

## message from the hole

the performers of Queer Chronicles  
ride Stadsschouwburg Utrecht  
in reverse cowgirl  
those that usually populate dark rooms  
or festival tents or the stages  
at the back of nameless bars  
emerge from their hot glistening periphery  
invade these red velvet chairs  
these seven hundred  
numbered coat hangers  
these high bare white walls  
the frozen territory of this theatre  
begins to melt  
as the performers descend  
from cracks and shadows  
dressed in nothing  
but tulle and platforms and  
feathers and sunglasses and  
bows  
it is a drastic cause  
to pursue joy  
it is a dance a kind of  
poetry locomotion  
glitter coming out  
of everything  
there is no logic or order  
only a rhythm and a story  
to be felt not told  
only a larger than life goddess  
naked body and caked face covered  
in pearls  
mid-speech the sentimental mister  
who performs power  
in his director suit  
is spat out by this universe  
the dirty curtains confirm  
the transfer of power  
a dancer reflects multiplicity  
as he twirls around on pointes  
fills up our gaping mouths  
with lights the speed of an erotic fantasy  
he lets us watch him hang out  
in this flickering uncertainty  
the dissolution in all directions continues  
out of nowhere a grand piano  
appears an angelic voice and a secret  
almost a whisper that floats  
through the entire auditorium  
barely reaches the walls  
before a chicken enters the spotlight

masc drag naked tugging on whatever  
hangs between the legs  
a figure dressed in white  
wanders front stage looks up  
asks: becoming or belonging in  
a park in this neighborhood  
the exploration of a wasteland  
she is joined by a second figure  
they exchange pearls and questions  
what can we afford  
to lose  
who can we afford  
to be  
the image already softly dissolves  
the cleaning lady loses almost all of her  
clothes  
finally her feathers  
as her ass-cheeks and tits bounce  
to the music she changed  
her name  
we are touched (tears) and  
want to be touched (turned on)  
did you know the villains  
were already here in 1730  
when they killed the men that loved  
each other beneath the Dom Cathedral  
it must have been steamy  
together pressed against  
the stone church walls  
why all the big weapons  
there the fashion army marches in  
to avenge all crimes against beauty  
bodies in night blue moss green  
on their way to build a new world  
the queer chronicles are an open hole  
to fall into  
no beginning no end no narrative just  
plurality  
and its power  
it has to take place  
on this big stage  
because otherwise the hole would be too  
tight we wouldn't fit  
and also this kind of magic  
does not just belong in the sticky  
shadows this is  
what big stages are built for  
suddenly it is dark right before  
clapping we wait while  
holding hands