





I've never  
photographed my  
mother before.

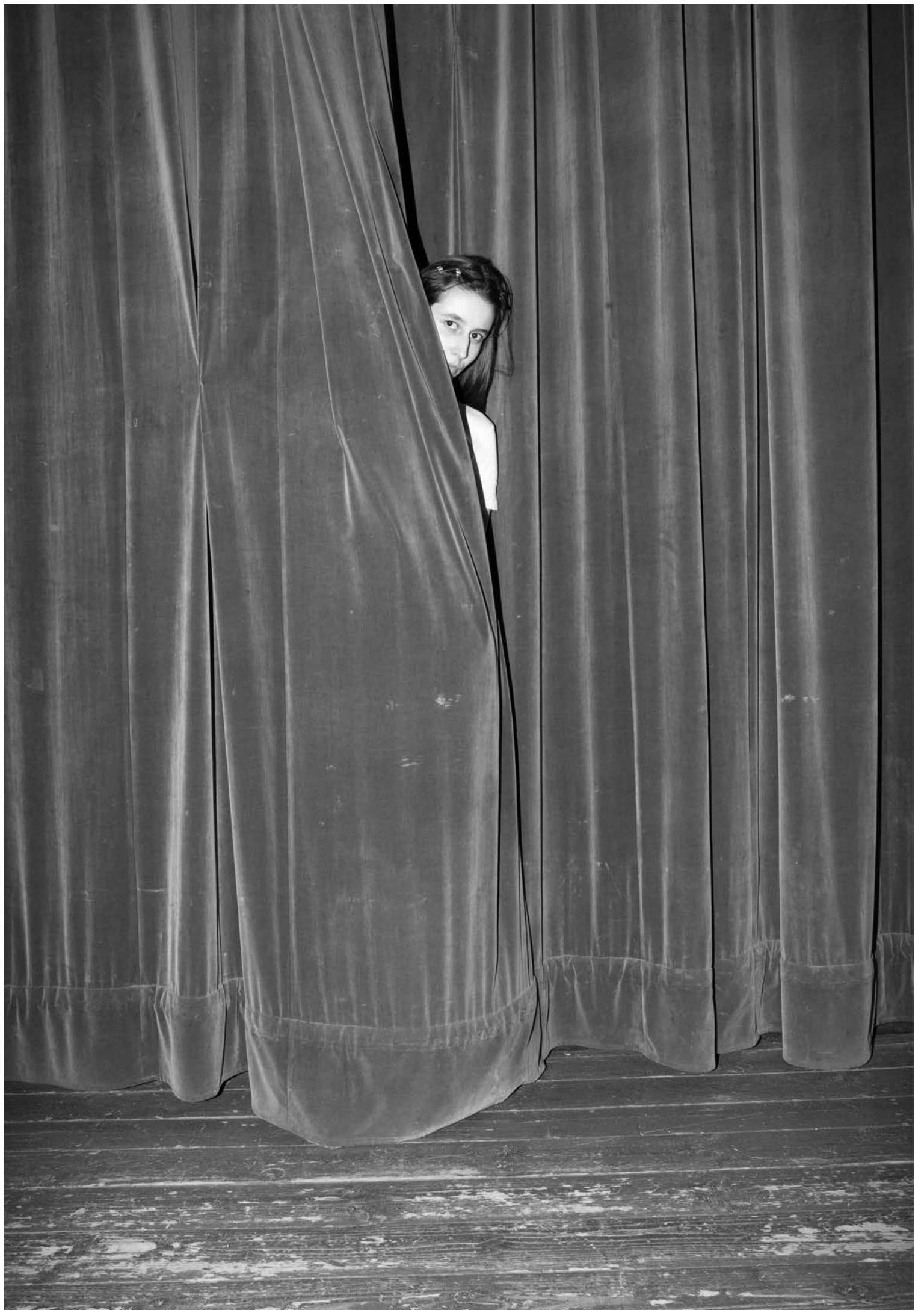
Karina Golisova



Me  
Mother  
2 Sisters  
Nephew  
Niece

~~Father~~  
~~Grandma~~

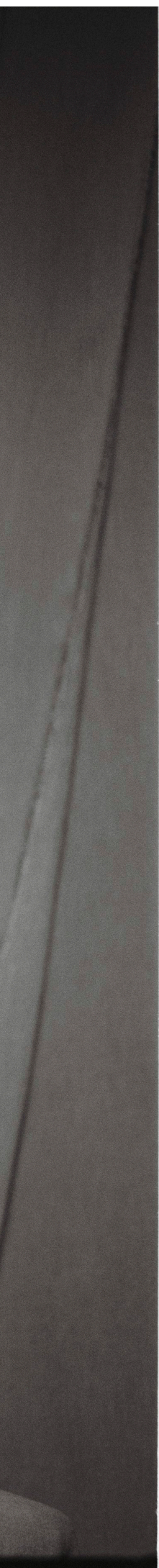


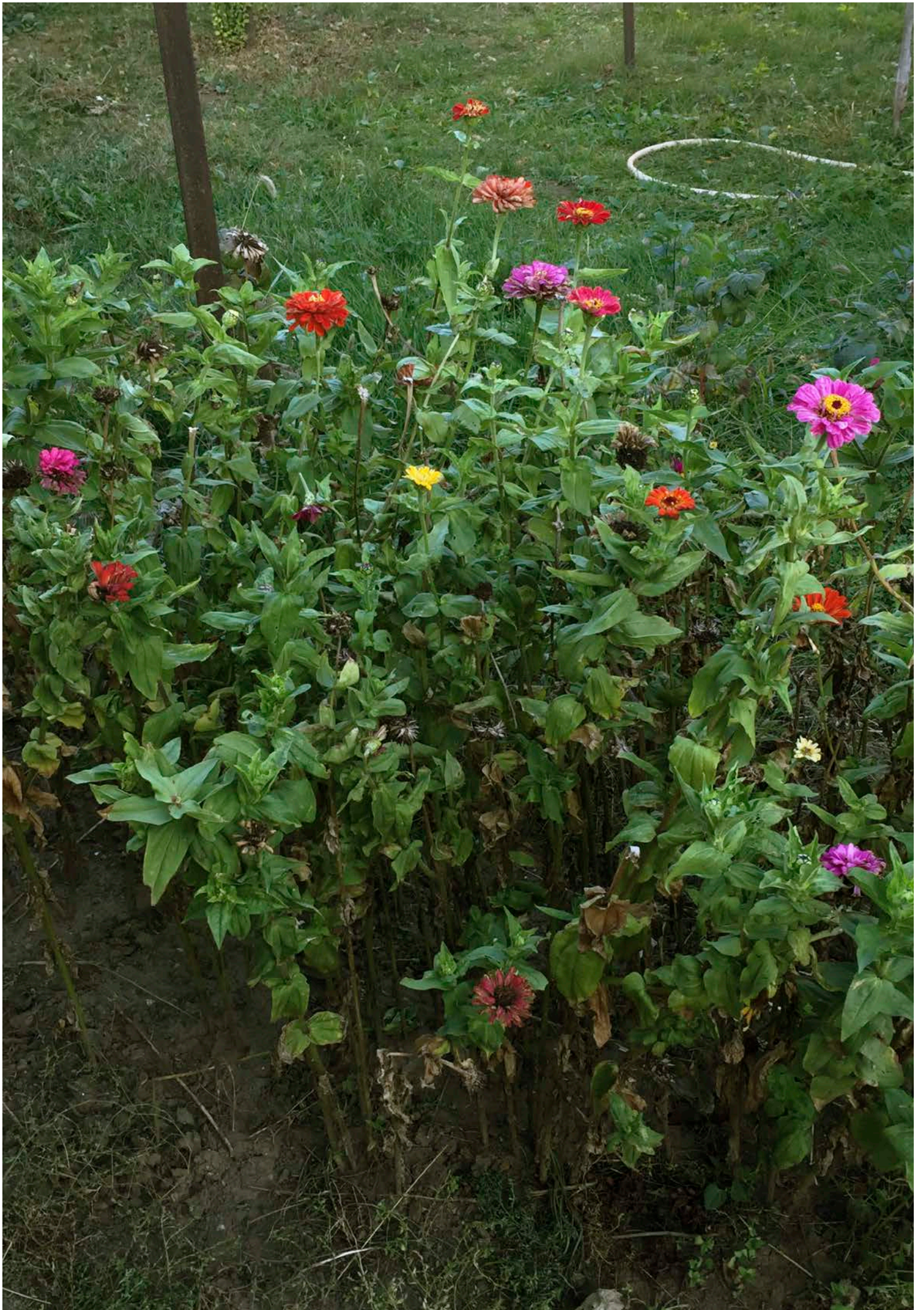














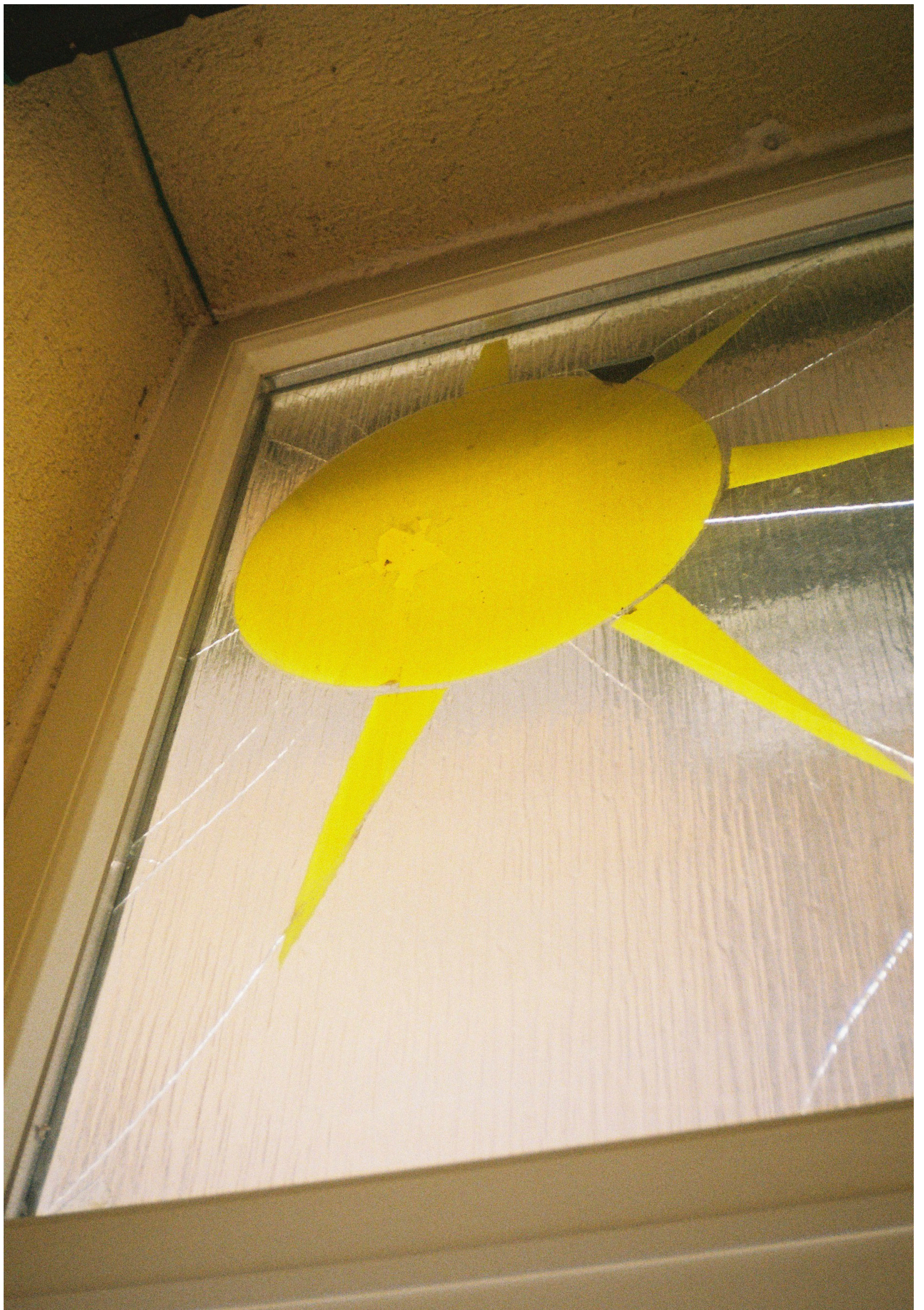


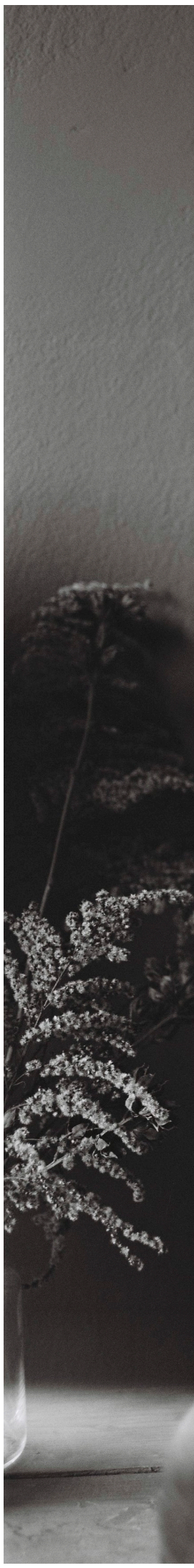






When I was about six years old, a white pigeon used to sit in the tree in front of our house every evening. It always arrived at the same time and flew away at the same time in the morning. My father came home one evening drunk and said that the pigeon must fly away, because the pigeon symbolized peace and it had long since left our family. He started throwing stones at the pigeon and the window that was behind it broke. The next morning, my father woke up and covered the broken glass of the window with a bright yellow foil from which he had cut out the shape of the sun himself. From the street the sun was plain yellow, but looking up it was clear that it was only masking the broken hole in the window. The pigeon never came back, and even though twenty years have passed, the sun is still there.



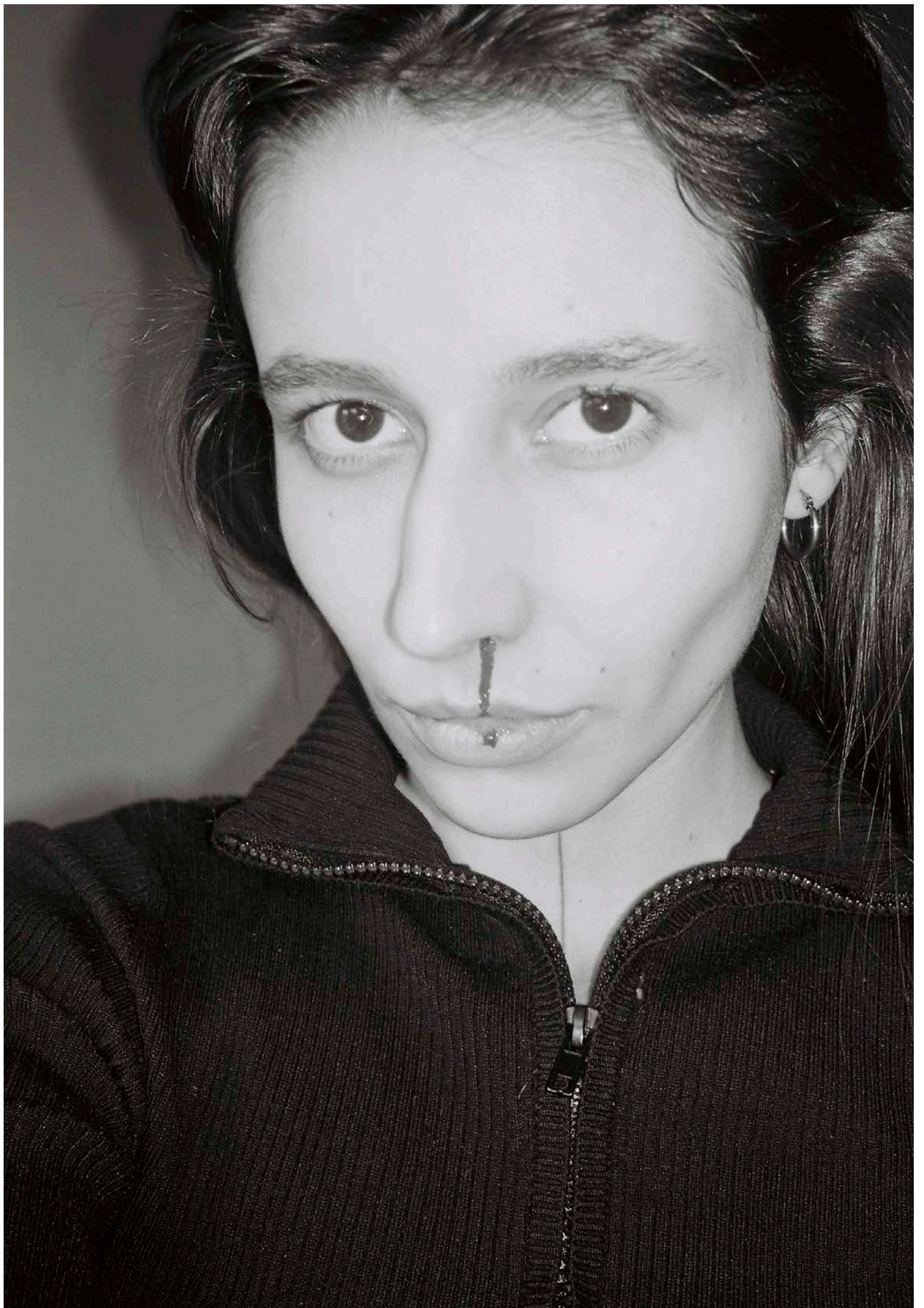






We inherit different things from our parents. I inherited my father's physical traits, my mother's character traits and a nosebleed. I'm not alone in this. My sisters inherited it too. In psychosomatics, a bloody nose is considered a way of drawing attention to oneself.



















All the women in our family have scars on their bodies. Mental problems and anxiety are directly etched into our skin. I know that all the scars we have on our bodies are more mental than physical. Generational traumas are deeply encoded in our bodies, and every single pain of my sisters hurts me.















Even though I have never taken pictures of my mother before, I have found countless photos of our garden and the flowers we grow there in the archives. When I was seven years old, my grandmother on my mother's side decided on Christmas Day that she didn't want to live there anymore. Due to the sale of my grandmother's apartment, she was forced to move in with my aunt, where she missed all the herbs and flowers she had been taking care of in our village. As soon as she lost contact with her land, she also lost the meaning of her life. Since her death, my mother has been obsessively collecting flowers and plants and taking care of them. Since I was very young, I have noticed that when she waters them, she thinks of my grandmother. This is the last connection she has with her mother. Since I have been living away from home, I feel that flowers are also my communication element in my relationship with my mother. We talk about planting, transplanting, fertilizing and we share flower cuttings all the time.

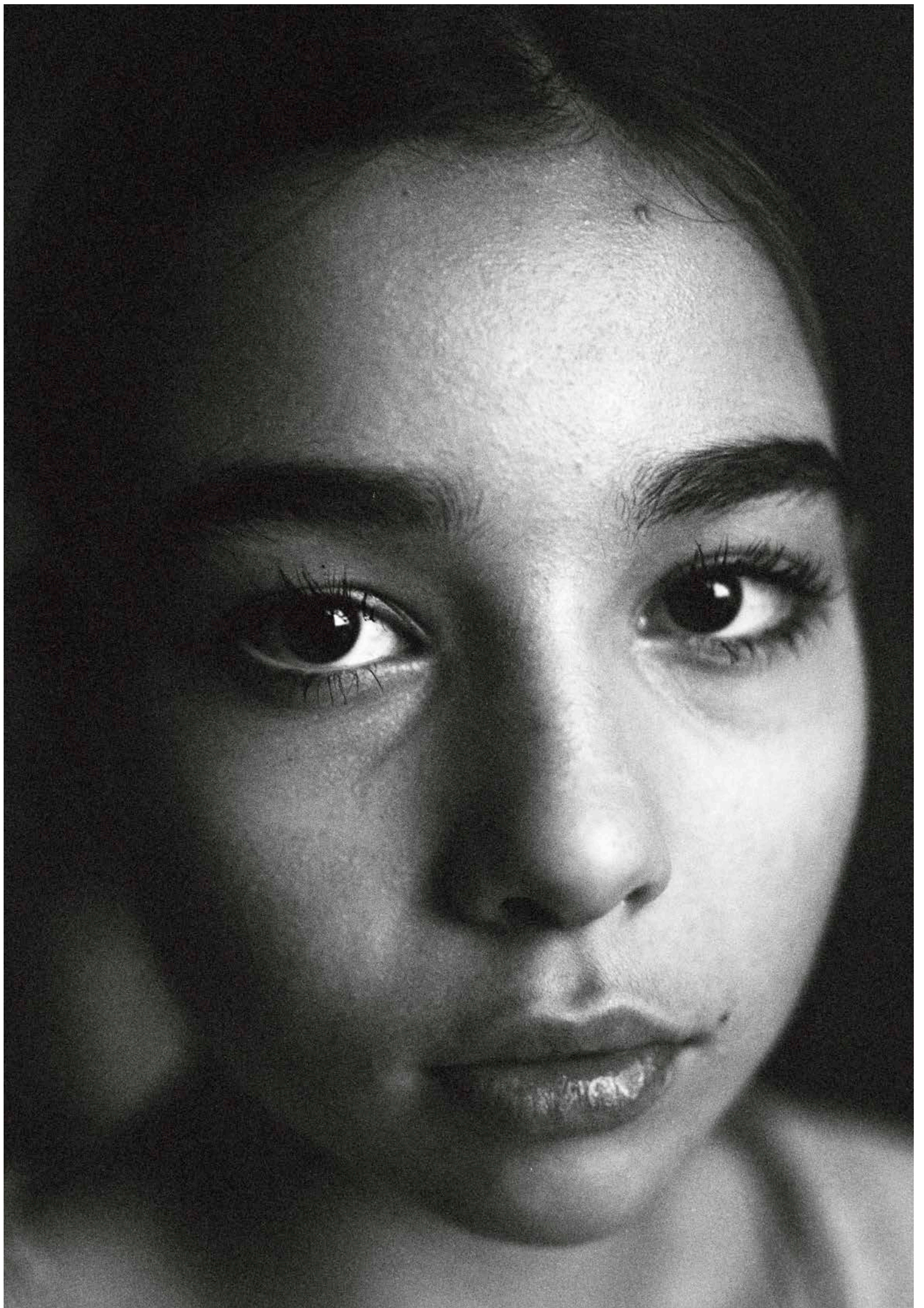




































POZOR!  
TAHOVE VYVÁŽENIE  
NEPOVOLANÝM MANIPULÁCIA  
PRISIE ZAKAZANÁ!

DOVOLENÉ  
ZATAŽENIE  
TAHU  
60kg

DOVOLENÉ  
ZATAŽENIE  
TAHU  
60kg

8

DOVOLENÉ  
ZATAŽENIE  
TAHU  
60kg

7

DOVOLENÉ  
ZATAŽENIE  
TAHU  
60kg

6





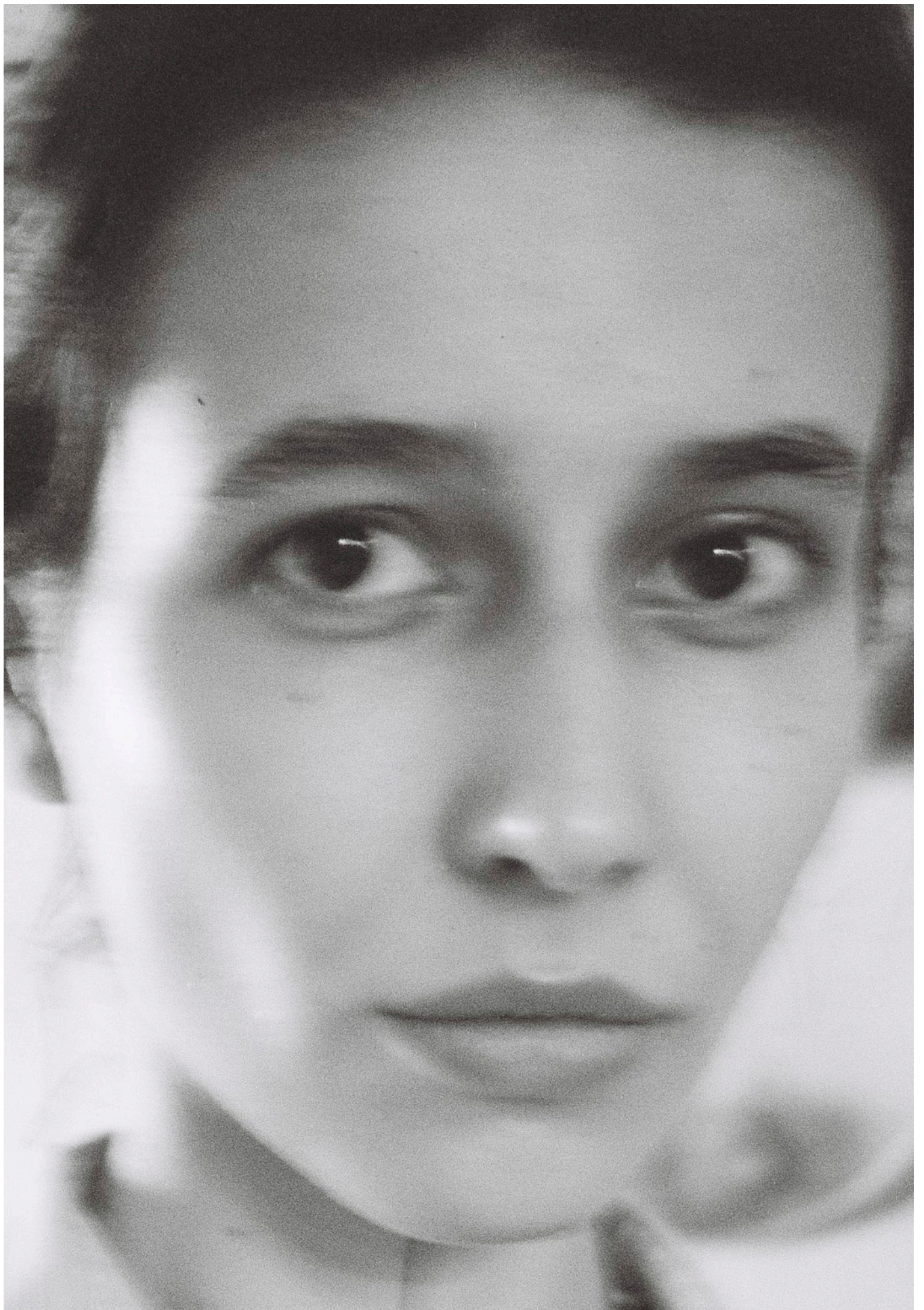


Someone once told me that mistletoe is both a parasite and a medicinal herb that is passed from tree to tree. Every time I see this herb, I think of my family. I think of the giant mistletoe hanging in my room at home every Christmas, always brought to me by my mother. I think about how mistletoe reminds me of a certain type of inheritance and passing on to one another. It transfers its being from one tree to the next, and so a whole line of trees becomes a fascinating dotted forest. The trees are of different species, but the mistletoe unifies them.





















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