

galerie frank elbaz.

## Anne Le Troter *Les Pornoplantes, 2023*

October 14 - November 18, 2023

Opening October 14, from 6 pm to 8 pm

*Exterior, daytime. Closed Speech. Explicit intimacy like headphones. Three sand-colored benches, a black cable. Under the butt, from behind, the sound, the voice. Ploc, Ploc.*

When Anne Le Troter awoke one morning from a sleep filled with disturbing dreams, she found herself transformed in her bed, somewhere in a forest, into a kind of plant. Like the Heliades, who had so mourned the death of their brother Phaethon (struck down for borrowing the keys of their daddy's solar chariot) that they turned into poplars and alders, their fingers lengthened so immeasurably that soon one could only allude to branches and stems. The rest of the body followed, affected on all sides by a multitude of germinations and buddings. In this plant-becoming that was happening, she retained a more or less human silhouette, like the aphrodisiac roots of the *Mandragora officinarum*: a head, legs (2), genitals (intermittently). Daily exercise: pass the head between the legs to see what's happening there and feel the blood hammering on the temples. And a voice. Well, yeah. Because this plant does audio porn and ASMR, unleashes and is never at loss for words. Season after season, she explores plant sexuality and whispers the euphoria of spring to us, the loss of autonomous sex and the renewal of hair flowering. A trilogy: 1. The intensity of a sociability of friction 2. The solitude of isolation 3. The hope and prospects of rediscovered exchanges. This voice has ambitions. It doesn't just want to be heard; it wants to seep into its contemporaries. To touch, to infiltrate, to contact, like a sort of impalpable and vibrant skin, whose pores have been replaced by audio jacks. I say skin, but bark or surface of foliage would probably be more on point. Can the term 'haptic' be applied to voice?

*Exterior, daytime. Open speech. White walls, transparent glasses, cable networks and steel designs. Conductivity. Division and maquette. Transducers and speaking objects. The space sweats sound. Ploc, Ploc.*

Now a small group has formed in the clearing. There are six characters, women and men. They train their bodies to draw in tightly, to strengthen themselves, to welcome. We see them holding positions at right angles, a bit like stick insects with their long, branch-thin limbs. They fashion themselves into chairs, there where all the chairs come from.

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They breathe and sweat. Major effort, the chair. The thighs end up tensing and trembling, have to hold on so that the top doesn't give way. Hold on in anticipation of someone sitting down. It's a tall order, the chair. And functional. The work never stops. All together, they create a lounge in the forest. Their bodies mobilize to make furniture. They become living room bodies. They got the idea from watching on Youtube, all crowded around the computer, an Antic Meet video of Merce Cunningham, where we see the dancer wearing a chair costume designed by Robert Rauschenberg. A chair like a backpack. The chair-dancer discovers a society whose rules he doesn't know, which he will embrace. Conversely, our small community in the forest operates in a movement of withdrawal. It extracts itself amidst the trees to make a rest area, resistant to change (though it still has to still hold physically, and further still) like the political horizon. Some are already planning to fashion themselves into picnic tables. But in this sensitive and militant project of concretization, everyone dreams of becoming a dog toy. Nibbled, licked, dribbling with saliva. Don't look so disgusted: you're wrong, it's not disgusting. The dog toy is the ultimate object of desire and satisfaction.

Really, it all started with a pink bathrobe loaded with forty speakers contained in strips of paper. A pink bathrobe worn as you come out of the shower, carrying the voices of others to make a little space for them on you, in you, through you. Letting the body vibrate with the words of others. Making it a shelter for a community of speakers, to care for them. Multiplication of mouths on the body, multiplication of places of pronouncement. What is manifested, here, is composing a geography of speech, which falls into the organs, into the breasts, into the stomach, into the legs. The performance of headless orality.

- Raphael Brunel