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NADA VILLA WARSAW

Bora Akıncıtürk, Genevieve Goffman, Radimir Koch, Zuzanna Milobedzka, Anna Pederson, Karolina Szwed
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Myth grows spiral-wise until the impulse which has produced it is exhausted. Its growth is a continuous process, whereas its structure remains discontinuous. If this is the case, we should assume that it closely corresponds, in the realm of the spoken word, to a crystal in the realm of physical matter [...] Myth is an intermediary entity between a statistical aggregate of molecules and the molecular structure itself." (Levi-Strauss, *Structural Anthropology*).

Crystalline structures, aggregates and repeated patterns are all over these artworks. Brass lattices, semi-crystalline PETG, beadwork, time crystals, quasicrystals. Crystals are favored guinea pigs for thermodynamic experiments, which form the basis of modern theories about the origins of life. Combinatorially, there are more possible formations of molecules than could ever conceivably be made by the world. Not everything that can exist will exist. So how to explain the specific diversity of the biosphere? Within it and with staggering laboriousness Radimir Koch, Genevieve Goffman, Anna Pederson and Karolina Szwed have assembled stuff into stable organizational nodes. They have done so for the naturalist beholding cultural products and the naturalist beholden to evolutionary products alike. Considered as the latter, the works are computationally irreducible. But even a historian can't pull them apart.

Koch. A censer in carmine red. Carmine has the same root as kermes. The pigment used to be made from bugs. According to the American Heritage Dictionary, the origin is the Sanskrit *kr̥mija*, meaning "worm-made". It's also a stove. A pile of ash has been deposited on top, and it shows an oil lamp that, in seconding as a libation bowl, is brokering truce by fossilization between predator and prey. Felid and bird are at peace while two sacrificial tripods face off, head to head. Legs of exposed rebar, talebearers of sub-contracting malpractice, uphold three pixie bugs with vestigial wings. Fioriture of a gentle reminder, like the coccyx. Or are they stylites nesting in the canopy of bronze age tree-and-snake pillars? Are they harvested not only for the integral under their crinolines but also for their oracular gotholalia? No, they are substrate-independent, and they keep each other safe from metabolic freeriders, and also from the eruptions of cute-aggression that besotted bystanders are prone to. Peddling compliments in solfège, ceremoniously levying a tax, breaking into a cheerful high V, or admiring the high vertu of their nail art. Because they share in each other's ebullient company, their lyrate gasters are inspissated with butterflies, and they will summon and watch: mostly each other, because they are the cutest. "I wash your hands if you wash mine". "I'll watch you dance from time to time". "We look doughy and divine". But their gestural repertoire includes the *pollice verso*, too. Their votive offering is only themselves, to each other. So don't get too close, the thing might start screaming like a theremin.

Pederson. The watchers' solemn strawwomen are beady-eyed, but not malicious, straightjacketed, but not straight. Cabinet of a body polytech. They are doing the shadow work of Koch's fairies under cover of symbiosis. Bead, the seminal ornament, hasn't lost its cutting edge. A sieve is julienned into their faces, warp and weft are catching feelings - in a bicameral way. An abalone abacus calculates the midpoint between the emission and intromission theories of vision: a papillous compound eye simultaneously made of cataracts and albedos. Rayonism had it wrong... Focal stacking reveals: a perfectly balanced grasshopper chair and chairwoman at once.

Meanwhile, well below the surface of Antarctica, neutrinos light up a grove of DOMs (Digital Optical Modules). Down there..

*Do your brain-tanned leather hides
Protect from katabatic winds
Or will vestigial dorsal fins,
Diving boards for landed life,
Break the waves once more?*

Three pigeons. Four pigeons. Five pigeons. Pluck them from the power cable and plug them into Pythagoras. It doesn't matter to the pigeons because they won't get zapped either way. Perched between chemtrails or perched

in cape-town, they will keep foraging behind your back. The trickonometry of counterfactuals is their means of land surveying. Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, but what matters is who gets to pick at the laurels.

Goffman. Musician and philanthropic robber baron Otto Kahn - template for the mustached and pewtered face of *Monopoly*- built a castle on Long Island in the 1910s. Later it was bought by the sanitation department. Then it was a training facility for Merchant Marine radio operators, then military academy. Now it does elite weddings. Villa Gawrońskich served as hot potato of international diplomacy, until its occupation by the SS. Soldiers of the Home Army's "Pegasus" division assassinated Franz Kutschera in front of the building. In 1948 the US embassy moved in. Most recently, the Serbian embassy lost its claim of adverse possession to the heirs of the first owners of the building.

The *workshop*, however, isn't sought-after real estate. It rezones internally to the beck and call of paraphrase. Mobile game tokens can switch positions - the *bona fide* of gene swaps. No one tells you to GO TO JAIL. No freight shipping rebates. In fact, nothing ever leaves this convention center of autoimmunity. Animal spirits steward the shopfloor, and get rewarded in effigies. You slipped and fell because one of them, a trickster, scrubbed the brassy floor with purple shampoo. You got curious about that golden shein and slipped. But purple blood isn't flowing.

Maybe the alchemical fantasy of turning brass into gold is the spirits' prerogative. Maybe they achieve more because their goals are more achievable. Pegasus was bribed with a golden bridle (a precursor to the contemporary urban development strategy called *geobribing*). I saw Pegasus on the front gates to a castle, and again buttressing up top. This was while driving along a chaparral coastline in the wake of historical tourism. Gazing upon the corrugations of froth, I was surprised by an apparition. An aedicule, a little bonsai of a castle ! Disoriented by detail, I almost crashed the car but instead came to a halt on the shoulder. The fata morgana stood on stilts by the roadside, and I recognized it as yet another viatical shrine. I've seen them before. They pop up at regular intervals and make me think of stage stations along ancient logistical arteries. Each of an odder architectural syncretism, littered with reckless abandon, twigs, keepsakes, cumulus detritus, sundry ribbons, an empty flask of liquor, disbanded caryatids and piltdown demons that have come a long way from their crammed corbels. And old, heartfelt messages waiting to be sluiced intact through the bottleneck of forms. Later I was informed by a local that these shrines marked the place of roadside accidents.

Szwed. Joint at the hip is Gawrońskich's twin flame, licking but not eating a graphite roof. These paintings report on the hazards encountered in the process of recollection, from the perspective of mnemonic devices. I am a house built with the method of loci. When commissioned, I combined stratigraphy and the Wheeler-Kenyon technique of excavation squares. Each set of dreams was assigned to a bed. Eventually they sought a more suitable environment and I came under a barrage of damaging renovations. Spray foam in my nooks and crannies, PVC on my spruce.. taking all the joy out of my joists. Now my structural integrity is threatened. Metalheads, loggerheads, blockheads: damn them all ! My carpentry could have held its own. I am a bowtie. My species has a short lifespan. As a ribbon we can brace the ages, but once metamorphosed into a tie we serve our purpose quickly. Usually. Tied around a finger, we safeguard against the breaking of promises and the postponement of plans. It's a shadowy existence somewhere between prestidigitation and its prevention, somewhere between superstition and superposition. But I deserve to have my own purpose. I *have* a purpose, and my flock is my proof. I won't deliver on someone else's promises. Astrology won't get a grip on our entropy. Some sneer at us: Pen trials ! Some laud our looks: Calligraphy ! But we will never reach semantic satiation. I am eloquent like slipstream and loquacious like spindrift. What I promise is that you'll remember the words to my song.

Exhibition text by Alma Pannier

BORA AKINCITURK (b. 1982, Ankara, Turkey). Lives and works in London and Istanbul. Selected exhibitions include *Full Circle*, Residence Gallery, London, UK, 2024; *A Normal Life*, Pilevneli Gallery, Istanbul, Turkey, 2024; *Group Ego Death Yoga And Meditation*, Screw Gallery, Leeds, UK, 2022; *The Forcefield*, Plague Space, Krasnodar, Russia, 2021; *SKEE*, in collaboration with Iain Ball, narrative projects, London, UK, 2019; *A Very Small Window*, Kim? Contemporary Art Center, Riga, Latvia, 2019; *VIBRANT MATURITY@ 7+ ADULT SHOW*, in collaboration with Ville Kallio, Futura, Prague, The Czech Republic, 2018; *Egg Punk Karaoke*, 427, Riga, Latvia, 2018; *Keep Smiling is The Art of Living*, Alyssa Davis Gallery, New York, USA, 2017; *We're All Dead, We Just Don't Know It Yet*, Ultrastudio, Pescara, Italy, 2017; *Fallen Angels*, in collaboration with Noemi Merca, Komplot, Brussels, Belgium, 2017. His band *Fino Blendax*, in collaboration with Ahmet Ögüt at: The ICA, London; Chisenhale Gallery, London; VanAbbe Museum, Eindhoven; The 56th Venice Biennale, Creative Time Summit: The Night Art Made the Future Visible 2015.

GENEVIEVE GOFFMAN was born in Washington D.C. and is based in New York City. She graduated from Yale MFA Sculpture in 2020. Goffman's recent solo exhibitions include *The Triumph Of A Lonely Place* at Espace Maurice in Montreal, Canada; *Before It all Went Wrong* at Hyacinth Gallery in New York in 2022; *Grind* at Money Gallery in St Petersburg, RU, 2021; *Here Forever* at Alyssa Davis Gallery, New York, NY, 2020. She has also shown work with Petzel Gallery, Blade Study, Eyes Never Sleep, Canada Gallery, Thierry Goldberg Gallery, Fragment Gallery, Lubov and Foreign and Domestic in New York, EXILE in Vienna, Austria, Lilly Roberts in Paris France, Patara Gallery in Tbilisi, Georgia, Workroom.Daipyat in Voronezh, Russia, and Harkawik in Los Angeles. Goffman's installation, *The View*, was exhibited in 2023 at the Museum of Applied Arts in Vienna Austria. Goffman has exhibited at NADA x Foreland in 2021 and Nada Warsaw with Alyssa Davis Gallery in 2024. Goffman's First book *The Triumph of a Lonely Place* was published in 2024 by Inpatient Press.

RADIMIR KOCH (b. 1997, Almaty, Kazakhstan) is a self-taught digital artist based in New York City. Koch's work reflects on the themes and tropes of death and rebirth, taking on various forms of digital media, including animation, 3D still-image renders, live projection installations, clothing design and most recently physical sculpture. His pieces aim to explore the cyclical nature of life and the transformations we undergo, offering a reflection on the human experience and the ongoing journey of self-discovery and renewal. Radimir has recently exhibited in *The Magic Show* at the Starrett-Lehigh Building curated by Gogy Esparza and in the *Merde! Sculpture Auction* at the Alyssa Davis Gallery Gala. His most recent 3D work was executed as the character and prop artist and director of CGI for the Windowsen SS23 Paris Runway and as the creative director of the Happy99 2019 Digital Runway. He has also led a number of projects that bridge a physical space or experience into a digital realm, including the Kinfolk component of *Architecture Now: New York, New Publics* at MoMA in 2023 and the digital and laser installations for Minecraft creator Markus Persson's experimental nightclub concept in 2022.

ZUZANNA MILOBEDZKA (b.1995, Warsaw, Poland) is an artist whose practice spans painting, illustration, and styling. They received their BA at Chelsea College of Arts, and are currently preparing for their first solo show in London. Illustrations and their combinations are created through a very intuitive process that depicts a dream-like state, combining child-like imagery with very obsessive and almost compulsive tendencies. The work emerges from an impulsive place where parameters, pre-meditations and calculated over-analysis are cast aside in order to allow the subconscious to take form. Subjects and objects alike at times appear abandoned, incomplete. Through this looseness, forms provide just enough clues and tropes for the viewer to fill in the gaps. The illustrations provide just enough clues to fill in the gaps. In doing so, prescriptiveness and rigidity dissipate, leaving up the space for personal and intimate effects to emerge. Recurring fixations and fetishization of specific images, illustrations as a method of "not letting go" or even celebrating all the emotions, nurturing the feelings of nostalgia, ecstasy, anxiety, love, sadness. All the elements of obsessive repetitions, letters, symbols, numbers, or symbolic images of rabbits and religious elements create a personalized map-like composition which finds a way to exist in symbiosis with all the elements. "To me, it also creates a type of compulsive - obsessive prayer where repeating is a tool for protection. This depicts a relationship between materialism and a form of spirituality. Though my practice, the power of symbolism has made itself apparent to me. It was something I wasn't so aware of before, but lately I have reflected on and gained understanding of it, to the point of getting freaked out by its subsequent real manifestations."

ANNA PEDERSON (b. 1996, Saint Paul, MN) is a textile and sculptural artist based in New York City. Her work examines a relationship between industrialism and the Human Spirit; the ways in which industrialization transforms culture and our perception of nature. Using a combination of digital processes and mediums which reference traditions of craft, her work blends pre- and post-industrial modes of production. In 2018, Pederson completed a BFA at the Rhode Island School of Design, where she studied Textiles. Recent exhibitions include *Secrets to Graceful Living*, a duo exhibition with sculptor Radimir Koch at Alyssa Davis Gallery in Manhattan, and *War*, a group show at Drama in Brooklyn.

KAROLINA SZWED (b. 1997, Bielsko Biala, Poland). Szwed studied painting at the Academy of Fine Arts in Katowice in 2016-2022 (Master's degree in art in the studio of Andrzej Tobis and Dominika Kowynia, annex in the interdisciplinary studio run by Lesław Tetla). They mainly create oil paintings, live and work in Katowice, Poland.

Szwed deals with the topic of identity in the choices regarding gender, sex and ecology. She is interested in the compromise between morality and opportunities. For the artist, art is an attempt to understand the binary way of building reality in mainstream social thought and to critically work through its shortcomings. Recent works introduce the topic of discord when femininity is the only option in striving for adulthood. She tries to move beyond social gender to build an autonomous identity, using children's (and stereotypically girly) themes. It brings out the subject of disagreement for adulthood if the only possible solution is to become a woman (when agender options are not socially visible and available). The author identifies as non-binary, but uses the pronouns she/her and they/them interchangeably. They believe that works describing subjective experience resonate the most with the recipient, people connect thanks to specific similarities, shared feeling of a specific type of pain helps in understanding oneself and finding solidarity in experiencing.

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