

## **THE RIGHT EYE OF CLINT (2019)**

*written by Andrea Spaziani*

*for the performance THE RIGHT EYE OF CLINT*

*made in-residence at the Dancemakers Centre for Creation (Toronto, Canada)*

*premiered on April 11<sup>th</sup>-13<sup>th</sup> 2019*

*choreographed and performed by Andrea Spaziani*

*with music by Matt Smith*

*with artistic advisor Danny Grossman*

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## **A SCORE OF SCORES**

TO'WIT TO'WERE UNEARTHED A DARKLY MUSK LADEN TROT-MASTER NAMED 'HORSEY' AKA 'JOSEY WALES' WHO SILENTLY SMUSHED THE ROMA TOMATOES AND LET GO GO GO. INTO THE LIGHT AND WIND OF STUBBORN SAND HE CHOKED THE ENGINE AND CATALYSED THE DAMSEL TO COME OUT FROM HIDING AND LET HERSELF BE SEEN IN HER NIGHTSHADE HIDING-GOWN. HER MASQUARADE OF DISAPPEARNCES ARE VERY PINK AND DAZZLING TONIGHT. HER COZY SOFT CAMO FLANNEL HELPS TO FORGET WHAT IS BEFORE OUR VERY EYES. TO SEE A THING, THEN TO FORGET IT IS THERE. TO SEE THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS BUT WITNESS THE PSYCHIC CLANGS OF TWO SISTERS: 'EXPECTANCY' AND HER UGLY TWIN 'DISSAPOINTMENT'. THE DISAPPOINTMENT OF MET EXPECTANCY PERFUMES THE ROOM BEFORE WE'VE EVEN BEGUN. BUT THERE IS STILL MORE TO SEE. THERE IS STILL MORE TO SEE WHEN EACH THING IS TOUCHED AND DANCED WITH BECAUSE THE PRECISE ARTICULATIONS OF A DUDE RANCH ARE NOT ALWAYS PREDICATABLE. 'KEEP'EM GUESSING' IS THE FIRST ORNAMENTAL ARMAMENT. 'THROW THE FIRST PUNCH' IS THE FIRST OF LAST RESORTS. 'SIZE'EM UP' IS A SURVIVAL TACTIC THAT HAS BIRTHED MANY MANY TOMATOES. THESE PLUMP CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAS AS A CONTINENT ARE VERY OLD BEINGS. THESE PLUMP CHILDREN OF THE AMERICAS AS AN ATTITUDE MAKE VERY FRESH 'OLD-WORLD' STEW. PASS THE SPAGHETTI PLEASE I'M TRYING TO MAKE A LONG LINE.

*BEGIN AGAIN.*

## **THE RIGHT EYE OF CLINT: THE SCORE**

*PREPARE*

*Like many great Westerns this piece includes detailed preparations for its actions to unfold. You are making something from very little. Do not invest in your materials, let them find you. These are only guidelines.*

INVITE YOUR CLOSEST LIVING MENTOR OR TRUSTED ELDER. PROJECT THEIR VOICE INTO YOUR EXPERIENCE OF THIS OCCASION.

SPEND TIME WITH A HORSE. EXPERIENCE HOW *PRESSURE* IS A TENET OF HORSE BEHAVIOR. TRY TO MANIFEST PRESSURE AND TAKE NOTE OF YOUR TACTICS.

DON'T LOOK INTO CLINT'S EYES, BUT LOOK THROUGH THEM. EXPLORE THE PERSPECTIVE OF A PECULIAR GAZE. CREATE A VEHICLE THAT YOU MAY USE TO BE IN COMMUNION WITH THE IMMATERIAL ENERGY OF A VAST CANYON.

### *THE SPACE*

FIND AN EXPRESSION OF MOUNTAINS, SAND PILLARS, BOONS OF HOPE OR QUIET DEATH KNELLS. GRANT THEM SACREDNESS ONLY IF YOU EXPERIENCE THEM THAT WAY.

### *THE OBJECTS*

MAKE EVERYTHING STYLIZED.

FIND AN OUTFIT THAT IS BOTH DAZZLING AND BLURS THE LINES OF YOUR IMAGE, EXCEPT YOUR FEET.

CAST SHOES FROM SOMETHING DISPOSABLE BUT ALSO ENDLESS. FRAGILE AND DURABLE: TOMATOES AND TAPE. HOW DO YOU MOVE TO PROTECT THESE SHOES? HOW DO YOU MOVE TO RUIN THEM? *'KEEP YOUR HANDS CLEAN' IS A METAPHOR FOR NOT GETTING CAUGHT BEING A COMPLETE RUINOUS ASSHOLE. CONSIDER IT WHILE DANCING WITH YOUR GOOPING TOMATO FEET.*

NOTICE THE DIFFERENCES BETWEEN YOUR RIGHT AND LEFT EYES. NOTICE THE LINE AT THE CENTRE OF YOUR NOSE WHERE INFORMATION FROM THE RIGHT AND LEFT EYE OVERLAPS OR SEPARATES.

NOTICE THE GAZE OF THE AUDIENCE. LET THEM SEE WHAT THEY WANT TO SEE. REMEMBER THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE WAY SOMETHING IS OBSERVED AND THE WAY THAT IT REALLY IS.

FIND AS MUCH HEAVY ROPE AS POSSIBLE. ALL THE ROPE YOU CAN GET YOUR HANDS ON IN EXCHANGE FOR TRADES AND FAVOURS. TIE SOME OF IT INTO A LOOP SLIGHTLY LARGER THAN YOUR OWN BODY. THIS IS YOUR *INFINITY SNAKEROPE*. THIS IS YOUR *PHANTASTIC KNOT*.

HANG A CASCADE OF NICE SOUNDING BELLS MADE FROM TARNISHED DISCARDED METAL. THIS LOCATES *THE JUNKYARD*.

MAKE A SERIES DECOYS: A FAKE PIECE OF FLOOR, A FAKE TOMATO, A FAKE UPSTAGE WALL, A FAKE RIGHT EYE. LAYER REAL AND FAKE LIKE RED PAINT OVER THE TOWN OF 'LAGO' IN CLINT EASTWOOD'S FILM 'HIGH PLAINS DRIFTER'.

## THE SEQUENCES:

### ATMOSPHERIC PRESSURE

- In a darkly lit barnyard birth, as hay or as a hairy horse, protrude 9 plump, fleshy darling tomatoes. Coddle them into a pile. A few of these fresh 9 are decoys, varietals, or painted apples. They each have different sounding-thuds and feeling-energies of their own. Glow them.
- Emerge from the hay-fur, strewing and accruing a pile. Your face comes out and your vision is alert as you look intently at *the pass*: a vast ledge that pulls.
- Creep back to the laborious box and mooncircle, leaning together like cows at night. Reach under for an udder and pull until it becomes a snakerope, lengthened and stretched like leather in the sun.
- Harness the laborious box and mooncircle with the snakerope, toggling and tugging. Together, come into a series of balances and rotations across *the pass*. Each quiet balance is like a breathless gasp. Push and pull against atmospheric pressure to balance. Grasp and kick at the air to tip the mooncircle, keep searching for different centres.
- Look out to where you want your final balance to occur in space and aim the mooncircle there, on its edge. Release. Witness your intention and reality align, or not.
- Go to the mooncircle's landing. Place the laborious box on top of the mooncircle and hold the snakerope. Stand and become a precarious vertical line. Trace the edge of the mooncircle against the floor in a smooth repeating rotation. Make one full revolution wobbling like Earth's precession.
- Continue tracing an edge, but throughout the entire room. Use lengths of snakerope. See the edges you lay around the tomatoes, the hay-fur, and the sand pillars.
- Continue tracing an edge with the smaller, looped piece of infinity snakerope that you stretched earlier from the cow's udder. This infinity snakerope will lift soon after it has been laid, but keep your focus on the path. The path is the goal. Step on the rope, toss it, or slide it across your body. Play with speed and texture.
- Lay the infinity snakerope into a small circle within your newly defined territory. The small circle should house your body. Lay the rope with pacing like a workhorse tilling a field. Lay down inside your newly tilled field, and put on your tomato heels, one at a time. They may be tight at first.

### EQUINE PRESSURE:

- Horses move away from perceived pressure, felt or sensed in a variety of ways. Work with this as material for this dance, relating to the pressure between your body and the floor or the air. Pressure increases as the surface area of contact decreases. Search for tips and make them smaller. Coddle your tomato heels but notice your desire to smother them.
- Enjoy the ecstasy of releasing the tomatoes from their flesh and juice. Make a mess below your feet. Ruin the territory of your own making. Notice how you feel.
- As your feet continue the pressure dance, pick up an edge of the looped rope. In a knot sequence, go over, under and through the rope until a tight constellation is reached. Increase tension. Soften your body and feel the rope release. Repeat.

- Simultaneously kick off what's left of the shoes and pound the rope into the floor like a wet whip. It is a mess. It is slippery. There are knots. It is the beginning of when precarity and aggression overcome something oppressive. Start a sloppy revolt.

### **CENTRIFUGAL PRESSURE**

- Precarious rope tricks and centripetal force. Locate and then shift the power of centre with a long whip, repeating on as many planes as you can find. Increase power and listen to the sound of the rope slicing the air. Split the rope into two hands and two whips, flopping the centre against your chest. Sound with a musician who is amplifying the hits with you, and also differently. Engage in a conversation of assertive energies between you, the musician, and the rope.
- Slowly choke the rope, like you're running water off its end. As your hand moves up the rope and it gets shorter, feel the weight of each whip decrease, and the circumference of each swirl decrease.

### **WESTERN PRESSURE**

- Feel for the PHANTASTIC KNOT. Have a short stare down. Bite it with your teeth and clench down with the resolve of removing a bullet or severing an umbilical cord. With your best open-crotch saunter, make your way to the laborious box and mooncircle with the rope hanging from your teeth like a dirty cigar.
- Wrangle the box like you own it and shove it up between your thighs until you can hold it with your mighty bowed legs and cockeyed pelvic floor. Feed the rope vertically, down through the handholds of the box. Lower the snakerope down and through with the subtlety of mating in public.
- Wearing a pilgrim's sunhat, chew the nub of your knot-cigar and saunter with wide achin' knees over to your field-children: the tomatoes.
- Lower to the ground. One by one, place the tomatoes on the box in a sacred configuration.

### **AGRICULTURAL PRESSURE**

- Carry your bumper crop, box, mooncircle, and all of the rope to the junkyard below the strings of cascading bells. Do whatever it takes to get all of the rope and make a languorous pile of black spaghetti
- Plant your mooncircle on top of the black spaghetti and hop on, holding on tightly to its dangling attachments and spin like the wild west itself: adversarial and gritty
- Duck under and through the cascading bells while sounding each impact. Keep going until your fingers become the form of the rope they are holding.
- Rest, with your eyes open, until they fall upon the hay-fur: the dried-up albumen from which you came. It pulls you.
- Without props or burden, travel a knotted path back to the hay-fur, *going over, going under, going through through through* until your back and forth-ing get you tired enough to leap. Dive quietly into the hay-fur. Dive quietly into the memory of your own non-existence.

## **HANG THE GENERAL**

- Wrestle the hay-fur in an Oedipal battle against a hyper-vigilant General with whom you once felt the kinship of parental love
- Wear its furry skin like soft wings at a jungle masquerade ball
- Dance under the bright throw of a moving image that camouflages by way of dazzling interweaving shapes
- Tie up the hay-fur-foe with soft yarn thrown over the ceiling grid. Hang'em high, string 'em up, and hang the General in one final tug against psychoanalysis

## **NEW PRECARIOUS WORLD**

- With the long yarn tether from the General's noose, make a new space by elevating the old. Wrap and suspend all objects, fabrics, and spirits slightly off the floor, making a portal to a new horizon.
- Listen to a beautiful song about sadness and welcome the discomfort of change.
- Insist that this is not a cynical dance. Make a new world, preferably one you'd like to be a part of. Thread the space with soft yarns. Find new attachment sites and wrap things along your path.
- Balance the General with the entire space and tie it all off with a spongy tomato. Listen as the tomato falls, or doesn't fall.
- Animate this new suspended world with a high-powered fan. Watch it move and tug on itself. Feel the watery shift as the new world asserts itself.
- Purgatory: slip under this suspended world by going under the decoy floor. Pull it over your body like a sand dune moving at midnight. Pull it over your body like a quiet pain-blanket. Listen to the tiny infinitesimal cries that sound while dragging heavy Marley on Marley. There are rolling microcosms below.
- Drag and slide your body, under the heavy Marley decoy floor, to a destination for your last glimmer at an eternal oasis. Let go and become stone.

## **EPILOGUE**

- Travel somewhere West of you, West of where you first danced this dance, and dance it there, in the phantastic glow of mythical potentiality