

RENATO **ORARA**



Renato Orara

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Cover Image:

Untitled, 12/2014 (from the ongoing series Ten Thousand Things that Breathe), 2014, detail

Back Cover Image:

Untitled, 06/2011 (from the ongoing series Ten Thousand Things that Breathe), 2011, detail

2F YMC Bldg 2
2320 Don Chino Roces Ave Ext
Makati City 1231
T +632.8160044
F +632.8160044
M +63917.5874011
Tue-Fri 10am-7pm, Sat 10am-6pm

www.silverlensgalleries.com
info@silverlensgalleries.com

RENATOORARA

24 September - 24 October 2015

Renato Orara: Pneuma

An eyeglass case
A watch
A bottle cleaner
A computer cable
Coiled rubber tube
A polka-dotted dress lying on the floor
A light sweater draped on a black chair
A blanket draped on a black chair
Round paper chads from an income tax form shredded with a puncher
A seated Cubebot (wooden cube that unravels into a human figure)
A handful of morel mushrooms
Banana peel
A man's right shoe
An empty cardboard box
A box completely wrapped in furoshiki (Japanese wrapping cloth)
A dead hummingbird

Reading through this list of things, one is tempted to place them in a plot, connect them in varying configurations with random endings. But these are the discrete objects that Renato Orara draws on small pieces of paper, each completely isolated from any context. More pointedly, the artist's most enduring statement about these drawings is that he draws them "to stop the mind." He recounted a woman's reaction to one of the first drawings in his long-running series, *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*. The words out of her mouth upon looking at it were: "I cannot think." Awe arrests thought. To Orara, "The moment before one comprehends the form—before meaning has filled the vacuum—is an overlooked but powerful moment."¹ In short, his most preferred encounter with each drawing is that split second of wordless perception between the eyes first beholding it and the mind identifying it with its name.²

Visual art can have that power but to a writer about art, such a premise can pose a quandary. An artist so particular about the fullness of

that moment bathed in pure sensation and uncluttered by thought such that even "Untitled" as a title for each drawing poses a serious problem would be loath to find these objects not only named but used as elements of a story or protagonists in a narrative. Orara asserts, "I want to subvert the narrative in figuration, to strip things of meaning." Figuration can sometimes be a gambit, with the facile identification of a form providing shortsighted gratification, as if recognizing a box or a shoe in art suffices as the full experience of art.³ Orara understands that the instinct to name things is inevitable because "Natura abhorret vacuum."⁴ We void the void by filling it.

How does one write about an artwork when the ideal frame of mind to grasp it is when it (the mind) is stopped? How does one write about objects whose ideal form is in that moment before recognition? How does one write at all when the ideal response is to have no thought? The key to this conundrum is the title of the series itself, *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*.

10,000 is a number in Taoist and Buddhist writing that encapsulates the interconnect- edness of the limitless diversity of things. Orara's series was begun in 1989 and each drawing in this growing series has been the manifest culmination of the artist breathing as he watches the object he draws day into night into day into weeks as well as the culmination of its life he has breathed onto paper with a ballpoint pen for viewers to breathe in as they look at it.

Tao produced the One.
The One produced the two.
The two produced the three.
And the three produced the ten thousand things.
—Lao Tzu, *Tao Te Ching*

The existence of one requires the observa- tion of another. The dynamic between the two becomes a third entity and the multi- tude of generative possibilities amounts to ten thousand things.

To study the Buddha Way is to study the self, to study the self is to forget the self, and to forget the self is to be enlightened by the ten thousand things.
—Eihei Dogen Zenji

So one has at hand a plethora of things in the universe; and critically, they breathe. Orara considers the verb, "Be." He notes, "The simplest expression of being is breathing. Inhale...pause...exhale..." The physiological beat is the psychological metronome to which the practice of observing and rendering an object on paper is set. With a symbiosis between meditation and clarity of mind, each thing drawn is both subject and conveyance of each breath drawn. In 1996, Alice Guillermo wrote about Orara's work in terms of *satori*,⁵ which is an awakening, a "seeing into one's true nature."

Inhale... pause... exhale... The pause is nei- ther inhalation nor exhalation. Perhaps there is a symmetry between breath and thought. If aphasia is the disturbance in one's ability to speak, then it is a cognitive apnea in the split second between appearance of the form and apprehension of the mind that the artist finds extremely rich. It is critical to note that these objects are drawn divorced from any context. Deprived of clues, an isolated word bears no meaning. Deprived of contiguity

with other things, an isolated object simply is.

To Orara, "Drawings reflect how the mind works. To get from here to there, I draw an object to death until it breathes." Asked if he ever abandons a work in progress, where- by respiration is defied, he said it was rare, citing a close case, "I once did a drawing in anger—very, very dark grapes that had dried up. It made me want to push into that dark- ness. There are different levels of albedo." Albedo being the ratio of the intensity of light reflected from an object, his experience must have been a battle with the intensity of blackness that curdled both in the dried fruit and in his blistering temper. Animating animus rather than equanimity must have resulted in ragged breathing, and he nearly "got lost in the drawing." To study the self by forgetting the self in order to be enlightened by ten thousand things is not to lose the self. "When I breathe right, the drawing process is smoother," he adds.

The mimetic virtuosity that one might ap-

preciate in his work is a visual manifestation of the artist's frame of mind and meditation is itself a medium for each drawing. Orara refers frequently to the term "presence" in a conviction to downplay what the object is. His subject is not what it is but its "isness," expressed not just by the accretion of ink on paper but through an alchemy of the dis- tilled present moment in each breath, the passage of time, the infinitesimal changes of the self and of light,⁶ and the concentra- tion channeled from the eye to the hand. He said, "You draw what your eyes touch. You draw what you see in your mind's eye. I'm drawing what's there but 'not there.'" The bridged distance between the object and the artist is transcribed on paper; and his preferred display of each work—on a table so that the viewer's vantage point approximates his own while drawing it—is an extension of that intimacy.

Time is an excellent medium for accretion. Orara has said, "I have come to grasp the minute experience of gently brushing the tip of a ballpoint pen along the paper's fibers,

and pressing the film of greasy ink into the paper's tiny pits.⁷⁷ He speaks of having built since 1989 a growing palette of patches of ink,⁸ with which he gives form to each object—one patch melding with another like coalescing beads of mercury. But he does not see this palette as a grayscale that is merely comprised of increasing values from white to black but of varying tonal qualities. One thinks of onyx, velvet, soot, lacquer, ebony, slate, obsidian, tar as well as bone, cotton, petal, silk, gossamer, skin, paper, pewter, glass. The deepest of blacks could be the iris of a dead bird but it could also be the miniature hollows on the edge of a corrugated cardboard box. And as is taught in the elements of form, absences define presences. The teardrop-shaped gap between two flaps of a box defines its form; just as the untouched strips on the watchface connote the metallic bars. Where the ink is applied so lightly in the drawing of the watch that the ink looks like powder, one actually sees the shimmer and curvature of glass.

Orara's mastery at capturing texture in what-

ever scale—the leathery skin of the eyeglass case; the sheerness of the sweater that it could be mistaken for pantyhose; the organic pits of the morel; the braided wire, the prickly bristles, and the fuzzy tip of the bottle cleaner; the downy breast and the delicate keratin of a bird's beak—renders what's 'not there' there. If one were to evaluate each drawing by touch alone, the properties of the paper would be flat and smooth. The tactile properties he's able to render are the properties that conjure their essences. The dress lying on the floor traces the manner in which its wearer disrobed almost as if lingering body warmth found harbor in its folds. The computer cable is curved such that one could estimate the pressure needed to make it spring out. The paper chads can make one hold one's breath lest they fritter away. The way the blanket is draped captures its heft and the way it hugs the form of the chair suggests the chair even when only three of its legs are drawn. The transparent packing tape on the cardboard box triggers both the instinct to rip it off and the sound of paper stripping as it clings to the tape. The mush-

rooms evoke an earthy scent. Besides the folds and the knot, the furoshiki is rendered with neither literal pattern nor color and yet the viewer's mind's eye could very well conjure silk moiré in ombré hues. Temperature, tension, vulnerability to wind, gravity, adhesiveness, sound, aroma, and color are not really there on paper yet our senses grasp these phantom properties. What chair? What silk? They're not there and yet they're there. What is wrapped in that cloth—a box, a bento, a tree stump? Whatever it is, we do not even doubt that it is something with volume and mass.

Pneuma is the Greek word for breath and is the substance that the Stoics believed the human soul to be made of. In Stoic doctrine, among the parts that comprise the human soul are the five senses of sight, sound, smell, taste, and touch but all the senses are believed to be a form of touch that, upon reception of sensory information, are transmitted to the heart. The tactile quality captured by the purely visual then becomes critical in extracting the essence of things.

To express something is to conserve its virtue and take away its terror. Fields are greener in their description than in their actual greenness. Flowers, if described with phrases that define them in the air of the imagination, will have colors with a durability not found in cellular life.
What moves lives. What is said endures.
—Fernando Pessoa, *The Book of Disquiet*

Pessoa's text is a kind of verbal analogy to the effect Orara tries to achieve through the visual expression of things. Distilling them to their essences, they breathe. What is 'visually' articulated becomes and endures.

Now let's consider the idea of taking away terror in the equation of Orara's work. Once in Thailand, he heard of Buddhist monks who meditate before a corpse decomposes.

If a monk sees a corpse dead one, two, or three days—swollen, blue and festering—he should think: "My own body is of the same nature; such it will become, and will not escape it."
—Sattipathana Sutta, I.1.6

Corpse meditation is an exercise in understanding mortality in the face of disgust and horror, upon which meditation, according to

The Path to Purification, aids in the conquest of attachment to life. Orara, who has drawn slices of raw meat, recalls the stench of putrescence he had to contend with as the days wore on. Before drawing meat, he first chose to draw bananas for a week, one banana peel a day. The bananas all came from the same bunch so by the seventh day, the banana had ripened considerably and the seven drawings seem to trace the progressive browning of the same banana peel. The drawing of the banana peel in this exhibition is not from this early exercise as those were each completed in a day and therefore had less density in their rendered form. The banana peel in this exhibition illustrates perfectly the accumulation of incremental change in his praxis of ink-recorded observation undertaken over time. He transcribed time ravaging a banana peel—the mottling of the fruit skin and the puckering of its grainy texture. It is a still life, and Orara seems to have breathed onto paper the banana peel's breathing toward its last, of life coming to a still. What is Chöd (corpse practice) in Eastern Buddhism is memento mori in Western thought: in the

former the temperance of corporeal attachment; and in the latter, the reflection on the transient nature or vanitas of life. If "what moves lives" and "what is said endures," then even when what is captured is a form dying, it is the 'isness' of dying that is expressed. The bottom tip of the banana peel where it is thickest and retains moisture the longest is 'visually described' here before it has succumbed to browning. In the process of withering, it is, in a way, still moving. The curling and twisting from dehydration is life organically contorting into its shriveled form. In the throes of death, the living is most intense, evincing the yin and yang duality that forms an indivisible whole. At the very heart of light is dark; of night, is day; of living, is dying.

Asked about the dead hummingbird, Orara confirms that he found it on his walk home one day in exactly that form, with its tongue out as if it died in mid-meal. He thinks it was lured by Julie Mehretu's mural in the lobby of the Goldman Sachs building near his apartment building in New York. The mural



is an abstract confetti of colorful shapes—greens and blues and reds and oranges that behind glass might have glittered like flowers offering nectar. This calls to mind the account by Pliny the Elder of a painting of grapes by Zeuxis (born 464 BC) so realistic that birds pecked at them.⁹

But illusion is an empty impetus for Orara. He points out that, under rigorous scrutiny, his drawings are not logical and in fact each object he draws becomes “an impossible figure.” The coiled tube, if followed from one tip to the other, would reveal its circumvention of linear continuum. The top edge of the black chair, on which the sweater hangs, has an indentation that the actual chair does not have. A technically sharp eye would discern the perspectival fallacy of the Cubebot. Orara is looking at each object at different times under changing light and from different angles. He is not pinned from a single precise perspective and he does not pinion the object on paper through a rigorously precise axiomatic method. He states, “I am not a camera that takes a monocular view;

and with my head constantly moving, my vanishing point is constantly shifting. I move around the object I am drawing. I also rotate the paper as the drawing progresses. The final piece is a record of the accumulation of all the tiny changes.”

If eyes are windows to the soul, what changes stir in one’s soul as one’s eyes lock with those of a dead bird? Is beholding an object and keeping it at the center of one’s thoughts an exercise in detachment or is it, like the time spent by the Little Prince taming the fox, about establishing kinship? The bird is dead. Orara watches it as he draws it. His eyes limn its contours, graze its every feathery wisp, burnish its iridescence, and hold its dead weight. Even as Mehretu’s mural might have been the only mute witness to this bird crashing onto the glass, Orara accorded it tender regard in its limp form, visually uttering it in whispers of layers of ink as a thing that existed in the universe. It is small and lifeless but it is among the ten thousand things that breathe. In the quiet commemoration of the microcosmic beats the cosmic.

by Carina Evangelista

¹ Except where noted, all quotations from the artist are from a conversation with the author at his studio on April 11, 2015.

² The creation of images that aspires to that moment of pure experience unadulterated by language could be related to Gustave Courbet, the 19th-century leader of the Realist movement, who posited that an artist should be able to render anything he sees—such as a pile of sticks in the distance—without actually knowing what it is. The masterful transcription of what the eye sees can provide a gestalt of perception for the viewer once the painting is complete, but is something that should not be a prerequisite for the artist while painting it.

³ René Magritte’s *The Treachery of Images* (1928-29) points to the reality that a figuratively rendered object is NOT that object by painting a pipe and the words *Ceci n’est pas une pipe* (This is not a pipe) underneath. Chuck Close, who first drew attention with his hyperrealist portraits, stated that realism is an inadequate framework for analyzing his works. He chose to paint his then-anonymous friends because recognition of who they were was not the response he sought, distancing his work from the appeal of Warhol’s portraits of celebrities. He said, “I don’t want the viewer to see [Fidel] Castro’s face and think they understood my work.”

⁴ Nature abhorring a vacuum is a precept that is cognate to ‘horror vacui’ (fear of empty space) which has been identified as the predominant aesthetic sensibility in Philippine art and culture—from jeepney art to sorbetero carts, from makeshift altars of devotees to Mideo Cruz’s thickly encrusted Poletiesimo walls, Gabriel Barredo’s installations dense with objects, and Alfonso Ossorio’s Abstract Expressionist allover plenitude.

⁵ Alice Guillermo, “Art from a Ballpoint Pen,” *The Philippine Star*, April 1, 1996.

⁶ Orara stated, “I depend on daylight but even daylight shifts. I, too, am constantly shifting.”

⁷ Orara, in “Tunnel Visions an Inspiration,” *San Jose Mercury News*, November 1, 1998.

⁸ Pressed for an estimate of ink patches he has accumulated over 26 years of building this lexicon of purely visual marks, Orara’s response was a precise number that is as elusive as the figure 10,000. He said, “360.” This is the number of joint bone motions the human body is capable of, as identified by Allah. Contemporary Islamic interpretation of this corresponds with the essence of 10,000 things, as follows: “Understandably, calculating the number of possible motions would be highly subjective, depending on the criteria used to define a motion... The hadith is telling us about a matter of the Unseen and not a matter of anatomy.” 360 joint bones could yield any number of movements, actions, or gestures. Orara cited other models, saying “There are Chinese painters who paint nothing but horses all their lives. Even as one is considered a master, he approaches each horse as if it were the first horse he ever painted so that its presence is strong. If all I did was Ten Thousand Things that Breathe, I’d have plenty to discover. I’m still adding to my palette.” He also invoked the 24 basic movements of taichi that, practiced daily, would progressively deepen over time.

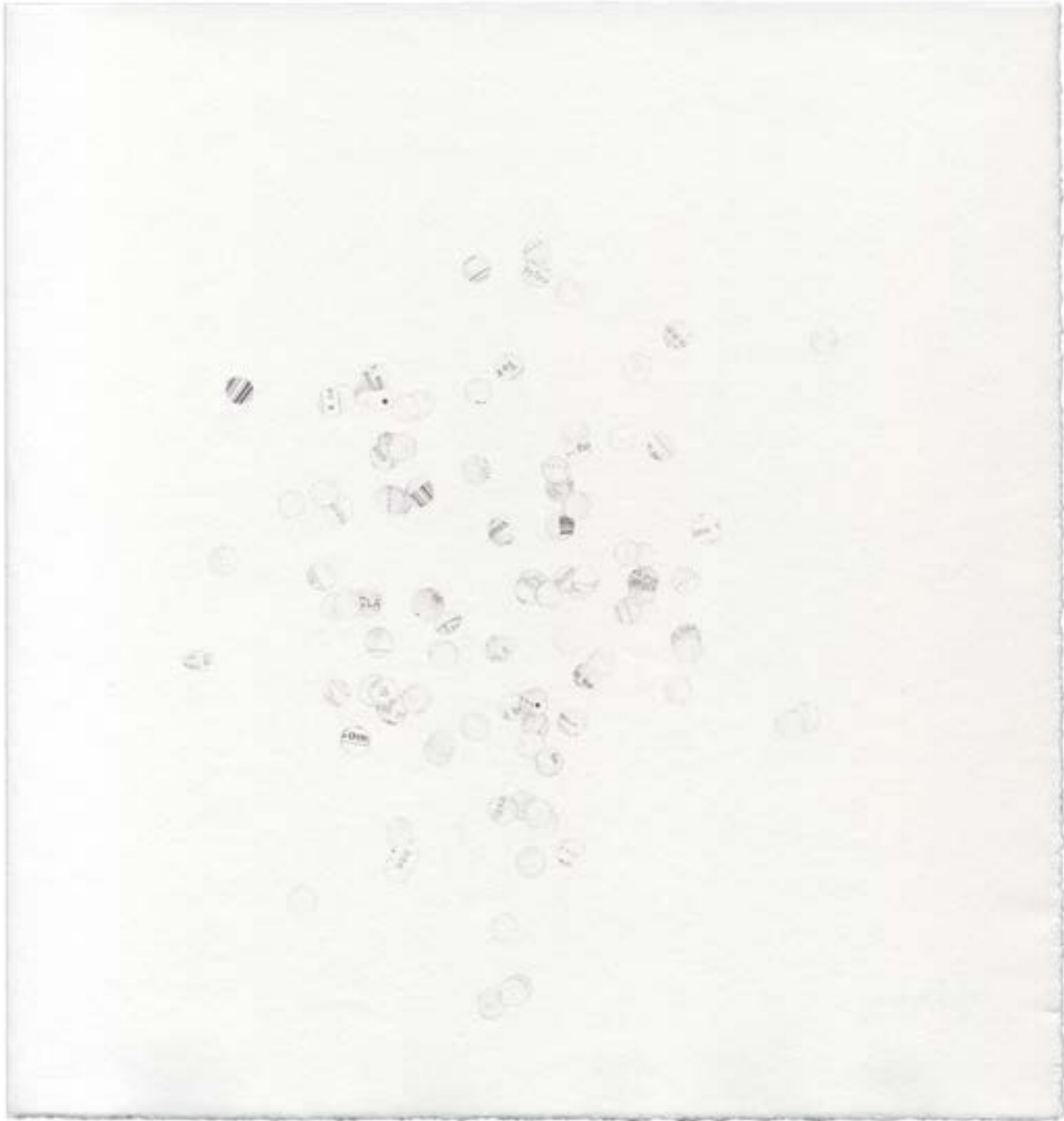
⁹ Zeuxis lost to Parrhasius, when Zeuxis tried to pull back the curtain in front of Parrhasius’s painting. It turns out that the curtain itself was painted and Zeuxis is quoted as remarking, “I have deceived the birds, but Parrhasius has deceived Zeuxis.”

Untitled, 12/2009 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 9 x 7.25 in • 22.86 x 18.42 cm | 2009

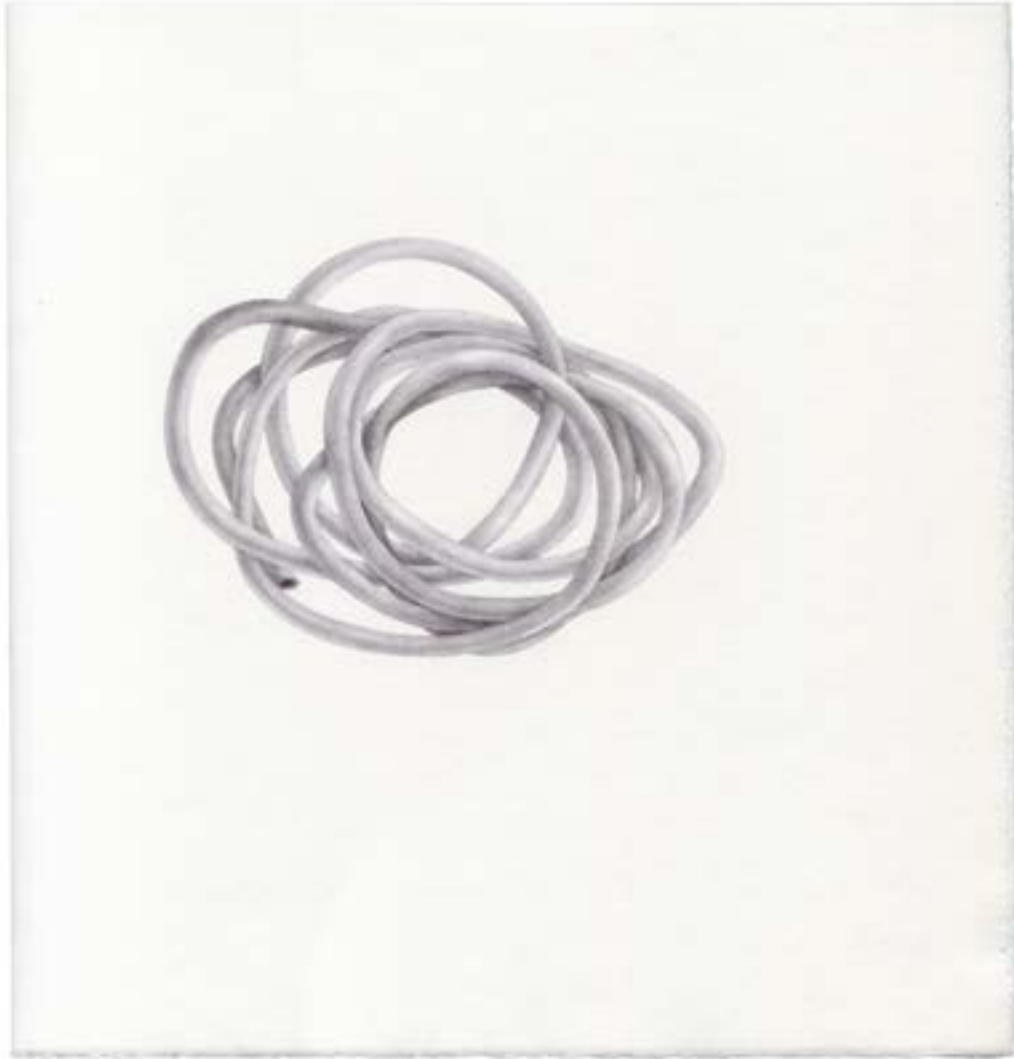




Untitled, 06/2014 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2014



Untitled, 04/2013 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*)
ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2013



Untitled, 06/2011 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2011

Untitled, 05/2011 (from the ongoing series **Ten Thousand Things that Breathe**) ballpoint ink on paper | 8.5 x 8 in • 21.59 x 20.32 cm | 2011



Untitled, 08/2012 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2012





Untitled, 05/2011 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 8.5 x 8 in • 21.59 x 20.32 cm | 2011

Untitled, 12/2014 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2014





Untitled, 04/2014 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2014



Untitled, 04/2015 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2015



Untitled, 1996 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 5.51 x 7.99 in • 14 x 20.29 cm | 1996



Untitled, 10/2012 (from the ongoing series **Ten Thousand Things that Breathe**) ballpoint ink on paper | 11.02 x 10.51 in • 27.99 x 26.7 cm | 2012

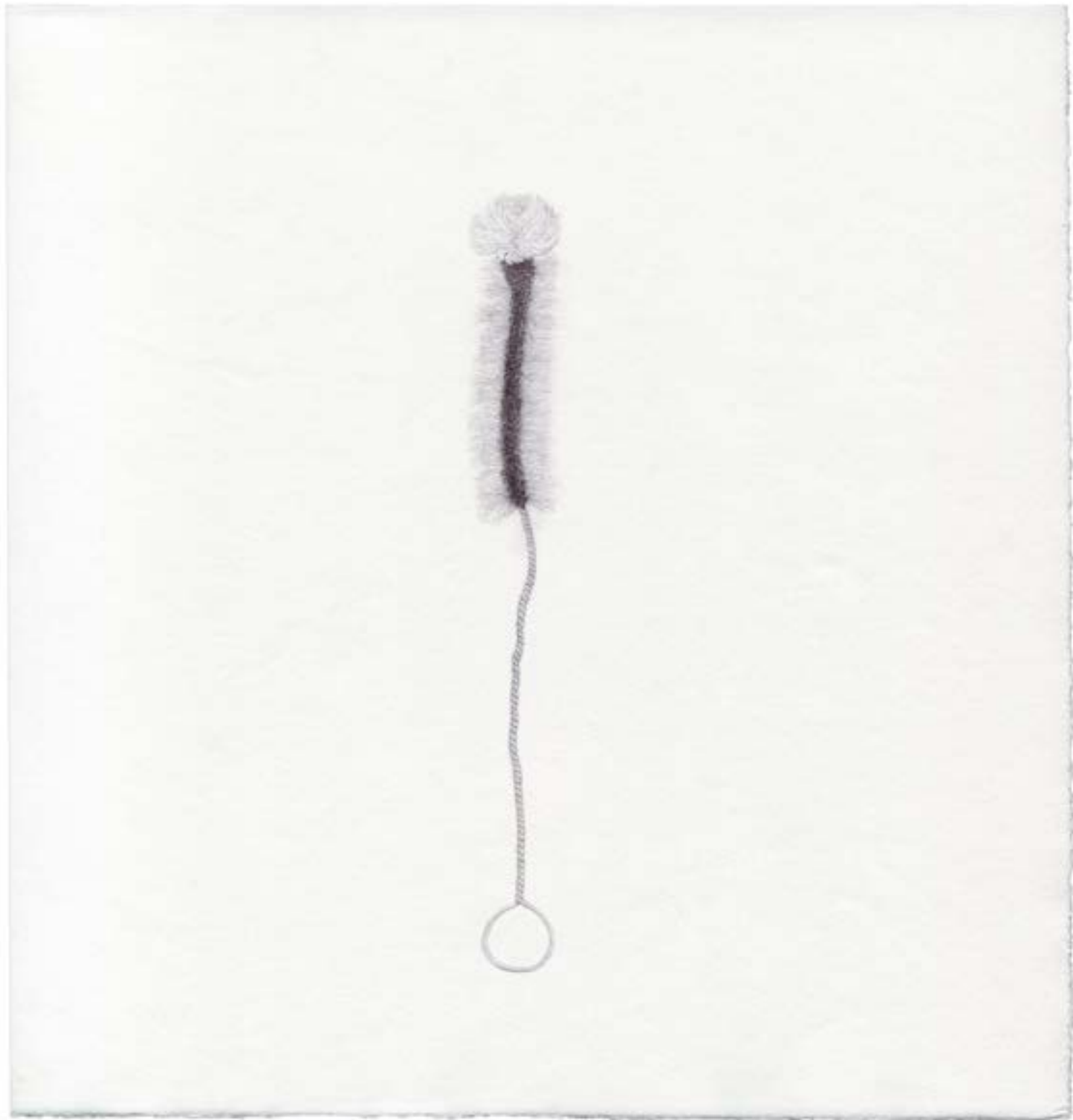


Untitled, 11/2013 (from the ongoing series Ten Thousand Things that Breathe)

ballpoint ink on paper | 11.02 x 10.51 in • 27.99 x 26.7 cm | 2013

Untitled, 10/2014 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2014





Untitled, 09/2011 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*)
ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2011

Untitled, 09/2012 (from the ongoing series *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*) ballpoint ink on paper | 11 x 10.5 in • 27.94 x 26.67 cm | 2012





Untitled, 09/2010 (from the ongoing series **Ten Thousand Things that Breathe**) ballpoint ink on paper | 8 x 5.5 in • 20.32 x 13.97 cm | 2010

RENATO ORARA

Renato Orara (b. Bicol, PH) is a Philippine-born and New York-based artist whose focus over the last 25 years has been an ongoing series of ballpoint works on paper called *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*. His work has been exhibited in Asia, Europe, the United States, and has found its way into private, as well as museum collections like The Museum of Modern Art, The Museum of Fine Arts Houston, and Singapore Art Museum.

COLLECTIONS

The Cartin Collection, Hartford, CT
The Daled Collection, Brussels, Belgium
The Echavarria Collection, Colombia
Museum of Fine Arts Houston, Houston, TX
Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY
RxArt, New York, NY
Singapore Art Museum
Various private and corporate collections

SELECTED SOLO/TWO-PERSON EXHIBITIONS

- 2016 *Renato Orara*, (Solo exhibition) Silverlens, Singapore
2015 *Renato Orara*, (Solo exhibition) Silverlens, Manila
2013 *Renato Orara: Ten Thousand Things That Breathe.*, Project space, Josée Bienvenu Gallery, New York, NY
2009 *Marked Bills*, Project space, Josée Bienvenu Gallery, New York, NY
Library Bookworks, exhibition/hidden installation. (Solo exhibition), Silverlens, Manila, Philippines
2007 *An Iraq Memorial and other works*, (Solo exhibition), Leo Fortuna Gallery, Hudson, NY
2006 *Ten Thousand Things that Breathe*, (Solo exhibition), Dominique Fiat Gallery, Paris, France
2005 OSP Gallery, (Two-person exhibition), Boston, MA
2004 *Dedication/Association*, (Two-person exhibition), Andrea Rosen Gallery, New York, NY
1999 Hosfelt Gallery, (Solo exhibition), San Francisco, CA
1998 Palo Alto Cultural Center, (Solo exhibition), Palo Alto, CA
1996 *Asian Tour: Ten Thousand Things That Breathe*, (Solo exhibition), Nielsen Hayes Library, Bangkok, Thailand; St. Luke's Gallery, Tokyo, Japan; and the Cultural Center of the Philippines, Manila, Philippines

SELECTED GROUP EXHIBITIONS

- 2015 *Art Basel*, Hong Kong
Art Fair Philippines, The Link, Manila

- 2009 *Thrice Upon a Time*, Singapore Art Museum, Singapore
Trends in Paper Works, Gallery I, Texas State University, San Marcos, TX
- 2008 *Microwave six*, Josée Bienvenu Gallery, New York, NY
Oeuvres en Papier, Dominique Fiat Gallery, Paris, France
- 2007 *From a Drawing Standpoint*, Leo Fortuna Gallery, Hudson, NY
FIAC, Dominique Fiat Gallery, Paris, France
Aqua Art Fair, OSP Gallery, Miami, FL
Art Brussels, Dominique Fiat Gallery, Brussels, Belgium
- 2006 *Moment by Moment*, North Dakota Museum of Art, Grand Forks, ND
Starting at the Edge, Mushroom Arts, New York, NY
- 2005 *September 11, 1973*, Orchard Gallery, New York, NY
 Amelie A. Wallace Gallery, SUNY The College of Old Westbury, Old Westbury, NY
Art Basel 2005, Andrea Rosen Gallery, Basel, Switzerland
Small Works, Gallery Joe, Philadelphia, PA
L'intime, Behind Closed Doors, La Maison Rouge, Fondation Antoine de Galbert, Paris, France
Initial Encounters, curated by The Drawing Center, Arts Center of the Capital Region, Troy, NY
Intensive Care, Alon Segev Gallery, Tel-Aviv, Israel
On Paper, Nicole Klagsbrun Gallery, New York, NY
- 2003 *Meditation of the Hand*, The Buddhism Project, Salena Gallery, LIU Brooklyn Campus, NY
- 2002 *Taking Form*, Gallery Joe, Philadelphia, PA
The Drawing Room, Travelling Gallery Autumn 2002 Tour, Scotland, UK
Realistic Means, Winter Selections, Drawing Center, New York, NY
- 1999 *Chicago Art Fair*, Hosfelt Gallery, Chicago, IL

OTHER PRESENTATIONS

- 2013 *On the Table*, a do-it yourself program created in collaboration with The Drawing Center, New York, NY

- Embodied Reasonableness and the Aesthetic Dimension of Experience*, paper presented by Mara Buenaseda, Minding the Body Conference, CUNY Graduate Center, New York, NY
- 2009 *Library Bookworks*, a hidden installation, 12 libraries throughout the Philippines
20x20x5, Pecha Kucha series, Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY
BookWorks, Lecture and installation. McNally Robinson Bookstore, New York, NY
- 2002 Corporate Collections, Deitch Projects, NY
- 2001 Flat Files, Pierogi Gallery, Brooklyn, NY

PUBLICATIONS

- 2016 *Ballpointists*. Morse, Trent. Laurence King Publishing Ltd. London, UK.
- 2015 *100 New York Calligraphers*. Dantzig, Cynthia. Schiffer Publishing Ltd. USA.
- 2014 *Southeast Asia and Diaspora: Breaking and Reconstructing the Circle*. One East Asia. Singapore.
- 2011 *Tomorrow, Today: Contemporary Art from the Singapore Art Museum, 2009-2011* Catalogue, Singapore Art Museum, Singapore.
- 2009 *Compass in Hand: Selections From the Judith Rothschild Foundation Contemporary Drawings Collection*, Museum of Modern Art, New York, NY.
- 2006 *An Iraq Memorial*. Exhibition catalogue with an essay by Luis Camnitzer. Leo Fortuna Gallery. Hudson, NY.
- 2004 *Initial Encounters*. The Arts Center of the Capital Region. Troy, New York. March.

EDUCATION

- 1987 BA Psychology, University Of The Philippines Diliman



About the Author: Carina Evangelista

Carina Evangelista is the Editor of the Chuck Close Catalogue Raisonné and Contributing Editor for Artifex Press in New York. She has held curatorial positions at the Museum of Modern Art in New York and at the Delaware Center for Contemporary Arts in Wilmington. A regular writer on Philippine art, her recent publications include monographs on the artists Constancio Bernardo and Roberto Chabet. Having followed Orara's work since 1996, she has had the privilege of having had his ear for the random thoughts that clutter her mind for nearly two decades and of having had her ear drawn in a piece from his *Library Bookworks* series.

SILVERLENS



SILVERLENS (Manila), through its exhibition program, artist representation, art fair participation and institutional collaborations, aims to place its artists within the broader framework of international contemporary art dialogue.

A leading gallery in Southeast Asia, collaborations include the Singapore Art Museum, New Museum New York City, the Cultural Center of the Philippines, Metropolitan Museum Manila, and the University of the Philippines Jorge B. Vargas Museum. Institutional collectors include the LUMI Collection, Singapore Art Museum, and the Bangko Sentral ng Pilipinas Collection. SILVERLENS participates in Art Basel Hong Kong, Art Basel, and Paris Photo. It is the first Philippine gallery to be part of Art Basel in Switzerland.



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