

CURIOUS – *the moment I saw you I knew I could love you*

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Thursday, 18 March 2010

I was watching a projection of a woman adrift at sea, floating on a bed of her own breath, when I started to think of the crossing of water as a kind of surrender – the fluidity in between bodies, bodies of land, an unknown and shifting expanse where we can be immersed and transformed.

To be cast adrift is to be in excess, like the excessive love of the narrator in one of the many video projections in ***the moment I saw you I knew I could love you***, where love is professed through the skin, written on, and into the bones of a lover.

the moment I saw you I knew I could love you is about excess, and it is about connection in that excess. We watched a man dance with his partner on a shingle beach – she leads – and later he enters, dancing a solo, embracing the memory of his lover and the decades of breath that have passed between them. He dances around us, lit by torchlight, shoes scuffing the floor and suddenly we have passed through - no longer at the bottom of the ocean, we are on the moon – and we are losing contact. Radio waves journey through a sea of interference and ghosts of the past. I remember the beautiful deep lines of their faces and how they looked to the horizon.

I want to be lost in memory music like the man who dances around our lifeboats. I want my immersion in this experience to be sustained. I want to be off dry land so my lifeboat can lift on a swell of self recognition, but ***the moment I saw you I knew I could love you*** only occasionally seduces me through it's patchwork of half-remembered truths. The gut feelings and lover's breath that guide us through childhood and a sense of bravado gone wrong; to freeze in a moment of connection with a stranger; to the dance with a familiar lover or a new friend; are built on a sea of memories that I access only episodically, and the invitation to sink or swim is not well served by the dry ocean floor that we are encouraged to dance on.