

MAROON ANTI-FUTURISM



12.10.2023 – 31.01.2024

Colectivo Ajchowen, Colectivo Ayllu, Imayna Cáceres, Yoel Díaz Vázquez, Johanné Gómez Terrero, Marcela Huitraiqueo, Grupo Katanga, Nitzayra Leonor, Dj Maldita Vaina, Verena Melgarejo, Daniela Ortiz, Naomi Rincón Gallardo, Yelaine Rodríguez, Evel Romain, Katia Sepúlveda

MAROON ANTI-FUTURISM

The anti-colonial imagination isn't a subjective reaction to colonial futurisms, it is anti-settler future. Our life cycles are not linear, our future exists without time. It is a dream, uncolonized.

Indigenous Anti-futurist Manifesto

MAROON ANTI-FUTURISM: AN EMBODIED EXHIBITION PROJECT

“What would the world be like without Europe?” was the question put forward in 2019 to a group of racialised and mestizo artists originating from Abya Yala who are committed to processes of decolonisation. The call was made in the midst of a pandemic that threw much of the machinery of the globalised system of social organisation into crisis, exposing its wear and tear. Faced with the general paralysis of institutions that were not prepared to face the situation of global emergency, we were forced, massively and as never before, to think deeply about the consequences of the civilising model produced in Europe and imposed globally as the ideal standard. The COVID-19 pandemic and conversations on climate change are a continuation of the long-standing warnings emanating from the voices of worlds focused on safeguarding the intimate link between all forms of existence as the only guarantee for the continuity of life on this planet. While the European narrative centred on the anthropocene and the apocalypse grows stronger in its conviction of an inevitable end of the world, an end imagined from the very beginnings of said narrative, the peoples and territorial movements of Abya Yala have remained steadfast in their defence of interconnected life, invoking ancestral understandings of respect for all forms of existence as a principle. Focused on non-linear narratives and practices of shared care, they have continued to believe in principles that allow them to,

in the words of Ailton Krenak, “postpone the end of the world”. An end to which we are irremediably and desperately condemned by a modern colonial world-system developed and imposed by Europe through the most brutal forms of historical violence.

“Why can we imagine the ending of the world, yet not the ending of colonialism?” a collective of Indigenous people in Canada asked us during that same period in their *Repensando el Apocalipsis: Un Manifiesto Indígena AntiFuturista*. In the document they stated that the apocalypse is “the futurism of the colonizer”, an imperialist narrative that advances by imposing itself on multiple existing projects and worldviews, eagerly destroying the Indigenous past and future simultaneously. If the settler dreams and in that way materialises the end of the world, the ancestors and the following generations of the world’s damned are obstinately dreaming against its end. Disobeying linear time, we strive to update societal projects based on *buen vivir* (good ways of living); celebrating and honouring life, we make it possible in its continuity. In this way, against the model of death, we enact other worlds and another temporality.

*DREAMING THE PAST: ART AS HEALING
AND AS (RE)CREATION OF OTHER
POSSIBLE WORLDS*

From the beginning, this exhibition adopted the idea of the artist as a shaman who keeps memory alive, possesses the secrets of healing and connects us to the sacred spirit guardians of the principles of life. This idea is in keeping with Gloria Anzaldúa’s idea of connecting with the spiritual tradition of the Aztec people and seeing art as a reality-creating creative process that, like a shaman or healer, heals the colonial wound and thus contributes to the aims of decolonisation.

Committed to these transitions, the *curanderas* (curators/healers) of this exhibition project devised and organised a process of collective research and self-reflection that would

eventually result in a collection of *synthesis*¹ works that propose to the public another reading of time, space and the possibility of life in common on this planet. A project based on recreating the worlds that have been discarded and hidden by modernity, disproving the idea of a single universe and proving the existence of pluriversality.

The invitation to the group of selected artists involved an exercise in speculative fiction and critical fabulation that allowed us to base ourselves on these projects of life in societies that were cut short and discarded by European modernity but that, despite the wounds, have persisted in their existence. We appealed to the experience and collective historical memory actively present in the participating artists and invited them to “dream the past” through a creative game and an open imagination in order to envision what we could have been without the appearance of the *ego conquiro* and the colonial wound it has inflicted. If archives and records are devices of control in the hands of colonial institutions and the Europeanised and Europeanising elites of the ex-colonies, fiction and artistic creation can help in the task of mending and safeguarding the *poiesis* of worlds that are not based on exploitation but on interdependence. As *curanderas* we set out to channel a process of collective healing and historical reparation in which creative work would bring to the surface senses of the world denied a priori by the modern European colonial project and therefore unknown to its narrative.

The idea of anti-futurism relates to a non-dominated conception of time. To imagine what history would have been like if Europe as a programme had not existed requires a retracing of our steps. It involves an exercise of memory and of temporal and spatial reinvention that is only possible from the perspective of a today in which we observe things critically. If the today we are living in is the future that mo-

1 We have chosen to replace *aesthetics* with *synthesis*, made up of the Latin verb *sentire* ('feel') and the Greek noun *sis* ('action'), which we associate with a practice closer to our genealogy, in which creative sensitivity is linked to the ability to feel/think the world and experience it through the connection between all forms of life and existence in both the material and immaterial dimensions.

ernity dreamt of, the peoples who have suffered its onslaught and ideology state that “the future is gone”, that the future is behind us and not ahead of us. In any case, this is not the future our ancestors dreamt of, so it does not belong to us. If in the future that modernity dreams of the end is imminent and cannot be postponed, the Indigenous and African diaspora peoples in Abya Yala continue to refuse to follow this destiny, and are determined to make life possible and to repair what has been damaged by the hegemonic civilising programme and everything it destroys in its wake.

In the task of collective accompaniment and reflection, we invoke marronage as an escape from the world/plantation, recognising the latter as the materialisation of the European civilising matrix that hierarchises labour, populations and bodies while organising the capitalist mode of accumulation. A plantation world that originated during colonial times as a mechanism for the control and exploitation of non-European peoples, but which continues today in the resorts of the Caribbean, in the maquilas, in human trafficking, in the narco-state, in the corpses that accumulate at the bottom of the Mediterranean, in the border of Melilla, in the desert between the United States and Mexico, or in the conflict between the Dominican Republic and Haiti. In opposition to this matrix, we declare marronage as a methodology of resistance as well as a commitment to interconnected life and a model for reinvention and restarting. Marronage as a form of escape and permanent action in pursuit of the reconstruction of interconnected worlds condemned to disappear at the hands of the European modernity programme.

The exhibition we present here is the culmination of a long process of shared study, research and reflection that accompanied the work in progress, as a methodological approach to overcoming the now normalised solitude of the creative process as it has been defined and orchestrated by the West. Thus, a virtual seminar laboratory was designed as a space that would grant us a year of monthly sessions in which artists/shamans and *curanderas* could meet. These gatherings allowed us

to develop ideas, to share and nourish ourselves from other experiences, and to recognise ourselves as part of a network of peoples and communities in resistance. Reflection on the experiences that affect us, and how this is reflected in the artistic and intellectual work that we have all been developing, was accompanied by a radical critique of the field of art and its coloniality.

Collective reflection allowed us to think about the work of racialised artists who are committed to decolonisation, showing how, through their work, they form part of the efforts to recompose the primordial bond mortally wounded by the European individualist project. The participating artists have shared and reaffirmed their task of contributing to the disarticulation of the silences of memory and the hegemonic narrative, while at the same time questioning the Western aesthetic canon and art history as a specialised field destined to a select few. The *aesthetic* and conceptual ideas that the artists in this exhibition bring into play aim to alter the conventional conceptions of art generated by the modern Western matrix by means of the reconnection of artistic practice with the reproduction of that which is common—material and spiritual—that gives meaning to alternative Western narratives.

These exchanges helped us to understand the different strategies used by our peoples to resist and confront the dominant model and how this is part of the efforts to halt the advance and imposition of the European model of civilisation, while at the same time, through different collective actions, we struggle to keep alive the memory of who we have been and to recreate the world of our ancestors, a world that has obstinately resisted its disappearance.

As we can see in the individual and collective projects that make up the exhibition, the exercise of asking ourselves what the world would have been like if Europe as a trope had never existed and what the world would be like if Europe disappeared revealed the impossibility of answering these questions separately. The difference in the answer to these questions is blurred to the extent that, in the end, we are always responding based

on the experience of having already been affected, wounded and shocked by Europe and its dominant, hierarchical and predatory model of civilisation.

The act of artistically fictionalising and recreating what the world would have been like if Europe had not existed, and what the world would be like if Europe were to disappear now, tends towards the production of a common imaginary that is based on the personal and collective experiences we have lived through as peoples condemned by the European narrative. An artist takes their experience as a starting point and applies it in their work. The work is the result of experimentation and their capacity to invent, but invention and speculative fiction are limited by what is known. Thus, the artists in this exhibition bring into play imaginaries that recreate worlds that are known and actually exist. These existing worlds are the raw material that allows them to imagine and propose a world without Europe, albeit one that is already impacted by it. It is these ideas that are at the heart of the work in progress.

MAROON ANTI-FUTURIST MANIFESTO

Can we imagine what the world would have been like without Europe, what it would have been like without its barbarism, without its heavy, ammunition-laden boot trampling all over our faces, over our territories and over itself? “Europe is indefensible,” stated our poet and brother Aimé Césaire almost a century ago. He said this following two world wars and not only one genocide—as the history that calls itself universal tells us there was—but after the countless genocides that Europe has perpetrated or encouraged others to perpetrate around the world since at least 1492. We speak of genocide, but our sisters of the Mapuche people call it terricide. Terricide because European modernity’s civilising project attacks all forms of life on the planet. There is no doubt that Europe, as a programme, is a project of death. REMEMBER.

The White apocalypse, the White man on his White horse, with his White sword and his universal hierarchical and guilt-ridden morality, with his heavy White cross and his White books laden with classificatory, condemnatory, hurtful word-weapons, advancing in the erasure of the interconnected and multi-related world.

They came and sat down in the chair of domination and pillage. They enslaved the men, raped the women and turned them into servants and housekeepers, forcing them to breastfeed the children they had with the *xinu'l* (Ladina) because they were afraid that their bodies would be disfigured. They changed our names and surnames to that of those who enslaved us. They changed our surnames because their tongues could not turn, they could not pronounce them. They saw us as objects and by decree decided to call us “Ladinos”, “Blacks”, “Indians”, “Mulatos”. Where did they get those names from? They argued that we were backward, without the ability to reason, dangerous. They still do! As they unleashed the dogs on us and chained us up, they claimed they would improve our conditions. They spoke about inferiority, they spoke about “race”. “Indian”, “Black”, they called us, as if they were saying “filth”, and with the same disgust as if they were saying “scum”. REMEMBER.

Nan Pine a ak eucalyptus, kote yon fwa, pant yo rizom dewoule nan yon peyi fètil nan forè ble ak van sonore. Dlo a te stagnation, ak labou ki te yon fwa lank nan fib la te vin putrid san pigman, san lavi.

Of pine and eucalyptus, where once the verdant rhizomes unfolded in a fertile land of blue forests and sonorous winds. The water stagnated, and the clay, which was once the dye of the fibre, became putrid—without pigment, without life.

That is how they were and that is how they have developed. The White folk, the *winka*, the pale faces and their civilisation of death. A lineage of evil that equates reason with conquest, well-being with exploitation. “I think therefore I am,” they said to cover up their *conquiro*. The *säq mamoj* (pale faces) do not know of the existence of their navel, nor do they know the smell and taste of the earth. They are covered in plastic, contaminated

like our rivers, contaminated by their own industries, by their businesses, by their mining companies, by their drilling machines, dismembering Mother Earth. Their hearts and their ideology are made of useless plastic. REMEMBER.

Their soul is sick
a macabre tumour in waiting
that feeds on money
consumes our banishment
sails bloody tides
and violent hecatombs
cuts down, burns, sells and kills
forests and takes lives
with virulent pandemics
they are schooled obediently
in the ways of their modern world
at the gates of a hell
they created themselves

The *säq mamoj* way of thinking is based on superiority, they claim to be superior to nature and everything that exists; this is the reason why they kill, damage and destroy everything in their path. The blindness of their politics silences the ability to talk about our roots, it silences mother mountain and disrespects grandfather river. That is why humanity is increasingly dry: the liquid that passes through its body is capitalism and its brain [is] incapable of understanding human and cosmological diversity. Whereas our ancestors studied astronomy in depth, asking for the corresponding permission so as not to harm the cosmos, the White man and his entire lineage invented increasingly sophisticated devices to extract knowledge and with this they also managed to bring destruction. They stepped on *Qat'tit Ik*, grandmother moon! Such is his insolence.

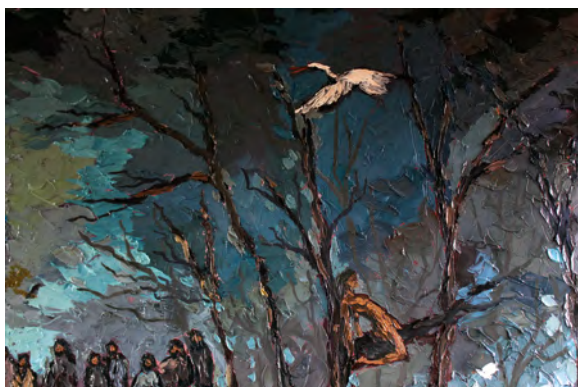
They have tried to destroy us in every way possible. They have not stopped violating our identity, our ancestral practices, our relationship with that which is sacred. They wanted to dress us in their likeness. Perhaps they were afraid of our clothing? Our clothing represents the historical legacy of our worldview, of our ways of life and organisation. The memory



Naomi Rincón, *Eclipse*,
Video Still, 2023



Grupo Ajchowen, *Kotz'ijan, Florecer*,
Performance, 2023



Marcela Huitraiqueo, *Meli pewma*,
Oil on canvas, 2023



Imayna Cáceres, *Se juntan, comen, ríen, bailan, se abrazan, cooperan, preconizan, sueñan, y se conectan al todo aun permaneciendo como parte*, Installation, 2023



Johanné Gómez, *Mood board*, Video Still, 2023

Un periódico fundado en 1908 por Evaristo Estenoz y reeditado y diseñado en 2023 por Yoel Díaz Vazquez

JUEVES 17
DICIEMBRE 2016
LA REVOLUCIÓN
EN SU 50.ª ANIVERSARIO

DISTRIBUCIÓN
NACIONAL
LUNES A VIERNES
480 PÁGS.
PAGO 10.000



ORGAN OFICIAL DEL COMITÉ CENTRAL DEL PARTIDO REVOLUCIONARIO CUBANO



CONSUELO SERRA H.

Por fin a la idea de una concreción del Congreso de Honduras

El presidente de Honduras, Juan Orlando Fernández, anunció a 40 000 ciudadanos de su país con un discurso televisado que se retransmitió en la Odeón y la radio de la ciudad de La Habana, el inicio de un proceso de diálogo y negociación con el gobierno cubano para la resolución de las tensiones que se han producido en diferentes disciplinas...



EVARISTO ESTENOZ

Recibió Raín al Presidente de Cabo Verde

Jornada artística para de

El Ministerio de Cultura anunció una variedad de actividades artísticas y culturales que se desarrollarán a lo largo del mes de diciembre...

Periódico Político Independiente

**PARA "DIGNIFICAR"
A JOSÉ M. GÓMEZ**
por FRANCISCO MORAN. pág.4

PIC
**ENTREVISTA CON
EVARISTO ESTENOZ**
pág.3

**LA PRÁCTICA SOCIAL
A LO CUBANO**
por COCO FUSCO. pág.6 y 7

MINERVA EN LA DIÁSPORA
con SANDRA HEIDL y YESENIA SELIER
pág.8 y 9

CHARLA 2 CON LUIS M.O.A.
por ANAMELY RAMOS. pág.5
Granma publica hoy un tabloide sobre los acontecimientos del 17 de diciembre del 2014 y todo lo que ha ocurrido desde entonces a la fecha

REIVINDICACIÓN

Yoel Díaz, *Previsión: Fabulaciones para una sanación decolonial*, Newspaper, 2010-2023



Verena Melgarejo, *Conexiones de punto. Pocabunter (Parte II)*, Video Still, 2023



Yelaine Rodríguez, *Babalú-Ayé y La Negra del Hospital*, Analog photography 120mm, 2022

of centuries is stored in our fabrics. Our lands, our territories and our ancestral knowledge were plundered, the mirror of discord was sown in the name of progress and development.

When you are born following 500 years of colonial wounds, everything is confusing, like unsorted trash. It then becomes difficult to imagine what our history would have been like without their interference, without the advent of their civilising project. Today, just as it was yesterday,

It is dangerous to be alive

Life has been kidnapped

Our flesh hurled

Towards sacrifice zones

The apocalyptic ideals of the White world sacrifice our lives under the premise of the inevitable. "Progress is inevitable, the end is inevitable," they argue. They want us to fit into a mould in order to keep the capitalist machine alive until our bodies are wasted, become nothing, and if we miss a step, we can easily be left behind, seeing as we are easily replaceable. Some of our people have already forgotten who they are, they no longer know that they are sacred children of the great universal mother, they no longer remember our dreams of the world. They have hypnotised a part of human life and spread fear amongst our peoples. "If you speak out for life you are a liability, a hindrance to progress," they say. To fight for life puts you at risk of losing it: if you reject *sāq mamoj* ideals, you are reprimanded as a "child of the devil".

But there are those of us who hold on to our *taitas*. When we sleep, our ancestors speak to us and remember us. This is how we know that our dreams are from another world, that our dreams navigate another temporality.

When hurrying up is of market value, slowing down is a revolution. Time is another way to boycott the dynamics of oppression that respond to time as a utility and nullify the body as a recipient of processes. Time as a thing, with its own body, that mobilises, hurries and conditions us, instead of thinking about it as a practical metre that accounts for the link of life between our creative and experiential processes.

Do you understand why the arrow points towards Europe? We turn the clock against Eurocentrism, it tells the opposite time now, we've turned the arrow around. We look at the past as a reference, and we walk with it in front of our steps. The ancestors guide our path. We embody executioning zombification. BREATHE.

—This is not the end
Life goes on beyond this—
said the maroon woman.
Do not faint,
our past has been beautiful.
Let the feast continue!

We embody the song and liberation of the discarded bodies, piled up on the ship and on the plantation, bodies dismembered by the settler's sword. We use salt as a mineral talisman for escape, we transfigure the time and space of capital. We use "resident time" as a technology for the self-preservation of our Black bodies, the geological, mineralogical, biochemical dimension of Black matter, as components of maroon ontogenesis. BREATHE.

Nan yon kote nan rèv ki ba, scandalize pa bri a, lafimen an ak asfalt la, ti bouton parèt. «Yo se/nou se kominote» ak lakansyèl nan rad nou. Nou retire move zèb konkeran an plante pou fè bèl forè panse nou grandi. Yon glas zansèt, ki gen mo yo te resite nan lòt lavni ak nan lavni nan lavni.

In a place of bad dreams, scandalised by noise, smoke and asphalt, small buttons emerge. "They are/we are communities" with rainbows on our clothes. We pull the weeds planted by the conquistador to allow the beautiful forest of our thoughts to grow. An ancestral mirror, whose words were recited in other lives and in future lives.

We reject the imposition of Western and Eurocentric thought and ideologies, of hegemony as a tool of oppression and of intelligence over ancestral knowledge.

Nawkulechi ta tüfachi rakizuum, tüfachi kake rakizuum ka kimün europa ka occidente püle, logkokulelu reke, küñe afaniku yamgekefigu ta che feyti chi kimün mew, mulealu ta we kimün mew ka kuifi kimün mew, epu mew falitukewigu.

We claim the right to our autonomous governance, linking the contemporaneity of this era—hurt, wounded, and surviving—with our own traditions and ancestral circles.

Güfetuyiñ ta iñ kuiñ az mogen mew, txapümkuñuwiyiñ tüfachi we az mogen kay, kutxankaw ka wüñomogetuy, ta iñ pu kuiñike kimün ka ta iñ wallpan kuiñ mew.

We question the exaltation of political parties in their thirst to assume the role of “nation state”.

Ramtukefiyiñ chungelu witxanpuranmekeygun pu partidu politiku famgechi wüñomülealu Wall mapu mew.

We reject colonial practices of incarceration and exile of ancestral inhabitants and communities in favour of the flourishing of our convictions and of a world based on circular temporality.

Zuamlafiyiñ tüfachi pu wigka ñi küzaw colonia mew, presokontukufiñ zugu mew ka kechaentugey ta kuiñikeche pu mapucheyam, fey mew nentugekey ta ñi pu falitun zugu, kañ püle küpachi kimün ka rakizuam.

We restore life in community, the concern for nature, its benevolence, and humility before the creeper and its wisdom.

Wüñolepayiñ ta iñ kuiñ az mogen mogen lof mapu mew, ta iñ günezuamkülen itxofill mogen mew, ñi fütxa az ka ñi ñom rakizuam iñche ñi witxan az mew, ñi kimün kay.

Dying old beast

Writhes decadently

While people bloom

With deep wisdom

Reciprocal mutualism

With plant and animal

Water, land and mineral

Sustains us in the abyss

Decolonial options

Bloom from the cracks

Living Black pedagogies

Feed on fire and rage

We demand the demolition of colonialism, the demolition of its monuments and statues—so-called heritage—and of the valorisation of the historical debris of racism and discrimination.

Güllatumeſiyiñ ñi katxükañmafiel ta colonia mew, ñi pu monumento ka ñi pu estatuas, ñi pu az kimün, rakizuam, küzarw ka ñi falitual, pozkülekey ñi pu wechake wigka kimün, racismo ka discriminación ka.

We support the free manifestation of thoughts, in an encounter of coming and going, of dreams and counterdreams.

Yetufiyiñ ta iñ pu kecharakizuam, küñe txawün ta amutun ka wületun ta pewma mew.

We reject the idea of linear progress. Time is a future-presentpast, a quip nayr. Our creativity is a feeling-thinking-doing-walking towards the futurepast, against the idea of progress and its remote freezing.

We believe in silence and slowness. We switch off their noises and meaningless occupations. The time for creating is not the time for noisy machines. We need to listen and imagine from our hearts, from our body-mind-soul. “Our creations are forms of resistance.”

We pronounce the love and colours of the exquisite multiplicity we are. Of bodies and their traces. Attraction and desire. Contact and intimacy. The leadership of the rejected and the brilliance of the performance.

Pileyiñ ta poyen ka fillke az kolotuwekey fillke mogen mew, ta iñ kalbül ñi pu pülnon mew, ayintu mew, ñi zuam mew, ti üwam ka ñi ki-shun mew, ñi wünelu mew ta aftukufe che ka ñi wülüfñi küme zewman.

We seek to create our own autonomy, one that is true to us and allows the reproduction of collective life. We will no longer live within fragmented memories and history. We will no longer feed the capitalist, racist and sexist settler mentality.

In future-present-past continuous, in harmony, chaos and random movements: we draw, dream, write, dance and create linked to a knowledge of ourselves as cyclical beings in a cosmically interconnected pluriverse. Our arts are the multiple histories we come from, weaving affects, restoring what we need to remember. Through dreams, visions and spiritual connections, through intuition and observation, and attentive to the methods and teachings of other beings, we create paths and forces that go through barriers, crossing borders and sliding between worlds.

WE REMEMBER where we come from, we acknowledge the hearts of stones and listen to them beating. Our grandparents (*ye tzijon kë ri ab'aj*) speak with the stones, with the mountains and hills, with the animals as our older and younger brothers and sisters, with the spiral of time and with the cosmos, just as the moon speaks when it announces illness and death. You remember... Do you remember, brother and sister, the awakening of the moon when it falls asleep and transcends? Do you remember when the moon does this, not because she wants to but because she feels sad about informing us of imbalances in humanity? Do you remember that when the sun bathes it is announcing the long-awaited rain that comes to wash away Mother Earth's tears?

Our grandparents lived long moons and long suns, always seeking balance with the cosmos. When it was their turn to leave this dimension, they found their way through a *kotz'ij* (Mayan ceremony), because it connected them with the essence of their ancestors and to not get lost along the path and in time, so they could arrive at their destination with less difficulty. Our grandparents were not afraid of transcendence; the key was their daily lives: they practised respect, reciprocity and collectivity. Their existence was governed by the Cholq'ij (long count), marking the cycles of life and time.

The fear of being born to die is from the *kaxlan*, not from our Mayan ancestors. They taught us that death is transcendence, that *uk'u'x* is everyday life and is interwoven with the cosmos, which gives us the ability to observe time, to listen to the wind. Speaking with fire and understanding the message of everything that exists is the wisdom that Eurocentrism has not been able to annihilate, because the teachings are *pix'a* (the advice of grandparents) and are present all the time, sheltering our dreams, which manifest with the 20 energies of the Cholq'ij to give order to our existence. And it is then when the creative force, the spiral of time, *ri raja'wal K'an* (serpent), which in Christianity has been characterised as sin and the devil (Kukulkan and Kukumatz), continues to accompany us like the sash that crosses our navel, the one that holds our *muxux*,

our existence, the sash that holds the belly of a pregnant woman about to give birth and the perfume that infects us when she bathes with plants in the *tuj-temascal*; the aroma of her pores expands to the belly of Mother Earth, becoming colours, becoming a rainbow that smells of pine, incense, candles and flowers, announcing that life is about to spring.

That is why we turn to everything that is alive in the cosmos and join our voices to turn the *raja'wal k'at-kaslem*, or web of life, into melodies, we interweave ourselves with the rhythms of the universe, we smash colonisation and capitalism, our modern apocalypse, spreading like a plague to contaminate the minds and egos of the *sāq mamoj*, pale and sick.

We have found the cure, we are striving to make this plague disappear. The ancestral healing energy of the people has lifted us up to this day. We heal Mother Earth, we heal the pale faces, we heal egos, minds and bodies. We walk along the paths of the decolonisation of thought and of the world as a whole. For 500 years we have been repairing what the master's house and his imposed civilisation have been destroying. Our grandparents have given us the secrets to make ancestral medicine that guarantees the reproduction of life and happiness.

When the clock stops, alerting the failure of the system, when the alarms go off, don't get scared. Let the images pass one after another. Don't stop them, don't rationalise, let them come. REMEMBER.

Our ancestors saved
Inside each seed
Mysteries of the tortilla
From the earth its secrets
In their songs the remedies
Memories of suffering
The fury of their lament
The strength of their anguish
The instructions for their repair
And the cure for their torment

Before scenting our *k'u'x* (spirit) with rue and flower water, we get rid of our fears with *chilca*, frighten away what is not ours

with plants and pine. We commit to fighting the capitalist, consumerist, colonialist, sexist, patriarchal, discriminatory, racist, predatory world, because if our bodies are the same as the earth, then, if the earth heals, so do our bodies.

PRESCRIPTIONS TO COMBAT WHITE FEVER AND ITS ARROW OF TIME

1. Bend the straight line, hack colonial time, interrupt productive time, adopt the spiral as a measure, snail time, like the milky way, like the entire universe. REMEMBER.

Walk against the arrow of time. Abandon the idea of the future as a promise, as a fictional time thought from a Western perspective. Activate nanotime, start again and again, as many times as necessary. Keep the vanishing point active. Insist on passing through temporary microportals of escape through invocation, enjoyment, pleasure, masturbation, eating, dance, meditation and all the ancestral technologies of fugitivity and marronage. In the name of the Akan people, the drums of the *malembe*, the fluttering of the *guaichia*.

- Reconcile with maroon time. Wait, like the jaguar waits, walk in the dark, prepare yourself, stalk, breathe slowly, watch, wait for your opportunity. REMEMBER.

Walk at your own pace. Opt for ways that safeguard the enjoyment of the process, without responding to external pressures that take us away from the path of calmness and listening, both necessary to enter spiritually and physically to summon and receive other bodies, bodies/ideas. Generate healing rituals.

2. Become one with your community. You do not have one? Have you been separated, robbed, forced into exile? Have you already been separated from your group, from the land to which you belong? Go out and find it, go back to your roots. What blood runs through your veins? You are no longer from here or there, and for that very reason, because you know, become fabric, restore the bond, recreate the stitch, make the silence speak. REMEMBER. Walk

backwards. Dream of the past. Without limits, traverse territories spreading seeds of ancestral memory.

Ask about your origin, about the people you come from. Go back, do not abandon them, maintain the bond that unites you to your community. Learn from them how and from where to weave the warp of life.

3. Become one again with everything mineral, vegetal, animal, material, spiritual and subtle. Reunite with the whole!

In the seed sown

In the strength of its roots

In its stem and in its matrix

Cut on the leaf

And carved on the trunk

Grass-moss-forest-jungle

Memory reminds us

In the language of the cosmos

That we are tree and earth

And their blood surrounds us

4. Exorcise colonialism and its established order: coloniality. Uninstall the European operating system, reprogramme ancestral wisdom, remember, activate corporeal and spiritual memory.

REMEMBER! We were not born just to survive. They make us believe that living in small stacked boxes, in dirty and overcrowded cities, with unbreathable air, is better than living on Earth surrounded by all the other creatures that exist. Join the recreation of the world!

5. Embrace your dissident existence as a way of not dying. Embrace your radical vitality! Feed it, take it for a walk, protect it from those who reduce you to “being suffering”, to being passive and without history.

They failed to tame us

Out of the dark appear

Anti-future creatures

Emerging from the cracks

And silencing the prophets

Of certain apocalypse

6. Kill the internalised White master, squeeze until the abscess bursts. Heal. BREATHE.

Let the fever subside
Let the devils arrive
May they adorn altarpieces
May they celebrate life
They rise from the fissures
The earth breathes
The wind sighs
Listen to the song
That comes from the weeping
Of devils with no anger

7. Speak in languages the masters do not understand. Curse them in your language and in theirs. Keep the secrets.

8. Recover the ceremony. Embody rituality to express respect for the experience of life. Pay tribute to the dead, thank them for guiding us.

9. Sow... SOW! Care, eat, smile. Be part of the tasks that guarantee the reproduction of life. Take responsibility for your life and your contributions to the lives of those around you.

REMEMBER. The soil is good to us if we are good to it. Mother Earth always provides when she pleases, but her wrath is strong when she is harmed. Colonisation and capitalism, two sides of the same coin, have done great harm, but there are still places where fruit plants grow wild, where you can find more than three types of nutrients on a strip of path. Keep this image burned into your memory.

10. Embrace others regularly, celebrate as if it were the last day. Be part of the pluriverse where existences dance and communicate with the language of affection and relationship.

Eternal love only exists outside the empire: without a pattern or a master or an ultimate goal of destruction. Based on the commitment to the primal bond of life, the world is recreated in connection and relationship.

11. Be medicine. Be a cure for this dying world.

In collaboration with:



UNIVERSITAT
DE VALÈNCIA
2017-1386

espai 10



ATENEU
RAVAL

PERIFERIA
CIMARRONAS

l'oculta

Curanderas: Yuderkys Espinosa-Miñoso and Katia Sepúlveda

PROGRAMME OF ACTIVITIES

11 October 2023

Arts Santa Mònica and its surroundings, 6 pm

Inaugural roundtable: *Antifuturismo cimarrón. Celebrar la reexistencia*

Healing ritual and street intervention

12 October 2023

Arts Santa Mònica and La Virreina Centre de la Imatge, 7 pm

Inauguration: *La cura celebration*

Dedication

L'Occulta, 9 pm

Concert by Grupo Katanga and DJ Maldita Vaina

13 October 2023

La Caníbal, 6 pm

Book launch: *Usos y costumbres de los blancos*

Ateneu del Raval, 7.30 pm

Concert by Grupo Katanga

14 October 2023

Hangar, 11 am

Workshop: *Silomen Cholq'ij*, de Colectivo Mujeres Ajchowen

La Virreina LAB, 7 pm

Roundtable: *Cimarronaje: un ejercicio de la huida y la reinvencción*

15 October 2023

Arts Santa Mònica, 6 pm

Performance: *Kotz'iján/Florecer* by Colectivo de Mujeres Ajchowen

27 October 2023

Arts Santa Mònica, 7.30 pm

Performance: *Kotz'iján/Florecer* by Colectivo de Mujeres Ajchowen

La Virreina Centre de la Imatge
Palau de la Virreina
La Rambla, 99. 08002 Barcelona

Opening hours: from Tuesday to
Sunday and holidays,
from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m.

Free admission



#AntiFuturismoCimarron
@lavrreinaci
barcelona.cat/lavrreina

Centre d'Arts Santa Mònica
La Rambla, 7, 08002 Barcelona
Opening hours: from Tuesday to
Sunday and holidays,
from 11 a.m. to 8.30 p.m.
Free admission



#AntiFuturismoCimarron
@centredartssantamonica
artssantamonica.gencat.cat