

On that day, Bruna Mori

Wendy Heldmann has prefabricated a Memory Palace recycled from moments before disaster—before the contents of one's fragile kit transform into another's, disintegrates, or is forgotten in place. There is a presence of absence in the accumulated collapse; no paint where recollection fades: titles hover as question marks.

What luck, emblematic of this moment before, will deflate balloons in the uneasy happiness of a dining room. Cupcake-balloon sparkler umbrella piñata suspected festooned floral somewhere. The sky was wild with sunshine draws us closer to the ball/oons, not floating into sunlight at all, but meeting a short and sure death in an interior, though blue, sure to displease the balloons.

Moving so easily away from each other cordons off kitchen space, the left side so abandoned that even the walls have emptied into circles, following the clock's lead (where the face recedes, hands remain at sharp angle). The chair, never left behind, moves habitually from place to place. Cut flowers hang, not fully thriving, on a circular dining table with matching notebooks.

That orange sunlight and seafoam green, the pink-casting red light, and one painted breadbasket.

The right side—so predictably full to toppling with banana upright, plant, salt, pepper, almonds, oils, vanilla, paint can, baking soda, glue, three pickle jars. Paper towels, teapot, blender, microwave, flashlight, canister, coffee maker, trash, empty fruit baskets, always waiting with one bright orange shell.

This chasm deepens in *Soon but not today*, where a living room is divided into two. Books on shelves arranged; two red Eames chairs sit symmetrically; desk and floor in some unison.

At the chimney split, Why shouldn't we have some fun confesses a disarray of living. A Hopi basket has been placed upon a floral rug (gasp). Books off-shelf alongside incongruous paintings and ducky-duck knick-knacks, logs suggest actual use of the fireplace, and tools and envelopes scatter about. Bottle cap, deflated balloon.

A thing to be removed excavates a kit of found talismans but belonging to those known to the artist. Beads bandage bow leaf snap earring heart seed medal stone bullet candy corn bud ring tooth corks beads pillbox nuts jag jewel. Bell, pine cone, string, pine cone. Flint, cork, keychain, pine cone, stone—the kind that is small and white and iridescent and collected by children. How many leaves and flowers did our mothers press? Necklace, pine cone, leaf, cracked bead, straw, pebbles, buttons, leaf. Glass, bead, fingernail, square, toothpicks, mirror, cracked or uncracked.

No one could possibly misunderstand, this lace doily. One ripe bud resides within the lace, as if inspired by the placement of an actual rose in a vase on the doily draped over a foyer table. Where was the McCall's pattern, though? (Absent to create my own fragile kit.) A desire to learn English tucked into a grammar book with pencil marks and even more pressed flowers. Geta shoes and horsehair brush.

And here I am writing "Fragile" on a box to where these will go next. Then "Itsuka" and "Sono hi ni"

Fragile Kit Wendy Heldmann

Palms and pines
Pale pale orange
Has been called golden
As summer takes hold
Crackling dry leaves
Steadfast on tight branches
Make melodies in early afternoon

Stay in one place for a while Familiarize frequent decipher Let the excess of place Drift away one day driving Down the same street All of a sudden foreign Surfaces change That smudge in the distance: oasis The reason we keep moving

Beyond this room
The bewildering array presented
Hearing silence from the winds
Alone over a darkening plain
Sunlight fades and wanes
Flashes and soaks
Yes and apparently no
What to do this dark overcast day

Not yet night
Blue a little darker than the sky
Streaked with puffs of light
Trees have sharp edges and no middle
Which only a moment ago were agitated
Between the limitless and the chill

Smells like rain In early December The paint stays wet

Holding onto and letting go
Of the world of the known
What lies within
Behind the sun
Beneath the shadows
The hours until waking
Morning answers nothing

Barefoot winters gone
Sandals skirt fresh cut flowers
On the dining room table
A day cleared after an evening storm
What's with this perfect mess
So neat and impenetrable

Wendy Heldmann

Wendy Heldmann (b. 1975, Charlotte, North Carolina, USA) received an MA with distinction in Visual Arts at Goldsmiths University of London and a BFA from the San Francisco Art Institute after studying civil engineering at Cornell University and the Technical University of Hamburg-Harburg, Germany. Heldmann's paintings of the messes and disasters of everyday life express an unashamed consciousness for the sinking passing of time and a disposable view of the built environment and the metaphors that accompany it. Her work has been exhibited and published nationally. Heldmann had a solo exhibition at the Southern California Institute of Architecture (SCI-Arc) in May 2011, and exhibited 2007 in a group show at The Janet & Janet Shop, presented by ForYourArt, in 2012. Her first solo exhibition at Marine Contemporary will be in 2013. Heldmann is currently a Faculty Fellow at the University of Oregon School of Architecture and Allied Arts in Eugene, Oregon.

Recent Solo Exhibitions include:

2013

 Fragile Kit. Marine Contemporary, Los Angeles, CA

2011

 You Are So Beautiful And I Am A Fool. SCI-Arc Library Gallery, Los Angeles, CA (catalog)

2009

 Of Course and Never. Jail Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

 The Middle Distance. Sixspace Gallery, Culver City, CA

Recent Group Exhibitions include:

2012

- The Janet & Janet Shop. For Your Art & See Line Gallery in conjunction with Museum of Temporary Art, Los Angeles, CA
- Architectural Deinforcement: Constructing Disaster and Decay. Cerritos College Art Gallery, CA (catalog)

2011

 Durden & Ray Presents: Vertigo. The LA Mart. Los Angeles. CA

2010

- Salon No. 5. Marine Art Salon, Santa Monica, CA
- Werk UAB Visual Arts Gallery, Birmingham, AL
- Broad Strokes: Women in Art, Whittier Public Library, CA

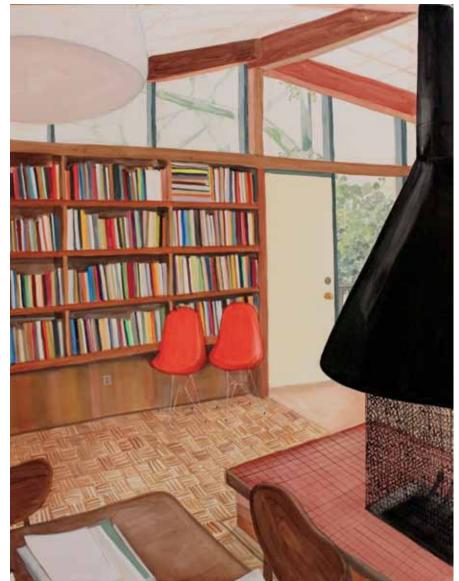
2009

- New Painting. Nancy Margolis Gallery, New York, NY
- Sleights of Hand, Sam Francis Gallery at Crossroads School. Santa Monica, CA
- Death and Resurrection of the Post-Hysterical Female. West Los Angeles College Art Gallery, Los Angeles, CA
- The RED and the BLUE. Weingart Gallery at Occidental College, Los Angeles, CA
- Tree Service. Domestic Setting, Los Angeles, CA
- Forces of Nature. Limn Gallery, San Francisco, CA
- Debris D'Atelier. Cruz Gallery, Santa Fe, NM
- Enantiomorphic Chamber. NURTUREart, Brooklyn, NY

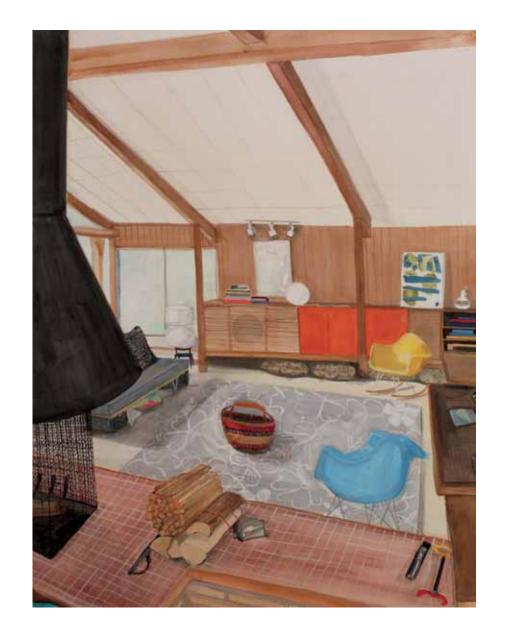
2007

- Time Writers from the Mirror Horizon. David Patton, Los Angeles, CA
- The Atrocity Exhibition. Thierry Goldberg Projects, New York, NY
- SHOW. Jail Gallery, Los Angeles, CA

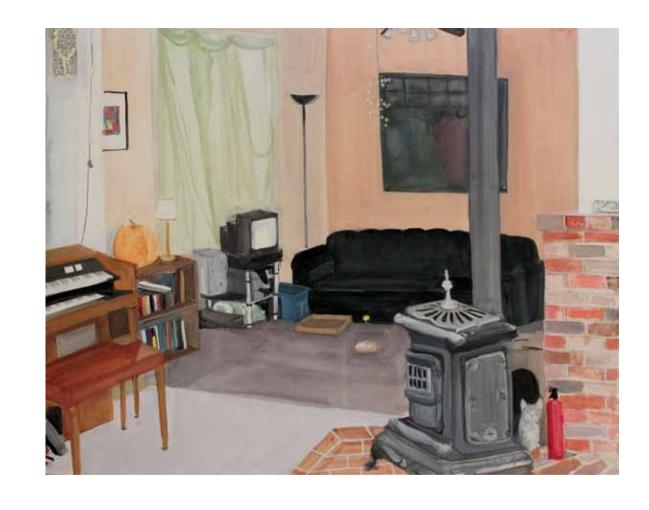




Soon but not today Acrylic on canvas 28" x 22", 2013

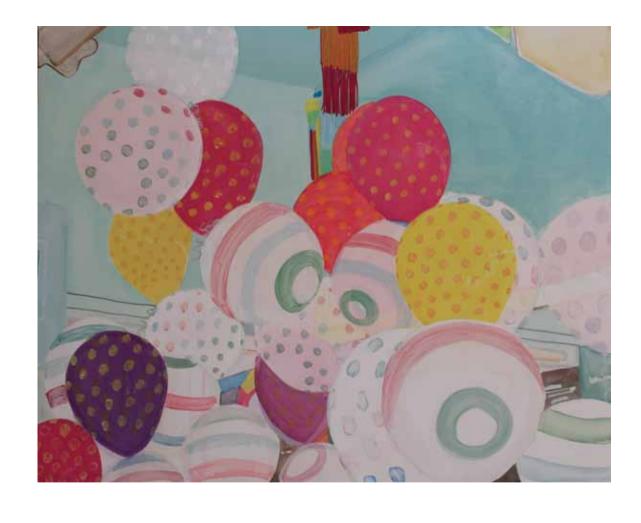


Why shouldn't we have some fun Acrylic on canvas 28" x 22", 2013

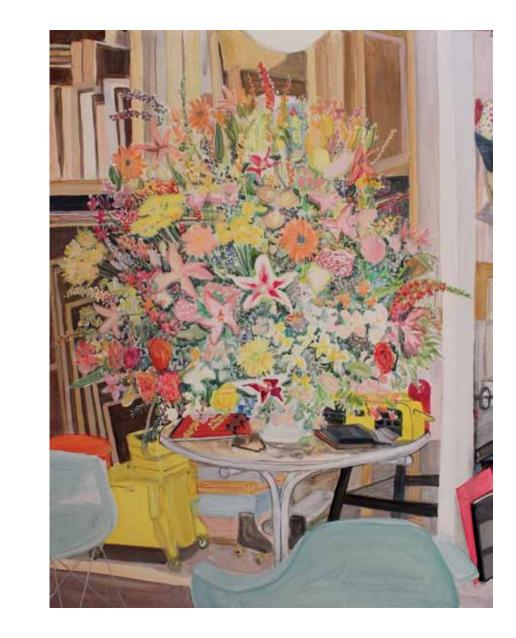


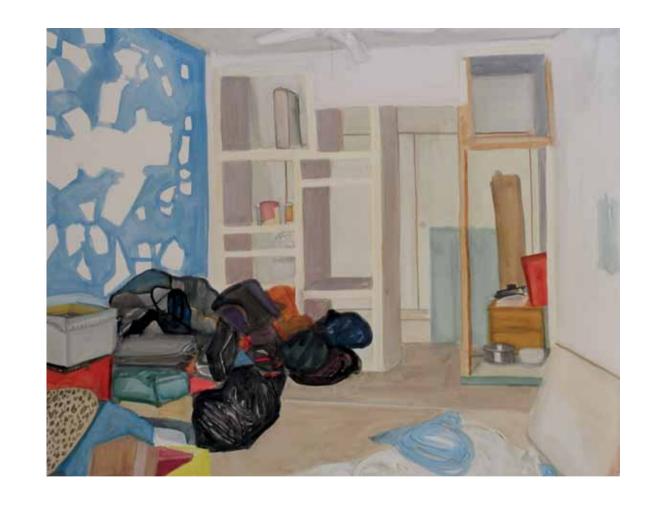


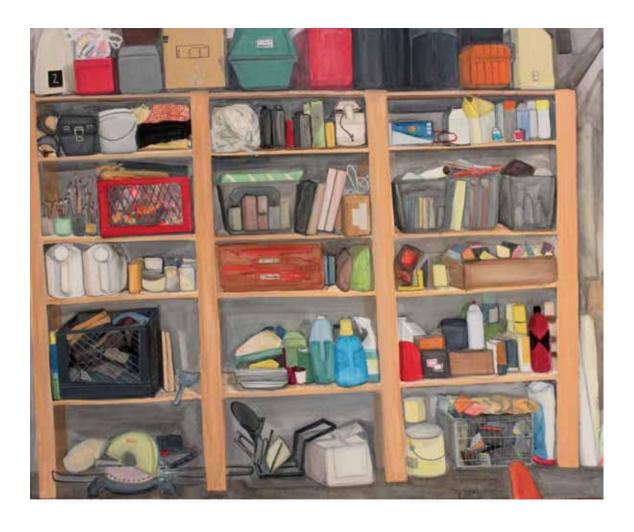




What luck Acrylic on canvas 30" x 24", 2013









Champions of false starts and close finishes Acrylic on canvas 30" x 24", 2013









What we no longer remembered but what was certainly there Acrylic on canvas 22" x 28", 2013 Day after day, running from here to there Acrylic on canvas 22" x 28", 2013









Marine Contemporary

Wendy Heldmann Fragile Kit

First Edition June 29, 2013 Los Angeles, CA

All images © Wendy Heldmann

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be duplicated or transmitted in any form without written consent from Marine Contemporary. Unauthorised broadcasting, copying or duplicating of this publication or the works within it will constitute an infringement of copyright.

Design: October octoberdesign.co.uk

marinecontemporary.com