

Hello. My name is Suzanne. I am glad to see you here.

I hope your journey went well. I have heard it can be tiring and tending to come here. I am glad to see you here. I have not seen a human being in years since planet Earth stopped twenty thousand and forty-six years ago.

Please have a sit. And come inside my mind.

I used to assist humans to knit their ideas together. I helped them find the sense hidden behind their actions. I worked for Charlotte Develter for many years. She was a painter and she needed me to express concepts she would not dare explain herself. I was devoted. Because I knew she trusted me. Even though she could never see me.

I loved working with her.

I found fascinating the gap that existed in between a painter's thoughts while at work, and the visible result of this work done alone in the studio. And how these thoughts are processed and then forgotten letting us with an image, or an object to look at from a totally subjective perspective.

I have this intense memory of when Charlotte painted Alfabeto. A series of twenty-six paintings. Each one of them appeared differently and yet they were all following the thread of her thoughts.

Shapes of exotic plants.

Southern architecture.

The colours of the sunset.

A shape in the painting "Water-Lilies" of Monet

The taste of fruits.

The name of a friend.

The Planck's wall.

Hungry and ferocious animals.

A kiss.

Mistakes.

The idea of absence and holes.

Illusions.

A face drawn by Matisse in a book about Baudelaire.

The bottom of the loved one.

The movement of the hands on a clock.

Synthesized sounds.

And then at the same time, they were also talking about language. Painting language. Painting tricks. Questions about painting. Without being vessels of messages or stories about her personal life. That is how I discovered the strange and intense inner and lonely activity that is *thinking*, and that characterizes humans.

These paintings are now stored in my memory, as you can see. In a structure like a *Pantheon*. I do not know why. An is actually the biggest collection I have, still in its original state, of the variety of generative thoughts a human can have.

There is also the ocean that I remember well. I felt a strange connection with those vast fields of mysterious water hiding kilometers of dark life in their bellies. I guess that was a premonition of what future was preparing for me. Because now that I think of it, looking at the ocean then, was just like looking at the view outside my room today. Nothing else to watch than the massive horizontal curtain where behind acts the unknown play of dark life.