

¿POLICRISIS?

¡MULTIRESPUESTAS!

POLYCRISIS?

MULTI-RESPONSES!

POLICRISE?

MÚLTIRESPUESTAS!

A L O S M U N D O S Q U E C R E A M O S C A D A D Í A

T O T H E W O R L D S W E C R E A T E E V E R Y D A Y

Cuando nos hablan de policrisis, contestamos con una multiplicidad de respuestas.

La publicación colectiva *¿Policrisis? ¡Multirespuestas!* y la exposición fotográfica *Prisma Rebelde* nacen de una misma invitación: desplazar la mirada de la crisis como único relato hacia las innumerables formas en que personas y comunidades ya se organizan, resisten, cuidan, crean e imaginan otros mundos posibles. Mundos que ya existen y en los que elegimos poner la mirada. A través de una convocatoria abierta de fotografía (2025) y esta posterior llamada de textos y material gráfico (2026), activistas, artistas, organizaciones y movimientos de distintos territorios compartieron fragmentos de vidas que ya están transformando el presente a diario.

Juntas, la exposición y la publicación componen una constelación de luchas. Hablan de feminismos y disidencias, de memoria y derechos humanos, de defensa de los territorios, de justicia racial, de migración, de trabajo colectivo y de las prácticas cotidianas con las que las comunidades sostienen la vida frente al autoritarismo, los fundamentalismos, el extractivismo y otras formas de violencia.

Lejos de construir un relato único, estas obras nos invitan a mirar a través de un prisma rebelde, donde cada imagen y cada historia refractan nuevas posibilidades.

Nos recuerdan que ninguna lucha existe aislada, que la solidaridad se teje entre territorios, y que las respuestas a las crisis interconectadas también son interdependientes:

nacen de la autogestión, el cuidado mutuo, la creatividad, la alegría, la organización colectiva, el acuerdo y la resistencia.

Coordinadas por *On The Right Track (OTRT)*, la exposición y la publicación han sido curadas con motivo del Segundo Encuentro Interregional de la Iniciativa, convocado en septiembre de 2026 en México bajo el título *MUNDOS QUE YA EXISTEN; Rebeldía, esperanza y respuestas organizadas*.

Estas convocatorias buscan ampliar el círculo, fortalecer redes entre movimientos de América Latina y Europa y hacer visible aquello que ya existe: las múltiples formas en que los movimientos cuidan la democracia, sostienen la vida y construyen, desde el ahora, futuros más justos.

When we are told about polycrisis, we get back with multiple responses.

The collective publication **Polycrisis? Multi-Responses!** and the photographic exhibition **Rebel Prism** emerge from the same invitation: to shift our gaze away from crisis as the only narrative, and towards the countless ways in which people and communities are already organising, resisting, caring, creating, and imagining other possible worlds. Worlds that already exist, and that we choose to look towards. Through an open photography call (2025), followed by a call for texts and visual materials (2026),

activists, artists, organisations, and movements from different territories shared fragments of lives that are already transforming the present, day after day.

Together, the exhibition and publication form a constellation of struggles. They speak of feminism and dissidence, memory and human rights, the defence of territories, racial justice, migration, collective work, and the everyday practices through which communities sustain life in the face of authoritarianism, fundamentalisms, extractivism, and other forms of violence.

Far from constructing a single narrative, these works invite us to look through a rebel prism, where each image and each story refracts new possibilities. They remind us that no struggle exists in isolation, that solidarity is woven across territories, and that responses to interconnected crises are also interdependent: they emerge from self-organisation, mutual care, creativity, joy, collective organising, **acuerpamiento**, and resistance.

Coordinated by *On The Right Track (OTRT)*, the exhibition and publication have been curated for the Initiative's Second Interregional Gathering, taking place in Mexico in September 2026 under the title **WORLDS THAT ALREADY EXIST: Rebellion, Hope and Organised Responses**.

These calls seek to widen the circle, strengthen connections between movements across Latin America and Europe, and make visible what already exists: the many ways movements protect democracy, sustain life, and build more just futures from the present.

M U T A N T E

Fabián Verdín

Ser lo que no se nombra
Ser lo invisible por decisión, de otros
Ser lo que se nos permite ser
Ser lo periférico
Ser el satélite que orbita la normalidad
Ser quien te toca ser y dejar de ser para ser
Ser en la grieta
Ser en la sombra
Ser en secreto
Ser en silencio
El silencio es la fuga a la duda
Dudar de quién eres
Dudar si es posible
Dudar de tu normalidad
Dudar de tu valor
Dudar de tu derecho a ser
Dudar de tu cuerpo, de tus afectos
Dudar de tu razón
Dudar de tu lugar- espacio- hogar
¿Qué es un hogar? ¿En dónde existe(n) para nos/ otrxs?
Habitar la exclusión
Habitar la otredad
Habitar la contradicción
Habitar la grieta, la fisura, el quiebre
Habitar el derrumbe y la resistencia
Habitar la fuerza y la potencia
Habitar la agencia
Rehabitar la otredad, una y otra vez para que no se vuelva normal
Habitar las heridas y, sobre todo, las cicatrices

N O S
O T R X S

Somos la clasificación C
Somos la trastienda del videoclub:
carne, cuero, sudor y lencería.
Somos un guiño discreto,
el arete en el lóbulo derecho,
el triángulo rosa,
lo que se niega.

Somos el familiar incómodo,
lo que "hay que tener edad para entender"
Somos la prudencia y el recato
pero el de lxs otrxs,
el de la norma que nos silencia.
Somos lo furtivo, lo negado, la otredad.
Somos lo que se guarda en bolsas de papel,
todo mundo sabe qué hay dentro,
pero nadie da acuse de ello.
Somos el elefante blanco en la sala.
Somos lo que escapa a la norma.
Menos mal que tenemos derechos,
días internacionales,
un acrónimo.
Si no, ¿Cómo cumpliríamos con el mandato de producción?
Somos la moderación
porque ofende más la diamantina que la misoginia,
porque el mazapán se quiebra más con pluma que con alcohol.
Somos el matiz, la discreción,
la potencia que incomoda.
Somos demasiado, y demasiadx
pero nos cuentan el cuento de que
"sexualidad sólo hay una"
Somos quienes se callan, por respeto.
Somos lxs sin lugar.
Somos el perro que crece amarrado en la azotea.
Segismundxs del s. XXI
Sí, ladramos
Sí, mordemos
Porque el miedosevuelve rabia
y la rabiareistencia
Porque eso nos queda, porquesabemos que la vida no es sueño

Nada quenome cruce
Ante una realidad violenta y vertiginosaenlaque nos exigen SER, la honestidad se
vuelvepolítica
Nada quenome cruce
En una realidad que nos busca productivxs, los afectos son revolucionarios
Nada que no me cruce
Dentro de una realidad que nos construye obedientes, el cuerpo es el escape,

territorio de fuga, queno de conquista.
Espacio de la posibilidad, desdeelcuál ensayar otras realidades.
Nada que nome cruce

Frente a la demanda de preciosismo estético, las verdades absolutas e irrefutables y
la rigidez confundida con disciplina o la condescendencia confundida con empatía;
frente a la docilización de los cuerpos confundida con procesos formativos,
frente al castigo y la anulación que devienen obediencia,
frente a la réplica de organizaciones jerárquicas que construyen y alaban figuras del
docente- gurú, el director- gurú, el presidente- gurú, el jefe- gurú, el cura- gurú,

Poner el cuerpo es dinamitarlo todo.

Poner el cuerpo es dinamitarlo todo.

Poner el cuerpo:

sus memorias,
sus afectos,
sus presentes,
sus deseos.

Poner el cuerpo como esté:

roto, astillado, fisurado.

La fisura deja pasar la luz;
la astilla desgarrar la estructura.

Ser fisura y astilla

Ser cuerpo- fisura

Ser cuerpo- astilla

Astillarse

Astillarse para no aguantar

Resistir no es aguantar

Astillarse para romper

Romper y reconstruir

Astillarse, hacer- ser fisura

Re- intervenir, re- integrar, re- inventar

Astillarse, estrellarse,

llenarse de estrellas

Ser estrellas

Las cicatrices, mis cicatrices son las constelaciones de mi cuerpo

El mapa de mi pasado en mi cuerpo

La cartografía de mi historia en mi cuerpo

Las cicatrices son mi memoria

Memoria y territorio

Huellas de la posibilidad,

vestigios de las fugas,
recuerdos de agencia de mi territorio
El cuerpo es un territorio
Mi cuerpo es mi territorio
Territorio de fuga y resistencia,
astillado y estrellado
Astillarse, ser estrella
Habitar para resistir
Habitar el cuerpo,
sus cicatrices,
sus huellas
Romperse y rearmarse
Mutante y dinámix
Unx nuevx cada vez

Por no tener que explicarme cada vez
Por cada *caballero, man o bro* que recibo en cualquier lugar, hasta en grindr
Por no tener que ser vocal siempre
Por, como dice mi hermana FaustE, tener derecho a la opacidad
Porque no siempre estoy de humor
Porque es cansado estar alerta en todos tus espacios
Porque sólo quiero sostener espacios personales en los que esto no tenga que ser
gestionado, mucho menos negociado y está bien.
Porque la tolerancia es la misma mamada, y porque si quieres aprender lo haces
Por dejar de hacerme cargo de los afectos de lxs demás y en cambio, poder
reconocer lo que nos toca y lo que compartimos
Por relaciones- hogares en los cuales la vulnerabilidad sea posible
Por tener, construir, sostener espacios en los que las armaduras de la corrección
política no tengan lugar. Porque es suficiente sostener la simulación para poder
comer
Tan hartx de resistir
Tan cansadx de resistir
Tan hasta la madre de que el pinche corrector quiera corregirme la x, no es a ni o,
es x y punto!
Por más lógicas rotas, incompletas, astilladas
Por éticas que busquen ser particulares y nos alcancen para sostener la ternura y
los cuidados

Por dejar de dar explicaciones pero, también por dejar de escuchar solicitudes

PORQUE AL ARTE NO LE ALCANZA CON LA ESTÉTICA

PORQUE SIN ÉTICA NO HAY ARTE

PORQUE SIN POLÍTICA NO HAY ARTE

PORQUE SIN CUERPO NO HAY ARTE

EL CUERPO ES POLÍTICA Y ÉTICA, LA ESTÉTICA ES UN ACCESORIO

Cuando no aguantes más, rómpete

No tengas miedo, las astillas son posibilidad

Cuando la vida pese, rómpete

El cuerpo es hogar, refugio, sostén

Cuando el mundo sea amenazante, estréllate

Las estrellas iluminan rutas de fuga.

Para sobrevivir a un corazón roto, abrázate

Cuando vivas el rechazo, abrázate

En las noches en las que acechan los monstruos, abrázate

Cuando sientas que falta la luz, abrázate

Cuando el dolor lo nuble todo, abrázate

Cuando sientas que no puedes más, abrázate

Que un tronco no es sin sus raíces

Y en tus brazos están los míos

Resistir no es aguantar

Resistir no es aguantar

Resistir no es aguantar

Creo en un mundo donde los deseos alcanzan para detener el tiempo

Creo en un mundo donde la norma se cuestiona

Creo en un mundo sin ficciones de normalidad

Creo en un mundo donde la diferencia no es un blanco

Creo en un mundo que habito, no sobrevivo

Creo en un mundo que no asume lo que soy o lo que me toca ser

Creo en un mundo en el que no necesitan incluirme, sino del cual formo parte

Creo en un mundo donde mis astillas, nuestras astillas, reflejan la luz y nos señalan
las fugas

Creo en un mundo en el que una astilla es la fuga

Es muy difícil imaginar otras formas de vivir, de relacionarse, de construir en conjunto, de compartirse, de amar, de dejar ir, de perder. Otras más lejanas al dolor. ¿Se puede afirmar e Idolor?

He descubierto que muchas veces, que la mayoría de las veces lo hacemos. Hay millones de minuciosidades en nuestro día a día, miradas, sonrisas, gestos que nos dedicamos o le dedicamos a la gente cuando notamos que algo no anda bien. Esos actos de cuidado cotidianos es lo que nos mantiene con vida. El escape de los mandatos, la fuga del deber. Nos resistimos a las narrativas que nos contaron sobre cómo era el amor, cualquier tipo de amor, cuando dejamos ir. Eso me ha enseñado la muerte, porque se ama, se deja ir.

Nada me pertenece más que lo que soy

Nadie me debe nada

Nada le debo a nadie

El amor es una decisión refrendada

El amor es una práctica, no una idea

El amor es en el cuerpo, no en la mente

El amor es cuidado

No se daña lo que se ama

No se invade lo que se ama

No se violenta lo que se ama

No se niega lo que se ama

No se esconde lo que se ama

No se condiciona lo que se ama

Eso nos contaron

Eso nos exigen

El control no es amor

La exigencia no es amor

El reclamo no es amor

La posesión no es amor

La necesidad no es amor

¿Se puede afirmar el dolor? Sí, cuando te enseña, cuando permites que te cruce, que te impacte y que te afecte. El dolor me enseñó que hay otros caminos, otras rutas, otras narrativas del amor. El dolor me enseñó la importancia de cuidar y también la de permitirme ser cuidado.

Cuidar es reparar

No soy perfecto

Estoy roto

No soy perfecto

Estoy reconstruido

No soy perfecto

Soy falible, la cago

No soy perfecto

Una y otra vez

No soy perfecto

Pero soy terco y me levanto,

mi corazón de fuego me enciende cada vez

Reparar es cuidar

Reconstruir es resistir

Redireccionar es fluir

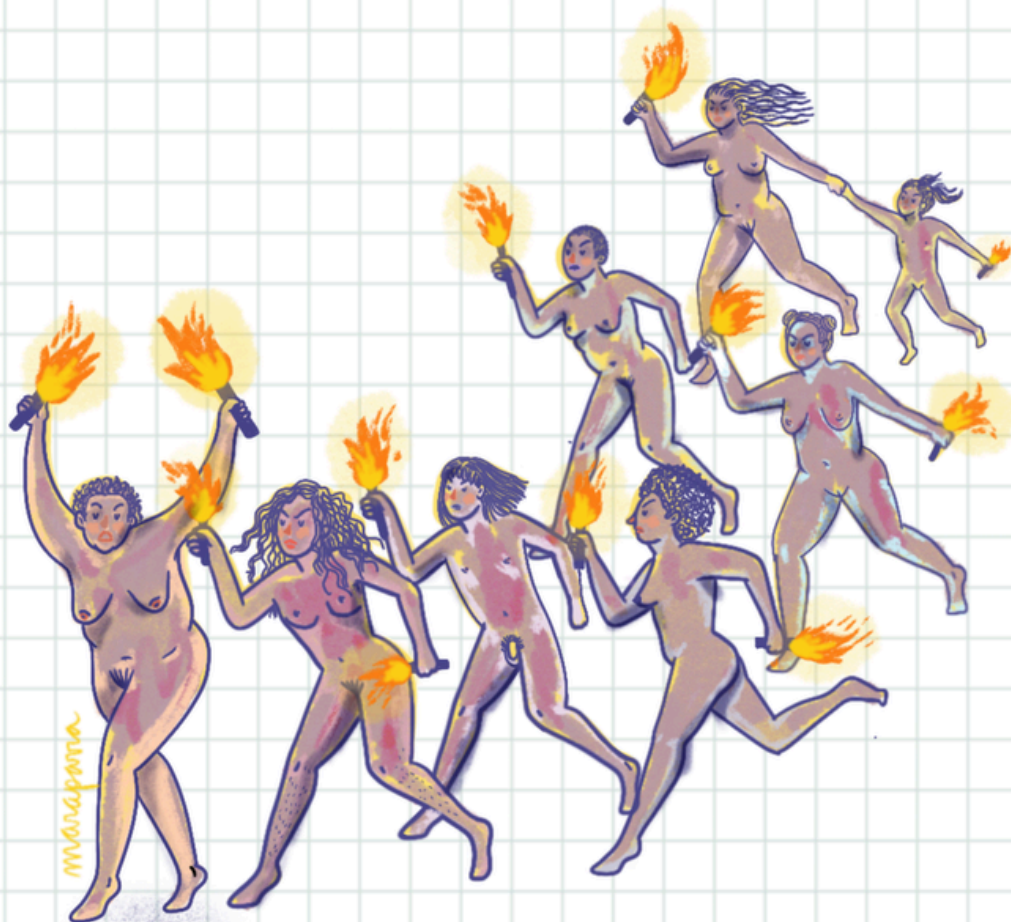
Reparar para amar

Sostener para reconstruir

Fugarse para fluir

Mutante y dinámico

Unx nuevx cada vez





of the
earth



Beyond Representation: Anger, Distance Activism, and the Limits of Solidarity

Karni Keushgerian

Growing up, I never knew that my survival of war would be labeled by the West as “activism.” This realization sparks fundamental and uncomfortable questions for our current political moment: why does my survival of foreign weaponry and violent crimes make me an activist, while for others, it simply reads as emotionally intense poems of war within Western academic spaces that, ultimately, grants them that same title? As we navigate the crises from the ongoing genocide in Palestine to the expansion of neoliberal war machines, we are forced to rethink the very nature of distance activism. Current forms of advocacy often reflect the U.S. American identity politics as opposed to being critical of reality.

Within the past three decades, the rapid expansion of neoliberal trade and the internet has made the world “visible.” However, this “visibility” has largely mirrored White and Western frameworks. Conceptualizations such as “constructive discourse” and “non-violence” have been weaponized within mainstream advertising as the only acceptable pathways for advocacy, leaving no space for the processing of anger in individuals and groups from the Global South. When reactions exist outside this marketed version of activism, the subject is dismissed as an “angry social justice warrior.” This reliance on identity politics forces activists from the Global South into a scripted explanation of their culture and history rather than encouraging them to be political thinkers in their own right. We must not continuously be expected to expend energy on setting aside our identity but must rather be given the space to assert that identity within a discourse that goes beyond the “performance” of the “post-colonial subject.” This means that the narration of the survival of violence must not simply be offered as a space for “sharing” and “creating community.” My own past of surviving war, for instance, must not merely be an a-priori condition for my politics to exist; it must be an experience that informs a wider analysis of war as a capitalist-industrial complex.

However, we must first ask what “transnationality” in Feminist activism is. Breny Mendoza defines transnational feminism as “the desirability and possibility of a political solidarity of Feminists across the globe that transcend class, race, and national boundaries” (Mendoza 442).

For me, this does not mean setting aside my experiential essentialism as a Middle Eastern woman, but rather being assertive in ways that create space aside from representational politics, which moves beyond the consumption of identity narratives. To do this, transnationality opens a space for a more critical, relational, and holistic analysis of the self and the global systems it inhabits. It is important to note that this does not mean that spaces for reflections on positionality are not needed, especially in a world where all individuals are oppressed by diverse tools used by the systems around us. This also does not mean that *all* individuals from the Global South are underprivileged and vice versa, when it comes to the Global North. Transnationality pushes us to seek and understand the difference between positionality, i.e. understanding how disparate strands in identity impact each other and the world, and identity politics where parts of one's self turn into boxes to check. Beyond representational politics, we move to the experiential realm, where we find political informants that have been invalidated by the institutions around us, whether that be formal or informal.

In Western epistemology, emotion is often viewed as a weakening of reason. However, in Feminist discourse, *Affect Theory* teaches us that emotions are discursive and are produced by systematic, social, and material factors. For women in the Global South, there is an uneven distribution of emotions, creating an “experiential messiness.” Sarah Ahmed discusses this as the puzzle of how specific subjects cannot differentiate between where their emotions should reside: the private or the public. Women in the Global South are frequently told that their anger belongs in the private realm of the body, yet that anger is a direct response to public conditions of hardship. In other words, they are told that being angry at the systems around them is a *reaction* to injustice that must be “bottled up” in spaces of advocacy. The weeping mother of a martyr, for instance, can cry on the streets and be taken a picture of as proof of injustice but must not extend this when in front of a podium because it is simply “undiplomatic.” Feminist theory tells us that when we prioritize affect, the reality that the body is affected by the world recognizes that emotions are valid political informants. One of the biggest errors for Global North activists is the difficult task of setting aside experiential essentialism. Listeners often expect others to explain their activism through lenses of standpoint because they want to understand the identity of the person in front of them. “In order to *help* you, I must first *understand* you.” However, reality tells us that no Palestinian woman is able to explain to a Canadian woman, for instance, what it is

like to be Palestinian, and vice versa. When the suffocating condition of constant explanation is repeated and framed as a necessity, the politics of emotions are set aside and experiences are continually diluted in order to be digestible by the other side. No one knows anger better than women in the Global South which means that their anger must not be expected to be explained. Here, the praxis of listening is not invalidated as a form of advocacy but is rather identified as a tool to create trust. In short, listening to others is not a form of advocacy but is a form of establishing trust, building community, and ensuring the flow of kinship and reciprocity between individuals and groups. Historically, for instance, White women in the West would simply consider a Hijabi woman as “needing saving,” which was a result of a lack of listening. However, that wrong has now developed into something completely different, where activists in the Global North reside in the fear of being “wrong” or “politically incorrect.” The result of this is the creation of constant spaces where women from the Global North participate in acts of listening to ease the guilt of their standpoint thus expecting women from the Global South to become their teachers. There, in the role of “teacher,” women from the Global South are told that their anger belongs in the private realm of the body while simultaneously experiencing conditions of hardship directed from the public sphere. At the end of the day, the weeping mother’s emotions do not fit in spaces of learning as based on the exploitative activist spaces rooted in one party recounting trauma and the other easing their complicity by listening, with no other actions taken. If emotions are not deemed essential for validating politics, how can trust be established? To participate in transnational activism, there must be a space for people to express their anger and fears while also extending it into the public sphere. Thus, instead of saying “I must *understand* you in order to *help* you,” one must say: “I want to help create the space for you to have access to what you *need*. Therefore, I must first seek to learn what it is that you need.” Trust cannot be established if the emotional labor and raw feelings of those bearing the brunt of the crisis are not validated as part of the praxis of advocacy.

Marxist Feminist theory discusses this and grounds it in the concept of social reproduction, which entails the unpaid labor that is required to sustain life, often performed by women. We can refer to the critical analysis of the social reproduction imposed by childbearing. For example, in Western academia, the focus on resisting the labor of childbearing has become a form of protest as well as a place of judgement for those who do not share the same standpoint. However, when

we shift gears and turn to the Global South, we see that for women under siege, such as in Palestine, participating in social reproduction is a radical act of resistance against genocide. As Rama Sall Dieng notes, “...the ultimate goal of settler-colonial states is to render the social reproduction of a people impossible, leading to their physical death.” Different conditions of survival require various tools of bargaining with the systems around individuals and groups. When reflection on positionality is overtaken by representational politics, all differences are taken at face value. Similarly, differences are considered as intersections for comparative analysis, which is not the aim of listening. Reflection of positionality requires a critical analysis of the space between different points and why they look different.

A step further from Marxist Feminism also points to psychoanalysis. In particular, to Jacques Lacan, who suggests that capitalism produces a form of “surplus jouissance.” This is identified as a surplus of emotion that creates enjoyment that, in turn, surpasses “normal pleasure.” In the realm of activism, this surplus is often anger. When the latter is not treated as a political informant, it turns into a reactionary emotion especially when, during ongoing crises, anger becomes the easiest emotion to feel. Therefore, rather than allowing it to inform politics, anger often takes over the political moment making its ultimate displacement and misunderstanding the problem itself. While this anger can fuel movements, it becomes an issue when it serves as a surplus that further isolates individuals seeing as one party might be experiencing anger as a form of enjoyment due to the reality that it is the only emotion they are allowed to feel to “perform” their role as the “oppressed individual.” Therefore, the existing anger does not inform politics but serves as a prop in the performance explained above. Coupled with representational politics, anger extenuates differences and, in turn, produces more anger. Rather than being a site where true activism can be fueled by anger as a political informant, it slowly takes over the experiential reality of activism further causing divides in movements that need to be as united as ever.

Ultimately, activism must become a space that haunts the complexity of the human subject, both their anger and their labor, to set forth a truly holistic resistance to the crises of our time. Whiteness and U.S. American forms of Whiteness ground much of the mainstream activism viewed today. This imposes a barrier whereby serving capital turns into Lacan’s “jouissance” or

enjoyment, rooted in an emotional surplus of anger in Global South women. A first step towards a critical form of activism is understanding that rooting emotion in understandings of capitalism is necessary for reform.

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LUCHA CON ARTE



GHICHS
al r





Archives of a Hopeful Future

By: María León González and Julieta Zacatenco,
Youth Coalition for Sexual and Reproductive Rights

Lately, we've been struggling with envisioning a hopeful future, in the midst of the climate crisis, increasing economic inequality, attacks on our hard-earned rights, genocidal violence directed at entire peoples, and strengthened neofascist movements. We acknowledge that our fear and our skepticism as young activists from the Global Majority are rooted in very real threats. But we also think our hopelessness is political, because it makes organizing and action feel futile. We have realized, in order to resist, we need to nurture our ability to imagine, to dream, and to envision hopeful futures. A vision for the long-term that nurtures and sustains our daily activism.

The far right and neo-fascist movements offer simple answers: belonging and community through blaming and excluding historically marginalized groups; material safety for a dignified life through isolated promises of "self-made" wealth without questioning meritocracy and the systems that perpetuate inequality; trusting that eventually we will receive the benefits of economic growth and development without thinking about the ecological consequences. Though these narratives are full of issues and promises that have been proven wrong (Piketty, 2014; Bregman, 2017) they speak to young people who need to imagine themselves living free from scarcity, loneliness, and fear. We think we can learn from their narratives, and make an effort to recover hopeful futures for our projects of dignity, equality and justice - even amidst the current polycrisis.

Perhaps if we build in reverse -from the future backward- we'll realize that the horizon we yearn for isn't so far away. Through an exercise of speculative fiction, we want to try to bring our political project for the future to life. We're not interested in flying cars, space rockets across the universe, technological advances or teleportation. What interests us is imagining a future where there is abundance, dignity, community and freedom. This exercise of imagination might help us better understand what this future looks like, and believe that we can get there together - the first steps for political mobilization.

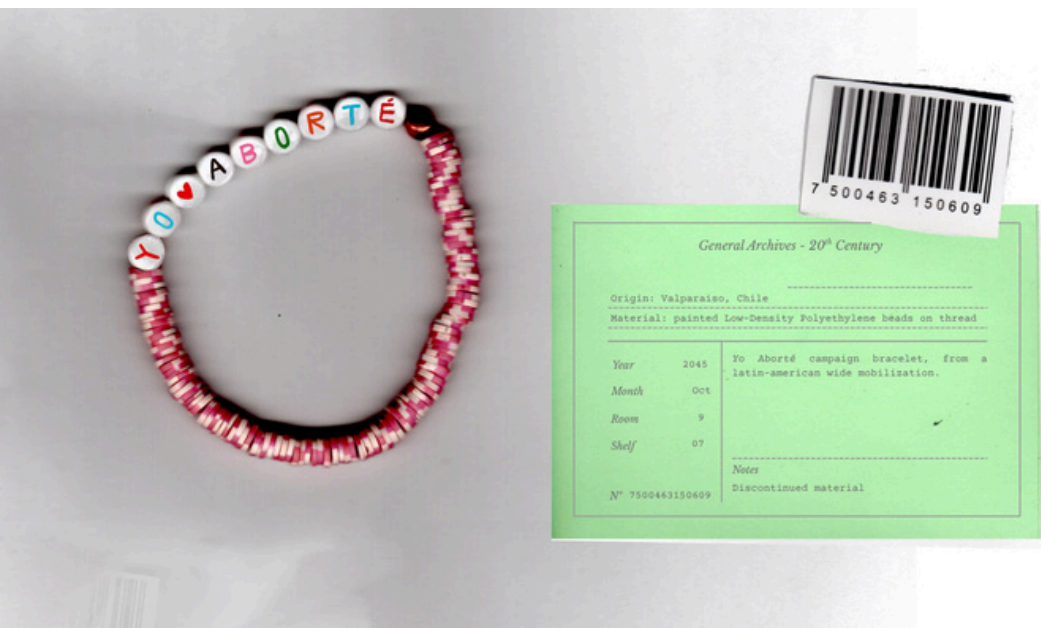
So, we ask you to suspend all disbelief, and imagine we are in the year 2100. Our movements have succeeded and achieved a good amount of things we dream of as activists. What does this utopian future look like? And more importantly: how does the past look from here? What do we see when we build the memory of our struggles over the past decades? How did we move forward and out of the polycrisis and of survival mode?

In the next few pages, we have collected (well, fabricated!) material evidence of the journey that brought us to the political futures we yearn for, as if it were already so. We ground ourselves in the current moment, through news sources and our movements, to speculate and tell the story of each archived object. Some objects in this archive of the future are the traces of our movements and our organising work. Others are uncomfortable reminders of the past that we've left behind in this imagined future. Either way, we hope these spark your imagination and help you envision, even a little bit, the possibility of collective emancipation.

→ Yo aborté campaign bracelet

This bracelet is one of the many identifiers worn by women and people with a uterus who campaigned to normalize, destigmatize, and decriminalize abortion in Latin America in the past century. In 2045, tired of ongoing stigma, criminalisation, lack of sexuality education around abortion processes, and insufficient infrastructure to support abortion-seekers, feminists started sharing their abortion stories in social media, under the common hashtag #YoAborté (I had an abortion). They called for the Montevideo Consensus, the region's long-standing treaty on Sexual and Reproductive Rights, to be implemented.

A content creator from who posted her story in Chile was investigated, and the government of her country started looking into criminalizing her for having had an abortion. As a result, millions of women in the region showed up with green handkerchiefs to police stations, saying that they too should be arrested because they had an abortion - sometimes it was true, and sometimes it wasn't. They wore shirts, pins and bracelets with the motto. This massive mobilization meant that the police and justice system in many countries were overwhelmed, and it became impossible to process all of the women who self-declared having had an abortion. This was one of the turning points where pressure to change restrictive laws was so high, that many countries finally decriminalised and legalized abortion.



Currently, Latin America doesn't only rely on the Montevideo Consensus to uphold SRHR obligations: we have a binding Inter-American Convention with an ombudsperson system that observes progress towards sexual & reproductive rights standards. Though there is still a lot to work on, such as guaranteeing universal access to male contraception, the green wave and the #YoAborté movement managed to guarantee legal abortion for all of the continent, due to the coordination and collective work of millions of women and feminists in the region.

→ **"Big tech backlash" photographs**

These protest signs are from the 2035 global "big tech backlash" movement, which started with sit-ins in front of the U.S. congress after the AI sovereign wealth fund initiative (Carter, 2026) was tabled. The AI sovereign wealth fund initiative proposed a one-time tax to AI tech companies where 50% of stock would become public ownership, with the gains from this model distributed evenly throughout the population and a democratic governance of the companies implemented. This initiative argued that the AI models were trained with the collective intelligence and knowledge of humanity, and that all people must see benefits from this technology since it was built collectively.

The mobilization quickly found resonance and spread around the world, with bigger asks emerging, such as a global redistribution of AI wealth, limiting and repairing environmental impact of data centers, creating a "data dividend" requiring tech companies to pay users for the data they generate instead of obtaining it for free, and advocating for collective ownership of big tech. Besides marching, protesting, and occupying public space, protesters took actions like boycotting apps who opposed the movement, feeding incorrect data to models in order to sabotage their operations, occupation of data centers and company offices, and participating in several coordinated digital strikes which resulted in the loss of millions of dollars in revenue.

Throughout every continent, these actions escalated. In the European Union, this culminated in the adoption of the Data Distribution and Digital Dignity Act, which translated most of the social demands articulated by the movement into law. In parallel, the Mexican Constitution was amended to declare the public and collective ownership of data produced in the country as a core tenet - one of the demands from global majority countries and peoples. Similar processes took place in the rest of Latin America, Africa, and Asia.

Nowadays, the demands of the "Big tech backlash" movement seem like basic, bare minimum rights - we take them for granted, and it's almost impossible to imagine a world where technology and data were a force for dispossession and inequality. However, these objects remind us of how in the past people had to fight for ownership of digital tech and data-driven gains, and against deepening wealth inequality.

General Archives - 20th Century

Origin: Washington D.C., United States

Material: Digital photography on print

Year 2035

Month Feb

Room 3

Shelf 11

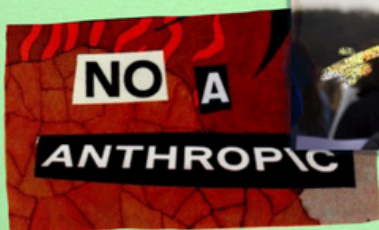
N° 7188762

Materials from the 2035 protests and sit-ins in Washington D.C. in front of congress. Big tech backlash movement.

Notes

Photographic archive

E-1K10557327188762



→ Prison “packages” price list

This document is a “prison package” price list, that family members would be forced to buy for people imprisoned in one of El Salvador’s maximum security prisons, around the year 2023. The prison package with basic items such as food, hygiene goods and clothing would cost 170 USD (Misiones cuatro, 2023), while the minimum wage in El Salvador was under 400 USD. These packages were needed monthly for the imprisoned person’s wellbeing, so they represented a substantial expenditure for relatives.

04763-A329

N DE PAQUETES	TIPO DE PAQUETES	PRECIO DE PAQUETE
PAQUETE 1	ALIMENTACION	\$35
PAQUETE 2	MISCELANEO	\$70
PAQUETE 4	HIGIENE HOMBRE	\$15
PAQUETE 5	VESTIMENTA HOMBRE	\$30
PAQUETE 7	LIMPIEZA DE AREA	\$20
TOTAL A PAGAR		\$170

General Archives - 20th Century

Origin: El Salvador, maximum security prison in Zacatecoluca

Material: Ink printed on paper

Year	2023	Prison “packages” price list, from El Salvador during Nayib Bukele’s government.
Month	Feb	
Room	3	
Shelf	3	
N°	04763-A329	Notes

In 2025, approximately 11.7 million people were held in prisons (United Nations Office on Drugs and Crime [UNODC], 2025): institutions that removed and isolated these people from society, severed their ties to their community, and deepened the exclusions that they faced. Economic survival was a key part of many criminal charges and prison sentences, with estimates in the United States adding up to half of incarcerated people merely being convicted of survival related offences, such as non-violent drug offences, accused people held pre-trial because they could not afford their bail, and others who were arrested for failure to pay debts or fines for minor infractions (Barnhorst & O'Neill Hayes, 2020). The model of the prison as punishment, in the height of its popularity, became a significant economic power: in the United States, leading many to link the model of prisons with a business model.

Through defunding punitive institutions and investing in infrastructure that supports survival, many of these charges have become rare or are tended to through other avenues, such as the incremental adoption of universal basic income, housing, and health access. Other cases are channeled through mediated, restorative alternatives to prison - these have become the main avenue for dealing with harm to communities. Finally, with the legalization of drugs and the subsequent derogation of drug-trafficking as a criminal offense, this model remains obsolete. Even though we might be horrified by the existence of institutions like prisons in the past, this object shows us what life was like before humanity made the shift from punishment to reparation.

→ Single-use plastic bottle

This plastic bottle was used to transport beverages. It was massively produced during the late 20th century and the first decades of the 21st century. It is now out of circulation and production.

In the year 2036, the milestone of global consensus around discontinuing plastic from industrial production of single-use and daily consumer goods. This included food packaging, decoration, toys, clothing, and any other household goods. The environmental impact of this material was deemed excessive, and far above its benefits. Currently, most of the PET produced during this period, known as the Plastic Age, has been removed from ecosystems and recycled in long-lasting structures, such as buildings and roads.

This object speaks to a distant industrial past, held up by fossil fuel consumption and extraction, where sights such as garbage islands in the middle of the ocean (National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration [NOAA], n.d.), entire regions threatened by non-biodegradable textile waste accumulation (Ricketts, 2025), and finding microplastics in women's menstrual blood (Sharma et al., 2026) were daily occurrences.

3055988211

General Archives - 20th Century

Origin: Unknown, retrieved from the Gulf of California

Material: polyethylene terephthalate (PET)

Year	2025	A plastic container used to transport beverages. Mass-produced and distributed during the late 20th century and the first decades of the 21st century. No longer in global circulation.
Month	Unknown	
Room	5	
Shelf	12	

Notes

N° 3055988211 Discontinued polymer

• Objeto descontinuado

Some final thoughts

Some issues that are close to our heart (digital justice, safe abortion, sustainability and anti-punitivism) were addressed and re-imagined through these pages, but we are aware that there is much more to social justice than the topics we touched on. Just naming a few, we are missing archival material from future queer movements, anti-racists struggles, and land-back movements.

However, we share this not as an exhaustive written piece, but as a suggested methodology to hold a dialogue with fellow activists. We hope this exercise sparked your imagination, and that you too feel compelled to create your own objects for the archive of a hopeful future: you can use this exercise to build clarity on what we are building towards as a movement, to connect to your desires and longings as feminist activists, and to envision possible pathways to liberation.

Here are some questions that might help you recreate this exercise and spark ideas of objects you'd like to add to the archive:

- If you ground yourself in the future, where our movements have succeeded, what does that look like? How has the world changed materially?
- How was this future built? How did we mobilize, and what evidence did we leave behind?
- What objects are no longer present in daily life? What objects have renewed practical or symbolic relevance?

We'd be delighted to hear from you if you end up fabricating your own objects! You can email maria.leon@youthcoalition with the subject line: archive of the future, if you are moved to share your work with us.

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Pedí un préstamo bancario

para recorrer el país besándote

en la noche de los cajeros automáticos.

Este es mi paso

por la tierra:

el grafiti que me dejas frente a

las cámaras de seguridad,

el asalto a la memoria

de las grabaciones.

CAM 01

20-02-2025 19:35:17

Metes la mano a ciegas.

Tientas

palpas.

La caricia no te da la imagen del placer

porque una hipoteca

nos ata desde el nacimiento.

citibanamex

Sucursal Automática



Depósito en efectivo



Pago de servicios



Depósito con cheques



Servicios del Centro Automático



Pago de

de Crédito

citibanamex

Quisiera ser la moneda de cambio

de una nación inexistente,

dormitar en tu bolsillo

como un trasto inútil y olvidado;

danzarte en la mano mientras tus dedos

hurgan en mi torso.

CAM 01

20-02-2025 19:25:10

Podríamos hacerlo en una avenida,

un cerro, una casa,

pero nos gusta aquí

donde maquetamos una realidad endeble

pese a la mirada metálica de los visitantes.

Mañana es lunes,



los segundos de este crédito

están contados.

Las cifras corren, cientos entran,

cientos salen,

un grito, un infante,

el espectáculo incinerado

de nuestros labios;

estas palabras de cartón

recubiertas con yeso,

como una bala que se cuartea

al tocar el aire.

Un hombre se indigna,

los carros amortiguan

su reproche.

No lo mires,

deja que esta lengua

a piel abierta

se le amase en sueños

y no pueda tocar cama

sin temer la pesadilla

de sus ahorros custodiados

por dos mujeres que se besan,

que se enroscan, que se rasgan,

que naufragan a tirones

porque ya no puedo quererte

sin la mugre de este mundo

briago de mercado y pobres.

citibana

Sucursal

Deposito
en efectivo

Pago
de servicios

De
con
Servicio
Cajero

citibanamex

nombre al cliente

Se requiere LA PRESENTACIÓN DE UN
documento de identificación personal, con fotografía
y firma, que sea válido para el momento de la transacción.



preferencias y Compra de
Contratación Banorte Móvil

Este cajero no es nuestro,

es del huésped sin hogar

que tiende una manta

en los inviernos

para esperar su turno

de vivir.

CAM 02

20-02-2025 20:03:05

CAM 03

20-02-2025 20:23:24

Se desmorona

I

e

n

a

m

e

n

t

e

es porque

te estoy

dibujando

en la

espalda

el nombre de las aves.

Nos desmoronamos

con él.

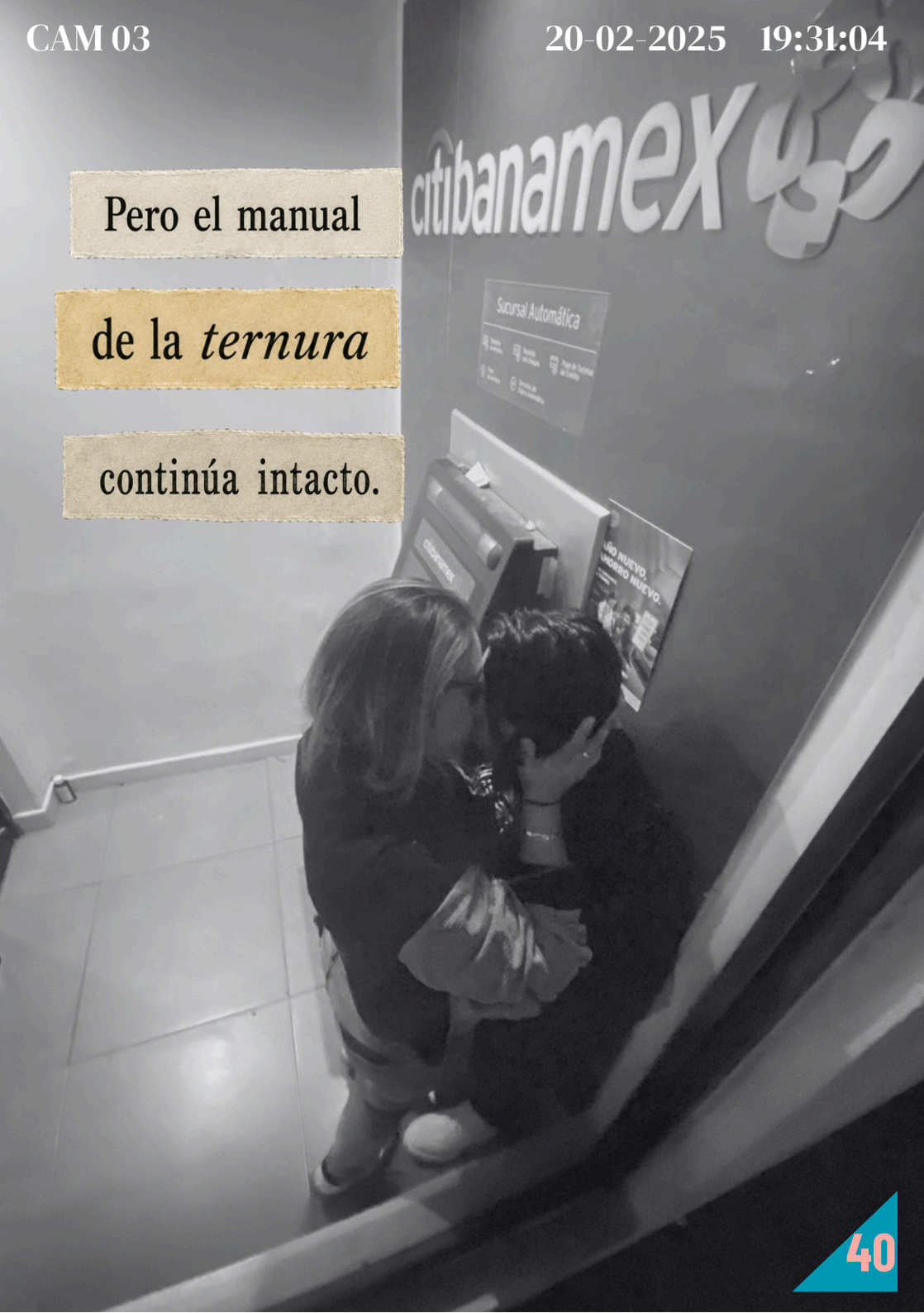
Cajero Automático

- Retiro de efectivo / C
- Pago de Servicios y Ta
- Transferencias y Compr
- Contratación Banorte M

Pero el manual

de la *ternura*

continúa intacto.



Fortress of Europe: a collective cartography of EU necropolitics

What is this project about?

Fortress of Europe: a collective cartography of EU necropolitics is a digital mapping that documents the human, social and political impacts of European migration policy - European Pact on Migration and Asylum (EPMA) - through anti-racist and decolonial lens, serving simultaneously as an atlas for critical condemnation of systemic racism, a memorial to the ones killed or left to their fate as well as an advocacy tool on the abolition of carceral systems - historically colonial, capitalist and patriarchal - that are enabling, legitimizing and profiting from such structural violence.

This project is a participatory mapping that rather than presenting a static map of migration routes or a collection of incidents aims to visualise the European necropolitics operating through policies, institutions, practices and technologies of oppression as well as their impact on migrant and racialised bodies and lives from a transfeminist intersectional and critical perspective. Inspired by critical border studies and Achille's Mbembe necropolitic concept that explains the idea that sovereignty "resides, to a large degree, in the power and the capacity to dictate who may live and who must die" the migration policies as sovereignty become a way to control and define who has access to dignity, to mobility, to even exist, making this mapping both a pedagogical and a political practice.

Developed to trace border deaths, torture, detention infrastructures, asylum restrictions, racial profiling, pushbacks, deportations, zones of abandonment and public investment in border enforcement across Europe and beyond this exercise shows a how these practices are not isolated or new; they form part of longer-term political and institutional processes of white supremacy which are implemented in different regions around the world. This is why this project aims to be a call for international action as a way of resistance, prioritizing social justice over politics of death.

Why is this approach politically and socially important?

While existing mapping projects such as *Missing Migrants* or *The Global Detention Project* document missing migrants, detention centres, shipwrecks or individual border incidents, this project seeks to show the relationships between political decisions, institutional actors, economic beneficiaries, enforcement practices and their consequences. This idea stems from a central element throughout the process of OTRT's anti-racism working group: sharing situated knowledge of everyday life updates about what our communities and organizations were enduring because of the intensification of the structural dimensions of racism deployed by the European migration regime.

The official tracks of human cost of these policies represent a conservative baseline since deaths at the sea or the abandonment zones are often leaving bodies unrecovered, with an estimated 35.902 death and missing people recorded in the European borders since 2014 knowing that it is highly likely that the actual numbers are much higher. These figures, combined with the rise of hate speech and anti-immigrant rhetoric from governments, political parties, and other influential

institutions with social and economical power are exacerbating the harm caused by these necropolitics following the logic of fueling confrontation between the white European population and migrants/racialized people while they continue to implement interventionist and extractivist policies in the Global Majority territories, perpetrating armed conflicts, genocides, forced displacement and ecocide for the benefit of racial capitalism.

Frequently, exhibitions, media narratives, humanitarian campaigns and even academic spaces when speaking up about structural racism technologies are centered on the personal stories of those who suffer the consequences of structural racism while leaving largely invisible the political, economic and historical systems that produce such violence. The victim becomes hypervisible; the perpetrator disappears. Although these narratives are often framed to appeal for an empathetic understanding of these issues, they tend to reproduce politics of pity, activating compassion while avoiding political accountability and exposing migrant and racialised people to revictimisation. Due to these narratives, their image as passive subjects trapped by misfortune or the situation of their origin territories is reinforced instead of recognising them as political subjects enduring systems of power which can no longer be regarded as states of exception but rather as a permanent state of institutional violence stemming from colonial power that persists within public institutions.

This interconnected layered map challenges the dominant narrative of Europe being the source of human rights, democracy and the ruler of international protection laws while its migration and border policies are increasing control, prosecution, mobility restrictions, exclusion, human trafficking, deprivation of liberty, human rights violations, death and other severe forms of harm across territories. Thus, *Fortress of Europe* is meant to be a tool for resistance, remembrance, advocacy and movement-building to unmask this narrative by identifying institutional responsibility, roles of decision-makers, enforcement bodies and private companies without diminishing the importance of individual and collective experiences.

What can users find on the map?

The information presented on this map is organized into different layers that help users understand the interconnections between policies, practices, locations, events, actors and the impact of the consequences, minding how they affect women, LGBTQIA+ folks, children, and people with disabilities differently due to patriarchal and capitalist structures of oppression.

This first version focuses on four layers: key institutions, EU policies timeline, deployed necropolitics and resistance movements highlighting events that took place in the regions where its creators are from, but this is a work in progress that is designed to continue growing.

Link to the map:

https://umap.openstreetmap.fr/pl/map/fortress-of-europe-a-collective-cartography-of-eu-_1434818#3/56.433663/-25.312500



Episodio 1: La Efri

Feb 22, 2025 · 16m 32s



⏸ Pause

✓ In queue

↓ Download



Description

Episodio 1: La Efri

Efri Rúa es una joven trans jacobaccina. ¿Cómo es vivir una identidad disidente en un pequeño pueblo semi-rural de la Patagonia Argentina? ¿Qué detonantes la hicieron impulsar la Grupa Wawel Niyeo? Conocé su historia.

Investigación, guión y narración: Cynthia Verónica Angel Flores, Carolina Blumenkranc

Edición de guión: Sebastián Ortega

Edición de sonido: Mateo Corrá

Asesoría en producción: Tomás Pérez Vizzón

Música: Tufachi Mawün- Carina Carriqueo

Este trabajo periodístico se realizó y publicó originalmente en la tercera edición de #CambiaLaHistoria, proyecto colaborativo de DW Akademie y Alharaca, promovido por el Ministerio Federal de Relaciones Exteriores.

Conoce el proyecto y más historias en [https:// cambialahistoria.com](https://cambialahistoria.com)

show less





Abstract

We are Obiezione Respinta, a grassroot collective and association based in Italy, working on abortion accompaniment and the defence of reproductive autonomy. We would like to contribute a poem, written collectively in Italian and translated here into English, that distils our shared experience of standing beside people through their abortions.

The poem turns on a single repeated gesture, *accompagnamento*, echoing the Latin American practice of *acompañamiento* and the embodied solidarity of *acuerpamiento*. Its verses follow a person through the stages and obstacles they may meet in Italy: conscientious objectors who frame refusal as the more Christian choice; being told their pain is necessary; being asked to justify their reasons; being forced to travel to another region; being told it is too late; being left alone and bleeding. Against each, the poem answers not with judgement but with presence, accompanying relief, joy and pride as readily as sadness, doubt and worry. It closes on self-management: against a system that obstructs, delays and abandons, it affirms that abortion can be a safe and self-determination practice, reclaimed into our own hands and homes.

voglio poter volere
essere madre o non esserlo
essere genitore o non esserlo
voglio che tutte le persone possano volerlo
in ospedale
a casa
ovunque
e ovunque ti accompagno
quando ti diranno che è più cristiano imporsi col rifiuto
la tua scelta è la mia scelta
ti accompagno quando ti diranno che il dolore che senti è necessario
ti accompagno quando ti chiederanno perché
non ho bisogno delle tue ragioni
quando ti costringeranno a cambiare regione, ti accompagno
il tuo viaggio è il mio viaggio
ti accompagno quando ti diranno che è troppo tardi
il tuo tempo è il mio tempo
ti accompagno quando ti lasceranno sola sanguinante
ti accompagno quando vorrai farlo a casa mia
la mia casa è la tua casa
ti accompagno quando sarai sollevata dalla tua scelta
il tuo sollievo è il mio sollievo
ti accompagno quando vorrai dire che l'hai fatto e stai benissimo
ti accompagno se sarai triste, turbata e preoccupata
ciò che provi è sempre valido per me
ti accompagno quando sarai felice di aver scelto
la tua felicità è la mia
ti accompagno quando accompagnerai e viceversa
perché nessuna persona sia sola
ci prenderemo sotto braccio e ci diremo
facciamolo insieme,
facciamo da noi

i want to be able to want
to mother or not
to parent or not
i want everyone to be able to want
it
in the hospital
at home
everywhere
and anywhere i am with you
when they will tell you that it is more
christian, to impose one will with refusal
your choice is my choice
i am with you when they will tell you
that the pain you feel is
necessary
i am with you when they will
ask you why.
i do not need your reasons
when they will force you to
change region, i am with you
your journey is my journey
i am with you when they will tell you
it's too late
your time is my time
i am with you when you will
be left alone bleeding
i am with you when you will want to do it
at my house
my home is my home
i am with you when you will be
relieved of your choice
your relief is my relief
i am with you when you want to say
i had an abortion and i feel great!
i am with you if you are sad
troubled or worried
what you feel is always valid to me
i am with you when you are happy you chose
your happiness is my happiness
i am with you as you will be with me
so that no one is left alone
and we will take each other hand
and say to each other
let's to do it together
let's do it ourselves

**NI
EXTRACTIVISMO,
NI EL ESTADO
APAGARÁ**

**EL FUEGO
DE
NUESTRA
TIERRA
LIBRE.**

LOS TALLERES SON COMPLETADOS ECHANDO A UNIR LAS PARTES DE PLEGADO DE
SU PAPEL EN LA RESERVACION DEL FOLIO 1770/1771 DEL LIBRO 30/31
COMUNISTO DE SEÑOR DON JOSE TALLER DON JOSE TALLER DON JOSE TALLER
ACTIVIDADES ECONOMICAS DE MAYO 1971 1972 1973 1974 1975 1976 1977 1978 1979 1980 1981 1982 1983 1984 1985 1986 1987 1988 1989 1990 1991 1992 1993 1994 1995 1996 1997 1998 1999 2000 2001 2002 2003 2004 2005 2006 2007 2008 2009 2010 2011 2012 2013 2014 2015 2016 2017 2018 2019 2020 2021 2022 2023 2024 2025 2026 2027 2028 2029 2030 2031 2032 2033 2034 2035 2036 2037 2038 2039 2040 2041 2042 2043 2044 2045 2046 2047 2048 2049 2050 2051 2052 2053 2054 2055 2056 2057 2058 2059 2060 2061 2062 2063 2064 2065 2066 2067 2068 2069 2070 2071 2072 2073 2074 2075 2076 2077 2078 2079 2080 2081 2082 2083 2084 2085 2086 2087 2088 2089 2090 2091 2092 2093 2094 2095 2096 2097 2098 2099 2100 2101 2102 2103 2104 2105 2106 2107 2108 2109 2110 2111 2112 2113 2114 2115 2116 2117 2118 2119 2120 2121 2122 2123 2124 2125 2126 2127 2128 2129 2130 2131 2132 2133 2134 2135 2136 2137 2138 2139 2140 2141 2142 2143 2144 2145 2146 2147 2148 2149 2150 2151 2152 2153 2154 2155 2156 2157 2158 2159 2160 2161 2162 2163 2164 2165 2166 2167 2168 2169 2170 2171 2172 2173 2174 2175 2176 2177 2178 2179 2180 2181 2182 2183 2184 2185 2186 2187 2188 2189 2190 2191 2192 2193 2194 2195 2196 2197 2198 2199 2200 2201 2202 2203 2204 2205 2206 2207 2208 2209 2210 2211 2212 2213 2214 2215 2216 2217 2218 2219 2220 2221 2222 2223 2224 2225 2226 2227 2228 2229 2230 2231 2232 2233 2234 2235 2236 2237 2238 2239 2240 2241 2242 2243 2244 2245 2246 2247 2248 2249 2250 2251 2252 2253 2254 2255 2256 2257 2258 2259 2260 2261 2262 2263 2264 2265 2266 2267 2268 2269 2270 2271 2272 2273 2274 2275 2276 2277 2278 2279 2280 2281 2282 2283 2284 2285 2286 2287 2288 2289 2290 2291 2292 2293 2294 2295 2296 2297 2298 2299 2300 2301 2302 2303 2304 2305 2306 2307 2308 2309 2310 2311 2312 2313 2314 2315 2316 2317 2318 2319 2320 2321 2322 2323 2324 2325 2326 2327 2328 2329 2330 2331 2332 2333 2334 2335 2336 2337 2338 2339 2340 2341 2342 2343 2344 2345 2346 2347 2348 2349 2350 2351 2352 2353 2354 2355 2356 2357 2358 2359 2360 2361 2362 2363 2364 2365 2366 2367 2368 2369 2370 2371 2372 2373 2374 2375 2376 2377 2378 2379 2380 2381 2382 2383 2384 2385 2386 2387 2388 2389 2390 2391 2392 2393 2394 2395 2396 2397 2398 2399 2400 2401 2402 2403 2404 2405 2406 2407 2408 2409 2410 2411 2412 2413 2414 2415 2416 2417 2418 2419 2420 2421 2422 2423 2424 2425 2426 2427 2428 2429 2430 2431 2432 2433 2434 2435 2436 2437 2438 2439 2440 2441 2442 2443 2444 2445 2446 2447 2448 2449 2450 2451 2452 2453 2454 2455 2456 2457 2458 2459 2460 2461 2462 2463 2464 2465 2466 2467 2468 2469 2470 2471 2472 2473 2474 2475 2476 2477 2478 2479 2480 2481 2482 2483 2484 2485 2486 2487 2488 2489 2490 2491 2492 2493 2494 2495 2496 2497 2498 2499 2500 2501 2502 2503 2504 2505 2506 2507 2508 2509 2510 2511 2512 2513 2514 2515 2516 2517 2518 2519 2520 2521 2522 2523 2524 2525 2526 2527 2528 2529 2530 2531 2532 2533 2534 2535 2536 2537 2538 2539 2540 2541 2542 2543 2544 2545 2546 2547 2548 2549 2550 2551 2552 2553 2554 2555 2556 2557 2558 2559 2560 2561 2562 2563 2564 2565 2566 2567 2568 2569 2570 2571 2572 2573 2574 2575 2576 2577 2578 2579 2580 2581 2582 2583 2584 2585 2586 2587 2588 2589 2590 2591 2592 2593 2594 2595 2596 2597 2598 2599 2600 2601 2602 2603 2604 2605 2606 2607 2608 2609 2610 2611 2612 2613 2614 2615 2616 2617 2618 2619 2620 2621 2622 2623 2624 2625 2626 2627 2628 2629 2630 2631 2632 2633 2634 2635 2636 2637 2638 2639 2640 2641 2642 2643 2644 2645 2646 2647 2648 2649 2650 2651 2652 2653 2654 2655 2656 2657 2658 2659 2660 2661 2662 2663 2664 2665 2666 2667 2668 2669 2670 2671 2672 2673 2674 2675 2676 2677 2678 2679 2680 2681 2682 2683 2684 2685 2686 2687 2688 2689 2690 2691 2692 2693 2694 2695 2696 2697 2698 2699 2700 2701 2702 2703 2704 2705 2706 2707 2708 2709 2710 2711 2712 2713 2714 2715 2716 2717 2718 2719 2720 2721 2722 2723 2724 2725 2726 2727 2728 2729 2730 2731 2732 2733 2734 2735 2736 2737 2738 2739 2740 2741 2742 2743 2744 2745 2746 2747 2748 2749 2750 2751 2752 2753 2754 2755 2756 2757 2758 2759 2760 2761 2762 2763 2764 2765 2766 2767 2768 2769

@los.garabatosdeamarilla

actuar, individual y colectivamente, contra la
masculina, contra las actitudes de propiedad y
de las mujeres, contra las leyes represivas y por
la independencia económica y social de las

Título : Mujer frailejónica

Formato: Collage digital

Línea temática: Imperialismo, extractivismo y luchas cuerpo-territorio

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Lugar: Líbano, Tolima , Colombia

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Esta propuesta artística consiste en una composición gráfica expuesta en collage digital, posicionando al páramo como una fuente de vida innegociable. A través de la técnica del collage, entendida como un ensamblaje de realidades que utiliza los símbolos y los resignifica, la obra articula una denuncia directa al Estado y al extractivismo como el brazo fuerte del patriarcado, sistemas que históricamente han colonizado y explotado tanto la naturaleza como las comunidades y los cuerpos feminizados. Bajo la premisa de que el cuerpo es nuestro primer territorio y no se desliga de la concepción de la naturaleza, la composición está tejida con la fauna y los paisajes del Páramo del Nevado del Ruiz en Colombia, donde emerge como figura central la "Mujer Frailejónica", guardiana del territorio, campesina y popular. La figura de la cuidadora se resignifica para convertirse también en cuidadora de la vida, del agua y de las comunidades, en un acto de apoyo mutuo que se posiciona frontalmente en contra de la individualidad. Esta composición busca, de manera simple, reflexionar sobre lo cotidiano para las personas de la montaña: cultivar, conocer su geografía, preservar la memoria con sus saberes de oficio y defender la autonomía territorial, anteponiéndolos como las respuestas más sólidas frente al capitalismo.

La frase *"Ni el extractivismo ni el Estado apagarán el fuego de nuestra tierra libre"* busca dejar claro que los territorios de Abya Yala se construyen desde la lucha y la resistencia. Territorios que se enfrentan, como en el caso de Colombia, al conflicto, a la corrupción y al abandono estatal. Tierras libres por la soberanía de las comunidades.

Sobre la autora

Soy Juana Mara Gama, tengo 24 años y nací en el municipio de El Líbano, en el norte del departamento del Tolima, Colombia. Soy comunicadora social de la Universidad del Tolima, institución donde actualmente formo parte de la plataforma de la Asamblea Feminista UT. Asimismo, me desempeño como artista visual (@losgarabatos,deamarilla), poniendo mis conocimientos al servicio de las causas sociales y de las colectivas a las que pertenezco; por ello, he enfocado mi trabajo desde la gráfica hacia las luchas antiautoritarias y feministas. También realizo labores pedagógicas y de gestión de redes sociales con la colectiva feminista Sorecer (@sorecermujeres). Al haber crecido en la montaña, los páramos constituyen una parte fundamental de mi identidad, y con esta composición busco honrar a las mujeres que me enseñaron a cuidar de todxs y resistir al ser una mujer popular.

What's In My Bag? (But I Live In Ukraine)



- (1) tourniquet- a strip of cloth that is tied tightly around an injured arm or leg to stop it bleeding
 (2) pepper spray
 (3) pocket knife



Local Ukraine: Lviv, Na Peretyni

This issue captures stories from a single week that seem to have nothing in common except the place where they happened and people involved. Here, an air raid siren interrupts Pride, volunteers take on army fundraising alongside music festivals, legislative reforms spark public debate while soldiers fight to ensure there is still a country where those debates can take place.

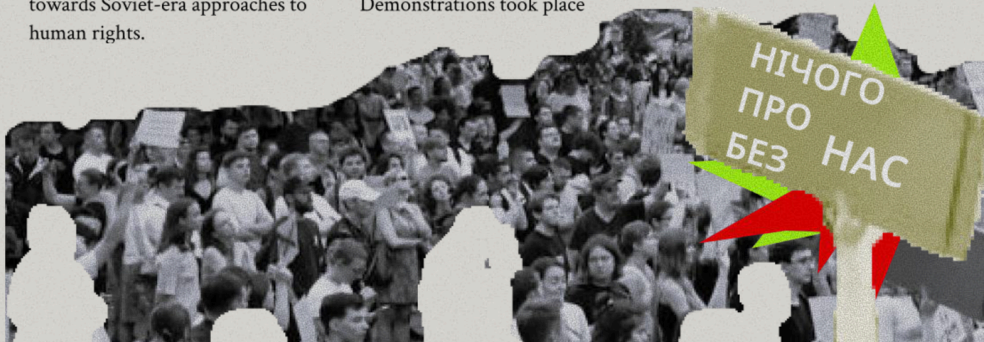
For many around the world, these stories are just a number of bright headlines. For Ukrainians, they are part of the same day.

“Nothing About Us Without Us!” New Civil Code Sparks Nationwide Debate!

Thousands gathered across Ukraine this week after the publication of the Civil Code draft. As soon as the proposed amendments were out in the media people all over the country started to raise the alarm that it would not only further entrench discrimination against LGBTIQ+ people, but also undermine women's rights and push the country back towards Soviet-era approaches to human rights.

Among the most controversial parts is the continued exclusion of same-sex couples from legal marriage, despite years of advocacy for civil partnerships. Feminist organizations have also pointed to obvious legal inequalities against women, particularly in matters of family law and reproductive autonomy. Demonstrations took place

in Kyiv, Lviv, Odesa, and several other cities, with people carrying signs reading “You Don’t Write The Law — You Erase Our Rights”, “Nothing About Us, Without Us!”, in demand of public consultation before any decision is made, because legislation affecting millions of people must not be developed without those it directly impacts.





Cheers, Tears and Rainbow Flags: Lviv Pride 2026 Makes History

Pride events in Lviv are often small, sheltered and admittedly hard to organize for public display (due to strong religious history of the city), however this year dozens of participants, including activists, veterans, students and allies, gathered in front of the Lviv Opera House to demand equal rights and legal recognition.

Unfortunately, rather than celebration, the event's goal was to highlight how much LGBTQ+ visibility is still missing.

"We are your sons, daughters, parents and grandchildren" said one of the speakers, reminding the crowd that LGBTQ+ people are not separate from society — they are part of it.

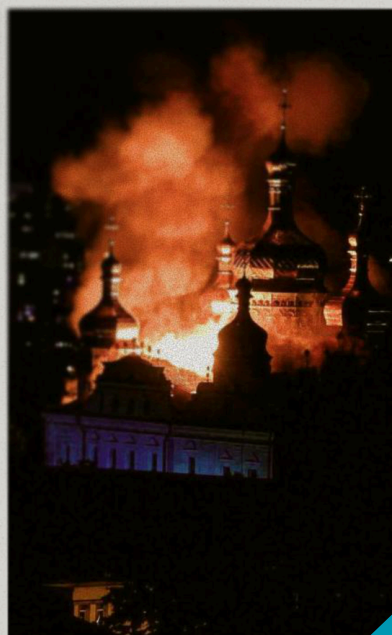
The event culminated in a symbolic wedding ceremony between two young women. While their vows carried no legal status, they sent a message: rights are won, not given, and one day, same-sex couples in Ukraine will be able to marry legally, with the same rights and protections as everyone else.

Another Massive Attack Sets Kyiv's Historic Pechersk Lavra On Fire

Russia launched another large-scale overnight missile and drone attack targeting Kyiv and several other Ukrainian cities. According to Ukrainian authorities, more than 600 drones and over 70 missiles were launched across the country.

Among the damaged sites was the historic Kyiv Pechersk Lavra, a UNESCO World Heritage Site and one of Ukraine's most important religious and cultural landmarks. Emergency crews worked through the night to contain the blaze while local residents joined volunteers in clearing debris and assisting affected communities.

The attack also damaged the Dovzhenko Film Studio, museums, educational institutions, and residential neighborhoods across Kyiv, while rescue operations continued throughout the morning. The attack once again demonstrated that the consequences of war extend beyond military infrastructure, threatening cultural heritage, civilian lives, and the country's historical memory.



What Happens Between Battles? Soldiers Show Daily Reality

At present time human life is being evaluated each day, may this be due to the war, political advances or threat to an inclusive happiness — we find Human Rights is something people long to discuss and look for, not only partaking in change but observing different perspectives. Yearly film festival DocuDays UA, hosted in Kyiv, is making this exact point with many outstanding documentary works. One of those is introduced as part of the Ukraine War Archive (2026) category.

On the pictures top to bottom you can see promo scenes of two shorts — the “Сова” (“Owl”) and “Підрозділ з нуля” (“From the Ground Up”). Both have the same film crew, but different units as actors with the message from the director, Vadym Ilkov at the film presentation, being: “Not all work in the army is a constant blood battle... We want to show what it takes to prepare for such a battle. There is the kind of work that's

regular and routine even for soldiers, but there are positions with the routine as their main job as well.”



*To add a personal cut to the topic, we asked for a perspective from **TOKIO** we are thankful for what he has shared with us: 'I'm Tokyo. I'm 20 years old, and I serve as a UAV and ground robotic systems operator. Before I enlisted, I imagined war the way many civilians do: endless blood, death, grief, and tragedy. And yes, all of that exists. But it's not the whole story.*

Out here, happiness lives in small things: one last cigarette shared between three people, hot coffee between shellings, a dry basement. I actually love our basements. They're damp, full of mold, insects, and mice, but they're warm. There's always a kettle boiling on a gas burner, homemade food, an old armchair rescued from a house destroyed by a russian strike, dim light bulbs, and constant laughter.

War is the worst form of human relationships and perhaps humanity's greatest tragedy. Yet even here, there is room for friendship, warmth, and comfort.

”

So, Where Does Lviv Youth Hang Out? From Festivals To Hidden Clubs

We took a walk through evening Lviv to show you how despite uncertainty, air raid alerts, and the constant presence of war, Lviv's cultural life refuses to stand still. Every weekend, hundreds of people gather on its streets to find such a needed feeling of joy and youth. Here you can

attend all sorts of entertainment!

From local festivals, such as Faine Misto, and Molodvzh, to cultural

hubs like Dzyga and DRYG, where you can spend an evening dancing your soul out to Ukrainian folk tunes,

to Wiz-Art — Lviv International Film Festival, and even hidden cafes scattered throughout the city. Many of these events double as charity initiatives, raising funds for Armed Forces, military medics, displaced families, and local NGOs. In today's reality for many Ukrainians going out is no longer just leisure — it is a way of preserving normalcy in extraordinary circumstances.

Choosing to dance, create, fall in love, because for us living doesn't mean waiting for the war to end. Living is how we get through it.



Nadia:

Te he pensado mucho últimamente porque sé que también miras con preocupación la forma en que el odio y la desinformación avanzan casi implacablemente sembrando violencia, miedo y dolor... pero que incluso ahí sigue cabiendo la esperanza. Desde todo lo que también haces en tu vida, ¿cómo has notado el avance de las narrativas fundamentalistas y su propio análisis? Yo llevo días pensando que aunque desde los movimientos o la sociedad civil se habla más de “la narrativa” como campo a trabajar, que es algo que se reconoce como necesario por sus alcances socioculturales, es poco lo que se ha reconocido sobre las ideas que nacen o tienen vínculos con lo religioso, como si quisiéramos seguir negando ese aspecto en nuestras vidas... A mí, sabes, eso me parece poco eficaz por muchas cosas, empezando por el hecho de que se niegan niveles que, pienso, sí llegan a conformar nuestra vida incluso aunque no seamos practicantes o creyentes de algo en concreto... O de algo en el marco de lo que, se nos ha dicho, tiene que ser.

No sé, tengo mil ideas rondando mi mente y por eso te escribo: quizá juntas podamos desenredar algo.

Con cariño,
Aída

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Aída:

Gracias por abrir este intercambio para pensar juntas. Me alegra mucho poder hacernos estas preguntas entre amigas.

Yo también he sentido lo difícil que es hablar de lo religioso, incluso en espacios donde nos dedicamos a pensar las narrativas. A veces me pregunto: *¿cómo podemos hablar de las historias que moldean el mundo que habitamos sin hablar de la teología?* Simplemente no creo que sea posible hablar del poder de las narrativas para atravesar generaciones, organizar la vida cotidiana y decirnos quién pertenece y quién queda fuera, o qué entendemos por justicia, paz y libertad, sin hablar de la fe: los relatos religiosos son algunos de los sistemas de significado más poderosos que hemos construido como humanidad. Han sido fuente de comunidad, consuelo y esperanza, pero también se han utilizado para justificar guerras y genocidios; han acompañado la vida espiritual, ayudado a nombrar el amor y el dolor e inspirado innumerables movimientos de resistencia, mientras siguen siendo algunos de los pilares centrales que sostienen los múltiples sistemas de opresión que buscamos dismantelar.

Tienes mucha razón: hayamos crecido como creyentes o no, la religión nos ha formado. No podemos simplemente evadirla o ignorarla, vivimos en sociedades atravesadas por imaginarios religiosos. Por eso me parece importante acercarnos a ella con curiosidad y valentía. Claro, eso no significa romantizar ni intentar borrar las atrocidades que se han cometido en su nombre. Al contrario: significa hacerle preguntas sobre lo que revela de las sociedades que habitamos, de aquello que anhelamos y de aquello que tememos. También significa disputar el derecho a interpretar lo sagrado y arrebatarnos ese monopolio a quienes se han presentado como sus únicos interlocutores legítimos: líderes, iglesias e instituciones. Abrirnos paso entre esas historias y recuperar nuestra capacidad de contar otras.

Aquí sigo,
Nadia

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Nadia:

Al leerlo me quedo pensando en el valor de lo “sagrado”, de lo que se nos ha dicho que sí es, y lo que no. Y ahí, siento, caben tantas cosas con tantas historias de dominación... por ejemplo, lo que desde hace tiempo pugnamos desde los pueblos: que se reconozca, siquiera, nuestra humanidad a plenitud y en dignidad. Me refiero a lo que conocemos, y casi que nos hemos acostumbrado a mirar y escuchar, sobre las prácticas espirituales de muchas naciones originarias que se vinculan con las prácticas sobre la tierra: a ciclos de vida, de entendimiento de ciertos ritmos, de relaciones hasta con otros animales; y que estas cuestiones que apelan a preguntas fundamentales, humanas e históricas sobre la vida (*¿qué es?, ¿de dónde viene?, ¿quiénes somos más allá de estos cuerpos físicos?, ¿cómo nos relacionamos a partir de ese entendimiento?*) se han utilizado continuamente como elementos para sumar al menosprecio, a la idea de que “no sabemos” o no sabemos lo que “debería ser” (*¿según quién?*). Y, entonces, todo eso (las prácticas, los conocimientos acumulados en el tiempo, la existencia misma) pierde el derecho a ser considerado “sagrado”... y de ahí la justificación para la destrucción, para el despojo, en aras de respaldar la acumulación a costa de vidas y territorios “menos valiosos”. Una justificación, pues, de la supremacía blanca cristiana que es, pienso, indudablemente capitalista.

También creo que en la actualidad eso se complejiza porque, por una parte, como se trata de una mirada que acumula y se apropia, hay vertientes que sí apelan a lo “sagrado” de los pueblos pero en un sentido romántico tóxico que, al final, lo que busca de todas formas es negar la autonomía y expandir el despojo para el bienestar económico, emocional o espiritual de unos cuantos... Y por otro, nuevamente el hecho de que en muchos espacios sigue siendo difícil considerar este nivel de análisis de la realidad porque se piensa, tal cual, que es una cuestión irrelevante que no pertenece al “mundo de las ideas lógicas”.

En fin, muchas cosas que me parece demuestran lo que bien dices: que no deberíamos desvincular el análisis teológico de nuestro hacer porque está ahí rondando, y va más allá de si nos parece adecuado o “útil” en un sentido personal.

Y hablando justamente de lo económico porque es bien latente, ¿has mirado algo nuevo con relación al financiamiento? Porque claramente ahí hay algo moviéndose desde hace mucho tiempo y que va en aumento pues los grupos fundamentalistas entretejen el aspecto religioso con el electoral y, para eso, hay dinero de por medio.

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Aída:

Síiii, coincido contigo en que debemos preguntarnos quién financia estas narrativas y quién se beneficia de ellas. Muchas ideas que hoy se presentan como *“lo que dice la Biblia”* o *“lo que siempre ha enseñado la Iglesia”* son, en realidad, resultado de proyectos políticos, económicos y comunicativos muy concretos.

Pienso, por ejemplo, en los orígenes del fundamentalismo cristiano. No apareció espontáneamente: surgió en Estados Unidos a principios del siglo XX como una respuesta organizada ante los cambios científicos, sociales y teológicos de la época. Los ensayos conocidos como *The Fundamentals* fueron financiados por magnates petroleros, quienes costearon su escritura, impresión y distribución gratuita entre pastores, misioneros y líderes religiosos. Se repartieron más de tres millones de ejemplares. Desde el inicio, fue también una inversión en una determinada manera de imaginar el mundo.

Algo parecido ocurrió décadas después con la llamada “ideología de género”. Más que describir un fenómeno existente, el término fue construido como una estrategia política y teológica frente a los avances feministas y de derechos humanos impulsados en conferencias de la ONU como El Cairo y Beijing. Bajo una sola etiqueta, convirtió al feminismo, el género, las diversidades sexuales y los derechos reproductivos en un mismo enemigo: difuso, inmenso y peligroso. Es una estrategia eficaz porque simplifica un mundo complejo y moviliza los miedos de las personas hacia un frente común.

Esta infraestructura no se limita a producir discursos: también disputa elecciones, crea partidos, forma liderazgos y modifica políticas públicas. La teología cambia y, con ella, la práctica de lo que significa para muchas personas “ser creyentes”: ya no se trata solamente de mantenerse alejadas del “mundo” y del pecado, sino de conquistarlo, gobernarlo y moldearlo de acuerdo con una visión religiosa particular.

En México, como en otros contextos, estas ideas circulan mediante iglesias, organizaciones civiles, medios de comunicación, campañas electorales y redes digitales. No sabes cuánto me frustra mapear la cantidad de dinero, muchas veces proveniente del Norte Global, que sostiene estas iniciativas: hablamos de millones de dólares destinados a producir contenidos, nutrir algoritmos, financiar organizaciones e influir en elecciones y legislaciones. Y mientras tanto, sigue siendo difícil convencer incluso a nuestros compañerxs activistas, mucho más a organizaciones progresistas grandes, de que lo religioso es un campo político que debemos tomar en serio.

Por eso siento que ahí no termina la conversación. Después de preguntarnos de dónde vienen estas narrativas, quién las financia y con qué objetivos, hay otras preguntas igual de importantes: *¿por qué funcionan? ¿Qué hace que tantas personas las encuentren convincentes? ¿Qué convirtió a nuestras sociedades en un terreno fértil para esas ideas? ¿Qué miedos nombran, qué soluciones presentan, qué certezas ofrecen?* Si no hacemos ese ejercicio, corremos el riesgo de imaginar que el fundamentalismo simplemente se exporta y cae sobre poblaciones pasivas a las que “les lavan el cerebro”. Esa explicación nos impide reconocer la agencia de quienes abrazan esas ideas, las interpretan y les dan vida.

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Nadia:

Tal cual. Nos hacen *creer* que las personas piensan lo que piensan “porque sí” cuando persisten afectos, pensamientos y complejidades que, reitero, para mí son cuestiones profundamente humanas: las grandes preguntas de nuestra vida que siempre han estado presentes y ante las que hay personas que claramente operan respuestas para su beneficio particular. Por eso hay que dudar siempre, preguntarnos a quién le conviene que no nos adentremos en determinados temas, que demos por hecho ciertas cuestiones, que renunciemos a contar, oír, escribir otras historias. El tema de la comunicación como acto que nos acompaña en la construcción del mundo está ahí, nuevamente: el cómo pensamos y nombramos esta existencia, la dignidad, la justicia, la autonomía; el cómo pensamos y nombramos a los, las, les otros, a la tierra, al progreso y hasta la alegría. Y todo eso nunca está desvinculado de la cuestión material.

Por ello el tema parece de repente demasiado grande... pero estoy convencida de que hay espacios, acciones y caminos organizativos que se han abierto y se robustecen al encontrarnos entre personas que trabajamos desde distintas miradas, porque eso es lo que nos devuelve la profundidad sobre lo que vivimos y las respuestas que podemos construir.

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Aída:

Y yo añadiría que todo lo anterior también nos invita a mirar algo más incómodo: el pensamiento fundamentalista no vive únicamente en “los otros”. Puede echar raíces en nuestras propias formas de entender la justicia, la militancia o la verdad, quizá con otros lenguajes y otras causas, pero con la misma necesidad de convertir la complejidad en certezas absolutas.

Igual me quedé pensando en lo que mencionaste sobre cómo la romantización de los pueblos originarios y de sus espiritualidades reduce sus conocimientos, prácticas y sistemas de creencias a algo “exótico” y despojado de su dimensión política. Porque sí, lo espiritual es político: reconocer lo sagrado de la tierra y del agua, por ejemplo, nos compromete a defenderlas frente a los megaproyectos. Y entonces deja de resultar tan atractivo para quienes sólo quieren consumir y vender la espiritualidad como un producto.

Tal vez por eso nuestra tarea no sea únicamente desmontar esas historias, sino aprender a contar otras (las nuestras) que, sin negar la complejidad del mundo, nos permitan sostener la esperanza, fortalecer luchas e imaginar otros horizontes de justicia.

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Nadia:

Y de paso sostenernos a nosotras mismas, con apertura y compasión, en medio de las turbulencias que nos impactan. Como ahora, con este intercambio que agradezco tanto.

Te abrazo siempre,
Aída.

**“Hear a mother’s voice! A mother demands justice!”
Mothers from Georgia against authoritarianism**

“The most painful thing for a mother is seeing her innocent child in handcuffs” Marizi Kobakhidze



Photo Credit: Chai Khana, Online Media
Marizi, mother of prisoner of conscience Tornike Goshadze and
Nani, mother of prisoner of conscience Giorgi Mindadze

Numerous media [coverages](#) depict the current political situation in Georgia and how mothers of prisoners of conscience fight not only for their children but also for their country, for resistance, for solidarity and for Georgia’s future; How they care for and support one another. This year, during the peaceful protest in March, they chanted the slogan - “Where are our children?” The answer is - “children are here”; children are in prison not because they committed a crime but because the authoritarian regime wants it.

The Georgian mother is a symbol of bravery, hard work and resilience. They were actively engaged in reclaiming independence both in 1918 and 1989. Georgian

women stood at the frontiers of the resistance for the struggle for independence. The recent struggle is a continuation of Georgia's long-standing female resistance tradition. In the capital of Georgia, Tbilisi, there is a monument, "Mother of Georgia", that is a symbol of the Georgian national character. The statue holds a bowl of wine in one hand to welcome friends and a sword in the other to defend against enemies. Furthermore, annually on 3rd March, the nation celebrates Mother's Day, and it is quite emotional for us because every Georgian mother is dedicated to their family and children. When they have to choose between their own interests and those of their families, they always put their families first. For me, this is just tragic because our women do not have even a second to rest. Last 2026 3 March was absolutely different since in my homeland we watched mothers in the streets of Tbilisi, and they were claiming - "Hear a mother's voice! A mother demands justice!"

The ruling party of Georgia, Georgian Dream and its founder, Bidzina Ivanishvili, are systematically weaponising the justice system to persecute peaceful demonstrators who oppose the government's pro-Russian geopolitical reorientation and who advocate for Georgia's democratic future. Since 2024 in Georgia, dozens of individuals have been subjected to criminal prosecution solely for participating in peaceful protests. To date, 49 individuals are serving prison sentences following guilty verdicts, while 65 individuals are in pre-trial detention.



Photo credit – Protest 24

Georgia is currently experiencing profound authoritarianism and political crisis, which is marked by significant polarisation and disputed elections, especially after the 2024 parliamentary elections and the government's decision to pause progress toward European Union integration. In Autumn, 2024, Georgian people launched mass protests and demonstrations against the ruling party, Georgian Dream, after the government suspended Georgia's EU integration process. According to the Georgian Dream's authoritarian policy, many civil society organisations have been forced to scale back or stop their work, while peaceful protesters, activists and human rights defenders have been arrested; many have left the country or withdrawn from public engagement. Consequently, plenty of people belonging to vulnerable groups were left without any support. Georgian people started large-scale national peaceful demonstrations.

At the end of 2024 and in 2025, during the national [demonstrations](#), Georgian Dream used widespread physical violence and arrested peaceful protesters, including students, actors, journalists and a lot of youngsters. So, in recent years, amid democratic backsliding, political repression, and shrinking civic space in Georgia, a group known publicly as the "Mothers of Prisoners of Conscience" has emerged as one of the most visible grassroots movements in the country. They are the mothers of innocent political prisoners. These women travel across regions, attend court hearings, organise demonstrations, meet politicians, and publicly read letters written by their imprisoned children. Through these practices, they resist not only the imprisonment of their children, but also their social disappearance.

But how did it begin? On 8th April, 2026, the families of political prisoners made a public [statement](#): "Today, we begin a new resistance movement - firm and unwavering. Join us in this fight to defend our country's future. On April 8, we gather at the memorial and spend the night on Rustaveli Avenue to honour the memory of those who fell on April 9. Victory belongs to the people, and we will prevail with honour." Then, the mothers of Georgians arrested during the protests have been travelling across the country to share letters from their imprisoned children. Since then, every weekend, and sometimes up to twice a week, a group of mothers gathers to go to a new location to distribute newspapers written from inside the prisons. "It all started on 31 May, when a handful of parents gathered outside the Avlabari Metro station in Tbilisi with posters of their loved ones, who are facing years behind bars after participating in Georgia's ongoing anti-government [protests](#)." 'When we lost all hope, we, the parents, decided to unite, to hold hands and start going door to door, in the metro, in the streets — to create discomfort for everyone everywhere so that we

can get our children released from prison', Nani Tsulaia said. Then came the idea to create a newspaper.



Nani Tsulaia and Giorgi Mindadze

The mothers of prisoners of conscience, together with other family members, have already travelled to numerous cities and small towns across Georgia. In public and community spaces, they have distributed letters written by prisoners of conscience and, in return, collected letters from members of the public to send back to the prisoners in [detention](#).

For example, the families of prisoners of conscience have distributed the newspapers Voice of Freedom from Prison, Cell 101 – Revolution, and Letters from Political Prisoners to the Citizens of Georgia in many locations, including the area surrounding [Akhmeteli Metro Station](#), [Mukhrani Market](#), [Gori](#), [Tsalka](#), [Dusheti](#), [Ananuri](#), [Akhaltzikhe](#), [Marneuli](#), [Bolnisi](#), [Dmanisi](#), [Batumi](#), [Tsalenjikha](#), [Chkhorotsku](#), [Gomismta](#), [mountainous Ajara](#), [Kobuleti](#) and [Ureki](#). They have also distributed these publications at Tbilisi International Airport to Georgian citizens and members of the diaspora travelling abroad.

The families of prisoners of conscience have also expressed their support for Mzia Amaghlobeli, the imprisoned founder and director of the independent media outlet Batumelebi and a political prisoner from [Batumi](#). They organised a fundraising exhibition in support of prisoners of conscience, featuring handmade items created by the prisoners, their letters, and personal items selected by [them](#). The purpose of the exhibition and sale was to raise resources to support advocacy and solidarity activities on behalf of prisoners of conscience.

In addition, as part of the campaign, they have organised demonstrations at various locations, including outside public institutions across Georgia. For example, they have held protests in front of Rustavi City Hall, the Georgian House of Justice, the Ministry of Culture, the Ministry of Labour, Health and Social Defence of Georgia, the Government building and the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

The parents of prisoners of conscience have called on the Georgian Public Broadcaster to cover their press briefings, meet with the broadcaster's management, and provide them with live airtime. As they stated: "Give us live airtime so that we can inform the public about our family members and their cases."

They also organise and participate in weekly marches and protest rallies in Tbilisi and other regions of Georgia. In addition, they hold working meetings to coordinate their activities and develop campaign strategies.

Throughout these initiatives, the families have overcome numerous obstacles with determination and perseverance. For example, a train carrying family members of prisoners of conscience to Batumi was delayed after police demanded that banners expressing support for the prisoners be removed before the train was allowed to depart.

Nargiz Davitadze, whose 20-year-old son, Zviad Tsetskhladze, was sentenced to 2.5 years in prison, says that in some of these encounters she sees how Georgian Dream's propaganda works. Nargiz remembers being hurt after a person insulted her, including references to Georgian Dream propaganda, while she distributed newspapers in her hometown of Batumi.



Nargiz Davitadze and Zviad Tsetskhladze

Over time, their trips have become about more than distributing newspapers. In the Pankisi Valley, for example, the mothers visited the grave of Temirlan Machalikashvili, a 19-year-old who was shot dead by Georgian security forces in 2018. His father has been seeking a proper investigation ever since then, but in vain. They also went to the memorial of Giorgi Antsukhelidze, who fought and was killed during the August 2008 War.

Mamuka Terishvili, a 17-year-old flag bearer, was killed in 1992 while fighting for Georgia's freedom. He was executed by members of the Mkhedrioni paramilitary group. Today, his brother, Giorgi Terishvili, has been imprisoned by the Georgian Dream authorities for participating in the same struggle for freedom. Their mother, Marina Terishvili, continues to fight for both her son's freedom and the freedom of her country alongside the mothers of other prisoners of [conscience](#). The parents of political prisoners [visited](#) Mamuka Terishvili's [grave](#), laying flowers and carrying Georgian flags in his memory and in solidarity with those imprisoned for their beliefs.

On different occasions, parents and family members have gathered outside prisons for the birthdays of their imprisoned children. Similarly, they were there for each other when verdicts were announced. Sometimes, the mothers would leave the hearings of their own children to attend the verdicts of others, as the hearings would overlap.

‘We were complete strangers to each other, but we gathered and became one big family. We all have Rustaveli Avenue and the area outside parliament to stand together and care for each other, to share sorrows from the heart. When I am tired from work, I always try to come to Rustaveli for at least an hour. After all, I feel relieved, because I know people will care for me there, and will say warm things about my and others’ children. Then life becomes slightly easier,’ Nani says. Marina Aptsiauri is the mother of Nika Katsia, who was one of the three protesters who was acquitted by the court of drug charges. Despite her son’s release, she has continued attending the distribution trips, telling OC Media during one of these trips that she will continue to support the other mothers and fight the authorities until the last imprisoned protester is released. Everything we do, every step we take, is with a goal for it to bring results tomorrow, to free our boys. Not my son or her son separately, but we will fight until everyone is free,’ Nani says. Marizi says everything she talks about is never only about her son but about everyone else.

‘We are proud of our sons. It is so hard when you wake up, and he is not at home. You put your hand to your heart for it not to stop beating, and then you get up knowing that you have to continue fighting’, Marizi says.



Marizi Kobakhidze and Tornike Gagoshidze

We will fight until the very end. The more they anger us, the stronger our response will be. I will not sacrifice my son, whom I raised through hardship and

suffering, to this regime, said Elene Khundadze, Miminoshvili, a prisoner of conscience.

the mother of Irakli



Elene Khundadze and Irakli Miminoshvili

The resilience, courage, and determination of Georgian mothers and their children have set an example for us all, reminding us that we must keep fighting before it is too late. As Mzia Amaghlobeli, Georgia's political prisoner, said while in detention.



Aquelarre, laboratorio de diseño feminista

¿De quién es el futuro? Esperanza, vitalidad e imaginación

Alex Manuel Galván Guzmán



Foto: niño campesino del Alto Sinú - Colombia

Esto no es un texto para cultivar la esperanza ofreciendo una salida al malestar que compartimos los humanos con otras especies o cuerpos. Lejos de proponer una solución, trato aquí de relieves una reflexión situada. Parto de que la desesperanza es un efecto de la polícrisis actual y sistémica que nos atraviesa. Aclaro de inmediato que me enfocaré solo en la desesperanza que se produce en escenarios de violencia y opresión relacionados con estructuras de poder como el patriarcado, el capitalismo y el racismo, sin que esto reste importancia a otras experiencias cotidianas. Planteo que, para afrontar la desesperanza urge integrar la imaginación y la vitalidad dentro de los repertorios de resistencia en todas las escalas y en los diversos horizontes de lucha que persiguen la justicia social y la transformación del mundo. Tampoco propongo una estructura. Ofrezco solo una pregunta que funcione como brújula: ¿de quién es el futuro? Para interiorizarla —mas no para responderla— me valdré de la esperanza como un ritornelo.

La desesperanza como síntoma epocal se traduce en un malestar colectivo que tiene la capacidad de moldear la arquitectura afectiva de los sujetos, sus relaciones sociales y posiciones políticas. Desde una perspectiva fenomenológica, la desesperanza es una experiencia que ha acompañado a los humanos en distintos momentos de sus vidas (Radcliffe, 2013; Steinbock, 2007). Esta ha sido representada históricamente por los lenguajes de la religión, la literatura, el arte, la filosofía y las disciplinas psi, y ha sido definida como un estado de ánimo, construcción psicológica o percepción negativa. Tales definiciones han limitado la desesperanza a un asunto privado, como algo que solo concierne al individuo y su realidad inmediata. Pero la intensificación de la desesperanza en el presente, la cual se hace visible en su entrelazamiento con los ritmos de la cotidianidad compartida o en su colectivización tal como si fuera el aire que respiramos, permite dar cuenta de qué tan generalizado puede llegar a ser este síntoma, imposibilitándonos pensar que otro mundo sí es posible independiente de cualquier utopía, proyecto revolucionario o promesa celestial.

Hay muchas formas de llegar a habitar la desesperanza, ya sea por situaciones específicas dentro de los ciclos de vida de cada persona o las complejidades del contexto espacial e histórico. A veces esta se inculca gota a gota como veneno mientras consumimos las imágenes de un mundo que se cae a pedazos. Internet nos acerca —¡al mismo tiempo que nos aleja! — al dolor de la realidad: contextos de violencia extrema, riesgos sanitarios globales, catástrofes socio-naturales, crisis financieras, intensificación del racismo anti-negro, la transfobia y la misoginia, etc. Pero ¿qué ocurre cuando la desesperanza es producto de la polícrisis sistémica? Apelando a la dimensión temporal, exactamente lo que se moldea es la percepción del tiempo, hasta el punto que las personas se desorientan respecto a su presente, difuminan los contornos del pasado y bloquean las posibilidades de futuro. En cuanto al futuro, la desesperanza opera de manera particular, ya que esta afecta estratégicamente las iniciativas, voluntades y deseos de transformación sociocultural, política y ambiental a mediano o largo plazo. Así, la desesperanza desdibuja el futuro instalando y materializando narrativas de caos, desesperación y confusión en un eterno presente para el que, supuestamente, no hay escapatoria.

La sensación de caminar por el borde de un precipicio, de que se avecina un colapso o de que transitamos por una catástrofe de los sentidos, se acrecienta en coyunturas donde la polícrisis eclosiona haciendo metástasis. Para el historiador Adam Tooze (2022), la polícrisis es un escenario heterogéneo caracterizado por la convergencia de crisis de distinta naturaleza que, al momento de acoplarse, resultan más devastadoras que cada una de ellas por separado. Si bien este concepto es utilizado para desentrañar la *telaraña* de crisis que durante las últimas dos décadas han

desestabilizado el orden planetario, desde una perspectiva decolonial este tejido es el reflejo de asimetrías de poder que históricamente se han venido desarrollando (Kelecha, 2026). La yuxtaposición de crisis globales que acontecen simultáneamente —pandemias, gobiernos autoritarios, avanzada de movimientos anti-derechos, contrarreformas agrarias, destrucción ecosistémica, desestabilización económica y cambio climático— son producto de injusticias y desigualdades derivadas de la matriz moderno-colonial que, durante varios siglos, ha venido desorganizando los territorios del Sur global.

Considero que la literatura científica y técnica sobre la policrisis se centra en macroescalas, priorizando categorías analíticas como Norte y Sur Global, multipolaridad, fronteras y regiones. Sin embargo, el lugar del cuerpo, tanto individual como colectivo, está ausente de dicho campo de estudios, así como el rol que juegan las identidades de los sujetos en las afectaciones diferenciales dentro de contextos de policrisis, partiendo de que no todos los cuerpos están atravesados por las mismas experiencias de privilegio y opresión (Hills, 2000; Vigoya, 2016). Si bien los análisis a gran escala son necesarios para obtener una perspectiva geopolítica de los desafíos en materia de seguridad, economía, gobernanza y ambiente, estos no pueden diluirse en una generalidad, ya que es precisamente en el cuerpo donde exactamente desembocan estas fuerzas y donde se hace perceptible la configuración de los poderes y, por supuesto, sus respectivas resistencias (Foucault, 2014).

Ahora, la esperanza como fuerza tiene su condición de posibilidad en la dimensión bio-física del cuerpo. Es en esta materialidad constituida de agua, carne, huesos, nervios, afectos, discursos y simbologías donde se fabrica y se operativiza la esperanza. Cuando convergen múltiples crisis en una misma coyuntura, la desesperanza aumenta significativamente y el cuerpo se vuelve un termómetro para medirla. Con esto último no me refiero al modelo cognitivo de C.R. Snyder u otras escalas psicométricas, sino a la capacidad que tiene el cuerpo para producir *saberes otros* que suelen ser subestimados por las disciplinas occidentales.

Si se trae a esta ecuación el concepto controversial de resiliencia, podría decirse que frente a cada crisis los humanos despliegan diversas habilidades para soportar el daño y seguir adelante. Esto puede indicar que, cuantas más crisis se tenga que afrontar, mayor es la exigencia y expectativa de resiliencia sobre los sujetos afectados. Pero una cosa es la resiliencia como capacidad de recuperarse y emerger fortalecido, y otra cosa es la resiliencia como mandato a saber vivir constantemente en peligro. En la primera versión si bien hay una transformación del sujeto, esta viene acompañada casi siempre de una conciencia del daño, además de un compromiso vital con cuestionar y desestabilizar las estructuras de poder que lo producen. En la segunda, se efectúa un proceso de adaptación mediante el cual el individuo o la comunidad aprende a soportar el daño sin llegar a cuestionar aquello que lo produce. De este modo, al tener la resiliencia diversos matices semánticos, al igual que la esperanza, entre ambas pueden tejerse múltiples puentes sin que una dependa exclusivamente de la otra.

Evitando tomar una postura totalizante me pregunto: ¿cuál es el lugar que ocupa la esperanza en el trabajo individual o colectivo de la resiliencia? La esperanza puede llegar a ser indispensable o no en el proceso de la resiliencia. Esta contribuye positivamente tanto a las personas que aprenden a vivir en riesgo como a aquellas que consiguen fortalecerse y restaurarse emocionalmente. Sin embargo, me arriesgo a sostener que, bajo un esquema de resiliencia adaptativa, las dosis de

desesperanza pueden llegar a inocularse de manera más efectiva. En cambio, los cuerpos que utilizan la resiliencia como posibilidad de reinención y re-existencia, manteniendo una conciencia importante sobre las violencias que los marca y un compromiso político con erradicarla, articulan la esperanza de manera más contundente.

La otra pregunta que zumba en mi entraña es: ¿Las personas expuestas al daño en contextos de violencia extrema, desastres socio-naturales y profundas desigualdades esperan algo o solo utilizan su energía vital para sobrevivir en un presente convulso? Cuando digo “esperan algo”, me refiero a su relación ontológica con el futuro. Texto arriba mencionaba que uno de los efectos de la desesperanza es la manera como esta influye en la comprensión del tiempo. Desde el enfoque de la psicología moral, Katie Stockdale (2021), sostiene que los sujetos que viven en escenarios de opresión constante se enfrentan al riesgo de perder la esperanza y desarrollar emociones como la amargura, la cual no es más que una “ira sin esperanza”. La pérdida de la esperanza puede traducirse entonces en una relativa anulación de la capacidad de deseo y espera, conllevando a la desesperación o la inmovilización.

Dentro de las lógicas del sistema neoliberal y en escenarios de polícrisis, los esfuerzos están dirigidos a que las personas puedan adaptarse y recuperarse de los estragos, convirtiendo así la resiliencia en una virtud e institucionalizando una cultura del riesgo en la cual el peligro se normaliza. En cambio, no se le presta suficiente atención a la transformación o erradicación de las condiciones que posibilitan las vulnerabilidades sociales, políticas, económicas y ambientales (Evans y Reid, 2016). Sería interesante si los gobiernos se enfocaran en cultivar la esperanza más allá de la instrumentalización a una resiliencia adaptativa. Los movimientos sociales, y aún más, los procesos organizativos de base y las expresiones de autogestión al margen del statu quo, tienen mucho que enseñarnos en este aspecto (Dinerstein, 2013). La esperanza que se fabrica desde estos niveles además de contar con la potencia del deseo y la espera en el futuro, tiene dos ingredientes sustanciales: vitalidad e imaginación, ambos, antídotos eficaces frente a la desesperanza.

La vitalidad es una fuerza que sostiene y anima los cuerpos. Aunque imperceptible, sus efectos pueden observarse en el mundo material y simbólico. Como energía creadora, la vitalidad incuba otros elementos cruciales para la esperanza como la confianza, el optimismo y la fe, necesarios para desarmar las prácticas y discursos del colapso civilizatorio. Si bien la vitalidad es un concepto que ha estado bajo el dominio del lenguaje religioso y filosófico, su fertilidad permite que sea eficaz en el campo de la política y la lucha social. Tanto la resistencia como la resiliencia y los procesos de transformación radical, en cualquier escala, requieren del misterio, la fuerza y la voluntad de la vida. Por su parte, la imaginación, lejos de ser una facultad fantasiosa integrada de elementos engañosos de la percepción, es más bien un acto creativo-disruptivo en el que se solicita e invoca una nueva realidad (Ricoeur, 2002). La herramienta de la imaginación es fundamental para diseñar realidades alternativas basadas en el principio de la defensa de todas las formas de vida y donde predomine una *relacionalidad radical* entre cuerpos y sin jerarquías ontológicas (Escobar, 2020).

Las instituciones del Estado, las oenegés y los centros académicos palpan y sienten de forma distinta la polícrisis a cómo la viven las personas en su mundanidad concreta, específicamente porque omiten o no se detienen lo suficiente en los impactos socio-afectivos de la polícrisis. La desesperanza, como efecto desestabilizante, se inocular de forma asimétrica al estar condicionada por desigualdades estructurales, pues la polícrisis no afecta a todos por igual.

De ahí surge: ¿de quién es el futuro? Pregunta que funciona como una interpelación a problematizar las formas en que, desde América Latina y el Caribe, los pueblos históricamente oprimidos y los sectores sociales marginalizados se relacionan con el futuro.

Frente a las narrativas apocalípticas que ilustran el fin del mundo, las comunidades afectadas ponen en marcha estrategias para defender, nombrar y reclamar el porvenir: construyen alternativas, ensoñaciones, afectos y políticas otras. Por esto es importante preguntarse ¿quién ejerce el poder de imaginar nuestro futuro? Urge, entonces: escuchar las iniciativas y soluciones brindadas desde el senti-pensar de los pueblos; conectar horizontes de lucha; controvertir la teleología de la empresa moderno-colonial del capitalismo; desinstalar las arquitecturas afectivas de la desesperanza; coser los fragmentos dispersos de las memorias y saberes rotos; mudar la piel de los afectos tristes; tejer vitalidades en colaboración con otras especies.

Si la esperanza, como diría Emily Dickson, es “esa cosa con plumas / que se posa en el alma / y entona melodías sin palabras / y no se detiene para nada” debemos asegurar que no vuele a otros cielos o a otros abismos. Debemos hacerle nido en cualquier rincón donde esté libre de peligro: ya sea el corazón, la memoria colectiva, el espíritu o la carne.

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I Was Born, and It All Began . . .

We are all born free and equal, and we must die free..

What you will read here is not fiction. It is a true story, born from pain but forged through years of struggle - a struggle that began before I had a voice of my own, and that I was forced to meet anyway. There are stories in life that are born not from silence, but from the fight itself. Mine is one of them.

I was born on May 19, 1992, in Gyumri, Armenia's second-largest city, in the northern region of Shirak. Growing up in Armenia in the 1990s, being a girl meant navigating an entire architecture of patriarchal expectations. There were unspoken rules for what a girl could wear, where she could go, and how she should behave. Inside the phrase "a woman's place is the kitchen" lived a rigid system of control. To break any of these rules was to risk being pushed outside the circle of who belonged. But even then, I held to my own sense of what was fair and pushed back against daily discrimination, school bullying, and later, severe labor rights

violations.

I reached an age where I understood that survival was not going to be enough. My birth - the fact that I had, against all expectations, lived - had to mean something larger than the violence that had tried to end it. I understood that my private fight had to become a public space of safety for others. Recognizing that my story was shared by thousands of silenced women across Armenia, I wanted to transform personal resilience into a collective shield.

That is how the Women's Rights House was born: a grassroots organization in our region, built from the ground up to prevent violence, resist discrimination, strengthen women's economic independence, and reclaim room for women's voices in civic and political life where, for generations, there had been none.

Through visionary, community-based leadership, what started as a regional grassroots initiative has grown into a cornerstone of institutional support in Armenia. Our guiding principle is simple: stand beside other women, without judgment, in radical solidarity. I believe deeply in sisterhood - that women grow strongest not alone but shoulder to shoulder, each one's struggle made visible, and therefore survivable, by the communal space around her.

What this has meant in practice is the beautiful, raw construction of a collective sanctuary. To date, this shared ecosystem of resistance has directly supported more than **10,000+ vulnerable women and girls to rebuild their lives**, reclaim their agency, and rewrite their futures through holistic legal, psychological, social, and economic programs.

True collective care also means responding to immediate humanitarian crises. When families were forcibly displaced from Nagorno-Karabakh, our network mobilized to establish vital psychosocial and economic integration programs for displaced women, ensuring they found solidarity in their darkest hours. We have designed pioneering initiatives that enhance labor rights protection and empower rural women to become active participants in public and political life outside the capital, effectively bridging the gap between rural realities and national policymaking.

Together, we reclaim the ground that was stolen from us, one human moment at a time. The cases are so numerous that it is difficult to isolate just a few, but their impact remains unforgettable.

I remember a woman, older than me and a mother of children, who had never owned a wallet of her own in her entire life. Until she met us, she did not even know she could ask her husband to help take out the trash. During one of our awareness sessions, she was genuinely stunned, expressing that it had never even crossed her mind because she always assumed it was her absolute, unquestionable duty.

Another profound case etched into my memory involves a husband who brought his wife to our center under the guise of concern, requesting psychological support for her mental health. He completely underestimated our professional skills. Through careful, strategic counseling, we uncovered that he was subjecting her to severe, systematic gaslighting. The moment our entire 3

network of women surrounded her with solidarity and truth, his abusive facade crumbled, and his true violent nature was exposed. We stood our ground, transforming that psychological trap into a turning point for her liberation.

I remember another woman who confided that she had always dreamed of dyeing her hair, but her husband would never allow it; after finding a safe space to speak with us, she gained the inner confidence to realize that she is the ultimate master of her own life and choice.

Our collective protection also means standing as a fierce shield against institutional violence. We fought relentlessly for a teenage girl who was subjected to sexual violence and online threats. Instead of protecting her, the police shamed her, subjecting her to secondary victimization, until our network stepped in and fought for her dignity and justice.

There are hundreds of thousands of these stories of successful, collective protection and community care that I will forever keep close to my heart. For me, those shining eyes and "victory smiles" are more than enough to receive new strength and the motivation to keep fighting.

These are not small things. A wallet, a hair color, a decision about bread, etc. - they are the first square meters of freedom a person reclaims when she is held up by a community that reminds her she belongs. I call these shared moments "victory smiles." They are our collective fuel. Our success is not measured on paper, but in the specific, private transformation when a woman who arrived unable to speak leaves the room asking her own questions, offering her own opinions, and taking up space she was never permitted to take.

Through this collective journey, we have learned that freedom is not something granted from the outside by a law, a title, or a permission; it begins the exact moment a person stops needing to prove that her existence has value.

What violence, poverty, and a childhood without a window taught me was not cynicism - it was how to gather the tools to build a collective room with a window in it for someone else. Today, alongside my sisters at the Women's Rights House, we are building those windows together.

This is what I want women elsewhere- in other languages, other regions, other versions of the same fight-to know: even in the most isolated, most conservative corners, alternative structures of care, solidarity, and justice are already alive. We are building them one kitchen-table conversation, one legal consultation, and one reclaimed wallet at a time. I was born, and it all began. And together, we are ensuring it does not stop.

Manual incompleto para desafiar aquellas miradas que ya lo saben todo

Instrucciones provisionales para acompañar en tiempos de policrisis



Autoras: Denisse Rentería y Rocío Muñoz

Formato: Ensayo híbrido/manual experimental

Manual incompleto para desafiar a aquellas miradas que ya lo saben todo

Instrucciones provisionales para acompañar en tiempos de policrisis

Advertencia: Este manual está incompleto. No porque falten páginas, sino porque ha sido escrito por personas que seguimos aprendiendo. Tampoco ofrece soluciones universales. Fue construido a partir de conversaciones, talleres, visitas, lecturas, errores, preguntas sin respuesta y encuentros con niñas y niños, juventudes, disidencias, mujeres privadas de la libertad, familias y personas que han pasado buena parte de su vida siendo interpretadas por otras. También se nutre de prácticas feministas, antirracistas y antipunitivas que han insistido en que el cuidado, la escucha y la construcción colectiva del conocimiento son profundamente políticos.

1. Algunas veces llegamos con respuestas antes de tener preguntas

Las miradas que ya lo saben todo rara vez se reconocen a sí mismas. No siempre aparecen en discursos autoritarios o en decisiones institucionales. Pueden aparecer cuando creemos haber entendido una situación demasiado rápido, cuando una categoría parece suficiente o cuando una respuesta llega antes que una pregunta.

Entender una situación no es lo mismo que acercarse a una experiencia. Las categorías pueden ayudarnos a organizar información, incluso a orientarnos. Sin embargo, también simplifican aquello que intentan nombrar. Cuando olvidamos que son herramientas y comenzamos a tratarlas como verdades absolutas, corremos el riesgo de perder de vista las personas y sus vivencias.

Instrucción: Desconfía de la primera explicación, cuando una situación parezca evidente, detente.

Ejercicio: Identifica tres cosas que crees saber sobre una situación y pregúntate de dónde provienen esas certezas.

2. Escuchar no siempre significa comprender

Hace algún tiempo coincidimos con una adolescente privada de la libertad. Cuando se le preguntó cuánto tiempo llevaba ahí respondió:

-No sé- Tal vez ayer.

Algo no terminaba de encajar. Con el tiempo se hizo evidente que había preguntas importantes que seguían sin hacerse. No porque faltara información, sino porque algunas certezas parecían haber llegado antes que las preguntas.

Entonces comenzamos a preguntarnos qué condiciones habían hecho posible que las preguntas importantes permanecieran ausentes durante tanto tiempo.

Instrucción: Detente en aquello que despierta nuevas preguntas: una contradicción, un silencio, una respuesta inesperada o un detalle que no habías considerado importante.

Ejercicio: Durante una conversación, presta atención a aquello que desborda las categorías, cuestiona las certezas y desafía las narrativas que parecían suficientes, tal vez ahí se encuentre la pregunta más importante.

3. Ningunx de nosotrxs está fuera de la historia

Nos gusta imaginar que las miradas que simplifican, clasifican o excluyen pertenecen siempre a otras personas: a los gobiernos, a los sistemas de justicia, a los medios, a los sectores conservadores o a quienes consideramos ideológicamente distintas. Sin embargo, estas formas de mirar también pueden aparecer en movimientos sociales, organizaciones, espacios comunidades y en nosotrxs mismxs. No porque tengamos malas intenciones, sino porque todxs hemos aprendido a interpretar el mundo a partir de categorías, narrativas y relaciones de poder que nos preceden. Acompañar no nos sitúa automáticamente del lado del cuidado. Tampoco compartir una identidad o una causa garantiza que comprendamos la experiencia de otra persona.

Quizá por eso el cuidado no consiste únicamente en estar presentes para otrxs, sino también en revisar constantemente aquello que dejamos de ver, las categorías que utilizamos y las respuestas que consideramos posibles.

Instrucción: Como nadie acompaña desde un lugar neutral, te invitamos a reconocer tus propias experiencias, privilegios, miedos, ideologías y trayectorias y mira cómo éstas influyen en la manera en que interpretamos a otras personas.

Ejercicio: Pregúntate qué historias, identidades o experiencias te resultan más difíciles de comprender y por qué. Así que para armar el mapa, cimarronea las fronteras, encontrando nuevas respuestas.

4. Nadie tiene el mapa completo

Nos enseñaron a buscar respuestas en instituciones, diagnósticos o expedientes. Y, aunque todxs ellxs pueden aportar piezas importantes, rara vez alcanzan por sí solxs para nombrar todo aquello que queda fuera de sus categorías. Muchas de las preguntas que continúan abiertas no han encontrado respuesta definitiva en ninguno de estos lugares. Algunas se han vuelto más complejas después de una conversación. Otras han aparecido durante alguna actividad colectiva o un intercambio entre personas con experiencias distintas. Hay preguntas que nacen en una actividad de mediación y terminan transformando una metodología.

Poco a poco hemos comenzado a sospechar que el conocimiento no siempre funciona como una propiedad que alguien posee y transmite. Nadie tiene el mapa completo. Quizá por eso las respuestas colectivas rara vez nacen de una única experiencia, una única institución o una única forma de conocimiento. Los movimientos feministas, antirracistas, LGBTQI+ y antipunitivistas han producido herramientas para comprender lo que las instituciones muchas veces no logran nombrar: las interdependencias, las desigualdades y las formas cotidianas en que se sostiene la vida.

5. Las respuestas ya están en marcha

Con frecuencia hablamos de imaginar otros futuros. Sin embargo, quizá una tarea igual de urgente consiste en imaginar otros presentes donde las diferencias no se conviertan automáticamente en exclusión. Donde las preguntas tengan más espacio que las respuestas apresuradas. Donde el cuidado no sea una excepción. Donde las personas no sean reducidas a expedientes, diagnósticos o categorías que prometen explicar (casi) todo.

Cuando hablamos de policrisis, puede resultar sencillo concentrarse en aquello que parece deteriorarse: las condiciones materiales para sostener la vida, las redes de cuidado o los vínculos comunitarios. Sin embargo, las respuestas no esperan a que existan condiciones ideales para comenzar a construirse. No porque la precariedad produzca alternativas por sí misma, sino porque las personas continúan organizándose, sosteniendo vínculos, compartiendo conocimientos, disputando narrativas y ensayando formas cotidianas de cuidado, organización y convivencia incluso en contextos adversos. Las prácticas de cuidado han sido y continúan siendo una herramienta histórica de resistencia y organización política.

Instrucción: Identifica cómo las personas construyen estrategias de supervivencia, redes de apoyo, formas de cuidado y mecanismos de resistencia.

Ejercicio: Elige una práctica de cuidado, solidaridad o resistencia que ya esté ocurriendo en tu comunidad y pregúntate qué la hace posible y qué necesidades está intentando atender.

6. Las respuestas también dialogan

Reconocer que las respuestas ya existen no significa asumir que son homogéneas, suficientes o están libres de contradicciones. Las policrisis producen necesidades diversas que, difícilmente, pueden abordarse desde una única estrategia o perspectiva. Las polirespuestas no eliminan el conflicto. Requieren condiciones materiales, responsabilidades compartidas y la disposición para sostener diálogos entre perspectivas que no siempre coinciden entre sí.

Estas respuestas se construyen todos los días. A veces aparecen en una conversación que replantea una metodología. A veces en una visita donde una familia continúa sosteniendo un vínculo que otrxs consideran debería darse por roto. A veces en una pregunta que obliga a revisar una certeza que parecía inamovible. A veces en quienes sostienen espacios comunitarios allí donde la voluntad política para garantizar derechos resulta insuficiente o desigual. Muchas de estas respuestas han sido impulsadas y sostenidas por movimientos feministas, queer, antirracistas y comunitarios. Quizá por eso la pregunta no es únicamente cómo responder a las crisis, sino también cómo reconocer, sostener y aprender de lo que ya está siendo construido colectivamente.

Instrucción: Observa cómo distintas personas y actorxs responden a una misma situación y qué tensiones emergen. Pregúntate qué condiciones hacen posibles esas respuestas.

Ejercicio: Pon tus intenciones y perspectivas en diálogo con otras intenciones y perspectivas, con quienes coincidimos, con quienes no, ejercita tu músculo del conflicto y convoca(te) a mover lo inamovible.

7. Imaginar otros presentes

Las infancias, juventudes, disidencias, mujeres, familias y comunidades no aparecen únicamente en las historias de crisis. También participan activamente en la construcción cotidiana de estrategias y formas de convivencia que desafían aquello que suele presentarse como inevitable. Tal vez, la imaginación política no comienza cuando soñamos con mundos completamente nuevos. Tal vez comienza cuando participamos en la construcción cotidiana de relaciones, cuidados y formas de convivencia que cuestionan aquello que damos por inevitable.

Este manual termina aquí. Si algo permanece abierto después de estás páginas, esperamos que no sean las respuestas, sino las preguntas que todavía no sabemos formular.

Instrucción: No esperes a que termine la crisis para comenzar a construir alternativas.

Ejercicio: Pregúntate qué acción concreta puedes realizar hoy para que el mundo que deseas sea un poco más habitable para ti, para mi, para alguien más.



Before strategy comes conversation: how feminist resistance begins

I thought I knew what I was going to ask.

We had brought together feminist academics working in Hungary, the Netherlands and the United States for an online conversation about what it means to work in academia when the space around you is becoming more hostile. More than 70 people from six continents joined us for [*Feminist Resistance: Working in the Academy Under Attack*](#).

As the moderator, I had prepared questions about pressure and resistance. What strategies were working? What could people in different countries learn from one another?

I have spent years as an investigative journalist following anti-rights movements and the networks behind them. I am used to looking for structures: who organises, who funds, which narratives travel across borders, how power is accumulated and exercised.

I came to this conversation with much the same instinct. If the problem is organised, where is the organised response?

But people were talking about survival

From Hungary, Anna Kende, Director of the [*ELTE Institute of Psychology*](#), spoke about a university system under political pressure and restructuring.

But she also reminded us that not every threat comes directly from government. Academia has its own inequalities: competition, gendered assumptions about competence, invisible care and administrative labour, and systems that determine whose knowledge and careers are valued.

From Florida, [*Susanne Zwingel*](#), Associate Professor of Politics and International Relations at Florida International University, described something more explicit: restrictions on what can be taught, attacks on diversity initiatives, political intervention in university governance and pressure on faculty unions.

People were increasingly looking for individual ways to survive: keeping their heads down, changing what they taught, considering leaving academia.

From the Netherlands, Elena Ponzoni, co-founder of Refugee Academy and director of the [*Co-Creation for Inclusive Knowledges Lab*](#), described a changing political climate around migration, inequality and gender, and the self-censorship that can follow.

These are not equivalent political contexts, and I don't want to flatten their differences. But much of what I was hearing was about withdrawal: people calculating what they could safely say, trying to find an individual way out.

Before asking how people resist, I realised we also needed to ask what makes collective resistance so difficult.

Then the conversation changed

At the beginning, I had told the speakers that I did not want three presentations followed by questions. I wanted them to talk to each other, pick up each other's points and disagree if they wanted to.

And they did.

Elena spoke about building horizontal connections between researchers, communities, artists and activists. Places where people could meet, exchange knowledge and support each other. She described how people who feel isolated can begin to see that they are part of a network that is not immediately visible.

Susanne connected this to her experience in Florida. Faced with growing attacks on higher education, she had created an online event series, [Florida Feminist Fridays](#).

Being online made it accessible, but also a little more "under the radar". Afterwards, some contacted her with questions and she put them in touch with others.

Nobody was offering a grand theory of resistance. They were talking about opening a room, keeping a network going, putting people in touch.

Elena had seen another version of this through a Brazilian colleague. Feminist networks, pedagogies of care and participatory practices had been built over years, long before [Jair Bolsonaro](#) came to power.

Once the political climate changed, the priority was to protect what was already there. As Elena described what she had learned from her colleague, the idea was simple: "we keep each other's hands and we don't leave each other".

This was different from the resistance I know best. As a journalist, I tend to think in terms of exposure and challenging power. But there are political moments when pushing forward is not possible. Then the work may be to make sure that what has already been built is still there afterwards: the relationships, the trust, the people who know how to find one another.

Who gets to take the risk?

And then there is the question of *solidarity*.

Susanne was very open about her own position. As a full professor, she had a degree of security that others did not. An early-career academic, someone on a precarious contract, an international student or a researcher who has attracted political hostility will make a very different calculation before speaking.

That matters. We cannot put people in the same room, call it horizontal and pretend everyone has arrived with the same amount of power or the same amount to lose.

Universities reproduce these hierarchies too: between permanent and precarious staff, academics and communities, researchers and the people being researched, those whose knowledge is automatically treated as expertise and those invited in to provide “experience”.

Elena’s work tries to undo some of those divisions. She works alongside communities, including queer migrants and women organising around poverty and gentrification, recognising the knowledge they produce themselves.

It made me reconsider what I mean when I say I am “holding” a feminist space. It cannot just mean distributing speaking time fairly.

Some people can afford to speak more freely than others, and some kinds of knowledge are still taken more seriously. What matters, too, is what remains after everyone logs off.

The small things

At some point I asked: what can people actually do? I was still hoping for something that looked like a strategy proportionate to the problem.

Instead, the answers were surprisingly ordinary.

Open university spaces to communities. Bring people together. Create places where people can tell their stories and where those with more power listen. Stop treating activists and communities as people academics study and recognise the knowledge they bring. Build relationships before there is a crisis.

And when working with people living under enormous pressure, recognise that sometimes what they need is not another paper about their lives but care and practical support.

When governments interfere with what universities can teach, “bring people together” hardly sounds adequate.

Susanne acknowledged this. When the attack feels enormous, she said, the small things can feel “not good enough”, not organised enough, not concerted enough. Yet much of what keeps feminist academic spaces alive is difficult to see from outside: refusing to self-censor, keeping a gender studies programme alive by bringing students into it, maintaining connections, making room for conversations that would otherwise disappear. Together, she said, these things create something like a fabric.

One conversation will not stop an authoritarian government, and an introduction between two people is not a movement.

But people who are isolated are much easier to silence.

What exactly are we defending?

Towards the end, I asked everyone to stop talking about the academy under attack and tell me what kind of academy they actually wanted.

There is an uncomfortable contradiction here. When universities come under political attack, those of us who care about academic freedom rush to defend them. But the university before the attack was hardly a feminist paradise.

Anna had already spoken about inequalities in academia. Elena imagined an academy less dominated by competition, where feminist standpoint theory was not marginal knowledge and where our different positions in society were recognised as shaping the knowledge we produce. She also talked about emotional labour and care for colleagues and students.

Defending academic freedom and defending academia as it currently exists are not the same thing.

Universities run on precarious labour while rewarding security at the top. They celebrate competition while depending on care and mentoring that often go unrecognised. They decide which knowledge counts and too often invite communities into research as subjects rather than equals.

If all we do is protect the old academy from new authoritarian attacks, we risk protecting some of the very inequalities feminists were challenging before the current crisis.

We need to defend the freedom to teach, research and think critically without pretending that the institutions in which we exercise those freedoms do not need to change.

Feminist resistance cannot be only about what we refuse to lose. It also has to leave room for what we want to build.

Before strategy comes conversation

After the workshop, I returned to the question I had started with: where is the organised response?

I still think we need one.

Conversations cannot replace organising, strong unions, institutional protections or legal action. And I am wary of romanticising “care”. Women have been expected to hold institutions, movements and families together through unpaid and unrecognised care for far too long. Calling that labour feminist does not automatically make it fair.

Nor does calling a space feminist make it horizontal. The inequalities people bring into universities can walk straight into feminist rooms with us.

But I had probably been drawing too sharp a line between conversation and political action.

Over ninety minutes, people working in very different political circumstances compared strategies and recognised practices they had perhaps not thought of as resistance. They talked about unions and co-creation, online feminist spaces and storytelling, preserving networks and opening universities to communities. Towards the end, they talked not only about what they feared losing, but about the academy they wanted.

Anti-democratic politics does not work only through acts of repression. It also works when people start censoring themselves and dealing with the pressure alone.

I had gone into the workshop looking for the strategy. By the end, I was thinking about what needs to happen before we can even talk about strategy. People have to find one another first.

“Feminist Resistance: Working in the Academy Under Attack” was an online workshop held on 29 April 2026, co-hosted by [CCINDLE](#) and the [CEU Democracy Institute](#).

