



There is a land.

A land with no particular end or beginning.

A land touched by water.

A land with hills.

By the sea.



There is a land where the trace that marks who "you" "others" and "us" are has trembled so much that you can not tell where it begins and where it ends.

P
R
I
M
O
R
S
K
A

by the sea...

...and beyond



Find me somewhere
between
the mountains and the sea.



As long as I see the mountains
I know where I am.

In the border, I know who I am.







at
the
border
everything
behind
belongs
to
you.

It
is
part
of
you,
you
are
part
of
it.



Even if it is empirically unknown, you assume it as yours.
The other side of the line, meantime, seems to be strange, foreign.
It makes you feel foreign, strange, when you cross it.

Even though you share so much with it.
It is your landscape,
it is part of your
 e v e r y t h i n g n e s s .

Borders, in Europe, more than political and geographical, are mainly psychological.





Between the Alps and the Adriatic Sea.

The same shock that shakes fissures, inherits conflicts.

Between resilience and resistance.

You can not understand the complexity involved in the history of certain territory without sensing and understanding the meaning of its landscape. These images are focused in the landscape, with no judgment other than what is purely sensorial.



