

translation by Anne Rabinovitch, French translator:

'do you want to make love?'

the opening statement sets the tone. But if this collection is often about sex, it is far from the satin foolishness of Fifty Shades of Gray.

a new york psychiatrist who turned to writing rather late in life, arlene heyman, born in 1943, plays on paper **a map of love** that ranges between viagra, fading desires and decrepitude.

the characters couple though old or sick, often badly, casually but with much grunting, reaching a climax before life -- or harsh fate-- resumes its declining course.

'disappointed, unsatisfied, still feeling her hunger, she nonetheless kissed him on his cheek.' in 'dancing,' the majestic central short story, it starts with an adolescent boy hypnotised by **Gina's boobiful boobs**, followed by the collapse of the twin towers, while the father, stricken with leukemia, slips slowly toward his death, cared for to the end by his wife. 'she kisses him from his forehead **to his diaper** to his bony toes.'

a flawless mix of modesty and **rawness**, 'tard dans la vie, l'amour,' is a weapon of mass destruction which relentlessly touches the heart.