



## ABOUT THE ARTIST

Following an extended childhood of intense doodling, **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 – it wasn't. Life consisted of lame meetings, lame assignments, lame corporate politics, and super-lame commutes. To say it sucked would be an understatement of vast proportions.

To maintain sanity and avoid accidentally tossing an unsuspecting client out of a tall, shiny building, he began going AWOL in the afternoons. Renting a crappy downtown studio above a Goth coffee shop, he got down to business. Hiding out above the angst, black eyeliner and clove smoke, he found his true calling and has been chasing the muse ever since, creating work that now hangs in venues and private collections from coast to coast, Europe, Hawaii and beyond.

A gypsy psychic once told him he would die old, crotchety and insane, gripping a paintbrush and mumbling about gallery politics. He looks forward to making this prediction a reality.

*When not creating new work in the studio for clients and exhibitions nationwide, Martino can be found surfing the beaches of San Diego, playing sloppy guitar in the electro-freak band *Blame It On Gagnon*, and watching with wife Jenny as kidlet *Super Ian* searches for bugs to kill wearing his *Batman Cape and Rocket Shoes*.*