

Industrial form likes the cut-out, likes being selected, reproduced, distributed – to the four winds. To achieve this it relies on o cuts. In the wings these shadowlike counterforms are reborn as actors and extras on the taut copper of metallic canvases, as ectoplasms of the productive unconscious. Sprayed and stencilled, a dash of blush arrays them on the screen in a genial performance. These ghosts of productivity utter to a silent melody in a Quality Street art deco ambience.

FC, December 2015

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