

THE VERTICAL SEARCH OF MR GREEN  
(everything that is vertical will become horizontal)

PERSONS OF PLAY

CHORUS                      a conspiracy of basic shapes

MR GREEN

DOG

DOOR                      (made of wood)

DOG COFFIN

BIRD

Scene: *Willow Staging Area*. A stopping place or assembly point on route to a destination.

ACT I  
(Vertical)

SCENE 1, The Woman

What to make of the world today? Did MR GREEN become a man because he was in love?  
To not have an identity that exists outside of this continual recalibration of the self to the object of desire.

Sitting in the coffee shop, wondering do I feel more like a woman or a man today? All the things that I love are not here. Or have they slipped away from everywhere. Where is the pulse of meaning in this place? In any place, I wonder. How much of it was simply just a thing that I made up. What does a person become when they leave behind everything that meant something? Then you are just here. In the blind thicket. Wondering why. Looking at all the blonde wood. The kind of wood that is in all the retail places.

SCENE 2, In the Garden

I tend towards a groundskeeper's approach. Tending garden because the paintings channel what is already there.

The structure of pilgrimage is foundational. Expedition involves transformation, and so an alternate experience is accessed in painting a site.

*(MR GREEN enters the garden and begins to dig.)*

SCENE 3, Prodromal

What does it mean for a painting to function like a portal?

*(DOG and DOOR are gathered in the garden around a rectangular hole in the ground. Both look down into it.)*

DOOR

Was this hole always here?

*(Pause. Sky overhead begins to darken with clouds.)*

DOG

If you want to know the truth, I believe in these time-wave-bubbles that you can kind of feel like air pressure in thunderstorms.

*(Paws at the ground.)*

DOOR

*(Swings open and closed continuously, while speaking.)*

If you forget something that has happened, has it really happened?

DOG

I don't know...

*(Steps towards the open DOOR.)*

I basically jumped off of a building backwards and haven't hit the ground yet!

DOOR

It's better not to explain yourself.

*(DOOR swings closed and hits DOG, who goes flying through the hole.)*

I'd rather there be a pregnant background upon which my words bloom.

*(Rain begins to fall. The rectangular hole in the ground will soon fill with water like an in-ground swimming pool. DOG paddles urgently.)*

#### SCENE 4, In the Rocks

*(MR GREEN continues to dig his hole. As he digs deeper, his shovel gets stuck on rocks and rubble and he must push down harder, and with increasing effort.)*

MR GREEN

Feelings keep playing hide and seek in the rocks. They won't come out. They are drying up like wood does -- when it cracks and becomes brittle over time...or like the rubber in the windshield wipers. Blockages everywhere...not knowing how to move things -- Move through things.

I used to think I was such a feeler. But there must be a difference between feeling and divulging...I hear everyone go on about boundaries. But do feelings listen to boundaries? They push against them and curl back up like the inchworm in my palm. I think my heart got burned up and dried out and I forgot how to use it.

(DOOR swings open and closed, making a soft sound.)

## SCENE 5, The Mind Feels Like a Radio Tower from Elsewhere

CHORUS OF CONSPIRING SHAPES

This section can be structured like a crime scene report!

Because sometimes you are possessed. There's a minimal shift between performance and possession. This work involves a tuning in. A real sensitivity. Suspended identity. I call it gonzo. Because there is an under the radar suggestion that you're receiving messages from some kind of entity. Not a ghost per se, but something in the way of what a psychic has access to. Are we delivering messages? In the way that a crime scene is read, the story emerges from the place. The paintings can hold and deliver meaning in the way that an artifact speaks.

## SCENE 6, Artist as Detective

The paintings are what's left after the storm of decay blows through.

Consider the relationship between artist and detective:

DOG

I jumped through and haven't hit the ground yet.

CHORUS OF CONSPIRING SHAPES

Tape off the space where he shall fall!

ACT II  
(Horizontal)

SCENE 1, The Procession

(DOG COFFIN enters the garden carried by two pallbearers – strong men who don't require any help, although it's very heavy. Solid marble.)

(MR GREEN *can play both pallbearers, and if he does, he will surely pull a muscle in his back.*)

A thought with its back already broken. Cavalcade of men breaking nature comes to mind. These traps of homes – hissing teakettle of existence. Where do I fit into any of this? My body is the coffin.

DOG COFFIN

There is no stone similar, in luxurious sophistication or characteristic, to this black and yellow beauty. Portoro Genuine Extra marble, from the charming Golf of Poets, is a natural work of art.

MR GREEN

I basically jumped off of a building backwards and haven't hit the ground yet.

DOG

(*To MR GREEN:*) I had a dream we were walking up a hill on two legs, like men do. When she touched me, I saw inside her body and there was a black and yellow spiral. The spiral spread to my arm from where she touched me up to my throat.

SCENE 2, Versions

To muddle the question: who is the dog and who is the dog's owner? You apprehend it and it apprehends you.

What if I made the same show, but twice or three times? Every painting has its double. Triple. This may be because I can't decide or it may be because we leave a trail of these doubles, shadow versions as we move in time.

CHORUS OF CONSPIRING SHAPES

Is that a dog or a dog-shaped coffin?

(DOOR *swings open and closed, making a soft sound.*)

ACT III  
(Diagonal)

SCENE 1, Transitional Meaning

Could this work be mistaken for a group show?  
A becoming that is in some way related to a trans identity.  
Diagonal meaning: welcome unlike things.

Things slip.

DOG

Like how meaning slips off the DOG COFFIN.

How does language get placed on a trans body?  
Consider the way that meaning is made, like the process of  
learning to read. The beginning of making sense, where the gaps  
in it are starkest and are also terrifying.

CHORUS

MR GREEN wandered the salty bluffs of the ocean.  
First there was a sadness and it held her. She sat  
drugged in the aisle seat of an airplane. When the  
sadness faded, there was an endless plane, spread like  
time to a child. Tapping her finger against the window  
of the aircraft, MR GREEN realized nothing.

*(The shadow of a bird flickers across the garden.)*

MR GREEN

Are thoughts bound by certain shapes? And does this have  
a relationship to the trapped feeling? Except also I  
have the sense that there is something more: to poke a  
hole through the universe. I feel the shadows of other  
dimensions whipping around me.

DOG

I fell through!



## SCENE 2, Portraiture

Place My name to fill this void.

There are no people but also there are only people here.  
Pareidolia in the rocks: these faces in the rocks are like the faces in the flower freckled wallpaper in the Atlantic Beach bathroom. The first hall of mirrors where I saw myself extend but not indefinitely.

### CHORUS OF CONSPIRING SHAPES

Cartoon eyes are so effective at direct address because they mimic the phenomenon of recognizing a face in a stain on the ground. In the instant you recognize this face, it seems also to see you!

### DOG

*(DOG's voice echoes out of the hole it fell through...)*

What even are animals these days? The shock of looking something wild, a coyote, in the eye.

## SCENE 4, System in Entropy

People look at paintings in medical plaza waiting rooms. I play with the status and function of painting but this is not the main point. It is a way to address moments of empathy and their interruption.

Throwing smoke on a thing to see what shape it takes. To see that it is there. Assign and then deny the assignment of cognitive language.

The paintings contain a double negative: the surface works to undo itself and representation is obscured to reveal a subject that is not an image of the past, but an impression directly inscribed in it.

## SCENE 5, Emptiness

Emptiness also contains its opposite. Longing.

SCENE 6, Monuments

They are conceived from the start as messages. The heaviest birds.

DOG

Dog coffin, human coffin, human sized dog coffin. A coffin that has legs is a beast.

SCENE 7, Interchangeability

BIRD

Everything is not itself at all. The interchangeability of all the things - the rock or the face. This bird and this wave.

