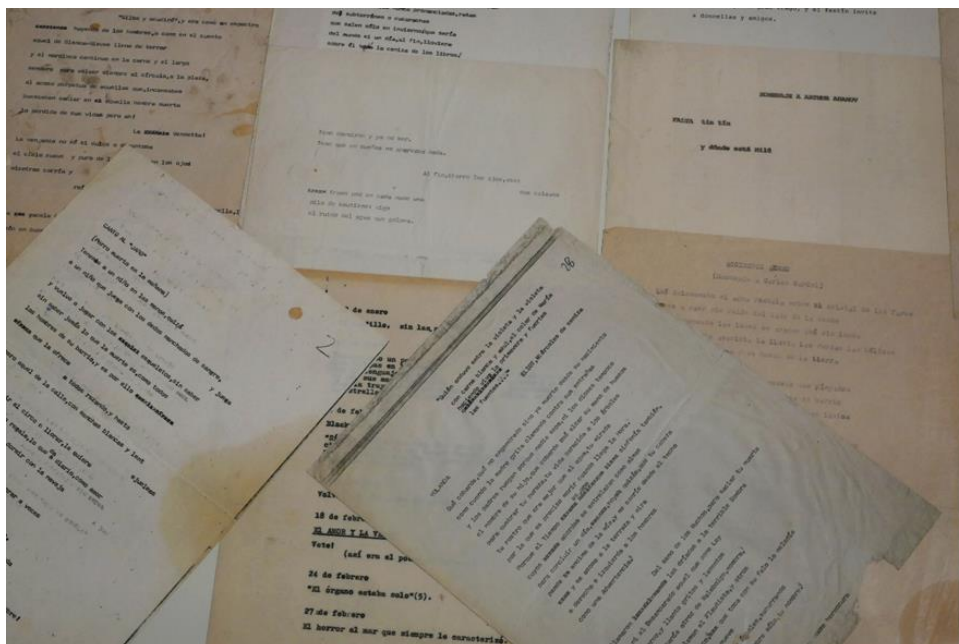


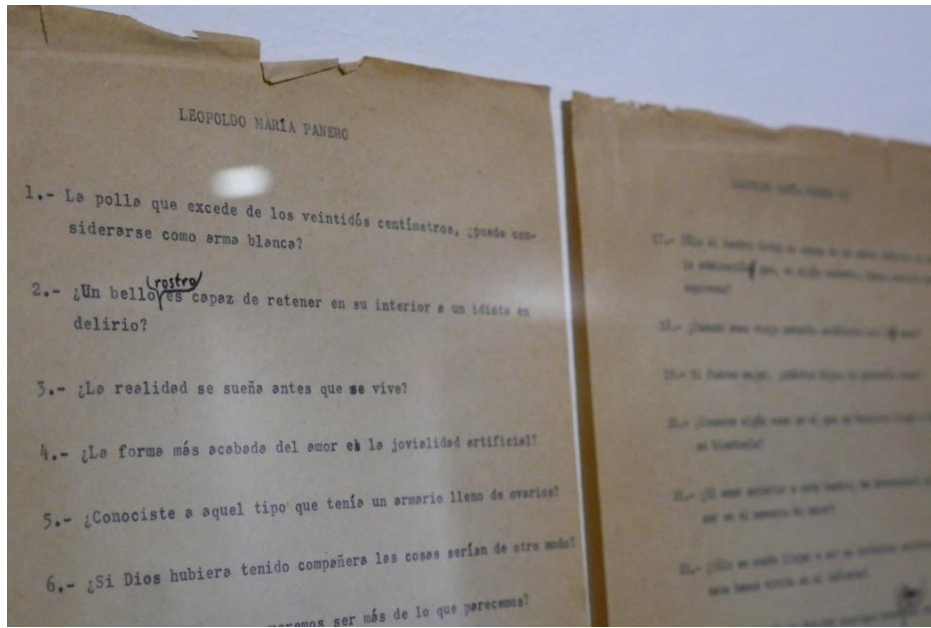
Leopoldo María Panero (Madrid, 1948-Las Palmas, 2014), author of one of the most original and transgressive works of Spanish literature, left in the Panero family home in Madrid on Ibiza Street, 35, 12 folders full of stains and blotches. These folders contain a total of 1,100 documents that constitute the archive of Leopoldo María Panero, the majority of which are originals written between 1968 and 1981.

This archive, validated by Túa Blesa, professor at the University of Zaragoza and the greatest expert in the poet's work, includes a book of prose poems entitled *No, we are neither Romeo nor Juliet*, dating from 1968, part of the "Novísima" poetry; two horror stories translated / perverted by Arthur Machen; 12 single poems, including one dedicated to the case of "Yolanda" (1980) and another to the juvenile delinquent El Jaro; also, 8 essays on drugs, literature and psychoanalysis. In addition to these documents, there are some pages containing only one sentence, in the form of visual poetry, as well as some handwritten letters.

This archive was bequeathed by Michi Panero, the poet's brother, to Javier Mendoza, son of his second wife, Sisita García-Durán, who has taken on the role of literary executor of these papers, bringing to light the unpublished works of Michi Panero in 2017 with the books *Funerales vikingos / El desconcierto* (Bartleby, 2017) and Leopoldo María Panero in the book *Los papeles de Ibiza, 35* in 2018.



Leopoldo María Panero's Archive, Freijo Gallery



Leopoldo María Panero's Archive, Freijo Gallery



Installation view "Over the Ruins of Madness. Leopoldo María Panero's Archive", Freijo Gallery



Installation view "Over the Ruins of Madness. Leopoldo María Panero's Archive", Freijo Gallery



View of Elba Martínez's video "*Merienda de negros*".

At the moment the complete archive to which we refer is exhibited in the Freijo Gallery in Madrid under the title "*Over the ruins of madness*" <https://www.galeriafreijo.com/en/exhibitions/lz46-program/over-the-ruins-of-madness-leopoldo-maria-paneros-archive>. The exhibition project also includes a video work by Navarrese artist Elba Martínez (Spain, 1974), who creates this piece on two trips in 2002 and 2003 to Las Palmas de Gran Canaria, to the psychiatric hospital where Leopoldo was at that time.

Elba Martínez, being a great friend of the poet, creates the video "*Merienda de negros*" where she records his last years of life naturally, without masks and performances. The work acquires documentary characteristics and helps contextualize the viewer in the Panero's universe.



Still of the video work entitled "*Merienda de negros*" by the artist Elba Martínez, 2002; 1/2. Edition 2 + AP. Duration 50 min.

What is Leopoldo María Panero looking at? by Túa Blesa, about the video
Merienda de negros by Elba Martínez, 2003

"Elba Martínez's excellent, insightful, uneasy work invites us to ask ourselves what this poet's eyes look at, and the only answer may be to look at what his poems say. What can be seen in his verses? It is the horror: that of life_ which is that of a madman touched by the curse of heaven_, a life that, not by optical effect, but by the penetration of the gaze, has been stopped in the snapshot of destruction. This is implied in the continuous erasure of the face, that which wanders in search of a sheet_the page_that reflects it and, thus, the ideology of individuality is placed in a definitive crisis. This is also read in the voice, which is, repetitively, like the squeaking of the trapezes, over and over again the sound of the rales of a dying man who does not find, even out of charity, his end, for the instant of death becomes to his eyes a ritornello that does not find the way to be consumed the day his song ends. Poetry: a broken record. The gaze has been made here repetition. That's right.

"Tell me if it destroys my gaze," says a poem. Panero's eyes, as the poet believes, have the power to murder with the weapon of his own gaze. Evidence of clairvoyance. Their first and repeatedly liquidated victim is the word, spoken in its full emptiness, undone in a whisper, in the horror of a syllable, or reduced to being forever "ah", "oh". Then his victim is called the waiter, the name of the man, and saying it, it is always poetry. If what poetry, the excretion of the poet, is nourished by his words, there will have to be talk of cannibalism and, better still _ Elba Martínez knows it well_, of auto-cannibalism, which is why this poet can write "Oh perfect excrement of myself/ terror of being me", inasmuch as it is the terror of seeing oneself devouring, a work that is reiterated without any pause until it passes through that process as nothing more than a still photo. The music of it all, the typing in a machine.

Wherever Leopoldo María Panero sets his gaze, he puts the word and this is nothing, or death, or the name of what has no name, a murmur that would mean his own nothingness or death, something that, making itself present, does not yet arrive, the invisible instant of disappearance, and then poetry is said, made of Juan's "Vi" in the Apocalypse, "I offer you in my hand/ willows that I have not seen", and Elba Martínez records those scenes, multiple and the same, the image of the atrocious. Darkness in darkness. Any light? Yes, black light: "I don't know what light is."

Leopoldo María Panero looks. And that means that he looks at me, he looks at you, and his eyes tell me and tell you "end". That look has been seen by Elba Martínez. She has looked into Panero's eyes and what she has seen puts it in our sight. It is the evidence of emptiness. Blind spot of the gaze. "And the light is not ours..."