

# *Elvira Santamaria - Deep Sleep*

Performance is a gesture of rupture, whose field of action is and always will be the immediate present; the live existence of whomever executes it. It is a deviant gesture that contributes itself to the social reality as a questioning, critical and specially liberating experience. I'm a current artist focussing on trying to understand death and its interchange with life. This had led me to question myself on how concrete death is, on its alliances with life, on balance between them and their relationship with human societies. I have concluded that in a society nobody dies a natural death. Every society is necrophagous, blind in its way, alive in its continuous renovation.

I believe that all human experiences stratify themselves and construct the nature of our species in continuous evolution, and that being conscious in action can alter the evolutionary process. Our own actions are what we can wish or hope for humanity. The Performance, being an experience, is an intervention in life, in the psychic (spiritual) world and in the "concrete" world. The world is changing; the proposal is to humanize it questioning the being of the things and of the phenomena themselves and destabilizing its "monolithic existence." The creation of the current artist is the integration of art in life.



Initially I had planned on running blindly through a mirror, while a toy train, with some of my blood as cargo, would run on the other side to be stopped by another mirror which it would never go through. In the morning of the day of the presentation I decided to modify the plot. On the way back to my hotel, I saw a man standing next to me, he was suddenly subdued by a whooping cough and I saw him cover his mouth with a white handkerchief that was immediately stained with small droplets of blood. The man scrutinized the handkerchief as if wanting to decipher something. He deciphered everything immediately for me and a new plot of what the Performance would be as created in my mind.

Deep sleep crystallized in two speeches: one about life and one about death, but without words, only with the language of my shut mouth full with my own blood followed by my writing the two words: life and death (in Chinese characters) with the blood I had in my mouth, and finalizing with a blind race towards the mirror.

Deep sleep had its origin in the intuition, the dreams and the odds which I consider a form of knowledge and an expression of incalculable value in each human being. I allowed myself to

Deep sleep was never completely defined until the last moment, because until then, reality still provided it input with its continuous movement.

be guided by that intimate knowledge that always has to take great risks in order to express itself and over all, in order to intervene the genius that lives in everybody.