

# Satan mène le bal

Samuel Lebon



**Satan runs the show**

The alarm went off too early. The coffee pot blew up in my hands. My antibiotics are giving me the shits. Deauville smells like a wet horse. What's the sense of living if it's just drinking instant coffee and walking on shards of glass?

I have to write. Get the monster out. Free the beast. All these pages inside me, I have a vague idea of their pedigree, and I am starting to figure out how it all works: I'm going to have to DELIVER THEM. Once the labor is over, exhausted, drenched, incredulous, I'll glance, cagey, at this ugly and wrinkled baby.

I oversold an empty shell. Interviews with the local press have started. I made my pitch, and everyone thinks it's great.

"Hey, you're Bukowski!"

My colleagues have started calling me Bukowski. They think it's pretty damn cool to have Bukowski in the house.

I want to flee. Disappear. Someplace where the boards are wider. The crowd denser. Dissolve myself in alcohol and gambling. But I just keep coming back. Maybe I'll leave this place when the affair with this girl ends. Maybe the affair with this girl will end when I leave this place.

God, if she could just keep her mouth shut. If we could just stop having sex. If I could free my mind. I need to write.

Translated from the French by Craig Lund

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