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Jaime Brunton

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Brunton: My Life as Roland Barthes: Classe/Class

MY LIFE AS ROLAND BARTHES: *CLASSE/CLASS*

Jaime Brunton

He was new to everything then. He watched films whose true importance he could not possibly see, and he liked the colors and the music, the foreign syllables he could repeat in his head without understanding. His nose still hurt from falling off a skateboard, but he went to the bar with his professeur du cinéma because it was something people did. Madame laughed when he ordered a beer, because, he thinks now, she knew he knew nothing else. She was from Poland and said as a child she drank milk from the pail, tilting it back to escape the cream—a trick he knew from the vieux hommes of his village who drank moonshine and laughed at young ones who got a mouthful of mash. Poland. So different from him; he was bound to exoticize her. She taught him that word, 'exoticize.' Also 'Americanness,' which, he realizes now, she pronounced rather badly, with her lovely, exotic accent. In the dark of his living room, sipping malbec, he watches, again, Juliette Binoche light a cigarette and is overcome: *bliss*.