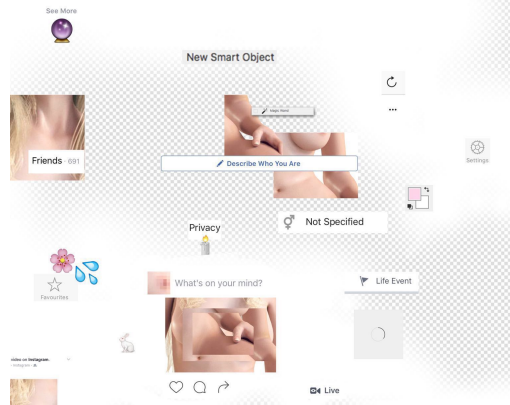


A HUMBLE REFLECTION ON:

LUNA ECE BAL,
"Untitled",
Wallpaper
Detail,
dimensions
variable, 2016



She was lost in an interfacial limbo.

Constant recreation of the self

Covering her wall with this wallpaper
Living in the boundless, limitless
infinity of Facebook. Let it leak out of
the designated space!



Emojis surround her. They make her the
women she is. Picking and choosing the
ones that will be perfect representatives
of her unique personality. Never using
something incoherent..

The female is created and recreated on
this medium. Image on top of image,
words on top of image, emojis next to
words. Where is she?

Which one is the real her, amidst this
multiplicity of reproductions.
Post something today!

Describe who you are!

Why go private? Be private but be public
enough!

Luna Ece Bal, goes back to the age old self-questioning of one's public image. As an active user on Facebook and Instagram, both in parallel with her artistic practice, everyday she reproduces images representing the identity she pursues. If the artist has the power of generating new ideas, either conceptual or artistic, isn't she also entitled to generate ideas about herself? These will in

turn create an identity of her when reflected on the audiences.

What Bal's practice, including this specific work but also apart from it, seeks for in my opinion is a path to self-identification. Her works accentuates her version of femininity through a very personal interpretation of female sexuality. Almost like an omnipresent performer, she appears in imagery as well as in form (she uses casts modeled from her own body). Her production process is an ongoing performance.

Going back to the 'Untitled' wallpaper, this work consists of repetitive and highly manipulated images of a naked female body, alongside with very cliché social media buttons and phrases. A selection of emojis accompanies them. This selection is a very exclusive one in a way that it does only involve pink, white and purple ones, those having erotic as well as mystic connotations in the artistic language of Bal: the magic ball, the spiral shell, the burning candle, the exotic pink flower, the splash of water. These preconceived digital images only reveal their symbolic meanings and can only be understood through a reading of her total body of works. For Bal's language these are nuance additions, the last retouches to the identity (the total material produced online) she's creating both for a metaphorical caricature and for her distinct artistic practice. These materials however float in a *Photoshopic* interface. The gray scale, which is non-existent once the image exported out of the program, constitutes a digital limbo that applies not only for her artistic persona but also for all of us producing online identities. The identity of a person, whose real life personage is reflected on a digital medium, becomes a lonely spirit stuck in the deep cave of Hades. As the social media always us with new identities or reproductions of a certain one with each post, do we end up with thousands and thousands of souls stuck in the cave we and co-created with Mark Zuckerberg? Are we becoming our own Hades?

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