

Lucid skin

The film is based on the real events sprinkled with the dreams and fantasies that the artist once had. The focal point of the picture are the injuries that artist inflicts upon himself as a punishment. He puts on a makeup, dresses in drag to venture outside (into the safety of the queer party) as if in a disguise. Ironically that is also the place where he faces the reality and finally transcends from male perpetrator (subject) of violence into the female victim (object) of it. Three jocks start harassing him (grouping him) not realizing that he is in a drag and that he is injured, that triggers metanoia - an inward transformation obtained via pushing one's limits.

Voiceover

After another session of self-improvement with a blade and a photo shoot where trickles of blood complemented the makeup, I found myself in the crowd. I was invited to the party and at the time it felt like a good idea to break from my isolation. Moreover, being in a somewhat excessively high spirits I've shared some of my photos on the social media. Of course only some people realized the origin of those trickles, and since it was a Halloween's eve my pictures successfully blended in with the rest of the carnival.

I've stepped of the building in a dress. I left my hoodie on, so I won't get bashed immediately. In a weird way the desire to be around people and not being alone mixed with a fear of leaving my shell. Apparently I was fooling myself, seeking shelter but also pain. I was trying to hide but also to show myself, wanted to stay in front of the mirror but also leave it for the gaze of the other. I was delighted that they invited me, but I couldn't make sure that it was me they were waiting for.

Epilogue

I'd like to make my boundaries permeable. To lend its protection to the others. I want to give my share of what was spread unevenly.

If you lose something at one place it doesn't mean that it appears in another. But I'd like to be more like those who has nothing to lose. That is my personal liberation.

I'm surrendering my defenses, handing them over. I'm turning transparent on your behalf. I can give my skin away.