

Credits

Artistic direction, concept, scenography and costumes
Valerie Reding

Sound, Performance
Genosidra

Choreography, performance and text
**Bast Hippocrate, Valerie Reding,
William Cardoso**

Light, scenography
Joseph Wegmann

Choreographic advisor
Simone Aughterlony

Dramaturgical advisors
Jennifer Lopes Santos, Yuvviki Dioh

Logo design, visuals and teasers
Aron Smith

Object design
Victoria Papagni

Water tank
Thomas Giger

Prosthetics
Medusast Studio

Production management
**Moin Moin Production
Caroline Froelich,
REDart Valerie Reding**

Production assistance
Nico Dubosson

Co-production
**Tanzhaus Zürich,
Kulturfabrik,
TROIS C-L Maison Pour La Danse**

Dramaturgical support Tanzhaus Zürich
Jessica Huber

Editing and critical friend Tanzhaus Zürich
Meloe Gennai

Support
**Albert Huber-Stiftung, BIL Fondation
Indépendance, Dr. Adolf Streuli-Stiftung,
Ernst Göhner Stiftung, Fondation Été,
FONDS RESPECT der LOS, TGNS und
Pink Cross, Kanton Zürich Kultur,
Migros Kulturprozent, Ministère de la
Culture, Pro Helvetia Swiss Arts Council,
SIS Schweizerische Interpretenstiftung,
Stadt Zürich Kultur, t. Theaterschaffen
Schweiz**

In *wet dreams*, four performers dive into the murky streams of being together – as leaky and entangled bodies of water, living on an aqueous planet. Drawing on hydro-feminism (Astreida Neimanis) and pleasure activism (adrienne maree brown), they explore the liminal spaces between fluidity and friction, care and control, rethinking embodiment and interdependence. How can we (re)connect to our bodies and each other within systems that are built to divide? What if pleasure and joy are necessary for change? In a dystopian world shaped by racial capitalism*, *wet dreams* offers a space to embrace our deep longings – to grieve, to laugh, to love and to imagine otherwise.

The air is thick and heavy with smoke and steam. A faint flicker of light dances across the wet concrete. Distorted metallic sounds echo through the ruins, pulsating relentlessly. There, in the shadows, strange creatures linger. If you look closely, you might catch them moving together through this fractured, haunting world.



*racial capitalism refers to a critical understanding of capitalism that sees racism not as a side effect but as a fundamental instrument of economic power and exploitation – historically intertwined with colonialism and systemic inequality. (definition based on the work of Care from *Erotics of Liberation*, Silvia Federici and adrienne maree brown)

Lyrics *je rêve de pleurer*



22./23./25./27./28. Januar 2026

Resources

Astreida Neimanis on hydro-feminism (2017)

„We are all bodies of water. To think embodiment as watery belies the understanding of bodies that we have inherited from the dominant Western metaphysical tradition. As watery, we experience ourselves less as isolated entities and more as oceanic eddies: I am a singular, dynamic whirl dissolving in a complex, fluid circulation. The space between ourselves and our others is at once as distant as the primeval sea, yet also closer than our own skin – the traces of those same oceanic beginnings still cycling through us, pausing as this bodily thing we call „mine“. ... Water entangles our bodies in relations of gift, debt, theft, complicity, differentiation, relation. ... Water, in other words, flows through and across difference. Water does not ask us to confirm either the irreducibility of alterity or material connection. Water flows between, as both: a new hydro-logic. What sort of ethics and politics could I cultivate if I were to acknowledge that the unknowability of the other nonetheless courses through me – just as I do through her? To say that we harbor waters, that our bodies' gestation, sustenance, and interpermeation with other bodies are facilitated by our bodily waters, and that these waters are both singular and shared, is far more literal than we might at first think. Neither essentialist nor purely discursive, this watery feminism is critically materialist.“

Audré Lorde on The Uses Of The Erotic (1978)

„The very word erotic comes from the Greek word eros, the personification of love in all its aspects – born of Chaos, and personifying creative power and harmony. When I speak of the erotic, then, I speak of it as an assertion of the life force of women; of that creative energy empowered, the knowledge and use of which we are now reclaiming in our language, our history, our dancing, our loving, our work, our lives. ... The erotic is the nurturer or nursemaid

of all our deepest knowledge. ... We have been raised to fear the yes within ourselves, our deepest cravings. For the demands of our released expectations lead us inevitably into actions which will help bring our lives into accordance with our needs, our knowledge, our desires. And the fear of our deepest cravings keeps them suspect, keeps us docile and loyal and obedient, and leads us to settle for or accept many facets of our oppression... In touch with the erotic, I become less willing to accept powerlessness, or those other supplied states of being which are not native to me, such as resignation, despair, self-effacement, depression, self-denial.“

adrienne maree brown on pleasure activism (2019)

„I believe that we are in an imagination battle, and almost everything about how we orient toward our bodies is shaped by fearful imaginations. Imaginations that fear Blackness, brownness, fatness, queerness, disability, difference. Our radical imagination is a tool for decolonization, for reclaiming our right to shape our lived reality. ... I believe our imaginations – particularly the parts of our imaginations that hold what we most desire, what brings us pleasure, what makes us scream yes – are where we must seed the future, turn toward justice and liberation, and reprogram ourselves to desire sexually and erotically empowered lives. ... Pleasure activism is the work we do to reclaim our whole, happy, and satisfiable selves from the impacts, delusions, and limitations of oppression and/or supremacy. ... Pleasure activists believe that by tapping into the potential goodness in each of us we can generate justice and liberation, growing a healing abundance where we have been socialized to believe only scarcity exists. ... Pleasure is not one of the spoils of capitalism. It is what our bodies, our human systems, are structured for; it is the aliveness and awakening, the gratitude and humility, the joy and celebration of being miraculous.“

LIKE WATER by Valerie Reding

Lying in your bed. The warmth of your fingers sliding over my skin. You rest in a fold here, in a crease there, digging for something. *I'm empty, fill me*, you whisper. Your breath smells like tar and overripe grapes, rotting in the afternoon sun. *Wenn ich gross bin, werd ich lieben*. It's writing on the wall.

Your nails push into my pores behind my left ear, then scratch down my neck. A drop escapes my skin and travels along my collar bone. I watch it slide over my shoulder and become absorbed into the white sheets, spreading into a scarlet red stain. A part of me hopes you'll leave a mark, where my carotid artery is pulsating. Tomorrow morning, when you're gone, you'll still be there. Looking back at me though the mirror, hissing: *Are you still dreaming?*

Your fingertips glide to the corner of my mouth, reaching inside. The taste of iron and salt swirl around my tongue and creep down my throat, viscous and sticky. Is it you or me I'm swallowing? *Wenn ich gross bin, werd ich lieben*.

Your hands leave my body: *Can I take a picture?* Your lips are painted with blood, framing your mischievous smile. Dior 744 Geranium, a delicately creamy, vermilion red – mum's favorite lipstick. I look down at my chest and my eyes wander around my navel, to my inner thighs. The traces of your hands, in a crackled ashen red, intersect with the precise black lines of my tattoos. No telling where they begin or end. These are beginnings without ends. These are ends without beginnings. Start here. There is a red line. A blood line. Is this *blood-poisoning*? Is *this* blood poisoning? I get on my elbows and look into the camera. *Smile for me!*

Wenn ich gross bin, werd ich lieben. I'm repeating this song. Grandmother taught me: *You need to learn poetry by heart, so it becomes the water bathing your cells*. When I couldn't sleep, she would cradle me with the songs that cradled her as a girl, hiding in the cellar, wishing for the sound of exploding bombs to stop echoing in her bones.

Wenn ich gross bin, werd ich lieben. Like poppies. *Feierblumen*. My favorite flowers – with their spiky, hairy stems. Opium poppies have a very faint, sweet, earthy smell. I love watching the rain drops hitting their petals, bending, resisting in their delicacy. The artillery shells that made graveyards of churned up soil and dismembered bodies, brought not only *Clostridia*, a deadly bacteria to the surface. They also woke up the dormant poppy seeds and made them bloom wildly on the dry, cracked soil. When was the last time you saw one?

Wenn ich gross bin, werd ich lieben. When we danced together in this grimy garage club. I was wearing a backless black dress. Its small metal chains encaging the chimera mutating on my shoulder blades. Your hands grabbed mine and we smiled. When my weight was challenged by yours, then balanced. When your eyelids closed and buried into my hair. My teeth in your flesh. When my heart beat chased your movements and you caught my exhale. Your saliva tasting of white rum and sweat. I was there. Undone in our intoxication. I was here. Expansive.

Wenn ich gross bin, werd ich lieben. Sometimes I get scared of singing the song. Luring you in. Luring me out. There, you've found my body. Welcome home.

Wenn ich gross bin, werd ich lieben. Sometimes I get tired of singing this song. Maybe I'm grown up now? Maybe I never will? Maybe that's the point of it all. To never stop dreaming. Here, we've found my bodies. We're welcome in these homes.

The crisp winter air is blowing through the window frame. I'm holding the photograph you took of my stomach, covered with the bloody writings from your fingers. I inhale and set it on fire with my cigarette. I watch it burn. A snowflake lands on the technicolor ashes and melts. I exhale. I get up and take a shower.