
Cultural Daily

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

Melora Walters: The Hour of the Wolf

Chiwan Choi · Friday, October 2nd, 2026

I have loved being in the arts, being a poet. It's something when I was a little kid in Seoul I couldn't quite picture. It's now 2026 and I've been in Los Angeles most of my life and I couldn't imagine living without poetry and art. And when I look at it, (waving hand in the air) all of it, it's not the books I wrote and published that I cherish the most. It's all the incredible people that this life has allowed me to meet and know and love and share with. One of the most amazing of all has been poet, actor, director, writer and artist Melora Walters.

Tonight, October 2nd, in Chinatown Los Angeles, Melora has an exhibition of her newest paintings opening at Death Doula LA on Chung King Rd. And you should all go. It's spectacular.

I was fortunate enough to stop by as Melora was hanging her work a few days ago. I've been lucky enough to follow her work over the years and it's so exciting whenever she starts a new series of paintings, often painting over old ones and reusing the canvases.



Melora Walters, "Ancestral: the hour of the wolf"



Melora Walters, "Ancestral: the hour of the wolf"

The paintings in this show, called "Ancestral: the hour of the wolf," are mysterious, frightening, powerful, dark, gorgeous. I can see recalls to old paintings, familiar elements, new directions, new confidence that also comes with new confusion.

As you can tell by now, I'm no art critic or reviewer. I can only tell you that when I walked into the space where most of the pieces were up on the walls, with some still on benches and the floor, I immediately felt like I was in a story, a history.



Melora Walters, "Ancestral: the hour of the wolf"

Anyway, go! Go to the show. Here is the show in Melora's own words:

Ancestral
the hour of the wolf

1.

It began in a search for something.

It began when they appeared in my dreams, a group, dark haired, gypsies.

It began when the pain I had known before I could walk, predicted to never walk, became bigger than my body or being and I could not escape it.

Woken from sleep by my own screams.

My ancestors,

literally going back to the cave paintings, the animals in the caves on the walls,
the very few representations of humans,

La Sorcière. Le chamane des Trois-Frères.

Art History. My history. My language.

The Hour of the Wolf,
 Darkness
 Shadow
 Three to five am
 Emanating from the dome of my head
 giving form to it
 becoming it.

2.

This art is from the last two years of my life.

3.

This art is an attempt at understanding the last two years of my life,
 mostly during the hour of the wolf which for me is about 3 to 5 am.
 The last two years of my life have been a culmination of what I have known
 before I could walk or talk, but I woke up then, and I understood the situation.

This art, my art, in general, is my version of marking each day and night with a
 line on a wall in a prison cell.

And, this art keeps me alive each day and night. There is nothing to be afraid of.

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Presented by Studio DDLA
 @deathdoulala

Melora Walters
Ancestral
the hour of the wolf

02 October through 06 November 2026

Opening:
02 October 2026
6-10 pm

Closing
 06 November 2026
 6-10 pm

944 Chung King Rd, Los Angeles, CA 90012

Special reception
 02 November 2026
 Dia de los Muertos
 dusk

<https://melorawalters.com/>

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