

E Clayton Scofield
Portfolio
Annotated List for Work Samples

1 / *Be a Cloud*, 2023

- 3:15, video excerpt
- cinempoem in collaboration with filmmakers Andrew Sherburne and Tommy Haines
- <https://vimeo.com/eclaytonscotland/be-a-cloud>
- password: [REDACTED]

2 / "how to be a cloud, pt. 2," from *A Practical Guide to Everyday Be-Coming*, 2021

- from a series of five postcards, 4" x 6", double-sided prints
- accompanying sculptures, poems, and interactive components

3 / "how to plant a mtn," from *A Practical Guide to Everyday Be-Coming*, 2021

- 1:00, 360 immersive video
- <https://youtu.be/T6VemtiSbHQ?si=MZeaDIHLT-xSIG0U>

4 / *LiZez LIVE*, 2015-2021

- 3:00, two-channel video documentation from multimedia installation featuring improvised and interactive performance, livestream video projection, and sculpture
- from *100 things (or so)(and counting) I'm learning from making 100s of tiny versions of myself*, collaborating with a series of toys made in my image through 3D scanning technology
- <https://vimeo.com/eclaytonscotland/lizez-live>

5 / *100 things(or so)(and counting) i'm learning from making 100s of tiny versions of myself*, 2014-2022

- documentation from durational performance, in collaboration with a series of toys made in my likeness through 3D scanning and printing; the project includes an archive of material accumulated through its duration, including essays, poems, photos, videos, performances, and sculpture

6 / *Playing with LiZ! The Activity Book Vol. 22, Adventures with LiZ! Explorer Maps*, 2017-2019

- cover detail of zines from the project *100 things(or so)(and counting)...*

7 / *a map*, 2020

- digital media

8 / *NOBODY CAN EAT 50 EGGS*, 2014-2015

- poem and documentation from live performance and video
- 1:00, excerpt from performance video
- <https://vimeo.com/898928727>

9 / *The Daily Weather Report*, 2023

- project statement and links to online publications
- structure for ongoing collaboration and experimentation in new media and language hosted on Google Docs

10-12 / "ilinx/vertigo," "TBD: de-classification of games, indeterminate,"
from *a nonphilosophy of play*, 2023

- performance score from poetry manuscript and new media performance text

13-17 / *Opera Seria*, 2023

- project description and performance score, work-in-progress



Be a Cloud, 2023

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- password: portfolio24



cloud poem, or HOW TO BE A CLOUD part 2

step 1. be a CLOUD.

step 2. travel effortlessly across.

step 3. constantly becoming, elsewhere.

step 4. are you gray?

a. if so, maybe it is raining.

b. if so, thunder?

c. if no, when was the last time you cried?

other (please specify):

step 5. transforming into, nowhere.

step 6. *here*.

step 7. a play. roles: a swift BUNNY chasing
FACES kissing whimsically
a funny POODLE wanting leadership
an ORANGE opening
a TURTLE traveling on the back of a
CROCODILE
KALEIDOSCOPE over Matoaka
a HEART held inside the negative space
an UNBELIEVABLE-THING
or YOU again (mirror).

setting: WHERE YOUR FIRST BELONGING

step 8. once a day, you are an important part of the SUNSET.

step 9. still.

LIZ CLAYTON SCOFIELD



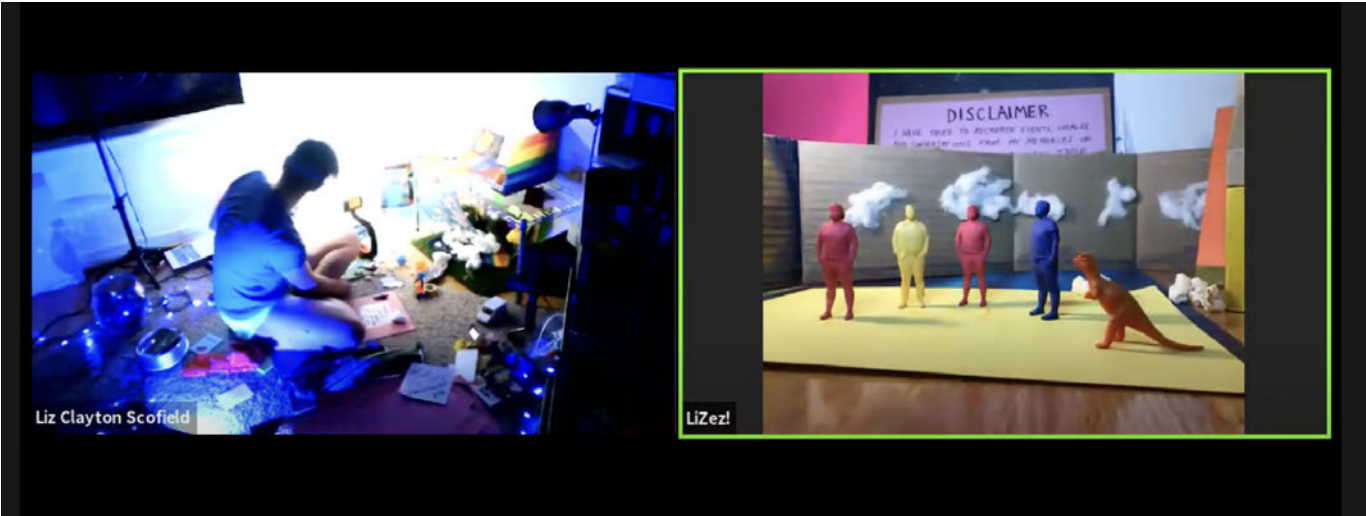
“how to plant a mtn,” from *A Practical Guide to Everyday Be-Coming*, 2021

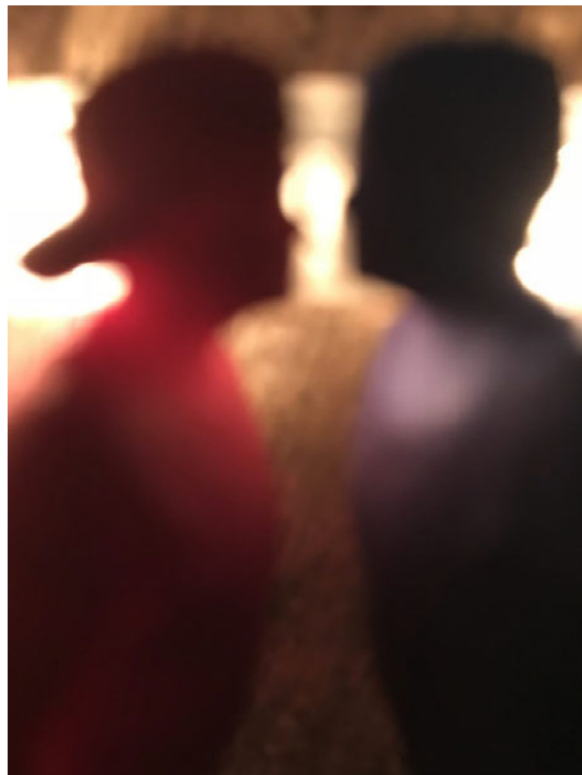
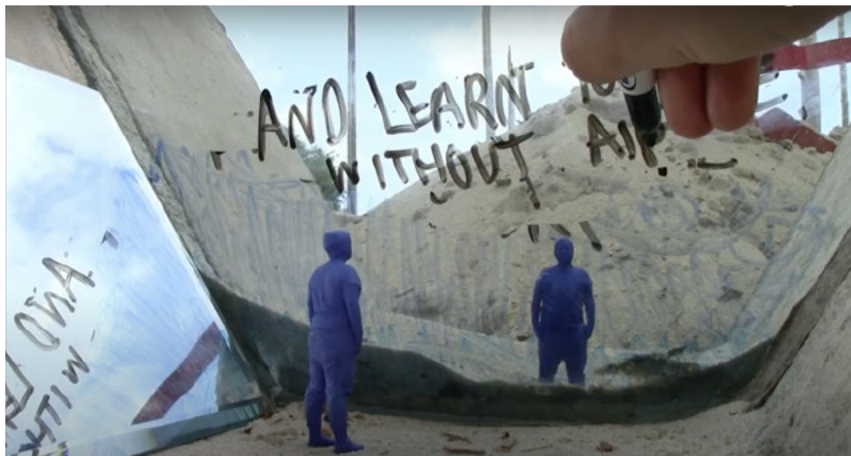
- 1:00, 360 immersive video
- Access link through YouTube app on mobile phone for 360 immersive experience or use a web-browser to interact with 360 video.
- <https://youtu.be/T6VemtiSbHQ?si=MZeaDIHLT-xSIG0U>



LiZez LIVE, 2015-2021

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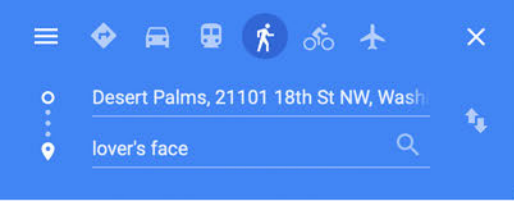




100 things(or so)(and counting) i'm learning from making 100s of tiny versions of myself, 2014-2022
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(from left to right) *Playing with LiZ! The Activity Book Vol. 22*, *Adventures with LiZ! Explorer Maps*, 2017-2019 - cover detail of zines from the project 100 things(or so)(and counting)...



A map is a symbolic depiction emphasizing relationships between elements of some space, such as objects, regions, or themes. - from Wikipedia

Maps are tools for discovery. Seeing things differently. Uncovering. Connecting. Maps are guides through uncertainty, tools for planning, relics of a past before devices kept you from getting lost, documents of imagination, representations. Holding secrets in their wrinkles and collecting histories in their folds.

Maps are never really accurate. How does a map change your perception (or vice versa)? Can it guide you within? What does it reveal? When the walls stop confining us - is there boundary to the space you breathe into? How can constraints foster expansion? Where are you expanding? Are you uncomfortable? Where do you feel it? Can you breathe into it?

What is the map of the enormous space contained within our bodies, even what is held in a single cell? Dissolving boundary between container and what is contained, to become indistinguishable. If walls are not limits, we breathe into beyond.

Maps are suggestions. Please don't tell me what isn't. Then suddenly all things were possible.

Maps are interpretations. Marking changes over time. These maps are open to interpretation. Use a map to direct you in a random location. See where you end up. What are we prompting? - from me

A body of marks; marking bodies: bodies of water / bodies that flow into the soil, sucked up by roots of sprouts to grow. An awareness of our bodies in space / the spaces we occupy / the space within / between / dissolve. You never really press into another body anyway: how I long for my hand to collapse into you, but physics denies us. Defying the constraints or denying: choke me to prove this body wrong. Contained like ocean - never fully something always somewhere else. What is a map of a room? Of a lover's body? Of a memory? Of the walk you take each day? A map connecting your loved ones through these impossible distances. Six feet holds lifetimes. Can we reimagine distance? Distance not as measurement, but... how far does it feel? Is a centimeter six feet or miles when you can't hear a heartbeat?

Google Maps can't find lover's face. Make sure your search is spelled correctly. Try adding a city, state, or zip code. Try Google Search instead

What is the remarkable aching distance between your desert palms and your lover's face?

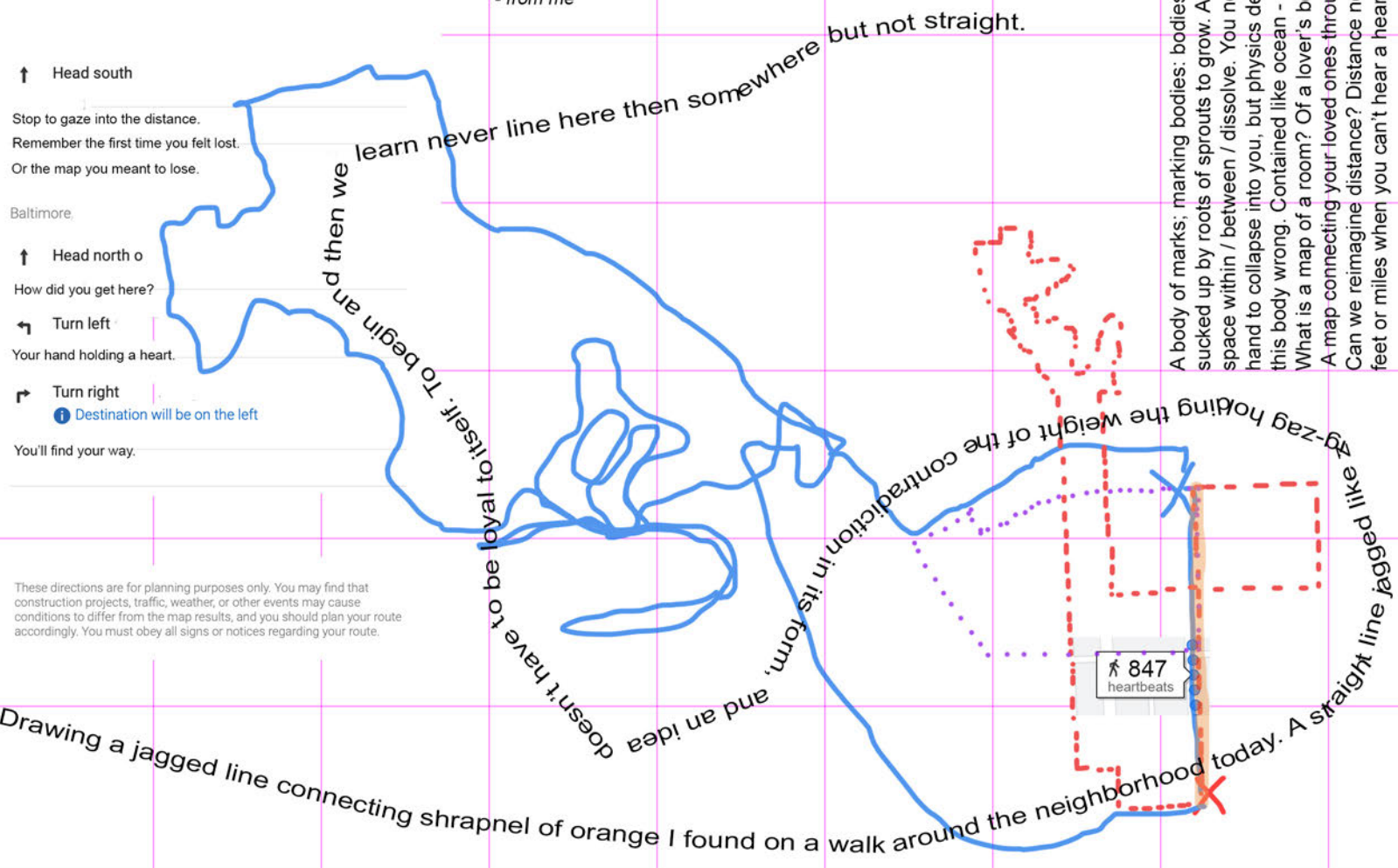
847 heartbeats

Mostly flat

Use caution—walking directions may not always reflect real-world conditions

- Head south
Stop to gaze into the distance. Remember the first time you felt lost. Or the map you meant to lose.
Baltimore.
Head north o
How did you get here?
Turn left
Your hand holding a heart.
Turn right
Destination will be on the left
You'll find your way.

These directions are for planning purposes only. You may find that construction projects, traffic, weather, or other events may cause conditions to differ from the map results, and you should plan your route accordingly. You must obey all signs or notices regarding your route.



What does the map of the changing landscape of your hands look like? The small bloated hands of Baby-You, reaching for what Baby-You needs without language to reinforce. They grow. Your own small hand within your now-larger hand: dredging deep now, with honey in the rivers folded into the cracks. Can you see your veins now?

And now? Washing for the length of some chorus twice through of some song that reminds you of being a kid in the 90s. Your hands now, red now, aching now. Cracking the landscape - rivers with dry banks, filling with blood streams. What burns now on these banks?

To consider scale, legend, color, feeling, space, change, boundaries, capillaries, caterpillars... Make a map of your room, your home, your lover, your family, the walk you take each day to ground. A map connecting you to all the people you wish you could hold right now. A map of your experience of space, place, connection in this moment. Mapping of your movement within your space, under sudden uncertain, unusual, and unexpected constraint. Anymore inside is not separate from outside.* 7

*without regard to context or scale

NOBODY CAN EAT 50 EGGS

43 out of 50
eggs taken in
yet undigested

boiled hard chewy
eggs in mouth (penetration)
/ "feminized"

egg 6,
cue gag reflex

put one inside me /
what it feels like
to incubate

ass gumption

no such thing as implied
consent

egg 14,
cue care (refill water glass)

a missed gendering of — whatever
boyhoods misunderstanding over

i sit silent
i sit silent
receive

egg 37,
mostly empty room

sulfuric vomit
memorable stench

fed egg, it's like this:

i can take it i can take it i can take it

take me

egg 43,
swallowed

i can't take it please stop don't call me Luke



Video and performance stills from NOBODY CAN EAT 50 EGGS, 2014-2015
Video excerpt: <https://vimeo.com/898928727>

Project Statement

The Daily Weather Report

[*The Daily Weather Report Season 1*](#)

featuring: Elise Bickford, trevor ks, Talia Shea Levin, e clayton scofield, and Ashlee Zlatna

[*The Daily Weather Report Season 2*](#)

featuring: Jordan Barger, Elise Bickford, Anna Magavern, and e clayton scofield

The Daily Weather Report is a collective and collaborative experiment in form, language, image, and authorship mediated through the constraints of Google Docs. I curate five people to write together using Google Docs over a 15-week duration. Collaborative writing explores intimacy through playing with language and discovering meaning together, disrupting familiar language patterns as words become malleable sculptural material evolving into image, hypertext, and annotation, through revision and reversion.

Each installment - called *season* - lasts fifteen weeks and features five participants - *meteorologists* - who commit to the experiment for the duration of the season. Each meteorologist is assigned a day of the week for each of the 15 weeks. Each week of the season has a corresponding Google Doc. When a meteorologist is assigned a day, the meteorologist has complete editing capabilities to that week's Doc for the 24-hour period. On Tuesday, the next meteorologist has full editing capability, and so on, until Friday, when Friday's designated meteorologist completes the week's Weather Report. At the end of each meteorologist's assigned day, they elinquish weather-reporting duties to the next meteorologist. On Monday, the process begins again, with a blank Doc and a new forecast. At the end of each season, I compile the documents produced together into an e-zine, where a viewer can interact with each week's Report. See links above.

valid form
fill in holes

space to determine: what non-form to clarify so we understand non-non, you
negative-negative / boy, does not exist? cancel out the unmarkable(indeterminant?)
variable consideration) i'm struggling to wrap my mouth around
words () () () () ()

Breaking News: "The science behind 'that feeling' when you stop spinning."

opt. 1

1. tie a rope around this document
2. tie the other end of the rope to a ceiling fan blade
3. turn on the fan
4. chase the document around in circles until you either a) grasp it entirely or b) collapse

dizzydizzydizzydizzydizzydizzydizzydizzydizzyidzyzyzziddiiyyzidizydizyiddizyidiiddizydziziidyzi

opt. 2

1. ingest a psychedelic mushroom
2. wait,
3. until your perception shifts:
4. coexisting contradictory realities
5. you at once recognize yourself
6. and yet feel unfamiliar
7. in this form,
8. lie on a beach on the Chesapeake Bay until you being in your body with some unexpected strange clarity

opt. 3

1. you know that game where you go outside with friends at night and you find a star in the sky and then you spin around and around while focusing up at the star and then after ten seconds your friend flashes a flashlight in your eyes and you fall down?
2. fall down

opt. 4

1. unbody like unravel
2. disorienting your self
3. relay findings here:



Opera Seria

in five parts

- I. Accumulation
- II. Recontextualization
- III. Transformation
- IV. Embodiment
- V. Dismantling

Project Description

Opera Seria is a five-part performance: I. Accumulation, II. Recontextualization, III. Transformation, IV. Embodiment, and V. Dismantling. *Opera Seria* is a site-specific and site-responsive performance and installation, in which the artist plays at the edges of deep play and dark play. In the precarity of each state, what might combust or transform? What might emerge from the rubble?

In **I. Accumulation**, I source materials that have been discarded by the community around the project site. I supplement these materials from free, discarded, and second-hand materials from the area.

In **II. Recontextualization**, I gather these materials at the performance and installation site. In this part, what was marked as trash or refuse is recovered and repurposed as the material of *art*.

In **III. Transformation**, I use the recontextualized materials to create an installation: a world of vast playful landscapes. The construction of this world from the repurposed materials is open to be observed, and audience can even participate in the construction if so inspired.

In **IV. Embodiment**, the installation becomes a set for a livestream performance. I use two mobile camera feeds, a wide-angle camera, and a 360-action camera to capture multiple vantage points. I choreograph and improvise the movement of the two mobile camera feeds to capture a live play within the installation. These multiple feeds are livestreamed using OBS, Zoom, and YouTube Live to create a multichannel live video performance. This multichannel video is projected on a surface (screen or wall) in proximity to the installation.

In **V. Dismantling**, the world that has been constructed, transformed, and embodied over the course of the performance will be de-installed. What is left is the residue, documentation, and the imagination of possibility for what exists taking on other forms – from detritus making new worlds together.

IIII Opera Seria *in five parts*

- VI. Accumulation
- VII. Recontextualization
- VIII. Transformation
- IX. Embodiment
- X. Dismantling

I. Accumulation

Two laborers (we know they are official because they are wearing coordinating uniforms) are surveying refuse and collecting remnants. There appears to be a logic to their process, though it is lost on spectators. What drives the accumulation, as though their own language – what is the task at hand? They appear so determined and focused, but the stakes of the process are lost on bystanders. If spectators ask the laborers what the nature of their labor is, they respond simply, “Maintenance.”

Laborers take a coffee break.

*oh trash what was trash could not be here
i object here to agent provide context or content
allegiance to the plastic i rendered form into world
in relation forever til death only i part you remain
i bring you into the world then abandon you so quickly
certainly you become forever then what if no one else ever wants you
doomed for vampyric desperation for intimate
bloodsucking plastic lover lifeless yet living
better for you to have never existed for an eternity of
purposelessness for the briefest of utilities then
ostracized, shredded, or finding peace stuck in limbs
endlessly waving until disintegration detangling branched*

*where are the goods and how do it find them
we the laborers select the material to reshape we consider a fluorescent
incandescent reminiscent*

searching for biodegradable adhesive

II. Recontextualization

Two laborers change their outfits, (so you know, the role is diced; context has shifted). *Whatever – it's a pile of trash.* It's all in how you see it.

Construction Sight:

III. Transformation

Took dirt deep compost.

Instructions: Become something other than.

(*Stacks object(L)ively. Creative/artificial. Response generate; input –
take time. I can't sleep. Output, put out. Extant, extinct, exist;
simultaneous: rupture, suture; what language can do, a pile of trash or
horizon or some site of becoming new:)*

POTENTIAL.

IV. Embodiment

Emergent meanings (not to be confused with /'kəntent/ or /kən'tent/):

Practice as process, refusing research-driven outcomes; search-based
becomings. (We treasured remnants redefined towards some new body,
landscape redetermined from what was discarded, marked unproductive,
useless.)

ARIA || AREA

V. Dismantling

REFUSE.

ref·use1
/rə'fyooz/

ref·use2
/'re,fyooz/

/re FYOOZ
to fuse again

, OR re JECT/
clearly bound
division where union
equally applied opposite force
tension bridge suspension

using less plastic means disappearing

/re fyooz/
Bartleby or bomb

CODA || CODE

SCENE.

Curtains fall. I don't mean curtains "close." They actually fall, like a blanket fort collapsing, over the audience. Who knows even how or from where these curtains were suspended, or whatever could have triggered their collapse, as though they sighed and just gave up clinging to whatever structure (who could blame them? Isn't that we have all—been working toward? We can't even begin to contemplate the physics of this situation. We're all together in the dark under the weight of these curtains (perhaps less like a weight collapsing onto and more like weight of being held?)) Two possibilities: (1) complete chaos ensues, or (2) the audience surrenders into whatever is this shared abyss.