



Ricardo Noriegga

DEAD LIGHT

Dead Light:

Mexico City is the place in which Noriegga; his Latin American friend grew up. This character invented by Ricardo Noriega Serrano; son of Doña Virginia and Don Erasmo, brother of Ale, Betty, Paty and Cacho, has the privilege of serve giving their eyes a piece of written shadow to drink.

I would like to professionally thank LEDES-C4 for trusting and investing in this country, which really believes in globalization.

Before beginning to write about "Dead Light", I wish to comment my readers that my Mexican way of thinking is based on the *service talent*. I remember a conversation I had with one of my young cousins, "Xaime", who sometimes after returning from a study trip to Europe, sponsored by his father, told me in the geranium garden of the grandmother's house, Doña Piedad Zamudio Onorio: "Cousin, I do not agree and I reject the way of thinking of Mexicans when they say: "¿At your orders? or ¿What can I do for you?"

I imagine that I am an archaic soul, because my cultural origins come from roots dedicated to the pre-Hispanic competence, where it is a privilege to compete for the honor of serving.

I belong to this ancient world in which we are grateful for having the opportunity to see with your own eyes, that light reflected in the face of the speaker, whom in live, gives us the light to prove how capable, kind and professional we can be. So, dear reader, I'd like to thank you for your trust and time dedicated to this light made with drawn sounds in the text of your Mexican server and friend Noriegga.



Ricardo Noriega

LUZ MUERTA

Dead Light

I remember how the Noriegga boy talked with the shadows, during this peculiar and introverted walking along with his own silence, through the streets of a necropolis or cemetery called "Dolores", at the West of Mexico City. In that instant in which loneliness can not be distinguished if it is the moment in which *the moonlight is born or sunlight dies..*

Suddenly, the silence is broken by such thunder and fury, like a bull pen door and the dark voice of the *shadow*, which comes, for the first time, to this nine-year old boy called Noriegga, telling him directly to his eyes:

- "Hey, kid! Tell me with whom you are walking and I will tell you who are you".

The sight of the boy and the noisy silence of the inhabitants of the place, allowed the voice of Noriegga sound like the work of an oboe player. And his answer was:

- "I am alone madam. I am walking alone and it is not necessary that you tell me who am I. I am Noriegga and I am nine years old, but tell me, what can I do for you?"

The *shadow*, amazed by the lack of fear of the boy, cheered up and with a dark but bright smile, begin with a question, the idyllic romance that still continues between both of them:

- "Noriegga, what is more important? light or darkness?"

The boy answered:

- "None of them. They must live in a polyphony respecting their physical spaces in order to give birth to their children: *The shadows, which, in turn, must respect their teacher, the shadow.*"



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LUZ MUERTA

- "Noriegga, what is the role of the shadow?"

- "The role it performs is not important, the shadow is the breath, in contrary to what most people thinks, its breath is like silence. Silence is used to open music to the ears and shadows open volumes, which work as music for the eyes."

- "Noriegga, What is the moonlight?"

- "Is what the opera is for a child. Poetry made music."

Suddenly, there is a silence with a dead stone aroma which recovers life, which took the attention of the boy which asks:

- "¡Oh! ¿What was that?"

And the shadow answers in a gentle woman voice:

- "That is the sound of the stone of the most older mausoleums when they are wet by the cold light of the moon."

For a short time that boy saw his own future in the vertical skin of the shadow, behind the stone figure of the Saint Michael Archangel. It was himself but at 49 years old, when he was captivated and drunk from the lips of the artificial light, moment in which the angry voice of the shadow yelled to the skies:

- "Perfidious! A man with such a black, disloyal and false word! You have been deceived by the mermaid's singing called "brightness" and you have abandoned me for the glitter which turn blind the naive men who think that is the brightness of the light. In reality, the extreme brightness and with no contrast is no other thing that the mere reflection of the true energy waste."

Today, at 43 years old, I ask myself before drinking the last drink of a pre-Hispanic and wild agave of the State of Chihuahua called sotol.

- "Which would be my punishment for such infidelity and disloyalty from towards my teacher the shadow?"



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LUZ MUERTA

Like a habit of this necromancer of light, he asked himself and remained under the protection of his shadow.

-“Noriegga, which is the greatest of your fears?”

Having to explain a blind nine-year old boy, what is the light?

Dear readers: please do not waste electric energy, do not walk over the glitter of the brightness and try to romance more often with shadows.

The destiny of Noriegga is to break the schemes, in order to die with a cheerful heart and see the bright blue haven of Tezcatlipoca's eyes.

Consolation in the memory of Doña Juanita Arriaga Rodriguez.

I look forward of having the opportunity to serve your eyes.

Always with you and with the light.