



alexander iezzi
swedish red
2026

swedish red
drawn up through itself
the pump the battery-builder
the plummeting of price
the bike dreaming it was someone else
market material malfunction
swedish red
sucked upwards, pushed
outwards
the mine eats itself
swedish red
for the houses
the splint remembers the leg
itself
the blood
swedish red
seals its own fate
hundred of kilometers of finger
put to chair
a chair for fingers
tired hands
the children miners of Västmanland
swedish red
and the mine ate the town
it protected their walls
swedish red
walls
after building it
reformed for for the for of
zero surplus
perfect obedience
swedish red







swedish red is an installation of water-batteries, storage bladders, plastic bottles, wall-mounted bombs, and small black chairs, built inside the Mimerlaven in Norberg, Sweden. The Mimerlaven is a 64-meter concrete headframe where, for two decades, iron ore was hoisted from the shaft below, crushed, and concentrated, until all mining in Norberg stopped in 1981 and the building that had organized the town's labor and concluded a 1000-year mining history was left standing over an empty hole. The work continues my interest in the aesthetics of IED's and their ability to synthesize violence, energy, and politics in a material form. Here, that inquiry is placed directly into the architecture of extraction.

The sculptures themselves are arrays of batteries. Water storage bladders (the largest holding 800 liters pumped from deep within the mineshaft itself) sit alongside jerry cans, buckets, and plastic bottles filled with the orange, iron-heavy water of the mining lake. Nothing flows between the vessels; each one is a closed cell, wired into arrays that together have the potential to power the small electronic bombs mounted on the walls, assembled from cardboard, foil, wire, and household electronics. Everything here is a byproduct, everything waste: the water, the pigment, the plastic vessels, the energy itself. The juxtaposition of scale is deliberate. Hundreds of liters of stored liquid serve a device the size of a hand, mirroring the relation between the Mimerlaven and a single body standing inside it, between the mass of capital once ripped out of this ground and the individual labor that ripped it. Following Ivan Illich's critique of centralized energy as the enemy of choice, autonomy, and freedom, these low-budget, DIY energy systems propose that the production and storage of power is something a person can venture into themselves, through a labor that runs along the same logics as an artistic practice. The battery is the gathering point.

The title comes from falu rödfärg, the heritage-protected pigment of the archetypal Swedish house. Swedish red is mine waste: tailings weathered into a sludge of iron ochre, silica, zinc, and copper, then washed, dried, and burned until it turns red. The byproduct of extraction returned as a protective skin on the homes of the extracted; the mine ate the town and then painted it, sealed its walls, and preserved them. I treat this loop not as settled history but as an ongoing chemical process, one the installation restages in real time.

The chair is the bomb's domestic twin, an honest form waiting for a body. Scaled down and empty, the chairs hold the position of the witness, watching the batteries as they rot, mineralize, and host other forms of life, the way the mine, even closed, keeps producing.

















































