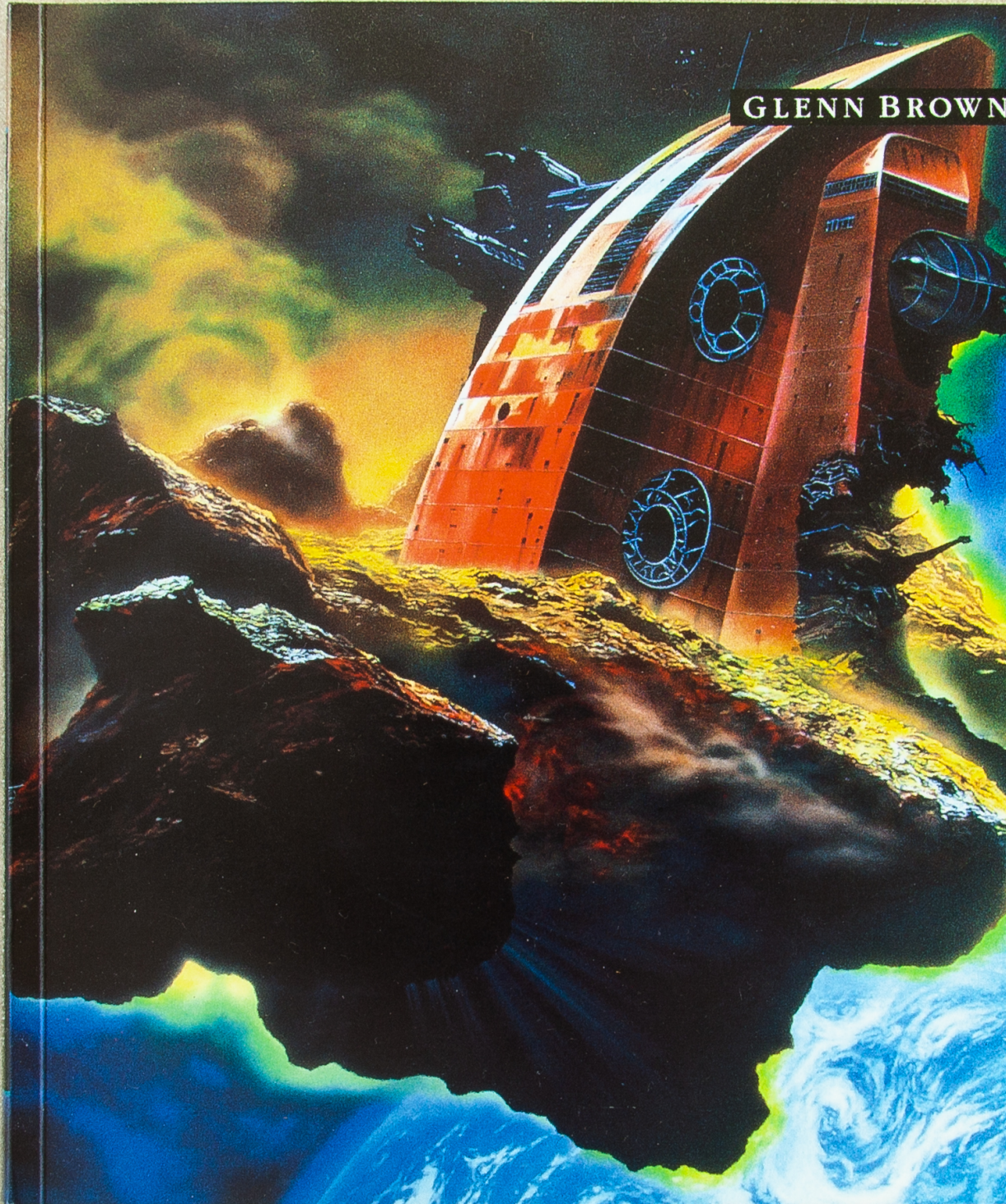


GLENN BROWN



GLENN BROWN



Installation view,
Queen's Hall Arts Centre, Hexham,
June 1996

GLENN BROWN

QUEEN'S HALL ARTS CENTRE, HEXHAM
KARSTEN SCHUBERT, LONDON



Installation views, Karsten Schubert,
London, July 1995

GLENN BROWN INTERVIEWED BY MARCELO SPINELLI

JANUARY 1996

Could you talk about how you started making the reproductive paintings from photographs.

I was painting from photographs of modernist buildings. Then I started doing paintings of the moon's surface because I wanted to make a flat-onto-the-surface figurative painting that reflected the fact that it was paint on canvas, so I could make a figurative painting without perspective. After a great deal of angst I still couldn't justify why I was painting. I guess I thought that I wasn't doing anything more than Gerhard Richter had done already. I knew I wanted to paint, and the laborious process of reproducing a photograph seemed wonderfully pointless. Even then all the paintings had this sheer flat surface. The paintings of the moon, modernist architecture, observatories and satellites were about a search for utopia, and its inevitable failure. So I had this as some sort of subject, then, looking through catalogues and books I came across a Frank Auerbach painting, a reproduction of one, and realised how similar to the moon's surface it was. If I repainted it, it would be again a figurative painting without perspective. It also answered the question as to why I was painting, in a very dumb way...

Did it start almost as an experiment?

Very much so. When I did the first Auerbach, called *Atom Age Vampire* I had no intention of doing any more. I did some stripe paintings of star and galaxy spectrums. So I was making these very different looking paintings with this Auerbach painting sitting in the corner of the studio slowly growing on me. Initially I didn't like it. It didn't work in the way I wanted. After a while I realised that I liked it in spite of that, or because those things failed. Though the point that it was a portrait hadn't initially been important it became the real subject, as well as the fact that it was a painting of a painting.

How did the idea of the surface and the brush stroke become important to you? You said that when you started it was an experiment, but then you saw that there were other things in there.

I realised that the subject, the figure became helpless, displaced, and lost between Auerbach's interpretation, the photograph, the printed page, and my

interpretation. As portraits, they represent a hopelessly schizophrenic state, with no single author the artist's model is viewed from no one perspective. My work consists of different strands, there are the Chris Foss and Dali paintings, the Auerbach and Karel Appel paintings and I've just made these photographs of a painting I found. I see these all as being linked together. To me there's no problem swaying backwards and forwards between the different artists. Certainly with the Auerbachs and Appels it's very much that I enjoyed what happened when I changed colours or took sections in or out of focus and cropped the image, or stretched it on a computer, or made it more abstract or even more figurative. To some extent each painting is a controlled failure.

You mentioned the photographs that you showed at the Tannery [Exercise One, 1995]. I was wondering if you could describe them, and also how they fit in to your other work.

The majority of the paintings are portraits. I found this painting of a school girl. Some people think it's a boy. Some have been convinced that it was me, that I painted it when I was younger. She's wearing a tie and a blue jumper and she's got quite short hair, and she's obviously not very pretty, she looks rather masculine, well, not masculine, but...

Boyish?

Yes. But to me she's wonderful. The painting has been hanging on my wall for about 5 years. It entrals me every time I look at it. She has these eyes which are quite... she's trying to protect herself. And it seemed to me that it was a self portrait by somebody who felt that they had to strengthen their self esteem, so there is a great deal of spirit. It's quite detailed, even though it's all a bit askew. Each eyelash is painted very carefully. So there are five photographs of her staring at you, as if it could be Mussolini. I wanted to give her so much strength that perhaps you feared her, but you couldn't deny that she had energy.

By using photographs you were working from an original painting, whereas with the others, you were working from reproductions.

Well, this is why I didn't want to do a painting of it. I didn't want to photograph it and then paint that. Painting a painting of a photograph of a painting is a corrosive act, an endgame, two artists joined in common failure. I couldn't possess this painting in the same way. It had more sincerity than

any other painting that I had used, so I felt I had to be relatively distant. In fact it took ages to get the photographs printed. The whole process took as long as a painting!

And that is something which is important in your other pieces as well, the process of painting them.

Working long hours, generally late at night is intrinsic to the subject. You have different feelings at 6 o'clock in the morning, alone. I become far more romanticised about the whole notion of being an artist because they become very much about this detached world, the science fiction paintings especially. I'm sitting there painting this city floating on a rock in space, when it's more or less where I am, floating about in space. I might as well be because I've detached myself from the world to do this painting.

What about the Auerbach paintings?

I'm very aware of the fact that I'm painting a person. I'm commenting heavily on Auerbach's comments on that person. But I'm distanced, I can let my imagination run rife, which is why they end up having exotic titles, from films and horror and narcissism, they become symbols for humanity, monsters, a sign for a sense of being rather than a specific person.

Do you see yourself as a painter?

I'm a very bad painter in a sense. I am not very good at all the things painters should be good at. I'm not very good at using colour, drawing, and making those little decisions about how to change something, which is why it takes me so long to make a painting. Well, I've slowed my whole process down, so I can spend two months doing a painting and those decisions can be really agonised over. I know people who can make those decisions very quickly, who can paint a figure very quickly, and it looks realistic in a way that I could never do, or just do a drawing out of their head that is actually quite convincing. I can't do that, I never have been able to. It's why I've gone back to my childhood, to making these detailed paintings. For me they're apologies for paintings, they want to be photographs. They're not very proud of the fact that they use paint. They're a bit ashamed and a bit cowardly about the act. I suppose that's why I want them to look cheesy.

Do the photographs fit into that as well?

I felt very proud of this school girl and her painting. I wanted her achieve-

ment to be admired. I couldn't emulate her skill, but then again I never try to paint like anyone else, I only show that perhaps I'd like to.

In your show at Karsten Schubert you painted the entire room white – this enclosed the paintings and removed you from the outside world, it also referenced in an extreme form, the white cube of the gallery.

People said that it was like the film 2001, even though for me the film it referenced was *Solaris* by Andrei Tarkovsky. I wanted this other life that the room represented to be austere, so on entering you were trapped with nothing but your own memories, but nothing is real, or rather nothing was really mine, all the memories are someone else's. In a sense all the paintings, because of the room, were made to look like windows. You were looking at something outside of Modernism. It was very odd the way the white floor made the paintings recede. People did walk in the room and from a distance think that the paintings were set back within the wall.

So working with the colour of the walls is a common procedure for you.

Oh, certainly. The three paintings I've just shown in Paris were on a nasty yellow/green wall.

So they become like installations.

Very much so, I specifically made the paintings to go together, to act off one another, and against the yellow wall, in that particular space.

So they're almost like curatorial decisions as well.

I see myself as I continue painting as putting together a personal museum and each new painting I do reflects upon all the paintings that have gone before it. They enter my imaginary museum.

What are you working on at the moment?

I'll be starting the last of the three big science fiction paintings that are all painted from Chris Foss illustrations and dedicated to Ian Curtis. My intention was to make a triptych, that married with John Martin's paintings in the Tate called *The Plains of Heaven*, *The Great Day of His Wrath*, and *The Last Judgement*. I searched for a long time for the source image to complete the three. It's my version of *The Plains of Heaven*.



Installation views, *Young British Artists V*,
Saatchi Collection, London, September 1995



Exercise One, 1995
five framed c-type colour prints
each 219 x 165 cm

THE GLENN BROWN EFFECT: A WEIRD SCIENCE

PHIL KING

"Out of her face, her dress and her gestures, out of practically nothing at all, I have made up this woman's story, or rather legend, and sometimes tell it to myself and weep..."

Perhaps you will say 'Are you sure your story is the real one?' But what does it matter what reality is outside myself, so long as it has helped me to live, to feel that I am and what I am?"¹

My experience of Glenn Brown's painting is a discourse which has occurred over a long period. A sometimes oblique conversation through painting. Re-reading and re-editing my notes involving Glenn from 1992 onwards I have assembled a journal. This journal is the portrait of a 'Weird Science'; the intimacy of an errant knowledge.

Summer 1992. (*Exercise One*).

It occurs to me that, working in the busy art museum shop, the postcards dealt to me begin to produce within each sale, a profile of each individual customer, an outline of their desire. I start to believe that an idea of people's deepest wishes is defined by the cards dealt to me. The swift succession of these topsy turvy reproductions begins, in the unexpected links between their miniature images, to involve me in the powerful hallucination that I am looking into a customer's inner life. Discussing this distraction with Glenn I feel that we share this reverie of fortune telling. That we are both gripped by the delusion that we hold people's fortunes in our hands.

Autumn 1992.

The shared laughter provoked by turning one of his paintings upside down and arranging others in different configurations, coincides with a realisation that the basis of a shared kind of thinking was being put together; a surface that we at least have in common. I sense that this thinking is a powerful thing, a sense which is reinforced by reading about the beliefs of medieval rhetoric in which thinking itself (*'cogitato'*) was the ability to combine *'imagines'* from a treasure trove of memories. The medieval scholars defined such memories as *'phantasms'*². This reading helps me understand how it is that I can see the postcards handed to me in a shop as the indexes of an imagination.

Spring 1994.

At the opening of Glenn's show at Richard Salmon Ltd, in a building which used to be an old Victorian painting studio, I find myself caught up in a dance of reflections and references.

On the green painted wall of the dealer's office, Glenn has hung his *Ornamental Despair (Painting for Ian Curtis) after Chris Foss*. In the context of this installation, I see what he means about the influence of John Martin's Triptych in the Tate Gallery. The apocalyptic Victorian paintings haunt its surface. On a nearby wall he has hung the borrowed Martin etchings of *Plains of Heaven* and *Day of Judgement*. There, on the sideboard, he has placed a photocopy of Ian Curtis's wedding portrait which he has cropped to include only Ian's smiling figure. He has framed it as a nostalgic family memento (Dead, suicided Icon). I remember that *Ornamental Despair* is the title of a Julian Schnabel painting which uses the imagery of Joy Division's album cover; *Closer*. Ian Curtis is the dead singer of Joy Division.

Later, in the pub, I mention the Schnabel painting to Glenn; we smile. I feel that these questionable Icons form into a strange kind of chorus; singing ghosts.

Note. Early 1994. (Head).

The images which Glenn has painted begin to form a repertoire, they deal us a process of thinking through a kind of portraiture. It is a weird kind of portraiture in which its iconic nature struggles to survive. The way that this painting works is as a simulation of a morality of individualism, the morality on which painting a portrait is based. By the simple act of painting a likeness of a portrait, Glenn causes a split... the start of many. His paintings are, despite their careful appearance, a kind of crisis of the icon where the image of an individual enters a dimension which threatens to tear it apart.

The painting he is working on (D. has suggested that he call it 'Head') is an Auerbach portrait cropped down the centre of its face and then turned on its side. It is genuinely delirious and seems to inhabit a drug vision. There is something morbid about its romance. The end of something. Its territory does seem to be that of the mind of a drug taker. It is knowledge of a life lived on the basis of a shattered dream. I'll have to talk to him about William S. Burrough's *Naked Lunch*.

Spring 1994. (We'll Drink Through It All, This The Modern Age).

At Glenn's studio, the loud, all encompassing rock music becomes the

soundtrack. We continue a discussion about the nature of the questionable figures whose paintings Glenn paints. He has been quoted in a magazine as calling Frank Auerbach 'A second rate Van Gogh'. I know for a fact that he said this when he was drunk; it's too easy.

Winter 1993.

I have been reading the short stories of Guy de Maupassant again, and one in particular possesses me. In *The Horla*, an unfortunate is haunted by an invisible body whose malign spell takes over his mind, feeding on his life, trapping him in his home as a personal prey. The narrator writes:

I stood up, hand stretched out, and turned so fast that I almost fell. And so?... One could see as if in daylight, and I could not see myself in my mirror!...It was empty, clear, deep, full of light! My image was not in it... and I, I was facing it! I could see the limpid glass from top to bottom. And I looked at it with wild eyes; and I no longer dared to make a movement, sensing all the while that he was there, but that he would escape me again, he whose imperceptible body had devoured my reflection.

*How I was afraid! So then all of a sudden I began to see myself in a fog, in the depth of the mirror, in a fog as if through a plane of water; and it seemed to me as if this water slid from left to right, slowly, making my image become more precise, second by second. It was like the end of an eclipse. What hid me, didn't seem possessed by any neatly defined contours but by a sort of opaque transparency, clearing itself, little by little."*³

Winter 1994. (Atom Age Vampire).

Glenn is always there, often working all night, I have a key to his studio; and, on the way back to mine, call in on him. Whenever I walk in, his painting immediately calls me to the fascination of its surface. It compels me to pay attention to its 'look'. He paints this look, I look at it and try to define its abstraction. In the early hours I can understand the grip of Glenn's obsession. I drink some of his coffee, it is too strong. The look, the look, the look; the word itself becomes a barrier, it trips across my tongue as I walk home.

Spring 1995.

Glenn's studio is hot. We discuss his latest show. His new painting has gone to New York. Yesterday I felt that the painting had become a product which, even as I looked at it, seemed to slip away. Today I feel this absence as

oppressive, it is definitely there.

The absent surfaces of his paintings are present, they haunt me... The sun shines through the open windows of his studio, outside the traffic is light. The studio is almost empty. I flick through some of his books.

Undated Note. (*You Take My Place In This Showdown*).

I realise that, somehow, I am part of the work, part of its surface. Maybe this is why I feel threatened by this surface's disappearance. The general circularity of the figures, ideas and images reflected in the dark mirror of the painting includes me.

Winter 1993. (*Dead Relatives*).

I am in a bookshop on Charing Cross Road looking at a book with reproductions of Glenn's work in it. The familiar paintings appear as images. There is nothing there. For a moment I am afraid. I think about how the sign of the work is its surface. I realise that when this sign is itself reproduced, it vanishes... disappears. His painting hides as the surface of another painting; it is only visible as an idea. I feel his work is a science which puts us somewhere 'in' reproduction; the captured appearance of the face of his work, a capture enacted by the objective cliché of the photographic technology, suspends me within it as it becomes an idea. I feel cold. Claustrophobic. All of a sudden I remember Glenn's description of the end of the movie 'Superman' where the intergalactic villains are trapped within a two dimensional surface and sent spinning back into space. For some reason I feel better.

Autumn 1995.

I am reading all the time. '*Perceive everything, even Man as a thing.*' Giorgio de Chirico wrote this in 1913 and the monograph written on him which quotes it, goes on to explain that '*Thing*' was, for De Chirico: the '*Symbolising Factor*', the empty sign (the sign emptied of meaning) which could be used as a link in the construction of a new and prophetic chain of meaning... a language'. I tell Glenn that the thing of his work is its surface. He looks past me into space.

(*Telstar*).

Today was a day when I surrendered and enjoyed the painting's superficiality. It is for me an empty portent, something to be valued and celebrated. The surface look of it becomes for me the symbolising element

by which I can read it. Its fixed superficiality is a vehicle for my desire, a symbolic vehicle whose power is beginning to dawn on me. I feel we are dealing with the surfacing of symbols which are then articulated. A magic road.

Spring 1995. (*Mad Love*).

The painting is a state. The exercise of a rigor in the face of loss. A careful state of hallucination. Glenn has managed to offer access to a world within the skin of the static image itself. Its membrane repeatedly pulls me into its overpopulated liquid. The narcissism I happily drown in is collective. In the almost catastrophic sense of proliferating associations, a deluge of ideas and partial fantasies, I see my future reflected as the past, a reflection which is illuminated by obscure fugitive spirits; 'stars' casting glamorous nocturnal shadows.

Undated Note.

I look at Salvador Dali's *The Metamorphoses of Narcissus* at the Tate Gallery. The nature of Dali's 'Critical Paranoia' eludes me.

Summer 1996. (*Altered States*).

At a private view M. was discussing her project of putting together a picture of the 1960s from interviews. She wants to put together a portrait of a mass hallucination, the portrait of a kind of collective consciousness. T., a painter, told us of a few of his experiences, one of which involved drinking a bottle of whisky in an empty bedsit. As he collapsed he could see the window facing him flick alarmingly upwards like film frames, then, to his horror, he realised that he could see the sprocket holes on the edge of the film. The film jammed for what seemed to be an eternity, then jarred back into smooth motion again. He said he felt lucky to have survived.

Summer 1992. (*Let Me Take You By The Hand and Lead You Through The Streets Of London, I'll Show You Something To Make You Change Your Mind*).

The morbid animation of the painting invites an experience of frozen change. It is an Ice Age. The direct demands of the long titles which often sing the seductive ballads of popular sentiment, are siren songs of an absolute moment which would, indeed, change your mind. The paintings paint the body of an image... its look... as a frame between animation and the static, between a life and death.

(This duration is a semblance of the gaps between the frames of a projected film, abysses into which the mind falls for the mirage of movement,

where the innumerable, individual, static photos of the dead flicker into a simulacrum of life.)

Summer 1992. (*The Night of The Living Dead*).

I have this re-occurring nightmare that the painting has sucked me into a corpse. I have become involved in a dead idea. This dead body jerks spasmodically into motion between awful, frozen moments.

October 1993. (*Saturday Night Fever*).

Glenn comes over and we have an evening watching a series of videos. 'Terminator' and 'Terminator 2'⁵ followed by a Fischli and Weiss video⁶. The Swiss artists' film of a chain of collapsing events becomes one with the gripping and endless chase sequences of the Hollywood Movies action scenes. It's one thing after another. As I fall asleep watching the videos of these films, it strikes me that they are documents of the films' movements or smooth electronic records of filmic motion.

Winter 1993.

It is strange to see in his matter of fact paintings the '*shapes of divers monsters, beasts and men, which move like the clouds hither and thither*'⁷. A whole slippery and lyrical way of looking is opened up, it's the face of Glenn's look.

Spring 1994.

He has an article written on him in The Guardian. Holding the newspaper in my hands, I notice something wrong about the photograph of him. After a while I realise from the reversed nature of the painting over his shoulder that they have printed the photograph the wrong way round. Everything is inverted. I ring to ask if this is what he looks like to himself in the mirror.

Undated Note.

Faced by the fortune which Glenn's science fiction represents, I am easily seduced into its fate; a dimension without gravity. The sterile, space station experience of the gallery is filled with an unexpectedly personal intimacy.

Summer 1995. (*This is The Last Song I Will Ever Sing, No I've Changed My Mind Again, Goodnight and Thank You*).

For Glenn's show at Karsten Schubert, he has painted the floor white and blocked the window. I feel guilty because I would have liked to have helped

him but I had to work elsewhere. The opening is strange. There is no smoking or drinking allowed. Glenn is tense, warily watching a small vulnerable sculpture he has put on the floor. It is a semblance of a Frank Auerbach portrait head, made in three dimensions. On the floor it looks like a menacing lump. It is lost amongst the feet of the crowd. I thought that he would show it on an oak 'plinth' like an executioners block. We had made a dark joke about it being 'well executed'. Now, the white floor itself has become its frame. There are some women here dressed in an early 1970s retro-futuristic look. The whole show feels to me like being in a fantasy sequence from '2001. A Space Odyssey'⁸.

(Within the operation of its theatre my eye draws me through to the other side of an empty promise. I am tripped into a silent free-fall through the critical dimension of an imagination. I have the sensation of the weightless descent.)

Glenn looks pale, trapped in the claustrophobic fluorescent light for too long. Someone goes and buys him a can of Tennants Super and sits him on the stairwell.

Summer 1996. (*Never Forever*).

The idea of an image in flight is indicated, an idea whose present is always missing, always before and after, always dead and yet to come, a past endlessly waiting to pass, a future already gone. This cruel vision invites me to indicate the metamorphosis of an idea; a change of mind, a change of state. It is a fluid appearance in which painting becomes an uncanny science which holds an obsolete future within the duration of its patience. We are presented with the endless puzzle of an empty present, the horizon of its event. An event-horizon. A final frontier.

Phil King is an artist and writer living in London

¹ Charles Baudelaire, 'Windows' from Paris Spleen, trans. Louis Varese

² See Judith Barry. Carnegie International Catalogue. 1991

³ Guy de Maupassant, The Horla, trans. Phil King. (Livre De Poche Paris 1984)

⁴ See Giovanni Lista, De Chirico. p.75. (Art Data, England, 1991)

⁵ James Cameron. Terminator, Terminator 2. (Pacific Western, 1986, 1991)

⁶ Fischli and Weiss, Video. The Way Things Are

⁷ Raymond Lully. Compendium. Quoted in C.G.Jung 'Psychology and Alchemy'

⁸ Stanley Kubrick. 2001. A Space Odyssey. (Metro-Goldwyn Mayer, 1968)

1 *Atom Age Vampire*, 1991
oil on canvas
82 x 72 cm





2 *Saturday Night Fever*, 1992
oil on canvas
79 x 97 cm

3 *Dali-Christ*, 1992
oil on canvas
275 x 183.5 cm

"Dali-Christ" 1992 after "Self Construction with Boiled Beans" 1936 by Salvador Dalí.
By kind permission of GRAZIA FIORETTI for this. © Glenn Brown 1992



4 *Love Never Dies*, 1993
oil on canvas
70 x 49 cm



5 *This is The Last Song I Will Ever Sing, No I've Changed
My Mind Again, Goodnight and Thank You, 1993*
oil on canvas
53 x 47 cm

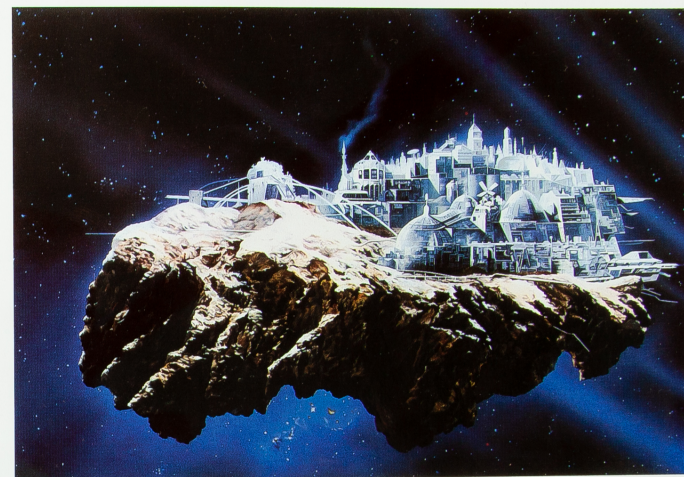




6 *We'll Drink Through It All, This The Modern Age*, 1993
oil on canvas
48 x 69 cm



7 *Ornamental Despair (Painting For Ian Curtis)*
After Chris Foss, 1994
oil on canvas
200 x 300 cm



8 *Unknown Pleasures (Painting For Ian Curtis)*
After Chriss Foss, 1994
oil on canvas
46.5 x 69 cm





10 *Exercise One (For Ian Curtis) After Chris Foss, 1995*
oil on canvas, mounted on board
50 x 70 cm

- 11 *Telstar*, 1995
oil on canvas, mounted on board
70 x 58 cm



12 *Never Forever*, 1995
plaster, acrylic and oilpaint
35.6 x 30.5 x 30.5 cm



13 *Searched Hard For You and Your Special Ways*, 1995
oil on canvas, mounted on board
88.9 x 74.9 cm

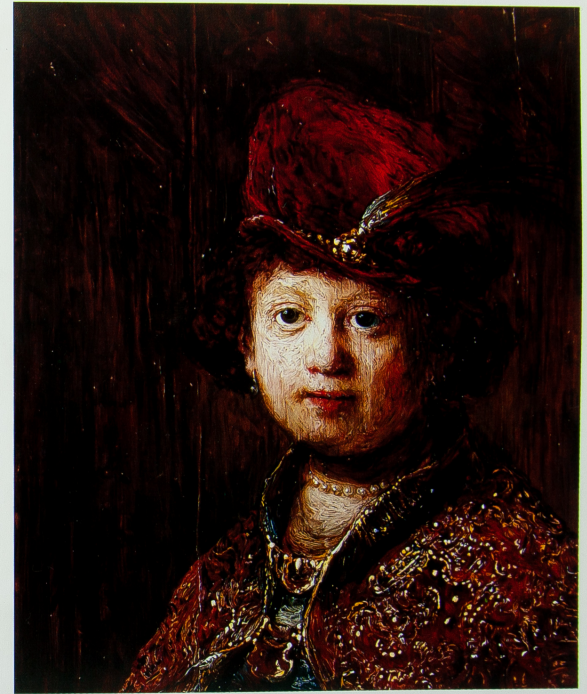




14 *The Pornography of Death* (Painting for
Ian Curtis) After Chris Foss, 1995
oil on canvas
220 x 328 cm

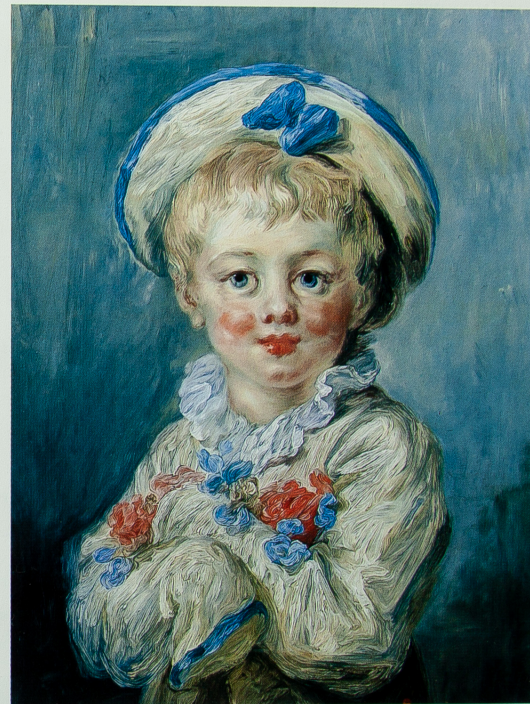
15 *Decline and Fall*, 1995
oil on canvas
58.5 x 55 cm





16 *I Lost My Heart To A Starship Trooper*, 1996
oil on canvas, mounted on board
64.8 x 53.5 cm

17 *The End of the 20th Century*, 1996
oil on canvas, mounted on board
75 x 57 cm



LIST OF PLATES

- 1 *Atom Age Vampire*, 1991
oil on canvas
82 x 72 cm
Private Collection, courtesy
Todd Gallery, London
- 2 *Saturday Night Fever*, 1992
oil on canvas
79 x 97 cm
Private Collection, Minneapolis
- 3 *Dali-Christ*, 1992
oil on canvas
275 x 183.5 cm
Saatchi Collection, London
- 4 *Love Never Dies*, 1993
oil on canvas
70 x 49 cm
Private Collection, USA
- 5 *This is The Last Song I Will Ever Sing, No I've
Changed My Mind Again, Goodnight and Thank
You*, 1993
oil on canvas
53 x 47 cm
Private Collection, New York
- 6 *We'll Drink Through It All, This The Modern Age*,
1993
oil on canvas
48 x 69 cm
Private Collection, London
- 7 *Ornamental Despair (Painting For Ian Curtis)*
After Chris Foss, 1994
oil on canvas
200 x 300 cm
Saatchi Collection, London
- 8 *Unknown Pleasures (Painting For Ian Curtis)*
After Chris Foss, 1994
oil on canvas
46.5 x 69 cm
Private Collection, London
- 9 *Altered States*, 1994
oil on canvas
66.5 x 51 cm
Private Collection, London
- 10 *Exercise One (For Ian Curtis) After Chris Foss*,
1995
oil on canvas, mounted on board
50 x 70 cm
Courtesy Karsten Schubert, London
- 11 *Telstar*, 1995
oil on canvas, mounted on board
70 x 58 cm
Private Collection, Belgium
- 12 *Never Forever*, 1995
plaster, acrylic and oilpaint
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Saatchi Collection, London
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Private Collection, London,
courtesy Karsten Schubert, London
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Curtis) After Chris Foss*, 1995
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- 15 *Decline and Fall*, 1995
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Arts Council Collection
- 16 *I Lost My Heart To A Starship Trooper*, 1996
oil on canvas, mounted on board
64.8 x 53.5 cm
courtesy Galerie Ghislaine Hussenot, Paris
- 17 *The End of the 20th Century*, 1996
oil on canvas, mounted on board
75 x 57 cm
courtesy Karsten Schubert, London

BIOGRAPHICAL DETAILS

Born February 13, 1966, in Hexham, Northumberland

Lives and works in London

EDUCATION

1984-85 Norwich School of Art, Foundation Course

1985-88 Bath Academy of Art, BA Fine Art (first class honours)

1990-92 Goldsmiths' College, London, MA Fine Art

SOLO EXHIBITIONS

1995 *Glenn Brown*, Karsten Schubert, London

1996 *Glenn Brown, Paintings*, Queen's Hall Arts Centre, Hexham

GROUP EXHIBITIONS

1989 *Christie's New Contemporaries*, R C A Gallery, London

1990 *B T New Contemporaries*, I C A, London; Cornerhouse Gallery, Manchester, South Hill Park, Bracknell; Dean Clough, Halifax; Brewery Arts Centre, Kendal

1991 *B T New Contemporaries*, Arnolfini Gallery, Bristol; John Hansard Gallery, Southampton; Dean Clough, Halifax; Ikon Gallery, Birmingham; Arts Council Gallery, Belfast; Third Eye Centre, Glasgow; I C A, London

Group Show, Todd Gallery, London

1992 *Surface Values*, (Glenn Brown, Trevor Clark, Joanna Moss, Amikam Toren), Kettle's Yard, Cambridge

How Did These Children Come To Be Like That, Goldsmiths' Gallery, London

With Attitude, (Glenn Brown, Jordan Baseman, Amikam Toren, Dean Whatnuff), Galerie Guy Ledune, Brussels, Belgium

1992-93 *And What Do You Represent?*, (Glenn Brown, Steven Parrino, Amikam Toren, Gerda Urloom), Anthony Reynolds Gallery, London

1993 *Barclay's Young Artist Award*, Serpentine Gallery, London

Re-Present, Todd Gallery, London

Launch, Curtain Road Arts, London

Painting Invitational, Glenn Brown, Julie Roberts, Kenith Weaver, Eric Wolf Barbara Gladstone Gallery, New York

Mandy Loves Declan 100%, Mark Boote Gallery, New York

1994 *Every Now and Then*, Rear Window at Richard Salmon Ltd, London

Here and Now, Serpentine Gallery, London

Summer Group Show: Gallery Artists, Karsten Schubert, London

1995 *Painters' Opinion* (Tim Ayres, Tim Benjamin, Simon Bill, Glenn Brown, Mark Francis, Laurent Haro, Carla Klein, Serge Onnen, Jan Rothuizen, Dirk Skrebner), Bloom Gallery, Amsterdam

That's Not The Way To Do It (Edward Allington, Fiona Banner, Glenn Brown, Jeremy Dickinson, Nicholas May, Paul Stone, Michael Stubbs, Wolfgang Tillmans, Catherine Yass), Project Space, Art College, University of Northumbria at Newcastle

From Here (Art and Language, Glenn Brown, Alan Charlton, Keith Coventry, Michael Craig-Martin, Ian Davenport, Peter Davis, Mark Francis, Patrick Heron, Damien Hirst, Gary Hume, Callum Innes, Zebedee Jones, Julian Lethbridge, Simon Linke, Jason Martin, Fiona Rae, Bridget Riley), Waddington Galleries and Karsten Schubert, London

Summer Group Show, Karsten Schubert, London

Brilliant: New Art from London, Walker Art Centre, Minneapolis

Young British Artists V: Glenn Brown, Keith Coventry, Hadrian Pigott and Kerry Stewart, Saatchi Collection, London

Obsession (Glenn Brown, Jeremy Dickinson, Gregory Green, Stephen Hepworth, Brendan Quick, Andrew Renton, Paul Stone), The Tannery, London

1996 Glenn Brown, Peter Doig, Jim Hodges, Adriana Varejao, Galerie Ghislaine Hussenot, Paris

21 Days of Darkness, Transmission Gallery, Glasgow

Brilliant: New Art from London, Contemporary Arts Museum, Houston

Art Council Collection New Purchases, Hutton Gallery, Newcastle upon Tyne, touring to: Harris Museum and Art Gallery, Preston; Oldham Art Gallery; Hayward Gallery, London; Ikon Gallery, Birmingham; Mappin Art Gallery, Sheffield; Angel Row Gallery, Nottingham; Ormeau Baths Gallery, Belfast

Out of Space, Cole and Cole, Oxford

Strange Days, The Agency, London

The Jerwood Painting Prize, Lethaby Galleries, Central Saint Martin's College, London

Fernbedienung – Does Television Inform The Way Art Is Made?, Kunstverein, Graz, Austria

Aboutvision, Museum of Modern Art, Oxford

PUBLICATIONS

BT New Contemporaries, 1989

BT New Contemporaries, 1990

Goldsmiths' MA Catalogue, 1992

With Attitude, British Council, 1992

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Sarah Kent: *Shark Infested Waters*, Zwemmer, London 1994

Andrew Wilson: *From Here*, exhibition catalogue, Waddington Galleries and Karsten Schubert, London, 1995

Brilliant: New Art from London, Minneapolis, USA, 1995

Fernbedienung – Does Television Inform The Way Art Is Made?, Kunstverein, Graz, Austria

Aboutvision, Museum of Modern Art, Oxford



Charles Mottram (after John Martin)
The Great Day of his Wrath, 1854-6
 mixed style Mezzotint with etching

This book is published by Northumberland County Library, in association with Karsten Schubert, London, on the occasion of Glenn Brown's exhibition at Queen's Hall Arts Centre, Hexham for Year of Visual Arts 1996.

It has been made possible with an Arts Council of England Publications Grant and with the support of Northern Arts.

The exhibition was organised by Alessandro Vincentelli with thanks to Sarah Rogers of Saatchi Gallery.

All photographs are by FXP, London, with the exception of:
 Stephen White: pp 9, 10 & 38 (Plate 11)
 Courtesy Barbara Gladstone Gallery, NY: p.24 (Plate 4)

Interview with Marcello Spinelli transcribed by Clare Manchester

Designed by Peter Chater and Glenn Brown
 Production coordinated by Uwe Kraus
 Printed in Italy

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 Karsten Schubert, London
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ISBN: 1-874020-17-5

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