

EXTRACT: CORNELIA LEIN

A round golden frame the size of a dinner plate sitting on a Prussian Blue wall.

They can see their reflections in the glass of the frame just next to a copy of the Correggio, the one of Io, kissed by Jupiter as a cloud, joining the scenery, the reflections in the paintings on the opposite wall. Within the frame a young person with an oval shaped face and light brown hair to the chin is looking at them with gentle, modest, but also fearlessly knowing eyes. Their skin is light, but not pallid. Soft and even, their cheeks and lips touched by a hint of rose. From the corner of the window on the higher left to the hints of an easel, and to the back of a golden frame on the mid right, the grey walls and their dark corners are bending around their body. The hand and sleeve visually enlarged in the foreground complete the curve. Their hand resting at the front of the painting, almost the width of their shoulders. The person is dressed in a black jacket, a brush of fur collar.

Underneath, a blouse of solid white linen ruffles slightly at the neck. At the edge of the sleeve, the whiteness of the blouse drapes over the wrist like the wide petals of some exotic flower. One could touch it. They can discern a tiny golden ring on the little finger, just there, beneath the varnish, almost touching the surface - the topcoat of the paint and all its layers.