OVERDUIN & CO.

Nikolas Gambaroff "The truce hurts" November 15th – December 19th, 2015

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war. I spent
                                                                                                                                                                                 several years
                                                                                                                                                                             visiting the
                                                                                                                                                                         Mediterranean
                                                                                                                                                                      coasts of Spain
                                                                                                                                                                    and Greece,
                                                                                                                                                                  settling nowhere
                                                                                                                                                                moving from one
                                                                                                                                                               village to the
                                                                                                                                                            at intervals of a weeks. I began
                                                        painting
                                                                                                                                                           again, in a new
                                                                                                                                                          Painters saw
                                                           style.
                                                               and
                                                                                                                                                         encouraged
                                                                  my work, and
                                                                                                                                                        occasionally
                                                                    I found a buyer in
                                                                       expatriate colonies I
"In 1953 I returned to
                                                                                                                                                        visited.
                                                                                                                                                       Paris. It
                                                                            was there, shortly after
second exhibition at a
                                                                                                                                                      little
                                                                                 gallery in the passage
Caire, that my fame
                                                                                                                                                      du
                                                                                       began. Esberi, the
                                                                                                                                                     Pari-
                                                                                           sian critic, published a
                                                                                                                                                                                           book of articles on
                                                                                                                                                        Magic Moments. A single page was devoted flattering one in the book. He wrote: 'Hapi's abstractions overwhelming. They remind us that art at its highest is not
                                                                                             contemporary art called
                                                                                                 to me, but it was the most
                                                                                                   are simple, subtle and
                                                                                                      In these small, poignant
mythopoeic beauty. Their
                                                                                                                                                      works, line no longer articulates the mere surface of the painting, sense of space expands about them so richly that the solar system
                             removed from life, but is its master
                  reinvests the whole visible world with contours of
                             becomes intimate, and the interval between man and man a cosmic tragedy. them, the universe enters a new unsuspected season. What is one to say of the
                                                                                                                                                     As befits a master painter, Hapi's colors are most exciting of all; after extraordinary blue that figures in each of this artist's works I have
                                        never seen anything like it, and I am forced to conclude that Hapi's genius is chemical as well as painterly. Be that as it may, the blue – sometimes only a dot, sometimes extending over half the painting – seems always to function as
                                                 beginning and end, and it runs through the corpus of the work like a mystical, personal leitmotif. But it is more than personal. Indeed Hapi's blue should end all discussion about the realism of abstract painting. With a precision Van Eyck would have envied, it denotes unfailingly
                                                                 that everlasting focus of our nostalgia for a golden age of classical purity - the serene, exalted
                                                                      azur of the Lesbian sky.
                                                                           "Tremember the passage exactly because it changed my life. It was true that the blue in my paintings was their 'point'; once this had been demonstrated, their charm became apparent to anyone who took the trouble next show sold out before it opened. I was given liberal contracts by galleries
                                                                                                                                                     to look at them. My success was complete. My given liberal contracts by galleries in New
                                                                   York, Paris and Maastricht, and my financial boom had its
                                                                                                                                                                     critical counterpart. By the end of another
                                                        year my paintings were in such demand that they vanished into the
                                                                                                                                                                            selling circuit. Dealers outbid the richest
                                              collectors in the certainty of reselling at a still higher price, and my works
                                                                                                                                                                                    traveled from gallery to gallery, rarely
                                 stopping long enough even to be shown.

"Critics, collectors, dealers, all agreed that the outstanding characteristics of my work was
                                                                                                                                                                                                 this blue. You can imagine how
                     unhappy I was to have my art reduced to a single device, to have the work of years swept away in What most infuriated me was that my admirers believed the effect of my blue to be inherent, when it
                                                                                                                                                                                                         a flood of misguided praise
                                                                                                                                                                                                               depended on the
           interplay of all the colors
"I tried to make
                                                            used; the blue itself varied slightly from painting to painting.
this clear to those who could have understood me and who
      been
                                                                 readier to
                                                                                               do so. It was a useless effort. People admire luck,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     not labor, and
                                                                  confined
                                                                                                   to the role of
   I was
                                                                                                                            prodigy.
                                                                                                                                open to me. In solitude and
"There
                                                                  was only
                                                                                                      one course
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    an-
                                                                   (for I
                                                                                                         loved my blue
                                                                                                                                     world) I worked out a new
                                                                   composi-
                                                                                                            tion, which I
                                                                                                                                        revealed at a well publicized
                                                                   show in
                                                                                                               New York.
                                                                                                                                                failure, I counted on it to
                                                                    "I not only
                                                                                                                  expected
                                                                  free me
success.
                                                                                                                     from the
                                                                                                                                                   stereotype of my failure was of another
                                                                                                                         But my
                                                                   kind.
"Reaction
                                                                                                                                                            exhibition was
                                                                   summed
                                                                                                                                 up at
                                                                                                                                                              the opening by an
                                                                   anonymous
                                                                   declared.
                                                                                                                                                                   embracing
                                                                   me, 'Darling,
                                                                                                                                                                         blue in the
                                                                   aenius! No
                                                                   paintings,
                                                                                                                                                                           and yet
                                                                   one is aware
                                                                                                                                                                             of
                                                                  nothing else. It sublime.'
                                                                   "Shortly after
                                                                   this I turned
                                                                   actively to
                                                                   left-wing politics,
                                                                   and so came to
                                                                   Jacksongrad.
                                                                   Believe me, it was
                                                                   a change for the better."
                                                                   from Harry
                                                                   Mathews, Tlooth
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OVERDUIN & CO.

PRESS RELEASE

Nikolas Gambaroff "The truce hurts" November 15th – December 19th, 2015 reception: Sunday, November 15th, 6-8pm

Overduin and Co. is pleased to present *The truce hurts*, a solo exhibition by Nikolas Gambaroff. This exhibition features a new body of work consisting of a group of paintings and sculptures, alongside bronze masks and video.

The point of departure for each of the new paintings is a found image taken from a selection of recent photographs from *The New York Times*. Each photographic image undergoes a series of material conversions. The results take on the same material properties of the newsprint pages that Gambaroff used in previous works, while also recording painting in an in-between state, frozen in a moment of permanent flux.

The works are mounted on panels and interspersed throughout the main gallery. The panels range from flats, shaped wedges, and a Judd-like box, to forms that enter the realm of the applied arts: shelves, a bench, and a room screen.

The installation is punctuated by a number of bronze masks that allude to a language of expressionism and evoke historical artifacts. The motif of the mask has been the subject of an ongoing series of sculptural work over the past few years and has become the catalyst for an investigation into figurative motifs and quasi-expressive gestures within Gambaroff's work.

In this exhibition, the mask is also the subject of 2 videos. The masks are turned into digital 3D models that record the movement of actors' faces via motion capture. Gambaroff transfers the masks into a virtual space and has these digital actors engage in different speech acts and moments that sometimes appear like speech lessons. Here, language, which mostly appeared in deconstructed or ruptured form in Gambaroff's work in recent years, returns as speech and unpacks latent expressive potential within the procedural constraints of mechanical and digital image production.

Nikolas Gambaroff was born in Germany in 1979, and currently lives and works in New York and Los Angeles. He studied at the University of the Arts in Berlin, and received an MFA from Bard College in New York in 2007. Recent solo exhibitions include: Meyer Kainer in Vienna, Gio Marconi in Milan, The Power Station in Dallas, White Cube in London, and Balice Hertling in Paris. Gambaroff's work has been included in exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art in New York, the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York, the Institute of Contemporary Art in London, the Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago, the New Museum in New York, Kunsthalle Zurich, Bergen Kunsthalle, Fondazione Sandretto Re Rebaudengo in Turin, and Künstlerhaus Halle fur Kunst in Graz among others. A monograph was published this month to accompany the Power Station exhibition and includes an essay by Alex Kitnick.

For more information and images, please contact the gallery at office@overduinandco.com.

Gallery hours are Tuesday through Saturday 10am to 5pm and by appointment.