

GESTALTEN

The Lady in Black
The first
The *Ur-Mutter*

She appeared
in a session of
Gestalt therapy.

Lending a body
to my morning
depression.
Offering wisdom
and support.

She had many followers.

Figures, figurines, effigies?
Dolls, puppets, manikins?
Characters. People. Gestalten. Myself.

I became a scavenger.
I collected it all.

Nora im Herbst

A joy to create
with my hands,
to give fantasy
a form.

Playing, probing,
rearranging.

Their names a play with words.
Intuitive. Poetry.

They all have a story to tell.

Fischers Fru

The strong-willed
fisherman's wife
from a Grimm's
fairy-tale.
She carries
a fish of stone
in her bag.

A brown face,
dumb expression.
Shiny African fabric,
fake jewellery,
a gun.
Mobutu's
animal-skin
headgear.
POWER to
the PEOPLE,

he says.
The African dictator
A stick stuck
into an empty
beer bottle.

A flower vase
gone lacklustre
stuffed with
scraps of fabric.
A medical tube for breathing,
a bird for company.
Another
fairy-tale figure born –
Geist aus der Flasche
The Genie from the Bottle

Bald-headed lady
adorned with
a glittering scarf
bought at a market in Mauritius:
souvenir of a sparkling past.
'Oh, that's me at 90!'
Thou shalt be glamorous
till the end.

Electronic scrap
electrical waste
became my material.

When my mother-in-law died
and my own mother was dead,
Tod der Mütter
was born.
Dead fuses dangling
from a double head.
All mothers
the female lineage
behind me.

Archaic
Unfinished

Plaster over mesh wire,
painted in bright colours.
A bulging form,
a strong body.
In gold and copper,
yet bleeding.
Clefts left open,
not tightly sealed.
The body of a woman,
vulnerable at its core.
Laughingly I called it
Gold Else
Berliners know who that is.

Major Tom
followed.

Mixed media
gestalt.
He makes me smile
when I listen to
Bowie's song and
think of the mad John
who wooed me
with this name.

Crab Attack
The huge carapace
of a horse shoe crab
found on a beach
in Florida.
A stubborn,
impassive,
haunting face
with a long
menacing spike.
How long it took me
to transform this into
a Goddess of the Sea.
Her name came long after.
A poetic allusion, a reverence
to the wordsmith of South Africa –
Lesego Rampolokeng
hammering you with his unyielding
Rap Attack.

Yet the mightiest,
the boldest, the fiercest
of them all is
Kunigunde
With the teutonic ring
in her name,
she is the true offspring of
the Lady in Black.
Born out of a midnight's rage.
Two men weighing me down.
Up in arms!
A huge wooden frame.
Rags, stones, rope, wool.
A voltmeter
spanning its cable
from womb to torso
to left arm.
Its spike a gun
ready to shoot.
'She is wearing my shorts,'
cried my son.
Faded fabric
from an African childhood.