

JOHANSSON /PROJECTS/

BLAISE ROSENTHAL | ARTIST STATEMENT:

Calaveras. Skulls. The first home I remember was on the edge of nowhere. At the end of a dirt road in the foothills of the Sierra Nevada I spent my formative years. The elemental character of this environment and its aesthetic vocabulary became archetypal for me. Earth, water, fire, and wind; all in local forms. Seasons. Dusty bare feet and no shirt through dry heat Summers, and the sound of crickets at night. Stars beyond counting. The still death of autumn. Winter, with rain on the roof, the smell of cold smoke, and darkness. And then spring, and resurrection. This place formed my bones and my blood, and much of what is true about me. It made what is mine, and what I have to share. It is from the residue of this experience that I form my paintings.