



We are instantly embroiled in it. No introduction, no preamble, no explanation. On television, interviewees are always carefully ushered in, fine dining includes an hors d'oeuvre, operas and ballets generally start with an overture, visitors to splendid villas and public buildings are shown into antechambers and vestibules. Not so here. We fly straight in between hand and mouth and land on a hirsute stomach. Our gaze is abraded by badly reddened fingers, the skin of old people and of multi-colored reptiles, combining thumbs with nipples, folds of skin and splayed fingers, until in the end our gaze is struck and wounded by dazzlingly white teeth framed by glowing red upper and lower lips, or it plunges into ice-cream colors and lands directly in a navel. No mercy, no courtesy, no apology. The film continues, unceremoniously.