

(Texte to read with the song "Roads " of Portishead.)

On a country road, 35 years old. She drives a race car, alone, at night, she scrolls through her life.

But what a parade, places, men, concerts, so many things one after the other, and those dreams, always the same... Fulfilled?

Not really.

The road, the forest, the headlights: a car coming from afar, you must set the beam, with courtesy. Too late, the driver protests.

...But I was about to do it, I did it. Too late, just like in life, a little late for everything. Well too bad for him, I might as well shine my headlights right into his face...And too bad for me too".

Against all hope, against all odds, her, really her, who had always been the most beautiful, gifted, the father's favorite, the prettiest of all sisters, who looked the most like their wonderful yet deceased mother. Precisely the one no one had ever worried about neither at home or at the conservatory.

*But where was my life gone? Questions fall, heavy, and pile up in a memory as black as the branches of the forest I'm crossing.
To what end, who is waiting for me? Anymore?*

A woman like her, desired by every man and by women too: they say she didn't turn them down, confusion of genders, of destinies.

Who am I? A Bourgeoise, bisexual, bipolar...

A biter, drunk of life, who got inebriate with its pleasures, but with grace and elegance.

How can she feel, in this moment...

No one ever saw her, for what she was.

Can't anybody see?

What she was hiding between the lines, what she was looking for?

From this moment...Put some order back into my life, at 35 years old, assert my priorities, achieve, a path, a destiny, succeed. And all those fears, so invasive, leaving me breathless, and to which I sometimes resist, and sometimes indulge.

She had married a handsome man, gentle. They had been the perfect couple during several years. She had given him a child and then had broken his heart with her libertine thirst and her untamed ways.

They had found compromises, they had played together, the waltz of exchanges, in clubs, with friends, always with grace, but without him never really understanding her, without her finding herself, and without them getting any closer.

He had left her an evening of December; he hadn't been able to accept her interest in his new partner - a young and talented boy of ten years younger than him- who had stayed home to work with him on their latest building project. She hadn't resisted getting him into her bed when night had come.

He had found them one into the other, in the library, stuck against the modern art books, between Post-modernism and Art Brut. They had parted with so much ease it was difficult to believe in the bond that had just united them: but her husband knew his wife well enough to recognize the elegance with which she offered herself to life. He didn't question for a second the nature of the relationship between his insatiable wife and the young architect Jean-Michel Daubait.

It had been about love, real love, the one that breaks couples, tears families apart and builds again. And she had been scared for a moment for her cherished little Luc and felt responsible for the well-being of his father, "Monsieur son mari".

But after several business dinners and one or two receptions at her husband's architect studio, Barbara, with the help of a few Kir Royal had lost all fears and had openly started courting the young partner.

He was an ambitious and narcissistic boy, and had straight away been flattered by taking the master's place. Even though only in his bed.

Besides, not even in his own bed, for Barbara and John had always slept in different rooms. And she had always kept the privilege of staying unexpectedly overnight at her atelier.

With this young hairless man, she had even dreamed of a new maternity.

A girl, to give birth to a girl this time!

And as she was driving her flaming car, she realized for the first time clearly, even though she had had this intuition for a while, that the whole world was revolving around the woman's pussy.

How surprising that between only a few square centimeters of flesh the fate of our whole civilization is decided.

The hole from which life emerges, and few hairs around.

Impossible to forget this saying: "tira più un pelo di fecca che un carro di buoi"¹; as coarse as the soul of the boot and its little noisy and vulgar people.

Despite her Italian origins, she had never understood how a people who had shown so much beauty and grace throughout history had managed to dive so permanently into nothingness. The mysterious boot, which had given birth to the Dante, Pasolini, Rossellini and Fellini of history, had sold off its coasts and millenary stones to "nouveaux riches" and mafia multinational companies.

And in this forest, between France and Italy, a night of August, she tries to put some order back into her life.

The black branches were passing by, reflected in the car's window, just like the stages of her own decline.

Who was this young man, this concealed Narcissus, who had attracted her into the lake to show her his reflection in which she had melted to then lose herself irreparably?

What was this spell that had circumvented and doomed her for eternity?

Beyond her strengths, the understanding of the process and the ability to oppose her will to it.

She slid in the arms of this man, like a condemned in the corridor of death.

The way the young Jean-Michel caught fire with a laugh or with a tear of the mind, from a topic or a panic, made her entirely at his mercy. She would brighten up with him, with those laughs that wrinkle your eyes on the side, she would shiver with his commotions. She didn't belong to herself anymore, for she gave herself to him entirely.

She couldn't even touch the bow of her violin; the sounds that his helplessness evoked were so violent and disharmonious: enough to frighten the gods!

Her son was the only one to bring her back to herself, when she called before sleeping out, between two tours, an opera hall and a recording booth. She called on the nanny's cell phone, to give a last greeting to her little boy, and she could stay on the phone often for a whole hour.

Sometimes, she would live Jean-Michel's bed, his car or his dick and come tumbling down the house, to see her little love, the only one that could make her come to her senses but also bring her into women's most effective trap: the guilt of a mother.

¹ (Italian) "A pussy hair pulls more than an oxen cart"

She would rush into the night with her Rossinante, to be there one last time before the flesh of her flesh went to sleep.

She was sated after this primitive urgency, even stronger than her passion and desire for the young Adonis.

An artist mother, such a contradiction in the terms, a child to protect when you can't even protect yourself from the tears of creation; that was the real reason for the ear infections the little Luc was suffering from. She was certain of it: the internal ear being, according to Chinese medicine, the location of ultimate fear, the artist's fear towards creation.

The parents' fears turning into symptoms for the child. It was well-known in northern literature.

A regret for each birthday, a reason to feel guilty for each evening spent in the arms of a man different from the one who had fecundate her.

Power of the father and power of the son, united for the ultimate excision of women, the one of their idealization. The image of the mother of every mother, the one who gave birth without being penetrated, the consequence without the act, the holiness without the smear, just like the incomparable "Holly and virgin".

But each time she left her lover for her son, she will come back a little more submitted, a little more like a slave.

...And Narcissus liked to be served.

She would return to her place at the bottom of the bed, put the dick back into her mouth and start again where she had left, always a little more miserable, even more crazy about him.

And had he said: "kill, kill the child for me", she would have done it: a Medea disguised as the Virgin.

The young man's body was her only food, his skin her oxygen, his mouth her meal and his sex, her drug.

She was wild; it made him even more beautiful.

And her worst misdemeanor, the most unforgivable act of her whole career, she had soon forgotten it in his arms, in a luxurious hotel room.

She had left the theater like a deserter, three minutes before going on stage, only to prove him she could do it, because nothing was for now, more important than him, not even her first reason to be: the music.

And Rossinante roars in the middle of the forest, where the right way has been lost just a while ago, but forever.

He had left her, seduced than abandoned, just like in those fables without happy end. He had done everything for her, and then suddenly nothing.

She analyzes over and over, she tries to see, to understand, to determine the transformation, catch the moment, the one before nothingness.

She sometimes finds reasons, but none of them justifies such a change, none of them can shed light on this flight, this rejection, the insolent disdain of happiness, this victory of death over life, of frustration over desire.

It was killing her: How? Why was the young Jean-Michel capable of such destruction? Climb up the steps of paradise and withdraw himself right before the threshold, when she was already engaged and unable to go back!

Escaped from Eden's hills, on the country road of her thoughts, suddenly appears a lost deer.

She managed to brake lightly and, like in a dream when two elements are attracted to each other but don't touch, moving in slow motion under the headlights, without changing his speed or being frightened, the Bambi had slid in and then out of the frame; in front of her for a moment before carrying on with his flight.

She, her heart in her throat, her reason and the floor wet with summer rain, she had acted everything, lived everything: the impact, the fall and death, on the side of the ravine, against a stupid fir.

She had stopped breathing and then started again, and a huge weight had vanished, in her flesh, in her bones, she had felt, not the end of love, but a new chance of life, that had been given to her, a chance to be happy, to be free of all embrace.

And now she breathed with a new depth, the deer had come into her heart, he had taken her man away and then left in the night of this inextricable forest.

The bleeding organ was now torn open, a cripple, but it was still beating and she had finally found the strength to live without him.

Bambi: lamb of Disney who washes the world's sins away, have mercy on us!

Berlin, 18th August 2010