

# C.H.R.I.S.T.A LÜHTJE

Dear Christa,

You know that for the ancient Egyptians silver and gold were attributes of the sun and the moon; you know that right up until the Renaissance silver stood for Venus and gold for Adonis; and the fact that the Mediterraneans see the moon as a female celestial body and the sun as a male one will not have escaped you either. Whereas silver tends to go dull in time, gold never loses its fiery gleam. And so it makes a difference whether I frame myself in silver or in gold. Of all this I am sure you are aware, and perhaps you even think about it when you take a piece of gold between your fingers, when you bend and shape it, give it form, make it your child, when you give it eyes harder than gold, eyes that mirror the whole world in their gleam. They will leave you one day, your necklaces and your rings. You will have brought them up to be what they are. You will give them a tiny bit of yourself to take with them on their way, and they will never forget you out there in foreign parts. The precious metal you work with is relatively soft, it wears like a garment, and it should be worn like a garment, too, either every day or just on Sundays. And there is something else which I think is important. Whoever wears your jewellery every day must feel at ease with it, and this means that you must measure each customer with much feeling, and not just his or her neck, wrists and fingers, but the whole person. You have done it hundreds of times and you will still have to do it hundreds of times in the future, for every customer wants a unique piece, one that no other person owns or wears. And so it is more than just a measure that your hands impart to the gold. They have told the gold your name, softly but clearly. »Lühtje«, they whispered, and »Lühtje« is the name whispered by your necklaces, bracelets and rings, too. I own one of these rings. No sooner have I put it on than the other nine fingers are jealous. And if I shake hands with someone, that makes fourteen. And you still believe in the innocence of your gold?

Kindest regards, Philipp

PHILIPP LUIDL