

(intro)

*This work is called « SUR-FAKE »
in reference to a previous project called « SUR-FACE ».*

It [places] the screen as an object of 'mass subculture,' alienating the relation to our own body, and more generally to the physical world.

I wanted to come back to the idea of these faked identities, over-exposed, sucked by the digital gulf that breaks the relation to 'real', to bring back a self-focused image of the individual.

What interests me in this texture of sucked faces, is the the over-exposure gradually allows a very organic dimension, as well as digital, to render something quite disturbing.

Some pictures are in a square format, reusing the standards of Instagram.

« *Surfake, and then there was light.* »

Omniprésent : it's everywhere. In your pocket, your car, your apartment, your street.

Omnipotent : it is your best fellow, you give him all your friends, your good feelings and your holiday pictures.

Omniscient : actual swiss knife of the 21st century, without him we're all lost.

Screen became a genuine biological extension, daily.

Through technology, humanity moved away from animal to get closer to plants. Except that man is a moving plant.

We rooted ourselves in our modernity. Depending more and more on external sources of energy, we are linked, connected from all sides.

With globalization we end up looking for our roots. We plug-in our mobile phone and here we are, grafted to our pebble.

Despite the sedentarization of occidental lifestyles, subsists an unbridled dream of nomadism.

THE ESCAPE :

So we escape.

Even better, we project ourselves.

It's like in cinemas, and yet it's talking about you.

We press a button, screen turns on, and it's like the whole physical world is frozen.

The show can start.

In the end we only escape from ourselves.

We also become curator of our own lives, we can expose it to the wide world. Inducing that it has any kind of interest, we find refuge in a certain number of curious behaviors.

The screen works just like a cigarette, a Ventolin refill our a fresh bottle of water. It is about the reflex, the underlying, the standard. It appeases the consciousness, stimulates it, orders it, subjugates it.

Your arm isn't long enough for your ego, no problem, selfie stick is here ! And this is how identities move and melt in a sum of generic translations of a common feeling. An alloy sheep/sunflower that doesn't seem to bother anyone. The screen, more and more thin, more and more invisible and yet closer and closer to the mirror of so many fragile existences that, while thinking they are opening to the world, are actually making it pass through a funnel like instagram filters.

Welcome in the mass sub-culture.

The small anodyne object that purrs in your bag when you receive a call, that cries when it's battery low, which place is it actually occupying in your mind ? The sur-face, sleek, reassuring, becomes sur-fake. This polymorphous inter-face is turning into a dialogue between your neurosis and your psychosis. Who is who in this story ? The screen probably incarnates our lives, and with such talent, it is soon more real than our own '*carne*' (flesh).

So what a funny plant, Man, that substitutes itself to himself in a curious ping-pong match with the pixels, terrified like a thick cloud of midges.