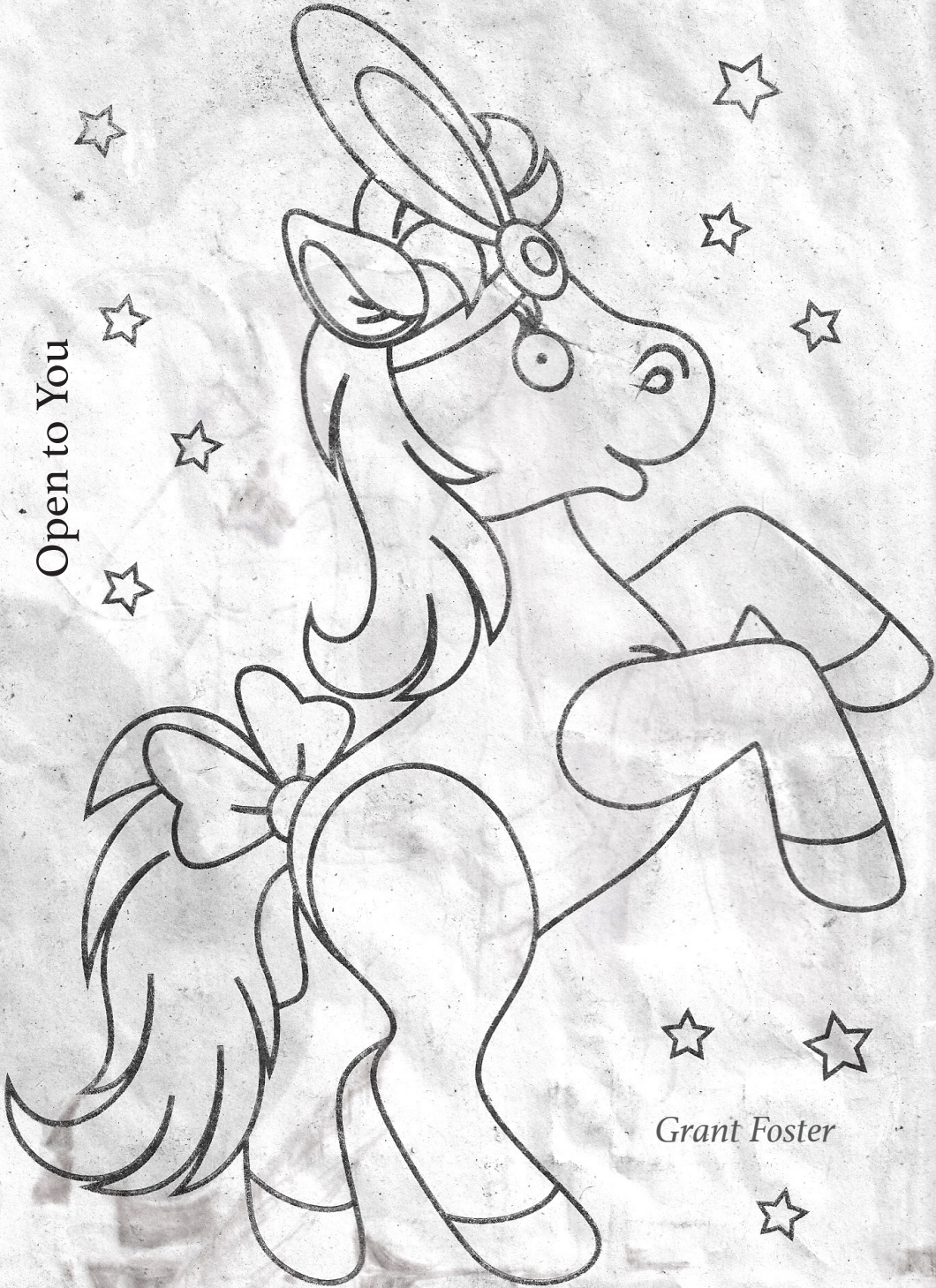


Open to You



Grant Foster



Managing to buy herself a  
tiny quantity of oil paint -  
She's alive and painting in  
her studio when a man  
comes in dressed in filthy big  
boots and dirty long hair.

He sees her painting a  
small still-life, economically  
with tiny dabs of paint. &  
he says -

'Listen you need to learn  
to feel the paint, let me  
show you how'

She says

'Please do'

He then squeezes the ~~the~~  
entire contents of a square  
tube out onto her palette  
puts his hand into it and  
then proceeds to rub it over  
her face.

'This' he says

'Is how you feel the paint'

When open to chance, there's a danger one could miss all options available. Or perhaps, the process becomes an exercise in negation. Anything will do. I'm not interested in that either. To thread a sense of logic, the pin should be sharp and loaded with a metaphysical trust. Each page, front and back becomes non-linear - it's potential is interchangeable, to abandon the hierarchy of linear thought opens doors. My paintings are nomadic - I court them to fit outside time.

When you wake in the same room, are you in a different one? Art is for the people of tomorrow. A sour tongue says these are the records of our future ruins - like the Voyager probes, out floating in unimaginable chaos, beyond the Kuiper belt and loaded with the detritus of our past lives - motorways, hamburgers, aeroplanes. Maybe today is a broken mirror for tomorrow, waiting, yet to be formed.

Put decency out into the internet -

Time is circular.

If I were a machine, I wouldn't eat bile.

Dream  
26.09.22

Single aerial hovering pole. Thin like a bamboo cane, rising impossibly into a burning blue sky. A camera mounted with advanced powers of magnitude. City, industrial complex – a maze of rocks and broken sidewalks. The camera's gaze can travel around bends, into unknown crevices and out through towards another side.

Lost in country lanes. Same nightmare crossroads. Rolling hills and endless A-roads. Phone light freezes functionality of phone. A mess of jittery stiff movements. Late for cleaning job. Message gets through to CW. I turn out from an ancient Chinese alleyway into lashing wind and rain – she's there, waving and smiling. Her arm moving with the mechanical precision of a windscreen wiper. Her car turns to allow me easy access – she lightly grinds the metal chassis of an adjacent vehicle. Smiling, she opens the door.



Earth.





Children of men (windows as walls), 1992

Slept under open arched studio window, long into winter night. Visions of faithful animals as loving stand-ins for (humanoid) children. The stars are bright behind the grey wall, which is cracked like netting – both solid and vague, air.

How do you paint the weight of air? In times of great catastrophe arts' basic insolence becomes more vivid.

The open window is really very shut. Its solidity is an opaque, dense air, the evidence of which flaps like a sail in the wind. Two figures are mirrored across space and time – housed within coordinates of the painted edge. Do lifelines cross again? You turn the page to reveal a bucket of letters. Language is a piss-pot of colour. A faint outline of a singular figure encased within a room – modern human civilisation is the spectre of a figure (memory) within a room, edging to the outside. Layers of time, coloured cloth, faded acid after-glow of 1992 (the year the book was written) cultural-recycled-renaissance, ten years after my birth.



MILITARY

DOLL Z

## Mute

Two brown figures (my mother and uncle) lost in a pastoral sea of royal white swans. Grain is analogue interference – a disturbance between the encounter and the encountered. To qualify this, we must look deeper. To shape the form that pertains to one's cultural and self-imposed (agoraphobic) invisibility we must do two things at once. The first, is to say – here is an invisible form, a silent form, mute, they “don't want to cause any trouble”, here's a toffee, a reward for being mute in the Catholic convent boarding school choir. The second is to place them within a hostile alien environment. White-swan royalty – vicious, elegant, majestic power.

The beauty about painting is that it can serve language – as rebellion. It is not abstract (free) vs figure (capital) but image as adjunct to word, that opens and closes a door in the same moment. Slippery like word-eels, new forms must immerse that the control system intentionally limits to silence. It is within this dialectical entanglement that a loving image resists control and will always be loud.

Be continuously decent to the mute people.



Future

BODIES



Dream 28.09.22

AI detective news reel game. Hunting AI humanoids. Final scene on a vast cruise ship. The scale of their computational advancement is staggering. They tan on sunbeds and exercise under a cobalt sky once their energy levels fall below 70%.

Small hieroglyphic inscriptions lay on the outward edge of the boat's stern. Lit in neon – denoting the type of exercise they must conduct to maintain an optimum performance.

Game is up – and give chase through subterranean carpark, crumbling rocks fall on black high-speed SUVs. A football commentator provides a running commentary over the top. We find them. (Holiday Grainger and I). Their faces fused behind leather hoods. All men, of vastly different sizes – dominating an off license. I'm viewing this through the eyes of CCTV – machine vision.

Running news footage throughout involving the presenters – glamorous bare back dresses, newsroom glitz – before the camera takes us live. Members of the crew are either secret service or corporate naysayers – trying to push the investigation off scent.

Instagram feed reveals the scale of AI perversion. They present hooded, lycra bound human bodies, ratchet strapped to wall mounted brackets like high street consumer displays.

Dream

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Open to You

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