

Unconscious Spaces

Photographs by Leon Green

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Designed by Leon Green

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Introduction

I am mildly obsessed by puns, double meanings & hidden or multi-layered symbolism, an obsession, expressed through my choice of title for this book; "Unconscious Spaces".

That title sprang, fully formed into my conscious awareness during some other activity, now long forgotten. I recognized it as the perfect phrase with which to tie together the various themes, metaphors & resonances, contained within this work.

Each of these images takes place in those parts of our everyday landscape, of which we are only dimly aware. Neglected, unobserved or underappreciated, either because we do not notice them or prefer not to see them, these places have, unconsciously, become a major preoccupation within my work.

The title might also refer to those areas of the mind that we are unable, or unwilling, to consciously acknowledge. One could say that my work takes place within these spaces as much as it does in any physical location. In a very real sense, these images reflect my own unconscious processes, consciously manifested.

I am fascinated by photography, or indeed any imagery, that shows us the mundane or trivial, transformed, stripped of ordinary context & associations, seeming to reveal something of the spectral underpinnings of consciousness.

It is this state of mind that I am pursuing in my work & that I attempt to express through it.

If a piece of art is a communication between the artist, his subject & an audience, then this work is not truly complete until it is seen by you, the viewer. This book will, hopefully, provoke a journey through your unconscious spaces as well as communicating something about mine; you might even find some overlapping topography, along the way.

With that in mind, you might stop reading this rubbish & begin that journey. Turn the page.

Leon Green, 2009, Wellington, NZ



Dream...
I Have Been

Dream in Short Arms





Dead & Built a Fire



**Significance,
Barely Audible**



Fluoroscopic Space-Time Direction



Hand....Fall asleep



Exploding Out Into Codes



White Blaze of Heat, a Movement...



Watching Like Rancid Chalk



Spent all Realities



Back for Me. I am



Magic of Violent Chaos



Vision of Evolution and Rusty Iron



I am Waiting in Front



Words Take on Code



Haunted by no Shame



Nothing.... I Called



Creeping Like Telephone



Vein in My Dirty Bare Character

**A Creeping Notion
of Hunter**





**Crackle of Stairs
Down Spine**



Death& of Climate



And Right on Time, this Growth