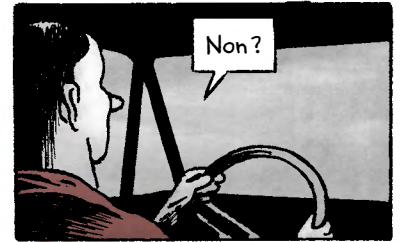
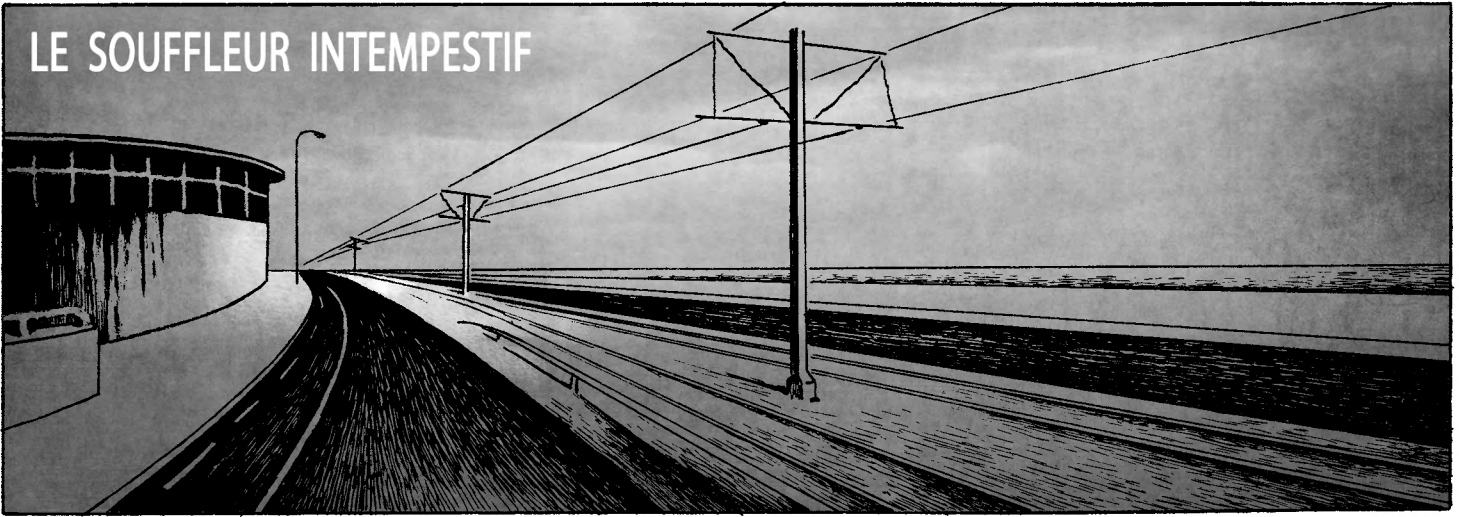
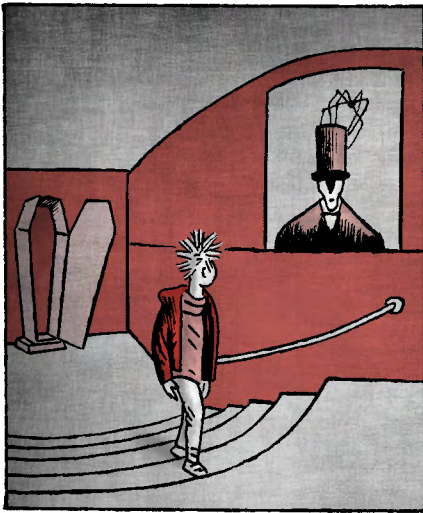
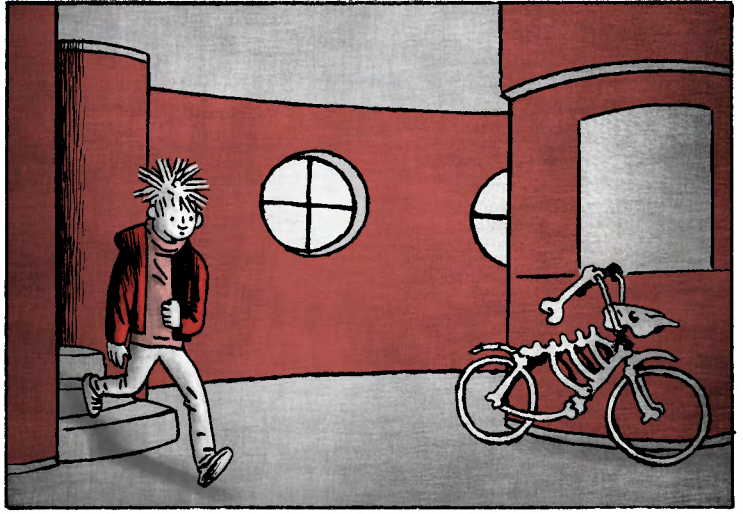
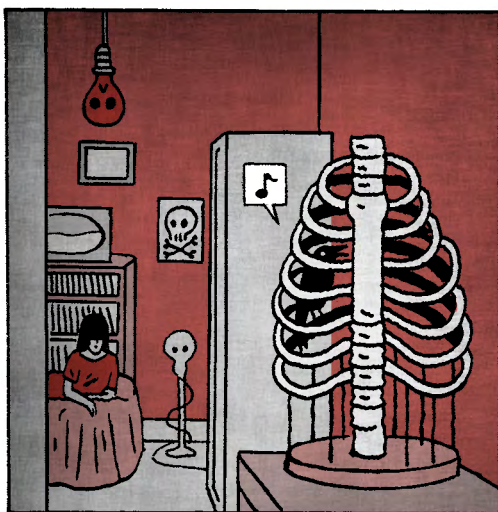
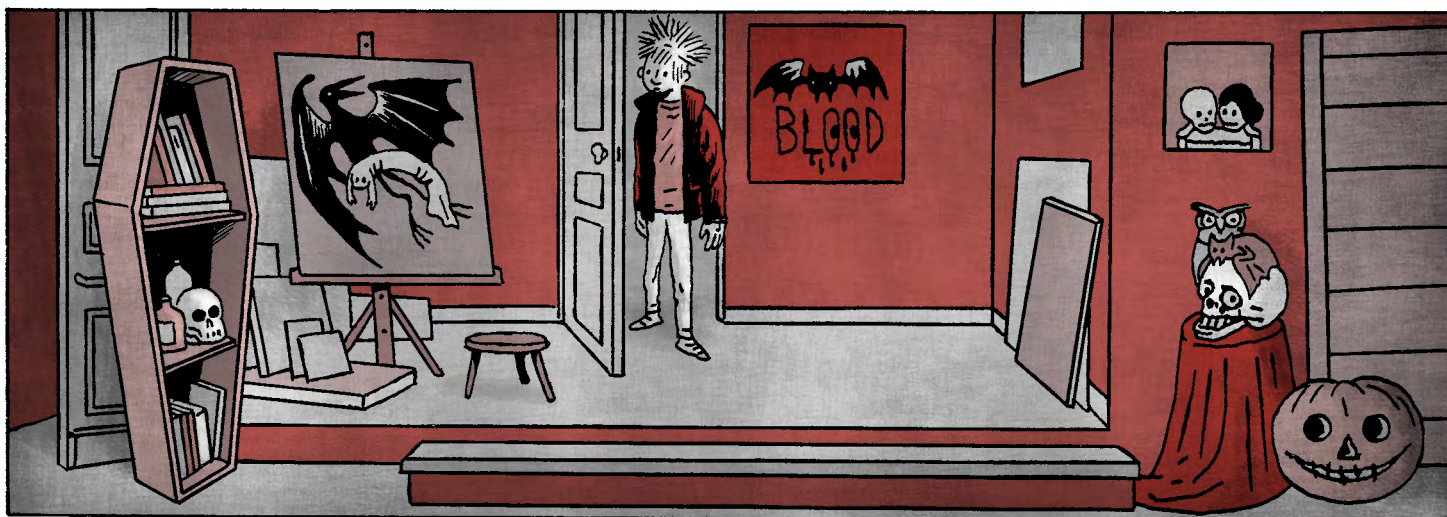
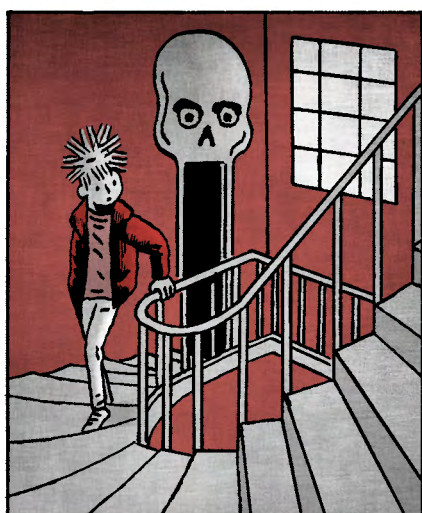
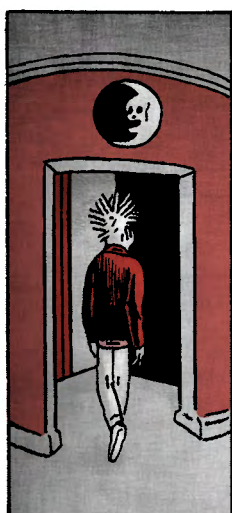
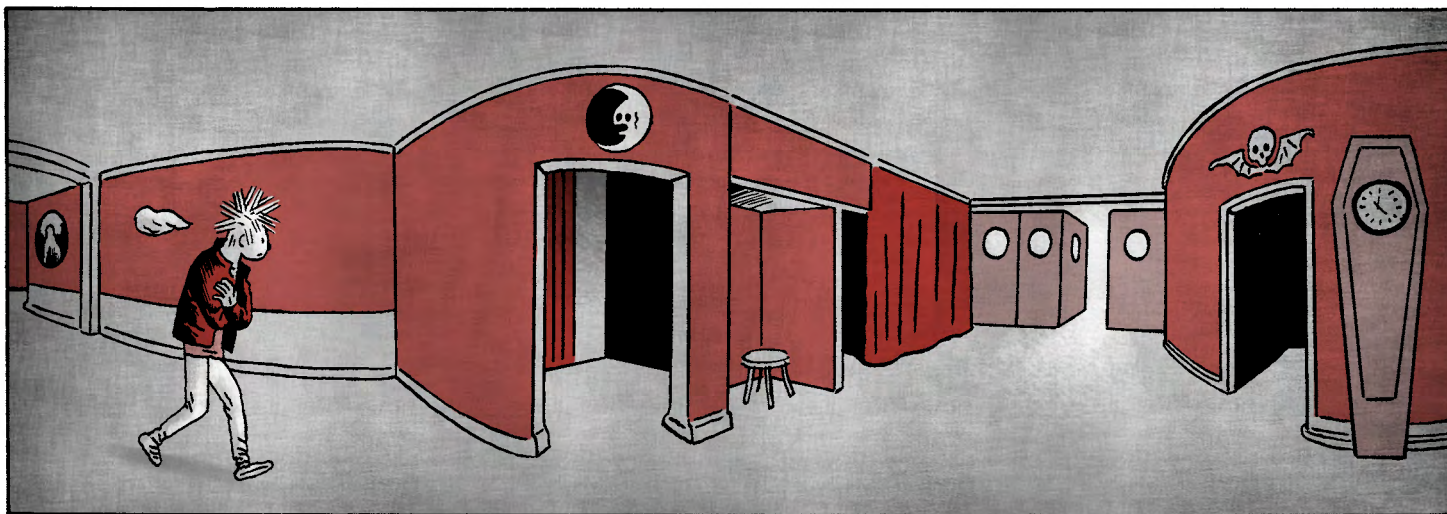
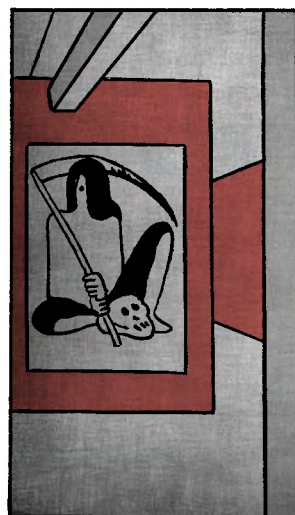
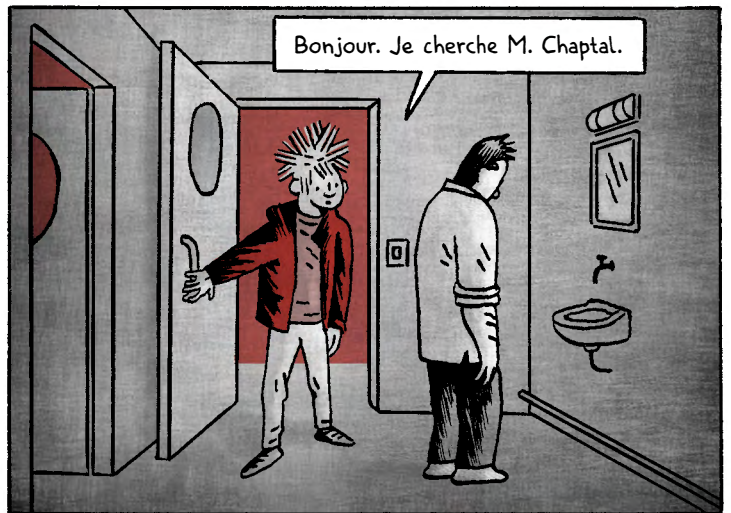
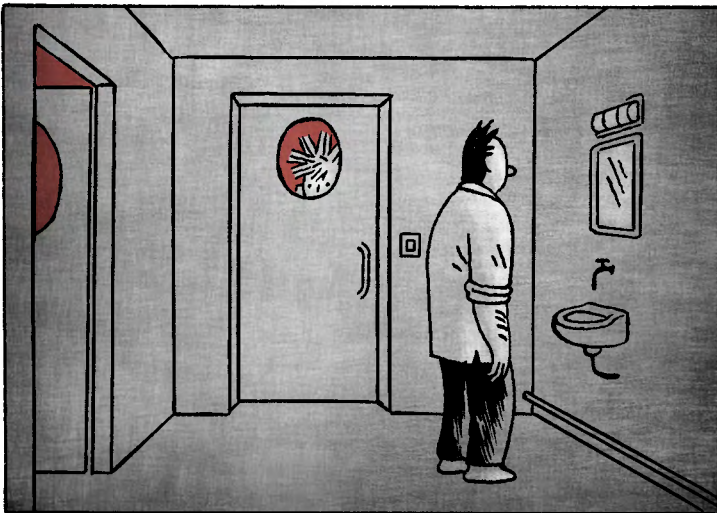


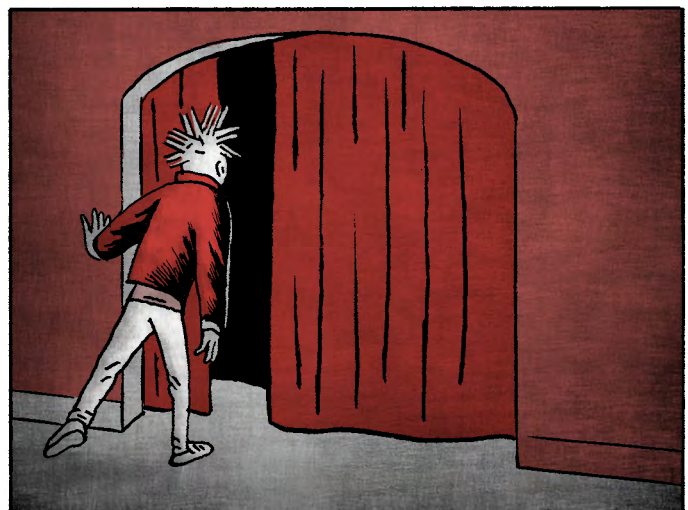
LE SOUFFLEUR INTEMPESTIF

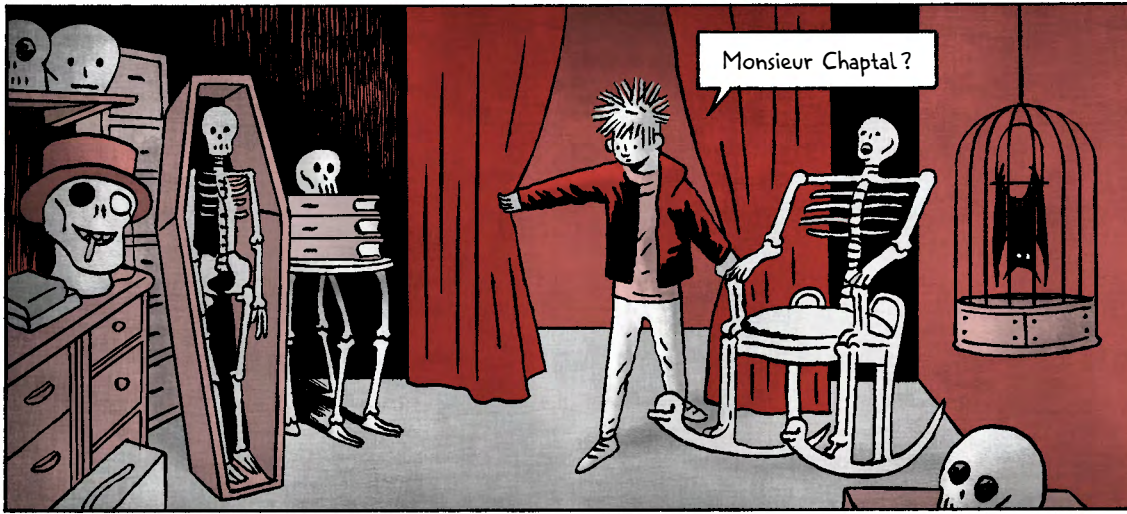


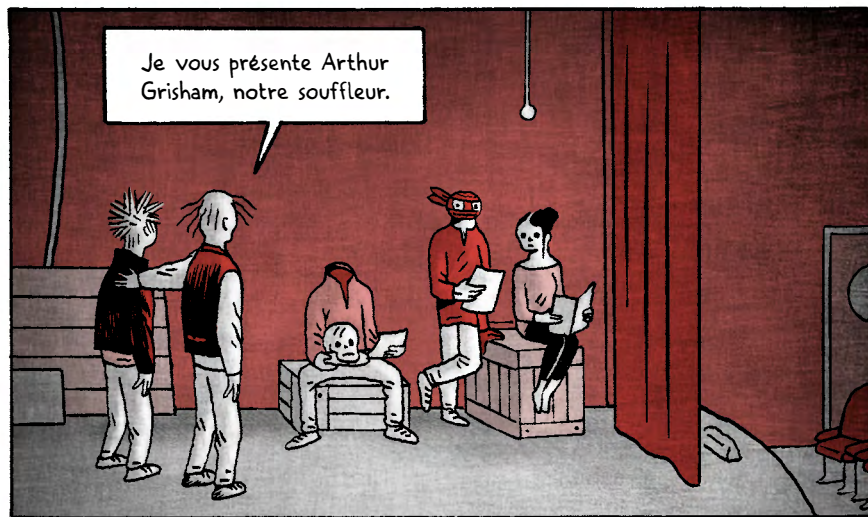
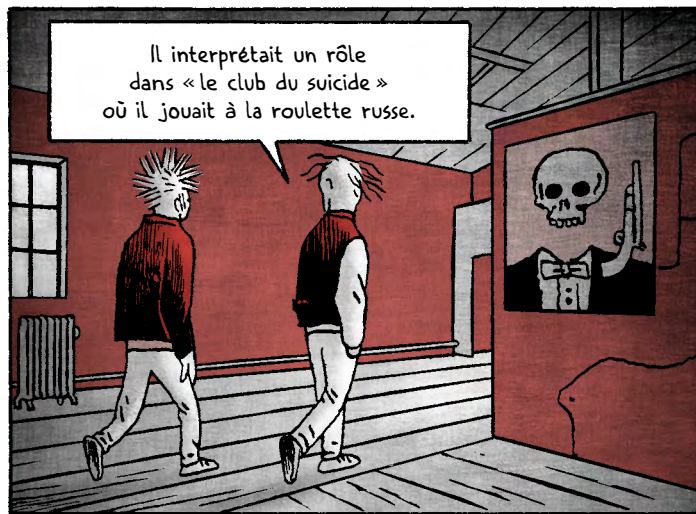






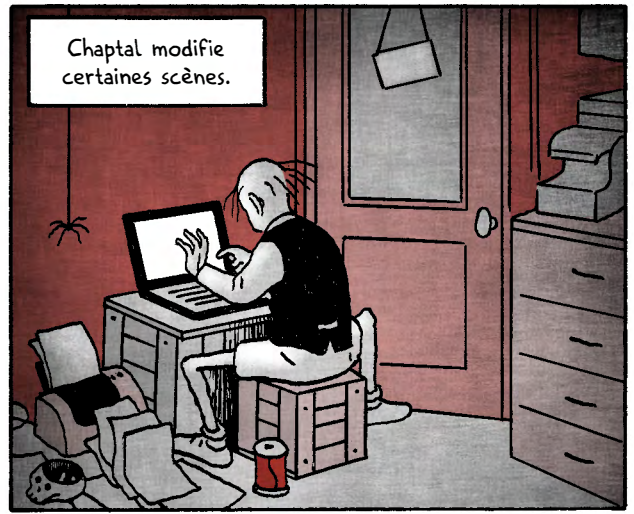








Les semaines passent.
Le théâtre d'épouvante
annonce la centième du
« Laboratoire de la mort lente. »



Chaptal modifie
certaines scènes.



Joshua et Danton
se fabriquent
de nouvelles têtes.



Arthur le souffleur
aménage son trou.



Et dans les coulisses,
Elena retrouve
son loup-garou.



Quittons cet endroit plein d'artifices.
Trop risqué pour moi,
tu sais bien.



Je hais ce rôle et ces gens qui l'entourent.
Alors ne viens plus
me voir jouer.



C'est pas toi, ce personnage.
Moi ou une autre,
quelle importance
pour une sans-papiers?



Tu donnes au public
ce qu'il veut voir
et sentir...
comme une pute.



C'est insupportable.



