

met Lady Tarin some years ago in Milano. We quickly became friends, spent many evenings eating good food and talking about our dreams and then we quietly went through different paths. Eventually, I saw her pictures in the magazines and I always felt happy for her because she is a super cool photographer.

Also I smiled a lot remembering what her grandmother used to tell her: “E’ fatica”. It’s an old saying from Romagna, her birth place, and it literally means: “It’s an exertion” referred to life itself. Each time we confronted about something we couldn’t really solve, we kept silent for a while, then one of us said: “E’ fatica”, making both laugh.

It’s all about acknowledging that things can be tough and accepting that struggle with a smile. Maybe her grandma’ wasn’t that positive, I claim that Tarin and I added the laughing part, which I’m sure

helped us a lot.

I bet Tarin had to struggle to sharpen her vision about female eroticism, so far away from the coarseness of the average representation of women nudity.

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