

Jacerusalem

In the imminent scenario of a post-capitalistic era fully regulated by invisible yet ubiquitous corporations, how is the willing of the single individual going to keep existing and maintaining its integrity versus a most general conglomeration of mind-sets, a blind and inevitable procession within a main stream whose only aim is the very main-stream itself?

Jerusalem, the Holy City per antonomasia, comes as a metaphor for a most unique stronghold that still beholds to its unresolved human conflicts. As a paradox, this very stronghold do not hold the conflict separated by walls but there they are laying within, and right within we have its different forces facing against each other and try to push each other out. Aside from judging and pointing to the reader the oppressors and oppressed, we may now look into another dimension that has become very usual within the every day fabric of the city, for instance: - the casual tourists that do not seem to have any conflict supposedly as they already belong to some corporation securing their existences, and thus do not face any authentic problem and consequently do not really exist; - we may obviously encounter sparse flocks of religious people who visibly have problems and delegate to their religion the salvation and solution of them; - sympathizers of one or the other group may be present to support them and transfigure themselves into subtle heroes or rather the saints of our critical time even though they would mostly deny their passion and most likely shout their agnosticism.

Yet, and most rarely we might in this crowd of oppressors, oppressed, related sympathizers, casual tourists and religious people, we might identify a most enigmatic figure, a figure that could belong to all those that were mention above but, at the same time, no one at all, and "What in the name of whatever prophet is this guy up to?" might one of the many soldiers wander aloud with his fellow soldiers. And they would certainly be most entertained and yet cautiously suspicious of his most meticulous behavior, a rather compromising act in such a tense environment, Jacek Smolicky, arising from the crowd with his accentuated blondness dominating an already unusual height. What is such an unmistakable Westerner doing stopping in front of every security camera and taking a photo?

Technically the operation of Smolicky is defined as reverse-surveillance, or to better put it, a meta surveillance often used in much less sensitive scenarios and by people that are mostly phobic about being surveilled. It is not the case of Smolicky who, like an acute and daring Psychogeographer, is mapping the entire stronghold of human conflicts,

conflicts that are now under strict surveillance and themselves fully under Panopticon like controlled, conflicts that in his picture he can most dramatically account. The resulting archive of pictures is an assemblage of many mirrors, dramatic mirrors if one has to really look into it, and mirror as it is known are much more terribly revealing than the actual picture, the picture of the casual tourist or the accusing pictures of the sympathizers. This is not enough, in his strict documenting method, Smolicky brings us a most indestructible aesthetic, a most objective reality, a grid from which we ourselves get imprisoned and cannot escape unless we maintain a certain superficiality and do not really look at this authentic commitment.

By delivering this reliquary to his motherland, a motherland that is now advanced in securing its destiny among capitalism, a motherland whose future generation may no longer experience any confrontations with real conflicts and vegetate most subtly, Smolicki brings such a human conflict back and most importantly, by doing so, he regenerates the existences of his countrymen who are brought face to face with a more real reality. With this, he also addresses another question: what is really our duty in the capitalistic orchestrated society?

For the more profound observer, we may further identify an element of Sousveillance, we may, in our careful examination of this repertoire, we may not fail to notice a further mirror within the mirror, and this is where Smolicki places a representation of himself, the very glass of the cameras which in certain instances reflect his very image, the image of an executor of a concept, an executor with a intuitive mission, the single real missioner of the most scattered crowd of the Holy City.