

*Super saturated seventies colors in combinations that are shockingly unnatural
but as a native Californian, I know they express truth and a history of colors
represented in re-fashioned existence.*

*Extreme binaries on the color wheel that should not but do collide and yet make
sense as LA exchanges.*

*The improbable and impossible making themselves real and illogically-
-
reassuring.*

Individually, elements of this composition do terrorize me:

*The hopeful stance of the bride in a too pristine white gown dragging
along the
dirty cement. Shouldn't someone be helping her with her train? Her
sole
witnesses? Me and the anonymous drivers in cars of metallic colors.*

*The giant, maniacal clown advertising booze in shades of navy and
brick red
definitely recalls John Wayne Gacy, I want to block that out of my mind
but
cannot.*

*The carniceria looks like it's baking under re-purposed mallard green
awnings in
a building painted hues of mustard and red. I can smell the open air
market from
here and my stomach trembles in fears of salmonella.*

*A pedestrian walks away from us, carrying a Lakers or Clippers tote bag,
oblivious to the scene unfolding behind him.*

*The manmade telephone wires and power lines that collide at the peak
of the dry,
rounded, un-indomitable mountains and the image's horizon line.*

One - by - one, parts of this vista scare me.

*The bride confronts me personally, holding a vague bouquet, as though
I am part
of the promise that she is making and as though her presence at this
space
signifies some shared and secret, personal achievement. We make an
LA exchange
in the meeting of our eyes...searching, searching.*

But, all together, this North Hollywood intersection is familiar.

*The improbable and impossible manifesting into reality and being
illogically--
comforting.*

Sharon Sekhon