

“There was a recent time when I wondered almost every day why people like art. It had become slowly bewildering to me, why someone would want an inanimate, random thing inside their home, or why someone would travel any distance to visit a painting on a white wall that could tell them nothing in particular. I kept my confusion to myself and carried along normally, going in to my studio to fix the red line on the surface that needed to clearly touch the other red line. I would go to see art in galleries as usual, observing and walking, observing; then walking. At the end of each day, late at night, when it was time to flop down on my sofa, I was still met by that pesky inquiry; what was the point of art?

As my days continued to turn, I felt more and more at a loss. It was all starting to feel muted and dull, I could barely think about anything but my paintings! I grew so enthralled with making my paintings satisfied, I could go anywhere with them. The more I gave them my thoughts, the more they showed me through the fog. I had begun to structure my life around making them. Eating for my paintings, sleeping for my paintings, shopping for my paintings, even dreaming for my paintings. My point of reflection may have come and go a while ago, but I would have been unaware- I was too busy painting.”

*-Emma Soucek*