

PARASITES

caner teker

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Arranged by

Lou Drago

FEMALE COPULATORY VOCALISATION

In conversation with

Camilla, Heather, Zoe, Pedro, Fred, Samir and Nici.

When you go there it seems very simple, the
darkroom, but it isn't, it's very complex.

*One must first start by equating or understanding
what is a darkroom experience ...*

There are like these situations where you feel like
there's some kind of truth being spoken, and that
is really exciting. You know? It's where things get
really fun.

*I think at the beginning it took me ages to figure
out how on earth are we supposed to navigate these
spaces that are usually like, totally occupied by gay
men. I didn't know how to be part of the space or how
to figure it out, so I spent a lot of time finding people
outside the darkroom to bring in as a group.*

Yeah, we were in the after-party and I said like, 'I think
we should do more performative acts in the darkroom',
and he was like 'you are wrong ... it should really be
about improvisation and participation', and yes, that
is true, but the thing is, that in the darkroom, it
becomes like this boy-junior-high-club-like looking
thing you know? That is also a performance. I also
think like whether it's a performance per-se, or
whether it is just like going into a performative way
of being something for instance. Sometimes you can
access your personal perversion better from that
because you are signifying it and by somehow
seeing it yourself, the person you're doing something
with also sees it, and through there you can actually
do something that goes beyond performativity ...

*There is also great joy to be had in experimenting and
finding things out, and playing dress-up and basically
doing some kind of intimate theatre for one another
where one takes on different roles. Not to eradicate
an identity, but to see that it's constructed.*

I mean performative actions, and it's like a way
of inserting a focal point and it's something that
happens all of the time. I think without these focal
points you're lost, focal points are there to orient
yourself, not just to each other but also to yourself.
It's also an aligning and can give a certain safety
or enable a fantasy or thought, by somehow being
together.

*It was kinda like a bit theatre-y or like a different
style of using the darkroom. There was this amazing
maze darkroom and it's like totally pitch black and
you literally couldn't see anything. It was like a lot of
stumbling around ... and like going to the darkroom in
little groups and having like, little orgies in corners ...
and then stumbling around again and then somehow
climbing out.*

I do think it is something that can be helpful in
order to establish new structures for what kind
of activities can make the darkroom a place where
one actually explores deep kink, or personal
preference ...

*Well like your soft performance, the spanking one,
is actually just setting a performative frame, that
can facilitate an improvisation. Because what ends
up happening is spontaneous. In a sense it's a*

performance, but in a sense it's very real somehow ...
When that works, it can open ... well it can also be a service. Like you can actually give somebody something, but it can also be watched, it has different outsiders ...

There's also all these stories of like, AFAB people, coming into the darkroom with their strap-ons and being like "hey!" and they have to announce themselves, because there's not an assumption of what they can do or what they want. Or also maybe they might just not be able to get what they want just from touch. But they say, like, "I want all these people to come fuck me" or like "I want to fuck all of you ... little gay asses in this place," and they can do it. I brought my strap-on to the dildo party, but i don't think i used it ... i think i lent it to somebody ... ?
Ahhh yeah i lent it to M so they could fuck you at the afterparty!
(laughs) *Oh yeah! That's why i had the association of you and dildo*

There was — which was a nice thing and a not nice things about it — there was the L scene but also the people that go to F all the time. So there i did definitely have had a few experiences, of like people grabbing me or jumping on me in ways that were kinda stressful. It was a mix of two worlds, like i wouldn't say that people were being aggressive, it was more like this gay sex scene and then our scene came and like clashed a bit.

I agree, it's just that i feel, sometimes, in my experience, a lot of gay men don't see themselves as the ones who occupy the space, and to open up the space for others.

Yeah it's also quite a common thing, there are some people who just don't have any sense of ... other people (laughs)

Yeah, but it's also a masculine, or male socialisation at least, na? And also, this sense of entitlement. Feeling entitled to be here. Also if you have a long history of claiming a space like this and then there's a new reality.. not like a mainstream that tries and gets it back, but like, a whole culture, that's creating new nuances in that space, you know? Then it should be fine... or it should be important to invite this and share

But i think by the time we got to U, i think there i only had really positive experiences from the gay men. *We had an afterparty once, it was at Ss, and i was like doing my thing, and W was sitting by and smoking, and she said in the middle "Oh my god, F is being a good girl!" (laughs) and i think it's not so much that they're women, but that they're people that i know, who i haven't had sex with, because we're not sexually into each other, and them suddenly seeing what i do...*

and how, how was that for you?
Well, it turned me on a little bit, it made me a little insecure, you know and that was kind of ... (laughs) the drugs helped.

Sorry ... by not-queer did you mean gay or like, straight?

Ahh maybe i mean, not sex-positive ...

Not sexually-woke ... ?

Not sexually-woke, not going to a party and maybe have sex. For me, i only go to queer parties and/or sex-positive parties, so for me its like, very weird to not see someone having sex at a party, it's like, why are you not having sex? Like what's the deal? You know? ... Like it's kind of a measure of how good the parties ...

For me it is, yeah.

I remember one party where i was just walking around and i was just seeing like, sex happening everywhere. There were so many AFAB people doing it, everywhere, anywhere, and it was so thrilling. I remember just feeling like YESSSSSS, we did it! Cos it doesn't really need to happen in the darkroom! The darkroom is kind of like a tool, it's like a — at least for me — i think it was like a means to an end. It wasn't ever the end. Or maybe it was at some point, but like, very quickly we realised it's not actually the end that we're going for.

I think a lot of people were like it's actually really nice when there's like AFABs having sex in the darkroom cos you make way more noise, so it seems less serious, you know? A was like "whenever you're in there you make so much noise that i can't take myself seriously, it's kinda nice." I feel like and this is the way A described it, he goes in by himself, in like this predator mode, and maybe that's a more gay darkroom scenario. I feel like queer sex is a bit more giggly and noisy, there's lots of sex noises as well.

Well i would say that i'm super noisy! If the darkroom is super packed you will hear the uurrtraaaagh! and the grunts; and the hurraaa and all of that. There are also these people — who i will never understand — who are just quiet. I can understand quiet tops — or quieter tops — but what i can't understand is bottoms who are completely silent. i feel like a lot of the not-noise-making has to do with performative masculinity and like, shame.

There's like this term in zoology, female copulatory vocalisation, and of course there are exceptions en masse, but in general with like, umm what's säugeliete?

Whatever, with animals it's usually the female that makes a lot of noise during sex, and it is believed it is to attract more mates to the site ...

(laughs) and that's exactly what you're doing ...

That's exactly what i'm doing, I'm doing female copulatory vocalisation (laughs)

It also gives other people permission to let go a little bit

Totally, i think it's something that when i go into the darkroom i do sort of feel obligated to make noise. Do you feel like there's a performative element to it?

Yeah, a little bit! For sure ... it's also like something that i personally like to do, there's something about being exhibitionist, or like performing in this context, like where people are not necessarily watching, but they could watch. This is also a space that there's voyeurism, that's part of it. And there's exhibitionism, that's part of it. I think then it turns into a bit more of a kinky space rather than just a pure relieve-yourself space, than maybe it used to be.

But i'm more not a fan of random voyeurs, you know, oftentimes i don't like the gaze, the gaze disturbs me, i get a bit of performance anxiety.

Situations that can involve giving someone a sort of treatment that includes both a receiver and a giver. And if that is desired or talked about, or like, in a place that it doesn't even need to be talked about, it's a given that some people will watch, and some people will like that.

One of the things i like about the darkrooms that i experience within our bubble, is that it's kinda chatly, you know? Like i can remember having sex and listening to C talk about something in detail ... like "ah i'm getting high now, i'm getting really high", and then like going back into some book he's read, an then something else, while someone's giving him a blowjob ...

The moral standards in Berlin are looser, you're never the most perverted guy in the room, or perceive yourself as the most perverted, because theres always somebody who's getting something done, and you know, no judgement, but you loose the judgement of yourself. You're never the messiest person, you're never the biggest catastrophe!

In a way it's more difficult for me personally to explore the kind of dirty, or kind of ... you have to be brave and personal, and like breaking a boundary, or risking something in a certain place in a certain condition with certain people.

The fact that i've also changed how i perceive my body, certain security, my sexual identity or my sexual performance. I guess i become slowly more comfortable with my nudity in the club, in these semi-private/public spaces that are clubs. I mean ... i came from a place where you couldn't even take off your shirt.

In the UK you're only naked when you have sex,

so your body is really sexualised and i think it really fucks you up. But when you move to Germany you learn that ah, it's okay, bodies don't always have to be sexualised, and i feel like the darkroom, like, ah chatting in the darkroom became this thing like, ah you can have sex with your friends and it doesn't have to be this formal space where we're all quiet and behave in like a sexy way.

I like doing these things ... and i'd like to do it more. You know i've also done these very funny things, like with S ... well it was crazy ... i was wearing a lot of ketchup, and i like, filled their asshole with ketchup. And they were like, showing it to people and were like, "can someone help me?" I was like, am i going over a border? Is this okay?

In a way i like to think that the openness towards a sexual practice should come from many different aspects ... not just perfectionising a certain technique of how to perform your sexual aroused self. The emancipation kind of comes from many different kinds of topics ... and maybe thats where queer gets interesting, or freaky gets interesting because you're kind of like hitting something with a surface and coming out of a surface, and seeing that as a symptom of something real. And that is coming out of all of the different kinds of topics, it has to do with love and friendships, it has to do with certain people being deeply engaged with politics, having people coming from different experiences and really sharing different types of backgrounds and managing to see different practices in the light of each other without having to identify with each other, without having to call it this or that — and having a sexual behaviour also being a result of that.

I think that takes time to truly accept that we are just not liking the same things ... and still daring to share it. That's what i find interesting there, like it's not "cool." People are in there for the fucking pleasure of it. And that is extremely honest.

Text by

Erkan Affan

HOW CAN I KNOW TO ARCHIVE AND FIND SOLIDARITY IN THE DARK

if I do not understand first what darkness is?

We frequently ignore the legacies and meanings of words in our lives, opting instead to use them as objective markers for our subjective thoughts. But words mean different things, in different contexts, for different people. Before I can even talk about archiving and solidarity in this piece, I have to first begin by exploring what the notion of *dark(ness)* means to me. In my life so far, I have come to understand *dark(ness)* to be a paucity of light. A dearth of illumination. Regularly, I have also seen how *dark(ress)* has been weaponised to become a metaphor for the absence of knowledge too. *Light*, on the other hand, has always been framed as a provider of illumination and thus very much a symbol for the presence of knowledge. Are you with me? Let me elaborate for you here. In the English language, it is a very common phrase for one to refer to a specific situation as “being kept in the dark” when describing a lack of knowledge on something. Equally, it is not surprising to hear the term “brought to light” when going through the process of gaining such knowledge: with *light* in this context representing a transcendence from ignorance.¹ It is interesting to see how these binaries of *light* and *dark* have similarly become entrenched in the more formal, historical productions of knowledge too. Between the 17th and 19th centuries, Europe experienced what is now referred to as the Age of *Enlightenment* – with theorists such as Durkheim ‘coining’ academics like sociology that preached

about the possibilities we have of understanding society principally through the lens of scientific objectivity. These ideas still form much of how Europe

(re)produces and (re)distributes its knowledge today. In fact, throughout my time at school and up until I went to SOAS for my undergraduate in 2013 – a university that at least in theory tries to pedagogically decentre Europe from the productions of knowledge² – I was taught that what came before this *Enlightenment* was total *darkness*. But how can this be the case? My own heritages’ histories were formed in these eras of *darkness*, including the work of scholars like Ibn Khaldun and his 9th century theory of evolution (see al-Muqaddimah³) and the ever-prevailing arithmetic of *algebra* coined in the era of Abbasid Baghdad (by polymath Muhammad ibn Musa al-Khwarizmi⁴). So, I wonder, does this mean that one only considers knowledge to be *Enlightenment* when it results from discourses that have been produced in the Western hemisphere?⁵ You may be wondering here, why is Erkan getting so off-topic and bringing Ibn-Khaldun and algebra into the discussion when they’re meant to be talking about clubs and darkrooms? Well, here’s why. As products/subjects of the West, we’re surrounded by a constant pathology of knowledge that has been formed in the *Enlightenment*. We’re surrounded by the subsequent assumption that this is the only knowledge that exists in the world, and by the

only

Text by

Tunay

GAY MAZE AND THE DARK FIRE

An Intimate night at a Berlin's Sex Club

Each winter, Berlin's vibrant queer social scene

morphs into isolated cocoons hosting mostly singles and lovers. As the winter nights get longer, so do the city's nocturnal activities. In this piece, I will take you with me to penetrate the dark and get acquainted with an infamous adult playground: the gay maze. Feel the warmth in the darkness, in the belly of the beast where the *dark fire* burns.

I am a queer man of color in his late 20s who has lived in Berlin since 2018. I use dating apps, I go out to bars and clubs, and, sometimes, I attend some 'special' events. As I distanced myself from drugs, my years as a raver have slowly been replaced with occasional bar-going. Even though I have lost my appetite for a day-long dance-off, I still search for the intimate connections I used to form in the clubs, and particularly in the darkrooms.

It is one of Berlin's long January nights, and I am preparing for a night on my own. I am heading to a sex club in my neighborhood. This will be my first time at this particular location. I start my day's diary with the following note: "I'm trying to break away from the *horrors* of online dating." It is not a surprise, especially after repeating another cycle of sending photos, receiving photos, sending more, and receiving more; I remember being overwhelmed with the digitalization of what I like to have in the flesh: fucking!

1) Getting into the maze:

no phones, no clothes, no wallets
I park my bike, approach the entrance, and ring the bell. A person around my age opens the door with a smile and lets me in. I will later realize that with each ringing of the bell, the naked guests inside curiously turn their heads to see who is about to walk in. (A small detail that makes the waiting inside ever more curious.) After a deep breath, I walk in. I am new here, and the person who admitted me certainly knows it, but the rule is to act natural: to pass as a person who knows it all.

One thing I love about this place is their no-phone policy. This is, of course, not the case for many other darkrooms, but this place asks me to leave my phone at the counter. Without my phone, without others' phones, there will be no checking notifications and no exchanging numbers. From that moment on, we are already experiencing something new, something different from other interactions at random bars. Since nudity, anonymity, and comfort are the utmost priorities, the same rules apply to your wallet (you pay at the end, so you don't have to carry it around) and your clothes.

After putting my belongings in a trash bag, I get marked with a number on my right shoulder: 74. This number will be my reference when I order drinks and when I pay and leave. After walking in almost

requirement that we as individuals as well as a society must accept and protect these knowledges at all costs. But for queer, trans and/or BIPOC-identifying people, such knowledges erase, abuse and isolate us. They do not provide us the space we need in society to feel seen, to feel heard, to feel respected. They do not allow us to walk in the *light* with them. Club spaces have historically become a subversion against this. A place of *darkness* only in the physical sense, which provides us as the Others an opportunity to create our own *Enlightenments*. Clubs allow us to leave the spotlight of the gender binary, the histories of colonialism, the rhetoric of racism and other ongoing mechanisms of hegemony and control outside. Club spaces and their various subspaces allow for us to use physical *darkness* as a vehicle with which to embrace new forms of *light*—sexually, socially, racially, religiously and socio-economically—through the sounds of music, the rhythm of dance, the rush of performance, and the thrill of non-familiarity.

"I am a person with a reasonable amount of privilege. I was sent to a 'good' school. I studied at 'good' university. I tried to chase all the things that I was

told by my parents would grant me security: employment, mortgage, love. But as a trans person of colour, as a queer person with a radical set of politics (well, considered radical to the powers that be at least), I have never felt secure. The way I view and am viewed by the world does not fit into the roles that the world expects from me. I try to fight against being a subject of it. I try to push myself out of the comforts of just accepting its knowledge as fact. Do you know how fucking exhausting that is? When I feel so fucking beat down by this world, that doesn't want people like me to THRIVE rather than survive, I put my best outfit into my bag and head to the club. I get changed in the toilets and I spend 12–24 hours in its darkness finding light. I watch how the same people who would police themselves out of fear in public, whose eyes would dart from carriage to carriage when they step on a train, strut into a room as the music pumps in the background—they/we own this goddamn space. This is OUR space. We are a library that reflects the multiplicity of experience. We are a sanctuary that protects the integrity of difference."*

1 I want to have a space here for us to consider how you as the read may perhaps approach this discussion of unpacking dark(ness) too. For instance, I would not be surprised to read pieces of work that explore the complex binaries of dark(ness) vis-à-vis lightness that can be presented in the arenas of racial discourse and identity politics. I won't sit here & type on this topic as if I am an authority—whilst I am very much a person of colour with my own lived experiences, my physical proximity to lightness in a racial sense is much higher than that of other Black and Brown siblings living in our world. In order to truly understand these implications of dark(ness) within the context of race(s) and colourism, we must turn to the works of incredible writers and activists such as Alice Walker, Toni Morrison, Nandita Das and Pax Jones.

2 Although ironically, it was created at the turn of the 20th century to do the exact opposite of this. Terrible figures of history like Enoch Powell have walked through the doors of SOAs throughout the 1900s, but eventually this narrative has been overshadowed and replaced with an (albeit naive) endeavour to decolonise academic internally.

3 Evolution, Ibn Khaldun & the Progressives, Cambridge Blame Sciences Wordfile <https://www.cambridgeblamesciences.com/evolution-ibn-khaldun-the-progressives/>

4 The Compendious Book on Calculation by Completion and Balancing

5 And more specifically, even if the very thinkers in this Western hemisphere have more often than not appropriated and redistributed the knowledges of non-Western thinkers as their own? <https://www.britannica.com/topic/The-Compendious-Book-on-Calculation-by-Completion-and-Balancing>

Text by

Olympia
Bukkakis

NO SHADOW

ARCHITECTURE AND QUEER REFUGE

Drag is the art of manipulating light and darkness. In order to contour a face, one uses light colours on areas that are to come forward and dark colours on those that should retreat. To feminise a face, the areas that require lightening are the middle of the forehead, down the centre of the nose and across the cheekbones. A darker colour is used on both sides of the forehead, down the sides of the nose, along the jawline, and, most importantly, under the cheekbones. This shadow-sculpting requires patience, practice, and, most of all, a specific lighting situation.

Anyone who has ever done drag at a pride parade knows that “day drag” is best avoided. Taken out of our natural habitat, our shadows are all wrong. The contours fall apart and the colours appear garish and lost. Our usual task is to conjure the fantastic out of the mundane, turning ordinary life into something exciting and meaningful. But, like all magic-workers, we require good staging, strategic positioning, artfully placed smoke and mirrors. We find these in the drag bar. The drag bar is a space that has taken a look at the outside world and decided it can do a better job. The sun – that searchlight perched crudely upon the watchtower of heterosexual conformity – is blocked out by dingy, smoke-stained walls that provide shelter and respite from the outside world. Its light – transformed aeons ago by antediluvian alchemy into coal and now once again into electricity – is redirected through a cheap rig of lamps to artificial effect. Live music is banished to make room for the camp necromancy of queens and kings lip syncing to voices from the past. Our spaces, and the interplay of light and dark that they house, are what allow us to work, to exist. And now they’re closed.

Another arena in which drag has flourished is Instagram. I’m not an Insta queen. This could be because it’s the first app that I was obliged to join but was too old to have any enthusiasm for, or it could be because the cold, flat, affectless digital space that it creates seems to me to be the end of drag, and perhaps even thought itself. It’s probably both. But I don’t think it’s unfair to resent a platform where the image of a drag queen – the result of hours, days and years of feminised labour and reshaping of the self – is almost always demoted by the algorithm (informed by real human interactions, mind you) in favour of a white cis boy with prominent cheekbones asking his followers what kind of cereal they like to eat in the morning or which of his artless poses they find most inspiring. I also have no real motivation to claim the prize of this arena: influencer status. I already work in an underpaid industry in which a vanishingly small minority make any real money. And to be honest, the only thing I really want to “influence” is the aesthetics of the gullblines well soon be erecting in the town squares in order to finally solve our problems with the rich. I think pink

naked. I exchange some glances and continue walking to the bar to order a drink. Freed from their usual habit of checking and holding my phone, my hands want to hold, explore, do something! I reach out for the tobacco pouch on the counter and start rolling a cigarette.

In that moment while I finish rolling my cigarette and get my drink, I realize that my body is going through a moment of switching from the codes of the outside world to the codes of the sex club. I breathe out a breath of captured smoke, sip my drink, and start exploring.

As I said, I am all about that ‘act natural’ attitude, so I start walking around as if I know the place very well. The club first opens to a bar which is partly separated from the entrance by a 4-meter long camo-print curtain. The bar has black leather seats and a few tables hosting people taking a break, talking, or exchanging signals in an unspoken language. The room’s temperature is perfect; just enough to keep me warm and relaxed in my underwear. After the bar, I walk into the second room, semi-private with curtained beds and a fairly big walking area which opens to the downstairs zone.

2) How to have serious fun: the untold rule of the darkroom

After exploring the first floor, I head downstairs: to the inner circles of this sexy playground. As I walk past a group of four chatting, I hear one of them say “Get him, get him!” implying that their friend should get me. Hearing this exhortation, I feel silly; do I turn my head and face the person, or do I act indifferently? I decide to quicken my steps so as not to be found by my potential suitor. I rush through the low-ceilinged hall and find myself in the corridors of the gay maze.

I see one, two, five, ten people and I stop counting. I see aging, young, muscular, slim, hairy, smooth, and plus-size bodies. One of the untold rules of the darkroom, it’s fun, but it’s also, serious fun. One can think of this rule as performing masculinity, or simply adopting a particular attitude to disguise the fact that we are, just a group of adults chasing each other in our underwear in a poorly lit basement. Although smiling (or laughing) is not common, one can make sense of little gestures. A sudden head-turn, a move of hands, a look and, of course, eyes, do tell a lot in the darkroom.

3) The Belly of the Beast:

Exploring the gay maze and the dark fire
I look around. I walk more. Similar to all the other mazes, this gay maze also has a center, a heart where all the hearts beat together. As I walk more,

the maze feels warmer. I look down and see little drops of sweat covering my hairy torso. The heat, adrenaline, and all the nudity put me in a euphoric *trip*. I am under the spell of this place. I approach a corner that is darker than the rest of the maze. I catch sight of some people, all facing the dark corner, concentrating on a spot that I am not yet able to see. I hear moaning, chains clinking:

CLICK,
CLICKICK,
AHHHH.

The rhythm is as familiar as heartbeat: bodies throbbing, in and out. I understand that this is where the dark fire burns and heats up the room. We are all bound by its spell, our hearts racing with its rhythm, our eyes hypnotized with each of its movements. I am at the center of the maze, the heart where all the hearts beat.

As my eyes adjust to the dark, I see the contours of a leather sling hosting a three-headed monster with six legs, moaning and shaking with pleasure.

All of a sudden, I hear another familiar metallic click behind me, TCHIN TCHIN, someone in the dark lights their cigarette. With the click of the lighter, we all see ourselves for a short second, and then the darkness settles again.

Time feels slower in the darkroom, especially in that dark corner. Then, I catch the eye of the person standing next to me, a beautiful man with long hair. Our bodies meet in the dark, moving smoothly as if we are following an untold script. After that, we go upstairs and talk for an hour. I am number 74 and he is 64, we laugh and share stories within the walls of the camo-print curtains.

I’ve been to the belly of the beast. I know the dark fire. I know that there is something magical in breaking free from the rules. That is what darkrooms do, not only hide things, but expose things that only appear in the dark.

would be nice. I really do respect the labour of the queens and kings on Instagram, but it has always been a poor substitute for the drag bar.

One night shortly after all of our spaces were shuttered, I was attacked on the street. It was dark. Ideal conditions for drag, you'd think. There was some artificial light from the street lamps too, stale yellow glare concentrated in pools on the ground. But it was arranged wrong. The gorgeous rich red of my blood was obscured and appeared as a murky, yellowy brown as I spat it from my mouth onto the ground. I escaped with a broken jaw, a cut face, and a badly bruised elbow. I was lucky. It could have been much worse. The wrong lighting can be deadly. A few days later an indistinct yellow-blue bruise spread itself along my jawline, where I would normally apply my contour. The effect was messy and unflattering. The swelling wasn't in the right places either.

In normal times solidarity weaves its way through much of the shadow architecture of the Berlin drag scene. The current conditions have necessitated yet another transformation of this elusive and precious entity, Queens Against Borders, which I organise with the Danish, collected video performances from our resident performers and others to produce a live stream to raise money for free self-defence classes for trans and queer refugees. Pansy and ReveRso, two mainstays of the scene, have both also raised money to help refugees who were rendered particularly vulnerable by the crisis. The Venus Boys (a collective providing a playground for masculine drag) and Queenberg (a soft-event run by and for queer and trans refugees) have created live streams to provide entertainment for those at home during lockdown. But as the days have grown longer and it has become safer (for now) to be outside, the audiences for this have dropped off. I could be bitter about this, but some of the sunsets have been seriously camp spectacles. I can't blame our audiences for being seduced by those (rare) moments when nature gets the lighting right.

Of course I'm looking forward to the moment when we can return to our spaces, though I'm anxious that their new configurations will wash away the basic conditions we have worked so hard to build up over the last few years. It's always an uphill battle to make sure our labour is paid, and I anticipate that this will be even harder in the times to come. But if we managed to survive all of the bullshit that we have waded through every day up until now, I see no reason to doubt our resilience now. We'll be here for a while yet, manipulating light and darkness, sculpting shadow in our dark, hallowed spaces.

Season II

Topics:

pain killer
deutsches theater
dark room

Artists:

#5 (pain killer)
Djibri Sall; Elise Tunemyr
with Liina Magnea; Dnastja
Antonenko, Josephin Hanke,
Lucky Hole, Bo Thomas,
Laurean Wagner; Fióla Gauta-
dóttir & Suvi Kempainen

#7 (dark room)
Paola Bascón; Sophie
Guisset; Frida Laux;
caner teker

Team:

Björn Pätz
Sandra Umathum
Maxi Wallenhorst
Joshua Wicke

Writers:

Eva Tepest & Lynn Takeo Musiol
(pain killer)
Stanton Taylor (dark room)

Tech & Lights:

Susana Alonso
Queen of Toasts

Melanie Jame Wolf (pain killer)
Liz Rosenfeld (dark room)
Les Chets de Cuisine
Margarita Tomou & Maximilian
Haas (pain killer)
Eliza Moser (dark room)

Video / Photo Documentation:
Anna Agliardi
Johan Planefeldt

Graphic Design / Mentorship:
Marion Kliesch

Performance Space:
Ballhaus Ost

Jury:
Sandra Umathum, Björn Pätz,
Maxi Wallenhorst, Joshua Wicke
and from Ballhaus Ost:
Tina Pfurr (pain killer)

Budget Dirty Debüt S#1 – 79.000,00 €

1. Artistic Direction/
Organization/Management
20.000,00 €
2. Travel & Accommodation
Costs
900,00 €
3. Production costs:
 - Salary Artists
33.200,00 €
 - Facilities, Tech Rental/
Rent, Tech Service, KSK
13.900,00 €
4. Documentation
6.000,00 €
5. Public Relations
5.000,00 €

Budget Dirty Debüt S#2 – 83.300,00 €

1. Artistic Direction/
Organization/Management
22.300,00 €
2. Travel & Accommodation
Costs
900,00 €
3. Production costs:
 - Salary Artists
34.100,00 €
 - Facilities, Tech Rental/
Rent, Tech Service, KSK
15.000,00 €
4. Documentation
6.000,00 €
5. Public Relations
5.000,00 €

Budget PARASITES 2.150,00 €

1. Artistic Direction/
Organization/Management
1.100 €
2. Salary Artists 900 €
3. Material costs 150 €