

*Your problem is not that you misread signs; all you see are signs*

Sunk deep into the cushions of the sofa, a person lies with the remote control in their hand. Only the television illuminates the dark room.

Two men in construction site helmets are seen walking up the stairs in a single-family house. They are examining the progress of the renovation work; first the tiles laid in the bathroom, then the drywall installed in the bedroom. The slim aluminium profiles neither support nor weigh on the ceiling. The frame blends seamlessly into the room, and the aluminium profiles lend stability. The next step is to plank the wall with plasterboard, says one of them. A gentle press of the thumb and the picture changes.

On the curved counter of the TV studio, the news is read out. The world map in the background stretches out blue on blue. The logo of an international logistics company is displayed: a circle enclosing an ellipse, traversed by one vertical and three horizontal axes, is a common graphic representation of the globe. Reduced to a geometric shape, the world becomes a play ball threaded through with transportation and communication arteries. Switching channels.

In the backseat of the cab, a young woman leans her head against the window slide and watches the grand facades pass by. Tonight, she sees double: reality and fiction. One time, a sequence of mercilessly ensuing moments whose meaning eludes her. Another time, each moment a surprising confirmation of a larger picture, which she perceives for the first time, time and time again. This feeling exceeds human scale, and she wishes she were larger than life, like the atlases and caryatids whose shoulders and heads bear the weight of entire buildings. Zap.

A child sits alone at the kitchen table, playing with the spoon in its hand. The TV in the living room is on, the cat strokes the door frame with its tail. The camera follows the child's gaze to its distorted reflection, picturing it upside down from inside the spoon. Lost in thought, it turns the spoon over, only to find that its attempt to correct the image was unsuccessful and its head continues to dangle from the ceiling. The cat jumps onto the table. Changing channels.

A slow shot of the imposing domed hall of the Pantheon in Rome. From off-screen, a carrying voice explains that the ancient structure was the largest cupola in the world for 1,700 years. With a diameter of over 40 meters at about half the rise, the dome in its dimensions, if completed into a sphere, would break through the floor by less than a meter. The so-called oculus, eye, is the only source of light in the room, besides the entrance door. The monumental scale of the Pantheon, as well as the opening of the religious and representative building to the sky, are unique for their time and still experienced with awe today, concludes the voice-over. One click, a new image.

A spotlight falls from the sky, and Truman Burbank's suspicion hardens: "It feels like the whole world revolves around me." His best friend tries to reassure him: "If everybody is in on it... I'd have to be in on it, too. I'm not in on it, Truman, because there is no 'it'." That same night, Truman absconds in a desperate attempt to escape the thousand cameras that are transmitting his every move live to television around the world. At the broadcast centre, the producers of The Truman Show decide to end the night early to facilitate the search for their star: "Cue the sun!" While the artificial daylight rises relentlessly over the set, behind the back of the show's creator appear the same graphic representation of the globe that, a few minutes earlier on another channel and in another reality, was already the logo of eternal connectivity. Zap.

A foreboding jumps from the television image to the person's curved retina, who suddenly feels at the mercy of a concentric sense of visual meaning. With a gentle press of the thumb, they turn off the TV. On the button, next to the arrow key that switches between channels, they notice the globe symbol. From the convex surface of the television, their reflection looks back at them.

– Leonie Huber