

## Things seen (excerpt)

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The French term *déjà vu* has, for decades, ceased to be a foreign expression and has entered our dictionary of everyday terms. *Déjà vu* brings, by the quality of its own sound, a nostalgic reverb. Already seen, already found. *Déjà vu* is, as we well know, something which crosses our way and, through our senses, triggers a memory in us, a revisit to a space or an event in our lives.

For a project based on the principle of reverb, the choice of term by photographer Paola Dávila is not gratuitous. Let me explain: in a similar way as ripples are formed on a pond after one throws a stone to its bottom, the center of this circle would be the 260 photos exhibited on site, and the multiple circles around it would be the reactions that the images generate: feelings remembered through writing, traced in a book that the artist has placed in the exhibition for that purpose: to register that wave of personal memory in a multiplicity of voices.

Perhaps it is necessary to draw a chronological order. After a process of intense exploration and study of black and white photography, and in a moment of transition and search, the artist decided to experiment with color. For that she made a second and important decision, to do it equipped with a Polaroid camera. After three years, and many doubts and interpretations as to what those hundreds of photographs could mean, Paola made a selection of 260 images. Windows, flowers, clouds, fruits, trees, branches... they started building a diverse and intimate catalog. A personal journal that was beginning to open itself up to the possibilities of the other. An lyrical gaze, obsessive in regards to certain elements: the landscapes, the benches. I emphasize the benches because they seem to me to be a symbol of the photographer's vital moment: the construction of a space for rest, an apparent viewpoint that would allow her, in the short-term future, to make new decisions in her career. Those intimate, everyday images, even with their "faults" (stains, outs-of-focus, glazes) had a reason for being so, and in their ensemble they attained a texture that indeed set the tone: what do they provoke in us who see them?

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