



Faces of Food of Laura Malaterra

Because food is art, imagination, creativity and also a pinch of madness, just to flavour it

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The **Faces of Food**, introduced by my sesame seed Lucy, are born and travel with me. They look at me, stealthily from the plate, whispering to each other in different languages, still all of them illuminated by one single sun. Red-hot sun in Amman and Jerusalem, just warm in Stockholm, bright in Brittany, mild in Norway... Protruding gelatinous eyes of blueberry yogurt and sugar aeriels, carrot-spiked pupils, ice-cream cone nose and roasted potato chips hair. So, all of a sudden, my Food Faces are born. I capture the spirit of the premises and the steaming kitchens and I let chefs and guests suggest to my imagination. Urged to taste the colourful and fragrant foods, I toast all women and men feasting around me and inspiring me strange recipes. Because food is art, imagination, creativity and also pinch of madness, just to flavour it.

Laura Malaterra

I was born in Turin, where I graduated in architecture; I now live in Genoa.

I started taking photographs in the theater. Director, actress and author I have written many plays; I also published four books, the latest *Memories of food, the food of memories*. The **Faces of Food** belong to *The food on the stage*©, my project in progress of photographs, writings and theater www.lauramalaterra.it/Foto/IIciboInPalcoscenico/index.htm

I manage the blog *L'ovo di Piero* © lovodipiero.wordpress.com where surreal photographic stories show a poetic research also represented in the series of still-life photos *Minimi set*.

In 2017 two important awards: one of my photographs was exhibited at the SouthEast Center for Photography, Greenville, South Carolina, USA and one selected for the Special Prize Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo of the XII Lingua Madre Competition, Turin, Italy.

www.lauramalaterra.it/fotografia.htm



1- Miss Julie

Miss Julie, as a tribute to August Strinberg, was born on the ferry-boat that leaving from Stockholm and cruising across the archipelago takes you between islands and canals where every stop is a dream. The navigation, while the wooden 1930's boat interiors bring you to elegant and refined ancient times, is cheered by a buffet laid on tables full of delicacies. While you're enjoying smoked salmon and sweet grapes, time expands and the eyes get lost in the colours of an almost arctic light.



2- The Geisha

Green apple skins draw the heart-shaped mouth and the hair streaked by chlorophyll veins, pungent eyes of seeds, eyebrows like silent acute accents. Born on a hot day in Marseille, she is a hymn to elegance.



3- The beautiful Marie

Big wide eyes, curious and fragrant, satiate my morning hunger surrounded by the rustling of green birches. At a cottage in Vilhelmina in northern Sweden where the fascination of Lappish legends is mixed with the flavor of small dried sausages, red-currant jam and unforgettable cheeses.



4- The Pop Face

Floating in the magic circle of phosphorescent colours, peppers cut into flowers, cucumbers that seem candied, streaked carrots, spicy oblong hot peppers, cheese cubes and a laughing and translucent ketchup mouth are melting under the rays of the sun floodlighting the Dead Sea. Like a coloured vegetable, I float myself in those waters and so, weightless and with no age, my body swims in the salty amniotic liquid.



5- La Rossa Galette

Purple for over-drinking, cheeky and cheerful, the Red Galette of Dinan sticks out her tongue of rosé ham and filamentary grated gruyère. A sliver of gelatinous egg seals an impertinent smiling mouth and two triangular eyes squint at me slyly, under the pierced foliage of buckwheat crêpes.



6- The Faces of Food

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7- Pinocchio

He immediately told me lies: raspberry yogurt, which was of sweet blueberry, dozing in precious crystal glasses, which were made of recycled opaque plastic, was not of goat's milk but of soy. The rosy mouth inviting me to taste royal almond paste slightly crunchy outside and soft and moist inside, was nothing more than a teaspoon of rosette fluorescent plastic. As long as the lies accumulated the cone of sweet wafer dough, which Pinocchio said to be made of ecological cardboard, was stretching out of all proportion. A delicacy I tasted in the quiet of the Saracen village of Varigotti (Liguria, Italy)



8- The rotating mussel

A new weapon in the arsenal of the powerful Goldrake after the space halberd, the piercing missiles, the rain of fire, the antiradar fog, piercing mallet, supersonic blades, electronic boomerang, space thunder, subphotonic speed ... Finally, the Rotating Mussel! Launched at hypergalactic speed in the universe of cosmic foodstuffs, it minces them, cuts them into a concasser, julienne, matignon, brunoise, chiffonade, it chops and shears and peels and plucks them! It disintegrates them! The prototype in the photo was made in Pontorson Mont Saint Michel, Brittany on 12.06.2017 and at 2.38 pm was launched in the space.



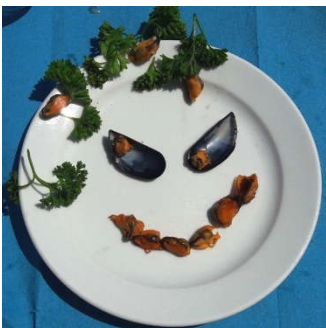
9- The Oval Face

Sad. Disconsolately sad. Only a dream keeps her alive: becoming round. My clarifications were not worth anything: ovalization is obtained by placing two circumferences together, so she should be doubly happy, and then the oval shape, already studied by Archimedes, has always been important over the centuries with the increase in its practical applications. Words in the wind. She remains sulky under the rays of the sun gilding Narvik in the spectacular end of the day with grazing lights that illuminate our Norwegian afternoon dinner.



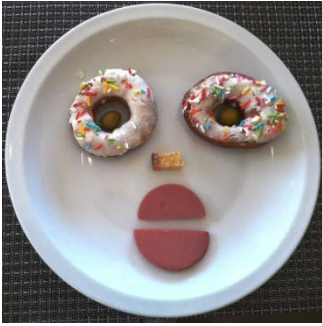
10- The Pale

We look at each other. We are both tired. I finally sat down to nibble something at 4 pm after an adventurous trip to Jerusalem. The Pale lies on the table in the hotel's dining room. Vacuous eyes turned red by the striped sun invading her face, the crooked mouth of cucumber boiled from the heat. To revive her, I promised her to take to the Wailing Wall.



11- The Cross-eyed

It's impossible to look into her eyes but she is scented with fresh orange mussels. Gusts of wind ruffle her hair of curly parsley and the sound of the sea is getting louder. The high tide is coming on the beach of Dinard and little by little it will hide that golden sand where colourful children are collecting shells.



12- The Incredulous

"I can not believe it!" So she whispers, widening her glazed eyes with dilated pupils of pitted olives, to me hesitating to devour her. Scent of honey, smoked frankfurter, toasted bread, nonpareille, cinnamon, marzipan, glaze, coloured sweets ... A mix of fragrant scents that makes me giddy, a prelude to a joyful tasting. So I answer: "I'll taste you later, I want to enjoy your colours and aromas for as long as possible, for now I shall eat you only with my eyes!" So, on an empty stomach, I face the long walk among the enchanting treasures of Petra.



13- The Martian

Antennas and mouths of filiform bags of brown sugar, big shivering round eyes of a jelly mixture of gelatinous yogurt mixed with strange berries crushed on the plastic reflecting unknown worlds. She looks at me. I watch at her. We look at each other in silence. I give myself courage and open a bulging eye. I hear beep-beeps and the antennas light up. Daredevil, I open the second bulging eye. I look around cautiously but there is no one besides us at the coffe shop in Stockholm. I get a taste and I deduce that the yogurt of the Martians is better than ours.



14- The Star

Shy and reserved, she concealed her sweet name, which someone had immortalized on the back of the plate, with modest nonchalance. But I have unveiled her secret and so I get her eyes moist with

tears of happiness looking grateful at me and she gives me her great, sunny, tomatoing smile. We are in Amman, on a warm May evening. Then Star and I will smoke the hookah.



15- The Triangle Face

We are in Azraq, Jordan; exhausted by the heat we enter this place attracted by the scent of foods that we already know will be aromatically tasty. I see this funny red face that laughs amused, at the sight of me white and tired, and I reply to her captivating smile. What eyes those bright green eyes of fragrant tabuleh, what hair the golden hair of hot chips, which mouth that iridescent and laughing mouth that scents of onion, what ears those ears of tomato sliced at least worst! Even the flies seem to like those flavours. I banquet with them confused by that light out there of a sun that seems red-hot.



16- The Diet Face

I'm back. After so much traveling, eating and enjoying the Diet Face is the only one I can afford. "Forget succulent food and sumptuous lunches. I offer you my hair of aromatic fennel, digestive, purifying, detoxifying! "A panacea. Laid on the sofa I crunch them, fresh and invigorating. Closed eyes. I review the film of my travels and I'm happy. The Food Faces smile with me.