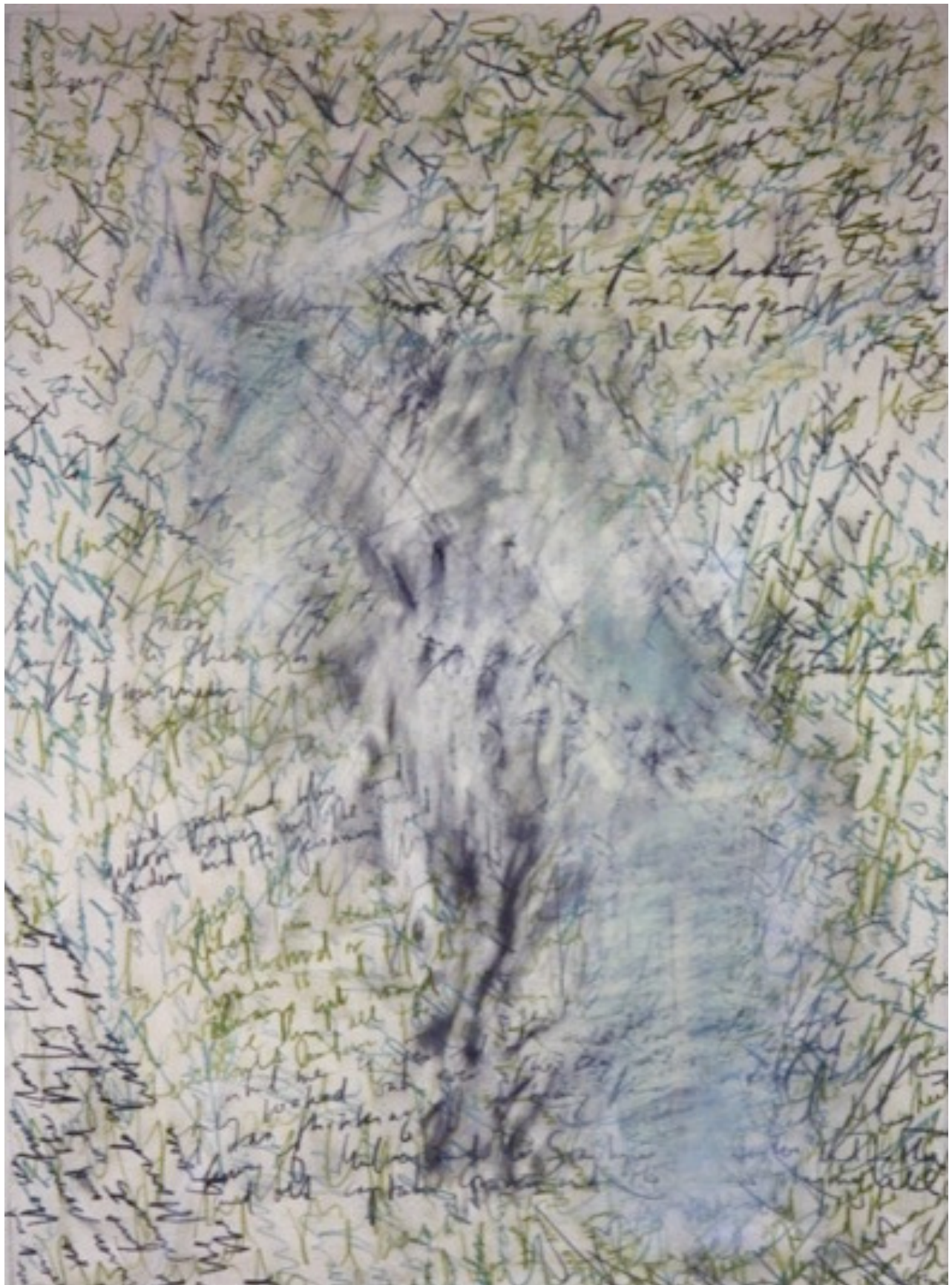


Cheselyn Amato
Selected Works: 1980–2016

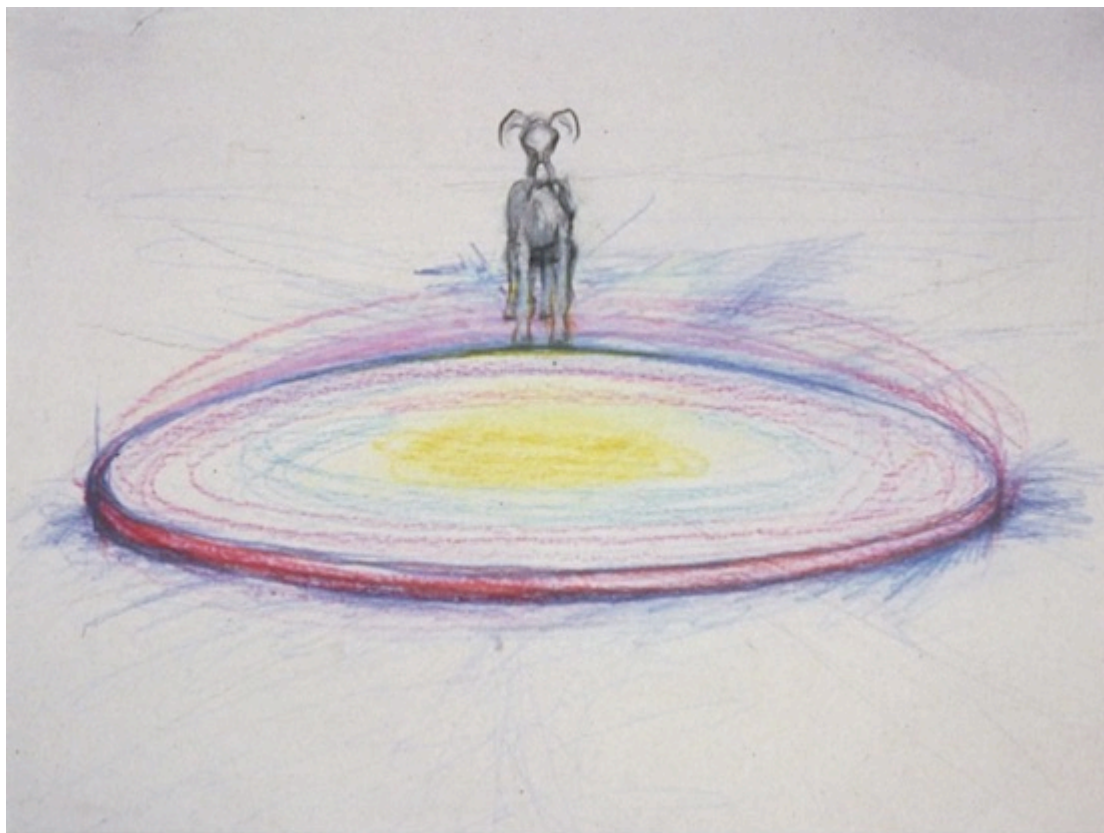


Word into Image, 1980, Graphite on Paper, 24" x 18"

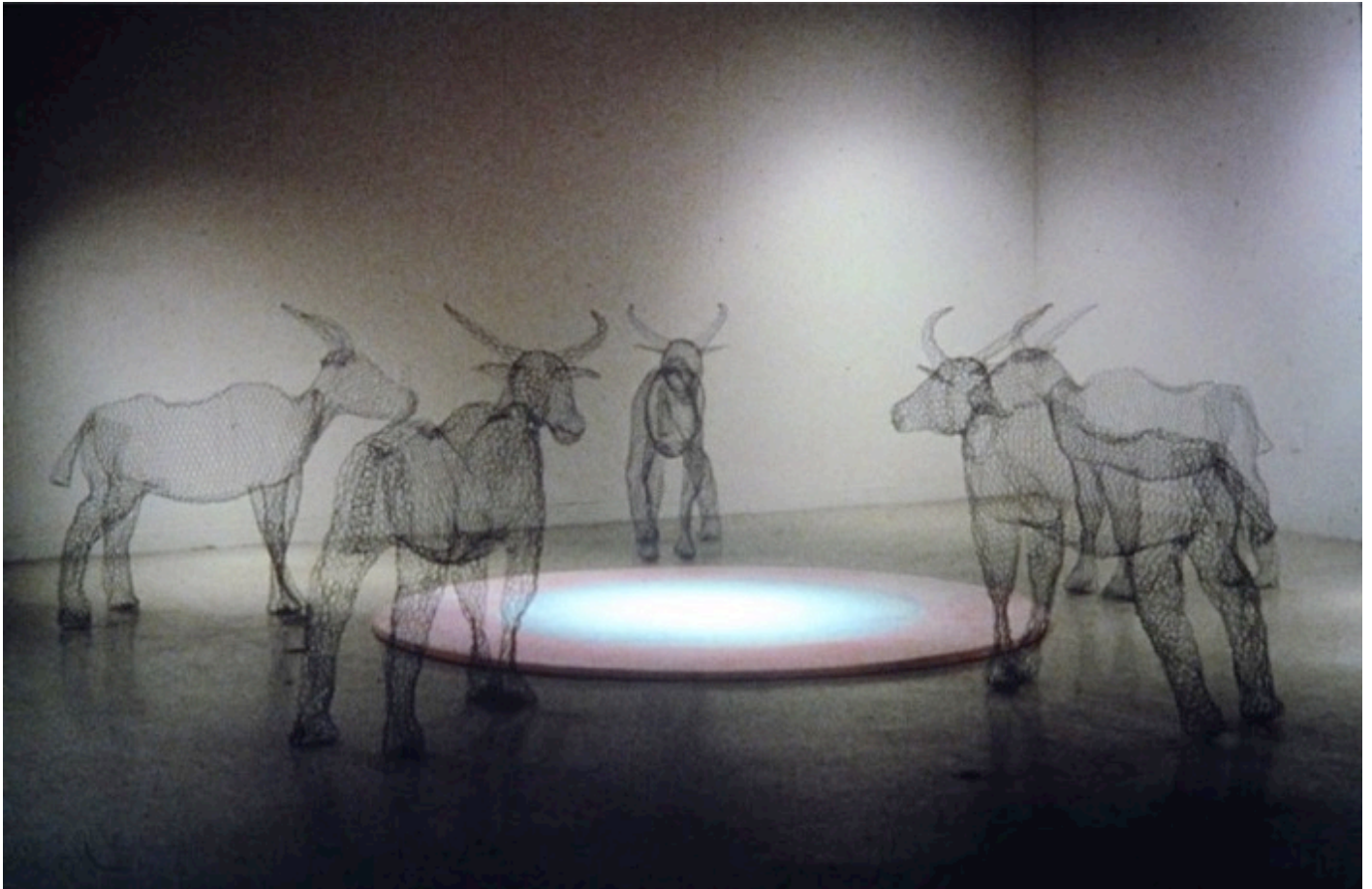


Molly's Soliloquy (from Joyce's Ulysses), 1981, Pastel and colored pencil on paper, 30" x 22"

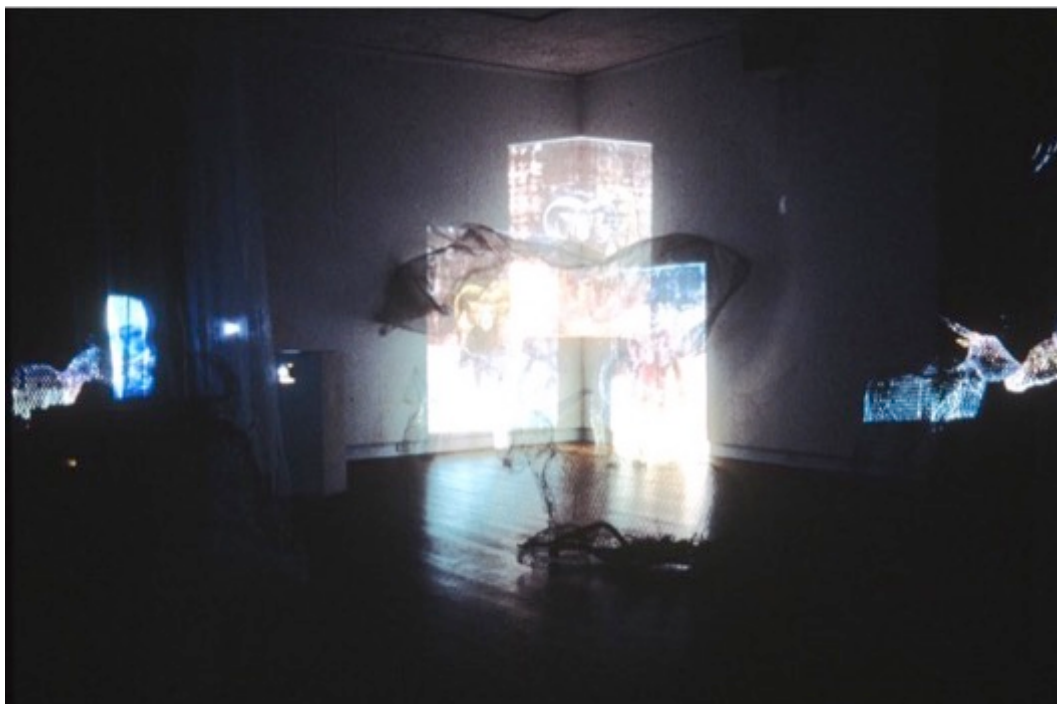
AYIN (NOTHINGNESS), 1983, Chicago Cultural Center
Installation Drawings

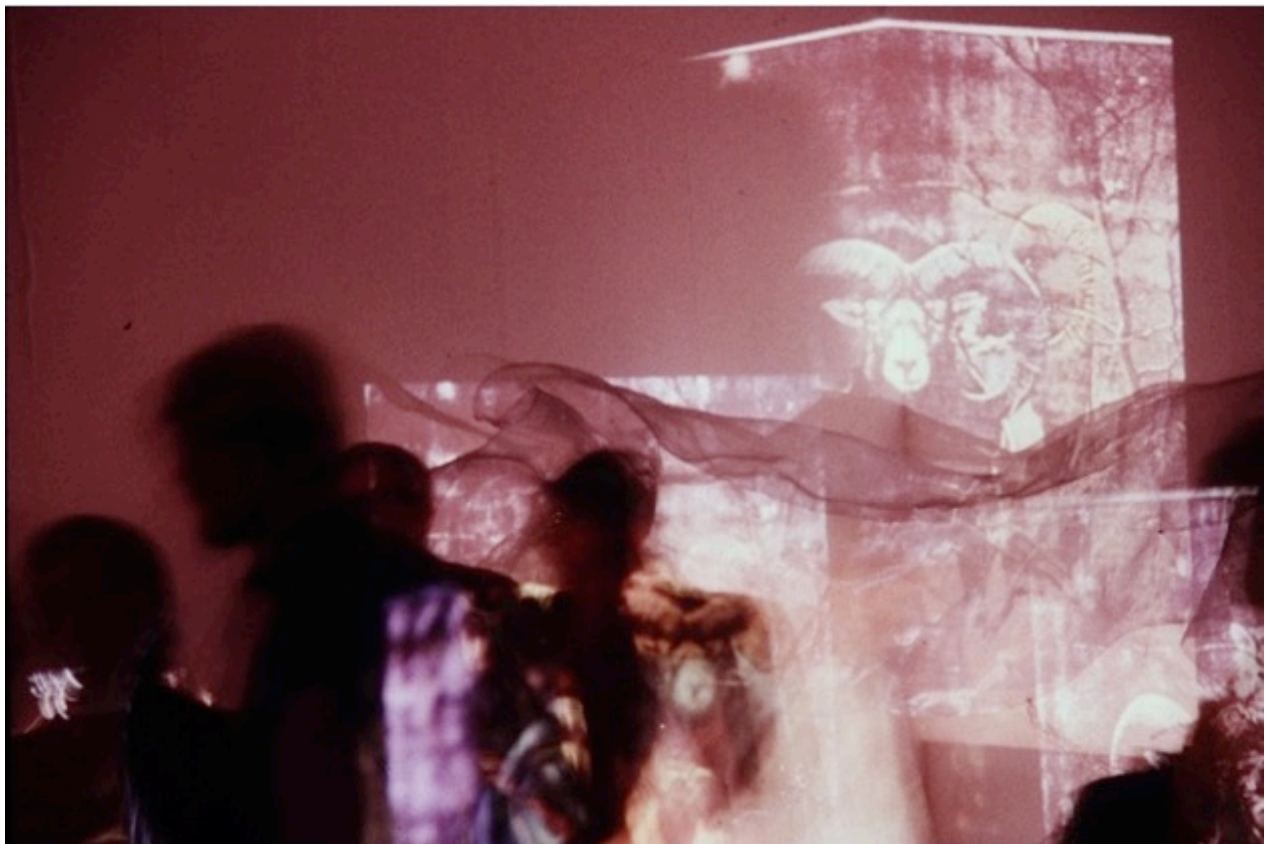
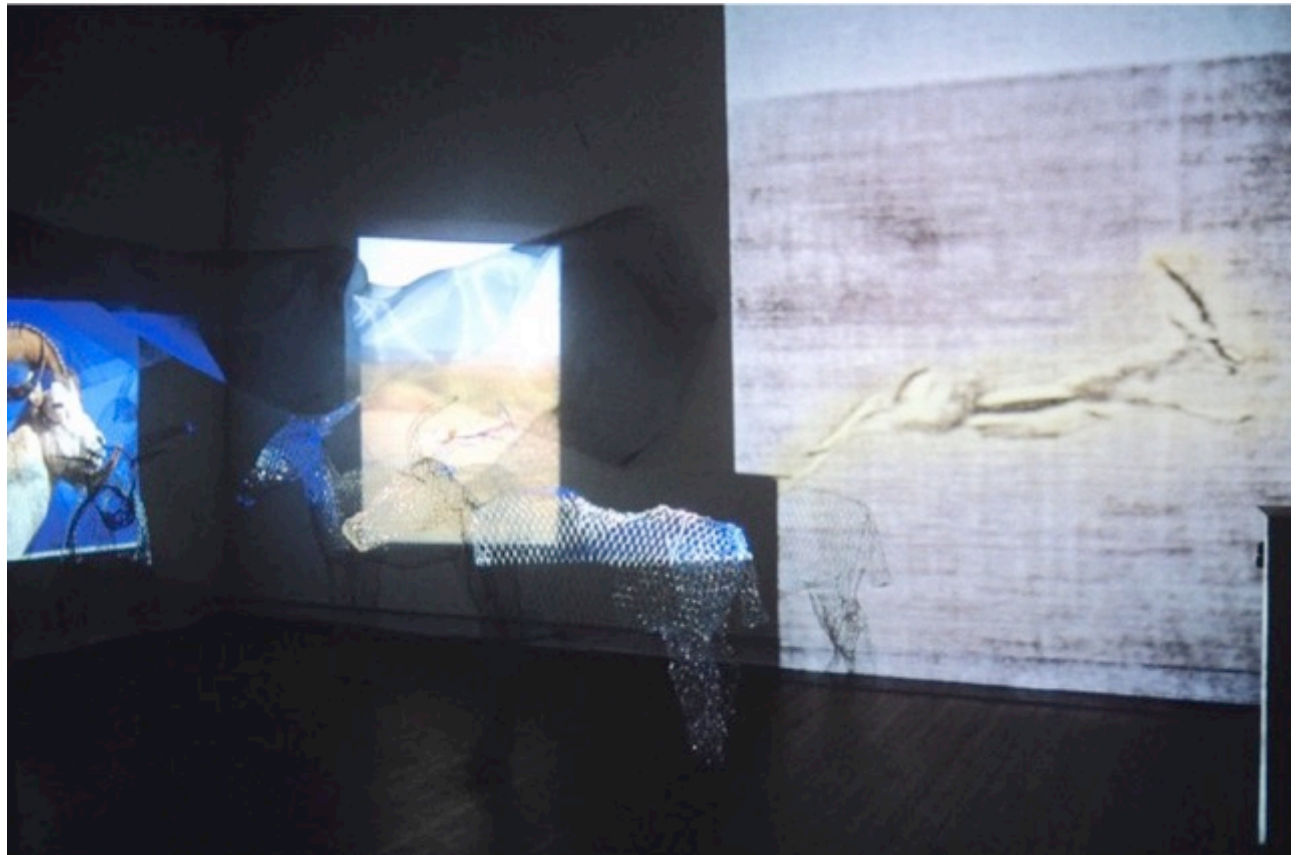


***AYIN (NOTHINGNESS)*, 1983, Five Chicken Wire Rams (4' x 4' x 1 ½') and 10' Diameter Wooden Disk Painted with Apotropaic Colors: Azo, Cyan and Magenta**



The Calling, 1984, Herd of Chickenwire Rams/Ten Slide Projectors on Timer/Sound from the Metaxu





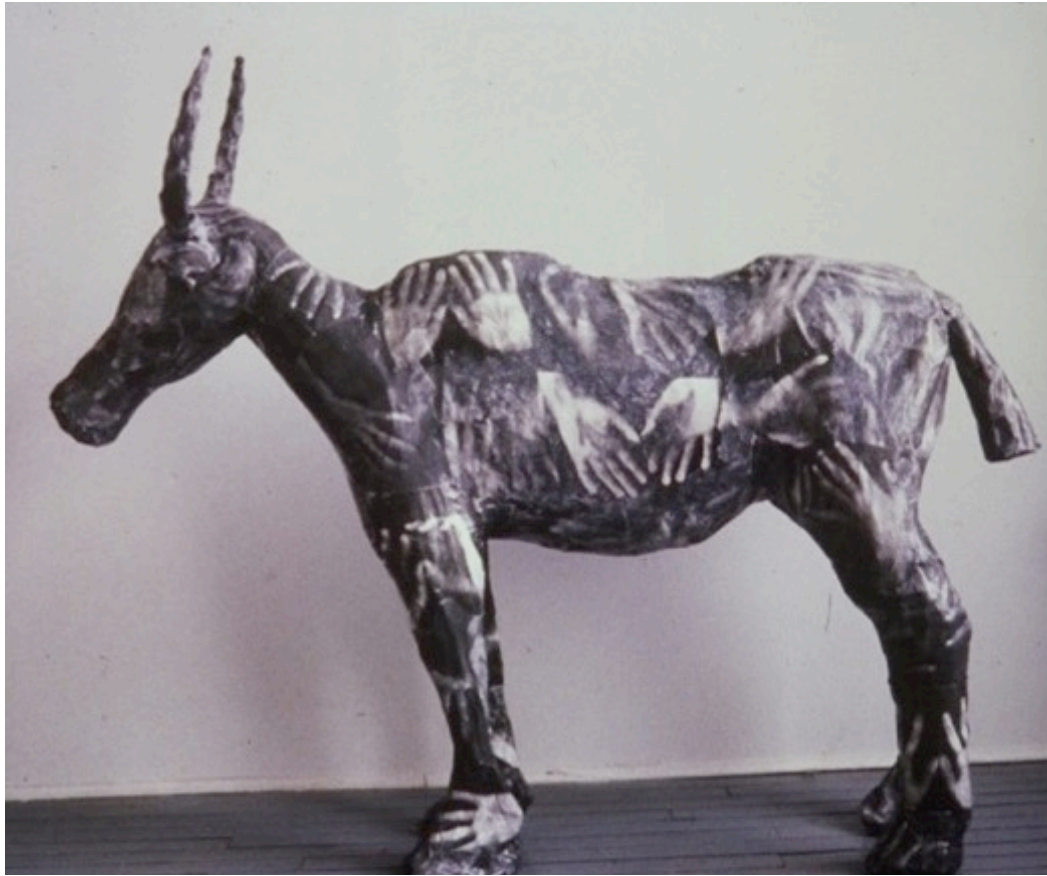
**Transmutation Chamber – As Above, As Below, 1984, Chicken wire Ram, Projection, Tulle Chamber
Nexus Gallery, Philadelphia, PA**



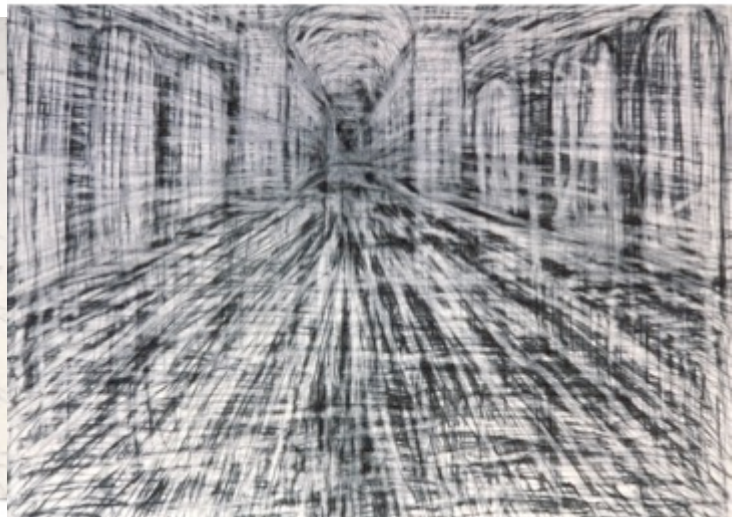
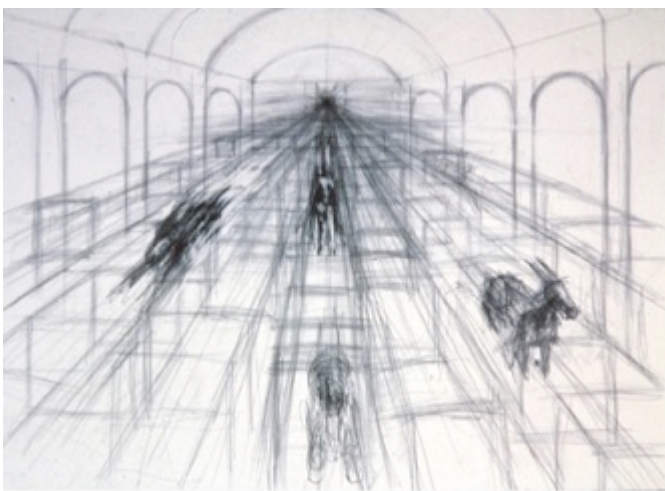
**From Point A to Point – From Here to There (Geometry of All That Is)
1985, Pastel on Macadam Parking Lot**



What is a Thing?, 1985, Chicken wire form covered with rhoplex-dipped paper including childhood school work and drawings on vellum of water tower angels



From Here To There, 1987-1988, Drawings and Installation



The Sixth Day, 1988



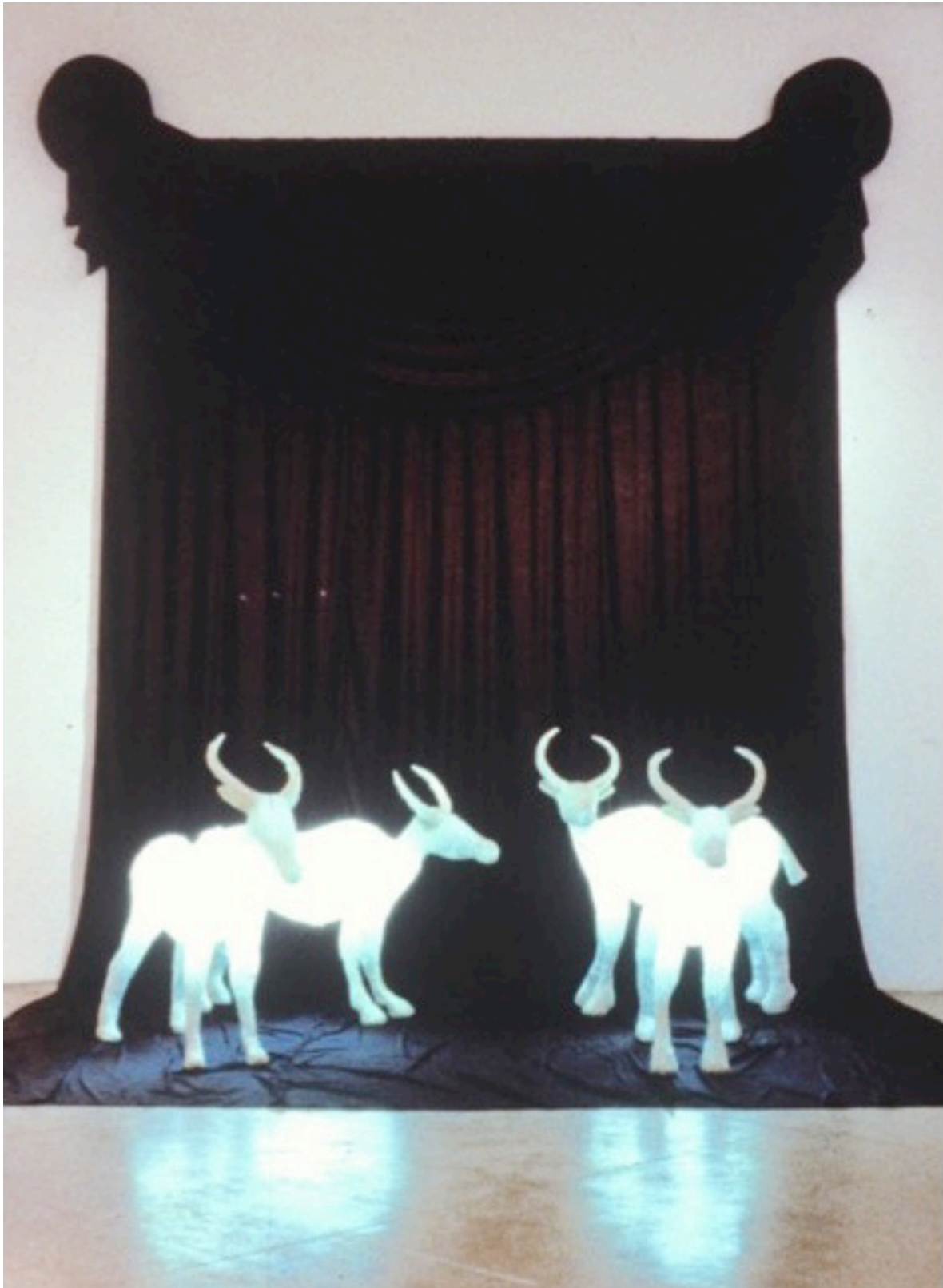
Diving Up

1988, Four suspended figures drawn with graphite on paper mounted to cut-out wooden shapes with 10' diameter disk of yellow terrarium gravel



Waiting

**1989, Four chicken wire ram forms covered with acrylic-dipped fiber and lit internally with florescent tube lighting;
environment of black satin fabric with spiral swags, 20'H x 12'W x 12'D**



A Temple In Honor of Life Lived Every Day – an Unfinished Song of Love

1996, The Chicago Cultural Center

Eighteen 10' tall columns covered with manna (food from heaven) made of 8 1/2" x 11" printed matter collected over the course of a lifetime/16" square concrete chimney blocks/1500 yard of fabric hanging from Styrofoam hoops suspended from the ceiling/10' diameter 2" flat bar bent into a circular hoop suspended from the ceiling by six points/multilayered vocal ambient sound



Cheselyn Amato:
A Temple in Honor of Life Lived Every Day
An Unfinished Song of Love

Chicago artist Cheselyn Amato has created a site-specific, mixed-media installation of 18 large classical columns with an inner chamber surrounded by suspended fabric that functions as a monument to memory and everyday existence. The artist's personal accumulations of notes, memos, journals, junk mail, maps and diagrams are embedded onto these columns, enshrining and fetishizing the artist's intimate ephemera. The artist's personal space and individual history thereby become entwined with public space and references to ancient history.

Transformation and the interplay of the sacred and the profane are the thematic core of this installation. Transformation comes into play in the artist's alteration of a space from its ordinary state as well as through the personal sense of transformation and cleansing that occurs when recycling one's past. In the repetitive task of crumpling paper balls, representing twelve years of her life's concerns, obsessions and cast-offs, Amato has sanctified and ritualized this recycling into a humbling act of piety.

The formalism of these columnar elements is contrasted with the mundane nature of their origins and means of creation. In this installation, a classicized structure is everywhere contrasted with the chaos of everyday life. A sacred, tent-like structure is surrounded by a giddy array of "profane" fabrics. Also "embedded" in the structure of this piece is the artist's involvement with Jewish mysticism as reflected in numerical choices and intervals. A large metal hoop suspended from six points (alluding to the Star of David) helps establish an inner sanctum. The numeral eighteen in Jewish mysticism is an equivalent for "chai" or life, which, coincidentally, also is the translation of Cheselyn's Hebrew name.

Sound is also used as an element to sanctify this space. The artist made a recording layering her voice singing a song of the spirit. Amato has subtitled this installation "an unfinished song of love," stressing the process of life and art which continues beyond our earthly existence and endeavors.

Cheselyn Amato received her B.A. from Brown University in Providence, Rhode Island and her M.F.A. from Tyler School of Art in Philadelphia. She has been an adjunct associate professor at The School of The Art Institute of Chicago since 1985. Her work has been exhibited in numerous galleries throughout the Chicago area.

Organized by the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs, this exhibition is cosponsored by the Chicago Sun-Times, TCI Communications, Inc., and is partially funded by a grant from the Illinois Arts Council, a state agency. United Airlines and Lufthansa German Airlines are the exclusive carriers of the Chicago Department of Cultural Affairs.

The artist wishes to dedicate this piece to her grandmother, Mary Arbitman and to acknowledge the generous assistance and support of Susan Abelson, Lynda Barckert, Julie Fleps, Dana Garner, Nancy Gildart, Alice George, Tracy Jones, Colette Martin, Raphael and Matthew Sonstein, William Talsma, and Bret Williams.

**G-d's Desire: In the Beginning of the Time of the End of Great World Religions As We Have Known Them
And The Gestation of Mature Love, 2000 and ongoing**
Preliminary Model made in 2000 for Installation - 18 decorative cake columns, slinkies, armature wire, fabric twigs, swags, and billows, Manna Mountain, Transmutation Chamber, & Make The World Out of 22 Machine



God's Desire with Projection of the Recipe for a Golem



Proposal Drawings for Installation: G-d's Desire: The Burning Bush, The Spark Machine and The Labor of Love, 1997

Installation Proposal by Cheselyn Amato, 3/18/97

The Burning Bush, The Spark Machine and The Labor of Love, a three-section sculptural installation with sound and light effects.

Section I - The Burning Bush: A luminous orange "fire" in a darkened space with walls of scalloped fabric. Aura of blue/orange. The miracle, the gift, the passion of the individual to pray and to achieve ecstasy. The "fire" is an internally lit sculptural form suspended invisibly from the ceiling.

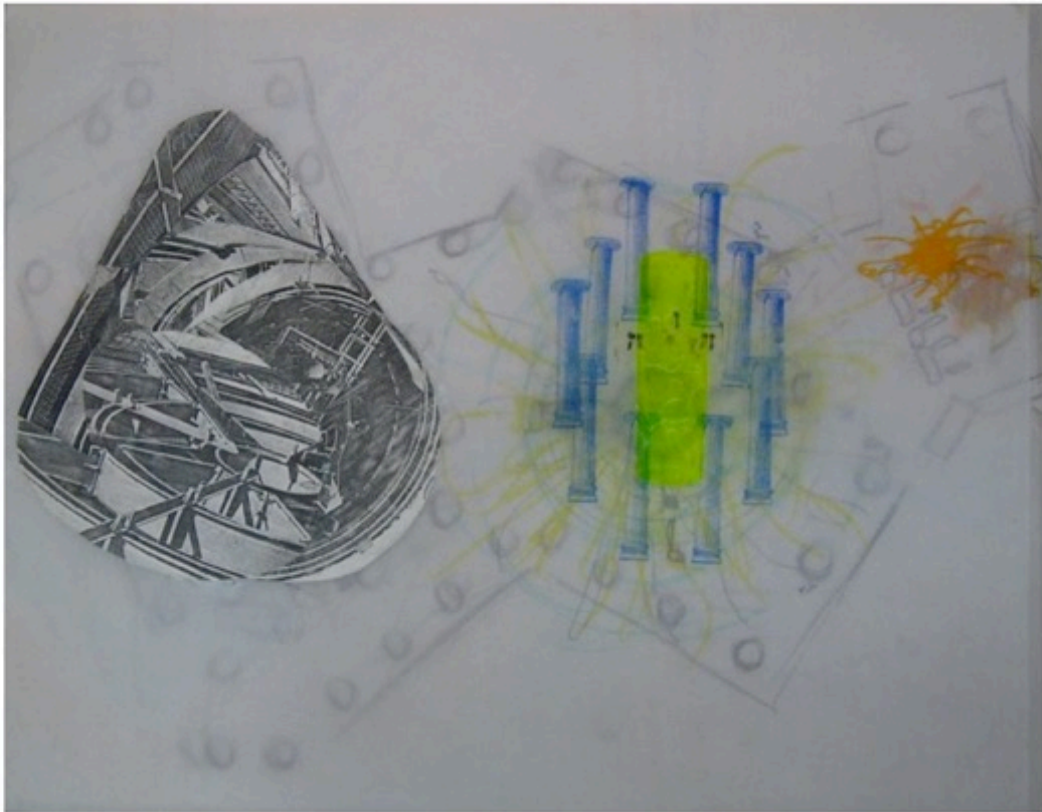
Section II - The Spark Machine: A room filled with the letters of the Name of God. Centrally located, a cylinder spews letters in florescent/phosphorescent yellow and green into the encircling space and onto the walls. The cylinder will function like shadow puppetry. There will be a light source surrounded by a rotating screen with cut-out letters surrounded again by a frosted cylinder to catch the letters of colored light which will continue to project onto the walls. Additionally, there may be a rotating mirrored sphere with letters forms catching the light and further activating the space and walls. This is divine presence in the world. This is a divine calling. A sound work of layered meditative techniques using the Tetragrammaton, the most sacred Name of God will permeate the space. The Spark Machine is the Passion of Law, God's presence in the world.

Section III - The Labor of Love is a mountain of paper balls nearly as high as the ceiling and as wide. The stuff of the mountain is 8 1/2" x 11" sheets of paper collected over 15 years ranging from junk mail to pre-meditated photocopied material which are made into or aestheticized into "stones" of paper, a kind of manna from heaven. But this manna is made by human labor - it is the result of work. Work is a means to union with the divine. Work is human is love is divine. It is through work or labor that human beings become at once human and divine. Love is labor. The area around the mound/mountain of labor is saturated pink with azo, ultramarine, balt, orange and red gestures in fabric and light. The mountain has an aura of map pink, green, yellow, orange and blue, and aluminum and graphite gray and photocopy black. A multi-layered voice work comprised of the language of the everyday.

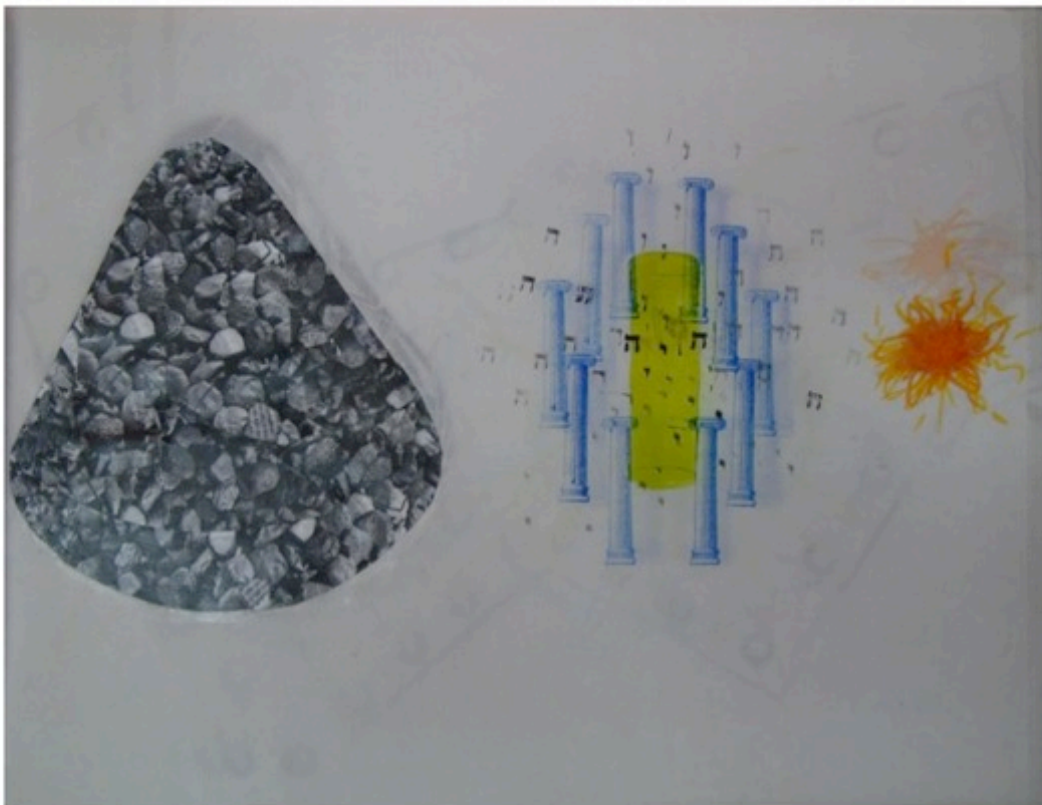
Tabernacle: G-d's Desire - The Labor of Love, The Spark Machine and The Burning Bush, #1a



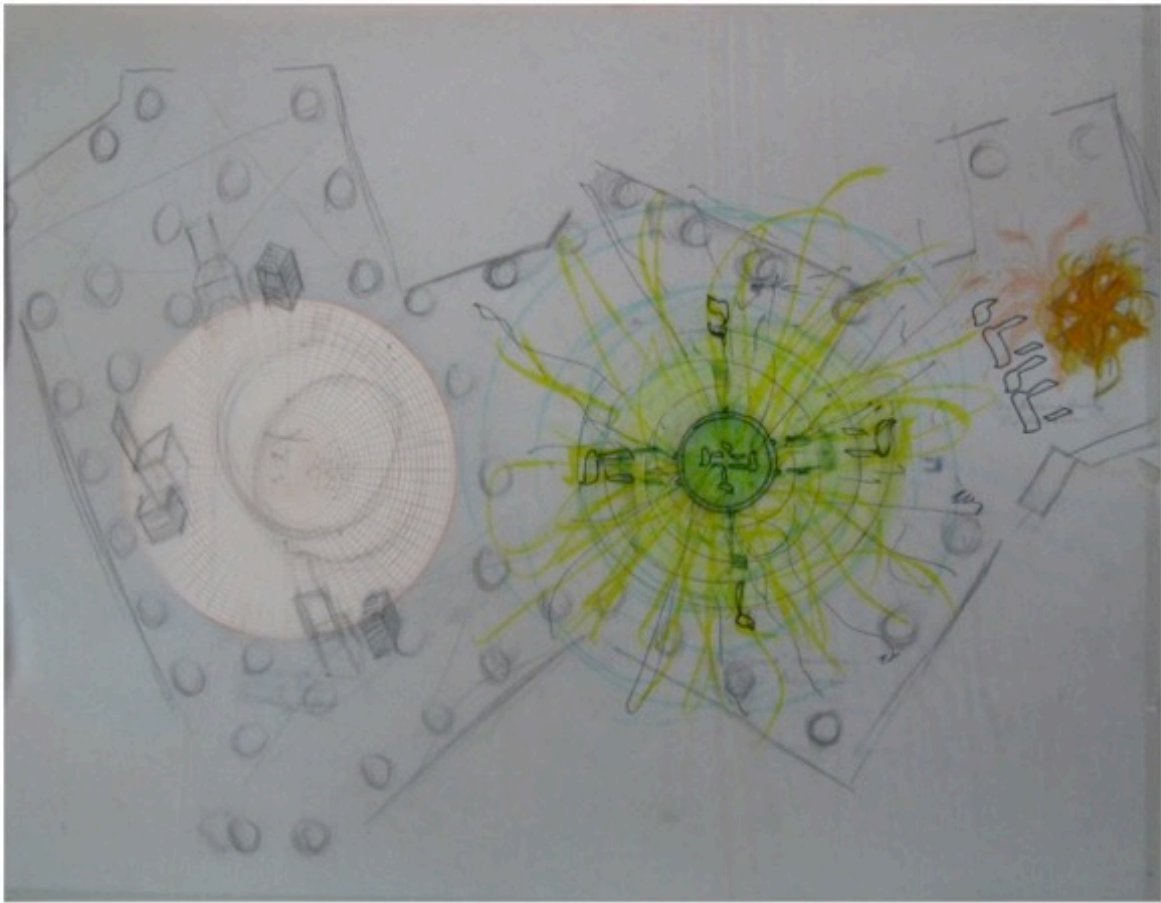
Tabernacle: G-d's Desire - The Labor of Love, The Spark Machine and The Burning Bush, #1c



Tabernacle: G-d's Desire - The Labor of Love, The Spark Machine and The Burning Bush, #1b



Tabernacle: G-d's Desire - The Labor of Love, The Spark Machine and The Burning Bush, #1d

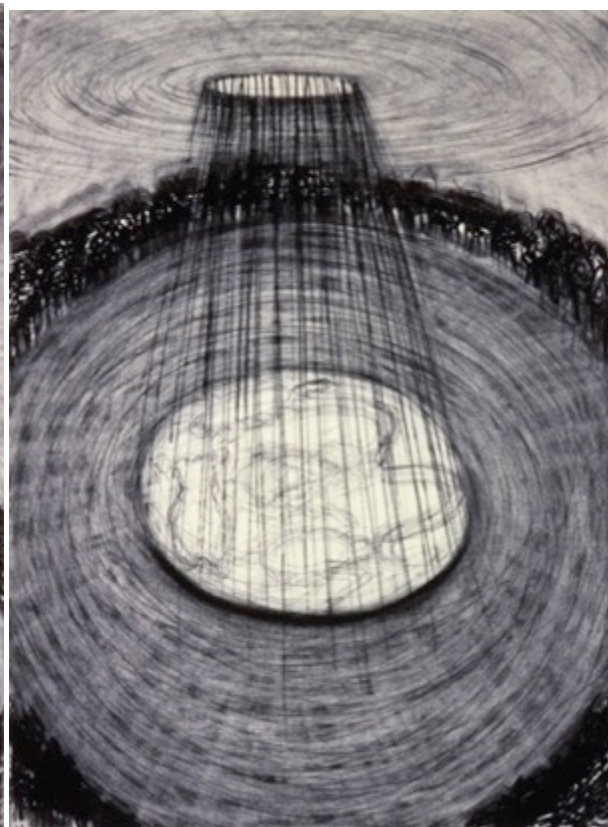


Priestess-Magus-Magician-Alchemist – Drawings & Fabric Drafts for Ritual Costume for G-d's Desire
Costumes for the Ten Sephirot – Binah – Understanding





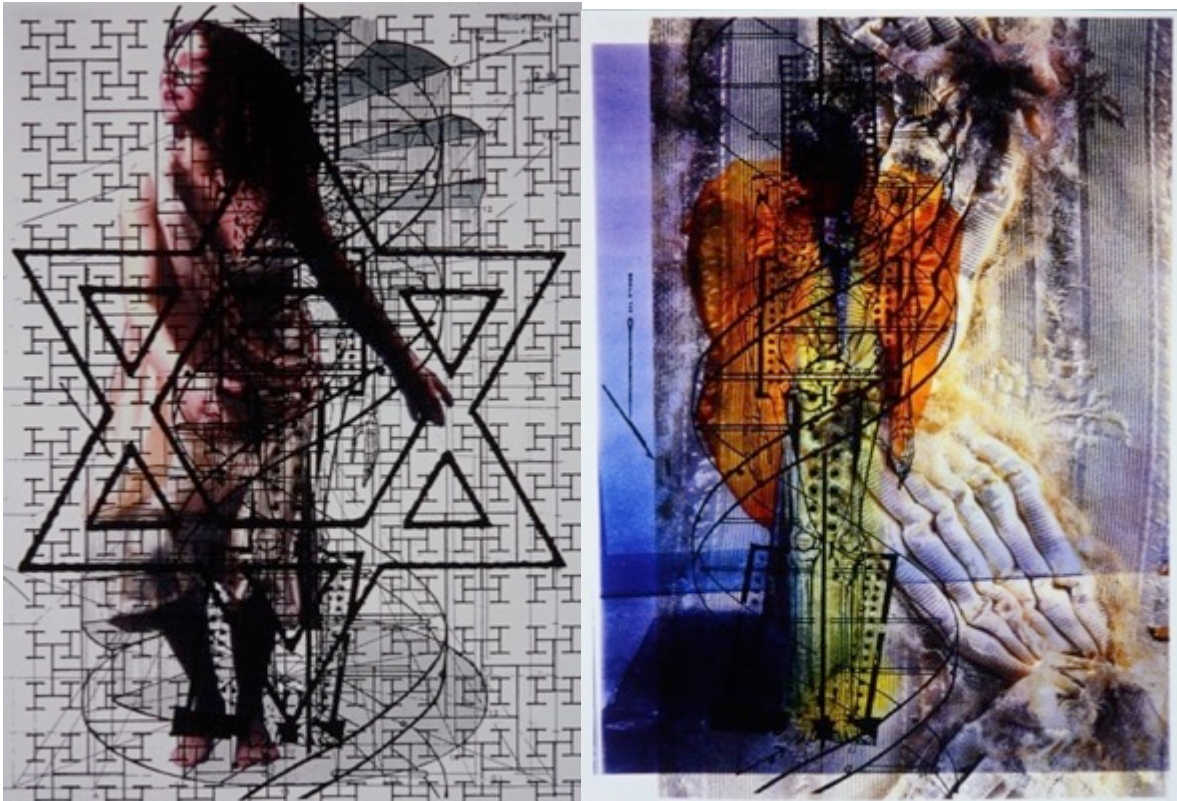
**As Above, As Below – Metaxu Resonance – Tikkun Olam (Healing of the World)
Sephirot/Emanations – Everything is in the Round
1988, Charcoal and Pencil on paper, 30" x 30", 30" x 22"**



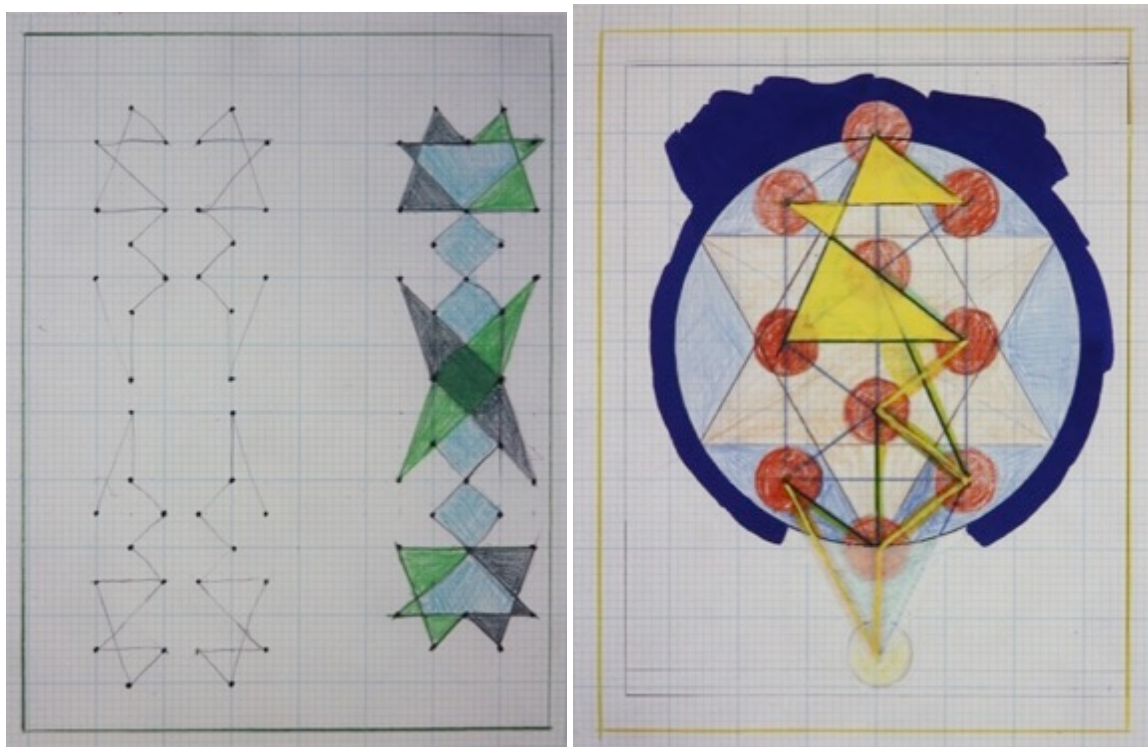
Diagrammatic Discourses/Meditations on The Human Body
1991, Goauche on paper, 12" x 9"



Gematria – The Bible Code – The Priestess/Diviner/Magus
2000, Multiple-Pass Photocopy Montage, 32” x 21”



Studies on the Tree of Life and the 32 Paths - Deciphering the Code



Tree of Life/Dot Collages
2001-2004, Paper/wallpaper/printed matter/photocopied textiles and images, 15" x 11"





**In The Time of the End of Great World Religions as We Have Known Them
And The Gestation of Mature Love - Shaman/Magician Series**



Psychedelic Rebbetzin, 2000

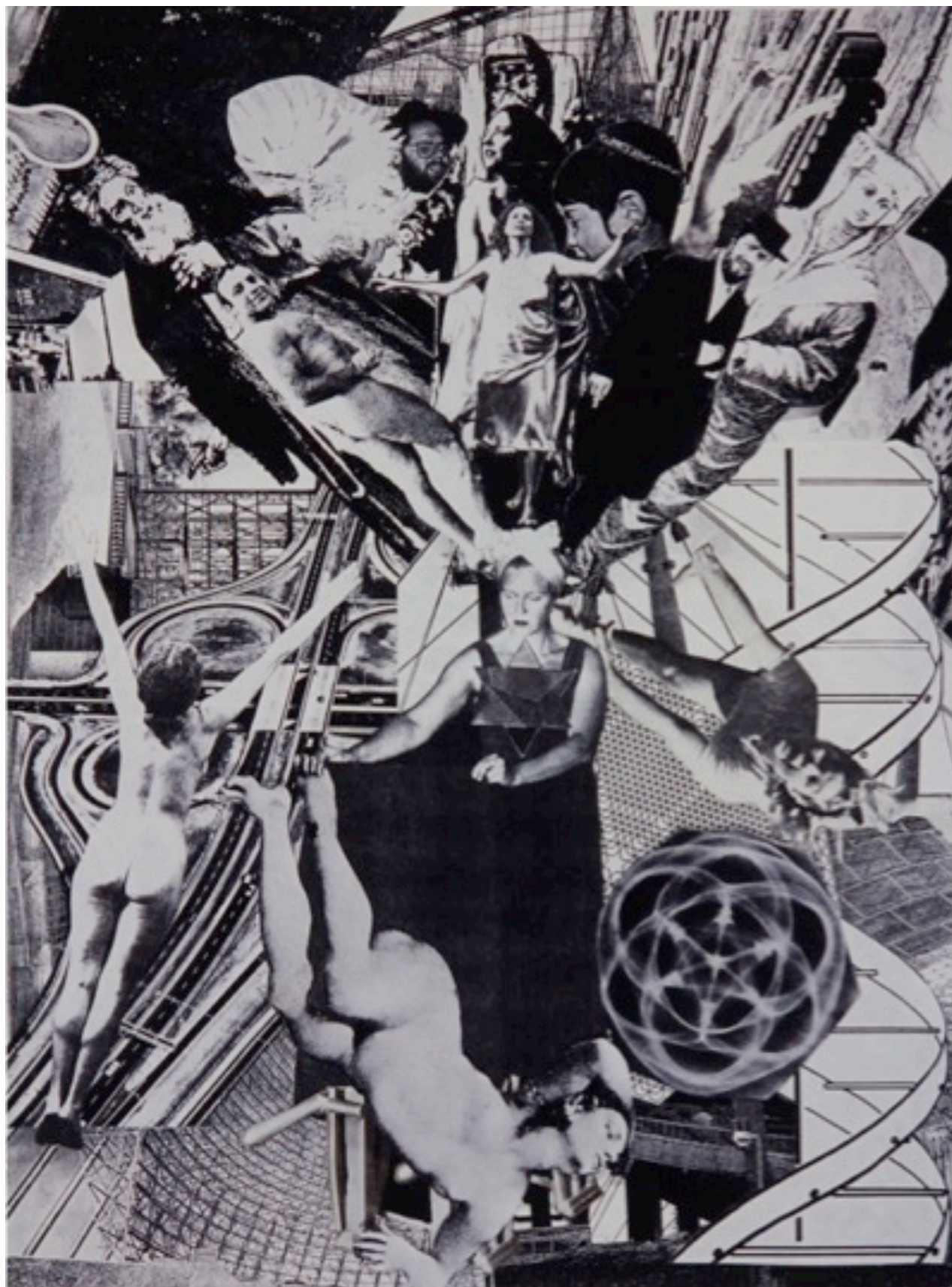


**Shaman for the Transformation of the Nations
Global Recalibration - Healing Humanity**





Self-Portraits, Collage, 2004-2005





Fractal Chicken, 2000



**Circular Swoons
2006-2010**

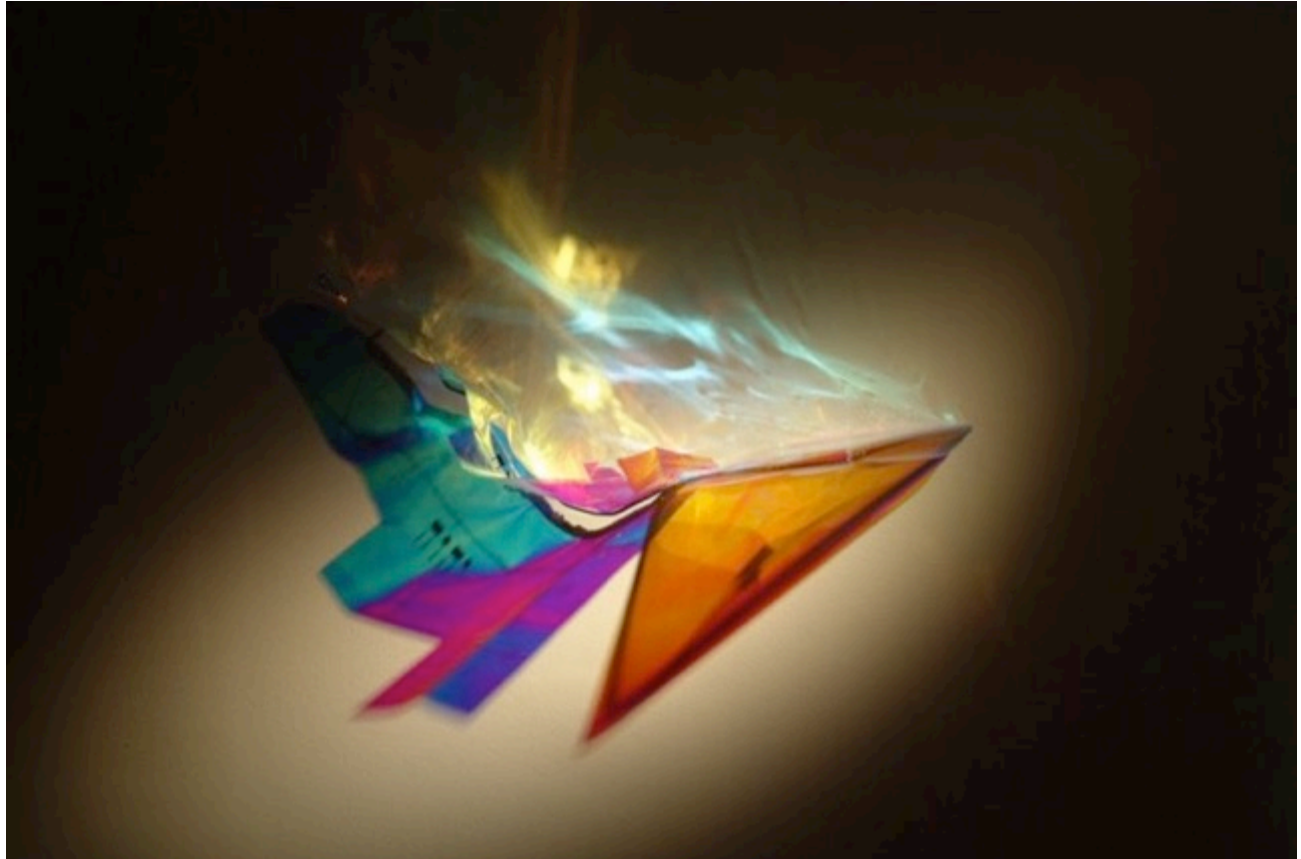


Studies for Maiden Voyage (2008-2010) – Predate of Uncontrollable Beauty (2017)



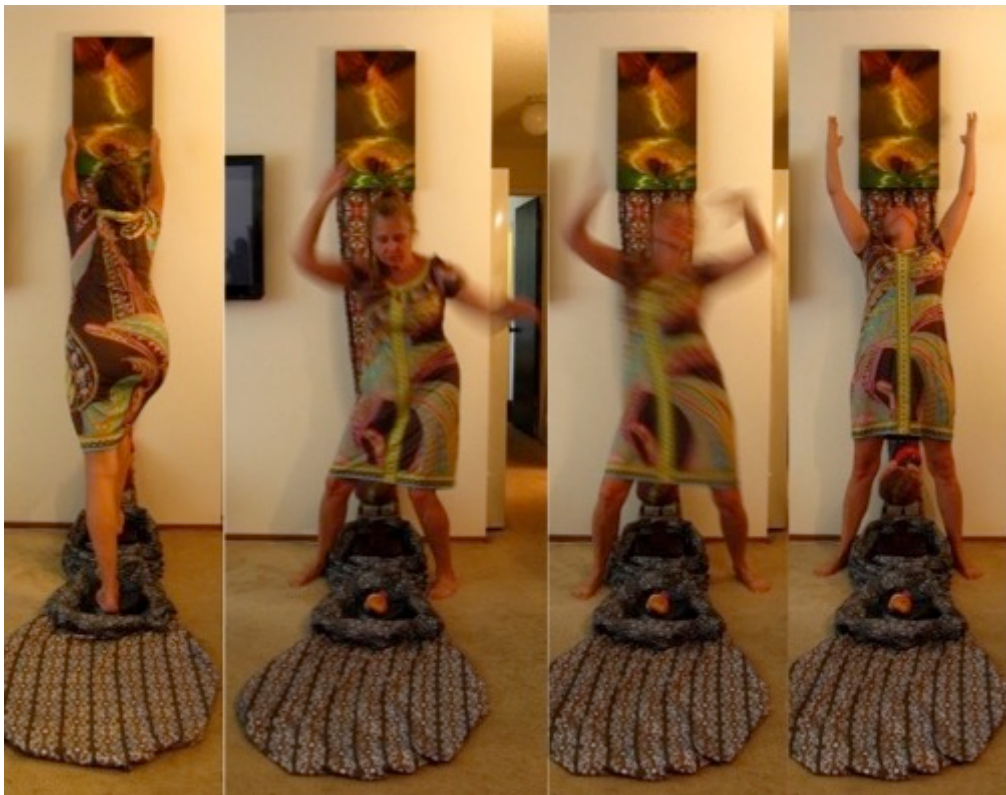


**Ner Tamid/Eternal Light with Yud Heh Vav Heh
Effluxes: Outpouring/Inpouring
Color Radiant Film with Wire
and Performance Stills
Spertus Museum, Chicago 2004; Jewish Museum. NYC 2005; Contemporary Jewish Museum, SF 2010**



**Selected Diviner/Magus
2010-2013**





Shepherdess for the Healing of the Abrahamic Religions



International Women of the Book Project
Parsha Nitzavim with Performance
Exhibited in the 2015 Jerusalem Biennale, Israel

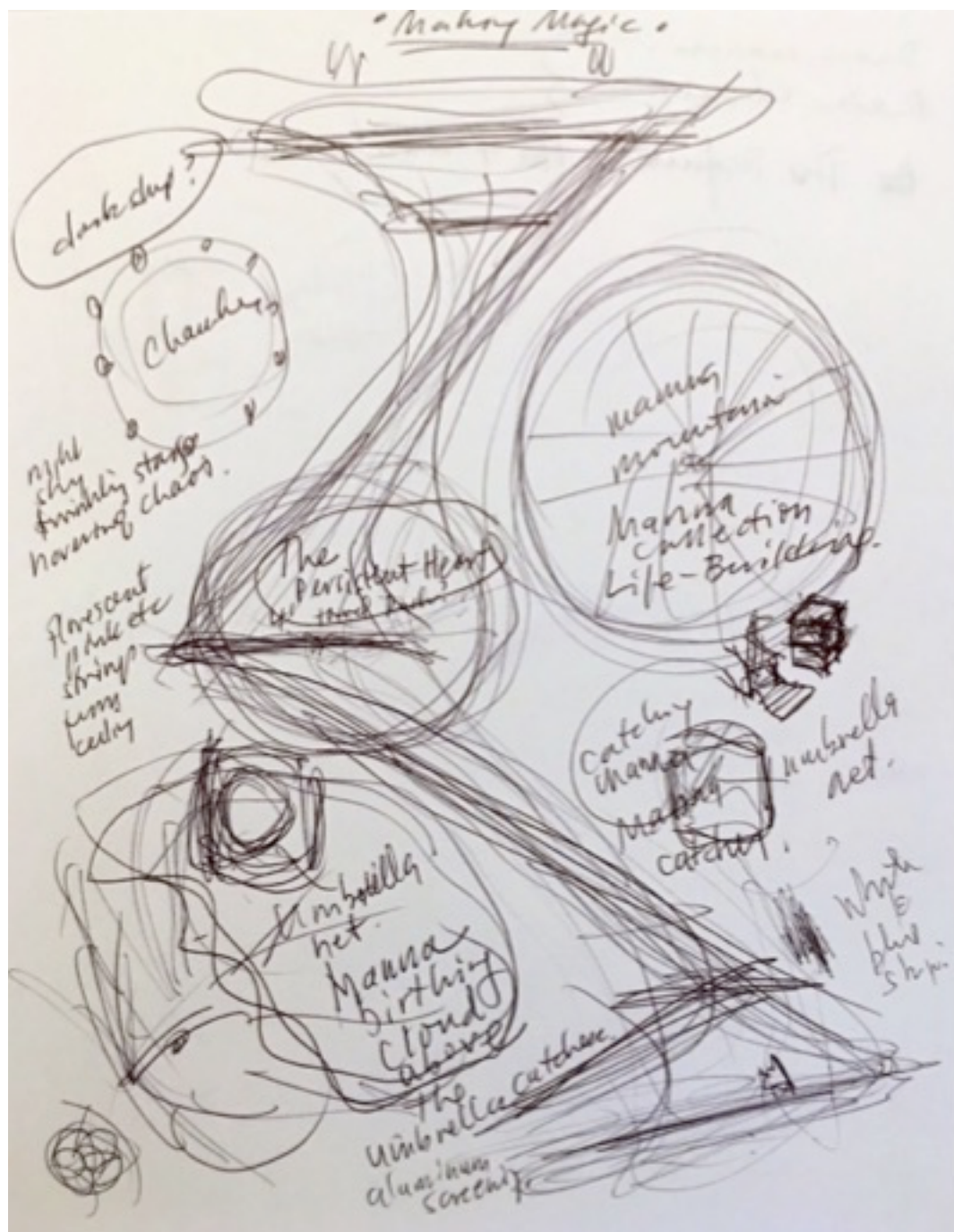


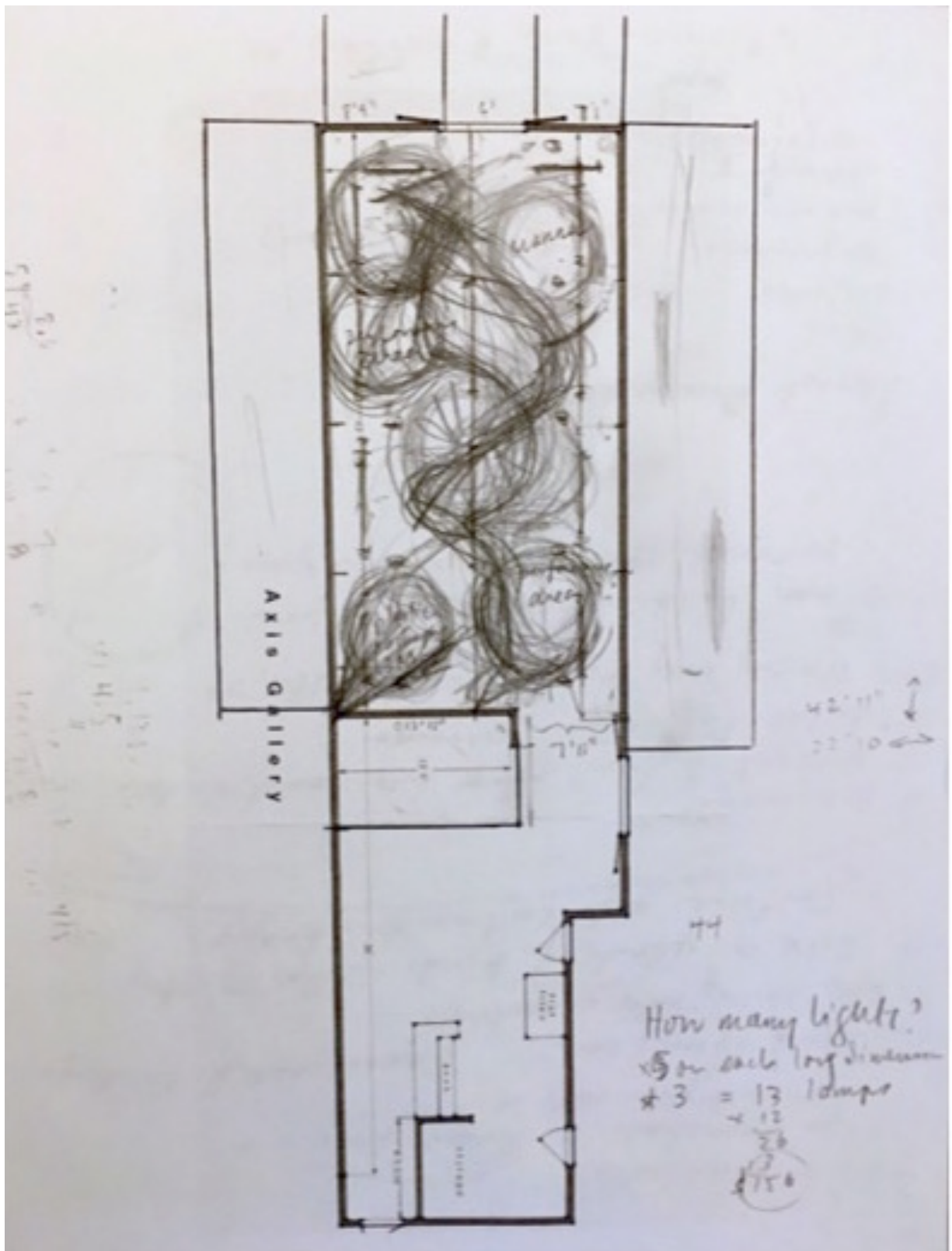


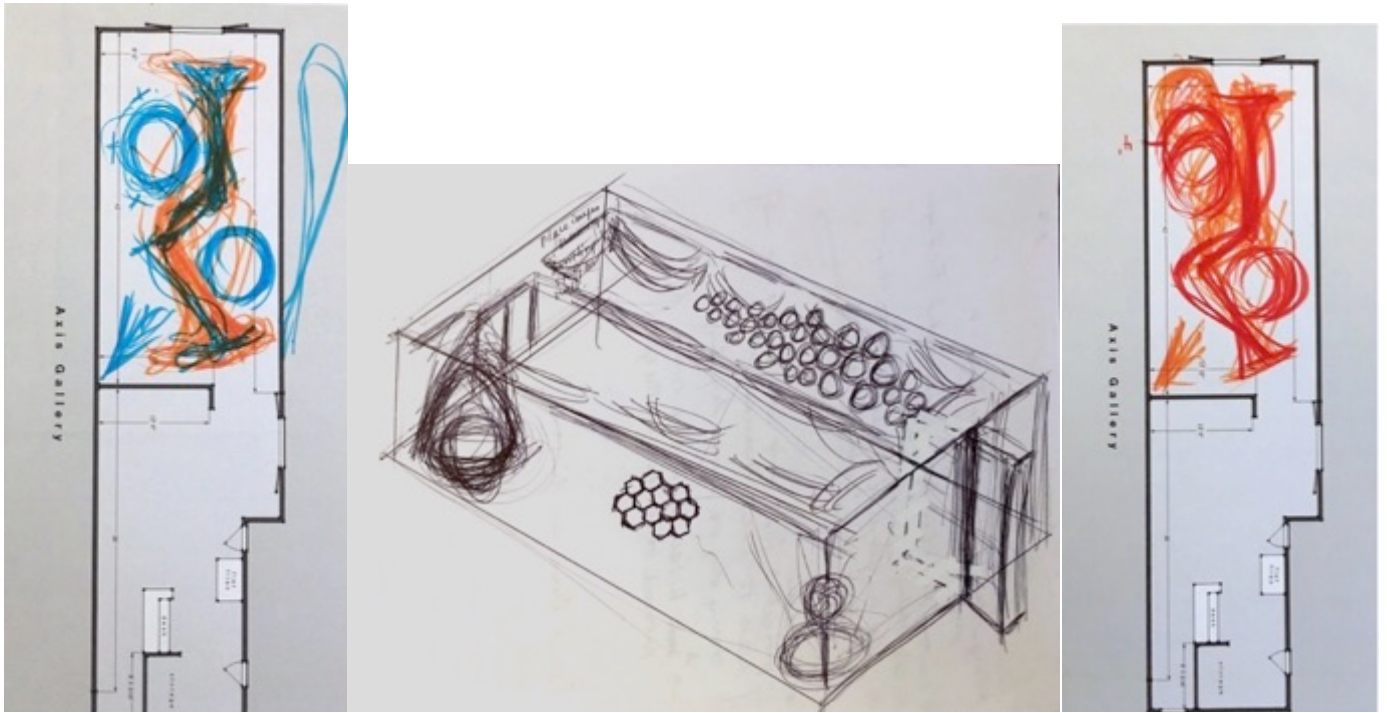
**Uncontrollable Beauty | An Odyssey | Everything We Need Is Always With Us
2016, AXIS Gallery, Sacramento, CA**

Preliminary Studies – Drawings and Models

I just discovered the phrase Making Magic at the top of this drawing – I do not remember writing it...so it is good to come upon it on this occasion...







Small-scale Exploratory Model



Uncontrollable Beauty | An Odyssey | 231 Jewels/Gates | Everything We Need to Is Always With Us



The Cloud of Wrestling Angels – The Angel of Love and The Angel of Fear



**The Pink Membrane That Separates Knowing and Unknowing
& The Dark Ship of Passion**



The Manna Catcher



The Chamber of Quietude



The Manna Mountain



Flock of Hoops and Hexagons – The 231 Gates to Heaven



Tincture Trail



Alchemical Ritual for Transmutation and Transformation



PRESS RELEASE

Uncontrollable Beauty | An Odyssey | 231 Jewels | What We Need Is Always With Us

Cheselyn Amato

February 5th – February 28th, 2016

Artist's Performance and Talk: Sunday, February 28th, 3-5 pm

Cheselyn Amato's first solo show at AXIS Gallery, *Uncontrollable Beauty | An Odyssey | What We Need is Always With Us* is an interdisciplinary circumstance designed as a context for the experience of enchantment, wonderment, awe, and delight in the face of ever-present uncertainty. This is a walk in a landscape of visual poetical episodes celebrating the power of positive thinking and feeling, and an invitation to active commitment to discerning and reaching for each our own fullest human potential.

Uncontrollable Beauty | An Odyssey is a heart song, a representation of the odyssey of living every day. Cheselyn's installation proposes that everything we need is always with us, and a part of our lives is always dedicated as a journey to recognize, know, receive, accept, and pursue our possibilities and opportunities, and how things go, all at once.

The Gallery space is transformed into a forest of unexpected passages...swooning, swaggering, billowing, twisting, spiraling, and flowing – both ecstatic and marking the somber too –with cascading fabric yardages of every which pattern and color scheme as well as articulations and punctuations of circular, oval, square, rectangular and hexagonal framed images, canvases, embroidery hoops, and mirrors organized like flocks of birds moving in the sky, like patches of grasses in the marsh, a garden made of all that glitters, the way to the treasure and the treasure itself, one and the same always. Central to the experience - key to all truth, beauty, goodness, and courage – is the Great Heart by which thought, feeling and action can find best balance. And by our great heart, by listening to our hearts, we are each able to build mountains and climb them as we make them, until we reach our summits, the places that glitter and gleam – these are the grand mountains that are in fact ourselves. Our constructed selves – made by our labor and effort and toil – are represented by a mountain of words and stuff – paper pages and packaging material – collected over the course of a life lived every day. Surrounding the heart and the mountain that is our body, the viewer will encounter details – arrangements, groups, stands, patches and areas, a garden of delights and surprises, that, in encouraging the acts of noticing and paying attention, lingering and listening, invites the view to encounter and fully engage the self and the wild, mysterious reality of being.

For those who are interested in mysticism geometry, patterns and numbers, 231 is a mystical number in Kabbalah referring to the gates or portals that we must pass through in order to arrive at union, unification, wholeness. Furthermore, I am taking a bit of license to suggest that the number 231 results from subtracting I and Thou from the number 233 of the mathematical Fibonacci Sequence that describes so many patterns in nature. 231 “jewels” or markers of enlightenment are embedded in this forest-garden speaking to the notion that everything we need is present and enlightenment is always now.

All the material that constitutes the piles and mounds and mountains has been collected over Cheselyn's lived life starting in 1982 when she started receiving her first memos at the beginning of her work life. She has been collecting all the 8 ½” x 11” sheets of paper that come across her path and transforming them into manna, food from heaven, since that time on a daily basis. She has also been saving packaging of choice or choice packaging – cardboard, plastic and other materials – because of how beautiful it is, and how amazing, having been made in effect to be discarded. For her, all of this detritus becomes a document, evidence, vestige of life lived every day in real time and real space. In some way, the existence of existence is made all the more poignant, and oh how awesome life is – every single instance and every single tiny remnant does say so.

Cheselyn Amato is a New Jersey girl with NYC at her core. She spent 20 years in Chicago before moving to Northern California where she currently lives in Davis. She earned her BA in studio art and comparative religious studies at Brown University and an MFA in drawing, painting and new genres at Tyler School of Art of Temple University. Most recently, her work was included in the Jerusalem Biennale 2015. Cheselyn is an interdisciplinary visual poet and transformation experience instigator/designer for sublimity, delight and awe.

AXIS Gallery 625 S Street Sacramento, CA 95811

Gallery Hours: Friday-Sunday, 12 noon – 5 pm,

Or by Appointment: 847-840-6587

Ballad of Uncontrollable Beauty | An Odyssey | Everything We Need Is Always With Us

Written by Cheselyn Amato

While there is no God,
While there is God,
While there is no explanation
For what caused the elements that made the chemistry of the possibility and beginning of the universe, of all that is,
There is uncontrollable beauty,
There is the odyssey of being and becoming,
There is the truth that I am that I am and I will be what I will be,
All has been written and freewill is given,
All that we need and all that we really want is always with us.

Life is a shipwreck, so we must not forget to sing in the lifeboats.

Voltaire (1694 -1778)

If I am not for myself, then who will be for me?
And if I am only for myself, then what am I?
And if not now, when?

Hillel (30 BC – 9 AD)

Click your heels together three times, and say, There's no place like home, there's no place like home, there's no place like home...

The Good Witch of the North to Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz* (1939)

I am Oz -- the Great and Powerful. Who are you? Who are you?! Dorothy: If you please, I am Dorothy -- the small and meek. We've come to ask... Do not arouse the wrath of the great and powerful Oz. I said come back tomorrow... I am the great and powerful...

The Wizard of Oz

Swoon, Swagger, Sweep, Swell, Billow, Twist, Spiral, Twirl, Swirl, Whirl...
Gestures defying gravity,
Gestures of triumph and awe,
Gestures of yes and yay,
I say aye, aye, aye.

The angel of fear and the angel of love
The angel of death and the angel of life
The angel of sorrow and the angel of exuberance
The angel of brooding and the angel of celebrating
The angel of fussing and the angel of yay
The angel of darkness and the angel of light
The angel of holding back and the angel of going forth
The angel of stuck and the angel of release
The angel of enslavement and the angel of liberation
The angel of convention and the angel of invention
The angel of complacency and the angel of enlightenment
The angel of stasis and the angel of change
The angel of status quo and the angel of evolution
The angel of negativity and the angel of positivity
The angel of not I and the angel of I

Two angels wrestling and dancing within us,
The good angel wrestling the dark angel,
The enlightened angel wrestling fear, restraining inauthenticity
and challenging the anarchy and law that bind and constrain us.

The cloud, a ripe and fecund circumstance hosting the dance duel dichotomy contradiction
Of knowing and not knowing
Of control and mayhem,
Of order and chaos
Of peace and war.

How all that is came to be and continues to come to be, by that which we do not and cannot and will not know and by our own
marvelous (and terrible at times) industry.

Hey, I am trying to get the angels to come down...
Defiance – outsmarting gravity – yes I can.

We are the angels when they have come down.

Like rain conjured by the clouds,
Like diamonds in the sky,
Manna, food from heaven, descends from above,
and fills our coffers, and sustains our lives, and
so the manna, food from heaven, that we make by our industry,
by the effort of our hands, and hearts, and minds fills our coffers too.

In this place, disparateness and separation are vanquished,
In this place unification/uniting/unity is made,
by gestures of rapture and risk, adventure and conviction, grace and gravity,
confidence and humility, compassion and generosity,
do victory and triumph, love and abundance gallantly arrive
that make such safe haven and harbor for you and me.

Manna collects from above and from below, by virtue of mystery and human industry,
Detritus and residue reclamation,
The stuff that allows for the heightened to happen,
See there in the manna catcher, manna collects,
See there the mountain of manna, our silo of seed,
Pile, depository and repository of vestiges and evidence of all that is.

What have I come upon...
The Garden of Eden, The Garden of Paradise, the place
where we can linger when we are free and
where we can always return after every fall,
resplendent with the jewels we need and want.

The Cloud of Wrestling Angels where manna forms and is dispersed
The Manna Catcher
The White Ship of Innocence
The Pink Membrane that Separates Knowing and Unknowing
The dark ship of passion
Diamonds Erupting Out of the Side Pile
Hexagon and Hoop Flock Flying in the Sky
The Beautification of Detritus Mounds
The Chamber of Quietude, Meditation, and Tranquility
Tinkerer/One Behind the Curtain: I am Oz, I am the Captain of this Ship – Who me? Yes, yes you! Yes, me, and yes, I like it!
Dream Coat Birdcage: You are like a bird trying to fly back into the cage you were in whose door is now shut to you. See the
beautiful dream coat beaming out toward you – do you not recognize that the world out here is the one where you want to be –
everything you need from there has come along with you – yes, you are home, home indeed.

You have arrived at the aesthetic oasis for the experience of sublimity, awe, delight and liberation!
Say Aye!