

# Contemporary Art Writing Daily

Saturday, July 12, 2014

## Merlin Carpenter at Overduin & Co.



Has a more vacuous flaccid and dead show ever been done? An exhibition so empty its like looking at ocean's abyss. Carpenter has always been capable of the self-flagellating gesture, but this, this is like selling your flesh to pay the guy who owns your soul for its postage to hell, and you're walking around bleeding without a shirt. This show makes Zobemig look like an academic painter. Codax like he paints Sundays. Makes Anton Chigurh look like he's only out for a walk. If I could afford one of these I would buy Cobain's face to hang in my bedroom, to wake up everyday and be reminded of the limitless capacity for emptiness of the human soul. Carpenter you old dog. Even though there's nothing to look at I find myself scrolling through the images again and again, looking at the void. There's almost a sort of pathos. Is this what it felt like to originally look at a Warhol in the 60's? Maybe some sort of adrenalized version for post-Sturtevant times. This show is chilling.