Eli Langer's "Waves and Particles" (2011) paintings—small, heavily textured, monochromatic abstractions—neatly assimilate into these arrangements. Two of them taped to the wall at an angle mimic windows or doors. Street culture, salvaged junk, the seediness of Hollywood and its aspirations toward glamour can all be detected here, perhaps constantly simmering within the consciousness of the artist, who does in fact live in Hollywood and has been known to scavenge his artmaking materials from dumpsters and the occasional altruistic Scientologist.

One wall of a narrower space in the gallery is filled with untitled drawings, which look like stream-of-consciousness doodles done during extended phone chats. These are not so much intimate as meandering and elliptical, snaking through such considerations as aggression, loneliness, innocence, drugs, community, women, energy and Mike Kelley. The words, filled with frenetic energy, sometimes form pictures that spill off the page. Nearby, a collection of small, untitled clay pieces record imprints of the artist's hands and face, as if to capture his gestures in a more elemental form.

The front room of the gallery juxtaposes large, close-up photographs of tree bark from the "White Pine" series (2010) with small, tight abstract paintings, seeming to offer a dialog between the natural and the man-made. Gently placed in front of this dialog is another moon motif in the form of two neon light circles and Step Up (2012), a rectangular wooden sculpture that acts as a framing device.

Filled with monkishness, elegance, a yearning for communication and a certain street sensibility, the Canadian-born Langer's work is in a charmingly decrepit state of perpetual becoming, hopeful and alarming all at once, just like the city he has lived and worked in for more than ten years.