

In Full View



Janusz Wrobel

"We are a landscape of all we have seen."

Isamu Noguchi, American artist.

About

Life is everything. I am because Life is.

Getting to know what Life is, is the best part of it. Living it is having a relationship with its possibilities. Living it well is to evolve, learning how to coexist. Landscape is a space of Life possibility, carved out of physical matter, and populated by each of our ingrained perceptions of what it is. The potential of getting it right in the information age is better it ever was. Getting it all wrong in the modern human world of temptations and sponsored deceptions is even easier. Life is everywhere, or nowhere.

Watching again Carl Sagan's 1985 judicious planet warming presentation to the USA Congress, I admired his tactful implication of human dogmatic arrogance and perceptual blindness. Scientific illiteracy creates evidently a space for lifestyles fuelled by prepaid delusions. I frequently imposed on myself a separation for a chance to form unbiased opinions. Assessing the daily volume of the planet's energy exchange, and its hidden mechanisms, convinced me that the growing carbon dioxide concentration is only a major culprit of planet warming. And part of the changes in our planet's hydrology caused by the massive deforestation escalating ever since the agricultural revolution.

Landscapes are the backdrop to our unwillingness to define the criteria of our progress. Despite records of fallen civilizations and their causes, we persist stumbling on our ways.

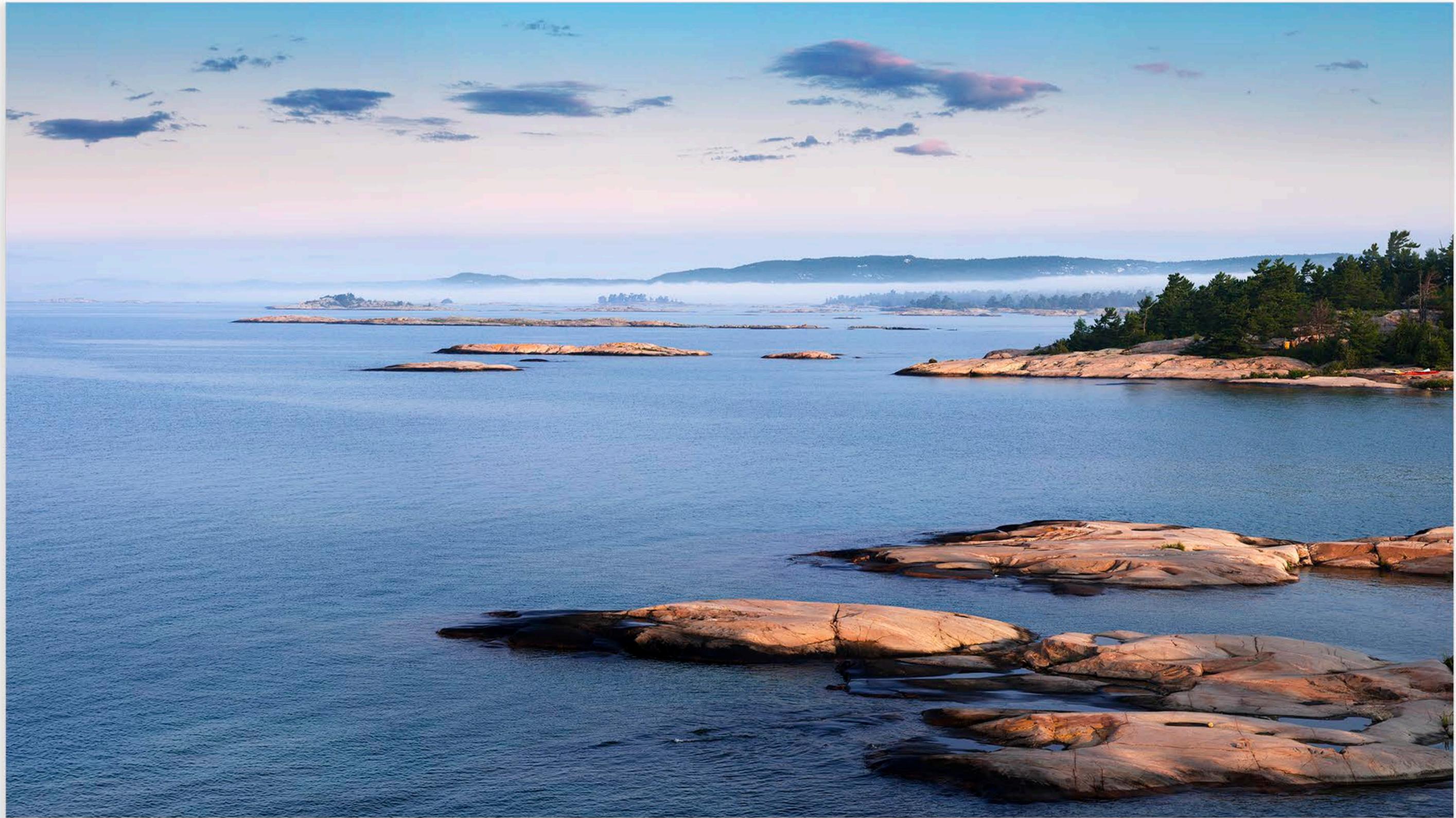
If art could be "the highest form of hope," it might also be the easiest way of escape. And everything in between, I thought, visiting the surviving empty local art galleries. With A. Danto's "end of arts" monkey wrench thrown on gallery floors, they are stuck in self-denial. While art program graduates may not all have the depth to inspire, they should have the craftsmanship to admire. Tired of repurposed anxiety's verbiage, visitors shrunk; the valuation of artworks followed with the prospect of sustainability.

Since Carl Segan speech, many transformations have taken place. The collapse of "communism" has blinded generations living in the Western world. Forgetting the lessons of recent history led to the gradual erosion of international law and institutions. The hierarchical governing structure of our societies started rewarding those who capitalized on the passive expectations of their population. The promise not to be kept became the political currency. Above all, the duality of the accumulated knowledge base, its use and its purpose. The separation between "who owns what" and "who knows what" left everyone in between without a road map.

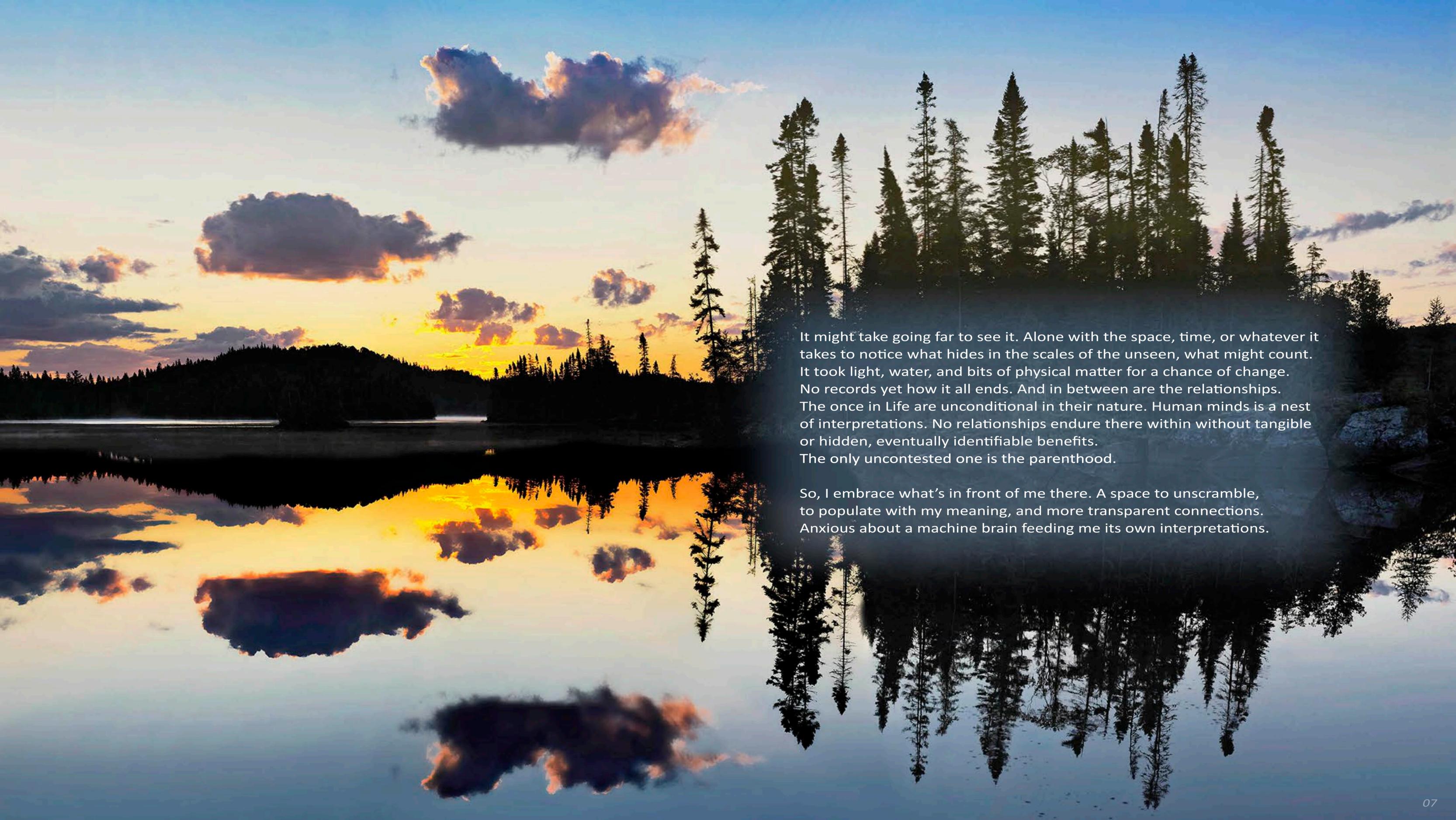
This rift of values in our culture is the subject of my last "Intermission" project.











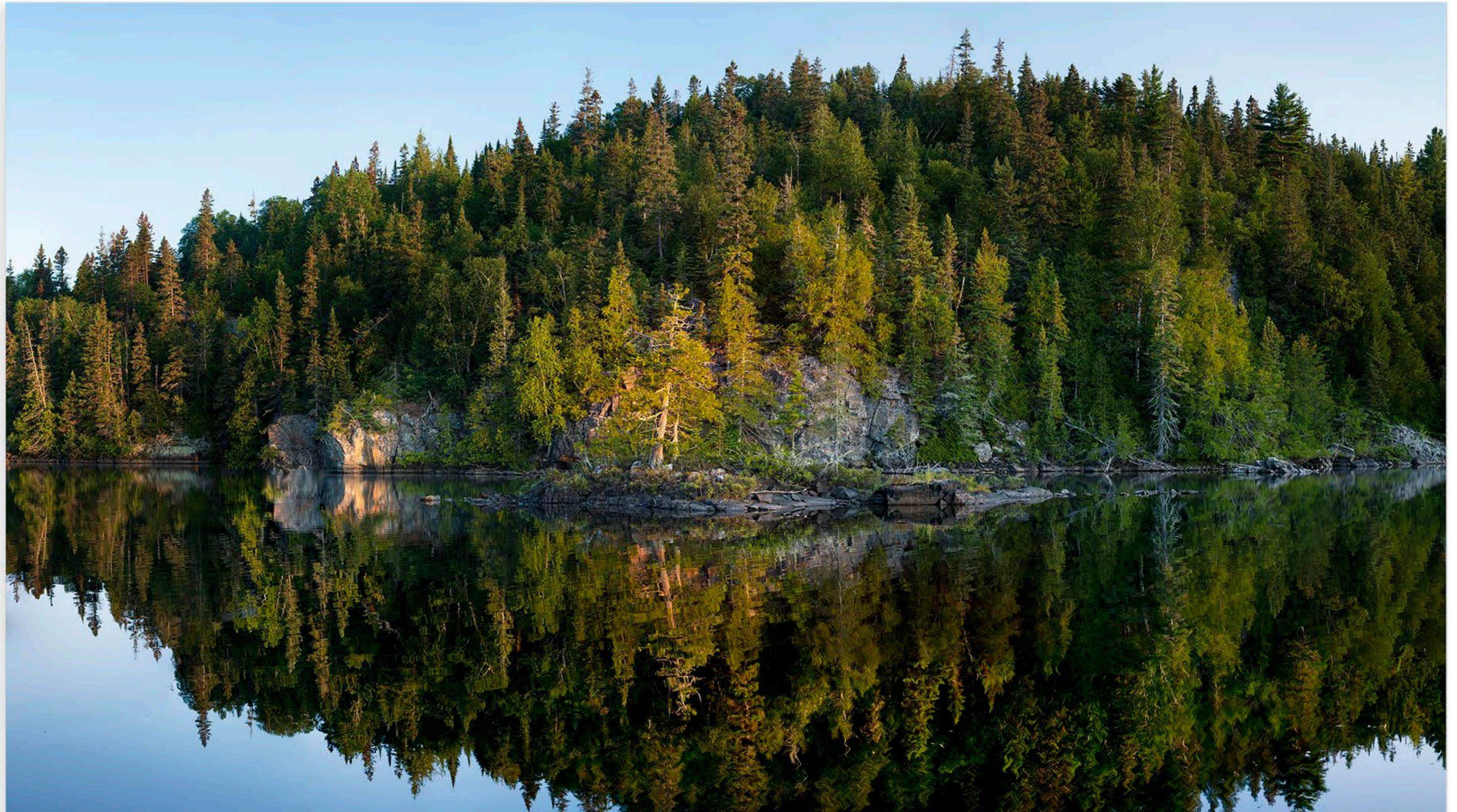
It might take going far to see it. Alone with the space, time, or whatever it takes to notice what hides in the scales of the unseen, what might count. It took light, water, and bits of physical matter for a chance of change. No records yet how it all ends. And in between are the relationships. The once in Life are unconditional in their nature. Human minds is a nest of interpretations. No relationships endure there within without tangible or hidden, eventually identifiable benefits. The only uncontested one is the parenthood.

So, I embrace what's in front of me there. A space to unscramble, to populate with my meaning, and more transparent connections. Anxious about a machine brain feeding me its own interpretations.



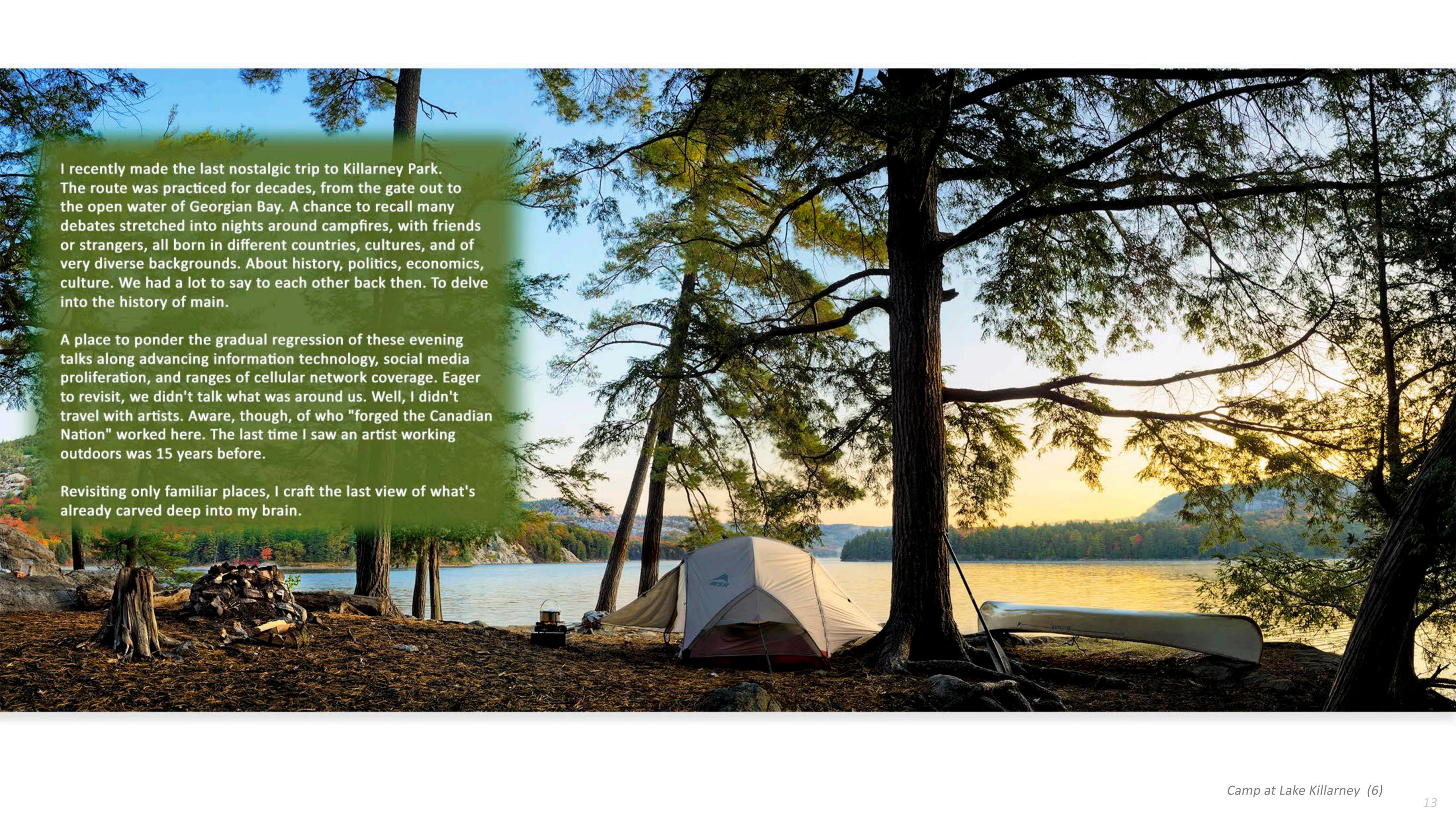








Boodvein River (9)



I recently made the last nostalgic trip to Killarney Park. The route was practiced for decades, from the gate out to the open water of Georgian Bay. A chance to recall many debates stretched into nights around campfires, with friends or strangers, all born in different countries, cultures, and of very diverse backgrounds. About history, politics, economics, culture. We had a lot to say to each other back then. To delve into the history of main.

A place to ponder the gradual regression of these evening talks along advancing information technology, social media proliferation, and ranges of cellular network coverage. Eager to revisit, we didn't talk what was around us. Well, I didn't travel with artists. Aware, though, of who "forged the Canadian Nation" worked here. The last time I saw an artist working outdoors was 15 years before.

Revisiting only familiar places, I craft the last view of what's already carved deep into my brain.





Killarney Ridge (9)



The challenge I saw was to recreate in a single image how the human mind overcomes the limits of its perception, confronting wide-open space. Or, the limitations of our eyes, the very narrow scope of sharp vision, that force human brains to scan what's in front of us, piecing selectively together only the important elements. The technique I used for decades was to compensate for the shortcomings of my attention at the scene, and the limits of the film or camera's resolution.

My photographs, then, allow viewers to encompass views, scenes with fine details at large scales, exposing better the intricacies of working relationships in the natural world.













It is silent now in cottage country. The once bustling water routes, without a single ripple. No children's laughter on summer weekends. No birds wake-up calling, untouched acorns on the ground, old firepits filled with grasses. Overhead, jet contrails point the faraway destinations.



Evening Campfire with Friend (3)

*I welcome the chance for a restful night's sleep.
Not so many soothing thoughts back home at night with
the endless trumpeted noise of growth on a shrinking planet.*

