

Tu est l'autre. A fragmentary proposition¹.

I heard an apparition and its colour was red².

Flooded in red. The fullness of low frequencies - first it is a mass, its predominant quality hovering between something very physical and something that subtly teases the brain. Engrossed in this wholeness, I begin to hear its modulations: within monochrome, it is the smallest vibration that matters. Embedded in it, I cannot but look at its particles as they take shape in time. Their rhythms, their hesitations; their pace, their lagoons of stillness³.

Micki once told me that he's attracted to red as it is classic and ambiguous at once. The very classicism of the colour red – instantly associating to a range of responses - pours out into ambiguity. Politics, revolt, revolution. Symbolisms, sexuality, seduction. Blooming forces and death. Birth and rotting bodies. Hypnotised into a realm of pulsating sound, languid rhythm and relentless washes of drones, how can I reconcile with this vortex of intoxicating imagery? *Tu est l'autre*, Micki stated in one of his many solo projects which branch out into multiplicity – referring to Rimbaud, he expanded the poet's vision beyond the ego, dispersing it and enlarging it till you no longer can feel or see any boundaries. “*In this show there are seven works by seven artists, including one anonymous. Six of the artists have no idea of that they're a part of this - they don't even know that I consider their works to be works of fine art. Five of the artists have passed away. The title 'Tu est l'autre' stems from the famous line 'Je est un autre'*, stated in a letter written by Arthur Rimbaud in 1871. As I understand it, this quotation deals with Rimbaud's view on his work - that his writings seems to come from somebody else ... something else ... and that he is just some tool used by this unknown parasitic existence [...] One might also say that the people that I have adopted for this show, conversely might be using me as a tool or a host for to enable them to show what they have been up to within their lives”⁴.

It is not just “I” that is haunted by that unknown parasitic existence. We all are. It is not a matter of reconciling or explaining, but voicing the variety of these personae across traces, stories, sketches, marks. “I” as a tool, a resonating vessel. “I” can be in turn a Norwegian spy, an American astronaut looking for Noah's ark, a Chinese woman resisting against her house being dismantled, a Swedish mother and her infamous 1927 only performance *Mother Threw Herself In Front Of The Train To Save Her 2 Years Old Child*, a Swedish painter and the first person to be able to communicate with "the other side" using electronic equipment, an anonymous person⁵.

This whirlpool of personae, these low frequencies and this red light evoke a trance - the prolongation of a state of heightened sensitivity. This is not just about music or poetry; it calls for that special, transient but exhilarating state which, at certain moments in your life, music and poetry brought to you as an expanded insight – not much of an understanding, but a sense of myriadic belonging⁶.

Or perhaps: I can be found on that scratched piece of found film that lies at the core of this constellation of images. *Anonymous*. A flat reliquary of layered projections, of half-broken undercurrents flowing across the body, channelling morphing sensations of tone⁷.

¹ Daniela Cascella, December 2009.

² Carl Michael von Hausswolff, Queen Elizabeth Hall, London, 21 April 2009.

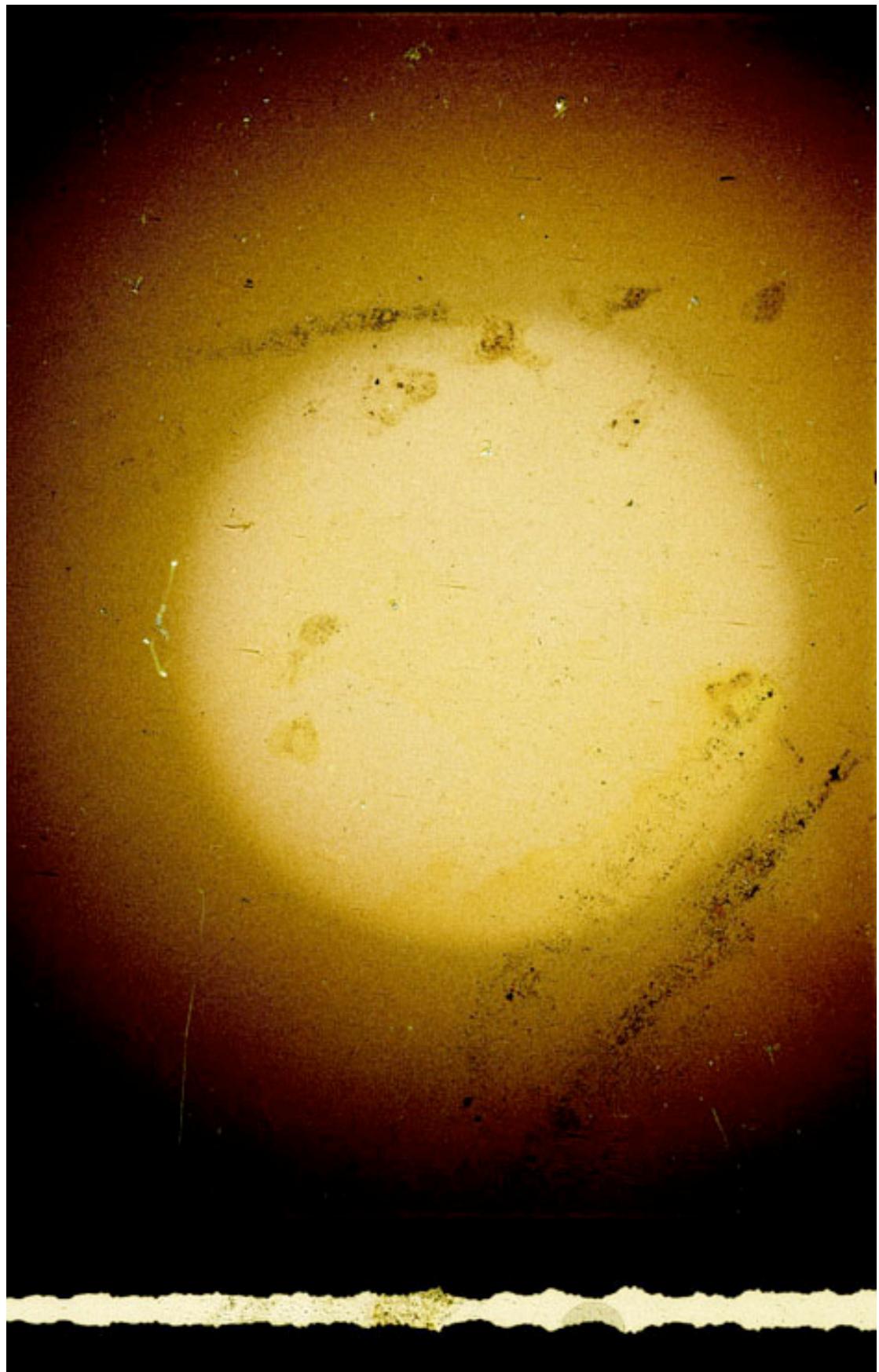
³ Daniela Cascella, 21 April 2009.

⁴ Carl Michael von Hausswolff, Gallery Niklas Belenius, Stockholm, 27 February – 15 March 2009

⁵ Selmer Nielsen (1931-1991), James B. Irwin (1930-1991), Wu Ping, Olga Eriksson (1904-1980), Friedrich Jürgenson (1903-1987), anonymous, Carl Michael von Hausswolff.

⁶ Daniela Cascella, August 2009.

⁷ Hermann von Helmholtz. (1863). *On the Sensations of Tone as a Physiological Basis for the Theory of Music*.



Anonymous, *Solar Mayday #1*, film frame, 1970's, C-printed stills, 2009