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and slowly emerge  
to waking life in the morning,  
I think about how I will navigate**

**Juli Reinartz in collaboration  
with Liz Rosenfeld and Tanja Erhart**



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**TAIDE-  
YLIOPISTO**

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Nivel 18.

Publisher

Theatre Academy, Performing Arts Research Centre (Tutke),  
University of the Arts Helsinki

Graphic design

Juli Reinartz, Marjo Malin

Photographs

Camille Lacadée

Printing

Hansaprint, 2022

ISBN 978-952-353-053-9 (printed)

ISBN 978-952-353-054-6 (pdf)

ISSN (printed) 2341-9660

<https://nivel.teak.fi/>

The book is available as an open access publication  
in the University's publications archive Taju

<https://taju.uniarts.fi/>



A conversation between *Juli Reinartz*, *Liz Rosenfeld*, and *Tanja Erhart* in the  
frame of Juli's research project "Choreographic strategies of disorientation"  
at the Theatre Academy Helsinki

May 2021

*Welcome to “But as I fall asleep at night and slowly emerge to waking life in the morning, I think about how I will navigate.” Welcome to this text which began as an email conversation in spring 2021 between three people – Liz Rosenfeld, Tanja Erhart, and Juli Reinartz. With this conversation, we continued our research on time and performance, which was moved from the studio to our home computers because of the covid pandemic. In the research, we had been thinking about how to spend time together when all our body times were different. We were interested in the concept of crip time not only as a rehearsal mode but as a concept that would make composed times of performances break apart. This brought us to the idea of speaking about times we can and times we cannot share.*

*We read out this email conversation live in the streamed event “Our Dance – The living room edition” by the PSR collective in May 2021. We did that when the sun was setting because sunset is a little bit out of time, a moment that feels like it is between the last and the next day, a time to think about what was and what will be.*

*It is a time that is most un-synched*

*A time to wander your mind*

*A time to wander your body*

*To eat*

*To sleep*

*To talk*

*To sit around a camp fire*

*To stare at the wall*

*To be intimate*

*To organize feelings*

*To make plans*

*To answer long-ignored emails*

*To rest one’s gaze on all the books one would like to read*

*To watch series sometimes not worth mentioning*

*To watch or listen to performances*

*To perform*

*To feel powerful*

*To feel powerless*

*A time to look out the window and seeing people on the other side of the street doing indefinite things like yourself.*

*Since sunset is the time of indefinite time spending, you are welcome to read this text when the sun is setting, to be with us while doing other things, to navigate yourself somehow into the night and let times fall apart. Maybe we’ll meet somewhere.*

**Juli:** Hello Liz and Tanja, I hope you are well these days. I would like to start our conversation with these questions: Where are you while you're writing and where did you come from?

**Tanja:** I am sitting in my living room on my jungle-patterned couch. I am framed by a soft fabric with different kinds of leaves in various greens and yellow flowers, which is framed by some proper air-purifying plants and again framed by a portrait of Frida Kahlo and photographs of Mikhail Baryshnikov and myself, Tanja Erhart, dancing on one leg. I arrived here by walking with my three legs. I woke up in the morning, brushed my teeth, washed and oiled my face, put new clothes on, walked a few steps into the kitchen, made breakfast, walked a few steps further and arrived in the living room. That's where I am, thinking about our questions and typing thoughts out of my fingers into my keyboard, while listening to Max Richter's new album "Voices 2."

**Liz:** I like to get up in the morning and go out right away, as I sit at my desk all day, which is also in my bedroom. So when I go out for a walk, when I come home, I feel that am arriving at work. This morning I walked to my favourite bakery and had a coffee, and a long talk with my friend Andre, before arriving back at home to start my work day. I can't say that I ever know how I get to at any place, space, moment, body, or point in time. What I do know is that I arrive. I know that I arrive because I can feel it in my body. Through substances. Through chemicals. Through flesh. Through shifts. Adrenaline spikes. Sugar drops. Suddenly I wake up and I have the same sideburns as my father did in 1971. Sometimes I try to imagine the night that my parents conceived me. I was most certainly a surprise. I like to think that the night I was conceived was on Dolphin Beach, my favourite beach. I would ride my bike to this beach in the summers, sit in the dunes, suck on spicy fireball candy, and watch men jerk each other off. I suppose it was the first spot I ever saw people cruising. My parents loved the beach, and they always arrived late in the afternoon when everyone else was leaving. Usually, about 30 mins before the sun went down, my father would ride his bike home to make cocktails and bring vodka martinis back in a thermos for my mom. At that point she was always the last one on the beach, wrapped up in damp towels and sweatshirts, sitting on her beach chair at the edge of the tide. I would like to imagine that the sex I came from, came from this scene. I also like to imagine that when I die, a small plaque will be erected at the entrance of Dolphin Beach, placed under the signs that tell you to pick up your trash and keep an eye on your children: "Liz Rosenfeld. 1979 – Axis of Faggotry."



**Juli:** I am sitting at my desk as well which is a shared office with the people I live with these days. It became a more and more crowded space in the last weeks because we all spend all our time at home. I don't go out apart from when I really have to. I am locking myself in in order to not catch covid. I tend to lose my body a bit, I feel like I have a memory of it rather than a feeling. This is where I come from, I am sitting here with all my memories and hopes writing to you. It is already a couple of hours since I got up but the logistics of life tend to keep me very busy. The times in which I am not busy with logistics are the valuable ones. Like now. I feel great, kind of full of expectation. How are you and what are you full of?

**Tanja:** I am full of Hummus and Chia Pudding at the moment. Yumm!  
I am feeling satisfied and content, grateful for this creative in- and output. I am remembering our practical research session – I imagine the view I had looking outside my window in Tirol those days. The mountains, cows, their ringing bells, the sunsets. Happy memories. Sentimental bits.

**Liz:** I suppose I am okay. I guess like everyone in some way right now, I am generally full of frustration and feelings of stagnation. But I am also feeling pretty good. I am strong. Tired. Full of energy. Never hungry and always hungry. Full of flesh that is filled with heavy longing. I feel focused and productive at the same time as claustrophobic and anxious. I also feel very horny.

**Juli:** I am really excited about what this will bring. My wish is that it will be full of undedicated dedication. It feels like I am gathering all energies for what is coming now. I long for sensing time and spending time together. I developed such a heightened sense of time in the past months, maybe because time was less full than it used to be. Now I long for fullness again, fullness with each other. I wonder how that can happen after experiencing oneself so intensely in the last months. Mmm, I kind of wish I would be more full of coffee right now though. Speculatively, what material are you made of at the moment?

**Tanja:** Probably some plastic that got dissolved in the water and some other harmful bits. Mainly beetroot and herbs from the vegetable juice and teas I've been drinking the last few weeks. Lots of nutritious food. No sugar, no gluten, no dairy. I am made of flesh, keratin, water, enamel, blood, nerves, and a nervous system, fat, tumour, materialized thoughts, and all sorts of emotions.

**Liz:** I think I kinda answered this in my last answer. I would say, this week, I am made up of hormones, sore muscles, sugar, THC/CBD, and substances that

I don't understand yet, but want to desperately make sense of. Steel and ropes. Ocean water and sunlight. An unknown species of pheromones. It feels important to move slower than usual. A balance of being simultaneously kind and strict to myself. Finding pleasure in patience. Productive anger. Always learning to live with this changing body and what it requires as me as my companion/material. Right now, I am engaging with as many possibilities to store energy and power that I know I will need in the near and distant future.

When I think about spending time together, I think about how I (potentially we) will really need to relearn togetherness. Or maybe, when we can be together again, it will be less about relearning and more about inventing new ways, which I prefer. The idea of "inventing new ways" produces optimistic feelings for me, rather than fear and claustrophobia that any kind of organized *togetherness* always produces in me, especially pre-pandemic. I don't have a vision right now. But as I fall asleep at night and slowly emerge to waking life in the morning, I think about how I will navigate: to feel skin-on-skin contact with the familiar people in my life again, engagement with colleagues, to apply the ease I find with strangers in how I re-establish intimacy with close friends, finding an alternative to screens as communication filters, forgetting the feeling of what digital closeness feels like, never having another confusing "emotional" discussion over SMS again, not always worrying about my digital tonality, allowing people to know my physical body again.

**Tanja:** When I think about togetherness, I am thinking about it with my guts, feelings, shared knowledge, and critique as a process of deep care for each other. Near, far, in the in-betweens. A mask, a laptop body, a lavender hand sanitizer. Following unknowns in the now, engaged with what feels real and right. Right now. I feel you. Our needs and desires centred, articulated, met. And not. Intimate encounters necessary? We figure. What is it we need to unfurl and process in the unlearning?

Let  
us  
meet  
anew.

**Juli:** But where and how do we meet? For example, I am wondering about this being a conversation or a performance or something in between. How does this composition of questions compose us to each other? And how can we go through the questions together? What do we do if something really urgent shows up right now and changes our time together so that it becomes incongruous? It is



a really inspiring question for me to think about this not only in terms of improvisation or composition but more radically: Which time can we spend together and which one can we not? How do our bodies define our times and how can we spend time together even if they don't match, I mean beyond letting times run parallel like in everyday life? What makes the difference between the time of a performance and everyday time in your eyes? What is important in order to construct a feeling of performance time?

**Liz:** I think a lot about performance and presence. There is a side of myself that goes somewhere else when performing, experiencing performing, and being looked at. It is important to me to objectify my body before anyone else does. To offer myself intensely. To offer my body as a material that takes audience, time, and space on a ride through the questions I am encountering during that particular moment. What does "living" a performance in front of an audience mean? How does this articulation differentiate from "just performing"? Performance time is exploration for me, even when I am performing in works that are not my own. It always feels like social research, even when I have to remember cues, lines, directions, and desires. The best performance time for me is when I feel my entire body engaged, and in some instances, forget that I am on a stage or in front of people. I love the phrase *feeling yourself*. I love to watch people *feeling themselves* and I love to be watched *feeling myself*. Even when I don't want to perform, but I am obligated to, I learn something. Even when it's bad, it's somehow good. I find performance time is always a reciprocal space.

**Tanja:** The feeling of performance time: take me to a place.

Warm-ups.

Cool-downs.

Investing.

Investigating.

Bananas.

Water in my bottle.

A can of sweet juice.

Connecting.

The bodyminds.

The yous.

The wes.

The us.

The being in the moment with the ins and outs.

The insides and outsides of me, of us.

Performance is unravelling the magic that wants to be uncovered, especially when it's difficult, muddy, moody, sobby, deeply unapologetic, unruly and transformative in space, time, our embodied differences and their desires. The curiosity and indulgence of feeling, needing, telling, spelling the uncomfortable unconformities because I gotta have that. The need of silence? We gotta have that too.

**Juli:** It is important for me to feel the time and space of a performance as a world with its own conditions and logics. When a performance feels like a planet, I get a very special feeling. Mostly, I am triggered when something unexpected but somewhat consistent happens in the beginning of a show. Performance time feels somehow endogenic. Everyday time is more porous, leaks out in so many places that it is difficult to dive into something. I love the protectedness of performance time, its un-porousness. What do you love about performance time?

**Liz:** I love that performance time transforms. There is always an unknown. An unpredictability, regardless of how well you know what it is you are performing. Threshold crossings. Performance time holds a precarity that all encountering bodies must navigate. It's challenging.

**Tanja:** And that I forget about time. Because time is been taken care of and taking care of us. Becoming hyperaware of space and time. Dissolving in it. Surrendering. In joy, pleasure, passion. Daring to care hard. Falling in love. Having a party.

What do you not like about performance time?

I don't like the have tos and nots. The seriousness. Taking it too seriously. Performance faces. Detachment from yourself and from what is happening, us, the audience, everyone involved in time and space. Sticking to a script.

**Liz:** I hate the expectations of performance time. The best spaces of performances, even the most precise spaces, are the ones in which all participating bodies (material/non-material, human/non-human/post-human, audience/(in) active participant, performer/voyeur) do not enter with expectation. I wish performance time to always be a space of resisting interpretation.

**Juli:** When the time or rhythm of the whole thing feels like a bulldozer rolling over me. I don't mean that in terms of too fast or too slow but more in the sense of an abstract protocol. It must be a time created together, I guess. Might sound banal and I kind of mean it in this banal way, the question is just how to do it for real. How can we process performance time together? Did you ever have moments in which you felt your time or timing was different than that of others?

**Tanja:** I remember the feeling of being left behind. Hackling. Pushing. Thinking that that's how it is supposed to be. Isn't it? Who's there in front? Who's telling the time?

I needed more time it seemed for everything. And because of that, people around me used to do the things they could for me. For example cook food, carry stuff, fix things around in the house, support me. Because I couldn't do it at the supposed speed. Longer meant more exhausting. When in fact, it's just my timing. It's not necessarily more painful or exhausting. Sometimes I actually wished to have done things myself. With my time. How else would I figure out shit for myself?! But when I was young, I thought that's normal. That the norm is for people to take things off my shoulders instead of asking what I want on my shoulders.

**Liz:** I always feel as though my timing is different from others. I find this in the most concrete ways, as well as through nuanced feelings that often I experience and can't quite even put into words. Often, I feel I am experiencing time in some sort of flipped dimension. Through silly examples such as whenever many of my friends are breaking up with partners/lovers, I am starting new relationships. I am often the person who reads the toxic energy of someone before others pick up on it, which can take years before others say, how did you know?

Sometimes I wonder if our personal sense of time is about the ways in which we allow ourselves to engage with our own intuitions. I know when I am ignoring my intuition. It's almost like it becomes an annoying itch, and won't stop annoying me until I acknowledge it. It's as if I won't allow myself to ignore it, because I know that when I listen, many answers or at least questions arise that lead me to more clarity. I think this speaks to time in the sense that listening to what we know is how we make or move through our own time. I find time to be a delicate balance of moving through my own notions, and existing in hyperawareness of others' sense of time.

I also find a lot of catharsis in the notions "things happen when they happen" or "when the time is right." I am very engaged in the practices of "calling in," and finding pleasure in patience, both of which I feel exist within deep senses of time which I do not fully understand, but feel motivated by, find comfort in and support to unfurl.

**Juli:** I ask myself a lot in which time organization I tend to live. I guess I tend to be fast and like to overload my time with stuff. It feels almost that in the overload I can find my intuitive navigation better. Recently I realized that with the current condition that my body is in, I might have to slow down a bit. But I really don't like that kind of time spending, I enjoy intensity, speed, and fullness, it feels unhealthy but is somehow how I tick. I think dancing and diabe-

tes have taught me a specific moving through time. For me, physical alertness and the sudden need to get sugar can become prevailing at any moment and I have unlearned to let go completely because of that. I am always on. One can, for example, call me at almost any hour during the night or day. You might find me annoyed but you would probably not find me not picking up.

What in your mind was this different timing connected to?

**Tanja:** The understanding of how things need to be done in an ableist capitalist world.

**Liz:** I suppose it is always connected to the way I want to touch the world I live in and be touched back by this world. These days a week can feel like a month, and a month can feel like a week. Sometimes I experience an hour like I am sinking into the thickest quicksand, suffocating and not moving at the same time. And other days I feel that the second I open my eyes in the morning, it's time to go to sleep again. Sometimes I also wonder how much experiencing time is connected to experiencing dissociation. Do I experience time as slower when I am fully embodied, fully paying attention to my physical needs? Does time flash by when I am not supporting the needs of my body, or when I am taking less time to focus and check in with myself? Do I need to dissociate from my body in order to be able to be productive?

**Juli:** On that note, did you ever have the feeling of having a different timing in a performance?

**Liz:** Ha! YES! Like: ALL THE TIME! Especially when I need to be aware of timing when performing in other people's work;-)... to be honest, I love that I struggle so hard to be "in time"... which is often why I perform solo in my own work. Because I just don't ever get angry at myself for taking my time or not hitting the exact markers of time that others depend on me for. But I totally realize that "timing" is not my strong point. I guess I need to give myself the space to truly feel the work I am engaged with in order to adjust and be accountable to others who depend on my sense of time. Ironically, when outside of performance space, I am very punctual, even extremely early. I grew up with a mom who was late for everything, dragging us with her, telling us to pee in our pants so we don't miss flights, always keeping other people waiting. So I am super sensitive to this concept of time in regards to meetings, dates, etc. But, weirdly, depending on the day and what it is I need to accomplish, I can also LOVE it when people are late to meet me because spaces of waiting can be timeless.





**Juli:** I always feel like I have a different timing in production processes. I am often the one saying: “oh great let’s do a 25-hour show” or “start trying out something new at 11 pm” or “no problem, three weeks is enough to make an evening-length work.” I am off on what collaborators think about those issues often, maybe just because I love the challenge. Or because I don’t understand the expectations and needs to process, mm... I feel stupid sometimes for not seeing needs for process and pause. But politically, of course, I understand. Does the concept of abled/ableist time speak to you?

**Tanja:** Sure. The dance world can be very oppressive towards embodied differences, crip time, access and care needs/desires. The idea of ableist time, as in assigning value to one’s bodymind based on someone else’s timings is something I have been very aware of ever since I was little. I’m keen to understand how these validations and invalidations of timings happen, over and over. And the fluctuation of time. I’m suddenly hyperaware, while writing this during sunrise, how precious we often handle things that take time... and when we don’t.

**Liz:** I think the concept of ableist time is really important, and one that I am always engaged with. Whether I am moving or thinking too slowly compared to others or moving and thinking too fast.... I really try to adjust my timing to who I am with. I also consider asking for someone to slow down if I need to move or think more slowly, as a method of adjusting.

**Juli:** I think already a performance of one hour or an hour is a totally normalized concept, mostly organized along age steps. This is already ableist time. I don’t function well in such time frames usually. I think of the pomodoro technique, this concentration strategy in which one is supposed to concentrate for 25 minutes and then take a 5-minute break. It never works for me. I need 20 minutes to remind myself of what I would like to concentrate on and then, once I am rolling, the alarm goes off, and I should have a break. I also never know what to do in breaks. Not that I don’t enjoy hanging out, but this doesn’t happen in breaks for me, I often end up making an urgent phone call. This work/break separation is a standardization of time which, in my opinion, it doesn’t take into account that I might have wanted to do something else way before or was actually really engaged with what I was doing.

**Tanja:** It resonates with me: Abled time – quicker, faster, more, and more productive, capitalist, “you can! Keep pushing!” attitude. I’m interested in and curious to explore: Crip time – celebrating fluidities, rhythm, change

Rest time – be aware: it is not the understanding of rest time, when your body-mind isn't capable of doing anything else. Rest time is finding times to rest over and over again, loving it, feeling the pleasure. Breaking the linearity of progress – in the context of performance: without a process there's no performance – the process nourishes the performance with whatever comes up when you centre access and care of everyone involved. Also, non-binary time – I don't even know what that means yet, but it resonates very much with *crip time*.

**Juli:** I find Halberstam's concept of queer time interesting, it considers life stages and their continuity as matters of embodiment. That feels like relating to *crip time* in its idea that time processing is not only connected to how long "things" take but also to the time and moment "I" take or don't take to do them. Needs and desires form the experience and continuity of time. I personally also connect to this idea because it feels like I am doing things at the wrong moment very often, like when it comes to love, career, kids, life planning. This is often half because it doesn't work otherwise, half because I just feel like doing it like that. It really struck me recently in a presentation when my colleague Jana Unmüßig differentiated between continuity and linearity. I felt like I was meant privately.

**Liz:** Breaking the linearity of progress. A lifelong goal. A lifelong journey. I do think it's possible. I also think that listening to what you intuitively know and see, rather than adhering to what you are told, really works in breaking the expectations of how progress unfolds. I think feeling bodies are key to progress. And I also think that, in a world that would actually focus on the politics of labour, ability, and care, everyone should be able to define what progress is for them. I believe, an acceptance of progress defined by individuals would result in a much more productive society.

**Juli:** Many continuities, allowing many things in parallel. I wonder what maximalism in time is, having many times running parallel that are too complex to handle but somehow intertwine because they build a feeling, mood, hypodermic situation together. I guess with attention to it, it could be great, creating new feelings. Like, if we decide to sing our favourite songs in parallel, we will for sure undo the dramaturgy of each song but maybe create a density in between them. Musical maximalism. I love the idea, I need to work on it in the future.

**Tanja:** What does the idea of future mean to you? Is it important in your life?

**Liz:** The IDEA of future means something very different to me than considering

what the actual future/futures will be. Future has always represented something exciting and abstract... something that I can't possibly imagine. The idea of future has always been a fantasy. A fiction and science fiction. Something I grew up with, reading about in books, and watching in movies. The idea of future has always produced an uncanny feeling in me. It leaves me feeling uneasy and a bit nauseous. Similar to the visceral experience of anticipation, but not as enjoyable. As a queer person, the idea of future has always just been an idea. I suppose it hasn't played such a huge role in my life, as it for me, it automatically implies a privilege of survival. However, I would say that as I get older, *sicker*, less agile, more wise, I have invested more into thinking about what a future COULD be. I started to take care of my body differently, mostly because I want "the future" to be as gentle as possible for my friends, the people who will be taking care of me. I started to realize and put into practice where my energy is best directed in this current life. I have finally taught myself to turn away from unproductive ambiguity, unmanageable care, and invest my resources in the movements I hope I can contribute to. But for me, these desires are not about the future. They are about the current moments I am engaged with and the pasts they carry and, in many cases, aim to unlearn and rewrite. Engaging with the idea of future can be transformative, empowering, and in some cases emancipatory – however, I also realize the great privilege I have in even considering what future is.

**Juli:** I have a funny relationship to the word future. I was always interested in science fiction literature and movies, queer sci-fi has inspired me a lot. I engage into speculative thinking in my practice. But I don't like to disconnect thoughts and ideas from the present into the future. I have understood myself to be a rather bad planner, I like to change my mind depending on the situation. I believe this is part of being alive to not have too much concept of the future. So the idea of future has a placeholder meaning for me: it helps me to think things differently but I kind of don't really think about them as possibly lying ahead. I like to think of the future as a hidden present lurking in my body.

**Tanja:** My experience of pain has made me wish sometimes not to wake up the next morning. And the next morning I was so glad I woke up. Sometimes I plan passionately and wildly ahead to then realize I can't execute all or any of it, because of another fever attack. How to sustainably do what I love to do is a never-ending process of figuring out. Especially in collaborations where we need to get to know each other first. I want spaces where we can confront each other unapologetically, because we all agree practicing critique as care is a revolutionary act for liberation. Where I can understand what I need to feel satisfied. Where I can practice deep listening and realizing other people's



needs and desires. Where we ask for consent and have happy surprises. Not to care, when needed. Figuring that out is a gift!

The timespan of where future happens shifts. In my teens and twenties, I had that strong feeling that things will be different when I am 30. I don't know where that sense even came from, but it gave me confidence that everything shitty will change. Now that I am beyond 30 I can say it's not. HAH! But that's totally fine. Things did change though. I feel more at ease with myself, finding my way towards where I belong and what I long for. Still on that path. But now the time has become more unapologetic, passionate, gutsy, restful, soft, and pleasurable in its many experiences. I have to think of what Adrienne Maree Brown, writer and gatherer of the book: "Pleasure Activism: the politics of feeling good," has tattooed on her body – a quote from Octavia Butler: "all that you touch you change, all that you change changes you, the only lasting truth is change, god is change." And what makes me feel good and free when I think of the future, is a crip pleasure lineage: access, care, pleasure, chosen family, friendship, care collectives, intimacy. Access intimacy. In a fluid process of change.

**Liz:** Futures and togethernesses I actively consider a lot these days. Building a hospice/end-of-life residency for artists. Could artists be both doctors and nurses of all kinds? What would the world look like if we could learn how to mix and administer vaccines to each other through YouTube videos and disseminate them at home, in the streets, parks, clubs, supermarkets, etc.? What would a deeply caring society look like without having to protest in the streets and risk lives for human rights?

Anti-individualist outlaws

Dismantling the panopticon

Unlearning the ways in which we have been taught to fall in love

Embracing chronic health conditions as super powers

What it means to feel seen, and make space for others to feel seen

How to productively use my position in life

How to dismantle the power structures I also benefit from

How to take advantages of the power structures I benefit from

Deep listening Deep responsibility

Deep pleasure

**Tanja:** I'm digging it! Give me a shovel and I will dig up the grounds for it to happen. Now or in the future!

I want to share gifts when spending time together, in any form or kind. I love giving gifts after I listened and figured out loved ones' deepest desires or things that would spark pleasure.



Two ideas that I would like to unfold are:

- Build a mobile home on my auntie's ground in Austria with a garden and a bathtub under the stars
- An art & care collective of crip artists and collaborators, that operate primarily in the performing arts sector on the guidelines of mutual aid, providing support, space, and time to cultivate rest, access, and care for each other. I wish to establish a financial system that will sustain not only when we need it most – looking at blockchain and cryptocurrency, to cultivate crip space and time through crip movement practices and aesthetics in festivals and residencies (beyond what these terms traditionally mean in the performing arts sector). Centring crip pleasures and desires for some more juicy time on this planet.

**Juli:** I long for physical intensity! I feel like I sense other people too little too often. Sometimes I feel like a worm working the earth, loosening it up, recreating connections between seemingly separated places and rubbing backs with someone intensely here and there. Leaving something of myself on your back. Not sure this is the perfect image but it is what comes to my mind. Goey, transparent, light. If you imagine the future to start now, how would you end this conversation?

**Liz:** I think this hour of reading is about us, three friends, brains, collaborators, diabetics, love labourers, artists, holding space for one another, while not making the moment too precious. For me, this is to be with you both, to take up and create space of deep pleasure together. I honestly don't care about the audience, I just care about being with you both and feeling high from the vibrations we send and create together.

**Juli:** I think we would play music in parallel and enjoy the moments this creates in between when sometimes tunes harmonize for a moment. Maybe we would sing together.

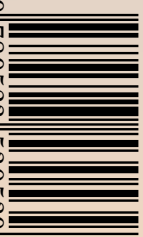
**Tanja:** A bathtub filled with warm water, Epsom salts, and probably lavender oil. Loads of snacks and lots to drink. Seeing, hearing, or sensing you both and the audience in some way. Creating a space of deep care and pleasure together. Not too serious, okay? Happy accidents that keep the presents alive. Some sparkles for my laptop body and you too!!! I would like a live audience here with me... I will ask Mango and Passion, my two giant African land snails, if they would like to come. I'll ask them now, so they can join in their times. Meanwhile, sweet dreams x

**TAIDE-  
YLIOPISTO**

ISBN 978-952-353-053-9 (printed)

ISBN 978-952-353-054-6 (pdf)

ISSN (printed) 2341-9660



9 789523 530539