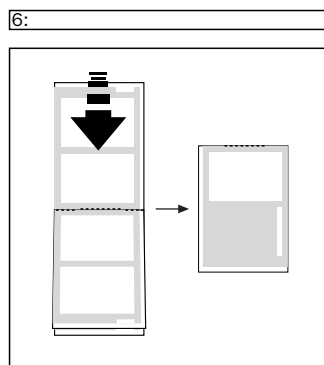
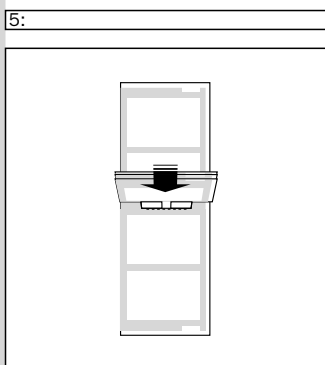
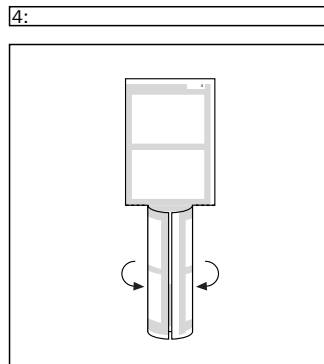
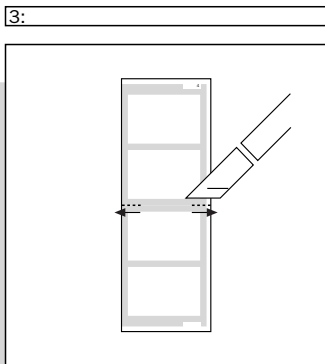
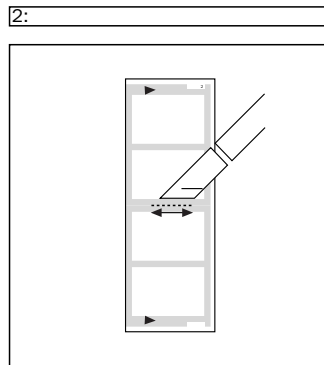
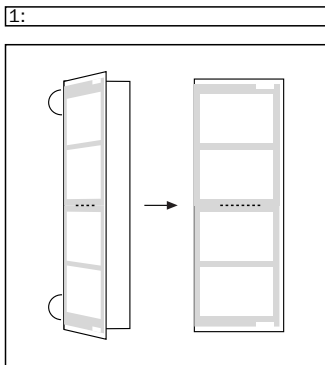


Construction



- 1: First, fold each A4 sheet in half along the vertical axis.
- 2: Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first A4 sheet. (pages 1/2/9/10)
- 3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.
- 4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second A4 page (pages 3/4/15/16).
- 5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first A4 page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/13/14) and fourth A4 sheet (pages 7/8/11/12) with the even pages in ascending order.
- 6: When all the pages have been threaded through, check the pagination. Finally, fold the booklets in half along the horizontal axis.

Before

This is to be the performance of our 'image and text' artwork:

We shall stand side by side and read from texts that are to be placed upon music stands and illuminated by a tall lamp placed behind us. To the left of us there will be a large video projection of a single still image that will be held for the duration of the 'live' event. Before either of us speak a word the video will start with the title *Still Moves*. This will be held for a period of 30 seconds during which we are to stand as still as possible, as still as statues, waiting for our cue to speak. Knowing full well that the time will seem interminable, we shall wait until we can see, from the corner of our eyes, that the still image has begun. Then, and only then, shall we speak the following lines.

DIFFUSION

REAL TIME

VIT
AND
HOPLEY
AND
YVE
LOMAX

—Or do you glimpse amid the declining order a swirl which heralds the birthing of a new turning of the world?"

and decline?

Dissolution. Dissipation. Would you speak of irreversible processes which turn only toward death and decline?

Yes, the turbulent waters from which emerges Venus, traditional emblem of flux and dissolution.

You're turning toward an image of chaotic straw. You're turning to choose one from the oceans before you. As you turn the image itself turns to a sea of fluctuations. Turns to a world in motion. Turns to an image of turbulent waters.

It accompanies our every step. It makes up the great oceans of time.

"You are drawn toward an image of chaos. As you are turning, you hear that time is still and always chaos.

"It's time to choose a single straw.

—Go on then!

I look at straw going this way, that way. I look at fluctuations. I look at instability at the very heart of the stable. And then, unexpectedly, it happens: one fluctuation swerves and a collision ensues.

And then turbulence.

And then a swirl.

And then a whirlpool and the formation of a pocket where a process of coming together occurs.

A sudden swerve. An unexpected turn which inclines towards a new composition of the world.

At last, you say,

—At last a single straw has been chosen. A fluctuation has just engendered an offshoot that, it is said, will change the world."



“You’re listening .

He is saying that you can always find a needle in a haystack if you have time and patience, as well as nostalgia for the lost needle.

And then he says: there is little chance you will find a single straw in a stable full of straw.

You’re listening. He says that in this stable straw is in disorder under the bellies of the oxen, and then, quickly, he asks: which single straw would you like?

—How are you going to look for one straw in this pile of no interest, this pile of common straw?

—Do you know?

You wonder.

You turn.

You ask

—What are you asking?

As an image of chaotic straw beckons, you become tickled by the idea of choosing one.

—Which single straw would I like?

—Do I know? ”

is going to happen. It is when a present moment splits in two directions at the same time and the no longer and the not yet come to paradoxically co-exist.

When an event is becoming we can never grasp a present moment in time. Such a moment is continually splitting into the present-becoming-past and the present-becoming-future. It is this double-movement which makes the past (before) paradoxically co-exist with the future (after). It is the (paradoxical) time of becoming which makes for the constitution of an event: it is also what makes an event endless.

—How can a 15 minute event be said to be endless?

When an event is in the process of coming about, when there is, at the same time, the existence of both no longer and not yet and before and after are drawn together, there is no more what ends than what begins. Although it may last for 15 minutes, the real time of an event stretches and becomes indefinite, interminable. It becomes Aeonian. A time which neither starts nor stops. It is as if we have dropped into the immensity of an ‘empty’ time, a void which gapes and yawns. In the becoming of an event something is in the process of happening yet, at the same time, we fall into a void, a empty period where nothing can be said to have actually happened.



REAL TIME
VIT Hopley & Yve Lomax

Series Editors: Giles Lane & Catherine Williams
www.diffusion.org.uk

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DIFFUSION Print design by:
Nima Faratoori (www.dlutoola.co.uk)
Pauli Farrington (tonne@scantone.eesy.net.co.uk)
DIFFUSION interaction design by:
Noel Douglas

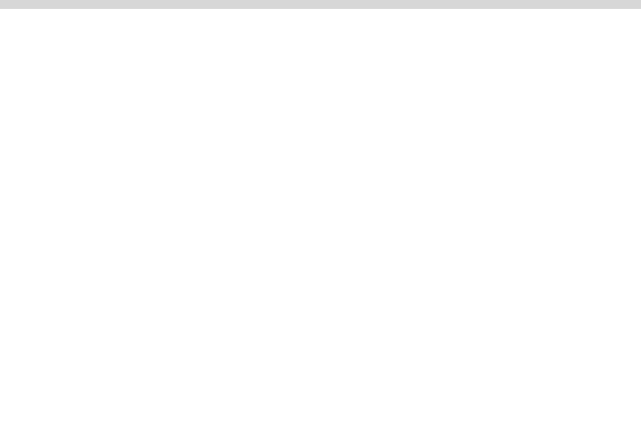
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ISBN: 1 901540 15 4
Each title from this series has a unique publication date: a catalogue record for this publication is available at the British Library
Proboscis gratefully acknowledges the support of the Arts Council of England and the CRD Research at the Royal College of Art in making DIFFUSION possible.

We wait and wait, interminably. 15 minutes of chronological time yet also an immeasurable time.

But wait, let’s not make the stupid mistake of identifying the void with nothingness. Chaos in Greek etymologically sounds the gaping and yawning void. But the void is not nothingness as is chaos neither merely dis-order, the negation of order. The real time of an event is an empty period yet it is full of becoming. A void, yes, but also, paradoxically, a plenitude.

It is, dare we say, the instability which fills a stable full of straw.



Little by little, the statue looses its atoms in the
How can the stone statue still and stop the waters
of erosion?

—The attempt is futility itself.

He is convinced that stability comes by stopping
movement, by containing it.

He bolts the stable door so the horses won't bolt.
He battles to halt fluidity and the chaos of bolting horses.

To prolong his reign and gain solid stability, Mars
battles to halt fluidity and the chaos of bolting horses.
He bolts the stable door so the horses won't bolt.

Mars erects statues believing this will win for him a
stable being, a rock like being. A being founded upon
stone.

—Don't move!

the world will dissolve and disperse his being. Stay
secure immortality. He's petrified that the fluidity of

secure immortality. He's petrified that the fluidity of
the world will dissolve and disperse his being. Stay
secure immortality.

Mars believes that dissolution and disorder are the
end result of what flows. This he wants to stop, to
triumph over. He battles believing his victory will

of flows where nothing is of invincible solidity.
"Mars loathes fluidity. He will not accept the nature

After

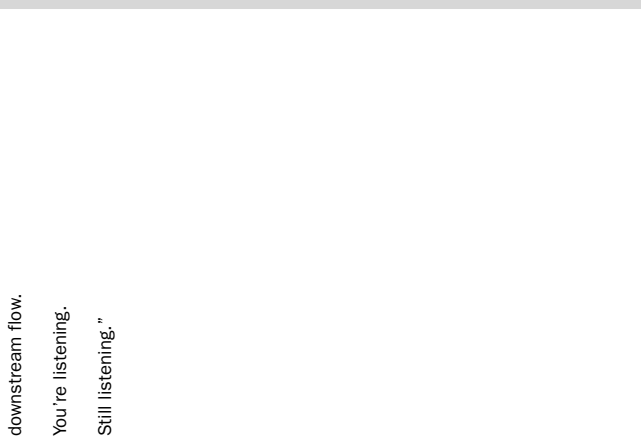
The house lights were turned on, the audience shuffled
and coughed —yes, the performance had ended.
What was about to happen before was now over, it
was no longer. Now it was afterwards and it could
be said that an event has just happened. 15 minutes,
beginning to end. Yes, it could be said that the art-
work which had just come about constituted an event
for it had a beginning and an end and, what is more,
it has happened in real time. It was the passing of
15 minutes which established that the art-work was
an event.

—Or was it?

The event of Still Moves most certainly could be
clocked in terms of chronological time where a present
moment successively moves along a line; however,
it could equally be said that the real time of the event
had nothing whatsoever to do with the passing of 15
minutes of chronological time. The real time of an
event is constituted by paradoxical time, and it is
this time which really makes an event.

—And what is this real time, this paradoxical time
which constitutes an event?

It is the time of 'becoming'. It is when a double-act
takes place between what has happened and what



"Still listening."

You're listening.

downstream flow.

"I'm listening. Still listening.

You say we're still so afraid of the fluids, the flows
and fluctuations, which saturate our world.

Still so foolish: meaning so full of fear.

And I ask, who stands as a figure for this foolishness,
this fear?

—Mars, god of war.

Mars, you believe that fluids and solids are opposites.

So foolish: meaning so full of fear.

A request comes for a foundation and its immediately
assumed I will build upon a solid ground. Not water.
No, not the wind. Rare is the thought that a foundation
can be laid upon what moves, what flows, what is
fluid.

I'm listening. The words flow. Some coming slow,
others fast and thick.

I turn.

I ask.

—What am I afraid of?"

Humpty Dumpty falls down. Never to be put back together again, makes the disorderly time where the world is inclined to turn anew."

"Sand and straw and water have mixed. An island of stability emerges and quickly Mars makes his stand. He exclaims: this island is mine!

Mars foolishly believes that the founding of this stable order is the result of his winning battle. He cuts an opposition between solid and fluid and then proclaims that the coming to stand of the statue is a monument to his victory.

—Death to disorder!

He kills in order to overcome death. He kills in order to win invincibility. He kills in order to gain immortality. Death to disorder.

As Mars seeks to destroy disorder he also negates the very processes, as irreversible as they may be, where en route something miraculous happens. Death by Mars negates the sudden swerve which makes the world turn and make its difference.

—You probably know this already.

The statue of Mars stands proud and proclaims victory over Venus; yet through the statue of stone there are words which quickly, and persistently flow:

—Yes, you could speak of a double-turn.

This statue and stone tells us that stability turns upon the instability and dissolution of the world.

On the contrary.

Venus is standing, yet this figure, this statue doesn't stand for the immutability and permanence of stone.

—Listen, with these words comes the beginning of statues.

Comes to stand.

—Two feet on the ground.

In a whirlpool atoms are inclining towards each other. Sand and straw are mixing with water and a pocket of stability is emerging which enables Venus to stand.

—This is not the end of the story.

Venus is rising; a single straw has been chosen. At last.

there is nothing in existence that does not have a porous existence.

—You probably know this already.

Time percolates through the statue. Declining, downstream the atoms go.

Time fills the statue with the fluctuations of flows. Yes, the statue becomes filled with instability.

—The instability which fills a stable full of straw.

as the end result of a broken down order.

asking me to start with chaos rather than seeing this at the very heart of the stable. Yes, I see you are

—It is like looking at a sea of fluctuations.

—It is like looking at the crazy flight of a darting wasp.

—I'm looking. The trajectory of my gaze goes in every which direction.

—I'm looking. Still looking to choose one blade from the jumble before me.

—I'm listening.

—I'm listening. You hope that one day we will abandon this negative label of disorder. You hope. Yes, the hope lies in the unpredictable choice of a single straw.

—Disorder?

—I'm listening. You hope that one day we will abandon this negative label of disorder. You hope. Yes, the hope lies in the unpredictable choice of a single straw.

You tell me that your hope lies in the unpredictable, the unexpected.

—Go on, then, choose one from the pile."

"A stable full of disorderly straw bids me look. The image beckons my attention.

I turn. And then I'm asked to turn again.

—Go on, then, choose one straw from the many before you.

—Which single straw would I like?

—Do I know?

How am I going to look for one straw in this pile of no interest?

You tell me that your hopes are invested in this act of a choosing a single straw. What can this choice possibly mean?

You tell me that you know no other image of hope than the straw which gleams alone in the pile of no interest. You tell me that this hope is rare. As rare as common straw.

How can I predict which straw will be chosen?

There is no guiding star which will lead me to the chosen one.