K.A.M.P.
KIDS’ ART MUSEUM PROJECT
2013
ZINE
WELCOME YOUNG ARTISTS!

We’re so glad you could join us at this year’s K.A.M.P.! This zine celebrates our K.A.M.P. artists, who have designed incredible workshops for you to explore your creativity. We have asked each artist to share how they were first inspired by art as a child, and their delightful recollections are captured here.

Your K.A.M.P. Badge will serve as your Hammer membership card for the next year—please hang onto it! We hope you and your family will come visit us often so you can continue to participate in our upcoming programs.

All of us at the Hammer are so glad that you support and enjoy making art. I wish you the best as you continue to grow and make discoveries for many years to come.

Fondly,

ANNIE PHILBIN
DIRECTOR, HAMMER MUSEUM
COURTYARD LEVEL ACTIVITIES

1. CAYETANO FERRER–MEGALUMINANT
2. RETNA–PAINT YOUR FLAG, PLANT YOUR FLAG
3. GLENN KAINO–FLICKER
4. EDGAR ARCENEAUX + JOHN K CHAN + NERY GABRIEL LEMUS–COLLAPSE CONSTRUCTION
5. T. KELLY MASON–WHAT COLOR IS MY FACE AT NIGHT?
6. BENJAMIN BALL + GASTON NOGUES–PAPERFACE
7. ANILA RUBIKU–OUR HOUSE
8. FATIMA ROBINSON–WORK THAT BODY
9. MONIQUE PRIETO + MICHAEL WEBSTER–PROCESSION OF ART VICTORIOUS
10. JENNIFER STEINKAMP–TREES
   PLUS DJ GOSSIP
GALLERY LEVEL MAP

DIANNA AGRON
JULIE BOWEN
JODIE FOSTER
JAMES VAN DER BEEK

PHOTO BOOTH

Museum Store

GALLERY LEVEL ACTIVITIES

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I remember the experience of coming across a man painting a mural and he let me participate. I was so excited to paint directly on the wall that it left a lasting impression on me.
My mom directed theater; I remember seeing a lot of plays and wanted to design the sets. Some of my earliest memories are of making installations and urban designs with my toys. I began with a stuffed animal veterinary hospital, moved into futuristic cities, then space ships and haunted houses in my adolescent years. Each project took over my whole bedroom. I don’t remember being forced to clean up the messes I made—they just morphed it into new projects. My parents seemed okay with an untidy room.
As a child, I loved junkyards, scrapheaps, and abandoned lots. I would make things from what I could find and sometimes turn them into sets for Super 8 films. For me, these landscapes of imagination were a kind of side door into the worlds of art and architecture.
When I was a kid I would sometimes sit very close to the television in a way that would make my mother nervous. I was very satisfied to discover that everything I was looking at was made up of tiny red, green and blue dots. Later I saw similar effects by looking closely at photos in the newspaper, and then again in paintings that my parents showed me in books, like Seurat. Realizing it was all connected I set out to make my own drawings this way with markers and line paper, to better understand the effect I was looking at. Years later I still work in a similar way.
What did the artist on the side of the road say?
“I have no Monet to buy Degas to make my Van Gogh.”
As a child, I loved to create drawings, build objects, invent characters and their stories, dress up and perform. I did not know that what I was doing had anything to do with art. As a grown up, I still love doing these things and I know it’s about making art, but more importantly it is about getting lost in an adventure of ideas, materials, emotions and sharing these things with other people.
I used to spend hours piling dishes in the sink and running water on them, imagining that I was designing an elaborate water fountain/public sculpture to be enjoyed by all in a town square. I would also construct vast fantastical worlds in our basement out of everyday objects and light them theatrically. Then I would invite my friends over, and push them around in the dark on an office chair with wheels, taking them on a tour of my world. I suppose I have always been interested in inventing situations for people to experience as a way of creating a heightened version of the present.
I used to draw new worlds and make my own toys. Art was the language that gave me a voice from which I could communicate with the world around me.
Growing up, I remember a math teacher once said to me, “I love your doodles at the margins of the paper but your math problems are wrong.” I responded, “Any chance my doodles can take the place of the math problems?”
When I was very young I used to run wild in my best friend’s parents’ furniture showroom. A place called Frank Brothers, in Long Beach. We were only 4 or 5 years old but we were “working”. I remembered it as a time of leaping onto cardboard boxes, crushing them, and heaving great mountains of excelsior (an old fashioned packing material) into a trash dumpster. Many years later, I was looking at photos of the spaces that designers like Verner Panton and Joe Columbo had built to showcase their furniture. I remembered so exactly how those showrooms felt. Super Interesting. It was time travel. Those people made something that changed who I am. Making a thing is cool. Making a thing that changes things around it, that’s even cooler.
The most thrilling memories we have are from those moments when we recognized something in the museum that came from daily life. A large blue vinyl electricity plug that hung from the ceiling and a group of delicious grapes with lemons and insects painted in detail would follow us home and remain in our minds. These are visual memories that would assert themselves for a lifetime, informing our own art projects and grounding them in the quotidian.
I have always been fascinated by the process of making and as a child I was fortunate to get to visit a wide range of factories and workshops with my aerospace engineer father. These glider factories and aircraft hangars were the studios and galleries of my childhood and it was in those places, watching the mechanics and engineers, that I first realized the connections between thinking and making. These childhood fascinations went on to become the driving force of my adulthood and now as a father myself I feel the need to inspire future generations to make similar connections and to enjoy getting their hands dirty.
My first inspiration about art was when I was little and my mom, who didn’t know how to draw, taught me how to draw a dog. She ended up drawing a dog with no legs. It kind of resembled those life preservers with an animal attached to it. So I went around drawing dogs without legs thinking that’s how dogs should be drawn. To this day I still don’t know how to draw a proper dog but I do put a lot of legs on my sculptures.
Art for me was torus-shaped; a plastic colorful ring filled with air in life’s swimming pool. When I was drawing, singing, dancing and wearing costumes, I was floating and weightless and basking in the sun.
When I was a kid, I used to look at the murals on the wall, and it made me happy. I told myself that when I grew up, I would paint to make other people happy.
I danced all day every day when I was a kid...if I wasn’t sleeping I was dancing, always from the heart.
As a kindergartener I was given a small block of clay to make a sculpture. As I was smoothing the sides of the block the clay fell out of my hands. When I picked it up from the floor the top had been smashed so it was wider than the rest of the block. As I again held the clay in my hands it now reminded me of a head wearing a hat. I used a stick to carve out the eyes and mouth and my sculpture was complete. In this process I realized the importance of allowing the materials to have a voice in the creative process.
Through art, I could travel.
I remember sewing with my mom and helping my dad with basic house projects, then building model airplanes and birdhouses, and on to forts and skateboard ramps. I always liked to work with my hands and use the things I made, but it was also the planning and the order of construction that fascinated me. When I discovered that I could employ all of these elements and make something that was purposefully non-functional, I was hooked.
Making art is the most natural thing for a kid to do, and I was no exception. I loved doing it. Making art as an adult is the best way I can think of spending my life.
I remember pretty well, I must’ve been about 12. My Mom took me out to buy a set of oil paints, brushes, turpentine. We cut a piece of canvas from an old window shade and fastened it around a flat plank of wood. I painted all that Saturday and the next day too. By Sunday night I remember the whole house smelled of turpentine. But, no one complained. I guess that was my green light!
One of my fondest memories; Miss Znerold, my first grade teacher, told me I made the best sponge trees. Her encouragement stuck with me. I also remember staring at the magical illustrations in Maurice Sendak’s *Where the Wild Things Are* for hours. I don’t think I even read the book because the images were so compelling.
What I loved to do when I was a little boy was build forts with my friends and my brother Eli. We built forts in the trees around my house, we build forts on the beach, we even dug an underground fort in my back yard. It didn’t really matter what it looked like, we just built whatever we could imagine. It’s what I’m still doing now!
When I was a little boy, I used to visit my grandmother in New York City–she took me to see an opera company with the wonderful name “D’Oyley Carte”. The show was beautiful and funny both, and unlike opera I heard later, it was in English. Now one of my favorite things to do is to make shows like this all by myself–I write and play the music and sing in all different voices; men’s, women’s, children’s and beasts’ alike.
DJ Gossip aka Xuly Williams began his DJ career at 11 years old. From the moment he was born his home was filled with Sade, A Tribe Called Quest, Jackson 5, James Brown, Outkast and Prince to name a few.
Brooke Kanter, Chair

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EDGAR ARCENEAUX
www.vielmetter.com/artists/edgar-arceneaux.html
Blind Pig #8, 2011. Charcoal graphite on paper. 90” x 156”. Photo credit: Bill Orcutt.

BEJAMIN BALL
www.ball-nogues.com

JOHN K CHAN
www.formationassociation.com

CAYETANO FERRER
www.cayetanoferrer.com
Stage, 2012. MDF, paint, fog, light projection. Photo: courtesy of the artist.

MARK HAGEN
international.la/artists/mark-hagen/
To Be Titled (Additive Sculpture, Los Angeles), 2012. Steel, cement and iron oxide pigment. 5 Parts. each 126 x 63 x 18 inches (320 x 160 x 45.7 cm). Photo: Brian Forrest.

PEARL C. HSIUNG
www.pearlchsiung.com
From Above it is Not Bright; From Below it is Not Dark, 2012. Oil-based enamel on MDF and wood. Photo: Brian Forrest.

VISHAL JUGDEE
www.vishaljugdeed.net

GASTON NOGUES
www.balli-nogues.com

RUBEN OCHOA
www.vielmetter.com/artists/ruben-ochoa.html

MONIQUE PRIETO
www.acmelosangeles.com/artists/monique-prieto/
Tomorrow Morning, 2009. Oil on canvas. 60”x60”. Photo: courtesy of the artist.

RETNA
www.digitalretna.com
Brim DC 130 America, 2011. Enamel on Aluminum. 5’ 9.3” x 9’ 11.3” x 3”. Photo: courtesy of the artist.

FATIMA ROBINSON
www.fatimarobinson.com

RY ROCKLEN
www.ryrocklen.com
Installation of Trophy Modern Furniture, 2013. Trophy parts, plywood, laminate, hardware, cushions and upholstery. Photo: courtesy of the artist.

ANILA RUBIKU
www.anilarubiku.com

BRIAN SHARP
www.acmelosangeles.com/artists/brian-sharp/

ADAM SILVERMAN
www.atwaterpottery.com
www.heatherceramics.com

JOHN SONSINI

JENNIFER STEINKAMP
www.jsteinkamp.com
Madame Curie, 2011. Installation at Museum of Contemporary Art, San Diego. Seven-channel projection of various types of flora. 83.5’ x 21.9’, 83.5’ x 18.6’, and 22.6’ x 22.2’ feet. Photo: Robert Wedemeyer.

OSCAR TUAZON
www.maccarone.net
People, 2012. Sugar Maple Tree, Concrete, Basketball Backboard and Hoop. Photo: Jason Wyche, courtesy of the artist and Maccarone.

MICHAEL WEBSTER
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