

# Huma **N**ature

Morocco

Exhibition catalog  
August 2023









*Art must be  
free from  
thought.*



## An Artist en Plein Air -

An introduction to the exhibition catalogue by  
Marine Pahin

Cosimo Gottschall is a passionate plein-air painter who loves to paint outdoors and to be in direct contact with the elements he depicts in his works. Whether it is the warm, luminous light of Morocco or the soft, flowing forms of the Atlantic sea that are reflected in his paintings - his close connection to nature allows him to bring a distinctive vibrancy and unique expressiveness to his works.

In his approach to painting, Cosimo Gottschall follows his instinct and trusts his intuition. As an autodidact, he goes far beyond simply looking at a motif. He immerses himself in the culture and nature of a country in order to find a deeper engagement with his theme of *human and nature*.

After finding his source of inspiration in the Canary Islands last year, he this year took the time to absorb everything that has surrounded him in Morocco, North Africa.

For six months, the artist was inspired by the unique colours, foreign smells and sweet sounds of Morocco, absorbing the energy of the people and their surroundings. He explored the country by walking barefoot across the hot desert floor, lingering for hours in front of cliffs and using his fingers to touch the bark of the dancing argan trees.

# ABOUT

# THE ART

His levelheaded approach to painting enables Cosimo Gottschall not only to capture the external reality of Morocco in its chaotic peculiarity, but also to sense the soul of the place and express it in his colourful works.

The artist understands how to use different colors such as acrylic, watercolor or ink and uses different painting techniques to capture the essence of an inspiration. Sometimes he paints with his bare hands, sometimes with a brush or a Japanese palette knife - always depending on the requirements of his motif and always with an attentive perception to detail.

Cosimo's artistic work is characterised by a harmonious fusion of colours and shapes. But not only his paintings display a distinct sense of colour and form - his three-dimensional works are seamlessly linked to his unique painting style and are the result of intensive observation and extensive preliminary studies.

Skilful modelling imbues his glazed clay sculptures with an organic and dynamic aura and transfers his two-dimensional pictorial structure into three-dimensional space.

With his paintings and glazed ceramic art, Cosimo creates a cosmos in which the boundary between the external reality and his inner world unite. He invites his viewers to immerse themselves in his very own artistic vision.



## Morocco -

A prologue to the exhibition catalogue

by Cosimo Gottschall

Once upon a time a young artist travelled through Andalusia, Spain, on foot after finishing school. As he stood on the beach at Tarifa, the southernmost point of Europe, gazing adventurously across the rough sea towards Africa, something strange occurred. A light breeze of fresh sea air blew over the water and into his face and suddenly a figure appeared in front of him. It was an old man with long hair and bright eyes.

“Cosimo,” said the man in a wise voice, “I am the Guardian of Dreams and I have a special task for you.”

Cosimo was amazed as to where this voice came from and asked eagerly: “What is this task?”

The Keeper of Dreams smiled and explained: “You have the courage to look towards Africa and now you have the task of travelling there too. You will gather stories on your journey and bring them to life in your artworks.”

The artist was very enthusiastic about this task and accepted the assignment from the Guardian of Dreams.



# P r o l o g u e

If it was up to the artist, he would have enjoyed to set sail immediately to realise this task, but unfortunately he had no passport to enter the country. So the desire arose to return one day, to fulfil his quest and explore the opposite coast.

A few years passed and Cosimo had almost forgotten his promise to the Guardian of Dreams - until, during a stay in the Canary Islands in 2022, he found himself looking at the mainland of North Africa once again. It was at this moment that he remembered the promise he had made to himself and to the Guardian of Dreams. He felt an inner call and knew it was time to start his journey to Africa..

On his way south, Cosimo examined the theme of his artistic work *human and nature* from a different perspective and in a new light. He met welcoming inhabitants who have shared their stories with him and inspired him deeply.

He painted every day to capture the chaotic beauty and colourful diversity of Morocco. His works reflect the encounters and experiences he had on his journey of discovery.





## On My Way South -

A story about my time in Morocco  
by Cosimo Gottschall

It is early autumn in the year 2022 and I am on my way in my 30-year-old T4 to Genoa, one of the largest port cities in northern Italy. After a warm night away from the city, I make my way to the harbour early in the morning. The ferry is ready to depart, but it takes until the late afternoon to load all the passengers, luggage and numerous cars on board. Finally, the tailgates close and a loud engine noise heralds the start of the three-day crossing of the Mediterranean Sea.

Personally, I love being on a ferry: the expansive view, endless blue and the gentle voice of the wind have something contemplative, timeless and meditative about them for me. It is also the only place in the world where the past and the future merge in a line on the horizon. All that remains is the empty view of here and now.

On the third and final day of the crossing, the line on the horizon turns into a coastal landscape that seems familiar. I recognise the outline of the coast from a trip I once made to Andalusia.

I still remember how much I would have enjoyed to take the ferry and explore the coast on the other side. Unfortunately though, I did not have a passport to enter the country at the time and hence had to postpone this idea.

Now, many years later, the time has finally come and I am excited to see what awaits me.

Morocco, a country with customs, people and nature that are unknown to me, turns out to be the adventure I have been longing for deep inside..



On my journey into the unknown, I move slowly but surely from the busy North towards the calmer South. Camels, cats, dogs, people and sheep cross a small, bumpy road, which is mainly populated by handmade donkey carriages. The coachmen are barely visible as their carriages are heavily loaded and three times larger than they are. Everyday objects such as shoes, hoses, buckets, clothes, mattresses, carpets, fruit and vegetables as well as bales of straw or even animals are skilfully stacked on top of each other and transported from one village to another.

After a few risky moments on the road, I reach such a village.

People are bustling about everywhere, to the right, to the left, flapping chickens, children playing, bartering of all kinds. Loud conversations and hectic gestures: Morracans are trading, eating lunch, drinking tea together, singing and laughing - all on the street and under the open sky.

Some carriages unload their luggage, others drive off heavily packed, as if they were on the run. People pray on carpets next to people bargaining at a fruit and vegetable market. Someone is repairing a car while someone else is preparing food right next to them.

I park my car between a tethered donkey and a bread stall to take a closer look at the hustle and bustle. The engine has not yet been switched off when the bread seller knocks on my window and offers me his wares with a smile. He forces himself on me until I frantically promise to take a loaf of bread on the way back. Finally, he turns away from me with the words *inshallah*, which in Arabic means *if God wills*.

My appetite leads me to a small restaurant with makeshift plastic tables and chairs for lunch. On the non-existent menu is a dish that is prepared in a pointed clay pot: Tajine, the national speciality. It is a stew of meat and vegetables with unique spices. To accompany the dish I am served a Moroccan mint tea with ten to twelve sugar cubes to accompany the dish (although at least the same amount of sugar cubes were already in the tea), but there seems to be no cutlery.

And so, like the locals next to me, I eat my first meal in Morocco with my bare hands. ∞

Stuffed, I stay seated for a moment and watch the spectacle around me. What looks like wild chaos to me seems completely normal and commonplace here. None of the people I observe seem agitated or disturbed by the hustle and bustle and confusion I see everywhere on the street. On the contrary, the people I observe seem calm and at ease. They go about their business without feeling concerned about what others are doing. But the longer I look at the place and its inhabitants, the more I sense that something is missing from the picture of the place, without being able to name exactly what it is. Yet.

On the way back to the car, I walk past the fruit and vegetable market on the opposite side of the road and am persuaded by a vendor to take a bunch of bananas with me. As soon as I have the bananas in my hand, another market vendor persuades me to try his fresh tomatoes. As soon as I have taken those, because according to the vendor they taste particularly good, another vendor shows me his ripe avocados. The game continues until I am carrying two large bags of the supposedly best bananas, oranges, tomatoes, avocados, onions, courgettes and carrots to the car and get a feeling for how skilful Moroccans are at selling their wares. I wonder if I paid the right price. *Inshallah*, I say out loud and buy a loaf of bread from the man in front of my car, who has seen me coming from afar.

Enriched by my first experiences in a foreign country, I get into the car and head further south.

After a short while, I spot a car parked at the side of the road. I take a closer look and realise that it is a converted, solar-powered café. Plastic tables and chairs invite customers to linger by the roadside. Intrigued, I pull over on the hard shoulder and hand an empty coffee cup out of my car to a young man smiling openly from behind a parasol speaking Arabic, French and broken English. He returns the cup of coffee in exchange for a few dirhams (the currency in Morocco).

The road winds inland, scattered trees and bushes line the way. The landscape gradually becomes emptier and I encounter fewer obstacles of an animal nature for a change. I pass an old stone ruin, where a house must have once stood, and after a sharp right-hand bend I head steeply uphill.



Red, solid earth mixes with light yellow sandy soil and there is a hint of salt in the air as I reach the top of the hill and my gaze slides over the deep blue sea. Dazzled by the evening sun, I follow the road downhill until it runs parallel to the sea. On a small path off the road, I find a free pitch by the sea and decide to spend the night. I prepare a salad with the advertised tomatoes and avocados and go to bed soon after with the intention of capturing my first impressions in an artistic expression the next morning.

Before the ferry crossing, I took the precaution of stocking up on paper, ink and acrylic paint in Italy, knowing that I would be far away from the big cities in Morocco. After a refreshing dip in the sea the next morning, I dig out some of the supplies, put a glass of water, some paint and paper in the sand and eventually start painting ...





*Art is always  
bound to a  
context.*

Morocco Series



**MOROCCO**

2022

Ink // Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM



**MOROCCO**

2022

Ink // Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM



**MOROCCO #2**

2022

Ink // Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM



**MOROCCO #2**

2022

Ink // Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM





**MOROCCO #3**

2022

Ink // Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM



**MOROCCO #3**

2022

Ink // Acrylic

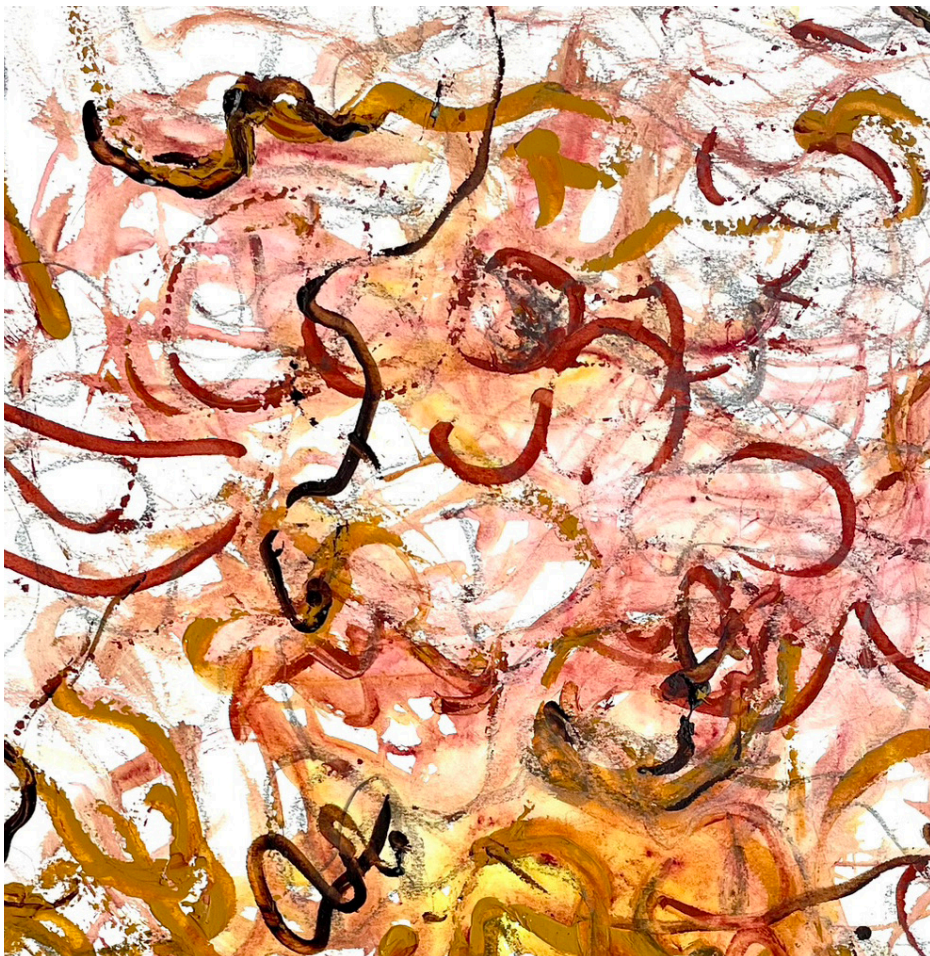
On Paper // 50 X 65 CM

**MOROCCO #4**

2022

Ink // Acrylic //  
Graphite Stick

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM



To my own surprise, I do not use a brush or a Japanese spatula to paint as usual, but my own hands.

Inspired by the experience of eating with my bare hands in a Moroccan restaurant the day before, I apply the paint to my fingertips and mix red earth tones, rich natural green and light sand colours directly onto the paper in quick, circular movements that arise from my gut feeling. Everything I had seen and experienced the day before flows together in an abstract expressionist style of painting, without me thinking about the form, structure or composition of the work.

Two achromatic colours find their way into the works that I have never used from before: black and white. I look at the works critically after they have been created and come to the conclusion that, for me, black represents the abundance I have experienced, chaos and the unknown. White, on the other hand, expresses for me the emptiness, the blank page, the departure into nothingness and the search for an adventure in Morocco.

Ultimately, I believe that a work of art is never free of a context, but always dependant on where and when it has been created and, above all, who painted it. As I look at the works, I realise that this time it is no different.





Unlike other passions I pursue, when I paint I occasionally experience a state of complete immersion and absorption in the activity itself. It is as if I leave my own body, to the point where I become what I see. In these moments of trance, time stands still and there is only the moment - if it was not for an onlooking fisherman who challenges my patience by casting a shadow on my artwork while I paint.

The fisherman slowly approaches me from the side and asks what I am doing. I explain to him that I am painting and point somewhat reluctantly to my works in the sand, because I feel disturbed in my calm and space. However, instead of showing understanding or consideration, the older man smiles at me and then asks me another question: if I am all alone here in Morocco? I reply that although I am discovering the country by myself, I do not feel alone. The fisherman replies with the words *maktub*, which in Arabic means *it is written*, and eventually walks off, showing understanding that I wanted to continue painting.

A short time later, while I am concentrating on painting, I hear the sound of a motor getting louder and louder in the background. A moped rider is following the small path off the road to get to the parking lot. He pulls up in front of me and is interested to know what I am doing here. I wonder if he too cannot see that I am engaged with something else. The older man gets off his fully loaded vehicle and is eager to introduce himself. He says his name is Youssef and he is pleased to welcome me to Morocco. He lives behind the dunes by the sea he tells me and shares that I am one of the first tourists he has seen this year on his way south - many more would follow over the winter months - and he would greet them all one by one to ask where they are from and what they are doing here. Wonderful, I think to myself and put the paint aside for now.



**MOROCCO #5**

2022

Ink // Acrylic

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM

When I explain to him that I am here to paint, his eyes light up. He reaches behind him and soon after hands me a nut-brown carpet with light yellow stripes. The rug is ideal for me as an artist so that I do not have to sit in the sand while I paint, he claims. For a moment, I assume it is a gift and am about to thank him. But then he says that he is selling the rugs and scarves that his wife makes by hand. He says that he has the best price along the coast and makes me an offer which seems far too high. When I thankfully decline his offer, he proposes to sell me the carpet for half the price, whereupon I finally buy it from him. He assures me that I could find a comparable carpet in the south for three times the price, leaving me with the feeling that I have made a very good purchase. We exchange a few more words and shortly after, he drives off as quickly as he had arrived.

I lay out the carpet in the sand and place my painting materials on it. Then I get another supply of paint from the van. When I come back, I see that two dogs have settled on the carpet. I can not believe my eyes and scare them away with a wave of my hand. I decide to stop painting for the day and head further south instead.



Just after I set off, a big traffic jam forms on the road ahead. This time instead of a coffee vendor, there is a fish vendor blocking the road. With fresh fish in one hand and a fishing rod in the other, the elderly man cheerfully approaches every driver, proudly presenting his catch. Interested buyers negotiate on the open road while everyone else has to wait patiently. I watch as someone in front of me takes a large part of the fisherman's haul. When it is my turn, I realise that it is the fisherman from the morning. He smiles when he recognizes me and hands me the rest of his catch, saying he would rather go fishing.

After some hours in the car, I reach a larger town. A medieval city wall surrounds the white and blue old town at the harbor. I park my car outside the city wall and walk through one of the entrance gates. The winding alleyways are dimly lit and full of traders manouevering their heavily laden donkeys through the streets, as well as curious tourists who want to touch everything they see. There is one craft store next to the other and the stores are filled to the ceiling with brightly colored objects such as carpets, cloths, lamps or shoes that hang from the ceiling on a line. When I happen to pass a carpet store, I see that the price for a carpet, like the one I bought from the man in the parking lot, is significantly cheaper - and that's when I admonish myself to negotiate better in the future.

I discover a ceramics store in a small side street. The friendly owner explains that the vases and bowls in his shop are handmade and further emphasises that the craft of pottery has been passed down from generation to generation in his family. Upon my request he kindly offers to show me around the factory.

I follow him through a small hidden door in the store, which leads us to a large studio room where his brother welcomes me and takes me on a tour around the pottery factory.





It all starts at the river, the clay-smearing man tells me, where the potters dig up the clay and bring it in carts to the pottery workshop. The clay is mixed with water in a pit in front of the studio, the young man explains to me, pointing to a clay-colored pile. The clay is then spread out on the floor to allow the moisture to evaporate. Only then is it ready for kneading, he says. He then leads me into a room where another potter is shaping bowls, cups, plates and vases. From here, he explains to me, the pottery is fired at a high temperature in a kiln they have built themselves. As the pottery in this factory is only fired once, the clay is glazed before it goes into the kiln, he says. No measuring devices or thermometers are used, he adds proudly. Everything is done by instinct and based on years of experience.



Without realising it, we are back in the ceramics shop, where I find myself impressed by the tour and buy some bowls and vases after negotiating the price. After all, I know now that you have to haggle over every price in Morocco.

Right next to the ceramics shop is a Moroccan street restaurant. I order a so-called Berber omelette with an avocado juice. When the vendor has taken my order, he leaves the restaurant. A little while later, he comes back with eggs under his arm and leaves the shop again. Then I see him coming back with tomatoes and avocados. Finally, he buys another litre of milk around the corner and after half an hour, starts to prepare the food.

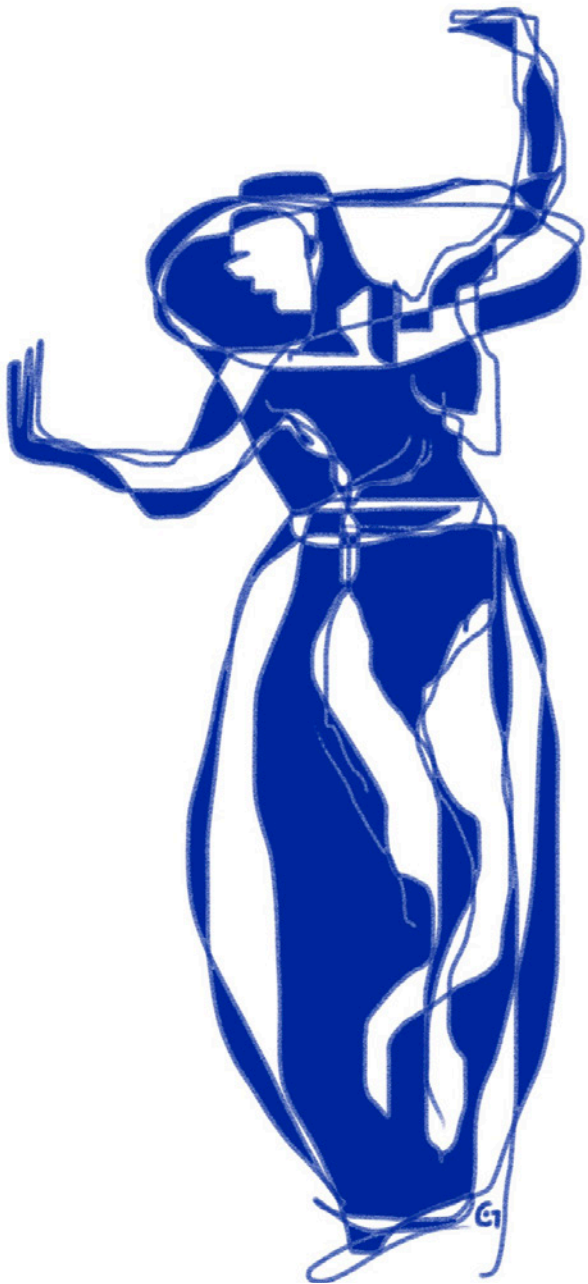
While I wait patiently for my meal, I see a woman walking past. It is at that point in time that I realise what I was missing in the picture of the village on the countryside - it was the women. I hardly ever see them on the street or sitting in a café like the men.

After eating, I leave the city and drive to a remote place by the sea. Inspired by the spontaneous pottery tour and the unique shops in the town, I pick up pen and paper and start a second series of paintings..



*What is a woman  
doing in a vase?*

Vases Woman Series



**VASES WOMAN**

2022

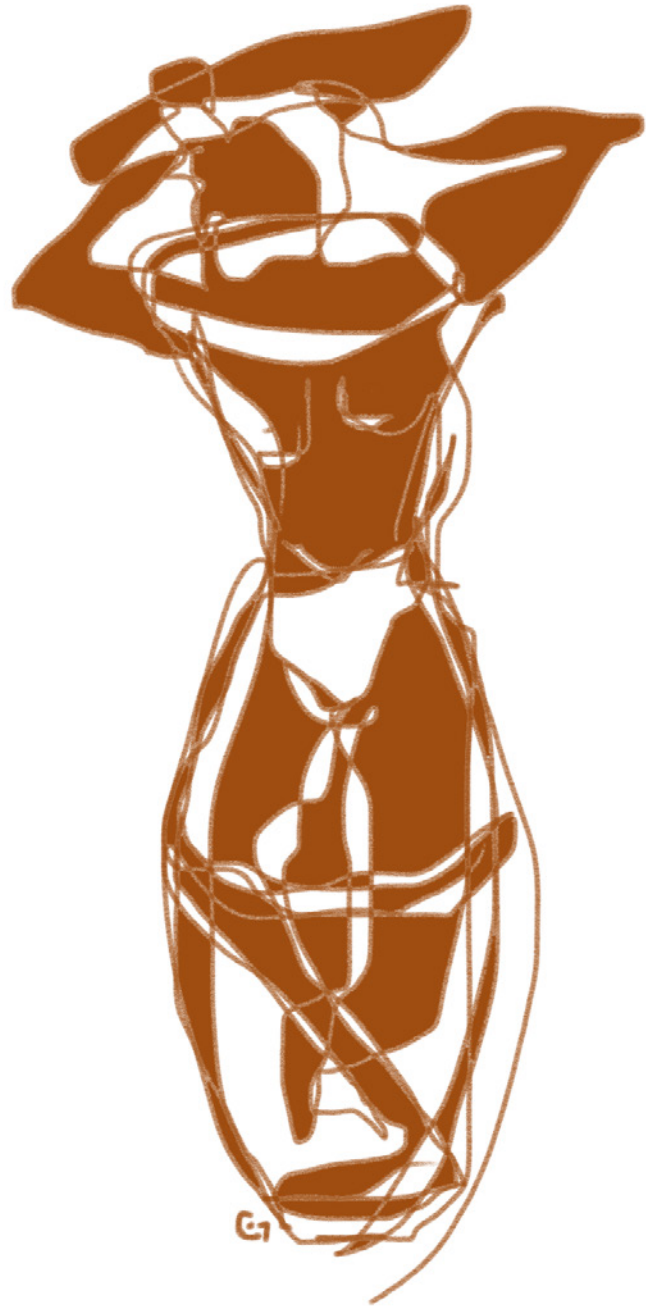
iPhone Drawing



**VASES WOMAN #2**

2022

iPhone Drawing

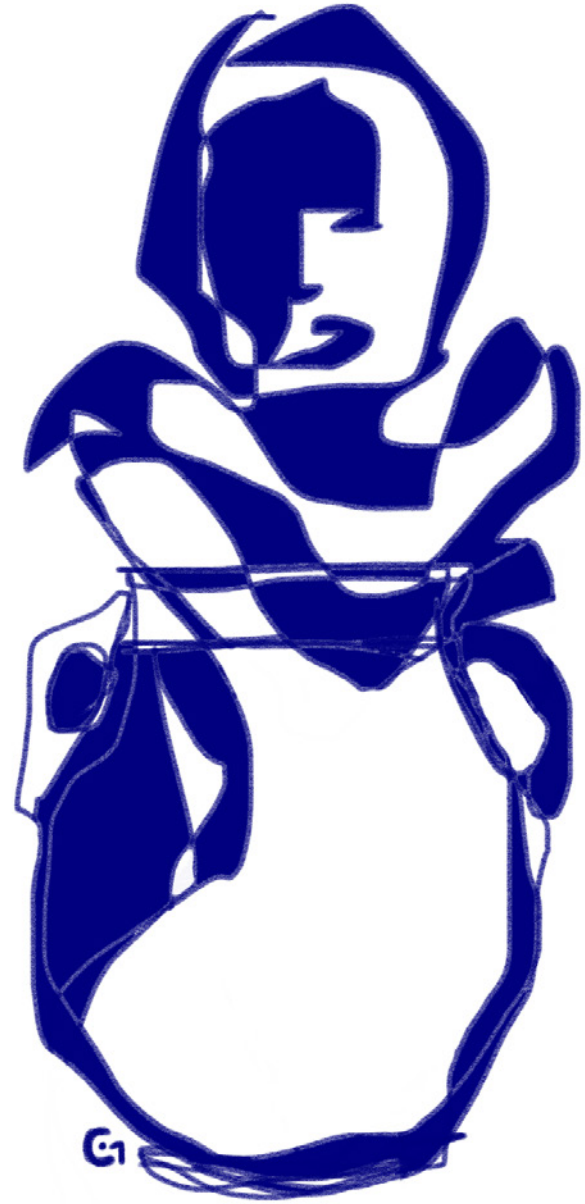




**VASES WOMAN #3**

2022

iPhone Drawing





**VASES WOMAN #4**

2022

iPhone Drawing



**VASES WOMAN #5**

2022

Ink

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM



**MOROCCAN FIGURES**

2023

Ink

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM







**MOROCCAN FIGURE**

2023

Ink

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM







**VASES WOMAN #6**

2023

Ink

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM





**VASES WOMAN #7**

2023

Ink

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM



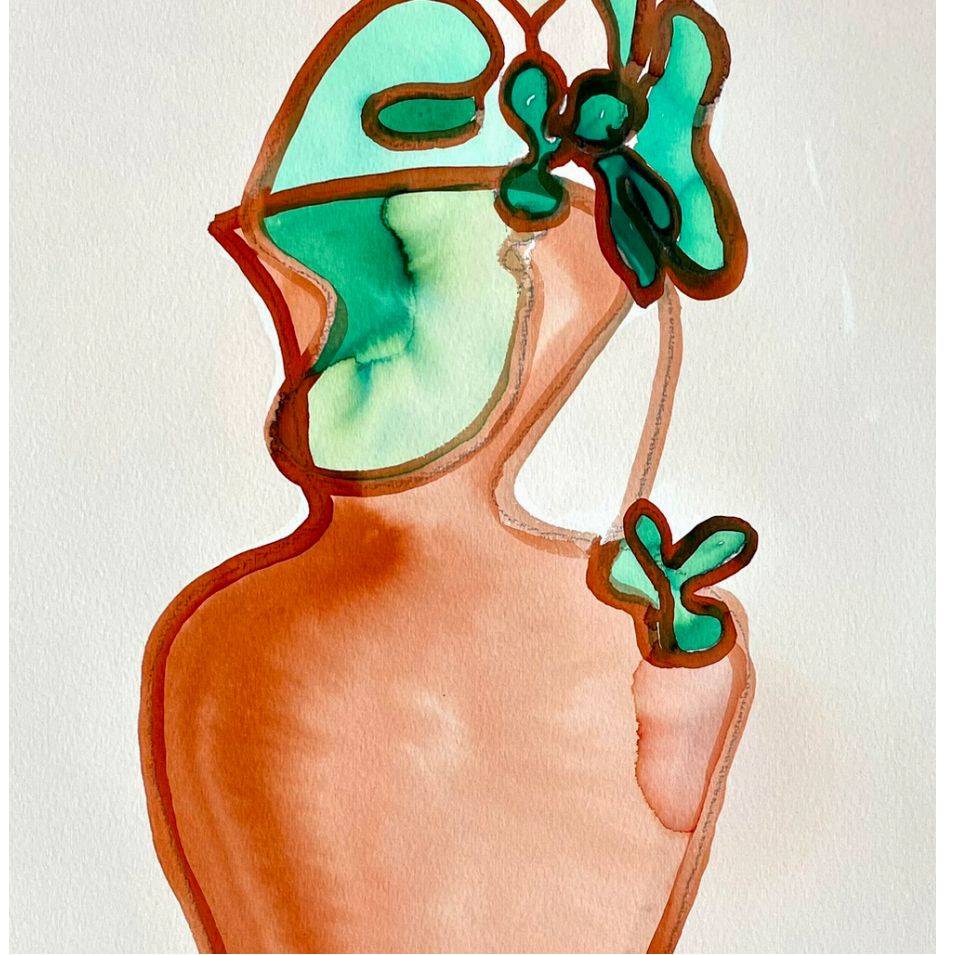
**VASES WOMAN #8**

2023

Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM





**VASES WOMAN #9**

2023

Ink

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM



**VASES WOMAN #10**

2023

Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM





**VASES WOMAN #11**

2023

Acrylic

On Paper // 50 X 70 CM





**VASES WOMAN #12**

2022

iPhone Drawing



**VASES WOMAN #13**

2022

iPhone Drawing





**VASES WOMAN #14**

2023

Acrylic Yarn

Art Rug // 37 X 64 CM





**VASES WOMAN #14**

2023

Acrylic Yarn

Art Rug // 37 X 64 CM

A few days later, I drive from the coast to the mountains. On the way there, I meet a Moroccan at the side of the road, sitting under a tree and holding something up in the air. He waves to me, but I notice him too late and drive on, not knowing what he wanted to show me. A little while later, I see another Moroccan sitting at the side of the road. He is also holding something up in the air. This happens a few times until I finally stop, curious to find out what these farmers are selling. It turns out to be argan oil. The elderly man I am talking to explains to me that the oil is extracted from the fruit of the argan tree and is used for skin care or as cooking oil. Morocco is the only country in the world where argan oil is produced, he says proudly and hands me a small bottle of the oil. To produce one litre of pure argan oil, he tells me, it takes around 30 kilograms of the dried kernels, which is equivalent to harvesting one tree a year.

Inspired by the history of the argan tree, I follow a small path that leads me directly to a field with thousands of the trees. I walk through the groves and let the trees work their magic on me. My hands glide over the rough bark and I feel the energy emanating from them. Their gnarled branches and deep green leaves bear witness to centuries of growth and survival in a barren desert landscape. I settle down under one of the argan trees and try to capture the essence of the tree - how it affects me - in a sketch. I realise that I find it difficult to capture the essence of the trees in their abundance and diversity on a piece of paper. Instead, a few months later, I reach for clay and feel that I am getting closer to what I want to express in three-dimensional space.



*The argan tree is deeply connected  
to the stones, the sea and the  
people of the area.*

Dancing Argan Tree Series

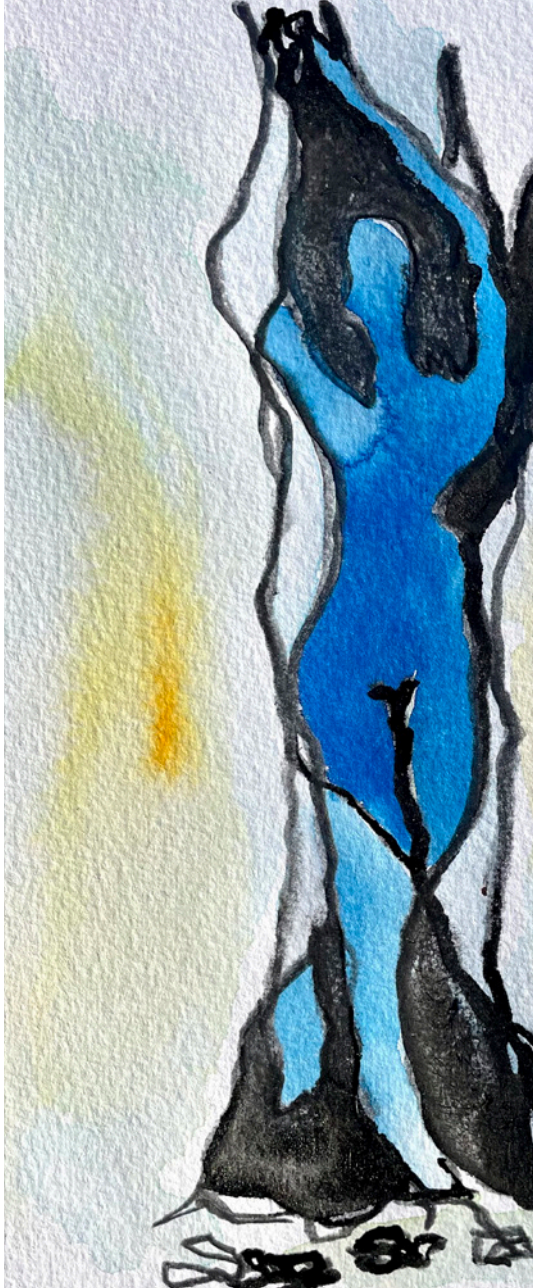


**DANCING ARGAN TREE**

2023

Graphite Stick // Ink

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM



**DANCING ARGAN TREE #2**

2023

Graphite Stick // Ink

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM





**DANCING ARGAN TREE #3**

2023

Graphite Stick // Ink

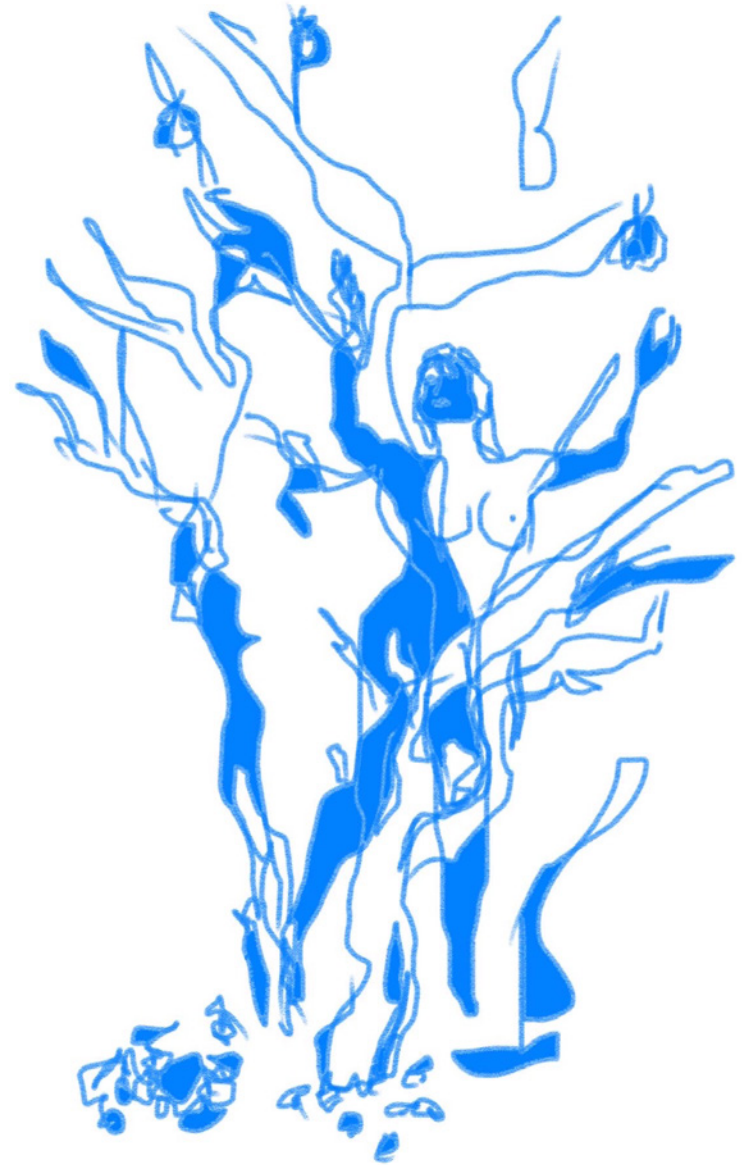
On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM



**DANCING ARGAN TREE #4**

2023

iPhone Drawing





**DANCING ARGAN TREE #5**

2023

Graphite Stick // Ink

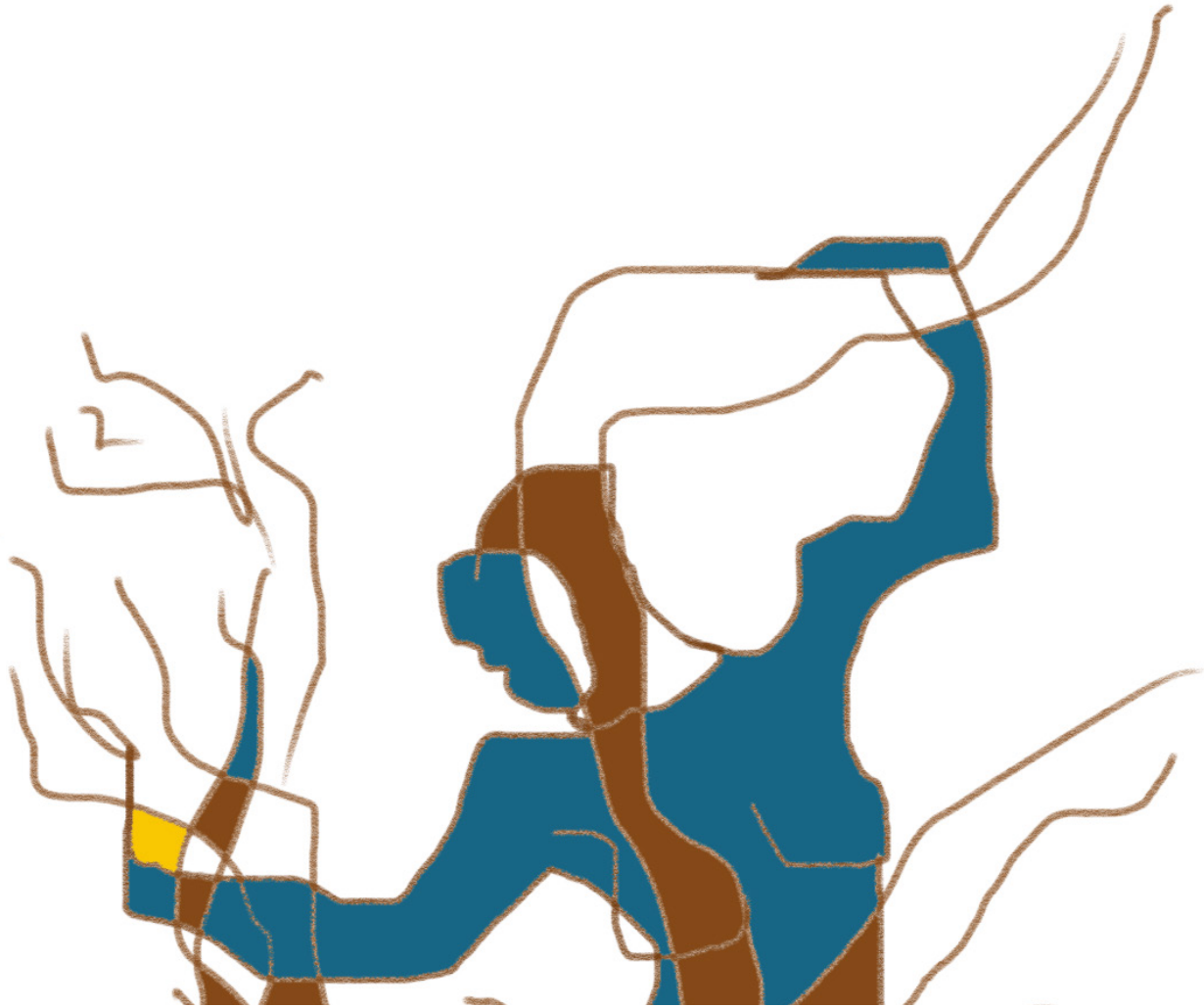
On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM



**DANCING ARGAN TREE #6**

2023

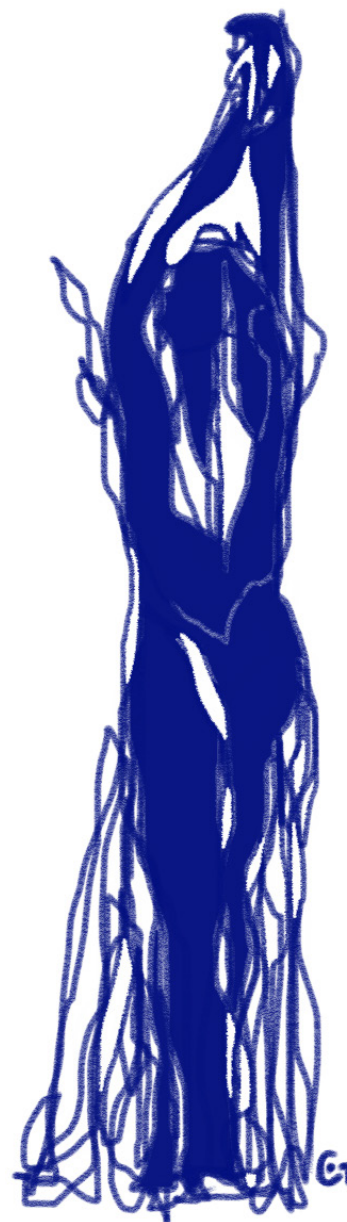
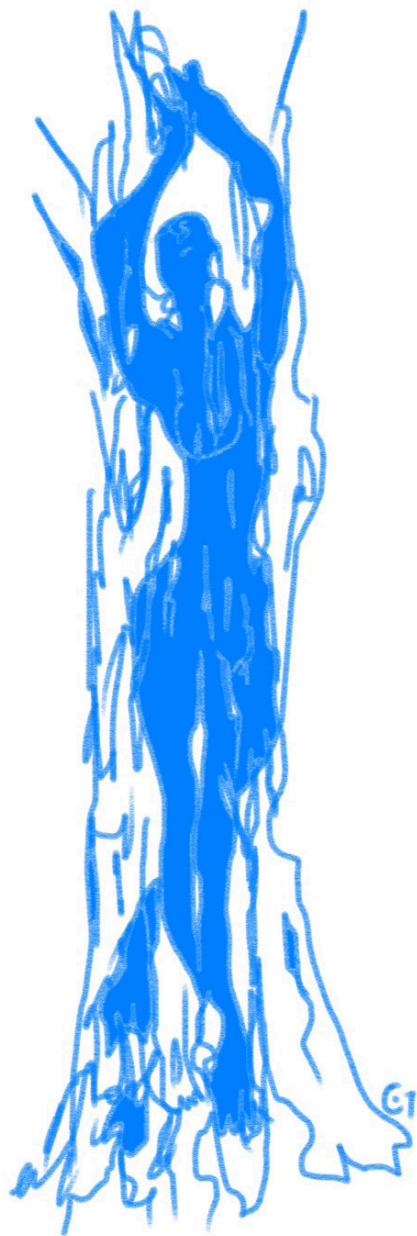
iPhone Drawing



**DANCING ARGAN TREE #7**

2023

iPhone Drawing



**DANCING ARGAN TREE #8**

2023

iPhone Drawing





**DANCING ARGAN TREE #9**

2023

Acrylic // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM



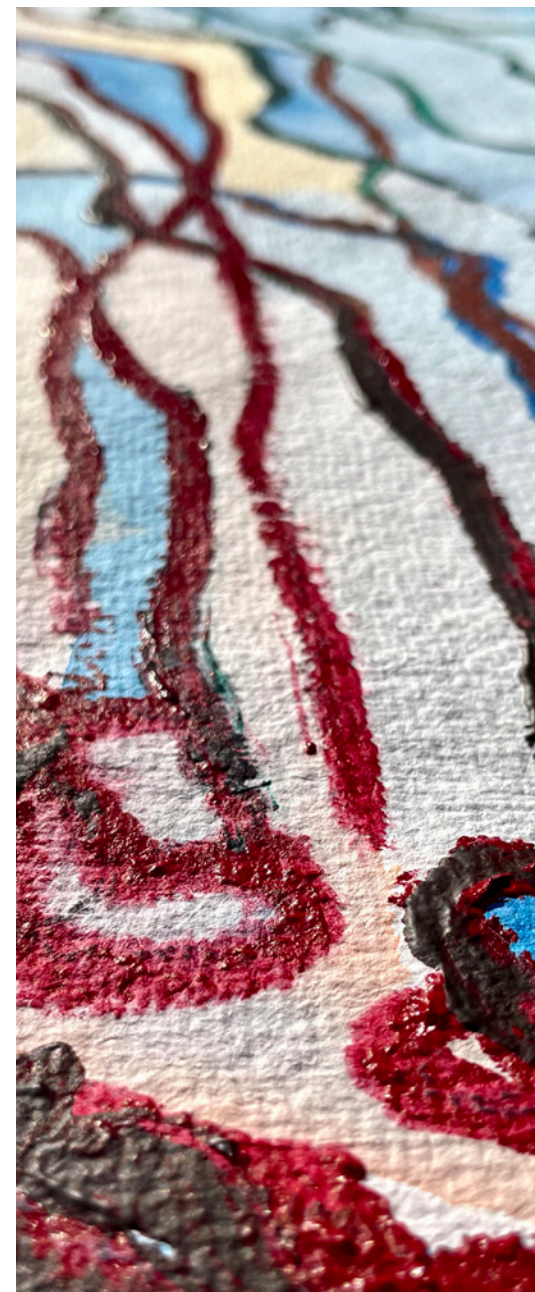


**DANCING ARGAN TREE #9**

2023

Acrylic // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM







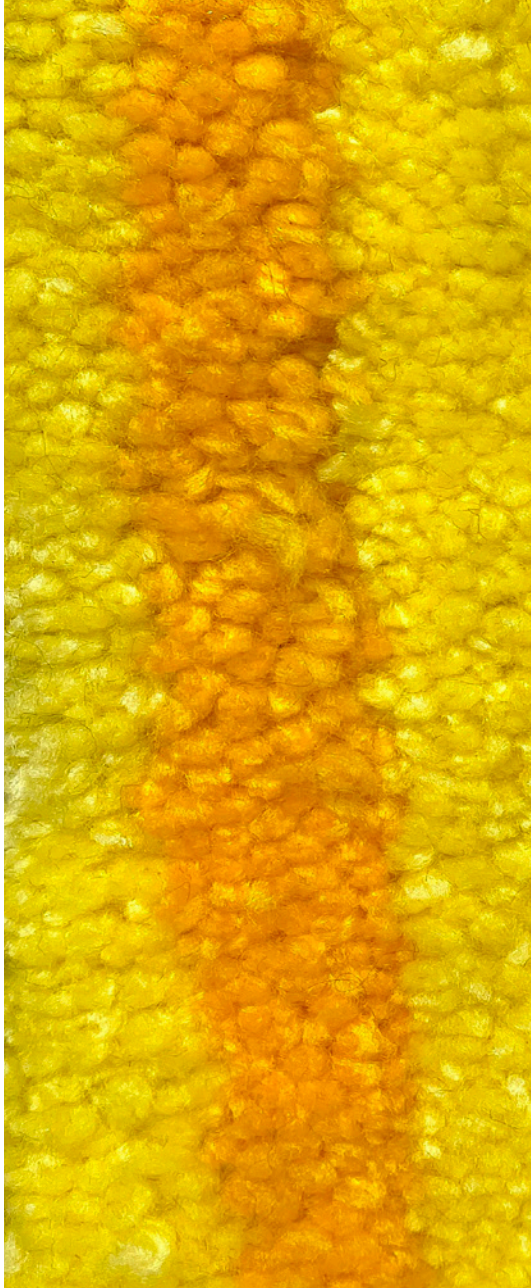
**DANCING ARGAN TREE #10**

2023

Acryl Yarn

Art Rug // 43 X 52 CM





**DANCING ARGAN TREE #10**

2023

Acryl Yarn

Art Rug // 50 X 65 CM





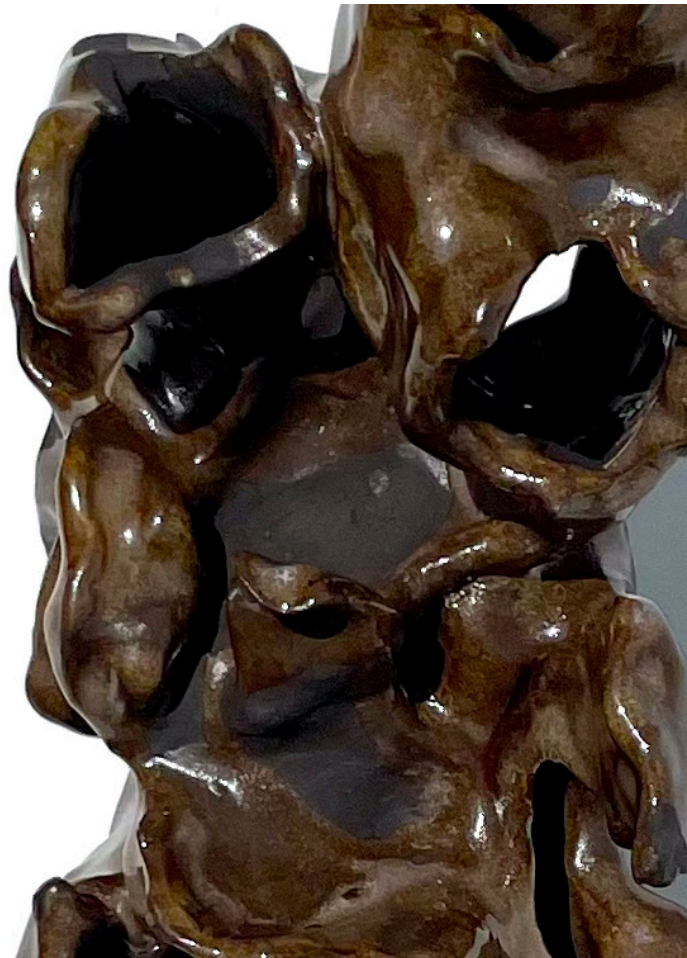
**ARIES**

2023

Raspberry Glaze

Dark Clay // 13 X 11 X 5 CM



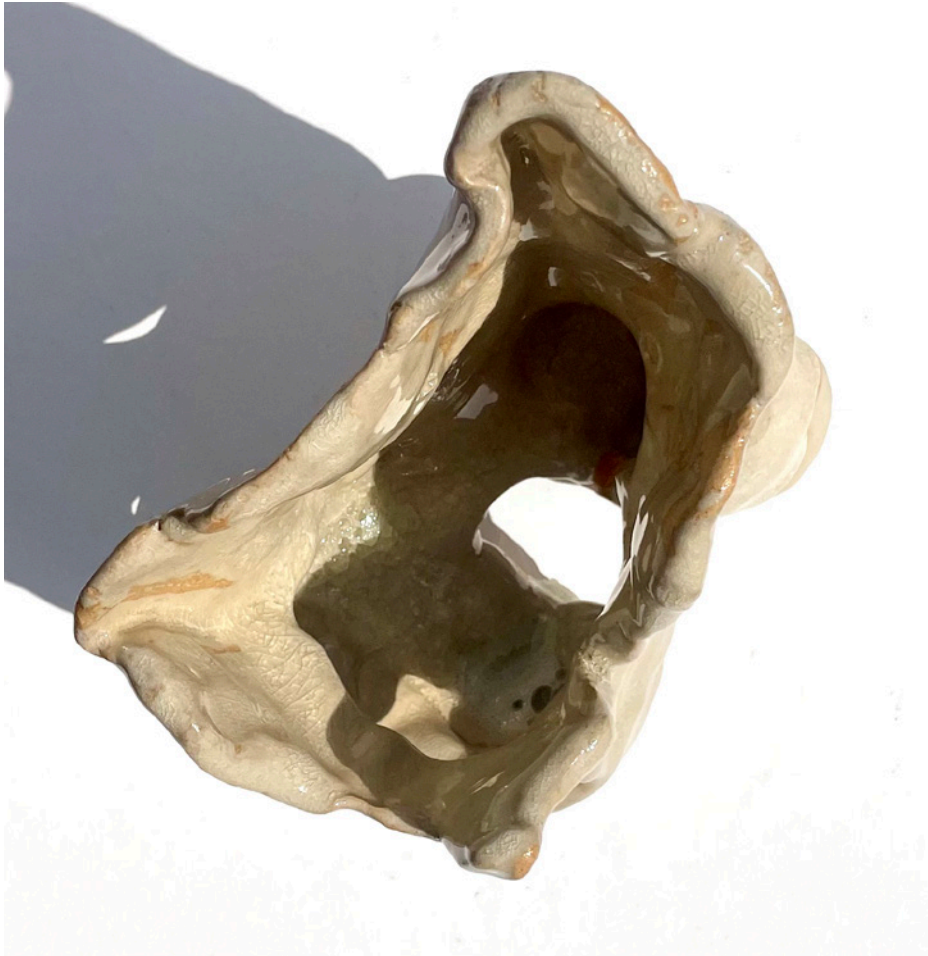


**CAPRICORN**

2023

Maroon Glaze

Dark Clay // 50 X 30 X 19 CM



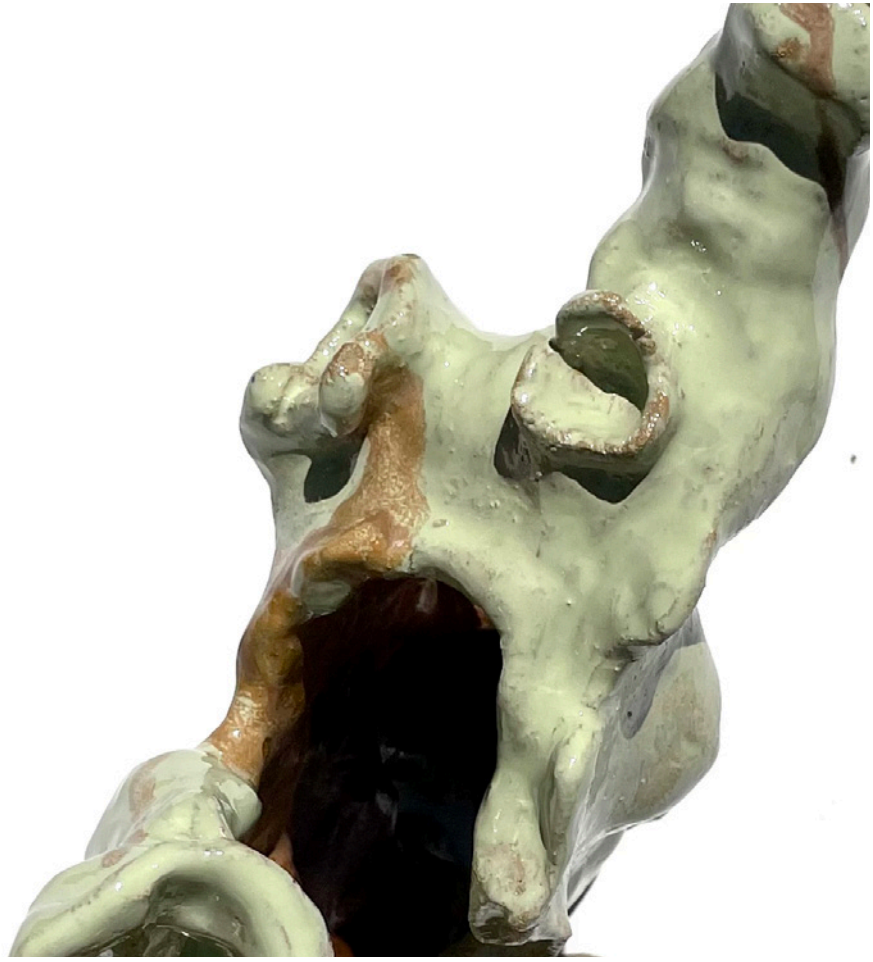
**GEMINI**

2023

Transparent Gloss Glaze

White Clay // 18 X 13 X 12 CM





**PISCES**

2023

Celadon Glaze // Maroon Glaze

Grey Clay // 30 X 25 X 15 CM



**SAGITTARIUS**

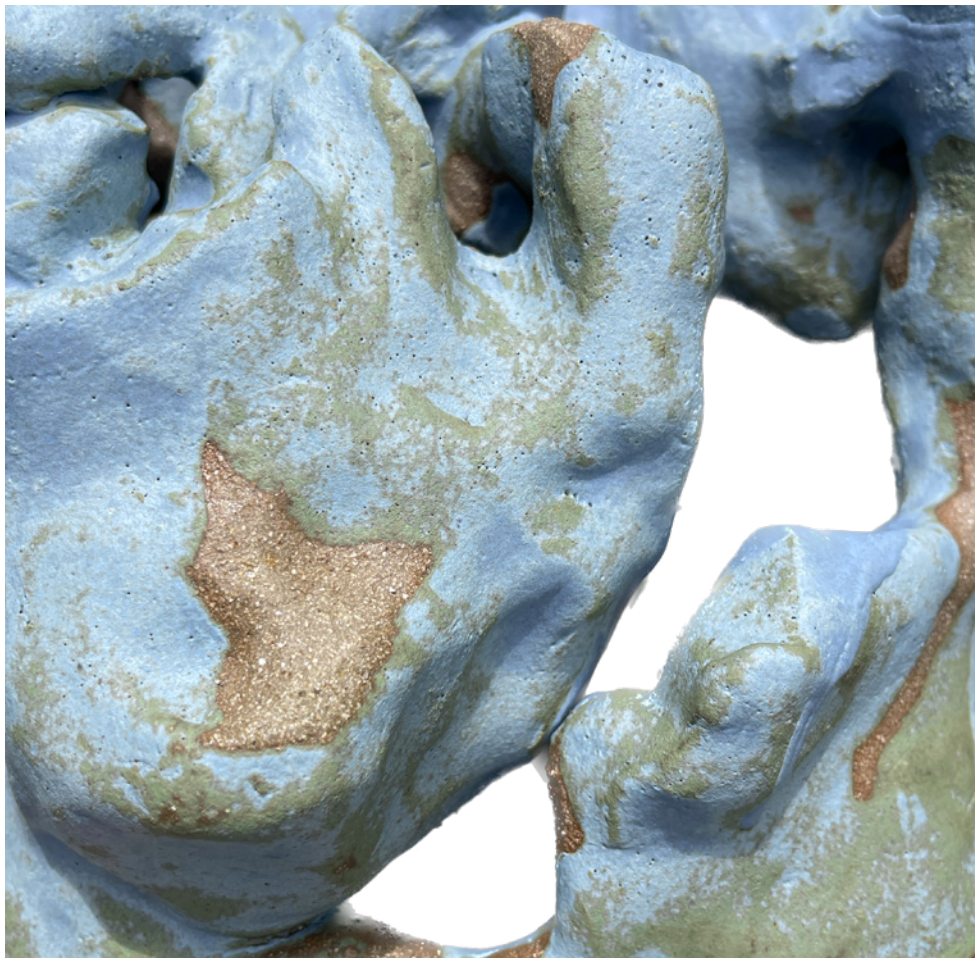
2023

Yellow-Orange Glaze

Grey Clay // 62 X 19 X 23 CM





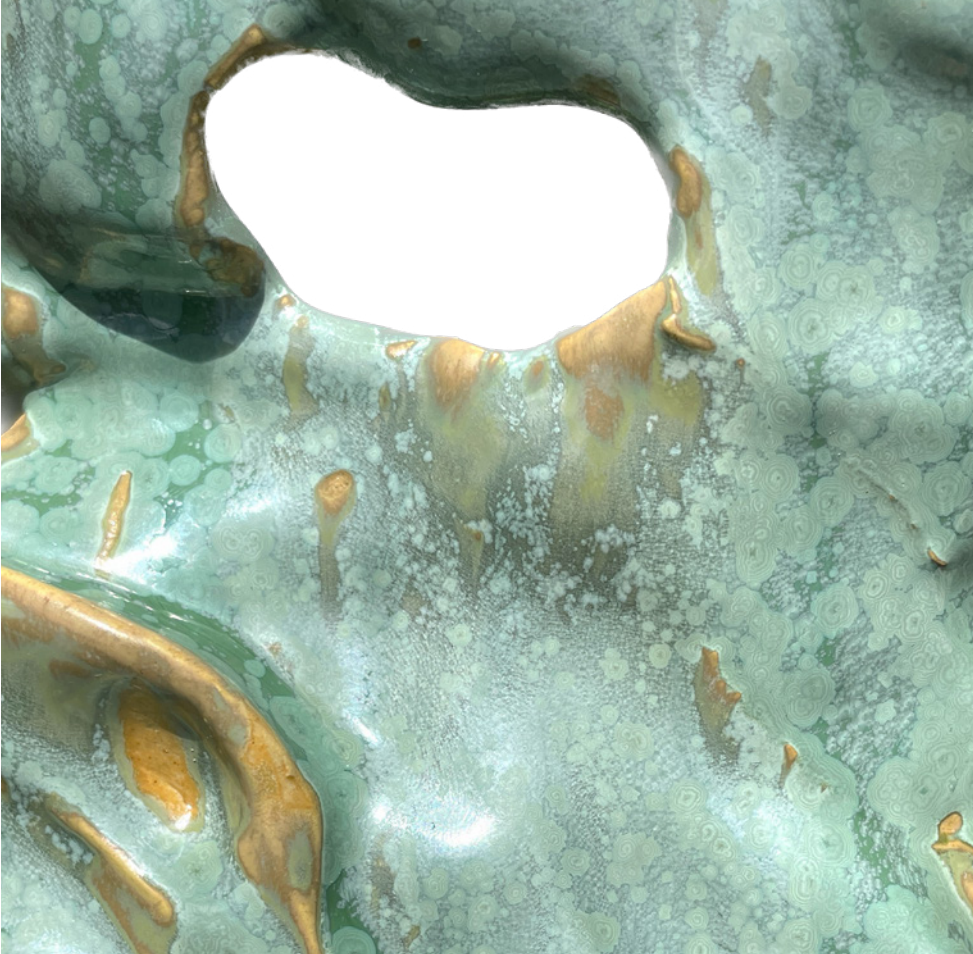


**LIBRA**

2023

Crystal Blue Glaze

Grey Clay // 48 X 25 X 20 CM



**AQUARIUS**

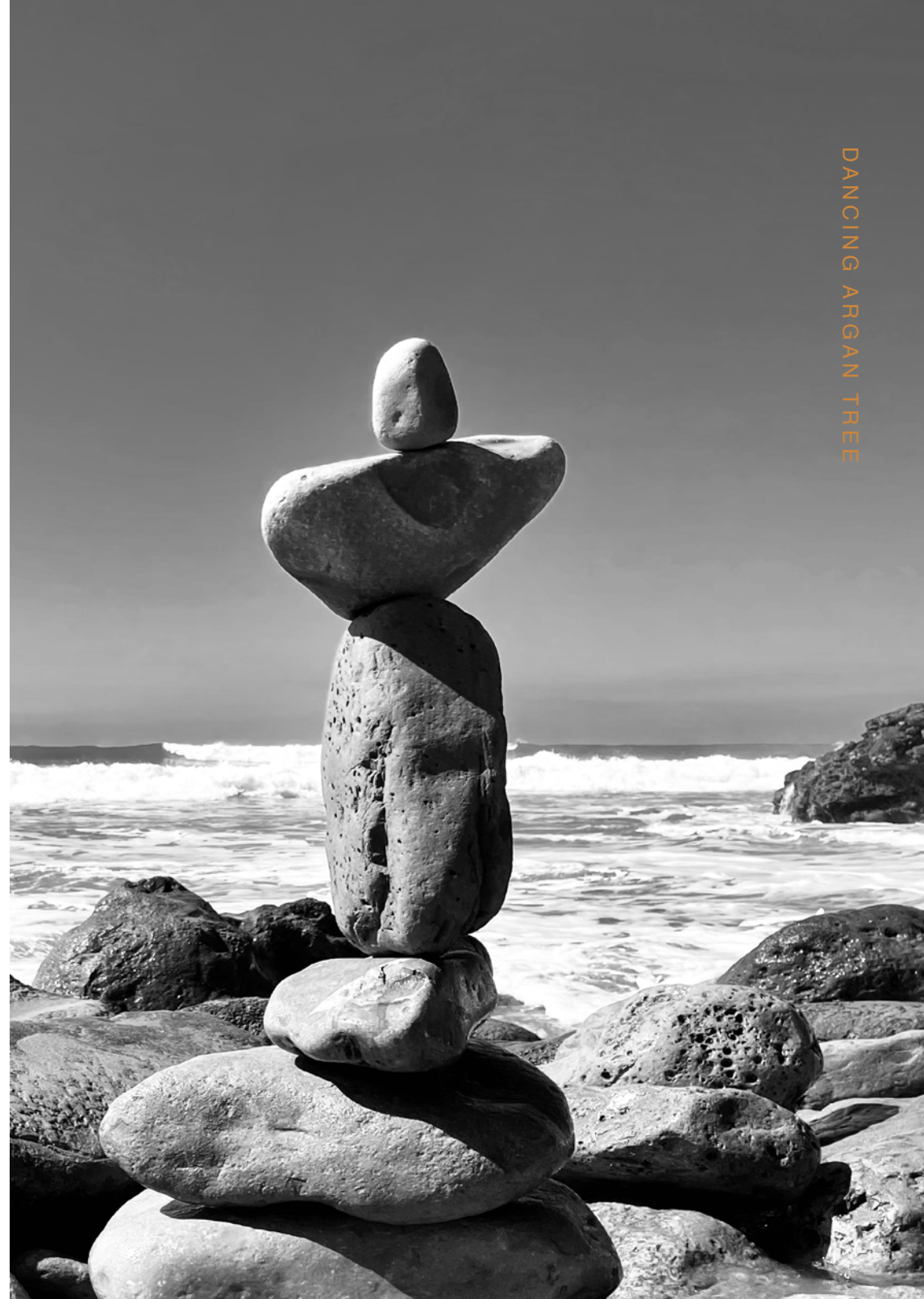
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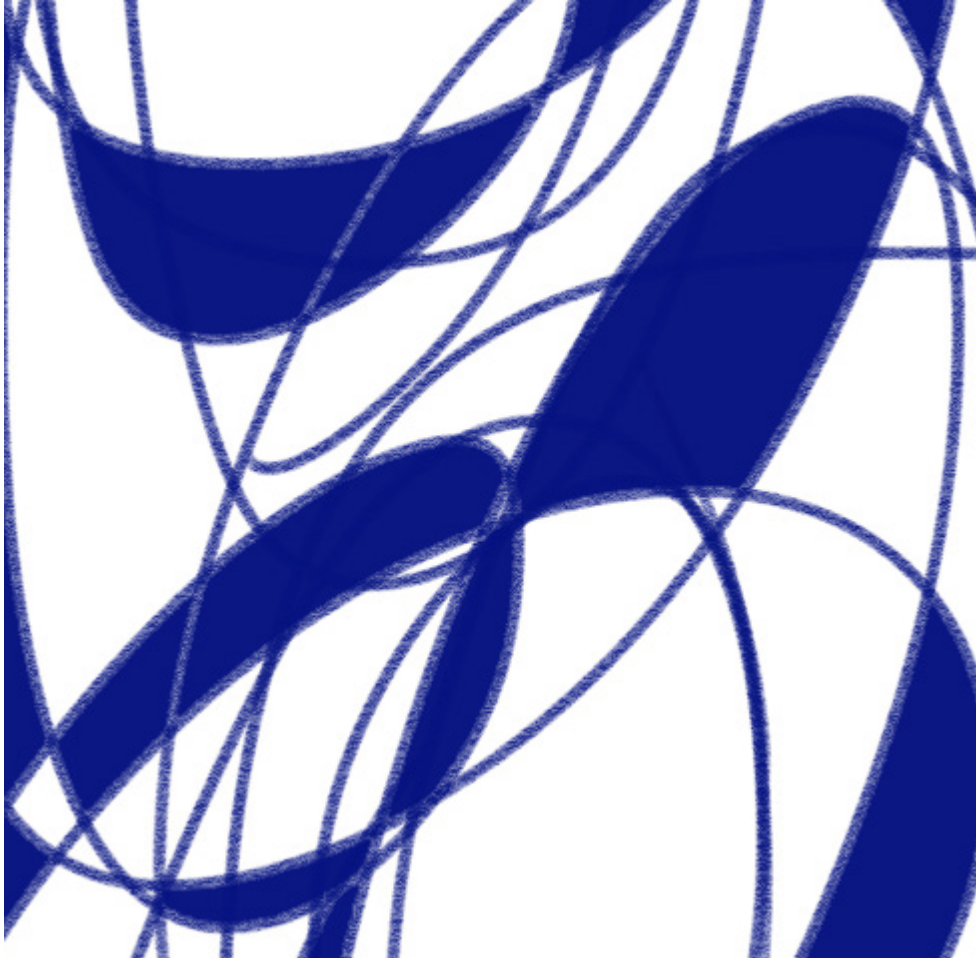
Light Green Glaze

White Clay // 31 X 17 X 13 CM



One morning, shortly after waking up, I look out of the car and see a tree swaying gently in the wind. When I take a closer look, I realise that it is not a tree at all, but a bush that is moving because there is someone standing just behind it. The Moroccan is not far away and when I step outside the van, he has disappeared. Strange, I think to myself. Has he perhaps been watching me? What was he doing here? Why was he hiding behind a bush? Be that as it may, I decide to abandon my camp among the argan trees and head back to the sea.



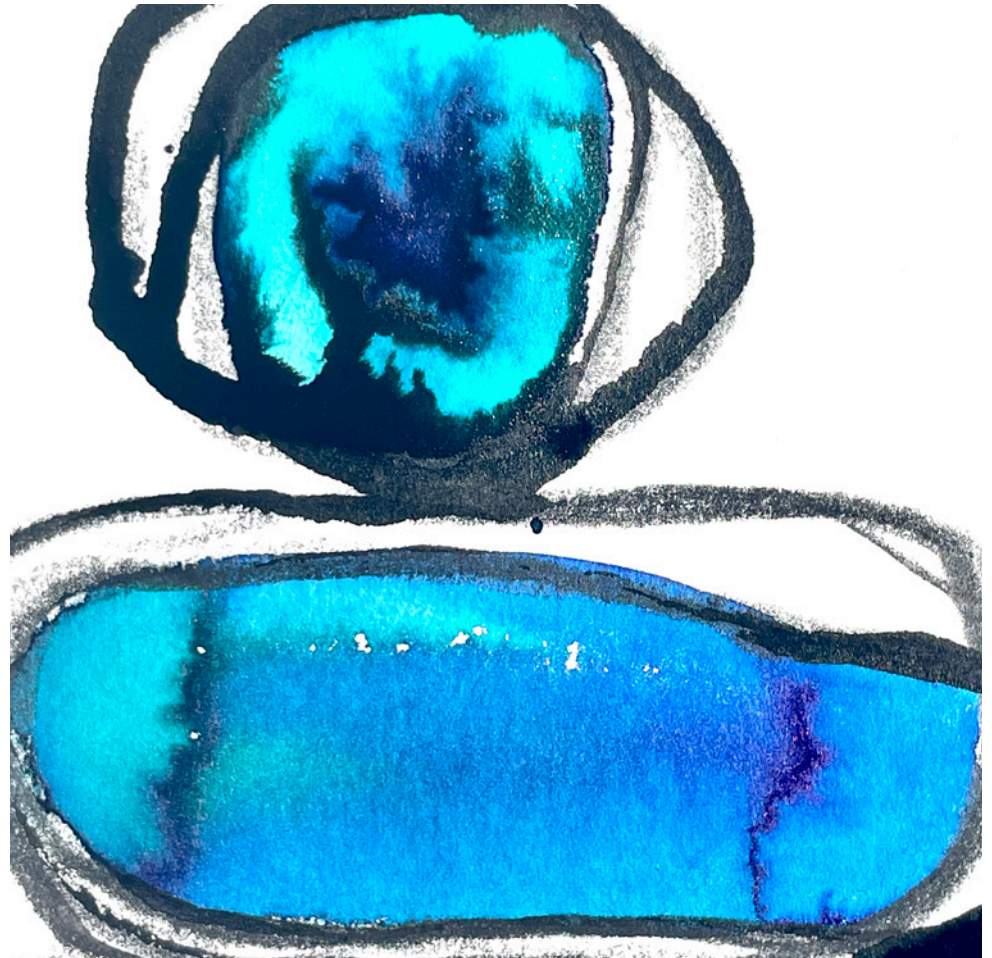


**STONE FIGURE**

2023

iPhone Drawing



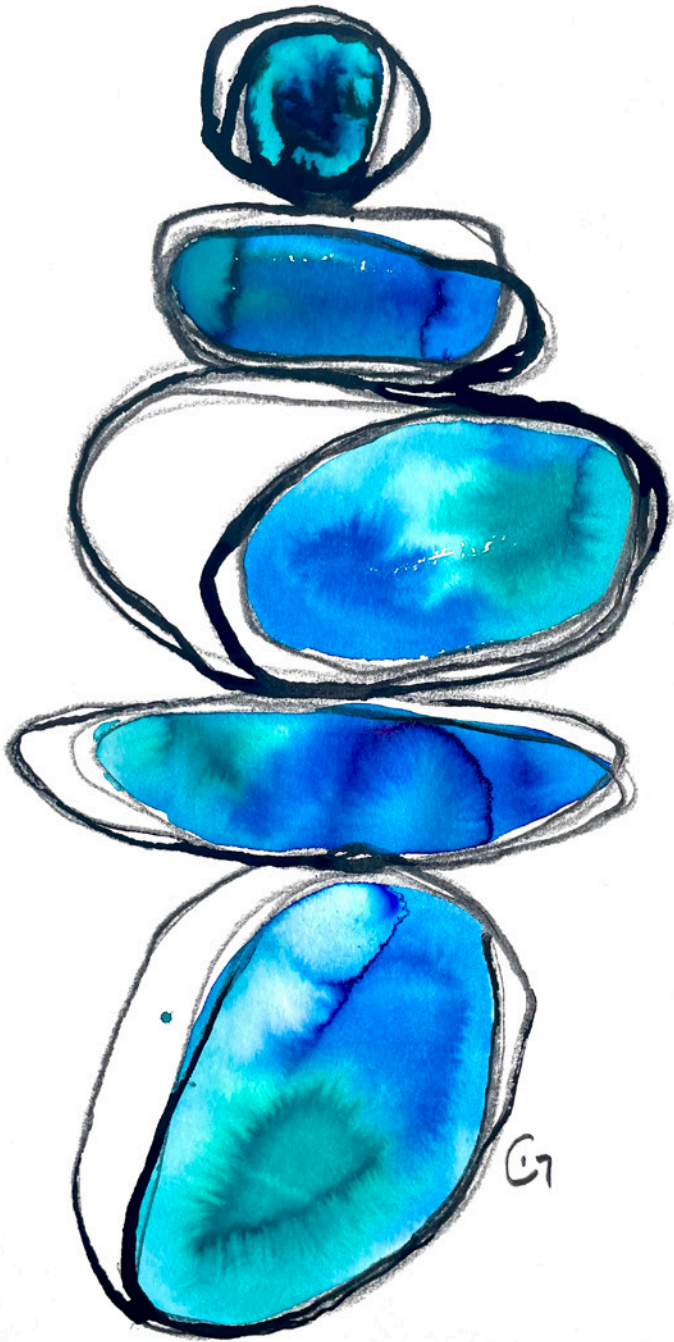


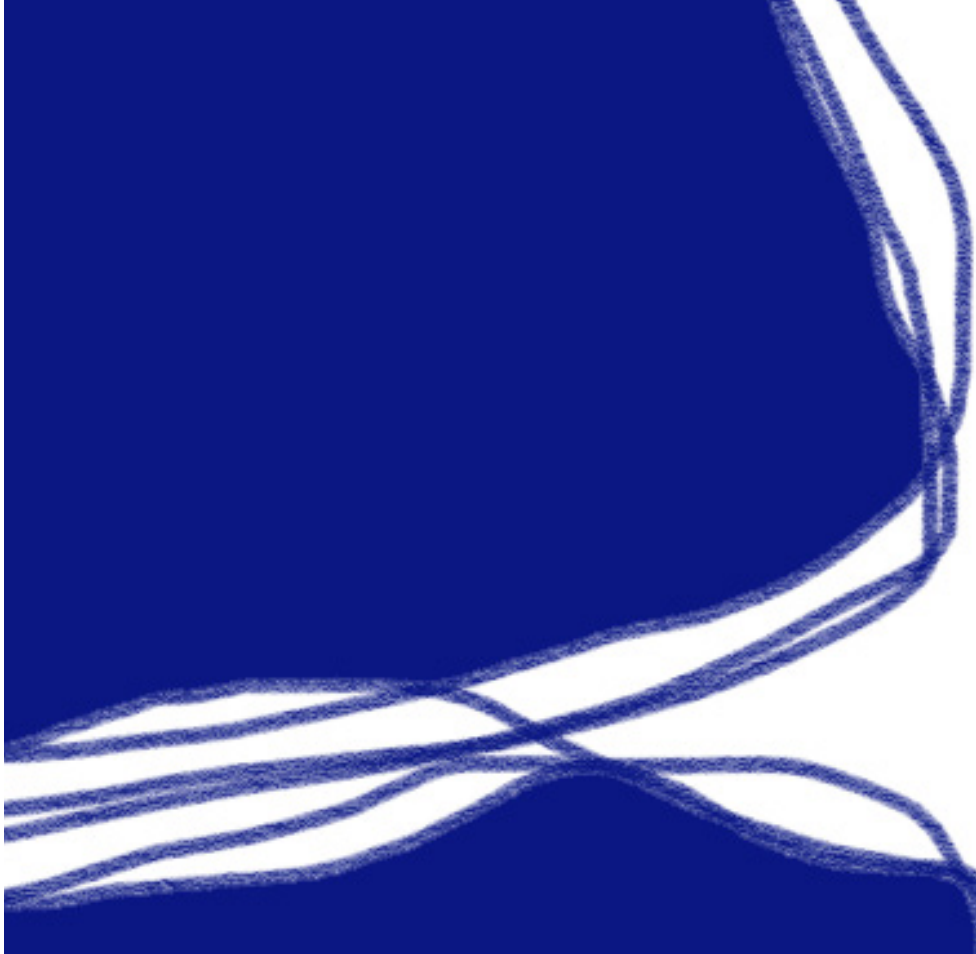
**STONE FIGURE #2**

2023

Ink // Graphite Stick

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM

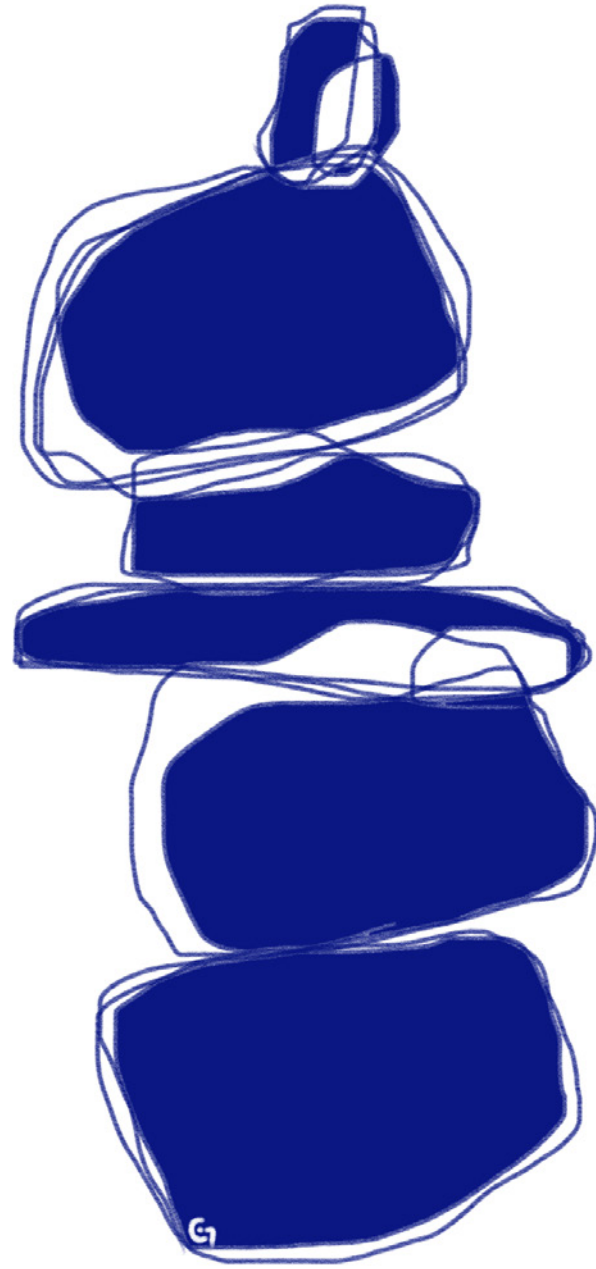


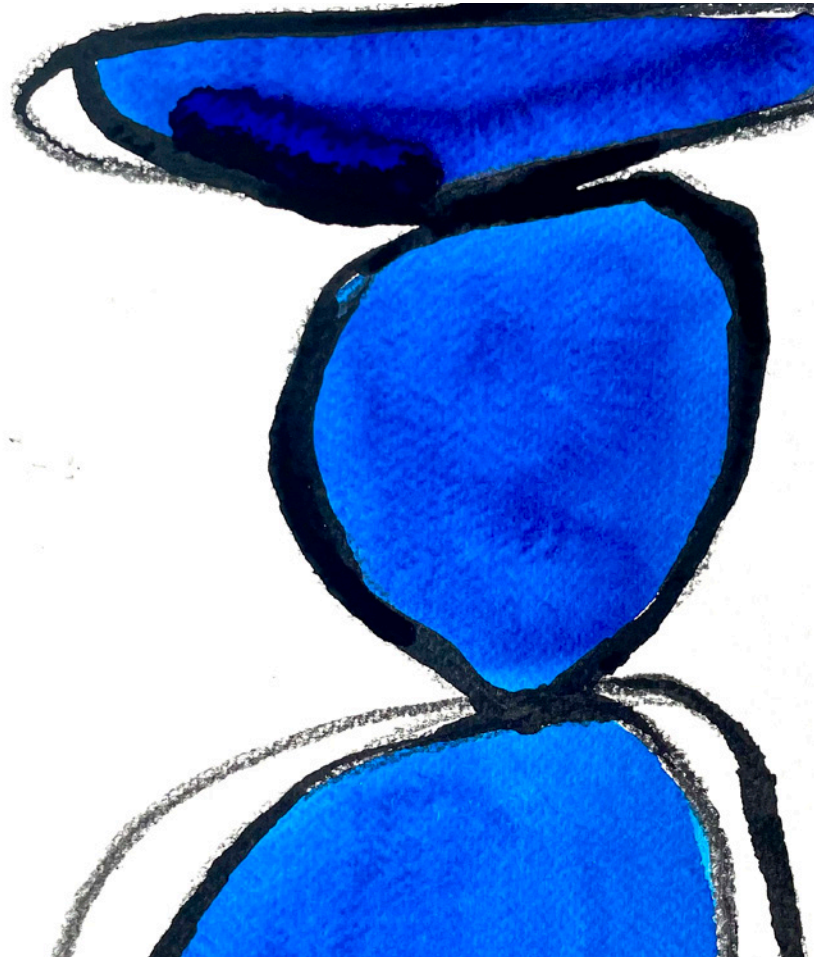
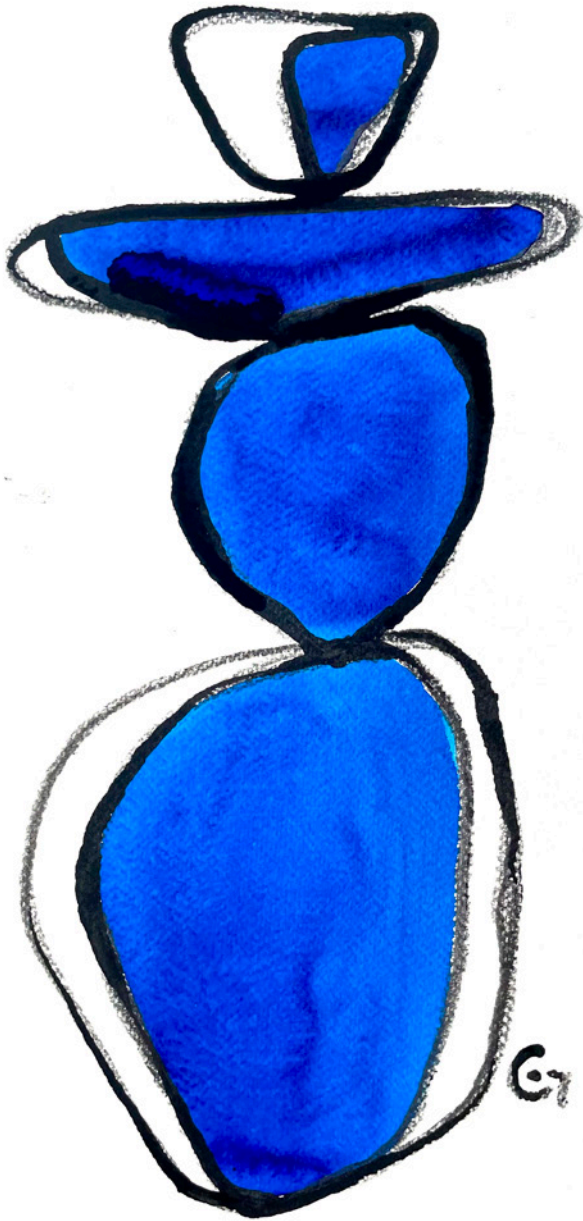


**STONE FIGURE #3**

2023

iPhone Drawing





**STONE FIGURE #4**

2023

Ink // Graphite Stick

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM

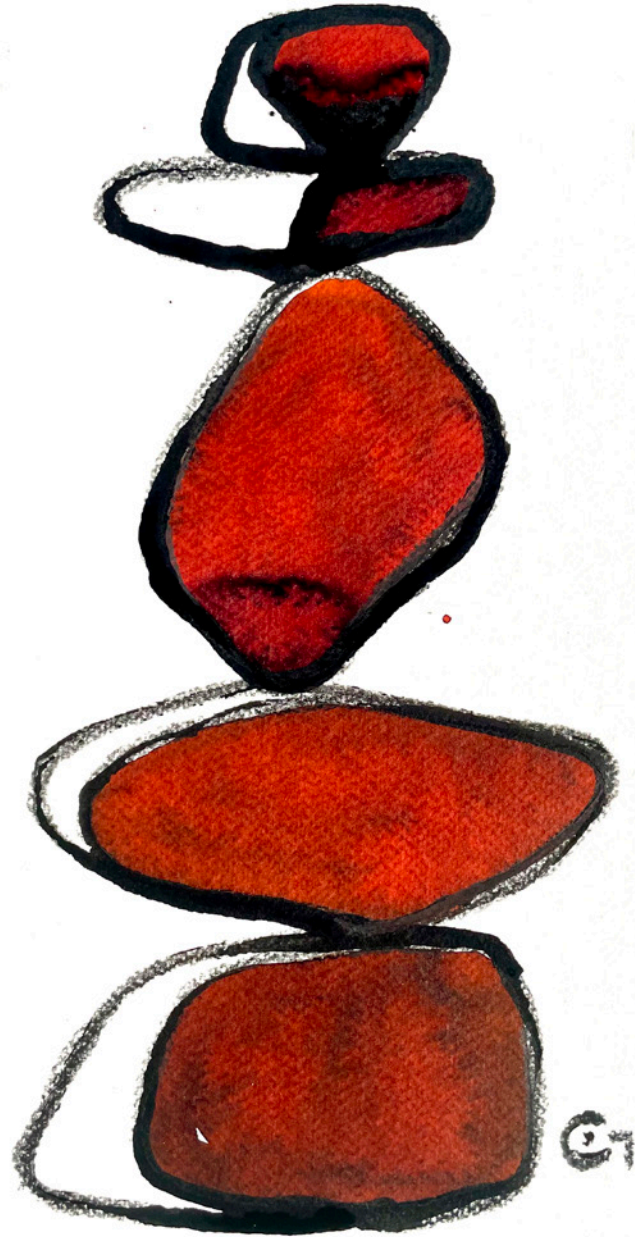


**STONE FIGURE #5**

2023

Ink // Graphite Stick

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM







Back by the sea, further south, I come across a large dune and find a quieter parking place. The sun is high in the sky and illuminates the deserted dune landscape in a warm, golden light. A gentle wind sweeps across the sand and I breathe in the salty air. It is a place of silence where I am all alone - at least that is what I thought. From afar, I hear the clattering of hooves on the sand and see a shepherd skilfully chasing a flock of sheep with two dogs and a donkey across the dunes.

The shepherd approaches me and we start talking about his life as a shepherd. He tells me he has to be in good shape, as the animals walk many kilometres a day. The dogs are there to help him, but he shares that it is a tough job to keep such a big herd together. He also shares that he is half German and used to live in Spain until he began to feel nostalgic for his home country of Morocco and decided to return. Eventually, the shepherd takes an interest in what I am doing here in Morocco and asks me a number of questions:

*What are you doing here in the middle of nowhere on a dune in Morocco?*

I am sitting here and painting.

*You are sitting on a carpet on a cliff edge to paint?*

Yes, that is right - I am looking for and finding inspiration.

*What are you looking for and what do you find?*

I am looking for a place where I can capture my experiences and impressions of Morocco. Here, on this remote dune in the middle of nowhere, I find that place.

*Tell me more about this place ...*

I believe that this is a place of silence. There is something magical, mysterious and intriguing about the dune. Despite the life that is in every stone of the dune, the place is empty and abandoned. There are no distractions. A place like this helps me to concentrate fully on painting and give space to hidden feelings and impressions. It is a place of inspiration where I feel alive and free. The view of the rough sea from the cliffs is breathtaking. It is a gigantic natural spectacle of sand, rock and sea, not to mention the Moroccan light that illuminates this place.

*What is so special about the light?*

The Moroccan Light radiates peace and harmony. It brings everything it touches to life. It transforms the shadow of a tree into a flowing movement. It brings out details that usually remain hidden. It allows me to dream in a barren desert landscape and awakens my creativity and imagination.

*Do you always paint outdoors?*

Yes, I always paint outdoors and under the direct sun. My favorite place to paint is in the sand and recently on this Moroccan carpet here. I love hearing the sound of the sea, feeling the wind and having the sun on my skin while I paint. It gives me the feeling of being one with nature. The colors are vivid and intense, the light conditions are constantly changing and create a special atmosphere.



It is a kind of a meditation for me to paint outdoors undisturbed, to experience the wisdom and energy of nature directly and let it flow into my work.

But painting outdoors is not always beautiful, and has its challenges. Sometimes the wind makes life difficult for me and blows all the pictures away. Or it starts to rain unexpectedly - although fortunately this is quite rare here in Morocco. All in all, however, I have become accustomed to the challenges, and when nature intervenes, it is only because it is encouraging me to improve my work.

*Do you not feel alone when you are traveling so far south? As a shepherd, I have my sheep, dogs and my donkey, but you only have yourself?*

Yes, that is true. But luckily I rarely feel alone when I am out and about. In places like this dune, next to the sea and surrounded by all this life, I do not feel lonely at all. Every stone under my bare feet, every gust of wind that touches my face and the bright sun, make me feel part of them, part of something bigger, part of something that words can hardly describe.. But I would be lying if I did not admit that I occasionally miss my family or my friends. Luckily they visit me from time to time, so I am not always *alone* and I really appreciate that.

The alternation between solitary and shared moments makes it the adventure I am seeking; it is just that *alone* I tend to dive deeper into the life around me and into myself. This allows me to have an undisturbed dialog with myself and connect with



what is true - especially when it comes to my artistic work, this inner dialogue is very valuable.

The shepherd smiles because he can relate to part of what I had said.

I ask the shepherd if he would like to have lunch with me. He tells me that he would love to eat together, but unfortunately he does not have the time because of his sheep. Today they have to be herded far over the dunes to a meadow inland. They have not eaten for days and unfortunately, the few bushes on this dune in the south are not enough for them, he says as he turns around to look at his flock.

When I ask him if he has read the novel *The Alchemist* by Paulo Coelho, because it strongly reminds me of him and his life as a shepherd, he replies that he has not heard of it. And as I have the book with me in the van, and have already read it several times, I hand it over to him. We say goodbye and I watch him round up the flock of sheep and gradually disappear into the distance.

When the shepherd is out of sight, I get my painting materials out of the car. The conversation with the shepherd has stimulated and inspired me to immerse myself in the world of colors. Here on this very dune and in front of the cliffs by the sea, I create an old series in a new light.





*By saying  
nothing when  
I look at it,  
the stone says  
everything.*

Rock Portrait Series



**ROCK PORTRAIT**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM





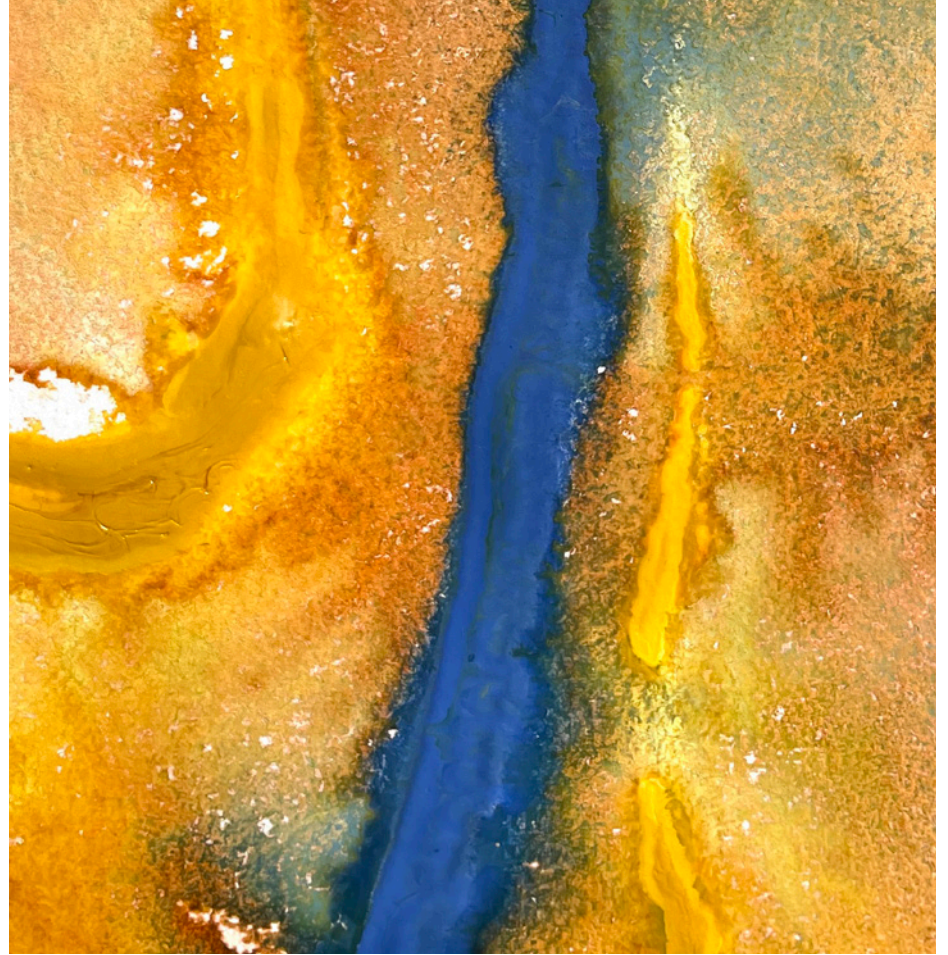
**ROCK PORTRAIT #2**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 24 X 32 CM





**ROCK PORTRAIT #3**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 56 X 76 CM





**ROCK PORTRAIT #4**

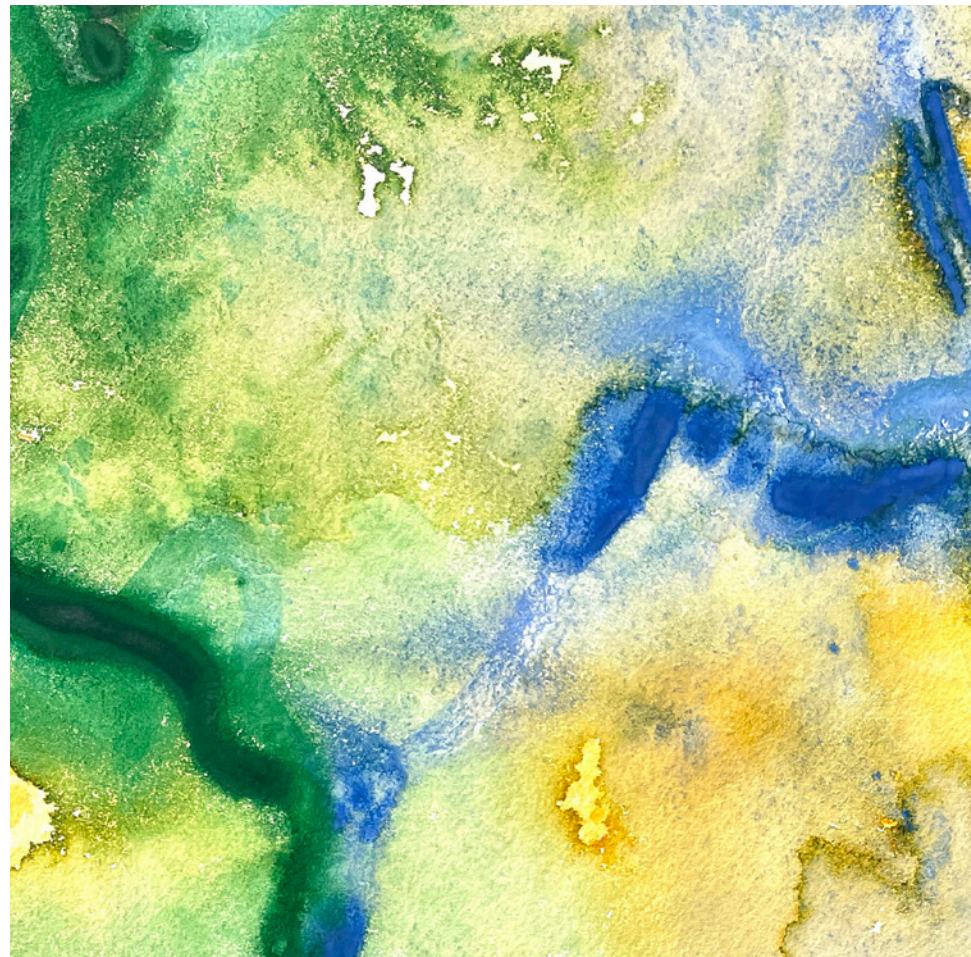
2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 24 X 32 CM



ROCK PORTRAIT



**ROCK PORTRAIT #5**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM



**ROCK PORTRAIT #6**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 56 X 76 CM





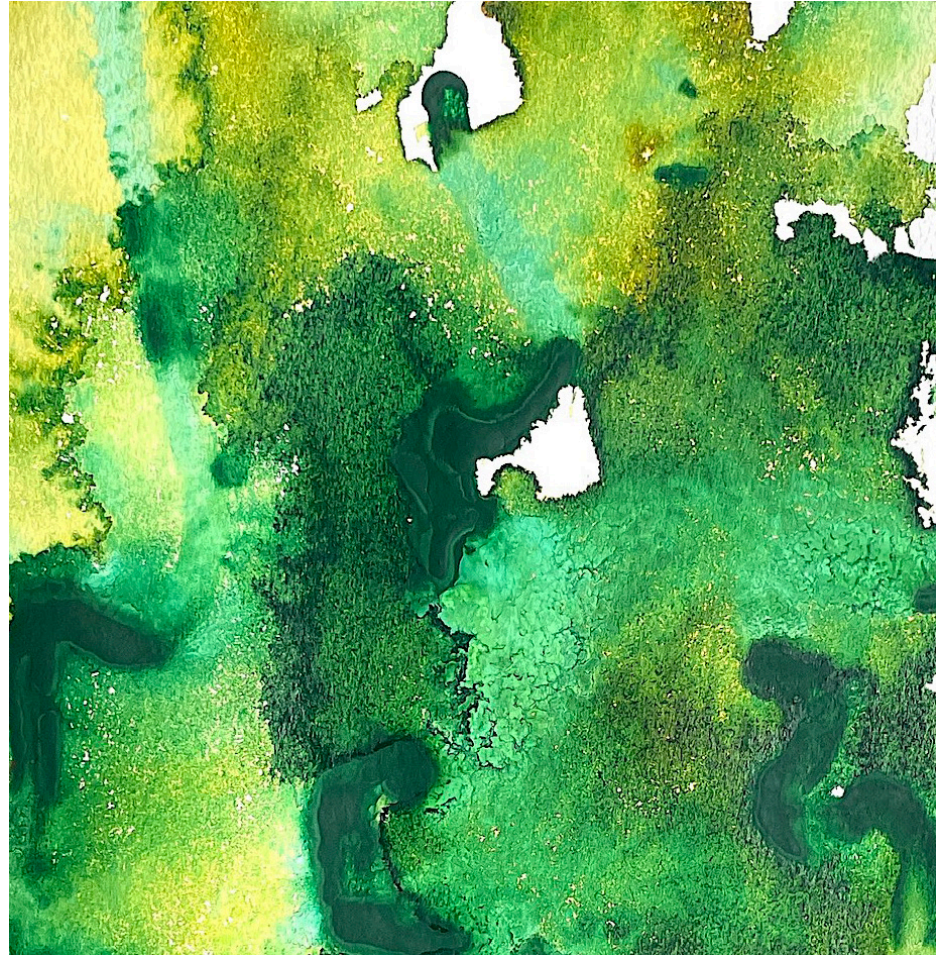
**ROCK PORTRAIT #7**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM





**ROCK PORTRAIT #8**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 24 X 32 CM



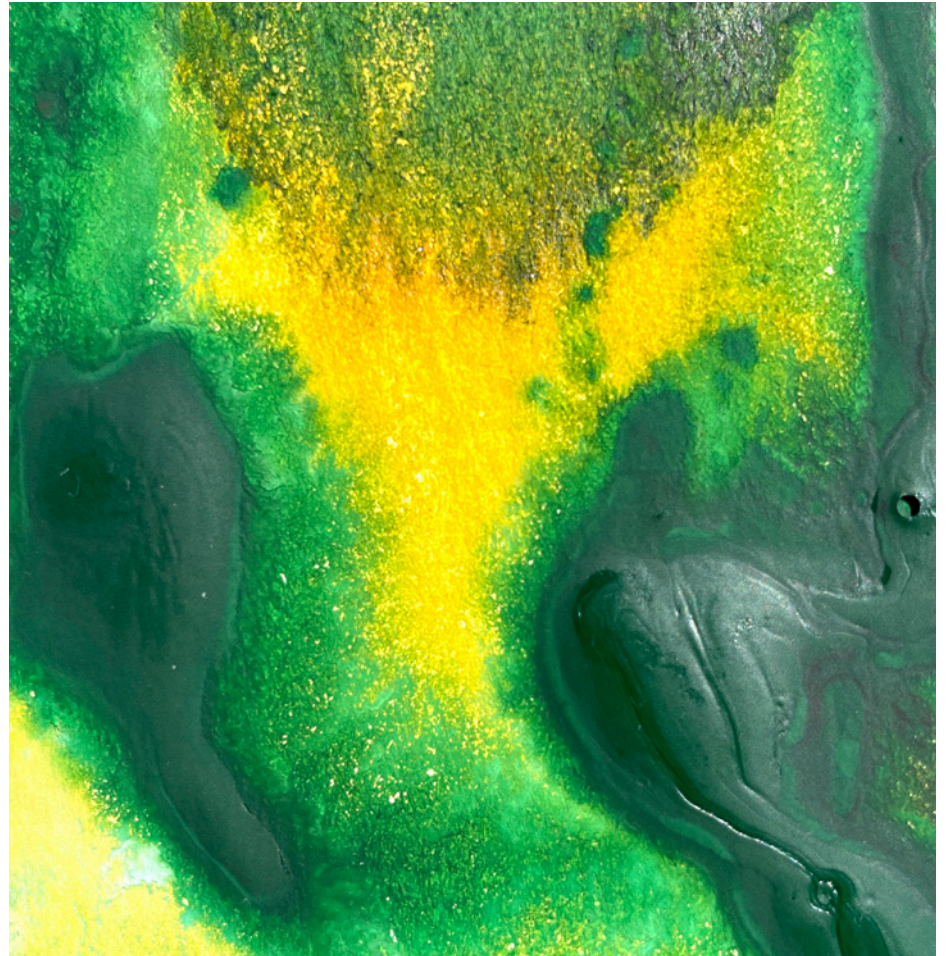
**ROCK PORTRAIT #9**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 24 X 32 CM





**ROCK PORTRAIT #10**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 24 X 32 CM





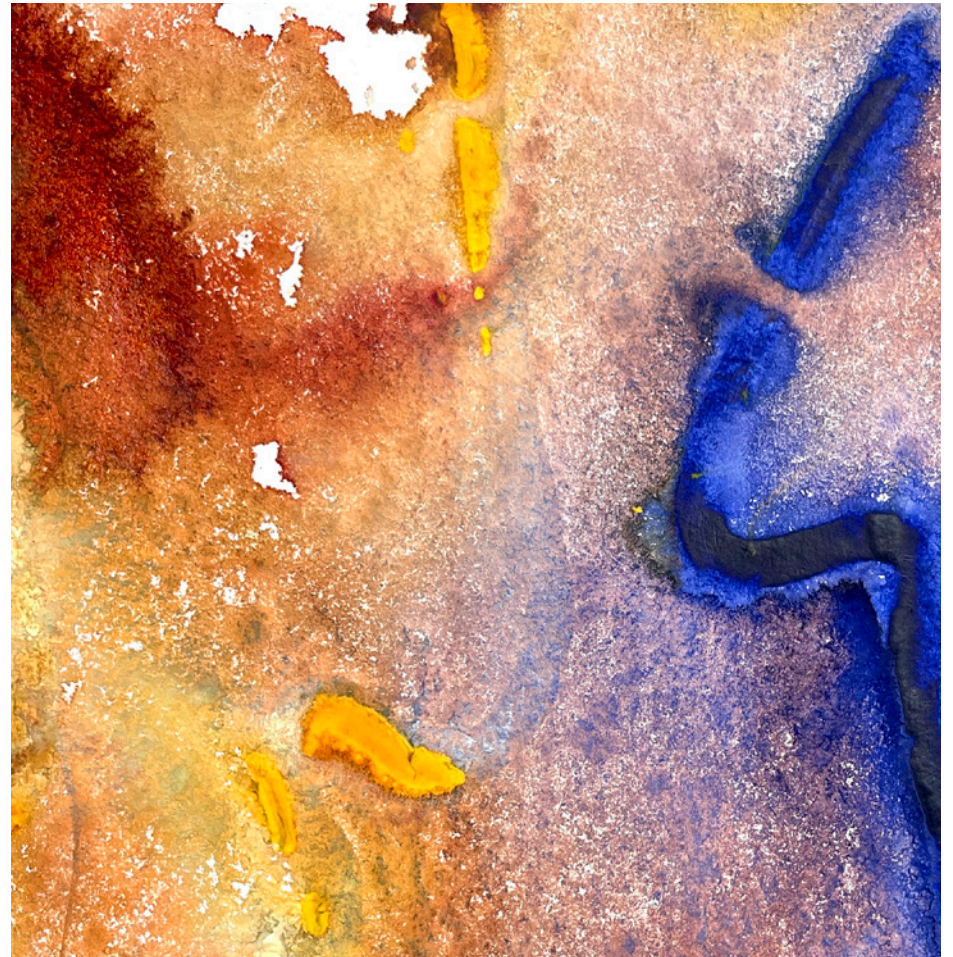
**ROCK PORTRAIT #11**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM





**ROCK PORTRAIT #12**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 50 X 65 CM

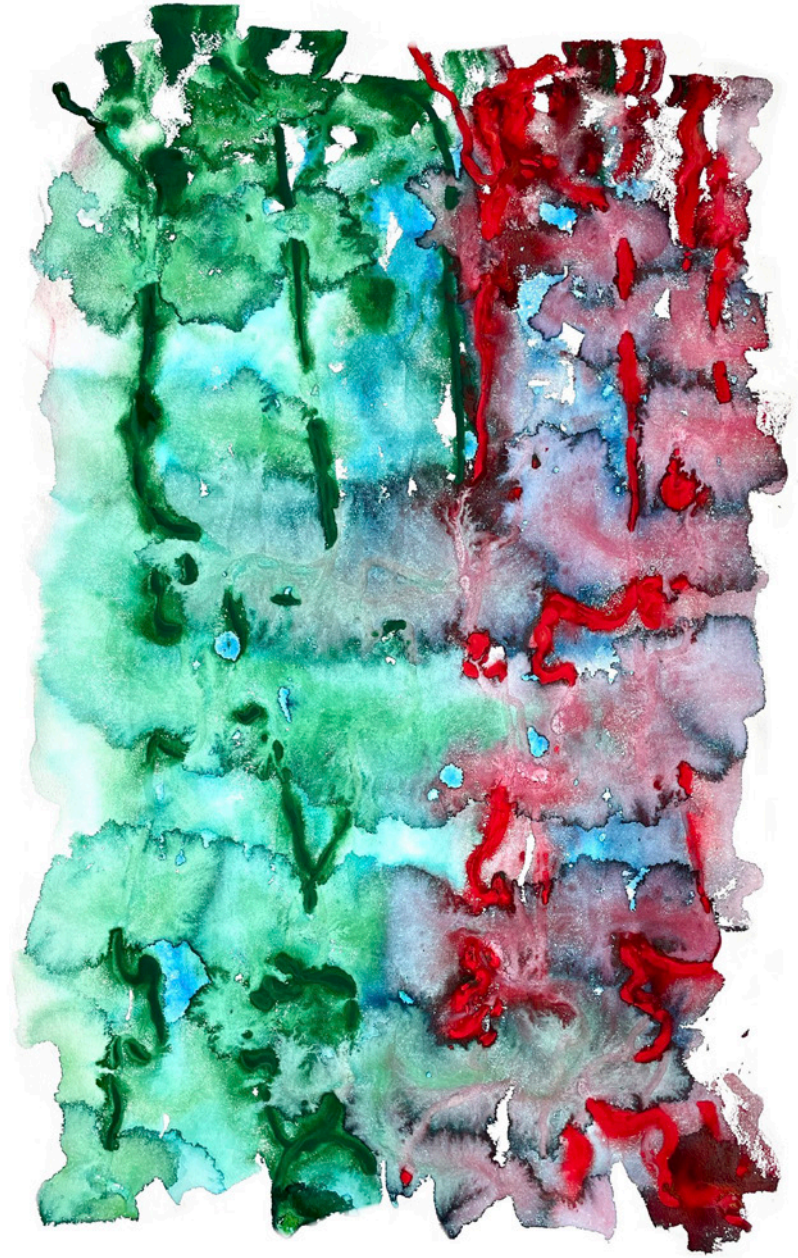


**ROCK PORTRAIT #13**

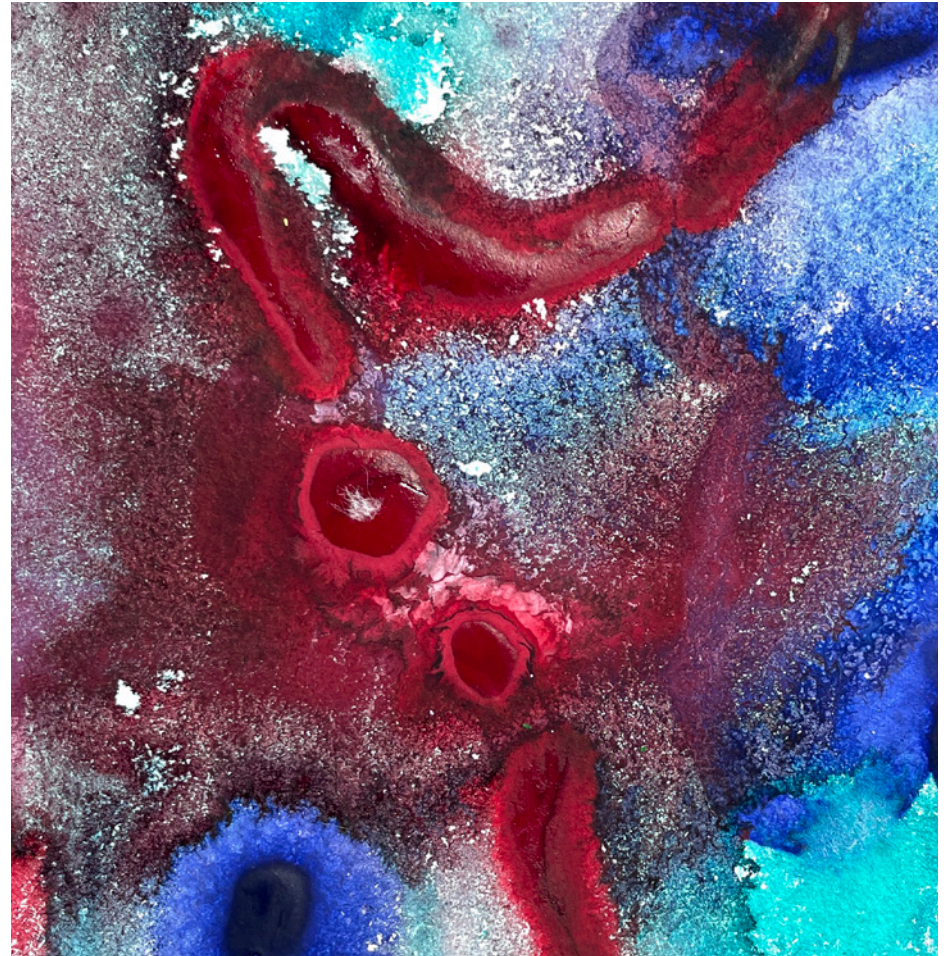
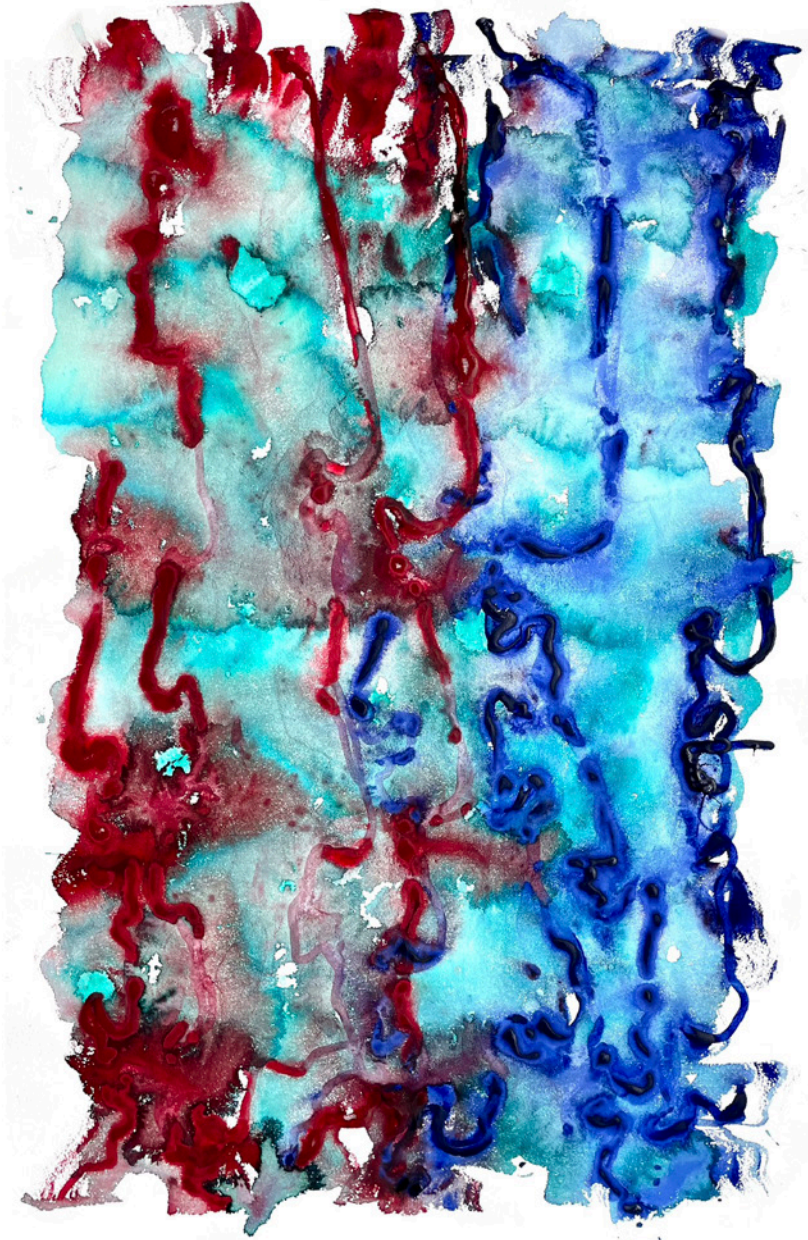
2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM



ROCK PORTRAIT



**ROCK PORTRAIT #14**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM



**ROCK PORTRAIT #15**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM





**ROCK PORTRAIT #16**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 27,9 X 42 CM



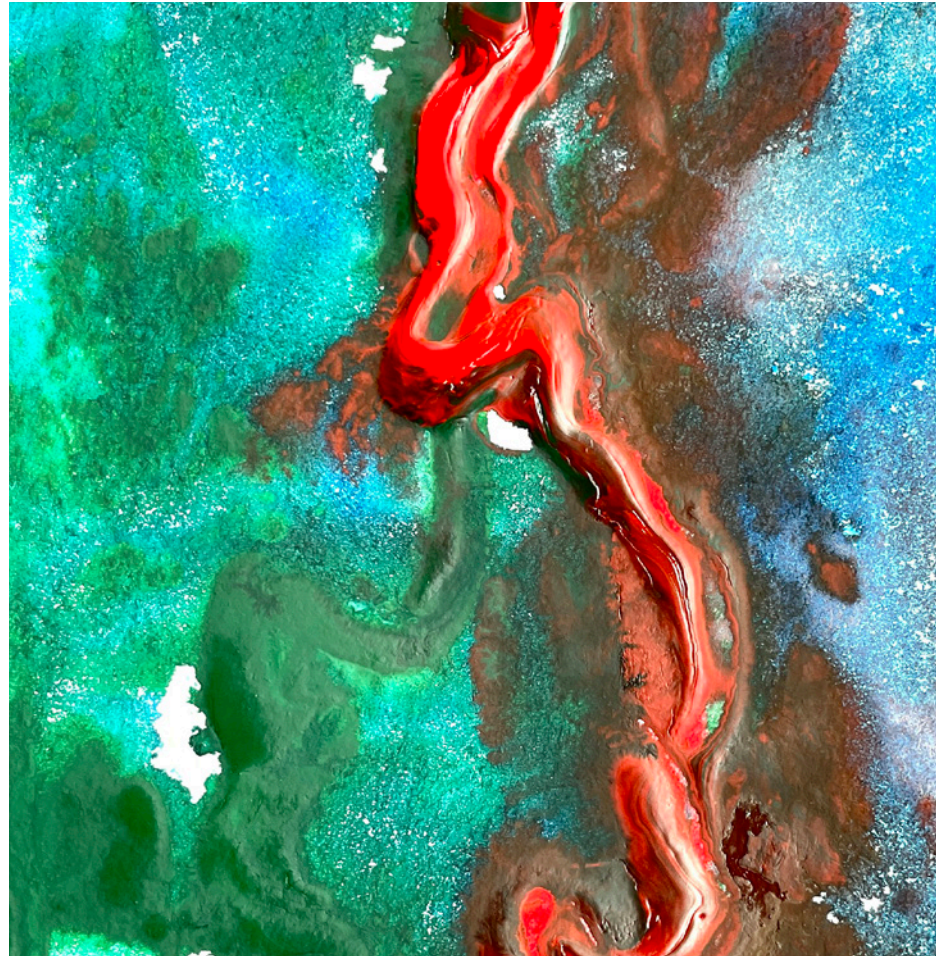
**ROCK PORTRAIT #17**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM





**ROCK PORTRAIT #18**

2023

Aquarelle // Ink

On Paper // 70 X 100 CM





A few days, weeks or months later, I set off on my last journey south. The landscape becomes increasingly deserted and there is not much left to disturb the eye. No more fisherman are on the road to sell fresh fish and no Moroccan is smiling from behind a parasol in a solar-powered roadside café. Even the farmers holding their *liquid gold* up in the air are nowhere to be found in the deep south because there are no more argan trees. All that remains is the view of the never-ending single road that stretches out in front of me, the rough sea, the steep cliffs and the smooth dunes.

I drive and drive late into the night, surrounded by the silence of the desert. The stars shine brightly in the dark sky and accompany me on my journey. The road seems endless as I drive further and further into unknown land. My thoughts wander and I begin to reflect upon the past days and months. The encounters with the people I have met on my journey through Morocco and the breathtaking diversity of nature make me pause and be grateful. It is a journey of self-reflection and adventure that has led me to new insights and experiences. I feel a mixture of excitement and melancholy because I know that this journey will soon be over. But for now, I am simply enjoying the magic of the desert and allowing myself to drift away under its untouched spell without thinking about what lies ahead.

*And so he kept driving south, and if his water supplies last, he still drives today - with the basic sense of trust that the end of a journey is only the beginning of a new adventure into the unknown.*





## MOROCCAN LIGHT

2023

Ink

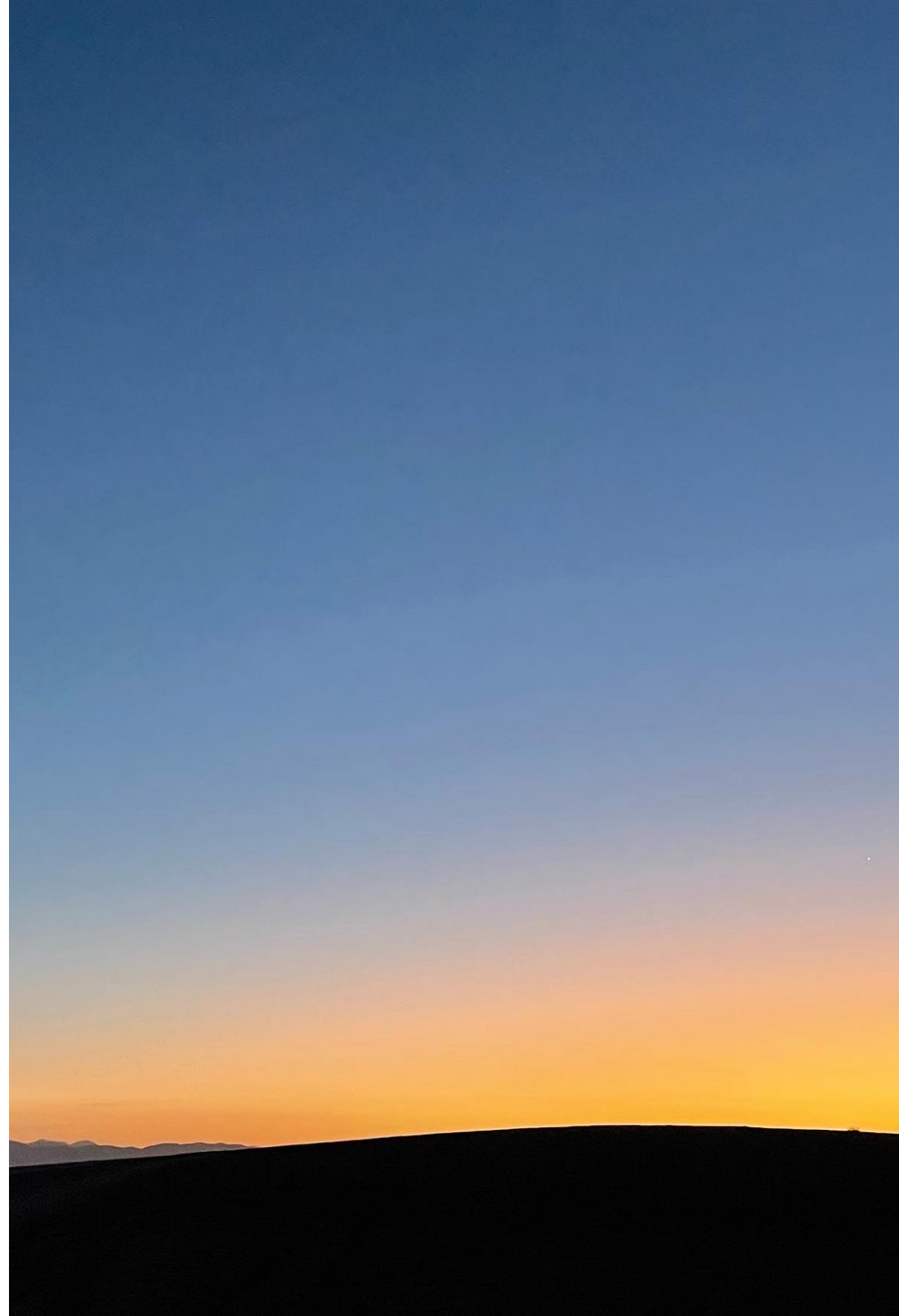
On Paper // 50 X 70 CM



Far in the deepest south, Cosimo paints one last painting:  
The Moroccan Light.

The Moroccan Light accompanied him on his entire journey through Morocco and had him under its spell from the very beginning. It is a light that invited him to immerse himself in a foreign culture and nature, to listen to the stories of the local people and get to know their way of life.

It is a light that breaks through the silence of the desert - here in the south more strongly than ever - and brings to life the untouched landscape in front of his eyes. It is a light that invites him to dream and sparks his imagination. It is a light that inspires him to look at the world with open eyes and it is a light that symbolises the unforgettable experiences and encounters he has gathered in Morocco.



The exhibition *HumaNature Morocco* took place on 31 August 2023 as part of the *Offenes Literaturhaus* project in Cologne - a pilot project of the *Literaturhaus Köln* for the joint use of resources.

A total of almost 20 works were exhibited, including three-dimensional works, aquarelles and art rugs.



# The exhibition



Mama Watu  
Mama Watu  
MOROCCO  
Vernissage  
31. August 20  
18 Uhr

# Virtual Tour















# ABOUT

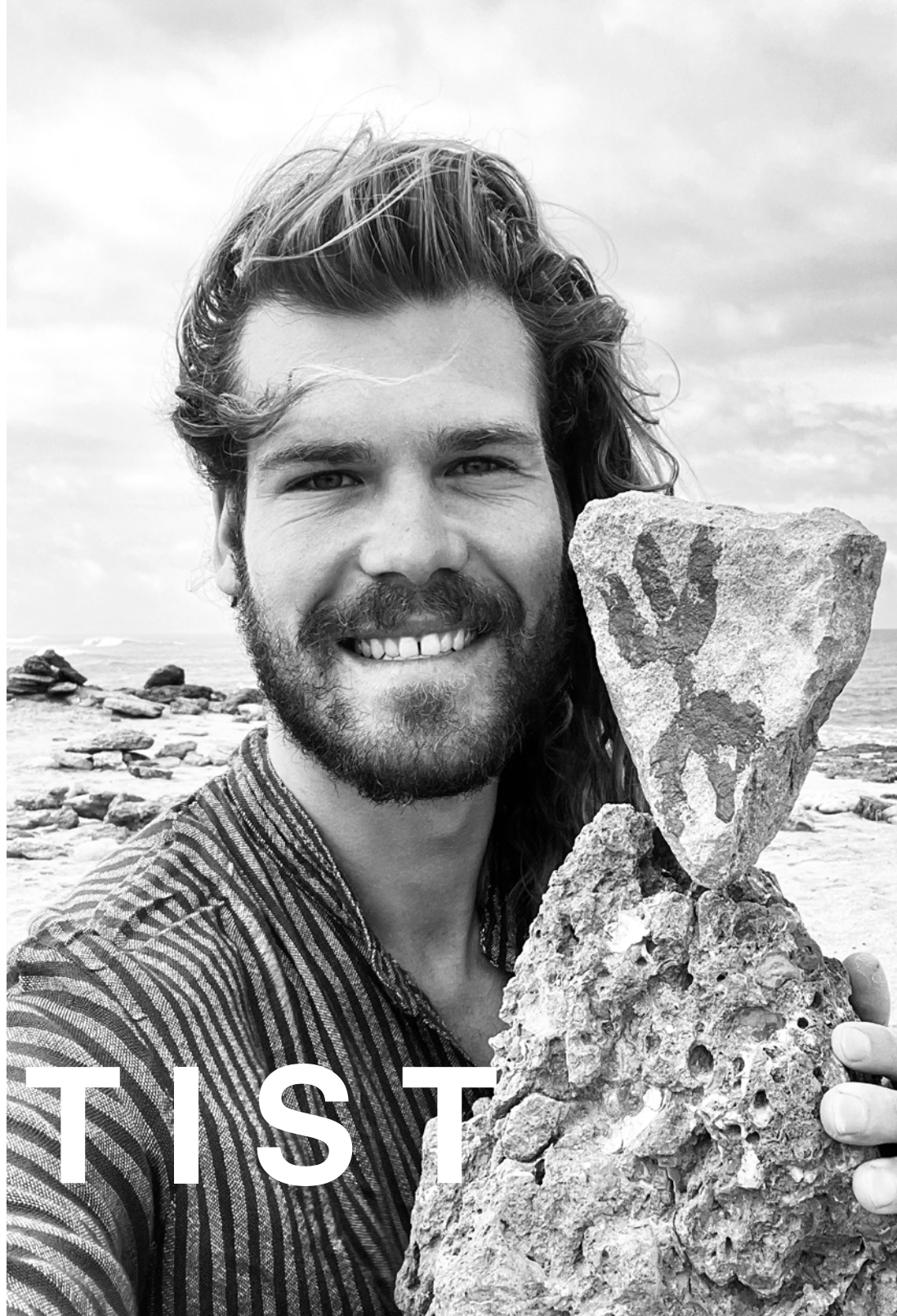
Cosimo Gottschall lives his passion: art. He picked up pen and paper at a young age and has loved being creative ever since. *When I paint, time stands still, there is only the moment.*

With a degree in industrial engineering, he took a different path than originally planned. One thing led to another when he actively took the time to realise his dreams after graduation, when his artistic journey began.

He loves discovering new places and cultures. After living on the island of Fuerteventura for almost a year, he has just spent six months in Morocco, and has yet to decide on his next destination.

In addition to painting, Cosimo loves surfing and enjoys to spend his time by the sea. In his T4, he has found a suitable camper to accompany him on his adventures.

# THE ARTIST





## IMPRINT

This publication is published as part of the exhibition *HumaNature Morocco* which ran from 31 August to 01 September 2023.

The exhibition took place as part of the project *Offenes Literaturhaus* - a pilot project of the *Literaturhaus Köln* for the joint use of resources.

All works are for sale. Prices upon request.

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