



Librarian training Benedict Luisière collect family photos. Not his own: those of others ... With a special interest in their endless repetitions, his attention quickly focused on what one sees in this family ritual, without ever naming: the staging of fiction by made little lies.

"When I think I am one, you see me one. Would there be as many" I "as there are" You "? To this question I guess the likely responses and some misunderstandings. Qu 'is what is truly constant in identity, if not its eternal (de) (re) construction.

Family photos are my little theaters of glossy paper, in which both I and Other, a hybrid and transitory character plays "the assumption of self." Am I the Unknown? I hesitate ... I stack and I assemble fragments of anonymous faces with mine. Through these "cuttings" I put to the test a distant certainty, that of being good one, shown in the photo. We perceive us as images or reflections. So how not to make mistakes from time to time? I muddies the family fiction by inviting me, by anachronism, coming rub one I was. He could be my son, but that's me. And for the same reasons it can not be my father, because it's me.

Editions spéciales

In this book he was shot 30 copies numbered head together with a set of four original prints, numbered and signed.

The set is presented in a pouch crystal.

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