

<p>An: As long as he doesn't swear...So let's begin the interview, huh?</p> <p>H: Okay.</p> <p>An: What would be best for me is if you just do what you like to do most. I'll ask you some questions.</p> <p>H: I'm going to finish up some details on this painting I started earlier while you talk to me.</p> <p>An: Okay, well, I have to take notes while you talk. You know, I couldn't help myself there - I used to be a model as well...X</p>	<p>Ka, Al doubles in French: At the beaches in Cannes or Nice, Ville Marche, Juan Les Pins, Menton, St. Martin sur Mer, women were always topless, <u>always</u>, and men would wear these funny little sports briefs to swim in, they were so tiny, and it would look extremely funny if a man would wear that and have a big old wine belly hanging over it, and most often walked kind of bow-legged and try to chat us up.</p> <p>XWould you mind not staring at my tits? I know everyone says they are the best. I don't care what your name is. Jean Jaques? Nice to meet you . . . curious to see someone in a small speedo swimsuit wearing a bowtie, but it does work with your curls . . .What do you do? You make films? Oh! You're who? I thought these curls looked familiar . . . Jean Jaques Annaud!! You made quest of fire? Shit! I love sailing boats! This afternoon? Sure . . . see you! Emmanuelle and I looked at each other and giggle. It should be okay, there's two of us . . . We have to be cool. We have to do it.</p>	<p>XH: Okay, so, let's see about that: Throws A. around</p> <p>An: Ach stiff neck, stiff neck business stillness and movement, stillness and movement, oh God, I used to be able to hold this so easily, that was one of my greatest strengths that I could hold these difficult poses forever, forever. And now, it's just impossible, it just hurts so much, my neck is like electric shocks it's just electric shocks it hurts so much... oh God, ahhh, I can't do this anymore, but I won't get paid, I won't get paid if I don't do it. It's like fucking age. Old woman! I'm just such an old woman. It's not fair, it's just not fair. I can't do this anymore...it's so unfair, fuckers, fucker, he's just not gonna pay me, just not gonna pay of I don't hold it. Oh my God, haha I don't give a shit if people get up for me in the fucking</p>
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	<p>(Al, Ka, Ad) Girls: I like coffee, I like tea. How many boys are stuck on me? One, two, three, four, five, six, seven... M: I'm terribly sorry. You're not hurt, are you? G: I don't think so. M: I wish you'd make sure. Because when people find out who I am, there is always a big scandal and sue me for three quarters of a million dollars. G: I won't sue you, no matter who you are. M: Thank you. G: Who are you? M: Now, really! G: Haven't I seen you somewhere before? M: Not very likely. G: Your face is familiar. M: You may have seen it in newspapers or magazines. G: Vanity Fair. M: That must be it. Would you mind moving a little? You're blocking my view. G: Of what? M: They run up a red-and-white flag on the yacht when it's time for cocktails. G: You own a yacht? Which one is it? The big one?</p>	<p>subway, do you think I care if people get up in the subway Fuck no, I was never born to sit on a subway, I was born to move or to hold still to make a beautiful shape, and now, nothing, now nothing at all, ahh ahhh. I can't take it anymore ,when did this happen? Gray and wrinkled and not crisp anymore, not pink anymore, just awful and yellow. Yellow teeth, and yellow bones, and then come the fucking vultures, and they tear you apart, You're a bloody witch, you know, And they're going to have la tribunal like in the old days, and they're going to burn me. They're going to burn me because I'm not worth anything anymore as a woman. I've fulfilled all, of my purpose as a woman, and now I'm nothing. Nothing but a lost old shell peering into the shadows, the shadows, that's the only place where you can still make love, in the shadows, because that's the only place where you can't see everything that is gone, wilted, that is over, in the dark. Young woman is good! Old woman is very baf. Old woman should just go away and make room for young, young woman, young, fresh woman! [laughs] I hate this!. I won't say anything anymore. Each time I say something I feel like I'm disappearing. Disappearing in the darkness, There's nothing left of me. [very slow voice] Nothing left of me. What's the famous phrase from the movie? I'm melting! [laughs, begins to cry] Oh God!X</p>
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XAn: Okay, well, I have to take notes while you talk.

H: Well, you do what you have to do.

An: So how do you usually work with models? You watch them roam freely and then you try to freeze them in a pose that fits best their nature? This is a yes or no question.

H: Yes. That's very astute, yes.

An: Okay. How about...are the shapes always perfect?

H: No.

An: But they're very expressive.

H: Yes. I think.**B**

Ka, Al: We have to be cool. We have to do it. Let me get on the boat, oh thanks for catching me . . . you can let go now. A friend . . . I see . . . we drink Champagne lots of Champagne, Emmanuelle is making out with the other guy, other end of the boat, Oh Jean Jacques is getting very chummy . . . sure . . . a kiss why not.

BStop licking my face, it is dark, Jean Jacques is making out I don't like this. His breath smells of oil and fish. It's suddenly dark, my God that man has more hands than an octopus, I want them gone, off my body but one has to be polite, you have to be polite . . . what do I do what do I do . . . NO! It's dark, we seem near the shore, we're in a bay, the lights of the shore are close . . . Oh Jean Jacques, look at that moon, I love the moon, you know what moon is in Greek . . . Vekari!
He looks up and I jump! Jump over board. Emmanuelle! I hear a second splash. Emmanuelle. Lots of laughter from the boat. Are they following us? No. The water is warm. It feels so safe. Our feet get caught in something. Fishing nets. Shit! But we untangle and get past. We swim to the

<p>✘Possible: short M.H. returns home, bird attack, Lydia tames and sets up models, H.M goes "Stop, hold that pose!)</p>	<p>BF: No use, no use. Tart: That'll do, that'll do, a little quiet and let me speak. BF: All right. RE: All right, all right. Skinny Anguish: How bored I am... BF: Shut up, we're guests here. Act I Scene 2 [Change of light: light of a storm] The Curtains: [Tossing about]: What a storm! What a night! A real certainly caressing night, a Chinese night, a pestilential night in Chinese porcelain. Thunderous night in my incongruous belly. [laughing and blowing] ✘</p> <p>AN: Act II Scene II Tart: Nicely washed, nicely rinsed, clean, we are mirrors of ourselves and ready to start all over again tomorrow. BF: I see you, Tart. Onion: I see you. RE: I see you, I see you, you little hussy. BF: [Addressing Tart] You've got a shapely leg and a well-turned figure, the ridges of your eyebrows are maddening, and your mouth is a nest of flowers, your hips a sofa, your buttocks a dish of baked beans, and your arms a shark-fin soup, and your...and your nest of swallows still the fire of swallow's-nest soup.</p>	
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<p>H: Windows have always interested me, because they are a passage between the outside and inside.</p> <p>H: As far as odalisques are concerned, I saw them in Morocco, so I was able to put them in my paintings without faking it after my return.</p> <p>Ad: What is your work schedule?</p> <p>H: From nine till noon, first posing. Then I eat. After that, a small siesta, and I pick up my brushes again at two o'clock in the afternoon till evening. Each Sunday I have to tell my models all sorts of lies to my models. I promise them that this is the last time I beg them to come on that day. Naturally, I pay them double. Finally, when I feel that they're not convinced, I swear to give them a leave during the coming week.</p> <p>Ad: What do your models say?</p>	<p>Onion: Old tart! Little Trollope!</p> <p>RE: My dear fellow, where do you think you are, at home or in a brothel?</p> <p>Tart: Where's my soap? My soap? My soap?</p> <p>BF: The hussy!</p> <p>Onion: Yes, the hussy!</p> <p>Tart: This soap smells good, this soap smells good.</p> <p>RE: Take your sweet-smelling soap! You know what you can do with it!X</p> <p>BF: Would you like me to rub you?</p> <p>Onion: What a slut!</p>	<p>XThis is a picture of Nice where I lived for a while, where Matisse lived for a long while. This was the first card I ever bought. This is near the train station, Place de Massena. I thought it was just so incredible to arrive there, To see the houses on the square look so colorful, the windows, all the shutters a different color, it was so playful, it had so much juice in it, was so fruity, luscious...so forbidden where I came from, where Matisse came from..... the blue of the ocean...look at that...this is a pose and a drawing, it looks like many I had to do when I was the artist model...could you try this? who knows how many drawings of me are floating around the world...there were so many students from so many countries who drew me like that...my image could be in in a living room in Sydney or Timbuktu without me knowing...Matisse and his model...I missed out on being his model...I was a little too young for that...but that's how it was, very often. Let's try that pose!</p>
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