artillery





François Ghebaly and Sayre Gomez's work.

LOS ANGELES PAINTS ITSELF

Sayre Gomez's X-Scapes at François Ghebaly

by Kate Eringer



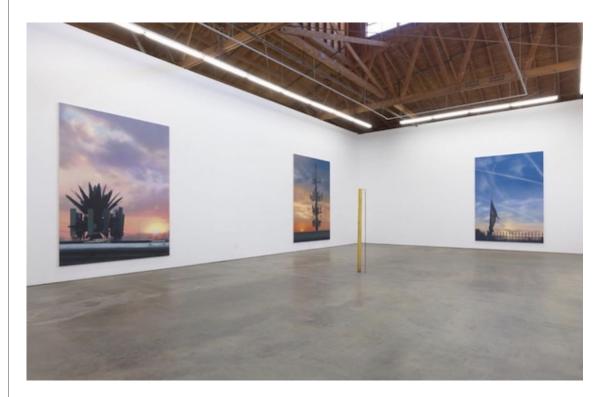








An artist's artist is one who has garnered respect and notoriety not only from curators, collectors, dealers but also their fellow artist. And I could not but use this particular phrase repetitiously in the lead up to the opening of Sayre Gomez's solo exhibition at François Ghebaly this past Saturday. Seeing the works in person, it is unsurprising that Gomez is so adored by the Los Angeles artist community. Dreamlike and yet simultaneously post-apocalyptic, Gomez's sunset-scapes are unarguably pleasing. There is a clear darkness, read in the ultra-violet storm or a dark-washed and bleak 'Enterprise' sign, the industrial markers filled with dread against miraculous skies creating an overall mood or suggestion of murkier issues in this exhibition. His paintings sing with love for Los Angeles and push past the mundane to regard its' ultimate beauty and irony (a sentiment familiar to so many of us that live here). Strip mall signage, murals, cell towers are all part of the makeup here against a hyper-real, and quintessential Los Angeles sunset.



The most common sight to see at the opening, next to Gomez receiving many hugs (it would seem he is as well loved as his artworks), was the viewers with their faces as physically close to the paintings as was allowed. His hyper-real renderings are simply so impressive they seem impossible, continuing a legacy of automotive airbrushing and Hollywood set paintings.



Exiting the exhibition, one was enveloped into a painting with the real-life sunset expanding over an industrial landscape. Art imitates life, life imitates art and so on and so forth.













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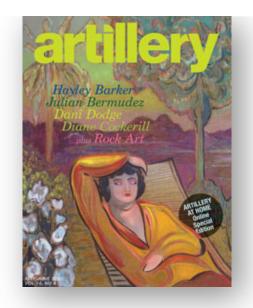


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