

## Worlds meet at Quarantine Beach: Patricia Griffen

I was back home in Fiji on a soft, calm, white sand beach on a small castaway island, but I wasn't. I was in Manly, my Australian home for many years.

Two months ago, the sensation overtook me like a breaking wave when I found myself sitting alone on Quarantine Beach near the Q Station wharf at Sydney's North Head. I had come here with a group of artists - or would-be artists like me - yet I felt in a slightly dispirited mood and wandered away to the beach below.

It was the unusual, perfect quiet there that opened up to the scene before me. Perhaps the preceding period of capturing the artist's viewpoint precipitated this unique moment, of being taken back in time to a short, stolen holiday in Fiji many years ago. It was spent largely in a hammock reading *A Suitable Boy* (by Vikram Seth) while the tides went out and came in, tirelessly complying with the rhythm of their internal system of lunar devotion.

Now, the clear, pure, limpid waters before me, the far shores and subtle greens covering the land opposite stilled my spirit in the same way that I would never have thought could occur in forever busy Manly.