

68

Nita Vera

What Love Weighs

I have never understood the twisted and complicated relationship my father had with his mother, my grandmother. I started to photograph them together to get closer to what lay underneath their relationship. Reflecting on these photographs, I started to pay attention to my own relationship with my parents. This brought me to start a broader project, a further examination of my family relations. I want to communicate something that is not visible, something that is difficult to express in words. Close relationships are always coloured by friction in between. They are irrational, absurd. With these small details I am narrating fragments of the complexity of human relationships. Something that is not visible to the outside, something that is difficult to express in words. Human relationships usually include different layers, history, and behaviour patterns, but still they have their universal characteristics. Our stories tend to repeat themselves.

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Je n'ai jamais compris la relation tordue et compliquée que mon père avait avec sa mère, ma grand-mère. J'ai commencé à les photographier ensemble pour m'en rapprocher. En regardant ces photos, j'ai ensuite commencé à prêter attention à ma relation avec mes propres parents. Cela m'a amené à me lancer dans un projet plus vaste, un examen plus approfondi de mes relations familiales. Je veux communiquer quelque chose qui n'est pas visible, quelque chose qui est difficile à exprimer avec des mots. Les relations étroites sont toujours colorées par leurs frictions inhérentes. Elles sont irrationnelles, complexes, absurdes. Elles se composent de plusieurs couches, comprenant toutefois des caractéristiques universelles : nos histoires ont tendance à se répéter.















