

Andrew Christopher Green

*Nachsommer*

March 6 - April 16, 2026

Untitled, 2026

Inkjet Print

29,2 x 36,5 cm (framed: 61 x 76 cm)

Untitled, 2026

SD Video, Color, Sound

4:30 min (looped)

When Marcel Proust was in his early thirties he had accomplished very little. Despite the precocious writer's ambitions, he'd only published a minor collection of poems and a few reviews in various newspapers and journals. He abandoned his first major novel, *Jean Santeuil*, at the turn of the century and never returned to it.

Proust set his writing aside to translate two books by a critic he admired, John Ruskin. The first, *The Bible of Amiens*, was published in 1904 (he was 33) and the second, *Sesame and Lilies*, in 1906. Because Proust's English wasn't up to the task of Ruskin's Victorian prose, he enlisted the help of his mother, Jeanne (née Weil), whose competency surpassed his own. The two worked in close collaboration, though Jeanne never received any official recognition. She passed away in 1905, before the completion of *Sesame and Lilies*, leaving Marcel to finish it on his own.

But this is all just a bit of content, and as we know, only primitive men barricade themselves behind subject matter. The rub is always in the way a work encounters you, the immeasurable and inarticulable impressions it leaves behind, and recent studies show that nobody is more stressed out than a 25-35 year old man who feels he is running out of time.

As for my mother, she used to scoff at the outlandish film trailers that would play on Saturday mornings when she'd pass through the living room where my brothers and I sat watching cartoons as she putzed around the house. She always had the same reaction: "They are really running out of ideas."