

RAW MEAT

During a trip to Amsterdam I observed a butchers shop surreal to the real world. The meat for sale was displayed in large windows lit by a red light. The animal carcasses wore lingerie and the highest stilettos one could imagine. The butcher himself was nowhere to be seen. Raw meat was up for sale, long past it's sell by date. No shortage of takers.

This series is a provocative depiction of prostitutes as they pose in shop windows in the red light district of Amsterdam. The figure portrayed in the drawing 'The Innocent Whore' sat seductively in a chair, right leg crossed over her left, which reminded me of the famous Sharon Stone pose in the film 'basic Instinct'.

The drawing 'Lady Muck From Shit Farm' depicts the raw meat which is up for sale. The meat gets older but remains the same, and reaches it's sell by date prematurely. The butcher counts his blessings, whilst the punter remains the identical brother of the previous carnivore. I am a vegetarian.

The models stand full frontal, showing no emotion, only moving in an attempt to entice the dead meat of the next punter. The semi-naked figures resemble the performance artist's Gilbert and George, as the prostitutes occasionally change their positions in the window with subtle movement.

The window is my view finder which creates a life drawing class abnormal to any Art college in the real world.

This isn't the real world.

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God the first garden made, and the first city Cain

The child was allowed to play in the garden
She saw many wonders
She liked the poisonous flowers best
They sting at first
But bring the glad pain she longs for

This is a magic garden
Grown ups with tired eyes play here
Eating strange fruits and touching wild flowers
Only good children are allowed inside
Beautiful boys, fresh girls

Welcome to./com
www. Where Tokyo cartoon sex puppy
/ suck wet pap
/ oyster eyes laugh and weep
/ pores seethe with sweat

We have found the gate to the garden
We can touch what is evil
We are sick but cannot look away
Nor shut our ears to the slash dot commentary
Of screaming corruption

With each new spring new shoots appear
New minds to be nurtured
Then allowed to rot
Our roots are fed with poison
And our land is a desert

Il faut cultiver notre jardin

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