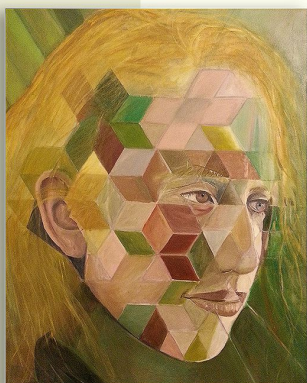


# ARTIST ORPHÁNOS

peterorphanos.com



## Harlequin Prismatic

24 by 36 in. (60.96 by 91.44 cm.) Oil on Canvas

001

Catrina / Prism The girl with the sun glinting on her cheek, suggesting, hinting at a Harlequin Girl - but not. More prismatic - triangular parallelogram.



## The Blushing Bride

18 by 21 in. (45.72 by 53.34 cm.) Oil on Wood

002

The bride stands next to her man, or (at the moment) her boyfriend, who listens to exterior suggestions from unnecessary sources. The groom is not in the picture - soon to be emasculated.



## Blushing Bride Oil Sketch

9 by 9 in. (22.86 by 22.86 cm.) Graphite Oil on Wood

003

The sketch originally started with foreshortened head with its view looking down then looked up without changing its physical structure.



## Tears For the Matador

20 by 20 in. (50.8 by 50.8 cm.) Oil on Canvas

004

“Civilón” The Most celebrated example of what Spaniards call nobility in a bull was that of “Civilón” Isidoro Alvarez , an ex-novillero employed by the ranch of D. Juan Cobaleda, had noticed a particularly noble young calf. He approached it on horseback and even fed it tender branches of the evergreen oak. As time went on he dared to dismount to feed the bull and ultimately succeeded in scratching it under the neck. Numerous articles and photos of “Civilón” appeared in the Spanish press; even children were admitted onto the range with the bull. Finally Pedro Balañá, impresario of the Barcelona ring, thought it would be a lucrative publicity stunt to have “Civilón” fought in a regular corrida.

From all over Spain crowds flocked to see if the animal had become so domesticated that it would no longer demonstrate its heritage. But “Civilón” was still a fighting bull. After some verónicas by “El Estudiante.” it bravely charged two picadores horses. The public rose unanimously to ask for the indulto, and it was immediately granted. Then Balañá dared Alvarez, who had been watching the fight from the callejón, to enter the ring and pet the bull.

Alvarez hesitated; then, gathering a handful of hay, he entered the ring through one of the burladeros. While people held their breath, “Civilón” headed for Alvarez and stopped by his side. But instead of attacking the man, it nuzzled him and followed him out of the ring. Following the fight, Juan Cobaleda decided to buy back “Civilón” to use at stud, but Balañá persuaded him to leave the bull at the plaza until its wounds had healed. Then, on the night of July 18, 1936, the official date of the outbreak of the Civil War, the rebel soldiers entered Barcelona; faced by an acute shortage of fresh meat, they went to the corrals in search of beef. There “Civilón” was shot to death and butchered.



## Gargolye

36 by 23 in. (91.44 by 58.42 cm.) Oil on Canvas

005

Painted from a cast indoor dark interior. Creating rust, instead looking like molten steel / melted wax. Dark spiritually omitted from the meaning of protectant of souls on lookout for the family of God.





## All Seeing...i Know /Afr Eye

11 by 14 in. (27.94 by 35.56 cm.) Acrylic on Canvas

006

At first as the brush glazed the canvas it is with that white dot paint that shaped the idea of an Eye to appear. As in my automatic renewal of ideas which come to me in the meditative state of mind I can easily recall - alike conscious hypnosis 'a waking state of awareness, or consciousness, in which a person's attention is detached from his or her immediate environment and is absorbed by inner experiences such as feelings, cognition and imagery'. It is there where my paintings are created out of the subconscious consciously.



## The Smiling Clown...Encaustic

8 by 11 in. (20.32 by 7.94 cm.) Encaustic

007

We all know of the other side of laughter, of happiness, of smiling, within the comedic lives of sadness.

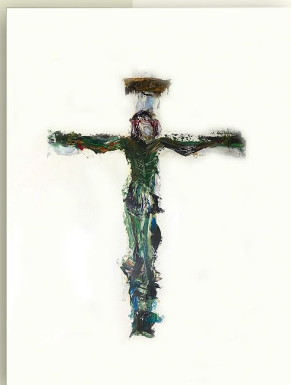


## The Almighty Piece of Candy

5 by 7 in. (12.7 by 17.78 cm.) Oil on Canvas

008

Painted for my Mothers Birthday. A great Artist. Also a diabetic.



## The Christ/Nra Place of the Skull

009

20 by 20 in. (50.8 by 50.8 cm.) Oil on Paper

After painting alongside an art teacher in college trying my damndest to paint the truest religious theme of Christianity. Each cross or theme painted looking like a folk painting with all physical proportions off in true one dimensional form - looking similar at best to a Grandma Moses subject juxtaposed to error - with the last of all paint on palette taken up with pallet knife - 7 swipes of paint - praying not to offend God himself. Showing the face of Anguish on the place of the skull . With the comment of that art teacher 'You really captured it'.



## Multi Cross

010

24 by 18 in. (60.96 by 45.72 cm.) Oil on Canvas

Painting intuitively / improvising - after the paint was dry - I then see three crosses at the top of painting melding down as if it were a history of each life, and an almost formed Star, not of David, possibly forming into, as with 'the all seeing eye' automatically situated - directly in position of the crown and head.



## Crucified Christianity

011

20 by 16 in. (50.8 by 40.64 cm.) Oil on Canvas

From memorized hymns sung in belief, lost through the maturity of gratification in the most physical sense. Adjusting & creating a doctrine to meet their own needs. The young girl has become the opposition of her own self. Forever ruining each word of the lyric - becoming her own fate.





## Tx Race

012

24 by 36 in. (60.96 by 91.44 cm.) Oil on Canvas

James Hendricks Art [ Workshop ] class.  
1993 University of Mass Amherst - giving the class an example of 'Stain Painting' through me as he handed me every product golden - could think of. As he was a spokesman for them through color. I poured each until I felt it ample enough onto a raw unfinished canvas turning it - guiding the flow of the paint in liquid form. From one painting changing constantly... it was many more than just the one frozen in time.



## Three Leaves Transfigured

013

16 by 20 in. (40.64 by 50.8 cm.) Oil on Canvas

The second painting of fall leaves depicting the golden triangle concealed within the transfiguration. When it was painted it was only my first leaf painting along with not knowing of the golden triangle or trying to emulate the transfiguration knowingly, the brush with paint lead me.



## Two Leaves on/in Ice

014

18 by 24 in. (45.72 by 60.96 cm.) Oil on Canvas

Painted leaves placing them on and in the ice that wasn't there.



## Misty Hot Summer Day

12 by 16 in. (30.5 by 40.6 cm.) Oil on Canvas

015

Painted in a hot attic with no AC, of course I could feel that day there, although I'm sure I could've cooled jumping in the waves.



## Phthalo Greenscape

36 by 48 in. (91.44 by 121.92 cm.) Oil on Canvas

016

Phthalo Greenscape was painted as a wash using one color the thought behind the composition was that of a dear friend who moved to Vt from NYC and myself never being in Vt could only imagine the great green graces of the Green Mountains of Vt. I had thought the fences were made of water creating an open and free environment yet unruly rustic like the Northern Maine NH Alaskan rustic wilderness – yet peacefully welcoming – with unrevealed mystery.



## 2nd Side Landscape

11 by 9 in. (27.94 by 22.86 cm.) Oil on Wood

017

Painted on the side of a mountain overlooking mountains receding into the distance while the other side of the mountains view was of the seacoast visible from Kennebunk to Boston.





## Orphan/Condo Magazine Pulp

018

11 by 8-1/4 in. (27.94 by 20.95 cm.) Graphite on Magazine

Growing up in Lowell I had many friends of great spirit and talent. George Condo Stopped by, we grabbed a magazine by the side of the chair he suggested we draw on the cover together just as we'd do as kids.

'Don't you remember' he said.

It was a fun drawing day not forgotten.



## French Cop

019

11 by 8-1/4 in. (27.94 by 20.95 cm.) Oil Pastel on Cardboard

Sketched while being servant to an oblivious Artist.

Thinking of being in Paris without going - as everyone I knew and lived with - shuttled to And fro. Many years thinking I missed out...truthfully Not. Having taking study with a sage. Two in fact. Traveling beyond expectations of an imagined inanimate object - of which it had been presented to me - In all it's feeble glory. The birth of realization. Unbeknownst through being purged emotionally. Big deal. Still learning the French language to help me get around the city center easier, or even better. Living in the Old Port of town. Québec.



## The Model

020

11 by 14 in. (27.94 by 35.56 cm.) Charcoal on Paper

Foreshortened life model muse.



## Dragonfly

12 by 16 in. (30.48 by 40.64 cm.) Oil on Canvas

021

Not having luminescent or iridescent paints  
I wanted to create that luminosity that insects have,  
Using regular oil paint.



## Wash Sq. Dream...Big Citi Blues

12 by 8 in. (30.48 by 20.32 cm.) Oil on Canvas

022

Painted a rainy nightscape of a dream being near Washington square, it remains partially unrecognizable in dreams location within the focus of its correct physicality.



## Other Side

8 by 5 in. (20.32 by 12.7 cm.) Oil on Wood

023

Painted ocean while looking at the green mountains landscape.



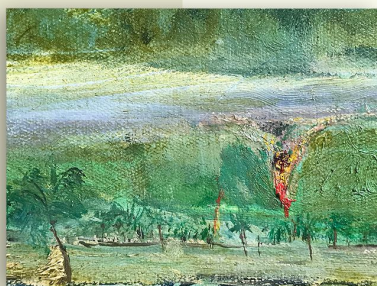


## Rio Hai

024

44 by 14 in. (111.6 by 35.6 cm.) Oil on Canvas

Painted in the dead of Winter.  
Missing green completely.  
Thoughts of Rio and Hawaii must have  
been in my subconscious as were the  
sacrificial ancient south American cities.  
Not thinking of particular mountain  
ranges this appeared – combined of all.



## Rio Hai [close-up]

025

detail view

Close up macro shot of painting details.



## Flute

026

8 by 10 in. (20.32 by 25.5 cm.) Oil on Canvas

Painted a nonexact nonexistent flute for an advanced student  
of the instrument.



## Linier Expression

12 by 8 in. (30.48 by 20.32 cm.) Acrylic on Canvas

027

Painted during transition from Music to Art.  
All the scores, all the years invested,  
all the sounds heard and unheard of -  
brought me to this painting.



## Nocturned Scored Sky

16 by 20 in. (40.64 by 50.80 cm.) Acrylic on Canvas

028

In between The muses of Music and Art  
Stars formed hidden behind the clouds  
In this instance music.



## Ode to Bacon

38 by 26 in. (96.52 by 66.04 cm.) Oil on Canvas

029

In Life class the influence of Francis Bacon  
appeared as in The World of Art.





## A Pear of Pairs

8 by 10 in. (20.32 by 25.40 cm.) Oil on Canvas

030

Still life of Plastic Fruit painted to eat.

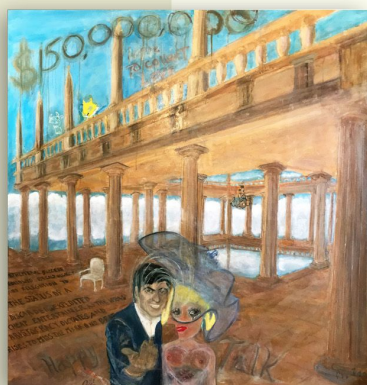


## Child's Imagination Summer Running

52 by 68 in. (132.08 by 172.72 cm.) Oil on Canvas

031

To be 6 again... Feeling the thick plush grass cushioning your toes and feet as you slip slide & glide running as fast as you do. Looking up and seeing animals, aliens, and kitty cats all in the chase of you and your dreams. Childhood is never lost... just forsaken.

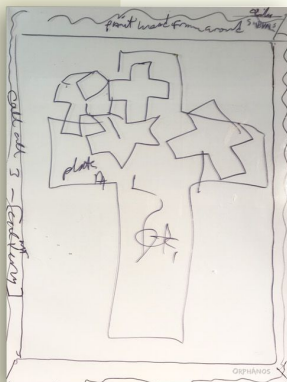


## The Pursuit of Love

50 by 48 in. (127 by 121.92cm.) Oil on Canvas

032

Do you seek Riches in the form of cash, the understanding or amassing Vast treasures of art. Perhaps to be thoroughly absorbed by the new aristocracy and become one - in or of the club, or do you fancy Yourself a socialite - to be counted among them. Or Love .... Yes it's unconditional. Written on the sleeve never on the heart ... 'I am a producer' Let me step all over your master tapes and disregard your musical art. unlike my own of course. Selflessness.



## Cellophane Cross

16 by 24 in. (40.64 by 60.96 cm.) Oil on Canvas

033

Ordained in gold or plastic ...  
The power of God doesn't need be be  
invoked by the images produced by man.

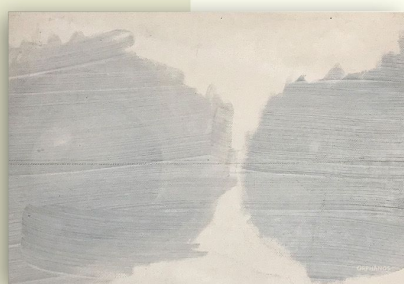


## Nocturne

3 by 5 in. (7.62 by 12.70 cm.) Oil on Canvas

034

Black is the night never black.  
It reflects all colors of its atmosphere.  
All colours and graces create black. Black contains all colors  
reflected onto it, either through atmosphere or thru the night.  
Nothing's ever Black - Black contains all the colors.  
I see many colors in the night. Never one.  
Rarely so. All of the colors create black.



## Bill Evans in Montreux

108 by 144 in. (274.32 by 365.76 cm.) Oil on Canvas

035

This painting brings to my mind - music.



## The Side of Healing

30 by 42 in. (76.2 by 106.68 cm.) Oil on Canvas

036

The starkness soon to be restored - unseen until cured.



## Marsh Series # 7

20 by 40 in. (50.8 by 101.6 cm.) Oil on Canvas

037

The plump puffs of flowing tall green grass  
lying horizontally in pillows of green.  
#7 of 25 paintings depicting the marshland.



## Mirage between Land and Sea

12 by 36 in. (30.48 by 91.44 cm.) Oil on Canvas

038

Blurred vision - fogged landscape & sea -  
Which did the painting turn out to be...  
It's up to your personal experience upon viewing.



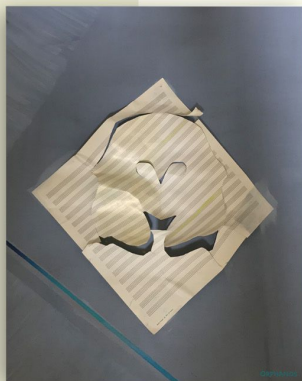


## Where Mountains meet the Sea

039

18 by 22 in. (45.7 by 55.8 cm.) Oil on Canvas

A fictitious painting of where hope is to be.



## Mythological Music

040

23 by 27 in. (58.42 by 68.58 cm.) Acrylic on Canvas

The Ancient Music of Greece portrayed on canvas.



## The Bug

041

16 by 20 in. (40.64 by 50.8 cm.) Oil on Canvas

The macro bug -  
20, magnified tenfold by 2.  
It lies in wait to make me sick.  
Another strain I cannot take.  
Awaiting to seize the world's powerfully rich  
in health and mind.  
Money counts for nothing...  
Souls searching for dawned discoveries  
of calm, tranquil, hushed Stillness -  
interrupted by this bugs malady.



## The Teenager

24 by 18 in. (60.96 by 45.72 cm.) Oil on Canvas

042

Selfishly right no matter what  
 Patience never [always a fight].  
 I am of no consideration,  
 I am wrong in every right.  
 Dare tell differently the angle not considered  
 by thee with no insight.



## A Nitemare

24 by 18 in. (60.96 by 45.72 cm.) Oil on Canvas

043

The pitch dark shadows have Motion in the Nite -  
 in the bedroom, under the bed,  
 in the closet, by the door,  
 by my head - waiting for me...unescapable youth.  
 Watch me watch me, Dad -  
 I'm watching I'm watching  
 I hear his reassurance said unheeded as I walk upstairs  
 with no light breaking the shadows.  
 Nervously onward with Clumsy Footsteps  
 precariously leading the way...

ARTIST  
**ORPHÁNOS**  
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My introduction to painting was from my Mother.  
My earliest sense memory is the smell of turpentine.  
As a toddler, I couldn't wait to  
get into the paint. Not very long after I came upon the  
sound of the orchestra on the radio.  
But it was the almost voice - like sonority and omni  
directional presence of music that  
captivated me completely. The sound of it registered  
in my body as physical shapes and images. That's  
where the awareness began for me that sound and  
visual image are inseparable.  
They are connected absolutely in consciousness and  
in spirit. From what I paint emerges music that  
appears on the canvas.

**Peter Orphános**

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