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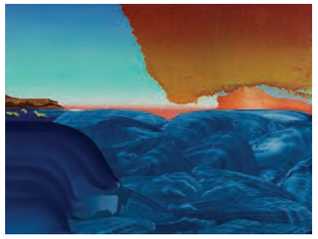
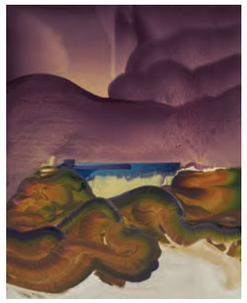
ELLIOTT GREEN





The Establishing Shot
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018

Beyond Substance
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

INTRODUCTION

Where I grew up in Michigan and then lived in Manhattan, my immediate surroundings were closed in by trees or buildings. There were no tremendous natural vistas, and this could be why I spent so much time reading, looking inward, and at other people.

Then in 2005, I moved to the Hudson Valley near the Catskill Mountains, and then in 2011, I spent a year in Italy. From heightened elevations in these places, I saw expansive views that awed me. These stunning panoramas were exhilarating. They pulled me out of myself, and in an unexpected shift, I took up the landscape format.

Following decades of painting, “abstracted characters”, and then “personified abstractions”, which were compressed into a dense two-dimensionality, I was surprised to find that the landscape structure could offer me more expressive freedom than I had ever had before.

The once-missing third dimension added the elements of time and distance. It also offered an ideal stage to correlate weather—increasingly unpredictable and volatile—with human behaviors and moods, and that relationship, in turn, transferred into the landscapes a feeling of animism.

I’ve never painted en plein air: my subject matter has always been generated from inside of me, and I’ve used paint as a guide to bring up to consciousness deeper truths and connections. But those truths, as in a dream, are often packaged in metaphors with multiple possible meanings, complex and hard to pin down, and ultimately difficult for the dreamer to decode.

For this reason, I knew it would be worthwhile to invite six unusually perceptive and individuated people to write their commentaries on the nature of my paintings, and that is what you will find in this book. From their different perspectives, they have detected patterns and recognized precedents, many that I wasn’t aware existed. These writers have

been able to situate my independent studies in the larger sphere of human nature, and I'm grateful for their insights.

John Yau is a great poet and art writer. His poetry has velocity, shapeshifts, and is expansive, flexible, and refreshingly alive. And his critical writing is a trusted resource for most of the painters I know. Out of the blue he called attention to my work in a group show at Tibor de Nagy gallery in New York, much appreciated during a quiet period in my career. He has sincerely advocated for several overlooked artists, including the phenomenal Forrest Bess. An important catalog essay John wrote about Bess in 1988 raised my awareness of what art could be and do to a much higher and more gratifying realm.

David Ebony bought a drawing of mine from the Fawbush Gallery in 1993, and we met a few years later through mutual friends. His marvelous path from touring punk rock pianist and composer to scholar, managing editor, and international art writer is amazing to me. He is an astute listener, made of pure modesty and decency, with generous portions of empathy, experience and wisdom.

Gary Lucidon is able to grasp and explain some of the most complex and arcane abstract concepts, from engineering to aesthetics, in beautifully clarified ways. He is outstanding at noticing details and recognizing far distant connections. This is his first published essay about an artist.

I met Jana Prikryl in 2012 at the American Academy in Rome, when she was there with her husband Colin Gee (a Fellow that year), and we three became instant friends. She is a magnificent poet and essayist, whose clarity and focus can trigger flashing epiphanies. John Ashbery described her poetry as "truly moving" and "like a private biosphere subject to its own climate conditions and laws of growth." This is her first time writing on a painter's work.

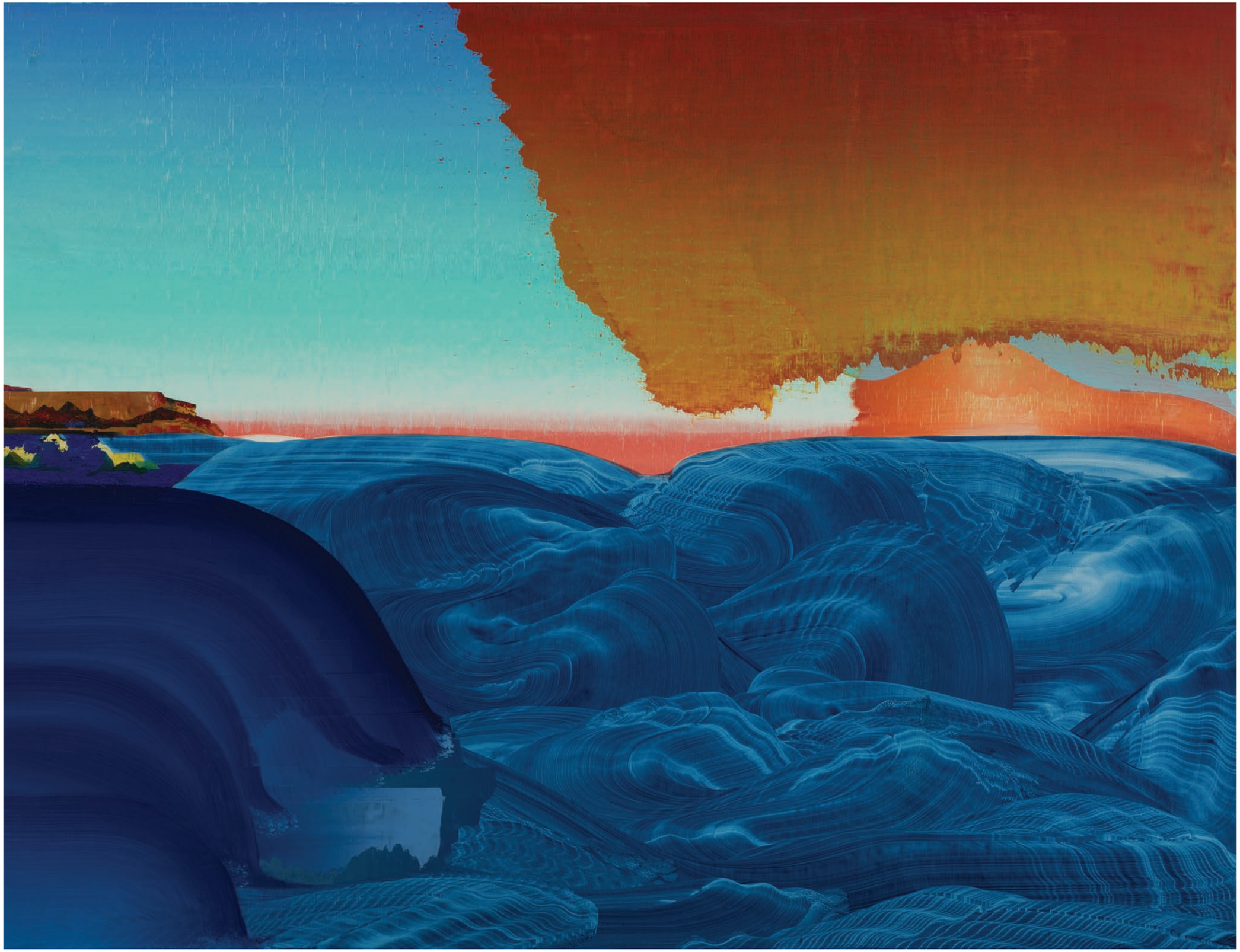
I met Arne Svenson when I occupied a studio in the TriBeCa building where he lives and works. His wonderful ability to notice significant details is both natural and well developed. I've never seen one of his photographs that didn't delight or profoundly move me with its singularly articulate focus. He is smart and funny and ethical and courageous.

Michael Rubiner is my oldest friend, and we have some kind of mysterious bond that activates a chemical change and a cathartic trust at the mere sound of each other's voices. He's the person in my life that I've laughed with the hardest and longest. Even as a kid, words and their ideas floated from his mouth like levitating clouds, nestling with unanticipated pith and snap. Earlier this year, when I watched the child-in-the-man receive an Emmy award for producing his immensely popular television show, *The Loud House*, my heart soared.

Many thanks to these writers for their thoughtful reflections.

ELLIOTT GREEN

Sky Decks
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2018



Zeus and Buddha
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2019

(Left)
Cooker
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2019

(Right)
Blue Energy
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2019

Diving Oxygen
Oil on canvas, 36×40”
2017

I have been following Elliott Green’s work ever since I saw a selection of his paintings in the *2015 Invitational Exhibition of Visual Arts*, hosted by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. The first thing that struck me about the paintings was that they depicted a world in unceasing motion, but this perception came early in my looking. Other perceptual conundrums came later, and these have deepened my experience of Green’s work, as well as given me much to think about.

It was apparent that Green was working in a generative place where the tug between representation and abstraction never resolved itself, which is also true of the paintings of Claude Monet and Vincent van Gogh. Green’s refusal to move definitively towards representation or abstraction has resulted in one of the most interesting and engaging projects undertaken by a contemporary artist exploring the subject of landscape in paint.

Green keeps these possibilities in constant dialogue by depicting radiant landscapes and seascapes where paint-as-paint also reads as a series of materially defined abstract shapes and gestures—staggered slabs reminiscent of shale inclines; undulating, grooved brushstrokes; drifting dunes; satiny layers purveying arrays of light—redolent, churning descriptors of natural forms.

When I say paint-as-paint, I don’t mean the poured and dripped skeins that Jackson Pollock introduced in 1947–48, or the juicy, horizontal brushstrokes that Robert Ryman used to traverse a piece of unstretched linen. Green is not following in their footsteps but making a break from them. His marks owe as much to a housepainter’s tools (sponge brushes and scrapers) as to an artist’s sable brushes and palette knives. Rather than relying on a single instrument or method, as Pollock and Ryman often did in a specific work, Green deliberately brings multiple applications to bear in a single painting. The result is an entangled, jarring combination of twisting, coiling forms; gradient, monochromatic planes; striated shapes; furling clouds and bulbous silhouettes. The painting’s

surface varies throughout, from dry and granular to buttery smooth. The imaginative, reflective space that these unlikely combinations open up is unlike anything else being done in contemporary landscape painting, an innovative feat that many have claimed was no longer possible.

How can you paint a landscape and make it new? To acknowledge any of its myriad conventions, even tacitly, diminishes the likelihood of remaking a subject as old and honored as landscape painting. And yet, that is exactly what I believe Green has accomplished over the past few years. What makes the work new is the various ways he applies the paint, all at the service of his subject.

Green, who is self-taught, is open to experimenting with the different ways that paint can be applied to a surface. His process can be described as incremental layering, with each deposit of paint determined by its viscosity, the instrument he uses, and the physical movement of his hand, wrist, arm, and body. His instruments include every

Peder Balke, *Stetind in Fog,* oil on canvas, 28×23", 1864

type of brush, including sponge brushes and brushes he has joined together into customized bundles, as well as scrapers, palette knives, and windshield wipers. He draws in paint and uses a scraper to apply a skim coat of gradient color. The striations running across his forms are deliberate, as are the other seemingly accidental markings.

Green seems to revel in the paint's gumminess, which runs the gamut from floating curtains of abstract color to swirls of clouds and faceted rock faces. The paintings are both landscapes and records of gestures and actions.

This is what he has in common with Monet and van Gogh. What makes this connection stronger is that Green is not making marks that bear any resemblances to theirs; he is defining his own territory. I don't recall any obvious stylistic precedent for what he is doing.

In *Boiling Rain* (2018), a magmatic, roiling landscape rises skyward. The colored striations suggest both geological deposits and artichokes, while the winding swirls evoke rivers of lava. And yet, even as we try to pin down the forms by naming them, they elude us, until, finally, whatever designations we apply loosen their grip, becoming almost extraneous. The world Green depicts becomes more than we can name, which runs counter to the idea that naming is ownership.

At the same time, in *Boiling Rain*, Green knowingly complicates our perception by echoing the turquoise field in the upper part of the composition, which we read as sky, with a large, ragged-edged, turquoise plane in the lower right-hand corner. Above this plane he lays in a second one, this time a luminous blue. There is a mirroring effect, with the lower of these two planes matching the color of the sky, even as the one painted luminous blue also reminds us of the sky. How are we then to interpret them in the context of the painting? Their placement interrupts the convention of landscape—sky above and earth below. Are they meant to suggest the color changes that the sky undergoes over the course of the day? We can make a case for these two abutted planes simply as abstract shapes, establishing still another kind of dialogue between representation and the purely abstract.

Moreover, Green has overlaid these joined planes onto striated outcroppings and swirling shapes of different yellows—colors that suggest earth and vegetation. The two planes are simultaneously an intrusion into the composition and part of it. They unsettle the painting and destabilize the scene. Finally, as if to further perturb our comprehension of the work,

Peder Balke, *Northern Lights over Four Men in a Rowboat,* oil on cardboard, 4×4.5", 1887

he makes it difficult to determine whether some of the gestural forms elsewhere in the painting are meant to be read as liquid or solid, moving or still. And yet, the radiant colors and specificity of the gestures, along with the atmosphere and light of this fantastical but earthly place, remain enthralling.

The other thing I find particularly striking about *Boiling Rain* is that I have little sense of where I am standing in relation to what I am looking at. Is it meant to represent a landscape seen with the naked eye, or a microscopic specimen under a powerful lens? Is the striated, dark green form that seems to enter a hole near the painting's left edge a living organism or an inorganic form? This is one of Green's singular accomplishments: he exposes the assumptions we have about landscape painting by inhabiting and layering their spatial conventions with ambiguity. He makes us question what we are seeing. This questioning leads to speculations about the earth's future.

Diving Oxygen (2017), *Hydrology* (2017), and *Mean Loner* (2019) are apt to stir up associations with the many unsettling images of melting and collapsing icebergs we see in the news, usually accompanied by dire headlines. Green does not tell viewers how to read his paintings: there is no overt political message to them. But that does not mean they are purely aesthetic, either. Sometimes I think that the oiliness of the paint is one of the artist's subjects. But it is only one of many. Others can include the weather's interaction with the environment—brilliant sunset skies and distant curtains of rain, as well as tumult and catastrophe—all conveyed through colors and shapes pressing through other colors and shapes.

I get the feeling that Green recognizes nature as a blind, brutal force rather than as a welcoming or benign presence. This understanding of his subject—with its constant potential for cataclysmic change—helps distinguish him from other artists working in the realm of landscape.

In addition to making work situated on the cusp between representation and abstraction, Green also explores a territory bordering the domains of fantasy and science fiction. Is the landscape we see in *Blind Hunger* (2016) from this planet or from another? What does the gray sky portend? Is the world beneath it liquid or mineral? This otherworldliness also applies to the cropped rings in the sky above the mountain peaks in *Solitary Giants* (2018).

When I think of precedents, certain artists and works come to mind, especially the great Norwegian painters, J.C. Dahl, who painted the aurora borealis and other phenomena, and Peder Balke, who studied with him in Dresden (1843–44). Balke was driven by the desire to manipulate paint's materiality as a means of evoking the tumultuous physicality of nature—the turbid ocean, turbulent skies, and intransigent stone. In fact, I believe that Green is Balke's greatest heir. Whether Green knows of Balke or not is beside the point. Green's paintings also bring to mind the ink-brushed mountains from the early Northern Song dynasty; the Sienese landscape as evoked by Ambrogio Lorenzetti and Giovanni di Paolo; and Lynn Davis's photographs of icebergs. What all of them share is a preoccupation with a world that is not necessarily welcoming.

More importantly, Green has not yet codified his descriptors for land and water, mountains and sky, cataclysm and calm.

Peder Balke, *Lighthouse on the Norwegian Coast*, oil on canvas adhered to slab, 23×28", 1855

Rather, he keeps finding ways to invent them anew. In *Attachment* (2017), he uses chiaroscuro to evoke an inhospitable, mineral landscape. Photographs of strip mining by Emmet Gowin might come to mind. And yet, in contrast with Davis and Gowin, Green does not tell us what we are looking at. Our imagination is given permission to wander. We see a place where beauty, terror, and foreboding coincide. However much we believe we know the world and its different environments, Green reminds us that this is not the case. With his suggestions of the cataclysmic, he assures us that disruption is undoubtedly on its way. Although he never has stated it, I am certain that the current climate crisis is one of his deepest concerns.

John Yau has published numerous monographs and books of criticism, including *A. R. Penck* (1993), *In the Realm of Appearances: The Art of Andy Warhol* (1993), *The Passionate Spectator: Essays on Art and Poetry* (2006), *A Thing Among Things: The Art of Jasper Johns* (2008), *Catherine Murphy* (2016), *Thomas Nozkowski* (2017), *The Wild Children of William Blake* (2017), and *Philip Taaffe* (2018). One of the co-founders of the online magazine, *Hyperallergic Weekend*, he lives in New York.

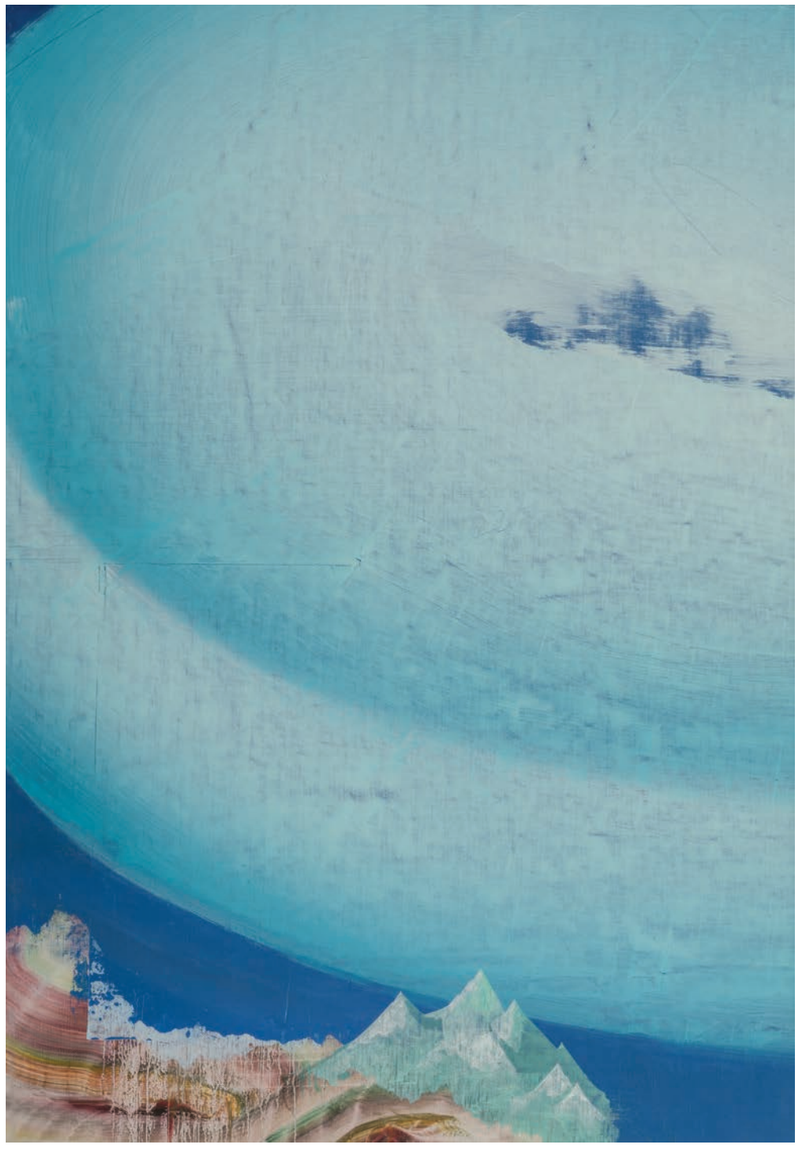
Mean Loner
Oil on linen 16×12”
2019

Boiling Rain
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

Hydrology
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2017

(Left)
Solitary Giants
Oil on linen, 30×16”
2018

(Right)
Ice Haven
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018



Early Weathers
Oil on linen, 40×80”
2012

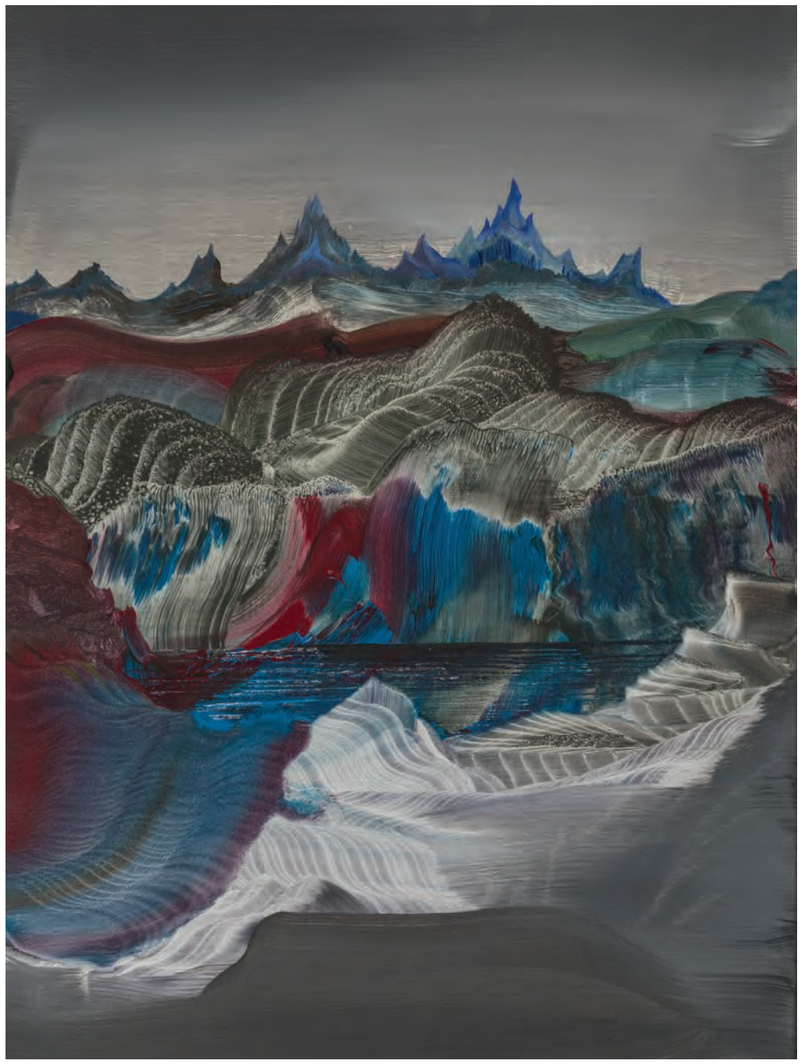
Eminence
Oil on linen, 76×54”
2015

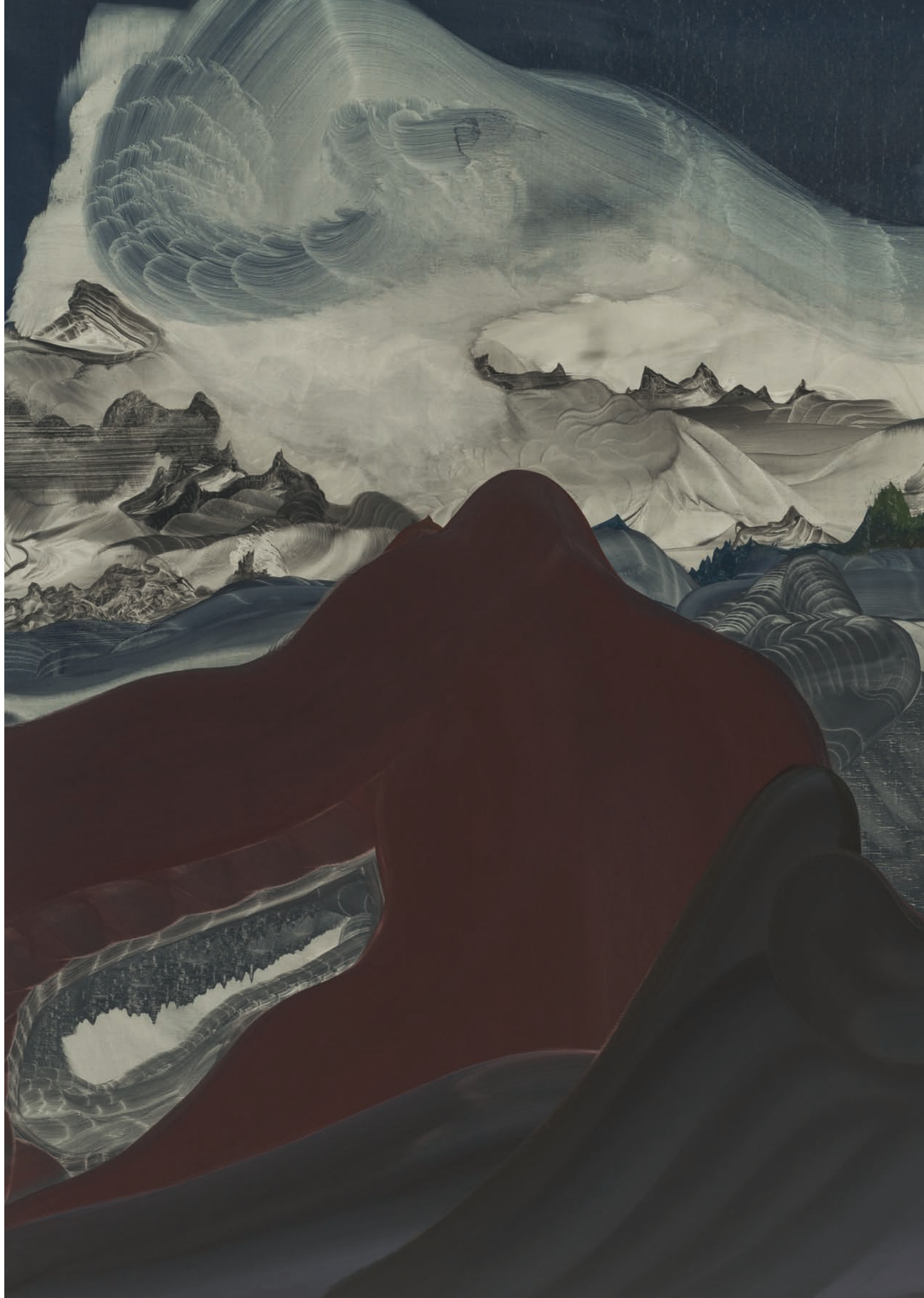
Blind Hunger
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2018

Attachment
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017

Splice
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

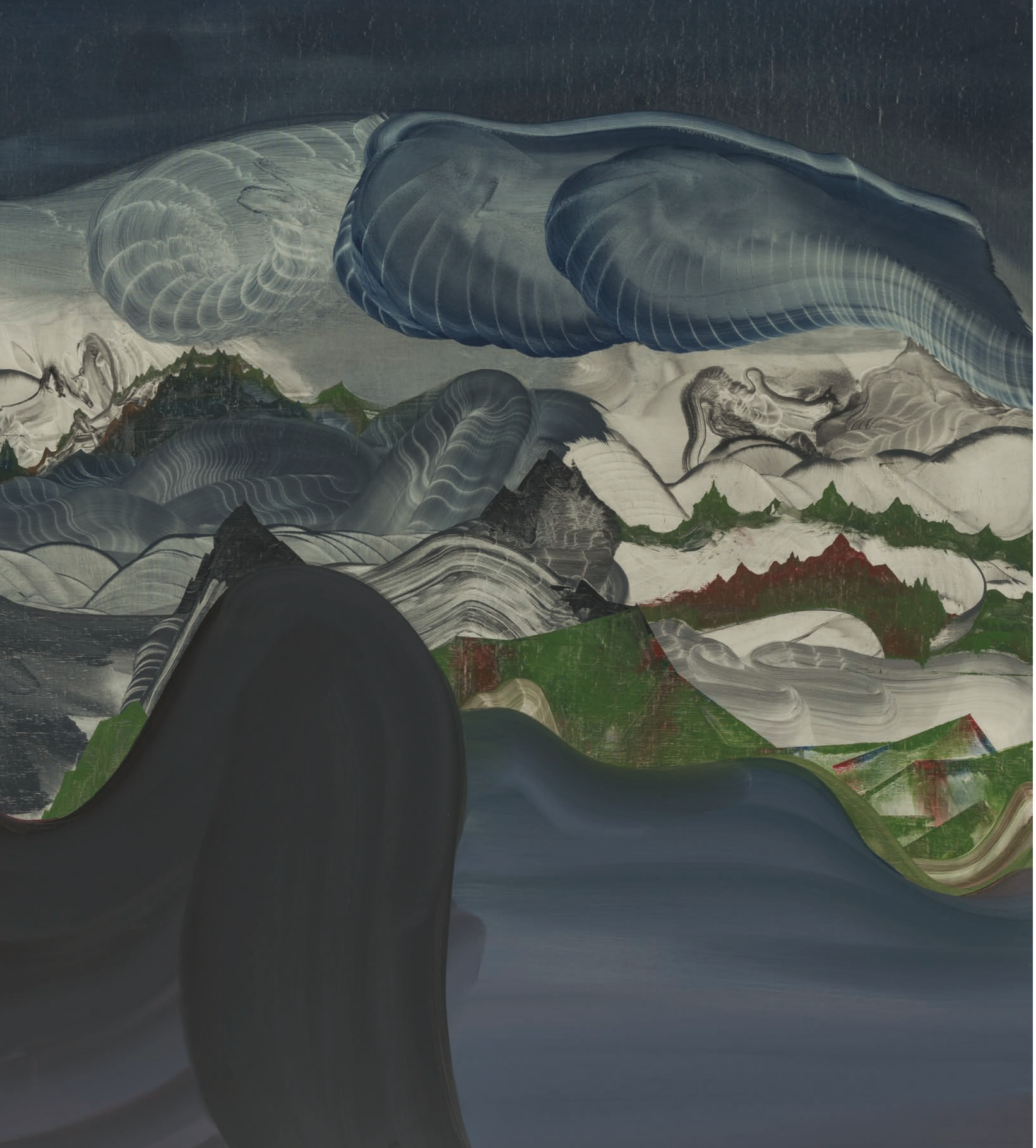
Oozer
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019





(Left)
Inner Scripts
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

(Right)
Magnificent Dust
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2017

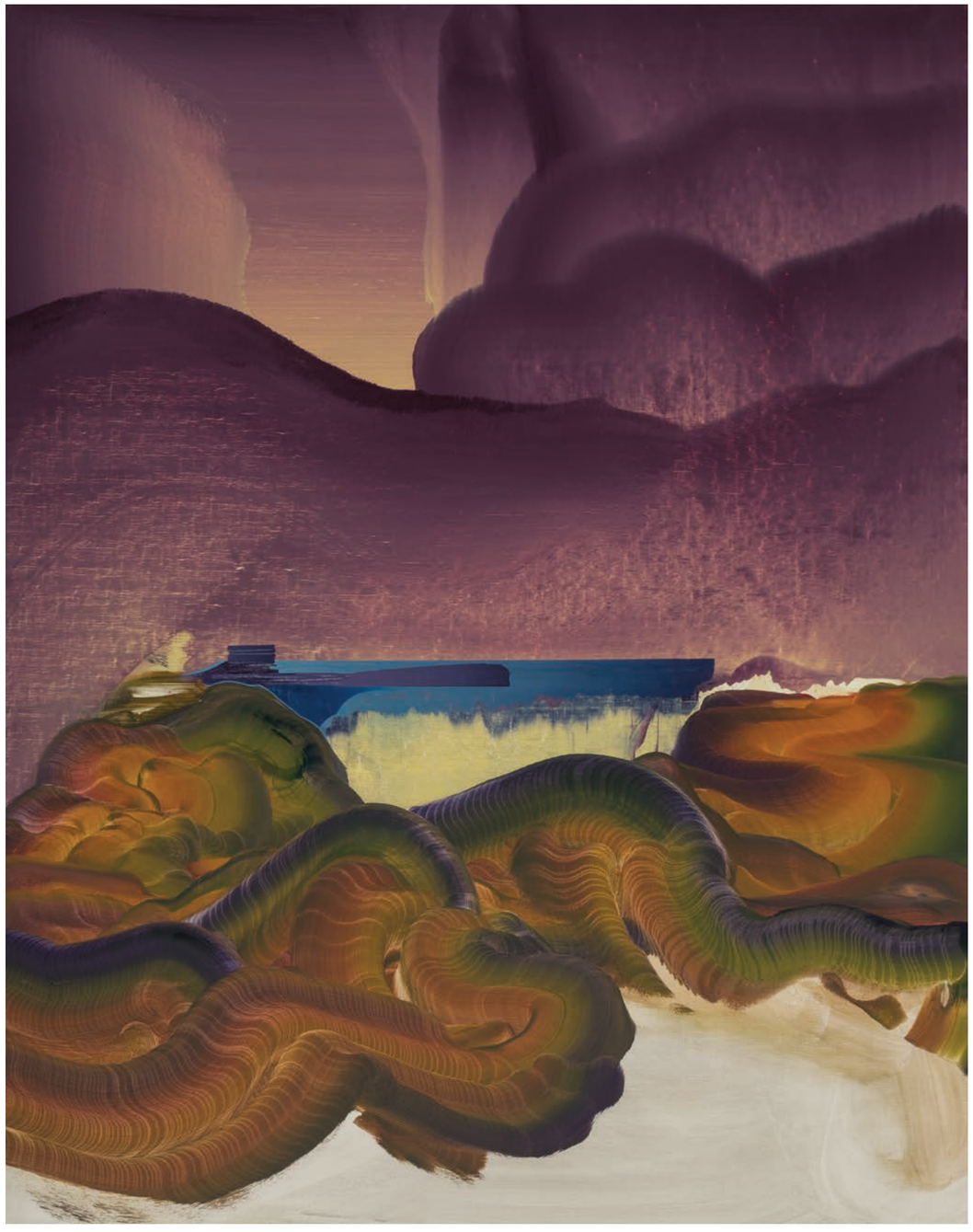


Observatory
Oil on linen, 18×24”
2017

Sleeping Deposit
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

(Left)
The Human Tent
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

(Right)
Purple Force
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019



Reservoir Grasses
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

"You talk about the bridge between inspiration and intellect. What really happens, I believe, is something like this. An idea, at the most unlikely moment, wells up in the mind. This is inspiration. And it’s inexplicable. I cannot tell, I do not know why or how it happens. It arrives. It is a welling up—there is no other phrase I can use.”
—Graham Sutherland[1]

Inspired and *inexplicable* are frequently heard adjectives used in reference to Elliott Green’s recent paintings. His visionary images, alluding to landscape but with an interiorized psychological dimension, seem to have been realized spontaneously, viscerally, and almost unconsciously. There is a certain inevitability about these pictures that succinctly define an uncertain terrain, unstable seas, and volatile skies. Each work offers viewers an exhilarating but often disturbing conundrum—an image that vacillates between the familiar and the uncanny.

Green’s paintings appear to have “arrived,” rather in the manner described by Graham Sutherland, a British painter known for hallucinatory and ambiguous landscape images of the 1930s and ‘40s, inspired by the rugged west coast of Wales. The “welling up” that Sutherland speaks of, in the sense of the intellectual spark, and the process of refinement and realization of an idea, manifests itself in Green’s work in metaphorical terms, as both a welling up of inspiration and the image of an actual groundswell, a telluric upheaval of frequently breathtaking and potentially cataclysmic impact.

Reservoir Grasses (2018), a painting that has been hanging my living room recently, afforded an opportunity to study Green’s endeavor intimately and at length. This medium-size oil-on-canvas work presents an expansive and mesmerizing mountain vista—but only on certain days. During these times, a range of formidable snow-capped peaks of brown and deep blue—like those of the high Himalayas, the Andes, the Rocky Mountains, or the Alps—looms above an icy lake or river. With its subtly modulated tones and textures, and a slick surface, the

image imparts a convincing, photographic vérité. This stunning panorama highlights an apparently treacherous terrain that is as formidable as it is foreboding. There, above the mountains, on the left, a cloud of pale, viridian green—a gorgeous yet unnerving hue—suggests a wave of unnatural ether, human-generated rather than cosmic, no doubt. The verdant mist presses to the right, threatening to envelope the familiar and profoundly moving celestial blue sky of Earth.

Reservoir Grasses may be Green's blunt environmental statement warning of the dangers of increasing doses of human-generated toxicity imperiling life on fragile planet Earth. Recently, he completed *Heavy Shit in Candy Land* (2019), featuring a charred landscape that conjures an even more explicitly apocalyptic scenario. The work recalls the tragic beauty of Max Ernst's visionary landscape, *Europe After the Rain* (1940–42), a Surrealist ode to a world that has been ravaged by "the rain," or aerial bombing in World War II. The tension in Green's menacing image arises in its anticipation of a future "rain," as he indicates the moment just before some dreaded, but not unexpected environmental disaster.

Reservoir Grasses (2018) has shared the living room wall lately with a work by Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, Milwaukee's Outsider maestro of glorious doom. The painting, *Oct. 15, 1956, #497*, bears a special affinity to Green's work. They both claim a similarly furious spontaneity of execution, sinuous forms, analogous color schemes—predominantly greens and blues—and a wildly imaginative and impassioned theme—the end of the world we once knew, and the beginning of another. A sumptuous catastrophe unfolds, albeit one with an upbeat ending—that is, simply, that the artist has created a resplendent work of art. In Von Bruenchenhein's hallucinogenic landscape, a dragon-like monster emerges from the foliage at lower left, commanding an ostensibly post-apocalyptic domain. It is up to the viewer to decide if this plumed serpent

Eugene Von Bruenchenhein, *Oct. 15, 1956, #497,* oil on panel, Collection of Glenn Egan, 1956

protagonist would be friend or foe.

On other days, *Reservoir Grasses* (2018) is a wholly abstract composition, a thrilling tour de force of painterly aplomb. Here, Green demonstrates the technical virtuosity that he has been honing for decades. The feverish yet seemingly effortless series of markings that cover the canvas recall certain works of European Art Informel, such as emblematic paintings by Hans Hartung or Pierre Soulages, for instance. American Ab Ex precedents are also available, but more in the vein of Bradley Walker Tomlin or William Baziotes than Pollock or de Kooning. Despite the bravura brushwork, Green's tone is cool and reserved, the painting's relationship to landscape is deliberately abstruse and in keeping with the integration of cartoon figures and abstract elements that are attributes of his earlier works. With Green's move some years ago to the Hudson Valley from the urban setting of New York City, it would seem logical that today he contributes to a new Hudson River School of painting, building upon the examples

Emperor Huizong, *Auspicious Dragon Rock,* ink and color on silk, 1082–1135

of nineteenth-century painters like Thomas Cole and Frederic Church.

In conversation, the artist refers to his process of moving paint on the surface as a "pulse," with a crucial time element involved. "Coiling," the quick, repetitive gestures with the brush, sponge, or palette knife, results in the snaking shapes—"space-time wormholes related to some physics principle, or almost like string theory," the artist notes. These meandering coils and wave formations constitute major facets of the composition. "Bridging" is a term Green uses to describe the networks of lines that connect the various sections of the picture.

Over the years, Green has established and refined an extensive vocabulary of forms and gestural markings. *The Mustard Seed Garden Manual of Painting* or *The Tao of Painting*, a seventeenth-century compendium of brushstrokes, has been key to the development of his own gestural lexicon. For me, Green's work has a certain kinship with another Taoist or practitioner of the Dao—the Chinese painter Huizong, a Northern Song Dynasty emperor known for his "Slender Gold" calligraphy and precisionist paintings of birds and rock formations. "By embodying the Dao," Huizong wrote in the year 1118, "one can come close to the spirits; by employing it, one can assist Heaven and Earth, by extending it, one can bring order to the realm and the country, can make it so all the people of the world attain the truth of peace, quiet and constancy and rise to the realms of goodness and longevity."[2] *Reservoir Grasses* may or may not suggest such noble and high-minded ideals, but in his work, Green suggests that with wit, humor, and an extraordinary vision, all sorts of natural and human-made calamities might be averted.

[1]Noël Barber, *Conversations with Painters*, Collins, London, 1964, p. 46.

[2]*Emperor Huizong and Late Northern Song China,* Patricia Buckley Ebrey and Maggie Bickford, editors, Harvard University Asia Center, Cambridge, MA and London, 2006, p. 254.

David Ebony is currently a Contributing Editor of *Art in America,* formerly its Managing Editor. A senior editor at SNAP Editions, NYC, he is the author of *David Ebony and ARTbooks,* a monthly column for Yale University Press online, and a contributor to *artnet News* and *Garage* magazine, among other publications.

An adjunct professor of art history and theory at the New York Academy of Art, Ebony is also an independent curator. Among his recent exhibitions are *Grasshopper: A Judy Pfaff Survey,* at CR10, Linlithgo, New York, 2016; and *Metropolis,* at Edward Tyler Nahem Fine Art, New York, 2015.

He is the author of numerous artist monographs, including *Beatriz Milhazes* (Taschen 2017); *Arne Svenson: The Neighbors* (Julie Saul Gallery, 2015); *Anselm Reyle: Mystic Silver* (Distanz, 2012); *Emily Mason: The Fifth Element* (Braziller, 2006); *Craigie Horsfield: Relation* (Jeu de Paume, 2005); *Carlo Maria Mariani* (Huber 2001); and *Graham Sutherland: A Retrospective* (Picasso Museum, Antibes, 1998). He lives and works in New York City.

The Creamery
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018

Floral Energies
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

(Left)
Spark River
Oil on linen, 36×40”
2016

(Right)
Under the Map Room
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2018

(Left)
Inhale, Exhale
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

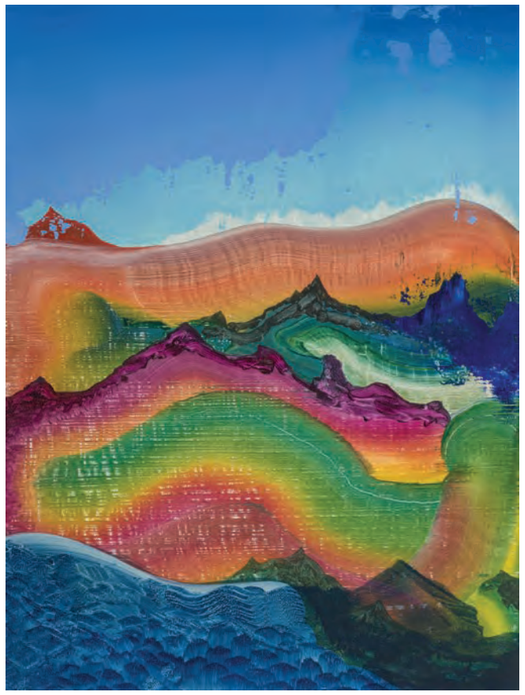
(Right)
Waves and Vibrations
Oil on linen, 90×70”
2019

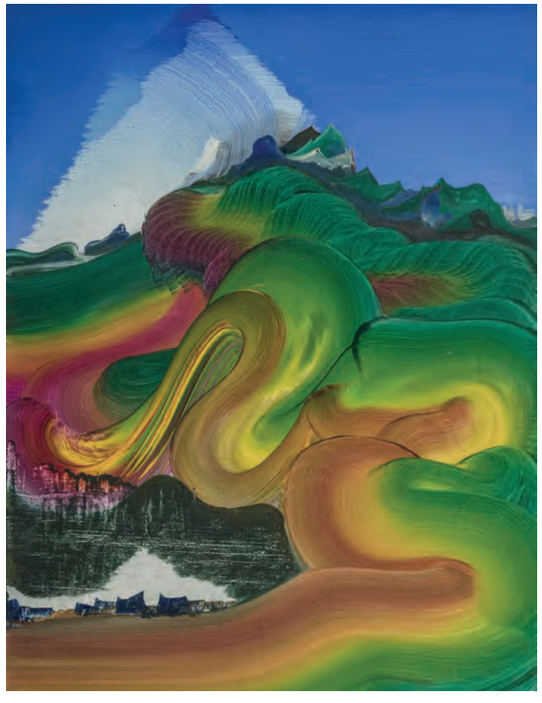
The Heart's Volcano
Oil on linen, 76×48"
2019

(From Left to Right)
Halation
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019

Oil
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

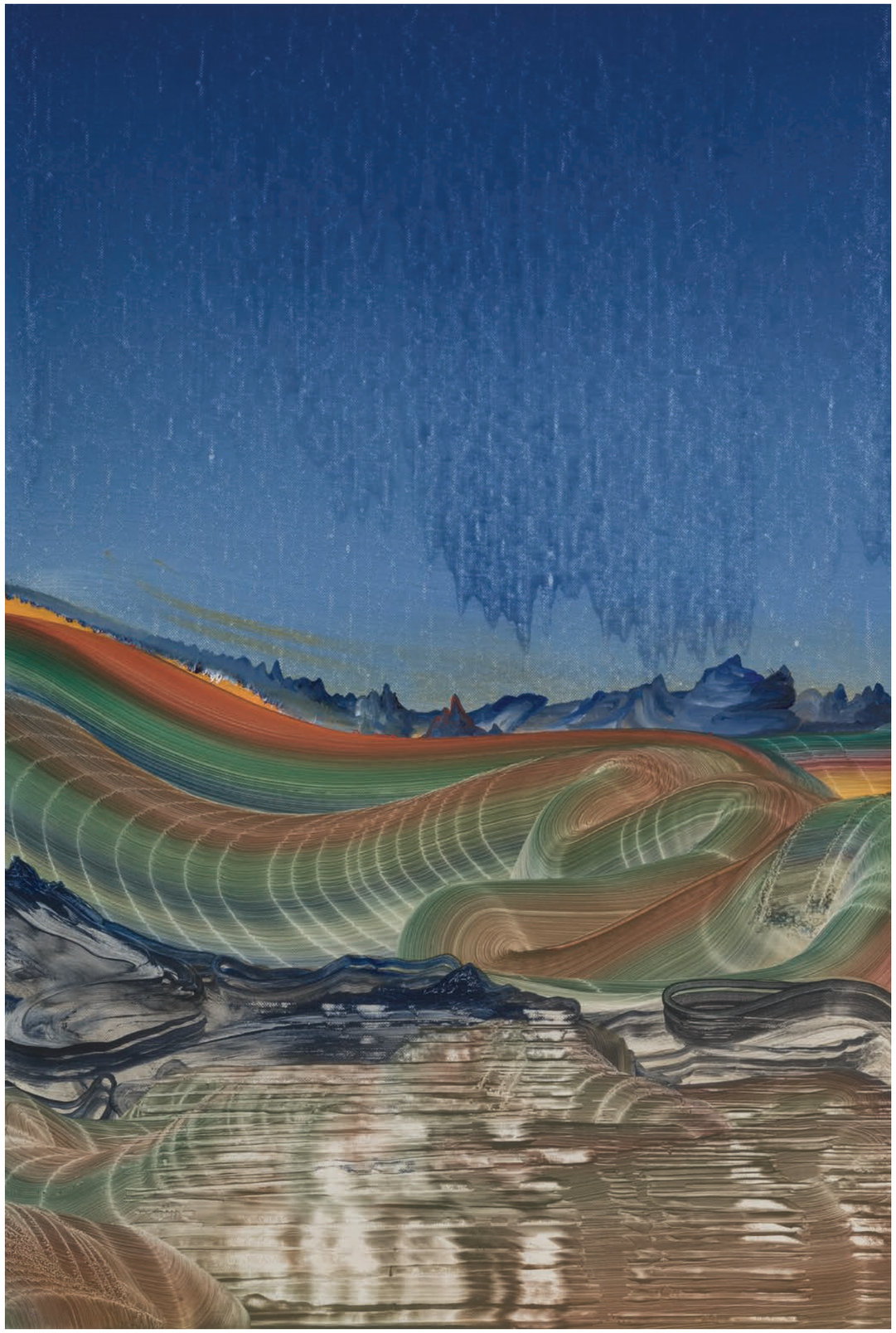
Trix and Water
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019





(Left)
Interesting Dirt
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019

(Right)
Humidity
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018



Buried in God
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019

(Next)
California
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018

Tracks
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

Buttery Cottage
Oil on linen, 40×80”
2012

Evaporants
Oil on linen, 30×80”
2017

Uncoiling Light
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019

Fist and Shadow
Oil on linen, 20×28”
2014

Elliott Green’s paintings appear to be in continuous motion, the way animals, plants, and ultimately rocks and mountains are in continuous motion, even when our human vision fails to apprehend it. Placing great thick gestures of paint amid minute intricacies and vice versa, his compositions demonstrate the movement of the universe on both the macro and the micro scales. They might seem analogous to the huge, all-but-abstract photographs of Andreas Gursky or Edward Burtynsky (whose high-resolution digital work similarly presents the eye with sights it can’t otherwise see), but Green’s paintings are first and last human documents, their rhythms legible to the pulse and not above trying to accelerate it.

That being so, the paintings can’t help invoking intellectual movement as well: they set the viewer’s mind tumbling toward successive interpretations. The idioms of landscape painting have been set loose on Green’s canvases, and we’re invited to see deluxe vistas everywhere—with all that we expect of them: peaks, shores, skies, and the great luxury of distance itself, which signifies time. But when a swath of blue-to-silver or green-to-gray makes contact with another swatch of color, the suggestion of mountain or lake is revoked and we’re made to see the flatness of the canvas again, the pigment as pigment alone.

Green has said that he works by accretion, layering each canvas with shapes and colors, the result being that substantial histories of composition are hidden under each completed work. Improvisation is central to this method. His lines travel with such elegance that each one exudes an almost physical coolness—you feel Green’s assurance with line and volume leaning on the flux of improvisation—and this tension between restraint and randomness forms something like a habitable climate in almost every painting (in a few the climate feels distinctly hostile to life).

Layering seems the subject of his *Fist and Shadow* (2014), where most of the canvas is textured with a translucent wash of grayish brown. Sharp,

bright shapes are swimming half-visibly beneath it—a rare sight, since Green usually covers earlier actions with opacity. You can hardly help reading the oval on the right as the eponymous fist—its plump contours may be referencing Green's earlier work, which was often composed around cartoonish humanoids gestured in exquisitely playful lines.

At once the potential for movement is awakened: Will there be impact between this fist and shadow, and what happens to a shadow when it's punched? Rather than being knocked out, it seems likely to disperse and banish light from the land. As is often the case in Green's work, the darkest questions flow from a comic style. Note the shapes that ask to be read as puffs of chimney smoke near the top of *Bone Dust Beach* (2013): they look storybook-harmless, and then they billow into something like a deadly pale zygote tethered in the sky. But perpetrating such acts of narrative on Green's canvases must fill the viewer with ambivalence: you're teased into seeing things that aren't really present. It's almost as if this systole-diastole between interpretation and unprejudiced seeing were the aim of each painting.

The aptly titled *Polyvalence* (2013) is a procession of summits, rocky and/or aqueous, each "ridge" filled with layers of color older than its contours. And these aren't the Berkshires: they're sublime horizons, a Hokusai idea of what it is to be at one with nature. Yet a crucial contradiction here and in Green's other canvases is that many of these lines or ruptures look distinctly inorganic. The wide pipes of color that often snake through his paintings remind me of ducts in the dystopian masterpiece *Brazil*. Green's shapes look nothing like ducts and aren't intended to look like ducts. But in the context of his abstract compositions they look nearly representational. And then one of them—in the kind of instant, unlabored allusion that's at home in his work—forms a near half-circle near the middle of *The Photon Skir*t (2015), echoing the concentric rings

of the known universe in Giovanni di Paolo's compact Quattrocento epic, *The Creation of the World and the Expulsion from Paradise*.

Green's work is often brought into focus by his titles; the images coalesce like iron filings under the magnetic pull of their names. It may be, for example, that the poppy red near the corner of *Shark Mouth* is neither hostile nor benign, just a morally neutral concentration of carmine; but the title invests the painting's tight rhythm of curves and angles with the jaunty malignity of a killer that can afford to toy with its prey. We tend to think of the natural world as an ascetic, not just indifferent to us but favoring utility over loveliness and efficiency over pleasure. Yet the splendor of Green's paintings reminds us that nature can be baroque, its organisms organized to the point of rococo. The threadbare opposition of nature and art—often miscast in aesthetic terms as authenticity versus theatricality—is beautifully scrambled on Green's canvases. And to appreciate nature's formality of purpose is to arrive at a fresh vision of our fundamentally human hunger for form.

Hunger is important to mention because we so often imagine formal questions to be antiseptic or apolitical, living as we do in a time when consumers are eager for memoir, personal confession, the who not the how of a thing. Yet a painting like Green's *Expander* (2016)—which seems to me a bold series of formal departures, suggesting the unceasing incursions of time's fourth dimension into what we know as the first three and thereby hinting at an identity's struggle for coherence, while refusing such readings in just the way that, say, Emily Dickinson's "*My Life had stood—a Loaded Gun—*" resists paraphrase—a painting like *Expander* operates like an expander on the mind, inserting thoughts (see my foregoing em-dashes) while earlier thoughts are still forming.

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Jana Prikryl is the author of two poetry collections, *No Matter* and *The After Party*. Her essays on photography and film have appeared in *The Nation* and *The New York Review of Books*, where she works as a senior editor and poetry editor.

The Thing Imagines Itself
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014

(Left)
Polyvalence
Oil on linen, 36×57”
2015

(Right)
The Photon Skirt
Oil on linen, 36×60”
2015

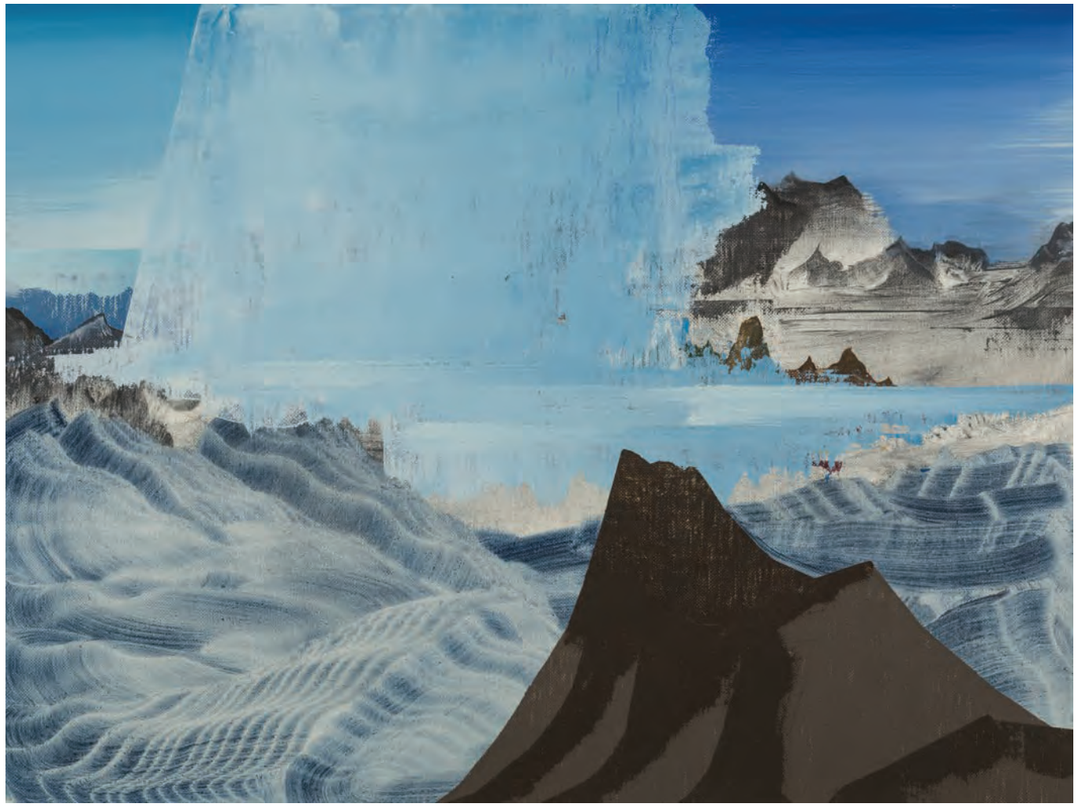
(From Left to Right)
Expander
Oil on linen, 18×24”
2016

Bone Dust Beach
Oil on linen, 36×60”
2013

Shark Mouth
Oil on linen, 24×32”
2015

(Left)
Black Glacier
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

(Right)
Solid Sky
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017



(Left)
Transitioner
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

(Right)
Dropper
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019

Malibu
Oil on linen, 30×16”
2019

(Left)
Bigger Than Air
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

(Right)
Over the Inner Ear
Oil on linen, 32×16”
2019

Heavy Shit in Candy Land
Oil on canvas, 90×70”
2015

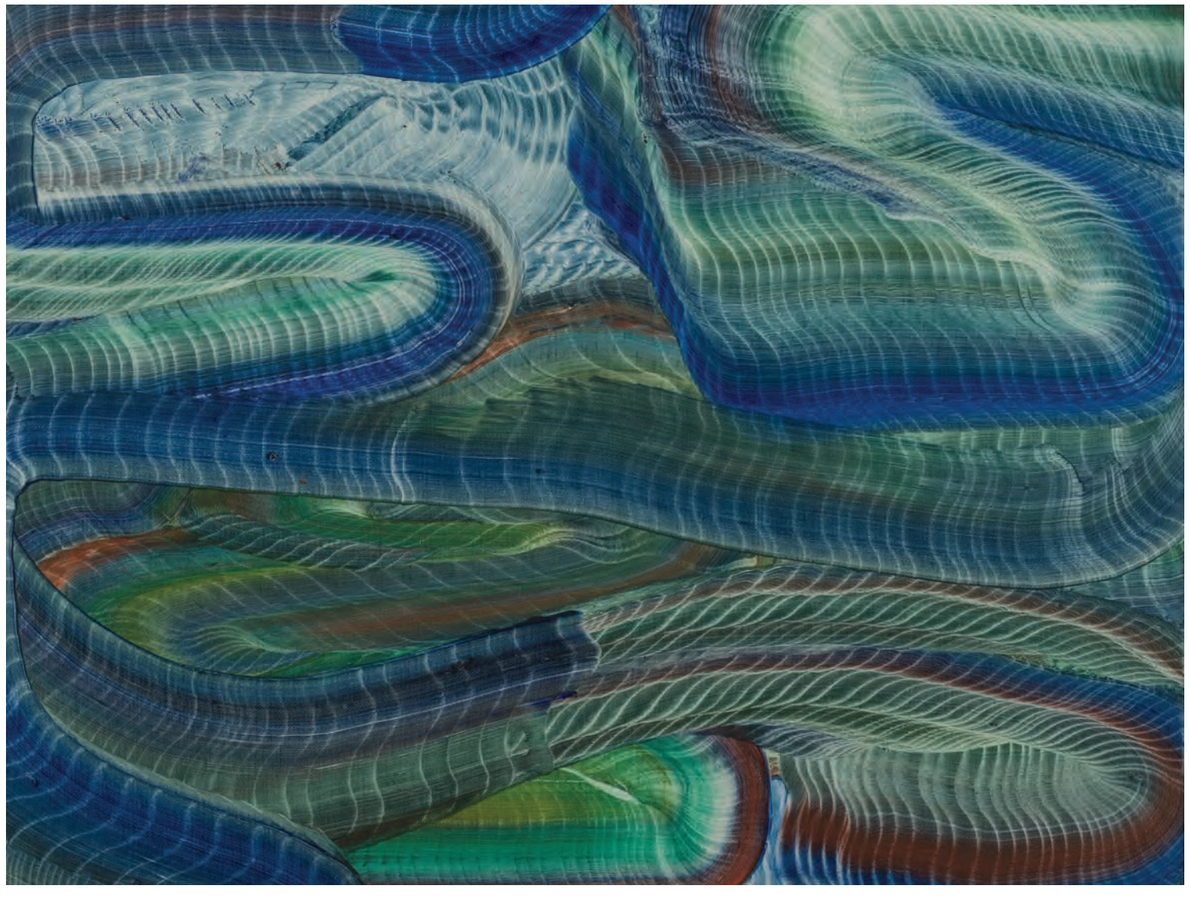
Performer
Oil on linen, 36×40”
2017

(From Left to Right)
Anticipatory Mourning
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2019

Ssink
Oil on linen, 16×28”
2017

Discontinued
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018

Ice Weed
Oil on linen, 18×24”
2018



Oregon
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018

Eminence
Oil on linen, 76×54”
2015

Wake the Veins
Oil on linen, 76×54”
2015

"It is in vain to dream of a wildness distant from ourselves. There is none such. It is the bog in our brains and bowels, the primitive vigor of Nature in us, that inspires that dream. I shall never find in the wilds of Labrador a greater wildness than in some recess of Concord, i.e. than I import into it."
—Henry David Thoreau, *Journal*

The first painting I spotted on my initial visit to Elliott’s studio a few years ago was *Wake the Veins* (2015), which presented an image that seemed deceptively accessible as landscape while completely disrupting any traditional visual foothold. It placed the viewer squarely in front of an epic vista, and then let loose with its own laws of physics and matter in its overlay of elements and their spatial jumps. Most striking of all was the gripping experience of seeing meditative areas of icily quiet calm amid the vertiginous, careening leaps of vast distances.

In Elliott’s work, all the elements of the landscape tradition are there: the familiar color—blue sky and water, green and brown earth. The inventory of forms is there as well—mountains, placid and turbulent bodies of water, clouds, icebergs, islands, and horizons. But all these elements are only the first steps into the work; they serve to trigger our collective memory of landscape.

In the history of Western art, landscape has served a variety of purposes over the centuries. In their earliest form, landscapes appeared as small glimpses over the shoulders of the subjects of formal portraits, horizontal slivers of topography in earthtones and increasingly lighter shades of blue stepping back toward a horizon. Rendered within these miniature views were distant towns and villages, recognizable locales that gave context to the sitter’s region. The human figure was paramount in the hierarchy of painting, and landscape played a subservient role well up to the 1500s.

In the early part of the 1500s, landscape became a

Joachim Patinir, *Landscape with Charon Crossing the Styx*, oil on wood, 25×41", circa 1515–24

distinct and independent subject of its own. The painter responsible was Joachim Patinir (1480–1524), the earliest practitioner of what came to be called "Weltlandschaft," the world landscape. Revolutionary in these works are the canvas-filling, richly detailed panoramas of an almost global view. The human figure, now dominated by the vastness of the natural surroundings, makes a greatly reduced, subordinate appearance.

An exceptional example of Patinir's work, and one that contains much of the spectacular color and topographic invention of Elliott's work, is *Landscape with Charon Crossing the Styx*, painted circa 1515–1524. While the figures and their symbolic journey are still the work's focal point, the landscape with its evocative color and moods is now the main attraction. Exceptional in its mapping of space, the scene seamlessly connects river to shores, fields to forests, and nearby rocky outcroppings to distant mountains with a high horizon. Elevating the painted environment and placing us as the tiniest of subjects among it have been Patinir's greatest contributions to every landscape tradition since then.

The idea of landscape as an assembly of diverse elements that combine to describe a larger world is one that lives on in Elliott's work. We have no figures on a journey through his paintings. Instead, we have artist and materials. The hand and paint move across the canvas, searching and making connections among different parts of the composition, and continue on until the surface has been fully explored and mapped. The paint plays a dual role in Elliott's world-building, as both topographical foundation and the passage that links those foundational elements into a larger pictorial view.

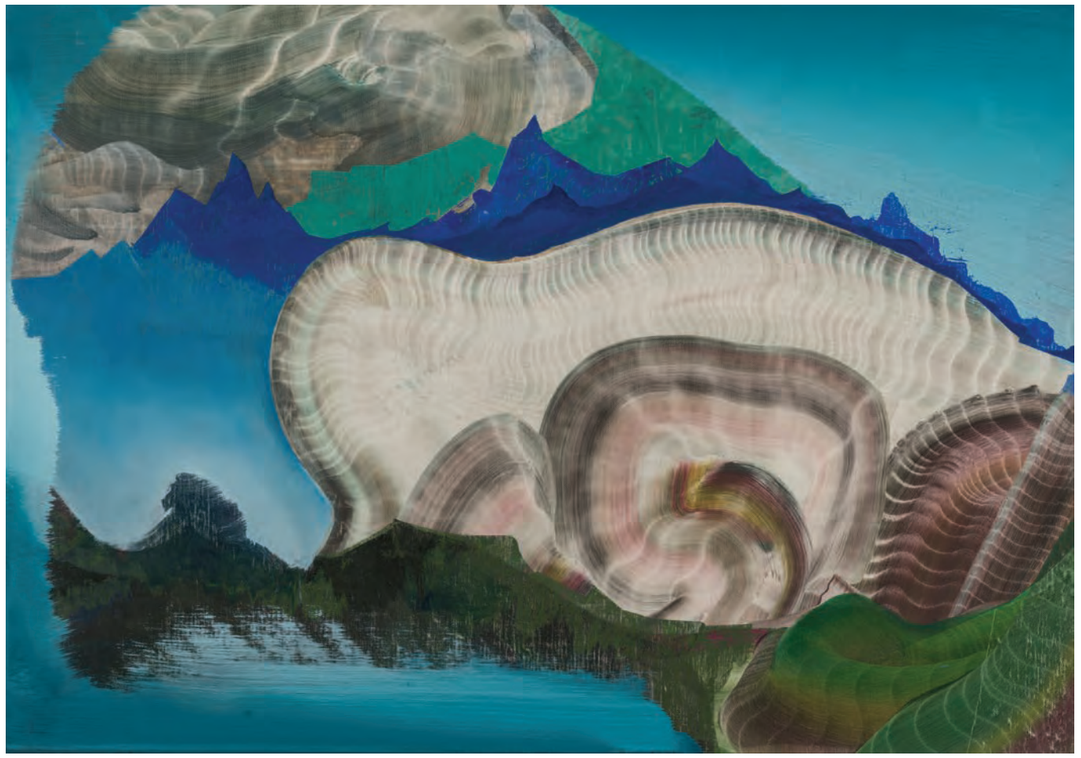
The reward for the viewer is experiencing these paintings with much the same thoughtful intensity that Elliott brings to them during their creation. Like explorers finding a new world, we get to discover ourselves through our own journey within these works.

Gary Lucidon is a passionate collector of antiquities and contemporary art, with a focus on the historical evolution of forms and themes and their role in shaping today's cultural outlook.

Telepathic Reverb
Oil on linen, 40×36”
2018

(Left)
Seaweed
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

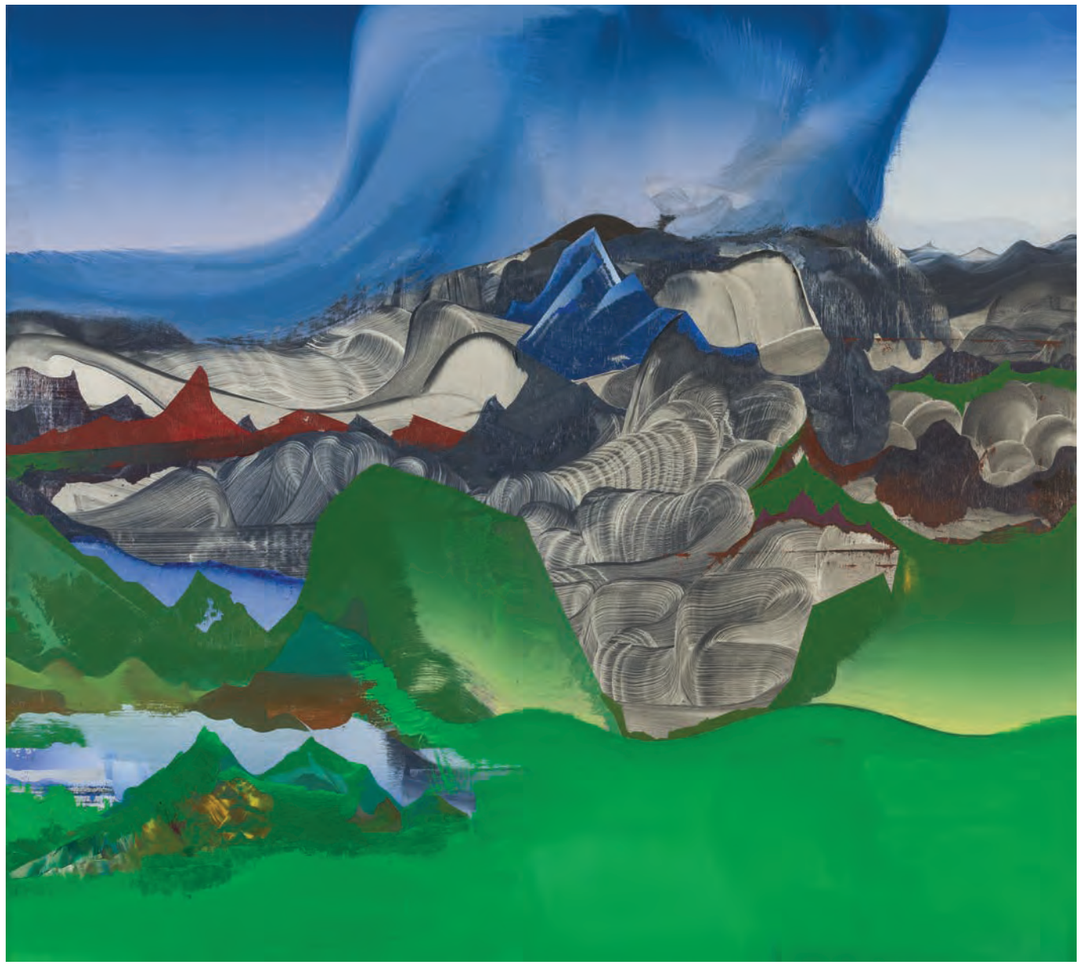
(Right)
Fungus
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018



Navigator
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

(Left)
Horizontal Compression
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018

(Right)
Oxygen
Oil on linen, 36×40”
2016



Fish
Oil on linen, 32×40”
2018

ClownFish
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

As a photographer I view the world through an apparatus mashed against my face, an endeavor that allows me to filter, shape, and frame reality to my needs. The tangible world is the baseline from which I grow my practice and I’m creatively confused when denied its secure embrace.

When I look at Elliott Green’s paintings the rug of reality is whipped out from under me and I’m required to find my way through his world without a compass, or rather without my compass. Elliott demands that you explore his fantastic world using a map only he can provide and language he can speak—we are given a legend via his titles, but otherwise we must trace our way using the sensuous forms and landscape horizon lines as our only guides. The destinations are unknown, but the journey is a wondrous thing to experience.

The imagery in Elliott’s paintings is so close to being recognizable, but then things move, shapes shift, and that which was nameable a moment ago is suddenly not. The layers of paint applied, then covered, then revealed are akin to the process of a snake shedding its skin; I can almost sense the crackling sheath left behind as these amorphic forms undulate and move across the landscape. And often these landscapes are only the idea of one—a horizon line is established but appears to weave in and out of the central components. It becomes central and yet eerily distant at the same time. With Elliott’s paintings we are always at the crossroads of anatomy and landscape—they are a mash-up of a world map and *Gray’s Anatomy*, crumbled together in an ever-changing amalgam of earth and viscera.

Seldom mentioned when discussing Elliott’s work is his mastery of light—though his paintings are opaque, they have the ability to appear lit from within, or behind, as one would expect from computer monitor imagery. As a photographer, I am guided by light, ruled and seduced by it, and I can’t help but think that Elliott is equally as captivated by this force. His is the light of Frederic Church

and J. M. W. Turner, filtered through the aurora borealis, with just whispers of Disney.

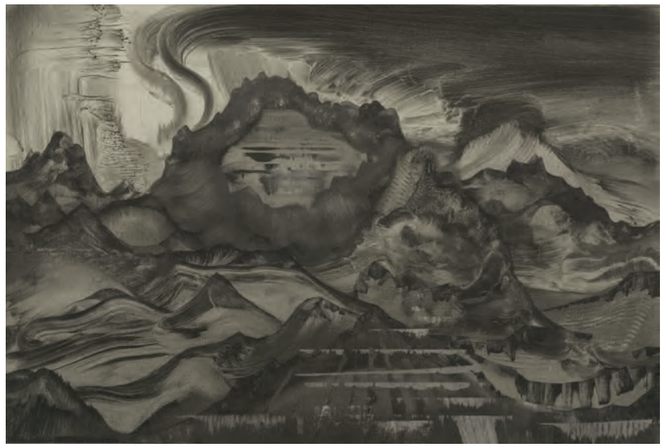
No one has ever walked through Elliott's landscapes, and perhaps that is for the best—there are land mines of color and form, shapes that suddenly catch a breath as you pass, and sight lines that go to infinity. Or not. But how wonderful it would be to wander through this world; how rich we would be to bed down on the billowy forms and look to skies of mountains and light.

Arne Svenson's photographs have been shown extensively in the United States, Europe, and Asia and his work is included in numerous public and private collections. In 2016 he received the prestigious Nannen Prize for his project, *The Neighbors*. He is a self-taught photographer with an educational and vocational background in special education. Svenson is the author/photographer of numerous books, including *Unspeaking Likeness, The Neighbors, Prisoners,* and *Sock Monkeys* (200 out of 1,863). Recent exhibitions: *The Neighbors* at the Museum of Contemporary Art Denver, 2016 and *André Kertész/Arne Svenson: À ma fenêtre,* Galerie Miranda, Paris, 2019.

Wake the Veins
Oil on linen, 76×54"
2015

Tail Eater
Oil on linen, 14×32"
2017

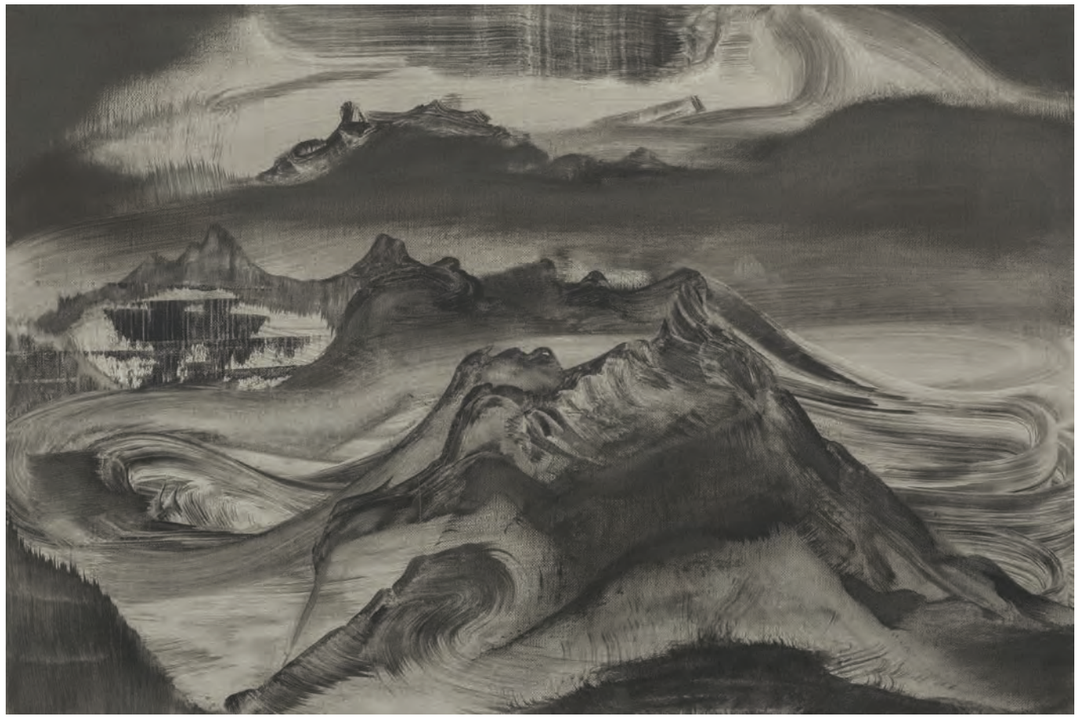
Slider
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2018

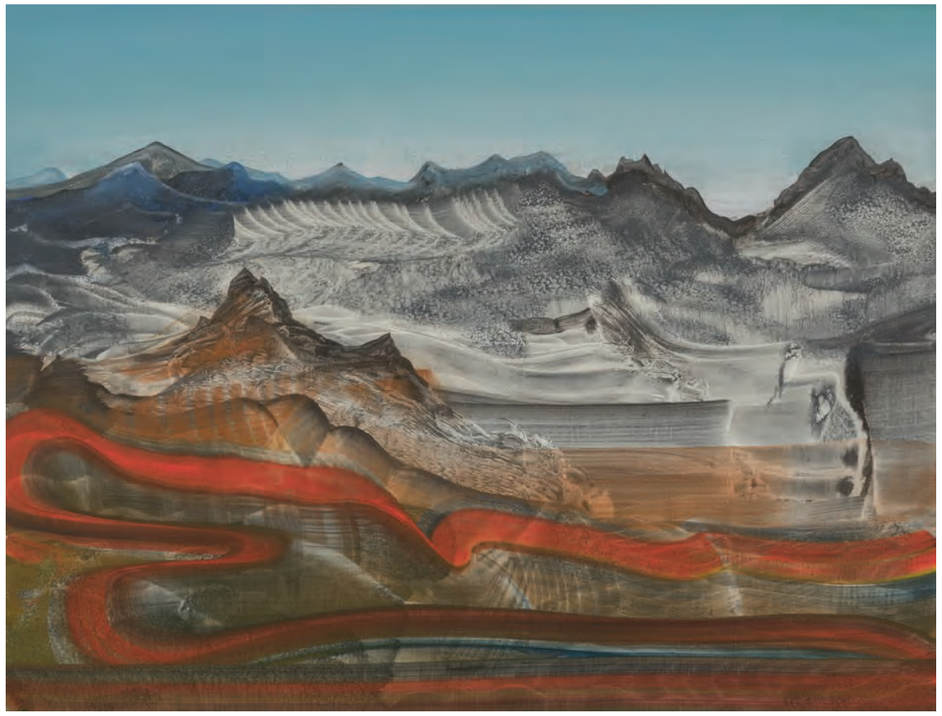


(From Left to Right)
Noble Rock
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014

Mud Lake
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014

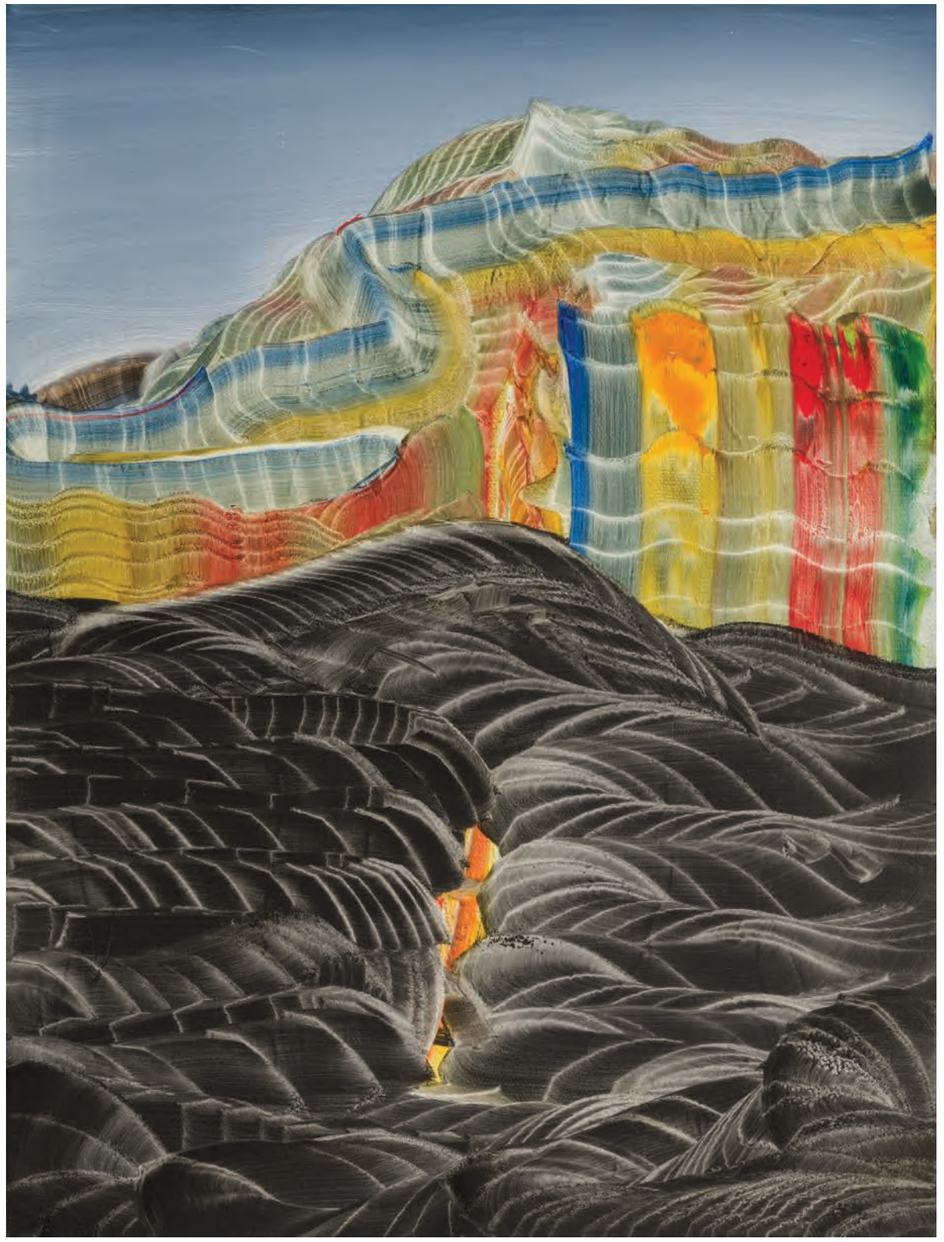
Alligator Bites Eskimo
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014





(Left)
The Rustway
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

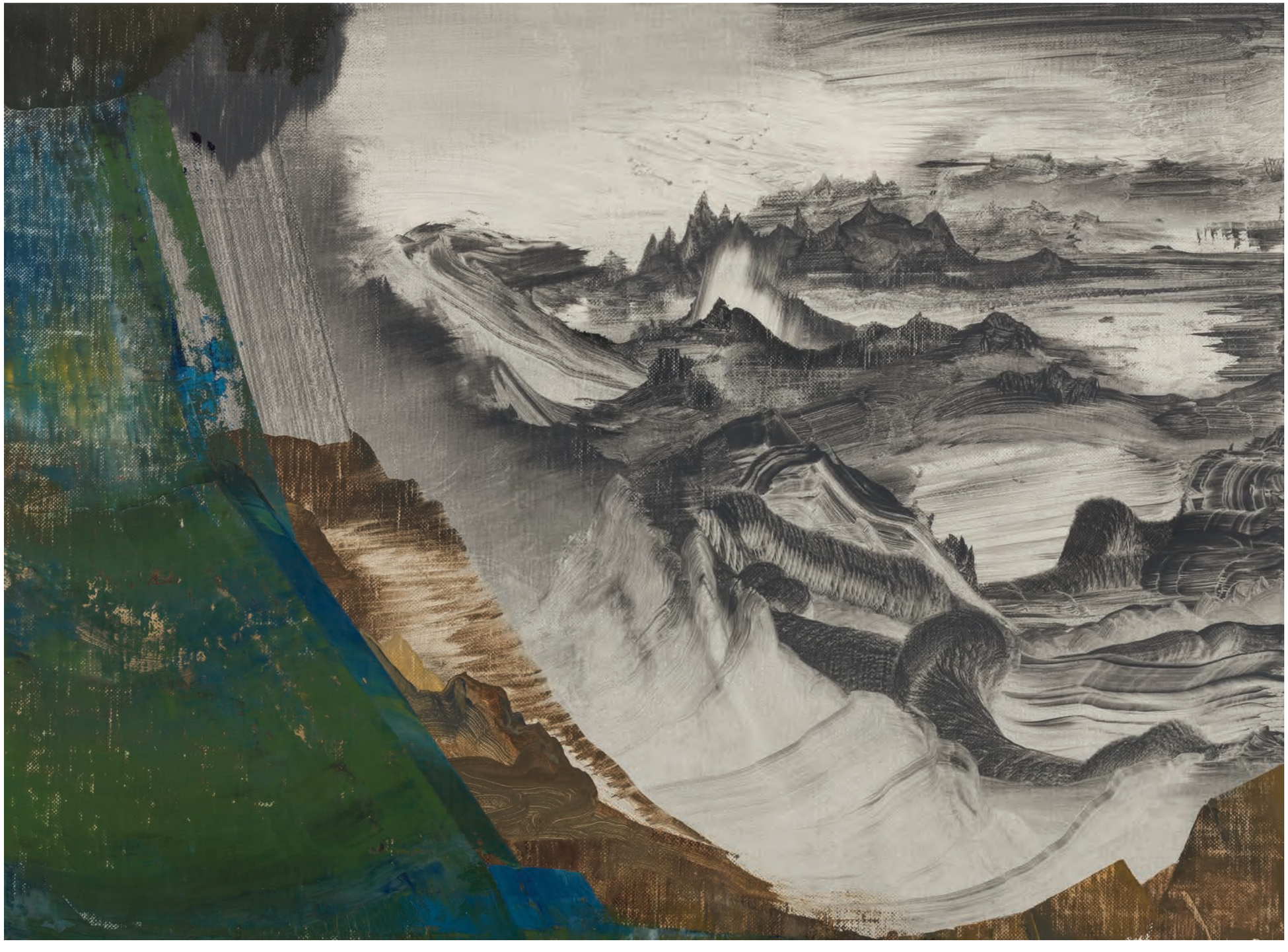
(Right)
Engulfed
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019



Amygdala
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2019

(Left)
A Copulated Testimony
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019

(Right)
Dirty Gravity
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2019



Big Backyard
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

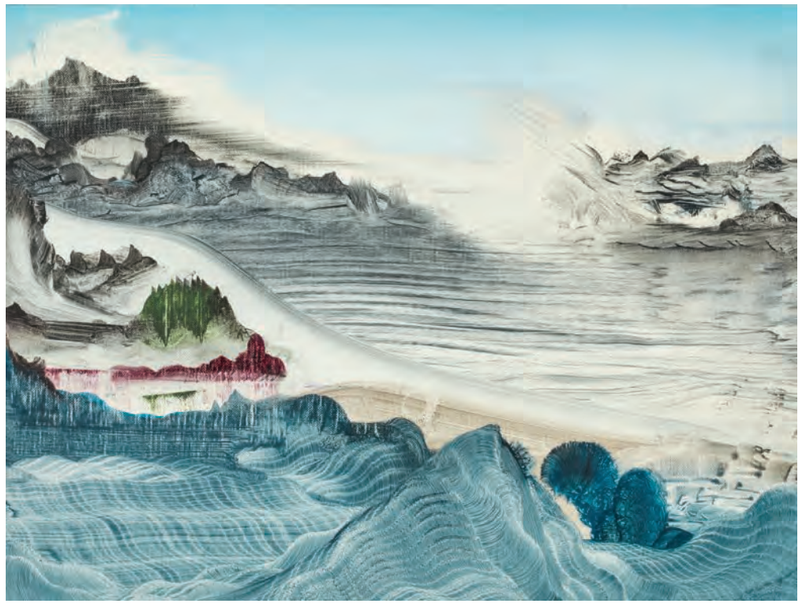
(Left)
Hatching Abomination
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2018

(Right)
Rippling Crust
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

Resting Visionary
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

(Left)
Nervous Rock
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

(Right)
Flying Ice
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017



Blue Tonnage
Oil on linen, 28×37”
2018

I am lucky enough to have several works of Elliott Green’s in my home in Burbank, California. The house is almost a mini—Green museum. You could start in the living room, where there’s a painting depicting a floating man, with a blue suit and slicked-back hair, wooing a mostly naked woman with eyeglasses sticking out of her butt and what looks like a dog’s tail protruding from her crotch. Off to the side, a dog-human hybrid watches approvingly, lying in a contoured pose, holding a hairbrush. Move to the dining room and you’ll see a painting of a woman with what looks like a bee’s head, carrying a tray with a large black orb that’s squirting her in the eye. This painting has been on the walls of every place I’ve lived since Elliott gave it to me in the early '90s. In my wife’s office is a colored-pencil drawing, from the mid '80s, that Elliott drew after I got food poisoning on a trip abroad. It consists of several vignettes—a fish skeleton inside a stomach, and a naked, blue-skinned man vomiting and shitting. All of these pieces, from Elliott’s earlier years, display his dark, funny take on the world. Though we live on opposite sides of the country, it’s as if Elliott is always with me, commenting, questioning, and making me laugh.

I first met Elliott in seventh grade, at Cranbrook School, in suburban Detroit. Neither of us fit in very well at this elite private school, and we became fast friends. Elliott was one of the smaller kids in our class, but he was fearless. He always seemed sure of himself, he seemed to know who he was, and he didn’t care what others thought of him. After school, I’d go hang out at his house. Elliott’s family was unlike any other I’d known. His dad was a dentist, his mom owned a bead store, and every one of the six Green kids was an aspiring something—an artist, a writer, an actor, a singer. That was the expectation in the Green family—your parents slaved away so you had the privilege of pursuing a higher calling. They reminded me of Salinger’s Glass family. Wes and Arlene, Elliott’s parents, chauffeured the kids around town in an old limo.

In high school, Elliott's calling was ceramics. We were fortunate enough to have a great ceramics studio at Cranbrook, and Elliott was a phenom, far and away the star ceramicist of the entire school. Even the teacher seemed envious of his gifts. While the rest of us struggled to make a simple mug or bowl decent enough to be a Mother's Day gift, Elliott would effortlessly whip off beautiful, elegant, professional looking pottery of all types. After class, he would sometimes walk out of the studio and throw his latest masterwork against a wall, smashing it to pieces, or hurl it into a creek. When I reminded him of this recently, he told me it wasn't just willful destruction. An earlier ceramics teacher had taught him about the temporality of art and the notion of "sending the clay back to the earth." But I also think Elliott got a kick out of shocking his classmates—it appealed to his anarchic sense of humor. The times I remember him laughing the hardest were when situations got out of control, when things fell apart in a spectacular way, when the world was turned upside down. And I see this as a recurrent theme in his work, especially in his earlier years.

After Cranbrook, Elliott and I both went to the University of Michigan. As usual, Elliott did things his own way. Instead of living in the dorms, he got an apartment off campus. Instead of going to parties, he read a lot, smoked a lot, went to a lot of Ingmar Bergman movies, and wrote a lot. He excelled in the classes he cared about, and blew off the others. He had no interest in the mainstream social life of school—he created his own cocoon in which to work and think, something that has continued in his professional life. I was sure at this time that Elliott would become a writer. He wrote brilliant, funny short stories, and knew far more about literature and philosophy than most of us liberal-arts kids. But one day I came over to his apartment and found him sketching a cartoon character he'd invented. The character, whose name was Dan, had a vase-shaped body and a block-like head and spouted purposely inane

Emergence No. 35, acrylic on canvas, 24×36", 1992

catchphrases like "Now more than ever!" I thought this was just a lark, but from that day on, Elliott threw himself into drawing and, soon after, painting. As school continued, he was less and less interested in his literature classes and more and more enthralled with the work he was doing, and the art history lectures he sat in on. After his junior year, Elliott decided to drop out of college and move to New York City to be an artist. He could have stuck it out another year to get his degree, but he didn't see the point. It was kind of like throwing a pot against a wall.

After I graduated from college, I moved in with Elliott, who was living in a two-bedroom tenement apartment in Yorkville, on the Upper East Side. The rooms were small and cramped, the bathtub was in the kitchen, and the toilet, an ancient pull-chain model, was in a tiny closet in the hallway outside the apartment. We were basically living like German immigrants in the 1920's. Most of our furniture we got off the street—the cast-aside stuff of our better-off neighbors. His singular focus amazed me. He spent almost all of his waking hours painting,

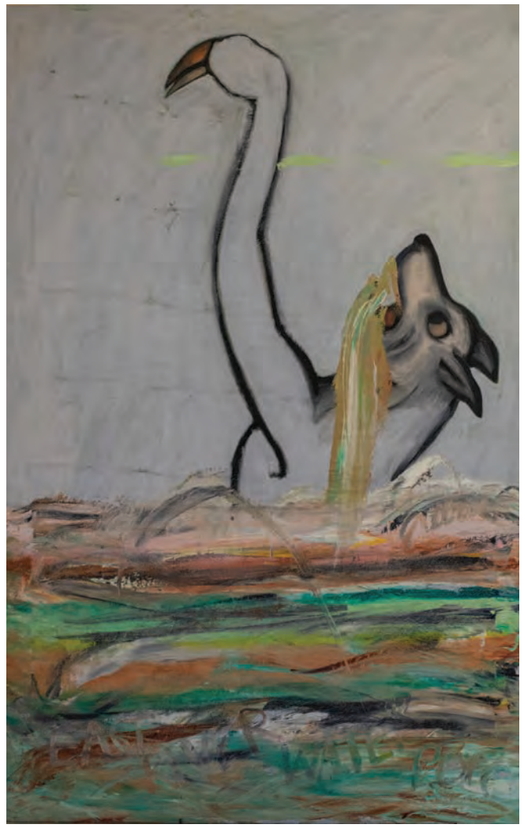
in a small room whose only window looked out onto a gloomy air shaft from which you could hear everything the neighbors were up to. What little money he had went to painting supplies, with just enough set aside for whiskey, cigarettes, and cheap food.

His paintings, which combined the abstract with the figurative, were cartoon-like allegories—funny, dark, often sexual. Some psychodrama often seemed to be playing itself out. There was an unfussiness about them, a looseness. Elliott was never afraid to be a little sloppy, to paint over ideas he didn't like, and to leave those earlier ideas as ghosts within the work. His paintings could be like lively conversations where you might change your mind a few times, or suddenly see things in a new light. He'd go to the Strand bookstore and buy a pile of used books on some topic—mythology, Japanese art—then delve into that subject and use it in his work. One of the pleasures of being his roommate and friend was hearing him "explain" his paintings—telling the stories that lay behind them. Like the stories he wrote back in college, they were brilliant, funny, absurdist. They were about friends, girlfriends, family members, dead pets. They broke taboos, they were id-driven and, like Elliott, fearless. I often wondered if he made up these stories just to entertain me, and whether his work's true meaning was maybe unknown even to him, residing in his subconscious.

Elliott was incredibly generous with his work, giving paintings to his friends without a second thought. If he saw that you really liked something he did, he'd immediately say "You want it?" I was the lucky beneficiary of many pieces. He gave our friend Dave Kahn a painting of a dog-like creature frolicking in murky water, titled *East River Water Polo*, which hung over our kitchen bathtub for a while. This happened thirty-five years ago, but Dave still talks about how much it meant to him. Dave works at a big corporate law firm and has the painting hanging in his office. He told me recently, "I am under strict instructions that it must not be visible from the hallway. Too controversial. It elicits emotions. Art that elicits emotions—go figure."

Elliott arrived in New York as the 1980s were just beginning. As that decade progressed, the New York art market skyrocketed, thanks to the Wall Street boom. Artists like Schnabel and Basquiat became the new rock stars, and got equally rich. Elliott got swept up by the wave too, if not quite at the same level, at the end of the decade, at the end of the boom. Never one for schmoozing and networking, he had been blindly sending out slides for several years, and watching the rejection letters pile up, when he was, out of nowhere, taken on by a major Upper East Side gallery, Hirschl & Adler Modern, a place he'd never even set foot in. This was a game-changing moment. After years of working in cramped spaces, he was able to rent a big loft in what is now Nolita, where he had plenty of light and room to work on much larger canvases. His work flourished, becoming more epic and ambitious. I remember the opening night of his first one-man show at the gallery. The place was packed with family, friends, and art-world people, and there was a palpable sense that Elliott had arrived.

In the years that followed, Elliott's fortunes went up and down. He parted ways with Hirschl & Adler Modern in 1992, after which he moved between several different galleries, including Fawbush, in SoHo, and Postmasters,



East River Water Polo, oil on canvas, 50×32", 1982

Bridge, acrylic on canvas, 24×32", 1989

in Chelsea. There were years of intense activity, with gallery shows, museum exhibits, and press attention, but also years where not much was happening for him. Elliott was sometimes frustrated by the changing currents and fickle tastes of the art market. But that never impacted the way he worked or the nature of the work itself. As he had since the beginning, he remained completely absorbed in his work, following his instincts and his passions. Wherever he might be working at the time, I would go visit his studio and he'd show me what was going on. We'd drink whiskey and smoke Marlboros as he told me funny stories about his work. He would be surrounded by the usual piles of eclectic books, his dad's old dental cabinet, where he stored paints and brushes and tools, and a small bed where he'd crash when he couldn't work anymore. It was the same private, work-centric world that he'd always created for himself.

Eventually, Elliott left New York City and, with his then wife Robin Read, bought a house near Hudson, New York, which offered everything the city didn't—space, quiet, nature, a vegetable garden, and a huge outbuilding for use as a studio. He arrived a few years before many other New York artists began migrating north, and it felt a bit isolated, but isolation didn't bother him. At a certain point, I can't say when exactly, I began to notice that the fluctuations in his career seemed to only go in one direction—up. More and more gallery activity, all over the country and abroad. More museum exhibitions. More fellowships and residencies, including a year in Rome and a stint in southern France. His place in the art world finally felt secured.

When I look at Elliott's current work, I see links to his old work. Gone are the cartoony figures, the allegories, the visual jokes. But it's clearly the work of the same artist. You can see it in the brushstrokes, the colors, the intensity, the unfussiness and spontaneity. His paintings are deeper and richer—complex dreamscapes that pull you in with their mysteriousness. Some bring to mind ghosts or raging storms or epiphanies or bodily decline. His work always told stories, and it still does. There aren't characters acting out some psycho-drama, but there is still a narrative: order versus chaos, light versus darkness, hope versus despair.

When we were young in New York, an actor friend of ours often repeated a piece of advice he'd gotten from one of his acting gurus—"Just do your work, because the work will never leave you." That is, don't worry about recognition, just focus on your work, because that will always be there to sustain you. Elliott and I used to kid about this, since it seemed like just a ridiculous platitude. But for Elliott, it turned out to be true. No matter what goes on he's always been able to find deep fulfillment in his work. And happily, the recognition he so deserved has followed in its wake.

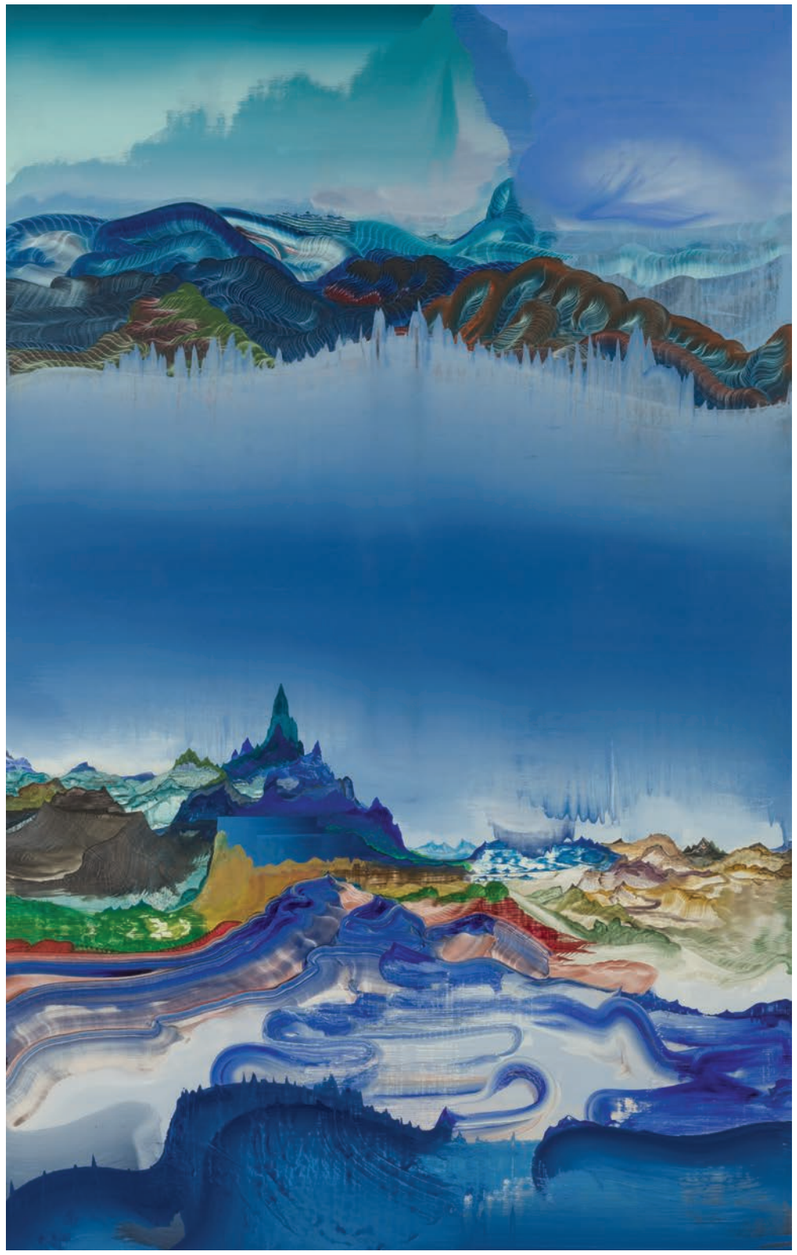
Michael Rubiner is a writer and producer of children's TV shows and movies. He lives in Los Angeles with his wife and daughter.

Smoke River
Oil on linen, 54×76”
2018

Amanuensis
Oil on linen, 48×96”
2019

(Left)
Intermission
Oil on linen, 76×48”
2019

(Right)
Piano
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2019



Sleepwater
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019

(Left)
Wolf
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2018

(Right)
Cloud Throat
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017

Kōma
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

(Next)
Waves and Vibrations
Oil on linen, 90×70”
2019

Seismic Trill
Oil on linen, 32×40”
2019

(Left)
Batweed
Oil on linen, 76×54”
2015

(Right)
Purificatory Rain
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

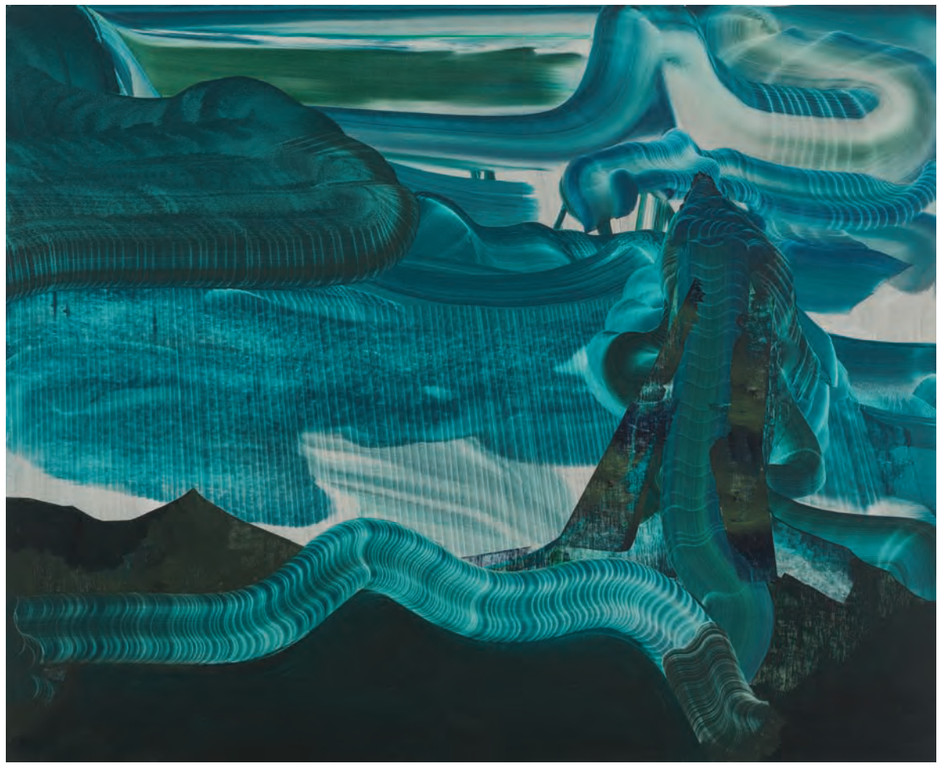
(Left)
Ram Water
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2017

(Right)
Dopamine
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2017

Watery Light
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017

Fluid
Oil on linen, 16×28”
2018

Cleanser
Oil on linen, 34×42”
2017

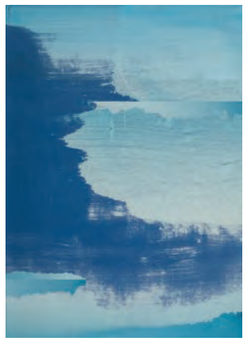


Blue Morphine
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2019

Beautiful Disturbance
Oil on linen, 14×32”
2018

The Establishing Shot
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018

Beyond Substance
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019



Sky Decks
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2018

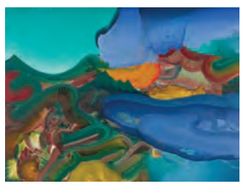
Zeus & Buddha
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2019

Cooker
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2018

Blue Energy
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2019

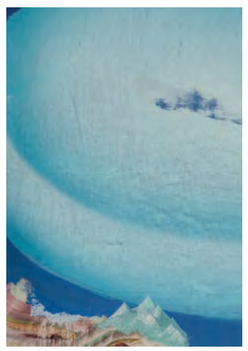
Diving Oxygen
Oil on linen, 36×40”
2017

Mean Loner
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019



Boiling Rain
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

Hydrology
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2017



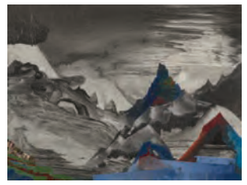
Solitary Giants
Oil on linen, 30×16”
2018

Ice Haven
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018

Early Weathers
Oil on linen, 40×80”
2012

Blind Hunger
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2018

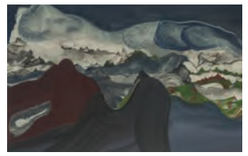
Attachment
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017



Splice
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

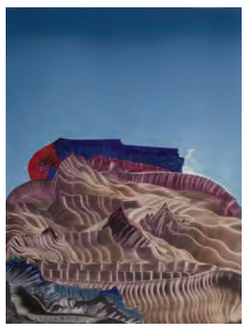
Oozer
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

Inner Scripts
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

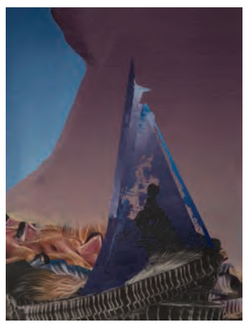


Magnificent Dust
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2017

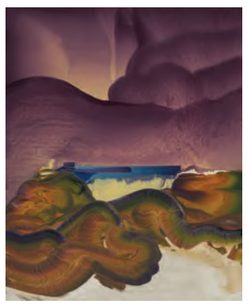
Observatory
Oil on linen, 18×24”
2017



Sleeping Deposit
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019



The Human Tent
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019



Purple Force
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019

Reservoir Grasses
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

The Creamery
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018

Floral Energies
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

Spark River
Oil on linen, 36×40”
2016

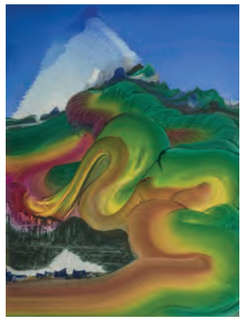
Under the Map Room
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2018

Inhale, Exhale
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2018

Waves and Vibrations
Oil on linen, 90×70”
2019

The Heart’s Volcano
Oil on linen, 76×48”
2019

Halation
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019



Oil
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

Trix and Water
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

Interesting Dirt
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019

Humidity
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018

Buried in God
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019

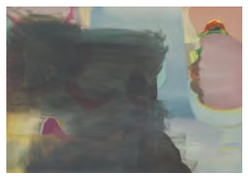
California
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018

Tracks
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

Buttery Cottage
Oil on linen, 40×80”
2012

Evaporants
Oil on linen, 30×80”
2017

Uncoiling Light
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019

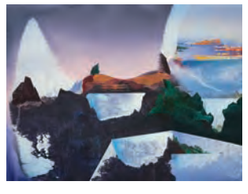


Fist and Shadow
Oil on linen, 20×28”
2014

The Thing Imagines Itself
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014

Polyvalence
Oil on linen, 36×57”
2015

The Photon Skirt
Oil on linen, 36×60”
2015



Expander
Oil on linen, 18×24”
2016

Bone Dust Beach
Oil on linen, 36×60”
2013

Shark Mouth
Oil on linen, 24×32”
2015

Black Glacier
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

Solid Sky
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

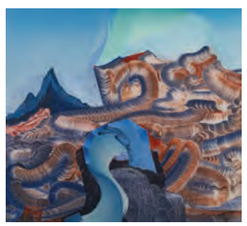
Transitioner
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

Dropper
Oil on linen, 40×32”
2019

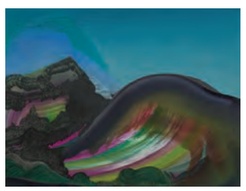
Malibu
Oil on linen, 30×16”
2019

Bigger Than Air
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

Over the Inner Ear
Oil on linen, 32×16”
2019



Performer
Oil on linen, 36×40”
2017

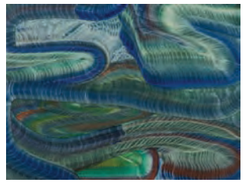


Anticipatory Mourning
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2019

Ssink
Oil on linen, 16×28”
2017

Discontinued
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018

Ice Weed
Oil on linen, 18×24”
2018



Oregon
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018

Eminence
Oil on linen, 76×54”
2015

Wake the Veins
Oil on linen, 76×54”
2015

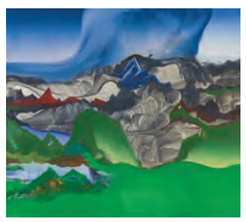
Telepathic Reverb
Oil on linen, 40×36”
2018

Seaweed
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

Fungus
Oil on linen, 16×24”
2018

Navigator
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

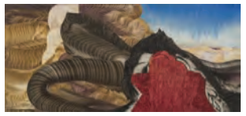
Horizontal Compression
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2018



Oxygen
Oil on linen, 36×40”
2016

Fish
Oil on linen, 32×40”
2018

ClownFish
Oil on linen, 30×40”
2019



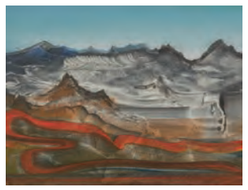
Tail Eater
Oil on linen, 14×32”
2017

Slider
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2018

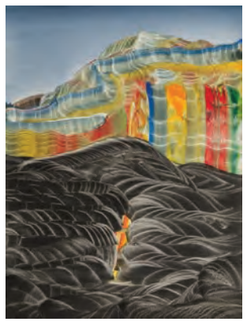
Noble Rock
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014

Mud Lake
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014

Alligator Bites Eskimo
Oil on linen, 12×18”
2014



The Rustway
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017



Engulfed
Oil on linen, 16×12”
2019

Amygdala
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2019

A Copulated Testimony
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019

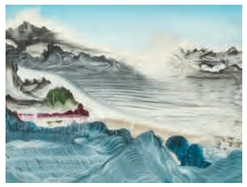
Dirty Gravity
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2019

Big Backyard
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

Hatching Abomination
Oil on linen, 48×76”
2018

Rippling Crust
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

Resting Visionary
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017



Nervous Rock
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2017

Flying Ice
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017

Blue Tonnage
Oil on linen, 28×37”
2018

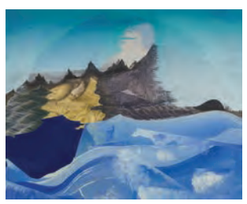
Smoke River
Oil on linen, 54×76”
2018

Amanuensis
Oil on linen, 48×96”
2019

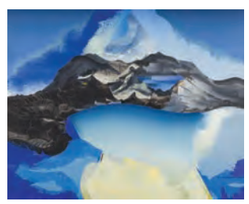
Intermission
Oil on linen, 76×48”
2019

Piano
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2019

Sleepwater
Oil on linen, 24×16”
2019



Wolf
Oil on linen, 15×20”
2018



Cloud Throat
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017

Kōma
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

Seismic Trill
Oil on linen, 32×40”
2019

Batweed
Oil on linen, 76×54”
2015

Purificatory Rain
Oil on linen, 40×30”
2019

Ram Water
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2017

Dopamine
Oil on linen, 20×16”
2017

Watery Light
Oil on canvas, 34×42”
2017

Fluid
Oil on linen, 16×28”
2018

Cleanser
Oil on linen, 34×42”
2017

Blue Morphine
Oil on linen, 12×16”
2019

Beautiful Disturbance
Oil on linen, 14×32”
2018

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