

Carlo Bizzozero

UNLOCKING - english version

HSLU – Design Film Kunst
3. BA Kunst und Vermittlung

What is there to see here?

The view through keyholes, behind old wallpaper, the erotic, romance, but also painful experiences of love are described in various texts. This work shows the queer perspective on these topics, uncensored, unembellished and very explicit. Not adapted, not romanticized and not uncritically, I tried to describe in texts what for many LGBTQIA+ people is one of diverse realities. Embedded in a universal core, the texts report on shame, internalized fear and escape into ecstasy. Although social situations, especially for gay men and lesbians, have developed significantly for the better, the fear of exclusion, the feeling of being different or even the fear of violence is still a sad reality. Not everything is as it seems and behind the façade lies the truth. Different realities, yours, mine and ours, there is a thread that connects everything. This work is not intended to lock up, but to unlock.



Natural juices / 2023

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

Natural juices

It flows out of all the pores and cells of my body, a fascinating little world of scents and consistencies. I let my urine run in the shower now and then. It's convenient to run everything in one place and get clean at the same time. Sometimes I also taste my sperm after masturbating; I have to know what it tastes like. Is it sweet or bitter? If my secretions don't taste good to me, how can I expect other people to taste them? Every now and then I run my fingers through my armpit hair and smell it. I wouldn't say that a man's armpits are my first target, but depending on the occasion, I make a stop there in my exploration and lick over it briefly with my tongue. Scents and fluids, sometimes they make me so horny that I just can't help but become a sow. Why should that be disgusting, if the aroma of the other person is really delicious, then I enjoy everything. Not a drop is wasted and I take it all in. I met this one guy; he's hairy, all over. On his chest, neck, thick tufts of hair, growing everywhere and he has a real full beard. When we had sex, I really went wild there and smelled it. He didn't stink; his skin and hair were clean and neat. I smelled a combination of lavender and black cumin oil. I'm sure that keeps his hair smooth and shiny. Unfortunately, when he came, I was too slow, and his semen landed on his chest and stomach. That was a good load of cum and I started sucking it all up from body with my mouth and tongue. No, not a drop is wasted and all is consumed with pleasure.

After that I go shower, alone, because to wash me is the so-called me-time I need. And not everyone needs to know that I like to pee in the shower.

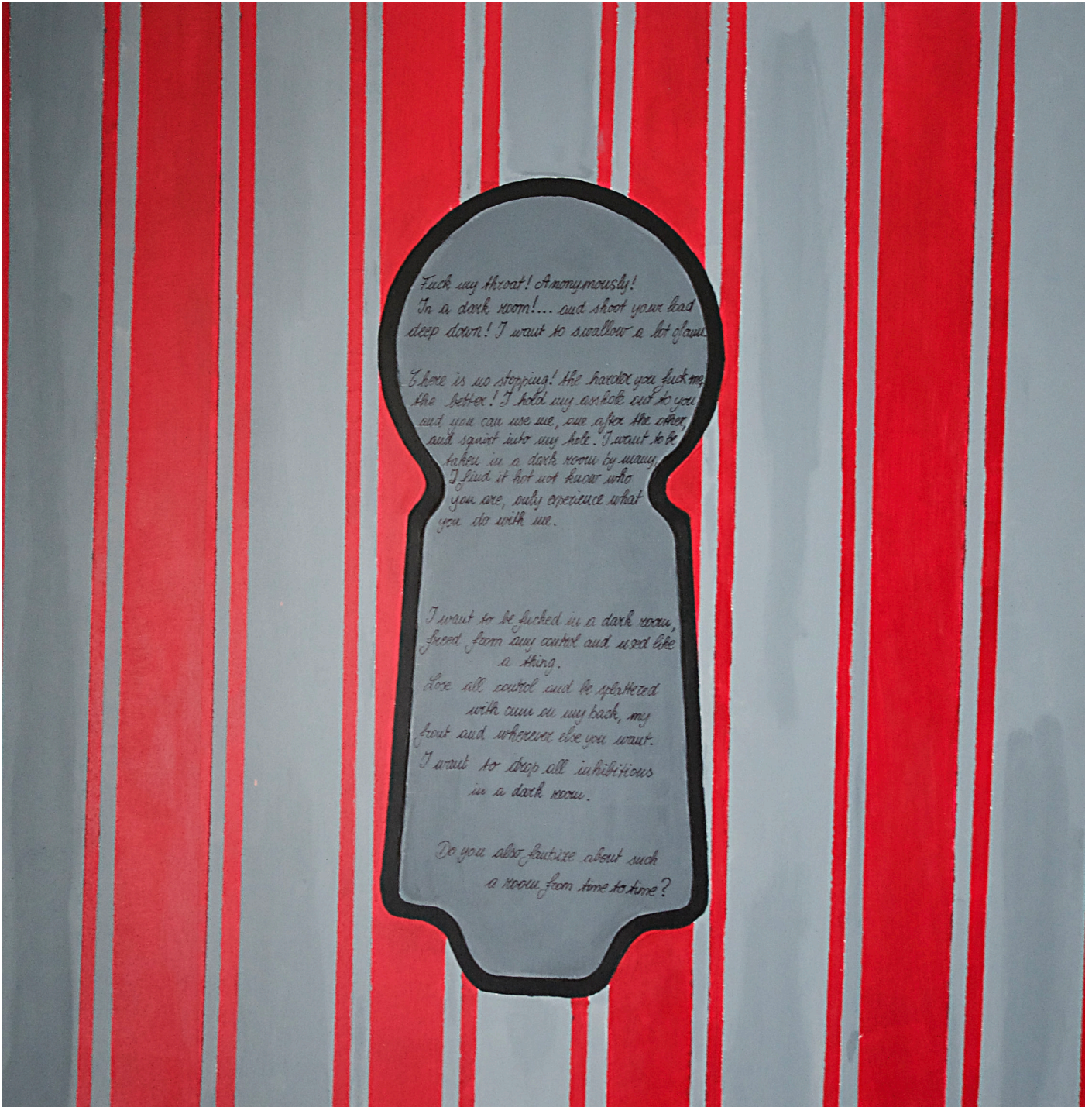


By the river / 2023
Acrylic on wood
70 x 70 cm

By the river

It was a hot summer afternoon and I was lying with my beloved on the stony bank of a river. For hours we sat there and let the sun warm us, with only a short cool down in the water. A family with children, very close to the shore, kept us from taking off our swimming shorts. Again and again I looked over at my beloved, gazing at his sinewy hands and strong arms, his chest with its pink nipples, and his belly, where his pubes curled up to his navel, along his long and hairy legs that shone golden in the sun. At the sight of him, I felt a stirring in my swim shorts. As the sun slowly sank into the horizon, the family left and soon we were alone, except for swimmers on the other shore who had lit a campfire. Since it was finally dark enough to be naked without shame, I stood up and took off my swim shorts. I looked pertly at my handsome, who grinned and examined me from bottom to top. I slowly stepped into the gentle current and laid down in the cooling water. The current felt very pleasant in my crack and my penis stiffened. When I got out of the water and walked towards the shore, I had a slight erection and to my delight, my beloved was already naked and playing with his cock. Without drying myself, I bent down to him and kissed him on his soft lips, with my hand I squeezed his already wet cock. I slid down and licked his precum dripping from his cock with excitement and pleasure. Slowly I began to take the cock in my mouth and suck it devotedly. After I had made him really wet, I began to rub my asshole against his cock; first he stuck his middle finger, moistened with spit, into me. My moans excited him. While we kissed, he began to slowly push his cock inside. This was followed by various rounds of anal sex. Eventually I was on all fours and our moans

were so loud, that the swimmers on the other shore could have heard us, but we didn't care. He squirted his cum on my hole and I turned around to lick the remaining cum off his cock. While I sucked his cock and sucked the last sweet tasting drop of juice from him, I satisfied myself with my hand. After my climax, we went into the river together to wash off our juices. There is nothing better, than going to the river in summer.



In a dark room / 2023

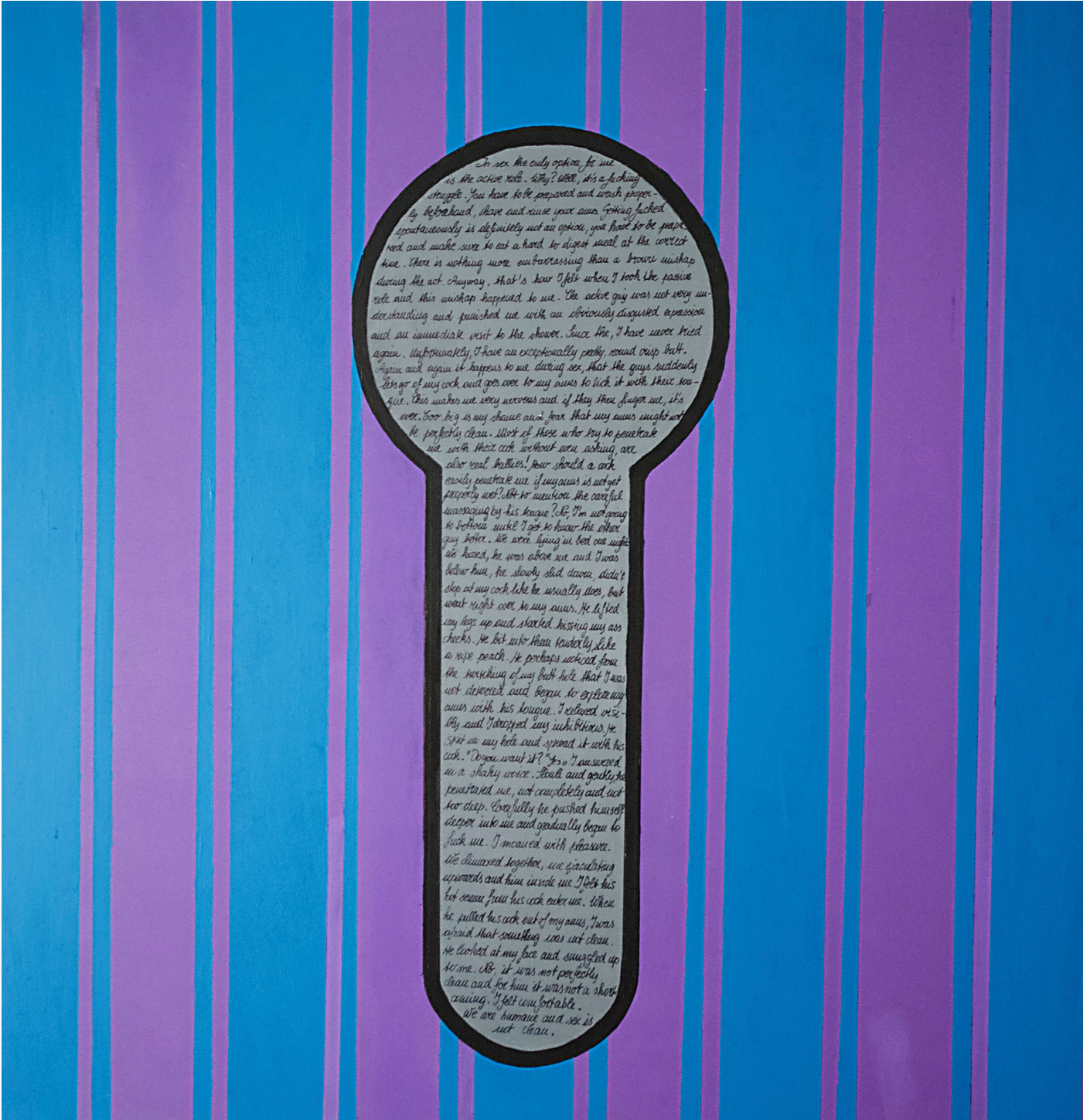
Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

In a dark room

Fuck my throat! Anonymously! In a dark room! ...and shoot your load deep down! I want to swallow a lot of cum. You're welcome to bring a guy or two who do the same, I love bathing my body in cum. There is no stopping! The harder you fuck me, the better! I hold my asshole out to you and you can use me, one after the other, and squirt into my hole. I want to be taken in a dark room by many, I find it hot not to know who you are, only experience what you do with me. I want to be fucked in a dark room, freed from any control and used like a thing. Lose all control and be splattered with cum on my back, my front and wherever else you want. I want to drop all inhibitions in a dark room.

Do you also fantasize about such a room from time to time?



Sex is not clean / 2023

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

Sex is not clean

In sex the only option for me is the active role. Why? Well, it's a fucking struggle. You have to be prepared and wash properly beforehand, shave and rinse your anus. Getting fucked spontaneously is definitely not an option, you have to be prepared and make sure to eat a hard to digest meal at the correct time. There is nothing more embarrassing than a brown mishap during the act. Anyway, that's how I felt when I took the passive role and this mishap happened to me. The active guy was not very understanding and punished me with an obviously disgusted expression and an immediate visit to the shower. Since then, I have never tried again. Unfortunately, I have an exceptionally pretty, round and crisp butt. Again and again it happens to me during sex, that the guys suddenly lets go of my cock and goes over to my anus to lick it with their tongue. This makes me very nervous and if they then finger me, it's over. Too big is my shame and fear that my anus might not be perfectly clean. Most of those who try to penetrate me with their cock without even asking, are also real bullies! How should a cock easily penetrate me if my anus is not yet properly wet? Not to mention the careful massaging by his tongue? No, I'm not going to bottom until I get to know the other guy better. We were lying in bed one night. We kissed, he was above me and I was below him, he slowly slid down, didn't stop at my cock like he usually does, but went right over to my anus. He lifted my legs up and started kissing my ass cheeks. He bit into them tenderly, like a ripe peach. He perhaps noticed from the twitching of my butt hole that I was nervous but was not deterred and began to explore my anus with his tongue. I relaxed visibly and I dropped my inhibitions. He spit on my hole and spread

it with his cock. „Do you want it?“ „Yes“ I answered in a shaky voice. Slowly and gently, he penetrated me, not completely and not too deep. Carefully he pushed himself deeper into me and gradually began to fuck me. He looked at me while doing this and held my spread legs out with his strong arms. Faster and faster, deeper and harder he began to fuck me. Still, he looked at me while doing so. I moaned with pleasure, enjoyed the trust and surrendered to the excitement. Seeing me like this pleased him. We climaxed together, me ejaculating upwards and him inside me. I felt his hot semen from his cock enter me. When he pulled his cock out of my anus, I was afraid that something was not clean. He looked at me, looked at my face and snuggled up to me. No, it was not perfectly clean and for him it was not a shortcoming. I felt comfortable. We are human and sex is not clean.



Ouch / 2023

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

Ouch

Ouch, please don't! Ouch, please let me. Ouch, more than my body hurts. Ouch, why are you suddenly so angry. Ouch, I can't fight back.

Ouch, I'm completely frozen.

Ouch, what was sweet at first is now bitter. Ouch, don't do this to me.

Ouch, you told me you would never hurt me. Ouch, why do I feel like an object?

Ouch, why are your hands suddenly so cold?

Ouch, why are you doing that?

Ouch, that hurts so much.

Ouch, our bed is not a nice place anymore. Ouch, I feel so empty. Ouch, I don't feel any love.

Ouch, I don't feel anything anymore.

Ouch, your breath coming from behind my ear.

Ouch, the creaking and squeaking of the bed. Ouch, it feels like an eternity.

Ouch, stop it, be nice to me again.

Ouch, it's over.

Ouch, I'm lying there.

Ouch, you're gone.

Ouch, I'm alone.

Ouch, tears coming and wetting my face.

Ouch, why did you do that? Ouch, was it my fault?

Ouch, it's my fault.

Ouch, how stupid I am.

Ouch, I'm not worth anything.

Ouch, who will believe me?

Ouch, it hurts so much.

Ouch, there's a deep hole in my heart. Ouch, I want it to stop. Ouch, will you come back?

Ouch, and still I love you. Ouch.



In a frenzy / 2023
 Acrylic on wood
 70 x 70 cm

In a frenzy

It's always the same procedure, you send a "Hi" a "What are you looking for?" or a "Do you have pics?" And that's just for a larger or smaller piece of bloody meat that might still be found at the end of the world. If you're lucky, you'll meet someone who actually looks like his photos. If you're unlucky, all you can hope for is the happy end, but without edging please. For the most part, sex is as boring as the whole checking off the list of things you actually like in sex before meeting: Top or bottom? Circumcised or not? Dick length? Poppers? I had already given up hope of an exciting date, when one day someone messaged me who seemed interesting. A porn actor in a little-known production company. Normally he doesn't meet with guys outside of his job, what for? But he found me interesting. When I visited him in a small rancid corner in Zurich, he already opened the apartment to me in his underwear. So, I stripped down to my underwear and sat on his couch. He was polite and offered me something to drink. „Do you want an energy drink? Are you hungry? Do you like Crystal?“ „Crystal - as in meth?“ „Yes?“ was the answer. I was a bit surprised after all, so far, I only had experience with the consumption of marijuana or poppers. I asked about the effects, because of all the horror stories. He managed to convince me that this would be the sexiest experience and it is quite normal in his business to increase the desire with drugs. Convinced. He was right, I never felt so horny. Everything...was so... more intense. He gave me a line of cocaine, that would delay the rush. A pill of Viagra, so that our cocks would remain hard for so long. I fucked him for hours. Horny and deep! I spanked his ass red and redder. We changed positions and he fucked me too. Two hours later: A cigarette

break. Afterwards, viagra-hardened cocks are sucked like the cigarettes before. Another line of coke and off to the next round. I had no sense of time anymore and I suddenly didn't feel well. Wow, I sank into the sheets and had the feeling of sinking deeper and deeper. I had no more control, my body began to twitch. My gaze wandered to the ceiling... Wow. „Are you okay?“ Wow. „Fuck!“ He took me in his arms and started whispering soothing words in my ears. Wow, he made me cry. He continued to speak soothing words and held me even tighter in his arms. Wow, I wish someone would hold me more often. Wow, I wish someone would be there more often and speak soothing words to me. Wow, now I had a crying fit. Wow, the next morning.

A boy is sitting on a stone wall in a corner of the playground near the front door. He is not like everyone else in the school. He is not in a clique, he sits alone and waits. The school grounds and the sports field are places he stays away from. The boy looks down at his feet for 10 minutes, his hands are hidden in his trouser pockets, his hair is long and covers his face like a curtain. He is wearing an oversized sweater. His posture is bad. The boy is around 12 years old, his face is covered in acne, but that's nothing unusual at that age. No, I don't think that's why this boy is sitting there alone. He looks sad and keeps glancing at the big clock for a moment. There are groups of girls and boys everywhere. The bounce of a basketball can be heard and loud shouts of "Give into me! Give into me!" The girls giggle and laugh, sometimes looking over at the boy and giggling even more. Why is this boy there all alone and not part of a group or playing basketball with the boys? He sits there all by himself, curled up, waiting for the clock to ring at the end of the big break, Ding Dong, He straightens up, but doesn't take his hands out of his trouser pockets. Suddenly it becomes clear that he is a tall boy, a very thin boy; the oversized clothes make him look even thinner. He has dark blond hair and fine features; he is pale. That boy is me, or rather, that was me, and the memories of that time at school, of waiting at breaktime and other experiences are sometimes painful, because they remind me why there are still situations now and then, in which I feel like I did when I avoided places, when certain people frightened me and the quiet voice in my head wants to warn me, whether there is real or imagined danger. Being a teenager is a scary and difficult time for everyone, there is no exception. You always want to belong. Why wasn't I in any clique and sat there alone, every big break? Because there was something about me that was different, something that meant I couldn't just belong and wanted to hide myself away every day. I still have the reflexes and strategies of the boy from back then. For example, when I'm walking down a street and I see a group getting closer and closer, I forget to breathe, one step closer, I tell myself that everything is fine, one step closer, my hands get sweaty, one more step and I hear laughter... I automatically think of the playground back then, when the other teenagers laughed too, I didn't imagine their laughter like I do today, this laughter was directed at me. One more step, I change sides of the road and am completely out of breath. The quiet voice in my head, which

even today as an adult reminds me of my time in the school playground, some call it a victim mentality. Today I don't see myself as a victim, but the fact that I was a victim accompanies me every day and accepting and understanding this is not a shame or a call for attention, no, it is a truth that I am trying to unlock here.

why in the morning I heard my alarm clock ring, as usual I turned over and closed my eyes again. At some point I hear my mother calling, I pull the blanket over my head again. Becoming invisible was the best strategy. My pimples on my nose weren't the problem, because with a pimple you can't otherwise notice. I wasn't worried about my face and seek behind oversized clothing, long hair that covered my face and peace, where I smoked and scribbled was the school freak, not cool one, about my sexual orientation behind directly. Faggot or fairy were still I had suddenly turned into a real joke. I was immediately called and didn't know what exactly it was, but somehow the person staring back at me. In all kinds of spots to point my finger at. There, that's it! So that's skin covered in acne, relatively long dark blonde hair that's what it had to be. Delicate features, a voice to speak louder. Some deliberately asked me if I was boy or girl or what people imagine a girl that, but one thing was clear, a boy is like this and a girl in sports, by other students and by teachers. I said to me. Oh, how great! I'll be cured then... I'm sick, I walked past a group and heard them giggling. By now time it really pissed me off. Outside the classroom, I sat down. Finally, I heard my classmates arrive and form into their usual boys, we on the stairs. Shortly before the summer break, we didn't know what to do with us on the last day of school, why to go up to the blackboard and for that people would stagger and fear that my voice would be commented on or that I ever, was called Billy Elliot, which tells the story of a boy and I panicked and thought about going to the toilet. and the word faggot was mentioned several times. unsuccessful looks and shrink grimaces on their faces. The word faggot and my name were it was the scene where Billy's father found out that brother asked him if he was a faggot. Oh, he wasn't, finally be left alone and just up in my eyes, but I was gay? All eyes were on me as body was numb and everything. It was the day I came out, after that, but I felt that I was insults, because I knew that I was were making it a problem.

Enough / 2024
 Acrylic on wood
 70 x 70 cm

Early in the morning I heard my alarm clock ring, as usual I turned over and closed my eyes again. At some point I hear my mother calling. I pull the blanket over my head again. Becoming invisible was the best strategy. My pimple on my nose wasn't the problem, because with a pimple you could hold your own at school if you were at least otherwise normal. I wasn't normal and even my elaborate game of hide and seek behind oversized clothes, long hair that covered my face and seeking out places where I could be alone to be left in peace, where I smoked and scribbled little texts on the wall, didn't help. Even before I came out, I was the school freak, not the cool one, but the weird one, the strange one and people liked to talk about my sexual orientation behind closed doors, but sometimes it was also communicated very directly. Faggot or fairy were still the most harmless words. When the two or three pimples I had suddenly turned into a real garden of acne, an additional term came into use. I was immediately called an ugly faggot, I actually felt ugly, I often looked in the mirror and didn't know what exactly it was, but somehow there was something strange about me. I hated the person staring back at me. In all kinds of reflective surfaces, I desperately searched for a spot to point my finger at. There, that's it! So that's it! But all I saw were big brown eyes, very pale skin covered in acne, relatively long dark blonde hair and a thin, tall body. Delicate, I was delicate, I think that's what it had to be. Delicate features, a voice that sounded like a whisper, because I was usually told to speak louder. Some deliberately asked me if I was a boy or a girl. I knew that it can't be okay for a boy to be like a girl or what people imagine a girl to be, I never thought in those categories or analyzed that, but one thing was clear, a boy is like this and a girl is like that. Quite simply. I was often called a sissy in sports, by other students and by teachers. I would become a man in the military, a teacher once said to me. Oh, how great! I'll be cured then ... I'm sick of it! Good morning, my ass... When I arrived at school, I walked past a group and heard them giggling. By now it had become a habit and I kept walking, but this time it really pissed me off. Outside the classroom, I sat down on the stairs for the last three minutes before the first lesson. Slowly, I heard my classmates arrive and form into their normal groups. The girls with the girls and the boys with the boys, me on the stairs. Shortly before the summer break, watching a movie was on the timetable because the teachers didn't know what to do with us on the last day of

school anyway. I felt safe in the darkened classroom, I didn't have to go up to the blackboard and fear that people would snigger at my gait or posture, I didn't have to read out loud and fear that my voice would be commented on or that I would be reprimanded for speaking quietly. The movie, however, was called Billy Elliot, which tells the story of a boy whose great passion is dancing. My mouth went dry and I panicked and thought about going to the toilet. During many scenes of the movie, people laughed, giggled and the word faggot was mentioned several times. Some people regularly turned to look at me with meaningful looks and stupid grins on their faces. The teacher interrupted the movie and wanted to know what was going on. The word faggot and my name were mumbled. I stared at the freeze frame of the movie; it was the scene where Billy's father found out that the boy was secretly taking dance lessons and his brother asked him if he was a faggot. No, he wasn't, Billy just wanted to dance and I just wanted to finally be left alone and just be myself and stop hiding. I stood up. Tears welled up in my eyes, but I was shaking with rage, enough was enough. Are you gay? All eyes were on me as I stood there like that; I couldn't feel anything, my body was numb and everything around me suddenly became strangely blurred. It was the day I came out, it was the day I decided to speak out. It didn't get any easier at school after that, but I felt that I was taking away the power of some insults, because I knew that I only had problems because others were making it a problem.

I never found I became interested in basketball, so not on the sports field, but in a boy at my school who tried to play basket-
 ball. Lukas was tall and very slim, had short brown hair and blue eyes that sometimes almost looked silver. When Lukas
 played basketball with the other boys after school, I loved to join the spectators from time to time. My heart leapt like the
 ball bouncing up and down on the floor. It wasn't movie actors or musicians, it was the boy next door, it was the
 boy with the beautiful lips who sometimes he saw a the winter
 garbage bag. The boy next door was often had a bloodshot eye or big bruises because his father
 hit him. You could regu- larly hear his father screaming and voices or big bruises because his father
 latching. Poor thing, I could hardly in- a gun that sounded like glass
 summer, when it go very hot, the boys took off their T-shirts Lukas, and he what? In
 had to be careful not to look too long, but each time I was probably look- ing for obviously and I
 picked out of the boys making a hand I couldn't get we in my direction. What's that
 boy doing here? Lukas also looked as me and her face had a
 strange expression that I couldn't interpret. There was no anger,
 or malice, just a questioning look. basketball was out from now on, that much was
 clear. I always walked to school alone; woodwork which took Lukas was taking, because
 we actually had to walk the same Maybe he left earlier? Good morning! It was Lukas!
 or we want to walk the route together? Yes, I'd love to, as soon as I said that I felt my-
 self turning red. Lukas was rather quiet and we hardly spoke to each other at first. I couldn't think
 early anyway, but a warm, pleasant feeling spread through me every time we walked to school
 rather. We soon spent a lot of time together in other ways too. During summer vacation, we went to the
 nearby outdoor pool. Lukas sat at the edge of the pool in his red swimming trunks with his feet in the water
 and looked at me while I did my laps. What was it with me and Lukas? We hardly ever saw
 each other at school and when he walked each other to find out about our friend-
 past me with his buddies, we ignored each ship and I accepted this game hide-and-
 other, we out of fear and he probably didn't separated from the boy I loved, but I also didn't
 ship. For me, it was more than just friend- counting out wasn't an issue when we met.
 ship. I had to, because I didn't want to be a relationship with a boy?
 not to lose the first friendship I found. and where am I supposed
 have to ask you something? have you you want to go and play basketball
 hadn't expected this question. No, I there in the evening, there are rarely
 find someone? Lukas looked at me said it was an insider tip. A little later, on
 the me? There's sports field back and we sat down on the ground and
 people there. With an even bigger Lukas took off his shirt and said down
 sports field, Lukas was the clear winner. A-sheets, brown skin and the hair that curled up to
 tried off the sweat with ev- at him. His know anything about sex and I was afraid of it, but I wanted to
 the ground and I looked ch, to taste it and just be with him. I love you, Lukas said to me.
 belly button. I didn't anything with a boy yet either! I buried my face in my hands; I was asha-
 feel that skin so mu- was saying couldn't be true. I felt Lukas hand touch my head and
 and I haven't done his other hand. My heart was pounding hard and with both hands
 ed. And what he closer and closer; I closed my eyes and then I felt his soft lips and
 with grabbed my cheeks and his face came suddenly everything became lighter. And every time we met that summer, everything became a little lighter, a little less scary
 with suddenly a little more normal. The summer was coming to an end, and I was looking forward to accompanying
 with Lukas to school again. But Lukas was suddenly gone. New people had moved into the house next door. The boy from next door was gone.

The boy next door / 2024
Acrylic on wood
70 x 70 cm

At some point I became interested in basketball, not in the sport itself, but in a boy at my school who liked to play basketball. Lukas was tall and very slim, had short brown hair and blue eyes that sometimes almost looked silver. When Lukas played basketball with the other boys after school, I dared to join the spectators from time to time. My heart leapt like the ball bouncing up and down on the floor. It wasn't movie actors or musicians, it was the boy next door, it was the boy with the beautiful lips who lived in my neighborhood, the boy who could sometimes be seen at the window or ran into me when I was taking out the garbage bag. The boy next door who often had a bloodshot eye or big bruises because his father hit him. You could regularly hear his father screaming and noises that sounded like glass shattering. Poor thing, I could hardly imagine why anyone would hit Lukas, and for what? In summer, when it got very hot, the boys often took off their T-shirts while playing basketball. I had to be careful not to look too long, but once I was probably looking too obviously and I noticed one of the boys making a hand gesture in my direction. What's that fag doing here? Lukas also looked at me and his face had a strange expression that I couldn't interpret. There was no anger, no malice, just a questioning look. Watching basketball was out from now on, that much was certain. I always walked to school alone; I often wondered which route Lukas was taking, because we actually had to walk the same route. Maybe he left earlier? Good morning! It was Lukas! Do we want to walk the route together? Yes, I'd love to, as soon as I said that, I felt myself turning red. Lukas was rather quiet and we hardly spoke to each other at first. I couldn't think clearly anyway, but a warm, pleasant feeling spread through me every time we walked to school together. We soon spent a lot of time together in other ways too. During summer vacation, we went to the nearby outdoor pool.

Lukas sat at the edge of the pool in his red swimming trunks with his feet in the water and looked at me while I did my laps. What was it with me and Lukas? We hardly ever saw each other at school and when he walked past me with his buddies, we ignored each other, me out of fear and he probably didn't want others to find out about our friendship. For me, it was more than just friendship and I accepted this game of hide-and-seek. I had to, because I didn't want to be separated from the boy I loved, but I also didn't want to lose the first friendship I found. My coming out wasn't an issue when we met. I have to ask

you something? Have you ever had a relationship with a boy? I hadn't expected this question. No, I replied, how and where am I supposed to find someone? Lukas looked at me and smiled: Do you want to go and play basketball with me? There's a sports field back there. Let's go there in the evening, there are rarely people there. With an even bigger smile; Lukas said it was an insider tip. A little later, on the sports field, Lukas was the clear winner and we sat down on the ground and dried off the sweat with our t-shirts, Lukas took off his shirt and laid down on the ground and I looked at him. His brown skin and the hair that curled up to his belly button. I didn't know anything about sex and I was afraid of it, but I wanted to feel that skin so much, to taste it and just be with him. I love you, Lukas said to me. And I haven't done anything with a boy yet either! I buried my face in my hands; I was ashamed. And what he was saying couldn't be true. I felt Luke's hand touch my head and pull my hands away with his other hand. My heart was pounding hard and with both hands he grabbed my cheeks and his face came closer and closer; I closed my eyes and then I felt his soft lips and suddenly everything became lighter. And every time we met that summer, everything became a little lighter, a little less scary, everything became suddenly a little more normal. The summer was coming to an end, and I was looking forward to accompanying Lukas to school again. But Lukas was suddenly gone. New people had moved into the house next door. The boy from next door was gone.



Rage / 2024

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

Faggot is a classic in homophobic rhetoric. The word is often used when you are not acting masculine in the eyes of certain people; it can also be used to describe someone who is straight, but being unmanly and is often associated with being gay. This word is often mumbled or half shouted aloud. It's especially popular with cowards who feel great in the protection of a clique. I'm going to tell you about one such coward here. It was one thing for people to talk about me behind closed doors, but much worse was the fear of the groups that waited for me on the way to school or started harassing me in the playground. These groups were made up of several boys and had a leader who was particularly keen to get others down. I'll paint a quick picture for you here. Because contrary to what you might think, this leader of this group was not the strongest or biggest of them all, no it's usually the smallest of them all. It is the one among them who would probably be the target of ridicule, malice and beatings. But from the moment it became clear that there was a faggot in school, he had the opportunity to deflect attention from himself. In other words, this little victim becomes a perpetrator out of necessity, isn't school psychology exciting? Of course, he didn't use physical violence against me, no, it was enough to verbally incite the others against me and tell stories, stupid stories like that I would look at other boys' dicks when I was peeing or that I would stretch in the changing room after sports. Firstly, I always sat down on the loo and that's exactly why I never stood at the urinal, I didn't want anyone to feel uncomfortable, by the way I still do that today, some things you have internalized so much that you can't get rid of them later. And secondly, I never changed in the changing room after sports, let alone dared to shower with the other boys, I went to the loo and freshened up as best I could. Unfortunately, puberty is like that, you just smell a bit strange quickly, so I became the ugly, smelly faggot as soon as possible. Although I was tall, I wasn't exactly strong, so I didn't stand a chance on my own anyway. If these groups ambushed me and I didn't realize the threat quick enough or ran away, I could expect things to get unpleasant. And strangely enough, it didn't get any better after my parents contacted the school, after I came home with a black eye or dirty clothes again because they had thrown dirt at me. They just told me to walk with my head held high and then the bullies would leave me alone, with a little more self-confidence and a little more social skills; the teachers can't always accom-

pany and protect me; yes, I had to go through that and it was also my own fault. I knew that I had to do something myself and I knew that maybe there was a way to change something about my situation, something that I disliked. My tormentor, the cowardly little pig, walked home from school the same way I did. I regularly saw him on the other side of the road. That day I decided to pay him back and at the same time I sensed an opportunity to make a difference for the rest of my time at school. I crossed to the other side of the street where he was walking; he turned to me and walked faster, and I walked faster too, until I was walking beside him. His face turned pale and he looked down; at that moment I thought of all the times he had incited others against me, his stupid grin while others pulled at my clothes, pushed me into a corner and hurt me, and at first, I couldn't get anything out except tears, a lot of tears I cried because of this coward. And now I felt an incredible satisfaction, because I sensed his fear; wordlessly I walked beside him and then cut him off.

When I stood in front of him, he stopped, still looking at the ground, as white as a sheet. I thought about how to do it, I thought about smashing his glasses, I thought about throwing him to the ground and putting grass and dirt in his mouth, I also thought about my lighter that I have in my pocket, why not use a little pyrotechnics? It all happened very quickly and far less blatantly than I imagined. But it was definitely enough! That day I saw that pathetic piece of shit and paid him back, for every word, for every time he turned his group on me. I would be left alone in the future. The fear of another meeting with the violent faggot from the other side of the street must have been too big.

again entering a room, a dark room with little now, bright light, and music that's getting your heart racing; you were already
 icked on the drive to the big city. You've already smoked half a pack of cigarettes from an overcoat and picked up two more packs on the
 y. As soon as you entered the club, you felt a pair of eyes scrutinizing you; you looked around and looked for the one watching
 e. Only slightly you think you know, that it must be the one at the back, standing with a group and smoking a cigarette in
 e hand and a cup of alcohol in the other, his shirt wide open so that you can see enough of his chest, your gaze wanders
 his legs, strong legs in tight pants, a bulge not exactly inconspicuous. One quick glance and you know that this is the guy
 e want tonight. Game on. It's intoxicating like every
 llage to the big city to leave your everyday life behind
 e, the smell of men sweating as they dance,
 e that cigarette vapor to form a hot perfume. You'll
 ight he'll put his hand on your shoulder and
 three words in the toilet while you wash your
 still in place, you look good. You'll bump
 o thick at some point and you need
 ount the wall and smoking; you
 side. It's not long before the party
 house. Last chance, he walks past you
 the smokers' crowd, there are a few
 last stop, the last stop before the finish
 e dark. But you see a light shining again
 us around the light, becoming clearer and clearer, ab-
 a now clearly recognize in the flavor of the cigarette,
 k for a light. Game over. The next morning you get
 ibly staying longer. On the way home, your hair is scratched,
 e a touch of shame. It's because a one-night stand is
 disillusionment afterwards, that this game of intoxication
 ed again and again to reassure yourself that after
 ing in that little village, you are none of those things
 ing that give you a sense of worth and some certain power
 e first time you went to a party like that, it was
 ade you cough, like the first time you smoked a joi-
 ey first time you weren't the freak, but the good-looking
 ed because you had sex, but you ask yourself why you
 it the feeling that you need again and again, this
 e. Deep down you know it, deep down you know that
 d of an addiction? What do you want to
 e addict meets his dope and like a junkie
 e you didn't particularly like, you
 e something! Wait a minute. What am I
 e because I'm ashamed, because I thought it
 e because, but it doesn't work. But maybe you
 e what it's like to try to compensate for years of pain
 e what that means, at least you know that you're not alone and that it's perfectly okay. I got you!



Addicted / 2024
 Acrylic on wood
 70 x 70 cm

Imagine entering a room, a dark room with little neon, bright lights, loud music blaring that's getting your heart racing; you were already excited on the drive to the big city. You've already smoked half a pack of cigarettes from nervousness and picked up two more packs on the way. As soon as you entered the club, you felt a pair of eyes scrutinizing you; you turned around and looked for the one watching you. Only briefly you think you know, that it must be the one at the back, standing with a group and smoking a cigarette in one hand and a cup of alcohol in the other, his shirt wide open so that you can see enough of his chest, your gaze wanders to his legs, strong legs in tight pants, a bulge not exactly inconspicuous. One quick glance and you know that this is the guy you want tonight. Game on. It's intoxicating like every Saturday, every Saturday you flee from the small village to the big city to leave your everyday life behind for an evening, to dance, the music, the cigarette smoke, the smell of men sweating as they dance, it's an intoxicating scent that mixes with Red Bull and the blue cigarette vapor to form a hot perfume. You'll bump into him again and again throughout the evening, maybe he'll put his hand on your shoulder and smile at you while you're dancing, you'll exchange two or three words in the toilet while you wash your hands and check your hair in the mirror. Everything is still in place, you look good. You'll bump into him outside because the air inside gets too thick at some point and you need to take a deep breath; there he is, leaning against the wall and smoking; you want to go to him, but your friends pull you back inside. It's not long before the party is over, the lights are about to come on and Cinderella has to go home. Last chance, he walks past you and you follow him, he disappears into the darkness of the smokers' corner, there are a few people standing there staring at you, it's the last stop, the last stop before the finish line. You don't recognize anything in the dark. But you see a light shining again and again, you step closer and slowly a shadow forms around the light, becoming clearer and clearer, closer and closer to the light. It is his face that you can now clearly recognize in the flare of the cigarette, you pull a cigarette out of your pocket and ask for a light. Game over. The next morning you get up and at dawn you pack your things and leave, rarely staying longer. On the way home, your hair disheveled, the perfume that seduced you the night before has become a stench of shame. Not because a one-night stand is anything to be ashamed

of, no it's not. It's the disillusionment afterwards, that this game of intoxication has become an addiction, a trip and a kick that you need again and again to reassure yourself that after all those years of feeling worthless, ugly and disgusting in that little village, you are none of those things. And so, the first kiss, the first sex was something that gave you a sense of worth and even certain power for the first time. The first time in the big city, the first time you went to a party like that, it was a shock, it was like the first puff of a cigarette that made you cough, like the first time you smoked a joint and the effect sent you into other spheres, the very first time you weren't the freak, but the good-looking one. Yes, the disillusionment is not that you feel cheap or bad because you had sex, but you ask yourself why you keep looking for sex again and again, is it the sex or is it the feeling that you need again and again, this feeling of power, this feeling of worth that it gives you. Deep down you know it, deep down you know that you are addicted to this feeling and how do you get rid of an addiction? What do you want to numb? What do you want to prove to yourself? An addict needs his dope and like a junkie you begged for sex because you can't stand rejection, even men you didn't particularly like, you begged them to sleep with you, at least a blowjob or something! Wait a minute. What am I doing? Why am I not writing in the I form? Because I'm ashamed, because I thought it would be easier, because I thought I could build up a distance, but it doesn't work. But maybe you know what I'm describing here, maybe you know what it's like to try to compensate for years of pain and exclusion with sexual validation. If you know what that means, at least you know that you're not alone and that it's perfectly okay. I got you!

There is this one train station that I always think about. And every time I drive past it, I feel a deep sadness. Because it's the station where I lost a loved one, it's the place where my best friend took her own life. I keep thinking about her, her laugh, her unconventional nature and how incredibly free and myself I could be in her company. There was nothing strange, no pretence, no judgment. When I made my first acquaintance years ago, when I grew up and dared to go out into the big city, the time when I was allowed to go to know a different side of life. It was the time when I realised that there were always fit in everywhere, but who were super cool on their own terms. I was in disguise for the the second or so. There was Marcello, bright colors and lots of jewelry, who always there when there was trouble or when one word is not a good combination... Rafael came and whenever Bailey Speers was around. And then there was Daniela, with she had a tattoo on the back of her hand, furiously, but she explained to me that it was for transformation and they represent the she had the wisdom to grow up in a family early on to distance herself from it, I know that it was not it leaving its mark, I understood that because I, myself, problem for me. In her case it was the difference to be live in peace, but wants to inflict suffering on others, to wants to destroy people's mind, to take and control per- that was inflicted on me and has grown from it. This was darkness that she could not escape. There was no transfor- sisting on the train and this woman was squatting in front not had colored fingernails and probably looked very gay, a brocade. I removed my headphones and was about to definitely be good for me and that it's never too late was on my way home, the woman on the train haunted does the night path mean? The streets were pitch dark that spread over the streets and the lanterns bathed every way there for me, I was always safe at home. A stran- mother that keep flying to the light of the lamp and burn- but still... I still see people like me who don't like remain anonymous and are afraid of being who are exponentially successful, who work in who are increasingly drifting into a conservative the relative and not society, which has no pro- behave like a fagot, it's your own fault, if you wanted for anything or anyone, I am who I am and to be blinded by a light that I keep trying to fly into I am a moth and that's just a lamp here. I am grateful to be in a place today where the darkness of days gone by is more or less just a shadow.

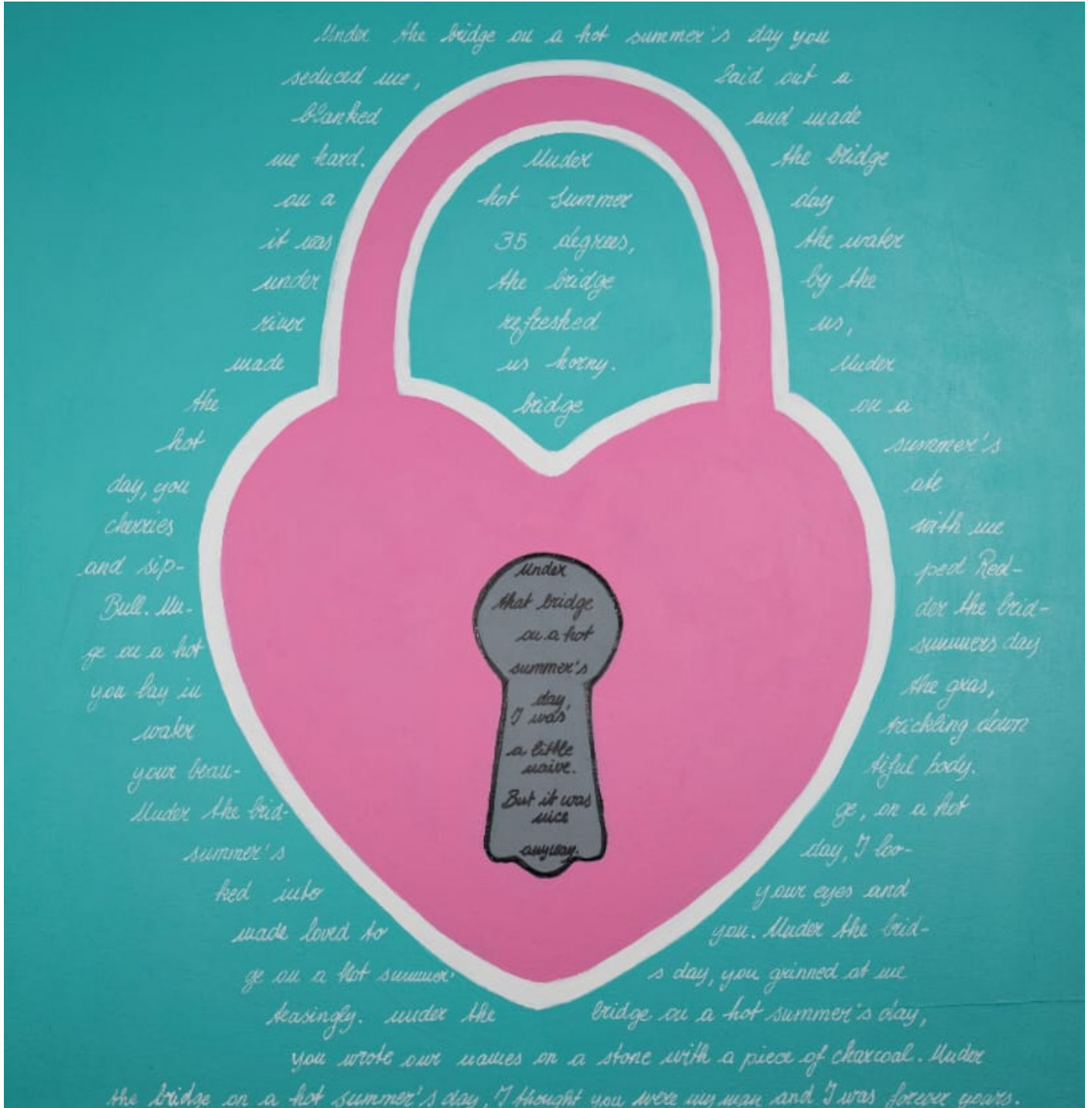
The moths and the light / 2024

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

There is this one train station that I always drive past. And every time I drive past it, I feel a deep sadness. Because it's the station where I lost a loved one, it's the place where my best friend took her own life. I keep thinking about her, her laugh, her unconventional nature and how incredibly free and myself I could be in her company. There was nothing strange, no pretense, no judgment. When I made my first acquaintances years ago, when I grew up and dared to go out into the big city, the time when I was allowed to get to know a different side of life. It was the time when I realized that there were freaks like me out there in the world, people who didn't always fit in everywhere, but who were super cool and didn't see being different as a handicap, but as their greatest strength. I was in a clique for the first time. And we were the coolest when we hit the scene on weekends. There was Marcello, who dressed like a gay pimp, lots of fake fur, bright colors and lots of jewelry, who always had a cheeky line ready, Daniela, She was always there when there was trouble or when one of us had to throw up again because Long Island Ice Tea and weed is not a good combination ... Raffael always had blond hair, thinly plucked eyebrows, piercings and wherever Britney Spears was on, Raffael wasn't far away and gave a little performance. And then there was Pamela, with short hair, oversized clothes and glasses. She had a tattoo on the back of her hand near her thumb, I thought it was a butterfly, but she explained to me that it was a moth. She explained to me that moths stand for transformation and they represent the change from darkness to light. We became best friends. She had the misfortune to grow up in a family that belonged to Scientology. Although she decided early on to distance herself from it, I knew that it was hardly possible to grow up in such an environment without it leaving its mark, I understood that because I, myself grew up in an environment where my otherness became a problem for me. In her case it was the difference to her family, a difference that is not satisfied with wanting to live in peace, but wants to inflict suffering on others, to summarize it briefly here, Scientology is a cruel sect that wants to destroy people's minds, isolate and control people. With a few exceptions, I have overcome the suffering that was inflicted on me and have grown from it. This was not the case with her, there was something inside her, a darkness that she could not escape. There was no transformation, no flight to the light. A short while ago I was sitting on the train and this woman

was squatting in front of me and kept looking at me. I was wearing my black coat, had colored fingernails and probably looked very gay. Anyway, she tapped me on my knee and handed me a brochure. I removed my headphones and was about to say something. But she was quicker and said it would definitely be good for me and that it's never too late to get on the right path. I refused. In the evening, as I was on my way home, the woman on the train haunted my thoughts: why shouldn't it be too late? And what does the right path mean? The streets were pitch dark and a little spooky on the fall days, there was fog that spread over the streets and the lanterns bathed everything in a whitish, ghostly light. My family was always there for me, I was always safe at home. A strange noise, I look up at the street lamp. There are several moths that keep flying to the light of the lantern and bouncing into it, again and again. Today a lot has changed, but still... I still meet people like me who don't live freely, but are actually still ashamed, who want to remain anonymous and are afraid of being seen with men, who are too obviously gay, guys who are emphatically masculine, who write no femmes and no trannies in their dating profiles, who are increasingly drifting into a conservative corner because they believe that conformity is the solution and not society, which has no problem with otherness in whatever form. If you behave like a faggot, it's your own fault, if you force it on others, you'll be punished. I don't wanna force anything on anyone, I am who I am and I don't want to be in the dark, but I also don't want to be blinded by a light that I keep trying to fly into and failing because once there, the reality is that I am a moth and that's just a lamp there. I am grateful to be in a place today where the darkness of days gone by is more or less just a shadow.



Red Bull and cherries / 2024

Acrylic on wood
70 x 70 cm

Red Bull and cherries

Under the bridge on a hot summer's day you seduced me, laid out a blanket and made me hard. Under the bridge on a hot summer day it was 35 degrees, the water under the bridge by the river refreshed us, made us horny. Under the bridge on a hot summer's day, you ate cherries with me and sipped Red Bull. Under the bridge on a hot summers day you lay in the gras, water trickling down your beautiful body. Under the bridge, on a hot summer's day, I looked into your eyes and made loved to you. Under the bridge on a hot summer's day, you grinned at me teasingly. Under the bridge on a hot summer's day, you wrote our names on a stone with a piece of charcoal. Under the bridge on a hot summer's day, I thought you were my man and I was forever yours. Under that bridge on a hot summer's day, I was a little naive. But it was nice anyway.



Bondage / 2024
Acrylic on wood
70 x 70 cm

Bondage

Tied up, gagged, chained to you.

Tied up, gagged, chained, the damsel in distress.

Tied up, gagged, chained, my heart in bondage.

Tied up, gagged, chained, I have put the noose
around my neck. Tied up, gagged, chained, a slave
to my heart.

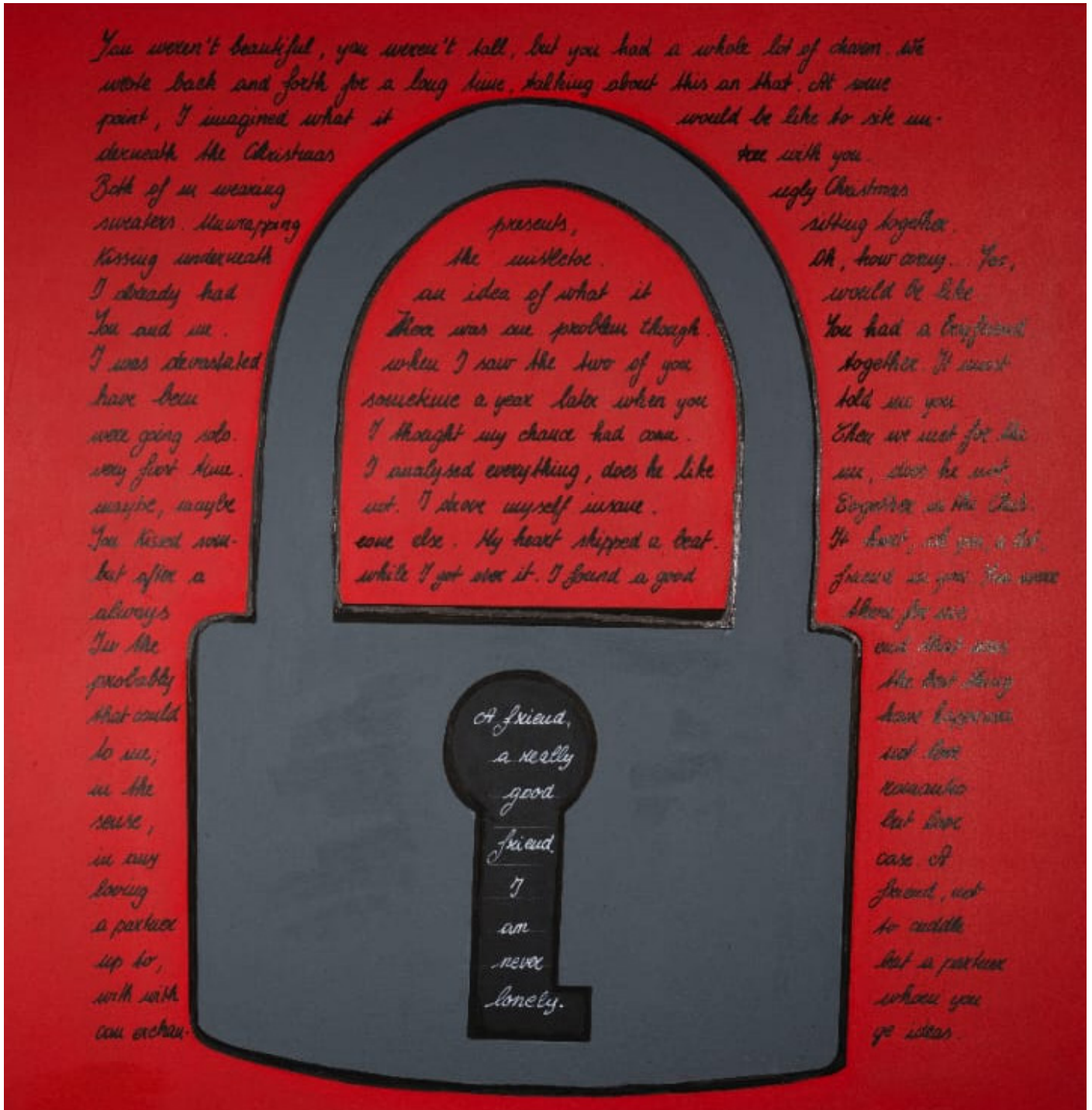
Tied up, gagged, chained, the nooses do not hurt the
flesh.

Tied up, gagged, chained, the heart, it is the heart.

Tied up, gagged, chained, it was not love.

Tied up, gagged, chained, a drug of pain.

Unchained, the ropes loosened, the chains broken, I
have freed myself.



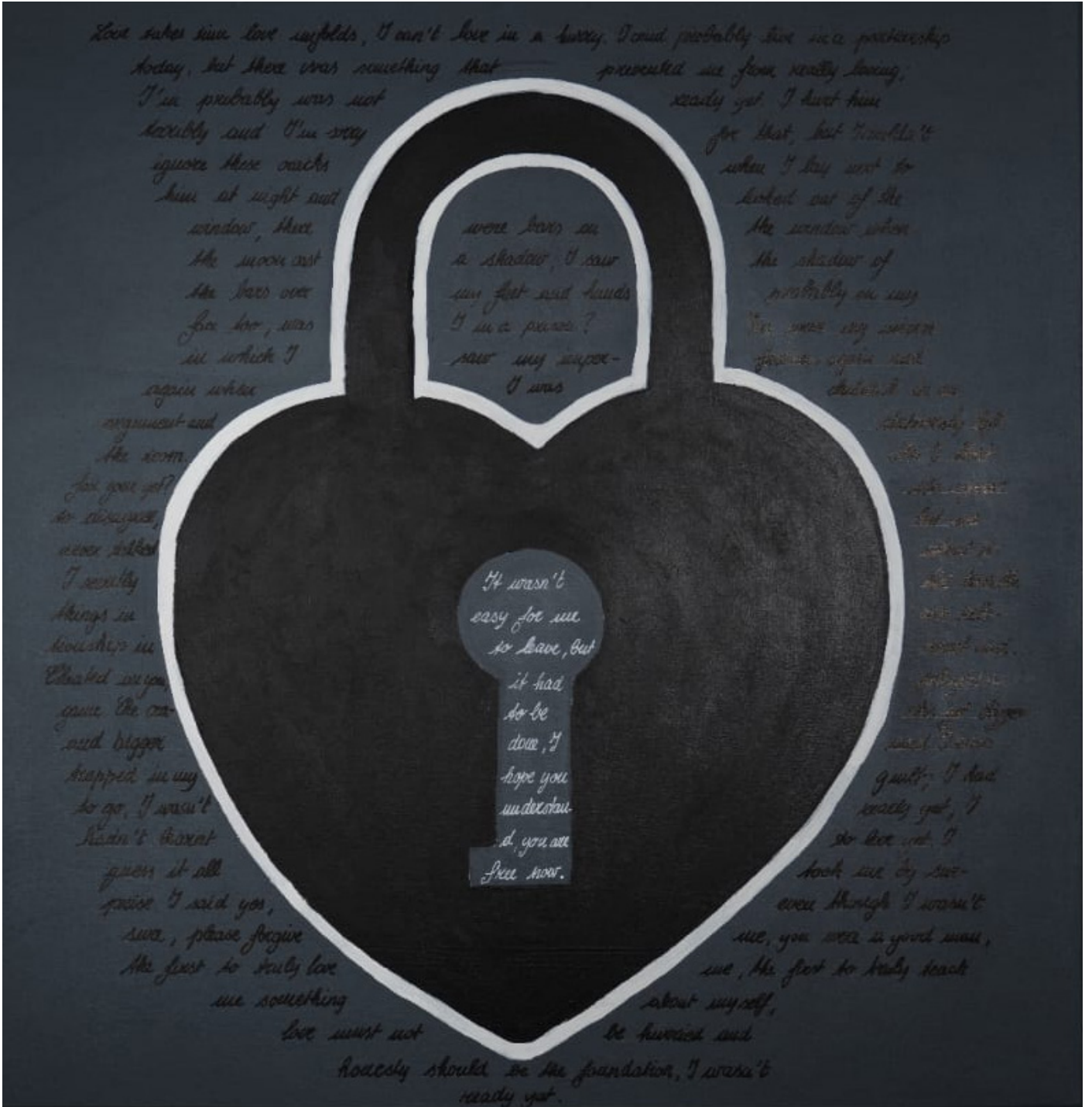
Friendship / 2024

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

Friendship

You weren't beautiful, you weren't tall, but you had a whole lot of charm. We wrote back and forth for a long time, talking about this and that. At some point, I imagined what it would be like to sit underneath the Christmas tree with you. Both of us wearing ugly Christmas sweaters. Unwrapping presents, sitting together. Kissing underneath the mistletoe. Oh, how corny... Yes, I already had an idea of what it would be like. You and me. There was one problem though. You had a boyfriend. I was devastated when I saw the two of you together. It must have been sometime a year later when you told me you were going solo. I thought my chance had come. Then we met for the very first time. I analysed everything, does he like me, does he not, maybe, maybe not. I drove myself insane. Together in the Club. You kissed someone else. My heart skipped a beat. It hurt, oh yes, a lot, but after a while I got over it. I found a good friend in you. You were always there for me. In the end that was probably the best thing that could have happened to me; not love in the romantic sense, but love in any case. A loving friend, not a partner to cuddle up to, but a partner with whom you can exchange ideas. A friend, a really good friend. I am never lonely.



Love needs time / 2024
 Acrylic on wood
 70 x 70 cm

Love needs time

Love takes time, love unfolds, I can't love in a hurry. I could probably live in a partnership today, but there was something that prevented me from really loving; I'm probably was not ready yet. I hurt him terribly and I'm sorry for that, but I couldn't ignore these cracks when I lay next to him at night and looked out of the window, there were bars on the window when the moon cast a shadow, I saw the shadow of the bars over my feet and hands, probably on my face too, was I in a prison? You were my mirror in which I saw my imperfections again and again when I was childish in an argument and stubbornly left the room. Am I that far gone yet? We agreed to disagree, but we never talked about it. I secretly did terrible things in our relationship in secret and... Cheated on you, played a game. The cracks got bigger and bigger and I was trapped in my guilt; I had to go, I wasn't ready yet, I hadn't learnt to love yet. I guess it all took me by surprise. I said yes, even though I wasn't sure, please forgive me, you were a good man, the first to truly love me, the first to truly teach me something about myself, love must not be hurried and honesty should be the foundation, I wasn't ready yet. It wasn't easy for me to leave, but it had to be done, I hope you understand, you are free now.



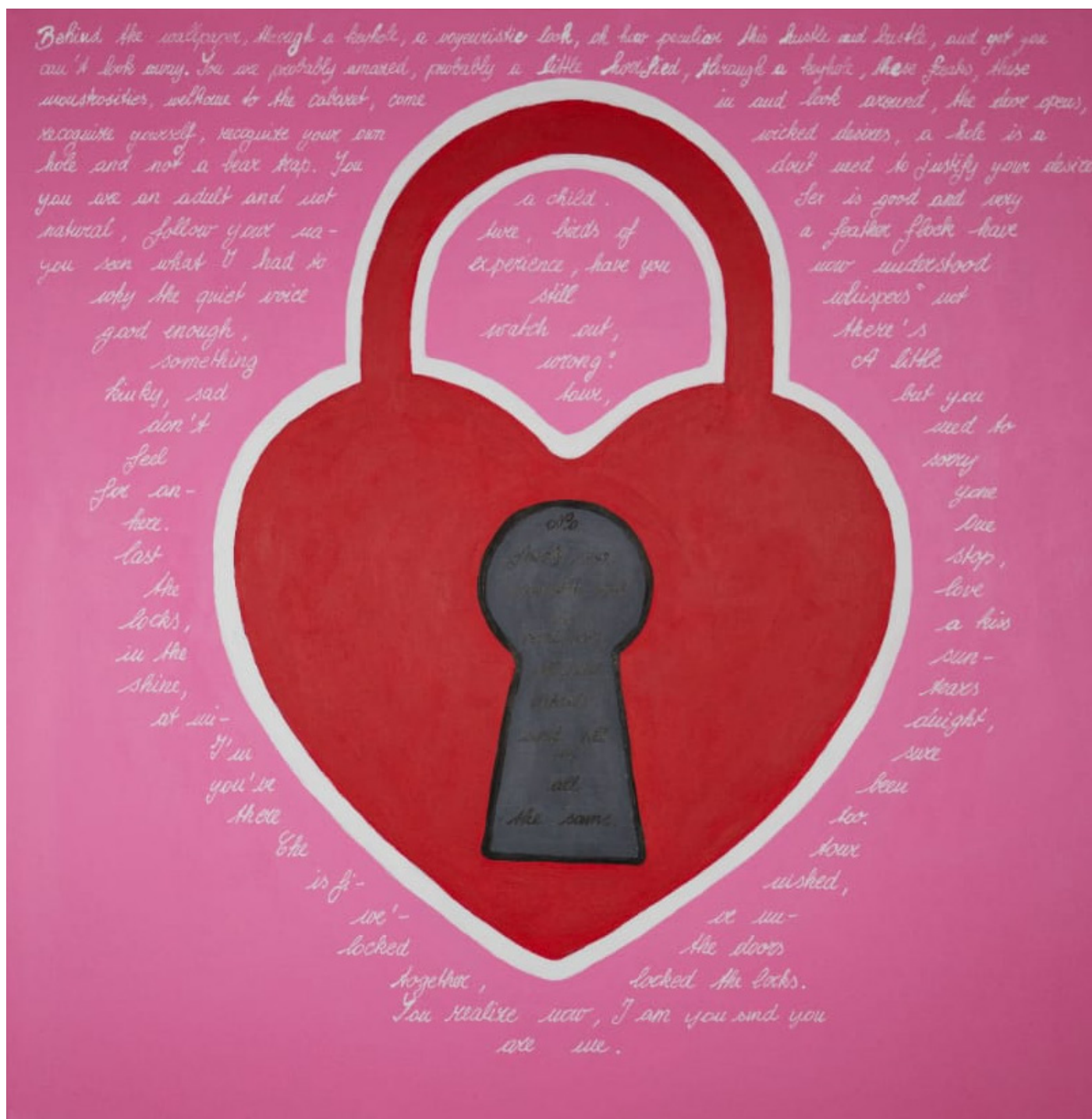
Juice / 2024

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

Juice

On my knees, the pride is gone. Just one word no. The gaze averted from me, suddenly this distance. The clink of glass, the heart shattered into a million pieces, the façade, the mask of marble, unmasked, deep cracks, the strength crumbles and what was strong and hard, suddenly very soft and weak. Understanding what perhaps cannot be understood, no reason good enough, it is what it is, what was hot is now cold. How can it be that something that was once good is now only bad? No mercy for the pile of misery, damn, that hurts. Under the hard shell, a liquid juice flows into all the cracks, into all the corners and what was once a body is now a shapeless mush. No longer me, something else, something strange. Still trying to form words, rather stammered, mumbled, stupid stuff! Trying to preserve what was revealed by your magic word, or rather a curse. At some point, who knows how long, I will change back; the liquid something will become a body again. But one thing is clear, those who love are the same, those who love are transformed, those who love realize that at the core we are the same, one juice, one liquid something and in the face of disappointment, in the moment of rejection, we are the same, we are liquid, we are one juice.



Locked / 2024

Acrylic on wood

70 x 70 cm

Locked

Behind the wallpaper, through a keyhole, a voyeuristic look, oh how peculiar this hustle and bustle, and yet you can't look away. You are probably amazed, probably a little horrified, through a keyhole, these freaks, these monstrosities, welcome to the cabaret, come in and look around, the door opens, recognize yourself, recognize your own wicked desires, a hole is a hole and not a bear trap. You don't need to justify your desires, you are an adult and not a child. Sex is good and very natural, follow your nature, birds of a feather flock together, even the penguins know that. One corridor further on are the keys, have you seen what I had to experience, have you now understood why the quiet voice still whispers "not good enough, watch out, there's something wrong." A little kinky, sad tour, but you don't need to feel sorry for anyone here. One last stop, the love locks, a kiss in the sunshine, tears at midnight, I'm sure you've been there too. The tour is finished, we've unlocked the doors together, locked the locks. You realize now, I am you and you are me. No freak, no monster and no curiosity, all just details and all in all the same.



Contact

Mobile: 079 281 42 15

E-Mail: carlo.bizzozero@gmx.ch

Instagram: [carlo_bizzo](https://www.instagram.com/carlo_bizzo)