NUOVO
FUMETTO IRACHENO
Dal 2018 l'Associazione Ya Basta Caminantes ODV in collaborazione con il fumettista Claudio Calia ha curato un percorso per supportare la nascente scena comics in Iraq.

In collaborazione con Karge Comics Studio, collettivo iracheno nato per promuovere una Scuola del fumetto in Iraq, e Walking Arts – Art, Culture & Heritage, ONG creata da giovani artisti iracheni, sono stati realizzati momenti formativi per permettere alle ragazze e ragazzi iracheni di approfondire le tecniche del linguaggio dei fumetti, mostre e realizzazione di riviste.

Le attività non si sono fermate neanche durante l'emergenza dovuta alla pandemia del Covid 19 e all'interno del Progetto Artistic Works - Per lo sviluppo di occupazioni con i linguaggi dell'arte in Iraq, con il contributo dell'Otto per Mille della Chiesa Valdese, da gennaio a marzo 2021 si è svolto il Corso multimediale on line curato da Claudio Calia.

Le tante attività realizzate in Iraq hanno permesso ai giovani fumettisti iracheni di apprendere le svariate tecniche di questo linguaggio e di iniziare a pubblicare e farsi conoscere sia in Iraq che a livello nazionale che internazionale.

Le tavole che presentiamo sono di diversi autori: Ali Jasem, Hussein Adil, Mays Yasser, Mohammed F. Aouda, Rooz Muhammed, Rozhan Muhamed, Zahra Ridha.

Buona lettura!

L'immagine di copertina è di Shirwan Can (Sulaymaniya, 1975)
ALI JASEM (Al Hillah, 1997)
While the US army were passing by, they suddenly faced a random attack by an anonymous
And it’s wasn’t long before they randomly fired back

My dad’s car was in the middle of shooting

.. So we ran
HUSSEIN ADIL (Nassirya, 1994)
اني سالم عمري ٣٦ اشتغل على جسر السنك وطالب بالتغير

زاجل بالأمن

قصص مصورа MESAHA
YOUR BODY

Hussein Adil
Move your body into this space.

He is feels through your body.
Look!
How disgusting!
what a shame

......!

Have you watched the Sheikh’s video

Yes, the man damaged men’s reputation

This is haram. He must be killed, as Allah has done to the people of Lot in the Qur’an

hahahahahahahah!
he is free

This is a disgrace

he is old man

where is manhood

he must escape Iraq

Islam stipulates the killing of the two

Oh my God

no need for this noise

he must be killed

this is a shame on men
go to hell

kill him
MAYS YASSER (Baghdad, 1996)
Behind the scenes

She thinks that I didn’t know, that I won’t understand

She looks her self up for days, believing that none of us can understand what she’s going through. She has her ups and downs, but lately there hasn’t been any ups.

She thinks that I couldn’t see how she’s drowning in her own thoughts.

It’s a simple door handle, but it’s getting so far, so out of reach. Just like our old times, so blurred, so... untouchable.

She keeps isolating her self thinking that no one could help.

The way to that handle is getting further and further each day.

Wish I could tell her she’s not alone, wish she can believe me, but knowing her, she never will.

There are things she’ll never see, never know, she’s not the only one in pain.

So, while she’s hiding, not knowing what’s going on behind her closed doors...

Not knowing that we, behind those doors are hurting too, feeling helpless, sitting there, just waiting.

We’ll keep reaching our hands, even thought she can’t see it, because maybe, just maybe, we’ll get our mom back one day...
I'm Sara, a girl from Iraq. They say it's a very loud place, but I wouldn't know... I can't hear. I'm deaf.

I have a very lovely peaceful family. They love me and want to protect me from all bad things...

I can see the fear on their faces when a booming happens near by. I always wonder about that sound that scares them like this.

I wanted to know the shape of that scary sound. I wanted to feel what they feel...
I have always seen the effect that voices leave on others. ..

though that effect can be scary sometimes, I want to feel it. .. I felt isolated; with all this silence, I'm drawn in.

so I decided to draw these sounds! Imagine what they look like based on other's expressions when they hear it. I drew joy, peace and fear and others as if they were living creatures. ..

and suddenly, I wasn't so isolated.

one thing I didn't know was that fear can't be controlled. .. it kept on growing. ..

and growing..
MOHAMMED F. AOUDA (Baghdad, 1994)
I FLYED

AT LEAST FOR A LITTLE WHILE

BUT IN FACT I WAS FALLING
OH GROUND!,
HERE I COME
ROOZ MUHAMMED (Sulaymaniya, 1996)
What happened to it?!!

When has it been lost?!!
What this shadow wants from me??

Hey you!!!

Why don't you answer me???

I need to find the answer...
He decided to go out from home. Outside, the house was a dark forest. But he was needed to find the answer why his body became a black shape. What the shadow wants from it that always following it?!!

After a while, he reaches a graveyard.
What's written there??!

OHHH!! Nooo!!! This is my name on it with my birthday date and the day that... !!!!
ROZHAN MUHAMED (Erbil, 1994)
ZAHRA' RIDHA (Baghdad, 1994)
When the war had started, my family and some other families decided to run away from the war using a fridge truck. We were moving from one place to another in Karbala’. We were about 30 people from 5 families. I was a child, I didn’t know where we were heading, but I knew that we had to run away.
The sounds i heard drew a picture in my head of the places we were driving through
Pubblicazione all'interno del Progetto Artistic Works
Per lo sviluppo di occupazioni con i linguaggi dell'arte in Iraq
Con il contributo dell’Otto per Mille della Chiesa Valdese

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