

## The Places That Made Me a Painter/ Paintings and Drawings by David McCosh

This, the Gallery's fourth show of the work of David McCosh, is as much about the man as it is about his work. I started with the idea of selecting paintings that showed how intensely McCosh responded to the unique character of the places he lived in – the landscapes that gave him, as he said, “an abundance of new material for observation.” I wanted to find works that evidenced as clearly as possible the thrilling, fresh point of view he realized through the close and careful observation that motivated his painting. What I found was a body of work which McCosh referred to as “something like an expanded notebook of first-hand experiences, recorded without much reworking.” What surprised me most was how personal this work felt, and how much I learned about him as I studied it. Because I wanted to trace this theme through his entire career, the show became a retrospective. But given the personal nature of these pieces, it also takes on the character of an autobiography that speaks of McCosh throughout the ages of his life.

My comments here will be brief, because I really want to direct your attention to a remarkable piece of writing by McCosh that I found in my research, but consider if you will, the romantic expressionism of “Dad's Home in Ireland,” the sweet feeling of home in “Early Spring,” the tender discovery of the colors of the desert in “Landscape, New Mexico”(painted on the trip when Anne and David were married), the probing analysis of “San Miguel” and “Tree in Torremolinos,” the excitement of visual discovery in “Along the Millrace,” “Cornwall Coast,” and “Ospidaletti.” These pieces are more than the exercises of a master craftsman strutting his stuff. These are McCosh's first-hand experiences of new places, laid down on paper for us to share.

Why did he paint this way – what was he trying to say – what does it all mean – and why should it interest us? The best explanation I've seen by McCosh himself of his intentions and purposes as a painter is in the writing that accompanies these comments, which I think is so exceptional that I'm presenting it in its entirety.

Roger Saydack  
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*Along the Millrace*, oil on paper, Eugene, c.1938



*Tree in Torremolinos*, ink on paper, Spain, 1958