


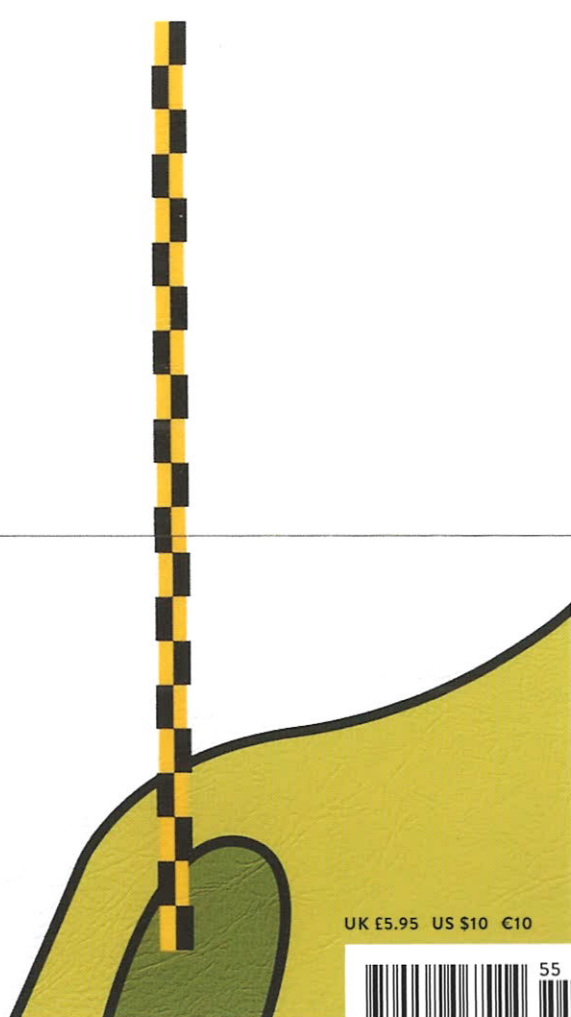
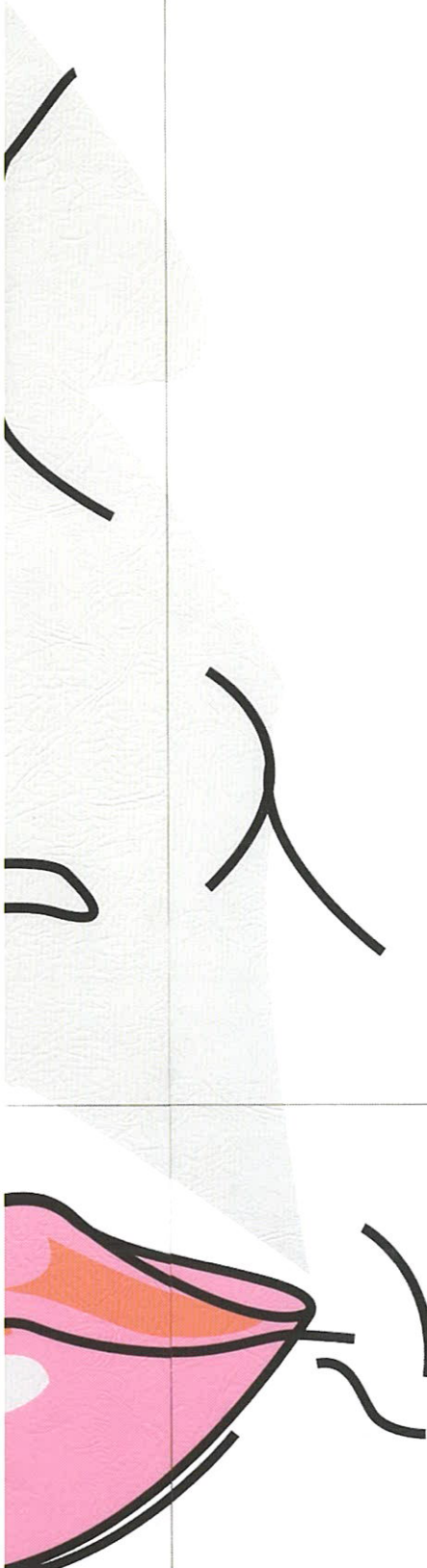
f r i z e

A large, stylized graphic of a human eye with a green iris and a dark pupil, set against a brown, textured background that resembles a hand or a face. The eye is positioned behind the letters 'i' and 'z' of the word 'frize'.

TEMPORARY ART AND CULTURE

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HELEN MARTEN *My Influences*
Drones & Photography **BLURRED VISIONS**
MASSIMILIANO GIONI *Interview*
PASOLINI and WARHOL
Monograph **NICOLE EISENMAN**



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My Influences

HELEN MARTEN

Helen Marten,
'Plank Salad', exhibition view at Chisenhale Gallery, 2012,
foreground: *Falling very down (low pH chemist)*,
background: *Geologic amounts of sober time (Mozart drunks)*

Helen Marten lives and works in London, UK. In 2013, she will have solo shows at the Centre for Curatorial Studies, Bard College, Annandale-on-Hudson, USA; and Sadie Coles HQ, London. Her work will also be included in 'The Encyclopedic Palace', 55th Venice Biennale, Italy; the Lyon Biennale, 2013, France; and the 59th Oberhausen International Film Festival, Germany. Recent solo exhibitions include 'Plank Salad', at Chisenhale Gallery, London; 'Evian Disease', Palais de Tokyo, Paris, France; and 'Almost the Exact Shape of Florida', Kunsthalle Zürich, Switzerland, all in 2012; 'Take a stick and make it sharp', Johann König, Berlin, Germany; and 'Dust and Piranhas', Park Night Project, Serpentine Gallery, London, both in 2011.



1.

SKEUOMORPHISM

There's a huge piece of printed plastic hoarding currently clinging to the side entrance of London's King's Cross Station. The section closest to the commuter entrance is boldly marked with the station's name: a large, uncomplicated white font on a glossy red background. Redevelopments are underway so, amidst the inevitable skywards infrastructure, there's foot-to-ground activity happening everywhere. Approaching in a zig-zag from afar, sections of this signage disappear behind the fleshy chaos of pedestrian traffic, so it is possible that the only letters logged in a first conscious sighting of these words might be 'K' and 'I'. *Potassium Iodide*.

In a freefall of further abstracted musings, it is also possible to imagine that all the fluorescent activity unfolding behind this hoarding is in fact coupled with a radiological disaster, coagulating

all rail connections and spewing nuclear mucus into London soils. The only barrier of protection is this shiny red wall, with that steady 'KI' lettering offering reassurance of the salty prophylactics on hand. More interesting, and still more absurd in this context, are the gradient shadows that border both top and bottom of the hoarding, alongside giant airbrushed discs that appear at rhythmic intervals across the entire length. It's graphic approximation on a huge scale: this red length is an I-beam, the discs are rivets, and those horizontal shadows markers of the scooped areas of space between the two steel flanges. As flattened moments of ABC geometry, this almost-pictogram is hard to read in zoomed-in focus; only moving backwards do all the individual flatnesses align more three-dimensionally. It's a beautiful skeuomorphic thing, this enormously

long and impossibly tall I-beam. There's a great conflation of information as material, a laminated rearrangement of that assumed magical tie between a word and a thing. The hoarding is probably plastic and attached quickly to wooden upright posts; these rivets are bigger than a face, and completely without materiality beyond their emulation of a structural function that we recognize. It's a series of trails, a type of comic approximation that grants imaginative license to the deciphering of all other nearby things. Translation is gorgeously wonky, but very simple too. Like the shutter-click on a camera phone, the mechanical integrity is synthetic but safe. So there's a doubly joyous moment in imagining a plastic briefcase passing by, itself stippled with dots of imitation leather grain; it's all part of our wonder of the atomic and everything looks good in nuclear light.