THE INCLUSIVITY COLLECTIVE

"STRUGGLING FOR EQUALITY"
I don’t feel too well today. I haven’t been able to shower for two 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 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";
"Kuwa Karibisha";

Look at it!
A flag that represents
All Africans
A flag that represents
us.
In November 2012 when I was doing Grade 9, I was shot $ at police vans during the Western Cape Farmworkers Protest. The police showed no mercy for innocent bystanders, pregnant women, or even children. The perpetuation of violence in the context of "democratic South Africa" can be traced historically. Important to note is the implication of this happens in "townships" where this culture exists.

Three years later in University of Cape Town the protests had transformed into issues of outsourcing and de-accommodation. Unsurprisingly I found myself in the midst of these; I had received accommodation in UCT. To attend school every day I had to travel from areas where I witnessed (and sometimes became) victim to rubber bullets and the university's "private security" (often directing private security to perpetuate the violence of investigation).
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
Why do I feel so alone?

SURELY THERE ARE GUEST SPACES FOR ME?

WHITE AREA BLANKE GEHELRED

GUEST SPACES FOR ME?

WHERE DID THEY GO?

SIV
Survivors deserve safety, empowerment, empathy, and knowledge.

Many survivors share similar reactions to sexual violence:

- Guilt
- Fear
- Avoidance
- Anger
- Mood swings

These reactions include:
Distrust
Loss of control!!
Numbness...
Reexperiencing

It is important to remember - no matter how you are feeling, you ARE NOT ALONE.
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 were "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.

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

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

It was even hard for him to 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.

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.
ALWAYS left behind!!!
Ek hardloop skool toe
Ek hardloop huiste
Ek hardloop kerk toe
Ek hardloop bib toe
Eks moeg gehardloop.
Ek begin stap.

BAH!
BOOM!
Hulle skiet my raak.

IRONIE
Eligibility criteria for financial aid:

- South African citizenship or permanent residency
- First undergraduate qualification
- Financial eligibility
- Application must not be under administrative order.
I am a black woman 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 healthcare.

I feel nothing as though I am Nothing. A vessel through a vacuum where there exists nothing.

I know my other is there; Here: I need it for this world's burden's bear.
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 He have been screaming at deaf ears. Deaf by choice.
Death by choice.
Our death.
Our blood.

On your hands.
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 walked on neat as she tries to forget what happened on her sheets.

She is not a piece of meat.
Her "pussy" and "ass" and " tits" 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 ladies 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 come 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
Dragged from a hole that no one past the crust of your reality.

Black young

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.

I past the mantel that controls my narrative, past the core of my struggle, into what it makes who I am. I am we are not alone on this Earth we are moments in time in connection though experience

Where do we go from here?
HELLO
my name is

BROKEN
IF I WAS STRAIGHT
WOULD PEOPLE STILL CONSIDER ME INNOCENT?
"You are valid.

"How can I help?"

"You are not a burden."

"I believe you."

"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 which that offers counselling services FOR ONLY R50.

ORGANISING FOR SURVIVAL. TAKE THIS TIME TO BREATHE.