

EXTRACT: HILARY WHITE

The room or gallery within appears hexagonal, at the end of a narrow, roughly wood panelled corridor, curving inwards towards the centre. In the space, the walls are of the same, simple post-war hessian and there is only one image, rectangular, left of the centre wall. It doesn't feel abandoned; more like it simply got used to living alone. It is as though it has always been there. She draws closer. In fact, it is a series of images, contained within separate panels. The late afternoon light comes in through squat, also rectangular windows, high at the top of each wall.

The first panel is pale yellow. The imagery is of a theme, in varying levels of intensity: the drama of nature, somehow contained. The beige walls wash out the already muted colours. She has an unusual feeling of being thrown back into herself. She totters for a moment, as though she is being pulled forwards. She moves away from the wall, adopts a different perspective, returns, looks closer. The still frames remain stationery. It is as though she, as the observer, is dashed about the cliffs and the waves contained within.

Entering another frame, the next panel: rose-hued, a kind of dream-state. She has seen the image before, but she is not sure where. Her shadow, now, has entered the frame also. Something vertiginous, receding, infinitely into the distance. She imagines an object placed within and then dropping down, and down, and down. The resulting ripples would be lost in the agitated surface, almost invisible. The central panel confuses things, makes it unclear whether she is looking at a sequence or a radial arrangement around a central point. Everything seems to approach a peak of activity, is angled subtly towards it yet at the centre there is a certain stillness: the eye of a storm.

Birds appear, in groups, around the edges. A sharp railing cuts across the foreground, striking in its linearity. She would prefer not to answer. But nobody has asked a question. Chaos of textures held in collusion. Those waves continue to

dance around the cliff edge. Her mind encircles the drain, a gutter, like the centre of all things.