**Text by Omar Galliani**

Prima l’acqua e ora il sale. Il disegno nell’acqua/

First water and now salt. The drawing in water

First water and now salt! As if inks or water colours weren't enough to brighten up the lights and shadows of faces, landscapes, raging seas or red-coloured volcanoes. A few days ago someone came by to my studio and talked to me about water, not the one for the flowers in the morning or in the pressure cooker, but the water that thinks and remembers. I had already read somewhere that water was able to remember: it seems that a Japanese and two French scientists spent their lives studying what water could remember. If it is true that water is the most primordial and archetypal element belonging to the Earth, the name of the latter, *blue planet*, must be necessarily known to some interstellar traveller who must have spied on us from some out-of-reach galaxy or space ship. It follows that the primordial water that the alien saw will have remembered that face that so much sci-fi literature or so many Hollywood movies tried to show us. Then, forgetting the Martian, water has long dug into the mind of the most gifted of the terrestrial creatures, Leonardo, who with his drawings and maps of lakes, coastlines and rivers arrived in Milan, in the land of the Po river, to feed and bring silk, marble, and glass to that factory of beauty that will later become Milan.

Who knows what that water will remember of him and his sluice gates at *Incoronata* where today there is no longer water and I want to drown a drawing made with salt and egg whites that reminds us of his *Leda* hidden in some loft of the world. I want this drawing to fly off taking along the memory of us who today mention it in that pocket where everything is lost and becomes a memory. I have been looking on the sheets of many years ago for a certainty that could give me back that emotion of waves and rains, flowers bent by the rain or hair wet by the sea water, the swirls of which became magnificent fiery overflows. Looking at it blending, water will betray you if you are not able to swim when fatigue reaches your muscles and time will dive into nothing. The awareness of beauty will thus disappear in a sign abducted by water on a sunny day.

San Gregorio, 14 / 7/ 2015