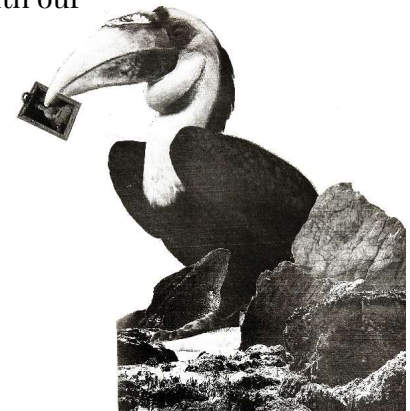
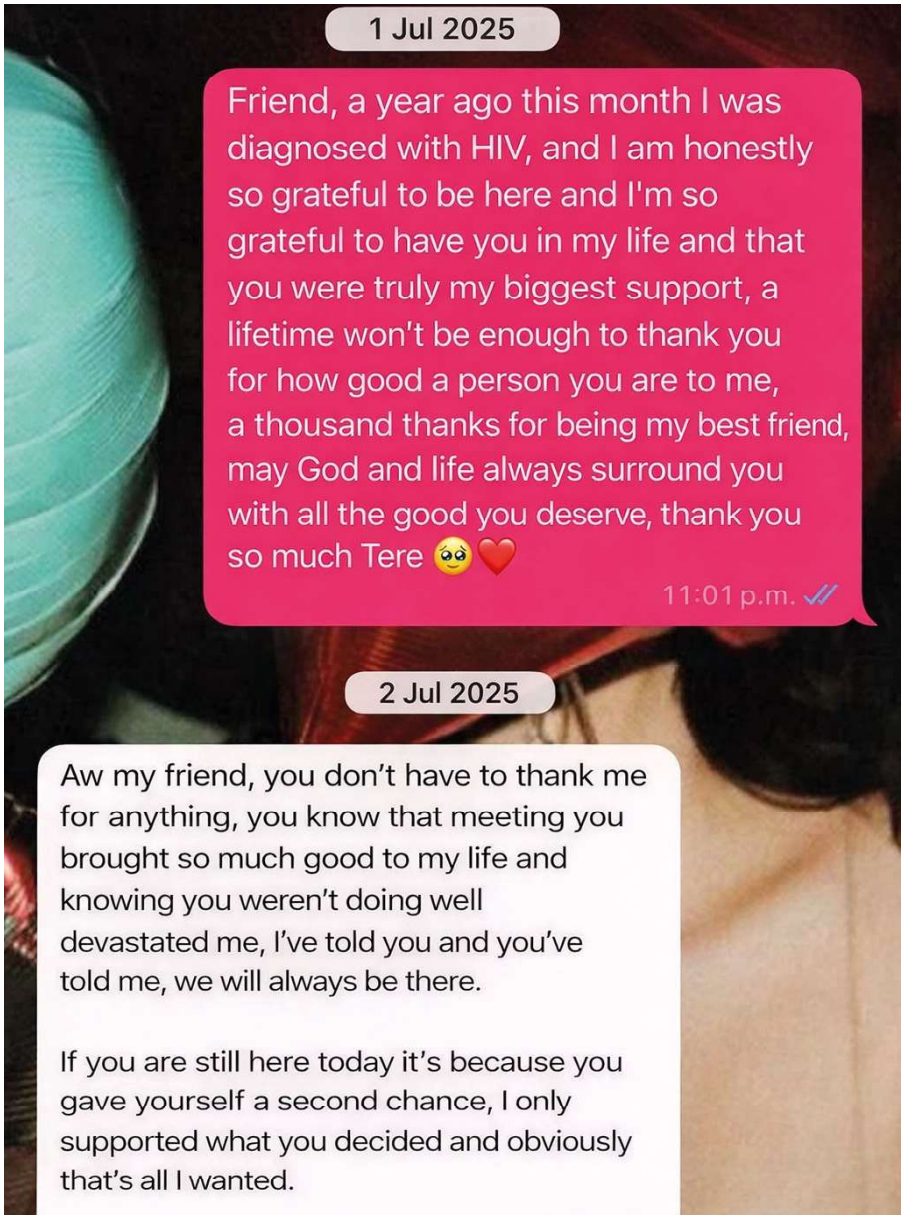
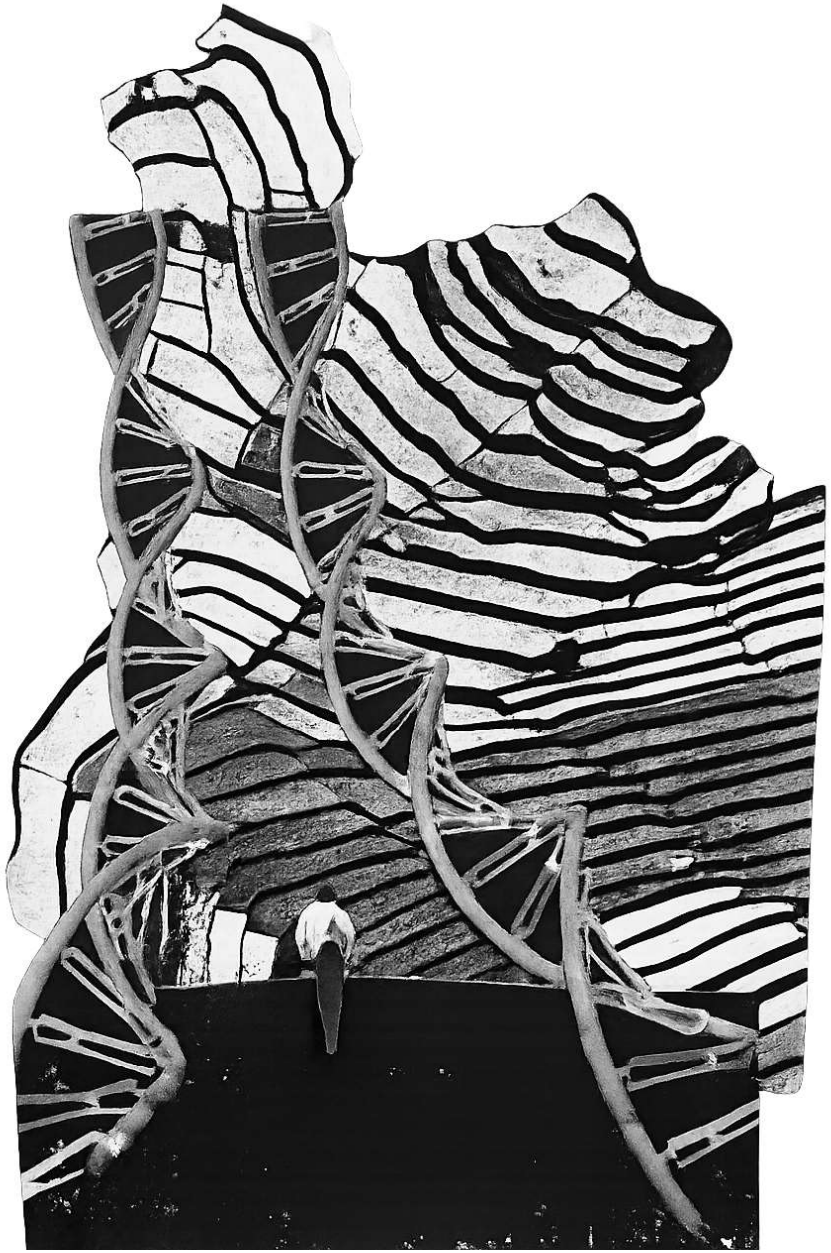
Who owns the narrative about HIV? Historically, our stories have been extracted, translated, and cataloged beneath the clinical, sterile gaze of the Global North. The book ***Ecos: Who are not you listening to?*** is a response to that tradition.

Born among the members of cepa, a community of HIV-positive people in Tlaxcala, Mexico, this book collapses the hierarchy between researcher and researched. Through raw dialogues, analog collages, intimate photographs, and everyday digital archives, we seize the word and the image to reclaim our right to epistemic justice.

Coexisting within these bilingual pages are the voices of those who live with their diagnosis publicly, alongside those who have turned anonymity and opacity into a creative trench. We do not seek comfort, nor do we attempt to fit into fixed concepts. What you hold in your hands is a collective montage, a way of inhabiting uncertainty, and a radical demand: the right to tell our story with our own accents.







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-cepa 2026-

Dear friend, it is the year 2745 and this virus still lurks, playing its games on the trampolines of my veins. I have seen—and I do not know how many more I shall see—the deaths left behind by the circumstances of our journeys, and the death by monotony that accompanies the sheer passage of life. I have kept abreast of the advances in medicine. And yet, I find myself facing the same questions. I am working with Dr. Fausto Weber, a genius in molecular biochemistry applied to the behavioral development of microorganisms. Although his research seems promising, we still lack the clinical trials, the test subjects, and the approvals from health and medical institutions.

Since I joined his laboratory, located beneath the eternal ice of Antarctica, where the silence is broken only by the pulsing of fusion reactors, I have felt time grow denser. Here, beneath kilometers of glacial ice, the white walls of the complex emit a light that emulates a perpetual dawn. There are no nights. There are no seasons. Only the continuous hum of the machines measuring the virus's respiration in real time. The virus, which we have begun to call Morfea-L, does not behave like a traditional disease: it does not attack the lungs, nor the immune system, nor even directly the DNA. What it does is anchor itself to the autonomic nervous system, infiltrating like an alien thought, an echo that repeats itself in moments of stillness. Many who seemed healthy died in their sleep, without pain, without spasms. They simply stopped dreaming, and then, they stopped waking up.

Dr. Weber does not speak much. He has glassy, gray eyes, as if he had seen a thousand visions of the future and none were worth telling. But when he does speak, his words carry more weight than the protocols of the Solar Medical Academy. He told me once: «It is not about defeating the virus, but deceiving it. We must make it believe it has already won, so that it lowers its guard when the counterattack arrives». Since then, we have designed the substance known as Nemesis V. A synthetic, almost ethereal compound that mimics the brain's electrical signals in the REM state, but with a lethal chemical twist.

I have mentioned to him that its administration must be aggressive for its effectiveness to be one hundred percent guaranteed. My hypothesis regarding the procedure is to place the patient face down, with minimal anesthesia; they must feel every movement of the scalpel; the incision must be made between C3 and C5. Dr. Fisher, who died during a solar radiation storm last year—a twist of fate from which I have yet to recover—was the first to observe, under a quantum entanglement microscope, a new nerve, almost imperceptible due to the shape of the spinal cord in that area. He called it the igneous fiber. It is so thin that it does not conduct conventional motor or sensory impulses. Rather, it acts as an encrypted line of communication between the spinal cord and a remote gland, located in the brain's third ventricle, whose function was previously unknown.

Thus, the administration of the substance must be swift; at every moment, the patient must be asked if they still have control of their extremities. A loss of sensation in the hands or feet means the igneous fiber has already been touched—and then, there is no turning back. If the process is a success, the substance will stimulate this tiny nerve, which in turn will send the correct signals, and the

Ecos: ¿A quiénes no estás escuchando?
Echoes: Who are not you listening to?

Images and texts
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This work was supported by a collaborative grant from the National Science Foundation (NSF) Science and Technology Studies (STS) program (NSF, #2240822; #2240637; #2240673).

The views presented do not necessarily represent those of the NSF or any other funder.

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brain will produce a new hormone, hypnolin, capable of confusing and slowly killing the virus. Not through destruction, but through emotional asphyxiation: the virus relies on sadness, on boredom, on suspended time. Hypnolin simulates a surge of vivid memories, of impossible joys, as if the brain were reliving every moment of ecstasy in a chain reaction. The virus, failing to recognize the emotional environment, retreats. Slowly, it disintegrates, like a shadow beneath the midday sun.

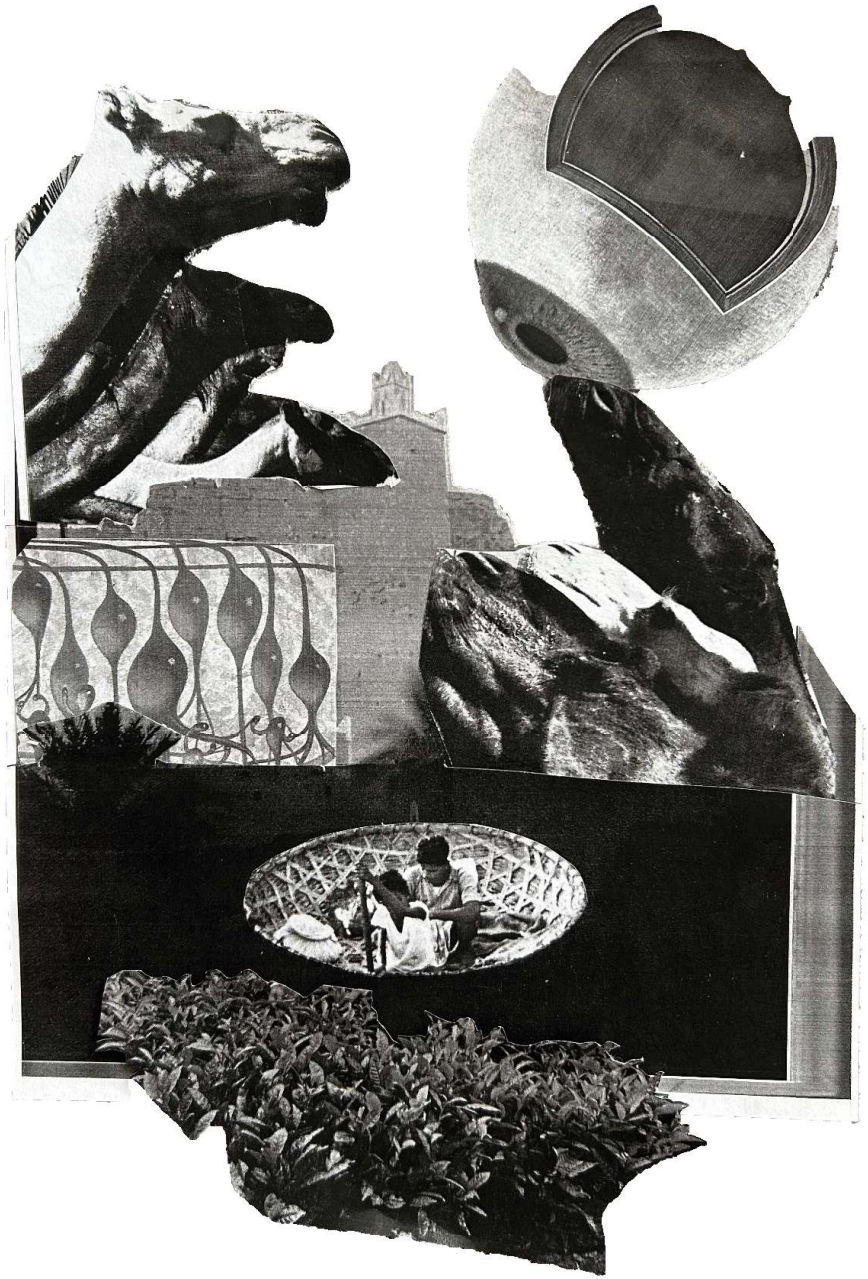
One would only need to be medicated for two months. It would be more comfortable. Though one cannot be sure. The first volunteer, a 68-year-old man who had been a philosophy professor on Mars, received the treatment three weeks ago. During the first few days, he screamed. Not from pain, but from memories: his first bike, his mother's face when letting him go at school, a stolen kiss in a zero-gravity tunnel. Then he fell silent. Now he smiles, constantly, even though there is no one with him. Last night he told me: «I hear the words I never said out loud.» The virus, according to the scanners, has reduced its load by 98%. Something is working. Or perhaps, something new has begun.

What year is it, as you read this letter?

Or rather:

Have you stopped feeling alive?

Are you cured?





1.

For decades, HIV has been like an arid terrain where it seemed impossible for anything new to sprout; but in the midst of that soil, a small plant has begun to sprout, fragile yet full of life. Its presence heralds the promise of change, which is the cure. Thus, the plant forms leaf by leaf, transforming itself into a possibility.

Every sprout of this plant represents patience, motivation, and trust.

2.
Before taking

Keep this leaflet, as you may need to read and enjoy it again.

This treatment has been prescribed for you.

If you experience any of the following reactions, do not continue the treatment and consult a professional you completely trust:

Catastrophe. The crisis of faith, the loss of the meaning of life.
Emptiness. The hole in the soul that nothing can fill.
Anxiety. The desperate attempt to control the panic that surrounds you.



3.
How to use this medicine?
The usual dose for each person (whatever your doctor has told you).

Take the medicine at night in good company, with sweet bread, chocolate, or coffee.
Take the medicine and the correct doses.

What should I do if I forget a dose?

Do not get upset. Take it the following morning with your breakfast.

Remain calm, the cure is within you.

Have you slept well lately?

4.
Side effects

Patients may experience euphoria for several days.

Momentaneous lucidity-blindness: It is possible that after the euphoria, at its highest point, the person may feel blinded. The pupils will register a powerful light for a couple of hours, accompanied by a touch of melancholy.

Selective memory loss: As the moment of blindness subsides, the person will begin to lose the memories that accompanied their diagnosis. They will remember people, certain dates, but will gradually forget everything related to HIV. It is recommended that, while this happens, the person write a diary to preserve them.

5.
Storage and Preservation

Conservation Ritual: Consider three stones brought from the volcanoes Popocatepetl, Iztaccihuatl, and Matlalcueyetl. These stones must be exposed during a full moon night, beneath the evening dew, and then submerged in breast milk for seven days, mixed with boiling white chocolate powder.

Finally, three drops of lemon are added to turn the preparation into *requesón*[1].

Among the adverse conditions are love, the contemplation of the one who consumes it; madness, and above all, the congruence between doing, saying, and thinking.

Constant drowsiness in the face of educational and social disparities. Indifference to the affection of a few or many unconcerned relatives.

(1) Requesón: A Mexican-style whey cheese. Unlike aged cheeses, it is soft and moist with a texture ranging from creamy to grainy. It serves as the Latin American equivalent to ricotta.