

MARTOS GALLERY

THE  
NEW YORKER

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

RYAN FOERSTER

By The New Yorker

October 25, 2012

With nearly a hundred unframed photographs and objects on the walls and floor (including a bedspring, a pile of found wood, and a rod of bent aluminum), Foerster's terrific, sprawling installation looks like one big work in progress—an exploded Rauschenbergian “combine.” Actual images—of decorative iron grates, a female nude in bed, and a gorgeous heap of compost—are overshadowed by an exploration of the photographic process itself, and of the corrosive effect chemicals have on the surfaces of mirrors, metal plates, and paper. In the end, a grungy, visceral abstraction takes over and really takes off. Through Nov. 21. (*Martos.*)