

Who Are You?

Series "Who are you?" also known as "Halloween" is a story about one of my existential experiences lived through photography. The story of issues and questions: who are others?, who I am?, and why do I need to make the images of others, my... self image?

As a New Yorker of adoption since 2001, I have always been attracted to the Greenwich Village Halloween Parade, our New York's Carnival. Each year during my new American life, this event has provided me with an extraordinary opportunity to seize by photography some significant values of American culture. Nevertheless, these uncommon, mystic nights have left me in a state of existential anxiety, not only by the specificity of this holiday, but also by my thoughts...

*I know nothing about these people,
I don't know their names, their everyday life, their dreams,
I don't know what they do, what they love and hate. And more, I don't know their fates.*

However, I can observe during these metaphorical parades their shows played for themselves, for others and for me, the shows about their life.

I am watching: men and women, members of the LGBTQ+ community and children, "monsters" and "forces of evil", seductive, funny, horrible, ghastly, awful, nude, wearing a mask, active or resigned.

Everyone display one of its attitude of his life: the search of pleasure, the struggle for power, the existential angst, the fear of the unknown and of the death...

Many of them benefit from the essence of carnival, of this life <à rebours> for laughing at all which is normal and serious, for disputing of the social order, naturalness and "divine".

Note: all these universal attitudes are exhibited by their actions, their costumes, and in particular through their faces, sometimes covered by masks!

And I, the witness, I have to made the photographic images of these faces, it means, the funeral "imagines" of these living faces.

The faces of people who march and disappear. And disappear!

My deep dissension on <Tempus fugit>, on Man's fate, the topic returning continuously in my work, has become the subject of these photographs, traces of this "philosophical" reality, trace of my question and finally my own trace.

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