

My dear friend,

Since the end of this month of November 2024, I have thought about you very often. I see you everywhere—your books, of course, but most of all, in the little everyday moments. Despite your thousands of photos, all as iconic as they are exceptional, you leave an incredible void.

I remember our first conversations, initiated by Marc Riboud, and the way you looked at me the first time we met. You had that mischievous and charming gaze that reminded me of my grandfather's.

I feel incredibly lucky to have crossed paths with you, to have shared those moments with you. I always felt as if I were facing the eyes of a child—the one you, I believe, always knew how to nurture.

I want to thank you for your kindness, your gentleness toward me, for allowing me to get to know you. Know that I will never forget those moments, those instants. Your view of the world, of course, has been immortalized, and we are all fortunate to have it.

Cocteau wrote: "The tomb of the departed is the heart of the living," and I know that you reside in many hearts, forever."

Bruno Zaraya