

Avatar as self-portrait the other

Through thought my journeys I have made encounters... a lot of them. Since I see the other with his differences but also because he looks like me... and it is through myself, with as a pre-requisite my ideas, that I invent myself as much as the person I am discovering. Right when we meet, three representations mix up to unveil the person in front of me. He exists in what my eyes can see, in what I imagine and for what he really is.

The first representation is common to the two individuals involved in the meeting: it is the appearance... the presence that the individual gives to himself. The second is the one constructed intentionally one for the other... to better seduce or repulse. Then the last one, that everyone hides – may be – the one by its truth does not necessarily interest the other... the one nobody really wants to show.

My artistic practice consists in articulating these three representations around self-portraits that I conceive as my own avatars, because I invent myself figuring the fantasy I have of the other for his differences or resemblances... I expose what made me personally construct the image of the diversity encountered. Layer after layer, encounter after encounter, I look like someone that I am not anymore, that I cannot be anymore, that I will not really ever be. The aesthetic of the transformation becomes a tool to construct myself through the image of the other. As if pieces that compose my figures were fragments of my existence in which I could pick, in the metamorphosis, some of the components of my identity agglomerated to that of others. I offer to come my way, layering facets so that the figure recovers its carnal consistency in the adding of folkloric patterns that allows to recognize at sight signs binding to such or such culture... that I met during my journeys.

Just like a dj with sounds, I mix the beautiful, the ugly, the origins, identity and stylistic references that in a swirl of shapes, color and graphic signs, disfigure the human physical aspect till the matter of my own identity finds less and less recognition criterias to hang on to: neither sex, nor age, color or expression, only references that actually destroy my image to reconstruct it at the image of the other

Florence POIRIER-NKPA