Elliott Green

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March 6 - April 4, 2021

PAMELA SALISBURY GALLERY

Hudson, New York



Blue Echo, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 11 x 8.5 inches

AutoRevisionism

I started drawing with pencils when I was twenty and did it with the persistence of an addict for 25 years. Then fifteen years ago, I stopped completely. Inspired by a printmaker's technique, I started to brush a mixture of graphite powder and oil paint onto primed linen, a divergence in the process that opened up other absorbing possibilities.

The immediacy of drawing — the quick jump from brain to page — was exceptionally cathartic at times. The trail of touch in pressure and release that is loaded in a tapered line jets at the speed of hormones racing through the bloodstream. It's fast and it's faithful to the authentic feeling that projected it.

Drawing was a critical comfort to me in times of mourning or

disappointment. Doing it brought peaceful decompression, the space to think quietly and review events from broader perspectives. My mind's travels, my passions and obsessions, were documented in a surplus of penciled papers, many that I determined were unfinished or seemed to have come to a dead-end. They were forgotten until for some nostalgic reason they resurfaced in the working part of my studio a few years ago. They were swept into the flurry of a current project — and came to be reformed under some excess paint remaining on an overloaded palette.

The overlay of paint lets me revise and solidify the unresolved compositions that were originated by my younger self. I cover the parts I don't like and do my best to leave the parts I do like. However, the way I paint now is usually loose and often some of the nicer parts become buried beneath high velocity gestures. If something doesn't work one way, another path is taken. This way of working nurtures variation and invention.

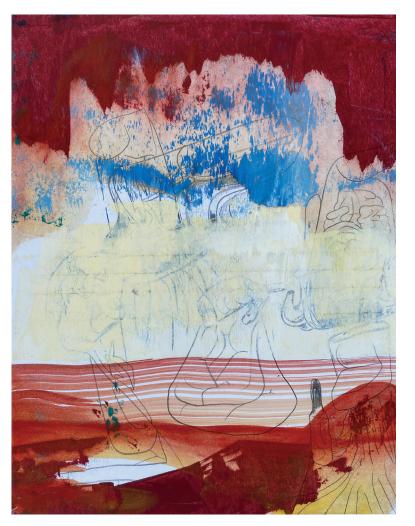
Penciling remains most present in New Baby, Transom, Hero, and Early Sunset. Blue Echo and Blizzard journeyed the furthest from their script, but the underlying code is still in the outcome. The penciled history is embedded, but it remains as the subconscious character of the picture.

It feels good to go back in time to correct yourself; it's like being able to unsay something regretful or wipe that stupid expression off your face in a class picture. In that same vein, armed with a new collection of experiences, muscle memories, and paint-related discoveries, I was able to make these drawings better. The originals are high in mental content, yet spare in other ways. Here was an opportunity to embody them with more ambience of mood and atmosphere, flavor, color and texture, and with the signifiers of burning, freezing, wind, and wetness.

On several occasions, I've added a layer of waveform abstraction that is like a veil of pulsing sound or emanating magnetism that energizes the space. Sometimes it ends there, while at other times I paint further. In some instances, I've applied thin washes and thick loads of impasto for a more expansive range of tactility. The meeting of the pencil and the paint is at its best when the two respond and conform to one another's aspects, like in a mating dance, driven by purpose and panache. The two materials, dry and oily, cinereous and pigmented, cooperate in mirrored shapes and echoed motions.

A project that spans several years automatically adds a zone of depth to the narrative. When the same narrator intersects from two points on the arc of a life, the contrast tells a story of transition, transformation, and communion. The maturity of time and experience set against motivations of youth shows a development that is often employed in cinema and literature, but rarely captured in a stand-alone still image. In the case of these paint-covered-drawings, the convergence provides a natural balance and fuller completeness.

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Early Sunset, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Red Aria, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Hot Darkness, 2020, oil, pencil, and colored pencil on paper, 11 \times 8.5 inches



Midnight, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches inches



Corpus Callosum, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5 x 11 inches



Elevator, 2017, oil on linen, 36 x 80 inches

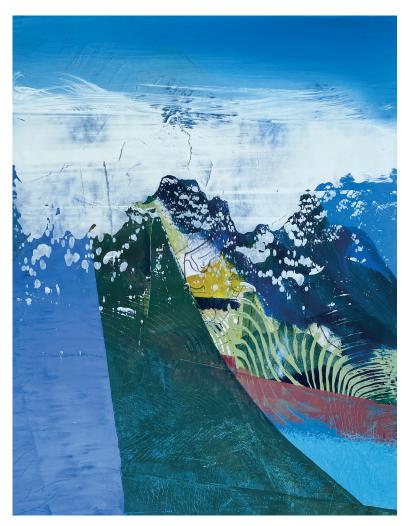




Wet Dirt, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 11 x 8.5 inches



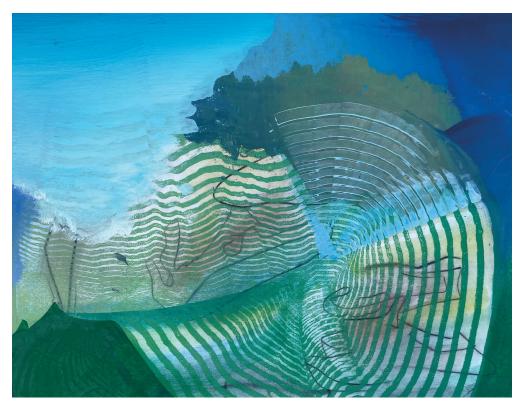
Hero, 2020, oil, pencil, and colored pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Blizzard, 2020, oil, pencil, and colored pencil on paper, 11×8.5 inches



Cloud Hum, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Cut Grass, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Final Thoughts, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 11×8.5 inches



Golden Throb, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 11×8.5 inches



New Baby, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Pressure, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Transom, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches



Beginners, 2020, oil and pencil on paper, 8.5×11 inches

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Elliott Green: AutoRevisionism

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