

When I waited for you in the bar
That night amongst the drunks
Who snickered when they tried to laugh,
It seemed to me that you came late,
And that somebody followed you in the street...

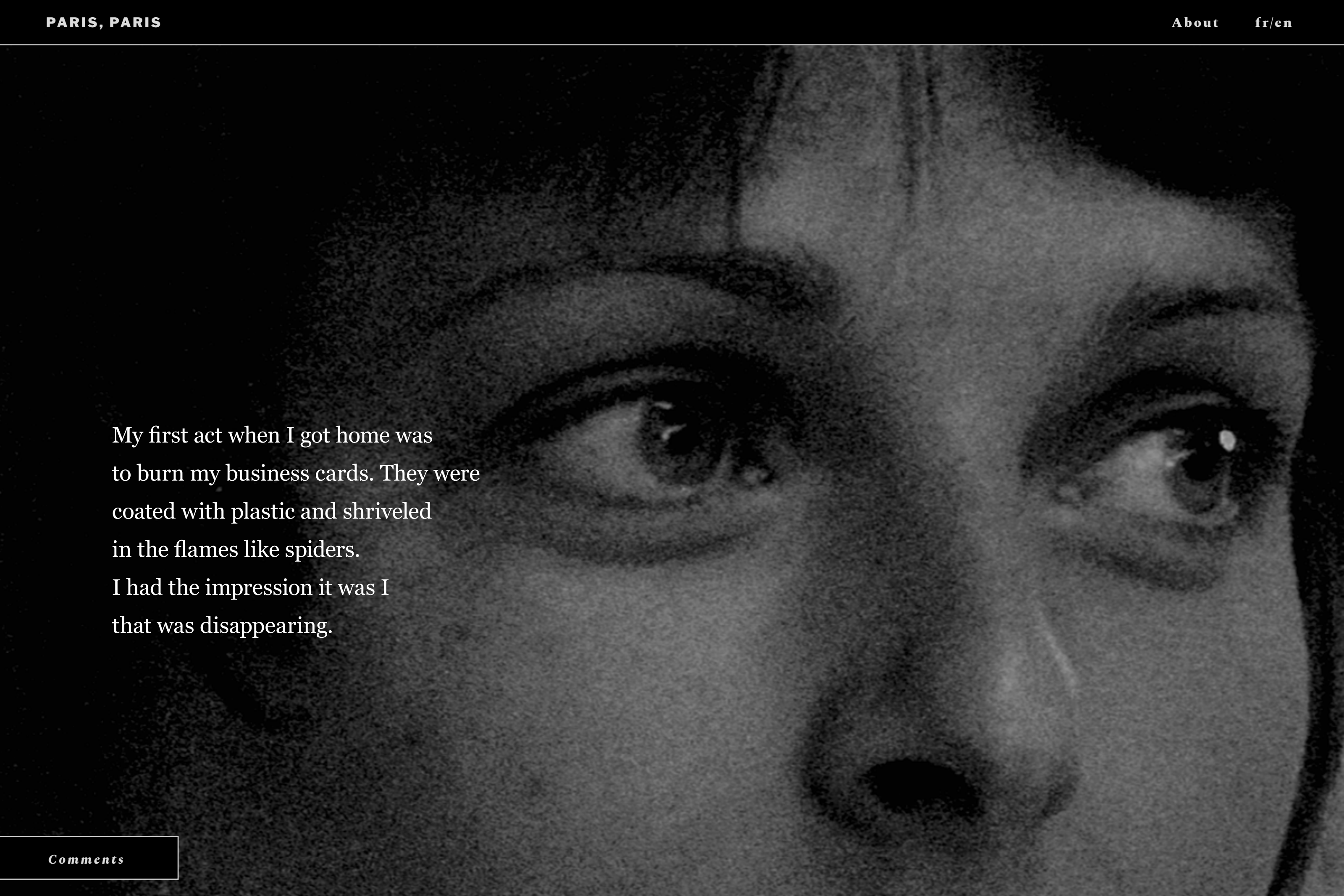
Francis Carco, *The Shadow* 1941



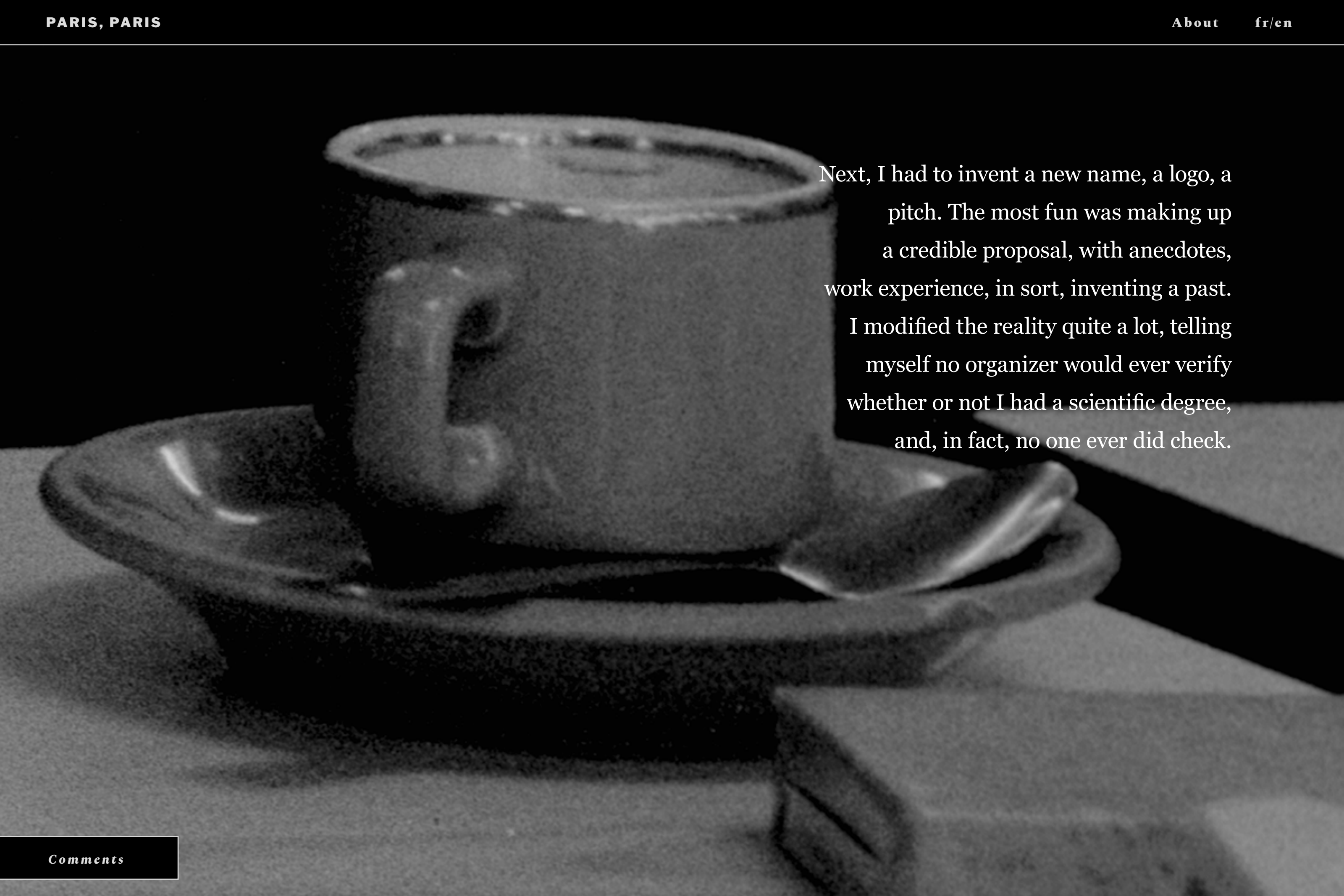
L'hypnotisme à la portée de tous

Comments


MARIE NIMIER



My first act when I got home was
to burn my business cards. They were
coated with plastic and shriveled
in the flames like spiders.
I had the impression it was I
that was disappearing.



Next, I had to invent a new name, a logo, a pitch. The most fun was making up a credible proposal, with anecdotes, work experience, in sort, inventing a past. I modified the reality quite a lot, telling myself no organizer would ever verify whether or not I had a scientific degree, and, in fact, no one ever did check.



My friend at the piano-bar suggested I give my show in nightclubs. I contacted discotheques by telephone pretending to be my agent. I presented myself very professionally, proposing a tryout demonstration:

HYPNOTIZED OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

I had become my own product, a challenge that brought back my passion for sales. .

Marie Nimier (born 26 August 1957, Paris)
is a French novelist and lyricist.

Iderferoritas cones qui quis alibusam conse reste
nones et maione voluptas exerspi cipsam aliberro
beaqui accatur, odicatem nonemporio quae aliquē
La Ronde de nuit (Night Rounds), 1969

Les Boulevards de la petite ceinture (Ring Roads), 1974

Villa Triste (Villa Triste), 1977

Rue des Boutiques obscures (Missing Person), 1978

