

Translation of review from exhibition at Gallery G, Lund, Sweden, March 2002

A naked woman with wings performs a lunar ritual while the camera with its timer registers. It's a picture of human longing and deep mystery with many meanings. The woman is the moon; the moon is the woman. The menstrual cycle is like that of the tide. The angelic figure can take your thoughts to the young student of theology from Shiraz who thought that the human spirit would be struck with vertigo if it ever reached God's throne, but that the angels travel freely between heaven and earth. The story about him was written by the most remarkable and brilliant writer ever generated by the Nordic countries, Karen Blixen, in "The Diver" (Anecdotes of Destiny).

The photos of the angelic woman and the moon are part of the exhibition "Fragments of the Moon" by Marie Louise Kold at Gallery G in Lund, which lasts until April 3rd. There are also works that allude directly to Blixen's mysterious story. Extracts from it are part of "Mare Nubium" (Sea of Clouds) and "Epilogue". It is in this story that a fish gets the last word and says: "For our changing place in existence never creates, or leaves after it, what man calls a way, upon which phenomenon – in reality no phenomenon but an illusion – he will waste inexplicable passionate deliberation."

In "Mare Nectaris" (Sea of Nectar), which is oil painted on patinated brass; the observer is reflected in the lunar picture with its white flower. The observer sees the lunar sea, but also himself. When the artist photographs the work she and the camera are in the picture; she is the work of art, but it is also her. A symbiosis arises where the parts correspond and leave no trace of any path. The moon remains just as enigmatic as we are capable of making it, and like the depth of our souls is infinite, so the moon becomes infinite in the aquarium we're diving around in.

One of the works, "Fragmented Moon", splits the scarred lunar surface into little pictures where the patinated copper becomes beautifully green. The lunar craters become mushrooms, elements of the human body or shapeless amoebae. I have read that trying to explain the surface of the moon with all its craters, someone calculated a formula for what it would look like if it had been struck by clusters of meteors. And it matched the surface perfectly. But one day he thought that maybe the moon was like boiling porridge that had coagulated. He used the formula on his son's morning porridge and the craters that were in it. The formula was an exact match again!

In this way, the moon keeps its innocence and isn't easily seduced. And in one of the "Large Fragments", made of etched copper and stained wood, there could possibly be a medieval map of Lund with a network of routes of communication around empty cells. Everything is everything, and is mirrored in itself, so that we leave no trace after us when we swim in the lunar aquarium. Our passionate speculation is completely meaningless.

Never before have I seen man's existential situation portrayed so beautifully, desolately, and without compromise, as at this wonderful exhibition by a young and brilliant artist.

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