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Like a lot of artists, I paint landscapes. Though I have dabbled with other subjects over the years, I always seem to return to trying to depict the earth and sky and trees and water. I'm not sure why, but landscapes and I appear to be linked at some cellular level. I find that I can't *not* paint them. I can only try to make them sing.

Having lived almost my entire life in Crystal Lake, the landscape I paint is the one I know intimately – northern Illinois. Flat, broad, deceptively complex, and sometimes achingly beautiful, it's a constant challenge and delight trying to capture the beauty of what many uninformed people consider to be a boring subject.

While I've been painting since I could hold a brush, I really learned to paint at Illinois State University where I studied Photorealism under Heartland School of Landscape Painter Harold Gregor. While there I also discovered Impressionism, particularly the work of Claude Monet, and most of my work has emerged from and is a constantly changing combination of these two competing styles. I try and balance on an unsteady ledge between them. In my best work I don't fall to either side.

I like experimenting with point of view, and I am trying to break away from the more traditional landscape presentations and perspectives. In my Farmscape paintings I use an oblique aerial viewpoint to look down from above, changing perspective and ramping up the colors, attempting to elevate a typical rural scene to something unique and magical. In my Slack Tide series I have similarly changed the seascape viewpoint from horizontal to vertical, only in these I am zoomed in close, concentrating on the overlying layers of water and sand and all the movement and light and color therein. And in my Sunday Drive paintings, I use a series of connected panoramic canvases to simulate the experience of seeing a landscape from the window of a passing car. With each I am trying to present common scenes in what I hope is a unique and interesting way.

My work can be found in a permanent exhibition of local art at the McHenry County Courthouse, in various museum shows in such diverse locations as Freeport, Illinois and Naples, Florida, and in many private residences. And while as an artist I am learning and growing and challenging myself in a lot of different ways, I still find myself captivated by the smell of oil paint, the bounce of brush on a taut canvas, and, though it doesn't happen often, the indescribable feeling I get when what ends up on the blank canvas looks exactly as I envisioned it in my mind.