



# TACTICS AGAINST APATHY

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ELIAS RIZEK



COLECTIVO AYLLU

CLAUDIA CLAREMI

LAS JAMAICONAS

LUMBUNG PRESS

MAYA AL KHALDI + SAROUNA

XIMENA FERRER PIZARRO

|           |       |   |
|-----------|-------|---|
| <b>4</b>  | _____ | Credits   |
| <b>5</b>  | _____ | Statement   |
| <b>6</b>  | _____ | COLECTIVO AYLLU   |
| <b>7</b>  |       | <i>Where Are the Letters of Our Ancestors When Walking Upon Fire?</i> |
| <b>10</b> | _____ | CLAUDIA CLAREMI   |
| <b>11</b> |       | <i>La Pedrá</i>   |
| <b>13</b> |       | <i>El Hangar</i>  |
| <b>15</b> | _____ | LAS JAMAICONAS  |
| <b>18</b> |       | <i>Ruido, Resistencia, Raíz 4.0</i>                                   |
| <b>18</b> |       | <i>Recetario de acciones físicas</i>                                  |
| <b>19</b> | _____ | LUMBUNG PRESS   |
| <b>20</b> |       | <i>Impresor furioso</i>   |
| <b>22</b> | _____ | MAYA AL KHALDI & SAROUNA  |
|           |       | لعل البكاء يكون رفيقاً للصمود   |
| <b>23</b> |       | <i>May Crying Be a Companion to Endurance</i>                         |
| <b>28</b> | _____ | XIMENA FERRER PIZARRO   |
| <b>29</b> |       | <i>Abrazando el sincretismo</i>                                       |
| <b>31</b> |       | <i>Finally a Barbie Girl</i>  |
| <b>32</b> | _____ | Resource list   |

**Exhibition curated by**

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Colectivo Ayllu  
    Alex Aguirre Sánchez  
    Kimy Rojas Miranda  
    Lucrecia Masson Córdoba  
    Iki Yos Piña Narváez  
    Francisco Godoy Vega  
Claudia Claremi  
Las Jamaiconas  
    Mariana Alva  
    Lina Ruiz Montañés  
    Columba Zavala  
Maya Al Khaldi & Sarouna  
Lumbung Press  
Ximena Ferrer Pizarro

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ARTEC

# STATEMENT

Apathy is not absence. It is a structure of delay, repetition, and deferral. It regenerates quietly under the weight of systems that prefer inertia. In this logic, linear histories march linearly toward foreclosed futures; colonial modernity plants the seeds of colonial futurity—unless, of course, something is interrupted.

To interrupt what appears predetermined is not simply a matter of resistance, but of attention—of noticing the cracks in what claims to be inevitable, and prying them open. Possibility does not arrive fully formed; it emerges in gestures, refusals, transgressions, and solidarities; in the minor acts through which the pace of the present is disturbed, and the script of the future hesitates.

In rejection of the myth of inevitability, and a commitment to the labor of imagining otherwise, the practices on display in this exhibition propose ways of interrupting apathy—not through spectacle, but in stubborn, daily, often quiet acts of resistance and reconfiguration.

Refusal is not an end in itself, but a beginning.

# COLECTIVO AYLLU

Colectivo Ayllu is a collaborative artistic-political action and research group formed of migrant, racialised, sexual and gender dissident people of former Spanish colonies in Latin America and the Caribbean. They live and work between Madrid and Barcelona. The collective was born in 2017 (from a branch of the activist collective Migrantes Transgresors, created in 2009) and offers a criticism of colonialism, whiteness, and heterosexuality, carrying out artistic production in multiple formats and generating processes of collective learning, mediation, and written production. Ayllu -which in quechua language refers to an extended family- represents an affective community, a family that is woven from diverse origins, recovering ancestral memories and transiting with alternative poetics to collective futures.

**ALEX AGUIRRE SÁNCHEZ (Quito, Ecuador):** Master in Immigration (UCM) and Therapist in Gestalt Humanistic Psychology, specialised in Community Health of gender identities and sexual orientation. Ecuadorian sudaka transfeminist activist and antiracist.

**KIMY ROJAS MIRANDA (Guayaquil, Ecuador):** PhD in Sociology and Anthropology (UCM), research proficiency in Critical Feminist Theory (UCM) and Master in Gender and Development (FLACSO-Ecuador); diasporic trans activist, decolonial antiracist, founder of various organisations and gender and sexual dissident collectives in Spain and Ecuador.

**LUCRECIA MASSON CÓRDOBA (Ombucta, Argentina):** Migrant, disobedient to heterosexuality, antiracist, transfeminist and fat autoimmune. She is a writer, artist, and transdisciplinary researcher. Doctoral Candidate in Philosophy (UZ).

**IKI YOS PIÑA NARVÁEZ (Caracas, Venezuela):** Afrocarribean, non-binary trans. Writer, artist, performer, drawer, sociologist. Researches anticolonial archives and black radical thought. Participated in the Programme of Independent Studies (PEI 2014-2015) at the Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Barcelona (MACBA).

**FRANCISCO GODOY VEGA (Santiago, Chile):** PhD in History of Art and Visual Culture (UAM). Indian-descendent queer poet and curator. He has authored, among others, *La Revolución de las Ratas* (2013), *La Exposición como Recolonización* (2018) and *Usos y Costumbres de los Blancos* (2023).





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Tenemos que encontrarlo

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## WHERE ARE THE LETTERS OF OUR ANCESTORS WHEN WALKING UPON FIRE?

*Textile of various dimensions, embroidered  
and/or screen printed, 320 x 840 cm*

## THREADS OF PRAYER TO MIGRATORY MEMORY

*Altar of various dimensions*

This is a letter made of cracks, poised on the edge between the settlers' project and the resistances. A slow time, a time of connection. The textiles presented here are fragments of our memory that we brought to the Kingdom of Spain during our respective migrations from colonized lands. Weaving is a pulsion. Memory objects. Times that coexist within that object. Objects are territory. The vitality of the dead is transmitted through that intervened object as a means of healing. Vitalities. Overflowing—stepping beyond boundaries.

Migration, the forced departure from a territory, the journey allows us to carry only what our bodies can hold—what we've learned from our ancestors, our mothers and taitas, what the mountains, the condor, and the rivers have told us. Textiles are living materials with heart. An anticolonial love grounded in an "epistemology of the heart," as proposed by the Maya K'iché sisters—a love that neither forgives nor forgets, a love without reconciliation. As Gloria Anzaldúa said, "we do not reconcile

ourselves with the oppressors who sharpen their moans with our lament. We are not reconciled."

Living objects that fit in a suitcase, which becomes your home, thousands of kilometers away. I carry my home on my back, like the turtle or the snail. The river stone and the sea, a scrap of cloth, a garment woven with different threads that cross and interlace, telling stories of family and communal love. Textiles that represent a part of my land, of my body extended across distance. These textile-letters are cosmographies of memory, of memory's curved times. Where can we find these forms in and beyond our bodies? Where are the letters of our ancestors when walking upon their fire? Here we propose an inquiry into textiles as living beings filled with memory. That "inert matter" which the Western world has placed on the side of death, has life—it moves.

This object is a living body composed of the "cosmographies of memory" of Leda Martins. It is an exercise in orality that traverses ancestral and Western crossroads to compose a body-matter that gathers various transits of reversibility and temporal curves, spatial movements, and vital energy accumulated despite the libidinal extraction from our bodies sustained within the subterranean dimensions of humanity. This is a piece of the accumulation of the orí, of the eternal abiku return woven with living fragments of the taipi to perhaps generate a collective body of vitality. An incomplete body, like ours.

This installation thus seeks to create love letters to the rivers, to our ancestors, and to those yet to come, from the vitality of sexually and/or gender-dissident bodies, using as a support various elements of ancestral connection, among them the Andean aguayo and cotton. With these written textiles, of different sizes, textures, and thicknesses, it will submerge bodies in hanging love letters of an im/possible relationship between love and violence.





# CLAUDIA CLAREMI

Claudia Claremi (Madrid, 1986) is an artist and filmmaker. Her work explores collective experiences, shared imaginaries and the depths of memory and the unconscious to unveil structures of Western modernity that are hidden from view. Her films create sensory experiences for the viewer and her approach to moving images is multidisciplinary, including video, analogue film, installation, photography, archive, or text. Most of her projects delve into embodiment, memory, diaspora, and coloniality.





## LA PEDRA'

Canóvanas, Puerto Rico, 2025

Collaborator: Aris Mejías

*Super 8 film, Work in progress, 2:45*

Aris returns to Puerto Rico after several years living in New York and New Jersey, carrying with her a family tradition of planting. This legacy fuels her desire to continue that practice. She has just purchased a plot of land in the mountains—a place that represents her longing to put down roots. She begins to plant, fully aware of how long it will take for her efforts to bear fruit.

In a Puerto Rico still under U.S. colonial rule, structural violence threatens local communities, often pushing people to emigrate. Despite this, many people return to the island, choosing to settle in the countryside to care for the land they believe is theirs. As Aris declares, “I arrived here—and now, no one can take me away.”

I feel like I carry a forest inside me.

I’ve always carried with me a multitude of trees and fruits, as if they were part of that spiritual home one holds within.

When I lived in New York, the first thing I did was buy a fern.

I needed to have something green nearby.

But my neighbor complained that it dropped leaves, and eventually it was removed.

At that time, I didn’t have this farm,

but I always had the desire to put down roots

and to plant all those fruits that are part of my spiritual imagination.

Everything takes time.

It’s an act of patience.

That’s why I feel this urgency to plant.

You plant a tree, and it starts producing after five years.

But the first flowering is usually lost.

It truly matures at seven.

People see an avocado and say, “How delicious!”

Well, yes. That took seven years.

I always asked for water.

I dreamed of Puerto Rico, of having my own land...

And it turns out that here,

there isn’t just a stream—

there’s water running through the whole mountain!

The farm is called La Pedrá,

named after my mother, who always says:

“The stone that’s meant for you, is yours.”

I arrived here—

and now, no one can take me away.

(Aris Mejías)



de echar raíces y de plantar todas  
esas frutas que forman parte de mi  
imaginario espiritual.



Se había caído durante el huracán Hugo  
y lo levantaron,



## EL HANGAR

Santurce, Puerto Rico, 2025

Collaborator: Carla Jeanet

*Super 8 film, Work in progress, 3:32*

An old mango tree grows in El Hangar, a community space in Santurce, Puerto Rico. Remarkably, it produces fruit twice a year, and the harvests are so plentiful that they're shared throughout the neighborhood. The tree's abundance reflects the generosity and openness of the space itself.

Carla Jeanet, caretaker of both the tree and El Hangar, explains that its trunk has remained tilted since being knocked over by a hurricane. Fearing for its survival, the community held a ceremony in its honor—a gesture filled with care that affirmed its continued presence.

Today, like the tree, El Hangar persists. But its future is uncertain. Gentrification and the displacement of long-time residents threaten its existence, as tourist rentals and newcomers from the U.S. mainland continue to multiply.



Well... here we are.  
In Santurce.

All of this, before it was urbanized, used to be mangrove.

Here, at El Hangar, it's full of trees.  
The mango tree is the one that shelters us.

Before, the tree wasn't leaning so much.  
It had fallen during Hurricane Hugo, and they lifted it back up,  
put two beams to hold it in place.

Then Hurricane María came, and the wind was really strong.  
Everything was stripped bare.

The tree lost all its leaves.  
But it survived.

It sank even deeper into the earth, and that's where it stayed.

And not only that—  
it kept giving mangos to feed a whole lot of people.

We get two mango harvests a year.  
And it's like—boom! They're everywhere.  
There are so, so many mangos that we give them away...

I roll out a shopping cart full of them into the street,  
so people can take them.  
And still, they go to waste.

Mangos have always been... like an excess.  
A generous excess.

People from the community come and leave with their bags full.

The amount the tree gives is proportional to how open  
this space is.

I've always seen the tree as a goddess.  
And at her feet, things happen.

People who haven't seen each other in years embrace.  
We reflect on how we keep surviving  
in a colonized country that promises us nothing.

And in the midst of all that,  
we also talk about pleasures.

And I think part of the tree's wisdom is just that:  
knowing exactly where she is,  
and understanding that right now,  
this neighborhood needs her presence. (Carla Jeanet)

# LAS JAMAICONAS

Las Jamaiconas is an art, cooking, and activism project formed by Lina Ruiz (Bogotá, Colombia), Columba Zavala (CDMX, Mexico), and Mariana Alva (Lima, Peru), primarily based in Barcelona. Our work is framed within the context of the eco-social crisis and involves a constant reflection on migration, territory, and anti-racist struggles. Our practice stems from performance, installation, audiovisual media, writing, and educational mediation, among others. We are interested in generating hybrid spaces, playing with the boundaries between art and cooking to question and imagine other ways of thinking and doing. We understand that, in the

kitchen, the act of cooking and commensality merge diverse artistic languages to stimulate embodiment, non-hegemonic knowledge, and the creation of imaginaries. That's why we want to continue building spaces for exploration and exchange where we can propose other narratives in educational settings, food culture outreach, community kitchens, critical thinking communities, and diverse groups of people interested in exploring other ways of connecting. Our goal is to promote a project of art, cooking, pedagogy, and activism that will allow us to build a safe space for resistance, creation, training, exchange, and political action.

**LINA RUIZ (Bogotá)** is a cultural activist and empirical cook. She studied for an International Master's in Global Markets, Local Creativities (GLOCAL). Through this drift, she landed in Barcelona, where she lives. Since 2022 she has been working with the organization Trànsit Projectes where she carries out the formulation, design, and coordination of various projects focused on education and culture, at the local level and in European cooperation. Her project Micelio Cultural (@miceliocultural) consists of a platform for circulation and encounters from which she constructs stories and questions about food, art, and culture. Together with Columba Zavala and Raúl M. Candela, she is part of La Barrejada, a device of processes for collective research and creation, with which the La Capella Production Grant for Deslocalised Projects 2023-2024 was developed. He recently presented his postgraduate work in Social and Solidarity Economy focused on Cooperativism promoted by the Solidarity Economy Network of Catalonia and coordinated by La Ciutat Invisible entitled "Economies of migrant resistance to face the eco-social crisis: some notes on migrations, food, and culture".

**COLUMBA ZAVALA (CDMX, México)** is a dancer with a degree in Contemporary Dance from INBA and a Diploma in Dance Teaching and Research from INBA's National Research Centre. In Mexico she has been part of the program Alas y Raíces of the Ministry of Culture to train trainers with the theme of "Art and Science" as part of the Children's Culture since 2020. She is the creator and director of Katapulta, a laboratory of creative experiences, a non-formal education project for children. She currently lives in Barcelona where she completed her Master's degree in Visual Arts and Education at the UB; she collaborates in various

educational projects such as the Escuelita Popular de Arte, Ciencia y Tecnología para Niñas; and the Comunidades de Hielo, a space for reflecting on diverse processes of upbringing. She is part of La Barrejada; a device for collective research and creation processes through cooking, being awarded the La Capella Production Grant for Deslocalised projects 2023-2024. She is a member of the art and activism collective on migrant kitchens: "Las Jamaiconas".

**MARIANA ALVA (Lima)** is a filmmaker and feminist activist. She is active in Sindillar, the first independent union in Spanish territory actively involved in the fight for the dignity of domestic work and the affirmation of migrant women as cultural producers of Barcelona. She coordinates the political cooking project "Saberes y Sabores", a feminist self-managed social catering. She has directed and produced various documentary series linked to Peruvian gastronomy and culture, and is the editor of the participatory documentary "El lugar que habito" by Sindillar and the documentary by the Peruvian poet Luis Hernández "Campeón de Peso Welter" of Daniel Farfán. In July 2022 she completed the Master in Visual Arts and Education at the University of Barcelona, collaborating on various educational and cultural projects in said city. She is currently developing her first autobiographical documentary project "La casa se ha vuelto pájaro"







## *RUIDO, RESISTENCIA, RAÍZ 4.0*

Performance, June 5th, 2025

Culinary and sound performance that offers a space for listening to everyday sounds as a way to disrupt productive time. The sounds produced in the kitchen are amplified to create a soundscape, crafting a sensory experience that challenges established roles by unfolding at the intersection of artistic, gastronomic, and territorial practices.

### RECIPE OF PHYSICAL ACTIONS

1. Remove the skin, step by step, unhurried, little by little, slowly, but with skill.
2. Create a sonic layer, deep, crunchy, that slowly wraps everything.  
Let it slide through the earlobes and settle in the lower stomach.
3. Generate three frequencies that sound like  
potato, sweet potato, and cassava.
4. Once everything is peeled, begin slicing with the largest knife, very thin slices, perfectly cut.
5. Achieve a steady, galloping rhythm of sharp percussions upon the flesh of roots and bulbs.
6. Turn the oil to maximum heat, to begin with the grainy sound of frying, and let the smell carry the audience to hidden corners of memory.
7. Submerge the slices in the oil, revel in the sizzle, as if the bubble bath flooded us completely.
8. Fry them until they change color and become crispy; at this stage of the recipe, we might collect the saliva starting to gather in expectant mouths.
9. Surely a crowd or a line will have formed—serve in a paper cone, and let the edible landscape keep sounding as we all crunch this recipe between our teeth.



# LUMBUNG PRESS

Lumbung Press believes in publishing as a means to build a collective body and is founded on transmission without intermediaries, translation or proofreading outside the logic of each project. Lumbung Press revolves around the community that emerges with shared effort (everyone helps in some part of the process) and working towards dismantling clients and services, replacing it with compression and adaptation to the local needs of artists and lumbung collectives. This means avoiding focusing on specific results at the expense of materials or production systems. Production can be opened, adapted or modified to find the unexpected, but coherent and precise in each circumstance. It is not about arriving at a product, as much as it is about what you can do with what you have.

Lumbung Press works to dislocate offset printing from commercial objectives and contexts into creative and more social methods and approaches without losing production and the possibility of a mass audience. It studies and experiments around the conception, layout, multiplication, printing, distribution, and value construction of a publication.

## PRINCIPLES

- Lumbung Press occupies the gap between the function of a printing press and a publishing house, without being one entirely.
- Lumbung Press believes that publishing is the means to build a collective corpus.
- The lumbung group of artists is organic and continuously growing.
- Lumbung Press works under the motto “not big, but a lot.”
- Lumbung Press prints when necessary.
- At Lumbung Press there are no bad copies. They are all different versions of an idea forming a record of a collective corpus.
- Lumbung Press is independent in curatorial and content terms from the institution that receives it on a temporary basis.
- Structural and printing decisions are made by the lumbung working group initiated in D15.
- Lumbung Press is a classroom.



## *IMPRESOR FURIOSO*

*Series of twelve posters,  
50 x 70 cm each*

Concentrar Poder es tener miedo!

Colabora! Multiplica! Distribuye!

Deja de mirarte al espejo!

Genocidio sin fin!

Lo único es una copia ignorante

Cada versión engorda la verdad

Despierta!

La propiedad quema

Nada es real

Muerte Al PDF

Dobla Todo

La Urgente Esclaviza





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# MAYA AL KHALDI & SAROUNA

Maya Al Khaldi is an artist, musician and composer from Palestine, based in Jerusalem. Maya's work explores voice and the music of the past and present, working with archival materials to imagine the future. Her debut album "ثاني عالم - Other World" is inspired by Palestinian folklore, influenced by the present, to imagine a sonic future.

Sarouna is a Palestinian music producer, audio engineer, DJ, and qanun player based in Jerusalem. Her practice moves fluidly between the acoustic and the electronic, reimagining the qanun not only as a melodic instrument but as a source of texture, feedback, and rhythmic structure within experimental sound design. At the core of her work is sonic storytelling: crafting emotionally layered compositions that emerge from cultural memory, resistance histories, and speculative imagination. Sarouna is the founder of Tawleef, a women-led Palestinian artist space and record label that supports experimental and independent sound practices.



## MAY CRYING BE A COMPANION TO ENDURANCE

*Four songs (bukāyāt), 26:20*

### INTRODUCTION BY MAYA AL KHALDI

Khalil Sakakini Cultural Center, Ramallah, Palestine

February 2, 2025

*Transcribed, translated from Arabic, and lightly  
edited for brevity*

“When the assault on Gaza began—or rather, a few months in, when we started to grasp the magnitude of what was and is unfolding—I, like many artists and musicians around me, began to reflect on what the place of music or art could be in such a moment.

A few months earlier, I had started a small project with *The Palestinian Museum* about *bukāyāt*—wailing songs, sometimes also called *nawh* or *la miyyāt*. It felt clear to me that this was it.

I kept returning to this tradition because it was created precisely for moments like this: to allow a community to come together in mourning, to express loss collectively, to give it shape and sound—not only through words, but through the body. *Bukāyāt* are a distinctly bodily experience.

There was a specific figure known as the *nawwāha*: a woman who would come to funerals to lead the mourning, to sing and wail. I became drawn to the figure of the *nawwāha*. There’s something powerful in her presence—something revolutionary, deeply expressive, and explicitly feminine.

In one of the books I read about the *nawwāha*, there’s a line that stayed with me:

‘وابكي لكم وابكي لروحي، واكثر بكاني للجوح’

(‘I cry for you, I cry for my soul, but most of all, I cry for longing.’)

That line points to the fact that the one who sings these songs—and those of us who sit with this pain—carry a deep knowledge of grief. It’s a form we know through experience, something within reach if we choose to mobilize it.

But *bukāyāt* began to vanish. Perhaps because we’ve forgotten how to feel pain. We can no longer confess that we’re in pain. We’ve been taught to keep moving, to hold ourselves together, to flee when we must, to survive at all costs—leaving no time, and no space, to grieve.”





## عل البكاء يكون رفيقاً للصمود

### *MAY CRYING BE A COMPANION TO ENDURANCE*

انا لصيح

انا لصيح صوت يسمعونني  
عسى الله أحباب قلبي يسمعونني  
جافوني و انقطع حبل الرجاء  
أحبابي وين و أنا بغربة يمه يا يمه  
و أنا يا وقعتي مع ناس غربة  
والله ما يفهموا رد الجواب  
أنا لصيح صوت والله باطل  
على شهوده شهود باطل  
تطلب الحق قالوا ضايح  
يا حقي ضاع و الباطل مشا  
أحبابي وين ويا أنا وين  
مشيت بالليل قمر وضي ما في  
قطعنا بحر جاري و مي ما في  
بساتين أزهرت و الثمار ما في

I SHALL CRY OUT

I shall cry out a voice that they will hear,  
God willing, my heart's beloveds will hear me.  
They've abandoned me, and the rope of hope was severed,  
Where are my loved ones, while I'm in exile?  
And me, my tragedy among strangers,  
By God, they do not understand how to give me answers.  
I will cry out a voice, "it is false",  
To their witnesses, their false witnesses.  
When you ask for the truth, they say it is lost.  
My right is lost, while falsehood walks on.  
Where are my loved ones, and where am I?  
I walked the night-no moon, no light,  
Crossed a flowing sea, but no water in it.  
Gardens bloomed, but bore no fruit.  
Oh people of knowledge-give me an answer.



## عيني طرفها الهوى

عيني طرفها الهوى ومنين اجيب لي عين  
و الثانية اخدها الهوى، هوا ابو السنين  
رحت لقاضي الهوى تني اجيب لي عين  
لقيت قاضي الهوا اعمى من التنين  
هب الهوا غالباب قلت الريح جاب اخبار  
خليك يا قلب على فراق الحباب صبار  
هب الهوى غالباب قلت الغيب أجاني  
فزيت مرعوب أخذت الكلمتين بأحضاني  
لما لقيت الهوى كذاب يا أخواني  
رجعت للكلمتين لتداولي احزاني

## يا قبر

يا قبر يا قبر حس أمي تنادي  
افتح لها يا قبر طاقة تسليني  
يا قبر يا قبر حس أمي تجوح و تنوح  
وأفتح لها يا قبر طاقة تيجي و تروح

## MY EYE WAS BLINDED BY LOVE

My eye was blinded by love – and where can I find another?  
The other was taken by love – a love of long years.  
I went to the judge of love, hoping to find an eye,  
And found the judge blind in both eyes.  
The wind blew at my door, thinking the wind brought news,  
Stay patient, my heart, through the lovers' parting,  
The wind blew again, thinking the unseen had arrived,  
Frightened, I jumped and clutched the clementine to my chest.  
When I found that the wind lied,  
I returned to the clementine, so it would heal my sorrows.

## OH GRAVE

Oh grave, oh grave, hear my mother calling.  
Open for her, oh grave, so she may come and go.  
Oh grave, oh grave, listen to my mother wail.  
Open for her, oh grave, so she may keep me company.

يا طير

يا طير يا طائر سلم عليهم  
طالت الغربه و اشتقنا اليهم  
والله يا قبر تضوي عليهم  
هادول أحبابي كانوا يسلونا

يا دم الشهيد على الأرض معلّم  
وكرمال الشهيد والله ما نسلّم  
وشفته مستشهد على الأرض حافي  
وروحوا على امه بتفاقي

OH BIRD

Oh flying bird, send them my greetings.  
Exile is dragging on, and we miss them dearly.  
Oh grave, shine a light upon them,  
These are my dear ones, they would bring us ease.

Oh blood of the martyr, that left a mark on the ground,  
For the martyr's sake, by God, we won't give in.  
I saw him martyred on the ground, barefoot,  
his soul flew home, circling his mother.

# XIMENA FERRER PIZARRO

Ximena Ferrer Pizarro (1994, Lima) uses painting as a tool to tell stories that challenge structures of power, blending autofiction, visceral sincerity, and the dramatic-humorous language of telenovelas. Her sensitive and energetic scenes feature characters who stare defiantly at the viewer: some cry, others enjoy life fearlessly, but most fight for a protagonism that has historically been denied to them. With irreverence that does not shy away from the personal, her work confronts class hierarchies and the deep wounds colonialism leaves on bodies. Her narratives go beyond the Latin American context and address universal themes such as conservative family structures, colonial trauma, and intersectional feminism. In them, she presents anthropomorphic characters who tell their own stories— hard, weird and funny.





## ABRAZANDO EL SINCRETISMO

*Acrylic on canvas, 2025*

*190 x 160 cm*

Shaman and Saint I grew up,  
embracing what I now try to unlearn.  
Conchas to call the ancestresses.  
Crosses that are also swords.  
In them, we see the reflection of those who chase us.  
To Santa Rosita,  
I wrote a little cartita,  
asking for a milagrito—  
that my little house finally gets built.  
A roof. A breath.  
Agua de calzón  
to have the man I want,  
and a love for rituals  
that give me life  
and the drama I need.  
There's always ruda.  
A plant to abort,  
but also to cleanse—  
if those two things aren't the same.  
I embrace syncretismo,  
not fully sure why,  
when all the time I want to  
de-colonize,  
un-learn,  
de- de- dis—  
But I embrace it.  
Because if I don't know my past,  
how am I supposed to understand my present?

XIMENA FERRER PIZARRO





## FINALLY A BABY GIRL

*Acrylic on canvas, 2025  
200 x 162 cm*

Since I was always told that anything was possible,  
I decided I wanted to be white.  
So I tried.  
Tried, tried, tried.  
I lowered my voice.  
Silenced my laughter.  
Dressed in neutral tones, with the old money look.  
Forgot about my colors,  
Straightened my hair and dyed it blonde.  
Started smoking relentlessly.

Tried to believe my problems were others.  
That my anxieties were banal.  
I silenced the subaltern voice.  
They told me I could be anything I wanted.  
A Barbie girl, maybe?  
I left mi casita de colores.  
Left el Sur, went far—  
but el Sur never left me.  
Even though I wanted it too much,  
blonde just doesn't stick to my roots.



# RESOURCE LIST

## **A Practice of Liberation For**

Vialcary Crisóstomo Tejada, 2023 [Essay]

*Recommended by Colectivo Ayllu*

## **Abu Jildeh and Al-Armeet**

Ma'touq Collective, 2017 [Graphic Novel]

## **Atusparia**

Gabriela Wiener, 2024 [Book]

## **Borderlands/La Frontera: The New Mestiza**

Gloria E. Anzaldúa, 1987 [Book]

## **DeBÍ TIRAR MÁS FOTOs**

Bad Bunny, 2025 [Album]

*Recommended by Ximena Ferrer Pizarro*

## **Decolonial Hacker**

<https://decolonialhacker.org/> [Chrome Extension]

## **Decolonizing African Knowledge Systems: a Conversation with Divine Fuh**

Unequal Worlds; an inequality research podcast by GRIP, 2023 [Podcast]

## **Deep Listening. A Composer's Sound Practice**

Pauline Oliveros, 2005 [Book]

*Recommended by Las Jamaiconas*

## **Cybernetics and Ghosts**

Italo Calvino, 1967 [Essay]

*Recommended by Tim Rudolph from Lumbung Press*

## **Eating and Being Eaten: Cannibalism as Food for Thought**

Francis B. Nyamnjoh, 2018 [Book]

## **El año del descubrimiento**

Luis López Carrasco, 2020 [Documentary]

## **El Nuevo arte de hacer libros**

Ulises Carrión, 1975 [Essay]

*Recommended by Tim Rudolph from Lumbung Press*

## **Escupir La Rabia**

Sofía Perdomo Sanz, Vicky Boisan, Yeison F.

García López, Giovanni Collazo, Leo Zelada, Angelo

Moşuţan-Zsurkis, Nayare Montes, Caborca Lynch,

Gabriela Contreras, Lucrecia Masson y Ahmed la

Sudanesa, 2018 [Video]

*Recommended by Colectivo Ayllu*

## **Folding Techniques for Designers**

Paul Jackson, 2011 [Book, Videos]

*Recommended by Erick Beltran from Lumbung Press*

## **Fuck Your Lecture on Craft, My People Are Dying**

Noor Hindi, 2020 [Poem]

## **Fugitive Feminism**

Akwugo Emejulu, 2022 [Book]

## **Hegelian Dancers / Geometría Ardiente**

Ericka Flórez, 2019 [Book]

*Recommended by Claudia Claremi*

## **Inkanakuntu**

Muqata'a, 2018 [Album]

*Recommended by Sarouna*

## **Las Caminantas**

Entrepueblos, Mayo Pimentel, Las Caminantas, 2024

[[Documentary](#)]

## **Memorias de la plantación. Episodios de racismo cotidiano**

Grada Kilomba, 2023 [Book]

*Recommended by Ximena Ferrer Pizarro*

## **no existe sexo sin racialización**

Leticia Rojas Miranda, Francisco Godoy Vega, Kenza

Benzidan, Lucía Egaña Rojas,

Yos (Erchxs) Piña Narváez, 2017 [Book]

*Recommended by Colectivo Ayllu*

## **Students of the World: Global 1968 and Decolonization in Congo**

Pedro Monaville, 2022 [Book]

## **The Black, African, Female, Body**

Nora Chipaumire, 2014 [Video]

## **The invention of Africa. Gnosis, Philosophy and The Order of Knowledge**

Valentin-Yves Mudimbe, 1941 [Book]

## **the light through the shards**

Amany Khalifa & Alia Sabe', 2025 [Book]

## **Wameed**

Kamilya Jubran & Werner Hasler, 2006 [Album]

*Recommended by Maya Al Khaldi*

رَحْ نَبْنِي مَدِينَة

فرقة الشاطئ الفلسطينية، ٣٩٩١ [أغنية]

# TACTICS AGAINST APATHY

HENRIETTE GILLEOT CHADRACK KAKULÉ  
ELIAS RIZEK



**FUNDACIÓN  
SANDRETTO  
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