

A glass of Dry Martin is on a white table cloth.

A piece of lemon-peel floats behind the vermillion smudge of lipstick. “Red. Why red Tarin?”

“What?”

“Your nails, ypur lips”

“Ah, it’s Chanel”

“And why?”

“Cause without I feel naked”

She looks at her hands widening her fingers as to cast a spell.

Then with those fingers arranges her glasses.

“A blame on the education ypung girls receive in their families she says.

“Girls – women – grow up accustomed to male ideals”

“Such as?”

“I’m referring to the fact that women do not feel beautiful if they don’t wear high heels or have their lips augmented.

When I take pictures of a woman I ask her to pose as natural as she can be. No make- up except the one she uses

everyday: if she always wears lipstick, she can keep it. Then I try to create a cosy situation in which she can forget about all the patterns she built up to protect herself. Then she feels powerful”

Marta Galli