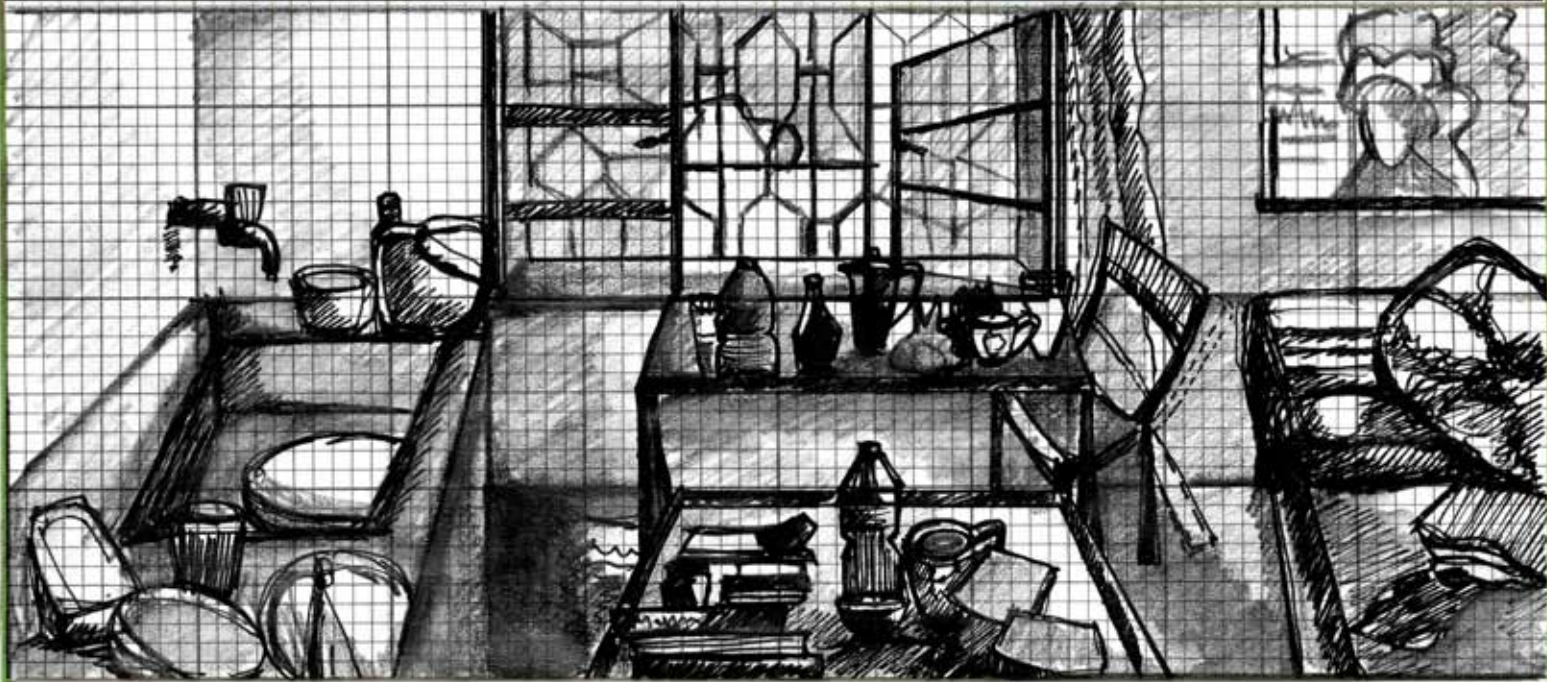
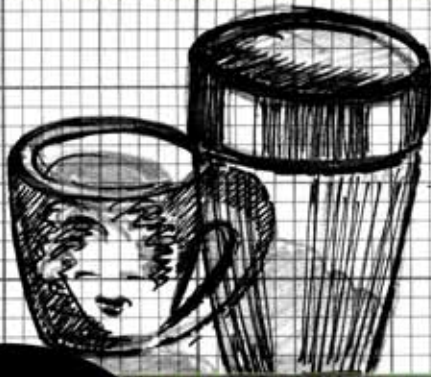


Flaneuse wants Bitter Coffee



Sketched above is my (messy) room. I am not there.



That is a Close Up of the mug and the jar. On a day like this a black shot pulls me out of momentary death.

My job is to follow my routine every day. I take an 'auto' to the South City Mall.

It's an auto-erotic drive to the land of high consumption.



A still from 'Spring in the Colony' and I am there.