

What will be left of this desert?

I detest my fears. Where shall I seek refuge?

Thinking without feeling? Feeling without thinking?

My life is like a house on the fringe of the desert where I feel both secure and shut in.

And there is you. Close and yet beyond reach, intimate and yet unfamiliar.

And it is this we long for and are afraid of. We cannot do otherwise.

It is this house Giuliana and Christian live in, within me, in my life.

Giuliana: "... I imagine man's soul to be somehow like that: full of doors closed ...and you have to open them very carefully..."

Christian: "...you think you are controlling all ...but it is something else ...and that's what has to be found out ...and the question then is ...having gotten on the bottom of it ...will you then be happier? ...that's what I'm sceptical about..."

Their distress is my distress. This is both a feeling and a thought.

And no love story will come out of it. And yet it may.

Shall I start to love my fears?

Giuliana: "...maybe this death outside ...having driven away already many people ...has chased away our emotions as well?..."

Translation: Sabine Rachbauer