

You are currently in a holding space. Stand with your back against the white sign, which thanks all those who came here before. Notice the six potential pathways before you, the staircase ascending to your left, in front of you, and to your right, the half hidden pathway that disappears and wraps tightly to the grey bricks... The short corridor directly to your right, leading to the closed door. The terrain is filled with the personal stories of those who make it home in this moment. This is where you begin.

Walk towards the white double doors in front of you, and enter the space beyond.

Walk towards the middle of the room and stop. And look back at where you came from.

Watching over, gathering, passing. I hold the corners of the space with my fingertips, but this is not the time for heroism.

I am adrift.

Walk to the right and there is a wooden desk. Your eyes glide up the wall and you see two pictures, two horses in the picture. Your eyes glide over to the next wall and you see still life, a candlestick, two armchairs, one tartan. Rocking.

Above you there are three rows of spotlights casting soft yellow light over the chairs. You thought you remembered less of them, but memory can be deceiving. Between the two chairs is a tiny wooden table, an old fashioned school desk.

Pick a path for yourself and wander through the space.

At the point the light disappears across the road, a woman will jog past you.

I want to go. I wanted to go. I didn't want. I. Go. You cannot stay here. All that is built up is gone. They aren't there anymore. You wanted to go. You left.

These stones tell a story. Each grain of sand or air bubble in concrete is thick with history. What lies as the remains of an act goes unnoticed by the heavy stream of those yet to come. The past oozes sickly from within but we are oblivious, preferring to protect our own experience, projecting our ignorance into each step.

Forever planted in the unrooting of something that is familiar
Again and again unravelled, only
To attach again to a new sticking place
Written
And unwritten
Unstable, Shifting the boundaries
Catching at the edges of foundations.

Scraps at the edges of your attention
Are encoded within, without
You noticing
A landscape built and rebuilt
Piling one to the other

Each place is a location for change.

Turn around. We've been here before. You alone. And together.

Walk 10 paces to the left and two men in high vis will appear. Smile at them as you watch your step against the surface, rumbled from within.

They are everywhere. Not wanting to be far away and forgotten, they scatter to places only heard about in half forgotten tales. Gather and disperse and magnetise to each other. You cannot be alone because they will find you. The dry and the wet and the salty and the flat binds them. Then in an instant they are gone.

This place reminds you of somewhere.

On the floor there is a bedside lamp. Walk towards it and flick the switch

We could be anywhere. Dusty horizons stretch out into a blazing distant inferno. It's just you and me and sands tumbling across the road, carrying us on and on and into the distance. Your feet dangle out the window, hurtling along and into the holidays. For one blissful moment we see on our own, in our own reality, at one with the dusty skies and the red earth, you ask me how much money I would sell me child's name for, and the limits of possibility are endless. Though I sit thousands of kilometres away in the misty grey I can see your hair glinting against the windscreen. And again we are back in the sunshine, driving into the distance.

Can you see me? Now. Can you see me? Now.

Scan the room, something catches your attention. Follow where it leads you.

Your eyes glide over to the left there is a window out to the back, it is covered in a white doily-esque blind. One of the spotlights is hissing. There are two doorways, one large and one small. Where do the doorways lead? You think you walked through one of them, or maybe you saw someone walk through it, but you are no longer sure. What was lies through the other doorway? You notice one of the chairs is still rocking slightly, as you walk in a circle around it.

There is a black seating waiting for you. Go ahead, take a seat and make yourself comfortable

Slipping between past and present it is necessary to occasionally stop and take stock of where we are in order to understand what has come before. I will ask you to press pause once on your guide and take off your headphones for a moment, to just be, quietly notating for yourself the unfolding landscape. You will be instructed when to continue I will leave you for a moment.

You notice the people around you, the centre of their own universe. But only you know where you are right now, and why you came here.

You may have received an envelope from a passing stranger. Open it if you have not already done so. The words seem strange, yet familiar as if details from a half remembered past are suddenly with you in the present. Hold on to the envelope for the time being.

Stand up in order to continue.

You are. I am. You are. You are. At once both here and in a place far away. In a limbo, oscillating between absence and presence.

Steel rolling across the tracks,
the sound of metal on metal, blurred with an imposed soundscape
imagination painting in the gaps between the synapses

in that moment, you are suspended, one foot in the crystalline, the other from the burrowed loops of seconds

a turn of phrase borrowed from the corridor compositions of a disused office block
landscapes rush by, the definition of stones faded at the edges
merging together with foreign waters
a geography unmade, undefined, unrecognisable

No fixed address.

Look up and examine the way infinity is filtered through the cracked skylights. Expanding the present seems to stretch up into the sky.

I seem to have lost my way. Winding and twisting away from the main path I've been transported to a labyrinth of grey and stone. One building like another I turn left and right, hoping to be reprieved by a familiar colour. But no one comes to this place. The leaves lay forgotten on the ground, undisturbed from where they arrived. The few I pass look at me sideways. Why are you here? This is not a place for outsiders. The grey mists hang heavy over forgotten plans, and I wander alone.

They are paths leading to everywhere and nowhere. No arrival, no departure, merely an endless labyrinth, folding and unfolding.

The soft rising and falling of breath
calling your body back to refind
the place where roots once clung to particles of the earth
as if they were gold
Eyes closed weave between the spaces
Trying to catch the memory as it slips away

Pin reality back to the corners and exit the backstreets.

Find a place to sit down on the grey floor.

It is cold and hard, flecked with black marks from the people who pass through, and around. And between.

In order to navigate, it is essential to first be lost.

Allow me the liberty of spreading myself out like batter across your flat dusty earth. Let me hug you through the floor from a wet, cold, muddy ground halfway around the other side and upside down. Or right side up. Let me feel the heat prickling through my skin, rather than the cold cutting winds.

I love you a little more the further away I go.

Find a way that is comfortable to stare up above you, past the half concealed skylights and into the distance.

Be still and listen.

The dull roar of an ocean as wide and deep as your imagination crashes into the shoreline. The salt clings to your pores and bores surrender to the wash. The sands shift under your feet and hollow out around you. Down. And down. Answer me. Tell me your history through song, that deep throaty watery voice and remind me of what it was like to feel the sun. As the muddy river runs fast out into the ocean, carry me on your tides and into a white, empty bay.

This place leaks. Little drops of outside wiggle their way in, and remind you that nothing is ever impenetrable.

But this is not my land. I have removed myself from the safety of all I identify with. That cosy blanket of familiarity and am thrust into a place that is not mine. They speak the same language apparently, but it is not a language I remember. I grasp at elusive threads of stolen conversations, at home and adrift. The past is sticky. It clings to your organs, wrapping them in its false comfort.

Give yourself a moment before allowing this space to return to your consciousness.

I chose to come here.

Watching over, gathering, passing. I hold the corners of the space with my fingertips.

Stand up, in order to continue.

In 200m you will feel disappointed that the answer you were looking for is not where you left it. The sun is behind you and your shoulders are getting burned. In 10 steps you will cross the road. The hill flattens out and a car honks. In the place where the city stretches out in front of you, you will recognise something. Or someone. Pretend not to notice and rejoice in having the upper hand. How many times have you done this? Walk this way in the hope that you can show you don't care.

Why are you here again?

If you still have the words from the envelope, there is some blutack beside the large map. Stick the words next to a place on the map.

The idea drifts further and further away
unplanting
becomes a continual process

one by one
articles are collected and discarded
a jumble of objects, each with a purpose
not yet defined
carry it as if it was the last paper on earth

If you are to continue you must chose a place you haven't been yet

*walk
without knowing the direction
joining unrelated points
as if they were meant to be together*

It is strange to be upside down here. Look just as hard as if there was nothing, you still need to make sense of it. Unfamiliarity will protect you from the cold.

Quiet contemplation hangs in the air, still and settled. and yet just beyond your grasp, the insistent drone of a thousand metal bodies rush past, the low grumble of a monster, eating up the tar, the oil stained tracks. How precariously balanced we are. One foot in solitude, the other just a part of the many. Just one story, one moment making up a thousand untold.

Can you see me? Now. Can you see me? Now.

The jostling jars against the sandy soul.

Along a white wall and up some stairs there is a wooden doorway.

We've been here before.

As your mind travels back, remembering where you have been, I will ask you to press pause on your guide and take off your headphones as you retrace your pathway through this space. Paying attention to each step that came before, as you move both forwards and into the past. When you have reached the top of the stairs down into the space, you can press play again to continue. I will leave you for a moment with your thoughts. Continue when you are ready.

They are paths leading to everywhere and nowhere. No arrival, no departure- merely an endless labyrinth, folding and unfolding. In each you can study the stones laid carefully over the years, their speckled cracked weightiness carries an authority. There is certainty in the spatial anchorage of the present. But to study each detail and take it with you is to fill your mind with a slippery beast. Untamed and elusive, nothing is settled. And that thing you could almost grasp vanishes.

Open the double doors back into the holding space and walk towards the exit on your right.

But you carry it anyway, and things fall in and out, and the stones turn to sand until you can no longer see each one, you can only see the shifting tides.

Open the fire door, and exit the building.

In the end, this is all I know. Here and now are no longer bounded, and you are everywhere. And nowhere.