

## **The invisibles at Bilbao BAD Festival**

***Claim your place I+P*** by Nuria Legarda, dancer and performer who was outstanding in exquisite shows such as *Écumes* (NEO, 2006) and *La cena* (Sala Beckett, 2008). Her work has had a special significance in Bilbao because she has been able to present its three parts in two different venues.

The first, at BilbaoArte, adopts the format of an exhibition comprising four large photographs that look like paintings or collages which freeze textured images that speak to us of the violence of war.

The second part, at Bilborock, is an installation consisting of a labyrinth drawn with different types of hanging pieces of fabric that suggest a row of skinned animals. Videos that evoke different forms of a highly stylised violence are screened on these irregular and twisted surfaces, along with restraining hands, fragments of bruised bodies and slipping hips.

They are images that never show the blow or the tears or blood, and that focus on the aesthetic aspect more than the visceral, as in Hannecke's films. It is the part dedicated to the victim of aggression, war or gender violence, which degrades both the person who hits and the aggressor.

In the third part, the performance, in a space next to the labyrinth of the video installation, Nuria Legarda performs the executioner live, wearing powerful military boots that have microphones in the base that amplify to the extreme the brutal heel-clicking that the actress formulates.

In the background, a snowy forest is screened, the image of winter in Europe that symbolises the lugubrious aspect of the 20th century: the activity of war. The shadow of the actress walks through the trees and stamps the ground in an implacable cavalcade of siege and persecution that transforms the frozen forest into an ashen opaque space.

When she undresses, the executioner becomes fragile and the screenings reproduce the bruises of the blows and wounds on the actress' body. The forest fills with blood because the aggressor suffers the human degradation caused by his own violence, and is marked inside like the victim herself. And the concept of "enemy" is no more than the screening of one's own ancestral fears.

Therefore, at the end, the performer invites the audience to draw their "enemy" on a piece of linen on the ground, unfolded and wrinkled like those of the installation.

Francesc Massip