

THE AMBASSADOR OF SLEEP

The Ambassador of Sleep, is a 'love song' told from the subconscious of a terminally ill woman attached to a life support machine. She addresses the machine as an animate being, a lover. Their relationship is one of symbiotic dependence: she needs the machine to live; the machine doesn't function without a body to hook up to. Moreover, their relationship is physical, quasi-sexual in its intimacy; the two are irrevocably attached, exchanging air and fluids.

For this piece, the performer is suspended from the ceiling, about six feet off the stage floor. She wears a specially modified rock climbing harness to support her, allowing her freedom to move her limbs and torso. The support rope attached from the ceiling to the harness attaches to the performers abdomen like an umbilical cord.

The performer enters and exits the stage on the shoulders of a dancer, supporting her as she hooks herself in and out of the carabiner on the end of the 'umbilical cord.'

For costume, the performer is wrapped in white bandages; almost mummified, except that each limb is wrapped separately to allow freedom of movement.

Behind the 'floating' performer on the back projection video screen an extremely slow, hypnotic image is projected: the camera dollies over crumpled white bed sheets in such extreme close up that the folds and ripples of the fabric form an abstract, organic, almost cloud-like image.

Below the performer on the stage is a field of white, paper lilies, subtly lit by coloured lights. There are approx. 200 lilies of 5' width blooms, supported on black wire stems, approx. 3' high, attached to several black, styrofoam, moveable flats. The lilies are patterned after a stylized Japanese origami flower.

The overall image I want the audience to have is that of a floating woman, suspended over a bed of white flowers, in a white, cloud-sheet sky. The suspended movement/dance is choreographed by Katrina Dunn. The first part of the text for this piece I sing live, accompanying myself on the Ensoniq keyboard. The second part, the 'love song' sung from the point of view of the comatose woman is prerecorded, as I am suspended at this point in the piece.

The words/music/video/choreography for The Ambassador of Sleep are already complete and just need fine tuning.