

Soma

Nice to meet you. We are four Metapost drawings, young cousins of Metafont glyphs. Our curved bones are made of mathematical equations that our programmer thinks produce the most pleasing 2D curves, err... to his 80's eyes. The automatic closing of most shapes, intrigued Quentin Jumelin, our designer.

I'm a text block composed with the Cycle-Source font and I'm clearly not the focus point. I look less sophisticated and more common ... even if i'm one of your your children! To build me, my shapes have been expanded around the bones of my ancestor; they chose a thin stroke in two parallel borders. My corners are sharp. I'm described using Bezier curves, that were first designed to describe car parts in 3D, but twenty years later they were used for computing 2D shapes. I know that I'm just a convenience here, used to quickly compose the lay out and then be forgotten.

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Is this a Z dimension, or only a Z index? The designers thought they needed our parent shapes to produce the templates. So we are back as separate shapes. We were immediately expanded

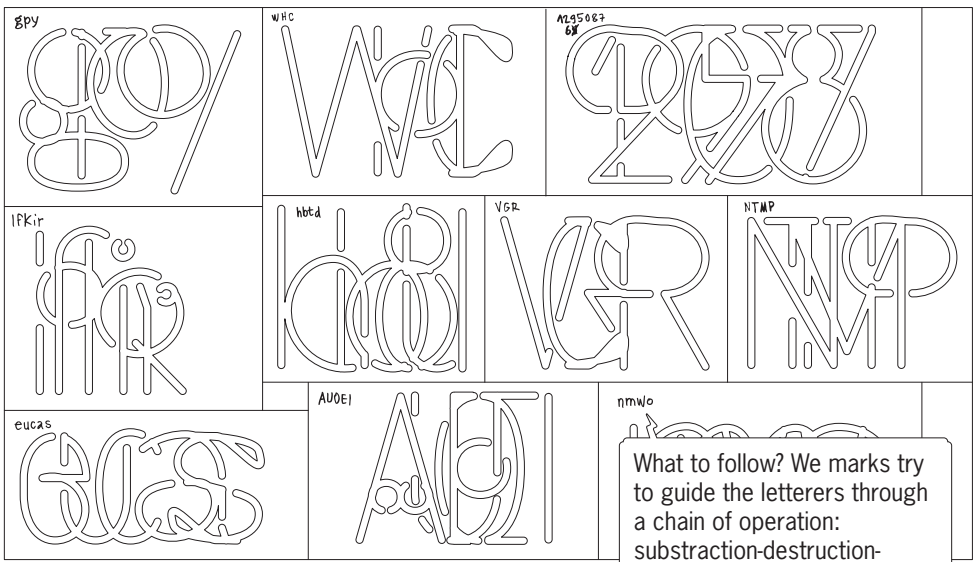
following a thick width to allow the tip of a marker pass between our carved walls. It is more visible that some shapes are on top of each others. Even if there is no 3D, but a pile of 2D objects with no thickness and an order.

It would be sad if the machine that will make us templates emerge from acetate spoils energy by cutting overlapping shapes. They will fall down when the plates are moved from the grill. So some boolean operations are applied to transform our shapes mathematically, but not so much visually. Radical! Some parts are falling anyway, that's the deep nature of 3D.

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Here we are, a set of words representing items from the Possible Bodies inventory. Constant's vitrine will host us. But the street bends downwards. Maybe that is why the researcher proposed to make us go up? We are happy to be composed using the font from above, hence the double lines of all our shapes that produces this weirdly thick linewidth.

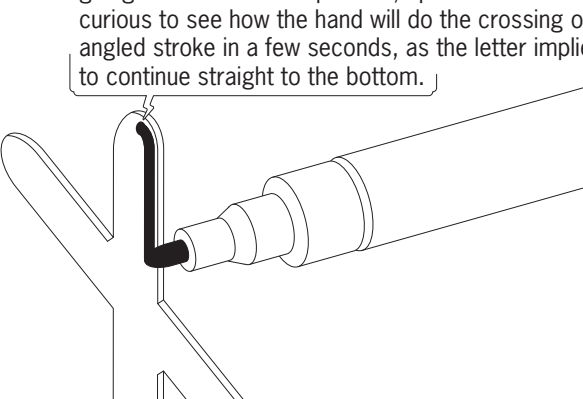
Somatologies 005. Hyperbolic spaces 006. The eyes of the rock 012. No Ground 017. Makrohuman 028. Circulation and/or circloding 070. Anatomical planes 071. Visible Woman 082. Ultrasonic dreams of acinical renderings 098. Region Of Interest 095. Sinking Bones 099. Porous mi



What to follow? We marks try to guide the letterers through a chain of operation: subtraction-destruction-declutching. The designers have optimised the space on the templates, plotting only the needed letters, then they were intertwined, merged, composed. The plan is to build, but first you have to dismantle things (the modularity of things) towards more and more situated and less and less abstract shapes and countershapes.

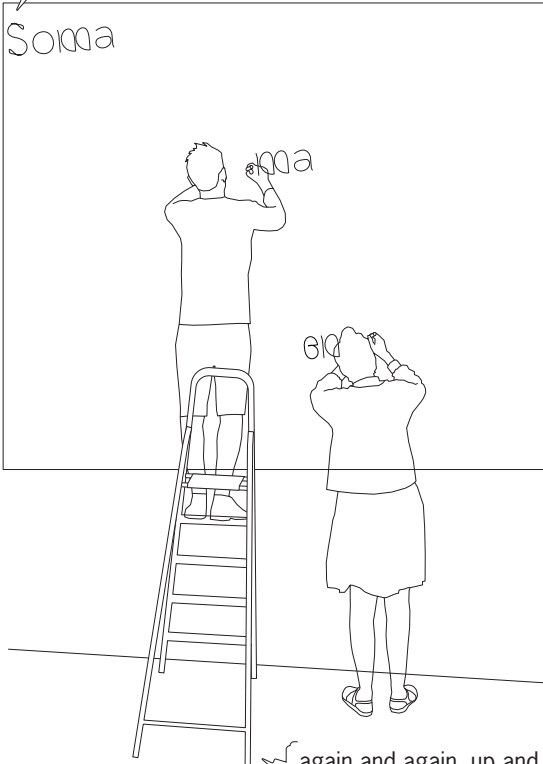
Us templates, we like to be optimized and to serve. We understand budget limitations. The overlap that the designers chose is a bit baroque to our taste but in knot-theory there are more than three axes, there's time! And there's one in front and one in the back of a rope. Curved lines, dimensions ... implicated understandings of multidimensionality. So there is no end to the rope, a ligature-writing; a flow that is there, but that is not represented. Time and sequence are more present. Speaking about time, that moment in the lasercutter was not fun and it smelled bad. Now we have been marked and let's hope that our apparel will be rigid enough to hold multiple lettering operations.

And I'm the ink deposit of the POSCA marker. I'm both mineral and pigment, my solvent has nearly evaporated. The hand of the letterer has started my journey at a certain angle at the end of the trench. I don't know if it is intentional? The pressing of the nib has left a bit more matter there. I flow languidly, guided by the linear scarred and rounded edge of the template. Operations of through, behind, inside, outside. 2.5D is a rough operation that happens in three dimensions. Combining 2D with proto-3D stuff. Borders have an on-off relationship to 3D. It's liminal, a praxis at the edge of 3D. The 2mm thickness of the material as a dimension. Can we call this the periphery of 3D? Should this be called 2.5D, even? I'm not going to settle on that question, I prefer the everlasting transition. Now I'm curious to see how the hand will do the crossing operation of an angled stroke in a few seconds, as the letter implies to continue straight to the bottom.



The hand of the person who draws or writes me constrains my 3D movement in an unprecedented way. It takes some time to navigate this new coordinate system.

Paradoxally, they forgot me when they reduced the glyphset, so they are now forced to draw me from curved shapes recycled from other letters.

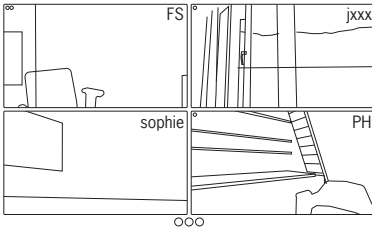
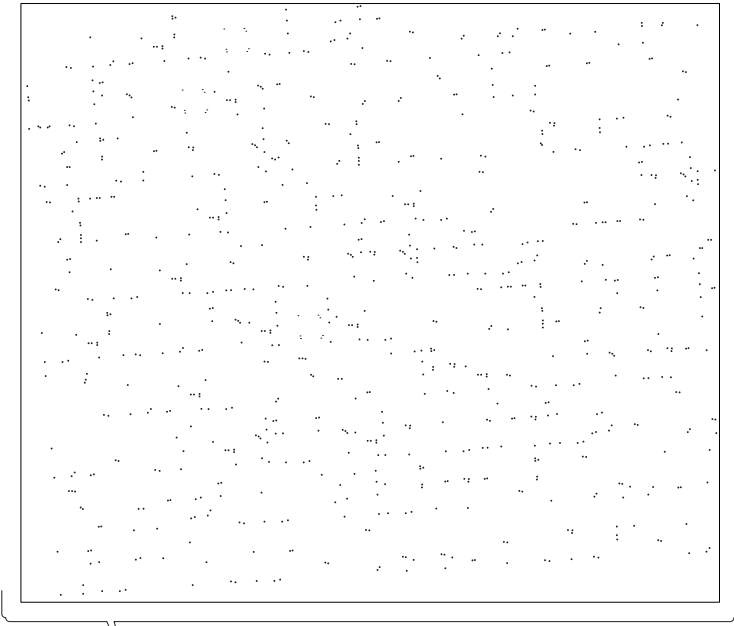


This morning, I arrived with the Spec team charged with markers, and a set of 14 acrylic templates, hand-size. They started with two gosses from De Weerd bakery and a small coffee served by Verschueren, a bar located 20 meters from the Constant vitrine. Then, they placed me vertically against the window. I was leaning sideways on an oblique surface and forward against a freshly painted facade. For six hours, their bodies climbed me, the ladder,

again and again, up and down, leaving typographic traces on a vertical plane of transparent glass. While they situatedly collapsed a stack of glyphs onto a flat surface, they kept tracing them separately and found interesting connections between them.

Here's the tool to re-use and modify!  
[possiblebodies.constantvzw.org/  
inventory/?100](http://possiblebodies.constantvzw.org/inventory/?100)





After a few weeks the window was cleaned and for a short while, only us, the round deposits, were remaining. The pression, ductus, speed, cursivity and location of where the matter was posed are dimensions that played a role in what has stayed and what went away.



We are leftovers of the drawing process. As positive letters, what else can we say or do? Lorem ipsum sam et laborrum sequaernam ut labor!

