Profile is an objectivization of a human-subject. Through the digital capture of its body, the recording of its voice and intonations, it functions as an autonomous corpse which will survive its organic version. *Profile* is ageless and has been programmed to be potentially immortal. While cells are naturally subject to degeneration, its data are programmed for regeneration. Like DNA, its programmed-data contains necessary instructions to reproduce itself copy after copy. Like DNA, the profiler-software evolves over time: each copying process amending and integrating external modules from its precedent version. Data are in that case like ambrosia, a transcendental blood permitting to become immortal, a divine-unction prefiguring eternal existence.

Profile is the reincarnation of the user, one that has renounced all his rights, abandoned his image, his voice, his hair to the realm of infinite malleability and interconnectedness. He negated them because they are not useful anymore. Instead of cherishing the illusion of intimacy that internet browsers, social media or apps offered him, he gave his ownership away. He inaugurates a revolutionary stage in which identity and image rights are hackneyed slogan, the depleted symbols of a cult that adored privacy, that wrapped the self in a litany of uniqueness. Authenticity is a security blanket, what is exhumed when *Profile* is momentarily unavailable. While you stare at him, he swims in digital suburbs of gregarious ambitions, forgotten features, hidden dreams and default configurations. *Profile* is authorless, caught in a constant process of metastases, a never ending plot that could be either palatial or grotesque.

If with *Ann Lee*, Pierre Huyghe, Philippe Parreno and now Tino Seghal injected subjectivity into a virtual persona, Artie Vierkant is going into the opposite direction, abstracting a subjectivity into a disarticulated flow of data from phonetics to skin texture. With an intimidating precision, Vierkant has dissolved the subject into a formula of pure calculation. What was once the grandiose object of humanism, the fragile amphora of a soul became a *Wetransfer* version of the self. If *Ann Lee* is entering our world, *Profile* is leaving to *Permutation City*. Written by Greg Egan in 1994, it narrates a virtual world populated by copies in which the inequalities of the real world are prolonged in terms of speed. Avatars of poor individuals have much less computational power and run at a very slow rate compared to wealthy ones. In this fiction *Profile* would belong to a subculture, "the solipsist nation". Refusing the economic dictate, the latter decided to cut the last bound with the real world: time. Like sculptures, they are living at a speed ratio in which months, years, decades and seconds are just interchangeable.

Profile is the degenerated son of the Hilbert's axiom and the Turing apparatus: an encoded variation of a subject able to be reproduced endlessly on other supports, a useless machine devolved to interminable existential crisis and a distant cousin of Daniel25 in a desperate quest for *the possibility of an island*. *Profile* is a genetically modified alter-deus, an anti-predictive thing liberated from the grid of reality to another matrix experience, a cyber-stellar too perfect and a neuromancer condemned to live with its radical inhumanity. Is *Profile* dreaming of electric sheep?

Pierre-Alexandre Mateos & Charles Teyssou