

Irene González

Lo personal y lo lejano

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This exhibition proposes a more intimate approach to my space and my work process, giving prominence to the procedure of creation in the work, which in my case is a management of an archive of images and a game of cut-outs, combinations and suggestions that emerge from the union of them.

I am interested in the idea of collection/collecting, which is the spirit that moves me to create the archive. Everything involved in the activity of **collecting** implies the fear that the activity will end. The collector needs the end and the closure of his collection to be eternally postponed. *"The collection is never really initiated in order to be completed..."(1) ...and with most collections, there is no end. (...) For what is more inert than a finished collection.(2)*

An activity like this - collecting - requires a certain degree of introspection, of being aware of the vastness and incomprehensibility of things, of memory, of history. The objects or images to be collected are selected according to certain criteria, but also (and in my case, above all) for intuitive, sentimental and personal reasons.

There is always the perseverance to engage in the task of making countless records, of going in circles and finding a thousand versions of the same thing.

Contemplating an archive is a glimpse into the infinite, like contemplating the stars or a room full of documents (as in Laurence Aberhart's *Files, Wanganui*, 1 July 1986).

The approach of this exhibition is therefore to adopt a notion of **constellation** and to show various points and coordinates, a kind of connect-the-dots approach to exploration that connects ideas and makes unexpected combinations. At the same time it hints at the **infinite processuality** that is present in the work, which does not advance linearly to reach a goal but moves in circles, circling and revisiting themes, never ending.

This notion of a constellation or kaleidoscope of images coexisting side by side could reflect the cumulative nature of memory, where everything coexists simultaneously or remind us of the arbitrary juxtapositions of objects in an archive and images on a magazine page.

The exhibition moves between the autobiographical and the fictional, the personal and the distant/alien, in an ambiguous and practically indistinguishable line. As in Burton's book *Anatomy of Melancholy*, where the author promises that in its pages we will find a sketch of his portrait but we never hear his voice, as it is only composed of quotations and borrowed phrases mixed together capriciously.

A recent inspiration I have found in Sei Shōnagon's *The Pillow Book*: it consists of more than three hundred notes on paper written by this lady of the Japanese imperial court ten centuries ago. In this work, Sei Shōnagon recounts various experiences, fleeting reflections and, most interesting thing for me, long lists (trees, elegant things, things that awaken a fond memory of the past, things that gain from being painted, winds...) that she seems to draw directly from the matter of the world, like an artist painting from life. Consigned in **apparent disorder**, captured on the fly, the notes in "The Pillow Book" **leave space for chance**, the same space with which reality presents itself to us, intuitively, before the soul takes charge of ordering it. The charm of these lists also lies in the fact that **they could go on indefinitely. The text does not seem to want to close.** An open world is recreated before our eyes.(3)

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(1) Jean Baudrillard

(2) Tacita Dean. "...y como pasa con la mayoría de las colecciones, no hay final. Porque, ¿qué es más inerte que una colección terminada?".

(3) Sandrine Bailly