

# THE MOBILE PHONE AND ME

## TRACES OF ABSENCE

Today everyone agrees : We live in a world of images, in an era of flux ( television, Internet, mobile phones). Now the multiplication and the continuous flow of images accompany more and more the experience of life : They can even superimpose themselves onto the experience. The power of communication channels and the commentary and critique around them precede and often comfortably replace the sensitive experience of life. The real has become fiction. Human beings don't build up their lives from experiencing life in motion, but they adopt a character easily suggested by our society of flux. Therefore, we feel the innermost structures of our personality are formed, but in fact it's only the expected result of one's fictional character, which fathers gregarious behaviour and kills deep social links.

Mobile phones generate two antagonistic attitudes. First of all, they take part in the flux as a medium (tv programs, films, music and Internet). I'm not interested in that aspect.

But for most of us, unconsciously, mobile phones are also a means of struggle, of resistance or a fuse to the dehumanisation process. The never-ending renewal in repetition and the flux celerity confront the human being with the exile of immediate presence, immediate vision and immediate pleasure.

But when exiled, man bears a trace.

As a matter of fact, with their mobile phones parents photograph their children without any aesthetical worries, just to keep trace of these human beings, in a precise place and at a precise time.

This notion of a trace touches me profoundly, for it confronts us with the perception of absence and presence.

A young delinquent filming (with his phone) his aggression is a sheer product of our flux, of our fictional and scripted society. He is even the standard bearer, for, at the same time, he is the actor, the scriptwriter, the director, the producer and the distributor of his act via Internet or the telephone network. Furthermore, isn't such an act a proof, an unconscious trace of his existence as a human being? A sign of his presence (I am) within absence ( my society)? I'm chased out of society like a rolling stone, I leave a trace.

Starting from a trace, can't one read presence in absence?

Absence and trace have been the core of my mobile phone work in recent years. My mobile phone is not just a filming device, it is also through its proximity and omnipresence the captor of my most personal feelings. In other words, I film what I see and what surrounds me. A better way of living exile and capturing, before it's too late, immediate presence, immediate vision, immediate pleasure. A freedom giving way to chance and spontaneity.

Soon after I carve into this sensorial rough material, I dive into these newly found or met lives, invent them, or look for links that may unite them.

Weaving these invisible and fragile links, changing the starting point for these images is for me a way to represent the world differently. Maybe a door opening onto the real...