

# Time Post

Time stretches and movements unfold, as if in slow motion, to keep not ahead of the days lengthening, and giving the illusion of infinity...

*Is the midnight sun the secret of eternity?*

It should freeze, but the star continues its course.

And the night gnaws at us.

Life is in the passing, immortality in the fixing.

The clock is a decoy, time is not regular. It's an accordion that fills with air and then empties, a lung that breathes in and out, a universe that expands and collapses. Between each cycle, a moment in suspense... before a new acceleration.

Emerging from torpor at the summer solstice, in a startling burst of backward momentum, the machine starts up again. With the sun at its zenith, it's time to concoct biodynamic voodoo ointments, retroactive detox poisons and develop cyber natural spaces for our Bio Bots.

Perhaps we've already begun a process of mutation.

Are we on the way to becoming one of those *cyborgs*

Donna Haraway talks about?\* No longer quite analog, not yet quite digital, astride two states, whose gender is being questioned and whose skin is moulting.

*June up there, July in the shade, August in the distance:*

enjoying to be able to disperse before breaking apart, to be able to escape before hiding.

Three moons ahead, punctuated by festive and sabbatical runaways, and by the creation of masks and figures for a series of exhibitions starting in autumn.

(\* Donna Haraway - *Manifeste cyborg*, éditions Exils 2007  
- original text : *A cyborg manifesto*, 1985)

The workings of the human body are fascinating. It could be summed up as a series of chemical reactions governed by the law of “nothing is lost, nothing is created, everything is transformed”. A complex recycling factory where everything that arrives from outside is integrated into this *soft machine* after conscientious information processing, disassembly, sorting, distribution, association in a new form, use and/or disposal.

From a strictly physical and biological point of view, the ingestion of food brings to the body a set of nutrients that the organism hastens to separate from one another at the moment of digestion: proteins, lipids, carbohydrates, minerals and trace elements, water and fibers, each of these first four categories comprising a family of elements. Proteins, for example, are made up of 22 amino acids, each in greater or lesser quantities, depending on the food. Of these amino acids, 9 are so-called “essential”, because while the others can be naturally synthesized by the human body, they must be supplied by the diet. One of these essential amino acids - the rarest - is tryptophan. Transported as it is to the brain, tryptophan is transformed by a specific enzyme (tryptophan hydroxylase) and the coaction of vitamin B6, magnesium and iron, enabling the biosynthesis of serotonin (a neurotransmitter composed of different quantities of carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen and oxygen). But this synthesis still depends on the presence (or absence) of other amino acids vying for the brain's entrance, as well as on the level of carbohydrates consumed and circulating in the blood. Serotonin, in small but essential quantities in the body, regulates moods, promotes well-being, is involved in the digestive process, and in the perception of subjective time. It is commonly referred to as the “happy hormone”. Based on the premise of a serotonin deficiency, many antidepressants are serotonin “supplements”, compensating for the fact that the body either lacks serotonin or no longer synthesizes it.

From a metaphysical and psychological point of view, it would be too simplistic to equate the psychiatric disorder of depression with a simple deficiency. Particularly if tryptophan intake is sufficient, and given that a drop in serotonin does not induce depression in all subjects. Genetics predispose some individuals to better serotonin biosynthesis and thus to a form of psychological well-being, while others tend more naturally towards melancholy or depressive phases. But this would be to ignore the infinite factors that influence our body's inner workings and determine our physical and mental health on a daily basis. For example, in the face of danger (let's call it “stress”), the nervous system reacts by alarming the brain, which in turn triggers the release of new hormones (including adrenaline) from the adrenal glands to deal with the danger. The survival instinct is part of this process, and experience will enable the brain to react more appropriately in the future. In the case of more prolonged stress, cortisol takes over from adrenalin and, by raising blood sugar levels, enables the body to “resist” by providing the energy needed to fight on for as long as necessary, before the body regulates itself and regains equilibrium when the stress situation ends. Confronted with chronic or continuous stress, the body's permanent resistance is exhausted by the effects of cortisol, which deregulates the system and, over time, causes fatigue and symptoms affecting nutrition and sleep, as well as immunity and moods, all of which in turn generate stress, in a vicious circle.

In terms of stress, we could also mention the social demands imposed on each individual in order to meet certain standards - on the one hand, the encouragement of unbridled consumption as a definition of *being* by *having*, on the other hand, the ever-increasing demand for basic necessities - which force many people into a logic of salaried work in exhausting, if not dehumanizing, conditions, forcing them x hours/week to put their personal aspirations (if not their morale and dignity) on the back burner, without allowing them to meet these demands. As for the other fortunate ones who embark on an alternative path, they inherit with it the status of original (in the rare best of cases) to that of anarcho-terrorist (in the worst) via that of marginal, deranged or mentally ill. To these specifications, to which everyone tries (or not) to respond as best they can, but which still only concerned the public aspect of our lives, has been grafted connectivity, in development since

the 80s and 90s with the emergence of the Internet, and then hyperconnectivity today, which has abolished the notion of privacy to turn every moment of the day into a potential buzz on social networks, a potential tradable product, a potential exploitable piece of data. All this calibrating absolutely every moment of life in a capitalist logic: you produce, you sell, you consume, you're profitable. H24.

This necro-system, instituted and exalted by the white heterosexual male - who intends to keep his privileges - elevates notions such as wealth and virility (= power) to the status of high values, which themselves, in order to exist, require the maintenance of poverty and domination. In a world where exploitation prevails over consideration, and where the status of Alpha male is always to be defended, a hierarchy of oppression is tacitly established, creating an environment of competition and permanent stress.

In environments (professional or private) where this system prevails, individuals with no means of veto, moral or psychological defense against this pressure, or caught up in an environment that pushes them to bow to it, will either develop a feeling of guilt and therefore of malaise (from chronic depression to self-destruction) or shift the burden of their ills onto others in the form of a wide variety of tyrannies, ranging from aggression to feminicide, manipulation, harassment, homophobia, transphobia, discrimination, verbal and physical aggression, racist, sexist and sexual violence, rape, paedophilia, infanticide... violence of all kinds.

These perpetrated acts generate a new form of stress in the victims - known as "post-traumatic stress" - which adds to the others and nourishes a persistent feeling of anxiety, both as a consequence of the experiences lived and in anticipation of the next ones (and therefore, provoking them in spite of itself...). In a system where the climate of insecurity is maintained through the figure of the other, *the foreigner*, coalitions disappear in favor of isolated individuals, competitors or enemies, frightened and in a constant state of vigilance, who set themselves against each other, while it is this same system that exercises violence, oppresses and maintains social precariousness.

Where is the tipping point corresponding to the moment when the individual (his mind and body) ceases to resist (offensively or defensively) external aggression and simply resigns itself to it, or irreversibly bears the scars of oppression? How do we manage to reorganize the indices of "normality" in such a way that we come to consider as acceptable something that shouldn't be, and thus ultimately minimize the violence suffered, on the pretext that it hasn't killed... Or yet? How far can resilience go? Or rather, does it have an end?

As an alternative, everyone creates their own artificial paradise. Their own dose of illusion, in drink, medication, poison, religion or obsession. Acting like so many drugs.

So that for a few hours, or a lifetime, reality becomes more tolerable. Less absurd.

As a remedy for boredom, anxiety, the unknown and emptiness, we vaccinate ourselves against death by inoculating ourselves with small strains of it. Tightrope walking between escape and annihilation. To each their own, and a substance for each, in return for financing. And business is booming, as the Capitalocene knows how to profit even from its harmful consequences. If alcohol were not also an anaesthetic, it would be prohibited, given the multiple consequences of its intake, both short- and long-term. Withdrawal from alcohol without progressive reduction, in cases of high-dose consumption, is the only one that can be lethal. Heroin withdrawal can be lethal in rarer cases. Other withdrawals are not.

Today's drugs are yesterday's medicines, developed by pharmaceutical laboratories, prescribed by doctors, generating dependence, addiction and overdoses, withdrawn from circulation, but still consumed in purer or, on the contrary, sharper forms.

Illicit substances flow through the veins of the market under the watchful, speculative eye of the financial and political players who control and regulate it: a way of appeasing the masses while continuing to invest with the immunity they enjoy and abuse.

And then the young thrill of the forbidden is replaced by the wise need for comfort, and with age

there's still time to ease one's  
conscience by falling into line with the  
socially correct. The prescription legitimizes dependence,  
lists sufferers and compiles statistics. The system weighs up its  
victims against its profits, and then provides care at the victims' expense to  
further increase its profits.

And those who think they're sober turn to screens, work, sex or religion: so many  
substitutes that distract and mute the torments.

All drugged.

Without some form of planned unconsciousness, or occasionally altered consciousness,  
it's impossible to sustain the absence of meaning.

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*I've never known calm waters. Swaying between feelings of euphoria and waves of the soul.  
Yet right now, I'm drifting on a sedated sea, water in a vacuum that needs a dose of chlorine to keep it  
from turning green. And around my dome, outside the aquarium, there are all kinds of clouds, black,  
ominous, charged with electricity, on the horizon.  
I have the image but not the sound.*

*No more buzzing in my head. No more storms, no more monsoons. Atmospheric lows shatter on the  
curved glass, on the cornea of my giant observatory. Rain crashes down on the globe like big, insipid tears,  
like saline solution on a glass eye.  
I have the image, but I no longer have the moods.*

*At the center of this circular sea, an islet, like a tiny pupil in the heart of the iris, the entrance to the black  
hole at the bottom of the orbit. On the terra firma of this plot of land, I see the world as if behind a screen,  
distancing myself from my subjects, anaesthetizing my emotions.  
I have the image, but I no longer have the translations.*

*In the end, I'm left with just the pure projection of light at the back of my eye, with calm waters as a  
diaphragm and an anticyclone as a prism.*

Mr Loyal presents the

summer goodies:



## Rock in Bourlon

June 27th, 28th & 29th ::  
«Rock In Bourlon» festival  
Place de l'Abreuvoir, Bourlon (62-FR)  
<https://www.rockinbourlon.com/>

## Rock'R Sauvage

August, 7th, 8th & 9th ::  
«Rock'R Sauvage» festival  
Porrentruy (CH) - <https://rocksauvage.ch/>

Exhibitions transmute with the seasons, shedding their *fair* white skin for the red skin of the field. Vampires on vacation try their hand at polar sunbathing, swapping their wooden coffin for a metal horse, abandoning their Carpathian Auvergne for the Nord Pas de Calais, and then the Swiss Jura, to perhaps trade their silk-screened grimoires for a few silver coins. In the trunk, '500' sun cream and an opaque camisole stand out alongside rare editions and precious prints. Wrapped in silk paper, in the image of our diaphanous skin, and brought out of the shadows, as if for our pupils, wounded by the first rays.

As our rustic customs do little honor to half-measures, this sudden change of air will set the tone for these long days until the dreary season. Part-time nomad. And so down the tower to swallow the road, and gain some remote sonorous festivities, musical rituals and modern collective trances, where there's always a shady enclave to shelter our cabinets of curiosities.

Lovers of oddities and happy zombies, come closer! Feast your eyes on our long-simmering, inky dishes, secretly stamped in our sacred dens, where archaic presses and silk frames have given life to these precious delicacies.

In the first days of Cancer and the last of Juno, from June 27th to 29th, our stall will stop off in the town of Bourlon (62-FR) for three days of feasting.

And we'll be back in Helvetian territory under the sign of Leo for three wild Bruntrutaines nights (Porrentruy- CH), on 7th, 8th and 9th of August.



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*One head-killer chorus for a two-bodied monster:*

*In a tricked and deceitful Triumvirate  
An MC leads the dance and casts the spells.*

*As conductor from the pulpit  
His boned mechanics set the tempo:  
Acid cymbals and echoing drums*

*Ape a tribal call to rite  
To carnivorous plants in rut.*

*In spasms are twitching  
Shadows and magic amulets,*

*At last the voodoo trance emerges  
Human dolls on their knees*

*Under the yoke of psychotropic drugs.*

*In the fusion of bodies, it's the clash of bones  
beats out the rhythm of the interlope dance.*



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