

Twenty weights, please.

This is the portrait/story of two very important women of my childhood and life: my maternal grandmother and her daughter. Immigrants in the London of the 1950s, with their strength, their ability to survive and to make do always with a sincere dignity, they forever inspired my need to "be there".

I started to collect every little thing, a small object or trace of my Grandma's English time.

I remember when she was still alive at her place - between a tee and a cigarette - her tales from that past captured my imagination.

I was fascinated, I felt like I was there myself: on those streets, in the factory and under that humid sky, I could almost smell the air.

This is a *recollection diary*: written and lived by them, read and re-written by me through a in and out of time journey which enters my present from the past, leaving me with a taste of melancholy that lives in who I am and that had always inspired me long before I knew what I wanted to do in life.

I chose to recover and recognize the traces of their lives in a London that, although changed, still talks about that time.

The images I shot in those last 20 years safeguard this emotional archive.

My grandmother was for me an amazing character who took me away, as if by magic, into tales from the past, from a real life in a foreign city, at the service of gentlemen, while balancing survival and freedom with great dignity.

Since I can remember I always looked at my grandmother as someone to admire.

From this project, that ideally begins with one of the first sentences my mother learned "twenty weights please", I'm sending you these 10 pictures, a short selection with no temporal hint, just working places, the house, roads they ran with their bicycles, the light at the end of the day.

This uninterrupted journey through the recounted memories and a life lived with such strength and lucidity, re-takes shape every time my passion for photography draws emotion from those past images.