

Arild Tveito: Linteau

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Preview: September 22<sup>th</sup> at 2 - 6 pm

It is most likely that many will not appreciate that what follows is transcendently beautiful (not *trans* the superlative, but *trans* a departure); and even supposing that something excites their interest, will they believe it intentional? probably not. For they will half see half-opened ideas; they will not be given the frills and trills of their usual accompanists, and will be surprised by the lack of many a fit quotation at a time when manuals are being compiled for every young man to observe the commonplaces required for each occasion. There are advantages in conversing with the philosophers of different centuries: firstly, you learn the absurdities of repeating their doctrines, the latest of which are bandied about in cafés and bars whilst the more ancient ones form ruts in the exercise books of schoolboys; secondly, and above all, you realise the double absurdity of supporting your argument with the name of a philosopher, when each of his ideas, removed from the context of his system as a whole, drools from the lips of a shit-a-bed (and this inch of dissertation is just as banal as the banality it explains: «*you must not say everything*»)...

To suggest rather than to state, to make a crossroads of each word in the streets of sentences. Something new will always come to light if texts are dissected *ad infinitum*, and in this all written works – and not just that of genius, as some have claimed in error – resemble the works of nature. Confusion and danger: the work of ignorance made of voting-slip words removed from any meaningful context or, more exactly, used without preference for any particular meaning. To superficial people this is, at first sight, more beautiful, since the diversity of attributable meanings surpasses all, and the verbality thus freed from the rosary of its habitual constructions may then be chosen for its sound, and more ringingly; and if the form be abrupt and irregular, owing to an inability to make it regular, any unexpected regularity will shine out: be it a gemstone, an orbit, a peacock's eyespots, lampposts, or a final chord. But here is the criterion needed to distinguish between this obscurity, and verbality thus freed from the rosary of its habitual constructions may then be chosen for its sound, and more ringingly; and if the form be abrupt and irregular, owing to an inability to make it regular, any unexpected regularity will shine out: be it a gemstone, an orbit, a peacock's eyespots, lampposts, or a final chord. But here is the criterion needed to distinguish between this obscurity, a chaos easily achieved, and the Other obscurity, which is simplicity condensed – a diamond from coal, a unique work made of all the possible works offered to all the eyes encircling the Argus lighthouse on the periphery of our spherical skull. for the latter, *the ratio of the sentence to all the meanings which may be found in it is constant*; for the former, indefinitely variable.

(DILEMMA) In that one writes the work: active superiority over the passivity of the audience. All the meanings the reader finds in it have been foreseen, and he will never find them all; furthermore, the author can bring others to his attention that are unexpected, posterior and contradictory, in a cerebral blind man's buff.

But, 2nd Case: reader infinitely superior in intelligence to the author. Nevertheless, not having written the work, he does not penetrate it, but remains parallel, if not equal, to the reader of the 1st Case.

3rd Case: if, against all probability, he identifies with the author, the latter at least surpasses him in the past when he was writing the work, that unique moment when he saw EVERYTHING (but was far from spelling it out, as explained above, for this would merely have been (cf. *Pataph.*) a brutishly passive association of ideas, disdain (or lack) of free will or of intelligent choice, and sincerity, anti-aesthetic and contemptible).

4th Case: if, beyond this unique moment, the author forgets (and forgetting is indispensable – *timeo hominem*... – if one is to turn the *stilus* round one's brain again and engrave the new work therein), the invariability of the aforementioned ratio is a sighting-mark enabling him to rediscover EVERYTHING. Yet this is merely accessory to the converse statement: even if, when writing his work, he did not know all the things assignable to it, he only requires two sighting-marks (one notch, one target) to be placed – let us say, intuitively – and EVERYTHING is described (as the screwed in pencil would say to the compass) and discovered. And Descartes' ambition was of small stuff, wanting to erect a system merely on an Album (the Nothing of John Stuart Mill, the method of residues).

There is everything to be said for writing a theory after having written a work, and for reading it before reading the work itself.

*Before reading what is passable:*

It is stupid to comment upon one's own work once it is written, be it good or bad, because when writing it one did one's best not to say EVERYTHING, which would be absurd anyway, but the most of what is necessary (the totality of which, besides, the reader will never perceive), and one will never be clearer. So weigh these words, polyhedra of ideas, with scruples, like diamonds on the scales of your ears, without asking wherefore such-and-such, for you have only to look and it's as plain as the word itself.

*Before reading what is worthless:*

And, though we did exclude much, there is some verse and prose that we find very bad and that we have nonetheless allowed to remain, because they must have interested us for a moment since we wrote them, albeit for a reason which escapes us today; a work is more complete when one does not cut all that is weak or bad, leaving them instead as samples that explain by similitude or difference what is congruous or contrary to them – and besides, there are some who will find only these to be of any value.

Arild Tveito (b. 1976 in Oslo, lives and works in Blaker and Oslo). Through painting, sculpture, writing, translation, bookpublishing and gallery operations, compounding, counterfeiting, fracturing and braiding of narratives, he continues to sail in a sieve. This is his second solo exhibition in Oslo, seven years since *What is this thing Quasars, Anyway?* (2011). Tveito has through inutillous research been involved in the establishing of institutions such as: Nordic Art Institute (2006); the Norwegian Entheomycological Society (2007); Institutt for Degenerert Kunst (2008); Diorama / Portal (2013); Sundal (2017); Dulheim Boklag (2017); Dulheim Bibliotek (2017); Blaker Patafysiske Institutt (2017). He enrolled at the Nordic Art School in Karleby (2004). Lucky to get Mats B as a conceptual guide. Then continued his studies at the Academy of Fine Art, Oslo (2005). With exchanges to Skaffell and the Dieter Roth Academy, Seyðisfjörður (2006); to the class of kunstpädagogik with Prof. Stephan Dillemath, Akbd Munich (2007); studies in textual sculpture, Akbd Vienna (2009). Invited to the High-North residency at the GSS and CCA in Glasgow (2013). Previous exhibitions include: *Tunglið er spegill tímans*, Harbinger, Reykjavík (2018); *Exhibition A 025, Y003 and Y009*, Diorama, Oslo (2017); *Real Life*, Skaffell Centre of Visual Art, Seyðisfjörður (2015); *Nils Rundgren: The Underbidder*, Diorama, Oslo (2015); *Andreas Slominski: A Hunt for Optimism*, Diorama, Oslo (2014); *Oil on Canvas*, Christian Andersen, Copenhagen (2013); *La Settimana Enigmistica*, the 55th Venice Biennale, Venezia (2013).