

Keith Aoki 1955–2011 Life as the Art of Kindness A Remembrance

by James Boyle, Jennifer Jenkins & Balfour Smith

Thank you to Ibrahim, Steve, Madhavi and Anupam for bearing us up. A man with friends like these is richer than princes.



In Memory of Keith - for Mona, Rachel and Sarah

"There was no one even remotely like him. It was as if Feynman had produced comics about quantum physics."

John Perry Barlow

"I suggested his epitaph should be from Rafael Sabatini: 'He was born with the gift of laughter, and a sense that the world was mad.'"

Garrett Epps

Keith.

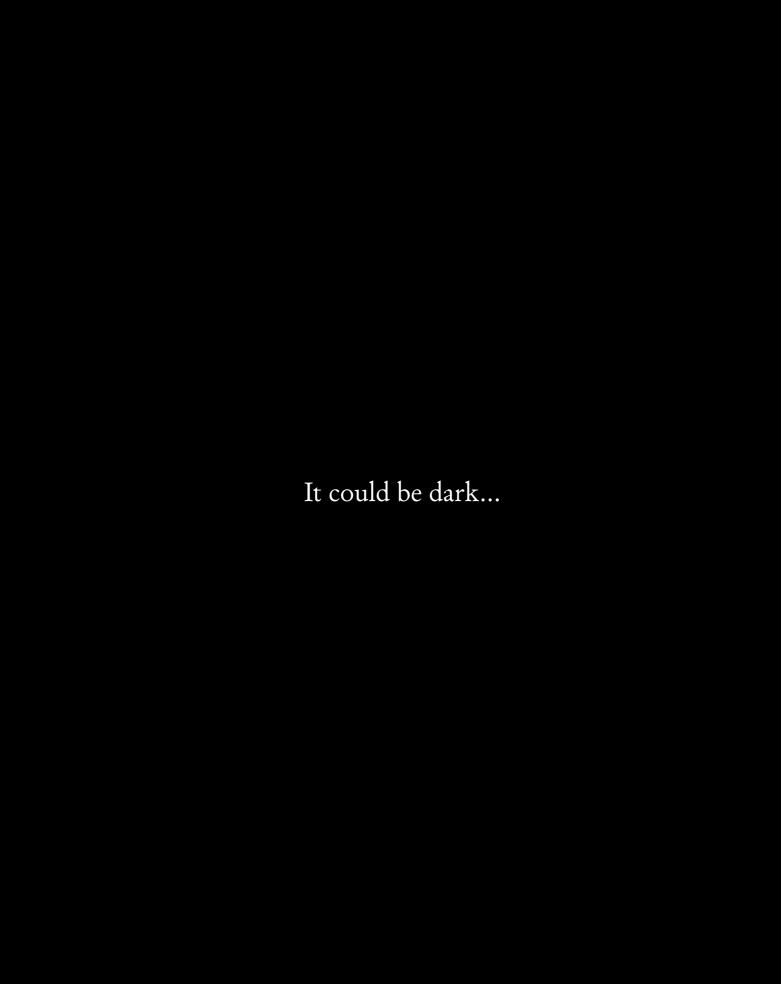
In words and pictures. Life as the art of kindness.

The memory that keeps coming back is a time when someone on the faculty had a party at their house during the summer. I can no longer remember who had the party, but they had just bought a trampoline that morning. I was jumping on it with the kids (yes, I was much younger and more energetic then) and one of the grown-ups came out to tell us that there was actually an instruction book with the trampoline and that we should probably have some rules about not all jumping at once, so that no one got hurt. And one of the kids said that we didn't want any stinking instructions or rules and all of a sudden Keith showed up, in his black leather jacket and long hair and started chanting "No instructions! No rules!" And then we all started chanting along with him and jumping around on the trampoline shouting it. That's how I'll always remember Keith - a fist in the air, shouting "No instructions! No rules!" at the world.

Kim Krawiec

They say that it is not how many times you draw breath that counts. It is how many times something takes your breath away. Keith would know. His art took our breath away.







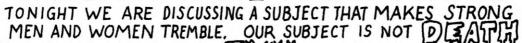




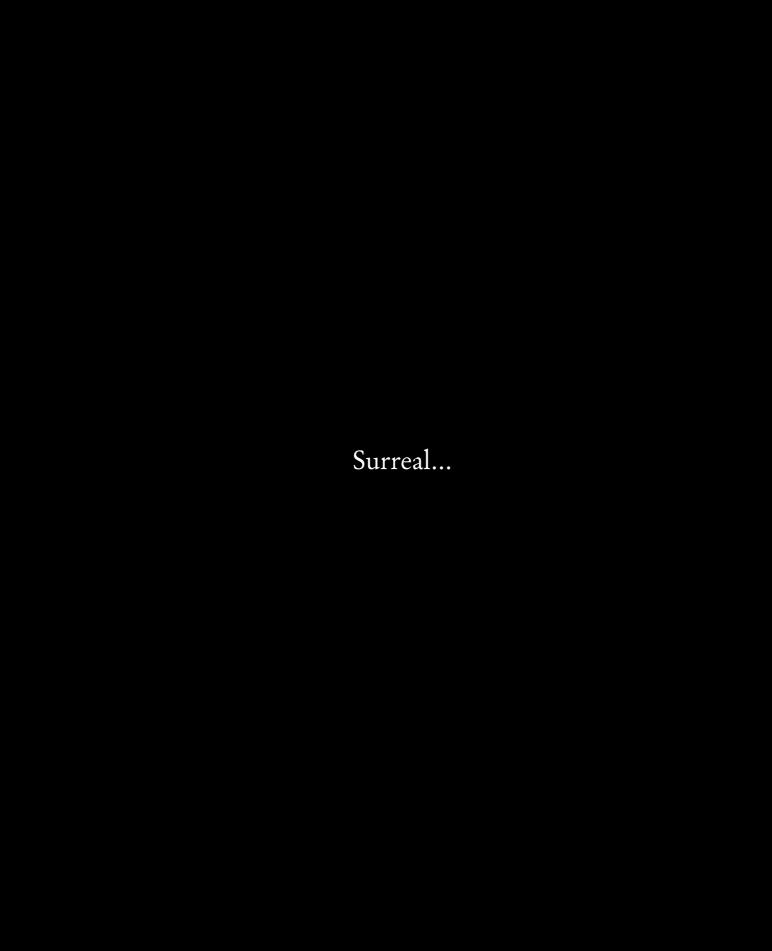


Or playful...

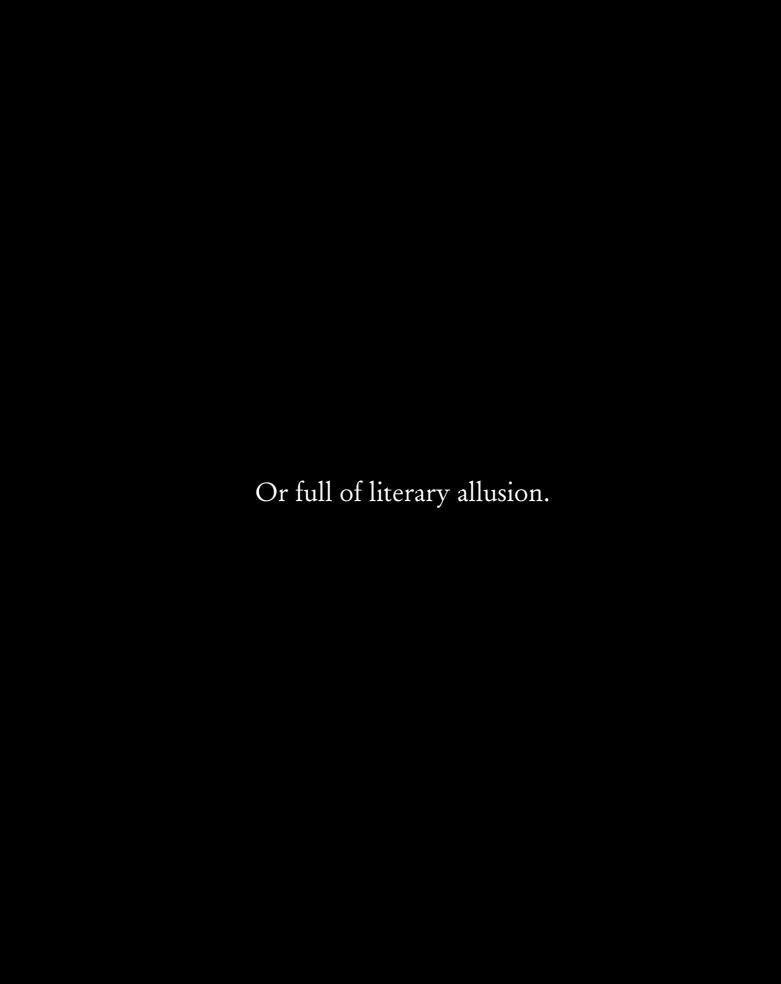
WELCOME TO THE CENTER ... THE CENTER FOR

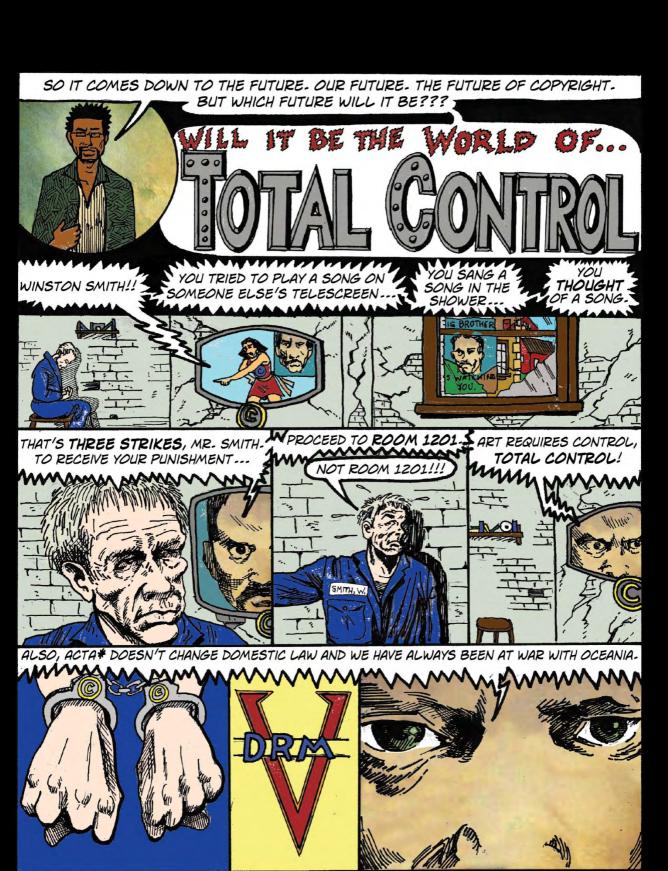


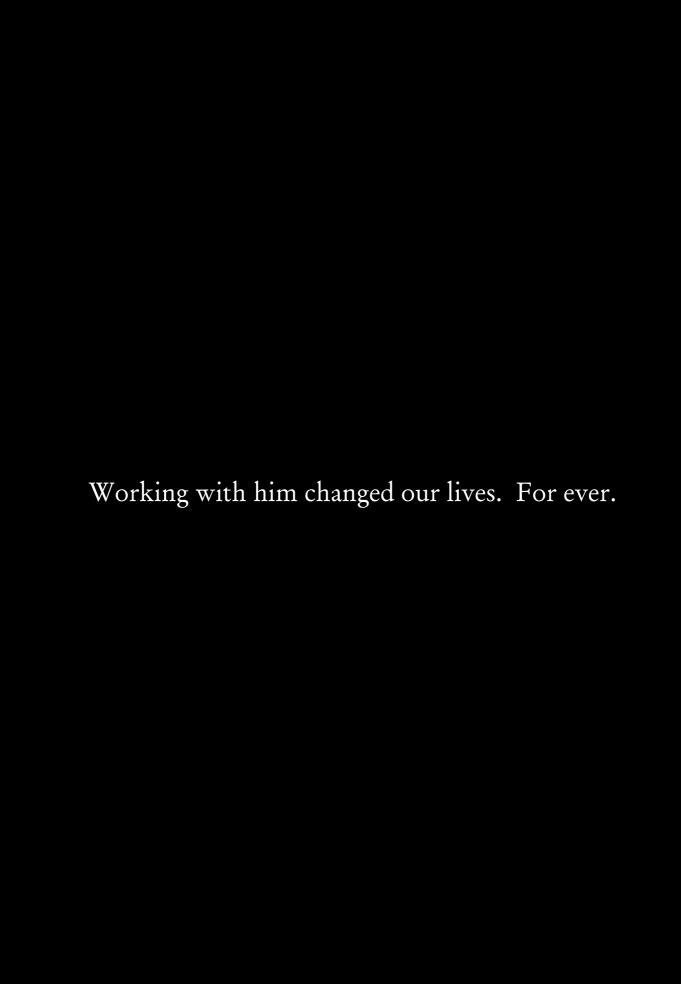












Where to start? Sheer, playful, delightful talent - what Keith could do with a pencil or pen, the ways he transformed ideas into those stunning images, each with a unique Aoki imprint, every one was a new gift that you would need time to savor and get to know and Marvel at. In his Animated mind that Aoki library of influences, adored, stacked, sifted, understood, as only he did- "well,"





what I was thinking was, Jamie and Jennifer, this would be like Jaime Hernandez..., Robert Crumb..., Jack Kirby..."; it went way beyond that, this movie, that book, the whole corpus of the art history canon, or the obscure gem in that dusty corner, this perfect reference no one without his

Escher scaffolding and 4D Rosetta Stone could have summoned. But it wasn't just talent. It was the joinder of talent and innocent, playful love of art. I remember Keith captivated by something he needed to tell me, emphatically, with his always earnest expression (because he knew no other mode) – he wanted to tell me that the root of "amateur" was "amore", love, and that's what it was about for him, he simply loved to draw.

For some people, I am sure, Keith's comic books seemed like a diversion from his true intellectual activities. I have to admit, though I loved comic books as a kid, I once probably shared that feeling. Nothing could have been further from the truth. First of all, there was the sheer depth of Keith's artistic references. This painting is

Hokusai's "Great Wave off Kanagawa," one of Japan's most famous paintings from the early 19th century. But wait, look across the page. Look at the wave. There it



is, slyly inserted into a panel about a documentary on surfers. That was Keith. He left "Easter eggs" for us in his art. And his life. We are still finding them.

James Boyle



Though that didn't mean that Keith was restricted to *classical* forms of art. In fact, his taste went to the subversive....

It's hard to believe you're gone. I wanted to think it was one of your performance art projects, like the time you talked me into painting myself white and standing like a statue at the Detroit Art Institute. But I guess it's true. I know it's been decades but I always assumed that we would one day get together for late night coffee again. We packed much into our brief but intense friendship. Farewell old friend. Laugh hearty.

Dwain Bacon

I was one of the many here in Detroit, at Wayne State University, who were fellow students in the Art Department who admired Keith's work. He was doing monumental sculptures, performing collaboratively with multi-media and sound artists, and having important shows of his work in his very early twenties. His comic books back then were biting, satirical, wryly humorous. Just two weeks ago I was suggesting to a colleague that he should get Keith's comics on copyright law. As an art professor myself now, I use it in classes to explain a concept that is always confusing but completely necessary for artists to understand and utilize. He has never been forgotten here! There was an exhibition of Cass Corridor Art at the Elaine Jacobs Gallery of WSU; his work was prominently featured and discussed. So when the news of his death hit this area, and travelled around Facebook, it was absolutely shocking. Numbing. The conversations and anecdotes were shared amongst an arts community that has always and still does cherish its talent.

Gilda Snowden

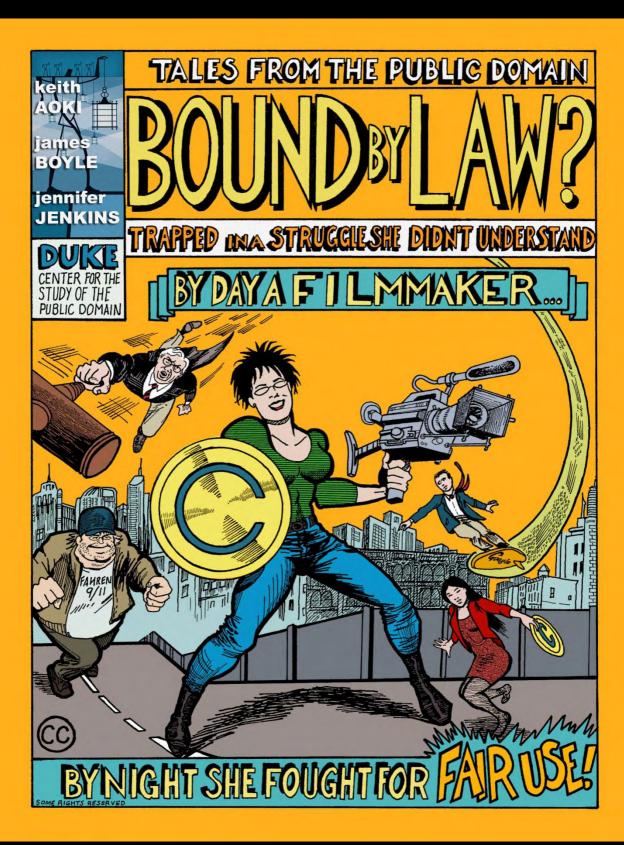


Keith Aoki – Elaine Jacobs Gallery

I remember that very first time I saw Keith. I didn't like him. I didn't want to hear about him at all. He was being introduced by a professor that was part of the "good ole boy" network. I was a bit militant back then, so I didn't want to acknowledge or accept another rave about some MALE artist who was being inducted into the club. Screw that. So I cleaned my brushes or daydreamed during the introduction. NOPE. I wasn't going to have any of it. This guy kept hanging around. I saw him everywhere. He would be lurking around the art department administration area. Then, I would see him in the Old Main painting studio. Another time, I would see him at an art opening. I thought he was cute. He was so little. I like little. Despite his genius that I am sure he was aware of, he was never loud or obnoxiously outspoken. He would only speak when it seemed necessary. When he did speak, there was a glowing light coming from his mouth. It was like a glowing beam of brilliance. This is why he finally caught my ear. His words were deep, substantial, and worth the listen. Keith was all about creativity, concepts, thinking outside of the box, pushing art to new levels and limits. He made my head turn, finally. I realized this wasn't about gender. This was about ART. He won me over.



Photo Credit: Dirk Bakker, Detroit Institute of Arts



Most law review articles are lucky if they reach 100 readers. Because of Keith's artistry, his attempts to help artists could reach a much wider audience. As of April 2011, Bound By Law had been downloaded by 500,000 people, and read by many more. That's an unimaginably large number. To help us understand its magnitude: it is more people than live in the cities of Raleigh or of Sacramento. Or, judging from my email box, it is about as many people who once got an unexpected helping hand from a kind and humble man called ... Keith Aoki.

Keith wasn't just an incredible scholar. He was also a musician. A good one. See the young guy at the bottom of the picture across the page? That's him in Chameleons—a really interesting 80's art rock band. Keith Aoki, violin and guitar.



Performances

1981 Wooster Street Gallery, New York, New York 1981 Hunter College, New York, New York 1982 Beat N Path, Hoboken, New Jersey 1982 Cooper Hewitt Museum, New York, New York 1982 Martian Luther King Hall, New York, New York 1983 Millenium, New York, New York 1984 Gallery 53, Cooperstown, New York 1984 The Drive, New York, New York 1984 Utica College, Utica, New York 1985 Sculpture Space, Utica, New York 1985 ABC No Rio, New York, New York 1985 Franklin Furnace, New York, New York 1985 Spring Lake Hotel, Spring Lake, New Jersey 1985 Gallery 53, Cooperstown, New York 1986 Colgate University, Hamilton, New York 1987 Gallery 53, Cooperstown, New York 1987 Bard College, Anandale-on-Hudson, New York 1988 Sculpture Space, Utica, New York 1988 Gallery 53, Cooperstown, New York

Tim Grajek - Vocals, Guitar Bob Huot - Vocals, Trumpet, Percussion Jeff Brunner - Keyboard, Arrangements Hank Stahler - Bass Guitar Keith Aoki - Violin, Guitar Kevin Norton - Percussion Tommy Fremont - Percussion

All songs C Chameleons

Listen

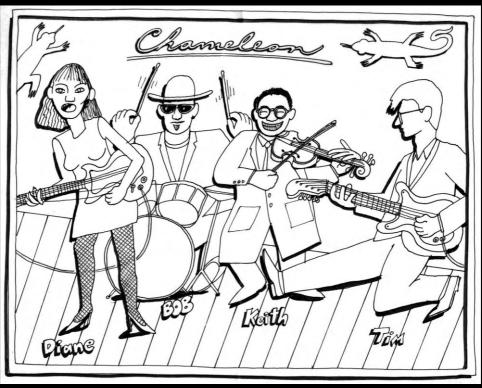
Delorean 4:05 min

Betty Jean 6:24 min

Ground Zero 3:41 min

Just A Dog 3:11 min

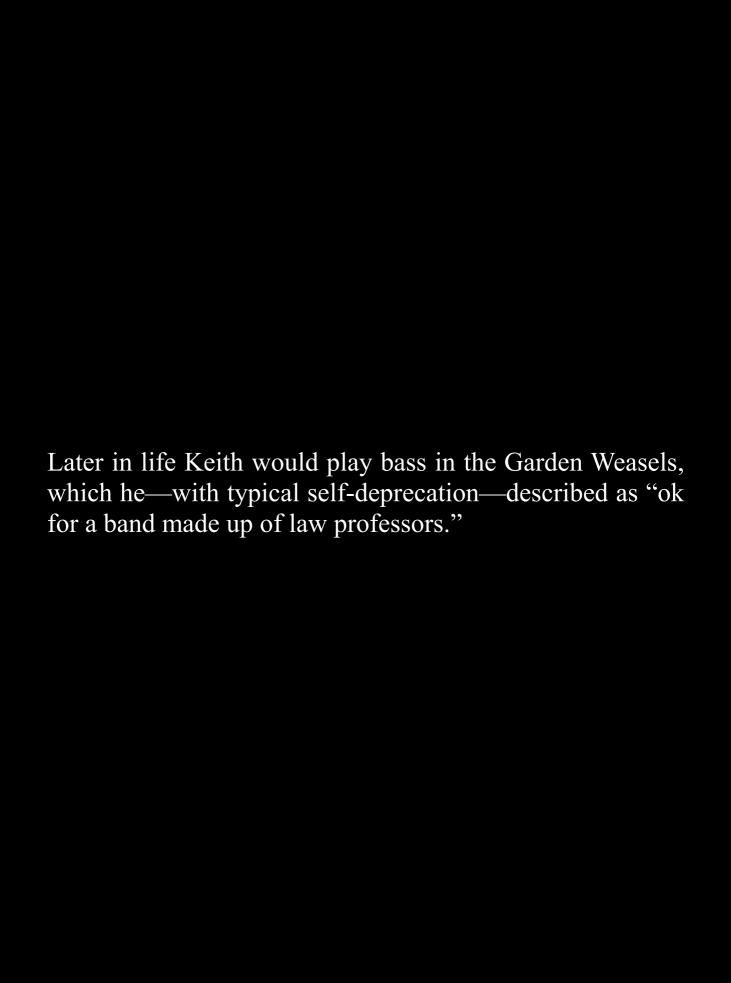




Images courtesy of Tim Grajek



Photos-Tim Grajek 1981



THURSDAY,

9 TO MIDNITE

He played down how much the Garden Weasels meant to him, but we weren't fooled. This is a man who overflowed with creativity. It *needed* to come out.

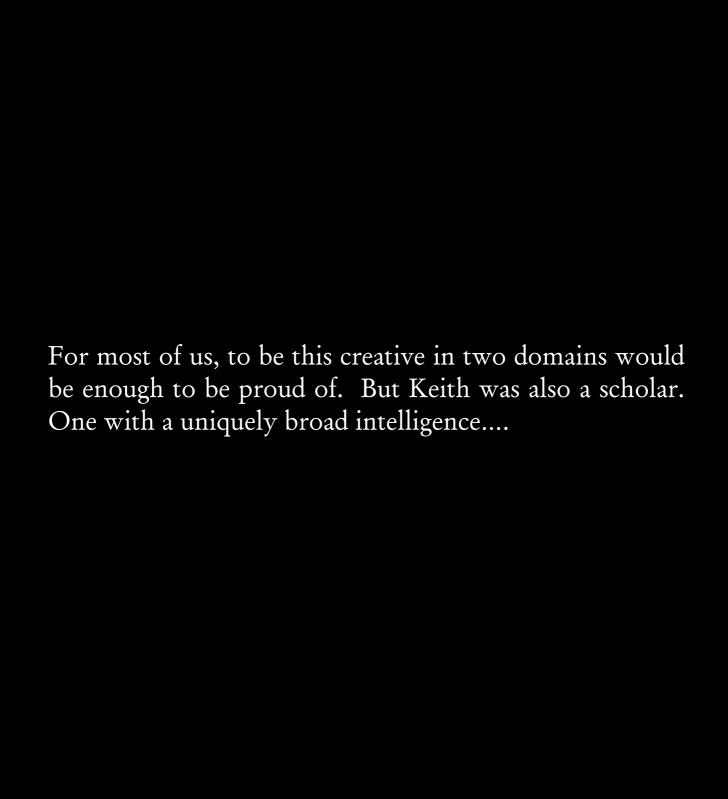


Keith Aoki was the hero of my son Tomás, now 18. When Keith met my son, who generally is not too keen on law professors, they started talking music. Tomás was amazed that Keith in fact had worked as a bartender at the punk rock mecca CBGBs in NYC – in the days that, as Keith often reminded me, Times Square was as depicted in dark, dangerous tones in the Martin Scorcese classic *Taxi Driver*. Keith advised Tomás to keep playing the bass because he knew from personal experience that "every band needed a bass player." To seal the deal, Keith gave Tomás a CBGB's t-shirt, which he wears on nights out.

Kevin Johnson

"He was so humble, so unassuming but he knew so much. It's a very 18th century view of art education. You progress by mastering the entire tradition of art—all the styles—and he could refer to them when you least expected it. But, like any great artist, he didn't let what he learned dominate him. His work was ... transformative. What a perfect person to teach intellectual property!"

Balfour Smith



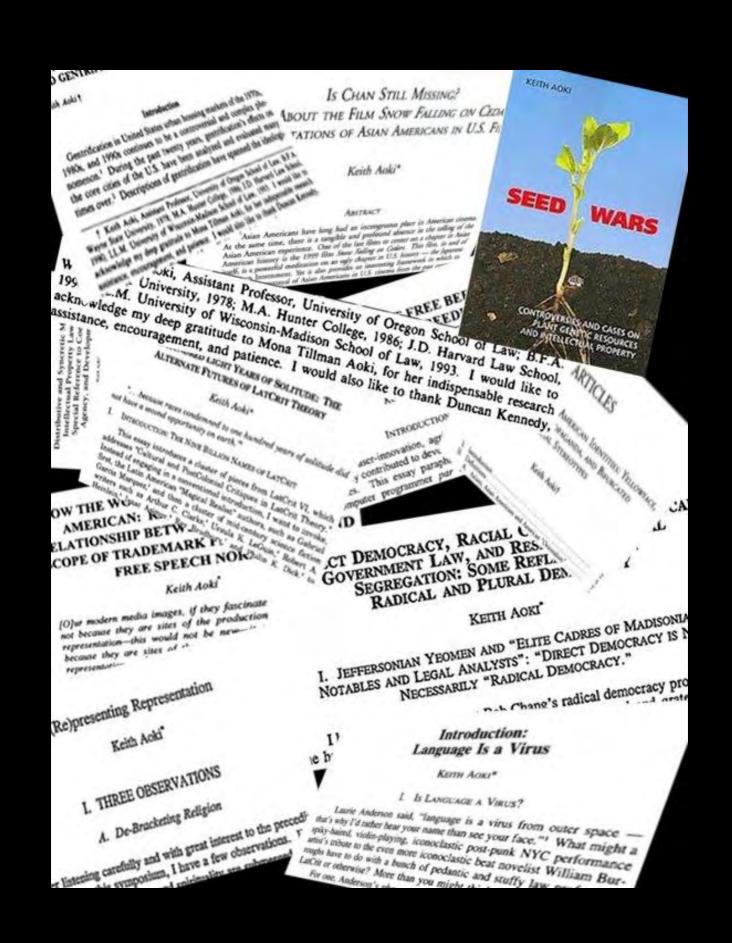
I knew we had hired this guy named Keith Aoki and that he was a cool guy etc., but I didn't really understand what we'd gotten ourselves into until one morning in the fall of 1993 this little guy popped into my office and said, with no preliminaries, "Have you ever heard of the church of the Jacklord?" Then followed a long monologue about a supposed group that worshiped Hawaii 5-0 and ended their worship services with "Book 'em Dan-O!", the principle of self-similarity in chaos theory as applied to student evaluations, the history of punk music, and Marvel Comics. When he left I thought, "this is going to be interesting."

Garrett Epps

Keith brought a perspective to scholarship that was unique.



It is hard in a few words and pictures to convey the sheer scope of Keith's work. Have you ever heard about socalled bio-piracy—the taking of plant genetic resources from the developing world that are then tweaked, and layered with new intellectual property rights? Keith wrote the book on it. Literally. Or did you ever wonder if aesthetics—particularly changing ideas of architecture and urban planning-had a political effect on housing patterns and segregation in American cities? Think it would be kind of cool if someone wrote a history of that? Someone did. It is called Race, Space and Place. And it is by Keith. Oh, and hey, it would be great if someone documented the rise of "regionalism" in US immigration politics-like the Arizonan immigration legislation. You might want to read "Welcome to Amerizona: Immigrants Out!" Guess who wrote that. While you are at it, you could also read about critical race theory, or the distributive effects of intellectual property, or open source plant development. How about a critical analysis of the politics of farm labor? Try Pastures of Peonage?: Agricultural Concentration and Labor Migration: The Case of North America in the Early 21st Century. Asian American electoral participation in 2008? Keith's got that covered too. When people look back at his work, they simply will not believe it was produced by a single person. They will think he was a committee.



Listing 10 titles doesn't even scratch the surface. Keith's work is so much broader. And it was passionate work. Keith cared about injustice, about exclusion — something he understood on a visceral level. Unlike some people who are great at the rhetoric of equality, but terrible at the practice, Keith's personal behavior was a complete mirror of his political views. He was such a gentle, decent man. He was so humble that he treated everyone as if they were not only his equal, but practically his senior. He was universally adored by legal academics. And that is rare.

"About how many can we say that he left so many heartbroken? I haven't spent quality time with Keith since the 1990's but still break into tears periodically when I think about him—what a loss for all of us."

Nell Newton

"My Keith Aoki story is like so many I heard today. At an AALS annual meeting when I was a relatively new professor, Keith sidled up to me and we started talking as if we were longtime friends. It was a touching way to welcome a newcomer to the community. Seeing the discussion today indicates my interaction was not unique."

Eric Goldman

"I met Keith Aoki at a LatCrit conference. I had never been to a LatCrit conference before and knew just about no one. He was welcoming and warm, and a delight to talk to. I remember him as someone who got excited about ideas whether his own or others. He was very thoughtful about my own work and generous with his time. I had looked forward to crossing paths with him again. What a sad loss."

Bob Strassfeld

"One of the sweetest, smartest most giving people it has been my privilege to know. And he always had time for a smile and a laugh. My sympathies to his loving family on the passing of this tower among us."

Larry Catá Backer

"Keith's generosity and his innovative scholarship are a lasting and powerful inspiration to us all."

Al Brophy

"I am terribly saddened by this. Keith was a great man and a wonderful scholar. He was always trying to help others. I remember meeting him as a junior scholar. He took the time to talk to me, rather than treating me as someone who was not a colleague. We will miss him."

Darren Hutchinson

"Keith was a superb scholar, teacher, and citizen. Most importantly, he was just a superb human being. He always was there to help others. So giving, so kind. He will be sorely missed."

Angela Onwuachi-Willig

"Keith was one of a kind, an absolute gem of a human being. So wonderfully funny, brilliant, and deeply generous. The world is a better place for his having stopped by and spent some time in it."

Heidi Kitrosser

"Keith was equal parts profound, fun, altruistic, and imaginative. I feel blessed to have known him.

Christine Farley

"I will miss seeing you down the halls of King Hall, preparing materials for your class, your sense of humor, your kindness.......................YOU."

Glenda McGlashan

"I have to say that I was really just floored by this, in part because it was just so unexpected. The outpouring of remembrances has been really touching. I still remember how amazingly generous he was to me when I was just starting out, and it is wonderful (and not at all surprising) to learn how I had that experience in common with so many others."

Joseph Liu

"Keith's work (both textual and visual) has a central place in my intellectual property classes. His passion for justice and learning law continues in law classes and practice throughout our profession. His physical person will be missed terribly, but he most certainly lives on."

Jessica Sibley

"Please let me know how I can contribute. I never met him (although I mangled the pronunciation of his last name often enough), but his spirit was so generous and wonderful for all IP folks. This is a great loss."

Anon (because there are so many who never met him expressing the same feeling)

Count me as one more assistant prof who found myself truly shocked and saddened by this news-even though, like others, I met Keith only a few times over the years. Like others, I recall him as being kind, and gracious, all out of bounds with what was required or expected-and creative! My goodness. I've become a bit selfish, and hoard my documentary filmmakers' comic books, because I am down to 3, and have to decide whether any given person is comic-book-worthy before I hand them out. As Molly also alluded to, I love, love, love the brilliance, playfulness and immediacy Keith brought to the world of copyright. His work has been a tremendously positive influence in my own work, and has greatly increased my ability to help artists in my clinical practice. Simply seeing that something like copyright law can be made clear, and simple, and fun, can be a revelation, truly. I am very grateful for everything he gave to this community.

Jennifer Urban

As one of Keith's friends told me today about his health struggle, "We were hoping for a miracle, but he was the miracle." Steven Bender I remember several pleasant interactions with Keith over the years. But mostly I remember how you and Jennifer would light up when describing your work with him—and what a cool, and daring, and brilliant idea I thought it was for you to join forces with the one-and-only-comic-book-artist-slash-copyright-scholar. I suppose that is saying something when someone's light shines so brightly even as reflected on other people's faces. Thank you—and please thank Jennifer too—for continuing the glow by sharing your memories with us.

Molly van Houweling

Reading the remembrances online by Kim Krawiec and Jennifer Jenkins brought Keith briefly back as well as a flood of memories I had forgotten—his purple scrunchy when he had long hair, his telling me how he practiced handstands over and over, repeatedly bruising his thighs from falling, so he could tell his students "You could look at it this way" (standing up), "or that way" (standing on his hands). He is responsible for me (and countless others) thinking that we could be law professors through his enthusiastic encouragement.

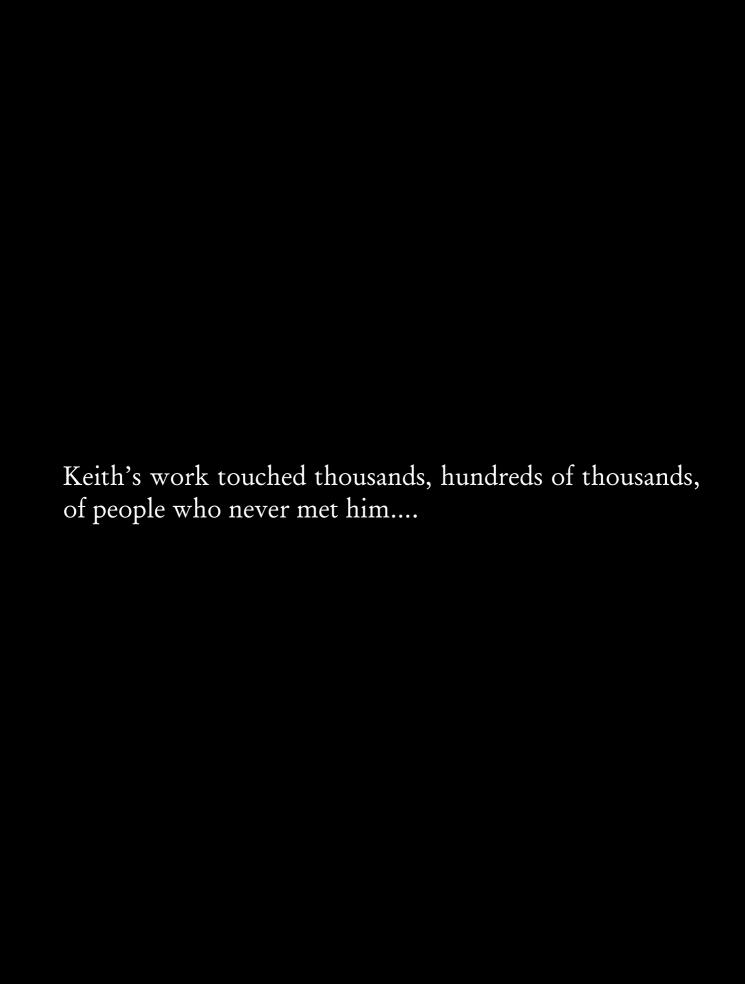
Leti Volpp

I found out about Keith's illness at the end of last week. I did not know how ill Keith was, but I knew it was serious. I sent Keith an email the next day telling him how much his mentoring meant to me. It is quite probable that he did not receive my email. And isn't that so often the case?—we don't think to tell the wonderful people in our lives how much of an impact they have had on us until after they are gone.

And so, for Keith, because his spirit was one that was full of generosity, I will try harder to live my life with just a bit of the grace, humility, and infectious fun that Keith had, and I will tell the people in my life how much they mean to me, before it is too late.

For Keith.

Lydia Loren







davidhollonds David Hollonds

RIP, Kelth Aoki | The Public Domain | http://bit.ly/kltgEy

mercatel Danny Romero RIP, Keith Aoki | The Public Domain |: Our friend, colleague, co-author and brilliant artist and scholar Kelth A... http://bit.ly

28 Apr

interobsintus Interobs Internet US

In Memoriam Professor Keith Aoki #internet http://bit.ly/jp80mA

secuobsrevueus Secuobs Revue US

In Memoriam Professor Keith Aoki #Security http://bit.ly/l7MdDZ 28 Apr



PRO_Law PRO Law

Sad Loss For Those Interested In Copyright Issues (And Much More): Kelth Aokl: I was saddened this week to hear ... http://bit.ly /lwcofF

28 Apr



PRO_Legal PRO Legal

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#Commentary

Sad Loss For Those Interested In Copyright Issues (And Much

littlebytesnews Patty

CLSTremix TU Cultural Studies

myfangaroo Fangaroo.org

More): Kelth Aoki (Techdirt) http://feedzil.la/mBdFXG

More): Keith Aoki (Techdirt) http://feedzil.la/mBdFXG

RIP, Keith Aoki | The Public Domain | http://bit.ly/jTxx0d

In Memoriam: Professor Keith Aoki http://bit.ly/kvRbbC

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Sad Loss For Those Interested In Copyright Issues (And Much More): Keith Aoki - Techdirt http://paten.to/lbQRsG

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lecieletlaterre Alexandre Girardot

Le Ciel et La Terre | Alexandre Girardot: In Memoriam: Professor Keith Aoki http://bit.ly/iQkzCv

28 Apr

He fought for justice and for the rights of others in ways that many people don't know. Quietly and modestly, behind the scenes, using his immense talent to uphold civil liberties in areas ranging from the digital realm to immigration and local government law.

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APRIL 28TH, 2011

In Memoriam: Professor Keith Aoki

Commentary by Cindy Cohn

Like so many others, we were stunned to learn that law professor, cartoonist, copyfighter and digital rights stalwart Professor Keith Aoki passed away earlier this week. Keith, who started at the University of Oregon then moved to U.C. Davis, was a longtime friend to EFF and one of the law professors we came to count on in our many battles for your rights online.

Keith will likely be most remembered, outside academia, for the brilliant cartoons he drew for Bound by Law, his project with James Boyle and Jennifer Jenkins.

But we knew him much earlier. In 1997 he co-authored a brief in support of EFF in Bernstein v. Department of Justice (Keith isn't mentioned in the web version of the brief, but he is in the opinion). Keith supported us again in the 2600 case and the Blizzard v. Bnetd case and of course before the U.S. Supreme Court in the MGM v. Grokster case. There were likely others as well.

When it came to fighting for digital freedom, Keith was one of us. He will be sorely missed.

My most vivid memory is a silly thing, but it is of a time that Keith, I, and my son Dan went to a little Japanese/Korean place near the University of Oregon for lunch. Keith ordered kimchi udon. They must have known him there because the kimchi was quite fiery. He picked up the bowl, drained the broth in one long drink, then set the bowl down on the table. His face turned absolutely white. Then it broke out in huge beads of sweat all over. Then it turned fiery red. Keith smiled broadly like the Wisdom Tooth and croaked--barely audibly--"that's good!" Dan and I could not stop laughing. To me it symbolizes the complexity of the man-his ability to change like a chameleon, almost instantly, his zest for strong experiences, even ones other people might not want, and his appreciation for all the fun life offered him. I will miss that.

Garrett Epps

As a human being in particular—he was, really, the sweetest and most guileless person I've ever met. (The only moment of anger we ever saw was rightful, principled unwillingness to tolerate an injustice done to another. He had a purity of spirit unjustified by, resistant to, this world that is taking him way before his time.) When the "tiger mother" parenting trope was saturating every conversation, Keith was describing how his girls had discovered the physics of spraying soda all over him and the car (he was telling us this, of course, in the course of apologizing for his car being unsuitable). He smiled in that way that lights up his face—what a cliché, but you all know that smile, the happy warms-your-heart Keith smile-and said (perhaps I paraphrase), "I guess, in some ways, I'm the mouse dad!" The mouse dad, that was Keith. "In some ways"—the tic that punctuated his speech. "This was, in some ways, an era when artistic production was intertwined, in some ways, with cultural arbitrage." A characteristically qualified, self-deprecating set up that, in typical Keith fashion, preceded profound insights. That's just the tip of the iceberg. If only we could do with words a fraction of what you could do when your pen touched paper. If only we could do something to keep you with us longer. If only you knew how much you were loved (but I think you did ... "in some ways").

"We miss you, Keith. I hope you are somewhere vibrating between a particle and a wave, grinning at us with your deep intelligence."

Maggie Chon

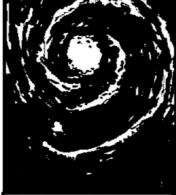




NOW, SCHOLARS TELL US THAT **MOST** OF THIS GREAT UNIVERSE IS UNSEEN, INVISIBLE...



SCIENCE KNOWS LITTLE OF THIS INVISIBLE PRESENCE. YET IT MAKES UP 90% OF EVERYTHING AROUND US....



IS THIS STRANGE SUBSTANCE THE MISSING MASS?...DARK MATTER?







Keith was, above all, a teacher. The kind of teacher who changes his students' lives for ever. They were not joking when they called him "their hero."



I was a student of Keith Aoki between 1995 and 1997. My life arc changed in that time. Among other things, I learned from Keith that building is better than destroying, even though it is harder. This has never left me. Keith was a builder of people. He did it well. I know that his legacy will always live on and be passed to many others. Here is one story I recall. I had given Keith a knight's gauntlet as a gift for the help and guidance he had given me. The gauntlet was gifted to me by a friend under similar circumstances. Well, Keith's eyes widened when he saw the steel glove. He put it on slowly. He clenched his hand. He raised his arm in the air. A moment passed. I saw gears turning in his head, but I did not know what would happen next.... As though he were a comic book hero, he ran out of his office, proclaiming, "I am the iron fist!" This was a uniquely "Keith Aoki" reaction. The memory is precious to me. Your spirit will live forever. Keith, you will not be forgotten!

TODAY, COPYRIGHT COVERS"FIXED" MUSIC FOR THE COMPOSER'S LIFE PLUS TO YEARS. HOWEVER, COPYRIGHT HAS A HARD TIME ACCOMMODATING "PICTURES WITHIN, PICTURES" AND "SONGS WITHIN SONGS, IF COPYRIGHT RECOGNIZE SUCH THINGS, IT DOES SO AS "DERIVATIVE WORKS" OR "COMPILATIONS" OR MAY ALLOW "FAIR USES" OF PRE-EXISTING WORKS.**



** SEE 17 U.S.C.SS 103 (DERIVATIVE WORKS AND COMPILATIONS); SSO7 (FAIR USE); AND S106 (2) (EXCLUSIVE RIGHTS OF CUPYRIGHT OWNER: THE ADAPTATION RIGHT) Keith made fun of his own teaching style and, as always, downplayed how memorable he was. The students knew better. Professor Aoki was a force of humor, passion, and creativity at King Hall and he will be greatly missed—most especially by those of us in the class of 2011 who have



benefitted from his wisdom for all of our time here. When I think about how much energy and joy he was able to bring to a drab Property Law course in his *professional* life, I can only imagine how much happiness and love he gave as a father and husband.

Jillian Weinstein

I know that many amazing things will be said about Keith Aoki. He was one of my favorites: not just one of my favorite professors, but one of my favorite people. Keith's story is a great one: starving artist from the Midwest moves to New York City only to become a dry-waller. As a dare/joke, he applies to Harvard Law School and gets in. He goes on to become a pioneer and genius in his field. I took every class of Keith's that I could and, when the classes ran out, I signed up for individual/independent studies. I often think of the pearls of wisdom and idioms that he shared with us in class. He once told us that, "the odds are good that you were conceived in the bluelight hue of the Johnny Carson Tonight Show," and that it is best to avoid Los Angeles because, "if you lie down with swine, you're guaranteed to wake up with fleas." Keith regularly donated a homemade sushi dinner and cooking lesson to the law school's silent auction. My last year in law school, I was lucky to be one of a group of students who out-bid everyone else for the coveted feast. Keith was shocked (and a bit embarrassed) that we were willing to pay \$1000 to spend a Saturday-afternoon with him. As I walked him out to his car at the end of meal, he promised to make it up to me if I invited him to my wedding someday because, as he put it, "I give really good wedding gifts." The last time I spoke to Keith he was beaming with pride that this daughters were following in his punk-rock footsteps; "They're riot grrrls," he exclaimed. To me, Keith Aoki will always be a talented artist and musician, a brilliant scholar, a great professor and mentor, and a really cool guy. He has been immensely inspirational and influential in my life and in my career. I would not be who I am today had I not known Keith Aoki. My heart and my prayers go out to his wife and children whom I know he loved very much—he often told me so.

I met Keith Aoki the first year he taught at the University of Oregon School of Law. His enthusiasm and energy were refreshing and contagious. Keith was obviously a brilliant mind,



but he was an artist too. As I had a great interest in pursuing a practice focusing on intellectual property and art issues, I took all of Keith's classes and spent quite a lot of time with him discussing various issues outside of class. I looked forward to our discussions, though I was always a little nervous that I might not be able to keep up. Keith's mind moved so quickly—the connections he made and the scope of the references was truly breathtaking. I wish I had known how sick he was. I would have thanked him and told him how much he influenced me 20 years ago to do what I do now. How extraordinary and inspiring he was as a professor and as a friend. How much I appreciated his encouragement and genuine interest in my academic pursuits despite the fact that I wasn't at the top of my law school class. How much I enjoyed reconnecting with him over the years and hearing about his work. How much it meant to me that he was willing to give me so much of his time, energy and support. How honored I was to know him.

RIP Keith. Thanks for being such a punker. I read and shared your comics many times over the years. My favorite line is still "Drop a Footnote!" the footnote crashes as an anvil down through all of the frames on the page. I also remember "gratuitous footnote to all of my colleagues," which proceeded to mention a score of Oregon Law authored works. We were 1L's during your first year and we couldn't believe how unique you were. It was wonderful to be reunited recently and to see your beautiful new family. I believe that the definition of an artist is someone whose expression is indomitable. You were an artist, and fortunately for us your expressions are alive and well.

John Paul Reichmuth

Faced with a loss of this magnitude, it is easy to feel despair, to think that this shining spirit has been extinguished, that the book has been closed on Keith Aoki.

THESE SHADOWS HAVE DANCED FOR YOU FOR A FRAGMENT OF TIME.



PERHAPS SOMETHING IN THEIR WORDS HAS CAUGHT YOUR ATTENTION, TAUGHT YOU SOMETHING, GIVEN YOU AN IDEA?



BUT NOW THEIR MOMENT IN THE LIGHT IS OVER.



UNTIL THE NEXT TIME WE MEET, ALL THAT IS LEFT IS...



SILENCE.

But Keith wouldn't be Keith if he didn't leave us one last little message, one last "Easter egg" to discover. In his last article, a comic that is still to be published, Keith's character wears a T shirt with an ever changing slogan. The final three panels are on the facing page. Look closely at the T shirt. It says "You Can't Avoid the Void." And we can't—any of us.

Yet that is not the whole story. Molly van Houweling wrote to me of Keith, "But mostly I remember how you and Jennifer would light up when describing your work with him—and what a cool, and daring, and brilliant idea I thought it was for you to join forces with the one-and-only-comic-book-artist-slash-copyright-scholar. I suppose that's saying something when someone's light shines so brightly even as reflected on other people's faces." That was Keith. No, we can't avoid the void. But some of us shine so very, very brightly that the shadows are dispelled. And, as the pictures and remembrances in this book show, that light is still shining, that teacher still teaching. Goodbye, my friend. You are not forgotten.



