

Henry Chapman
Reading About War

April 25 – May 24, 2025

"We were married on the day of a tragedy and the weeks and months that followed only brought news of escalating, despicable suffering. Our own happiness was blinding. We held the ceremony at home, in front of windows overlooking the rainy street, the rain ending just before we made eternal vows, promising always to live in what Laura called the sunny place. My sister spoke and sang. I kept looking up. Above us a projection Kyle made fluttered grainy black and white birds within the trees of another spring.

Scrolling the news, a story: an old man who had cared for a tree for decades, from sapling to adulthood, pleading with soldiers, Kill me, instead. Not it."

— — Henry Chapman

RAINRAIN is pleased to present *Reading About War*, a solo exhibition by New York-based artist and writer Henry Chapman. Comprising a new body of paintings, the exhibition reflects on the dissonance between private life and public catastrophe, created as Chapman settled into a new home with his wife while witnessing the ongoing destruction in Gaza. Set against broader global conditions of violence, complicity, and moral reckoning, these works hold together the contradictions of intimacy and upheaval, daily routine and political rupture—echoing, in spirit, T.J. Clark's post-9/11 reading of Poussin's *Landscape with a Man Killed by a Snake* as a metaphor for the modern experience of catastrophe. As a person, a Jewish person, Chapman turns to image-making not to deliver answers but to remain with the tension of identity, responsibility, and silence.

Layers of contradiction emerge in Chapman's juxtaposition of violent imagery and bright color. Several works depict weapons—axes, bulldozers, guns—through a combination of painterly gestures and monoprint techniques that produce both sharp and hazy impressions. Deliberate marks and swaths of poured paint contrast with unsettling subjects, prompting a reconsideration of the emotional associations tied to color. Images of trees appear repeatedly throughout the works: the magnolia tree outside Chapman's home in Brooklyn is echoed in depictions of olive trees in Palestine—symbols of livelihood that have been destroyed in conflict. Together, these two trees—differentiated by color—form a visual and emotional opposition: one domestic and intact, the other distant and violently uprooted. Their conceptual pairing underscores a deeper contradiction that runs through the exhibition: between stability and destruction, care and erasure.

Chapman's use of negative space introduces a rhythm of intervals that disrupt yet unify gesture, image, and text. Most of the texts that appear on his canvases originate from his own reflections. In *Men in the Sun*, however, he draws from the Palestinian author and political activist Ghassan Kanafani's 1962 novella of the same name, incorporating fragments of its text into painted vignettes of heat, memory, and displacement. Figurative imagery, abstract marks, color blocks, empty space, and language are loosely arranged into compositions that feel both fragmented and connected. This open structure becomes a way of holding contradiction—beauty and brutality, intimacy and distance—within the same visual field.

At a time when images are rapidly consumed and painting often retreats into fantasy, repetition, or market-driven taste, Chapman insists on it as a space of complexity, slowness, and moral tension. His refusal to separate personal life from political awareness, or aesthetics from ethical position, challenges easy narratives about the role of the artist today. These are not paintings that soothe or resolve—they ask instead what it means to witness, to remain present, and to keep making in the face of it all.

For press inquiries or to request images, please contact hello@rainraingallery.com.

Henry Chapman (b. 1987, NYC) is an American artist and writer who lives and works in Brooklyn, New York. He studied painting at The Cooper Union, where he was awarded Young Alumnus of the Year in 2013, and at Yale University, where he completed his MFA in Painting and Printmaking in 2015. Notable exhibitions include Kate Werble (New York, USA), T293 (Naples, Italy), T293 (Rome, Italy), Labs Contemporary Art (Bologna, Italy), Rhona Hoffman (Chicago, USA), among others. In addition, Chapman is the recipient of the Philip Guston and Musa McKim Named Residency at Yaddo, the Elizabeth Greenfield Hicks Prize, and the 2023–2024 Emerging Writer Fellowship at The Center for Fiction. He is currently working on his debut novel about the art world. He co-runs Guest Gallery in Brooklyn with his wife, Laura.

after wedding poem

by Chris Schlegel

when i biked over
to henrys and after
having seen the paint
ings when i was
standing in the
front hallway with
him by the boots
he told me he
had been to tel
aviv years before
i was sayin
g to him he
dan noah and i
should all parti
cipate in scream
therapy to get
in touch wi
th our inner
children before ha
ving our own
theres an
anatomical fact
about me
that i cant scream
he said and
he learned this because
hed found himself swept
out in a current overpowe
ring his young limbs
and he tried to yell
for help but even
on the verge of drowning
he couldnt raise he voi
ce below a medium servi
ceable talking volume but
just as he thought
he was in real trouble t
he current relented and h
e floated back to shore
in the show
are 3 and dan this
is his idea are henrys 3
modes he has combin
ed them in the paintings

before you
the first is
the oil pours w
aleatoric element there
in second is text
screen printed on
and as henry told
me first it was profess
ionally done then late
r he did it himself in an ama
teur way like the bricks
supporting the paintings
he fired in the back
yard
neoclassic
ally delicate a
nd balanced prose
and
the third is what you
would call the gestural
figural smoothly articulated
slightly spectral presence
of the human form
often form in motion
like in the brown paint
ing that hangs off the dining
room table in henry and
lauras house
and what i want
to say is a predominating
emotion for me was a
suspension between these
these possibilities
henry has offered us
the word the gesture
and the contingent pour
maybe its not impossible
to separate the paintings
one looks at from the person
one has gotten to know
that person is patient
of an ironical cast of mind
serious funny graceful
youre looking through that
guy in the jamesonian
formulation back through him
at the two paintings
the two big paintings
i want to talk about here
in addition to those smaller
canvases on raw linen
and the glowy diptych

now i have had
a hard time disabusing
myself of the rortyan idea
that there is your trotsky
your political commit
ments and your wild orchids
your personal hothouse of
fascination
(rorty says orchids
are the evolutionarily
youngest plants)
“there is no meta
vocabulary that
can smooth out
your political sent
ences and your sentences
on beauty”
but ill admit like
many id venture that that
is a pretty lame concl
usion as tho to say
you just “do” art
and you “have” politics
and if you “do” politics
you somehow abnegate
art if briefly
when i was in
college i had a
set piece about
abstraction starring
every college german
major boys favorite
painter gerhard richter
who i argued
could choose abstraction
or choose figuration
(smudged nazis) and
the art lay in the
choosing
being able to do
both was the idea
enholding that choice
young boys like
mastery and
that was mastery
now is henry
showing “mastery” here
i wd say yes
in a few senses
lawyers by the way
the joke is always say
“it depends” b/c for a law

yer theres only
circumstance and rule
is a method for
navigating circ
umstance not
for overcoming it
the tyranny of fact
but one thing
henry has lassoed
i feel is an unstable
3 stage repeated
process of seeking
but not finding solace
in one of the 3 modes
an equilibrated instability
between text
abstraction
and gestural figure
and that movement is a
phantom fourth mode
the insufficiency mode
a renewable insufficiency
i was at the wedding
in this painting and talked
to lauras sisters hus
band a doctor
about the east bay and
being a dad
i think david an
tin was proud of his vietnam
activism when he was
younger but as he age
d he found it embarrassing
he had "tipped his hand"
morton feldman
ashbery they had expo
sed
themselves
the artist
can be embarrassed
by his own conv
ictions and does
that derive from
affective austerity
the poverty of impassivity?
where do they
go your political
self your commitments
one time henry and i
walked down dean st
talking of beautiful things
and he said

well look what are
we doing this for
if not to be beautiful
what is there bey
ond that
and it basically is
i would say the out
ermost horizon
“bothered by beauty”
but as you know you
can have political beau
ty the beauty of ideas
and of companionship
historical intervention
going on strike
the oil sinks scandina
vianly into
the raw linen
henry margaret
told me was voted “ligh
test touch” in school
knowing what to
put where and
i guess for
how long
one of my favo
rite literary critics
is michael clune and
he has an article called
whatever charms is
alien: john ashberys
everything that is about
how familiarity is
figured in ashbery
as a break from modernisms
fixation on defami
liarization ashbery
renders alien wor
lds familiar and to
do this he points
to “a window past which
everything streams”
the “formlessness”
of the alien object
gesturing toward a
continuous but unknowab
le world like where all
the RNA bends the
other way the
mirror universe
except each new figu
re produces a new

such universe
i hope ive done
that justice an arctic
le so subtle i feel
toward it the same defe
rence i do to
ward ashbery and to
henrys touch
yes it rained
on laura and henrys wedding
day there were read
ings and speeches
dancing was
on chairs and bricks
and i walked
over the tub henry
soaks in 10 times
a week onto the
small square roof
when i get pol
itically upset and
nauseous and i
decide im going to devote
time back to the unpr
oductive but sooth
ing practice of utop
ian despair i listen
to mario savio and
i think well ok i can
put myself on the gears
in my little way and
my friends will put
themselves on the gears
we will be fearful at
first because our lives
have offered us gr
eat bounty and our
muscles need
toning our tolerance fo
r privation deepen
ed through accum
ulated despair soci
al hope regret and
whatever things weve
learned how to do alo
ne
after you get married
youre married thats anoth
er under the paving stones
the beach
“solidarity doesnt mean
you agree its the pra

ctice flowing from the
articulation of cointelligib
le difference”
this means a gen
eral strike and ta
ctically the organiza
tion of local actions
the scope of which
i cant pretend to know
i go to law school
and people talk about
this stuff refusing
illegal orders asking
whether federal
law or administrat
ive law will exist in th
e same way by the
time were barred in
and representing pe
ople rortys political pro
blem despite his limitl
ess aesthetic and
argumentative soph
istication is a credul
ity toward american
perfectibility fortu
nately i dont have
political problems
i sat
with henry in his
studio very far away so
that the paintings could
fill up my eye
he wore clothes the
same color and when
he wrote me back
a few days later
he said the big paintings
were the same
but hed redone the dip
tych having removed
the clocks that are
his notes and all
the small ones
were on raw line
n i think that clune and
rorty are joined by
their mutual long way
around the barn method
of affirming heideggeri
an analysis i rememb
er being so turned off

by that stuff in collage but in my dotage
it seems indispensable
to me and rorty argues for the bracketability
of heidegger's politics but just as clune
says ashbery offers something outside
the universalizing language of global capital
and the local myth language of "nation"
rorty appears to me on his best day
to be more radical than his political
conclusions admit to and i'm not sure
how radical henry's paintings admit
themselves to be but i want to think of
them as clune does ashbery's descriptors
beamed from a life world in which arguments
about who owes what to whom are settled
by putting oil onto canvas as in this way

Chris Schlegel is a poet born and raised in Pennsylvania. He has written three books: *HONEST JAMES* (The Song Cave, 2015), *RYMAN* (Ricochet, 2022), and *THE BLACKBIRD* (forthcoming from Beautiful Days, 2025). His poems and criticism have appeared in *Lana Turner*, *Kenyon Review Online*, and the *Cleveland Review of Books*. He has worked as a teacher, is studying to be a lawyer, and lives in New York City.