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The mood among conference participants was incredibly joyful: at one point there were literally hundreds of queers assembled on the sunlit roof terrace of the Haus der Kulturen der Welt, eating, drinking, chatting, laughing, reading, exchanging, handing out visiting cards. Berlin was suffering a major heatwave, but somehow things cooled down just enough for the days of the conference, so we could all enjoy a break from the indoor sessions with lunch outside. The weather brought a sensuality to our conversations, which risked being too dry, too administrative, too theoretical. Instead we were connected to our bodies: the sun coaxing us to sweat, the breezes caressing our bodies flirtatiously. Despite the diversity of professional positions from which participants came to the conference — or perhaps because of it — there was a great feeling of enthusiasm and curiosity among everyone. People felt genuinely happy to learn of the important and creative activities being undertaken by artists, curators, archivists, librarians, and institutions. To see the successes and progress of those who are supported, while getting a deeper understanding of those facing political or institutional resistance or lack of funds. There was a feeling of solidarity and care, of shared investment.