

“I Think The World of It” is the title of a multimedia video installation, composed of three big sized projected videos, one small sized video and a surround sound. All videos and sound are running in loop.

The spectator enters the same place he goes out from, in a dark rectangular room (about 5 x 7 meters) where the four videos are projected. Three of those videos cover almost the entire wall.

Two videos (#1 #2) face each other. They are about 2,5 meters high and are projected directly on the wall. They show the body of the artist, naked, slowly evolving through time. Strange creatures are consuming the body and plants are crawling towards it. These plants and creatures are using the body as a battlefield.

Another video (#3) is perpendicular to the first two, and links them together. This video is 7m long, and is projected on a big black transparent fabric, floating at 5cm off the wall. The video shows a slow morphing of IRM images of the body of the artist. The texture of the fabric and its distance from the wall gives a sensation of depth to the video projection.

Those three videos are in an earthy range of colors (orange to brown). They are covering almost all the space of the room, submerging the spectator. On the wall, behind the fabric is video #4. We see it through a small screen (22 inch that is incorporated in the wall. In it, the artist is cutting her hair and shaving her head by herself. The video is filmed in a cinematic / documentary style.

Six to eight headsets are dispatched in the installation. The sound consists of concrete music composed of medical equipment recording, sounds of the body also recorded through medical equipments and a soft melodious music. The artist is reading a text going from conceptual to factual and to personal themes of illness, time, etc.

Technical equipments

- 7x5m room painted in black
- dark gray or black rug
- 3 HD wide angle projectors with Bluray players or H264 HD players
- 22 inch or similar size HD monitor with Bluray player or H264 HD player
- 7mX4m black fabric
- 6 to 8 headsets with sound player

STATEMENT

"Nobody conceives of cancer the way TB [tuberculosis] was thought of—as a decorative, often lyrical death. Cancer is a rare and still scandalous subject for poetry; and it seems unimaginable to aestheticize the disease."

Susan Sontag, *Illness as Metaphor*

Over a decade ago, I realized that my only lifelong possession is my own body. I have since spent my time poring over it obsessively; yet the perception I hold of it remains an enigma. Is this ambiguous relationship between me and my body due to the fact that I am its subject and its object at the same time? If I follow this reasoning (and my experience), I would say that when our thoughts and actions command our body, we are able to celebrate its beauty and hide its pathologies. The being, or the will if we wish to call it that, is then the subject, and the body the object.

But the being ceases to be the subject when illness and disease take over, or when we brush with death. That is when the body becomes the subject over the will. It is through the prism of the body that the world is henceforth perceived. The gaze becomes introverted, and all external phenomena and concepts find their resonance internally. The body becomes the mirror of human nature. It becomes life, time, and death.

Going through a possibly fatal disease, I got to dissect death ahead of time, and meditating symbolically on death led me ultimately to meditate on life. This ordeal of striding through life, death, and renaissance is similar to that of the rites of initiation, where one journeys before unveiling a mystery. When the journey of life is lived through the prism of the ill body, then the illness, when eradicated, becomes the rite of initiation. Cancer has been my laborious rite of initiation.

Throughout the diagnostic, the treatment and the convalescence periods, transcendental and ontological questions erupt. Modern science is analytical; it describes phenomena and processes, but is incapable of finding the *raison d'être* of a 'thing.' How does something bad erupt from within my own body, and with no clear cause? Does this mean that evil is inherent in human nature? To eradicate cancer, one has to destroy bad cells but also good ones. Does this mean that wars are necessary for human evolution?

Rather than finding answers to questions and solutions to problems, this project entitled I Think the World of It meditates on cancer as a ritual of initiation to life itself. It is a performative representation of a metamorphosis lived in solitude.