

You can choose to die, you have the right to die, the possibility...

not afraid of dying, but of suffering, of depending on...

**RIP** Rest in peace. I don't like it. A stupid remark. If I am dead I am dead. Why talk to me when I am dead? It's a **ritualistic** phrase, that serves what? - reassurance of the self, casting off of demons? We need your attention, your tenderness NOW...

She was not afraid when she learned she had a lung cancer and had to have surgery ... It took her 5 months to be happy after the surgery, 5 month's to realise she had regained life. All this time in between she was angry, so angry ...

In the hospital they, the doctors want you to decide, but you have no choice but following their advice, still they insist, they only know their little specialist knowledge, don't have an overview, and you are too sick to construct one yourself – nor you have the knowledge for it, still they want you to **take responsibility**

when you are very ill nothing is of importance anymore, only what happens in your near surroundings – only **touch is left** as a pleasurable way of communication

at night in the hospital, humans are silenced, but machines can make noise

When witnessing vulnerability most people start to trust the doctors, to urge you to be confident in them. Panic stricken they forget they themselves are your only support.

**Denial** I feel better since I had a good look at the scans of "my cancer" and realised : yes, it was there for real, no one imagined it, I escaped something, I should be glad I had surgery instead of being angry about what was done to me all the time. I became finally aware that my suffering had a cause.

When life is back, it is there as before, moved by the same things that make "you"

"You are so **Courageous**." Shit, no, I just undergo what is going on. I have no choice and don't talk to me about how I will grow by this experience. I don't believe in growing, because it would mean I would have to know, could be able to know where I wanted to go.

**You can only get better if you accept the present.  
Don't you ever fight your illness.**

the death of someone dear brings back the first loss ever endured

The story of Orpheus, is not just about the desire to resuscitate the dead, but about the ways the dead drag us along, because we cannot let them go.

everything also continues without me  
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Notes. Annie Abrahams June 12 2015.

**June 12 2015** : *besides, moved by some thing*. An intimate conversation on death and illness. Duration undetermined.  
No interaction with the public.

19H CET Annie Abrahams & Martina Ruhsam, A turbulence commission. <http://turbulence.org/commissions/besides/>

**besides, moved by some thing. :**

When facing **death or illness** all the accumulated knowledge surrounding these issues is displaced by experiences that can hardly be shared. Can liminal experiences be communicated verbally?

Annie and Martina recently both had an intimate encounter with death and illness and noticed it is very difficult to talk about this experience to others. Some people flee, others need to be reassured. Most art only touches upon it in a symbolical way.

Annie and Martina will try to exchange views on the subject. They prepared this meeting individually, and agreed upon only one rule: the performance will be over when both their webcams will be black for more than one minute.