

Watercolors by Anna Krammig

In her small sized watercolors Anna Krammig stratifies light. Light becomes compact. The hand-made paper is a reason for it almost seeming velvety. The watercolor becomes a reservoir of light. It isn't that the layers open each other up. Rather a flowing, soaking, sinking into each other – without the loss of light. The light contains something magical, sedimenting itself in the viewed. Anna Krammig creates spatiality through her way of seeing. It is as if she is catching a motive, as if she is looking full of curiosity into something. Capturing suddenly. She does not look around the corner. As Rafael Alberti said:

My childhood was a quad
from fresh lime, lively
lime with my lonely cheerful shadow.

She often looks from the height of a child, as well as being frightened into sudden depths. How can you save this way of seeing for yourself?

Anna Krammig often transforms the viewed: Pillows turn into mountains, clothing stacked in shelves into sleeping bodies of animals.

To Anna Krammig light is a potentiality. It thins out and it solidifies, follows the field of force of her sight and doing and creates an atmosphere of realm, but this potentiality means the entire: the memorybody in transfer.

Anna Krammig belongs to a generation of artists that have left the fascination for the digital worlds behind them. She begins just where tradition remains in realization. She paints poems, of which Wallace Stevens says they 'discover the relationship between people and objects' and the poet continues, which then counts for Anna Krammig as well, 'the poet is the medium between people and the world in which they live, and inbetween the people, but not between people

and another world’.

The sounds, Anna Krammig puts together to fragile and replete resonant bodies, come from far away. They are embedded within us. She speaks of longings without entiteling them, the light gives them form and depth.

Jean-Christophe Ammann

(translation: Kirsten Zeitz)