

# Imposte

*Dear foreigners, the French version of the text above was made from authentic newspaper clippings pasted together, then scanned as it was and inserted in the Imposte...  
For the translation, I've tried to stay as close as possible to the original spirit and graphics.*

## Inconstancy or the art of laughter

Anonymity is **NOt** the beginning of a formidable amnesia  
IT'S A RITUAL FOR THE METAMORPHOSIS  
of invisible order-gives **into** unknown **exiled** bodies.

When the **Christmas tale** ACTIVATES THE MACHINE GUN,  
the fever in the **URBAN HEROINE's flight**  
**REVEALS** a tourist transhumance **to hell**

- **HUNGER STRIKE** *seeks* truffles -

Beautiful **LETTERS**

are **perilous** and **HAZARDOUS** comets

**It's A FOOT ON the heart**

**The perfect setting**

The big show OF **LETHAL PARCELS:**

**You'll find my seasonal** ~~seasonal~~ **NOT** wishes

for the **perseverance of dawn** sets no limits

**It** creates the spectacular images of **tomorrow**

upsets **RATIONAL** **ANTISEPTIC** happiness

and **REMINDS US** that growing old is no surprise,

at the heart of the furious melee.

RELIEF? To resist.



**Screen-printed fresco :: "LE REPAS DES GRANDS"** - 100x64cm - 30 copies  
<https://www.audecarbone.com/boutique/produit/le-repas-des-grands-serigraphie/>

This new large-format print, **screen-printed in 10 colors**, was the major work of 2024. It took several weeks, gradually taking on the appearance of months, to complete, from the first stage of drawing and coloring, to the delicate hand-printing phase which, because it's done by hand, maintains the uncertainty of the result until the end. But here it is!

21st century.  
*The Last Supper has been reduced to a daily orgy. But the original spirit lives on: cannibalism is in full swing. An all-you-can-eat buffet of exhausted human flesh, outrageous luxury and interests, around which the defrocked apostles of self-worship, uneducated ministers of sleaze, sit and commune. In the sacrosanct radiations of hard Gold, Bodies disintegrate and souls become emaciated, offering mortal eyes the crude circus of heretical whims, the solemn carnival of the vices of pomp. Sheltered from the Great Entertainment, the satyr feasts on the Last Supper and keeps himself to himself.*



**New poster :: "BON POISON" - 42x60cm - 60 copies**

<https://www.audecarbone.com/boutique/produit/bon-poison-serigraphie/>

Invited by the **Bon Poison** brewery [to coincide with the "*L'Humeur des Fluides*" exhibition held there] to illustrate the special edition of their hopped elixir: **BROWN ALE**, here (to go with it) is the limited-edition screen-printed poster.



*And as elsewhere, wine has become blood,  
sap turns to nectar and inks to venom:  
A tribute to the unmistakable effigy of every good lethal potion:  
Digitalis replaces the femur,  
which turns its deadly distillate into the very marrow.*

*A shot of drunkenness or a dash of poison?  
From the corolla to the hollow of the orbit  
Excites and agitates the troubled mixtion  
Part poison, part drink.*



**New book :: "PLÉTHORE"**

<https://www.audecarbone.com/boutique/produit/plethore-livre-serigraphie/>

Heterogeneous compilation published by **Bongoût - Berlin**, November 2024.

Screen-printed book, 24 pages, 22x29cm,  
99 numbered and signed copies.

*A messy miscellany and a partial and biased retrospective of a decade of drawing.  
Drawing and disgorging the too full, the too strong,  
the too vivid... But it's never enough.  
The overabundance of eyes gives rise only to  
the mirage of hypervision, delivering in fact  
a drunken kaleidoscopic view of fragmented realities  
and entrenched emotions.  
So there's more to come! in this infinite quest to  
depict horizons.*



**“L’Humeur des Fluides” still runs... ::  
Exhibition visible at Le Tigre bookshop, Strasbourg, until January 18th ::**



Last November, the exhibition “L’Humeur des Fluides” was held at the Brasserie Bon Poison in Metz, before being transported for 2 months to *the Tiger’s lair* and its eponymous bookshop in Strasbourg. As conventions are hardly the order of the day in our way of doing things, the content of the exhibition was somewhat adapted on both sides, in view of the spaces left to be occupied. But visitors can rest assured! The core has been preserved, with only a few free electrons swapping places, which will have the advantage of offering a rereading and avoiding repetition: repetition is like photocopying a photocopy: as you go along, the original degrades to the benefit of a mediocre rendering.

But I digress! The main thing to remember is that, if you’re in the Strasbourg area over the next two weeks, you’ll be able to stroll along the quays and soak up the body of prints on display at Le Tigre: **the printed output of my last two years.**

**International Comic Strip Festival - From Jan. 30th to Feb. 2nd, 2025 ::  
«Nouveau Monde» (New World) :: BD alternative area - Angoulême**



If there are any doubts about the advent of a *new world* in the year 2025 (positivists be damned), we will though be joining the *New World*, once again, at the end of the chilly month of January, for the **51st edition of the International Comics Festival in Angoulême.**

The mischievous polysemy of the word “new”, which oscillates between the unprecedented and the recommenced - while at the same time intriguing them - underlines the reshaped character of this *news* that I’ve been warming up to you every year since 2017, **BUT:** not all routines are to be discarded, and there are pleasant rituals that act as milestones, especially when they open an annual cycle.

And if the road ahead can be travelled with eyes closed, all the better to keep them wide open during these four days which, each year, manage to concentrate into a joyful hustle and bustle:  
**the improbable, the unusual and the unforeseen.**

 webstore  


 audecarbone.com  


 epoxetbotox.com  




## OF ANONYMITY

Naming reassures. Giving one's name attests to an identity, an affiliation, socially speaking. Disguising it or hiding it implies a desire to omit or conceal who we are, with the assumed intention of having something to reproach ourselves for... never that of protecting ourselves. Suspicion at the expense of benevolence.

As if the name were the magic sesame to full knowledge of what faces us.

[[[ **Can that which has no name be?** ]]]

Anonymous does not mean impersonal. Being nobody in particular does not preclude the presence of a personality.

The substance of a letter is more evocative of its author than its autograph.

*Opening eyes. Early.*

*Outside, the lights won't come on for another hour. Cold and reddish at first - the scalded electric arc slowly contaminating the bulb's sodium - it will soon take on its fiery tawny color, like a dying star turning back time, to invade the streets where the facades of the houses rise like ramparts.*

*Inside, maintain the darkness to remain invisible. Unnoticed. Unknown.*

[The emergence of] the *unknown* always arouses a disturbance: an anxious curiosity, straddling the line between desire and fear. If this source of disturbance does not disappear from the environment as it appeared - or in any way, as long as it does so quickly - then the need arises to tame it in order to get to know it, or to dominate it in order to control it. Sometimes to deny it in order to maintain the illusion of safety in our environment. Indifference is rare, because it implies a form of trust.

*Light is like a call, a wave of the hand, a sign of life.*

*He is a life that prowls in the dark and disappears when the day comes,  
fleeing his shadows.*

*Light is his unknown he hunts out.*

The notion of “unknown” is coupled with the ambivalent nuance of “strange”: something unfamiliar or unaccustomed, but also something of the order of the bizarre [that *shouldn't* be there]. The unknown, then, is “disturbing”: it messes up at the same time as making uncomfortable, provoking a reaction, or reactions.

And since emptiness seems to be a source of attraction, the unknown will become a focus of attention.

*Resisting stalking as psychological warfare.*

*The unpredictability of the onslaught keeps the pulse racing.*

*Ominous oppression.*

*Every window is an eye. An eye wide open day and night, where the spectres of intimacy are drawn on the retina. And we cross the field of vision like a battlefield, for there is no curtain against intrusive thoughts.*

The senses, awakened by the arrival of something that upsets the ordinary and, in spite of itself, forces people to look, have passed the stage of fear and rejection. At this point, the unknown, failing to disappear, attracts, to the point where what rejected it seeks to absorb it.

Like a graft transplanted into a body,  
the [immune] system expels or integrates the foreign body.

This unknown, which generated insecurity, now suggests an escape route,  
a gateway from a dull, dead-end daily routine, **an entertainment.**

*He wears sunglasses and wanders to the moon, prey to a paranoia that his voyeurism feeds.  
He likes to see but not be seen, acts in the shadows and dissolves in the light.  
Loose cogs in a religiously binary mechanism.*

Day Night  
Good Bad  
Yes No  
No.

... A circus animal.

The unknown goes incognito only in the midst of ordinary people.  
Its paradox is that it remains so only in the company of others with the same status, only where the unknown *recognizes* itself, where the anonymous cross paths,  
only to forget them instantly.

Away from it all, once one has been seen, one can no longer aspire to be unnoticed. And if there's still a bit of shade to shelter one's singularity, it's by the light of a torchlight that the idle hunter-sightseer, hungry for fresh souls, poaches it.

*No, he doesn't understand that.  
He has to get in where he's not, control what escapes him, dominate what resists him,  
invade what exiles him, make his own what he misses.  
He slips in without a word, stealing from the blind what the blue halo of his flashlight  
offers to his alienation.  
...Closing our eyes and remaining silent about a nameless act.*

**[[[ What is done in the shadows cannot be named.  
What is not known goes under silence  
Without consciousness no existence ]]]**

Finding an island between an anxiety-inducing crowd and a mortifying in camera setting  
An asylum between collective psychosis and sociopathic reclusion  
A balance between one's anomaly and one's anonymity.

*One have to make oneself anonymous to enter into communion with what is absent.  
Playing with a double-edged unknown  
Straddling desire and fear  
And laugh.*