

Front Cover Images

Left to right, top to bottom

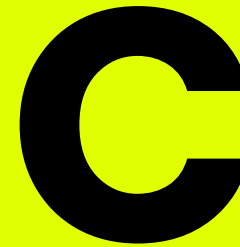
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25



zine



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A World Without Meaning

By Michael John Francis, CC BY 4.0

Sophia traced the jagged edge of chipped paint along the windowsill.

Below, the city moved without pause. Horns sounded. Sirens rose and fell. A jackhammer struck stone in a steady rhythm. The vibration travelled through the floorboards.

She leaned her forehead against the glass. It was cold.

Outside, faces passed through the rain. Footsteps hurried. No one looked up.

A woman pushed a pram. A young man stood bent over his phone. The street continued.

Later, in the alley, Sophia noticed a smooth grey pebble lodged near the moss-dark rim of an old well. She bent and lifted it.

The city's noise shifted and then returned.

The stone rested in her palm. She turned it once, then again.

"We don't discover meaning," she said. "It's made."

The words remained where she left them.

The jackhammer resumed. Its rhythm did not change.

She closed her hand around the pebble and stood there as rain gathered at her collar.

"I'll create my own," she said.

Not loudly.

Rain struck the cobblestones. Light broke briefly through the cloud and fell into a narrow space between buildings before disappearing again.

She looked down at the pebble.

It was not an answer.

She stepped forward.

The city did not yield. It moved around her as it always had.

She walked.

Remixing Culture, Resisting Erasure: Batik as a Living Practice

by Tri Astari, CC BY 4.0



Batik Banyuwangi by Astari28, via Wikimedia Commons, is licensed under CC BY 4.0.

These batik fabrics reflect a living tradition, one that is not static, but constantly evolving.

Each motif carries traces of the past, yet no two are ever exactly the same.

Patterns are reinterpreted, adapted, and recreated across generations, shaped by local context and individual expression.

By documenting and sharing these images openly, cultural knowledge is no longer confined to place. It becomes accessible, reusable, and open to reinterpretation.

In this way, batik is not only preserved, it is continuously remixed. And through openness, it resists being forgotten.

HORMIGAS AIS: REMIX IS RESISTANCE

Postulación para el Zine del 25º Aniversario de Creative Commons

Título de la Obra

**LBH: The Pheromone of Digital Sovereignty - Remixing
the Logic of the Colony**

Descripción y Reflexión

La resistencia no es solo política; es técnica. En un mundo de nubes centralizadas, el "remix" se convierte en un acto de supervivencia y soberanía. He adaptado los principios biológicos de las colonias de hormigas para crear el **Lenguaje Binario Hormigas AIS (LBH)**, un protocolo diseñado para que dispositivos humildes y hardware en el borde (edge computing) recuperen su autonomía.

Al reutilizar y adaptar conceptos de la naturaleza y herramientas de código abierto, demostramos que la verdadera libertad digital reside en la capacidad de construir infraestructuras resilientes. Esta obra es un registro visual de cómo las "feromonas digitales" pueden guiar a una comunidad hacia un futuro donde los datos pertenecen a quienes los generan, desafiando las estructuras de poder tradicionales mediante el uso creativo de la tecnología.

Work by Cristhian Leonardo Hernández is licensed under
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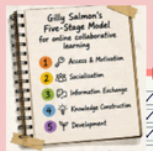


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1 The IDEA

Someone created an idea.
It travels because
someone shares it

A model for learning
together became starting
point for my own remix.



2 The TRANSLATION

Translated and
reinterpreted the model
in Sinhala
Translation is more than
changing words



3 The CONTEXT

An international model
entered a very different
educational context.

I didn't simply use the
original

I ADAPTED IT



6 WHEN KNOWLEDGE TRAVELS

REMIX is RESISTANCE

HOW I REMIX OF OPEN EDUCATION



2026 Anuradha Peramunugamage

4 The REMIX

Ideas became activities
Activities became
interactions
interaction became
learning

*Technology doesn't replace pedagogy.
It became another material to remix*

5 The People

An open resource has no
single ending

Teachers adapt it
Learners reinterpret it
Researchers question it
Communities shape it

*Every user can
become a creator*

6 REMIX Again

Open knowledge is never
finished

We inherit ideas
We transform them
We share them
Someone else takes them
further

REMIX is RESISTANCE

You cannot gatekeep what we have already given to the world.

A child will type her Igbo name somewhere, and it will appear,
spelt
perfectly.

An elder's proverb will eventually outlive the older.
Remix will appear somewhere like a memory that won't go
away.
They attempted to record us as subjects.
We now record ourselves as writers.

Open is not charity.

Open is a redistribution of power.

Additionally, Creative Commons has given communities the
legal language
to declare,

"This belongs to all of us," for the past 25 years.

Twenty-five years of making permission a reality.

Sharing has been a defiant act for twenty-five years.

And we have only just begun.

Graphic by Anuradha Peramunugamage is licensed
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I realized something dangerous when I came across Creative Commons:

It is possible to redistribute permission.

This time, we don't beg to be included under open licensing.

We are the ones who publish.

I started remixing what they considered to be marginal using websites like Wikipedia and Wikimedia Commons.

I made spelling corrections.

I demanded that I, O, and U be written correctly.

Diacritical marks are not ornamental.

They are identities.

I digitized what was spoken.

I translated what was dismissed.

I shared what was hidden.

Remix is resistance

because colonization archived us incorrectly

Remix is resistance because we disrupt ownership each time we publicly

license, reuse, and modify our information.

As I "produce content."

I refuse to vanish.

When I give an Igbo lesson that is openly licensed: I am saying:

Anyị nọ

ebe a(We are here).

" when I post a communal snapshot. I'm saying, "See, history is not just the property of institutions

When I make knowledge available under an open license, I'm saying:



Just Dandy

by Dee Harris, CC BY 4.0

Robert de Montesquiou was a magnificent dandy. He not only made art as a poet and painter, but he turned his identity into art. The clothes. The pose. The look.

Around Montesquiou, Art Nouveau (New Art) was rising in response to factories and smoke and sameness. Art, as it does, told the truth of the moment and went back to nature. Flowers. Vines. Insect wings. Flowing lines. A woman, mid-motion, probably sipping a dry martini.

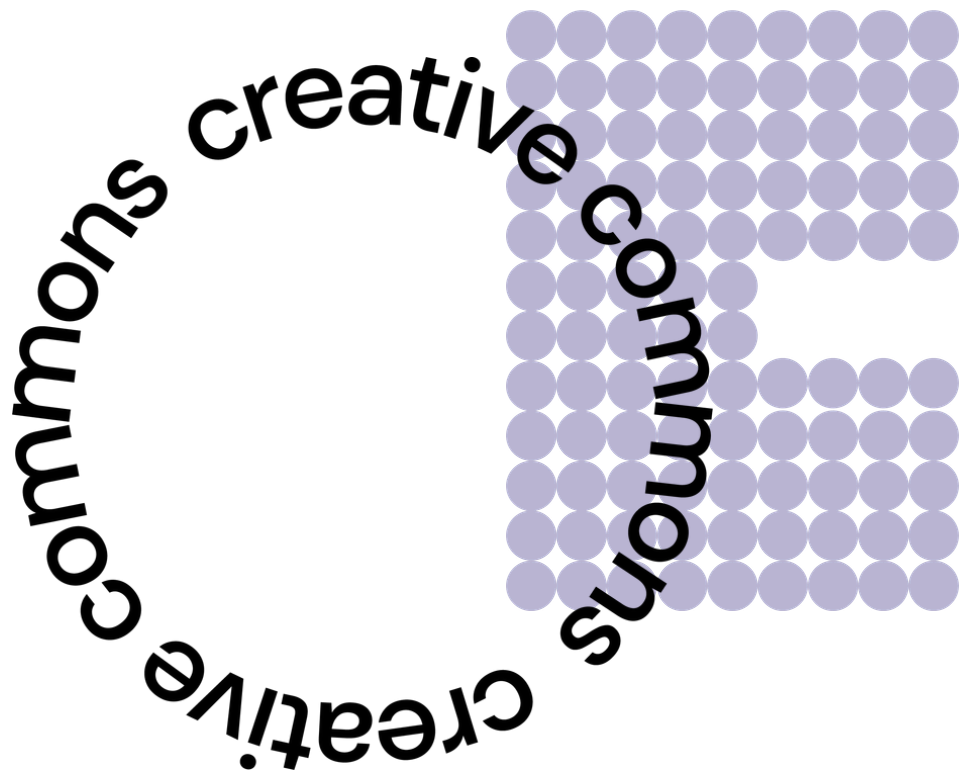
And now, more than 100 years later, we are in another technological moment when making "things" has become easier, faster, and more abundant with AI. Words. Music. Faces. Styles. Fakes.

A strange evolution and a question. If the machine can produce the aesthetic of individuality, what does it mean to be human?

I think it means we should normalize being uncomfortable. Taking the time to sit with a problem. Asking a question before heading over to Google. Making peace with imperfect.

I recently decided to spend a day with sticky fingers creating collage inspired by Art Nouveau. Of course, technology crept in, as it does with everything these days. So I reflect. Slow down. Arrange. Mess up. I'm happy to make a thing of myself.

Isn't that just dandy?



Remixing My Mother Tongue

by Oby Ezeilo

Knowledge dwelt in spoken words when I was a kid.
Not in publications.
Not in databases.

When my grandma stated,
"Nwata kwocha aka, o soro ogaranye rie nri,(A
child eats with elders after washing her hands)" it came to life in
her voice.
It lived in caution.
In chuckles.
In ilu (proverbs) that contained more laws than any constitution.
However, later when I search for us online, we weren't there.

Igbo, our language, was missing or reduced to bits and pieces.

Incomplete stories
incorrectly translated.
Do you understand what it means to feel that your mother
tongue is not
allowed in the digital world?
To witness the treatment of other languages as knowledge and
your own
as folklore or vernacular?
That's not a coincidence.

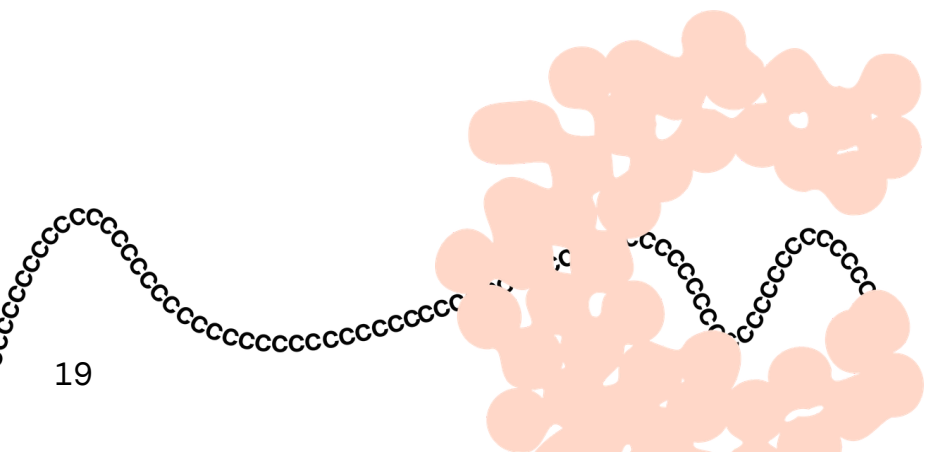
An archive that is closed is not impartial.
It's a gate.
A PDF that has been locked is not safe.
It's a border.

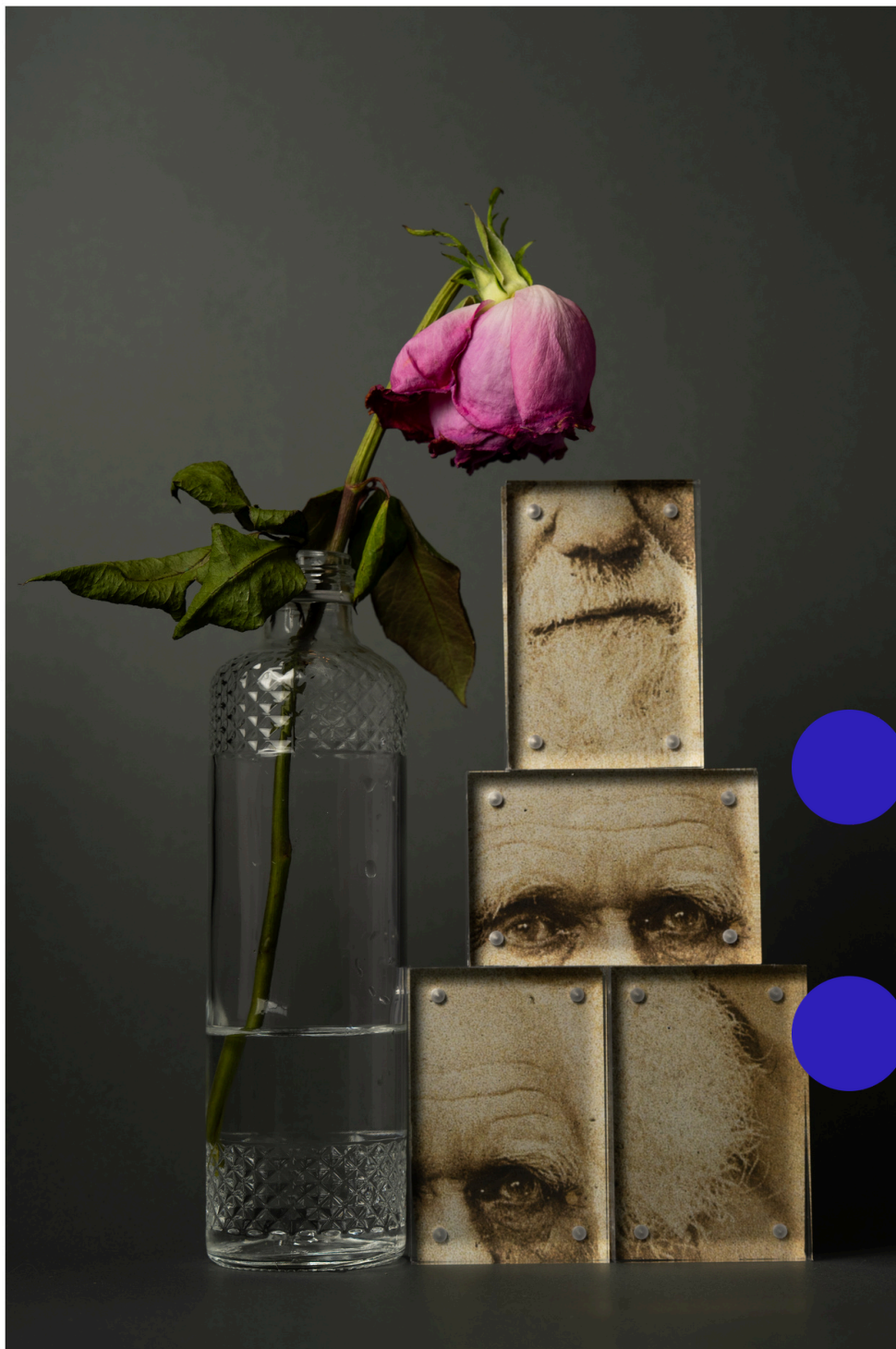


"Material girl" by Godwin Favour is licensed under CC BY 4.0.



"Doggies" by Sophie Anson is licensed under CC BY 4.0.





were making it beautiful, together, in the long Greek summer, with whatever thread they had.

That world deserves to be remembered. And whoever inherits its forms — whether as a designer, a researcher, or simply someone who loves beautiful things — carries a small obligation: to see the hands that made them.

Remix is possible. Remix can even be an act of love.

But it becomes an act of care only when it does not cut the thread.

I do not have a legal answer to this question. I have a librarian's answer.

Documentation is an ethical act.

When we cite a source, we are not just following a rule — we are acknowledging a relationship. We are saying: this came from somewhere. Someone worked on this before me. Every citation is a small act of humility: I did not begin from nothing. The same logic applies to cultural forms. When a designer uses a traditional motif, attribution is not just courtesy — it is the thread that keeps the pattern connected to its people. Without it, the form survives and the story disappears.

The Commons movement has spent twenty-five years building infrastructure for sharing — for the open circulation of knowledge and creative work. That project is genuinely important. Access matters. Sharing matters.

But the Commons is not a free-for-all. It is a set of relationships. It is built on the understanding that knowledge is created by people, in contexts, over time — and that those people, those contexts, and that time deserve recognition.

he most radical meaning of Remix is Resistance, I think, is not the freedom to reproduce without limit. It is the refusal to forget.

To insist that every form has an origin. That every pattern carries the gesture of a specific hand. That behind the geometric motif there are hours — and hours are the most intimate gift one person can give another.

The women who sat on the pavement outside my grandmother's house were not making assets. They were making a world. They

What can I upload to Wikimedia Commons?

You may upload works that you created entirely yourself 



This includes photos and videos of:

- natural landscapes, animals, plants.
- public figures and people photographed in public places



• useful or non-artistic objects

• original graphs, maps, diagrams and audio.



Remember: By sharing your work on Wikimedia Commons, you grant anyone permission to use, copy, modify, and sell it without notifying you.

We can't accept works created or inspired by others 



By default, you can't upload someone else's work.



This includes material such as

- logos
- CD / DVD covers
- promotional photos
- screenshots of TV shows, movies, DVDs, and software

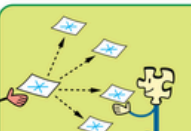


• most pictures published on the Internet



• drawings of characters from TV, comics, or movies — even if you drew them

...with two main exceptions: 



You can upload someone else's work if the author granted permission for anyone to use, copy, modify, and sell it.



You can upload your photographs of old art, statues, and buildings (usually over 150 years old).

In conclusion...



You can upload your original works.



We can't accept works from others without their explicit permission.

Thank you for your help; this is important.

Still unsure? Ask the Help desk. 

Remix as Care: Seeing the human in the pattern

by Kyriaki Papadopoulou, CC BY 4.0.

Abstract

This essay reflects on what it means to remix with care rather than just with freedom. Starting from a Creative Commons seminar on Traditional Knowledge Labels — digital markers developed to protect the cultural expressions of indigenous communities — the author finds herself asking an unexpected question: does a people need to be indigenous to deserve respect for its traditional culture?

The essay draws on personal memory: women sitting outside in the long Greek summer, crocheting lace runners, embroidering tablecloths, working the regional patterns that made each household distinctly its own. These were not decorative assets — they were acts of care, collective knowledge passed down through hands across generations, and the material expression of a promise between a mother and her daughter.

When traditional motifs are borrowed by fast fashion or used without attribution, the form survives — but the human story behind it disappears. The essay proposes that tools like TK Labels, and frameworks like the EU's PDO and PGI designations, point toward a broader principle: that traditional knowledge, wherever it exists, deserves not just access but recognition. As a librarian, the author offers a simple ethical anchor — citation as acknowledgement, attribution as the thread that keeps a pattern connected to its people.

Remix is resistance, the essay concludes, not when it reproduces without limit, but when it refuses to forget.

That is what is at stake when a pattern is taken without its story.

Not copyright in the formal sense. Something more elemental: the right to have one's labour recognized. The right not to be rendered invisible. The right of care to be seen as care.

This is where I find myself thinking about Protected Designations of Origin — the PDO and Protected Geographical Indication the PGI framework that the European Union uses to protect traditional food products.

Feta cheese cannot be called “feta” unless it comes from specific regions of Greece, made in specific ways. Kalamata olives carry the name of their place. The designation protects not just an economic interest but a relationship — between a product, a community, a landscape, and an accumulated way of doing things.

Could something like this apply to traditional craft? Not identical — the embroidery of Epirus is not a product in the same sense as a cheese — but analogous. A recognition that certain forms of knowledge and making are collective, territorial, and intergenerational. That they belong not to an individual creator but to a community across time.

The TK Labels do something similar, in the digital space, for indigenous communities. They say: this knowledge has a home. Use it accordingly.

What would it mean to develop something equivalent for the traditional crafts of communities that are not indigenous in the technical sense, but whose knowledge is equally collective, equally embodied, equally at risk of being separated from its meaning?



"Cutwork tablecloth ("kofto kentima") and the urban dowry" by Kyriaki Papadopoulou is licensed under CC BY 4.0.

The women who made those pieces were not thinking about intellectual property law.

They were thinking about their daughters and granddaughters.

The trousseau was not a commercial product — it was a hand made promise to the future. A declaration, stitched in silence over hundreds of hours, that said: I was here. I made this for you. Remember where you come from.

When you look at a piece of embroidery that your grandmother gave you, you do not see an object. You see the person inside it. You see the hours she spent, the repetition of the movement, the patience woven into the thread alongside the pattern. And when she gives it to you, she does not give you a thing — she gives you time. She gives you love.

It happened during a Creative Commons seminar for librarians.

We were reading about Traditional Knowledge Labels — those carefully designed digital markers that signal how knowledge belonging to indigenous communities should be used. Some say: only for community members. Others: requires permission from elders. Others still: not to be used commercially. They are not licenses in the legal sense. They are something older and more human: they are instructions for respect.

As I read, something shifted inside me. Not an intellectual argument — something closer to memory.



"Headscarf pattern (Macedonia, Greece)" by Kyriaki Papadopoulou is licensed under CC BY 4.0.

I grew up with a particular image that I didn't think of as remarkable at that time, because it was simply there, as natural as summer itself.

Women sitting outside. On a pavement, in a courtyard, on the steps of an apartment block on a long warm afternoon. Each one with something in her hands — a piece of embroidery, a half-finished knitting project. Talking, laughing, gossiping. A kind of outdoor therapy that nobody named as such, but everyone understood.

My mother was there. My grandmother was there. Neighbors were there. Every summer the same scene.

What they were making was not decoration. It was the household itself, materialized in thread: embroidered tablecloths, crocheted runners and centerpieces — the *semén* and *karé* that dressed every table and surface in the home — lace edgings worked carefully into pillowcases, sheets, and towels. It was pattern-work: the geometric and floral motifs that gave each piece its character, passed from hand to hand, eye to eye. And above all, the *trousseau* — the carefully assembled dowry of embroidered and crocheted linen that a young woman brings into her marriage. The quality of a girl's *trousseau* once said something real about the care her family had invested in her. You could see it in the stitches, in the regularity of the crochet, in the motifs chosen and how they were placed.

Each region has its own style, its own palette. The islands had different traditions from the mainland. Thessaly was not the Ionian Islands. The Aegean islands were not Epirus. Macedonia was not Crete. These were not generic decorative motifs — they were the accumulated aesthetic decisions of generations of women, passed down not through books but through hands, expressed in the embroidery that adorned household linen and the crocheted lace that edged every surface of a home.

Reading about Traditional Knowledge Labels, I found myself asking a question I had not expected:

Does a people need to be indigenous to deserve respect for its traditional culture?

The framework developed around indigenous communities in the Pacific, in North America, in Australia — communities whose knowledge and cultural expressions had been systematically extracted, commercialized, and stripped of context by colonial powers. The TK Labels emerged as a response to that specific history of dispossession.

But as I read, I thought: the mechanism that causes harm is not unique to those histories. The pattern is the same wherever traditional knowledge exists: someone creates within a community and a context; someone else takes the form and leaves the story behind.

Greek embroidery did not survive colonization in the same sense. But it has survived something: the gradual disappearance of the world that gave it meaning. And it is now, like so many traditional forms, vulnerable to a different kind of appropriation — the kind that takes the visual and discards the human.

Fast fashion borrows motifs from Greek islands textiles. Graphic designers use geometric patterns without attribution. Products are sold as “Greek-inspired” in ways that connect to nothing real. The form travels; the memory stays behind.