

The idea of Marmagne came after several walks I took in Burgundy, a few years ago. Not far from Montbard, the land of Buffon's works. By complete chance we ended up in Marmagne, an old trout farm- as I read later on the map-but was already operating since the end of the 19 century, which had been abandoned for several years. A large poplar tree had knocked down the fence, so we managed to get in. It was springtime, and our legs were soon wrapped in high and prickly nettles. The vegetation was a wide courtyard full of long and narrow tubs arranged in a comb-like shape, where the trouts were farmed through their various growth stages and then immediately fished. It was a wild place, where the land and the water, the human and the plant kingdoms were embedded together. An unnatural place, built where natural chaos was claiming back its space. You could recognize the architecture underneath the leaves, the broken branches and the bundles of weeds. A cloudy, gray-blue-white photos printed on a custom made canvas from the Appenines; another layer, another time, and I embroidered it with the ten hypothetical stages of the continental drift in white thread. More time layered onto another time, a drift joining another time, a drift joining another drift. Will more nettles grow down there? Is anyone still studying in Buffon's tower?

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