

**think**



Alternative text: Black on white drawing. A raw silhouette of a human upper body with indicated nose, closed eyes and folded hands in the central foreground. Five little human figures coming out of their head.

Illustration: © Yorgos Konstantinou

I think about stiffness and the absurdity of being a dance artist that doesn't move.

I think about spending 98% of my working time in front of the computer.

I think about how I will be able to spend time with my kids,  
my friends,  
in nature.

I think about rest.  
A lot.  
I think about rest and work.  
I think about rest as work.

I think about stress.  
What is stress?  
What is my stress?  
What is your stress?

What brings you here?  
Migraine, Depression, Hashimoto?

*Wow, you don't look sick!*

*Have you tried Yoga?*

I think about how to calm down the nervous system.  
And I think about how to activate the nervous system to re-design itself.

I think about the pleasure principle of neuronal activity.  
Did you know that passion is a therapy for your nerves?

I think about the fact that chronic inflammatory diseases are  
mostly performed on female bodies.  
I think about my daughter being in pain for 4 days every month  
and I would like to know how I could help her not to feel guilty.

I think about how we will be able to stay sick and work healthy.  
I think about how I could earn enough money for me and my kids  
without risking my health.

I think about work and how to cripple it.  
I think about work and how to sustain it.  
I think about structures and how to re-organise them.  
I think about the link between access and sustainability.  
I think self-advocacy is the most important deconstruction hack of  
our times.

Very often I think about you and I am wondering  
if you need to spend time on your own, too?  
Alone.  
Not working.  
Wasting time.  
Doing things or not doing things.  
In your bed maybe.

And I am asking myself, if you get sick, too  
when you don't spend time on your own,  
alone.

And I so much want to know, how you integrate the need to be  
alone into your everyday life.

Very often I think about normative time economy and how  
amazingly tight it is.  
And how absurd it is to be able to keep up with that tightness.

*I really have to say that despite all this you are working in a totally professional way, chapeau!*

*Just stay in bed tonight and get some rest so you'll be fit tomorrow.*

I think about HOW to explain the needs of sick and dis/abled people without calling out or educate or offending someone, without being the difficult one, without making you feel to be on the other side of the room, without making you feel to be responsible to take care of my needs in order to not be suspected to act ableist.

Can you really effort to be sick?

I want you to care about needs.

I want you to care about your needs and the needs of your colleagues.

I want you to like care. I want you to feel passion just thinking about care.

I want you to feel passion just thinking about rest while

I have to think of all the things I still have to do while trying to fall asleep, my heart beats loud and fast, I drop my jaw, I am laying on my back with open mouth.

I think about why I am still not able to balance work scope and time.

I think about being afraid for the weekend to come.

I think about the dirty toilet and kitchen, the dusty kids' rooms and about what to cook today and tomorrow, and the day after tomorrow.

– Just like you do –

I think of all the wonderful books in my bookshelf about care and discrimination and trauma and embodiment and healing and transformative justice

And I see me reading them one day

– Just like you do –

and I imagine this will happen in an old monastery in France.

I think about our little lizard and I want to tell you, that the lizard felt asleep in the beginning of September 2021 and won't wake up until April 2022.

I wonder if I might ever be able to rest in a theatre.

Or play tennis.

Or being brave enough to respect other people's decision to disrespect us

taking care

resting

reading poems to each other

or

watching the real housewives of New York

I imagine a sustainable future.

I imagine an accessible future.

I imagine a sick future.

And I imagine a healthy future.

I imagine a future where diverse bodies have embodied the feeling of being enough.

Being worth enough, being smart enough, being educated enough

on equal level with any random body.

I imagine sick and disabled and deaf gatekeepers.

What if gatekeepers are going to be with artists instead of holding the space for them.

What if artists would be paid to create accessible shows?

What if the professional ethics and working structures would adapt to the human needs?

What if we would dare to act radical and be proud of making things different?

Will you be brave enough to speak up for yourself and others?

Will you be brave enough to allow to be held accountable for structural barriers in your project?

Will you endure crip advocacy?