Tutu-Style Ballet Flats
And Combat Boots

Speaking of Julie—sometimes she's a real know-it-all! Like a true daughter of Mr. Smarty Pants!
Violet, pink or brown, we will return.
For her own personal hygiene, she swears exclusively by BS. And blotters. Blue, in art. Yellow, for your everyday underarm routine. In a recyclable tube. Ha ha! Ha ha!
This is nonsense: it's a tommyrot, but it also provides the conditions for the emergence of a certain kind of gibberish. The brand name of her deodorant is Abraxas. A framework that gives shape to language—that is the palate, the jaw, and the cheeks.
With the eye of Horus or the shape of Mr. Natural.

Her ass is a cannonball-shaped bollard, serving as a metonym for a baby head stuck in her womb. And I'm polite—J. is as stubborn as an ass! "You trash my neck, messing with it and I'll wash our socks!" I said to her.

What happens after the scene: we become very lazy.

Heavily road-tested her repertoire on stage, steered by an electro-punk producer... Or a noise rock.
By the way... well, allow me to introduce myself. The omniscient narrator. That's a joke; I'm not.

Well, I wasn't even plugged in or in the loop—and she snaps back at me, just like that! Haphazard, messy industrial development—oh my!

What's new with the big two-Boo?

Every other syllable is removed—one crushed beneath a sterile Velpeau® bandage, the other hung on a bathroom petty peg alongside your mother's undergarments!
One of the two "o"s has been removed. Textual ablation...

Here is your mom's single breast, hooked!

By "2B," I mean the "bourgeois-bohemians"—or, in short, virtually all the pyrotechnicians of the art world.

Julie has a hobo-grunge style.

Once again, she glances—trying not to make it obvious—up toward the spot where he will be, on the lighting gantry.

I loathe all those "boobs"—those candies that land and explode like spotlights on a post-punk stage, in the form of colorful Smarties! Colorful Smarties scattered under a spotlight!
Addictive milk-based treats in a tube, shaped like small, colorful candies...

A spotlight in a straitjacket?

Ask me a question about the tube containing these flattened, colored spheroids, which are currently at rest. Blue, Green, Orange or Yellow. As promised, it's a come back! It's the best part of it.

Red and Purple, or the indigo. Dildo or not...

Between the two cheeks, the crack of her ass grants me a smile—as wide as the Cheshire Cat's.

Yell or stay quiet.