

## PHILIPP J WEICHBERGER

Painter

*Weichberger is an original - intense, icy, incisive and lyrical - possessed of a hovering imagination that sights unusual points of view like a sextant taking its bearings on the horizon and sky.*

NEW YORK

TIMES - Brian O'Doherty

Born in Bremen, Germany in 1936, Weichberger, self-taught, began painting in 1950. He lived and worked in Paris from 1955 – 1959 , then Brussels and eventually settled in New York in 1965 until his death in 1985.

He had more than 50 one-man shows in Europe and the United States, participated in the Biennales of Tokyo and Paris, and the 'Salon Comparaisons," Musee d'Art Moderne in Paris, and in New York.

*Philipp Weichberger whose quite European (a la the tachisme of a Mathieu or Hartung), figureless, vertiginous, imaginary scapes – some suggesting the thick of a ferocious air – sea battle are monumentally skillful compositions of slashing strokes and intricate traceries.*

NEW YORK TIMES – Peter

Schjeldahl

## MUSEUM COLLECTIONS

Finch College Museum, New York  
Galerie of Modern Art, Munich,  
Museum of Stamford, Stamford, CT  
Musee D'Art Moderne, Tangiers  
Amherst College Museum, Amherst CT  
Wallraf-Richartz Museum, Koeln  
Marymount Manhattan College, New York  
And  
numerous corporate and private collections.

## *MUSIC FOR THE EYE*

*His paintings are music for the eye. His music liberates us from feeling, compelled to see specific objects from known worlds within these canvases. We are on a separate plane, in spheres of rhythmic emotion, not just looking at music made visible, but plunged into true orgiastic music.*

*You do not feel the immensity of sea or sky unless something gives contrast or, as by framing in the space, offers a point of reference. On the other hand, we might notice the mysterious machines and action in these paintings to the point of forgetting that the main subject is space. But the vast space extends behind and beside us, reaching into time beyond our lives and realms. "This is ours!" cries the canvas. We, taught to think of ourselves as basically contemptible, neurotic and self-destructive creatures, suddenly discover*

*that not only have we an eternal Now, but it – our  
time – is forever.*

ARTS MAGAZINE –  
William D Allen

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