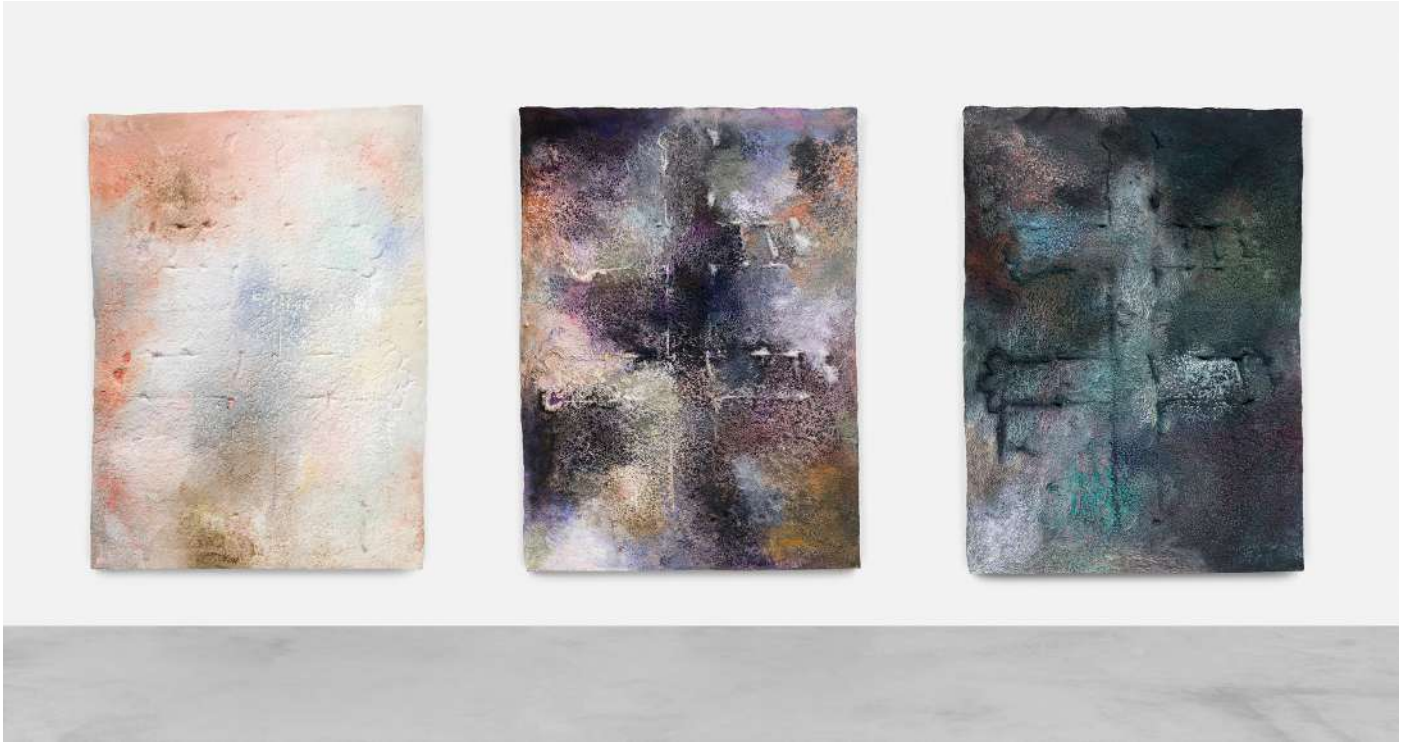


# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE



**Raúl Illarramendi**

*Offerings*  
Press kit

# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE



## Biography

Born in Caracas, Venezuela, in 1982, Raúl Illarramendi began his artistic career as an assistant to the painter Félix Perdomo, who was working as a professor at the school of visual arts Cristobal Rojas, Raúl Illarramendi became a member of the Circulo De Dibujo del Museo de Arte Contemporáneo de Caracas Sofía Imber. He studied visual art and art history at the University of Southern Indiana in Evansville, USA. He subsequently switched to the Université Jean Monet in St. Étienne, France, to obtain a Master of Fine Arts. The works of the young Venezuelan artist, who has received a number of scholarships and prizes (2018/19 Jean Chevalier Prize), are regularly shown in solo and group exhibitions in Europe, Latin America and the United States. Since 2013 the Galerie Karsten Greve has represented the artist internationally. The Centro de Artes Visuales-Fundación Helga de Alvear in Madrid, Spain, the Société Générale collection in France, and the Stichting Paul van Rensch Art Foundation, the Netherlands, are among some of the collections that have all acquired his work. The artist lives and works in his adopted home Méru, in France.

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*Offering n°2*, 2019 Gouache and color pencil on acrylic resin , 178 x 128 x 5 cm / 70 x 50 1/2 x 2 in

## RAÚL ILLARRAMENDI

### *Offerings*

27.06.2020 – 22.08.2020

Preview on Saturday, 27 June, 2020 2pm –7 pm  
in the presence of the artist

The Galerie Karsten Greve is pleased to present *Offerings*, Venezuelan born artist Raúl Illarramendi's third solo exhibition in our Paris gallery, featuring new works from a series of paintings and drawings inspired by a historical event from his native country.

This body of work, which as a whole is considered by the artist as a parallel project to his more traditional output, originated at the junction between a personal experience in Illarramendi's family, in the midst of a natural disaster that affected his country, and a poorly documented historical event of great spiritual significance.

During the night of the 29th of July 1967, a major earthquake shook the heart of Caracas, as well as other coastal towns near the capital destroying many buildings and causing considerable loss of life. Among the extensive material damage, the Caracas Cathedral was left mostly unscathed, if not for the cast-iron cross that fell from the highest point of its frontispiece. The cross fell flat on the pavement in front of the Cathedral leaving its imprint

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engraved on the ground.

Amongst the people who witnessed the event, several accounts came forth claiming that the earth stopped shaking the instant the cross touched the ground, immediately prompting a collective claim of a miracle. This situation lasted only a few days until the authorities decided to remove the section of asphalt with the trace in order to better preserve the miraculous proof. The trace mysteriously disappeared from public view for many years.

The starting point of Raúl Illarramendi's project was an enigmatic image, a historical document, possibly one of the first photographs depicting the silhouette of the cross freshly imprinted on the asphalt.

“From the first image, the connections with my own artistic work began to become evident: the trace, the surface, the accident, the distance, the contact, the unintentional gesture, the memory...”.

All these elements are indeed present in Illarramendi's long lasting interest in reproducing traces left by human activity, with an emphasis on confronting the spontaneity of the traces with the meticulous endeavour of his drawing technique. Found on walls, sidewalks, gateways and doorways, these traces are photographed and chosen for their composition and for their evocative power. The artist thus accumulates a repertory of images that serve as inspiration for his compositions.

Illarramendi's fascination with this event led him to start a research that would channel the historical, social and very intimate connections he was making; with the ultimate goal of bringing this remarkable tale back into the public light. Supported by his brother Javier, he eventually succeeded in organizing an intervention to cast the original trace in order to reproduce a replica that would serve as support for the *Offerings* series. As noticed by the art historian Felix Suazo: “in the series *Offerings* his choice is unique because he is working with copies obtained directly from a section of the place where an extraordinary event occurred: which means he works on the facsimile of a trace”.

“I held in my hands a replica, a fragment of the soil of Caracas. Distance (temporal and geographical); the desire to transcend the history of this event and channel the spirituality that emanates from it; the personal and intimate connections via the experience of my family; a visual essay comparing the soil of Caracas in 1967 with that of today's city (the first showing the stigmata of a natural disaster, the latter those of a country undergoing a large-scale socio-political disaster) – all these elements informed my painting”.

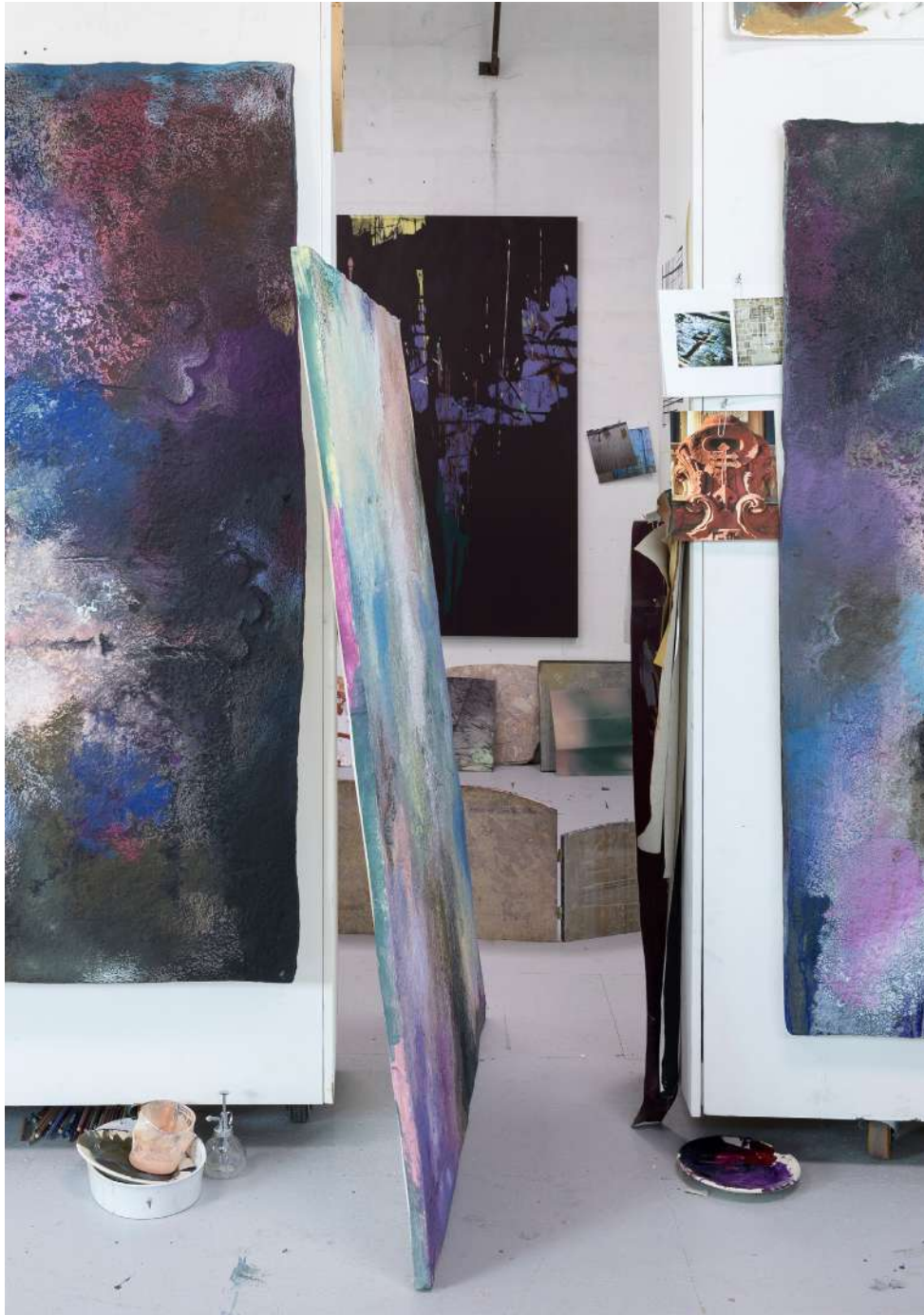
Just as religious belief and Venezuelan popular piety attributes healing powers to the cross as a votive image, Raúl Illarramendi's gesture is an offering that heralds hope for an end to Venezuela's current critical state. The *Offerings* series is at the edges of a collective unconscious and personal story. It is a gateway from present to past, from past to present.

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Imprint of the cross of the Cathedral of Caracas on the asphalt, July 1967

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View of Raúl Illarramendi's studio at Méru

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*Offering n°2*

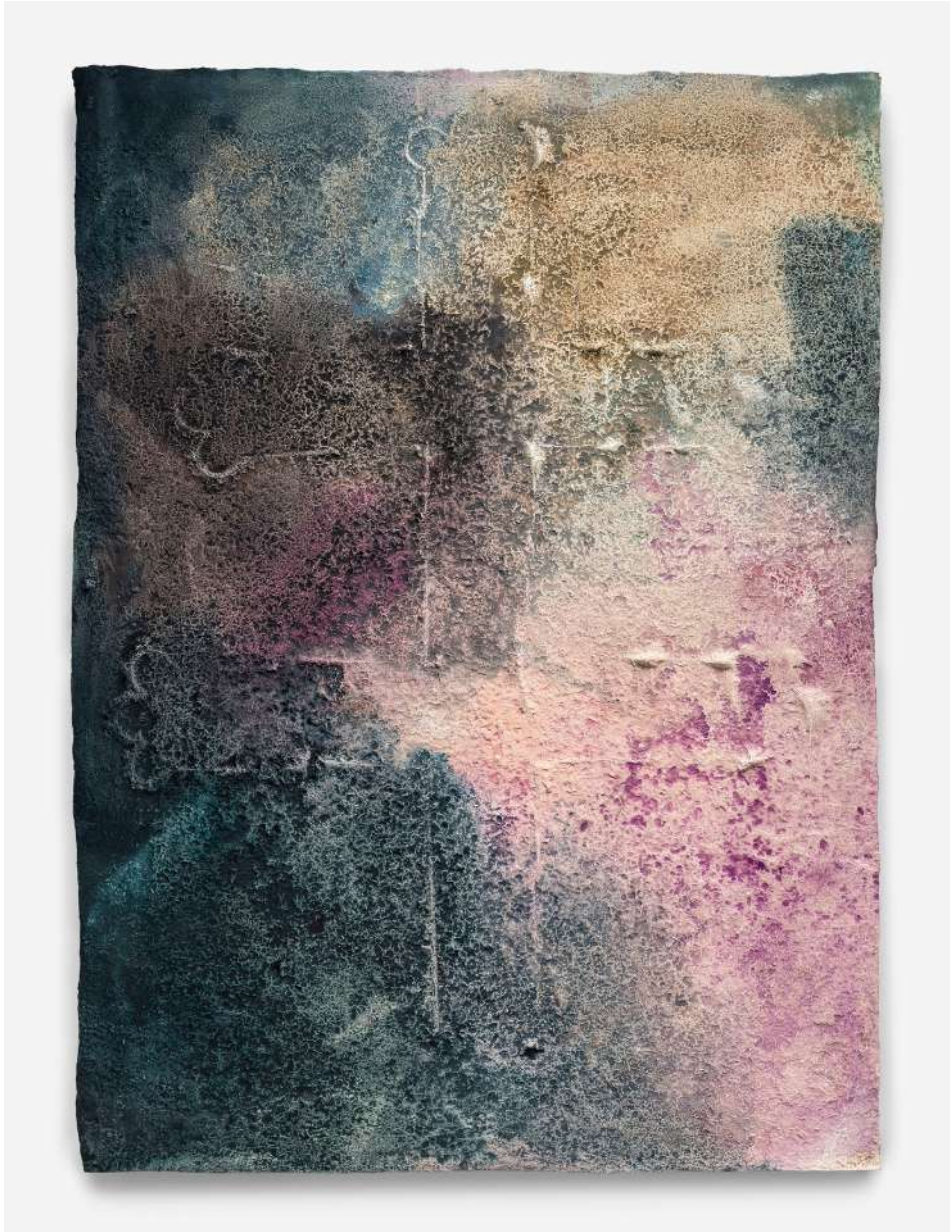
2019

Gouache and color pencil on acrylic resin

178 x 128 x 5 cm / 70 x 50 1/2 x 2 in

Verso upper titled, signed and dated

# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE



*Offering n°3*

2019

Gouache and color pencil on acrylic resin

178 x 128 x 5 cm / 70 x 50 1/2 x 2 in

Verso upper titled, signed and dated



# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE



*Offering n°8*

2019

Gouache and color pencil on acrylic resin

178 x 128 x 5 cm / 70 x 50 1/2 x 2 in

Verso upper titled, signed and dated

# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE



*Offering n°9*

2019

Gouache and color pencil on acrylic resin

178 x 128 x 5 cm / 70 x 50 1/2 x 2 in

Verso upper titled, signed and dated

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*Offering Fragment n°1*

2019

Gouache and color pencil on acrylic resin

76,5 x 63,5 x 4,5 cm / 30 x 25 x 1 3/4 in

Verso middle titled, signed and dated

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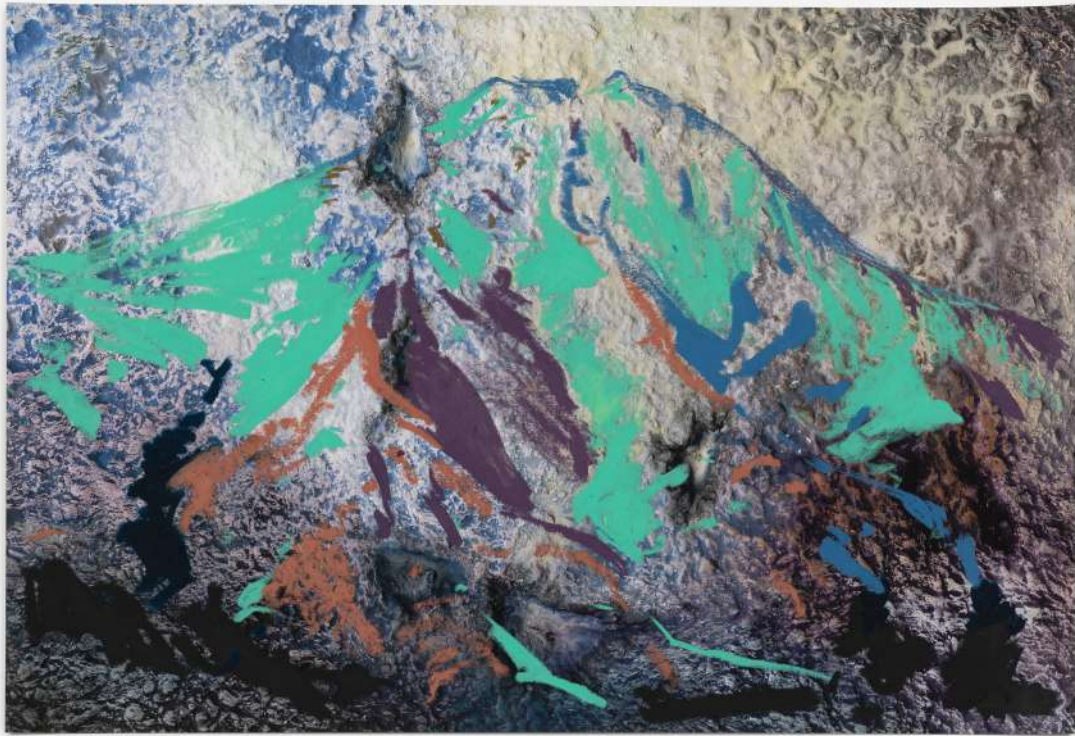


*Offering Fragment n°7*

2019

Gouache and color pencil on acrylic resin  
102 x 65,5 x 3,5 cm / 40 1/4 x 25 3/4 x 1 1/3 in  
Verso middle titled, signed and dated

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*Mountain study 5*

2020

Oil pastel, wax crayon on archival print

33 x 48,3 cm / 13 x 19 in

Verso signed, dated and titled with graphite pencil:

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*Mountain study 12*

2020

Mixed media on moulded handmade paper

48 x 62,5 cm / 18 7/8 x 24 5/8 in

Verso signed, dated and titled with black colour pencil

# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE



*El Mijagual*

2020

Oil pastel, wax crayon on archival print

15 x 21 cm / 5 7/8 x 8 1/4 in

Verso signed, dated and titled with graphite pencil

# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE

## *A Story: Offerings*

### **Raúl Illarramendi**

Like many remarkable stories, this project began with the discovery of a fascinating image: an enigmatic image that opened a portal of connections and links, answers and more questions, a window to the past, a window to the present.

Perhaps I should start by setting out the context that led me to find that image. It is the story my mother used to tell at family gatherings, something that over time became a recurring tale, its relevance justified because it is the story of a day of celebration. It was July 29, 1967, when many Caracas families had come together to celebrate the fourth centenary of the city's foundation, that the earth decided to unleash its energy stored in the Saint Sebastian and El Pilar fault systems, a few kilometers beneath the Capital and the nearby coast, where the South American and Caribbean tectonic plates touch. One of these faults, runs diagonally from the northeast of the Capital, hiding under the mountain slopes of the Cerro el Avila, to emerge again in the coastal strip between Macuto and Caraballeda.

Mom's story was all I knew about the earthquake. It is an event that is not part of the collective consciousness of my generation.

The exact date of the four-hundredth anniversary was July 25 but, since that was a Tuesday, the celebrations extended through the following weekend. That Saturday the Miss Universe pageant was broadcast (it had been recorded a couple of weeks before). This is a very important event in Venezuelan popular culture, and many switched on their television sets to see the home candidate Mariela Pérez Branger—who ended up by winning second place in the pageant.

Saturday is also “domino night” for many Venezuelans. Mom was in the kitchen preparing her first chicken curry while the game had started in the living room. Uncle Ramón (Dad's older brother), Eugenio (a family friend) and his cousin Rey were also guests. My older brother Javier was conspicuously present too, well into his third trimester of gestation.

The Caracas of 1967 was the symbol of a thriving city, expanding rapidly with ambitious modern projects and all the inequalities of a developing western economy. The earthquake that struck it registered 6.5 to 6.7 on the Richter magnitude scale but, according to many survivors' accounts, in some areas of Caracas the Mercalli intensity scale would have recorded its maximum level of X. The event came to be referred to in several ways. It was commonly called the “quatercentenary earthquake” or the “earthquake of 67”, but they also called it the “earthquake of the rich”. This last epithet refers to the extensive and disproportionate damage suffered in the central-eastern area of Caracas, in a residential area predominantly populated by the middle and upper classes, between the neighborhoods of Altamira and Palos Grandes. Between the fourth avenue (north–south) and the third traversal (east–west) in the Palos Grandes is the residential building *El Giraluma*. My newlywed parents lived on the fifth floor of that building for almost a year.

The tremor started at five past eight. The terrifying rumble brought Dad and his domino-players rushing through to protect my mother, who instinctively decided to take refuge under the parapet separating the living room and the dining room, but quickly changed her mind and took shelter in a closet. This was the moment when Dad, known for his unassailable atheism, begged Mom to remind him of the Lord's Prayer. Mom remembers the experience as like being in a very violent carousel, a vertiginous oscillatory movement, during which it is impossible to orient



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oneself, much less concentrate on the words of a prayer.

There were two main tremors that lasted between thirty and fifty seconds, depending on the area of the city. When the tremor stopped Uncle Ramon's voice was heard saying, with memorable serenity, "As you may have noticed, this is an earthquake. Grab Raisa and let's get out". The apartment door had been unhinged by the quake, and they had to force their way out. Going down the stairs they could see the cracks drawn on the walls. On leaving the building they went to look for the car to leave the area and look for a hospital in case my pregnant mother had suffered any complications. In those first moments there was no one to be heard, no screaming, no people running. They had driven only a few meters down the street when from a corner we noticed the silhouettes of a group of people in a cloud of dust. Dad stopped the car and went to investigate, to return a few moments later in dead silence. It was the *Mijagual*, one of four buildings in the area that completely collapsed. Mom said it looked like the earth had swallowed the building.

This is how Mom always ended the story, adding that my brother was born twenty days early, one of a large number of pregnancies affected by the traumatic event. The most widely accepted estimates place the death toll at between 200 and 300 dead, with more than 2,000 injured.

## I. The Miracle

The Santa Ana Metropolitan Cathedral in Caracas was completed at the end of the eighteenth century. But during its history it underwent many transformations, including by several seismic episodes of partial or complete destruction, and has been rebuilt extensively but has retained its colonial facade. The earthquake of 1967 failed to break its structural integrity, but it did manage to dislodge the cross that crowned the façade.

The patriarchal cross, which designates a building as the seat of bishops and is commonly assimilated to the Caravaca Cross, or Cross of Lorraine, is characterized by a vertical body and two horizontal arms whose ends are adorned by a three-leaf clover symbolizing the Trinity. The upper crossbar was introduced very early in Christianity and represents the *titulus crucis*, or the piece of wood nailed on Christ's cross with the inscription "Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews". On the day of the earthquake it was almost a hundred years since that solid cross, made of cast iron, had been installed under Bishop Silvestre Guerrero y Lira in August 1867. During the tremor, it broke off just above the rivets that secured it, tumbled about 35 meters and crashed into the street that in those days ran past the front of the temple.

Its accidental fall followed an unlikely trajectory to the ground. But even more unusual was its landing, where the impact was such that the silhouette of the cross was stamped into the asphalt, making an imprint about two centimeters deep.

Passers-by who witnessed the fall said that the earth stopped shaking the moment the cross touched the ground. A circle of stones was improvised around the indentation, and without delay a crowd of people gathered to see the cross. A confetti of coins and flower petals covered the low relief that became the center of attention for a whole city's people seeking to make sense of what had happened. People waited in line for their turn, their chance to witness the miracle, to genuflect and make an offering, or to make the sign of the cross over the imprint, brushing the asphalt, saying a prayer.

## II. Alirio Oramas, Painter: Rescuing the Imprint

At the time of the earthquake Oramas was watching a movie with his wife at the Roma cinema near Pantheon, just a few blocks away from the Cathedral. Leaving the theater, they ran into a friend who had seen the cross and who urged him to go and see it immediately: "they say it is a miracle". Alirio immediately went to see what it was all about, and when he set eyes on that image that defied reason he realized the importance of the event. The artist immediately understood the meaning of what lay at his feet, and he felt a responsibility to do whatever he could to

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preserve the memory of what happened there, which manifested itself as an object that transcended the material realm, overflowing with spirituality.

It took only 48 hours for the authorities to intervene. It was decided to physically remove the segment of the ground surface containing the trace, so as to protect it while a dignified and permanent site was designated for it. Among other proposals being studied were the idea of exhibiting it on the façade of the Cathedral, or of creating an exclusive chapel in the Plaza El Venezolano where it could be venerated. Alirio Oramas, who happened to be one of the first museologists in Venezuela, was designated to oversee the intervention, together with a civil engineer who coordinated the heavy machinery, and to arrange its transport to a warehouse belonging to the city. The operation was very meticulous. The pavement around the trace was dug out deep enough to be able to excavate the sides of the segment and dislodge it. Then it was reinforced longitudinally with metal bars before being lifted out with a crane and put into a concrete frame. Once in the warehouse, Oramas proceeded to restore the damage caused by the operation. Alejandro Oramas, Alirio's son, tells me that the first images of the cross show the traces of white dust silhouetting the cross: the product of the impact between the metal of the cross and the granite gravel present in the asphalt. This dust was removed, and the marks left by the crane's chains were covered, in order to highlight only the imprint of the cross. The restoration work lasted several days.

Oramas went on to commit himself fully, with his wife, to continue the setting up of the Armando Reverón museum. The trace of the cross on the other hand, was proving to be an object of discord within the church. With astounding efficiency they managed to cast a veil of secrecy not only over the object itself, but also its history and the memory of the event. The church authorities wanted to prevent the object from becoming a pagan fetish, and from being worshipped more than Christ himself. For many years its whereabouts were unknown. Even Oramas would have lost track of it for several decades. In fact the imprint had been embedded in a wall of the Chapel of the Holy Christ of Mercy, in El Valle, in the outskirts of Caracas, under the custody of the Sisters of Lourdes, where it remains today.

### III. Replica

My fascination with the event and the trace of the cross did not stop growing. From the first image the connections with my own artistic work began to become evident: the trace, the surface, the accident, the distance, the contact, the unintentional gesture, the memory... And, on the other hand, I felt a desire to resuscitate and rescue the memory of an event that had been suffocated so effectively that its story was relegated to a handful of blogs and digital chronicles, excluding it from the cultural and religious heritage of the country.

Several months passed from the moment I learned of its existence to the moment I finally managed to locate it. After many unsuccessful phone calls, and many clues that led nowhere, one day I managed to make contact with the secretariat of the parish where the Chapel is located, who confirmed the existence of the trace and that it was under Sister Inés's custody in the chapel adjoining the parish church. We began to establish intermittent contact with the pastor, which was quite difficult due to his limited availability and the time difference between Caracas and Méru in France, where I live. When I explained my motivation and my intention to carry out a painting project based on the trace of the cross, to be presented in Europe in my next exhibition, doors opened with great receptivity. One of my first questions was whether many people came to visit the cross, to which they replied that they only received very sporadic visits, and the cross aroused very little interest outside the parish.

From my studio in France I began to assemble a team of participants who would be my eyes and hands at a distance. After several failed attempts to coordinate with the chapel, the first photo session was conducted by Elena Cardona, who was the first to see the cross. For me, seeing those images, finally began the process of illuminating the imaginary picture I had created thus far. Somehow I could finally verify its existence. (Until then I had not seen a picture of the print in its current context.)

The first intention was to make a replica of the low relief with a 3D scan, to edit it in France and use it as the

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medium for a painting series. My ambitions for this technique were swiftly undermined by how complicated it was to get access to such equipment needed to make a 3D scan in Venezuela today. I had to arm myself with patience and remember that everything in Venezuela has its own pace, everything functions randomly, in the context of a generalized crisis which can turn the easiest tasks into challenges impossible to overcome. At the same time, though, in that same adverse environment, magical situations arose, surprising encounters and reunions that had been dormant for far too long.

My brother Javier turned out to be the catalyst in the project. Because of his profession as a stained glass artist, he had extensive experience with church people. In addition, he had numerous contacts with professionals, among whom we finally found a technical solution to copying the trace: we opted to make a copy in resin that would be transformed into a mold from which to reproduce the replicas.

Coordinating this intervention was a major challenge. Even the payments to the people involved were complicated, testifying to the economic chaos that the country is going through; the highest inflation in the world meant the agreed budgets had to be increased from one day to the next. After several attempts Javier managed to gather all the participants in the same place and at the same time. We had only one day for our intervention. Elena and her partner Gabriel were in charge of the photographic record. Gumer López and Marco Fernández were in charge of making the resin casts. Javier was coordinating the intervention and making video and image records.

What should have taken only four hours, lasted for more than eight. Due to the heat and lack of ventilation, the resin did not harden quickly enough. The Mass had to begin before the end of the intervention, with the great inconvenience of strong odors given off by the chemicals used. The priest explained the situation to the parishioners, who came over after the service, keen to witness the removal of the molds, which were made into four panels to simplify handling and shipping. Several people went to touch the trace of the cross to pray as soon as the panels were removed, a moment that was captured by Javier with his camera. I was surprised by the profound effect that these images had on me, when confronted with the meaning of the gesture we were making with this project.

The four molds were properly packed in a transport case, and a company was hired to effect delivery in just two weeks. After being stuck in Venezuelan customs for a whole month and passing through seven different ports, the shipment finally arrived at its final destination in Méru on September 4, 2018. And when I opened the box, with palpable emotion, I immediately noticed a broken piece on the edge of one of the panels. I guess it was to analyze the chemical composition of the content in search of prohibited substances.

The reconstitution work was quite arduous and laborious, due to the deformed state of the panels when they arrived. With the assistance of the Milky Bleu workshop in Paris, it was necessary to go through several molds and counter-molds to level the entire plate and then erase the joints. Later, so as not to exclude this important part of the project, we decided to make molds of the initial fragments as they arrived, before assembling them into a single panel.

During the process I also realized how interesting was the editing of the trace of the cross in negative. In the absence of a true fragment of the cross, having the convex version of the trace brought us as close as possible to a materialization of the cross. The trace not only shows us the shape of the patriarchal cross, it also reveals the damage to it caused by the impact, before the cross exploded into hundreds of pieces and disappeared into the hands of the first onlookers to arrive at the scene of its fall. More than one account of the event maintained that the cross would have fallen pointing in the direction of the Cerro el Avila—which represents the north for every inhabitant of Caracas.

One of the most important questions was to know if the cross that is currently on the Cathedral is the same one that fell during the earthquake. There are conflicting versions; some stories claim the cross was restored and reinstalled, others that it broke into pieces.

I asked my brother to go to the Cathedral to take pictures of the cross, so that I could compare them with the imprint. After taking detailed photos from in front of the façade, Javier decided to go inside in search of more

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information, but before he could do so he had the luck to run into a priest, who was preparing for his next service. Javier caught him up and took the opportunity to explain the project and ask what he knew about the cross. The father assured him with absolute certainty that the same fallen cross had been restored. But, more importantly, he promised to put him in touch with José Gregorio Ramírez, a volunteer in charge of the maintenance of the building, who could give him more information and even take him to the cross. Two days later Javier was given an exclusive tour inside the Cathedral. Passionate and self-taught, Jose Gregorio is in charge, among other things, of the maintenance of the bell tower and of winding the Cathedral clock, the operation of which he has studied in detail.

After seeing the bell tower they climbed on to the roof just behind the cross, which Jose Gregorio also took to be the original cross. With the help of a ladder and without any safety precautions, Javier climbed to the base of the cross. He immediately realized that it was not the original one. The current cross is made of metal (a thick layer of paint prevented him seeing what sort of metal), hollow, very light, and relatively new. It is riveted to a metal foot that we speculate is the same one that held the original cross to the base and that can be seen in archive images. With this question of the identity of the current cross solved, we are now searching for some piece of the original cross. Unfortunately none seems to be left in the church.

To thank the Cathedral for all their help, Javier suggested that he should restore a pair of broken stained glass windows he had identified on his first visit. The restoration work, done on Cathedral premises, was facilitated by Jose Gregorio, who also lent Javier a hand at all times.

Being transformed into my alter ego in Caracas, Javier managed to collect a lot of information that we have documented and is now part of the project. Together with Yokasta Mantilla, a close collaborator, he interviewed several people who have either witnessed or researched the event. These interviews will be presented in the exhibition.

## IV. Offerings

For this first instalment of the project, at Karsten Greve gallery in Cologne, I decided to present a total of 12 *Offerings* and 13 *Fragment Offerings*.

I held in my hands a replica, a fragment of the soil of Caracas. Distance (temporal and geographical); the desire to transcend the history of this event and channel the spirituality that emanates from it; the personal and intimate connections via the experience of my family; a visual essay comparing the soil of Caracas in 1967 with that of today's city (the first showing the stigmata of a natural disaster, the latter those of a country undergoing a large-scale socio-political disaster)—all these elements informed my painting.

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## Solo shows (selection)

- 2020 *Offerings*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France
- 2019 *Offerings*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Cologne, Germany  
*Raúl Illarramendi*, L.A.C. Lieu d'Art Contemporain, Sigean, France
- 2018 *Raúl Illarramendi. Carrè d'Aubusson*, Cité Internationale de la Tapisserie, Aubusson, France
- 2017 *Raúl Illarramendi*, Fondation Fernet Branca, St. Louis, France  
*Raúl Illarramendi. Evidence of Absence*, Galerie Karsten Greve, St. Moritz, Switzerland
- 2016 *Raúl Illarramendi*, Maison des Arts et Loisirs, Laon, France
- 2015 *Incarner la poussière*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France  
*The Spirit Line*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Cologne, Germany
- 2013 *Drawings from Nature*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France
- 2011 *Art Amsterdam*, Galerie Dujkan & Hourdequin, Amsterdam, Netherlands
- 2010 *Salon du dessin contemporain*, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Paris, France
- 2009 *Scope Basel*, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Basel, Switzerland  
*Noir Papier*, Galerie Schumm-Braunstein, Paris, France
- 2008 *Brushstroke Compositions and Finger Paintings*, Galerie Schumm-Braunstein, Paris, France
- 2007 *L'artifice d'une tâche*, Galerie L'ici-Là, Saint Etienne, France
- 2005 *The Tour of the Studios*, Atelier de l'artiste, Evansville, USA
- 2004 *Small Format Works*, Galerie 320, Evansville, USA
- 2003 *Man and Orchid*, Galerie Synchronicity, Evansville, USA
- 2002 *Works on Paper*, Maison Vaugt, Evansville, USA
- 2001 *The Line and The Rub*, Galerie Kathy Pohl, Tell City, USA

## Group shows (selection)

- 2020 *Ailleurs, Ici, Maintenant*, Espace Séraphine Louis, Clermont-de-l'Oise, France

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- 2018 *Art Cologne*, Cologne, Germany  
*Drawing Now*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France
- 2017 *Drawing Now*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France  
*Herbst Accrochage*, Galerie Karsten Greve, St. Moritz, Switzerland
- 2016 *Salon du Dessin*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France
- 2015 *FLAC*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France
- 2014 *Raúl Illarramendi et Hervé Van der Straten*, Galerie Karsten Greve, St. Moritz, Switzerland
- 2012 *Salon du Dessin*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France  
*FLAC*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France  
*Works on Paper*, Galerie Karsten Greve, St. Moritz, Switzerland
- 2011 *On Paper III*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France  
*Drawing Now*, Carrousel du Louvre, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Paris, France  
*Scope NY*, Galerie Dukan et Hourdequin, New York, USA  
*Outre Foret*, 6B Centre d'art Saint Denis, France  
*Suddenly Last Summer*, Résidence d'artistes, Saint-Martin, Switzerland  
*New Entries*, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Marseille, France  
*Scope Basel*, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Basel, Switzerland  
*Blanc Papier*, Galerie Schumm-Braunstein, Paris, France
- 2010 *On Paper II*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France  
*Blanc Papier*, Galerie Schumm-Braunstein, Paris, France
- 2009 *Bientôt 4 ans!*, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Marseille, France  
*On paper*, Galerie Karsten Greve, Paris, France  
*Noir Papier*, Galerie Schumm-Braunstein, Paris, France  
*Slick*, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Paris, France  
*Scope*, Galerie Dukan & Hourdequin, Basel, Switzerland
- 2004 *Annual Juried Show*, Evansville Museum of Art, Evansville, USA  
*Nude Night*, Synchronicity Gallery, Evansville, USA
- 2000 *El Circulo de Dibujo en el Metro*, Galerie d'Art du Metro, Caracas, Venezuela  
*Artistas del Circulo de Dibujo*, Galerie du MACCSI, Caracas, Venezuela
- 1999 *Grandes Maestros y Jóvenes Artistas II*, Galerie Grupo Li, Caracas, Venezuela  
*Subasta Internacional por el Estado Vargas*, Galerie du MACCSI, Caracas, Venezuela
- 1998 *Grandes Maestros y Jóvenes Artistas*, Galerie Grupo Li, Caracas, Venezuela  
*Maestros y Jóvenes Artistas del Thaller*, VITECH, Caracas, Venezuela

# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE

## Residencies

- 2011 Artist in Residence, Moly Sabata Fondation Albert Gleizes, Sablons, France
- 2010 Artist in Residence, Suddenly Last Summer, Beauchery Saint-Martin, France

## Awards & Grants

- 2016 Candidate to Prix SciencesPo pour l'Art Contemporain, Paris, France
- 2011 Jean Chevalier Prize, Galerie Olivier Houg, Lyon, France  
Suddenly Last Summer, Résidence d'artistes, Beauchery Saint-Martin, France
- 2004 Who is Who in America's Universities, National Price, USA  
Best figurative artist, Synchronicity Gallery, USA

## Collections

John Streetman (Former director of Musée d'art de la ville, Evansville, USA)  
Sofia Imber (Former director of Museum of Contemporary Art of Caracas Sofia Imber, Venezuela) Museum  
Pfalzgalerie, Kaiserslautern, Germany  
Renschdael Art Foundation, Horst, Netherlands

# GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE



## **GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE PARIS**

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### Opening Hours:

Tuesday – Saturday: 10 am - 7 pm

## **GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE COLOGNE**

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### Opening Hours:

Tuesday – Friday: 10 am – 6.30 pm  
Saturday: 10 am – 6 pm

## **GALERIE KARSTEN GREVE AG ST. MORITZ**

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### Opening Hours:

Tuesday – Friday: 10 am -1 pm /  
2 pm – 6.30 pm  
Saturday: 10 am – 1 pm / 2 pm – 6 pm