

## EXTRACT: JANE BUSTIN

Directly opposite the saloon doors, the painting inside the room is formed of two parts. The left panel is a small dark rectangle. Headsized and saturated with an almost black, matt oil paint. It looks like linen on wood. The natural taupe of the linen is seen at the sides. At the very edge, there is a redness, as if the image has been burned, charred and become black, almost. On the left side, the redness stains the linen, a reminder of a formed life, holding to an edge. On the right side, there is a drop of pale silver grey, a drop of something scant, missed, lost. To the right of the dark panel is a larger rectangle. The surface is smooth gesso on aluminium. It invites a certain kind of touch. The oil paint is thin: pale tones of ashen pink covering an underlying redness. The heat of a flushed cheek. The redness spreads itself behind the panel reflecting its warmth onto the whiteness of the wall. There is a blood red residue settling in the bottom corner. At the top of the painting is a wash of pale blue grey. A cold breath passing across a cheek.