

Sculpture Title: *Cleft [ dramaturgical pîlos ]*  
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## Preface

**On March the 13<sup>th</sup> 2020**, My friend, a doctor working in Europe, just witnessing the newly-understood gravity of the expanding pandemic, wrote to me (translating his thoughts from Dutch), hoping to sound caution to myself here (in the pre-lockdown U.S.) and likely others, the newly being understood necessity of precaution and extreme care. :

“Here in Europe and in France where we are now [...] it looks like a war, the world is on fire. [...] my hospital where I work and where my children are working are transformed into respiratory units, young patients dying in intensive care.”

-Physician H

**On May the 7<sup>th</sup> 2020**, —In continued exchange with my physician friend, H, and just previous to my own family’s personal loss — I found myself in shared concurrence with H, over the sentiment and experience of speaking on deaf ears. Frustrated by the nature of ‘entitlement’ witnessed in others, entrenched by my own more humble interpersonal interactions with the spirit of ‘human denial’, or else, simply a surprising lack of care towards the well being of others witnessed in the nature of my fellow human race, I wrote that:

“...the nature of humanity seems to be 'manic' [...]”

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## Concerning *Cleft [ dramaturgical pîlos ]*

*Cleft [ dramaturgical pîlos]*, is my response to the inherent and natural stage of ‘baring witness,’ which - ever at this moment, now takes place in a collective sense, —*a sense of the ‘collective’* in its larger all-encompassing essence, already distinctly *tied* by the sheer suddenness and precepts of mass-

shared experience. – A votive which subsists aside from the banal pacifications of “togetherness” – reiterated again and again by commercial culture, its meaning dwindled away at this time into the stock, straw-meanings of a hackneyed platitude—

A greater gravity towards honoring a collective act of ‘turning inward’ (whether acknowledged in or out of a state of lockdown or quarantine), feels to me more worthy of accentuation, and all the more so by dint of it being *less* loudly or frequently proclaimed and acknowledged, and this accentuation of significance is what I felt compelled to embody in *Cleft*, through modalities of Bricolage, and specifically in a ‘tonal’ significance, an organic and reactionary attempt to match the tenor of ‘felt-experiences’ and quiet observation, which as explained, I believe *should be* acknowledged at this time.

Regarding and returning to why there is only a ‘should,’ opposed to an ‘is’ in this statement, a specific need for accentuation, I would venture to note that it is, in part due to its characteristics akin to introversion, its qualities exist beyond the realm of immediate parasitic profit. Namely, it’s quintessence of co-hosts include -- *The value of silence; the value of contemplation; the value of mass recapitulation; the value of empathy...* and in its nature is distinctly poised, but *not* inherently lethargic essence of what it means to simply ‘ *dwell*’... [to dwell within, being the fulfillment of the self-contained.]

This quiet observance—this phase we may refer to as Baring Witness, is incrementally placed just before a phase of Mass Reinterpretation, —which even now is so loud and anxious to ‘take place,’ to act! The historical impetus of human psychology and synecdoche-of-relation to *human-historic events*, predicts that: In aftermath of stillness, will come the production-hungry contortions of storylines... contortions of *what is* and *what was*, along with that equally so anxious quality of the collective to enact the immediate resetting of-values.

And what is the causation of this anxious drive? --- *It is the drive of self-preservation itself.*

And what is the reciprocity of this hungry drive? --- *Straw platitudes, and the conceptual foil of Bricolage as a concept and as a societal practice – the soothing pathology mass-mindlessness passed in permission by mass-consent.* And moreover, is this mass-mindless “right” or “wrong”, inherently good or bad? --- *No. It is without inherent charge of value, because it is immediate and reactionary, and often too nubile to sheer existence to have an inherent cosign or charge.*

The pathology of mindlessness, of ‘action for actions sake’ -- or else ‘action because you or I are *entitled,*’ -- is likewise akin to preservation, and thus when it enacts, it will ‘enact’ desirous pacification, the supposed ‘preservation of mass sanity,’ which begs, in its youthful even infantile state, in innocence of consciousness to be surrounded, preserved, and suckered by the Joy, -- multiplicities of sensation, of novelty and distraction, *and at oft times...* the appearance of copiousness, akin the theoretical *copia* (or ‘plenty’) of the familial breast, until its signifiers are nestled, satiated, safe. --But in an awareness of this coming pathology that same ‘We,’ [*again, the inherent and open collective, that knows its existence without the contamination of platitude,*] can still elect, even on an individual level, to recoil from infinite continuum. We can observe.

## Part 2. On Bricolage, (the foil of commercial mechanized industry) // *Cleft, and 'pilos'*

Given a pause...

And when a Pause we do so —we are apt to find that the foil to the ethos of this coming mass pathology, (commercial mechanized industry) is a distinct and glaring, the overtly obscure mirror and shadow of causation, ... is the quieter tenor of Bricolage.

*Bricolage*, as discussed by Michel de Certeau, takes place behind closed doors – and in the real-world sense of today, is already taking place. Within the context of this given discussion, it is not just the modality akin to my signature style of object-forming or sculpture, *where cast-off objects, and commercial commodities as well as concepts, are made 're-inhabit' into time in space...* it is what humanity at all levels has adapted to, not for show and display, but a specifically in foil and mirror to the infantile pathology previously described. It may be likened to the trodden 'hag' of maturation, likewise existing for the preservation of collective mental sanity, but distinctly operative to do so in an adaptive, gnarled, curled or introspective state, similar to the interrogative vocal inflection historically characteristic of groups of people cast off or colonized by imperial foci.

Bricolage, is apparent everywhere, 'We,' *the collective*, live and dwell in its shelter --

Its tenor and nature again as quite patient and introspective, as the prescribed phase of 'baring witness,' whose significance is as wide and reverent as the hand of the living who holds and latterly bare testament to the dying and the dead. The encompassing nature of its superiority to rashness, holds not in its claim to empathy, but its allowance of human dignity, which even by our instinct we as a species, seem to know within our gut to be a conceptual human right, indivisible by temporal distraction such as variant faiths.

The general fear... of "the soul spread... adrift" is fallacy, herald by the Infantile with its straw-bound nursery-like platitudes of, "safety in togetherness", exists a million miles always from the should and the resolute who bear witness to the dead. Antigone knew this... and incidentally, so did Titus Andronicus, the patient words of whom I have born with me in my mind for over two months. In the effort to conceive the nature of 'The Quiet Witness' we may think of -- Titus, who bears witness to the newly-handless, newly tongueless reincarnate-Lavinia, says:

"Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought,"

-A collective 'we' (already self-understood) demonstrates a strength to hold matters that are wordless, speechless, to face what is raw, painful, torn or lost –

The caution of the witness, is that there is still, and always time to pause, time to recognize a landscape, which at this time seems governed by the invisible *Saturnalicious Princeps*, and crowning 'hat' of *pilos* -- and entrance of a Lord of Misrule, the tear and shifting of totems on the landscape, the tearing of familiar tissue and familiar bonds, layered like iterations of the individual within the collective, the deconstruction

internal and external, reiterated like a page within a page, the repetition of the individual in the collective, the dynamism within the chambers of the heart.

--And very ethos of its turning, its newly forming pathology, is like the pathway of a knot -- a something looped inward upon itself – curved backwards into openness -- in the face of everything toppled over, this is the shape the and symbol it rest supine by – curved in (internal)... and then back outward, into the openness, as if to say at last, “Here was a chair, here a store, here was an industry, here an individual, here-and-there were my kinsman – and I have bore witness to its rise and fall, and even more so – I have internalized it.”