

# Nothing is for ever

*“There are no other paradises than lost paradises”*

*Jorge Luis Borges*

Old photographs give rise to a fascination absent in contemporary photography. Visual contamination present in post-industrial societies has without a doubt contributed to the fraying of the recent photographic image, too close to the market and publicity, to sensationalist news and to ceremonial or tourist formats. The immediacy with which life is currently registered- and the drifting away from that kind of humanism through which -according to Walter Benjamin- the photograph in its beginnings perpetuated the intimate nature of the pictorial tradition of the portrait, are perhaps other elements that reinforce its veering from those serene and forceful images of the past.

However, these remote expressions enthrall us for yet another reason: their capacity to induce us to reconsider our present. More than their evocative power, it is their foundational character that manifests itself emphatically to our gaze, that time-framed affirmation captured by the camera and whose future coincides with our present, for we are conscious now that we stand at the end of the road once seized by the mechanical device.

In *Nothing is for ever*, Nora Iniesta has chosen an instant of her own life as a foundational episode. A personal and intimate moment of the artist together with her siblings is thus given shape, brimming with happiness, in the context of a vigorous city such as Mar del Plata, favourite outing of a local and growing bourgeoisie. Their smiling faces, their cheerful youth, all speak of a life stretching ahead of them, of a future that was certainly not glimpsed as sombre as the one we are facing today.

Tracing an open road from a photographic perspective, an Argentine flag winds its way towards the spectator. The flag is necessarily another foundational element, a country's history irradiating from it like a transcendental deed, its colours unscathed witnesses of the successive projects of our nation. It's likely\_ but only likely\_ that in its origin no signs of the current situation existed either. At any rate, today its utopian destiny faces a reality that is not simple to tackle.

Both the photograph and the flag are the protagonists of an intimate dialogue. The distance that separates us from that promissory future as well as from a yearned-for country seems to be each time larger, and at times, insurmountable. Yet Nora Iniesta invites us to cover it. Perhaps fully convinced that critical moments and hopelessness, uncertainty and uneasiness are not here to last.

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