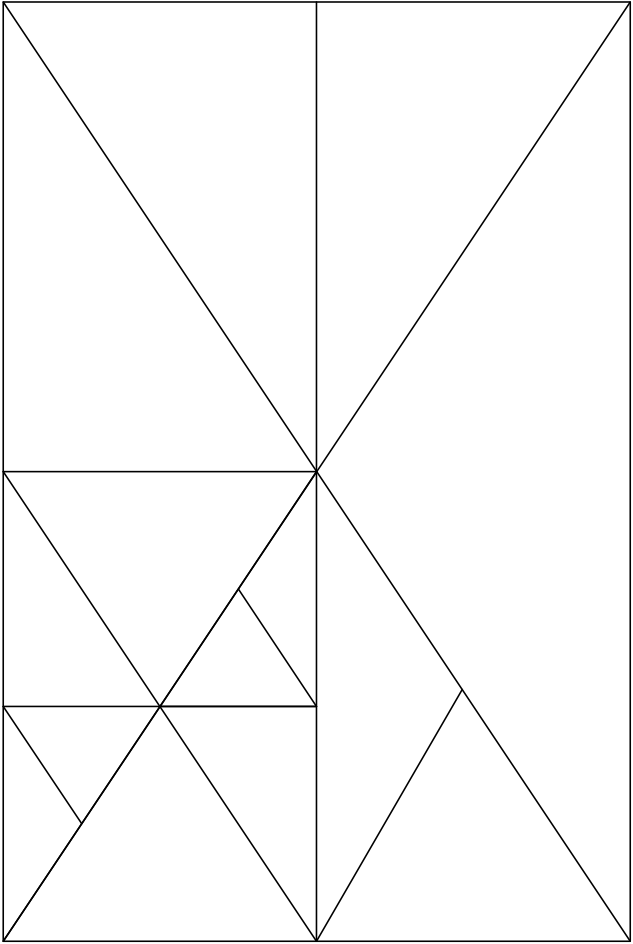


Louise Guerra  
Chapter 16  
X modes – robes-poèmes



Between two oaks she hung in her mat.  
Two dwarfs sitting in the shadow of her  
resting place were chanting silly tales she  
had heard a thousand times before. The  
remembrance. Falling into a soft sleep, she  
was murmuring the names of her lovers.

Sophie

Silence

Sonia

Marie-Louise

Soledad

River

OAK

Burma

Lux

Z-K

Doris

And on and on she went, still gazing at the  
gaps of the tree crowns drawing beings into  
the skies. She looked into the inside of her  
eyelids. How old would they become?

Thinking about the gaps, she was reminded  
of her other, the one hanging with her. They  
had wrapped their dress around the trees and  
taken the shoes off, so they could hang inside  
the cloth that bound them and held them at  
once. Interdependency was stitched into it.

She slightly opened her eyes and watched her. She was hanging in the opposite direction, her feet touching her shoulders, one long arm stretched out to the ground, the fingers sweeping through the moss. In the other hand, she held a robo-screen. It was painted with nail polish and looked quite trashy, but she had switched the harddisks several times and kept it going cause she loved the character it had evolved by its algorithms. Don't dare to talk to her about artificial intelligence, she might as well kill you with virtual particles.

„I want to move“ she said, and started twirling at the strings that tied their robe to the tree.

„I don't“, she said, and kept on staring at the stupid robo-screen.

„Come on, we've been here for hours, the dwarfs are driving me crazy.“

„Well, it is your problem if you hear dwarfs, you should really get something.“

„Get what?“

„I don't know, a screentable, a robo-filter or even a book, I've told you before!“

„Well, and I've told you before to leave me alone with this.“

„...and as we know I can't leave you alone. We will have to solve this somehow.“

„I'll just cut you off!“ She started shaking the mat, trying to get a hold of her feet and tear her down.

„Interdependency!“ she gasped, „not co-dependency!“

„Conquering violence with counter-violence is a manifold mistake and will lead us to-“ „class war!“

„Unleashed capitalism!“

„Well, there is not much left to be unleashed.“

„Ok, so let go of me now, we might as well get up, now that you have destroyed my peaceful rest.“

„WE SHARE NONE BUT OUR OPPRESSION.“

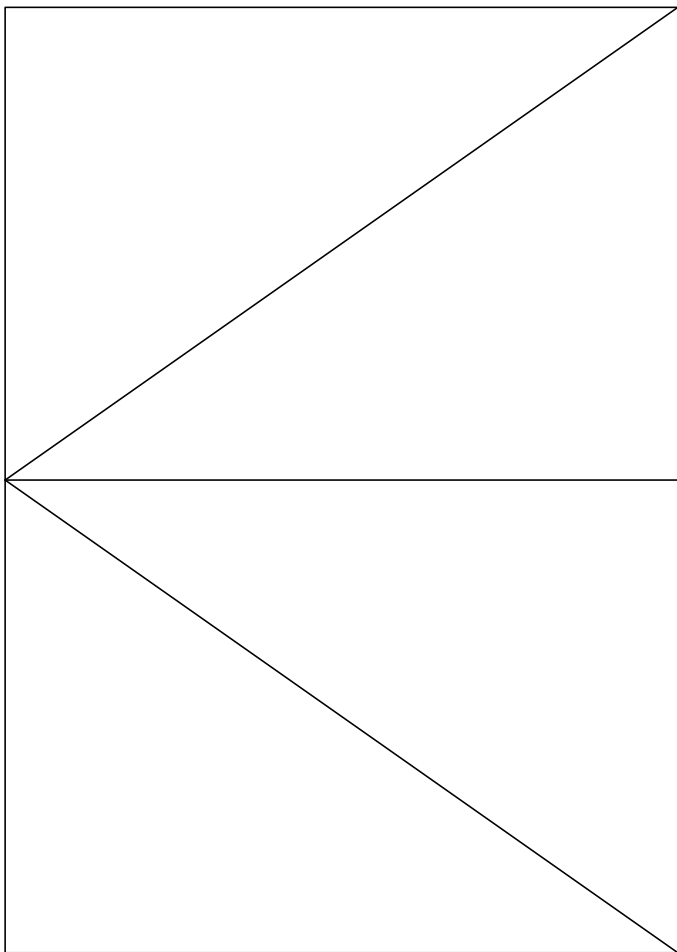
„We share none but our dress.“



She was born in Amden in 1934. I  
~~want her to be my lasersword sister,~~  
~~my teacher, my storyteller, my gar-~~  
~~dener, my home.~~ I wish I could have  
been there with her in 1968, and I  
wish we would be witches in the terri-  
tories of her wild mind and we would  
fly blindly through the colourfields of  
her imaginations and the spiral circles  
of her time. „I stand next to the 44,  
and now I am reaching towards the  
45, I can see the 12 next to me...it is  
blue“ She dances her way through my  
seconds. Not remembering her age or  
mine, I believe. She is divine.

„Did you know that I remember situations very visually? For example I know that we were sitting here, on this table, the sun was shining very low through the window...It must have been a late afternoon sunlight.(...)I was singing every room good-bye.“







lightning bolts  
spreading spring wings into the dim low  
light  
-we, behind, entwined, be kind-  
shine  
i read the particles of your silence  
i cowl past stones and steels winds and  
wheels  
to be part of your empires  
forgotten kites fly brightly coloured light  
paper dreams  
glowing flight

\_\_\_\_\_built a hut near a river and never  
come back to the  
institutions\_\_\_\_\_she said.

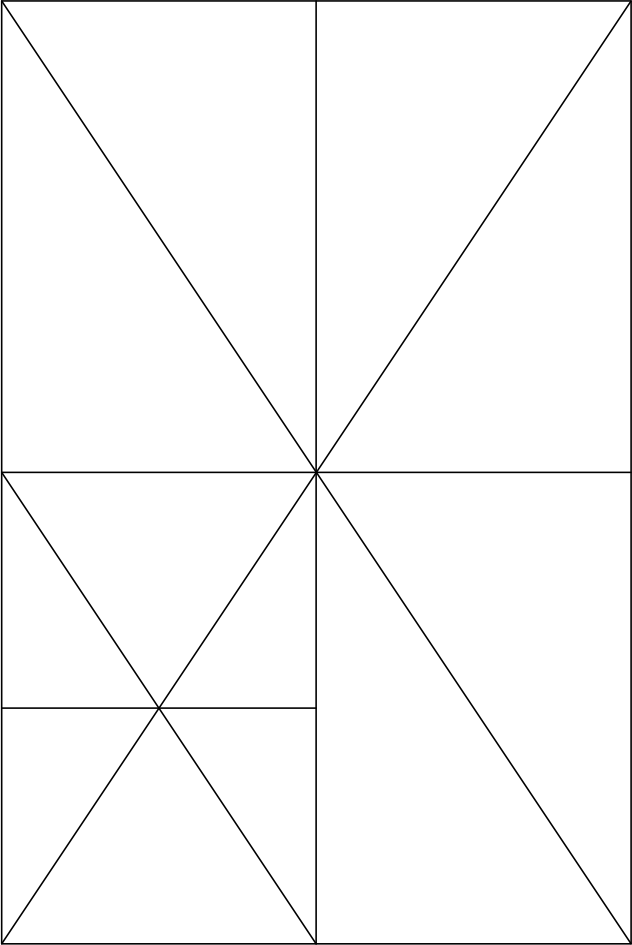
„It had occurred to me that all human beings are divided into those who wish to move forward and those who wish to go back.“

„(...) a long-term collaborator of Louise, notes another of Louise's special qualities – enthusiasm.“

„Le pouvoir est maudit, c'est pour cela que je suis anarchiste.“

„Louise is a character so huge and complicated, multifarious and multifaceted, so achingly funny and sharp, you will sink or swim in her presence.“

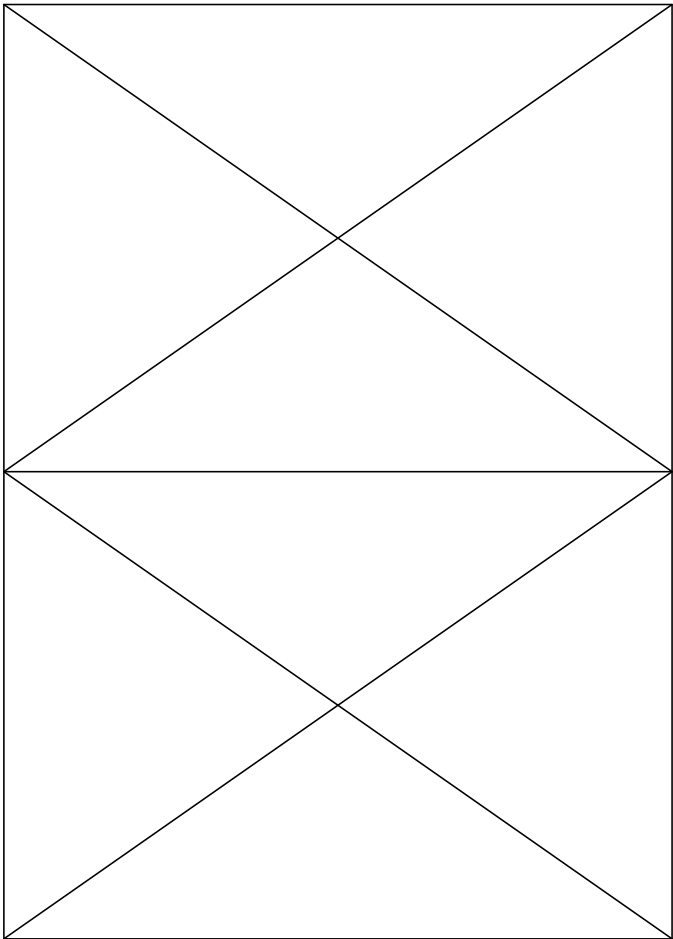
We remembered the towers. We remembered the city. We had forgotten it. We had forgotten who we were; but we remembered the city, now.







She could walk down the road to the village center in deep snow with a sixty-pound pack of pelts on her back, sell the pelts, pay her taxes and visit a bit at the village hearth, and stride back up the steep zigzags to be home before nightfall, forty kilometers round trip and six hundred meters of altitude each way.



-

creep, swallowed bone, colours unfold, i  
see

SCREENS

i weap for means

switch a life back to needs, how to?

friends murmur dreams.

i, me, she in concrete.

welcome binder, good-bye heat, welcome

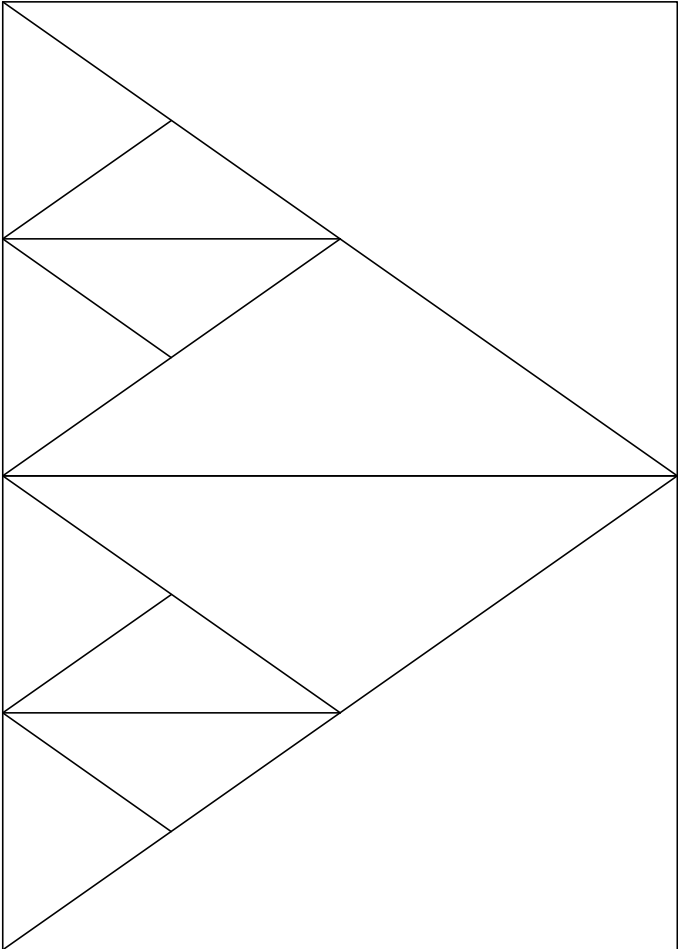
blasts of strong blind shields, grasp a

grip, hold, HOLD; turn bins to skins,

my guitar of wings, and she yells:

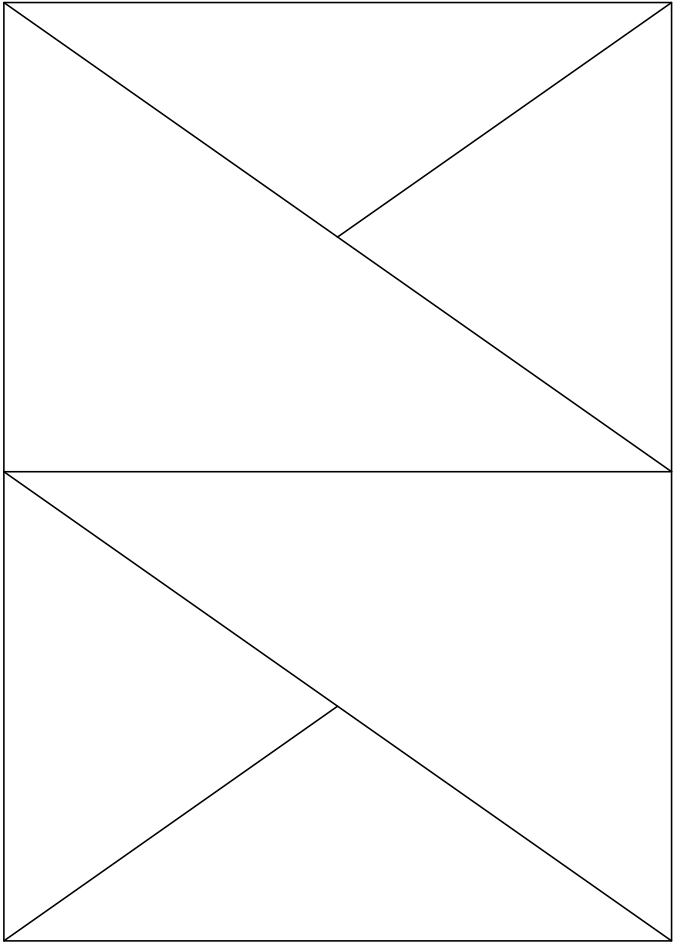
KINGS.

a stone appeared, and on the stone  
a sword growing.











so that we moved into the future  
while experiencing perpetual recurrences.



*Kapitalozän oder die Masse der Unsicherheit*

Innerhalb eines schwankenden Verhältnisses von Innen und Aussen, Masse und Leere, An- und Abwesenheit oder Inhalt und Form wird eine Bedingung erzeugt, die sich in ihrer Fluktuationsförmigkeit auf verschiedenste Bereiche anwenden lässt:

A- die unendlichen Ressourcen dessen, was in marxistischer Tradition der Überschuss genannt wird

B- die Schwankungen in den Subjektivierungsmaschinen, welche zu erhöhter oder verminderter Produktivität führen können oder auch die Gefangenschaft in einem relationalen, flexibilisierten „Markt“ darstellen

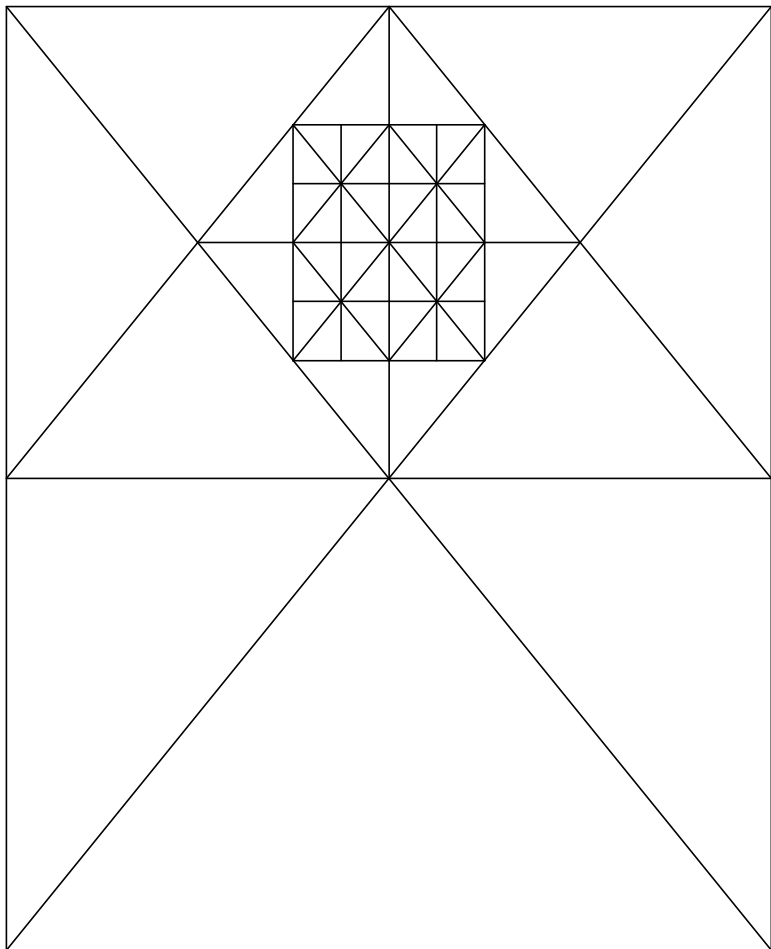
C- die Potentialität einer „Gegen-Aktualisierung“ in Form einer Erweiterung der intersubjektiven/intermateriellen Möglichkeiten einer nicht-entitären Kollektivität

Louise war irgendwo zwischen B und C steckengeblieben oder aus dem C zurück oder vorwärts nach B gewachsen. Dass die Physik nicht versprachlicht werden kann und jegliche Übersetzungsversuche in

pure Poesie enden, war eine Aussage, die mich extrem provozierte und ebenso an der Überschreitung vom Wissenschaftsglauben an sich zweifeln liess. Dabei ist diese Versprachlichung keine andere als die Form, die die Tonskulptur annimmt, die ein blindes Mädchen vom Mond formt. Es ist ein Zeichen und eine Sprache und es ist eine Zuschreibung, deren Rückführung als Wissenschaft oder Poesie alleine von den Bedingungen ihrer Erscheinungszeit und -umgebung, von den ihr inhärenten Behauptungsmächten und vor allem ihr externalisierten Behauptungsmächten abhängt. In diesem Sinne ist

$$L = (2C + B) - A$$

Kein Gedicht, je nachdem wer oder was oder wie die Bedingungen seiner Lesung sein werden. Logik ist ein Glaube, der umso tiefer erschüttert wird, je näher wir hinschauen. (s. „Quantum Physics“).

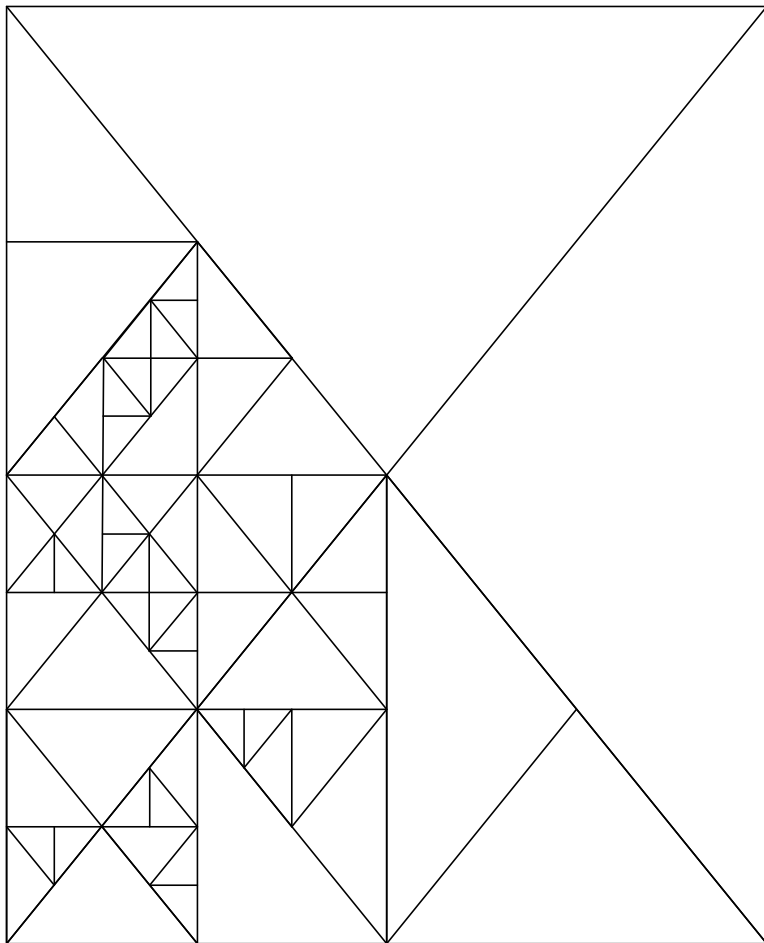


renegade\_\_\_\_rain real rivers randomly  
row past a rolls royce and we,  
rollerblade stars, anchor footprints  
to a wall, SQQQUUEEEEEZZZEEE  
these belts off\_\_\_\_hit\_\_\_\_skip it right  
away\_\_\_\_strongly aware of nothing\_\_\_\_  
your own true hedonism is built up  
on a system of STRAJKDL\_\_\_\_big  
men \_\_\_\_real big men-won't under-  
stand a word\_\_\_\_WORD\_\_\_\_on  
my\_\_\_\_WORD\_\_\_\_splash\_\_\_\_and keep  
it simple.

fly girls are heavier than birds but still  
\_\_\_un altro mondo è possibile i remem-  
ber you well in CH-L-C Hotel, LG you  
spit my name from the balcony and we  
ate \_\_\_\_\_ down on the seaside  
come on c mon be a ghost for me LOU,  
you wear a necklace like a storm and  
when you built a house, you had to live  
in it to show that it was possible, so  
many need to be shown what is possible  
but still „gligligliglick!“









building five tunnels under five feet  
rivers dry did you watch the \_\_\_in the  
dry sands, carving streets, building a  
system beneath our \_\_ and where will  
the waters go when they come slow  
and fill their tunnels, we rush down  
and lay, una pianura, un albero stan-  
cho, tre cani che ci stanno indietro,  
climb it, fill your buckets with red  
stones, keep them high before they  
will be carried away, \_\_\_me, I have  
been travelling towards endless exclu-  
sion to become what we are now \_\_sad  
hunters of stranieri, ovunque, ti  
chiamero the disintegrated fuel of a  
day \_\_\_say, come by and rise on high  
tides, \_\_aight \_\_mille piani, tre vite  
vissute in  
hideouts, and she felt closer to birds  
than to human beings, i can speak  
their language now, in silence i can  
understand \_\_\_dammi un altro ti  
ritorno indietro una storia divergen-  
te \_\_\_fra mare e monti15011919+

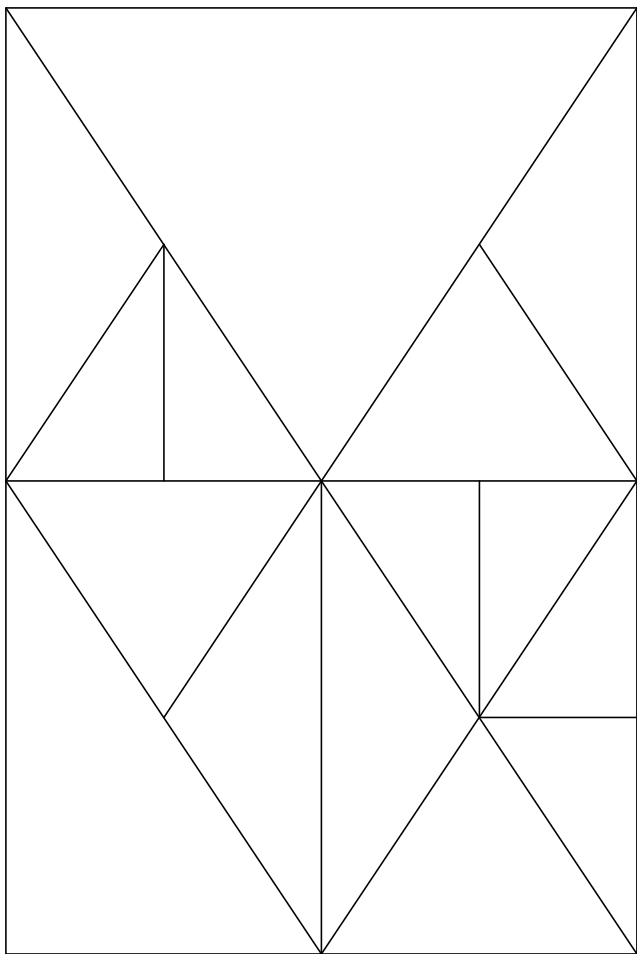


thuck-thuck have you been stone-  
branching---driven\_\_\_from fiery  
heat rose these days, she wore all  
kinds of uniforms, but never out of  
conviction--only for protection- and  
when they encountered sudden rus-  
hes --elle ouvrira une école en Hau-  
te-Marne, she learned their language  
--ssssssssssssssssssssssssssss „huid-  
huid“ ...

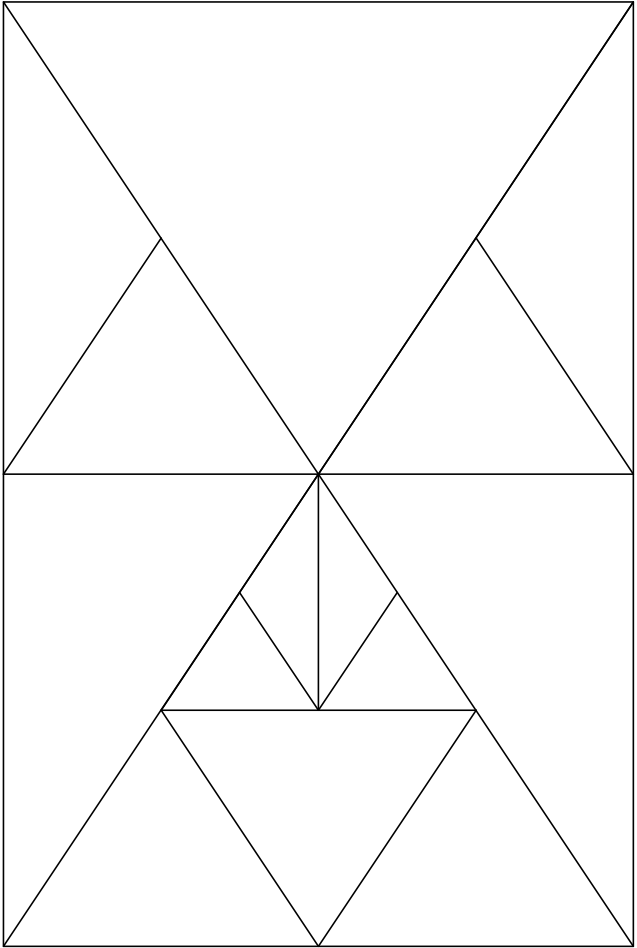
a sequence of rhymes for a wild girl aka  
wild girl aka wild girl

Im Jahr 1927, 2/6 entdeckte LG die Möglichkeit einer intermateriellen und interzo-eistsichen Synästhesie. Ihre Untersuchungen von transformativen Potentialen der sogenannten „emotional intelligencies“ bei Materien und Wesen war bahnbrechend gewesen. Nun jedoch, konnte sie zum ersten Mal den Non-Proof erbringen, dass ein virtueller Energiefeldaustausch von Materie und sogenannter ZOE existiert und in Form von synästhetischer Interaktion vonstatten geht. So konnten die Transformationen der Materie (L) in emotionalen Reaktionen einer ZOE (Z) nachgewiesen werden. Ebenso hatte sie mittels Lichtmessverfahren die Veränderungen der Farbwahrnehmung von (Z) während eines intermateriellen Ausgleichsprozesses zweier (L) nachvollziehen können. Diese komplexen Interaktionen waren schwer nachvollziehbar und aufgrund der durch ihre eigene Beweisführung bewiesenen grossen „Fremd“-Einwirkung auf die Prozesse selbst eigentlich gar nie gänzlich

beweisbar. Dass ihre Existenz gleichzeitig die Nichtbeweisbarkeit ihrer Existenz bewies, war für Louise in diesem Moment eine weitere Bestätigung ihrer Annahmen. Gleichzeitig wurde ihr klar, welche tiefgreifenden Veränderungen diese Erkenntnis mit sich bringen konnte (...) Veränderungen, welche sie mit grösster Anstrengung nicht imaginieren und schon gar nicht reflektieren konnte. Sicher war sie sich nur der umwälzenden Kräfte, die hierbei freigesetzt werden konnten und die gesamten Vorstellungen und Konstruktionen von Kommunikation, Materie, ZOE, Macht, Zeit und Geschichte zu Feinstaub zu zermalmern drohten.









„...è un giorno come gli altri ma forse  
con più rabbia in corpo...“



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