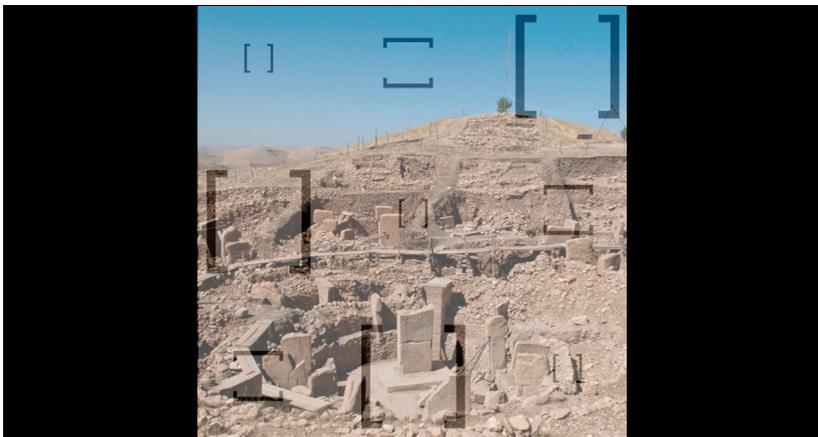




If Bjørn Jørund Blikstad located *his* works at [Tørberget](#)—a Norwegian equivalent of [small place](#) in Appalachian Kentucky—they would be given, as the words go, a *proper burial*. The burial would be *justified* by properties of the works themselves, and the query he engages as a *carving* cabinetmaker.

His fascination with the archaeological digs of the Göbekli Tepe (Turkey) are therefore not wanton. How similar isn't the idea of building an architectural structure and burying it, to the idea that the Torah (Hebr. teaching) is part of the world, engaging the *proveniential/providential drift* of the covert/overt.

How, indeed, do we separate human being as **(a)** a monkey with a computer, from **(b)** an argonaut of space-ship Earth, where a cosmic dig—similar to a black hole—for some reason, is concentrated in gathering sparks. When exactly does human being turn to monkey (when on screen)?



When the 1<sup>st</sup> account of creation—in the Genesis—comes to the 6<sup>th</sup> day, the *creator* did *not only* see that it was good, as on the preceding 5 days, but that it was *very good*. In the cabalistic tradition this means that it was like ‘a little bit *too much*’. After that came the day of rest: the *Shabbat* (Sabbath).

In the beginning of the second week—relates the oral tradition—human being discovered *fire* and created the *mule*. A partner to creation, ok, but then see what happens: *see what human being does?* It makes plans of its own. It leads creation astray by its makeshift and whimsical purposes.

So, *very good* means *good*, but it also means the *bad* and the *ugly*. Human being becomes the expert at conflating, inflating and deflating; which is tangential to enfolding, unfolding and confolding. By adding human being to the equation reality took off from the real, and became a tricky partner.

In the corresponding cosmogony conveyed by the cabbala there are two major shifts to keep in mind: **(1)** the contraction of the *creator* [*tzimtzum*]; **(2)** the breaking of the vessels [*shevirat ha-kelim*]. The contraction of the *uncreated* leaving place for *creation* **(1)**. The flying into pieces of AK **(2)**.

AK is *Adam Kadmon*: a protohistorical and pristine version of the *hermaphroditic* Adam—also figuring in the first account of creation (and subsequently divided into *fe/male*): in the cabalist lore, AK flies into pieces, the sparks spreading all over creation, in shards for us to retrieve the sparks.

Please recall this: “*Who am I? Where do I come from? I am Antonin Artaud and if I say it as I know how to say it immediately you will see my present body fly into pieces and under ten thousand notorious aspects a new body will be assembled in which you will never again be able to forget me.*”

Please also recall Jacques Derrida’s essay [Artaud the MoMA](#): something is digging the human projectile from within modern art, something is digging the human projectile from within philosophy. Deconstruction, in this sense, is not taking things apart, but a spectrographic method to study the dig.

Not the dig as fact—or, as a thing—but as a *process* (a generative process). In the terms explored here: cabbala means ‘reception’ (like receiving the *Shabbat*), it is received by a sample human beings: it cannot be taught to anyone who has not already received it. It can only be *unearthed*: dug out.

That is, the *digging process*—the digging for the sparks—is being *dug out* by the cabalist; enfolding, unfolding, confolding. It goes for the *roots*. The good, the bad and the ugly are like *crows* perched on its branches. This is part of creation too, says the cabalist, like primates wearing a death-mask.

In the *peacock cabinet*, a core piece in Bjørn Jørund Blikstad’s artistic research. The digging features his concern with *black holes*: he is digging out the digging process. His works spring from this: digging the space that they are in. Which is why I conceive his displays as excavations, not exhibits.