

Jane Liang





Untitled 2020 oil on canvas 71" x 102"





Girls on the street 2 oil on canvas 2020 48" x 59"





Untitled oil on canvas 2020 40" x 70"





Untitled oil on canvas 2020 71" x 83"





Untitled Oil on canvas 2021 63" x 75"





Untitled oil on canvas 2020 75" x 97"





Untitled oil on canvas 2020 55" x 70"





Untitled 60" x 67" 2021 Oil on canvas



I do not write the way I speak. I do not speak the way I think. Do I paint the way I move?

I put my own life into a certain shape, remove all coverings little by little, until I am naked in front of you. The strangers in the paintings are my friends; the people I know best. The background is often empty and the figures blurred, like the person who cannot distinguish between reality and dreams. As for those darker colors, it's the endless fear and hesitation, the impetuousness and jealousy under the brushstrokes. I hope they will find some peace in the end. The monotony of life leaves my paintings without too many colors. The kind of obscurity and indistinct look into the truth that I have deliberately considered.

Blue is my expectation; red is drifting. The stars twinkle at night. If they cannot be seen, they might be covered by dark clouds.