

SKIN TALES

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One day, when I was planning a new project, I thought I would like to narrate a story about some old man in Sicily. When I was thinking about this project I didn't know exactly how to start it, and what rose to my thoughts was: "Once upon a time there was..."

"No, no... That's old! I cannot begin a story in this way... it's much too expected" I replied to myself, maybe writing was not the best choice for this story.

After a lot of tests, and a dozen wrong starts, I recognized that I had another idea.

"I'd like to narrate the stories without using my own language", was my new intention.

I was looking for a way to leave each subject free to tell his own story: no interferences, no additions.

Finally I choose the universal language of Photographs in order to leave each man free to express a feeling just with their own eyes, with their faces, with their expressions.

In this way the observer, scanning the faces of the subject, can read his soul instantaneously, just by reading his skin, the wrinkles, the roughness.

A Furrowed brow tells us a the story of sailors. Waking up early before to the sun, days spent inside rowing a boat just to make ends meet.

Sun burnt Skin consumed by both saltwater and weariness.

In another photo the parched skin tells us tales about a countryman. A proud person, as genuine as his gaze. Deep eyes forged by the sun.

If it's a good photo, no words are needed because the image speaks better than a million words.