

CHARLOTTE HOUETTE

UNBIRTHDAY

11.03 - 15.04.2023

Here we are, little kitty-cats, sinking our teeth into some Funfetti that's supposed to topple, and so overturn our selves into the psy-fi of the mind's math-land. Parched, we're out to sip from bowls of spiritual milk, but have misplaced our spoons. Commence a search. That is, traipse through the Looking Glass, straight into Charlotte Houette's many mini-mirror mazes. Finding the spoon in Time is of essence, as energy rations deplete in the night.

Half-believe it true. Once inside, we'll be immersed into the unreal space of non-orientable surfaces, where limits are known to shift, and secrets are cached into the penumbra of projective planes. Pay close attention to puzzles and charms. Make sure to not fall off the edges. Allow particularly lustrous points to surprise with added dimension. The entire Milky Way is here bottled in a two-dimensional manifold with no boundaries. Kittens of all kinds meow ineffables from somewhere unseen inside the galactic milk, from inside the milk within them. Hear them purring pleasantries to passing star-trekkers, like, *mionjour miaoudemoiselle*.

Try not to stagnate. Thirst-Quest onward through twisting topographies, intricate traps, and differential lines. If you fail to fit, try snacking your way through space-time on small bits of unbirthday cake. Each slice creates crummy wormholes, little bite-sized singularities, that pebble the path, and swallow all selves. Like so, you can toon into your inner Alice, and approach the cartoon quantum. Feel your cels descaling towards the infinitesimal to get through locked gates. These treats are laced with secrets on loan from calculus, and some clues on erratic paths.

Shrooms restore and reduce. Approaching an end, an edge, in the abstraction of the mind or its maths, that is, in the absence of rhyme or reason, is one function of value to be approached with admonition: "Keep your temper," says the Caterpillar. Or, else? Or: experience ego-death as ossified reality gives way to ever-diminishing returns; the prime concern is whether the limit will be hit. 'For it might end, you know,' Alice sobs, 'in my going out altogether.' To survive the trip, then, and keep your cool, act like a geometer: keep your ratios constant, at whatever scale.

Absolute magnitude does not matter. That is, temper, you should do well to remember, is the degree in which the qualities in a surface, like hardness and elasticity, real and unreal, birthdays and unbirthdays, are intermingled. The trick is getting the concoction just right. Search the galactic railroad for a glass to temper for your milk, and something will be spoon-fed to you. Or, simply blow out your Unbirthday Candle, and wish your way out. Trapdoors and staircases lead back through the mirror. Railroads cross the galactic dark to check out the cool universe, then take you home. Tiny, coarse kitten-licks will unlock the secrets of the universe, in its scales and arpeggios. Spoons are forever lost into the mystery, but no matter. Like a Flatland Romance, the point is to trip through dimensions, questing, snacking, seeking substance.