

Maxi Obexer

I HAVE TO CONFESS

Maxi, what do you have to confess?

I have to confess.

I have to confess that. Please. Sit down. I have to tell you something.

I tried. I tried to make them sit down.

Sit down!

No. Actually. I can't make them sit down. I never start a talk like this!

But I've always been told, that I have to make them sit down.

Please. Have a seat. I have to talk to you. I have to tell you something.

I have to confess.

What?

What do you have to confess?

That. Well. I've always been told, that I have to face them.

That everything will change. In my life. I will change!

And you will change, too! Because of me!

You can either leave me or love me afterwards.

My identity will change – I've been told.

(I never knew what kind of identity I have I am -
but anyway, she, she will change entirely).

Friends will leave me.

I will become part of a minority!

(Another minority! One more minority to add to all the ones I already belong to!

Come to think of it, I never was part of a majority!

Sometimes, I even doubt whether the majority exists!)

Anyway. I will be part of a minority.

I will be marginalized.

I will be insulted.

I will be excluded.

I will enter into a difficult life.

Full of confrontation.

Discrimination.

People will not love me anymore.

They will hate, what I love!

Are you worried?

I have to confess
That I did not confess.
Never. I just didn't.
But I tried. I rehearsed. Rehearsed telling them
Please, sit down. I have to tell you something.

What is it?! Should we be worried?
No! You don't have to be worried!
We don't have to be worried?
No! You don't have to be worried!
Please, don't be worried!
So, what is it then? Why should we sit down?
Are you pregnant?
No! No! I'm not pregnant.
So, you are pregnant.
No! I am not pregnant!
Okay, then. Can we go back to work?
Yes.
There's a lot of work in the garden.
Tons of beans that have to be picked,
and the cherry tree is full of cherries.
By the way. Don't hesitate if you wanna give us a hand.

That's not the way I ever talked with my parents.
It is not the way my parents would talk with each other.
Can we go back to work?

So why do you have to confess?
You have to confess because otherwise
you keep it invisible. You start to lie.
You would hide it! - And after all:
it is political.

But I did tell them!
I need the big blanket.
The one for two.

And they would say: Just take it.

It's not a big deal.

And I slept with all my girlfriends – with each of them

Under the one blanket for two.

Wasn't that a coming out?

The one under the big blanked.

Yes.

I have to confess that I never confessed.

'Cause they would not have understood what the hell I was telling them.

What the hell of a problem I was creating.

What kind of a disease is it?

It is not a disease, Mom!

So, what is it? what do you have to confess?

Something that will harm you?

No! It won't harm me, Dad!

So, what is it?!

Okay! I confess! That I just experienced

the most beautiful thing in my life.

Aha. So. Congratulations!

Is there anything to confess about beautiful things?

No. Actually not. Nothing to confess. Nothing to declare.

But wait! Yes. Actually yes.

There is a lot to confess, maybe not to confess,

but to tell you how beautiful it is!

And all my friends, they were laughing at me!

Because I just confessed. This.

That there has never been anything more exciting and beautiful in my life before.

They were just laughing.

Maxi! What are you telling us? What are you talking about?

Did you think that we didn't know already?

Finally, you know too!

Yes, I have to confess.

That they all shared what made me so incredibly happy.

My love for women.

They shared in my love.

And I wrote it in my book, and I say it when I give readings:
I said it loudly
And it was even shown on TV - in Germany, Austria, Italy.
And the people of my country, from my village,
peasants, farmers, people living in the mountains,
were watching, while I was reading, saying:
There hasn't ever been anything more beautiful and overwhelming
Than when I slept with a woman for the first time!

And I met the people afterwards. Met them in the mountains. In the village.
And I have to admit: I was worried!
I was worried because for the first time something had been said out loud and explicitly,
and it was not said by me.
It was said by a man, said by the old male juror.
He called me the "Luxuslesbe"! Luxuslesbe.
I'd never heard a word like this before.
And I was worried that now the people from my village,
would also call me the Luxuslesbe – luxury lesbian.
But I was wrong!
I kept being also one of them! I never felt belonging so strongly.
I even became the star of the people from my village -
I became their Slalom Ski star who competes
in the world championship Slalom Ski Race.

BUT WAIT - I HAVE TO CONFESS SOMETHING
Something important.
I don't take it for granted.
I have experienced a lot of privileges, that I don't take for granted.
I had parents that wouldn't judge me,
the moment I started to be with women.
Brothers, that found it cool to have a sister that is a lesbian.
Friends, that would share with me what I love.
I don't take it for granted, that I grew up in a society,
that has nothing against my so-called: sexual orientation.
And I know that this isn't something to take for granted.
Year after year, fight after fight had to be faced.

Long years, long fights. Faced by many,
many who faced everything that I never had to face:
violence, hate, suffering.
Many, who were fighting against exclusion, humiliation, discrimination.
It's because of their persistent fight for communication,
their keeping the long process going.
With a society that can learn. That can change.
It is because of their courage and resistance.
That's. They. They are what allow me to love today, whom I want to love.
I will promise you—I promise them-- that if ever needed
I will fight too.
I will defend what others worked to achieve.
I will defend what I could enjoy without suffering.

Epilogue

Maxi, why do you think you have to confess?
To whom? To God?
Why do you have to confess something to God?
If he is the creator of you – the one who created you--
he also might have created what you love.
So why do you have to confess the existence of something he created?

Performance mit Ebru Nihan Celcan, Autorin

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