

PALMA DE MALLORCA Gremi de Ferrers, 25 Polígono Son Castelló +34 971 577 238

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INTERFACE

VALERIE KRAUSE

14.09 - 17.11.2017

I think my obsession for plasterboard screws precedes me. The hardware store gives me a box of 1000 screws as soon as they see me come in. Like a customer ordering coffee in his favorite bar. They're black, sharp, aesthetically perfect. Extremely useful. They look great attached to wood. Sometimes I feel like sucking on them. Maybe they taste like black licorice, although I prefer the red one. It's sweeter.

Imagine a space covered in loam, piled up in the center, forming a compact mound, cut in half and separated creating a new piece, offering a new reading.

Scattered plaster, nearly frozen, shaping an organic structure.

Hanging from a black steel rod, in front of another piece of plaster, this time more geometrical and perfect.

Retracted cement, opened on top and below, placed very high, to show its weight and lightness. Surface and form.

Wrinkled steel and cut steel. One is hemispherical and convex and the other piece is bigger and concave. Placed very close from each other, nearly touching. Over the warehouse's grey floor, reflecting the abundant light that comes through the roof's windows.

Glazed ceramic of perfect geometry, blue, hanging from the wall, at medium height.

Can my words convince of the size of what we're dealing with? I don't think so. I'm not capable of speaking about it fluently. Its appearance overwhelms me, leaves me blank. It knocks me out and hits me with milimetric precision. Pure state, solid, liquid and even gaseous. Air everywhere that dances to the rhythm of tango. Intense, but relaxed.

I uncover codes that make them familiar between each other, associations of their own gestures that define the nature of the artist that materialize and transform in an uncodified language.

I'm thinking again that it's not easy for me to speak about them. I'm back on the keyboard, mashing keys searching for the meaning of this text that can't find the fluency to speak about her.

How does she do it? What's her formula? Where's the trick? Why does it excite me?

It overwhelms me, it overwhelms me, it blocks me and leaves me speechless.

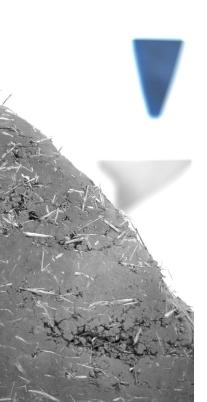
Loam, steel, plaster, ceramic, concrete. Solid and liquid, solid and liquid. It returns to the form. I return to the form.

Without screws? Can this artist's work be attached without screws? Invisible links, but disgustingly evident. Signs that transform the artist's work into a stroll through the clouds. One of the good ones, the pleasant ones. One of those that happen after a stormy day.

I return my gaze to the front, this time over the screen. I see the sea, the clouds are clearing up. The wind shakes the awning's canvas. There are no screws in sight. I think it's time I go back to the industrial park, to pick up a box of my prized twisted little friends.

I'll see you on Thursday, 14th September, at 20:00. Valerie will be there. A good moment to meet again.

Óscar Florit



Valerie Krause (Herdecke, 1976) lives and works in Düsseldorf. She was formed at the Kunstakademie in Düsseldorf and has had solo shows at galleries like Greta Meert, Brussels, Rolando Anselmi, Berlin, L21, Madrid, Galerie Holtmann, Cologne and recently at the Kunst-Station Sankt Peter in Cologne.

In her group exhibitions we find places such as KIT Düsseldorf, Museum Kunstalast Düsseldorf, Kunsthalle Recklinhausen, Bundeskunsthalle Bonn, among others.

She's been an artist in residence at The Banff Center for The Arts in Canada and has received the prize for New Talents by Audi at Art Cologne. Her work is part of public collections like the contemporary art collection of the Federal Republic of Germany, the Konrad Adenauer Siftung in Italy or the Collection of NRW.

For more information about the artist, images or interviews you can contact with Ché Zara Blomfield at che@l21gallery.com



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