

Em sé arrapats al coll els tentacles del pop¹

13.11 – 25.11.2018

A program devised and produced by **Hamaca**

Curated by **Maite Garbayo Maeztu**

Carmen Nogueira: *25' 55" diarios*, 2004, 4 min 5 s

Aitziber Olaskoaga: *La sonrisa telefónica*, 2016, 38 min

Cecilia Barriga: *Im Fluss*, 2007, 5 min

Diego del Pozo Barriuso: *Casting 1971*, 2001, 20 min 20 s

Francesca Llopis: *Fils d'oblit*, 2011, 4 min 51 s

Eugènia Balcells: *Fuga*, 1979, 20 min 21 s

We are time-poor. We work all day with no divide between living and producing, trying to steal time from life in order to work and meet endless deadlines and bureaucratic processes. Productivism invades our everyday spaces, our relationships and our homes. Why is that in the realm of art, in which there are numerous practices that are critical of the state of affairs and of themselves, we accept and uphold the precarious material conditions of our production? The productivist imperative prevails on us to ignore that we have a body, to travel light, to externalise or hide our burdens and cares as a neoliberal promise of total mobility, of professional success, of independent and sovereign individuality. ***Em sé arrapats al coll els tentacles del pop*** (I Know the Octopus's Tentacles Are Wrapped around My Neck) encourages us to imagine practices that interrupt and question the logics of production through thinking of interdependence, vulnerability, spaces of encounter or simply the timeout as modes of critical change that bring us closer to other ways of being in life.

In ***25' 55' diarios*** (25' 55' Diaries) I see a camera carefully explore a domestic space to focus on the traces of a reproductive life. I find vestiges, absent presences, remains left by invisible bodies. I catch myself thinking about what it would be like to eliminate the body. I wonder if it would be possible not to account for it. To act as if it did not exist. Not just this body. Any body. Erase bodies, hide their care. Think of production as aseptic and autonomous, separated from my body and other bodies. I wonder who inhabits this place. A body presented as absent, removed from the hegemonic model of presentation in which the body appears complete and without fissures, secure and comfortable in its mise-en-scène. Absent bodies are incomplete bodies, fragmented, changing and open to transformation.

La sonrisa telefónica (Smiling on the Phone) transports me to an other-place. It is the Netherlands, but it could be anywhere, a kind of postmodern dystopia-turned-office where the bodies of the precariat, bodies that yearn to give themselves over to creative work but which are forced to contend with a neoliberal existence, converge. The main figure is nearly invisible because it is the camera, a prosthetic extension of the camera. It has nothing left to lose; that's why it records. And it makes me think that we are obliged to extend "creative" productivity to all spheres of life. K. – I think it's a man named K. – also appears. And when he responds to A. I don't like the things he says at all.

¹ Maria Mercè Marçal, *Desglaç* (1984-1988).



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Im Fluss (Downstream) invites me to stop; it works as a necessary break. I almost feel like I'm swimming, water around my body. "I don't like being alone", says Trudy. I don't either, but I was forced to learn to be alone and to want to be alone. The discourses of white liberal feminism made women of my generation learn to want to be economically and affectively independent, to value autonomy and sovereignty above all else. Stripped of family obligations and with the most basic solidarity networks broken, we suddenly realize we are alone... We wanted to be alone to feel free. But one is never free when one has a body.

I feel like I belong to a sort of lost generation. Yes, lost. My friend Nadia said it eating in a garden one day. She said that things will surely change, but she also said that when they change our time will have passed. That's why we will be the "lost generation", the generation of the precarization of the middle class in Spain. This is what I thought about the first time I saw **Casting 1971**, about belonging to a lost generation and a time dominated by a discourse that does not consider that there are losses in all life. Living in constant flight from them exhausts us. It is neoliberalism as a device producing subjectivity.

And what about the sick body? The sick body as a burden and as a loss. The other day my friend Momo told me that we are fragile and believe ourselves to be absolute, that anthropocentrism is excessive and our bodies increasingly vulnerable. "I kneel before the impure, obscene, mortal body", says the voice reciting Maria Mercè Marçal in **Fils d'oblit** (Threads of Oblivion). "What do you say, body of mine?" And the body appears at once fragile and empowered. Flesh, skin and scar. "Poorly closed but unmovable flesh zipper. Unmovable." Breathe, pleasure, stop, skin, disease, breathe, pleasure, stop.

And **Fuga** (Fugue) at the end because it opens a space of possibility – that's why I thought it was important to show it at the end, because in it I glimpse ways of escaping and being able to stop. I see subjects which are isolated from one another but which overlap. And there is a certain loneliness that is no longer such. The windows open; the scenes open; they are mixed together. We are bodies open to other bodies, bodies penetrated by other bodies.

I think it is important to recognize one's own vulnerability, to establish relationships of interdependence and care. Precarity and vulnerability could become sites of resistance. They point to other subjectivations that challenge the notions of autonomy and independence on which the political subject (white and masculine) inherited from modernity is based. They open the way to subjectivations from the feminine, from other logics, from other sensibilities that could serve for thinking together and critically about the material conditions under which we work, live and interact.

Maite Garbayo Maeztu