

VERENA SEIBT

Collaborations & Works II



ARTISTIC APPROACH

My work as an artist takes place in a variety of forms, in creating art works and projects, in curating exhibitions as well as in education. Dialog and collaboration with other artists is an essential part of my practice. Between 2006 and 2016, I formed an artist duo with Clea Stracke, until starting out own families with kids added new challenges to our permanent coordination. Project-based collaboration continues, for example with Thomas Splett, CASPA HAUSA COLLECTIVE and with students in the context of my teaching job at the art academy (2014—18) or on exhibition projects as part of curatorial teams.

In my work I deal with social issues - including role models, expectations and concepts of the body and draw my inspiration from personal experiences, which I translate into larger contexts. In my practice, I combine these themes with different media: found footage collages, video snapshots, sculptures and objects made from materials such as ceramics, aluminium latex, bread, wood and textiles.

My works have been exhibited at Kunstverein Augsburg, Simultanhalle Cologne, K21 Düsseldorf, DocFest Kassel, Frankfurter Kunstverein, Kunsthalle and Kunstverein Bonn, Industriemuseum, Emscherkunst, Hartware MedienKunstVerein Dortmund, Galerie Esther Donatz and Steinle, at the Kammerspiele, Lothringer13, Pinakothek der Moderne, Kunstraum and Artothek Munich, Center for Contemporary Art Plovdiv (Bulgaria), Nida Art Colony (Lithuania), Art's Complex Edinburgh (Great Britain) and Palazzo Carignano (Italy).

I live and work in Munich.

HOW TO THROW A BRICK, WHEN YOU CANNOT GET OUT OF BED, 2023

Public Sphere and Vulnerable Bodies
Practice and theory seminar / Teaching assignment
Architecture and Gender at the TUM / Technical University of Munich

Based on Johanna Hedva's "Sick Woman Theory" (2016), we took a critical look at the urban space of the 21st century with a special focus on class/minority and gender. We plunged into a discourse on limited agency and exclusionary structures, which are caused by a lack of infrastructure and social resentment, among other things.

How could bodies with all their needs become visible in public space and thus political in the sense of Hannah Arendt? To what extent can public space be conceived in terms of the fragility of bodies?



fig. 1



fig. 2

**„YOU DON'T NEED TO BE FIXED
MY QUEENS - IT'S THE WORLD
THAT NEEDS THE FIXING.“**
Johanna Hedva, Sick Woman Theory

I / STONE IN THE SHOE
Autoimmune diseases and mental illnesses as a women's issue. What effects do chronic illnesses have in terms of visibility and agency? How can troubled bodies become political?

II / VULNERABILITY AND "HEALTHY" ARCHITECTURE?
A. How can vulnerability be addressed without entering a paternalistic position from which someone is labeled vulnerable?
B. A redefinition of modern architecture under conditions of illness.

III / PUBLIC FOR WHOM?
A. The police are already there, counter-publics and possibilities of protest by vulnerable groups.
B. Historiography in public space / The handling of monuments.

IV / WHAT'S POLITICS?
A. Freedom and politics
B. Politics as public act. Extra-parliamentary politics as solidarity with marginalized parts of society.

V / THE FILTHY LIFE
A. Grotesque body and bodies of the Future.
B. Appropriation through contamination.
C. Ideas of purity as a method of exclusion.

VI / SOAP AND FEM URINALS
A. Rise of cleaning industries' relation with the history of dirt.
B. Dirty places / The history of (public) women's urinals.

VII/ MONUMENTS OF DUST
Material Practice

fig. 1 / 2
Students modells on "The monument of Dust"
1: Memorial of beeing ill, used tissues, cough syrup bottle and salvia candy.
2: Public Plinth of Dust, open plexi glass coffin and layers of fallen dust.

ART ASHRAM, Presentation of works conected to Residency Program, construction wood, form sand, aluminium sculptures, Paviljon an het water, Rotterdam



fig. 1

During the recent artist residency program at Paviljoen aan het Water, the collective Art Ashram discovers a valuable resource in their direct surroundings. Every-where in the bushes and parking slots, in holes and embankments – tin cans, mostly from beer and energy drinks. Once melted and liquid, the material flows back to its potential to take up any shape desired. By exploring different methods of mould-making and

casting, AA brings Doppel-gangers of everyday objects and consumer products to an other-worldly life. 925 tin cans resulting in 11099 grams of aluminum were collect-ed in the south of Rotterdam and are shaped into sculptures of the installation. In love with one of them? The price is determined by weight, just multiply the title by 6(?) and you have the price for each object.

fig. 2



fig. 1
removing the
plaster, with chisel
and hammer

fig. 2
half dismantled
aluminium figure

fig. 1 / 2
Detail from the
presentaion
display at
Pavijion an het
water, seaview



fig. 1



fig. 2

fig.3



KATZE IM SACK, 2023

"Do we always have to know what we're buying? Or can we spend our money just like that? Buy the cat in the bag now!" Art Ashram, Tip game (How much will one of the cast aluminum sculpture cost? Choose your favourite form, pay 5 € and make a guess!)

Plaster molds for Aluminium cast, label with gram indication of the mold, Open Studio, Berlin

fig. 3



fig. 1



fig. 2



fig. 1/2
Exhibition of plaster molds. Visitors are asked to bet on the weight of the resulting aluminium cast. The closest wins the sculpture

fig. 3
Evaluation of the winners

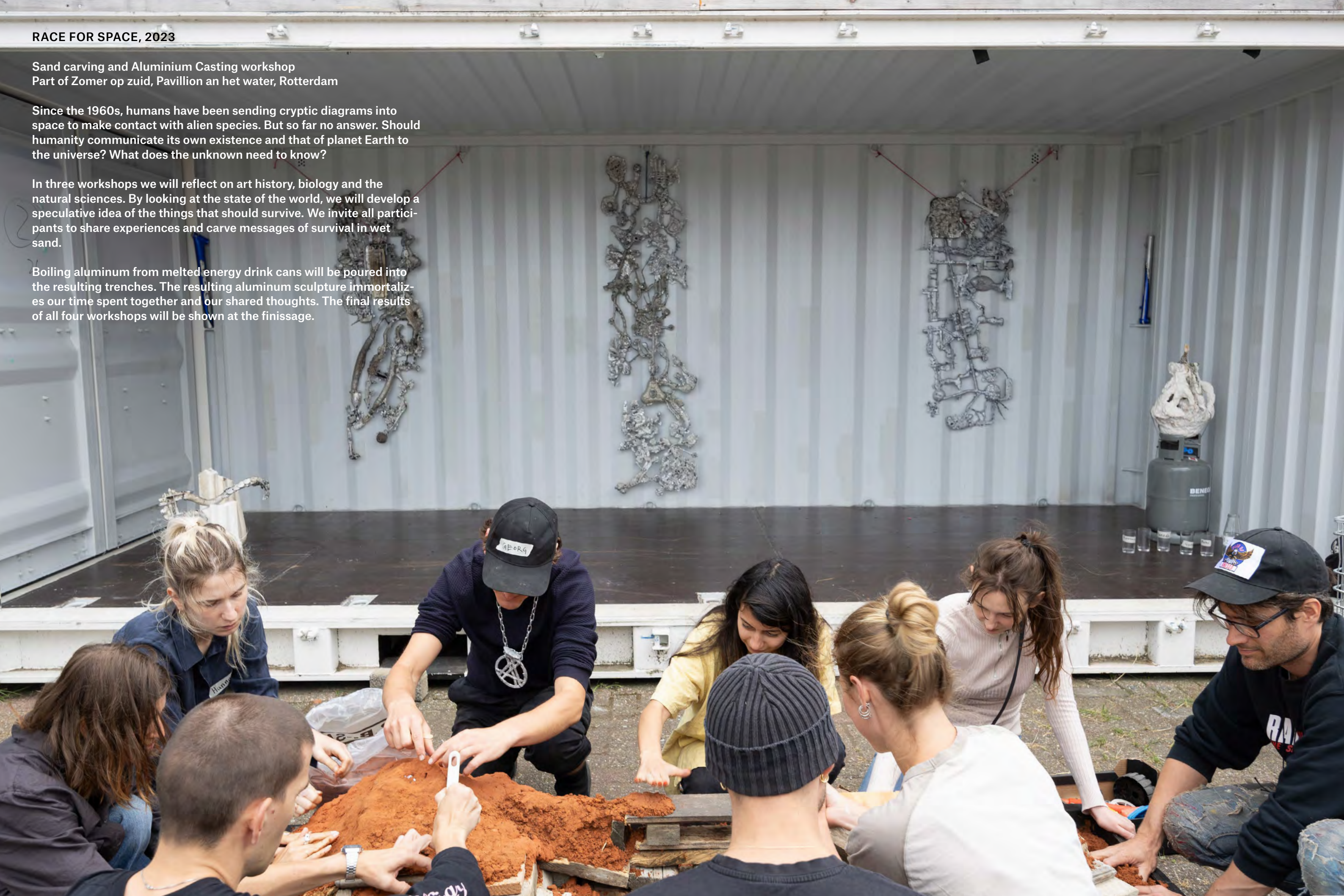
RACE FOR SPACE, 2023

Sand carving and Aluminium Casting workshop
Part of Zomer op zuid, Pavillion an het water, Rotterdam

Since the 1960s, humans have been sending cryptic diagrams into space to make contact with alien species. But so far no answer. Should humanity communicate its own existence and that of planet Earth to the universe? What does the unknown need to know?

In three workshops we will reflect on art history, biology and the natural sciences. By looking at the state of the world, we will develop a speculative idea of the things that should survive. We invite all participants to share experiences and carve messages of survival in wet sand.

Boiling aluminum from melted energy drink cans will be poured into the resulting trenches. The resulting aluminum sculpture immortalizes our time spent together and our shared thoughts. The final results of all four workshops will be shown at the finissage.



STRANGE DAY AT THE BEACH, 2022

Participation, one evening with digging and casting
aluminium, Aluminium sculpture, 200 x 40 x 5 cm
Paviljon an het waater, Rotterdam



fig.
Sandbox after the casting
process, burned sand shapes

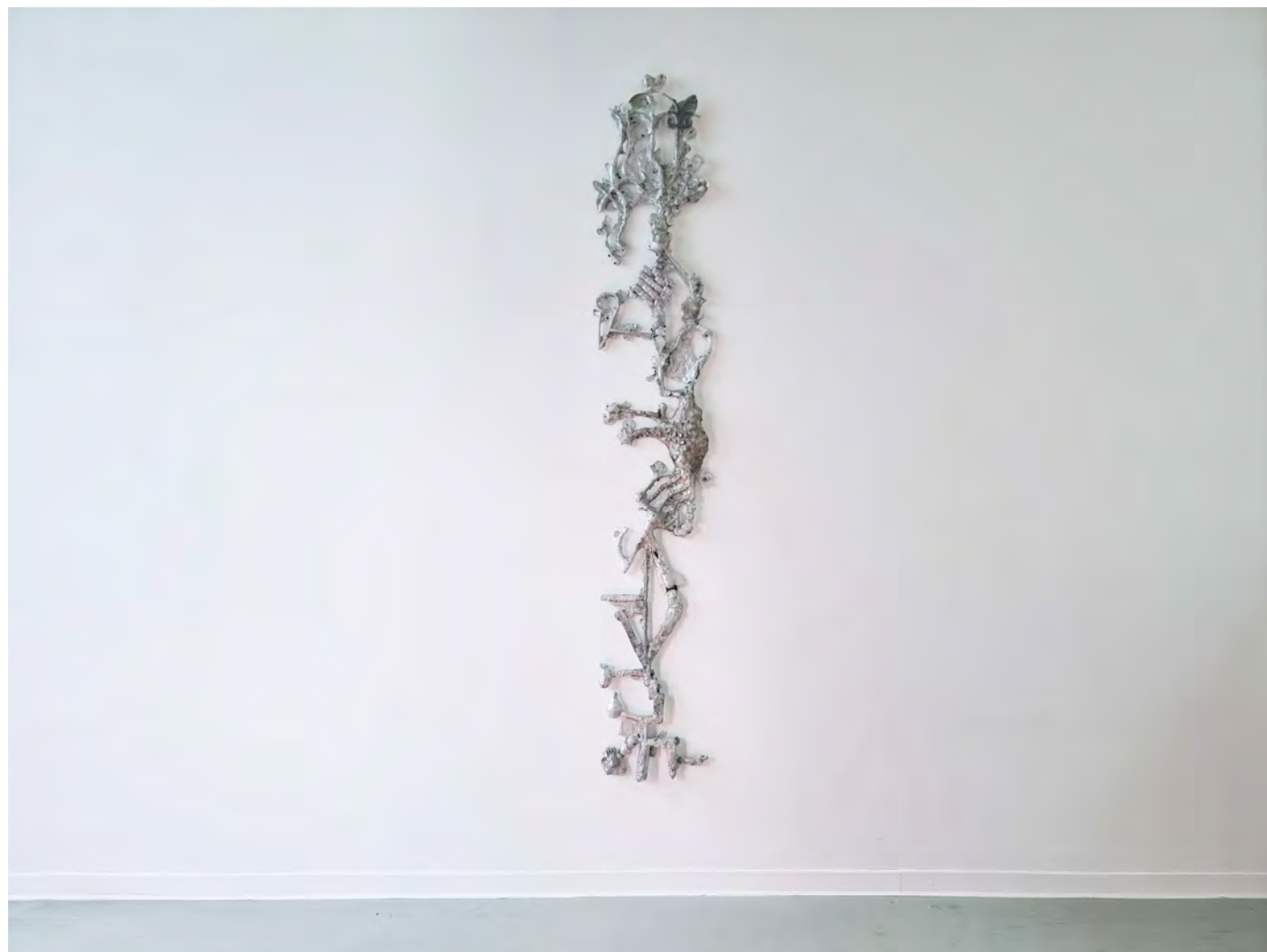


fig. 1

fig. 1
Final sculpture on the wall.

fig. 2
Detail of the sculpture.

A two meter long box with molding sand is set up. Under the motto "A strange Day at the Beach" visitors and passers-by are invited to dig first into the depths and then towards each other, as if on a beach vacation. In the process, corridors between architectures, lines, objects and caves will be created, and thus also connections between the participants. At dusk, the bellows roar, the gas ignites with a stabbing flame, and old rims, spokes, laptops, and cans melt at 660.3°C. The glowing melting pot is lifted out of the furnace and the molten metal is poured into the small ramifications and cavities in the sand box. After half an hour, the branched aluminum sculpture can be lifted out together. Still charred, it must be freed until all the subtleties become visible. What is shape and line, what is stain and chance? What is what and what is nothing? For a long time you can talk about it and discover the work of others. Like a photograph, the object captures what is otherwise fleeting: the moment, the conversation, a memory of a strange day at the beach.

fig. 2



AA brings Doppelgangers of everyday objects to an otherworldly life. For Bovenop Zuid these objects settle on junkyard relicts.

Nothing else is presenting the "Good old times" as hood ornaments. This little extra detail in car tuning, the dot on the I, metaphor for a stabil, comfy live on the back seat. Always lucky, with new white socks on a little trip. It was the first thing to disappear - too many bloody socks caused by protruding car mascots. But also detrimental to aerodynamics and high production costs for motorising the masses lead to their distinction. One day we might look back on our times with big glossy eyes, just like we look in colourful books about earth history, on the heydays of dinosaurs. We don't want to flip the page, when only grey- furry- small animals will survive. We need to vision new goals and what place is better for this than a rooftop. Let the ghosts of the cars assembly to start off for their race to eternity.

ART ASHRAM, radiator mascots from recycled aluminium, engine hood, rusty iron frames, various dimensions, as part of Dak Dagen, Zuid Plein Shoppingmall rooftop, Rotterdam

fig. 1



fig. 2



fig. 1-5
Exhibition view, Dak Dagen.

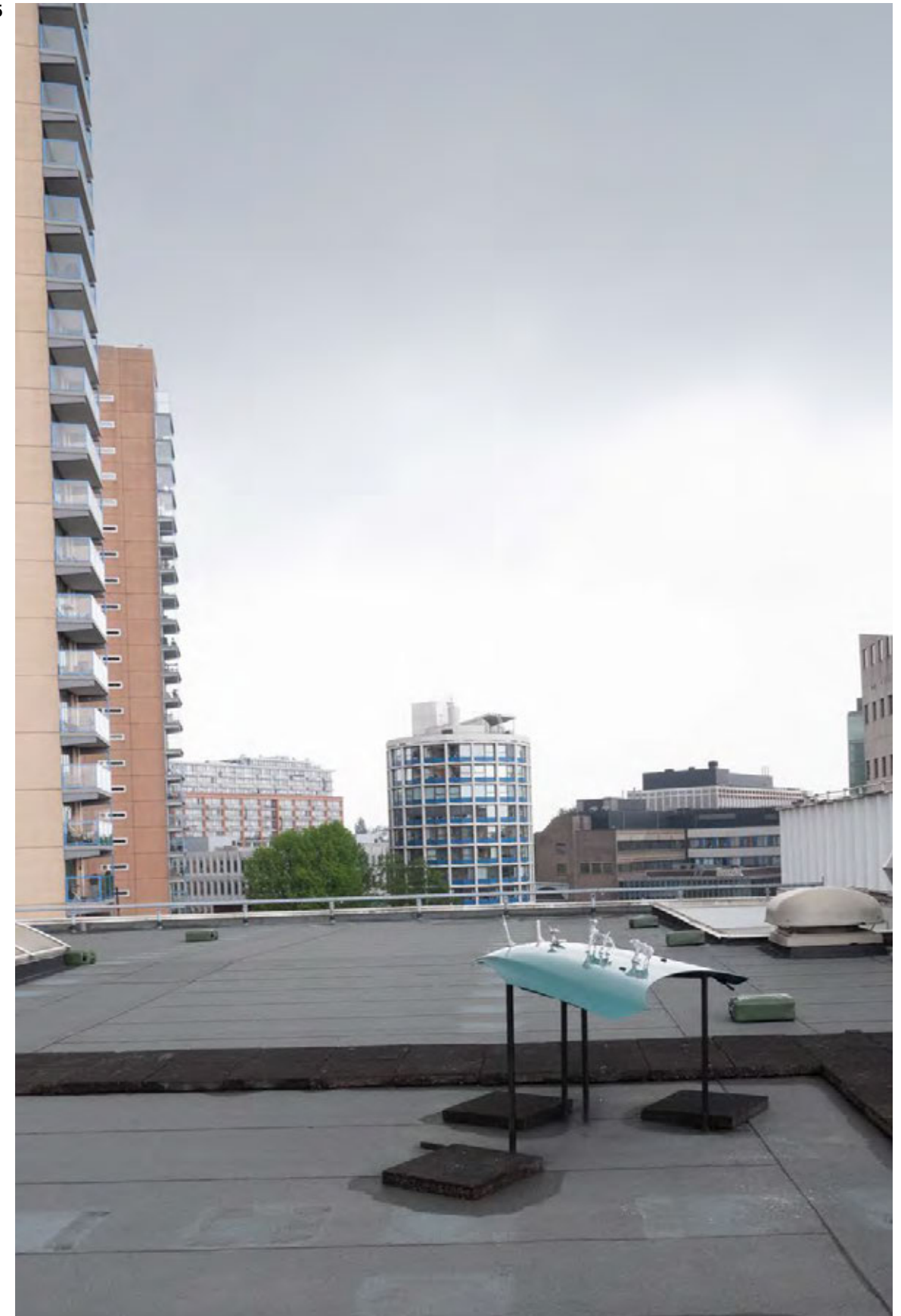
fig. 3



fig. 4



fig. 5



SUMMER OPEN, 2024

Open Studio, with works of
Verena Seibt, Thomas and Carla Splett
Studio Baumstraße, Munich



fig. 1
Exhibition view, enlarged cigarettes,
cigarette boxes, teats, suckers and a
naked dog body.



fig. 1

fig. 1
Oversized cigarette box, with anti
smoking campaign, 25 x 15 x 8 cm.

fig. 2
Teats, glazed ceramics, stainless steel,
chain, 60 x 40 x 40 cm.



fig. 1



fig. 1
Tabernakel, air freshener casted in
aluminium, 20 x 15 x 5 cm.

fig. 2
Teats, glazed ceramics, rubber tube,
40 x 20 x 10 cm.

fig. 2

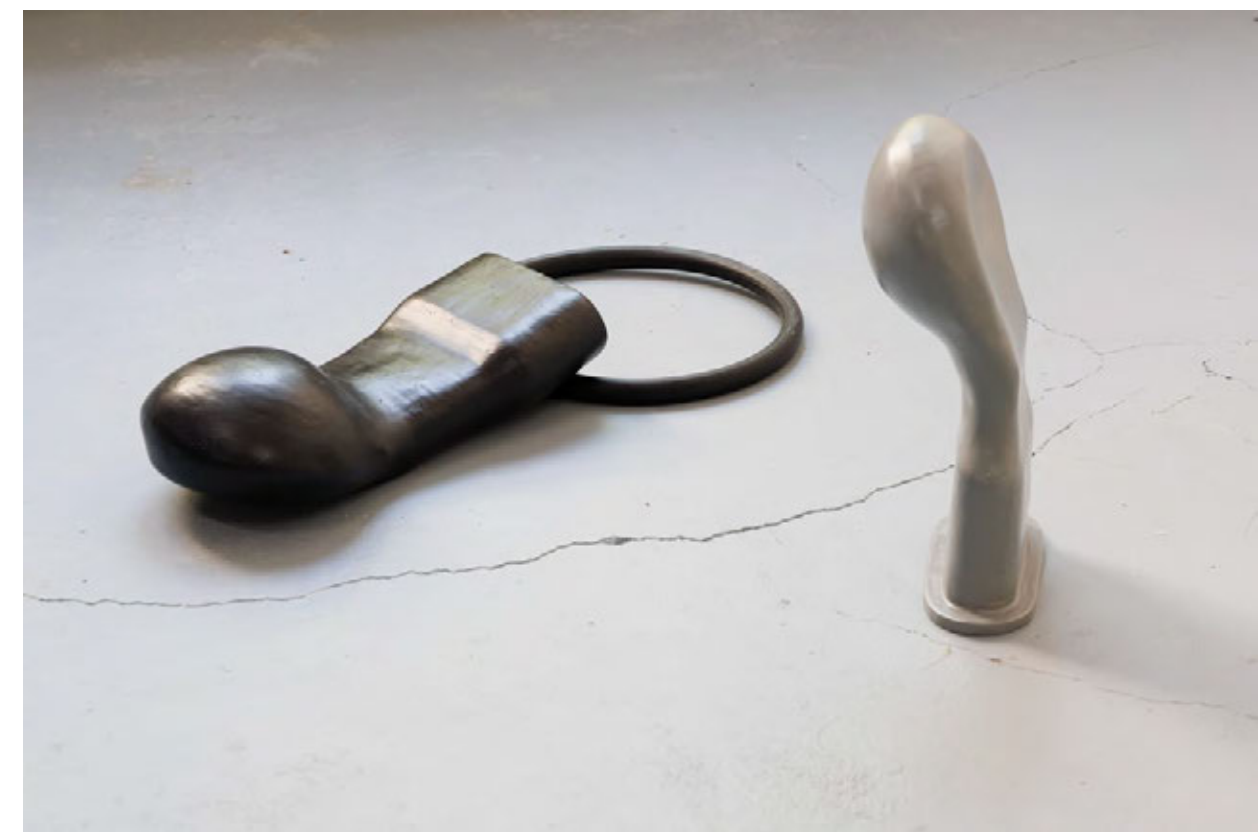


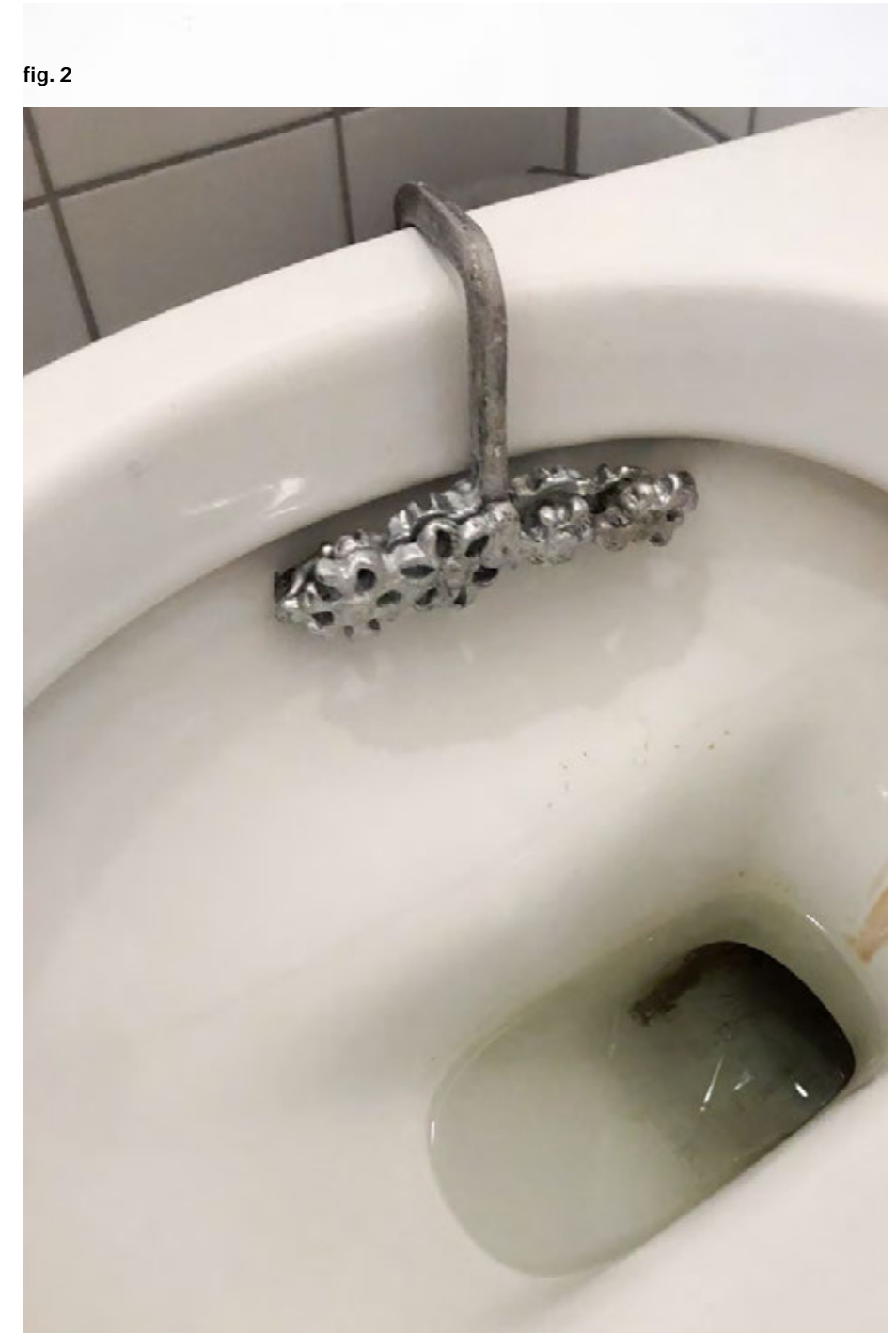
fig. 1



fig. 1
Ceramic shells for aluminium
casted toilet cent stone holder.

fig. 2
Aluminium casted toilet cent
stone holder in use.

fig. 2



THE TORTELLINI OF LAZINESS, 2023
together with Lena Anouk Philipp

The tortellini of laziness is a Fortune Cookie in a ravioli skin. Never mind. Hungry and listless, you eat all straight from the package. This one is black and gray. Perhaps it stayed for a little too long in the back of the fridge and has grown into the ice crust? How long has it been there anyway? The fridge should be defrosted long ago. Somehow it has also got funny white spots. Never mind, everything gonna be okay — The tortellini of laziness always has an empty belly. It's cheating, it's lacking the delicious filling. But therefore it can be an oracle that prophesies idleness. A gift for all exhausted beings to take home with them. If necessary, hit the tortellini and break it in two. And finally take a rest on the oracle's spell.

Dried ceramics, wax, paper, water-color poetry. As Part of "Festtafel" in the context of K&K Museum, Haus 10, Fürstenfeldbruck



Two Shoes waiting by the Bedside 2023
Glazed Ceramic, Dog Chew, Leather Strap
Part of WORLD OF ARTBIZ Auction / sold

This sculpture is inspired by an observation in the urban landscape of Los Angeles: A neatly arranged pair of shoes stands on the sidewalk in front of a sign. Three coordinates — the measured distance from the sign as a reference point, the alignment of the shoes, and the specific spacing between them — make it clear that these are not discarded or lost objects but something deliberately placed. The Shoes standing side by side evoke not only waiting but also order, while their chosen location hints at disorder.

This interplay between order and disorder continues in the ceramic shoe pairs through form. Clearly recognizable as shoes, they offer no entry for a foot. They replicate a disposable cardboard shoe tree — designed to follow the internal volume, the hidden space within the shoe. Its indentations show where fingers should grip to pull it out. Once removed, it becomes worthless. In ceramic, its ephemeral existence is defied.

Another layer of disorder is introduced by the applied decorative clasp. It is unnaturally enlarged — fleshy, almost bone-like. At first glance, it might seem familiar, but on closer inspection, the arrangement proves non-functional — a rigid bridge between the mirrored shoes, preventing movement between these paired counterparts — bound together for life, yet always kept apart in the name of walking.



fig. 1

fig. 1
Auction, ceramic object is presented to the audience.

fig. 2
Shoe object standing on cardboard box in the accompanying exhibition.

fig. 2



fig. 1



PATCHWORK - DREAM & REALITY, 2023

Community piece of K&K, concept and organisation: Luisa Koch und Verena Seibt, consisting of public sewing sessions in installation and complementary book, as part of the exhibition "Apple Flight from the Stem / Family Modells", Galerie der Künstler:innen, München

Under the title PATCHWORK, K&K (Kind und Kunst e.V.) invites 150 artists from its network to collaboratively create a large-scale, patchworked textile sculpture. Each submitted patch serves as a personal testimony to the artist's unique family story. As the fabrics are sewn together and conversations unfold, the tapestry becomes a living dialogue—merging personal experiences with shared visions of family life, both present and future. A large-format, hand-bound book will accompany the artwork, archiving photographs and texts related to each textile contribution. This volume offers deeper insight into the patches and the lives behind them, preserving the diversity and depth of the collective work.

fig. 2



fig. 1
Exhibition view, textile object on frame.

fig. 2
Stitching wishes on connecting mesh hand.

fig. 3
Sewing session to connect the single textile snippets, made by the participating artists of K&K initiative.

fig. 3



FORMS AND FORMATION / SHAPED BY SPACE, , 2023
Will you please come / please come ?

Text, foto and textile object for K&K "PATCHWORK — Dream & Reality", woolen blaket, rubber, check fabric, as part of the exhibition "Apple Flight from the Stem / Family Modells", Galerie der Künstler:innen, München

Text and object poetically explores how architectural structures — particularly the standardized nuclear family apartment — shape social relationships. Living spaces are described as functional yet isolating systems that allow for retreat but inhibit spontaneity and community. Elements such as windows, doors, floor plans, and thresholds (e.g., between inside and outside) become spatial metaphors for social dynamics: windows that open inward and block movement, or doorways that symbolically mark the boundary between the private and the public world.

Through the artistic gesture of sewing a “tongue of the apartment” that extends into the stairwell, the private realm is gently translated into a more collective spatial imagination. In this, a quiet longing emerges — for permeable spaces and new forms of living together that transcend traditional architectural and familial concepts.

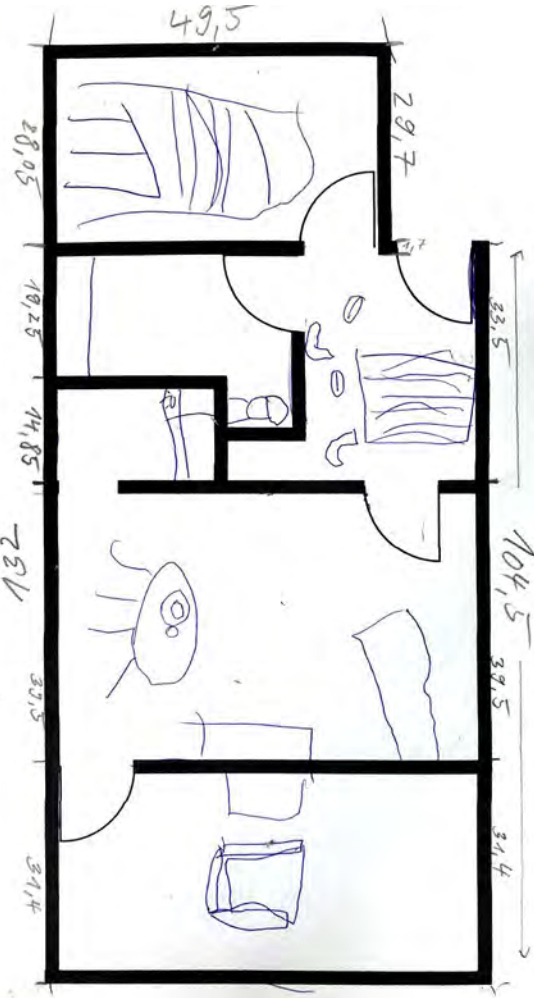


fig. 1
Our flats floor plan as a scetch for sewing applications, over sketched by Carla with furniture.

fig. 2
Carla at the entrance door with doormat textile tongue object. Fotografed for Book.

Manchmal kann ich den Traum gar nicht beschreiben, weil schon ein Gefühl der Uneintlösbarkeit jedem Wunsch innewohnt bevor sie Gestalt annehmen können. Natürlich fühle ich mich im Konstrukt Kleinfamilie irgendwie eingesperrt. Wenn ich nach Hause fahre – vor allem im Sommer – und ich weiß mein Tag endet hier. Wenn ich als Gegenmaßnahme die Fenster zu Hause öffne und die Innen/Außengrenze durchbreche, ragen die Fensterflügel einen Meter in unseren Wohnraum und blockieren die Nutzung der Räume. Wäre es nicht schöner Fenster würden sich ausschließlich nach Außen öffnen? ... Natürlich könnte ich noch alleine rausgehen. Aber das würde bedeuten ein Zeichen zu setzen, meinen Wunsch nach einem Leben abseits der Familie, nach anderen Erlebnissen zu markieren. Und dann ist wohl auch dieses Bedürfnis in mir, zu Hause zur Ruhe zu kommen. Mich nicht im neu Einlassen auf andere Personen und deren Leben zu verausgaben. Wenn andersherum Abends Besuch zu uns Nach Hause kommt, gerät unser Konstrukt des ins Bettgehens aus dem Gleichgewicht und das, was wir uns gewünscht hätten tritt meist nicht oder erst Späte ein. Ich frage mich, was es bedeutet, wenn der Tag um acht im Innenraum verklingt. Es bedeutet: ich muss alle anderen Bedürfnisse vorher abhandeln, mich vorher treiben lassen, wenn ich arbeiten sollte. – LOW WORK, HIGH OUTPUT lese ich auf einer Baseballkappe. (...)

Unsere Wohnung, ist ein labyrinthischer Schutzraum, über die großen Fenster kommt tagsüber die Welt zu mir herein, auch wenn ich nicht rausgehe. Nachts hingegen sehe ich nur meine eigene Spiegelung. Manchmal in der Küche beim Zubereiten des Abendessens, wenn sich meine Handgriffe besonders eingeübt aneinander reihen, sehe ich mich im Fenster gespiegelt von Außen und denke – ich spiele das nur, sowie Carla auch mit ihren Freund:innen Familie spielt. Von Zeit zu Zeit sehe ich hinter meiner Spiegelung auch Andere im Haus gegenüber – gerahmt, im Lichtkegel ihrer Wohnboxen. Ich höre die Nachbarn Wasser lassen ohne zu wissen wer diese Personen sind. Mein Onkel nennt unsere Wohnung die Schuhschachtel und wir sind die Schuhe in den Größen, 30, 41 und 43, die sich darin versuchen einzurichten. Gerade forme ich tagsüber Keramik-Schuhe im Atelier. Es rührt mich, wie diese stillen perfekt gefertigten Kameraden geduldig vor den Bettchen stehen und dabei eine so gute Figur machen, total fremdbestimmt warten, bis sie jemand ausfüllt und an neue Orte führt.

Mit einer langen Zunge an der Fußmatte, die Wohnungen meiner Freund:innen zu mir ins Haus holen. Oder unsere Wohnung ins Treppenhaus züngeln lassen. Die Zunge bestünde aus einer verlebten Wolldecke – als Basis, gehörte ursprünglich meinen Eltern. Darauf ein kuscheliger Karostoff gesteppt, klare Regeln, Routine und Halt. Ein Fahrradschlauch als Rahmung, als schwarze dichte Grenze zwischen Wohnung und Außenwelt. Nach dem Nähen will Carla mit ihren Playmobilfiguren auf der Zunge, im applizierten Schlauch-Grundriss spielen. Ich lege die Fußmatte an ihren angestammten Platz an die Türschwelle und Carla spielt im weitläufigen Treppenhaus, Nachbar:innen kommen nach Hause und laufen verwundert vorbei. Ich hab die Kamera in der Hand – das Setting sorgt nicht für Verwunderung.

fig. 1
Text excerpt for Book.

fig. 2
Book (A2) Object in exhibition, browsed through by visitor.

fig. 2



Collaboration with Thomas Splett
Installation, cardboard box, truck
tarpauline, monitor, HD-Video with
broken glass effect filter, branch, wig,
motor, furniture, matrace, printed salad
leafs, mirrow, ceramic, among others.

Part of Failing System - The End of
Patriarchy?, Kunstverein Augsburg

The exhibition Failing System – The End of
Patriarchy? at Kunstverein Augsburg
sheds light on the complex interplay
between feminism and the patriarchal
power structures that continue to
dominate globally today. Ten artists from
different countries critically examine this
system, offering a nuanced critique
through their works.



fig. 1
Exhibition view with video
"Doesn't Sound like Grand-
ma's Voice", HD, 18 min..

fig. 1



fig. 1

fig. 1
Counter shot,
exhibition view

fig. 2
"Doesn't Sound
like Grandma's
Voice", HD, 18 min

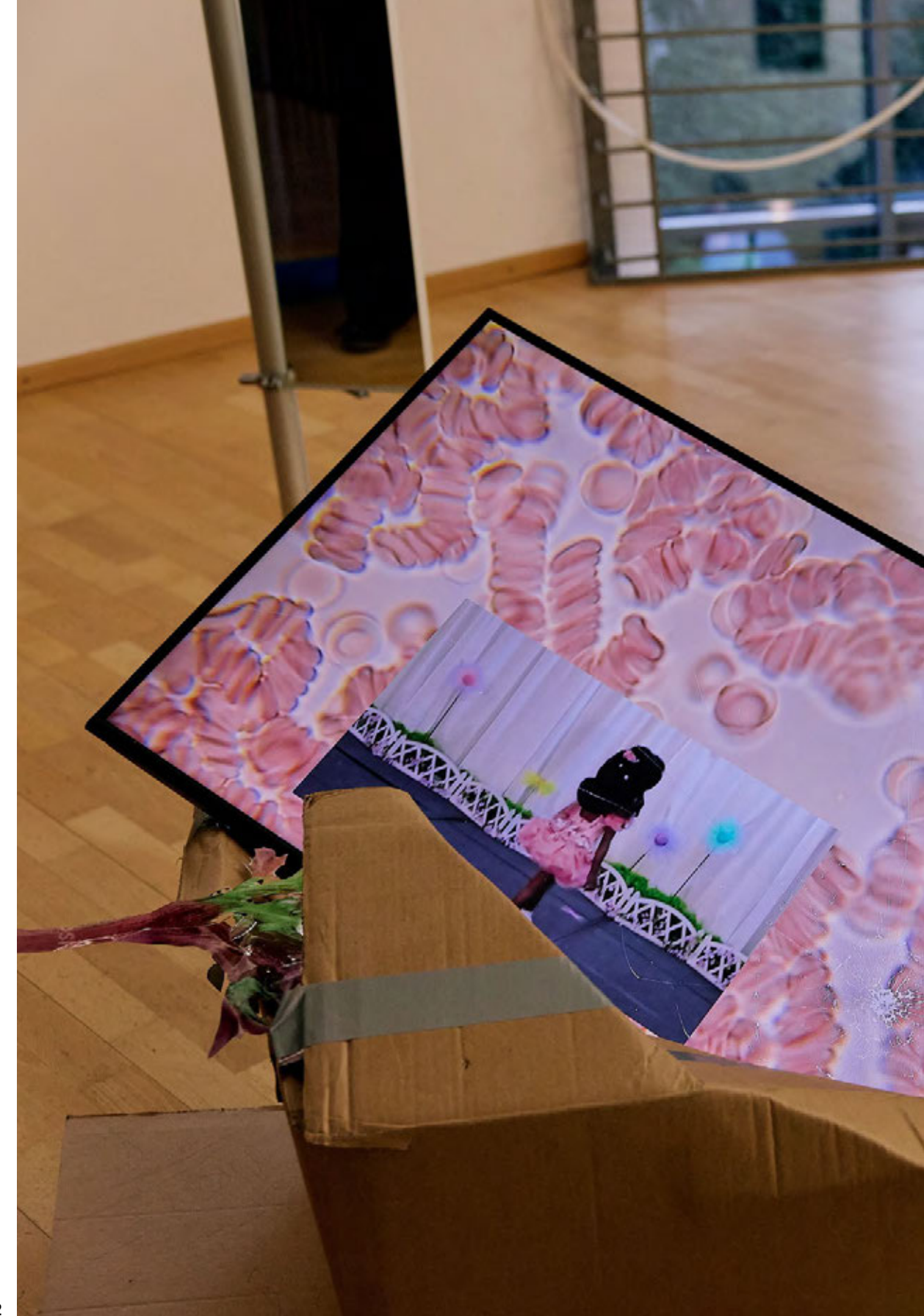


fig. 2

Verena Seibt and Thomas Splett bridge the gap between humans and animals — creatures appearing as mystical figures, hybrid beings, and symbols of alternative ways of life. These entities open doors in unexpected ways or hold up a mirror to our world, shaping a vision of a possible hybrid future.

VS and TS approach the constraints of patriarchally shaped societal norms and role expectations from different angles— sometimes with analytical distance, sometimes deeply personal. They point to ways of breaking through these limitations. But do they succeed in sharpening our awareness of social inequalities and the urgency of a more just future? It is something we should all hope for.





fig. 2

fig. 1



fig. 1
Geheuer Blond, hairclip,
motor wig.

fig. 2
Sauger, fountain, glazed
ceramic, waterpump,
pigment, water.

fig. 3
Nothing Special, Video
observation video of the
artists flat.

fig. 3



Studio Exhibition, Popp's Packing, Artist Residency, Detroit

One month residency at Popp's Packing. In a ruinous city, the wreckage reflects my aging body. I attend confit dance, a weekly twerk class, collect remnants along the way — a Ford hubcap, a cat toy rescued from a burning house, dog chewing bones from Dollar Tree — and turn them into sculpture.

fig. 1
Exhibition view.

fig. 2
Shield, lid, rivet, Ford hubcap, chain, vexier image and Skeletor, Halloween chest bone, wax, wood.



fig. 1

fig. 2





fig. 3



fig. 5



fig. 4

fig. 3/4
Swing — casting mold of a swing with imprints of my butt and vulva

fig. 5
Grandma's Thong — burned plastic, wax, glitter

Glazed and unglazed ceramics, whip, horse tail hair,
Aluminium cast, chain, dog toy, concrete, sea weed, sticker

All sculptures that happend during the year



fig. 1



fig. 2

fig. 1
Exhibition view.

fig. 2
Die Gänsemagd, glazed ceramic, whip,
horse tail hair.



fig. 3

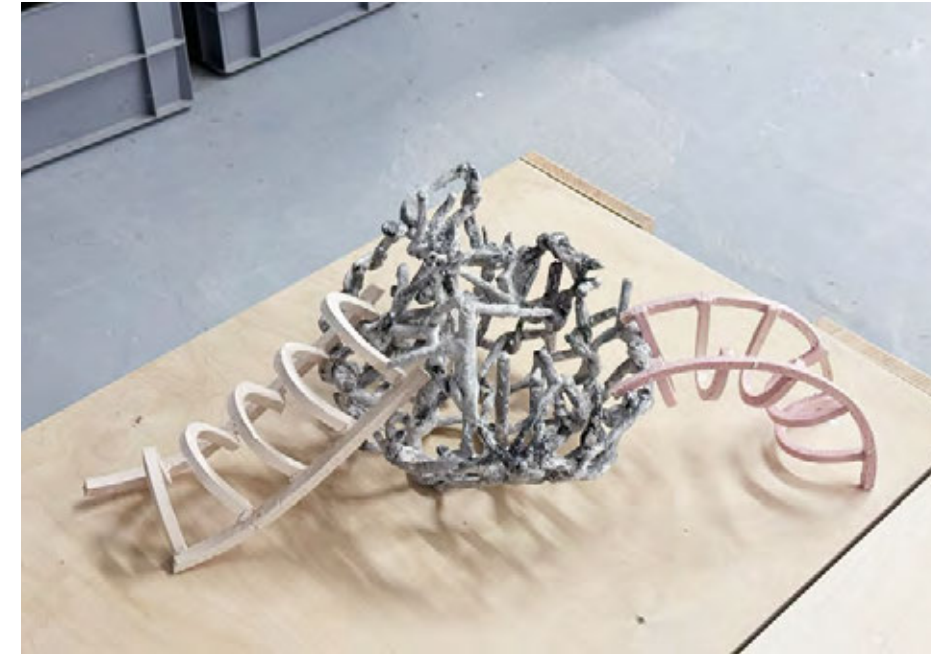


fig. 4

fig. 3
Böhmisches Dorf, unglazed
ceramic (toilette flush button).

fig. 4
Krumme Gedanken,
aluminium cast, glazed and
unglazed ceramic.



fig. 5



fig. 6

fig. 5
Schleifchen, glazed ceramic,
aluminium cast, chain.

fig. 6
I never promised you a rose
garden, ceramic, sea weed,
sticker.



FUNNEL OF LOVE, 2024

Neckless, pendant from aluminium cast, ceramic hanger for washing machine hoses, Part of "Passage", TIP / Theory in Practice, Türkenstaße, München

SWEATING, BURNING, BAKING, 2024

A Summer in Prösitz with Thomas und Carla Splett, Klara Adam, Ute Hartwig-Schulz, Markus Greven, Marie Strauss, Residenz / Künstlergut Prösitz

Stone age cast in a closed system: fireclay-coated kiln, forging tongs, bellows, wood and leather, blower, sculpting wax, charcoal, anthracite eggs, horse manure, bentonite, grog, brushes, Tupperware.

fig. 1



fig.2

fig. 1
Marie is prepairing wax models.

fig. 2
Wax modellls covered with three layers of ash paste drying on rig.





fig. 2

fig. 1
After the windfall apple strudel, three layers of loam mass topping the ash paste are drying in the oven heat.

fig. 2
Wax is melting out on bonfire from loam molds.

fig. 3
Loam molds are filled with metall granules and close with loam lid and fresh loam mass.



fig. 3

Bellows! I nail the leather skin onto your wood. Barefoot across the courtyard — lunchtime. We cook leftovers from the day before and keep making new ones. Barefoot again on pavement, on asphalt, heading to Markus, welding the barrel, then back barefoot, passing fairies at the garden fence. We build a furnace with the help of buckets, cardboard and foil — coating it with high-temperature concrete. A drive by the old hunting lodge in Wermsdorf:

horse manure from the container out back, crumbled by hand, mixed with bentonite and grog. A secondhand Tupperware box from Oschatz seals the mixture airtight — Tupperware, by the way, is bankrupt now. A lace doily for Georg. A swim in Moritzsee, with the new parking app in hand. Thomas arrives by train, and we swim. Standing on the shore of Lake Cospuden, you can almost see the curvature of the Earth...



fig. 1

fig. 1
Closed forms are fired for about an hour.



fig. 2

fig. 2
Opened loam mold after burning.

fig. 3
Copper bracelet on soap plinth.

For days, we debate fiercely with Markus and Thomas—about everything: election secrecy, conscription, the army, war. In between, we cook and eat together. Laundry flutters—large, billowing sheets stretched out on lines beneath the linden tree. And then, when exhaustion has brought us all to our knees, we finally light the furnace at night. Up and down, the bellows demand squats in relentless rhythm. The first sphere glows bright red. Starry skies, yet the metal does not melt. Days and nights dissolve into one—we burn

until the furnace itself surrenders and the concrete melts. Horse manure spheres dry in the kitchen's oven. Later, in the fire bowl, wax seeps out and vanishes like tiny volcanoes... and the air is thick with the scent of horse poo. We crack open the hot, glowing spheres, marvel at the glazed clay—uncertain and clumsy. The blower roars to life, the bellows are cast aside. Small spoils, great community. We part ways on an ordinary afternoon. The magic is sealed away in a silver car trunk. Adieu... one last apple to go...

fig. 3



Grasping Space, 2025

Sculpture – is, per Se, a grasp of space. Unlike a painting, it is not a window, but rather shares the space with us. To grasp space from a feminist perspective: to take up space, to claim space. For female sculptors, that means: getting big. Filling space, occupying it. I did none of that – my car is too small. So instead: an arrangement of objects that reference these themes.

Altes Jagdschloß Wermsdorf, Exhibition
Wood, tiles, fired loam, ashes, concrete, silver, steel chains, rubber, candle wax, latex, PU foam, ceramic, plaster, egg shell, heat resistant glove, copper, aluminium, bricks, rein



fig. 1

The baby – the embodiment of taking space. Means subletting to an inner tenant within one’s own body, and later: bearing a bundle of needs. An over-sized pacifier, “Keule”, penetrates the child, pretending to be a nipple – a concrete skull with a will to suck: “Clinging to Mama’s Hem – Macho Baby.” Upbringing – another form of intrusion into the space of the other. Being put on a tight rein – A bit, designed as a means of communication/control, pushes into the horse’s body – absurd to sadistic the moment a duck wears it: “Animal Lovers”. A double-beaked creature, “Itisbabys, if You Fulfill me, I’ll Fulfill You”, a flute for two lovers – it’s tones fill the space with sounds. And finally, my

experiment: “... When I Carried Apples into the Coal Cellar this Summer.” A presentation of results from an Stone Age casting process, which, during my 2024 residency, grasped space, air, and time completely.

fig. 1
Merle from the ashes, Part of “... When I Carried Apples into the Coal Cellar this Summer.”, fired loam.

fig. 2
Detail, “Clinging to Mama’s Hem — Macho Baby.”, concrete, silver chain, ceramic, rubber tube.

fig. 2



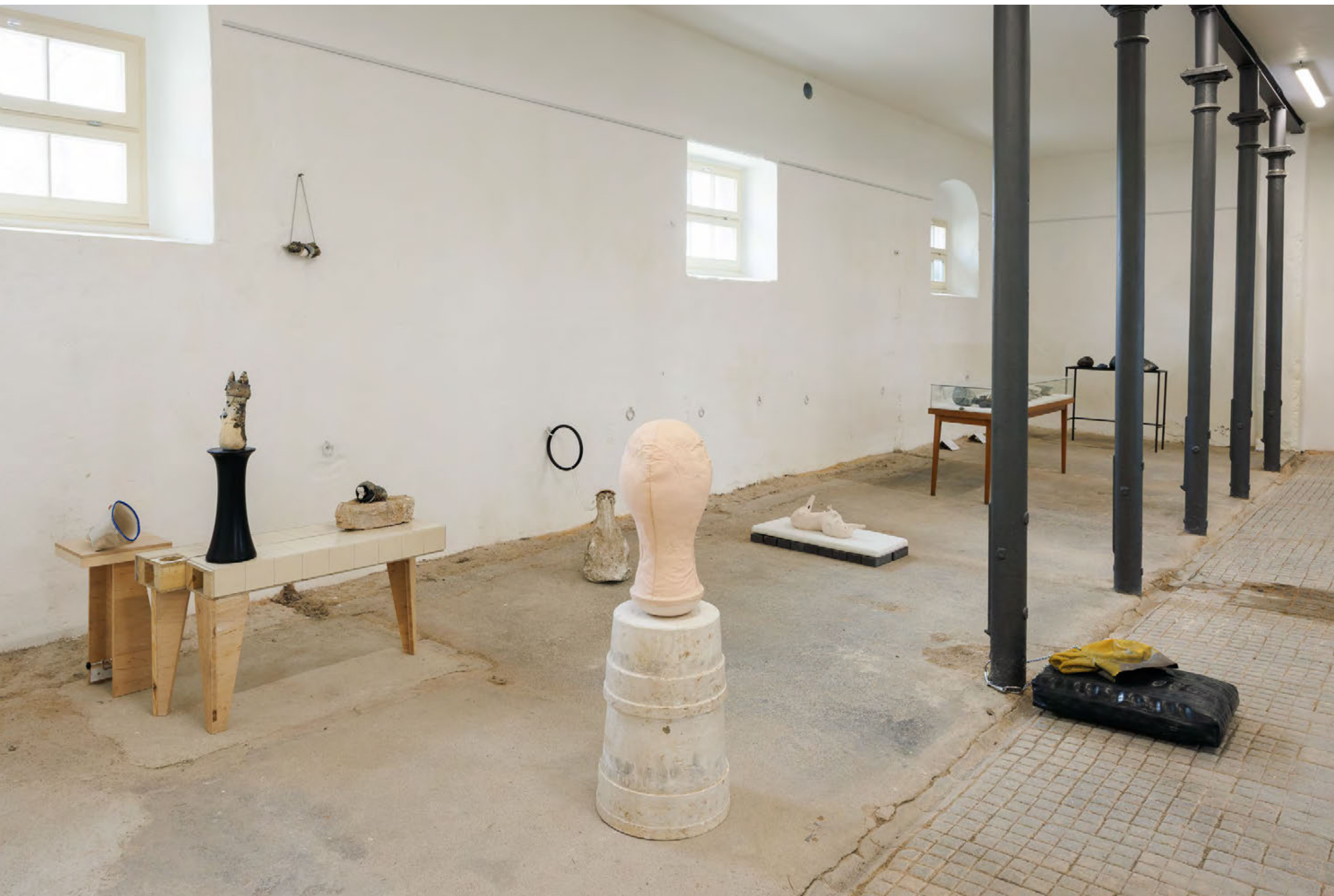




fig. 2

fig. 1:
 "Itisbabys, if You Fulfill me, I'll
 Fulfill You", a flute for lovers,
 black bricks, baby matrace,
 ceramic.

fig. 2:
 "Strand of pearls". part of "...
 When I Carried Apples into
 the Coal Cellar this Summer.",
 fired loam, chain, chicken egg
 shell



fig. 1



fig. 2

fig. 1
 "Animal Lovers", Rein, chain, wax, rubber bed

fig. 2
 Clinging to Mama's Hem
 — Macho Baby.", concrete, silver chain, ceramic, rubber tube

fig. 1



CLAY TIME, 2024

Collaboration with Georg Scherlin
Open Clay Workshop (5 Days) followed by Exhibiton
Air dried Clay, boxes, plastic foil
Part of "Auf weiter Flur", Augustusburg

Come with us on a five-day journey into the world of clay and create your own world out of it! Show us your Augustusburg! Your school, favorite places, your ice cream parlor, lizards in the wall, a tree house, a secret path ... Or even a fiction of what Augustusburg could be like: A zoo, a maze, a palm tree landscape, an underground lake, a funicular that circles the town... We translate every idea together into clay.

At the end the individual works of art are assembled in a model landscape to form a city of clay and publically shown in an exhibition.

fig. 1
Birds perspektive on rail
tracks through imaginary city.



fig. 1



fig. 2

fig. 1
Night view, window left room.

fig. 2
Exhibition view: An accident at the
bobsleigh track and octopus arm
breaking through wall.

DHT (5A-DIHYDROTOSTERONE)

ART ASHRAM at Frog City Festival,
Freilichtbühne Weissensee, 2024
Participatory sculpture, Light box, cast aluminum,
Car rims, plexiglass, screen printing plate, metal
profiles, PVC foil, adhesive tape, gloves, paint,
ceramic finger glazed, drinking cone, basil seeds,
syrup, vodka, 3x2x1.80 m

"In a bleak future, there will no longer be any waters
in which female frogs can thrive without the effects
of the hormone DHT". AA devotes itself to this
dystopian vision during FROG CITY and designs a
fitness bar with a neo-brutalist weight bench at its
center. forms the center. This is where the remaining
"muscle-bound frogs" meet before their extinction.
Their nostalgic favorite drink, which resembles the
frog spawn of better times, is rich in taurine. Visitors
are encouraged by the frog on duty to try ceramic
frog fingers. The energy just supplied is used to
upgrade sadness and boredom into a self-centered
activity on the weight bench.

Florian Dietrich, Dirk van Lieshout, Verena Seibt,
Markus Zimmermann

fig. 1
Muscle bench, exhibition
view.



fig. 1



fig. 1

fig. 1
Giant Adidas Pants as Pillow.

fig. 2
Kid is laying down to see the
backside of the inserted
aluminium cast.

fig. 2





fig. 1

fig. 1
Frog egg energy drink,
optionally refined with wodka,
served in slip on frog finger
extension.

fig. 2 + 3
Consumption of frog egg
drink. Pearly and jellicious.



fig. 2



fig. 3

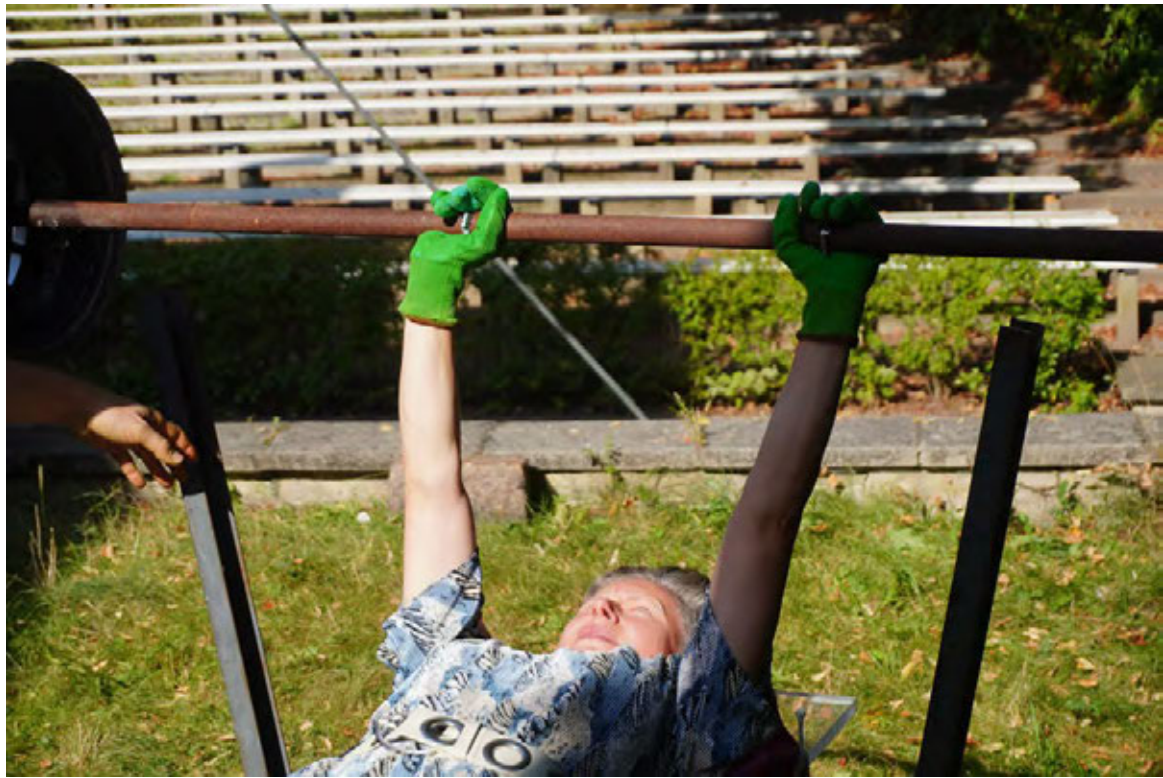


fig. 2



fig. 1

fig. 1
Neon sign for frogs meeting point.

fig. 2
Another visitor performing on bench on his own.



fig. 1

WURZEL (ROOT), 2024

Collaboration with Klara Adam and Georg Scherlin

A multi-day participatory aluminum casting in (semi-)public space, followed by an installation
Aluminum scraps, wooden boxes, molding sand, digging tools, stamps, kiln, lace doilies, nylon, workbench board, Asbach Uralt, Coke, and archived school notes, Heimathaus Traunstein, Stadtmuseum Abensberg, Schere Stein Papier e.V, Dachau, Atelierhaus Baumstraße, München

WURZEL (root) is a tainted term. Associated with concepts like homeland, identity, ancestry, and race, it exists in a linguistic minefield of right-wing rhetoric. Yet the root (Wurzel) itself defies such interpretations through its very nature — its growth follows no order. Its shape is pure anarchy: dream, memory, childhood.

For three weeks, we travel together, showing each other the places where we grew up. In Traunstein, Dachau, and Abensberg, local history museums lend us historical objects to use in our sandboxes as molds. Together with visitors, we cast three roots from aluminum scraps — live, in public space. In the evenings, we return to our childhood homes, camp in the garden, meet an aunt for cake, or trim long-overgrown hedges. The root reaches deep into the soil of time— how absurd it is to claim ownership here. How understandable the desire to linger for a moment.

fig. 1
Mobile "Wurzel" trailer for live aluminium casts in front of City Museum Abensberg.



fig. 1

fig. 1
Live Casting trailer in Dachau
at Matzgerhof

fig. 2/3
Live Aluminium cast in
Traunsstein, infront of Heimat
Haus.



fig. 2



fig. 3

fig. 1
Visitor in the Wurzel grotto
during daytime.



In Munich, we build a grotto from our three roots—a space shrouded in mystery, accessible only from below, by rolling underneath on a board. Beneath a canopy of lace doilies strung together, details emerge in the beam of a headlamp: a dinosaur, floral shapes, meandering branches, involuntary faces and ghosts, a silver ear, a crayfish, and deep in the vault, an angel by the Asam brothers. On the ceiling, a grotesque play of light unfolds for those standing around—the lace's shadows stretch like giant spiderwebs across the studio's walls.



fig.

fig. 1
Detail, root cave enlightened

fig. 2
Lace doilies patchwork and
aluminium root cave seen by a
headlamp.

fig. 2





fig. 1

fig. 1
Projections appearing
automatically on the ceiling.

fig. 2
Visitor film her ride under the
root vault.



fig. 2



fig. 1
Wurzel show, studio space, with head
lamp projections at the ceiling

fig. 1

