

Dana DeGiulio

Artist statement, 2005

Dear absent parties, oh dear valued customer:

Here are assorted paintings and excerpts from the oh the Perils of Enthusiasm drawing series.

Credit where credit is and credit is to worry, performance anxiety, the delusions of persecution that function as my necessary catalysts for painting (as employed against resident malaise and inertia). Delacroix says jealous of god, Sontag that invented horrors are the worst, and I admit all these fanatic exorcisms, meaningless dirges and whimpers cannot re-intrepret a failed romantic experiment as a successful pedagogical, cannot render apprehension and solipsism comic, cannot get you back or rhonda out, and are at bottom a pretty desperate assertion of my will against the peremptory of dread. Fool me once the president says. Anyway, I'm eating and sleeping well and paying attention to current events.

In light of, ask myself, how could you justify?

And I answered myself: hunch over, call white space a menace, gigantic, oppressive; cram it with depictions of actual arbitrary specimens exhibiting those few legible human emotions that so happily link us all; cast yourself as jilted cheerleader and/or dipsomaniac suffragette of bipeds Everywhere, secretly claiming perverse authorship over an inexact suffering which could also be for houses, final jeopardy, a kick wide left; equate it with your own- ice cream on the sidewalk versus war-torn please pronounce correctly to indicate. Insist there are big fish to fry here at home, and that stuff that haunts you isn't hyperbolic, accidental, small, pre-fab, or if so definitely not cheap. Trust people have seen it before; hit that dead end of a denouement that says recycle- a week's soaked load twined up on the curb, it's always been the same and will be. Well, good. Doctors and photographers run off ahead of another emergency and I can't differentiate between honesty and cruelty and that old picture of the workers eating lunch on the skyscraper beam- you can get used to anything.

Can't though, afraid to more than repudiate, and so I problematize and encrypt that there's nothing but anticipation here; viscous and bewildered moralizing expository diagrams laid over the world as reported yesterday by the associated press. And as per audience if there's anything resonant maybe only vague recognition, hapless empathy, philoctetes whose wound smelled awful. I try to isolate and record and incise specifics because I hate surprises and also so as not to fall into that earplugged acquiescent wax trap- sailing on lazy bones until everything looks familiar.