Let's Panic

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Extra Sexy Bare-Chested Centerfold

Phoenix Family

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Inevitably there is a likeness. I squint and see blurred shapes of light and dark trying to eradicate my idea of a face, the impulse to put down what the mind may think it sees, and really start to paint what I see.

Measuring out the distance from the nose to the Crown of the head and back down to the chin, it is an optical illusion that they are roughly the same distance.

I arrange myself on the ground, beneath the person, I am most comfortable painting on the floor, looking up at my subject.

It is in that small measurement between the iris and the curve of the eyelid where you'll find them.

If this little point is exact, you're in.

We stay together until it's complete, time stops, the drawing is becoming my, during you, trying to keep my eye on your interior world, my will extends to the outside. I say “please find a place to turn beyond my head so that when we break your gaze you can go back there.”