

My Brother, the Banyan

The bedroom, temple to my totem, this pillar that shares with me its immortality.
Discourse with this sacred tree is silent, as waves of a secret understanding wash
over us.

There are nights of nudity, where a single leaf caresses my spine.
Lovers smell of the earth, vast as the night where colours, sounds and fragrances all
come
together.

Amber, musk, incense all carry the body and the senses to another world.
Lovemaking ends, the angels whisper "no, your time has yet to come" so soft, so dark
"I've heard this song before sighs my brother the tree, faithful companion through
the ages.

Radiographies

'One day an Ace of Spades furnished with a love note, went inside my room and stole all
my underwear. To study them he passed them under an x-ray.

This was in New York, in 1910.

He studied these prints with such precision they say, that they left a lasting impression till the
end of his days...

The Turkish Bath

Beneath the Lotus flower swells a ton of sludge, making it all the more exquisite.
After a long journey I'm invited to rest and a bath is drawn. I get in, a young man
enters and chooses his phials with the utmost care. He unties every knot in my body
with his strong and nimble fingers, our eyes never meet. As I abandon myself to
pure bliss, I feel his hands flit over my breasts in their descent towards the burning
core of my desire. I open an eye. His are fixed to the sky, a picture of innocence. I
slap his face, compelling him to look at me. He scrutinizes me at length my young
lover; and carries me to my chambers. Satisfied, I give up all resistance.

Butterflies and Tables

A table is a theatre. The bold and saucy spirit slips into gazes and voices, just that hint of chivalry charms the women, the sound of their jewels gives them a victorious air. The wine's soul makes hearts sing, and the hostess is the mistress of a ballet of blazing eyes and fueled desires. What is more tempting than a picnic of sun and shadows? What music would you play? What flight will take your fancy? Would you dine with your eyes blindfolded? Under the afternoon sun the boat splits the waves to reach the guests and bring them back to shore. The moon, whispering currents, trees that shiver, nature charms the traveler with her song, and you, where would you land? A meal for guests must be a unique experience, a magical feast. There needs to be that element of surprise, a spark that will make their spirits rise and eyes light up. And here is the key...

A Mise en Scène Tuned like a Symphony

Having received your formal invitation, your six guests are to arrive separately at four minute intervals.

A silk scarf in your hand, tie it snugly over their eyes and lead them to their seat. Place their favourite drink in their hands. One by one the guests arrive and verbally begin to discover one another, blindfolded. At this stage, there are absolutely no introductions or presentations.

Your six guests are finally seated, the curtain on the next act rises. But the blindfold stays put!

Hall of temptation

An invitation into a "hall of temptation" is always a journey into the unknown. The ultimate place to express the expanse of your sensuality and the finesse of your creative mind....

then to succumb yourself into the woman your imagination has created.

Who is it that you will face?...Mystery.

Scarves, perfume and jewels conduct your spirit in the same way the force of a current multiplies and grows. They act as if they were protective talismans that give you the affront to plunge into adventure. Stay aware, that if you fill your world with magnificent chimeras, then everything external will be precious. For within the laws of desire, first is the dance of external beauty, only after which.... follows the music.

Stones are the keepers of history

Stones are thousands of sheets of time, layered like a river beds.

They speak the history of the world. A strong night long ago, I heard them.

They sang, a ballet with water, exploding under the influence of the cold.
Polished, embellished by the hand of man, they touch my skin,
link me to the stars for ever, humble me back to sand and to wind.

The enigmatic legend of BQ

Bandit Queen is a highlander, she is 20 years old, she is 1000...

She is the image of everyone and heritage for everyone. An elusive deity.

Limitless lives escaping from conformity

Some say that she was born in the 15th Century in a castle in Bavaria and that she was burnt at the stake, others claim that she was the daughter of an Indian Thakur and that she could have known the Enlightenment in Europe. You can find her in certain Russian books from the 30s that talk of her incomparable skill for entertaining... As a phoenix, she rises from the ashes.

The tempestuous character who will challenge you

She takes the world by surprise. A practical joker; she is never there when you wait for her. But if she fascinates, it's that she seems to have a sixth sense and can foresee events.

She never seems to be scared. Open to interference, including destabilizing elements. She is never fooled, she is not part of any clan, she is a woman with lots of networks, which is what gives her her strength. She is allied with intellectuals from all ages but also with distant travelers. And enemies as well.

What is the driving force behind Bandit Queen? The defense of her freedom to think, to act, to love, to overflow with feeling when she wants and with who she wants. Vivid freedom is it more devastating than abstract imprisonment? Bandit Queen