



...mist of understanding...

Judie Waldmann



...mist of understanding...

peering through



nowhere night



precarious balance



precarious balance...
closer



leaving the open silence...

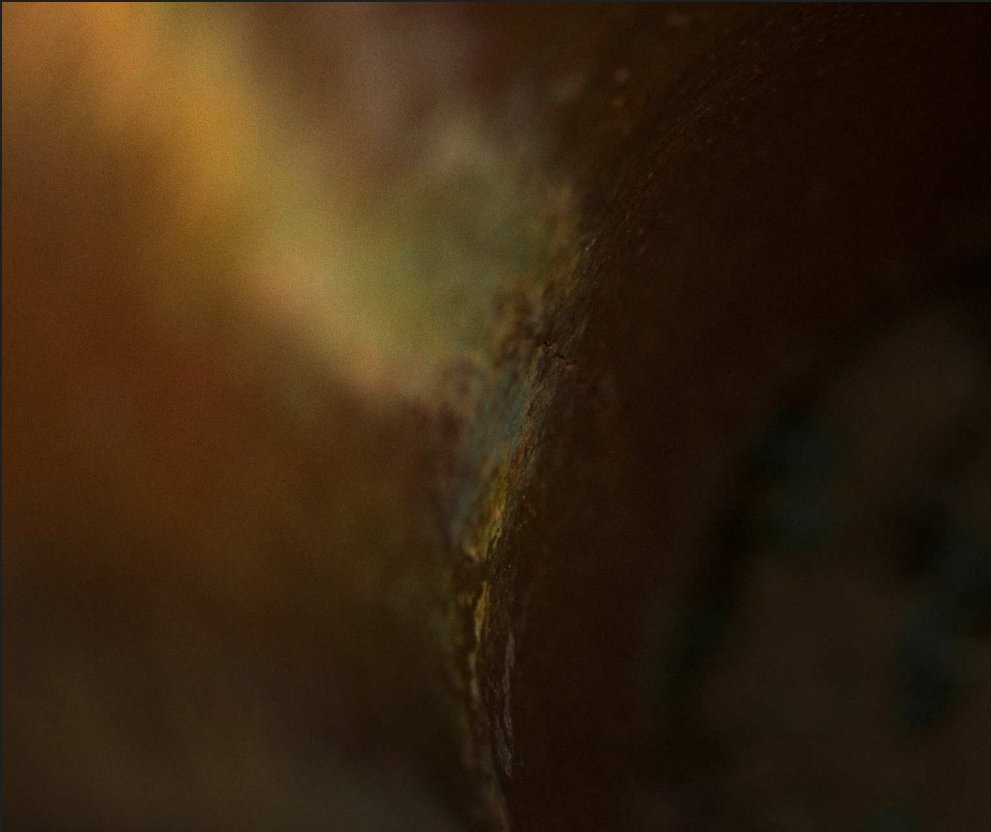




hazy memory



hazier memory



on the edge



outside of time



midday moon

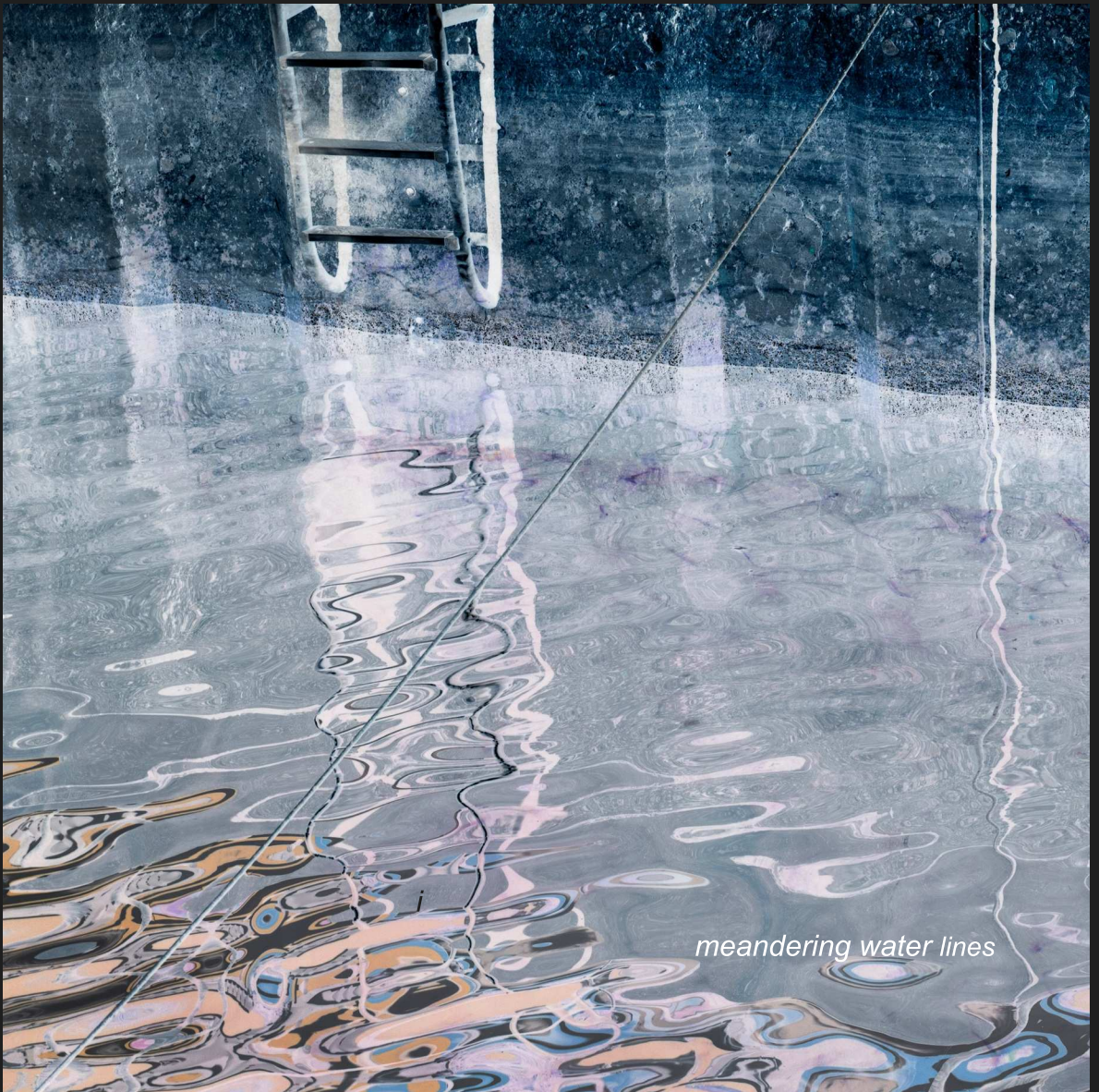


barely there





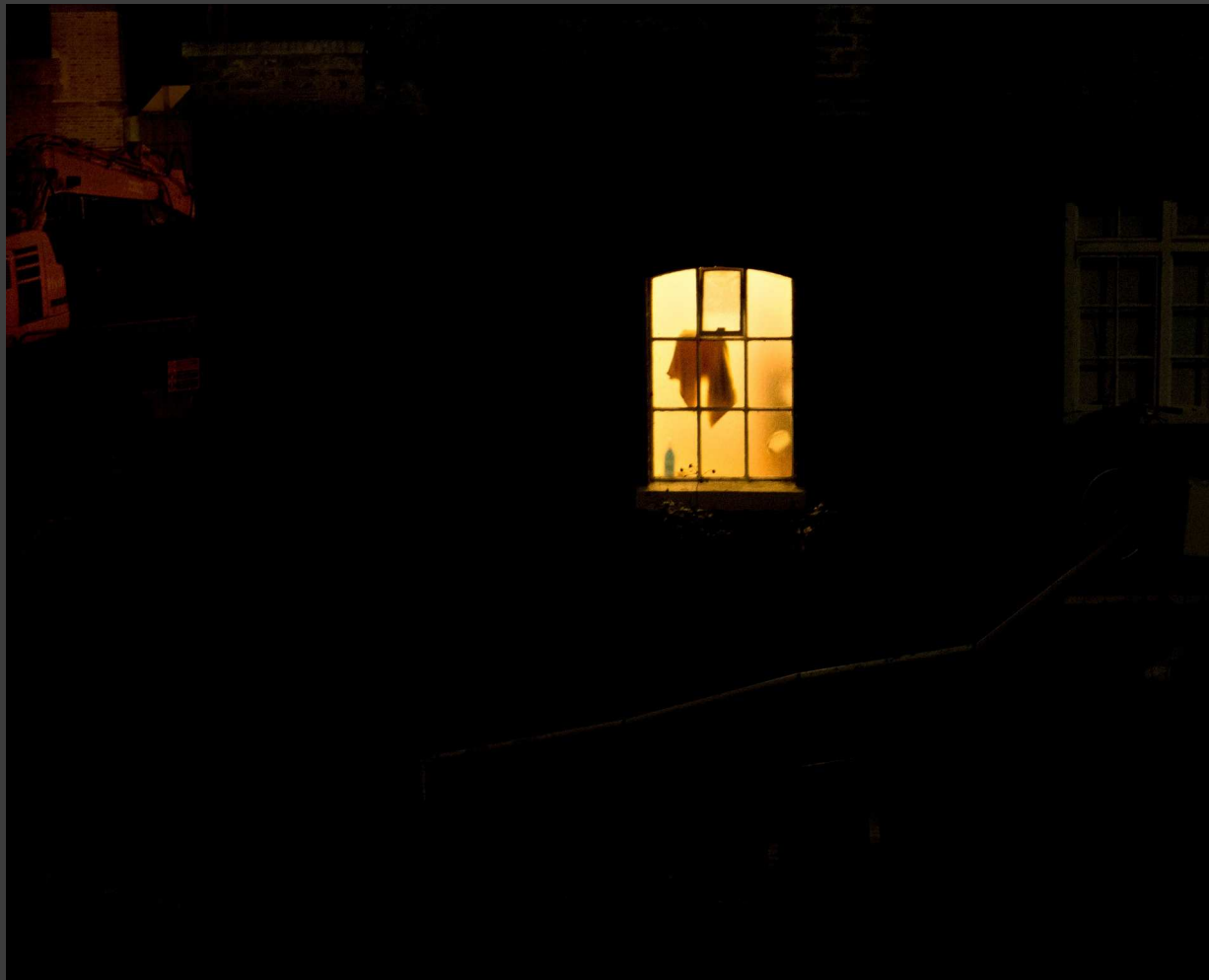
inverted consciousness



meandering water lines



against the flow





on reflection





safe hideaway



past pass time



halfway shelter

shadow of former self



mist of understanding

... still there in nowhere night.

Balanced precariously between the cracks and the fall,
dim light shining to my descent...

I stay there briefly...

Then leave the open silence
as brightness touches my eyes but not my soul.
I hold onto hazy and hazier memories
of places that disappear over the horizon.

And then once more
I am on the edge...
Outside of time
looking down,
peering through, but rarely engaging.
Though I am aware of
the midday moon behind the shadow lines.
This incongruous sight seeks my attention,
but once more, I am barely there, fading...
A figment of my own imagination,
swallowed by the even darkness...

My consciousness inverts me
to a place where the crowded cornfield becomes the depths of the sea.
I float above the meandering water lines
and charge against the flow,
reflecting on my need to breathe and pause and stay afloat and retreat
to a safe hideaway, where the sea evolves back
into a protected earth place
just beyond the dappled hedge.

I can curl up there, pass the time.
I have found my halfway shelter.
No longer
(just for a moment)
a shadow of my former self.

A fine mist of understanding embraces me.

Judie Waldmann

General Comments, Acknowledgements and Dedication

The images contained in this book reflect what I saw through my camera lens. There has been very little post production work in Lightroom or Photoshop except with two images that were inverted.

The images were put into a visual order and their titles became the backbone for the poem entitled 'mist of understanding'. This phrase was always the basis for this body of work. Though there were a few other phrases which inspired me some taken from the writings of Anne Truitt an American sculptor, in her diary 'Daybook'. In particular 'precarious balances', 'leaving an filled silence' and 'outside of time'.

The image on the front and back cover was taken with my mobile phone whilst viewing the work of artist Monika Grzymala at the Lisson Gallery in February 2016. Looking through the gallery window her installation 'Line' obscured and altered my visual experience of the outside view. This seemed to fit well with my title, 'mist of understanding'.

This book is dedicated to Rena Young (1920-2017) my mother-in-law and step-mother who died in March 2017. She was a remarkable, strong and loving woman. Her 'understanding' of our world diminished as the 'mist' of dementia intensified through the final 15 years of her long life.

The images and poem were first exhibited during Oxford Artweeks 2017.

Judie Waldmann May 2017

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