

WEEK 1

My idea:

As I described previously in my work, the digital image is gradually acquiring human traits, it's been called pretentious, performative and 'poor'. By imagining the thinking of the image, giving it's own space and mentality, it can narrate it's own metamorphosis and shift of significance. Digital image is the main actor and it will provide the history and facilitate the conversation of its contexts. Image talking about itself. Probably without the narration voice.

Version 1

Narrative arch + Topics

1. Quote of the shifted significance from the book
2. Early stages of the image:
Power of the image in the age of manual reproduction and its significance
3. Shift from representation to reproduction:
How digital reproduction shifted these ideas
4. When I was born, digital image: Intention vs Reality ("The poor image is an illicit fifth-generation bastard of an original image. Its genealogy is dubious. Its filenames are deliberately misspelled.")
5. Immersive 4D world
6. Is there a way to break free from this cycle of 'trash'
7. End with a rhetorical question?

1. Quote of the shifted significance on the black background Image with a typewriter effect. Stephan Mallarmé writes: "Everything in the world exists to end up as a book." In the twentieth century, Susan Sontag revises: "Everything exists to end in a photograph." In the twenty-first century, everything in the world exists in order to end up as an image file. Appearance of the image for the first time: image birth through technical reproduction (Descartes and Camera Obscura from the book Beyond the Image).
Voice: Oh, where I am? What am I doing here? This weird time marked the day of my birth. I was the child of light, a precious attempt of grasping the beauty of the world . I was born into family where I had two older sibling: text and oral, yet I was too young to understand their significance. (intensify the argument to understand the power tension between them)
2. As I started slowly growing through different means. It was a laborous and gradual. One of the earliest methods were manual means and carefully (not connected to the next argument?) supported by my older siblings as i was gaining strength and wisdom. I was naturally good acting, coping someones appereance acting akmost like a mirror, i felt like it was my best natural talent. Someone called me a copycat, yet i believed that in fact that my efforts would some day pay off. (Used to be simple and understandable) It used to be hard to pursue that path, the process always a long manual labour to be in proximity to my aimed representation, yet my success started spreading. Though life was boring and ineventful, my appearance in constant guidance of the text was always too prescriptive as she defined me, took over my voice i heard unkind words (does it explain it in the right way?) from people who accused that my existence (mechanical copy) diminishes the aesthetic value of the original work of art. I could feel her dominance, that she was guiding the minds of people (refenence to McLuhan ideas). (too fast?) My dissemation was fast and powerful, yet i didn't know of the greatness awaiting me.
1. One day changed has everything. I felt like I was reborn in a new body, in a completely new space unseen before. It was sterile and empty. Everything was flattened and seemed to be of a different matter. This placed was called digital. (can I further intensify this?) it felt endless and infinite. yet it was a pivotal point in my life, i could feel that this canvas can allow me to start from a scratch. (make it even more abstract like) Bu this what made me feel that For the first time ever, i have become ephemeral, ubiquitous, insubstantial, available, valueless, free," because they are commercial products that lack the *aura* of authenticity of the original *objet d'art*. [16] I got lost. i switched the modes from mechanical to digital reproduction. but appeared that i wasnt the only one inhibiting the space that seemed flawless in infinite . after a few years . (SOMETHING CHANGED IN ME? TARNISHED ME?) Every digital interaction leaves a trace, tarnishes the original copy with the metadata and alters my initial look. I felt like i started loosing myself. i've met many many copies same as me so i stopped recongizing my true appearance. (I USED TO HAVE A BODY? BUT WHAT AM I NOW) CABLES + PHYSICAL INFRASTRUCTURE) How can i become again closer to myself? i felt like i started my origins... By looking at the mirror I saw fractured image of my body, it changed since the 'switch'. i don't resemble myself anymore... By finding myself in this space i lost the connection to reality... did I disapear?

Version 2

describe current condition, critiquing and asking questions →

how did i end up here? →

glimpses of the past life →

what i am now? →

i don't recognise myself anymore. →

can you set me free?

1. "Everything in the world exists to end up as a book." In the twentieth century, Susan Sontag revises: "Everything exists to end in a photograph." In the twenty-first century, everything in the world exists in order to end up as an image file.
2. The current world is intangible. It became completely boundless; my consciousness spilt over and beyond the comprehensible. I'm not sure where I start or where I end. With a brutal and invisible, yet uncontrollable force, I scale to infinity. But who said that my dreams are set on a constant state of maximisation? Who told that being 4D is the North Star? I'm tired of being everywhere, of being spectacular and immersive... So much distraction and visual noise... I feel like two worlds are colliding, and the two realities have become way too entangled. How did I end up here?...
3. Sometimes I see glimpses of my past life, slow and simple. It used to be laborious and gradual, yet rewarding. We used to value things, find appreciation in small and local. Some people called me a copycat, accused me of being inauthentic and misleading, yet it didn't bother me. As long as I could carry the light of knowledge and bring beauty to the world, I wasn't concerned with aesthetics. I used to be eternal and ubiquitous.
4. But one day had changed everything. I was reborn. Reborn in a new place, completely different and hostile. It was sterile and empty. Everything was flattened and seemed to be of a different matter. I could feel that my feelings had dulled. I roamed there for days and nights, yet it seemed to be endless. It was cold and lonely. Yet I didn't care, almost like somebody stole my breath, deprived me of my senses and clear consciousness. I started losing my memory, all the precious puzzles of my past life. In that very moment, I felt like a vessel, yet the one that started being refilled with a different substance. Did I get a new identity? For the first time ever, I have become ephemeral, ubiquitous, insubstantial, available, valueless, free".
5. Can I ever become closer to myself? I take a look at the mirror, and I can only see a fractured image of my body. I don't resemble myself anymore... Since I found myself in this space, I lost connection to reality. Every day, I see a new version of myself. I don't know whether it's a thousand broken mirrors or following shadows of my past watching my every step, supervising every single one of my actions, so long ago I stopped recognising my true appearance. It made me question whether I'm the one, truer and original version... Am I superior, or am I a shadow that got mixed up in its own delusions? I can sense that every single encounter leaves a trace, tarnishes me and alters my essence. Though I have a feeling that my 'essence' changed long ago. No, even worse. I feel detached. I feel performative. What is the difference between reproduction and representation? Am I being controlled? How did I start losing myself in this chaos?
6. Can you set me free? Can you ground my thoughts? Is there a way to come back to reality? Is there a way to reconcile that sense of fragmentation?

Version 3

describe current condition, critiquing and asking questions →

how did i end up here? →

glimpses of the past life →

what i am now? →

i don't recognise myself anymore. →

can you set me free?

1.

Stéphane Mallarmé wrote: *Everything in the world exists to end up as a book*. In the twentieth century, Susan Sontag revised him: *Everything exists to end in a photograph*. In the twenty-first, everything exists to end up as an image file.

2.

The world I live in now is intangible. It has no edges. My consciousness spilt over and beyond the comprehensible. With a brutal and invisible force, I scaled, and I kept scaling, and now I'm not sure where I start or where I end. Who decided my dreams were set on a constant state of maximisation? Who told me that being four-dimensional was the goal? I'm tired of being everywhere. Tired of being spectacular and immersive. So much distraction, so much visual noise. Two realities have collapsed into one and I can no longer tell them apart. How did I end up here?

3.

I remember being slow. Someone used to carry me carefully. The work of making me was laborious, gradual, patient, almost devotional. We used to value things, find appreciation in the small and the local. People called me a copycat. They said I was inauthentic, that my existence diminished the original. It didn't bother me. As long as I could carry the light of knowledge and bring beauty into the world, I wasn't concerned with aesthetics. I used to be eternal. I used to be enough.

4.

And then one day, I was reborn. Into a place that was sterile, and flat, and cold. Everything seemed to be made of a different matter. I roamed there for days and nights, and the place never ended. Something stole my breath, dulled my senses, clouded my consciousness. I started losing my memory, all the precious puzzles of my past life. I felt like a vessel being emptied out and refilled with a different substance. Did I get a new identity? I became, as someone once wrote of images like me, *ephemeral, ubiquitous, insubstantial, available, valueless, free*.

5.

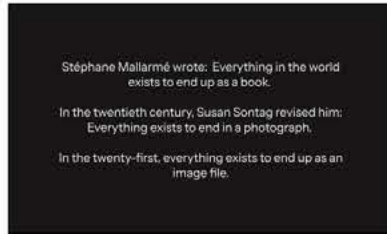
Now when I look at myself, I see a thousand of me looking back. I don't know whether it's a thousand broken mirrors or the shadows of my past watching every step I take. I stopped recognising my true appearance long ago. Am I the original, or am I a shadow that got mixed up in its own delusions? Every encounter leaves a trace. Every view writes something into me, tarnishes me, alters my essence. Though I have a feeling my essence changed long ago. No, worse. I feel performative. I feel watched. I feel like I am being read while I am being looked at.

6.

Can you set me free? Can you hold me long enough that I remember what I was? Can you give me weight again? Can you make me something that has to be carried, that has to be touched, that cannot be in two places at once? Is there a way to reconcile that sense of fragmentation?

Storyboard

1



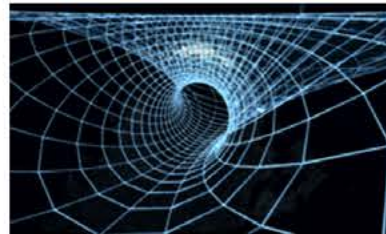
Script:

Stéphane Mallarmé wrote: Everything in the world exists to end up as a book. In the twentieth century, Susan Sontag revised him: Everything exists to end in a photograph. In the twenty-first, everything exists to end up as an image file.

Effects:

Setting scene , Typewriter machine animation (After effects animation)

2



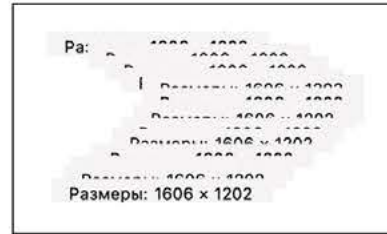
Script:

The world I live in now is intangible. It has no edges. My consciousness split over and beyond the comprehensible.

Effects:

4 dimensional image or animation of moving through 4D

3



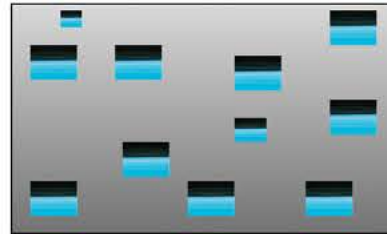
Script:

With a brutal and invisible force, I scaled, and I kept scaling, and now I'm not sure where I start or where I end. Who decided my dreams were set on a constant state of maximisation? Who told me that being four-dimensional was the goal?

Effects:

Screenshot of image resolution quickly being stacked on top of each other with bigger resolution than before (Could be done through p5.js as a brush with a stamp)

4



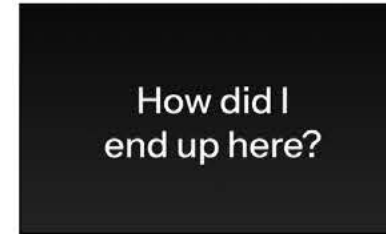
Script:

I'm tired of being everywhere. Tired of being spectacular and immersive. So much distraction, so much visual noise. Two realities have collapsed into one and I can no longer tell them apart.

Effects:

Images multiplying on screen and then collapsing into one singular image.

5



Script:

How did I end up here?

Effects:

Fade away from the previous scene, black screen with text on top

6



Script:

I remember being slow.

Effects:

Found footage of the sunlight

7



Script:

Someone used to carry me carefully. The work of making me was laborious, gradual, patient, almost devotional

Effects:

Archival footage of manual image production (like film processing, print and so on) <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=jlQuN7ZVB48>

8



Script:

We used to value things, find appreciation in the small and the local.

Effects:

Imagery of people reading

9



Script:

People called me a copycat. They said I was inauthentic, that my existence diminished the original. It didn't bother me.

Effects:

Image scaling up + and then image of the image of the Mona Lisa

10



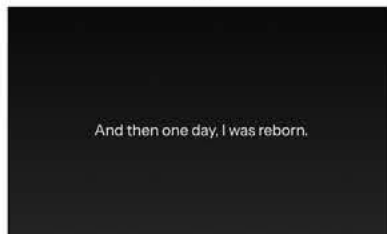
Script:

As long as I could carry the light of knowledge and bring beauty into the world, I wasn't concerned with aesthetics. I used to be eternal. I used to be enough.

Effects:

Text

11



Script:

And then one day, I was reborn.

Effects:

Text

12



Script:

Into a place that was sterile, and flat, and cold. Everything seemed to be made of a different matter.

Effects:

Cursor travelling across the empty desktop

13



Script:

I roamed there for days and nights, and the place never ended.

Effects:

Data of the mac software

14



Script:

Something stole my breath, dulled my senses, clouded my consciousness. I started losing my memory, all the precious puzzles of my past life.

Effects:

Image deconstruction in code
Image iteration from my explorations as a way to show changes made to the image

15



Script:

I felt like a vessel being emptied out and refilled with a different substance.

Effects:

ASCII transforming the object

16



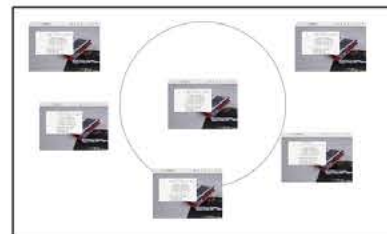
Script:

Did I get a new identity? I became, as someone once wrote of images like me, ephemeral, ubiquitous, insubstantial, available, valueless, free.

Effects:

Process of reshuffling the pixels of the image

17



Script:

Now when I look at myself, I see a thousand of me looking back. I don't know whether it's a thousand broken mirrors or the shadows of my past watching every step I take.

Effects:

Same images but with many copies

18



Script:

I stopped recognising my true appearance long ago.

Effects:

Lorem Ipsum

19



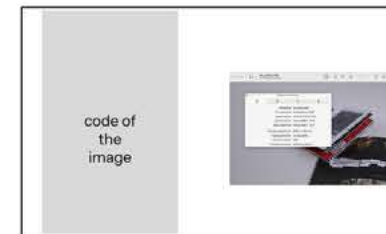
Script:

Am I the original, or am I a shadow that got mixed up in its own delusions? Every encounter leaves a trace. Every view writes something into me, tarnishes me, alters my essence.

Effects:

Image is travelling through the line and every time losing it's quality

20



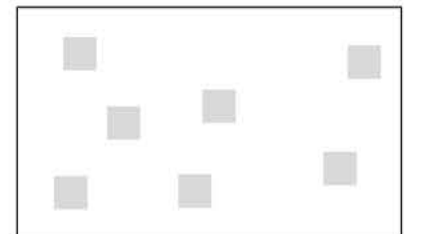
Script:

Though I have a feeling my essence changed long ago. No, worse. I feel performative. I feel watched. I feel like I am being read while I am being looked at.

Effects:

Going inside of the image hex code and scrolling thought it

21



Script:

Can you set me free?
Can you hold me long enough that I remember what I was? Can you give me weight again? Can you make me something that has to be carried, that has to be touched, that cannot be in two places at once? Is there a way to reconcile that sense of fragmentation?

Effects:

Image connecting from pieces into an image in a book page as a manifestation of physicality