

Charcoal Portraits

1987

Charcoal

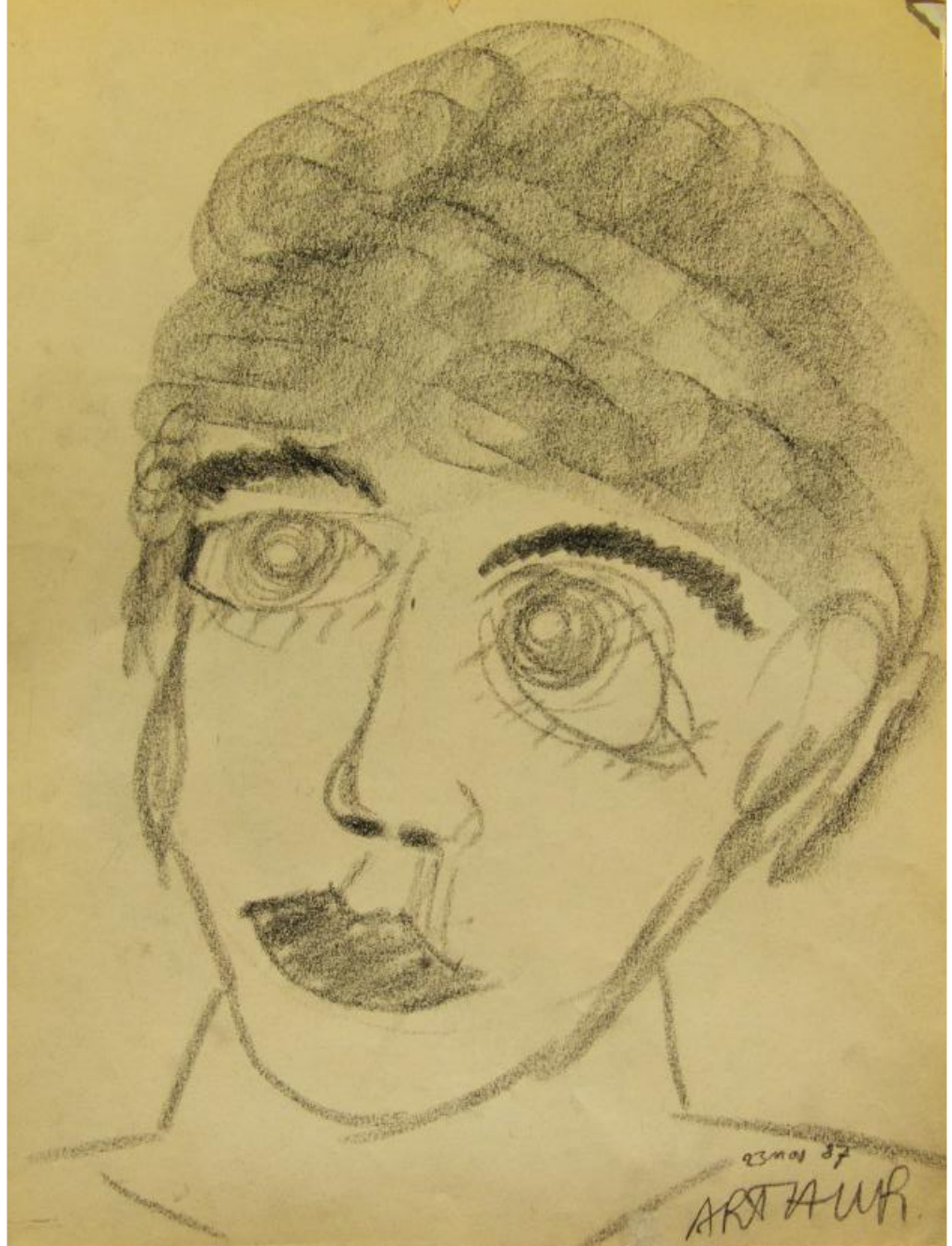
The charcoal drawings started the very first attempts Arthur ever made to make a drawing. Actually his girlfriend came home from a course 'drawing for beginners' with homework to make a few charcoals.

The wood containing newspaper was used. This is blank when drawn on, but shades to a rouge creme color when hung at a wall. All kind of drawings were made then, realistic and more abstract. The reason to go on was that each work told a different story.



Yogi.





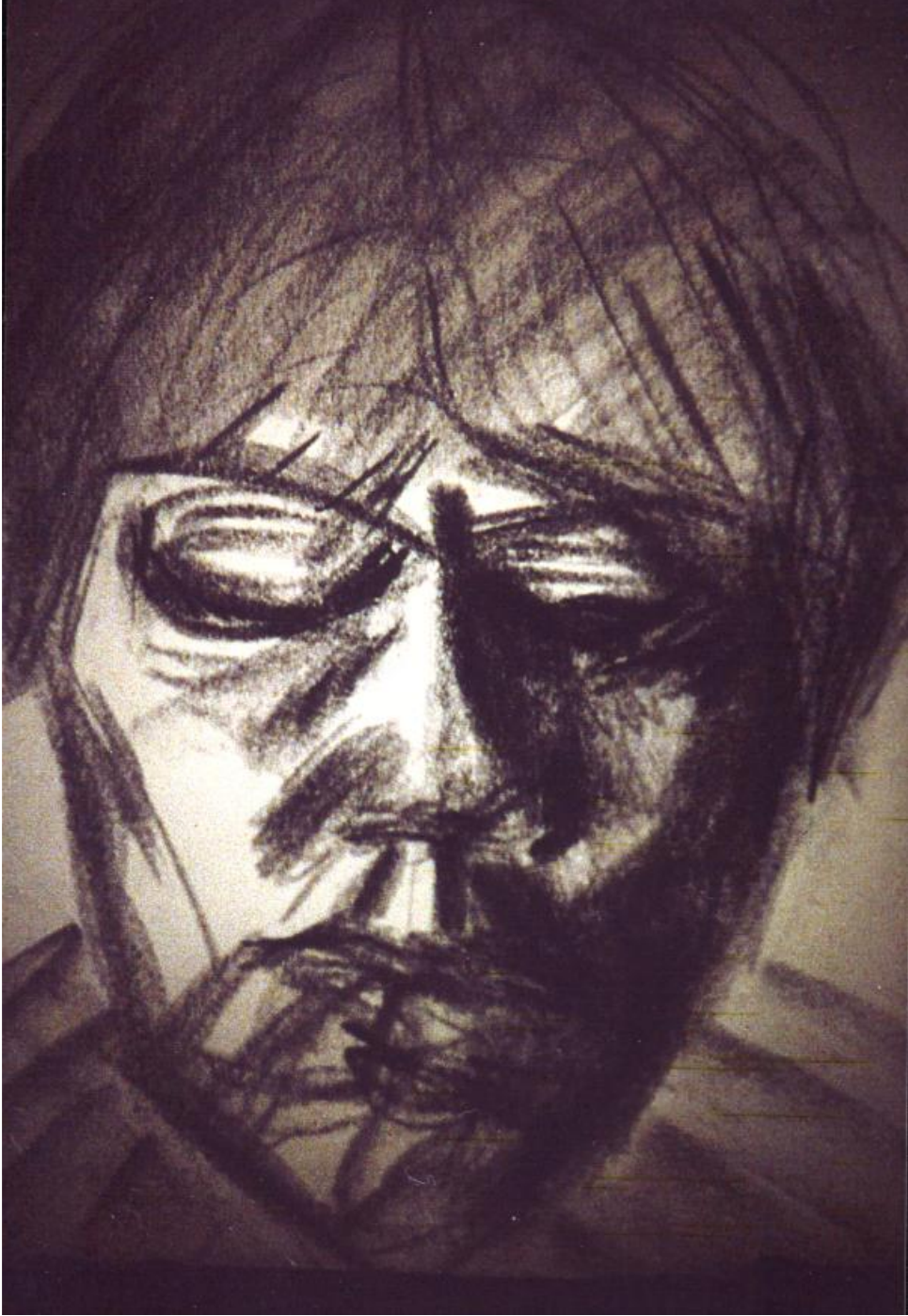
Two children

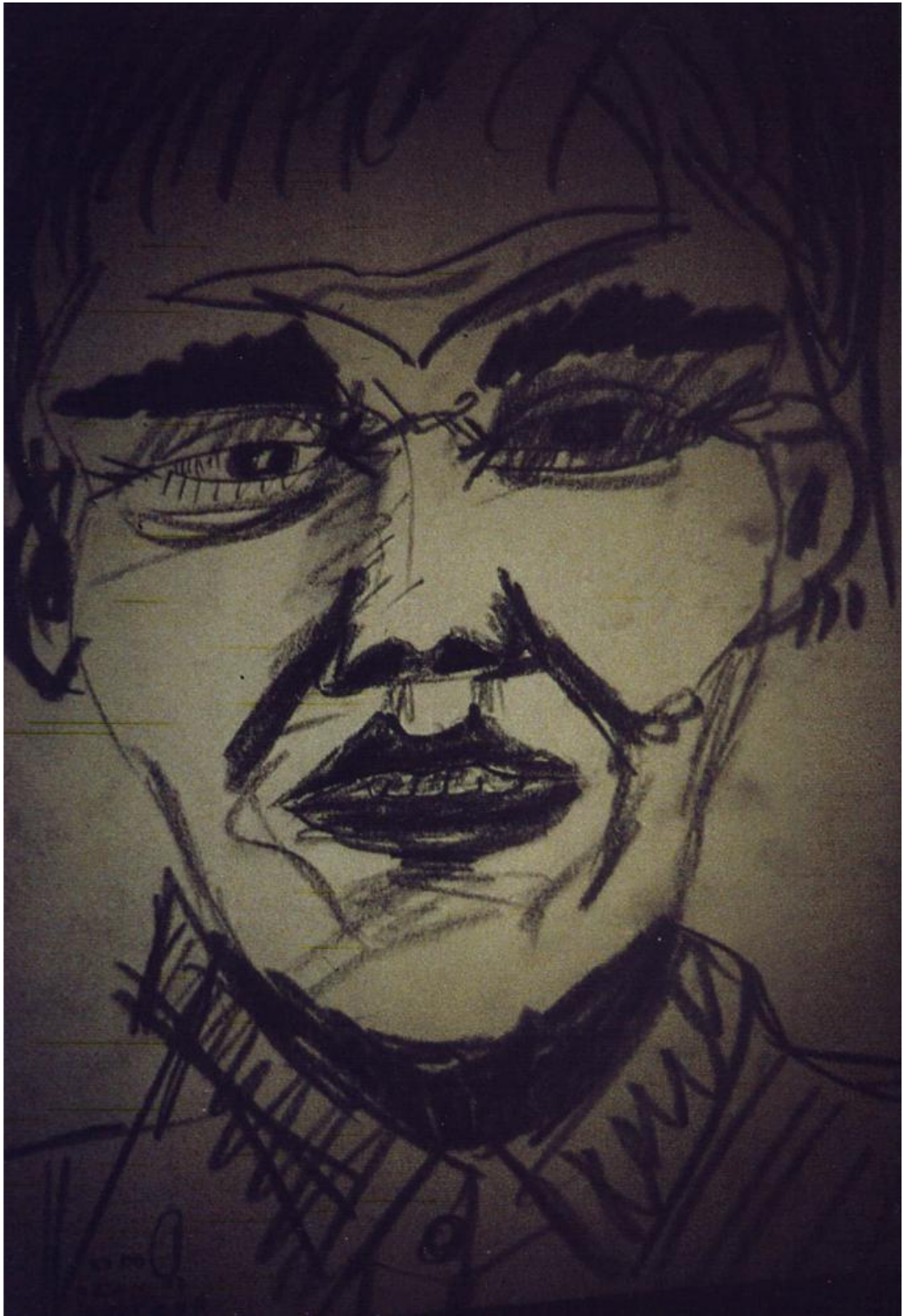
Self portrait

A Spy of his own mind,
that's an artist.

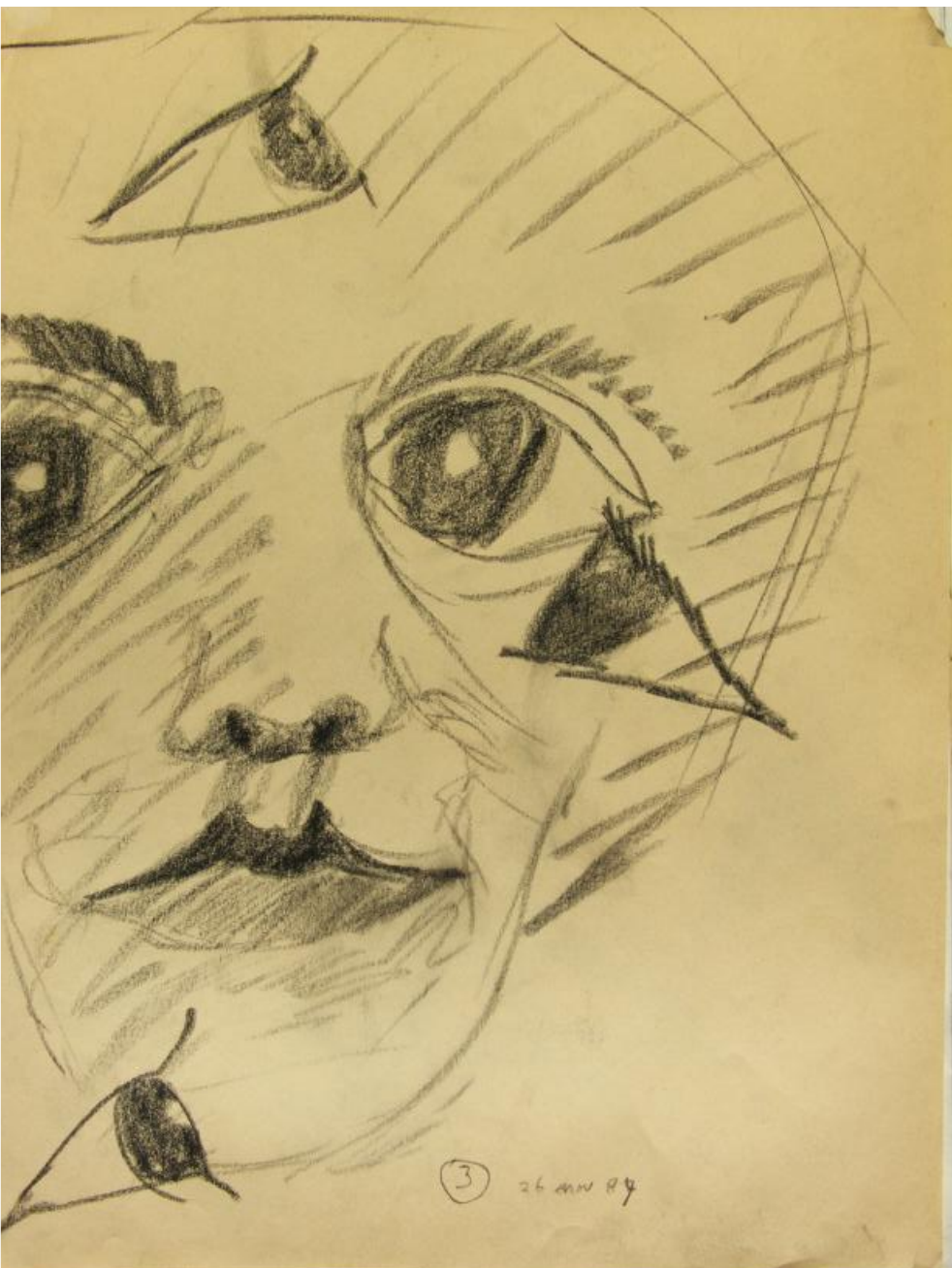


Aunt Ann





*My Father talks
Peace*



My Mother

Crying Child

LostControl

I have lost all the control
and I am wandering over the street.
Just like a little child,
who is looking for his mother.

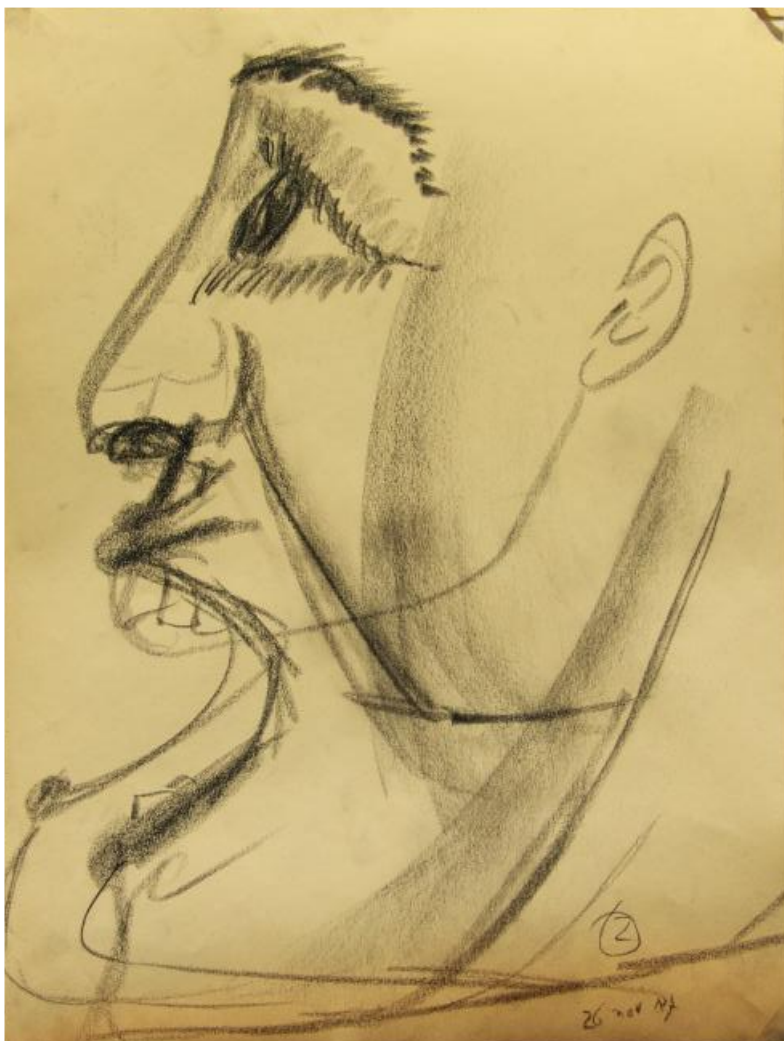
But he has lost every track of her.
He really seriously doubts,
whether she ever was there.
He even stops thinking,
there ever was one for him.

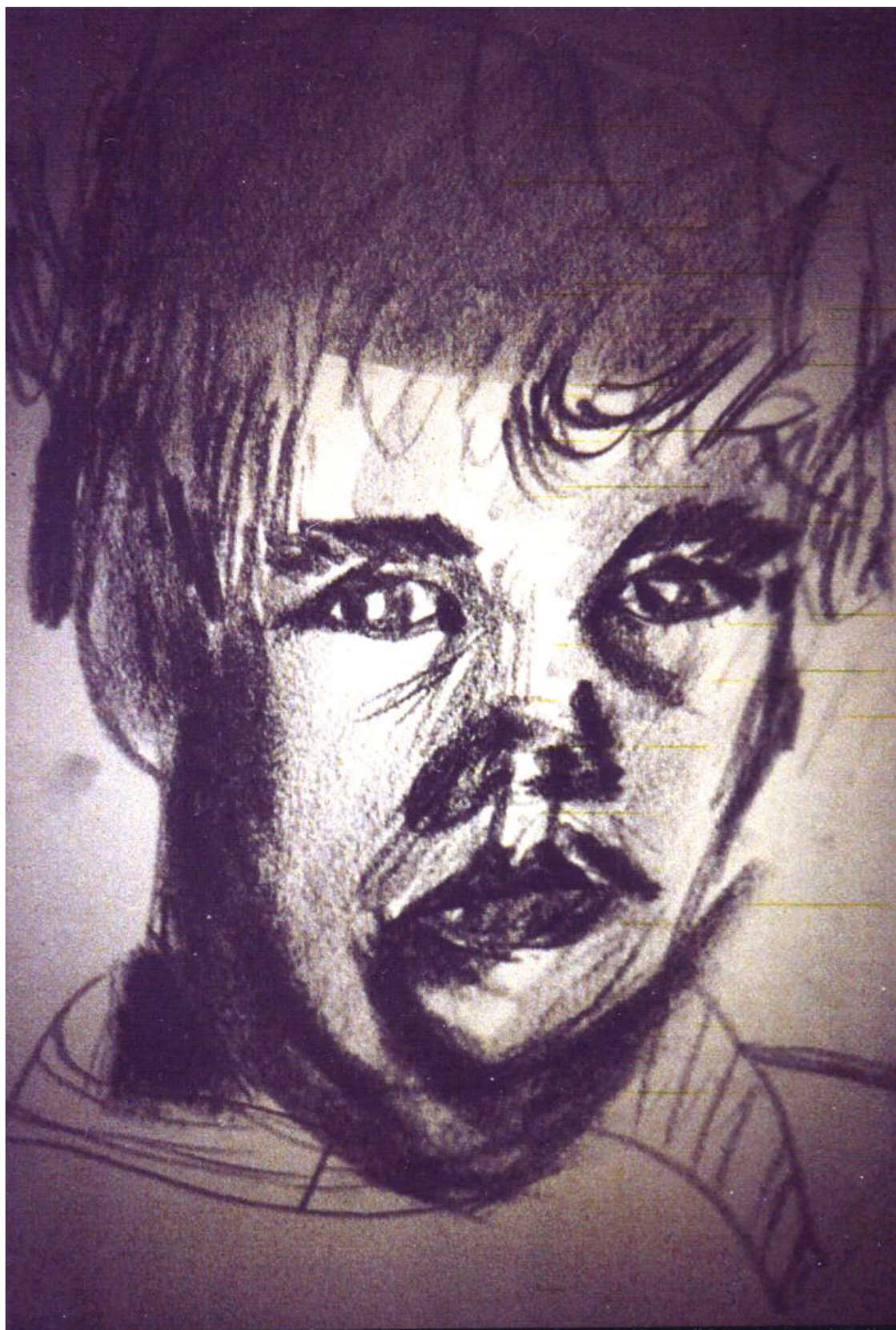
He is in really panic now.
He turns and looks around.
He sees someone coming,
with a cap over her hair.

He tries to call her,
but she turns away,
and when he reaches her,
She looks back at him.
She opens the cap off her hair,
and it's a skull.
with no eyes at all.
It's a cold bold looking skull.
with no eyes at all.

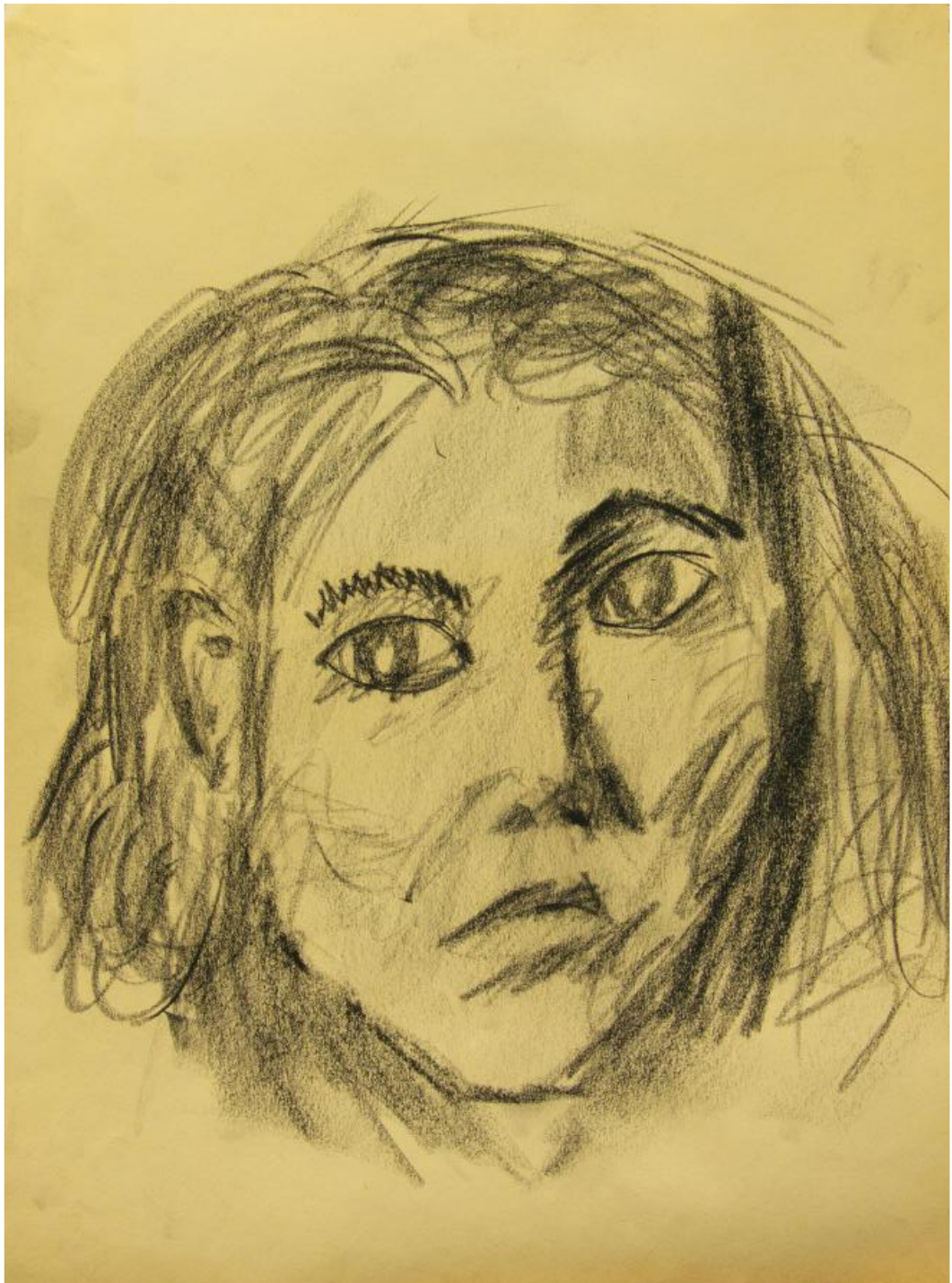
And it hunts him
hunts him to far away.
And he runs, runs, runs,
runs as far as he can,
till he falls in a hole,
just like a trap,
with bars around.

So I have lost control,
and are walking over the street,
still looking for some warmth,
and a little console
of you.





*Self portrait
Porky*



Elisabeth

Peter
Father of Mijanou





Tineke
Mother of Mijanou

Bottom of the Ocean

I am so deeply depressed
I am so lonely now
I am at the bottom of the ocean
and I am still not dead.

How far wil it go
How long will it be
before I give my last breath

I guess it will be oceans
full of years
deprived of anything but fatal fears.

How far wil it go
How long will it be
before I give my last breath

It will be endless
endless repeations of
endless repeations of
hollow days.

It will full those oceans with
these endless years.

I will keep moving,
till the very last edge
I will keep moving,
even if my feet don't walk again.
I will keep moving,
till I am completely deaf.
I will keep moving,
Even if my eyeballs drop out
I will keep moving,
Till my last livercell excrements.
I will keep moving,
Till the patchwork explodes.

I am so deeply depressed
I am so lonely now
I am at the bottom of the ocean
and I am still not dead.

How far wil it go,
How long will it be,
before I give my last breath.

Is this anything at all,
Is this anything that makes,
sense at all,
at all, at all, at all.

It will be endless
endless repeations of
endless repeations of
hollow days.

It's just a point of time
and I am still not dead.
still not dead.
not dead.



Cyclope Mirror



Einstein without Girlfriend

Death, who chooses

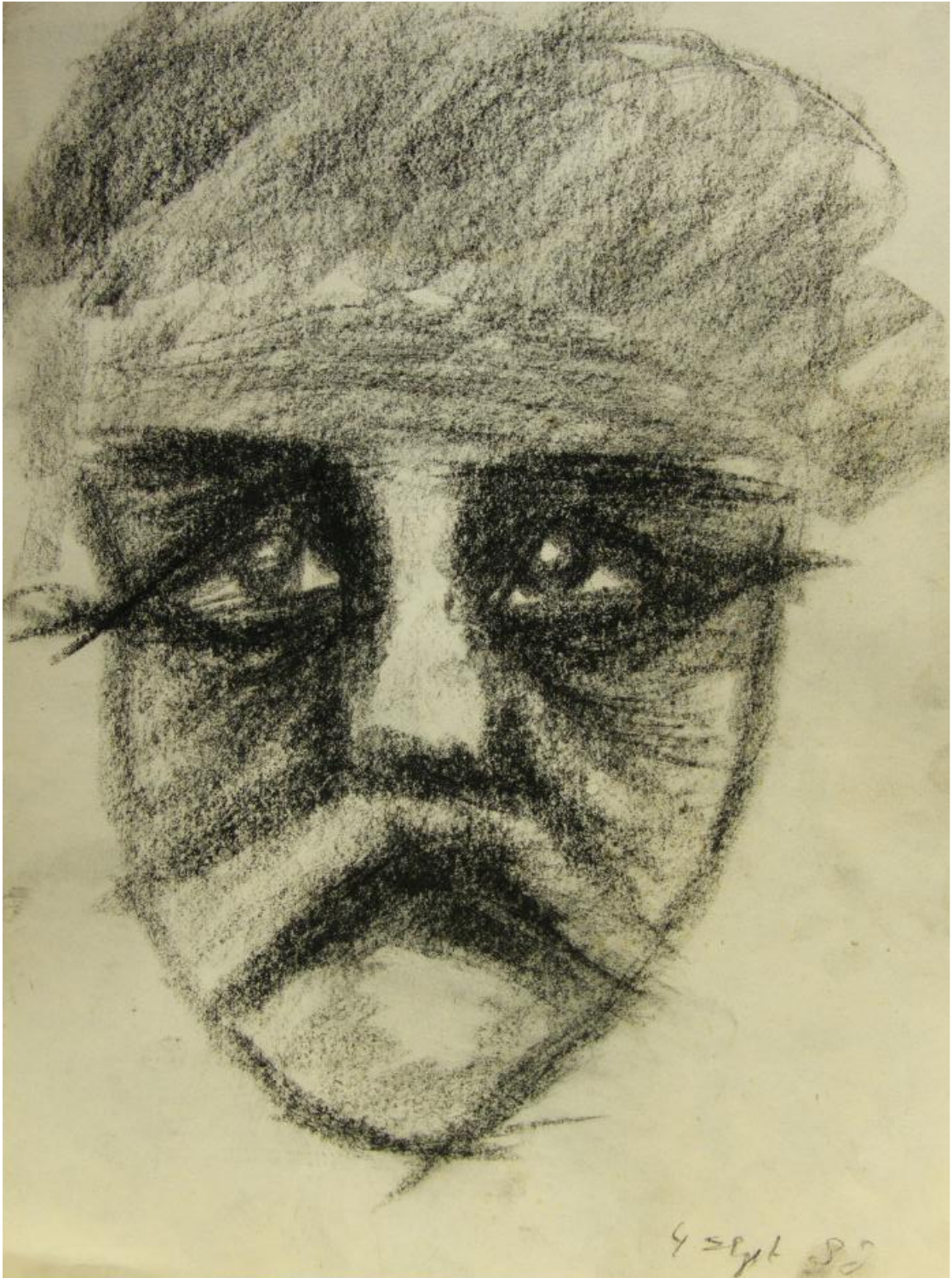
It's Death, who chooses
"you"
and he points to the person
next of you.

You nod polite,
Thank God for the salvation,

Horrified,
see him be dissected.

He clings to the doctors
for a fair chance,
finally he has accepted.

Slowly the class is cleared,
place after place,
No Escape
just spare time.



Han