



### About Nostalgia for Tools

*Miami, March 2011*

Can we have both, nostalgia for old tools and a love of supersonic and space shuttles? In our time, the Challenger has been relegated to a space museum and the Concorde, the most beautiful airplane ever, is nothing more than a sculpture at the entrance to Paris-Charles de Gaulle airport. Some of us would like to replace nuclear power generators with dynamos because progress is synonymous with global warming. Maybe it is time to start experimenting with hardware nostalgia instead of dreaming about interplanetary travel.

What is more moving than a joiner's hand plane? I remember my grandfather, with his bushy mustache, his brown eyes fixed on the wood he was modeling. My grandfather's workshop was

tiny. It was the bedroom closet of our modest apartment located in a building near Montmartre. But from this little space wonderful pieces emerged, like this caravel with light wood propellers. In another age, my grandfather might have been a great sculptor.

Daniel Fiorda is a sculptor. His father put a large table in a corner for him, so he could carve out all of his childhood fantasies. For him it was better than Lego. Daniel Fiorda watched his father repairing the most disparate objects with the same art, started learning about objects' mechanisms, whether made out of iron, wood or gold. He also learned to weld. In fact, welding became a passion. Forms accumulated, melded with each other until the metals were transformed, taking organic forms. One evening, he could finally show his family his first sculpture.



He inherited this passion from his father, a certain nostalgia for tools polished by anonymous hands, like the toes on marble statues, which, caressed by travelers, become translucent. Daniel dreamt of becoming an astronaut or a fighter pilot, but he wanted to study only what interested him, so he began helping his father while taking classes in drawing and painting. Soldering was his favorite hobby; the soldering iron his favorite tool. The feeling of letting his fingers run over the metal until it changed shape fascinated him.

It was the era of the space conquest. Daniel began to imagine and to build space creatures that traveled around the world with ease, a world invented by Jules Verne in his novels.

This memorable day in July, when the first man walked on the moon, all the televisions in the world were switched on. The ghost of Cyrano de Bergerac was wandering among us but the name of Jules Verne was on everyone's lips as if he had been clairvoyant, an author who

predicted the future in his novels. The unthinkable happened, the whole world was ours.

We weren't alone anymore, and one day we would discover that there were other signs of life in our galaxy. Very soon we would be able to travel at the speed of the light, and our grandmothers were still sitting behind their old sewing machines. Typewriters rattled rhythmically under the fingers of typists and writers, knitting needles collided in a small metallic sound.

All dressed in love, we stared at those men jumping seven feet to plant a flag from the earth on the moon. Time was frozen in a haze of side-real diamonds. The map of the cosmos folded and unfolded through the cracks of space. Strange creatures floated among the stars. The Pyramids flew away, followed the Amazon and disappeared into the poignant silence of emeralds. With this exhibition of sculpture, "Nostalgic Hardware", Daniel Fiorda offers a poetic vision of our world's temporal contrasts, the result of a decade of creation. • L.M.

Daniel Fiorda, **Shift Freedom (Yellow)**, 2011  
Enamel, resin, wax and typewriter on wood, 67 x 61 x 18 cm

Daniel Fiorda, **Subtotal Pink**, 2011  
Enamel, resin, wax and typewriter on wood, 67 x 61 x 18 cm

Left-hand page  
Daniel Fiorda, **Microcosmos**, 2002  
Steel, 20 x 20 x 20 cm

