

EXTRACT: CATERINA RIVA

The woman in the image reminds her of her mother. The only memory she had of her mother was of a woman laughing, smoking, watching her while she ate wild cherries and spat the pits at a white wall. She had eaten and spat so many that the wall was dotted, decorated with dozens of red spots. She had never tasted a decent cherry since that time. Now they tasted of nothing. It is the thick dark brown hair and the resting forearm and hand, pleasantly idle, elegant, but ready to strike like a snake, veins in relief. She is holding a cigarette and smoke comes out of her nose and mouth creating a natural blurring of facial features, creating a mystery, alluring and sphinx like. The light is that of the warmest hours of the day and she is almost certain the sea lies beyond that stone wall. Sounds intertwined of seagulls and waves. The composition is in the style of a 17th century portrait painting, even though the clothing and the colours are definitely contemporary. Oddly anachronistic. The woman is longing for something or someone, but when that cigarette butt is kissed she will stand and wilfully go on with her day.