

How I Look at a Painting

For me, when I look at a painting, I eagerly anticipate the serendipity of connecting heart and soul with a rich inner music.

I look, and at the same time, I listen to the painting, to hear its integral music, waiting for the song to emerge.

It might be found in an obscure corner of the piece, just a fragment of dissonant melody, occupying the place bisected by lines where three or more colors inharmoniously collide.

In the painter's improvisation can be heard his entire palette of life's experience, explored in color, tone and dynamics.

To be deeply moved, my heart strings must be plucked and bowed like a cello.

For a painting to accomplish this, I must fathom its music,
the deep Prussian blue of sadness,
the vibrant ochre yellow of laughter.

And if it's in the painting, I will hear it!

Harrison Goldberg
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