


MAKE 'EM BEG FOR MORE



Casanova, that incorrigible scoundrel, got it. He understood that the more senses one can stimulate in the object of your desire, the more likely one is to succeed in garnering his or her affection. Born in 1725, in Venice, the capital of European vice, Casanova had an insatiable hunger for knowledge, misadventure, and women. A gambler, gourmand, rogue, and unrepentant hustler, irresistible to both men and women, Casanova was the original spy in the house of love. Fluent in clever conversation, armed with an outrageous wit, and confident that the pursuit of pleasure was a duty of the highest calling. One technique in his vast arsenal of sexy schemes was to invite a luscious hussy to the dance floor, waltz her around with wild abandon until they were both perspiring and inflamed with passion, and in the heat of the moment, retrieve from his sleeve a small white hanky scented with the fragrance of his perfumed body odor. They'd swoon, he'd swoop in for the kill, and the rest is history.

The pheromones secreted with our bodily fluids are a potent intoxicant, yet the perfume industry spends billions of dollars a year trying to convince us that our natural scent needs some spicing up. Certainly, the right combination of herbs and floral essence, when mingled with one's own personal chemistry, can be spellbinding, but underneath it all is our unique aroma that will ultimately attract or repel an amorous suitor.

I mention this because not only does our food affect the way we—and all of our secretions—smell, but also because preparing and sharing a meal with another person is, short of sex, one of the most intimate interactions. The way to a man's heart is through his stomach, but via his mouth, lips, teeth, and tongue, which lick, bite, swallow, and devour elements that you have fondled and caressed, cleaned and cooked. In that sense, he's eating a part of your very essence. Ingesting microscopic pieces of your skin that mingle with the secretions that flow from your fingertips, a little piece of your body and soul contained within that delicious smidgeon of DNA. Which is why cooking for someone should be more than simply gathering ingredients, putting the pot on to boil, dumping some grub on the plate, and sitting down in front of the TV to choke on the evening news or gag in revulsion at the latest reality show cum human tragedy, which will dull the senses and denature the pleasure that great food lovingly prepared has to offer. Now...let's spread the love.

