

Poetry is unparalleled in expressing the secret drives of the soul and body. It is extraordinary—even esoteric—how a purely mental image, through a process equally esoteric, is able to take body and form, substance and life, and to penetrate deeply inside of us, so as far as to shatter every barrier and make one shiver and shake.

And in a cascade of thunder and dazzling light, sidereal rainbows, suggested sounds, intense silences, an image appears, concrete and tangible, in the darkest zone of ourselves.

Garcia Lorca's poetry is, I believe, the most sensual that has ever been conceived. It sings of horses and green moons, mountains and sea, blood and sand, mother-of-pearl and roses... and the powerful tremble of the erotic, insinuating and soft, that sweeps us away with dreamy abandon. It is difficult, almost impossible, to depict the abandon of sensuality.

In photography, then, it is even harder. Yes, one invents, manipulates, but the connection with the real is a cordon of elastic resistance that cannot be excised. The subject is there: an inevitable comparison, an overwhelming presence.

A woman's body, Francesca Galliani's subject, springs from that drive that in poetry is so natural to report.

An homage to beauty, to the ambiguity of a female being's impenetrable contradictions?

No, her inquiry about the body is through "knowledge": the willingness to discover, through the surface's forms, an intangible universe.

Beautiful, extremely beautiful, provocative and transgressive, rebellious and fragile, her women are symbolic affirmations of “being oneself” with all the truthfulness that life grants to us.

And only a woman could have succeeded in breaking through this subtle and even impenetrable veil that shields the indiscreet look. These are specific shots that Galliani studies in detail, because she doesn’t want to celebrate the harmony of young bodies, aesthetic poses and obvious attitudes, but instead to tell stories that are much more intimate.

The stories are different, the protagonists with their own unique experiences are different, and each time the relationship is different; the author cannot reuse the same representative elements.

So, according to the character and identity of her subject, Galliani’s technical artifice supports the expressive urgency.

One cannot escape technique in photography—like other visual arts—and its use is the inevitable and binding passage from the formulation of the idea to the setting of the scene.

Galliani invents highly personal techniques, taken from ancient processes and modified with dominating originality: hand-rendered sepia toning, material interventions on the image surface that embellish the art object but also render it unique and irreproducible.

It’s true that this contradicts photography-specific means (though who dares to define such limits?), however it is equally true that each of her works is an example of an investigation that attempts to visualize an extrasensory female universe.

Uneasiness, exaltation, impulsiveness, rapid abductions, serene exposures, momentary furies, and even more involute perturbations and

thoughts, actions and transgressive choices that finally find body and soul in images that may be equally defined as symbolic correspondences.

Tired and nauseated by idiotic, useless, pseudo-erotic celebrations of silicone-enhanced irrepressible fantasy, this is the female universe, demure in revealing itself through its own image, yet also so intensely authentic as to provoke a tremor of incredulity.

Francesca Galliani's work is a grimace toward stereotypes and a sublime gift, finally, to the female truth that hides beneath iridescent shades of sensuality: androgynous bodies with exhaustive drives, soft shapes of irresistible desire, alluring uncertainties of sexuality, bodies abandoned in dreams, violence to hypocritical certainties.

Real women, not dolls that pose in front of the lens, docile slaves of a mistaken duty.