



Construction

- 1: First, fold each 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 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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—Or do you glimpse amid the declining order a swirl which heralds the birthing of a new turning of the world?"

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.

Turns to a sea of fluctuations. Turns to a world in motion. Turns to an image of turbulent waters.

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.

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.

Before

DIFFUSION

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.

REAL TIME

VIT
HOPLEY
AND
YVE
LOMAX

—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."



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"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?"

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 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 gaps 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 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.

—The attempt is futility itself.

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 containing it.

—Don't move!

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

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

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

How can the stone statue still and stop the waters of erosion?

Little by little, the statue looses its atoms in the downstream flow.

You're listening.

Still listening."

I ask.

—What am I afraid of?"

"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.

After

The house lights were tuned on, the audience shuffed 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 artwork 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 artwork 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?

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.

—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.

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

I'm listening.

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

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?

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.

—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.

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

—This is not the end of the story.

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: 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.

"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.