

## EXTRACT: LIZ RIDEAL

It must be of somewhere near Rome. A painting condenses the delight, amazement at the great aqueducts spanning the land effortlessly. They mark the terrain, like giant, incised lines in a drawing - carving it up, puncturing it and insisting on a confrontation, looping us into the flow of history and place. The scudding indigo clouds are static and in flux at the same time - pastel colours dodging the blues. The land and sky are roughly equal in measure and appear to go on forever. The clouds pivot around the tower, bang in the centre. It is like being there on a hot day, walking across the land following the aqueducts, merging her path with their own, feeling the weight of the stone and the breadth of the land so that despite the foolscap scale of the work she could sense the looming hills on the right-hand side, curtailing the view in solid violet and opposite them the lighter grey blue mountain range that throws the salmon pink stone into relief. The nature of the paintwork changes across the surface of ridged paper in relation to what is described, so that the wide-open spaces broaden with the slide of a wet brush, liquid with paint. The bushy trees in the middle left are a nudging chorus of dabbed greens and beige, complicit in their relationship and scale. The other patch of greenery, taller and slightly higher, the brush marks closer, the colour denser. Chemical viridian lying alongside traditional umbers and sienna from underfoot. The trees throw that dark shadow down onto the foreground, like a gauntlet, which causes her to consider the distance between the foreground and the tower. She realised that the painting is full of measurements and balances, calibrated to calm the spirit. The percolating skies, morphing, changing, negotiating with the earth. Polonius trying to agree with Hamlet and seeing a camel in the heavens.