

# INHERITED RESILIENCE





Early in 2021, a community of like minded women from Oudtshoorn, a town in the Klein Karoo area of South Africa's Western Cape, and Manchester in the United Kingdom, embarked on a virtual four-part journey to listen, share, and learn from each other's stories in a series of stimulating online workshops and frank conversations.

The poems in this collection map that journey, celebrate their individual and shared experience, chart their generosity and creativity, and archive a sacred connection.

THIS IS INHERITED RESILIENCE.

BEAR WITNESS.

## DEDICATION

To the moments we shared, each one.

And each smile that reminded us that when a black woman smiles, she means it.

### FOR YOUR PARTICIPATION AND GENEROSITY:

<i>Juicy Fruit</i>	<i>Gummy Bear</i>	<i>Nik Nak</i>
<i>Peaches</i>	<i>Sweet Potato</i>	<i>Fajita</i>
<i>Toffee</i>	<i>Ice-Cream</i>	<i>Kiwi</i>
<i>Luscious Litchi</i>	<i>Toasty</i>	<i>Millions</i>
<i>Sweets</i>	<i>Skittles</i>	

## SPECIAL THANKS TO

Shirley May, Tshego Khutsoane, and Nicole May for facilitating the virtual sessions.

Khadijah Ibrahim and Lebo Mashile for their gifts.

Dylan McGarry for his cover art and collaboration with Timothy Wang on the portrait illustrations.

Namatshogo (Tshego) Khutsoane for the editing, compilation and love poured into the making of this book.

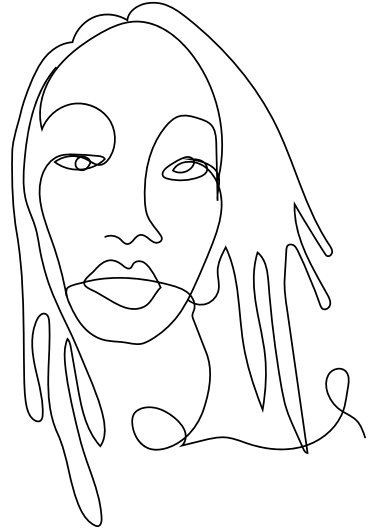
Neil Coppen for guidance and empathy throughout the project and his inspiring vision for a healthy society.

## ABOUT THE CONTRIBUTORS

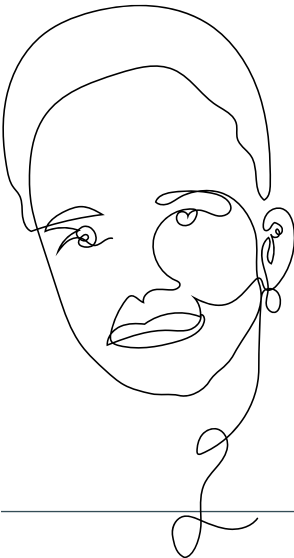


**GLENISHA TARENDAAL (SA)** - a fervent learner and adventurer and lover of all people. Advocate of authenticity and appreciator of diverse cultures and beliefs; her early years of drawing, writing and recent background in tourism and Human Resources and other varieties of creative exchange projects through music are testament to this.

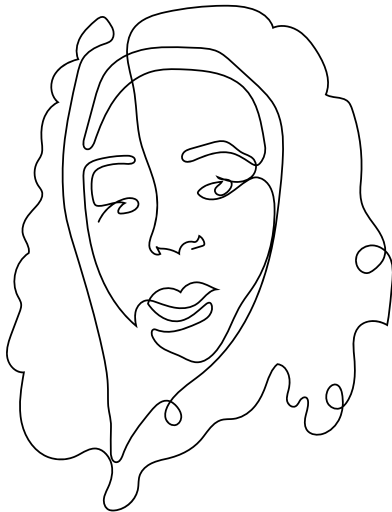
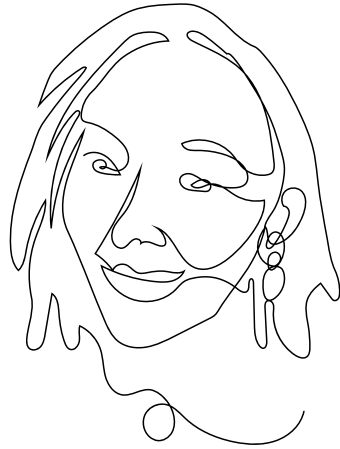
**OLIVE ORAGUI (UK)** – interested in poetry, activism and music, recently involved in Mindscales Streets Poetry project.



**NAMATSHOGO (TSHEGO) KHUTSOANE (SA)** - a creative practitioner drawn to work of ARTivist/ARTivism orientation and sensibility and gender studies with a particular focus on Role, Expectation and Behaviour. As Teaching-Artist, Facilitator and Project Director, Tshego continues to develop works that intersect in some way with Sex, Sexuality and Social Circles.



**NICOLE MAY (UK)** - a poet and producer. Nicole has performed and taught spoken word nationally and internationally, both as part of Young Identity and as a solo performer and practitioner. Director of Andwhat TV (an online poetry channel) a trustee at The Royal Exchange Theatre.



**P.A. BITEZ (UK)** - is a Jamaican-born Nigerian poet, songwriter, musician, filmmaker, and student based in Manchester. Author of "Soft Tortures" (2017) poetry collection and BBC words first 2020 winner.

**JOAN TURNER (UK)** - Famous throughout the four corners of her home. Awarded a nobel prize for her tireless peace keeping efforts between her children. Joan's rich humour and cornucopia of banter afford her a comfortable life in not giving a damn.



**SHANDRÉ HARRIS (SA)** - a jack of all trades and always seeking opportunities to upskill. Bachelor of Education and Business Management student, trained facilitator, photographer, barista, event organizer and singer. Director of Fierce Studios.



**SHIRLEY A. MAY (UK)** - a poet from the Speakeasy Collective in Manchester, which she co-managed for five years. She is the director of Young Identity - a writing arts charity organization which works with young people from 13 to 25 years old in Greater Manchester. Her own work has been published in several anthologies. Shirley has recently received an honorary fellowship from the Royal Society of Literature for her support work for young writers. She is a visiting fellow at Manchester Metropolitan University and poet in residence at the Race Archive - Ahmed Iqbal Ullah Education Trust.

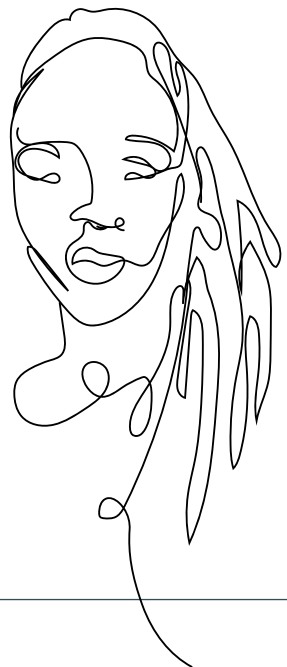
**MEDULLA (UK)** - a Zimbabwean-born conscious rapper raised in Manchester. In 2021 Medulla enjoyed releases of two singles "Levelled Up" and "Refill"

**TIFFANY SATERDAGHT (SA)** - better known as Btrix, emcee and songwriter who produces, mixes and masters music. Writer of “Bid of Baklei” (2018) Afrikaans for “Pray or Fight” a play depicting women who handle their trauma in different ways. One by being still and praying and the other by raising hell.



**FAIDAT OPE (UK)** - female empowerment activist and youth worker. A psychology student, boxer, creative arts enthusiast and occasional DJ. Runs competitive sport days and workshops for young women at schools to raise awareness about gender inequality in sport.

**SIYASANGA BUILDING (SA)**- youth development advocate and Member of the Bongoletu Youth Form and Museum volunteer for teaching kids how to preserve Oudtshoorn’s history. “My biggest fear is not for our youth to have a space where they can express themselves through arts without judgement”.





# INHERITED RESILIENCE



# I DREAMS (THE MAKING OF A WOMAN)

we are the dreams of those before,  
bright as the moon facing the shore.  
the hopes of our ancestors  
opened barricaded doors.  
we will no longer be shackled  
to the labels wife or whore  
because a woman is so much more  
than a wife, sister or daughter.

each syllable is a sword  
sharpened by life's umbilical cord.  
we are the cause, the core,  
the roar of mother nature,  
every answered morning prayer  
from the jaw of Jehovah,  
a genesis that is supernova,  
multifaceted like a four-leaf clover.

we are the centre of every cell in the incel loner,  
i am the princess who slays that ogre,  
just to charm the casanova,  
three times over, the soul in every soldier,  
the white flag in every war.  
our hips make history and  
in them, the future is stored  
for even the lord had a mother, we are the dreams of those before  
bright as the moon facing the shore.

advice to women who shrink themselves

what dreams did you abandon trying to be digestible?  
you didn't want to leave a bitter taste in mouths  
so, you left no taste at all.  
stayed small.

let them choke on your truth. you were never born to be food.

**P.A. Bitez**

## II **TODAY I REMEMBERED**

Today I remembered what dreams I abandoned.

Today I remembered I was afraid to live the dreams I abandoned

**at 7**

Being president of Zimbabwe to fix the problems and go back to the life I knew

**at 8**

Extending my campaign for presidency to other nations and becoming their president to fix their problems and give them back their liberty

**at 9**

Being an inventor. Creating things to enrich people's lives in unique ways

**at 10**

A rally driver. Just the freedom to be reckless when I have to be so careful with everything

**at 11**

Not to have breasts so I didn't draw attention to myself

**at 12**

That my mother could have invited me into her heart like I saw her do with my brother

**at 13**

To be free. Not the woman of my house. A parent to my brother. A pension for my family.

Today I remembered I was afraid to live the dreams I abandoned

to be the common denominator of my success.

Today I remembered when I was afraid, I forgot myself.

**Joan Turner aka Joan of Mancunia**

### III

## HOSPITAL VISIT IN COVID

I found a poem in a note to  
my daughter while in hospital.

I need some skin cream  
two or three sets of new pyjamas.  
My green caftan is in my drawers beside the bed.  
I need my tooth fixer.  
I have some dirty clothes to take home.  
If you come to the ward  
let them know that you're dropping them off  
for bed 27, above my bed is a white board with my name on it,  
Shirley May.  
Let them know I have dirty clothes to send home.

P.S. I know this is a note not a letter.

I would like some fruits.  
Bananas, tangerines and some grapes and don't forget my Walkers Ready Salted crisps.

**Shirley A. May**

## IV REBIRTH

I was born but it is up to me to give birth to who I want to be  
I wonder when my rebirth will be  
It is up to me to set myself free  
I wonder when my rebirth will be  
Sometimes I feel like my dreams might take a nightmare to achieve  
I wonder when my rebirth will be  
The goal for my future is to be filled with happiness and glee  
I wonder when my rebirth will be  
When my ancestors and bloodline reached adversity, they did not run nor flee  
I wonder when my rebirth will be  
Adversity comes like the sea but where the sea ends is where my island begins  
I wonder when my rebirth will be  
On the land is my family tree, the voice I trust, my ancestry  
And now my ReBirth can begin

**Faidat Ope**

# V I'M A PREACHER'S WIFE

I'm a preacher's wife

I put on my smile every Sunday and shake hands with God forgiving souls.

I listen to every heartache with no judgement in sight.

I dare not to say what's on my mind because I'm just a preacher's wife.

I pray silently for our guests not to leave.

I make sure the conversations around the table are long so they can stay a little bit longer.

Even suggest more prayer sessions for our guests so I can numb his anger because I feel I went too far with the jokes tonight.

As I sit across from him I see how he makes fists with his hands.

I'm the only one who can see how angry he is under his fake smile,

How the corners of his eyes carry so much fire of being disrespected by his wife.

I'm scared for my life but here I am playing the preacher's wife around the dinner table.

After the preparation and pretending

He did it anyways.

His Godly hands around my neck. The same hands he prays with to heal the nation.

The hands that beg God every night to show us mercy and grant us miracles.

I was sure I was going to die today as I gasped for air with his hands still around my neck.

I don't know if God could hear me through my silent screams,

It was Him after all who gave me this man.

A man of God they kept on saying... How lucky I was to have him in my life.

An angel that has no drop of sin.

I am a preacher's wife and I live with the Devil in disguise.

I've put on a smile this Sunday too.

Prepared dinner and failed to keep my guests longer.

Prayed louder so God could hear me.

But he managed to fold his fists anyway used my face as his punching bag.

Painting me with every word that has made it under the sun to shame me.

How grateful I must be that he chose me to be in his life, he said as he spat on my face,

Started to shock me with his Godly non-sinful hands.

I begged God to speak to his heart and let me go but in vain he kept on and on.

I managed to grab with my hands the only thing that I knew as the preacher's wife.

The Bible and I killed him.

I am just a preacher's wife.

**Siyasanga Building aka Carboom**

## CRYING IN A GHETTO

The skies are crying in a ghetto.  
 I'm lying crying in a ghetto.  
 My mother cooking in a ghetto,  
 loving in a ghetto  
 laughing in a ghetto.  
 We're out here praying 'til it echoes  
 in the ghettos.  
 Graduating in a ghetto,  
 Pty Ltds, a couple degrees  
 'til it echoes  
 through the ghettos.

I stare up at tin roof  
 Watch as the rain bleeds through  
 I've seen dark times through  
 and watched as day breaks too.  
 Tiny little holes for me to see God through.

How can we see more growth?  
 A system rotten at its roots.  
 You called us drunkards and goons,  
 we sobered up and built homes from fire wood.  
 Dining room tables and family rooms.  
 Feng shui too, candles for the mood.

You saw the pain that we'd been through.  
 We did whatever we needed to do.  
 The skies cry and at night we do too.  
 We might not have a foundation, we have family roots.  
 We are a family rooted  
 in honour and truth,  
 resilience too.  
 So when the skies cry what do we do?  
 We pull through.

**Tiffany Saterdaght**

VII

## DAMNED & UNTRUE/MARY MARY

For as long as I've been writing,  
I have been reading and archiving  
Other people's hedonistic stories.  
Keeping them as screensavers,  
Studied like periodic tables  
Though I never quite understood chemistry.  
I wrote down people's feelings,  
All the names they left me reeling  
Like old-timey movies I wish I'd watched with you.  
But Mary, Mary when I wake up,  
Fountain hovering over paper,  
I exhale something damned and untrue.

**Olive Oragui**



VIII

## **STRONG, FIERCE, COURAGEOUS WOMEN**

I put a face on that I am happy and got everything together.  
But deep down,  
I'm stressed, tired and overworked.

Juggling between motherhood, studies and work.  
What on the outside looks great  
But on the inside screams for a break.

But no words are uttered about these things.  
Because I am a woman.  
Strong, Fierce, Courageous.  
Standing back for nothing and facing every battle head-on.

Strength and courage given from my ancestors  
Who conquered their own battles.  
Women. Strong, Fierce, Courageous.  
Their strength the fire in my blood  
As it moves from generation to generation.

Teaching my daughter strength and courage.  
Leaving a legacy that will live for more generations to come.  
A legacy of women – Strong, Fierce, Courageous.

**Shandré Harris**

## IX I'M TIRED

I'm tired,

Jho I'm tired.

I have taken too many ingredients for my plate to handle.

As I try to taste the salt from the meal I've prepared I can't find its taste, even the rice has so much water I don't know what to do with it because at the back of my mind I'm thinking if I drain it my rice will burn.

I said it aloud this morning that I could do this.

A lot is riding on this meal,

People will starve to death if I do not finish,

Some will lose hope if I do not dish up or die because of me.

I am so tired.

My eyes will not allow me to fall asleep as my brain is telling me there is so much to do for me to be wasting time on luxury 'sleeping'.

I am forced to beg my body not to give up on me as I put one more pill into my mouth to justify that I have gone too far.

I know this body one day will give up on me reminding me of the plate I have prepared with too many ingredients.

I am too tired.

My ink has run out trying to put as many words into this paper,

I can even see my hand shaking from holding it for too long.

One more page I would pray with animated confusion of why I would put myself through this

Whereas I could just ask for a hand to help me prepare this meal.

However, in silence I stand alone in the kitchen put my best foot forward to finish preparing this meal.

My tired is tired.

I finally gathered strength and asked for help but it was too late the food I was preparing has rotten right in front of my eyes.

My heart would not take this, so much failure and disappointment when right at the beginning I was asked:

Will you be able to take this much on your plate?

I can say greed and ambition got the best of me.

It blinded me: what was the bigger picture in the first place?

However, here I am with no meal and I am still tired with nothing to show.

I am tired.

**Siyasanga Building aka Carboom**

X

## **I AM NOT TOO MUCH OF WHAT YOU MADE ME. I AM MINE.**

I was given a gift for my wooden anniversary. It was a wooden box with which I hold our rings. Those eternal, everlasting, silver rings hold so much joy but, somewhat ironically, they are a clear representation of how a cycle has been irrevocably broken.

When I look back I see generations of women who are silent, hold their tongues till they bleed because they are afraid. Or because that's what they've been taught.

What they've been taught,  
not what they believe.

Because they all know that speaking up for themselves and for what they believe isn't unnatural.

How could it be?

In fact, it is inherently natural. A part of nature.

It is within your nature to speak.

**Olive Oragui**

XI

## REMNANT GRACE

My mother's tears  
watered the soil  
that bore my blessings.  
She nurtured the territory that I stand on with fertile fingers.  
I pick of her flowers  
that smell of hardship and resilience.  
Eat of her fruit  
that taste of mercy and forgiveness.  
Raised on vegetables  
like remnant grace.  
She filled her belly with fire,  
left the food for me to eat.  
The world goes up in flames  
whenever she plants her feet.  
Until the city is cleansed from evil,  
we need to withstand the heat

She passed the torch  
and I ran the race.  
I inherited more than just her face.  
They chased me down,  
I kept her pace.  
I stood my ground, I took up space.  
She and death stood face to face.  
She swore she'd die after I take my place.  
I swore I will not be caged in,  
never will become complacent,  
I will survive shamelessly.

**Tiffany Saterdaght**

XII

## HER NURTURE

As she nurtures the grounds.

She gives substance to bear fruit,

Fruits that sprung from her nourishment.

Her voice starts screaming from the cracks as she breaks free, Free from all the fear and sorrow she had to endure.

Her light, lights up the Earth

Like the Sun.

She so strong and brave and full of word, That her beautiful story is still untold and undone.

**Glenisha Tarentaal**

XIII

## REMEMBERING WHO I AM

Today I remembered when you called me a living labyrinth,

Misinterpreted my essence, magic. Your mind melted into question marks.

Who is she? Why can't I own her?

I am a force born bold and free, belonging only to me.

Can a sailor beat submission into the sea?

No – nor can you cage my sovereignty,

I am vast and immeasurable,

Bewildering to fools yet knowledgeable

In the memory of who

I

Am.

**P.A. Bitez**

XIV

## HERE THEY LIE IN THEIR STRENGTH

flatline

Ashes to ashes

Dust to dust

Graveyard

Lay flowers – they come here lay flowers and remember who they once were

Rapture the body

We can be the tombstones and host the epitaphs but if there's nothing in the grave,  
Did the death still happen?

Not every moment has a tombstone

Most are still born as they happen

Others cremated over time stored in subconscious vessels

Until a tombstone is erected

There you'll find them 'dust to dust'

Reaching deep into their subconscious spreading them onto the grave

'Ashes to ashes'

Every time they visit this tombstone they empty any left in the vessels

When there is nothing left and all is at rest

They can bring flowers

Indulge in bittersweet grief

Some stones are too fresh to visit

And need time to dull and settle

Before a heart can bear to take the trip

Those cremated are visited through the whispers of the wind

Creaks of doors

Groans of floorboards

Haunted houses

In life: You become a property investor, buying real estate in diverse neighbourhoods;  
childhood, boyhood, womanhood, adulthood, motherhood, fatherhood, falsehood,  
Likelihood.

**Joan Turner aka Joan of Mancunia**

XV

## 4:47 AM

One sycamore tree on mountain edge  
nourished by the rising & setting sun

I stood on a beach  
alone

Adhering to the inner voice

Commands

Silencing I & I

Listening to applauding angels

The babble & breaths of universe

The sea has seen all the seasons of my life

stained like a natural watercolour painting

pigment of painful purpose – blurring,

a patchwork of maybes,

temperamental high tides and dreams fulfilled

The wind is shawl of serenity

a momentary knowing of security

Heightened sense of Source energy

One who sustains everything but is sustained by none

Looking under sand stones – pebbles on the beach

Discovering new worlds

I pocketed some of my divinity

Becoming a sacrament to the sun.

**Nicole May**



XVI

## DO YOU WITH SIMPLICITY

There is beauty in simplicity.  
You have to find more in less.  
So many burdens we have to carry every day.  
House. School. Work. Children.  
Why not just take a break and settle for less.  
Instead of a handbag, carry a purse.  
It's so much less and so much lighter.

If you have to choose who is important to you.  
Did you choose you?  
No, because our backs carry a burden that no book  
has the spine to carry.  
In the process forgetting that you are important too.  
Be you for you first.  
Learn to cultivate resilience in your day to day life.  
Things that you are proud of... let the world see it!

Coloured by tradition and culture.  
Call on your ancestors for your inheritance!  
Birth, death, rebirth.  
If you don't like something, change it.  
Rise like air.  
Find more in less.  
Don't try to be normal  
You're born to be great!

**Shandré Harris**

## STRIKING LINES: A PRAISE POEM

What we remember, and what we choose to forget.

We are Coloured

A complexity that binds all of us.

Culture.

You are the culture.

Coloured by idiots who refused to colour within the line

A whisper – We own nothing, not even our thoughts. Write them before they are lost.

You are a living labyrinth, remember.

### **Trace.**

So simple how you can identify yourself with just one small item and that item represents you.

My father built our home

Looks like a frame. Artwork. Zinc Roof.

Reminds me of my home in Jamaica

My aunt's living room

We have love in this home

### **Peace**

It is not considered a traditional home, but it was built from scratch.

This house. Us, we represent so many situations out there.

This house, home, we represent resilience.

Something so small can mean something so large.

Something beautiful. Us. Something that can otherwise be seen as nothing.

When I look back, I see generations of women who hold their tongues until they bleed... but it is within your nature to speak.

Those who raised us and gave us confidence to be ourselves often have issues with us being that confident/aware of our own worth. As if surprised that they made us too full, too much of what is possible. The possibility beyond theirs.

And in this broken methodology, theirs, they blur the lines between protection and vulnerability. The Perpetrator and Saviour. Your methodology says:

I will not ask for permission,

It says:

I'm an adult, and I game, I'm incredibly juvenile and I'm business acumen fierce!

It says, I am so so so so much more!

So, sister. Recognise the elder, older (they move with what they have been taught, not what they believe. What they believe is all that you represent. Even if they don't say so. Even if it terrifies them that you could be different. Who you want and intend to be. How can they not give from what they know when what they know is shackles. Shackled life, mind, view.) Recognise their trauma AND pave way for the new. You too have it. Wisdom. Because you are from them, you carry them. Move it. Move with it. Because it is within your nature to speak

Tell your baby sister, your daughter, your niece. Another black woman starting her life that it is within their nature

Pull your story out of their mouths and

Write yourself.

Write yourself into history

Some dreams will take a nightmare to achieve

So slumber, sleep, sista. Sleep deep and remember,

The dreams that you abandoned in a rush

The ones you abandoned when you were afraid and forgot yourself

Burst!

And when you burst in your waking, filled with question marks.

Create your OWN why

So that you do the work, heal the wound, re-shape the narrative. Re-member so you don't

burden,

Don't punish the next person with the past. Your person, past persons' mistakes.

That map is alive inside of you.

### **Women in verse, a whole universe of story,**

Intentions set to listen, share and centre story; valuing the education in every telling – from depths mundane to 'extreme' – and celebrating life experience as expertise.

Sweet and Toasty stories, about Peaches, Ice-Cream, Sweet Potato and Fajita, Skittles,

Juicy Fruit her fruitlets and Sprinkles of Kiwi and Luscious Litchi. Stories that are

Gummy Bears, NikNaks, oh and Toffees too!

Stories that make us smile.

Don't you know when black women smile they MEAN it!?

I don't need a lot of things to feel whole. Just this. And things like this. A simple recipe for gathering in community with women, black women. Essence.

This Recipe asks you to:

**Combine:**

Playing cards with no expectations

Sharing Song

Sharing Pictures

**with**

Getting excited about hair products, wearing our hair just to piss people off.

**And**

Tension. Relating about tensions.

**Add** tension like Hair extensions.

**Plop in a punnet of** Privilege, can we talk about black privilege?!

Slowly.

**Slowly fold in** whites, the only thing white (I mean light!), the only thing wh/light about me is my skin. Elevate (no stir!) Stir in guilt, **mix**.

Mixed feelings and responses. Mixed-ness held up on a pedestal and mixed-ness that, well, is not.

Caressing our curves with cream of a shea butter nourish. Don't wanna miss the deep skin crevices, the ashes on the skin, the edges; the lines between our inner and outer worlds

Between us and everything else. They make Shields, barriers, cages, freeze. For a moment. A time. Generations. Time.

**Remember to** pluck the thorn from our minds, Time...

Release... Breathe. This recipe requires breathEase...

Makes 4 servings.

*Mmmm*

First serving/helping

*Mmmm*

Second serving/helping

*Mmmm*

Third

*Hmmm?*

*Hmmm?!?*

What dreams did you abandon while trying to be digestible?

Let them choke!

Let them choke on your truth, because you were not meant to be food.

Eyyyyy!  
Groove with it.  
ReBirth, ReVerb.  
ReVerb. ReVerb.  
ReBirth  
Because When I come...  
Groove with it  
Wait for it...  
Mcccccm  
I'll spare you now, but when I come...  
You will die in a blaze of fire.  
Mine.  
I will sweep.  
I will bury.  
Rock with it. Rock with it. I will bury.  
Bury.  
Bury.  
I will bury, bury dem all.  
Let them die in a blaze of fire. Yours. Bury!

IYHO!  
Yooo,  
EveryTing!  
Mbokodo Packing Punch, Spitting bars, Bars, BARS!  
Rouuund of applause.

Rolling tears in complex recollection, pain and celebration of one another, a sister, me.  
I feel so close to... her being so emotional.  
A Holding that wraps around us like a comfy Jacket.  
Hearing everyone,  
Heard when we thought we sounded like echoes in our own head  
Her Nurture is making safe  
Safe for us to feel and know and celebrate that even though we may have the same generational trauma/problems passed down, we're all gradually breaking free.

The Borders are porous.  
We are simultaneously here, from here. Roots. Now there, across the globe.  
Fashioning futures.  
Migrants, Travellers. Carried across the diaspora. Today here. Tomorrow continuing, archiving.  
We are written here. We did that.

**Namatshego (Tshego) Khutsoane**

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IN PARTNERSHIP WITH  
The Klein Karoo National Arts Festival (KKNK)  
SICK! Festival  
Empatheatre  
Young Identity

**YOUNG IDENTITY (UK) - [www.youngidentity.org](http://www.youngidentity.org)**

“Having a digital platform to share your work and to get to know people was dynamic and amazing. It was a new way of working internationally, via Zoom. It was a brilliant networking opportunity that forged new relationships that we all hope to grow and nurture with respect, love, grace and peace from the team.”

**EMPATHEATRE (SA) - [www.empatheatre.com](http://www.empatheatre.com)**

“This collection of writing stands testament to the connections sparked, friendships formed and profound exchanges and ideas shared in a Zoom room over a month. We are so grateful to both participants and facilitators of this process for making this such a joyous, moving and momentous meeting of hearts, words and minds.”

**SICK! FESTIVAL (UK) - [www.sickfestival.com](http://www.sickfestival.com)**

"For SICK! This project represents a cumulative moment of two long term relationships that we have been developing over recent years with both KKNK and Young Identity. Bringing these two communities together and allowing them the space and agency to take the project where they want to – is, for us, a truly unique and inspiring process and we are very excited to see where it can go."

**KLEIN KAROO NATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL (SA) - [www.kknk.co.za](http://www.kknk.co.za)**

“The KKNK is honoured to be included in the British Council's DICE project. We were able to create a digital platform that connected women from two countries to engage in meaningful, relevant focused conversation. From the start these women interacted with each other without hesitation and shared their stories. This platform created and built lasting relationships and creativity was encouraged and triumphed.”

## **ACKNOWLEDGEMENT**

### **KLEIN KAROO NATIONAL ARTS FESTIVAL**

Hugo Theart – Artistic Director

Lizané Basson – General Manager

Shandré Harris – Administrative Assistant

### **SICK! FESTIVAL**

Helen Medland – CEO/Artistic Director

Celia Makin-Bell – Executive Director

Steve Vickers – Creative Producer

# INHERITED RESILIENCE

This anthology features the extraordinary work of four women from Oudtshoorn, a town in the Klein Karoo area of South Africa's Western Cape, and four from Manchester, a city in the Northwest of the United Kingdom.

Over the course of four online sessions, the facilitators, participants, and guest-speakers embarked on a series of workshops, exchanges and conversations facilitated around the theme of 'Inherited Resilience'. A glimpse of the results of these interactions can now be found bound within the pages of this publication.

This dynamic cross-continental exchange was made possible by DICE, the British Council's Developing Inclusive and Creative Economies Programme which was launched in 2018 to support the growth of creative and social enterprises and explore the intersection between the two, to address some of the world's most entrenched and complex challenges, including youth unemployment and unequal economic growth.

The Inherited Resilience workshops were conceived and supported through the collaboration of the SICK! Festival (UK), The Klein Karoo National Arts Festival (SA), Empatheatre (SA) and Young Identity (UK).



Supported by the  
British Council's DICE programme.

**DICE** Developing  
Inclusive  
and Creative  
Economies

