



*Let's dance rather than beating the shit out of ourselves please stop crowd surfing I'm not really sure what visceral realism is, Robert Summer of Death all things must pass hybrid moment no star crash, may all your dreams die and all your realities be lived.*

**Alex Andrew Sanchez: I'm not really sure what visceral realism is.**

**March 8<sup>th</sup> 2019 – April 5<sup>th</sup> 2019**

**Opening Reception: Friday March 8<sup>th</sup> 7-11pm**

**LAST PROJECTS**

**206 S Ave 20 Los Angeles CA 90031**

**Hours: Fri + Sat 2-6pm or by appointment**

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*For immediate release:*

**LAST Projects** is pleased to announce **I'm not really sure what visceral realism is**, an exhibition by LA based multidisciplinary artist **Alex Andrew Sanchez**, of painting, sculpture, drawing and text. This is Sanchez's second solo exhibition at LAST Projects.

Alex Andrew Sanchez (b. 1984) received his BFA from Otis College of Art in 2010. He works in Los Angeles, Ca.

Sanchez moonlights as a poet interested in painting about the dissolution of color and romantically or perhaps cathartically at times, seeks some kind of altruism through the fiction and history of painting and artmaking. Sanchez is a writer who makes paintings, internet art, poetry, scribbles, videos, and sculptural assemblages. Sanchez is a California native who spent his first years in La Puente, Ca and later migrated to living his most formative years in San Bernardino, Ca and most notably Rialto, Ca. Sanchez makes work inspired by the California landscape and his time spent there including his new home and experiences in Los Angeles. He cites literature and music as a heavy influence on his practice as well the visual artists Cecily Brown, David Hammons, Michael Goldberg, Robert Rauschenberg, Edgar Degas, and his mentor Juan Capistrán.

<https://alexsanchezartist.wordpress.com>



Chaim Soutine said I'm uncomfortable with who people are. Searching for a confiscation of all your pleasure as you watch me throw it into a trashcan barrel on a camping trip in the desert to keep us warm, we jump in together and we each become a phoenix.

### **Only interested in the sweat of your six cigarette stains in your eighteen year old blazer**

I just wanted to start fires all of the time  
I was young,  
And I remember dancing like it was the way to start a fire.

My fingers are bruised, my hands are bruised, my mind is bruised what's new. Neon Demon  
Mother. William F. Buckley Jr. on the topic of the visible versus the illuminating. A room full of gorillas in suits painted in white paint. I'm uncomfortable with who people are. The heftiness of your hips reminds me how much passion has crushed me. Inauguration of the pleasure doom.

I guess it helps slightly when things go well. The linen on the surface, needle in the camel's eye. Repression is a virtue. The hips say or whisper to a man who thought about men who have nowhere to go all day as he passed them on the streets like placards on a memory. Last time I went to San Francisco I didn't have any fun and all the bars are boring. Waiting for the sadness to pull out of my body like a habit in the morning just takes time. Somethings gone wrong again. This plan is an exit but is it one worth getting off on. More jokes about painting all the time.

“When you go searching for a soul is a soul what you find.”

I thought about how I could feel now. That soul I was searching for I don't find in myself. In fact I'm not even concerned about it anymore, a rare thought at least. I'm more concerned with the emotions I project onto the others around me to determine wealth and value for myself. An Educated Routine of Regiment. A purpose in the cultural cataclysm I hope destined. Idyllic male fantasies finally gone wrong. Post Modern contemporary archives of daily habits. No feat is that great and the avocado was delightfully inappropriate. I don't think real art looks like something you can't touch.

Hybrid moment no star crash was the title of an album. Plurality through image, color and reference as a sound or a way to speak. The dissolution of the image through a representation of color, sonic clear fuzz. Always a work of color.

*-Alex Andrew Sanchez 2019*