

David Scheier

Excessive

NEWfaces:

MODEL OF THE WEEK: KLARA FACCHINO

(Last Shoot)

Klara stood beside a table of Svedka stirred with Lakewood Organic Cranberry Juice in blue-tint Bodum glasses that sat aligned like stadium lights on a foldout table, two lit with red liquid light. On her other side, a fence of footless tights (florescent blue, hot pink, Black Watch Tartan) and miniskirts (Pamela Mann in black and gold, *the wet look*, Ohne Titel textured cotton-knit-banded skirt in both white and grey, the \$549.00 tag still dangling on the waist, a red Herringbone Jacquard skirt—70% rayon and 25% nylon— the envy of summer at \$459.00, Euphemia, Apparel, Apsara, Bottega Veneta, Brioni, Chorlotte Ronson, CX London and Elizabeth Charles) hung in alphabetical order. She pensively looked through the gaps of cloth and fiber. She was searching for something controversial, something human, but all she saw was this tangle, this dangling system of threaded fabric. Today's look: shapeless figures in the wardrobe room, the heat of the studio lights, feet on a cold concrete floor, rolls of white back-drops, a metal rod holding outfits, more cotton shirts, more polyester dresses slung on hangers, an Andrea Ponsi Solar Image Clock, time of the sun's exact position on a black-line horizon, fallen S on a grid, stuck on the mid-day rise. At some point, there would be a solar eclipse, or the representation of one, a Photoshopped moon, digitized over yesterday's sun becoming an ancient well-bottom.

Equally inhuman to the hung garments was the photographer, red-cheeked with red spiky hair, an impassive face with blanched green eyes, behind which, somewhere, his thoughts floated critically and plaintively. Her world was reduced to lighting modes, cold and warm, motionless poses, lips, slightly parted, face viewing for future ghosts, held in like the breath of a thermos of coffee under its lid by the spell of winter. The chill of studio air weighed on her as an indigo lush-printed teal dress by Aminaka Wilmont slipped down her shoulders, hips, and legs to the floor. She, a tower of fire inside, starting to grow and grow and grow while the photographer toned lighting, and a kaftan by Mirco Giovannini pulled up and over her flesh, sleeves like flags on her cinnamon skin, legs on the base of a stool, and her hands grasped her lip.

Her eyes met nothing human, a flash, a flash, changed pose, behind her a white paper wall that would be filled with computerized backgrounds—she could see it more clearly, without him explaining the mood of an eclipse—his lips parted, eyes looking through her, sheer intensity of his hands on a Cannon 5550D with a low-end telephoto lens.

Next pose: She lay mostly nude, a garment slung atop her breasts, skin on fur coats and a cold floor, a fading tingle of the camera's flash lingering like a square ghost stuck behind her eyelids. Next came the meticulously clean words of his mouth, *I don't normally do this*, and somewhere along the way, behind her, in his camera, was a moment: warm orange light, empty space, her hands cupped on her breast, legs crossed on a unique posh round-design oak stool, chrome base, the skin of her thigh curled against her calve on a padded leatherette seat. One leg rested on a footrest with a hydraulic pole and lever for height, much unused.

“You're quiet, quiet, quiet, quiet. Give me a little pout and curl.” His fingers caressed the tip of his nose. She lowered her head, her spine curled, a contortionist act, neck almost breaking by bending where her arm and waist stayed mechanically against her breast and pelvis, and with her head unnaturally looking up, she saw something that delighted her: the rain torn weathering of the studio roof, scabs of mold and peeled paint. They were like the fine tracery of old skin rolling off the new, delicate and yellow, and it seemed to her that they must be powerfully resistant to construction, those frail outlines of peeled paint, all linked with each other, cracks, lines, they seemed to be opened-mouthed, a ceiling of smiles.

She rose up carefully reaching toward the splitting high-rise ceiling to pick one ceiling-skin flap of its pretty streak of paint-wood drawn lightning. Holding her hand up above her head, she smiled, as if she could pull the whole room down by one piece of removed chipped paint. She looked left, at the table of drinks and right, to the stool and blank backdrop, into the emptiness of the studio. The momentary happiness in her hands and eyes evaporated: a strange surge of energy swelled up, for here she saw innumerable emptiness' and tracings of peeled skin and fabric worn by other women which, she gathered, must go on until this moment, this now, this studio. She realized her trade for a being gazed at, the meaninglessness of it, how it reflected in the hallow green shadows of the photographers eyes. Her pupils lost their dilation as if about to implode into a place distant behind her skull, and there she cried deep inside herself, the thicket of her neurons. No D&G, Kenneth Cole, Inglot, CoverGirl: LipPerfection, M.A.C., the runway shades from last years shelf, the embroidered sequins of dresses, flared sleeves, frayed skirts, she became entangled in the pit-less bulbs of her brain. The more hesitantly she flailed like a fish on a hook while it seemed his hands stroked her suffocating body, she felt her scales missing and the sound and flash of a camera, his desire for her, enter her as she gasped for new air. She was still now, standing with her arms spread behind her, head crooked back starring at a roof falling apart above them, her fingers stretching out, warm light, Cannon on standby, close to the time she'd wear the Beanpole Skinny Jeans and a sheer and the breezy Whyred Fonda Tee she came in with and forget about this all.