

PHOTOGRAPHY

HEAVEN TO HELL

By David LaChapelle (Taschen). RRP £34.99

★★★★★

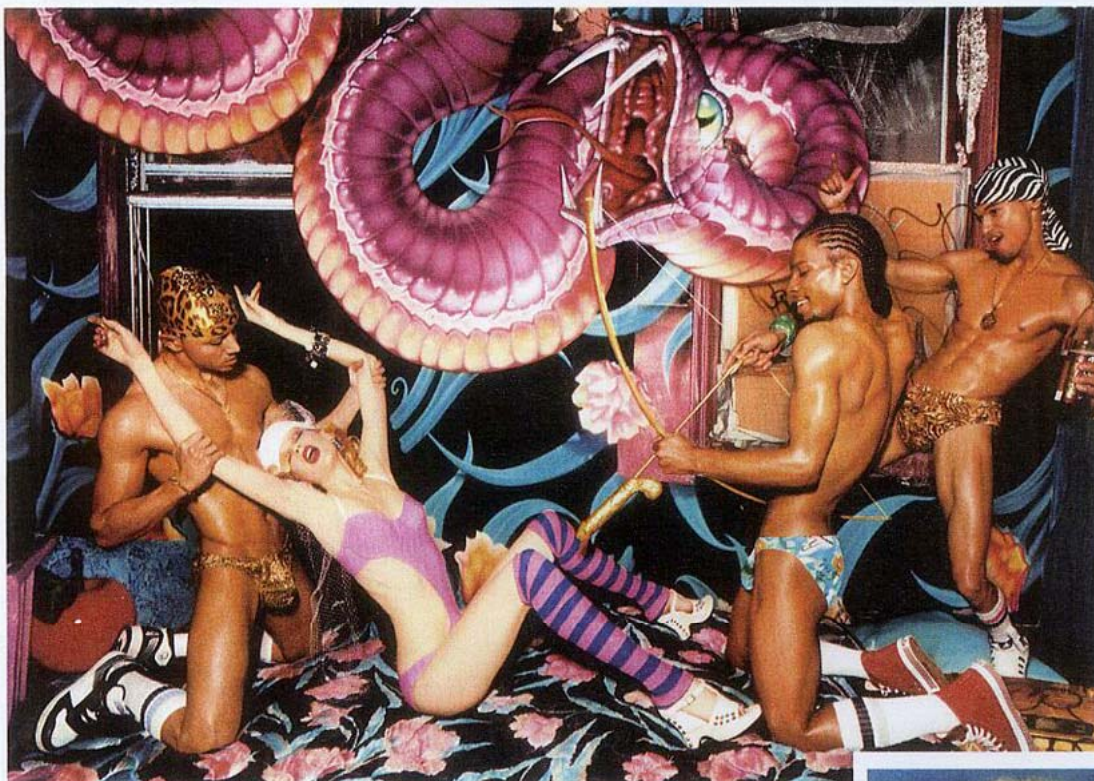
NOTTER THAN A ROASTED WHORE!

WHO needs decadence? The London fashion media? Stroll on, sweethearts, and **don't** make me laugh! Mostly female, these plodding, deeply unimaginative cunts wouldn't know absinthe from an Aga, or buggery from a Babygro! Forget chic depravity – decadence **today** conjures up images of superannuated old tossers pouring brandy on their breakfast cereal. I should know – I was shagging one

lation, sticks its filthy fingers in **every** pie imaginable! I mean, check out the internet - even butt-fucking pigs is passé, so why not airbrush disasters a la Warhol and sex them up?

Which is what 'Heaven To Hell' does in **spades**. You want snapshots? Feast on these: There's Amanda Lepore peeing in a luscious pink arc from a vaginal syringe, a plane crash lovingly overseen by two babes ready to **spread** on a beauty parlour gyno couch, a dyke twosome with the butch writhing ecstatically in a pink, pig-faced, bloody fat suit, and Warhol's Liz Taylor recast as that 21st century Marilyn, the inescapable Ms. Lepore!

And my personal favourite? Undoubtedly, Pammy Anderson joyously beating her dumb, male fuck **bloody** with a base-



for years, but mercifully had the sense to sandwich the twat in **between** the chicks I was screwing! But I wouldn't recommend sex with an emotional psychopath on a **regular** basis, though; one **lick** of that predatory, brain-dead dick sent me to the psycho ward, screaming for an instant antidote of juicy pussy, whose **other** mouth could be bothered to talk back, unlike Monsieur's! Which brings us beautifully to the **new** decadence, which I'll call X-Treem Kix©, epitomised by David La Chapelle, the patron saint of violation! Fuck morality or any backdated taboos – they simply spoil the party. If decadence depended on outraging **pedestrian** proprieties, X-Treem Kicks, an art sensibility freed up by digital manipu-

ball bat! Now **that**, my dears, is art, the gore dappled as fetchingly as Murano glass, but I'm equally ravished by the flab-by scumbag simply **festooned** with open sores that perfectly match his bedspread! Totally indifferent to bad taste, just like Bush and Blair, those amoral, **genocide junkies** par excellence, La Chapelle's the ideal artist for a morally bankrupt century. Long may he reign!

