

F.S.B.S.

#CHANGERAPECULTURE

BLACK SURVIVAL

FEB 2023



COVER ART BY HAZE

MOMMY

WAZZ

FIRST OF ALL ***

This zine was made by Black sexual violence survivors. We made this because WE GOT SOME SHIT TO GET OFF OUR CHEST! This zine is only a peek into our shared experiences. This zine acts a collection of intentions. Our stories, writings, art works, music, media, and talents will never truly be able to be laid out. We use this zine as a way to fill in gaps we feel need our attention. We use our talent to say what we want. Do what we feel. Be as we be. As you flip through these pages take our stories ~~as they are~~ in the same way we offer them - as they are. Our lives are important and will remain so whether you choose to experience our work or not. Either way - you're welcome in advance.

#BRL — Tany ✓

TAY (SHE/THEY) IS A COFOUNDER OF #BRL AND EDITOR OF THIS ZINE

■ BLACK SURVIVAL ■

S.AME.KH

**S.AME.KH IS A CREATIVE
SOURCE ON THIS EARTH. A
SEA OF CREATIVITY.**

CASHAPP: \$SAMSERAPH

01

Please touch yourself

please, don't be afraid.
to touch to moan to
tease to please to
release the anger
release the pain to
release the memory
of hurt. touch

the tight lips and allow
yourself in, allow
yourself entrance, allow
yourself in. Rub the rim
taste it's salt; ooooooh
enter the void
learn the life
teeming inside.
touch the spot you've
hidden deep. please

give it the most gentle
push; play with
yourself, no pain with
yourself, reclaim all
yourself in the
smallest or fullest
Understand that
that moment of
perturbance is not,
never was, permanent
you can enjoy your
body, enjoy your
tremor, enjoy your
heat again and
again and again
and again and....

please, touch yourself.

02

Hurricane Dalia.

"She often held rain in her mouth;
wanted and unwanted,
storm clouds created constantly near her uvula."

"When she spat, lightning sputtered out,
whipped the ground, whipped the ground."

"When she cleared her throat,
thunder boomed in her body, and I swear
you could see the explosion beneath her throat."

"When she finally spoke, it stormed in the town
for sixteen weeks,
the very age it happened."

"She left a legacy-
wreckage named after her,
'Hurricane Dalia.' "

— BLACK SURVIVAL —

E

**E IS A BLAQUEER
DISABLED SURVIVOR,
MULTIDISCIPLINARY
CREATIVE, AND CHILD OF
THE DIASPORA.**

WHEN I SAY THE REVOLUT ION BEGAN AT HOME

When I say the revolution began at home, I mean that my body is one of the most precious homes I have ever had. I mean that although this body belongs to me, I have witnessed countless attempts by others to claim and consume me for their own benefit, even if that means there will be no more of me left when they are satiated. When I say the revolution began at home, I mean that this home of mine has never deserved to be stripped to the frame by another's ruthless appetite.

When I say the revolution began at home, I mean that those who do not see this body as sovereign have never stopped at just this body. Choosing this violence, or turning away when violence is revealed, is an assertion that some homes are just not worth protecting. It reinforces the belief that some of us have no legitimate claim to sovereignty, and that those who violate us have no responsibility for restitution. When I say the revolution began at home, I mean that what is forcibly taken from my home without restitution can just as easily be taken from another. What I mean is that the revolution began at home, but it could not stay there.

When I say the revolution began at home, I mean that the personal and the political is a false binary. Just as greedy hands have tried to make me a stranger in my own body, greedy governments have forced me to become a stranger to my indigenous lands – another precious home, devoured against its will. I do not think these are different forms of greed. The systems of oppression that shape our institutions are the same ones that inform our relationships to each other. It is therefore no coincidence that those of us on the margins are disproportionately targeted for all types of domination. When I say the revolution began at home, I mean that in order to meaningfully disrupt oppressive systems, I had to begin by disrupting my reliance on those systems to tell me who is deserving of care and protection. I mean that regardless of how carelessly or callously we are treated, we on the margins are deserving of care and protection.

When I say the revolution began at home, I mean that liberation is an ongoing practice that began with the need to keep myself safe and grew because my own safety is intimately tied to the safety of my community. What I mean is that I do not remember ever choosing to be strong; strength was often the only way to keep myself standing when the support I needed did not come. But imagine how much stronger we could be if we truly supported each other through harm. If we no longer turned away from our wounds and our neighbors' wounds, but rather committed to changing the conditions of our world so we can prevent harm from happening again. What I mean is that no one is free until we are all free. So if your revolution begins at home too, don't let it stay there.

— BLACK SURVIVAL —

AUG

**AUG IS A CREATIVE WHO
LOVES ART AND SHARING
AND SHARING THEIR ART
(SOMETIMES).**

01

i say i'm floating through the apocalypse
since suffering's definition dwells too deep

when helping hands go limp and
fight to sink a feather

floating is what i'll do

ancestral water wings, my only heirloom
are filled by kith and kin
so i float with my eyes closed

waiting for the riptide to swallow me
one of these days

but for now
i feel the waves of warning
and use them to rock me to sleep



Works of nature lending a helping hand, as they lend their cores unknowing of their need of help



03

penn + fifth

the continuous protests weigh
heavy on ~~their~~ ~~my~~ our souls

however, rest heeds guilt

while ~~stubbornness~~ ^{tenacity} ~~resistance~~ tires the husk

there is no balance for those
in pursuit of both



— BLACK SURVIVAL —

COREEN MONIQUE

**A HUMAN RETEACHING MY
BODY, MY MIND AND MY
WORLD WHO I AM.**

I LOVE Y'ALL.

UNTITLED



■ BLACK SURVIVAL ■

HAZE

(THEY/THEM) HAZE IS
BLACK AND SAPPHIC.

IG: @SOME.NBY

JUST LIKE YA MAMA

MY ANCESTORS REMEMBER GETTING THEIR RIFLES
READY WHEN THEM WHITE MOTHERFUCKERS CAME
TO THEIR YARD WITH THEIRS
THEY ALSO REMEMBER BEING CALLED A CRIMINAL
WHEN SAID MOTHERFUCKERS GOT SICK OF THEM
BUSSING BACK
THEY ALSO HOLD MEMORIES OF PULLING THEIR
RIFLES ON MEN IN THEIR KITCHEN
AND HOW THEIR DAUGHTERS WERE LABELED
"WHORES"



FORM

"JUST LIKE YA MOMMA"

COLLECTION

I AM HEAVEN



BAD SEED

BIG BRAIN SYNDROME-- THAT CHILD GOT TOO MANY THOUGHTS IN
HER HEAD. THAT'S WHY HER HEAD SO BIG; KEEP EM ALL IN.
KEEP EVERYBODY OUT TOO.
AINT THAT WHAT BAD SEED DO TO YOU?
STAY IN ITS SHELL DAY AND NIGHT, NOT A DROP OF WATER IN SIGHT.
PARCHED SEED DONT BEAR NO PETALS
AND IT'S HARD TO LET IT SHINE WHEN YOU CAN'T FIND THE SUN.
SOMETIMES THAT BIG BRAIN COME WITH A BIG MOUTH
GON IN THE KITCHEN AND FIX YOU UP SOME SUNFLOWER SEEDS.
CAREFUL WITH THEM SHELLS NOW.....YOU LOOK JUST LIKE YO
MAMA PICKIN EM OUT YA TEETH...SALT LIP ANGEL BABY

"JUST LIKE YA MOMMA" - COVER

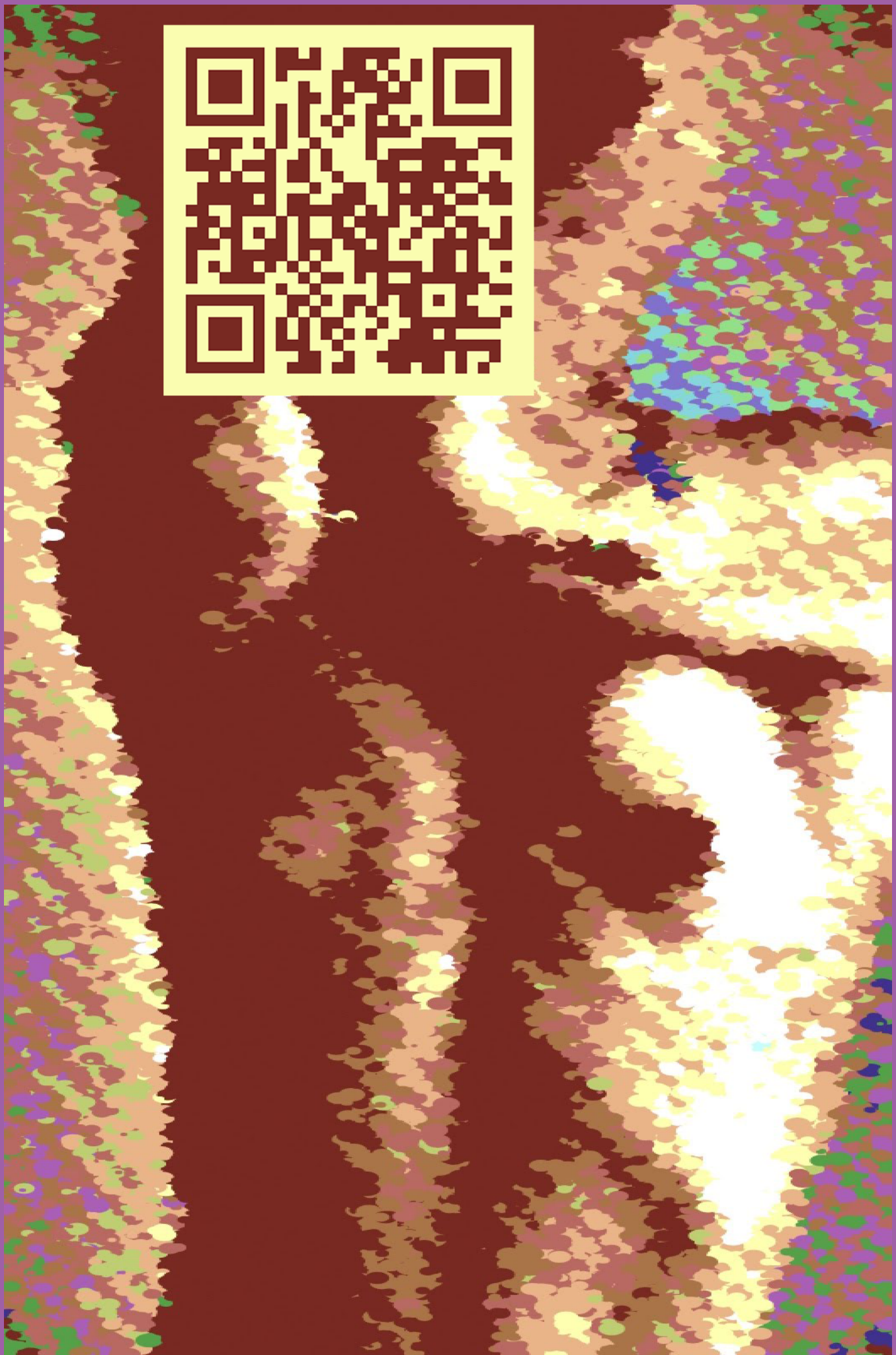
■ BLACK SURVIVAL ■

FAE

FAE ALAZ IS AN INTERDISCIPLINARY ARTIST, TEACHER, AND SURVIVOR BASED IN PITTSBURGH.

AS AN IMMIGRANT, MUCH OF THEIR WORK EXPLORES AFRICAN AND SOUTHWEST ASIAN DIASPORAS. THEIR POEM "İLK // SON" IS A TURKISH-ENGLISH PIECE EMBEDDED IN THE HTML OF A VIDEO PORTRAIT ATTACHED TO THE QR CODE.

(IG: @LIGHT.FAE)



■ BLACK SURVIVAL ■

ELIZA GEORGE

ELIZA GEORGE IS A BLACK QUEER POET, ARTIST, AND ACTIVIST WHOSE WORK FOCUSES ON IDEALS OF BLACKNESS, TRANSFORMATION, AND ANCESTRAL KNOWLEDGE OUTSIDE OF TEMPORAL CONTEXTS.

ELIZA EXPERIMENTS WITH WORDS, SOUNDS, THE BODY, AND NATURE TO BRING AUDIENCES TO A NEW SPACE OF UNDERSTANDING - WHERE ARCHAIC COLONIAL STRUCTURES CAN BE BURNED DOWN AND REBIRTHED THROUGH ART.

'Death is close' she tells me

I stay with her for weeks and tell her:



The body is a map

The body is a compass

The body is a cast



THE BODY IS A MAP

#WEBELIEVEYOU