exercises, lowering cottony cloudlike "dream products" with cables, setting them on a circular railroad track to nowhere, reminiscent of the holiday season at an outdoor mall. On the ground level, carrots are plucked and planted, and even turned into baby carrots.

There is an impressive DIY sensibility to this three-dimensional world the artist has created, with everything seemingly made by hand, aside from the two slightly warped hula hoops that function like planetary rings around a cartoonishly chaotic ecosphere. Reiss mocks the brand of Marxism taught in art schools, while concurrently critiquing the capitalism that controls so many of the creative decisions of these programs' graduates.

There is no waste – that is the thesis, evidenced by the copious sheets of "research" hanging on the walls, which serve as blueprints for what's on display. They contain messages like "I don't care who you are or what size you are im gonna magnetize you." To whom is Reiss speaking, and what does this mean? Here, it appears he is simply dictating to himself, his own personal secretary. But who is dictating to the doodled dudes? The meta-metaphors climb and shoot ad infinitum in the package factory.

5 BENJAMIN REISS
Package Factory (Natural Marriage of Natural Resources)
Bel Ami, Los Angeles
By Keith J. Varadi

Benjamin Reiss's exhibition "Package Factory (Natural Marriage of Natural Resources)" is simultaneously one of excess and refinement, genuine in its ingenuity and sardonic with its sincerity. What you see is what you get, but in order to get it all, you must seek it all.

The show centers around an eponymous sculpture (2016-18), a multitiered wooden structure housing an epic game of chutes and ladders. On the upper circuit, playfully primary-colored epoxy clay miniatures work together in the first scene of a staged simulation of a total industrial complex - agriculture, health care, infrastructure, technology, and transportation are all illustrated along the infernal descent. The figures lift, carry, and unload various widgets and wares; we see where the items are going, but to what end and why? Equal parts plastic army toys and corporate pharma logos, they conceivably embody the coalescence of military and commercial interests in twenty-first-century globalization. On the next tier down, more doodled dudes engage in futile