

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?

„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 DIRT
Material Practice



fig. 1



fig. 2

fig. 1 / 2
Students works on "The monument of Dust"

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



During the recent artist residency program at Paviljoen aan het Water, the collective Art Ashram discovers a valuable resource in their direct surroundings. Everywhere 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 Doppelgangers of everyday objects and consumer products to an other-worldly life. 925 tin cans resulting in 11099 grams of aluminum were collected 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. 1
removing the
plaster, with chisel
and hammer

fig. 2
half dismantled
aluminium figure



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



fig. 1



fig. 2

fig. 3
Installation view

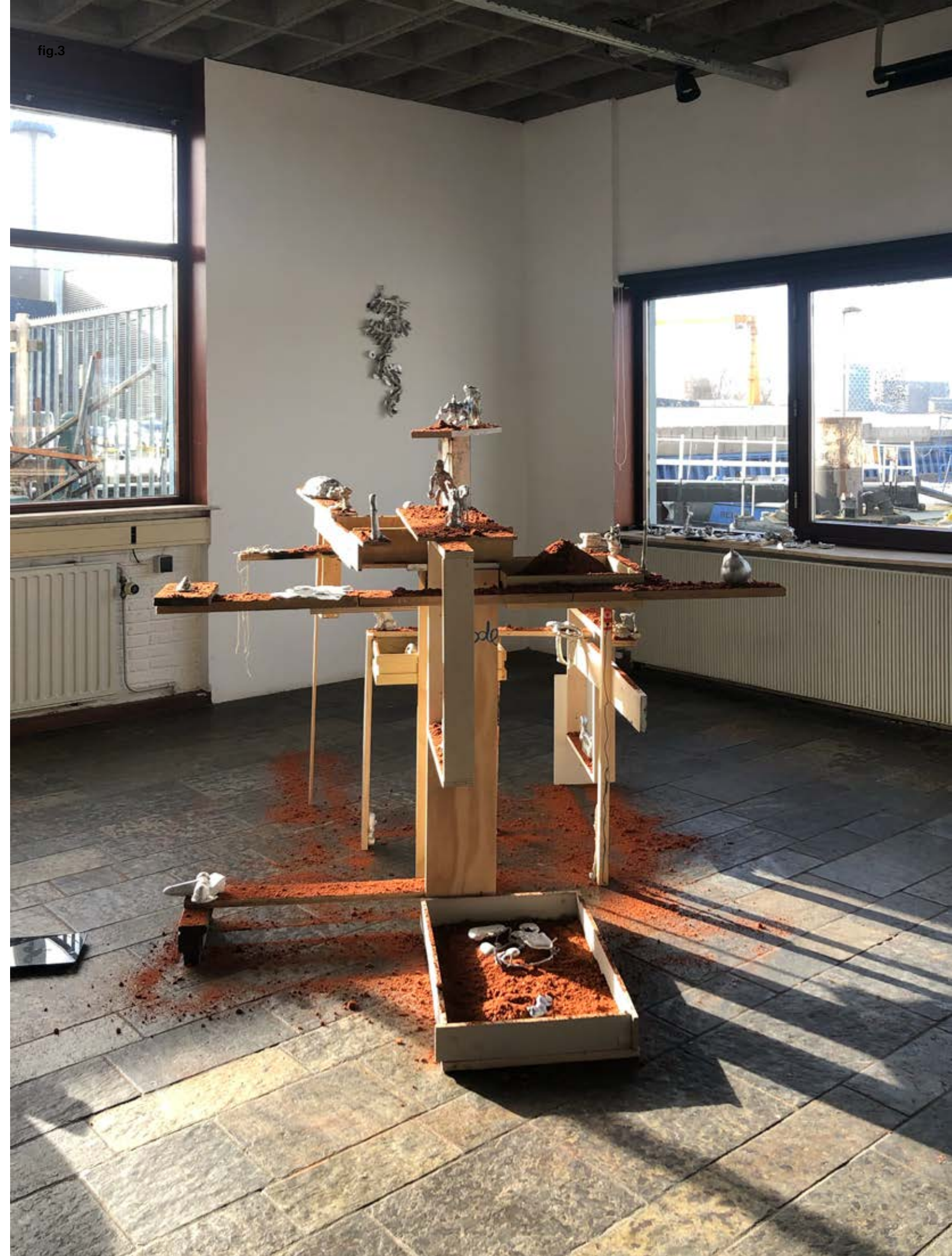


fig.3

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

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

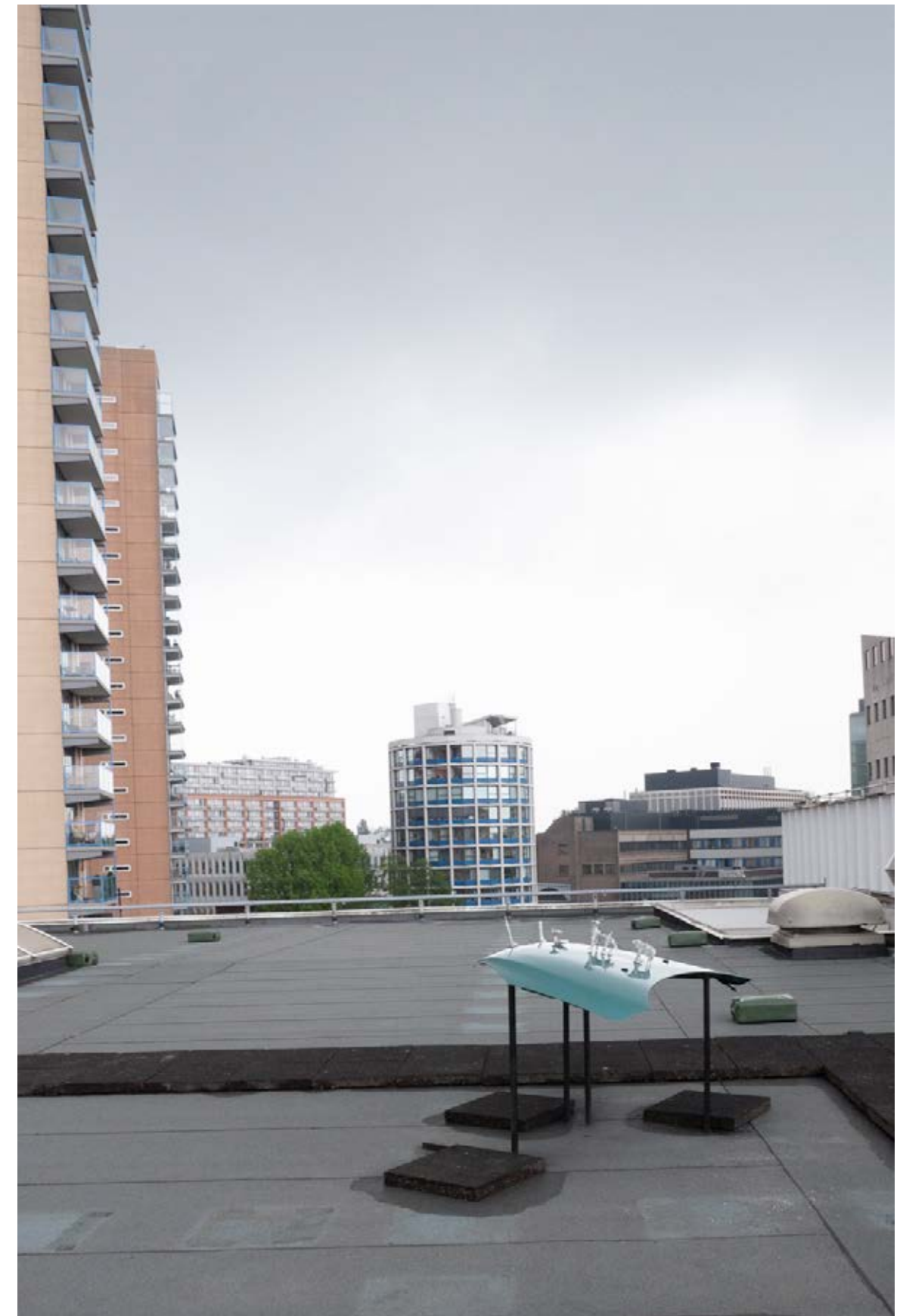
fig. 3



fig. 4



fig. 5



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.

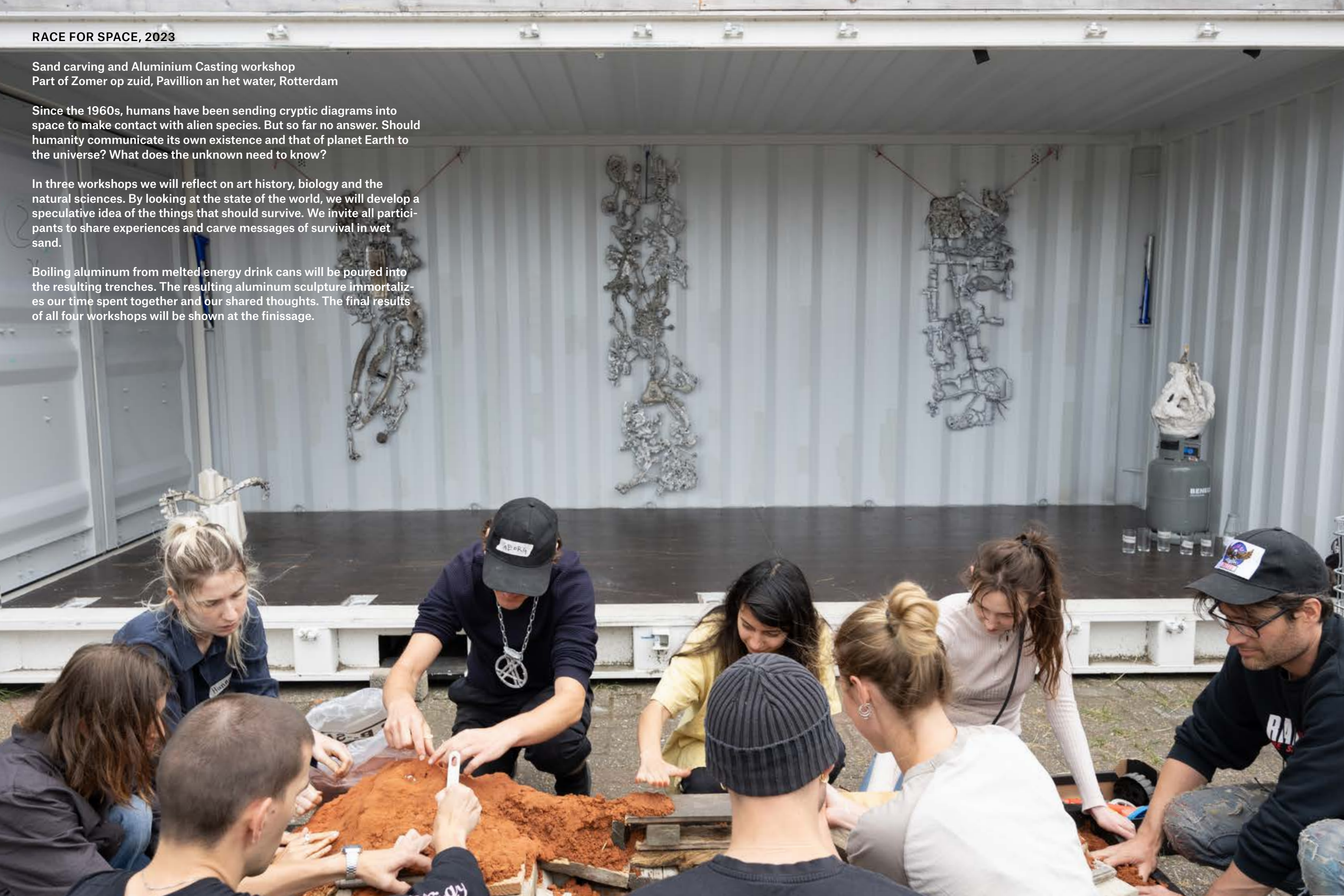




fig. 1
Participants start to imprint
and to carve into the mould-
ing sand.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

A Girl climbing over spiky fences - it felt needless to take the proper way - on hot brooding asphalt roads - that's why the girl takes shortcuts through the cool shady gardens - memories of different fence shapes, how they dig into the crotch when crossing - when the behind leg leaves the ground and the body weight condenses in the contact of fence and labia, before the advancing far outstretched toe reaches the saving ground on the other side

along the sidewalk - various sounds produced by a little stick on the different fence shapes. *clickclick, clickclick, glogg, glogg, gloggg, krrrrrrrrrrt* (plastic fence white), *klonkkk* _____ *klonkkk* (wider spacing) - I used to have a feeling of fences that I lost in the city - The friendliest are non-electrified pasture, grassland fences with plenty of opportunity to slip through - The tightly slatted fence says: You can't come in here - No Trespassing - "wire mesh fence" is relatively cheap.

Systems of demarcation: fence, hedge, lawn for distance, walls with glass windows, curtains and drape. Curtains darken, keep the world outside - After my mother's death, I found an animal observation camera in the tree, pointed at her door. Analyzing the taken images on the memory card, I realize that she is the only one in the pictures and I am sad. Just one person visiting. But she takes out the trash, goes shopping, comes back, some days she doesn't leave the house at all. Her searching for security is ending in loneliness - A Safe - a jewelry box - Polly Pocket - a Shell is a Chastity belt made of lime - Close the lid, then everything is safe inside - Keeping the evil of the world at a distance - Or Pandora's box - her cunt from which all the evil pours out like phantoms of snakes? The Visitation - Is the evil at all coming from outside or from the inside?

An open house behind locked doors – Door men – Security agencies – Gated communities – Fenced settlements of the Californian canyons – Arroyo Blanco Estates – Barbie incarcerated in cardboard and plaster castles – a fairyland of safety precautions – Wishing oneself into nature and at the same time building the fence higher to keep the wilderness out – In America – The coyote uses the meshes of the security fence like a ladder and breaks the neck of the second Chihuahua in the garden. "The coyote is not to blame – he is only trying to survive, to make a living, to take advantage of the opportunities available to him."

A Fence at the Mexican border – a threat of dispossessed people who have nothing material to lose. – I walked along the fence. I saw people waiting to limb over the fence with little plastic bags with everything they owned inside. They disturb the feeling of life in many ways (morally, but also in relation to the feeling of security). – A beggar rings on Father's Day at my parents' house – What does he want? – Why is he approaching our "regulated" life, why doesn't he stay sitting on the inner city urban sidewalk? – But the garden gate he comes too close to me. And now it is very clear what I have and he hasn't.

To have a place, a hiding place where you can sleep safely - How is it not to have a shelter, when someone can stumble over you at any time and anything valuable can only be protected with your body? - I (female) have been infiltrated with the thought of owning something that others want to have - No sense of security, but always on guard - Mother guards the pearl of the china box!

Burglary - Who ate from my little plate, who slept in my little bed - Camping - Intimacy robbery at the campsite - Insecure boundaries. - Thin nylon walls separate me from night, darkness and crawling wildlife. The uncontrollable is pushed back only by a touch of fabric - Without knowing we are observed for days from the near forest -. On the last day, when we feel safe, when our gurses sit looser, the thieves strike. A knife cuts through artificial silk. A strange body bends over sleeping people. Their moist breath touches the approaching (too close) face. Nimbly, under inflatable pillows, hands feel the leathery prey - And feet stumble back to the forest.

The noise of the street penetrates the house; hopefully a beautiful noise of an Italian piazza - triple glazing - noise protection glass - invisible threats - viruses, bacteria and ghosts as well. - Small towns, home of front gardens, garbage can houses and patch borders - Mowing is a lot easier with a lawn edge - Culture vs. Nature - At night hordes of slugs raid the gardens and mate wildly under viscous slime on stoneware caterpillars with binoculars and ceramic hedgehogs - Grail of fertility - houselessness - Blue poisonous baits and black bodies drying in the sun - The Blob (USA 1988) red gelatinous, it penetrates through the smallest entry ports: cracks and ventilation grilles. Fluid, it knows no boundaries - formless vs. figurative. It overflows people and digests them inside. And grows in the process. The fairy tale of sweet porridge - Our little daughter sits in the bathtub and bathes in the pink glitter slime called Glibbi from Simba - DLY slime - Noise, liquid, radioactivity and slime are hard to stop -

Red eyes look from a black eyeball, hemispheres of Plexiglas - Who sits behind all the camera lens eyes, at all the house entrances? In the elevator such a eyeball stares at me. - A black nothing into which I, the one being looked at, can only stare back without any prospect of knowledge. My looks disappear in the Orkus, in the felt nothingness - locks on bridges as a sign of love - love as a castle, as a locked up castle - locks must be removed - the railings of the Cologne Hohenzollern Bridge threaten to collapse under the weight of possessing love - The land of milk and honey, on the other hand, demarcates itself by a mountain chain of cakes

hunter's lath fence - cross lath - t lath - plastic lath - wire mesh fence - meadow fence - barbed wire fence

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



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
presnted 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 by artists of K&K, designed by Luisa Koch und Verena Seibt, consisting of public sewing sessions, sculpture 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 is inviting 150 artists from the network to work together on an expansive textile sculpture. In its individual parts, this consists of private textiles that individually bear witness to the artists' respective family situations. Sewing together and talking to each other and talking to each other, the wishes and reality of life models are combined in the resulting textile, creating two different fabric structures on the front and back structures are created on the front and back - as a discourse on a current current situation and future visions of family. In a large-format booklet, the photographs and texts associated with the textiles are listed archivally and provide more detailed information on the respective textile patches and their authors.

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&Ks contribution "PATCH-WORK — Dream & Reality", woolen blaket, rubber, check fabric, patch, as part of the exhibtion "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.

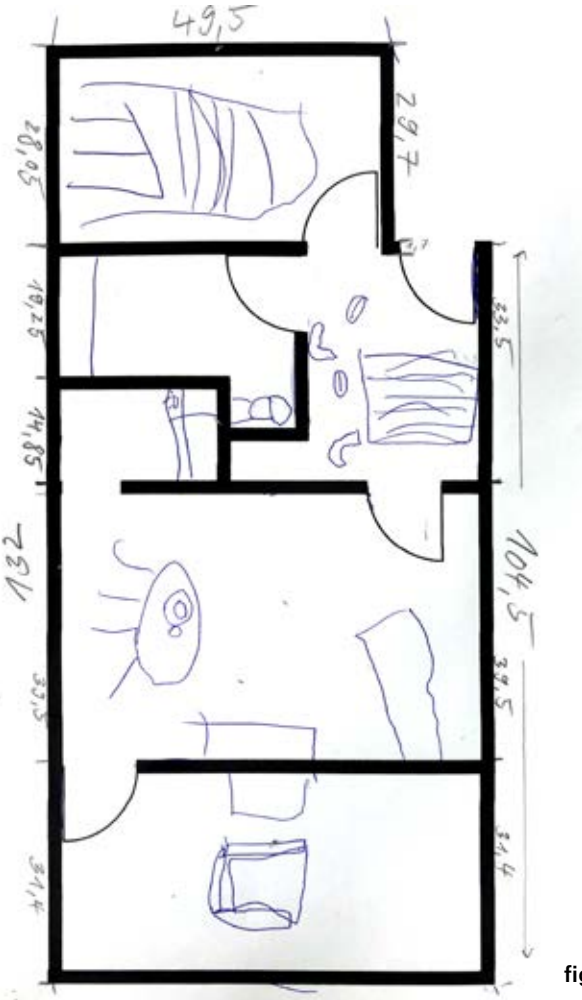


fig. 1
Our flats floor plan as a scetch for sewing applications, over sketched by Carla with furniture.

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 inne-
wohnt 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. Seit kurzem haben wir freitags eine sogenannten Stammtisch. Das ist das, was ich abends
zusammen mit der Familie nach einem Arbeitstag hinkriege. Wenn aber andersherum Abends Besuch zu uns Nach Hause kommt,
gerät unser Konstrukt des ins Bettgehens aus dem Gleichgewicht und das, was man sich gewünscht hätte tritt meist nicht oder erst zu später
Stunde ein. Ich frage mich, was es bedeutet, wenn der Tag um acht im Innenraum verklängt. Es bedeutet ich muss alle anderen Bedürf-
nisse vorher abhandeln, mich vorher treiben lassen, wenn ich arbeiten sollte. – LOWWORK, HIGHOUSE lese ich auf einer
Baseballkappe.

Aber was wenn dieses Zuhause einfach mehr Personen einschließen würde, kann ich mir das vorstellen? Es könnten nur Personen sein,
in deren Beziehungen ein Gefühl der Selbstverständlichkeit im Zusammensein liegt – oder Nachbar:innen überfallen! In der Küche von
jemandem sitzen, der viel Zeit zu Hause verbringt. Bei jemandem spontan klingeln der anwesend ist, ohne dass wir uns verabredet haben.
Eine Familie, an deren Wohnungstüre wir immer vorbei gingen und hörten – oder an ihren Schuhen, sahen, ob sie zu Hause waren und
dann einfach klingelten. Eine Beziehung außerhalb von Freundschaft, unverbindlich, jedoch klar strukturiert, selbstverständlich, unkompliziert,
nah. – Die gab es. Auf die räumliche Entfernung hat diese Beziehung seit längerem ein Ende gefunden. Ich hatte mal einen guten
Freund, dessen Hintereingang gegenüber meiner Wohnungstüre lag. Das war schön, einfach klopfen... Carlos Kindergartenbetreuung endet
am Spielplatz. Eltern kommen zum Abholen und bleiben – mit den anderen Eltern unverbindlich, vertraut. Man muss sich nicht verabre-
den, keine Spieldates, nirgendwo hingehen, keine Absprachen. Ich glaube das möchte ich von meiner erweiterten Familie. Keine Termine
vereinbaren. Nicht Verabredungen Monate vorher planen.

In den USA entstanden Anfang in Abwesenheit der Familienväter küchenlose Wohnungen, denn man war auf die Erwerbstätigkeit der
Mütter angewiesen. In jeden Wohnblock wurde eine erschwungliche Garküche eingeplant, in der alle Bewohner:innen im zugehörigen
Speisesaal aßen. Ich hab versucht das zu denken. Es in Angestellte, Arbeitslöhne, Ernährungsweisen und Unverträglichkeiten übersetzt und
bin gescheitert.
Dieser Prototyp des Neuen Wohnens hat es nicht über seine Kinderschuhe hinaus geschafft. Wenn junge Menschen (oft Studierende) ihre
Ursprungsfamilien verlassen, nur für sich verantwortlich, in der Phase größtmöglicher Flexibilität, ziehen sie mit Freunden zusammen
und sind immer wieder vom gemeinschaftlichen Leben entmutigt. – Dein Käse im Kühlschrank stinkt und sein Gestank mischt sich mit
der frischen Schärfe der Ananas – düstere Erinnerungen an alte Essensreste in Ausgüsse und kalte schmutzig vollgesogene Schwämme von
Mitbewohner:innen. Es braucht Vorbilder für qualitatives Zusammenleben ohne Hierarchien. Jahre später, weil genug Geld reinkommt, weil
man nun verbindlich leben möchte, weil Stadtplanung obendrauf nichts anderes als drei- bis vierköpfige Familien denken möchte, enden
gemeinschaftliche Wohnexperimente am Fußabstreifer, an der Tür zur eigenen Wohnung.

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 Abendessen, 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 – geräht, 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
Tropfenhaus 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 der Wohnung spielen. Ich lege die Fußmatte an ihren angestammten Platz und Carla spielt im weitläufigen
Tropfenhaus, Nachbar:innen kommen nach Hause und laufen verwundert vorbei. Ich hab die Kamera in der Hand – so sorgt das
Setting nicht für Verwunderung.

fig. 1

fig. 1
Text on our flat 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

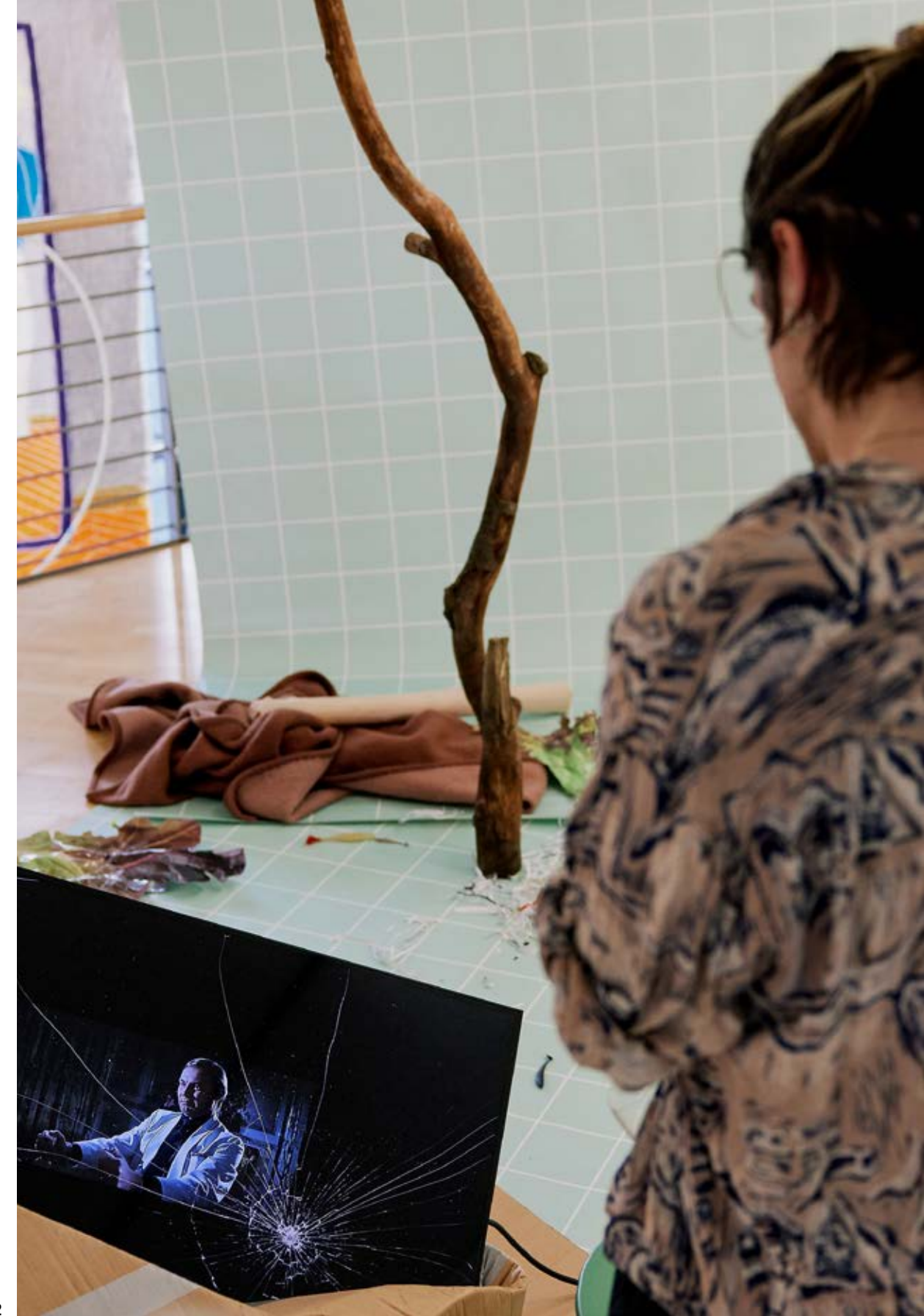


fig. 2

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, Popps Packing, Artist Residency, Detroit

One month residency at Popps 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, Türkenstraße, 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 modells covered
with three layers of ash
paste drying on rig





fig. 2

fig.1:
After the windfall apple strudel,
three layers of loam mass top-
ping 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. 2

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

fig.1
Closed forms are fired for about an hour

fig.2
Opened loam mold after burning

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:
Copper bracelett on soap plinth

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:
"Ittisbabys, 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, exhibi-
tion 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 jelli-
cious.



fig. 2



fig. 3



fig. 2



fig. 3

fig. 1:
Neon sign for frogs
meeting point.

fig. 2:
Another visitor perform-
ing on bench on his own.

fig. 3:
Visitor is guided by frogs
on duty to do the weight
on the bench.



fig. 1



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.

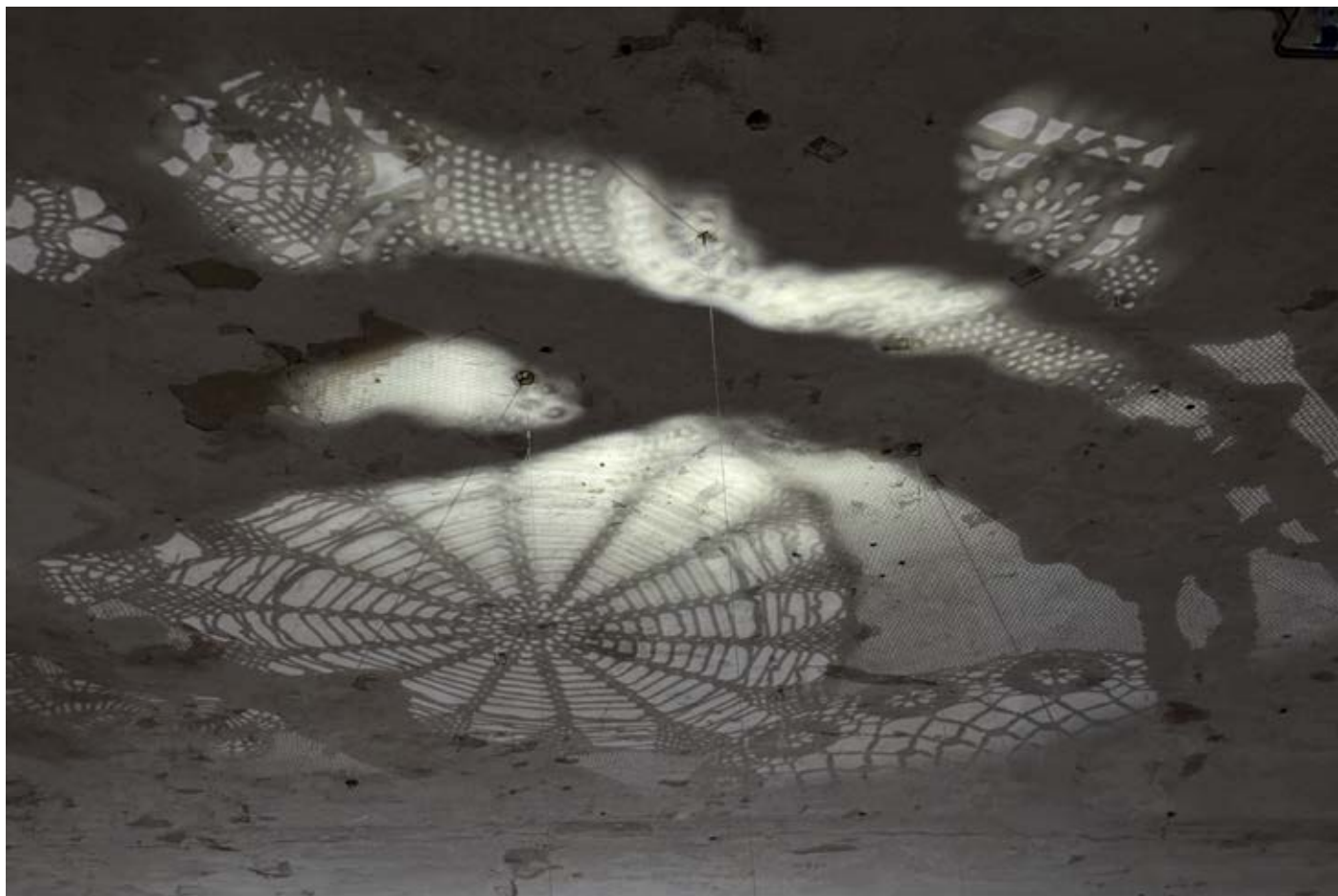


fig. 1

fig. 1:
Projections appearing
automatically on the
ceiling.

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



fig. 2



fig. 1

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

fig. 2



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

fig.:

After Action: Secret authentic
slips of papers from schooltime
(1993-95) are drawn and secretly
read by visitors.



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