R R

A G

Exercises of the ~ man (v) :

found dialogues whispered to drying paint

Remco Roes / Alis Garlick
2014

Inleiding

Dit boek – de vijfde oefening uit de
Exercises-reeks – is ontstaan als
onderdeel van een nieuw werk voor het
Situation symposium, georganiseerd door
RMIT in Melbourne. Mijn voorstel betrof
mijn eigen afwezigheid op de locatie,
tijdens het maken van een in-situ werk.
Alle communicatie zou van op afstand
plaatsvinden met een persoon die de
organisatie zou aanwijzen. In Alis Garlick
– een masterstudente Interior Design –
vonden ze een partner die bereid was mij
te helpen bij deze onmogelijke taak. Op
basis van intense dialogen, skype-sessies
en e-mails ontstond een abstracte, digitale
taal en ruimte die zou dienen als basis voor
de uiteindelijke fysieke, ruimtelijke installatie
in de Design Hub. Het boek documenteert
hoe deze uiteenlopende ruimtes tijdens de
dialoog ontstonden, alsook het ruimtelijke
eindresultaat, waar dit boek onderdeel van
uitmaakte.
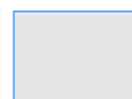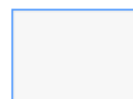
knowing these are just the traces we make.

attentive presence

It   has to do with a   natural,
non-negative-feedback-loop

manner   of acting, speaking,
being,   doing in such a way that it is
spontaneous.   Not forced.

Not reflected upon   .

The constellation
(of meaning)
(that creates meaning)
should
be
inhabitable   by
an

audience

not to coherently trace its source or

.   flatten
meaning

or communicate something

but
as a sincere

attempt   at verticality

a density might be formed
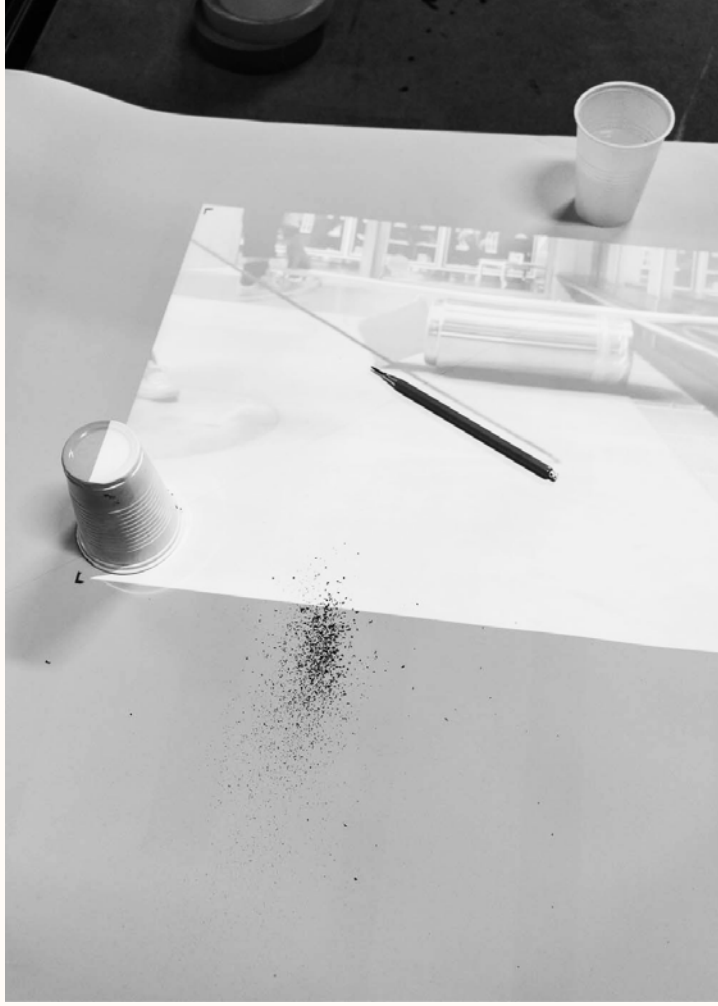that invites the viewer
to invest time and attention

(to inhabit)   .
(to dwell)

(to linger)

look differently
(so that they
upon the site - if we   use site)

(or differently
upon being in space,
the space of being)

.

(different upon being) *

The need to create structure was paradoxically both absent and present

emptying objects in silence

Start collecting . For the purpose of this ~project.
It's another way out of the   rules (into the
                                             game)

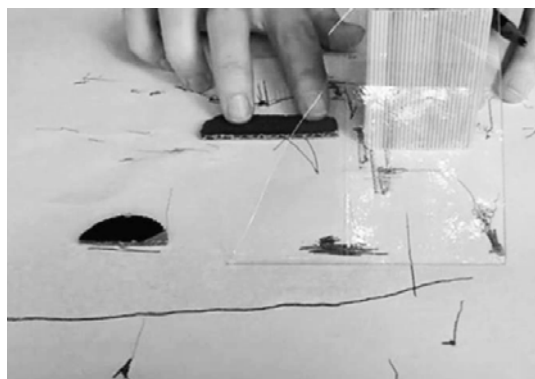Possibly.   Out of meta into
                                material.
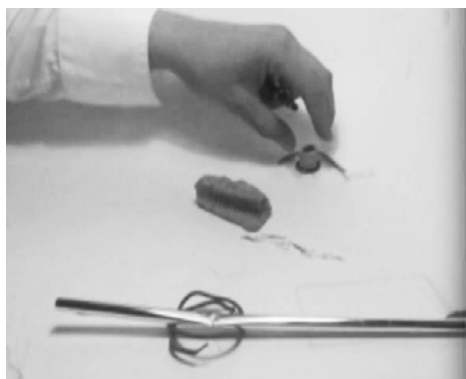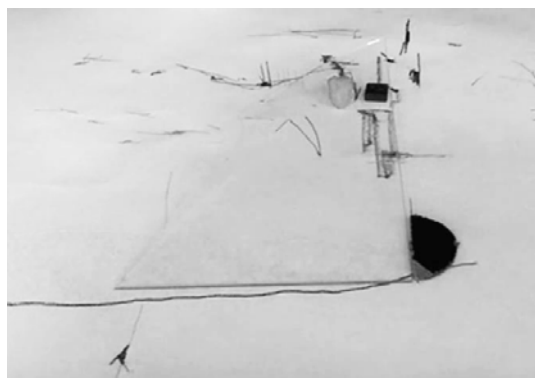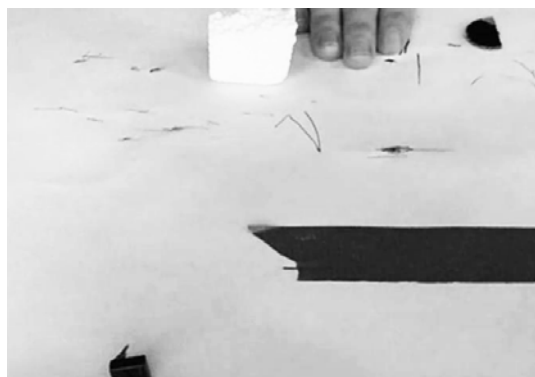   Into detail.
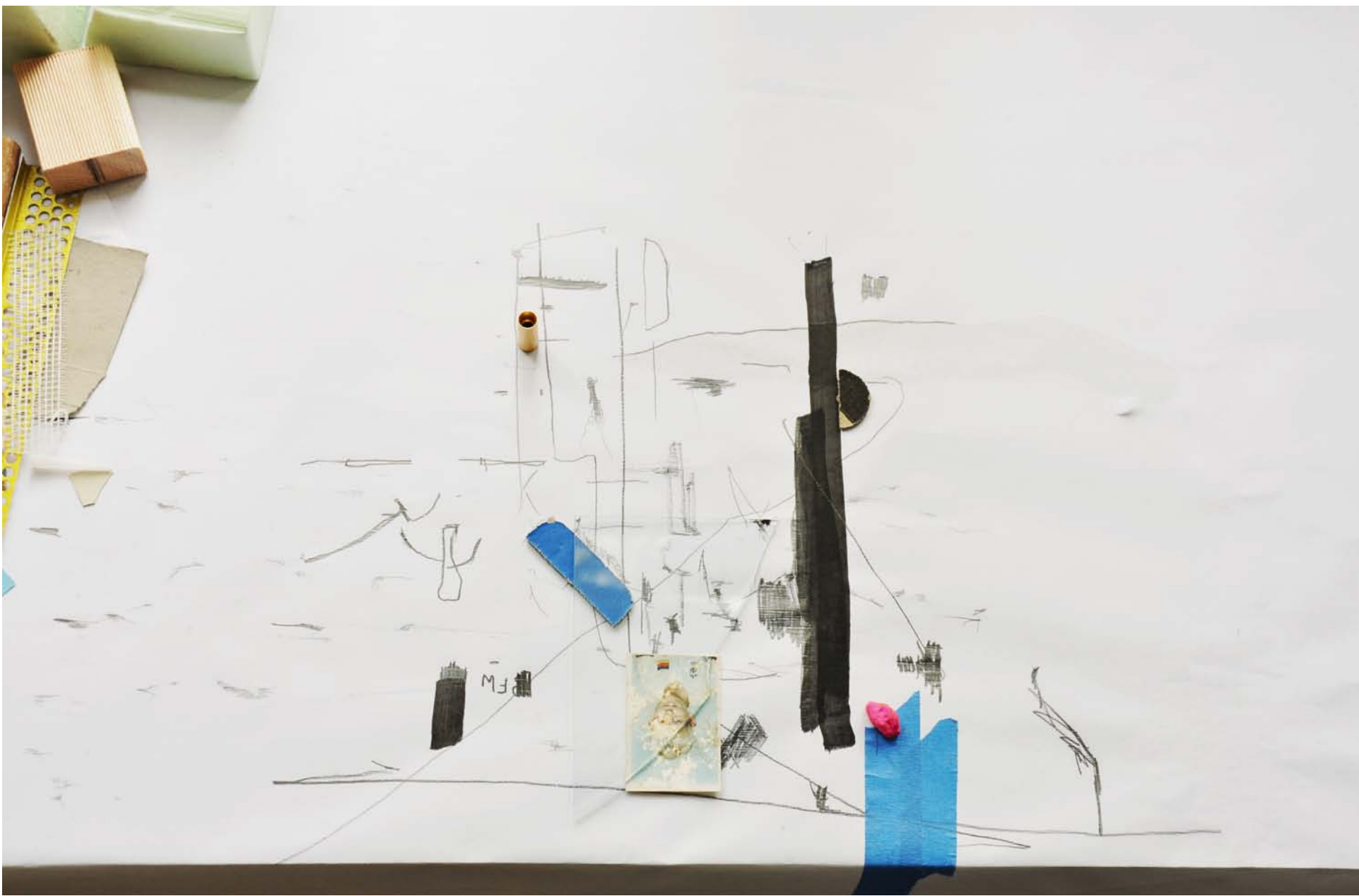
The point where we understand a dialogue, even before we grasp the meaning of one's words

Our conversations are all consuming,   so   indirect,   a (our) derive.

Words no longer find the centre of ~this maze,
surrounded by 10 ft. walls and only   the

softest

light   can mark the edges of this
architecture.

/New chapter.

(Typing is so permanent, she repeats.)

Akram Zaatari | Letter to a Refusing Pilot

Beautiful coincidence

'
`
' `
'
`  '  `

Paraphrase. /New Chapter.
                                                                                /
The inevitably of re-viewing,
re-thinking, re-adjusting.

Objects ~ this becomes
relational, habitual, fleeting /   ~
"   /
"

Our conversation was long,
confusing,   clear.

I cannot grasp this topic right
now. The rain is too heavy, too
distracting, too real and yet
removed, for I cannot place rain
Passed you by   live.   in this text. I cannot give you
rain or write you its sound. This
email is too real. /New chapter.
                                                                                /

I am neglecting our email
dialogue, in a way ~ Our   /~   ~
conversations are all consuming,   /~
so indirect, a (our) derive. Words   (   )
no longer find the centre of this
maze, surrounded by 10 ft walls Don't always change the '|',
and only the softest
          light can mark the   you cannot not
edges of this architecture.   make, always. Like a cut;
/New chapter.   the
                                 wound can grow, spread,   /
                                 become infected (infectious)
                                 and it is this we must embrace.   (   )
Typing is so permanent, she   ~here ~residual.
repeats. Enso ~ (do not hesitate)   ~ (   )   ~   ~
O   We are infecting the cut.   O
                                 (perhaps this is a poor analogy
.   of 'RR/AG', but I am simply   .   (
                                 reflecting your words) (Perhaps   /
Perhaps it is these words that   an onion would be better :   ) (
fail to translate into moments   layers)   :
~ Into real time. Is this what   )
happened? It cannot be, for   .
nothing is air tight in reality.   .

                                 I have let it soak, but barely
Everything is repeating, nothing enough to peel the corner away.
is closed,   To remove the paper and see
                we are   the wall.
open .
                                 /New chapter.
                                                                                /
As our objects moved in space   ~
~ constellations through the   ~   ~
wires > nothing but pixels on my We should remain unclear.   >
screen and yet everything in this
dialogue.   'simultaneously in two rooms'
                                                                       '   ,
          Your hand, my
hand.   Go. /New chapter.
                                                                             /
          One line, one object. A

perhaps it had to do with breathing
a constellation into
fullness

a constant in every
~fragment of ~this

(that could
[   ] translate spatially
(filling and emptying,
tracing our breath ~~

)

(breathing resonates with
~water   ~filling shells

(breath leaves a trace
~value   (?) in the form of a sound

~ the shell whistles

breath   { sound }   is audible
for   ~others

so we don't have to pour water for them
on them
over them
around them

they don't need to soak
we avoid getting them wet

but   [they?]   can (more comfortably
(? !) .
)
listen
~listen

to our breath   ~tracing the water's
edge
perhaps

but listen to the breathing nontheless
{   ~(for the
sound, the listener
the water is of no importance   )

perhaps the water ~for ~them
was merely to hollow the shell   }

~in order to
trace   with this other sense
~for vacant
meaning
~rooms
~room
~space

~a landscape of their own

to

!   inhabit
!   occupy   !   claim
as a being-space

~to pour in their own water

~in turn tracing our breath

~ so the paint becomes wet again

~ and runs where we
would never be able to breathe it
õurselves
(~for we
are
the only two
~here   )

~where we couldn't even reach it
with our water, our circles, our ocean our
dialogue

~ --   relevance is born out
of   ~just a bunch of objects   )))

perhaps?

(~it   .   .
.   has its place
)
for ~us

.   (~ and thus
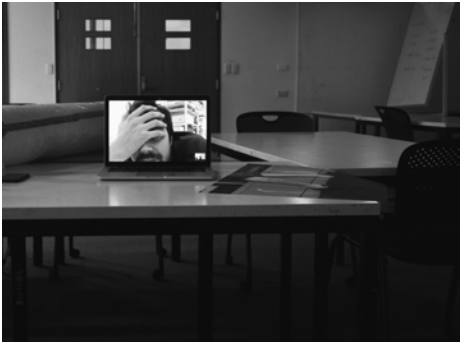also for those at our edge   -- _
/
(. .   //
)   /

<   R

Column A		
Inbox	something calibrated empathic humans send each other - good luck with all you	Jun 26
Inbox	Fragment with a forgotten number, a lost sequence, filed under the wrong name	Jun 26
Inbox	Fragment 3: the eight hours of darkness that separate us - are you awake yet?	Jun 26
Inbox	Fragment 2: a selection of men ~ chess pieces ~ characters ~ ~ - -- with no ob	Jun 25
Inbox	Fragment1: Re: Late night quotes > - today is the day of the fragment. *and *at	Jun 25
	Late night quotes > - *"The content of this class shall be bodies, animate and inanimate	Jun 25
	Language also becomes a sculptural material - It feels easier to write to you after seein	Jun 24
Inbox	another practical one - AM, Remco Roes wrote: > Just some more practical stu	Jun 24
Inbox	practical: revised abstract - AM, Remco Roes wrote: > >> Hello, >> >> >> Pra	Jun 24
Inbox	what's left after the practicalities - We already spoke so extensively. Maybe, pn	Jun 24
Inbox	"though this be madness, yet there's method in it" - late night early morning ? c	Jun 23
Inbox	tracing / marking / ... (v) - PM, Remco Roes wrote: > *Exercises of the man (v)	Jun 23
	'The point where we understand a dialogue, even before we grasp the meaning of one's	Jun 23
Inbox	earlier found silence - De ruimtelijke wijsheid die we verinnerlijkt hebben is niet	Jun 21
Inbox	A meets R meets A - only in relation to each other - A, thank you for the materi	Jun 21
Inbox	Remco Roes just started following you on Vimeo - Garlick, Remco Roes just st	Jun 21
Inbox	using breath or physical movement to segregate hierarchy - AM, Remco Roes v	Jun 21
	1 king, 1 queen, 2 rooks, 2 bishops, 2 knights, 8 pawns each. - Thank you Remco! My	Jun 19
Inbox	grey shade on a wednesday morning - Hello A, I hope your presentation went w	Jun 18
Inbox	S I T E ~ C I T E ~ S I G H T - I feel an urge to respond but my typing remains	Jun 16

em or go to Trash to delete forever.

Column B		
	nail pulse - Good morning A., an e-mail as a pulse stolen tim	07:00
ON	As promised. - Sort of. I didn't change anything that I ha	10 Jul
ON	clear	10 Jul
ON	O 1 [ ] - Objects in space, arranged. Beginnings for toni	10 Jul
ON	~here	10 Jul
ON	The plastic moves slightly)in the wind(- Hello A, Plans	10 Jul
ON	o / o - Your lines, are now mine. It seems so personal,	9 Jul
ON	-- ~~ ^^ - A. en route to the cabin. Slight delay. Cutting	9 Jul
ON	An arrested motion. - _ -	. > < ` ': --~ like the wall we	8 Jul
ON	yellow structure~rupture black / sky - R This.is . intrigui	8 Jul
	act. pract. pract. (it can't all be poetry) - Hello A, On the run.	7 Jul
ON	Language barriers	6 Jul
ON	What would verticality look like in this horizontal plane?	6 Jul
	oom of plastic in a storm of yellow paint chips - I had the urg	6 Jul
ON	knowing these are just the traces we make - ' ' ' ' ' ' ' 1	6 Jul
	duality) - I like how our activities are expanding to such an e	6 Jul
ON	. - ( )	5 Jul
	neet us here } - ~ ~ heels tapping on / / / around a corner - sc	5 Jul
	rake up } - wake up the lights out	5 Jul
ON	HUB - Made a video for you. Bit Blair Witch but you get	4 Jul
ON	Meet me here? - Crack in our corner ~	4 Jul

letting it soak

fragments
{ ~forming no whole   ~ the space doesn't tie the
fragments   ~doesn't connect them   .   ~   they
can never become whole
never attain   completion
they can't get what they want

}

they are all dialogues   --fragments of our dialogue   or an
internal   dialogue in my head caused by them   -- as you
said   .

but they are merely traces of an unfinished dialogue(s)
      .   .   I had to imagine
your   [   ]   words
your breath
movements, {   , ..   .   pauses   .   /

like when   .   .

we hesitate to break the connection
for the other will be ~gone   dead air   ~   as opposed
to ~here ~breathing through the structure   tying the fragments
together   a pulse   a reason

[--
(;   .

//

(   )

><

~

'

{   }(
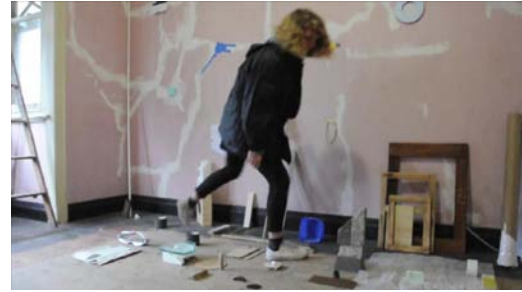
in a cabin / parceled objects

in a sense we are drawing in space
(~drawing with ~presence and ~absence   )

circles again

drawing with objects
empty objects - objects emptied
of ~use   ~purpose   ~content   into a full~empty   space

tying myself up in logic
like tape
.
.

//

\\

‘

"

.

`

~

(

|

,

A

B

our bodies will be the foundation of this architecture, or/ the scaffolding to construct it, or/ the cladding to finish it.

This dialogue becomes the interior of the structure, the words become paint on a wall > wet, layered, temporary.

All of our conversations turn into the warm air that filters through

open windows, drying the paint before daylight creeps in.

`

` '

'   `   ' `

`                              `

/

through the wires

Perhaps it is these words that fail to translate into
moments ~ Into real time.
Is this what happened? It cannot
be,
for nothing is   air tight in   ~reality.

Everything is repeating, nothing is closed,
we are   ≠   open .

As our objects moved in space
~   constellations
through the wires > nothing but
pixels on   my screen and yet

everything in this dialogue.

Your hand, my hand.
One line, one
object.

Paraphrase. /New Chapter.

/
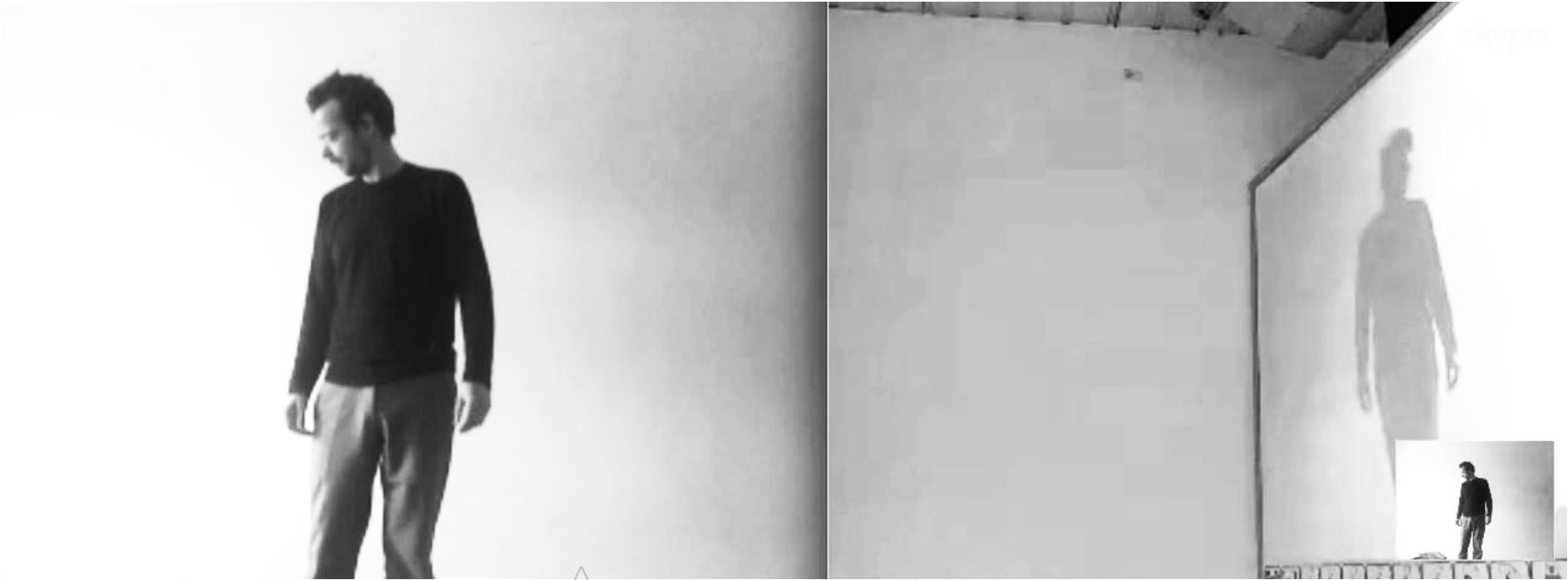
( ).jpg   ( )2.jpg   ( )continued.jpg   01_.jpg

01_A.jpg   01_B.jpg   19.06.14-3.59pm.j   aftermath_.jpg
                                                pg

AG-20140620-   AG-20140622 at   and ~others.jpg   folly_1
DSC_1172_.jpg   11.52.22 pm.png

good or bad.jpg   HUB_marks-.jpg   objects in   puncture_O.jpg
                                                space.jpg

Re-occuring.jpg

——————————
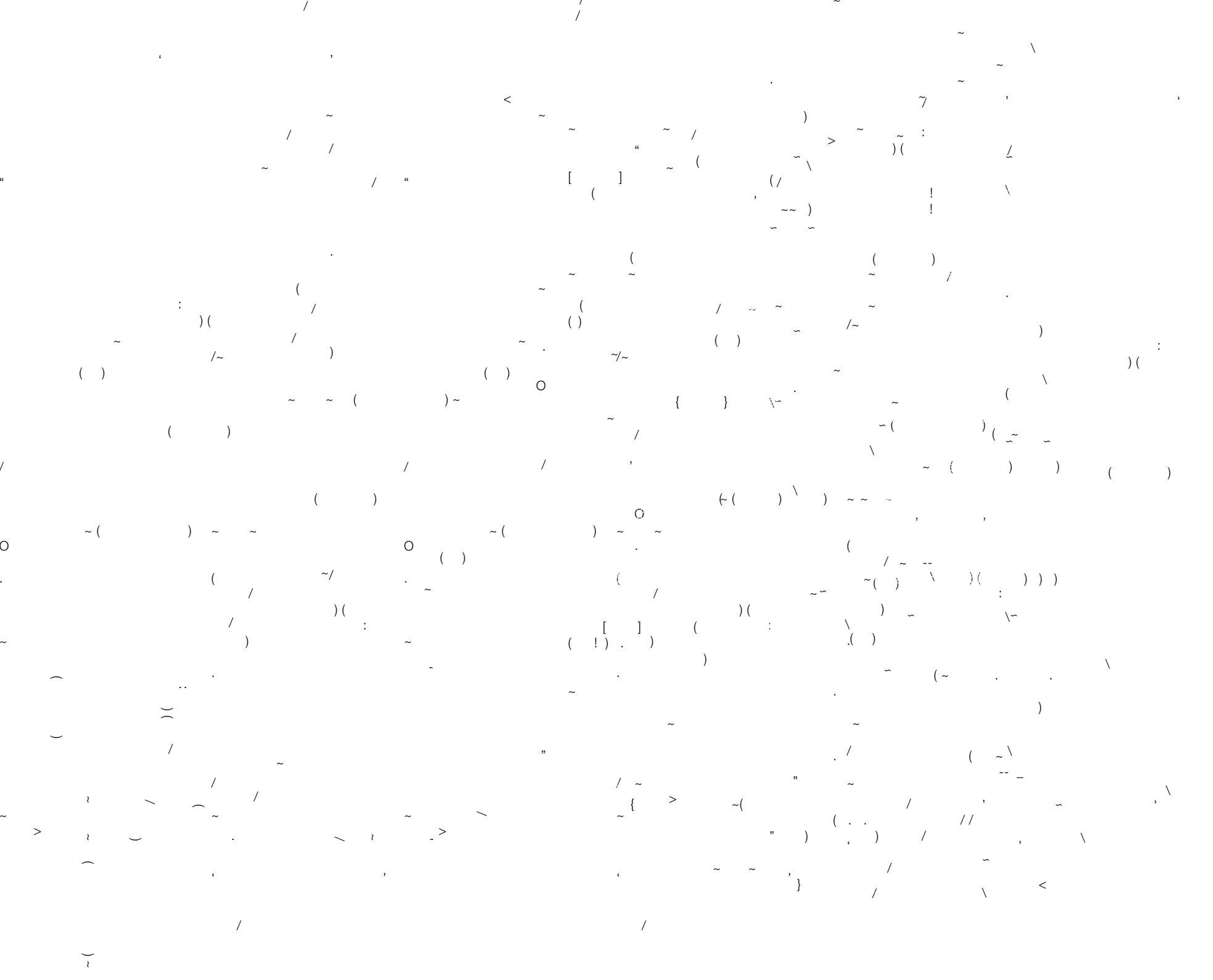
holding the overspill of ~ .
and the ~excess of our
≠ open shells.

circles - enso's - circles with epicentres of meaninglessness -
the circular motion of the dialogue itself - continually collapsing upon
itself - confronted with its own nothingness - and its every-
thing (poor formulation) - the circles cause the waves - cause
the ocean - the emptiness at the core - is what we fight with
circles - to prevent freefall - circles are our only anchors -
yet they are also the motion that hollows out - _
——

(. .   . - .)

--

.   .   .   .   . ~~ .   .   .

//

.   a   hail shower of dots

though the day has already fully started
08:00 AM

~ oceans of plastic and objects on its waves
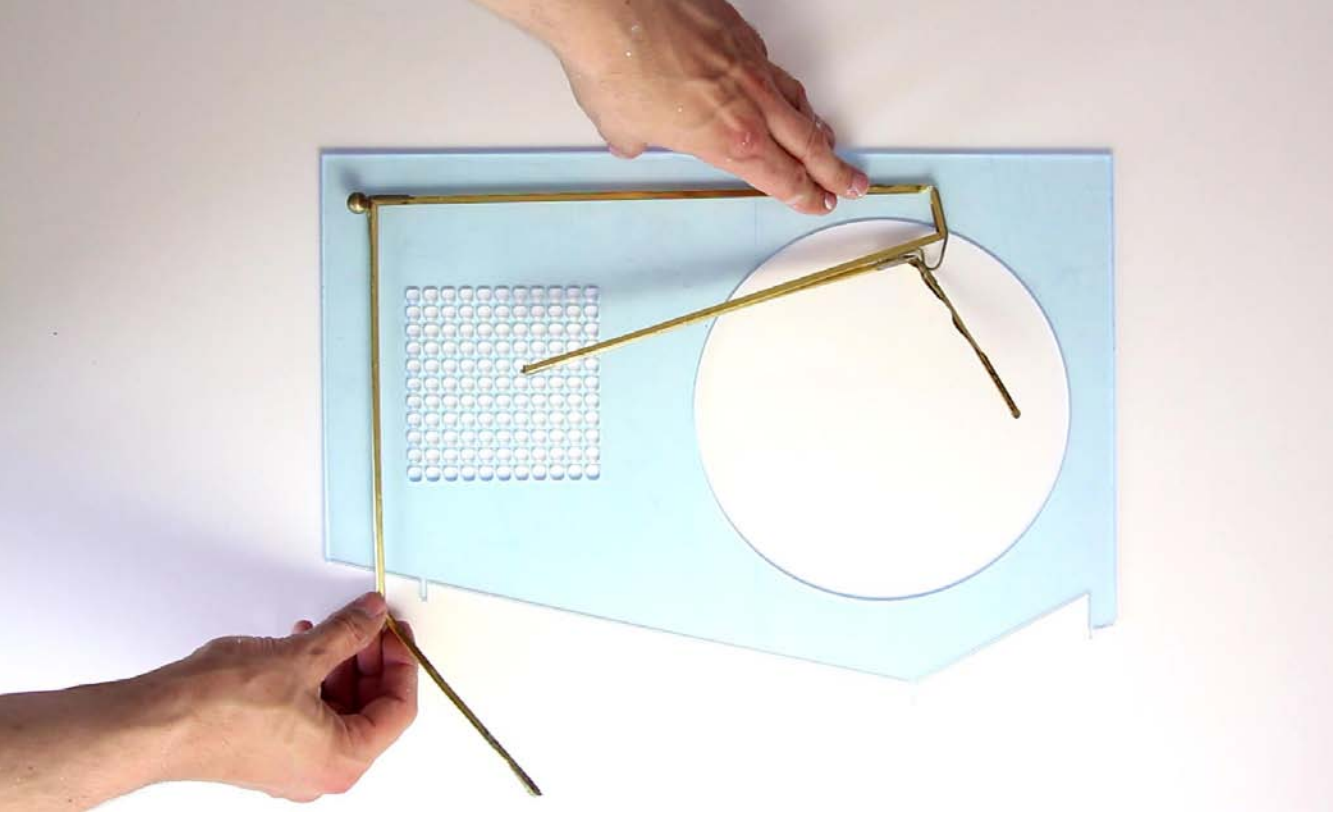
eyes are falling into   themselves
away from a reality that is blurred (to them)
staring at a virtual   space through a
screen

and even there   space is curling up in   itself
attaching points,
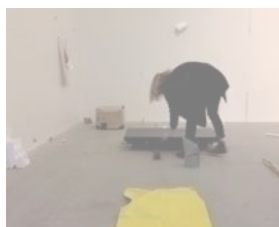creating folds,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,
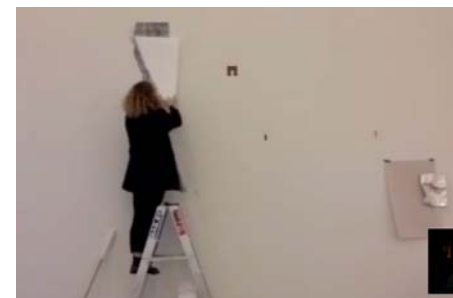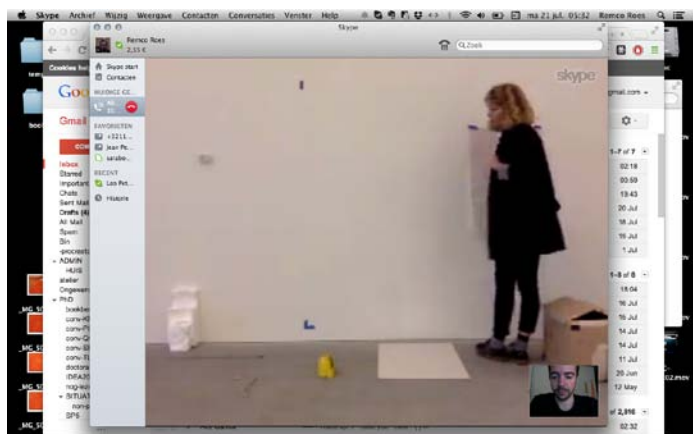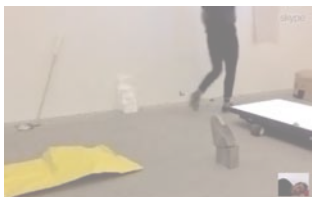
we must again walk these knots
find a way to map each others   arms   touch   reach
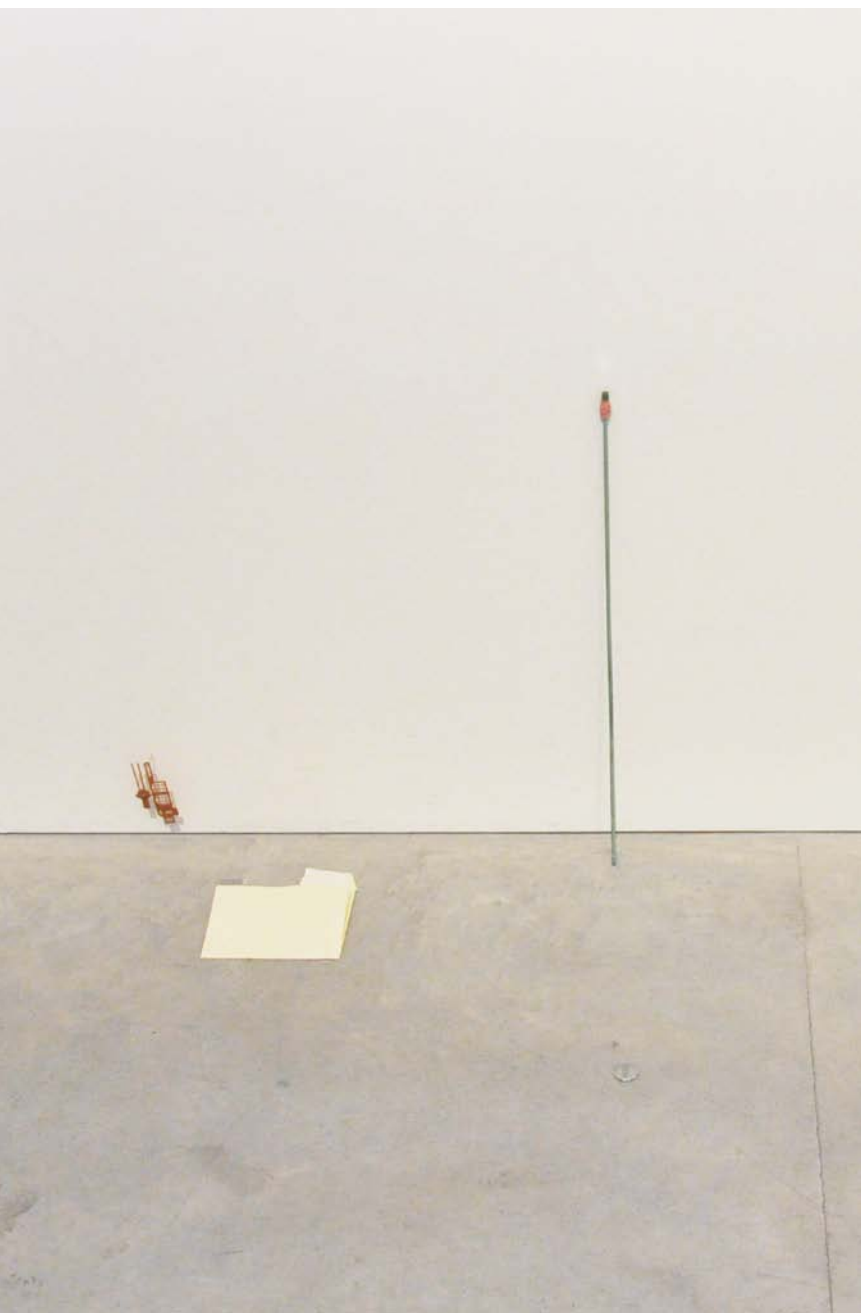meet   here   the paper

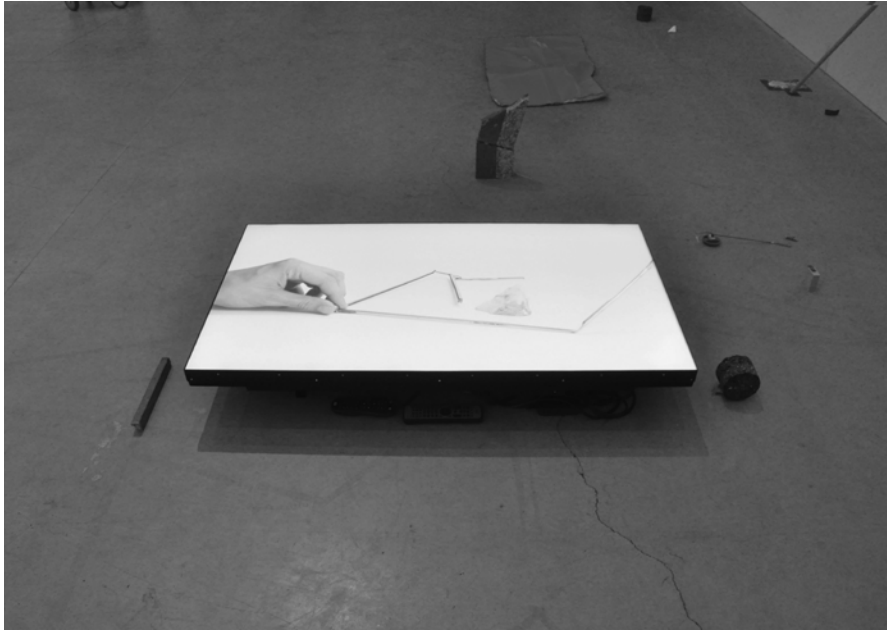creases   ~there   ~   ~   ~

\\   .

{
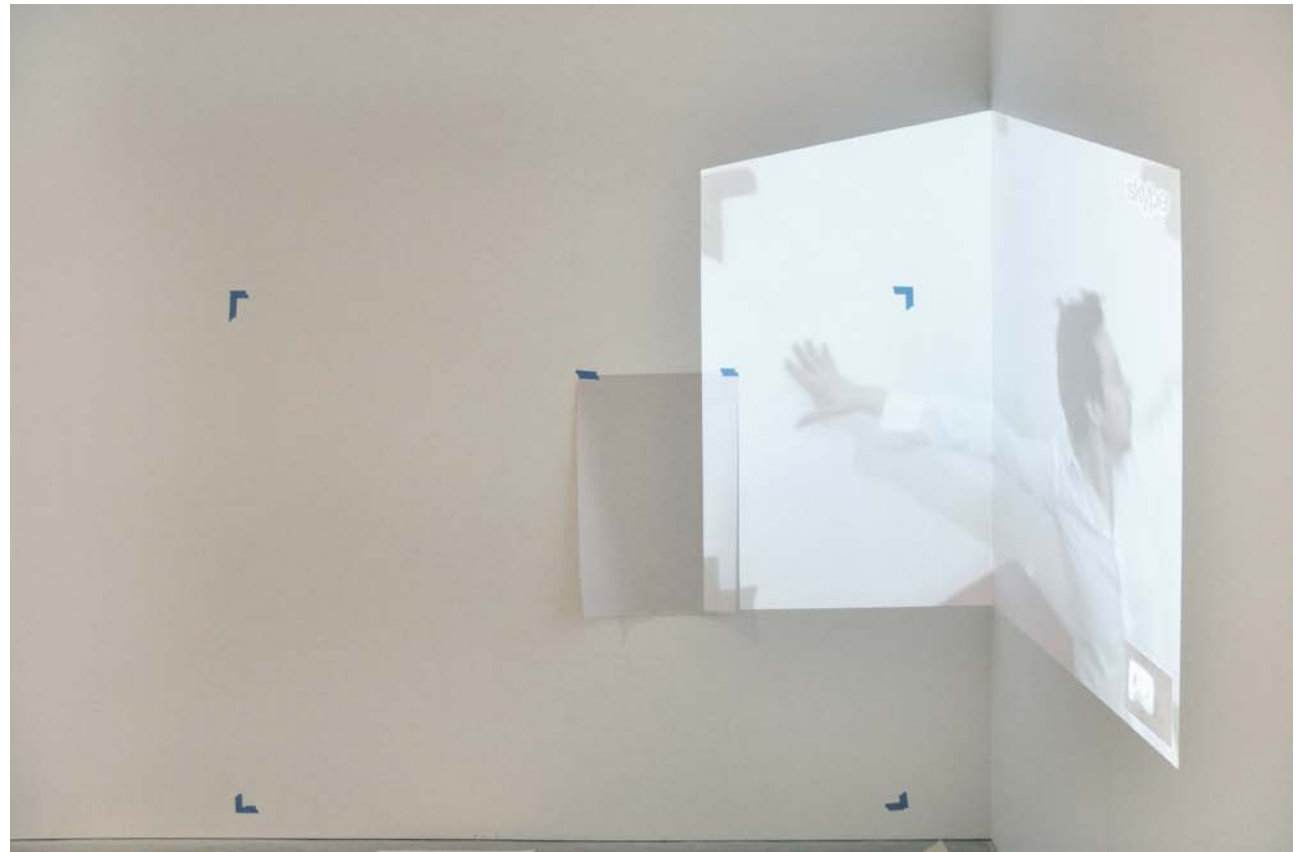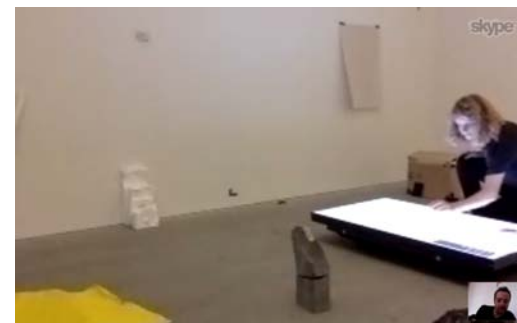
SITUATION SYMPOSIUM EXHIBITION

23rd of July - 3rd of August 2014
RMIT Design Hub, Melbourne, Australia

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Kate Gagliardi, Suzie Attiwill and the
Situation arrangers

www.remcoroes.be
www.salon.io/alisgarlick

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(1st edition)

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                     UNIVERSITY

S Y M
P O
S I
U
M   RMIT Design Hub
             Jul 31 – Aug 03 2014
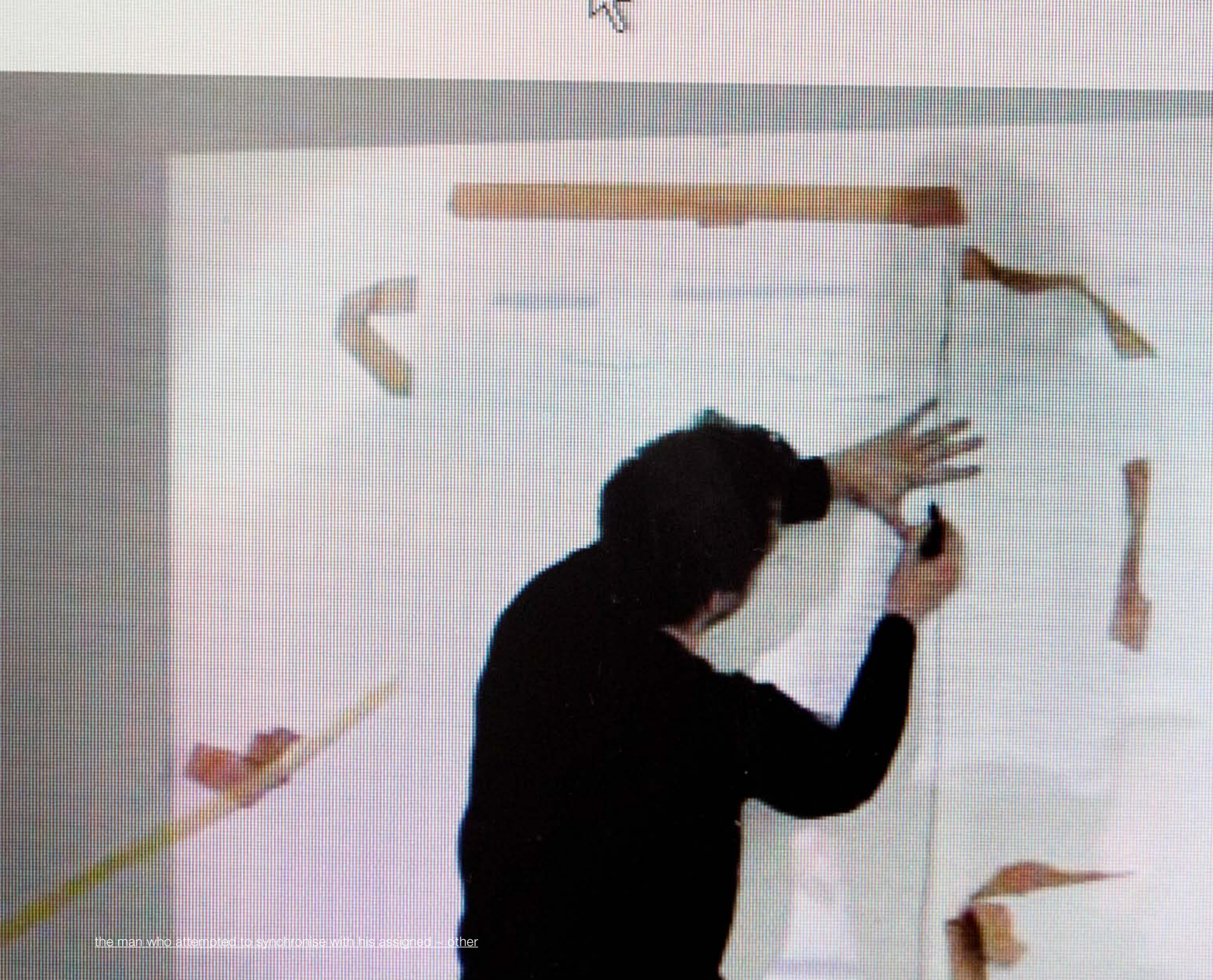
the man who attempted to synchronise with his assigned - other

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