



J'AI TOUT VU, J'AI TOUT SU ET J'AI TOUT OUBLIÉ
SONG N.3 HOTEL CALIFORNIA
LUCILE LITTOT
12/11/16 - 28/12/16

I'VE SEEN IT ALL, I'VE KNOWN IT ALL, AND I'VE FORGOTTEN IT ALL SONG N.3 HOTEL CALIFORNIA

She speeds along in her 270 horsepower car and rushes through the silver sun and foggy skies. She is meeting someone. She left her long white hair loose to feel it floating and whipping her face each time she accelerates. Too bad for the hairstyle. Her sewed up lips are painted red and as every week she brushed her teeth the venetian way: with a mix of nacre, dragon powder, peach's stone and cuttlefish bones, to give them that aristocratic whiteness.

SMILE YOU ARE ON CAMERA!

At the red light she contemplates the dancers spinning on glittery poles, all missing limbs and ripped princess dresses. They wiggle upon broken mirrors, in outdoor apocalyptic clubs, relics of the city as a grave.

One of the girls smiles to her, she's toothless. Green light, she throws 3 dollars and accelerates.

In a world of appearances, she's only touched by the tormented souls.

She likes to drive for hours towards the void, her mind wanders and scrolls through memories. The sound of a bomb flood into her ears and the powdered-blue Mercedes's body parked opposite to the Gaylord bursted into flames. Not even a flinch, she doesn't seem surprised; free live show on loop, everyday since monarchy was brought back.

She remembered her first date when she saw a car exploding, driving down Sunset Boulevard. The victims' charred bodies were still curving through the flames, trying to get out of hell.

She remembered the day she destroyed a hotel room and ordered a Royal Breakfast after the owner escaped like a dog into the starless night. No! Not like a dog!!! She loves them!!! She remembered the green and purplish face of her murdered grandma, embalmed in Hermès silk scarves, and the one of her dethroned heroine, smashed on the floor. The sound of the Chinese tourists' flashes stealing the pathological scene of the landing.

She remembered this friend who told her one night: 'You are a scum under a goddess skin!' He was probably right. Anyway she didn't really have a choice, did she? Dressed in light, Amazone from forgotten times, she disemboweled more than one fellow. It somehow fills the void.

She started to hum 'Love and thunder are the flames of the sky's ardent wrath, violent to our souls, purple to our eyes'.

Her phone vibrated, she read the text out loud imitating the smooth voice of the spoiled kid stuffed with antidepressants. 'Hi Cupcake! Do you want to come hang out with me at Château? I



can send you a limousine...'.
She smiled. She looked at her pretty teeth reflected in the small knife's blade, it made her golden prothesis glow under the sudden sunlight, it became so rare.

She thought of the quick and slick movement she'll perpetuate when the small knife penetrates the Xanax inflated belly at warp speed ; and he will sink like a marshmallow to the bottom of the swimming-pool, without any gobble.

SMILE YOU ARE ON CAMERA!

She had a slight and excited smile, then put her glasses down in pure Lolita fashion , upon the little piece of nose she had left.

In the car park, a chivalrous looking gentleman with grey hair, a three-piece suit and lace pants in his left pocket, gave her money.

She replied to the angel waving her hand on her heart and gave him the change. He kissed her hand and slipped away.

In a world of appearances, she's only touched by the tormented souls.

She made the engine roar and dashed off to the ocean.

Revenge is better served cold you say? That's perfect, she actually loves sushi. ;-)

Dolores, Sunset Boulevard - From Downtown to Malibu, 2028