

## WALDOW'S SHADOW

I must have been so blind. My head is ready to explode with thoughts and hardly any sense of life. The spirit which crawls out of my soul, no longer recognises its creator. Where on earth did I leave my liveliness? I mean the singing and ringing, the rushing, whirring and buzzing in the air. All you have to do is hold your breath and you feel it. Every ox knows it, every donkey, every horse. It is inside them, as it is in the sea, in the rivers, in the fields and woods. And me? Specimen of humanity? What do I feel, what do I smell, what do I taste? Is the cosmos already so distanced from me? But it soon draws me back to itself, if I do not reach it with my own energy and desire. Why is it so difficult to live with it? Can't I accept that everything is in flux, a movement of all kinds of things, over, under and beside one another, now above, now below, with heaven knows what in between? "Everything you gain in life, you will lose again", said an old man to me. From his unhappy face I could guess what he meant. The spring, summer, autumn and winter is like the blood in our veins. The soul's sweet juice revolves ceaselessly on its own course. And without this motion I wouldn't after all be here. And so why do I despise it so? Because it robs me of my peace? I've made myself a bed to sleep in it called the past. Now I lie in it's middle, in life, thrown out of my dreams. To wander around with wakeful eyes is not always as much fun as I'd believed. How are you to keep this quivering inside you under control? It happens just like everything good in life, in the most improbable situations. On a sunny spring mornig I arise in the big city, open the blinds before the windows, and fling my arms out in the penetrating light which blinds me to the left and right. I am almost hanging in the air, and then all at once I feel quite light, as light as I have hardly felt in my whole life. I am in the third floor, 12 metres below me is solid ground. Just don't do anything stupid! It roars through my head, the last barrier before the leap. "The ski jumper never return to earth", is the title of the picture I like which suddenly occurs to me. A small push and I would be over the threshold. But what had just seemed precarious was in reality life bubbling over. The first time I still believed I was not quite right in the head. Then came the summer of 1990. Even the earth quivered. It was the heat. And the leaves playing shadows on the asphalt. They dance hand in hand with my own shadow before me, which I hop and skip over. The light glistens through the trees which flank the path in formation. The grasshopper chirps in the grass. It is as if we are singing one and the same tune. There it is around me, again, this quivering and I feel more clearly than ever an all-embracing unending face of life, in which there now appears to be no more barriers, in which all earthly things are combined. Behind a small child which rides past me on a scooter, there pads along a dog, his tail sticking up in the air. I think each one of us is a small planet orbiting on its primeaval path, seemingly without end, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. If today I am Neptune far removed from the earth, so are you Venus and you Mercury. We gyrate on a radius about the sun, regardless of whether I am about in yourself and you pursue your path in a dance playfully creating and erasing cension in the others. The abundance of possibilities is inconceivable. And this is what is so difficult for some human beings to understand; wanting to capture something of this. But however we understand it, ultimately nothing will remain of what we capture, regardless of whether it's words, photography, sculpture, painting or feelings.

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