

Aren't we always talking to others and being spoken to by others? In that sense, it is true, there is no such thing as a blank page. You just have to scrape a little so that the voices begin to sprout. It seems that Leticia intuitively does it since her first videos, in which the camera records the gestures of these dialogues: a person who makes lip sync to a song, a hand writing, drawing, copying, a look over a text. At the speed of the ink spreading, the text is revealed as a surface to be traversed, and the camera reveals as another layer: another way of taking notes, of leaving traces. These micro-video-performances go by as the years and technologies change: hi 8, mini DV, HD. The gesture of translating becomes the center of the scene. The voices speak to us of other people's voices, which are at the same time familiar to us. The drawings are now the melodies of those voices, and the imaginary lines that someone describes with their hands to explain them. From HD to Full HD. Now the extreme close up looks giant, we have the opportunity to confuse fossils with landscapes and to see the hands of the restorers working them, not to impregnate the surface of meaning but to polish it and to make the writing emerge.

Four videos are installed in the room, in chronological order: *Escribir, leer, escuchar* (Writing, reading, listening, 2003), *Notas* (Notes, 2010), *Doubles* (2013) and *La huella de Saturno* (The thread of Saturn, 2018).

If a retrospective is an attempt to go through the tracks that someone leaves, these videos are some of those traces, and this text is an attempt to tell a short story with an artificial linearity.

And maybe, if a note is a trace, and if a trace condenses dialogues between times and spaces, between personal and collective imaginary, the video *Notes* may well be a footnote of *The thread of Saturn*. Therefore, I like to think it is a trace of the future, or a message sent by Leticia from the past, that one might not necessarily remember it was there, like the things we wrote down in the margins of a book even if we never open it again.

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