

i disappear

<http://www.idisappear.net>

A b o u t t h e w e b s i t e

November 11, 2003, i photograph myself the face.

I am 34 years old.

Then i put this photograph on line.

Since, each day, a pixel of this photograph is replaced by a white pixel.

This photograph contains 20 000 pixels. In 20 000 days, the 20 000 pixels of this photograph will be white and my face of this day will have disappeared.

20 000 days, this is 54 years.

At 88 years, I will be close to death.



©

[Aujourd'hui, lundi 29 décembre 2003, il reste 19970 pixels visibles sur 20000]



THE DEVICE

I disappear presents a photograph of my face with 20 000 pixels taken in Paris on November 11, 2003. 20 000 is approximately the number of days that remains me to live. In 20 000 days, I will be 88 years old and if I am always in life, I will be close to death.

This photo is now on line under the name of idisappear.net and we programmed a daily random replacement of a pixel of this photography by a white pixel.

In 20 000 days, the 20 000 pixels of my face will be white and my face of that day will have disappeared.

THE DEATH TAKEN IN NEW TECHNOLOGIES

I disappear contains death in new technologies, supporting on a simple function of data-processing : a program of replacement of data executed each day. This program completely pain-killer is semantically diverted from its single data-processing function: it diverts towards intimate, by drawing the time of death.

Intuitively, death can be with me each day; I can try to apprehender by measuring traversed time, but to try to seize it is a deceptif report. 20 000 days, is one 54 years duration I disappear accounts for the stock of days that that represente in a life. Daily disappearance of one pixel-day makes also perceptible in an acute way the value one day in time going by..

Contrary to the network which works on speed, instant, I disappear propose a vision over the long duration, like a challenge have longevity and evolution of the network, in a time replaced in the life time, which "sticks" to the true time.

I disappear does not nourish the possible of data-processing with illusion of a control which would make it possible to believe that we may go back ti the future. I disappear detroys each day.

This application which mixes intimate with my disappearance reality is built on impersonal data, a program that works ; interactivity is banished: what is the most intimate gives up in a data-processing program which stoles me.

I disappear is contemplative: on the network, each day, a face

disappears in a 54 years program.

THE DAILY DECEPTION

Following my previous works on daily creation (My urines 1997-2000, films super 8 1995-2000), J wanted to create a site which takes again this stupefaction of daily things.

I disappear is a device which, once launched, does not vary in its principle. Every day changes will be quite difficult to see. After page loaded, nothing moves; hardly load, after surprise effect passed, there will be nothing left to see today. And yet each day something has changed. A pixel became white. This excitement of the discover and the time which master key is combined with the deception. This attitude is the same one as that J had when i was a child when i waited things to happen. The same thing now towards death.

One watches for it in vain, changes are not really perceptible, the memory being lacking to restore "the day before".

Curiosity pushes to see how that becomes. Tomorrow, it will be different, but also a deception, because it will be impossible to compare. It is impossible to make confidence in ours memory to keep traces of daily differences.

The only way to do it is to come each day « to see ».

A DISAPPEARANCE THAT ESCAPES

My face ages every day on screen, but « old age » is marked by disappearance.

The trace of ageing is the disappearance of my 34 years face.

It is to see, it is to observe.

Reality stupefaction.

Now, remain to see what becomes this face that disappear each day on the network.

The website has been launched on 2004 september 22th :
<http://www.idisappear.net>