

Lithography

In Paris he meets the artist and printer

Jean Pons.

2001

Lithography, Paris

In November 2001 ArthurX and his business associate Elizabeth, alias Kelly, visited Paris after an invitation of Marc Hagem of the Vivendi Galery at Place des Voges. And it really is a beautiful place, in those times project developers had definitely more style.

Marc had invited them for dinner, but after viewing the artworks of ArthurX, he explained that he had a very quiet group of clients, who might be mighty mindblowing shocked by this kind of wild art. And when he thought better about this case, he came to the conclusion, that it might be too wild for the whole of Paris. Actually it was so wild that the only art-crowd to stand this kind of works would be the New York scene.

So on their way back to the hotel ArthurX and Kelly were a little depressed. Just a few doors before their hotel another gallery owner waved his arm in order to make them join the crowd. Inside was a vernissage and two musicians played a jazz combo. At the back of the gallery an old man stood, he looked like an old Indian staring over the everlasting green plains. White long hairs hanging till his shoulders, a suede sand-colored blazer and an ageless muse near by.

He was the artist.
From the age of Picasso.
Still alive, a reliving of the past.

He addressed himself to ArthurX:
"Tu vends des peintres?"
"Pas du tout."
"Moi aussi."

It might sound like a sad yoke, being 88 and never having sold anything, so having no

real chance of ever reaching anything. But at that age to still have the ferocity to want to fight the whole world, to have the spirit, movements and flashing eyes, that's what counts.

Later on he told he had had a litho atelier now operated by his daughter, Babette Pons. And in his time the great masters had made lithos in the beginning of their career. All the big names had been with him Picasso, Kandinsky, Chagall, Appel, Zadkine and Hundertwasser. So he invited ArthurX to go to his daughter's atelier next time in Paris.

This artist was Jean Pons having an exhibition in the gallery "Ars in fine" directed by Pierre du Champs.

In January 2002 ArthurX and Kelly went to London on different quest and met there Mark Jason of the same gallery. Elizabeth told Mark Jason of their meeting with the old giant in Paris. Mark told, he had worked for Christies and in that time he had traded the paintings of the old artist especially those of the Jazz period. So what are the odds, one month you go to Paris and the next, you meet someone having traded in him.

Another month later we were back in Paris to make the litho. And it was really exciting to have a vacation in Paris and make something at the same time. In the atelier all kind of people were walking around and to stay concentrated at making your drawing at the stone was quite a challenge.

The atelier looked like the Middle Ages somewhere in a backyard at Rue de Lions.



Atelier Pons, Paris





Bubble Woman Dance

Crawling Wonder







Sergeant Tami

*Marching around the army,
loosing too many friends,
it are only kids,
just out of school,
everyone had friends lost in Lebanon,
for the most senseless thing.*

Only children you can fool.

You can't win by killing your enemy.

*Make him as rich as yourself and
live in peace.*



Dancing Flame



*Dancing Flame,
Bouncing of my head.
Dancing Flame,
Kicking over the hedge
Dancing Flame,
Winding through my brains.
Dancing Flame,
Springing of my lips.
Dancing Flame,
Ripping me to tears.
Dancing Flame,
Killing all sane thoughts.
Dancing Flame!*



*Dancing at the midnight hour,
Dancing in th midnight sun.*

*Chewing some bubble gum,
Sitting in the fire,
laying full desire.
Dreaming of the sky,
never asking whyyy.*

Sundance Midnight





Swans Love Better

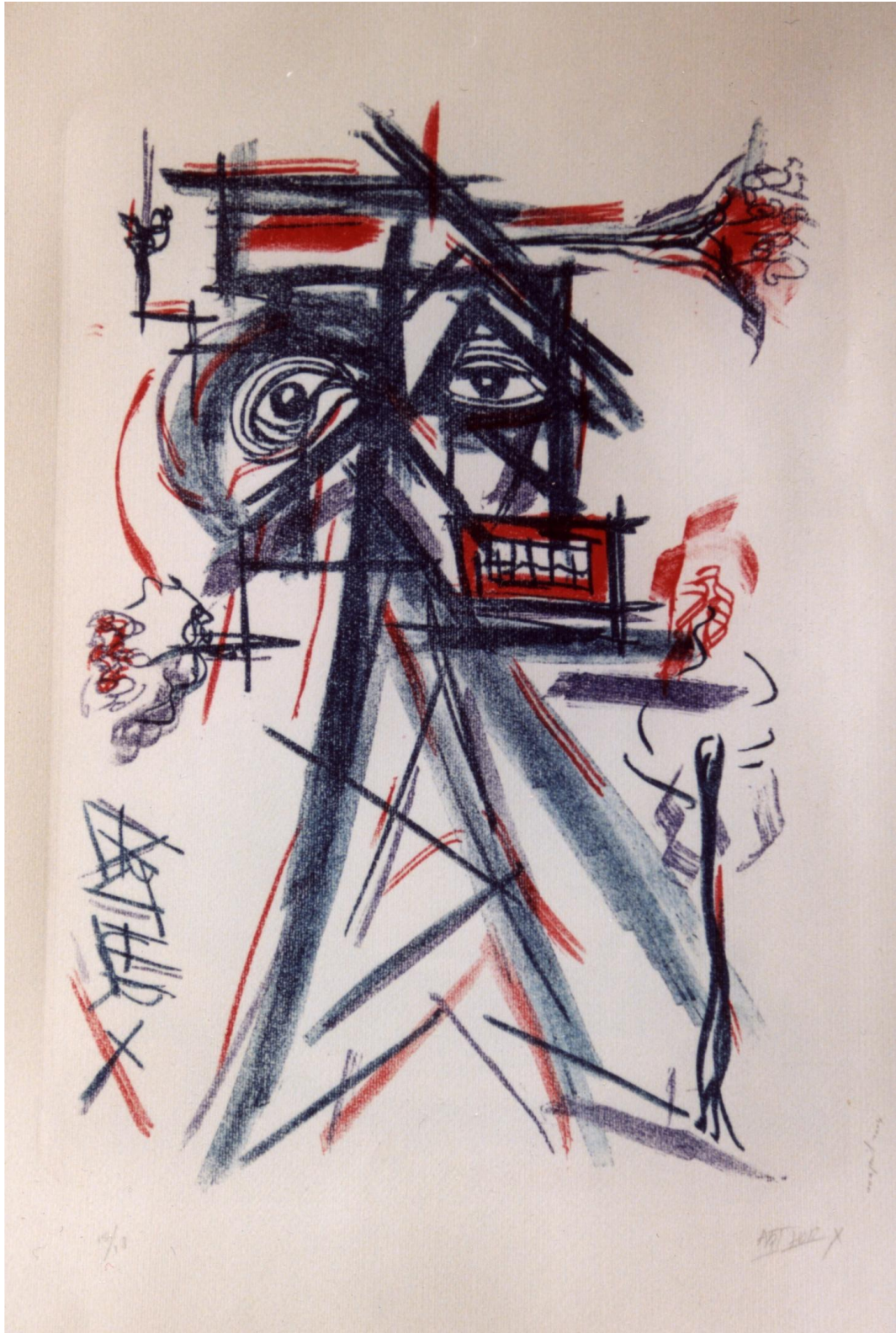


*On a lake,
peaceful and quiet,
floated a swan,
gracefully adored in herself,
making bends and moves,
stretching and breathing her being.
Seduced
by the rippling mirror and
the gentle blowing wind,
she turned around.*



RoseHead Joe

*Banging doors with concrete heads,
fingers fluid as iron bars,
dancing neptunial patterns on parking lot squares,
weaving straitlined cityplanners into curling hazes,
roses in your hair,
you're the uttermost seductive chap.*





Heaven close Killer







RoundRoundWubble

*RoundRoundWubble
Tulip Lady,
Tulip Lady,
Show me your Flowers!
Twinkling in the sun
reflected in the water,
Eaten by the ghosts.*

*Tulip Lady,
Tulip Lady,
Dance for me!
Heaven to the skies,
Skies through the stars,
Stars after the moon.*

*Tulip Lady,
Tulip Lady,
Get me your want!*

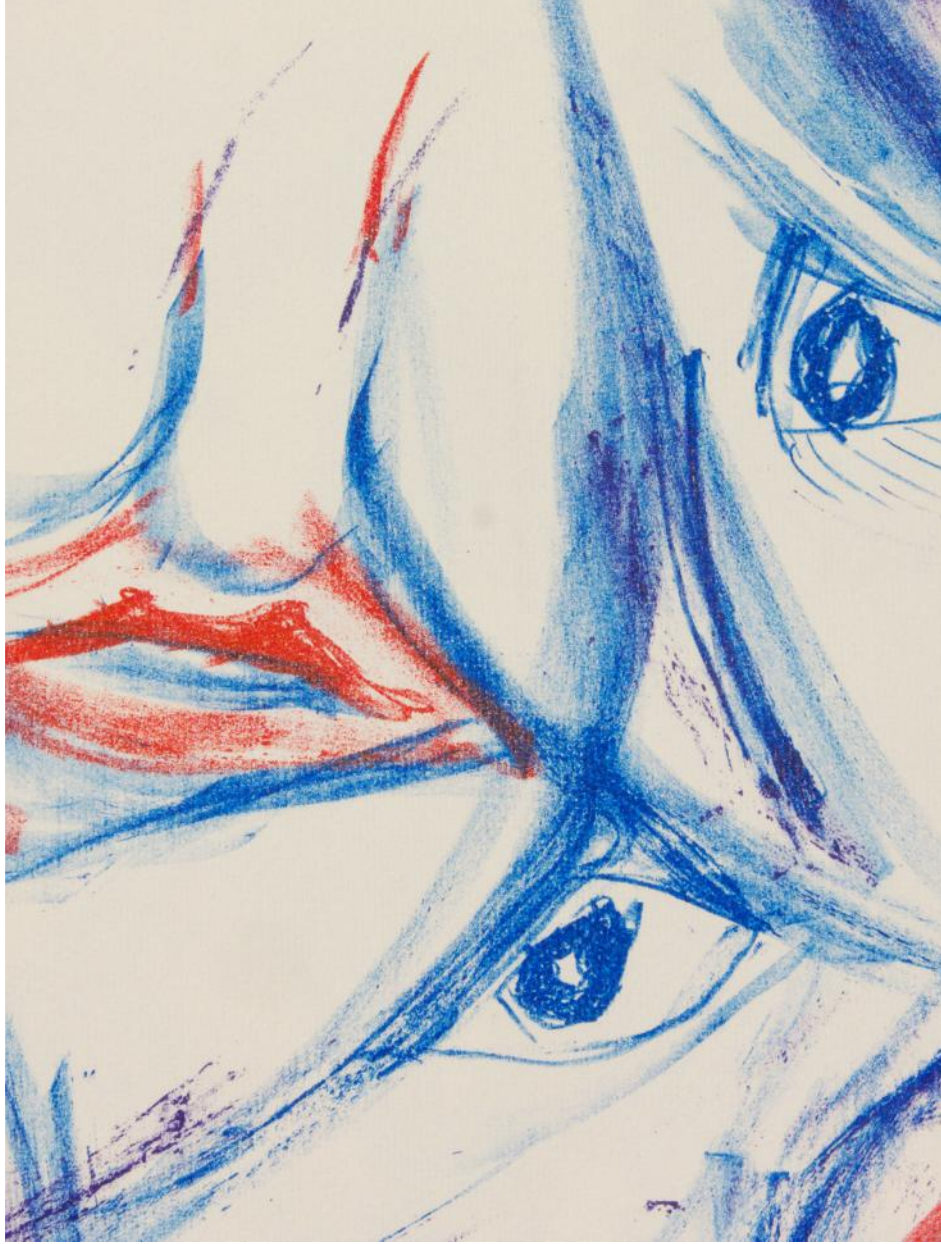


*Never knowing, where to look,
on every face a smile,
tickling, tickling goes the fool,
back and forth you flick.
Everywhere,
danger lurks,
Jump Anna,
Jump!
He is coming
after your lips,
they fly wide fluttering behind,
Slumber lumber,
Jump!*

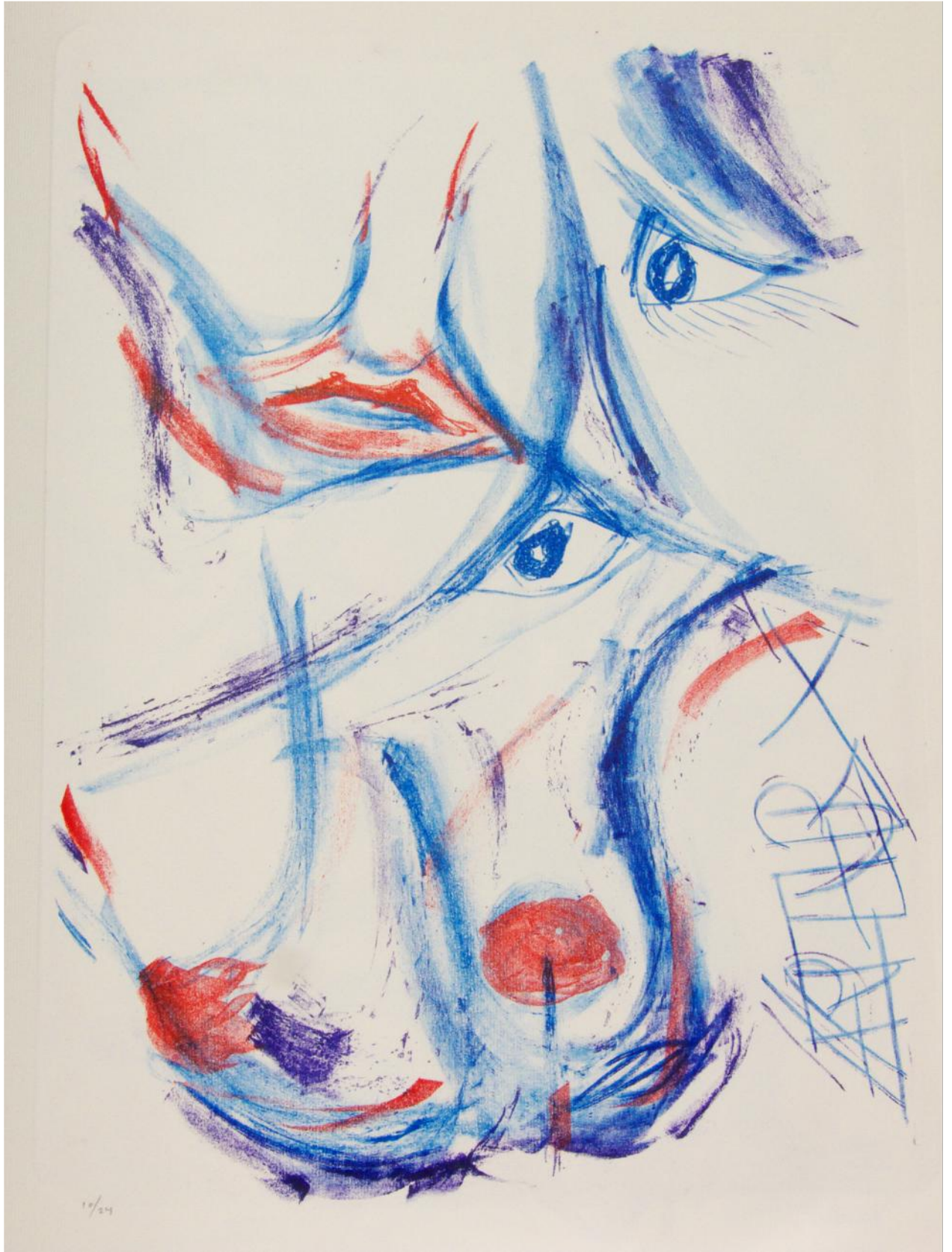
Sautante jouyeuze drôle



Poem Libertino



*Heaven winking eyes,
Mouth kissing sky.
Open your Heart!
Let it pour in and out,
Like hot flowing wine.*







Tongue Wrestling

*Tongue wrestling,
Fickle picking,
Arm Pulling,
Breast pressing,
Rash scratching,
Eye licking,
Nipple plucking,
Toe dancing,
Bitches!*



Torros too shy

Silence rules the deed.



No perfect story

*This ain't no perfect story,
And I want to tell you,*

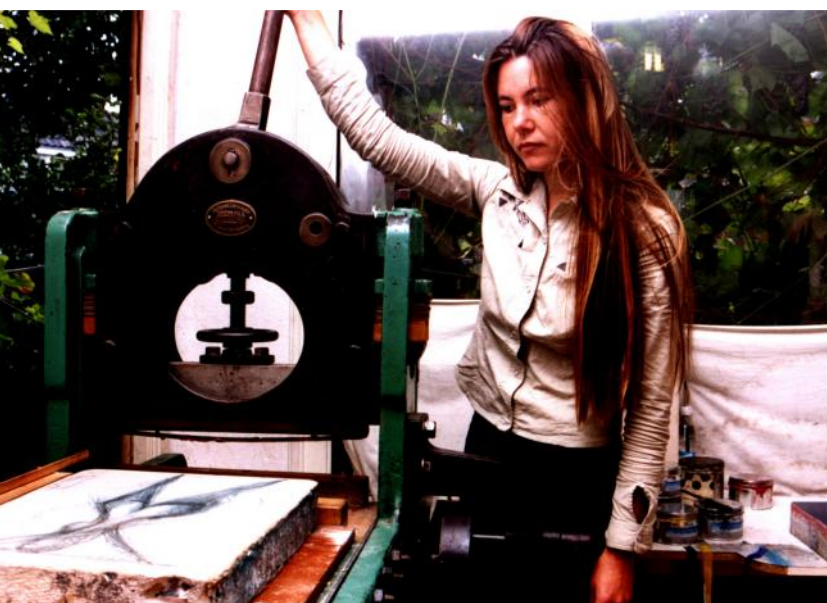




Doggy Talk Sunburn



Trailing feet



Elizabeth after being beaten
and without coffee.
I saw the first signs of
RelationFatigueSyndrome.



The reduction gear
in my own atelier,
German Grindlichkeit,
it will last
another thousand years.





Crawling Wonder

