

The End, Hate Yourself with Pleasure – Twice.

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(Fragment)

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Merike takes us along on a trip in a time machine and we cannot be quite sure whether the stations where this machine stops are in the past or in the future. Rather, these places are located in a dream-like mixed time.

These are clear and bright pictures that even those who turn their nose up at the words “modern art” and state condescendingly, hah, somebody shitting into the jar again, should like.

No. It is not like that. This time we are dealing with a much more sophisticated matter. People look like people, a dog looks like a dog and a goat like a goat. Photo realistic.

The colors are beautiful. At first glance, quite ordinary guys who at closer examination turn out to be reversed are going about their business while the fairy tale forest and bright blue sky serve as background.

In the front wall, there is a conservative picture in brownish colors. The composition of the photo realistic “little painting” seems to be taken straight from a composition textbook. The picture called “Who is the fastest?” could be suitable for decorating the most conservative bourgeois living room but there remains the danger that it could have a devastating effect on the offspring’s of the conservative bourgeois.

The dwarfs hunt

Namely, in the middle of the fairytale forest stands a breathtakingly beautiful Snow White who is placidly hunting dwarfs with fire tongs that are larger than life. And what the hell is she going to do with the dopey captured prey? She’s probably going to eat him just as the big bad wolf ate the Red Riding Hood. Well, and why not?

Do you remember the Olympic games? Vigri and Mishka? The doves of peace? Underwear made by Marat? Big and blue – soviet blue, 1980s blue - such a color actually exists.

That’s the color of Merike’s bright blue sky, the background for the nasty big white doves hurrying around, harassing a small girl wearing vest-like undershirt with elephants on it. The girl is about to burst into tears. “Peace?” If that’s what peace is like then: “keep calm” told Karlsson from the roof and started fussing about.

Or then: “there is always somebody behind a pretty girl.” Oh, yes, especially if the girl is beautiful and placid and well dressed as well. A real Dostoyevsky’s beauty.

There will certainly be somebody, even if only the two little boys, bare bottomed and fooling around holding their animal masks. A fairy tale or a context, you figure it out. A multitude of possibilities.

If I should now make a short conclusion then there really is no difference if the artists make themselves heard or seen in the gallery. It is much more important that they have something to say. These guys do.