

## Faceless

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I always resisted the Facebook account. For various reasons. Among other, political. I’m not social, if social means social networks. Not interested. Not willing to stay in touch for the sake of staying in touch. After over 10 years of existence, Facebook was still a mystery to me. I found it almost exciting to sneak over people’s shoulder, trying to figure out what kind of interaction they would have there.

Then my daughters started to go to school. One day, they came back home with a small piece of paper, asking for parental permission to publish pictures of the class. On the school’s Facebook account. I immediately refused, and this answer, as I quickly found out, was actually not an option. “It wouldn’t be fair to deprive all the other kids from group pictures,” they said, “just because of your daughters. What we could do,” they continued, “is to replace their faces with emojis. So they wouldn’t be recognized.” What difference would it make in the end? “Well, OK” I said. “As long as their faces remain covered.”

The next year, I gave in. Turns out my daughters had been the only kids carrying large emoji faces all over the network.

But still. Me, their faces I cannot see.

Because I have no Facebook account.