

bukatzean hitza hartzen du txaloen aldia etenda, edo astebete lehenago iragarrita zeukan jendearekiko hitzordu bat ezustean uzten du bertan behera; museo batean, erakusketa batean parte hartzera gonbidaturik, ongietorriko hitzaldian elementu estra-diegetiko gisa agertzen da. Txiri egiten duen halako egoeretan erakundeen kritika modu berezi bat sortzen du, ikuskizunen eta arte-erakundeen konbentzioak eta baldintzak argitzen baititu, nola halako hierarkia bat “naturaltasunez” ezartzen duten; han askatasuna bereganatu eta aldarrikatu egiten da, baina hori erakundearen alde aurretik ezarritako esparruan egiten da, propio horretarako esandako tokian eta orduan. Eskandalurik eta oihurik gabe, LMTk prentsa-oharrak birformulatzen dituenean –haietan bera “artista espainiarra” (Frantzian) nahiz “Parisen bizi den artista” (Espainian) da-, orduan ere agerian uzten du zein estrategiatara jotzen duten erakundeek “atzealde” artifizial bat sortu beharrean. Haren galdera faltsuki inozoek ere artisten eta haien lanen gaineko itzaropenak azaleratzen dituzte, haien tokia eta ematen zaizkien eginkizunak. Halabehar horien aurrean, LMTk amorruez erantzuten du, edo trufaz, edo agian tristeziak soilik, txiri egin eta desagertzearen antze haren bitartez, balizko ikuslearekiko harreman bat ezartzeko aukerak sortutako ezinegon haren bitartez. Huts egindako hitzordu horiek ikuslearen eta lanaren ikuskizunaren arteko usadiozko urruntasuna zulatze modu bat dira, ikuskizunaren denboran ez, baina bizitzaren denboran gauzatzen den elkarrizketa bat ezarri beharrez, ongi badaki ere, Karl Krausek adierazi zuen legez, ez dela “behin ere bizi”.

François Piron

AGAINST ALIEN HOSTILE LIFE

Jean-Luc Godard defines his film *Pierrot le fou* in these terms: “It is an encounter between someone who thinks about death and someone who does not think about it”. Likewise, the text of the work *...Pero ¿dónde está(i)s físicamente?* (...But, where are you physically?) presented by artist Loreto Martínez Troncoso in the Montehermoso Cultural Centre, is a letter whose content, and author, allude to their own finitude, and is addressed to someone, a hypothetical spectator, who perhaps does not think about it.

“I write to you today, Wednesday, April 23, 2008, a month before this letter is made public for the first and perhaps last time. I don’t know at what moment, or on what day, or what time you will receive it.” So the text begins, as we hear it through headphones (read by the artist, in French) and/or read it on a screen (in Castilian and in Basque). An exhibition work for a contemporary art centre that nevertheless has little to do with what we might define as a “sound piece” or as a “video installation”, while all it is about, as becomes evident, is finding a temporality and conditions of reception for a text. So this text is a letter which posits from the outset the classic terms of the *autobiographical pact*: an authorial “I” and a dating that, in its precision, transmits indications of authenticity and establishes a present for the writing as a concrete reality, *here and now*. Followed immediately by the mention of an uncertainty: “I don’t know at what moment, or on what day, or what time you will receive it”. A conventional enunciation, in short, of the separation between author and recipient, but here accompanied by a certain concern—“for the first and perhaps last time”—of which we will have to ascertain whether it reveals distress or, on the contrary, the desire for an aporia, for a full stop.

For some years now Loreto Martínez Troncoso’s work has been constructed exclusively from text – perhaps, to be more exact, from one single text, always latent, returned to and added to over the course of different appearances. The previous one, pronounced in public on the 20th of December 2006 in Aubervilliers, on the outskirts of Paris, ended precisely where *...Pero ¿dónde está(i)s físicamente?* begins: “a project that I wrote exactly 11 months and 3 days ago today, just 5 months after saying out loud that... perhaps the time had come. To save oneself. To stop the discourses. To be here no longer”. That previous text contemplated over and over again the different ways of finishing, of putting an end to everything, and accordingly mentioned a series of *exemplary* suicides, in which the tragic-comic accumulation of complex refinements and pathetic fiascos revealed not so much a morbid fascination with those who decide to do away with themselves as the reflection of an asymptotic movement of elimination of the text itself, similar to that enunciated in Jacques Rigaut’s bitter aphorism of self-ridicule: “Dilemma. Not to speak. Not to keep quiet. Suicide”.

Loreto Martínez Troncoso's first works were a series of videos made during her student years at the Art School in Bordeaux – which we can retrospectively regard as a concession to that institution's request that she produce something. In these rough homemade videos she addresses the spectator through the camera in order to bear witness to her identity and the technical conditions behind the enunciation and reception of the video. A tautological descriptive discourse that delimits the situation of the speaking of the text, in contrast to its improvised appearance and imperfect halting French. It is this specific language that she will go on to develop: between two languages, she drops her mother tongue in order to draw close to another, which she masters less, with a manifest linguistic inaccuracy that emphasizes the condition of being a foreigner, of distance and inadequacy, which is at the same time chosen and accepted. To speak, to write in a foreign language is for her with the way to "write without style", as Samuel Beckett defined his choice of French as the tongue he would write in. Not, like Beckett, in the sense of an "unfinished writing", but rather a writing "without qualities", as in Fernando Pessoa's "factless autobiography". To understand L.M.T.'s project of "not writing more", the reference to Beckett undoubtedly leads to error. In her case, it is not a movement of the writing's extinction or agony, but a "Rigaut-like" dilemma that leads her to write in "the language of others", not only by choosing a foreign language, but also by constructing the text from a series of anecdotes she has read or heard rather than experienced, a tissue of decontextualised quotations she adopted as her own without taking any interest in their exact origin. The figure of Walter Benjamin as a pearl fisher comes to mind, mitigating his want of experience with quotations ("the transmissibility of the past had been replaced by its citability; in place of its authority, there had risen a strange power to settle down, piecemeal, in the present," Hannah Arendt wrote of him), and also W. G. Sebald's realization, in *The Rings of Saturn*, that all production involves and amounts to a combustion: "Like our bodies and like our desires, the machines we have devised are possessed of a heart which is slowly reduced to embers. From the earliest times, human civilization has been no more than a strange luminescence growing more intense by the hour, of which no one can say when it will begin to wane and when it will fade away."

For several years now all of L.M.T.'s works have consisted of texts conceived exclusively to be spoken, in most cases once only, at public events. Their absence of traces reflects this ambivalence between construction and destruction, production and unproductiveness, appearance and disappearance. Each text announces its end and is presented as a way out, going off at a tangent. L.M.T. is invited to attend performance contexts and takes the floor at the end of another artist's show, interrupting the applause, or without warning changes the date of a planned encounter with the public, bringing it forward a week. Invited to take part in a museum exhibition, she intervenes as an extra-diegetic element during the speeches at the opening. By means of these situations of evasion she produces a singular form of institutional critique, clarifying the

conventions and contingencies of the spectacle and of the art institution, of their "natural" establishment of a hierarchy in which freedom is acquired and proclaimed as long as it takes place within the pre-established context of the institution, in the place and at the time announced. Without any uproar or shouting, the only reformulation L.M.T. makes of the press releases in which she appears—as a "Spanish artist" (in France) and as an artist who "lives in Paris" (in Spain)—likewise reveals the strategies the institutions resort to in order to artificially generate a preference for the exotic, "for the foreign". Her supposedly candid questions bring to light the expectations that are placed in artists and in artworks, their designated place and function. In the face of such contingencies, L.M.T. responds—with rage, irony or perhaps just sadness—through this art of evasion and disappearance, and this concern about the chances of establishing a relationship with a potential spectator. Her no-shows are a way of exploring the understood distance between the spectator and the spectacle of the work, in an attempt to set up a dialogue that is framed not in this time of the spectacle but in the life's time, in the knowledge that, as Karl Kraus said, we "don't even live once".

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