

Shadows of Language Travel at the Speed of Light

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Underneath the ground, there is a perfect straight line connecting downtown Chicago and downtown New York. More than a thousand kilometres of optical fiber go through the earth's crust so that economy travels at the speed of light thanks to the constant flow of data between these two financial centres. Light is part of the geological substratum in a reality that is never completely turned off. The Capitalocene is a photological era that unfolds its own mythology through a series of bodiless entities that, however, need many other bodies for their existence. Dematerialization does not exist: the Cloud breathes underground. Markets, stocks, corporations, financial crises, Black Monday or the American dream, they all cast spells every day spelling out numbers and drawing statistics. This systemic light keeps us awake thanks to the emission of photons from the screens of the countless electronic devices that hardly need to rest to continue operating. Devices actively contribute to the proliferation of confusing success narratives in which happiness is understood as the non-stop update of oneself. Update. Upgrade. Try again. Fail again. Fail better. Thanks to the deductive nature of Cartesian logic, it is possible to establish a link between the drive for clarity of modern philosophy and the photogenic imperative of capitalism. Both share a great deal of speculative skill. Just do it. Do what? Explain, clarify your ideas. Enlighten us. Throw light on yourself. What happened to darkness?

Long before, in a temporality that transcends the history of humanity, light timidly penetrates the earth's crust when it comes into contact with a type of marble, whose transparent qualities allow the appearance of different colours on its surface. They are the same colours that will appear on the surface of oil stains once oil appears, a sort of proto-RGB of what humans will define as nature millennia later. What is the shadow of a stain? What is the shadow of a pixel? Can shadows be iridescent? Language be iridescent?

In the origin of the human technique, oblivion - of Epimetheus - and generosity of theft - of Prometheus - are mixed. It came up with a sparkle of light: the fire was made and, with it, the first screen appeared. It was unaware of itself, yet unnamed, like so many algorithms used in ancient cultures to build fire altars thanks to elaborate geometric formations. Or like so many future predictions made up of a process of systematic calculation of events, that tell us that the future has always been in the hands of algorithms. First in oracles, then in computer systems. But the future is not only an algorithmic time, it is also a tireless journey to the past: to the inception of the universe. However, now that the poles are slowly melting and sinking

while the Amazon is burning vertiginously, the heat that appeared with the fire has ceased to be a solution to become a problem.

It is during the 18th century that Reason is projected strongly on the Light. This assimilation is inscribed in language with the notion of Enlightenment. As it is also inscribed in language the subjection language makes of us by calling us subjects. But not all subjects are equally subjected by language. Or not in the same way. The artist not only has to give meaning to the world, she also has to give meaning to herself within a world that does not see much meaning in art. She has to be able to translate into language that of which supposedly transcends language. The imperative of light also appears in the inexpressible, albeit inexpressibly contained in the expressed. She longs for shadows of language, which now also travel at the speed of light. Are other semiotic flows possible? Returning to the origin of language within the nth algorithmic ritual. Returning to poetry without respecting its rules. Speaking out loud in wild hexameters. Adding shadows to the typography that appears and disappears in our sleepless screens. Although your life is not your life / don't let it be clubbed into dank submission / be asleep / there are ways out / there is darkness somewhere.

This text has been affected in different ways by the thoughts of Samuel Beckett, Charles Bukowski, Jean-Luc Chabert (through Matteo Pasquinelli) Lúa Coderch, Jonathan Crary, Andrè Lepecki, Marla Jacarilla, Alba Mayol Curci, Bernard Stiegler and Ludwig Wittgenstein (through Maggie Nelson).