

Forms in the distance

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This set of quotations, annotations, excerpts and notes come from reflections and approaches to the book Nueva Galicia at the moment of its definition. The trace of these necessarily epigrammatic texts - matches the discontinuous and fragmentary condition of the encounters and contacts that Iván Nespereira and the author kept in these last two years around this work.

*We will gather birds without geography
to play with the distances.*

—MANUEL ANTONIO

To reconstruct this invisible and dense story, the first task was to believe. Reset the trail of a name and think of all the paths the forest had ate, in the impossible thread of the wake that opened up in another promise of hope. And assume that it is possible. And assume also that it may not be. "There is a way, or it does not exist," probes Serres. That is it: to believe in that useless dialectic, to believe in the illocutionary and effective power of the act. For what else connects the world with the rigor of our inhabiting it?

*For what the cities? Maybe my source
of poetry was in the secret of the
intact forests, in the caress of the auras,
in the unknown language of things;
in singing what says to the rock
the wave that bids farewell, the red clouds
to the swamp, the star to the immensities
that keep the silence of God.*

—JOSÉ EUSTASIO RIVERA

(A long trip to think). Of all the stories that Ivan brought in each return, my fascination accumulated in the dead hours that he passed in canoes, boats, barges, hotels or

parks. All that world growing in the place that had previously been imagined. Waiting for the calculation to allow a frequency other than the one that marks and switches on the surface the consciousness of a name, the project of a new paradise. Where science and the imaginary come to a common form. There was everything that one would like to find. The global concentrated in a local formula, from the continuous to the discontinuous. Gently, on the flow of the stream of the river, on the splashing of the water over the plate.

*I look for the passage
between exact science and
human science. Or, bordering
to the language, or, cording to control,
between us and the world. The road
is not as simple as it allows it to predict
the classification of knowledge.*

—MICHEL SERRES

The illusion of a certain idea of the future in the names that cross along the river, on the map: Nuevo San Juan, Nuevo Tarapacá, Nuevo Tarma, Nueva Bélgica, Nueva Manchuria, Nuevo Paraíso, Nuevo Lamas, Nuevo Mundo, Nueva Arica, Nueva Florida, Nueva York, Nuevo Belén, Nueva Papaplaya, Nueva Esperanza, Nuevo Porvenir, Nuevo Canaán. And then, out of the map, of course, what you think: Nueva Galicia.

What is rotting.
—*Memoria*

*It is about knowing if there is someone decided
to move to Bauanisho, to collect a Baua,
bring it to Spain, plant it in a suitable place and wait
until it becomes a tree around which family
gatherings could be established.*
—*Ramón Roldán*

From what stories exist? From what there is history? There is nothing in this world that escapes from the universality of the discourse of history. An abstraction that, paradoxically, does not count with the accessories of local transformations. There is no possible construction there if it is not from the universalizing matrix of a more extensive and conspicuous, totalizing history. And so the fence, the limit that in this book opens in each photograph; as if each were work of a time that was and was not. As if in each photograph you could articulate, in an adialectical way, I insist, the global with the local, one name and its supplement (or better: its rest). Right: name and ash, in the most rabidly derridian sense. The number and what is left, or what remains. But what rests? What history can you rescue there?

There is a gesture of approximation and extension of the territory in the work of Iván Nespereira that reminds me of

the borgian short story on the emperor's map. On each new trip a new element of precision seemed to accentuate the scale and reduced the map to an idea. This is one of the miracles that Nueva Galicia awakens in its condition of possibility, in what shelters of solution before the strangeness of the world. To affirm, with Dewey, that every idea is a map. And in that synoptic establishment, the book becomes a cartographic solution of places and realities ordered in that middle space, rhizomatic and fractal, which only belongs to whom produces it, that only the photographer himself can treasure. A mestizo condition that matches well with the documentary record offered by Nespereira; more as an hypothesis of a certain ontology of distance that as a guarantee of a more or less formalist verism. That ambivalent and paradoxical space where you can think that Pucalpa and London share the same jungle, outside the determinism of capital, in that silky topology that with its stochastic nature converts a tree or a lineage into another indispensable piece of that imaginary world of reconstitution and remembrance. By going beyond the map, the name, the trace, the place - with many points or plots of an abstraction - they become rigorously unstable and real.

A circular, ahistorical, infinite traveler traverses the river. From the primitive founder of the myth to this man who sleeps awaiting the end of the voyage, straight to disaster. The same traveler.

Very likely, the most important thing about the gesture that produced this set of images and documents was the impulse of the ritual. Take the action, the own experience, as a reflection from which do not result facts but problems, questions. Hence the ritual, which permeates and undermines the most material part of this new study on the margins of flows and mechanics of capitalist economic production. The ritual as a formalization of a gesture that belongs, inexcusably, to the domination of forms. A magical ritual, which does not intend to stir up the archetypal act in the present, but represents the event that wants to provoke. A ritual that means risking a place, risking a landscape, delimiting it in a stroke, in a form. Nueva Galicia thus assumes a ritual, in itself. Not so much for what it shows but for what it anticipates or closes. Its time has a record that celebrates, in equal parts, the name and number, culture and nature, suspicion and oblivion. Around the tree (seringueira, siringo, siringa, rubber, baua: universally, *Hevea brasillensis*) a building in ruins, the extinction of the last family name. Forms far away that precipitate the return of what we have forgotten.