

ABSENT, BEFORE HE WAS ACTUALLY GONE

During my childhood and part of my adolescence, I idealized the figure of a non-existent father. Through the stories of family members, the figure of an honorable and loving man was built in my head. It was as if everyone had agreed to tell the same story, to create a different reality and perhaps to ease his death. I used to imagine how his presence would have changed and influenced the stages of my life.

Through the inertia of existence, I knew that my father had left us a few months after my mother got pregnant. Perhaps he was afraid of the challenges that came with forming a second family and with a high-risk pregnancy.

This is when the story begins.

This project tries to make peace with this event that marks me without even knowing it. It goes from the imaginary to reality, from life to death, from longing to restlessness.

I go back to our archive photos, to link reality and fiction. I intervene in them; I cut the silhouette of a man that represents him, the void, the tangible that never exists but imaginary was always there.

These archive photos are in front of a sky background, where he lives now. These clouds harbor my thoughts, stories I was told, my frustrations, and my inquietudes. It is between these memories, I realized this is not his story, it is ours.