

OVERDUIN & CO.

PRESS RELEASE

“Welcome to L.A.”

Genoveva Filipovic
Morag Keil
Matthew Langan-Peck
Richard Maxwell
Win McCarthy
Lise Soskolne
Bernadette Van-Huy
Andy Warhol
Ingrid Wiener

September 19th – October 30th, 2021

Overduin & Co. presents *Welcome to L.A.*, a group show curated by John Burkhart of artists Genoveva Filipovic, Morag Keil, Matthew Langan-Peck, Richard Maxwell, Win McCarthy, Lise Soskolne, Bernadette Van-Huy, Andy Warhol, and Ingrid Wiener.

The exhibition presents a topography of artists who, with various degrees of distance, engage critically with the strangeness of contemporary cultural life, with its phenomena of online, micro-cultural vitriol, neo-homesteading, glamour modeling turned adventure vlogging, or agonic narratives around climate, health or hygiene. Despite a shared, total state of exception ushered in by the global pandemic, there persists a lack of narrative consensus from which to establish shared reality among groups. For these artists, then, the narrative of cultural life today may resemble a dystopian fiction in which common culture has been replaced by sub-groups, like sub-Reddits, of increasingly atomized tribes, LARPer or insurrectionists, each inhabiting mutually exclusive narratives of what is real.

Accordingly, the exhibition is grouped not around a single thematic topic but rather by subtle affective affinities among these artists, who work between Europe and New York in various media, from sculpture to painting to video. *Welcome to L.A.* shows these artists employing poses of humor, disaffection, and irony, sometimes expressed through low-fi techniques such as weaving or handmade sculpture, to engage seriously with the backwater of contemporary cultural and political life. Amid the backdrop of a monumental new history painting by Richard Maxwell depicting the events that took place on January 6, 2021 at the US Capitol, the artists manifest complex ideas of agency, criticality, complicity and retreat alongside the abnormality of the present.

John Burkhart is a gallerist who, from 2014, has co-run Svetlana gallery in New York.

“September”

By Pablo Larios

Last summer, I quit my good job at the newspaper and went, my savings and I, for three months to Lake Constance, on the Swiss-German border. To disconnect. I left my smartphone and my laptop, and brought only some Muji notebooks, a burner phone for emergencies, a watercolor set and a few paperbacks, besides some clothes and a new pair of technical hiking boots.

The rehabilitation center, which was terribly expensive, was a three-month program to become digitally clean.

Coming clean. Clean of what? The first thing they taught us was that the rhetoric – of moralized addiction – is wrong. Like all addictions, we were in a battle of dependency, wrestling with those aspects of ourselves that we bury within us. I wondered: what was I scrubbing away – my vices, or my life itself? In any case it had become too much, all of it.

I hadn't read a book or watched a movie for pleasure in over a year. I found myself craving absolutely nothing. At *Burnout Camp*, as my sister called it, my dopamine levels refreshed, I did begin reading again. Coetzee and Thomas Mann, *Siddhartha*, some Hölderlin, and an old flipped-through copy of the I Ching

with a forward by Carl Jung that Magnus had given me for my birthday. I didn't care that I was a kind of walking cliché of midlife crisis. What was next, veganism?

Back in Berlin, I met up with Ralph, a friend from grad school. He had made out well for himself, his Maserati Ghibli, his lake house. We had talked about doing a hike together, out near Dresden, but we had to cancel the trip because of the shitty weather that September. So instead we met for drinks at a little bar near his house in Lichterfelde, a dive with tiki lights and a jukebox playing Schlager.

You can't fight fire with fire, he said.

Ralph was setting up a working group for people worried about the future of the country. He thought I would be interested. He had good reason to think that, in the very near future, the EU would collapse. Germany would face Japan-style 'stagflation', exports becoming economically unsustainable. At this point, facing a new debt crisis and poverty spurred by widespread inflation and automation, tactical groups would have no choice but to set up deportation centers for foreigners, caliphate members and anti-German Germans. I saw instantly that Ralph was deranged, he had clearly been spending hours alone, on message boards, probably on meth or something.

He tried showing me screencaps from group-chats, a map of former East Germany dotted with cluster settlements of Day X preppers. I excused myself and went to the bathroom, then walked out the door and decided to never talk to him again. Back at my car, I put the keys into the ignition and realized I'd left my phone at the bar. I decided to forget it, I couldn't bring myself to face Ralph again, it was just an old burner phone anyway.

Over the next few weeks, I kept getting calls at home from people who hung up when I answered. Then my only credit card was blocked and I almost got locked out of my Gmail. I managed to recover my passwords. I didn't think much of it. But getting back my digital identity catalyzed a kind of relapse. A few weeks later I was sleepless again, sweating, back on Twitter, lurking on Telegram and Instagram, high on the latest clusterfuck online.

What I wasn't expecting was the knock on the door one Friday morning with German police and an armored car outside my house. The Reichstag ambush had just happened. Men with guns broke into parliament proclaiming Day X. From the station, my lawyer said it didn't look good. Conspiracy, at least several years in prison. I was in disbelief. I had an alibi, I was at home that evening. I had a feeling he didn't believe me. He mentioned they had cell phone data on my whereabouts.

Then I remembered the burner phone I'd left on the table. I tried to tell him about Ralph, the tiki bar, the calls, but he just nodded, telling me it didn't look good and saying if he were in my shoes, I'd take the plea bargain. I'd never win, he said, not in a thousand years.

Gallery hours are Tuesday through Saturday, 10am to 5pm. For further information or images, please contact the gallery at office@overduinandco.com.