

For Immediate Release

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Opening Saturday, June 3, 6 - 9pm

Nothing To See Here

Do you believe in magic? I think I believe in magic. Magic and nothingness. And they're here, with us, everyday, we're visited by their haunting specter. Day ends, night falls, and Nature's clock starts all over again, our return to the everyday.

I'm here, we're here, things are here. things appear, and then time happens, and then nothing. A slow burn, a blur of things fleeting and fading in loops. Then no thing. Our connections, thing-to-thing entanglements, are a moment in this precious world, only a moment, a cyclical repeating of presences that form, build, accrete, and fade. Our connections, uncanny moments of belonging and dis-belonging, are only a brief encounter, then gone. A magic lives in this rhythm. The appearance of things, then no-things. Here but not. Nothing to see here.

These are some drawings. On repeat. Draw. Draw and exist in the everyday. Presence is practice. Practice in rhythm. Focus on the places in-between. Practice. I hope to stay in touch with you, I really do.

A crackling pop as the needle drags over the record, hiss in the speakers. A booming dub, a low hum hidden in a drum, a beat repeats sounding off like a distant seance sealed in a vacuum floating through space. Stacks of echo mix with feedback and hiss as a bass like mud crawls through thick, heavy air. Ephemeral markings reverberate like dub as they fade in and out, in and out, like moments passing. Moments like these are with us, to see, to hear, to touch, if only given the time.

A softly fading whisper in your ear. A dream. Frogs ribbit through the pouring drum of rain, a squirrel dangles for dear life on a telephone line, ducks merrily quack as they wander through yards of fresh cut green grass, the wind whispers in the tree's ear as she calls back waving her leaves enthusiastically in time.

The writings on the wall. So draw. Draw to make sense. Draw to think. Draw to breathe. Times passage is drawings mark. And it repeats, over and over, until all fades. The residue of drawing is sticky, it's viscous, wipe it away, but like so many things, it returns. It haunts. I'm haunted. Even though there's nothing there. Nothing to see here. Breathe in, breathe out—relax.

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