

Verena Kuni

## TRIAD

about Myriam Thyès' video triptych MULTIPLE MADONNA

*white water for you / red sweat for you / black bread for you  
white thirst for you / red rice for you / black hunger for you  
white eyes for you / red blood for you / black flesh for you*

Three, Two, One: Mine? It's not without reason that the count is Three. This is the mystical, magic in the formula understood by every child and never forgotten by the adults. The magic of the number. Be it wish or imprecation, it has to be spun three times to allow the magic to develop its power.

Multiple Madonna? Triad: three images which are but one. Which unfold. Next to each other, with each other and inside each other. And, not least, within themselves. Which allow you to circle in a rhyme of eternity. Only that the loops unfurl not only in time but also into the surroundings. Even though the image seems to be flat and without a body. But that is exactly what it's all about here. Magic.

Do you remember what it was like? At the time when you got it as a present. The fat-bellied doll with the scarf, the colourful apron and the red cheeks. Matroshka, the little round mamushka of wood who held a very special secret under her apron.

You will remember her later: When you are told about the young country maidens who secretly bore unwanted children under the thick layers of their traditional costumes. For many a month. And then, when nothing could be hidden any longer: walked into the waters.

The little round mamushka is not inflicted with these worries. On the contrary. She is pregnant, for true. However, very literally in a manner of her own: With herself. Within herself. Within herself. With herself. With herself. Within herself. Great-grand-mother, mother and child. Ovum, womb and coffin. Origin and clone? Not at all. The secret of the Matroshka is that one contains the others and all are similar to each other – and yet none is the same as the other.

With herself. Within herself. Within herself. With herself. With herself. Within herself: This could be another incantation. The only disappointing part: It may come to an end some time. Or are even the finest of fingers too chunky to open the smallest figurine? Who knows?

The thought appeals to you, it has since way back then. That possibly it really was a never ending story. And why actually not?

Matroshka, Multiple Madonna: So here she is again, the woman in the woman in the woman – and with her all the magic. Wonderful.

Not a miracle after all. For, as you have long since discovered – you were right all along.

To begin with, because you've come to know so many incantations in the meantime: Three times black jack, thimblorig, Holy, Holy, Holy Trinity. And of course: Three, Two, One - Mine!

*white flowers for you / red houses for you / black streets for you  
white horse for you / red car for you / black shoes for you  
white river for you / red boundaries for you / black garden for you*

Figures which actually hold only themselves and yet unfold into eternity.

However, this image which is actually three times many images: that is the image in which they are all enclosed. Here Matroshka is Matroshka thrice, Madonna, Maria, Triad. So, how many in all? Challenge: How many are better than one?

Of course you can try to count them. Name the flowers blooming on their clothing. But better, have a good look: then you discover that Matroshka is also Baldanders the multiform. That on this apron old and young come together, on that the sun is smiling:

Matroshka Madonna Maria. A lunar deity with a moon face, in her lap the sun and within her the universe. The wind hath carried it in its belly; the age of the world and the seed of life. Mamma Mia, Matroshka: A philosophical toy bearing in its naïve enchantment the formula of the philosophers' stone.

Or can you find a beginning, an end?

Has the largest of the dolls, from which one after the other emerges, itself slipped from a cocoon? Or is it after all the smallest figure, the core, the seed, the egg from which all the others issue by and by? In which direction does the dance of the images, time turn?

Have a good look: It is still exactly the same game, the game from nursery school days. Each and every one is magic. The whole world. Eternity.

And listen carefully: This mantra is being spoken for you.

*white threat for you / red masses for you / black courage for you  
white certainty for you / red fear for you / black questions for you  
white whisper for you / red lies for you / black truth for you*

You have always known, haven't you? And naturally also how magic works. You have three wishes if you call them by their name. But which one?

Nigredo, Rubedo, Albedo? Tar, Blood and Snow? The black Widow, The Woman in Red, The Woman in White?

Matroshka Multiple Madonna. So why not: Triad. The merry-go-round of myths is still turning. Three, Two, One: It is Yours!