

Sorcerer

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Strangers are everywhere. Even behind the copper, car parts, hinges, bones, rocks and eyelashes. How did they arrive here? Los Angeles, a place that was shaped by, but also gave shape to a peculiar globalization. Alchemically, a globe now dissolving, from one state to another. The everyday is a site of transformation and through sorcery fragments become spells.

This is the backdrop of all this magic - constant betweenness. Often from the middle of the street, these objects both call and cast off ghosts. The spirits whisper intimacies, a hush back and forth between maker(s) and material(s), impossible to distinguish. Across time and space, through rupture and reinvention, the alien is preserved.

Wes Larios