

Fabcaro



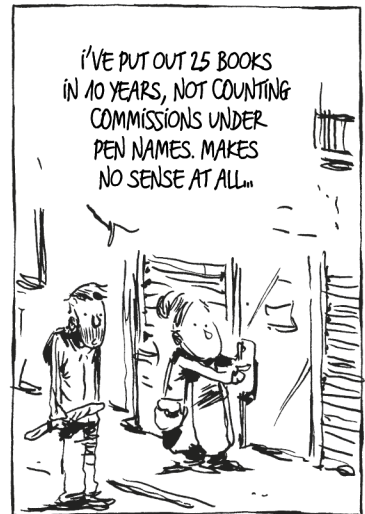
Break

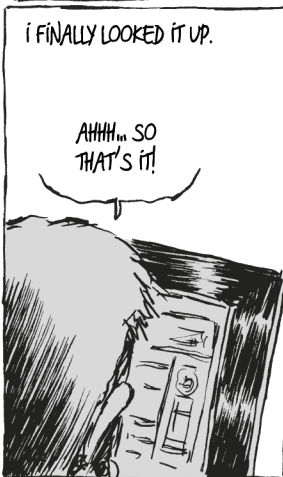
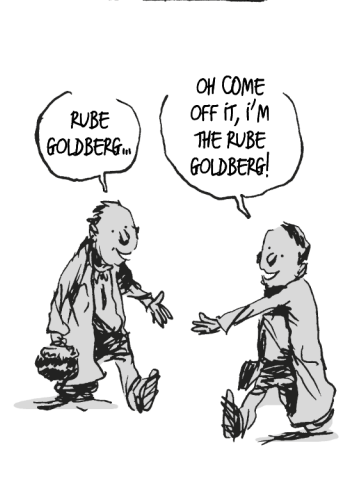
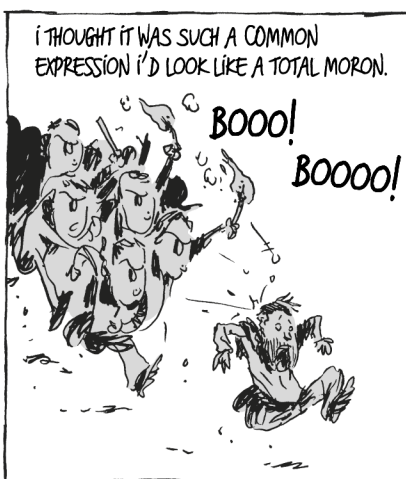
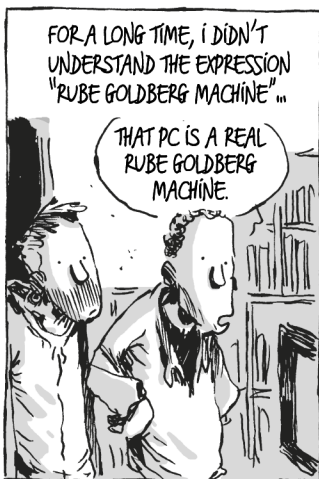
la Cafetière

Both chronicle and logbook, *Break* mixes full comic pages with shorter strips and drawings. This calculated mishmash plays on rhythms, in a way that reflects the author's doubts and failings. Here are some extracts representative of this diversity (and not especially consecutive in the book).



For these translated extracts, we used an artificial font as close as possible to the author's handwritten lettering.





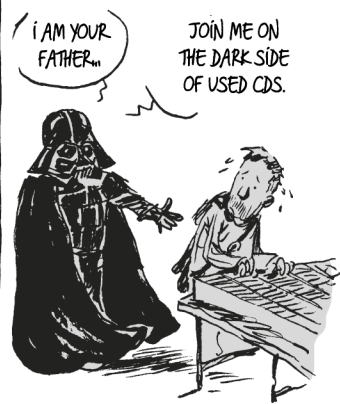
THIS MORNING AT THE FLEA MARKET, I STOPPED AT A CD STALL.



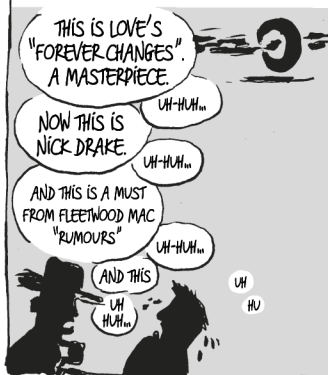
THE SELLER GOT A TRACHEOTOMY. HE BEGAN TALKING TO ME IN HIS RASPY, METALLIC VOICE.



NOT ONLY WAS HIS VOICE STRESSING ME OUT...



BUT HE MADE A POINT OUT OF PRESENTING EACH OF HIS CDS TO ME. IT WENT ON FOREVER.



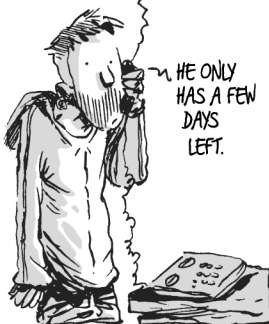
BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE, PRECISELY BECAUSE HE GOT A TRACHEO (STUPID, I KNOW...)



I WOULD'VE FELT LIKE A HEARTLESS MONSTER.



HELLO? HOSPITAL HERE. SINCE YOU LEFT WITHOUT HEARING HIM OUT, HIS CANCER'S COME BACK.

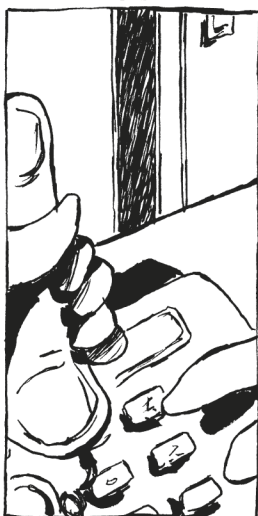


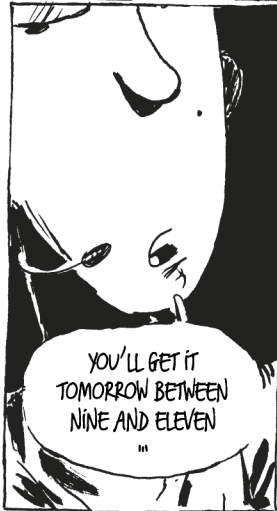
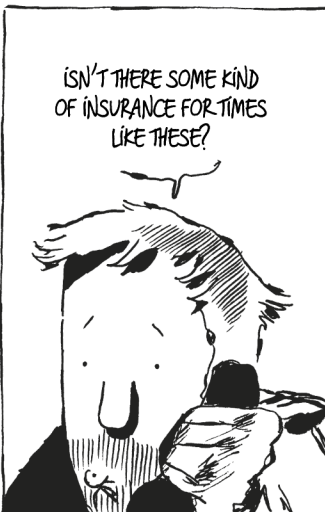
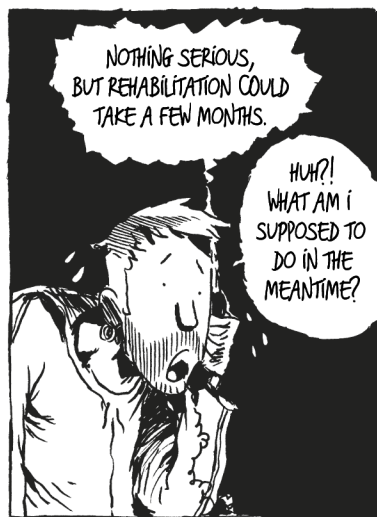
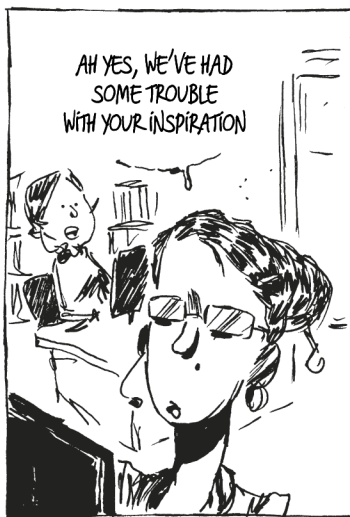
SO I WAITED TILL HE FOUND SOMEONE ELSE TO TALK TO, THEN LEFT.



LIKE IN THOSE BOARD GAMES WHEN YOU CAN ONLY LEAVE YOUR SQUARE IF SOMEONE ELSE LANDS ON IT.







PLUS MY LEFT EYE'S BEEN ACHING
FOR A WHILE NOW...



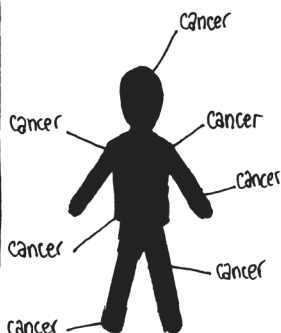
RIGHT BEHIND MY EYEBALL,
AS IF SOMETHING WERE PUSHING
AT IT FROM INSIDE...



OBVIOUSLY I SHOULD AVOID
JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS
- LIKE A TUMOR...



WHenever I'M NOT CREATING,
I SOMATIZE...

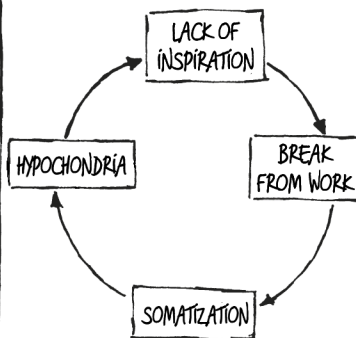


IT'S LIKE NEUROSES JUMP ON
THE FIRST CHANCE TO SLIP IN.

HEY, HOW'S IT GOING? I SAW YOU
WEREN'T BUSY, SO I FIGURED
I'D STOP BY.



THE RESULT? A VICIOUS CYCLE:

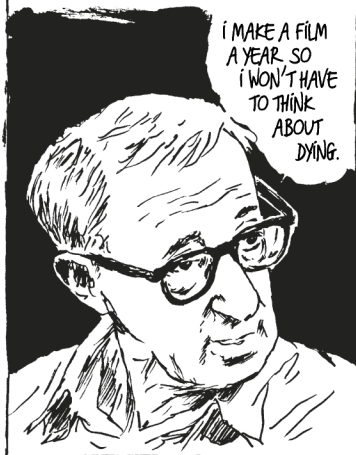


IN FACT, THE REASON I WORK
IS SO I WON'T FREAK OUT.



LIKE WOODY ALLEN SAID:

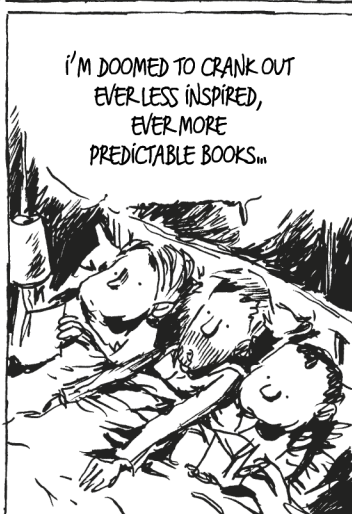
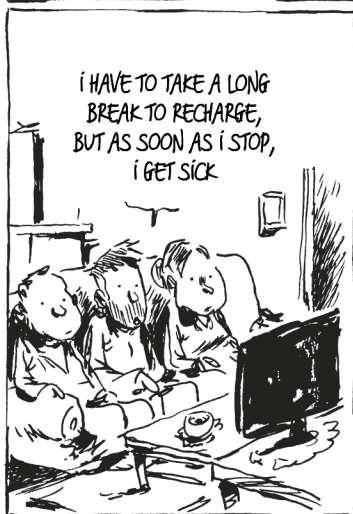
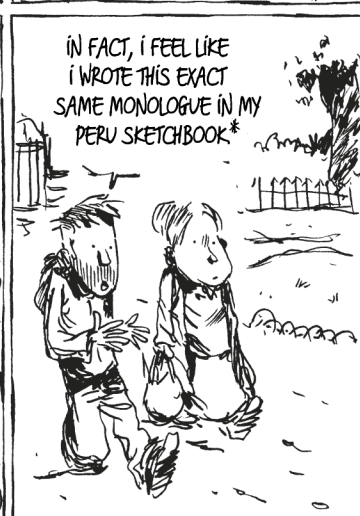
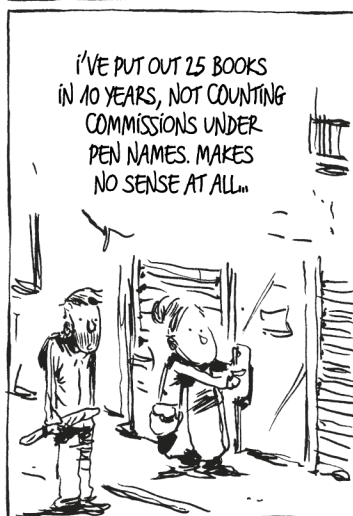
I MAKE A FILM
A YEAR SO
I WON'T HAVE
TO THINK
ABOUT
DYING.

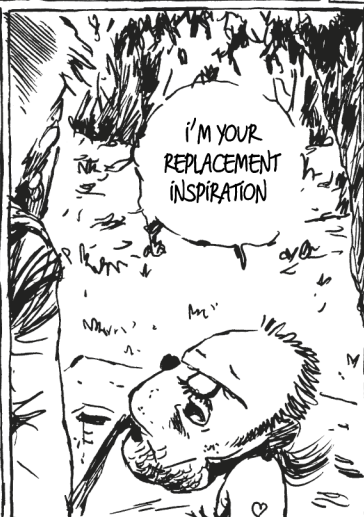
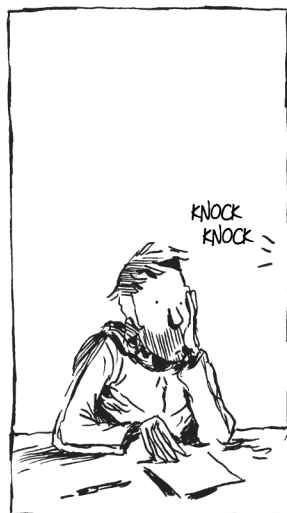


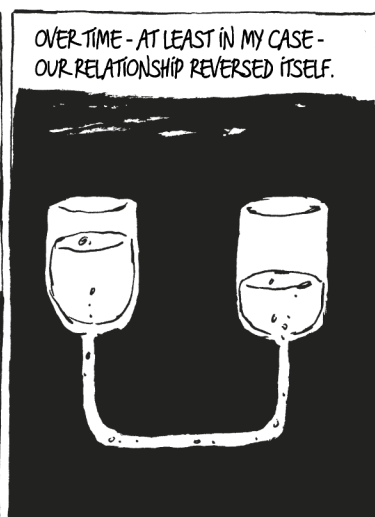
THAT'S IT IN A NUTSHELL

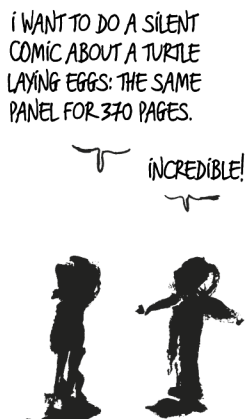
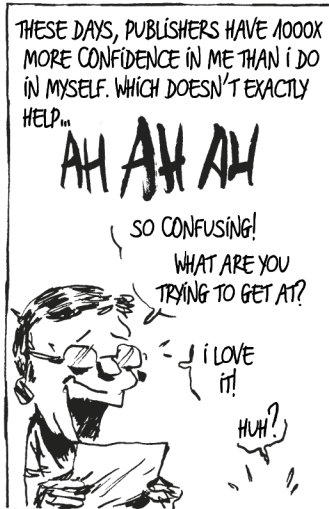
WHOA, I LOVE THIS PROJECT!
IT'S TAKING UP ALL
MY MENTAL ENERGY!!!



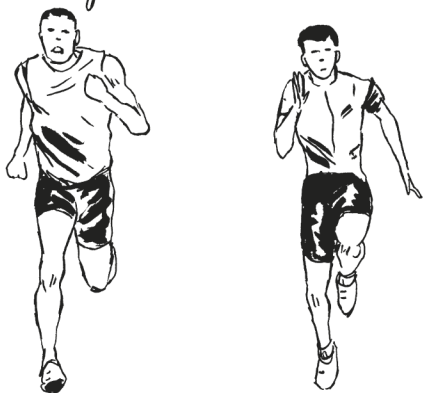








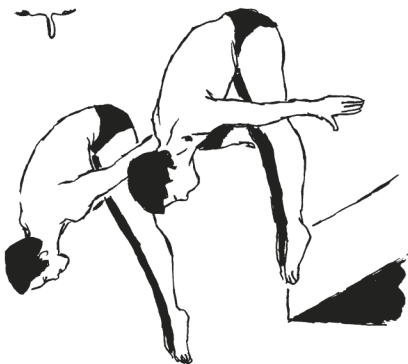
i LIKE THOSE FIRST FEW
PAGES YOU SENT OVER.



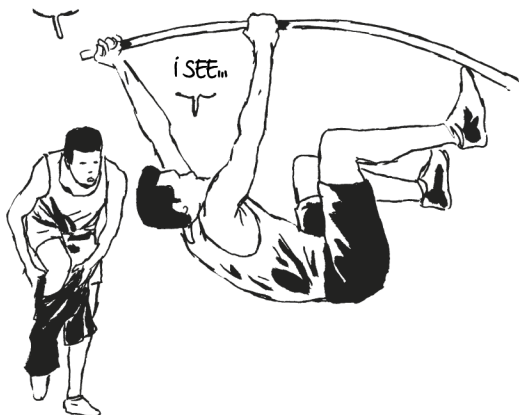
BUT AREN'T THEY KIND OF A MESS?
A BIT ALL OVER THE PLACE?



YEAH, BUT IT'S KIND OF
A LOGBOOK ANYWAY.
CONCERNING AN AIMLESS TIME...



SOMETHING ABOUT THE CREATIVE PROCESS,
SOMATIZATION, LOSING YOUR BEARINGS...



BUT WHY DRAW US AS ATHLETES
WHILE WE'RE HAVING A CONVERSATION
AT A CAFE?

ESPECIALLY
SINCE WE HATE
SPORTS...



BECAUSE THIS BOOK FEELS TOO STATIC.
ALL YOU EVER SEE IS ME AT MY DESK,
OR ON THE PHONE.

GOT IT.

