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*SYMMETRY**(Of these works we cannot speak)*

Approaching something with the ambition to explain it can be precarious. At every attempt one finds oneself defenceless against a linguistic-philosophical query, regarding of the possibility to create a representation of the impossible and unnameable in order to render the unintelligible intelligible.

In *The Thinker as Poet*, Heidegger accounts for a series of threats to thinking. He asserts that the most deceptive and imminent danger to thinking is thought itself for it must think against itself, a task at which it rarely succeeds.

Intelligibility demands a narrative. The reflexive function of the human brain is to structure information in a manner resembling the printed text found between the covers of a book. Our reality unfolds in chronological arrangements and successive episodes. When we are subjected to disinformation, ambivalence and evasion, our habitual methods and behaviours for rendering the intelligible are obstructed.

If to see a work consisting of pen on paper, the move to identify it as a drawing may be close at hand. However, when our accustomed decoding mechanisms through which we navigate reality are destabilized in an asymmetrical and dynamic way, formal terminology can no longer be trusted. What was once a drawing now appears as word-images or poetic objects, and no longer fills the criteria of the drawing to be a trace of an action; it becomes an on-going process tending toward erasure and void of meaning. In its new appearance, as an agent with a secret identity, the drawing functions as a catalyst for a self-reflexive and self-critical analysis of the world, its concepts, perceptions and functions. It interrogates itself.

Our own memories and experiences are the configurative raw materials of all narratives. Like television, books, and photography, our own accounts are subjectively materialized biographical projects. The narrative format is in nature half coded, half projected, or perhaps projected because it is encoded.

Traditional cornerstones of artistic practice are but beautifying and embellishing additives offered to the spectator, the reader, or viewer – to accept. In and of themselves they lack meaning only to exist to be distorted, transformed, and re-packaged before they are piloted on toward new spectators.

Memory is neither neutral nor innocent; it has an agenda, it is in itself an artistic or literary genre. It is a fiction as freely invented scenes from life. It is monumental in its nature and overshadows everything. It hides and camouflages our true visage. It constitutes our garments in a violent and ritualistic spectacle. The devastating power of memory over forgetting comes to expression through an inner polemic (from the Greek *polemos*, war) between two parties in argument with each other. Memory is constantly prepared to eradicate forgetting. Memory is recognizable and safe. It wards off the unintelligible and the unknown. Memory is an emotional system of weaponry with primarily defensive functions, which we resort to as a way to protect ourselves from fear when our perceptions attack with images of a future we know nothing about.

Through our helplessness, caught in the confines of language, a *mise en scène* emerges, a strategic and meticulously scripted milieu – a staged landscape where withdrawal and silence are artistic tools – carefully calibrated for the task of harbouring Wittgenstein's famous, circular assertion: About the things of which we cannot speak, we must remain silent.

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