



I must have been blind

2015 – ongoing

Behind every landscape there is always another landscape, which is perceived with the vagueness and indefiniteness of imaginative facts. Giacomo Leopardi

I was born in the Valle del Sacco, a vast area south of Rome that has experienced rapid industrial development since the end of the Second World War, compromising its natural agricultural vocation.

Years of entanglement between business and politics allowed for the omission of controls on polluting factories, and today the valley is included in the SIN, sites of national interest for environmental reclamation.

When I decided to narrate such a familiar place, I didn't know that I would soon find myself lost in an environment where the conflict between man and nature appears to be governed by a perpetual motion of overlapping forces.

The landscape, increasingly indefinite, becomes a no man's land from which human presence seems excluded, fragile like the traces it leaves behind. If the sense of alienation is such that one no longer recognizes their own places, the gaze can open up to a new imagination, a return to a predisposition to surprise and rethink oneself and the space one inhabits.