



faire semblant c'est mentir

(make-believe is lying)

by Dominique Goblet

<http://comixinflux.com/influx/show/6>

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Comix Influx - Spread The Words

[Again, no page numbers. I'm taking Page 1 as the introduction by Jean-Christophe Menu, so the first page of art is page 5]

Page 1

_ Twelve Years of Reworking the Canvas_ // The Gobblette told me everything about that exalted day: the boozy reunion with 'the Fireman', the _ Magic_ that Nikita already had, _ Bleeding_, the trunk "from when I brought back all the stuff from when I was with the pirates", and which in the process totally disintegrated, turbo injection..._ Roger Out!_ When I say everything, I mean everything. It was the perfect moment for starting with the essential _Autobiography_, and through it, to arrive, of course, at the Attic. // It was back in 1995. The first pages of the first chapter were as striking as they were smelly. Each time I saw them, the oil had done something new to the paintings. This worried me a bit because I could see, clear as day, that Black and White would never be enough to capture such nuances. // Circumstances dictated that this _Autobiography_ was often put on hiatus. There were other books, exhibitions, travels abroad..._The Autobiography_ came back, went away, came back once more. The style changed, the grey graphite of a pencil would now capture and hold Brussels and Charleroi in place, but it was the same story as the pages from 1995, which had meanwhile continued to yellow. Bringing this sepia tone and their now discarded style into the present was a way for Dom to defy the passage of time, the real raw material of this book, completed twelve years after it was begun. // This book smells of oils, pastels, freshly cut wood, the canopies of the Old Market; it's the exhalation after twelve years of energetic attempts to solve various problems, each now carefully worked out and laid to rest in their separate compartments. "Pretending is the Same as Lying" breathes like no other book.

Page 4

Page 5

(3) Pay attention Nikske (4) You go

Page 6

(2) Have you hurt yourself? // Nikske: Holes! Holes! Hoooles! (3) Holes! There! There! Holes! Holes! Holes, boo-hoo-hoo! (4) Boo-hoo-hoo... (5) Okay, come on, we'll take them off.

Page 7

(1) It isn't serious, watch carefully, I'm going to repair them! (5) But... she knows how to do magic...

Page 8

No text

Page 9

Chapter 1

Page 10

My father doesn't drink any more. He won't touch a drop, apparently. I haven't seen him for the last four years. My daughter will be four years old in July...next month, that is. // What is he like? // Um...he has a big moustache. (2) Hello! (3) Hey! Who's that? (4) This is Nikita. She's been asking me a million questions about you.

Page 11

Mommy...I'm going to tell you a secret. (2) I'm going to call him Papa Moustache. (3) (silent) (4) Do you know, we're invited to go to his house and eat dinner tomorrow? (5) But, actually mommy, why didn't you go see your dad anymore?

Hey! Hey! (2) This is impossible...I'm dreaming...they're drunk...they're dead drunk. (3) We bought some Magicolors but we forgot to buy paper! // Hello, Cecile. (4) Wow, they're pretty nice! Are you happy, Nikita? // Well...not really. I already have some. (5) Hello Nikske, what do you think of my new private spot? // Wow, that's great! Really neat. // In the Brussels dialect, this diminutive of Dominique means 'little nothing'. (This aside is in the text). (6) My neighbor loves me, that's right, he loves me! I go...he loves me! He's the one who told me to put my car there. (7) I hope you're not afraid of dogs? Cause Kimi loves children! So you know, I'm walking, you know, she sees a kid, she crosses the street! This dog, he's unbelievable! (8) Watch this, I'm switching my "Télémostique" for the "Soir Illustré" my downstairs neighbor gets! // And he just loves me, my downstairs neighbor!

Yes, and after that, he went for my throat, and bit me here, like that, and with no provocation at all! (2) Yeah, but, listen, is it me or you who's telling this story? (3) The day after, I had him put down. But you've got to understand, this dog loved me, I did what I could. But one day, he just went crazy! // Okay. I can see this one is also on the road to ruin. (4) I called up Veeweyde. They wanted to bring me the body. That? Not here with me! // {aside in the text: Veeweyde is an animal refuge} (5) HA BRAVO VEEWEYDE, BRINGING THE BODY HERE, LET'S LEAVE IT, IT'S OKAY, YEAH? (6) But when it comes to helping out before we took the dog in the first place, they never mentioned that he was a night guard dog in a parking garage and that he was dangerous! They didn't bother to do that, huh! // Hey, Papa Moustache, you're not talking right!

Over here, Nik, you can draw on top here. // Ha...but that's a mistake, too! (2) What do you mean? // "On top"...that's the Brusseleer! {Brussels mix of Belgian French and Dutch, as per Wikipedia} (3) But...no way, Dad! (4) No! NO! "On top", that's not correct...you have to say "onnn the toppp!" (5) Well, as far as I'm concerned, it's just an abbreviation. (6) Okay, Dominique, have your way, let it go, I understand, let's let this drop. I'm not talking about this with you any more, roger OUT!, anyhow it's always been like this, you're exactly like your mother, you're two sides of the same coin.

Nikita, you want to come walk Kimi? // Okay. // Should I let her leave with this crazy woman? // YOU'VE FALLEN? LIAR! YOU'RE JUST PRETENDING! GET UP, DIRTY LITTLE GIRL! (1) See you in a minute, omny! // Jeez, if I say anything, there'll just be another drama! (2) So, Dom, I hear you're at loggerheads with your mother again? // Well, yes, you heard right. // {aside in the text: 'dom', in Flemish, means 'animal'} (3) She told me she's furious with you because you want to take on cleaning jobs. (4) She told you that? That's ridiculous!

You know, she called me the same day she broke up with that guy of hers? (1) That's what I'm good for, huh? (2) Anyway, she's always only thought of herself. (3) And you? And you, Dominique? (4) You, you, you were always in league with her!

What, you think maybe I'm not telling the truth? // But think about it, Dominique - what have you given me in return? // And when she left, who was it, who was it who had to take care of you? // Every day, didn't you have a little toast and jam on your way to school?

Do you at least know how much I had to spend on her in child support? (2) That's none of my business. (3) Oh, what a cop-out..."That's none of my business." (4) But when she left me and was having her little adventures in the Ardennes, where was she living? (5) "It's none of my business!" Oh yes... "It's none of my business!" that's the way you are, huh? "That's none of my business!" (6) "That's none of my business!" You have ALWAYS been on her side! "That's none of my business!" (7) She really turned you against me. (8) And you all just let me go. It was like that, you can't deny it! (9) Here's a clear example, that even you can understand: you didn't even visit me when I was in the hospital. (10) And you knew I was in there, didn't you? (11) Listen - you couldn't even be bothered to see me for four years. So why should I have to drop everything because you've decided to flush your health down the toilet?

Here's that crazy guy! (2) He's a real good animal. Not like that Doberman. (3) Watch out, huh? What a dog - 25 kilos! (4) But one day he gave me a bite on the ear. Well, maybe that was sort of my fault. (5) He wasn't the kind of dog you play with. I think I'd gotten him a bit over-excited. I was sort of scrapping with him.

Well, I'm talking okay for me, I'm a Flemish person. (2) Well, not Flemish, I'm from Bruxelles, but watch out, man, I'm perfectly bilingual! (3) And it's for that same reason that I ended up doing my pre-pension work as a corporal with the fire brigade! (4) They were all disappointed when I left the service. THAT, I can tell you! (5) Jean-Pierre, we're going to miss you! Everyone loved me there - CORPORAL, Dominique! (6) Yes, Dominique, yes! // Mommy? (7) WARRANT OFFICER!! // I want to draw.

Here, have you seen her hair? that's my friend. (2) Ha ha, she has long hair, your friend? // But...no? Why? (3) You just said that it's your friend and that she has long hair. // Ha..no, that's just a man. (4) But, Nikita, Cecile is right, you just said that - // ha, but mommy, it was just, you know, a little pretend. (5) WELL THEN YOU'RE A LITTLE LIAR! (6) WHAT IS IT, ANYWAY, MAKE BELIEVE? MAKE BELIEVE, IT'S LYING, IT'S LYING!

Well, your mother, she's one of a kind, huh? (2) Hey, have you ever seen this? // Uh....no.... (3) {silent} (4) {silent} (5) CRACK! (6) This thing here, this is the trunk from when I brought my stuff back from when I was with the pirates. (7) Anyway, you're not going to tell me...she's one of a kind, your mother!

Oh yeah, yeah, you two just left me! (2) I gave my all for you! (3) [silent] (4) I always recognized my responsibilities.. (5) I gave you everything, I did everything I could for you... (6) I worked like a slave, day and night! Everything! I did everything for you! (7) [silent] (8) Everything!

I DID EVERYTHING I COULD FOR YOU! // Well sure...that is, to say... (2) That is to say, that is to say... (3) Thhhhat issssss toooo saayyyy, thaaaaat issss toooo saayyyy!!!! (4) That is to say...you aren't going to come in here and be a ball-breaker! (5) But Dad...I didn't even say anything! (6) You, with your highfalutin college-educated way of talking...Thhhhat isss tooo saayyyy!!!! (7) Well, what I wanted to say is that, all the same, the least of a parent's responsibilities is to feed their children. (8) I have no responsibility, no obligation! (9) But...surely there are laws that say so. (10) NO RESPONSIBILITY! Nobody's going to come in here and tell me what to do.

Down the toilet? What are you talking about? (2) I'm talking about the booze. You were in the hospital with cirrhosis and internal hemorrhaging because you were drinking too much! (3) NO, DOMINIQUE, NO! THAT WASN'T THE WAY IT WAS! (4) Oh, really? I passed you in the street one time, a year ago. You couldn't even stand up. Cecile had to hold you up, just so you could walk. (5) We were just a meter apart, but you didn't even recognize me! (6) LIES, DOMINIQUE! COMPLETELY UNTRUE! I wasn't even drinking then. (7) Stop it! You are ALWAYS drinking! (8) Well, if you drink with the people you live with, that's normal.

I feel like I'm reliving arguments with your mother. You know I'm not like that any more. (2) You wouldn't believe it, but even Cecile and I sometimes argue. (3) We go sulk in our corners... (4) But one hour later, it's over! (5) No, Dominique, no...that's no way to live. (6) But anyway, I've always been on top of my responsibilities... (7) And I've always been an excellent father. (8) Can't you admit even that? (9) I can admit...that you were a remarkable father. // It was down to me, anyhow, that every day you had something to eat. (10) Is it true, or false? And that, is true!

Oh yes, Dominique, you left... (1) WHAT? (2) What did you say? // I didn't say anything! (3) If you have something to say, it's not worth your trouble to pussy foot around! // But I didn't say anything! (4) I'm a good guy...but don't go playing with my feet, huh? [note from translator: Brussels idiom?] (5) You don't think I understand your little game? (6) Pay attention, okay! You can't hold back...Oh yes, Dominique, it's like that, and it's no other way...I can guarantee, on my mother's grave, you all abandoned me! (7) ALL OF YOU! All of you, Dominique, it couldn't be more obvious, you all abandoned me! (8) But no, Dad...you were the one who abandoned us.

Chapter 2

Blank

[silent] (2) [silent] (3) And yet my father is really a pretty rational individual.

He was still a young man at the time, taking his mother on a trip to the coast. She had rented a place at Ostende. (2) Throughout the night, they heard doors and window shutters slamming upstairs. (3) He thought that it was just a breeze, a current of air, and he shut them all, one by one. (4) But one hour later, they were open again. (5) This time, my father went back up, shut them all one more time. This time he checked to make sure they were all in good repair, that there wasn't something wrong with them. (6) He'd barely made it back down the stairs when they started to open again, one after the other...

The dog got agitated and started to howl. (2) Then there was a noise, just one, hard to identify. The dog started to howl like mad. (3) My father went back up one more time and shut everything up. This was the third time he'd been up there. You'll believe me when I say he felt seriously weird about the whole thing. (4) He took the dog with him, it was a fox terrier, and there...right in front of the door, the dog froze! (5) He sniffed under the door and his hair stood on end. I can tell you, that night, my father had a hard time getting any sleep. (6) So, in the end, he got up and went on tip toe to look at the dunes...it was at that very moment that he felt a kind of suction, right next to his ear.

And for just a fraction of a second, he felt a horribly cold presence pass through his body. // He turned on all the lights, completely panicked, with his teeth clattering...In the stillness of the night, he could hear a low groan...it was the dog on the ground floor... (2) Gulp...you want something to drink? (3) No, that's okay...I'd rather get going, I'm getting hungry...If you want, we can go to your house, I'll make you a little something...

[Silent: drawing]

[Silent: drawing]

[Silent: drawing]

[Silent: drawing]

[Silent] (2) You want a quick coffee? I'm making some for my Thermos.

All this noise, doesn't it bother dad? // Oh well, you know, he never complains. (2) How's he doing?

[silent] (2) He's okay..

You know, I've met a girl. (2) Oh really? And what's she like? // She's great, really...I don't know...she's special! // That's all we want, you know, to see our son, happy with someone!

Is she pretty? // Yes, very pretty, I think so, anyhow. (2) I hope we'll see her around here sometime.

[silent]

(2) [silent] (3) Well, I think I'll be off, now.

[silent]

Do you know what you'd like to cook? // A stir-fry with vegetables, some rice, maybe a chicken curry... (2) Something simple, but nice! (3) Simple, huh? You think we're going to be finished making that sometime tonight? (4) Hold on...are you really single? (5) Single? Yeah, yeah...I mean, I was with the same girl for two years. But now, now I'm single, sure! (6) [silent] (7) Don't you think it's just...a little too much?

Too much? Well no...I like to cook, and I like to eat! Don't you? (2) Yeah, but I like things you can make quickly...otherwise, you spend your whole life cooking! // Sure, but what kind of stuff do you eat? Give me an example of a dish you like to make... (3) When my son is around, I might make pasta with tuna... (4) It's a dish that may sound simple, but deep down, has a certain complexity... (5) First, you need to fill a pot with water... (6) When that's boiling, bam! I throw in the pasta, in one big handful... (7) That's a good time to get the can of tuna open. There are a million brands to choose from, but I prefer 'Saupiquet'.

There's one kind that comes mixed with vegetables. It's not bad! (2) There are plenty of options; in oil, no oil, you can choose... (3) Now it's time to open a second can...this time, of tomato sauce. (4) You need to be on the lookout, if you want properly cooked pasta...I don't pay much attention to the time they print on the wrapper. // I take a few pieces out with a fork so I can see for myself. If they're okay, I run them under cold water for a second. (5) When they're ready - al dente - you strain them, put them back in the pot, and mix everything together..serve it up in some nice deep plates, and there you go... (6) Very tasty...and VERY fast!

[silent]

Diamond Avenue

[first 16 panels silent] (1) Don't you get tired working like that? Two in the afternoon...that's a horrible time to work, do you know the number of manual laborers who get injured at this time of day?

(2) Silent. (3) Moustache! Get out of here! (4) [silent] (5) [silent] // Someone's been calling...but when I pick up the phone, they hang up! It's really annoying, and creepy. // Yeah, that happens sometimes, every once in a while you get a wrong number... (6) But I think I can hear someone breathing. There's someone there. // Listen, if it happens again don't pick up, just let the answer machine get it and stop worrying!

[silent]

[silent]

[silent]

[silent]

[silent]

Jeez! (2) Things not going well? Is it work? (3) You know what? I wish I could just let everything go, I'm not made for this. (4) Come on, calm down, we're going to have a lovely evening together! See? // Listen, there are other things in the world besides your daily life, huh? All this, it's all well and good but it doesn't really do anything, does it? I just feel like I don't actually have the time to do anything with my life. I'm lost...I do a million things and nothing comes out of it... (5) Okay..well, anyhow, bon appetit! (6) [phone rings] (7) Uh...I'll get it.

[silent] (2) Hello?! (3) [silent] (4) Can you wait a second? (5) [silent] (6) Okay. (7) Sorry, but she...yeah, I know you know. (8) [silent] // I've waited, and waited...and you haven't done anything about it! (9) I know it's complicated. (10) But if you hadn't waited like this, and not done ANYTHING...I wouldn't have...but, well...

You've really stuck me in it, there, and now you're telling me we can't see each other any more? This is crazy! (2) Well, me neither, I'm sure you can imagine, I've had enough! You should know, of all people! (3) [silent] (4) [silent] (5) So...is dinner ready? (6) Is that all you have to say? (7) It was her...the girl I told you about. I'm sure you could guess as much. She...well, don't worry, I'm going to sort this out. What there is to sort out...when we talk, it's just...we're reminiscing. But...I don't know how to say this...I can't deal with the fact that she's treating me like this, it's too much! Even if it's over...there's a standard of common decency! // But when it's really over...you don't still cry over it, do you?

[silent] (2) So, how long is Nik going to stay with us? // Well, until Sunday, as always. Herve will come to my place and pick her up. (3) And when is Xa coming back? // I don't know, he likes staying at his mother's house just at the moment. (4) Well, can I put Nik in Xa's bed, then? // Uhhh....sure! (5) Mommy, I hate it here...that thing scares me!

You know, you don't have to be scared. He's called 'Laughy'...when you see him, you have to laugh at him, and make faces at him...you have to laugh at things that scare you, you'll see, it works every time! (1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) Hee... (4) [silent]

[silent]

[silent]

[silent]

[silent]

Don't worry, I just need to go in and sub for someone, I'll be awhile...enjoy your evening alone! (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) [silent] (5) [silent] (6) [silent] (7) [silent] (8) [silent] (9) [silent] (10) He's not there? But I thought...okay, goodbye! (11) [silent]

[silent] (1) [silent] (2) Mmmm... (3) I don't like it...you know I love you but it's not working... (4) [silent] (5) I feel empty...as if a part of me had died... // You can't talk that way. (6) I feel like my life is over, like I can't do anything... // How did we get to this place? Why did you leave just when things were starting to work out? // You need to know that you're the one I love - no one else! (7) So why do you live with him, and not me? // But you also have someone new...we can't always choose.

(1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) Okay...I've just got to do it. (5) [silent] (6) What are you doing? // I'm working on a new piece... (7) About...what? // A hypothetical encounter between Brian Wilson and Thomas Pynchon. (8) While waiting for the call from the journalist, letting him know where to go for the meeting (one call too many), Pynchon considers a snippet of poetry, inspired by a visit to Manhattan Beach, LA, *fin* (translator's note: this last word is in the text but I don't know what it means. This is a very difficult passage, not least because the writing - meant to evoke a character's handwriting - is occasionally illegible.) (9) For this piece (the fragments of which he'll organize later), Brian wears a California State firefighter's metal hat. Some of the harmonies make him think of fire - this magic (and the acid he's constantly absorbing) actually creates a fire.

But he soon feels personally responsible for fires that have started in the city, bringing everything to a halt, and wiping out the recordings. (1) And so this was the - illegible, looks like 'finte' - to come first, the destruction, while in a state of indescribable agitation, of the session tapes, the complete erasure - illegible after illegible - until only silence remained. The soft illegible of the tapes, illegible turning in the emptiness. (Check out the model for the tape resorder - Studio 3 - Western Recorders).

[silent]

Could you come over a minute? There's someone on the phone for you, local c341. (1) Hi, it's Michel. // I'm listening. (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) It's me, Michel. // I'm listening. // I don't know any more where I stand with all of this, I'm so uneasy...since we last saw each other, I've been weighing up the pros and cons...listen, I have something important to say to you. It's over, with him. I've asked him to leave. // And? What then? // He's gone!

(1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) [silent] (5) [silent] (6) Three migraines in two weeks...I'm going to lose my mind. (7) [silent] (8) Where the hell is he? (9) Should I go or should I stay here? No, I can't go... (10) How are you? // Okay...and you? // It's been five days since we last saw each other...I just couldn't deal with it any more, I wanted to come see you.

[silent] (1) [silent] (2) [Sound effects: scratching] (3) What do you want from me? (4) I'm not sure it's my place to say...I don't know. I'm really hurting.

What did I do wrong? He just...left me!

[silent]

That'll mean he's thinking about me...no, let's say, one game out of four... (1) Hello!

I've done okay with my work today but there's no way I'll finish tonight. How about going to the movies? How does that sound? (1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) What's up with you? Do you know her, or what? // What are you talking about? What have I done now? (5) I've starting to get really little sick of you never telling me the truth. // Jeez, let up a little! I really can't see what I've done that... (6) [silent] (7) [silent] (8) Would you take me home, please? // But...why? (9) Guess! // Well, this works out just fine, actually...I need some time alone. I can't deal with all these little fits of jealousy. If they were justified, fine! (10) Would you just take me home?

[silent] (1) [silent]

[silent] (1) Oh shit...it's starting again! (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) [silent] (5) [silent] (6) [silent] (7) [silent] (8) [silent]

At the moment, it's really hard for me... // You give a lot. I don't think I'm capable of giving back as much as you give me. I'm not ready for that. I need time, for me and for my son. Do you understand what I'm saying? (1) But what then? Do you want all this to be over? (2) I don't know. (3) Well, if you don't know, I do. Let's stop pretending. (4) [silent] (5) [silent] (6) [silent] (7) [silent] (8) [silent] (9) [silent]

The best thing to do is to stop and take an objective look at the situation. What would you say you did wrong?

Yes, but...what part do you think you played, in finding yourself, once again, rejected? Because you've already told me that this is not the first time things have turned out this way.

If I win at least one game out of three...

How's it going today? // Well...I found a letter in my mailbox. // What did that have to say?

Wait, I'll read it to you!

"I'm going through some really confusing times. I feel incredibly bad about what has happened. I need some time by myself, to center myself again, make peace with myself, just to dedicate some time to myself and my needs. I know you will understand."

[silent]

"I know you'll understand". As if!

And what did the therapist have to say?

Pffff....

Well, how about we go get a sandwich? That'll do you good. // I'd like to, but I have to teach in an hour, and I can't swallow a thing.

But if you'd like, we can go out together this evening! // Sure! I'd love to. // Mmm...what would I do if I didn't have an amazing friend like you? (1) Today we're going to do an exercise that will teach us about negative and positive space...but you can work on anything you like! // If you'd like you can leaf through the magazines on the shelf, they may give you some ideas.

[silent]

I'm having a bit of trouble with the composition of my drawing...could you come and take a look?

Yes...

I'll be there...

In a second... (1) [silent page] (2) How are you? // WHAT? // HOW ARE YOU?

You want something to drink? // WHAT? // YOU WANT SOMETHING TO DRINK?

I love this club, I come every weekend - how about you? // Almost every night, I try to come as often as possible.

I've never seen eyes like yours...has anyone ever told you that you have incredible eyes? // Wow, really? Looking at you, I'd say your nose is your strong point.

Well, I'm exhausted. // I'm going to leave. // What? // You want me to come with you? // Uh...okay. I just have to tell the friend I came with.

No chance of one last drink? // No..but I'm never going to forget you! (1) [silent page] (2) I really thought that everything would work out but, now, I have no clue what I should do next. I'm not doing so well...I can't make any kind of decision. I can't even tell what it is that I want... // You don't see things any clearer than I can... // No, you're right.

I have a really strong feeling...that I just don't know you any more.

Our chance is gone...something is telling us that it's over between us. // My heart is breaking..you're the person who has meant the most for me. I don't know what to say to you, I don't know what will happen if I speak...

[silent] (1) I've got something on my mind...I have to speak to you about something... // What, what's going on? Tell me! // Your mother knows, your grandmother knows, Marie knows... // Well, spit it out! What's happening? (2) Well, um...it's your father. It seems that he's not doing very well. (3) Actually, it seems that he's not doing well at all... (4) Actually, it seems that he's been hospitalized... (5) Actually, it seems that he's dead! (6) WHAT? What the hell are you talking about? You can't 'seem' dead! You're dead, or you aren't, but you can't SEEM dead!

[silent] (1) I needed a smoke... (2) And this is the only place you can light up around here. (3) I thought something happened to you...it's horrible...how are you? You're not in too much pain? // No, I'm fine. (4) [silent] (5) And on top of this, there's something els that's bothering me... // What's going on?

July 8, 1998. My birthday. The fireman is dead.

(1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) [silent] (5) [silent]

NATHALIE!!! NATHA -

And what does he want now? // He want to get me back - he'll do anything. He's invited me to take a trip with him, to Thailand.

Well, now we can see, you're going to go back to him like nothing ever happened and everything will work out for the best! // Be quiet...

Anything can happen...but who cares.

And...no one thought to tell me anything? // Listen, I don't know, but I'm going to find out what's going on. (1) C'mon, Dom, calm down...I'm goign to find out what's happening and I'll call you this afternoon. (2) I will have a clear answer for you this afternoon. (3) [silent] (4) [silent] (5) [silent] (6) [silent] (7) Everything's okay! He's not dead! He was just in a coma, but now everything's ookay, he's in the hospital, you can go see him. (8) [silent]

This is just ridiculous...you're the one who's sick, and it's me who's crying and losing her nerve... // Come on, tell me! (1) I'm at the end of my tether, I loved someone so much...and he ended up leaving me. I don't understand why, (2) Since then I've been miserable...really desperate. I was with him for eight months and he left me... (3) I just want to die. (4) [silent] (5) If he left you, he just wasn't worth it! Listen to what I have to say to you...no one's worth crying over. Believe me, little one, no one is important enough for that.

Chapter 3 (1) But, no, Dad - it was you who left us. (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) [silent] (5) [car noises]

(1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) I'm bored. (4) I don't know what to do. (5) Why don't you do another drawing. (6) Yeah, but that's the problem...I don't really feel like it.

Well, so what would you LIKE to do? // There's nothing I want to do...I want to go in the backyard... (1) That's completely out of the question! Have you seen how it's raining? (2) [silent] (3) [silent] (4) [silent except for the noise of scissors opening and closing]

Well, now I've had it! (1) You sit there, and you make a painting - and I don't want to hear a peep! (2) [car noises, Dom hitting the table with her foot] (3) [car noises] (4) [sound effects] (5) And all of my friends, they go away on vacation, but we always stay here! // I said it's time to shut up!

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE NOW?! // It wasn't me! (1) Of course it was you! // No! It wasn't me! // Look, that's enough! // It's like the souk in here, with all this noise! (2) In the name of God in the name of God, when is this riot going to stop? (3) I've had enough enough enough! (4) You are really a dirty horrible little girl! (5) Oh no! That's not going to go on in my house!

It's David Purley! (1) Even here, you still get up to no good. (2) Do you really think I'm just going to leave you alone, to do whatever you want? (3) Horrible little girl! (4) Do you think I didn't see that you went in and messed around with all the boxes, last time you were up here?

PUT YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR! (1) PUT YOUR HAND IN THE AIR, I TELL YOU! HIGHER! (2) It's too late, any chance is gone, the firefighters are arriving, armed with powerful extinguishers... // Williamson couldn't have survived such a blaze... // David Purley is still waiting on the side of the racetrack. He seems completely confused, disoriented...he's there, his helmet in his hand, hopeless. // What we have seen, broadcast live, is a truly tragic event, a black day in the world of sport. In the world at large.

It's over, it's over...come on, stop crying! (1) Come on...come on, sit on my lap. (2) It's over, it's over now! Calm down, I'm not angry any more... // Boo hoo hoo... (3) Oh, darling, is it so bad? Why are you crying? // But...there was also a spider, and it was going to drop on me! (4) You see, there's no reason to be afraid of spiders...they're a little scary to look at, but deep down, you know... // OH MY GOD O OH MY GOD! WHAT A CRASH! WHAT A DISASTER! // [PP] // [SILENT] (5) I'll never do it again! I'll never ever do it again! (6) But...yes, honey, I know...that's not going to happen again. That's not ever going to happen, ever again. (7) WHAT A MESS! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT! WHAT A SMASH-UP! (8) [silent] // Oh my God, oh my God! What a mess! But I'll tell you one, thing, huh...if I'd have been there...

It's a well-known game // Don't Make Such a Big Deal of Everything! (1) Anyway, I didn't know anything about the whole attic story...if I had been there, I can tell you, nothing like that would have happened! (2) And...how many times did that happen? // Well, I dunno, a couple... (3) If I had been there! I swear...that, well, I'd like to tell you, I would never have let that happen! (4) Listen, let's not go over this any more, I can hear Cecile and Nikita coming back.

Look, stop it, will you? That noise is driving me crazy! (1) I'm bored! I can never do what I like! // And do you think I get to do what I like at the time? (2) [car noises] (3) Hey, why don't you make another pretty little kitty for mom, like the one you made before! (4) At my friends' houses, at least it's nicer, and the houses are bigger... (5) [noise of scissors intermingled with rain hitting the window]

[sound effects] (1) [sound effects] (2) [sound effects] (3) Stop that with your foot! (4) [silent] (5) [silent]

MOVE! // Nooooo! Noooo! Waaaa! // ...to Zanvoort and the race is still on, according... (1) GO ON! Up! // Not the attic, no...not the attic! // OH1 What's going on! One of the vehicles seems to have completely lost control...it's an accident in the making! (2) Williamson, it's Roger Williamson's car, which has just turned over... (3) And now we see a driver, completely forgetting all concern for personal safety, running across the racecourse... (4) Boo hoo! Not the attic! // Close that! Are you going to close it? // ...and runs to the aid of his fellow driver.

He alone tries, surrounded by flame, to right Williamson's vehicle...oh God, no, he can't do it...What's going on here? It's awful... // I'm going to hang you up! That's what we do with horrible, mean little girls like you... (1) You have to string them up!

[silent]

That guy, I would have gotten him out of his car, all right... (1) I don't mean to blow my own horn, but I would have known how to handle the situation! (2) Because you know, I'm a FIREMAN! (3) So, I tell you...if I had been there, this guy, I would have gotten him out of the car! That, I can guarantee! (4) Hey, let's play a little game! (5) So, you throw the dice to see who goes first.

[silent] (1) So she's "Bleeding"? ("Saigne", "bleeding" in French, and "Cecile", sound similar - to a child perhaps, anyhow.) // No, Nik, her name is Cecile. (2) How many croquettes would you like? // I'll serve myself! (3) That's her style, all right! She doesn't like to be served, I've never been able to get away with it... // But, that's a bit weird! I think it's charming when a man serves me. I don't know, maybe I'm a bit "old France". (4) OLD FRANCE! OLD FRANCE! OLD BELGIUM, MAYBE! (5) Old France! Old France! I know what it is, to "be Old France". // Yeah, it's true! She's from a really rich family and when she was still with her husband, they lived in a villa like nothing you've seen before! They made more money than all three of us put together! 500,000 francs!

Bon appetit! (1) Grrr...your daughter... (2) WHAT? // No, no, it's nothing! // It certainly IS something! What were you just saying? You said something about my daughter! (3) No, nothing! Nothing at all! I didn't say anything at all! // Well, then, I must have misunderstood. // I've got to get out of here, quick! (4) [silent] (5) Well, do you mind telling us what's wrong with you? You've decided to stop eating again? // NO! I'm not eating! (6) Well, then what are you doing? What is all this drama? (7) RHHHAAA!!!! // It's HER!

[silent] (1) DOMINIQUE!!!! (2) Come back, don't do this to me! (3) I really don't know what's gotten into her....she's usually such a sweet lady, so nice! // Don't worry yourself too much over it, it's not a big deal! (4) She's not going to inflict all this drama on me, huh! If she does, I'm going to throw her out! (5) If this continues, I'm going to become a misogynist! (6) Ja waade zeg! (In Flemish in the text...any Dutch or Flemish speakers want to give this a shot?) It's like a crazyhouse! But the firemen always liked him, just a good friend, they'd say!

Chapter 4

It just seems totally strange to me that you'd have to throw away shoes that are practically new for such a ridiculous reason! (1) News? (2) And anyhow, why should I get rid of them if I still like them? (3) Do you throw away things you love? (4) You can't keep everything. There are times when you have to separate the good from the bad, right? (5) Any why would that be? // To see things more clearly...listen, leave them with me, I'm goign to see what I can do. (6) Comeback a bit later, and I'll tell you what's what?

(1) [silent] (2) How deep is the ocean? (3) I'm a rock in a landslide... (4) Rolling over the mountainside... (5) How deep is the valley?

[cat noises] (1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) [cat noises] (4) [bird noises] (5) I'm a leaf on a windy day...

I...yes? (1) Something happened here. // The cat brought back a bird. He's hurt, I don't know what to do... // Where is he? (2) Where? (3) I'm holding him here, in my hand. He's still breathing. // ...Hmmm. (4) I thought that you could... // I wanted you to come see it...

[silent]

She has no right to be here! I want her out of here! (1) Come on, Nikita, we're leaving. (2) And her, she's staying here! She is staying here! She has nothing to do with all this! // Oh, of course, that's it...count on it! (3) Don't touch me! You are not touching me! (4) Let go of my mom, Bleedy! (5) I'll drive you home. (6) What is your problem?

[silent] (1) [silent] (2) Have you seen my racecar in action? (3) Injection! (4) TURBO! (5) We're ay 180, easy! (6) You're not afraid of a little fast driving, are you? // Uhhhh...no!

Yes? (1) [silent] (2) [silent] // We don't have any soles like this in the shop, they don't make this kind of thing any more!

No, I can't! I have an enormous amount of work waiting for me. I can't just throw away my time like this! (1) [silent] (2) [silent] (3) Piece of shit...accounting... (4) [silent] (5) [silent] (6) [silent] (7) [silent] (8) I'm a cork on the ocean...Floating over the raging sea...(the following song lyrics are in English in the text)

It kills my soul... (1) [bird noises] (2) [bird noises] (3) [bird noises] (4) [bird noises] // It kills my soul...

[silent] (1) Pretty soon I'll be blown away...(end of English in text) (2) Dom? It's me. (3) Hello? (4) Why are you calling? // I just wanted to hear you... (5) So, have you found a new place to live? // Yeah, I've finally moved. I'm up in the rooftops now...I really like it. Listen, I was thinking...

Listen, the cat is locked up in one of the rooms, I could put the bird on a box... (1) And come pick you up...what do you say?

[silent]

Just so I'm not lying...

He just flew away...he seemed so hurt, so completely petrified, almost dead...but finally, he flew away...

[silent]

I just really, really want to see you!

[silent]

[silent]

When?

Now. // Monograms, Tools, Simulacra: An Afterword by Guy Marc Hinant // what do we do when we write about our own lives? // This question, which pervades both autobiography and fiction, and which is already evident in "Memories of a Perfect Day", an earlier book by Goblet (and comprising a fiction based on autobiographical elements) is here turned on its head: what part of fiction as an enterprise can achieve the simple feat of giving enough time and attention to the key episodes of our own existence? The past IS fiction, memorizing and re-memorizing, re-interpretations, moments of fixation (based on a confirmed reality), projection, speculation, and the impossibility of knowing. The past which we carry with us, as if it were the actual truth - memories intermingled with, as so often happens, that which has been told to us (such as our parents' favorite anecdotes). // How did we end up reconciling ourselves to this mess? And yet, let's be certain of one thing - this is the raw material for our own construction of reality. // A second question - what is my own role, if I happen to stumble into in a supposedly autobiographical narrative? Restructure it, reinvent connections, such as they are. But what is my character like? His troubling, duplicitous nature can only escape my natural opprobrium through the distance engendered by the work of writing...he is, after all, a character (with all that goes with it: guilt, fear, sadness, etc.) which I try to bring to life through the structure of the book. And so we become ourselves, recognizable and without any regrets. We can come to grips with everything, fearless, remorseless. Why? Because we're not talking about life itself, but Art (the all-knowing, unassailable power of art!) This is why GM isn't Guy Marc and the Dom in the story isn't Dominique Goblet - these people are, in reality, avatars of actual living people, who just happen to have the same names.