



*(Eleven AM – Edward Hopper)*

## **GIRL BY THE WINDOW**

I am quite famous really. I've featured in many exhibitions and adverts but you probably wouldn't recognise me.

I'm not unattractive, a slim 5ft 8ins, extensively curved. Age 26, currently blonde and normally garmented in the style of the art student I'm trying to be.

My fame comes from being the Signature Model for one of the leading digital artists, Dotto. The pixel painter, he calls himself. I don't think I've ever appeared in his creations in one piece. He likes to use just bits of me, and today it's my foot. I'm not sure which one; I've got to have them both suitably prepared. It's probably for a shoe ad, or maybe a fetish magazine, I never get to know beforehand. He says this might influence my attitude. He wants to be the creator and says having me naked avoids clothes complicating his shots. For £200 a session, I don't question him.

Appearing piecemeal has its benefits. At least my mother doesn't get to see me exposed. I haven't told her about my modelling. She just knows about my standard Art School stuff.

Though sometimes, I feel I'd like to be pictured a full nude, be recognised, get some acclaim. It doesn't impress people telling them that my thigh is on a Harley Davison or my hand on a toilet cleaner. Even if my breasts are exposed they aren't recognisable to those who might know them - a select few I hasten to add - after Dotto has done his pixelating.

It's eleven o'clock in the morning and I'm in my chair by the window. Dotto insists I pose in natural light. When the wind gusts the aroma of baking bread comes from the bakers along the street. Briefly, it camouflages the stale smell of cigarettes and alcohol that hangs around the flat.

I've switched on the PC and webcam and logged onto the net. There's nothing happening at the moment but I can see myself in the drop-down window. I pretend I don't recognise the woman with the ginger wig, and I presume others won't either.

There's a buzz from the PC and the virtual room is open. Dotto's on-line and I've become his exclusive view. I have to be submissive, bending and twisting to his command. I can hear the lens on the webcam turning as he's zooming over me and, I assume, on my shoes. He wants images of them from every damn angle. He loads them into his Photoshop software, or whatever, rearranges my pixels, increases my colour balance and pastes my dots on a fictional landscape.

At least it's still warm and I'm getting the full heat of the sun here. I could watch the screen just like Dotto but I'm daydreaming, thinking of sketching in the country, visits to galleries and meals in fine restaurants. Only a few minutes more and I can afford those treats. All the time, I persuade myself this is the modern way to be a muse.