



:: 12/10/24 ::
COMET - Comic Market
Lausanne (CH)



13/10/24 ::
AUGENSCHMAUS
Differdange (LU)



19/10 :: Montreuil (FR)

Third Imposte, which may have begun to develop impatient wait for some...? We leave ourselves to be desired, preferring to the dusty postcard of an indolent summer - which indolence itself did not see fit to send - the abundant calendar of an unremitting autumn, rhythmmed by furtive appearances in various cities and short stays in other places. These ostensible escapes - always a little baroque in sequence - punctuate the invisible stages (in the shadow of the studio) of a long-term project, which will reach its climax with the "L'Humour des Fluides" exhibition in Metz and Strasbourg next November.

Relative indolence, then, for if the sobriety of artistic events in recent months has given way to a welcome sedentariness, this has been conducive to the concentration needed to complete certain masterpieces.

Third bottle in the sea, another old-fashioned communication with no acknowledgement of receipt, whose beauty lies in its unknown destination. This one, thrown on waves less subject to the whims of the winds, will find its recipient, and perhaps make waves in its echo.

Third stone-throwing, like an obsolete weapon in front of Media-Flashballs, but one that can still hit the bull's-eye for those who know how to handle the slingshot. ▶



:: 14/11/24 ::
«L'HUMEUR DES FLUIDES»
- Exhibition
Bon Poisson, Metz (FR)



:: 21/11/24 ::
«L'HUMEUR DES FLUIDES»
- Exhibition
Le Tigre, Strasbourg (FR)



"IN PRISON"

The air of racing that the first lunar months of the year had taken on, found at the equinox a broken body and an out-of-phase mind. The chaos of the senses is almost always followed by a desire to understand the origins of the maelstrom, to grasp the upheavals that provoked it...
An attempt at an epilogue to these ramblings:

The henchman comfortably ensconced in our inner watchtower, eyes watching, voice asserting, obediently maintained by us and at our expense, is the fruit of such powerful conditioning that even when the phenomenon is conscious, the effort to free ourselves from its yoke would be comparable to two Siamese bodies trying to tear each other apart to recover their individuality.

Is this even possible?

Is this tyranny of intimacy innate, inherited or inculcated?

In a (utopian?) society where the desire of control would not be a meant goal, are there any individuals protected from this *inquisitor of the inner self*?

If benevolence and respect are prerequisites for a lasting community experience, obedience is a law that has perniciously insinuated itself into human values, so insidiously that it seems that - with the exception of a few isolated cases (which would confirm the *rule*?) - there is no longer any need to set up a court of law, since the training has taken place at the root and is passed on *naturally*, with little or no intervention from a higher authority.

Injunctions to achieve compliance gradually became mere signals, then tacit rules integrated without revolt. Between *consent* and *surrender* lies insistent harassment. The flesh-and-blood spy is no more than a symbol, and objects of control are no more than reminders: their substance has melted into us. The reassuring doors, the darkness of night and the intimacy of isolation, which protected us from outside scrutiny, suddenly transform private space into a zone all the more open because there is no longer anything to interfere with internal surveillance. So, even when we keep away from all social biases by creating our own systems, by developing autonomy, judgment is no longer to be feared from the outside, but from that part of us which has been dispossessed and which seeks, even in things that only are up to us, to apply laws, codes, discipline and sentences that do not belong to us.

We are now aware of our *monstrosity*. Fettered by a self-siamese we'd like to free ourselves from but whose gaze and voice constantly call us to order. Extracting ourselves from this vicious circle, which relies as much on self-discipline as on the example to be followed set by a social group, and to act differently requires constant struggle and attention. It's a struggle, because it leads to a feeling of guilt in the face of a phantom court, spectres we conjure up from our own projections, fears and fantasies. If hell is indeed *others*, in the tangible universe, the devil still has a *lawyer*. However vast *our* universe may be, the *others* in it are only parts of us, alternately watchdog, judge and executioner, against whom we remain defenseless. An attention, because to this constant struggle answers a need for peace from time to time, which lies here in *invisibility*. And that it's relaxing to melt into a mass whose gaze doesn't put us in a box, in a cell. That conforming to a model ensures everyone's approval and mutes our thought police. And that this need for rest tends to slip easily into the body of an automaton when our own fails us.

... It's a question of our integrity and our *else* essence, to preserve the primitive instinct that animated the child we were - the one who hasn't yet known the sticks that bend our backs or (re)erect us - so that the judge who has intruded upon us is always opposed by the original impulse, the authentic voice that reminds us to remain **ourselves**.

:: 26 & 27/10/24 ::

Vernissage "Parabloïd"

@La Baraka

12 Rue de Montmoreau
Angoulême (16-FR)



Drawn and inked by myself, engraved and printed by Emilien Maricot, "Parabloïd" is a hybrid *illustrated*, appropriating as it pleases the comic strip and sarcastically confusing the tabloid, to talk about a serious subject without seeming to touch it [too much].

This 4-handed collaboration will culminate in a **small exhibition and vernissage on the last weekend of October at La Baraka, a workshop and cultural venue in Angoulême.**

12/10 :: "Comic Market" (COMET) - Impact Hub, Lausanne (CH)

13/10 :: "Augenschmaus" - 1535° Creative Hub, Differdange (LU)



COMET

Although in French-speaking areas, the weekend of October 12 and 13 will take place outside France, in **Lausanne (Switzerland)** and **Differdange (Luxembourg)** respectively. Having found a reliable means of teleportation at the cost of a quite relative night's sleep, we're taking advantage of this new science to appear at the **Comic Market (COMET)** organized by the Château Turbulent association on **Saturday 12**, and the following day, **Sunday 13**, at the **Augenschmaus market** organized by Augenschmaus Kollektiv.



SAMEDI 19 OCTOBRE à LA PÊCHE
MONTREUIL
Stands fanzines, ateliers, discussions, concerts

19/10 :: Le Fanzinarium 5th birthday
► **café La Pêche, Montreuil (93 - FR)**

The Parisian metropolis looked like a big gray mephitic mass, compact, hostile, haughty and constricting, until an invitation that led us there managed to put an ounce of sweet water in our red wine, the wealth of encounters having shown their credentials with respect to our reserves... It was 2019: the Fanzinarium had just opened its doors. **This October, the little fanzinotheque celebrates its 5th anniversary, and you're invited to the event: stands, workshops, discussions and concerts.**



**“L’Humeur des Fluides” :: Exhibition at Bon Poison brewery, Metz ::
Visible on November 14th, 15th and 16th :: Vernissage on Thursday 14th - 6pm**

Your attention good folks! Here's a non-lethal mixture, a mystical love filter: drink it by the cupful, and you'll be under its spell. There's no charlatanism in this tasteful cocktail that combines image and beverage, and will keep you safe from the evil eye.

To the invitation of the “**Bon Poison**” brewery, I am responding to “**L’Humeur des Fluides**” [*The Mood of Fluids*]. This exhibition will focus on the transfiguration of liquids... and their ingestion.

And just as elsewhere wine has become blood, here sap becomes nectar and inks turn venom: silkscreen itself morphs into painting when we can no longer dissociate the colors, when they abandon their decorative role in favor of a discourse, erasing contours and blending together, suggesting volume.

The prints on show, produced over the last two years, have sought to broaden the range of printed colors, in order to play with the spectrum and turn the rainbow into a disquieting phenomenon, bathing the worlds depicted in a dark, fantastic and mysterious psychedelia.

*When alcohol inebriates images capsize and blood boils.
Intoxicating the body and mind without corrupting them, but to stimulate them.*

And to complete the cycle of fluids and open a first valve, “L’Humeur des Fluides” will present the keystone print “**Le Repas des Grands**”: a multi-color silkscreen painting inspired by and playing on the Last Supper, the illustrious meal where *red* stained as much as it flowed.

Welcome to the banquet...

**“L’Humeur des Fluides” :: Exhibition Le Tigre bookshop, Strasbourg ::
From November 21st to mid-January 2025 :: Vernissage on Thursday 21st Nov.**

The close ties that bind me to the Grand Est region always bring me to its cities several times a year. When it closes, the Metz-based exhibition will take up residence in Strasbourg, at **Le Tigre’s den** - the bookshop-lair that has been home to EpOx and BoTOx editions and my own graphic affabulations since 2018 - **for two months**. An opportunity for those who missed it *there* to see it *here*.



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