

Sometimes the day is as long as the day is long. The nights, too. And each day spills over into another, reminding us of what we already know: there really is no end and no beginning. Low tide, high tide; sun and moon; time and its essence. We collect calls, materials, shells on the beach (and those shells collect dust). We run back and forth, we open and close doors, we hop on trains, we get our noses swabbed week after week. All the while our daily bread gets moldy on the counter; berries rot in the fridge, war is a constant. Our brains cloud with fog and we're constantly apologizing. We continue to mark arbitrary ends and beginnings that, again, are nonexistent and we know it. Essentially it is all a blur, a haze. So. What? So... we make things in an attempt to separate one thought from an(y)other. We take efforts to convey our ideas to each other. We are trying, really, just to live through this small sliver of existence we've been blessed or burdened with (or both, of course).

You wouldn't know how to do it again, if asked (but no one's asking anyway). Still, there is some sort of repetition, and of course there are cycles. Inexact patterns, echoing arrangements. *Dig*, says the locust: break up, turn over, re/move. What remains? What remains! Look at all that we excavate. We scramble to find meaning for a thing, to assign one symbol to another, often completely disregarding the fact that the thing itself needs no analogy. Something else we often do: speak all at once, the voices alldrowning each other out, becoming a whirl. Our whole existence an extended hum.

In this hum we find the work of Ryan Foerster. I do not say this in a general sense; I only say this because you are here, looking at it. You have, effectively, found the work yourself (amidst the hum). His body of work may be considered another hum, as most of our particulars are. What I mean is, it's not one of the people or places or things that speak or shout in an attempt to sound above the rest, but settles in and adds to the hum, knowing you will find it (hear it) if you are meant to. The hum is made up of: light leaks, smudged ink, tangled strings, walking around, making coffee, watering the plants, noticing things that fall from the sky. Photographing a little of everything.

Foerster attaches discarded material to something that would otherwise be considered beautiful, pristine. In a process akin to composting, he transforms shards of glass and aluminum into new forms. He mixes and matches, crisses and crosses, ideas and notions of death and decay with those of life and growth. His version of a power plant is an electrical box filled with dried, twisting, vines. Broken plates from the kitchen adorn photographic paper that's been left out in the yard to reveal its hidden colors. And speaking of adornment, sea shells adorn so many objects. Attached to silver traffic cones, they distort our notion of what these objects (no longer bright orange) signify and what it is they're keeping us from, or where it is they are directing us. In the end, the direction is certainly to stop, but it's more "stop to look, question; stay a while" than "do not enter."

Walking, working across. Mediums. Conduits, tunnels. In and through and throughout. Threw out. Refuse? Refuge? Salvaging, saving, solving and re-solving. Shifting. What emerges is not just a sum of parts but a new strain of thought that comes from combining ideas, sensibilities—a new language. And Foerster's is primarily visual. Within it there is this attempt to solidify and document ideas and come to some sort of conclusions. All based on so many factors: materials, location, timing, the weather (always the weather). His work is very much informed and inspired by nature, the environment, the wider world, as well as his personal one. Addressing the fact that we live in a society that is constantly collapsing on itself, under people in power who continue to dole out pain and tell us we're just imagining it, he still manages to give us reasons to engage, participate, hold on to some sort of hope and humor. He points out and points to this fullness, with a resourcefulness that is, perhaps, inherent in all of us. It is ubiquitous, but not always available—and we're not always looking for it.

There are shadows, and there are silhouettes—it is important to know the difference. It is also important to know what, or who, has come before.

The day is as long as the day is long, and I'm still spitting an image of you.

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