

Issue 10  
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**Abstract Expressionism: Dana Schutz**

I discovered Dana Schutz in 2005 while attending an art exhibit at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C. I was very moved by this young woman's strange work, the deconstruction (or reconstruction) of the assembly of human bodies. Her transfigured forms lend mystery and morbidity to some of her work.



Schutz's work has been described as "teetering on the edge of tradition and innovation." In her own words, "My paintings are loosely based on metanarratives. The pictures float in and out of pictorial genres. Still lifes become personified, portraits become events and landscapes become constructions. I embrace the area between which the subject is composed and decomposing, formed and formless, inanimate and alive.

Recently I have been making paintings of sculptural goddesses, transitory still lifes, people who make things, people

who are made and people who have the ability to eat themselves. Although the paintings themselves are not specifically narrative, I often invent imaginative systems and situations to generate information. These situations usually delineate a site where making is a necessity, audiences potentially don't exist, objects transcend their function and reality is malleable."

An article in *New York Art* states, "A recent grad of the buzzed-about Columbia M.F.A. program, Schutz still works in a windowless, unheated studio not far from campus. [She had] her first solo show at LFL (now Zach Feuer) gallery in 2002. Since then, she's appeared in *Vogue* and *Artforum* and seen her work snapped up by the Rubells, Charles Saatchi, the Corcoran, the Guggenheim, and the Los Angeles Museum of Contemporary Art, remaining loyal to Feuer despite other offers. 'She's definitely an interesting one to watch,' says Amy Cappellazzo, international co-head of Post-War & Contemporary Art at Christie's. In "Greater New York," she displayed her biggest painting yet: a fourteen-by-ten-foot autopsy scene that suggests Rembrandt's *Anatomy Lesson* glimpsed through a prism."



**Featured Artist: Chandra B Rasaily, India**

Images of females, birds and trees dominate Chandra's canvases.

Creation has been a long odyssey of observation and practice for Chandra to produce the images that ultimately end up spontaneously on canvas. The act of creation brings him absolute joy.



Colors and forms have charmed Chandra from childhood as does music and sculpture. He still remembers the faces and voices of the two mendicants who annually frequented the village to sing religious hymns.

In his words, "The world of Art is a global trade-affair. I swear by M. F. Hussain, Picasso, Van Gogh - I hold them very high who had the very bliss of the Existence."

You can check out his web site at <http://rasailycreations.com>.



**What I've Been Up to Lately:**

Nothing. Here's an old painting, just to fill the slot:



"Troubled Waters", 2009

**Poem of the Month:**

Impact

my eyelids are shovels  
 my eyes are cotton  
     Wet with warm saltwater  
 my arms are sand  
 I melt into the floor and disappear  
 the voice floats  
 the words escape through the door  
 the cold air invades our space  
 like little mutants  
 with sleeping darts  
 dreamy pitchforks  
 echoes in the hall  
 clicking shoes  
 remind me of junior high  
 mothers retrieving their sick &  
 wounded  
 writing/stealing hall passes  
 running into the woods after school  
 smoke & steam rising  
 from those houses without sin  
 where Johnny goes in for dinner  
 but doesn't have to worry  
 about the drunken slob  
 pounding on the table  
 falling into the fire

it's morning again  
 alarm  
 same old cornball on the radio  
 reciting the school menu  
 the weather  
 where to buy a car  
 telling us to come get an autographed  
     Neil Diamond record this  
 Saturday  
 yea, I'm forever in blue jeans babe  
 overalls  
 horses with wagging tails  
     and steaming piles  
 tables of cheese & grapes  
 plaid – pink and green and blue  
 boys hiding in the trunk  
 so there's more cash for beer  
 stumbling home  
 with pennies & peanut butter  
     on our breath

so mom won't know what we're up to  
 well...yours won't  
 and when we're released  
 and free  
 it's anticlimactic  
 melodramatic  
 hey, don't go  
 c'mere, I wanna tell you somethin'  
 who are you?  
 you're still here?  
 time to go  
 look me up  
 I miss you  
 when did we get so old, and  
 have you heard from so-and-so?  
 what do you want to be  
 when you grow up?  
 or should I say who?  
 who are you doing  
 who can't you live without?  
 who is that stranger in the mirror  
     always lying to me  
 product of a country town  
 religion without substance  
 schools where they don't dare  
 talk about the problems between the  
 races  
 homosexuality  
 closed-mindedness  
 why Leroy is so proud of his silly rebel  
 flag  
 why no one looks anyone in the eye  
 why we can't talk about  
 what's in Dad's glass  
 and why sister is barfing again  
 and why Mom is gaining weight  
 and seems so sad  
 and I'm depressed on a Sunday  
 and I'm only seven  
 and I live for escape  
 and fumble with older boys in the  
 neighbor's yard  
 and I hate school  
 and I am afraid  
 and I make a tent in my room  
 with blankets  
 and hide in there and  
 pretend to be someone else.

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**Quote of the Month:**

“The painter will produce pictures of little merit if he takes the works of others as his standard.” – Leonardo da Vinci (1452- 1519)

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