

Anthony Green

Né en 1973 à Welwyn Garden City/UK.
Vit et travaille dans le Kent/UK.
Born in 1973 in Welwyn Garden City/UK.
Lives and works in Kent/UK.

Expositions personnelles Solo Shows

2022

- Lifestyle, Art : Concept, Paris/FR

2012

- Again, How Can We Carry On?, Zabludowicz Collection Invites, London/UK

2011

- How Can We Carry On?, Outpost Gallery, Norwich/UK

2009

- A Report, Limoncello Gallery, London/UK

Expositions collectives Group shows

2022

- Call Me, Curated By Francesca Gavin, Galerie PCP, Paris/FR
- Exercises In Style, Curated By Novel, A Plus A Gallery, Venice/IT

2015

- Bottom Natures, Curated by Matthew McQuillan, Cafe Gallery Projects, London/UK
- Behold Continues to Retreat, Curated by Mark Titchner, Bethlem Gallery, London/UK

2012

- Soundworks, The Institute of Contemporary Arts, London/UK
- Young British Art II, Curated By Ryan Gander and Christina von Rotenhan, dienstgebaeude, Zurich/CH

2011

- Young British Art, Curated By Ryan Gander, Limoncello, London/UK
- Peeping Tom, Curated by Keith Coventry, Kunsthall KaDe (Amersfoort)/NL

2010

- Point Of Address, Curated by Peter Suchin Outpost Gallery, Norwich/UK
- The Library of Babel / In and Out of Place 176
Zabludowicz Collection, London Peeping Tom, Curated by Keith Coventry, Vegas Gallery, London/UK

2009

- One Dimensional Man, with Edwin Burdis and Barry McGregor Johnston, Curated by Matthew Williams. International Project Space, Bournville/UK

Anthony Green

Revue de presse
Press review

Anthony Green - The Landscape, The House, The Face: A Report

Artvehicle 46/Review

19th November 2009 — 19th December 2009

For his first solo show in London, Anthony Green's work extends and clings to the walls of Limoncello like the rhizomatic tendrils of some Deleuzean trifid. In fact, though never named, Deleuze is alluded to so conspicuously in the press release – peppered as it is with the philosopher's distinctive jargon – one might be tempted to interpret the work through a wholly Deleuzean lens – to commit the work, as it were, to a Deleuzean agenda. The 'report' of the exhibition title too seems to back up this sense of lurking didacticism. However, the work itself – despite the apparent ease with which one might affix Deleuzean tropes to it (or any other philosopher for that matter) – resolutely resists any partisanship of meaning or demonstration. Rather, it seems that Green's exhibition might actually be critiquing the very risk of a hermeneutics of art.

Bits of familiar stuff (a flattened paper lantern, a record sleeve, badges, bulldog clips, jay-cloths, magazine pages) gather in crowds around familiarly shaped and processed materials (wood, foam, denim, rubber, card, plastic, plaster) which in turn give way to clearly art-like objects: expressionistic shapes and weird, protuberant pebbles, decorated in a variety of ways. These pebbles (an awkward term, but the most formally faithful I can think of) – turned and rounded by a tide somewhere – are the most singular aesthetic forms in the show, providing something of a precedent for the rest of the work; nodes to the other component's shoots. Sometimes studded with slightly raised images of noses, mouths, folded flesh; other times tightly tailored into blue-jean denim or hemmed cotton – these pebbles sit in an ambiguous space between sugar-coated pharmacological lozenge, and that more theoretical and inverted object of capitalist desire, 'organs without bodies'.

Limoncello

15a Cremer Street
London E2 8HD

<http://www.limoncellogallery.co.uk/>

Open

Thursday-Saturday, 11am-6pm



In the piece, 'A Report: The Face. A Room. Heating Up', a sordid little cluster of these liminal, libidinal objects float above a vertical layout of stuff – formally rhymed and positioned with a seemingly arbitrary 'rightness'. A familiarity of material bleeds uncomfortably into a foreignness of form, forms that are shaped by their position amongst many, rather than by their singular material content. A triangular slice of what could be the foam-lined wall of a sound studio abuts a square chunk of concrete incised with a pattern of deep furrows, and a piece of deliberately cut newspaper gridded in black ink. Individually, each component is manufactured via discrete, albeit parallel, processes that might demonstrate – through sheer ubiquity, perhaps – a particular industry, complete with its own histories, cultures and associations. In this state, however, an overview of these fragments is far more feasible than an isolated focus, the different elements becoming homogeneous in their singularity. At this height – because the half-depressed plans of Green's work might be most basically understood as somehow topographic – a pattern emerges, however convoluted. Noticing that this pattern exists seems tantamount to the ascription of meaning; interpreting that meaning however, is another matter. Like the irony of ironies that Walter Benjamin describes in 'The Concept of Criticism in German Romanticism', the recognition of a pattern or a plan or a coherent 'report' within Green's work serves to entrench the sense of mystification that, according to Benjamin, serves as a fundamental facet of art. Any systemic allusion within Green's work serves to affirm itself, over and over again – but as a form of mystification rather than elucidation.

The press release goes so far as to describe the work as 'devoid of any hidden depths or mystery'; that 'the work exists as pure surface generated from a set of contingent irrational rules informed by Green's rigorous conceptual practice'. The idea of 'contingent irrational rules' is strikingly oxymoronic, belying something perhaps deliberately ironic within Green's work. The revelation of a system of rules at work, tantalisingly glimpsed through Green's conceptual veil, is surely an example of an ironisation of the form itself: the genuine order that is at play within Green's work is that of the idea of art – the remit of art – and a belief in art's 'indestructible sublation in that idea' (Benjamin). The denial of depth within the work might then describe merely the physical shallowness of the pieces that hug the wall, daring only to protrude a little – just enough to resist the categorical ease of sculpture (an inch further), or of the drawings that are also in the show (an inch back). We might then also understand Green's latent commitment to Deleuze as a similarly ironic gesture, at least in part. Green's apparent insistence that what we are seeing in and of the work is a collection of movements rather than objects (or 'becomings', to use Deleuzean parlance) that are unceasing in their intense and sensational, positive progression – meets its determined critique in the immobility of the work itself – its clear ossification as art.

The failure of the work to actually become a diagrammatic representation of these ideas, or to enact their key tenets, is, ironically, what returns the work to its status as art – uncommitted and equivocal; whilst also alluding to some of the contrary and problematic aspects around notions of 'becoming'. It's what serves to maintain the work's position as in-between; promises of recognition and of interpretation are returned spurned, disassembled and insoluble.

Ed Atkins

'A Report: The Face. A Room. Heating Up', Anthony Green 2009, Mixed Media



'Another Stroll: How Can We Escape Our Petty Little Fascisms?', Anthony Green 2009, Mixed Media

Artists statement

The work is a problematic object which poses the problem of how to enter or rather how to engage or experiment with it. It is an object of encounter rather than an object of recognition, the latter being a reconfirmation of our knowledge, beliefs and values. It is a work of pure surface. There are no hidden depths to be interpreted, no mystery or story to tell.

The material of the work is representation. The smooth shallow depth of this representation is evacuated of all content but animated by a flow of desire. A capture of code – a surface flow of organs and senses, lines of hair, eyes, teeth, money, food, clothes, paint... Always the conjunction and... and... and... In this haptic sense the image machine of representation works not as a mirror but as a clock running fast. Like the Cheshire cat's grin, this captured code functions as impersonal traits that escape the organisation of the organism. Representation is proliferated, intensified, made worse – pushed down a line of its own dismantling.

This practice is the attempt to become a foreigner in one's own language – to make the language of representation stutter. Such a practice is a becoming – a desire to become molecular, imperceptible. As the practice has no fixed organised whole or identity to present it proceeds by measures that are not very reasonable or rational, by breaking down, by blind leaps and bounds, always by breaking down. These measures of experimentation belong to the order of dreams, pathological processes, esoteric experiences, altered states, excess. The concrete motor of this experimentation – the means of repeating and varying these imagined machines of representation/flows of desire – is drawing. A form of drawing painting that picks up a long line of tradition in painting. The problem of producing a fact beyond the substitutive or vicarious function of representation. This drawing painting is the means we use to introduce chance or the manual into thought. A process in the service of our desire to connect sense to non sense, thought to non thought.

The residue of this process is a block of sensation. The work is composed of forces and intensities, a dynamic of territories, thresholds, levels, gradients – an inorganic life. And this is the task or problem of the work – the treatment of the material of representation – not to render the visible but to render forces visible.

Anthony D. Green

Traduction en français

Pour sa première exposition personnelle à Londres, l'œuvre d'Anthony Green s'étend et s'accroche aux murs de Limoncello comme les vrilles rhizomiques d'un trifide deleuzien. En fait, bien qu'il ne soit jamais nommé, Deleuze est mentionné de manière si évidente dans le communiqué de presse - parsemé du jargon propre au philosophe - que l'on pourrait être tenté d'interpréter l'œuvre à travers un faisceau entièrement deleuzien - de l'engager, pour ainsi dire, dans un agenda deleuzien. Le mot « report » [rapport] dans le titre de l'exposition semble également confirmer ce sentiment de didactisme latent. Cependant, l'œuvre elle-même - malgré l'apparente facilité avec laquelle on pourrait lui attribuer des tropes deleuziens (ou de tout autre philosophe d'ailleurs) - résiste résolument à tout parti pris de sens ou de démonstration. Il semble plutôt que l'exposition de Green pourrait en fait critiquer le risque même d'une herméneutique de l'art.

Des éléments familiers (une lanterne en papier aplatie, une pochette de disque, des badges, des pinces à dessin, des feuilles de papier absorbant, des pages de magazine) s'agglutinent autour de matériaux façonnés et traités de manière familiale (bois, mousse, denim, caoutchouc, carton, plastique, plâtre) qui, à leur tour, cèdent la place à des objets clairement artistiques : des formes expressionnistes et des galets bizarres et protubérants, décorés de diverses manières. Ces galets (un terme maladroit, mais le plus formellement fidèle auquel je puisse penser) - ballotés et polis par quelque marée - sont les formes esthétiques les plus singulières de l'exposition. Ils fournissent une sorte de précédent pour le reste de l'œuvre ; des nœuds aux pousses des autres composants. Parfois constellés d'images légèrement en relief de nez, de bouches, de chair pliée, parfois étroitement taillés dans un jean ou un pantalon de coton, ces galets se situent dans un espace ambigu entre la pastille pharmacologique enrobée de sucre et cet objet plus théorique et inversé du désir capitaliste que sont les «organes sans corps».

Dans la pièce «A Report: The Face. A Room. Heating Up» [Un rapport : Un visage. Une pièce. En train de chauffer], un petit ensemble sordide de ces objets liminaux et libidinaux flotte au-dessus d'une pyramide de choses formellement assemblées et positionnées avec une « justesse » apparemment arbitraire. La familiarité du matériau se mêle à l'étrangeté de la forme ; des formes qui sont façonnées par leur position parmi d'autres, plutôt que par leur singularité matérielle. La tranche triangulaire de ce qui pourrait être une partie du mur d'un studio d'enregistrement recouvert de mousse côtoie un morceau de béton carré, incisé d'un motif de sillons profonds, ainsi qu'un morceau de journal délibérément découpé et quadrillé à l'encre noire. Individuellement, chaque composant de l'œuvre est fabriqué selon des processus discrets, bien que parallèles, qui pourraient démontrer - par leur omniprésence, peut-être - une industrie particulière, avec ses propres histoires, cultures et relations. Dans cet état, cependant, une vue d'ensemble de ces fragments est bien plus réalisable qu'une focalisation isolée, les différents éléments devenant homogènes dans leur singularité. À cette hauteur - parce que les pans en creux de l'œuvre de Green peuvent essentiellement être compris comme une sorte de topographie - un modèle émerge, aussi alambiqué soit-il. Constater l'existence de ce motif semble équivaloir à l'attribution d'un sens ; interpréter ce sens est toutefois une autre affaire. Comme l'ironie des ironies que Walter Benjamin décrit dans *Le Concept de critique esthétique dans le romantisme allemand*, la reconnaissance d'un modèle, d'un plan ou d'un «rapport» cohérent dans l'œuvre de Green sert à renforcer le sentiment de mystification qui, selon Benjamin, est une facette fondamentale de l'art. Toute allusion systémique dans l'œuvre de Green sert à s'affirmer, encore et encore - mais comme une forme de mystification plutôt que d'élucidation.

Le communiqué de presse va jusqu'à décrire l'œuvre comme «dépourvue de toute profondeur cachée ou de tout mystère» ; que «l'œuvre existe en tant que surface pure générée à partir d'un ensemble de règles irrationnelles contingentes informées par la pratique conceptuelle rigoureuse de Green». L'idée de «règles irrationnelles contingentes» est étonnamment oxymorique, et révèle quelque chose de peut-être délibérément ironique dans l'œuvre de Green. La révélation d'un système de règles à l'œuvre, entrevu de manière alléchante à travers le voile conceptuel de Green, est sûrement un exemple d'ironisation de la forme elle-même : l'ordre véritable qui est en jeu dans l'œuvre de Green est celui de l'idée de l'art - les attributions de l'art - et la croyance en la «sublation indestructible de l'art dans cette idée» (Benjamin). Le déni de l'existence de profondeur dans l'œuvre pourrait alors décrire simplement la superficialité physique des pièces qui épousent

le mur, osant seulement dépasser un petit peu – juste assez pour résister à la facilité catégorique de la sculpture (un cm de plus), ou des dessins qui sont également dans l'exposition (un cm de moins). Nous pourrions alors comprendre l'engagement latent de Green envers Deleuze comme un geste tout aussi ironique, du moins en partie. L'insistance apparente de Green sur le fait que ce que nous voyons dans et de l'œuvre est une collection de mouvements plutôt que d'objets (ou de « devenirs », pour utiliser le langage deleuzien) qui sont incessants dans leur intense et sensationnelle progression positive – rencontre sa critique déterminée dans l'immobilité de l'œuvre elle-même – son ossification évidente en tant qu'art.

L'échec de l'œuvre à devenir une représentation schématique de ces idées, ou à mettre en œuvre leurs principes-clés, est, ironiquement, ce qui ramène l'œuvre à son statut d'art – non engagé et équivoque ; tout en faisant allusion à certains des aspects contraires et problématiques autour des notions de «devenir». C'est ce qui sert à maintenir la position d'entre-deux de l'œuvre ; les promesses de reconnaissance et d'interprétation sont renvoyées, désassemblées et insolubles.

Ed Atkins

Déclaration de l'artiste

L'œuvre est un objet problématique qui pose le problème de la manière d'y entrer, ou plutôt d'engager ou d'expérimenter avec. C'est un objet de rencontre plutôt qu'un objet de reconnaissance, ce dernier étant une confirmation de nos connaissances, croyances et valeurs. C'est une œuvre de surface pure. Il n'y a pas de profondeur cachée à interpréter, pas de mystère ou d'histoire à raconter.

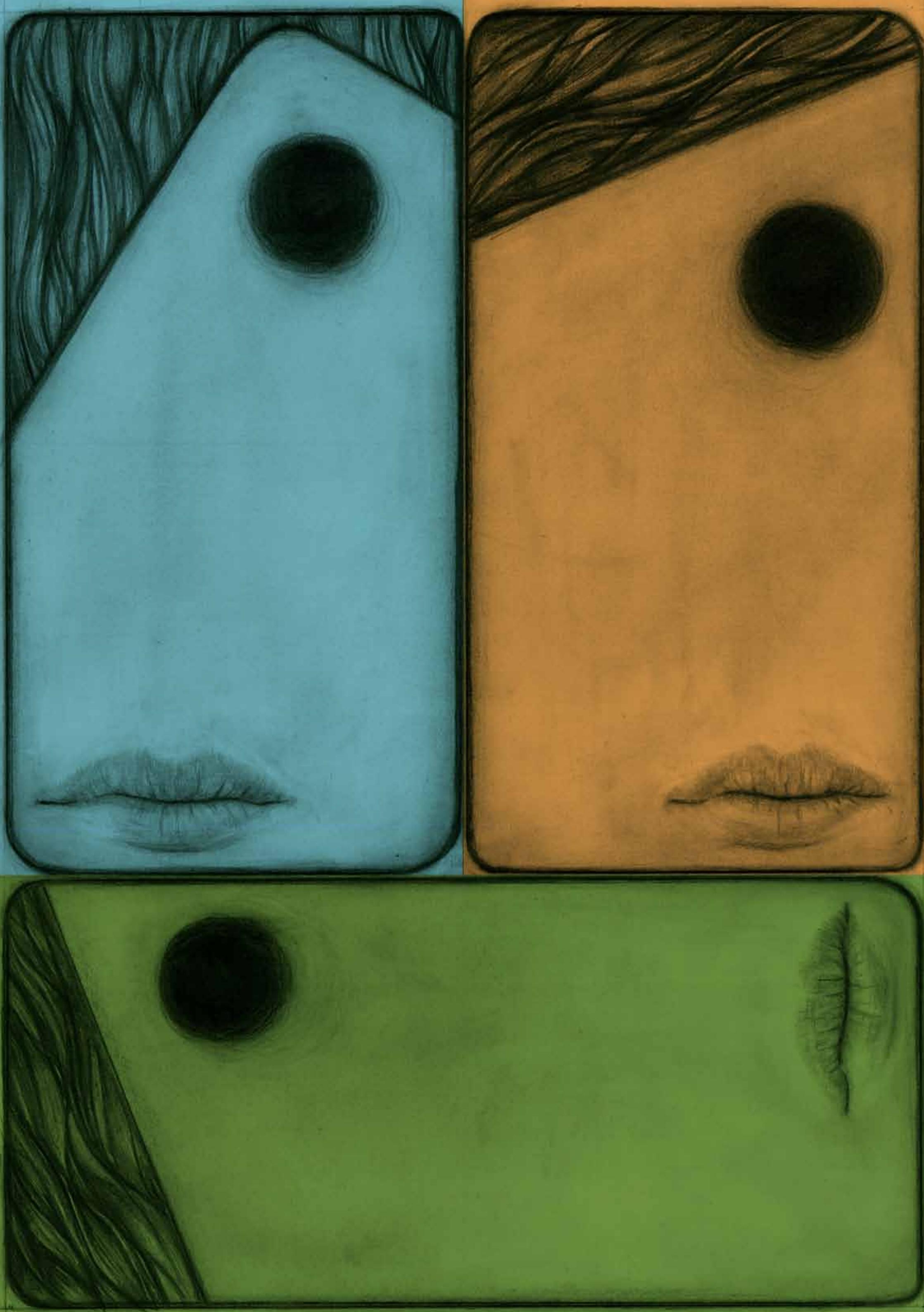
Le matériau de l'œuvre est la représentation. La profondeur lisse et peu profonde de cette représentation est évacuée de tout contenu mais animée par un flux de désir. Une capture de code – un flux superficiel d'organes et de sens, de lignes de cheveux, d'yeux, de dents, d'argent, de nourriture, de vêtements, de peinture... Toujours la conjonction et... et... et... Dans cette logique haptique, la machine à images de la représentation ne fonctionne pas comme un miroir mais comme une horloge qui tourne vite. Comme le sourire du chat du Cheshire, ce code capturé fonctionne comme des traits impersonnels qui échappent à l'organisation de l'organisme. La représentation prolifère, s'intensifie, s'aggrave – poussée jusqu'à son propre démantèlement.

Cette pratique est la tentative de devenir un étranger dans sa propre langue – de faire bégayer la langue de la représentation. Une telle pratique est un devenir – un désir de devenir moléculaire, imperceptible. Comme la pratique n'a pas d'ensemble organisé fixe ou d'identité à présenter, elle procède par des mesures qui ne sont ni raisonnables ni rationnelles, en se brisant par des sauts aveugles, toujours en se brisant. Ces mesures d'expérimentation appartiennent à l'ordre des rêves, des processus pathologiques, des expériences ésotériques, des états altérés, de l'excès.

Le moteur concret de cette expérimentation – le moyen de répéter et de varier ces machines imaginées de représentation/flux de désir – est le dessin. Une forme de dessin-peinture qui reprend une longue tradition de la peinture. Le problème de la production d'un fait au-delà de la fonction substitutive ou vicariante de la représentation. Ce dessin-peinture est le moyen que nous utilisons pour introduire le hasard ou le manuel dans la pensée. Un procédé au service de notre envie de relier le sens au non-sens, la pensée à la non-pensée.

Le résidu de ce procédé est un bloc de sensation. L'œuvre est composée de forces et d'intensités, une dynamique de territoires, de seuils, de niveaux, de dégradés – une vie inorganique. Et c'est là la tâche ou le problème de l'œuvre – le traitement du matériau de la représentation – non pas pour reproduire le visible mais pour rendre des forces visibles.

Anthony D. Green





ZABLUDOWICZ INVITES ANTHONY GREEN

Ellen Mara De Wachter: Your work contains meticulously produced components, which you bring together in assemblages of drawings, sculptures and reliefs and, for the first time, as an installation with *Again, How Can We Carry On?*. How has this spatial development changed the way you think about your practice?

Anthony Green: I guess the most precise answer is that I don't know because it is yet to happen. As with all my work, I'm approaching the installation as a means of experimentation. The idea is simply to bring lots of elements in, play around with different compositions and see how they work. In terms of spatial questions, I've always imagined a mature and fully extended version of my practice to involve all dimensions and media. This installation is a tentative move towards sculpture. A productive and important tension in the work is between the image and the object. The works operate in a shallow depth in-between painting and sculpture, a shallow depth, which is the psychological space of illusion. The palette of objects I'm working from is charged with memory and associations of memory. My intention for using them is to do with a feel, a mood or a sensation.

EMDW: A work like *Christopher Williams* (2011), the large wall relief in this show, is composed of flat images, reference tools such as colour gradients, text and sculptures. Can you talk us through the elements in the work and how they function together to create meaning or a story or something altogether different?

AG: The elements or segments in the relief are not in the service of a particular meaning or narrative, but rather they are in spatial relationships with each other and within themselves. The work functions in-between these objects – a geographical story of territories and thresholds. The elements are also in relationships of speed – in terms of their

production, intensity and how they're read. By way of these relations I'm attempting to produce a change in level, an immaterial movement of sensation.

EMDW: *Christopher Williams* also has to do with desire and the production of desire, in terms of the way Williams photographed objects that were used to stimulate desire, i.e. advertising tools or tropes. Your mention of affect, sensation and the invitation the work extends to engage with it in different ways, makes me wonder whether the question of desire arose for you in making this work?

AG: In a very real sense, desire is the material of the work. There's a very even focus of desire across the different speeds of the objects; so the dirt in the work is as fetishized as the sheen is. Christopher Williams, the photographer, foregrounds an industrial logic involved in this kind of image. These images, without the familiar post-production, show the economies, tools and structures, which shape them. The joy in looking at his works is that they give you all the seduction of capitalism but without the PR: you're not being sold anything, which allows you a pleasure in the image's means.

EMDW: You've talked about your work as challenging the meta-phenomenon of representation, which could be defined as a desire to make images of some "thing" in the world, which is considered somehow more real than the art itself, a compulsion that runs through the history of art. However, there are obvious representational qualities to your work. Facial features, for example, are meticulously realised, and you've included found objects and others produced to mimic a highly manufactured aesthetic. How are you interfering with this cultural tendency towards representation, and perhaps coming close to achieving something that is truly more real than the art itself?

AG: I realised that representation is this kind of polemical enemy for me, to the point where it stopped me making work at one stage, because I had such a desire to make something that was non-representational, that everything I did failed as soon as I started it. I was trying to make things without any referent at all, which was kind of mad. It was an issue even in relation to artists I like, such as Francis Bacon, for whom representation is a real target, but who still used illustration and representational elements in his work. It was a lesson that took me a long time to learn, that I could use representation to go beyond itself through the way representation fails itself and that this was a way that I could engage and accept my fascination for representation. Although my work is made up almost entirely by representational images, I don't think they are in the service of a representational logic. A tactic I started to allow myself was to try to imagine the worst representation of what I wanted to make and have it as a virtual starting point, which gave me an immense freedom, suddenly. My use of representation is always straining at the edges of representation; I'm interested in where it falls down and is exposed. Stock photography libraries are an important source of imagery, style and tone. I love their attempt to represent everything – for me they are representation in its purest form and show it as an ideology.

EMDW: What relationship does your practice have with theory? You are obviously informed by contemporary philosophy and aesthetics. In what ways do you let theory influence your practice; or conversely, your practice influence your understanding of theory?

AG: My use of theory is very practical; it's a toolbox from which to steal tactics. In the past I would often deal with problems or impasses by reading. Even though that didn't produce a work as such, it was a way of carrying on working.

In terms of overall approach, the main thing I have taken from philosophy is the problematising of things, and the productive nature of that. I tend to think of my work as proceeding by problems, which is where I'm most creative. Mapping the impossible conditions of something that forces you to think and to act.

The question of artists' relationship to theory often induces anxiety and I think it's generally agreed that a bad relationship of art to theory is the attempt to illustrate it. The general question of the anxiety of influence reminds me of the advice of Michael Craig-Martin, that I heard second hand. He suggested that you own the work of an influence to such an extent that you imagine you've just made their last piece of work. So what are you going to do next? It's a head-on way of dealing with that relationship without the shame of it. At times I've adopted a similar approach to philosophy and even attempted the terrible idea of representing it – purely as a means to produce an impossible problem to get out of, to force me to think.

EMDW: In your work, it's clear that each element has been carefully made: drawings are meticulously rendered; supporting elements to the reliefs end in flawless infinity curves at the bottom; the finish is very refined. And yet there is grubbiness to some of the elements, for example with some of the flesh-tone pellets, which are evocative of lumps of genetically modified lab-grown protein cells. They seem to have accumulated filth and dirt, as if they had been stroked for good luck by many hands or partaken in an abject lifestyle for too long. It's almost as if you have staged an intervention in order to vilify the pristine finish of the work and make it ugly. Can you talk about this phenomenon of rendering the perfect imperfect?

AG: I think of those flesh-coloured elements as very formal, because they come out of drawing and they are a

solution to formal problems. I started as a painter, and always felt that paint has an amazing history of being able to break out of representation, but I couldn't think of any way to do it better than Francis Bacon had done it. A lot of the detailed, kaleidoscopic aspects of my work are almost like a hallucinogenic version of that paint; I wanted to think about how you can recreate this sensuous blur of material, but have it as an image. Those elements became a way of imagining this intensified, magnified, slowed down thing.

In terms of the ageing and dirtying of the elements, your reading is spot on. It came from when I was first trying to figure out the paint finish on the relief objects and was looking at polychroming. There's a long Catholic tradition of this kind of sculpture and they do paint them in a very even, but slightly nuanced way. A few of the sculptures I looked at had marks where there had been devotional touching, which had worn through the paint, and it exposed the mechanism of how it was put together. I loved that combination of exposing the make-up of something – so working through the layers of paint to show the wood – and the duration of this process. Duration is a very important idea to me in terms of thinking about how to put something in the work other than simply the image. I think about this in relation to Matisse or Picasso and their use of revision. You can see with Matisse, the way he has vaguely represented a table, which has come about through a coalescence of various permutations and mistakes. This somehow gives a much stronger reality than a direct representation would. And it has time in it; there is an accumulated duration to the images. So it has something more real than the object itself. I'm always trying to put time into my work, to pack duration in.

Artist's presentation Anthony Green Sunday 3 March, 3pm

Zabludowicz Collection Invites is a new initiative dedicated to presenting young, UK-based artists who do not currently have representation by a commercial gallery in the UK. Taking the form of eleven monthly solo presentations, exhibitions will result from an open-ended invitation to exhibit new work.

Reverse: detail from
Again, How Can We Carry On?, 2011
Mixed media installation
Courtesy the artist

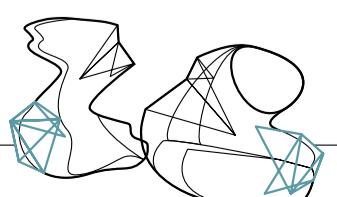
176 Prince of Wales Road
London NW5 3PT
Opening times
Thursday–Sunday, 12–6pm
Other times by appointment
FREE ENTRY

zabludowiczcollection.com

Upcoming Invites

Hannah Perry
8 March–1 April
Lucy Woodhouse
5–29 April
John Summers
3–27 May

ZABLUDOWICZ
COLLECTION
LONDON
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Invites
ANTHONY
GREEN
9 FEBRUARY–
4 MARCH 2012

O London

Anthony Green

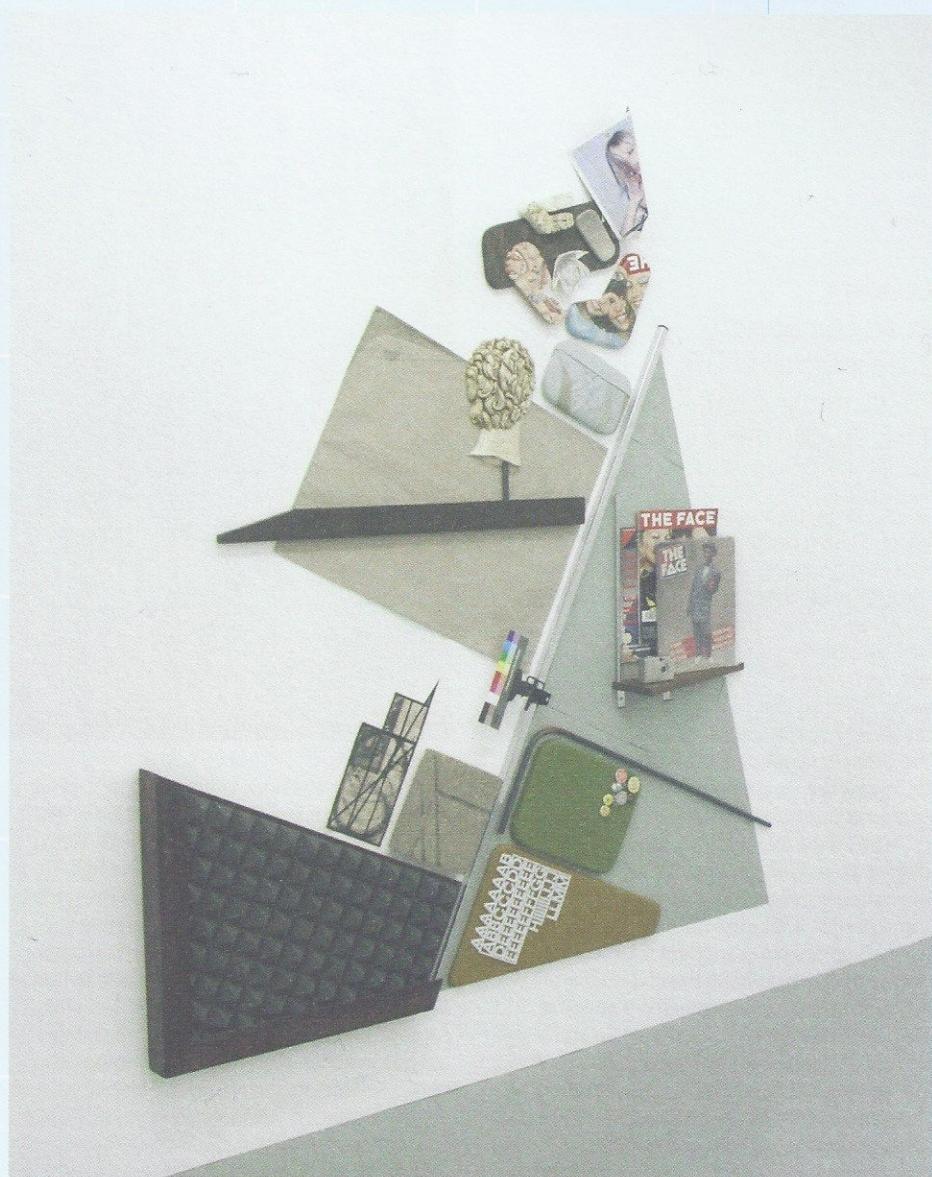
19 November – 19 December
Limoncello

For Anthony Green, surface is everything. The artist's wall-based practice of mixed-media sculptural assemblage and graphite drawing transforms a disparate array of objects into an aerial geography of lines, colours, patterns, forms and counter forms. Six graphite on paper works, despite an airy lightness of touch visible in Green's semi-abstract drawing, leave no surface uncovered in their relentless shading. Attention to surface, and indeed the inclusion of some mainstays of graphic design history (archive copies of *The Face*, retro Pelican paperbacks, even the humble J-Cloth), seems to drag the viewer's attention away from the usual conceptual narrative lineage of the medium and into something more subversive.

What emerges through Green's use of readymades is something akin to a pictorial language. It is a language, not in the careful choreographed lingo of the graphic designer, but a language with idiosyncrasies, mistakes and an evolution integral to its sprawling growth across the gallery walls. Green reveals the facets of this language with the precision and cartographic mapping of a colonial anthropologist picking his ways through the props of the last few decades. There is also, however, a sense that the language has gone beyond his control and become more than the sum of his designed parts.

This antagonism of control is also evident in the use of the bodily parts and flesh-coloured forms within the works. In 'The Wall. The Organisation, Waiting', 2008, mutated suggestions of a fleshy hand forms the basis for a selection of collaged found media comprising of photographs depicting eyes and limbs. A similar motif is reiterated in the largest work of the show, 'Another Stroll: How Can We Escape Our Petty Little Fascisms?', 2009, alongside a litany of figurative motifs throughout all the sculptural works: heads up coins, two mannequin arms in shirt sleeves, a replica of a Greek bust, fragments of painted portraits, as well as the cover of the now defunct *Face*.

If language is taken as the basis for human subjectivity – as a means of communicating an idea of a self to others – then in Green's mirrored world the language of the sentient sits, or is even subsumed, by that of the machine: the economic machine of which the sculptural coins symbolise a mere face, the consumerist machine glossed by the style magazine, the combinations of language and technology an LP sleeve



represents. An image of an eyeball, popped from its socket in 'The Wall. The Organisation, Waiting' can be understood as a reference to cinema's infamous humanoid *Terminator*.

Recognition is picked out again in the hollowness of the two dark boring graphite holes in 'Absolute Redundancy', 2009, akin to eyes, long dead. The installation titles, almost nonsensical, seem to derive from this mechanical homage. Syntax is surrendered to a stutter of one-word statements, with liberally littered punctuation. The wording makes both implications to the stop-start of mechanical rhythm, a recognisable motif in the post-Ford industrial age, but more importantly, to the failure of a language as it is emitted from the human perspective. The allusion to Barthes and 'Death of the Author', 1967, is paramount here and brings the viewer back to Green and his seeming

powerlessness as master of the sprawling landscape he has created. Green the author has become unimportant, taken over by his creation with the same implication as that that beset the human world in the 1980s Arnie fight-fest. Formally though this cartography has a retrospective quality to it: the Fordian age is long surpassed, the mechanical stammer, replaced by the purr of software; the tribal anthropologist fast become an extinct species itself. Consequentially there are questions left unanswered, and an uncertainty to the work, deliberate or otherwise. Taken as a whole, Green's geography paints a dystopian world, one with recognisable forms that seems disturbingly not so distant from our own.

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