

Anthony Murphy

Foreword

Anthony Murphy's paintings make the ordinary luminous.

We live strange lives, often drifting, sometimes terrified, occasionally blissful. But how often do we view it with our wonder-eye? To have a Blakean or Moriartean encounter with the world? We're surrounded by myth and appear to have tuned it out. It wasn't myth's that flew from Pandora's box but seductive facts. They lack some essential protein.

In the Bible, after unmitigated suffering Job calls to God and from the eye of the storm he speaks back. God explains nothing, but demonstrates everything. He asks the man: maybe you know how to bind the Pleiades or loosen the cords of Orion? Did you provide food for the raven when its young were hungry? Does the hawk fly by your wisdom and spread his wings towards the south? This is all going on for me in the paintings. We glimpse behind a curtain.

Looking at these scenes of apple picking, chefs and poitin, I'm reminded of how different the world appears after an encounter like Job's. I'm gladdened that Murphy counterweights the gutsy wallop of his colours with the earthiness of his subjects. The animal in me approves. Murphy's paintings seem like our world, and also not-at-all like our world, like some over-spilling of faery, some glorious metaphysical collision.

These extraordinary paintings tell me that my life, just as it is, is enough.

Dr. Martin Shaw,

The Oriel Gallery

invites you to a private viewing of

Anthony Murphy

Pandora's Box

with poetry by Aidan Mathews,
dramatist and poet

Thursday 9th November
at 6pm

RSVP essential,
please contact info@theoriel.com

Front cover illustration: Haycocks, Inishbofin, 21 x 18 inches

“I don’t think about choosing colours anymore...my inner eye can see the palette and the rest is intuitive.
Only composition is half intellectual.”

Anthony Murphy



The Horse Fair

oil on canvas, 19.5 x 23.5 inches

Pandora's Box

Zeus was angry with mankind- something that never turns out well. Prometheus, the titan, had stolen fire, the gift for and of the gods, and gave it to man. In response, Prometheus was chained to a rock, where a vulture ate his liver which regrew every day. However, humanity needed to be punished as well....but how?

Zeus charged Hephaestus with making a woman, and her name was Pandora. She was curious and vain, and the first of all women. Zeus gave her as a wife to Epometheus, the brother of the titan Prometheus. At her wedding, she was given a large box by the gods, and told never to open it. However, Pandora's curiosity got the better of her and she proceeded to open the box.

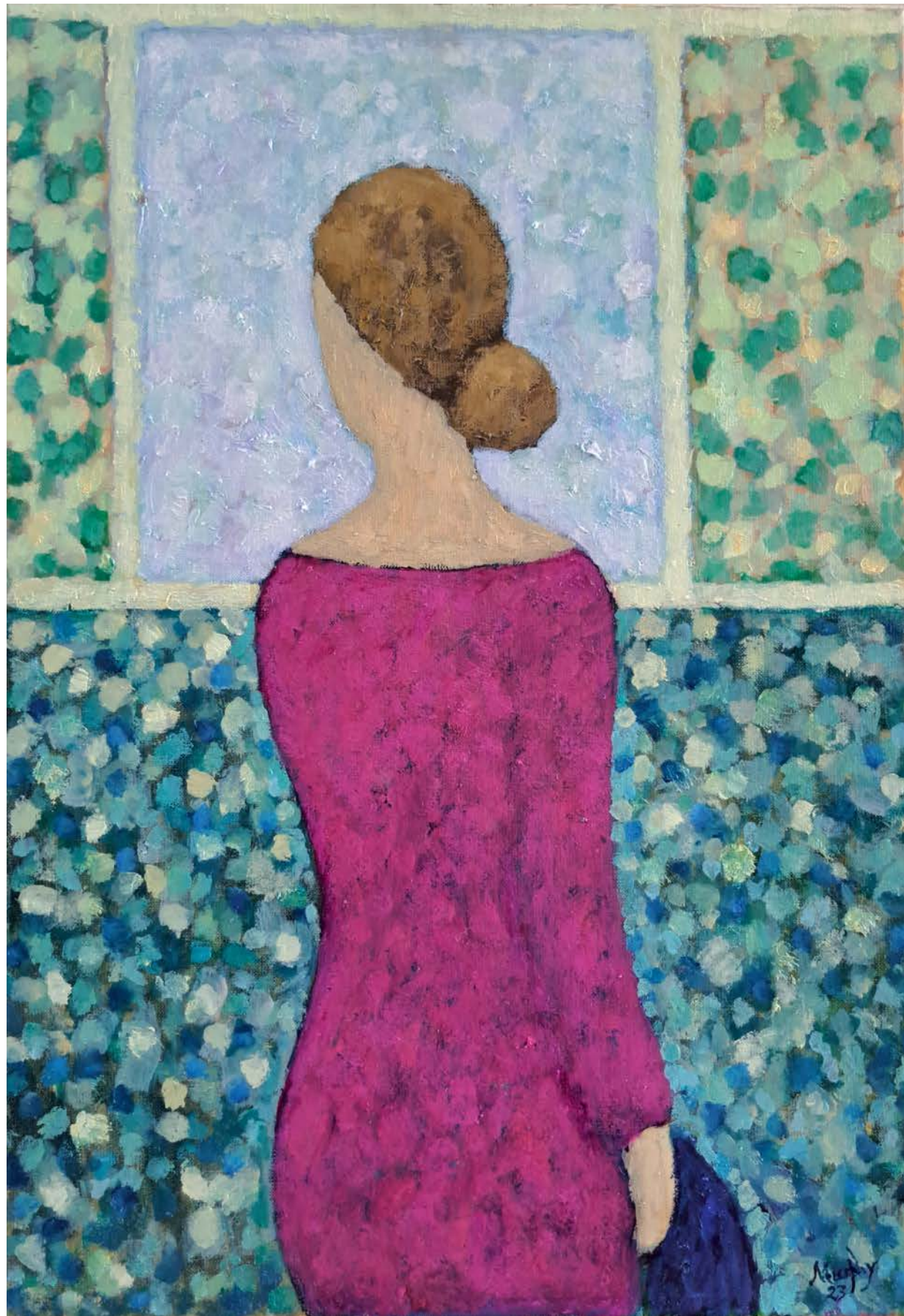
Out came all the bad things in the world - greed, dishonesty, sickness, hatred, conflict, and all that plagues the world. However, at the bottom of the box was Hope, and she flew out into the world from the box. Through all the despair and terrible things of life, human beings would always from then on have the ability of hope.

Based on the myth Atlas and Prometheus from the collection 'The Greek Myths' by Robert Graves



Pandora's Box

oil on canvas, 24 x 20 inches



Molly Window Shopping

oil on canvas, 25.5 x 18 inches



The Two Sisters

oil on canvas, 28.5 x 19.5 inches

“Unless there is wildness around you, something terrible happens to the wildness inside you. And if the wildness inside of you dies I think you’re finished.”

Dreamtime, John Moriarty, Lilliput Press

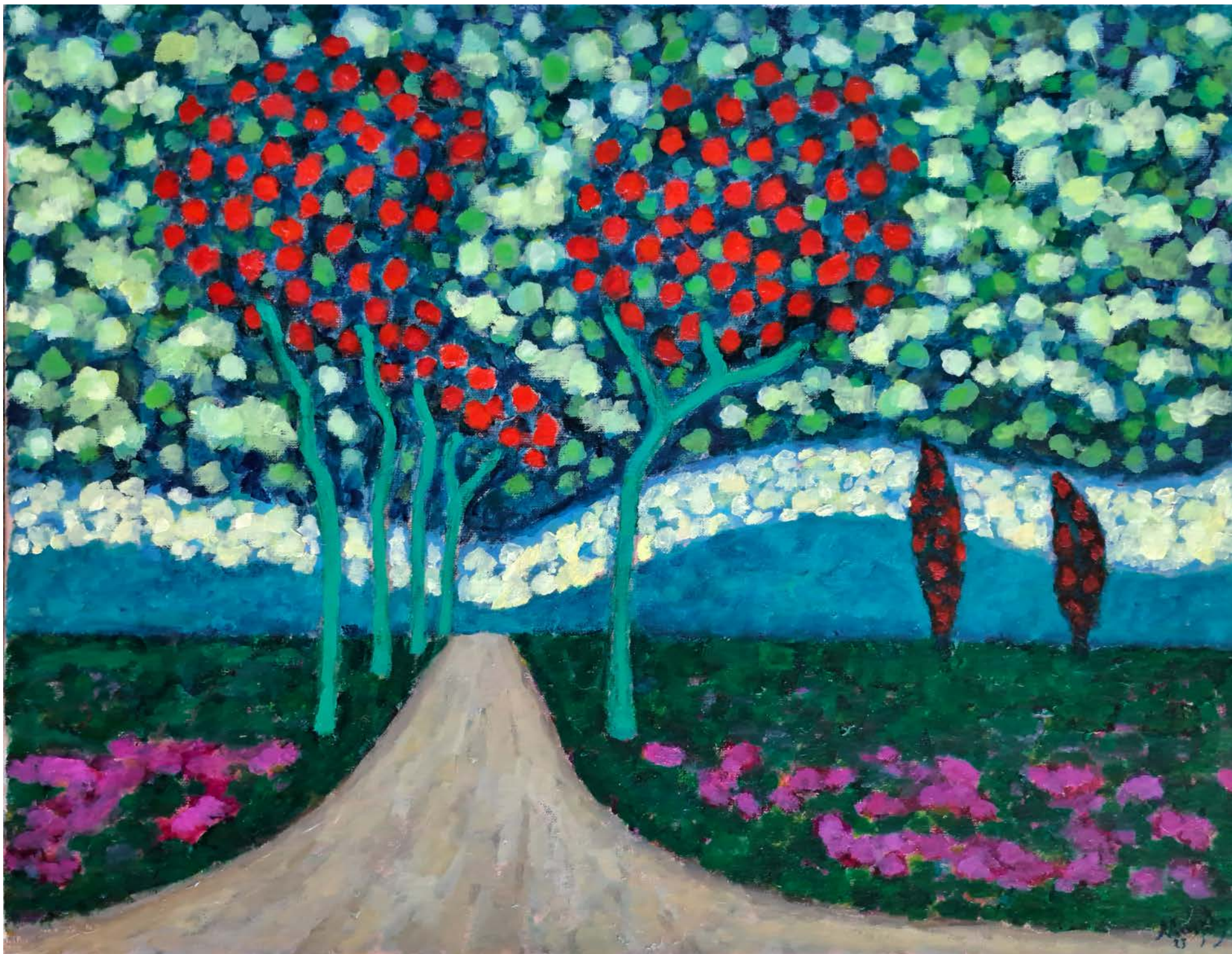


The Apple Pickers

oil on canvas, 23.5 x 36 inches



O'Malley's, Cornamona
oil on canvas, 19.5 x 15 inches

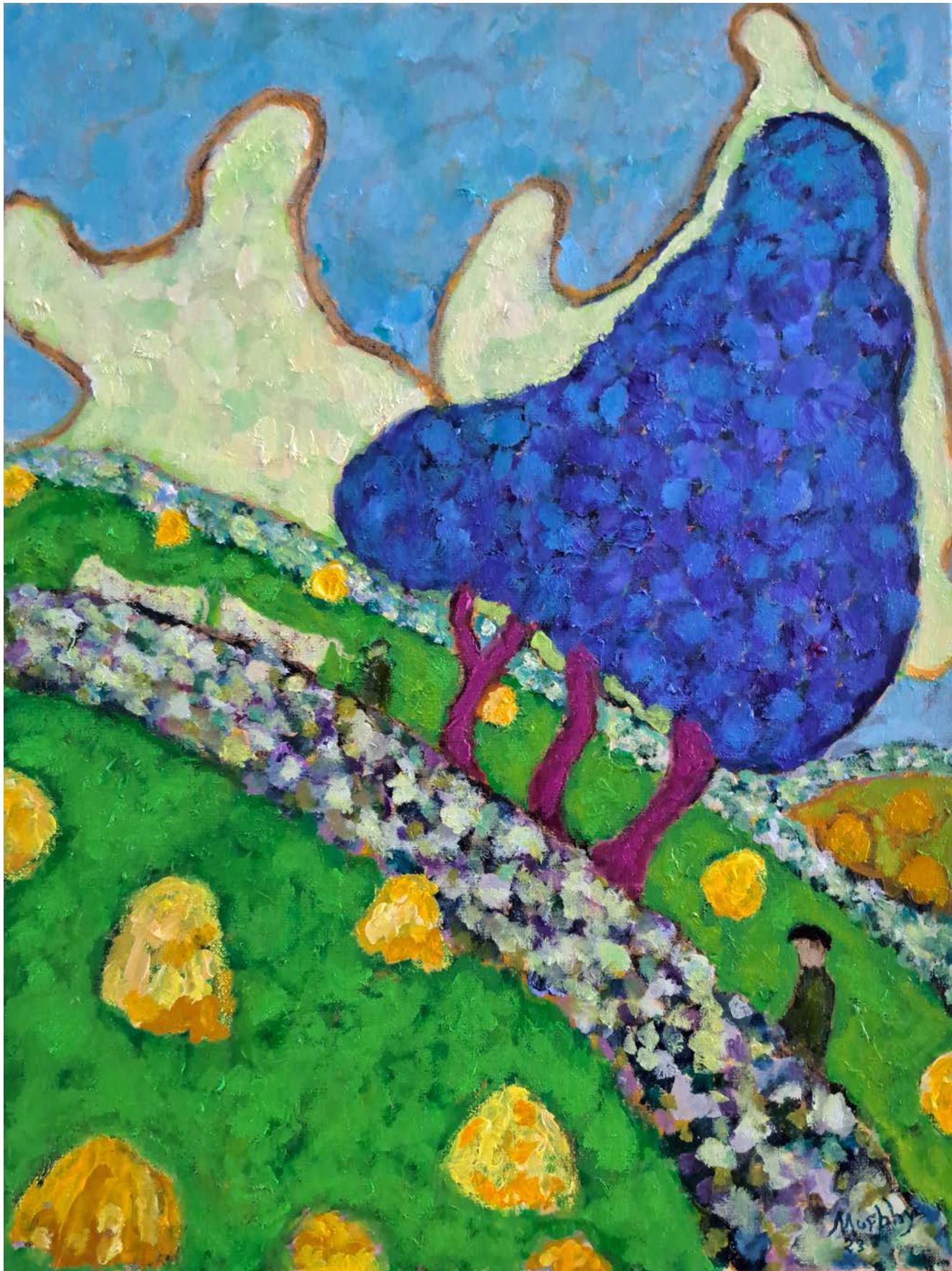


The Road to Knock

oil on canvas, 28.5 x 23.5 inches

“Women are mysterious and I like a mystery. Courtship is the only theatre in the world and women are sorceresses - there is magic. So I’m casting spells for all I’m worth....”

- Anthony Murphy

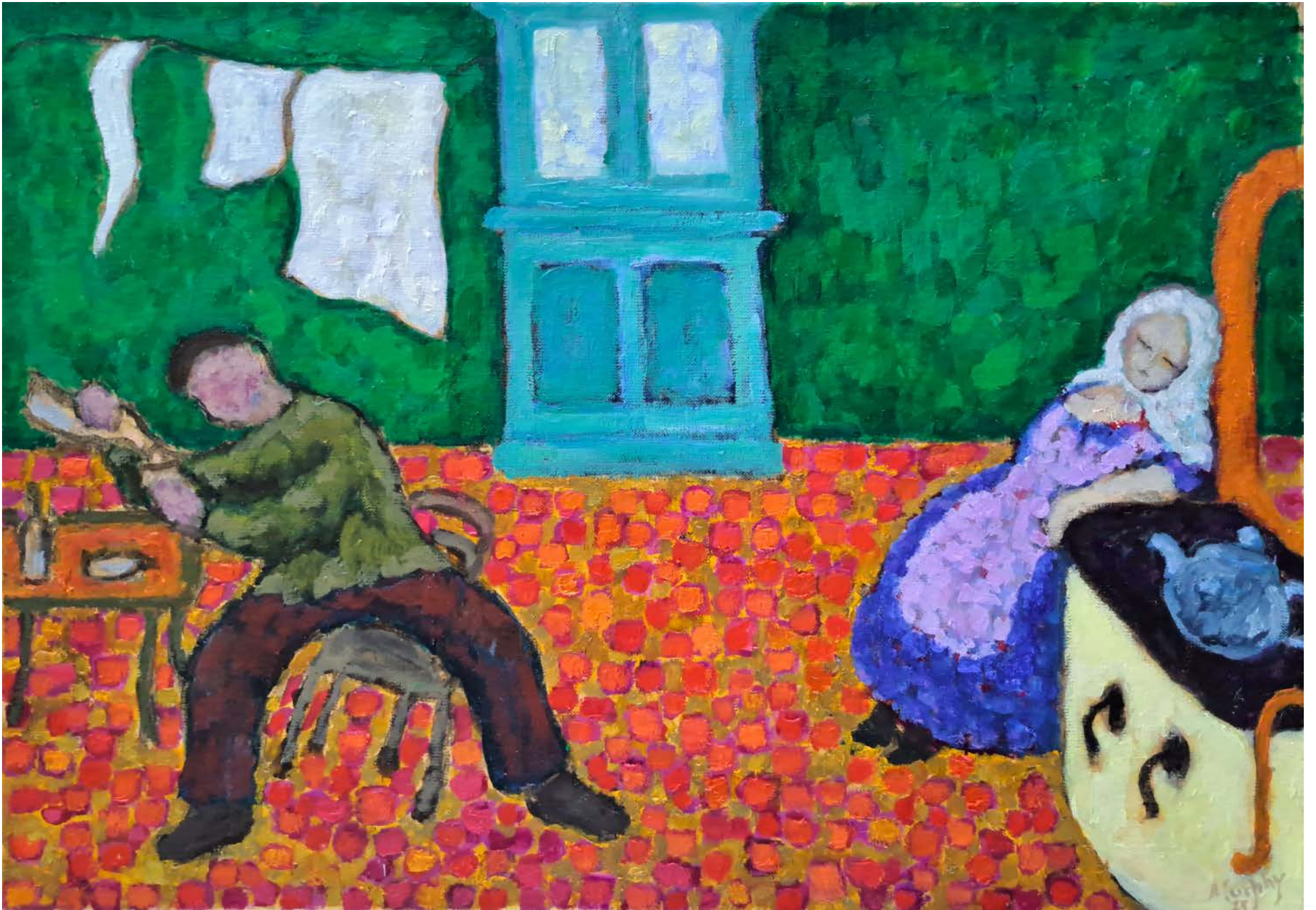


Haycocks, Inishbofin

oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches



Drying Turf, Connemara
oil on canvas, 21 x 18 inches



Poitin in your Tea

oil on canvas, 18 x 25.5 inches



Les Belles Serveuses

oil on canvas, 19.5 x 29 inches



The Chefs

oil on canvas, 19 x 24 inches

The many think humanity made these divinities, and that it can
unmake them again; but we who have seen them pass in rattling
harness, and in soft robes, and heard them speak with articulate
voices while we lay in death-like trance,
know that they are always making and unmaking humanity,
which indeed is but the trembling of their lips.

Mythologies, Gould & Toomey



The Tree of Knowledge

oil on canvas, 28 x 50 inches



Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world.
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

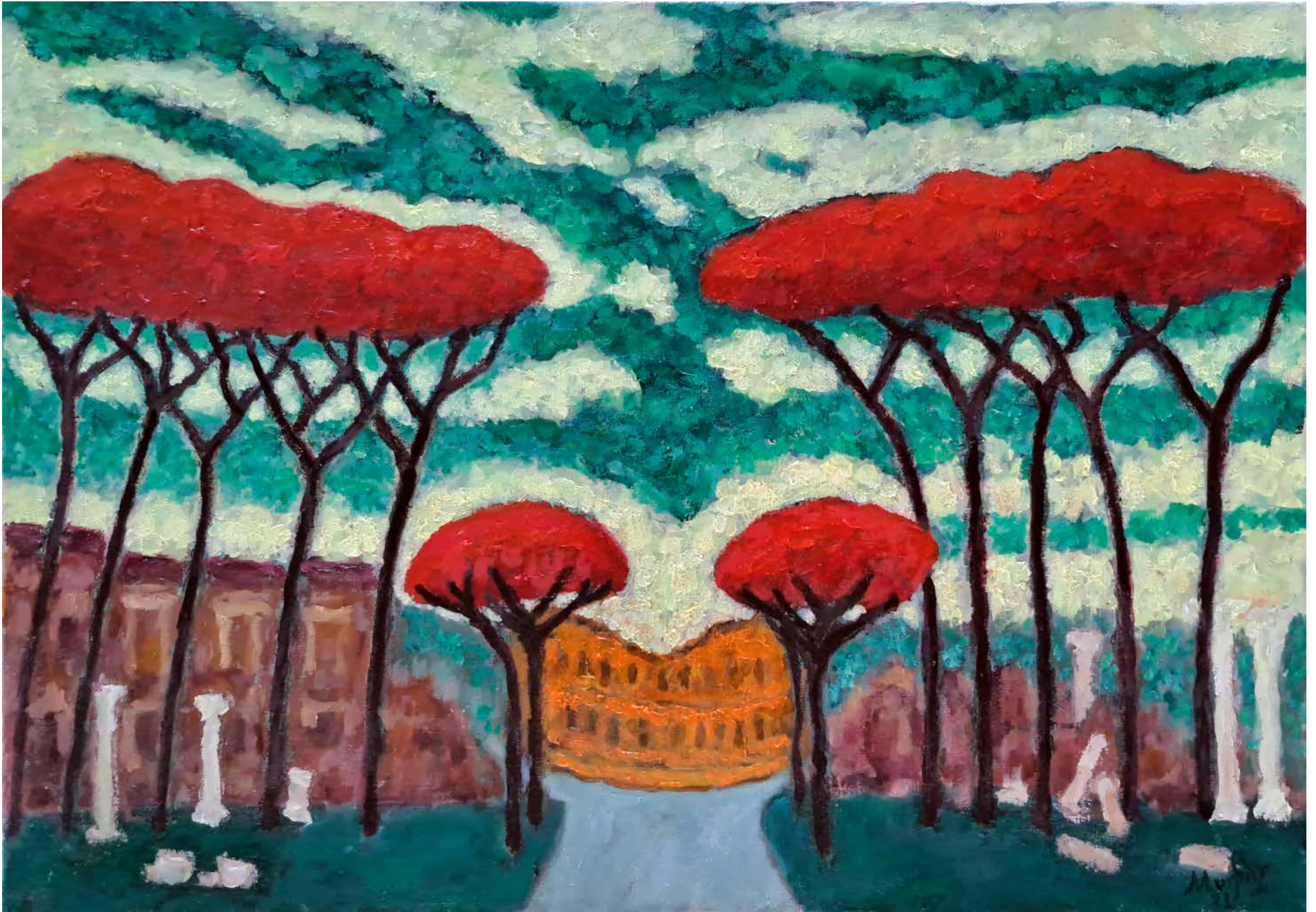
Sailing to Byzantium - William Butler Yeats



Glentrasna, Connemara
oil on canvas, 19.5 x 25.5 inches

“He who speaks does not know.
He who knows does not speak.”

- Tao Te Ching



Via Imperiali, Rome

oil on canvas, 18 x 28.5 inches



The Boules Players

oil on canvas, 19 x 13.5 inches



No apter metaphor having been found for certain emotional colours,
I assert that the Gods exists
- Ezra Pound

Jacaranda

oil on canvas, 20 x 28.5 inches

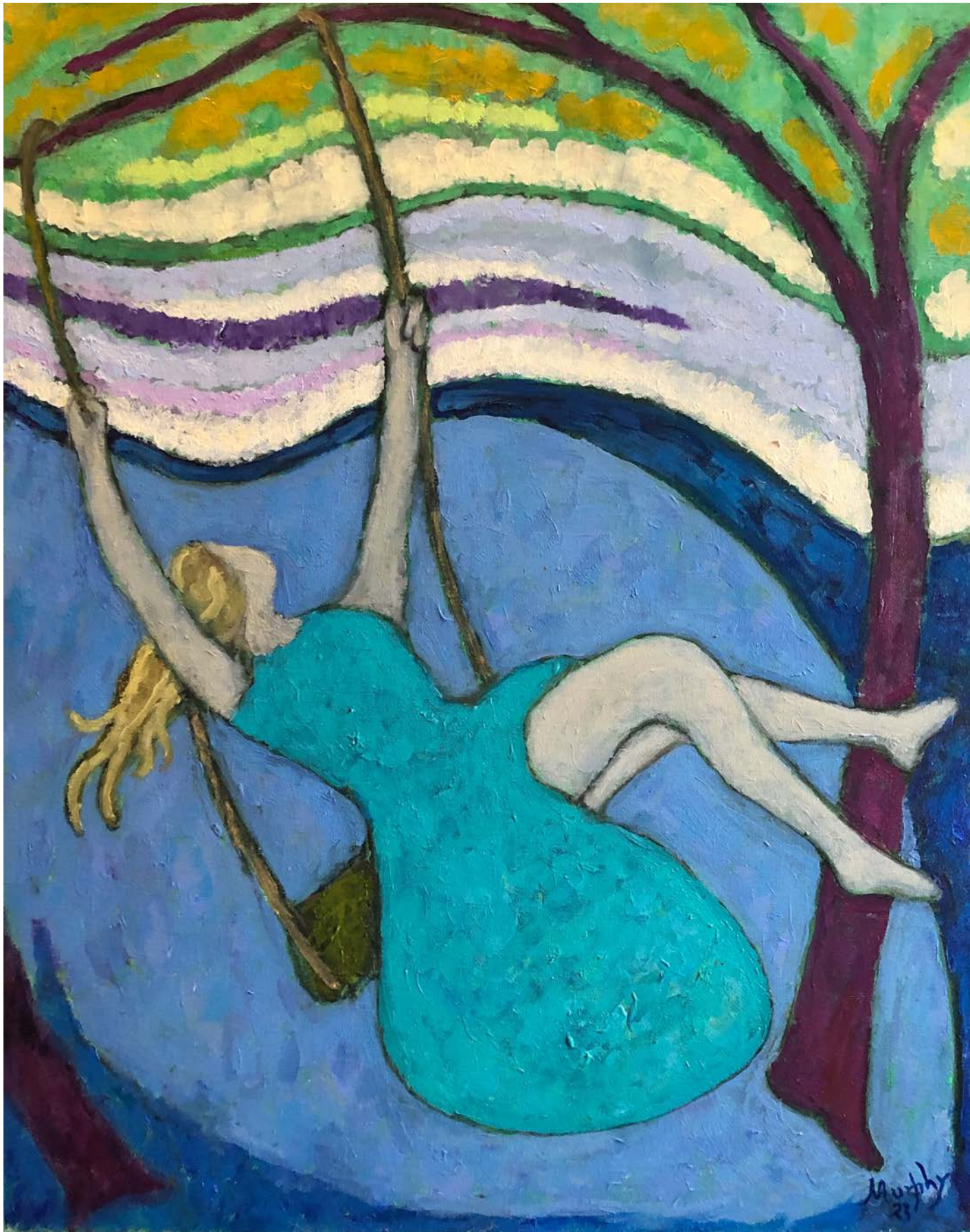
**'That there is all Africa and her prodigies in us.
That in us also is all whatsoever the Sun shines upon.
In us are all the Heavens, all the Hells and all the Deeps'**

- John Moriarty - Dreamtime, Lilliput Press



Molly on her Way

oil on canvas, 28.5 x 19.5 inches



The Swing

oil on canvas, 24 x 19.5 inches



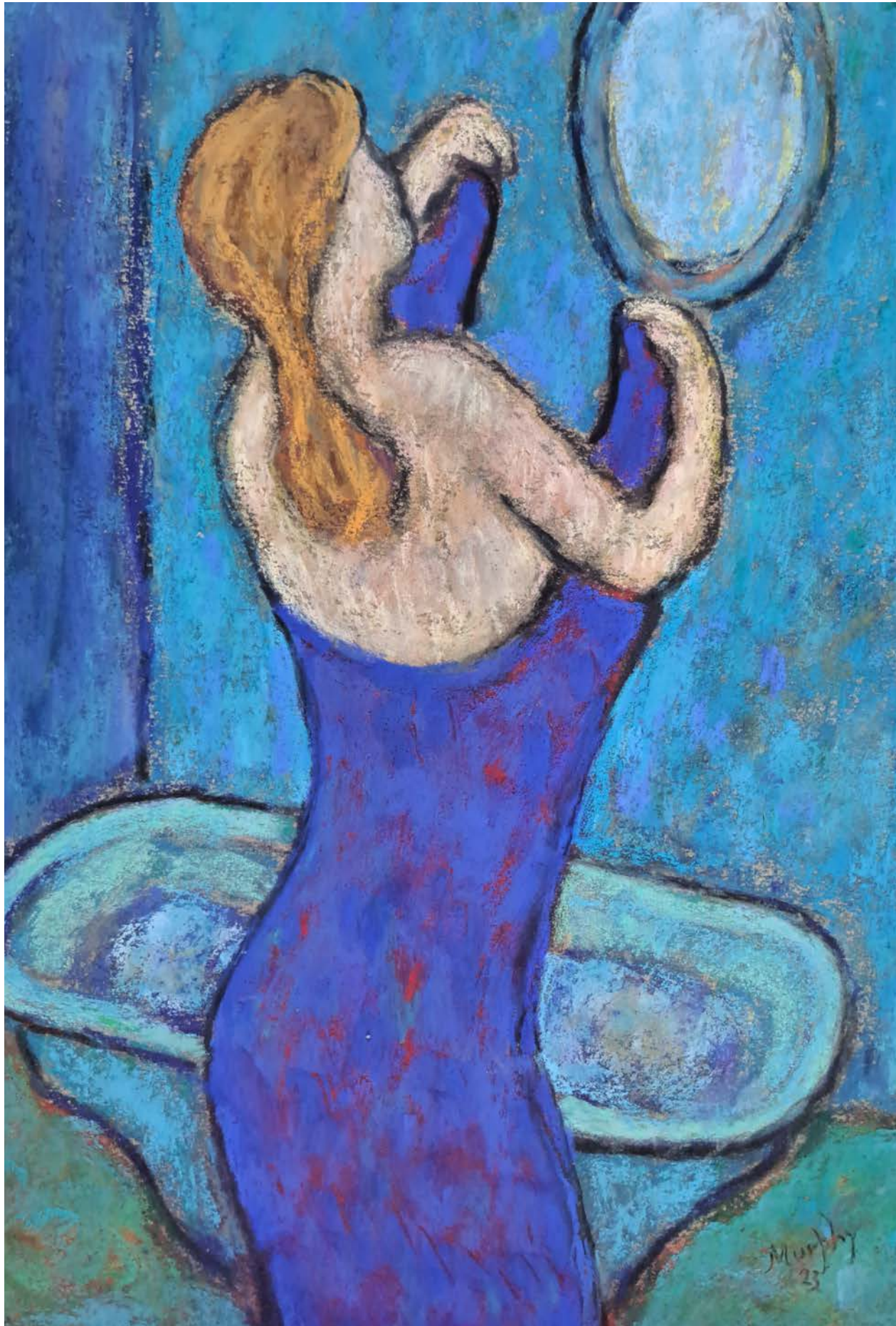
The Balcony

oil on canvas, 19.5 x 24 inches



Hat and Fan

oil on canvas, 24 x 18 inches



Après Le Bain

oil pastel, 17 x 13.5 inches

In the heart of Buenos Aires, a star was born in 1956. Anthony Murphy's youth was spent amidst the hustle and bustle of London and the serenity of Suffolk, but his twenties were dedicated to the verdant isles of Ireland. However, for over a quarter of a century, Anthony has called the rolling hills of Southwest France his home. His abode, perched atop a hill, resembles the grand Ark, a refuge for his wild spirit. The land bears the unmistakable mark of his Irish heritage, with old farm implements adorning the fields, bathtubs nestled amidst the greenery, and vast skies stretching as far as the eye can see. As you traverse the paths, winding through sleepy French hamlets and wooded lanes, it's as if the world outside fades away, and you're embraced by a realm of magic.

Anthony's sanctum, a studio perched above the old stables, is a portal to his enchanted world. At one end of the barn-like chamber, a bed beckons by a wood-burning stove where the artist slumbers. Overhead, a pair of budgerigars flit and chirp amongst the cobwebbed rafters. The floors bear testament to his art, a tapestry of paint-covered rags. Tables are strewn with tubes of paint, oil pastels, and once-pristine coats, now worn for warmth during winter painting sessions in the studio.

In this realm of wonder, canvases lean against chairs and boxes, works in progress with untold stories. Half-finished compositions in charcoal, depicting the lives of turf cutters and laundry girls, landscapes, and horse fairs, reflect both his French and Irish heritage. Each brushstroke is a portal, a glimpse into the heart of this enchanted realm.

Amidst the swirling vortex of the studio's chaos, two gems gleam with a stillness that speaks of order. The first, a collection of well-tended brushes, poised by the easel, a testament to the mastery of craftsmanship that accompanies the art of painting. The second, a veritable feast for the eyes, an array of oil colours, carefully graded on palettes, each hue a symphony of light and shadow. Herein lies a great truth, for Anthony Murphy's work, though imbued with a Fauvist simplicity, bears witness to a rare talent honed over three decades of dedication. To become a master of colour is a feat few achieve, yet Murphy has conquered it with aplomb. His paintings are a vibrant celebration of light and colour, each brushstroke a testament to the harmony and contrast that illuminates his work. You can see the influence of his pastel drawings in the bold brushstrokes of his oils, each stroke an immediate reflection of the artist's vision.



With kind permission of Perry Ogden



Anthony as Tom Brown from 'Tom Brown's Schooldays, BBC, in 1970. He went on to win an Emmy Award for Best Actor in a starring role.



Anthony hand gliding over Blackhead, Co. Clare, 1978

Biography

Education

1970/1975	Scholar, Westminster School, London
1973	Emmy award for Best Actor in the starring role of TOM BROWN's SCHOOLDAYS, BBC Television Academy Awards, Los Angeles
1975-1978	New College, Oxford, BA Degree in Philosophy, Psychology and Physiology
1982	High Holborn, London, BA Degree in Law
1984	Lincoln's Inn, London, called to the English Bar
1985 - 1987	Temple, 2 King's Bench Walk & 6 Pump Cour
1988 - 1990	Clifford Chance, Paris, France

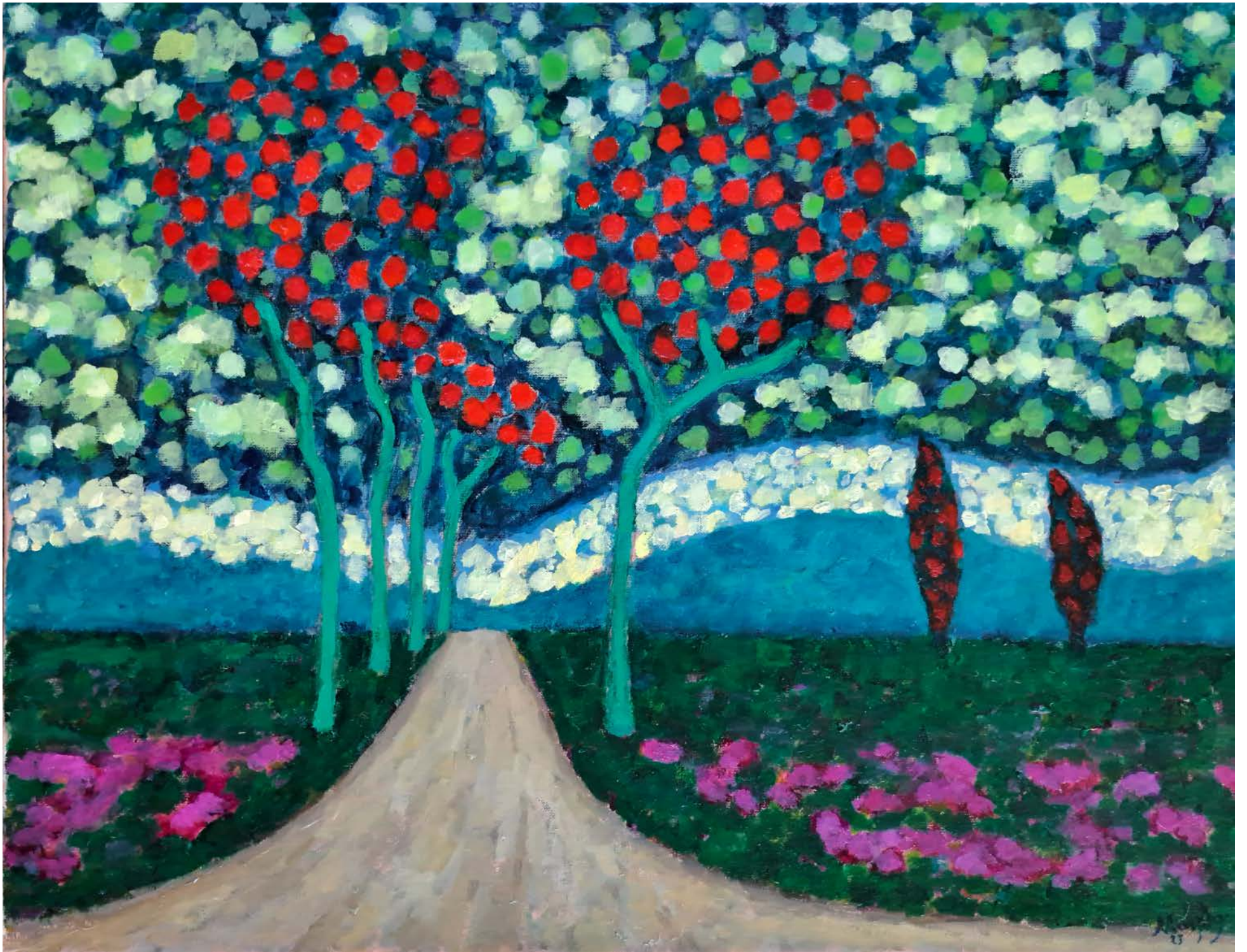
Exhibitions

Since 1991 Anthony has had over 60 group and solo exhibitions throughout Europe and the US.

Featuring in such notable galleries and fairs as

The Orangery, Holland Park, London
Jernigan Wicker Fine Arts, San Francisco, USA
Drouot - L'Hermine, Paris, France
Galleries Aalders, Golfe de St. Tropez
Galerie Municipale, Castelnaudary, France
The Arts Club, Dover Street, London
Jorgenson Gallery, Dublin
Toronto Art Fair, Canada
Box Gallery, King's Road, London
Battersea Art Fair, London
Charles Gilmore Gallery, Belfast

The Oriel Gallery has proudly represented Anthony's work for over 10 years



The Oriel Gallery
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www.theoriel.com