2 SIDES: G&G

This Zine was created by Lucia Brutta and includes a reflection written by James Scorer

# Zine Transcript

COVER

2 SIDES FANZINE: "G&G"

*G and G: Gabi and Gise, your ñeris*

*- Gabi: It's the first and only time I go to a fifteenth-birthday party*

*- Gise: And Yoni...*

*- Gise: I'm cold*

*- Gabi: what is that dress, boluda?*

*- Gise: it was the best option*

PAGE BREAK

BACKCOVER

*G and G by Brutta*

PAGE BREAK

Vignette 1

*In a small town in Argentina, year 2001*

Vignette 2

*- Gise: What's up?*

Vignette 3

*- Gabi: finally, boluda*

Vignette 4

*- Gise: Uh, let's smoke to see if your face changes...*

Vignette 5

*- Gabi: my old man is fucked boluda everything went to shit in my house...*

Vignette 6

*(Image: Gise in foreground)*

Vignette 7

*(Image: Gabi)*

*Sound of a lighter: Click!*

Vignette 8

- *Gise: whatever you need we are here to help...*

Vignette 9

*(Image: Gabi in front of Gise's house)*

*On a nearby corner, one morning...*

Vignette 10

*- Gabi: I'm not going to school... Tomorrow neither.*

*- Gise: What?*

*- Gabriela’s mother: we have to...*

Vignette 11

*- Gise: What?*

*- Gabi: See you later... Go! you can’t miss another day on the register*

Vignette 12

*- Gise: You neither...*

Vignette 13

*(Image: Gise sitting in the classroom, students laughing)*

Vignette 14

*(Image: Gise sitting alone in the schoolyard)*

a Vignette 15

*(Image: Gise walks past a group of students)*

*- Gise: What’s up? What are you up to?*

*-hi*

Vignette 16

*Gise spent the weekend partying...*

PAGE BREAK

Vignette 1

*(Image: Gise in front of Gabi's house)*

*Monday 7:50*

Vignette 2

*(Image: Gise sitting on a bench)*

*12:30*

Vignette 3

*(Image: Gabi in closeup)*

Vignette 4

*- Gise: hey ñeri ! I’ve seen you in while, let's have a beer!*

Vignette 5

*- Gabi: hi motherfucker, not a how are you? Nothing... Shit*

*- Gise: LOL, come on!*

Vignette 6

*- Gise: here comes the guy who sells DVDs, I exchanged him some movies for some CDs*

*- Gabi: Yes yes yes say goodbye to your CDs*

*- Gabi: Che, look I don't have any cash for the beer*

Vignette 7

*- Gabi: Uh, yes, my old man told me to get myself a job since everything’s gone to shit*

Vignette 8

*- Gise: At least he stayed*

Vignette 9

*- Gabi: Come on go with me!*

Vignette 10

*(Image: Man approaches Gabi and Gise)*

*-Hello*

*- Gise y Gabi: ha ha ha*

Vignette 11

*- All right, Gise?*

Vignette 12

*(Image: Gabi is leaving)*

*- Gise: Yes, do you have the Perrone one?*

Vignette 13

*- Gise: And? Don't you come to school anymore? Ha ha ha*

*- Gabi: What? I want to kill myself, all day next to my old woman, cleaning other people's shit*

Vignette 14

*(Image: on the bus)*

*- Gabi: listen, are you going to look for work? There, in the neighbourhood in La Reina, they’re looking for a girl for the afternoon, four hours.*

*- Gabi: you can go after school*

*- Gise: let's leave the CV tomorrow*

PAGE BREAK

Vignette 1

*(Image: Gabi enters the house, no one is there)*

Vignette 2

*(Image: TV)*

*- Tv audio: Thousands of families are looking for an alternatives*

Vignette 3

*(Image: Gabi's house, Gabi's mother cooking, baby crying)*

*-There you are, where the fuck did you go? I've been waiting for you for two hours!*

Vignette 4

*(Image: Gabi's house, crying baby)*

-Do you want to live on the street?

Vignette 5

*(Image: domestic violence between Gabi’s parents)*

*-Get a life!*

Vignette 6

*-thank dad for the food, no Baby?*

Vignette 7

*(Image: Gabi in front of la Reyna bakery with her CV)*

*The next morning...*

Vignette 8

*A week later they are on the road going to see a concert, they’d bought the tickets a while ago*

Vignette 9

*(Image: concert)*

*-Singing*: *You are the whitest girl here, the one that drives the boys of my age crazy*

Vignette 10

*(Image: Gabi and Gise on the bus)*

Vignette 11

*-Where did you go Gisela? You look like a dirty black shit like this one (pointing to Gabi)!*

*- Gise: Grandma!*

Vignette 12

*(Image: Gise's room decorated with posters of Molotov, Hate, Catupecumachu)*

Vignette 13

*(Image: Gabi and Gise dreaming)*

PAGE BREAK

Vignette 1

*(Image: Gise in front of la Reyna with her CV)*

*The days continued with social uprisings, work, school, in that small city just like any other in the Republic of Argentina*

Vignette 2

*One afternoon...*

*- Gabi: lend me your phone ñeri*

Vignette 3

*- Gise: what boluda? We haven't seen each other for a thousand years!*

*- Gabi: to see if the the bakery picks up, I already went to ask about 20 times as they haven’t said anything.*

Vignette 4

*(Image: Gabi on the phone and Gise hangs up the call)*

Vignette 5

*- Gise: I got in boluda, I start on Saturday I want to kill myself ...*

Vignette 6

*- Gabi: but if you didn't take your CV*

Vignette 7

*- Gise: they threw my old man out of his job ... I left it on Wednesday...*

*- Gabi: but if you never worked!*

Vignette 8

*(Image: Gabi's father enters the scene)*

*-are you using the phone? You're going to pay for the call! from your salary! Did you hear me?*

Vignette 9

*-Gise: Pa... don't worry, I didn't call...*

Vignette 10

*(Image: House door open, Gabi looking out)*

The end

PAGE BREAK

#  Text written by James Scorer:

La gente no se da cuenta que camina sobre ruinas
 La ciudad se me echa encima, toda esta mierda me asfixia

* Narcosis, ‘Destuir’

Se acerca un trago con un amigo,

destino justo, venir aquí.

Se brinda en pos de un futuro en sincro

con bombo en negras y amor sin fin. Yahoo!

* Catupecu Machu, ‘Eso vive’

As the last millennium ended, the Latin American city encouraged foreign investment by promoting itself with imaginaries built around polished veneers. New financial skyscraper districts, new interurban train lines, new residential tower blocks and gated communities all promised a new beginning, an embrace of foreign capital and the promise of the free market that would finally put to bed discourses of dependency, cultural neo-imperialism, and civil unrest. This politics of superficiality was built around an eternal present, stripped of history, memory, and contested futures. The past was only permissible as a site of consumption, an object to be consumed. The future was only conceivable in terms of market-led citizenship-as-consumption. It didn’t matter, the market implied, whether you’re black or white: you matter because you consume, you consume because you are matter. Latin America gazed into the soporific possibilities of big horizons, open skies that in the absence of depth became eternal nothingness.

Except, of course, the neoliberal era was never so pristine white. Beyond the sheen of the metropolis’s urban veneer was an increasingly marginalised underclass, to be found not just in the rural peripheries but also in the urban interstices in the heart of the city. And that underclass was based around discourses, ideologies, and practices of racial exclusion.

As the millennium ended, the promise of shopping centres and the polished surfaces of foreign investment in Argentina were based on simultaneous exclusions of the very racialised working classes and immigrants from neighbouring countries that underpinned the service economy. Urban growth and the era of ‘pizza y champagne’ was built on live-in maids, construction workers, chefs and waiters, and gardeners, not to mention an increasingly disaffected youth, all of whom were depicted as an unwelcome ‘darkening’ of the city. Argentine cities, particularly Buenos Aires, were becoming too ‘Latin American’, many lamented. But racial discrimination also structured life in Argentina’s provincial cities, spaces all too often ignored by a culture industry beholden to the towering domination of the capital city. Argentine economic crises, not least the crash of 2001, are nearly always felt in the provinces before they are in the capital – it’s just those in Buenos Aires fail to notice.

In Peru during the same decade a president with a radically different Japanese racial heritage was elected, appealing to the (racially) marginalised. Following the Latin American propensity for collapsing Asian identities into one, he was known as ‘El Chino’. And yet even such indifference to difference – it doesn’t matter if you’re Chinese or Japanese since they look all the same, don’t they? – is itself a discourse of exclusion: it matters that I don’t recognise you for what you are, it matters that you’re not me. Moreover, the threat of armed struggle, an internal armed conflict so confusing in its racial politics – was this a rebellion of the backlands? of the racially excluded? if so, why so many violent indigenous deaths? – was a reminder of the limitations of the white neoliberal promise. In the end Fujimori’s neoliberal restructuring was deep and brutal, exacerbating an already racially structured labour market and its underbelly of unemployment.

This zine looks back at these intense days of racialised neoliberalism, a world of full of contradictions, flipsides, precarious dichotomies, racial structures out of sync with the language and visualities of the urban imagination. Their impact on lived experience was all too real, all too brutal. For if neoliberalism promised a horizon full of possibilities, it offered no protection for those left behind by market-driven reforms. For that reason, you can read this zine front to back and back to front, an invitation to break with the unidirectionality of neoliberal whiteness. And this double structure, this mirroring, is a reminder of the shared exclusions of Latin American neoliberalism – Argentina and Peru both suffered the impact of unemployment and underemployment, of structural racism, and of a cultural industry largely cut adrift at the expense of other, more visible forms of state investment. And both, for all their diverse cultural histories, shared a similar turn to zines and subsequently comics as a way of processing division, fragmentation, exclusion. Zines and comics, like other forms of cultural production, particularly music, whose beats and riffs recur in both the comics included here, appropriated the imported technologies of neoliberalism – photocopiers, digital screen printers, pirated copies, illegal downloads – to enable them to occupy the margins and spaces of exclusion as a productively unstable platform to foment visual and written discourses of presence, cries of ‘we are still here’ if you only you/they took the trouble to look.

So the comics zine is the ideal cultural form to address the contradictions and crises that laid bare the brutalities of neoliberal at the turn of the new millennium. The zine is the underbelly to the neoliberal drive and its multinational publishing houses. The zine is rough around the edges, lays a claim to engaged immediacy, political impermanence, profitless inconsequentiality. And these comics disrupt the superficialities of the neoliberal era, its imaginaries of market-driven equalities, modernisation, and flow. Comics restore a visuality of fragmentation, of temporal multi-directionality, and an awareness of shared visualities of exclusion that are not indifferent to difference.