

Psychoactive Action Or Under The Operation Of A Same Effect Triggered *Tales Frey*

Before the spectator enter on a dreamlike environment proposed by Fernando Belfiore with the performance/choreography .whatdowefinallyshare., an employee of the Festival Contemporâneo de Dança checked if there was someone who suffered from epilepsy and dissuaded the entry of anyone who was tormented by this set of neurological disorders. The apprehensive tone was thus released already at the entrance. The show could precisely be a discharge valve for the viewer to discover a serious illness that could lead you to a convulsion, an epileptic attack. Perhaps, the spectacle-spectator relation could be modeled precisely on the notion of an outbreak, of a collective rapture, originated from one of the elements of the stage, through the performers and incorporating the audience in the same delirium. I felt a state of numbness as if I was in a seductive setting of the film *A Clockwork Orange* (1971), but immune from proposed violence by Stanley Kubrick, director of the film, and yet, an hypnotizing kind of endless psy trance, able to make me emerge to a surreal plan as we see in *Dream Caused by the Flight of a Bee around a Pomegranate a Second Before Awakening*, Salvador Dalí. Moreover, all the madness that I accept to experience in that space was announced in the image of a white porcelain elephant, which alluded to this famous surrealist painting.

On a white enclosure, bright as a hospital environment, with three dancers dressed in clear colors, we witnessed in equally candid tone, sudden changes of a strobe light that emitted unstable combinations of clarity, bewildering even the most resistant observers in their conducts of mere accomplices. Gradually, I became preposterous and I deduced that I was not alone in this gradual alteration of senses replacing my usual state. I believe that many there shared the same state of torpor. The slow movements to the almost total absence of movement, the performers speculated some connection with the audience while they remained almost static and very close to the audience. Then, they danced alone (with movements close to being considered bizarre) and wildly to the sound of a mix of *Un Chien Andalou*, of Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí, with something like (if not of itself) Rihanna, thus, mixing classical music with pop. So, as demented, the performers freed our most primitive desires that are repressed by the daily current morality, when they danced with locked teeth and drooling like rabid dogs with their mouths to expel foamy and colored saliva, aggregating all in the same delightful insanity group, as for we perceived ourselves in dipped in impressions of pure sensorial volition, as if we doped by the same drug. It felt as if all (the audience in his contemplative position and performers in living) surrendered without fear to dense delight without seeking reason over emotion, without be concerned about a strict disclosure of an enigma. Enough experience that fiery moment of unconsciousness. Perhaps these impressions are totally mine, but I fully believed in a sharing of a collective flow towards a more fanciful sphere.

On stage, from a *kitsch* shimmering porcelain white elephant with the right leg broken, a series of elements were extracted to be visually shared with the audience, which apparently immersed themselves deeply in a joint hallucination. The dreamlike effect began subtly - in the atmosphere of a white and clear tone - to reach the delightful dirt that dissipates in the dark under black lights, which emphasized the neon purple liquid used as makeup to paint the bodies of performers and occasional parts of the space. All this emphasized in vibrant colors, our secret thoughts, and so, we shared the same state of a pleasant delusion. The whole madness supervened as the elements were emerging. The elements, that before were dormant inside the elephant. There is coming the molds that held the mouths of the performers caught in mechanical smiles, the pigments which color foaming saliva, the under black light bright liquid, finally, all devices used in the scene and that ensured an alluring strangeness. From this insane delusion that sublimated pleasure aroused in raves environments, where the music itself carries us to the total frantic enthusiasm, even without the aid of psychotropic drugs such as ecstasy tablets, or even lysergic acid, we shared a stunningly unique experience, something that contemporary art, with both rationalism and concept, is far from achieving.

From this work, subterfuge led us to something approaching the ritual, carrying us to a second reality along with the performers without a discernible way, although we kept in a presentation made in full Italian frontal scene with determination reserved to the artist and the audience place. Over signs that rejected stultifying logic, Belfiore made us enter a space of dream reverie, from the surrealist movement alluding to aesthetic fluoride film *Liquid Sky* (1982), Slava Tsukerman, dragging us to a vertiginous plan, far from dull reasoned discourses, often in alleged intellectual precepts. It is presented in .whatdowefinallyshare. a limbo of different disciplines that characterized something freer and abdicated a synthetic label, limiter; finally, the work did not appear in exhibiting of a methodology, it was an exchange of excitation above all, which invites us to a ritual that causes change in our mental states.

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