

I want to talk about one the most amazing thing, in art, which happened to me recently.
it was on saturday, last saturday, at Beaubourg.

maybe i should start this story earlier.

it was on thursday, in the subway. At the station place des fêtes, line 11. I saw a woman, strong and tall, short hair, she was sit just in front of me, with a bag named 7 pleasures. The bag hit me, because 1h before, I had booked a seat for a show at Beaubourg named 7 pleasures. At Beaubourg. And the first representation was the day before. I thought: this is funny, this woman had probably seen the play, she liked it, and had certainly bought the bag. I wanted to talk to her, but i didn't. At the station Rambuteau, the woman left me. I thought: this is strange, because if she has this bag, she must have seen the play, in France, in Beaubourg, the first representation was yesterday, she was at Beaubourg yesterday, so why does she want to go back to Beaubourg? (in my mind every person who leaves the metro at Rambuteau is to go to Beaubourg). And then I thought: oh my god, maybe she is one of the dancer of 7 pleasures! The only thing I knew about this play was: it is a play with 12 entire naked dancers. This is the only reason I booked a seat.

Now, go back to saturday. It was on saturday, last saturday, at Beaubourg.

8:30pm. I was alone, in the queue, waiting for the door opening. I saw my cinema teacher, Daniele Hibon. Love this girl.

I took a seat, perfect visibility of the stage. Good. Next to me, a woman came, and sat. She was a little bit strange, she looked at me, insisently. The lights were still on. I saw, behind me, sat with spectators, the subway woman. Why was she still there? My neighbor was still looking at me, staring at me. So, I tried to pick up her. I looked at her, I smiled to her. At a moment, she took off her shoes. She wanted to be comfortable, I understood these things. Then, she took off her socks. She got up. She took off her tshirt, she took off her bra. She sat. She took off her jean, and of course, she took off her panty. My strange neighbor was entire naked. In the theatre, 11 other fake spectators, sat near others real spectators, were entire naked. The subway woman was also naked. The play began. They walked to the stage, touching us. The music was loud, very loud, percussions. And 12 naked bodies laid down, all together, every one on each other. For 20 mins, with just 1 sound, 1 note, the bodies, very slowly, tried to go to one point of the stage to another, someone had his head between the legs of someone else, and someone had his hand, on the ass of someone else. It was beautiful. They were on a sofa, on a table, on a carpet. They moved. They loved each other. They crawled on the ground. At the back, a man, moving his hips. Like this. Remember the fact that he was naked. A micro was near to him. We could heard the sound of his sex knocking at his belly. He did it fastest, fastest, fastest. A woman did the same, with her breast. Moving left, right, right, right, let, then right. Then, the 12 dancers did the same. Good sound harmony. The second part of the play began, with electronic music, louder than before. For the first time, the lights switched off. Only two lights stayed on, they were orange, and on the stage. The mood was sensual, and the dancers, alone or in pairs, represented foreplay activity, preliminaries. You know, the mood was sensual, we could feel it in the theatre, every spectator wasn't just like this, everybody were like this, trying to look at every dancers. We thought the music couldn't be more

intense, but the music became more intense. Now, the 12 dancers were represented sexual act. Lights switched off, switched on, like flashes, they wiggled all their body on each other. They yield. Orgasm representation. They stopped yielding, and now, BDSM representation. They tied down each other, they scratched them. I don't use the good words, but everybody in the room, felt passionate. We didn't have time to breathe, maybe this is exaggerating, but...

for the last part of the play, the last 30 minutes, some of the dancers tried to dressed up, while the others tried to undress them. The subway woman, went back to her seat, standing on, and breathe another orgasm sound, a very sexual one. She repeated the sound many times. Another dancer did the same, very sexual, another tonality. The 12 dancers did the same. The lights were switched on, and we were in front of a big orgasm beatbox. The subway woman came. And the lights switched off. All the dancers were greeting the public, rather with a panty, rather without, naked or clothed. The play was by Mette Ingvarsen, and was named 7 pleasures.