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Title	The reversibility of art, Lucretius, gravity and Semâ Bekirovic's How to stop falling
Authors	Allen, Graham
Publication date	2012-11-01
Original Citation	Allen, Graham (2012) 'The Reversibility of Art, Lucretius, Gravity and Semâ Bekirovic s How to stop falling'. Theoretical Studies in Literature and Art, 32 (6):67-73.
Type of publication	Article (peer-reviewed)
Link to publisher's version	http://202.120.85.33/Jweb_wyllyj/EN/abstract/abstract111.shtml#abstract_tab_content
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Download date	2026-11-01 16:20:39
Item downloaded from	https://hdl.handle.net/10468/1212



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The Reversibility of Art, Lucretius, Gravity and Semâ Bekirovic's *How to stop falling.*

Abstract: This paper reflects on art works recently displayed in an exhibition co-curated by the author and Matt Packer in the Lewis Glucksman Gallery, Cork, Ireland, in 2011. In particular it focuses on Semâ Bekirovic's **video art** work *How to Stop Falling*, in order to expand upon a theory of art's **reversibility**. The paper uses the work of the Roman philosopher Lucretius, along with Jacques Derrida's deconstructive encounter with Lucretius in his essay "Mes chances/My chances," to meditate on art's resistance to the entropic logic of the natural world. The paper also employs Lucretius alongside modern scientific understandings of the cosmos to reflect on Bekirovic's and others engagement with the very idea or in fact ideas of **gravity**. As part of this meditation on reversibility, the paper foregrounds issues concerning the relationship between nature, art and the idea of **chance**. Lucretius's atomistic philosophy, with its concept of the clinamen, emphasises chance in ways which Derrida has shown are particularly congruent with deconstruction, and with these contexts in mind this paper attempts to explore ways in which art seeks to frame the essential aleatory nature of reality.

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Keywords: literary and cultural theory; theories of intertextuality and influence; deconstruction; theories of the university and education; theories of adaptation in literary and visual cultural; Romantic literature; the Godwin- Shelley circle.

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Semâ Bekirovic is an artist who lives and works in Amsterdam. Her video work *How to stop falling* (2007) was exhibited in the latter part of 2011 in an exhibition in The Lewis Glucksman Gallery, situated within the campus of University College Cork. The exhibition

called *In Other Words: the place of text in recent art*, was curated by myself and Matt Packer, and involved a series of modern works, mostly contemporary, in which language (text, letters, signs) figured significantly.[1] The arrangement of these works of various media, all of which centred on a linguistic or textual or in one instance diacritical mark or set of marks, created largely unintentional intertextual and intratextual patterns and resonances, some of which I desctibe in what follows. Bekirovic's piece speaks directly to a set of issues concerning chance, art and falling, which I wish to explore in this essay. I want to suggest that it is also a work which can remind us of the influence on Western philosophy and art of the Roman Epicurean philosopher Lucretius.

Bekirovic's *How to stop falling* is not a difficult piece to describe. The words which spell out the title fall in syntagmatic sequence in front of a modern, glass windowed building, the camera moving to show us the briefest of glimpse of the G of FALLING hitting the ground. The letters twirl and twist, spiral and momentarily float. Some of them seem to be dancing with the building, bumping into and pushing away from it. They all seem to be trying to catch up with or even merge with their own shadow, which sometimes they momentarily do as they bump against the window. The G out speeds its shadow as it hits the ground. Some of them seem to be resistant to the drop, one O seems to be sneaking down the windows, another O seems to run down at an acute angle, another O seems for a moment to be flying like a frisbee before deciding to change direction. Some letters morph into others as they drop, so that the P becomes a b and also a d, and the W keeps turning into an M. The N breaks apart as it hits the building, part of it turning into what looks like another L. All the letters fall in a different way. All of them demonstrate the kinetic play between gravity, the air, and the shape and density of the material from which they are made. Each one of them forms what Lawrence Sterne, author of *Tristram Shandy*, would, if he could see this piece, no doubt call a parabola. *Tristram Shandy* is full of parabolas, curves, arcs, loops and even

squiggles which demonstrate every time that things in this world are always falling and never do so in a straight line.

Lawrence Sterne was partly interested in parabolas because he was influenced by Lucretius, and partly because he saw great flaws in the philosophy of John Locke, particularly Locke's famous tableau rasa theory of human identity and, equally, Locke's assertion that authentic philosophy must rid itself of all figurative and rhetorical language. For Locke, if philosophy is to be reasoned and reasonable it must straighten out its language, must rid itself of the curves and swerves of figurative language. In a sense Locke wishes to gain access to a language which has learnt how to stop falling, or at least has learnt to fall in a perfectly straight way. What is fascinating about Bekirovic's letters is how they swerve, how they avoid the straight line, even if her T seems to have other ideas as it careers straight downwards in a haste to hit the bottom. Locke would have liked that T the best, no doubt. But Lucretius would train us to see something different.

Even that T is not falling straight. Nothing in this universe falls straight, says Lucretius and Epicurus before him. But everything does fall or rather is made up of atoms that are falling. By falling both philosophers seem to mean falling downwards. That is, after all, how we use the word falling? Nothing ever falls upwards or sideways does it? We could make a digression worthy of Lawrence Sterne on those questions and consider them from a terrestrial and then from a cosmological perspective.

It might appear that Epicurus and Lucretius have a cosmological perspective still heavily shaped by the terrestrial. Or perhaps instead of terrestrial we should say gravitational.[2] Their cosmic universe might appear to be one in which gravity is all-pervasive, so that they are concerned with explaining how the universe is made up of falling atoms. Another long, perhaps unending digression might occur here in which we reverted to the

current revisions going on in the theories of Cold Dark Matter and Warm Dark Matter, CDM and WDM, along with how these revisions might come to affect any theory of Dark Energy and the Big Bang. The Large Hadron Collidor is just not finding the CDM the consensus would have anticipated it would find. Certainly, the question of gravity's place in the cosmos is, in profound senses, still as questionable as it was in the philosophy of Lucretius. So it is useful to remember, despite appearances, that the fall in Epicurus's and Lucretius's philosophy is, as Derrida states, "thinkable solely in the situation, the places, or space of finitude….".[3] That is to say atoms may always be falling, and in that falling also swerving and colliding. But they fall upwards and downwards only to those who are in specific situations. Epicurus says in his "Letter to Herodotus":

> One must not assert that the unlimited [or the infinite] has an up and a down in the sense of an [absolutely] highest and lowest point. We know, however, that what is over our heads from wherever we stand, or what is below any point which we think of will never appear to us as being at the same time and in the same respect both up and down. For it is impossible to conceive of this. Consequently, it is possible to grasp as one motion the one conceived of as indefinitely [extended] upwards and the one conceived of as indefinitely [extended] downwards, even if a thousand times over a thing moving from us towards the places over our heads should arrive at the feet of those above us or a thing moving from us downwards should arrive at the head of those below us.

I want to suggest that this paragraph by Epicurus about falling things is a key to a deep understanding of this digital art work called *How to stop falling*.

We say after Epicurus and Lucretius that atoms fall in a downwards movement. But we also know that downwards and upwards are relative terms. Downwards and upwards are, as words, both literal and figurative. Whatever shape we give to falling necessarily partakes of this duplex quality. It would appear that Locke's dream of transparent language will have to remain a dream. We will use the word downwards in this at least dual or double sense.

Atoms fall downwards for Epicurus and Lucretius, but if they just fell straight down then they would not collide and nothing would ever be created in the universe. The crucial

fact is, however, that atoms swerve as they fall. This swerve, or *clinamen* as Lucretius calls it, is what allows the material universe to take and have form. The *clinamen* is what is so beautifully and hypnotically demonstrated in Bekivoric's *How to stop falling*.[5] Lucretius explains:

> Now here is another thing I want you to understand.
> While atoms move by their own weight straight down
> Through the empty void, at quite uncertain times
> And uncertain places they swerve slightly from their course.
> You might call it no more than a mere change of motion.
> If this did not occur, then all of them
> Would fall like drops of rain down through the void.
> There would be no collisions, no impacts
> Of atoms upon atoms, so that nature
> Would never have created anything. (Lucretius, Melville, Bk.2. ll.216-23, p.42)

The *clinamen* is necessary, but it is also a product of chance: it occurs at "quite uncertain times/And uncertain places". Sometimes it might seem as if things could fall without swerving if ever so little, but, as Lucretius explains, this is an illusion, our eyes cannot always see the swerve (ll.242-50). But the swerve, the *clinamen*, must exist, because without it there would be no escape from fate. Lucretius writes:

> Again, if movement always is connected,
> New motions coming from old in order fixed,
> If atoms never swerve and make beginning
> Of motions that can break the bonds of fate,
> And foil the infinite chain of cause and effect,
> What is the origin of this free will
> Possessed by living creatures throughout the earth?

Whence comes, I say, this will-power wrested from the fates
Whereby we each proceed where pleasure leads,
Swerving our course at no fixed time or place
But where the bidding of our hearts directs?
For beyond doubt the power of will
Originates these things and gives them birth
And from the will movements flow through the limbs. (ll.251-63)

It would appear that our free will as human beings stems from the fact that atoms fall in chance swerves through the universe. Our free will depends, it seems, on the *clinamen*, which is a law of chance; a law of chance which defeats the total rule or law of fate. I would go so far as to suggest that chance is the swerve, the *clinamen*, that element of the universe and of human life so hated or feared by anyone who would bring a permanent system and order and method into being; anyone, that is, who would establish an unbending, unswerving law. Derrida writes that "The *clinamen* introduces the play of necessity and chance into what might anachronistically be called the determinism of the universe." (Derrida, p.351) What courage on the part of Lucretius and Epicurus before him to put the *clinamen*, chance, at the centre of their philosophy. They are in that sense, as Derrida knows, proto-deconstructionists, in that at the centre of their philosophy is the principle of non-principle, the fact of differánce. Atoms fall, but they fall differently; differently every time. And it is this difference that creates the universe of form and liberates us from a mechanical mode of cause and effect, or fate, which if it could would strip us of all our individuality and leave us the brute products of repetition. So that we might say that falling straight, or a straight downwards form of falling, might in this sense be associated with mechanical repetition, with repetition without a difference. A kind of perfect, or pure, or transparent communicative iterability dreamt of by Locke and many other logocentric philosophers. As if a word could fall from my or your

mouth and have the same meaning every single time without difference, without swerve, without the intervention of chance, without *clinamen*.

So with all this said, and all this brought to bear by way of introducing Semâ Bekirovic's *How to stop falling*, I come to the question I want to pose and to make some tentative remarks about. The question concerns the title. We noticed in the *In Other Words* exhibition, that many of the works do not simply play with physical forms of text within themselves but also have very punning or provocative or playful titles, many of which form part of any meaning the pieces might ultimately be thought to have. There was Kay Rosen's *TENT* and *Phantom Limb*, works which direct the eye in certain directions and manipulate our visual quest for meaning, and there was Michael Stumpf's *Massive Angry Sculpture* or *When We Slow Down*, kinetic pieces of suspended or propped sculpture which display and yet undermine their linguistic messages through something like an antimonumentalism. Along with these works, were works like Peter Downsbrough's *Apart* which presents the word "Apart" written in adhesive letters on the gallery wall and embodied in the broken and unbroken metal pipes supsended in front of that wall. Tim Etchell's *Will Be* first presents the statement "The future will be confusing" in jumbled indicipherable neon lettering, only for the syntagmatically legible version of the neon lettering to meet the viewer's eyes on turning the corner of the first floor of the gallery.[6] Cerith Wyn Evans's *So To Speak* presented illuminated quotation marks on a white wall, as if to demonstrate how much and how little meaning can be generated by diacritical marks.

Everything I have said so far has been intended to convey how provocative and potentially disturbing, philosophically disturbing, aesthetically disturbing, materially disturbing, Bekirovic's title might be. Why *How to stop falling*? Why would such a title be appropriate to such a video installation? In what conceivable sense can a series of syntagmatically ordered letters falling from a building manifest or embody or realise such a

title as *How to stop falling*? These are obvious questions. But there are others, such as the following: why on earth would we want to stop falling? And what kind of falling would we be stopping if we could stop falling? Is it our own falling that the title is referring to? or is it the falling of the letters? or is it falling in itself, the phenomenon of falling, say even the falling of the atoms which make up the universe, which is being contemplated here in this title? How could we ever stop falling out of space, out of the big bang? We have of course opened up many more questions about falling already, including what kind of falling we might be talking about, straight downwards or curved/swerved creative but also chance falling and ultimately what I have called cosmological falling. It would appear that it is not possible to *get falling straight*, so in that case how could we ever stop it?

Lots of the initial viewers of the piece, as we opened the exhibition last July, said that the piece made them think about 9.11 and in particular the falling of the so-called "jumpers" and the filmed and repeatedly reshown collapse of the twin towers. I found that response a little glib at first. As if, post-9.11, anything that falls should remind us of that event. As if that event had encompassed the entirety of the field we might call the field of falling. Terrible as that event was, you will already see that I think that the field of falling is larger, more universal. It is, in its Lucretian sense, everything, the condition of everything. But now I think I understand a little more that the comments about 9.11 were perhaps to do with a desire, provoked by the continuously repeated footage of that terrible event, to reverse it, to find a way to put the twin towers and the falling men and women back. A desire that would be, since we are being a little scientific, since we are letting art and science fall in together, just a little at least, to reverse the second law of thermodynamics, which says that everything in the universe moves towards greater levels of disorganisation. A desire, that is, to reverse the law of entropy which states that everything in the universe is breaking apart and falling away from itself. The second law of thermodynamics is, in fact, the universal physical law which

demonstrates that nothing can ever travel backwards in time, that time-travel, if we mean by that a reversal of the temporal order, is and always will be denied to us. Denied to us, that is, save in art. In art we can reverse time, as H. G. Wells well knew. In art we can create reversible structures and in the most simplistic of terms we can return to the beginning of the narrative or the sequence and we can start all over again. In film, whether analog or digital, we can perform the impossible and return the "jumpers" to their windows and even pluck the passenger planes out of the towers and put them back harmlessly into the clear blue September sky in the second year of the new millenium.

So is that what *How to stop falling* as a title and as a work is doing? Pointing out the difference between a material world in which things fall for one time only, and the realm of art in which reversal of the fall becomes possible? The difference between an atomic world in which things fall forward in time and the reversible world of art, in which if we go back to the beginning or wait until the loop comes round we can experience the fall again and again? English is not Semâ Bekirovic's first language, so there is always the chance that something has been lost or has been added in translation. Talking about this with Matt Packer, he suggested that Bekirovic might be meaning her title to be read in the interrogative. As a question, *How to stop falling?*, we would add a question mark, and in this way the title might be glossed in a very Lucretian way, such as *How could we ever stop falling?* or *How would it ever be possible to stop falling?*[7] But ultimately even if something like this trans-linguistic feedback is going on, the question still brings us back to the possibility that the answer might lie in art and in art's ability to produce a certain reversibility.

Bekirovic's piece presents gravity, the work of gravity, but in showing it it also frames it in a screen and on a loop, so that the effect is to give us a perspective that is at least partially liberated from the very force (gravity) which it presents. In this sense the piece stops (in the sense of frames and recontextualises, if not freezes) falling, understood in its

terrestrial, gravitational sense. The letters in Bekirovic's piece are not falling any longer. Or say they are falling only now in a spectral way. They are perhaps, if we can use Lucretian language, the *simulacra* or *eidola* which reach our eyes from an original falling. Lucretius argues, following Epicurus, that "there is always something streaming off/From the surface of things which they eject." (Lucretius, Melville, Bk. 4. ll.146-7, p.105.) The *simulacra* is an image created by atoms peeling off from the surface of things and eventually hitting our eyes and providing us with an image of the original thing. "[t]here/Exist," Lucretius says:

> … what we call images of things;
> Which as it were peeled off from the surfaces
> Of objects, fly this way and that through the air…. (ll.30-2)

The letters in Bekirovic's piece, save for the briefest of moments in one instance, never touch the ground. We see moments of their fall and that is all. As if the original fall, and the chance moments of clinamen which had taken them on their singular trajectories, had been captured by a simulacra machine. A machine which could store not things but their peeled off images or *eidola*, and could thereafter represent them in their moment of capture again and again without diminishment of energy, without atomic dissolution. Once captured as images we might expect that they be immune from the forces (gravity, the *clinamen*, chance) we have been discussing under the figure of falling. We might expect their life in the simulacra machine to be one free of any further transformation, alteration, collision. Like Keats's lovers ever about to kiss, we might anticipate that these letters be immortalised now in a digital counterpart to the Grecian Urn, and that that immortal freedom from the linear force of time is what allowed them their liberty from falling. We might expect this to be the case. And we might demonstrate it by sitting in front of that digital work of art watching the loop again and again deliver us the images of letters which are (not) falling.

But this is not how Lucretius's atomic universe operates, and the distinction between life and art needs further thought because of that. After all, for Lucretius the simulacra themselves are falling, and in that fall they bump into each other, collide and combine. He explains this using the image of the half-man, half-horse Centaur:

> For images of every kind fly everywhere;
> Some of their own accord form in the air,
> Some are thrown off from many different things,
> Others combine together from these shapes.
> For sure no image of a Centaur came from life
> Since no animal did ever exist.
> But when the images of man and horse
> Happen to meet, they easily adhere
> Immediately, as I said before,
> Because of their subtle nature and thin texture.
> All things of this kind are made in this way.
> And since being very light they are so mobile,
> As I showed before, any one of these fine images
> By a single touch can easily move the mind,
> For the mind is thin and marvellously mobile. (ll.735-47, pp.121-2)

The atomic universe of Lucretius is one in which images peel off constantly, forming new combinations to surprise and terrify us. It is not a world, in other words, in which things like life and art can be kept apart and distinct. The images peel off from the simulacra machine and cannot be kept safely housed within it. The Lucretian atomic world is in that sense a world without firm borders. It reminds me of the world of electronic communications we live in today, if only we could see all the digital codes and strings which constitute the billions of messages which are constantly passing through us, around us and very occasionally to us, or at least to our machines.

We seem to have two mutually incompatible approaches here, provoked by this piece of digital art entitled *How to stop falling*. The first approach might be said to be rather classical, in that it presents us with an image of art which distinguishes that realm from the temporal realm and presents it in terms of a kind of immortality or at least freedom from the linear temporal order. That the association between art and the dream of a liberation from time is classical is indisputable. This approach would perhaps argue that the digital work by Semâ Bekirovic manages to *stop* falling in the sense of halt it or bring it to a standstill. Immortalise it, if you will. On the other hand, we have a doggedly material approach which sees the world as a scene of constant atomic collision and cannot therefore substantiate divisions such as the classical one between life and art. The classical approach would appear to offer the answer of *art* to the question *How to/(can we ever) stop falling?* The latter approach, which we might call Epicurean or Lucretian, cannot allow for the cessation of falling, since it is falling (of atoms and images generated by their combination) which creates and is the universe. The opposition generates at least the insight that the classical ideal of art, in particular the inclusion of an artist or a work of art within the Canon, involves a liberation from falling. This is something very evident in a poet like P. B. Shelley, who was hugely influenced by Lucretius. One can hear the cognitive pressure of the word *fall*, for example, in the word *borne* here at the end of his great elegy on Keats, *Adonais*:

> The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven!
> I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
> Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
> The soul of Adonais, like a star,
> Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.[8]

This opposition, however, is a spurious one, and I certainly do not mean to promote it here. I think the heart of this issue I have now raised lies in a distinction we would need to make between something as classical as the notion of immortality or what Shelley calls “the

Eternal," let us call it *timelessness*, and, on the other hand, something I have called *reversibility*. These things are not identical, they are not even compatible, since reversibility in no way suggests a liberation from the *clinamen* and hence from *falling* in the sense of *chance* and temporality. The reversibility made possible in the realm of digital art, to take the art form immediately in question, creates a certain freedom from linearity, it is true. But it does not liberate the work from differánce, which we earlier understood as *repetition with a difference, repetition different every time*. In a very simple way, the work's viewers will respond to the piece in different and changing ways. This essay, for example, may generate a certain *clinamen* in the way the images of these falling letters reach each of its reader's own eyes and ears.

The reversibility in the work entitled *How to stop falling* is, it must also be said, created by a certain situatedness, by a framing and recording of a certain set of singular examples of falling, so that those examples become examples, which is to say elements within an iterable medium. I come back to the statement from Derrida's essay "My Chances/Mes chances," which is subtitled "A Rendezvous with Some Epicurean Stereophonies": "the sense of the fall in general …. is thinkable solely in the situation, the places, or space of finitude….." Derrida makes this comment in the context of developing an account of *stereotomy*, an isolating of "solid sequences," or to use the OED: "*Stereotomy* : The science or art of cutting, or making sections of, solids; that department of geometry which deals with sections of solid figures; the art of cutting stone or other solid bodies into measured forms as in masonry."

How to stop falling is a work which has cut out a solid sequence of falling, as it were. Cutting out solid sequences, *stereotomy,* is the equivalent of what we more normatively call *framing*, but seen from an atomic perspective perhaps. What it does is to open falling out to a multiple or at least duplex vision. Bekirovic's letters are falling, or were originally falling,

but by being framed the representation of that falling reminds us of falling's cosmological and temporal relativity. More specifically by framing falling the work stereotomically makes falling an object of observation, and thus an object of thought, and ultimately of philosophy through art. It opens up the unpresentable nature of falling, in ways I have been trying to capture, at the same moment as presenting a series of events of falling. By presenting us with a looped sequence of falling letters the work reminds us of the questionable nature of falling. It reminds us that we know less and more about falling than we normally allow. It reminds us that falling is a subject for philosophical meditation. And it reminds us we are always falling, ourselves, as atomic objects in the universe, in a number of distinct and irresolvable ways; certainly, always, in more than one way. In all these senses, I would propose a comma between the last two words of the title, indicating the fact that one can make falling the subject of contemplation at the same time as one remains completely subject to it. One can, that is to say *stop* (frame, think, consider, regard, represent and respond to) falling even as one continues to fall. The work, in that sense, teaches us *How to stop, falling*.

That is my swerve, my *clinamen*, and my chance in this context, that little comma between *stop* and *falling*. *How to stop, falling.* A kind of suspension created by art between contemplation and action, and between stasis and what Michael Stumpf, attending the launch of *In Other Words* and talking about his contributions, called *velocity*; a suspension which is evident in a number of the pieces which cut parallel and cross sections of this level of the gallery in this exhibition. In Michael Stumpf's *When we slow down* we can find the thought I have been attempting to build up of *stop, falling*. In the suspended tumble of its title there is a a certain *stopping, falling* achieved in this piece. The piece, apparently made of heavy materials hanging together by a single cord attached to the gallery ceiling, literally *stops* falling whilst reminding us of its and our perpetual state of falling? It is in that sense, along with Bekirovic's work, an example of framed velocity? Does not Kay Rosen's *Phantom*

Limb, a large black painted P and underneath and across a large black painted B suspend and yet irresistibly impel a syntagmatic falling out of invisible letters which could in different ways be captured by the idea of *stopping, falling*. Tim Etchell's *Will Be* arrests a temporal fall which at the same time cannot be arrested, and so in that very process generates a statement which is perfectly legible and yet in profound ways impossible to make? This notion of *stop, falling* might also very effectively be related to Peter Downsbrough's *Apart*?

Did Bekirovic intend any of what I have been describing and suggesting? I do not know, is the simple answer. You may have noticed I have not really been involved here in any attempt to critically second guess the intentions of an artist I have never met. I find the question of intention exactly the same as asking whether the different artists involved in this exhibition meant to generate the patterns and parallels and reflections which buzzed around between the different pieces displayed. I had not, for example, until I came back and stood for a while looking at Bekirovic's *How to stop falling* noticed the P turning into a b before remembering to turn round to look at Rosen's *Phantom Limb* work again, displayed as it is on the farside wall. I had not noticed the two pieces were talking to each other. The conversation between Rosen's *Phantom Limb* and Downsbrough's *Apart* came as a revelation to me halfway up the stairs at the launch of the exhibition. Downsbrough's complete pipe and incomplete pipe "speaking" loud and clear to Rosen's and now Bekirovic's works. I had not noticed until I came to write this piece that if one tried to make the title *How to stop falling* out of Etchell's *The future will be confusing*, one was left with only three letters which were missing. These three letters A, P, and T are the main body of Peter Downsbrough's *Apart*, we can supply the R from Etchell's piece. Should I persist? Should I go on in my efforts to register the shuttle between chance and necessity? The point is that when elements are placed within a solid context chance begins to shape up, and take on necessary forms. It is inevitable. It is stereotomical. It is what Derrida means in that sentence I have already cited

twice. Falling is given direction in specific contexts. Such contexts can make necessity out of chance. Writing, words, letters, visual marks magnify this phenomenon greatly. It is the phenomenon which makes art and which art exploits. This phenomenon is the *clinamen*, the chance swerve which creates space and form, and which the best art always exploits.

Notes

1. Artists featured were Semâ Bekirovic, Peter Downsbrough, Tim Etchells, Cerith Wyn Evamns, Erica Van Horn and Simon Cutts, Takahiko Iimura, Niamh McCann, Joseph Noonan-Ganley, Kay Rosen and Michael Stumpf. *In Other Words: the place of text in recent art* ran from 21 July to 30 October 2011, a brochure can be obtained from The Glucksman Gallery, University College Cork; this includes "Three Provocations" by the author.
2. See Ronald Melville's notes in Lucretius, *On the Nature of the Universe*, trans. Ronald Melville. Oxford and New York: Oxford University Press, 1997, p.226.
3. See Jacques Derrida, "My Chances/Mes chances," trans. Irene Harvey and Avital Ronell, in *Psyche: Inventions of the Other,* Vol. 1., Peggy Kamuf and Elizabeth Rottenberg, eds. Stanford, Cal.: Stanford University Press, 2007, p.352. This text is also available in *Taking Chances: Psychoanalysis, and Literature*, Joseph H. Smith and William Kerrigan, eds. Baltimore and London: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1984, pp.1-32.
4. *The Epicurus Reader: Selected Writings and Testimonia*, Brad Inwood and L. P. Gerson, trans. and eds. Indianapolis: Hackett Publishing Company, Inc., 1994, p.12.
5. See Lucretius, *On the Nature of Things*, W. H.D. Rouse and Martin F. Smith, trans. Cambridge, Mass. and London: Harvard University Press, 1992, p.112.

6. Etchells has more usually placed the scrambled neon text and the legible text on facing walls. The architectural contours of the Glucksman Gallery allowed us to accentuate the chronological play already existent within the work.
7. In correspondence with the artist, Bekirovic has recently said to me that her title can be read as an explanation or a question, depending on the viewpoint and interpretation of the viewer. She also suggested that the main thing was precisely to keep the sentence falling by putting the film of its fall on a loop.
8. P. B. Shelley, "Adonais" *Shelley's Poetry and Prose*, Donald H. Reiman and Sharon B. Powers, eds. New York and London: W.W. Norton and Co., 1977, p.406

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