

Term Project: Modernist Style/Techniques

The Art Gallery Encounter

The day was humid and oppressive, the sky a dull grey expanse that seemed to stretch on for eternity. Patrick walked down the cobblestone street, the heels of his boots clicking against the stones. He could feel the sweat prickling on the back of his neck, and he wiped his forehead with a handkerchief.

As he walked, he passed by the same buildings he had seen every day for the past ten years. Tiny's butcher shop, old Mrs. Markle's bakery, Mike's Tavern, all blending together in a blur of brick and mortar. He longed for something new, something to break the mold of his existence.

It was then Patrick saw her. She was standing in front of the small art gallery; her auburn hair sat gracefully on her shoulders and fell down her back in a wild tangle. Her dress was a riot of color, a kaleidoscope of blues, greens, and purples. She looked like a painting herself. Nice to see in the morning. Hurry up, damn it. Patrick's heart quickened as he strode towards her.

—Excuse me, he said, his voice hoarse with emotion. Do you know anything about art?

She turned to him; her eyes were sparkling with amusement.

—A little, she said. Why do you ask?

Patrick just stared at her. Her voice sounds so smooth. She's stunning to the eyes. How do I look? Am I dressed okay? Wait. She asked a question. He gestured to the gallery.

—I've actually never been inside, he said. I've always wanted to, but I'm always scared I don't belong.

The woman smiled; a soft, gentle thing that made Patrick's heart skip a beat.

—Well then, she said, taking his hand. Let's go inside together, shall we?

Patrick's mouth hung open slightly as she led them inside. Her hand is soft. And she smells like flowers. He closed his mouth and walked behind her with their hands still connected. Calm down. Keep composure. As soon as they entered, they took a right and stopped at the first piece. Patrick was immediately enraptured by the painting.

Patrick looked on in utter amazement. He loved pencil drawn still lifes, small intricate sculptures, the explosive color of pop art, and the perfectly captured lighting within photography. Most of all he loved oil paintings that captured the beauty of the world and life with all its perfections and imperfections laid out onto a single canvas and they gave him hope of seeing that kind of world someday.

Hanging on the wall was an oil painting of a beautiful landscape. The setting seemed to be bright green grasslands with a small house situated on a hill off in the distance. The sky was a light blue that got deeper the higher you went, and the sun was barely peeking out from behind a few puffy clouds. What beautiful colors. It must be nice to live somewhere like that. His eyes moved across the entire painting showing every part some love.

—Amazing, isn't it? she asked, turning to look at him.

Patrick's body flinched and broke from his trance.

—Sorry, what was that?

—Amazing, isn't it? What people can do, she turned back to the painting.

He looked at her and said:

—Yeah, it truly is. It's incredible.

His eyes stayed trained on her. Her eyes never left the painting. Hands are still intertwined. Is it okay? She then lightly tugged his connected arm away from the painting and moved on to the next artwork.

The gallery was a revelation. Every wall was covered in paintings, each one showcasing its own uniqueness and telling its own story. Patrick felt his heart swell with emotion as he gazed at them, the colors and brushstrokes dancing before his eyes. There were small sculptures situated on pedestals and they were just as intricate as the paintings were breathtaking.

The woman stood beside him, her hand still clasping his.

—It's like being in a dream, she whispered

Patrick turned to her, his heart pounding in his chest. He looked right into her eyes. Those same sparkling eyes from the morning.

—If this is a dream I don't know if I want to wake from it, he said.

She quietly giggled next to him. She's something else. She. She? Name. Oh my. Her name. Don't even know her name. Does she know mine? Forgot to introduce. He released his hand from their clasped hands and turned his body towards her. She looked at him curiously.

He put one hand behind his back and the other against his stomach and he did a small bow before apologizing:

—I am so sorry. I completely forgot to introduce myself and I didn't even ask for your name. I am Patrick Hemmens. It's a pleasure to meet you, he slowly stands up right and looks into her eyes.

She couldn't help the smile that crept onto her face and the small giggle that escaped her throat as she brought her hand to mouth to muffle it. She regained some of her composure and dropped her hand to her side.

—It's a pleasure to meet you Patrick, she said. I am Kathrine Lockhart, but you can call me Katie.

Katie. Kathrine Lockhart. What a wonderful name. It fits perfectly. She looks like Kathrine. Should've known she'd have such a wonderful name.

—Please, pleasure is all mine, he said.

—Well, come on, shall we finish looking around? I believe we're almost done, she said, and she grabbed his hand and once again clasped them together.

—Of course.

The final piece was another oil painting. And just like the rest was gorgeous. It depicted the front porch of an old ranch-style home. Wooden walls, wooden railings, wooden deck, and wooden support columns. There was a hanging bench with what looked be an older, lovely couple sitting with one another. The little of the sky you could see showed shades of orange, yellow, and blue. Early morning. Sun must be rising for them. The colors blended together seamlessly, and it radiated happiness. They look happy sitting there, together. Patrick turned and looked over at Kathrine.

—Would you like to go out with me sometime? he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

She smiled and her eyes crinkled at the corners.

—I thought you'd never ask, she said.