Philippe Skolle has always carried his soul in his suitcase. (...) Recently he has returned to the US,

on the steps of his kin, whom he has found in the archives of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. (...) 'And in recently published books on the famous photographer Walker Evans, I found full pages on my grandparents' lives and on their relationship with Evans. Walker, who shared an apartment with John, was resentful of my grand-mother, that bourgeoise, who had stolen his best friend from him. (...) In New York the Walker Evans Archive was displayed for

IL RETROUVE SES RACINES A NEW YORK

Une famille sur papier glacé





me: the whole story of my family was there, pictures and letters, waiting for me since 1935... Plus an endless collection of photos of my mother as a child, in the nude, smiling mischievously to the camera. Strange, when you think she never received happiness as a gift from life... It was a hard emotional shock to take, because all the protagonists of those lives are now ghosts who haunt me every time I walk through the streets of New York.