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How to Feel Rejuvenated in Less than
7 Minutes

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Full text (PDF file)

Fig. 1



<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=UHuz54Gk4E>

This is obviously the least interesting of all my videos. A moment in the end of an afternoon when the day was quite useless, or too many things in mind. The day before, seen my mother at the retirement home, the mental destruction process keeps going—she reminds that she has three sons, still says the names in order but doesn't recognize me and calls me by her brother's name. When she is shown that picture of me with my big hair, she compares it with the man in front of her and starts kicking me with her stick

in a friendly way, for a laugh, telling me that I'm ugly. But there is no causal relationship, I always cut my hair once a year at the same period, when the school year is over. A few days ago, a PhD student from Paris sent me some questions about indecency (the subject of her PhD) and I refused to answer—there was a shift in situation: what this girl writes on her Facebook page is true writing and she didn't know it. I wish that these videos were risk-taking, because in writing, risk goes through the body. But not wanting that it interferes with privacy, and the body of a 63-year-old is not a very suitable tool. In the metro, I don't like girls who put make up on and look at themselves in their cellphones, without paying attention to you, two meters away. I was going to use the bathroom to proceed to the "hair operation" and it only took me a minute, the camera and the tripod are always around, the screen in front of me is where I edit my videos and everything went through in 7 minutes, it's almost the entire linear take that I kept. After that, I unpacked a suitcase filled with old stuff that I never open: I remembered, around 1977-1978, having a self-portrait phase with ink on Canson paper, and it looked like me. I remembered a caption added with a Letraset pen on one of them, "Rat Luciné" but I couldn't find them. As I needed a break, a split or a narrative *mise en abyme*, I thought about this portrait that Philippe Cognée painted last year. For fear of my own tendency to destruction, I hid it in a book (it was a thick brown envelope) but I couldn't find it either—this is a nice subconsciously deliberate mistake but I still know that it is somewhere in my room. Philippe painted Bergounioux and me at the same time, he should have sent my face to Bergou and his face to me, then I would have had the honor to hang a Cognée at my place, my brother's painting. So I enlarged the image and made a screen capture of the video. I'm writing the sentences at the same time. They are not premeditated, the ones about publishing ("hairstyle is like publishing, you can do it yourself", or something like that, I never watch these images a second time) came at the end, I even think I began the export and I had to do it all over again.