

The binary trap – reading for 'SALE – alles muss raus' @ Dunstsalon

hello audience,

I am very excited to see you all here, honestly!

This is very special to me and I feel very honoured to have your attention. I have been working and waiting for this for about 30 years. And now we are here.

I am outing myself as a writer. I am doing this in English, because my writing comes to me in English, mostly. English is my friend. It allows me to talk about myself freely. How come, the German language is so unsuitable for talking about the body?

This work here is about the body. It is about women.

It is about writing the female body.

I don't want to talk about the female body *in general* as that doesn't really exist.

This is about myself as *a* female body in this world.

This is not about self reference. This is about my body becoming material. My material, as an artist and as a woman.

It is a story about myself as a living image, leaving all sorts of traces that become images, material and non-material. They are traces of desire.

These images take up space. They claim their place. So they can.

If they don't take up space, they remain unspoken, untouched. For some, they don't even exist.

I am public.

I am 45 years old.

I am an artist and a writer. I am healthy. I am an extremely privileged woman.

I'm white.

I'm educated.

I'm independent.

I'm not a workaholic.

I'm a mother of two beautiful daughters.

I'm queer, meaning bisexual.

I'm married to a man who knows that.

I'm dizzy, emotionally,

I'm overwhelmed by your presence

I'm not religious

I'm not a given.

I'm done.

So, here is my question: who are you?

Do you want to judge me?

Or, do you want to love me?

Hanna Solms, January 25 2019

