TOBIN

A VISION OF TIME
TURNING WITH THE LIGHT
Tobin’s view of the urban existence is framed in a reference of his life’s collision with existence in the concrete and steel against his own life in rural North Dakota. Metropolis frames that reference in the stark hues bathing the skyline of San Francisco with unnatural perspectives. The life there was to him foreign and alien compared to open prairies and endless skies of his native land. If the city dwellers had ever looked into his eyes they would have seen his glazed amazement at the cages they chose.
In his gardens he found the tender traps of beauty that only insects, birds and the devoted masters of the soil explore. From a distance the rose is a sight of joy, amazement, and memory. Once close it fills the eyes with splendor and the nose with peace. Sometimes come the visions of a lost passion. However, in the traveling of its petals, as in any journey, beauty is a maze that can trap the wanderer with its endless turns without escape. The dark lore of the rose is captured here. The maze of fascination.
When the moment of the last journey comes, we must all cross the bridge, to whatever awaits. Life has many bridges, both to and from its shores. When the light of the day is waning, or rising, the bridge is alight and calling. Here, Tobin has caught the sense of the warmth of the end of that day, as the tired pilgrim is ready to rest from the sojourn and move to the oasis. The bridge is not wide, but not so narrow as to be unpassable. There are no strangers to its walkways and arch. It merely waits to hold the visitor fast on the right path, above the river and barriers to the destination of peace for the homeward bound.
The variety of sights, sounds, touch and taste fill Tobin’s palettes. Some of his reflections are fanciful with imagination and color, like “Blueberry Tart.” Here Tobin is being whimsical about the mixing of life’s elements into a hastily made concoction we call, simply, existence. Tobin said regarding the piece, “Do you start eating a Blueberry Tart from the center, or the edge? The answer doesn’t matter, the stain comes nonetheless.”

Paris Streets

In Paris Streets, Tobin sees the reflection of the colors of city life of Paris as the oil slicks sliding across the puddles of a spring rain. The bubbles from the striking raindrops align, however, causing distortions in the streaks of color. Their alignment takes on the structure of barbed wired, so that even in the beauty of the rainbow streets there is a sense of being fenced into the proprieties and cultural decadence of the metropolis.
MEETING POINT

When desperate forces contend there will always be the foray of the “Meeting Point,” where the friction of one great conviction must wear and erode violently against the other. The strangeness is that the forces may be almost identical in their makeup and construction, when seen from an independent perspective. However, as in the case of Tobin’s presentation, the difference lies in the spin of the opponents existence. Who is up and who is down? Who has the “color of the day” or right flag symbols? It seems the smallest slight forces confrontation.