
I met Michael, Monica, and Alexander when I started photographing prostitutes in the Józsefváros neighbourhood of Budapest. They were the only ones in this isolated community with whom I became friends; over time very close ones.

I photographed them for approximately three years in a flat where they lived and worked together. This was where Michael committed suicide on 24 February, 2010. His death was not because of or linked to the life they lived. Not at all. He loved Alexander. He loved him and wished to live happily with him.

Michael lived with Small-Michael, another gay prostitute and also an alcoholic. He found him and Monica in nearby bars; after a time he would not let them out on the street because they were too conspicuous. The three of them covered the sexual market, receiving clients of all orientations and needs.

15 November, 2009: Michael found a “good civil job” as a waiter in a university canteen serving students. He can bring plenty of food home, and they no longer have to worry about food anymore.

Michael depended on his love, his life depended on it; but Alexander couldn't stop playing his cruel games.

27 December, 2009: At Christmas Eve Michael and Alexander had a huge fight. Jealousy was the motive of course. Alexander left him, he went to the park where he had worked before, smoked weed, drank, and finally ended up in a homeless shelter where he lost all his documents. Michael found him the next day and took him back home. They seemed to beat peace now. Monica hasn't drunk for two weeks (she smokes weed instead). We were talking about sex and Andrea's breasts (according to Michael they weigh six kilos). I got a nice Playboy pen set from them and I wished them a much better and peaceful year than the previous one.

24 February 2010: He carefully planned his act. Nothing or nobody could change his decision, it was his answer and relief from everything.. But for those left behind, it leaves a loss and a series of unanswerable questions.

"Could this happen to anybody?" I realized that similar people close to me have been in similar situations..

What I can do now is move on, I have no other choice than to learn from Michael and his meaningless death.

22 August, 2009: Monica showed me her phone the other day. Her regular clients were all saved in her phone as Michaels. Strangling Michael: who strangles Monica with her own bra to get on. Head standing Michael: who fucks Monica while she is standing on her head. Big gipsy Michael: “he is really smoky” – says Monica. There was a funny story when Monica was away in Germany Big gipsy Michael was so desperate that he couldn’t find her that Michael decided to substitute her by wearing her clothes.. He fucked Michael instead of Monica and the illusion was better for Big gipsy Michael than nothing. Small dick Michael: who paid Monica with false money. Monica nearly cried when she realized the bills were Xerox copies. Deep throat Michael: who pushes his dick so deep in Monica’s throat that Monica can’t swallow for a while after. Flower Michael: a nice old man who always brings flowers to Monica whenever he visits her. Capital red letter Michael: a rich diplomat who works in Ukraine and who always brings presents to Monica. She already has received from him a kimono, perfume, and earrings.

21 September, 2009: For an afternoon I had the adventure to be in “Monica’s shoes”. I dressed up as a prostitute, in her clothes and blond wig. Michael took pictures of me posing with Alexander and he couldn’t stop shouting: “Lilly, you could be a great whore!” Something happened during that afternoon; this adventure brought us even closer to each other. The magic of costumes worked well.