

Janice
KASPER



Todd
WATTS



Susan
WILLIAMS

OUT THERE

May 17 - June 22, 2025

First Friday Opening

June 6, 2025, 5-7PM

CALDBECK GALLERY

12 Elm Street Rockland Maine 04841 (207)594-5935
email: info@caldbeck.com • www.caldbeck.com



PINE NEEDLES 2024
oil on canvas 30 x 24 inches

Janice Kapser



BOLD COAST 2024
oil on canvas 36 x 26 inches

Janice Kasper



DANCERS, OLD COUNTY ROAD 2024
oil on canvas 36 x 26 inches

Janice Kapser



DEAD TREE 2023
oil on canvas 46 x 26 inches

Janice Kasper



ABOVE AND BELOW 2024 oil on linen 34 x 38 inches

As a New Englander, trees hold a special place in my life and my heart. The Norse, a small part of my DNA, believed that the ash tree- Yggdrasil was the center of our world. The importance of trees in the world was as apparent to them as it is to us today. Trees absorb carbon and release oxygen, and their acorns, beechnuts, walnuts, pinecones and chestnuts sustain our wildlife. Who doesn't love to bite into an apple, peach, pear or plum. In their branches birds and insects' nest and below ground hidden among their roots is a complex world of fungi, insects and aquifers. Scientists now know that there is communication between trees in a forest. And when its life has passed, there is dignity in an old tree that has lost its crown of leaves. The heart of its structure is exposed. Even a dead tree is host to many lives.

Personally, I thank every maple, birch and oak tree that make up the three cords of wood that I burn each winter to keep from freezing. Trees make us aware of the power of nature when they fall on our houses, cars and driveways during strong storms. I marvel and protect the large white pines at my camp on Swan Lake. The eagles use it to rest and survey the lake for their next meal. It is a wonder to come upon a beech tree in the middle of winter holding on to its fall brown leaves only to release them come spring. In the spring it seems that after a week of rain our world suddenly turns green.

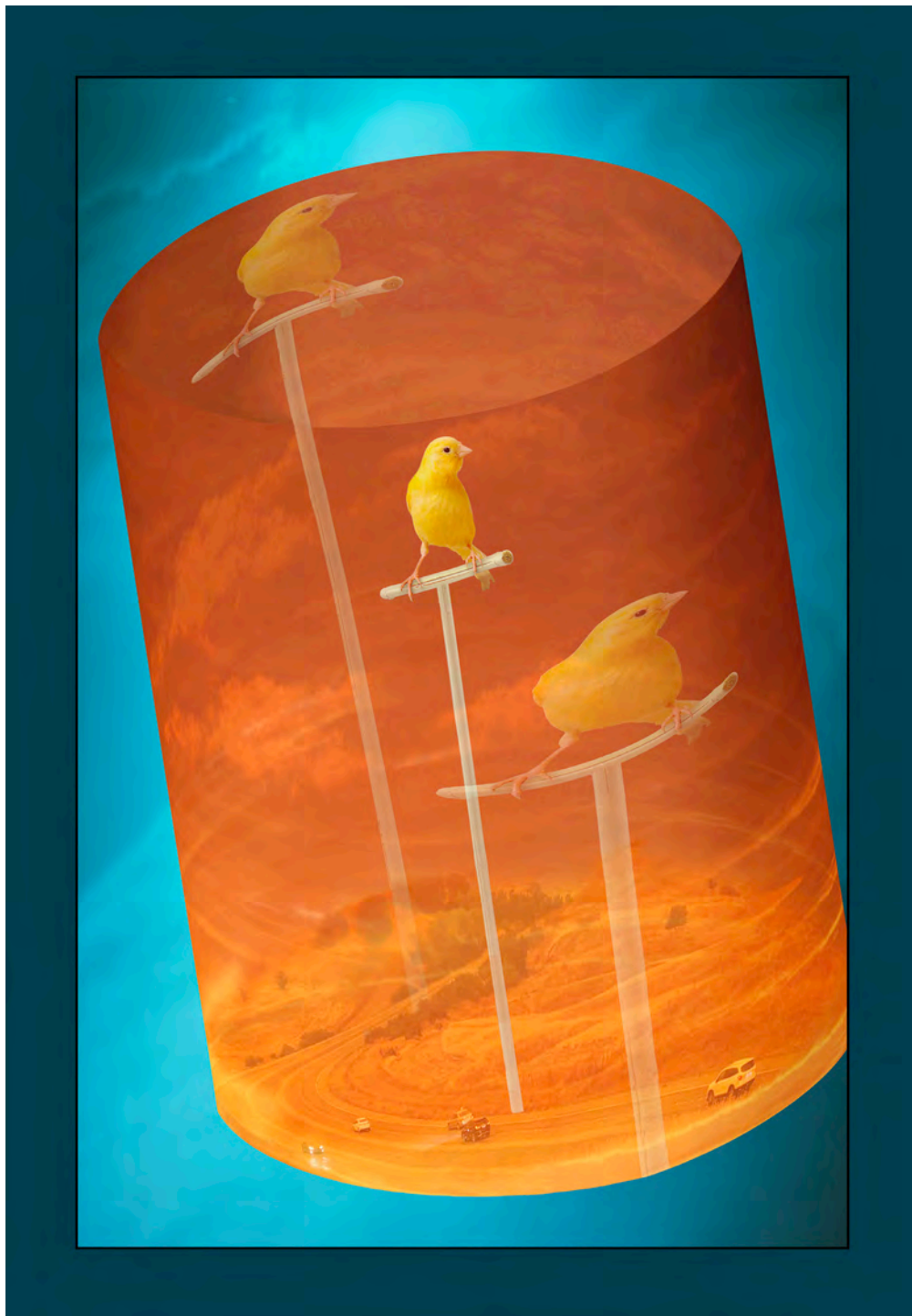
There are no brilliant fall colors in this exhibit. Fall is my least favorite season. I felt like the trees were dying until a wood cutter said to me- "Janice- the trees are only resting- let's let them rest."

JANICE KASPER



BLACKBIRD 2025
photograph 46 x 66 inches

Todd Watts



CANARY 2024
photograph 66 x 46 inches

Todd Watts



YOU KNOW, TELL THE OTHERS 2022
photograph 46 x 66 inches

Todd Watts

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 do 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 experienced 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 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.

TODD WATTS



BRIMSTONE 1 2019
oil on acetate 24 x 30 inches

Susan Williams



TOWARDS THE MARSH 2022
oil on yupo 26 x 40 inches

Susan Williams



EBB TIDE 2022
oil on yupo 26 x 40 inches

Susan Williams



ROCK END 2021
oil on yupo 26 x 40 inches

Susan Williams



WHERE THE BIRDS FEED 2022 oil on yupo 26 x 40 inches

When I began painting landscapes, I often worked from my observations of the natural world. I was also influenced by art from the past. As my work evolved, I pushed farther and farther beyond literal realities. I wanted to paint Nature from my memories and my imagination. These paintings have an element of realism in that the rocks, trees, and lakes are recognizable as such, but they are not actual places. They are traces of my mind wandering. By minimizing the literal and enlarging the imaginary, I am trying to take viewers into a liminal space, to place them in a borderland between Nature as they know it and the many variations of Nature that appear in my mind's eye.

These paintings simultaneously undercut and pay homage to earlier landscape painting traditions. They also quietly hint at the anxieties of our times—the existential dread caused by climate change and the peril to democracy worldwide.

I want to create beauty. But I also want to be able to wreck the beauty and sift through the ruins. I want to push my brushwork and the paint to the point where they destabilize familiar boundaries between the real and the imagined. Above all, I want to set aside the expectations that have guided my paints and see what emerges when I follow my imagination wherever it leads.

SUSAN WILLIAMS