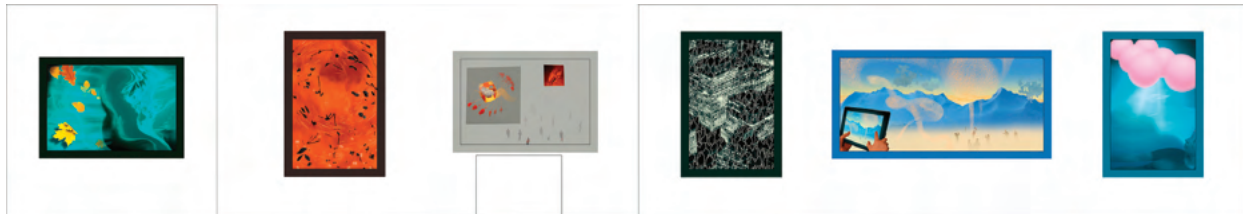


Todd Watts



Photographs

July 1 - July 31st, 2022
Opening Reception First Friday
July 1, 5 - 7 PM

CALDBECK GALLERY

12 Elm Street, Rockland Maine 04841 207 354 5935
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SOLACE

Photograph #4490 2020
Image size 58.5 x 38.5 in/ 149 x 98 cm
Frame Size 66 x 46 in/ 168 x 117 cm

Edition of five with one AP.

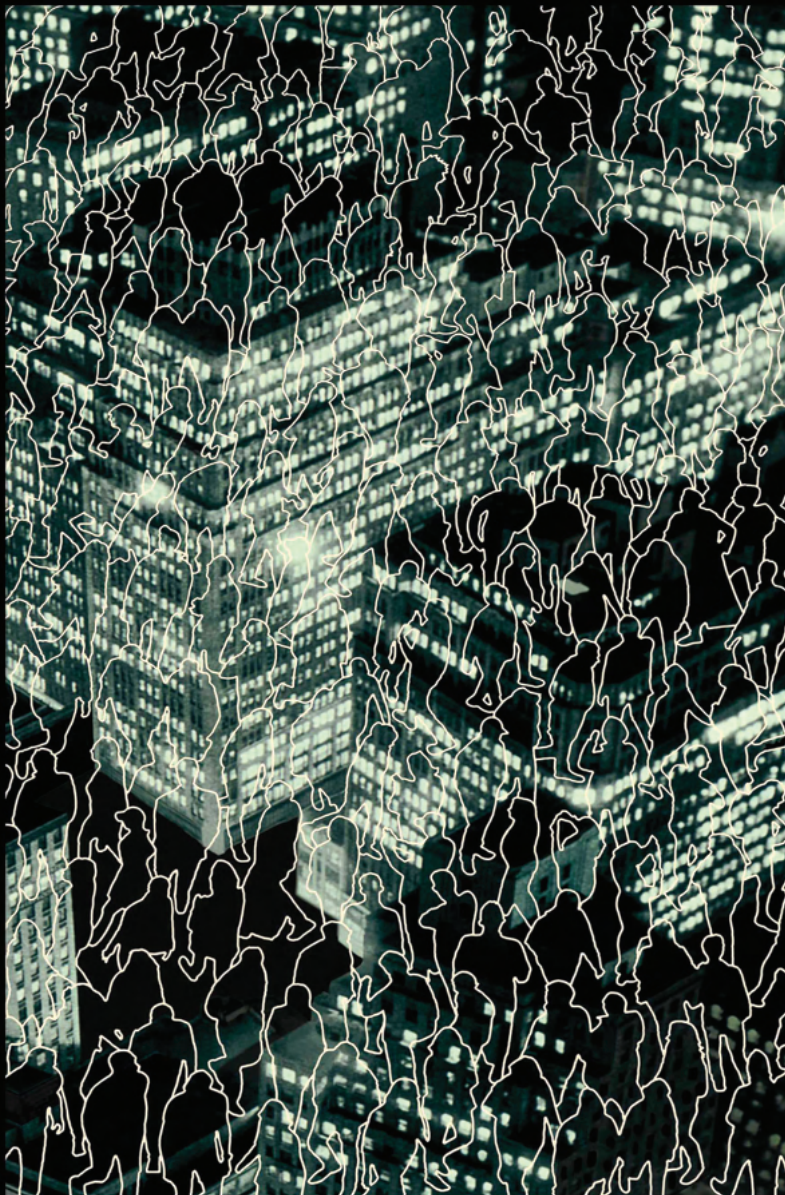
Solace

If I were a billionaire—funny I didn't know how to spell billionaire—I would commission an airship. I would specify that it go no faster than sixty miles an hour, fly no higher than two hundred feet, and have berths with feather beds. In the lounge, a concert grand would be played; and while I dressed for dinner, a gracious bartender would prepare drinks. All of the windows could open, and there would be an outside balcony to receive waves from mermaids. I would call it The Airship Solace. On her maiden voyage I would invite you along and when you ask, “where are we going?” I would say, “not here!”

But you see, I have little money and live in a tree house with two toucans. They came to me from the toucan shelter just down the road. If you are an artist, you can visit us on odd number days, scientists on even days. On Saturdays, all are invited.

The girl from the toucan shelter comes Sunday evenings, but she leaves in the morning.

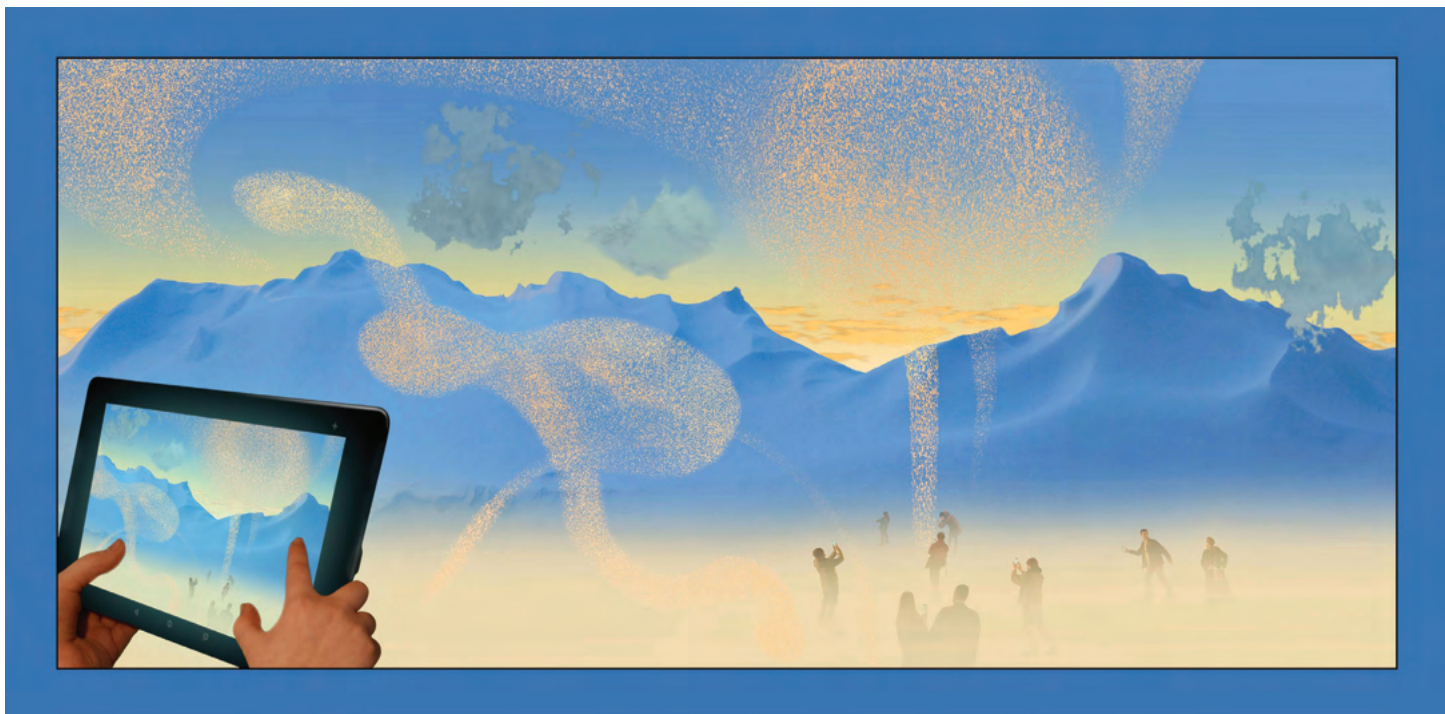
Todd Watts



NAKED CITY

Photograph #4492 2021
Image size 58.5 x 38.5 in / 149 x 98 cm
Frame size: 66 x 46 / 168 x 117 cm

Edition of five with one AP



MAYBE MIRACLES

Photograph #4487 2019
Image size: 43.5 x 96 in/116 x 244 cm
Frame size: 49.5 x 100.5 in/126 x 255 cm

Edition of three

Maybe Miracles

Just yesterday, driving to my studio, my foot landed hard on the brake to avoid hitting a beaver. It was trying to cross the road from one bog to another. It stopped, I stopped, and we looked at each other.

Its wet fur, which for more than three hundred years underpinned a fancy hat fashion, reflected the sun. The beaver, relieved perhaps that this was not its end, reversed course and slipped back into the bog. It swam at first and then gently submerged, reminiscent of a submarine in some old war movie. I marveled at how perfectly adapted the beaver is to its environment and, surrounded by four thousand pounds of steel, how imperfectly adapted I am.

Evolution gave the beaver all that is necessary to thrive. Evolution gave me none of this, selecting instead for technology.

My bag is packed by the door. In it is what I need to survive. I am traveling today first by car, then by bus, by plane, and lastly by train. I am going to London, the place that made beaver fur famous. In my pocket is my smartphone. I will use it to make pictures of the marvels of man and the miracles of nature, and remain separated by technology from the bog.

Todd Watts



DIFFERENT KINDS OF AIR 10

Photograph #4491 2020
Image size: 58.5 x 38.5 in/ 149 x 98 cm
Frame size: 66 x 46 in / 168 x 117 cm

Edition of five with one AP

MAKING PHOTOGRAPHS

I make photographs. It is said that a photograph captures a moment in time, an event perhaps. That may be, but the source of this notion originates from the mechanical manifestations of cameras, lenses, and film. People do not capture moments of time. How would we do that? Our personal experience of time is fluid. The events in our lives will not hold still.

Some photographic records cascade memories and emotions. A wedding portrait, for example, is an icon that represents the events of the wedding day. Every person in attendance experiences the event filtered by their own histories; seeing the portrait, that is what comes to mind. Seeing the portrait at a later date, and then again much later, will evoke different memories, not because the picture, made in a moment, has changed, but because the viewer has. Of course, this only pertains to the participants. For the rest of us, the picture is just another anonymous wedding portrait. Though, it remains an icon, it is an encounter of a different kind.

My pictures do not capture moments. They are photographs, but they do not depict particular events. Grace Hartigan put it this way, "One of the most difficult things of all, is not to have the painting be a depiction of the event but the event itself." Her words are a well known mantra of contemporary art. But we don't need to know the histories surrounding a picture by Caravaggio, or Van Eyck's Arnolfini Wedding to add it to our personal history. In every way, art and life are inseparable. At the beginning of each day, I can speculate but cannot know what will happen. An unexpected conversation may completely alter my assumptions or the lack of an ingredient may impact my dinner plans. It is the same when I make art.

When I make my pictures I speak to them, often out loud, and they whisper back. The work is completed when, as in any conversation, the subject changes. The conversation remains encapsulated in the work, to be continued by myself or by anyone else. After lunch perhaps, or during a long flight to Paris, or right now.

Todd Watts



OUR DRAGONS

photograph #4485 2014

Image size: 38.5 x 58.5 in/98 x 149 cm

Frame size: 46 x 66 in/117 x 168 cm

Edition of five with one AP



WHIRLWIND

Photograph #4493 2022
Image size: 38.5 x 58.5 in/ 98 x 149 cm
Frame size: 46 x 66 in/ 117 x 168 cm

Edition of five with one AP

Whirlwind

More for exercise than delight, I walk the gravel road along the river. I hear water, but on this windless day, the trees are silent. The gravel path is soft and my foot prints join those of animals who passed this way. I see triangular shapes left by a runner, and a tire track. I miss my companion who walked with me, who told me I needed these walks, and the gravel blurs with longing.

A sound alerts me to the present. A raucous sound. A grating sound. A truck ahead, around the curve, perhaps? No. An earth mover beginning a days work? No, I know that sound. Louder now, moving closer, and closer still. The trees in front of me shimmer. Red leaves and yellow swirl up and twist higher, and higher still. It's a whirlwind, a dust devil. It roars, it screams, and bends the air. I step back, but the sound becomes softer. . . sweeter. I look again as the leaves fall, as the trees regain clarity. She's standing there, smiling, approving, beckoning. . . .

More for exercise than delight I walk the gravel road along the river. The ground is fresh with snow, the river frozen silent. The snow records my foot prints and those of animals who passed this way. I see a skier's track, and those of a sled. I miss my companion who walked with me, who told me I needed these walks, and the snow blurs with longing.

Ahead I hear that sound, the whirlwind, the dust devil. It sucks up snow forming a column. Higher and higher still. Screaming, moving closer, and closer still. . . and closer still. I dry my eyes. . . and smile. . . .

More for exercise than delight, I walk the gravel road along the river where flowers are now. I hear a woodpecker at work, and tree frogs. Geese fly overhead. My companion who remains with me, told me I needed these walks.

Todd Watts 2022