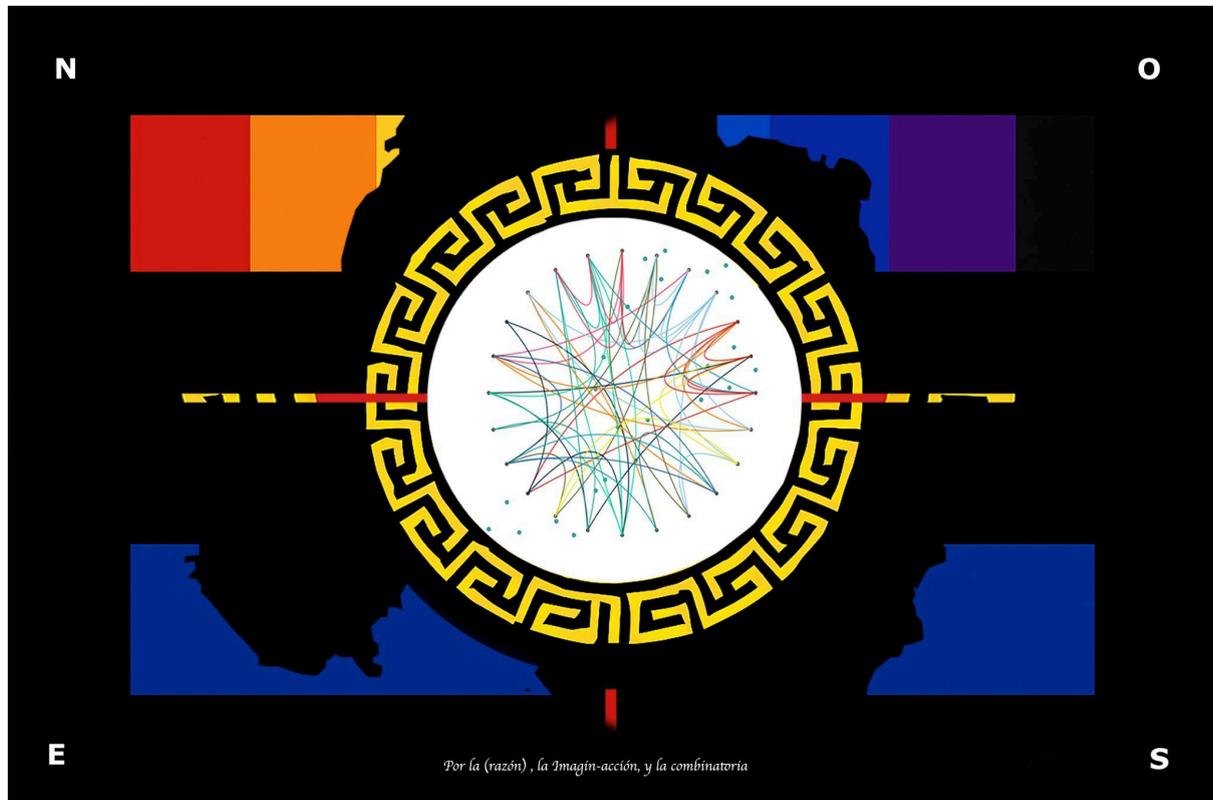


Touching to speak: sound, territory, and post-ancestrality in the face of imperialisms

Toward TmaqT: the machinery of weaving and being woven



Contemporary imperialisms no longer impose themselves solely through armies or borders. They operate through invisible infrastructures: platforms, algorithms, extractive data economies, and global narratives that flatten difference. Today, power not only occupies territories; it defines how the world is felt. It no longer needs flags. These imperialisms configure sensibilities. War is no longer always heard as an explosion: it is perceived as a constant hum, as latency, as background noise that normalizes collapse.

In this scenario, marked by wars, displacement, ecological collapse, and an acceleration that leaves no space for the body, the question is not only political, but sensory: from where is it still possible to speak without repeating the language of empire?

My point of departure is not the word, nor the image, nor the text, but touch, and a contact with contextual reality.

Sound is understood not as music nor as a cultural product, but as a form of speech that emerges from contact. A sound that is not executed, but generated through touching a surface, a fabric, a sensitive material. Touch not as a utilitarian gesture, but as an act of relationship with a territory.

Because touching is a way of situating oneself.
And to situate oneself, today, is a political gesture.

In many Indigenous Amazonian cosmologies, such as those of the Shipibo-Konibo people, song is not a representation of the world, but a living inscription: paths that are sung, designs that are walked, sounds that organize space. Song does not describe territory; it activates it, sustains it, rewrites it. There is no strict separation between voice, body, surface, and memory.

However, we do not live in a time of ancestral continuity. We live after rupture—and long after it. For this reason, I propose thinking in terms of a condition of post-ancestrality: not as a romantic recovery of the past, but as a field of tensions in which the body retains sensory memories, even when symbolic systems have been fragmented or colonized.

In this context, the act of touching a fabric, that is, a textile as a system for generating sound, can be understood as a form of proto-writing. Not an alphabetic or informational writing, but a temporal, unstable, situated inscription. A form of writing that does not fix meaning, but leaves a trace as it occurs. Sound appears here as speech, but not as discourse: as trace, as remainder, as vibration that bears witness to a relationship, a context, a situation.

It is here that technology—and particularly artificial intelligence—must be displaced from its dominant imaginary. Not as a tool for control, prediction, or efficiency, but as a system capable of sustaining temporal memory. An AI that does not classify or

translate human gesture into closed categories, but responds to its history, its trajectory, its way of unfolding.

This is not about the machine “speaking for” the ancestral.
It is about learning to listen differently.

Against a geopolitical order that abstracts, accelerates, and extracts, insisting on sound as the result of touch becomes a minor yet radical form of resistance. It is an affirmation that the body remains a site of knowledge. That territory is not only an extension of land, but a sensitive surface. That it is still possible to generate meaning without passing through the logic of domination or representation.

This is not a project meant to “heal” the world, nor to offer solutions to global catastrophe. It is, at most, an active consolation: a space where sound accompanies, remembers, and responds without imposing. A form of speech that does not conquer, does not translate, does not capture.

In times of imperialism that speak too much, touching so that sound can speak becomes a way of situating oneself once again.



And perhaps, of beginning to write and to inscribe from another place.