

Chrysanthemums:

An audio piece recorded in 4 corners room. Each actor is a paper underneath it. There dialogue with and narrate scripts.

*Over the sounds of taken, and scribbling notes by

Man 1, Mar

oman 1, Woman

For a nice meal or learning a concept. Implicit with the sultry stench of city air constant norm.

Chrysanthemums

A Play in Two Acts

Andrew Christopher Green

Alright, so how to begin?

Vera. What do you expect coming



For Mitchell

7:30 pm
Michael and Arthur

8:30 pm
Billy and Vera



Prologue

It is Sunday and I had given to myself the deadline to write and finish this text by Sunday. Originally the plan was to write it Sunday morning because I would be hungover and I am always a much better writer when hungover, but as soon as I woke up I had to go install and also I have been sober for some weeks now, so I scratched that plan, and now it's 4:51 in the afternoon, already dark out, and I just have to write the text and I'm hoping that it will all come out, that all my thoughts and feelings about the where exhibition is coming from will just come out.

After much deliberation in my head I decided that it is important to start this prologue the same way I had started it in my many previous failed attempts. I always started by saying that it is an odd desire for me to want to write a prologue for my exhibition of works whose intentions are so anecdotal in nature; they're just ice breakers really. But this text is very important to me, as you'll soon find out. I think if I'm being honest the only reason I've ever made anything in the past is so I have the opportunity to write about it. It's as if the work itself is always some stuffy atmosphere where everyone is watching you and waiting for you to fuck up, but this place, this text, is where we can step outside and take a breath and no longer have to be polite or follow any protocols; we can stop trying to play a role and fulfill these burdensome expectations.

Over the past few months my life had really begun to fall apart. I was very angry and bitter over my life's situations and began drinking quite heavily and abusing my Xanax prescription. I'm telling you; I really lost it. I'd think about my face touching the cool water in the lake where I'd spent my summer attending a lousy residency or what the night sky looked like out there in the country; these bright stars that looked down on me as I lay drunk and alone in a field with fireflies all

around, and I'd think about how lonely I became there and how that is really where my life was ruined. I'd think horrific thoughts about how and why my life went totally wrong, all of it beyond my control, and afterwards, after I'd come back from the residency, these thoughts started to become so overwhelming that a few times I punched a wall and twice blurted out obscenities while riding the train, only to receive very confused reactions to this probably very puzzling behavior. I spent my nights too drunk to read or write and my mornings hungover or in a benzo haze, always just thinking about this text, yes, the one you are reading right now, and I cannot describe to you how empowering and liberating a thing it was for me to think about. In this time span where I had felt complete powerlessness the ability to write something and hopefully have an audience has been for sure the only reason I've been capable of getting out of such a dark place. I thought about writing this text all the time and imagined the words would slide off my fingertips and that I would eloquently spew out a bunch of super compelling and intelligent sentences but now, sitting down to write, I'm reminded that it doesn't work like that. But the countless hours I'd spent fantasizing over this text was all the hope that in some way the tragedies of my life would be redeemed or at least be understood and identified with, that they wouldn't just be meaningless. I really cannot tell you how beautiful of an opportunity this had been to me; just look at how much I've written so far without even beginning to say hardly anything about the work or the exhibition. Anyway, I'll try and start now, but prefacing this stupid prologue with a sincere gratitude for your ears is something that couldn't go without noting on my part.

"Oftentimes I say to myself, "Thou alone art wretched: all other mortals are happy, –none are distressed like thee!" Then I read a passage in an ancient poet, and I seem to understand my own heart. I have so much to endure! Have men before me ever been so wretched?" Werther said this in Goethe's *The Sorrows of Young Werther*, and never before has this idea of cultural or intellectual reciprocity been so poignantly

clear to me than here in Werther's suffering. It's like when you feel something, when you *reallllly* feel something but you're not able to put it into words, and then you come across a page or an image and "That's it! That's what I was trying to say! Look world, my thoughts were valid and identifiable, I was just not capable of expressing them to you in a way that granted me your empathy until now." This is the spleen being nourished, and this is the impetus of my work.

The truest connections I've ever felt in my life have always been instantiated out of an oppositional defiance or outright hatred of the world and capitalism, and this is certainly something worth noting in relation to the work. It's just like that situation i described earlier where we leave a stuffy atmosphere for a cigarette and can finally relax with one another. Intimacy, for me, is always fueled by exclusion and opposition; it is a negation of repression and the fulfillment of expression. I remember this feeling, still, to this day, I remember it so fondly. Fassbinder really did save my life by helping me remember it, and so did Goethe for that matter.

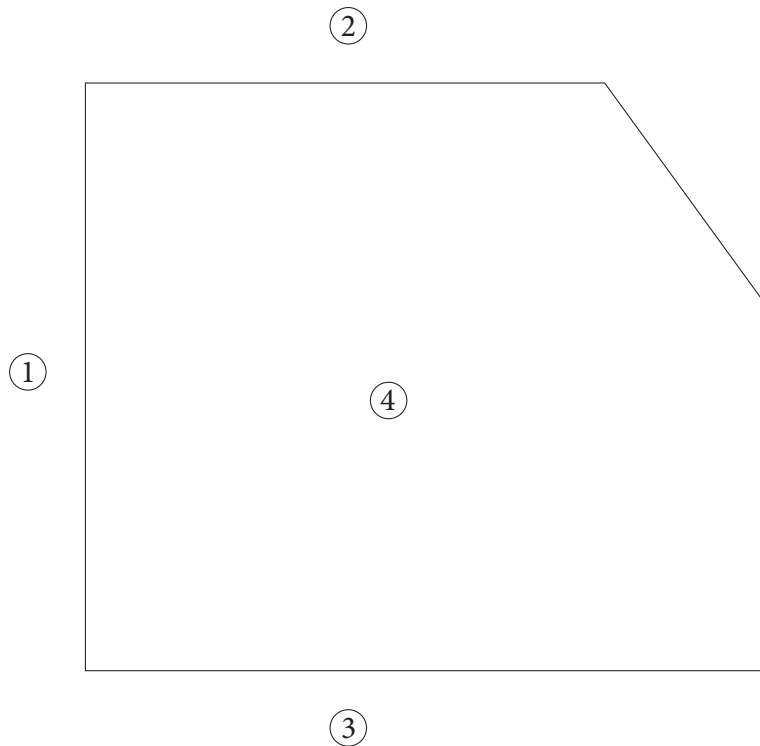
The work itself, the play I mean, was conceived at that residency (which I will not dignify by giving it a name) where I felt a horrid sense of alienation from my peers who all seemed so aspirational and yet empty inside. At this performance event there I read a text about how i didn't like any of them or their work and, in hindsight, i can say it was probably the evil twin to this project. It was just an aggravated projection outwards, and as earnest as it may have been I'm not so sure it was beneficial to anyone that heard it. This exhibition is that reading's counterpart, in that it comes from the same spiteful place but actually produces something more than mere lamentations. The photographs are of three models of sets three other artists had designed in response to my script which I photographed inside of a model of NightClub that I'd been given. The stage, originally a stage for naked models to stand on while figure drawing classes rendered their bodies

in charcoal, somehow one day appeared in my studio, as if by magic, and then wandered around inside it for 6 years or so. If I'm being honest, though, the play was just an excuse to have 6 other people stand in and speak for me, the set-designs were an excuse for other artists to make work for me to photographically represent in a specific way, and the stage was kind of just there. In other words, the works all sort of lean in on themselves, total co-dependency; each composite part was just a way for me to avoid starting from any out-of-the-blue/blank slate production cycle. The script is for the sets which are for the stage which is for the photographs which are about the script and so on so forth. I don't know what any one of these pieces does except to allocate meaning or value away from itself, and maybe even tacitly promise that meaning is to be found elsewhere in the room.

Before my life fell apart and I became totally dependent on this fantasy text, before I wanted everyone else in the world to be as sad as I was, before I began to have terribly evil and violent thoughts, long before I became so swollen with contempt, I was given some advice by a former teacher when it became clear to him that I was very insecure and unhappy following my intuitions. I was repressing myself and, so as to not have to look inwards, I was trying to imitate the art of the very intelligent people I looked up to. In other words, I was being insincere and aspiring to make things that were not so much coming from my own subjectivity as they were coming from this character I had cast myself for; I was just reading a script at that point and I felt like an actor. This teacher's advice was that the most important thing one can learn as an artist is that you will never be the artist you wish you were, and that the point of your studio practice was instead to realize the artist you already are and to become a better version of it. As obvious as this probably is to most people, for me it was a totally profound and empowering realization that has drastically forever changed my practice. This exhibition is maybe the first time I've produced a body of work after having fully internalized such a crucial lesson, and I suppose

all that I am really trying to do with it is to lay bear my own struggles over the location of the production of texts and thoughts, these things I can never really figure out, and to allow this struggle to be the content of the work because, truly, I haven't got any ideas whatsoever. And it seems to me that this honesty-based contentless content is at least a bit more generative than me just trying to come up with one while sitting alone in my darkening studio.

So this is basically just an exhibition about repression and learning to communicate. I'm not sure if I'm refusing production or producing refusal, but the hope or intention of the works is the production of some sort of profound connection that is made possible by an alleviation of the tensions I (and we?) have felt over making things by means of showcasing vulnerability and honesty and working with what is already at hand, as though this all could become some kind of defiant or antagonistic and hopefully even critical naivety. This simplifying honesty has helped me to side-step the nasty entrapments of art production in a way that does not leave me hung up on the theoretical impossibilities of authorship but instead nourishes my desire for the production of poetry amidst the endlessly self-negating self-awareness and self-reflexivity I feel so obligated to be burdened with while I'm in my studio. It for sure doesn't give the aspirational economy what it wants, that floating thing slightly out of reach. I don't know, there is really nothing else I could have made for this show I don't think, nor anything else I could have written here. I'm even worse at conclusions that I am at beginnings so the text will now just have to end.



- ① *Extreme Talent Contest, 2011 (Recreation)*,
Set Design by Chloe Siebert
Inkjet Print in Hand Dyed Frame
24 × 30"
- ② *Chrysanthemums Scenario*, Set Design
by Christopher Earley
Inkjet Print in Hand Dyed Frame
24 × 30"
- ③ *For the People of New York City*, Set Design
by Stanton Taylor
Inkjet Print in Hand Dyed Frame
24 × 30"
- ④ *Stage*
Figure Drawing Model Stage
48 × 48 × 14"

*Special Thanks to Stanton Taylor, Chloe Siebert,
Christopher Early, Anthea Behm, Oren Pinhassi, and
Gaylen Gerber*

Man 1: The... some, the... have been... seems to me that... proper... have been...
Phones and

Woman 2: Is... feels too soon

Woman 1: ... we want to limit ourselves to such a task?

Man 2: We... can't stray far from our objective. These events will be proceeded by further... and their meanings will be determined in due time. I wish this were... because, you know, I do rethink things after the fact in my head... had happened differently, I wish I could have said this instead of... sequence never quite... seems to occur though and its something we... just live with

...ly. I had to come here

Woman 1: That isn't what I'm saying. I have no problem with this. Well I do, but that isn't what I'm contesting. Just listen. "Now the letter and the word, which have been rested for centuries in the flatbed of the book's horizontal pages have

*NightClub
January 30, 2015*