

Synopsis:

STÉPHANE, a shooting star

Photographic essay by

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Villecresnes, France - 2011

September 2011, in a small town in the suburbs of Paris.

I first came across Stéphane on the street, and we found that we had several points in common. Rain, sunshine, people going about with their crazy ideas and certainties....and we laughed at them together.

He was born in 1966, former sportsman, onetime cycling champion, father, of a sixteen-year-old son who he hasn't seen for two years. He had worked for a while in telecoms. He's been squatting here for years (while we speak, he salutes the passers-by, as everyone knows him).

We talk about our lives, we have the time, no hurry....

We talk about photography, but also about painting, sculpture, cinema, music.....I suggest taking some photos of him.

He says he finds himself ugly and unkempt, but is happy to give it a try....Seeing himself in the pictures, he confirms his first thoughts: "I'm ugly and look like a beggar". What do you say, except "So what? Its not the outside that counts".

That was how it started.....the rest was the work of two pairs of hands, with extracts of text from his diaries to accompany my photos.

We didn't have enough time.....

The subjects we treated come down to a few simple points:

- How do you become homeless? An accident in life, a downwards spiral, companions of misfortune.
- Mourning, about his previous life, his family, his career.
- Dreams: promises made to himself.
- Reality: social workers, the administration, family...
- Complexity of the character himself.
- How to survive...

In this photographic study, I'm not looking to show the banalities that everyone has already seen about the homeless, but to highlight HIS vision of what HE wants to share, which finally amounts to a little glimmer of friendship.