

## ***Tu est l'autre. A fragmentary proposition***<sup>1</sup>.

I heard an apparition and its colour was red<sup>2</sup>.

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 stillness<sup>3</sup>.

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"*<sup>4</sup>.

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 person<sup>5</sup>.

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 belonging<sup>6</sup>.

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 tone<sup>7</sup>.

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<sup>1</sup> Daniela Cascella, December 2009.

<sup>2</sup> Carl Michael von Hausswolff, Queen Elizabeth Hall, London, 21 April 2009.

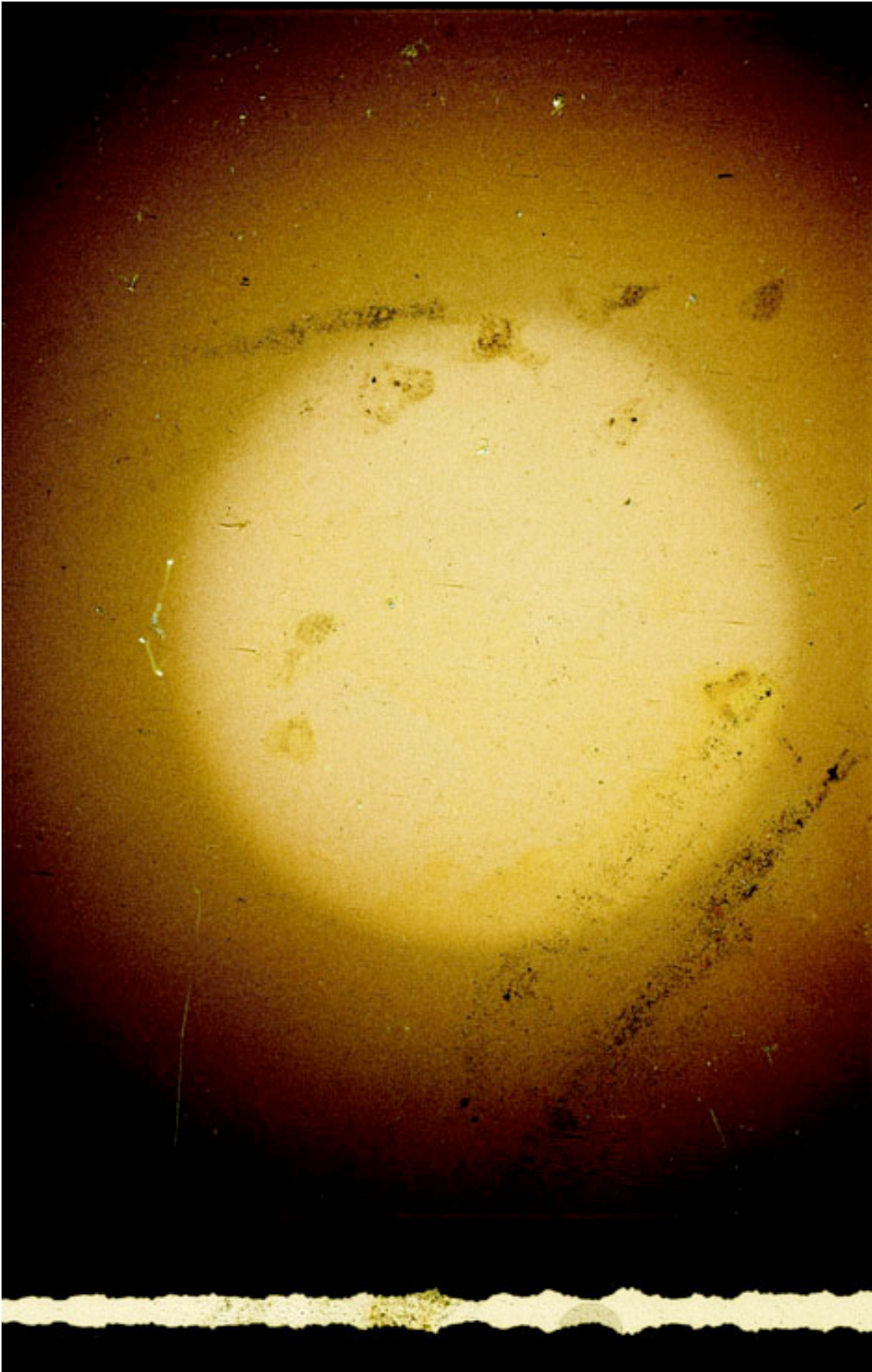
<sup>3</sup> Daniela Cascella, 21 April 2009.

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

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

<sup>6</sup> Daniela Cascella, August 2009.

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



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