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JULY/AUG 2002 #39

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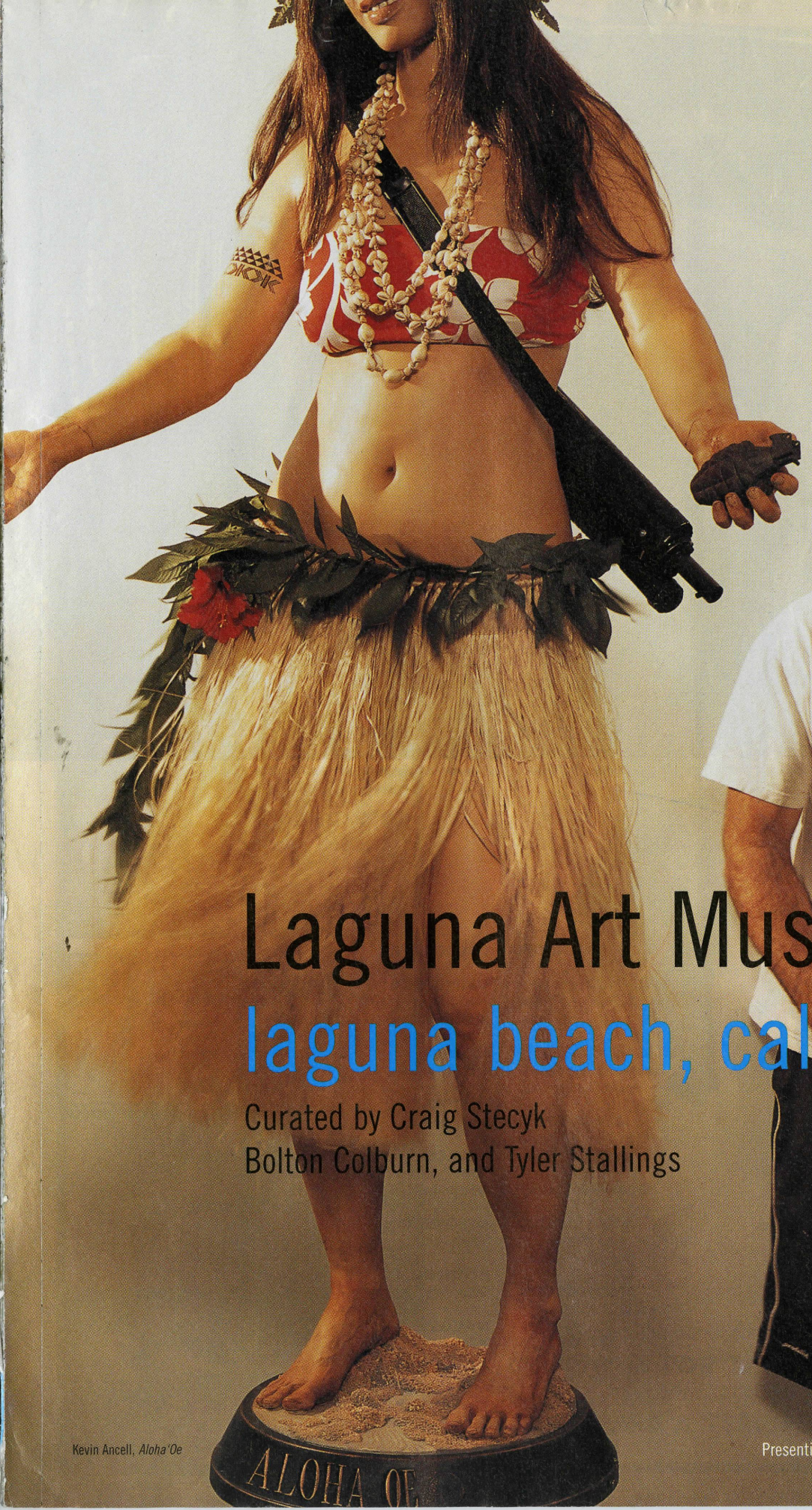
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no 39

Tribute in Light Initiative by John Bennett, Gustavo Bonevardi, Richard Nash Gould, Julian LaVerdiere, Paul Marantz, Paul Myoda. Produced by The Municipal Art Society and Creative Time with support from the Battery Park City Authority. Photo ©CharlieSamuels.com 2002.

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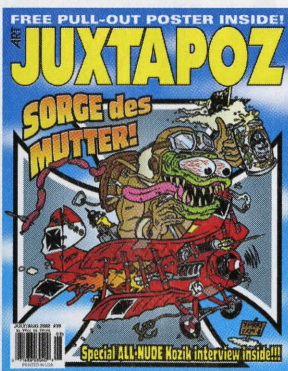
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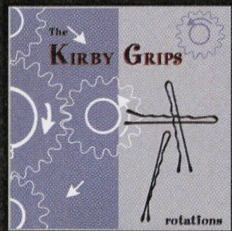
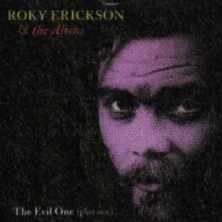
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Fokkers Eat Sopwiths, 2002,
by Frank Kozik.

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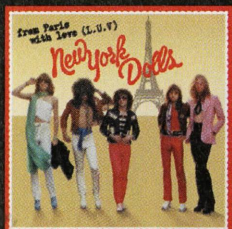
Artwork by Robert Williams, art direction by
Sakol Mongkolkasetarin, copywriting by Scott
Wild, and photography by Peter Samuels.

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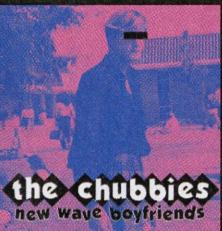
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"DECIBELS ARE A TERRIBLE THING TO WASTE"

IMAGINATION IS BAD TASTE

IF YOU ARE AN ARTIST or involved in the arts, you hear this phrase frequently: "I don't know anything about art; I just know what I like."

Gee, no more profound words have ever been spoken. To just honestly see and judge, speak freely from the hip like the sincere voice of the "average Joe." This is the genuine audacity that *Juxtapoz* magazine would like to foster and regard as our reading audience.

This sounds down to earth, but honestly, unencumbered good taste isn't quite this simple. The matter of taste and artistic judgement, at best, is a complex and convoluted combination of already-predetermined preferences and prejudices. When judging art, our pure and unadulterated opinions are loaded with poison. In fact, our ability to be unbiased when evaluating the merits of a given piece of art is flush with emotional discrimination.

The first opinionated hurdle art has to climb over is collective public opinion: What will other people think? Will it be acceptable to rank-and-file strangers? Will the art be suitable for families, children, religious elders, people with limited attention spans, and individuals who feel indignation about anything provocative? This requires that art projects be simple and non-engaging (trite).

Secondly, because of my art, "will I lose favor with my peer group (friends and acquaintances)?" Since peer pressure must be served, and embarrassment avoided, this means whatever product you produce or collect has to be sanctified by your respective cronies.

The last factor in judging art is that timely matter of fashion. Unfortunately art, more than anything else, is held hostage by its shelf life and by how it makes both creator and buyer feel the excitement of being on the cusp of the future.

What most people perceive as good taste is really a whole slew of dos and don'ts applied to one's initial first impression, which is generally an infantile fascination. When the equation of "what will other people think?" is added, and then the fashion factor is weighed, a snap judgement is made. This is then shrouded in a quick pseudo-deliberation, and then the final opinion. This is about as deep and impartial as judging art gets.

Pablo Picasso said it perfectly: "Good taste is the enemy of creativity."

If art is to be measured by popularity (and I don't begrudge this method), the most popular single graphic image of our time was the circular yellow happy face.

The point I'm so ineloquently making here is that the art we see around us is imposed on society by the hyper-squeamish. Allow me to give you an example: if I had a copy of Herman Melville's *Moby Dick* laying on my coffee table, I would be considered a rustic intellectual and a *bon vivant* of literature. But if I exhibited a large oil painting depicting specific passages out of that book on my wall, I would be thought of as a lurid lout, and my politically correct associates would, upon viewing this, shit their pants (figuratively speaking, that is).

Opinions have to expand in order to free art. We have all heard the old wisecrack, "Wine is just grape juice that's gone bad but hasn't yet turned to vinegar." Granted, simple fermented grapes have been cultivated for thousands of years and discreetly refined into hundreds of subtle flavors for fussy wine drinkers the world over. And if the grapes are left to oxidize, the juices will turn to vinegar. But there is also an abstract aspect to wine tastes. Vinegar can be processed and distilled into powerful and caustic solvents and further concentrated into volatile explosives. How does that fit into the narrow parameters of sophisticated wine tasting? Same grape.

I regret having to touch upon some sad notices. Earlier this year, the well-loved underground cartoonist Jim Osborne passed away. Osborne was known in the '70s as one of the most daring and unabashed outlaw illustrators in San Francisco. I don't see the young ranks of artists being filled today by his kind.

On March the 7th we lost an important elder statesman for the surreal arts, Mati Klarwein. Klarwein was the real thing and singlehandedly championed representational art throughout the darkest years for realist painting in the New York scene. He died after having struggled with prostrate cancer. Mati was a great source of inspiration to me during the late '60s and, later, became a main staple in *Juxtapoz*.

Unfortunately, my last bad tidings is also a passing of another outstanding artist. In mid-March the underground art luminary Mad Marc Rude succumbed to medical complications while living in Arizona. Rude was an early member of the LA punk rock art community and known to be as notorious with his fists as he was with a stippling pen or a tattoo needle. His demise is shrouded in mystery, but it is said that Nevada law enforcement might have played some part.

These gentlemen will be sorely missed.

—Robt Williams

ART JUXTAPOZ

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"Art teaches nothing, except the significance of life."

—Henry Miller

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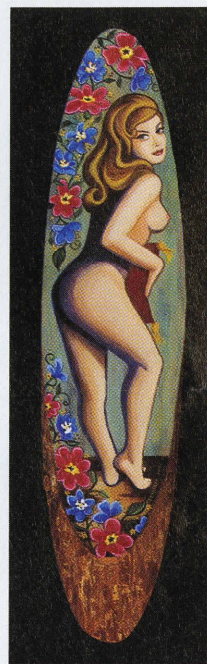
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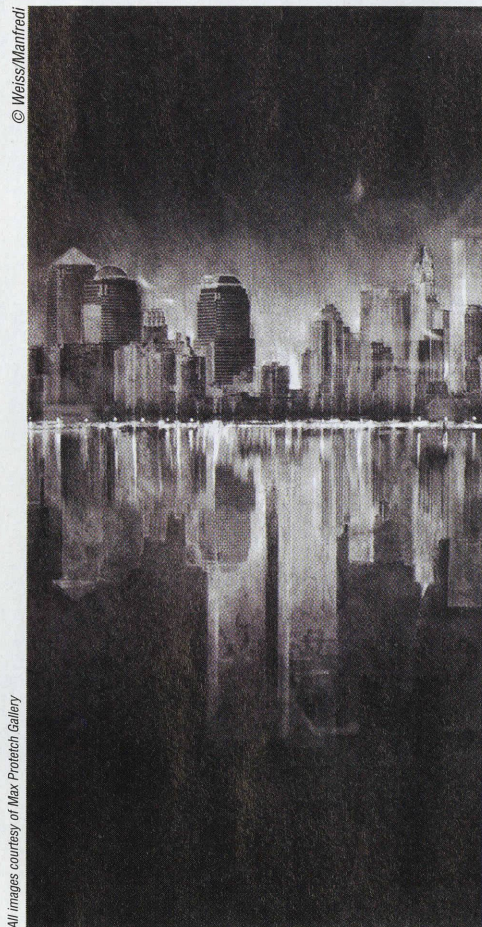
Shanty Tramp,
acrylic and ultra glo
on wood, 2000.

GRAND THEFT ART

You think *you* have bad luck? Not half as bad as Lisa Petrucci, who's had not one, not two, but *three* paintings stolen in the past year, two of which were hoisted from an exhibition at NYC's CBGB's 313 Gallery in November 2001. After weeks of dissatisfying exchanges with the gallery director, Micheline, who assured Petrucci she was looking into the situation, Petrucci finally received word instead from the show's independent curator, Veronica Cross. Cross said she'd reimburse Petrucci for the lost work since CB's refuses to claim accountability for any heist that occurs there. Micheline, who says the gallery's liability policy is delineated clearly on its website, claims that CBGB's, while it does exhibit art publicly, is primarily a rock venue/bar that's not right for every artist, especially those counting on a secure-display situation. Petrucci has curated numerous shows and been a gallery owner herself and says she's "well aware of the perils of showing art in public places." But because she's not willing to allow Veronica Cross to personally shoulder the financial burden of reimbursement, Petrucci is now eating the loss of the two stolen works. "CBGB's 313 'Gallery' wants the prestige of showing 'cutting-edge' art without taking any responsibility," Petrucci admonishes. "Artists should be warned that they will be showing art there at their own risk." And she just wants her paintings back. So if you've got a good heart and see either of the accompanying images hanging on some fucker's wall, be a doll and let Lisa know so she can start kickin' some ass. www.lisapetrucci.com.



Shabby Chic(k),
acrylic and ultra glo
on wood, 2000.



© Weiss/Mantredi



© Daniel Libeskind



© Raimund Abraham



© NOX Architekten

BUILDING BLOCKS

With the six-month anniversary of 9/11 already past us and the recent termination of the glorious memorial in lights that blazed in the NYC heavens, nothing stands between us and the task of designing a new World Trade Center that might recapture some of the former Twin Towers' majesty. As you can expect, major architects are all jockeying to seal the honorable deal. Although *Juxtapoz* is voting for resurrecting underdog Antonio Gaudí's original design for the Grand Hotel, which was meant to be erected on the WTC site in the early 1900s, more popular alternatives are now conveniently on display under one roof at the National Building Museum in Washington, DC. The exhibition, *A New World Trade Center: Design Proposals*, debuted at NYC's Max Protetch Gallery and comprises the most engaging prospective designs architects have developed so far. Granted, when you've been used to seeing two pretty standard skyscrapers, and then a gaping hole, on the skyline, you have to shift your perspective considerably to accommodate these decidedly more space-age visions. Daniel Libeskind's hanging memorial/vertical garden/live/work space; NOX Architekten's many-feelered, Swiss cheese-textured proboscis; Raimund Abraham's prison-orange block; and Samuel Mockbee's floating memorial/folded street all must be seen to be believed. But God bless 'em for trying.

A New World Trade Center: Design Proposals will be on display through June 10 at the National Building Museum, 401 F Street NW, Washington, DC. Contact 202 272 2448 or nbm.org for more information.

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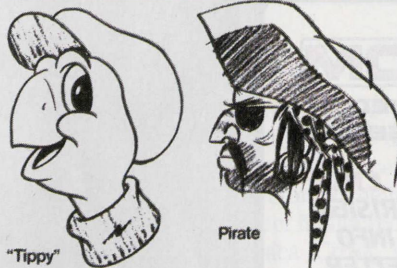
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Contact Art Instruction Schools, 800 818 5522; 3309 Broadway Street NE, Minneapolis, MN 55413-1745 to obtain your own art test. Good luck.



Tell us about yourself

The information you give us on this page will be helpful to us in judging your drawing and art. Please answer each question with care.

Date _____, 19____

Phone No. _____ (please include area code)

Name Mr. GOMEZ BUENO Age _____
 Mrs. _____ (last name)
 Miss _____ (first name)

Street Address EAST L.A.
AND TULIANA HILLS
 City _____ State _____ County _____ Zip _____

Occupation CAB DRIVER

Single ☐ Married ☐ Children _____

1. How long have you been interested in art? SINCE I MET KEVIN ANCELL YES

2. Do you enjoy art enough to want to improve? YES

3. Did you study art in Grade School? ☒ College? ☒
 High School? ☒

4. Have you had other art training? YES
 Where? ERIC WHITE SCHOOL OF ARTS How long? 12 YEARS

5. How much time could you devote to art study each week?
 Evenings? 12 Daytime? 12 Weekends? 48

6. What are your hobbies? INSECTS, COINS, STAMPS

7. Are other members of your family artistic? YES, PICASSO, DALI, Goya AND VELAZQUEZ ARE RELATIVES OF MINE

Tell us why you would like to improve your art and drawing.
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So I was chilling in Santa Maria, CA waiting for my ride to get fixed, and I saw a poster for a "Beard-A-Reno Whisker Growing Contest". I guess you enter the contest clean shaven and at the end of a month's time they call in the judges. You can win shit for "Reddest Beard", "Longest Beard", "Best Attempt" and so on. As I was curiously inspecting the rules in the fine print, a man with a scruffy looking deal on his face grabs an entry form. Turns out he's gonna shoot for "Best Salt n' Pepper".

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Ink: *Never Cut Towards Yourself* medley, by Robert Williams **Victim:** Mike Tafaro
Culprit: Troy Timpel, Philadelphia Eddie's, Philly, PA **Verdict:** A secure spot in the fan boy hall of fame.

HEY YOU! Got any (highly embarrassing?) tattoos of art by big-name artists (you know, the Coop, Todd Schorr, Mark Ryden, Clayton Brothers, Eric White, Salvador Dalí-type crowd) drilled into your flesh? Believe it or not, we want to see 'em. Send GOOD photos only (slides, prints, etc) with the tattoo artist's name, shop, etc to us (along with a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want 'em back), and maybe you'll see your ink in print. Then again, maybe you'll wish you didn't. JUXTAPOZ INKWELL, 1303 Underwood Ave, SF, CA 94124.

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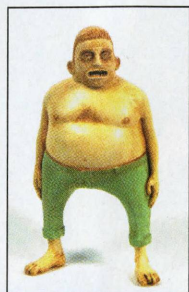
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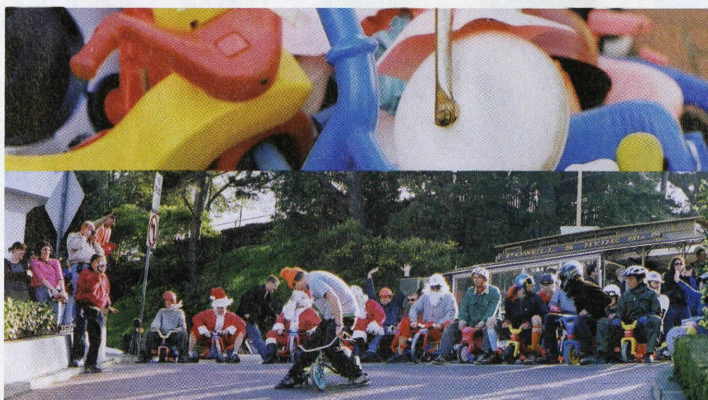
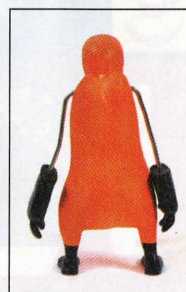




FLESH FOR FANTASY

Amid the tsunami of Japanese pop-culture publications that have surged up in recent years, *Tokion* magazine is a stand-out. It is a testament to *Tokion*'s staying power that the Tokion USA company has commissioned your artist wish list, including Barry McGee, the late Margaret Kilgallen, Brazilian twins os Gemeos, Shepard Fairey, and Stash, to bring their 2D artwork to life in the form of original toys. Released bimonthly throughout 2002 in limited productions of 600 per toy, these sculptures compose the third leg of Tokion's Neo Graffiti Project trilogy, which started in '99 with graffiti posters and continued in 2000 with stickers. The toys are by far the best offering so far from this magazine. Play Doctor with them, take off their clothes, make them do dirty things to each other, but for the love of God, you better go buy one quick, because we're betting you've got about a one-week window to secure your spot.

Contact tokionusa.com for more information.



ROAD RAGE

Santa Claus does exist. And he rides a Big Wheel. For reals. Don't wanna take our word for it? Then you should have been on San Francisco's famed Lombard Street, (known to the average tourist moron as "that curvy street") in March, when these fuzzy red-and-whites and their Ho Ho Hos showed up in force to compete with other like-minded maniacs in Bring Your Own Big Wheel (BYOBW), an annual race sponsored by Oakland's Door.7. Gallery. Don't let the pink, blue, and yellow plastic vehicles fool you; this was nothing less than a death ride, a ferocious, kamikaze-like hill-bombing. Opting for Mickey's malt liquor over axle grease to lube up their finely tuned, ultra-tech racing machines and to provide the requisite liquid courage for when those sketchy, sketchy Big Wheel brakes give out, the speed racers took each other out mercilessly as some zig-zagged their way to victory, others to certain doom. Friends became foes; skin was bruised and bloodied; and no one can wait to do the same thing all over again next year.

Contact Door.7. Gallery, 510 763 6494, for more information.



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presents

from the deliciously wicked world of
Rachel Williams



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LETTERS 39

LUBE JOB

I have been searching for Robert Williams' art work in bookstores and finally came across *Visual Addiction* at a local Waldenbooks. I really had no idea that there was an entire art movement that followed Robert Williams' style. I really enjoy *Juxtapoz* magazine, because alternative styles of art are what will keep artists like me motivated. If I went to a local hobby shop to learn *The Joy of Painting* under one of the late Bob Ross' instructors, I would have hung it up a long time ago. When Robert Williams said that *Juxtapoz* will be here through good times and bad times, I trust that he will position the magazine to live beyond anyone's expectations. Robert Williams will live in infamy as a guy who makes people look at tubes of paint and empty canvases much differently than any painting instructor in any hobby shop or college instructor will ever be able to do.

Todd I

St Louis, MO

—*Juxtapoz art is too bad to die.*

AMERICAN PSYCHO

I am angry about the pictures you show, mainly about God. I know there is something called "freedom of speech" but I'm not about to just let this go after all God has done for all of us. Please look into your hearts. I would truly despise not being able to continue reading your magazine, but if you continue this, I'm afraid I would have to. I have Christian friends, and when you get to know God, you know the reason of life. I'm going to tell all God lovers to never pick up *Juxtapoz*, even to simply browse. I feel like it's my fault when I look at your pictures and I know it isn't. Trust me, this is not a hate letter. It is not wrong for me to tell all God-loving persons to not look through your magazine. I LOVE MY LORD!

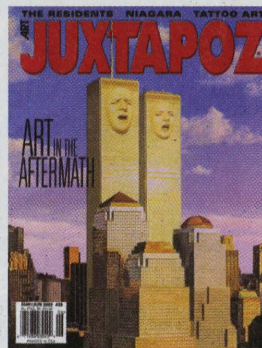
Randi

(via email)

—*We have looked into the depths of our black hearts and found that the only God is commerce.*

BY THE BOOK

I wanted to let you know of a recent change regarding my book that you have mentioned a couple of times in *Juxtapoz*. Despite my many objections, the marketing peoples for the publisher changed the title of the book on me, which means the title has been incorrect in your magazine. *Lipstick and Loubrow* is now called *Vicious, Delicious and Ambitious Ladies: 20th Century Women Artists*. I think it sounds more like a lurid tabloid title, but I'll deal. It's also being published under my maiden name, Sherri Cullison, not Sherri Pfouts, as it's written in the Niagara piece in your most



recent issue [#38].

Sherri Cullison

(via email)

—*Nuff said.*

MRS ROBINSON

I'm so not your demographic that it's a wonder I'm not blacklisted from your subscription list. I discovered your magazine when having our house painted—the two young painters (both struggling artists) had your magazine, and I got hooked. I just got issue #37 and, while I like reading and looking at the nutburgers whose work I so admire (I'm hooked on Mambo Graphics here), I was blown away by your Gaudí story. Who knew? I'm a former New Yorker and I'd sure rather look downtown to a building by Gaudí than to more towers. Thanks for your guts and integrity and for surviving in what has to be a very crappy time for alternative publications.

Betsy Nolan

San Francisco, CA

—*Two young housepainters? You tipped them, huh?*

SICK BOY

I love almost everything about *Juxtapoz*. However, I am a little sick of seeing Paul Frank's ugly mug schmoozing it up with Liz McGrath. That's two issues in a row where I believe that you've got a shot of them, no doubt sipping cafe lattes in some pretentious LA gallery. And no, I am not jealous. To be quite frank (notice the pun) Mr. Paul Frank's work is both boring and tired (hang it up or try something new, Paul, like shaving), and yes, I can do better! Also, as far as Ms McGrath goes, would it kill you to find a female artist who is actually an artist and who does not pull her eyebrows out and draw them back in with Sharpies?



Paul Frank & Lizett

And her so-called art: a poop monster in a cardboard box! Oh boy! What wit and creativity will she thrill us all with next? All that time in Christian reform school produced a lovely young fecal freak! Also, about Erró [issue #38], I think he's a very talented painter, but what lame subject matter. He has an excellent grasp of color and composition (I liked the KGB/CIA piece), but his concept is lost on me. Perhaps if I made a 20-foot collage composed of different elements of Robert Williams' work I could get a spread, too. On the positive side, I really enjoyed the Mike Davis article and the amusing Robert Williams poster.

Aaron Mendonca

Irvine, CA

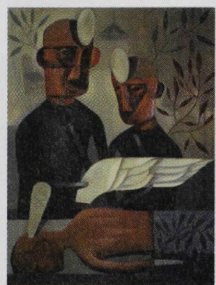
—*We'd prefer a 20-foot fecal spread.*

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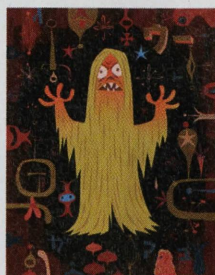
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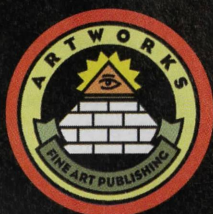
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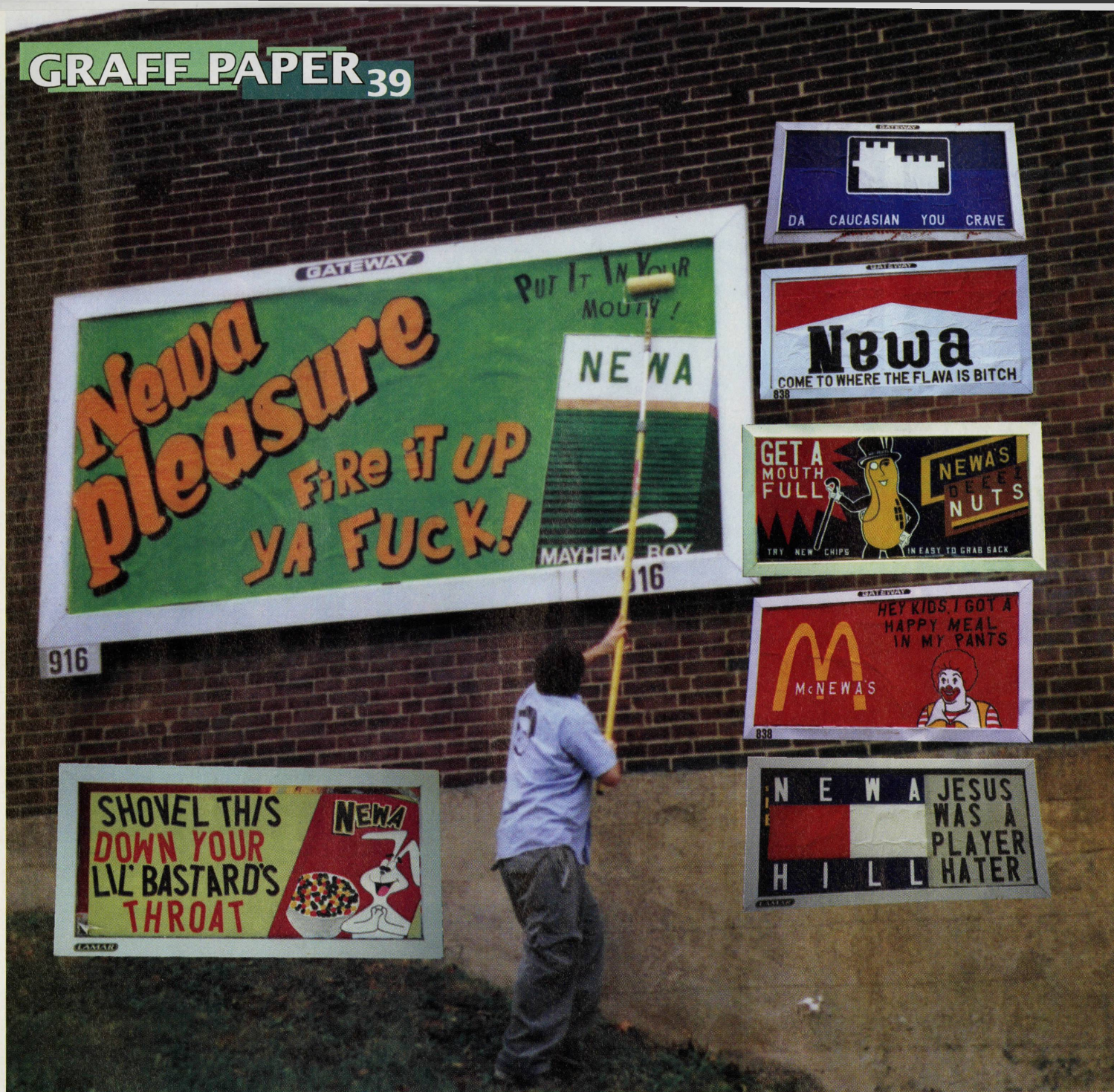
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The Pizz



"Aye for an Eye"

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NEWA VISUAL POLLUTION

IN THE PAST FEW YEARS, several graffiti artists have been progressing to new levels, away from traditional tags and throw ups and, in some cases, making their art more digestible to the public. Twenty-four-year-old NEWA, who hails from New Jersey, is a perfect example of such a transition. Since 1997, he has created and installed over 100 NEWA-style billboards all over the country.

NEWA's main influence has been the outdoor advertising that he claims is "more rampant on New Jersey highways than litter. You can't leave your house without an onslaught of advertising hitting you wherever you go. It's visual pollution." It's pollution that NEWA has captured and put to work.

"Every time I look at a billboard or a commercial, a voice in my head is already playing back the 'NEWA'

version of it. The stereotypes the media uses for advertising and the hooks and ploys TV uses to brainwash the consumer are amazing. I just take what the professionals do and throw it back in their faces."

On average, NEWA spends eight hours making his billboards and installs most during the day. He's made headline news in Kansas City, New York, New Jersey, and Philadelphia so far, but the list is very far from being complete. As you can imagine, not everyone happens to find his humor as funny as he does. —Roger Gastman

NEWA has come a long way since his first tag in 1994. To find out just how far, buy his art, have him over for a slumber party, or send him death threats: fatboynewa@hotmail.com.

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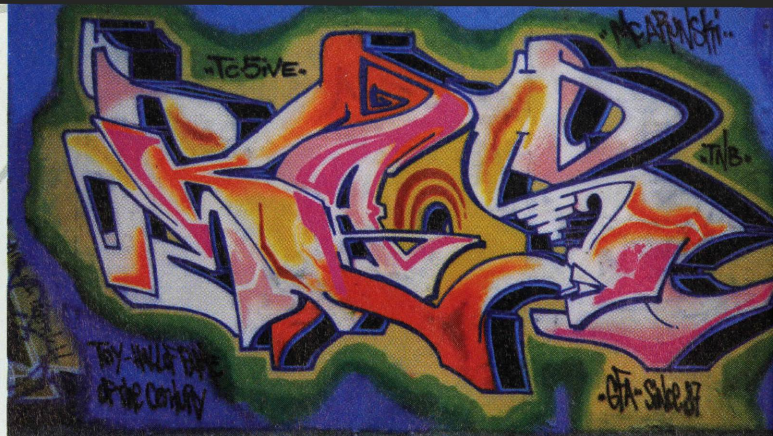
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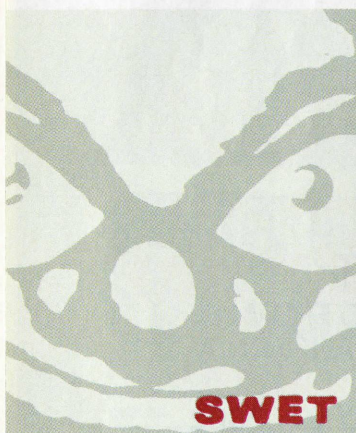
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Rockin' Jelly Bean



Beneath his hard-as-steel, wrestling-masked exterior, Rockin' Jelly Bean is a sucker for women and chili-cheese burritos. He could be 20; he could be 80. Nobody knows and nobody cares as long as he keeps doing how he do. Annie Tucker gets the lowdown.

WHO IS ROCKIN' JELLY BEAN? Is he a musician? A graphic designer? An entrepreneur? A collector? A gigolo? And why can't he be all of these things at once? Elusive in all the right ways, Rockin' Jelly Bean is, quite simply, captivating.

Born in Hawaii, Rockin' Jelly Bean—so named by his grandmother because of the candy-like birthmarks on his shoulder—moved to Japan as a teenager and then on to Los Angeles in 1996, where he remains today, soaking up the sun but keeping his mind on his Asian ancestry. Unwilling to divulge his age but gleefully giving up other vital stats (“sex: with female only;” “eyes: slanted;” “mask: best with sex”) the Masked Madman is an avid surfer, collector of vintage men’s magazines and movie posters, and musician.



FROSTY POP!

Rockin'
Jelly Bean

ART GRAPHICS.,
LOS ANGELES





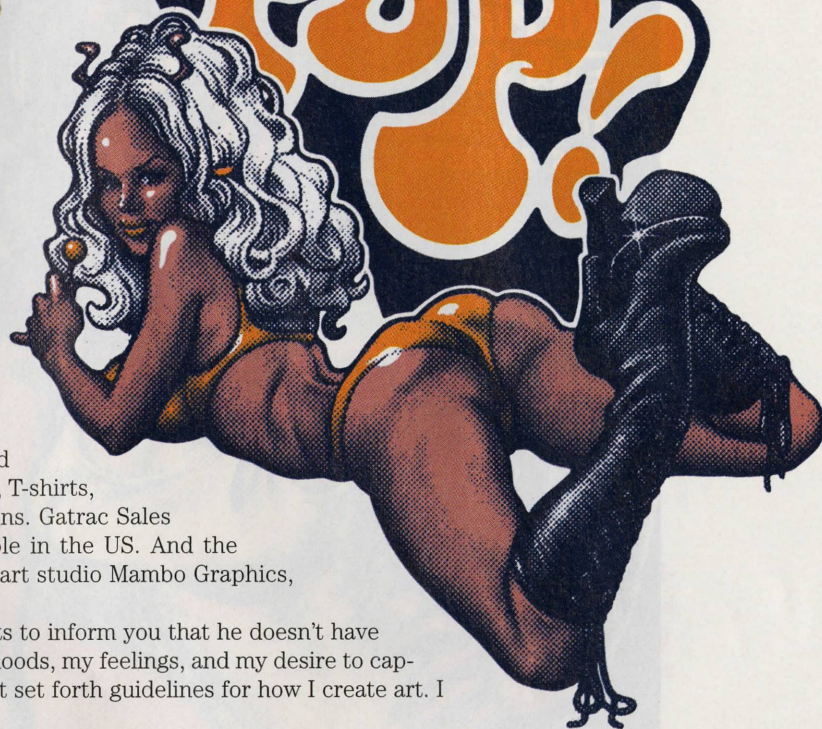
It was playing bass in his surf-rock band, Jackie and the Cedrics, in fact, that got Jelly rockin' in the art world. While designing fliers for his band during their early days, Jelly realized he wasn't half bad. Others agreed, and the bassist soon found himself doling out poster, T-shirt, and cover-art designs to eager clients in Japan.

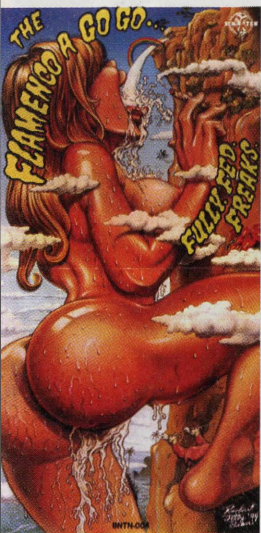
These days, Jelly's influence is felt far beyond his backyard. For starters, there's Erosty Pop!, a web-based lowbrow art and clothing store in LA, which sells posters, T-shirts, stickers, and accessories featuring Jelly's original designs. Gatrac Sales in Japan peddles rare Jelly designs that aren't available in the US. And the wind even blew news of Jelly's talent to the Australian art studio Mambo Graphics, which enlisted him quickly as a graphic servant.

How does he do it? Ladies and gentlemen, Jelly regrets to inform you that he doesn't have any design tips to share. "My process changes with my moods, my feelings, and my desire to capture the varied beauty my eyes perceive. I really couldn't set forth guidelines for how I create art. I just do it," the DIY guy comments cryptically.

PRODUCED BY
ROCKIN' JELLY BEAN
T.M.

Erosty Pop!

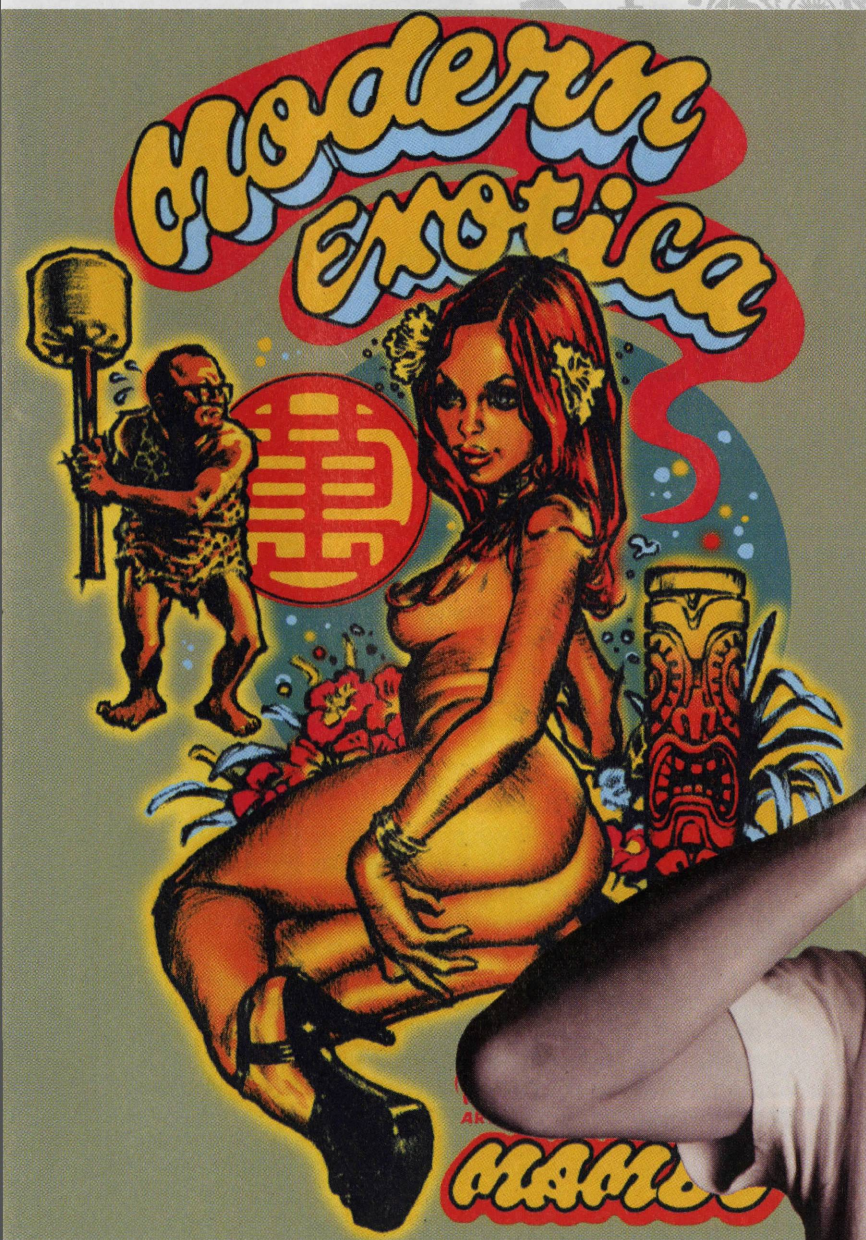




One thing's for sure: Jelly loves women. "I am easily charmed by a woman's smile, body language, scent, a woman's everything!" he gushes. "What can I say? I am a *man*." A trio of Jelly's big-breasted bitches, the Barba Rocket Patrol, are Erosty Pop's unofficial mascots and Jelly's way of showing his appreciation for the fairer sex. You can milk the girlz for all they're worth in fun-filled webisodes (pmworksinc.com). And if all goes as planned, they'll soon star in a feature film, for which Jelly is currently negotiating with Rough Draft Productions.

Jelly may seem to have it all, but his commitments can be torturous. "I am torn between playing music and creating artwork," he laments. "I am going out of my mind trying to decide which road I should take.... When uncertain about the choices I am to make, I go surfing." Life is tough. ☺

Contact pmworksinc.com or mike@pmworksinc.com to obtain the art of Rockin' Jelly Bean.

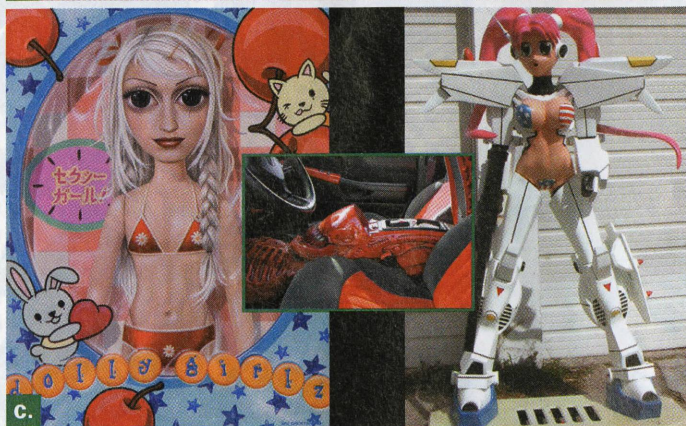




a.



b.



c.



d.

a. MAINELINE

When a man decides to design jewelry, chances are it'll turn out to look like car parts. Case in point: Orbit Jewelry founder Brent Williams' famed wrist cuff, fashioned after the bumper of a '62 Chevy Impala. Orbit Jewelry company is, in fact, probably the best thing to come out of Maine since the high incest rate. With his fiancée, Jessica, Williams crafts modern, whimsical designs inspired by vintage car parts, hot rods, space flight, and toy model kits. More recently, Williams' affections have shifted to table lamps; his first cocktail lounge-style design comes with a coolness guarantee, thanks to little touches like a vintage-style plug and cord, a car gear pull chain, and an aluminum shade.

Contact 207 653 5821 or orbitjewelry.com for more information.

c. CHOWIN' BOX

Brit-born daring duo Sas and Colin Christian are painting and sculpting their way to greatness with a line of truly visionary custom accessories. The couple started out in nightclubs and restaurants, building bars, paneled walls, and painted murals and evolved into making furniture, signs, and large fiberglass characters. These two can take any bizarre design you can come up with and turn it into a 10-times-weirder custom sculpted accessory for your car, bike, or RV: demons, skulls, octupi, tribal tattoos, and glass eyes are all popular themes. Medieval and sci fi-inspired furniture are no problem, either. In fact, we dare you to come up with a test the Christians can't pass.

Contact 954 735 3358 or hotboxdesigns.com for more information.

b. DIRTY WORK

How many different ways can you write "dirtbag?" Ask Dirtbag Clothing proprietors Doug and John, who spend all day figuring that out. The company, which started in 1996 with two crappy T-shirt designs, has now blossomed into a full-on fun factory, distributing shirts, sweatshirts, headgear, and accessories to everyone who wants to live vicariously through the Dirtbag spirit. Bands and action-sports freaks can even pick up Dirtbag as their official sponsor.

Contact 877 DIRTBAG or dirtbagclothing.com for more information.

d. LUNCH BREAK

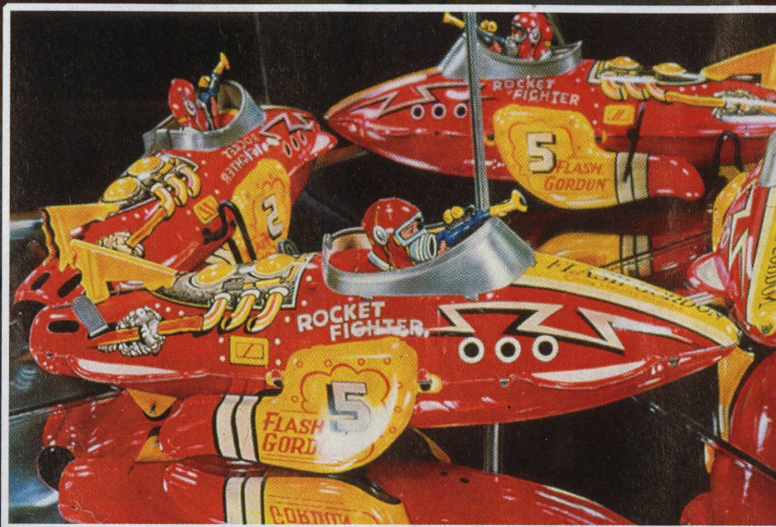
With Puss in Bootz proprietress, Jillian Suzanne, sinking her teeth into everything art related—design, painting, illustration, and photography included—you're probably wondering how she's found time to develop her latest ingenious merchandising scheme. We wonder, too. What we do know for sure is that Suzanne, who's spent years developing her signature style of Puss in Bootz painted ladies, isn't gonna let you down with her new stainless steel lunchboxes, featuring changeable magnetic designs for the ultra-fickle. Not in the mood for Suzanne's "Debauchery" graff girl? No problem; just switch it up with her devilish "The better to eat you with" chick. Get rid of all that Sanrio crap. It's time to eat out in style.

Contact jillian@pussinbootz.com for more information.

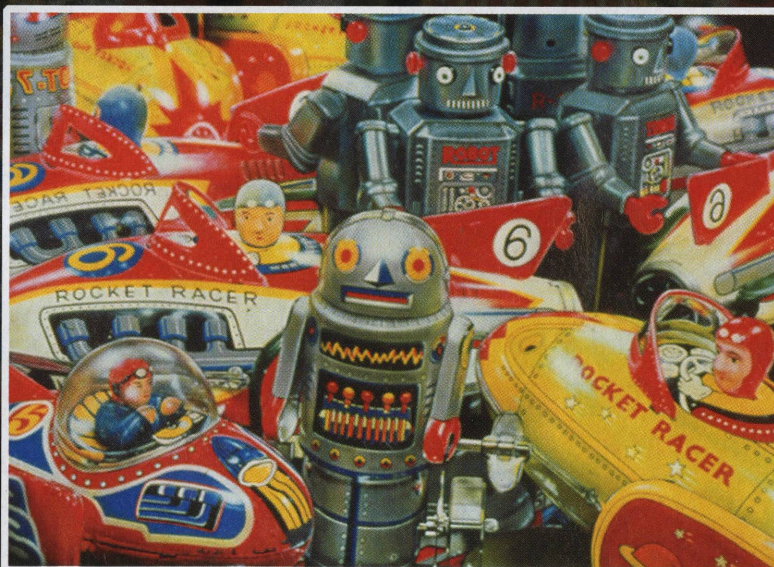
CREATEX



Cesar J. Santander- "Space Travel" acrylic on panel



Cesar J. Santander- "Rocket Racer" acrylic on panel



Cesar J. Santander- "Space Toys and Reflections" acrylic on panel

see more of Cesar Santander's artwork at: www.toypaintings.com



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Beyond the Astral Plane

REMEMBERING MATI KLARWEIN



Cover art for Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew*.

ON MARCH 7, the world lost one of its last living surrealists when Mati Klarwein passed away at his home in Mallorca. While his name is seldom uttered in the same breath as Dalí's or Ernst's, Mati Klarwein's work is familiar to millions around the world—often unknowingly—because his paintings were used for such historic LPs as Santana's *Abraxas* and Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew*. As a painter, Mati's style was distinct, his palate exquisite, and his sense of composition sublime. He is considered a father figure to the art world of *Juxtapoz* magazine and, in the years prior to his death, brainstormed frequently about planning an epic, international traveling show of *Juxtapoz* artists. His enthusiasm, charm, and lust for life will be forever missed by the staff of this publication. His acquaintance enriched my life immeasurably and, like Andy Warhol, I can honestly attest that "Mati Klarwein is my favorite artist." I can only hope that the afterworld is half as beautiful as one of his paintings.

—Jamie O'Shea



View of the Aleph Sanctuary.



Strokes of Genius In Memory of Abdul Mati Klarwein

THE DIVINELY INSPIRED MATI KLARWEIN created some of the world's most visionary and astonishing paintings with meticulous brush strokes of genius. I was introduced to Mati's work in 1974 by my roommate from art school who showed me *Milk 'n Honey* (Harmony Books, 1973), Mati's first book of paintings. The book is now a rare collector's item. *Milk 'n Honey* documents Mati's climactic masterpiece, *The Aleph Sanctuary*, a work dedicated to "the undefined religion of everything." With 70 painted panels, it took him 10 years to complete.

Mati worked for two years on some paintings, like his *Crucifixion (Freedom of Expression)*, an unforgettably infinite interracial orgy spread over a wide-branched tree of life. Another two-year piece was *Grain of Sand*, an inexplicably complex and weird mandala of bodies, melting minds, aliens and flowers, with cameo appearances by Lord Krishna, Salvador Dalí, Marilyn Monroe, Socrates, et al, which exactly duplicated itself in miniature at its center.

In 1976, I was excited to see Klarwein's second book, *God Jokes*. By this time I had taken LSD and, like many other acid heads, found Mati to be my number-one fine-art reference point. Klarwein was able to capture the multicolored iridescent visions and patterns of the inner worlds, demonstrating what an experienced psychonaut and fanatically disciplined painter he was.

Mati was born in 1930 in Hamburg, Germany, and his Jewish parents escaped the Nazis by moving to Palestine in 1934. His earliest memories were of walking through the deserts of Bibleland. With the war in full blast, establishing Israel as a nation in 1948, Mati and his mother left for Paris. Staying in Paris for 18 years, Mati studied art with Fernand Léger, was introduced to the art of Dalí, and befriended the painter Ernst Fuchs, who taught him how to paint like the Old Masters. Mati later lived for many years in New York City, then moved to the island of Mallorca, Spain. He said that he added the name Abdul to his own because every Jew ought to adopt a Moslem name and every Moslem ought to adopt a Jewish name in order to overcome some of the hatred that engulfed his homeland. He was a totally charming raconteur and hobnobbed with celebrities like Jimi Hendrix and Timothy Leary, movie stars, and royalty throughout his life. As Michael Palin put it, "Things happen after a bottle of Klarwein." My own daughter, Zena, who was five when she met the 63-year-old painter, decided that she would marry him when she grew up.

Mati was an example of uncompromising artistic integrity. He once told me that he had prepared a huge book of his paintings for a major art book publisher and that the first word of the book was "fuck." The publisher was anxious to get Klarwein's book in print but said, "You can't have 'fuck' be the first word of your book!" So Mati told him, "'Fuck' is the first word, so I guess you can't publish the book." Mati went on to publish his own books *A Thousand Windows* and *Improved Paintings: Bad Paintings Made Gooder*. Klarwein's writing style was as unique and outrageous as his paintings. He was a grand storyteller and spun both long-winded dream epics and psychedelic one-liners like, "Ecstasy is my frame of reference."

I was thrilled to finally meet Mati in 1994 and glad to know that he appreciated my work and felt a fellowship with so many of the younger visionary artists whom he inspired. Though he knew that the art of the fantastic realists, including his own work, was not accepted enough during his lifetime to find its way into many major museum collections, his advice to me for overcoming artistic disrespect was practical and realistic: "You have to find and pay the best art critics to write about the work and show in respected galleries."

Mati showed his work in galleries and museums throughout his life and also sold works to collectors out of his studio. He never tried to make his work marketable but could sell every painting he made. Outside the confines of the art world, most everyone had seen his work through his record covers for Santana or Miles Davis or Buddy Miles. During his full and adventurous life, Mati traveled the world and maintained his relationships with friends, wives, lovers, and his many children. He was an inspiration to so many artists because he expressed the freedom to imagine and paint anything. He visited and painted mystical dimensions of consciousness and could coax us into spiritualized epiphanies one moment, then plunge us into completely bizarre erotic frenzies the next. I join with many artists and admirers in feeling grateful that Mati Klarwein lived and left us his visionary legacy. Like a cosmic comedian with a wry grin who appreciated God jokes and a magic-mushroom paintbrush, his paintings will continue to provoke both awe and laughter as they tweak the ass of our psyche.

—Alex Grey, alexgrey.com



Time, oil on canvas, 37" x 37," 1965.



Moses and Aron, oil on canvas, 33" x 33," 1971.



Astral Body Asleep, oil on canvas, 27" x 40," 1969.



Eve, oil on canvas, 26" x 38," 1964.



Annunciation, oil on canvas, 56" x 38," 1962.

ABRAXAS, ABDUL MATI KLARWEIN AND ANNUNCIATION

WHEN I WAS 14 and out marveling at the wonders of “synthetic psilocybin,” I noticed that all things were literally made of a “fluid text.” It wavered somewhere between Mati’s Hebrew lettering-scapes and Rick Griffin’s indecipherable alien runes. Everything seemed to be, upon closer inspection, made of these “letters.” Okay, sometimes they changed into faces, but the point is, you could almost read them. Almost. The answers to the truly burning questions were spelled out right in front of me, I felt, but I couldn’t quite get it and, try as I might, eventually I had to take leave of my mind. Mati saw the letters, too, I think.

As with a few other artistic minds out there (Ernst Fuchs, Heinrich Kley, and Salvador Dalí, to name a few whom I love and who obviously influenced Mati), Mati’s work seemed strangely familiar to me upon introduction. The cover of Santana’s 1970 Columbia LP, *Abraxas*, was quite stunning. The technique alone quickened my pulse with its juicy psychedelic photorealism and rich colors (the originals blow away the album covers in that dept). Photorealistic dream clippings, sort of surrealism meets *National Geographic* in a collage. But painted.

Some of the images seem stiff and studious, as if he projected or traced them directly from a magazine. Some of the images contrast awkwardly, the way religious art often does when form is sublimated to the urge to cram in an extra dose of important and meaningful symbols. Overall, though, *Annunciation*, painted in oil and tempera, achieves a sort of busy grace, borrowing liberally (as much of Mati’s work does) from a wide image bank of source material. Carlos Santana saw the original in Spain, and perhaps the artwork inspired the concept for the album, but by utilizing this remarkable painting (and the album’s being great helped, too!), Santana helped Mati to achieve huge mass-media exposure, still quite unusual for an outsider/surrealist painter. We probably would have found out about Mati anyway, as talent tends to surface, but this album *is*, by and large, how most of us discovered him.

The subject of the painting is plain to see. The title kind of gives it away. The piece is called *Annunciation*, and Mati did it back in 1962–63. A white dove, undoubtedly cooing comfortably in the ... lap of a voluptuous, nude black woman, a pure woman, a Virgin Mary [but not shy; she has her beauty products out and she knows she’s got it going on]. She is seemingly asleep or oblivious to the winged messenger, but Angel is announcing anyway. Angel basically runs this painting. She blew my mind when I first saw her. There’s nothing wrong with a Gabriel, but Angel-girl here is a hottie. Maybe all this nonsense about virgins and fluffy angels is a bunch of hooley. Sensuality doth help the spirit meet the flesh. There is nothing wrong with how we all incarnated. The birth of mankind must have



Top: Nativity, oil on canvas, 38" x 55," 1962. Above: Live, oil on canvas, 52" x 52," 1971.
Above right: Evil, oil on canvas, 52" x 52," 1971.

been ... human. Christ was undoubtedly born the same way, if truth be told. Nothing wrong with that. Hey, see old Mati over there with the three wise ... African gals? Why do you think he's smiling? Same reason old Joseph probably was smiling, too, if truth be told. And you know that. So back at the ranch, our rather bodacious angel is packing a conga drum. She may be a silent/telepathic angel, pointing her hand to a symbol in the sky (first and silent Hebrew letter "Alef"), but you just know she can wail on that drum, too (remember, drums were the original wireless). So Angel, her blue tattoos contrasting nicely on her buck-naked red skin, is pointing to and announcing something: that "everything" is born of "nothing?" To look beyond what may seem a paradox, to harken.... Yo! Wake up. She's trying to tell you something, homegirl. You pregnant girl! The Angel looks experienced. So does mommy-to-be, for that matter. And yes, Mati, I like that hat. It's very ... jaunty yet practical, out there in the Mediterranean sunshine, sitting amidst a cornucopia with the three perky gals. And that's Mati. Maybe he's not the Joseph figure (as some contend) but just another wise guy. Perhaps that's Mommy's real baby-daddy with his head sticking out the window just behind the ladies. He wants to be with Mati and the three wise back-up singers at the smorgasbord.

On the *Abraxas* LP's back cover, there is printed an excerpt from *Demian*, by author Herman Hesse, regarding a painting that induced in viewers the whole range of conflicting human emotions. How they called this painting *Mother and Whore*, questioned it, berated it, and then made love to it ... and finally, they called it *Abraxas*. I'm sure that somehow, Mati himself, in the creative process, went through a bit of the same. ②

—Jacaeber Kastor, *Psychedelic Solution*, 800 558 7950 or psychedelicsolution.com.

All images are © Klarwein family. To learn more about Mati Klarwein, contact abdulmati@free.fr or 011 34 971 639 281. www.matiklarwein.com.

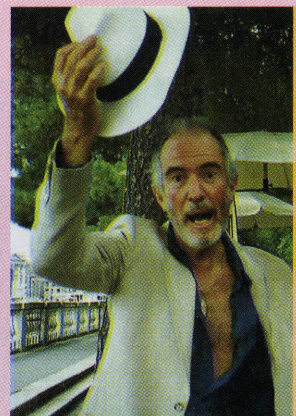


Photo courtesy of Alex Grey

FROM IMPROVED PAINTINGS (MAX PUBLISHING, 2000):

XENOPHOBIA:
I HATE GERMANS
BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT JEWS
AND I HATE JEWS
BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT ARABS
I HATE ARABS
BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT AFRICANS
AND I HATE AFRICANS
BECAUSE THEY ARE NOT ME...
OH, AND I HATE MYSELF BECAUSE
I'M NOT A CUBAN BABALOA
AYE CHANGO OBATALA

I AM ONLY HALF GERMAN
AND ONLY HALF JEWISH
WITH AN ARAB SOUL
AND AN AFRICAN HEART

I DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE OF THE ABOVE
IS WRITING THIS SHIT
BUT WE ALL DANCE GREAT SALSA TOGETHER
LIKE MONKEYS ON A HOT TIN ROOF

TILL DEATH DO US PART
(JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS):
I WILL NEVER COMMIT SUICIDE OUT OF DESPAIR
I WILL ONLY DO IT WHEN I AM IN TOTAL ECSTASY
BUT THEN AGAIN, WHEN I REACH THAT STATE
I WON'T REALLY CARE
ONE WAY OR ANOTHER

MY ONLY REASON FOR STAYING ALIVE
IS THAT I CANNOT FIND ANY REASON TO DIE

IN AFRICA THEY SAY:
"VOUS PAS DANCEZ
VOUS MALADE"
MEANING:
IF LIFE IS NOT ART
THEN LIFE IS NOT LIFE
(...SINGS NERO AS HE PLAYS HIS FIDDLE WHILE ROME IS BURNING....)

DEER ME:
TO BE A SLAVE OF MY BODY
AS IT IS MILLIONS OF YEARS OLDER THAN I AM
AND BE A MASTER OF MY MIND
BECAUSE IT WAS BORN YESTERDAY

—Mati Klarwein



MATT GORDON *malice in underland*

In the parallel universe Matt Gordon paints himself into, anything goes. And it all has deep symbolic meaning. Really, we swear it does. Jerry Peterson opens Pandora's box.



Schlitz and Giggles for the Messengers of Death, acrylic on board, 14" x 12," 2000.

MATT GORDON TALKS ABOUT HIS PAINTINGS

as if they are real, as if the themes they address are true because they either have happened or are happening as we speak. Ordinarily, such delusions might not be so unusual for an artist. But the shit Gordon paints is so totally twisted that it would have a hard time existing in a mescaline dream, much less in the world. The scape of Gordonland is improbable and schizoid, populated by some 50 creepy manimals, among them crab-clawed tykes and snaggle-mouthed Teletubby rejects.

They all have a story, which makes up a bigger story, which turns out to be a television series—*Optimist Park*. Don't try to look it up in *TV Guide*. It exists only in some parallel universe, presumably swirling around somewhere in Gordon's gray matter. But after talking to him, you may wonder whether the 28-year-old artist even knows about the series himself. He spends his nights writing scripts and his days painting the episode, or what was happening behind the set, or perhaps what will happen on the show 200 years in the future. I can't decide if Gordon is *crazy* crazy, artist crazy, or just fucking around with me.

Gordon explains his painting style as such: "Imagine

Seinfeld, *HR Puffenstuf*, *Nova*, *Mr Wizard*, *Behind the Music*, and *Wilford Brimley*."

"Wilford Brimley?" you wonder.

"It's all about being a good person. There's a moral drama lesson to be learned at the end of each episode," Gordon says, without illuminating what these sappy after-school messages are. He just hints that the morals are about good karma and insists that they're not nonsense. "People can levitate and be serious," Gordon adds without so much as bringing up a brush stroke.

Gordon considers his work to be part serious project, part diary and claims, "It's a thin veil for what's going on in my life." He should know; he is the artist, writer, director, and producer in this imaginary land.

Gordon knows none of this is real; he's not insane. Or at least he's not *that* insane. Or maybe he just knows it would be insane to believe his illusions so he acts like he doesn't, so people won't know that he truly *is* insane. Whatever. Gordon is so immersed in this project that it colors virtually every aspect of his conversations. "It's like slicing off a piece of your personality and making a sandwich," he says. "I enjoy how screwed-up the characters are. This is the kind of shit that makes me laugh."



Jamie's Freedom (four panels), acrylic on canvas, 96" x 20," 2001.

So how could Gordon make believe that his make-believe world is real? "I pretend that my characters are people in costumes," he says, laughing as he envisions how he would dress up midgets as his creations. Surprisingly, Gordon does not own a working TV. He gave it up a few years ago. "It's not because I think I'm cooler than anyone. It's because I have a very active imagination," Gordon clarifies. "At this point in my life, I'm finally understanding some of my sketchier visions. To me, that's entertainment."

In the real world, or at least in Detroit, Gordon is a success. He came out of nowhere and, based on the strength of his work, started headlining shows at CPOP and other galleries immediately. Oakland University named him one of the six New Generation Detroit artists to represent the area for Detroit's 300th birthday. The work was exhibited at the tony Meadowbrook Gallery. Gordon dismisses the honor as being from "some Republicans who would never buy my stuff."

Gordon's paintings could be pages taken from any children's *Book of the Damned*. The work is naïvely distressing, like Disney drawn by way of Bosch. His subjects are weird creatures. They fall somewhere between cuddly-cute and abominable and are rendered realistically, usually in the cartoon-bright outdoors. It's a visual overload of mysterious iconic imagery on a weird dimensional plane. Gordon's work leaves no room for any random accidents. From the numbers on a sign right down to the color of the paint he made using the ashes of his recently cremated father, everything Gordon paints means something.

"My dad and I didn't have the best relationship," Gordon confesses, until a house fire in which his family lost everything. The family believes the stress of the incident may have been too much for the senior Gordon, who died from heart complications shortly thereafter. The loss of his father changed Matt completely. He dropped out of the commercial world to concentrate on fine art. From his loss, he gained a spirituality that he believes his work demonstrates. He also has a ghost dad to contend with.

Gordon explains, "My dad's death made me paranoid. I try not to do anything wrong, in case they [dead people in heaven] can see me." Gordon used his father's ashes in a piece; soon after, the painting flew mysteriously off the wall, nailing the artist in the face. Gordon was left with a black eye and an unanswered question: "Was it coincidence or was it ... who knows?"

Gordon surmises, "I'd rather it be magic. I think he was teaching me a lesson." He feels there have been too many coincidences to ignore. "When I opened up my dad's urn I felt energy go up into my arm. It was one of the most powerful moments

*I'm constructing
a plastic fertile
land that looks
like porn music
for squirrels
would sound"*



Rejected Dream Poster, pencil sketch on paper, 17" x 11," 1999.

of alchemy I've ever practiced. I was crying while I was mixing his ashes with paint." Gordon won't tell which paintings have the human pigment, but if you look hard you can see the bumps in the paint.

"I paint sober and think drunk," Gordon philosophizes. "I learned how to paint this way by looking through a Viewmaster." He finds it funny that people have compared his style to that of the Flemish masters. He comments, "The only recognizable reference point I want in my paintings is nature, and that's starting to look fake." He likes Norman Rockwell "a lot" and admits to having learned to paint better trees from Brillo Pad-headed Bob Ross on PBS. "When I paint I say, 'Happy trees, happy trees.'" He laughs, adding, "I wish I could paint as happily and normally as Norman Rockwell."

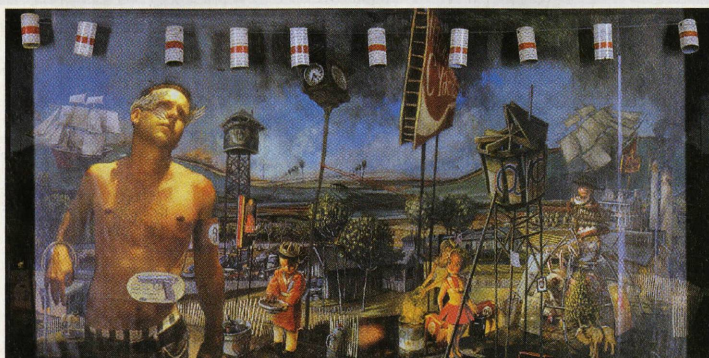
There isn't a lot of happiness in a Gordon painting, and most of it is far from normal. These are mighty strange creatures, of which Neptune Grizzly may be the most disturbing. It looks like a Teletubby, but it has a multi-fanged snout and yellow eyes straight out of *Rosemary's Baby*. According to Gordon, Grizzly is living proof that



Triggers of Parades, acrylic on board, 17" x 29," 2000.



Clockwise from top left: *Bribing Young Jonathan*, acrylic on board, 24" x 23," 2001; *Bootsie Trans-expressionist (work in progress)*, acrylic on board, 48" x 36," 2002; *Carpal Tunnel Can and a Sweet Sweet Fuzzy Peach*, acrylic on canvas, 60" x 48," 2001; *My Lady Bearing the Blue Devils Prize*, mixed media, 54" x 30" x 4," 1998.



"rabbits and bears can't fuck a human." But, after pondering his answer, he changes his mind. "My creations are just men in costume, so maybe it is possible after all. Pretty soon all my characters are just going to be Halloween characters." When asked about a boy with an elephant's snout, Gordon replies, "That's the Waffle Glazer. He's self motivated. He currently plays keyboard in my band, Twizzle Turd." For a second you think about asking what Gordon plays in the band.

Perhaps the reason Gordon talks so matter of factly about these creatures is that they actually do exist. Gordon creates his beings like thrift-store Franksteins, using wood, modeling material, discarded dolls, stuffed animals, and other odd found objects. He even sews their tiny outfits together. While he hasn't built a version of every character, virtually every-

thing he paints exists somewhere in his studio. Showcases, shelves, and curio cabinets are loaded with creepy dolls, weird knick knacks, and seedy statuary piled like the trinkets in a claw machine.

Gordon rejects notions that he is a surrealist, explaining, "There's nothing surreal about a costume. You can cut a hole in a turtle and put a clock in it." Gordon gets inspirations from his dreams, which he claims his paintings look like and respond to. "These motley little creatures are going to do what I can't do." He asserts, "It's like trying to build a spaceship out of plywood."

Sitting in front of his newest painting, Gordon comments on how it fucks up his eyes. Sections of it look real, and for a few moments it fools him. He wants *Optimist Park* to be right. It's kind of his vision of heaven. "I always feel like I'm on the verge of solving a very important riddle." He smiles. ②

Contact 248 348 8524 to obtain the art of Matt Gordon.



Looking Good, Feelin' Better, acrylic on board, 15" x 18," 2001.

JOHN **BROSIO**

MARTHA **RICH**

AUSGANG

JERAL **TIDWELL**

SAS **CHRISTIAN**

KARA **WALKER**

NAOTO **HATTORI**



SOUTH PASADENA, CA

Island, oil on canvas, 48" x 30," 2001. Contact johnbrosio.com

JUXTAPOZ GALLERY no.39

"art without the wine & cheese"





MARTHA RICH LA, CA

Dolly, mixed media/acrylic on canvas, 19" x 24," 2000. Contact La Luz de Jesus, 323 666 7667



AUSGANG LA, CA

Fall from Grace, acrylic on canvas, 30" x 45," 2000. Collection of Noko.
Contact 323 662 9228 or ausgangart.com



Left: Queen of Hearts Dagger, acrylic on canvas, 24" x 48," 2002.

Above: So Many Vices, So Little Time, acrylic and colored pencil on illustration board, 15" x 20," 1998.

JERAL TIDWELL LOUISVILLE, KY

Contact 502 608 8538 or humantree.com



SAS CHRISTIAN FORT LAUDERDALE, FL

Angel of Vengeance, acrylic on canvas, 16" x 20", 2001.

Contact 954 734 3358 or hotbox2001@aol.com

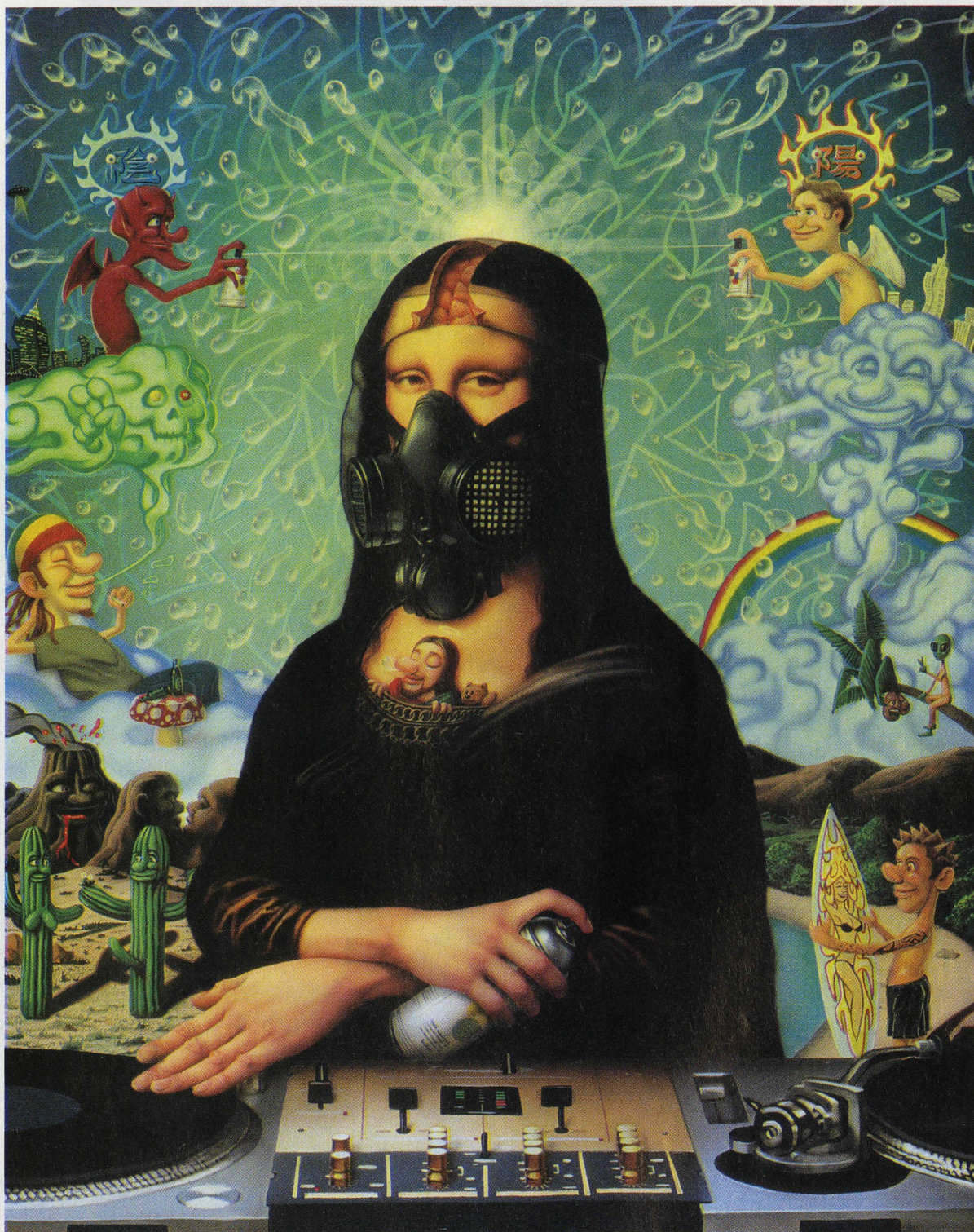


Courtesy Brent Sikkema, NYC

KARA WALKER NEW YORK, NY

Untitled, cut paper on paper, 9" x 12," 2000.

Contact Brent Sikkema, 212 929 2262 or galler@brentsikkema.com



NAOTO HATTORI ASTORIA, NY

Sweet Dreams, acrylic on canvas, 24" x 30," 2000.

Contact 718 728 1596, NaotoHattori@aol.com, or comcom.com

CURT KIRKWOOD

MEAT PUPPET IN THE MATERIAL WORLD

Meat Puppets founder Curt Kirkwood's main axe is a guitar, but he's no stranger to a paintbrush. Jesse Hernandez picks his brain about the finer points of Texas white trash, art collecting, Springsteen, and his new three-piece super-goup that's gonna be hu-fuckin'-mongous.

Photography by
Michael Farr.





"I WAS IN BOY SCOUTS AS A KID."



I went to real-estate school. I've tried to fit in with straight society and I don't fit in with artists, either."

What have you been looking at lately?

I actually just got that new Mark Ryden book [*Anima Mundi*]. It's funny because he's got a painting of that ice-cream-truck, hand-puppet guy and the meat vendor. I was like, "Man, that's fucked up, there's gotta be some connection." I don't think he's a Meat Puppets fan, but I've definitely got my Lincoln paintings and the Kentucky Fried Chicken colonel, so maybe there's some crossover. See, the colonel for me is like one of the first things that I thought of surrealism. I used to think that tie was his body. If you look at the tie, it looks like little arms and legs. I thought that he was a Kentucky Fried Colonel, that he had been burned and had a tiny, charred black body. I like Mark's work a lot, but it's not really my thing. I'm more into RK Sloane.

He's been very low profile for a while now.

He's the sickest of all of 'em, I think, if you're looking for something bent. Robert Williams is definitely bent, too. We don't need to go through a who's-who list in the legacy of underground art, because it's pretty obvious in a lot of ways, but there are a couple of people who opened the door. Sloane was kind of overlooked, I think.

You're staying in Austin now; how old were you when you split Phoenix?

When I was 36. I lived there for 30 years.

And at that point, it was...?

...1995 when I left. I moved to Venice Beach.

How is Texas?

It's very full of itself, thinks it's special, but it's really just the Bible Belt and Mexico mixed together. The laid-back aspect of it gets overwhelmed by the do-right Bible Belt. In Phoenix nobody gives a shit.

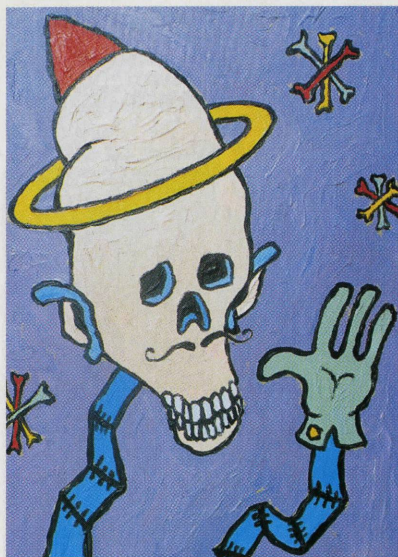
What about Austin?

It's all right. I would say different lights, more clouds in Phoenix, so you can have a lot of different atmospheres. Austin is growing really fast, and its character has changed dramatically since I've lived here. The musicians are scrambling. They're all doing odd jobs. They all got priced out of their cheap dwellings. It's definitely fucked up for anybody who's got any integrity. At the same time, it doesn't keep them from doing it. The funny thing about Texas is that it's, like, three times the size of California, and there's a ton of people, and people don't realize it's the second-most popular state.





KATHY STAICO SCHORR *On a Dreamy Night*, oil on canvas, 24" x 30", 1998, Kirkwood collection.



And there's a lot of *hicks* out in the middle of nowhere.

A fuckin' lot of 'em! And they don't believe they're hicks. And really, in the context of Texas, they're not because they belong here. And it works really well. It's so fuckin' far out in the middle of nowhere, and they've got their satellite and their trucks and some money, and we don't need them to be any more sophisticated than they are. It doesn't fuckin' matter. When artists get together out of the middle of nowhere, it looks like a political statement anyway, so fuck them, too.

How old were you when you started really getting into art?

I was pretty young. I was really into it in grade school. I had art encyclopedias, by artist. I was into Camille Pissarro. Pieter Brueghal, Francisco Goya, some strange stuff as a kid. I always liked the Spanish but not the surrealists. I also liked the Dutch masters to a degree, but more I really liked the Belgians and Jan van Eyck. And van Gogh. I always thought *The Potato Eaters* was a funny picture when I was a kid, so it was a big turn-on. Starting in the fourth grade, I had a friend named Sam whose dad was an advertising guy. Sam was a clever guy. We started cartooning together; he was way into Charlie Chaplin, and we were both way into Disney. We would buy eight-mm Disney films and dissect them and make our own movies. Sam was the kid who drew cartoons, as opposed to choppers and dragsters. He also gave me art books in fifth or sixth grade and could tell what was cool about the Disney stuff or say, "Look at the Beatles cartoons or Peter

Max" and put together that those things weren't happening out of nowhere. He was way into Maxfield Parrish, who ended up influencing me hugely. I think Parrish was a huge influence on the '60s in general, on Disney and everybody.

What was your stuff like as you got into your teens?

I didn't do a lot once I got out of grade school. Sam moved away, and Matt and I went to different high schools. There was a guy at my high school, Mike Tang, who did a lot of Chinese-inspired, light-touch stuff, really gorgeous drawings that could have been done in the 19th century. He was the favorite school artist, and I just kind of blew it off. I was more about developing a sense of humor in high school, dealing with the concept of growing up for real.

Were you painting as the band was starting?

Yeah, I think the painting started up around '79 or '80. I started realizing different connections again: Shakespeare, Don Van Vliet, and van Gogh connections. It was whenever Van Vliet put out *Doc at the Radar Station* and *Ice Cream for Crow* and *Shiny Beast*. With those three records, he quit making pop music and started making paintings again. You could see the painterly order, the sculpting qualities, of his music. It was easy to be influenced in that way once I realized what was going on. It was really obvious in a way that Van Vliet had to be into van Gogh, into the living-painting concept. Reading that he was way into this stuff, I was able to, say, read Shakespeare and find out that it was the most common, eloquent verse ever written. The same thing goes for van Gogh. It's the most common eloquence. And I realize that



"I MAKE AN EFFORT TO STAY 'AWAY FROM THE ART SCENE.'"

there's beauty to everything, that a painting doesn't have to be horrible or mundane or make a statement. It's in the *painting* of it, and then that stays in the painting. It's not expressionism, either; that has way too much emotion involved.

So that was basically it for you, in terms of the art revelation?

That was a big one, definitely. Springsteen's *Born in the USA*, too. I really got back into oil painting through Van Vliet, though.

Are you still using oils?

My thing for a while was oil painting. I'd still rather use oils and I don't know why I don't, except for the fact that, in my experience, they get messed up real easily. And because I don't generally have a studio I use acrylics because they dry fast; but then I'm disappointed in how they look.

I think everybody who paints with acrylics lives with the compromise.

I accept it, I don't try to get beyond its stupid plastic limitations. The message is *not* the medium; the medium is a poor substitute for the message, which goes way beyond it.



KATHY STAICO SCHORR *Crossroads*, oil on canvas, 24" x 30," 1997, Kirkwood collection.



RK SLOANE *The Maltilda Puppet*, acrylic on canvas, 24" x 30," Kirkwood collection.



Were the album covers all done for the projects, or were they existing paintings that you had done?

They were all existing paintings. Once I started painting for the covers, they weren't as good. *Out My Way* was just a painting of a rug. It just is what it is. *Huevos* I actually painted for the cover. I think *Monsters* was already done, and it just fit.

Have you ever shown or sold your work?

I showed it in 2000 in New York at Earl McGrath Gallery. I'd probably do another show there; Earl and I have kept in touch, and he's an interesting character, a sweetheart, and really into my shit. He helped me out a lot. The show was a real success, but I didn't sell anything. I really didn't know what to sell it for, and I had people asking if they could buy it. Earl was like, "Just put a price on it," and I was like, "Fuck it, I'm not selling it."

And you just drove back home?

Yeah, I took 20 paintings up there and put them in the car at the end and drove back.

Did you get into the dentist's-office desert-painting vibe in Arizona?

As far as painting desert stuff, clouds and cactuses, I learned how to do it when I was a kid. I've never done it because the guy who taught me showed me how to use a palette knife really well and to be simple. I wasn't as good at that kind of stuff. With outdoor scenery you kind of have to be obvious about it; it starts getting ugly. Van Gogh was good at doing surreal outdoor shit.

Which seems harder than figurative painting.

The nature's surreal by itself. And it's a living thing, so you (continued on page 70)



Cirque de CPOP

CPOP, Detroit. April 6–25, 2002



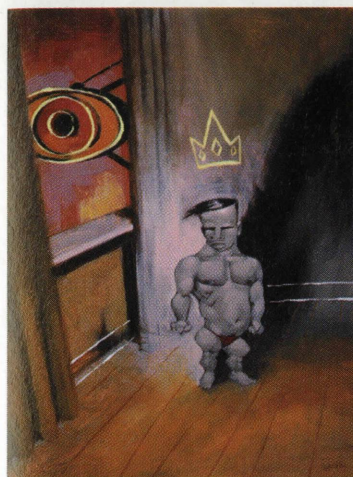
SUNNY BUICK Victorian Freakazoid Candy, acrylic on canvas.



WINSTON SMITH Under the Big Top, mixed media.



RICHARD BORGE Two Headed Clown, mixed media.



GLENN BARR *King Cyclops*, acrylic on Masonite.



ANNA CANGIALOSI *Candy*, mixed media.



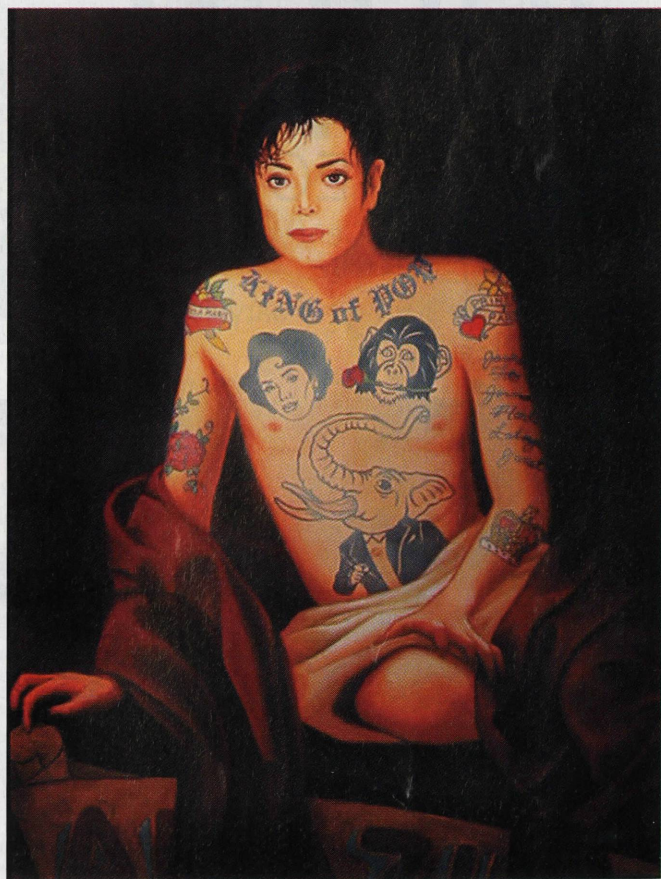
RENATA PALUBINSKAS *Real Circus I*, oil on board.

HIGH DRAMA, HIGH FASHION, HIGH ART ... you can have it all at *Cirque de CPOP*. The Detroit-based CPOP Gallery has always had a penchant for outdoing itself, but surpassing the precedent it set this spring with the Greatest Show on Earth—a group exhibition centering on the circus, carnivals, freaks, and oddities—won't be easy. No display since CPOP's grand opening has attracted so much talent or so enthralled its audiences. Under the Big Top, the red carpet rolled out for more than 50 artists from east, west, and everywhere in between. They created paintings, drawings, collages, dioramas, banners, photographs, and sculptures, distorting and coaxing to life the tweakiest, creepiest conglomeration ever to hit the gallery's walls. Bitch-slapping political correctness, the spectacle dared us to decide who we like better: fire eaters or sword swallowers, bearded ladies or Siamese twins, midgets or 600-pounders. All the innocents—elephants, tightrope walkers, trapeze artists, and nice clowns—were in fine form as well. Live glass walkers and freaky films, such as *The Biography of P T Barnum*, *Big Top Pee Wee*, and *Freaks*, completed the symphony of sights and sounds you haven't experienced since the real circus came to town.

Contact CPOP Gallery, 4160 Woodward Ave, Detroit, MI, 48201, 313 833 9901, or cpop.com for more information.



ANDREA TUCKER *Pickled Pink*, oil on board.



ISABEL SAMARAS *King of Freaks*, oil on board.

Secret Mystic Rites

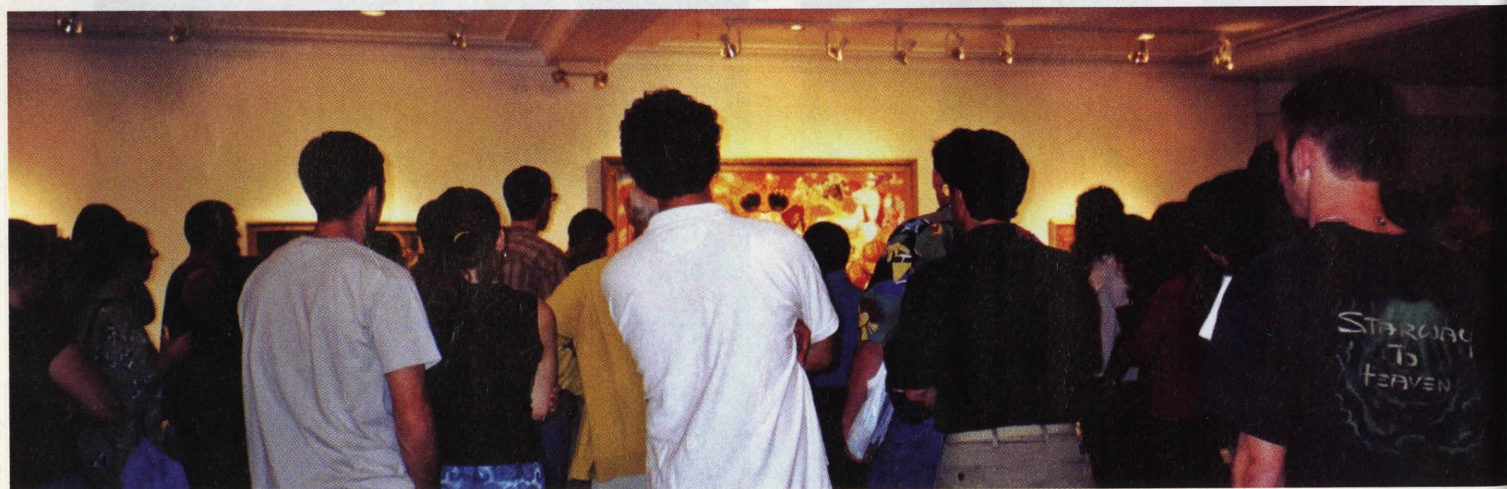
TODD SHORR

RETROSPECTIVE

The Art and Culture Center of
Hollywood, FL.
December 15, 2001–February 17, 2002.



A Clash of Holidays, acrylic on canvas, 24" x 30," 2000.



Sucking in the spectacle....

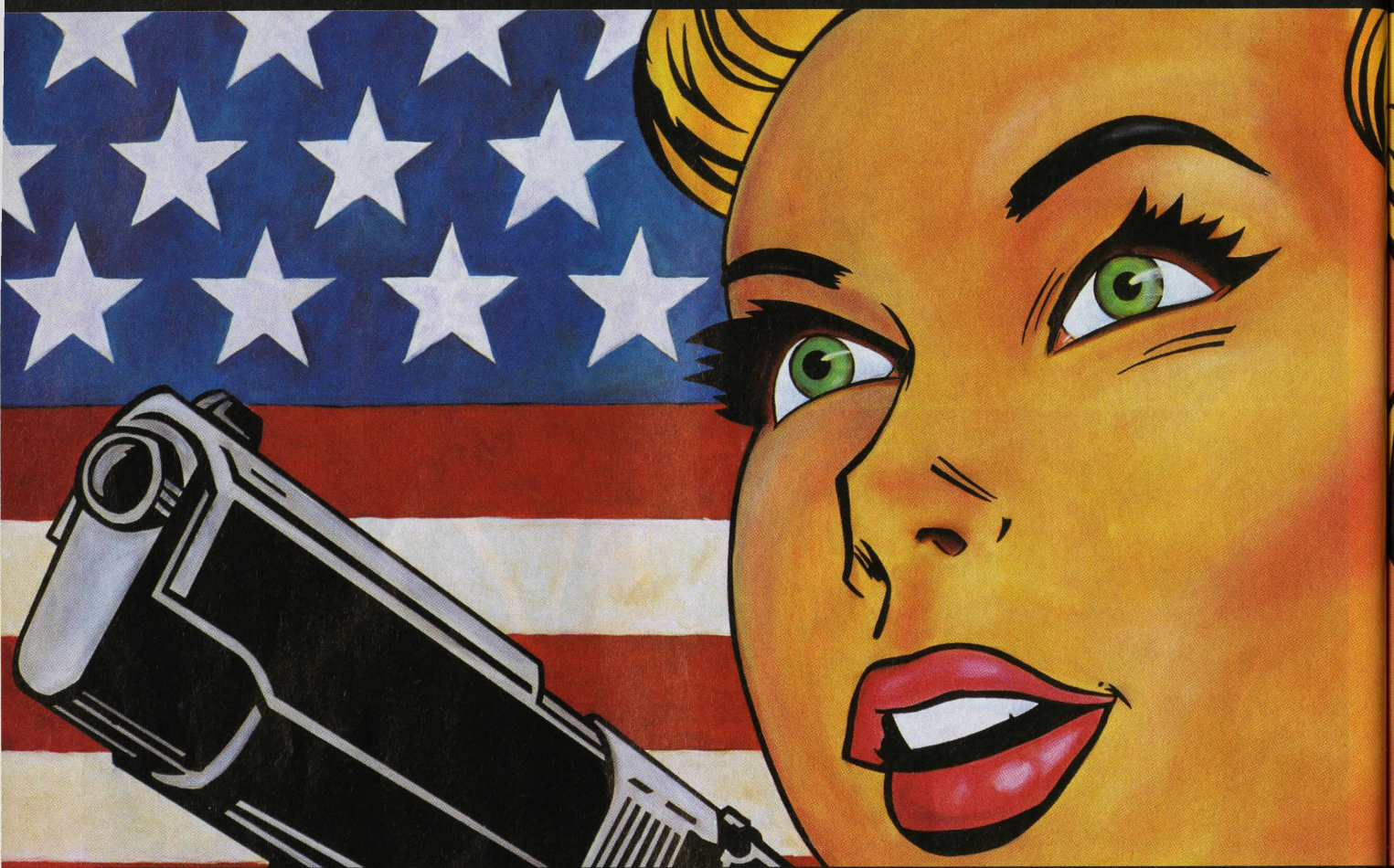


Above: Madam Calaveras Corporate Identity Program, acrylic on canvas, 40" x 30," 2001. **Below:** Pig Skin Glory, acrylic on canvas, 24" x 30," 2001.

TODD SCHORR REGULARLY PROFANES THE SACRED, and you love it. Why else would you have flocked to Florida for his first retrospective exhibition, *Secret Mystic Rites*, this winter? Could it have been the tiki buffet? The live bands? The Polynesian dancers? Sure. But more likely it was simply because Schorr, who can claim the unlikely title of America's sweetheart, caused quite a scandal at the show with *A Clash of Holidays*, a painting of Santa Claus going after the Easter Bunny with an ax. Most of us like a little black comedy now and then. Most of us can see the piece as revenge for the appearance of Peeps in drugstores as early as November. Little did Schorr know, then, that some viewers would take up their own axes against the painting, contending that the last thing the US needs after 9/11 is to pit two warm-and-fuzzy holiday icons against one another in a vicious battle. *A Clash of Holidays* caused such a stir that it had local town officials, state politicians, and Florida residents all clamoring for air time to argue about censorship and free speech. All of which meant more publicity for Schorr's show, which became the most popular art exhibition of the year in the area. Schorr will continue to make a habit of playfully defaming Americana, packing his cartoon-inspired imagery so densely and convincingly into his paintings that he invokes the psychedelic experience's sensory overload without the artifice of drugs as a crutch. Necessarily peeling back Schorr's painted epidermis, unveiling what the artist reveals beneath people, animals, and landscapes, is both a means to an end and a trip in itself. For *Secret Mystic Rites*, Schorr birthed a seductive, perplexing, and ecstatic playground of images at The Art and Culture Center of Hollywood. And the story, patriotic, nostalgic, and, yes, gory, unfolded beautifully.

Contact The Art and Culture Center of Hollywood, 1650 Harrison St, Hollywood, FL, 33020, 954 921 3274, or ArtAndCultureCenter.org for more information.





FRANK KOZIK

one man's ruin

WHEN APPROACHING THE LAIR of the legendary Frank Kozik, one would never guess at the treasures that lie within. The only hint that anyone inhabits the artist's warehouse studio is the enormous American flag stretched across the upper windows. Step inside, and a Storm Trooper threatens you from the landing above. Make it past him, and you've parted the Iron Curtain. Upstairs is a homemade museum, only better because you get to touch everything. That includes classic pin-ups; an army of swastikas; paintings in progress; weird Japanese vinyl toys (the latest fetish in Frank's long legacy of compulsive collecting); badass tattoo flash; vintage Hells Angels posters; jam-packed bookshelves (containing only a small portion of the preternaturally well-read Kozik's literary collection). And the Great One himself: a self-described "boring" recluse and yet an all-time cult favorite in the world of rock 'n' roll art. After declaring corporate bankruptcy and forever closing up shop at his record label, Man's Ruin, Kozik is going through some Big Changes. He's freed himself from the frenzied pace of his 20-year-long poster career and is now endeavoring to conquer the painting world and, perhaps, to become the next unofficial American ambassador to Japan. Fans, stay tuned. And haters, if you travel to the address printed at the end of this article you'll find a man there who's more than willing to throw down.



It's five AM. Do you know where Frank Kozik is?
Annie Tucker does.

What's the deal with your rock posters?

I've been doing it for 20 years. I've done literally a thousand of these things. I had to pay for them all those years and I'm tired of the pressure of it. Also, I just turned 40 and I'm just not into rock anymore. My musical interests are changing. I'm starting to listen to more electronic music and older traditional music. Man's Ruin was my last big hurrah. I'm still doing one or two posters a month, but they're all for this venue in Philadelphia and they won't be gigantic silkscreened ones. I used to have a burning obsession to do posters and now I want to do something else.

What's that?

I've always wanted to learn how to paint, so that's my goal now. I've spent 20 years building up the rock-poster thing, so hopefully the next 20 I can build up my paintings. I gradually want to do less and less stuff for money and more and more

personal stuff. And if I can sell 10 paintings a year, that's all I'm going to do. I've started with transitory paintings, which are very reminiscent of the poster work. Hopefully as time goes on I'll be able to be more expressive in different ways. Fortunately, I do have the time, space, and materials to waste on the paintings because I've established myself commercially through the posters. Painting is a completely joyous, stress-free process. I'm not dealing with anyone's expectations. I don't have to worry if the band or the venue or the client or the magazine will like it or anybody will buy it. Any stupid idea I get, I can sit down and make it as big and bright and wacky as I want to and I'm only making myself happy. My paintings may always suck, and people might not ever buy them, but it's okay because they're really fun to do. I've set it up now so that 50 percent of the time I'm working my job, to make enough money to support myself and to afford to have the other 50 percent of my time completely free to work on the paintings. I'm semi-retired and I'm very, very lucky.

You should just fuckin' do
whatever you like to do.



Untitled, 2001.

What's going on with the music industry right now?

With the major labels, the record industry is bloated with a million middlemen. You can only make money on an album if you can sell, like, 10 million copies. And to deal with 10 million people has to be a lowest-common-denominator thing, so all the performers have to be sexually alluring and play this super-produced, banal music. Punk rock and grunge were different, because you didn't have to sell that many records; the average listener was a little bit older and had some vague sense of soul and blues and older rock music. Your average 13-year-old suburban girl has never been exposed to that. Kids now are listening to the same 12 commercial songs all day long.

How do you feel when you sit down to do a poster now?

The posters are completely automatic. I've thought about poster design so much that a job only takes me an hour to do, and the clients are always ecstatic. I think of designs all the time, so when I get a new job, there are always, like, 20 designs that will suit, and I just plunk one of them down real quick. I've already won the game of getting to do the posters, understanding them, the music, and the vibe. So the more interesting pursuit for me now is to overcome technical challenges in graphic design and fool around with certain effects. I got to do posters for all of my favorite bands, and I'm still getting to do posters for really cool bands, but I don't *need* to do them for my own interior self. The content is no longer the main thing for me. The paintings are what I look forward to personally in the morning.

What are you working on in terms of painting technique?

I'm really concentrating on lighting right now. Before I show at a gallery, they send me schematics so I can do all the colors and the shading to match the existing set of lights in a gallery. It really works, because when you drag one out into the sunlight, it explodes. I'm trying to get a sense of glowing light in the pieces. I collect art, and a lot of times it'll look really good in the photographs, and then when I get the real thing, it's flattened out. So I'm trying to do the reverse of that.

At this stage, is mastering your technique more important to you to you than sending a message to your viewers?

There's never any message for the viewer. People always misconstrue my stuff, which is cool. It's really basic for me: I live a certain kind of life that I want to live, and that's it. I don't feel the need to polemicize my lifestyle in my work. Occasionally I make a morbid joke, but there is no deep meaning to any of my work, other than whatever bizarre interior one exists just because I had the thought and placed certain images in certain context. I don't write manifestos; I don't have a big theory on social criticism; I don't do a lot of sketches. I just get an idea and paint it. I want my paintings to be about themselves. Everything I've ever done starts because I think a certain visual idea would look really cool or certain colors would look really pretty together. From the posters, I've learned that the whole point is to just do them. What really happens is that you're sitting on the can or walking down the street, thinking about a design, and you don't start wondering, "What would Marx think about this?" You just think, "That would look really fuckin' cool."

What do you think about art in general?

It's the most useless thing in the world. I think that's why it has such romantic allure to it: it's basically getting paid to eat and shit and fuck. It's like the most self-indulgent, masturbatory thing in the world and it's really fun to do. I think everyone can be an artist. There's no magic door.



What advice would you give other artists?

You should just fuckin' do whatever you like to do. Invariably, all the creative people I've met are the last people in the world you'd think would be doing it. They just can't help planting a beautiful garden, or doing a drawing, or building a piece of furniture.

What's your motivation for being an artist?

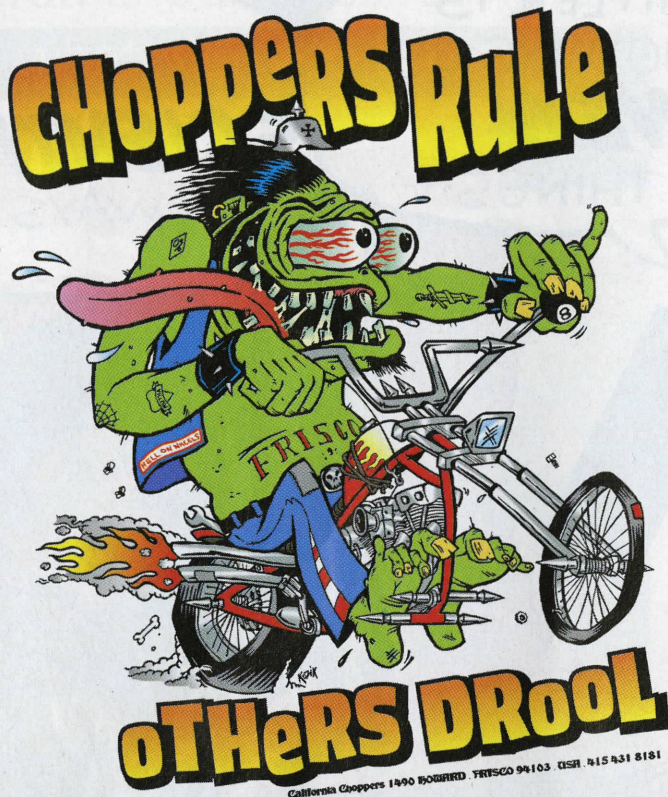
I had kind of a bad childhood, with no parents, and I'm from another country [Spain]. I've never had a place in society. Even among the outcasts of the punk-rock scene I was an outcast. I'm only happy when I can make things and move them around to rearrange my environment. If I don't do art I have no interior life, and if I hadn't found release through art I would've killed myself a long time ago, because I haven't been able to find the same release in another person or a social group. Also, for me, art turns into money, so I can satisfy my need to not be myself and at the same time earn a living. I've never used it to social advantage because it's not an ego exercise for me. I just don't have any other skills. I can't deal with people. I can't go to college and get a regular job and be an important guy. I just can't handle that. But I can handle this. I'm the most boring motherfucker in the world. I come here and work, I ride my motorcycle around, I go home and read books, and that's it. If a person works at a bank and finds happiness and self-worth, then I say God bless 'em. But I'd blow my brains out. I would become an alcoholic like my father. I think a lot of people who are junkies or alcoholics or find religion or politics do it to subsume themselves under something that erases them. I'm doing the same thing with art, and maybe this isn't healthy, either, but I'm not damaging my health or anyone else and I'm producing an income.

How do you feel about the punk-rock scene today in San Francisco?

I could stand on my soapbox and preach to all the trendy fuckers here, "Fuck you. I was around for the original punk-rock movement, and you have no ideas of your own, because we did it the first time" ... except we didn't do it the first time. And the people in Paris in 1900 didn't do it for the first time. Every generation of youth has a built-in genetic thing to fight the elders for food and sex. So I'm not going to preach to those people because they're doing what they're programmed to do as humans. Everybody wants to feel like they belong in some kind of hierarchy. You can't transcend that.

*Bavarian Rhapsody, oil on canvas, 60" x 36," 2002.
Collection of Gary Pressman.*





T-shirt for California Choppers, 2002.



Strategic Hamlet, oil on canvas, 36" x 48," 2002. Collection of Greg Escalante.

What do you like about the city?

What I like about San Francisco has nothing to do with the trendy stuff. I'm a big history buff, so I like the things about my neighborhood that remain unchanged. I get up at five in the morning and tool around on my motorcycle because I enjoy San Francisco most in the off hours. It's a really beautiful place, very European and still not that fucked up. It's a real city but it's small enough so that you can get to know the whole place. I feel very secure here. I'm pretty antisocial. I have a lot of acquaintances and a few really close friends and I usually have a girlfriend. But apart from that I like to keep to myself. I never go out or do social things like going to art events or clubs here. There was a time when I loved it and would go out every night in my 20s, gettin' loaded, chasin' girls, gettin' in fights. But now that I'm older I understand the whole thing.

What about art shows?

Ninety-five percent of the art shows are about who's going to the art show. I always dress really nasty; there've been times when I've showed up for my own show and they tell me, "Deliveries are in back." At the shows I pay no attention to hierarchy; I'll just stand around and talk to whoever wants to talk to me for however long they want to talk to me. And sometimes I'll meet interesting people, and some shows it'll be some idiot I can't stand, but I'll still talk to them until they're satisfied.

Do a lot of people kiss your ass?

Yeah. It's creepy, but I still try to be nice to everybody. I'm very lucky to be able to do this, so it's part of my job to make everybody who comes to my shows happy. Because those people are the people who pay me to do my thing, so they deserve my attention for as long as they want it. So I try to be as egalitarian about it as possible. It became a problem when I lived in Austin, where I got a really big profile, to the point where my personal life was in the weekly gossip column. In San Francisco, I'm trying to find a balance between people seeing, and hopefully wanting, the work and retaining as much personal privacy as possible.

Have you ever had a stalker?

Oh, yeah. For a long time I was doing Charles Manson stuff. And there are all these family people who love Charlie and would say, "You're so down with Charlie," and I'd say, "No, I'm really not; I'm actually kinda making fun of it." And they were all like, "We want you to join us." I also had this one guy for a long time who started doing posters for the same clubs as I was doing, showing up at the same restaurants as me, trying to go out with the same girls. Everything I did, this guy did, too. But I've been around and I can take care of myself. I've always listed my phone number and my address and I tell anybody who's sent me hate mail, "Show up in person, and we'll talk about it." And no one has ever shown up. Or people threaten violence, and I'm like, "I'll fight you. I'll kick your fuckin' ass right here. I'm having a gallery show tomorrow. Please come and hit me." No one ever does.

When did you start collecting stuff?

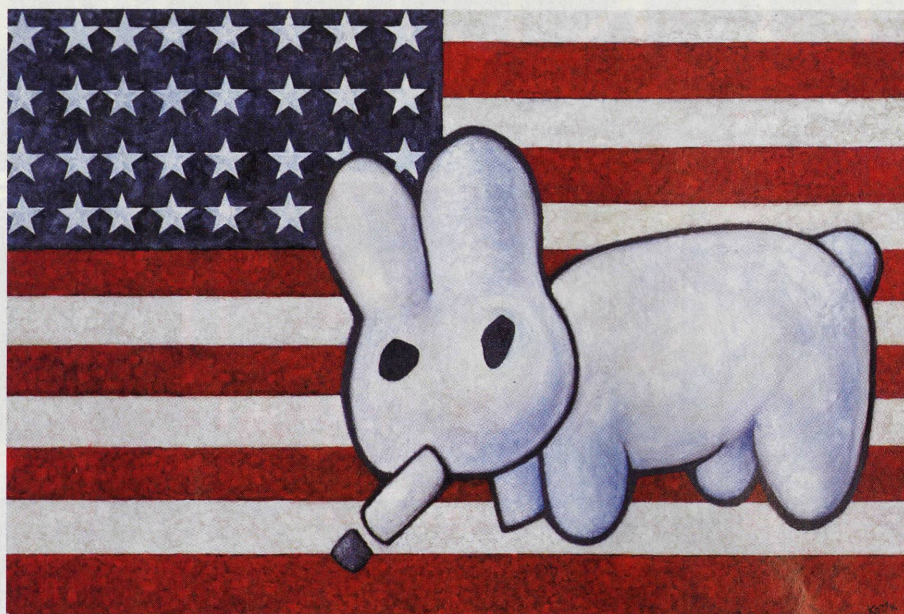
When I was a little kid. I've collected stamps, maps, and coins. At one point I was obsessed with early pulp-paperback cover art. Then tin toys. Then old BMWs. Then those Sanrio Keroppi frogs. I fall prey to enthusiasms, totally indulge, and blow all my money on a million of one thing. Then I get sick of it and sell it. So now I just keep the best one of everything I have.



Diamonds are a Girl's Best Friend, oil on wood, 36" x 36," 2001. Collection of John Halprin.



Hazsenpfeiffer Incorporated, oil on canvas, 36" x 60", 2002. For sale for cheap.



Manifest Destiny, oil on board, 32" x 48," 2001. Collection of Billy Shire.

What do you like so much about swastikas?

You cannot deny that the Nazis did a very evil thing but they looked really good doing it. There's a visceral, sexual power trip involved in fascist iconography. And the swastika is probably the most potent symbol of the 20th century. Everybody's really scared of it. Also, because I'm antisocial I love it because it's as antisocial as you can get. I'm not a fascist, but my mother married a very high-level fascist guy. I also lost family to the fascists; my grandparents were shot in the head by fascists in 1938. So I figure I have every right

You cannot deny that the Nazis
did a very evil thing but they
looked really good doing it.

in the world to do whatever I want with that imagery. I completely understand the evil associated with the symbol but I'm allowed to fuck with the image all I want because my family paid blood for it. If people want to know my own political stance, I'm a Jeffersonian idealist. I'm super conservative about fiscal and social policies but I'm completely liberal about social freedoms. On a daily basis in my own life, I stick to the Jeffersonian ideal, which is that people should live in small, self-sustaining communities, specializing in skills and trading with each other. People should take care of themselves.

Comments on September 11th?

Islam is a hideously oppressive, militaristic religion and social system that I want no part of. The church has complete control of the power structure and the distribution of wealth. With September 11th, I don't think people understand that we're not dealing with people who have any common sense. We're dealing with psychotic religious zealots; we're being used by assholes to further their power structure. America is a great fuckin' country, and I don't want to give up my rights here so I'm more than happy to have us fight for them. People who bitch about America or the plight of the Islamic people should go live someplace else for a while. I came to America with nothing when I was 16. The only benefits I had were being Caucasian and speaking English. And I've been able to lead a very happy, productive, interesting life here with basically no repression from anything. Some people talk about how America's so evil; I'm Spanish, so I've got beef with Arabs, who invaded my country and held it in their iron fist for 600 years. I've got Arabic in me because some Arab fucked some Spanish broad. Every society is displaced by another society. So if a bunch of stupid rich kids want to go and commit suicide, go join fuckin' Rat Boy, Walker Lindh, and fight us. But don't sit around here complaining about how crappy America is when you get up every morning and flush the toilet and no one's going to come with a machine gun and shoot you in the middle of the night. (continued on page 74)



Japanese 7" single sleeve, pen and ink and Photoshop/Illustrator, 2001.



Man's Ruin Records sleeve design, pen and ink and Photoshop/Illustrator, 1998.

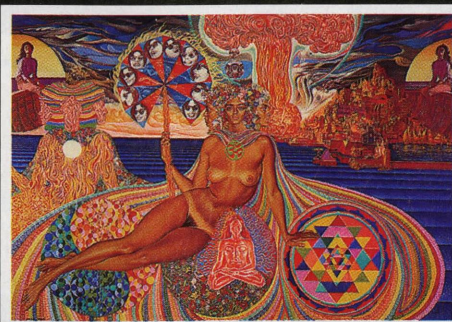
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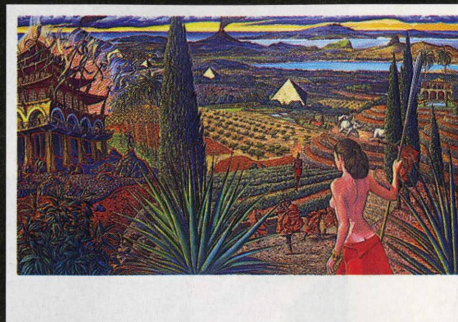
Size 70 x 100 cm, limited edition, high quality paper, signed and numbered
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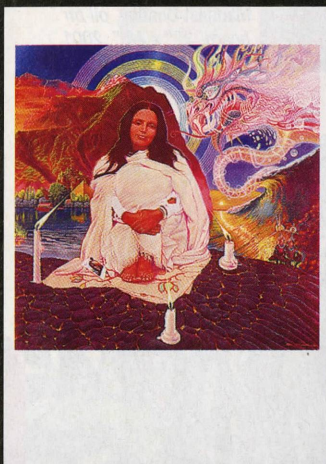
ANNONCIATION 1962 | US \$200 | No. MK01



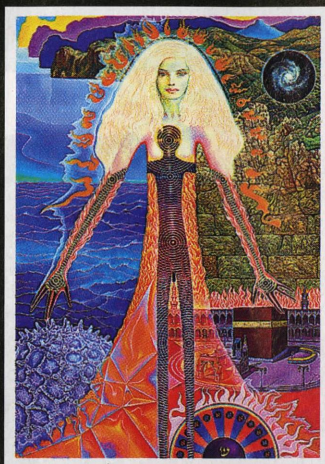
NATIVITY 1962 | US \$100 | No. MK02



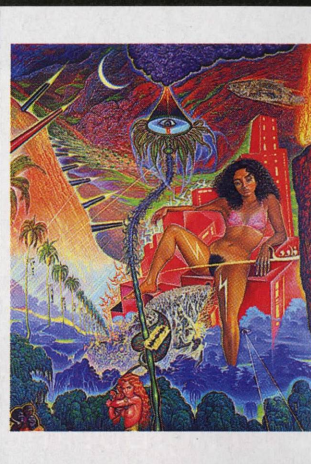
THE VISIT 1997 | US \$100 | No. MK06



**ELEONORE ANANDA 1975
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**ASTRAL BODY AWAKE 1969
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**DMZ 1994
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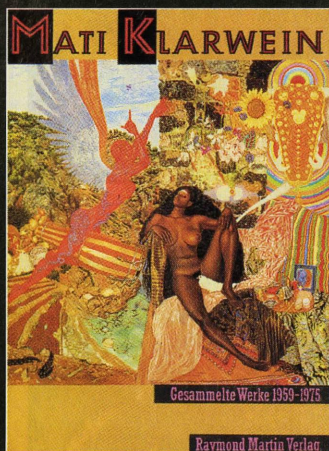
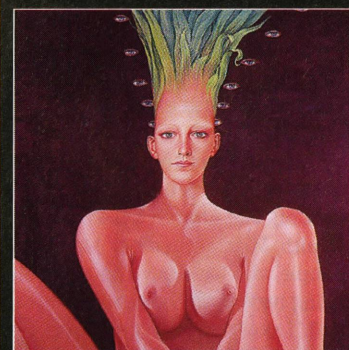
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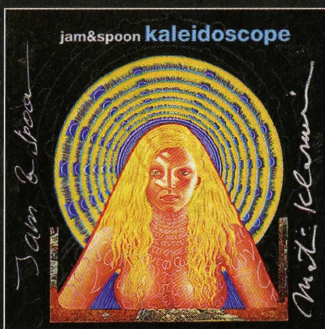
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in this portfolio



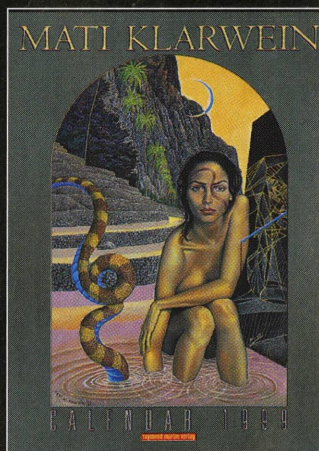
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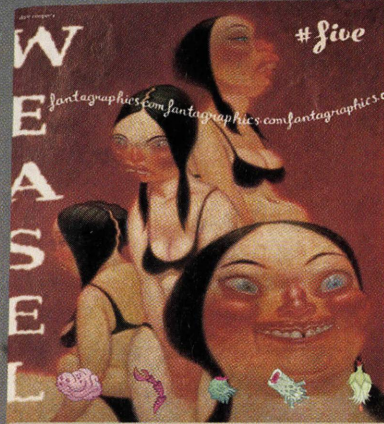
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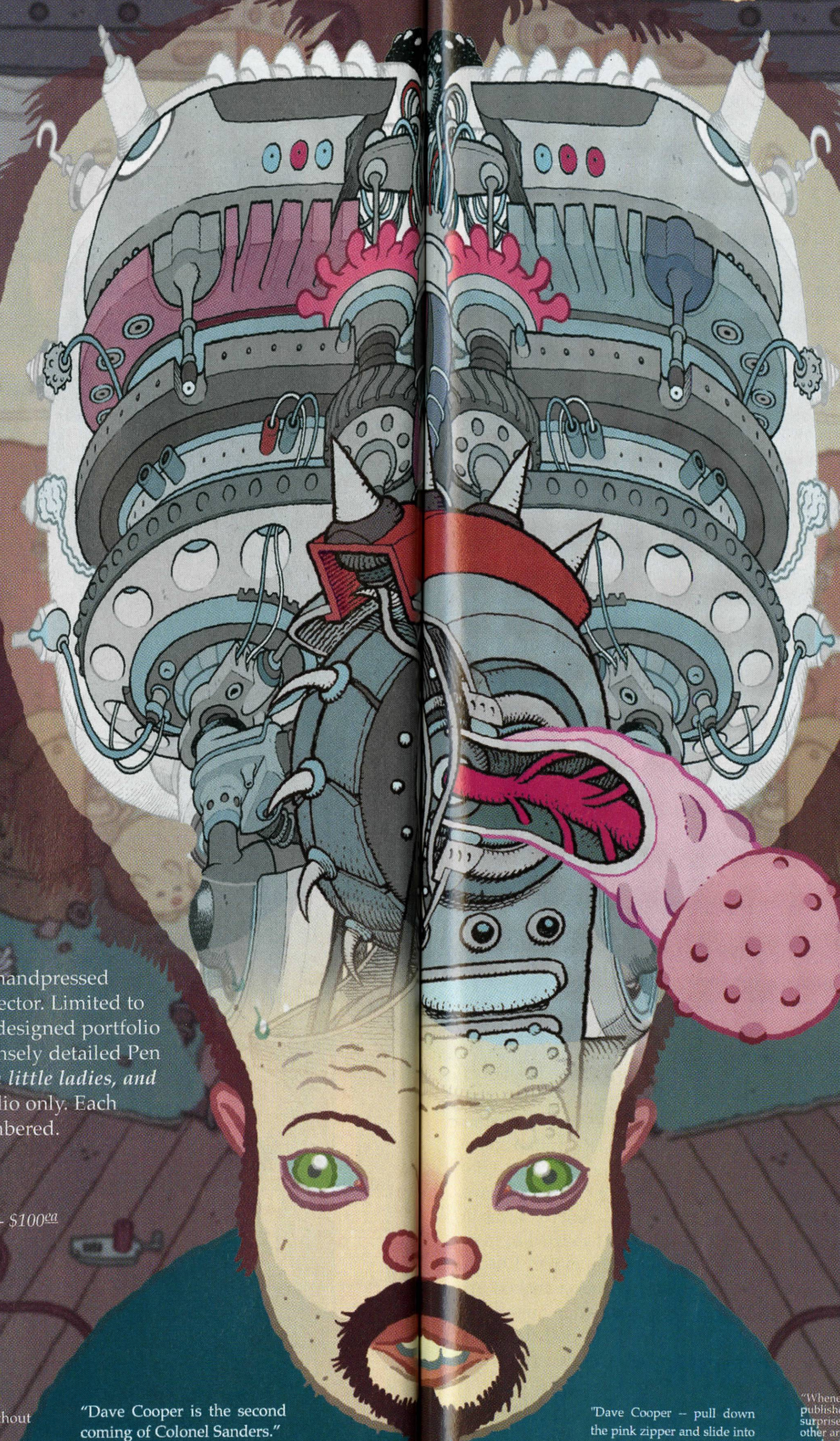


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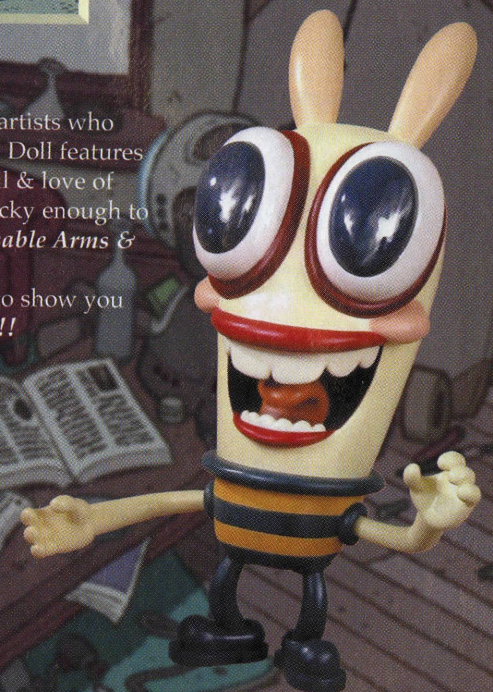
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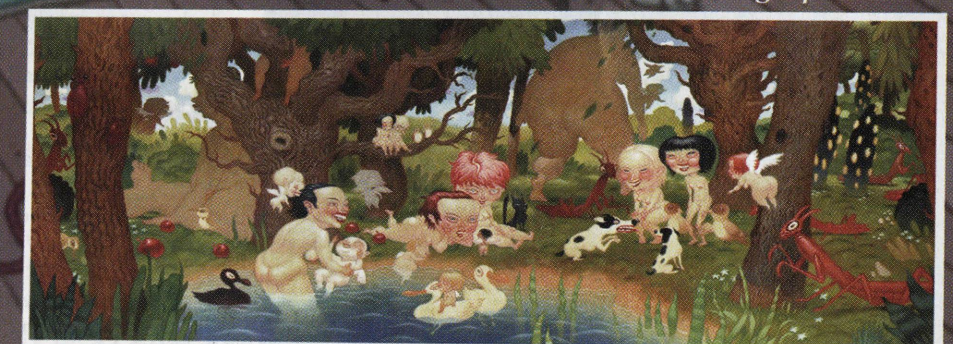
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CURT KIRKWOOD

(continued from page 53) have to pick up the energy. I started doing deserts and realized that everything is nature; it's all as malleable as your eye juice.

So the paintings that we're seeing here are all very much a distinct lineage in terms of style. Is there another realistic body of work that you've done?

Oh, yeah. The paintings are like cartoon cels, with a pretty heavy Jack Kirby influence. He's another huge inspiration for me; you can't get away with not mentioning Kirby as a genius. In the 20th century, you got Van Vliet and Kirby and not much else. I got the cartoon thing off Kirby. I do a lot of extreme, S Clay Wilson-inspired stuff, just bad fuckin' stuff. I do *TV Guide* covers and magazine covers where the children are ejaculating into their dead parents' eye sockets. It's just the most horrible stuff I can come up with. I'm sure I'd get arrested. I've got years of this stuff going back to the early '80s. Some of it is a mess; you wet your pants looking at it. I've got one where I put JonBenet Ramsay's head onto George Harrison's and there's ejaculant involved. It's fucked.

When did you start collecting art? Was it in the '80s when it started getting big in LA?

No, I actually started collecting my *own* stuff and the stuff that people gave me all through the band years of the '80s but I started buying stuff when Gibby Haines gave me his slot on a Robert Williams show. He had gotten on the list years earlier to buy a painting, and his shot came up, and he didn't have any bread at the time so he turned it over to me. I was able to get that *Rocky Mountain Outhouse Spider*. And then I got a Sloane one and a couple of Kathy Staico Schorr ones. I have an old Disney cel, an original story sketch of Mickey and Minnie from *Mickey's Rival* in 1936.

I wouldn't have guessed.

Yeah, I'm way into Disney. It's my longest-running fetish. Their colors are the best. Nobody really outdoes them because their whole goal is better color, even when it was fuckin' *Oliver's Story*, that shit with Billy Joel music in the '80s: horrible, but making amazing steps forward in luminescent color. And it's still the same; they're down to it whether you go get the digitally remastered *Snow White* and the *Seven Dwarves* they just put out. The colors are supernaturally rich; there's nothing that exists like that in nature except in your mind's eye. And Disney has the bucks to go dig it up. And once again, just like Disney said, there's a natural hoochy-kootchy to a goldfish. He knew, too. You don't need to go far, because it's right there right in front of you.

Have you made an effort to be in and around the art scene?

No, I make an effort to stay *away* from the art scene. I've never been too involved in any art scene. I get enough of that shit through being a popular underground musician. Williams I related to; he likes his cars, he hangs out by himself, he has a stuffed chimpanzee. I mean, you don't need much more. I understand that. Like Dalí said when he was dying, "Most people have religion; I have nothing." What am I gonna do? What do I fuckin' cling to? I was in Boy Scouts as a kid. I went to real-estate school. I've tried to fit in with straight society and I don't fit in with artists, either. I had a series called *The Wandering Clown*, which was a fucked-up, twisted comic strip. I think the best one I did was when I moved to Texas and realized I had moved to the Bible Belt. So I drew the naked wandering clown with a crucified Jesus entreating him. Jesus is saying to him, "If you get me down off this cross you can have my asshole." And all the people down here thought that was awful. My cool musician friends and I put a bunch of that shit up on the walls. Those strips were like, "God, do I have Britney Spears stuck on my fist or what?" It's good stuff. (continued on page 72)

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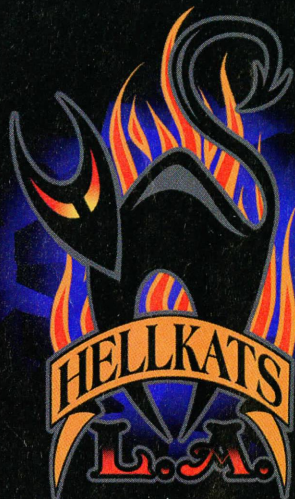
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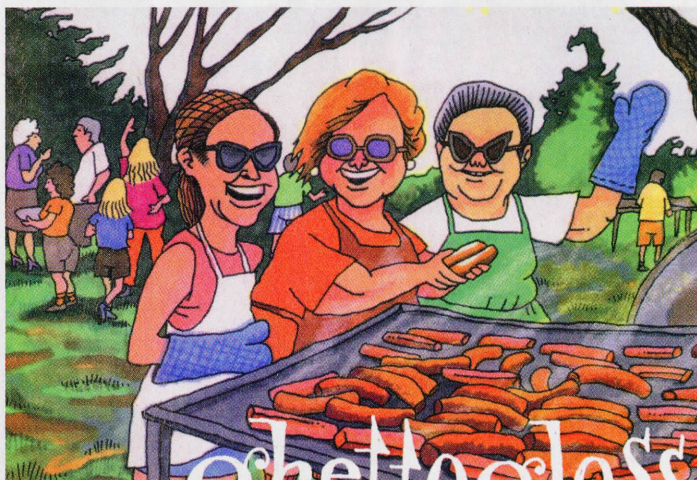
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CURT KIRKWOOD

(continued from page 70) Miss Aguilera, it's showtime, and she's chowing down on her turd, like, "Mmm, oh, just a minute."

That's so *not* Texas.

It's good stuff. Everybody would go, "You're homophobic, you got some kind of problems," and I'd be like, "All of the above, and I'm also gay ... I'm both." The funny thing is, I never expect to offend people

What's the story with the new band?

It's me, Krist Novoselic from Nirvana, and Bud Gaugh, the drummer from Sublime. We just started in December and we finished our record; we're trying to see what we're going to do with it. We toured the West Coast; now we're going to tour the East Coast through May, starting April 15th. The strange thing is, everybody lives in different towns. It came out of my touring by myself up through California, from LA, and up to Seattle in November. I had never met Bud but I had listened to Sublime, and Stuart Sullivan, who recorded this album and did *Too High to Die*, engineered most of the Sublime records and knew Bud. He lived here in Austin. That was the connection. I talked Krist into giving it another shot with Bud, and Bud drove out, and it all came together.

Is it Meat Puppetry?

There's Meat Puppets stuff. I'm the guitar player, I sing a lot of it. That helps meld it. But if you've listened to Nirvana enough you see that in a different context. You hear that bass playing, and Krist sings on this stuff, which is really different. He's got a number of songs that he sings, and then we do some stuff together, harmonies we're learning. There's some stuff that sounds like salsa and samba, even, that we didn't plan. It's fuckin' weird, man. We just kind of went with it; we didn't question it, and it just turned out the way it did, which is good.

Are you putting the painting on hold?

I've got about five works in progress right now. I'm kind of revolving, I just did a fairly big one in a day a couple days ago. It's a girl exercising. I got it out of the newspapers. I like the colored pictures in the paper; I'll just put black lines around them and transfer them and paint them. I like to doodle so I'll doodle and then make it into a painting. I've been doing the paintings off of *The Simpsons*, the ones that they have on the walls, they've got a fruit bowl, and a sailboat, and a mountain, and a stream. They're exact copies but in my style. I love 'em. ☺



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FRANK KOZIK

(continued from page 65)

You've started working regularly in Japan. What's your setup like there?

The people I work with are really wealthy, and one guy, who owns 20 buildings, set one up just for me. I'm doing a combination of limited-edition, high-end commercial kids' stuff, culture consumables, and art. Basically, I do collaborations with really successful Japanese people, and we also produce our own different lines of things. I work with a company called DEPT, an umbrella for other companies that all deal with cultural items, making really agro, weird shit, like designer Klan stuff, that I could never sell in the US. Then there's this guy, Hiroshi Fujiwara, who was a really famous DJ and now owns all these clothing companies that my stuff will be used for. There's a company called Hardcore, which makes stuff like clocks and really nice design objects that have a little graphic on them. Another company, Mindfucker, makes really cute stuff for girls, like underwear with my bunnies on it. And now we're going to start Kozik, which will be really nice, modern clothing like X-Large or 555 Soul. Me and these high-level guys are going to do one-off projects and limited-edition objects and do art shows. I'm going to do art stuff just for Japan, weird monochromatic paintings that we're going to silkscreen on and fuck up and sell, boxes, weird junk like that. Stuff like these vinyl bunny toys that are sold out already.

Besides the bunny with the cigarette, what other toys are you going to do?

I'm going to do the same bunny but a mechanized version; a character like Godzilla; and a weird little ghost. I also really want to do my Hitler rabbit as a little stand-up toy.

How do the Japanese feel about the US?

The Japanese are completely Japo-centric. They descended from the sun goddess, and everyone else is a fuckin' animal. They don't like Westerners, our value system, or the way we live our lives. But they also have this fascination with us because they live pretty rigid lifestyles over there. They have this weird admiration for me, and when I ask why, they say, "You create this crazy, anarchistic stuff but you have really good chopstick manners." Most of the Japanese people that I deal with over there are very nice to me, and we go out and get drunk and have fun, but at the very, very inner core I am still an amusing animal, there only because of my freak-show factor. They don't like it when foreigners try to speak Japanese because it defiles the language. Same thing with girls; I could never get a real Japanese girl, ever. Maybe I could get a Korean chick or some slutty, fucked-up Japanese chick, but any Japanese girl I could hook up on would only bring disgrace to me and my friends. I understand these things and always have because I watch. So I think the one reason I'm able to do stuff in Japan is that I don't ever forget that there is a line I will never cross, and they understand that I'm not going to try to cross the line. By accepting the barriers I'm given entrée. Their bringing in Western culture is like bringing in fresh seed stock. They have an eye for stuff that's interesting, and I used to try to figure out what to do for them but it never worked, so now I just go over there and do random, weird shit that has no context, because what they really want is the fact that I'm producing this energy. They're all about the transference of cultural energy.

Do you miss other places you've lived?

I don't really miss the past. I'm really into thinking about what's going to happen tomorrow. I've got my killer bachelor routine down. I usually have all the money I need. I have interesting work to do. I get to go on trips on a regular basis. Life's pretty good. I don't have a lot of complaints. ②

Contact www.frankkozik.com, KozikF@netscape.net, 415 861 8323, or FK, 1488 Howard St, San Francisco, CA, 94103 to obtain the art of Frank Kozik.

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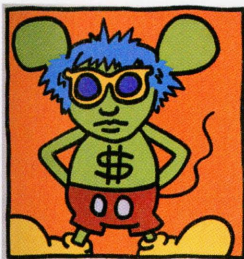
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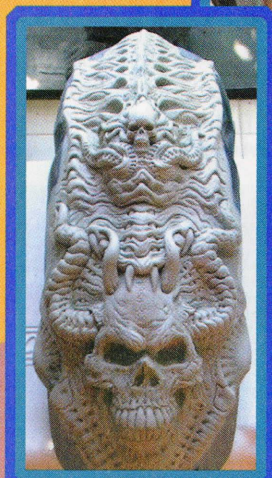
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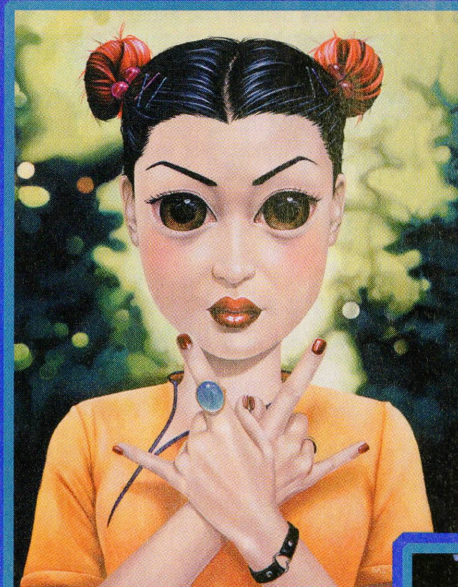
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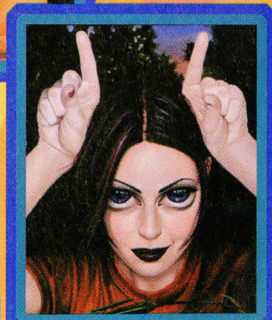
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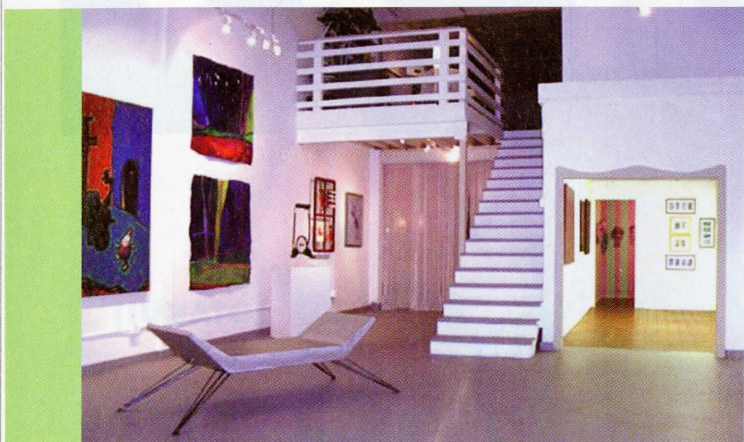
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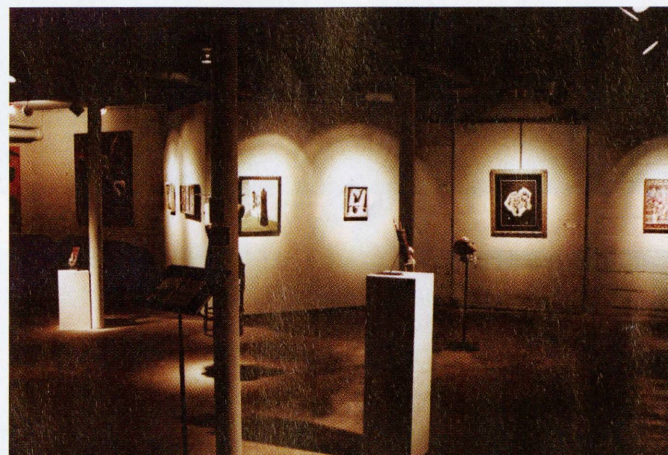
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Tucked away in the warehouse district of Ft Lauderdale, which is tucked away from the average snooty art-goer's beaten path, you'll find that the trip is well worth your while when you enter the lovin' arms of Nina Arias' LaLush Gallery. When she welcomed the sun-worshipping public into her ambitious 1500-square-foot loft space in September 2001, Arias found instant success and provided a new home for Florida's greatest underground artists. To date, LaLush shows have featured work by such lowbrow apostles as Sas and Colin Christian, Dave "Lebo" Lebatard, W Kelley Lucas, and Skot Olsen. Seconds, please.

GALLERY 212

207 West Liberty
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Desperation breeds creativity. As artists themselves, Kit Eigel and Diyana U know art galleries should be run by artists, not by greedy business people or vacuous interior decorators. Keeping it in the family, Eigel and U opened Gallery 212 in July 1998 in the "cultural mecca" of Ann Arbor, MI. With an art-loving media to cushion it, the gallery got a running start and hasn't slowed down since. The owners believe the gallery is a "vehicle for exploration, rather than a destination" that should "focus entirely on the works and their impact, ignoring prejudice and pedigree." If it sounds to you like any bum can walk in off the street and show his shit there, let's put it this way: participating lowlifes so far include hometown heroes Chris Mars, Mark Arminski, and Renata Palubinskas. Not too shabby.



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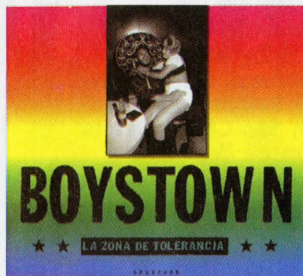
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WORDS AND PICTURES



Boystown: La Zona de Tolerancia

Bill Witliff, Aperture, \$40.00

Some called it the City of Pleasure, but most knew it simply as Boystown, the Mexican half of a Mexico/Texas border town specializing in legal prostitution, a place with no rules where visitors had no names. In the 1970s, a naïve gringo photographer named Bill Witliff went to those brothels to photograph what he could of the tragic delusions of grandeur and the human detachment shrouding the town. Forbidden to use a flash, he couldn't get anything. He was lucky enough, however, to meet a handful of local photographers who took two-dollar snapshots, printed in a single cramped darkroom, of the brothels' husbands,

judges, and good-for-nothing patrons and their girlfriends for the night. Witliff found the negatives of these images, stuck together in clumps, bought them from the photographers in the name of art, and painstakingly separated, cleaned, and reprinted them. Of the 7,000 frames he printed, the best appear in the book *Boystown: La Zona de Tolerancia*. Drunk, anonymous women in cheap dresses, escaping stale air and grimy bedrooms, mug for the camera in the studied poses of Hollywood starlets, while their leering, groping customers are barely present elements in the photos' psychology. Instead, it's the whores' complete lack of emotion that brings the power of photography into sharp relief and makes these images exquisitely moving. —SB

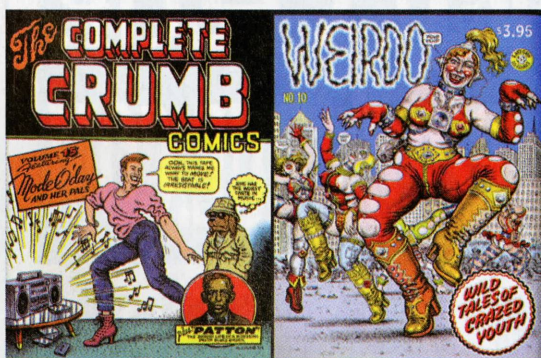


Frank Kozik: Desperate Measures/Empty Pleasures

Frank Kozik, Last Gasp, \$29.95

Frank Kozik has officially given up rock posters for good (sort of), bailed his record label, taken up painting, and become a slave to Japanese commerce. And he couldn't be happier. His latest mini-tome, *Desperate Measures/Empty Pleasures*, launches with the confession/rallying cry, "I am actually a pretty bad artist, in the technical sense of the word. I usually equate what I do with graffiti or mockery." And what fine, ugly mockery it is. The book itself is of the diminutive coffee-table variety and is unencumbered by long, rambling manifestos or self-congratulatory biography. Just a simple, self-deprecating two-page intro followed by 90-plus pages of CD and LP covers, rock posters, and snippets of commercial art from recent years. Nude Hitler women, bunnies, devil girls, and white-trash honkys cavort with drunken swine, astronauts, and Winston Churchill

against a day-glo backdrop of skulls, swastikas, and shamelessly lifted photographs. It's a beautiful mess, highly recommended. —JH



The Complete Crumb Comics Volume 15

Edited by Eric Reynolds, forward by Peter Bagge, Fantagraphics Books, \$18.95

The latest installment of Fantagraphics' exhaustive aggregation of R Crumb's comics finds the cartoonist at a crossroads. As Peter Bagge notes in his insightful introduction, "If you think these are sad times for the comic book industry, you should have seen what things were like in the late 1970s and early 1980s. There was next to nothing coming out back then worth getting excited about." This was an era that saw the death of the underground comix genre and the birth of Art Spiegelman's *RAW* magazine, an ambitious and lavishly designed publication that sought to redefine the discipline—elevating lowly comics and counterculture graphics to the status of fine art. Into this environment, Crumb introduced his *Weirdo* anthology to a decidedly apathetic public. It is largely this work that is presented here. A throwback to the days of disposable pulp, Crumb describes *Weirdo* as "a style mix of the old 1940s

and '50s girlie-and-cartoon 'joke books,' Harvey Kurtzman's early *Mad* and *Humbug* and their sleazy imitators, and the self-published 'punk' zines of the period. I got very excited. I became obsessed." This infatuation is apparent throughout the pages of this book. The strip "Psychopathia Sexualis" from *Weirdo* #13 illustrates the artist's infamous fascination with sexual deviancy as well as the fluid rendering style that we have come to associate with Crumb. The meticulous line work seems at once effortless and precise. While many would argue that Crumb's *Weirdo* stories are burdened by angst and acrimony, it's instructive to see the work of a genius in transition. Perhaps as important as his own contributions to *Weirdo* was Crumb's introduction of talented young cartoonists in his anthology. In addition to established artists like Ed "Big Daddy" Roth, Gilbert Shelton, and Robert Williams, Crumb regularly published submissions from newcomers like Raymond Pettibon, J D King and Peter Bagge (who would edit later issues of the magazine). *The Complete Crumb Comics Volume 15* also contains collaborations with Charles Bukowski and Harvey Pekar, Crumb's contributions to *Zap* #11, and an assortment of rare commercial illustrations, making this collection a must for all R Crumb connoisseurs. —LR

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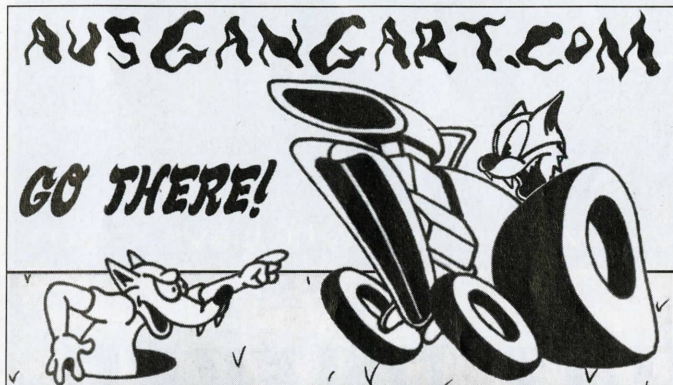
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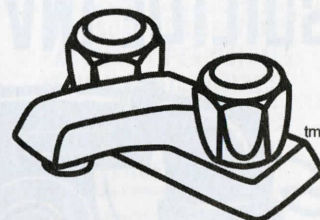
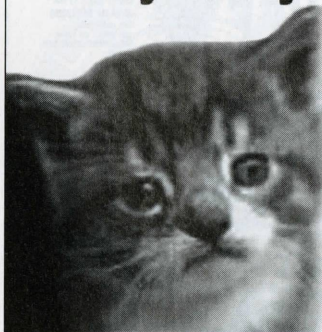
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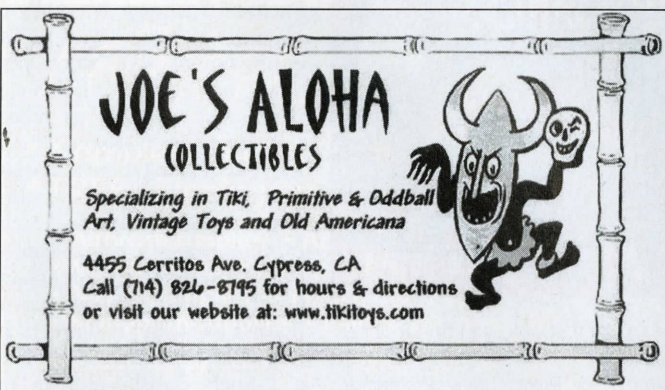


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SOUNDS

Bracket

Live in a Dive, Fat Wreck Chords

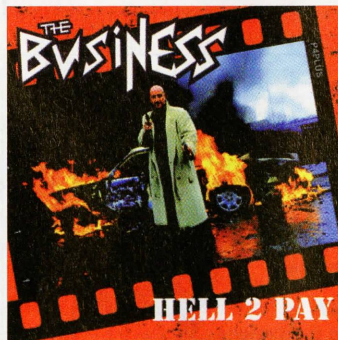
A live punk record that comes with a comic book (written by the band)? Who would have guessed? But both are surprisingly good. A nice, big 24-track mobile studio captured punk upstarts Bracket in their full live glory, providing sound quality that far surpasses the dive they were live in. Bracket's technical approach has always elevated them above the ranks of the Green Day clones, and tasty guitar chops abound throughout *Live in a Dive*, proving that the guitar solo does have a place on a punk record—right up front in the mix. Great band, good record, cool comic book—what better excuse do you need to waste that allowance, kid?

Cover art: 8 —JH

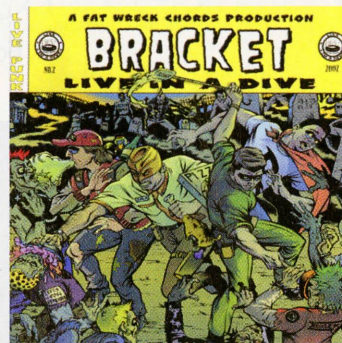
The Business

Hell to Pay, TKO

Part perfect gentlemen, part 'ooligans, the Oi boys known collectively as The Business will be more than happy to give you your



share of it should you find it necessary to fuck with them in any way, shape, or form (tales of near-riot shows and full-throttle after-show brawling are the stuff of legend). You say you've never heard of 'em before? The South London quartet has been kicking ass and taking names since 1979, boasts a back catalog of 24 LPs, and has drunk its collective weight in pints three times over. Imagine the Pikers from *Snatch* as a '70s punk band on ephedrine and you're starting to get the picture. This three-track EP is an adrenaline shot of an intro to the band's rollicking swag-ger and the perfect launching



point into their sea of releases. It's also peppered with such indispensable nuggets of advice as, "If fighting's a part of your life, then there's only one rule: win at all costs, take no shit, and take no fucking prisoners."

Cover art: 4 —JH

Curlupanddie

Unfortunately We're Not Robots, Revelation

So there's this Thai joint at Haight and Divisadero called "Phuket." Yeah, go ahead and say it, fuckin' honky motherfuckers. Anyway, we'd be driving up Haight to go score hippies at the ripe young age of 16 and we were pretty un-cultured and immature, and that sign always made us laugh. "What do you want for lunch? Fuck it!" I'm sorry. It's really pronounced "poo-kay," as if that's an improvement. We were pretty dumb, but I swear there's a segue in the fact that the last name of this band's git-fiddler is "Fuchs." And I'm thinking there's no way it's his real last name, so I consult the White Pages because we're stuck in this big, stinky melting pot called San Francisco, and chances are that if it isn't in here, maybe it doesn't exist. But it does, 12 people, same last name. There's even a J Fuchs-Castillo and an Anne Fuchs-Chesney, and I wonder if Chesney is a lucky guy (or girl; sorry). So this is speed metal with Cookie Monster substituting for the falsetto, hot on the cusp of things, with song titles in excess of 15 words, etc. The best songs, however, are the first four, each clocking in (in the tradition of the Anal Cunt/Meatshits' 350-song seven-inch) at about six seconds, with lyrics that go, (track 1) "We;" (track 2) "Are;" (track 3) "All;" (track 4) "Dead." But unfortunately we're not. **Cover art:** 5 —RH



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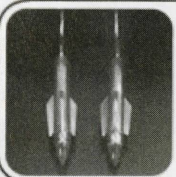
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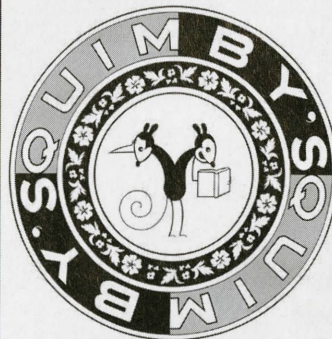
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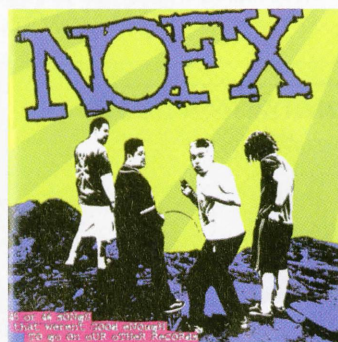
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NOFX

45 or 46 Songs That Weren't Good Enough to Go on our Other Records, Fat Wreck Chords

Why these B-sides aren't, in fact, on other records is a good question, but together these 46 ditties make up a pretty respectable collection all on their own. Of course, if they were on records they wouldn't be B-Sides and they wouldn't be on this record. I think that's circular logic or some similar mathematical principle. (For the record (no pun intended), some of these tunes have seen the light of day on misc comps and EPs). Anyway, whatcha got here is a double disc of some damn fine NOFX songs you wouldn't have otherwise, and you didn't even have to burn 'em off the Internet for free. Of particular note are such rare gems as "Reagan Sucks," "Can't Get the Stink Out," "See Her Pee," and a fine cover of "All of Me." Punk's dead and cold in the ground, but these boys don't give a shit. "Always Hate Hippies" should be a national motto. **Cover art: 7 —JH**

Paul Westerberg

Stereo, Vagrant

So what we've got here from Uncle Paul is a new disc of semi-touchy-feely acoustic style numbers somewhat indistinguishable from recent Goo Goo Dolls albums. Strangely, both groups started as kickass garage bands, only to graduate into some strange alt-adult contemporary netherworld. Nothin' wrong with that, though, and the tunes on *Stereo* are all solid numbers written by a master of the craft. They just lack that old spark. The kicker to this album is the extra (special) CD

you get along with it, called *Mono* and performed under the alias *Grandpaboy*, with unknown personnel that might just be the lost Replacements record. The entire disc is "rock 'n' roll recorded poorly, played in a hurry, with sweaty hands and unsure reason" and sounds absolutely fucking fantastic. All the old swagger and dirty, drunken abandon missing in ol' Paul's recent soundtrack-oriented balladeering is right here on this neglected little bastard of a footnote of an album. The only thing that would make this release better would be if *Stereo* were the bonus disc instead. Go buy it quick. **Cover art: 3 —JH**

Patti Smith

Land (1975-2002), Arista

Shaggy enchantress Patti Smith represents what rock fans mean when they say "arty:" someone who thinks outside the box, mixes attitude with druggy vernacular, and expresses angst kinda eloquently. An unlikely heroine, she documents her psychohistory via poem-born songs ranging from beautiful ("Dancing Barefoot") to stoopid ("Rock 'N' Roll Nigger") to important ("People Have the Power"). Early on she hooked up w/ the likes of Robert Mapplethorpe and Sam Shepard and then with a host of musical luminaries, with whom she carved a niche in the American airwaves. Her compositional collaboration with Bruce Springsteen, "Because The Night," became standard fare on radios everywhere. Progenitor of punks, empowerer of chicks, she did much to change the world—and then took a long sabbatical. She returned to music not as a fringe character but as a true star. Now a compilation combining her biggest songs with unreleased gems chronicles her expansive career. Demos and live tracks dominate the second of the two CDs, the first of course containing familiar favorites, as well as a cover of Prince's "When Doves Cry." Overall, it's like later-day Yoko Ono meets the MC5—not bad. As for the cover, well, that's a vintage '78 Mapplethorpe there, so let's give it an 8. —GP

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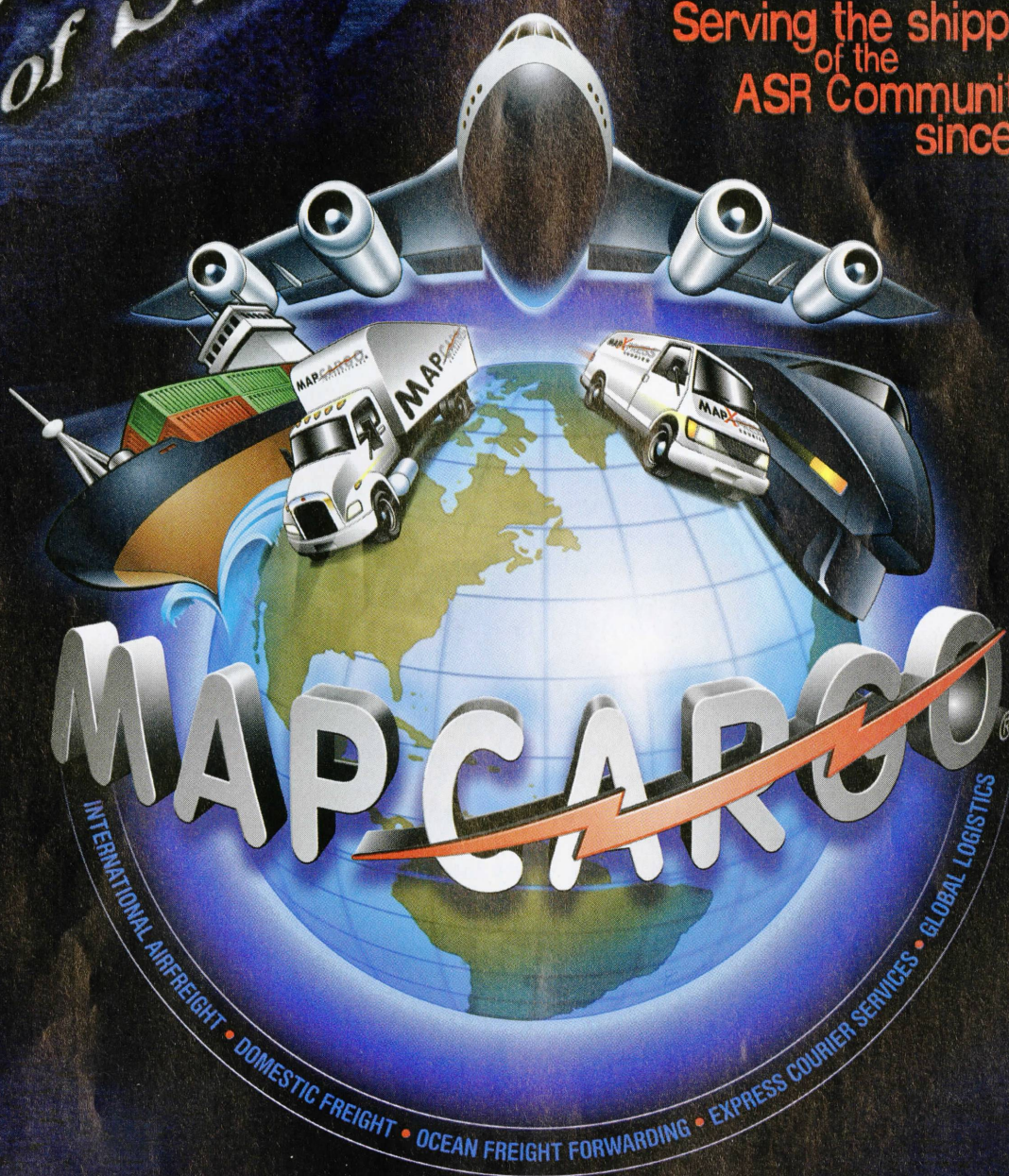
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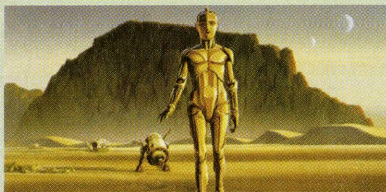
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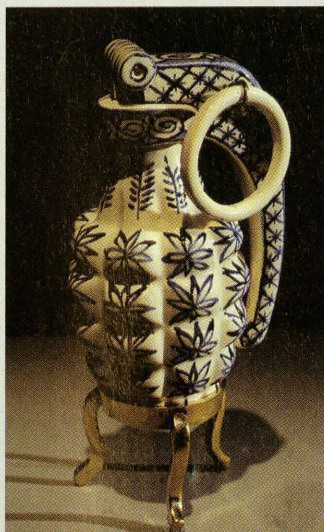


Star Wars: The Magic of Myth

April 5–July 7

The Brooklyn Museum of Art
200 Eastern Parkway
Brooklyn, NY
718 638 5000

Just in time for the much-anticipated *Attack of the Clones* movie, the long-traveling exhibition *Star Wars: The Magic of Myth* rests its feet in Brooklyn for a few magical months. Whether you're a sci-fi junkie, a hopeless sentimentalist, or have been living under a rock for the past three decades and know nothing about the epic movie saga that's touched everyone's life, this exhibition lays it all out for you. With original artifacts from the first *Star Wars* trilogy and *The Phantom Menace*, more than 30 costumed mannequins, 35 production models (including an 11-foot Imperial Star Destroyer), and 50 concept drawings, storyboards, and paintings by Lucasfilm artists, all the usual suspects come to life in this extraordinary display.



Charles Krafft's VILLA DELIRIUM

May 4–July 7

Grand Central Art Center
125 North Broadway
Santa Ana, CA
714 567 7234

Anyone weird enough to come up with the idea of painting Martha Stewart on a porcelain skateboard deserves a 10-year retrospective, dontcha think? Charles Krafft, the man who has singlehandedly redefined the Delft ceramic tradition with his unbreakable concepts—natural-disaster paintings on dinnerware, porcelain hand grenades, and fancy skateboards—enjoys such an honor this spring at Grand Central Art Center, where his entertaining ceramic art bestows its delicate, bone-white-and-blue splendor for all to enjoy.



Chicano Visions: American Painters on the Verge

May 2, 2002–January 3, 2003

The Smithsonian's Art and Industries Building
900 Jefferson Drive SW
Washington, DC
202 357 2700

Actor Cheech Marin is more than just your friendly neighborhood stoner; he's also a sensitive and savvy art connoisseur. He'll show us just how well suited he is for this role as curator of *Chicano Visions*, a historic exhibition detailing the rich and colorful universe of Chicano painting. The show's five-year, 15-city tour, occurring in conjunction with a multimedia presentation, contains many paintings from Marin's personal Chicano art collection. The work blends traditional and religious Mexican imagery with urban visions to powerfully express the Mexican-American experience.

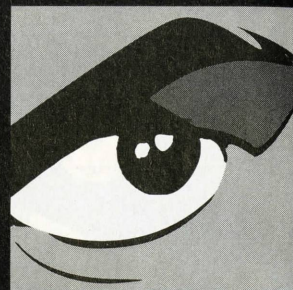
CHEAP DATES

Studies and Sketches: Henry Darger reveals a self-taught genius' deepest, darkest working secrets, January 19–July 14, at the American Folk Art Museum, Columbus Ave between 65th and 66th Sts, New York, NY, 212 595 9533 ... **Americanos: Latino Life in the United States** presents one community's struggles and celebrations as seen through the lenses of 30 photographers, March 29–June 22, at Mexic-Arte Museum, 419 Congress Ave, Austin, TX, 512 480 9373 ... Illuminated, mummified fish, ducks, and chickens and frantic scientific data comprise *Graphs: Volume One* by **Damian Fagan**. His macabre visual stew plots the uncertainty of life's nebulous journey and exposes personal life blunders and humiliations along the way, April 15–June 16, at Paxton Gate, 824 Valencia St, San Francisco, CA, 415 824 1872 ... It's the Y2K tribute that never dies: Ed Hardy's now-legendary **2000 Dragons** scroll slithers back into the public eye, as potent as ever, May 4–July 14, at Yerba Buena Center for the Arts, 701 Mission St, San Francisco, CA, 415 978 2787 ... **Enrique Chagoya** retells history through his trademark cast of cartoon comedians, heroes, and villains, June 5–29, at Gallery Paule Anglim, 14 Geary St, San Francisco, CA, 415 433 2710 ... Double trouble: **Scott Musgrove** and **Michael Teague** duke it out for best cartoonist/painter. The verdict? That's for us to know and you to find out, June 7–30, at La Luz de Jesus Gallery, 4633 Hollywood Blvd, Los Angeles, CA, 323 666 7667 ... Don't you just love the sound of **Mark Arninski: Vices?** Ease your Catholic guilt with a fellow sinner's new paintings, June 21–July 14, at Gallery 212, 207 West Liberty, Ann Arbor, MI, 734 665 8224 ... You can expect nothing short of the usual joyous chaos in the exploration of modern art and commerce that is **Proposition: Jason Rhoades and Paul McCarthy**, June 28–August 18, at Santa Monica Museum of Art, 2525 Michigan Ave, Santa Monica, CA, 310 586 6488 ... Not quite art cars but definitely car art; presenting five decades of the MoMA's sleek collection of wheels, from race cars to near-spaceships, in **AUTOBODIES: speed, sport, transport**, June 29–September 16, at MoMA QNS, 33rd St at Queens Blvd, Long Island City, NY, 212 708 9400 ... **Liz "Diorama Diva" McGrath** strikes again with new animals and clever puns, July 5–28, at La Luz de Jesus Gallery, 4633 Hollywood Blvd, Los Angeles, CA, 323 666 7667.

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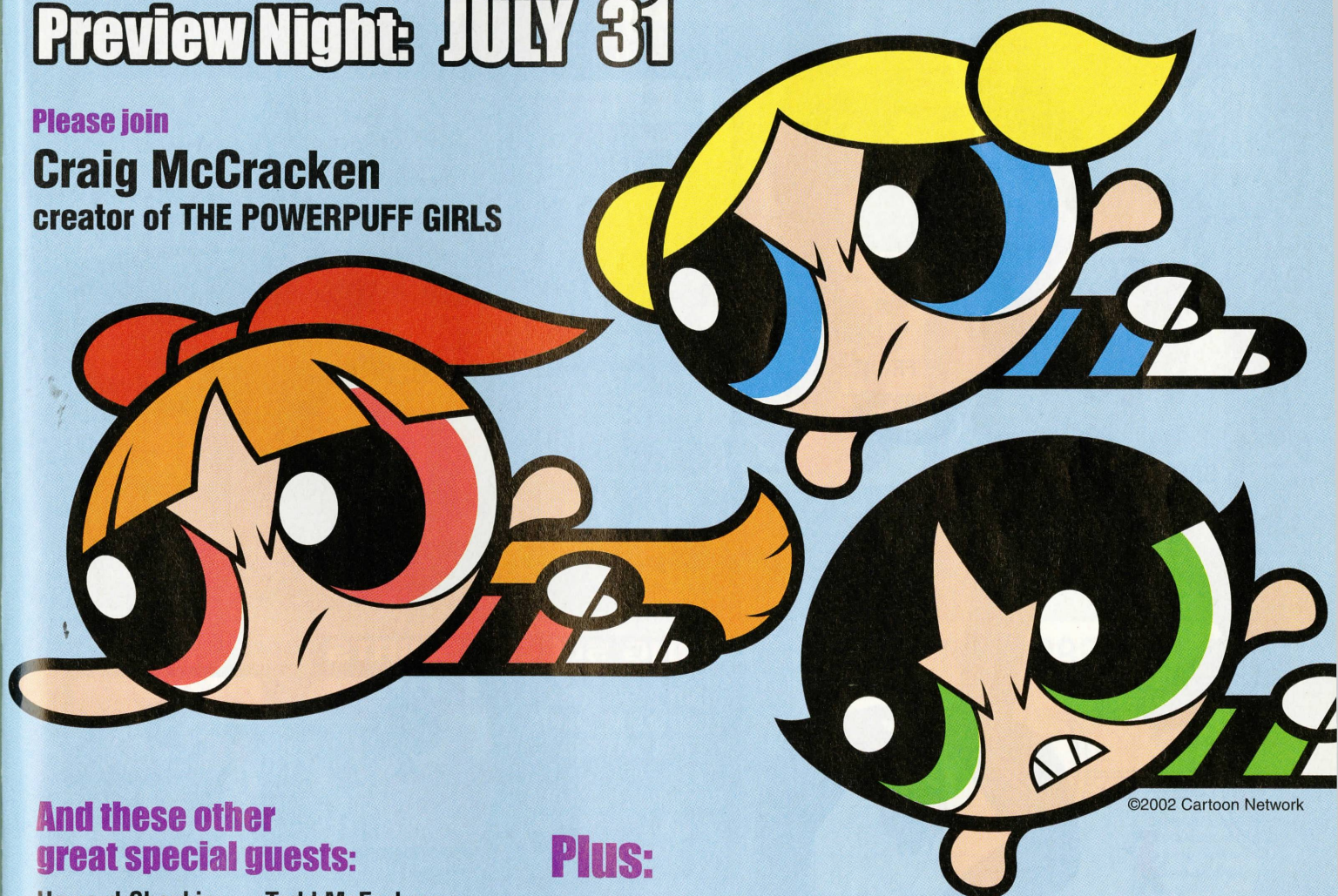
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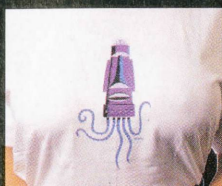
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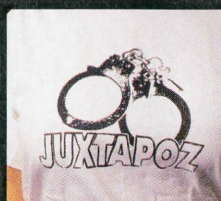
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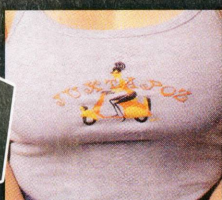
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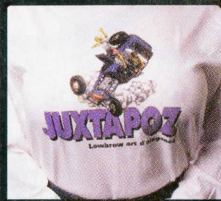
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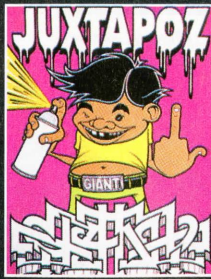
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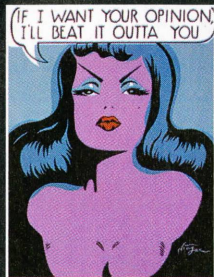
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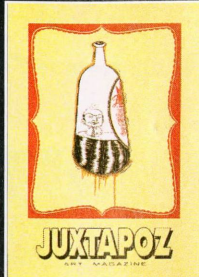
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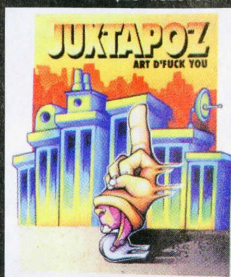
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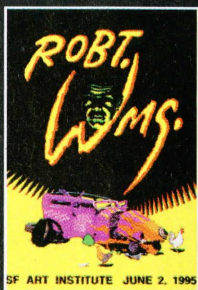
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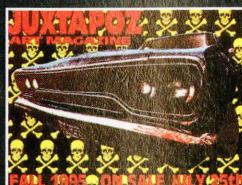
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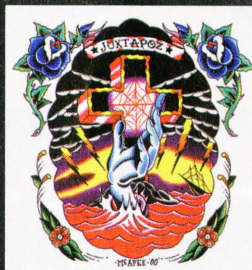
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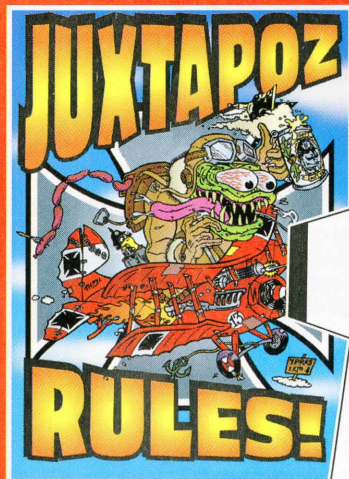
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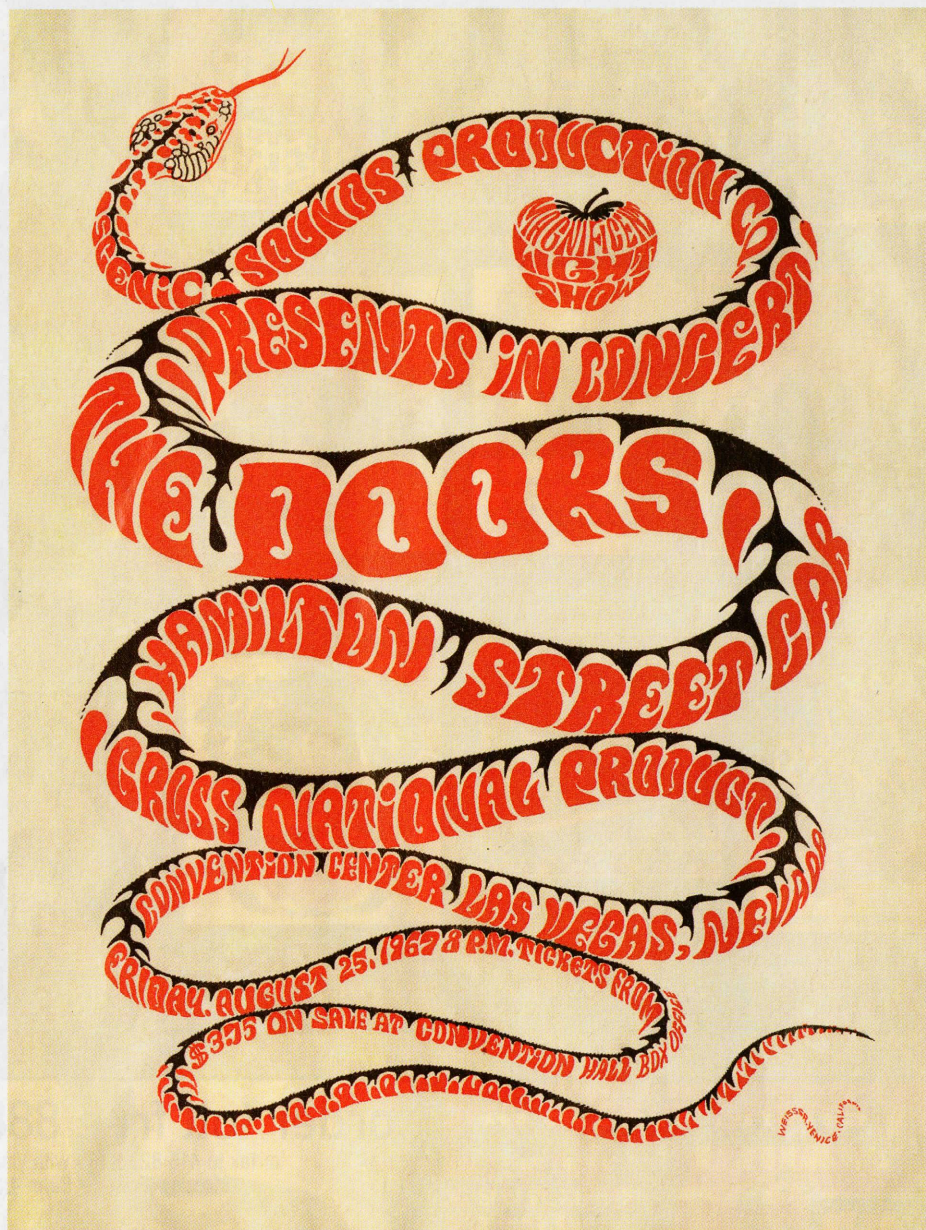
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Ear of Eve, *The Doors, Vegas*, 1967, by Gary Weisser.

HOW DO I LIKE THIS POSTER? Let me recount the ways. I like its graceful economy, one that not only kept the printing cost down but that also leaves, in my eye, space for my mind to wander. I love intense rock posters as well but tire at times of being dominated visually by the art equivalent of an all-inclusive vacation. Sometimes I crave a soothing image, where just looking at it doesn't sap all of my attention.

As a poster professional, I must salute the genius of its two-color, three-dimensional graphic simplicity that nods to the Jugendstil lettering/design tradition and art nouveau fluidity. And it's clever; not smarmy, smirky clever but clever like the water. It's a deep piece, actually: the Serpent and the Fruit of the Tree of the Knowledge of Good and Evil. Its Old Testament references regard a dualistic reality to buy into or...? Can we transcend? Will a couple of hits help? Like the illusion of the two-color poster, it's really not there ... the serpent that hissed temptation into the ear of Eve, that apple, as yet untasted.

The artist, Gary Weisser, knew his stuff. Rendered via human hand, the poster is not necessarily anatomically correct but is beautiful, in black and red, the pre-rainbow primitive colors, the first to step forth from the primordial chaos and whisper to the ears of men of colors to come. Of confusion to come.

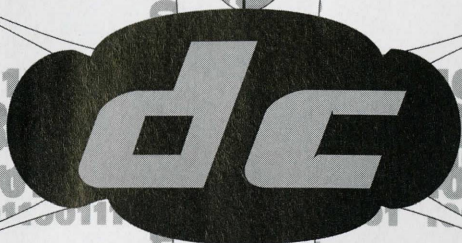
I like an evocative, romantic rock poster with a sense of history. The Doors

in Las Vegas! Who knows what really transpired? Imagine Jim Morrison there. He might have been there only for hours, but then again, can you see him wandering around in that same primordial chaos, pondering that same dichotomy, dice in hand, or a young fan, and ... the dance? Viva las puertas!

I like rock posters with bands that have funny names. Hamilton Streetcar must've met Jefferson Airplane, I guess ... and Gross National Product: a little ironic political comment (but could they play)? Strangely enough, I actually heard that, when everyone had cleared out after this particular Doors show at the Las Vegas Convention Center, there were piles of shoes strewn everywhere. Shoes are not needed in Eden (just to get past security).

I also like knowing that this actual poster is an original artifact and was working, like some curvy Vegas ... showgirl, out on the corner for Jim Morrison, back in the days leading up to the August 25, 1967 concert, drawing people to the show one pair of eyeballs at a time. I like the fact that this poster, 35 years old now, is still lookin' fine and workin' for me now, up on my wall, stroking my eyeballs seductively from time to time, the message still in the medium, the apple still unbitten. —Jacaeber Kastor

Poster courtesy of *Psychedelic Solution Archive*, NYC.



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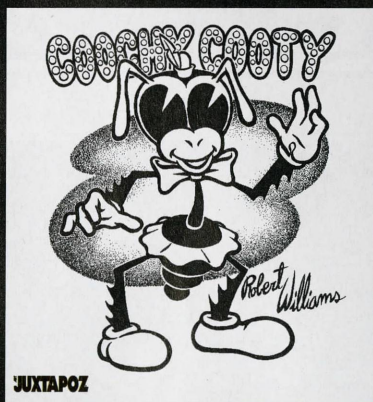
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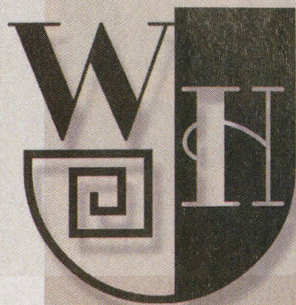
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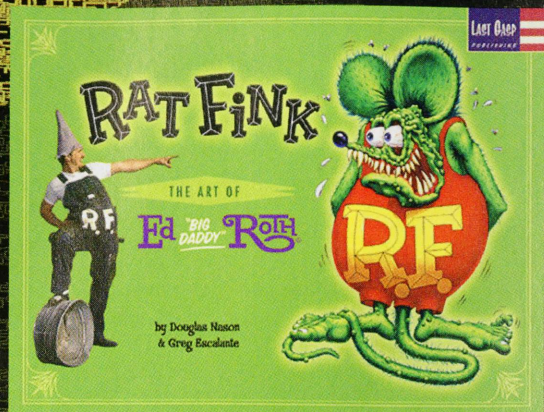


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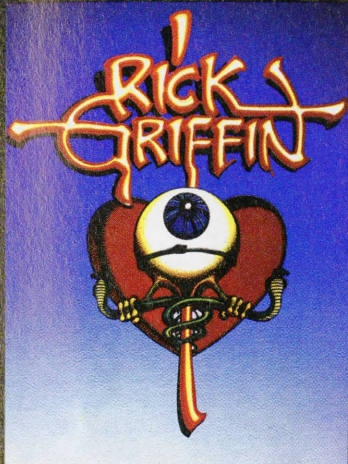


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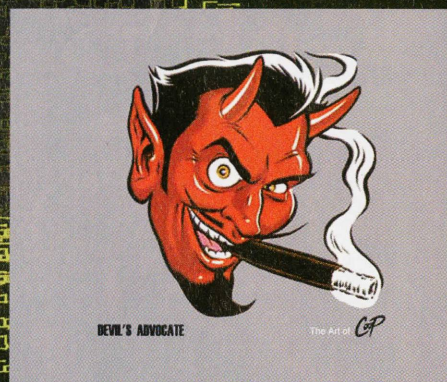
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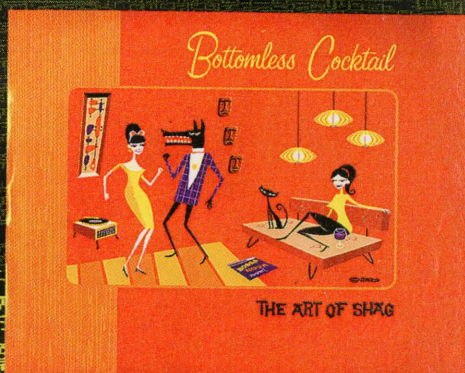
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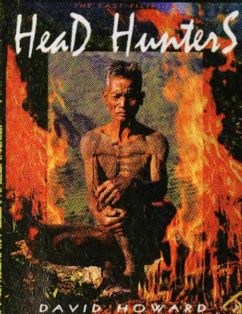
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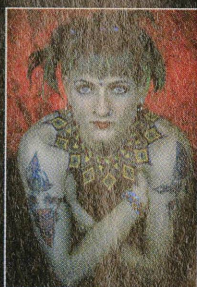
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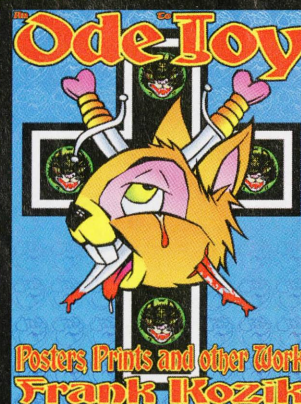
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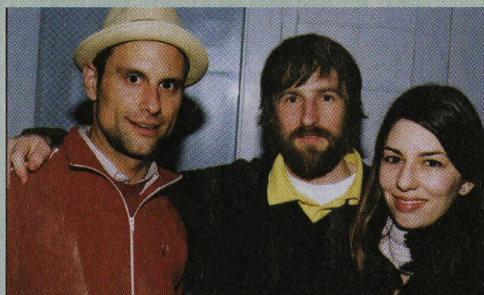
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WALLFLOWER Stephen Powers was 160 lbs of bad attitude when he stopped by to say "hi" at his painting show at the Annex in LA, March.



HAND IN THE TILL Wolfgang "Wolfie" Tillmans (top) looked every bit the successful modern photographer he is at his Regen Projects photo show in February, LA, where (above, l to r) artists/über hipsters Aaron Rose, Spike Jonze and Sofia Coppola upped the beautiful people contingent.



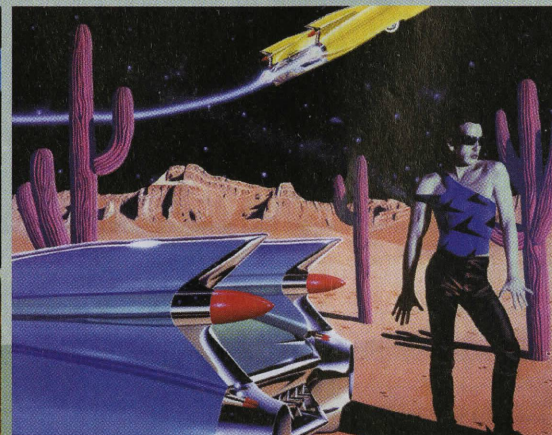
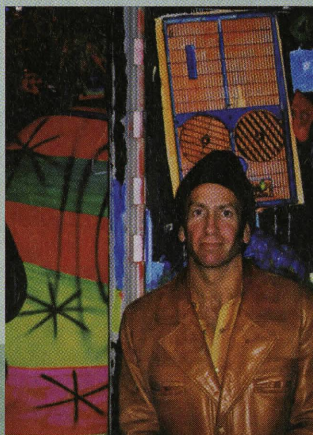
ZACH ATTACK Beatdown's most featured alt-rocker Zach de la Rocha was out in LA with artists Sam Belde (left) and Rich Jacobs at New Image Art's *Move 8* group show in March, LA.



LOS TRES DIABLOS A rare photograph of La Luz Honcho Billy Shire in a wife beater flanked by Rob (left) and Christian Clayton before their grand scale collaboration in the gallery's Grand Hall exhibition area, LA, February.



AMERICAN BEAUTY Artists Brian Degraw, Cheryl Dunn, Jo Jackson, and Tony Cox (in needlepoint, pictured) paid tribute to all that was at New Image Art's Little America show in March, LA.



SNARFY Kenny "K-Dog" Scharf reached speeds in excess of 100mph racing to his *Car Nation* show at Grand Central Art Center, Santa Ana, in March, where, ultimately, he just sorta stood around drinking bottled water and making small talk about "art" & stuff.

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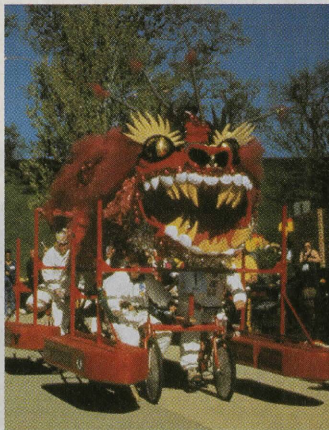
ART MOVEMENT

WHAT'S HUMAN POWERED, designed to travel on land, through mud, and over deep harbor waters? Kinetic sculptures at the American Visionary Art Museum, that's what. As part of the annual Baltimore Waterfront Festival, the AVAM sponsors an annual "race" of all manner of the wackiest buncha all-terrain vehicles you ever saw, pedaling, pushing, and seesawing their way into the annals of history.

Hours of toil and engineering go into ensuring that each successive year's sculptures outdo their predecessors. On April 13, race day 2002, a 14-foot-high pink poodle named Fifi, a 15-foot-tall bull frog, a leaping beaver; a giant scorpion; a Viking ship; a flying pig; the world's largest seesaw; and the world's

largest mobile wine-making cask were among the 20-some entrants unveiled at the event.

Caution: this race ain't easy. All contestants are required to traverse more than one stretch of open water in their craft, so flotation devices should be at the top of your shopping (or stealing) list. While it might seem impossible to actually navigate such obstacles in a piece of art, be bold. Many people have done this before you, and the world is full of new possibilities. Some kinetic sculptures are operated solo; other participants choose to enlist an entire team of captains to power the craft cooperatively. Either way, planning is essential. Important considerations: good working brakes; comfortable seats; a horn; a sensitive steering mechanism; and a drive system, most easily accomplished by buying used bicycle parts.



Unlike in other sports, prizes for the Kinetic Sculpture Race are not given on the basis of who's fastest and most aggressive; they're based on the more loving ideals of creativity and overall efficacy in the sculpture's transition from Point A to Point B. These gentle giants don't want to kick each other in the nuts; they want to be brothers.

This parade is truly a free-for-all, channeling the spirit of the

word "visionary." The AVAM encourages everyone to roll up their sleeves in the junkyard, root around for scraps, turn perishable items into permanent artwork, and get your 15 minutes in. Imagination is power. ☺

Contact the American Visionary Art Museum, 410 2454 1900 or avam.org, for more information.



LA LUZ DE JESUS GALLERY



**Liz
McGrath**

JULY 5 - 28

"Everything That Creeps"



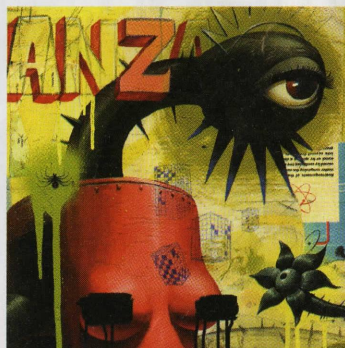
"Oni Garden" © Tim Biskup, 2002

TIM BISKUP



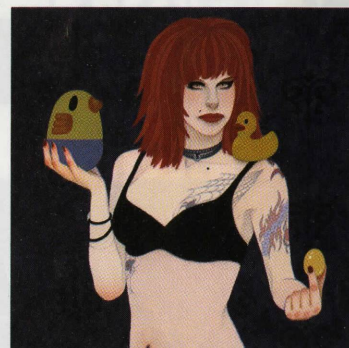
"Baba Yaga" © Craiger, 2002

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