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If the photos of *The Thread of the Days* had sound, we would hear water rumbling over stones on a seashore, lots of birds greeting the day from the treetops, a swirl of dead leaves. Notes of contemporary atonal music, possibly.

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In an attempt to decipher why meteorology is incapable of accurately predicting the weather, Edward Lorenz formulated chaos theory in the 1960s and 70s. To a large extent, his proposal can be seen in the butterfly effect: a butterfly flapping its wings in one part of the planet can produce and trigger a series of air changes that will eventually cause a tornado in a far distant region. In other words, the slightest variation of the elements in a system can radically change the result of a process that we consider foreseeable. Chaos does not respond to a series of random phenomena, but to a complex and precise chain of occurrences strung together by mathematical formulae.

The photographs in *The Thread of the Days* stem from the nostalgia of the strand that links events apparently unconnected in time and space—a kite being flown on the coast, a wall that gradually crumbles over the years, the tail of an orange fish in a goldfish bowl, the glass-like surface of the sea, fabrics hanging from a clothesline, clouds blown by the breeze, a butterfly on a crystal glass. Incapable of emulating The Parcae, weavers of fate, a man holds bobbins of thread without knowing what to do with them. Beyond chaos an unknown circumstance strings together the wet leaves on the ground with the flight of a bird in the distant sky, with the way a child lines up toy planets. Clouds, rain, wind.

Perhaps we are only aware of the pain of not knowing. Perhaps we only perceive the fractured world beyond those fleeting moments of happiness in which we manage to glimpse the strand of days.

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*Fractus*, fracture, fractals. Also in the 1960s and 70s, Benoît Mandelbrot tried in vain to measure the perimeter of the coast of Britain with all its curves. This is how he arrived at the fractal theory. A fractal structure cannot be described using Euclidean geometry, but repeats and reproduces itself several times over in an apparently random and infinite manner. However, the structure of each section that is isolated is almost an exact copy of the structure as a whole.

Clouds, highly present in *The Thread of the Days*, are often fractal structures found in nature. This is also true of many branches and mountain profiles espied in the background of a photo. A woman's back

displays the predicable interlacing of a plait over tattoos impossible to name according to any geometrical figure. The most intriguing fractal structures in the series are, in any case, the designs of the dresses worn by several of the women portrayed—strands, stripes, interlinking shapes that make one think about a new geometry of the natural. Are they dry leaves? Clouds? Blood

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In quietness and solitude, the characters in *The Thread of the Days* are aware of being part of a choreography whose steps are performed by only using the arms.

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If the photos in *The Thread of the Days* could be arranged chronologically, we would first see a butterfly flapping its wings against a glass. Then some twisted cables would appear. And finally a woman pulling back a patterned curtain. Or the other way round: a curtain, some cables, a butterfly. Some clouds.

In the challenge of attempting to link the images that we observe, the series also encourages us to reflect on the randomness of time and the fragility of any action inscribed on it. If every series involves a sequence to which (at least in theory) another section can always be added, the scenes photographed in *The Thread of the Days* suggest that every moment of our existence is preceded and followed by an endless number of other moments whose ultimate arrangement can but only be guessed. Like the garden of the forking paths in the story by Borges, these photos (all photography) capture fleeting actions of characters who will end up meeting each other at some point in time. A woman will catch a glimpse of herself through a window flying a kite or weaving threads on a rocky coast. Then she will pull the curtain.