

As part of the Lothringairfestival in Aachen, katharinajej hangs a hammock between a traffic light and a traffic sign at the end of Lothringerstraße on June 14, 2014, where the festival merges into everyday space. People walk by, cars speed by. In front of the hammock there is a sign: "Join me for a moment of heaven." katharinajej lies in the hammock and waits for her guests.

Soon a man lies down next to me. He is about 40 years old and wears a red plaid shirt and jeans. His white beret falls off the moment he lays his head down in the hammock. He smells of alcohol. We lie close together, our feet dangling out of the hammock, our eyes looking up. We see a small patch of sky between the walls of the houses. Azure blue. The man tells me about his roof terrace, where he invites friends and tells them: "There is no music here and nothing to eat. Just come and look at the sky with me. Some clouds are now moving in front of the sun. The man is happy because he finds clouds much more beautiful and varied than the sun. He says that he will soon fly for the first time, but actually finds the idea of being in a tube in the sky and leaving contrails behind funny. Then his friend appears in front of the hammock. The man wants to kiss me goodbye, but I give him my hand.

Time passes, then a woman wants to lie in the hammock with me. She has blue eyes and wears a white embroidered blouse. She could be almost fifty years old. She has tied her brown hair into a braid. When she lies down in it, she lands right in my arm. Our bodies are close together. She tells me that she lives in a suburb of Aachen and dreams of hanging a hammock in her garden. She just doesn't have the trees. That's why she enjoys lying here all the more. Then we both fall silent. The woman's friend comes back from withdrawing money. This is her chance to say goodbye to me and the hammock.

After a while, a man in his mid-forties with glasses stops next to the hammock. He says he would like to lie down with me, but he's not in the mood right now. After a while he asks if he and his dog can join me. I agree. We try to find a position in the hammock that is comfortable for all of us. I lie across the hammock from the man, side by side. The dog lies on the man's legs. The man tells me it's a Mexican hairless greyhound. We shouldn't swing too much because of him. This breed of dog used to show people the way after death. I didn't know that. But I don't know anything about dogs. His dog is allowed to sleep in his bed. Later he'll cook his dog something with meat, carrots and onions. I'm surprised that the dog is even being cooked for.

As part of the Interacting Day of the City Leaks Festival in Cologne, katharinajej hangs a hammock between an S-Bahn pillar and a street lamp at Hansaring station on September 8, 2017. The sky is gray. The ground is soaked with rain. People hurry to the S-Bahn and U-Bahn, cars speed by. In front of the hammock is a sign: "Join me for a moment of rest." katharinajej lies in the hammock and waits for her guests.

I am alone in the hammock for a while. Then a young woman comes directly to me. She is about twenty years old and has her dyed red hair tied up in a braid. She says she just missed her bus and now has the time and inclination to lie down with me. As she lies next to me in the hammock, she tells me that she is rarely in the hammock. Her apartment doesn't have a balcony. She can't get out quickly. It is cold. We lie close together and can keep warm like that. At least we are protected from the rain because the hammock is under the roof of the station. The woman tells me that she is waiting for good weather for her parachute jump. It has been postponed. I admire her courage. She says she wants to do something extraordinary again in her life. Then she remembers the bus. She says she wants to see if it's coming soon and says goodbye.

Immediately, a middle-aged man in a gray cap and black leather jacket lies down next to me. He looks at the white slats above us and notices that some are missing. He imagines how many pigeon chicks have already been born there. Then he tells me that he had just come from a theater rehearsal. It was about folding a deck chair in a clownish way - a test of his own incompetence. As he speaks, I can feel the vibration of his voice in his chest. At the same time, he gives the hammock a gentle push with his foot, so that we rock gently back and forth. It has a calming effect on me. The gentle rocking reminds him of a bondage workshop where he was tied to a tree.

katharinajej is lying in the hammock in the middle of the pedestrian zone next to the Braunschweig cathedral on August 9, 2023, as part of the "Festival under the open sky" organized by the art association DIE H_LLE. In front of the hammock there is a sign: "Join me for a moment of doing nothing". The sun is shining, a few white clouds are passing by. The wind is blowing gently. katharinajej is waiting for her guests.

An elderly man wearing a green polo shirt and carrying a leather bag approaches me. When I invite him into the hammock, he naturally lies down next to me. Our heads rest on the ends of the hammock. My feet and lower legs are under his. He tells me about the four months he planned to do nothing when his retirement began. No one believed he could do it. Those around him thought he would fall into a hole and would not be able to handle it. He had worked hard all his life. 50 hours a week. He was on the board of a company and only took two weeks vacation twice a year. But during those four months, he could very well do nothing. He rested in the garden or went out for coffee in the afternoon. He didn't even pick up a book. He tells me more about his life and spends a lot of time in my hammock.

When I'm alone in the hammock again, an older woman with long gray-brown hair and a blue dress comes right up to me. Yes, she wants to lie with me. As she lies next to me, she says she doesn't like to do nothing. She loves to be busy. Even though she is retired, she teaches math and French, and she goes dancing: square dancing, line dancing, and tap dancing. She hates school vacations when her students are gone and her dance classes are paused. Then she knits at home or keeps busy in other ways. She's fine with it. Others think she's stressed or depressed, but she likes to be active. She finds it rather antisocial to do nothing. Because then you're not contributing to other people's lives. She wants to give something to others.

Later, a tall older man with beige pants, a gray jacket, and a bald head joins me in the hammock. He loves to do nothing. He could do it all day long. But his pension is too small for him and his wife, so he keeps working. When he's doing nothing, he looks up at the sky. He watches the birds. Just like we are right now. We see crows turning in the wind. He thinks the crows are just doing it for fun. He has seen ravens do it too. The wind picks up. He points to the leaves of the tree diagonally in front of us. He likes the way the wind rustles through the leaves. Then the cathedral bells begin to ring. The ringing absorbs us completely. We are silent and listen. I am only aware of the breathing of his belly, which is close to mine. I close my eyes and feel my insecurity. What will happen now? Will it be enough just to lie next to him without doing or saying anything?