

new jörg
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Karoline Dausien
Hanau

The curtain goes up. This is Hanau. Hanau is a Wunderkammer. No, Hanau is a metal dollhouse. Hanau is deep woods in red light. Hanau is darkness spoken. Hanau is maternal genealogy. Holding beautiful grandmother in our hands. Holding beautiful daughter in our hands. Hanau is a river and its greenery. Hanau is a magic lantern. Hanau is a woman and her belongings. Her suitcase, her braids, her box of ginger sweets. In Hanau, we are visitors. We hold white porcelain in our hands. We hold white leather in our hands. We stand on a height looking down. From here, Hanau is a postcard. Glittering windows in morning light. Presenting to you the Papiertheater. Presenting to you the Puppenmuseum. Presenting to you the Monument. We are in Hanau. We have a camera. We always photograph the same thing: silver sugar bowl on table with red tablecloth. Silver sugar bowl in kitchen window. Silver sugar bowl dropped in backyard shrubbery. The sound of someone's voice in Hanau. The smell of her hair. We are in Hanau during the celebration. We hold red apples in our hands. Everything is an uncanny postcard. Troubling plants and fruits, eatable things, a palm twig in snow. Figs and capers in our hands. Golden tangerines in our hands. When we close our eyes, we remember objects we've touched. Red fabric falling through rain. Dark water in a cream white bathtub. We say: It pains me to record this, I am not a melodramatic person. We chew gum, we smoke cigarettes, we drink whisky. We eat bread, we eat pickles, we drink coffee. We remember these words: War is no longer declared, only continued. The outrageous has become the everyday. Thunder and crocuses. Brushing a carpet. Brushing hair. Brushing beautiful daughters' hair. We leave Hanau. We travel through a dead landscape. We smell poison ivy. The winter is cold, like winter in Vienna. We remember the ice rink, melting, and the hands. Rathausplatz was silent like a tomb, but glistening with soft lights. We saw children skating in circles, quietly. We wore black dresses and black gloves. We touched things and said Ooh! We knew the difference between violence and games. We said: Each and every full minute bears within it the negation of centuries of lame, broken history. Silence in audience. Red curtain down.

Text: Johanne Lykke Holm