





Suggestion for a digital exercise:



Sorry for not having handed in my contribution to the little booklet.
It's a bit of rough time for me at the moment personally.
What is the current planning with regards to the design of the booklet?
I could work on my contribution at the end of this week.

preparations
for
being
together
in
an
unknown
period
of
time

Instruct your peers to organize a physical workspace for yourself in their own rooms.

renders us capable to witness ourselves while we are being observed.

temporality. The common language of the grip unfolds and transforms into conditions. Rotational embracement of the shared eclipse of living and dying

fluidly navigating spaces of limbo and omen
in daily deceit between self-care and grace
where grounding is unknown to my seat
both margins seem deceptive and opaque
when time is my measure of change
flow tells me the range, riverman



Keep joy in what you do.

“If the process of discussing the conclusive form of the collective process is the form itself?”
“Scale check: What is the effect of very humble gestures? Is the idea too big? Think about the smallest fragment of it, which keeps the essence but illuminates the complexities of the medium”

"My name is Raymond. I work in the Department of Clouds. We have no leadership, no direction. Every day you just come in and make any kinda cloud you want. Big puffy clouds? Little dotty clouds? Long streaky clouds? Fine. Go for it. No one cares.

Sometimes I get so bored, I like to make my clouds look like things. Like... a turtle. Or a car, or something.

Occasionally some kid will notice. But mostly nobody looks up.”

M.W. s01e07 (2019)

At the still point of the turning world. Neither flesh nor fleshless;
Neither from nor towards; at the still point, there the dance is,
But neither arrest nor movement. And do not call it fixity,
Where past and future are gathered. Neither movement from nor towards,
Neither ascent nor decline. Except for the point, the still point, There would be no dance, and there is only the dance.

— T.S. Eliot
“Burnt Norton”

Journey is multiple. Getting out and away from the lingering, wet gazes that tattooed into that fragile