

Interspecies Observation (Cat to Human):

Sitting in a chair he stares at the wall for several days now. The room he sits in is tiny and covered with striped and flower decorated wallpapers. Occasionally he takes out a paper and scribbles some lines onto it, shortly after, he falls back into a staring position, counting and measuring the lines and patterns of the walls. He has been in there for weeks now avoiding sunny days, unplanned, and planned meetings. It seems he adapted the rhythm of the 91 year old American-Italian lady next door, whose age seems far beyond his. Two years ago she lost her husband and now, only on a rare occasions is it possible to see her outside.

She hardly can walk, he can. She hardly can't hear, he can. What's his problem ?

The guy in the chair is German. He opens an imported beverage in a green can, and takes a sip, then drinks the whole can. The room is covered with empty cans by now. He leaves the house quickly and comes back with an aluminum wrapped eatable, a fine meal that always draws our attention through mostly smell. Slices of Genoa salami or turkey breast, processed and modified, marinated and MSG coated. I can tell it is not fresh meat. Is it even meat?

He falls back into the chair, again counting the stripes of the wallpaper, back and forth, up and down, are they handprinted or machine made? Does this paint include lead? His view wanders higher to the water stain on the ceiling. Poisonous spores? Are the circled lines around the stain in red, or brown, or green? Some of those lines could be a potential health danger. He seems scared, as scared as when his view wanders out of the window, into the far distance where life happens. Observing the carpet now he seems to wonder where all dust, all the undefined bits and pieces are coming from. What was stored here before? Were many parties held in this room? Were animals involved? Those questions occurred to me as well. He opens another can and swallows it down quickly, then throws it in a corner.

We communicate. We keep each other company. Help him to take his decisions and he takes decisions for us. We share the sensitivities for our environment, smells and fumes, thinking of particles that float in the air as well. We think about the creatures whose paths we cross, whose temper give us something to think and doubt from day to day. We are cats, he is human.

Like in rage he rolls out fabrics and glues a bunch of those papers onto it, quickly, not random so. Precisely in a grid, centimeter by centimeter. With a sense of distance, sort of vague. He falls back into the chair with a long and deep breath while in the next moment he jumps up and nails the fabric onto the striped wallpaper. A smile opens up on his lips, he seems to have arrived somewhere. Its not clear to us where he arrived but he must have. He rests and stares satisfied onto those glued papers, an outlook, a window, an invention for a reality that seems unsatisfying.

- Honoré Le Moth, Brooklyn, New York 2018

Weiss Falk is pleased to announce the first solo exhibition of Veit Laurent Kurz (*1985). A new series of paintings that use the format of „windows“ are an essential part of the exhibition. Lining up paperworks, made in Kurz small apartment space in Brooklyn, New York, to a bigger grid on canvas were the starting point for this new series. Furnitures that are based and developed through those two dimensional works are the extension. Cardboard which is a familiar material to Kurz's practice through his collaborative installations e.g. *Zur Rebschänke* at Weiss Falk, Basel 2017, *Sancho Panza* at Oracle, Berlin 2018 or *Almenrausch* at XYZ Collective, Tokyo Japan 2017 is the key material for those furnitures. With difference to those environments, which functioned as a stage setting, Kurz created, with this new series, his first functional one.