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Peter G. Pereira Critique
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Addictive Chorus

Peter G. Pereira's blog, I AM AMERICAN ARTIST LIVING IN NEW YORK CITY. THIS IS AN INTRODUCTION TO MY WORK [<http://petergpereira.blogspot.com/>] is the prelude to the swooping lines that swaddle organic figures.

The 43 year old Manhattan-based artist, sculptor, and composer creates works done in oils and mixed media. The works selected have intimacy themes reminiscent of Austrian painter Gustav Klimt. For example, *Two Lovers- the Sun and the Moon* is a modern-take of Klimt's *The Kiss* as the wavy, sensual looping lines enwrap the lovers' sculpted bodies. Shadows are etched in heavy contours under the woman's neck. The male counterpart gives his woman *the Sun and the Moon* using his toned left arm as the reddish-orange ignites their figures, completing their melody.

Another essential Pereira-esque element is nature. In *Lady Arboreal*, a goddess-like woman holding a free-flowing tree, acting as a headdress. Think of an upgraded Medusa with fluidity. The black fine-tipped tree lines mirrors abstract musical notes while ending in an afflux of medium to pint-sized circles enfolded in primary colors with hints of sage. A fitting presence, for Arboreal in Latin means resembling trees.

Lady Arboreal also places an ode to femininity as she does a ritual dance. The fiery reddish pink and orange backslashes heightens her figure's softness as a golden light welcomes her passage to womanhood.

Aside from female appreciation, Pereira explores the developing devotion between a father and his unborn son in *Father and Son Prelude*. What makes this art piece unusual is that the symbolism that rids the mother and child cliché. The infamous curving lines follow the still-growing child as it hugs an exaggerated, womb-like oval. On opposite sides, there are two lengthy black and white shapes that connect the infant. An impression that the father is protecting his son outside the womb by gently placing his hand over the mother's stomach as he meets the child's left hand.

It is rare to witness a father's affection toward his soon-to-be born child. Primarily, fathers are depicted as hard-nosed characters. Pereira has chosen a different route, expressing the unrecognized male inner-sincerity. And that is refreshing.

Another art piece that shakes things up in the collection is *I don't want to go to Rehab*. The title sounds like a raspy verse from Amy Winehouse, but the work's mood is the opposite. There is a subduedness that keeps the conscience cool without being outlandish.

I don't want to go to Rehab channels Salvatore Dali with its hallucinating surrealism. A man's head floats amidst cobalt waves as those famous lines detect the skin's craginess. But, an enigma is sparked by the twisting smoke puffs as the man dangles the thin cigarette from his left-side. The mystery lies deeper. Is the reason for his obsession over the recurring love theme or a mere stunt? Maybe there is no answer. Nonetheless, we will leave that between the artist and the observer.

Even if the viewer has just discovered Peter G. Pereira's art, his designs carry whimsical lyrics that leave the viewer enraptured in line after line. And this is just the beginning.