und als nicht objektiv, wenn es um race und Rassismus geht.»



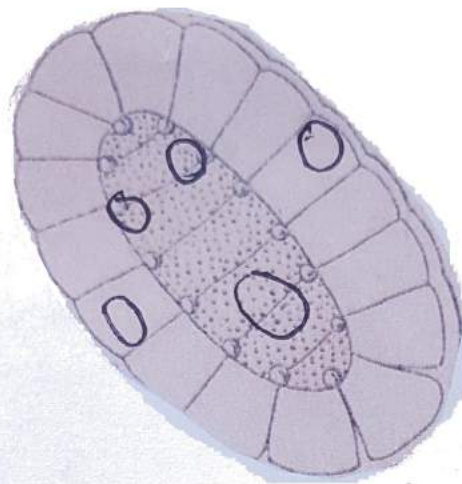
One who is Lonely and Tired of Having their Name Mispronounced



Nisa



Nisa



Smiley faces and the name SANA with zzz symbols, drawn on a yellow-green background.



KEIN MENSCH
IST NICHT
EGAL





**NIEDLICH?
HÄSSLICH!**



The Uses of Anger: Women Responding to Racism

I am woman. My blood is power. Peaceful power. Peaceful blood.

moood#||77|/||#||)c||)q:00M♦V10Ld#4c↑ë||ürrTi≈



I

when I get lonesome and miss home I like to think about my childhood family gatherings. i play these memories over and over again in my mind: auntie playing música criolla on the keyboard, grandma dancing with my madrina, mother and her youngest sister clapping along or tapping their feet to the rhythm of our music, the smell of homemade food engulfing the whole scene. a room full of mothers and daughters and sisters and nieces and aunties. i like to remember these gatherings as celebrations of our womanhood, as little acts of resistance.

II

in my family dreams are prophetic, they are metaphors that will sooner or later manifest themselves in our lives. recently, i had a surreal nightmare where i birthed a crow. pitch black feathers covered in grease and blood as i laid on my bed. white sheets stained, i heard his first caw. wings spreading wide open, fluttering spastically, his poignant eyes staring right back at me. i birthed a crow. i watched him become a wretched being before me, its black purity tainted and morphing into a dark monstrosity. i stared at the scene unfolding and waited for him to lounge at me and gouge my eyes out.

III

i've recently become fixated with my family's history. where did i come from? i wish to visit my ancestors hometowns, breath in the air they once breathed, and trace back my roots. i want to learn about them: what did the men inflict and what did the women endure. i want to recover lost knowledge, honor the memory of my predecessors, learn their stories of silent resistance and grow from that.

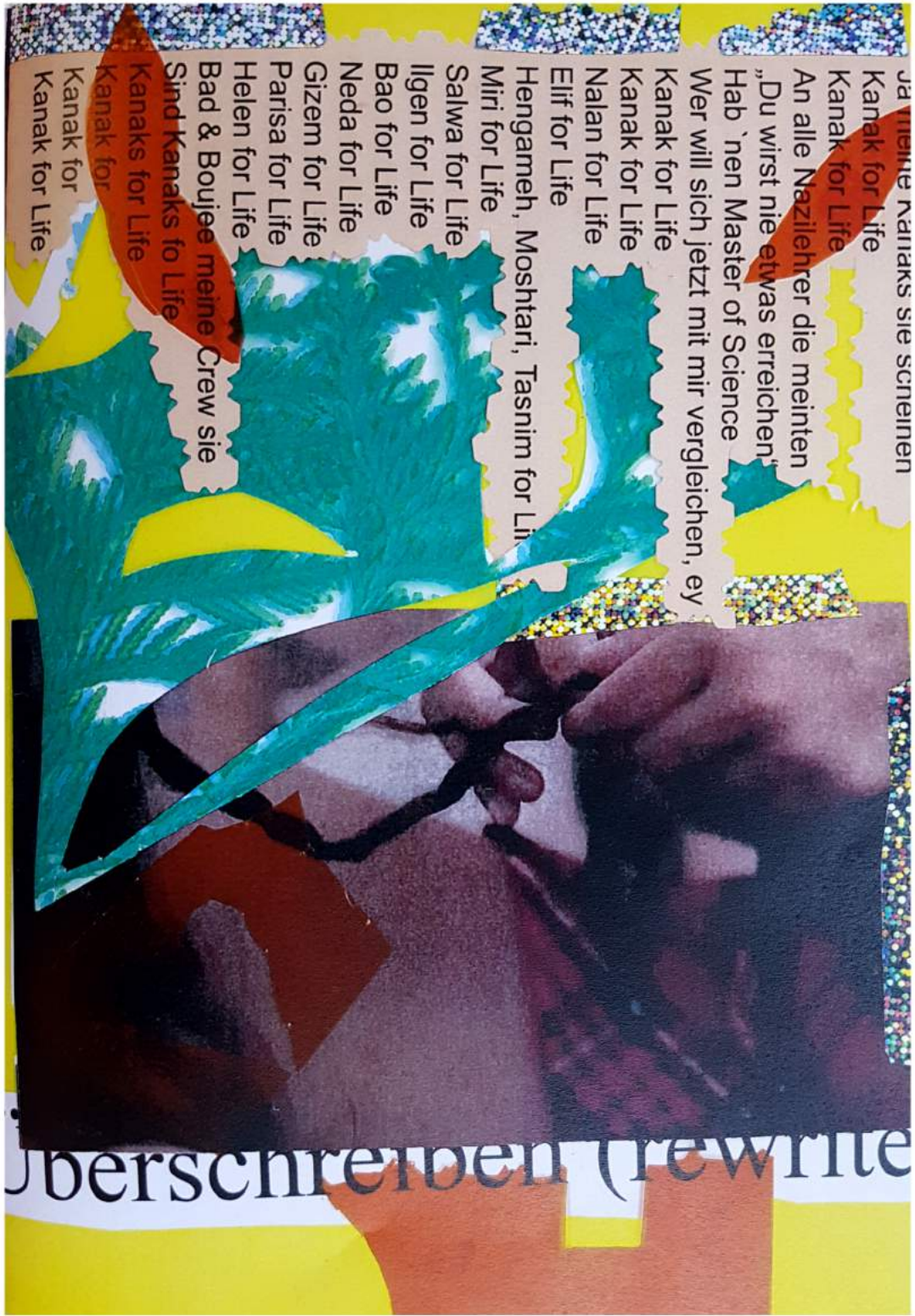
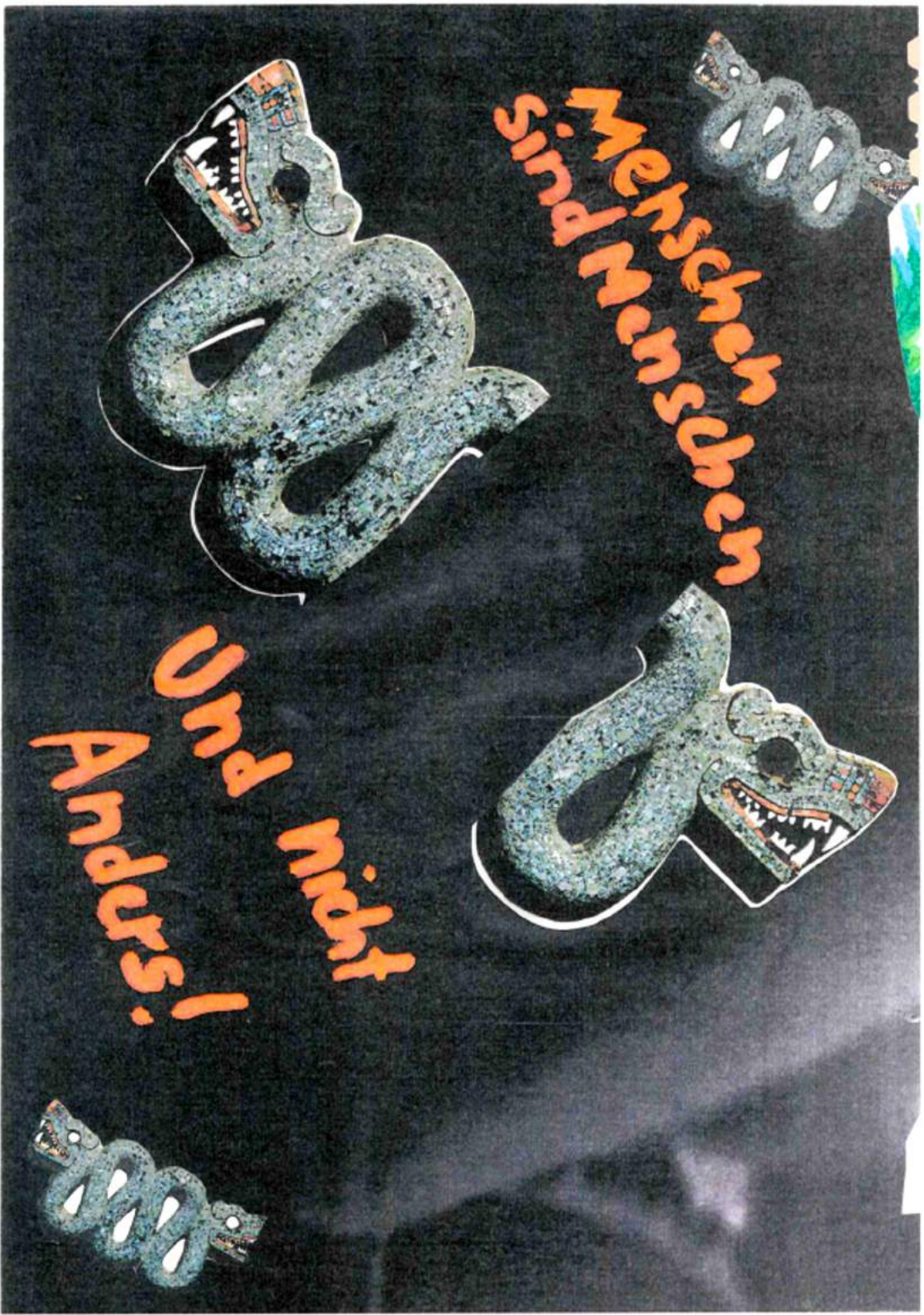
IV

to understand my mother is to understand myself. to understand my mother's behavior informed by my grandmother's actions is to understand myself. to understand my grandmother, to understand the context that generated the behaviors of all of them, from colonial times to my mother, makes me understand myself, heal, forgive and improve.

V

the men in our lives are scarce. either they left, or we fled. or they died young or they're good-for-nothings. fatherless children, brotherless sisters, husbandless wives, childless mothers. this is how we live. this is how we believe its supposed to be. we women take our predestined fates by the horns and try to make the best out of it. yet, in this atmosphere of general complacency, I can't help but rebel.







I Love you

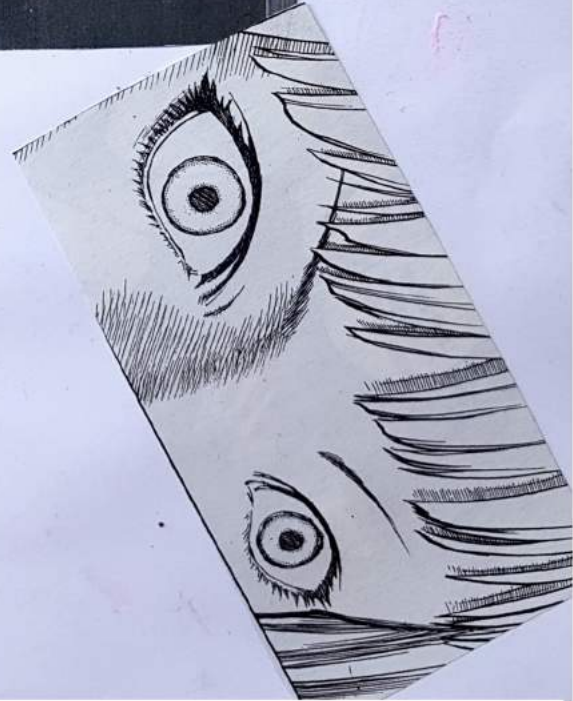
KEIN MENSCH
IST EGAL

Transforming



I LOVE YOU

ALLE
MUSLIME
UND
CHRISTEN
SIND
GLEICH





Wann hast du zum
ersten Mal entdeckt,
dass du weiss/
Schwarz/of color bist?

