

Seduction always wears different clothing and sings in a different voice. It is very difficult to sigh or groan or scream with pleasure without confronting the erotic decalogue of one's own era. Seduction, either sublimated into courtly love or grotesque and direct, is still born of sexual impulse. When the dance is accomplished - its movements unchanged since the beginning of time, but so unique for each of us - it ends up in the same jigsaw puzzle.

Ancient finds, with their brutal beauty, renew our look towards the movement of the sensual body. They compel us to face our bare desire, to dig inside our guts where refined and yet animal effusions of love arise every time we want the other's body.

*When my tongue rubs you, running through your flesh, my desire runs through the centuries and enters the Artist's gesture. We straddle each other, so that our powerful sensuality straddles the time and reappears in the present, vulgar and sublime, under a new form, shape, matter.*

*We bow in reverence to the One who reminds us what makes the world go round.*

*Memento amoris*