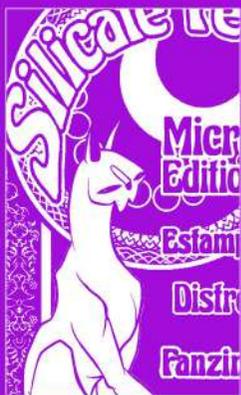
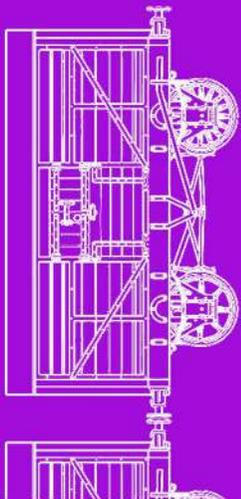


L'Imposte

n° 2



:: 29 & 30/06/24 ::
SILICATE FESTIVAL
@ Tire-Laine, Lille (FR)



This second “Imposte” will begin with warm thanks to its first contributors, as well as to the few who were able to send in their feedback by e-mail, telephone, carrier pigeon or in person.

Spurred on by the enthusiasm it generated, and a few friendly encouragements, this new *medium* empowers itself and takes on -as a humble amateur- the role of the *media(tor)* of another content -bonus- which will be his own, tailor-made, without any risk of clashing with censors, or getting lost in the thread of a conceptual fabric that peters out.

It was a watermark idea, hitherto under the yoke of a “what's the point?” and the constraint of an “apropos”.

But in reality: what's the point of **L'Imposte** without some form of **insurrection**, what's the point of **L'Imposte** if there's no **impertinence**?

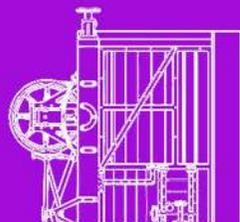
Imagined as an imposture on the Impossible, a nose-thumbing at drawn verses, like a crowbar at the foot of the page, the freedom to escape will always be *apropos*.



:: TEE-SHIRTS ::
«ECHO» series



:: DANSE DE SALEM ::
Woodcut



"THE ESCAPE"

You'll learn that a large proportion of these texts intended for those who do me the honor of reading them are written, not out of inspiration (more like a sudden burst of blood), but more often than not during moments of latency, such as the train journeys that regularly punctuate weeks and months. So I have to *cook up* something with the lottery of the mood of the moment (regularly stormy and tormented) and a context specific to public transport (the promiscuity of an unknown multitude, its agitation, its energies).

So forgive me in advance if from time to time *the spices* in this *dish* taste like **sulfur** or **carbon monoxide**.

The fact is that on a train, unlike walking, where landscapes evolve because we set our bodies in motion, and ideas develop and air because we ourselves progress through a space, here it's the landscape that scrolls and moves while we remain motionless. In relation to our environment: let's say that walking is active, as opposed to sitting in a carriage. In the first case, it's as if we're rolling the Earth under our feet; in the second, it's the Earth that *rolls us*...

...And the scenery unfolds like a film in front of our eyes, inviting us to contemplate, but whereas walking would tend to push our ideas "outwards", the motionless observation of the successive landscapes would rather invite them to develop "inwards", obliging us, if we are sensitive to it, to a certain form of introspection.

And now, as I'm sitting in this car, I'm reminded of the gigantic digital dial above Geneva's Art & History Museum, displaying a countdown to the end of the world.

A work of art: "**Big Crunch Clock**". ... The end of the world? *Which one...*?

Here: that of the sun, implying the end of the system that accompanies it. It goes without saying that the planets within it would already be in a sorry state, had they themselves survived until then. How vain and ironic for human beings to "reassure" themselves in this way, to place *the end* so far in the future... And the astronomical number on the dial decreases at a speed vertiginously insane however, because it's set in milliseconds.

So here we are, racing towards an oppressive countdown to an end that has nothing to do with us. Once again, we are denying the issues of our time in order to gargle with those on which we can project anything and everything; there will be no consequences. The artistic approach should always **disturb** and **transgress**. It must **question**. If this *chronometer-in-reverse* reminds us that we are a small thing, it also absolves us of any possibility of involvement in something that would be on our scale, and within our reach: And before the sun collapses in on itself, what about the collapse itself? If we've taken the liberty of launching this Big Crunch Clock on a symbolic start at -5 billion years (we're not even 1000 years away...), it would be funny (*funny?*) to imagine a big hourglass containing a few years' worth of sand in stock, with the end of its flow depending on a random "*about*". A topical equa(s)tion, with multiple unknowns, imprisoned in a symbol as old as *time* itself.

...But by the time I've mentioned these ideas, the dial is already showing another number: and yes, thousandths of a second do fly by.

While the distant future when it reaches "0" detaches us all from the supposed *end*, its present pace reminds us of the frenetic rhythm of our lives: the headlong rush of the connected white rabbit, always late, always in a hurry, compressed by an abstruse mission which, if in Lewis Carroll's novel was still and only in grip with the second hand of his pocket watch, is at our hour at the mercy of an engineering governed by electrical impulses imperceptible to the naked eye, as on this dial which contracts the seconds into a thousandth of them, and reduces by the same fraction:

attention, intention and action...

Beyond a certain speed of calculation, our brains are no longer able to "apprehend". Nor are they able to understand, or to make sense, let alone find meaning.

And now the train is arriving at the station and *it's time*... ..



29 & 30/06/24 :: «Silicate Fest» - @ Tire-Laine, Lille (59 - FR)

This enigmatic name taught me that silicates are a group of minerals with a similar basic molecular composition, making up 97% of the earth's crust, and that sodium silicate is used in the paper industry to recycle waste paper.

We like the idea of “second life” and “transformation” in a “Stone Age” atmosphere; and this laborious introduction can now give way to the event in question: the Silicate Festival.

Organized by l'Atelier de l'Ardente [an autonomous space which, through its multiple practices - generously shared - defends independent graphic publishing and can be recognized by the originality it brings to each of its projects], the event will be held at the end of June in a new venue:

Le Tire-Laine (50 rue de Thumesnil, Lille), on Saturday 29 and Sunday 30.

This will be our last “scrum” of the 2023/24 cycle, before devoting a studious summer to the preparation of a new exhibition in autumn, news to follow...



TEE-SHIRTS - online novelties

«ECHO» series

The “ECHO” exhibition last March/April (Bottle Shop bar, Paris) had “the pattern” as its theme and featured a range of visuals in a variety of forms and media.

5 different T-Shirt models featuring the graphics on display were screen-printed on this occasion, and are now available from the online store. [25€ each]

<https://www.audecarbone.com/boutique/produit/tee-shirts-echo-serigraphie/>

«DANSE DE SALEM» :

Black woodcut, 35x50cm + final retouching painting
on off-white Fabriano, 210gr.

50 numbered and signed copies. [100€ each]

<https://www.audecarbone.com/boutique/produit/danse-de-salem-xylogravure/>



Original drawing on wood plate (30x40cm)
Engraving and printing by artist-engraver JM Picard (Medium Rare)
This collaboration was based on a proposal by Michel Penneec (bookshop & gallery HumuS - Lausanne, CH), on the occasion of the "Faune Intestine" exhibition (dec. 23).

OUTLINE of

an internal debate on the coherence between a "return" to paper and the call to contribute

to this process via digital platform...

which reminds us that there are

alternatives



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