

stretching exercises
to feel climate change



I am Ula Liagaitè (she/her) a transdisciplinary artist, working as a dancer, choreographer and contemporary performer, engaging with the fields of ecofeminism, queer theory and environmental studies.

My practice began in my (sick) body and continues to unfold through collaborations that shape visceral realities, where I look for knowledge beyond certainty. I look at the (human) body as something that can 'fix' itself if given the appropriate care and conditions. This idea can be brought to various contexts and applied to different structures, such as family, education and health care systems, society etc. This pattern of thought is inspired by Johanna Hedva, a contemporary artist, writer, and musician, and driven by an ongoing interest in various healing practices and conversations about what it means to be healthy and to 'keep going'.

I ask, if we are all a little sick, how can we transform our understanding of who we are, how we live in time, and how we care for one another?

I am not interested in knowing more, but rather, through artistic, movement based practice, I look for the edge of what I do not know—making space in thought and in the body. I see this both as a metaphor and as a physical practice, allowing the knowledge and practices of others to emerge around a shared question or issue. Through such contamination of practices, through a willingness to not know and to not be in control, a core understanding emerges: precarity is movement.

<...> We hear about precarity in the news every day. People lose their jobs or get angry because they never had them. Gorillas and river porpoises hover at the edge of extinction. Rising seas swamp whole Pacific islands. But most of the time we imagine such precarity to be an exception to how the world works. It's what "drops out" from the system. What if, as I'm suggesting, precarity is the condition of our time—or, to put it another way, what if our time is ripe for sensing precarity? What if precarity, indeterminacy, and what we imagine as trivial are the center of the systematicity we seek? <...> (from *The Mushroom at the End of the World* by Anna Tsing)

This way of working and thinking loosens the architectures of hierarchical power so often embedded in sites of art-making. It invites multiple practices to coexist, to rub against one another, and to alter each other's form. Canon is reinvented, roles remain in flux, and relationships are continually reconfigured. Each time, the work asks for the dynamics it needs, and I practice listening in order to bring the information into the body and the body to action.

HOW

The data on climate change overwhelms me. I read, that the atmospheric CO₂ levels are the highest in over 800,000 years, with methane and nitrous oxide also at record concentrations; global temperatures are rising rapidly, with recent years among the warmest ever recorded; glaciers are melting at accelerating rates, contributing to freshwater loss and sea-level rise; global sea levels continue to rise steadily due to thermal expansion and ice melt; and extreme weather events—including heatwaves, heavy rainfall, droughts, and storms—are becoming more frequent and intense. Together, these indicators point to a sustained and systemic transformation of the Earth's climate rather than a temporary disruption - every day is the beginning of a new reality and it cannot be reversed.

When I think about climate change, my body reacts before my thoughts can organize themselves: overwhelm, shutdown, the urge to hide or ignore it altogether. This response mirrors the stages of grief described by Elisabeth Kübler-Ross—denial, anger, bargaining, depression, acceptance—but climate change resists this linear movement as it is not a diagnosis that can be processed and resolved. As Birgit Schneider argues, it is not a passing crisis but the beginning of a new reality—irreversible, already unfolding. Framed this way, the question shifts from how to solve climate change to how to live with it, and who is allowed to shape that life, especially when power and resources are concentrated in the hands of a few in control of the global capital

My strategy of resistance begins here: by refusing both paralysis and technocratic doomsday narratives that foreclose imagination. Instead of seeking control or resolution, the work embraces emotional engagement, not-knowing, and staying with discomfort. By creating spaces to feel, speak, and move with the trouble—borrowing from Donna Haraway—I aim to queer the imaginations of the future, seeking to open them to multiplicity, embodiment, and collective presence. Resistance, in this sense, is not about fixing the world but about insisting on other ways of inhabiting it.

first exercise
an attempt of weathering the water fall



FIRST EXERCISE

An Attempt On Weathering The Water Fall

A solo performance, as part of the DIPLOMA25 at ZHDK, within the framework of the exhibition 'Take a Detour', curated by the students of the MA in Transdisciplinary Studies. On the last day of the exhibition, the 20th of June, at 18 pm at the atelier of transdisciplinary studies (F.703, Toni-Areal), I finalised my audiovisual installation with a 30 minutes performance. Sound and video created together with Antto Logy.

The images I work with consist of large rock formations of Hierve el Agua (Spanish for "the water boils"). It is a set of natural travertine rock formations in San Lorenzo Albarradas, Oaxaca, Mexico. They resemble cascades of water. The video material was conceived during a research trip and residency in Oaxaca, together with video and sound artist AnttoLogy in the beginning of the year 2025. The film works as a visual exploration of the concept of *thick time* and sets the tone and climate for the performance. The film is being projected on a white wall, partly through a see-through plastic curtain. The projection is slightly distorted, creating an effect of water drops on the wall.

<...> the temporal frame of 'thick time',— a transcorporeal stretching between present, future, and past, in order to reimagine our bodies as archives of climate and as making future climates possible. <...> (the term coined by scholars Astrida Neimanis and Rachel Loewen Walker).

In the video, next to the waterfall, a human figure is seen, dressed in a camouflaged way. It attempts to get attuned with the mountain, to be soft, to listen. The video is edited in loops of multiple lengths, breaking the movement of the figure, as it tries to find its way on the rock.

<...> climb up, try to get close, look for a way to be close, get humbled by its magnitude and solid performance, troubled, lay down, press the cheek on its rough, dusty and still a little wet surface, smell the sour and the sulfur, listen, surrender, submit...

not allowed to be here, trespassing the signs that say 'no entrance', not allowed to be here, yet made the way and laid down and thanks to grandmother's magical knitting, camouflage, ask questions, have a non verbal dialogue with the non verbal more-than-human ancient body, a transformer, that lurks reminding that the western human way of counting time can f*** right off, ask for a weather report... <...> (from my notebook).

<...> gradually, like a lego being constructed piece by piece, from micro plastics and space debris, smog and oil spillages hovering over the (hyper) sea, here you are, a magnificent monster. You are so... hot. The weather is perfect. The sun blasts through that ever-thinning layer of invisible Ozone, which once protected you from burning. It's getting

hot here. Come towards me, I open all my doors and some of my windows, take a few pills of vitamin D, put spf 1500 f***-knows-how-many UV and UVA and UVB filters on my face. Just the face, because the skin on hands is a lost cause anyway <...> (from the 'letter to climate change'. During the times of the global pandemic, I wrote a 'letter to the virus', which I composed as an invitation for the virus to enter my body. It is a slightly fetishistic, erotic homage to viral sickness).

An Attempt On Weathering The Water Fall

Script

duration approx. 30 min.

performance as part of the audiovisual installation

premiere at the atelier of transdisciplinary studies (F.703, Toni-Areal) 20.06.25, , Zurich

sound: original sound composition, created for the installation + sound of water running from the tap

light: natural light, beam of sunlight through the slightly open curtain on the window

costume: a light brown, knitted three piece (vest, shorts and knee length socks), with neon green edges. All knitted by Donė Samušienė (Ula's grandma). Used throughout all *Stretching Exercises*.

The audience enters a gallery space. The space is marked/divided by a blue, transparent, plastic curtain, which is attached with black rope to a water tap. The tap is open, water is running down, into a white sink.

In front of the curtain a figure is seen, sitting on the floor, hunched over her extended legs. The figure is seemingly still, but in reality, the folded body is sinking slowly, deeper into a deep fascia stretch. Only the passing time marks the changes on the body, as it gradually lays flat over the legs.

After approximately seven minutes, Ula sits up. Her palms seem to be glued to the floor. She moves slowly, to different positions, keeping the palms where they were. This limit evidently conditions the movement, as the body stretches, softens, twists and lengthens... Breath is audible.

After approximately seven minutes, Ula stands up. She acknowledges the sweat traces of her palms on the floor. She walks and stands behind the plastic curtain, placing her wet palms on it. She breaths close to the curtain, the steam from the hot breath and palms is visible on the curtain. She marks the direction of how the water would fall.

After approximately two minutes, Ula walks and leans at the wall, behind the curtain and looks out the window, from which the light is coming in.. She moves alongside the wall, always keeping in contact with it. She keeps coming back to the same pose she started from, repeating the beginning of the sequence. The movement repeats and glitches. The body is restless, dynamic and stuck at times. Barely audible, words and phrases (memories from the poem) are being spoken.

Eventually, she makes her way to the sink and closes the tap, stopping the running water. She opens a book [*To*] *The Last [Be] Human* by Jorie Graham and reads a poem *Whereas I Had Not Yet In This Life Seen* out loud. While reading, her body gradually surrenders to gravity as it gets closer and closer to the floor. She performs 'textual fantasy' score (more on scores further in the text).

U: stillness. Stillness in time. Rich concentrate. Late summer late-day light. Over but not on magenta. Of. Of dahlia-heads. Of serrated leaves trimmed gold. Plush stalk lost-still in non-moment. All awake but no wakefulness. Low. Small. Snug in flooding light. Unwilled. No speed of anything, no, no motion on surface because suddenly no

surface, all a mechanism yes but now neither on nor off, &c shining, & not even a frill of breeze-as if there had never been time-as if being had never been or not been-no containing, no cause/effect thing, no, all swallowed by unmovingness of all things. Grassblades carved still. Leaning-in, angle-of, stalk. Sealed. No flex. Spin. No

rush no struggle no not even the tiniest all unwhirled & stopped till this, what is this, stands before you, certainty—the pouring of color stopped mid-air-all outreaching but no towards, lapping, of thing & surround, exquisite, as if eyes closed though all wide, poured out wide. Try again. Very small the world. Quiet. The

robin's landing on the far lawn heard, lawn heard, as-if heard, strength of the nothing noticed, not smooth, as if on hold but never again to be released from hold, shuddering done, no lift or fall, no, no interval, no thought, no whispering of thought, no. Noticing blends with light. Seeing is light. No trouble in the gaze even as the

gaze gazes upon stillness and is stilled. Where is the motion I know. Where. Any breeze and I'd be human again. Swirl of leaf and I'd see it again. The vacancy. The crust afloat above the thing itself. There being no further than this as-if hallucination. The hallucination of no as-if. The end. What is utterly. Is this

ancient. Is this. As if a huge pity but entirely and only made of matter. Where has motion gone— it has taken time fate need. All lies here now in the seen. Not seen as such just there entire in the laying-out of itself in the which-is. No if. That's it. The stillness of no if. Dear friend, you cannot cross here,

this is the visible world, I have seen it in this my life, by accident, just now, I have recognized it, I do not know that I will glimpse it again in this life, I assume it's my one life, my mind roves over it all tapping, trying words, again words. The poem is built for this. To come to this limit & see in & fail. It is built for this particular

failure. This wakefulness that wipes out the waking. This muteness which is the heart of what. It is not silence. Now each wick is lit as the planet moves into the end of the visible. The spiderweb is played string by string by the sun. Waits. Error. Nothing waits. Radical unimagined unreleasable unscatterable unhidden nothing waits.

After reading the poem, Ula stands up and walks to the sink with the rope, holding the curtain up, attached to the tap. She unties the knot, gradually lowering the curtain down. After the curtain is laying folded on the floor, she pulls the black rope out of the hanging mechanism and lets them fall down.

FIN

[Watch the full performance here](#)

[Watch the full video, used in the performance here](#)

RESIDENCY AT LA RANCHA

On Not Finding Any Mushroom

At the beginning of 2025, Antto and I traveled together to La Ranca in Oaxaca, Mexico. It is a unique space that promotes sustainability, cultural diversity, and empowerment of FLINTA* humans. During the residency, we planned to learn on the lands of J.E.C.O. (Jardín Etnobotánico de la Costa Oaxaqueña).

Our research was aimed to approximate fascia (the connective tissue that integrates every structure in the body) to mycelium, the underground fungal network that facilitates communication and resource sharing in ecosystems. Mycelium's ability to adapt to environmental changes mirrors fascia's responsiveness and offers a model for human and ecological systems. Influenced by Merlin Sheldrake's *Entangled Life* and Anna Tsing's *The Mushroom at the End of the World*, this research explored how mycelium-inspired ways of moving and organisation can inform sustainable practices and foster a deeper connection to non-human life.

Due to unforeseen circumstances, we arrived at La Ranca during the most severe drought of the decade, and despite our expectations, we found no mushrooms whatsoever. The heat was unbearably intense, and the land we had intended to work with teemed with creatures—spiders, poisonous snakes, and scorpions—that made their aversion to us unmistakably clear. Having planned to engage in exercises that required close physical contact with the land and due to the absence (invisibility) of fungi our plan was made impossible and we were forced to shift the direction of the work. Rather than seeing this as a setback, we let the conditions—the blasting sun, the dried lands, the scarcity of water—guide us, redirecting our attention to the Hierve el Agua instead. However, we find it amusing that we had traveled across oceans to engage with the fungi of Oaxaca, only to discover none. A valuable comment on the human agenda.

<...> Day 3 of the residency

(more like lesbian manual labor and heavy lifting camp)

I am writing this from the top of the hill of La Ranca, right on the coast of Zipolite—the first and only gay, nudist beach of Mexico and across the Atlantic from Zürich. The sun and the heat is relentless. Every now and then, there is a soft breeze from the ocean, but with the 29 degrees temperature it's barely a relief. It is the dry season. The trees seem sick, with yellow leaves or bare branches altogether, barely hanging on... The ground is dry, hard and crumbles between the fingers into dust.

Today, during the 3 daily hours of work, Paulina, who is the curator of the residency and the butchest lesbian of all, Navi—a five year old donkey on heat and me, were bringing the gravel from the place where, during the rainy season, a river runs (hard to imagine). We were filling 5 kg bags, tying them together and placing them on Navi's back, to then bring them up to the top of the hill. One round took us nearly two hours, as Navi was not up for it at all.

We are building an outdoor kitchen up there, using just the organic and local materials.

Mixture one is water and the dry soil. We used that to secure the wall of the hill and also for the base of the cooking table, around the bearing columns and for low walls. Placing wet stones on top of each other and glueing them together by slapping on this mixture. A very therapeutic practice.

Mixture two is clay, manure of the donkey, gravel and water. This we will use to make the top and the last layer of the kitchen surfaces. That is what we will have to do tomorrow. Antto made a seat for the dry compost toilet today out of wood. We also attached some metal legs to a huge, flat piece of a tree trunk. This we put in the only spot on the land, where there is signal for the internet. Kind of like an internet cafe.

There is no water. Down, where there sometimes is a river, Paulina had a team of local workers dig a 16 meters well and they did not reach the vein of water. It's full of bats though. Drinking water comes from plastic bottles, which we bring up every other day. The water to wash has to be brought up by a truck and put into a tank. There is only one tap and the shower is a bucket with a half of a coconut to be used to pour the water over yourself and all of us share it. At the moment we are a group of seven queers, two cats, two dogs, a donkey, lots of incredibly huge toads, that come out at night to eat the dog food, iguanas, parrots and tarantulas, a family of owls, lizards and millions of others, all around, everywhere and all at once.

Except mushrooms. It's too dry for mushrooms to be seen. What a bummer. I wonder what's happening with their spores during this blasting, dry heat? If seeds of trees can hibernate for years waiting for the rain to fall, what happens to the fungi? <...> (from my notebook),



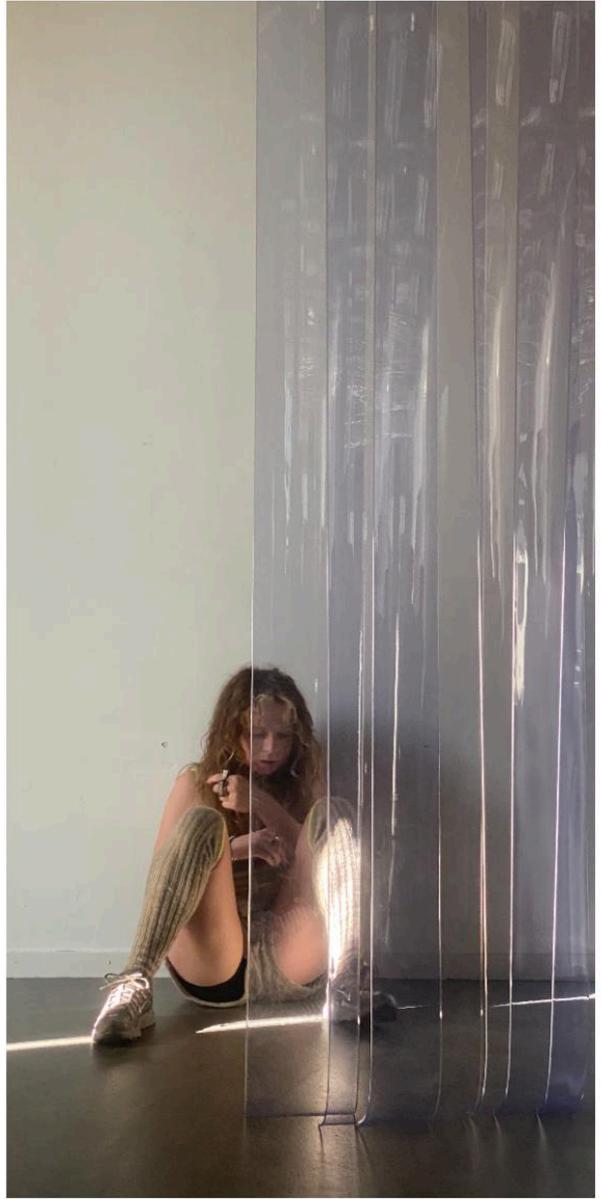
Stills from the movie used in the installation



Left: Image of the curtain play with the movie
Right: Moment from the performance



Image of the curtain play with the movie



Moment from the performance

second exercise
manual on sitting



SECOND EXERCISE Manual On Sitting Contribution To School Of Commons

Stretching Exercises To Feel Climate Change has been invited to be part of the School of Commons 2025. As part of the programme, we collectively work on ISSUES—a publication as practice of commoning. It is an annual, peer-led digital and analogue publication which serves as the milestone, a collective public offering for each School of Commons (SoC) program cycle. ISSUES collates and contextualises the processes, practices and methodologies of each participating project within SoC.

For this year's publication I developed (draw, write, cut, sketch, glue) a *Manual On Sitting*. A conceptually laid out score and exercise that brings attention to a body that is sitting still, while the mind does somersaults. Edited by Cru Encarnação, graphic layout by Ludwig Lederer, with support from Amanda Hunt.

HOW

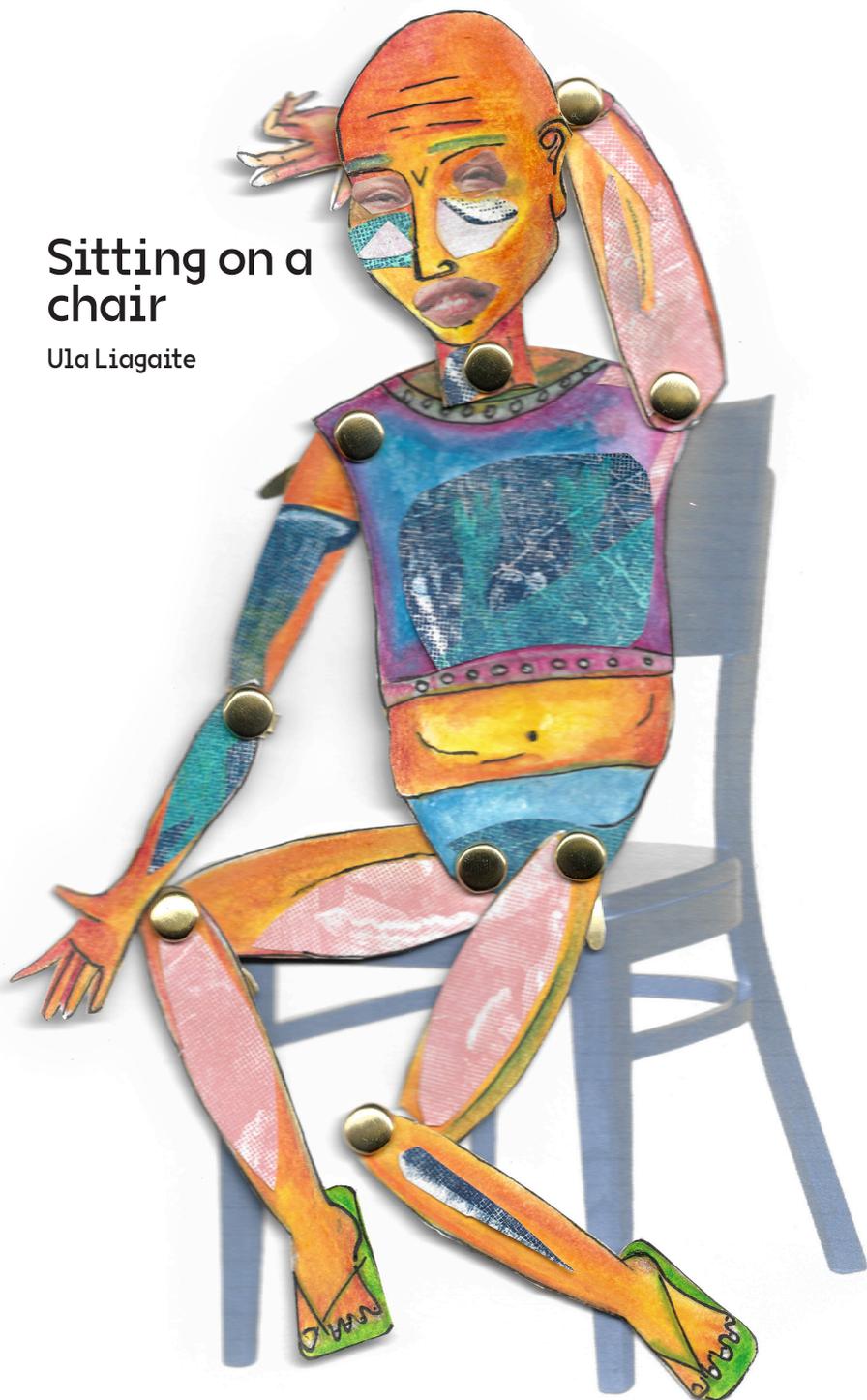
When I think of climate change and the extraction of fossil fuels—the leading cause of rising temperatures—I imagine that if the people who make the big decisions, the ones destroying lands and lives, were physically present on the land they drain and cut into, giving the green light to build the next mine would be far more difficult. Breathing the air, standing on compressed layers of countless life forms, and watching people move through their daily lives, it would be hard to say “yes” to erasing it all. But it becomes easier if all you have to do is press a button, send an email, or offer a thumbs-up while sitting in a chair thousands of kilometers away from where the extraction will take place. **The distance between the action and decision is almost necessary, if the decisions being made are at the cost of others.** The passive body—still, distant, untouched—is not neutral; its stillness can be cruel. It benefits from separation, from the ability to remain unmoved while harm unfolds elsewhere. This body is trained to dwell in comfort, to accept abstraction, to let decisions pass through screens and systems without resistance. In contrast, the active body—the one that feels weight, breath, fatigue, and consequence, therefore reflects—has little space in this world. It is inconvenient. It slows processes down, demands attention, and insists on space to be noticed. By refusing distance it feels, it exposes what is being taken, who is being affected, and what is being lost, and for that reason it is often pushed aside, ignored, or rendered impossible and inconvenient.

<...> If the red-tinted world maps of increasing warming and the already emerging future changes are to be filled with imaginings, one faces the problem of measuring the capacity and elasticity of our imagining and feeling against the magnitudes of our own products and the incalculable scale of what we can do [...], thus equating us as imaginers and feelers with us as doers <...> (from *The Obsolescence of Man* by Günther Anders).

The release date of this year's ISSUES is February 2026. I add below my contribution.

Sitting on a chair

Ula Liagaite



edited by
Cru Encarnação

Motionless, inert, like still life behind a canvas. The surface is flat, indifferently hard, the texture forgettable. Not standing, not standing up now. Instead, I am... immersed in that silent choreography of seeing. Apathy means the world to me, more than I can imagine... I am...

To be approached as a score and read out loud to yourself or someone else, while sitting on a chair. Notice what the repetition does to your body*

* a smart someone once told me that the most courageous and difficult thing to do in life is to sustain an action or practice for a long time

Sitting on a chair and not knowing how to get up
sitting on a chair after having heard bad news.
sitting on a chair, because legs don't hold no more
sitting on a chair and realizing something.



Sitting on chair for a long time
sitting on a chair and listening
sitting on a chair and being told something
sitting on a chair and learning
sitting on a hard chair.



Sitting with your legs crossed
sitting with your legs uncrossed
sitting on a chair and eating
sitting on a chair and watching a movie
sitting on a chair and working on the computer
sitting on a chair and reading a manual



sitting on a seat in a bus

sitting on a seat on an airplane, reserving your seat for
an extra fee (and priority boarding).

sitting on a chair and doing nothing

sitting on a chair that is a set of many the same looking chairs,
inside a building, that also looks like any other
building



sitting on a chair 'just because'
sitting on a chair when not at all tired
sitting on a chair to watch a six hours long theater piece
falling asleep while sitting on a chair, falling asleep and
falling off the chair.



Sitting on a chair because sitting on the ground is bad
sitting on chair because the ground is dirty



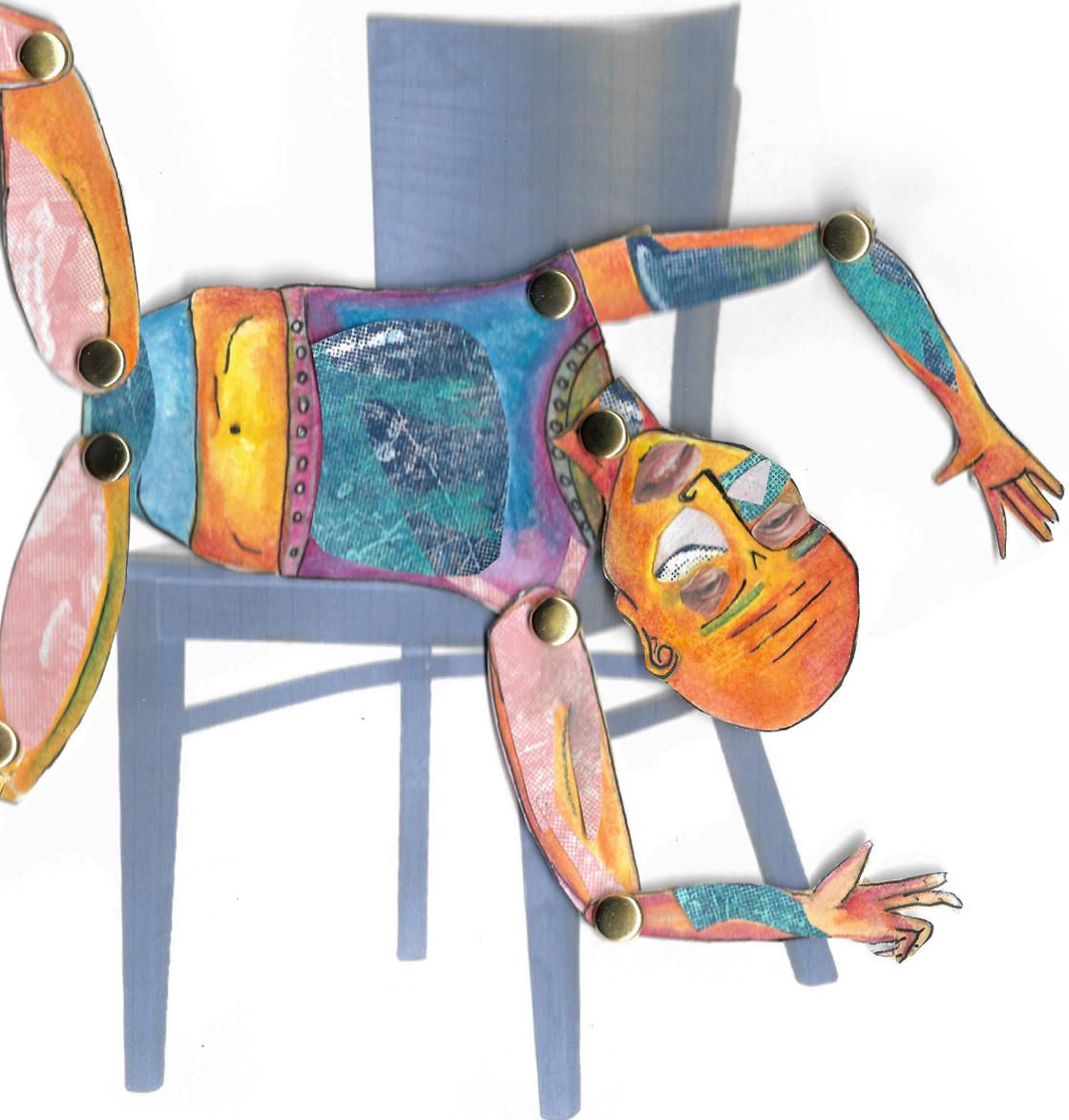
sitting on a chair in clean clothes
sitting on a chair in white clothes
sitting on a white chair
sitting on a chair in church
sitting on a chair in a gallery
sitting on a chair in a museum
sitting in a chair in a university



sitting on a chair and not standing up... for anything
sitting on a chair and seeing your friends siblings
lovers strangers animals neighbours getting hurt
sitting on a chair and witnessing
sitting on a chair anxiously
sitting on a chair guilty
sitting on a chair because it's safe
sitting on a chair because you learnt it well



sitting on a chair that your gran grandfather bought
sitting on a chair and remembering that you did not
meet any of your grandfathers, cause they both died
from alcoholism
sitting on a chair wondering if this is the last time



sitting on a chair because you learnt it well
sitting on a chair cause you have a chair to sit on
sitting on a chair made by suffering
sitting on chair and feeling the climate change
sitting on a chair and feeling the crisis
sitting on a chair paralysed by grief
sitting on a chair sick from grief



sitting on chair and making a plan
sitting on a chair somewhere else
sitting on a chair as it gets hot there
sitting on a chair watching people leave here
sitting on a chair being forced to stay
sitting on a chair cause there is no way out.



Sitting on a chair and not feeling pain
sitting on a chair since before being able to walk
being taught to sit on a chair
being good at sitting on a chair
sitting on a chair and pressing buttons
sitting on a chair and thinking about people that press
buttons
sitting on a chair pressing buttons, that change the course of
rivers and universe



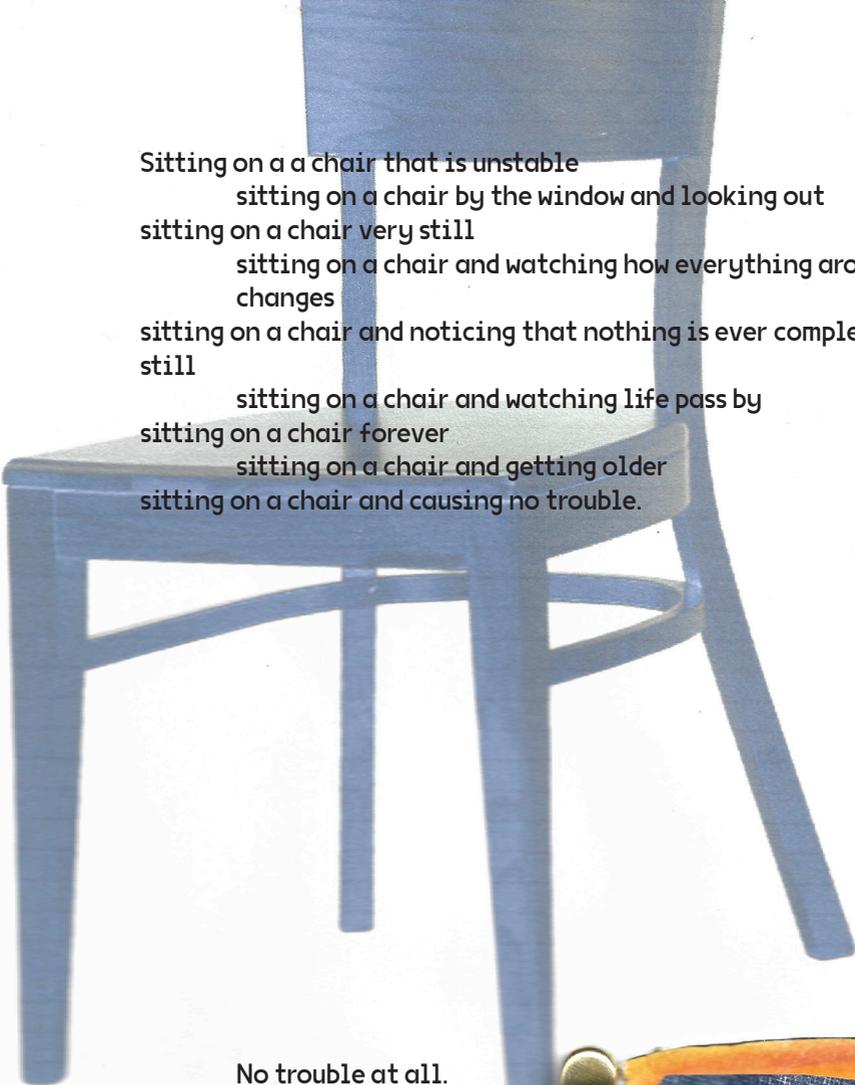
sitting on a chair as an excuse

sitting on a chair and having lots of power on your hands
sitting on the chair while your mind does somersaults and fingers
well...



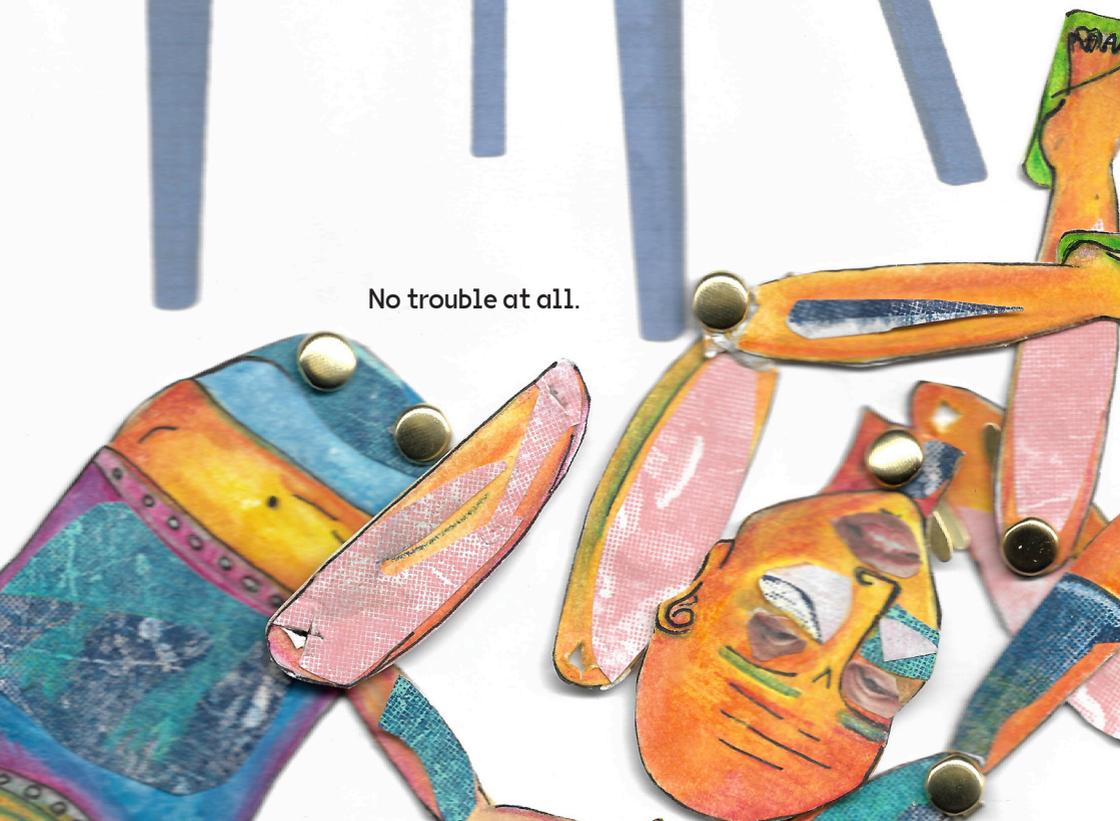
sitting on a chair and watching someone's mouth
sitting on a chair but very lightly
sitting on a chair and pretending to be reading
sitting on a chair and chewing gum
sitting on a chair that has chewing gum stuck under it by someone
who was sitting on the same chair before
sitting on a chair and never ever again allowing fingers
to wander under the chair sitting on a chair and peeling
potatoes...





Sitting on a a chair that is unstable
sitting on a chair by the window and looking out
sitting on a chair very still
sitting on a chair and watching how everything around
changes
sitting on a chair and noticing that nothing is ever completely
still
sitting on a chair and watching life pass by
sitting on a chair forever
sitting on a chair and getting older
sitting on a chair and causing no trouble.

No trouble at all.



third exercise
alone together somewhere hot



THIRD EXERCISE Alone Together Somewhere Hot An Attempt On Togetherness

During my last semester of studies, I worked on holding space for different bodies to move together and facilitated a regular, weekly movement practice in my studio in Zurich. Twice a week, I offered a free, 1.5 hours long movement practice, bringing together different body conditioning exercises with improvisation scores, which we took with us into the rehearsal period towards the end of November and into a showing of a transdisciplinary performance mid December, 2025.

HOW

In preparation for the group movement practice and the performance, I worked on composing and developing performative movement scores. I see them as *set-ups*—deliberate structures, made of soft rules on where to pay attention within the body, breathing exercises and tools for situating the body in space, in order to establish the conditions for movement to emerge rather than focusing on the aesthetical, on formal, pre-determined movement. As I mentioned previously, I look at the (human) body as something that can ‘fix’ itself if given the appropriate care and conditions. This idea serves me here, as I construct a context for the body to move in a way that only such deliberately composed context allows. These set-ups operate as frames for exercises of *stretching*, both physically and conceptually, opening a space to examine how and where the movement is generated. Through them, I see the difference between movement as a reaction to an idea and movement that arises through a process of deep letting go, in which expectations and assumptions about what should happen are suspended. This is particularly evident in the ‘not this one’ score. Within this framework, the body functions as a source for research, as well as a tool and an archive of embodied knowledge. **By working through the system of score as set-up, I position the practice in a precarious terrain that moves away from the certainty of what is known, and therefore *should be shown*, toward the unknown, the humble, and the soft.** In performance, I don’t look for a body that can surprise me by doing something that I cannot do. I look for a body that, with all its uniqueness, is just like mine, just like any animal, just like anything before or after becoming human. A body that needs a wall to lean on, chews, sweats, talks and stretches, as it gets hot. In this way of working, agency shifts from the control to embodied responsiveness, and movement is experienced less as something I produce and more as something that moves me, allowing the body to guide and inform the research process.

Together with a team of nine curious and skilled people, we created a transdisciplinary performance, where each performer wrote their own texts, very different from each other, reflecting on climate breakdown, telling stories of their own strategies to ‘keep going’ in times of crisis. During the rehearsal period, I worked one-on-one with each performer, co-creating scenes, looking for an action, physical state, an anchor that grounded those stories, poetry and

songs. Together with Eglė, we constructed a dramaturgy that supported the different physicalities and texts, as they landed into a common universe of possible togetherness, held by a heating temperature. With Martha, who put together our costumes, we looked closely at the movement of each performer. We developed 'climate confused' looks, where each performer was dressed in a way that would make it difficult to say what season it is. Wollen socks were worn with summer shoes, fur coats with little bikinis and giant sun hats with no light whatsoever... We drew from the writings of Astrid Neimanis and Ursula K. Le Guin, watched the weather reports of David Lynch and talked a lot about what hurts the most to each of us. Thus, the exercise on attempted togetherness *Alone Together Somewhere Hot* was created, in collaboration with Eglė Švedkauskaitė (text & dramaturgy), Antto Logy (sound composition, text & performance), Cru Encarnação (text & performance), Ness (text & performance), Martha Oelschläger (costume), Noe Mael and Ludwig Lederer (visual communication), Shun Perrotta (light design) and Hannah Dal Cero (sound & stage technique).

Alone Together Somewhere Hot

Script

duration approx. 1h

performance takes place on two floors, not simultaneously

premiered at Maxim Theater, 13.12.25, Zurich

PART I Upstairs

The audience enters a gallery-like setting. Fragmented time - there is a feeling that *something* has happened before.

sound: field recording of a wild fire + metronome 70 bpm

light: strong light (moonlight), beaming into the room through the windows, from the outside

Video installation already running. There are three monitors, placed far from each other in the room. The space is marked/divided by a blue, transparent, plastic curtain. On the screens, loops of different length are displayed from the video work of the *First Stretching Exercise: An Attempt On Weathering the Water Fall*.

There are two bodies in the space, immersed in different physicalities. The performers are very warm and sweaty, almost tired (we used oil, to make the faces look more sweaty). The movement is executed with just enough energy— nothing extra, nothing big, nothing spectacular. Economy of movement.

Ness is on the floor, by one of the windows, their body looks washed out/abandoned. They are busy with 'not this one' score. Cru is on the other side of the curtain, far from Ness. Cru is busy with 'don't let them know your next move' score. The audience wanders.

sound: after approx. 8 min. the sound cuts to the HeatWave

Cru and Ness are both interrupted by the HeatWave. They shift to the score of 'moving through thick time', until the sound of the HeatWave ends. After they continue with the previous scores while giving each other directions. Cru to Ness— 'not this one'. Ness to Cru either 'slow', 'stop', 'continue' or 'glitch'. Both speak in a volume that is audible to each other, but not very clearly to the audience. They continue like so for approx. 6 min, until the second HeatWave. They get interrupted again, they move to the score 'moving through thick time'. After the second HeatWave is finished, Ness offers chewing gum to Cru— Cru accepts, they both offer chewing gum to the audience. After the chewing gum is distributed, they walk down, the audience follows.

PART II Downstairs

A 'controlled space'—black box, with stage lights, seats for the audience (along two walls, forming an L). The time is common. This experiment has happened many times before. These scenes happened before.

Ness - all is lost / irony

Ula - all is fine/ avoidant

Cru - clueless, what is going on / asking questions

Antto - there is hope / provocative

As the audience enters, they have to walk through a blue, transparent, plastic curtain (the same as the one hanging up stairs). Antto sitting at the table on stage, loaded with sound devices and gear. They are playing live a soft, ambient composition. There are plastic bags, filled with water, hanging from the ceiling in clusters, resembling wet clouds or rain clouds. There is a small yellow bass guitar hanging lit on the wall, behind the audience (left).

As the audience takes their seats, all performers are busy with the action of chewing gum, minimal. Antto is chewing their gum to the microphone—clear sound of chewing. Ness and Cru are leaning at the pillar, also chewing. Ula is sitting in the audience, across from Antto, also chewing. Antto looks at Ness, Ness looks at Cru, Cru is looking out, Ula is looking at Antto.

Choreography of chewing. (Approx. 5 min).

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

SCENE I

N: There's a small hard piece of petroleum in your mouth. Your jaw makes a repetitive move.

Maybe you should start slow, no?

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: The whole head is moving. It's like a dance.

Tsak-chaw.

C: What is dancing?

Tsak-chaw.

A: Don't worry, there's no rush.
You're not late. It's not too late.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: It's already too late.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: You feel your jaw crunch up and down. Your tongue is slow.

C: The tongue's dancing, no?

A: No. and Yes.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: The gum is your dance partner and the orchestra is right beside you (*referring to Antto*).

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: Don't rush, no rush

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

C: That gum contains more than you can imagine. It contains more time than you can imagine.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: Your gum contains all sorts of things, like overdried land and stoned waterfalls, like heat and flu.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: Your gum definitely contains worlds.

N: You mean your gum *contaminates* worlds.

A: Your gum is long.

C: You should have a way to move further, maybe?

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

Cru does a double tsak-tsak, leaving the mouth wide and Ness comments on it.

N: *Now* you look like you realised something.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: Could you please move further?

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: I'm not moving, I'm stretching.

C: You're stretching.

A: You're stretching.

N: You and stretching...

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

C: There is a small hard piece in your mouth. I mean, it's not hard anymore. How does it taste?

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: Does it taste like the end of the world?

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: Maybe there's no end.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

C: I think I can see the end.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: As you chew, you hear a prolonged sound of air whistling, a sonic spiral that moves into eternity.

Tsak-chaw.
Tsak-chaw.

N: I think you can do better than that.

C: You could stop sitting.

A: You could stop chewing.

N: You could stop.

C: You wish!

A: You could imagine.

N: You can't imagine.

C: But you could choose.

A: But you can't choose.

N: You!

C: You!

A: You!

Tsak-chaw.
Tsak-chaw.
(longer)

C: You see it?

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: Yes, I see yours.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: Your gum is hard outside. But when you place it in your mouth, it stretches. It already has stretched.

A: Not if you chew a new one. The new ones are hard.

N: But you already stretched all the possible new ones.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

C: You'll stretch too when it warms up.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

A: You will stretch with the heat.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: You're already stretching.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

C: And with that stretching, you'll move into another time.

A: What is that other time of yours?

Cru walks away from the pillar and leans on another wall, close to a radiator.

C: Another time, another backdrop, another background. Another temporality, so big that your initial body becomes a fly.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

N: You are a fly in terms of time?

C: Yes. and No.

A: So you think your gum will make you stretch out? And go from fly to backdrop?

C: You tell me.

A: You asked me.

N: You should know.

C: You don't even know.

Tsak-chaw.

Tsak-chaw.

SCENE II

Cru On German Housemate

Cru moves the audience's attention to the radiator that they are standing next to as they adjust the heat. They move to another radiator and adjust the heat again. They have a cheeky smirk on their face. He leaves the space and comes back with a very cheap looking heater, that imitates fire or burning coal, when turned on. Upon entering, he starts to deliver the text.

C: My friends always tell me it's cold in my room. I started noticing that my flatmate comes inside my room when I'm not at home to turn my heater down. I've thought about confronting her several times about it, but I always feel too guilty.

I feel guilty for using the heater, I feel guilty for not being stronger and sleeping in a freezing cold bed with a hot bottle of water.

My flatmate can "endure". It makes me feel I have to be the same. What kind of weird relation to resources is this? Is the German-flatmate-micromanagement-of-resources way to learn about sustainability? Maybe the German way is right? I'm really trying to take it seriously here.

She never pees. Sometimes I feel really bad for peeing so much and flushing the toilet. She also just eats boiled potatoes and bread with humus, making me feel like it's quite ostentatious to cook a meal.

She washes clothes really rarely. Does she have endless underwear...?

Cooking, eating, washing, cleaning, I do it way more than her. Does this mean I am less sustainable in my behavior? I think I am quite moderate in my consumption of things. I just like to be clean, I like to eat good food and to be comfortable in my room. Is this asking for too much? The thing is ... she is actually great and a really sweet person, the best flatmate I had so far, but these things confuse me.

The critique of the German caricature might not always be the answer, but the truth is: it is a caricature.

Going to the demo against the autobahn in Berlin but straight up ignoring Palestine.

A caricature of good consciousness and blindness to so much else.

sound: shifts to slowed down, re-worked sounds from Antto's song
light: neon/blue gradually shifts to mark the diagonal (where the group moves)

All performers gather next to one of the heaters and go to their hands and knees, close to each other. All begin to move across the space slowly, on all fours, following the logic of the score 'moving through thick time'. Everyone's hair is down—they look like human-animals tracing or 'weed walking'. This behaviour is observed in different animals as well as dogs, where a dog walks very slowly and deliberately under low-hanging objects like branches, curtains or tablecloths. During trancing, dogs may appear to be in a focused, almost hypnotic state, with a glassy-eyed expression. This behaviour is known to be therapeutic and relaxing for dogs. As the four performers are crossing the space, they continue chewing gum. Ness stays behind.

SCENE III

Ness On Plastic

light: diagonal, falling in through the plastic curtain on Ness

Ness is left behind after the group choreography of walking on all fours. He starts by playing with the gum, while lying on the floor, like a distraction... They take the gum out of their mouth, stretching it and folding it to then stretch it again... and again. Hypnotised by the flexibility and surrender of the warm plastic, they gradually come up to sit and deliver the text.

N: I have learned how to fuck with plastic. Because flesh has been used as an argument against me. Because flesh rots and disintegrates. Because I would rather choose to be at the mercy of plastic. Because I'd rather be at the mercy of plastic than have to sleep with a cis straight man. Because being drilled down by a butch daddy makes me understand how good microplastics can make you feel. Because silicone is hotter than flesh. Because I saw a video of a strap fucking a flashlight and it turned me on.

Because I chew my gum. I chew my gum and let my eyes wander. Does chewing make me look hot? Are you hot? Do you find me hot? Am I hot? Are you? Do I need more plastic? I reject flesh because it seems like flesh has rejected me. So I swallow all the plastic I can find. Let me keep my microplastics to myself. Let me share them with my lovers. You can take away the world and our air, our space, our voices, our labor, our money. But let us keep our plastics.

SCENE IV

Antto's Song

light: clear light change to 'concert'—a lot of light+smoke machine

A melody that already appeared through the piece. Antto picks up the mic. They play keys (only on verse) and sing live. During the chorus they move into the space attempting to meet the eyes of Ula, Cru and Ness, but their intentions are not met. The back dancers act 'removed'.

Cru, Ness and Ula perform a minimal group choreography based on the score 'moving through thick time', with elements of 'glitch', a fascia release while 'rocking' and chewing gum. The chewing is exaggerated during the chorus as they gaze out to the audience, they seem lost, stuck and almost absurdly confused—as if moved by the scores and

not the other way around, not in control. In its totality, this scene is a skillful, intentional and well executed 'hit and miss'—a failed attempt at togetherness.

The song is originally in Spanish, below also in English

Vengo de lejos

A descubrir las buganvillas

Saludan de rincones

De cada esquina

Amanecer totalmente fuera de la rutina

Y así después de dar pasos todo el día

Y asombrarme de las cosas más sencillas

De la vida

Vengo del centro

A encontrarme con mis amigas

A curar todas las heridas

I come from the centre

Y así también darme cuenta de mis pasos

I come from far away

To discover the bougainvilleas

They greet me from corners

Of every street

To wake up totally outside of the routine

After walking all day

And being amazed by the simplest things

In life

To meet my friends

To heal all the wounds

Atardeceres completos en tiempos de equinoccio

Complete sunsets in times of equinox

De que cada vez que lloro no es que no sea necesario

Y después no hay nada más que hacer

Que del ayer no se vive

And so also to understand my steps

That every time I cried, it's not like it was not necessary

And that after - nothing can be done

That yesterday is not what is being lived

Vengo de adentro

Buscando melodías que acompañan mi memoria

Colgando de la vida y de esta inmensa travesía

Amando libremente todos toitos los días

Y así y así después darme cuenta

Que el fracaso solo significaría no seguirlo intentando

I come from within

Looking for melodies to accompany my memories

Hanging on to life and to this immense journey

Loving freely every single day

And like that and so realise

That failure would only mean not continuing to try

Vengo corriendo

Buscando el camino de vuelta a mi esperanza

Recolectando toda la belleza pal mañana

Recorriendo senderos en los días que me alcanzan

I come running

Looking for the way back to hope

Gathering all the beauty for tomorrow

Walking paths of the days that are left

Y así y así antes antes de que el sol se vaya

No me queda otra cosa otra mas que darte las gracias

Y tal vez no puedas entender

Que sin sol no me inspirare

And so and so before the sun goes down

And maybe you can't understand

I have nothing else to do but thank you

But without the sun I won't be moved

Y después no hay nada más que hacer

And that after - nothing can be done

Que del ayer no se vive

That yesterday is not what is being lived

SCENE V

Ula Sitting On A Chair

light: spot on Ula
sound: regular beat, low

Ula takes one of the chairs from the audience and sits in front to face them. She takes the gum out of her mouth and sticks it under the chair.

The following text is intended as a reflection on alienation, avoidance and othering, in the context of climate change breakdown.

The score is composed of multiple loops of action that repeat and transform. At times, movement accompanies the text in a near proximity, making the text sound almost descriptive. In other moments, the movement drifts into its own logic. The score for this scene is constructed based on 'textual fantasy'.

U: Sitting on a chair and not knowing how to get up, sitting on a chair after having heard bad news, sitting on a chair, because legs don't hold anymore, sitting on a chair and realizing something. Sitting on a chair, sitting on chair for a long time, sitting on a chair and listening, sitting on a chair and being told something, sitting on a chair and learning, sitting on a hard chair, sitting with your legs crossed, sitting with your legs uncrossed, sitting on a chair and eating, sitting on a chair and watching a movie, sitting on a chair and working on the computer, sitting on a chair and reading a manual, sitting on a seat in a bus, sitting on a seat on an airplane, reserving your seat for an extra fee (and priority boarding), sitting on a chair and doing nothing, sitting on a chair that is a set of many same looking chairs, inside a building, that also looks like any other building, sitting on a chair 'just because', sitting on a chair when not at all

tired, sitting on a chair to watch a six hours long theater piece about climate breakdown, falling asleep while sitting on a chair, falling asleep and falling off the chair.

Sitting on a chair because sitting on the ground is bad, sitting on a chair because the ground is dirty, sitting on a chair in clean clothes, sitting on a chair in white clothes, sitting on a white chair, sitting on a chair in church, sitting on a chair in a gallery, sitting on a chair in a museum, sitting in a chair in a university, sitting on a chair and not standing up... for anything, sitting on a chair and seeing your friends, siblings, lovers, strangers, animals, neighbours get hurt, sitting on a chair and witnessing, sitting on a chair anxiously, sitting on a chair guilty, sitting on a chair cause it's safe, sitting on a chair because you learnt it well, sitting a chair cause you have a chair to sit on, sitting on a chair made by suffering, sitting on chair and feeling the climate change, sitting on a chair and feeling the crisis, sitting on a chair paralysed by grief, sitting on a chair sick from grief, sitting on chair and making a plan, sitting on chair somewhere else, sitting on a chair as it gets hot there, sitting on chair and watching people leave here, sitting on a chair being forced to stay, sitting on chair, cause there is no way out.

Sitting on a chair and not feeling pain, sitting on a chair since before being able to walk, being taught to sit on a chair, being good at sitting on a chair, sitting on a chair and pressing buttons, sitting on a chair and thinking about people who press buttons, sitting on a chair pressing buttons that change the course of rivers and universe, sitting on a chair as an excuse, sitting on a chair and having lots of power on your hands, sitting on the chair, while your mind does somersaults and fingers well... sitting on a chair and watching someone's mouth, sitting on a chair but very lightly, sitting on a chair pretending to be reading, sitting on a chair and chewing gum, sitting on a chair that has chewing gum stuck under it by someone who was sitting on the same chair before, sitting on a chair and never ever again allowing fingers to wonder under the chair, sitting on a chair and peeling potatoes.

Sitting on a a chair that is unstable, sitting on a chair by the window and looking out, sitting on a chair very still, sitting on a chair and watching how everything around changes, sitting on a chair and noticing that nothing is ever completely still, sitting on a chair and watching life pass by, sitting on a chair forever, sitting on a chair and getting old, sitting on a chair and causing no trouble. No trouble at all.

SCENE VI

light: BLACKOUT

sound: prerecorded voice of Ness reading a poem written by Antto

There is no one on stage.

xxx

Now, it is the same sound that disturbs me,
my overflowing soul and my thirsty mind.

I wander in my existence,
Stern on the rock on which I always stumble.
Wandering in the going without return,

Wandering in the permanent click of my broken clock.
Life is not enough to be precise,

Also, not enough to kill me by swallowing chewing gum or eating rotten apples.
I could in the attempt of justice and
burn in the inexplicable destructive desire of my being.

The impertinence of my salty mouth can no longer turn into verse,
It will not flourish on inopportune days like today.

I am the dregs of this city that showers me with compassion,
I become formless and bash my head against the walls
To feel at least that it becomes soft, elastic and abstract

Trying to make it work hasn't been good to me,
but the uncertain future is the only opportunity that we have
There is enough for me to learn.

I will transform the sigh I have left into poetry
to cloud the demons that haunt me day by day.
It's unbearable the feeling of this heat
Of being wrong and wanting to disappear

Of harming without reason the witness of my heart.
Reason hesitates, it seems like it belongs to everyone but me.

SCENE VII

light: changes to a deep, hot red.

sound: speed/ break core

Antto enters the room carrying plastic bags, like the ones that are hanging above. Bags hang over their shoulders, elbows, wrists. Antto holds a few in each hand too. They move slowly through the room, hiding their face under an enormous black sunhat. They walk and stop, turn, walk and stop. Eventually they begin placing the bags on the floor. As they do so, they reveal their face and the audience sees that they are wearing sunglasses with a lighting, blinking, trashy, blue frame.

After placing the bags with water on the floor, they walk back to get more. Cru, Ness and Ula join Antto in a group choreography, swaying the bags in the space as they re-enter. The movement for this scene is choreographed, by bringing together the movement of Cru's action from upstairs (the gallery).

The bags with water are placed on the floor. Antto goes out to get their bass guitar that has been hanging on the wall, behind the audience (left) the entire performance. They sit on the chair that Ula sat on previously, close to the pillar.

sound: Antto plays the bass guitar together with previous track

Ula, Ness and Cru keep bringing more and more bags of water and placing them on the floor. It's loud and hot and the space continues to fill with plastic bags, with water, until there is hardly any space to step left.

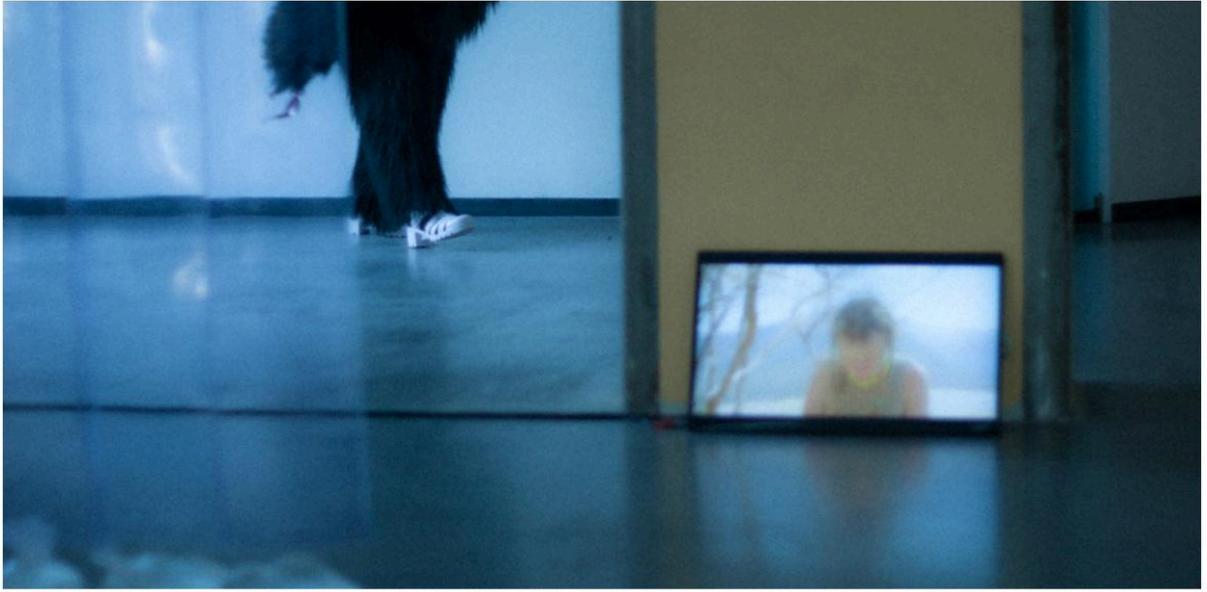
Cru and Ness exit the space. Antto places the guitar down and together with Ula, holds the plastic curtain open, inviting the audience to leave through Emergency Exit. They chew gum. The audience has to be mindful to not step on the plastic bags with water. Some manage to avoid the threat, others step on the bags, squishing them like bodies. The water splashes out.

The audience is guided (by the staff of the theater) to make their way to the main entrance. As they walk around the building, Cru and Ness can be seen through the big windows from the street, in the same places as in the beginning. The audience re-enters the gallery. The time is again fragmented, but all have witnessed *something* happen.

FIN

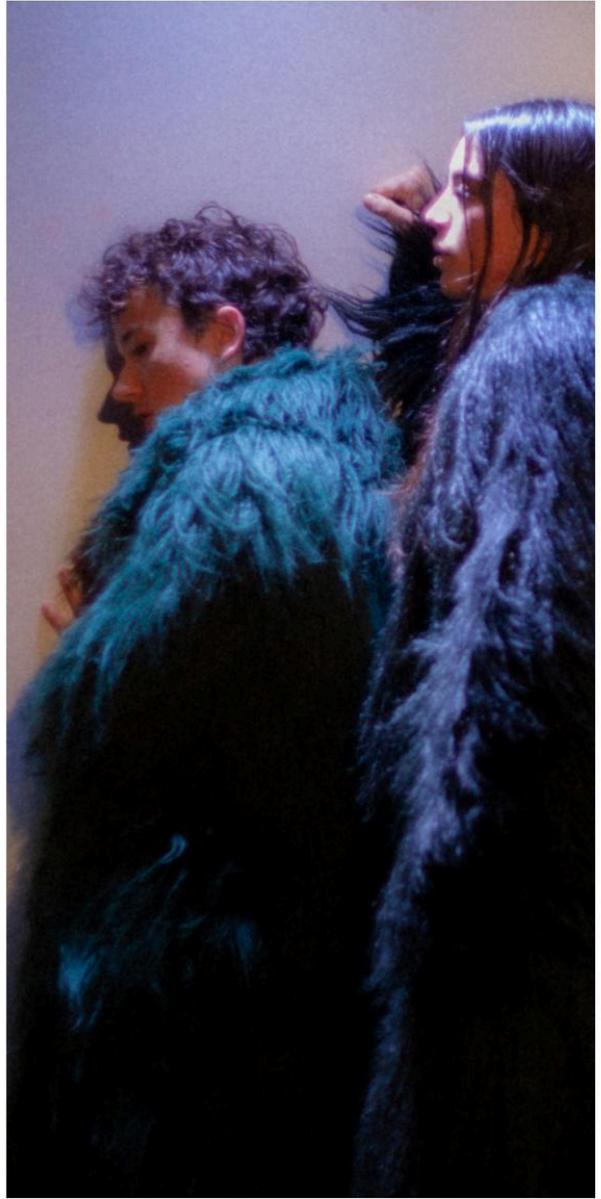
[Watch Alone Together Somewhere Hot here](#)











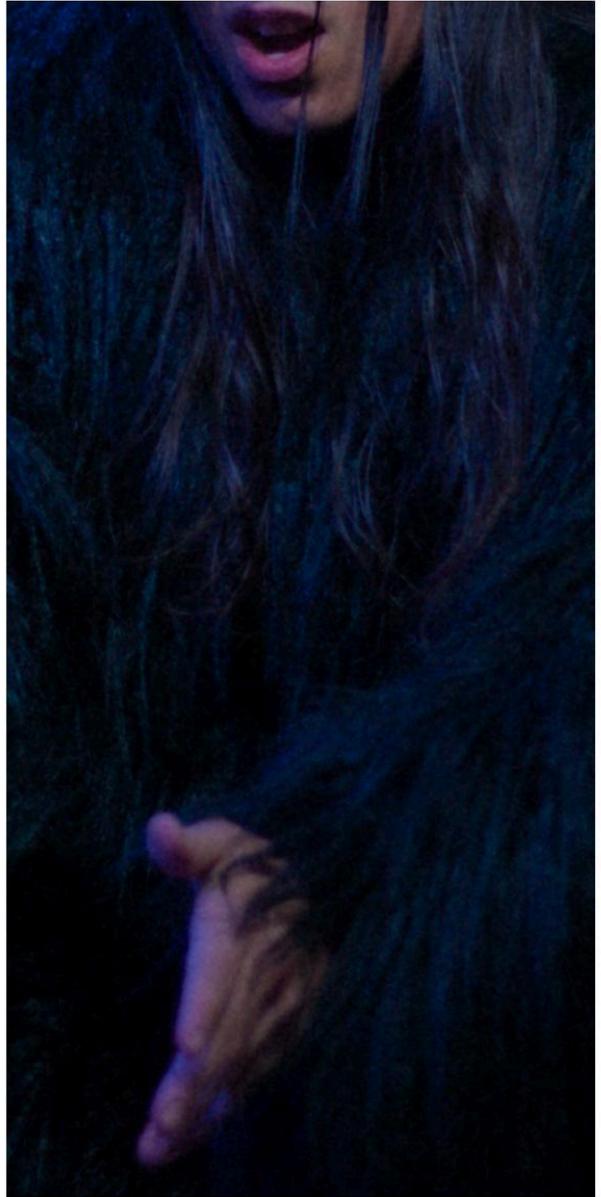






















Photo documentation of *Alone Together Somewhere Hot* by Oleksandra Tsapko



Poster by Noe

SCORE AS A STRETCHING EXERCISE

Reflective Report On The Making Of *Alone Together Somewhere Hot*

HOW

To feel the climate change means to understand that the patterns and habits of what used to be *normal* daily life need to change and to allow oneself to be moved by this knowledge. It also means to accept that climate breakdown is a new reality, not a period that will pass or an illness that can be healed. As the temperature on Earth rises—tsunamis, earthquakes, wildfires, floods and other events grow in their magnitude, take greater shapes and become harder to predict. What if this is a way for the body of the Earth to fight the sickness? Sickness, that is so complex, rooted deeply in human exceptionalism and caused by systematic othering, fueled by relentless extractivism in the hands of a few, who have already moved to plan B. Sickness, as melancholic decay of life-as-I-know-it, while Earth gets feverish and tries to fight back the no-longer-welcome. And if this is the new reality, who gets to stay? Cassi Throrton, artist and activist from the US, wrote in her monthly newsletter <...> *after white people leave Earth en masse for Mars, the Indigenous people left behind contemplate their place in healing the world and what happens next... <...>* Those who are left behind are the ones that have always been good at gathering and survival is their super power. After Indigenous, I add the queers, the *mushes* and all the ‘daughters of witches that could not be burned’.

In the context of this transformation, I look for ways to act from a precarious place—further from what I know, therefore I think I am and closer to the unknown, the humble and soft... I worked in developing movement scores as conceptual exercises of stretching. We stretched to find distance between moving as a reaction to an idea and moving from a place of deep letting go of the assumption of what should happen. In that space I find myself being moved, as I stretch away from the idea of I.

In order to move, first, I have to make space. During the numerous hours in my studio at Roggenstrasse 5 in Zurich, while preparing for teaching weekly movement classes, I found myself looking for more space within me. Space to hear the grief and listen to it, as well as the grief of others. I also looked for space to feel something I can't quite grasp—climate change exists in a hypertemporality, therefore it cannot be felt, but what about the rising temperatures? Or the mass migrations, due to ecocide? Who gets to stay and who has to leave? We might be in the same storm, but are we in the same boat?

When composing scores to guide the performers of *Alone Together Somewhere Hot*, I looked for ways to resist the need to be creative. I looked for a set up, for a conceptual construction in dialogue between rules and limits, that would hold the body in a gentle but concrete way. As a choreographer, what interests me most is what the body does and creates, while the mind is calm and busy with paying attention. The physicality of a body that is asleep in a bed

and does not fall out of it, when changing the position, because it knows the limits of the bed is what I sought for. That and a regular beat, while controlling the rhythm of breathing and chewing gum.

To move away from the I, as a performer and an individual, and come closer to I, as a (human) body in action. This work asks the audience to lean closer, because when no one is *shouting*, one has to really listen. I created a conceptual set up, for the body to be able to whisper, therefore the audience needed to lean closer.

For the upstairs part (gallery) I worked in short loops of actions that begin and end—a clear arch of movement executed with just enough energy. Economy of movement in times of permanent crisis, I thought. Actions were taken from daily life. Gestures of fixing the belt, putting on sunglasses or tying shoe laces. What happens, when, instead of the action reaching its ending point, it is intervened by another action? I watched Cru execute this task and what I saw was a body that gets immersed in a never ending loop of a never ending action. For a moment, there was clarity in the intention and the audience's mind predicted what would happen further. This anticipation was what choreographed the scene. It looked like Cru would put their sun glasses on, but instead, just before the glasses landed on his nose, he moved to (almost) throw them across the room. Instead of letting - in the last moment of the sway of his arm, Cru turned around in order to blow warm air on them - to clean them, it seemed, but that got interrupted as well and so on and on and on...

Will the end of the world, as I know it, look like that? The logic of productivity is disrupted - one action ends another. Nothing gets anywhere as nothing ever really ends, therefore never begins. Like an endless autumn-spring season of a transformation back into itself, with white skies and chewing gum, that has no taste anymore. Is that the taste of the end of the world?

Various theories and texts on climate breakdown have a singular way of staying in my mind in their most abstract forms.. What tends to linger, is a feeling that nothing can be done. As much as some facts - of the coral reefs going extinct forever or animals getting stranded with no food in utterly reduced green space between highways—hurts, but for a moment, that is not long enough to take action. I get distracted from trouble, my mind tricks me into thinking that taking the trash out or answering an email is more important, than informing myself on what can be done or organising with a group of activists and taking direct action. The breakdown of climate while systematically continuing to support and sustain the colonial mechanisms for extractivism, monoculture plantations, mass over-production and waste, matters to me and it takes space in me, but in a blink it is replaced by some other horror and then other and so on. All these scores to me are tools to bring the information into the body and the body to action.

SCORE Get Comfortable

Find a comfortable position on the floor. Just arrive somewhere—without an agenda or an idea of how you need to be. Observe the body, notice the breath, what is already there? Notice what you notice. Allow the attention to ping pong from one observation, sensation, thought, memory to another, always guiding it back to the body. Here and now. Observe. Let go. As the attention settles in the body, start to observe the need to move. It arises eventually, because the body gradually starts to feel uncomfortable in the position that you took at the beginning. You have not moved since then. Observe the need to move—notice where it rises in the body, where the impulse to move comes from within the body? Observe. Let go. Keep guiding your attention back to your body (it most probably drifted somewhere else). Next time, when the need to move arises—observe, then notice and follow. Change the position that you are lying in. Arrive—all parts of the body arrive at a new place in the room. All body at once. Continue like this. Observe, notice, follow and arrive.

TIPS Less is more | Take breaks after each arch of movement | All body at all times

SCORE Not This One

To begin—do the ‘get comfortable’ score.

Follow the body’s need to shift, change, and re accommodate the position on the floor. All body at once. After some time, as you continue to guide your attention back to the body, after you observe and notice an impulse to move, tell yourself ‘not this one’, before you follow. Instead of following the first impulse to move, inhibit it, observe, notice and follow the second. Do it again.

To continue with this score, you can observe, notice and inhibit the first and the second impulses to move, then follow the third impulse to move. Arrive and observe.

TIPS It is not about being creative—it’s about noticing and riding the movement, that is already there | it’s about paying attention and making a choice

SCORE Don’t Let Them Know Your Next Move

Begin standing. Become aware of the clothes that you are wearing and the space that you are in. See if the clothes that you are wearing or the objects around could be used as props (sunglasses, water bottle, shoes, belt etc). Create a sequence of actions (gesture as well as actions with chosen prop), with clear beginning and end. On action leading to

another. Find a way to intervene in the actions, before they are completed, by starting the following one. Create a sequence of actions that start as one thing and finish as something else. Loop it until it becomes comfortable and sits well in the body.

It will take a while.

Play with qualities such as a stop (pause), moving very slow and 'glitch' (making a very short loop that goes and comes back to, creating an effect of being stuck in time).

TIPS Have someone give you the directions, therefore you don't have to decide and the actions do not become predictable | Make the intention behind the action very clear | Make the moment of change from one action/gesture to the other very clear (a cut/a shift, not a transition).

SCORE Moving Through Thick Time

Start in any position standing, sitting, lying down or leaning on a wall. Observe the body as it is. Notice what part of the body is in contact with the floor (or with the wall). Start by doing the 'get comfortable' score for a while. When the need to move arises, use the parts of the body that are in contact with the floor (or the wall) to push away from—notice how that makes the body shift and relocate in space. Notice where the impulse to move comes from and where it leads to—have a clear arch of movement. Now slow down. As you observe, notice and push the floor (or the wall) away in order to follow the impulse to move—be very slow, as if every atom of your body follows the other one to get to where you need to go. As you move through thick time, imagine that the air around gets heavier with particles and dust invisible to the naked eye, feel your body move through this other, new matter... Notice how everything around 'speeds up' as you slow down.

TIPS to move slow also means to breathe and to blink slowly

SCORE Textual Fantasy

(Respectfully stolen from The Field)

Find (or write) a text that resonates with you. Read it many times and look for hints, to be able to associate the text with the body in action. Find an action/ practice or a pose that the text can be listened to or read from. See how the way of *understanding* the text changes when reading it/ listening to it comes from an embodied place. Notice where the text sits in your body as you read it or listen to it.

TIPS Think durational—assume, that the chosen action or pose needs to be sustained, without changing, for a long time | Use a short text, to begin with.

SCORE Fascia Rocking

Find a comfortable place on the floor. Have a large surface of your body in contact with the floor. Let go and observe. Become conscious of the parts of your body that are in contact with the floor. Eventually, start pulling the floor under you and pushing it away from you in a short, rapid motion. The whole body reacts as you gently rock back and forth. Notice—can you do less and move more? Eventually, change the position and find the motion of rocking again, in a new place.

TIPS Be aware of your gaze, can it be softer? | Make sure to have a lot of space in between your fingers and your palms active, as you push the floor away | Find a frequency of rocking that works for you.



dm for info on accessibility
// @ula_lীগate

Stretching Session is tomorrow

Moving in a safely held space while making space for grief, fear, anger and other difficult feelings

Talking about the weather

every
Thursday 6 pm
Roggenstrasse 5, 8005 Zürich, Room 22



dm for info on accessibility
// @ula_lীগate

Stretching Session is tomorrow

Prioritising a moving-thinking body, a body that falls, exposes itself and becomes the point of tension

Talking about the weather

every
Tuesday 10 am
Roggenstrasse 5, 8005 Zürich, Room 22

Documentation of invitation to the movement practice



From the residency at La Ranca

Hi to all & here we gooooo,

As the autumn falls back on us heavy, it makes me totally delighted to write this email to such a special bunch of ppl. I am beyond blessed - a massive THANK YOU, to begin with;]

Some of you know each other, others not, but all of us will be deep in each others business by the end of this project and this year. So far, we have ppl that are based in Zürich (or literally on their way) and ppl that will be coming to join the process from Berlin at the of end November - beginning of December. The space where we will be showing the piece is still between two locations. Maxim Theater Zurich has already confirmed and we are most probably gonna show the work there, but I am still hoping and fighting to get Cabaret Voltaire - one of the first dadaist spaces in Europe. That is in the process.

DATES: For now, I need yall to book the 1-13 of December 2025 (our showing is on Friday the 13th, uuuuuu). This will be our final rehearsal period, where all the team will be in Zurich. Can you all answer this email with a 'yes, thats gonna work' or 'at all not possible', as well as already existing commitments? You being available on those two weeks means, that we will have almost daily rehearsals, some full days and some that will be shorter. It seems to me that it is fair to say - a lot of your attention, skills and precious knowledge will be needed during this time ;] We will work out the schedule closer to the dates.

MEETING: I would like to propose a meeting (for those in Zurich - IRL, for those far - via zoom) all together. What about Friday the 10th of October at 10 am? Let me know what would work for you and suggest an alternative, if not. This meeting is for all of us to check in, see each other's faces and hear a little about what this whole thing has been about until now., as well as see who will be playing what role in this project and how can we start preparing and researching for what's ahead;]

In times to come, I will start softly spamming you with things for you to read and watch (everything is a choice, nothing is a must). What will be the outcome of this process and what this work has to be - we will find together. In the vertigo of not knowing is where the movement is.

TASK: I invite you to start a soft practice of writing/ log. Every day, or few times a week, you would write some sentences down about your pain. Let's call it 'notes on feeling', for now.. The pain can be physical, that sits somewhere in your bodies, or can be something that you feel beyond your physical selves. It can be analog writing, in a note book or you can just start a sticky note on your laptop or make a voice recording. It would be great if you date every entry. I realise that it is quite difficult to do something every day, so just do it as often as it makes sense to you. Let us look at this as an invitation to make space and give some visibility, materiality and shape to the pain we feel, live with and often - hide.

All this being said, I send you lots of strength (for resistance) and softness (for after),

I will be in touch,

Best

P.S. check out this link, to get familiar with the previous stages of the research on <stretching exercises to feel climate change>
<https://schoolofcommons.org/program/labs/sick-practice-stretching-exercises-to-feel-climate-change>

Hi to all,

I hope this email finds you well, given the absolutely devastating context of current events all around the world, from the ongoing sickening genocides to Lithuania's ministry of culture being handed over to a pro-Russian, populist party (to say the very least), with an actual prick for a minister. But, in search for the positive I quote the beautifully spaced out Joanna Macy -

"The most remarkable feature of this historical moment on Earth is not that we are on the way to destroying the world—we've actually been on the way for quite a while. It is that we are beginning to wake up, as from a millennia-long sleep, to a whole new relationship to our world, to ourselves and each other."

This quote makes me wonder - who are 'we', that she is talking about? To assume that there ever was a kind of common between 'us', feels like an extremely privileged and white idea. As much as I wish this to be a collective truth, there are many, who will never wake up as well as many, who have never slept in the first place.

I would like to share with a link to a talk, a text and the description of the project as it has been so far (some of you have it already).

First is a link from a lecture of Astrida Neimanis - a cultural theorist, who works at the intersection of feminism and environmental change. It is a little heavy and theoretical, but just perfect for when you are cooking something, or cycling or whatever. Don't take it too seriously. I love how she talks about 'climate cruising' and the complexity within multiplicity of bodies and structural disjunction, that is often overseen in attempt of addressing 'all of us', when talking about climate crisis.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=hw690UXKQ> <<< go ahead and listen from 24:30 On Weathering and Weathering Better. (And hmmm the slide show is also not something to watch, in my humble opinion ;D)

Second is a tale from long time ago by Ursula K. Le Guin... some of you know it very well, but I would like to come back to it when we are all together. Find this one attached.

Lastly find attached also the project proposal. (It is not updated and not all your names and cv's are added, I made it in the beginning of the summer and our constellation have changed since then).

Lots of love,

Ula

p.s. how is the 'notes on feeling' coming along? A soft reminder. ;)

See More from Liagallo Ula



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guin-th...ion.pdf



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Carpet...all.pdf

Bibliography

[To] The Last [Be] Human by Jorie Graham

Mushroom at the End of the World/ On the Possibility of Life in Capitalist Ruins by Anna Lowenhaupt Tsing

Let's Become Fungal! Mycelium Teachings and the Arts by Yasmine Ostendorf-Rodríguez

The beginning of a new world: How we tell ourselves about climate change without falling silent by Birgit Schneider

Eco Soma / Pain and Joy in Speculative Performance Encounters by Petra Kuppers

Bodies of Water/ Posthuman Feminist Phenomenology by Astrid Neimanis

Producing futures: A book on Post-Cyber-Feminisms edited by Heike Munder

50 Key Concepts in Gender Studies by Jane Pilcher, Imelda Whelehan

Ethnographies of Waiting; Doubt, Hope and Uncertainty by Manpreet K. Janeja, Andreas Bandak

The Undercommons Fugitive Planning and Black Study by Stefano Harney and Fred Moten

The Obsolescence of Man by Günther Anders

Exposed by Stacy Alaimo

Entangled Life by Merlin Sheldrake

We Are 'Nature' Defending Itself: Entangling Art, Activism & Autonomous Zones by Isabelle Fremeaux & Jay Jordan

Mentor: Patrick Müller

Core Professors: Antoine Chessex, Irene Vögeli, Basil Rogger, Katja Gläss

People involved: Eirini Sourgiadaki, Caroline Baur, Felipe Ribeiro, Nicole Frei, Ludwig Lederer, Jay Jordan, Agnè Auželytė, Amanda Hunt, AnttoLogy, Fraziska Richter, Martina Peter, Eve Chariatte, Cassie Thornton, Magdalena Jadwiga Härtelova, Marisa Godoy, Vivianna Iasparra, Noe, Eglė Švedkauskaitė, Bartė Ligaitė, Du Sodininkai, Ness, Martha Oelschläger, Shun Perrotta, Hannah Dal Cero, Lucianne Blue, ZPC, Cru Encarnação

Spaces: Zentralwäscherei, Maxim Theater, La Rancha, Toni Areal, Guiña, Freiestrasse 134, Roggenstrasse 5, Casino for Social Medicine, Bagno Popolare, Swamp and Woods of Molėtai



Image by Amanda Priebe