

Tequila Strike
And Cocktail Molotov

Whether in graphic novels or elsewhere, readers are far too often served such absurdities— such as the notion that the "little birds of the air" enjoy "freedom," when in fact they have none at all. Chirp, chirp—speech bubbles! Fully engrossed in defending their territory, foraging for food, building a nest, and feeding their chicks. Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp! I often say I have rabbit ears, but they look more like an elf's; they are modified and tattooed, and feature large bone inserts—or piercings.

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Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Whoa. Oh-oh. Whoa. Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp! Yea, yea, yea. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh! Whoa-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Yea. Yea. Yea. In a state of total stupor, I scratched my scalp until it bled. Penis of the eye, uterus of the mouth!

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Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Whoa. Oh-oh. Whoa. Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp! Yea, yea, yea. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh! Whoa-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. I recall having them pulled and stretched out of all proportion as a child, and continuing that practice— as well as the the resulting distortion—into my teens. Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp! Chirp, chirp—Chirp, chirp! You should have seen the look on my parents' faces! Ha-ha-ha! Ha-ha! Not from the iridescent sky. As for my own activity—it's scratching my head! My blue head stuck in the cervix! Ah-ah, those Mimi-style jeans with the lacy-frilly-logical trim and such psychedelic-spermatic designs! Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh! Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Walking out of step, against the wind! A bit on the back of the neck, and also around the ears—which call to mind a rabbit's. Though more the one from the *L'Association* anthology than Lewis Carroll's; issue number 44 sports two super-cool chicks on the cover—a pair of speech bubbles.

Yeah—yeah! Yeah

In a state of total stupor, I scratched my scalp until it bled. "Penis of the eye, uterus of the mouth!" Neither the Tintin of *The Broken Ear*—the series' sixth album, colonial in everything but name—nor Van Gogh, ^{Ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh.} nor the way they are duly co-opted by galleries for profit! ^{Ooh. Ooh-ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh!} A raw graphic object, transposed into sounds generated randomly by an AI. A pair ^{Ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh!} of briefs, then—a garment worn next to the skin, the one ^{Ooh. Ooh-ooh.} that conceals the private parts, ^{Ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh!} or reveals them by hugging, encasing them tight when buttocks or breasts become an object of erotic desire or a convention, a *topos*: a theme and a motif.

Speech bubbles or recitatives. Some are enclosed and contained, while others are open—even explosive; that is where Reiser comes in. The choice to cite him.

Who, when, what, how, why?

Reiser's sharp, witty stroke! The text is sometimes scattered, the drawings overexposed—it's a collage or some crazy, slapdash thing, yet charming. Content spewing from one to the other—overflowing, fucking, biting, foul, rupturing and vomited into the corridors. A general impression of inertia, mass, and heaviness. It's pouring down—like the sky in *Asterix*—and it stinks. It's pure coffee diarrhea, completely undiluted. Not from an iridescent sky. An aircraft fuselage might contain a space reserved for recitative—itself diverted from its function and stripped of text; a single example of this kind had left a mark on me, creating a visual *mise en abyme* of the character.

A skydive with neither a speech bubble nor a reserve parachute! ^{Ooh-ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh.}

Out of a concern for virility and respect for genre conventions—and in the interest of absolute flatness, extending even to the page itself—this speech bubble avoided being seen from behind. This adjoins a thick, solid layer of heavy clouds rolling over the inter-iconic space. A smart and decidedly ephemeral suppository! Since perspective was his blind spot, the speech bubble in briefs always appeared in the foreground, seen both front-on and in profile. A gesture of grabbing the crotch while straddling the border between the panel and the speech bubble, half-concealed like a Freudian *fort-da* ^{Ooh-ooh. Ooh.}—a now-you-see-it-now-you-don't moment, ^{Ooh-ooh.} a sort of wink, then. ^{Ooh-ooh-ooh.} Three horizontal compartments ^{Ooh-ooh-ooh.}: the one on the left contains four male figures ^{Ooh-ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh}, the one on the right three ^{Ooh-ooh. Ooh. Ooh-ooh-ooh.}—seven in total ^{Ooh-ooh-ooh.}—while the central compartment ^{Ooh-ooh. Ooh.} holds the spittoon. ^{Ooh-ooh.}

Deeply ingrained, the stain was neither his thing nor his project. Scribbling, yes. Blurriness, certainly. Since fog is the distant cousin of the precipitation that follows cloud condensation Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh. Oh! Oh. Oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh. Oh. Oh-oh-oh.

—and, by extension, of the crowding, kind of bunching-up inside a pair of briefs—it shares a connection with the contents of that soft pouch: whether neatly shaved for an adult film or overflowing with hair.

Walking against the wind!

Lyrics: The Apocryphalists.