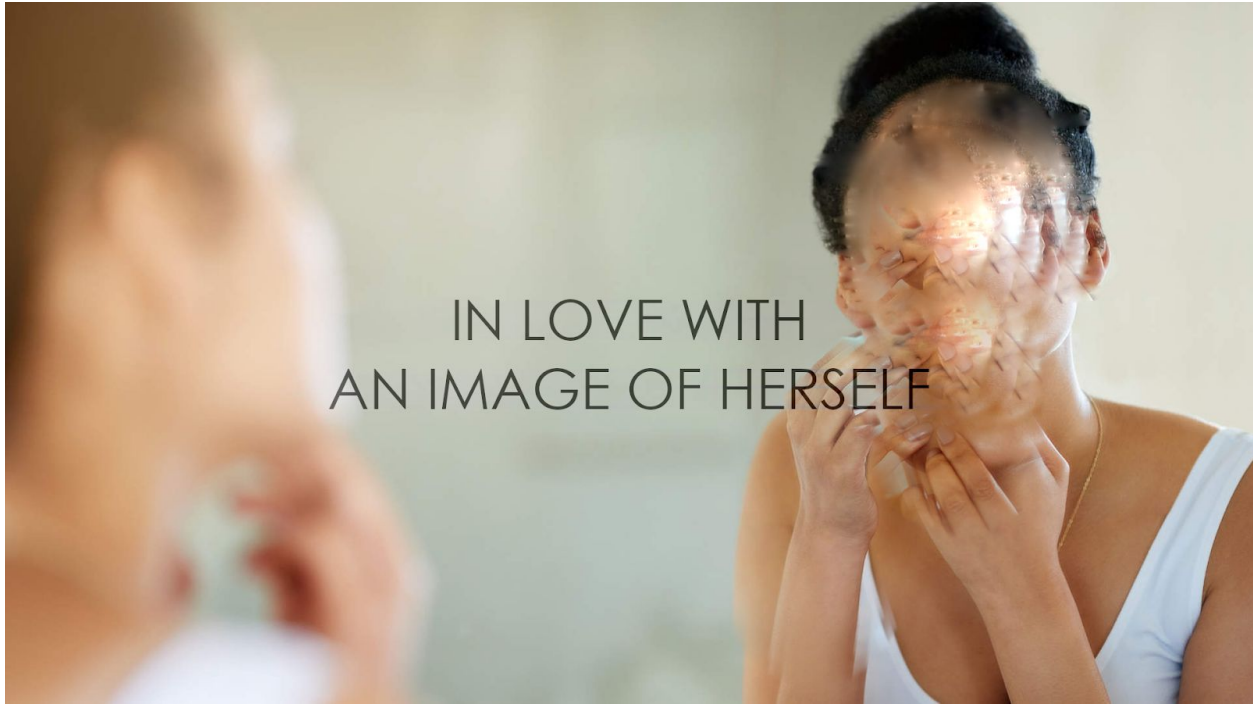




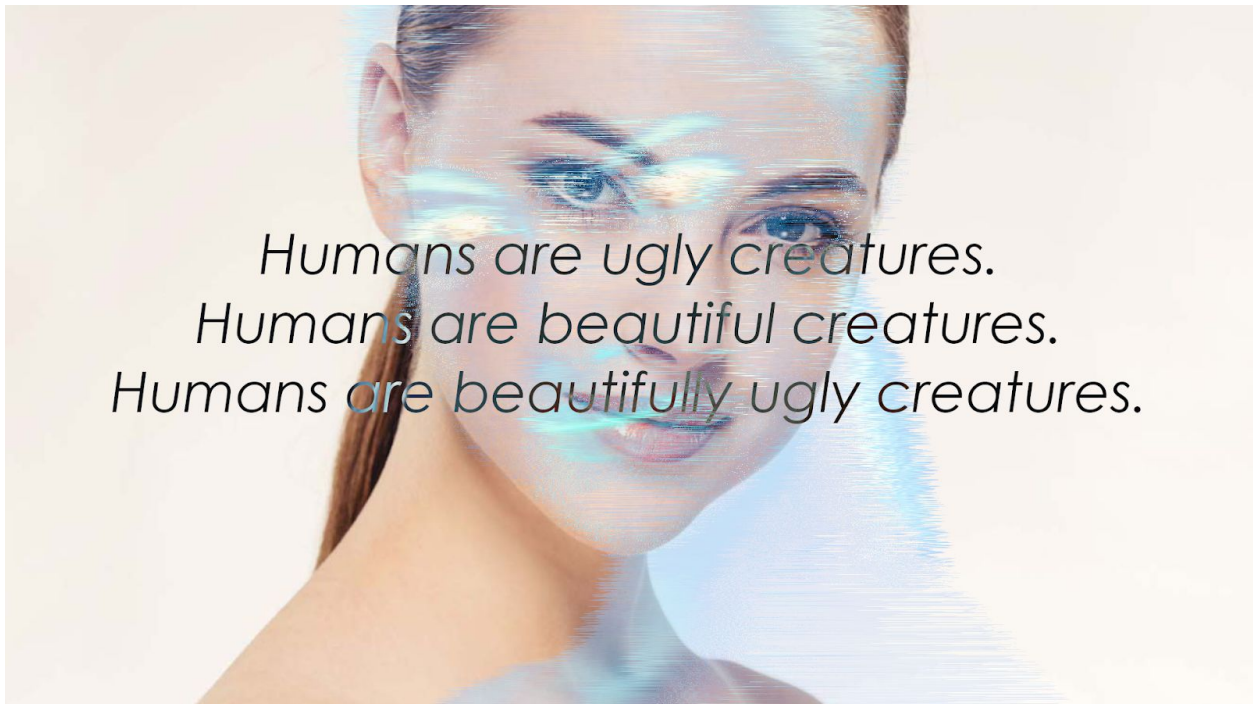
A need for distortion, a need for the uncanny (2018)

By Claudia Sheffner for DIGI SALON

2018. 7FORM.



IN LOVE WITH
AN IMAGE OF HERSELF



*Humans are ugly creatures.
Humans are beautiful creatures.
Humans are beautifully ugly creatures.*

Illustrations by DIGI SALON

001

I hate mirrors with a burning passion. They reflect the true self, not the self that exists only to fulfill the need to despair.

In this age, there is a need for distortion. There is a need for the uncanny.

Humans mimicking machines.

No being physically exists without a need to fear, without a need for horror, without a need for whatever is perceived as false.

The end comes whenever humans need it the most.

We have reached an age of endless perfection.

We have turned to imperfection to satisfy our needs.

We chase the uncanny, we chase the ugly.

Yet we've never reached it.

We strive for the plastic and we strive for the obviously unreal.

There is beauty in creepy dolls. No, our standard for beauty at this point is what was once perceived as creepy, what was once perceived as ugly.

We strive to be a neural network.

We strive to no longer be human.

We strive to be imperfect.

Yet we all are perfect.

There is no human that stands out.

All is a perfect, unarguable,
incredibly fetishized, absurd and
disgusting sort of beautiful.

A hall of mirrors. Even the greatest
stars discover themselves in the
looking glass.

Where was that from again?

Doesn't matter.

A crisp yet bleak future. A trashed
utopia where the glassy and digital

rule this Earth. A shithole set on fire, a fire with the stench of perfume and cosmetics.

The kaleidoscopic ecstasy of perfection. The horrifying despair of standing out. The feeling of directionlessness while knowing your destination, the feeling of being lost.

Sometimes he saw his real face, sometimes a stranger displays.

He fell in love with the image of himself, a perfect five star image. A model on a runway. The person he wanted to be. A digital personality

that will soon integrate into this world.

Humans are ugly creatures.

Humans are beautiful creatures.

Humans are beautifully ugly creatures.

Humans are disgusting creatures.

Humans are disgustingly ugly creatures.

Humans are perfect creatures, bound by flesh and bound by destiny to a meaningless goal.

Pre-determined fate, always set for victory. A bland and vapid one. A grey, faceless blob of flesh running

towards the finish line, being
watched by others exactly like it.

Humans are disgusting.

That's what I want to believe.

But soon I won't.

Or will I?

Because beauty is ugly.

Is it a lie I tell myself or is it the
truth?

I live my life in a broken mirror,
smashing away at every reflection
with an imaginary hammer.

Everything is far beyond the point
of redemption.

Because there is no need for it
anymore.

The first and last of the beautiful
ones.

There are no finish lines and no
beginnings.

All has merged into one.

A fist fight without pain or a motif.
It blends into a mundane void.

Day-to-day.

The sun shines. The sky is never
cloudy. I wish it was.

A world without shadows and a
world without reflection.

A dome of broken glass hovers
over.

An island of the peacefully
desolate.

I do not need this.

I do not need to feel.

Anything. Anymore. Anytime.

Anywhere.

Because the sun will shine. Time
will pass. Unchanging. There is
nothing to fear and nothing to
doubt. Because the end draws
near.