## 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.

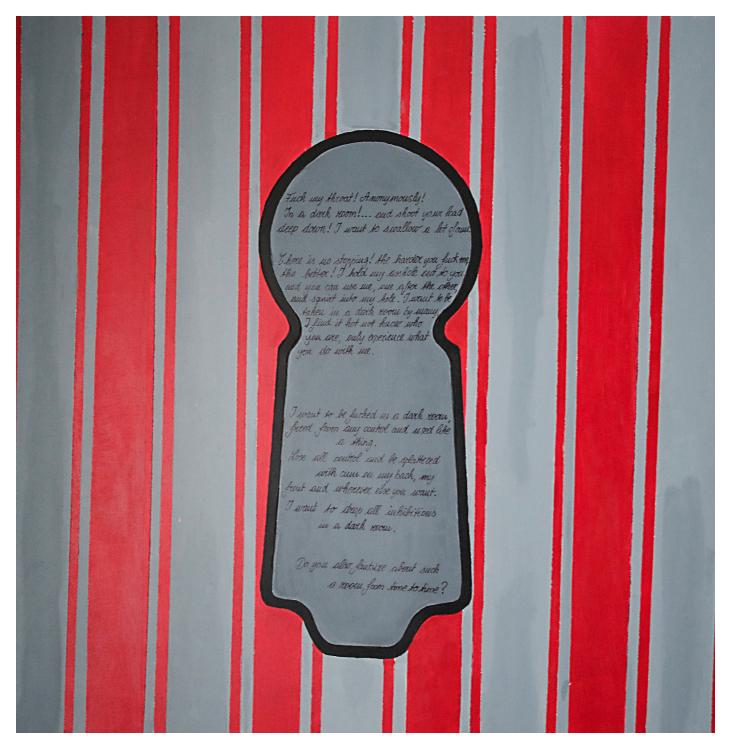
After that I go shower, alone, because to wash me is the so-called me-time I need. And not everyone needs to know that I like to pee in the shower.



**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.

boy is sitting an a stone wall in a corner of the playground near the front door. He is not like everyone doe in the chool. He is not in a clique, he sits alone and waits. The school grounds and the sports field are places he das away from. The boy looks down at his feet for

ochets, his have is long and covers his versixed sweater. His postwa is bad. u acne, but that's nothing unusual itting there alone. He looks sad and roups of girls and boys everywhere. shouts of Give into me! Give into me!

Elle boy is at that age. No. I the bounce of a

hing oper at the boy and giggling even more. of a group or playing basketball with the toys? or the clock to ring at the end of the sig beak, hands out of his stouses peakets. Juddenly it bee That boy is me, or rather, that was me, and the kustions now and then, in which I feel like I did danger. Being a seenager is a scary and difficult always want to belong. Why - wasn't I in any chave there was something about me that was different. canked to hide myself away every day. I still have than. For example, when I'm walking down a she I forget to breather, one skep closer, I sell wayself

do today, this laughter was of the road and am completely out of even today as an adult reminds me call it a vickim mentality. Today I don't see

keeps glancing at the

face like a awalain. He is wearing an don't think that's why this boy is big clock for a moment. There are bashelball can be heard and bud The girls giggh and laugh, sometimes loo-

Why is this boy there all alone and not part He sits there all by himself, willed up, waiting Ding Dong, It straightens up, but doesn't take his omes clear that he is a fall boy, a very thin boy; It has dark blond hair and fine backwes; he is pale memories of that time at school, of waiting at because they ramind me why there are still siwhen I avoided places, when contain people the to worn me, whether there is real or imagined. and sat those alone, every big break? Because the reflexes and strategies of the boy from back et and I see a group getting closer and closer. that everything is fine, one step closer, my ther ... I automatically think of the play ground breath. The quiet voice in my head which of my time in the school play ground, some suyself as a srichin, but the fact that I

The playground / 2024 Acrylic on wood 70 x 70 cm

## The playground

A boy is sitting on a stone wall in a corner of the playground near the front door. He is not like evervone 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. viy in the morning I heard my alarm clock ring, as nowal I twened care and closed my eyes again. All some point I hear my After calling, I pull the blauket over my head again. Becoming invisible was the best skalegy. Noy pimple on my more asn't the problem, because with a pimple you were at

hast atherwise normal. I was a't normal, but of hite and seek behind oversized behing out places where I could be the horts on the wall, didn't help. It the weird one, the strange one beed doors, but sometimes it was be most harmess words. Athen weben of acus, ou additional term count aly, I often booked in the mirror and

ea was something strange about me. I taked reflective surfaces, I despenately searched, for a !! But all I saw were big brown eyes, very pale ud a thin , tall body. Delicate , I was delicate , I think at societed like a whisper, because Twas usually sold boy or a girl. I have that it are 't be chay for a be, I more thought in those categories or analyzed el is like that. Quite simply I was after called a sis ould because a man in the military, a teacher once it ! Good morening, my and ... When Jackied at school had become a hater and I here walking, but this the states for the last three number los the first beser . rups. The girls with the girls and the toy's with the ing a more was on the knowlatte because the kackers ay. I fet say in the dakened dawnoom, I wide't have my gait or posture, I diale to have to read out lad uts be reprinced be speaking quietly. The movie, hovehose great passion is daucing. My mouth went stry ing many scenes of the movie, people longhed, gigglid me people regularly surread so look at sue with retex indexensed the movie and wanted to know what www.bled. I stared at the freeze frame of the woode; a boy was secretly taking dance lessons and this illy just wanted to dance and I just would to wyself and stop hiding. I shoul up. Genes welled shi**ng** with rage, enough was enough. Are you stood thea like that; I could the feel anything, my could use suddenly because strangely becaused. was the day I decided to speak out. It didn't get any easier at school taking away the power of some uly had problems because others

slow so be left in Gove before I cause out, I and poople liked so salk also communicated way the two or state plas

I wasu't normal and even my claborak clothes, bug have that covered my face and peace, where I smoked and scribbled was the school freak, not cool our about my sexual orientation behind directly. Fagget or fairy wea still I had suddenly knowed who a real miss use I was immediately called an didu't know what exactly it was, but some how the person staring back at me. In all kinds spot to point my finger at. There, that's it 'to that's skin covered in some, relatively long dark bloude hair that's what it had to be. Detical features, a voice to speak louder Some deliveratily asked we if I was boy to be like a girl or what people invagine a girl that, but one thing was clear, a boy is like this and a sy in sports, by other students and by heachers. ; said some Ok, how great I T'll be used then ... Tim sick , I walked past a group and hard shern giggling. By now time at really pissed we off. Duboide the classrom, I sat deep some at ready parties and approximate and business, and have Idearly, I beared my classing to average and between the some and boyo, we can the states. Shorthy before the summer thank, wat-dide 't know what to in with more the last day of school any-to at up to the flackboard and for that people second stagger and four that my wice would be commented an or that I ver, was called Billy Elliot, which tells the story of a boy and I panicked and thought about going to the toilet. and the word fagget was mentioned several shires. Mechinique looks and shired goins on their faces. The was going on. The word fagget and my name were it was the scare where Billy's failur found out that Stokker asked him if the was a fagget of the wash 4

finally be left alone and just up in my eyes, but I was gay? All eyes wore on me as bedy was much and every thing It was the day I came out,

after that, but I felt that I was insults, because I Knew that I onwere making it a problem.

**Enough** / 2024 Acrylic on wood 70 x 70 cm

## Enough

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 verv 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.

was hall and way slive, had short bear hair and Blue eyes that correctiones almost looked silver when Section. Luchas to since. My knowl leapt like the war the boy uset door, it was. bash Noll with the other boys after school, I doved to join the spectators from time uncing up and down on the floor. It was 't movie actors or unsicians, it hoy wext door, it was the phorehood, the boy who could me when I was taking out bouncing up and down on with the beautiful lips who lived in ines be seen a the window thad webage bag. Che boy west him. You could requbig basises because his father Schudshot a r who his to the that sounded like glass lorly hear sociaming and univer Horing. Box thing, lukas, and be what ? In ld hardly in youe would not play as and see would not the set which to play ing baskellall. which people by looking would be about the set of th www. when it had so be careful all their the boys Ho long Twas neobably looki uch to lo we of the as also couldu't looked er pression that alice, just a questioning look. . Jahnays worthed to school alone; sching haybe be left eaxlier? Good morning! It was Lukas I'd love to as soon as I said that, I felt wayactually had to wolk the same want to walk the route together? villy spoke to each where at first. I couldn't which through use every huse we walked to school is too. During summer vocation, we want to the Accuiving red. Lukas was rather quiet and by auguray, but a warm, pleasant feeling her. are soon spent a lot of him begether in his rad saranning stanks with his feet in the water the me and Lukas? No hardly ever san uby outdoor pool. Lukas sat at the edge of -144 ! looked at me while I did my laps. What , eh ather at school and when he walked en unne at school and when to walked ex, un out of texe and he probably didn't ship For un, Sit was surve Ahan just faind the J had to, because I stidn't want he be ut he lose the first faindship J brund. have to ask you something? Have you hadn't expected this question. So, I find someone? Earbas boked at me the une? There's sports field back opte Abore. Mithe on over hisson with his buddies, we ignored each east we theres to Sund out about our faces. and y accepted this gave hick and -m the boy y loved, but y also didn't wash't an issue when we met. a salationship with a boy? and where an y supposed oud swilled: there.Let's a to go and play basketball here in the evening, those are rarely 190 Subar ople those . With an even bigger said it was an insider hip. A little later, on chax winne and we sat down on the ground and A-shirts, alukas took off his objet and taid down at him. His because shin and the hair that carled up to a anything about sex and I was afreaid of it, but I wanted to , to taske it and just be with him. I love you, fickas said to we. sports field, Lukas was the ed off the sweat with our. Na ground and I looked letty sutton . I didn 't that skin so un I haven 't done ch et Mat skin so mu-we I haven't dom is on the post of the I baried my fax in my hands; I was asha-is on the post of the I baried my fax in my hands; I was asha-is on the saying couldn't be true. I felt Linkas hand houch my flead and his sche hand. My healt was pounding hard and with hoth hands is sche hand. My healt was pounding hard and with hoth hands is sche hand. My healt was pounding hard and with hoth hands is sche hand. My healt was pounding hard and with hoth hands is sche hand. My healt was pounding hard and with hoth hands is sche hand. My healt was pounding became a little lighter, a little light scray mything secure suddenly a little unor normal. The summer was coming to on end, and I was looking forward to accompanying has a pound where was coming to me wet the form wet dow was pour. has to school again. But Lahas was und denly good. New pople had moved into the house meet door. The boy farm next door was gove .

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

## The boy next door

At some point I became interested in basketball, no 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 smiles; 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.

Tigget is a classic in homopholic electric. The word is often used when you are not acking maxenline in the eyes of cetain people; it can also he used to describe sourcour who is straight, but being munanly and is often associated with being gay. This wood is often munched of half shaked about . It is especially projular with converses who feel great in the protection of a clique. I'm going to tell you about one such

coward bee . It was one thing for people to talk about me groups that waited for me on the way to school or ups were made up of reveral boys and hall a I'll saint a quick picture for you have . Beca-this group was not the strongest or biggest of 14 is the sour survey them who would bestings. But from the moment it in school, he had the opportunity other words , this little wis psychology exciting? If course, to valally incise the others against the boys' diks when I was peeing cestly, I always sat down on the winal, I dide 4 want suyour to feel that hoday, some things you have interthem bake . And recordly , I rever changed in

ted to shower with the other boys, I went to the los body is like that, you just swell a lif strange quick. possible. Although I was hall, I warn't enacly strong these groups surbushed we and I didn't realize the get un chassut. And strangely twough, it didn't the I came have with a black eye or slicky clothes ld un to walk with my head held high and the more self-confidence and a little more social ket me; yes, I had to go through that oud it was uself and I know that maybe there was a way distiked. My somewhor, the cowardly little pig, wal saw him on the other side of the road. That day I sed an opportunity to make a difference for the real the side of the steed where he was wathing; he walked faster too, mulil of was walking beside down; at That moment I thought of all the timeste vin while atters pulled at my clothes, pushed me couldu't get augthing out except haves, a lot of le. felt an inoredible satisfation, because I sensed his ut him off. When I stood in front of him stopped thee. I Arraught about how so at it, I skought abo-

400 them

in hea he didu 't un we and fell or that I la

schied closed doors, but much worse was the fear of the stacked haxassing on in the play ground. These gx-- hader who was particularly have to get stress down. contrary to what you might think , this leader of all, us it's usually the smallest of them all backly be the target of ridicule, malice and

ues a physical wo stones, shipid would stat-

because clear that there was a fagget to deflect attention from him set pertaken out of necessity, isu't lace against we no, it was evough strices like that I would look as It in the shanging room after sports Hast's startly why I under toood at the unconfortable, by the way of still the natived so much that you can't get rill of

the changing room after sports, let allove da-and frashered up as best I could . My fortauately, puly, so I because the right, swelly fagget as soon as no I didn't stand a chance wa my come auguray. If Abreat quick enough or nan aver and expect Mings get any better after my parents contacted the school, again because they had thrown dist at me. They just 4, . then the vallies would have me alove with a litskills; the leachers can't always accoupany and proalso my can fault. I know that I had to do something to change something about my situation, something that hed house from school the same way I did . Tream decided to pay him back and at the same time I see

of my line at school . I prossed to the survived to me and woalked faster, and tim. His face swined pale and he looked had incited others against ma, his skipid into a corner and timet me and at first. an Jeried Secure of this coward . And now fear; wordlessly I walked beside him and then ut smashing as the ground, as white as a subite as a smashing his glasses, I thought about theo-diet in his mouth, I also thought about my lighter

wing this to the ground and putting grass and at the spectropuics? It all this 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 blatanty than in aginad. But it was definitely enough! East day I saw that pathetic soirce of shit and paint him back, for every wed, for avery him to the group on mu. I would be lift about in the future. The floor of another meeting with he virtue fagget from the other side of the stand must have been so big

Rage / 2024 Acrylic on wood 70 x 70 cm

## Rage

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. agine entering a noon, a dark noon with little new, kright light, knd munic klasing klat's gotting your head name; you noon dready he on the drive to the hig city. Jou've abrady sucked half a pack of cigarettes fam meronscass and picked, up two more parts on the y. As noon as you entered the dath, you filt a pair of eyes nowbilizing you; you known around and looked for the an weaking ... Dady thistly you. Hink you hador, that it much he the one of the tack, standing with a group and someting a cigarette in hand and a cup of alcohol in the other, his shirt wide you so that you can see enough of his chert, your gove manders his legs, stang lags in thight pants, a halfe not excelly incomptionans. The grick place and you know that this is the guy want denicht Game on It's interioghing like ewery age to the big city to leave your corryday live behind Mur cigarette Tapor de foren à het sperfum You'l fle he'll sui his hand su your shoulder oud Have words in the hollet while you wash your still in place, you look good . Jou'll bane thick at some point and you need

Kump ink

hands

的加起

ride. W's not long before the party house. Hast chance, The weaths part you is were the lights are all hau , markers' courre, Alare we a feur Aart stop, He Last stop before stil feur dock. But you see a light shiring again us around the light, becoming dearen and elever. now charly necessine in the flow of the cigorethe, for a light. Game wer. The next inserting you get they staying longer. On the way house, your hair diskerted . a start of struct of tecase a second to soud is sillusioused afterwards, that this gave of interication of again and again to reassure yourself that after ing in that little village, you are none of those thin ng shat gave you a surse of worth and even cochain your first stan you want to a process like that, it soors ey first since you weren't the Juak, but the good - booting it Me feeling Mat you need again and again, this Beep down you know it, deep down you know of an addiction? Jihat do you want to addict meds his dope and like a junkie n num you didn't possioularly like, you something! wait a minute. What an wause I'm ashamed, because I shought it istance, but it doesn't week . But maybe yo has it's like to ky to component for yours of pain and exclusion with sexual validation . If that that wans, at cost you know that you're not alon and that it's particly shay . I got you!

Takeeday, enday Takeeday you file from the small for on evening, to dance, The music, the cigarethe texicating reart that mixes with Red Bull and his again and again the oughout the evening you while you've dancing, you'll exchange have and check your hain in the minner. Everything him outside because the sin inside gets a deep Ateath; Have be is , Caning

tim but your fritude pull you back ut to come in and andarilla has to him, he disappears into the dockaos standing then staring at you, it's him. You don't recognise oughing in again, you sky doser and slowly a shadow

nor and closer to the light. It is his face that you yan putt a cigarette, Sut if your pocket and up and at claur you pack your Hungs and leave the perfume that scienced you the night defore has the perfume that seduced you the night lefter has been anything to be astronical of, no at a set the the has because an indiction , a thip and a hick that you all shore years of heling northliers, nely and plingu gs. And so, the first flins, the first ser was nonefor the first time . He first time in the hig city a shick, it was like the first outf of a cigarethe that int and the effect sent you into ether solwas, the one . You the dividencement is not that you feel cheapse heep looking for ser seguin and seguin, is it the sex or heling of power, this feeling of worth that it gives you and addicted to this feeling and hear old you get must? Athat solo you would to prece to yourself? begged there to stup with you, at least a blow civing! At hy an Inot withig in the I form? would be easier, because I thought I could build up a Annor what I'm describing here, wayke you had you theon

Addicted / 2024 Acrylic on wood 70 x 70 cm

## Addicted

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!

ter a star sur succent had I always close part. And every sime I dair part is, I feel a dap sadares. Frances is he support where achieve but a load one, is a sa place where any best-faced sorts har succe life. I have thisking about her, sur laugh, his nucconsuctional scores and or merentility for and unself I calle be in her composing. Chose some softeing shares, we produce , so independ her were successed, and any success dared so ar out into the best city. Her since where I was subliced to be success a different softe

I here the was the time taken. I seedend that there were clowns fit in anecounter, but note over super cert as their gravies dreagth. I was in disput for the the secur on weekinds. There was charcello, hight were an even knowle ar notion one aread is not a read combination... Taffact cings and where was knowle ar notion one aread is not a read combination... Taffact cings and where was knowle ar notion one aread is not a read combination... Taffact cings and where there was Revela with the had the there was Revela with his had a taktor on the back of the have have of the substantion and they represent the the had the uniformation of the second that it was one it bearing its mark I understood that because I, myself excels on to distance becall from it I know that it was for it bearing its mark I understood that because I, myself excels on to distance becall from it I know that it was for it bearing its mark I understood that because I, myself excels to reach be could not eccept. Then was up the first to allocked on une and the grown from it. This was forthours the the could not eccept. Then was not when first is and colored furgerinals and that so includes and out or lake allower the rain and this norman on the train housed the scan any head for up was head hour prove for the date are sight soft such states and the layer price does lake the solution of the scale is and the layer price does allower for an the state solut of the layer be layer when for an interesting of the solut sole was price have allower for an the scale lay as the allower of the train to more used are allower allow and the solution of the train to more used are allower allow and the solution on an interesting might with a scale of the solution and and sociely which lays are solution to are increasingly with a scale the source for the solution and and sociely which has no prothe solution and and sociely which has no prothe solution and and sociely which has not the work.

of us had she khe always had on Raffall ura and didn's see being sliftenst so a sandiap but first the shod we seek the actor along an hit who dessed the a gay pinne, tels of fake for by the ready. Daniela the was always at up again because they Island the two and bloud have Alinky placked webers, piceon't fax away and gave a kille perforshort have Alinky placked webers, piceon't fax away and gave a kille perforshort have the explained to us that moths change from darkars to light, the sear a was a moth the explained to us that moths change from darkars to light, the sear a was a moth the explained to us that moths that belayed to Inculotory. Ollhough she abailed and possible to grow up in such an eurocomment with the observes that is up sakisked with wanking to amazine it briefly here beiakeling inside he a unity, a difference that is up sakisked with wanking to amazine it briefly here beiakeling inside he a unity, a difference that is up sakisked with wanking to amazine it briefly here beiakeling inside he a unity, a difference that is up sakisked with wanking to amazine it briefly here beiakeling inside he a unity, a difference that is up sake weaking up the safe to the ase with here the apple of ans and here booking at us. I was unaxing un klack any something. Bot she hight. A chost while ago I was a use and here booking at us. I was unaxing un klack any something. Bot she was guncker and said it would be get on the hight sath. I relused. In the evening, as I up thoughts: why should it is the boor last? Find what a little spocky as the fall days. Here was-fog thing in a which was all states tand a little spoch up the show and said it avoid in the spocky as the fall days. Here was fog thing in a which here the show a show are to conval ing us it again and again. Eeday a let has changed, and be the again and again. Eeday a let has changed, and be use actually still ashaund, who are the seen with was all again to channed, who arout to be an at the was and again. Today a let has changed, and be the again and again the was all agains the

Jenning and no bouncies in their daring profiles areas because they believe that contraining is then with attenness in inhistenes from If you was it in attens, you'll be puncified. I don't with want go be in the dark but I also don't want

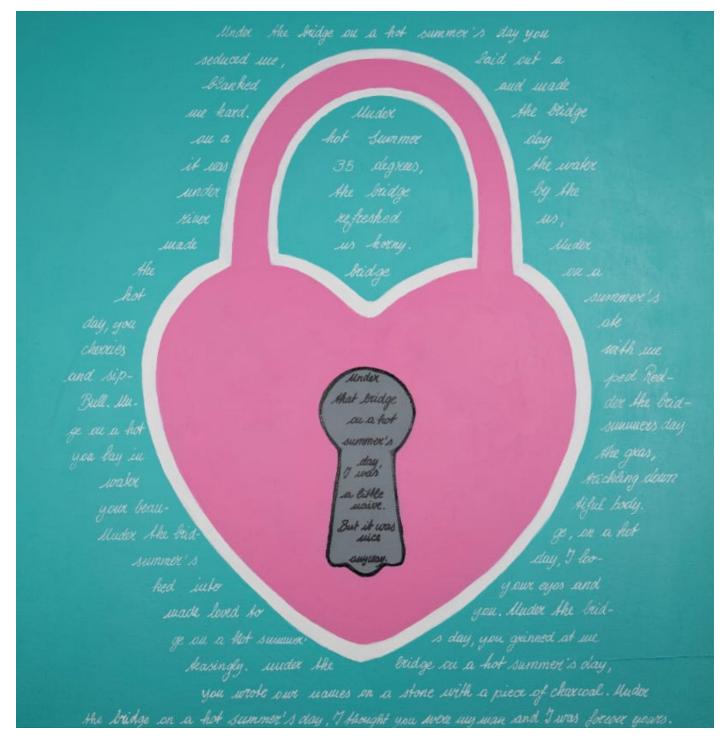
u ensklul to be in a place hoday solver. The score as a trailing is that or gess just a shadow.

**The moths and the light** / 2024 Acrylic on wood 70 x 70 cm

## The moths and the light

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.

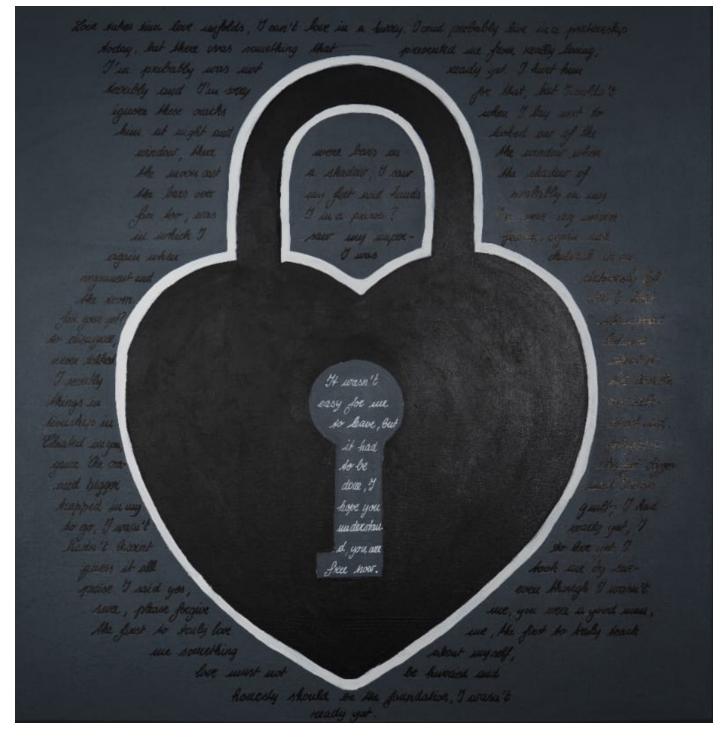
Unchained, the ropes loosened, the chains broken, I have freed myself.

You weren't beautiful, you weren't hall, but you had a whole lot of shown we whole back and forth for a long have talking about this an that all some would be like to sik un. point, I imagined what it derucath the advistances store with you Batt of m wearing rigly Christmas presents suraters Maurapping setting together Kassing underweath the mustletoe DR, how concept. Tes, an idea of what it I already had would be see You had a Englished bu and we there was are problem though when I saw the two of you I was deversaled together It wast have been sometime a year later when you told suis were I thought my chance had come were going solo. They we sust for the wery first Mare I unalysed everything, does he like Min, stirt he wat Steppelter us Mir Chief maybe, maybe not. I show myself mane. come else. Hy heart shipped a beat. Jou Kesned souththe should not send a she factored and post that arms but after a while I got stor it. I found a good alionys Allera Alt Alle Ju Ale and that area exolably the day shing Ahat could A friend, Acre Commi to see; und lim a really good Koiamute But since ABUSE ; friend case of ill think Loving Acoust, not A paxhase to and the an 140 10, never that a particul with with where you lonely. and orchail ge walles .

**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 with whom you can exchange ideas. A friend, a really good friend. I am never lonely.

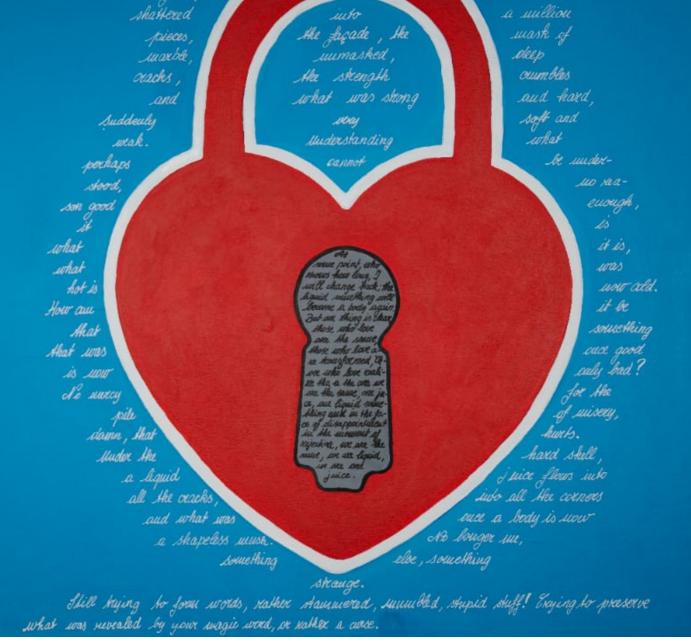


**Love needs time** / 2024 Acrylic on wood 70 x 70 cm

#### 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