

L'Imposte

THE FAREWELL LETTER

The time that elapsed between the first moment when I thought it would be a good idea to start writing for the Imposte #8, and the actual moment when - running out of good excuses and pressed by a certain *respect for deadlines* - I really had to chain myself to my word processing software, testifies to an evolution in desires and motivations that can no longer be denied.

This is the primary reason that led me to make the decision to stop – perhaps temporarily, perhaps permanently – L'Imposte. It was difficult to acknowledge (admit?) the abandonment... In a society that glorifies performance, revealing a weakness makes you wear the mask of an intruder... Superimposition of masks...?

The other reasons that ultimately led to the decision to stop publishing this newsletter can be summarised as follows: firstly, 2025 was a difficult year, during which painful events in my private life hampered the progress of projects and affected my morale, creating a abstruse amount of stress each quarter to get the newsletter to you on time. Being under the pressure of periodic production was not the desired outcome. Writing *under duress* is definitely not my way of working, and anything that suddenly ceases to be a free endeavour takes on the appearance of a paralysing duty in which my inspiration dissolves.

Finally, despite the encouraging feedback received from several people, and the concrete and substantial financial support provided by friends and family as well as new contacts, once the costs of postage and materials have been deducted, the profit is meagre, considering the time invested in completing this project every three months.

Could this be the *Imposte of justification?* Nevertheless, many of you (for a paper newsletter distributed by hand) receive - and perhaps even read! - this quarterly newsletter, and I felt it was important to explain the reasons for this farewell.

Other publications will be distributed,
Other grumbles will rumble,
Other fires will be lit,
Elsewhere.

Thank you for reading over the last two years.

A look back at some events
at the end of 2025, which the erratic (and almost
non-existent) updating of networks and other relevant sites
did little to highlight...

In November, I casually took advantage of a short stay in eastern France to make a graceful, fleeting appearance at the latest edition of **the Augenschmaus creators' market, held on Sunday 16 November at LUCA** (Luxembourg Centre for Architecture). It was nice... but also a good thing that I hadn't made the trip especially for this occasion.

The desire to be *elsewhere* had already been building for some time...

In December, I finally accepted the invitation from Alex - from the **Print Workers Barcelona** workshop - who had been urging me for three years to come and occupy a table at his event dedicated to local and international screen printers:

Give Print A Chance - on the weekend of the 20th and 21st in Barcelona (Spain). My last trip to Barcelona was eighteen years ago (!) when I was still a little girl... just kidding, I was in my early twenties and the Sagrada Familia had not yet been consecrated, so it hadn't yet become the money-making machine it is today: It would have been easier to fly to the US with a briefcase full of anthrax than to visit this cathedral (and depending on the airline, almost cheaper!!!).

Speaking of *economy*, for the sake of the budget – and for science – we tried travelling there and back by bus. So, on the plus side: I will have better memories of this epic bus journey than of the same journey by train 18 years ago. This is mainly because my seat at the time was in front of a group of overexcited teenagers, which meant I didn't get a wink of sleep during the entire journey (the Old Lady says). *And you have to believe that in 20 years, the comfort of seats on public transport has improved.*

Barcelona is a city where it is certainly more pleasant to be a tourist than a resident, which is why I always remain somewhat ambivalent (even 'lukewarm-cold') about *must-see destinations*: I would like to know the percentage of people who are aware of and respectful of the place they are visiting when they set out to *explore*. Having spent years travelling all over the place, attending trade fairs, festivals and exhibitions, I have had the opportunity to visit (sometimes against my will) so-called *tourist attractions*, and it is always the same bitter observation: People seem to be there more to tick the box 'done that', take an Instagrammable selfie that they can post on their social media, just as people used to send postcards of landscapes that were *ruined (by the flashes) without even looking with their [real] eyes at what they were capturing on their phones.

From the summit of Puy de Dôme—in the middle of a chain of volcanoes in Auvergne—where an unusual tourist complex has sprung up (souvenir shop, cultural information, local cuisine, a little train for lazybones, an unforgettable view for your digital photo album that you'll never look at...), passing by museums and their UV-protective glass covering the paintings on display (I would like to compare the number of photos taken per day of the Mona Lisa with the number of people who could say off the top of their heads what is in the background of the same painting, or even if they remember ever having set foot in the Louvre), or even Mount Everest, where the rubbish (if not the dead bodies) of the tourists who climb it in single file is simply left behind and forms other kinds of small mountains, because conditions do not allow them to 'burden themselves' (pardon the pun).

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Or cities like Venice, where a tax is now imposed on tourists (phew!) who still outnumber residents (argh) and whose relentless density threatens the city's ecology.

I would like to add Barcelona to this list, and although I cannot deny the city's aesthetic and historical appeal, I am left with the feeling that I have joined the long list of passers-by and other curious visitors who, through a mass effect, transform the locals into zoo animals and generate the fertiliser that makes tapas bars and souvenir shops grow faster than weeds.

In conclusion, how authentic are these places still, ravaged by millions of photos, millions of footsteps, millions of rubs, architectural developments that are not the result of a practical need on the part of the locals, but of a commercial development logic aimed at attracting ever more tourists, and which ultimately crush what was part of the daily lives of the inhabitants? Getting away from home should be a journey of pure discovery, rooted in a spirit of respect and integration into the place and among the people we are immersing ourselves in for a few days... or several months. What is there left to see in something that has been seen so much that it loses its nature? I am tempted to compare this phenomenon to the morbid voyeurism of watching with unhealthy satisfaction as other individuals agonise (in maximum pain) while sipping a Mojito bought a fortune from the refreshment bar hastily built on the ashes of the tortured person's house. (Watching snuff movies while stuffing yourself with peanuts falls into the same category).

The problem is not that several people want to go to the same place to enjoy an environment that will take them away from their everyday lives, the problem is the massive fashion phenomena which, as they have been able to sterilise musical movements that were originally rebellious because they were underground (rock in the late 60s/early 70s, techno in the late 80s/early 90s, etc.), are reshaping picturesque spaces into aseptic shopping malls. And what is frightening is that no one (or too few people) seem to grasp the bug in the equation.

Tourism has replaced *adventure*. Capitalism has made comfort its lubricant.

I will end this overly long digression here, but I felt it was important to share this point of view. The book fair itself was friendly, and I invite you to visit the **Print Workers Barcelona workshop if you find yourself in the area: it's a huge space, the screen printing is 100% artisanal, and I was delighted to spend a few days in this little island away from the tourist crowds.**

[*gift and confetti icons*] **Merry Christmas, Happy New Year, etc.** [*confetti and gift icons*]

The deadline for completion and production that Imposte has set for itself will not allow it to inform you in time about the exhibition that took place at the beginning of the year **at the Galerie des 26 Chaises, in the Goutte d'Or district of Paris - Mea Culpa.**

Hosted by the gallery owner, Sarah Fisthole, **for a period of three weeks**, the exhibition was designed as an overview of the work produced in recent months: originals, prints and plastic productions, under the title '**PARA BELLUM**', a nod to the battles we find ourselves having to fight, willingly or not, in the hope of perhaps one day achieving PEACE (mwahahaha).

The opening took place on **16 January** (I hope this information is of some use to you!), and there were lots of people there: familiar faces, strangers, crisps, sweets and San Pellegrino.

It was brilliant! Oh, and yes: one of my first resolutions for 2026 is:

“Sobres pour la Révolution” (»Sober for Revolution«)

(cf. Mathieu Léonard, Nada éditions - 2026)

Hold a can or pull out your gun, you have to choose.

Now that half of the space has been devoted to past events, we can offer a few lines to what is coming up soon:

Finally... No. First of all, what will not be happening:
the Angoulême International Comics Festival.

A first attempt at writing at the end of autumn had prompted me to draft a one-sided text on this turbulent subject, having spent several weeks torn between 'will participate' (financial necessity) and 'will not participate' (a question of ethics).

From the outset, weighing up my heart against my wallet meant that any action would be taken on shaky ground. The cancellation of the official edition of the FIBD put an end to the deliberations and followed other events that were cancelled or simply missed during the same period.



With a little hindsight now, it has become clear that when integrity begins to falter in the face of capital, it is time to take a step back and do some sorting out.

Deuxième résolution : **“Une Chambre à Soi”** («*A Room of One's Own*»)
(cf Virginia Woolf - 1929)

Personal space as a place for developing intimate projects.

Fully immerse oneself in this bubble where a fantastical world unfolds: the imagination – like a psychic stomach that digests reality with its fascinating ecosystem and translates it into new forms of expression.

From 28 February to 28 March, I will then be exhibiting at the **Schmirlab gallery-boutique-studio**, 33 rue des jardins, 57000 Metz (jump for joy!).

Among other originals and prints, I am particularly counting on the first pieces of a more sculptural production. The idea is to gradually extract these multi-eyed characters that populate my images (which have hung on the walls since ever) and let them invade the space, so that their bodies meet our bodies, through volume (sculptures, modules) and movement (videos, performances).



The idea is not to abandon all participation in events related to publishing and small presses, but to rediscover the connections (and reasons) for which we do what we do. Thus, it was unanimously decided (*all my inner voices were in agreement*) to come and hold a table at the **Dans La Gueule Du Livre fair on 25 and 26 April 2026** - an event organised by the association of independent publishers of Auvergne Rhône Alpes at the **Bourse du Travail in Saint-Etienne**. The fair brings together players from a very broad publishing field, ranging from fanzines to 'mass distribution' (*relatively speaking*).

And then at the BDFIL in Lausanne (CH) the following weekend: 1, 2 and 3 May 2026.

Major changes in the festival's management led us to look elsewhere for the last two years, after attending several editions (since 2017). But the motivation and dedication of the duo Olivier+Justine in maintaining the micro-publishing space within this festival convinced us to cross the border again.

Casually, and with the fixed idea of getting some fresh air elsewhere and, above all, FAR AWAY, my **trip to Japan** next May and June, which was supposed to be all about *discovery* and *personal adventure*, is now coupled with **a 10-day exhibition of works in Kyoto, at the TWELVE gallery...**

'AWESOME!' as the young people say.
(*And thank you to Thomas Perrodin for putting us in touch*).



EXPO

As a good Westerner, I initially had a vague idea of preparing a corpus with Japanese tones... Naively hammering home the point of cultural appropriation, and retranslating with the eyes and language of *the white man* what the other has simply been experiencing and legitimately expressing for centuries.

In the end, I opted for the idea of bringing pieces of my daily life here to there - *a timid attempt at Ju-jitsu* - with all the artistic imagination generated by my native geographical coordinates.

In short: **from 30 May to 7 June, exhibition of my 6-eyed beings at TWELVE - Kyoto (JP)**

...By then, summer will have begun to befriend the plants on the balcony, and the flies will have done the same with the compost. As I write these lines, however, the cold is freezing my fingers on the computer keyboard, but knowing that this letter is the last of its kind, I open the diary at the edge of the visible horizon of the year that has just started.

So all that remains is for me to announce **one last exhibition of my work**, much more local but also much longer than the previous one, which will be held at **the Micro-Folie in Saint-Éloy-les-Mines (63700)** - a cultural space and digital museum - an initiative supported by La Villette (Paris) both locally and internationally. **The exhibition will run throughout July, August and September 2026, with a vernissage and a workshop with the public.** At this stage, it would be premature to speculate on specific dates or the content of the exhibition, and I would like to take the easy option of *inviting you to follow my news on social media*. However, my third good resolution for this year is as follows:

“Une proposition de quitter au plus vite les réseaux sociaux”
(“A proposal to leave social media as soon as possible”)

(cf Amiech, Libot, Martinie - Editions de La Lenteur - 2025)

To figure out an alternative to Meta and its ilk, without disappearing from the web.

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NEARLY FORTY

As subtly suggested in the first part of this Imposte, **reading has become in recent years the central pillar of a daily routine around which art and consciousness, creation and writing revolve.**

While the intention is there, the triviality of certain regular obligations and the tediousness of other boring activities somewhat hinder this mantra in its day-to-day practice.

A fundamental resolution was therefore needed to confirm the following three:

Put an end to unfinished business, honour commitments, and focus attention by reducing the number of projects.

At the heart of this issue lies an eternal relationship with time. Time that slips away in rest, time stolen by what is imposed on us, time given to projects, time taken for *Otium*.

And the uncomfortable feeling that the efficiency/profitability ratio is gradually taking precedence over that of learning/generosity.

“La Société de la Fatigue” (“The Burnout Society”)

(cf Byung-Chul Han - Editions PUF - 2024)

Exploitation, discipline and precariousness: The Uberization of ourselves



Caught up in the algorithm of domestic economic constraints, but above all in that of social pressure that forbids being poor (without, however, allowing the possibility of escaping one's condition without trampling on all forms of humanism), one fine morning we find ourselves accumulating the equivalent of three full-time jobs:

- one to feed the body,
- one to feed the soul,
- and one to patch up and camouflage the paradoxes and contradictions so as not to end up with schizophrenic burnout.

A canyon separates the creative process from the commercial process. While the former is a gift of time, the latter is a gain of money, which leads me to believe that **art** is the polar opposite of **money** (FR : «argent» - latin : «argentum»). Etymologically, it would be *technique* as opposed to *brilliance* (from the Greek arg-) : and therefore, by fragile and 'daring' extension, **the opposition between essence and appearance.**

I was astonished to discover that choosing to devote oneself to an activity that is rooted in a long-term, non-rational timeframe, without a business plan or primary profit motive, is simply **despised**. Art and culture – ones which have not been Consecrated by Institutions or Academia – rely largely on the voluntary time (*in other words, the investment and donation*) of a handful of determined enthusiasts.

However, it is not when there is a total absence of money that the context is most favourable to the emergence and realisation of great ideas, **but rather when financial interests come into play that these ideas begin to be detrimental.**

... Another digression whose development (albeit reduced by the format) deserved a few detours. And finally: to hell (!) with the agreed summaries for this last Imposte, which would like to close the series in a libertarian spirit.

As space on this page is running out, I will now summarise the outlook for the new year in a few lines:

- ▶ Coming soon: a ration book, printed in winter 2025:
“**Soviet Regime**” - “СОВЕТСКИЙ РЕЖИМ” - published by La Main Qui Calc.
A political and humorous take on the subject, 40 screen-printed copies with detachable coupons!
In collaboration with comrade Ярослав Нгоревич Гапоненко for compliance.
- ▶ In spring 2026 - [a project in the works for two years]: a monograph by Antoine Bernard,
a collection of 24 colour drawings presented with text by **Jerôme Duwa**.
“**Eine Kleine Schnek Muzik**” - published by La Main Qui Calc - 200 copies
- ▶ Once these first two works have been published, I will devote myself to finalising the first chapter of a project that has been in progress for more than 10 years: “**Cafard Exquis**”
A collection of drawings, texts and visual creations on various media, inspired by highly autobiographical experiences, in order to better digest and reinterpret them and ultimately reclaim these sources of alienation that sometimes defy understanding.

AS A REMINDER, the websites lamainquicale.fr and audecarbone.com remain online and will now be prioritised on social media to provide regular updates on new developments, releases and upcoming events (exhibitions, trade fairs, etc.).

You will find more details about the dates mentioned above and the productions listed above in the updates at these addresses:



webstore

audecarbone.com



lamainquicale.fr

