



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

Cheselyn Amato

February 5th – February 28<sup>th</sup>, 2016

Sacramento Second Saturday Opening Reception: February 13<sup>th</sup>, 2016, 6-9 pm with Performances at 7 pm and 8 pm  
Artist's Performance and Talk: Sunday, February 28<sup>th</sup>, 3-5 pm

Cheselyn Amato's first solo show at AXIS Gallery, *Uncontrollable Beauty | 231 Jewels \ 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. *231 Jewels* 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.

*231 Jewels* transforms the gallery space 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, columns, arbors, mandalas of \$1 store objects, scrub brush and mini-duster flower bouquets, stands of fabric-head flowers on pipe and fittings stems, articulations and punctuations of circular, oval, square, rectangular and hexagonal framed images, canvases, embroidery, mirrors, and crocheted forms, 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.

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.

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.

A series of events and workshops will be presented by Cheselyn and friends in conjunction with exhibitions on Saturdays and Sundays during the exhibition – February 6-7, 13-14, 20-21, and 27-28 – including Love Letter & Poem Writing services and assistance and Card-making in honor of Valentine's Day; Tarot reading; Color & Sounding Meditation; Touring *231 Jewels*; Poetry and Song; Build Your Mountain Manna-Making workshop; and Sounding Your Heart Song workshop.

Watch for upcoming emails and check the AXIS Gallery website for details.

**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. 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 and Performed 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!