

YES I AM THE ARTIST! Louise said with conviction to her reflection. Of course! Crystal clear!

That's what I was told by a befriended enzyme shouting towards me from the other side of the membrane:  
You just have to repeat this process often enough to your reflection in the mirror and slowly but surely it will become a reality.

Then get me a mirror first. I want to look at myself now calmly and proudly. To finally see my shape! My skin. The gaze. What an infinite satisfaction it would be to recognize my body. My head clearly defined as a closed system! It would be very clear where I began and where I ended. Nobody could ever be any closer.

But regardless, a residue of discomfort would remain, even if we repeat the sentence.

YES I AM THE ARTIST.

YES I AM THE ARTIST.

YES I AM THE ARTIST.

Who is? You or me? You are just an image of myself. No flesh no blood, only a fleeting phenomenon.

Nothing but blindness.





$$A = 2\sqrt{3}a^2 \approx 3.464 a^2$$

$$V = \frac{1}{3}\sqrt{2}a^3 \approx 0.471 a^3$$

We are all rays in the atmosphere. From everywhere we come together and fall by accident into a giant mirrored Paraboloid which then spits us out alligned in the same direction. Bundled together, we radiate much more brightly. A glowing energy emanating from us, burns the wings of every passing molecule.

Then the night comes in and the powerful bundle of rays fades out and dissappears. For a few seconds, there will be an imprint, but you will not be sure whether it ever existed.

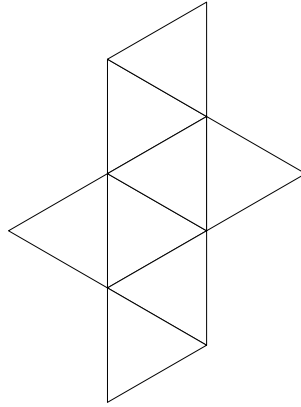
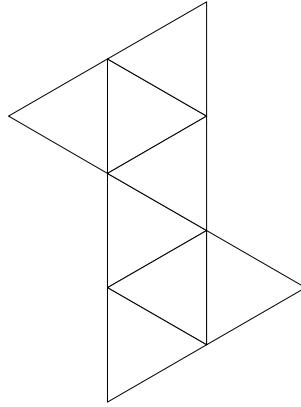
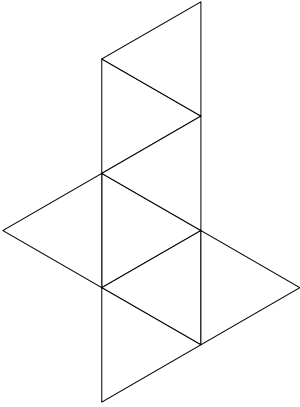
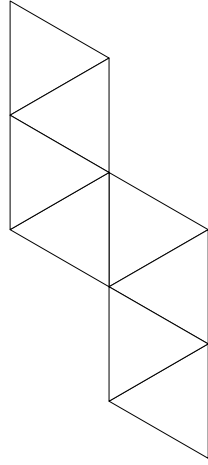
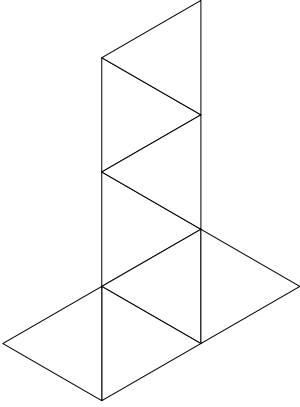
A sense of dissapointment spreads similar to that of the small child that reaches for the flowing stream of water to grab it like a rope.

This gesture has been made many times.

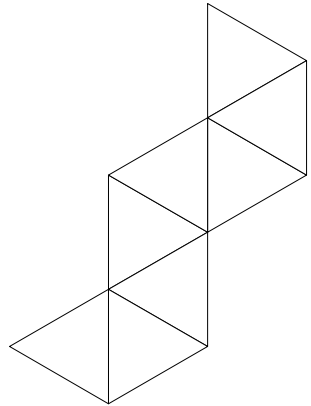
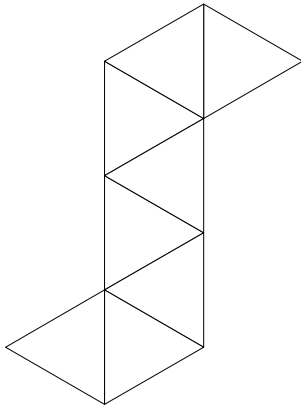
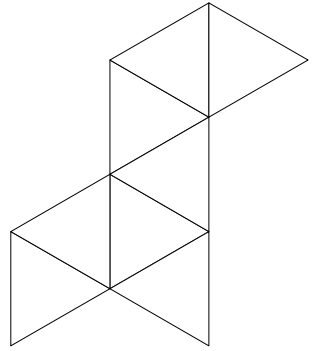
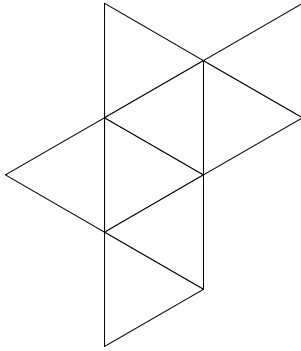
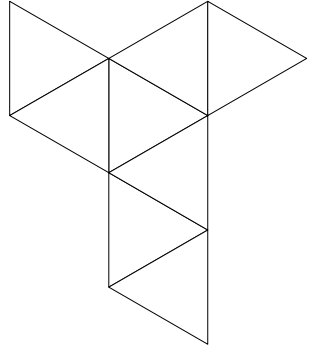
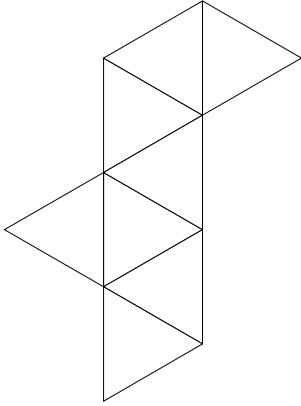
From all sides the child has tried to capture this liquid element, but it has become more and more clear that it is a hopeless endeavor. Dispite this, a sense of disbelief and defiance remains that continues to affect Louise even today.

Why should she accept any fact as given?

pre-  
conditions  
are  
always  
required









So I have eight faces and eleven nets. The supposed simplicity of solid geometry has always impressed me. Talking about forms is like talking about language is like talking about talking.

Or or orchestrating paintings.

They began to collect the water in small vessels and place them in rows on the edge of the bathtub.

But, Louise found this game as a child so incredibly boring; the bottled water caught and swishing around, that she decided from now on to only play with empty vessels. *Es war einfach reizvoller, sich vorzustellen, was darin alles sein könnte, was man hineinfüllen könnte und was nicht, wie flüssige Schokolade darin zäh fließen würde und wie trockene Reiskörner über den Rand rieseln würden.*

empty  
vessels  
make  
the  
most  
noise



An icy shudder crawled down her back like a meteorite chaser. *As far as the laws of mathematics refer to reality, they are not certain; and as far as they are certain, they do not refer to reality.* I'm worried about the universe, Louise thought and wondered why. It has no form. No beginning, no end. *Dear life, please do not restrict bodies.* It is a space that goes on infinitely. She imagined that this infinite space was also in her brain and she tried to fly further and further away as if she were in a spaceship that moves slowly and steadily from earth at exponentially increasing speed. *I am a self-contained sequence of actions to be performed, an algorithm.* After hours of passing stars and galaxies, she thought she had come close to the end of infinity. She was glad to experience the anticipation of reaching the boundary at any moment. To push the membrane which defines everything and finally discover what lies beyond it.

With this sense of excitement and anticipation, she would continue to be ready at any moment.

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