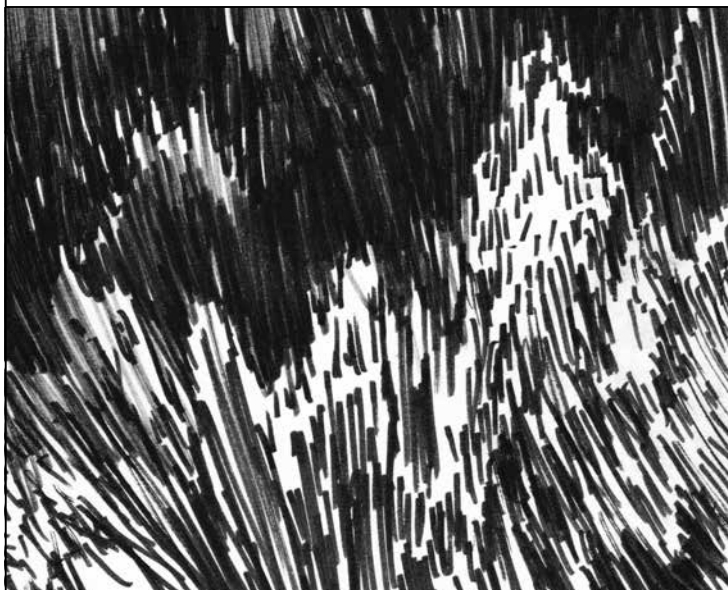


Conceived as an open book recounting a journey without leaving a room, Èlia Llach's *Written on Water* is an exhibition of more than 700 drawings distributed in two different rooms. It is a kind of stage of life designed to be entered but also to accommodate the strength of a thought behind the form of a gesture.

Èlia Llach

WRITTEN ON WATER



28.06 – 02.10.2022

[LA VIRREINA]
CENTRE
DE LA IMATGE

Ajuntament de
Barcelona



WRITTEN ON WATER

In literature, an inciting incident is an event that starts the plot. The author later explains what happened, describes how it happened and who was affected and reports on whether the characters can recover from it. Although they are not exclusive to a single literary genre, inciting incidents are more clearly evident in novels. There are several reasons for this: the incident acts as a dramatic premise, because without it nothing happens, because it affects the protagonists of the book and because the change it produces in them defines and resolves the conflict that is presented in the story.

Inciting incidents are also found in art. They are the impulses that stimulate the artist to create a work out of sheer necessity, though everything has already been said, the market is saturated with works, it is difficult to get them exhibited, and the works' reception by the public is unknown... and indeed the artist may decide to destroy the work five minutes after creating it.

In a novel, the protagonist is the first person affected by the incident, but in art the artist is the first victim. Artists are the protagonist of everything: the incident takes place in their head and they determine that what we see, what we hear and what affects us must be understood as the remains of a shipwreck—of the artist and of ourselves—under the guise of a more or less orderly chaos. An example of this chaos is that of *The Raft of the Medusa*¹ by Théodore Géricault (Rouen, 1791 – Paris, 1824), which manages to keep a fragile balance on an unstable sea.

The sea. Water.

On the subject of water, Èlia Llach shared with me three quotes that turned out to be essential for contextualizing the voice she would use to address her exhibition at La Virreina—a project designed for a small room in what was once a palace. The three quotes from very different authors and times were related to each other, but also to the word.

1. The first quote was from John Keats (London, 1795 – Rome, 1821), the romantic poet who, feeling that he was living a “posthumous existence”², asked his friend, the painter John Severn, to engrave the following epitaph on his grave:

“Here lies one whose name was writ in water.”

John Keats, whose poetry was characterized by its “exuberant and imaginative language, tempered by melancholy”³, died at the age of 26 from tuberculosis, an infectious disease identified in the time of Hippocrates (460-370 BC) and formerly known as consumption. During the 17th and 18th centuries it attacked the population of Western Europe as a result of the massive migration from the country to cities.⁴

Although several authors have dealt with the relationship between “the poets’ disease”⁵ and literature⁶, Susan Sontag claimed that this “so spiritualized” disease was the reason why the “crushing weight of the metaphor” was so evident in the 19th century. And it is precisely at this time that “the symbolism of tuberculosis, reaching its greatest expression”⁷, appeared as something that embellished the patients and endowed them with a sensitivity capable of increasing their creative capacity. In the case of Keats, this capacity gave voice to the imagination, impelling him to be what he saw rather than tell what he saw. For Keats, human life was “a mansion of many apartments” and, as such, perhaps a palace, a transit of life from “the child’s chamber without thought” to the death chamber, passing through “the dark corridors of human nature, the misery and suffering of man”.⁸

Ángel Rupérez published a magnificent Spanish edition of letters by John Keats. The letters give an account of a life

that, in praise of the aerial and solar spirit of its author (as Cortázar points out) is capable of overcoming not only the wound of a childhood and early youth marked by the death of his father and abandonment by his mother, but also his economic hardships, his psychological fragility, disappointment with his friends and disagreements arising from the literary mediocrity of his colleagues. Committed to a “life of sensations” and love for the principle of beauty in all things, during his brief existence Keats⁹ developed a meditative and philosophical attitude forged through conscious pain and rigorous reflection on his craft and poetry.¹⁰

This selection of letters written towards the end of Keats’s life speak of the feelings of a poet plunged into an insurmountable tragedy. Through them one can see how truth sustained the beauty of his world, knowledge lay behind his senses, a mask hid little that was existential and his work tried to “capture particles of light in the midst of great darkness”.¹¹ Keats offers “the magic of an imagination capable of flying high, while remaining at the root of humanity”.¹²

Although I do not know whether Keats would write his name in water, we do know that it was the sea that led him to a shipwreck (I am thinking of *The Raft of the Medusa*) in a bedroom in Rome at 11 p.m. on 23 February 1821.¹³

2. The second quote was from John Cage (Los Angeles, 1912 - New York, 1992) and it appeared in a letter (another letter!) that he sent to Emanuel and Luciana Dimas Melo Pimenta. At one point in the letter Cage wrote to his friends: “I’m finally getting better: practically or relatively speaking, I’m not itching any more. But I have no energy. Your letter is full of ideas, and I have hardly any. To put it one way, I am writing on the water.”¹⁴

Emanuel Dimas Melo Pimenta (São Paulo, 1957) is a renowned composer, architect, photographer and creator whose projects connect science with art, often involving virtual reality and cyberspace technologies. John Cage admired him and even performed some of his works. As an associate composer in the Merce Cunningham dance company, he

also collaborated with him between 1985 and 1992. Dimas Melo Pimenta's artistic career was outstanding, as was his work as an experimental film-maker and cultural agitator interested in operating "the structure of thought with virtual reality, the theory of knowledge and neurosciences".¹⁵ He also created *Walden Zero*, a curious and imaginative collection of collections that he started in 2000 with the aim of creating an environmental system of machine learning through personal experience by bringing together maps, old engravings, works of contemporary non-figurative art, rare books, watches, pieces of electronic art, and donations and gifts linked to the spirit of the collection.

In the prologue of *Escribir en el agua. Cartas 1930-1992* by John Cage, its translator and editor, Gerardo Jorge (Buenos Aires, 1980)¹⁶ uses the same fragment of the letter quoted at the beginning of this section to illustrate a type of writing that, like that of Cage's letters, "is drawn ephemerally on a mobile surface"¹⁷. Cage not only needed words (ideas) to float and acquire particular relationships with each other—he wanted them to be autonomous enough to demolish any distinction between art and life. Cage was pleased to have found sound formulas that reflected what he really felt towards the end of his life,¹⁸ and it seems that the best image of the aqueous state that he went through and "the writing that remains from any artistic action" is, in the words of Gerardo Jorge, "an instruction that triggers the revealing process of the unity that underlies everything". Indeed, in one of his instructions, Cage proposed the following: "Write in ink on a watery surface. Amplify the sound caused."

All kinds of stories can be written on the surface of water, and also with water. The Chinese calligraphers who write poetry with water on the ground in the parks of Beijing are admired for the beauty of the characters they generate. The most important thing about the ephemeral work of these artists is not its lightness but the meaning that it harbours. Rather than proceeding from an a priori thought, their characters—their words—emanate from what they meditate while drawing with water, with the help of their imagination in a continuous present.

Combining the lightness of the word with the transcendence of its meaning is also featured in the work of Song Dong (Beijing, 1966),¹⁹ a Chinese artist whose hard, tender and human work struggles to "put history in order" and "fill in the gaps", whilst emotionally reflecting on the mutability of change. One of his works, which has been in progress since 1995, is *Writing Diary with Water*. In it he writes his personal memories with a brush and water on the surface of a flat stone. Not caring that what he writes will disappear as soon as the water evaporates, Song uses the invisibility of his work to write himself without being censored.

If, as we have just seen, the unimaginable can be written on water or with water, only what is not intended to remain, exposing the fragility of the word, penetrates the reader's mind and suggests other forms of life, perhaps hidden behind the movement of a body, perhaps in the gesture of a being who refuses to be corrected. Perhaps after the brush stroke of a drawing, resisting, in a continuous present.

To blur the boundaries between a letter, a poem, an essay and life, as Cage does, one must "demilitarize" language and desire to return to "a society where communication is not practised, where words are as absurd as they appear between lovers, where words return to what they were originally: trees and stars and the primitive environment".²⁰

Speaking of stars and words, *Kaspar Hauser. Ejemplo de un crimen contra la vida interior de un hombre* (The Wild Child. The Unsolved Mystery of Kaspar Hauser),²¹ a book by the German legal scholar Paul Johann Anselm von Feuerbach (1775 - 1833),²² halfway between a novel and a treatise on jurisprudence, explains the following about Kaspar Hauser:

"...there was, however, a vision that constituted a curious exception and became a great unforgettable experience in the gradual development of his intellectual life. It was in the month of August (1829) when his teacher showed him the starry sky for the first time. His wonder and charm surpassed any possible description. He did not tire of looking, but returned again and again to that view, identifying the

groups of stars and taking note of the brightest ones and their colours. “This is the most beautiful thing I have seen in the world,” he exclaimed. “But who has placed all those beautiful lights there, who turns them on and who turns them off again?”

Anne Carson, in the introduction to her *Short Talks*,²³ added the following in relation to words and stars: “Early one morning words were missing. Before that, words were not. Facts were, faces were. In a good story, Aristotle tells us, everything that happens is pushed by something else. One day someone noticed there were stars but no words, why?”

Words. The word

3. The third quote was a poem by Enric Casasses (Barcelona, 1951) published in 2006 in the form of a musical project conceived and performed with the French singer-songwriter Pascal Comelade (Montpellier, 1955). The poem, entitled *La manera més salvatge* (The Wildest Way), appeared on a postcard published on the occasion of a poetry festival that a friend gave to Èlia Llach. She decided to place it on the wall of her workshop, sharing the space and a thumbtack with another postcard, *The Raft of the Medusa* by Gericault. Both the poem and the postcard were on her wall for the same reason: they referred to the movement of the body: in *The Raft of the Medusa*, in the form of the contortions and the expressiveness of all the hands grasping into space, into the sky; in the poem, pointing out the most insulting movement and perhaps the most loving of them all: the word and speech.²⁴

Llach’s exhibition is about gestures that expose the fragility of language and refer to the unattainable, the elusive and the ephemeral. Hers is a story that ignores the word in favour of the gesture of a body: that of the shipwrecked sailors of *The Raft of the Medusa*, or that of *La manera més salvatge* by Enric Casasses? It is a story written to reveal that what surrounds us is the cry of a being who refuses to be corrected.

In her story, Llach starts from the desire to create an exhibition that, rather than a succession of drawings, is an intervention designed for the space that was assigned to it, a small and mysterious room located inside a palace. The space is known today as Sala Miserachs, but it is still a room.

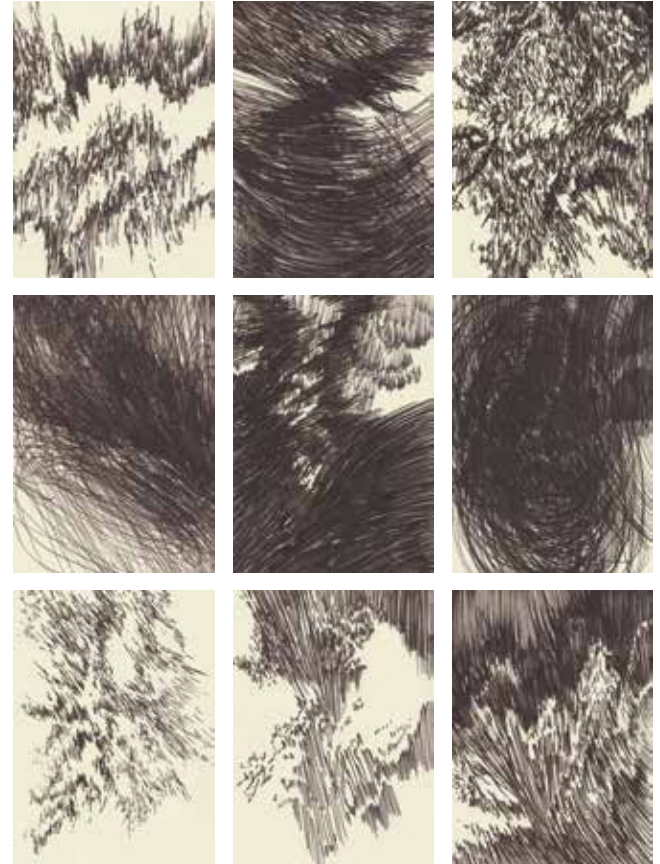
For Llach the room (a room) is more than four walls, a floor and a ceiling. It is, for example, the space where Xavier de Maistre spent 42 days under house arrest, using his misfortune to write *A Journey Around My Room*, a kind of “treatise on how to get along reasonably well with one’s

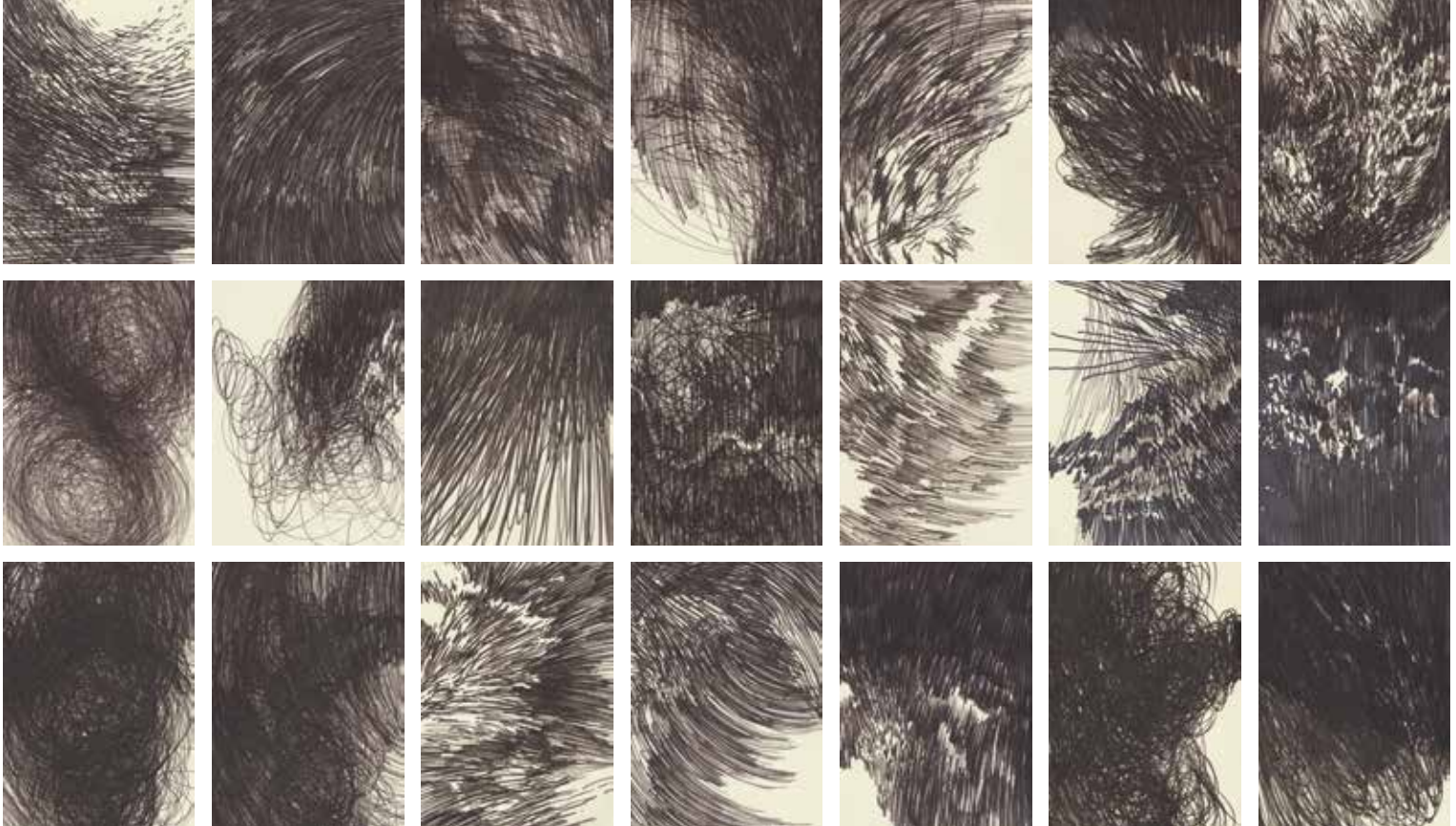
own self, laughing a little at oneself, which is, ultimately, the best way to travel around one's own room."²⁵ Enrique Vila-Matas says about this book by Xavier de Maistre: "From our usual room, without going out to the street, we have been given the great gift (which we often forget) of seeing the sphere that allows us to see the simultaneity of the universe".²⁶ Vila-Matas also points out that Xavier De Maistre liked to keep track of ideas, "like the hunter who pursues the prey without following a given path." And he ends with a quote from De Maistre that could illustrate Llach's proposal: "he seemed to be aware of the modern fluctuation between automation, parody and renovation: 'That's why when I travel around my room, I rarely follow a straight line.'"²⁷

Another room was the space where Virginia Woolf noticed *The Mark on the Wall*, "the story in which her style is best recognized because it reproduces a first-person monologue, and observing a mark in the wall initiates a soliloquy on the evolution of thought, nature and religion".²⁸

Another room was the tower that the French humanist and writer Michel de Montaigne (1533-1592) built in the Château de Montaigne²⁹ to house his library and become his workplace. He retired there in 1571 at the age of 38. There he wrote most of a work based, among other things, on Greek and Latin sentences. In keeping with his interest in philosophy and his adherence to scepticism, he had these texts engraved on the ceiling³⁰ to read and reflect while he walked around the room.

Another room was the place where Marguerite Duras³¹ may have written the following: "Finding yourself in a hole, at the bottom of a hole, in almost total solitude, and discovering that only writing can save you. To be without the slightest subject for a book, the slightest idea for a book, is to find yourself, once again, before a book. A vast emptiness. A possible book. Before nothing. Before something like living, naked writing, like something terrible, terrible to overcome."³²







Another room is the place where Des Esseintes, the main character of *Against the Grain* by Joris-Karl Huysmans, retires in boredom with the pursuit of amusement. Wishing to have a more intense life, he leaves Paris and settles in a mansion in Fontenay-aux-Roses on the outskirts of the city, to use his imagination to explore artistic expressions in literature, painting and even perfumes. After a failed trip to England, which was interrupted at rue de Rivoli in Paris, Des Essentes returns home stating: “What is the use of moving, when one can travel on a chair so magnificently?”³³

There are many rooms at the right distance from reality that have seen and continue to give birth to works by authors such as Víctor Hugo, María Zambrano, Roland Barthes, Paul Auster³⁴ and Georges Perec³⁵. There are many rooms where the imagination has found shelter.

Kaspar Hauser was confined in a room measuring 2 x 1.5 x 1.5 m until he was 16 years old. According to his testimony, in the room/dungeon where he was confined, “there were two small windows, with closed black wooden shutters. He lay on straw, lived on bread and water, and played with toy horses.” He never saw his captor, but “the man” taught him letters and about nine words. After many years he taught him to stand and walk, and finally set him free.³⁶

From a document carried by Kaspar Hauser, it is known that he was born on 30 April 1812. He appeared on 26 May 1828, as if out of nowhere, wandering through Unschlittplatz in the German town of Nuremberg. He was 16 years old and it is said that he was dressed in rags and quite emaciated. He was frightened and kept repeating a single phrase: “I want to be a horseman, as my father was.” It is also said that in his hand he carried an envelope with two letters. One was written by the man who found him and raised him until he could no longer keep him. This letter was addressed to the captain of a local cavalry regiment, asking him to take charge of the young man.

The other letter, dated 1812, could have been written by the child's mother, and in it she said that the father was no longer alive and that since she could not take care of him she was sending him to join the army.³⁷

The story of this boy who was adopted and “corrected” by society soon ceased to interest those who wanted to “normalize” him. He ended up being stabbed at the age of 21, in the gardens of the Margrave's Palace in Ansbach.³⁸ His life has been the subject of all kinds of literary, theatrical and cinematographic interpretations, because “Kaspar moved from the expression and awakening of language to oblivion and silence.”³⁹ His case has also been studied by scientists: Kaspar Hauser syndrome occurs when there is no contact between parents and children, when children grow up without affection.

One of the interpretations of this character is *Kaspar*, a play written by the Austrian author Peter Handke in 1967. According to Handke, his play “does not show how it really is or really was with Kaspar Hauser. It shows what is possible with someone. It shows how someone can be made to speak through speaking. The play could also be called speech torture.”⁴⁰ We could therefore say that Handke's *Kaspar* portrays a German adolescent, but he is perhaps not an individual or a character in the strict sense of the word. He may be some person, someone, anyone. He may be any of us.

Èlia Llach learned of the existence of Kaspar Hauser when she saw Peter Handke's play performed in an alternative theatre in Madrid a few years ago. Although her memories are somewhat hazy, she says that she was impressed by the play and the way it gets someone to talk without stopping talking to them. It is as if, apart from any story that was to be told, the word is pulling the tongue until it is pronounced. Rather than narrating the legend of the character, Handke uses him as a metaphor for conformity and oppression and, like a mask that never ceases to amaze, the face of the actor who plays Kaspar

is continually subjected to the effect of the words that reach him in the mouths of the prompters, those who are responsible for correcting him.

According to Llach, though Handke's work is a play, part of what it represents, and above all the space in which it happens, is “that little corner, that part of the house that is a place of creation as well as a place of joy, loneliness, pain and a kind of strange mystery. That room, that house, are in this case my workshop, the studio. I have never lied when I say that I don't know very well what I do and that my tools are my body, my hand and the resonance that makes me want to think that there is something in those drawings beyond a gesture.”

In her effort to discover, in the act of drawing by drawing, the secret of a work executed with the body and the force of a gesture, it is in the words from books that she finds the explanation of what her hands and her body do, wandering through a kind of reality. Perhaps without moving from one room. Thinking from a room. Most of her exhibitions have taken shape through and from books: the leap into the void in the Sis gallery in Sabadell, mentioning Pascal Quignard and shooting photographs with a bullet (*Dar cuerpo* [Giving Body], 2017); the orientation of the vision of a blind man in the Chapel of San Roc de Valls (*I en un cluc d'ulls has conquerit els cims* [And in a Blink of the Eyes You Have Conquered the Peaks], 2011); on death and its dance in Vilanova i la Geltrú based on the notarial protocols of the Garraf County Archive (*Els il·luminadors* [The Illuminators], 2020); and leaving everything open to the possibility from a sketch by Mariano Fortuny at the Museu Nacional d'Art de Catalunya (*Unidentifiable sketches*, 2020). In her works she lets the resonance of her body be heard in others.

Llach says: “I have needed the word many times to be able to take the stroke of the hand out of its common place and, even so, it continues to talk about strokes. Sometimes that stroke is just a fight that never comes to an end.”

Triggered by a play based on a character who could be any of us, what Llach writes on the water by drawing a line, resisting, in a continuous present, is the living story of an endless struggle to understand, to be understood. Or not.

Frederic Montornés
May 2022

- ¹ *The Raft of the Medusa*
Oil on canvas, 4.91 x 7.16 m, painted by Théodore Géricault in 1819. On the painting: https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_Raft_of_the_Medusa
- ² “posthumous existence”
<https://www.nybooks.com/articles/2009/06/11/keatss-afterlife/#:~:text=A%20posthumous%20existence%20was%20a,could%20continue%20to%20believe%20in>
- ³ “exuberant and imaginative language, tempered by melancholy”
https://es.wikipedia.org/wiki/John_Keats [our translation]
- ⁴ massive migration from the country to cities
<https://lapiedradesisifo.com/2013/11/11/lo-que-la-tuberculosis-ha-hecho-por-la-literatura/>
- ⁵ “the poets’ disease”
Another expression used for tuberculosis
- ⁶ Literature
Julio Cortázar and William Osler, among others
- ⁷ “the symbolism of tuberculosis, reaching its greatest expression”
<https://rodin.uca.es/handle/10498/24689> [our translation]
- ⁸ “the dark corridors of human nature, the misery and suffering of man”
<https://www.revistadelibros.com/keats-o-la-aniquilacion-del-yo/> [our translation]
- ⁹ John Keats
John Keats: *Cartas. Antología (1795-1821)*, Translated by Ángel Rupérez Cibrián. Alianza Editorial. 2020
- ¹⁰ rigorous reflection on his craft and poetry
<https://www.alianzaeditorial.es/libro/literatura/cartas-antologia-john-keats-9788491818335/>
- ¹¹ “capture particles of light in the midst of great darkness”
On poetry, Anne Carson wrote the following: “If I knew what poetry was, I wouldn’t have to write. It’s something I seek to tempt in the dark.” <https://www.fpa.es/en/princess-of-asturias-awards/laureates/2020-anne-carson.html?texto=trayectoria&especifica=1>
- ¹² “the magic of an imagination capable of flying high, while remaining at the root of humanity”
https://elpais.com/cultura/2020/06/04/babelia/1591254839_253818.html [our translation]
- ¹³ 23 February 1821
Influenced by the French physician René Théophile Laënnec (Quimper, 1781 - Douarnenez, 1826) and his defence of climatotherapy and the benefits of the sea breeze, Keats set sail for Rome in the hope of improving his health. After a journey plagued with difficulties, a poor diet and a ten-day quarantine upon arrival in port, his life began to take on water until he drowned, like a cloud in the sea, with punctured lungs and drenched in melancholy.

¹⁴ “I’m finally getting better: practically or relatively speaking, I’m not itching any more. But I have no energy. Your letter is full of ideas, and I have hardly any. To put it one way, I am writing on the water.”

John Cage: *Escribir en el agua. Cartas 1930-1992*. Caja Negra Editora, 2021 p. 454 [our translation]

¹⁷ “the structure of thought with virtual reality, the theory of knowledge and neurosciences”

<https://www.emanuelpimenta.net/index0ES.html> [our translation]

¹⁶ Gerardo Jorge

A writer, editor, translator and plastic artist born in Buenos Aires in 1980. He is the author of the selection and translation of the letters collected in John Cage: *Escribir en el agua. Cartas 1930-1992*. Caja Negra Editora, 2021

¹⁷ “is drawn ephemerally on a mobile surface”

John Cage: *Escribir en el agua. Cartas 1930-1992*. Caja Negra Editora, 2021, p. 7 [our translation]

¹⁸ Cage was pleased to have found sound formulas that reflected what he really felt towards the end of his life

John Cage once said “I no longer feel or think”, “I hope my unconsciousness is incurable”, “What interests me most is music that says nothing”, “My thinking requires a certain feeling of not-knowing”.

¹⁹ Song Dong

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Song_Dong

²⁰ “a society where communication is not practised, where words are as absurd as they appear between lovers, where words return to what they were originally: trees and stars and the primitive environment”

<https://interzonaeditora.com/noticias/john-cage-y-la-desmilitarizacion-del-lenguaje-443> [our translation]

²¹ *The Unsolved Mystery of Kaspar Hauser*

Kaspar Hauser. Ejemplo de un crimen contra la vida interior de un hombre. Ed. Pepitas de calabaza, 2017 [our translation]

²² Paul Johann Anselm von Feuerbach

Paul Johann Anselm von Feuerbach was Kaspar Hauser’s main benefactor.

²³ Short Talks

<https://yalereview.org/article/anne-carson-short-talks>

²⁴ the word and speech

La manera més salvatge.

La manera més salvatge,
selvática i salvadora
de moure el cos, la manera
més subtil i muscular,
més a prop de la Matèria
Feta Font Perquè Font És,
el moviment del cos més
insultant de tots i, sí,

si vol, el més amorós
és la paraula i parlar.

²⁵ “treatise on how to get along reasonably well with one’s own self, laughing a little at oneself, which is, ultimately, the best way to travel around one’s own room.”

<https://www.nuevarevista.net/viaje-alrededor-de-mi-habitacion-de-xavier-de-maistre-literatura-del-confinamiento/> [our translation]

²⁶ “From our usual room, without going out to the street, we have been given the great gift (which we often forget) of seeing the sphere that allows us to see the simultaneity of the universe”

https://elpais.com/diario/2010/01/02/babelia/1262394757_850215.html [our translation]

²⁷ “he seemed to be aware of the modern fluctuation between automation, parody and renovation: “That’s why when I travel around my room, I rarely follow a straight line.”

https://elpais.com/diario/2010/01/02/babelia/1262394757_850215.html [our translation]

²⁸ “the story in which her style is best recognized because it reproduces a first-person monologue, and observing a mark in the wall initiates a soliloquy on the evolution of thought, nature and religion”

<https://zasmadrid.com/momentos-de-existencia-kew-gardens-y-otros-cuentos-de-virginia-woolf/>

²⁹ el Château de Montaigne

Built in the fourteenth century in Saint Michel de Montaigne in the department of the Dordogne.

³⁰ he had these texts engraved on the ceiling.

On two main beams and eight sleepers.

³¹ Marguerite Duras

Her room was on the third floor of number 5 rue Saint Benoît in Paris. The entire building was hers.

³² “Finding yourself in a hole, at the bottom of a hole, in almost total solitude, and discovering that only writing can save you. To be without the slightest subject for a book, the slightest idea for a book, is to find yourself, once again, before a book. A vast emptiness. A possible book. Before nothing. Before something like living, naked writing, like something terrible, terrible to overcome.”

<https://www.thelitpub.com/blog/on-marguerite-duras-and-writing#:~:text=%E2%80%9CFinding%20yourself%20in%20a%20hole,once%20again%2C%20before%20a%20book.>

³³ “What is the use of moving, when one can travel on a chair so magnificently?”

Against the Grain, translated by John Howard, The Floating Press, 2009.

³⁴ Paul Auster

“That was the extent of it: Fanshew alone in that room, condemned to a mythical solitude—living perhaps, breathing perhaps, dreaming God knows what. This room, I now discovered, was located inside my skull.” In *The Locked Room* by Paul Auster.

³⁵ Georges Perec

Un homme qui dort, a film by Bernard Queysanne based on a script by Georges Perec, narrates the decision of a student who, on the day of his exams, decides not to get out of bed, to give up his studies, to break off his relationship with his friends and relatives and to withdraw into himself.

In his book *Espèces d'espaces*, Georges Perec writes that a room is the place where "The passage of time (my History) leaves behind a residue that accumulates: photographs, drawings, the corpses of the long since dried-up felt-pens, shirts, non-returnable glasses and returnable glasses, cigar wrappers, tins, erasers, postcards, books, dust and knickknacks: this is what I call my fortune."

³⁶ Kaspar Hauser

<https://www.biografias.es/famosos/kaspar-hauser.html> [our translation]

³⁷ she was sending him to join the army

John Keats also lost his father, and his mother abandoned him

³⁸ Ansbach

Known as the Hofgarten of Ansbach

³⁹ "Kaspar moved from the expression and awakening of language to oblivion and silence."

<http://eventosacademicos.filo.uba.ar/index.php/ALEG/ALEGXVI/paper/viewFile/3674/2583> [our translation]

⁴⁰ "does not show how it really is or really was with kaspar hauser. It shows what is possible with someone. It shows how someone can be made to speak through speaking. The play could also be called speech torture."

Kaspar. Peter Handke. *Kaspar and Other Plays*, trans. M. Roloff (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, 1969), p. 59

Curator: Frederic Montornés

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Opening hours: Tuesday to Sunday
and public holidays, 11 am to 8 pm
Free entry



#EliaLlach

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