

The Rural Juror

Writings of the Critical Studies
Programme 2015–16

fig. a Stefanie Rau, February 19, 2016 w/ Jesse Darling. Communication without tether to named language + self/deferred reading (half)

fig. b Gianmaria Andreetta, March 30, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Writing a text to ask for desired conditions

fig. c Annie Goodner, April 28, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. An address to intersect with a pivotal moment

fig. d Ioanna Gerakidi edits Rosie Haward, April 28, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Post-discussion of publishing

ed. 1 Ivan Cheng, editor's notes May 23, 2016 w/ Critical Studies. The film 12 Angry Men inspiring youth to enter the US legal system. Judge Judy, inspirational heroine for the performance of justice/arbitration. Individuals making their positions clear, a performance of reasonable doubt.

fig. e Pieter Verbeke, received May 26, 2016 w/ Host Stories. In the situation of evaporated writings and edits, a text titled *U is for Unvitation*.

fig. f Will Pollard, March 23, 2016 w/ Jesse Darling. Observation task.

fig. g Stefanie Rau, February 19, 2016 w/ Jesse Darling. Communication without tether to named language + self/deferred reading (half)

fig. h Stefanie Rau, April 29, 2016 w/ Mark von Schlegell. An address to intersect with a pivotal moment (presented as a non-science fiction)

fig. i Nolwenn Salaün and Ioanna Gerakidi, May 11, 2016 w/ Mihnea Mircan. Two writings on a chosen anamorphic object brought together, in this case Jean Luc Nancy's *Oh the Animals of Language* with the covers of twin-records 1. de jasperina show, imperial records, 1971, Netherlands 2. de jasperina show, super sound records, 1979, Netherlands (genre: non-music, stage and screen)

fig. j Will Pollard, March 30, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Two exercises: Character study of the authority who will be asked for desired conditions. Writing a text to ask for desired conditions

fig. k Ad van der Koog, April 2, 2016 w/ Katrina Palmer. A text with the first sentence fixed, the body of which was then mined for objects to further write.

fig. l Ioanna Gerakidi, April 28, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Post-discussion of publishing

ed. 2 Ivan Cheng, editor's notes May 19, 2016 w/ Critical Studies. Cycling on gear 5 through Vondelpark after leaving a student exhibition, seeing hacks, coughing cigarettes, digital reproduction of immature ideas. Paralysis about apathy, grouchy at no initiative.

fig. m Annie Goodner, March 30, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Two exercises: Writing a text to ask for desired conditions, Character study of the authority who will be asked for desired conditions.

fig. n Rosie Haward edits Ivan Cheng, April 28, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Post-discussion of publishing

fig. o Nolwenn Salaün, April 28, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. An address to intersect with a pivotal moment

fig. p Rosie Haward, Rogier Delfos, Ivan Cheng edit Ad van der Koog, Annie Goodner, Gianmaria Andreetta, Ioanna Gerakidi, Ivan Cheng, Melanie Bühler, Nolwenn Salaün, Pieter Verbeke, Rogier Delfos, Rosie Haward, Stefanie Rau, Will Pollard, December 5, 2015 w/ Naomi Pearce. Small groups edit text from accumulated collective emails over term under the framework of *Written to be Sent*. See *coops-coups-coupés*, ed. Ivan Cheng and Annie Goodner, 2016

fig. q Ad van der Koog, November 29, 2015 w/ himself. Received on May 19, 2016

fig. r Nolwenn Salaün, March 30, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Writing exercises from throughout writing seminar day.

ed. 3 Ivan Cheng edits Will Pollard, Rosie Haward, Nolwenn Salaün, Ioanna Gerakidi, Huw Lemmey, April 28, 2016 w/ Huw Lemmey. Post-discussion of publishing, a blended writing. Was never voiced, a departure to participate in intake interviews. Presence, absence, two current students and one ex-student initiate a performance program named 'how to show up' in a space run by a current student and ex-student, identity designed by an ex-student who runs a summer school with the designer and coordinator of this program.

fig. s Colophon

fig. a CRRR—CLL—MM—HMM
CRMM—CLLMM—
HMMSY—CRHMMSY—
CLLLMMSY

fig. b

“Look around you in this class right now.

You understand where I’m coming from.

So does my mama. I always write to her before anything goes out.

Why do you think I write to my mama?

I write to my mama because I love her and I felt I owed her something deep”

fig. c

As streams of people in yellow and gray uniforms marched single file in an extended oval around the entrance terminal of the airport, news was filtered through from the heads—CEO, human resources, human affairs, human beings, etc.—that the airline could not, on the contrary, operate without the services currently withheld by the picketers. Airplanes from Northwest, not to be merged with Delta's fleet to subsequently be made stinky and mediocre, would remain grounded. An act of solidarity was not out of the question. The stockholders in some miraculous shift sat on their hands, and dug their feet into their boardroom carpet. With Scandinavian gingerbread sentimentality, the CEO Doug spoke in his characteristic wide vowels—no flights, no jobs, no service, no airline, now and into the future. Delta, Continental, United could take over. The mechanics on strike and others edging towards similar action would be treated to an all-expenses paid teambuilding retreat in Hawaii, flight costs paid for, wages for the period to be agreed upon at a later point. Collective bargaining was chunkily transformed into collective wellness, something of increasing popularity in corporate circles.

Several miles south of the airport, atop small bungalow houses on the edge of the city's modest lakes district, fewer planes barred down and rumbled over the neighborhood, though the smell of jet fuel was still perceptible. A message had come through that my flight to Germany had been cancelled due to an ongoing strike and stalled negotiations (Hawaii concealed from the public of course). Refunds were granted, but ticket prices to Hamburg at such short notice were exorbitantly high, unaffordable. A pivotal moment in my little room, a moment to pivot indeed. To turn up the country music, to turn off the Fassbinder with his color blocking and volatility. *Angst Essen Seele Auf*, indisputable, yes, but inevitable the other way around. No, never again. True, I would never see the Nikolaikirche turned black and solid ash haunting the skyline. I would read Sebald still, very likely, but from a distance, as he described women exiting Hamburg in 1943 stunned—physically, moving like wooden branches around the flattened city apparently carrying the ashes of relatives, of their children, in suitcases.

Cancellation often opens up contingency plans. I had one. Did all Northwest passengers have the same luxury? The evening news would certainly tell.

When I think of the heat of that summer, of invasive buckthorn beginning to take over the city's wooded areas, it no longer jibes toward Hamburg. My memories become fictions. This is now fiction:

I remember a German acquaintance speaking about her grandmother, who stayed in an underground bunker on a grand avenue not far from the university during the allied firebombing that destroyed Hamburg in the late summer of 1943. "My mother was in my grandma's tummy", she told me strangely, as we sat at a table in a friend's backyard, kept neat and close to the house while the grass stretched freely away from us towards the train tracks.

The end of summer was still not apparent as we sat and drank wine and looked at those train tracks. But at nightfall when we took a stroll through the fields where horses were slowly stomping around, we couldn't make them out in the dark but we could sense them there, the air began to smell chilly and like leaves. After walking for some time, my companion told us—we were four in total—that we had crossed the border of Hamburg into a neighbouring province. There were low wooden fences separating us from the horses, though I could only make out a hazy border, and behind us the city was set farther and farther back from the countryside we were approaching; the lights slowly receding into folds of night.

fig.d

Distracting her.

while moving from word to word,

while personal context is smoothed,

the burden of histories in the formation of each letter,

the weight of dusty hands in the formation of each noise.

The drooping, looping y's standing in for so many kinds of yyyyyy's.

Unintelligibly tapping,

love tapping, fighting tapping, separation tapping,

hidden in the swoosh of emails

and hundreds of tap tapping delicate letters of fears.

Leaden legs, leaden desks,

pre-cursors to the release of big vats of data, of dirty, sticky IP addresses, vital fingerprints, decorative surfaces.

No more side glances, legs brushing,

quick skimming from black to white,

infinitesimal parts of lives,

the light on the page,

unappealing and harsh,

stupid synthetic jackets rustling while occupying the sagging library

sofa, too keen, too new to be aware of their potentials.

Grounded air, disjunctions, interruptions,

words, pages, wobbly communities of public libraries.

Edgy balances, flimsy pages,

transparent floors obscuring the ferocity of swift moves,

you were back, settled into place.

Anyone.

You can't create a feeling of reading others,

your body's isolation, the words are mistakes,

surrounded by people and the lust of lacking satisfaction.

ed.1
being a judge
presenting evidence
twelve angry men

faith in system

'bad' procedural
Breach of trust
Reluctant submission

twisting corner
pinch in the corner

how could I begin to read these writing exercises with hunger
spiraaling (sp) into a puddle

suddenly we seemed to accept the tables on a slant
and the moment where we realised that the blinds could
come down

Boulders of disenchantment were tumbling inside me into
a river of regret. – Miguel Gutierrez

fig. e

We all know how awkward it is to receive a birthday invitation but having the feeling you shouldn't have made it to this intimate circle of friends in the recipient list. Despite knowing each other already for a long time, one would describe your relation as just acquaintances. While over the last years there has been a few occasions where you've ended up in the same conversation, as soon as a mutual friend left the conversation, you've felt the canyon of unavoidable silence approaching rapidly. Having known each other for too long under the same terms, it just does not feel right to you to change this status for the sake of being able to celebrate this birthday together.

We've all done it: invited people of the acquaintance category thinking naively that a birthday party was a good moment to break the ice. However, it feels more like a one night stand that was bound to end badly, and from that moment on you'd rather avoid eye contact than meet up for an innocent coffee. After all, we all know that "Let's stay friends" actually means "Until never".

To decline these awkward invitations, one needs to have skills. Even a sincere excuse about a prior commitment can be suspicious since we all know that the most credible apologies for not attending are carefully constructed lies. Only apologies concerning visits by parents or needy children can pass as completely trustworthy, but the former can only be used until a certain hour in the evening and the latter category won't be subject to these kind of invites. But whatever it takes, the key is to keep the person in the acquaintance category.

The most convenient way for keeping the acquaintance in the dark about your malicious intents is by sending him or her an uninvitation. This is an invitation to an event knowing that the person won't or can't attend due to various reasons. Since it's hard to schedule your own birthday on days the acquaintance is out of town, the most efficient way to uninvite is to invite last minute.

Depending on how uncomfortable the conversations with the acquaintance are, you might opt for even harsher strategies ranging from cocelebrating with the acquaintance's nemesis to choosing a steak restaurant as a birthday location knowing the acquaintance is a proclaimed vegan.

fig. f

I watched a video last night of a Japanese Master Potter working at a wheel. He was called a Master, or the person who uploaded the video called him a Master, but I don't know what that means. He talked at some points, was talking, but there was no sound on the recording, or none from the original, it had been overlaid with some terrible capital 'C' Classical music: bombastic, like a military parade. It never let up, but this is not the important thing, the important thing was that the Master wasn't working in a studio with wooden drying racks around the walls but in the middle of a department store. That's what it looked like, with low, fluorescent ceilings and even-spaced shelves of kitchenware, filled with blenders and chopping boards, in the background. The Master was an in-store attraction. I wanted to think he spilled mud and water on the synthetic carpets and splashed glaze onto the clean glass of demonstration model food mixers as he worked.

He had set out to make a wide bowl with shallow, sloping sides, and as it span he dripped white glaze from a fat brush onto its middle. Taking a short piece of card he dragged zigzags in the glaze to form concentric circles until its whole belly was covered with the design. But you could tell as he was doing it that the repetitions weren't even, that the pattern wasn't perfect. Maybe it was not supposed to be. I know nothing about Japanese ceramics. Sometimes, shoppers walked in front of the camera, and I wondered if they knew he was a Master, sitting there in his white t-shirt with his ripped little cannonball biceps. His wheel and his rectangular bucket of muddy water and his low side-table topped with tools were all contained in a square with sides of about two metres, and when he sat on his stool his head only just held over the low shelves that surrounded it. I wonder if being a potter makes you look at dirt differently.

fig. 5 LERCHVE WON MI STREBON TALFAT DA BRESCH.
FLINK DA ZWECKLAN MENKLA BRAUM A MISCH.
HOLKE MUR YEMKRI WEY AN NOGRISACH.
KRUNELN SUCH BILOHN. SEN FRAP SAWEI MEJAHN.
RAL PENAU DELENKEST.

fig. b I would like to take frustration as a driving force, an energy.
Break through walls in order to walk through them.
Beyond.

But
we don't even have walls.
An open landscape.
No visible obstacles, no mountains to climb, no holes to fall into.
But traps?

This morning I was showering, like every morning after I drag
myself out of bed.
[20 sec.: The Clash—"Rock the Casbah"]

Some people think while showering. I enjoy a moment
of "timelessness".
And "spacelessness". (Is that even a word?)
Suddenly something fell off my head.
A piece of the wallpaper that splintered from the ceiling.

My ceiling is the ground of the person living above me.
Someone losing ground?
In a 70s building made with precast concrete slabs.

I live on the fourth floor, the nice view to Westlandgracht
makes me enjoy living here.
Mostly I take the stairs.
Sometimes I take the elevator.

During our trip to Athens we visited an old mostly empty
building and our tour guide wanted to show us her office in
the 8th floor.
Some of us took the stairs, some of us took the elevator.
I was in the second group.
Seven of us enter and push the button "8".
We move.
Not up.
But down.
We lose ground.
Quicker and quicker.

"Dearly beloved (...)
and if the elevator tries to bring you down"
[Prince—"Let's go crazy"]

The coffee splashes,
the light breaks.
Dust.

What happens if you realise that you don't have control?
No grounding.
Gravity, I guess.

And while writing that, of course I know
there is a ground.
A double ground.
A fucking privileged ground,
not in this building, obviously.
Not in this situation, but
in relation.

[engl.: ground — ger.: Boden, Grund
ger.: Grund — reason, matter]

fig.i

'Paramorphosis'

I am wet, naked legs

sacrificed idols

something of us has to die

an alligator is sleeping with a nun

rough skin inside a cotton dress

in between covers

in between the sounds of the words

trying to find a position (- - a definition)

I'm a sinner, I'm a saint

showing the hidden hair

fig.)

Tessa was a shipping magnate's daughter and was born in international waters. Her name is Tessa because it is 'asset' backwards. She rebelled against her domineering father but not against the world of the sea which was the only world she knew; she ran away from home and sailed the world over until her father died and left her his money and in that one way still managed to add something to the shape of her life.

Incredibly rich but now also incredibly old, she can no longer go to sea but is willing to pay for someone to re-trace her youth and write a novel that twins a fictionalized account of her autobiography with a fictionalized account of the contemporary distribution of objects around the globe, a novel that begins and ends in the condition of leaving, which is what you're always doing when you work at sea. In any case the international shipping trade is the perfect vantage point from which to view the impending radical changes to our climate and their corresponding effect on the movements of the world economy. So put me up on a boat, since you can't any longer. I don't need much. *I am fascinated, as I know you are, with the paradoxical smallness and hugeness of circling the world by sea. Small because the absurd fragility and sheer unlikeliness of life-going-on is so keenly appreciated when you're thrown out onto the waves, and huge because of the sense you are afforded that you could keep going on, go anywhere, having set out.

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The shipping magnate's daughter will impose conditions on the receipt of the novelist's stipend even though she doesn't have to. She will do it because she realizes that presenting a writer with the full reality of their situation—which is that the amount of money they require to go on working is so miniscule in the context of her estate that whether spent or not it will go unnoticed—would paralyse them. And because you can lose yourself at sea and never come home if you are not careful.

She will also make it clear that she cares little for any artistic or literary merit in their production. This is not necessary to spell out, and neither is it true. But as with the superfluous conditions attached to the grant it exists, as received knowledge, solely to serve the best interests of the writer, who, believing their benefactor entirely uninterested in the details of their work, feels free to ruin it in all the best ways.

And she will give the impression that she is trying to get rid of her inherited wealth as quickly as possible, as if she is ashamed of it. And in doing so will enable the writer to overlook their own unease about living off the profits of a shipping company of dubious repute. Ship owners are notorious bankrupts and racketeers.

fig. k

there is a chair in a room.
it is hanging to the wall.
printed in real size.

i went to weimar to make this photograph.

fig. 1

I've called this talk Αντιφασιστική δράση
I dutifully, sufficiently distribute the empty bullet;
the extraction of projection
contains
20 percent of financial decisions
4 percent of releasing catalogues
6 percent of histories of language.
Wrapping services, prices, novels,
people don't want to read them when their pages are shiny,
30 percent of networking,
10 percent of protocols,
potential markets, drafts of texts,
less than nothing, more than everything,
sell while some of them swear against you.
The end is a white industry,
the end as humidity,
the end of the epidemic of whiteness.
Decolonisation of political objects,
kindles, cheap apps and hard covers,
race, gender and citizenship,
dictatorship, imperialism and chaos.
15 percent of imagined communities and feminist futures

their left overs entrapped by intellectual properties.

Dissemination of threatening letters,

of established singular visions,

cynicality is indisputable but not desired,

5 percent of political risks merging with digital interruption.

The muscles of my face are showing the way out to the somatic

transmission of information;

another 5 percent of diagnosed hysteria and sexual relationship
with

Jesus.

Grief is the Thing with Feathers.

Grief is the process of bursting into liquefied Eruptions,

3 percent of self consistent editorial tone,

the Bible and the dead dried masks

there is 2 percent left,

2 percent of me

that has already left.

ed. 2 Borderline derision
Diamond backed collision

Suffocation of criticism
Against studies
Marked stained by desire
Chain mail
Emotional density
Glass half glass

fig. m

I'd like to write a screenplay that takes places in Los Angeles, completely outdoors. Los Angeles is often described in the popular press as a cliché, even when the person describing it is showing something hidden, unexpected, unknown. "I'm such an L.A. cliché," they say about picking up a heaping organic vegetable basket from a woman named Sharon at the farmer's market. Or driving their vintage Mercedes station wagon, or snapping a picture of bougainvillea, "biggest *boug* I've ever seen!". My nightmare is inside L.A., with its linoleum floors and carpet and the heat and the view of palm fronds through dusty window blinds. And also being stuck, very stuck, hinged somewhere at the corner of a big, shade-less boulevard. Therefore the characters in my screenplay will never go inside, but they will stand in the light, on the street corner, sit on a bench, sit under a eucalyptus tree, talk about how good the sand verbena smells (tastes?), their last trip to desert (and attendant long discussions of the heat). The screenplay will create dialogue that imagines the hugeness of the city, that reassures the reader, the ultimate viewer, that no matter how confined, limited even, daily life is, there exist really big cities that can sheath us in sun drenched clichés. Sun-drenched possibilities to see and do nothing.

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Anne Goldstein has the same name as Ann Goldstein, but this Anne, like Anne Shirley has an "e" at the end (thus it is not a dreadful name), though she doesn't know the reference, nor does she mind name confusion, since that Ann Goldstein has a reputation for ferocity and no-nonsense, organizational domination. Goldstein is an advisor for and of the well-respected, yet quite bureaucratic funding body. Air-conditioned chambers of self-respect she embodies with plastic and felt chairs. The language that Goldstein has developed for her position and her jury of funding reviewers is *learned* and *chilled*. It purports a quality of isolation and relevance, and instils in its readers a sense of familiarity and fear. The language, written exclusively by Goldstein features broadly in grant-giving forms, applications, literature, the mission statement. Goldstein wears a big bauble ring of transparent glass on her right ring finger, she gesticulates wildly and the ring becomes an orb in the sky. Her finger the nimbus atmosphere. The ring rests on a gold-leaf tray in her bedroom at night or during her days off, it is an integral part her uniform. Anne doesn't think about it now, doesn't even

remember where the ring was purchased, it was not a gift. Yet each year numerous people linger on this ring, the right people, the wrong people, the man with chapped hands at the traffic light. Anne, look across the steering wheel. The ring is in the Milky Way, it's a character in an ornately illustrated children's book about birds, and it's everywhere. She's barely there at all, she is only here in her glossy teeth, enamel hard cheekbones, unflappable shoulder-length hair. Anne, do you feel the ache in your gut, the cobwebs and shallow breeze? She is the funder, but she is not the money.

Anne had heard colleagues, righteous they seemed, refer to Hillary Clinton as a caustic, terrible bitch. Anne hated the word bitch, its irritating syllables, its abrasive overtone, its easiness. Hillary Clinton was a bitch, fine. But she wasn't at the same time, Anne thought, simply thanks to her thick and rippled white-bean skin, for her fatty lies and for her syrupy vowels that pledged an accessible downplaying of force. Get out of my way, Anne thinks to herself of the word; of its greasy single-syllable flounce; right across the grocery store aisle it skids. Ah, yes, she's here now. Monotone buzz of air-conditioning unit, hollow clack of bauble on metal shopping cart. She had surfaced now from her watery contemplation, lukewarm now with distress. Anne was not registered to vote in California, after her move from Chicago in the spring. She would have to do something about that, but then the details made her sleepy and bored. Smaller steps, she thought. Smaller steps indeed, as several minutes after she had pulled out of the grocery store parking lot, she was slowing to a stop next to the high curb. Lugging the fallen stop sign pallet into her backseat, good thing she had bought the cloth upholstery, no one could see it anyway through the constant glare. At home she breezed through *Huffington Post*, not bothering to read the articles, choosing the slide shows instead. Ring sitting on the side table with watch and keys. Doors locked. She uncovered the thick, noxious sharpie. Then the slow vertical line, the two sideways u shapes facing leftwards, meeting at a gentle cleft. B-I-T-C-H.

fig.n

Lindsay's Tresses

She doubles herself in the Parent Trap.

Snipping hair, piercing ears,

Impress Walt Disney why don't you.

Hayley Mills, original.

Hayley Mills spurting up and out.

Hayley Mills, so intensely pale blonde that the critics have trouble believing she's real.

Kyle wants the red red of his

Starlet's hair to pop as an orange red on this Freaky Friday.

Faked potato pleasure over multiple takes but it is bitter

And twisted.

No one knows how she got here, making a comeback without a body.

Age is punishing, as this tot tween wobbles and grins

More relatable than dazzling

She's a tumble, loose and styled but who cares with those pannacotta thighs and breasts.

And Walt Disney with a rim of mould around his rotten teeth.

Take care of Lindsay's hair.

fig. 0

My first 18 years have been trained by the radio disposed in the kitchen of my parents, stuck on Chérie FM. ‘This channel is good because it doesn’t sound... violent, harsh, you see what I mean?’.

To my ears, it was a soft voice giving rhythm to my sips of hot chocolate milk. Soft, in the blank side. A succession of middle-tone tunes, insurance or commercial ads — as boring as worrying — and nonsensical dialogues between flat interventions of listeners and bad jokes of the radio-speaker (do we call it a ‘host?’). Bad jokes, not because they were shocking. They just didn’t have any particular... interest.

This long-term relationship with Chérie FM was probably the cause of my avoidance from any attention to the airwaves field. Starting to work at night, when basically everybody seemed to have left the world, revolutionised my entire ear-sight. It was like having an intimate date with the voice coming from the speakers.

fig.p Alice looks around, plays, jumps, wastes time in the midst of papers illuminated by the sun, runs ahead, settles down elsewhere.*

Think about influence as a germ, something that spreads freely. It's difficult to avoid influence, we don't really get to choose how or when it happens. (Ideas disperse like a contagion.) There is being a bad influence or being under the influence. I wanna know about your body and how it's unfolded since you wrote to us; an eternal child, unable to write as an adult or for adults.

Today at the gym this woman / said you always look so cute / one of the few times I ever / looked at my x's twitter / feed someone had told her / she had beautiful hair / I thought gross what a narcissist / Well it's not like I said someone / at the gym said I ALWAYS / look cute on social media / No one may ever read this / maybe some archivist at Yale / will wind up with my phone / and lean over to another / graduate student look someone / at the gym told her she ALWAYS looked cute. / Covers his mouth laughing. / Maybe I'll lose this phone. / Narcissistic little thought / You will not die alone / I'll read you tonight / at KGB.**

I do think my spoken self suffers. I can't tell jokes; I can only show you where to find them. So I wrote one e-mail to 8 different friends (that I believe don't know each other) and added to each e-mail some personalised questions in the end. Subject: "The attempt to start a correspondence".

The next e-mail that I'll be writing—the response to the responses that I haven't received yet—will surely be totally different. Epistolaries rocketed from college town, to Santa Fe, Susan Sontag, Stromboli, seasickness, her mother.

I need help to remember things.

What does forgetting look like? Smell like?

Interrupt the language of machines, of the work-ethic, of productivity. We should laugh when we try to talk.

I am almost paralysed. I am anxious, is it cultural, personal, both, is it historically formed, I can not negate it, I try, I am

flirting with the floor instead, what should we be writing to each other about today?

Abstract, resistance, system, loophole, vandalism, we need to think, to write through notions.

That was a thing then, you kind of had to have one—or at least it greatly improved your status if you had one. I found one on a vacation in the mountains, our thoughts travel from our bodies through our fingertips, lightly sliding into laps. My lap is really hot, i feel like my lap-top is sucking. You are in the hands of others. Being excessive can be a radical position.

An ice cream cone with her friends. An ice cream cone in those hands would spin around and drench the audience in cold globs. Oh wait, they're flung open, the cone is flying through the air. Then she saw Godard and he spoke to her like poetry.

Could we all delete any traces of this correspondence instead? Burn any printouts clear all caches wipe hard drives delete time capsules. What then are we left with? Generation runs too close to creation and creation runs too close to creativity, which is a word I don't like—but generosity is also something I don't have a very good handle on.

Is generous an active or a passive quality or both? Both, right? Sometimes we are generous without even knowing it. We generate material all the time. Like dead cells falling from the skin and then eaten by insects, blood for mosquitoes euhhh, we are constantly giving our finger prints away too. Sometimes it's language related.

I wanted to be more romantic tonight. I wanted his sound to make me less dry, bitter. Experiences of a leaking and embarrassing kind of 'generosity' are coming. How do you feel about making recommendations? I want them all the time, usually as a kind of security mechanism. And I give them out with precise details and directions: here do that thing that I like to do the way I like to do it. Be me.

Alex Mack as a girl flowing into water and under a door, but also a tall boy who worked at a photolab and smoked rolled cigarettes, loved avocados and received office supplies from his

father, had a hard time finding the right words and didn't want to step on anyone's feet. I drifted off and dozed a bit. There was some laser work too, and continual theatrical haze from a certain point. By the time I got to my destination my shirt smelled like me again, which was a bit of a disappointment.

* Collective A/Traverso *Radio Alice -- Free Radio in Autonomia: Post-Political Politics, Semiotext(e) / Intervention Series*, 2007

** Eileen Myles/*El Diablito*

fig. 9 you've never been to moscow.
last night you were there.
there is an electricity mast.
everything is black, even the sky.
the mast is launched like a missile.
after ten seconds it comes into a horizontal position.
then it suddenly crashes to the ground.
you're about 500 meters away from it.
you call home to say that everything is all right.

fig. r (sell your work)

**Universality and intimacy hand in hand.
The most fallacious reader is welcome. The most appropriate
reader is welcome.
Reader, viewer, ruler, follower, cheater, trust-er, lost character,
ease researcher.**

**i want to break free
i want to break free**

Object: disagreement

**I want to break free from your lies
You're so self satisfied.**

I don't need you

**I've got to break free—God knows,
God knows I want to break free.**

No adaptation to new envelopes. The flight simulator has a strong upper current of wind, and the brand manager insists that this is enough of an argument against the necessity of a different branding. Bill, in the corner, who plays Santa as well as Jesus (that's the porosity and willingness of his egomaniacal spirit, not the versatility of his body) speaks as though possessed: *Season of mist and mellow fruitlessness.*

It's easy to frown about the seriousness with which this meeting processes its agenda, but the feeling is that we are finally focussing on the core—just maybe not on the paper pore. Focus far from precludes distraction—it doesn't matter what the words are but she thought that being surrounded by people doing the same activity as you might feel satisfying. She works in publishing and used to run around naked on my lawn.

The heat goes out of the world and so do all the jobs. The wobbly community is dislodged with her elbow in the process of turning around to glare, strands of hair falling in front of her face and obscuring the ferocity of this swift air all that running on beaches without a scarf. Employment blows in like a draught, or it's a cloud, or a purple fog that lies low between hills and floats above the grass at dawn to bead on the curling leaves of flowers, to wet your towels and knickers when you leave them out overnight. Close the door. Don't want to go letting all that idleness in. There's a work smell in the air. I'm wearing something very similar myself. It mutates, but only from the inside. Free falling in a flight simulator. I dutifully, sufficiently distribute the empty bullet.

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