

## Reading Time

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At *La Casa Encendida* (one of the few innovative cultural centers in Madrid) and at Podewil within Berlin's festival "Tanz in August", Spanish choreographer Juan Domínguez has presented his most recent work. *All Good Spies Are My Age* is a reflection on time that explores the tensions between the economy of reproduction proper to projected images and the ephemerality of live body actions.

The main structure on stage is a regular portable screen where a central image of passing cards is projected. These cards provide the audience with a fragmented text that describes several and successive moments of the creative process of the work. Thus, through the reading of the text in the cards, spectators have access to a narration that shows the traditionally hidden and private space where creation happens.

Simultaneously, in a slightly retreated place, appears a second structure. Sitting in a two-person camping table and facing the audience, Juan Domínguez manipulates the cards. One by one, he displays the text on the surface of the table while a small camera placed on top of this structure shoots everything. This camera sends the central image of the action to the projector and this to the screen.

These two structures compose a system of three different temporalities that addresses the issue of time. The first one is the time of narration. The reproduced image of the passing cards, invites audience to read. And through the action of reading we are taken to a space of certain fiction that inevitably happens in the past, in a time that we are not living. In this sense, the access we have to the creative process depends on the economy of the text, on the construction of the narration.

The second temporality is that of the action performed by Juan Domínguez. He passes the cards while we are witnessing his work. But, the audience only beholds that action through the projected image on the screen. Then, though we share the live time of the action with the performer, for us, that live action in itself remains hidden in the delayed time of reproduction.

Between these two temporalities, appears an almost imperceptible third one. It is the time that separates the moment in which Juan Domínguez passes a card, and the moment of the reproduction of this action on the screen. This minimum gap that escapes our perception is a constant passing through, a continuous transition from life to reproduction, from life to memory, from life to death. And perhaps it is precisely here where the heart of *AGSAMA* remains: trapped between reproduction and life, we witness the passing of time, the growing older constantly present in the text on the cards.

Then, this simple structure of three simultaneous temporalities places audience in the middle of the tension between what disappears and life. Or, in other words, Juan Domínguez's reflection on time rather than producing a kind of dissertation through the text on the cards, displays for us, reader/spectators the very motus of death.

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