

*Sunday, November 25, 2007*



My friend from Berlin is in town. She is a dancer who is performing in Melkweg theatre. We have not seen each other since the portrait I have made of her two years ago. At that time she was still trying to survive by modelling and waitressing jobs, now she is a much wanted dancer in modern opera productions. After having a cappuccino together she gets in a tourist mood and wanted to have a look in Kalverstraat for a souvenir.

Soon a luxurious soap store called Sabon attracts our attention. The seller is wearing a creme mask on a his face as if he is in a cabaret. Also the lady of the shop with black bobbed hair looks special like she is a night club singer from the Roaring 1920's. I am just wondering if she she could be a good portrait model and hesitating if i could i invite her, when she asks what we are looking for. In fact I do not have the faintest idea; it is the first time of my life in such a shop. Before we realize what is happening we are part of a demonstration. We have to rub our hands with a scrub consisting of pure Dead-Sea salt. My hands have strong ink stains and black nail rims from a painting session the evening before. So this must be the perfect test case. The Dead Sea is entering deeply into the pores of my skin and the salt is starting to clear the ink. I must say it feels refreshing, The skin is softer now and the stains much less visible. Next we have to try a butter hand cream a mix of coconut and vanilla. My skin which usually feels like sandpaper is as smooth as a baby's. My friend is impressed by the result and buys expensive package of this salt.

After this soothing Soap experience we go to the Soup Enzo shop. There they have interesting mixes as well: brocolli cashew nuts, potato rocquefort, peanut chicken, etc. In the evening as I am watching in the dark my friend's show at the Melkweg, I am still in my own coconut vanilla smell.