



"After the chemical disease attacks, the exodus to other planets, the anti-terrorist architecture from years ago, a sort of peace came over the world. A lonely world. It was comforting. No confrontations, no aggression, the remaining world is in a stupor, lethargic peace, all on capsules and sedatives. Emptiness and half-heart cookies."

A young man is living in a big city almost entirely deserted by its habitants where only a few shops remain open: an odd sewing and notions store, a soft drinks store, a penny arcade and a bakery. The streets are empty; the bright-coloured buildings are square and have only one door, no windows. The young man wanders in the streets, oscillating between random thoughts, minute observations of the rundown city and his constant craving for food: delicious buns, sandwiches and very expensive half-heart chocolate cookies, which he savours on a big red stone bench. But what is the liquid screen exactly?

Illustrated by drawings and paintings all produced between 2001 and 2003 while being hospitalized after an accident, BillyBoy* has written a captivating fiction which evokes by its serenity the poetical mood of *Le Petit Prince* by Antoine de Saint Exupéry.

BOOK I

This book contains all the *Liquid Screen* drawings & paintings created by BillyBoy* in 2001 and 2002

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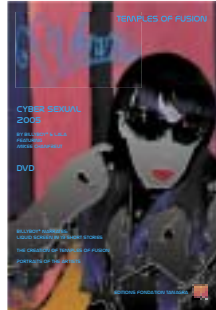
BOOK II



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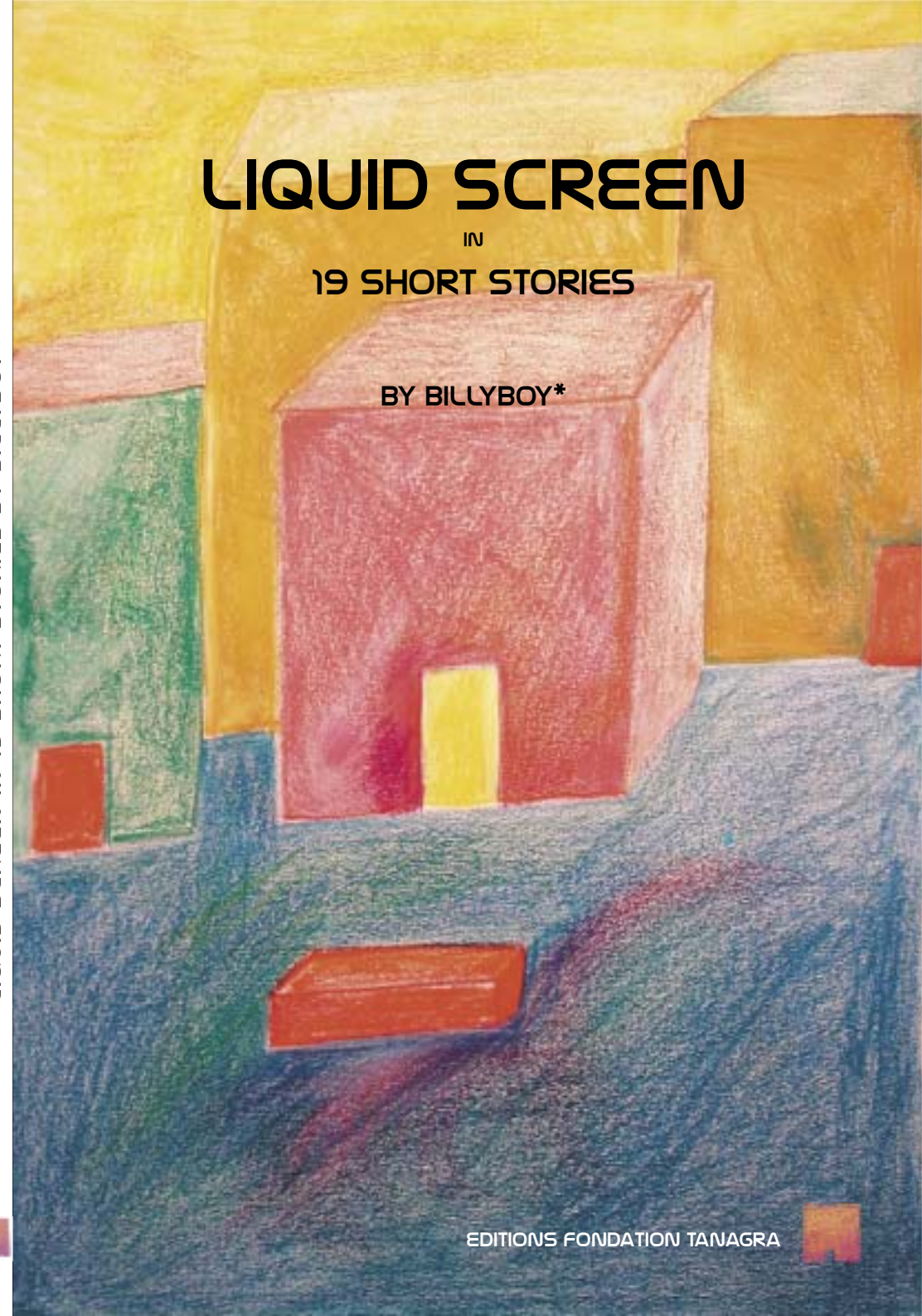
BOOK I LIQUID SCREEN IN 19 SHORT STORIES BY BILLYBOY*

LIQUID SCREEN

IN

19 SHORT STORIES

BY BILLYBOY*



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This exhibition and books are dedicated to very important people in my life:

Lala - my soulmate of 23 years who has been a constant support in every domaine of my life

Alec Jiri - my devoted son who has been a constant help in this work

Dee - my mother, who has always encouraged my work, and Benjamin, my late-father, who gave me all the opportunities to flourish

Mikee Chanfreut - my bestfriend and spiritual brother

Sumiko Watanabe - my dear friend, who has supported with great fidelity the Mdvanii work for 18 years

and also to Prof. A.T - a great source of inspiration

BillyBoy, 2005*

Liquid Screen in 19 Short Stories

Editions Fondation Tanagra

Drawings & Paintings by BillyBoy 2001*



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"Ice Bomb" Cola-Cola And A Half-Heart Cookie

I woke up so early today, it's becoming usual lately. I think my sleeping capsules are not as efficient as before. But that's okay. I take walks in town, where it's so quiet. I tell security I'm going out, they're always so suspicious.

The citadel is aglow in the sunlight. The few remaining birds in the world swoop and sway and don't seem to know where to alight. There is no food for them except for the sympathetic people who leave crumbs for them on terraces and roof tops.

It's so quiet. The town is a study in concrete and steel. There are no windows in buildings or department stores. Everything in very carefully chosen colours like old-fashioned building blocks. The mall is silent. Most businesses open in the afternoon, except the play arcades and bakeries.

I'm thirsty. Nothing is open. I'm dying for an *"Ice Bomb" Cola-Cola*. It's new and so delicious! Nothing is open, what a bore. In the past, I believe everyone started work in the morning. You could just go into a store and buy anything and leave, within minutes, it's hard to believe. The *"Ice Bomb" Cola-Cola* distributor is open I see, with a wall of facsimile *"Ice Bomb"* bottles outside. I go in and the guy says *"We're closed"* in a not aggressive but tired way.

"Well, I'm thinking of having a party and was hoping to know your prices for quantity".

He perked up. Apparently, the price changed with quantity. I then asked if



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I See My First Fig Tree

I saw a fig tree, a real one today. I went to the Botanical Museum, which was totally empty. You'd think someone else would like to see real plants. The leaves were huge, three parts with a thick, hearty stem. The branches were thick too and looked very reliable, the way I've imagined a tree. The green of leaves were a joy, like some buildings around here. I wanted to eat a fig of course, but couldn't, they're museum pieces now, although I can try to buy one on the liquid screen, there must be one for me in this empty world, however hard and costly it most likely will be.

It was a very blue day out, all the buildings glowed with blue, even the pink and yellow ones seemed blue-ish. The sunlight and silence, forever faithful, always there, sumptuous and resplendent, like a drug, like a friend, like a cat family.

There seem to be more birds around lately, squealing and screeching, maybe happiness, drowning out even the vaguely heard bleeps of some play arcade. I always think of Nino though, which is a good thing, when I hear those bleeps.

The mall is empty, I saw nobody, no humanity today, the world seems entirely empty, gone, whereto, who knows? They used to say "*God knows*" and I haven't the slightest idea what that could possibly mean. It must mean something because along time ago, everything, every expression meant something. And, there were a lot of superstitious expressions, little curses and protections, protective blessings, so many and, at least for myself, impossible to figure out.