



6 bis rue des Moineaux

My father's house - formerly my parents' house - January 1st, 2020.

When entering its different rooms, I discover a lot of objects - carriers of family reminiscences. In front of piles of cardboards, other objects are placed like flowers or memorial headstones; these installations are nothing more than the remains of my childhood life. Struck by the contrast between the sterile laying of luxurious objects, the mausoleums of the objects of our past and the squalor of some other rooms in the house, I felt a very strong need to photograph its every corners - the act of photography itself symbolizing my compendium on a family life that is no more.