

AARON NOBLE THE BOOGIE

ESSAY BY DAVID A. M. GOLDBERG



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“NOBODY KNOWS JUST WHERE IT STARTED.
SOMEBODY BLEW IT THROUGH A HORN...”

Freddy Taylor (vocal)

I’SE A MUGGIN’

Django Reinhardt et le Quintette du Hot Club
de France, avec Stéphane Grappelli

Aaron Noble

My Secret Identity Politics

I am 12 years old and obsessed with superhero comics. The artist who appears as Aaron Noble was born in flash of millennial light in the clean new year of 2000: Earth-Two. I am a Los Angeles artist of secrets, power, and transcendence.

The Aaron Noble of Earth-One was a satirist, a gadfly, a performance provocateur, a mural project organizer based in San Francisco who lived to the age of 39. He was drawn to the heroic postures of the Left, but troubled by a sense of their dark potential: Bernardine Dohrn's endorsement of the Manson murders, Che Guevara's desire to nuke the Eastern Seaboard.

Sometimes there are points of slippage between worlds. One happened in 1966, leaving a double mark on my Earth-One childhood. On the west coast, where I lived, Huey Newton and Bobby Seale created a new pulp avenger, the Black Panther. Adorned with flawless Afro, black leather jacket, and loaded shotgun, it was as if Newton, meditating in his high study overlooking Lake Merritt, had thought to himself, "The Oakland Police are a superstitious, cowardly lot, so my disguise must be able to strike terror into their hearts. I must be a creature of the night, black, terrible..." Quite simultaneously on the east coast, in the HQ of my dream life, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee were ALSO inventing the Black Panther. This Panther, Prince of the Wakanda, moved easily among the powerful White superheroes of the Marvel Universe, secure in his royal birth and advanced African technology. While the Black Panther Party occupied the vital social ground of the late 60's; Kirby and Lee, benign Liberal

Jews working in a children's medium, had planted a seed of Afro-Futurism: an odd, notional platform that comes close to describing my own way of thinking about history and peoples, notwithstanding my personal lack of Afro super powers.

The blurring of the two Panthers in my forming consciousness left me with an abiding sense of reality and fiction as equally weighted spheres continuously writing each other, such that the ten thousand fictional attacks on New York City carried out by masterminds, mutants and monsters in six decades of Earth-One comics cannot be regarded as unconnected to the real attack in 2001.

In works like Two Towers, Black Power, Wetback/Mojado, and The Puppet Masters I have allowed, or noticed, a slow seep of material — emotional, satirical, idealistic — from my Earth-One political education. "The Boogie" is the feared unknown — both light and dark — and also the wavelength between high and low, the secret rhythm that makes inter-dimensional crossings possible.

AN 2012



Figure 1

David A.M. Goldberg Katamari Politics and Alien Heroics

“...nigger no invented for color it was **MADE FOR THE PLAGUE** the word (art) must be redefined-all mutants and the new babes born sans eyebrow and tonsil-outside logic-beyond mathematics poli-tricks baptism and motion sickness-any man who extends beyond the classic...”
–Patti Smith, excerpted from the liner notes for **EASTER (1978)**

Axiom of Interpretation #1: Aaron Noble paints portraits, not landscapes
– “like a motherfucker.”

Axiom of Interpretation #2: Aaron Noble understands the allegorical function of the comic book super-being.

Axiom of Interpretation #3: Aaron Noble's work is a fractal aspect of larger and co-related social and media structures.

In the quirky psychedelic video game classic *Katamari Damacy* (2004) you control a tiny character called The Prince who rolls a device that picks up objects distributed across a series of themed levels rendered in crisp 3D graphics. Like a snowball, anything stuck to your katamari can pick up other objects: badminton shuttlecocks, drivers licenses, pencils, specific shades of lipstick, sea urchins, bento lunches, ostrich eggs, office supplies, live fish...[0]

You are doing this because the King of the Cosmos has lost his memory and it can only be restored by creating the biggest katamari possible under various constraints of time, scale or selection requirements. The database of collectible items is so vast that cross-sections of food, technologies, toys, and items unique to Japanese consumer culture can each be broken down into dozens of subcategories of size, shape, and use context. No two peoples' Katamari balls will end up alike, and playing is not unlike improvising on an instrument.

Aaron Noble rolls his mind through a vast archive of comic book visuality, working both from concrete examples and the conceptual lineage behind them. The first stop is a traditional collage built out of careful excisions and intentional absences.

In Figure 1 the majority of the samples used for "The Puppet Masters" are presented at the pre-assembly stage. Noble has carefully selected these elements for their individual visual strengths, for example the haloes of pink splash energy around the hand-like forms, or the braided chrome cables. He has also selected them for their stylistic nods to past masters such as Jack Kirby and Steve Ditko. Though Noble has divorced these visual elements of much of their signifying weight, the viewer recognizes the heroic aesthetics of comic books, and his preservation of the concept of the panel or frame.

Once the elements are recombined (see Figure 2) the structure of the "puppet master" emerges and picks up the title. Noble identifies this figure as part golem, and locates its life-giving power glyph in the circular form close to the glove-like structure (Plate 5). According to Jewish legend powerful rabbis could create a golem from mud or some other inanimate matter, and activate it by implanting a piece of paper inscribed with a magic word. Though golems were created as forces of defense: superheroes, the legends all feature a moment where control is lost; Mayhem and significant property damage ensue, but nobody fucks with the ghetto people afterward.



Figure 2

Meanwhile across the fictional Pacific, in the future Los Angeles of Richard Kadrey's *Metrophage* (1987) a young cyberpunk whose skin is embedded with subcutaneous pixels dies in a firefight with the Committee for Public Health: "The Kid was on his back, half-conscious, crawling with snakes and phosphenes. A file dump, Jonny realized. All the images in his software were bubbling up at once, out of control...the arm of a woman, a reptile, an industrial robot; crimson spiders webbed him; amber alphanumeric scrolls up his twisted face; Brando, Lee, Bowie, Vega; his system was looping..."

Slap the crossfader back to 1996 when the Evolution Control Committee cleverly aligned Chuck D's vocals from "Bring the Noise"[1] with an instrumental by Herb Alpert and The Tijuana Brass called "Bittersweet Samba." [2] Because this was accomplished with a personal computer instead of a pair of turntables or a dedicated sampler it technically isn't considered Hip-hop, it's a "mashup." Suspended in the listener's bemusement, outrage and disbelief, the prophet of rage's baritone rails against the shortsightedness of Black radio stations, over a white dude's funky arrangement of bouncy horns, popping percussive shuffles and mournful flashes of guitar. Today

An Aaron Noble "figure" boils down to a hieroglyphics of superhero musculature, hair, costume and technology. As such his artistic lineage includes the Pop Art genomes of Lichtenstein and Warhol, those of cubists Braque and Picasso, and surrealism as well. His closest relative on the mainstream Western art historical axis is probably Ray Yoshida, who in one mode of his work, cut out, catalogued, and arranged compelling examples of clothing, stances and utterances he sampled from comics. Part of Noble's process is a logical extension of Yoshida's, enhanced by his own method of scanning his collages and digitally exploring alternative color spaces. His end products, be they on canvas or wall surfaces, always feature the application of dynamic black lines, shadows, pulses and reflections that are sometimes only loosely based on the inks in the original visual elements.

Considering "The Puppet Masters" in their "prebiotic" and final forms, the comparison of Noble's methodology to Hip-hop or mash-up audio sampling strategies is limited. Noble's visual elements are not the equivalent of drum patterns, bass lines, vocal snippets or guitar licks lifted from existing recordings. Because Noble builds anatomical references out of non- and semi-anatomical excisions, his process is closer to gathering and tweaking samples of guitar-like, drum-like or vocal-ish sound. Combining such waveforms could re-create a recognizable tune, and Noble could create a visual interpolation of Spider Man—but this isn't his goal. Noble's standards for the art of the sample align with those of Hip-hop producers who insist that audio samples should be "flipped" and rendered unrecognizable to the general audience and copyright lawyers before they are assembled into a song. Only fellow "crate-diggers" (record aficionados) should be able to hear through the camouflage.

Working in San Francisco, Noble was a founder of the Clarion Alley Mural Project, which flipped the community-driven, visual activism established in the Mission District, exemplified by the world-famous Balmy Alley. Like Balmy, Clarion's garage doors, fences and walls were brought to life by paintings with a left-leaning political and critical edge. However, CAMP was not founded in the context of Latino cultural issues. A trilateral union of the graffiti writing community, the "Mission School" of street/gallery artists, and the traditional "muralistas" evolved a core ecosystem of stylistic, political and philosophical mash-ups. Immensely popular with diverse communities, Clarion Alley became a destination for anyone trying to defend their attention span from the tyranny of advertising and mainstream visual culture. Noble was doing early experiments with his current techniques at the same time. If Clarion Alley was the chaos of creation, Noble's contemporary figures can be seen as the titans that emerged from it, embodying that primordial energy but organized with a purpose.

In "Black Power" a fist-like structure edged with blade forms referencing Batman's gloves emerges from the assemblage of chrome parts, at a scale that could crush cities or infiltrate biological cells. Though any other title would leave the piece more open to interpretation, what semiotics are operating here? The raised fist symbolizing Black Power, readily recognized in the form of plastic comb handles and the image of olympians Tommie Smith and John Carlos in Mexico City in 1968; The metal parts of Victor Stone, the (Black) New Teen Titan known as Cyborg; The borderline sociopath that is Frank Miller's Dark Knight. But "Black Power" is not a synthesis of any of these images, and it does not deal with "blackness" and "power" in terms of traditional identity issues. But an identification with power is nonetheless present.

the irony of the juxtaposition continues to decompose in the rich sediments deposited long ago by unfettered Napster-culture, during those Golden Years of the Internet.

Fast-forward to a 2008 *Wired* Magazine infographic deconstructing "What It's All About," a track produced by tissue engineer turned mashup technician Girl Talk (Gregg Michael Gillis). [3] Picture the tracks of an A/V editing application turned into a donut and decorated with scrapbook snapshots of each sampled artist, and timecodes for their in and out points. It's a confection of cross-reference, mapping Girl Talk's katamari of rap vocals applied over anything but the original track. Hear The Police, The Cure, Faith No More, Vanilla Ice, and Phil Collins behind Busta Rhymes, Young Jock and the Wu Tang Clan. By the time the fourteen seamless tracks of "Feed the Animals" are done, the typical listener is high on sonic miscegenation, and pleasantly exhausted after having their nostalgia forcibly mated with acapellas of thug poetry and strip club anthems.

Just last year the Glico candy company of Japan boldly leapt across the Uncanny Valley and revealed the truth behind Eguchi Aimi, the newest member of AKB48, a 58-member

girl group divided into four teams. [4] Eguchi Aimi turns out to be a fully-articulated photorealistic 3D digital puppet built from select facial features of six members of the “A-Team.” [5] Most fans of the group had no idea (or concern?) that Eguchi Aimi was synthetic, but some suspected and debated among themselves on discussion boards and comment threads. [6] One real member of the group made a labor-related quip on her blog and what began as a promotional exercise became another iteration of the Frankenstein/Golem cautionary tale. Suddenly finding themselves part of a massive experiment in visual and social psychology, fans reacted in generally positive terms behind which lurked mild distrust. The words “weird” and “cool” were often used in the same sentence, reflecting this ambiguity.

No matter what, Glico wins by selling more candy, but they’ve inserted a splinter in the mind. In the wake of deploying fully synthetic sales personae, the populace no longer has any reason to trust any mediated image of any kind. Imagine what would happen if the Birther movement, already collaging assorted bits of Obama’s genealogical record into a fragmented argument for illegitimacy, were to absorb the ontological

I have always interpreted Noble’s paintings as illustrations of characters. In this series their names invoke a more direct albeit thin line of narrative. “Black Power.” “Wetback.” By deploying charged terms from recent political memory he cannot help but flirt with the viewer’s installed base of prejudices. “Saladin.” “Two Towers.” “The Pupper Masters.” But faced with the profound phenomenological impact of these epic mutilations and reconfigurations, it’s hard to know where to direct one’s reactions and pre-conceptions. Clearly they are **MADE FOR THE PLAGUE.**

Mapping politics onto the mainstream comic structure is already complex and contentious. In the fantasy worlds of US superhero comics the shifting representations of women and minorities have mirrored changes in society, moving in a generally progressive direction away from reality-based stereotypes and exploitation. Noble’s figures don’t reflect an engagement with the viewer’s identity as much as they reflect the viewer’s familiarity with the comic form. The popular politics of seeing someone of your ethnicity or gender cast as hero or villain cannot be expected to survive Noble’s dismantling and re-configuration. And yet the core operations of relating to new forms of heroics and villainy remain intact, and our desire to see ourselves distorted or amplified along those lines also survives.

Noble’s figures have an air of The Kid’s death about them as they carry the eye fluidly from one structural zone to another, evoking the energies of music and wildstyle graffiti. But they are not dying or purging, they are being born. They are closer to a stabilization of Tetsuo’s runaway cybernetic growth at the climax of Katsuhiko Otomo’s

Akira (1988). Like Eguchi Aimi they are virtual personalities precipitated from correlated data sets. But where Eguchi Aimi is a virtual idol, an entity explicitly intended for worship in the pop sphere, Noble has created superbeings for our era of multiplicity, for a populace whose identities are slipping into virtuality while their tastes and preferences are increasingly reified.

Noble’s work confronts a culture increasingly based on the logic of slot machines, combinatorial mathematics and old-fashioned popularity contests. Though his methods have much in common with the broader practices of sampling and remixing, I think his work performs differently. To be accurately compared to Girl Talk for example, Noble’s work would have to function through clever manipulations of figure and ground, and feature contradictions between far more readily recognizable characters; Imagine Todd McFarlane’s Spawn pasted into a scene composed from elements of by Bil Keane’s Family Circus, with the dialog from both sources left intact. Noble directs his remixes beyond the the source of their ingredients, partially translating the frame of the comic book into a nexus of multiple media that includes graffiti, collage and abstract expressionism. This shift amplifies the graphical and conceptual strengths of the original context -- comics -- but also results in an experimental tempered alloy that can possibly withstand far greater social pressures.

“Two Towers” could be a pair of ninjas spawned from the DNA of H.R. Giger, Salvador Dali and maybe some H.P. Lovecraft. The left figure appears to wield a blade that draws attention to a toothy maw (an unexpected nod to literal figuration on Noble’s part) and the appropriated

significance of Eguchi Aimi? The President is already some kind of socialist supervillain in the eyes of many Americans, what if it turned out he were actually virtual? From Japan to San Francisco with the entire Internet in between, this is the New American Dream in full effect, effectively described by the conclusion of Kadrey’s description of Skid The Kid’s death: “...flickering by faster and faster, merging into one metafantasy face, colorless, all colors, fading at the same instant it formed...”

This is McLuhans “hot” media, Virilio’s “information bomb,” and Chuck D’s “terrordome” operating simultaneously, describing a civilization that generates its social energy by breaking the connection between one’s identity (gender, race, sexual orientation, body type...) and one’s preferences (brand loyalty). The properly-executed remix accomplishes this by seizing and then accelerating attention to the point where the the distinctions between media, people, markets, and politics are blurred. Eguchi Ami, the Wired infographic, and the gesture-narrative of Katamari Damacy are all outputs of social remix technologies. Who has the biggest, most diverse ball of clutter to be judged by the utterly stoned

King of the Cosmos? Who wants to get their hands on an app that will let them remix all the facial features of AKB48?[7] Who would hire the faceless minions laboring behind Amazon's Mechanical Turk to hunt down all the timecodes and sources of every single sample used by Girl Talk on "Feed the Animals?"[8]

The old binary world of pure good and evil, heroes and villains, is dissolving into a swarm of video game achievements, LIKE buttons, Wiki wars, live #psychotic_breaks, dreams of inception, phishing scams, zombie computer networks, and comment threads masquerading as democratic participation. The protagonists are global brands that command the loyalty once reserved for one's race or ethnicity, and they are collectives with names like "Anonymous" and "Lulzsec" who battle "The Jester," "Web Ninjas" and "The A-Team" in the newly-made ruins of our electronic privacy.

In such a society who or what could save the innocent: those iGhetto-dwellers who just want reliable restaurant recommendations, fetish-worthy gadgets and a healthy social network? Richard Kadrey drew a picture of the romantic victim for us: the cyberpunk shot in the street while trying to fight the power. Skid

Superman "S" on its "chest." The right figure reads like a cyborg samurai with antennae, skeletal structures and patches of everything-proof armor. Though some kind of smoke/ semen drifts between them, it is the umbilical connection of dark folded fabric emerging from a pelvic structure that binds them across an invisible razor line.

They could be ultra-powerful nemeses, battling each other, or evolved forms of contemporary anti-heroes. It isn't easy to take a side, to automatically hate or empathize, especially when one of them clearly bears the symbol of incorruptible (but ultimately alien) goodness. Here is where the myths of Frankenstein and the golem return, where power originating beyond mortal control wreaks havoc on a society. "Two Towers" folds us back onto the catastrophic collapse of those twin pillars of capitalism, the alliance between Sauron and Saruman, the struggle between Yahweh and Lucifer. They are both cause and cure.

Aaron Noble provides us with super beings for this brave new world and as an extension of the comic book form they are far more inclusive and fundamentally challenging than any attempts to balance out the representation of gender and ethnicity in that medium. This is a good thing because we have all but exhausted the original cultural reserves that sustained us through 80's and 90's. Even the remix itself, pride of the early 21st century, has been thoroughly appropriated by commercial forces. We are in a period of transition that Noble chooses not to address with disposable digital artifacts and mechanical reproductions, but with labor-intensive, almost classical efforts charged with what could be described as aura but probably shouldn't; There is after all far too much pulp and street in the bloodlines of his paintings.

This is what makes characters like "Wetback" so perfect for the virtual now. Like a good advertiser cutting through clutter Noble primes our emotions with a derogatory term, but in the end delivers nothing to resolve the superficial tension. The only way out is to walk away from the work or take a journey through it. Painted on a curved surface that implies an arc of flight or a bridge, we are presented with subtle signs of movement and crossing. This bipedal figure reminiscent of a Robotech battlepod stands energized, stepping between two worlds represented through different grain and reflectivity in the background. Battered and spattered with organic textures, "Wetback" projects all the signs of kick-ass sci-fi glory, that wear-and-tear that George Lucas insisted on for the look of the rebels' technology in "Star Wars."

One might ask "what's in a name?" before considering the effort that goes into naming a superhero or villain. If the name should reflect the character's powers, what can "Wetback" do? The answer is a constrained anything... According to Noble, Wetback "can open interdimensional wormholes, generate an information-rich datafluid which lubricates the passage and repairs damage done to the time/space continuum, and carries an egg shaped object: some kind of soul seed containing unknown potentialities, and armored against local

germs." This list of powers reads like a set of requirements for contemporary survival online. For Girltalk, Glico and the Evolution Control Committee have all harnessed the power of "information-rich datafluid." Noble reminds us that we're all trying to cross a border, and that the human effort to change a situation is indeed heroic. Aligned with the symbolic triumph that is the election of Barack Obama in an America that had already lost its grip on who it thought it was, the "one metafantasy face, colorless, all colors, fading" has begun.

The Kid's high-definition skin-as-screen represented the dream of multiculturalism, of fluid identity, and the triumph of a politics of absorption born in the margins. Like Hip-hop at its best, like file sharing, the Kid could reference anyone and any tastes. His politics were anarcho-punk and art-aligned, symbolizing a networked future that could be turned toward creativity and autonomy. But that was back in 1987, a mash-up that never happened. Now who's "the man?" Naturally, as Foucault told us, it is us: dissolving in the data-driven panopticon with Eguchi Aimi as symptom, Katamari Damacy as metaphor, and Girl Talk as soundtrack. Weird. Cool.

Aaron Noble is preparing us for the fight with the real enemy that has emerged in the wake of katamari politics and wars against aliens: the tendency to segregate, oppress and control—now fully automated, almost flawlessly camouflaged, and freed from the limitations of human flesh.

HIS CHARACTERS MAY JUST BE WEIRD (tonsil-outside logic-beyond) ENOUGH AND COOL ENOUGH TO DO THE JOB.

NOTES

[0] Katamari Damacy in action: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=-yn-mQ2R8eD4>

[1] Public Enemy, "Bring The Noise:" <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Cvy7MWjfVPE>

[2] Herb Alpert, "Bittersweet Samba:" [http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qPLYwCMD-Vol + 2 = http://evolution-control.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=category&layout=blog&id=40&Itemid=64](http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=qPLYwCMD-Vol+2=http://evolution-control.com/index.php?option=com_content&view=category&layout=blog&id=40&Itemid=64)

[3] http://www.wired.com/special_multi-media/2008/pl_music_1609

[4] AKB48: <http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/AKB48>

[5] The making of Eguchi Aimi (Fake-chan): <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=slvXiVsbkmU>

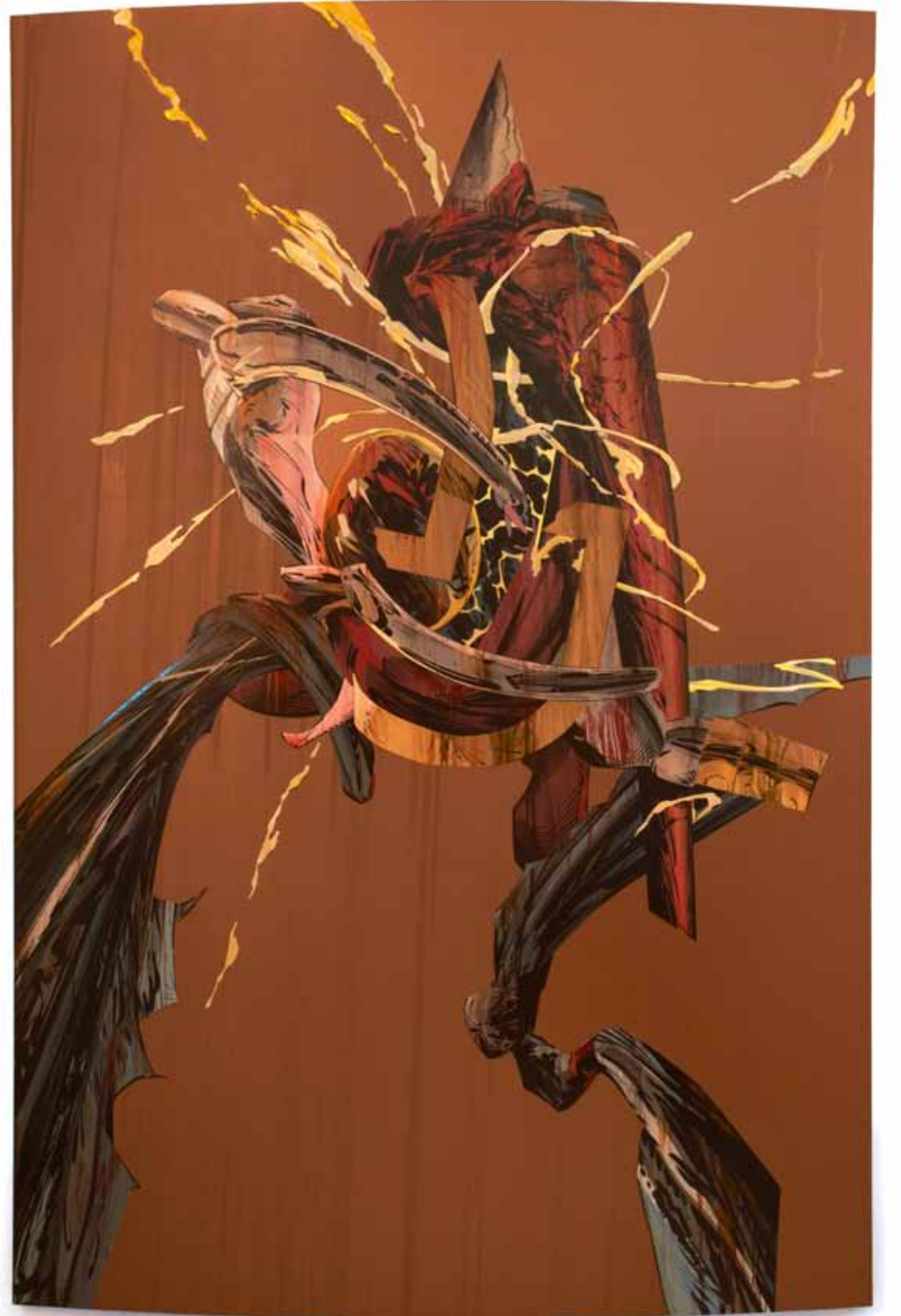
[6] Comment thread: A) <http://www.jpoppasia.com/news/eguchi-aimi-akb48s-first-cgidol::7524.html> B) <http://www.tokyohive.com/2011/06/the-truth-about-akb48s-eguchi-aimi-revealed/>

[7] You can: <http://www.icenomi.com/oshimen/>

[8] Andy Baio would: http://waxy.org/2008/09/girl_turk/

PLATES

WETBACK

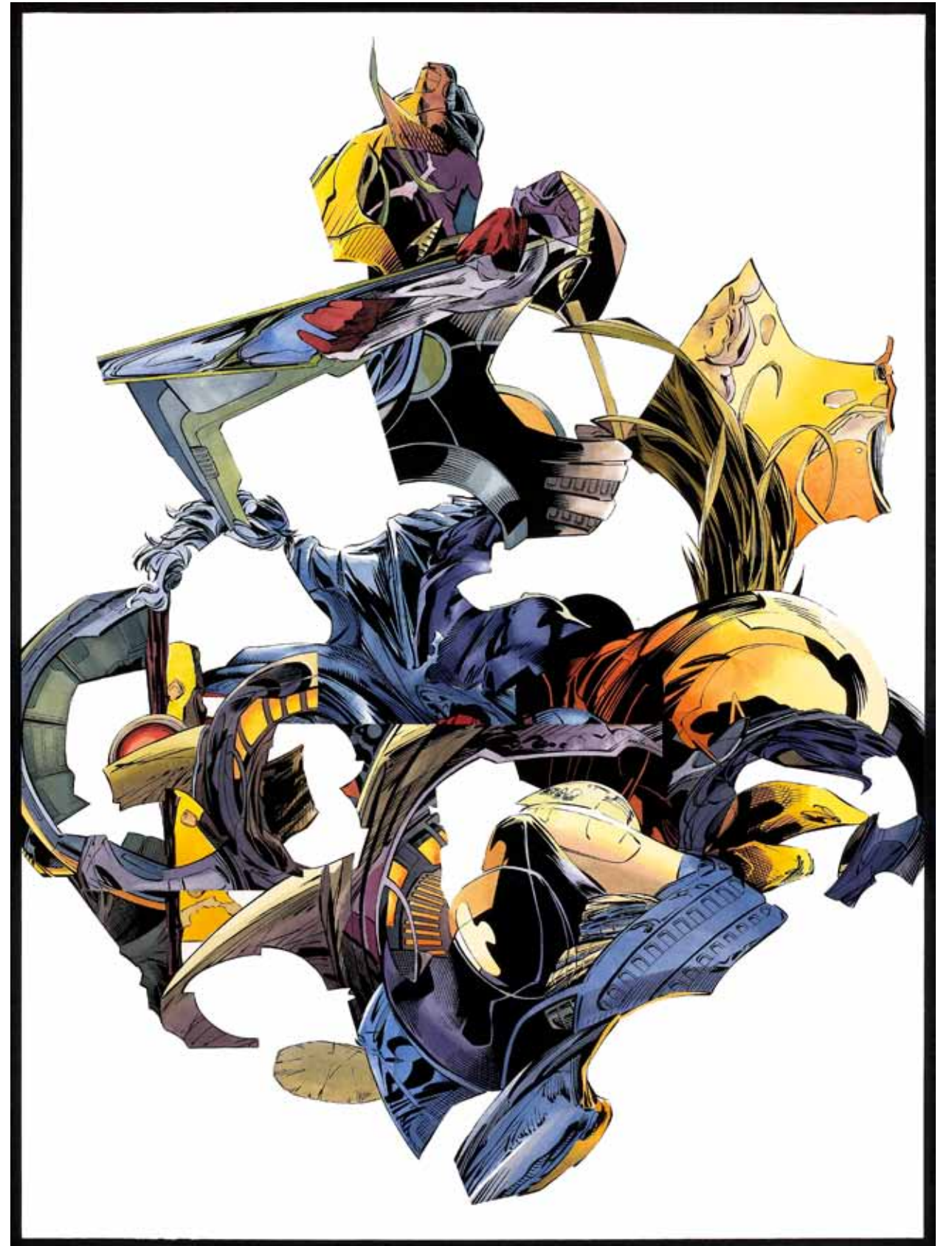




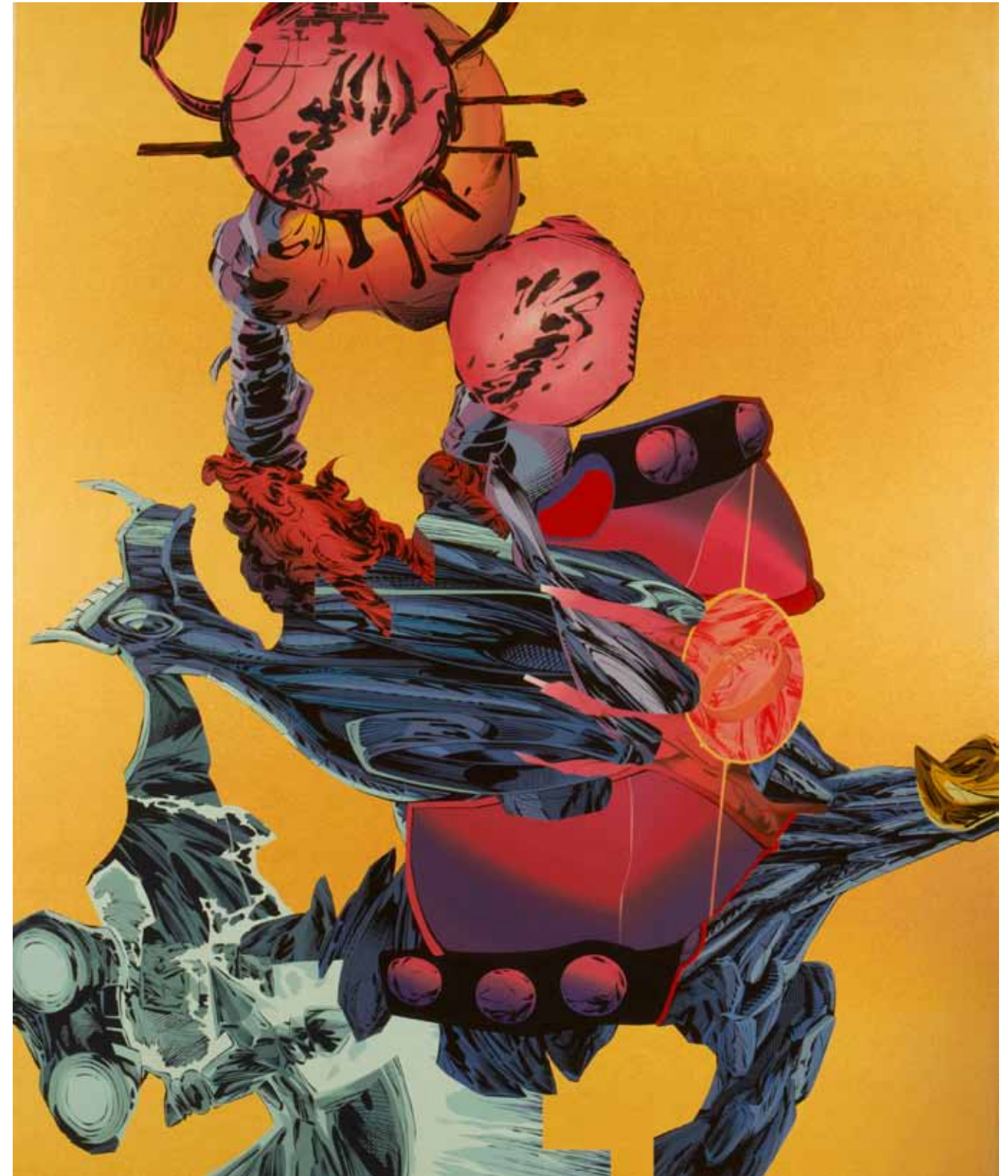
SALADIN



TWO TOWERS



AT WORK IN THE EGG FIELDS



THE PUPPET MASTERS



MOJADO



GIANT



BLACK POWER

EXHIBITION HISTORY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY

Aaron Noble

b. 1961 Portland, OR
Lives in Los Angeles, CA.

Solo Exhibitions

- 2012** **The Boogie**, Synchronicity Space, Los Angeles, CA.
2009 **At Work in the Egg Fields**, 39 Hotel, Honolulu, HI.
2007 **Rainbow 6: Warsong**, Pavel Zoubok Gallery, New York, NY.
2006 **Drawings**, Timezone 8 Editions, Factory 798, Beijing, China.
2005 **My Funny Valentine**, Lobby installation, Davis Museum and Cultural Center, Wellesley College, MA.
2004 **Drawings**, PeerUK, London, England
2002 **Phallopia**, Lobby installation, UCLA Hammer Museum, Los Angeles, CA.

Two-Person Exhibitions

- 2010** **with Greg LaMarche**, Guerrero Gallery, San Francisco, CA.
2006 **with Yoon Lee**, IOI California. San Francisco, CA.
2003 **with Andy Schoultz**, Track 16, Santa Monica, CA.
2002 **with Craig Kucia**, Blum & Poe, Los Angeles, CA.

Group Exhibitions

- 2012** **To Live and Paint in LA**, Torrance Art Museum, Torrance, CA.
2011 **Superheroes: Icons of Good, Evil and Everything in Between**, 516 ARTS, Albuquerque, NM.

- 2010** **Inaugural Group Show**, Kaycee Olsen Gallery, Los Angeles, CA.
2009 **The Hills are Alive**, curated by Laurie Steelink, Circus Gallery, Los Angeles, CA.
Infinity, curated by Andrew Schoultz, Scion Space, Los Angeles, CA.
Superfine, Morgan Lehman Gallery, New York, NY.
Beautiful/Decay, A-Z Kopeikin Gallery, Los Angeles, CA.
2008 **At the Brewery, 1993-2007: the Finale**, Armory Center for the Arts, Pasadena, CA.
2006 **The New Collage**, Pavel Zoubok Gallery, New York, NY.
2005 **New Slang**, Ruth Bachofner Gallery, Los Angeles, CA.
2004 **Now/Here**, The Brewery, Los Angeles, CA.
Semi-Lucid, White Columns, New York, NY.
Freewall, curated by Jody Zellen, Kellog Gallery, CalPoly Pomona, CA.
2003 **20/20**, curated by Glen Helfand, The Lab, San Francisco, CA.
Hair, Six Months, Los Angeles, CA.
Makeshift World, curated by Julie Casemore, Steven Wirtz Gallery, San Francisco, CA.
Sama-sama/You're Welcome, Geleran Gallery, Yogyakarta, Indonesia and Intersection for the Arts, San Francisco, CA.
2002 **Gestures**, curated by Sabina Ott, III Minna, San Francisco, CA.
2001 **Plewds, Squeams, and Spurls!** Balazo Gallery, San Francisco, CA.
2000 **Bay Area Disfigurative**, Ajax, San Francisco, CA.

Public Murals

- 2012** **Mojado**, East Hollywood, CA.
2010 **Saladin**, Culver City, CA. (Destroyed)
2006 **Beijing Progress Mound**, Factory 798, Beijing, China. (Destroyed)
2004 **Spire**, Corner of Hoxton Sq and Mundy St; London, England.
Reedsport Skatepark Mural, Reedsport, OR.
2003 **Mata Hari**, Permata Bioskop, Yogyakarta, Indonesia.
KABBOOMM, collaboration with Rigo 23, Clarion Alley, San Francisco, CA. (Destroyed)
2002 **Generator**, collaboration with Andrew Schoultz, 18th and Lexington Streets, San Francisco, CA.
2001 **China Basin Mural**, collaboration with Andrew Schoultz, 3rd and Illinois Streets, San Francisco, CA. (Destroyed)

Collections

UCLA Hammer Museum Contemporary Collection
Progressive Insurance
New York Public Library
Chazen Museum, University of Wisconsin, Madison
Davis Museum, Wellesley College
Hood Museum, Dartmouth College
Smith College Museum of Art
Herbert F. Johnson Museum, Cornell University

Awards & Residencies

Headlands Center for the Arts Sam & Adele Golden Residency, 2009.
Smith College Print Workshop artist in residence, 2005.
California Arts Council Individual Artist Fellowship, 1992.

Publications

Dwight Pogue, **Printmaking Revolution**, Watson-Guptill, 2012.
Walls & Frames: Fine Art from the Streets, Gestalten, 2011.
Hammer Projects 1999-2009, Hammer Museum/D.A.P., 2009.
Street Art San Francisco, Harry N. Abrams, 2009.
Hi-Fructose, Magazine feature, Fall 2007.
Beautiful/Decay, Magazine cover feature, Feb. 2006.
The Guardian (UK), Pick of the Week, November 8 and weekly guide November 13-19, 2004.
Sam Chennault, Graffiti to Gallery, article on Andrew Schoultz, **SF Weekly**, September 1, 2004.
Glen Helfand, The Mission School, **San Francisco Bay Guardian**, May 12, 2002.
Alice Hutchison, Review of Hammer Project, **Contemporary**, May 2002.
Rebecca Solnit, Hollow City, **Verso**, 2001.

Writing

The Clarion Alley Mural Project and misc. short pieces. Street Art San Francisco, H. Abrams, 2009.
Scott Williams and the Fake World. Scott Williams, Catalog essay, San Francisco Art Institute, 2005.

IMAGE INDEX

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114" x 72"
Acrylic on shaped canvas
2011W

2. SALADIN (p.20–21)

12' x 14'
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Cover photo: Kate Romero www.kateromero.com

