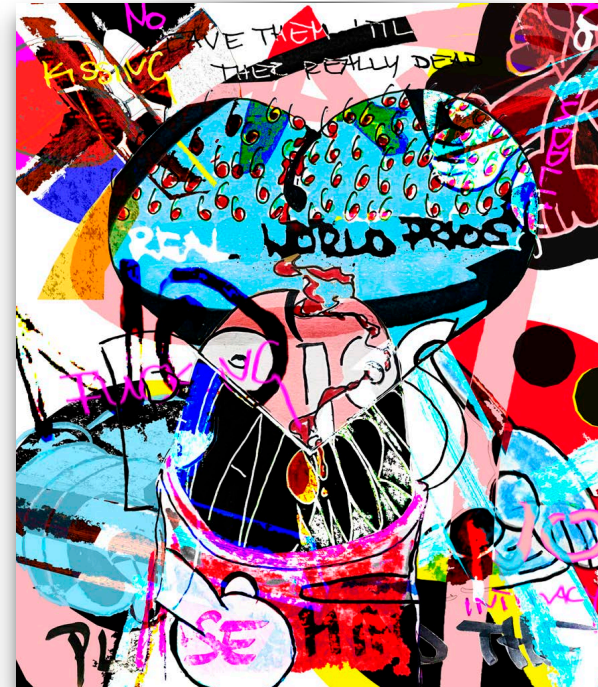
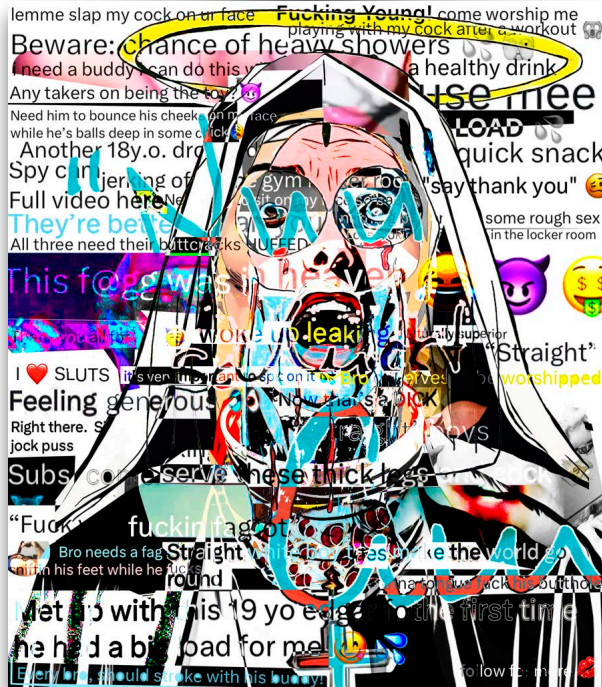
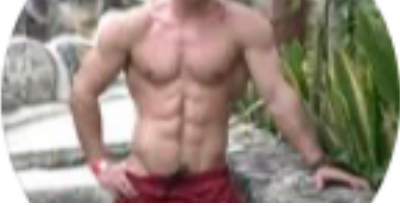


„THE DUALITY OF SECRETS“





Another 18y.o. dropped to my lap

It is said, "Thou shalt not lie", but it is nothing new that we all lie from time to time. Sometimes harder, sometimes easier. Sometimes because there is no other option, sometimes because it doesn't seem important to tell the truth. Sometimes because it's easier, sometimes because it gives you security, keeps things away, isolates you and doesn't let it become an issue.

Lying is not good, but where do you draw the line? Lying can be fun, can be exciting, can make new things happen and set you free. Lies can hurt, harm, destroy and end. Lies can't matter, can change the world, create dreams and trauma. Why is it so hard to consistently not lie? Does this have something to do with intellect, psyche, character or perspective? But it's not just friends, partners, colleagues or family members who lie or are lied to. It's all. Everyone, everywhere and at any time it's lying. Politics, society, the media, your consciousness, your neighbor, even what you call your life is one big lie.

“Can you live with this lie?” I ask myself.

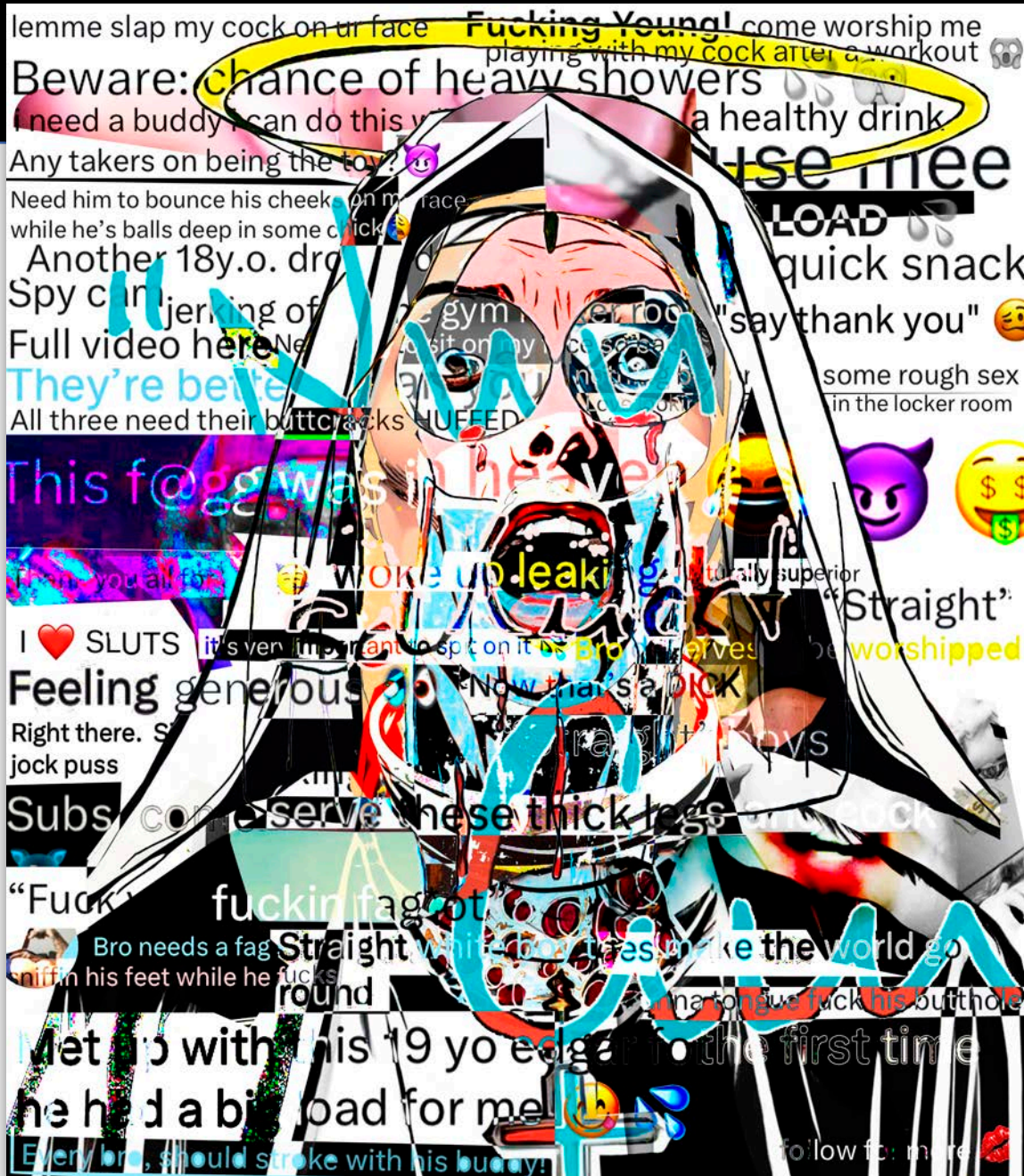
Can I accept it, push it away, ignore it? Can I play along, immerse myself and connect with the story? Can I even really judge it? Is it even a lie or is the evidence the lie itself? No light, no shadow. Without sun and moon, no day, no night. Without a woman there is no man, without an egg there is no chicken, without lie there is no truth?

We always seem to know exactly what a lie is because we think we know what the truth is. But what if the truth is a lie; when the “truth” is also a „lie“. When lying may contain more truth than telling the truth. Is the decision to speak false words the decision itself and therefore part of the overall situation, the whole person? Personally, I feel lied to on many different levels. Sometimes harder, sometimes easier. However, if I don't pay attention to the apparent "lie" then it simply won't happen. Is this repression, or cooperation, or “creating my own reality”? If I can close my eyes, my heart and my mind to what I perceive, then it doesn't matter what the truth is. If I ignore the fact that lying determines my everyday life, influences my life and causes my anger to boil over, then none of this has any influence on anything.

Unfortunately it doesn't work that way and the influence remains. Unfortunately, it's getting bigger, more overwhelming and more absorbing. Not necessarily just for me, but also/especially outside of my artistic bubble. When I see words, read statements and absorb content whose message becomes normal, then I find it more than dangerous.

One danger I sense is lies that we, at least gay men, see, consume, like, share and, above all, buy as our truth every day, sometimes multiple times. Statements that kids make every day, sometimes multiple times. Lies that form opinions and shape lives. Creating shadows, distancing and make lonely.





„WHORE WITHIN“

„TDOs“

Fantasies are good, they should happen a lot more and are worth trying out. Fantasies awaken our spirit, expand our horizons and give us the courage to enter new territory. To be an explorer and an adventurer, in this case of desire.

There's nothing wrong with keeping your fantasies to yourself and doing something good for yourself. More of it, self-care 100%, as long as it is true care. Knowing a go-to point for your own dreaming away is important and beneficial, no objections here either, Your Honor, but the lie lies in the nun-whore problem and the fake game behind and in front of the device becomes the unhealthy X of the fantasy and real world.

The search for confirmation of the unspoken truth in one's own truth automatically leads to lies in the now. Moments, places, people, actions, reactions that are not intended for caring. Whose influencer do not awaken spirits, but rather show dark places and want to drag you further into the shadows, hold you there longer to simply use you. The short-term physical pacification saves us over the next few hours full of untruths and the psychological and social rifts are flushed with the toilet paper into the ignored nothingness.

This series begins with clear messages of clear influence of clear profiles of “X”. A handful of hundreds of thousands of posts that are so unspeakably incorrect, racist, degrading, disgusting, inhumane, stupid and dangerous. Characteristic of our now, harmful for sender and receiver. I want everyone to read these words unfiltered and everyone, whether they admit it or not, knows these lies. Accepts it, gladly accepts it, continues to swipe to other, more suitable pictures; or ignore. What is communicated here as the “truth” represents so much of our society. Those who allow this into their bubble in this form are supporters, advocates, tormentors of the lie. Accomplices, and automatically against what is actually really good for them, and others.





„VIRTUAL VICES“

It crept in like a virus; the constant checking and scrolling and clicking for what we so desperately need. For what makes us cum quickly, makes us be different, makes us be there, makes us courageous. What you could have if you only searched somewhere better...

Like forever chemicals, the quick, isolated route eats into the brain and explodes in shame-filled short-porn discharge. When the hormones kick in and the fake offer pumps for attention, the cold black becomes an on-the-fly absolution of all lies. The omnipresent reminder that it is hotter here; and where you are, it will never be like this!

Worlds merge content creation and incompetent cremation. Reality becomes a perverse cross-border playground of social jerk-off templates. End consumer desires through regrettable excess and paid flushes to distantly foggy dreams. Everything as usual, everything normal.



Copyright: Kay Becker

ORIGINAL | 100W x 115H | 2.150,00 EUR | FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH)

„FOMO FUCKS“

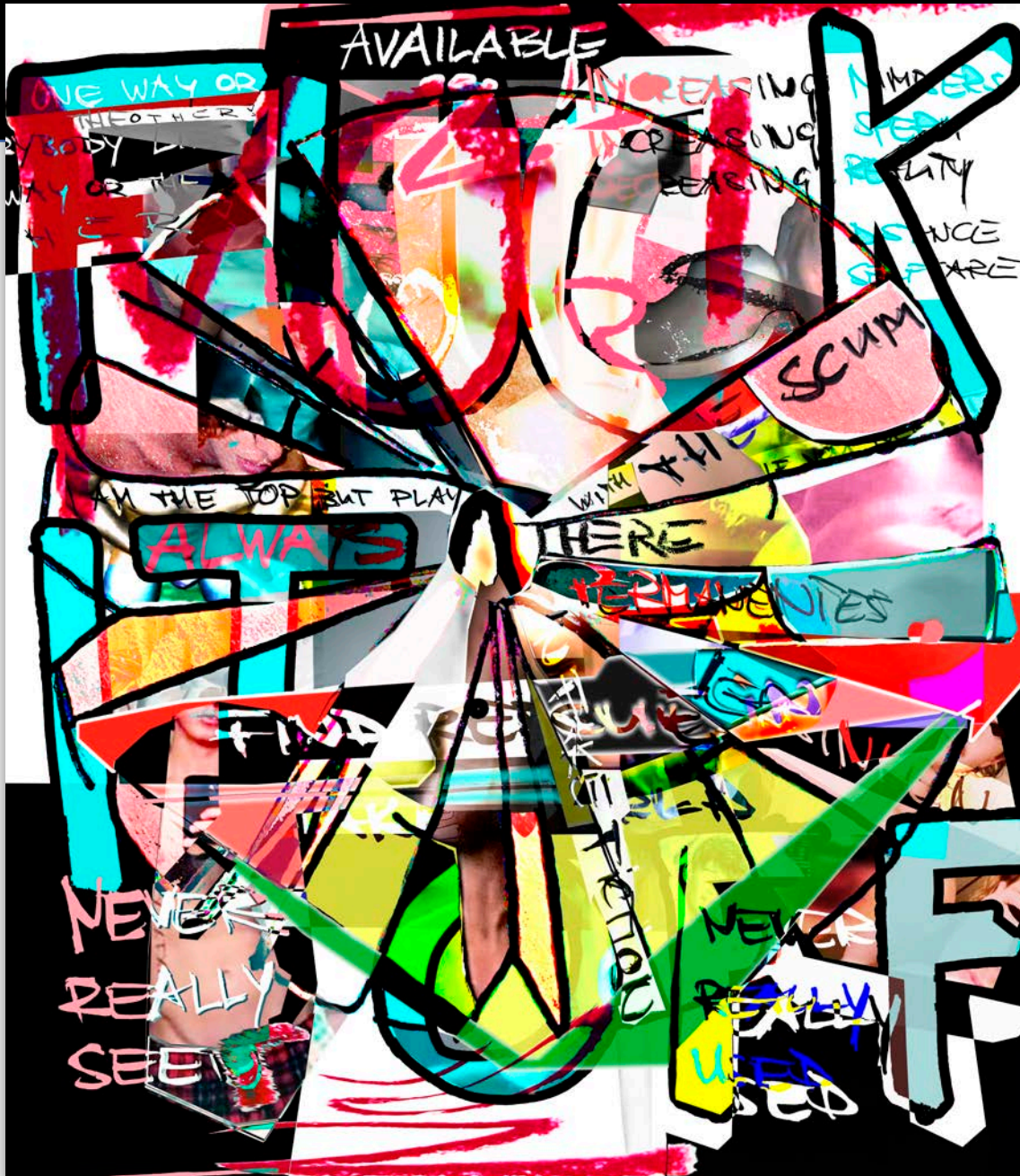
„TDoS“

Let's consider the stark disparity between opting for fast food over a leisurely dinner. The discrepancy in quality is unmistakable. Indulging in a tempting treat after an exhilarating moment isn't inherently wrong. Quick fixes, fanciful daydreams, and insatiable urges are all part of our human experience, alongside qualities like affection, trust, and shared growth. However, when these spontaneous impulses transform into self-perpetuating habits, they hinder personal growth and development.

This internal divide manifests as a subtle yet palpable gap—a rift between our desires and our deeper aspirations. It's a divide shrouded in denial, concealed by excuses, and bolstered by falsehoods. Though not everyone may recognize it, the allure is pervasive, captivating us collectively. In this realm, there's a noticeable absence of genuine connection or emotional exchange. It's a realm where lust is fulfilled superficially, leaving behind a sense of emptiness. It's a world where everything appears „normal“ on the surface, yet operates on a fundamentally different wavelength—a cycle that feels increasingly confining.

Yet, within this conflict lies an opportunity for introspection—a chance to transcend the allure of instant gratification and embrace the complexities of real-life interactions. It's a call to mindfulness, urging us to navigate our desires with clarity and intention. In the clash between the allure of digital indulgence and the fulfillment of genuine human connection, lies a fundamental choice—between momentary pleasure and lasting fulfillment, between illusion and authenticity. It's a choice that hinges on our ability to cultivate awareness over complacency, and to choose openness over closure.





„INSTANT GRATIFICATION NATION“

This lame little lie is available 24/7, ready for you to dive into whenever, wherever. It's part of your life, your vibe, your whole deal. In a world where everything and everyone seems to be at your tingling tip, am I still there? Do I still crave this? Isn't my worth, my views, my fuck-value, my bulging print show off way too precious for this cheap, soulless display of fake-ass, pre-packaged BS?

Do I just go with it, or do I fight back? Do I knowingly buy into the lies that go against everything I stand for? Do I question my own truth, let it change me, or just keep faking it and get infected? Do I call out the liars or do I rise above it all and distance myself for the "greater good"? If I give in, I give in to the quick snack; do I maybe need my butt crack huffed? Do I admit defeat and hang up my cross, on the knees and begging for Oh-nly—Father's forgiveness?

Look at it and ask yourself: **„Do I tune out the world to do my own shit and end up as a complete blank slate in the insanity of the Instant Gratification Nation?“**

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Independence and self-determination have been driving forces for Kay Becker since his childhood. Having been on his own since the age of 15, he learned to take individual responsibility at an early age. After receiving his high school diploma with a major in arts, he initially intended to apply for art school but decided against it, as he didn't want to immediately swap one school's bench for another. Instead, he took on jobs as a cashier in a supermarket and worked as a set runner and permanent extra for film productions.

Growing tired of working for or within other people's enterprises, he soon established his own advertising commercial production company. While serving the advertising industry became a means of livelihood for years, his true passion lay in his side projects, which allowed him to work with much greater artistic freedom. One of these projects involved two individuals who traveled across Japan for weeks without speaking. The experience of contemplating silence in a country where almost everyone except the locals is lost in translation once again fueled his desire to express his personal feelings and thoughts as freely and artistically as possible. The enforced isolation during the pandemic further intensified this longing.

Today, Kay Becker has dedicated himself to the creation of digital art as his chosen form of relentless self-expression.

