



To whom do we write?

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To whom do we write?

In her letter to Third World Women writers, Gloria Anzaldúa wrote:

Throw away abstraction and the academic learning, the rules, the map and compass. Feel your way without blinders. To touch more people, the personal realities and the social must be evoked – not through rhetoric but through blood and pus and sweat. (Anzaldúa 1983, 173)

Reflecting on the impossibility of writing – and on the equal impossibility of *not* writing – as a lesbian Chicana woman, Anzaldúa was dismissing and undoing a long intellectual tradition sedimented through centuries of colonial, patriarchal, capitalist Eurocentrism, and interwoven into institutional academic practices by inviting to the conversation people who had long been denied a seat at the table. Hers was an invitation to speak, to create, to write with the whole body – “in the gut and out of the living tissue”: something that she termed “organic writing” (Anzaldúa 1983, 173). Attending to this invitation required unlearning some dearly held certainties, facing some innermost fears, and reinventing the whole practice of writing. “Why am I compelled to write” (Anzaldúa 1983, 168), after all?

These kinds of questions, doubts, and invitations have been at the heart of Third World feminisms of different kinds (Arat 2025). By creating an in-between space where certainties are not welcome and where insecurities can meet, they call for forging different ways of doing things. They call for a reinvention of academia itself, along with its subjects, its practices, and its meanings. After all,

many have a way with words. They label themselves seers but they will not see. Many have the gift of tongue but nothing to say. Do not listen to them. Many who have words and tongue have no ear, they cannot listen and they will not hear. (Anzaldúa 1983, 173)

Having begun at the heart of the Anglophone Global North, the *International Feminist Journal of Politics* (IFJP) has been consistently and meaningfully trying to move toward this space: creating a Conversations Section; inviting non-white, non-Western, and queer people into its community; holding poly-centric conferences; partnering with feminist journals in different parts of the world to create polyvocal, multi-sited conversations; and constantly reflecting on its editorial processes in order to reimagine diversity and decoloniality in ways that bring “organic writing” to its pages.

As we write the first editorial of our term, we recognize how much “blood and pus and sweat” have been put into bringing *IFJP* to this place and time. At least for the past four years, three of us (Natália, shine, and Swati) have witnessed firsthand the incredibly selfless disposition of a number of members of our Editorial Board – and our larger community – who have put their time, their knowledge, their institutions and networks, and their gut into questioning, imagining, bending, and forging new spaces, new alliances, new processes, and new ideas. And we have also witnessed the many impasses, failures, frictions, discomforts, and unknowns that this process entails. As such, it is with much courage, stubbornness, and deep belief in the value of “organic writing” that we have undertaken the responsibility of editing this journal for another term. We are aware of the powerful structures and the uncomfortable encounters in the dystopian world that we inhabit, which will continue to slow down – if not halt – our attempts at building these spaces and forging meaningful solidarities.

In this vision, we have been joined by a fourth member – Olivia – who brings new breath to our collective project, making this both a continuation of and a departure from earlier editorial efforts in global orientation, regional and language expertise, and perhaps even politics. Together, we have been discussing the role that a feminist international journal owned by a multinational company and deeply entangled in and tethered to the Anglophone world that all the while is nurtured by an expanding global community can have in facing the multifaceted challenges of our time. To whom do we write? Who do we invite to join in this conversation? And is such invitation welcome? How must the terms of the conversation change for these voices to be heard? How can we invest in these feminist political and epistemic infrastructural changes while we also respond to the constant colonial, patriarchal, capitalist, Eurocentric academic demands that structure our lives? How do we cultivate in-between spaces where writing can metamorphize, ideas can be uncovered, and thoughts can generate surprise rather than repetition? How can the writing published in the pages of *IFJP* also make us better listeners?

As we attempt to answer these questions, we rely on our expanding community to imagine its transformation and its possibilities. We look to forge surprising alliances, build organic networks, redesign inadequate practices, and reframe our logics and our language. We do not look for a destination, but to the journey and the possibilities that it can bring. In this open-ended project, we are inspired by the words of the Brazilian composer Chico César (2008), who sings:

*Caminho se conhece andando
Então vez em quando é bom se perder
Perdido fica perguntando
Vai só procurando
E acha sem saber*

*Perigo é se encontrar perdido
Deixar sem ter sido
Não olhar, não ver
Bom mesmo é ter sexto sentido
Sair distraído, espalhar bem-querer*

You get to know the way by walking it
So it's OK to get lost sometimes
Lost you ask around
Keep on searching and when you notice
You are already there

It is dangerous to find yourself lost,
Give up before trying
Not to look, not to see
The best is to have a sixth sense
Go out without much thinking, spread love

On our upcoming journey, we are incredibly lucky to be joined by seven Associate Editors (Amya Agarwal, Carmeliza Rosario, Nompumelelo Motlafi Francis, Seoyoung Choi, Shiera Malik, Tchella Maso, and Vinícius Santiago), who have committed themselves to this shared vision, and who will be shadowing our work, partnering in our projects, and bringing new ideas, affects, uncertainties, and – above all – hope. With them, we propose to bring the journal and its community to even deeper levels of engagement with embodied knowledges being produced in places long silenced by the white academy – with results yet to be seen.

We are also enormously grateful to the brilliant, thoughtful, and selfless Conversations Editors, Book Reviews Editors, and Digital Media Editors who will continue to support this important mission of our journal to create new spaces for these different, untamed conversations to take place.

Finally, we want to enthusiastically celebrate our new Managing Editor, Sam Cook, who has long been part of the *IFJP* community and now takes on the unbelievably challenging role of keeping track of our wanderings and the work ahead. We are well aware of how much of what we will accomplish in the next four years will be thanks to Sam's intelligence, disposition, and generosity.

Along with our newly reconstituted Editorial Board and our expanding community, we hope that we can have the necessary resilience, stamina, and good humor to continue looking for better, more meaningful ways to be in academia.

As the famous Indian poet Majrooh Sultanpuri wrote,

*main akela hi chala tha jaanib-e-manzil magar
log saath aate gaye aur kaarwaan banta gaya*

I started all alone toward the goal/(but)
people kept joining and it began to turn into a caravan (Urduwallahs 2011)

The *IFJP* caravan is on its way for the next four years – with determination and a spirit of embracing the unknown. Dear readers, we ask you to join us on this journey, and to keep extending your support to this feminist space that we have created and nurtured together.

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