

## About «The Peace of Damocles»

The story I propose you is a true one, that of the poet Boris Nadov, born on October 9, 1967 and died in obscure conditions at the age of 29.

It is also the end of a story and perhaps of the last man, in the sense that Fukuyama gave him at that time. The story of a cold war, east-west, of a left-wing people dreaming of revolutions, of rebel icons galvanizing crowds, of a collective imagination validating utopias...

The novel is situated in the pivotal period of our Western civilization, marked by the fall of the Soviet Empire. It testifies to the birth of an individual rebellion that will gradually take the form of an impulse terrorism. Boris' career, on which the journalist of daily « L'Humanité » investigates, illustrates in the background the shuffle of political maps in the wake of the cataclysm of November 1989: what becomes the world without the USSR? What becomes of the communists, the main opponents of the reign of Capital ? What becomes capitalism itself trapped in its triumph ?

Of course the novel is first of all the story of a couple who speeds down a road which is not his before crashing on the reality of the world. A human reality, too human. Heroes only live in novels, reality belongs to men. Géraldine, the driving force of the narration, lives in the imagination of a past life that continues today in his own truth. Her boyfriend has left her but her spirit haunts her until the day when reality catches up with her and the evidence can no longer be discarded. His lover is dead.

Boris has been murdered.

What could be better then to attach oneself to the legend to give meaning to one's own existence. What if everything had not collapsed in November 1989 ? And if, though invisible, the struggle continued in the bowels of the Earth... So, « One orange color day will come, A day of palms, a day of leaves brushing the forehead »... This day when the nebula will explode and will definitely bring western arrogance to its knees. This day when the planet will find again to the lost paradise of its origins, when humans will live together in connection with nature and the rhythm of the seasons. This day

inscribed in our cells, when Adam and Eve lived naked, free and united by love...

Of course, in the early morning, the sky lights up and, despite the headache and nausea, we have to get up, to get up again, to learn again to walk and to start thinking again, because the spectacle of the world never stops.

<https://fr.calameo.com/read/0044112817ce0e36307d5>

Please feel free to contact me with any questions.

Thank you for your attention.

Théo Dalès