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BEYOND CONTROL IS A FREE, ART PRESS PUBLICATION THAT CELEBRATES THE ANALOG SOPHISTICATED OF THE NEWSPAPER ERA. THROUGH ARTIST STORIES, EDUCATIONAL HIGHLIGHTS, AND INTERACTIVE FEATURES, IT'S A QUARTERLY EXHIBITION ON PAPER, MAILED OUT TO FRIENDS AND FAMILY WORLDWIDE AND AVAILABLE AT BEYOND THE STREETS FLAGSHIP AND CONTROL GALLERY.

CHULITA VINYL CLUB: NO REQUESTS

by Alec Banks

There is something inherently sexy about vinyl. The colorful LP artwork, the needle on a record player, and an album's grooves feels much more erotic, than say, touching a finger to a streaming service's cold and sterile play button.

For generations, records were the only way to absorb music. Now, vinyl exists as something of an extension of a listener's personal preferences. That is, an inherent statement about the pitfalls of immediacy, and what we, as listeners, miss out on when we prioritize sheer volume/selection over quality.

With more and more DJs choosing digital technology like Serrato to engineer their sets, and the closing of mom-and-pop record stores across the country, vinyl is seemingly losing its societal mystique.

SEE CHULITA, PAGE 25



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY ALLAN AMATO

CHEECH MARIN SHOWS US THE GOODS

The actor showcases his 40-year Chicano art collection at a new 60,000-plus-square-foot gallery in Riverside, California

by Roger Gastman

Did you know Cheech Marin has his own museum just outside of Los Angeles? The Cheech Center recently opened in Riverside, and it's not a little kiosk in a mall. It's 61,420 [Ed: LOL] square feet and houses his incredible collection of Chicano art, which he's been collecting for over 40 years. This is an institution of importance and inspiration. I am lucky enough to have gotten to know Cheech over the last dozen or so years and while he is one of the funniest people I have ever met, his passion to champion and educate others about Chicano art is undefeated, amongst his many talents. Plus our managing editor, Luis Ruano, got to ask him the origins of a phrase he's been using since middle school.

While he didn't have a game plan for me on how to get my own museum, he did share a secret about how to live long enough to increase my chances.

Roger Gastman: So I went to the opening of The Cheech. I left there feeling very inspired. Which is hard to do because I'm so fucking jaded.

Cheech Marin: Oh, good. Thank you. I know what you mean.

I was like, this motherfucker did it. Well, a whole bunch of people did it. Still, you led the charge.

Sometimes, leading the charge is a dangerous place to be in. I was thinking the other day, we had this big gala there, and there were a thousand people in this room. I just thought that, every day, twice that amount of people, 2,000 people, go through The Cheech and get to see Chicano art. That spreads. That big boulder causes ripples all the way across the big pond, so it was a good day.

Think: Next time you're performing, you're at a place like Staples Center and look around and, in a little over a week, I filled this place.

It was a combination of everybody's efforts and the support of the community more than anything else. In terms of dollars, everybody can wave their hands and say, "Yeah, I'm in support," but that particular community really came in heavy and supported with the big donations, and that's unheard of.

I've said it so many times, it doesn't matter how many wealthy people you know and how much money you can be supported with or promised. Being able to get the space and then have the functionality of the space happen is almost trickier than finding the money.

Absolutely. This one literally fell out of the sky on me. I felt like I was in the *Wizard of Oz*, where the house is falling out of the sky, and if I stand on this X, it's going to land on me, so I just stood there on the X and, sure enough, it did. The city came to me.

It took me a long time to figure out what they were saying. You want me to buy a museum? Well, you should have your own museum. Yeah, I should have a jet plane, too, but I don't have a jet plane. It was meant to be. I tried my best not to get in the way.

I'm a collector, as you are, of graffiti, street art, ephemera, gang stuff and everything in between. It comes up a lot here. Where is all this stuff going to go when I'm gone? What am I going to do with it? I kind of shrug my shoulders. Thinking forward of the legacy, I think you got one of the biggest wins.

SEE CHEECH, PAGE 06



PHOTOGRAPH BY MARTHA COOPER

MAYA HAYUK STANDS

Honoring her Ukrainian roots

by Charlotte Jansen

The first piece of art Maya Hayuk ever loved was painstakingly handcrafted by her Ukrainian grandmothers; it was unsigned, symbolic, realized by a ritualistic process "with such impeccable detail and so deeply embedded with love and loss," says Hayuk, remembering the embroidery and traditional, painted Easter eggs they made, continuing a long line of matrilineal art that, "held these sometimes mystical meanings but also gave me a real sense of ephemeral human time," passed down from the hands of ancestors, a disappearing mortal thread.

Hayuk's early contact with Ukrainian needlepoint, wood-working, pottery, traditional music and folk dancing (she also studied the bandura, a Ukrainian plucked-string instrument similar to a harp) was a way to materially maintain a bittersweet connection to her parents' homeland, which they had fled for the U.S. as young children in the 1950s after years in labor and refugee camps.

Like many diasporic people, cultural practices were the only way to replace "what could be physically transported while fleeing from annihilation," says Hayuk. "That's why song, poetry and food were so important. They all have their significance, symbolism and stories, most of which are way pre-Christian."

Hayuk's mother tongue was Ukrainian, and she lived somewhat of a double life growing up in Baltimore, between her burgeoning new American self, shaped by the rebellion and hedonism of adolescence in a capitalist neoliberal nation, and being involved in an anarchistic community of first-generation Ukrainian-Americans. Then still under Soviet rule, they, like her, "were raised

SEE HAYUK, PAGE 14



WE ARE BEYOND CONTROL

THE INTERNET OPERATES AT SPEEDS THAT OFTEN TRANSCEND COMPREHENSION, WITH INFORMATION CONSTANTLY IN A DIGITAL VORTEX. I CAN'T KEEP UP. I HAVE NEVER TIK-TOK'D, AND I STILL WRITE A LOT OF LISTS ON THE THINGS THEY CALL NOTEBOOKS.

I HAVE ALWAYS COLLECTED BOOKS, ZINES AND PRINTED PIECES OF EPHEMERA. I GREW UP SPENDING MORE TIME THAN I WOULD LIKE TO ADMIT GOING TO TOWER RECORDS AND HANGING OUT AT THEIR NEWSSTAND, SEEKING OUT EVERY COOL BOOK OR ZINE STORE I COULD. THE IMPORTANCE OF PRINTED MATTER HAS ALWAYS BEEN A CRUCIAL PART OF MY STORY, A WAY TO SLOW THINGS DOWN AND CREATE SOMETHING TANGIBLE WITH A FEELING OF PERMANENCE. THROUGH MY INTEREST IN DIY MEDIA, I WAS ABLE TO BUILD A GLOBAL COMMUNITY OF FRIENDS AND LIKE-MINDED PEOPLE IN THE WORLDS OF GRAFFITI AND PUNK ROCK. THIS IN TURN GAVE ME THE OPPORTUNITY TO PUBLISH TWO MAGAZINES, HUNDREDS OF BOOKS, AND TENS AND TENS OF THOUSANDS OF PAGES OF PRINTED MATTER, WITH NO PLANS OF SLOWING DOWN IN SIGHT.

I'M ADDICTED TO PRINT, I GUESS YOU COULD SAY, AND AM EXCITED TO PRESENT *BEYOND CONTROL*—A FREE, ART PRESS PUBLICATION THAT COINCIDES WITH THE OPENING OF MY FIRST GALLERY SPACE IN LOS ANGELES AND CELEBRATES THE ANALOG SOPHISTICATED OF A SEEMINGLY BYGONE NEWSPAPER ERA. THROUGH ARTIST STORIES, EDUCATIONAL HIGHLIGHTS, AND INTERACTIVE FEATURES, IT'S A QUARTERLY EXHIBITION ON PAPER. A CONTINUANCE OF OUR COLLECTIVE STORY, CRAFTED BY THOSE WHO SHAPED OUR CULTURE AND THE ONES WHO CARRY IT FORWARD.

—ROGER GASTMAN

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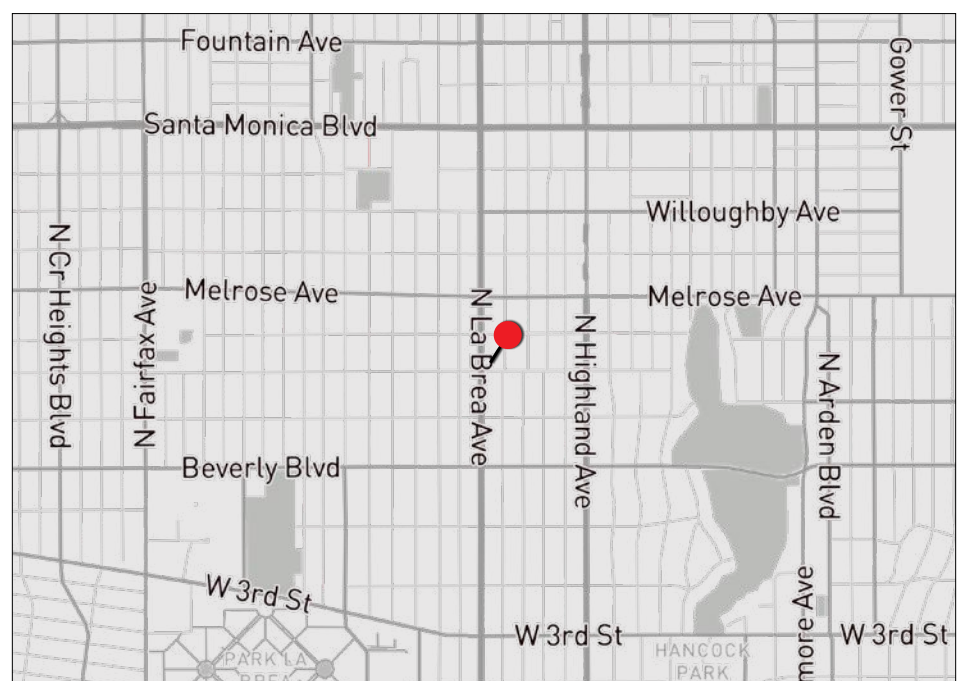
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LOS ANGELES FLAGSHIP



PHOTOGRAPH BY LUIS RUANO

DIRECTORS SPOTLIGHT: DANTE PAREL AND AURORA FISHER-KENDRICK

by Evan Pricco

While *BEYOND THE STREETS* (BTS) laid the groundwork, *CONTROL Gallery* now becomes the companion and expansion. Graffiti and street art have created a few rupture points over the last half century, in terms of how and where we expect to see art. BTS began its mission to show just how extensive this culture has become in contemporary art, fashion and music, and *CONTROL Gallery* will provide a further dialogue and homebase for exhibiting the leading and emerging voices who took the underground culture and turned it into a worldwide phenomenon. But at the heart of *CONTROL Gallery* is the experimental and visionary aspect of graffiti and street artists' moves into a gallery setting. At the helm in the Los Angeles gallery are two homegrown directors, Dante Parel and Aurora Fisher-Kendrick, each of whom bring their unique backgrounds to the gallery, but also their own expanded view as to how the art forms fit into a historical and contemporary landscape. And at its heart, how L.A. provides a backdrop.

Evan Pricco: You are both from L.A., the gallery is in L.A., the first BTS exhibition was in L.A., so there is a lot of L.A. to talk about. Do you both notice, or have noticed, how much the changing landscape of art in L.A. has brought something different to the city?

Dante Parel: It's definitely a compelling time for Los Angeles—for everyone that lives here we've

all been in significant support of the growth happening over the years, and there is also a renewed interest from outsiders that is adding to the energy here. The city's foundation is made of an incredibly diverse cultural community directly impacting the overall art experience here in L.A., whether on the street or in the gallery. The amount of places to experience art is abundant across Southern California and not confined to specific parts of the city; different neighborhoods and communities create for a more exciting conversation.

Aurora Fisher-Kendrick: Let's get to the point: New York's gallery scene has gotten stale with the way it clings to traditional gallery standards for dear life, not to mention the gate-keeping. Whoops, mentioned it. Los Angeles has been able to flourish with independent, artist- and creative-run spaces easily outnumbering the established blue-chip, despite them migrating over here in droves. It's a culture-rich city, with its site-specific problems, just like any other city, but there is space for everyone, and at the end of the day, authenticity will always outshine money on the best coast.

How will CONTROL Gallery expand upon, or sort of enhance, what graffiti and street art has meant to gallery culture?

DP: It will serve as a place that makes space for the artist to explore what's beyond. Our BTS exhibitions over the years have

continued to examine the influence of mark making in contemporary work and furthermore historically as humans have always maintained an urge to draw outside the lines. The new gallery gives control to the artist, making a space to support and amplify their message. This permanent space will focus on how community is its foundation and how *CONTROL Gallery* adapts in service to the artist.

AFK: *CONTROL Gallery* holds the ethos of street art and graffiti at its core; the anti-status quo, anti-rules, anti-established, anti-gatekept, etc., while further expanding on what that looks like. Graffiti and street art, both legal and illegal, have become extremely trendy, and I think what *CONTROL Gallery* looks to do is pay homage to the spirit of those OG pioneers, while making a space for those who may not necessarily work on the street, but still vehemently color outside of the lines.

Outside of who you both will be programming into the gallery, who is your favorite artist of all time? And then if you say Picasso we have to find a way to get a Picasso at the gallery.

DP: It is always a difficult task to narrow down such a long list, but if I were to pick a handful of artists who I always circle back to and am continuously inspired and excited about, it would be Barkley Hendricks, Hilda Palafox, Robert Rauschenberg, Patrick Martinez

and Helen Frankenthaler. Being fortunate and thrilled to be able to have worked with both Palafox and Martinez in past exhibitions of *BEYOND THE STREETS*, they are both creating work I admire and connect with. I'm a long-time admirer of Rauschenberg and Frankenthaler's work from studies in school. Hendricks' portraits just exude personality and swagger; how he portrays people in his work is both brilliant and beautiful.

AFK: Not going to lie, the Picasso museum in Barcelona actually made me cry, and I have gotten into several bar fights about most people's understanding of Picasso being severely limited by their art history books. But! Stanya Kahn I love and quietly stalk her. Ellen Gallagher is iconic; if I knew her address I would stalk her, too. Then my main men Andy Kaufman, Hockney, Otto Dix, Mapplethorpe. And Fischli and Weiss films. Okay, that's enough.

What is your dream show then?

DP: If I was to organize a dream show, and while this is likely not entirely original, I'd love a group exhibition that examined collaborative artist duos, partnerships that influenced one another across the decades. Collaboration is at the core of creativity and a show that could explore both creative romantics and artist friends would be compelling. With some of the more renowned influences of Johns and Rauschenberg, Pissarro and Cézanne, Frida and Diego, Smith and Mapplethorpe, Man Ray and Duchamp—and further exploring this dialogue to artists today would be intriguing.

AFK: So this is not a completely sorted-out concept, but I would love to put together a show of new, desirable works where absolutely nothing is for sale. And I don't mean we presold the work, or a retrospective, or some narcissistic performance piece. I mean a beautifully curated exhibition of contemporary work that exists purely to be consumed as it stands, and then dissipates into the ether. Almost taking Oldenburg's concept of *The Store* and flipping it on its head. A true exhibition, a focus on curation, and a bit of a tongue-in-cheek tease to collectors; removing the business aspect of a commercial gallery, for just a moment.

When an artist is coming into town, where is the first place you would take them to let them know they have arrived?

DP: In-N-Out and Elysian Park for sure, of course some tacos at Ave 26, Guisados or Tamales Elena. Basically a nonstop food tour.

AFK: As the lush, it would have to be my favorite wine bar, El Prado. It has become such a staple in the eastside local artist scene. Great wine, adorned with art by local artists, and such a great vibe. Plus you can play chess on the tables on the sidewalk!

What do you think Roger's favorite color is?

DP: Angelyne pink? Or maybe black and orange—never without that Orioles hat.

AFK: GG Allin Poo Brown.

That was my one off-the-cuff, BS question I had to squeeze in. All joking aside, there is a sense of a return to gallery openings, a new importance in physical shows and interactions with art in person. How will you try and keep each show fresh in a way?

DP: Our aim won't be to reinvent how people experience art, but rather create a space for this to happen more frequently. Given what everyone has experienced these last few years and the new reality of interaction, there seems to be a renewed excitement about standing in front of a painting again. We may have taken it for granted before the pandemic, but we sure don't now. The Internet has been a dominant tool allowing us to consume more art, but the galleries and museums serve as spaces to fully live out these visceral experiences that these works truly deserve.

AFK: I completely agree. The pandemic gave us a bleak look at what it would be like to view everything through a phone or computer screen, and I think we've all agreed it does not remotely compare. The textures, the paint fumes, the poorly parented children running and screaming through the space; these things simply cannot be captured in pixels.

What does Post Graffiti mean to you?

DP: Generally it's everything that has come since the birth of graffiti as we know it. From the late '60s, early '70s and all that has influenced—but more specifically for our inaugural exhibition we're examining generations of expression with revolutionary refinement. A similar energy to what the *Times Square & Real Estate* shows achieved in the '80s, how they created a space where culture and class freely existed and exhibited without limitations. *Post Graffiti* celebrates the risk and innovation these artists have dedicated their lives towards, with decades of influence on the contemporary art canon.

AFK: It represents an instantaneous jump through a wormhole, connecting the past to the present, and showing how graffiti, something that has permeated culture, internationally for decades, has continued to expand, branch off, and evolve into something indescribable but completely recognizable at the same time. **BC**

Post Graffiti, CONTROL Gallery's inaugural exhibition runs through October 22, 2022.

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ALL PHOTOGRAPHS BY CRISTIAN GONZALEZ

A PATRON OF THE ARTS

Dave Grutman's keys to collecting

by Roger Gastman and Dante Parel

Dave Grutman is widely known as a night-life maestro, a hospitality guru, and friend to the stars, but one of his greatest passions, and admissions, is his addiction to collecting art. So much so, that it has reached levels to where it has overflowed from his home and into his restaurants and venues. Anyone can collect art, however, so if there was a more accurate term to describe Dave, it would be "patron." Dave Grutman is a patron of the arts, and a supporter of the journey of an artist, for which he professes his ultimate respect to those who make art for a living. He is a friend of the program, so it only made sense for us to shine a spotlight on him as our first featured collector—an important component of the artistic life cycle, which oftentimes gets overlooked. Without the support of patrons, and collectors alike, the world of art would be just a little bit tougher to navigate as a viable career path for those who choose to walk down that road.

Beyond Control: When you started collecting, what made you be like, "I'm going to buy this and put it there?" The amount of people I've worked with through the years—they'll do all kinds of things, but buying art is the last thing on their mind.

Dave Grutman: I bought a house, and when you buy a big house for the first time, you

just want it to be a reflection of stuff that you love, so it's a reflection of me. I don't go and buy art because I think it's going to be some big financial gain for me. I buy art that I think is great, and I think that's what's so great about my collection. I have famous artists, and I have not-so-famous artists, and I have people that I have a connection with, more than anything.

Like anything else, when you start drinking coffee, you drink coffee with sugar and milk and a bunch of cream and all this stuff. Then you start drinking black coffee. That's how my art collecting has gone. I started off buying crazy la, la, la, and now it has narrowed in a lot more. From Nicolas Party to OSGEMEOS to Kehinde Wiley, and a lot of JR. I've bought a lot of JR over the last year and as you know, a lot of VHILS.

You just touched on something that is so important. The amount of people that come to me and say, "I want to buy art. How do I buy art? I need to make money." I'm like, "Well, you can make money in art but, the first thing you need to do is buy art that you love and inspires you." What do you say to people?

I like to meet the artists. I'm lucky enough in my career that I'm able to come across

amazing people. Pharrell's been very inspirational with me being able to meet OSGEMEOS and JR. Hebru Brantley is another great artist that I love. Paul Insect is another that I collect. I find a connection with these artists, and I build a relationship with them. I think people that go to buy art just as an investment, they are not really buying art. They are buying an investment. That's not buying art or supporting the artist.

You're around so many creatives all the time, DJs, musicians, fashion people, etc. What's the difference you see with these visual artists, especially ones that come from the street or have a little bit more of a questionable background?

I think it's all art at the end of the day. Any time you're moving people and you're causing goosebumps, to me, is what art is. I'm not as creative as these guys, but I need those creatives around me to be inspired.

How do you display your collection?

I put my shit up! I throw it up. A lot of our restaurants have some of my collection in them.

I get writer's block here and there. When I'm feeling like that, I just

often sit there and stare at the art on the walls and it gets kicking again eventually. Do you do anything like that?

So that is what's great about JR. Everything he does is to bring an awareness of a certain wrong, a certain injustice. By seeing JR's work and how he looks at things, that stimulates you to think about an injustice in the world, and that inspires me. That brings me to it.

Is there a piece of art that got away?

Listen, you get upset about missing out on a certain piece or they showed it, but it was already sold, and you're like, "Why did you even show this to me? It's so great. I'm pissed off now."

How do you discover new work? Is it going to shows? Is it PDFs? I mean, there are so many ways to collect now.

So many ways. I have very creative friends. I've learned a lot about art over the last few years. Artists turn me onto other artists. Also, I started collecting Verdy, who I got to meet. We went pretty heavy in collecting Verdy just because—it's Verdy. We love Verdy. I think you'll discover a lot through art, through



fashion, physical art, digital art, etc. They're all connected now.

Have certain artists inspired your design aesthetic for the clubs, restaurants and hotels?

No, that's all been a movie called *Blade Runner*. I just look at *Blade Runner* for inspiration for all that stuff.

Who are some people you want to add to your collection?

I'd love to have an Alex Israel. Harmony Korine. Mister Yanen.

So many people that we help acquire art will respond with, "Oh, I have to show my wife," or "I have to show my husband." And they'll come back to us with, "This shade of blue. If it could be 10 percent more baby blue, I'd buy it. Will the artists do that?" Typically the answer is no. How important is other people's opinion when you're getting art?

I collect a lot of art from an artist named Specto. I don't buy pieces he's already created, often new commissions. He'll ask me, "Dave, do you want this kind of...?" I think that's great, and I love that because

it fits with the aesthetic of whatever I'm aiming for. But, it's also like going up to a DJ and asking them, "Can you play this song?" It's not a bar mitzvah or a wedding, right? So I don't want to do that to artists as well.

You just said it all right there. That sums up everything. How would you rate art collecting on your list of hobbies or addictions?

Oh, it's an addiction. It's up there. It's so up there that my wife is annoyed, because we have art in storage now. I'm a hoarder with art.

Well, one of the reasons I'm excited to open this space, I get so much out of my house too and start showing more.

You have such a good eye for it. I have to tell you. When I went to my first BEYOND THE STREETS, you saw me that day. I was like, "Fuck. This is incredible." It was so cool to see. I like when an artist presents a complete body of work. With your show I love that I can see clearly each artist's complete and individual perspectives—you can see what mood they're in or what's stimulating them.

Thank you. One of the things I know, and

in our conversations, you want people around you to win, and you really want to help them the best you can. You are a true patron of the arts. You're not just an art collector.

I listen. Goodwill goes a long way, and you know how challenging being an artist is. It's not like becoming a stockbroker. You could just imagine how scary it must be for these artists to do art professionally. I have a lot of love for someone that does art for a living. It's not easy.

I think it's something that so many of the collectors we talk to don't often get, is the patronage and how much you are helping the creative force and how many artists then look up to that artist that you just helped support forward.

I love that. That, for me, is great karma. Plus, I think of them as young entrepreneurs. That's their business.

Tell me about the artwork behind you.

I don't know who this artist is. It was sent to us with no note, no letter, no nothing. I've posted it up on my social media a million times asking who this is. It's my family, and it's made out of nails, and I love it.

That's a really nice fucking gift.

By the way, I've gotten a lot of art sent to me over the years. Some crazy stuff, but this piece was actually amazing. Sometimes I get a painting sent to me of myself and I'm like, "I look terrible."

Other than buy what you love, what's some advice for people who want to buy art?

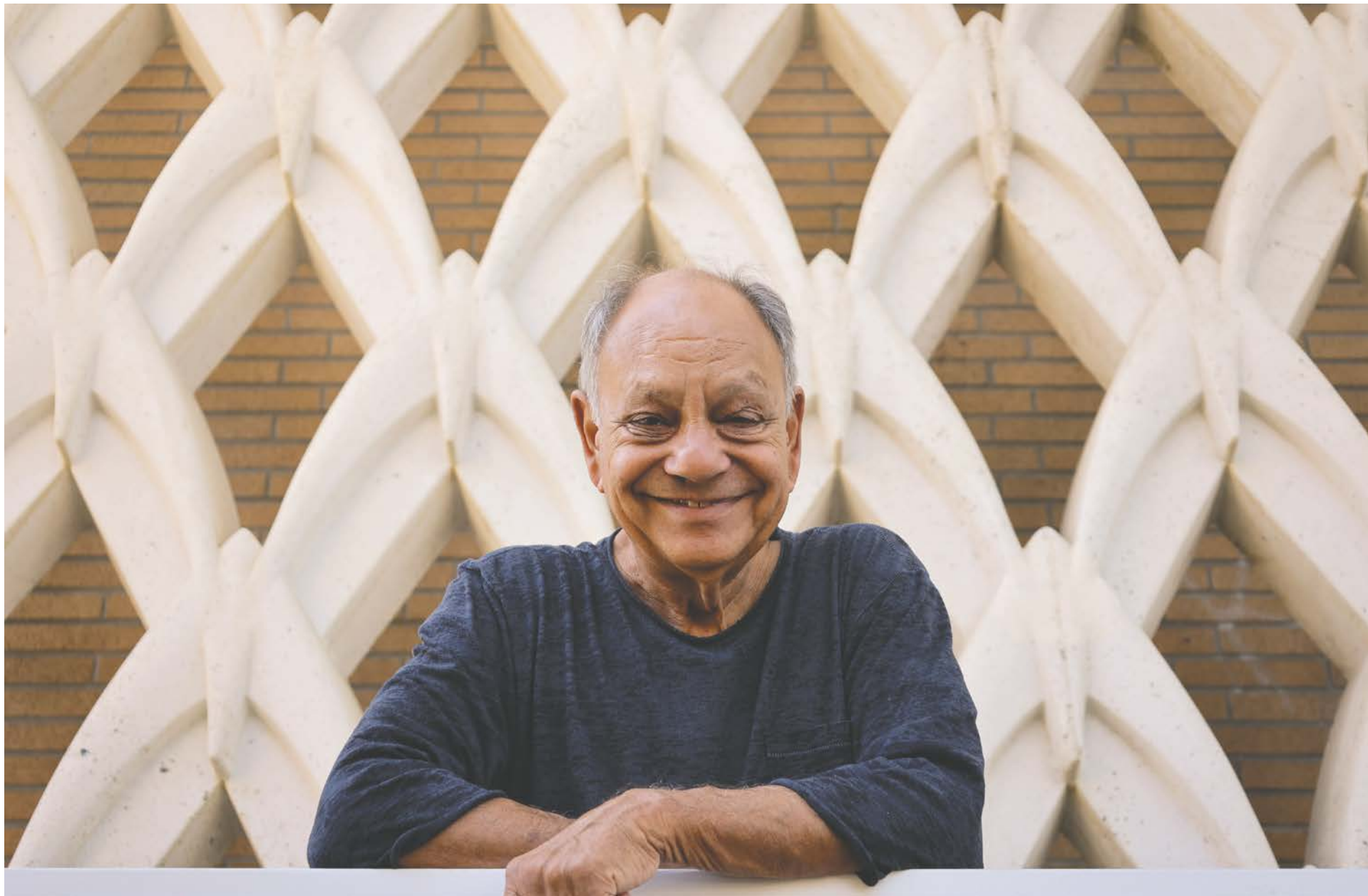
Instead of buying a bunch of little pieces, I think it's always better to put all that together and buy a significant piece of art.

That's good. Not that there's anything wrong with collecting prints, but if you spend 20K on prints one year, spend 20K on some paintings instead.

I really don't buy lithographs. That's one thing I don't do. Buy a real piece of art from a real artist. Do research on the best pieces from that artist. That's what you should focus on.

And it's not that hard to do that research anymore either.

No, that's the easiest thing, right? Everyone's an art advisor now. **BC**



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY RIVERSIDE ART MUSEUM

CHEECH, FROM PAGE 01

Oh, absolutely! I know a couple of other big collectors, like this guy that lives across the street from me. He has this big African American collection, almost the same size as mine, and we met at the pool in our community.

We started talking about this. I said, “Well, I have this deal with Riverside,” and he just looked at me with his mouth open, “Is there another Riverside or have they got another building there?” Getting your own museum really just does not happen.

It was fate. It was meant to happen, but it’s a long journey. Art doesn’t do you any good under the bed or in storage. You have to show it to people.

How can I get a museum? What do I do?

Stand on the X. Wherever you see a big X and a clear space above you, just stand there and brace for impact. It came to me, but there should be a museum housing all this stuff that you collect because it’s important art. It has a large enough audience, and it’s also worldwide at this point. There has to be a dedicated space for that.

You will become a great case study for all of these other cultures that are like, “Fuck! This guy has it over here. Look, it’s working. How many people are coming through? Imagine what we can do over here.” You’ve set a bar.

I think that is the new model. It’s not elitist museums built in and

supported by the richest part of the community. This is as up from the streets as you can get in putting an art collection together.

“Don’t be afraid of getting help,” is a lot of what I’m hearing.

Oh, absolutely. Making movies, you are used to that. It leaves your hands many times during the process. It’s not like a writer who sits at his desk and he doesn’t need anybody else, or a painter who sits in front of a canvas and doesn’t need anybody else’s help. These kinds of projects, like making movies, are analogous to that, you need a lot of help. It takes collaboration. I was used to that process, so it didn’t freak me out.

You started as an art collector, but you really turned into someone who’s preserving culture.

Isn’t that cool? We’re going to have a discussion about that. The academic part of this museum will turn out to be one of the biggest aspects of it, because everybody will get together and figure out what it is, because Chicano is a voluntary category. You have to declare yourself a Chicano in order to be a Chicano.

You don’t have to pass a test or have a certain amount of paintings or blah, blah, blah. It’s a voluntary category, so when the people get that, you can have voluntary rules. This Chicano movement has been going on for close to 60 years, and it’s coast to coast. What is even more important, is the influence of Chicano art. It influences a lot of different categories of art and

artists who take a little bit of something from it and mix in a little bit of their own.

It’s like having nacho-flavored Doritos. It’s going to be everybody’s favorite Doritos pretty soon because there’s no more American thing that you can do than sit in front of your big screen TV, eating guacamole with Dorito chips and a Corona and watching the Super Bowl.

Education was the last thing I was thinking of when I got into what I do with art. I hated the word.

You want to be outside the box when you start, because that’s what that art is. It’s outside the box by definition, but as it lingers on and grows and becomes a very potent element in the art landscape, you can’t push it off to the side anymore. The door won’t close in the closet. It wants to come out.

All these other questions come up. How do I deal with it? How do I ensure its legacy? How do I ensure that it is understood as it goes forward and develops as it goes forward? It grows all the time and it changes, and it’s like language.

How long into collecting did the educational aspect of it hit you?

Right away. I knew that there was an educational base to it because there had been people that went before me. It was a big academic thing. We’re not defined by the census. There was no box on the census that said “Chicano,” so you had to invent the term and realize what it is.

There had been a lot of academic stuff done, but I saw the Chicano art scene as moving forward and developing, and that’s when I started collecting. I didn’t necessarily want to collect big historic pieces. I wanted to collect new stuff by the new artists that were coming and the older ones who were still doing great art, but I wanted to concentrate, as far as my collection, on the next phase.

Is art the greatest addiction of your life?

By far, other than heroin. I’ve been in it for so long. I don’t know if you know the story of my early days. It was my cousins—we challenged each other and I got assigned art. From the time I was about 11, I was pretty cognizant of and educated in Western art. I could go into any room and identify all the paintings.

I was just at the McNay in San Antonio, which is a very prestigious museum, and they were walking me through and blah, blah, blah, blah. I go, “Is that a Renoir?” They looked at me like, “How in the fuck do you know that that’s a Renoir?”

I knew that when I was 12, dude, because all my knowledge and the perspective of Chicano art that I have right now is because I knew all that. I knew what a Caravaggio was. I knew who Kandinsky was. That informed my experience with Chicano art. I see what it’s built on. I saw that and nobody else did.

People ask me all the time, “How should I buy art?” “Will I make money on it?” “What’s going to happen here?” The first thing

I always say is: “Do you love it, and does it inspire you?” What do you say to people?

I tell them it is a miracle if your art makes money. If that’s why you’re in for it then collect something else.

If you’re going to try to make money in art, it’s actually tougher than being an artist, which is a tough gig. You can, I guess, but I never have. I don’t know about that experience. I’ve never sold a piece.

What’s the difference between hoarding and collecting?

It’s a very fine line. I think the difference is you have to get somebody else to say, “Yeah, this is good stuff, it’s not really hoarding.” Somebody, hopefully, with a degree in something that can give you validation. It’s the same impulse, between hoarding and collecting.

Do you remember making art as a kid?

No. I was dissuaded from doing any kind of art very young, when I was in the first grade. I was at Trinity Street Elementary School in South Central, and we were taken to the Grand Central Market, which was right down the block from our school. Everything that grew on earth was in this market, flowers and fruits and everything exotic. It was like walking into this incredible jungle.

So, when we finished the trip, we came back to the classroom, and our teacher said, “Okay, I want everybody to draw what impressed them the most in the Grand Central Market.”

The thing that impressed me were these big banana squashes that were way bigger than I was. I'd put yellow and orange here and made these big banana squashes with a little stick figure of me next to them.

So, the teacher was walking around the classroom, and she's commenting on everybody's art. "Oh, that's good." "You used all the colors. That's good." "That's very good here. You did only one color." Then she came to my painting, picked it up, looked at it and said, "Well, you'll never be an artist," and it was like a dagger into my heart. I was in the first grade.

I'm like, "Oh, okay," and I just kind of slithered off in the corner so my soul could die in some unlit part of the room. I never tried to make art after. I didn't know art is something you could learn to do. You actually have schools available to teach you how to do things. But it worked out in the end.

You're really good at drawing stick figures like me, probably?

Probably. Just put a hat on, put an Orioles hat on it.

The museum, I'm assuming, will be a large focus of everything you do for the next several years?

Absolutely. It's just keeping it going in the right direction because it can get out of your hands, but you put a good team around that handles every aspect of it and you have a good chance to maintain it. The people who are experts in the museum world, and I've talked to a lot of them at this point, they say, "Well, we'll check back with you in 20 years, because that's the minimum amount of time that you have to be open as a museum in order to be considered anywhere near legit."

Twenty years. God, how old will I be? I'll be much older than I am now, and I'm already old. That's the minimum standards, and it should be.

Now you have more reason to live longer?

Exactly. I drink my milk, I go walk around the block and all that shit. I'm fairly healthy. All my family lives to be in their 90s, so I'm looking forward to that. I have a younger wife, and she'll help me out.

That's the secret. Have a younger wife to help you get to 20 years for your museum.

That is the secret, but don't tell anybody else. They'll all try to get younger wives and shit.

Have you just walked around the space by yourself in the quiet and just been like, "What the fuck?"

Yeah, I do. When we were doing Chicano Visions, which was 14 major shows in major museums over the course of several years, that was my favorite part. After the show was hung at the new museum,

and before it opened, I would have lunch there. I would be the only one in the museum. I would just walk around or just sit and look at the paintings.

It was like having your kids home from college. They're going to come in, and you're going to be able to exchange with them and see where they've been up to and, "Oh, you look different here than you did in the other museum," it really gave me an appreciation for what those paintings meant and how they were enjoyed by people.

Whenever I'm talking to people and someone says, "What have you been doing? I'm coming to L.A. What's going on?" I tell the story of going to The Cheech. I tell them, "Don't be afraid to drive to Riverside from L.A. Go there. You'll come away with a few artists you had no idea existed, because I did." You're not going to get that walking away from The Broad or MOCA. This is just completely different. I've told so many people. I'm sure everyone that's going there is saying the same thing.

It's because everybody was involved in this. I couldn't have just showed up with a collection and said, "Here you go. Turn on the sign." No, it took a lot more than that, and a lot of people and organizations in town came together to make it what it is. What I have now realized is that I signed up for a lifetime of fundraising, more than anything, because we want to continue to do programs there.

Anytime you need someone to run their mouth about graffiti I'm ready.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LUIS RUANO

At the end of the day, we've organized my collection into more than 12 exhibitions that "played" in over 50 museums, which is unheard of for a private collection. But my special day was when I went in there before it opened and ate my lunch and just walked around. It was the most special time.

Right now, the current space, The Cheech, when we were there, I saw the parking signs that read, "Parking for The Cheech is full." I'm just like, that shit is real. You see that even before walking in the building.

So far, 2,000 people a day have gone through this museum. A day! They want to go there, man, it's like this is something that they were very hungry for. My final goal is to make Riverside an international art destination.

Well, thank you, Roger. That's very kind of you. You've been a fan since the beginning and a supporter, and I really appreciate that. Believe me, I do. Yeah, you're not going to see another museum like this, nor should you. A museum should be unique.

I'm assuming a lot of people just haven't been in museums in years or just haven't been to one when they go to The Cheech Center.

I would think that. When we were on the road touring our exhibitions, a great deal of the people had never been in a museum of any kind. It's a hometown thing now in the Inland Empire. Riverside can now claim the museum (and now the collection) as their own, which is a real good feeling.

You'll be the first guy I call, dude.

Luis Ruano: Cheech, I always felt like your film *Born in East L.A.* had this genuine undertone where you were being funny, but at the same time looking out for immigrants, no matter where they came from. The "Waas Sappening" scene, where you were teaching immigrants how to assimilate to life in East L.A. has always been one of my favorite scenes you've written and a phrase I've been using with my brothers since I was 13. What inspired that scene, and how do you feel the film's message translates now as opposed to back then?

It is as prescient as anything that I've ever done right now. It has as much influence and validity as the

time I made it, maybe even more so right now because that process is continuing. You see the human side in that film, *Born in East L.A.*

The line, "Waas Sappening," comes from my group of cousins. When I was maybe 12, we started talking about language. That particular phrase, "Waas Sappening" started showing up in our vocabulary, so we said, "Well, where do you learn this?" You got to go to East L.A. Linguistics, man. That's the place where you can learn it!

So when we were making the movie, I said, "Here's a place for it." That's what you do as an artist. You get influenced by things or you find things that you keep in your mind or in your collective memory, and then when, in time, there's a place for it, you know exactly where it goes. That's an example of that. Everybody related to it, I was really happy with that.

You started off talking a little bit about a group of cousins, and you just mentioned that same group of cousins again. Is that group still around, and what did they think of the museum?

None of them have been to the museum yet. Our lead cousin, Louie, has passed on. He was just the most brilliant guy. There was another cousin, Rayjean Castro, who went on to be the first recipient of a doctorate in Chicano studies at Harvard University.

My cousin Lollie was a high-ranking nun, at Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet, and she went on to be a big mucky-muck there. Then there was me. The little puppy, trying to catch up with the big dogs running. It was an intense group. They were very smart.

Louie, my cousin, got a scholarship to grade school. I'd never heard of that. Grade school, middle school, high school, University of Tokyo, all those things, he was the leader. He assigned his topics. I got assigned art. That's how I learned about art. Rayjean has passed on, and Lollie and I aren't getting any younger.

I'm starting to realize what the impact of legacy is. It sounds like a nice word, oh, you have a legacy, but when you realize what that legacy is and how it affects people going forward and, if it's a good enough legacy, it affects the culture.

Everything you said hits home so much. I will continue to tell everyone to visit the museum.

Bring them so they know they don't lose their way. We'll have you come and speak to us as soon as we can and remember, Waas Sappening! **BC**

The Cheech Center is now open to the public.

The Cheech Center
3851 Mission Inn Ave.
Riverside, CA 92501
(951) 684-7111
riversideartmuseum.org

POR DEBAJO

Ozzie Juarez and the rise of Chicano artists

by Luis Ruano

Ozzie Juarez's path has taken the multi-hyphenate creative to parts unknown. He immerses himself in a cultural cornucopia along a continuous journey of self-discovery and kickback of free game to his South Central L.A. community. An advocate for education and elevation of la gente, Juarez's Tlaloc Studios serves as a platform for a new wave of Chicano artists to embrace their roots and plant seeds of inspiration and greater expectations for themselves and the ones who follow closely behind. The road to creating a new gallery following the gentrification of his first space hasn't been easy. Juarez shares the good and the bad that comes with being a community leader and business owner in the art world.

Luis Ruano: I had a conversation with a friend who's half black, half white. He spoke about feeling like he was sort of stuck in this cultural "in-between" growing up. I often feel like I'm in the middle myself, being a Latino that spent half his childhood in the inner city and the rest in the suburbs. It's tough to identify with just one group of people. Did you ever feel insulated growing up in South Central, like you needed to venture out and navigate the world?

Ozzie Juarez: Of course, but for me it was kind of the opposite. I was surrounded by my community, which was primarily Mexican, Black and a little Cambodian. It was mainly all people of color, and I always wanted to escape from that because of wanting to assimilate and not wanting to be a part of something that you don't necessarily feel is the best. As I was growing up, my father was always like, "Oh, you got to be the best. You got to do this. You got to go to school." He was always pushing school, and education for my dad was key. So having someone like him forcefully put this in my mind, it got me thinking, "Oh, I can't be here. I can't be part of these people."

I remember growing up in middle school and, even in high school, I would pretend that I didn't know how to speak Spanish. I'm a super-fluent Spanish speaker, but I was always like, "Well, I'm not going to speak this language, because it's a dumb language. That's the poor people's language here."

I didn't have white friends until I was 19, 20 years old, when I took my ass from South Central off to Santa Monica College. I would commute almost every single day, six-, seven-hour commute just to go to school. I met people whose parents weren't gangbangers or drug addicts. They weren't farmers. They were artists, they were lawyers, they were engineers. It was a whole different ball game getting introduced to all these people. It was just something that was not accessible to any of us in the hood. That's one of the main reasons why I do what I do and why I provide for my community, because I never had any of that. I know how far I had to travel and all I had to do, and I wouldn't want anybody to go through that. I did all that because, again, my dad always embedded in me to be this hard, hard worker.

Did you start working at an early age?

I started working literally since I could remember. Every Saturday and Sunday me and my parents would go to swap meets,



PHOTOGRAPH BY FABIAN GUERRERO

just selling things and being a part of that hustle culture. If we weren't selling stuff, then it was all business talk. Me and my dad were always talking about business, even with small things, like guessing the price of something, where whoever guesses the right price gets a little prize or whatever. Business and money in general was a fun thing that me and my dad bonded over, which transitioned really well when it came to becoming an artist.

Was that always the goal, to become a professional artist? How'd your dad take that?

It wasn't something that my dad was like, "Oh yeah, do it." He was like, "What the hell are you doing? This is dumb. This is stupid. Why are you in your room locked up for hours doing this shit? Are you on drugs? What the fuck's up?" He was just really concerned about my career choices to the

point where he'd threaten to kick me out for not responding to what he wanted me to do. It took a really long time for me to convince my father that I could actually do this and make a serious living out of it.

When did you realize you were a natural at putting things together? What drives you personally as a curator?

I've been putting things together since I could remember. When I was in sixth grade I used to put fake shows together. I used to make flyers of things that I thought would look cool. I was really into music when I was a kid. Music, art, fashion, all that stuff was part of the theme growing up. I realized that in my neighborhood, there wasn't really anything happening for us, in terms of that. So my friends and I were the originators of doing a lot of backyard events in that region. We blew up just putting all these cool events together. Then we got close to our local

skateboard shop and started throwing shows there—just being actively involved with the community.

I was really into activism when I was a young child, so I would join youth groups and get other people involved with things like protests—speaking our minds and sharing our hearts through public works. It's crazy because it only takes one person to say they want to do something for a lot of things to happen and to allow people to realize the power they have and what they could do with it.

It only takes one person, but they have to have a lot of courage and confidence. Sometimes that's hard to find. Like when my brothers give me shit for my sneaker choices. I'm not an avant-garde dude, but I like kicks that people often dismiss, so I wear them. Because why not?



PHOTOGRAPH COURTESY OF THE ARTIST AND OCHI; PHOTOGRAPH BY DEEN BABAKHYI

I feel that. When I go to flea markets, it's always like, "I don't care. I'm going to go get the stuff that I like that no one gives a fuck about." The shit no one's even going to touch.

I guess that's what makes people an authority on certain things?

Mm-hmm, we tell people what's hyped.

Having your own vision and thoughts on things is important and being like, "Yo, you guys should look at this, or you guys should look at this and not necessarily go with the trend that's going on." That's one thing that I tend to do within my stuff too. To not do your normal, typical things that people are accustomed to seeing when putting shows together. It's always kind of like what can I hit them with that's something new and have them be, "Oh, okay. I didn't think about that." Figuring out ways to make things tasteful and not just thrown out there.

How important has it been for you to be a multiskilled creative, especially during a time where it seems like it's almost a necessity for survival in this space?

After going to school at Cal Berkeley, I started a gallery called SoLA in South Central. I was putting up insane artists who've gone on to blow up. It was a little too ahead of its time back then, and I didn't have the resources I have now. I had this person from Disney come through once and saw some art that I was doing. He offered me a job, and I was like, "Oh, I'm not going to take it." But gentrification was really heavy around that area during that time, and soon after someone bought the building that I had leased for my gallery.

They kicked me out, and it kind of fucked me up a little bit, because I invested all my money in this. It also doubled as a recording studio and a film studio, so it was a big thing. The community was really starting to get used to it and get familiar with it. We were literally up for not even a year, and we had to leave right away.

I was banking on this to propel me into whatever I needed to do as an artist, and the rug just got pulled out from under me. I was like, "Damn, I have to start from scratch right now." So I hit up those people from Disney, and I got this job as a painter, and I just put all my skills that I had into it. I laid them on the table and pretty quickly got promoted all the way up to being an Imagineer with all these people that had crazy skills. Through them I was learning and understood that the more

skills you have the more chance you're going to be the person that gets the job. Everyone's replaceable. Somebody could be working for you for 10 years and they could just be like, "Oh, we're just going to get this other fresh person who's got more energy, let's just switch you over there real quick."

It's like, "Why are we going to hire these seven other people, when we got this person that could do it all?" So that's where my mentality was like, "If I'm running anything, then I have to have the skill to do this. If I need to hang the paintings, I have the skill to hang the paintings. If I need to do the marketing, I can do that. If I want to do graphic design, I have the skills to do graphic design." It works out really well, because you start hanging out with other people that have those same skills and create a bigger community to provide resources for others.

You mentioned putting on shows with your friends growing up. Seeing as many of them are artists in their own right, how rewarding has it been to be able to give them a platform to show their work?

All my friends after high school took a sign graphics class, like a trade tech, so they were just coming back geeked out. I was taking general ed classes, like English and math and shit, while my friends were taking this sign graphics class, but I was learning from them because I would go do my homework and then go to my friend's house and they'd be practicing their sign graphics. They'd teach me everything that they learned that day, and I would do the same thing. I would go to Santa Monica College and get taught by these crazy-ass figure-drawing instructors and contemporary instructors and conceptual instructors and go back and tell my friends exactly what I learned.

I was never about gatekeeping what I was learning and what they could do with it. I was always just like, "Yo, do this. You should do that, or you should do this." Really encouraging them and even right now with all the studios that I have—these are their first studios and the only reason why they are in there right now making work is because I forced them to go in.

It just takes a push sometimes, because it's scary. It's a scary thing to do. And most of my friends are not full-time artists. Of the friends that I grew up with in the hood, everyone has a day job and wants to become an artist, and they are artists, but they have

to go through other things to make it work. Without the studio, they wouldn't have otherwise. So it's really important to give and spread.

It must be hard separating friendship and business though?

It's hard, man. Dealing with money, politics, friends and art. It gets really tricky.

I think that oftentimes people don't realize the hoops you have to jump through to be able to open any kind of doors for others. It's easy to be an armchair critic when you don't have to carry the weight or deal with the consequences.

It's a macho mentality in the hood, where it's like, "Oh, you think you're better than me?" "Oh, you went over here so now you're cool?" "Oh, now you're whitewashed, you hang with all these white people and now you're too cool?" It's like, "Nah, dude, I'm trying to tell you something, man." Sometimes people are too caught up in that hood mentality.

We've got to realize that we do work in this corporate world. We do work in this super-capitalistic environment, and we have to play the game and people don't understand that. I've been dealing with a lot of new artists with my gallery, people who it's the first time they're showing at a gallery, and they're not familiar with the 50/50 split. And then you tell them the 50/50, or I do a 60/40, so they get 60, I get 40 in the gallery. Even then they're like, "What the hell?" And it's like, "What do you mean? You got to realize what we're doing." It just can't be showing stuff and doing everything for free. That's not the real world. Everyone's got to eat.

Recently we had set a new lease and the landlord increased the cost by 20 percent on my land. I had to pick up the prices at the studios and not even that much. People who had been there from almost the beginning had to leave, and they felt a certain kind of animosity towards me for raising the price. It's like, "Dude, like I'm not raising up the price because I want to fuck you over." They don't get it or they're not used to this kind of stuff, but it's sad because I want to keep them here, but I can't do that while charging them the same price.

It's hard to please everyone, but what's encouraging is that it really feels like the Chicano market is turning a new page into an exciting chapter. How's the reception been for you at Tlaloc?

We're bringing up a lot of artists who are being sought after. Mexican art collectors are going crazy right now. Everyone just wants a piece of the action, and people are coming in literally hours before the shows to try to cop; or the DMs blowing up with people asking for the PDFs and coming in and actually supporting and being like, "Yo, let's get this, let's get this, let's get this." More than half of our last show sold.

It's just super exciting to see that because when I was starting all this stuff, there wasn't any of the financial support. There was a lot of support from just coming in and checking out the show and all the moral support in the world, but there was no financial support. Seeing the financial support from people who are genuinely invested in these artists and in the studio, too, is great. I'm starting to have consistent collectors that are really just seeking the stuff that we're bringing out, and are trusting our eyes and what we're putting out.

It's exciting to see these young artists coming up. There were six artists from this last show that we sold that had never shown or sold anything before. That just fucks them up so much. It's just like, "Wow, that happened. Whoa, I need to start doing more. I need to make more, I need to do this, I need to do that." The next couple of days looking through their Instagrams, they're all super active and being out there and trying to do this thing. And it's just so, so important.

This almost feels like a new beginning, of sorts. Like you had to go through your first gallery being swept out from under you for you to grow as a curator and business person and approach your new studio with a more experienced eye. The Tlaloc name seems fitting.

When I first started to come up with names I realized that I was going to take on this big endeavor, and I just didn't want it to be the same thing. There was a history with the space we're in, so I was going to give it another life, a rebirth. I was thinking about a lot of things—my culture specifically—and how to embed education into the name that I'm putting out, because it's not just a name. It's a name that has deep-rooted meaning and history. Most people that say the name don't even know what it is. And then they start looking it up or find interest in it and hit me up and they're like, "Hey, what is Tlaloc?" Or, "Hey what does that mean? Why did you guys choose that?"

That alone sparks people's interests. Spreading knowledge is key and having other people know this kind of history—especially in these regions, because there's a lot of people that come from that descent, that lineage around those neighborhoods—it's refreshing for the community to see that name there, because they're not used to seeing these kinds of names around.

So I was excited to bring our culture into the space, and knowing that we are in Los Angeles more people are going to be at least intrigued or interested by it. Tlaloc is the reign of God and he gives abundance and fertility. He wants to be fruitful and give back. It's what we want to stand for—to be this giving tree for the community. It just fit perfectly. **BC**

Keep up with the latest from Tlaloc Studios on Instagram (@tlalocstudios).

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REMEMBER THEIR NAME

Jeremy Shockley

Justin was a wonderful connector of people. Besides being an amazing designer and artist, bringing people together was one of his most magical qualities. We met in college at Winthrop University in South Carolina in 2000, where he had a studio across from me. I used to go over there a lot and he'd just play a bunch of music, which I usually didn't like—but I do now. I eventually made my way to Los Angeles in 2009 thanks to Justin and ended up moving in with him and his wife, Holly, in Highland Park, where a couple of months later, in 2010, he opened his gallery down the street, called THIS Gallery.

Back then people weren't really coming out to Highland Park much, but Justin made it a destination. He had this gift to tie people together and bring artists out that you wouldn't normally expect to see. How I do things and interact with people now is hugely influenced by just seeing what Justin would do. It was really nice of him, and selfless, to bring people together just for the joy of it.

Justin was sick for some time. He would get better and then other days he wouldn't, but he never allowed his illness to control the narrative. Sunday mornings were usually the best of times. He would turn a 30-minute drive into an all-day adventure, and we'd find ourselves in these places we'd never expect to be in. We called them long cuts, all the non-planned stops that would eventually slay the day but squeeze the most out of it. For him, it was just a normal Sunday.

There's so many memories I have of Justin that remind me not to take myself too seriously and enjoy the little moments life gives us. I remember this one time we went to the movies. For those who may not know, Justin was a gigantic human being whose feet would get really numb at times due to his medical condition.

So we were at the movies, and he was carrying two drinks up the stairs. As we're walking towards the theater I notice he's starting to slowly fall forward. As this is happening (in what feels like slow motion), he looks up to me, while still holding both drinks in his hands, and goes "Saved them!" Unfazed, he slowly picks himself up and carries on as if nothing happened, with a huge grin on his face.

Aaron Farley

Justin and I met while he was designing at *Swindle* magazine, and I was shooting photos. I had shot an article and he was designing it, so we got to know each other a little bit through work. In 2009, Jeremy and Clair Weiss found a gallery space in Highland Park and asked myself and Dan Monick, who's a fellow photographer, if we wanted to go in



PHOTOGRAPH BY AARON FARLEY

JUSTIN VAN HOY

February 27, 1981–November 14, 2012

Known to many as The Gentle Giant, Justin was an artist, a curator, an author, a gallery owner, a stage-setter for unknown and emerging artists, a lover of cats, and friend to all. He made a massive impact on the L.A. arts community in a short time. Here, several generations of artists and friends celebrate him.

Interviews conducted and edited by Luis Ruano

together and start a gallery. None of us knew what we were doing, but we basically sat down and went, "Well, if Justin's in, we'll do it." He knew graphic design. He was working one-on-one with artists. He was actually going on studio visits—he was doing everything. So Justin knew how things worked.

We opened the first show in January 2010. THIS Gallery went on for three years, and it really changed my life. All the work that I did and the people that I met, that was all because of Justin. That place wouldn't even have existed for four months without him. He designed everything. He really was the backbone and the heart and soul of that place.

He was the one that worked with RVCA, and they helped us out with T-shirts—they sponsored us in that sense. That was all because of his

relationships. So many people loved Justin that it was a no-brainer. If he had an idea, everybody was like, "Yep, let's do it. It's going to be rad." He was just that guy that had great ideas, and everybody loved him, and he finished everything. I don't think he ever had an idea that he didn't finish. If he said yes you knew it was going to get done. He was so responsible, because he wanted to help his friends. He loved all of these people. He loved what he did. He loved being around creative weirdos.

The last year of his life he started growing his hair out really long. He had this long orange hair and was like six-foot-seven. He just started looking like a wizard. He'd walk into a room, and I feel like everybody either knew him already or they would know him by the time they left. He was just *that* charismatic, but also very calm and super funny.

That whole year he was sick but had so many projects going at the same time. We were doing the gallery, and he was also working on his *Milk and Honey* book, which he had pitched on his own and landed. He came to me and told me, "Hey, I got a book deal. I'm going to do this artist book on Southern California contemporary artists. I have this list." And he put me on the list and he put all these people that were involved with the gallery, which was a huge bump for so many. Like, "How am I in this book?"

He started showing me the roughs and going through it, and I'm like, "Oh, this is real. This is a big deal." Justin put so many people in there who had never been published, but he saw their work and went, "No, this is important. This is important work. I need people to see this."

Ed Ruscha was in the book and all these really big-name, blue-chip galleries. He mixed everybody up next to each other and put the same kind of importance with someone like our friend Aaron Garcia as he did with Ed Ruscha. People were right next to each other, everyone was equal as an artist.

Even when he was sick and going through all of his different ailments, he never complained. He may have been like, "Ugh, I feel shitty." But that's about it. He just never complained about anything. I think it helped that last year he was focused on getting the book done. That was such a huge thing he had to focus on. Justin did 10 times as much stuff as everybody else did, and he was sick and in bed half the time.

He had a confidence that he could go to the biggest artist's studio, and then could go to a kid who's doing pencil drawings, and he would just treat them the same.

If it was a creative person, he could try to figure out how to help. That impacted me in giving me confidence, knowing that all you need to do is be a part of it. When I felt like I couldn't set up an art show, he would remind me, "No, it's about the other people. It's not about you. You ask them and if people want to be involved, then they'll do it. And then you help that. You become a part of that situation."

Holly Van Hoy

Justin and I were married for four years, together for almost 10. I've known him since we were 4; we actually were in preschool together. In our house, we always had a photo of our class from that year that the two of us were in. And we joked, "That was when we met and fell in love," which was not at all true.

I've known him my whole life and he was one of my most trusted confidants, like he was to everyone that he met. Everyone called Justin for advice. Everyone that we knew called him to talk things out. Not necessarily to ask for advice, but just to hash things out. He always answered the phone. Always. I don't know when he got any actual client work done, because he was always on the phone or having lunch with somebody. Every day it was a report of who he had lunch with that day.

He loved putting people together that were on the same page and could help each other. That meant so much to him. It's funny because he was my partner, he was my day-to-day, but when you're so close to something, it's hard to see things sometimes. When he died and everyone started sharing stories, it was so clear to me that that was the narrative of his life.

He stayed as long as he could, as long as his body would let him. When we would go to the grocery store, or anywhere in public with

strangers, anywhere there were children, they saw him as magical. He was six-foot-seven, had this fiery hair, and was lanky and weird. When kids would see him their jaws would hit the floor. They would just follow him with their eyes, like, "What is that human? Who is that?"

He was a unicorn.

Right after he died, I was obviously in a state. Everybody was around and we were all sharing stories and talking about him constantly. I remember in one of these sessions everybody just saying all of these wonderful, beautiful things about him. But, no, he was not a saint. He was a real person, and he was cheeky and misbehaved, and he drove me crazy in the funniest ways. I felt like if we were going to talk about him like everything was perfect, then that made him not real, which is not true. He was a real human in our lives, and I don't really want to sanctify him. But I also have absolutely nothing unkind to say about him. Because he really was a magical human. And he was real. And he was ours. And we got to have him for that little window.

Ronnie Gunter

I was an orientation assistant for incoming freshmen at Winthrop University in South Carolina, which is where I met Justin in something like '99 or 2000. You could see it in his eye that he was the perfect kind of troublemaker. From the first time I met him, until

the last time I ever saw him, he always had that great quality about him. He loved stirring stuff up in the best possible way.

When he first moved out to L.A. to work with Shepard [Fairey], he stayed with me in an apartment over in Sherman Oaks. He used to love to get me in the car to go somewhere, but he would never take the same route. He would intentionally just keep me lost. There was this doughnut place that I never knew how to get to, because he would just intentionally take a different way there and a different way home every single time. He made me appreciate things I never would've given the time of day to.

As much as he could be a cynical prankster, which was great, he could also be a very positive and efficient appreciator of life, which is one of the things that made it so hard when he passed away.

He loved finding new restaurants, new weird stuff, new weird people, new weird art—he loved it. We'd go to the same restaurant over and over and over. They would never recognize me, but Justin would go there once and the second time he's walking in, it's like a celebrity walk-in. You can't be that tall, have red hair and blend in. But I just always thought that it was interesting that somebody who was so predominant himself wasn't really as interested in himself.

We're both from South Carolina. And he was always kind of hip to

the new thing. Like I remember one time he pressured me into getting a magazine called *Garden & Gun*, which was this new Southern kind of art and leisure magazine. I think the main reason he liked it was because of just how ridiculous the title was.

We both had this real interest in the South, how complicated the whole region is and what it means to be a creative person from the South. We talked a fair amount about that, and that's one thing that I really miss with him.

Dan Flores

I met Justin working with Shepard Fairey. He used to work as a designer and intern at Studio Number One. This was in the early 2000s. Him and I just got along so well. We both had this similar type of crude humor in the office. I remember how we entertained ourselves as immature young people, drawing penises or weird things on notepads and sticky notes, and sticking them on everybody's computer, especially Cleon Peterson's, who was working with us at the time.

Him and I had a great friendship. All of the work and art stuff that we connected with, just knowing him for so long was awesome. There are things about him that I always constantly think about and remember, like his Wallabees. He used to wear Clarks Wallabees all the time. I was into fashion, wearing Wallabees based off the Wu-Tang Clan, and he

was looking like the singer from The Verve, wearing Wallabees without socks. It was those kinds of things that I always remember.

One of the things that I feel has always stuck with me was how effortless it was for him to connect with creatives. When we meet people or do something, even though I'm here working with Shepard, and managing him, and dealing with all the people that I deal with, I'm never a very straightforward guy to come up and say, "Hey, I'm doing this," or "I'm doing that," or "I'm working with this." He just had the confidence and ability to walk up to anybody and just rap out with them on a creative level that instantly connected with them. I always felt like, "Man, that's the kind of thing I wish I had, that innate ability."

He was always drawn to creatives and artists. Everybody wanted to hang around him, even though he wasn't practicing all the time and doing all the work. He was just one of those guys that was ahead of the game, making friendships and building relationships on a human level, more than a networking kind of thing.

I remember on my 30th birthday, he made me a gift. It was so random, but this was him in a nutshell. He created me a little art piece. It was a Kurt Rambis basketball card, and he made a little drawing, a little sketch around it, and he glued it on a piece of paper and had it all framed up. He wrote a little note saying, "Happy Birthday." In

addition to that, he had one of those little muscle men from the '80s, the little plastic guys. I guess he was collecting them, or had them in his pocket, or whatever. He gave that to me for my 30th birthday.

It was so random, because we were at a bar, or a club, or something, and it was like, "Hey, look, I got this." It was just totally him, and I still have all of that. I put it in a frame before he passed. I just thought it was the funniest thing. Those random things are what we connected on. Even though he wasn't a basketball fan and I was big into sports, he still thought it was cool.

Roger Gastman

Justin was everything. Like seriously, he wasn't just some guy that worked for me. We were close friends who went on all sorts of adventures together—many involving playing the long game hunting for ridiculous food and entertainment. We grew together in so many ways. He was always there to egg you on, talk shit to encourage you, reach something on the top shelf or just do the things that no one else wanted to do—as he knew it just needed to get done. I often find myself thinking of him and wanting to pick up the phone to share something new. Even while we were working on this tribute I found myself wanting to ask Justin what photo to use for it. JVH is always present. He's still here, and he won't let you think otherwise. **BC**

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THE ISLAND OF MISFIT NOISE

Few are those in the circles of rock who supersede themselves in form. Even fewer are those who perform with such savage consistency as to metamorphosize—transforming themselves into something more, something wild and monstrous under the lights of the stage. More beast than man, Doyle Wolfgang Von Frankenstein sits squarely in this circle, alongside the most influential guitarists of his generation. For as he explains, the genesis of rock 'n' roll titanism comes not from the proficiency of one's own playing, but, rather, a relentless dedication to writing great songs combined with an attitude and a presence that can change a room. Herein the original ghoul shares his insights on these topics and more—a wisdom for the taking, forged in what can only be described as a 40-year legacy of brutality.

Cullen Poythress: I was reading something online about you the other day that struck a chord. It was about you standing behind the idea that great songwriting trumps proficiency on your instrument. As a musician myself, I couldn't agree more. Can you elaborate more about what you mean?

Doyle: Yeah, absolutely. In the business, there's virtuosos. There's many of them. There's so many of them that they're a dime a dozen, and they're all great, and they all put in their time. But if you're not playing great songs, I don't care how many arpeggios you could play in a second. It doesn't mean a thing. It's about a great song. It's about something you want to sing along to. You go to a Misfits show and the whole place is singing every word. We're not playing anything intricate. We're playing two chords. That's all we've ever played. They're called songs, they're not called musics. Don't get me wrong, I love watching virtuosos shred away. I just sit there with my mouth open like, "How the fuck does their mind go that fast?"

Yeah, I know exactly what you mean. I watch all those crazy shred videos, too.

I'm like what is that? I realized a long time ago, I'm never going to be able to learn how to do that. I don't have time anymore to learn that. I'm not 12. So I came up with the idea that since I can't play like these guys, I'll out-muscle them and just play our shit. I had the opportunity and the fortune of playing great songs. Every virtuoso was inspired by our band. You know what I mean?

I feel the same way, man. I've been playing drums for over 30 years now, and I look at these young virtuoso drummer guys online that are playing blast beats at like 240 BPM and all this other technical stuff. I'm like, "Dude, is this the benchmark now? I've got to be better than this blast kid?" What would you say to young musicians of this generation who've grown up on all the YouTube Virtuos videos?

I would say 99 percent of those kids online that are playing, "Eruption" or playing all these drum things or playing Slipknot, none of them can get up there with a real band and do it live like we do—and none of them are writing it. So is it impressive that they can play it? Yeah, but it's not that impressive, because you didn't write it. So to me, it's just like you're an imitation. You're like a parrot. The real talent and art is the guy who wrote that. Only one person can play "Eruption." I don't care who plays it, it's never going to sound like him. You could take his guitar, his amp, his pick, his strings, his strap, put his



PHOTOGRAPH BY JEREMY SAFFER

Doyle Wolfgang Von Frankenstein reflects on his four decades with the Misfits

by Cullen Poythress

underwear on, and you're not going to sound like him. Not going to happen.

I always felt like Misfits had a huge hand in defining what a shocking stage presence truly is—a standard that would literally set the stage for so many bands to follow. How important was that or is that still to your approach, having this incredible stage show?

Well to me, I think it's super important. Next to great songs, you have to have it. If I like a band, and then I go see them and they look like a bunch of middle-aged guys playing in a garage, I don't like them anymore—no matter how good the music was, I'm just like you know, these guys, they just don't have any imagination. There's no effort. If you go onstage with what you put on this morning, then it's not a show to me. You gotta be larger than life. When you walk in the room, it's got to change. If we didn't have that, how many action figures would I sell? Not too many, right? Our demographics range from 5 years old to 65 years old, and I think a large part of the success of the band—besides Metallica wearing the shirts and playing the song, to me that was the real catalyst to introduce us to the world, and I have thanked them for that—but

a large part of people liking Misfits is the way we look. It's the guitars, it's the amps, it's the sound. It's the way we perform. If you didn't have that, and you had a bunch of nerds with glasses and pocket protectors playing, you wouldn't have as much of an interest.

Let's talk about that too, Doyle, because I've seen you play on stages for decades now and of all the bands and of all the musicians I've seen, I would say that you have had the most consistent look of anyone onstage for as far back as I can remember. How important has that been to creating your artist persona—the devil look, the corpse paint, all of that?

That's how I thought it should be done from the beginning, so that's how we did it. We had guitars, and we took a saw to them, and we cut them up. We changed their shapes, because why do you want to play something that everybody else has? We made our own guitar cabinets, and we made our own stage. We made everything. We made giant spikes that we stuck in our drums. We did all this. To me, keeping the same image from when I started was basically like Einstein. He had the same suit 12 times in his closet. That way he didn't have to waste brainpower thinking

about it. So, if I have to do a photo shoot or something, I know what I'm wearing. I don't think, "Oh God, what am I going to wear?"

You mentioned earlier how much influence Misfits have had on future generations. I always trip, man. I was at some death metal show recently, and there was some teenage chick in the pit with a Cryptopsy shirt on from like 25 years ago, and I was talking to her. I was like, "This record came out way before you were born." She's like, "I know and I love it." I couldn't believe it. What do you think of that idea of music from the past coming back into relevancy with the youth and what role do you see Misfits playing in that legacy?

It's crazy because every musician I meet, they all know who I am, and that just blows my mind. You meet Alice Cooper, and he knows your name. You meet Marilyn Manson, he knows your name. It's like, How do you know who I am? Because I think nobody knows who I am. Everybody's still influenced by it. It's like you could do a super jam and say, "Okay, let's do this Misfit's song," and everybody knows it. I find everybody that I ever talk to about writing songs is inspired by Danzig and the way he sings. When I write a song, if I write the vocals to it, I picture him singing it.

So what do you make of the current state of heavy music and the direction it's going? Nowadays, there are so many subgenres and different classifications of metal and punk and death and thrash and whatever else. What do you make of what's going on out there right now? Is it stuff you're inspired by? Is there newer stuff you're liking out there?

Basically, if somebody doesn't call me and say, "Hey, you gotta check this out," I don't listen to it. I couldn't tell you about a new band that I've heard that I liked or listened to. That's for sure. I don't follow music. I don't go to shows, unless it's my friends, they come to town, I'll go. I don't look for all this new music. I don't stream music, 'cause it's such a ripoff to all the artists. I can't do it. But the bands that are doing well now, I like them. I like Lamb of God, Behemoth, and Slipknot, and all this stuff, but I'm more inspired by Alice Cooper and David Bowie and Led Zeppelin and Black Sabbath. To me, even the first couple of Aerosmith albums are so great. And also, about those old things, you listen to them, there's no Auto-Tune. Those guys are really singing. So when you listen to it, it's such a mind blow because you're just like, "Oh my God, these guys are real musicians."

Going back to the importance of the look and aesthetic of Misfits, it seemed like it was so different than what was happening in punk at that time, but it was still in that punk lane. It was very much this horror punk approach, with a monster movie-inspired vibe. What was the origin of all that? Where did it come from?

All three of us, me, Jerry, and Glenn, we would obsess over horror movies—all the classics like *Frankenstein*, *Dracula*, and *The Wolfman*. We would watch that and "The Outer Limits," "The Twilight Zone" and "The Munsters." I based a lot of my look off of Herman Munster. I used to just sit there and study their makeup. It was just so perfect. But the haircuts come from like a cartoon Dracula, which had that long peak in the front. Those two didn't have it. It was pretty

straight across, but in the cartoons, they made it long like that. I basically based my hairstyle off of the Werewolf of London.

That's wild. Okay, so with that, we're an art-driven group over here at BEYOND THE STREETS which, of course, includes logos and band art. The Misfits logo is among the most iconic in music, I would say, and one that's been appropriated by all sorts of different people in different ways. How do you feel about that, and what are your thoughts on the importance of a strong band logo?

A logo is everything. It's also the name of the band. These bands with a sentence for a name, get out of here with that. That's so forgettable. One word. Give me one to two words tops, and that works very well. To have a logo that just stays the same is very important. It's got to be recognizable. It's like WD-40 or Coca-Cola. You know what it is as soon as you see it.

It's got to be a challenge when a band like Misfits loses a frontman as powerful as Glenn. What was it like carrying on without him? How did that feel going into that new generation of Misfits with Michael Graves?

We tried out so many people, and they were all so bad. I didn't even want him. I didn't think he was good enough, because you've got to be as good or better than the guy before you, as a rule. And he wasn't, and he just stuck around. He just kept coming back, coming back, and then we couldn't find nobody, so we're like, "Fuck it, this is taking too long. Let's use this guy." And then we wrote a bunch of shit, and we recorded it. The show's a show. It's like I could play a show to 50 people standing on a four-by-eight piece of cardboard as the stage, or I could play The Garden. It's the same show. You're playing the same show because it's the same thing. It's your office. It doesn't really change. So, as far as the show went, I did my show.

As much of a follower of Misfits as I've been over the years and as much as I think I know about the band, I have to admit I had no idea Jerry was your brother. I was shocked. I'm like, "Damn, I guess I actually don't know shit about this band." What's your relationship with Jerry? Are you guys close?

[Laughs] Yeah, I see him all the time. He was in the band and then what happened was, we had Bobby Steele in the band and he didn't show up to the studio and he was going to play my guitar through my rig, because it sounded really good. And he didn't show up. I was 15, and I used to rehearse with them all the time when he wouldn't show up. And Glenn just looked at me and said, "Fuck it, you play it." And I was like, "Okay," and I played it, and that's how I got in the band.

I was playing in death metal and punk bands when I was that age too. During the '90s I remember veganism, specifically the activism side of it, being a big part of some of those scenes at the time—especially punk and later hardcore. It sort of felt like it came into music through those channels in a lot of ways. Were you vegan back in those days or is that a newer thing for you?

I started dating my girlfriend, and she's vegan. She came out to see me in New York, and we were running late. I had to get her back to the airport and we were starving, so we were trying to find someplace to eat. And she told me, "If we don't find me something to eat, we'll find you something to eat," and I was like, "I'm not going to eat something in

front of you that leaves you out. I'll never do that," and I never did. So we would always go to these vegan restaurants, and I didn't know what anything was. You see all these words you never see, these words like quinoa, tofu, and all. So she would order, and every time she would order it, I would take a bite and look at her and go, "Oh my God, this is so good." So that's what sold me on it. The food was so much better, like so much better.

So it sounds like it's less about the political side of veganism and more about just the diet and the taste for you?

I never follow any kind of politics. I just don't understand it or give two fucks. I don't even have a TV, so I don't watch the news, I don't know anything about what's going on or care. It's about the food. Before I was vegan, the only two things I had to take out of my diet was just whey protein and chicken. I was eating two chicken breasts a day. So to me, it was an easy switch. I didn't like the chicken. It was disgusting. It was just like after a while, it was like eating a piece of wood. Eating that every day. I used to cover it in honey and hot sauce all together, horseradish, a million different sauces just to get it down. So to lose that, I was like yeah, hmm. It's easy.

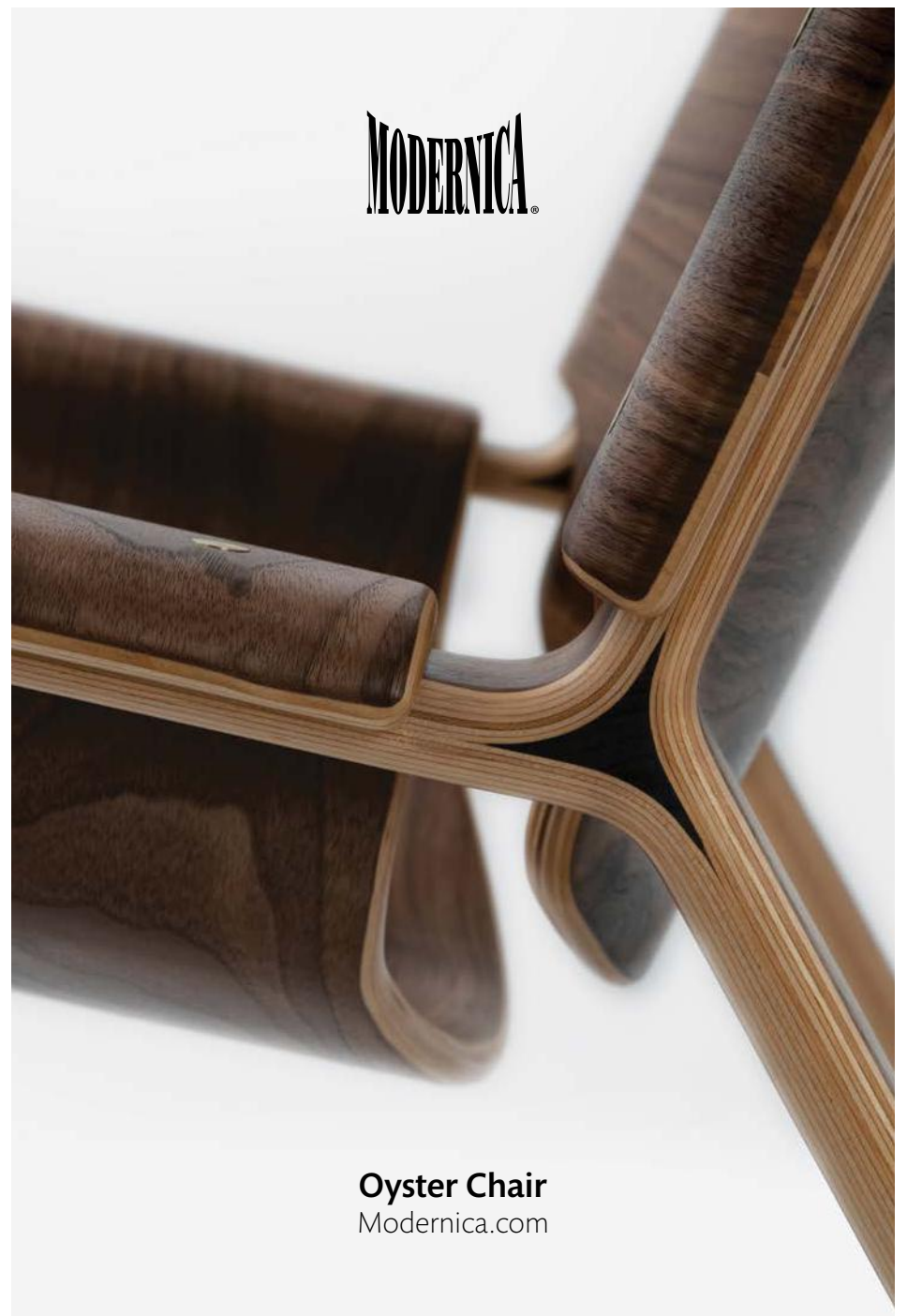
When I think about someone like you, I think about longevity, and I see a lot of people that have had careers like yours that could have been long and were not. Do you have any thoughts on the longevity of your career and what is allowed for that to happen, as opposed to people that it hasn't happened to?

Again, it's about good songs. You have to play a great song. It can't be good. They have to be great. And you got to take care of yourself. You can't be an alcohol or a drug addict or just pummel yourself with that shit every day in and out, in and out, in and out. Today, being a musician, you have to be like an athlete. Everybody I know works out. I'm sponsored by this company PowerBlocks, these dumbbells, and I must've turned 10 bands onto them, and we all get them and you get to the venue and you work out, because it's a grueling grind, because the only thing musicians can't sell anymore is music. So we have to sell T-shirts. You have to be a traveling T-shirt company with jingles to sell a T-shirt. And you have to play shows. It's the only way you're getting paid. Tours are longer, and they're more frequent. There's more of them every year. You're doing a lot more than you used to. And it's a grind. I did one tour with Doyle [his own band], we did 75 shows in 80 days.

Yeah, you've got to be in shape, band or not, which leads to my last question. I'm a big strength trainer, I go to the gym all the time, I'm big into powerlifting and all that. What's that look like for you? Are you in the gym frequently? And then on tour, are you finding time to maintain your workouts and stay fit?

I got a whole gym at home, like a full gym—Hammer Strength machines and all that. We set it up in our factory, but I don't use any of it. I use PowerBlocks. That's it. I have a set in Los Angeles, Europe, Canada and have many sets in the United States. I have the bench and all this stuff. I bring it all with me. I'm so used to working out on the road. I go every day, and if I have some business to do and I can't go, I don't worry about it. I just make sure to be consistent, which is the key to all of this—just come back and do it. I make it part of my day. I make it so that I can't do anything in my day unless I do that first. You know what I mean?

Hell yeah, Doyle. I know exactly what you mean. BC



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СЛАВА УКРАЇНИ/GLORY TO UKRAINE, OOSTENDE, BELGIUM, APRIL 2022

HAYUK, FROM PAGE 01

to believe that maintaining our culture was paramount to fighting for Ukraine's future freedom," she says. She was labeled

"Commie" by her peers. "Soviet' and 'russian' were sadly interchangeable during the Cold War," Hayuk reflects. (She later writes to me to insist 'russian' remains in the lowercase,

for obvious reasons.) Hayuk spent a lot of time going back to Ukraine, both during and after the collapse of the Soviet Union. During a summer exchange at Odessa State

University she remembers a formative, "very illegal and potentially dangerous trip by train up to Lviv with two other Ukrainian-American friends"—since foreigners were only permitted to enter sanctioned areas under Soviet rule. But it reinforced Hayuk's connections to the grassroots of Ukrainian resistance. "There we met Ukrainian-speaking activists, artists, musicians, who were on the front lines of maintaining Ukrainian language and culture," she says.

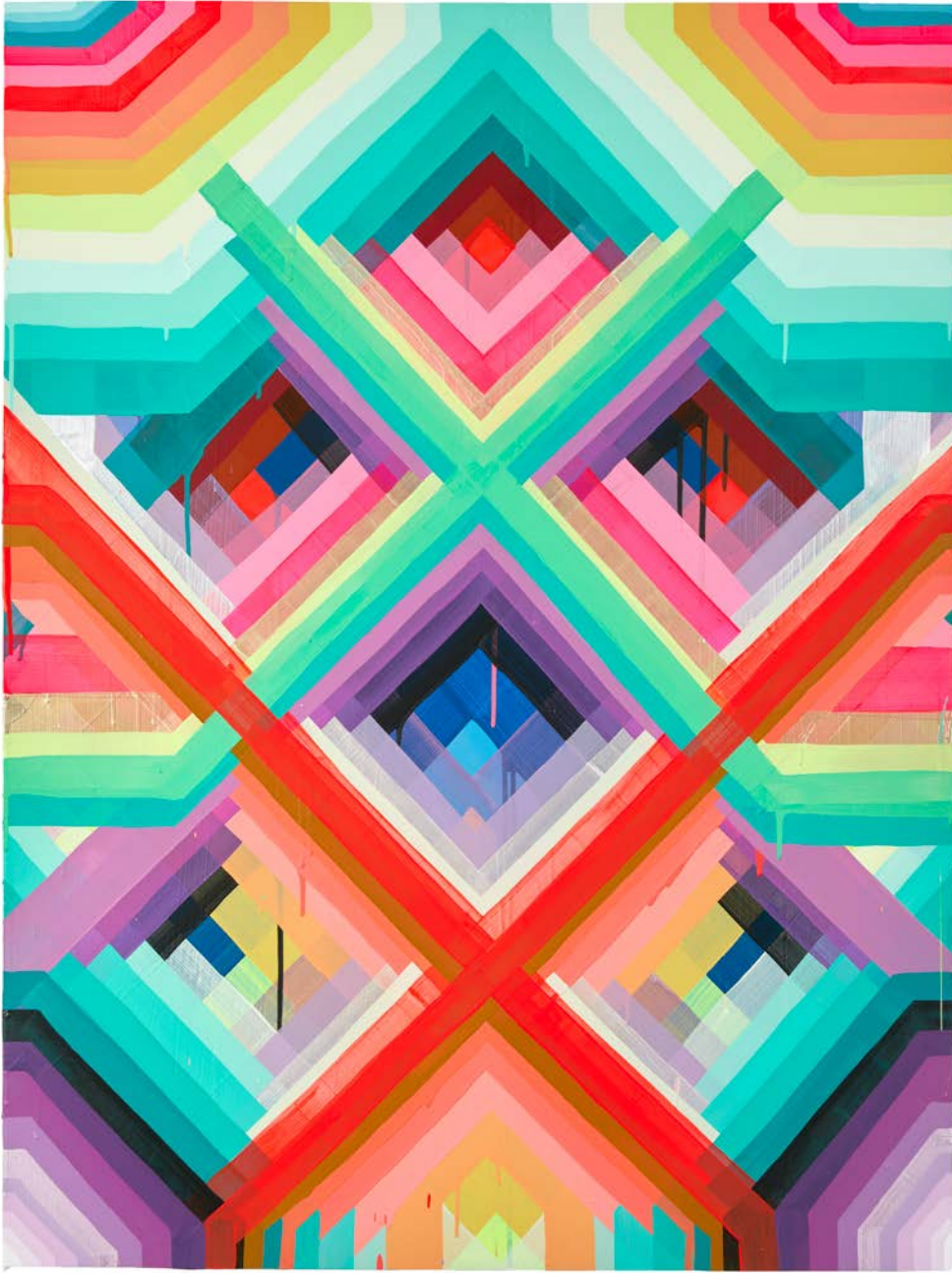
Fast forward to 2022. When we speak, the war in Ukraine has been devastating the country for more than 100 days. While the intricate pattern work and coded language of the traditional textiles and handicrafts Hayuk grew up with have always provided a source of inspiration and a reference for the prismatic abstract murals she's now famous for, the war has galvanized her activism in her art in a more direct, urgent manner; her most recent murals in France and Belgium have been in the colors of the Ukrainian flag: brilliant, bright and blazing. In a podcast interview with Juxtapoz, she stated her public work was going to be pro-peace for the foreseeable future. "Three months ago people couldn't find Ukraine on the map, and it's taking a fucking unstoppable genocide to be recognized as a culture and a place—naturally, I'm going to flex," she says.

She has also started an Instagram account dedicated to uniting Ukrainian artists @ukrainianartists and has joined a new collective, Ukrainian Artists and Allies League, (UAAL) to show support and solidarity. "The most recent russian invasion has brought us all together worldwide," Hayuk explains. "We were literally brought up to raise our might should we need to. And apparently that time is now. Again."

Hayuk has always gone for the jugular in her art—but in subtle and unexpected ways. When I ask about the first artwork she considers she made, she recounts a story from fourth grade, when, "We had to make



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DOUBLE X'S ON THE Y, 2022, ACRYLIC ON PANEL, 36 × 48 IN.; PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL O'SHEA

snowmen out of construction paper, and I was super pissed-off that we had to do this same fucking exercise again for the fourth year in a row. So, I decided to make a robot snowman. Every shape had angles and hard edges, and I thought it was pretty cool and funny. Needless to say, my teacher did not exhibit my robot snowman up with the rest of the class and I got a fail on that task. I knew I was onto something.”

Her first mural was pretty much a flop too—a commission from the Baltimore Historical Museum, while Hayuk was still in high school, to reproduce a scene from the 1800s on a wall. “Even though I was relatively versed at painting portraits, figures and still life—type stuff in oil, I knew nothing about painting a wall, landscapes or how acrylic paint works. I think I should have used a projector and maybe practiced before I painted it, because it super sucked. Epic disaster.”

Hayuk's unstoppable, irrepressible energy later took the form of dripping, hyper-feminine, salaciously sexual pink doughnut tags and severed unicorns she used to paint around San Francisco in the 1990s—a humorous rebuttal against gendered ideas inherent in culture still today. Her ability to combine sharp political observation with searing colors and wit gained support from the heavyweights—Chris Johanson, Shepard Fairey (who printed her first doughnut stickers), Banksy (who published Hayuk's early screenprints through Pictures on Walls), Barry McGee and Doze Green among them. Through Green, she connected with the Barnstormers. “I had been searching for ways to work collaboratively like musicians do, so to become part of that collective taught me so much,” she says.

Eventually, Hayuk moved from the West Coast to New York and worked for a time as a music portrait photographer at the end of the analog era. With the birth of digital, “The bottom fell out from under me with photography,” she says. But around that time “Something really lucky happened, though. Scott Herren [Prefuse 73] asked me to make some record covers for him using my paintings.” Hayuk says no one saw them, but it lit the spark. Gradually, she found her voice in abstraction, standing out still today in an art world completely dominated by figurative painting.

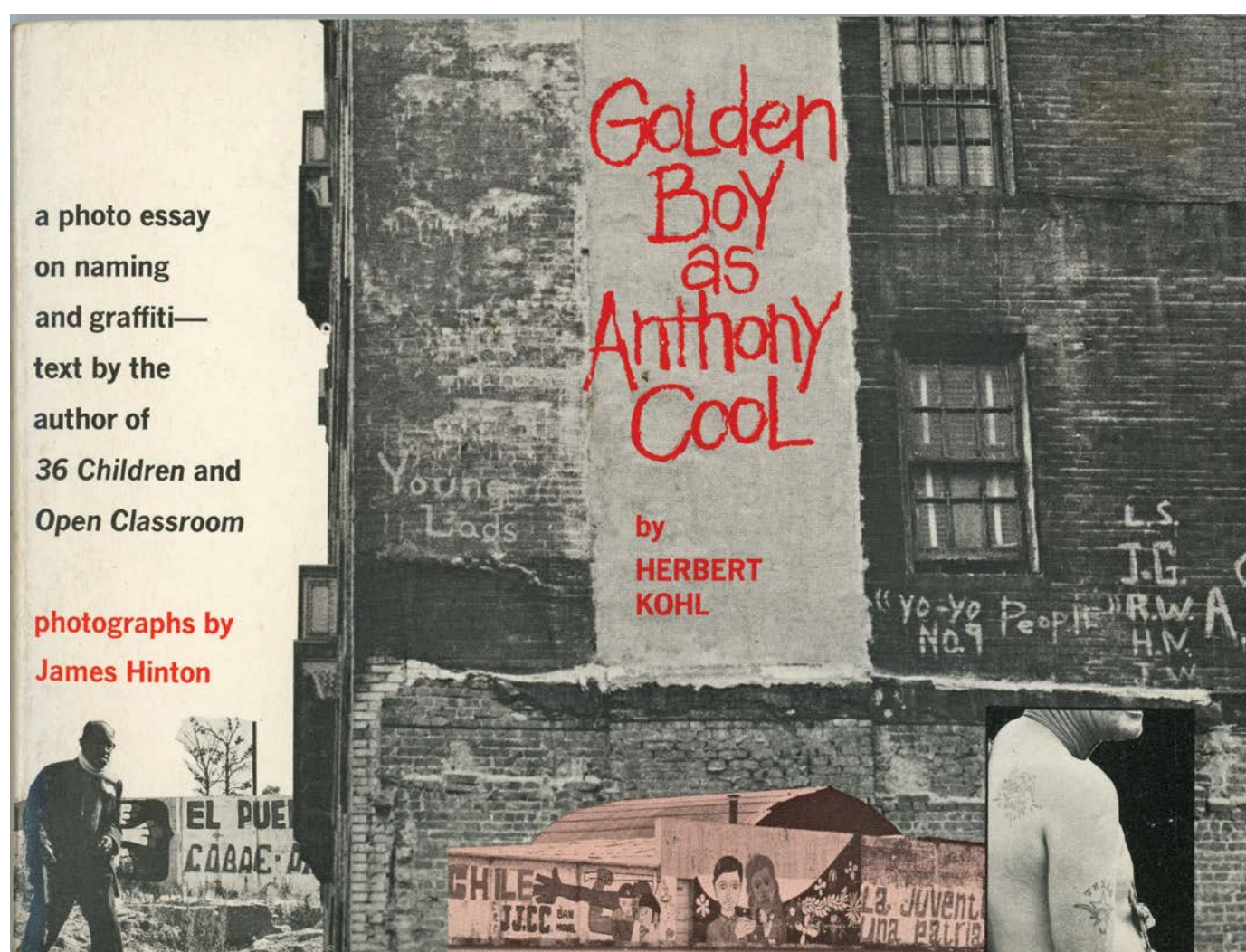
For someone as forthright as Hayuk, I prefer that abstraction must sometimes be frustrating as a less direct way of communicating a message. “Abstraction isn't based on lack of idea, concept or content; it's language for others to discover,” she explains. “It doesn't push a singular narrative down your throat; it's up to both the viewer and artist's interpretation alike. I feel safe in that I used to paint super-blatantly sexy paintings of orgies, and eventually those piles of people fucking kind of morphed into wet, drippy colors and shapes intersecting.”

It's this palpable tension on the surface of Hayuk's paintings, no matter what scale or medium, that makes them so arresting. Her insatiable urge to create no matter the circumstances, her no-bullshit attitude, balanced with the humility of someone who is constantly problem-solving and facing the world head on. When I ask what motivates and excites her about making work now, the answer seems to confirm this. She says, “The feeling that I have no idea what I'm doing and my brain swelling with ‘This sucks’ and ‘This rules’ and ‘What the shit have I done?’ and ‘How the fuck can I fix it?’” **BC**

OUT OF PRINT

Worthy reads that merit the hunt, and maybe deep pockets

by Chris Pape



Herbert Kohl was a writer and an educator in the '60s, '70s and '80s. In 1967, he wrote the seminal book *36 Children*, about his time teaching in Harlem. Around that same period he began observing graffiti on the walls of Manhattan, graffiti that wasn't part of the movement that would soon follow. Kohl decided to make a study of the names and what they revealed about the authors and their motivations. This became an essay published in 1972 as *Golden Boy as Anthony Cool*, with black and white photographs by James Hinton.

The study is the first real book about graffiti—although it distinctly misses the movement blossoming around it. The reason for this is that in 1968 Kohl moved to California, where he also took to observing walls. Everywhere he went Kohl found graffiti, from scatological observations in bathrooms to highly charged political screeds in the ghettos. As an educator, Kohl had access to kids and picked their brains freely to discern their motivations. The answers were pretty simple. Throughout history people have felt the need to leave a mark behind, a compulsion going back to caveman times. The newer generations of kids had modernized it by giving themselves the identity they wished they could have, like Anthony Cool.

The first generation of writers would go on to streamline the process by discarding their given names altogether and becoming SNAKE 1, STITCH 1, and C.A.T. 87, setting the blueprint for generations of writers to come. **BC**

Golden Boy as Anthony Cool

Written by Herbert Kohl

Photographs by James Hinton

177 pages

Published by Dial Press, 1972

Current price range: \$200–\$1,200

LIFE ACCORDING TO GREGORY RICK

Reflections on childhood, influences, and being an outsider

by Charlotte Jansen

“It’s like walking on a tightrope sometimes, being in-between so many things,” Gregory Rick tells me on the phone from Stanford University in California, where he’s in the final weeks of his MFA program, “and that is definitely in my work, this cognitive dissonance between oppressor and oppressed.”

Rick has spent much of his life in this state of in-between, an insider-outsider: When he was 7, his father shot and killed a man in a fight and was sentenced to 10 years in jail. Rick and his brother were raised by their mother, who was often the only white person in their community; they were the only biracial kids at services at the Black church they attended and Rick would look on as the congregation succumbed to the Holy Ghost while he wondered why he didn’t feel anything and why the preacher was so rich. Rick later joined the military and fought in the Iraq War, but describes himself as a vegan and pacifist. In his paintings—often unfurling scroll-like, 10 feet long—all of these contradictions collide in a beautiful, cacophonous disharmony. There’s bloodshed and violence, parachuting soldiers and tears, children and animals, a barrage of heady figures from fiction and history, memory and invention.

After his father was imprisoned, Rick connected to him through the books he’d left behind at home. He says, “Pretty cheesy encyclopedia-type history books on subjects like World War II, with pictures of Churchill and Hitler.” At the same time his mother brought home office supplies from work, including printer paper, “that you could fold like an accordion,” he says. Between the books and drawing never-ending scenes on these coveted materials, Rick tried to reconcile the immensity of the history of global male violence with his own personal, domestic experience of it. “I found a certain kind of peace and agency in drawing where I didn’t have any as a kid. It was a way to deal with those feelings of anxiety and uncertainty in

the absence of my dad,” Rick reflects. In one poignant work by the artist, a book cover—starkly different from the intense, fervent detail of most of his drawings and paintings—bears the title *A Boy and His Father*, which hovers above two loosely daubed, impressionistic yellow and gray figures that face one another but are separated by a fold in the paper.

Rick was bullied at school, in part for his fondness of art. “You couldn’t be sensitive, you were either strong or weak, predator or prey,” he recalls. As a young adult he discovered graffiti and in it the convergence of both a rebellious kind of masculine bravado and the need to paint and create. “I saw graffiti as this mystical, cryptic language I didn’t understand but I was really attracted to,” he tells me, remembering the early tags he did using a red spray can he’d found. “I didn’t have a solid sense of culture, looking back—the way I saw Ethiopians, Somalian and Native friends did—I wanted to find something more authentic to me, to connect to something ancient, to my ancestors; something that had been severed.”

As a young adult, Rick also spent time at Native ceremonies with his friend Wolf Bellecourt, son of Clyde Bellecourt, the legendary founder of the American Indian Movement and civil rights activist who passed away in January of this year. Although Rick participated in the ceremonies, he was still an onlooker. “It wasn’t my culture,” he says. “I was initiated into tribal society, but it allowed me to gain a deeper insight into spirituality.”

That has transmuted now into Rick’s meditative painting process: “There’s a stillness that happens when I’m making something that I’m addicted to, when everything else just falls away,” he says. Ideas come to him often when he’s walking, trying to make sense of whatever he’s reading about—the



PHOTOGRAPH BY LUIS RUANO

Nazi invasion of the Soviet Union, cannibalism during the siege of Leningrad, the Weeping Time auction of Georgia in the 19th century, the war in Ukraine, the war with the police in the U.S., the dystopian worlds of

Octavia Butler—and piece it together with his own past and experiences.

Influenced by African folk art, Moghul-era miniature painting, religious art and European illuminated manuscripts, Rick’s unique aesthetic also shares an affinity with the collaged compositions of Romare Bearden or the narrative paintings of Cecilia Vicuña. “I’ve always been keen to tell stories,” the artist explains of his highly evocative scenes.

Rick is one of the five recipients of the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art’s 2022 SECA Art Award, whose previous winners include Barry McGee and Alicia McCarthy. He is currently preparing works for an exhibition that will be presented at SFMOMA in December as part of the prize, as well as creating new works for Beyond the Streets. He describes himself as at a juncture, a time of transition after three years of training at Stanford. And once again, he soon pans out, finding an analogy between his own situation and the world: “It feels like there’s going to be some kind of cataclysm,” he says, “American supremacy is ending.”

It may not sound optimistic, but Rick sees art as a way of healing, making sense of all the chaos—painting as a positive act of creation in the face of destruction. As he puts it, “There is power in the mind, there’s power in art, I like to think. I’ve cried in front of paintings—and I hope someone will have that kind of response to my work, to make a difference to someone, if only for a second. I feel compelled to make art because I’m alive and I’ve got to do something.” **BC**



MARCH ON WASHINGTON, 2022, PILOT INK, ACRYLIC, OIL BAR, COLLAGE AND ENAMEL ON CANVAS, 90 × 65 IN.

RI SERAX GETS GRILL'D

Cutting teeth in a digital universe

by Luis Ruano

Social media holds this unique superpower of being able to shape-shift narratives in endless ways. Something seemingly innocuous can rile up the peanut gallery, and vice versa. Sometimes we just see something cool and realize there's got to be a more complex story behind it—although that's not always the case. It sort of becomes this guessing game of what's hot, what's not, and "Do I just not get it?" In the case of Ri Serax, a simple byline that read, "I make jewelry for rappers" was enough to spark interest in finding out how this Australian designer found herself making grills for the top of the hip-hop food chain—as a hobby and digital gamechanger.

Luis Ruano: So grills, how'd that happen?

Ri Serax: When I moved to America a few years ago I thought I should pick up a hobby and try to learn how to make jewelry, so that's really how it started. Then it began to grow completely through word-of-mouth, which is unbelievable. We live in an age where you've got to have followers and a perspective and be making content, content, content every day. But it wasn't like that at all. It was the most word-of-mouth thing, where this random girl from Australia moved over here, made a piece for a friend and then other people saw it. Then I made another one, and it just went like that through word-of-mouth, before even putting it out there that I was doing this.

As a designer, what is it about this type of jewelry that interests you?

Firstly, the history. Gold teeth have a rich history and have held different meanings and significance in so many countries throughout time, like in the Philippines, ancient Italy, South Africa, Sweden—they've been worn as a status symbol, to ward off evil spirits, for safekeeping of people's assets (gold), and in America they've been a marker of freedom. Custom jewelry in general is special because it often tells a story or pays homage, and gold teeth carry a rich history for a lot of people.

Secondly, the challenge of gold teeth is fascinating. It's already a strange medium—to try to do something creative on the surface of teeth, but I'm specifically fascinated with merging them with technology. About two years ago I went down a rabbit hole of trying to see if I could make gold teeth entirely digitally and in 3D, so my method is different to traditional handmade grills. I 3D model and 3D print the pieces to get tiny, perfect detail. I guess I just wanted to see if I could do something I'd never seen done before.

It seems like a very personal thing, too, where there has to be some synergy between the designer and client.

It's a nice position to be in, because you're not really competing with anyone. It's just you and clients, and they're interested in what you're doing, and they find it fascinating themselves, because it's not what they do on a day-to-day basis. It's just a very respectful, creative relationship and the idea of custom work, of just doing work on commission, piece-by-piece, is fascinating to me because creating a whole line and putting it in stores would be so much work for so little margin.



PHOTOGRAPH BY LUIS RUANO

After specializing in custom pieces for so long and seeing how it makes people feel to put their own meaning, story and creativity into a piece that will last a lifetime, I feel like having something with significance to you is way more special than buying jewelry in a store.

What about your female clients? Is it true that diamonds are a girl's best friend?

I just did mental inventory and actually, I haven't done many diamond-heavy pieces for female clients. More so, special gold details, techniques and clever creative references. Personally, I love staring into tiny details in gold (we're talking under a millimeter), and diamonds can get in the way of that, so I don't wear a lot of diamonds!

How do you see this sort of analog craft, of making grills, translating into the digital world?

I'm launching a futuristic fashion-tech company soon that completely pushes the technical boundaries of jewelry and apparel and boosts their digital significance.

I think collecting digital assets is really important, and pairing them with the physical goods people buy in real life is the perfect way to onboard ourselves into a future where there's



PHOTOGRAPH PROVIDED BY RI SERAX

world, I want the craziest ideas and clients who want to push the limits on weird shapes and pieces that might interact with the mouth in an interesting way. I made one piece for a client where there were gargoyles sitting on the bottom teeth, and they kind of perched on the client's bottom lip. I thought that was sick.

That feels like a lengthy process. Is it simpler than it sounds?

No. Ha ha. Making teeth manually is already hard as is—you have to learn a lot of dentistry nuances, and then become good at crafting them in melted wax. The way I make them in 3D is about 20 times harder, because it takes a lot of prototyping to calculate sizing and offset the shrinkage that occurs in the 3D printing and casting process. It's so worth it, though.

Do you have a grill yourself?

I probably have about 40 in the house, because I test the fit and comfort of 3D models on myself. Ha ha! I don't wear them though.

What's something people may not know about you that they'd find interesting?

I used to be a concert pianist, but I shattered all the bones in my fingers.

Say what?

Yeah, that was my first job, doing concerts, being a pianist. By the time I got into the Conservatorium, I had shattered all of my fingers.

From playing?

Yeah, I'd practice six to eight hours a day. They just got very arthritic, and so I just kept it moving. After that I produced, did some ghost writing, then was an agent for music artists. Tours and things. I DJ'd for a few years, too. That was fun. Then I just desperately wanted to live in America, and I knew I had to get a more serious job or something to get a visa, so I went back to square one. I learned how to design and waited patiently until I could demand big enough jobs to come here. It took six years of trying to get a visa! **BC**

more decentralization and metaverse presence. It's the connection of owning something in both your real and digital worlds. Also, I love that my 3D-printed grills are a great example of a digital/analog crossover medium, because their art as a virtual 3D piece is as significant as the manual crafting itself.

And the digital version of these goods would live on its own platform?

Yeah, within its own platform, kind of. It gets really cool when you start to collect things. It's like you almost have a virtual closet, where it showcases all the things that you've owned and it starts to get really interesting. For example, derivatives are a fascinating concept. So we're going to do collections where everyone who buys something gets the commercial rights. They get the rights to create a collaboration with that brand. So then, there may be only 500 pieces in the world, those 500 people that get one piece are allowed to make their own collab, and then everyone submits it and we put it up for sale.

What's something you haven't designed yet that you have your sights on?

Actually, I just started making furniture, and it's inspired by jewelry, with lots of dripping shapes and metals. So that's a curveball. In the jewelry

NEHEMIAH CISNEROS

Exploring trauma through Black Americana

by Charlotte Jansen



In the throes of the Rodney King riots in 1992, Nehemiah Cisneros' family store for Black collectibles in Inglewood was razed. Black illustrated books and Golliwog dolls salvaged from the ashes wound up on the shelves and in the closets of Cisneros' childhood bedroom, ambivalent and uncanny reminders of both violence and resistance. "As the lifeless doll eyes of racially exploitative faces stared back at me while [I was] trying to fall asleep, I formed an atypical relationship with trauma; trauma became my guardian angel," the artist tells me.

Thus was Cisneros' earliest experience of the powerful nature of visual art forms, as vessels of human emotion and history. Some two decades later, these themes and concerns with violence, inequality, desire and destruction transpire in his first major body of paintings, *Violent by Design*, created from 2019 to 2021, conceived as telling of an ongoing war between people with blue skin and people with yellow skin. Referencing the historical artifacts and ephemera of Black Americana that was sold at the Cisneros family store, the figures deliberately reflect caricaturesque, archetypal and highly stylized depictions of African-Americans found in this typically racist memorabilia.

Reclaiming this approach in acid-bright colors, Cisneros creates a vast tableau, steeped in narrative details, that he describes as, "epic sagas of time travel through ancient, ancestral and contemporary landscapes that augment grand themes of good and evil."

They are scenes that are reminiscent too of the satirical Baroque paintings prevalent in Europe in the 1600s to 1800s—such as William Hogarth's lively and acerbic criticism of the social mores of his day in his genre paintings in the 18th century. Hogarth, too, grew up witnessing firsthand the brutal effects of inequality, watching as his father, a schoolmaster with a strong work ethic, frequently suffered mistreatment by the wealthy upper echelons of London.

Take the large-scale painting, *Summer of Seneca*—dense, dynamic composition is inspired by the maximalist oeuvres of Pieter Bruegel and William Hogarth. Cisneros explains, "The formalist allure of the line-work and vibrant palette veils the explicit subject matter like makeup on a cadaver." The works are the result of Cisneros' extensive research into political satire in illustrations relating from the abolition era in New York, 1855, "when formerly enslaved Black people inhabited Seneca Village [now known as Central Park]," says Cisneros. Seneca Village was also home to Irish immigrants, and for a time, the two communities coexisted peacefully.

"I transformed this narrative into a utopia of interracial courtship between my figures, whose costumes are adorned with Nordic Viking and African Adinkra symbols," says Cisneros.

The equally beguiling *Another Day in Paradise* plunges us into a reconstruction of Western Avenue and Santa Monica Boulevard in East Hollywood. About the piece, Cisneros says, "I morphed the streetscape into anthropomorphic buildings and roads made of human and beast-like anatomy, inserting Easter eggs of pop culture, such as the text-covered blimp in the sky from the movie *Scarface* with the message reading 'The world is yours.' Yet mine is exploding, contradicting the ego of the antihero."

Cisneros explains that he views his paintings as "ghetto mythologies. As if *Lord of the Rings* met *Boyz n the Hood*." The



ANOTHER DAY IN PARADISE. 108 × 64 IN., ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 2021

aesthetics of the lowbrow and street visual of California—Cisneros cites the underground comic movement of the 1960s galvanized by Juxtapoz founder Robert Williams and 1990s skateboard graphics by Marc McKee—collide with historical iconography and references that reach further back into the past and inquire into timeless themes about the human condition and behavior. These are works that encourage the viewer to pour over and decipher, replete with drama and spectacle, theatrical and sublime.

In addition to the strong narrative and politically charged premise of his paintings, Cisneros has also become known for experimenting with different layers of materials—an alchemical approach that involves charcoal, spray paint, oil and acrylic to convey their own messages. “Material manipulation is a form of magic,” Cisneros enthuses. “The way the grit of charcoal—material play aids in understanding the psychology of the stroke. For example, I recently have been applying wispy spray-painted glows to my figure’s contours, which visually conveys spiritual possession.”

In 2018, Cisneros moved to the Midwest to complete his undergraduate degree in painting at Kansas City Art Institute, which marked another shift in his artistic sensibility, recognizing patterns in human desire that extended beyond his home state.

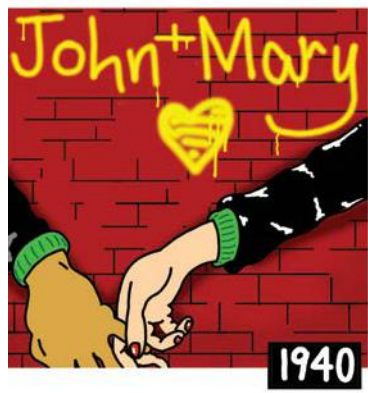
“I observed pockets of the Midwest proudly representing the Confederacy by decorating their cars and homes with flags. I draw parallels to the same neighborhood nationalism street gangs of Los Angeles expressed as they scrawl signage on buildings. Although entirely different regionally, the same need to be fraternal exists in us no matter where we are, whether in a cult, gang, or institution,” the artist says.

Now back home, where he is completing an MFA at the University of California, Los Angeles, Cisneros says he feels compelled by the urgency to understand the legacy of Afro-Futurist and Pop Surrealist artists of color, “and figure out where and how to assert myself in that conversation.

“There is an opportunity to tell a story,” he adds. And if there’s one thing Cisneros clearly excels at, it’s his skill as a storyteller, his ability to shake the status quo and strike at the core of what it means to be human. **BC**



PLAYFULLY SERIOUS. 64 × 84 IN., ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 2020



1940
John + Mary

Arborglyphs—the carving of symbols into trees—have historical roots going back to the Basque shepherders of the late 1800s, with Spanish poet Antonio Machado writing of golden poplars, “in their bark, lovers’ names” in 1920. Initials written inside of a heart have appeared in movies since the dawn of cinema, becoming a common visual trope. Often the carving long outlasts the relationship.



1944
Kilroy Was Here

Most have seen that line drawing of a face, everything but its peering eyes and draping nose obscured by a fence, but few know its history. The “KILROY WAS HERE” slogan paired with that drawing became prominent on ships and walls during WWII, eventually serving as the Allies’ unofficial moniker. American troops drew this around the world in their travels. The moniker’s origins are ambiguous, but in 1946, Boston shipyard worker James J. Kilroy was declared the original creator of the global icon, despite having never left the shores of New England in his life. The original KILROY monikers disappeared for the most part by the 1950s but the image has been revived and perpetuated through the generations.



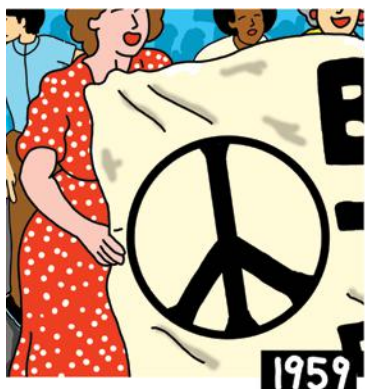
1955
Bird Lives

Followers of jazz saxophonist Charlie “Bird” Parker took to scrawling this tribute around Manhattan after his tragic death at the age of 34 in 1955. The slogan has been repeated in paintings and documentaries of the legend and some trace the popularity of ‘60s- and ‘70s-era New York subway graffiti back to the iconoclast. His music and the occasional recurrence of this inscribed fan outcry prove Bird truly lives forever.

ICONS

THROUGH THE YEARS

Illustrations by KC Ortiz
Text by Shawna Kenney



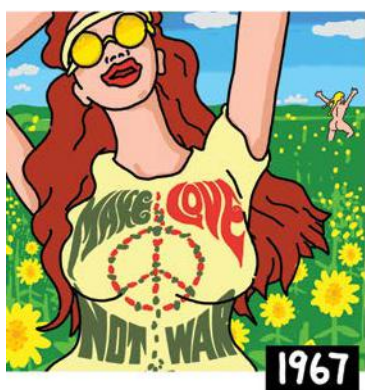
1959
Ban the Bomb

Shortly after the first atomic bomb was dropped by the U.S. on the Japanese city of Hiroshima in 1945, peace activists started using nonviolent direct action to end such militarized atrocities. The Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, launched in London in 1958, then employed the simple message “Ban the Bomb” on posters, making it a still-recognized rallying cry in the anti-war movement.



1963
Smiley Face

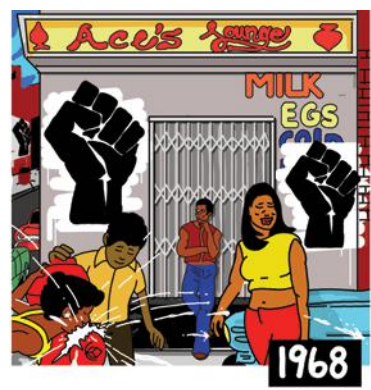
Harvey Ball, an ad man commissioned by an insurance company, first designed the goofy grin as a morale booster for employees. It is said he finished it in 10 minutes and was paid \$45 for his work. It was neither trademarked nor copyrighted by Ball, so it was duplicated then appropriated by two Hallmark card shop owners, who copyrighted it themselves in 1971. Joke’s on them, though, as it proliferated throughout the world, and we now see its descendants in our everyday emojis.



1967
Make Love Not War/Peace Sign

The “Make Love Not War” slogan was born of rallies and protests against

the Vietnam War and is associated with the counterculture of the 1960s in general. Many have claimed to be the originators of the slogan but without citation or proof. There is a picture of Oregon-based activist Diane Newell Meyer wearing it on her sweater in 1965. It was prevalent on buttons, T-shirts, stickers and patches of the time. It tied war protests to the free love movement, later appearing as a lyric in John Lennon’s song *Mind Games* (1973) and again through protests against the Gulf Wars.



1968
Black Power Fist

Viewers around the world watched American sprinters Tommie Smith and John Carlos raise their fists in the Black Power salute, from the medal podium at the Summer Olympic Games in Mexico City of 1968, as a sign of protest and solidarity with the civil rights struggle. The Black Panthers had already deployed the drawing of a closed black fist on flags, stencils and signs, but the clenched fist symbol goes back to the French Revolution of 1848. The physical gesture and the symbol came back during the more modern Black Lives Matter movement as an emblem of power, pride, and perseverance.



1970
Recycle

Every kid in the ‘70s and ‘80s knew the “3 Rs”—recycle, reduce, and reuse. To combat the rise of consumer waste and environmental disasters, Gary Anderson, a senior at the University of Southern California, designed the looping green arrow graphic as a submission to the International Design Conference, part of a

nationwide contest for high school and college students sponsored by the Container Corporation of America. Inspired by Dutch artist M.C. Escher’s *Möbius Strip*, Anderson said he wanted the design “to symbolize continuity within a finite entity.” He won \$2,500 toward his studies for his work. Today it is considered a classic graphic, part of the public domain.



1971
TAKI 183

Graffiti writers around the world know the name: TAKI 183. In 1970, Demetrius, a bored kid from 183rd Street in Washington Heights, Manhattan, started writing his nickname, TAKI, plus his street number, all over the city. TAKI’s straight-lettered signature captured the attention of a reporter and, in the summer of 1971, he was the subject of a feature article in *The New York Times*. The media elevated his name from the streets, lamp posts and subway walls and into the spotlight, making him the first New Yorker to become famous for writing graffiti. Over the next five years, graffiti exploded into a colorful, stylish, mural-size art form. TAKI will always be known as the father of contemporary graffiti.



1973
Woman Power Symbol

The clenched fist inside of the Venus symbol became an emblem of women’s power in the 1970s with the rise of the Women’s Liberation movement. The fist is taken from the Black Power symbol, although ancient Assyrian depictions exist of the goddess Ishtar raising a clenched fist. The Venus glyph, named after the Greek goddess Venus, has long been used to represent the female gender, deriving from planetary

symbols going back to 1767. Some see the male and female pictographs as antiquated and many have created similar but more inclusive and nonbinary symbols.



1977
Anarchy Logo

The capital letter A surrounded by a circle is universally recognized as the symbol for anarchy. Scholars say the A represents the Greek *anarkhia* (without ruler/authority) while the circle, the letter O, represents order or organization. Some say this goes back to the Father of Anarchism, author Pierre-Joseph Proudhon, famous for the slogan, “Property is theft!” started in 1840. He never used the symbol, though—as far as we know.

Punks started sporting the anarchy symbol circa 1977, when the English art collective/band Crass paired it with their many spray-painted stenciled messages throughout the London Underground. Then the Sex Pistols popularized it with their song “Anarchy in the U.K.” in 1976.

Punks and skaters added the easy-to-draw symbol to their jackets, tees, shoes and boards through the ‘80s, a perfect representation for the “no rules” ethos.

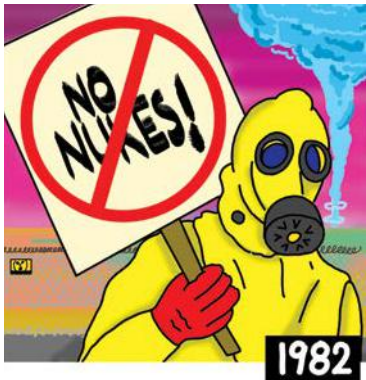
The icon lives on in skate wear, metal logos, jewelry, fashion and Banksy paintings.



1978
Rainbow Flag

Artist Gilbert Baker, an openly gay man and a drag queen, designed the first rainbow flag. Baker later revealed that he was urged by Harvey Milk, a member of the San Francisco Board of Supervisors and one of the first openly gay elected officials in the U.S., to create a symbol of pride for the gay community. Baker had taught himself to sew; after leaving the Army the first rainbow flags flew in the San Francisco Gay Freedom Day Parade on June 25, 1978. Some connect the image with Judy Garland’s rendition of “Somewhere Over the Rainbow” and some say Baker was inspired by the Flag of the Races popularized by the hippie movement of the ‘60s and ‘70s. After Harvey Milk’s assassination

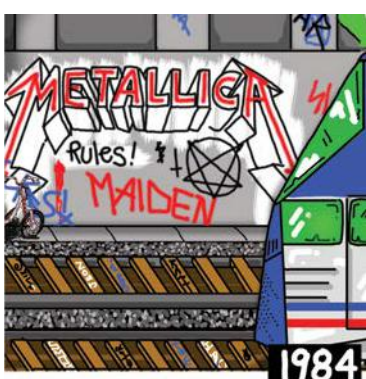
in November of 1978, usage of the flag increased. Today a rainbow flag flies next to the American flag in front of City Hall in West Hollywood, California.



1982
No Nukes
Much like Ban the Bomb, No Nukes was a slogan born of a catastrophe. It was revived in a 1979 Manhattan rally held to mark the United Nations Second Special Session on Disarmament, where hundreds of thousands of peaceful demonstrators showed up to make their feelings known to world leaders. Later that year, a series of concerts was performed by the biggest rock stars of the day in Madison Square Garden, resulting in a triple live album titled *No Nukes: The Muse Concerts for a Non-Nuclear Future*. After the Fukushima nuclear disaster in 2011, thousands of anti-nuclear protesters marched in Japan, carrying flags bearing the words: “No nukes!”



1983
Skate or Die
“Skate or Die” was the rallying cry of skateboarders in the ‘80s, because if you’re not skating you might as well be dead. It was a scrawl on boards before it became a sticker or expression used in video games—sometimes written as “SK8 or Die.” Some trace the catchphrase back to roller-skating in the ‘50s. In ‘86, Atari used the expression in 720°, the world’s first skateboarding game. By 1987 Electronic Arts launched Skate or Die, a skateboarding game later made compatible for Nintendo.

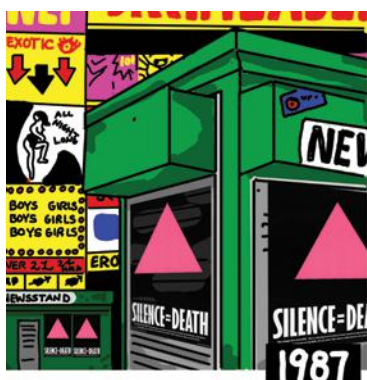


1984
Metallica
Heavy metal band Metallica started in 1981 and their lead singer/guitarist James Hetfield designed the logo

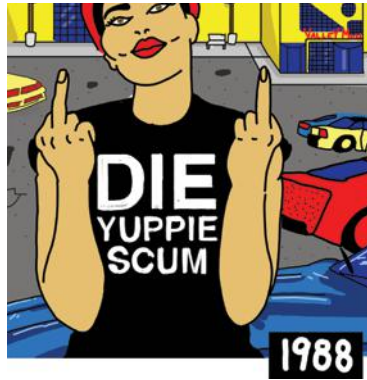
in 1983. The inscription was first introduced on the cover of the *Kill 'Em All* album, and young fans took it and ran with it from there, inscribing it onto desks and notebooks. The group has been through a few variations of the logo, but the classic lightning bolt-like flared letters can now be emulated by using a font called Pastor of Muppets—its name a play on the band’s album *Master of Puppets*. Hetfield also designed the band’s alternative ninja star and scary guy logos, which have been popular tattoos for decades now.



1985
Free South Africa/Stop Apartheid
The Free South Africa Movement began in November 21, 1984, with a meeting at the South African Embassy in Washington, D.C., between the South African Ambassador to the U.S. and four U.S. anti-apartheid activists. It eventually became a coalition of individuals, organizations, students, and unions across the country working to end the apartheid system in South Africa. In 1985, artist Keith Haring created a painting using black, white and red to depict the chains of oppression the world condemned. He transformed the painting into a lithograph and added the text “Free South Africa” to the lower border of the composition. It is said that Haring distributed around 20,000 poster versions of this print in New York City in 1986 to help mobilize support against the apartheid.



1987
Silence = Death (Pink Triangle)
Originally used by Nazis to identify gay men in concentration camps during WWII, the pink triangle was reclaimed in the 1970s by pro-gay activists. In 1987, the Silence = Death project was founded by a group of activists during the AIDS crisis. Inspired by posters made by the Art Workers’ Coalition and the Guerilla Girls, the group created and wheat-pasted their own posters around New York City. Later the AIDS Coalition to Unleash Power (ACT UP) used the slogan and the pink triangle in their campaigns. Because of ACT UP’s advocacy, the pink triangle remains synonymous with AIDS activism.



1988
Die Yuppie Scum
As gentrification took over New York’s East Village in the late ‘80s, locals yelled, “Die yuppie scum” at newcomers. Its first appearance seems to be during the 1988 Tompkins Square riots, when it was painted on the walls of a new building. The catchphrase made its way to T-shirts and into pop culture in songs by Iron Cross and David Peel and his Lower East Side band.

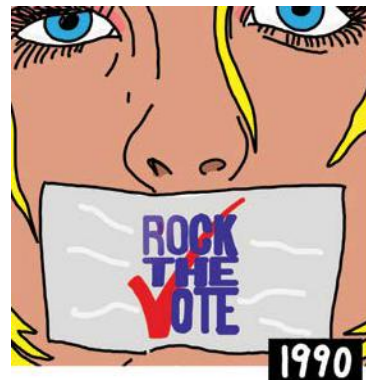


1989
Andre the Giant Has a Posse
Shepard Fairey’s name and work have become synonymous with the words “street art,” and it all started with his relentless “Andre the Giant Has a Posse” sticker campaign. Widely distributed by the skateboarding community, the stickers—an experiment born of German philosopher Martin Heidegger’s phenomenology movement—appeared throughout the world and evolved into the OBEY campaign of stickers, posters and stencils—now a worldwide brand. Fairey went on to specialize in sociopolitical silk-screened posters, creating images for some of the biggest names in music, film and politics.

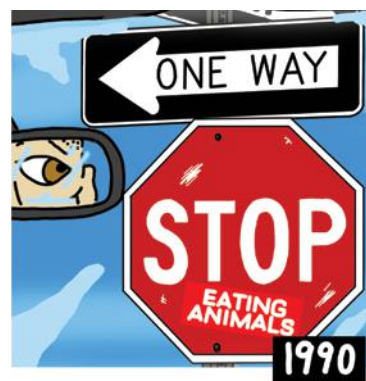


1990
El Barto
El Barto, the graffiti alter ego of mischievous protagonist Bart Simpson, first appeared in episode three of “The Simpsons” in January of 1990. His tag sporadically appears on the police station, elementary school, drainage pipes, chalkboards and various walls throughout the fictional town of Springfield, and despite Bart’s uncanny likeness to the character sometimes drawn next to the signature, his identity remains a mystery to most. Countless numbers of both licensed and bootlegged merchandise bear the El Barto name, and in a

case of life imitating art, one San Francisco man was arrested in 2018 for spray-painting Bart’s face and catchphrases citywide.



1990
Rock the Vote
The check-marked logo encouraging young people to vote in the ‘90s was invented by Rock the Vote, a nonprofit progressive organization, founded by Virgin Records America Co-Chairman Jeff Ayerhodd with Virgin America colleagues Jordan Harris and Beverly Lund. It was then popularized by the band L7, who organized numerous Rock the Vote concerts across the U.S. In 1996, Rock the Vote created the first telephone voter-registration system, 1-800-REGISTER, which was followed by the first online voter-registration system later the same year.



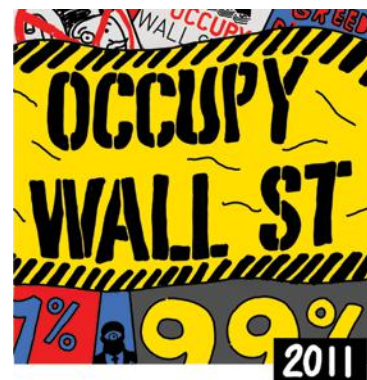
1990
Stop Eating Animals
A PETA newsletter dated May/June 1990 shows the earliest record of the ubiquitous red bumper stickers blaring: EATING ANIMALS in white letters, as seen slapped on many a suburban stop sign. This form of sticker art or vandalism—sometimes called slapping or sticker tagging—was popularized in the mid-‘90s.



2000
Banksy (rat)
Banksy is a pseudonymous England-based street artist, political activist and film director. Inspired by the works of Blek le Rat, the father of stencil graffiti, Banksy began painting his own rodents all over the London Underground, then all over the world, creating variations such as Gangsta Rat, Love Rat and Placard Rats along the way to becoming the world’s most famous and secretive street artist.



2003
U.S. Out of Iraq / No Blood for Oil
Hand-painted “No blood for oil” signs with a red handprint first appeared in anti-Gulf War protests prior to the U.S. invasion of Iraq in March of 2003. The image of opposition persisted throughout the Gulf War. The protest signs are now considered collectibles, and the phrase is used as an AK Press book title: *No Blood for Oil: Essays on Energy, Class Struggle, and War 1998–2016*.



2011
Occupy Wall Street
Organized by the anti-consumerist publication *Adbusters*, the Occupy Wall Street Movement began on September 17, 2011, when hundreds of activists gathered around Zuccotti Park in lower Manhattan for a weeks-long sit-in in New York City’s Financial District to protest income inequality and corporate corruption. Similar Occupy encampments popped up in every major U.S. city, inspiring posters, guerilla theater, exhibitions, and an entire canon of Occupy art in its wake.



2012
Black Lives Matter
The BLM movement began in July 2013, with the use of the hashtag #BlackLivesMatter on social media, after the acquittal of George Zimmerman in the shooting death of Black teen Trayvon Martin 17 months earlier. Organizers Alicia Garza, Patrisse Cullors, and Opal Tometi turned the slogan into a movement and a rallying cry, which led to BLM protests across the world, reaching a peak of recognition in the summer of 2020 after the murder of George Floyd. **BC**



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LOBSTER MUSHROOM MAC 'N' CHEESE

Recipe by Aaron Elliott

- 4 cups oat milk
- 2 cups raw cashews, soaked for 2 hours then strained and rinsed
- 1 lemon, juiced
- ¼ cup nutritional yeast
- 2 chipotle chiles in canned adobo sauce
- 1½ teaspoons salt
- 4 tablespoons vegan butter
- 4 tablespoons all-purpose flour
- 1 garlic clove, minced
- ½ teaspoon finely chopped thyme
- Pinch of cayenne
- Pinch of freshly grated nutmeg
- Pinch of white pepper
- 2 cups vegan cheese, shredded
- Salt and black pepper
- 3 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 cup panko
- 10 ounces lobster mushrooms (or other wild mushrooms), diced
- ¾ cup finely diced red bell pepper
- ½ cup finely diced red onion
- ¼ cup thinly sliced scallions, plus more for garnish
- ¼ cup finely chopped cilantro, plus leaves for garnish
- ¼ cup finely chopped parsley
- 16 ounces medium pasta shells
- Hot sauce
- Thinly sliced hot red chiles or jalapeños, for garnish (optional)

Preheat the oven to 450°. Blend oat milk, cashews, lemon juice, nutritional yeast, chipotle chiles, and salt in a blender until completely smooth. This is your cashew cheese base.

In a medium saucepan, melt the butter. Whisk in the flour and cook over moderate heat until bubbling, 1 to 2 minutes. Add the garlic, thyme, cayenne, nutmeg and white pepper and whisk until the roux is lightly browned, 3 to 5 minutes. Stream in the cashew cheese base and whisk until the sauce is smooth and bring to a simmer. Gently simmer over lowest heat, whisking, until no floury taste remains, 5 to 7 minutes. Remove from the heat and whisk in 1 cup of shredded vegan cheese. Season with salt and black pepper.

In a large skillet, heat 1 tablespoon of the oil. Add the panko and stir over moderately high heat, until lightly browned, 3 minutes. Transfer to a plate. Wipe out the skillet. Heat the remaining 2 tablespoons of oil in the skillet. Add the lobster mushrooms, bell pepper and onion and cook over moderate heat until the vegetables are lightly browned, about 5 minutes. Stir in the scallions, cilantro and parsley. In a large pot of salted boiling water, cook the pasta until al dente. Drain well, then return the pasta to the pot. Add the cheese sauce, mushroom, onion, bell pepper, and herb mixture. Season with hot sauce and salt and black pepper. Spoon the pasta into a large cast-iron skillet or oven-safe serving platter. Top with the remaining 1 cup of cheese and the toasted panko. Bake in oven until hot, 15 to 20 minutes. Garnish with scallions, cilantro and red chiles and serve with hot sauce.

For more check out @aaronelliott on Instagram



MUCHO MERCADO by Sofia Enriquez

sofiaenriquez.com @sofiaenriquez

Sofia Enriquez is a Mexican-American artist based in California, whose work explores her intercultural identity, symbolism, and feminism. She uses Spanglish phrases as captions on some of her paintings to comment on her experience of growing up culturally diverse in the United States.

CHITO

Post-Graffiti World

By Evan Pricco

Maybe you saw his airbrushed characters on Mr. Porter, the Givenchy collaboration that reminded us all of how far graffiti culture has immersed itself in high fashion over the last decade. This wasn't CHITO's first notable collaboration, as Supreme put him on a new map after he paved the way with graffiti on his own terms. The Seattle-born, Mexico-based artist, with a fresh monograph just released, doesn't have an ounce of compromise in him, a perfect harmonious blend of raw chaotic energy that translates onto any surface, platform or garment. We spoke with him from London, on the eve of a new gallery show and on the heels of high fashion headlines.

Evan Pricco: Did the pandemic change the way that you worked? Did you find yourself saying, "Okay, I'm going to do more studio work now because I have time"? Did anything change for you in terms of the way you worked?

CHITO: Not really. I feel like everything's the same. It didn't really affect me like that. I'm just doing what I do, really.

You recently made a book of your work and did a collaboration with Givenchy. Is it kind of amazing to see your work being put on that sort of level, this combination of making a monograph and creating a whole fashion look? Was that a major milestone for you? Did you always want to do something like that?

Yeah, it was cool. It was cool to have a bunch of different people see my shit, that maybe wouldn't have seen it before. Yeah, it was a milestone. I always knew I was going to do something big, but I didn't know it was going to be with Givenchy. I had never made a book before, just that whole process, it took awhile.

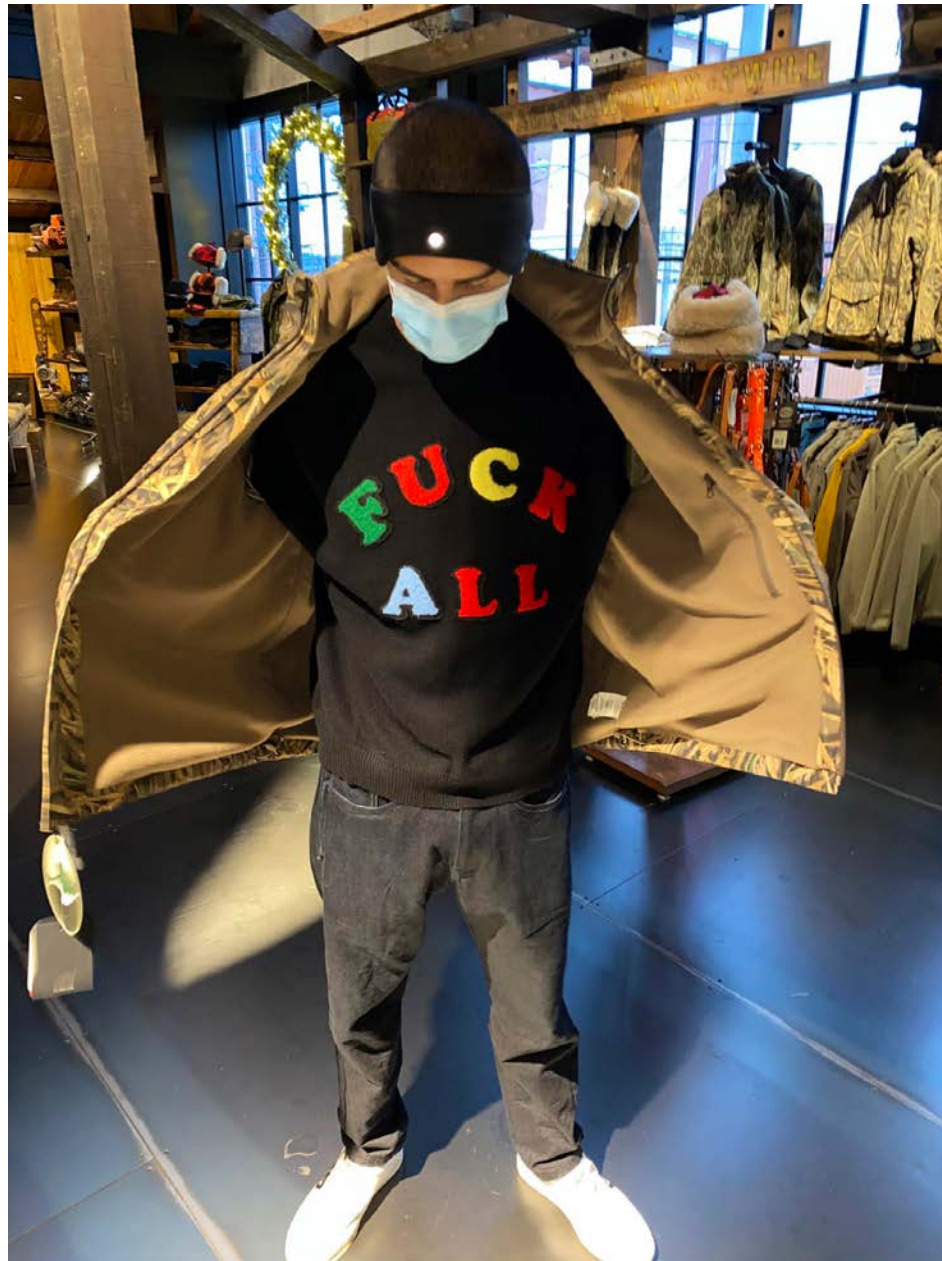
There's been this explosion in the last three or four years with graffiti, both on the street and just showing up in contemporary art and fashion. It feels like graffiti is back having a really, really good, healthy moment. The streets are covered, and it seems as if more and more people are paying attention from different worlds. Because BEYOND THE STREETS and CONTROL Gallery is all about how graffiti is expanding, have you noticed opportunities growing for you with your aesthetic that you maybe didn't see possible 10 years ago?

Yeah. I don't know. People like it. Ten years ago, I wasn't thinking about all this. It all just unfolded like the way it did. People are definitely more accepting of graffiti these days, I feel like.

Showing in galleries or working with fashion brands, especially galleries and brands that don't just focus on graffiti, is that important for you?

I'm not trying to just be considered graffiti art. Doing graffiti before, I just learned what I liked from it, so I kind of translate that into the fine art world, into my fine art because it's just looking at how to create different textures and shit.

That's a lot of what I like and then just keeping it experimental, it was all discovery. I wasn't really aware of a lot of brands and stuff before, it's something I discovered once I started actually making airbrushed



PLAYING IN FLOWERS, 2022, SPRAY PAINT AND ACRYLIC ON CANVAS, 60 x 72 IN.

clothes. That's when I was like, "Oh, okay. There's a whole world beyond graffiti." I knew about Louis Vuitton and Gucci. But then I realized, "Oh, okay. There's actual

designers, fashion houses, creative directors behind this, putting their vision up." That came later. It was all just experimental, in many ways.

How did art start for you?

I have always done art since I was young. I was always drawing and looking at comics and playing video games, like Jet Set Radio Future. I remember seeing Marc Ecko clothing and rocking that. So when I was a kid, I was like, "Oh, okay, graffiti's cool. I'm into that." Painting and drawing, I would always draw little comics and stuff and characters in class. It was like that just translated and grew over the years. Once Supreme hit me up for the first time, I was like, "Okay, I could probably do this as my life." For a long time, I was just making the work. I wasn't selling it. I was just making shit that I liked and thought my homies would like.

You grew up in Seattle, a city with a rich graffiti history, a tucked away city in the Northwest that is so rich with culture.

It's just in my DNA. I grew up doing graffiti there. All the fools that I was around and learned from, that raised me and brought me up, just taught me a lot about the graffiti world, the type of graffiti I like and how I like to do graffiti. All those adventures and shit, just learning the ropes and all that, that was the breeding ground. Then I just took what I learned and did it everywhere else.

It's a beautiful city. I had access to different types of shit. Like Filson, for example, that's a Seattle brand. When I go into the store, I'm like, "All right, this shit's nice, but it's just outdoorsman," for lack of a better definition. I look at it as it's probably some country fools designing it.

You could look like a proper fisherman and just go out to dinner if you go to Filson and dress yourself. So I'm like, "Okay, I want to get that flex on those fools." Like, "I got this shit, too." But I don't know. It's funny because it's just like, "All right, integrated that into my shit." Just because, one, it's there and it's from Seattle, and two, it's just taking something that I feel belongs to the outdoorsmen, hiking culture, and bringing it into the street and just making it my own.

Yeah. But this is kind of the beauty of what's going on in the world is that everything's getting mashed up and spinned and molded together.

Yeah, for sure, it's like everything's melting together.

It seems like a sense of adventure is part of your whole thing. I assume graffiti created that for you, and if you went the more traditional route you may have missed out.

I'm glad I didn't go the traditional path. I always hated school, so that route never really made sense for me. It's just different routes. Not to say going to art school is not the route, either. There's things that art school provides that being out there doing graffiti doesn't. You just learn different shit. But I support whatever route anyone wants to go with it.

I feel like fools be kind of backwards. Now, fools will probably go to art school, then get out of it and maybe then they start doing graffiti or I don't know, fucking around, being in the street. And then it's kind of late. They're off. **BC**



PHOTOGRAPH BY DANNY TASKO

“I’m not a motherfucking jukebox. Get out of my face.”

CHULITA, FROM PAGE 01

Enter, Chulita Vinyl Club, a group of like-minded, female Angelenos of color, who embody a new wave of non-conformists who are carrying the proverbial crates for DJs who don’t feel like they belong.

When I catch up with their seven members—appropriately arranged in Zoom squares that appear like LP covers on screen—they seem genuinely enthusiastic to see one another as they discuss who is in Los Angeles and who is out of town for a gig.

Comprised of DJs Extraterrestre, Que Madre, Linda Nuves, Lizz, Sleepwalk, Trankis, and Ni Maiz, the collective began in 2016 as a way of teaching one another how to DJ. Unlike other collectives who formed under the auspices of being an all-star team, Chulita are unafraid of their humble origins.

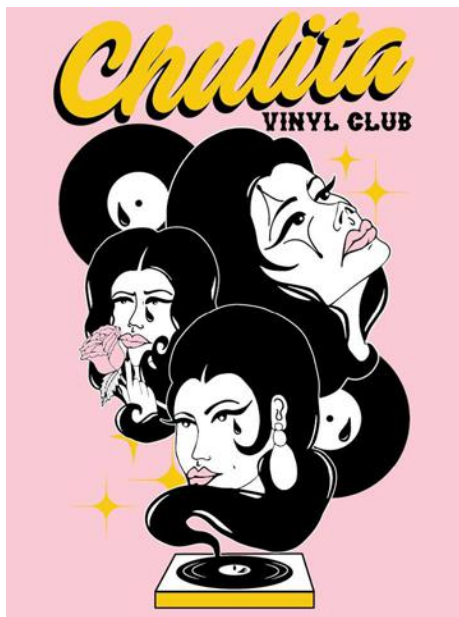
“When we started off, we didn’t have equipment, which was funny because it’s like: Okay, how are we going to DJ if we don’t necessarily have a full setup?” DJ Que Madre says.

Slowly, they were able to not only acquire equipment, but also begin to define who and what they played.

While there is no one unifying genre of music in a Chulita set, the music seems to represent a rebellious spirit.

They all describe and build upon the memories of past sets—where they might be playing at La Cita downtown during a ratchet night full of recognizable hits—to something more lowkey. While they have an eclectic palette, that doesn’t necessarily mean they are there to please everyone. In their estimation, that’s the beauty of only having a crate of vinyl; there’s literally not enough music to please *everyone*.

To that end, DJ Que Madre recalls telling an overexicted patron, “I’m not a motherfucking jukebox. Get out of my face.”



COURTESY CHULITA VINYL CLUB

They all rightfully embrace how they might be perceived as outsiders, not only amongst the DJ community (which is male-dominated), but also in a place like Los Angeles where a Top 40 playlist can keep a person working regularly.

On a personal level, it’s refreshing to meet a group of DJs who are willing to laugh at their perceived shortcomings. Fun, for the sake of fun, seems to be a guiding principle for CVC.

“When we did start the group, we kept it small, and we set the objective and the mission of like: Okay, this is who we are,” DJ Linda Nuves says. “This is what we want to represent. This is what we want to achieve together. We all respect one another and genuinely care about one another and love each other. You can see that on the stage, you can see that when we’re at our gigs. You can see that support one another. It’s beautiful. That friendship is there. That bond is there. And we have this club to thank for it.” **BC**



THE PUPPET MASTER

Cain Carias and the saddest marionettes in L.A.

by Luis Ruano



PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROSIE MATHESON

Although he makes sure to pause when using the term puppet master, so as to honor the memory of his mentor Bob Baker, who spent over 50 years of his life running the Bob Baker Marionette Theater in Echo Park, it's that confidence in his skill that's made Cain Carias (@puppetmaster213) and his puppet El Triste (@el_triste_213) beloved in their Los Angeles community and the digital world at large.

A cook by day, Cain Carias found a new way to use his hands, as he says, when the Bob Baker Marionette Theater relocated to Highland Park in 2019. But after having spent 18 years of his life mastering puppetry, Carias' passion for the art continues to grow, even though his professional puppeting days are in the rear view. Part of an art form some may say has seen more fruitful days, El Triste is a symbol of simpler times when imagination played as pivotal a role in storytelling as technology does now.

Cain was gracious enough to spend some time sharing how he found himself in the world of marionettes in his teens and opened up about what he sees in his future as a performance artist in the digital age, his life as the manager of an Instagram-famous puppet, and what his trusty homie, El Triste, would say about him—if he could talk.

Luis Ruano: How'd you start working with marionettes?

Cain Carias: I'm from Mexico. I came to L.A. when I was 13, and the first job that I got here was at the Bob Baker Marionette Theater in Echo Park. The theater was in the same location for 65 years, and I got to spend 18 years of my life there.

I started volunteering while I was in high school, and as soon as I graduated I earned my spot working there. I didn't speak one bit of English when I started [volunteering], but I learned the ropes and moved myself up the ladder, eventually becoming the main puppeteer and a teacher at the theater at one point.

And you stayed there until the theater moved?

Yeah, the theater moved a few years ago to Highland Park. I went my own way and then COVID hit, and all this craziness happened with the world. I've always had to hustle to earn a paycheck, especially being a puppeteer for 18 years. I figured I'm good with my hands, so I've been working in restaurants. I've been a cook for close to nine years now. It pays the bills and allows me to continue working. At one point restaurants were the only ones allowed to be open, so I never actually stopped working. I was blessed in that way.

Did you ever make your own puppets at the theater? I'm sure you miss it.

Of course. I spent 18 years of my life at the theater. I miss the spotlight and my family there. I wasn't the only puppeteer, there were seven or eight of us, it was a whole family.

Building a puppet takes a lot of time, a lot of dedication, hours and money, but I always wanted to build a puppet. The puppets that I used to manipulate were close to \$2,000, and I was living paycheck-to-paycheck, so it was not something I considered doing [on my own], until I collaborated with this lady that makes clown dolls. She can make a doll look like you, the body and face, she can mimic the image of you into a doll. So I invited her into the theater, because we had a circus show at the time. We had clowns doing tricks—it was a circus-themed show.

She invited me to her house where she would make her dolls. One time she said, "You should make a puppet." In my mind I'm still thinking it's \$2,000 and so many hours! It takes so much dedication when it comes to building a puppet, but she was like, "You should use one of my dolls."

What's the toughest part about building a puppet?

When it comes to building a puppet, it's the face, the main thing people look at. A doll is already premade in a way where you could

just put little features here and there, so I actually did that and was impressed with myself. Puppets at the theater were all really old-school. The youngest puppet that I got to manipulate was close to 30 years old. They were all really unique works of art, so I couldn't be like, "Oh, I'm going to take this puppet to this party just to show them off, and maybe we'll bring some people into the theater." So I had to build my own, and that's how El Triste was created.

Is there a specific type of material you use to build? I'm assuming weight matters.

The puppets that I used to manipulate at the theater, there were maybe 10 people that worked on one puppet, because every person made a different component. One person made shoes, the other designed hands, etc. Just like when you build a car, everybody has their own space. So it's the same with a puppet, everybody has their own expertise.

El Triste was already premade, but the only thing that I kept from the doll was the face. Everything else, I made out of wood. I built a whole skeleton structure out of wood, customized his clothes and he came to life.

That's wild. So it's all by hand?

Yeah. Everything was by hand, and I mean,



when you build a puppet, it always stays the same way. It's going to stay the same forever. I used to manipulate a puppet four years ago that was 40 years old at the time, and it was still the same as when it was first made. Every puppet stays the same.

When did you decide to do the matching outfits?

There was a company that approached me and were like, "Hey, we want to make some clothes for you." I guess my puppet turned me into a model, because they wanted me to model the clothes that they were making. I was kind of shy to be in a picture or modeling clothes, because I'm not a model. So they were like, "Hey, let's build something for your puppet and you, like matching clothes." And I was like, "I never thought about it." So I jumped into it and took a couple of pictures and people were like, "Whoa, this is actually super cool." People were giving me so many props. After a while I decided to make El Triste his own page and give him his own life. He blew up in a way that I didn't actually expect.

El Triste, the saddest puppet in Los Angeles.

Why so sad?

I'm a stoner. I'm always smoking, smiling, laughing. I didn't want to do another happy clown, so I made him the opposite of me, which is sad, and even though he's a sad clown, he takes sadness away from people. Every time I walk with my puppet on the streets and someone sees us, it could be a gangster or just anybody, their whole mood changes to happiness. People cherish him in a way that turns their emotions. That's his superpower. He absorbs sadness and brings happiness.

He can't be all melancholy, right? He does have himself a hyna.

After having him for like two years, people were telling me, "You should make him a girlfriend," so I ended up making La Smiley, which is his girlfriend. I made her based on his makeup and their little similar features. I asked my friend to put his name on her eyebrows and made her a little iconic with her look. People

welcomed her quickly. There were girls creating makeup tutorials to look just like her, and I was like, "Whoa." I didn't expect this whole trend of people doing little challenges to do makeup like her. For Halloween, that's what they do, they dress like them. It's funny.

This form of entertainment almost feels like a lost art form.

People still make fun of puppets in a way that's like, "Man, this fool's like 30 years old, still working with puppets," but puppets go all the way back to the time of the pyramids, so they've been around for a long time. Technology took over, but little by little, it's actually coming back. I've been seeing a lot of little things that are incorporating puppets again, which is pretty great. I'm just happy to be a little part of it and bring my own kind of style into it.

Where do you see yourself taking this?

The way that I'm approaching El Triste is that he's kind of like an actor. People actually hire him to be in music videos, to be a little piece of something they're doing. They just want to see him in the background. He's done 10 music videos and maybe five of them, where he's the main character. I built him in a way to promote people. I like to promote businesses. That was always my ultimate goal with him.

I've had opportunities to give him a show, where they want me to create characters and this and that, but I work too much and I'm not really a good writer, so I'm just riding my own wave. I started investing in my own merchandise, and I got my own brand now. People are really supportive, which I never really expected.

I don't do it professionally anymore, because I used to get paid to do it. Now I do it for fun. I have a documentary based on my life while I was at the theater and El Triste has his own movie actually circulating film festivals right now. I've done so many cool things!

How does it feel to have people really connect with El Triste on a personal level?

El Triste has murals in Mexico and right here in Los Angeles. People are tattooing his face on their bodies. There are many tattoos worldwide. One in Brazil, Mexico, Colombia—all over the place. I haven't done it myself, but I should be jumping on it. I'm just excited to be a part of his life, because he's not a puppet anymore. He just wants to be out there and doesn't want to be hanging at home.

He's all grown-up.

Last year I did an art show. I did an open call, because people always make drawings of me with El Triste. There's just so much artwork out there, and there's so many talented people. I don't know how to draw for nothing. So I did an open invitation to any artist from all over the world, no matter the age. If you could pick up a pen and a pencil and just draw El Triste, you could actually give me your art, and I would do an open art show where people could come and see the art and they could buy it. So I made an announcement for a three-month period. After those three months I had over 100 pieces of artwork.

I opened the gallery on Saturdays and Sundays, so people could come, check out and see the art. I wish you could have seen the art pieces that people made, from like 8 years old and up. It was an amazing experience. Somebody from like four hours away did a giant El Triste and I was like, "What the fuck?" This motherfucker drove in a minivan, like had pieces together in the van and the shoes were huge! He's like, "Yeah, this guy stands up." I was like, "Well the ceiling's not even big enough." So that's why he's sitting down, kind of like in the corner [laughs].

I always had the idea of, because I have the giant El Triste right here in my living room, it's so big that I'm like, "Wow, I don't even know what to do with him." So I'm probably just going to sit him down on the L.A. River and just face him downtown. I'm sure it'll probably make the news or something.

If El Triste could talk, what do you think he would say about his fame? And what

would he say about you looking after him all these years?

You know what? That's actually a pretty interesting question. Nobody has asked me that before.

I put a teardrop on El Triste, the one he has on his face. I kind of did that as a memorial for Bob Barker, who trained me all those years and passed most of his knowledge towards me. That's where I became a little puppeteer. I call myself the puppet master, but I shouldn't be calling myself that. I'm a puppeteer, and he taught me everything that I know. I filled the teardrop in because that's a symbol of when you lose somebody that's really meaningful to you. People think that's the killer one—the teardrop without the black inside, that's when you're a killer. They're calling El Triste a killer. Like man, you don't even know!

El Triste is sad because he never met the guy that taught me everything I know. Because without him [Bob Barker], he would not have been born. I can't really picture what he would say, because to me, El Triste is a gangster puppet. So he'd be like, "Well, damn. Thanks, homie." Keep it moving and shit like that. He's more like my homie. People are like, "Man, can you make him dance?" And I'm like, "What the fuck? You dance? I'm not just gonna randomly make him dance." He could wave or shake your hand.

I heard he's a party animal. Does he smoke with you?

He actually does smoke. He blows smoke through his mouth. He likes the strongest stuff, man. Indica all the way.

It's like baby powder that he carries through his mouth. So when he holds a cigarette or a blunt or whatever, he actually mimics the whole smoke coming out of his mouth. He has a little Corona bottle with a magnet on his hand to hold the bottle. Like I said, he's a gangster. That fool has a shotgun. He has like three pistols. He has four knives. Trust me, you don't want to mess with El Triste. He's always watching my back. **BC**

FREEWHEELIN'

Tul Jutargate's unlikely bond with chain stitching

by Luis Ruano

A classic car exporter by trade, Tul Jutargate witnessed an unexpected career shift in the early 2010s, when he went from buying and selling classic Chevys to chain stitching—all through a chance encounter at a storied embroidery shop in Southeast Los Angeles, famous for its car club work dating back to the early 1970s. After being referred to Tommy D and his shop, Tommy D Kustom Patches, to get some bespoke jackets made for his own car club, Jutargate met the man himself and quickly developed a friendship and working relationship, with Jutargate eventually bringing in overseas business from his time exporting cars to Japan. He quickly immersed himself in the chain-stitching world, eventually learning the ins and outs and deciding to focus on chain stitching as his priority, due to artistic interest, a need to make cash and a lack of reliability in the chain-stitching department at Tommy's shop.

As a youth, Jutargate spent his artistic energy drawing and airbrushing on apparel, but it was this newfound chain-stitching medium that really propelled his natural abilities to a new level, allowing his art to be immortalized through thread on everything, from varsity jackets to classic cars. Even within those eight years, which seem so long ago and not that long ago, he is fully aware that the position he's in is because of his hard work ethic as well as the help of his friends, who have put him into the worlds of music and fashion. Jutargate's art has graced the limelight for years now, including work on three Super Bowl halftime shows, pieces for Pharrell Williams and installations for Barneys NYC, Levi's and Calvin Klein.

He's cognizant that changing times mean adapting, even if his artwork is of the timeless variety—reminiscing about the '90s and how he could buy an entire outfit for \$40, or

how shirt styles that he'd find in alley shops for \$15 were now being sold for \$200 to 300 at boutique stores in Beverly Hills and West Hollywood. And while the styles are the same in terms of general appearance from afar, the craftsmanship is undoubtedly elevated, which takes time, patience and experience. Unfortunately, those skills still come cheap by way of industry veterans who've worked the chain-stitching machines for 40 years yet lack the wherewithal to charge what that level of high quality demands.

Jutargate is appreciative and counts his blessings for being someone who's been able to make a decent living from this trade and understands that no matter the client, the approach should always be honest. "I don't care if you're rich, I don't care if you're a celebrity," he says. "You give me this piece, I'm going to charge you fair, but you're going to wait until my books are open. I'll only take your money if it's humanly possible for me to do so."

Like fashion itself, art forms can be cyclical in nature, and chain stitching is no exception. While it may never become mainstream, chain stitching has raised in profile since Jutargate started, and he's all for more people exploring it, even if its popularity toes the line of trendy. "There's nothing wrong with trends, right?" he says. "We all jump on trends. It might not be in this industry or in this spectrum or whatever, but we're human, so you're going to like what you like, and some people might look at you, 'Oh you're not a purist, you're not this.' No. I think art and fashion is for everybody. You know what I mean? It's whatever makes you comfortable."

The comfort, or lack thereof, that he mentions can also be tied back to the artwork itself, which represents controversial regions

and subcultures, often bringing forth scrutiny from its gatekeepers if the work is not credited or applied in the way it's "supposed" to be. Jutargate explains, "I know with certain things, it gets a little touchy when it comes to borrowing from the hood or from gang culture, right? And it's becoming mainstream. In that sense, I feel that whoever's in charge or whoever's doing it needs to be a little bit more responsible on that side, because people get hurt over that, and it's going to affect certain people in different ways."

Finding inspiration in all these places is okay in his book, even if it welcomes questionable characters and intentions, since at the end of the day what matters is the art. "You can call them hipsters," says Jutargate. "You can call them whatever you want. Those are just labels. They're just people, and people that come from different backgrounds, art backgrounds, socioeconomic backgrounds. Some people do it for a hobby, some people do it so they can make money, but apart from all that, you're either a good artist or a bad artist."

Jutargate ultimately narrows down his wins and losses to perspective. Everything is subjective, even the definition of success

itself. It's the way he tries to carry himself as an artist and live his life as a husband and father, or as he says, "train his mind." His story is a classic example of not being afraid to pivot away from comfort in order to find more fruitful opportunities and viewing obstacles through a positive scope.

We close our conversation with a simple view of work and life. "If I'm driving on a freeway and some idiot cuts me off, I can either be pissed off that he almost crashed into me and flip him off and make my day bad, or I can just be, 'You know what, I'm super happy this dude didn't hit me.'" Jutargate says. "I get to go home to my family, and I didn't die today. You know what I mean? So, it's the same situation, just a different outlook, right? So, that's how you got to look at it, man." **BC**

You can find more of Tul Jutargate's work on his Instagram (@tuljutargate). He and Tommy D provide screen printing, custom chenille and chain-stitching services through their shop.

Tommy D Kustom Patches
9152 Rosecrans Ave.,
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CHALINO "PELA VACAS" JACKET, DESIGNED BY TUL JUTARGATE; PHOTOGRAPH BY TUL JUTARGATE



JUTARGATE IN HIS LOS ANGELES WORKSHOP; PHOTOGRAPH BY LUIS RUANO

Three LPs YOU FORGOT ABOUT

THE INTERNET OPERATES AT SUPERSONIC SPEED, WHERE WHAT'S HERE TODAY IS GONE TODAY. BUT BACK IN THE DAY, MUSIC HELD A LONGER ATTENTION SPAN, AT LEAST LONG ENOUGH TO MAKE AN IMPRINT IN HISTORY, OR IN THIS CASE, THE STORY OF HIP-HOP. IN HONOR OF A TIME THAT FELT MORE HOURGLASS THAN CASIO DIGITAL, WE LOOK BACK AT THREE NOSTALGIC LPS YOU MAY HAVE FORGOTTEN ABOUT, BUT EACH HOLD THEIR IMPORTANCE IN THE ANALOG WORLD.

1



J.J. Fad – Supersonic (1988)

With production support from Dr. Dre, Southern California trio J.J. Fad released *Supersonic* in 1988, the first and only album recorded on Ruthless Records. Three singles were promoted from *Supersonic*, including “Is It Love,” “Way Out,” and the title track, “Supersonic,” which was the group’s one and only hit, frequently ranked as one of the greatest one-hit-wonders of the ’80s. “Supersonic,” the track, was nominated for a Grammy Award in 1989 for Best Rap Performance, making J.J. Fad the first female rap group to be nominated for a Grammy.

2



Tairrie B – The Power of a Woman (1990)

Anaheim’s Tairrie B burst onto the scene in 1990 with her debut album, *The Power of a Woman*, immortalizing her as the West Coast’s first white female rapper. Signed under Eazy E’s Ruthless Records label, *The Power of a Woman* didn’t get the respect it deserved on the charts, but got love where it counted. Following her one and only release on Ruthless, Tairrie B formed a band and turned to metal for a number of years, until making her return to rap in 2015 with *Vintage Curses* and again in 2020 with *Feminenergy*, which she described as, “hardcore tracks of hip-hop, rock and resistance.”

3



Queen Latifah – Black Reign (1993)

The one release not from Ruthless on our short list comes by way of Queen Latifah. Although she’s arguably more well-known for her mainstream success in film and television these days, Queen Latifah sharpened her storytelling ways in music, where she earned the title of the Queen of Rap. A talented musician, Latifah made her debut in 1989 with her first album, *All Hail the Queen*, on Tommy Boy Records, but it was her third album, *Black Reign*, that kicked off her success on the Billboard charts. *Black Reign* achieved gold status and produced the Grammy Award-winning track “U.N.I.T.Y.”

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LIFE HACKS

Hot Tips From Cool Record Collectors

by Shawna Kenney

LOOKING FOR WAYS TO ORGANIZE YOUR DISASTER-OF-A-RECORD COLLECTION? DID THE KONMARI METHOD OF MARIE KONDO'S "LIFE-CHANGING MAGIC OF TIDYING UP" MISS YOU? OR DO YOU ORGANIZE YOUR RECORDS AUTOBIOGRAPHICALLY LIKE ROB IN THE MOVIE *HIGH FIDELITY*? JUST DON'T DO LIKE L7'S JENNIFER FINCH, WHO TOLD US, "ALL MY VINYL ARE SHOVED UNDER THE COUCH AND SCRATCHED." OR ME, WHO DRAGGED MY OWN AROUND IN MILK CRATES FOR YEARS AND IT SHOWS—AN OLD ROOMMATE'S CATS TORE OFF MOST OF THE SPINES. RELAX! MY HUSBAND HAS SINCE RESCUED THEM AND FILED THEM INTO OUR IKEA KALLAX SHELVES, AND NOW I DON'T TOUCH THEM.

WE, HERE AT *BEYOND CONTROL*, HAVE SURVEYED A VARIETY OF SERIOUS VINYL JUNKIES TO HELP YOU GET YOUR SHIT TOGETHER.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TIM KOWALEWSKI/EYEEM/ADOBE STOCK

Frosty Crunch, Los Angeles, CA

Frosty's first records given to him as a kid were Kiss and DEVO, but the first one he bought with his own money was Black Flag's *Jealous Again*. After seeing the documentary *Decline of Western Civilization* and realizing there were punks in his very own city, he got hooked on buying vinyl of bands he heard on local station KROQ. By the time his band Chain of Strength started in 1987, his vinyl collecting slowed as CDs took over, then revived again in 2018 with a Misfits "Horror Business" find. He says his collection is not large but is specific to hardcore, punk and thrash—and organized primarily by record label.

"I have a section of Dischords, a section of Touch and Go, Plan 9, SST, and so on," he explains. "Within that there are regional sections, like Boston has Xclaim, Taang! and Bridge Nine. GBH and Discharge are in my English records section. And offshoot labels related to the region will be filed together." His most prized piece is a sealed copy of SSD's *The Kids Will Have Their Say*. It's not because of monetary value, but because of what the band represented for him. "I studied the pictures on the record. I love that they took straight edge to the extreme. And they were pioneers of the Boston scene." His number two is a sealed copy of Minor Threat's *Out of Step*, first pressing.

Diana Sexton, Palm Desert, CA

Diana has been collecting for about 40 years, starting with her first album, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles' *The Greatest Hits* album. She uses the discogs.com app to help her with organizing, which calls for alphabetical and means mixing genres.

"It helps when you're shopping for records, so you don't make a double purchase," she says.

She has tried other ways of organizing but found it "harder to keep track of missing albums especially if somebody starts messing with your system."

Her 800 records will not be mingling with her boyfriend's collection of about 2,000 when they move in together, however. They once shared a 900-square-foot condo in Oakland but are moving to Palm Desert so they can expand their collections. "We keep ours separate, so if we play each other's records, it's easier to put each other's records away." Today her daughter and her granddaughter have caught the collecting bug and she DJs an online radio show called "On the Nod" on punkradio.com.

Anne Lepore, Stratford, NJ

Growing up in Queens, New York, Anne first became fascinated with records when she bought "The Adventures of Super Rhyme" in 1980. "It's a double-sided 12-inch that starts a rap on one side and fades out, and you turn it over to pick up again on the other side," says Anne. She memorized all 15 minutes of the Jimmy Spicer recording at summer camp that year—and can still recite most of it. She seems appalled now by how her older sister used to stack her 45s, as was common on the old automatic record players. (The pressure warped and scratched them.) Anne started collecting cassettes first, and got into records in college in the '80s, starting with her favorite '60s-era girl groups, then punk rock and "a little bit of everything."

She keeps the main part of her collection alphabetized by band name, but admits, "That can be hard though, when it comes to names like Dan Vapid and the Cheats. Is it put under *D*, *V* or *C*?" She has decided to file that one under *V* since Dan Vapid is a known person, with Vapid being his surname. The Dave Clark Five, however, has been a long debate

between her and a friend. She files them under *D*, given that the group's name encompasses all four words. What matters is that she knows how to find it. She keeps her 7-inch records in a cardboard box similar to those of record stores and has a custom-built shelf for her 10-inch records. In a separate room she keeps a mish-mash of miscellaneous categories, all grouped together by type: "Split LPs stay together," says Anne. "Comps are filed by title of the compilation, then soundtracks, cast recordings, musicals, TV and cartoon-related LPs, audio recordings of books, and other hard-to-define things."

Anne does a daily listen/wear post on socials, pairing record covers with related tees or outfits. Check her out on Instagram: @themachineshock

Felix Havoc, Minneapolis, MN

In 1992, Felix founded Havoc Records, an underground crust-punk record label and distro, first as a vehicle for his band Destroy! to release their 7-inch, "Burn This Racist System Down." From there he released bands he liked and could get behind, politically.

Havoc Records has since released over 50 records and their catalog system uses a numerical prefix to indicate format (i.e., 12 for 12-inch record, 5 for CD, 7 for a 7-inch record, etc.). He stores them in order of release date, with newer albums at eye level and older ones closer to the floor.

In his personal collection, records live within the genres of hardcore, punk, metal, classic rock, soul, R&B, and hip-hop. Within the hardcore section, records of Swedish, Japanese or Spanish punk get sub-categorized. But D.C. and Minnesota—both places in which he's lived—have their own section. "And go-go records are separate from everything else, because that is such a unique genre," says

Felix. Most notably, all of his records are filed from right to left, to make for easier reading. "So when you are browsing right to left, you're always pulling out the first and almost certainly best record of the band first, and the others are just kinda stashed behind there," he laughs. Felix also used his carpentry skills to build special library card catalog-like drawers for 7-inch records, which are notoriously hard to store. "I wanted to try to create a scenario where I wasn't disincentivizing actually pulling them out and listening to them. I won't say that means I spend a ton of time listening to 7 inches, but at least I removed some of the obstacles," he says.

Harriette Wimms, Baltimore, MD

"I have always organized records according to who would be friends with who," says Harriette. "For example Dead Can Dance are next to Cocteau Twins, however David Sylvian is on the other side of Dead Can Dance. And Siouxsie and the Banshees is next to the Sugarcubes; Debarge is next to Jackson Five, Cameo and Earth Wind & Fire, yet Michael Jackson is closer to Prince and Morris Day and The Time." She says this thematic system was developed when she was a kid who struggled with anxiety, depression, racism and isolation because of her musical choices. She loved music that spoke to that alienation. The music facilitated her social world, and this organizational method reflects that. Her favorite album as a kid was Michael Jackson's *Off the Wall*, because the gatefold cover opened "like a book" and she kept a giant poster of Smiths' *The Queen Is Dead* above her bed. Now her 18-year-old daughter Holly organizes her own CDs and albums in a similar way. "Streaming services allow for more discovery of music and exploration, but I also think playing physicals is much more engaging," says Holly. "It kind of fills the room in a way you can't get on headphones or device speakers." **BC**

CINEMA CALLING

Originally printed in SWINDLE Magazine

NEVERMIND THE VILLAINS, HERE'S THE PUNKS

by Ian Sattler

It's always easy to spot the villain in a movie. Way back when, if a guy in a black cowboy hat strolled onto the screen, you could bet your bottom dollar he was there to make trouble for the hero. If a film started in a bank with two grown men wearing pantyhose over their heads, you knew for sure that they were up to no good. In lieu of an antagonist such as a scary monster or an evil scientist to drive the plot, filmmakers can be left with the difficult challenge of finding a bad guy who clearly looks the part.

The evolution of punk rock in the late '70s made life very easy for lazy directors in the '80s. All of a sudden there was this entire culture of spiked hair, leather jackets, and menacing lip curls to hang the role of villain on. Average Joe Moviegoer would have no problem connecting the dots when a red mohawk replaced the black Stetson as the headgear of choice for bad guys. In typical Hollywood fashion, this attempt at co-opting the youth-driven culture was horribly misinterpreted and regurgitated with some shocking results.



Wild in the Streets *Police Academy 2: Their First Assignment, 1985*

It is nothing short of staggering to think that by 1994 they had made seven *Police Academy* movies. In *Police Academy 2*, we are pushed to the edge of our seats with excitement as Steve Guttenberg and his crew of whacky officers (including the guy who makes the funny noises, the blonde dominatrix, and the guy who is in love with his gun) try to quell an uprising by an evil band of punks. The leader of this group of spike collar-wearing deviants, Zed, is played brilliantly by Bobcat Goldthwait as a screaming madman who sneers and snots constantly. Zed's big punk plan to destroy involves spray-painting the city red and mugging old women. In the end, Zed is captured, only to return in the next movie as a police cadet, showing that there is hope in reforming these hooligans.



Orgasm Addict *Weird Science, 1985*

John Hughes was responsible for such classic examinations of the teenage psyche as *Sixteen Candles*, *The Breakfast Club*, and *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*. With *Weird Science*, Hughes captured what it was like to be so pressed for sex as a teen that you would actually try and use your computer to create a girl to have sex with (this was in the days before Internet pornography). The geeks in the movie succeed beyond their wildest dreams, and Kelly LeBrock shows up at their house to take showers with them and get them action with the ladies. But just when things seem to be going well for our heroes, a troupe of bad guys from another dimension come crashing through their mom's kitchen. Interestingly enough, even in other planes of reality, the punk dress code still applies to all evildoers. Soon, the party is overrun by extras from *Mad Max*, and I swear you can hear a Germs record playing in the background. The punks are dispelled by Anthony Michael Hall, but we are left with proof that the evil of punk rock cannot be contained to just one reality.



Fearless Vampire Killer *The Lost Boys, 1987*

Six vampires. Two Coreys. One movie. *The Lost Boys* is easily one of the greatest movies of the '80s and the pinnacle of the careers of both Corey Haim and Corey Feldman. Looking for a new way to spice up vampires, director Joel Schumacher made the wise choice to go with hipper bloodsucking creatures of the night. The result was a scary-ass band of punk rock kids who look just like the squatters you see panhandling on the street (only cleaner and not so into Rancid). *The Lost Boys* also sported a soundtrack that still makes you rock out to this day, capped off by the most punk song INXS ever did, "The Devil Inside."



Nazi Punks Fuck Off *Surf Nazis Must Die, 1987*

Surf Nazis Must Die is like a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup in terms of villains: two great tastes that go great together. On one hand, you've got your punks, and on the other, you've got the time-tested evil of Nazis. If you put them both together, you have a beautiful disaster of a movie. The beach is a battlefield and the waves are a war zone in this post-apocalyptic world where, apparently, Nazis really like punk rock music and surfing. Go figure. This film also showcases the confusingly common public misconception that punk rock and Nazism are somehow related.



Search and Destroy *Mad Max 2: The Road Warrior, 1981*

One common thread that comes up in many movies featuring punk-rock bad guys is that as soon as there is any kind of apocalypse, all of the survivors will grab leather jackets, pierce their noses, and grow out green liberty spikes. It's as if somebody pulled them aside and said, "Hey, the only way you guys are going to survive this nuclear holocaust is to be punk as fuck." The best example of this attitude shows up in the Mel Gibson classic, *The Road Warrior*. The bad guys were only semi-punk in the first *Mad Max*, but they were über-punk in this sequel. Big red mohawks, leather pants, bad accents, and even worse personal hygiene comprised the uniform of these bandits, who were willing to kill anybody for some gasoline. One could even suspect that, in the punk rock tradition, they wanted to huff that gas instead of using it to fuel their crappy cars.

Judith F. Baca

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Judith F. Baca 1990, *World Wall: A Vision of the Future Without Fear*, "Triumph of the Heart", 1987-90, by Judith F. Baca, one of nine panels from the *World Wall: A Vision of the Future Without Fear* (1987-ongoing). Image courtesy of the SPARC Archives SPARCinLA.org.