

Works from exhibitions



Malcolm Green





Various, 2000-2007, oil on metal, each 31 x 31 cm
Shown and (many) sold Amsterdam 1996, Iceland 2001, London 2008

IF LIFE IS AS IRONIC
AS THEY SAY



ISN'T THIS ARTWORK
PURE MIMESIS?

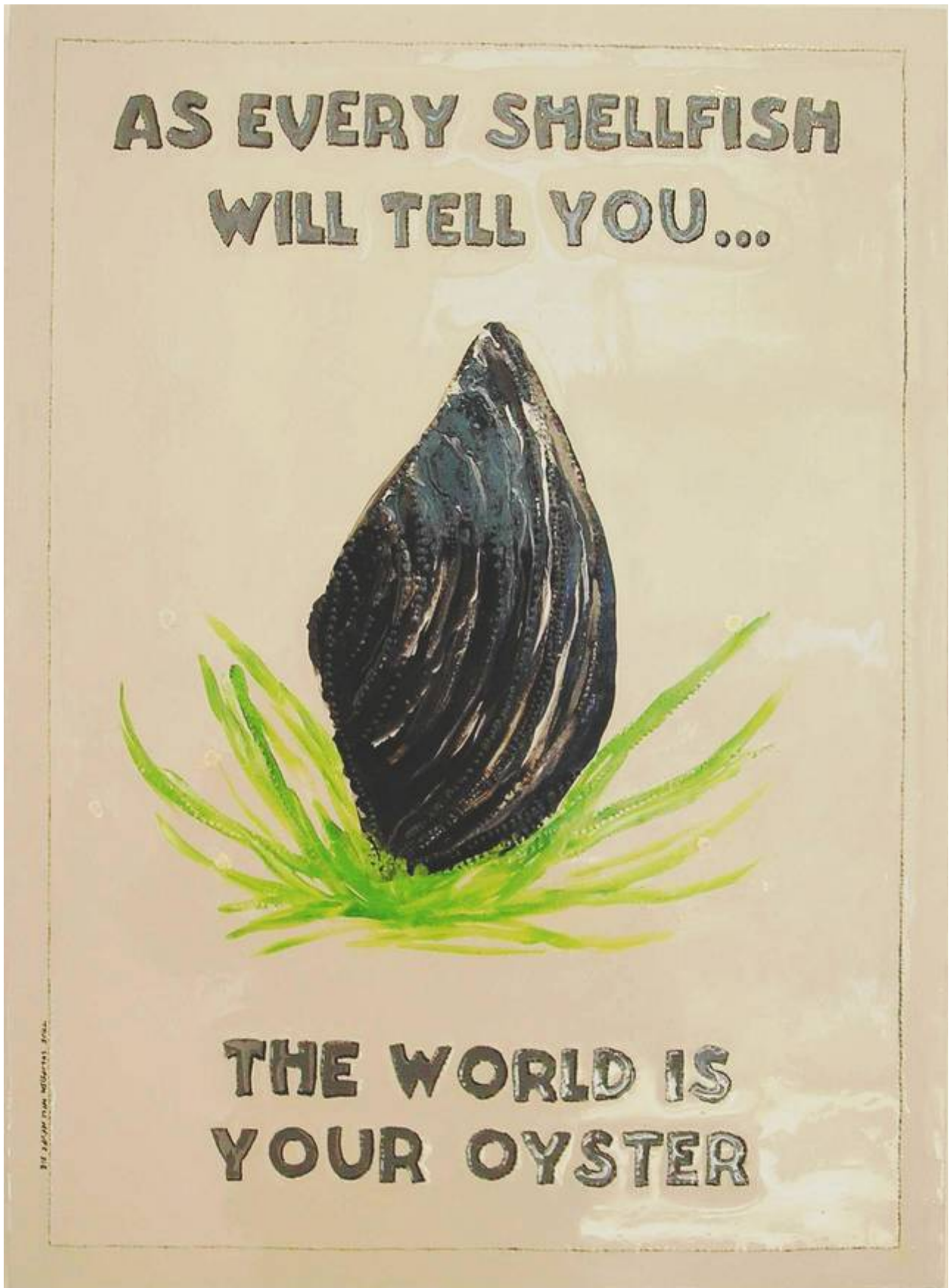
Mimesis, 2009, 59.4 x 42, oil on metal, Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009

THE REVER~
SE

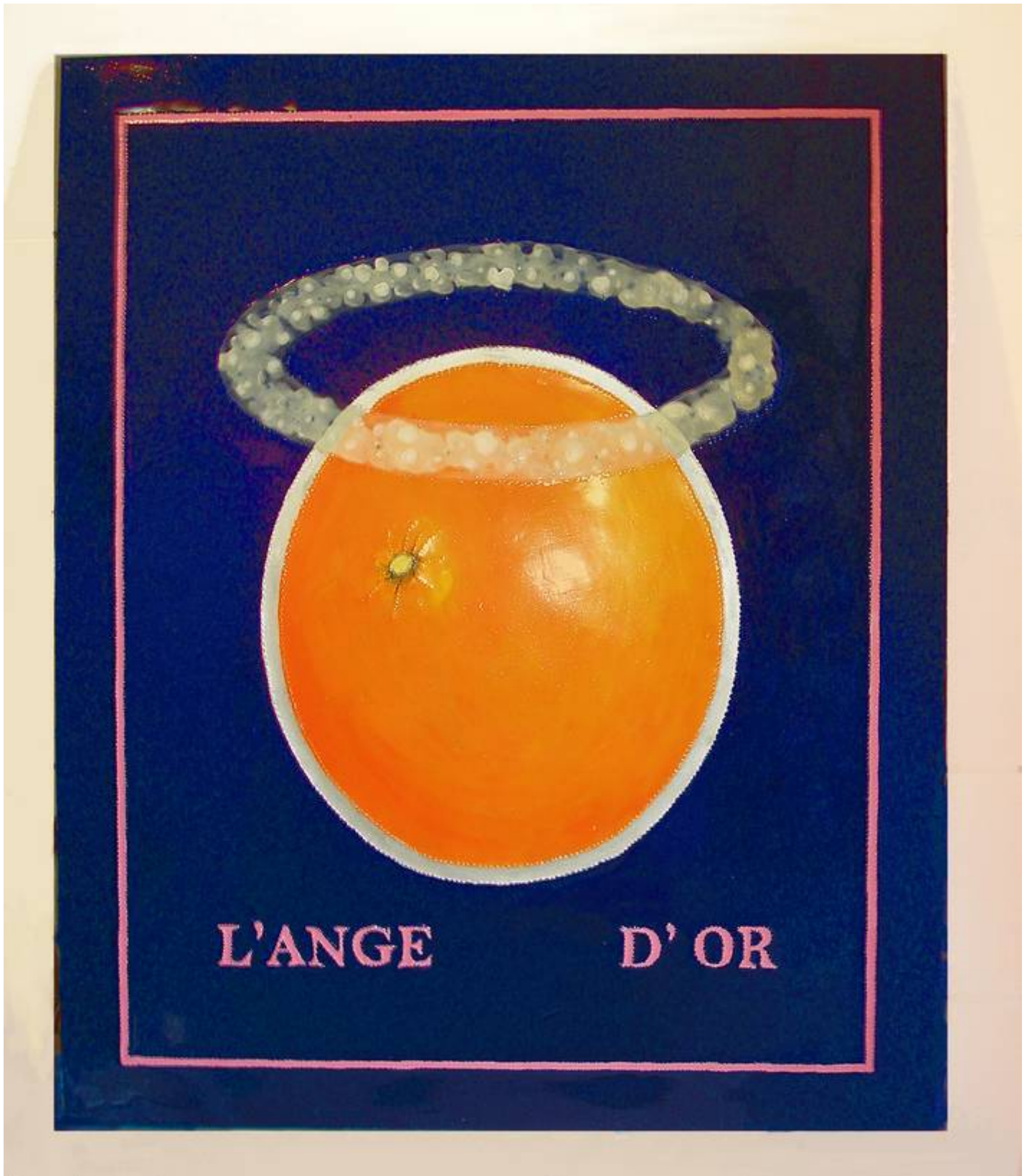


HAM~
LET GENE.

The Reverse Hamlet Gene, 2009, 59.4 x 42, oil on metal, Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009



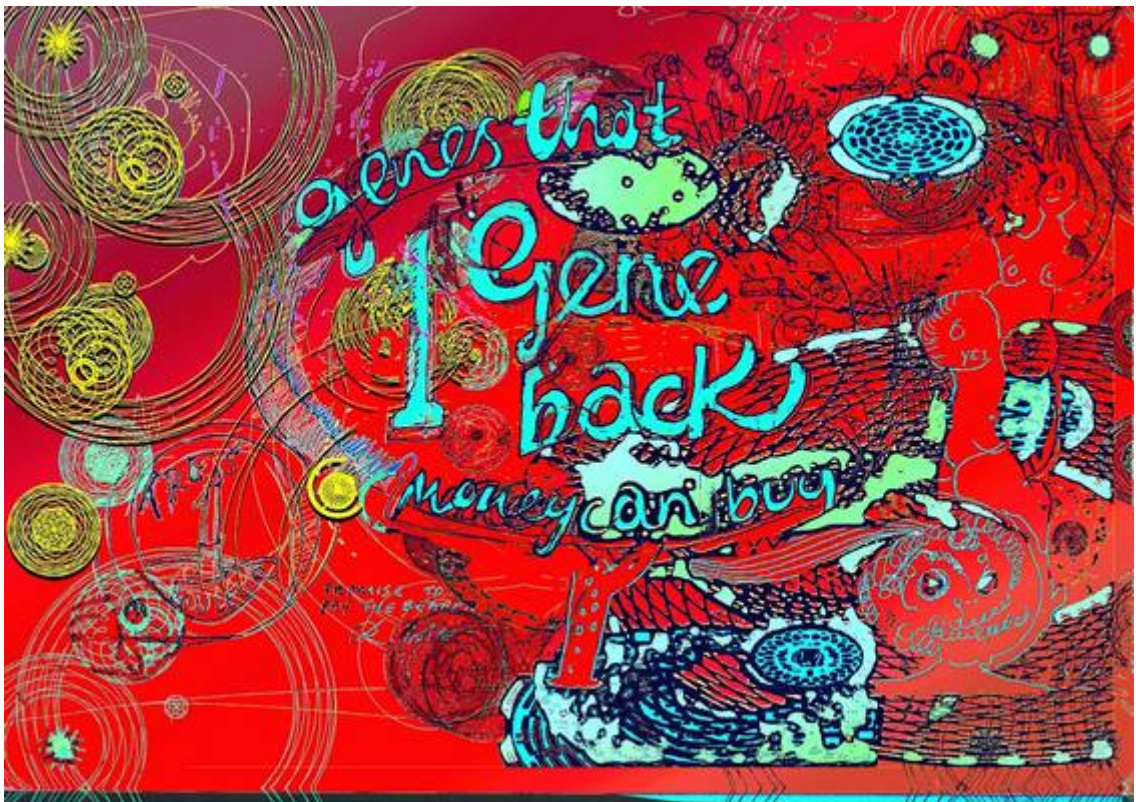
As Every Shellfish Knows, 2009, 59.4 x 42, oil on metal, Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009



L'Ange d'Or, 2002, c. 60 x 74, oil on metal, Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009



From the edition "Bad Money, Mad Money" (edition 21, each different)
Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009, print on dibond, 21 x 29.4 cm



From the edition "Bad Money, Mad Money" (edition 21, each different)
Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009, print on dibond, 21 x 29.4 cm



Madame Sans Gene, Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009



THE GREENBACKS SCARCELY THREAT' HER HIGH HEEL'D MUCKOW' OF
 HTH THOUSANDS OF GENEBUCKS; ONE! THOUGHT MADAME
 SAYS GENE, PA QUANA AHEAD A REALY BAD BANK'ED TRICULT!

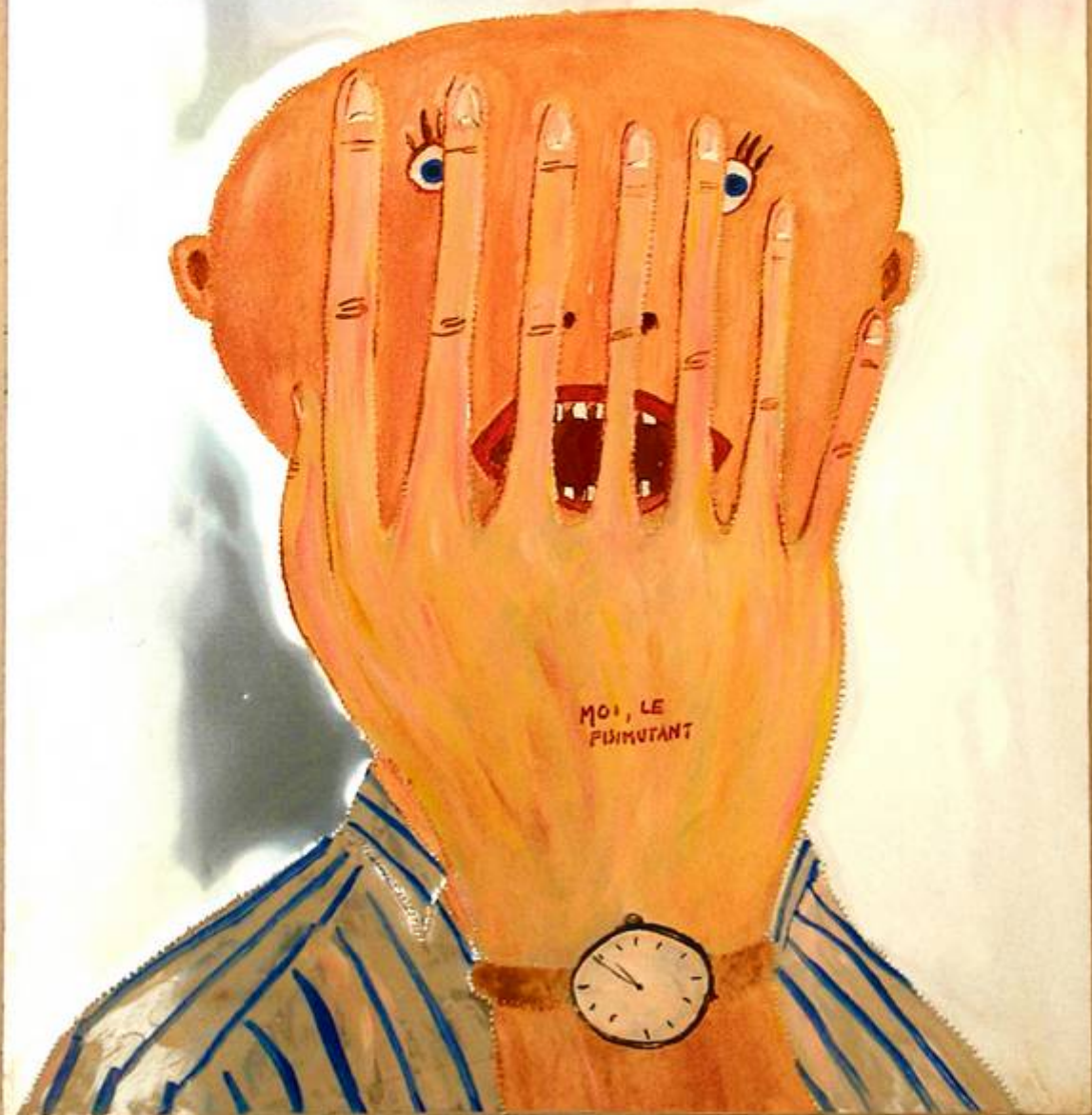


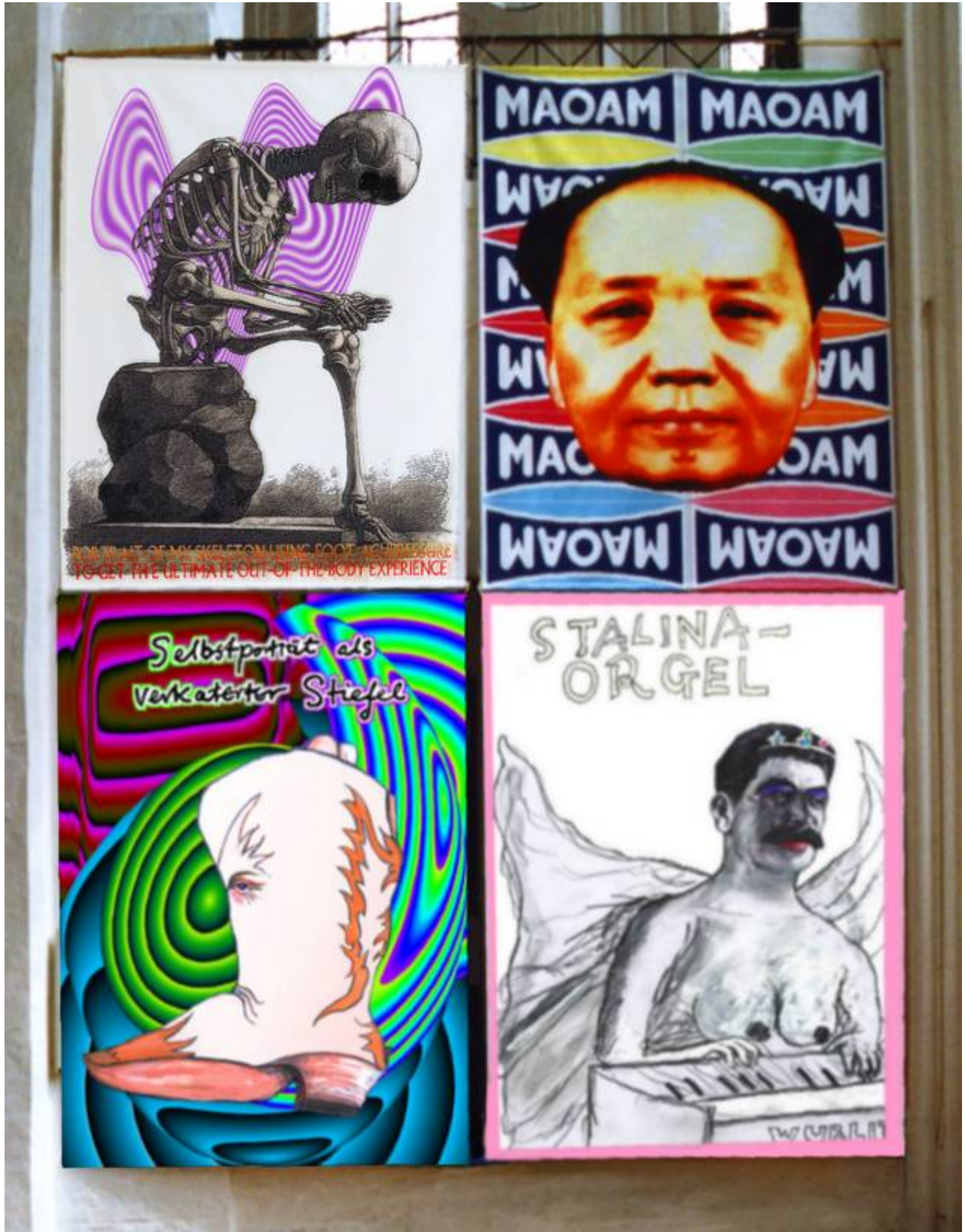
BUT WHAT IS THE SAME WITH THOSE GENE THINGS? LIKE BEING A VENTRICULIST
 AND SIMULTANEOUSLY YER OWN DUMMY THE WHOLE DAY LONG!



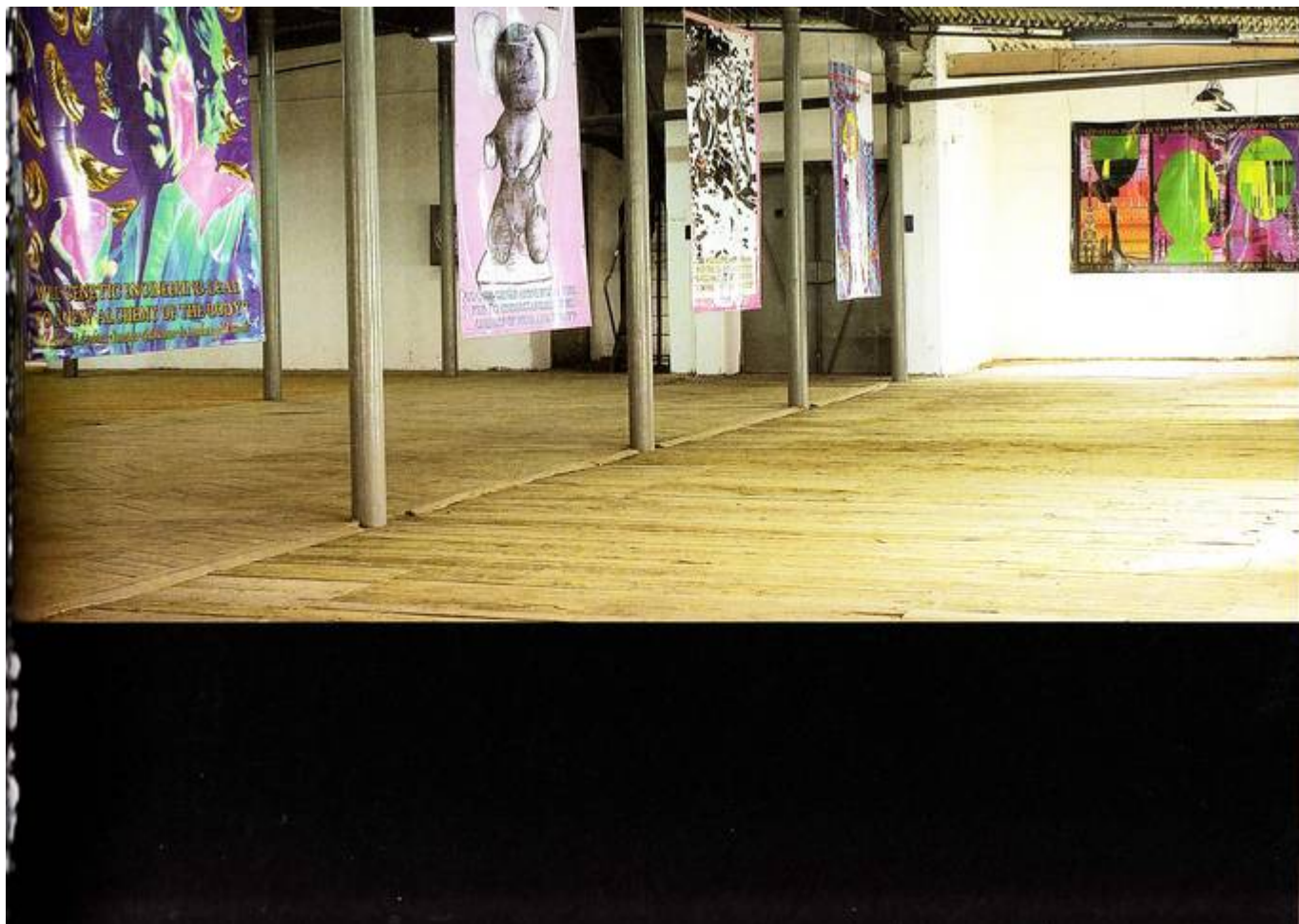
GENES? THERE ARE AS MANY SCRIBS OF THOUGHT AS SCRIBS OF FISH IN THE SEA.

KEINE FISIMUTANTEN

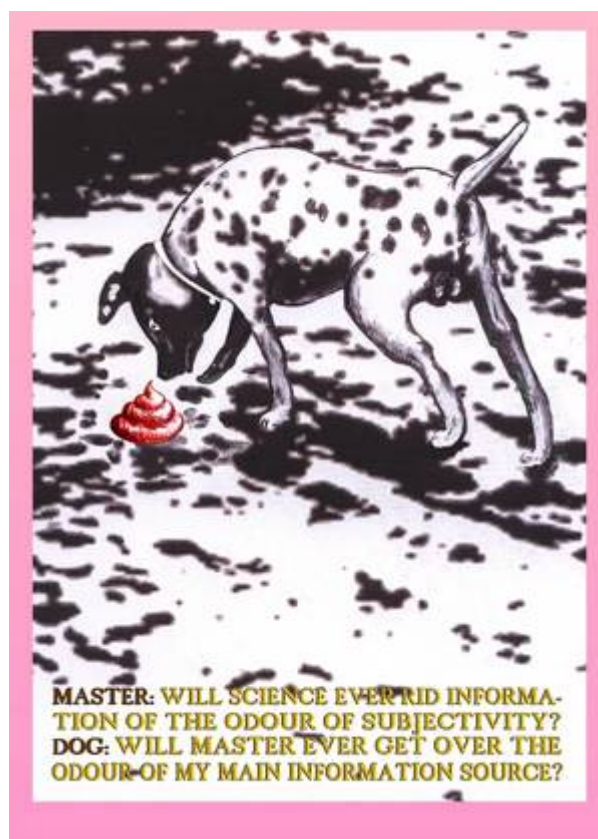
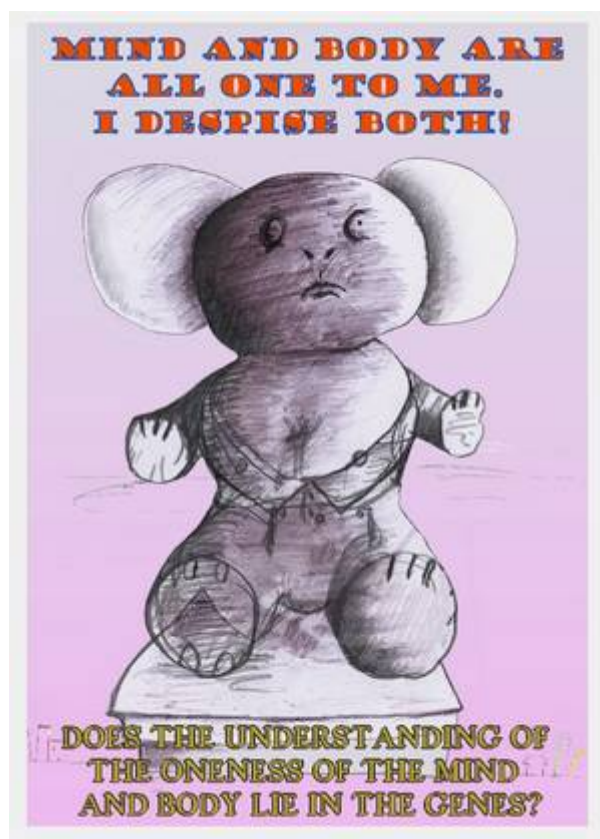


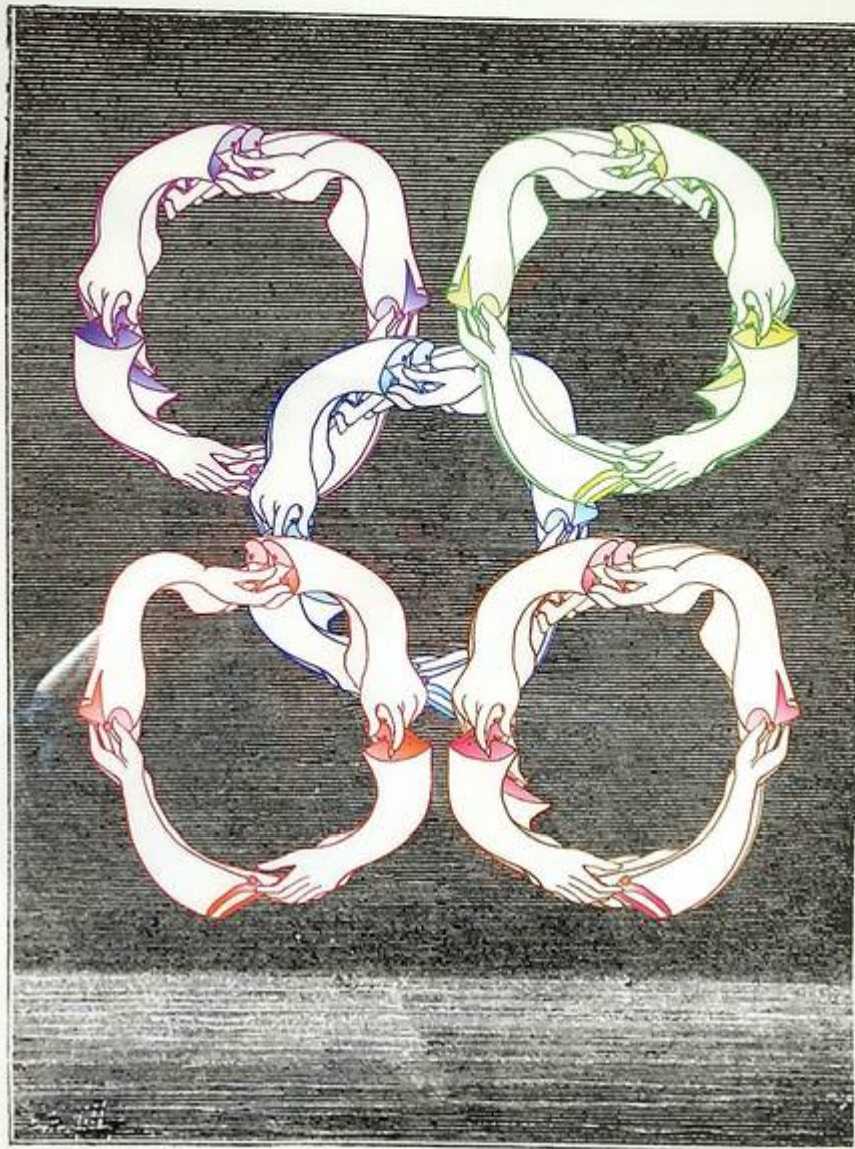


Installation Petrikirche, Lübeck, 2004, 4 prints on vinyl, each 3.3 x 2.5 metres



Lodz Biennale, 2005, prints on vinyl, each 180 x 140 cm (photo from catalogue)





A SET WITH GLOVE AHEAD AND WRIST BEHIND THAT ANOTHER THAT GENTLY ONTO GENTLY UP THE BUTTIN ON THE WRIST OF THE FIRST, THEN TO LOVINGLY UNDO IT AGAIN WHILE A THIRD GLOVE FLUTED UP AND NESTLED UP TO THE SECOND GLOVE AND GENTLY DID UP THE BUTTIN ON THE SECOND GLOVE'S WRIST AND THEN, ON SO LOVINGLY, BEGAN TO UNDO IT AGAIN, WHILE A FOURTH GLOVE GENTLY CLOSED UP ON IT FROM BEHIND... AND IT WAS AS IF THEY SLOWLY UNDO THE BUTTINS THAT KEPT THE WOMAN WHO WE SHALL KNOW AS MADAME SANS GENE IN HER BODY, SO THAT NOW SHE COULD SLIP OUT OF IT LIKE A HAND FROM A SOFT BLUE GREY GLOVE, SLIP IN AND OUT JUST AS ONE PUTS ON A GLOVE AND PULLS IT OFF, WIDE AWAY, AND HER BODY COULD SLIP INTO SPACE LIKE A HAND INTO A SOFT RIGIDLY GREEN GLOVE, SLIP IN AND OUT JUST AS WHEN ONE PUTS ON A GLOVE AND THEN TURNS IT INSIDE OUT TO TAKE IT OFF, AND SPACE SLIPPED INTO THE NIGHT, JUST AS INTO A DEEP BLUE GLOVE, A BLUE OF THE DEEPEST ETERNITY... AND THE NIGHT WAS A SOFT BUTTERING AND UNBUTTERING, AN ETERNAL DELAY AND WAGGING UNTIL ONE GLOVE AND THEN THE NEXT AND THE NEXT BEGAN SILENTLY, INNOCENTLY TO UNBUTTER THE NIGHT...

X. de Maistre 2009

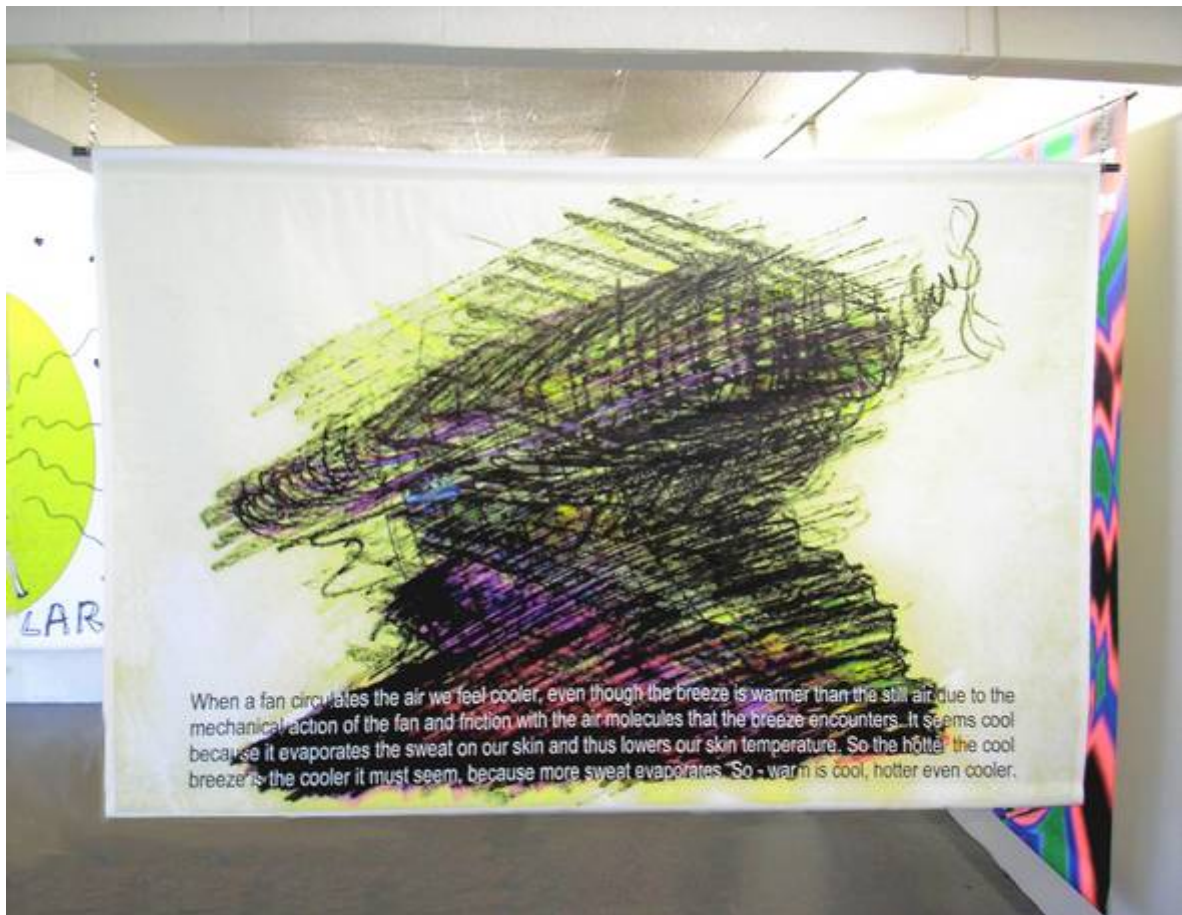
“Madame Sans Gene”, Emerson Gallery Berlin, 2009

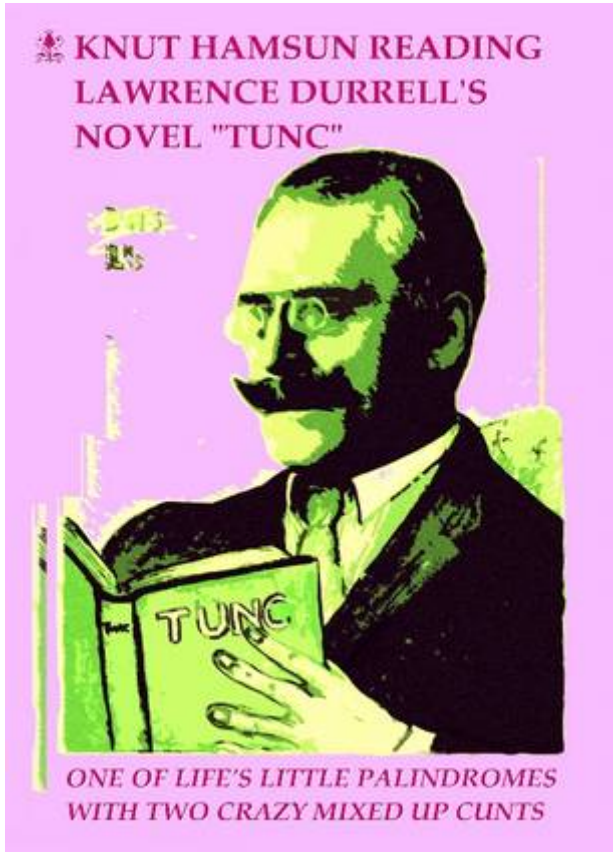
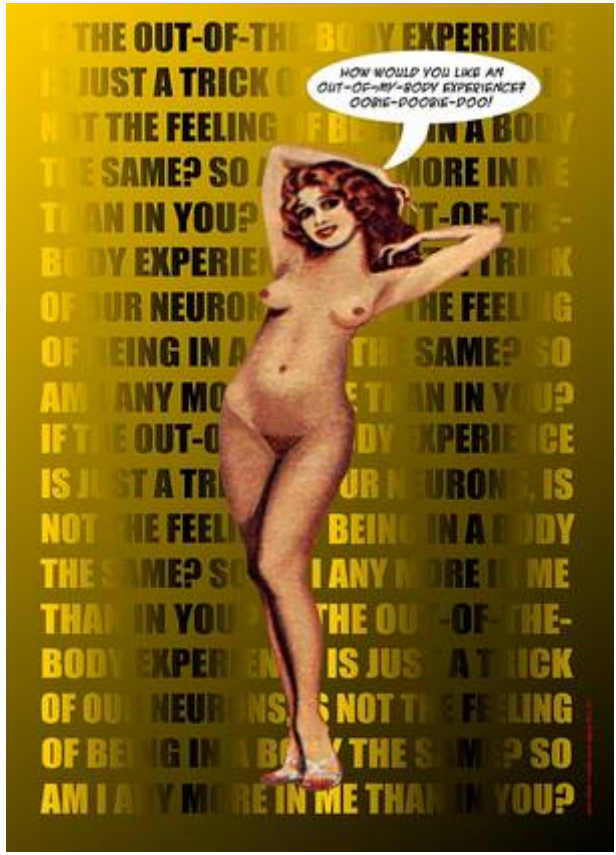
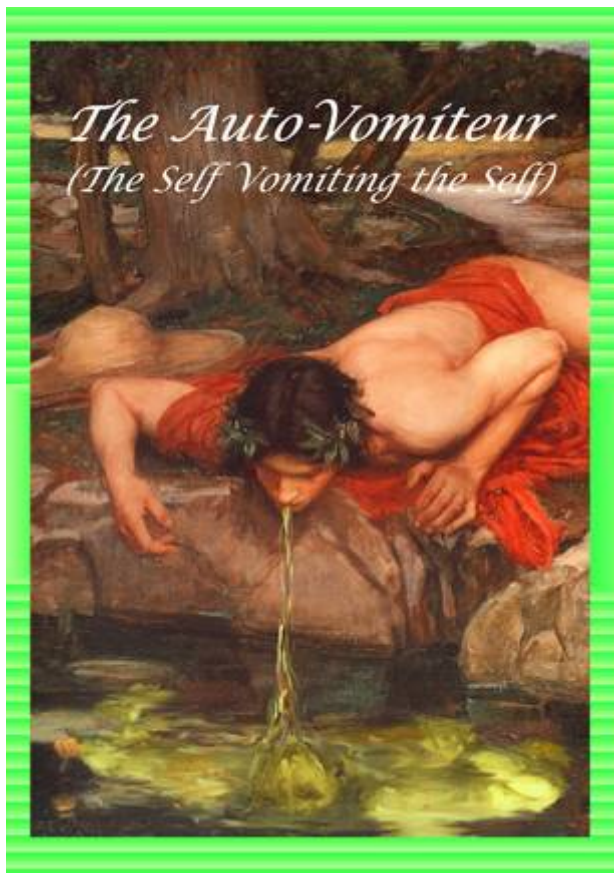
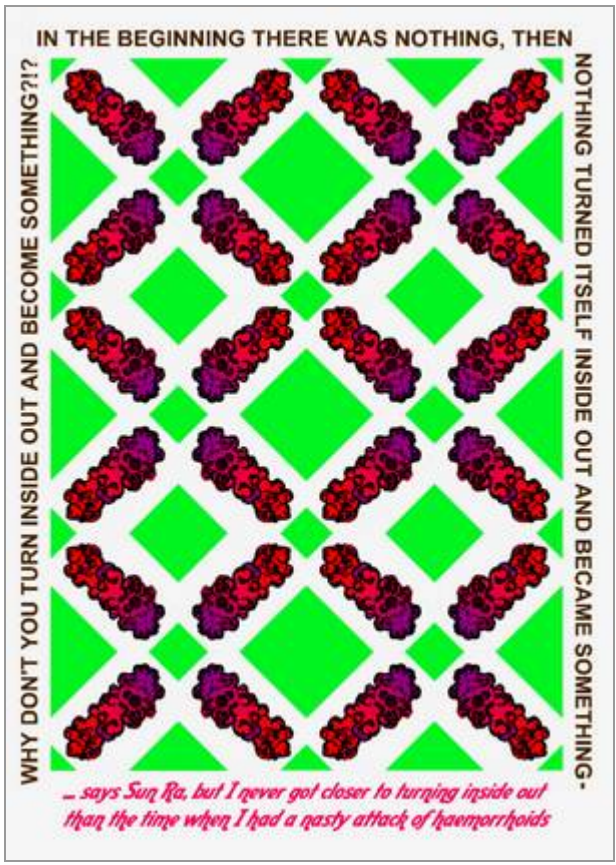


Pissarro, the Ur-Renoir, 31-part installation, Hjalteri, Iceland, 2010



Kling og Bang, Iceland, 2006





Kling og Bang, Iceland, 2006, prints on vinyl, each 180 x 140 cm

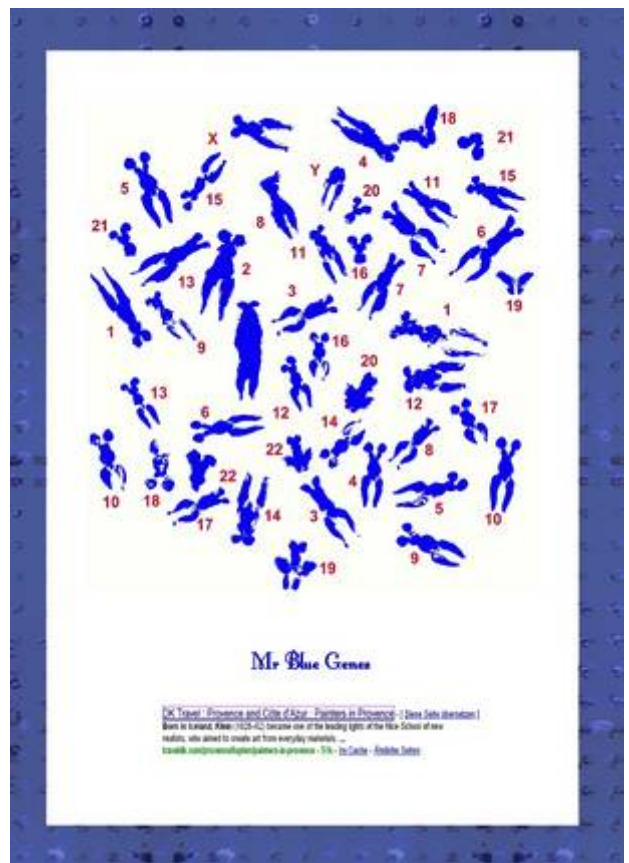


*Dune Ascending a Staircase -
One of Life's Little Palindromes*

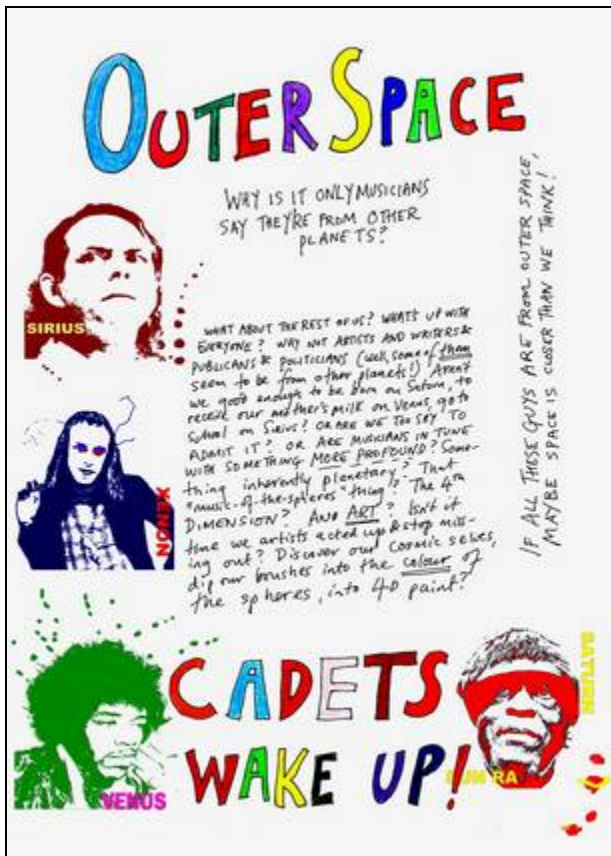
The image of turning a glove inside out is sometimes used to illustrate the concept of the "fourth dimension": when turned inside out, the glove becomes its own "mirror image." The two dimensional surface of the glove can be inverted through the 3rd dimension. But to do the same with a solid object - turn my left hand, say, into a right hand - I would require a space of a higher dimension. Yet don't I already have that? I don't have to turn my hand inside out to experience its mirror image: I can simply look at it from outside and at the same time feel it from within. I am inside and outside my hand simultaneously! I am its fourth dimension!!

Regardless of whether the universe is infinite or just large and edgeless, it has by definition no outside - so how can it make sense to talk of an inside it? Or of us inside? And if it has no edge how can it have a centre? So if the universe does not distinguish between inside and out, has no edge and no centre, why should I? For me my outside and inside are as arbitrary as the constellations in the night sky, I am as edgeless as their reflection in a mirror, as centreless as the silence that suffuses them.

Gulangyu Institute, Xiamen, China, 2006, C-prints on chrome paper, 59.4 x 84.1 cm



Emerson Gallery, Berlin, 2009, prints behind acrylic glass, each 59.4 x 42





Kniedagewesenes, Torstrasse 111, Berlin, 2009



Kniedagewesenes, Torstrasse 111, Berlin, 2009

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'I' before 'E' unless it's Weird!

