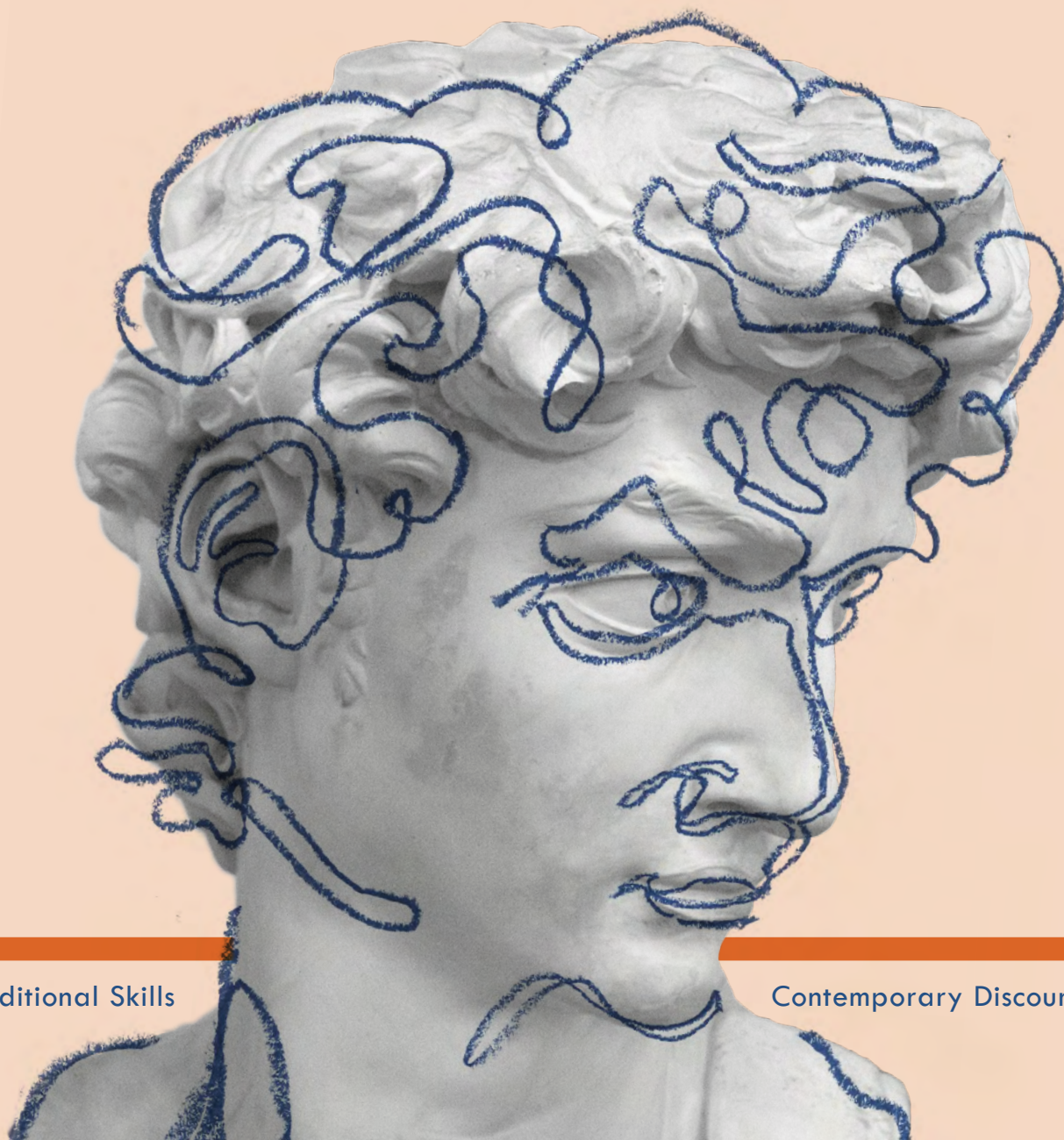


NEW YORK ACADEMY OF ART

MFA 2024 Thesis



Traditional Skills

Contemporary Discourse

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Founded in 1982 by artists, scholars and patrons of the arts, including Andy Warhol, the New York Academy of Art is a graduate school and cultural institution that combines intensive technical training in the fine arts with active critical discourse.

The Academy believes that rigorously trained artists are best able to realize their artistic vision. Academy students are taught traditional methods and techniques and encouraged to use these skills to make vital contemporary art. Through major exhibitions, a lively speaker series and an ambitious curriculum, the Academy serves as a creative and intellectual center for all artists dedicated to highly skilled, conceptually aware figurative and representational art.

New York Academy of Art 2024 MFA Thesis Exhibition

Sam McKinniss

I was very young once and this morning I read a chapter of a book in the bath. I remember those things. I also remember the best meal I ever had, a chicken adobo prepared for me by the man I now live with. I ate that with gusto and would not shut up about it for a week. I remember falling in and out of love several times before meeting this man, as well as I recall breaking one of my ribs on West 4th Street last August, after slipping and taking a tumble in the rain onto a brownstone's front stoop, having too much fun running around town on the night of my best friend's wedding—as in the day she really got married—as opposed to the movie. Following day, I says to everyone in the wedding party, I says, “Don't make me laugh,” since if I did, I feared, the involuntary convulsion of diaphragm and lung power would exert pressure upon the rib cage and pain me too much. Everyone around me, however, was being so funny I did not stand a chance. I had never cracked a rib before, so I requested a sidebar conversation to consult with my best friend's new husband, a very likable guy of broken rib experience, and he recommended I skip the ER since there's nothing, really, the doctors can do about that sort of thing but tell me to wait around for six weeks while I heal and not laugh.

These are a brief selection of things I am able to bring to mind without needing to look them up on the internet. There are other things but my space here is limited. Memory has been proven unreliable but who cares. What is reliable these days? You will enjoy having memories. You want the time back, but failing that, certainly, you want the recall and flexibility, the recovery of lived scenes long out of here yet usefully imagined and brought back to bear. Take several daily moments to contemplate and appreciate the regathered distances summoned near to the processes of thinking and doing. I love the production of thought specifically as well as in general, in private or not, but especially as they manifest in the form of pictures intended for public delectation.

The creation of paintings and sculptures of quality and value takes time. The creation of lasting memories necessarily involves the passage of time as well. Coincidence? Yes. You do not need to be able to do the one thing in order to enjoy the other, but whatever. I would like to suggest to these graduates that the time artists spend manipulating raw materials into fine artworks is at least somewhat analogous to the labor individuals must perform to protect themselves from the assault on our mental health and acuity by such mind-boggling phenomena as Apple, Google, Meta, and Musk products, what with their platform support for nonstop propaganda/advertising. Then, of course, there's drugs and alcohol, Adderall probably, the ongoing Trump era, the news cycle, mandatory anxiety, the Supreme Court or whatever, the eventual likelihood of occupational redundancy ushered forth by the advent of artificial intelligence, as well as but not limited to the probable threat of world war in near future. The planet we live on is violent, robust and profane, packed to the rafters with malevolent perverts, abusers, suckers, and losers. Everyone who doesn't identify as such ought to try and figure out what they need to do to keep themselves above the fray and fracas.

Part of what I'm saying is that memory loss is a lot like coming into a drastically lowered attention span. We will leave it to the neuroscientists to fact-check whether or not those are correlative, but believe me, both are regrettable yet absolutely contemporary as well as the natural consequence of our accelerated senescence. But also, neither loss is 100% anyone's fault individually, especially considering how much we all have to contend with, secondly, since most things are depressing. Combat the distraction regardless! We must all work hard to maintain if to think, and then we may paint and/or sculpt, or what have you. Then, at least, you stand a chance of enjoying your time here rather than not.

Let it be known that old-fashioned, handmade art is a proper goodness. I simply must recommend it both for the people who make it and the people that see it. My reasons for suggesting this are mysterious and unreasonable yet informed by years of sustained practice. If and now when I consider it briefly in writing, I think my belief has everything to do with the unexpected pleasure in finding profound visual contact with an object in and of the world, imparted in my general direction from some other peace-loving person out there, some encounter that does not immediately make me want to cut my life short. *Au contraire*, we continue to live.

In this spirit and with hope for our shared future, I would like to congratulate the New York Academy of Art's Chubb postgraduate fellows: Claudio Cecchetti, Jane Philips, Laura Romaine, Kylee Snow. I extend congratulations as well to the following, newly minted masters of fine art: Manuela Caicedo, Korbyn Carleton, Nimo Chang, Kuril Chto, Xóchitl Cisneros, Pedro Dall'Stella, Yassi Deylami, Dorit Eliyahu, Connor Gewirtz, Danielle Golden, Fatema Halvadwala, Katalina Jellybean Holland, Hanna Jennings, Naomi Katz, Helena Kozuchowicz, Bethany Lentini, Sarah Lorito, Dean S Mabalot, Jonathan MacGregor, John Metido, Mustafa Mohsin, Oriana Moltisanti, Madeline Owen, Jamie Owens, Kaelin Palcu, PG, Jeremy Roy, Candice Russell, Nicola Russell, Guillermo Serrano Amat, Hongyu Shen, Benjamin Staker, German Camilo Tellez Muñoz, Xiao Wang, Anna Waters, Kaley Weil, Jean Paul Winter, Megan Zappulla, and Lydia Zoells.

Reader, viewer—you are in for some fun. In these pages you are bound to encounter as many steadfast commitments to the human body as discovered in the form of new, handmade art, a celebration of what the New York Academy of Art is justifiably famous for. That is, the nurtured development of figurative painting and sculpture as a humanistic pursuit in and of its own right. Located in the absolute belly of the most down of downtowns, i.e. Lower Manhattan, you have come to see depictions of the human being situated in various scenes, either naturalistic or supernaturalistic, a mix not dissimilar from life as it is here. What follows is also in accord with the individuated imaginations at play within the Academy most recently. I detect a lot of this art dealing with smartphone ubiquity (Eliyahu, Gewirtz, Jennings, Mohsin, Roy, Russell, Weil), quite a lot of other art having to do with body horror, claustrophobia, exhaustion, nightmare, or trauma (Carleton, Dall'Stella, Deylami, Golden, Katz, MacGregor, Metido, Owen, Owens, Palcu, Philips, Romaine, Serrano Amat, Shen, Staker, Tellez Muñoz, Waters, Winter, Zoells), and yet still some more art finessing the fantasy or subjective reality (not unpleasantly!) of other things besides.

I was just having dinner by myself down the street while trying to think of what else to share with these graduates when I remembered the following episode. This from the mid 2000's, when I was trying to finish a BFA course of study at the Hartford Art School. It was after dark. I was driving my used Mazda Protégé back to my apartment after visiting my parents at their home in a nearby suburb, heading north on Route 9, making the final exit to merge east onto Interstate 84 aiming for Hartford's West End. It's a rather dramatic curve, that exit. I had the oldies station blasting on the car's FM radio when a Cass Elliot song came on mere moments before veering right into the exit lane. In her brash and ever-resplendent way she was encouraging me to Make My Own Kind Of Music from beyond the grave, which, of course, I was already doing, if not as a musician then in the form of my lifestyle and burgeoning art.

I would not have remembered this particular drive at all had there not been a dead buck in the center of the road, midway through the on-ramp's most invisible bend. I launched over its corpse at full speed round the aforementioned bend, steering into the dark while singing along to Cass Elliot at the top of my lungs. Before I knew it I wasn't singing anymore because I was shrieking in terror, likewise at the top of my lungs in the flash of an instant, headlong over roadkill, Cass Elliot still blaring her signature cheer out the stereo. This was in central Connecticut, an otherwise very nice place. I was speeding, which I love, so I caught air. That huge, deceased thing sent the car several inches higher than anticipated. I counted eight or ten points on his crown in the split-second I spent flying over his carcass, an adult male formerly reminiscent of the kind of animal Sir Edwin Landseer might have admired before painting its portrait had he only worked in America.

Luckily, no part of his rack punctured my tires. That Mazda had a manual transmission, so life was hard enough as it was. Everything was harder than it needed to be owing to the fact that I had almost no money back then. On the other hand, I shouldn't complain and can't fault the car. I landed the vehicle without crashing into a guardrail and continued my journey. It's fun to think about now. Nobody died who wasn't already dead. Make your own kind of music, anyway. One minute you're singing and then the next thing you know you're screaming in midair on a highway at night. Friends, let it be known. You have to remember your life while you're at it in order to get it down in any legible fashion.

2024

Chubb Fellows

Claudio Cecchetti

Jane Philips

Laura Romaine

Kylee Snow



Claudio Cecchetti
The Aftermath, 2023
oil on canvas
72 x 48 inches



Jane Philips
Calypso, 2024
oil and pastel on stretched paper
60 x 48 inches



Laura Romaine
Existential Crisis, 2024
oil on linen
48 x 52 inches



Kylee Snow
Home Turf, 2024
graphite on linen
25 x 30 inches

Class of 2024

Manuela Caicedo

Korbyn Carleton

Nimo Chang

Kuril Chto

Xóchitl Cisneros

Pedro Dall'Stella

Yassi Deylami

Dorit Eliyahu

Connor Gewirtz

Danielle Golden

Fatema Halvadwala

Katalina Jellybean Holland

Hanna Jennings

Naomi Katz

Helena Kozuchowicz

Bethany Lentini

Sarah Lorito

Dean S Mabalot

Jonathan MacGregor

John Metido

Mustafa Mohsin
Oriana Moltisanti
Madeline Owen
Jamie Owens
Kaelin Palcu
PG
Jeremy Roy
Candice Russell
Nicola Russell
Guillermo Serrano Amat
Hongyu Shen
Benjamin Staker
German Camilo Tellez Muñoz
Xiao Wang
Anna Waters
Kaley Weil
Jean Paul Winter
Megan Zappulla
Lydia Zoells



Manuela Caicedo

Clase de mitología: Aburrirse es el único pecado que conozco / Mythology Class: Boredom Is the Only Sin I Know, 2024

oil on wood panel

24 x 30 inches



Korbyn Carleton
Laundry Pile, 2024
casein and flashe on terracotta
11 x 12 x 12 inches



Nimo Chang
Orchid - Night, 2023
watercolor on paper
23 x 23 inches



Kuril Chto
Excavator Bucket, 2024
acrylic and vinyl paint on tyvek paper
60 x 60 inches



Xóchitl Cisneros
Doña Irene, 2023
oil on panel
30 x 40 inches



Pedro Dall'Stella
Flow, 2024
PLA
30 x 34 x 30 inches



Yassi Deylami
In the Night's Eye, 2024
charcoal on paper
40 x 60 inches



Dorit Eliyahu
A View of the Lake, Central Park, March 9, 2023, 2024
oil on canvas
30 x 24 inches



Connor Gewirtz
Straight Through, 2023
acrylic on canvas
36 x 48 inches



Danielle Golden
Solace, 2023
oil on linen mounted to panel
10 x 10 inches



Fatema Halvadwala
DMY, 2023
oil on canvas
36 x 36 inches



Katalina Jellybean Holland
I Heard Damon Lindelof Is Rebooting Lost, 2023
acrylic and oil on canvas
40 x 50 inches



Hanna Jennings
I'm Late, 2024
oil on wood panel
18 x 14 inches



Naomi Katz
Unicorn Juice, 2023
graphite, charcoal, and colored pencil on paper
21 x 15 inches



Helena Kozuchowicz
Siesta, 2024
oil and charcoal on linen
68 x 58 inches



Bethany Lentini
Manuela, 2024
oil on board
12 x 9 inches



Sarah Lorito

Bez Treading the Board, 2023

water-based clay ceramic, flashe, gouache, and bookbinding paper

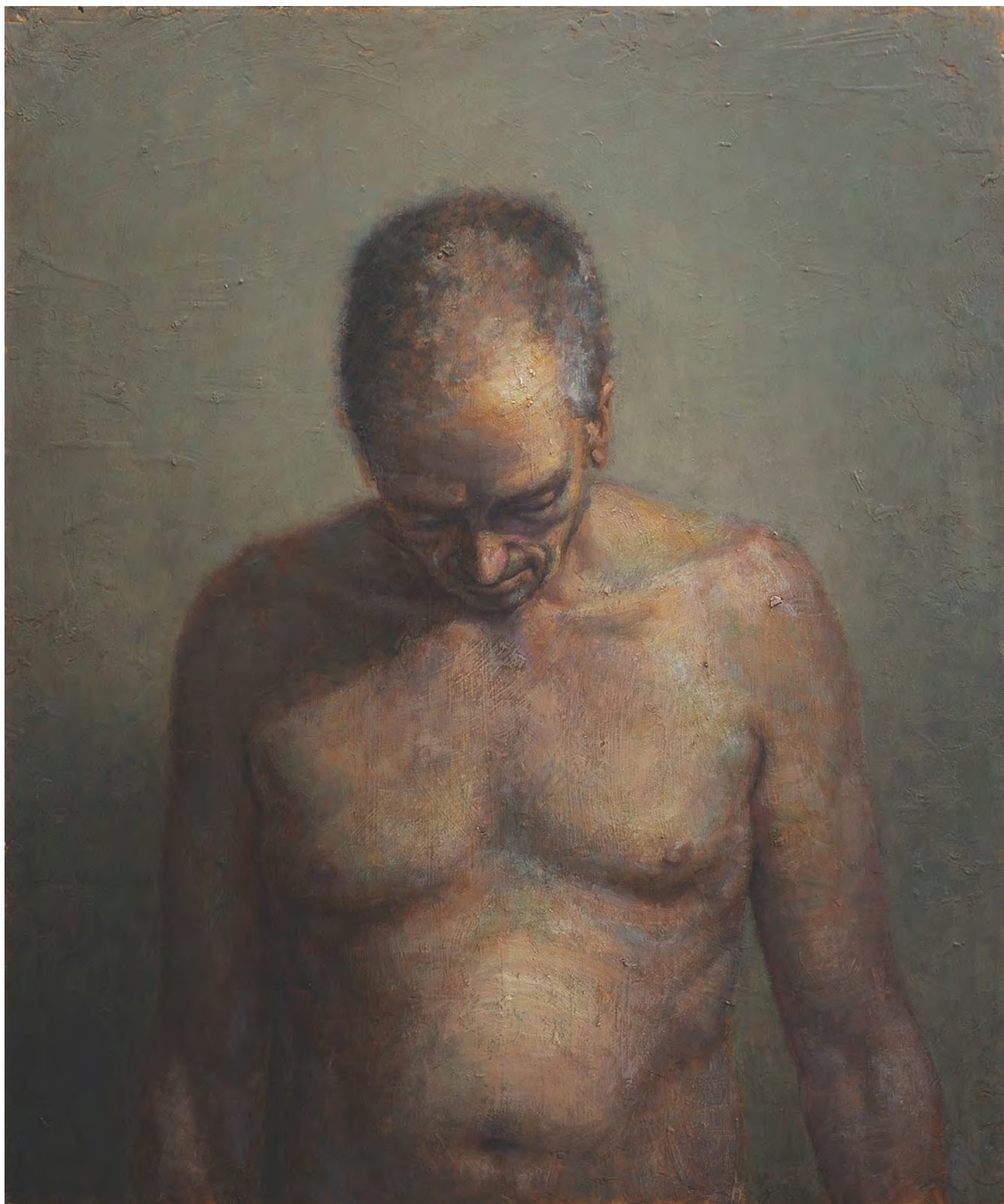
10 x 4 x 4.5 inches



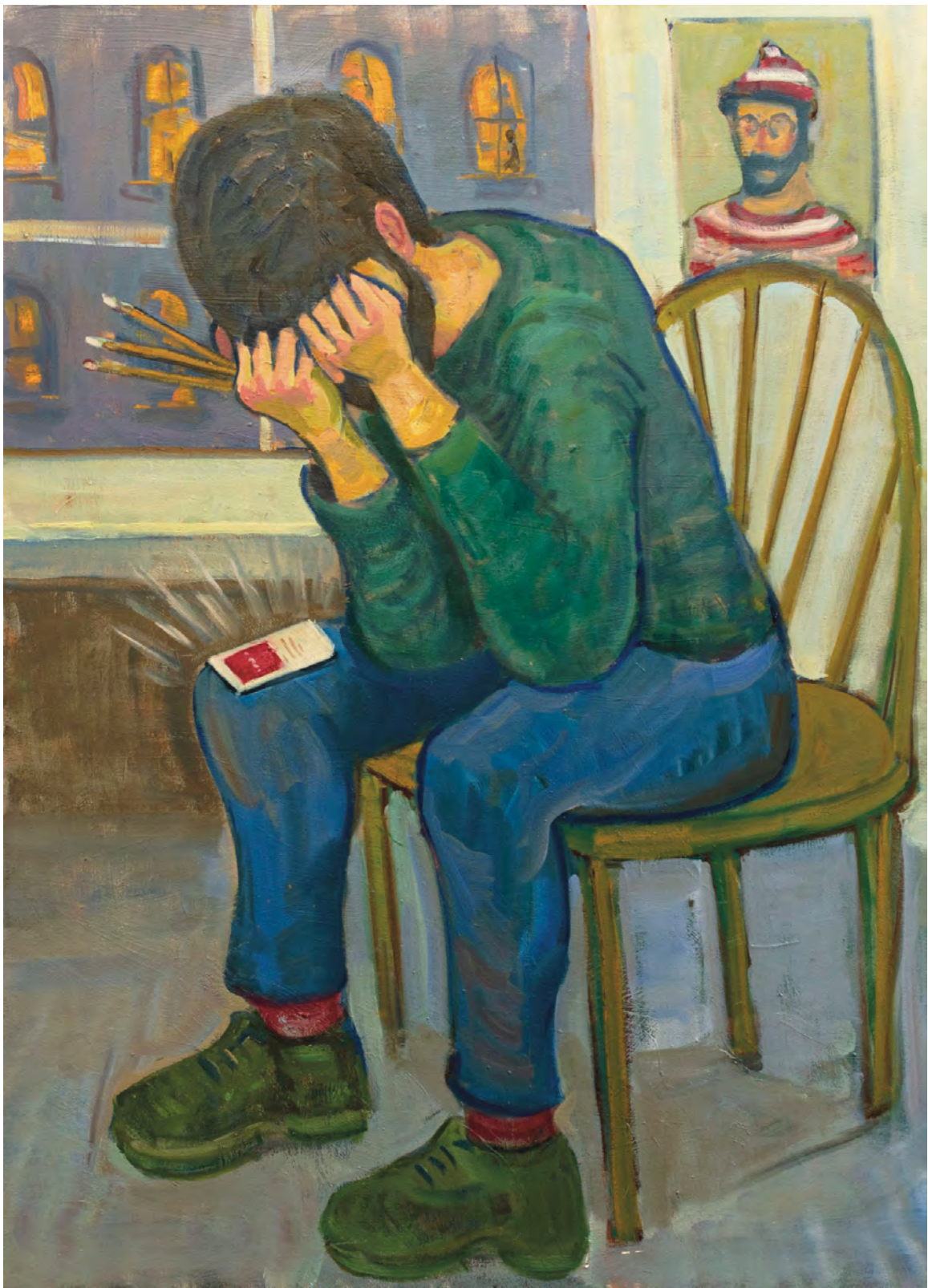
Dean S Mabalot
Giving Honor, 2023
pastel on paper
50 x 34 inches



Jonathan MacGregor
The Growing Pains of Invasive Things, 2023
oil on canvas
24 x 20 inches



John Metido
Inheritance, 2024
oil on panel
36 x 30 inches



Mustafa Mohsin
The News, 2023
oil on canvas
48 x 36 inches



Oriana Moltisanti
Dana, 2024
terracotta
13 x 10 x 8.5 inches

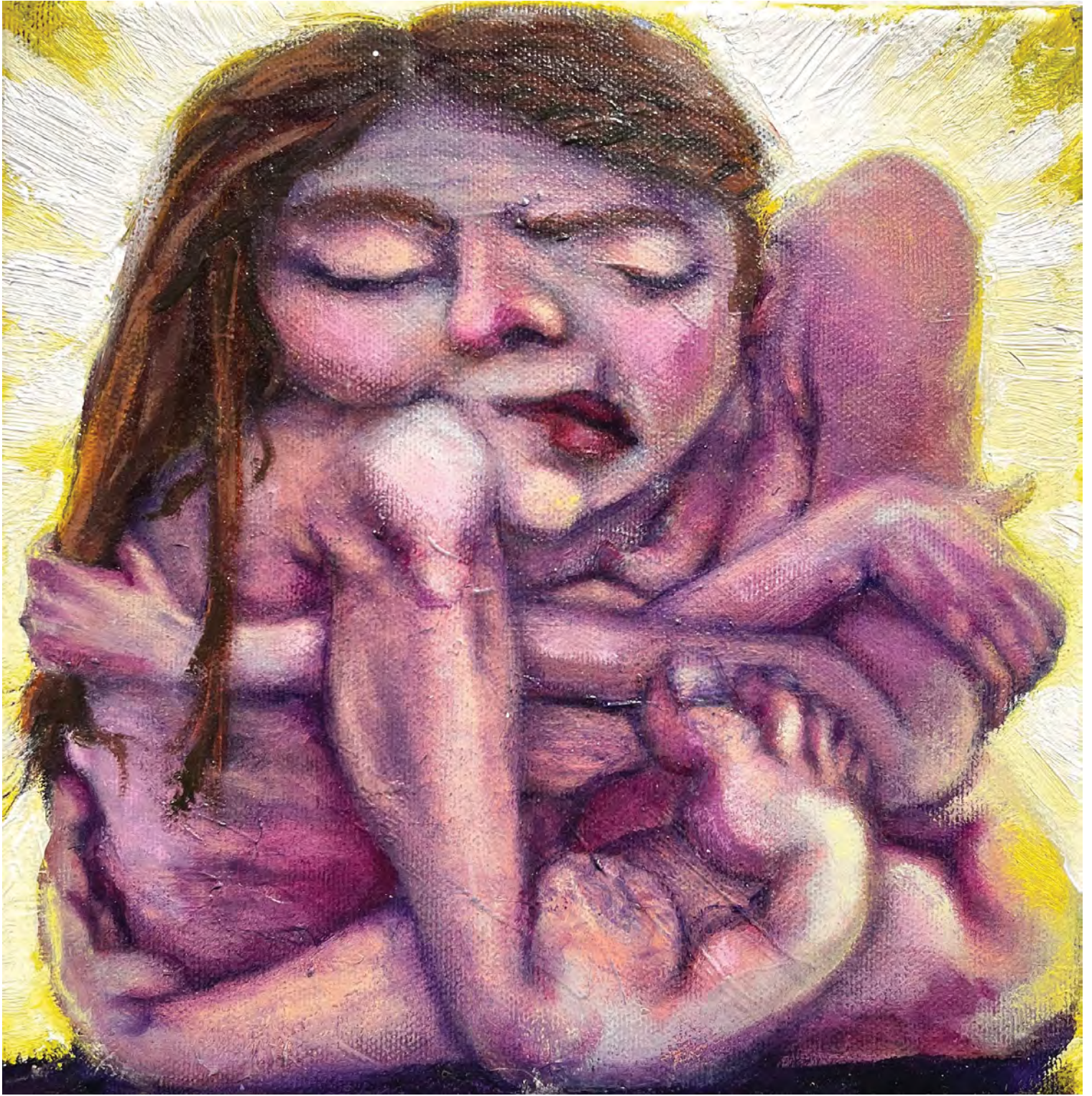


Madeline Owen

Two, 2024

graphite and colored pencil on paper

6 x 8 inches



Jamie Owens
Boxed In, 2023
oil on canvas
8 x 8 inches



Kaelin Palcu

Her, Alone, 2024

red and white chalk on illustration board mounted to canvas

60 x 40 inches



PG
Gele, 2024
oil on canvas
12 x 12 inches



Jeremy Roy
Field No. 5, 2023
oil on linen mounted to cradled hardboard
19.5 x 36 inches



Candice Russell
The Suppliant, 2022
Hydrocal, scagliola, oil, and bone char
35 x 16 x 20 inches



Nicola Russell

The Freedom in Knowing Nothing You Ever Do Will Matter, 2024

oil on wood panel

16 x 12 inches



Guillermo Serrano Amat
Scammed in Red Hook, 2023
oil and acrylic on canvas
34 x 52 inches



Hongyu Shen
Your Burning Violin, 2024
oil and paper on canvas
57 x 47 inches



Benjamin Staker

It is not some ghost, he tells himself, but the wind that causes the chain link fences to rattle, and the percussive tap of water which echoes from the rotting leaves on the ground. It is not some ghost, but worlds and lives and fates which cartwheel in front of him, madcap acrobats, bats that cannot bear their own guiding shrieks. Pasts forgotten careen through the wood, presents being lived out blindly collide and erupt, and futures that grow more horrible with each trepidations shuffle inch closer and closer., 2024

oil pigment stick and oil pastel on canvas

48 x 60 inches



German Camilo Tellez Muñoz

Scars #2, 2024

oil on linen

16 x 12 inches



Xiao Wang
Further Away, 2022
oil on canvas
30 x 24 inches



Anna Waters
A Prom Queen's Tragedy, 2024
oil on canvas
24 x 18 inches



Kaley Weil

i'd die for you...thanks, 2023

enamel spray paint, triple thick, and vinyl letters on kaolin clay

16 x 20 x 3 inches



Jean Paul Winter

We are Captives of the Self, 2024

oil, charcoal, and shellac on aluminum panel

48 x 78 inches



Megan Zappulla
Sauté, 2024
acrylic ink, sumi ink, and graphite on paper
22.5 x 30 inches



Lydia Zoells
Untitled, 2024
oil on canvas
18 x 24 inches

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They regularly offer Master Classes and special critiques in conjunction with the core MFA curriculum.

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Judy Fox

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Christina Giuffrida

Ada Goldfeld

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Edgar Jerins

Kyle Johanson

Marshall Jones

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Ayesha Khan

Evan Kitson

Greg Lindquist

Dik Liu

Randy McIver

Fred Mershimer

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