

Rachelle Rojany: Body of Work

The Happy Lion, 963 Chung King Road, Los Angeles

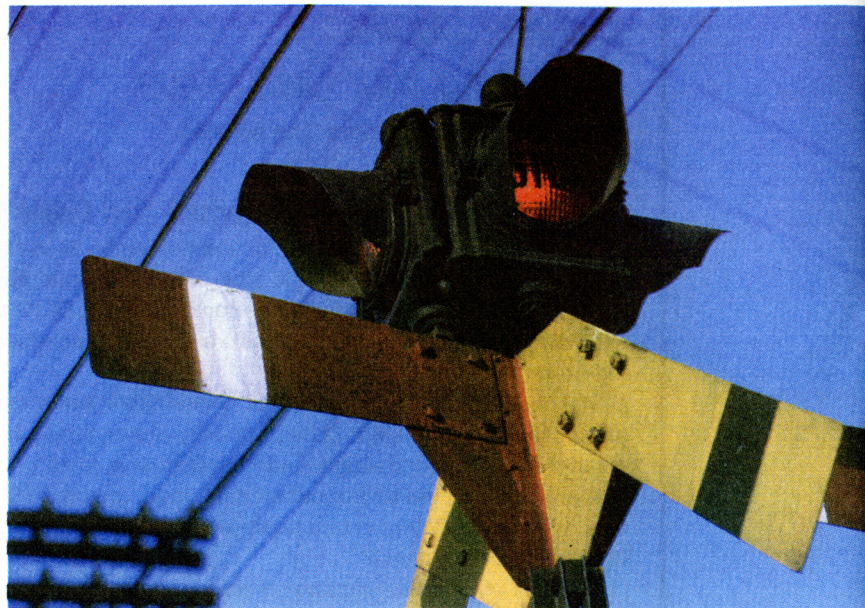
Rachelle Rojany's *Body of Work* presented parts of the body, its shapes and functions, formulated in three dimensions. A Handy Flag in a Handy Holder hung outside the gallery, recalling Hans Haacke's banners and his dry conceptual humor — humor that here provoked a smirk, then a smile, and sometimes an outright laugh. Drawing on her Iranian heritage, Rojany even baked lavender cookies in the shape of mouths every Friday for distribution to visitors. (The recipe was also made available.)

This well-traveled artist started as a painter but found her *métier* in the experimental bridging of media. A quirky sculptor with conceptual leanings, Rojany exercises her infectious wit with great subtlety and seeming effortlessness. She creates each part of the body in a sculptural format — small, beckoning, demanding attention — personalizing it with found and fabricated objects that recall various other artists who have influenced her. *Mileft* is a leather cast of the artist's left foot situated on the floor like a Robert Gober. *No knows* sticks a rubber nose on the end of wooden dowel, allowing the nose to be moved one way or the other, harking back to Pinocchio. *Right Hear, for Joshua*, comprising a bronze ear and small earring hanging by fishing line, refers to Ilya Kabakov. A sound piece, *Whoo on Whose pedestal*, flits between the familiar and the unfamiliar, with music by Leonard Cohen asking you to question yourself. Even the mouth cookies sat on an aluminum sheet that recalled Donald Judd.

In her catalog of corporeal parts, Rojany left out only "tongue in cheek." Or did she? 🍷 — **Judith Hoffberg**



Rachelle Rojany, *Right hear, for Joshua*, metal, beads, and fishing line, size variable, 2008



Charles Eames, *Railroad Scene*, photograph, 12" x 18", ca. 1950s. Courtesy of and © 2008 Eames Office, LLC.

The Gifted Eye of Charles Eames: Portfolio of 100 Images

Eames Office Gallery, 850 Pico Boulevard, Santa Monica

Charles Eames wielded his camera the way a butterfly collector wields a net: emblems of beauty, form, and function must be possessed, scrutinized, and cataloged to stoke the fires of burning reflection and bright ideas. As a result, Eames's photographs — at least those in this exhibition — are unremarkable, certainly in comparison to those of Walker Evans, Paul Strand, Garry Winogrand, and other acknowledged masters of the medium. But, then, Eames never aspired to such photographic glory. He was too busy revolutionizing post-war design with his wife, Ray, to care much about "fine-art photography."

Eames was a camera-toting maniac, roaming the entire planet and visually mining life's raw realities. He pictured, digested, and transmuted movie sets, nautical imagery, clowns, sea creatures, urban street signage, Japanese slippers, and so on into a chair, a desk, a building, or other material incantation. The Library of Congress's Prints and Photographs Division lists some 300,000 uncataloged 35 mm color slides as well as 220,000 cataloged film negatives produced over the course of Eames's professional life. The exhibition, observing Eames's centenary, presented one hundred color and black-and-white photos. There is at least one conceptual powerhouse in the bunch, *Railroad Scene* (#44), an avatar for Charles Eames the mediator, the director who negotiates life's disjointed, nihilistic cinema.

The charm is in the process as much as in the fetishistic result. An exhibition like this prompts us to reflect on the thousands and thousands of images that we ourselves have created on vacations, at parties, during weddings. Eames's perhaps unintentional admonition, honed by the committee that selected and displayed these photographs, advises us to shake ourselves awake from the consumer narcosis of the modern, industrialized world long enough to decipher the visual notes we write ourselves when we push the camera's button. 🍷 — **Darrin Little**