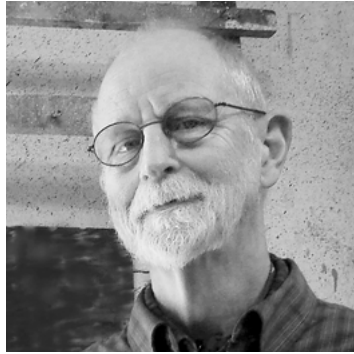


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My landscape paintings can be categorized as realism. I see the landscape as resting on not-so-solid ground, unsettled by forces, social and natural, beyond my comprehension. This leads me to present landscapes as dynamic and equivocal entities, and at times I bend the axioms of perception to draw attention to these qualities.

With *Truck*, the landscape is blocked by the massiveness of the semi-trailer-truck, which dominates the picture plane, visually dwarfing its surroundings. It is an example of technological power overwhelming nature as it rides roughshod over the landscape, reducing it to an inconsequential background. Still, there is an awe inspiring thrill to experiencing the aggressive power of the truck from the seemingly safe distance of

Truck, oil on canvas, 43 in x 30 in, 2015



Point, oil on canvas, 56 in x 48 in, 2022

the next lane (or the gallery wall), not unlike an encounter with the sublime.

The Montello retreat, I discover, is a natural fit for me. It is an unusually green June at the studio. Flowers usually gone by now are still blooming. It is a vast landscape, open and sparse. Evidence of human activity is muted, but pervasive. It is not a wilderness.

Land is sold in 40 acre chunks – and the market is hot. But the fire danger is high and wells are running dry. Water is commonly trucked in. Next month, the bucket-list hunters, vital to the local economy, arrive. Permits are issued by lottery. The lucky winners get two weeks to kill an elk, and they will not be denied.

With my nearest neighbor five miles away, I feel isolated, but also exposed – conscious of my visitor status and the visual prominence of the studio structure in an area of few landmarks. My mornings and evenings are spent outside, staring at the terrain; every day the same, every day new. The horizon beyond the hills is at my fingertips. Nine Mile Mountain rests in the palm of my hand.

The wind blows hard most of the day and sometimes nights. The art studio becomes my spaceship, on autopilot with a course set for the summer solstice. It sails through the cosmos, straining against the wind. Door screens slam open (and shut). Paper takes flight. I hear melodic voices outside on the deck at night, but there is nobody there.