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your mere attention to this text holds billions of particles floating between the screen and your eyes. The more clearly you focus, the more present will the wonders and realities of your toxic perception appear, contemplating a slow taste of destruction.

you become aware of your body.

under this light, we go to that place of simultaneous beauty and excess. Soil, matter and language entangle through the dispersion of our senses. Your flesh sweats a kind of incomprehensible language while your bones collide with lighting atoms and sound particles.

we come together and flourish from the hole of perception. We unfold through the visible spectrum and constitute each other.

a light that resists grammar.

your mere presence in this room takes you right into toxicity. *Isn't "light pollution" an euphemism for the pollution of human, animal, and plant vision? Doesn't this coy expression build on an ancient analogy between the inner luminosity delimited in the eye and the immeasurable light of the element, notably fire? Is the exteriorization of pollution meant to reassure us that we are the islands of inner purity in an ocean of environmental contamination?*

The formulation light and sound pollution could not be more misleading: it is our senses that are desensitized to subtler cues by the intense stimulation they receive, or, rather, fail to receive.¹

you become aware of your body, its multiple shadows and reverberations.

be welcomed.

1
Marder, Michael
Being Dumped
Environmental Humanities
2019 11 (1): 180–193.