

March 2010

Greetings, Art Lovers,

One of the reasons I love New York and its rooftop panoramas floating above the noisy, bustling streets is that I grew up in New York's opposite – a small, quiet town in Northeastern Ohio which to this day has a population of less than five hundred people. This town called Peninsula, despite no visible peninsulas (there was one once, but it's a long story), sits in a tree-studded valley formed by the Cuyahoga River which was made a national park back in the 70's to keep urban sprawl from connecting the two growing cities of Cleveland and Akron. It is this preserved and pristine nature, remembered from boyhood bike hikes, that I depict in the two paintings you see here.



Morning God Rays
36 x 24
Oil on canvas

"Morning God Rays" is a late summer scene near Brandywine Falls at the top edge of the Cuyahoga Valley. Nell and I had just walked up from the observation deck overlooking the falls – water cascades over large rocks and drops sixty feet – and were approaching the now crumbling Stanford Road when we noticed the sun's rays, though broken up by trees, illuminating that patch of yellow grass across the road as if it were being prepared for an angel's landing. What I like best about the painting is the dark, mysterious opening in the woods beyond that holy patch. When I look at it I want to be there, away from this frenetic, noisy city (that I do love, really), walking hand in hand with my true love down old Stanford Road and along that stream that falls from such great heights only then to make its serpentine, unhurried way to the Cuyahoga River.



Spring Walk Ohio
36 x 24
Oil on canvas

"Spring Walk Ohio" is my memory of a walk I took around Szalays' corn fields in the spring of 2007. I was in Peninsula to visit my mother and did as I always do when there. I took a long walk, part of the way along roads but mostly across fields, through woods, around Indigo Lake, back up and over another hill, ending up on the road leading back to my mother's house. The walk starts by going down Oak Hill Road and through the restored covered bridge (wiped out by a storm surge in the '80's) and onto the first of the Szalay family's many corn fields. There a path begins that follows the stream for awhile then winds around the field going in and out of the trees. The bright greens of the spring saplings and the shadows cast by bigger trees just sprouting their new leaves made me very happy to be there and determined to record that feeling with paint. I get homesick whenever I look at it.

"Please have a look at my other landscapes at www.theviewoutmywindow.com/landscapes. I've added two new ones, though one is actually a seascape.

Also, please give me some feedback via email – garyconger@theviewoutmywindow.com or just reply to this email if that's easier for you.



Gary Conger

New York Painter
Cityscapes, Landscapes, Photographs

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