

Exhibition Text for Ryan Lim:

*What does it mean to be stagnant, passive, in a state of idleness, a waitfullness? You are not restless, you do not anticipate, because waiting is no longer a moment, it is a state of being. When the day is no longer tactile, and time is desperately spent, do you move because you are pushed?*

*There's a Rhythm in Rush these days seeks out the leftovers of everyday routine. It considers the narrative of banal objects, and presents the viewer with the passive structures that take up the most ordinary moments in our daily lives. Unseen, these objects play their role in the corners of our vision; a towel spread carefully to dry, thirsty plants slowly wilting, an unpaused soundtrack softly playing from a pair of earphones. These scenes live in the margins of the present moment, acting as evidence of time passively spent.*

*So what happens when the mundane household becomes visible? When the routine rush is broken and you dwell in the contemplation of how the light 'smears itself on the windows', is this where the unremarkable becomes meaningful?*

*This showing hovers around this question of meaning in meaninglessness. It suspends the moments in which these objects are thought about, or the first time it is worth considering their 'thereness'. To see them means you've broken some kind of routine (what routine was that again?). Is it strange that we are surrounded by so many personal objects that contain our memories, our histories, but we don't notice them until we fall into the socio-cultural taboo of 'doing nothing'? Of passiveness? Uselessness?*

*This uselessness or suspension of idle moments is a theme that could be seen as verging on a fear of futility. The anxious notion that we follow our lives rather than lead them, and that the 'moment' is constantly leaving us behind. It is possible to see the leftovers that Lim presents as reminders in how we let our life's own rush get the better of us, and how pointless it becomes to consider the static. But perhaps by showing these objects so plainly, and by suspending one's glance at them to encompass a moment, this useless act of looking in fact becomes a space in which meaning can be found. In this way it has less to do with futility, and more to do with a willingness to take time out of your rush to really see something, consider something, before letting it go.*

*So in the end, this is about nothing. Or perhaps it is about something that is only something to one person, or multiple even. The display of these leftover objects, hung on walls, projected into space, left to wilt, does not claim their inherent value, the point is that they are not valuable. But for whatever reason, for whatever purpose, here you are, looking at them.*