

Luis Adelantado
Valencia

Far From Tomorrow
Cachito Vallés

17 May – 6 September 2024

OLD MAN. – (carefully) One must remember towards tomorrow.
YOUNG MAN. – (engrossed) Towards tomorrow!

Federico García Lorca
When Five Years Pass

Cachito, do you remember when we were overwhelmed by time? We were always running late and time slipped through our fingers. We had no idea how to think about reality without time, and were barely even able to say what it was, apart from the experience of reality itself.

Was it some condition of our mind that predated objects? Or did it consist in the few events we managed to witness and predict, imposing their rhythm on the many others that escaped all parameters? It was surely the agonising division scanned by the infinite. The possibility of stopping at every step while something tied things to their being. Not in time. Outside it.

We were not able to imagine it other than divided into fractions, ourselves being no more than a fraction. And given that, in addition to intelligibility, we also needed meaning, we invented two paths to channel its designs, one going backward and the other forward.

All this happened or will happen. It has been put on hold in this limbo where I am writing. “Far from tomorrow”, as you called in back then, but not much nearer to yesterday and, even still, with one foot in both realms, I propose remembering something that has not happened yet. That is perhaps why I am deliberately confounding works and emplacements. I am reminded, for instance, that I am going to start talking about the latter, but as Heraclitus “the obscure” from Ephesus had already said, the road up and the road down are one and the same. In these rooms, made of ups and downs, we are going to go up to the end before going down to the beginning and then, finally, stop halfway.

And so, thinking backwards, I am brought to mind of an image of you, sitting in front of a screen. Someone (you) wrote the orders. A machine drew what it had been ordered, which turned out to be another kind of writing. In the middle there was a download, a dumping of information through which the

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two scripts mirrored each other, bound together like cause and consequence, disparate in the pure surface of the sign: conventional character on one hand, and line and abstract form on the other.

Each printed mark in these works, TRACES, comes from a command dictated in that abrasive language, created by a logic that is not the logic of representation but of a radical symbolic economy. I will say it again: the lines you write foreshadow a future result; in its task the machine used a lapse which is a function of the time you take in writing the program that moves it. Between these two moments—writing and the machine in motion—there is a transmission, a sudden download. A blink. I believe there is a mimetic play going on in all this, as if you wished to reproduce in the new diaphanous model the way in which the mind inadvertently induces movements of the body, perhaps to reveal how much darkness and viscosity there is in that simple blinking of ours. In consequence, like Von Kleist's puppets, these paintings of traces, and others you call NULL which never got beyond the liquid crystal screen, struck us, in their lack of consciousness, as infallible beings, almost as gods. And yet, they were two fingers on the keyboard that brought them to visionary life, made, in our image, of resistances and flows of current; of the balance between input and output.

Past and future are warped, together outlining an arc so closed that its ends almost meet. Meanwhile, a machine continues drawing figures on the canvas. We could ignore it without changing the result, but it manages to catch our attention and to subject us to a strange kind of hypnosis. This close monitoring could be compared to a contemplative exercise, because there is no coercion and barely any gaze. We were simply waiting for the order to be executed, the definitive inevitable enactment of each trace. Even without the plotter, I cannot help falling into this state whenever I come across these paintings again. I feel like I am joining (now in the present) something living that seems to generate itself before my eyes but, in fact, is already finished. Something to be done that is already done. Does the same thing happen to you? Can you still hear the hum of the engine, at the end of the weft?

Following the path that goes down and up, we return now to the beginning, to the place through which you entered the space that day. In the story we had stayed at the top, in the space with the machine paintings, which means that this entrance from the street would also be a katabasis of sorts, a descent to the depths, even more so because of the surrounding darkness. I remember thirty-five black perspex panels. Something above them, then and now, looked down at us the whole time. That omniscient artifice you called PANOPTICON detected our presence and followed us about as we moved. In its eyes there is no neutral position nor innocent movement. It confronted us and said: "I see where you are", but what did it really know about us?

The thirty-five perspex panels were like so many black obsidian mirrors, those that, since ancient times, turned things and faces into their dark

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doubles. A separate extension of the world, deep inside a timeless time open to pasts and futures, delved beneath the surface of those layers of polymer. More than violated and coerced by the eye, we were enthralled by the illusion of that strange communication, by that kind of auspicious or ill-fated omen which was nothing more than our own reflection animating the being that replicated us, a sad hybrid—it and perhaps us—of master and slave.

On another wall was ZEPHYR, a shiny black cloth stretched over a metal frame. And under it, hollow steel cylinders with air circulating through them by pumps and figures. The cloth then wrinkled and the surface became water distorted by ripples. The hidden was revealed, not just in the fluid, organic pattern your numbers had envisaged, but in the murmur that whispers in our ear one question after another, like the ones the spirit of the lake asked the king in the great epic: “In whom is the sun established? What is heavier than Earth? What is higher than Heaven? What is faster than the Wind? What is true restraint? What is the path? Who follows it? What is the news? What is most wonderful?” Questions on natural phenomena and their correlations and correspondences in philosophy, which is what is at stake there.

After the murmur and its whispers and questions, we go up to where the light is. On its own and in the middle of everything we were met by HELIX, drawing its ambiguous phosphorescent volume, without insides or outsides, neither solid nor hollow. I divided the other works you made with and through light into two categories. Some, like HALO, bring the sun and the heavens into the hall, framing a fixed or barely changing clarity. The rest were RETICULA(S): strips of pulsating flashing colours in short phases exploring the limits of a modular grid. The former engrossed us. The latter forced the synchronization of the gaze with the duration inscribed within them. If they could have, they would have said to us: “look at me while I last”. They were two kinds of light with time inside, as the poet said, and, although there were apparent infinitudes on one hand and quick-fire repetitions on the other, in the end they were all cycles and loops, analogies of other cycles and loops (rotation, movement, circulation, breathing) endlessly perpetuating themselves, not even graspable for the longest scrutiny.

And so those pulses, either lifeless or electrical, endeavoured to fall into step with us and be decoded and assimilated by our organism in order to become flesh, blood, oxygen and lymph. They wanted to program us and, signalling their synchrony with the functions of the body, open up a beyond of the body itself, like the one which enlightens the visionary with the organs of his subtle physiology, guiding him through an inner and invisible coloured spectrum: from black to red, from red to emerald. But all this was still far ahead. Not just far from tomorrow, but from any time. When going up and down again, we could feel the closeness of an echo of elementary things, of water, of light, of air, of weight and of movement, in whose mysteries, so precisely digitally simulated, we had been initiated over the course of a now completed day. Nostalgias of the past and of the future, figures and mirages, divisions within

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divisions, polar axes with the south facing north. These are my memories of what is yet to happen. These and others I will keep to myself.

—
José Miguel Pereñíguez

On the artist

Cachito Vallés (Seville, 1986) creates new media installations that reflect on technology beyond its functionality. Through the creation of specific software, he formalizes a language that conveys rhythms through which he investigates and represents human states, doing so through pieces full of life that involve a combination of light, sound, and movement.

Represented by Luis Adelantado Gallery since 2019, his work has been exhibited recently at the Carmen Thyssen Museum in Malaga, the C3A Contemporary Creation Center in Córdoba, the Centre Pompidou in Malaga, and the Andalusian Center of Contemporary Art.

His work is part of private collections in Italy, Spain, and Switzerland, as well as public collections such as the CAAC in Seville, the CAC in Malaga, the DKV Collection, and the FCDP Collection of the Canary Islands, among others.

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