

I began with the idea of a journey.

But a journey with no origin or destination. A journey that was a constant state of flux.

I began with stairs and lifts.

Always travelling on stairs and lifts. Never arriving on stairs and lifts.

I began with a middle.

I stopped travelling and started moving, gesturing. Sometimes large and energetic, sometimes small and precise.

Often I was joined by other identicals.

We had no beginning or end. We were middle only.

What was this middle on its own?

Surely a middle automatically suggests extremes. A middle must be bracketed by something.

But I was resisting brackets, parameters, edges. I can't have been presenting a middle but something else

a moment

repeating

I hadn't questioned why I was repeating. I knew I needed to repeat.

I thought of moments, of gestures, turning back on themselves, overlapping themselves.

I read that an organism's primary goal is to return to its original state. That it desires as little deviation from its route as possible as it waits to return to its original state.

I wondered if that might be the model I was presenting. Repetition to allow you to continue in the same way.

To continue

I started thinking about diagrams of time.

Arrows and circles. Straight lines and cycles.

I started to use the term continue instead of repeat.

I thought about a direction of time that extended into another dimension, beyond the straight line from left to right we usually understand.

I thought of continuousness as better than repetition. That continuousness offered freedom from the conventional ties of time.

That a system, represented by a gesture wasn't just falling back on itself. That it had its potential for change but bolstered by the reassurance that it will continue

that time continues

I thought about what I was trying to do with this moment, where to place this moment. This reassurance of the same continuing unchanged, did it offer comfort? Or was it boring? Or was it terrifying?

Nothing changing. Is this what I wanted?

I realised this wasn't what I was trying to do. I was trying to freeze a moment. To hold on to it. To control time.

I had come to the end of my enquiry and I had been defeated.

I could not control time. I was not controlling time. I'd made inert inertia, bound momentum.

I wasn't sure where to go from here until I found a scrap of paper with a quote by Georges Perec

- Remember that a morning is a land measure that corresponds to the surface a farm worker is able to plough in one morning –

I was fascinated by this totally circular, tautological argument.

Work, space and time collapsed into one.

(Katharine Fry 2009)