



Andrew Schoultz, *Untitled (Tree)*, 2006, mixed media on paper, 9' x 7', at Taylor De Cordoba Gallery, Los Angeles.

street art and high art (as well as self-taught and school-bred) in his history as a muralist and painter. *Loud and Quiet* is Schoultz's first exhibition at

Los Angeles's Taylor De Cordoba Gallery, but it is not the first time the graffiti-inspired artist has moved from street to gallery.

The obsessively cross-hatched castles, blistering trees and abundant whirls and drops are a wild storybook setting for the cast of characters that includes a Trojan horse and a number of poignant bluebirds. Achingly devoid of humans and redolently limited in palette, the reds, blues, browns and blacks connote rivers of blood and oceans of emotion: fear or forgiveness? One of the works' subtle strength is their resistance to telling a specific tale (although at times just barely); instead they hint at the tension between man and nature, and the pall of rampant globalization. *Meditations Under Stress* is a cacophonous spilling of color and line. Two horses clash from either side of the composition while meticulously rendered brick triangles interject in and around bursts of red and blue, and a ribbon of pink and gold leaves blows in from the south. It's too orderly to be chaos, too pretty to be war, but too violent not to relate to both. These paintings and drawings have the draftsmanship and control of Chinese scroll paintings and the elaborate violence of cartoons. The fantastic trees in works like *Untitled (Tree)* have trunks as thick and fleshy as a Francisco Botero figure and a preponderance of evenly shaped but disconnected leaves, alternately painted or cut from gold leaf and dollar bills that obliquely suggest the flagrant waste of consumer culture.

The largest piece, *Trampled Under Hoof*, spills from a large sheet onto the wall. Between the scale and complex design, it almost begs to be seen out in the open, like many of his public works in San Francisco, Indonesia and elsewhere. Though hardly simplistic, Schoultz's style, relentless energy and affinity to 1990s street art speaks to a wide audience. His unabashed emotional and political undertones recall Keith Haring's brilliant legacy, but the tight lines and woozy geometry are more reminiscent of M. C. Escher.

The history of street and public art, dating back to Mexican muralists, has been tamer in recent years and one can only hope that Schoultz will help to turn that tide. While these works make a powerful exhibition, I am curious (hopeful, really) if they might be sketches for, or a rest in between, more large, public murals. With a little more clarity, Schoultz could have the makings of a

Andrew Schoultz at Taylor De Cordoba Gallery

Figures careen across canvas and wall, colliding in ecstatic explosions of red and blue, angles and curves, organic and man-made. Teardrops swirl into whirlpools, sharp diagonals bisect rearing horses and trees bloom bits of dollar bills in the quixotically heroic world of Andrew Schoultz's imagining. The artist has effectively straddled the line between



Diego Rivera for the Bush-era, filling public spaces with wild and emphatic visual language—and I'd hate for us to miss out on that.

—Annie Buckley

Andrew Schoultz: *Loud and Quiet* closed in January at Taylor De Cordoba Gallery, Los Angeles.

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