

A VISION OF THE WORLD

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On 29 September 1962 The New Yorker published a short story entitled 'A Vision of the World,' in which John Cheever recounted, once again, how dissatisfaction gently touches the commonplace without spoiling it completely.

We could say that most of Cheever's stories deal with the same subject, formulated more or less as follows: Is it possible to look at the world without becoming prey to melancholy and anger?

This unfathomable question is raised in Andrea Nacach's works, placing them in an emotional space devoid of well-defined boundaries, that explores the conflicting feelings that arise when we observe our life as if it were not quite ours.

Like the novelist's fantasies, the books, photographs and videos presented at this exhibition unfold in a dense time that has been slowed down, a time in which certainties turn extravagant and the commonplace shows its most unusual face. Five central themes relate the various projects, which engage in a dialogue as if each one of them represented a contrasting interpretation of the same problematical occurrence.

The passing of time experienced as a fantasy that is not quite adjusted to calendars; people's movements and their permanent quests that always leave a trace of loss; family as a cultural imaginary and as a strictly physical origin; the house transformed into a receptacle for identity; and lastly, the disappearance of private and social memory configure the five thematic fields of this presentation that form a fable, of sorts, on the difficulty of capturing an existence that is at once personal and foreign, at once individualised and public, that remains impregnable for both the tools of fiction and the rigours of reality.

Indeed, as evoked by the title of the exhibition, nobody wants to be a part of a fiction and even less so if that fiction is real. However, the hollowing of fiction and the vertigo of reality reveal evidence that is perhaps longer lasting, warning us of the extent to which our desire of being different—like Narcissus' face mirrored in the waters of a pool—actually reflects our difficulty to become another.

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Introductory text to the exhibition: *Nadie quiere ser parte de una ficción y menos aún si esa ficción es real (No one wants to be part of a fiction, and even less so if that fiction is real)*, Tatiana Kourochkina Galería d'Art, Barcelona 2011

