

## CORNER TO CORNER

Degree show 2019, University for the Creative Arts

Simply by being alive we are engaged in the activity of cycles. We exist on a planet rotating without end, ceaselessly spinning around a sun; we live and we die, breathe in and breathe out, wake up each day and go to sleep each night, moving in accordance with the endless and the infinite.

This can become an unsettling thought, but one that does not come naturally to us; like the sudden reminder of your necessity to breathe or the moment you become so aware of your legs moving that you almost lose the ability to walk normally. These endlessly repeated cycles in which we are hopelessly stuck go mostly over our heads – probably to our benefit. To be aware of our positions in these cycles is to be aware of how utterly repetitive we actually are; and what a distraction it would be to become conscious of one's hopeless dependence on the constancy of these cycles. What if we worried that the sun would not rise after it has set? What if we had to think about each intake of breath after every exhalation?

We are locked in a constant dependence on cycles, but also the necessity to not be aware of them, and it becomes apparent that if we think too much about them we suddenly lose control. The purpose of this context is necessarily contradictory then. It is not only to shine a light on the cycles of our own existences as we move from phase to phase, drawing life from breath to breath, but also to highlight the importance of allowing ourselves to *not think* as we go. And as we allow ourselves to not think, gradually our legs move once again and we regain the ability to walk normally, striding forth with the confidence in our own feet. We must allow ourselves to know without thought – to know it is safe to breathe out in the faith that we will just as easily breathe back in.

And then this becomes more of a comfort than a trouble, and a valuable thought as we collectively come to the end of our degree and come face to face with the other side of it. To know that we have not reached an end, only the start of another phase of the cycle – another spin around the sun, another step in the sequence of persistent walking. To know that we are riding this tide *together*, helplessly – yet happily – as waves on the sea. Passing from space to space – turning one corner to another corner in the endlessness of infinite corners. And because no one corner is greater than any other, since the way is not linear but cyclical, we now find ourselves standing on the precipice of both the infinite and the fleeting, gazing from void to void and crossing the bridge between them, turning from corner to corner, together, between the immeasurable spaces of our lives.

Benja