

THE FUTURE OF CODE POLITICS II TECHNOLOGIES OF RADICAL CARE

PANEL: LOST IN TRANSLATION II: DECOLONIZING OUR IMAGINARIES ABOUT TECHS

with texts by Denise Alves-Rodrigues, Lu Ain-Zaila,
Gabriela Damián, performed by Kupalua, Génesis
Victoria, Thainá Ina, Yela Quim & Eli Wewentxu.
Moderation & curation: Lucía Egaña & Joana Varon.

English translations by Trajano Pontes.

This session will recover, rewrite and recognize a diversity of cosmovisions around technology.

Therefore it plays with the possibility of thinking about other temporalities, outside of linear progressive time to access ancestral knowledge and imagine decolonial speculative futures. In search of tech imaginaries that run apart from the vision of futures entailed by Silicon Valley and Hollywood, Lu Ain-Zaila, Denise Alves-Rodrigues and Gabriela Damián were invited to contribute stories that bring to the corefront concepts of afrofuturism, non-mechanical and non-heteronormative machines and decolonial science fiction. Those stories will be interpreted live by musicians and performers Kupalua, Génesis Victoria, Thainá Ina, Yela Quim & Eli Wewentxu.

Watch this session and access all these texts in their original languages and in German or English checking out the video description:



ESSAY: EVERY TECHNIQUE BEARS WITNESS

Author: Denise Alves-Rodrigues

0 - THE BASIC FLAW

THAT every person has in their personal history, a basic learning error in their life: I think of these stories as a code deviation, an unexpected gap in the assembly of a gear that will always make the machine bump. My personal bug is the blurring disease, something that goes for wanderers and people living on the borders. In me, this blurring acts on what can be seen by others as a disorder in terms of the limits and orientation of things, but for me it's not a disorder, it's just my vital principle.

I will never be able to accurately indicate which are the biggest influences of the Universe on this mode of operation of mine, especially because it changes or adapts over time. In fact, I cannot indicate whether this comes from being born and raised back and forth the interiors of the states of Mato Grosso do Sul and São Paulo, from having come into the world under the sign of Saturn, but under the influence of the moon in Gemini, or from a constant embarrassment about understanding my own identity, race, origin and social class. Or even if, at the end of the day, having broken a music box one day to watch its mechanics, or having been introduced to a projection technician inside a movie theater, have any meaning in the face of everything that drives me to do Arts, Technologies and Related Sciences.

What matters is that all the energy of rocking in doubt is the main axis, and what I can do is present a shortcut between memories, practices and projects, making sense of productions through dreams, earth, sex, electricity and affection, starting with the

1 - PRIMAL GESTURES

THAT were taught to me in my pre-literacy years, starting with my mother while I followed her readings of João Bidu's Astrology Guide* after lunch in the city of Araçatuba (State of São Paulo). Little did she know that, while she resorted to and read about incantations on the pages of the magazine, I was following her and when I interrupted her with a question (especially about the pictures) and she pointed at letters and words, through her voice and indications I was learning to read. Between Christian spells and daily

horoscopes, I got into a growing curiosity both for electronic devices and for everyday household techniques. The Technique was present at all times, whether by the perfect pressure applied by the vaquero's mouth on the blowing horn or by the cotton thread passing through the hemming of the pants, which my tailor mother taught me without even letting me touch the fabric.

Observation, listening and gesture imitation would one day in a laboratory in the mid-2000s be highlighted as valuable skills for my work as a designer or maker. That's how I understood that the handling-movement that the hands can do is inseparable from the culture in which they are born. This contamination of Technologies and Sciences by the familiar and domestic contradicts standardized protocols and methods, repeated in workshops/laboratories/factories, and I often discuss with fellow developers why they do not dig up their intimate and spiritual mythologies to embed them in their prototypes and products.

In the region where for the first time I was amazed by machines (both material and immaterial ones), a little over three decades ago, the skills that dwelled the imagination of the simple country people (such as the telluric spirituality and communion, as well as the word that was chanted to enchant the mind and persuade the tongue) were replaced by High Tech Agriculture, in which drones and poisons dispute the land, not as electronic and chemical novelties, but as an update of the melancholic labyrinth in which live those who are eager for the capital and das Kapital and are unaware that mixing together noise, diesel fuel, ideological dispute over wi-fi and mental data accumulation alter the sieve of the narrative. Evidence of this was that I was

2 – AWARE OF SIGNS,

LIKE when I dreamt that I was walking to a place where Nikola Tesla was working on a box that was on a table and under the light of a lamp; I get close to the table and the scientist indicates for me to look inside the box, inside it, a machine full of gears that kept moving randomly, I ask Tesla what it did, he answers, his mouth moves, but no sound comes out, I ask again what that was and again he speaks without sound. I don't understand what that machine is for, but I don't ask again, because it was Tesla right in front of me and I knew from reading his biography that he was a misogynist. So, in my dream, I felt lucky to have been able to peek inside his box, because in my unconscious I had already registered the input that I should repeat this

machine and, when asked what it was, I would explain:

I've created this machine that twists and pulls itself, and all its parts, each gear, pulley, screw, axle, nut and washer are made of gold, silver, brazil-wood, amethyst, emerald, muiracatiara, niobium, bauxite, iron, copper, tin, jacarandá, cumaru, curupixá, pink cedar, freijó, jatobá, sapphire, citrine, ruby, topaz and all of this in motion has the function of showing us that no Industrial and Technological Revolution would have been possible without consuming Cierro Rico from the inside or destroying Ouro Preto and all the other cities and peoples that disappeared in the nightmare of progress. The purpose of this machine is that the Origin is a Mirage.

What consoles me in all I read on the history of Technology is the understanding that part of us who were looted appreciate the inside out as resistance and insist on not reading nor following the instruction manuals, because it is as if we had an inexhaustible source of errors to test before sending it to

3. INVENTOR USERS,

WHO are to come and will make use of our energy management with manufactured parts.

It is likely that any person who has researched something about Technology in Brazil has come across, among the terms they found, the word gambiarra [artisanship]. For us, that word is as popular as God, Carnival and Money. A technical extension of the "Jeitinho Brasileiro" [the Brazilian way of doing things], it was co-opted and installed as an aesthetic standard and also established as a political practice, in cases of provisional measures. We have sanitized the gambiarra, but we still lurk for the error, when we reinvent and invert or blur the technical applications of the Arts, Magic, and Science when trying to escape the network that controls the psycho-social and instrumentalizes curiosity.

One of my practices in the field of Art and Technology is that of a teacher. Something recurring in students is the lack of intimacy or willingness to co-exist with devices and machines other than as a Consumer User. Many people have already attended my hands-on workshops and dropped out in the middle of the class, because they realized that they would have to produce an electronic circuit or a digital application that did not meet a "gamified" relationship with what was in front of them. In this case, my strategy is to go back to the ways I learned and try to offer people ways of inventing not only

devices, but their own tools. As if they were in a process of turning to self as an oracle, many of them revealed their regrets and epiphanies in relation to devices and machines, inventive voices that had been silenced for fear of not doing it “in the right way”.

I dispute these people’s attention with what I call the Neoliberal Passion, a state that leads someone to repeat the design-production-use-disposal cycle of an object and thus just repeat the “correct way” of working with tools and inventions. Some people feel entitled to a gesture that makes them look like a robotic cosplay, repeating instructions and looking for innovative solutions and industrial trends. Here the challenge is always how to bend the forms of research that are presented to us until they lose their own pattern, after what we start to design through

4. DESIRE AND DEMAND

IF we want to create machines, let’s start with the ones of intention. I recommend trying to prototype through rules that only make sense for the time of a spark of thought or the shudder of annunciation. I often bless my tools and blow wills to the electronic components I use on my workbench. It is a procedure that always makes the whole journey interesting in relation to electronic experiments and creates a connection with the machine; it is far more pleasant than reading Simondon. Another technique I use is to choose components according to the Tarot, as if an electrolytic capacitor had a specific archetype that, if placed at such a section of that circuit, activates it better. Inserting materials that they believe not to have any electricity generation capacity, such as stone, food and fabrics, is also welcome.

Working amid the performance of superstition, for the emancipation of technique and through the dreams of my community is what made me a Technosapatamista. This word was coined and adapted from the fusion of Techno + Sapatatismo (Sapatão is how butch dykes are called in Brazil); I invented the term and tested it among jokes and flirting with lesbians who had met for an intensive electronics course. I find this combination perfect to indicate what a machine of intention can be, something that moves, with gears that may or may not be visible, with its power coming from air blows, liquids or the combustion of affections.

Technosapatatismo (I think) can be used by all people (except electro macho makers). The experience of Lesbian Culture has taught me that we extract, through our existence against the flow, the functioning of specific essences that make up Technology. Like this: we open Flusser’s Black Box with a

bread knife. A Phillips head screwdriver is not much for us. We take normative ways of life, observing and reinventing them. It's not an escape, it's a space-time-action warp. We recreate [...] and might as well tattoo "Trial Error" inside a burning heart.

It is necessary to warn that terms, machines and devices built without proficiency and by intention tend to a declared and intense self-transformation and along my practice I realized that

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5. AMATEURS OR THE ENDLESS PRINCIPLES

WHEN I'm asked what I do and where I move about, I answer that I work as a Visual Artist, Self-taught Technologist and Amateur Astronomer, moving back and forth my favorite interests (I call them indisciplines), which are Failed Technologies, Doubtful Theories, Impure Sciences and Useless Methodologies. I dodge between subjects of the performance and psychic engagements through everyday lapses that I've created, as if they were time capsules, cocoons to which I turn my attention without being interrupted while I create an intimate resistance that can be observed through the works and projects I make. In order to develop my interests, I added elasticity to what we understand by time, because it would be too hard to apply past-present-future to the Austral Technique and if we think of times as sediments or genders, we know that three are too few.

A Brazilian poet coined a term that I became very fond of and that I always apply in front of a tool bench: Amativa. A neologism for activation of amateurs. For someone to master in the Amadoria of Things, they need to balance between Complexity and Fortune, understand how to research through infinite layers of video or text tutorials posted on online forums we scour alone in the middle of the night, not unlike going into the woods to hunt for power plants and wisdom herbs in times when everyone is far away or when the Full Moon pulls the inner sap through the leaves and makes them greener and easier to find. Amateur practice is an effective way to lighten the specialist's burden. By pursuing a goal out of personal interest and without the pressure posed by authority, we shape materials with respect and fascination. Thus, through this text, I experienced a trial-report on sharing, about how I live with Technology as a Thing that is also made up of earth, blood, errors, affection and delirium. Sharing memories and speculations about techniques is a painstaking job of writing one's own myths.

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REFERENCES:

*Revista Mensal de Astrologia, a monthly Astrology magazine, extremely popular in Brazil in the 1980s and 1990s. Its author, João Bidu, still reads and predicts the future online.

*Nikola Tesla: Cancerian Inventor and Engineer. Born in Croatia, Died in the USA.

*Gilbert Simondon: French Philosopher and Technologist. He wrote about how Technical Objects have a specific existence.

*Brazilian Poet - Ana Cristina César: Poet, Critic and Translator from Rio de Janeiro. She was part of the "mimeograph generation", a marginal poetry movement in Brazil.

AN ANECDOTE ABOUT THE “I ACCEPT...”: THE REALISTIC HORROR OF TECHNOLOGY MISUSE REWRITTEN BY FICTION

by Lu Ain-Zaila

We need new anecdotes for current times.

Little by little the intense darkness that hovered over that massive staff room gave way to a little light, but something still didn't feel right. I knew where I was, sitting at my workstation in the sales team corner, where I had spent years selling “absurd” green market shares to working class clients, the new dreamers to explore. The goal board was a digital jar where each new client accounted for one coin and, as the sales goal was met, its color would change from blue to gold. That was something easier to remember than how or when I had gotten to that place. And that doubt caused my whole body to shiver.

Don't do this! It's a mistake to believe all this bullshit, that's what I said only in my mind to the customer on the other end of the line, but the narrative that we were all one, that the client themselves were a member of the greater soul that consisted of Whatever.Corp. saving the world with beautiful pictures created by montage of old, recycled pictures, was too sweet for a person not to say “Yes, I accept...” without even asking for further details, like... if the neighborhood where they lived wasn't going to be ripped apart for a high speed cable to pass or affected by the pollution produced by some new “technological empire” settling headquarters further ahead. And yes, I did sell illusions of a more environmentally friendly world, a market with big gains on the horizon, and how could anyone believe that I, on the phone saying things like that, shouldn't be the first to buy such a beauty? That was the question and at the same time it wasn't.

But the bang made my heart race and jump out of my chest. The sound of a chair being thrown, and then a second one, made me stand up immediately and realize that there was something very wrong around me. There was crying and screaming on the other side of my cubicle, and it was curiosity, before fear or fear before my survival instinct, which made me open the door to my cubicle just a bit. That's when I noticed my blurred vision and a tingling

in my throat. I thought the worst, but all I saw were my coworkers going berserk, as if their souls were on fire. And out of nowhere it occurred to me that I still couldn't remember when or how I had gotten there.

What day of the week is today? Did I work today? Such thoughts seemed to want to detach me from the chaos around me, keyboards and chairs being pushed and shoved and destroyed. My cubicle's walls were tall, but my one eye lurking in the door and my ears couldn't help absorbing those questions, unreasonable as they sounded in my head: What have they done to me? I don't know my sister's contact anymore! Is that my skin?!

I always told myself that I would never get involved with anything political and, if that happened, as in that little poem about the ones who had come to get one group after another, I would run away, which I didn't, as the panic made me lose my sense. Was I the last one? I didn't know that, as I couldn't hear my thoughts under so much despair around my cubicle, which out of the uttermost blue started diminishing and filling me with dread, as the vacant space in the room and the air were filled with a parallel conversation which sounded so familiar and damn welcoming.

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Whaaa... what's that? Thank you so very much! My ass! But... uh, where is it?!

I opened the door to my cubicle to scream, but my... that's when my heart stopped, my body cracked, and I understood. I opened my mouth, and my vo-voice did not come out. I tried it again and when I brought my hand to my

face, it wasn't there. I stared in desperation as I couldn't see my reflection in the cubicle wall, I scratched the surface looking for it and finally I fell down, I sank to the ground like a stone in the water, silent to the sound of my voice. There... on the other side of the cubicle, merged into that disgusting fractal of thanks, molded with our parts under metal. What day is today?

Again, I forgot, and I couldn't breathe from screaming without screaming. My legs, which felt like stiffened boards, suddenly fed on the despair of realizing that none of us had been the last. There would be no last one! And then I saw it and heard it, in the third row of cubicles, again. It's my mouth! My voice there! I want my mouth baaaaack!

THE END.

But actually, it's really just the beginning...

I learned from the mythology of Black peoples that "anecdoting" chaos before chaos sets in teaches us not to escape a problem whose shape can change, but to recognize in ourselves the signs that something is definitely wrong there.

Think of the tale above, it's scary. The protagonist did not wake up. It's not a dream and I don't know if it's exactly fictional... if you realize that you spend at least a few hours of your day giving away data that you don't even know are being used to create a poorly designed profile about you, unless you've already noticed those weird offers, related to searches for things you didn't even think about buying, right? But someone else will and that's why your cookies are gold.

That's why I like to turn the questions around us into stories, applying the same logic we find in those fables usually featuring animals (scorpion, frog, hare, spider...). All of them tell us about the dangers, adventures and misadventures of everyday life, which, if today do not call our attention, yet are there right before us, with every "I accept" that we, like frogs, give to scorpions without the option to disagree and yet proceed. And what does that make us? The frog that never crossed the river, consciously or not.

The world is easier to understand when we tell stories.

We desperately need them, because it is through this "mouth to ear" exchange that we understand the world better and see the traps set by a beautiful, believable and extremely disinterested narrative about solving

problems in our own backyard. That's it. Here's a hint.

We need to communicate, the spoken word is the most direct means of informing and connecting people, eye to eye, listening to those hands-on people who are already doing it, making it happen right here, right now, are innate powers that we cannot waste. These machines that united make a difference and can vote, design a better world are way more powerful than we think.

And I'm not saying that technology-machinery is a problem in itself. It isn't. It is a tool created by people and this makes these objects either useful or flawed, they can be a part of the solution, or they can be the source of problems. The ghosts inside and behind the machine, never you doubt this: they have a name, a surname and intentions that should never be a secret. Therefore, transparency in this world of algorithms and artificial intelligences that never ignore or fail to acknowledge white and male bodies, mostly, needs enlightenment. For this whole is really just one and this is not us at all.

We need anecdotes about the real world of everyday technologies, some of them unimaginably big. We need to talk about simple nutrition and diet apps, social media, the one with the facial recognition feature that saves you the fingerprint and the blockbusters, with the truth and rawness they deserve, because only then will we really use them with certainty, clarity, transparency and with a necessary dose of responsibility and sustainability. Therefore, don't think about only data, but also the underhand extraction of raw materials for electronics in forests and then about the toxic waste released on the soil, the water and the air we breathe, the grapes and bananas irrigated with heavy metals...

Disinformation is power, it kills and it's the smartest way to take away from each of us everything that is ordinary and important. The time you spent cancelling services you never really signed up for but for which, in the application you used yesterday, you allowed them to copy "all your contacts", only to uninstall them and still not have your privacy or that of your acquaintances reinstated. This is the Information Age, really. And contrary to what the Brazilian rappers Racionais MC sang, there are no black cars... and contrary to Jordan Peele, there are no white cars following us. Everything they take from us comes in packages, colorful and free to install.

We need to tell more stories about this technological everyday life that not only is extractive, collector and producer of waste and environmental problems, but also hurts people because it doesn't care about them, because

“views and likes” outdo the respect for human dignity. Technology misuse reproduces the worst in humankind, showing that the everyday user is not important in the face of those who can produce massive amounts of content. Isn't this a class issue? It does look like it is.

And to make everything more complicated, gender and race issues were also transformed into algorithmic ghosts that fail to recognize features that deviate from the white normative standards. Yes, people of color and especially Black people are the biggest victims of racism built into the machine since before Polaroid, that X crosshead that never seemed to find me smiling and this is still an issue for filters for social media applications, built not only by the machine, but by users who reinforce the same practices of exclusion. These practices are not by chance, nor is the fact that posts showing pictures of white people are more publicized. This is racism going digital.

This is a real thing and Black people and other people of color are being excluded from and even arrested by technologies created by people who shouldn't even be sitting at the table, let alone deciding on how to deal with people which they don't even consider to be part of humankind. No one is held responsible for causing such pains and that is why more Black people and other people of color need to tell their stories, so that their peers can see themselves in those stories and so that white people can no longer tell racist stories or stories that fail to acknowledge our existence.

However, anecdotes only about the chaos do not lead the way. We need to tell positive stories about technology and people. These practices do exist and should be examples so that we can get inspired by good and healthy relationships in the digital world, as much as we aim for them in the real world. Technologies cannot and should not be a place to foster emotional exhaustion, hate speech, fake news and pain. If it is and it goes viral, something is wrong and this error that is not an error comes from people behind and in front of the machine, the app, and the post. In this way, there is definitely no such thing as an evil robot that does not exactly reflect the image and likeness of the person who created it.

And once again we must speak of education as a community practice that breaks walls and standards. We must talk about the act of informing to others that there exist other possible human and pluriversal paths in the real and digital world that are worth our commitment, so that we don't wake up too late without our mouth, our skin, our voice, our breath, imagining being the last one when actually there will be none to tell the story.

Therefore, thinking about human rights in the digital world is an urgent need that also aims to protect what is outside the internet. Having transparency is to avoid evils on both sides of the screen. Knowing what kind of thinking resulted in that app, artificial intelligence, or data encoding is critical so that narcissistic humans don't make the world of technology a hell within the reach of absolutely everyone.

ALL TOMORROW'S PARTIES

Gabriela Damián Miravete

PANDORA: Niece, you're a damned Luddite.

ARCHIVIST: No, I'm not. I like machines. My washing machine is an old friend. The printing press here is rather more than a friend [...]

"Pandora Converses with the Archivist of the Library of the Madrone Lodge at Wakwaha-na".

From *Always Coming Home*, Ursula K. Le Guin.

"We are all activists in one way or another, because our actions, or the lack of them, have an impact," says Rebecca Solnit in her book *Hope in the Dark*, dedicated to telling some of the victories of activism throughout history. I do not know if it is wise to rely on that idea and therefore inscribe writing fiction on the list of actions that count as activism. The premise is questionable but let us suppose that it makes the list: that there is a literature whose intentions are in line with its purposes. Within these intentions, of course, very distinct forms of expression would fit, from the plain display of a social problem to the direct denunciation of a historical fact. Among them would also be a very particular expression, one capable of proposing, through language, other worlds, placed in the future or in alternate realities, an expression capable of designing essays of experience that explore ways of doing and thinking different from those in force by extrapolating them through fantastic imagination. I am referring to science fiction, of course, which sometimes constitutes a literary expression capable of influencing the transformation of reality through the critical, but above all, imaginative elements of its narratives.

From Argentina, T. P. Mira de Echeverría mentions in their essay "Literaturas de género, la literatura de la Esperanza" [Gender narratives, the literature of hope], that "[...] literature is, essentially, a living phenomenon and one of the constitutive keys of our humanity, as human beings, as beings that can narrate our life and narrate the world we are in, be it social or cosmic. But above all because we can narrate the world we imagine". In this way, the so-called speculative genres cross the border of realism to provide models of all kinds (political, technological, ecological, behavioral, spiritual) whose distance from existing ones fosters the critical awareness necessary to mo-

bilize us for change. Because of that, Mira de Echeverría continues, “Science Fiction, Fantasy and New Weird are revolutionary, each in its own way. Change is their terrain, as a reality and as a possibility. Being a literature of change implies creating options, alternatives to what is given (it does not matter whether they are optimistic or pessimistic, that is the least important thing). [...]”.

It is true that the historical conditions of production of genres like science fiction, marginal in relation to official artistic canons, but popular when it comes to distribution (and experimental aspiration, in many cases), have given it its transformative and revolutionary character. But it is also true that part of this discourse has been made up from ideas about the prevailing techno-scientific progress in the industrialized countries where the most visible authors of the genre originate, hence, during the so-called “golden age” of American science fiction (1938-1946) the stories were optimistic about what technology would make possible for humanity in the future, while during the Cold War the dust of pessimism settled and strikingly permeated the cyberpunk works of subsequent decades. This aesthetic, expanded by the film industry, video games and television, turned dystopia into a mainstream narrative format today, so much so that science fiction is perceived as “the new realism” by many, according to the writer Jorge Carrión.

However, as T. P. Mira de Echeverría points out, and as Frank E. Manuel and Fritzie P. Manuel would say, “In the heart of every dystopia beats, secretly, a utopia”, and accepting the “realistic” role of today’s science fiction could deprive it of all its transformative power. The lack of variety in today’s science fiction imagination produces an echo chamber that does not let us consider the horizon of possibilities that the imagination is capable of unfolding. The genre, known for questioning the crushing dynamics of the State and large corporations, runs the risk, on the one hand, of losing self-criticism and selling out to the enthusiasm of Hollywood, or becoming cynical and contributing to the symptoms of collective depression that, according to Mark Fisher, are becoming increasingly evident in the West: “In the depths of the condition, the depressive does not experience his or her melancholia as pathological or indeed abnormal: the conviction of depression that agency is useless, that beneath the appearance of virtue lies only venality, strikes sufferers as a truth which they have reached but others are too deluded to grasp. There is clearly a relationship between the seeming ‘realism’ of the depressive, with its radically lowered expectations, and capitalist realism.”

Hence, science fiction written from the disfavored communities of industri-

alized countries, from the nations of the global south and, in particular, from the territory known as Latin America, is so refreshing, then, as Rodrigo Bastidas points out in the foreword to the anthology of Latin American science fiction “El tercer mundo después del sol” [The third world after the sun] (following the ideas of Colombian writer René Rebetz), underdevelopment “will go from being a label that indicates a lack, to becoming an aesthetic and ideological proposal that finds its place [...] the only space in which horizontal dialogue is possible between ideological proposals that seem opposed or at least divergent: Western science, technology, Zen, the rituals of the Indigenous people, positivism, spirituality, the occult and magic”.

If we think that from this territory, renamed *Abya Yala* by people who claim their right to exist as a free and autonomous zone, other kinds of fictions are built, then it is possible to think of science fiction as a territory in which a collective imagination is created, capable of redefining or recoding the very notions of science and technology in culture, as the material territory in which it is produced suffers from the high social and ecological costs of extractivism and overexploitation that sustain the technological whims of the so-called First World. The futuristic dream of millionaires like Elon Musk, with amusement parks on Mars, looks quite different from our lands, whose natural resources have not been available to those who inhabit them since the Age of Discoveries, but rather, despite the wars of independence two centuries ago, are today at the service of real estate and mining companies and the demands of international tourism.

How to imagine the future, then, from these geographical and historical coordinates? Perhaps, first of all, we should pay attention to the alternatives and nuances existing in this territory, which contradict the alleged dichotomy that Mark Fisher points out as the only feasible way to end capitalism: either the arrival of “a technosocial apocalypse or a return to authoritarianism”. Fisher, like several others, questions the feasibility of “a return to the primitive mystical balance, without Starbucks and without iPhone” without considering the fact that in the XXI century there still are communities that do not have their daily life flooded with the usual markers of the consumer society.

There are systems of Indigenous communal government that, despite the marginalization to which they are subjected by the State in which they are cloistered, live with dignity and well-being, from the Mixe Ayutla in Oaxaca to the Zapatista caracoles in Chiapas. In other words, human beings continue to live in the countryside without many of the outrageous comforts of postmodernity and without this being necessarily precarious or tragic.

But to avoid falling into the mystical/apocalyptic dichotomy, it is important to point out, as the Mixe linguist and writer Yásnaya Aguilar has done, that these other forms of organization do not only take place in rural localities: there are also cities with internet, ATMs, movie theatres and wind farms where the population is totally indigenous, such as Juchitán, whose radio transmits entirely in the Zapotec language to listeners who understand and speak it. Peoples in Oaxaca, Guerrero and Veracruz took advantage of the basic right to communication to use the open-source cellular telephone network Telecomunicaciones Indígenas Comunitarias (TIC, A.C.), which has solved many of their economic, security and organizational needs and their need to contact with their relatives in the USA and Canada. The Red de Activistas Digitales de Lenguas Indígenas [Indigenous Language Digital Activists Network] is a growing and active community. In other words: although the State owes a debt to these communities, since the living conditions in many cases are far from resting on true social justice, they are a tangible and valid sign that there are alternatives to the current economic and political regime in all aspects of human life.

In short, if science fiction written in Latin America is to be a form of activism, perhaps we should ask a question like the one that follows, which in turn paraphrases the Black writer Adrienne Maree Brown: What imagination remedy would our environments need to continue resisting, to adapt and renew themselves according to our needs and desires?

There are as many possibilities as there are heads thinking, but one of them particularly interests me: it has to do with the Indigenous communities that, for 500 years, have managed to sustain their worldview and their ways of doing things, not only because they are efficient ways of obtaining well-being for people while caring for the territory that hosts them, but because in that care they find a deep and shared purpose.

It would be important for those of us who are interested in contributing to the expansion of these ways of life and who write from the position of urban and de-indigenized people, to be clear about what this glimpse of another kind of world consists of and how we can participate in it through imagination, by knowing and respecting, above all, those ways of doing things and identifying their real needs, not those that we, as visitors, consider to be. That is, to provide these ways of life with sketches of possible ways to continue in the future, not to change them or to use them as scenery or decoration.

In her book *Sistemas de Gobierno Comunal Indígena. Mujeres y tramas de parentesco en Chuimeq'ena'* [Systems of Indigenous Communal Govern-

ment. Women and kinship in Chuimeq'ena'], Gladys Tzul Tzul affirms that "to understand the lasting, sustained and attacked struggle of the Indigenous communities, it is necessary to read them as the result of a historical accumulation of structures that govern, defend and recover their land and everything contained therein". In other words, they are structures that have allowed not only their survival, but that of the rest of the population by protecting the territories that sustain life in a context of climate catastrophe. The key element of this organization lies in the "us" implied by this communal policy, as opposed to the "individual" who serves the capitalist regime, which "implies the defense, regulation and recovery of the material means that guarantee the reproduction of life: the territory, the water, the forest, the paths, the festivals". It should be noted that in this way of life the tasks are divided according to the work capacity each person has, including children, who participate by assuming responsibilities based on the learning they need to carry out and the work they can do. Another point to consider would be the excessive workload taken by women and the unequal distribution of care work. We need to imagine ways to deal with forced displacement migration due to the climate crisis from cities and rural settings, and also pay attention to the silent victories that land defenders win over extractivism. Likewise, celebrate that our means include the cyberpunk recycling of first world tech junk: here planned obsolescence is not a thing because we've learned to hack it, even reconvert it into durable devices for communal use. We need to re-signify and protect rituals, ceremonies and our various spiritual technologies, as they are already beginning to be identified as potential "medicines" for the first world to be produced on an industrial scale.

Science fiction, for its hyperstitional capacity (that is, its ability to create self-fulfilling prophecies), proposed technologies that were at times received by curious minds and skilled hands that eventually managed to materialize them. What format would our anti-colonial technologies take, based on a broad definition of technology, such as the one proposed by Ursula K. Le Guin in "A Rant About Technology"?: "[...] technology is how a society copes with physical reality: how people get and keep and cook food, how they clothe themselves, what their power sources are (animals? human? water? wind? electricity? other?), what they build with and what they build, their medicine - and so on and on [...] the word is constantly misused to mean only to the enormously complex and specialised technologies of the past few decades, supported by massive exploitation both of natural and human resources. This is not an acceptable use of the word. 'Technology' and 'high tech' are not synonymous, and a technology that isn't 'hi', isn't

necessarily 'low' in any meaningful sense."

In "Always Coming Home", her tribute-experimental-novel, Le Guin resorts, precisely, to the extrapolation of the thought and way of life of native cultures of California to insert in the future certain ideas, beliefs, technologies, dances and chants that were a political manifesto about memory and restoration. The people of her invention, the Kesh, sing heya with non-religious reverence for the tree or the ancestors, but they can also consult with the infinite archives of The City of Mind, a sort of conscious internet, capable of self-regulation with discretion and moderation despite hardware failures. In contrast, the kesh like to stick to traditional trades, such as making wine, weaving clothes, or tending the farm and are more interested in lying on the grass and gazing at the shadow of Ama Kulkun (the fearsome Mount St. Helens volcano) than to connect to the network. But, as the Archivist says, "my washing machine is an old friend." The massive technological amnesia, which Fisher considered impossible to clean slate, in science fiction is an achievable matter, as in the number of objects available in Anarres and the way of using them, in "The Dispossessed", by Le Guin herself: "It is not yours,' the one-eyed woman said with the mildness of utter certainty. 'Nothing is yours. It is to use. It is to share. If you will not share it, you cannot use it.'"

In Latin America, Ramiro Sanchiz, T. P. Mira de Echeverría or Andrea Chape-la are developing their own version of a Latin American future in which the Incas left a legacy of interesting stone technologies, Indigenous adolescents live interstellar travel like an experience of being or in which Mexico City yields to its lacustrine vocation using the ancient Mexica technology of the chinampas. Taking these other epistemologies as a starting point, it is possible to imagine other futures, even another class of useful artifacts that do not involve environmental devastation nor violence against the bodies that inhabit these sacrifice zones. Technologies that are at the height of the "multiple us" [nosotros multiple], as Lucía Lisalata calls it, of collective and rotating authority, of peaceful discussion, which intensifies communication, negotiation, contact with other distant communities, translation technologies, a fundamental instrument to avoid linguistic discrimination and promote peace between distinct groups.

But above all, perhaps we need to project into the future vitality, joy, dancing and partying, which are no small thing, because our ability to organize for joy, for generosity, for affection, and not for self-destruction induced by self-absorbed technology, is what makes us survive our multiple and daily ends of the world.