



The Window, Henri Matisse, 1916

Detroit Museum of Art

I've chosen to write about *The Window* by Henri Matisse. I first learned of this piece about 20 years ago when I was taking an art history class at Wayne State. We were studying the Impressionists, and Matisse stood out as my favorite. We had to choose a work to write a report about, and I was pleasantly surprised to find out that it had been hanging in my very own city at the Detroit Institute of Arts since 1922. Also in those days I had a love for old houses, and I was living in one on Outer Drive in Detroit. My house had old iron casement windows that opened with a hand crank, and I noticed that they were made by a company called Finestra, which I learned was Italian for window. Being from the south, I have always enjoyed a nice porch. One day, while sitting in the living room of my last apartment, I realized that the view looking through the patio doors onto the balcony also reminded me of this painting. Even though the painting represents an indoor scene, the objects on my porch are not only similar, but are arranged the same as well. There is a rug, a small table with a round table top, two armchairs, and a view of trees. Wherever I live, I must have a view of trees. Trees remind me of home, and somehow this painting does also.

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