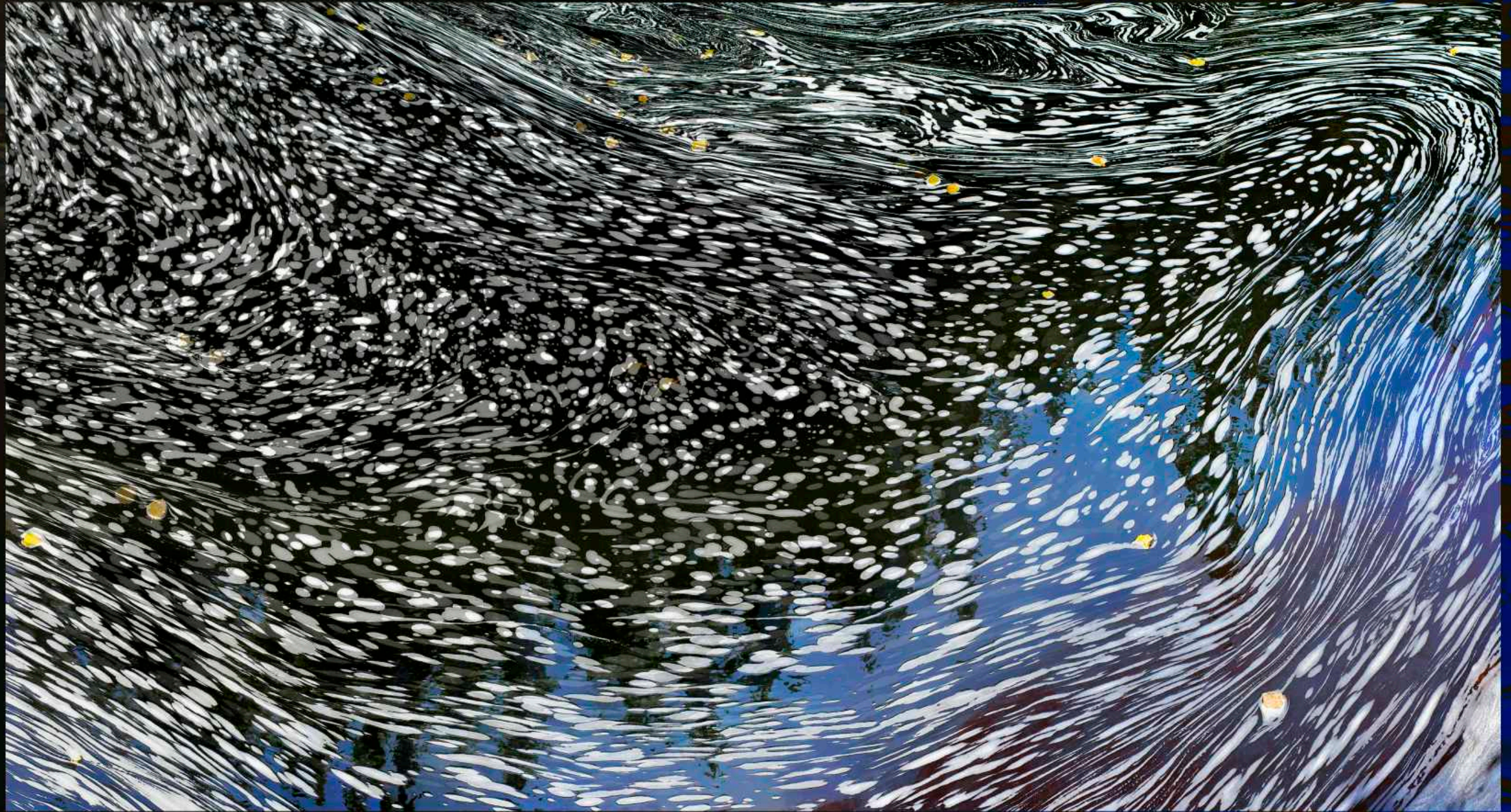


An Aqueous Mind



Janusz Wrobel

An Aqueous Mind

Since birth, I have been using my senses, as we all do, to tirelessly create an image of the world. Despite what neuroscience tells me, it's hard to accept that the world as I came to know it resides primarily in my head. Effectively, my experiences or lack thereof, "shape" the world in my

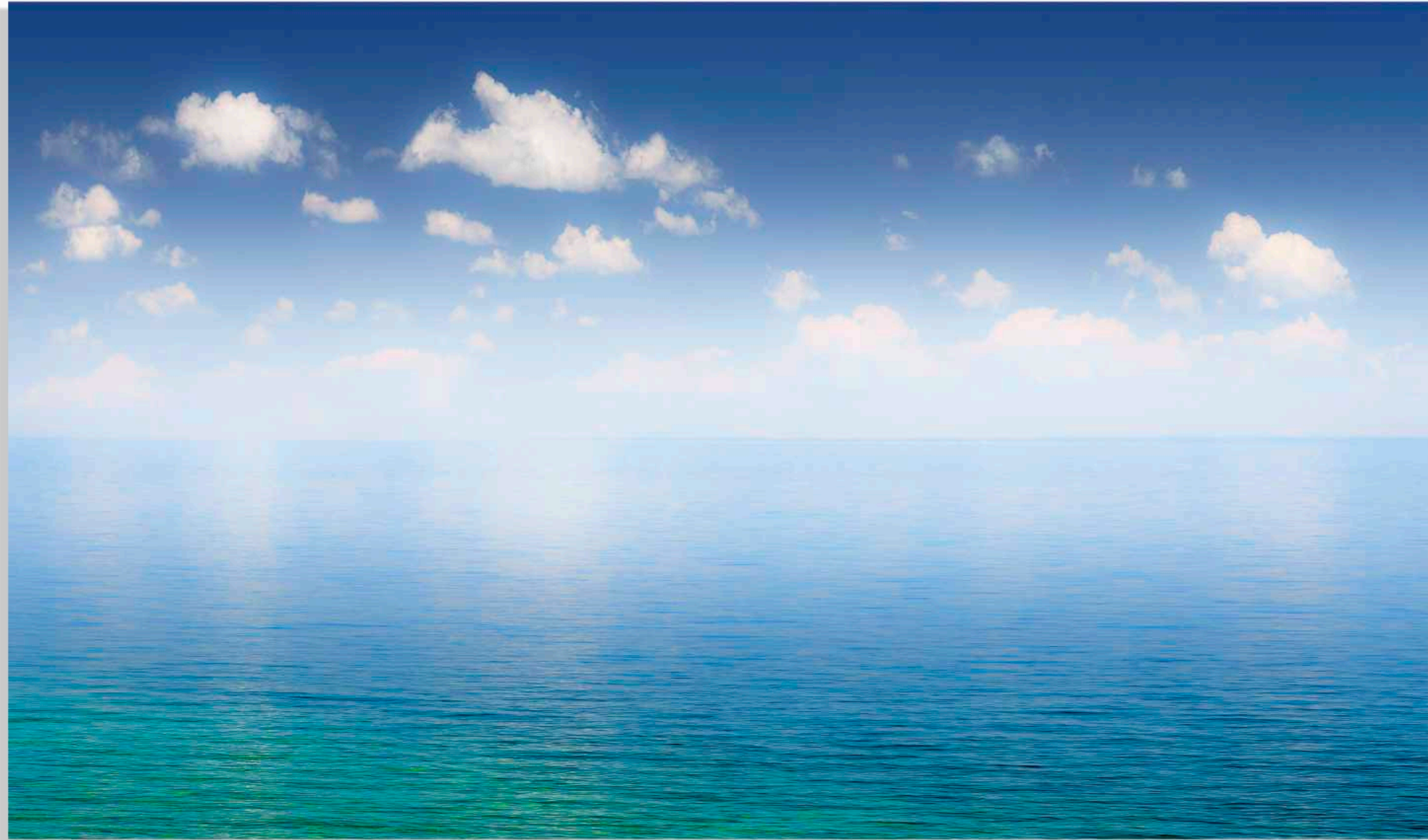
The wonder of human evolution is that it equipped us all to feel in control of reality without often knowing anything about it. Thus, we act beyond the limits of our understanding regardless of consequences. After all, our consciousness is a space of possibilities, an alternative to a singularity of choice. It propelled us to where we are, regardless of risk or casualties.

My travels had no particular destinations. They are meant to elevate a state of alertness and concentration. Arriving somewhere would begin with reaching some level of awareness. Staying there facilitated the emergence of "the understanding grounds."

We are all busy throughout our lives, endlessly mapping out states of being in our brains, a wealth of material to connect with the strands of meaning.

In this state, my mind begins to wander. Unhinged, unrestrained by anything but the profound mystery of Life, a knowledge that unravels in an assemble the various molecular scripts perfected by accidents in their execution. The outcome of chances once challenged and lived through.

We all travel somehow or somewhere. Common destinations are elusive grounds, felt only from distances yet to be breached on this lonely planet.



The sentience of a morning swim, night dreams fast fading.
The coolness of water brushing my skin, the warmth of my blood rushing throughout my body.

Feeling fully alive.



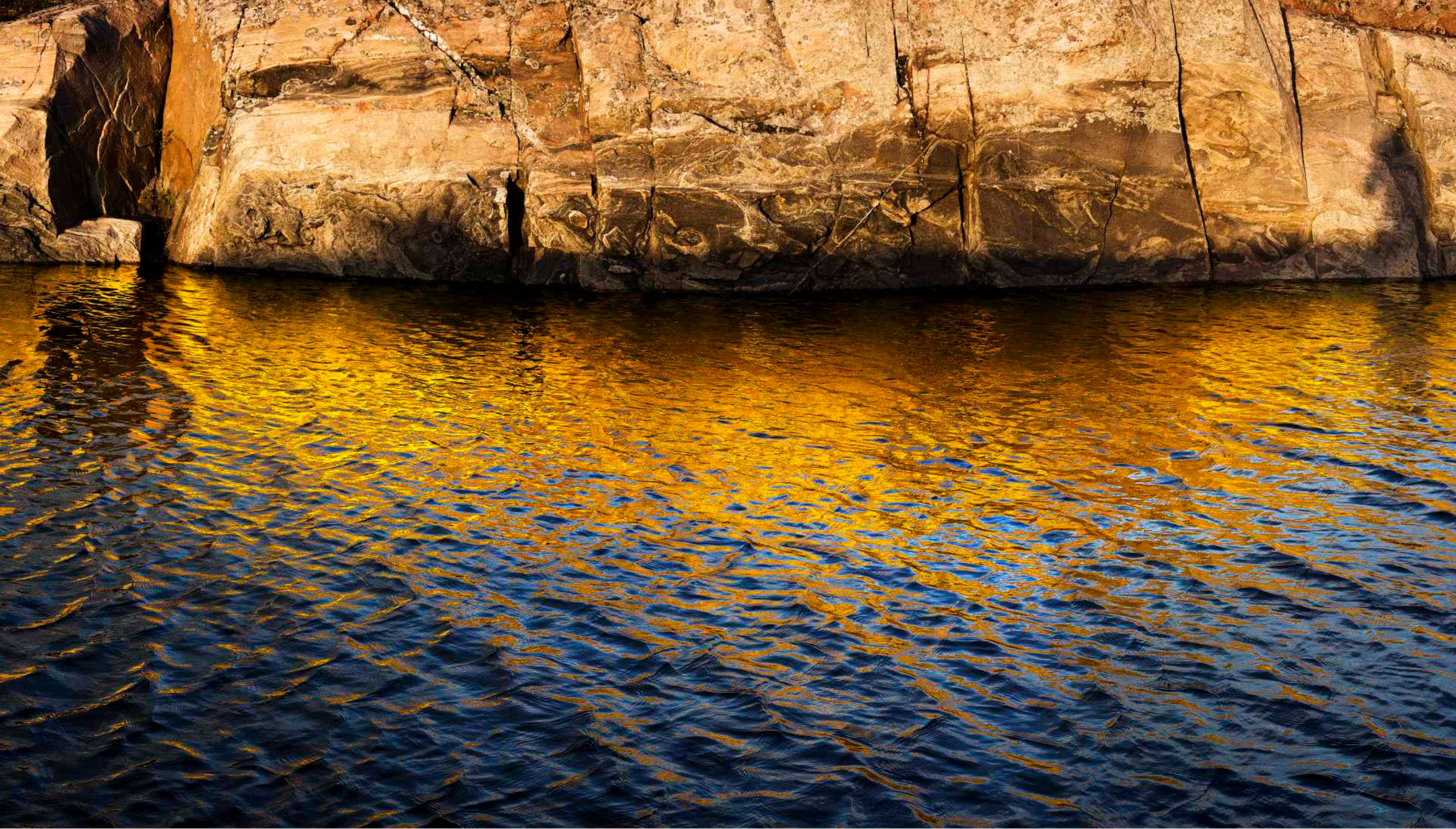
"Life is Motion"

An idea, an electric firestorm across my brain's vast network of neuron connections, a watery vessel, a home to all my thoughts.
Could I ever see the polarity of water molecules that makes it happen?



"Water is Life"

I have studied many records of human thoughts in libraries.
I still haven't found out how I could touch or feel Life.



stillness is ultimate
time is ultimate

When I was growing up, the restraints imposed on my mind seemed to rouse opposite effects.
Now, it appears that I chose them voluntarily.



Why do I keep coming up here?
Is it to escape from a collective delusion, the belief that one can conquer the sun, time, or water?



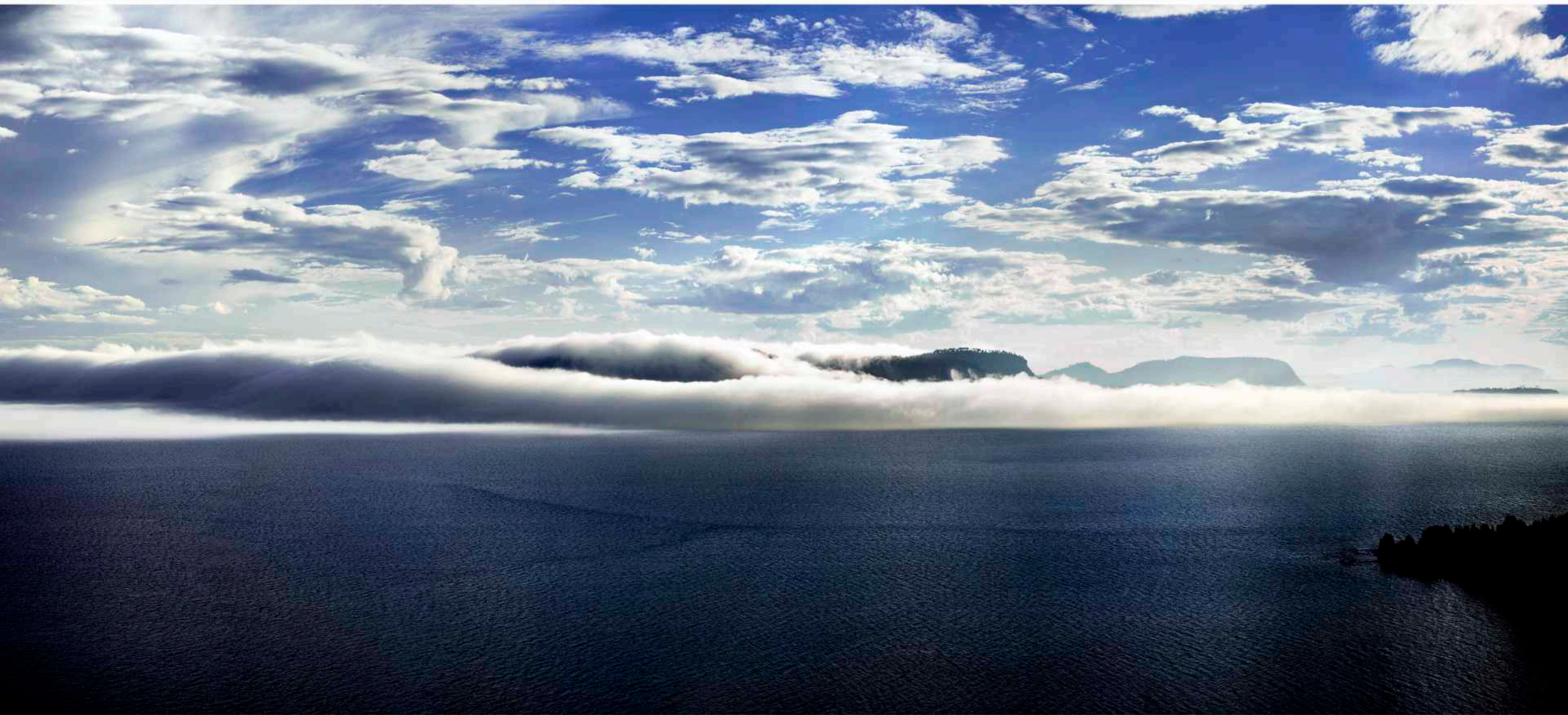
Or have I come to be close to understanding this entanglement of the physical world with a world alive?
To see chemistry exploring itself and maintaining this exploration. To witness a symbiosis between diversity and unity.

Understanding requires consciousness, the brain's connections with my body and the environment around me.





I am water. I feel like I'm drifting high now. To take it all in, my domain, from high above everything.



To gauge the depth of what excites me. At scales that matter, from the molecular to the continental.



To touch many grounds at will or pleasure. Randomness is codified in my DNA.



I am charged with the range of the sun's emotions this world has yet to harness or endure.
I'm an invincible explosive. A pressure cooker that is built into every brain, every living cell of every life form.

I'm alive...



I often pause in my mind travels at the Golden Stairs Gorge, the site of four waterfalls on the Montreal River. My thoughts ebb and flow.
Over two hundred years have passed since the "Age of Steam" replaced the "Age of Reason."
Searching the web for it now directs me to scores of board games.

Why am I stuck with the ghosts of the past?

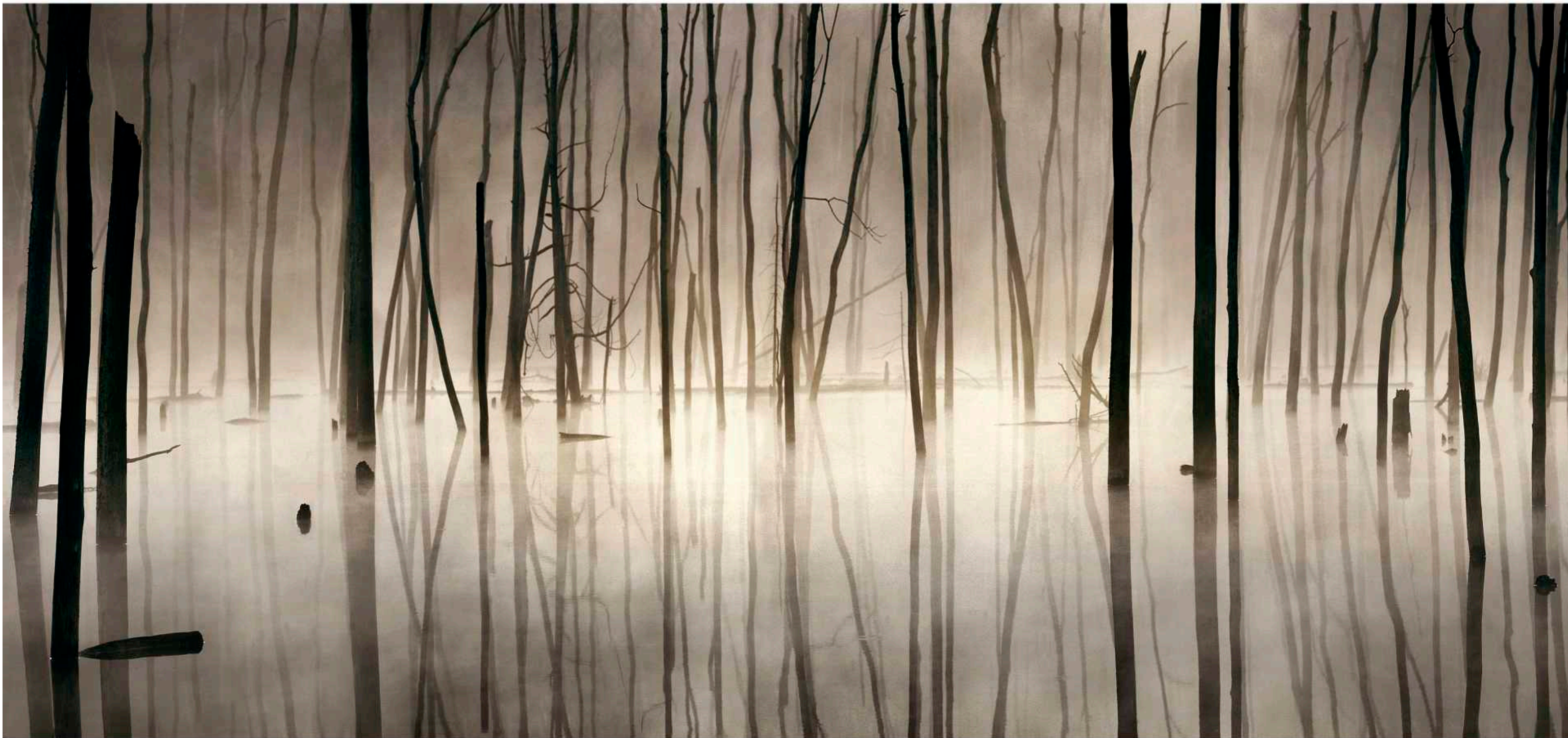


the Great Canadian Shield is today what's left of the biggest and tallest mountain range in the history of our planet

Maybe I always travelled among ghosts. Looking for the mystery of Life, trying to forget about living now?



Maybe, I am just on a treasure hunt to find evidence in the world of Living that things are still working fine after millions of years of trying?



There is nothing, or no one, to stop me from looking ahead. No matter how burdened I might be with the weight of my consciousness.
After all, my mind has mastered processes of self-inventing deceptions.



Things are burning earlier this year. Nevertheless, I am staying positive. It improves the prospect of gorgeous sunsets this upcoming travelling season.



In the evenings, I swim in memories of my innocence.

I am water, and I came from the stars...

An Aqueous Mind

The only advantage of aging might be owning a credible source of material for my own reality checks. Everything else might just end up being fair game.

Sharing carries some unmeasurable risk, as I don't provide you with any disclosure statements. Anything lifted off these pages enters a world that generously offers countless escape roads from reality. A world where the laws of physics or thermodynamics might be of some value only as a script for the entertainment industry.

With all fairness to the viewer, I confirm that an image I call a photograph is what you would see in front of my camera, keeping your eyes and mind wide open.

Indeed, even reality has some conditions attached.



Work Used

Front Page	Current Study #02	(2012)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9)	Intended Size - 60" wide
Page 03	An Aqueous State	(2012)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9)	Intended Size - 50" wide
Page 04	Deep (cropped)	(2009)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9)	Intended Size - 30" wide
Page 05	Reef	(2011)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9)	Intended Size - 36" wide
Page 06	Shield Study #04 (cropped)	(2014)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (3)	Intended Size - 50" wide
Page 07	Eastern Shore	(2013)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (6)	Intended Size - 50" wide
Page 08	Western Shore	(2013)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (6)	Intended Size - 50" wide
Page 09	Shield Study #87 (cropped)	(2013)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (6)	Intended Size - 66" wide
Page 10	Sweet Water Sea	(2013)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9)	Intended Size - 60" wide
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Page 14	Ebb and Flow	(2011)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9)	Intended Size - 70" wide
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Page 16	Spring 02-2018	(2018)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (6)	Intended Size - 130" wide
Page 17	Misty Beaver Pond	(2007)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (14/15)	Intended Size - 60" wide
Page 18	Fire #2	(2012)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (9)	Intended Size - 50" wide
Page 19	Treeby Lake	(2020)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (6)	Intended Size - 84" wide
Page 21	The Boil #2	(2014)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (6)	Intended Size - 96" high
Back Page	Spring 02-2020 (cropped)	(2020)	Ltd. Ed. Photograph (6)	Intended Size - 60" wide

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