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35



2



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newyorkartcriticsassociation Ryan Foerster, Here Comes the Sun, Kerry Schuss, thru Feb. 21.

Anyone with a phone can take a picture today. But pictures aren't photographs, not exactly. Because photographs descend from the history of the medium, which in its earliest incarnation was an experiment: the first hazy photo was taken two hundred years ago. Ryan Foerster has long seen his practice with and without a camera as an investigation not so much into capturing the world, but wondering what it means to inhabit the world. No surprise that the photos he took this past summer might have been made in the late 1820s—if color printing existed at the time. Some of his best images look to have been preserved in amber, honeyed you might say—his portraits of Gee Voucher and Penny Rimbaud in their rural English garden. (Founding members of the anarchist punk band Crass, late '70s, important to Foerster going back to his youth in Toronto.) The chromatics, warm and golden like summer itself, arise from the artist's use of expired black-and-white film which he prints in color. With the same approach he made a wonderful strip of five prints, images taken at Monet's garden in Giverny. Nothing touristy about them, unless the traveler was an alien versed in Impressionism.

The centerpiece, *Here Comes the Sun*, May 20–Sept. 24, 2025, is comprised of 64 unique C-prints made over the course of four months. Before leaving for Europe, Foerster laid out sheets of expired Fuji paper on the floor of his home studio: an aperture by day, darkroom by night. The piece is sensational. Strange, psychedelic, hallucinatory. We thought of George Harrison's lyrics, sung by Nina Simone, and as she would deliver them today:

"Little darlin' / It's been a long, cold, lonely winter / Little darlin' / It feels like years since it's been here / Little darlin' / I feel that ice is slowly melting / Little darlin' / It seems like years since it's been clear / Here comes the sun / And I say, 'It's all right.'"



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