

*Artus'*

# DEADPOOL

## TALES FROM THE MODERN WORLD



NOT REALLY FREE



10 YEARS AGO, I INHERITED A HOUSE IN THE "DEEP" WEST OF FRANCE. I MOVED THERE FOR ALMOST TWO YEARS WITHOUT ANY CONTACT WITH "THE OUTSIDE WORLD" **SICK OF IT ALL** (THE PEOPLE FROM THE FASHION AND ART SCENE MAINLY). THIS IS ~~THE~~ THE STORY OF WHAT HAPPENED IN THE HOUSE DURING THIS STRANGE PERIOD OF MY LIFE.

It all started in the 70's

Artus is a fucked up artist

(Or not)

He keeps saying No when he should say Yes

(To "the big system")

He keeps everything and keeps talking about the same things

Again and again

(The diktat of the Elite, the Posthumous art against Today's...)

Maybe he is jus holding a position

(Or not)

Who knows?

One thing is sure: he is not overrated

I mean... For his artworks

Not for his drawings

His drawings are everywhere

Artus hates his drawings

(Or not)

I hate my drawings

They are just part of "it"

That's my story

Maybe I'm just too old to be a punk anymore

(After all)

Or not

SOMETIMES I FEEL TOO PROUD OF MYSELF  
(BUT WHAT IF I WAS RIGHT AND I ALWAYS WAS?) ...



ESPECIALLY IN THIS SICK SAD  
WORLD ~~WE~~ WE ARE LIVIN' IN  
WHERE ~~BE~~ BEING SUCCESSFUL MEANS MORE THAN BEING  
HUMAN. HOW COULD I SAY THAT SUCCESS MEANT LESS TO ME THAN  
MY FAILURES BACK THEN. AT LEAST I COULD BUILD ON MY FAILURES "AWAY FROM THE DIRTY BOULEVARD"

AWAY FROM THE DIRTY BOULEVARD

THE FIRST THING I DID WHEN I [REDACTED] ARRIVED  
IN ERNÉE, MAYENNE (53), WAS TO ORGANISE A LITTLE  
MUSEUM IN "THE BABY ROOM" WITH  
SOME OF MY PAINTINGS AND



... THINKING HOW GREAT IT WOULD  
BE TO [REDACTED] RAISE A KID IN THE  
BIG EMPTY HOUSE.

NOT SO

ANYMORE

UN J  
LES  
DECORS  
S'EFFON

---

1. MATO  
2. X  
3. LE P

---

MILLER  
CENDRA  
ISTRATI  
DICK  
GAMUS

---

ARCH  
DE  
VÉLU

**2003**

93

A STILL UNPUBLISHED CRAZY PROJECT (DO I SOUND LIKE I AM OVERSEWING MYSELF?)

I ALSO ~~TATTOOED~~ TATTOOED ONE OF MY ARMS IN BLACK  
TO SIGNIFY ALL MY LOSSES,

I HAVE TO ADMIT  
THAT IT LOOKED A  
BIT STRANGE ON  
THE ~~WALLPAPER~~  
FLOWERISH  
WALLPAPER OF THE  
BATHROOM

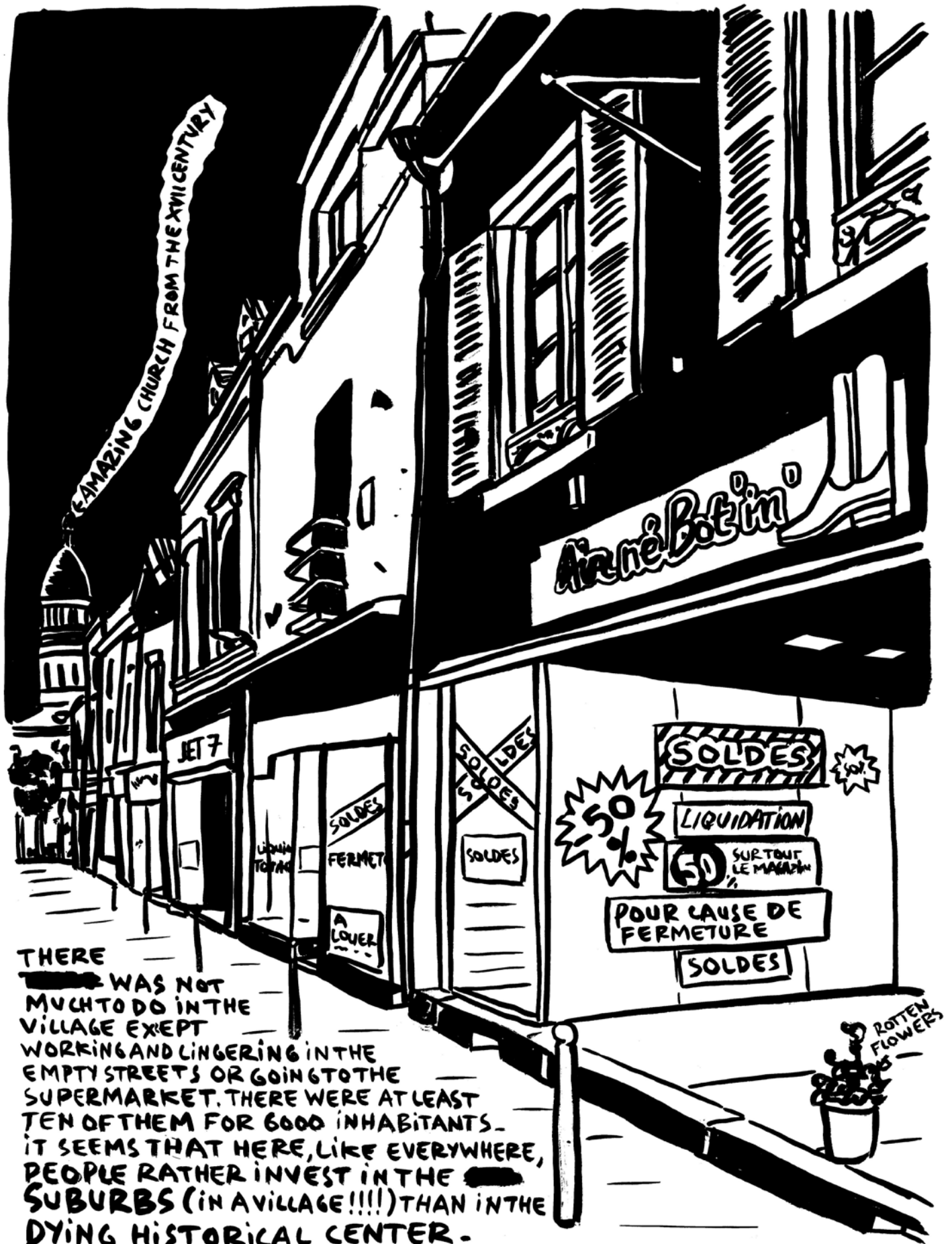


BUT IT WAS OK, BECAUSE I HAD FLOWERS AS WELL ON THE OTHER ARM



LISTENING TO SOME OLD PUNK SONGS (NOW YOU KNOW WHY I DID THE TATTOO THING) I DECIDED TO "CUSTOMIZE" AN OLD PAINTING I FOUND IN THE ATTIC OF THE HOUSE - I LATER DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS A MARIE BRACQUEMOND, ONE OF THE FOUR IMPRESSIONIST WOMEN, MADE IN 1897!





THERE WAS NOT MUCH TO DO IN THE VILLAGE EXCEPT WORKING AND LINGERING IN THE EMPTY STREETS OR GOING TO THE SUPERMARKET. THERE WERE AT LEAST TEN OF THEM FOR 6000 INHABITANTS. IT SEEMS THAT HERE, LIKE EVERYWHERE, PEOPLE RATHER INVEST IN THE SUBURBS (IN A VILLAGE!!!!) THAN IN THE DYING HISTORICAL CENTER.

EVERYTHING WAS ON SALE...



DURING THE FOLLOWING TEN YEARS,  
AFTER I CAME BACK TO PARIS  
LIKE A WARPRIEST AFTER HIS RETREAT  
AND BECAME "KNOWN" AS A  
CARTOONIST (MY WORST)  
AND AS THE FOUNDER OF "ART POSTHUME" (MY BEST),  
I USED THE HOUSE AS A  
STORAGE



IN THE ATTIC, I REINSTALLED THE 15 SQUARE METER ROOM  
 I LIVED IN PARIS FOR 15 YEARS, <sup>FOREVER</sup> UNCHANGED, READY TO BE  
 SOLD, NOT ONLY AS A PROOF OF MY EVOLUTION, AND A "POCHE DE  
 RÉSISTANCE", BUT AS A PIECE OF ART BY ITSELF (MAYBE MY BEST  
 PROJECT TILL THIS DAY...) (HELL YES!)



DO I HAVE TO MENTION THAT I AM THE KIND OF PERSON WHO KEEPS EVERYTHING, FOR "ART MATTERS" OF COURSE...

THIS SUMMER (2012) I WENT BACK TO THE HOUSE WITH MY GIRLFRIEND AND ~~OUR~~ NEW BORN BABY AND WE STARTED TO REORGANIZE THE HOUSE TO USE IT AS OUR "MAISON SECONDAIRE".



SEING JESSICA AND ANATOLE IN THE ~~KITCHEN~~ KITCHEN WAS ONE OF THE BEST MOMENT IN MY LIFE...

BUT WAS I ~~INSOFAR~~ <sup>SOMETIMES</sup> READY TO BECOME  
 THE ARTIST I ALWAYS NEW I WAS? WHEN I WAS SO  
 HAPPY AS AN (WELL-PAYED) ILLUSTRATOR, FAR  
 AWAY FROM THE UGLY BUSINESS OF THE ARTWORLD  
 (MY NIHILIST STARVING YEARS NOT SO FAR AWAY)  
 "THE COURAGE ~~TO~~ TO BE NOTHING, NO ONE  
 EVER HAS IT" (AM I QUOTING MYSELF) (ESPECIALLY WITH  
 A WIFE AND A KID AND SOON A CAR) (I ALREADY CUT MY HAIR)  
 (TATTOOS ARE FOREVER THOUGH) "YOU MUST NOT DO TO BE  
 YOU MUST BE TO BE" (AGAIN)... OH... WELL...  
 "LIVE IS LIFE" NAH NAH NAH NAH...  
 STUPID ISN'T IT?



TO JESSICA, SUMMER 2012