

EXTRACT: TANIA PÉREZ CÓRDOVA

Perhaps she has gone back the way she came? Back to the other woman, in the first room...

This is unclear. Perhaps. Either way, she has gone and we continue alone into a space where the previous dancers, who had so quickly disappeared, have reassembled in a central huddle. They disengage and begin looking carefully around, as though expecting something to be there. In an alcove cut into the centre of the left side wall there would be a simple clay vase, simple, sun-dried and probably kiln fired. At the base of the vase they one can see a set of indented marks which after some inspection could be made out as the imprint of the bank card number fifty-two, zero, four, sixteen, forty-nine, forty-six, fifty-one, zero eight, ninety-five. It expires in November 2019 and the last digits of its security number are three, three, nine. We see all this. Further, on in that same wall, they would notice a white marble shelf which features some cosmetic contact lenses dipped in lens solution. The contact lenses have personalised prescriptions and colours such as sapphire, blue, honey, grey, green and pure hazel. As it happens, the six dancers all have different coloured eyes. On the next wall, there is an aluminium rail holding an oil painting portraying a striped man's shirt. This shirt looks Mexican, perhaps with something as sophisticated as an Aztec or Toltec symbol. Perhaps with just the words Viva Mexico! in Spanish on the back, or on the front. Additionally, in the centre of the space the six dancers inhabit there would be ten glass sculptures; abstract; made incidentally, from the glass of a sculptor's studio windows. On the way out, by the wall next to the corridor, stands a bronze contour, looking like a peculiar flourish in the air, set into metal, and which, in its liquid state, was poured onto sand. Passing that we enter into an adjacent space which has a certain aroma, the erotic aroma of libraries. A room filled with books, the classic high bookshelves, not just lining the walls but piled up from floor to ceiling, with enough space for extensive ladders to get to the very top. A man of about fifty and a woman, slightly older, either side of a handsome desk, coated in

leather or soft green felt. They are talking to one another across a divide of books, chin high some of them, a paper landscape.

You mentioned the 'erotic aroma of libraries'. Are they lovers?

No, I don't think they are lovers, and I was talking more in terms of the erotic possibilities of libraries. But they recognise something in each other, they can speak freely without fear of interruption. She is reading to him from a short text, an excerpt. I am not sure where from, perhaps something she has written herself or is in the middle of writing.

Why is she reading to him specifically? Why is he there do you think?

She is interested in what he might think. She trusts him, thinks he has decent eyes and a fine set of ears but she is by no means dependent on his good opinion.