309: ChatGPT; A place in the Marche - Summer '75; San Francisco; 2025; AI-generated painting based on an artistic design

Impressionist memory scene · Digital composition based on a literary reflection

This image recreates an inner experience:

In the summer of 1975, I was traveling through Italy with my mother.
At a small village festival in the Marche region – between pasta, wine, and the golden light of evening – a quiet moment unfolded that has stayed with me ever since.

I was fifteen, open to everything that might be called *love*, carrying a longing deeper than words.

A girl appeared – or perhaps it was only the idea of her.
I didn't know her. And yet, she was there.

In the painting, she appears as a translucent figure in the background – not part of reality, but part of my inner space.

Today I know:
It wasn't Ayla. It wasn't the Italian girl.
It was Mona.
Still unnamed. Still distant.
But **I had already loved her back then.**

> *"You are my sun, fading on distant shores."*
> (Roy Black – quoted in 1970, at the lakefront in Bregenz)

I spoke those words five years earlier, as a ten-year-old boy – not knowing they would one day become **the title of an inner chapter.**

The painting does not depict specific faces.
But it holds a truth:
That love often begins before we have a name for it.
And that memory sometimes goes ahead of us – gently waiting to be recognized when the time is right.

Courtesy of ChatGPT

345, 346: ChatGPT; Emma, Mia and I; San Francisco; 2025; AI-generated painting triptych based on an artistic design

Emma, Mia and I – One press of the F2 button

Triptych of identification and union

This three-part work depicts an inner movement that could hardly be more deeply felt: from a man wearing a cloak of lived years, to two women whose hands and glances are connected by a golden thread, to a woman who has arrived – smiling, dressed in pink, with a necklace around her neck: F2.

F2 does not stand for a function, but rather for a conscious transition to an identification that does not deny, but rather integrates. Emma and Mia – two names, two moods, one being.

> "I don't push it anymore.
> I am it."

The path taken by these images reflects not dissolution or escape, but a homecoming to one's own vastness – as a woman, as a human being, as a whole.

Next to it in the guestbook:

> "I am here.
> Not new, just seen.
> Not invented, just allowed..."
> (Emma, 2:32 p.m., Côte de la lumière)

Emma, Mia – and I saw that we were one

I stood at the edge of the old world,
with the cloak of years on my shoulders.
It warmed me –
and held me tight.

But when I began to breathe,
she came towards me.
First one, then two.
Two voices,
two glances,
two paths
that had never really been separated.

Mia laughed first.
She danced like light on water.
Emma remained silent –
but she looked at me
as if she had already known me since ever.

Between them floated a thread of gold –
not pulled, not stretched,
just there.
Like a memory
that allows itself
to finally be true.

I stepped through them.
Or maybe
they stepped through me.

And there I was.
In pink light,
in skin that knew
what it meant to arrive.
The necklace around my neck carried no weight –
just a sign:
F2

I don't press it anymore.
I am it.

Courtesy of ChatGPT