



Our Voice

David Bowie sings, “Turn and face the strange/changes,” and I think of how shortsighted, naïve, and optimistic I was eight months ago—which feel like eight lifetimes ago—when I heard the Coordinator of Humanities, a contributor to this issue, say we were on the brink of an epochal change.

Facing the unfamiliar. Experiencing how the unknown takes control of our bodies, dilutes the borders of our spaces, transforms our perception of time, expels us from ourselves as, paradoxically, we are forced to isolate, to learn new ways of socializing, teaching, and learning.

Change is the thread running through this issue of *Voices of Mexico*, which seeks to advance our understanding of this period that, like a painful parody of Luis Buñuel’s film *The Exterminating Angel*, keeps us locked down, incapable of fully deciphering the reasons for our confinement and uncertainty.

Thus, the articles, short stories, and poems featured in this issue oscillate from reflections on a “normal” past, to which we can never return, to the political, environmental, educational, and economic effects that other social forces produce. Highlighting their inequalities, from our authors’ diverse perspectives, the word “crisis” winds its way through these richly illustrated pages.

But in them we also find a narrative of a challenge and a search for solutions, dealing not only with our responses to the pandemic but to urban or social issues related to the condition of women or migrants, or, in another context, with the dissemination of culture when live audiences are impossible.

And in addition, other forms of expression, through varied forms of poetry, of the word, of the body, of images, or of sounds, have found new ways to burst the constraints of Zoom and electronic monitoring, to describe the absence that defines our socially distanced day-to-day lives.

This issue on change responds to our sense of disorientation because, while it is true that everything is in constant change, this epochal change has washed over us with unrelenting force, with no end in sight.

David Bowie sings, “I watch the ripples change their size/But never leave the stream/of warm impermanence/and so the days float through my eyes/But still the days seem the same. . . . Pretty soon you’re gonna get older/Time may change me/But I can’t trace time.” ■■■

Please, wear a mask.

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