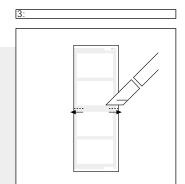
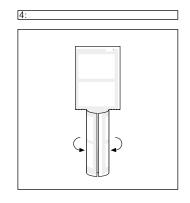


Construction





1: First, fold each sheet in half along the vertical axis.

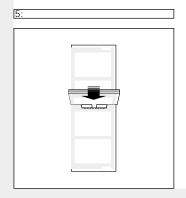
Using a craft knife or scalpel, cut a horizontal slot along the centre dotted line of the first sheet. (pages 1/2/9/10)

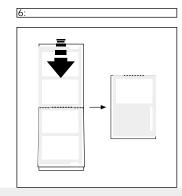
3: Then cut along the dotted lines on all the other sheets. Make sure to cut to the very edges of the paper.

4: Stack the folded sheets in ascending order with the even numbers at the top. Curl the bottom half of the second page (pages 3/4/15/16).

5: Thread the curled page through the centre slot of the first page. Repeat this process with the third (pages 5/6/13/14) and fourth 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.





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At last, you say.

inclines towards a new composition of the A sudden swerve. An unexpected turn which And then a whirlpool and the formation of a pocket where a process of coming together

And then a swirl.

collision ensues

And then turbulence

happens: one fluctuation swerves and a heart of the stable. And then, unexpectedly, it

that, it is said, will change the world."

fluctuation has just engendered an offshoot

-At last a single straw has been chosen. A

HOPLEY AND YVE LOMAX

I look at straw going this way, that way. I look at fluctuations. I look at instability at the very

"It's time to choose a single straw.

—Go on then!

REAL TIME

This is to be the performance of our 'image

"You are drawn toward an image of chaos. As you are turning, you hear that time is still and always chaos It accompanies our every step. It makes up the great oceans of time.

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 with the title Still Moves. This will be held for a period of 30 seconds during which we are to

We shall stand side by side and read from

and text' art-work:

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

either of us speak a word the video will start

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

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.

waiting for our cue to speak. Knowing full well that the time will seem interminable, we shall

stand as still as possible, as still as statues,

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

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

Before



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

-Which single straw would I like?

He is saying that you can always find a needle in a haystack if you have time and patience, as

You're listening

well as nostalgia for the lost needle.

-Do I know?"

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?

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

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

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. 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 as is chaos neither merely dis-order, the negation of order. The real time of an event is Greek etymologically sounds the gaping and yawning void. But the void is not nothingness an empty period yet it is full of becoming. void, yes, but also, paradoxically, a plenitude It is, dare we say, the instability which fills a stable full of straw.

8

REAL TIME
Vit Hopley & Yve Lomax

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Paul Farrington (www.tonne.org.uk) Nima Falatoori (www.NMoDesign.co.uk)

Noel Douglas

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yet come to paradoxically co-exist.

It is the time of 'becoming'. It is when a double-act takes place between what has happened and what 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 is also what makes an event 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 interminable. It becomes Aeonic. A time which event stretches and becomes indefinite,

3

t

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

–Do you know? ou wonder You turn. You ask

straw?

After

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 The house lights were turned on, the audience shuffled and coughed —yes, the performance was now over; it was no longer. Now it was had ended. What was about to happen before

-Or was it?

was the passing of 15 minutes which established that the art-work was an event.

event for it had a beginning and an end and

what is more, it has happened in real time. It

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 and it is this time which really makes an event an event is constituted by paradoxical time where a present moment successively moves be clocked in terms of chronological time The event of Still Moves most certainly could

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

—Mars, god of war.

opposites. Mars, you believe that fluids and solids are

So foolish; meaning so full of fear

what moves, what flows, what is fluid

slow, others fast and thick.

I'm listening. The words flow. Some coming

I turn.

"I'm listening. Still listening

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

Still so foolish; meaning so full of fear

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

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 A request comes for a foundation and its

lask

—What am I afraid of?"

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

How can the stone statue still and stop the

waters of erosion?

Little by little, the statue looses its atoms in

the downstream flow.

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

solidity.

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

You're listening. Still listening."

-Don't move!

his command.

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

founded upon stone

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

—The attempt is futility itself

containing it.

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

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

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

permanence of stone.

On the contrary.

words comes the

with these

—Listen,

beginning of statues.

—You probably know this already

the chosen one

There is no guiding star which will lead me to How can I predict which straw will be chosen?

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

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 Mars foolishly believes that the founding of this stable order is the result of his winning

—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

Death by Mars negates the sudden swerve which makes the world turn and make its

miraculous happens.

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

Venus is rising: a single straw has been

chosen. At last.

In a whirlpool atoms are inclining towards each other. Sand and straw are mixing with water

-This is not the end of the story.

and a pocket of stability is emerging which

enables Venus to stand.

—Two feet on the ground.

Comes to stand.

proclaims victory over Venus; yet through the statue of stone there are words which quickly, existence that does not have a porous and persistently flow: there is nothing in The statue of Mars stands proud and

—You probably know this already

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

—Which single straw would I like?

–Do I know?

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

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

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

the

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

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

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

act of a choosing a single straw. What can this

You tell me that your hopes are invested in 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

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

—The instability which fills a stable full

fes, I see you are asking me to start with chaos rather than seeing this as the end result

of a broken down order.

---Which single straw would you like?

—Do you know?"

You hope that one day we will abandon this negative label of disorder. You hope. Yes, the

-Disorder?

nope lies in the unpredictable choice of a

disorderly straw.

'In a stable full of straw oxen are lying peacefully. You could say they are quite stable. Yet, besides them, beneath them, lies

single straw.

'm listening

'm looking. Still looking to choose one blade

'm looking. The trajectory of my gaze goes in from the jumble before me.

—It is like looking at the crazy flight of darting wasp. every which direction.

-It is like looking at a sea of fluctuations.

I'm not seeing yet somehow I'm seeing. I see that you want me to look at unpredictability and instability at the very heart of the stable.