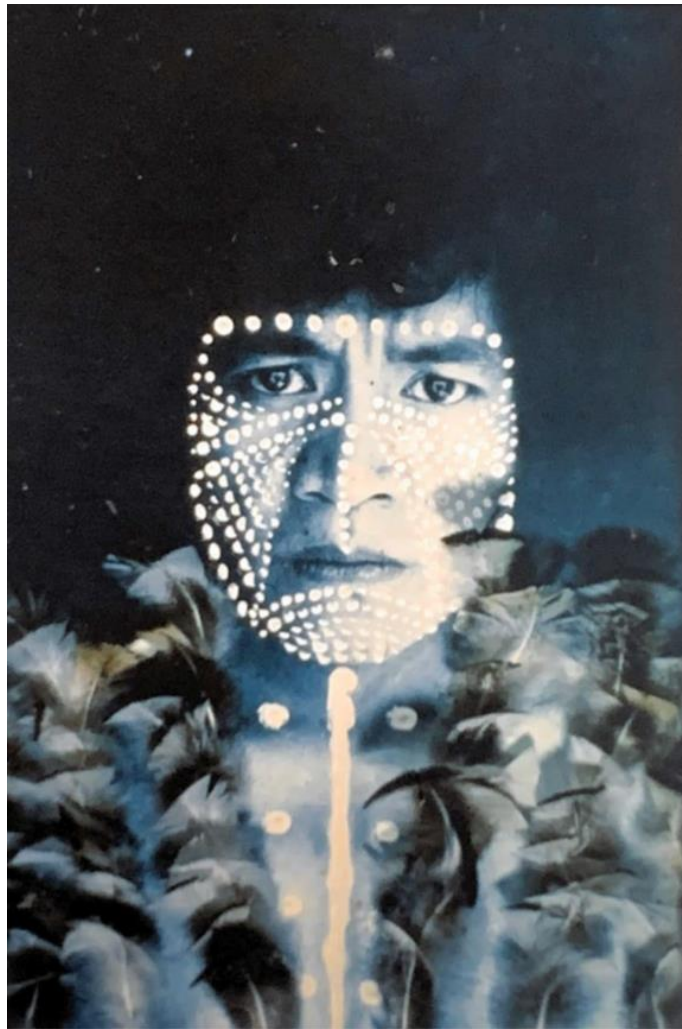


Carlos Villa:

Racism and Modernist Art in San Francisco

Paul J. Karlstrom



Presented virtually to the Chit Chat Club on

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As the bearer of an Asian face in America, you paid some incremental penalty, never absolute, but always omnipresent, that meant that you were by default unlovable and unloved; that you were presumptively a nobody, a mute and servile figure ... unable to threaten anyone.

—Wesley Yang, *The Souls of Yellow Folk: Essays* ^[1]

This quote may seem a harsh opening to a discussion of the life of Carlos Villa. As a mature and established artist, Villa seemed to everyone he met to be reliably convivial, upbeat, charming, outgoing, comfortable, and self-assured. However, the key to understanding Villa's art as a whole is to recognize the importance of his early life experience and how he drew upon it to inform his mature artistic expression (fig. 1).



While Villa's time in New York (1964–69) provided a crucial period for examining his artistic self-conception, his early years are far more revealing of his challenges and his eventual success as an artist—and, above all, as a transformed man.

The story begins, of course, as a tale of immigration and the reality of growing up with low status in the social hierarchy. Wesley Yang's dark description of being Asian American may sound either overly personal or extreme to the broader population, but my interviews in 1995 with Villa suggest a resonance with Yang's statement in that they too describe the traumatic suffering of a young Asian-Pacific American. The source of Villa's fragile self-conception reflects, by his own account, the demeaning treatment Asians—notably Chinese—commonly received in San Francisco, a city whose present-day liberal image is far from the reality of the past. “You come to this city and just deal with it,” he said. “At the time there was rampant racism. Furthermore, within the ghetto communities there was also strongly enforced territorialism.”

Filipino Americans were allowed to “hang out in Chinatown and the Fillmore District. But don't go into North Beach. Don't go over there with the Italians, you know they're going to get you. And the Irish were in the Richmond and big-time in the Mission.” Villa looked around and saw that his life was infected, surrounded by hostility and discrimination. In my view, this may be the fundamental determining factor in Villa's story.

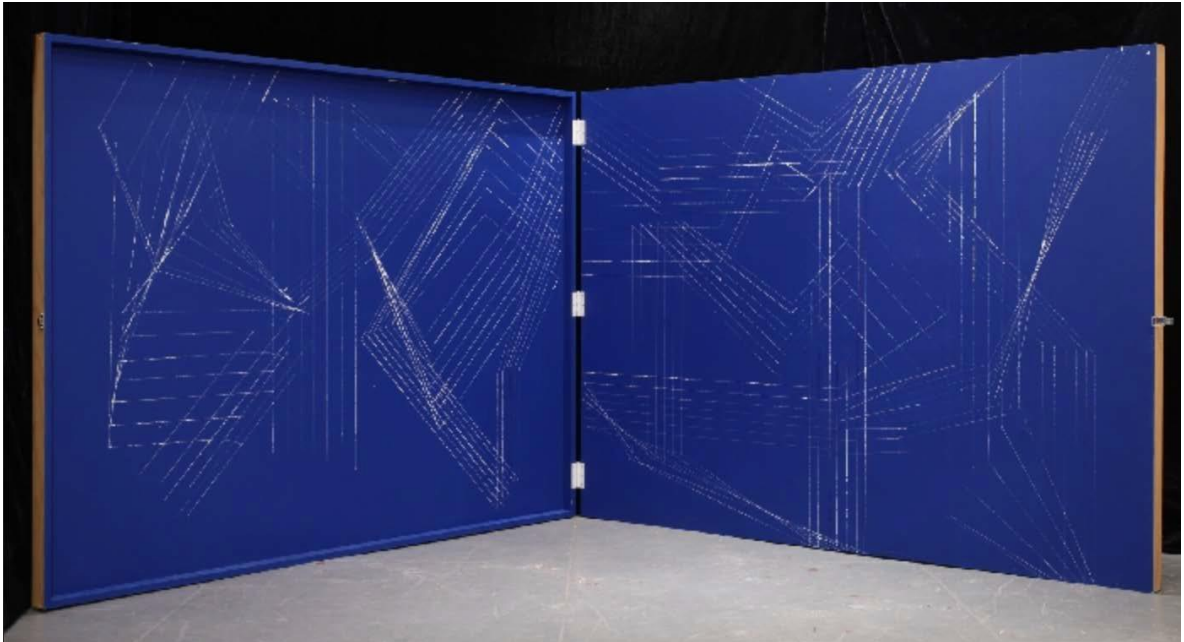
In the early years of Asian immigration to the United States, American federal policies were very specifically restrictive. While Filipinos were ostensibly U.S. nationals after the annexation of the Philippines in 1899, they were not citizens, nor were they allowed to marry, own land, vote, or run businesses. In fact,

immigration policy was specifically designed to prevent permanent residence of "undesirable" populations by precluding the establishment of families. The situation was unkind and entirely unnatural in terms of traditional male-female relationships. Filipino men soon vastly outnumbered women in the U.S. because they were able to find work as low-paid laborers.

Villa spoke at length about the difficult situation faced by these young immigrants. During that period of female scarcity, many lonely men regularly patronized nightclubs where they had access to "dime a dance" taxi dancers, many of whom were young working-class white girls. In the early years they must have seemed to the newcomers unobtainable, thereby perfectly situated to take advantage of the men—as Villa put it: “robbing them blind.” He knew that some of his adult relatives were among the willingly subjected. The dancing occasionally extended to further intimacies, up to and including sexual intercourse, in exchange for gifts, dinners, and entertainment. These so-called “charity girls” insisted they were not prostitutes, the relationships regarded by patrons and dancers as “dating.”

Taxi dancing originated in San Francisco's Barbary Coast in the years immediately following the Gold Rush. The phenomenon was in full swing when the Filipino immigrants arrived but interest declined after World War II. In the Villa/Valledor circle, those participating in taxi dance culture openly were the "uncles." The uncles' stories may have included the dance clubs as popular for social gathering. If so, the boys undoubtedly were intrigued, and possibly even a bit scared. As Villa described the situation: "When I say 'uncles' I mean extended family, because we had maybe one woman for every thirty men. When we had dinner, there would be a lot of people I did not know...and they liked to be called uncle. And [their] only recreation was to go to the dance hall and become poets." [2]

In his later work (fig. 2), Villa made reference to the local dance halls that apparently were still fixtures in male Filipino life. He remembers a particular hat worn by "a lot of my uncles and there are some dance tickets in there."^[3] Villa also spoke of the role models from his youth, among them his young cousin Leo Valledor and an uncle noted for sartorial acumen.



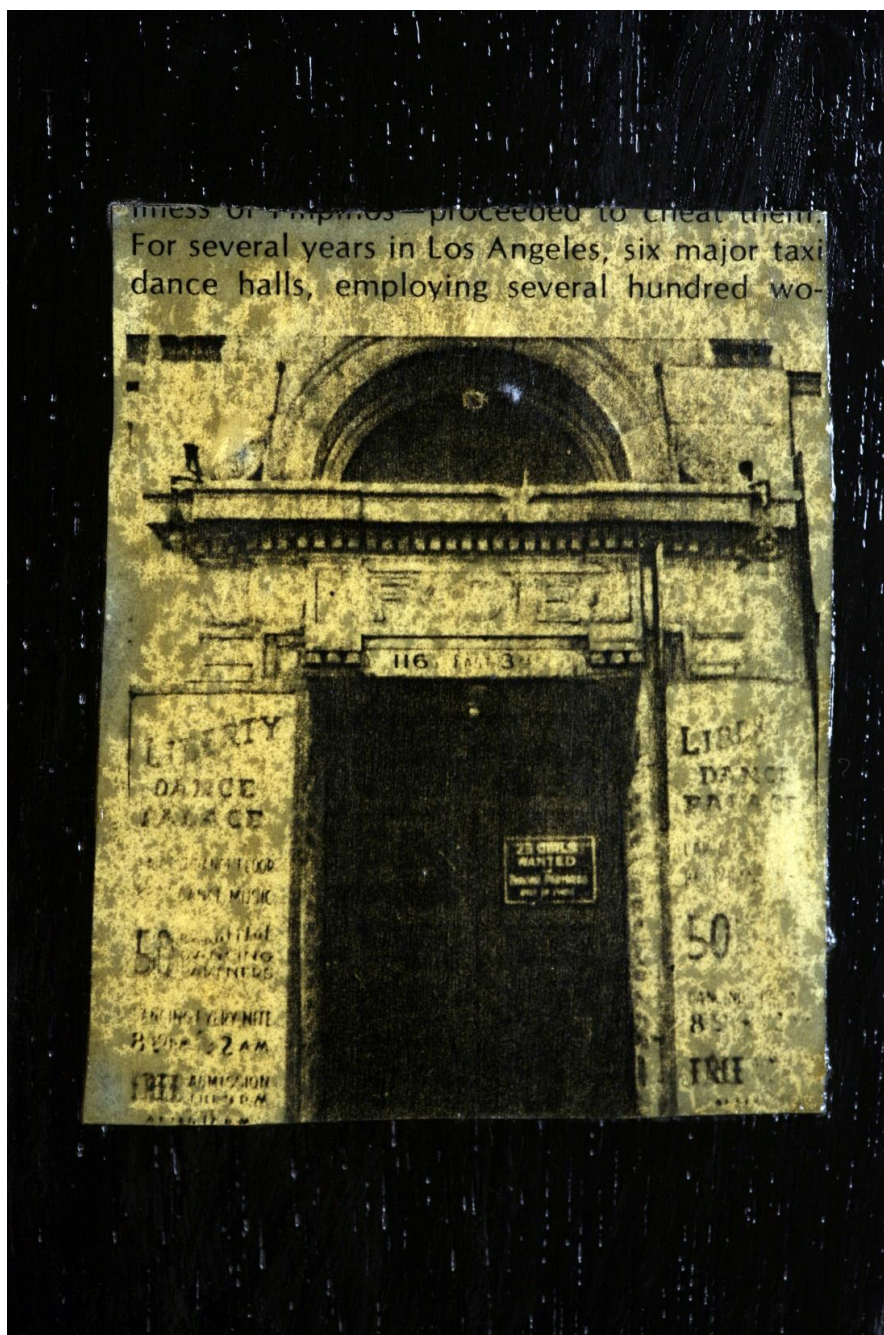
Leo: "God! Did you see Uncle Jimmy's new shirt? Wow!"

Carlos: "Yeah! Did you check this out?"

The boys excitedly went up to their favorite uncle's room to talk about "what he did" out in the world, anecdotes from his exciting grownup life experiences. Through him they were being admitted to the adult Filipino American world. He was their hero, and they felt like men when Jimmy uncorked his small bottle of whiskey and gave them sips. That's all it took. "We'd look at all of the sharp guys, and we'd admire our aunts' tits." This all-important sense of appearance and style,

leaning heavily on the examples of Black culture and fashion, contributed to male bonding and self-ascribed group exceptionalism.

Among the pleasure emporia visited by the uncles were Liberty Dance Club, Lonely Dreams, and the Bon Ton. *All Tony at the Bon Ton* is the title of one of his later minimalist works. Another sculpture depicts the front door of Liberty (fig. 3).



Villa appreciated the role played by the taxi dance clubs as important markers of his community social culture and style. But above all, Villa personally empathized with the loneliness and isolation of these *manong* (Ilokano term for immigrant generation of 1920s and 30s) and addressed their plight.

From an early age, Villa felt not just socially isolated but invisible. His sense of rejection, or more accurately being ignored—the feeling that he did not fit in—was not only the result of the casual prejudice the Filipino American community was subjected to by the white "oppressors"; he somehow internalized this fact as personal insignificance. For many years this clung to his estimation of self worth, which was damaged to a degree that colored his entire world view. The trauma was psychological, not the result (to my knowledge) of childhood, especially family, abuse. But it was as powerful as being physically beaten down. Villa was paralyzed by fear of white people and could not even converse with them. His main story is how he overcame what he described as a painful injury to his soul.

Carlos Villa was born on December 11, 1936, at Mary's Help Hospital on Guerrero Street. His parents, Pedro Corpuz Villa and Prisca Gorospe, had emigrated separately from Ilokos region of the Philippines in the 1920s, he at sixteen or seventeen years, and she at thirteen. They met and wed in San Francisco (fig. 4).



The family first lived on Myrtle Alley between Polk and Larkin Streets, a basement unit at the Marquette apartment complex where Villa's father was janitor. The parents came from "very, very poor" farming families, targeted by steamship-line agents who came to small villages in the north to sell them tickets to the United States to "realize their American dreams." What awaited them was dramatically different from that promise; they worked hard but never materially advanced. They made a socially satisfactory life within the Filipino community—Villa insists that "home was a wonderful place," and the Villa homestead was a popular "hub" featuring Prisca's cooking—but broader opportunities were severely

limited. Not surprisingly, a bitter undercurrent of betrayal suffused the community. To offset the racially based exclusion, Pedro and several of the uncles formed a social club, the Native Sons of Lapog, featuring gambling, singing, and home-cooked meals (no doubt prepared by female family members).

Villa spoke fondly of his immediate family which grew to include his sole sibling, Esther, born in 1943 and with whom he stayed in touch over the years. Family warmth notwithstanding, Villa also remembered his father's stern admonition never to trust white people. More important in Villa's memory was that his father cautioned him to "never become a victim." Ironically, victimhood is exactly how Villa came to view his lot, and it took some years for him to fully understand and incorporate that crucial warning into his changing life. He acknowledged that in his youth his parents had a "tough, rough life," adding with pride that "even though they've gone through a lot of shit, they never, ever thought of themselves as victims." Villa had difficulty in following the very advice he much later adopted as central to his own activist program.

In an interview conducted by Cynthia Charter for the catalogue accompanying his retrospective at UC Davis, Villa describes the reasons for his parents' suppression of his Filipino identity^[4]: "During World War II my folks were really frightened because we looked Japanese. We looked like the people America was fighting. They [his parents] were so paranoid. Everytime they would hear people walking down the street at night they would whisper 'be quiet.' I'd freeze because of their fright." Villa grew up speaking Ilocano, the language which most Anglophones would mistake for Japanese, or almost as unacceptable, Chinese. "Hey, you just can't be speaking like that." So Villa's assignment was not only silence but, as much as possible, invisibility. "It was a common thing with all kids of my generation to feel ashamed that they were Filipino," which began to

shape Carlos's deep feelings of insecurity and, in his repeated lament, "self loathing."

In the close-knit Filipino community, the main figure in Villa's childhood was his cousin Leo Valledor, whose influence cannot be overestimated (fig. 5).



From their childhood on, Valledor was the primary and ongoing inspiration, and Villa adored him. Shockingly, when Valledor was twelve his mother was murdered by an uncle; his father immediately abandoned Leo, leaving with his long-time mistress. Valledor was less than a year older than Villa, but on his own

he had a remarkably mature capacity for survival that served him well in his “older brother” role.

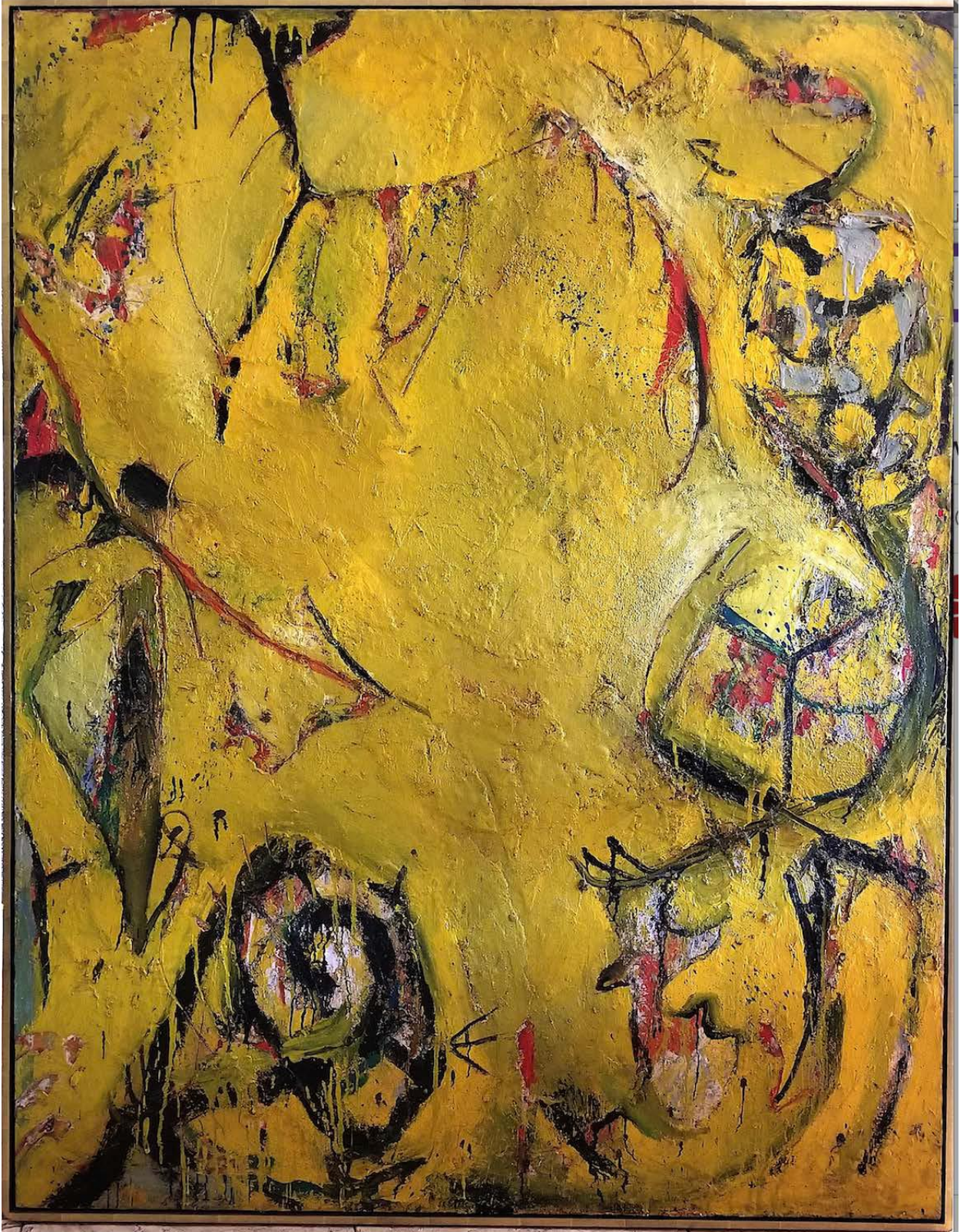
A note Villa inscribed on his own 1954 Lowell High School graduation portrait makes their early connection clear: “Our relationship as cousins have even gone farther until we vowed ourselves brothers until the end. Not the end of the year, but the end of our lives. You, like any older brother, have set a pattern for the younger.” What may be most important here is the context: Lowell was and remains the top public high school in San Francisco, and Villa must have been a bright and attentive student, moving on from Japanese Catholic Mission School. However, Lowell only increased Villa's sense of alienation and lonely invisibility. In our interviews, he recalled bitterly that he had no friends among the predominantly white students, nor among the equally standoffish Japanese returning after World War II.

Retrospectively, Villa expressed the extraordinary depth of his sustaining relationship with Valledor, his first and most important connection to the art world: “I loved his mind. He was more intellectual and imaginative than my other cousins.... He would show me the things he was reading, anything from a dirty little Mike Hammer book to the famous artist who wrote about opium [William S. Burroughs]. He would talk about Aldous Huxley and all those LA guys.” Villa remembered his introduction to art via Valledor's sculpture and “fantastic self-portraits,” and though Villa would try to privately emulate his cousin at home in the Tenderloin, he wouldn't tell Leo that he was drawing. He was awed and inspired by Valledor's ten-by-ten-foot abstract paintings exhibited at local venues like the Six Gallery and Jim Newman's now-legendary Dilexi Gallery in 1959 (Blue and Black Series), when Valledor was in his early twenties. Villa paid close attention. Ultimately, it was the productive intimacy of the cousins' relationship

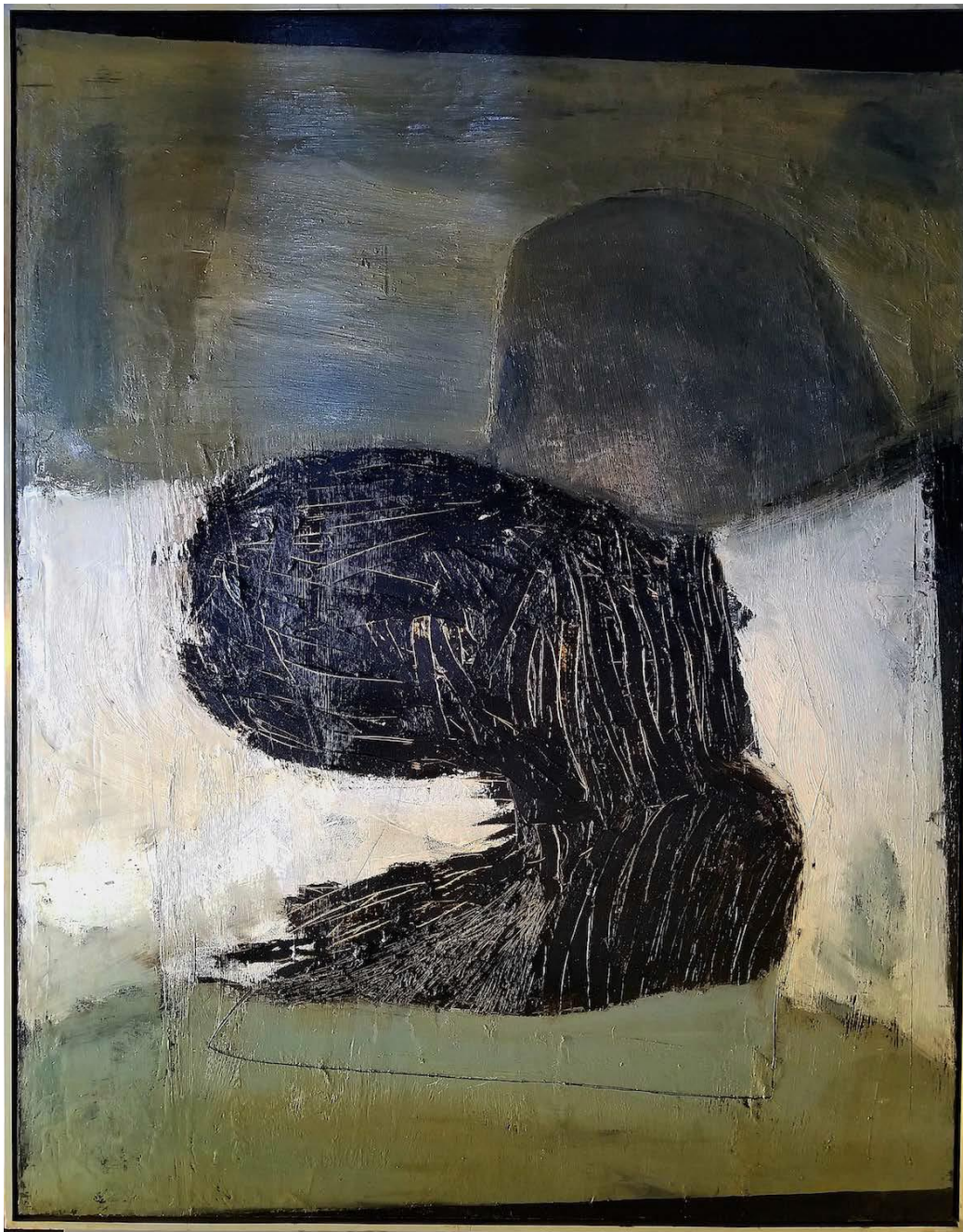
that provided an emotional bulwark against Villa's perceived lack of meaningful personal identity as well as a satisfactory purpose to his art.

It was with Valledor's encouragement that Villa enrolled at the California School of Fine Art (now San Francisco Art Institute: SFAI) in 1958. Valledor had studied there from 1953 to 1955 but dropped out at the urging of fellow students, among them Joan Brown and Manuel Neri. Villa had served in the military in Korea from 1954 to 1957 and was able to attend school on the GI Bill. Perhaps starting in that supportive environment, and with the early recognition of his work, Villa began to escape from the victimhood his father feared for his introspective son. One of Villa's teachers, William Morehouse, encouraged him to paint with tar, Morehouse's own current preferred medium. Villa credited that encouragement to work with unusual materials as contributing to his self-discovery of an independent artistic identity.

Villa learned from the "best teachers the region had to offer." In addition to Morehouse, an early instructor was Elmer Bischoff, whose abstract expressionist work especially appealed to Villa, followed by Richard Diebenkorn, Ralph DuCasse, Dorr Bothwell, and Walter Kuhlman. He missed Clyfford Still, who had left the school in 1950 but whose reputation and example lingered there for students like Villa who were initially attracted to Abstract Expressionism (fig.6). Recent graduate Wally Hedrick was a valuable mentor to Villa, as he had been for Leo. Among other influential colleagues were Neri, Brown, Jay DeFeo, William T. Wiley, William Allen, and Robert Hudson, all of whom became leading figures of San Francisco's contemporary avant-garde. Villa described himself at that time as "pretty much a mainstream artist."



The 1960s were pivotal for Carlos Villa, a time he frequently referred to as formative. While at the California School of Fine Art—from which he received his bachelor of fine arts degree in the spring of 1961—he was included in several local avant-garde exhibitions. His work from that period was ambitious in scale and often dark in tone (fig. 7).



Bruce Conner admired Villa's nontraditional work and invited him to participate in the *Ratbastards* exhibition at Spatsa Gallery in 1958, and the following year he was included in *Gang Bang* at Batman Gallery, both in San Francisco. After his work was shown in *The Art of San Francisco*, a 1960 exhibition at the San Francisco Museum of Modern Art, increasingly exhibitions followed at venues outside the Bay Area—notably *The Artist's Environment: West Coast*, the inaugural exhibition at the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in Fort Worth.

Evidence of the interest Villa attracted as a representative of new art in California is found in other significant shows that introduced him to a seemingly sympathetic (mostly underground) art world. Villa enjoyed a serious reception as an exciting new artist, deserving of attention by the outside world. This extraordinarily rapid reversal of circumstances may have been difficult for him to absorb, but he could no longer claim invisibility. One would think that this upwelling of supportive recognition would put Villa's self esteem on firmer ground, more self-assured in his identity as an artist.

Unfortunately, that was not the case, as my interviews with him revealed. Villa became determined to seek his fortune in New York. On cue, in 1964 Valledor convinced Villa to join him and his girlfriend, Mary Leahy, in New York as part of the Park Place Group. During the four crucial years he spent there, Villa found himself immersed in the New York art crowd, especially after his first solo exhibition in 1967 at Poindexter Gallery. This heady success, however, did not erase the damage of years of discrimination, even in New York. Mary remembers when she and Leo were walking down a street in their Tribeca neighborhood and were stopped by a concerned white male who politely pulled Mary aside and

warned her of the danger of being seen in such (dark) company. Mary was taken aback, and when she told Valledor, he—and Villa—acquired yet another example of the continuous discrimination they had experienced in some form every day of their young lives.^[5]

Mary had entered the Villa-Valledor story in 1957, just before her graduation from high school. Soon after meeting Mary at a house party in their mutual Richmond District neighborhood, Villa introduced her to his cousin at Valledor's home studio. Mary described Carlos and Leo at the time: “They loved music, and they definitely had a lifestyle that I wasn’t used to.” She was overwhelmed.

By the time Valledor left for New York to join Mary, who had independently preceded him, they had become a couple. When Villa joined them, they formed what Mary describes as a “very close family.” They were like an “art team” (Mary's words), devoted to one another.^[6] However, Mary acknowledges that the “triangle” was complicated. Back in San Francisco, Mary and Leo remained a couple, eventually marrying. After Leo’s death in 1989, Mary and Carlos maintained the close friendship, moving in together three years later (fig. 8).



They formalized the relationship in 1999, living as husband and wife for fourteen years until Villa's death in 2013. Leo and Mary provided Carlos the emotional reinforcement he depended upon. When I suggested to her that she

served as continuation of the stability and interdependence that Leo brought over the years, she did not deny the role. How interesting that Villa's personal life—marked early on by wariness and suspicion stemming from his father's warnings not to trust white people—culminated in his marriage to his cousin's very white Irish Catholic widow. Leo and Mary had provided a kind of reassurance that Carlos also gained from his long teaching career (1969-2013) at familiar and beloved SFAI, where he became something of an institution.

New York and the artists around Park Place made Villa more familiar with the trendy contemporary art scene and the way the community regarded itself as the center of the art world. Hanging out with big-name artists to whom he was introduced by Valledor and others, Villa found himself looking at their work and lifestyle as guides to success in the form of recognition and gallery exposure. But something important was missing. An epiphany during his New York tenure marked the beginning of a change that would shape his maturing career. In retrospect, he looked back at that initially exciting sojourn as a career boost, but one leading him in the wrong direction in terms of his art—and, even more so, in his life.

Villa explained the rapid decline in his enthusiasm for a New York–validated “look”: “When I returned from New York after having been a minimalist (fig. 9), I started asking [myself] questions because I just didn't like solving [formal] aesthetics vis à vis community. What I meant by that is that sitting down at a table and talking to Don Judd or Dan Flavin, or what kind of light bulbs Dan used on his pieces at Max's Kansas City—what did that add up to? I started to

realize that my art was going further and further away from me and becoming more something else.”

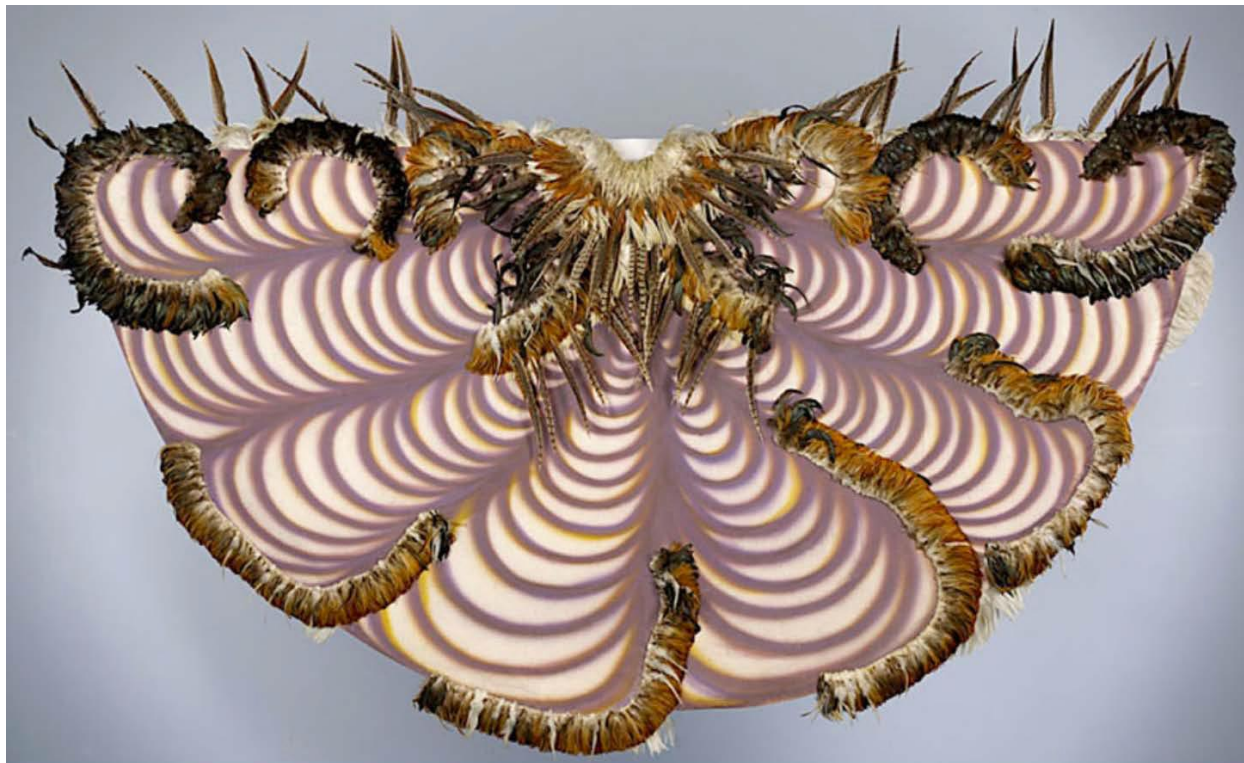


In our interviews Villa was critical of the New York artists, including his cohorts, and their self-importance and lifestyle. Alcohol and drugs became a part of the scene. He called out several famous artists whom he thought squandered their careers on drugs. And briefly he joined in; addiction avoidance became

another reason to leave New York. Also contributing to his departure was the fact that his partner at that time took their infant daughter, Sydney, and left him for the soon-to-be famous earth artist, Michael Heizer. Villa was devastated, and the ongoing separation—at times estrangement—from his only child, further complicated by her later (adult) arrest and conviction of a serious crime leading to incarceration, became among the most painful aspects of his adult life.

Abandoning his dream of New York art success, and in a conscious effort to reengage his community values and ongoing personal identity quest, Villa returned to San Francisco where through his SFAI connections he took a job as artist-in-residence at Telegraph Hill Neighborhood Center. According to Villa, young Black and Asian kids used it as a clubhouse. What impressed him was something with which he was already familiar but in this new context saw as a resource for his own art: *rasquache*. The Chicano term, formerly a derogatory word for impoverishment, described a cohort style—inventiveness, making use of what is available—and it reverberated throughout the disenfranchised ghetto youth culture. It was an important part of Villa's finally achieving artistic identity and self-affirmation—of growing up. It also described the process of making something out of random elements, the “throwaways,” of another culture, a practice Villa employed to good effect.

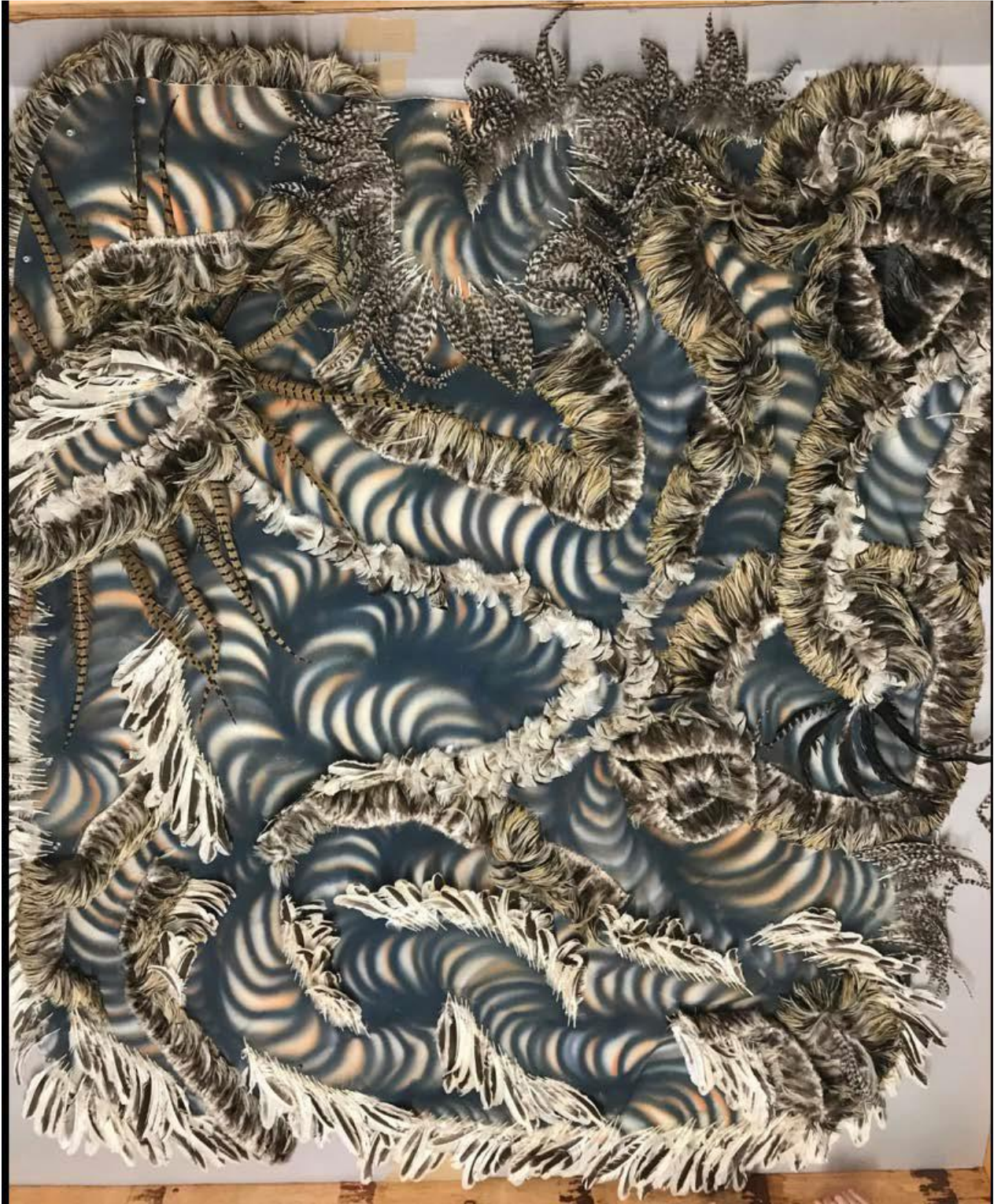
Villa acknowledged that he identified cultural-specific style as an important source for his art. It was part of his invented Filipino identity (fig. 10).



Carlos Villa, *Painted Cloak* 1971, airbrush acrylic on unstretched canvas with feathers and Taffeta lining, 72 x 96". Courtesy Villa Estate.

Equally important, perhaps more so, was the *rasquache* ability to take discarded shards or elements and combine them in an original way. For Villa, this appropriation served his growing interest in and practice of looking broadly at what constituted his own heritage, and it focused on tribal and ethnographic art sources including tattoos and tribal rituals. In a way he was creating a collage of images and materials that spoke to him and represented his ancestry—and therefore the identity he longed to recover, or rather invent. “I started with my own art, trying to recuperate some things. Not just to do a Filipino art but to do an art of my own. To do a visual kind of excavation to bring me closer to my own roots—whatever that was, being Filipino American.” *Rasquache*. Self-affirmation (figs. 11 and 12).





This process of establishing a positive identity through artifacts from perceived ancestral cultures was significantly facilitated by Thomas Seligman, an Africanist who had returned from the Peace Corps in Liberia in 1971 and was immediately hired by the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco to establish a new department, Art of Africa, Oceania, and the Americas, addressing the rich tribal art formerly underrepresented and inaccurately grouped as "primitive." Fortuitously, Villa and Seligman met and discovered their deep mutual interest in tribal and ethnographic art. Seligman introduced Villa to the de Young's growing collection and to key publications, particularly on African cultures, the most influential of which was *Conversations with Ogotemmêli* by French anthropologist Marcel Griaule.^[7] Ogotemmêli was a *hogon* (ritual specialist) in the Dogon culture of Mali. Villa was fascinated by his story, especially the descriptions of *hogon* rituals. These were the inspirations for Villa's performance piece *Ritual* (1980) (figs. 13 and 14).



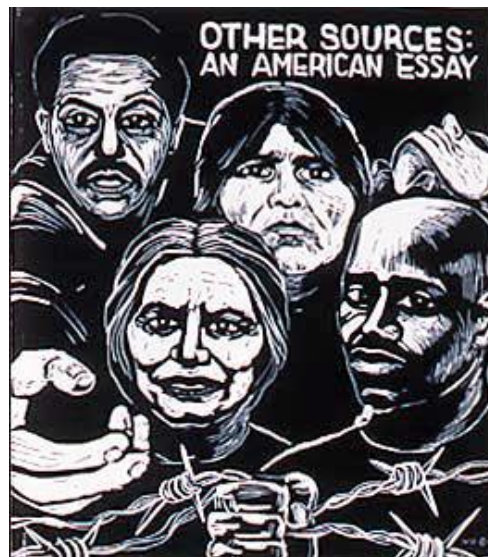


Seligman described the performance: “Carlos worked with his body and was naked. And I was anointing him with pigments and feathers and millet seeds, which the Dogon use in their rituals. A lot of Dogon sculptural figures are coated in blood. Carlos also used blood in his performance. So, he was borrowing things directly from what I, or Ogotemmêli, had informed him about. Of course, Carlos made it his own and put it on his body.”^[8] In effect Seligman served as Villa’s “permission giver” in terms of using African sources. *Ritual* was scripted by Villa with extreme deference to his tribal sources, but the actual performance was spontaneous and involved Valledor playing the saxophone while others beat drums.

Reflecting on Villa’s journey from the ghetto to a distinguished career at SFAI and a position of leadership in social activism, artist Mark Johnson, another

close friend and collaborator, said, “Although artists are generally lone wolves, Carlos constructed an art-world extended family of peers and students. He was warmhearted and had a noble vision that attracted like-minded collaborators.” Underlying this remarkable trajectory is the way in which Villa’s early museum and gallery triumphs evolved into a more meaningful success involving openness to other people. Villa shifted his focus from interiority to the outside world and the people who occupy it. He began to operate within a phenomenon that can be described as social modernism: an awareness of injustice and inequity that Villa and his colleagues—among them Amalia Mesa Baines, Angela Davis, Rupert Garcia, Moira Roth, and Villa’s student Enrique Chagoya—sought to redress, as did, independently, Jacob Lawrence (New York/and Seattle), Betye Saar (Los Angeles), and Ruth Asawa (San Francisco). Ruth embraced the term social modernism as appropriate for her commitment both to art and, perhaps above all, community.^[9]

In 1976 Villa was one of the organizers of the exhibition and publication *Other Sources: An American Essay*, which focused on multiculturalism in the arts (fig. 15).



He reported that, upon having seen the publication, both Roth and Davis exhorted him to continue his work. As a leader of a developing social movement, Villa adopted an inclusive definition of what art could be: “I think art is boundless. Art has no horizon.... It could come in so many different forms: documentary, abstract, poetic. I think that artists are conduits to and from their communities. And I think we have an incredible vision here, a vision of collaborative action, a network of actions ... that because of all these voices, we’re getting some sense of personal history, *our* history as it interfaces with others and becomes a landscape.”^[10] One commonplace wisdom has it that art is largely determined by an artist’s life experience. Carlos Villa takes that truth to a different level. His life was not merely changed but dramatically transformed by the discovery and practice of art. He had finally found his authentic identity.

For Villa, art had limitless possibilities. He understood all his art as being of a piece—objects and performances culminating in social-justice activism. For him activism *became* his art. From the private to the public, Villa did not distinguish between the various manifestations of his creativity. What anchored his creative life was a vision for a better future that eliminated the inequality and discrimination of his childhood and young adult years. In effect, his damaged youth equipped him with the motivation to confront and combat injustice, creating a new understanding of the greater potential of art. He saw what art—*his* art—could be by embracing a bigger role than individual self-expression: the domain of social modernism (fig. 16).



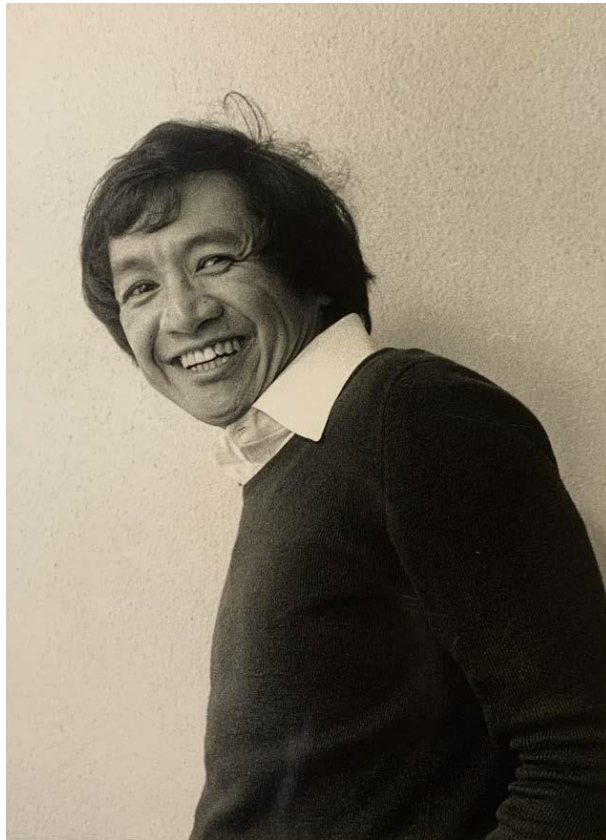
What he came to see as toxic for himself as well as for society led him finally to devote his life and art to developing and presenting a counternarrative to combat that American injustice, beginning with his San Francisco home and the local art world.

Any lingering doubt about the authenticity and determination of Villa's project was quelled by the series of four multicultural symposia he produced at SFAI from April 1988 through September 1991 (fig. 17).



One symposium “was basically a call to arms in which we started questioning and delineating an agenda for artists of color.”^[11] These symposia represented a direct and potent challenge to the art establishment. During that period Villa described to fellow activist Moira Roth the source and commitment of his art-cum-social activism. And he acknowledged that it remained unfinished business: “I’ve evolved

from the time that I did *Other Sources* but at the same time, I know that there are things that continue to be terribly wrong in the world. I'm concerned about that. I'm concerned because I think that the country and the people just haven't applied lessons we learned from the Sixties. I wish to do something with friends for the community—and for me personally. I think it would signal a completion (fig. 18).”^[12] Well earned, I would add, combining aesthetic and social responsibility .



Learning of Villa's early years under the yoke of racism only increased my admiration for the upbeat, intelligent, enthusiastic artist I met years ago and the one I find myself writing about now. It is an inspiring story of the redemptive power of a life dedicated to art as an instrument for self-discovery and social change.

Notes

1. Wesley Yang, introduction to *The Souls of Yellow Folk: Essays* (New York: Norton: 2018).
2. This essay is based primarily on the author's interviews with the artist: Carlos Villa, interview by Paul Karlstrom, June 20–July 10, 1995, San Francisco, transcript, Archives of American Art, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, DC, <https://www.aaa.si.edu/collections/interviews/oral-history-interview-carlos-villa-5561>. **Unless otherwise indicated, quotations in the essay are drawn from these interviews.**
3. Carlos Villa in *Memories of Overdevelopment*, 1997, pp. 91–92.
4. Cynthia Charters, "Carlos Villa /A Biographical Sketch" in Carlos Villa: Selected Works, Section "1961–1984" unpaginated. Regents of the University of California, published Memorial Union Art Gallery, UC Davis, 1985. Unpaginated, quotation from Charters interviews conducted May 5–6/19–20 and September 22, 1984.
5. Mary Valledor, interview by the author, December 3, 2019, San Francisco.
6. Ibid.
7. Marcel Griaule, *Conversations with Ogotemeli: An Introduction to Dogon Religious Ideas* (1948; London: Oxford University Press, 1965).
8. Thomas Seligman, interview by the author, November 12, 2019, San Francisco.
9. Mark Johnson, interview by the author, November 7, 2019, San Francisco.
10. I discuss social modernism, specifically in connection with Villa and Ruth Asawa, in the essay "Postwar California: Asian American Modernism" (231–255), in Gordon H. Chang, Mark Dean Johnson, and Paul J. Karlstrom, eds., *Asian American Art: A History, 1850–1970* (Stanford, CA: Stanford University Press, 2008).
11. *Other Sources: An American Essay*, exhibition curated by Carlos Villa (San Francisco: San Francisco Art Institute, 1976).
12. Carlos Villa, interviewed by Moira Roth, 1989.