



Untitled, 2015, acrylic on canvas, 145 x 110 cm



Untitled, 2015, acrylic on canvas, 145 x 110 cm



FF, 2015, acrylic and iodine on canvas, 110 x 145 cm

#### My Eyes

It was about four years ago that I underwent laser eye surgery. Firstly, I had my eyes checked at the ophthalmologist's where I was told that I was suited to have the operation – it's a common and simple procedure.

Two weeks later I sat nervously in the small and tasteful waiting room of a Laser Institute nearby Lake Geneva. The Valium I was given took my anxiety away just in time before I was taken into the darkened operating theatre where a doctor and his assistant awaited me.

I laid down. The doctor began to put clamps on my eyes so that I was no longer able to close them. The clamps were quite uncomfortable although the pain faded soon after my eyes had been moistened with anesthetizing drops. In the first step the cornea is cut so that it can be flapped open. The doctor told me not to move my head and to look directly into the light. Its odd knowing that a machine is *touching* your eye. I couldn't actually feel it but I remember experiencing beautiful visuals – panopticon-like circles changed shape and colour as the scalpel slid through my cornea.

Afterwards, the bed rotated about the axis and over to the laser machine where the doctor covered my face with plastic, leaving the clamped eyes open. I was nervous again. I remember a range of peculiar sensations; smelling something burnt, seeing grey rings changing shape whilst hearing the assistant's voice '20%, 40%, 60%...'. Each eye only takes a few seconds.

After 20 minutes I came out of the operating room feeling dizzy, although I could see immediately. My vision was blurry at first but after a day's sleep and lot's of painkillers I saw very well, 110% to be precise.