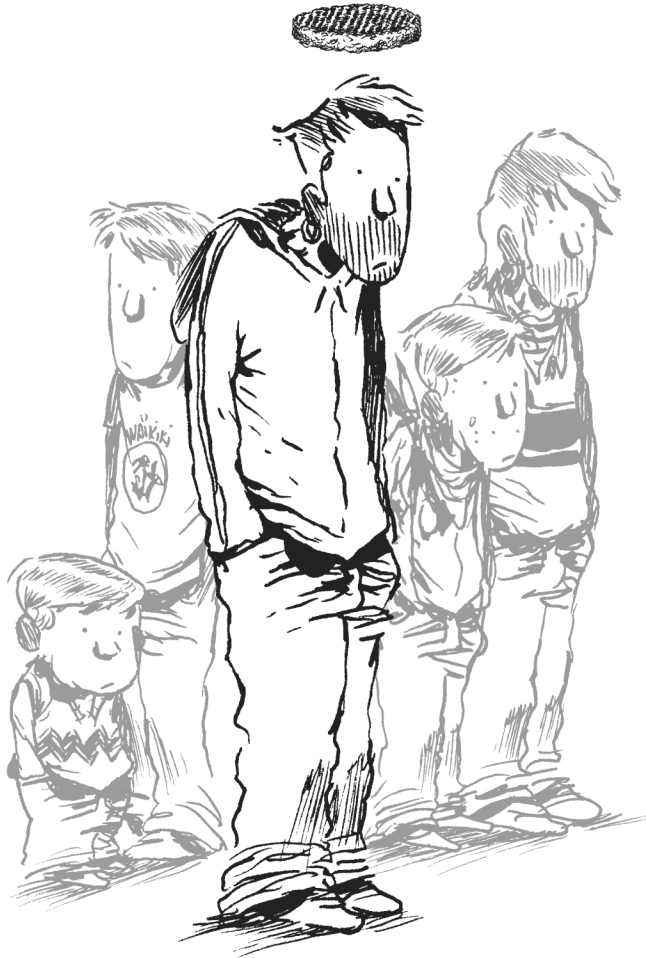


filas

Steak it easy



la Cafetière

Steak it easy is a compilation of three autobiographical works published by **la Cafetière** from 2005 to 2009: *The chopped steak of Damocles*, Fabcaro's first solo album, *Straight into the wall* ⁽¹⁾ and *Like a steak machine*. The following is a selection of pages from each title.

(1) the original title includes a pun in French with *mur* (wall) and *mûr* (mature)



For these translated extracts, we used an artificial font as close as possible to the author's handwritten lettering.

THE CHOPPED STEAK OF DAMOCLES



LE STEAK HACHÉ DE DAMOCLES



THE CHOPPED STEAK OF DAMOCLES

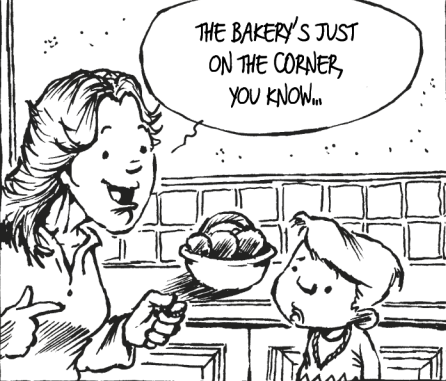
IF I HAD TO PICK, OUT OF THE BLUE,
THE PLACE WHERE MY LIFE UNDER THE SIGN
OF MISUNDERSTANDING ALL BEGAN...



I'D START WHEN
I WAS SEVEN.



WHEN MY MOTHER SENT ME ON MY FIRST ERRAND,
FOR A BAGUETTE.



BACK THEN, ANYTHING OUTSIDE
MY INNER WORLD WAS A VAST
ABSTRACTION.



RELYING ON INSTINCT ALONE, I ENTERED
ONE OF THE TWO SHOPS IN FRONT OF ME..



THE SCENE THAT ENSUED SEEMED
RIGHT OUT OF AN IONESCO PLAY.



WHAT? A CHOPPED STEAK?



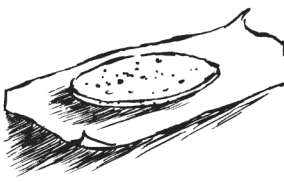
YES



AND THAT IS HOW I CAME HOME
WITH CHOPPED STEAK WHEN I'D
BEEN SENT OUT TO BUY BREAD.



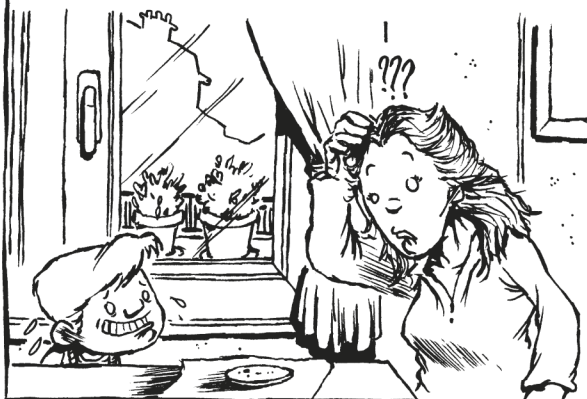
(HE DESPERATELY TRIED TO SHAVE
IT DOWN TO TWO FRANCS' WORTH,
GROWLING THE WHOLE TIME.)



THAT DAY SAW THE TWO CORNERSTONES
OF MY EXISTENCE FOREVER SET: DIFFICULTIES
WITH COMMUNICATION, AND COWARDICE.
TWO DEFECTS THAT, PUT TOGETHER, WRECKED
HAVOC.



FROM THEN ON, THE NEXT TWENTY-THREE YEARS COULD BE SUMMED
UP AS GOING OUT FOR BREAD AND BRINGING BACK A CHOPPED STEAK



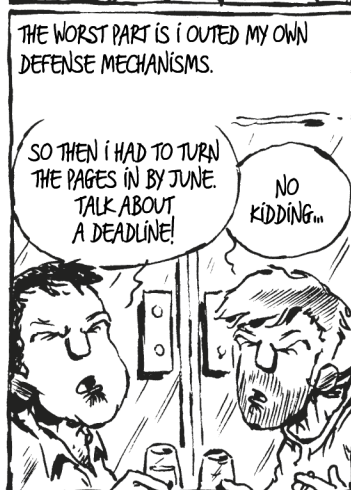
HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?

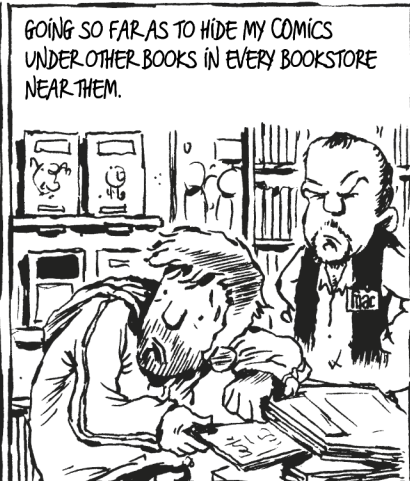


THE CHOPPED STEAK OF DAMOCLES, TAKE TWO



GUESS I'M A MASOCHIST...
ESPECIALLY SINCE NOW I KNOW
THE UNPLEASANTNESS AN AUTOBIO
CAN STIR UP.





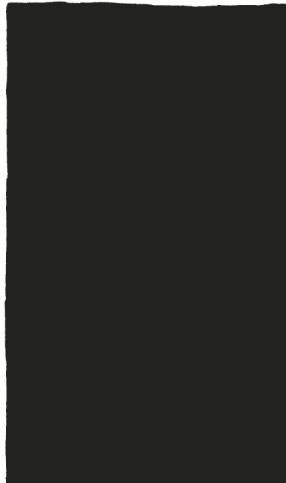
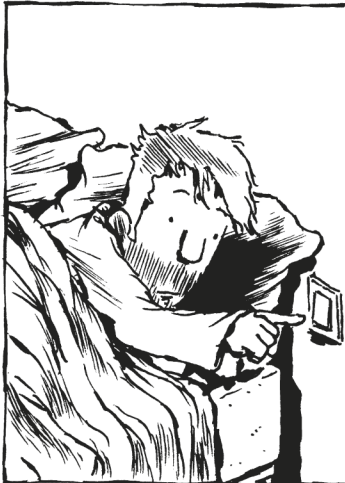
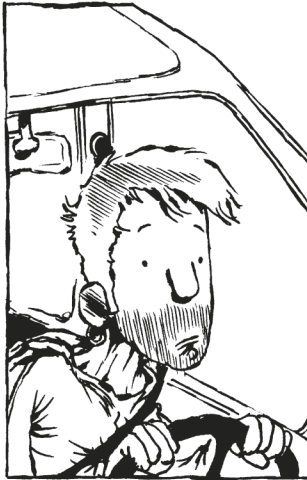
MY VOICES



FINALLY, I CAME TO TERMS WITH IT. IT WASN'T SO BAD.



THE DEPOSIT

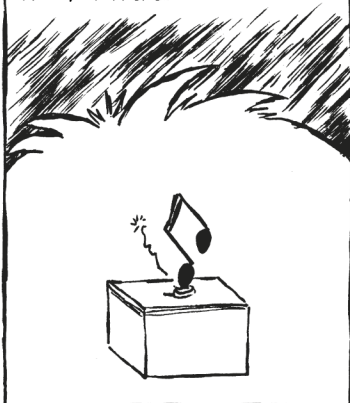


Intro

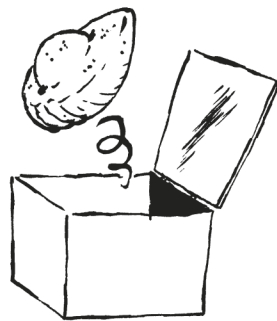
SOME SONGS INSTANTLY CALL TO MIND
AN IMAGE, AN ERA, A SPECIFIC
SCENE...



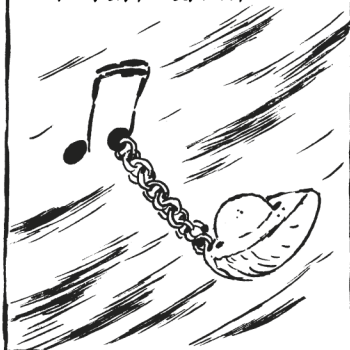
TRIVIAL, INTIMATE EPISODES FROM
WHO KNOW WHERE...



...JUST WAITING FOR THE RIGHT SONG
TO RECALL THEM.



SITUATIONS ARE INEXTRICABLY
BOUND UP WITH THEIR SOUNDTRACKS,
IMPRINTED IN YOUR MIND, THOUGH
IT'S NOT ALWAYS CLEAR WHY.



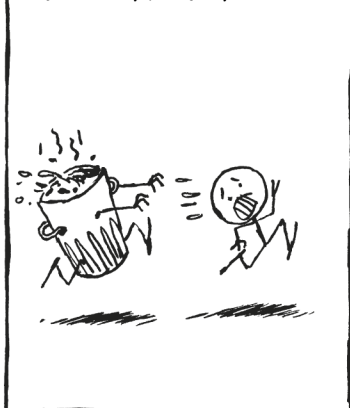
BUT JUST AS YOU CAN'T PICK
YOUR MEMORIES...



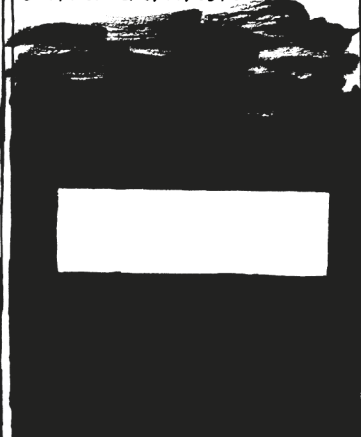
YOU CAN'T PICK THE SONGS THAT
SUMMON THEM, EITHER.



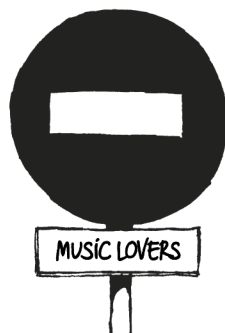
AND SO SOME MEMORIES ARE
TIED TO JUST ABSURD TRACKS.



DOWNRIGHT EMBARRASSING.



APOLOGIES IN ADVANCE TO WISE
AMATEURS OUT THERE FOR SOME
UPCOMING TRACKS.



Sultans of swing (Alchemy version) • Dire Straits



Two reelers • Frank Black

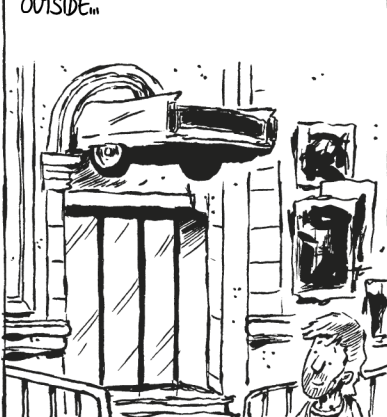
1995. FRANK BLACK AT THE ROCKSTORE
IN MONTPELLIER



OBJECTIVELY THE GREATEST
CONCERT IN THE LAST 150 YEARS



WHEN IT'S OVER, I WAIT FEVERISHLY
OUTSIDE...



...UNTIL THIS MIRACLE HAPPENS.



DISCREETLY I TAIL HIM THROUGH TOWN.



HE GOES INTO A RESTAURANT. I WAIT
IN THE STREET FOR OVER AN HOUR.



I WILL DINE OUT ON THAT ANECDOTE
FOR YEARS TO COME.



MY PRIDE AND JOY



FIFTEEN YEARS LATER...

