

MÆLSTROM

explores the milling, the grinding down of the stream of (sub)consciousness through the physical activity of cycling. Aired, mixed and stirred with fresh impressions in the pursuit of finding openings to new mental paths.

As cognitive psychologist Steven Pinker in an 2007 article for TIME magazine writes: *the science of consciousness is that the intuitive feeling we have that there's an executive "I" that sits in a control room of our brain, scanning the screens of the senses and pushing the buttons of the muscles, is an illusion. Consciousness turns out to consist of a maelstrom of events distributed across the brain. These events compete for attention, and as one process outshouts the others, the brain rationalises the outcome after the fact and concocts the impression that a single self was in charge all along.*

Cycling through the forest as our legs push round and round and round the pedals. Sometimes spinning light, sometimes heavy churning through thick mud or deep loose sand during those warm and dry summer weeks. Meanwhile like the chainwheel the mind is grinding, milling streams of thought. *-breeding Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing memory and desire, stirring dull roots with spring rain-**

Pushing on following the bends and curves of the road, turning into lanes then paths. Climbing then descending, flowing ever forwards with no particular destination. Sweating in the heat with the breeze cooling you down. Through the wind and rain, dripping with fogged up glasses, eyes focused on the road ahead sometimes only just ahead fixed on the front wheel of your bicycle avoiding rocks and tree roots. *-you focus your mind-. The tyres tirelessly spinning cutting your path throwing up a spray of water, and pebbles and mud and thoughts. -Your mind drifts- you sink away until your attention pulls you back up again.*



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