

Arthur Pinajian: A Painter's Life

John Perreault

The Arthur Pinajian story might be seen as a cautionary tale: conform to art world norms, or your art will not be seen. Look what happened to Pinajian: he painted every day, but virtually no one saw his art. He received no reviews; not one of his paintings or works on paper made it into a New York gallery or a museum. When he died, his art was left to rot. He had asked that it be destroyed, but his sister, who survived him, somehow never got around to it. Fortunately, the Pinajian story has a happy ending. Destined for the Dumpster, his art was rescued at the last minute, as reported in the august pages of the *New York Times*, and now there is a small but growing consensus that he was onto something quite special.

Instead of being a stockbroker who ran off to the South Seas like Paul Gauguin, Pinajian illustrated and sometimes scripted comic books such as the now highly collectable *Madam Fatal*, *Hooded Justice*, and *Jungle Terror*. But after World War II he gave it all up to devote himself to painting. He lived with his parents and unmarried sister in northern New Jersey and then later with only his sister in Bellport, Long Island. His South Seas was North Jersey, and then, for the last twenty-six years of his uneventful life, a tiny bedroom in a summer cottage on the South Shore. His Tahiti was inside his head.

You are invited to continue reading by ordering this limited edition book. See contact page