

200 km/h in the Wrong Lane , At [SIS123, La Chaux-de-Fonds](#)

Participating artists: Mona Filleul

This one who loves that one

As soon as I knew it was possible it became my life's project: later on I would be a dyke.

Like the good student that I was, I researched:

I listened to all the music advised by M,

I printed my favourite photo montages from skyrock with Lena and Julia. I didn't pay attention to their languorous kiss transparently embedded over their embracing bodies.

I too wanted to wear itchy skirts and be soaked in my pre-teen sweat in overly tight shirts. In plastic folders with eyelets, I slipped inkjet pictures into the back of my notebooks.

On Saturdays, I would watch over M's shoulder as she chatted with the family mac on msn. Many of us wanted to be M. Her room was swollen with perfume, thongs and old smokes covered the ground, her guitar was there between two notebooks, she was already composing. I would stand at the threshold of her door.

Я хочу три поцелуя, пожалуйста

M conveys to me a phrase that they probably exchanged with each other. The 15 downloaded tracks loop on the single gig of my red MP3 player. Wanting to be purist, most of the tracks are in Russian. (I visit lesbian party sites in Paris in private browsing.)

I want the same haircut as Julia I don't have breasts yet,

it's the summer of Sicily, I'm in love with all short cuts with hair-gel spikes. I end my childhood hair before the summer.

Life still has sweetness

I dream of hot and sticky kisses with D.,

before pretending to be heterosexual like everyone else.

D. understands my sudden interest in L culture

and quickly dismisses me after calling me a few days before,

his soul mate. I write a clumsy email asking for forgiveness,

a wall is erected.

I find my beloved solitude in August with the same music in a loop.

I like them, listening to them weighs a weight at the bottom of my stomach.

Though my hand does not stray, I know its smallest recesses without having ever visited them.

Prostye Dvizheniya

I also see myself braving:

death, betrayals, silence:

the usual lesbian tragedy.

It is the last turn before the norm,

a tender moment that has no words.

— Nino Andre

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