

## Darkness raises the temperature

**Reigne Nordström at Norrbottens-Kuriren wonders about Brita Weglin's relatives in his review of the exhibition in Boden's art-guild**

On opening the door to the art-guild in Boden, the viewer is quite surprised by Brita Weglin's three pieces **From the family-book I-III**. The large pieces, in pencil and metal hang straight ahead. There are some peculiar, but mentally well equipped relatives, in the Weglin family! One is wondering, another listens and the third can see magnificently with three eyes. All of them are saying something, not least because they are new friendships in Brita's mythological landscape. "See me, I also exist" They bluntly claim.

The art-interested audience is starting to feel pretty at home in Weglin's landscape by now. Many similar figures often made facing forward in profile or as self-portrait, have transformed to emblems for the artist. I am most happy to once again see Weglin's dogs in both enamel and graphic form. She may call them what she likes – for me they will always resemble picture of the space-dog Laika.

In the current exhibition she also surprises, partly with the pictures in pencil but also with the sculptures. **The white philosopher** with metal-cones as hearing aids is a three-dimensional cousin to Målle, or why not the silver-headed figures from the family album. In the sculpture **The Dancer and the Conductor** the material is mixed in a slightly worrying way, perhaps there is also an oppressed threat. Quite frightening is **Self-portrait or Is the Holiness in the Hair**. Hair is an art-material I find hard to prefer, if it is used in handcraft such as bridal-crowns or in chairs by Maria Sundström from Umeå, where the seat was made by human-hair. The latest work was part of an exhibition that in ways reminded the audience of the German Nazi's relationship to those they reused for example as candles.

At present Weglin is not working with that subject, but has pierced her own hair with small plastic and metal baby Jesus figures, shut it in a pot with pieces of hair overflowing out of the sides. Still the piece makes me think of death and pain, a torn scalp garnished with doubt.

At the same time as the work mixes darkness, the undertone in Weglin's pictures are more often filled with humour than being frightening, and they push the temperature in the exhibition up. It is as if the meeting with the students at the Swedish-Finnish Art Course has brought a slightly dirty element in to Weglin's expression; an unpleasant language is covering parts of the pictures, mixing with the warped but happy. It is fertile and tickling before the opening of the Culture House in Luleå where one of the installation projects has been awarded to Weglin.

Translated by Jennie Weglin and Ben Yeates.