Yair Oelbaum In The Hopper 26.10. – 20.12.2025

"I ended up with a stack; a pile of tickets, including the one they were talking about on the news," he said. "I stood there for a minute thinking, 'Do I see what I think I see?' I had to stick my head out of the window and breathe in some fresh air. I was in serious doubt. I really had to convince myself this was real."

"For me it's the unknown and the what ifs that have been terribly haunting. I've been feeling that something was wrong for weeks, but I convinced myself 'you're just being paranoid!' We'd come back from wherever we were and the front door would be unlocked and it didn't make sense until we heard that sound..."

"Bespoke plushies like that are very expensive and personal to the commissioner," he explained. "Usually the only time you see something like that thrifting is when someone has passed away and the folks donate them without knowing how much they are worth."

"I never would have suspected he'd be capable of this. He's a peaceful guy. We'd meet in the hallway or meet in the vestibule checking our mailbox. He was always friendly. On the outside of the door there's a Hello Kitty sign... He did definitely come across as a leader and a helper and exactly what went wrong after that remains mysterious to me..."

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The cigarette's ember withers as it's snuffed out into an ashtray. As the spare lit ash slowly extinguishes when pressed to the tray's base, bacteria spread across the butt begin to reproduce and mingle with the neighboring stumps and roaches littered through the receptacle.

Life neither begins at conception, nor ends at death. I like to think that I throw away my trash at the right moment, but you can never be too sure. Consumer disposal is never its end, who knows what fate awaits it as it's packed in with other garbage in a landfill, or on a barge to float away into the sea, or incinerated into gas, casting toxins into the atmosphere.

I once accidentally threw away a camera with an exposed roll of film inside. Somewhere in a landfill, the latent images still wait on deck and will fester in place for decades to come.

I hope you throw things out at their right time. Maybe it's the exact right time for me to find them. It is impossible to pack in, pack out...we all leave a trace. The natural world leaves its trace too. Your trace becomes my history. No, not treasure. More of a flavor of the week style infatuation. I will watch it wither on my table, become dry, become brittle, break off into new pieces, perhaps giving way to new form.

But in the end it will see the same fate too. To decompose in the landfill, or the backyard, or to slowly droop or shrivel in a box or on the table's surface.

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In The Hopper centers around a slide projection of 50 macro photographs taken between 2014 and 2022. A static projection of a foundational 2012 photo is cast on the opposing side of the same wall. Upstairs, a stage (i.e.) persists as an unassuming relic. Unsure of its utility after the production has ended, after the slide has advanced, it glimmers as a feebly constructed vessel of forgotten (?) potential.

— Yair Oelbaum

