

**all of those
records; tell
me, bee**



writings by

**krys
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2025

<3
Hey bee!

bee
Hi dear!

<3
It's been a while.

bee
I missed you.

<3
Same here. I've been thinking about us and wanted to ask you something.

bee
Please.

<3
When you were a child, what was your future version of yourself? What did you want to become?

bee
I guess... I guess it was just something solid. What about you?

<3
An archaeologist.

bee
So, you wanted to tell stories.

<3
I guess? Telling, that's what it's about... And you...? Are you afraid of the future?

bee
She looks stable, doesn't she? Whereas they are afraid, yes.

<3
Could it be about time?
(Silence)
They told me you are writing a novel. What is it about, Berlin?

bee
It was leaping out of my reality back then, so I tried to write down some words. It is about the now, the walking, the... everything.
It was you that I saw sitting there—a silhouette, as I was walking towards it. We are everything, like the french fries downstairs.
Someone's smiling at me when I pass by. I have never stopped on my way. We are here, all at the same time, me, them, you, us,
the burger and the fries. And the image of sitting down, one day, us there, being one of them.

<3
What's a thriller, you might ask?

bee
How did you know? The longer it took, the more it turned into one.

<3
Guess?

bee
Guess we are not afraid of monsters.

<3
Them all.

bee
The ones that come with the first light of the new day and the ones at dawn.

<3
All of those.

bee

This made me remember a situation from grade school – my friend Leslie wrote it down.

<3

Tell me.

bee

(Turning towards the audience.)

It was August, a late summer day—the air so bright from the sunlight—it almost layered an orange glossing over everything. We were coming back from lunch and I couldn't wait until the class was over to head to the next swimming pool. My teacher Mr. Montgomery, a middle-aged, grumpy, white cis male, was waiting for us. The moment I walked back into the classroom he looked up and glanced at me. He came closer so that I could smell the sweat that ran down from his neck and his armpits.

He snorted loudly in front of me, cleared his throat and uttered through his lips:

"Is your name short for bee-jay?"

I shook my head. He sighed, looked me over and said: "bee is not a girl's name. Nor a boy's." Everyone was giggling and I felt the heat striking into my cheeks and up into my ears. My hands started sweating. Again he raised his voice asking where my name comes from. My stomach turned. „From the forest, it comes from the blue trees in the forest," I whispered.

"As if there is a blue forest," one of my classmates screamed loud enough for everyone to hear. My cheeks felt so hot the heat almost hurt, with thoughts—back and forth—seconds, hours must have passed—until the bell ended the class.

Outside, I looked up at the sky and closed my eyes facing the sun:

"It is true. But... better to make something up, better to tell them a story than to admit that I don't know."

"What if they find out, that I am the one
without a mother or a father
without a name
without an origin."

bee

(Starts coming up and braiding right away.)

<3

Who are you, bee?

bee

I'm the parent of all those little bees.

<3

What kind of bees?

bee

All the bees – the ones in the air and in the water.

<3

Can you fly?

bee

No.

(Looks up.)

<3

What do you miss the most?

bee

I miss braiding my hair.

(Closes their eyes and starts braiding, reaching back into the air.)

The feel of it in my hands, reaching back, separating it into three strands and letting the hairs slip through, the feeling of pulling as I hold it on the scalp, weaving one strand over the other.

<3

Do you want to braid mine?

bee

(Starts coming up and braiding right away.)

<3

bee, you missed your dinner.

bee

I miss them.

<3

It's about friendship.

bee

Yeah...

<3

It was raw and rare, what you had.

bee

Something that burns like those shots.

<3

It's something.

bee

I think they were better than us – better than that.

<3

We never know how long it lasts.

bee

(Mumbling.)

<3

You survived.

bee

No, never.

<3

It's about learning to unlearn history from society. It's somewhere.

bee

I am afraid I have failed them. I am afraid I've killed it.

<3

It's about death.

<3
bee?

bee
Tell me.

<3
Are you afraid of fear?

bee
Fear the walking dead they said.

<3
Who are they?

bee
They... they could see the cold and the dark and the little girl back then.

<3
And then?

bee
Just them.

<3
And now?

bee
Died and given birth, again, to...
A non-binary person – the remnants of something. Carrying it, caring and turning – composting composites. And yet...
you know better.

<3
I now know you.

bee
You do.

<3
Love you, bee.

bee
Love you.

bee
Can you tell me a bedtime story?

<3
It's too silent.

bee
For bedtime?

<3
No, to tell a story.
(Starts humming.)

bee
(Starts humming too.)

<3
Now silence. Did you hear them singing?

bee
Try again and hurry up.

<3
There was a time when there was a rabbit, right where you are standing.

bee
(Looks up and down, starts humming again and stops abruptly.)
What happened to the rabbit?

<3
It had 9 days to live. It was there—it became bigger, grew out of shape. On the third day, it looked in the mirror and saw 6 pairs of eyes staring back. Afterwards, it multiplied again and again. Fear turned to hate, to anger, to distraction. On the 9th day there was no rabbit anymore. Was it luck?

bee
Why didn't the rabbit see this coming much earlier?

<3
It was sleeping.

bee
Do you believe in mistakes?

<3
Only in bad surprises.

bee
That's schizophrenia.

<3
It's all frozen.

bee
Like the slushy ice popsicles in the freezer?

<3
More like Antarctica.

bee
Where do we go if we don't believe in reading?

<3
Antarctica?

bee
This is epiphanic.

<3
This is horror.

bee
Horrendous.

<3
T... hey.

bee
Is it about T?

<3
Tell me more?

bee
It's... horrendous.

<3
They'd say hey T or T hey.

bee
This kills the paranoia.

<3
True.

bee
There it is.

bee
Is this a dialogue we are having?

<3
Are you asking me?

bee
Yes.

<3
Are we supposed to talk about it?

bee
I refuse.

<3
You can't refuse something you never did.

bee
Suuuummmmmm Action.

<3
We are all the authors of the novel.

bee
It's true, we are all in it... together (?).

<3
It's a vision that's there. A long time ago, it was dark, I was lying there, waiting, then closing my eyes imagining what would happen in a movie. In my dream, I was reading a book, lighting the pages with my torch, page after page, then suddenly a gust of air opened the windows, drawn from outside, the wind, air caring, violently dragging moving the body away. Looking up, seeing little suns.

– (Smirking, looking at bee.)

A thousand suns for bee.

bee
Main characters – do they have names yet?

<3
You're better off asking if there is a rabbit.

– (Smiling.)

bee
Stop joking with me, you know what I meant ;). Is it a story about us?

<3
No shit. Ahahahaha. Dance with me you little thinker?

– (Start moving, until both lie down summmmm and laugh.)

bee
Is this the end?

<3
Is there an end?

bee
I wanna write something, I wanna write it without a beginning or an end.

<3
It's a doing thing.

bee
You know that you don't know just by knowing of not knowing.

<3
Dramatic.

bee
We need drama to write stories. Emotionally, daring, draining.

<3
It's the opposite of what I'm telling you.

bee
(A little annoyed.)
Stop it, I wanted to talk to see what we are doing here. This is me.

<3
(Looking at bee, coming closer, taking bee's hand.)
They're sitting there at the edge.

bee
(Standing towards each other.)
watching daylight it depends on the season but in summer it rises quickly climbs high into the room so bright it burns
their eyes they close the rollers

<3
a bit more and wonder if someone might think they're trying to hide in darkness that's not it just looking for decent
brightness they sit and watch the

bee
(Towards the audience.)
day rise and now what about time travelling they imagine it watching the lights move it's more like the light is travelling
present as time itself which we're unable to keep track of time has no matter they're travelling back they're remembering
the lights in the spring soggy melancholic daylight of winter days the kind where it barely gets bright where the sun
stays hidden for days travelling back seeing shadows move the sunrise and fall if travelling back is possible then the
other way around should be too that's the law of nature is it a guess they'd even want that travelling guessing wandering
standing still still still they close their eyes try to travel forward in time they get a bit dizzy quirky barely breathing then
something pulls them in they're waving dripping dipping whatever they were thinking before this is something else their
body expands like a water balloon then shrinks down thin like paper

<3
(Towards the audience.)
they see the shadows shifting with the sun and the time of day a silence that frightens them never not once when they
imagined it did they think the future would be this quiet taste salt on their lips only now realising their eyes are full of tears
heavy ones in this absence of time tears become floods their faces starts to melt their eyes double triple melting giving
into the liquid squishy not average suddenly sinking into soil never have they felt so deeply it's wild too much too much to
panic just pure fascination gripping picking giggling voices in their ear or at least what they thought used to be their ear
they hesitate should they enjoy this a bit but what about them those thoughts they remember it's thursday. hearing you
saying you turned into a river not thankful it is getting out of hand. back back him back crack hum hum hummmmm

bee
huuuummmmmmmmm
(Hummm hummm humming together and dance then walking outside.)

chapter X: memories

what would they remember?

they're sitting there at the edge watching the daylight it depends on the season but in summer it rises quickly climbs high into the room so bright it burns their eyes they close the rollers a bit more and wonder if someone might think they're trying to hide in darkness that's not it just looking for decent brightness they sit and watch the day rise and now what about time

it's like a maze with no entrance no exit, like downstairs at ficken, time passes, flies, imagine it watching the lights move it's more like the light is travelling present as time itself which we're unable to keep track of time has no matter.

it is august, one of these late summer days where the air is so bright from the sunlight—it almost layeres an orange red glossing over everything. it brings back the memories.

thinking of one of those days back at school – bee was just coming back from lunch and couldn't wait until the class was over to head to the next swimming pool. their teacher a middle-aged, grumpy, white cis male, was waiting. the moment they walked back into the classroom he looked up and glanced at them. he came closer so that they could smell the sweat that ran down from his neck and his armpits. he snorted loudly in front of them, cleared his throat and uttered through his lips: "is your name short for bee-jay?" they shook their head. he sighed, looked them over and said: "bee is not a girl's name. nor a boy's." everyone was giggling and they felt the heat striking into their cheeks and up into their ears. theirs hands started sweating. again he raised his voice asking where their name comes from. their stomach turned. „from the forest, it comes from the blue trees in the forest," they whispered "as if there is a blue forest," one of their classmates screamed loud enough for everyone to hear. their checks felt so hot the heat almost hurt, with thoughts—back and forth—seconds, hours must have passed—until the bell ended the class. outside, they looked up at the sky and closed their eyes facing the sun, its standing high up bright yellowish, the air vibrating from the heat.

"it is true. but... better to tell them a story than to admit that they don't know."

"what if they find out, that they are the one without a mother or a father without a name without an origin.

now silence.

orange
colouring
everything

ssssssoftness

sssssssssing

did you hear them singing?

honesty
honestly
horror
horrendous
it's... horrendous.

this kills the paranoia.
they'd say hey t or t hey.
t... hey.

tell me more?

they're travelling back they're remembering the lights in the spring soggy melancholic daylight of winter days the kind where it barely gets bright where the sun stays hidden for days travelling back seeing shadows move the sunrise and fall if travelling back is possible then the other way around should be too that's the law of nature is it a guess they'd even want that travelling guessing wandering standing still still still still they close their eyes and what they would see watching the lights move the glossy orange red light going down behind the 1970s social housing slabs it's more like the light is travelling present as time itself which we're unable to keep track of time has no matter they get a bit dizzy quirky they're waving dripping dipping whatever they were thinking before this is something else their body expands like a water balloon then shrinks down thin like paper

bee
b
being
bee
bee
bee
bee sing
bee siiing
singing
ttttthing
beeing
t hey
hey t
ttttttttt heeyyy t
some come to tell
what if
what if they don't give a fuck

fuck fuck
fffffuck my eyes
the eyes
the gaze
towards you

tell me are you afraid of fear?
fear the walking dead they said.
some might wonder who are they? they... they could see the cold and the dark and the little girl back then.

and then?
just them.
and now?
died and given birth, again, to... a non binary person the remnants of something. carrying it, caring and turning –
composting composites. and yet... you know better.

so touched touch touch touch
touching touch touches

you see i see you you look at me he she say t hi hey t say

you look at me
i look at you

now here.

all of those records; tell me, bee
krys huba

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