



ABOUT THE ARTIST

Following a happy childhood of intense doodling (skulls, dragons, dudes with giant axes etc.) **c.martino** began making art in earnest after receiving his MBA and going to work for global consulting giant *Accenture*. It sure sounded sexy in the brochure – not really so much.

To maintain sanity and avoid “accidentally” tossing an unsuspecting client out of a tall, shiny downtown building, he began going AWOL in the afternoons, expensing a crappy downtown studio above a Goth coffee shop and getting down to business. Closeted above the angst, black eyeliner and clove smoke, he found his true calling while on the corporate clock. He’s been chasing the muse ever since, creating work that now hangs in venues and private collections from coast to coast, Europe, Hawaii and beyond.

Many years ago a gypsy psychic/carnie at the Del Mar Fair foretold he would die old and crotchety, mumbling about the health benefits of spraypaint and cursing gallery politics. He looks forward to vindicating Madame Huska's vision of the future.

When not creating new work in the studio, Martino can be found surfing the beaches of San Diego's North County, playing ghetto golf at the local exec pitch n' putt, drinking Stella's on Happy Street with his APF, and kung-fu fighting his kidlet Ian for the fate of the universe.