

And it would start “I try to run often...” and we would see a character (the “Artist”) running, in slow motion towards us (the “audience”) and slowly he would slip further and further into the distance, until all we could see of him was a small impression of a person in the distance and the film would continue,

“I try to run often and in that running i think of writing about the act of running, I think of writing a novel about the act, about the striving nature of the runner and the connection between this same sort of striving in the act of trying to write a successful story and the story would continue, ‘I try to write often and write about the running...’ but this would be far from the truth.

The truth being I do neither, writing or running, often enough and so this must be about striving for something else entirely...” And the film would show you the “Artist” running in place on a treadmill. The treadmill is in a room with white walls with nothing on them and there is very precise and well planned lighting spotlighting the Artist running in place in what appears to be a gallery opening. The film would then show you the faces of the people attending the gallery opening, some slowly sipping on plastic cups of wine, some leaning over and talking in low voices into the ear of others around them, a young woman shifting her between viewing the artist and her cell phone, others laugh shyly and take photos on their cell phones. The film would then cut closer to show a book on the stand of the treadmill and once the Artist’s hand darts bouncingly into the frame and with some difficulty turns the page of the novel we can see the header of each page labeled *Great Expectations* and the film would then cut to a wider shot of the Artist’s face, straining with sweat and the shot would zoom out till we are able to see a video camera, aimed at the Artist situated on a tripod and the text on the wall for the gallery opening entitled “Runnin’ Down A Dream”...

And it would continue, “I try to run often and in that running realize that the act of running is striving towards an end point and along the way I try to think over writing a short story, maybe a novel, about running. I think over moments of success in an imaginary future; I think, ‘What will your friends think? What will your friends think when you are a published author? What will they think when you have completed a successful work? Will it be something that matters? Will you feel some sense of completion?’ I think over all the songs that involve running, that embody the sense of eagerly running, [‘Running Up That Hill’, ‘Born To Run’, ‘Against The Wind’, Long Distance Runner’, ect...]

And the meanwhile the film would resume upon that same first image (fig.1), of the Artist running towards the camera, only this time the Artist would not recede into the background, we would stay with him, following closely in front of him as he ran. And as the angle of the camera would switch to be riding right along side of the Artist we would notice the setting around him slowly shift; from a suburban neighborhood full of green lawns and large drive ways, across a trafficked road and onto a smaller side street, lined with palm trees, blue sky peaking into the top of the frame here and there with the occasional seagull passing through the frame, letting us know we are getting closer to the ocean.

And it would continue, “I try to run often and in that running realize that the act of

running is striving towards a point, but never a point of completion. You always return to where you began. You may as well run in place, you move out of the expectation that there is something to strive towards.” And the film would show you the Artist running down a long road, a road that leads towards the ocean and as the Artist slowed down and made his way down onto the beach the film would continue;

“But you know that it is not only about the act of striving towards something but the act of leaving something behind, some proof of your efforts, some proof for others to examine and congratulate. You know it is about trying to leave behind something that communicates to others successfully. To make a successful work. To make a successful piece for others. But you know it is only in the act of trying, of striving, that you feel you are reaching towards success. You can only try often.

And so the only way to start the story would be, ‘I try to run often...’”

And the film would show you three final images:

The Artists view of the ocean and the horizon, the film would rest on this image momentarily, focusing on the horizon line until it becomes the meeting point between a desk and the wall in a white room and lastly we see the Artist seated at the desk, wondering where to begin