

DARBORAL (And the patient maintenance of a practise field)

Darboral is above all a space-time. A platform for practice where one takes note of the richness and depth of internal displacements caused by the presence of the other and the impermanence of any definite ground. So it is a malleable place, like many others, where one can watch and creatively transform the various psychical and bodily ways that we have to open up by relaxing our common borders. A space-time where we dissolve our resistance or welcome it with gentleness by letting it touch us, in order to finally come together differently. It is also a sharing space for affective foodstuffs, for all the palpable and impalpable earthly food that goes through and nourishes us every day. They are the fuel oils that help us move through existence by giving us the courage to open onto life, to open oneself in order to welcome the other who is finally not the expected stranger.

Darboral is a space for contemplation, a joyous meeting point spread out on a series of thirty removable carpets where significant objects have been put down as well as sketchbooks and notebooks where graphic traces of the events are collected. It is a space where lively meetings have taken place since April 2000, around simple meals, at the threshold between the private and the public. From a supper for twenty-five guests to chance meetings, to intimate appointments with two or three people, or to solitary rendezvous, accompanied by a still camera and some *livre-vivres*. These books hold together the arboreal sheets and act as support for the wisdom food that guides our way. Darboral is a space-time where solitude and cohabitation, absence and presence overlap. A space for meditation where we meet the people we carry with us, who live inside us.

To turn art into a caring and welcoming place that can create openings, slow down speed, so that there is space between words, signs, events and emotions. To develop in this way

an activity of gradual suspension. Sometimes, to become aware that our relationship to space is softening, that a wider vision of the world is emerging.

This platform is constantly changing, be it in the studio or in its different venues, in an on-going organic process. On this fertile ground, sculptures inspired by and made with the guests' help have been deposited—ambivalent tools or organic objects made with the leftovers of the meals. At times the sculptures begin with a specific object or the imprints left by the protagonists, and with food in metamorphosis. In the course of this process, small trees have sprung up, sprouted from seeds collected at previous meetings. Thus cultivating the stones that we have washed inside our mouths until they become the fruit trees they contain, we have ripened the potentialities of these miniature forests inside our palates. The various objects are progressively placed on the platform; with their suspended finality, being always favourable to changes, they are the living repercussions of these *Rendez-vous indéfinis*.

Without being naïve about the work to be done before we can shed our protective layers, we are sincerely engaged on the road to dissolution. But how can one go beyond words without going through them? By chewing them, by absorbing their wisdom to see the deep nature of their origin in our mind. What are we filled with, what are we avid for? With an introspective eye and a reading hand, lacks and vacuums appear with use. Thus we accept the impermanence of our platforms, those where our interiority is set down. We accept the impermanence of a definite ground that, finally, is only illusion. We accept that the carpets under our feet are not solid and that they can be withdrawn at any time.

The works in this environment are sign-tools that shed light on the in-between spaces of our obstructions as well as our vastness, making visible our internal cavities and gaps. They are markers of recognition, used to communicate with others and share our practices. The works and their making significantly tell of our relationship to clutter, hunger and the materiality of our own bodies. What are the shape and topology of our internal spaces—conduits, heart, skull, dura mater, and stomach? We know that our mind is unfathomable and that it is formless, thus we accept the permanent failure of such endeavour. One must delve to understand. In the midst of this liquidation, we have made models, transfers, imprints and provisions of our cavities and outline. Sculpting the reverse and modelling vacuum the wrong way round. Creating in this way new places for perception, where it can rebound and have other perspectives on itself.

Over a couple of years, a fertile ground has thus spread out between order and chaos, where singular combinations and surprises appear. Where one can see this chronic and desperate will to accomplish, to *vouloir-faire*, that momentarily liberates us from things springing up but confines us in its wanting to put order into what is outside of us. We come to accept that our list of things to do will never come to an end. In its agitation, the pressure makes us forget that the only place we can really organize is our inner space, and even at that, there are different ways of interpreting organization. It is not only a matter of self-control or muddled spontaneity, but of the patient maintenance of an open and unfixed experiential space. Artistic practice is a wonderful space to observe this, to transform how we shape and work with the energy we carry within us. It is a field of practice where the frame of mind within which we do things is transformed, and thus we gradually relax and give in less to the restlessness of doing and redoing. And leave spaces between signs and sighs.

On this never-ending construction site, how does one dismantle little by little the Styrofoam protective shields that we use to shield our fundamental tenderness? It is within these spaces of abandonment and suspension created by unwinding that the possibilities for dissolution dwell, in these links where nothing is materialised and we realise with serenity how and to what degree we open and close when faced with events unfolding within and before us—two spaces that are not fundamentally distinct. We learn in this manner how to welcome all unforeseen shapes and occurrences, all emotions and thoughts that visit us and all the sensible beings that we meet, in a gradual opening up where we finally welcome with tenderness our own narrow-mindedness and resistance.

Darbora is a farmland and a cultural field that is mindful of indefinite edges, where we can study differently our porosity and the energizing circulation of all the food that nourishes and recomposes us each and every moment. Of this palpable and impalpable food that makes us brilliantly aware of our interdependent relationships with other living organisms, past and present. That ends up questioning and dissolving the worried borders of our individual identity, which we thought was well defined and sovereign. Eating together in joy, we understand that beyond conventional analyses everything is connected.

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