

Intermission

IN MY WORK I HAVE pushed against the weight of clock time, of calendar time, of linear unravellings. Time may be what stops everything happening at once, but time's domain is the outer world. In our inner world, we can experience events that happened to us in time as happening simultaneously. Our non-linear self is uninterested in 'when', much more interested in 'wherefore'.

I am more than halfway through my biological life and about halfway through my creative life. I measure time as we all do, and partly by the fading body, but in order to challenge linear time, I try and live in total time. I recognise that life has an inside as well as an outside and that events separated by years lie side by side imaginatively and emotionally.

Creative work bridges time because the energy of art is not time-bound. If it were we should have no interest in the art of the past, except as history or documentary. But our interest in art is our interest in ourselves both now and always. Here and forever. There is a sense of the human spirit as always existing. This makes our own death bearable. Life + art is a boisterous communion/communication with the dead. It is a boxing match with time.

I like the line in T. S. Eliot's *Four Quartets* – '*that which is only living/Can only die*'. That's time's arrow,

