

Oil Pastels

First use of color.

The number of colors used is limited.

Oil Pastels

Paris At Night

She walks away,
She goes away,
She set me out.

It makes no sense,
The words I say,
She goes her way.

It's Paris at night,
The light breaks apart,
The bulb that shines.

A window that opens,
A door that closes,
It's all shut down.

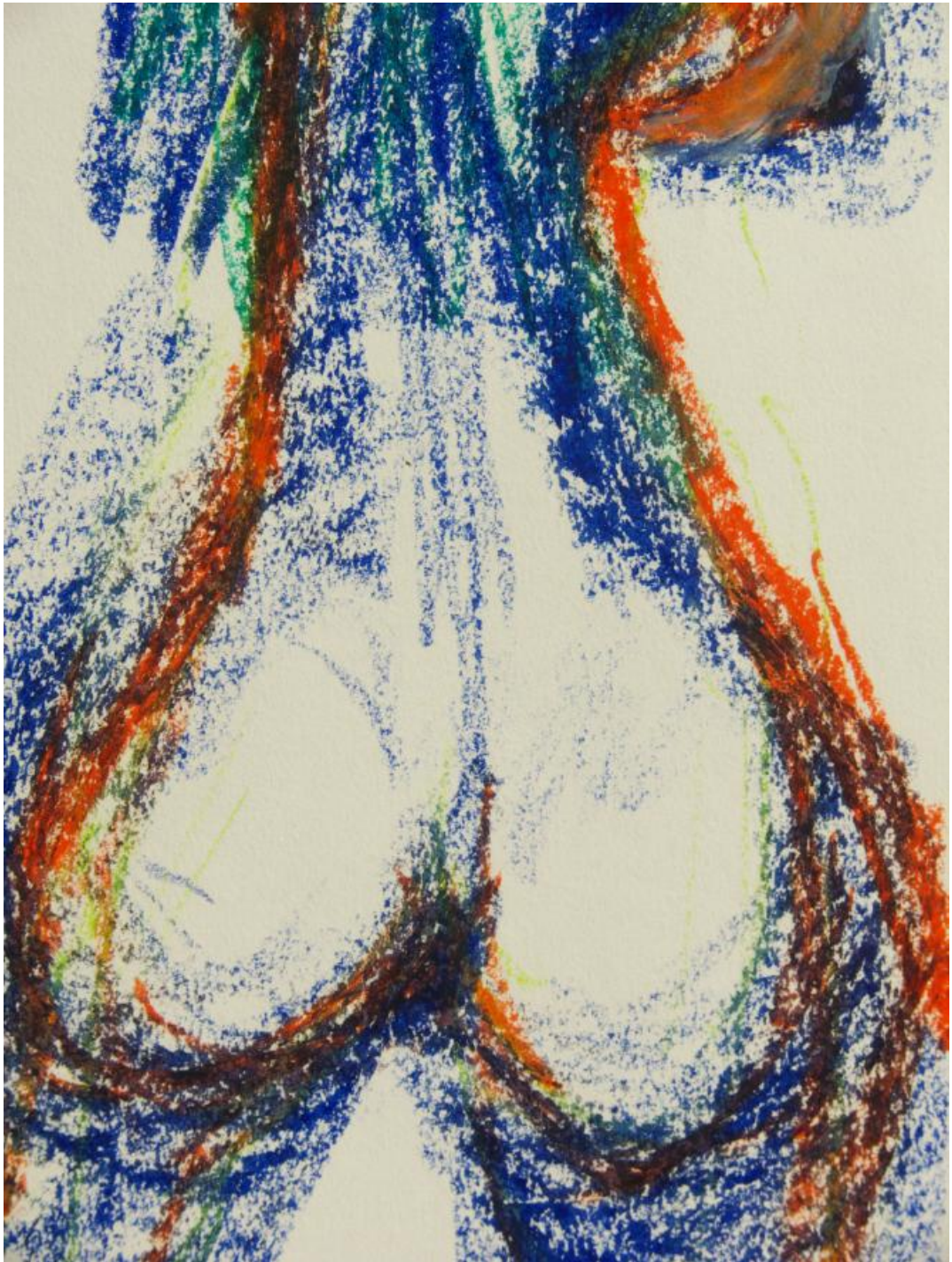
The march is over,
The battle is fought,
Every men has gone.

All contact lost,
The lifeline is cut,
The rocket gone.

Stars falling over,
Hedges closing in,
La fleur eternelle.

Penetrante toutes organes,
Couririliante tous membres,
La fleur eternelle.

The march is over,
The bulb apart,
A door closed.



Backway smile

*Better not too Slender,
Ballerina*





Jump, Man!
Jump, Jump, Man!

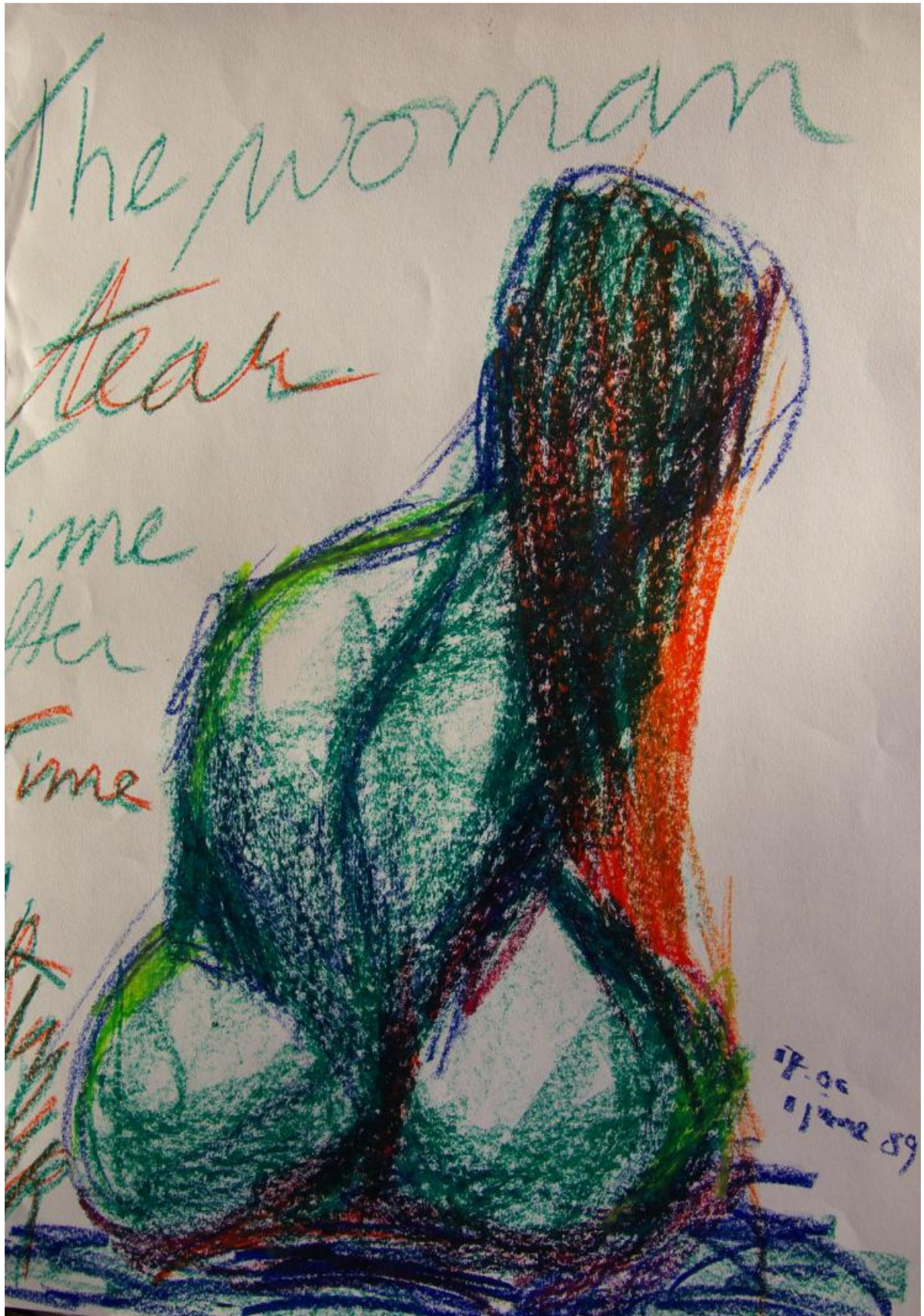


Backway smile

oilpastel on paper 40x50 cm



*The Woman tear
time after time*







Dreaming teeth

*Teeth dreaming of loving dicks,
Big cars, big balls,
Hello, wave the hips,
I'm dreaming and alive.
Do you go for a stroll?*