

Jackson pollock

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Jackson Pollock There have been many artists throughout history. Jackson Pollock was one that was known for more than just his art. Pollock came to fame in New York City during the sass. He lived in a small apartment, filled with cigarette smoke and the smell of paint. The news of war played over the radio. It was dark and barely furnished. His paintings were prominent throughout the rooms. It looked more like an art studio than a home. Pollock seemed to have no sense of time. Every day was the same as the one before. He drank to get drunk, most of the time to the point where he could not walk.

He became belligerent, screaming his opinions angrily, or not making any sense at all, just mumbling, or crying, like a madman. Pollock's brother, Sandy, knew the routine all too well, caring for his brother during these dark, lonely, drunken episodes. These episodes would last a night or sometimes days, and when Pollock awoke, he'd have no recollection. His head would pound like a drum, his memory of the night before blurry. He'd feel embarrassed and sorry, although not knowing exactly what for. Pollock's mother was the type of person that could say so much without saying anything at all.

He felt inadequate towards her and always craved for her approval. This relationship with her, led him to anger and childlike behavior. His sister in law, Sandy wife, was pregnant and uncomfortable with Pollock's behavior and constant need of Sandy care. Sandy and his wife eventually moved out of the city to Connecticut to start their own family, taking Pollock's mother along with them and leaving Pollock behind, alone in the city. This, like all

difficult feelings, led to more drinking and depression for Pollock. Pollock began to spend more and more time with a girl named Lee.

Lee, a fellow artist, first met Pollock five years earlier at a party. Pollock approached her there for a dance, only to fall all over her, drunk and unable to express his attraction for her. Lee had recently sought Pollock out in the city, using their love of painting as a way to spend time together. Lee found his art fascinating. She was confident in her own art, but knew it was not as good as his. What fascinated Lee the most, was the way Pollock's paintings were the result of whatever he was feeling at that time and not the result of some study of art, like her own work was.

They eventually moved in together and pursued their passion of painting, but Lee took his art career and well-being more serious than Pollock himself. Lee was almost like a mother, more than a lover, and Pollock seemed fine with that. He continued his binges with alcohol, usually when he got together with friends, new and old. Lee used her connections in the art world to present his work to others. Slowly though, the people close to Pollock began to move away or just move on with their lives, leaving him to rely even more on Lee as his only companion.

After one particular drunken episode, where Pollock returned home filthy, reeking of booze, and resembling a homeless man, Lee gives him an ultimatum. She wants a commitment, she wants to marry. While visiting friends in Long Island, he agrees to marry. Lee also takes this opportunity to suggest they move there, where it's quiet, and distant from his past. She realizes the more they are alone, the more vulnerable Pollock is to such

changes. Lee and Pollock purchase an old house in a secluded part of Long Island, far away from the city life, and its tempting ways.

They spent their days fixing up the place, cleaning out the old, broken, dusty belongings of the previous owners. They enjoyed the nature that surrounded them; the animals, the streams, the trees, and all the sounds. They relaxed to a much slower pace of life. Pollock started to focus on his painting. There was another structure on the property that he cleaned out and made into his studio. Lee's plan seemed to be working. She had removed him from the world he'd known, secluded him, and all he had was her and his art. Pollock occasionally had a drink, mostly with her though, after a long day around the house and in the studio.

It was almost like Pollock was a ship and Lee its captain, trying to steer him to his destination, while avoiding any obstacles. Lee thought as long as she kept him from the alcohol and most people of his past, that they would reach success. One day, by accident, Pollock discovered a new way of painting his thoughts. Paint dripped off his brush and onto his canvass that was on the floor of his studio. He paused and looked at the accident, not with anger, but with fascination. He waved the brush slowly around the canvass, never touching it, but letting the paint drip from the brush onto it.

Both Lee and Pollock found these new paintings original and brilliant, and soon the art world did too. Life magazine came to their home. The magazine interviewed, photographed and did a story on Pollock and his new work. Pollock's career was at its peak. His art shows were a success, his drinking was non-existent, and Lee believed she had done what she set forth to do,

but just as fast as it came, the stability and success, went. With all the retreat reviews and shows, Pollock was still the same insecure person, looking for approval from friends and family, just like he had before.

Slowly Pollock realized he was living a lie. He was never really in control of himself. He wanted the booze all along. All the success came with pressure, something he was never comfortable with, and he gave in. He began to drink hard, harder than ever. He let himself go; his looks, his work, his relationship with Lee. Pollock started having an affair with a young girl, a girl more in awe of being with a famous artist, than the artist himself. He believed he was in love, but soon came to the realization he was not.

Lee traveled to Venice alone after asking Pollock to go with her. He declined, thinking with her away, he could have his booze and girlfriend without any distractions. What he didn't predict was the guilt that he would feel. He realized he owed his life to Lee. Without her, he would have drunk himself to death by now. A deep, dark, depression set in Pollock. Nothing mattered to him, not his girlfriend, not himself, nothing at all. He drove home from a party with his girlfriend and one of her friends, drunk and uselessly speeding on the dark winding roads.

With the young girls screaming and pleading with him to slow down and stop the car, Pollock leaned his head back and gave up on life. The car went off the road and crashed, killing Pollock and his girlfriend, her friend survived. Ironically, Lee did find success in the art world, but with her own paintings, that she created in his studio over the next 30 years. Jackson Pollock is

known as one of the many great painters in history, but he may be more known for his tragic life and dark struggle with alcoholism than his work.