

EYES ONLY FOR EACH OTHER

In my personal imagination of these artworks, the making of the human condition is our sense of purpose and survival. This results in a constant and intentional conflict between our collective selves and our natural environment. Busily on the move, bodies are flying to and fro, fighting for existence, creating relationships, destroying competition, and contemplating the next step of avoiding mortality. These people are young, strong and beautiful in their own right, invariably rushing to a successful goal, an end result of dominance, winners at all costs, but inevitably the people in the painting don't know where they are going or why. They are unconscious of being observed inside the vortex of a womb, floating in an orbital firmament, in a world with no bottom, no upper limit, no root, and no permanent place. Around and around, the floating, flying, contemplative bodies zoom seemly disengaged with one another, showing off their power and the beauty of themselves with a disconnect with where they are and how they affect the world they are in. This is the moral compass we all face daily; to live or die at the hands of others' actions and choices and our personal misguided attempt to control our destiny, to live forever in an unforgiving universe.

Tay Dall