

This “self-portrait” is kind of a meta take on self-portraits because it questions the existence of a “self.” I thought the concept was funny. This whole thing was made with Google Docs. Well, Google Drawings.

The image reflects my current philosophical ideas and beliefs, which are kinda weird. I don’t read much, but I think a lot, so I can’t claim to know what I’m talking about here in a formal sense. I might sound crazy since none of this can be proven empirically. All I have is personal experience. ^\\_(\ツ)\_/^-

To illustrate this, I objectified my face, reducing it to a mask. I see my physical body as a mere object that separates itself from the rest of the universe through an absurd declaration of identity, in spite of its destiny for inevitable decomposition and recycling into the Earth.

We live in a universe where survival requires beings to destroy and consume one another, begetting increasingly destructive forces through evolution. Yet, there’s something within us that seems to counterbalance this—a source of love that is our eternal and omnipresent consciousness. That’s why, behind the mask, I relocated “my” eyes to represent “my” consciousness—a nonphysical entity that experiences the physical body. That’s “me” right there. The hands and eyes don’t really exist, but they need to be visualized in some way.

The blood flowing from the eye sockets carries multiple meanings. It represents the consequences of excessive detachment, the connection between emotional and physical wounds, blah blah blah—it’s open to interpretation.

Behind “me“ is literally nothing. It’s the void: the plane of emptiness, pure consciousness, and infinite possibilities. You can briefly visit this space through meditation. There’s no stars actually in the void, but I thought a plain black background was boring, so I chose space instead. If you’re curious, Google “void state,” “reality shifting,” and “gateway tapes.” You don’t have to take it seriously, just try it first. ( °͡° )

The projecting ray of perception from the mask visualizes how the body imports sensory information to create our experience of life. The universe is inherently geometrical, and that’s why the suburban landscape morphs into this spiral. The eye of that spiral symbolizes the direction of consciousness—or, simply, what you focus on. The wallpaper of reality can be torn so easily. It’s inspired by the visuals I got from psychedelics like DMT, LSD, 2-CB, psilocybin, mescaline, and salvia. There’s also some symbolism with the juxtaposing war-torn city that I don’t want to explain for brevity’s sake.

And yeah that’s it.

