

In Full View



Janusz Wrobel

"We are a landscape of all we have seen."
Isamu Noguchi, American artist.

About

Nature's scenery, or landscapes, seldom had high standing among visual arts genres in western civilizations. As if the state of our lives support system has been too mundane to engage human minds with. I have seen in museums more than enough paintings with natural scenes spiced with flashes of white breasts, and the hints of western mythologies, to earn artists the founding for their work. This artists' quandary has evidently returned in the last decade.

The photography invention released painters from clutches of commissions. The creation of the arts market followed. The advances in science, like the physical properties of light, inspired many European painters. Their work influenced Canadian artists a century ago, wrestling with the phantom scales of our lands. I liked what I saw in some of their works, although it is now perceived by many as artworks of historic or monetary values, detached from the current styles, forms of expression, or unfolding realities.

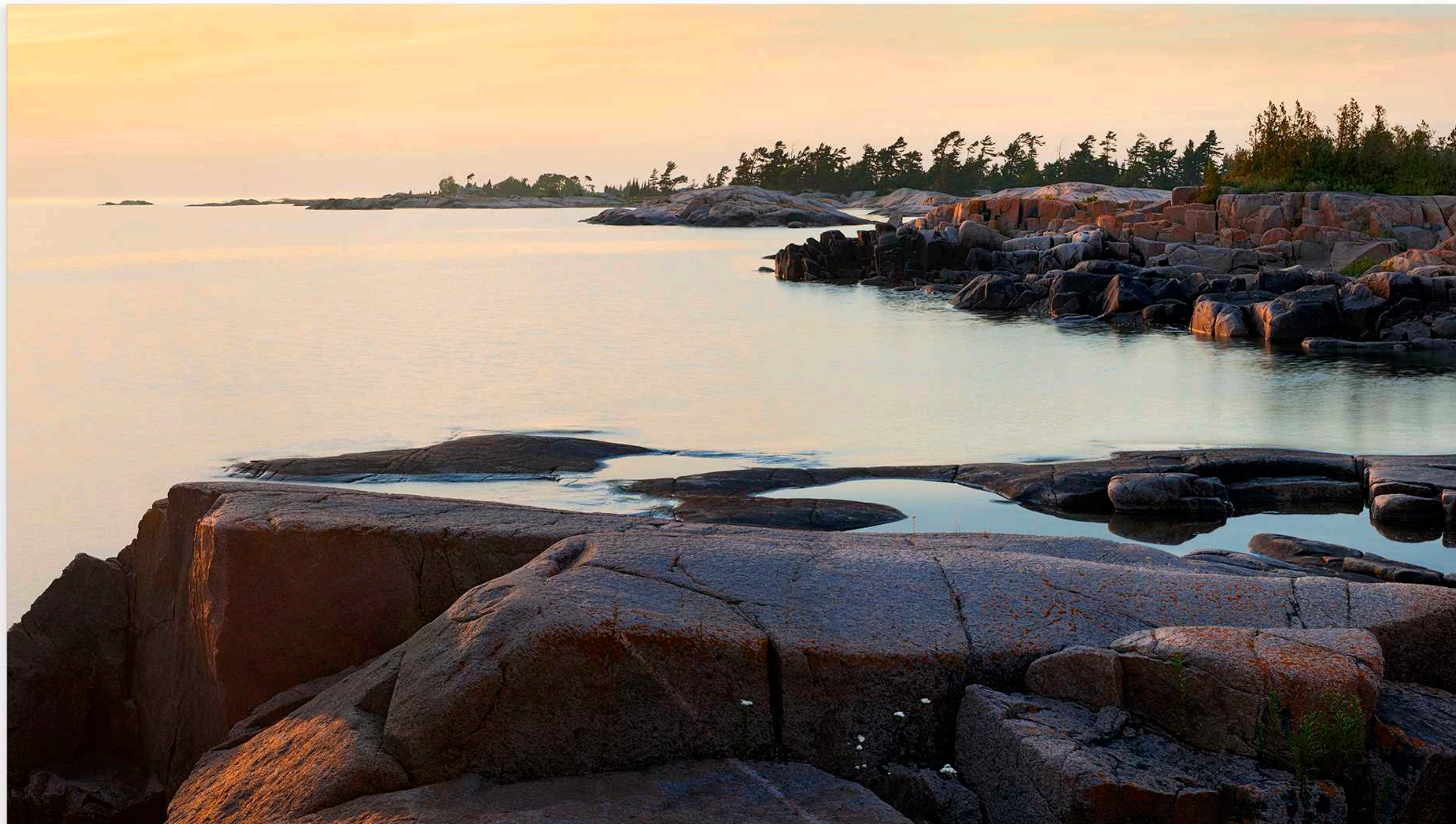
I also remember large "framing galleries" with the mass-printed "landscapes" that used to populate walls in many homes and offices. Ducks, loons, bears, eagles in glorious settings, not seen in the real world. Nature portrayed as a sugar-coated, simplified and convenient myth in our complicated world.

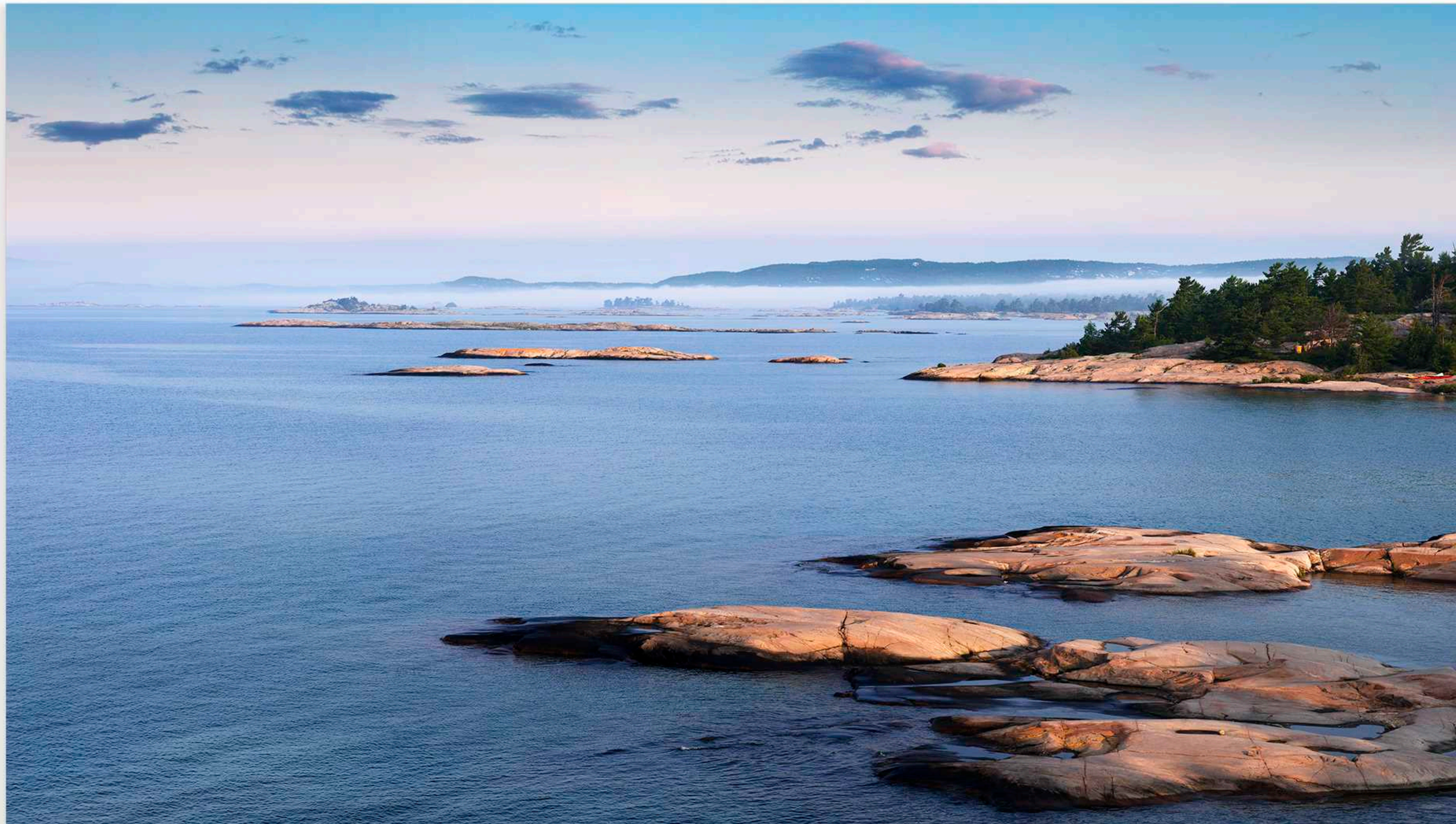
In previous projects, I identified, focused on, and framed appearances of processes maintaining our planet's livable conditions. Contemplating them enhances meanings of observed scenery. Processes, as the outcome of biological life mastering its chances across billions of years withing the obliviousness of the physical world. These projects are the filters I apply, shaping how to see, frame and portray all landscapes of my country.

I am also witnessing the passive state of the social consciousness, accepting changing climate conditions regardless of the consequences risk. They are easy to identify. The positive feedback loops triggered by growing massive energy stored in planet water and atmosphere, the accumulation of lives harming pollutants in all natural cycles, and the growing deficiencies in our civilizational structures. Above all, the numbness of our culture facing this multi-crisis outlined above.

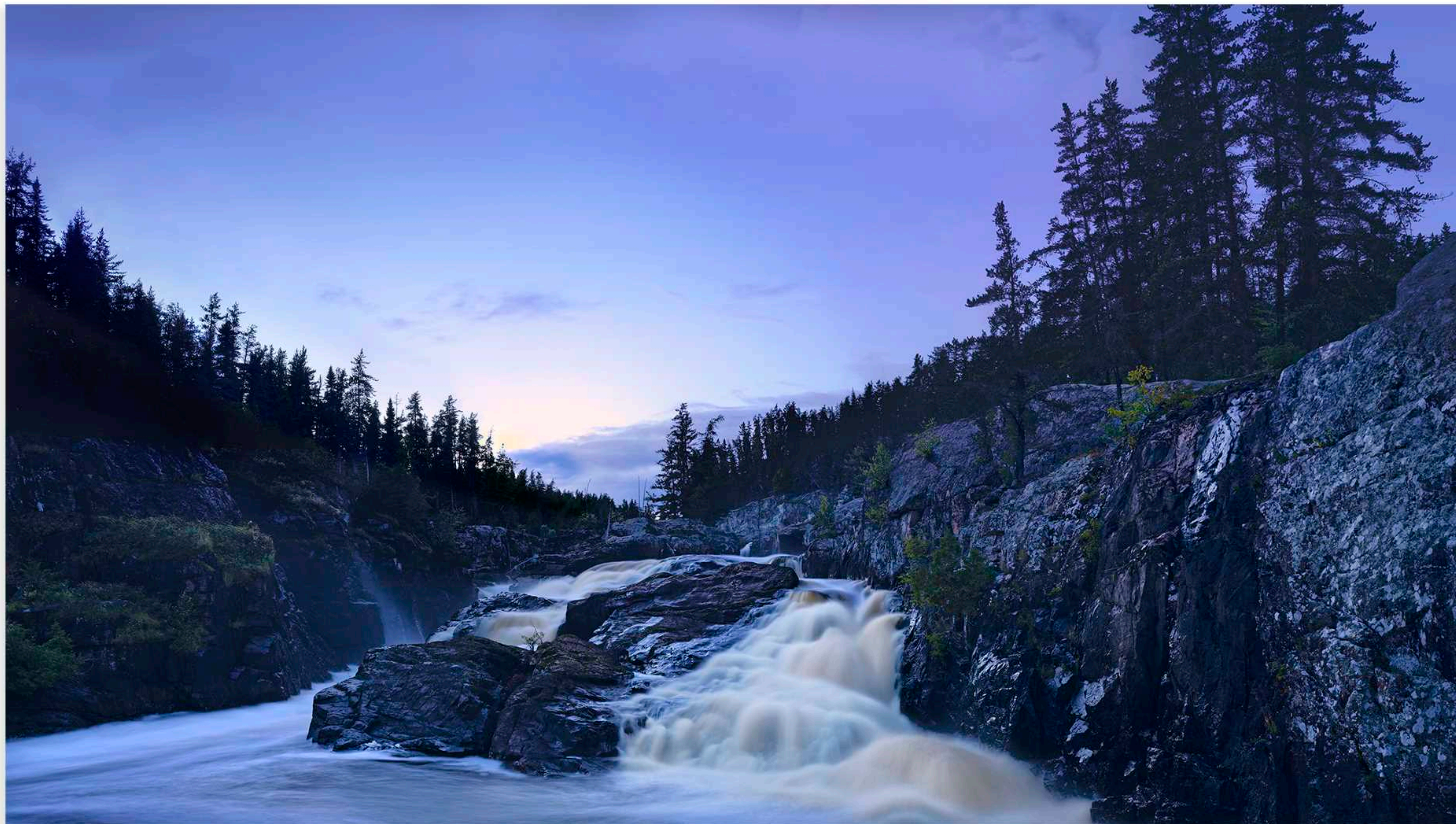
Landscapes are shadowy backdrops to our unwillingness to define the criteria and meanings of our "progress". The human history is a record of fallen civilizations. It reflects our relationship with the world we all came from, too complex to be understood or captured in any word or image.

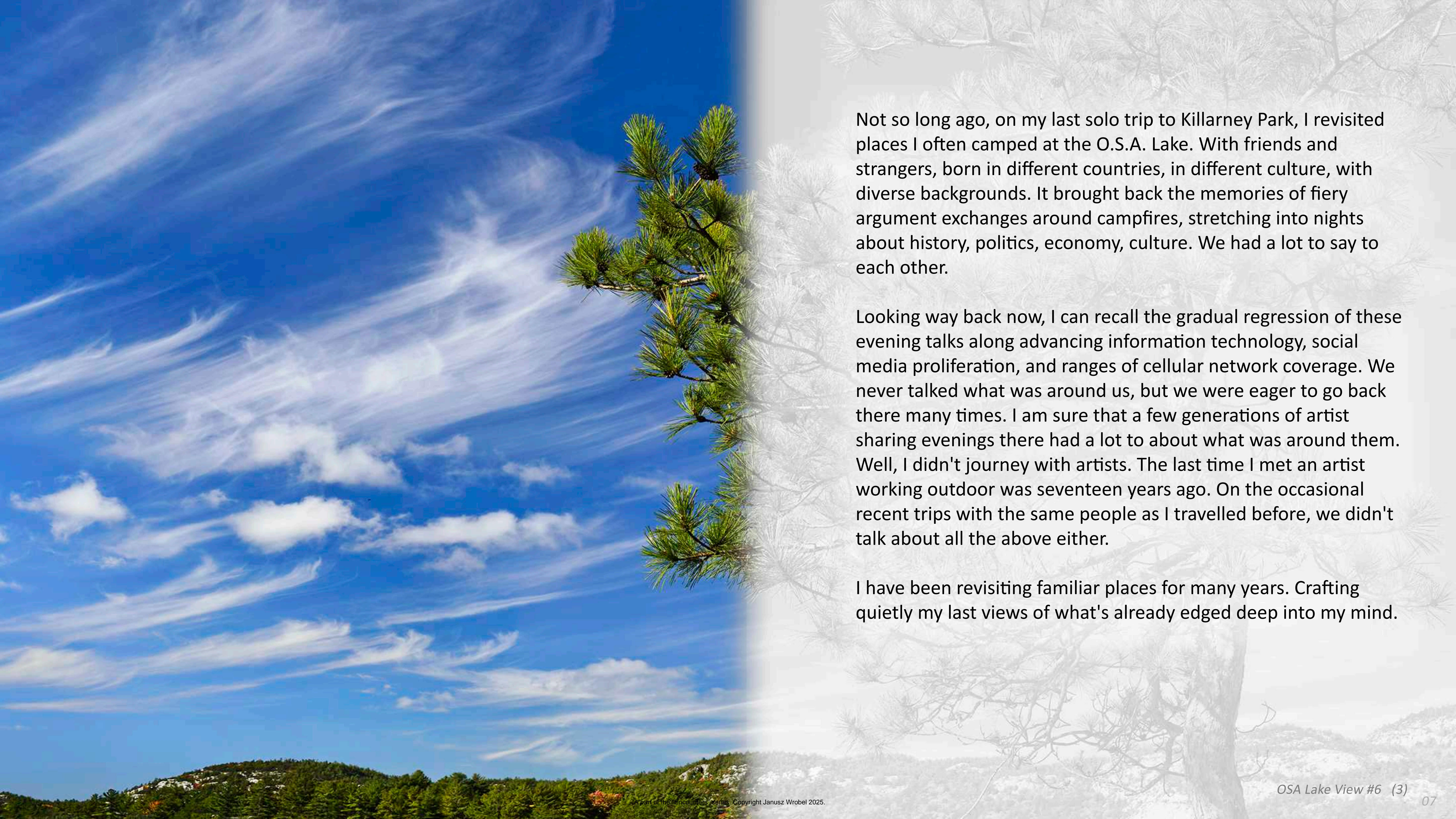








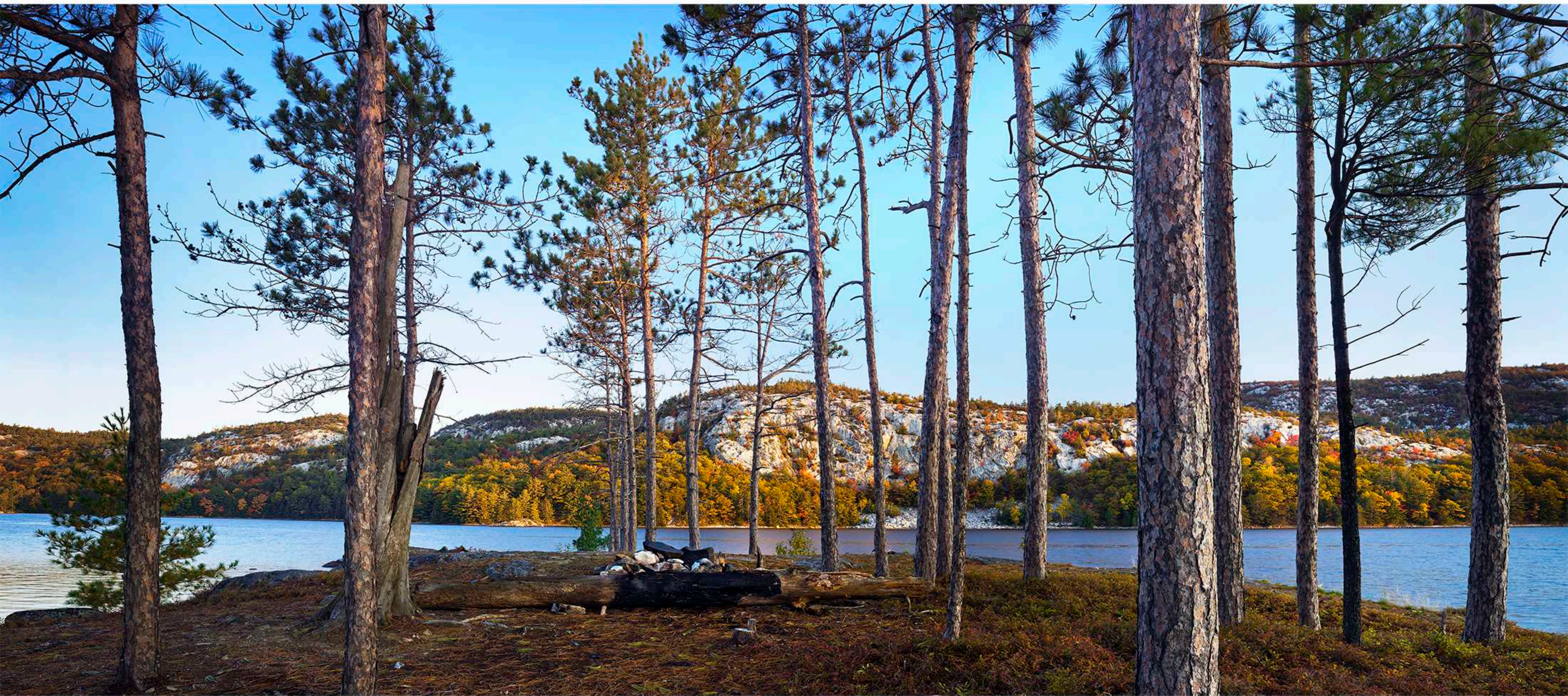


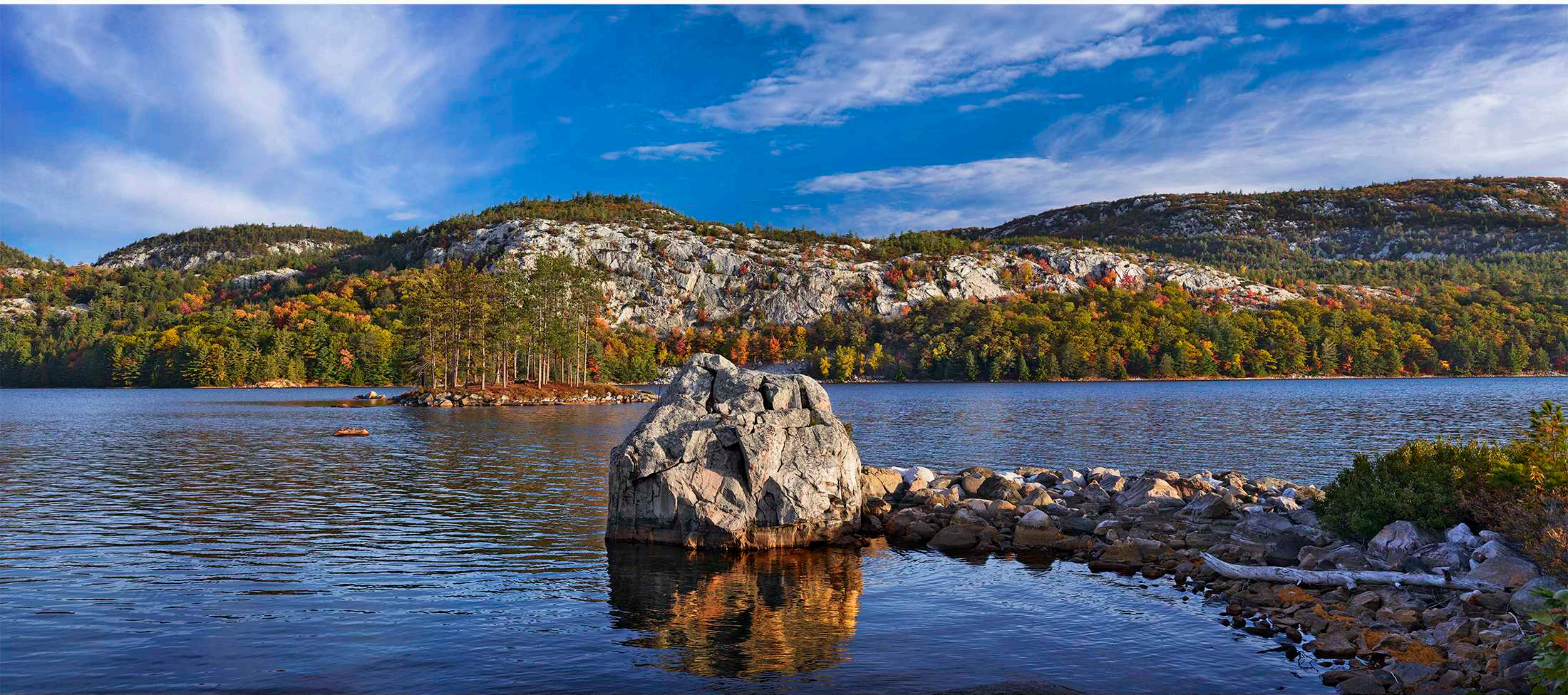


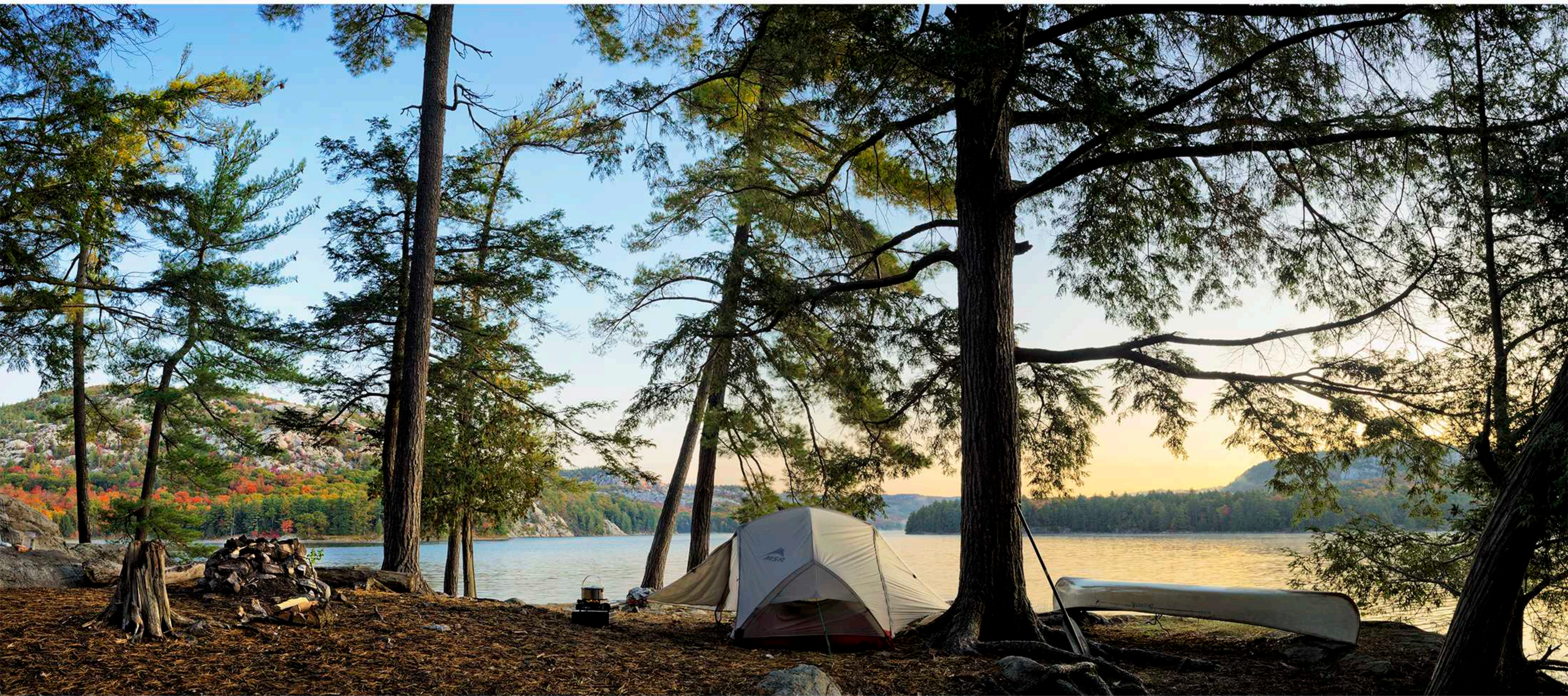
Not so long ago, on my last solo trip to Killarney Park, I revisited places I often camped at the O.S.A. Lake. With friends and strangers, born in different countries, in different culture, with diverse backgrounds. It brought back the memories of fiery argument exchanges around campfires, stretching into nights about history, politics, economy, culture. We had a lot to say to each other.


Looking way back now, I can recall the gradual regression of these evening talks along advancing information technology, social media proliferation, and ranges of cellular network coverage. We never talked what was around us, but we were eager to go back there many times. I am sure that a few generations of artist sharing evenings there had a lot to say about what was around them. Well, I didn't journey with artists. The last time I met an artist working outdoor was seventeen years ago. On the occasional recent trips with the same people as I travelled before, we didn't talk about all the above either.

I have been revisiting familiar places for many years. Crafting quietly my last views of what's already edged deep into my mind.



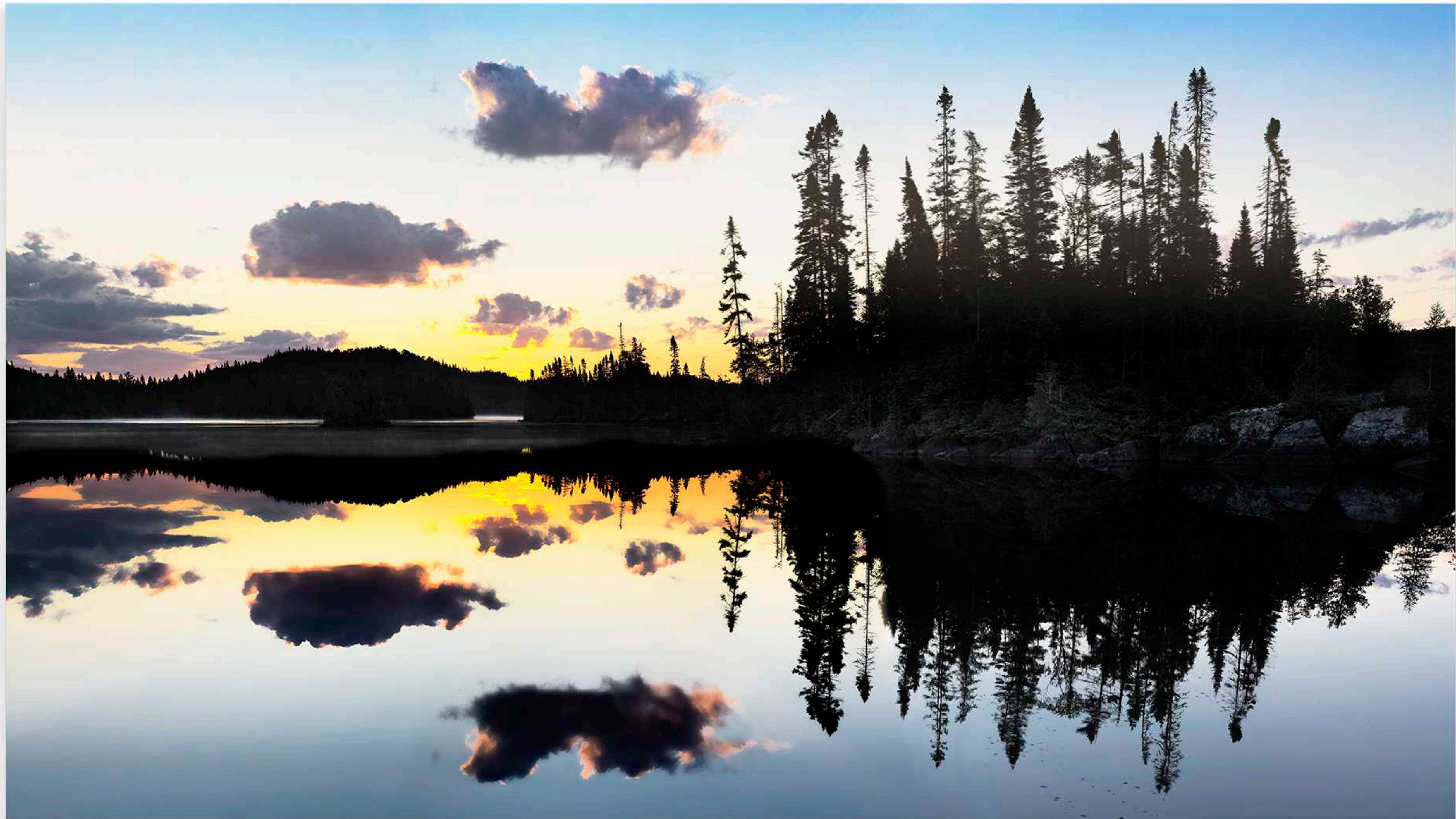


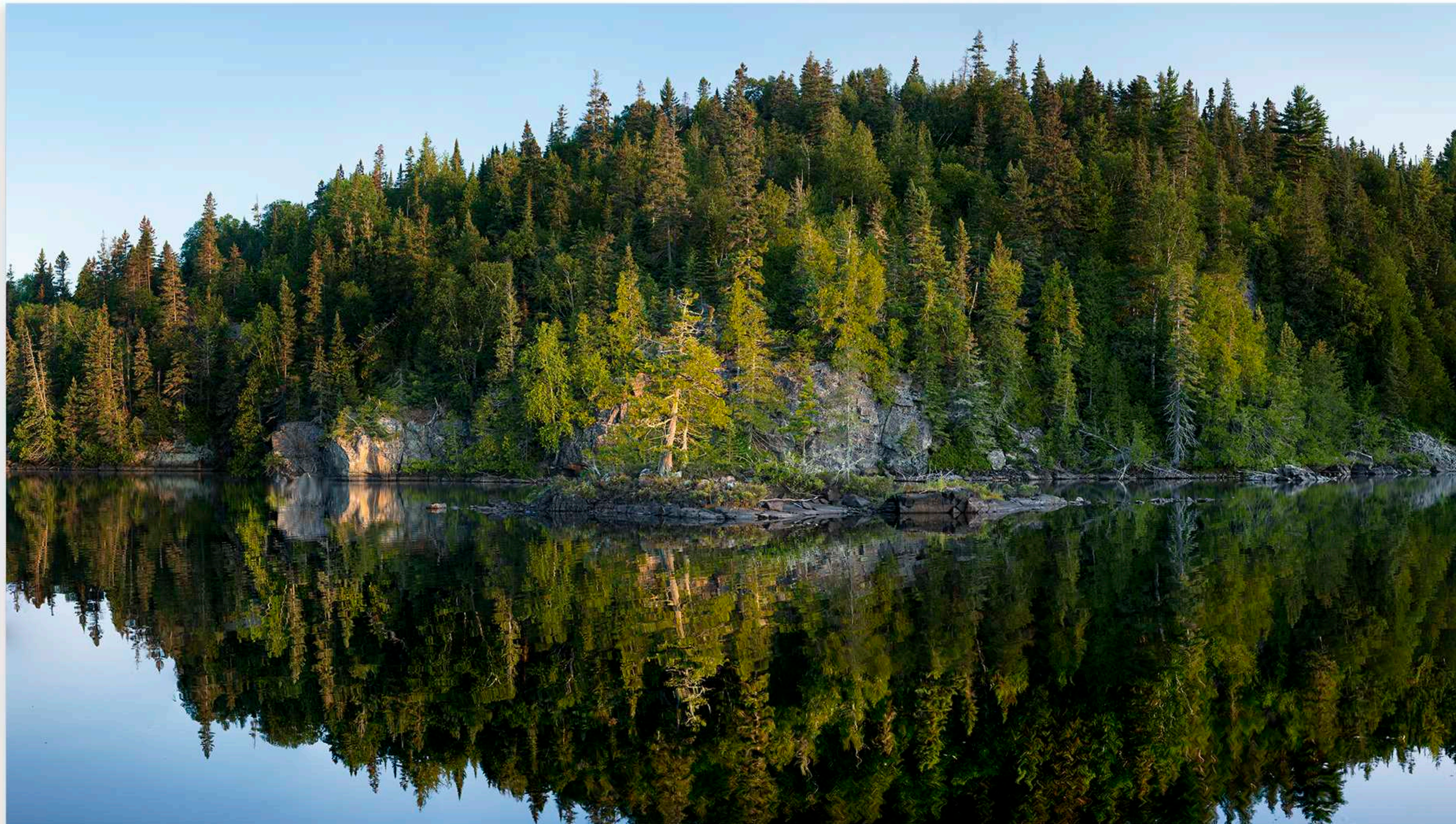


A large, layered rock formation, possibly a sandstone cliff or a large rock outcrop, dominates the foreground and middle ground. The rock has distinct horizontal and slightly wavy layers, with some darker, more textured areas interspersed. The lighting is warm, suggesting late afternoon or early morning, casting soft shadows that emphasize the rock's texture. In the upper right corner, a patch of tall, dry grass with some green at the base grows on a slight incline. The overall scene is quiet and somewhat desolate, reflecting the 'cottage country' mentioned in the text.

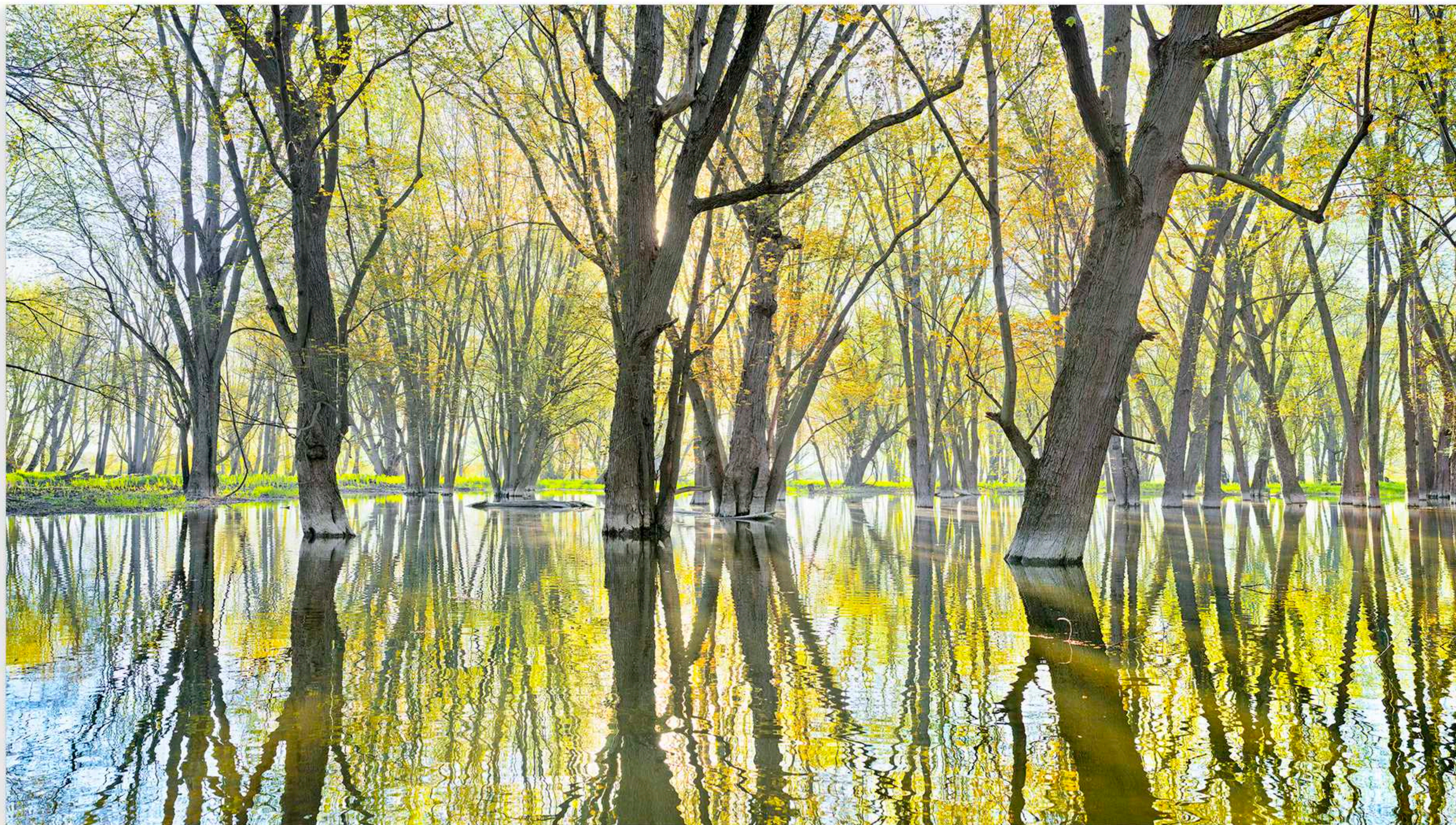
It is all silent now in cottage country. The once bustling water routes without a single ripple. No children's laughter on summer weekends. No birds wake-up calling, untouched acorns on the grand, old firepits filled by green plants. Jet contrails overhead reveal faraway destinations.

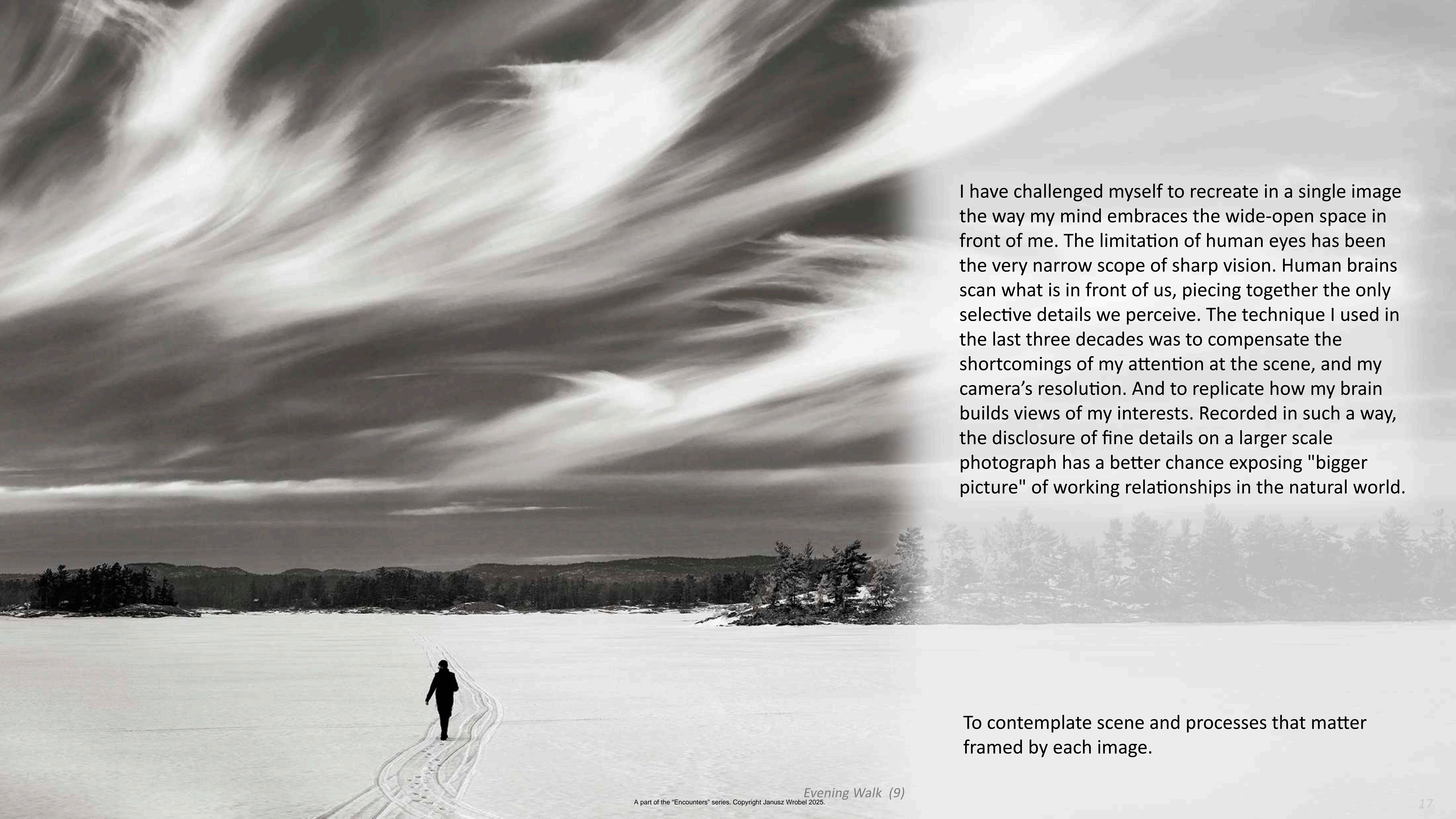






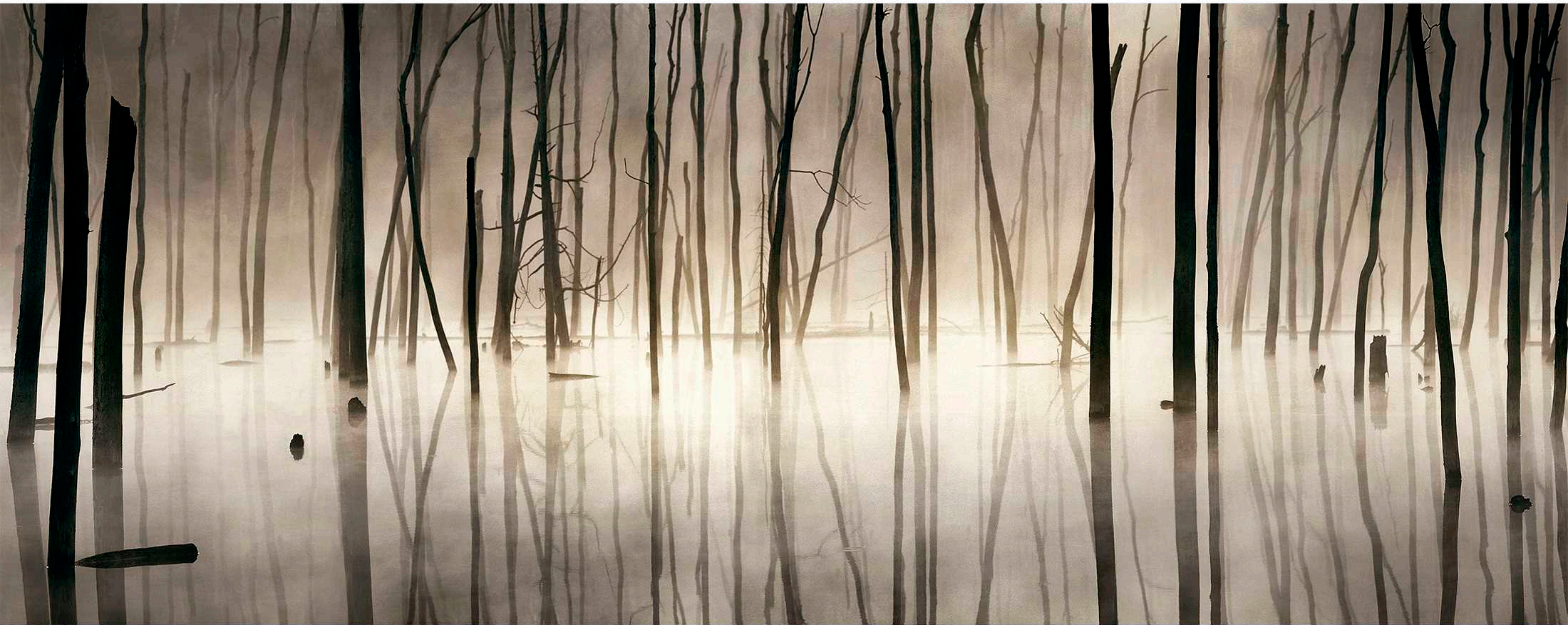






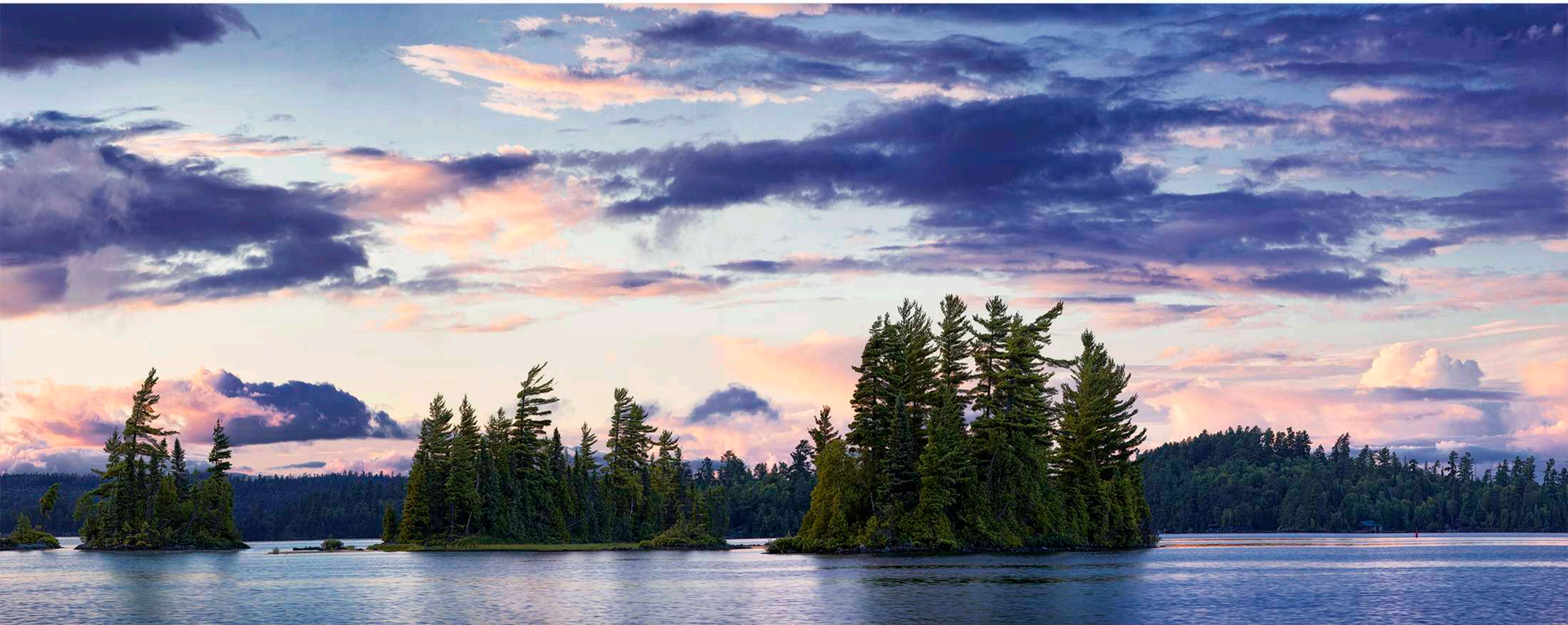
I have challenged myself to recreate in a single image the way my mind embraces the wide-open space in front of me. The limitation of human eyes has been the very narrow scope of sharp vision. Human brains scan what is in front of us, piecing together the only selective details we perceive. The technique I used in the last three decades was to compensate the shortcomings of my attention at the scene, and my camera's resolution. And to replicate how my brain builds views of my interests. Recorded in such a way, the disclosure of fine details on a larger scale photograph has a better chance exposing "bigger picture" of working relationships in the natural world.

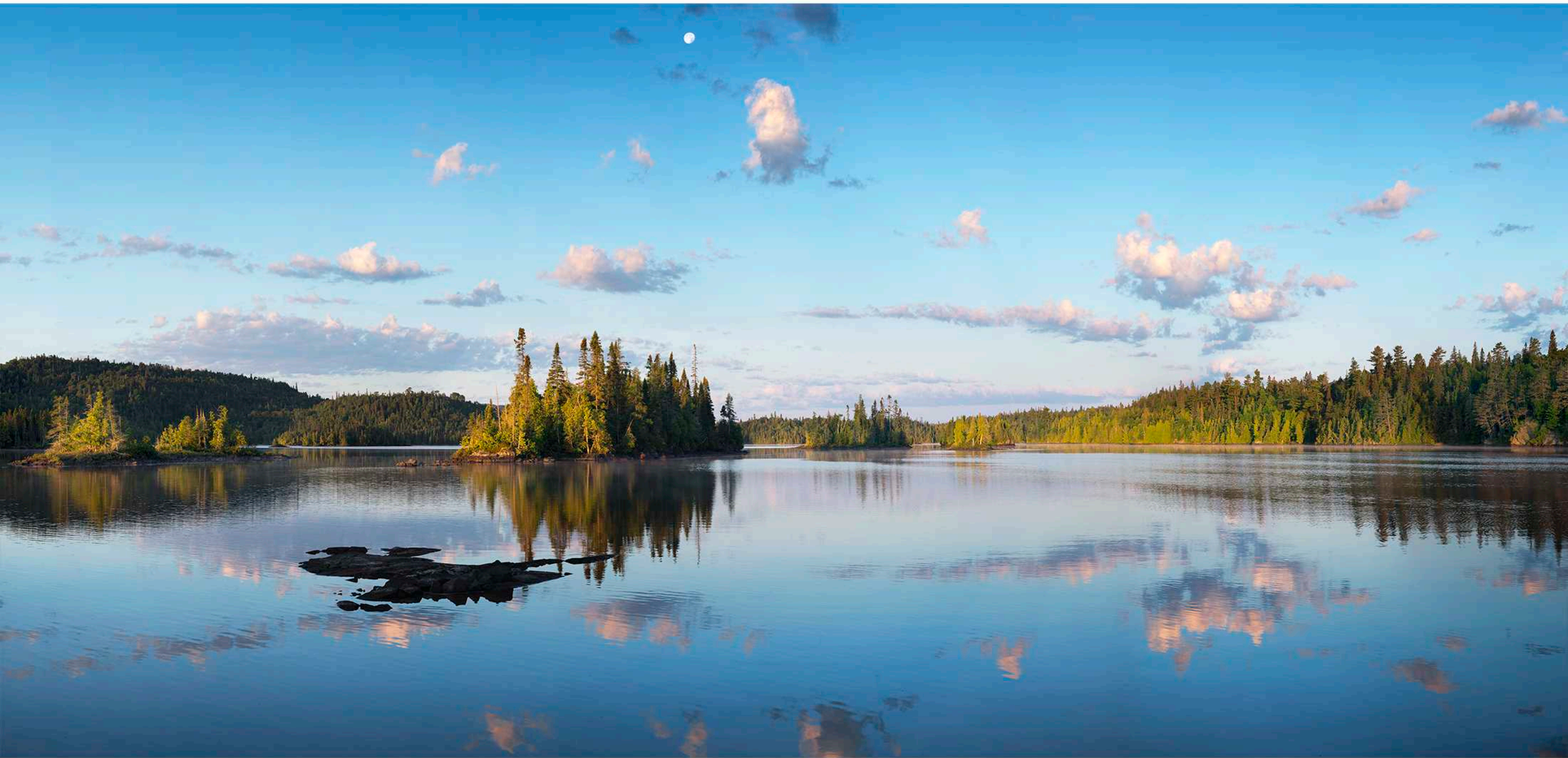
To contemplate scene and processes that matter framed by each image.





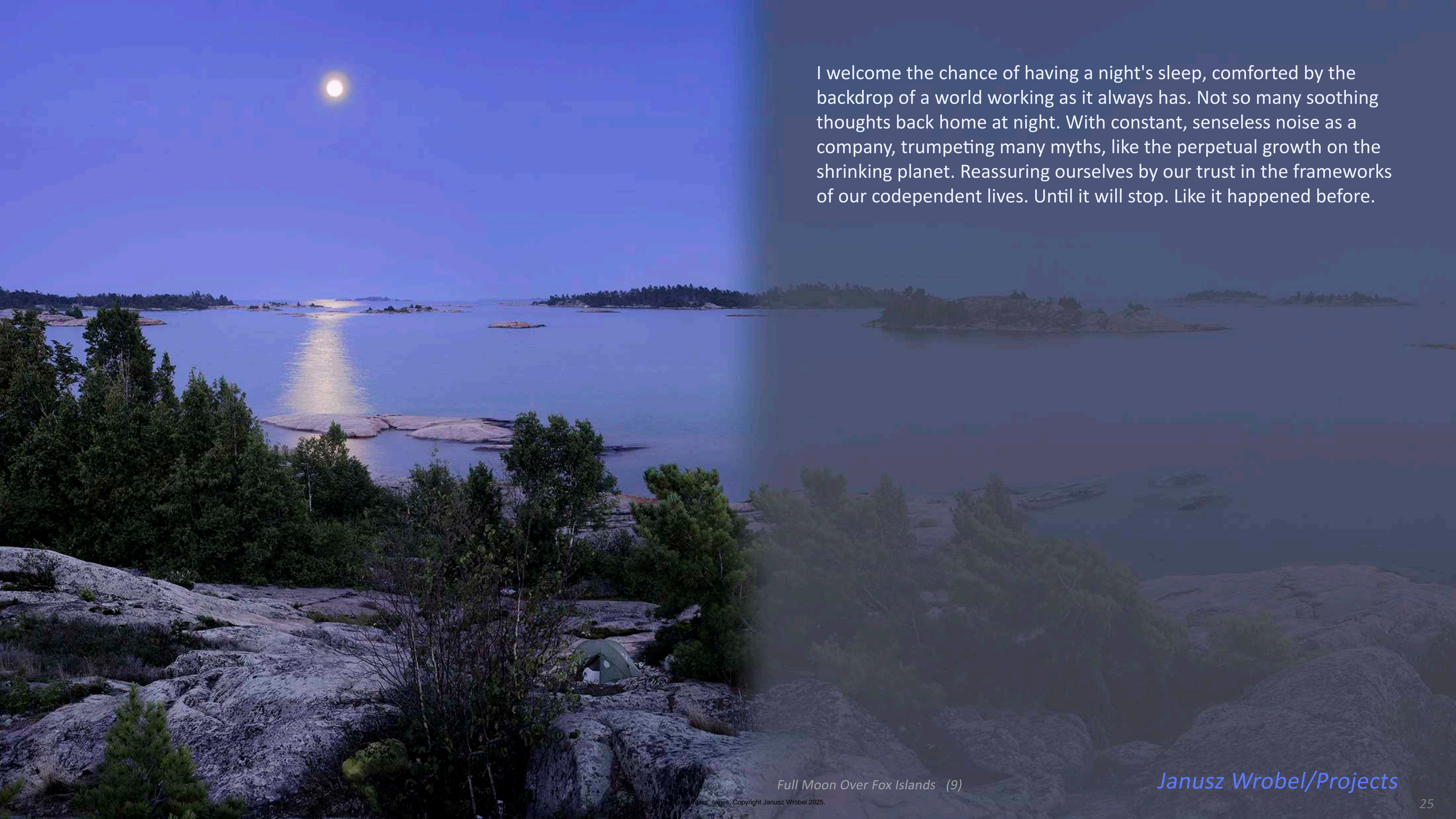












I welcome the chance of having a night's sleep, comforted by the backdrop of a world working as it always has. Not so many soothing thoughts back home at night. With constant, senseless noise as a company, trumpeting many myths, like the perpetual growth on the shrinking planet. Reassuring ourselves by our trust in the frameworks of our codependent lives. Until it will stop. Like it happened before.