JORDAN QUINTERO

FINE ART

JQFA

Studio Inventory, Oct. 2026



Ancient Language At Hazard Canyon, 48" x 15", oil, varnish, polyurethane, color pencil, graphite, pyrogrpahy, on luan and birch cradeled panel, $3,100

I think opf painting as an excavation, of sort. I have always been interested in the curiously layered nature of reality, where stories, expectations and memories actually alter the formal appearance of the world. The strange malleability of perception, when you drill down on creating an image-object, just goes into hyper-drive. For me, at least, I have learned exactky three things in twenty years of doing this on a more or less professional level, one of which is now a cliche:

Thing #1: Simplify

Thing #2: Clarify.

Thing # 3: Trust the process. (This one is the cliche)

None of these are easy to do when you start with the world, as an artist must, in all its glory and mess and chaos.

The work in this collection began about ten years ago. Most everything older is sold or burned or given away or not for sale. I had been making paintings about mythologies of people transforming into trees. I got diagnosed with epilepsy on my birthday, Nov 13th, 2016. I broke up with a beautiful Southern California girl. I went on to get strong and healthy enough to start surfing serious waves again, after being sidelined for almost five years with a bad back injury from 2011-2016. I tried to help my brother get off meth and off the streets. I became an architectural designer. I opened a brick-and-mortar gallery and design studio the month before Covid happened. I fell in love with a Northern California girl and drove between the Central Coast and the Northern Sierra over and over again.

On these drives, which echoed childhood journeys between broken apart parts of the tribefamily, the landscapes wove themselves into my story and my work; I thought about the history, the indigenous people, the ancestors, the Europeans; I excavated the mixed media from the wood panels and the oil paintings from many surfaces. They are about Truth. About Dreams. About The Idea Of Freedom.

I've always felt (I have been taught, I have been indocterinated) that, like, the music comes through me.... like, the paintings are all already painted, I'm just trying to get out of the way...

It's a pretty picture.

I'm just trying to make the world ever so slightly more beautiful, in the least destructive way I can think of.

JQ, Oct, 2026

The landscape phase really started with the *Echoes, Dreams, Elaborations* series, in 2017-18. I decided to take on houselessness as a subject. From the anthropomorphic trees, to the anthropomorphic landscape...



at right, *Slope & Exposure*, graphite on maple ply, 7.5" x 5.5", $179

below, *Being & Nothingness*, oil on cradeled wood panel, 23.5" x 23.5", $2,391

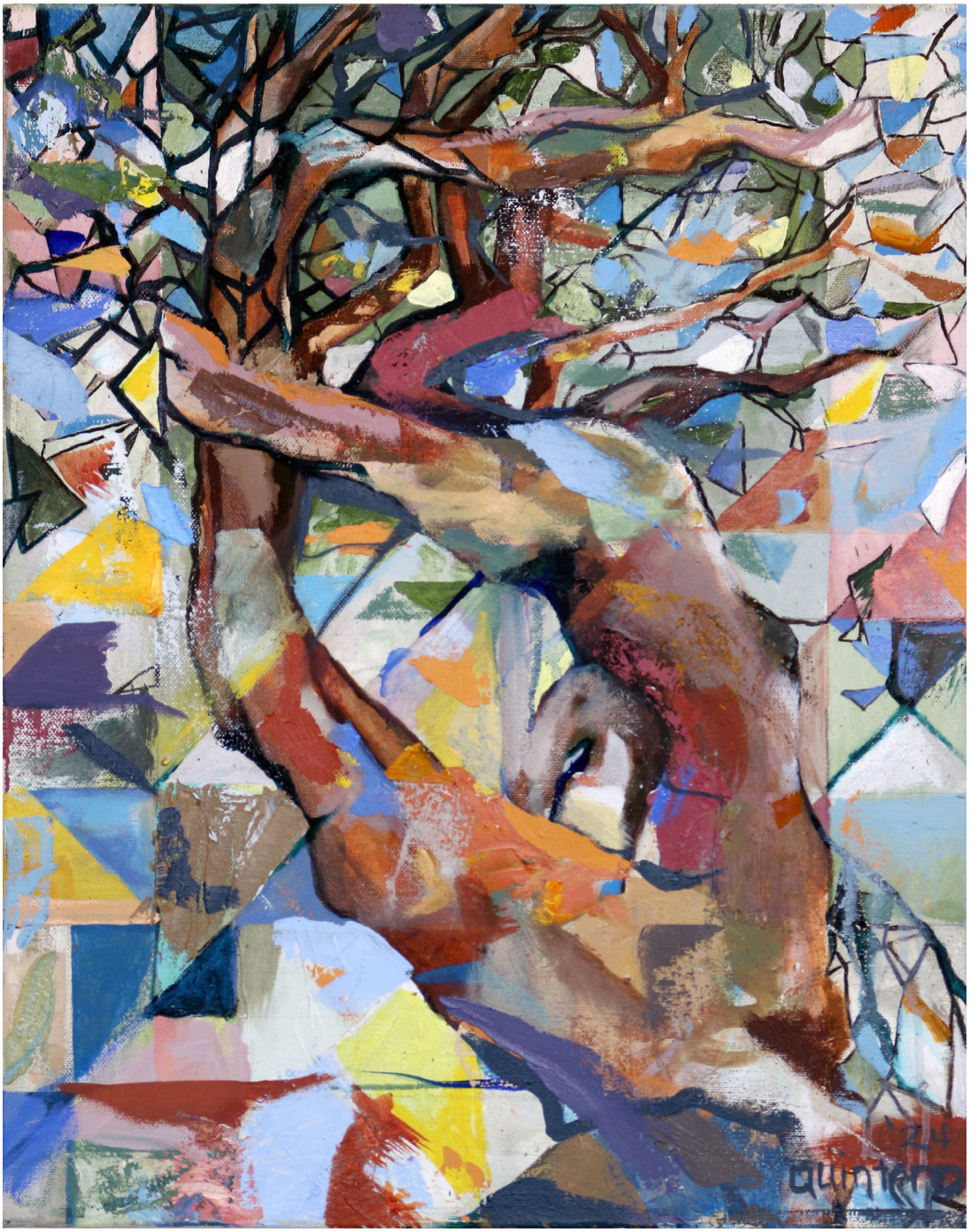




above, *Sanctuary*, oil on cradeled luan wood panel, 23.5” x 23.5”, $2,400
at right, *Esalen*, oil on cradeled masonite panel, 20” x 30”, $2600

The interplay between Consciouness, Perception, Culture, “Reality” and whatever “Nature” might be is the central locus of investigation for my artwork. Organic patterns, forms, rhythms and textures are woven into cutural referances, representational passages, personal memories, and narrative/mythologistical tableaux. For years, from about 2011 to about 2019, botanical and arboreal subjects in various stages of anthropomorphic transformation were the main focus of my work. Esalen and Sanctuary or a few of the last remaining works from this period. I called the series [Man is a Monkey] “Trying To Be A Tree”, and after the trees, it made sense to move into the landscape. I feel like the most difficult thing a painter can do is create a figure-in-a-landscape...





above, *Lovers*, *Remix* oil on strecthced canvas, 16” x 20” x 1.5”
$1,400
at right, *Daphne*, oil on luan panel, 20” x 30”; framed w/1.75” wide red oak ‘flat’ moulding,
$2600



"And all at once she [Harmony] understood what myth is, understood that myth is the precedent behind every action, its invisible, ever-present lining."
-Roberto Calasso, The Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony, p. 383
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/My recent work explores the visual metaphor of human/plant hybridity as a way of examing the possibility of consciousness evolving, if not a conscious evolution.//The painting, drawing and mixed media pieces in this series draw heavily on classical mythological tropes, but give them a fresh stylistic and conceptual rinse.//It feels important to look at the old stories, our psychic and spiritual roots, vis-à-vis the millenial anxiety of my generation, and the eschatological promise/premises of an increasingly dystopian contemporary landscape.
//The trees were our first gods, and in this work, and in this time, I feel we may yet have much to learn from them.// JQ, '14 '



above, *Conversations With The Ancestors* or *Babes In Rainbowland*, 48” x 29.5” x 1.5”, oil paint, graphite, color pencil, pyrography, collage, clear acryllic medium on FSC Certified Sustainably Harvested Maple, Hand-built Maple Cradeld Box Panel
$6,100

details:







left, *Spring, Pt. 2*, 12” x 36” x 1.25”, india ink, gesso, graphite, pyrography on .5” birch ply with standoff hanging hardware
$1870

Mixed Media--

I started working in the construction trades when I was thirteen. I gravitated to carpentry. I loved the smell, I loved the reality of the material, the pure contest of will that shaping a thing with wood and metal is, I wouldn’t love painting if I didn’t love building. I don’t see much difference, really. I suppose, as they say, you can think of art as the finished edge of the space, whatever space it is.

I feel like ‘The Environment’ is the story of our time, and in my small way, I try to do no harm. So, in the interest of honoring thevalue of the forests we cut down to build our buildings, any drop from my jobs I could get my hands on would become part of the art practice... since I have been doing it...and, I love drawing, as much as I love painting and building...it is more forgiving.

You can set a drawing down for months and pick up with a continuity of effect that is difficult to achieve with other mediums....

I got a burning tool from one of my art friends in Oakland in 2009ish and it’s been an important tool ever since. It feels like a ritual scarification practice, a no-going-back-now movement, and I like that....because it’s honest, and it’s what life is...



above, *Coast Ranges: Iris Dreams of the Two Headed Serpent God of the Lost Hills, California*, 29.5” x 18.5” x 1.5” oil paint, graphite, color pencil, pyrography, clear acryllic medium on FSC Certified Sustainably Harvested Maple, Hand-built Maple Cradeld Box Panel
$2,360

details:







above, *Coast Ranges Pt. 1: Windy Passage*, 29.5” x 18.5” x 1.5”
oil paint, graphite, color pencil, pyrography, guache, clear acryllic medium on FSC Certified Sustainably Harvested Maple, Hand-built Maple Cradeld Box Panel
$2,360



above, *Coast Ranges: Los Osos Valley*, 29.5” x 18.5” x 1.5”
oil paint, graphite, color pencil, pyrography, clear acryllic medium on FSC Certified Sustainably Harvested Maple, Hand-built Maple Cradeld Box Panel
$2,360

at right, *Bishops Peak and The Sun*, 20” x 10” x 2”, oil painting on cradeled birch and poplar panel
$860

These weave a mythology of the California landscape...tracings of memory, history, culture with land, sun, mountain and valley; water and fire, the human mind; wood, color, burning, marking; Elemental Things.
California. It is, all at once: a Place, a Story, a Stage, a State of Mind, a Myth, a Dream, a Geography of the Spirit...a Geologic Wonder... a Setting for the Soul....Native State....Migrants, all.
Riding and driving in cars on her highways, or walking, through her mountains and hills and plains and deserts and along her beaches since as long as I can remember; in the ocean (teeth chattering, obsessed with feeling that power, finding it in myself...the endlessness...)
This land has always felt vast and empty and, at the same time, crowded with people and



their spirits...so many stories on the wind, giving a sense of being possessed, and yet never, ever, quite understanding, what we're all doing here...
There is something aggressive in the grandeur of this place, a certain violence and abandonment in the beauty of uplifted and broken ranges that march jaggedly into the sea, or wide limitless pine forests, or the over-grazed windswept, voluptuous hills that speak of Spanish conquests, a disrupted Eden, ancient legacies entwined...a Great Central Valley... Super Volcanos you can see from two hundred miles away...in the flux of decades spent in wanderings and artventures, I've meditated deeply on the dreams of this land, and it's peoples...
...they are frenzied, acquisitive dreams, California dreams....
Wave after wave of people risking everything for the acquisition of gold, glory, souls, slaves, fame, land, love, enlightenment....these paintings and mixed media pieces were made as an attempt to convey the lived beauty of a place...this place. My Golden State.







above, *Coast Ranges: Cojo Canyon*, 48.5” x 29.5” x 1.5”
oil paint, graphite, color pencil, pyrography, polyester surfboard resin, lacquer-base spray paint, clear acryllic medium on FSC Certified Sustainably Harvested Maple, Hand-built Maple Cradeld Box Panel
$6,100

at left, details of *Cojo Canyon* showing the various material surfaces in the work.







clockwise, from left,

All Along The Eastern Escarpment, Migrants Have Been Schlepping for Millenial, Largely for The Pure Heck Of It, 10”x10”x.75”, oil on stretched canvas, unframed, $433

I Found Myself Entirely Contained in The Great Basket of The Word, 10”x10”x.75”, oil on stretched canvas, unframed, $433

...The Carson Range With Alpinglo...What Nation Is This...? 10”x10”x.75”, oil on stretched canvas, unframed, $433

Bear Paws and the Gathering Of Ancestors In The Sky and In My Mind 10”x10”x.75”, oil on stretched canvas, unframed, $433




QUINTÉ
'24

Discernment & Struggle To Communicate
Are The Evolutionary Impulses To Awe That
Eagle, Also, Must Feel
10”x10”x.75”, oil on stretched canvas,
unframed, $433

The Sierra Stories

My mother died pretty young, and pretty unexpectedly, in late 2021. It rocked my brother and sister and I to our cores. She had struggled with physical and mental and, I would maintain, spiritual disability--(’wounding’ would be a more accurate term, I might contend)--for years, and much of our adult lives had been spent balancing caring for her with trying to establish our own independent lives and identities.

The was a tremendous amount of physical and emotional and, again, spiritual labor involved in settling her estate, as it were, and during the year an a half it to do achieve that task, I traveled between the =Central Ca. Coast and the Northern Sierra Nevada Foothills--Placer and Nevada Co.s, specifically, on the way to North Lake Tahoe from Sacramento on I-80--where my partner at the time was navigating her own spiritual and physical crisis. The long hours on the road gave me the perfect privacy for true grieving, playing Madman Across The Water, talking to ma, listening on the wind for the wisdom of the ancestors...

When the dust settled in late 2023, I stumbled on the chance to rent an old classroom in the derelict old Community Center nee Depression Era Works Progress Administration Art Deco Schoolhouse for a song, to use as a painting and sorting through studio. I moved my piles of artworks and materials, notebooks, records and the few other worldly possessions I owned into the studio and crashed at my girls house a few blocks away. I would get up early and make coffee in the dark and walk the pup to the field, unlock the studio and do warm-up drawings, and then start painting. I did a fair bit of remembering, a fair bit of crying, a lot of thinking, a lot of hiking around and going up the mountain to snowboard and camp out and let the timelesness of the forest soothe my wounds.

The painting became a ritual, a prayer; about color, about memory, about culture, about life.

I moved back to San Luis Obispo to take a growed-up, big kid architecture job in late 2024.



above, *Wasatch Basket Motif with Mt.s Lincoln, Disney, Et Al at Sugarbowl Ski Resort, California*
18” x 18”, oil painting on gessoed Arches Cold-press Fine Art Paper, framed dimesions 19.25” x 19.25”
$1,400



above, *Mi-Wuk Mono Tribe Motif with Tissiack*
18” x 18”, oil painting on gessoed Arches Cold-press Fine Art Paper,
framed dimesion 19.25” x 19.25”
$1,400



above, *Native Ameerican Person, Pt. 6: Ashely*
18” x 18”, oil painting on gessoed Arches Cold-press Fine Art Paper, framed dimesions 19.25” x 19.25”
$1,400



above, *Ebbet's Pass, Alpine County*
18" x 18", oil painting on gessoed Arches Cold-press Fine Art Paper,
framed dimesion 19.25" x 19.25"
$1,400



Buckeye Canyon and The Sawtooths, 20” x 10” x 2”, oil on birch and poplar cradeled wood box panel
$866



Whose Land Is This Land? or *Bought and Paid For At Lake Tenaya, Yosemite National Park*, 20” x 10” x 2”, oil on birch and poplar cradeled wood box panel
$866



Our Lady of Guadalup, Upper Salinas Vallery
18” x 18”, oil painting on gessoed Arches Cold-press Fine Art Paper, framed dimesions 19.25” x 19.25”
$1,400