

meanwhile, that the law is unlikely to have Hansen on their radar. Even if they did, he'd likely have a pretty solid game plan (Anat Egbi, Culver City).

MS

William E. Jones was actually hoping that something would be lost in translation when he chose the 124th fragment of what remains of the teachings of Heraclitus as the basis for his newest "Automatically Illustrated" work. Results varied widely by the time six different scholars translated that particular poetic writing, attributed to the pre-Socratic (c. 535–c.475 BC) Greek philosopher from Ephesus, into English. Entering each translation into Google Imagery Search offered up the mystifying range of visual interpretations Jones was seeking. At the time of the publication of "Flesh and the Cosmos," the illustrated book that accompanies the exhibition, hundreds of photographs illustrate Martin Heidegger's translation "Like a heap of things (?) scattered at random, the most beautiful (world) order." However, only three accompany Heinrich Gomperz's "The human body: a random effusion (i. e., of semen) perfect shapeliness." The idea here - and it works - is that viewers gradually realize they have skin in the game. As such it is a struggle to find a narrative that makes sense of images in each panel; more interesting is that one has the most difficulty with the most generously illustrated works. Scattered amongst photographs of young parents proudly displaying their offspring are pictures as disparate as warriors, animals and food. Jones has admitted that aesthetic considerations played no part in the organization of images in "Heraclitus Fragment 124, Automatically Illustrated." Within the unpredictability of the imagery, lies the fascination of the process (David Kordansky Gallery, Culver City).

DC

With "Prescott Pictures," **Lenae Day** realizes her own fictional movie studio with obsessive detail. Spanning the silent era to at least the '70s, this project room show includes ads, headshots, movie posters and fashion museum-like set pieces, all featuring



Elias Hansen, "I along way from home and I don't really know these roads," 2014, installation view, is currently on view at Anat Egbi.

the artist in a full array of guises (including, in one poster alone, a nun and a prostitute). Of course, Cindy Sherman inevitably comes to mind, and it's a large shadow to stand under, but Day brings her own brand of edginess to the project. The sculptural element puts the viewer in more of a museum setting, and the narcissistic undercurrent is more omnipresent than with Sherman. There's a different sort of creepiness that emerges upon the realization that all the actors are Day — though it's difficult to put your finger on what that is. If nothing else, the ads and the posters carry a level of verisimilitude that postpones skepticism for at least a beat (Mark Moore Gallery, Culver City).

MS

Let's level the field up-front. Yes (in case you are wondering), the photographer in question, **Kim Gottlieb-Walker**, is related to me; but I know absolutely nothing about Jamaican music or the Rastafarian movement. Nor am I a fan of Bob Marley and the Wailers, or any other music in that genre. What attracted me to this exhibit was solely the quality of Gottlieb-Walker's photography. With technical skill and sensitivity, she is able to give viewers an intimate look at the musicians who live, work, and are both influenced and inspired by Jamaican culture and lifestyle. It all started in the mid-seventies, when Kim and her husband, Jeff Walker, became aware of a new kind of music that was making its mark. So four decades ago, they began making trips to Jamaica where Gottlieb-Walker had the opportunity to observe the reggae movement first-hand. Already a renowned studio photographer in Hollywood, she had entree to the musicians' homes; and since they knew and