

Cecilie Carlsen
Music!

21.09.2024 - 13.10.2024
Opening 20.09

W.M.P.
Holstenstrasse 26
Hamburg

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- 1: Summer In Winter, 2024
- 2: Princess X, 2024
- 3: Form Follows Function, 2024
- 4: Untitled (1), 2024
- 5: Untitled (2), 2024

Music!

*you put your phone on in a bowl and even though it isn't loud, its loud enough for the walls to catch it
and the tapestry comes of, and the 808 and 909,
the strings and the choir,
they're not in the bowl anymore, they don't wanna be eaten from
A bowl
With a spoon,
they're on the walls and floors and each corner meet and wants to be an (open) speaker, to the
outside cause they already know,
what nobody knows; what's alive inside the speakers, where the corners meet and rise as waves
from different waters, where they cling to the walls like paint sown together they make a shelter,
that we sit under, looking for people in the horizon, like open stitches in the sky,
we wait on the cardboard earth,
for the thread to go through us and keep us under the breaking sky together,
later a dark cloud opens and a lightning comes down with its electric head it hurts when it sows us
together but it tells us that everything will be good, will be better tomorrow,
now we're as soft as the inside of living animals, as soft as the inside of music.*

Music!

The house is a square that houses more squares and each square has a function. You know, the wall, the door, the bed, the window, the mirror on the tiles on the bricks. They have the same shape so they fit together easily. When the same form is multiplied I want to put them in relation and continuation of each other. I am the child that has to fit the square pieces of wood in the square holes, the round in the round, the triangle in the triangular. There is a video on the internet where a person turns all the wooden pieces 45 degrees and regardless of their shape they suddenly fit wherever.

So one may say that everything fits everywhere, but I still like to keep things organised so that I know where to find them when I need their different qualities. I know that the canvas reacts to the steam of the iron very well, that the stretchy polyester twists like a snake when pulled and that the velvet is horrible to work with, but looks more beautiful than most other fabrics.

When I lay stretched out in a bed I sometimes find out that I actually don't fit. When I stretch out my arms to the sides and walk through a door it becomes difficult to pass. People are not square, in the literal sense, but we still have to live surrounded by them, yes the people but also the literal squares. The body is an instrument for measuring ones surroundings and I like to call it X, Princess X; as a signifier for something variable or unknown. Walls becomes houses, houses becomes boxes and boxes becomes limits. But sometimes this mathematical equation will show us that where she fits isn't inside the box, but on top of it.

All people are different and so are all snowflakes and we can look forward to that often in winter the sun is much warmer and brighter than in summer. The snow makes the sun reflect the light and it bounces from the white surfaces into my eyes and back in the sky. When I squeeze my eyes slightly the sun leaves circles around it. With the circles other shapes appear too and where the buildings ends the sky becomes this game I before mentioned; a tingling combination of squares, circles and triangles.

Gro Pechüle and Cecilie Carlsen