

## Boboli garden ♦ statement

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The garden has been a privileged subject of exploration since the beginning of photography, from Atget's photographs of the gardens of Paris. Only in the 80s photographers return to concentrate on the garden, exploring the human presence in the landscape, and watching at the garden as an expression of the man attempt man to give form to the nature.

Gardens can be expression of the aspirations of the cultures that have created them: from calm paradise to place of tensions, where the beauty seems to coexist with the inexorable forces of nature.

However, gardens share the idea of being a superior experience of nature. The irony is that such experience undergoes in a place of total artifice. The garden becomes the symbol of the more and more ambiguous relation between man and nature, desire of the first to control and to form the second, in the attempt to dominate the primal forces. But even if held meticulously, gardens change continuously and remain vulnerable to time.



I began to wander in the Boboli Garden without a set idea. I was attracted from the hidden symbols I could see in every corner, from the amazing visions and all the conceivable interpretations it offered. I was fascinated by the sinuous forms of the fields, and the lights and shadows created by the plants. To think about the garden has become for me a twofold exercise: the ideal (real) garden that tickles my controlled self and the inner garden that goes along unconscious paths, infusing my mind with a sense of the place. *"Nature is not accessible by means of the pure aesthetic vision (aisthesis), but by means of the logos"* (Michael Jacob, Landscape and Literature).

I was inspired by Chomsky who wrote that our *ignorance* (lack of knowledge) can be divided into problems and mysteries. When we face a problem, we may not have a solution, but we have an intuition, a development of knowledge, and the notion of what we are looking for. When we are in front of a mystery instead, we can only observe with surprise and dismay, imprisoned in the impossibility to find an explanation.

This is the Boboli Garden for me.

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