

Autumn rhythm assignment

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I chose the painting Autumn Rhythm 1950 by Jackson Pollock. When I first saw the painting, I knew from the start that this was the masterpiece perfect for this project. My initial response to this painting was confusion. I did not understand it; I did not know what I was looking at. I thought to myself, is there something I'm supposed to look for? It seemed impossible to find something due to the numerous slobes of paint everywhere. I did not understand how this could even be a masterpiece. After my confusion sunk in, I decided I did not like this painting.

It did not appeal to me in any way positively. In the beginning, to me, the painting was something more of a disaster. I could not find anything special about it. What I did not understand was that how could it be some masterpiece when a mere child could do it themselves? I even thought to myself that this is one painting I could never learn to like. I remember staring at it for the longest time. I was trying to follow a certain glob of paint, but it was too difficult; I kept getting lost. Lost is a good word for the painting. But I did agree with one thing about the painting; the title of it.

I thought that there was a touch of autumn lingering around the painting, only because of the certain colors he used. The beige background and the white, black, and golden paint gave me that impression. Never the less, I still would not hang this painting on one of the walls of my house, ever. I am usually the one who does not learn to love; it's either I do or don't. The week I spent with the painting was an adventurous one. I did what I was supposed to, I took it with me every where I went. I printed out a good size picture of the paint, cut the white edges off, and folded it neatly in my wallet.

Things in there tend to stay put and not get lost. Every time I paid for something, I opened my wallet to get my Visa card out and there something else was; the painting I disliked very much. Feelings of frustration bombarded me in every way possible, it got so annoying. I remember being at Jamba Juice, I opened my wallet again, and I saw it. I literally took it out of my wallet, walked over to the trash can, held it over the opening of the bin, and was about to let it go forever. Something in me prevented myself from dropping it loose; and so I just could not do it.

I tucked it back into its so called home, the keeper of money. A day or two after that incident I knew it was time I got other people's thoughts and opinions on it. The first person I went to was my mom. She did not like it either; she said it was too messy. Messy was a key word for this painting because that is what I thought about it too. During the weekend I hung out with some friends at their house and I brought it out to show them. Two friends agreed that it was chaotic. One even thought it was threatening. They did not like the painting.

The next day I was with a few different friends and so I got their thoughts on it too. This one friend of mine literally said, " Looks like an accumulation of pigeon poop on cardboard. " I laughed in agreement. But when I got the opinions of the other two friends, they liked it. I was shocked; they're the first people that liked it. One said it was interesting and the other said it was cool. But still, their positive words about the painting did not change my view, or so I thought. There was this one night where I was on my computer, went onto the paint accessory, and tried copying the work of art.

I splashed the background with beige, and then used black paint like crazy; along with gold and some white. It got so annoying to look at, I deleted it and clicked out. During the week spent with my chosen painting I did some research on it. I researched everything on the internet. The website Metropolitan Museum of Art stated that while Jackson painted Autumn Rhythm, “ the artist was at the height of his powers. ” What I already knew from just looking at the painting before was that he poured, dripped, dribbled, scumbled, flicked, and splattered the paint across the canvas. That was a no brainer.

With Autumn Rhythm, there’s no central point of focus. That was quite understandable being that it was one of the messiest painting I have ever seen in my life before. What I learned was that his crazy painting ways was that of a certain style, it was not random like I thought. According to Wikipedia it said that Pollock’s technique of pouring and dripping paint is thought to be one of the origins of the term action painting. Action painting was what it was, I was amazed. And they said with that technique, Pollock was able to achieve a more immediate means of creating art, as if the paint was flying onto the canvas by itself.

I could easily see and agree how he added a new dimension to the painting by being able to view and apply paint to his canvases from all directions. On the website called WebMuseum, it said that Pollock was strongly supported by advanced critics, but was also subject to much abuse and sarcasm as him being the leader of a still little comprehended style. In 1956, Time magazine called him ‘Jack the Dripper’. By the 1960s he was recognized as the most important figure in the most important movement of this century in <https://assignbuster.com/autumn-rhythm-assignment/>

American painting. The new information that I researched made sense of his wacky and crazy styling of painting.

It made Autumn Rhythm quite a bit more understandable to me. I was surprised though, that even other people, mainly critics, did not understand Pollock's ways of painting. I then had a change of view, or even as some people like to call it; a change of heart. I did not ever think my view would change, but after learning its history, it did. At the end of the week, being with my "hated" painting, my views definitely changed. My views, thoughts, and feelings changed completely, and for the better. I stared at that painting with new eyes. I saw the true meaning of its name, Autumn Rhythm.

Its fall colors were an indicative of the dead leaves, leafless branches, and light dusting of snow that would signal the oncoming of winter. It all made sense. I felt like I finished a piece of a puzzle that took me a week to solve. My favorite color was the gold paint that ran across it. To me, it's like the perfect touch of contrast to the painting. My feelings changed so much, that I would actually want to hang the painting upon the walls of my house. Now that I know so much about it, I understand its core meaning, its being of life. It is like it's alive.

The flow and movement of the colors are like its limbs of its body. I almost consider the work of art my equal. It's like this being, so incredible, and so indescribable. I feel like I can become lost inside the painting. Autumn Rhythm is like a forest, if you will; a forest full of harsh seasonal fall colors, so intertwined, and so full of mystery. I think this painting gives me another reason as to why I should go back for a visit to New York City; as this

painting lives inside the walls of the Museum of Modern Art. I really wish I knew about this painting two months ago; I was on the east coast then.

Now I feel like I'm worlds apart from it. But I worry not, because I am sure I will cross paths with Pollock's work. And perhaps not only this certain art work, but others too. Now as I gaze upon Autumn Rhythm's wild and exuberant surface, I feel so enticed. I might not even take it out of my wallet. Also, I still might ask other people what they think of it. Now I will be disagreeing with their negativity, but in an understanding way. I think this goes to show that loving something is possible; you just have to have your heart set in the right way.