

June 2017

WANDERLUST



Acrylics 40 x 60 cm

Who does not know this type of unrest, this longing and this desire to break free from daily life and walk out into the green country side ... a blue summery sky and a gentle breeze are already sufficient to cause this feeling. A theme of Romantic literature that also a Postmodern individual could not oppose. Maybe an atavistic leftover from the time when man had to explore the planet, when one wanted to know what was behind the horizon, when one had to follow the fleeing game, when one wanted to escape hunger. An old and eternally new problem of humankind. But it is also the pleasure and the joy of roaming without pedometer, pulse counter and walking sticks, the travelling, the discovery of new worlds and the desire to change.

Also on a dull winter's evening this feeling of wanderlust can come over us. We flick through travel magazines and start dreaming. We see the tiny waves rippling up on the sandy beach and withdrawing again, we sense the sun's warmth in the sand, the cooling breeze of the sea. Perhaps memories will trigger pictures of a luxury cruise, of a last year's shabby hotel room, of a classy blond woman looking for a fight in Nice, of the colourful, sweet drinks in Rio and the terrible headache the day after, or of the ridiculous grins on the selfies which help to remember the safari. This type of wanderlust of past travel adventures are mostly linked to individual sensitivity and purchasing power.

But our picture will not necessarily evoke the feeling of wanderlust. The blue is too dark, too contemplative, and also the other colours evoke more likely eerie emotions that someday creep up on us when we are looking for something in the distance but will never find it. There are no white spots left on the global map, all of sudden we experience the bland taste of a 'd  j   vu', travel fatigue and lack of interest. And all what we feel is homesickness like Ulysses after 12 years of travelling adventures.

The insight that one can find the wide world within oneself is perhaps the quintessence of experienced, lived and outlived wanderlust.