

***BLIND-ATE a situation*** By Jana Leo

*A blind date between two strangers who will be get acquainted with each other through the tasting of varying and unusual dishes.*

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It is an empty room, a gallery, a mosaic floor, green metal plates in the ceiling, the front wall is a window to the street. The gallery has two doors; We are waiting for B.& D. I will take care of D. T. will take care of B. B.& D. don't know each other, we don't know them. They replay an "artist dinner contest" in the Internet that T. (the gallery owner) ran. D. is there that night by double chance-the guy that signed up first, announced he was vegetarian in the last minute, then he change his mind and is out there real mad.

It is around 8pm; D. suppose to arrives prior to his date, so they don't meet in public. D. arrives. B. arrives a second later. I Walk toward the back of the gallery, conduct D. behind the curtain and tell him that the date is literally blind and that I am not his date. In the other extreme of the gallery T. is blindfolding B. I am disoriented D. enters by the wrong door. Standing in the back stage narrow passage that is quite dark with the only space of a chair where D. sit, my hands on D.'s head, I am holding it with my stomach while I tied the scarf. Suddenly I don't get the sense of what I am doing but the nonsense came together with a strip of pleasure. I keep the sequence: blindfold D., take him from his hand and walk over to the stage, with care so D. doesn't fall, with delay so I fight with the impulse of subverting my own rules: *keep walking, open the door of the gallery and walk away.*

Lights are on. Now we are by the sea, the water is outside the window in the hole that workers are making in the street. Two beach-bright-blue chairs attached to each other. I try to help B. to lie down in one. D. lie down in the other. The last image on D.'eyes is me putting the fold over his eyes. The last image on B.'eyes is T. putting the fold over his eyes. B. and D. cannot see each other but they can feel the presences of the other. They are deprived for vision but they can taste, talk and touch; I can watch but cannot experience their proximity; T. cannot interact but he can watch and hear. The "passers by" look inside, they cannot hear the conversation neither taste the food but they see the whole situation and the body language of all of us. Every position is deprived from something, but from something different.

I start serving wine and water and the little things I prepared.

D. is very much into it. B. withdraws. B. has turned the face to D. as if looking at him as if they could see. D. is very expressive with his body as if his date was watching him, although he knows that is me who is watching at him ; T who is watching at me watching him; the public who is watching at T watching me watching him; Every time I approach to D. I slow down, then I move away and look the D.'s fingers in the food. Silence. Now is the third little dish. D. slowly play with the thing, first with his fingers, dismembering it. I told him to eat it all at once, it hurts to watch. *I am a flight attendant, and at the same time I pilot the plane.* I bring him another one: A moment of concentration, D. shows this teeth and this tongue, I am filming him real close. B. ask if I can give her a napkin. "Not now" I reply. D. finish it and ask for another one. He keeps his left hand extended so I deposit the piece in his hand; when I realize that, I make him wait a bit, I smile, adorable. I drop a chocolate-rose slowly, almost touch his finger's tips. D. concentrates again, and got what is inside. He licks the chocolate in his fingers laughing naughtily. Is forty minutes already. I have no more to give. That is the end.

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*What means to be deprived from something?:...the missing part is related to desire and/or to separate watching from experiencing, and/or to be deprived from a sense, for short time, is simply a way to stimulate imagination?*