
05

DROSS:

Strategies For Facilitating
Artwork During Wamework #1:
Remote Relay [Walkie-Talkie]

Do you think we said enough



they kind of knew it, but it was not, it was not like obvious, like nobody cared, like because it was not obvious, because many people slack off or text around the corner or in the back room

its just very funny, like, maybe as a er, really critical about a performer like, stopping in his performance the thing that he's performing

he came and was like oh how is your performance? And I was like I am finishing it now, we are doing it now. And he was like what, you're doing it now?

um so, I guess we should probably talk about how you think it all went...um, I mean, we each have a

very different perspective on how it went, so

I think just maybe he was just too shocked. Because in the pictures, like, he, he looked like he was like what the hell's going on

came in, couldn't understand what the fuck was going on at all, and just walked straight out again

for me I had like no sense how it was going...like how, say in er, in a factory where, like, your labour is divided, so my part is just to put this bit into this, and I never see the end car

Like it almost felt like it was scripted. But it wasn't, that was what was so nice about it

they applauded at the end

unless you were there for the start or happened to land on a moment where a text comes through its, its not obvious at all that this is, that there's anything outside of what's happening there

initially I think he was frustrated by not being able to critique what we were doing

THIS WAY OUT

but for the most part you were still doing your job, like, it wasn't disruptive interesting things now?

Somehow the time went differently, like, because it had a different meaning. Even though I was in the same normal places, doing the same boring things, you know, half an hour this spot, half an hour the next one, there was this pressure of like, the texting and the kinda thinking of - okay what's happening - and this different awareness of what was going on a little bit, of what was the most appropriate text. Because, well, I was lucky to have these two good positions around, and like it was busy but it was still easy to get away with it. But I have to, the thing is like, I told, well, [R] was there, she knew it, that we were doing this. I had to ask one other colleague that I need to swap his lines to be like, to be in those positions because of art, and he said "WHAT! I wanna be on ticket desk." I said "No, it's in the name of art, I'll tell you later." And then [R] told him. And that was how I secured those positions.



Um, I mean, he was standing, he was sitting at the back, with his camera on the tripod, with his audio Recorder in the corner, um, doing his documentation, um, but then as soon as the, you know, the code came through that I was to take pictures, then I was very much taking pictures of the audience, and, to some extent, enjoying the fact that I was then putting them on the spot. As like, they were no longer just a passive audience who are actually now objects that I could take pictures of. Um, I one, um regret, is that I was er, at no point when you asked me to take pictures was I able to capture a picture of the cat which came into the gallery, strolled round, sniffed at the crisps on the floor and then settled on Eddie's lap.

If I'd been, like spending an hour following you without the phone, I think it would have looked much more conspicuous, I think that I can pretend that like I'm, this is why I'm not looking at art because I'm like here and I'm on the phone, and with times act like I'm like more engaged with this conversation, I like I'm, it ended up being a really nice cover...

as all-Seeing vengeful deity

he would opt en look like some out of control and explain it was his job not to answer that any personal feelings or opinions were of no relevance or purpose to the proceedings. It was his job to stand still and be a sort of watchmen

Daddy all the while his brain manner and camp belligerence made you feel he owned the space. It was a strange curious and radiation he was at once the slave and the master.