

Pink Labor on Golden Streets Queer Art Practices

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Fantasies and Fetishisms; or, A Composition in Steinese Drag

Werner Hirsch

Dedicated to all my drag heroes, and to name only a few of these extremely inspiring, troubling folks: the sublime geniuses, Vaginal Davis, Mélanie Enragée and Bonny Guitar, Iacob Katz, Jakob Lena Knebl, Hans Scheirl, Tony Transit, and last but not least my supreme genius wife Ida Wilde, who made me up.

Part VII

Nobody knows what drag means because nobody knows where this word comes from, except that it once came from drag queen. But everybody knows what cross-dressing means. It is very simple. So I write cross-dressing and I write drag and this is not about a theory and this is not about a concept. This is about what people do and what people cultivate.

Part VIII

There is nothing exciting about drag and there is nothing exciting about cross-dressing. Every normal human animal on the continent of Europe and the Northern Americas does it or likes it. The continent of Europe and the Northern Americas are the places I know best and have seen most and this is why I write that. There is cross-dressing in the normal theater there. There is cross-dressing in the normal dance there. There is cross-dressing in the normal club there. There is cross-dressing in the normal film there. There is cross-dressing in the normal art there. There is cross-dressing in the normal television and the normal face tube and the normal u-book. There is cross-dressing in the normal carnival and there is cross-dressing in the Sunday party and there is cross-dressing in many more places and it is very fashionable. Let me specify. Well for every second male dancer/choreographer there is a contemporary cross-dresser even though most tittie lady dancers there do stay tittie lady dancers there. I don't know why this is so, but it is so and this is, of course, very exciting to the male heterosexual choreographers and spectators who are titillated by the tittie dancers and the homosexual programmers who are inflamed by the fantastic dressed-up gay dancers and this is all very exciting to everybody and all are very pleased by it. The contemporary theater and art lovers love themselves for loving to be shocked and thrilled by the cross-dressers, and this is so in the normal dance theater, and this is so in the normal art museum and there is no escape to that.

Chapter III

Oh well, oh very well. Let me tell you now what happened. This is what happened. When drag king Werner Hirsch was discovered by the Frenchmen as a talented classical "non-danseur" (nondancer) at the beginning of the millennium, he entered the European contemporary dance scene. In those days,

there was a lack of male dancers and a great demand for them, and the style of the non-danseur for the males was very much in vogue. So this is how he soon made a living for his extraordinary family, which is not a family and is produced by makeup. But in spite of the success, normal drag soon became boring to him and so he moved on to expanded drag. What is expanded drag? Expanded drag is pretty much like expanded cinema. This is so that you expand drag to anything and everything that may cross your head or cross your geyser of desire. Now then Hirsch and his accomplices from makeup productions produced drag kings and drag queens and drag chaps and drag cats and drag dogs and drag bears and drag extinct animals and drag old gays and drag choreographers and drag husbands and drag texts and so on and so forth. So in *termini tecnici* they did such things as anti-juvenation drag aka temporal drag aka animal drag aka freak drag aka profession drag aka dandy drag aka terrorist drag aka voice drag. Sometimes they would pass and sometimes they wouldn't. But the most important thing with all of it was, and remains, that there always has to be a special sensation that runs up the spine when it comes to it. *Ein Kribbeln*: an unmistakable tickle symptomizing perversity. This has to do with context. Let me explain. For example, just last week we were shooting a new film by the brilliant *grandes artistes* Pauline Boudry and Renate Lorenz in the treasured company of my genius compeer before the lens Ginger Brooks Takahashi. Well the traditional simple harvest of pubic hair to be glued with artistry on the upper lip, his habitual shaving of the widow's peaks, paired with the application of the famous *Werner Wurst* and sock didn't produce any of that typical tickle to Werner, if his voice would remain un-dragged. Let me explain some more. When Werner goes to buy the bread at the bakery in France, a much-gendered country, which he often wanders about with his hat and usual pre-loved dandyish attire on, the baker says, "Ce sera tout Monsieur?" and Werner answers simply, "Oui ce sera tout," and the baker blushes and replies in grand confusion, "Oh pardon Madame, je croyais que vous étiez un monsieur, je suis désolé_e!" and Werner replies simply, "Ne vous inquiétez pas. C'est au choix: Madame, Monsieur. C'est comme vous voudrez." "Mais non enfin! Ce n'est pas possible!" and follows a gay conversation. The fact is that the gent's high-pitched voice nails his gender down and it is the voice that always wins over the fine bird's feathers and now this is why in the film Werner dragged his voice up. He asked Ginger to lend it to him, and Ginger did it generously. And this is why Werner likes voice drag and this is the end of this story and I wanted to tell you more about how Miss Antonia Baehr became a drag choreographer but that will be for another time. Well anyway. After all, under the makeup there is no truth but true makeup.

Werner Hirsch aka Henry Wilde, husband of Ida Wilde, August 2014, south of France, not far from Balignin, Alice B. Toklas and Gertrude Stein's country residence.