

## Amy Green

James Scarborough

This is Ms. Green's first solo show in Los Angeles. In Europe, critics call her work "girlie." Because of the works' pastel colors, fluid shapes, and whimsical nature, I reckon. Such a look can be called "feminine." I don't think gender is relevant here. I think of what she does as confectionary abstraction. She reminds me of Richard Hamilton's Tootsie POP Collage and, better yet, Wayne Thiebaud's frosted cakes. Scrumptious. I call it confectionary abstraction because of a small square piece on the wall of the stairway. What else to call a work whose shapes describe yellow, green, and orange Life Saver candies affixed to the surface? An overall effect, like out of a fairy tale, perhaps. Or pieces on a board game. At the head of the stairs hangs a rectangular piece. Vertical, glitter mixed into the paint, purple spheroid shapes, and a line of painted pearls in the upper right corner.

Like any saccharin orgy that whelms one's impressions, it's hard to sort out the details. That's why I think the show is more of an installation than an exhibition of individual works. (But you can buy them as separate pieces). You find them on the wall. On the floor. On the wall sliding down the floor. And vice versa. Paintings? Sculptures? Industrial waste? No, a Candy Land Village. On the back left wall of the gallery, two rectangular oriented images. The surface shines white. It bears no depth. All is confined to the surface. To the present moment.

Clusters of glitter, akin to those Super Ball toys, the ones that bounce sky-high. On the floor an outlet into two cords lead from the paintings. Tiny single red lights shine on the surface on each work. On the floor, a colony of ornaments you turn upside down and the snow falls. The same tiny red lights covered with plastic vitrines. On the back right wall, another shiny white surface, an inch or two above the floor. Again the candy shapes. Like cookie dough gobs. A circle of pearl-shapes surrounds one of the gobs. A small light situated just above on the wall shines down on the piece.

In any event, this show suggests more of a process than a product. It is more of a licking of a bowl or a spoon than digging into a box of goodies. Green creates an environment. Not so much an explosion in a candy store as a pause on the production line. Couched in such terms, it is hard not to see this installation as anything but eye candy. Alas but not true: there is a great deal of reduction that goes into the work. The artist works with a few basic shapes: the squiggle, the drop, the stream, and a lot of discarded history. The show reminds me of the music of Erik Satie. Anti-ponderous, un-hermeneutic, a non-participant in modernist debates.

Significant for the moment that it encapsulates, a fragrance that it condenses. The work is democratic, broaches no hierarchies. The pieces are small, intimate, and precious, if candy can be precious. Pocket-manageable if they don't melt. Time does not exist in these pieces.

The backgrounds are messy but not architectonic. No sense of time but also not timeless. Objects, here and now.

Kandinsky and Klee both likened art to music. Amy Green likens art to a flavor. Material is the theme. She works with candy sprinkles, beads. Resins and poured plastics. A minimalist effect achieved with a minimum of material: industrial lite and a Color Forms sensibility. Nice.

AMY GREEN at Susanne Vielmetter Los Angeles Projects, December 1 - December 29, 2001