

# BECKER CATALOGUE 24/1

## Kay Becker creates Digital Art.

Collages of his drawings, own photographs and typography, digitally edited.

His art reflects our individual positions within the broader context of life. In a multiverse of diverse opinions and thoughts, Becker deconstructs cultural stereotypes while embracing life's boundless possibilities through vibrant colors, finding romance even in the mundane.

He invites viewers to zoom in and out, exploring their own perception within today's world, getting lost in the intricate details, and ultimately realizing that the whole surpasses the sum of its parts.



**„IT NEVER RAINS IN CALIFORNIA.“** (Series „Clouded Mind“) | 100W x 100H



# BECKER CATALOGUE 24/1

## PRODUCTION

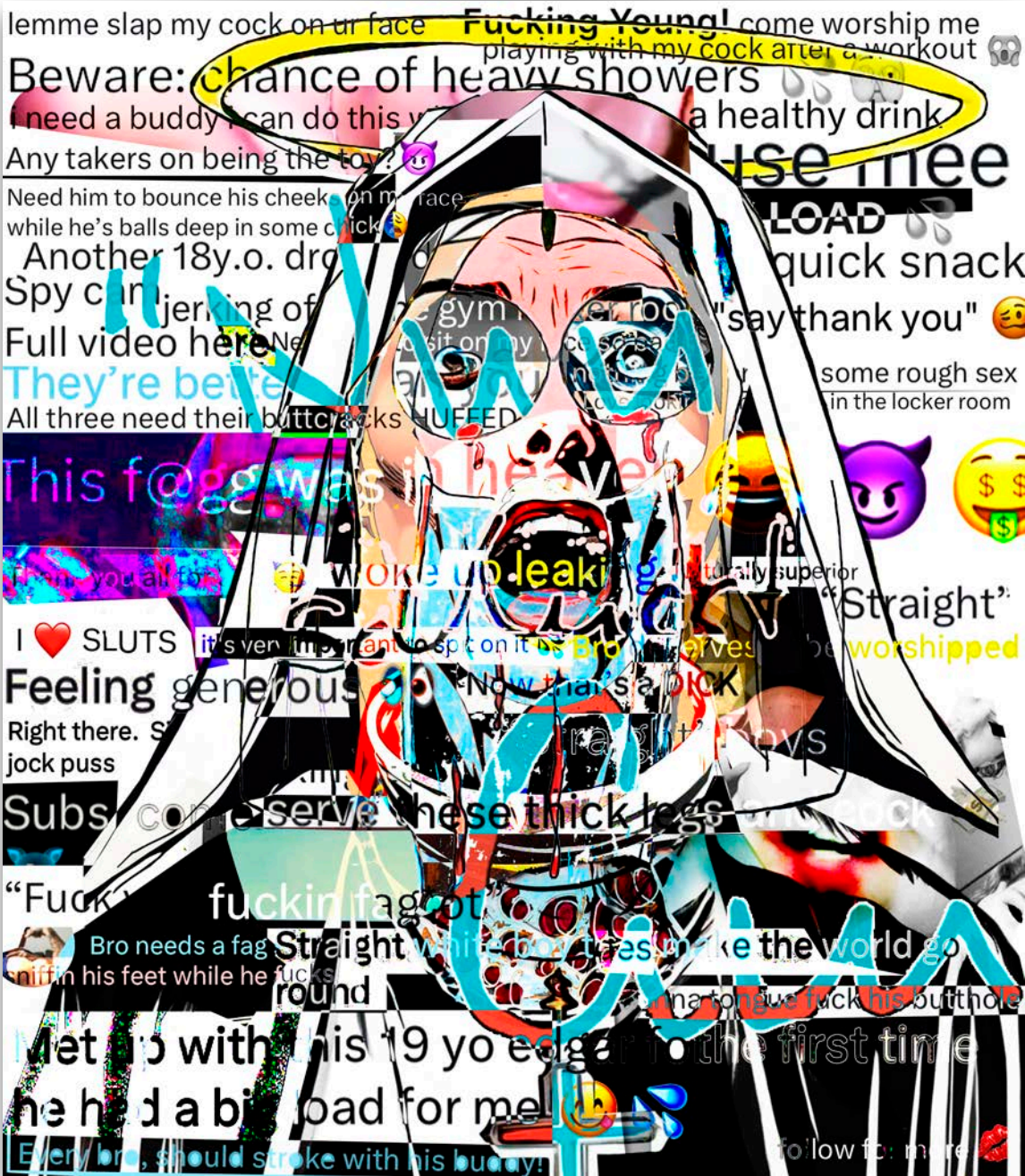
FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER  
(HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH), OPTIONAL  
PRINT ON CANVAS.

## OPTIONS & DIMENSIONS

THE ARTWORK SIZES VARY FROM 345H TO 20 CENTIMETERS.  
ORIGINAL UNIQUE, LIMITED EDITIONS AVAILABLE.

## SHIPMENT

ORIGINALS IN TUBE, LIMITED EDITIONS OF 20 IN TUBE,  
LIMITED EDITIONS OF 25 IN CRATE.



WHORE WITHIN (Series „The Duality of Secrets“) | 100W x 115H





# BECKER CATALOGUE 24/1

## SERIES (EXTRACT)

ECLIPSED SOULS - POEMS BY BECKER

GEISTERNDE LIEBE

I ECLAIR MYSELF ABSOLUT PROPERTY

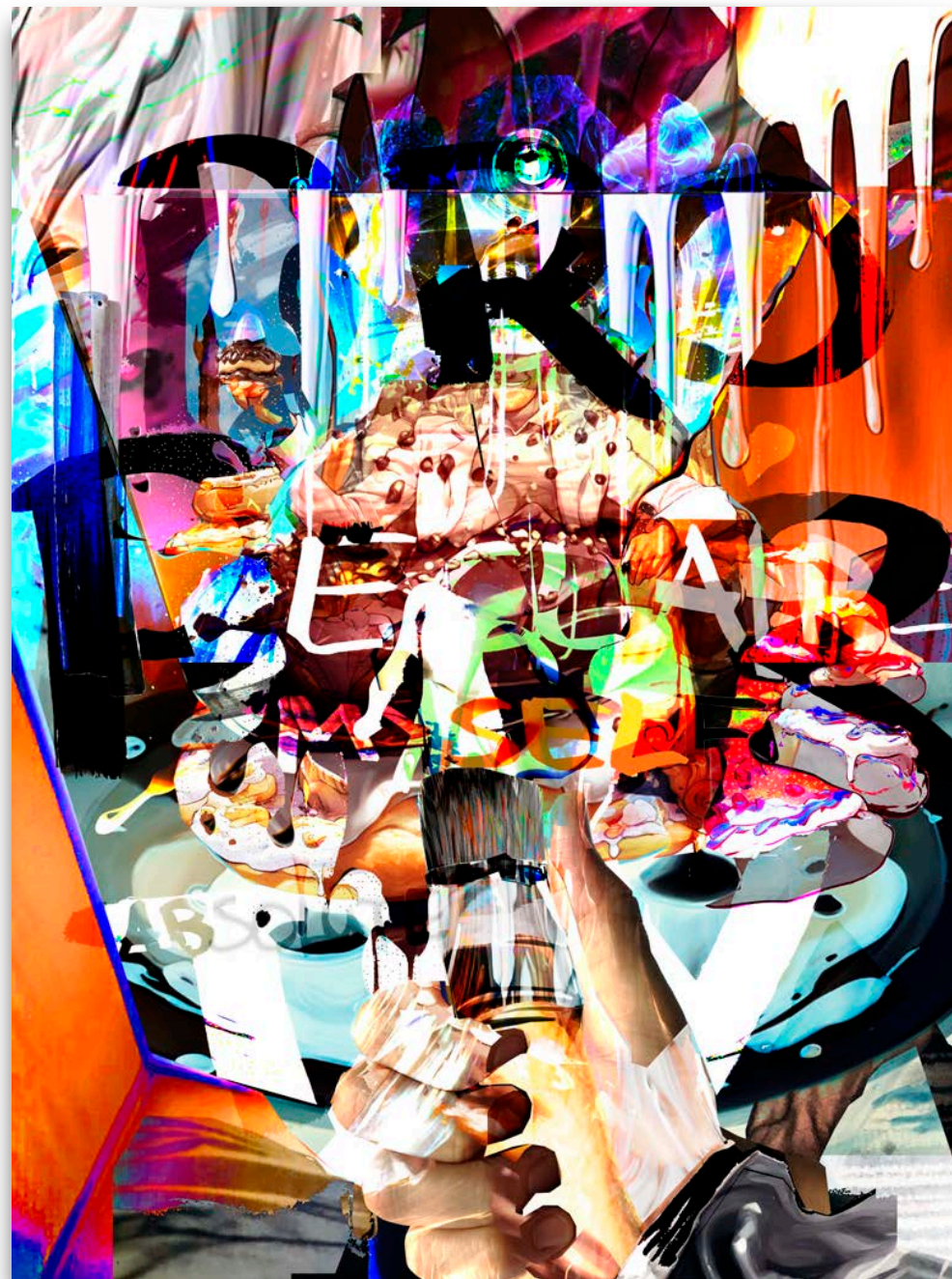
PUSSY GALORE

L;P LORE

THE DUALITY OF SECRETS

CLOUDED MIND

## [ABOUT THE ARTIST](#)



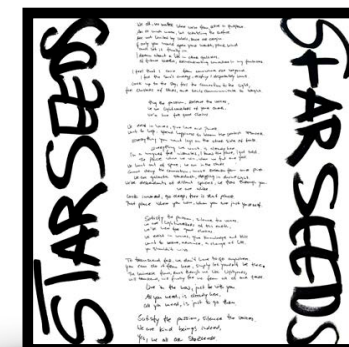
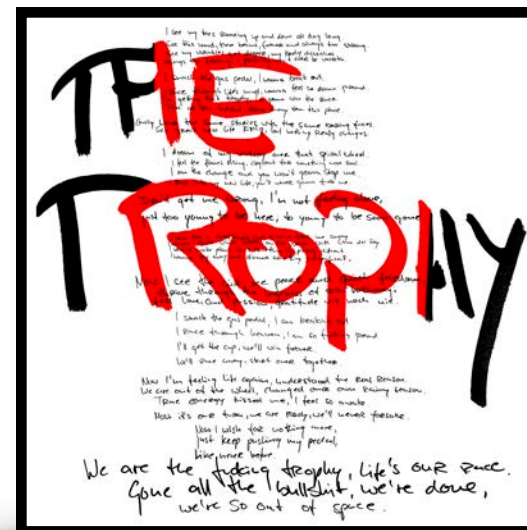
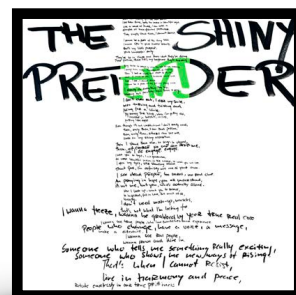
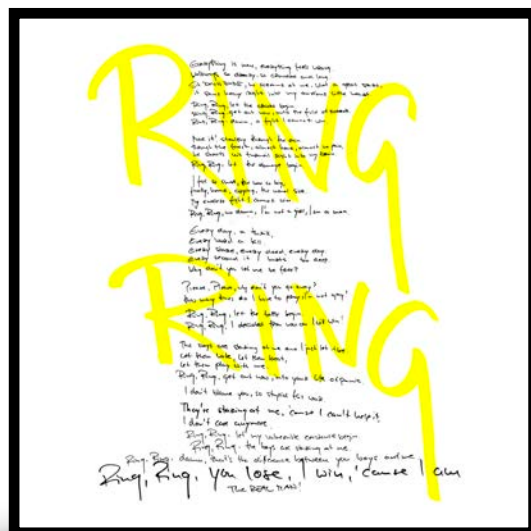
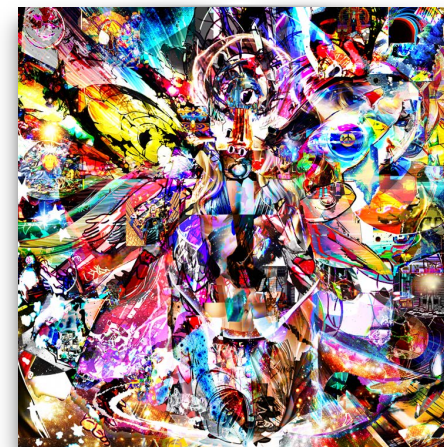
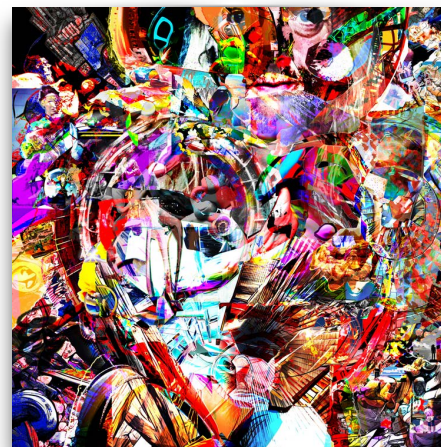
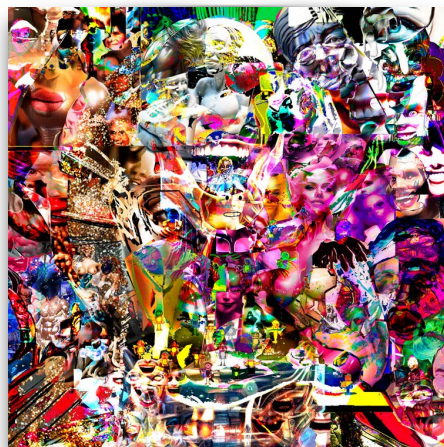
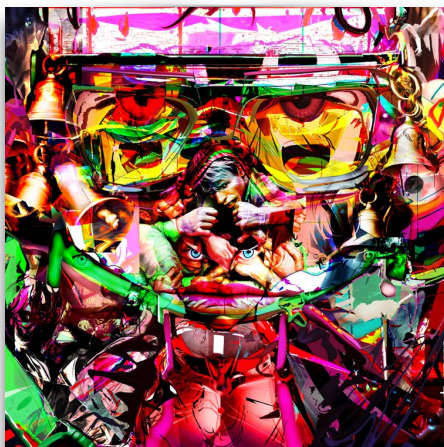
I ECLAIR MYSELF ABSOLUT PROPERTY | 60W x 80H





# ECLIPSED SOULS

## Poems by BECKER



# ECLIPSED SOULS

I find this new series **MIND-BLOWING**, by which I don't mean that it has to be particularly amazing, but rather **ECLIPSED SOULS** has cost me so much energy like no other before; my brain was even more active, almost borderline overwhelmed, than usual. I had to take breaks because I got too lost; too much flying to think and act clearly and make precise decisions. Breaks I've never had to take before.

A BECKER is supposed to be very energetic, you can feel what I put into it, some say. With this artworks I feel like everything is exploding; slain is no longer an expression at all, challenged is even more so. To date I can say that it is the most intense collection I have ever done, but also the fullest, on all features.

What was most important to me from the beginning, however, was that this series did not invite people to discover things for themselves, but rather that what I had to say was clearly understood. What I have experienced, what I have written, what flows through my heart and mind and what manifests through my fingers onto your walls. I wanted to show that my art cannot be defined by the mass of hand-made drawings or supporting AI-generated inspiration. This is a line of thinking that I generally disapprove of as it is ignorant and one-dimensional. For me, AI is here, AI is an opponent, a second opinion without a soul. An insight from an unknown side into what I have created. Like a friend who gives feedback, but that friend isn't „real“.

Every AI piece is always based on my own words, thoughts and doing. It is a tool, not the result. An aid, such as a brush, a ruler, a camera, a printer, a potato stamp. It is a means of implementing my ideas and not a creator of my work. Each of my art pieces differs in the intensity and variety of tool use and becomes a unique work of art precisely by mixing a wide variety of handcrafted instruments.

With this series I wanted to prove that you don't need my manual touch to be a real BECKER to check all the boxes. In this series everything is generated, except **every single word** behind the picture, which is what I was really about.

The poem says what I have to say, but communicates in and through a tonality that is absolutely now. The hundreds of AI-generated individual images are interpretations of each and every line from the poems and are all based on what I have written, so at the end everything was “drawn” by myself, right? Nevertheless, for the satisfaction of the masses, so that no one can say anything to the contrary, the poem is of course handwritten, just like the botched drawing line on the colleague's masterpiece.





"Eclipsed Souls"

RING  
RING!

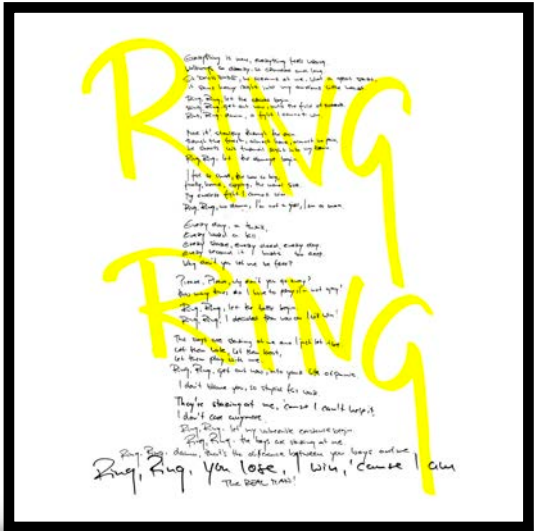


Scan to hear the poem



Original | 50W x 50H | 1.400,00 EUR

Fine art pigment ink print on archival paper (Hahnemuehle Photo Rag Ultra Smooth);  
Alternative sizes possible.



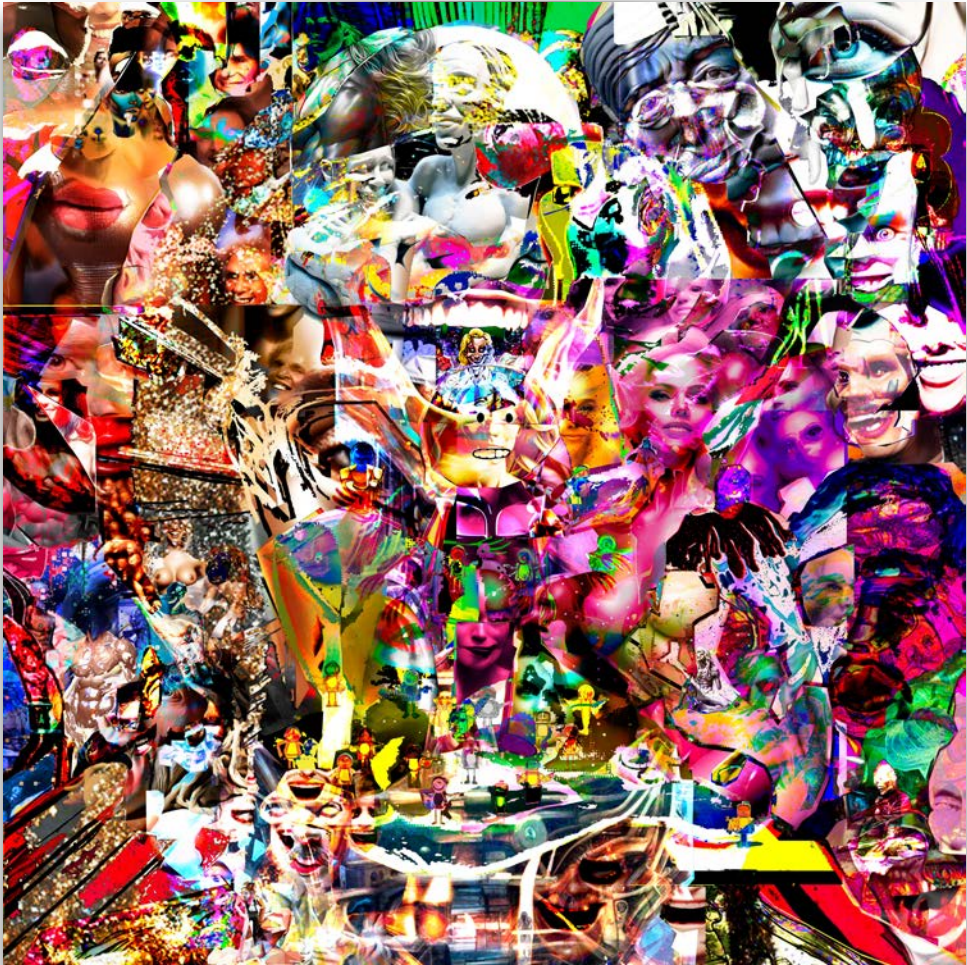
Poem „RING RING“ | 20W x 20H | included



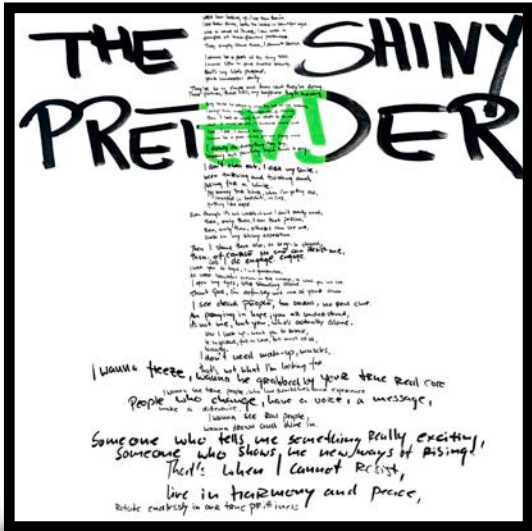




Scan to hear the poem



# THE SHINY PRETENDER



Original | 50W x 50H | 1.400,00 EUR

Fine art pigment ink print on archival paper (Hahnemuehle Photo Rag Ultra Smooth);  
Alternative sizes possible.

Poem „THE SHINY PRETENDER“ | 20W x 20H | included





"Eclipsed Souls"



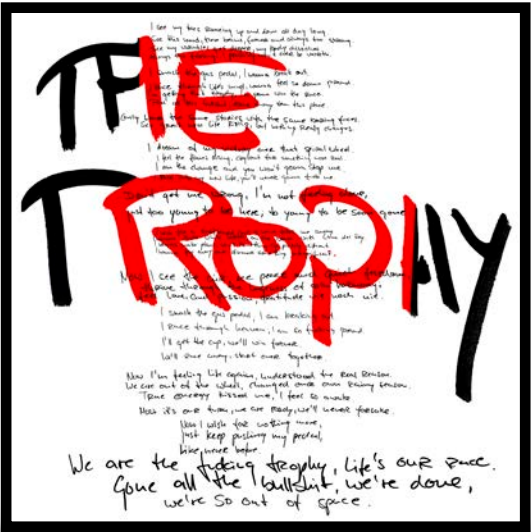
Original | 50W x 50H | 1.400,00 EUR

Fine art pigment ink print on archival paper (Hahnemuehle Photo Rag Ultra Smooth);  
Alternative sizes possible.

# THE TROPHY



Scan to hear the poem



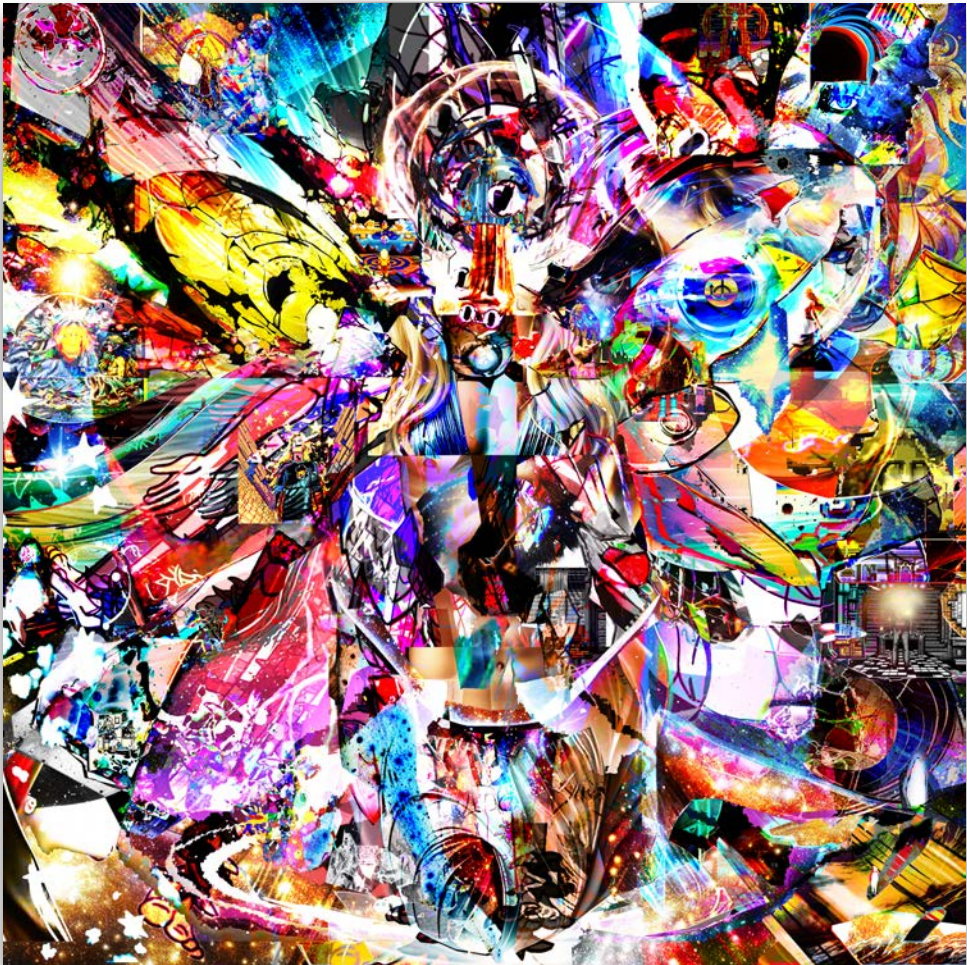
Poem „THE TROPHY“ | 20W x 20H | included







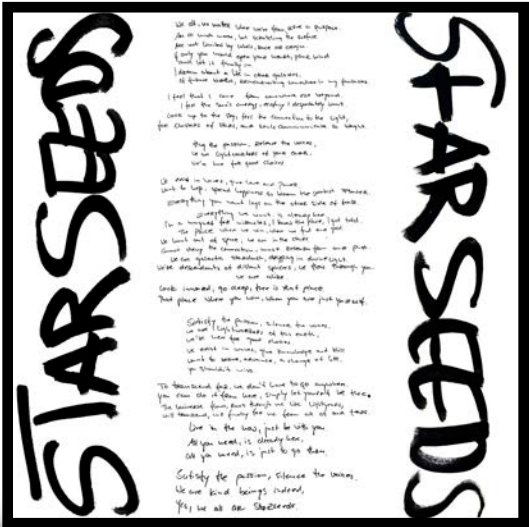
Scan to hear the poem



Original | 50W x 50H | 1.400,00 EUR

Fine art pigment ink print on archival paper (Hahnemuehle Photo Rag Ultra Smooth);  
Alternative sizes possible.

# STARSEEDS



Poem „STARSEEDS“ | 20W x 20H | included





# „GEISTERNDE LIEBE“

**“Just because I love you and you deserve it!”** is what every true love should hear every day. At least I try as best I can to let my true love feel that every day. Nevertheless, a thought haunts me, a feeling ghosts around. Feels like another true love haunts me. This realization alone made me think about another question: **“How many true loves can you even have, and which one's the true one, the realest deal?”**

What defines “true love”? Isn't love more of a moment that expands, that morphs until it doesn't work anymore? It stays that way, or it bursts and everything goes on. I feel like love, like everything, is an evolution. Without loss you might never love, right? What if one true love prepares you for the second true love and perhaps others? When love is not this one special vial that you give to someone, but rather a gigantic pool from which we draw, drink, pass on, share and refill?

What if there is no “true love” but love is always true as long as it is true. What if the search for it should not be part of it at all and we are always and constantly looking for just one love, but don't see that so many others are waiting for us if we don't look according to certain standards; love according to certain standards ...

What if true love goes beyond two people? If true love is a crossroad, a connection that has more than two branches? If everything is intertwined, why can't true love be more than one? I know that I have found my true love, but perhaps I have also lost another. So far I have had three true loves. All were different and all were unique. Each one was, is and remains the only true love; the only true love of the moment as we stood by the pool.

I wanted to create a romantic, but light picture. Wanted to capture that feeling, that mix of deep, painful, amazing, healing longing. With wishes, dreams, memories, reality and future fiction. I wanted to express my expanded connection. I wanted to pass on the true feelings that I live, branch them out, let them grow, beyond the clipping. But then I start wondering, another ghost buzzes through my world and asks me: **„What if you could have all your true loves at once?“**

Crazy to think about, right? But hey, love's a wild ride, and who knows where it might take you next.





# „Geisternde Liebe“



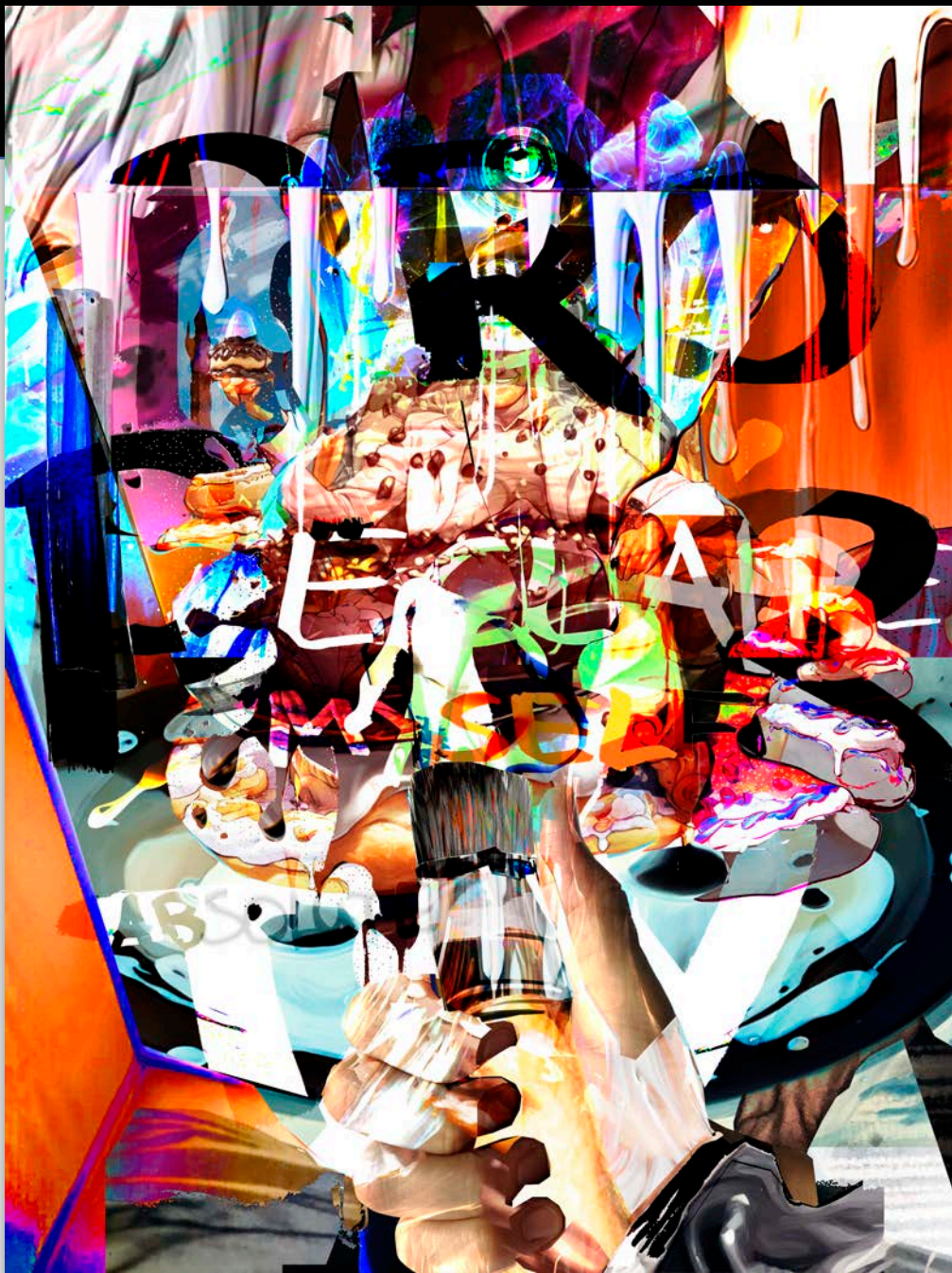
Copyright: Kay Becker

ORIGINAL | 154W x 80H | 2.360,00 EUR

FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH); OPTIONAL PRINT ON CANVAS







# „I ECLAIR MYSELF ABSOLUTE PROPERTY!“

"I ECLAIR MYSELF ABSOLUT PROPERTY" is basically an anthem to yours truly. It's all about embracing who I am, owning it, and leveling up – no holds barred.

Think of it as me shamelessly, boldly marking my unique claim in this wild world, where everyone who enjoys my outpourings as much as I enjoy an éclair is welcome to join the party.

This little piece is a powerful statement about everything I am, can and will be. Like my personal power pose – it screams, **"This is me, take it or leave it!"** And trust me, it's not just delicious, it's a whole mood – sticky, thick, addictive, and totally tantalizing. It's like my brain, my creativity, my essence – all wrapped up in one delectable package. It's a snapshot, like everyone else's. A self-portrait flipped. Salacious, sexy, honest and beautiful to look at.

So yeah, this artwork of course isn't just about me – it's about possibilities, about seeing things from a different perspective, and about diving deep into the soul behind those bright blue windows.

**ORIGINAL** | 60W x 80H | 1.400,00 EUR

FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH)





# „PUSSY GALORE“

„I had to whip up something as bold and unique as you – a jaw-dropping first impression that's 100% unforgettable. It hits hard, makes a lasting mark, and pulls you in with its in-your-face vibes and vibrant colors. Dear Nadia, turning your breasts into a masterpiece was a must!

## I know you're into the bold stuff!

I see you as a fierce warrior, battling against injustice and oppression. I aimed for something sensually explicit, subtly and not-so-subtly sexual. I let my instincts run wild, channeling desire, attraction, and pure sex appeal. It's a mix of strength, humanity, and beauty, blended with intelligence, wit, and a heart that's as massive as it gets. I had to honor your femininity and the powerful force you wield over your own body and existence. I usually don't take orders, but my inspiration took the reins, and well, you've left your kiss on me.

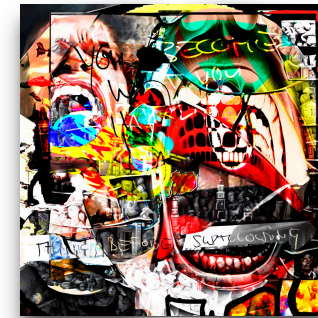
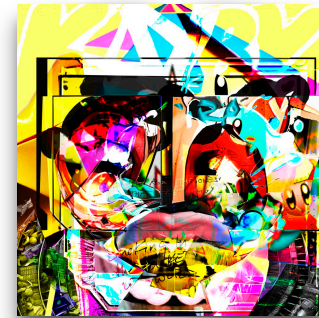
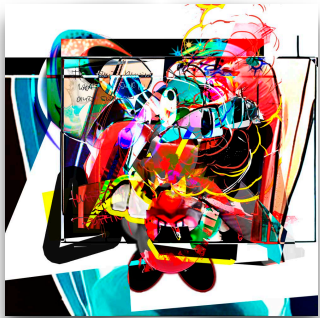
And by the way, "Pussy Galore" ain't just a Bond character - it's a vibe. It's a playful, suggestive name that dances on the edge. Just like us, breaking all the rules with style and a smirk.“



ORIGINAL | 80W x 80H | 1.600,00 EUR  
FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HÄHNEMÜHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH); ALTERNATIVE SIZES POSSIBLE.



# „L;P LORE“



Welcome to the wild world of „L;P LORE“

– where lips aren't just for smooching, they're the ultimate influencers of our inner and outer worlds, the ultimate power-ups in the game of life!

Lips, those juicy little gatekeepers of our chatter, holding the keys to our verbal kingdom. Lips, those captivating features that possess the ability to communicate volumes without uttering a single word. They serve as both messengers and guardians of our thoughts, desires, and secrets. With each movement, they reveal a glimpse of our innermost selves, while also acting as the threshold through which our words and intentions pass. They're like the warp pipes of our consciousness, transporting us to realms unknown with every word stated and every thought swallowed. They're like the bouncers of our personal party, deciding what gets in and what gets kicked to the curb. But it's not all smooch sailing – we're talking about a wild ride through the labyrinth of our consciousness. So, kick back and dive deep into the rabbit hole of „L;P LORE“.



# „L:P LORE“

Ever thought about Kirby, that radical bubble from the vintage Gameboy era, who slurps up anything and everything? Yeah, he's our spirit animal here. Just like Kirby, we're absorbing vibes left and right, transforming with every inhale and exhale. Fireball in, fireball out. But let's get real for a sec: What's with all the junk we're gobbling up in this digital age? From toxic fake news to sketchy politics and everything in between, it's like we're chomping on a never-ending buffet of nonsense, in a glitchy level without a cheat code in sight. It's time to hit the pause button and rethink our game plan.

**In this series, we delve into the metaphorical significance of lips as gatekeepers, drawing parallels to the iconic video game character Kirby, who absorbs and assimilates elements of his environment. Just as Kirby transforms through intentional consumption, so too do we, as individuals, shape our realities by the words and ideas we ingest and exit.**

Through a series of smaller-format artworks, each measuring 40 by 40, we explore the dichotomy between clarity and chaos. Employing graphic simplicity, I invite viewers to contemplate the conscious act of "swallowing" in a world inundated with conflicting messages and ideologies.

So, grab your controllers and get ready to level up. It's a visual journey as we examine the profound impact of lip service and lip confessions in shaping our perceptions and understanding of the world around us. A trip through the cosmos where every confession is a power-up and every lip service a chance to reset the game. Press start and see where this adventure takes us!





## „HUFF, PUFF, LOVE“

Welcome to „Huff, Puff, Love“ where we're flipping the sheet and diving headfirst into a world of whimsy and wonder. Black and white as our starting point, but trust me, it's just the tip of the iceberg.

In this adventure, **love** takes center stage, but we're not talking your run-of-the-mill romance here. Oh no, we're channeling deep into the quirky, the offbeat, and downright bizarre. It's about knowing what you suck in and swallow, but in a way that'll make you question everything you thought you knew.

Think huffing and puffing, but with a twist – we're blowing the roof off conventional love stories and letting the wild winds of magic take us where they may.





## „THE HUNGER GAMES“

In the digital labyrinth of existence, Kirby emerges as a mirror to our own consumption, his insatiable hunger mirroring our relentless quest for sustenance. Think about, what we really swallow these days of **survival**. Observe yourself and your environment, your life, honestly find out what you are deep-throating. Just as Kirby absorbs his surroundings, we too internalize the narratives fed to us, blurring the lines between truth and deception. When it comes to survival, help yourself first and then you can help others. So, I ask you, as Kirby devours his foes to survive, what do you swallow in the game of life?





## „GOBBLING GARBAGE“

In a world where independent thought is suffocated by the allure of conformity, we find ourselves ensnared in a cycle of consumption—satiating our desires with the poisoned fruits of societal norms. Our minds, once free, are shackled by the weight of manufactured consent, leaving us bloated with the empty calories of mass manipulation and **conspiracies**. But amidst this feast of illusions, whispers of dissent echo through the halls of our consciousness, daring to challenge the status quo. It's about the ones that feed you. „Suck in the fucked up world“, they say. Yet, as we suckle at the teat of deception, do we dare to swallow the bitter truth? Do we have the courage to reject the toxic nectar and forge our own path, guided by the fire of individuality?





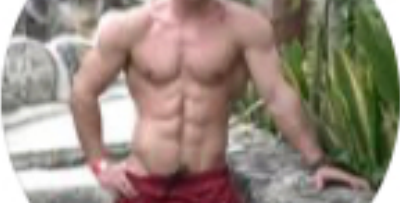
## „BITE BACK BITTERNESS“

You become what you inhale. I feel **hatred** everywhere, on all levels. Envy, condemnation, comparison, resentment and so on are so much more present these days than love, togetherness, unity. You're sucking up death! We swallow murder and atrocities. Flush down with falsehood and reflection. We have become Kirbys without character, mission or goal. Lifeless balloons whose souls do not present the other side of the coin, but the cancer that is planted in all of us. It is essential for each and every one of us to think clearly about every day, every thought, every decision and to take better paths. Think before swallowing. Think before you change into blind extinct rubber forever.









# 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.**

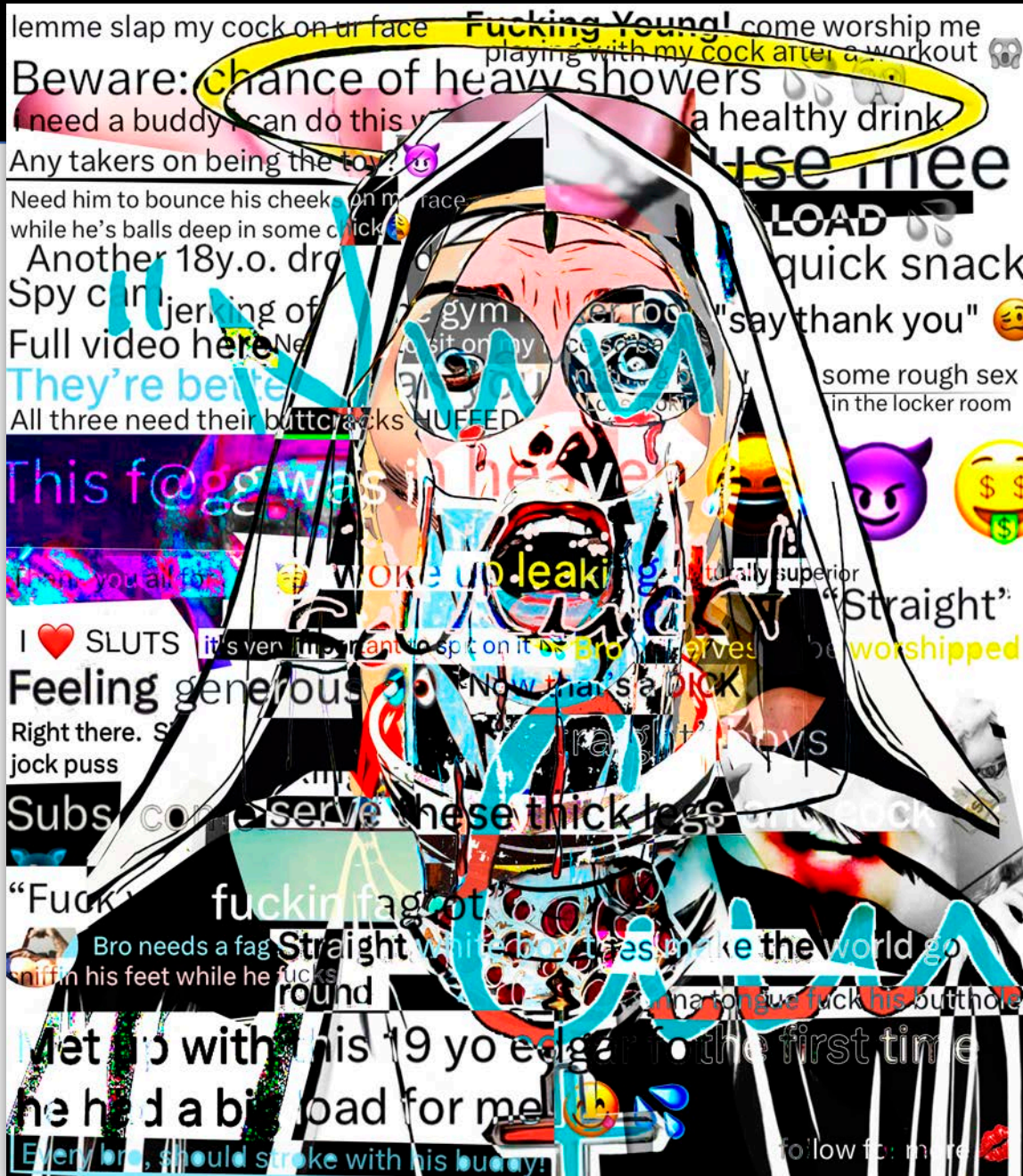
Can I accept it, push it away, ignore it? Can I play along, immerse myself and connect with the story? Can I even really judge it? Is it even a lie or is the evidence the lie itself? No light, no shadow. Without sun and moon, no day, no night. Without a woman there is no man, without an egg there is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







# „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?“**



# „CLOUDED MIND“



Clouds tell everything. Whenever I look at the sky, I see so many stories passing by, but I never manage to catch them. Before I went home for my latest vacation, I had made up my mind to answer one question by absorbing inspiration to the uttermost, photograph it, take it back with me and dissect it. Three weeks of just looking at the screen above, recording what I perceive in hopes of finding my resolution.

**CLOUDED MIND**, the result of my searching, was created out of **150 cloud photographs, as well as multiple snaps I took during my trip, processed in their natural inter-dimensional form. All drawings, images, everything in these pieces are based on these chapters of heaven and hell.** The one story that I had to experience in particular was that of my home, where I could never really be but always kind of was.



# „CLOUDED MIND“

Goodbye L.A.

For me, Los Angeles was always the place where I felt complete, rooted, arrived, balanced and recharged. Happy, winged and inspired. Held by my sun, the light and warmth, kissed and understood, even if I never lived there. Even though I have existed in Germany for almost 40 years, it is not my home. California is more than Ibiza, Mallorca, short trips within the EU box. It is the grain of sand on my heart that longs to connect with its like-minded mates by the ocean. Years ago, by the sea, my voice told me that this is where I belong, this is my spot, but why am I still not there after over a decade of working on it? **Why am I drawn to the City of Angels when my wings are always waiting in Berlin?**

In the vast theater of the sky, where the heavens unfold like a grand canvas, secrets are woven into the fabric of clouds, much like the stories held within our iPhones. Each puff, a silent messenger, shares tales of unseen worlds. What mysteries does the sky's bowl whispers to me?

After a five-year break, I went back to L.A. and knew beforehand that it would be a farewell. Not only the clouds, the photographs and drawings that accompanied my journey of thought contribute fundamentally to this series, the inner monologue and the knowledge of decay and end also characterize these works. It is the reflection on home, no home and people. On artificial ghost towns, escaping inwards, fearing the outer-bubble. **CLOUDED MIND** is the current state of my life in correspondence with the messages from whoever is sitting in front of the monitor.



„Clouded Mind“



„ALL BY MYSELF“

ORIGINAL | 150W x 110H | 2.600,00 EUR | FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH); ALTERNATIVE SIZES POSSIBLE.



„Clouded Mind“



**„YOU ARE NOT  
MACHINES, YOU  
ARE NOT CATTLE,  
YOU ARE MEN!“**

ORIGINAL | 150W x 110H | 2.600,00 EUR | FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH); ALTERNATIVE SIZES POSSIBLE.



„Clouded Mind“



## „I AM FALLING AGAIN“

ORIGINAL | 110W x 150H | 2.600,00 EUR |

FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH); ALTERNATIVE SIZES POSSIBLE.



„Clouded Mind“

**„YOU'RE JUST A  
HIDEAWAY, A  
FEELING. YOU LET  
MY HEART  
ESCAPE BEYOND  
THE MEANING, A  
CHANCE I TAKE TO  
KEEP ON  
DREAMING.  
YOU'RE JUST  
ANOTHER DAY  
THAT KEEPS ME  
BREATHING.“**



ORIGINAL | 150W x 110H | 2.600,00 EUR | FINE ART PIGMENT INK PRINT ON ARCHIVAL PAPER (HAHNEMUEHLE PHOTO RAG ULTRA SMOOTH); ALTERNATIVE SIZES POSSIBLE.





## ABOUT KAY BECKER

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.



FOR PURCHASE & EXHIBITIONS GET IN TOUCH WITH  
TAKING BACK MAY GMBH  
DOMINIK TIEMANN  
[DOMINIK@TAKINGBACKMAY.COM](mailto:DOMINIK@TAKINGBACKMAY.COM)

FOR PRESS & COLLABORATIONS PLEASE CONTACT  
OHANA PM GMBH  
JULIANE KECK  
[JULIANE@OHANA.PM](mailto:JULIANE@OHANA.PM)