

Dominique Osuch

Nijinski

L'ange brûlé

Futuropolis

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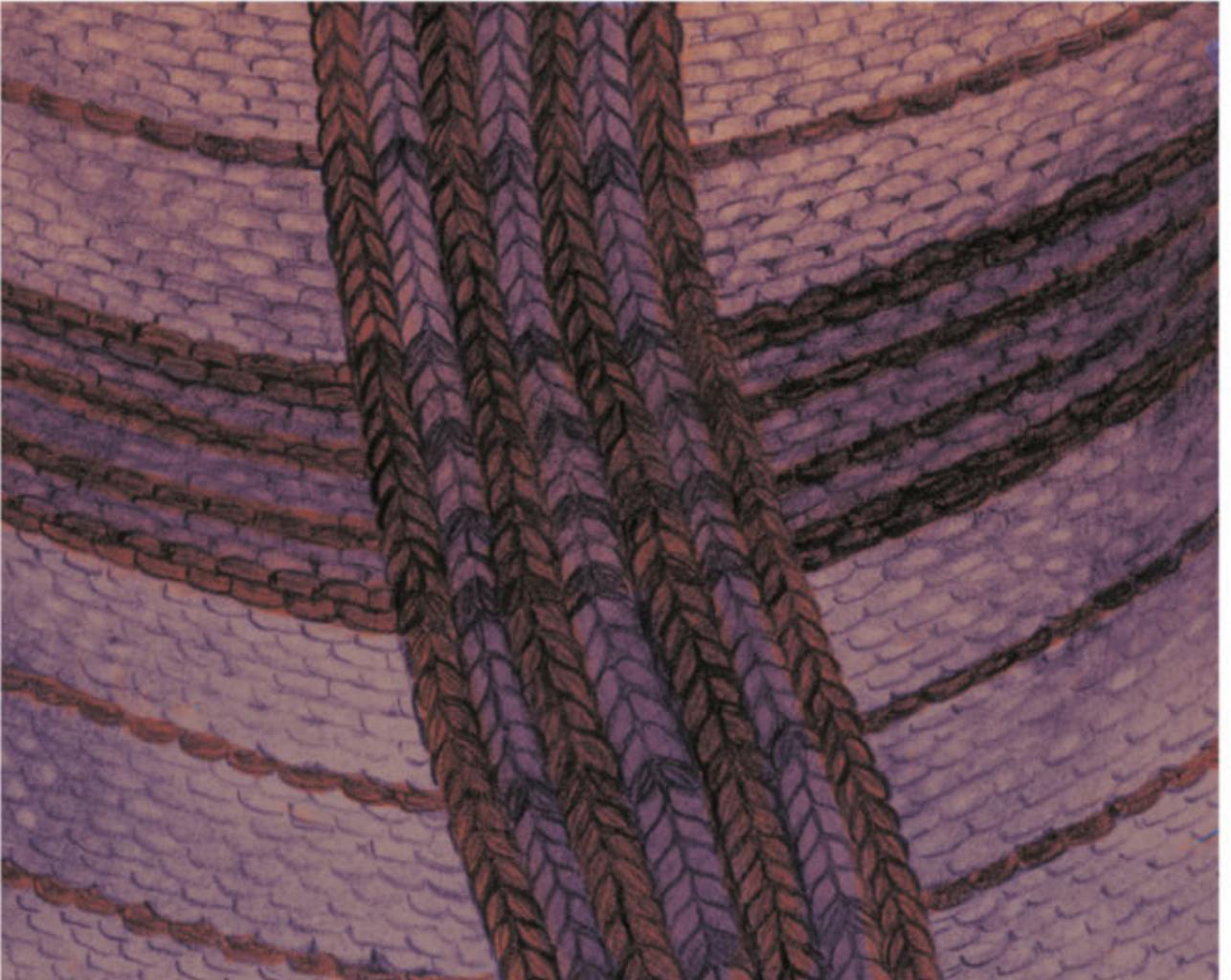
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PRÉLUDE

Nota bene : Toutes les lettres manuscrites figurant dans cet album sont purement fictionnelles. Elles s'inspirent des différents témoignages et des *Cahiers* de Nijinski.





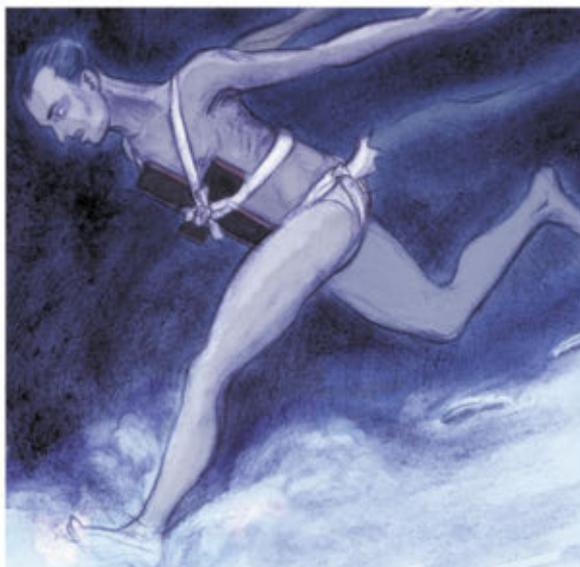




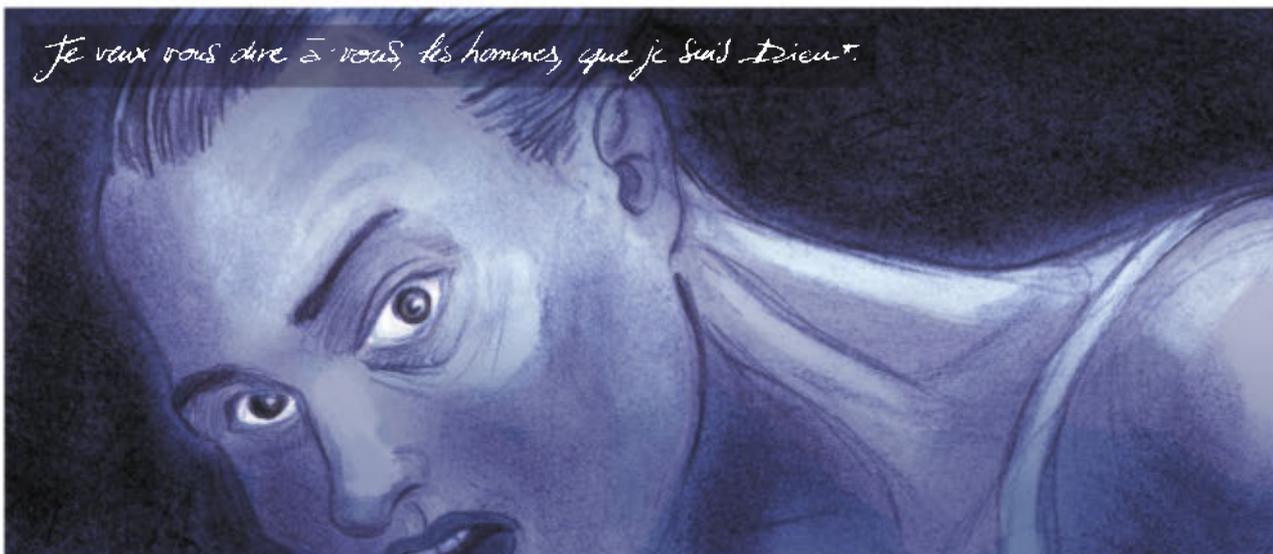
Je suis Nijanski.

▼ Détail des *Je suis Nijanski*.





*Je veux vous dire à vous, les hommes, que je suis Dieu.**



Je sais ce Dieu qui meurt...



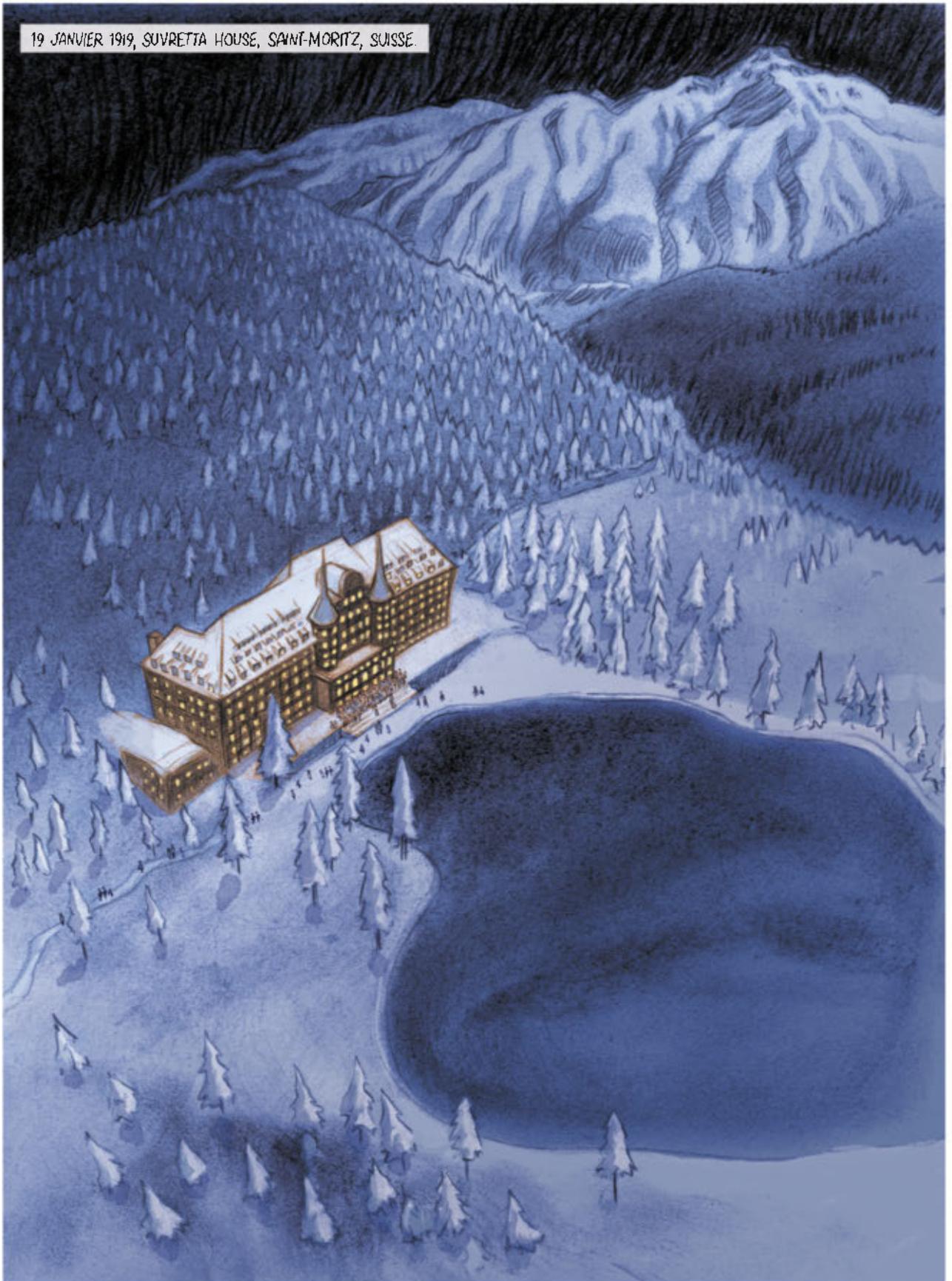
*... si on me l'aime pas.**





▼ Extrait des Cahiers de Vaulot Nijinsky.

19 JANVIER 1919, SUVRETTA HOUSE, SAINT-MORITZ, SUISSE.







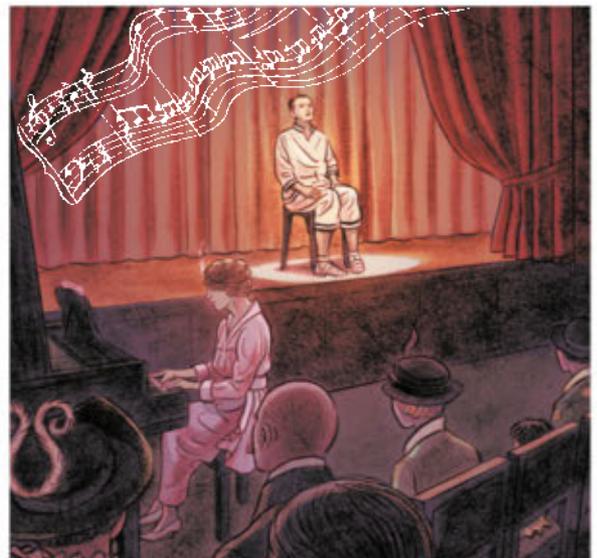


BRROUHHAHA HAHAHAHA
SCHCHUUUTTT !



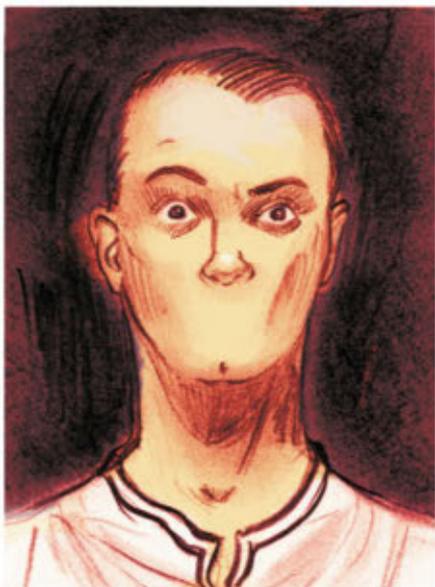
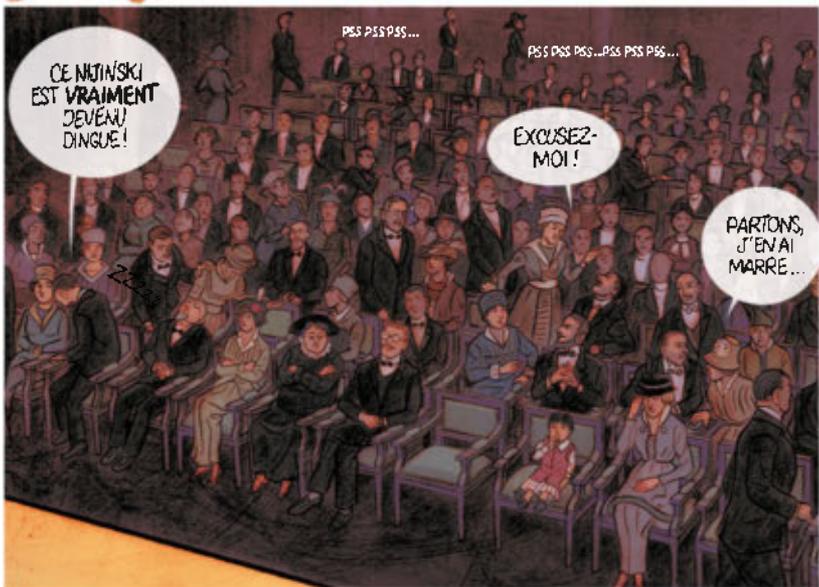
SI, VOUS PLAÎT
JOUÉ QUELQUE CHOSE
CHOPIN OU
SCHUMANN...

CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP CLAP !
CLAP CLAP CLAP ! CLAP CLAP !











HOO!

HAAA!

CLAP CLAP
CLAP!

CLAP CLAP CLAP!

BRAVOOO!

A surreal illustration featuring a large wooden cross in the center. A man in a white tracksuit with black stripes on the sleeves and cuffs is suspended on the cross, his arms outstretched. The background is a fiery orange-red landscape with a dark, purple-black cloth draped over the cross. Several other men in identical white tracksuits are in various poses around the cross: one is crawling on the ground to the left, another is crawling on the right, one is lying on the ground in the lower left, and another is lying on the ground in the lower right. In the bottom left corner, there is a pile of barbed wire, wooden planks, and a skull. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper left quadrant.

JE VAIS MAINTENANT
DANSER GUERRRE, GUERRRE
QUE VOUS PAS EMPÊCHÉE
ET QUE VOUS ÊTRE AUSSI
RRESPONSABLES !

MASSES SACRÉES!...

MASSES
SACRÉES!...

MASSACRÉES!...

MASSACRES!...

OH!...
À QUAND LE PRINTEMPS?



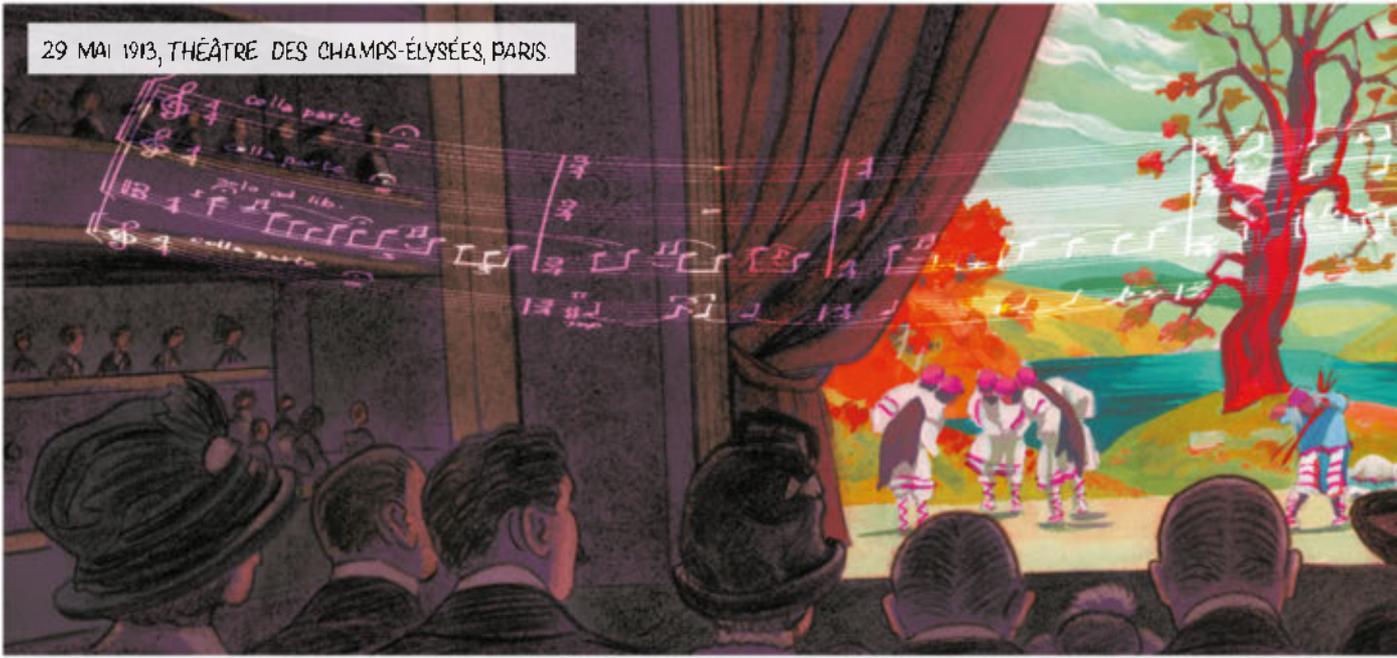
ACTE I

(ÉTINCELLES)

VARIATION DE L'ÉLU(E)

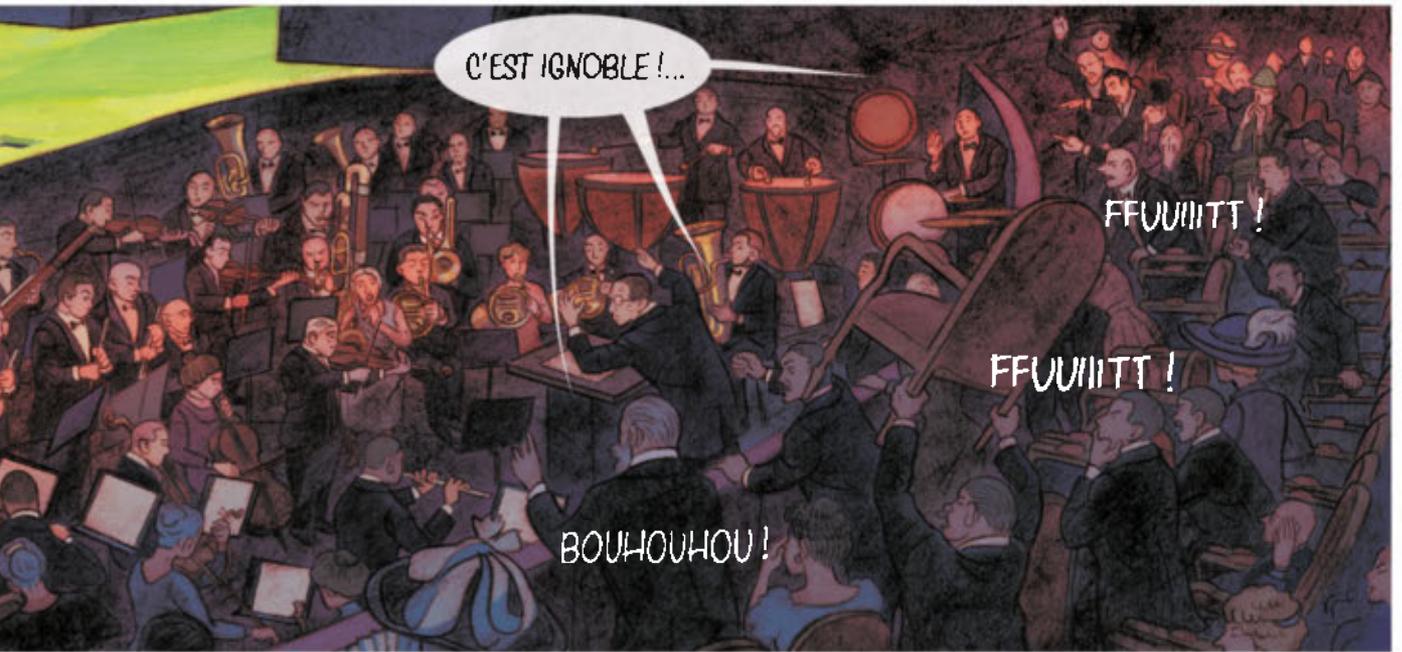


29 MAI 1913, THÉÂTRE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, PARIS.









C'EST IGNOBLE !...

FFUUIITT !

FFUUIITT !

BOUHOUHOU !



BOMBOM, BOMBOM

RAS, DWA, TRI !
RAS, DWA, TRI !
RAS, DWA, TRI !



BOM, TAC...

À MORT LES RUSSES !...



RAS, DWA, TRI !
RAS, DWA, TRI !
RAS, DWA, TRI !



BOMBOM, BOMBOMBOM...

REMBURSEZ !!...



JE VOUS EN PRIE,
LAISSEZ ACHÉVER
LE SPECTACLE !