

Imposte

no
7

Having abandoned the verbosity of my quarterly newsletters, not in the bed of laziness but somewhere between studious busyness and tourist explorations, I apologize to readers for my total absence of presence on any backlit surface in recent months. These tend to vaguely irritate my retina - *is it old age or wisdom? Time will tell* - and exasperate the common sense of any normally constituted human being.

In this “*disconcerting already*” month of September 2025, the 7th issue of the impudent **Imposte** rolls out, dealer of logorrhea and teller of adventures, editorial window on vanishing points, literal opening onto a stormy sea, icebreaker of two-way mirrors.

A convoluted introduction was needed to extract the distillate of an effervescent summer and separate the essence from the alcohol to ensure that the next editorial and literary vintages will live up to the new DDO (**Dissident Designation of Origin*), namely:

“La Main Qui Cale”

(*The Hand That Wedges*), a velvet glove that now covers EpOx and BoTOx, whose catalog will be the Index. This new publishing house will strive to align **the image** with the short story, the pamphlet, the poem, the essay, the cry—but not the last one.



Will and Connie return home after a short trip and a grueling final few hours stuck in traffic before reaching their destination. Upon their return, the fridge is empty and the sink is overflowing with dirty dishes left untouched for several days. Will and Connie both admit to being hungry after devouring a bag of chips, the only edible relic in the kitchen cupboard. A quick deal is struck: Connie goes out to do some “quick” shopping while Will takes care of the abandoned dishes.

But Connie's absence drags on and Will begins to worry and imagine what might have happened to her, each scenario repeating itself in a dramatic spiral that goes from a simple setback to the worst possible outcome as time passes and his stress increases.

The narrative then juggles between Will's aimless and idle waiting in their apartment and the movies playing in his mind as he tries to come up with a “rational” reason for Connie's prolonged absence.

This narrative game, which alternates between *reality* and *projection*, also incorporates the completely fictional (but similar) story of the two characters in the novel Will is reading while waiting for Connie.

The same novel Connie was reading on her way home.

The parallel stories each open up several possible scenarios, superimposing different levels of fiction according to the moods of each protagonist, because in the novel read by Will and Connie, the characters themselves (Dan and Caire) give free rein to their imaginations and project anticipatory scenes or rewrite their story, as if stuck between the eternal “What if...” of a past that can no longer be changed, and the infinite alternatives of a future that cannot be written in advance.

The hours pass and Connie still hasn't come home.

Keeping Two is a beautiful object and a generous comic book with clear and evocative drawings that bathe its story in a chromatic universe of shades of green, the color of natural balance, which also has a reputation for bringing bad luck to the theater... The enticing and original theme of this human propensity to always imagine the worst; the simple and effective graphic style used to represent the different levels of reality in the characters' lives; and finally, the put in abyss of another fictional story within the original story, which, through a series of projections, stretches out time and elongates the narrative, promised an enthusiastic read!

But disappointment began to set in halfway through, as the content proved trivial and the topics superficial compared to what the theme suggested: dull characters in an ordinary daily life (returning from vacation, traffic jams, household chores, snacking, junk food, and takeout meals), and distressingly banal arguments between couples that wallow in clichés: Will drives too close to other cars on the road, risking an accident, so Connie - the woman - takes the wheel, but she doesn't do any better; laborious division of household chores...

Bad faith: in the embedded story, due to a complicated pregnancy, Claire loses her child at birth and the couple cannot get over this loss, Claire and Dan bounce the ball back and forth in a ping-pong game of dubious reproaches. Superstitious consensus: because of a vivid childhood memory, Will insists that the rule of “never two without three” is infallible. The script is then trapped in this baseless axiom and suggests from the outset the fatal outcome of the story, almost provoked and inevitable... ..

But the unconditional love of the two lovers will bring the victim back to life... .. Lalalaaaaa ...

°□* *Sounds of bells and angelic singing* *□°.

The story had a rich and fascinating subject - mental projection, or that surprising ability we have to make up stories in our heads - as well as a fluid graphic metaphor to help us understand the transition to these imaginary worlds, but it develops these strengths against a backdrop of a story that is ultimately rather soppy and superficial.

Another surprising cliché, and yet one that is all too common: the accepted fact that the fulfillment of a couple's happiness is the arrival of a child. As if the former could only be fully achieved when each party merges their genome with the other in a third individual: “the fusion of their love”...

Well, okay. But what else? Is there another option? Or must we always feel guilty for making different choices? Ironically, I am reminded of one of the short stories in Barbey d'Aureville's collection, “Les Diaboliques.” The one entitled “Happiness in Crime” tells the singular story of a couple whose unconditional and exclusive love led them to engage in a high-stakes game in order to unite.

[*They passed by us, (...) but their faces turned toward each other, pressing side to side, as if they wanted to penetrate each other, enter, him into her, her into him, and become one body, looking at nothing but themselves. To see them pass by like this, one would have thought they were superior creatures,*

*who did not even notice the ground
they walked on at their feet, and who crossed the
world in their cloud, like the Immortals in Homer!"*

When asked about the absence of children in their home (as the absence of tangible proof of love), the Countess of Savigny replied:
*"I don't want any! (...) I would love Serlon less. Children [...] are good
for unhappy women!"*

However, I wanted to share my thoughts and opinion on Keeping Two because, if dealt with [in my opinion] with a cruel lack of depth and originality, the theme of worry and anxiety that pushes us to imagine the worst in the form of "color video clips" projected in our minds - which become more dramatic and horrific as they play on a loop - deserves to be dissected. Where does the nourishing source of these visions of catastrophe come from, in which, as time passes, the scenes deteriorate and turn into nightmares?

Somewhere between Schrödinger's cat experiment and Oscar Wilde's portrait of Dorian Gray, these projections place us, along with the object of our concerns, in a fantastical space-time where the world coexists with the best, while this paradox annihilates every possibility and leaves us - and the object of our concerns - suspended in a kind of limbo.

The need to explain what is incomprehensible or unclear is a natural tendency because it reassures us and avoids confrontation with the unknown and the void. But why, in an effort to "reassure" ourselves, does the imagination tend toward drama and catastrophe, and paralyze any rationalization of possibilities? One might suggest that this is a form of survival instinct, a way of staying on guard. This is legitimate when the situation concerns us directly (What or who is hiding at the end of this dark alley we have to cross?!), but less so when it concerns a third party, because anticipation will only allow us to prepare for the announcement of bad news in order to minimize sadness, grief, or pain. Ultimately, our fears predestine others to reduced and deadly ends, and the border between unfortunate chance and an incident caused by being overly cautious is tenuous, when we know the concrete and active power that self-persuasion can have.

Finally, I am reminded of "Agreement No. 3" (in The Four Agreements, Miguel Ruiz, 1997 - which I do not recommend unless you are excited by avant-garde personal development mixed with naive positivism - but there is always something to be gained from everything) which states: "Don't make assumptions." Basically, it's pointless to imagine things you have no control over; it just causes unnecessary stress.

Anticipation can be a form of neurosis that revives a painful or traumatic memory when an event with similar conditions occurs. Since the present situation could potentially lead to the same fatal outcome, the brain is quick to superimpose a similar past experience onto it. Whether beneficial or harmful, this experience is already "known," and it is naturally more reassuring to comfort ourselves by perpetuating habits, even if they are bad, because we have integrated the solutions to the problem, even if these initial solutions involve an attack or defense reaction. Accepting to face a new situation requires us to think about how to act differently, to think outside the box, and to break free from our bad habits and automatic responses.

**BD
COMIC
STRIP
FESTIVAL**

**SEPT. 2025
26th to 28th**

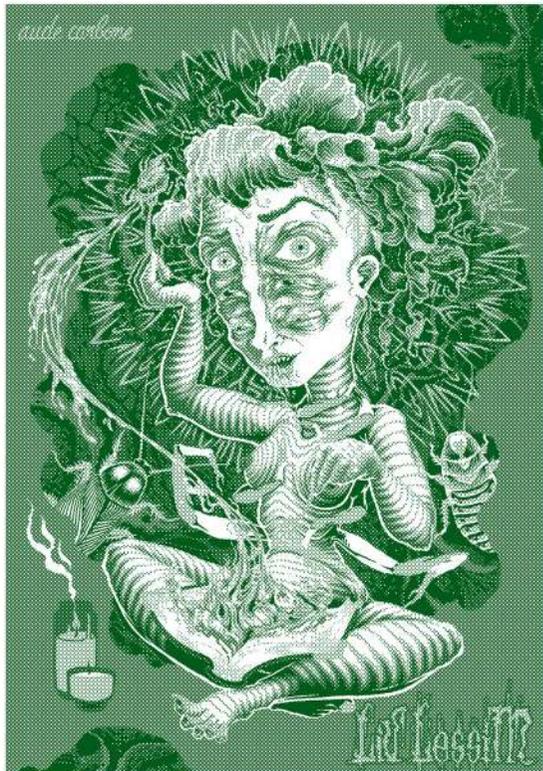
**Gare Maritime
espace Tour & Taxis
Bruxelles-BE**

With chronic controversies that every year take *the jet set of the clear line* hostage and adulterate the cream of the crop of the *Comic Strip World*, the more than ambiguous and breathless episodes of *the Angoulême Beverly Hills of the Comic Strip* end up overshadowing the rest of the bustling and bewildering universe of the 9th art.

So much so that we might forget that the Belgian capital, in the running for the title of *Comic Book Capital*, has within its walls and culture more than enough to claim the position.

Admittedly, the festival has been running since 2010 and is "only" celebrating its 15th year, but it offers a tour of the city bringing together galleries, museums, and architecture around exhibitions, workshops, activities, and, of course, traditional stands and book signings.

We will be present at this joyful event on September 26, 27, and 28 at the Gare Maritime, Tour & Taxis space in Brussels, Belgium.



Here lies a
collection of eleven poisons.
Diluted in these broths,
an ounce of drama
That gives fiction
the height of its charm.
Eleven tribulations, and their conjuration.

A collection of invocations for anathemas,
or a little book of *Blue Mass*.
Blue bruise, blue bloodless: Requiem in
monochrome, in memory of those furrows carved
into flesh and nerves, like graves in a cemetery.

LiV LessiM is primarily a self-published work that
opens the catalog of the publishing house
“**La Main Qui Calc.**” It was entirely screen-printed
and bound by hand in a small workshop tucked away
in Auvergne, in a paradoxically as charming
as anecdotal print run of **200 copies**.

► **NEW BOOK ! :: «LIV LESSIM»**
silkscreened book, 24 pages, 21x30cm
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►►► **25/10 :: EXPO :: «SPICILEGIUM»**

SCALP is a hair salon in **Grenoble**, whose lack of dubious puns on its
sign immediately propels it into the ranks of cool places, without splitting
hairs (hohoho).

SCALP boasts a unique technique that has deconstructed the methods of
traditional hairdressing schools to offer its customers atypical practices and
aesthetics, in a salon-gallery where Sid Vicious, William Gibson, and Hans
Ruedi Giger seem to have left a few little something behind...

It is in this cyberpunk asylum that my multi-eyed creatures will be **on**
display from October 25 for a period of three months, ready to manipu-
late the hair implants on your scalp and peel back your skull.

*A heterogeneous representation of those whims that we no longer name:
somewhere between a humanoid zoo of zany obsessions and a crazy circus of
mental pathologies, where vices, fears, rituals, and deceptions coexist
anarchically. Fallen icons and disturbing portraits where the unusual creeps
into every detail and black humor is displayed in technicolor.*

SPICILEGIUM
EXHIBITION
aude carbone

opening & meet and greet
+ «LiV LessiM» book release +
Oct. Sat. 25th 2025 - 5pm
exhibition visible 3 months

 **SCALP**
4 Rue Casimir Périer
38000 Grenoble - FR

 webstore


 audecarbone.com


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