

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: foundfootage 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, Simultanhaus 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
VERENA SEIBT

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?

with GINA FEHRINGER — NORA BLATTMANN
FRANZISKA SORGER — SABRINA WITZLAU
ÖYKÜ TOK — DARIA ZAKHVATOVA



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 models on "The monument of Dust"

- 1: Memorial of being 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 connected to Residency Program, construction wood, form sand, aluminium sculptures, Pavilion 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. 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 Doppel-gangers of everyday objects and consumer products to an otherworldly 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. 2



fig. 1
removing the plaster, with chisel and hammer.

fig. 2
half dismantled aluminium figure.

fig. 1
Detail from the presentation display at Pavillion an het water, seaview.



fig.1

fig. 2
Installation view.



fig.2

"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. 1



fig. 2



fig. 3



fig. 1
Evaluation of the winners.

fig. 2+3
Exhibition of plaster molds.
Visitors are asked to bet on
the weight of the resulting
aluminium cast. The closest
wins the sculpture.

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.



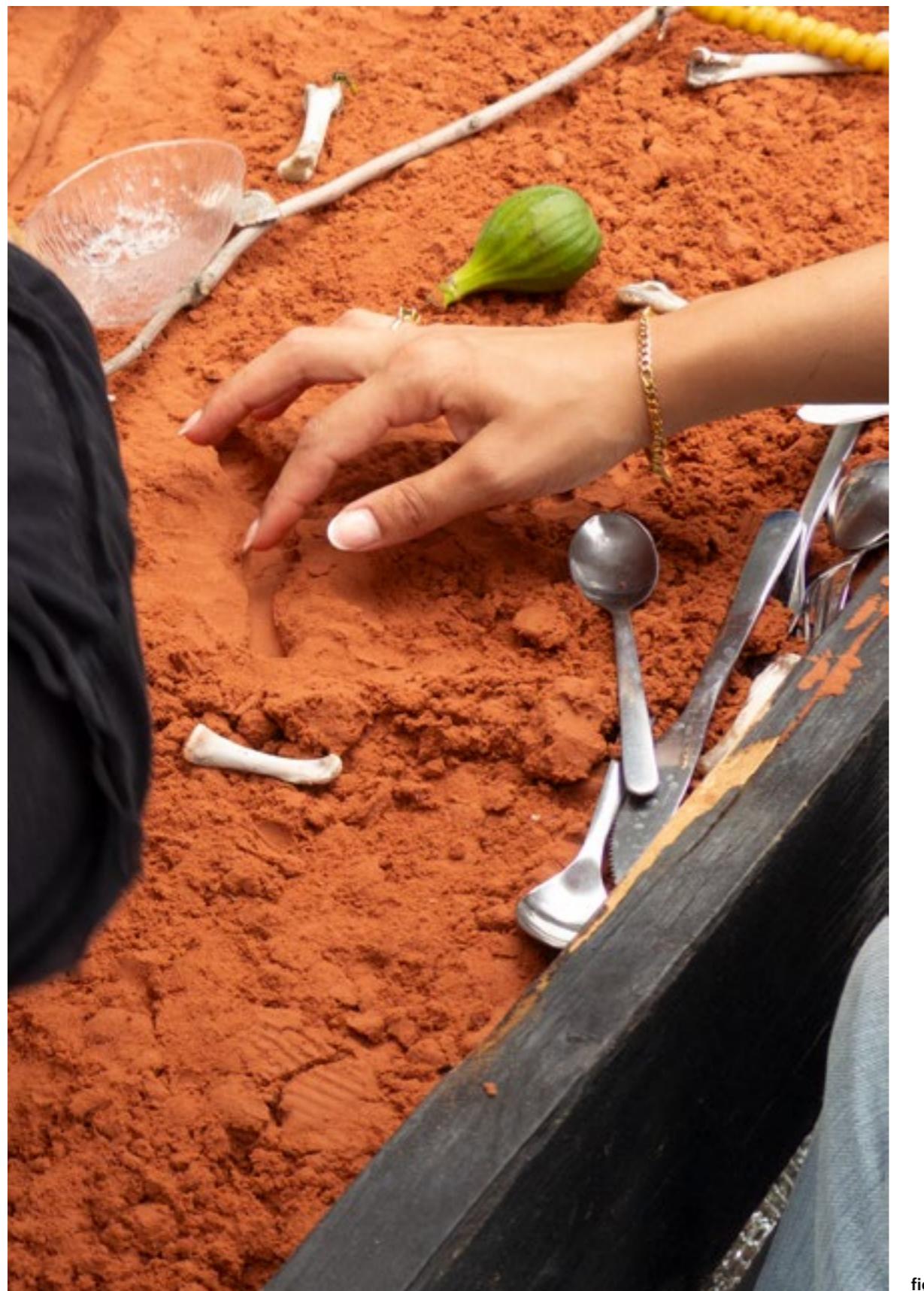


fig. 1

fig. 1
Participants start to imprint
and to carve into the moulding sand.

THE HUMAN AT THE FENCE

As 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. klickklick, klockklock, glogg, gloogg, krrrrrrrrrrrt (plastic fence white), klonk klonk (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 drapes. 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 - As 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 California canyons - Arroyo Blanco Estates - Barbie encarcerated 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 - Oh América - 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."

As 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 climb 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)." - As 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? - At 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 purses sit looser, the thieves strike. As knife cuts through artificial silk. As strange body bends over sleeping people. Their moist breath touches the approaching (too close) face. Nimble, 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 - Oily 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. - As 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 - looks 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 castles

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

STRANGE DAY AT THE BEACH, 2022

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 aluminium 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.

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



fig. 1

fig. 1
Sandbox after the casting
process, burned sand shapes.

fig. 2
Detail of the sculpture.

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

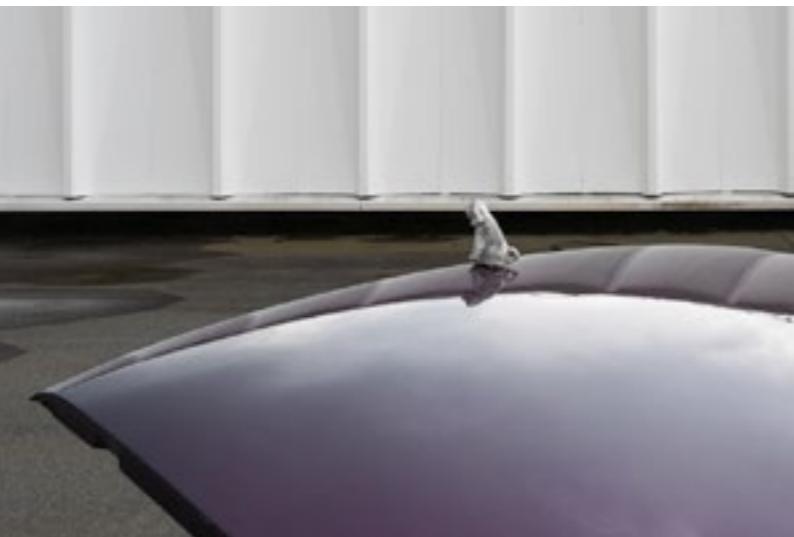


fig. 2



fig. 1-5
Exhibition view, Dak Dagen.

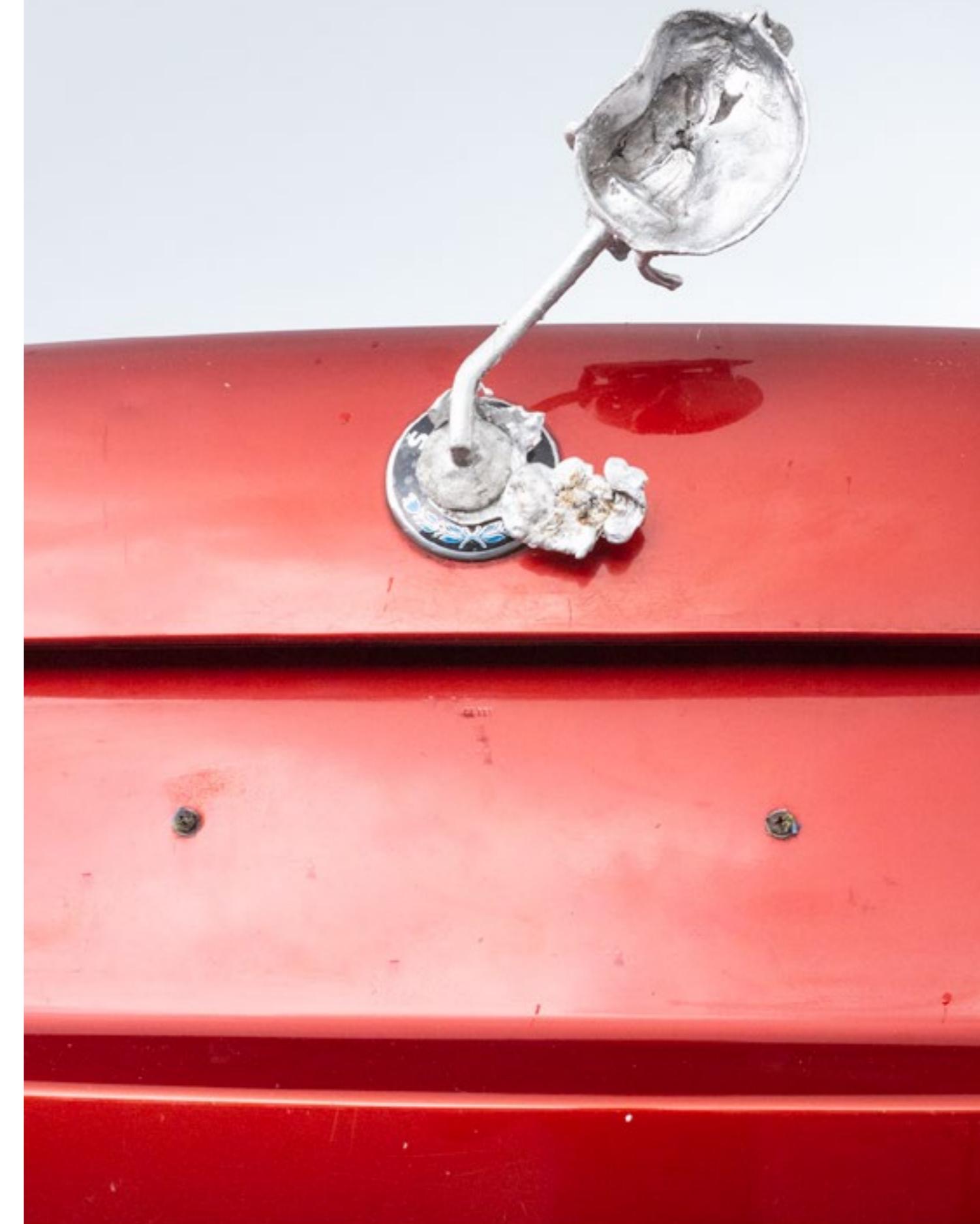


fig. 4



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
Cigarette box, with antismoking campaign, 25 x 15 x 8 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



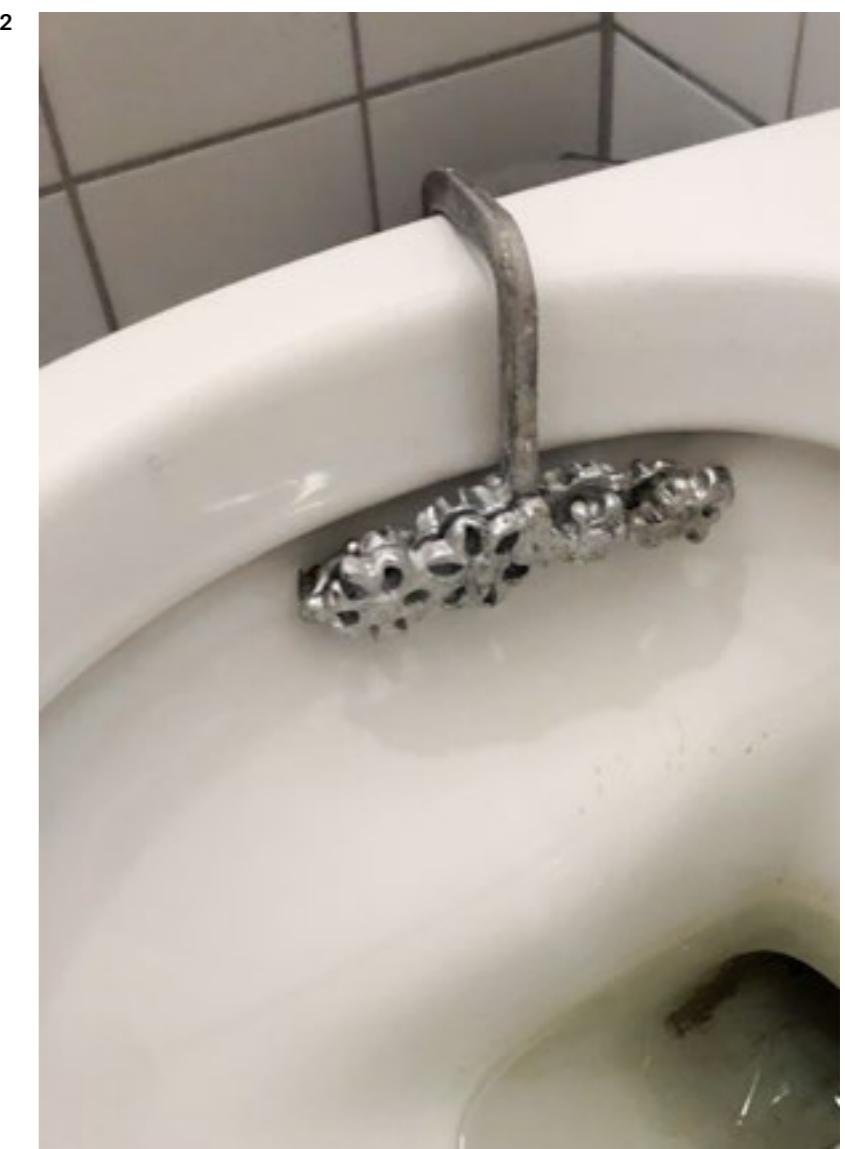


fig. 1

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

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

fig. 2



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.

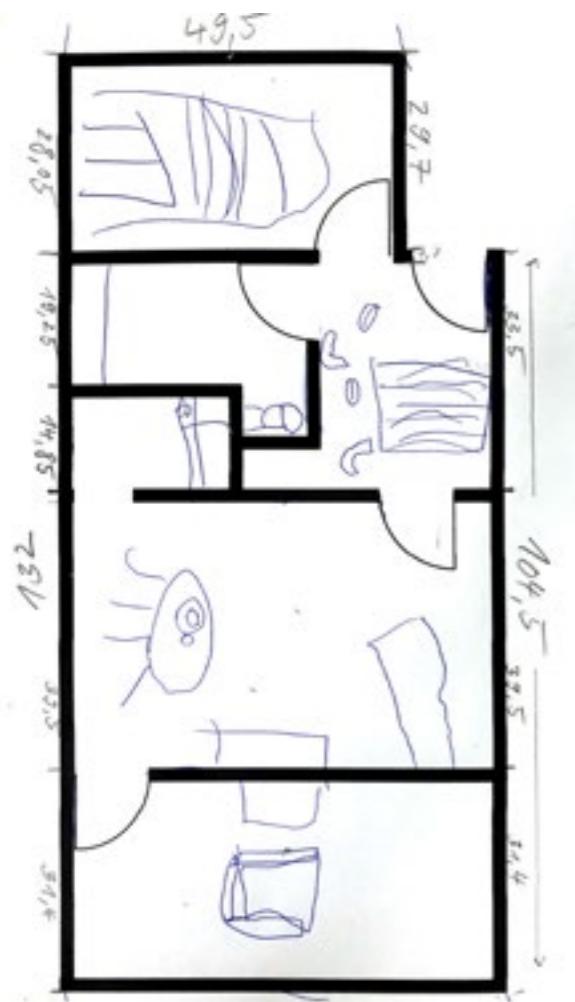


fig. 1

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

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

fig. 2

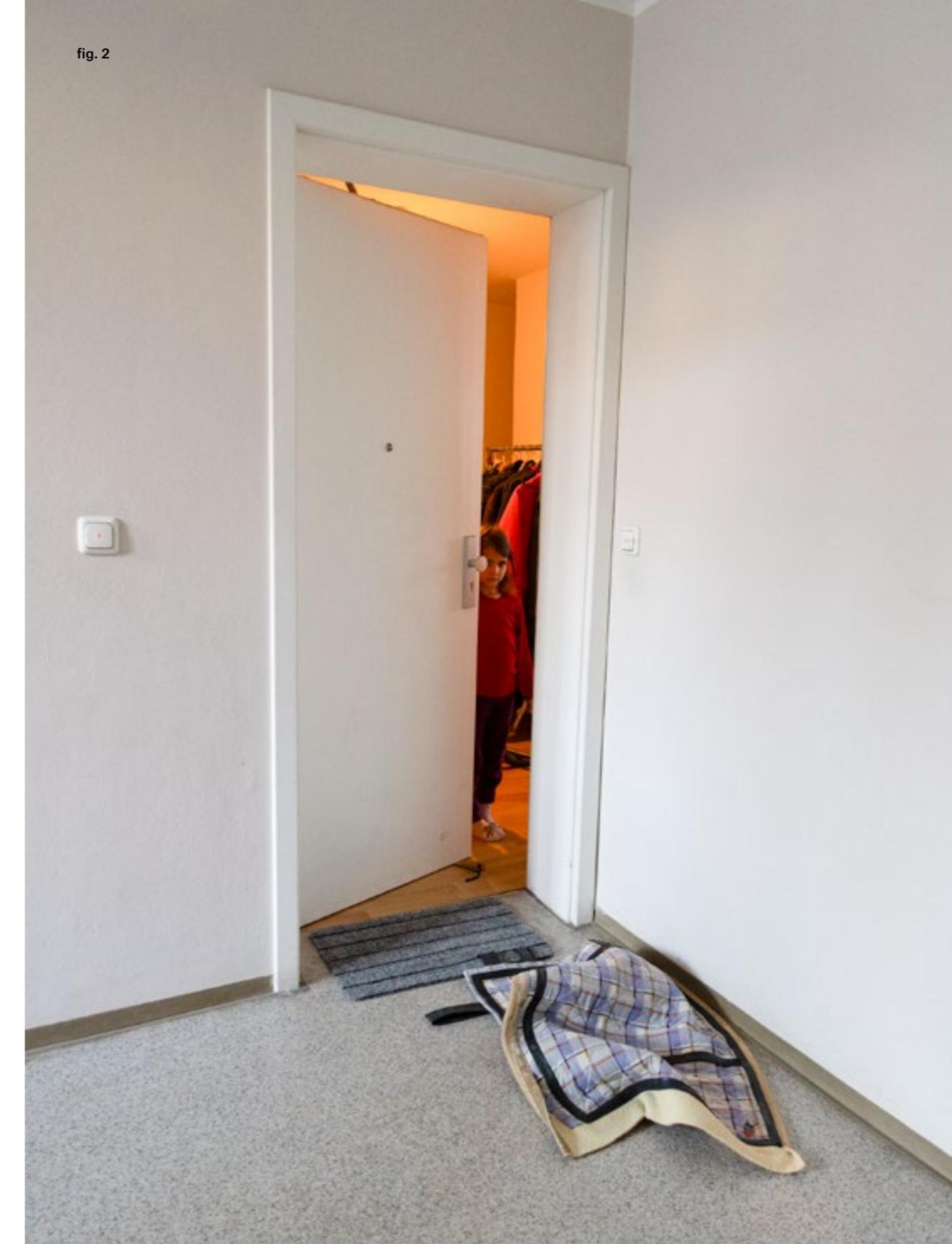
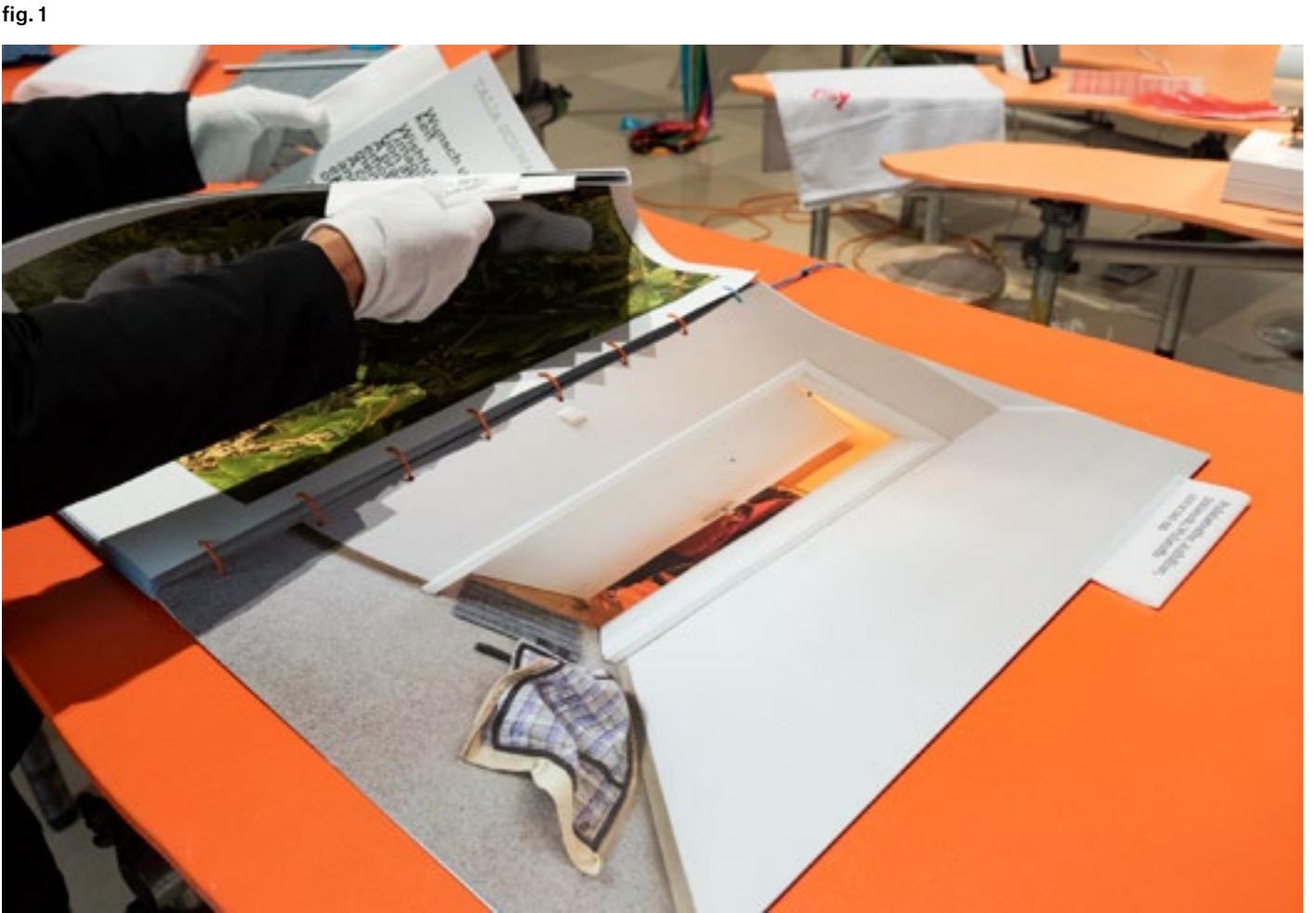


fig. 1
Book (A2) Object in exhibition,
browsed through by visitor.



Excerpt:

Manchmal kann ich den Traum gar nicht beschreiben, weil schon ein Gefühl der Unentlösbarkeit 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. Wär' 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 Bettgehn 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. (...)

fig. 1

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 Schuhsschachtel und wir sind die Schuhe in den Größen, 30, 41 und 43, die sich darin versuchen einzurichten. Geradeforme ich tagsüber Keramik-Schuhe im Atelier. Es röhrt 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 zügeln lassen. Die Zunge bestünde aus einer verlebten Wolldecke - als Basis, gehörte ursprünglich meinen Eltern. Darauf ein kuscheliger Karostoff gestopft, 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.

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. 1
Exhibition view, textile object on frame.

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

fig. 2
Stitching wishes on connecting mesh hand.



fig. 3



fig. 2

fig. 1



35

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, mirror, ceramic, among others.

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

The works 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 limita-
tions. 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.

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.



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

fig. 1

fig. 1



fig. 3:
"Doesn't Sound like Grand-
ma's Voice", HD, 18 min.

fig. 2:
Nothing Special, Video
observation video of the
artists flat.

fig. 2



fig. 1:
Geheuer Blond, hairclip,
motor wig.



fig. 1

fig. 2:
Sauger, fountain, glazed
ceramic, waterpump, pig-
ment, water.



41

fig. 2

THE TORTELLINI OF LAZINESS, 2023

together with Lena Anouk Philipp

The tortellini of laziness is a Fortune Cockie 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



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

fig. 1:
Grandma's Thong — burned
plastic, wax, glitter.

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



fig. 4

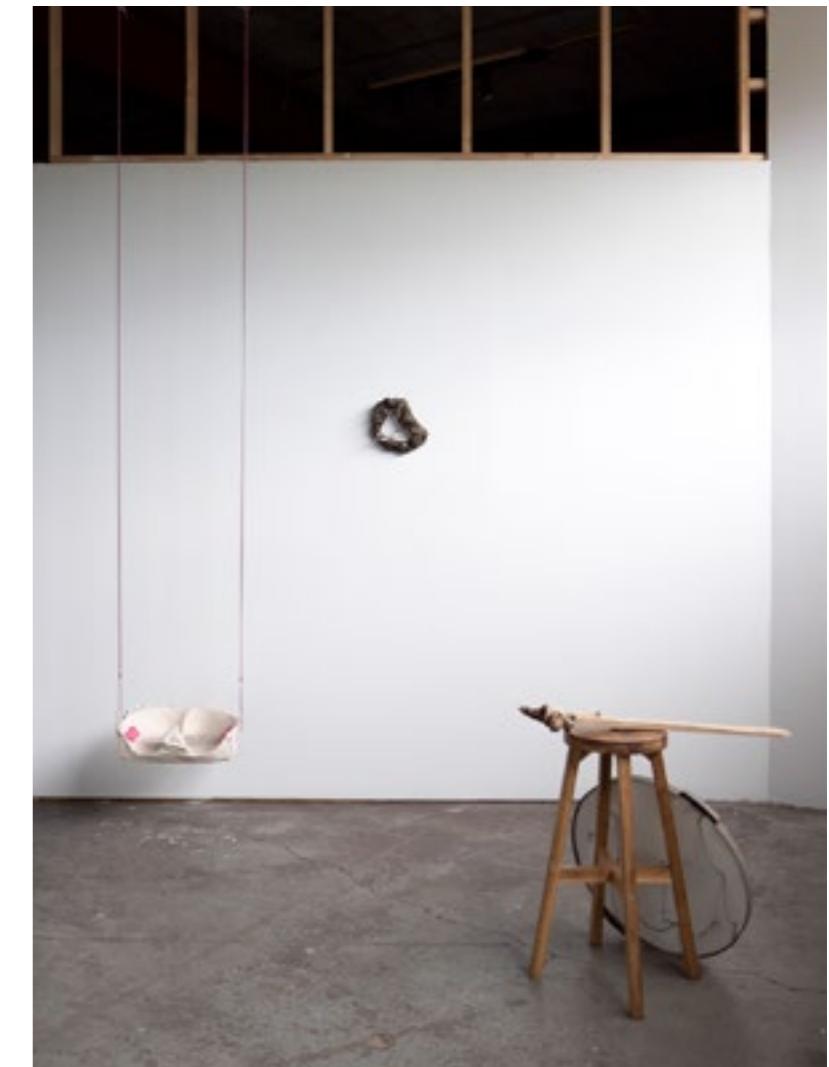


fig. 5

fig. 4
Swing – casting mold of a swing with imprints of my butt and vulva.

fig. 5
Exhibition view.

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

All sculptures that happend during the year



fig. 2

fig. 1
Exhibition view.

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



fig. 3



fig. 4

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

fig. 4
Krumme Gedanken,
aluminium cast, glazed and
unglaced 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.

HURTS, 2024

Glazed ceramic vase with hole, recycled plastic
flowers from the graveyard dump



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
Emilie and Tabeas clay
company in exhibition.



fig. 1



fig. 1
Night view, window left room.



fig. 2

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

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. 2

fig. 1
Wax is melting out on
bonfire from loam molds.

fig. 2
Loam molds are filled with
metall granules and close
with loam lid and fresh loam
mass.



fig. 1

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 Wermendorf:

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...

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. 1
Closed forms are fired for about an hour.

fig. 2
Opened loam mold after burning.

fig. 3
Copper bracelet on soap plinth.



fig. 1



fig. 2

fig. 3



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. So instead: I created an arrangement of objects that reference these themes.

Altes Jagdschloß Wermsdorf, Exhibition Grasping Space. 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

fig. 2



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", pretending to be a nipple – a concrete skull pacified: "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, "Iltisbabys, if You Fulfill me, I'll Fulfill You", a flute for two lovers – it's tones fill the space with sounds. And finally: "... 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.

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.

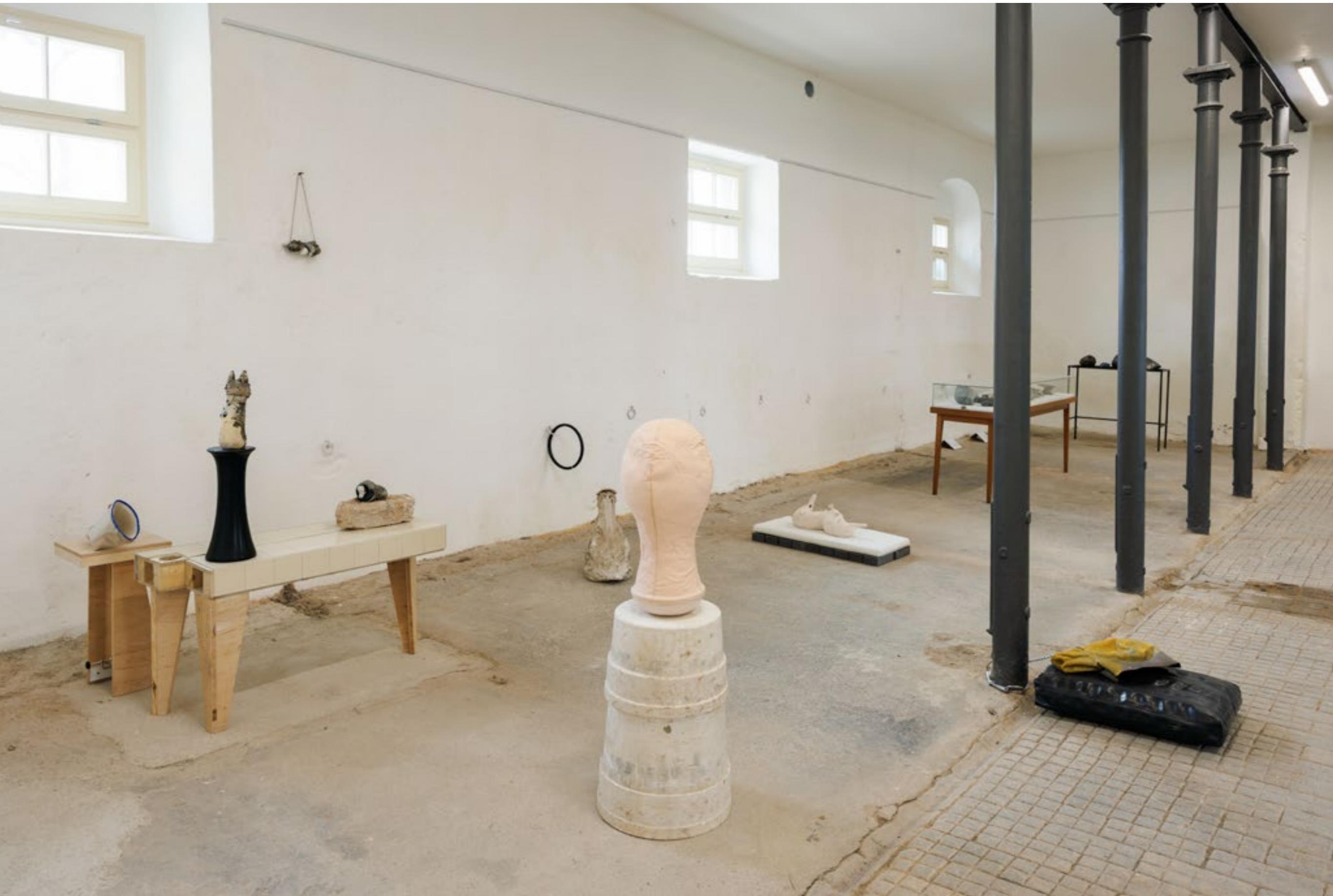




fig. 1

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:
"It is babys, if You Fulfill me, I'll
Fulfill You", a flute for lovers,
black bricks, baby matrace,
ceramic.



fig. 2



fig. 1

fig. 1
Clinging to Mama's Hem
— Macho Baby.", concrete,
silver chain, ceramic, rubber
tube.

fig. 2



fig. 2
"Animal Lovers", Rein, chain,
wax, rubber bed.

Work table for 60 glass elements to be inserted into the window bars at JVA Stadelheim (2026), illustrating a text passage from lyrics written by prisoners themselves.
Project commissioned by Baureferat München.

On the table: ink sketches, glass samples and test pieces, a tablet with video documentation by BR München with Waseem Segers, pens and brushes, and a 1:1 scale model of the bars.

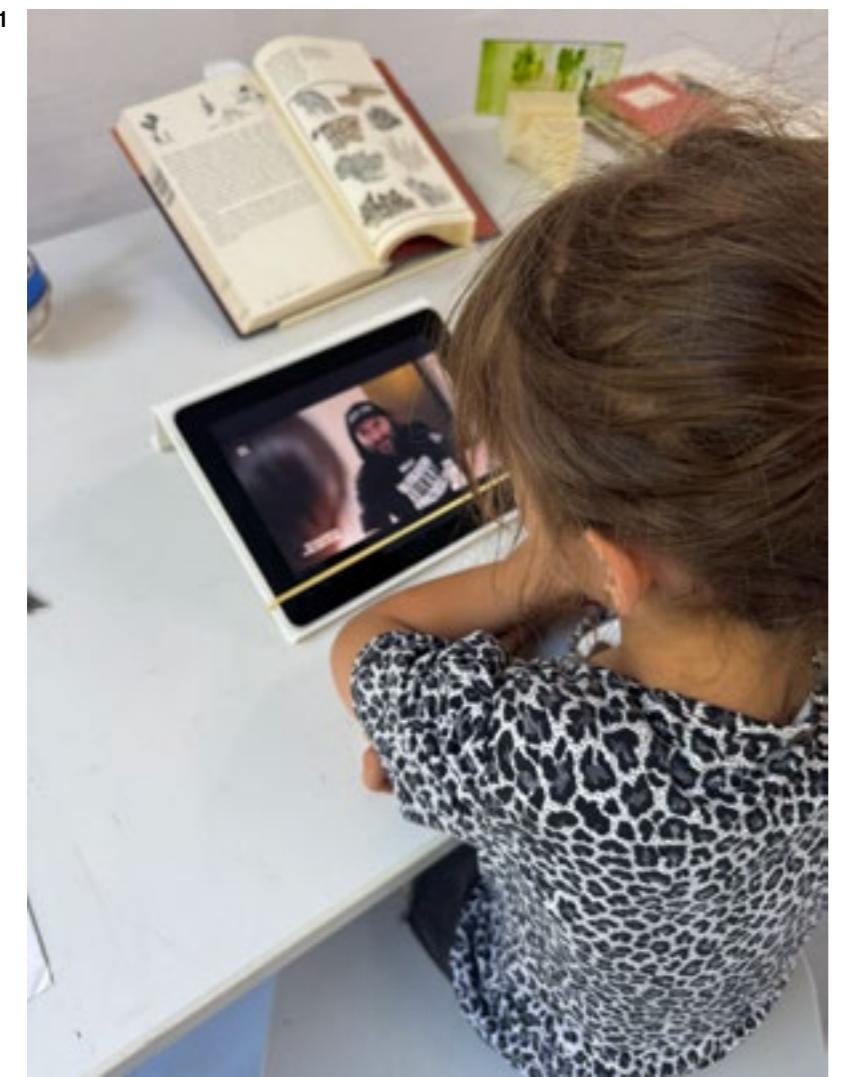


fig. 1

fig. 1
Girl is watch Tv documenta-
tion of the project.

fig. 2
Visitors are watching the
presentation of the sketches
for the glass works.



DHT (5A-DIHYDROTESTOSTERONE)

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. 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
Froghand gloves to slip in for
the muscle work out.

fig. 2
Visitor trying the muscle
bench.

fig. 1

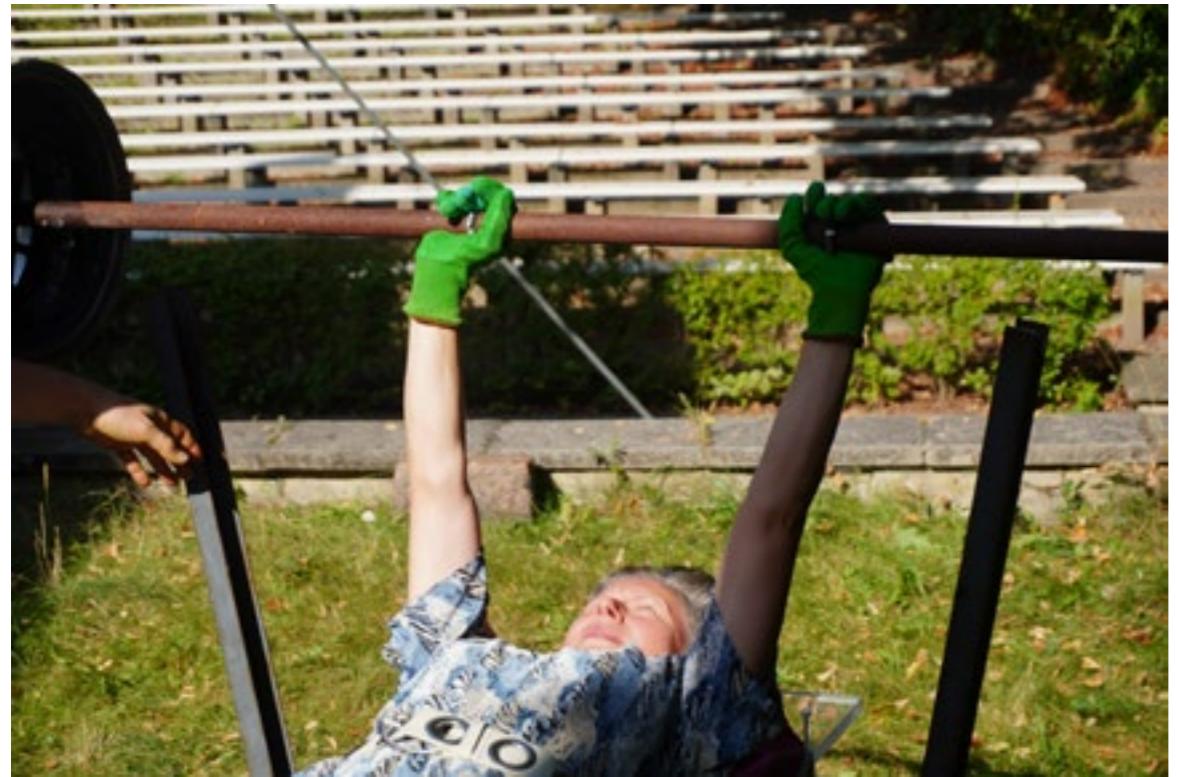


fig. 2

fig. 1
Frog toe / drink holder



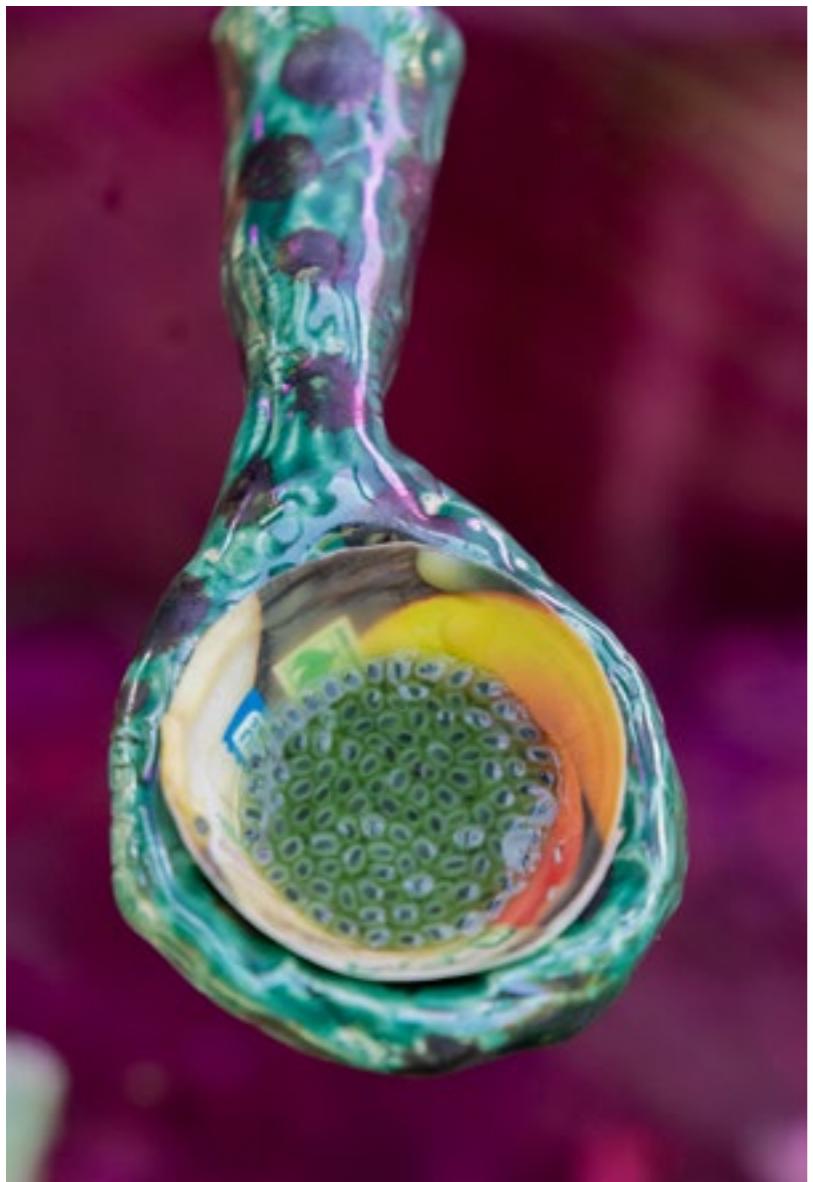


fig. 1



fig. 2

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

fig. 2
Frog dHT Commercial.

fig. 3 + 4
Consumption of frog egg
drink. Pearly and jellicious.



fig. 3



fig. 4

fig. 1
In the background: mobile
trailer for live aluminium casts.
sandboxes with casts carried
by.



WURZEL (ROOT), 2024
Collaboration Verena Seibt, Klara Adam and Georg Scherlin

A multi-day participatory aluminum casting in a public space, culminating in an installation. Aluminum scraps, wooden boxes, molding sand, digging tools, stamps, kiln, car and rack on trailer, casted letters Heimathaus Traunstein, Stadtmuseum Abensberg, Schere Stein Papier e.V, Dachau



fig. 1



fig. 1



fig. 2

For three weeks, we traveled together, showing one another the places where we grew up, Traunstein, Dachau, and Abensberg. Local history museums lent us historical objects, which we used as molds in our casting sandboxes. Together with visitors, relatives, and friends, we cast three roots from aluminum scrap—live, in public space—and mounted them one by one on our mobile casting trailer.

In the evenings, we returned together to our childhood homes: sleeping in our childhood beds, camping in the leftovers of a family house, visiting aunts with a piece of cake, or trimming hedges that had been left to grow wild for too long by the neighbors. The root reaches deep into the soil of time—how natural the desire to linger there, if only for a moment.

fig. 1
Digging forms, shapes and channels
into sandboxes

fig. 2
Live Casting trailer in Dachau at
Matzgerhof.

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

fig. 1
Visitor in the Wurzel grotto
during daytime.



ROOT (Wurzel) Installation
Lace doilies, nylon, workbench board, Asbach Uralt, Coke,
and archived school notes, Atelierhaus Baumstraße,
München

In Munich, we built a transparent cave around our three roots—an enigmatic space, accessible only by rolling under on a board. Beneath a canopy of joined lace doilies, details emerge in the beam of a headlamp: dinosaurs, floral forms, meandering branches, involuntary faces and ghosts, a silver ear, a crayfish. High above, the lace casts grotesque, web-like shadows across the studio walls.

A part of us is still down there... still sitting in the emptied-out house, stepping barefoot into thorns and ripe peaches in the morning. I can see your child's breath in the corners of my eyes.



fig. 2



fig. 2

fig. 1
Visitor film her ride under the
root vault.

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



fig. 2



fig. 2

fig. 1
Detail, root cave enlightened.

fig. 2
Wurzel show, studio space,
with head lamp projections at
the ceiling.

EL GROTTO, 2025

Georg Scherlin & Verena Seibt
Public Sculptur and miniature world building workshop
comissioned by Auf weiter Flur e.V.
Steelframe, wire fence, paper and spray paint
Lehngericht, Augustusburg





fig. 1



fig. 2

fig. 1
Papercave counter shot,
backlight.

fig. 2
Inside the paper cave, wall
view.



fig.1

fig. 1
Paper / Leaf bat hanging
from the cave entrance.

fig. 2
Inside the paper cave, wall
view backlit.

Grotto, vault, cave, tunnel – all these words describe underground spaces that can be sanctuaries and shelters, dreamscapes and treasure chambers, mines and archives all at once. In this region, they too are deeply entwined with history and myth.

The cave is home to bats, dwarves, and gnomes – and to their hidden treasures. It invites you to pause, to dream, to lose yourself in the winding patterns of its stone walls. And it is also a place full of secrets and discoveries: children from Augustusburg have created tiny chambers and nestled them deep within the cave – like little hideaways from another world.



fig. 2

Set off on a journey – in search of stories, treasures, and traces. Meet Gustav Gandalf, the gnome Robert, and his friend Charlotte. Perhaps you'll find a crystal treasure deep in the stones... or uncover where time is made. Take a close look.

fig. 1



fig. 1
Visitor entering cave.

fig. 2
Cave wall construction detail.

fig. 3
Visitor peeping into the children's miniature worlds workshop, hidden in the paper stones and walls.

fig. 4
Visitors exploring the cave and their hidden treasures.



PIGEON CITY, 2025

commissioned by Raumfragen e.V
Ongoing Open Clay Workshop (5 Days)
as part of "hello Kunstbau..."
Kunstbau, Lenbachhaus Munich
Modelling clay, raw perforated bricks
9x3x1,50 m

Together we plunge our hands into clay and create movable cities for pigeons out of unfired perforated bricks. What kinds of houses, squares, and places do we want to build for our spatial expert 'Taubi'? What will she do? Where might she feel at home? Come by and knead, shape, cut, and stack clay with us!

fig. 1



fig. 1
Taubi, Porcellaine pigeon.

fig. 2
Day 5, detailshot.

fig. 3
Day 1, child is showing her her work to her mum.

fig. 4
Day 4, participants building tree trunk house.

fig. 2





fig.1

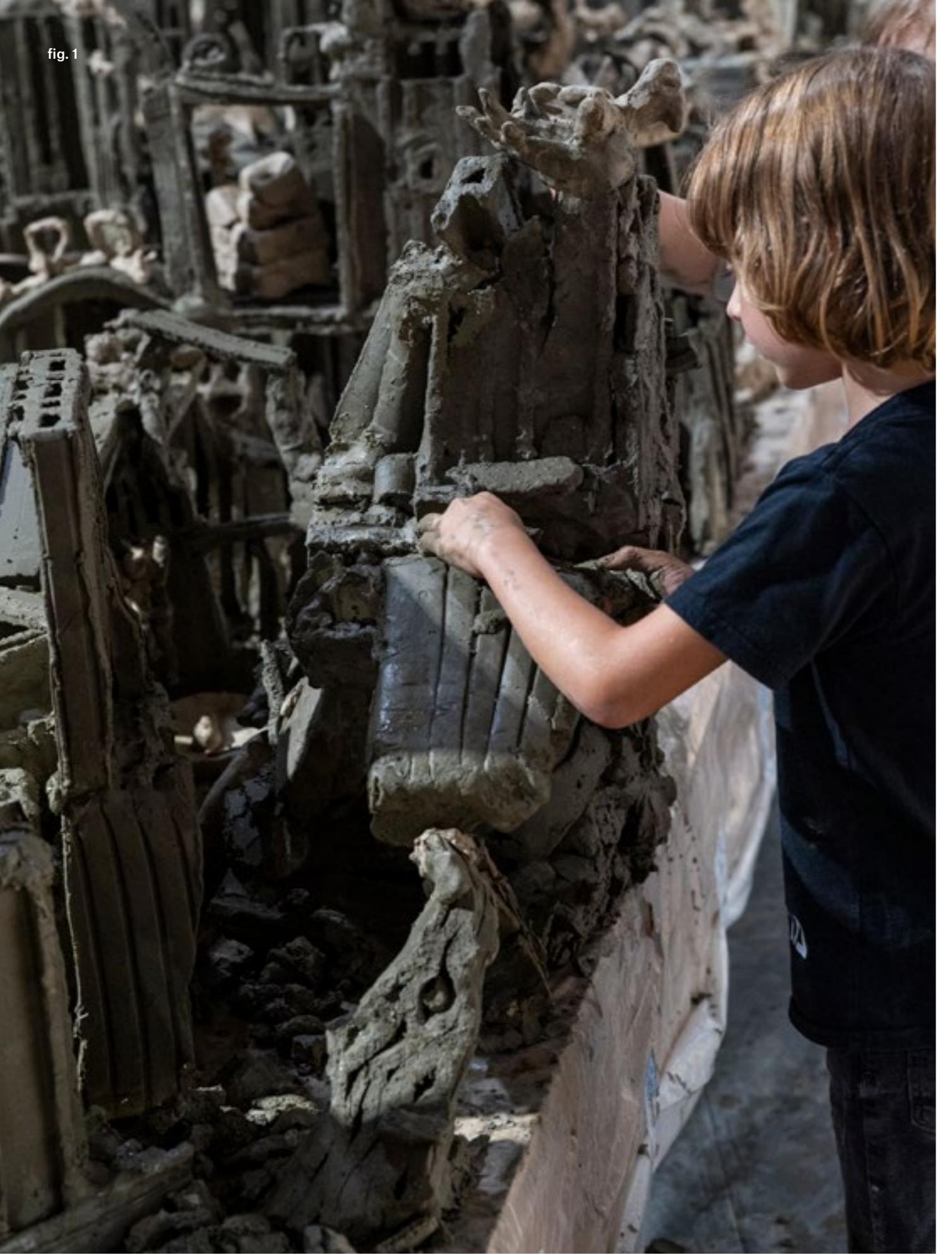


fig. 1
Day 5, kid doesn't want to
stop working.

fig. 2
Day 5, presentation of the final
stadium of the city.

fig.2





EXCTINCTION MINIGOLF BOULEVARD, 2025

Art Ashram, Klara Adam, Verena Seibt, Markus Zimmermann
Ge Orgel, Gelsenkirchen, Recycling minigolf pacour, materials
collected from "Kleinanzeigen zu Verschenken" and sidewalk dumps.

In the backyard at Bochumer Str. 150 the Adam-Seibt-Zimmermann team turned trash into treasure. Using discarded IKEA, Poco, Roller & Co. furniture and bulky waste, the trio has built a quite fragile mini-golf course. While the sea level is rising every minute — every player has to rush to get his egg to safety. What more could you ask for — on the brink of extinction?

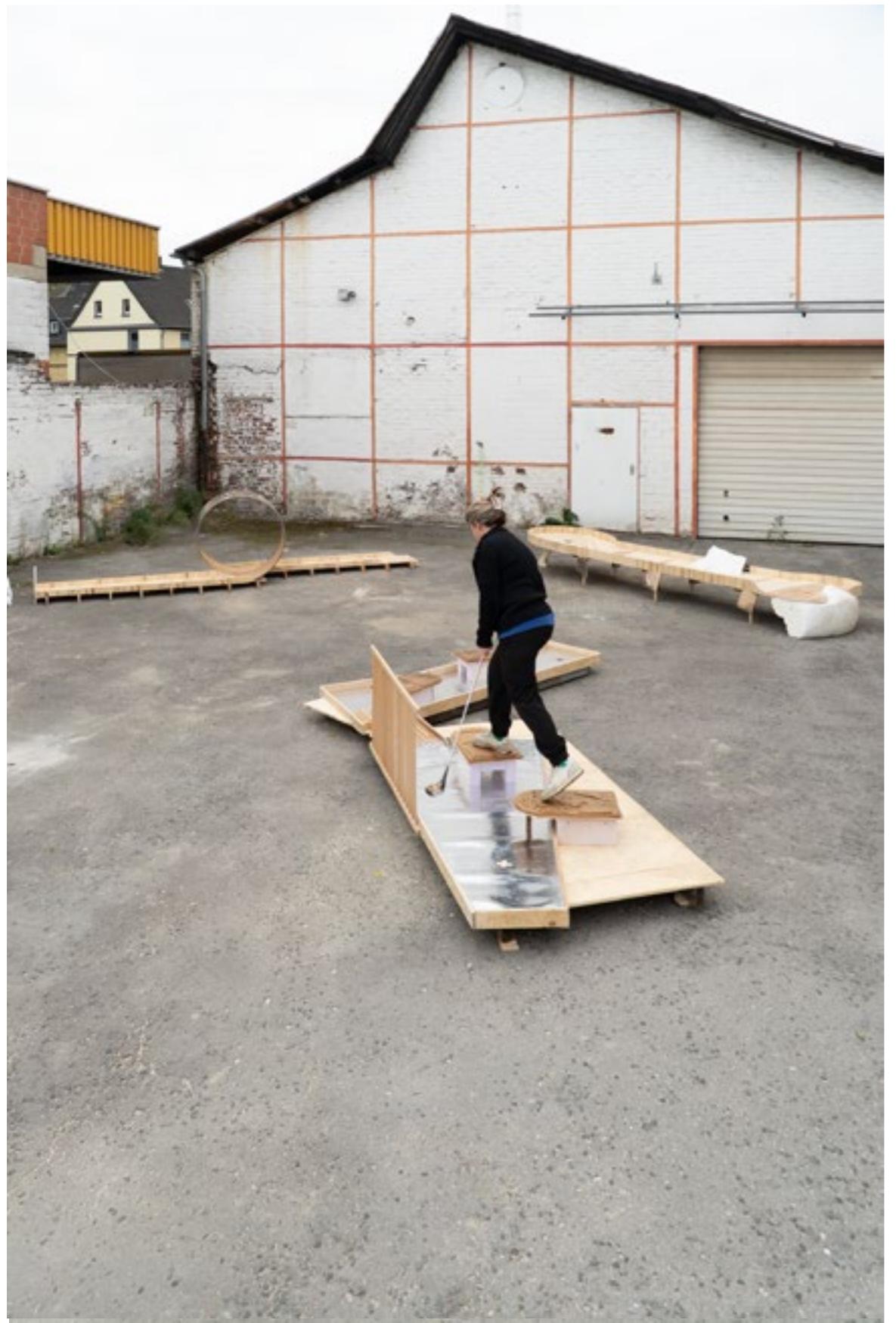


fig. 1

fig. 1 + 2
Visitor is playing mingolf
track: NO TIME.

fig. 3
Girl wins against time.

fig. 4.
My mothers flowered sock
serves as the goal.



fig. 3



fig. 4

fig. 2





fig. 1



fig. 3

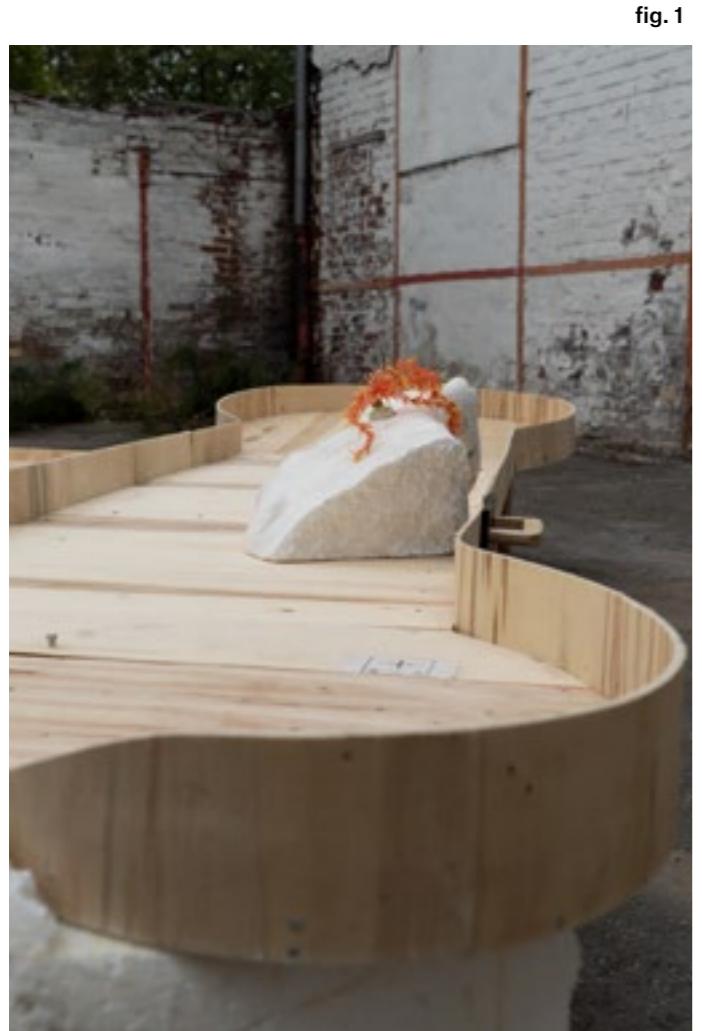
fig. 1
fCloud shaped goal
NO MONEY.

fig. 2
Looping track: NO MONEY.

fig. 1
Detail of NO LUST track.

fig. 2
Visitor playing NO LUST.

fig. 3
Full view of track.



Love spell performance as a wedding ritual,
Weißenburger Platz, München
Text and dramatic composition by Lilian Robl, costume,
stage and props: Verena Seibt, performers: Mariella Maier,
Anne Kapsner, Carla Splett, Lilian Robl, Verena Seibt

Chapters: I. Invocation, II. Ritual, III. Sealing.



fig. 1

fig. 1
Bread mask for performing
persons by Verena Seibt.

fig. 2

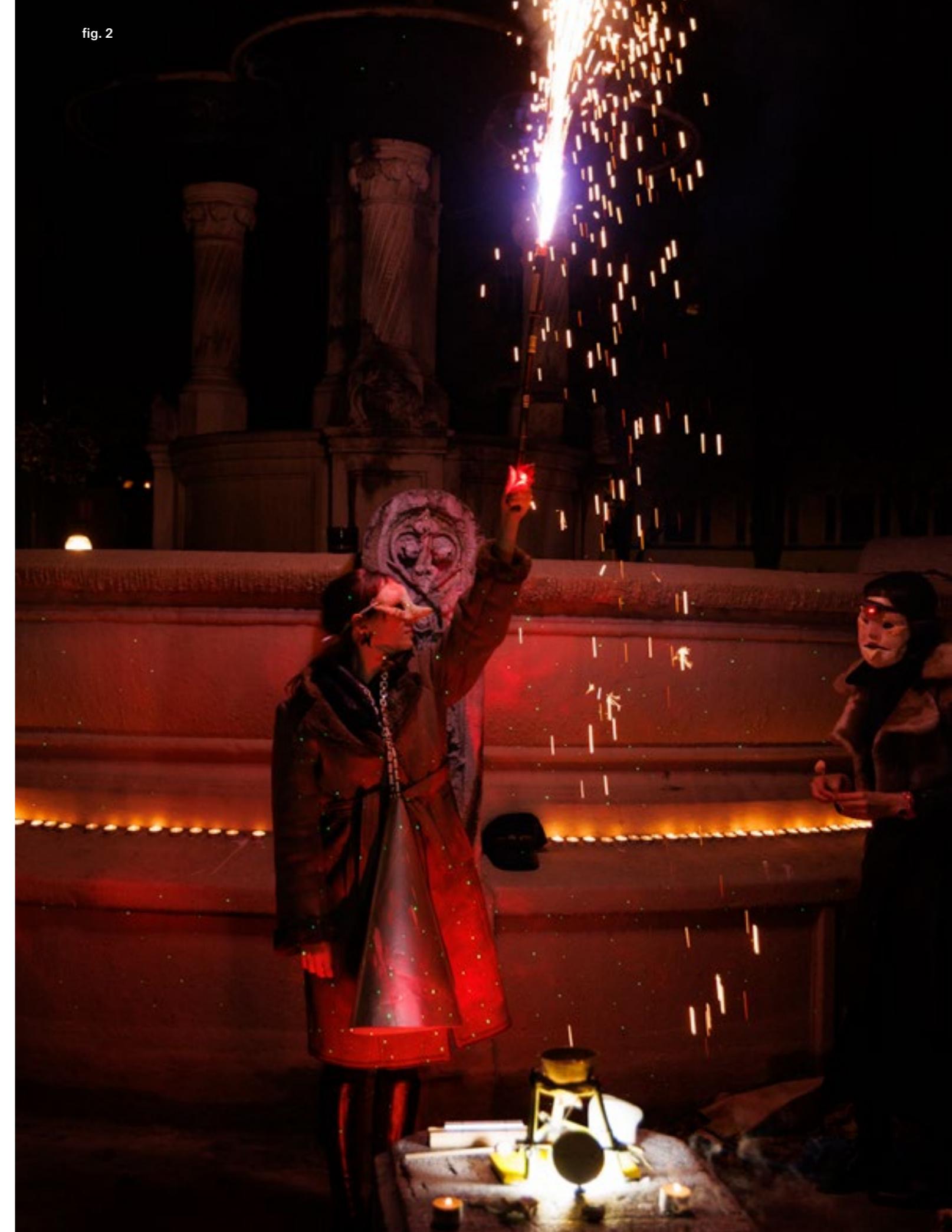


fig. 2
Invocation Lilian Robl.



fig.
The Ritual: the love potion is
getting bespoke.



fig. 1

fig. 1
The Ritual: Love potion
brewing Carla Splett and
performers.

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