

Grounding



“One sticks one’s finger into the soil to tell by its smell in what land one is in. I stick my finger into existence- it smells of nothing. Where am I? Who am I? How came I here? What is this thing called the world? Who lured me into this thing and now leaves me here? Why was I not consulted, why was I just thrust into its ranks? How did I obtain an interest in this big enterprise they call reality? Why should I have an interest in it? And if I am compelled to take part in it, where is the director?”

Soren Kierkegaard

GroundWalking. Digital photograph 14.00hrs Andrew Campbell



Midway upon the road of our life I found myself within a dark wood, for the right way had been missed. Ah! how hard a thing it is to tell what this wild and rough and dense wood was, which in thought renews the fear! So bitter is it that death is little more. But in order to treat of the good that there I found, I will tell of the other things that I have seen there. I cannot well recount how I entered it, so full was I of slumber at that point where I abandoned the true way. But after I had arrived at the foot of a hill, where that valley ended which had pierced my heart with fear, I looked on high, and saw its shoulders clothed already with the rays of the planet that leadeth men aright along every path. Then was the fear a little quieted which in the lake of my heart had lasted through the night that I passed so piteously. And even as one who with spent breath, issued out of the sea upon the shore, turns to the perilous water and gazes, so did my soul, which still was flying, *turn back to look again upon the pass which never had a living person left.*

Dante