

## **Adrift**

### Artists' Statement

From the moment we are born we are adrift. Unmoored with the cut of our umbilical cord, mysterious currents carry us ever further out to sea, always onward into deeper water. Land is an illusion of permanence that appears and disappears on the horizon. To dispel the loneliness we make alliances. We drift in groups, family units or small collectives of interdependency and share limited space and resources. We find comfort in the contrived complexities of interaction with the others. The noise and drama is like a warm coat in the cold.

But sooner or later something always breaches the surface to rock the boat and startle the drifters into the moment. A whale or a giant squid or the slicing line of a shark fin are like a slap in the face. Conversations stop mid-sentence and everyone holds their breath but soon enough things return to normal and all can be forgotten. Maybe for years nothing breaches the surface. Still, if one peers hard enough over the gunnel into to the depths the dark amorphous thing that has always accompanied them will there undulating back and forth slower than breath.