

I AM TIRED OF BEING A SON

Paintings by Victor Boulet
Fanzine, poster concept by Texas Knuller

There is a family story about two cucumbers that my father arrived with at a family weekend gathering around 2008. A few days later a cynical remark made by my mother made the cucumbers into the a story and a manner of being, and finally paintings. My parents divorced in 1994. (I will share the full story at a later stage)

That beautiful and warm summer's day I didn't notice the arrival of the cucumbers or why and for what reason they were brought to the party. The complication with these two cucumbers and the remark made by my mum is that they have come to represent traits, or let's say DNA, from both my parents, that make my life at times miserable.

My cock has nothing to do with the cucumbers story, that's just me struggling with still life painting. I was born in 1969 and I own and control my cock today, without my parents comments or their lack of social skills, traits that I have inherited and am somewhat fed up with.

The woman in the fanzine photos is Patsie or Patricia. When the pensioners in the neighbourhood are paid, Patsie knocks on doors to help, but in fact she robs them of their pension. She once stole £300 out of a pocket of man that I would not want to cross. Two men went around to her house. It all got very nasty, but he got his money back and she was not seen for some time.

A few years ago she grabbed me by the arm and dragged me into her house. For some bizarre reason I let myself be dragged, curiosity I guess. I thought, now I'm being robbed, stabbed or she will offer a sexual favour for money. Instead her hand came out, shaped as a leaf, begging for money. I rejected her, but returned with a £1 crap loaf because she mentioned hunger.

I handed her the bread and I received a quiet thank you and she shut the door. I walked home and felt a brutal shame that ran through me like dirt. And every time I saw Patsie, the shame over that bread, the begging and my moralistic scrooge-control-behaviour grew within me.

Rain or snow Patsie will walk around the streets in her pyjamas and slippers all bought from Primark. She was squirming around in her bed looking at cucumbers and my penis and she uttered; I'm going to cry I have never seen anything so beautiful, I love the paintings.

The cucumber story is a doubled edge sword. I hoped that by activating the paintings together with Patsie, that she could derail my project, but instead I find myself closer to my parents, just worse.

Victor Boulet
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