

Aesthetic surgery is booming, especially over the last decade. Cosmetic methods have become less painful, having a faster healing. Humanity's search for perfectionism evoked me to analyze and become opinionated about this everyday issue. The global effects have led to some kind of deformity, mutated faces, unnatural characteristics and a plastic mask sewn on your original natural looks. But what is plastic surgery? It may be a complex deformation, an addiction yet, for many it is a way of dealing with "false characteristics" and is seen as a blessed healing. Through my work journal I have managed to study the way our "meat" is cut, the way it's sewed and healed. I realized that the procedure takes horrendous guts to go through and double the guts to overcome the excruciating pain... Over the past seven years I have been bombarded with TV models racing through skeleton marches, porn stars pumping their breasts and thousands of everyday records of someone wishing to adopt another identity. Inspirations came from compelling artists such as: Jenny Saville, Mary Daniel Hobson, Kiki Smith and Tim Hawkinson. They have mapped my way into gathering material for research and pulled me into the world of Art Surgery...

My first series of works were inspired by the exaggeration of plastic surgery. Most of the time, women come out with firm, pumped, siliconated lips or with extra big balls like breasts. All these examples of unnatural behaviour, looking like mutated characteristics evoked me to construct four plastic faces with tights at the base of the skin, pulled, whipped, sewn and again torn all over yet again healed with the art of embroidery. Some of the fake dolls have a nose being rotated from its original spot. I cut clown lips from carnival masks and sewed them onto the small girly face. Poor thing... It's as if she has come out of a carnival freak show. I also gave life and took life from my dolls by tattooing a bright new face. The result reminded me of ridiculously sad little people yet having a compelling force. My second work exhibited lots of breasts together, sewn up that almost looked like a carpet of breasts. Made out of silk cloth, close to skin colour, I gave life to the breasts by choosing all sizes: xxs, xs, s, m, L, XL, xxL and xxxL. The variety of sizes appeal according to the wish of each patient. Each breast size is a new or left identity, a lost or new garment stuck on your flesh. A huge motivating persona for me is Marya Kazoun. Marya has introduced new ways of thinking and radical contributions to the renewal of creativity and techniques. Her work initiates profound questioning of the essence of art and traditional methods that appeal to life. Through her photography and personal involvement in her Art Marya's theme of downfall, decay, emotional distress, ecstasy, anger, and social taboos relates to the features of plastic surgery as well. She even reported in an interview: "I want to be able to touch and transform the ugly, poor or modest into a noble thing

like a princess. Pieces are babies, my babies. I nest and gestate.” My pieces leave an open interpretation .I try to use raw images and present them in a less harsh way. Let's not forget all we are is meat .Yet our meat has been lifted changed filled in or boosted. That’s the happiness and sadness of it.

Other Artists that are a resource of ideas are Kiki Smith and Tim Hawkinson. In her installations Kiki Smith shows us twelve water-cooler bottles, silvered to a mirror surface, each engraved with the name of a different bodily fluid: blood, tears, urine, milk, and more (Kiki Smith. *Untitled*. 1987-90. Silvered glass water bottles)

For Smith, the human body, even more than human consciousness, is "our primary vehicle for experiencing our lives." Her uses of bottles made me want to enclose the excess fat in bottles and preserve it through time. Each bottle has an inscription that either says “3 litres or 2,500 ml taken out”. The grose, yellowish, concentrated, greasy, pukky like liquid is the horror of today s reality faced mostly by women. The fe ar of gaining a pound or more, evoked me to take the body fat and lock it into bottles so as not to escape. However, the transparent bottles make it feasible to see what they have lost and gaze at their little self, trapped in a jar. The body waste was transferred into the bottles through plastic tubes -renouncing the liposuction tubes- and pumping blood and gruesome jelly blobs of fat.

My next step was to fill up in plastic bags with the fat greasy substance taken out of the body...The bags have a part of so meone s inside and write “2 litres of dead cells are out or chopping procedure over”. I made the body reusable, a recycled product that can be bought, changed, bargained, sold, and purchased in all means. That’s why I have included a till spot, so that the audience can see the marketing and sales they inflict on their selves. After all, we are all left with a receipt of a face lift, breast enlargement, nose job being searched through the wooden boxes in the supermarket where the fruit and vegetables lie or where the shampoos are on the dusty shelves...

All that matters at the end of the day is the outside. No one dares to consider the inside of you (and even if they are such people they can be counted). All these desirable changes on us provoke downfall , sadness, because of the rejection of ourselves therefore highlighting the irony of life. I want my work to have a voice, to speak to you .I want the viewer to question, to ask about this element of today's society. I see my work as an alarm, a warning of our doings to highlight the fact that if we don’t eliminate these changes we will be driving force of our very fate. “Life is

a mirror, if you frown at it, it frowns back; if you smile, it returns the greeting ...