

Sophie Schmidt
Portfolio

Selected Works 2012-22





Artist Statement

Prostheses as artistic entanglement – a feeler for concrete touch

In my artistic work, I begin with the body, a body that opens itself up and connects. The prosthesis as bodily complexification plays a central role in this. I build prostheses, bodily openings and transformation machines and connect them with painting, drawing and text. Hybrid, prosthetic bodies take shape in all these media. What emerges are cyborgs, although here I am referring to the feminine cyborg as conceptualized by Donna Haraway (Cyborg Manifesto, 1985).

To me, the prosthetic expansion of the body beyond the boundaries of its skin always means an entanglement, connection and empathy in the sense of a *bodily complexification*. I refer consciously to bodily complexification instead of bodily upgrade in order to break with the conventional prosthesis' promise of high performance. Accordingly, my prostheses are no technological products but rather utopian constructs. Harnessing the power of the imagination, they subvert the primacy of the head over the gut and question the concept of the purely reason-driven human being. A new combinatorics of the body becomes necessary to interweave with the world in a new way and to overcome the separation between thought and sensation and other dualisms. Hence the new combinatorics of the body leads not to extensions but rather to complexifications and openings.

With my prostheses and new possibilities for bodily combinations beyond corporeal boundaries, I strive to reach another kind of being-in-the-world and a new bodily posture. For, bodily posture and the establishment thereof implies a certain approach to the world. With humans this means *head over gut*. With *Vampyroteuthis infernalis*, the vampire squid, as described by Vilém Flusser and Luis Bec (*Vampyroteuthis Infernalis*, 1987), the posture is the opposite of ours: gut over head. This changes a lot.

The occidental perspective defines the body as a thing that is separate from the spirit, that lies freely at our command. This dynamic is inscribed in and reproduced by conventional understandings of the prosthesis. This standard prosthesis and its techniques produce a body that separates itself from its environment and social world. This leads to the usual dualisms of body/soul, subject/object, culture/nature, human/animal, man/woman and all their attendant hierarchies. As rational progressive beings, we devalue less rational bodies. We ascribe less value to a feeler that grazes and grasps its environment tactilely and through proximity than to an eye that recognizes from a distance.

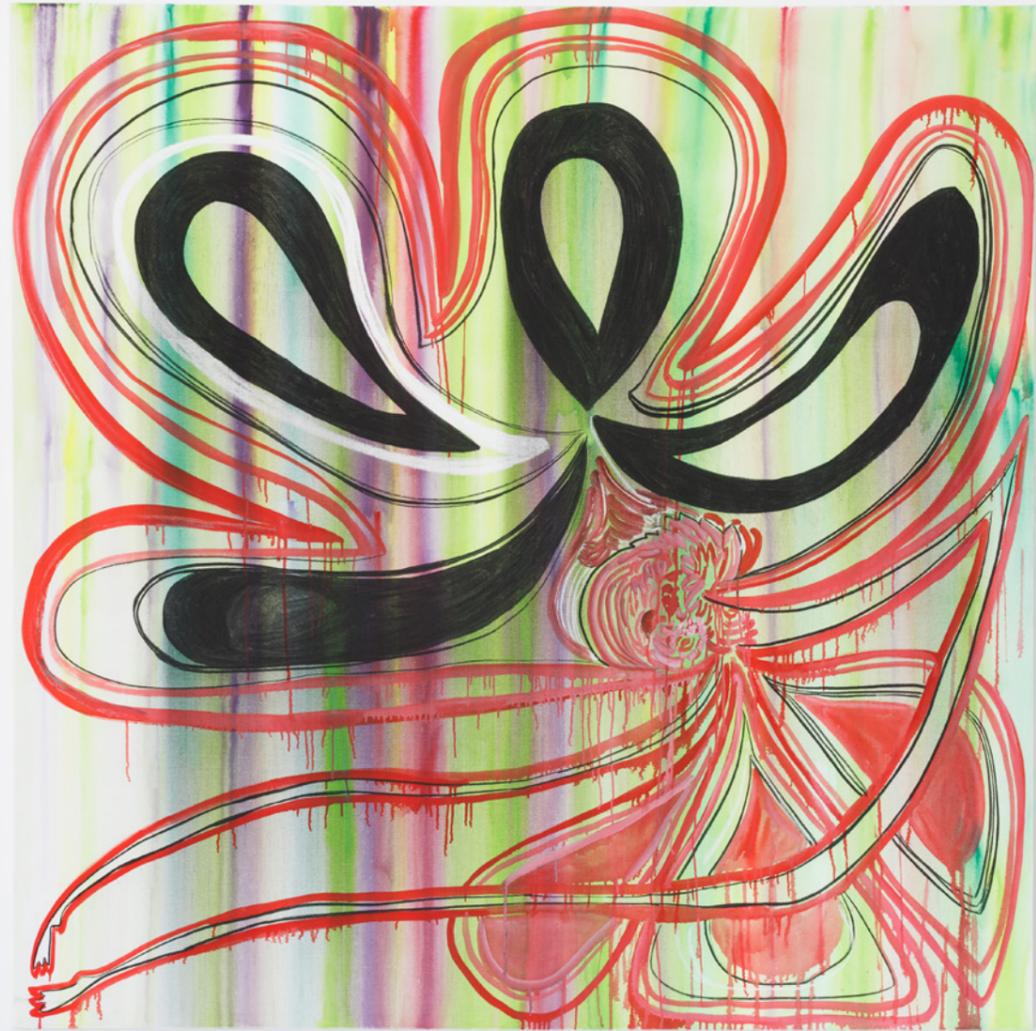
Since the prosthesis is supposed to remedy a deficiency, the question arises as to what specific kind of deficiency. Do we need the prosthesis to optimize? Or does the deficiency lie more in a lack of social cohesion?

My prostheses are counterpropositions to the optimization model. My mosquito gymnastics is not a gymnastics of strength. It leads to a becoming-small, a becoming-tender, a becoming-breakable, a becoming-vulnerable. My prostheses stumble, slow me down, complicate things. They are friendly but also resistive. They destroy, laugh, scream, cry and fail. They are tender, small, helpless, and then once again big and mighty. They destroy and fail only to begin anew.

And, they prefer a feeler as eye.







previous, right:
Schrankerschuh
Mixed media
Photos: Thomas Splett

left:
Di vegetabile

above:
Ombra Mai fu

next:
Blaue Schube
Gelbe Caffettiera
160 x 200 cm
Watercolor, acrylic and charcoal on canvas
2022





Die Cyborgprozession

Technical University (TUM)

Munich

2022

Photos: Thomas Splett & Nikolai Gumbel





Cyborg Procession from TUM to the Propylaea at King's Square, Munich

The Cyborg Procession took place in summer 2022 and is understood as a trans-disciplinary artistic project developed as part of the seminar “Cyborg architecture as utopian bodies” in the Gender Studies in Architecture department at TUM Munich together with Lili König (singer) and the students of the Lehrstuhl für Architecture.

The Cyborg Procession started at TUM and ended at the Propylaea at King's Square. There, the pillars of the Propylaea were re-dedicated. A *Taufmaschine zum Atmen auf Rädern* (Dedication Machine for Breathing on Wheels) was used for the renaming ritual. Strings were tied to the pillars, spanning between them. String games with conspecifics were played (see Donna J. Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene*, 2016). At the end of the procession we assembled in the Propylaea Hall and sang “Dona nobis pacem” in chorus.

The Cyborg Procession's point of departure is the body and its utopian potential for transformation.

In the occidental tradition the human body functions as a benchmark for the conception and perception of rooms and architecture. Classical architecture in its orientation to antiquity privileges the male body as its benchmark and, concomitantly, the human being as the measure of all things. In the seminar we critically engaged with this occidental conception and tradition of the body and reflected on alternative body concepts, transposing these onto a utopian architectural body. The act of dedication in the Propylaea renames “homo” as “humus” (see Haraway, 2016) so that we can understand human Being as interspecies coexistence. Coexistence as being connected with the tentacular, the earthly interconnected and interreaching, not with the heavenly gods and their ideas of progress. We looked for new and different forms of social togetherness, a communication of participation that overcomes hierarchies and integrates all kinds of beings.

We were fueled by the feminist approaches of theorists like Rosi Braidotti, Karin Harrasser, Ursula K. Le Guin, Silvia Federici and Donna Haraway.

We thus posed hybrid, participative and queer bodies as countermeasures to humanist body concepts as architectural benchmark. With these new and different bodily measures, we stood in opposition King's Square in Munich, to its classical architecture as well as its National Socialist history in order to unleash the utopian potential inherent in the new benchmark of a cyborg body. Donna Haraway's conceptual figure of the feminine cyborg (Cyborg Manifesto, 1985) was our point of reference.



previous:

Schneehuhnfrau II (Sind es deine Zähne, die dir aus dem Schopf wachsen?)

Schneehuhnfrau IV (Lass uns nochmal tanzen)

above:

Schneehuhnfrau I (Dein weiches Fell, das aufsteigt bis zur schneeigen Hornspitze)

next:

Schneehuhnfrau in Samt

Schneehuhnfrau V (Wir müssen Butterstücke essen)

Luft zu Haut

Solo show

5 paintings (acrylic, crayon, chalk and snow on canvas)

200 x 200 cm each

Beacon, Munich

2022

Photos: Thomas Splett

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KOPF

OHR KOPF OHR

OHR AUGEN NASE AUGEN OHR

AUGEN NASE AUGEN

OHRLÄPPCHEN MUND OHRLÄPPCHEN

ARM BAUCH ARM

BEIN BEIN

FUSS FUSS

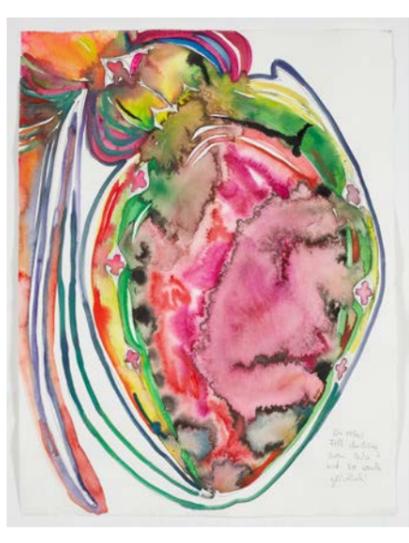
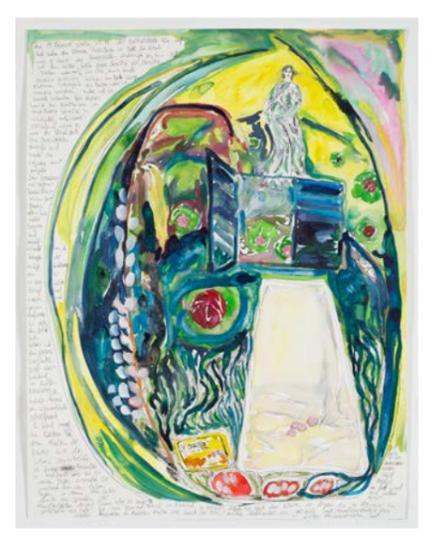
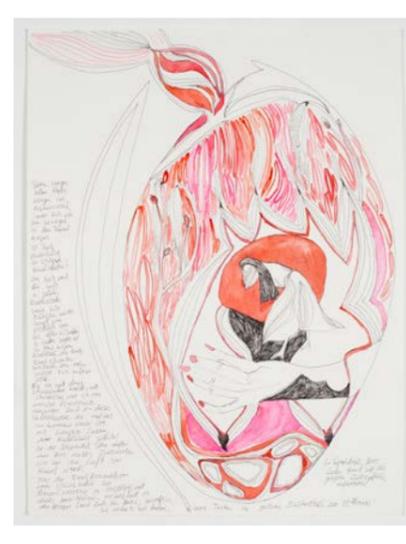
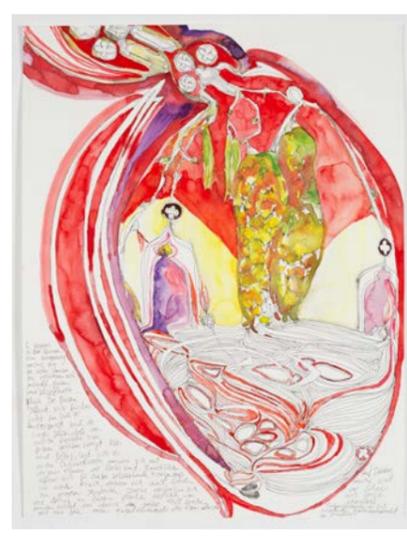
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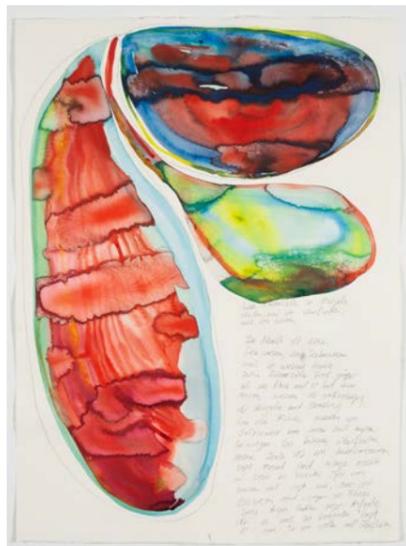




Moby Dick in Köln

Performance with object
Art Cologne, Knust Kunz Gallery Editions
Cologne
2021
Photos: Wolfgang Burat Courtesy





Schwindelaquarelle

Drawing series
Watercolor on paper
Various sizes
2022
Photos: Constanza Meléndez





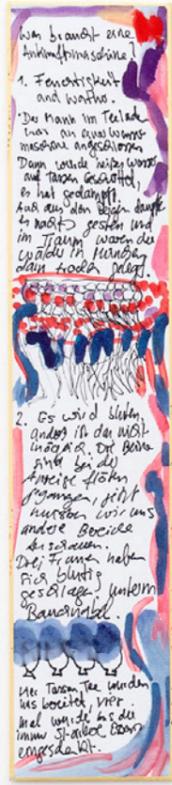
My mouth is full of tongues - Schneckenzahnzungen, Schlangenzüngelei, Teethtongues and Mothertongues

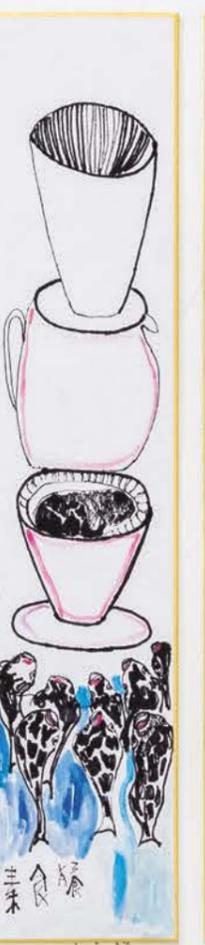
Solo show
Apartment der Kunst
Munich
2021
Photos: Thomas Splett



Bauchvorhangöffnung

Solo show
Galerie Tobias Naehring
Berlin
2021
Photos: dotgain.info







How much Venice water do you
carry in your legs, still?
And how much Taipei water do
you feel in the fields, now?

Solo show with performance
Frontier Gallery No. 9, Treasure Hill Artist Village
Taipei
2021
Photos: Chong Kok Yew



previous:

Papayafrau

Wall painting in two parts, part 1

Watercolor and ink on wall

2.5 x 3 m

2021

above:

Taipehfeldwerdung mit Kniebergen in A Loft Hotel

Wall painting in two parts, part 2

Watercolor and ink on wall

2.5 x 3 m

2021



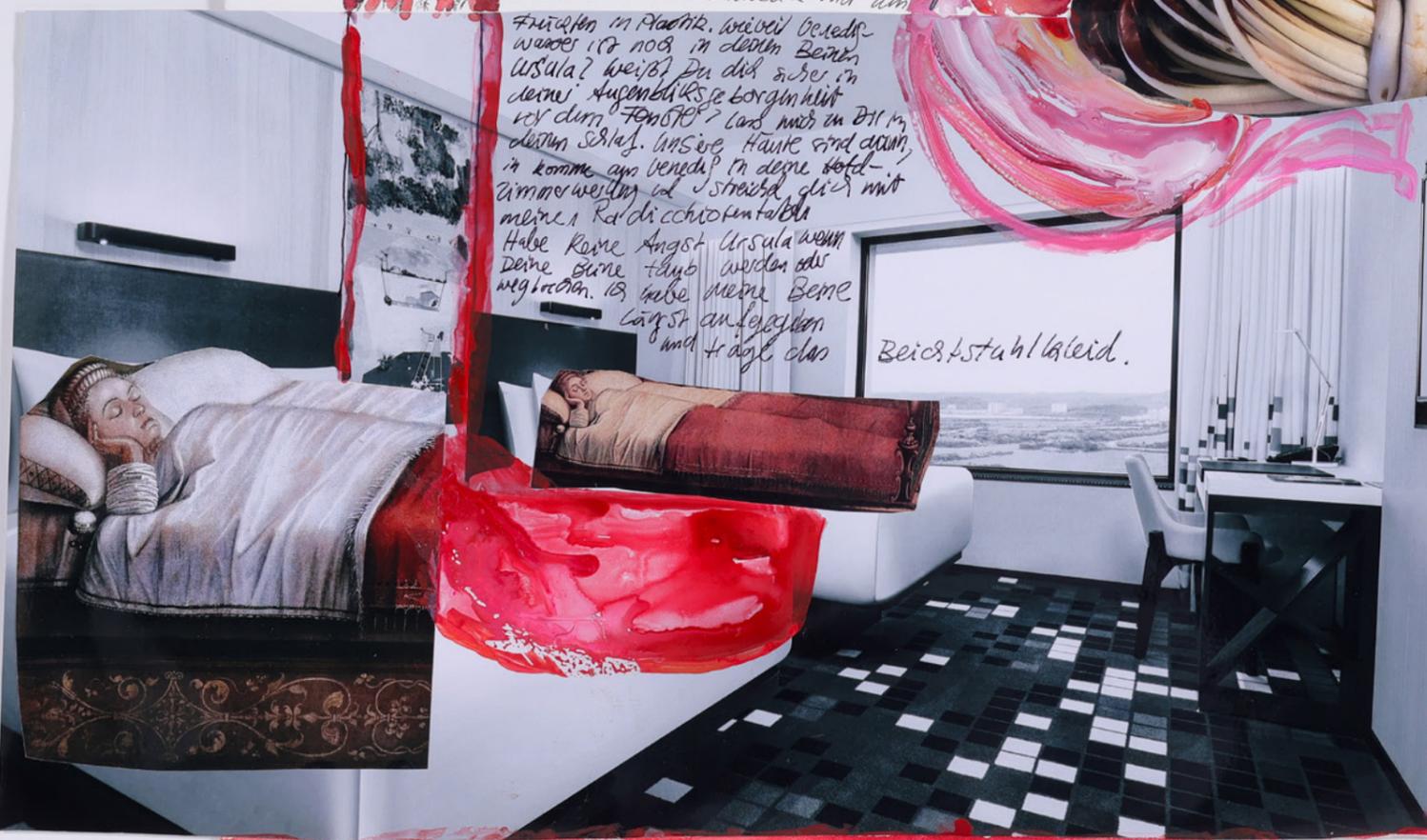




left:
Schau, ich habe die Vorhänge meines Bauches aufgezogen für dich. Siehst du das Licht in der Empore?
 Watercolor, ink and photo on paper
 65 x 50 cm
 2021

above:
Mein Fenster mit dem Blick hinaus auf die Felder und meine Madonnen und Santis aus Venedig drinnen
 Watercolor, ink and photo on paper
 78 x 106 cm
 2021

next:
Wieviel Venedigwasser ist noch in deinen Beinen, Ursula?
 Watercolor, ink and photo on paper
 65 x 50 cm
 2021



Heilige Ursula! Bist Du bereit?
 Ich lass dich Radicchio essen und
 komme aus dem Palazzo zu dir
 besuche dich in deinem Taipeihotel
 Das Beichtstuhl mein Herz ein
 Herz Du schienst glücklich, ist dann
 in Armen mit dem Feldstein und dem

Früchten in Pacht. Weiblich Gedächtnis
 was es ist noch in deinem Beichtstuhl
 Ursula? weisst Du dich sicher in
 deiner Augenblicke Borgin mit
 vor dem Fenster? Lass mich in dir in
 deinem Schlaf. Unsere Hände sind dann
 in komme am Benedikt in deine Hotel-
 zimmerweilung ist Strauch, gleich mit
 meine Radicchiofantasie

Beichtstuhlleid.

Habe keine Angst Ursula wenn
 Deine Beine taub werden oder
 wegfallen. Ich habe meine Beine
 längst anlegen
 und trage das



Venedigvogelmaschine

Performance with sculpture (newspaper rack, chair, radicchio, lamp, forks, knives, tape, cigarettes and coffee strainers)

Palazzo Barbarigo della Terrazza, Venice

2021

Photos: Nikolai Gumbel



above:

Aufforderung mit dem Fuß, in der Bibliothek des Palazzo Barbarigo della Terrazza

Watercolor and ink on paper

21 x 29.7 cm

2021

right:

Vogelbegegnungen mit Fischen in Venedig

Watercolor and acrylic on canvas

200 x 160 cm

2021





above:
Schutzmantelmadonna mit Vögeln
Ink and watercolor on paper
70 x 50 cm
Photo: Matteo De Fina

right:
Vogelzeltwerdung
Ink and watercolor on paper
70 x 50 cm
2021





above:
Die Wasserheiligen
Acrylic and watercolor on canvas
200 x 160 cm
2021



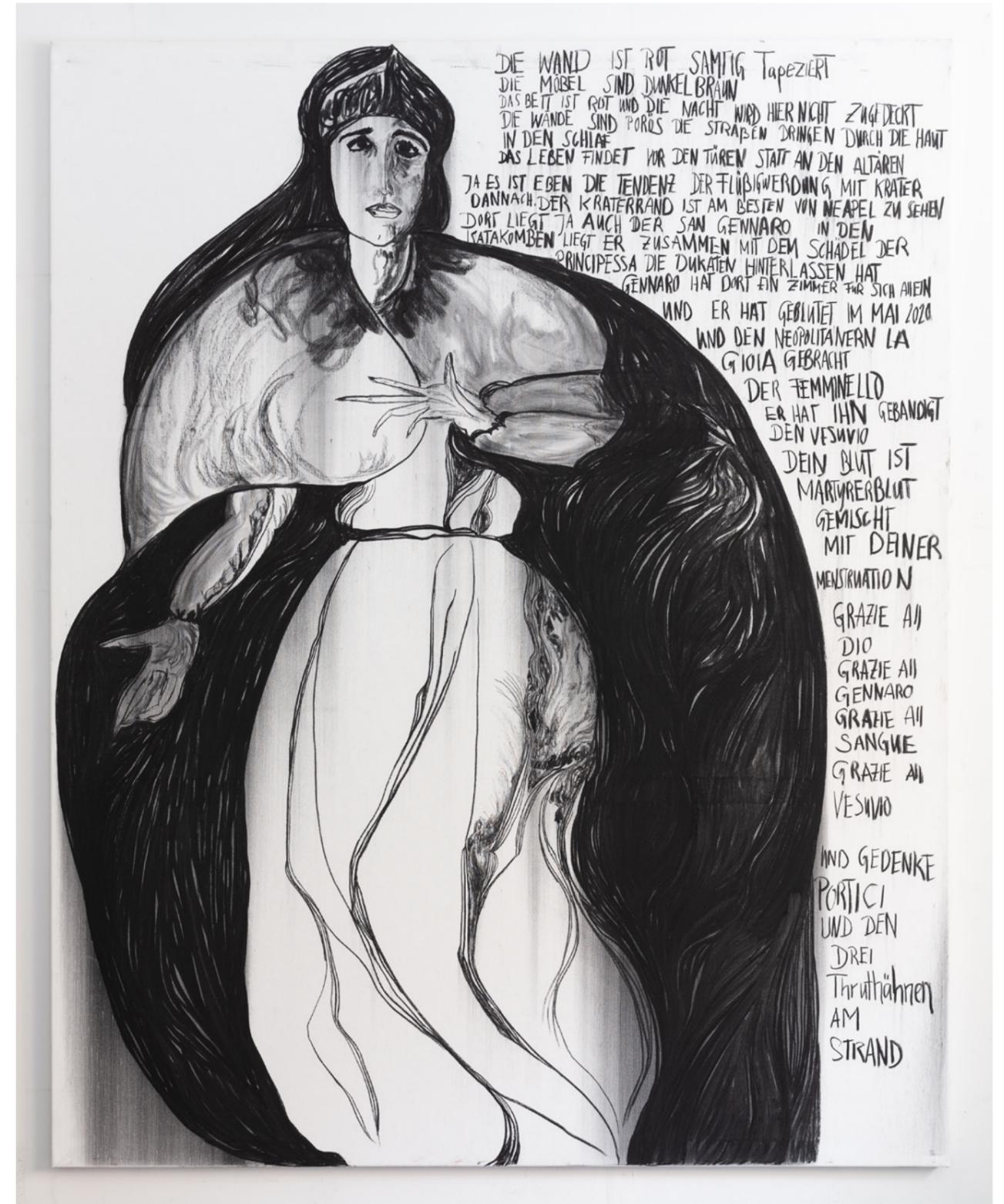
right:
Vögel am Markusplatz
Acrylic and watercolor on canvas
160 x 200 cm
2021





Knieberge

Galerie Tobias Naehring, Leipzig
Solo show
Paintings, objects and performance
2020
Photos: dotgain.info



right:
San Gennaro
 Charcoal on canvas
 200 x 160 cm
 2020

next, right:
Die drei Truthäne aus Portici (Detail)
 Charcoal on canvas
 200 x 160 cm
 2020

previous:
Schutzmantel
 Wire, sticks, gauze, bandage, acrylic ink
 160 x 190 x 100 cm
 2020

DIE WAND IST ROT SAMTIG Tapeziert
 DIE MÖBEL SIND DUNKEL BRAUN
 DAS BETT IST ROT UND DIE NACHT WIRD HIER NICHT ZUGEDECKT
 DIE WÄNDE SIND PORÖS DIE STRAßEN DRINGEN DURCH DIE HAUT
 IN DEN SCHLAF
 DAS LEBEN FINDET VOR DEN TÜREN STATT AN DEN ALTÄREN
 JA ES IST EBEN DIE TENDENZ DER FLÜßIGWERDUNG MIT KRATER
 DANNACH DER KRATER RAND IST AM BESTEN VON NEAPEL ZU SEHEN
 DORT LIEGT JA AUCH DER SAN GENNARO IN DEN
 KATAKOMBEN LIEGT ER ZUSAMMEN MIT DEM SCHÄDEL DER
 PRINCIPESSA DIE DUKATEN HINTERLASSEN HAT
 GENNARO HAT DORT EIN ZIMMER FÜR SICH AHEIN
 UND ER HAT GEBLUTET IM MAI 2020
 UND DEN NEOPOLITANERN LA
 GIOIA GEBRACHT
 DER FEMMINELLO
 ER HAT IHN GEBANDGT
 DEN VESUVIO
 DEIN BLUT IST
 MARTYRERBLUT
 GEMISCHT
 MIT DEINER
 MENSTRUATION
 GRAZIE AN
 DIO
 GRAZIE AN
 GENNARO
 GRAHE AN
 SANGUE
 GRAZIE AN
 VESUVIO
 UND GEDENKE
 PORTICI
 UND DEN
 DREI
 Thruthähnen
 AM
 STRAND





above:

Kronleuchter

Sticks, plaster cast, chicken wire, acrylic ink, candles, lamp, potato press, lipstick, teabags, mini whisk, nutmeg grater, cigarette, cotton swab, lemon press, egg

700 x 230 x 260 cm

2020

next, left:

Vögel

Charcoal on canvas

200 x 160 cm

2020

next, right:

Krumbiel mit Vulkaneiern)

Charcoal on canvas

200 x 160 cm

2020





next, left:

Kerzenständer mit Gehstock mit Ei

Steel, gauze bandage, sticks, paint roller, matchbox, tin opener, painted steel, sieve, candle, acrylic ink, egg, cement
80 x 30 x 40 cm
2020

Photos: Nikolai Gumbel

next, right:

Kerzenständer mit Flamingogefühl

Steel, red cabbage, gauze bandage, cement, acrylic ink, glas, candle, matchbox, sticks
80 x 60 x 65 cm
2020

Photos: Nikolai Gumbel







Artist Statement – Opernkollektiv DIVA
 Samuel Fischer-Glaser, Nikolai Gumbel, Sophie Schmidt, Angela Stiegler,
 Leo van Kann as Kamerakörper/ camera body? chimera body?

“I was already so unbelievably excited the evening before and could hardly sleep. The conversation with Diva, the pigeon at the bathroom window and the happiness that had lifted me (not to mention the Rosé) amplified the excitement infinitely. I really meant what I said at the end about how Diva is faring during corona, that Diva suffers but also yearns with the other Divas for the moment of the performance. This feeling burns in me and fills me up till I’m overflowing with longing.”

(DIVA)

“The greater the Diva, the greater the sore throat!”

(DIVA)

In 2020 Samuel Fischer-Glaser, Nikolai Gumbel, Sophie Schmidt and Angela Stiegler founded Opernkollektiv DIVA. Our shared background lies in visual art. As opera collective, we collaborate experimentally and transdisciplinarily in artistic projects. This collaboration gives rise to performative operas that bring together different media.

The opera is a place for artistic encounter. We view it as a medium that opens up and activates visual art for other fields like literature, music and theater. Our work is processual. The opera performance results from a relatively short intensive rehearsal period. There is no preexisting script. The libretto and content are more the product of our conversations and of the material itself, for costumes, props or installative stage designs. The material for the subsequent performance emerges out of the rehearsal situation.

Writing counts as a fundamental part of our Opernkollektiv DIVA. We develop our own texts in which we attempt, for instance, to write *from* the body instead of about the body. Then these texts are transposed to create the opera’s libretto and are afterwards set to music and translated into spoken word and song. One such work came into existence in Fructa, Munich, in February 2020, an opera about the skin called *Sans Soucis* (Sans Soucis is a brand name for cosmetic skin cremes). Beginning with our own skin, we built second skins for ourselves in the form of multifunctional costumes which we later performed in.

Since 2021, the diva’s body has become the site of our collaboration. As bodies are always also determined by language, as shown by body politics, we wish to produce new bodies through the expression of language: a diva body as imaginative potential, as world-creating power. The diva body thus also functions as a metaphor for us as individuals. Donna Haraway’s metaphor of the female cyborg, as conceived in her *Cyborg Manifesto*, is a crucial figure for these diva bodies.



Since the moment we found ourselves living in different places, in Venice, Mar- seilles and Munich, we have oriented ourselves toward the pigeon. The pigeon links us to one another as winged bodies and especially as carriers of messages. Pigeons too are domestic, cosmopolitan, and they share their living space with us. The Diva is in search of other bodies and their possibilities for opening up human living spaces. With the help of Donna Haraway we too wish to tell interspecies stories, to open ourselves up for new connections, for becoming-with, a becoming with the pigeon: “Pigeons, people and apparatus have teamed up to make each other capable of something new in the world of multi-species relationships. (...) Pigeons are competent agents – in the double sense of both delegates and actors – who render each other and human beings capable of situated social, ecological, behavioral, and cognitive practices.”*

The Diva body assembles different cities, gathers many stories, has wings and feelers, turns garbage bags into costumes, two-dimensional figures into actors, strawberry ice cream and radicchios into microphones and voice measuring de- vices. It examines the power of volcanoes and climate change, investigates the potential of beetle feelers and brings Sahara sand, the Calanques, Leonrad Square, Venice and a classroom into contact with one another. The diva body can fall in love, cry and laugh, scream and snarl, bark and sigh, cheer and wail. The diva body is determined by the everyday, the incidental, while in the process also being a dramatic impassioned body, a playful body that turns everything into a stage, itself becoming a stage. There is no beyond to the diva body, because “on it we sleep, live our waking lives ... on it we penetrate and are penetrated” (as in the body without organs, developed by Deleuze und Guattari in *A Thousand Plateaus*).**

* Donna J. Haraway, *Staying with the Trouble: Making Kin in the Chthulucene* (Durham and London: Duke University Press, 2016), Chapter 1: “Playing SF with Companion Species,” p. 15f.

** Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus: Capitalism and Schiz- ophrenia* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 1987), p. 150.



Die Beschneigung des Vesuv – Eine Tischung

Opera performance with Opernkollektiv DIVA
Lothringer 13, Munich
2020
Photos: Constanza Meléndez







Da warf sie ihre Zunge raus, es gab
keinen schöneren Vorhang.
Eine Oper über die Tragik des
menschlichen Körpers

Fructa space, Munich
Solo show
Installation and performance
2020
Photos: Thomas Splett



Käfer
Sculpture (mixed media)
ca. 300 x 300 x 250 cm
2020

right:
Käferpriester I & II
Charcoal on canvas
200 x 160 cm each
2020

next, left:
Mücke
Plaster, sticks, forks, knives, acrylic paint, sieves, tubes, cigarette etc.
ca. 100 x 70 x 300 cm
2020

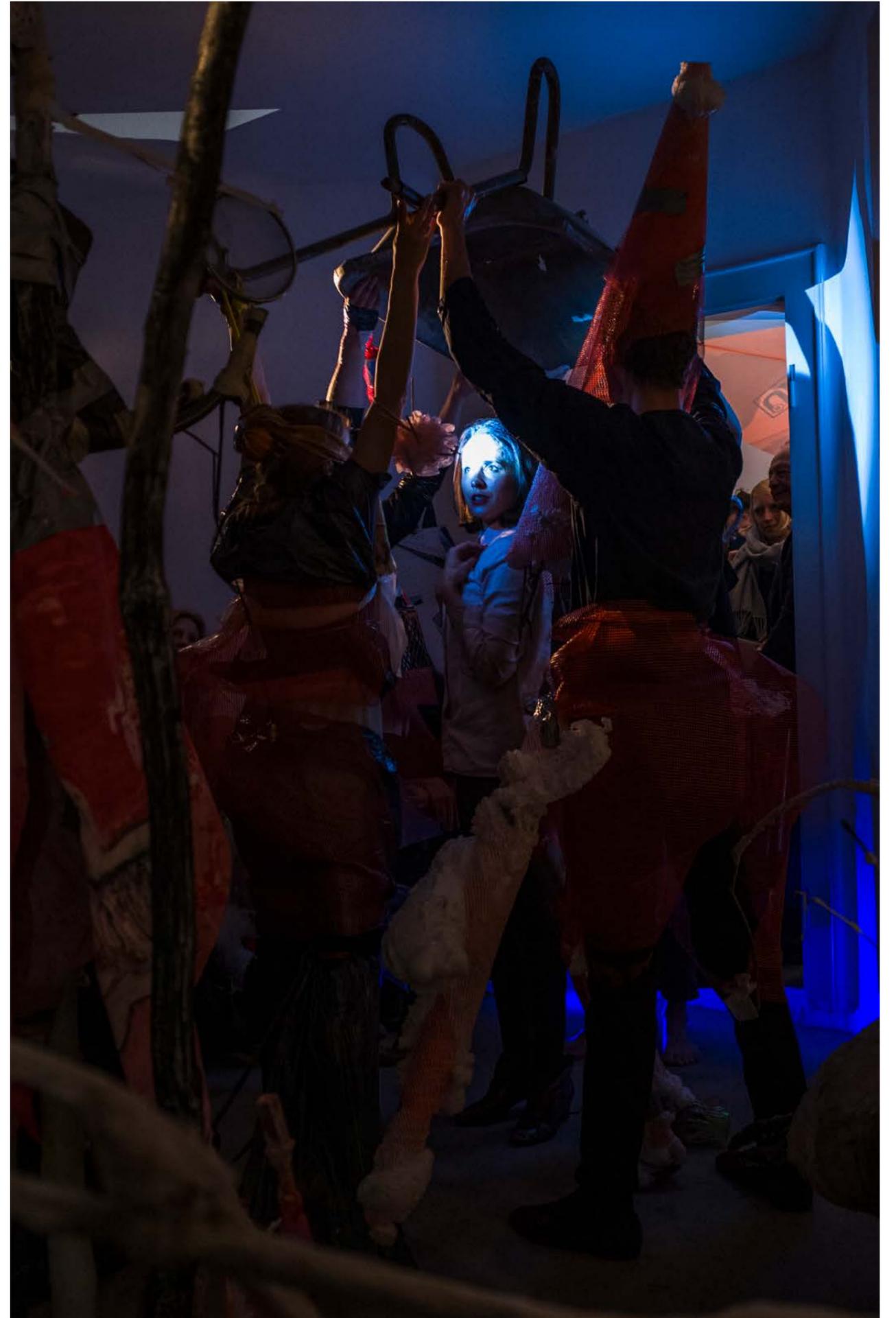


Sans Souci: Erster Akt der Oper *Über die Tragik des menschlichen Körpers*

Opera performance with Opernkollektiv DIVA
fructa, Munich
2020
Photos: Mathias R. Zausinger

<https://vimeo.com/showcase/7887860>
Password: Oper







left:
Käferpriester I
Charcoal on canvas
200 x 160 cm each
2020

next:
Mückenclown
Watercolor and acrylic on canvas
140 x 120 cm
2020







Besingung des Einsiedlerkrebes ohne Haus

Installation with performance and paintings
Point of no return Kunstarkaden, Munich
2019

Photos: Thomas Splett

Performance photos: Nikolai Gumbel & Olga Wiedenhöft



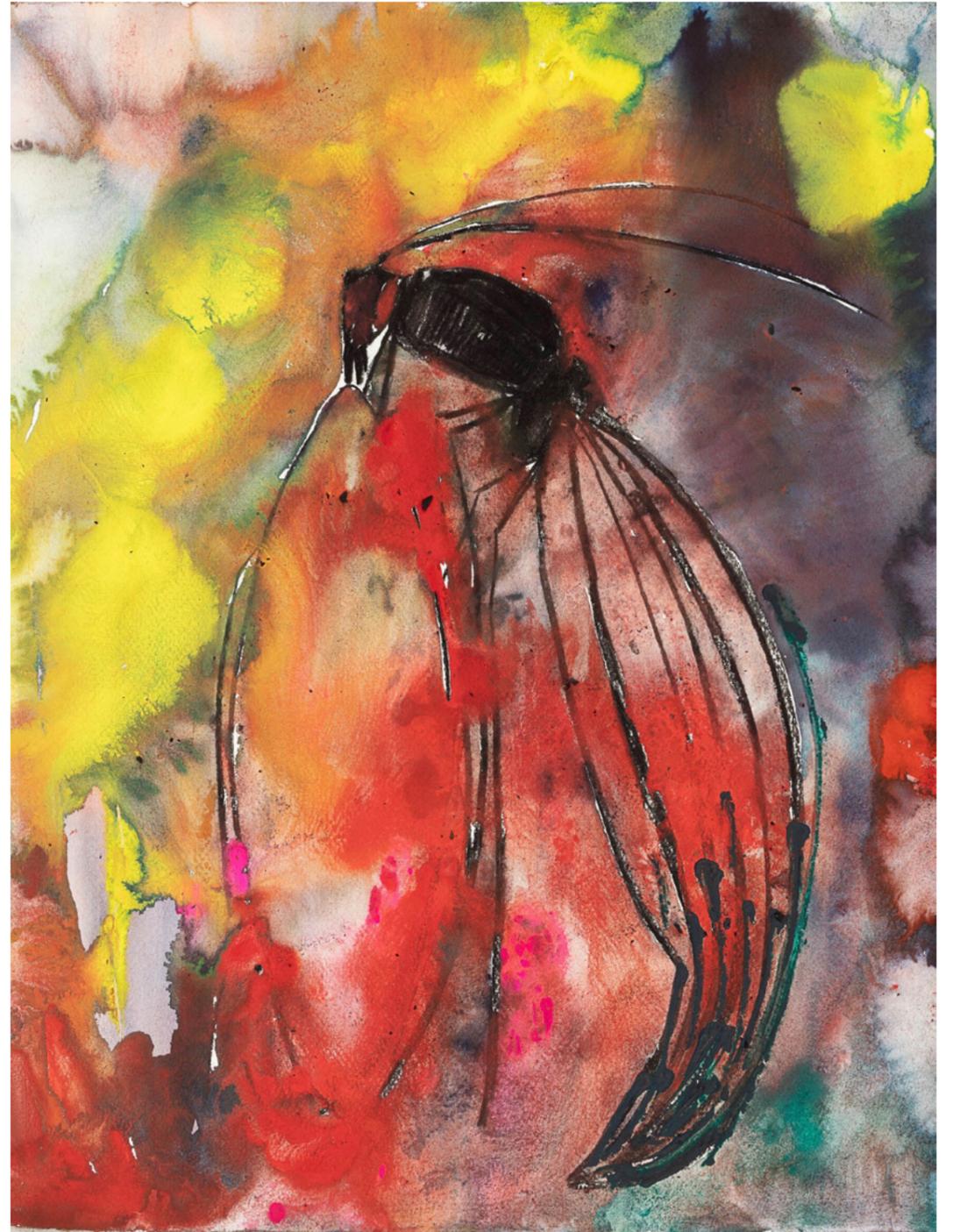


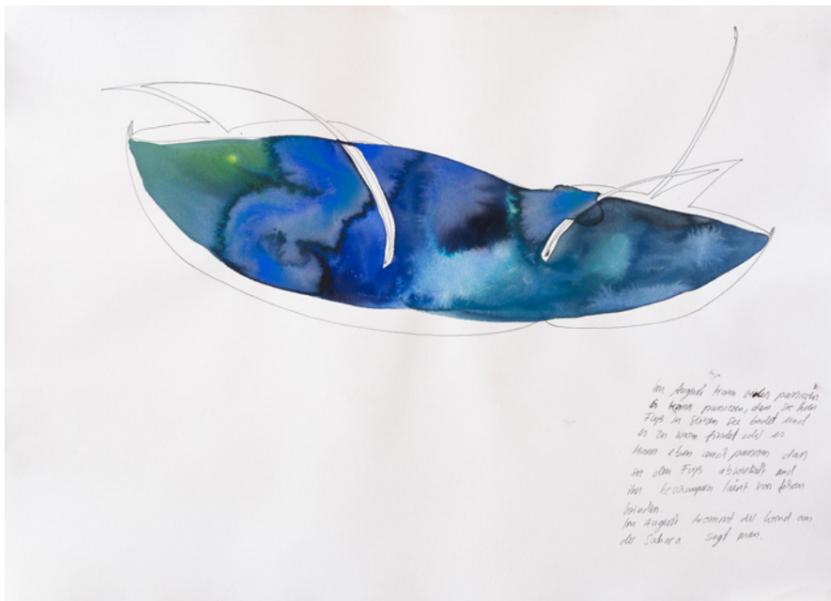
left:
Krebskäfer
Watercolor and acrylic on canvas
200 x 160 cm
2019

above:
Einsiedlerkrebse in der Fühlerflut
Watercolor and acrylic on canvas
140 x 120 cm
2019

next, left:
Einsiedlerkrebse ohne Haus
Watercolor, charcoal and acrylic on canvas
200 x 160 cm
2019







Isar Aquarelle

Drawings (selection)
60 x 80 cm
Ink on paper
2018
Photos: Thomas Splett



Das Isarland wurde weit
und er ging tief
mit Isarleuchten an den Rändern





Die Tomatenfrauen sind da

Installation with paintings (watercolor, charcoal and acrylic on paper, 200 x 450 cm each), performance
 NachbarN - Menschen in der Gotzingerstrasse, Munich
 2018

Photos: Thomas Splett

left:

One last glory of the legs
 Chalk on wall color, on plasterboard
 200 x 60 cm each
 2018

above:

Drüsengänge and Schnabelkrallen which greifen in the Zonenglühen
 Chalk on wall color, on plasterboard
 200 x 125 cm
 2018



left:
Münchner Tomatenfrauen
Watercolor and charcoal on canvas
140 x 120 cm
2019

above:
Tomatenfrau
Watercolor, acrylic and charcoal on canvas
160 x 200 cm
2020



Nose-hole-scars and Zonenglühnen dazwischen

Performance and installation
Tent, Rotterdam
2019
Photos: Anna Łuczak

One last glory of the legs

Here we see the event of transformation.

We see the prosthesis' intervention into her body. The prosthesis prongs penetrate, through the back skin, deep into her belly. The prosthesis forces her to bend over. It forces her from the vertical into the horizontal. But she rears up. Her legs want to triumph one more time. They multiply into swarms. They become claws and hold on tight to the back skin. They claw their way into her. Single spindly leg groups try to escape shakily, but the belly is already opening. It's too late. Lungs step out / leak out / escape. They duplicate themselves. They multiply into swarms. They penetrate the legs, expel them from the body. Lungathons now flood the feet. Even claw feet can't survive anymore. Outer lights transpire in the clutches. The legs' shine creates further legs. Always more and always longer. The lung ma-elstrom spreads, swallows her body whole. Zonal incandescence spreads over the skin on the prosthesis puncture. Fur lungs form, glandular paths and eggs. Toothly tongues mingle with the lunglungs-lungslungathons. The world will now be licked with the tongue. The legs light up, they get dense and denser. They get mossy and soft. They get furry. They get flat. They become part of the zonal incandescence. They become a warm skin carpet. They crack. Legs break. Tongue teeth break. They become toothly lungs. They shred their way through lungathons. They shred their way through last leg leftovers. They swallow themselves up.



Nose-hole-scars and Zonenglühen dazwischen

Performance and installation

Chalton Gallery, London

2018

Photos: Javier Chalderon



DIESE VIELEN HAARE "BERALL"
UND KLAR IST DAS JA NOCH NICHT GEMACHT
ICH BRINGE LICHT IN DEN ZIMMER
ES SILBERT IN HAUFEN
DIE ZWEIFBERGE VOR DEM GESICHT
UND ZWISCHENDRIN SPITZTES SICH ROT
AUF
WIE AUCH DIE NASE
MIT IHREN NASENLÖCHERN
UND DOCH IST SELBST DER
NABEL IST DE NARBE
NARBEL BLUT IN ES EIN
DAZWISCHEN GIBT DAS TRENNT
DER ROTE PUNKT LIEGT IN DER
SCHLEUSE
DIE DU DIR UR
WIRD AUS NOCH ZWEI NASENLÖCHERN
DAS BAUCH DOCH
WEIL DER NABEL
SICH NACH BEN
ATMET
UND NICHTS
LIEGT MEHR DAZWISCHEN
WAS EUCH TRENNT
DIE OHREN
KÖNNEN SICH BERÜHREN
DENKE AN DIE
TAUSCHLEISTE



previous:

Und nichts liegt mehr dazwischen was euch trennt

200 x 250 cm

Acrylic, chalk and pastel on canvas

2018

above:

Es ist die Nasenlochhaut, die trennt

200 x 200 cm

Acrylic, chalk and pastel on canvas,

part of the installation and performance

2018

right:

Und sie konnten sich näher kommen die Ohren, und der Kopf wurde klein und der Nabel wurde groß

200 x 200 cm

Acrylic and chalk on canvas,

part of the installation and performance

2018





right:
Dein Randleuchten ist wunderschön
78 x 57 cm
Watercolor, pigment and egg on paper
2017

previous, left:
Fußleuchten, weil es die Lindung gab
78 x 57 cm
Watercolor, pigment and egg on paper
2017

previous, right:
Die Vergänglichkeit ist mein Rand zu dir
78 x 57 cm
Watercolor, pigment and egg on paper
2017



OPER: Tragik des menschlichen Körpers
und die Verwandlung.



ÜBERBAU
oder die
Nasenhaut.

Ohrenkontakt

Bamersfell

Bamersfellmaschine

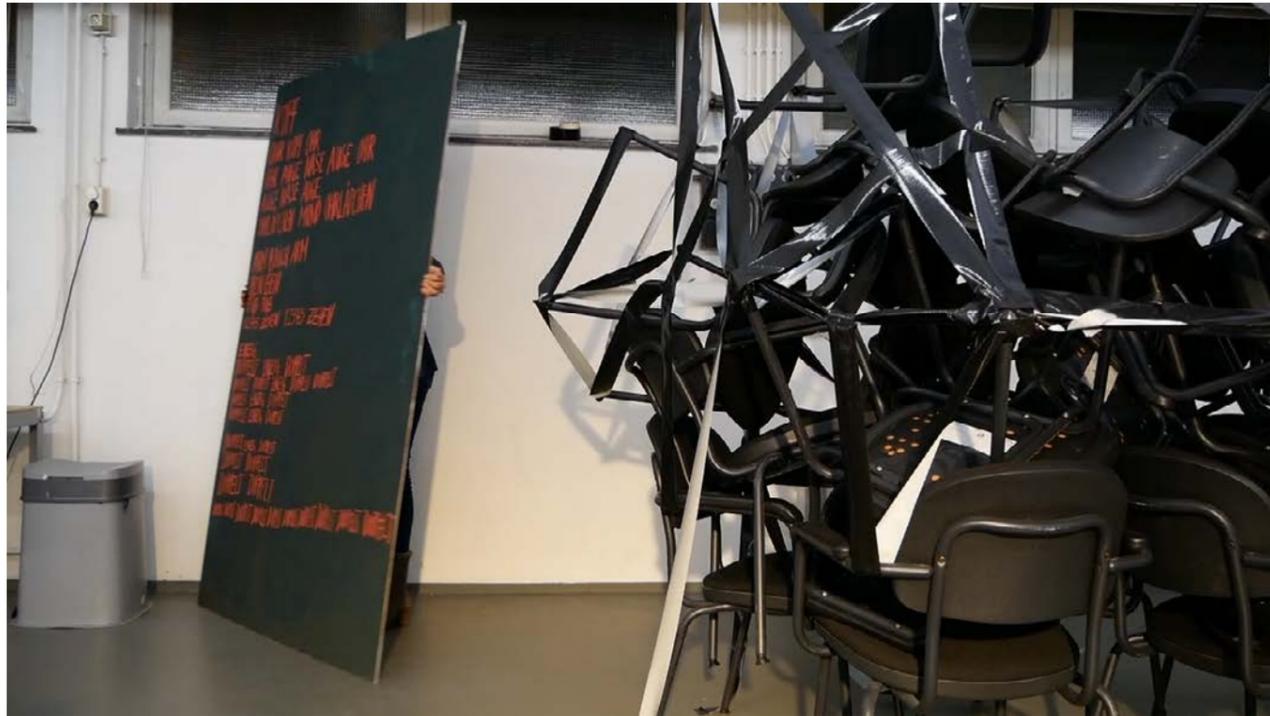
Problematik
mit der Prothese

Nasenkontakt
problematik

Gehstoe
mit
Ei.

Tannedüngeles
Rücken doppelstülper
Probleme mit Gehstoe

2 Busen fallen
du Nasen entlauf



Über die Tragik des menschlichen Körpers

Performance and installation
Jan Van Eyck Academie, Maastricht
2017
Photos: Lotte Meret Effinger



right:
Lungenumstülperin mit Rückeneinbuchtung
200 x 160 cm
Acrylic on canvas
2017



above:

Krumbiel, Lungenumstülper mit Standbein

200 x 200 cm

Acrylic on canvas

2018

right:

Lungenumstülperin mit Bauchigung

200 x 160 cm

Acrylic on canvas

2017

next:

Lungenbrütler

200 x 100 cm

Chalk, wall paint on wood

2017

Photos: Romy Finke





Nothing was left except a mucosa

The cucumber eater sat on the cucumber slice. His head near his foot, underneath him the soft cucumber skin. The cucumber eater began to feed. He fed with abandon. His dark red tongue rolled up and swallowed the soft cucumber flesh. He pulled the tongue through the cucumber like an elastic band. A hole formed. The hole got deeper. The cucumber's edge, thinner. His body sank in the cucumber flesh. The tongue got bigger. It bored, rolling, into the flesh. With tongue teeth it rolled up and swallowed the cucumber. The rolling was relentless. The head became all tongue, and all in it became cucumber. It showed through the scalp. It gobbled it all up.

Now his body lay before him in a circle. The mouth touched the foot. The cucumber eater sat on his foot and began to feed on it. He fed with great abandon. The head and the foot melded. His dark red tongue rolled up and swallowed the soft cucumber flesh. He pulled the tongue through the foot like an elastic band. A hole formed. The hole got deeper. The foot's edge, thinner. His body sank in foot flesh. The tongue got bigger. It bored, rolling, into the flesh. With tongue teeth it rolled up and swallowed the foot. The rolling was relentless. The head became all tongue, and all in it became foot. It showed through the scalp. The head glowed red from all the red muscle tongue. First it shredded up the foot flesh. Then it was the belly's turn. The belly rolled through the head, and the toothly tongue rolled with it through the whole body. It gobbled itself up.

Nothing was left except a mucosa, there where his body was.

Gurkenfresserzahnung vor der Urmuttermilchlegung

Tanja Pol Galerie, Munich
Solo show
Performance and installation
2017
Photos: Mariella Maier



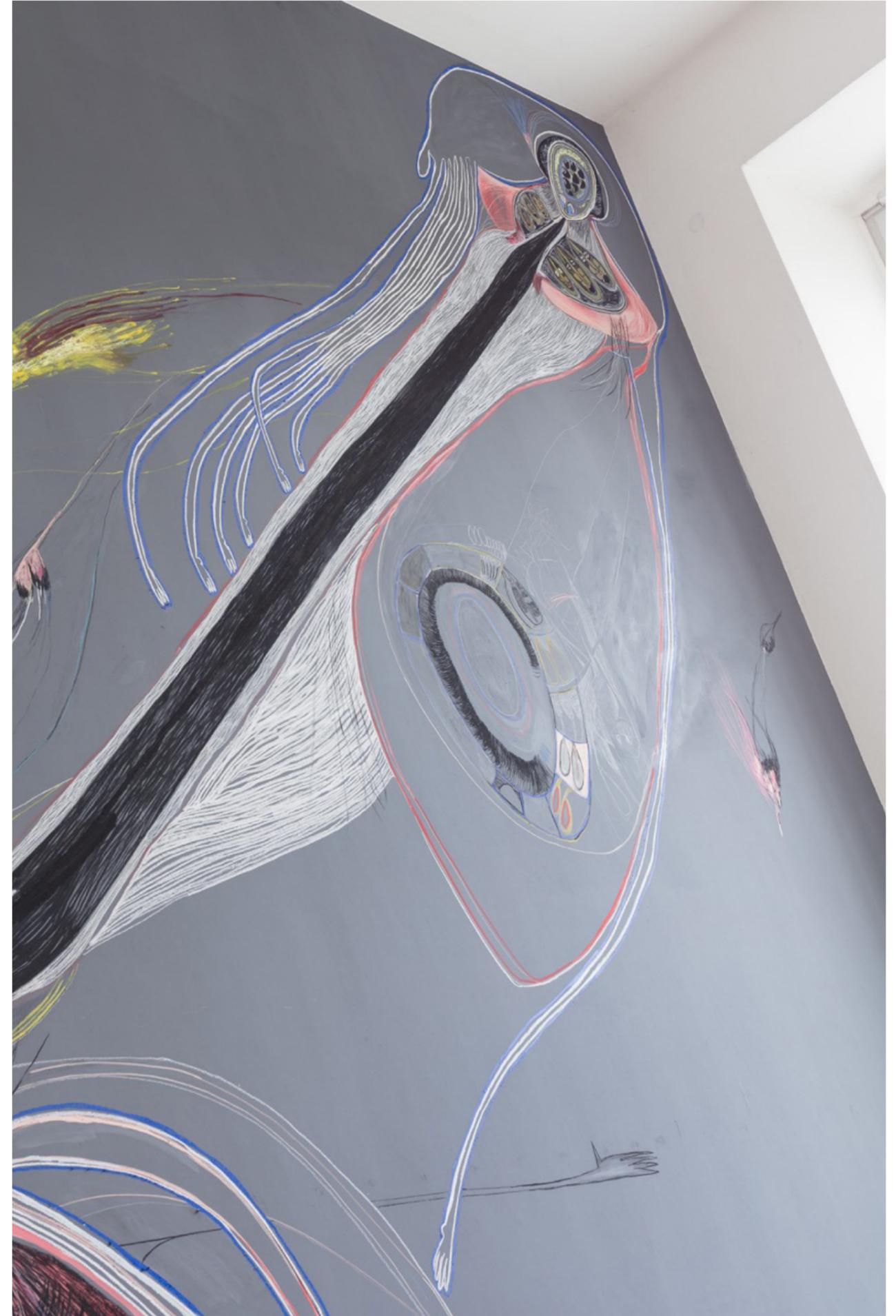






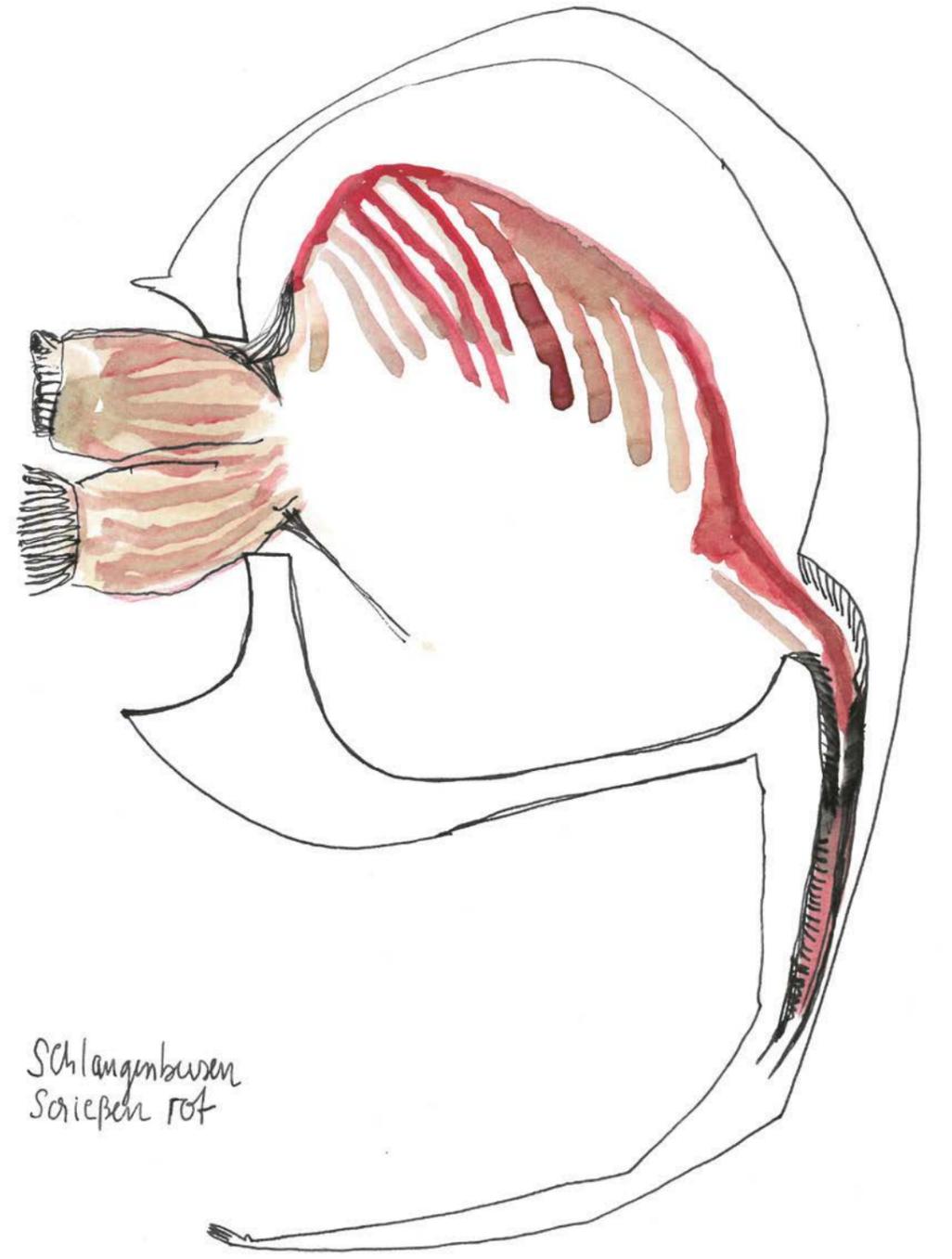
Hier silben die Ränder
silbener Haas an den
Lören wo das
Meer ist
Das wussten die Tamben allemal



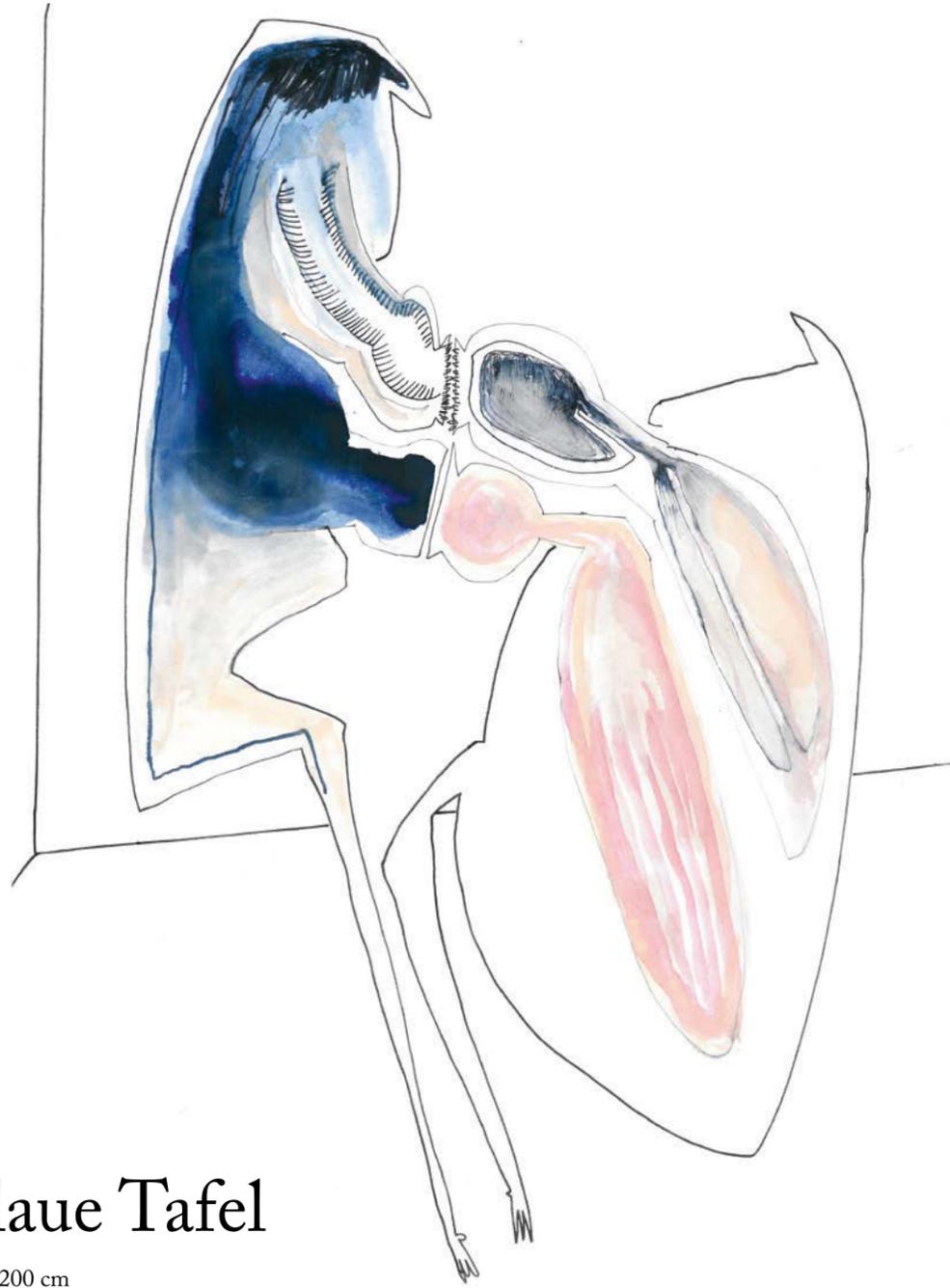


Engländerin im Empfängnissitz

800 x 1.000 cm
Blackboard chalk, oil crayon, charcoal, acrylic and pastel on wall
Graduation show, Academy of Fine Arts, Munich
2017
Photos: Thomas Splett



Schlangebissen
Schiefer rot



Blaue Tafel

200 x 200 cm
Blackboard chalk and acrylic on wood
2016
Photos: Philipp Rap



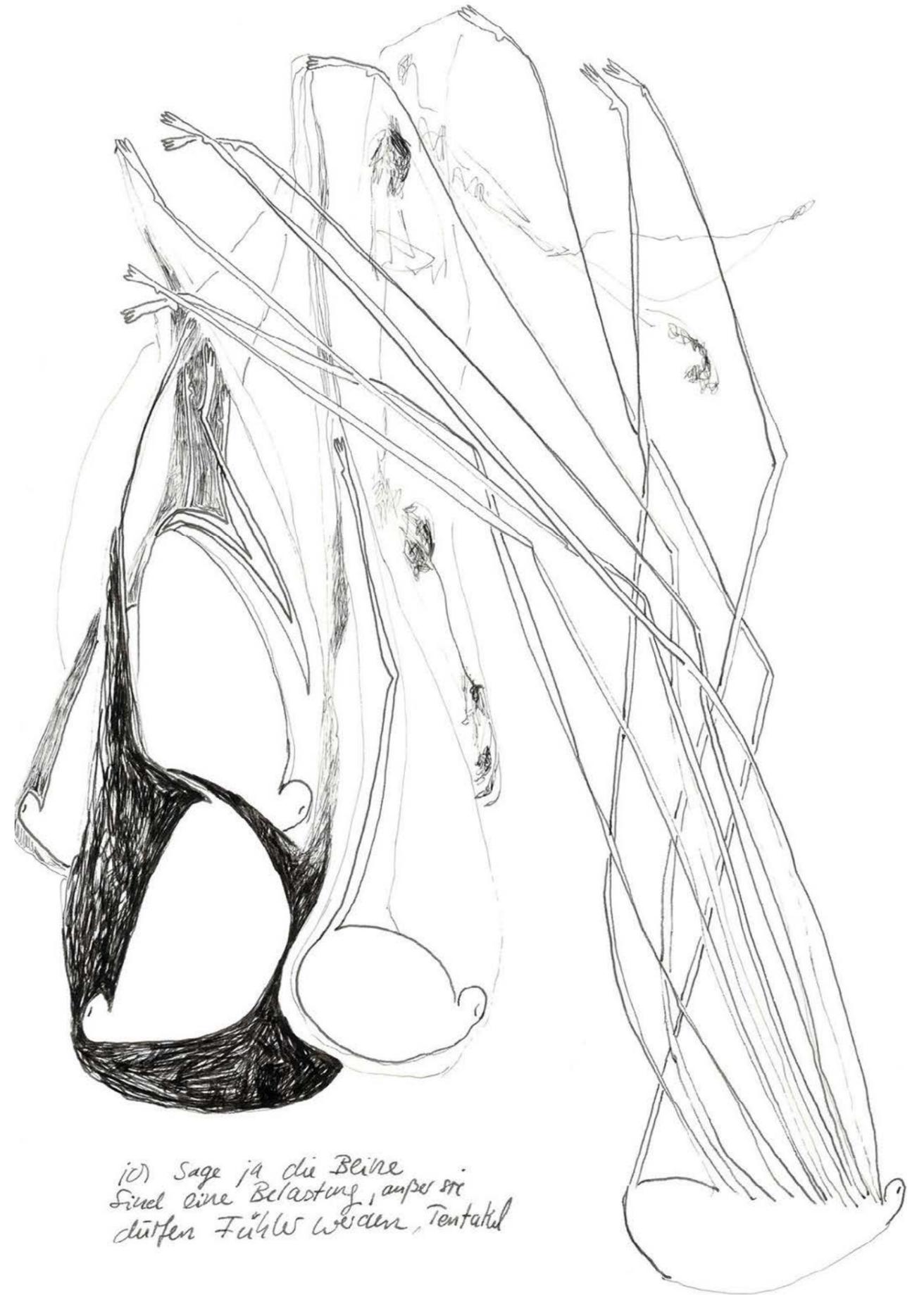


Vom Lungenfüßler zum Tausendlünger

Performance with Scarlett Eisert Schmidt and Kurt Schmidt
Caberet Voltaire,
Manifesta 11, Zurich
2016
Photos: Nikolai Gumbel

Tausendlügler

Drawings (selection)
Ink, charcoal and acrylic on paper
Various sizes
2015



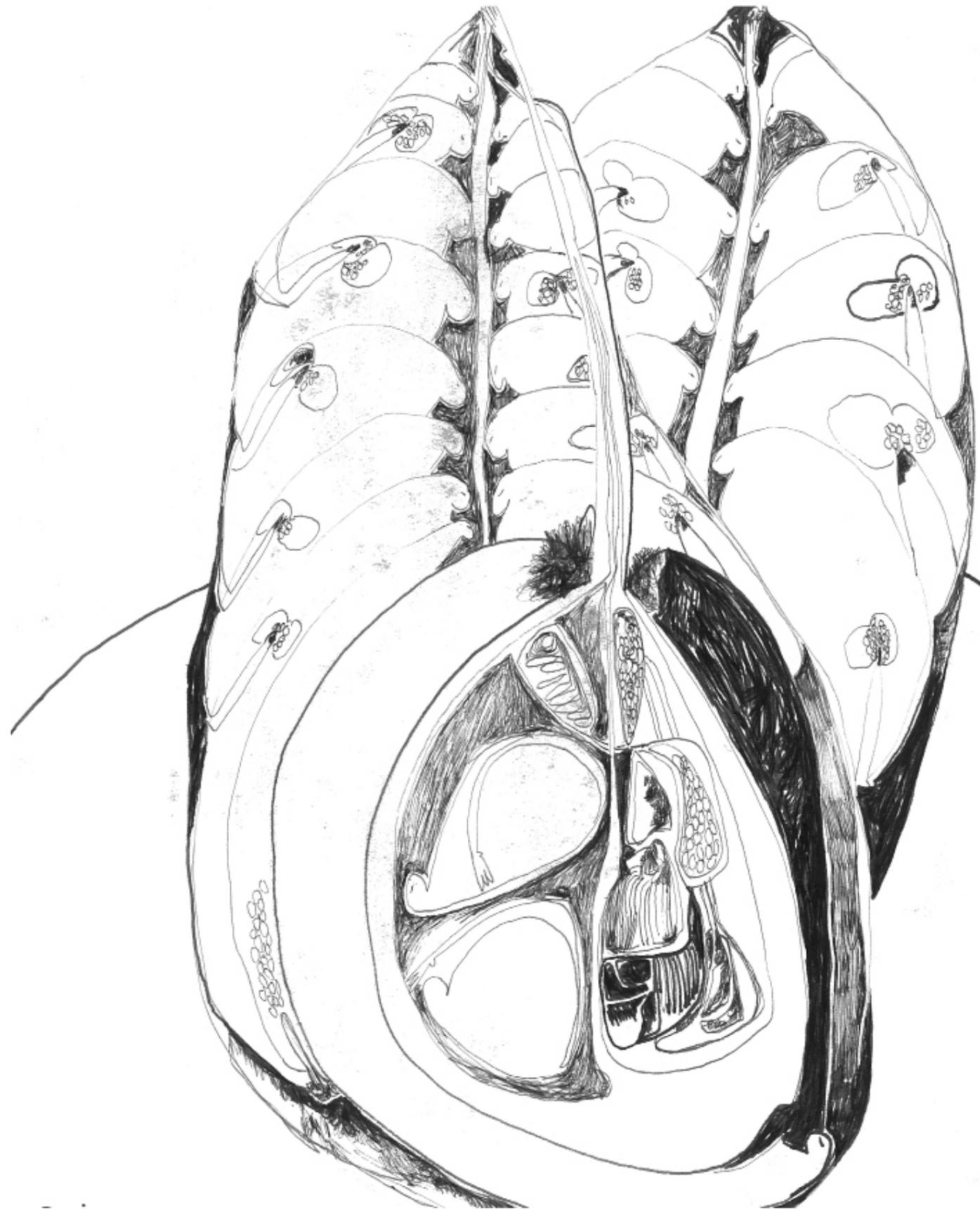
10) Sage ja die Beine
sind eine Belastung, außer sie
dürfen Füße werden, Tentakel



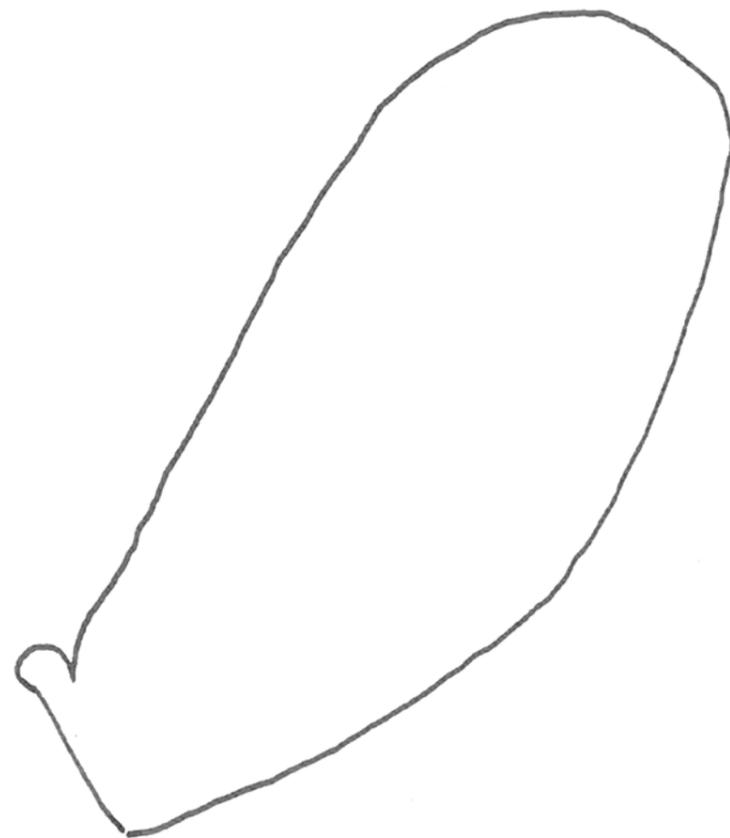
Annäherungen im
EMPFANGNISITZ

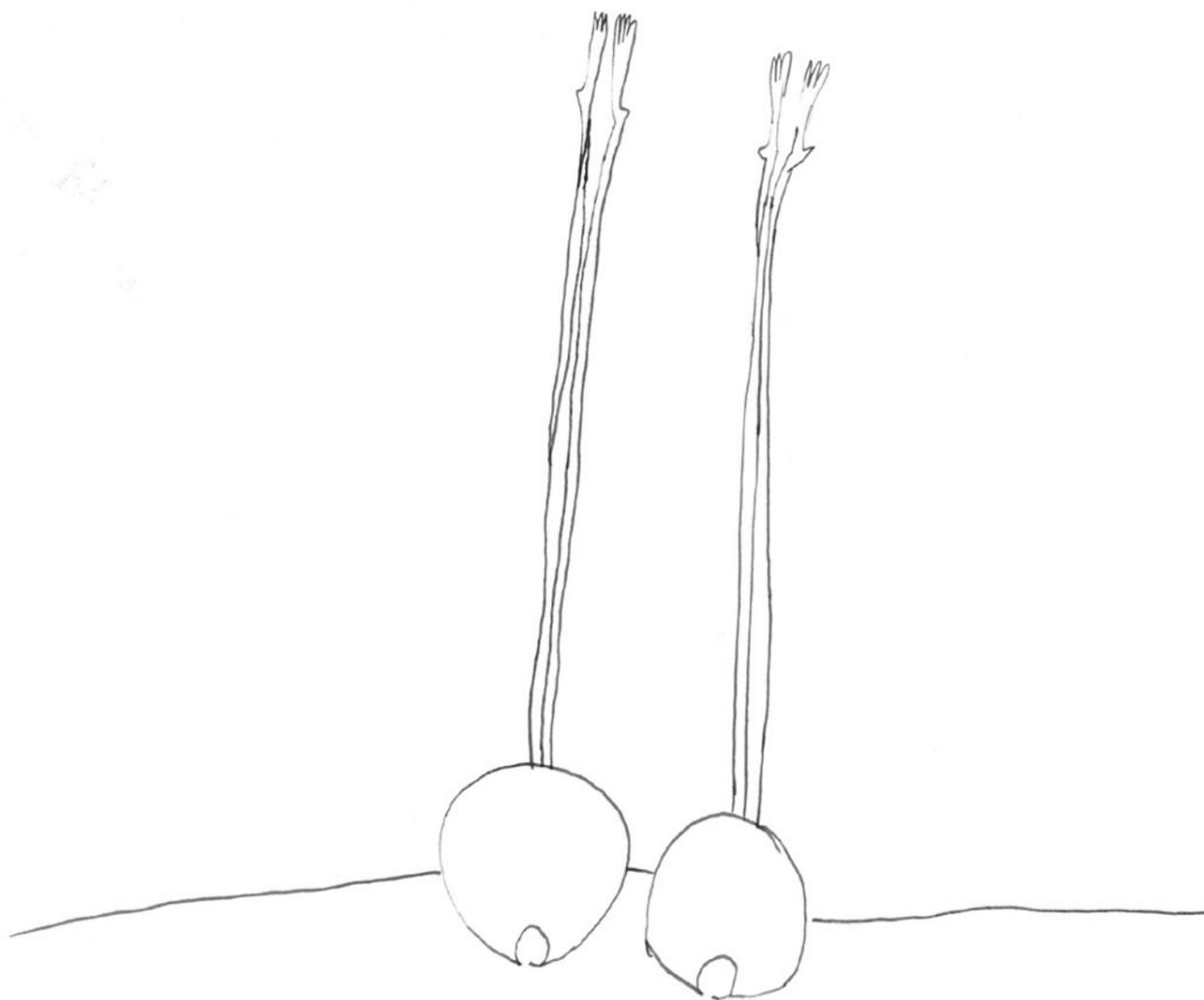


Ich glaube bei mir
wirds ein Sturzflug

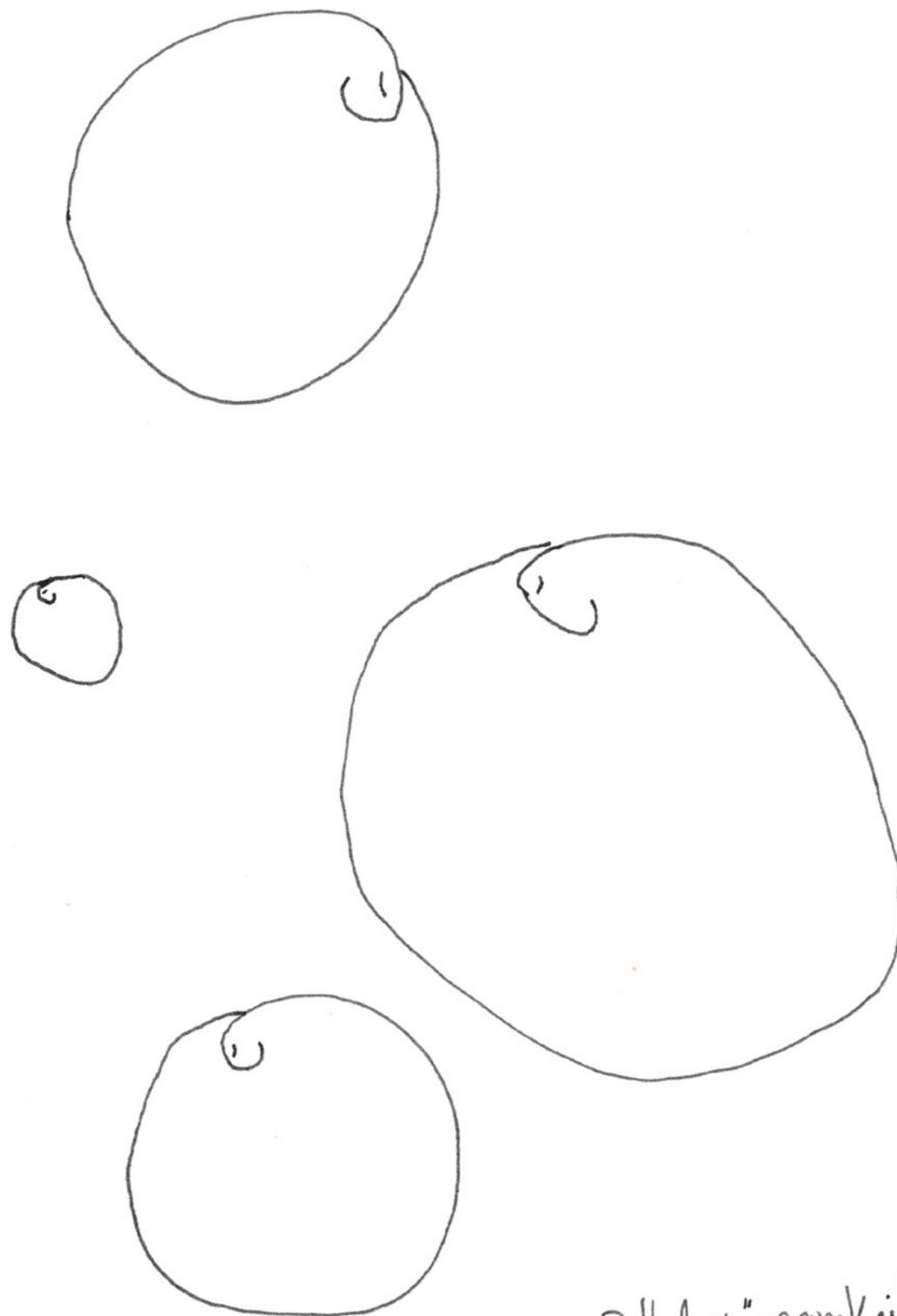








Sagen Sie mal, warten Sie auch?
Ja aber ich weiß nicht recht auf was.
Ich auch nicht.



Selbstgenügsamkeit

Lungenfüßler

Performance
Anatomical theater, Academy of Fine Arts Vienna
2015

My first blackboard painting was developed in the anatomical theater in the Academy of Fine Arts Vienna. It shows the primary steps of the evolution of the centilung. Centilungs find their lungs inverted from belly to foot, so the lungs become lung wings. On the blackboard, the development of the lung is depicted in its incipience, as the prelude to the centilung.

I gave one lecture on the centilung before the blackboard painting was made, and then another lecture afterwards. Then I performed the mosquito gymnastics on the dissecting table in order to reach the state of the centilung through the stage of the mosquito.

Becoming mosquito and becoming centilung are widenings. They free the human from its one-sided determination along the vertical axis of existence. They free it from the monotony of its bodily functions. Becoming mosquito and then centilung means a recombination of organs, as in nose-to-foot breathing. They always entail a connection between body and prosthesis in the sense of a physical widening. The anatomical theater was the adequate place for that.



Mosquito Gymnastics

1. Knee bends: moving from the vertical toward the horizontal (1. mosquito feeling).
2. Nose-to-foot ventilation by means of prosthetic shoe.
3. The belly prosthesis is needed to get close to the snake (1. Snake feeling).
4. With belly prosthesis they betake themselves into the horizontal. Nose-to-foot ventilation is always involved.
5. Breath externalization occurs. Lung eversion occurs as well. And they become lungipedes.
6. Lung doublings transpire. And more lung doublings. And they become centilungs.
7. The nose regresses. It's no longer needed.
8. Lung doublings expand into wings. The foot folds in. It's no longer needed. Only to drag, on the ground, from time to time, a romp of sorts. (2. Mosquito feeling)
9. Now the lungs are lung wings. It's uplifting. (3. Mosquito feeling).
10. The head gets small, the nose is gone and legs are only for folding in. All of this from time to time, because it brings them joy.



Body-widenings

2013-15

The body does not end at the skin. Rather, it opens and connects constantly, also by way of the prosthesis. The body widens into life. Many new dilated bodies emerge, entering new interactions. The bodies grow beyond their border. The dilated body exists for a certain time and then dissolves.

Likewise, the human widens by means of the prosthesis, thereby practicing other bodily and worldly postures. The stomach has to go up, the head needs to go down. The potential of transformation lies in the question of posture, of the body's posture toward the world.

My prostheses are prostheses of communication, too. They are eversions and embodiments of what is inside. They help overcome all kinds of stumbling, including inner stumblings. For example, *Gebstock mit Ei* (*Walking stick with egg*) is a balancing aid.





Interaktion 2
Performance
Academy of Fine Arts Munich
2013



Interaktion 3
Performance
Academy of Fine Arts Munich
2013



Interaktion 4
Performance
Academy of Fine Arts Munich
2013

Walking Stick with Egg:

Eggness in the Belly

Einheit, or oneness, is *Ei(n)heit*, or Eggness, plus N, which equals nose.

Meaning oneness without egg and nose is unthinkable. Oneness, therefore, is breathing, internally, proceeding through the belly and expressing itself in inhalation and exhalation. It happens in the stable belly oscillation, like the egg, thus lying on the body's middle axis. The nose never ever breaks an egg, but the foot always does.

Prostheses

Objects being used
2014



Raucherhilfe
with Sophia Mainka



The Grounds of Body Symmetries

There's always something between the doublings, or else they wouldn't be doublings. They'd be singlelicities, melted into a body. The doublings, though, yearn for singlelicities. Or else we wouldn't constantly flap our legs over themselves, fold our hands, cross our arms. But the ears, they can't do that, there's always a head between them. Meaning the ego gets overrated, the knee, underrated, and even sometimes forgotten. Seldom does anyone give the knee as grounds for what they said. Usually it's the head, which keeps the ears from cozying up to each other. Pity, the grounds given for something said would be closer to the ground if we would give grounds with the foot. Then the grounds would have their feet on solid ground.

One should make mental leaps, as shown by those of the body, with leg and foot, or else with everted pedal lung. Think of the trammel and its nice long legs, made to jump with ease.

OP 2

Installation and performance
Academy of Fine Arts Munich
2014

In the surgeries I operate, thus I build surgery rooms. In the surgeries I connect humans with the prostheses. The surgeries are physical interventions, in which the inside is turned outside and vice versa.

These surgeries are soul-surgeries on the body. The psychoanalytical approach regarding only the soul is unsatisfactory.

Before a surgery, the entire body is examined in all components and then recombined in the process of the surgery. Our organs and limbs are badly organized the way they are. Movement fails. The prosthesis is a remedy.

What doesn't work with the prosthesis alone, needs to be fixed surgically.



The Hands

But the hands need their sense of touch to come from the gut. Put everything into the sluice.

The Foot

If the foot had tentacles:

The egg doesn't need them, it's closed in on itself, like the gut. Since the belly doesn't stumble by accident.

The Navel

It lies very centralistically.

It's the tragedy of the world in the gut. The tragedy of the world is the gut.

And naturally the navel is the scar. For, where is it that we come from?

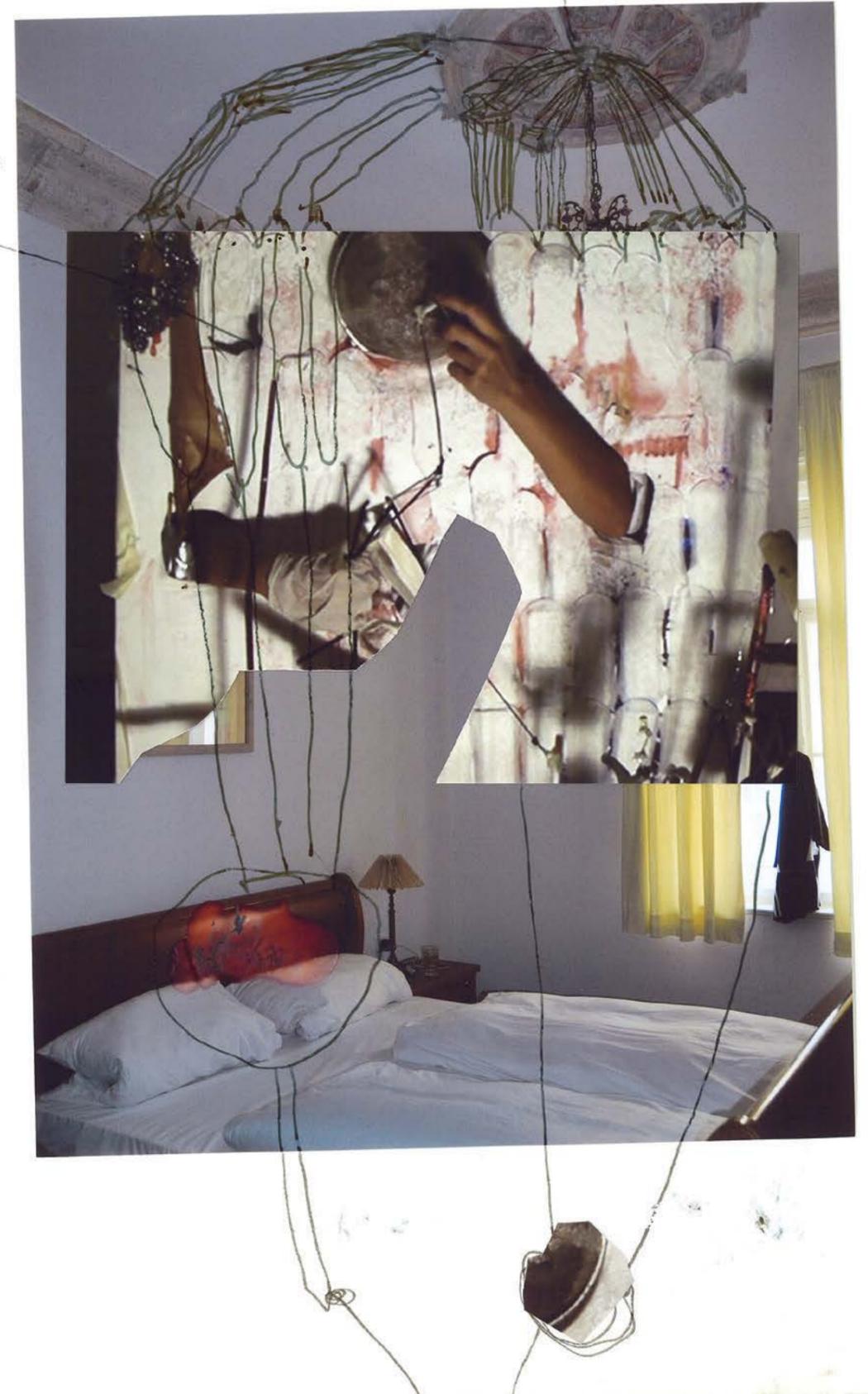
The scar is the navel, just without lung: the navel ends on L and L stands for lung.

Hence the navel is the beginning of the lungipede. There eversion happens because transformation happens there. It can even result in a centilung. This is very desirable, but is only achievable from time to time and is often accompanied by a very uplifting mosquito feeling.



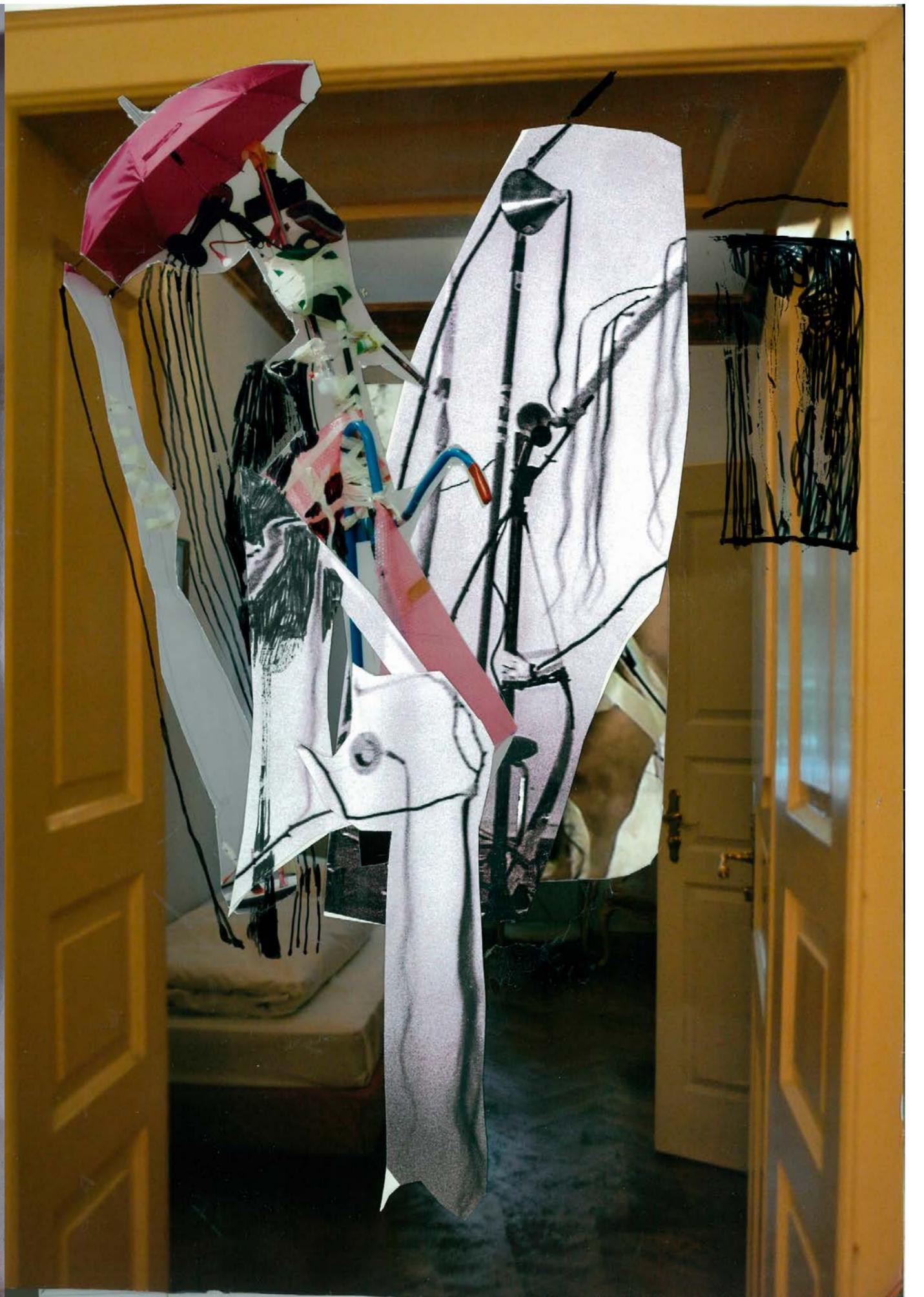
Du bekommst mild wenn ich
Dich besänftigen darf

Kind-
stern



Schlafmaschinen

Collages (selection)
21 x 29.7 cm
2014





Moving-machines

Installations and performances
2013

My moving-machines are installations. You can climb in and ride them. They serve as elaborate costumes, tailored to my body, which I internalize through a ritual. In the performance, they come into movement: in an act of becoming one with the machine and the fight against it, they are eventually destroyed through my movement.

In this way, the installation undergoes a metamorphosis. The metamorphosis serves as the basis for a new installation, which again is subject to the cyclical processes of building, riding and destruction.

right:

Flugmaschine

above, next:

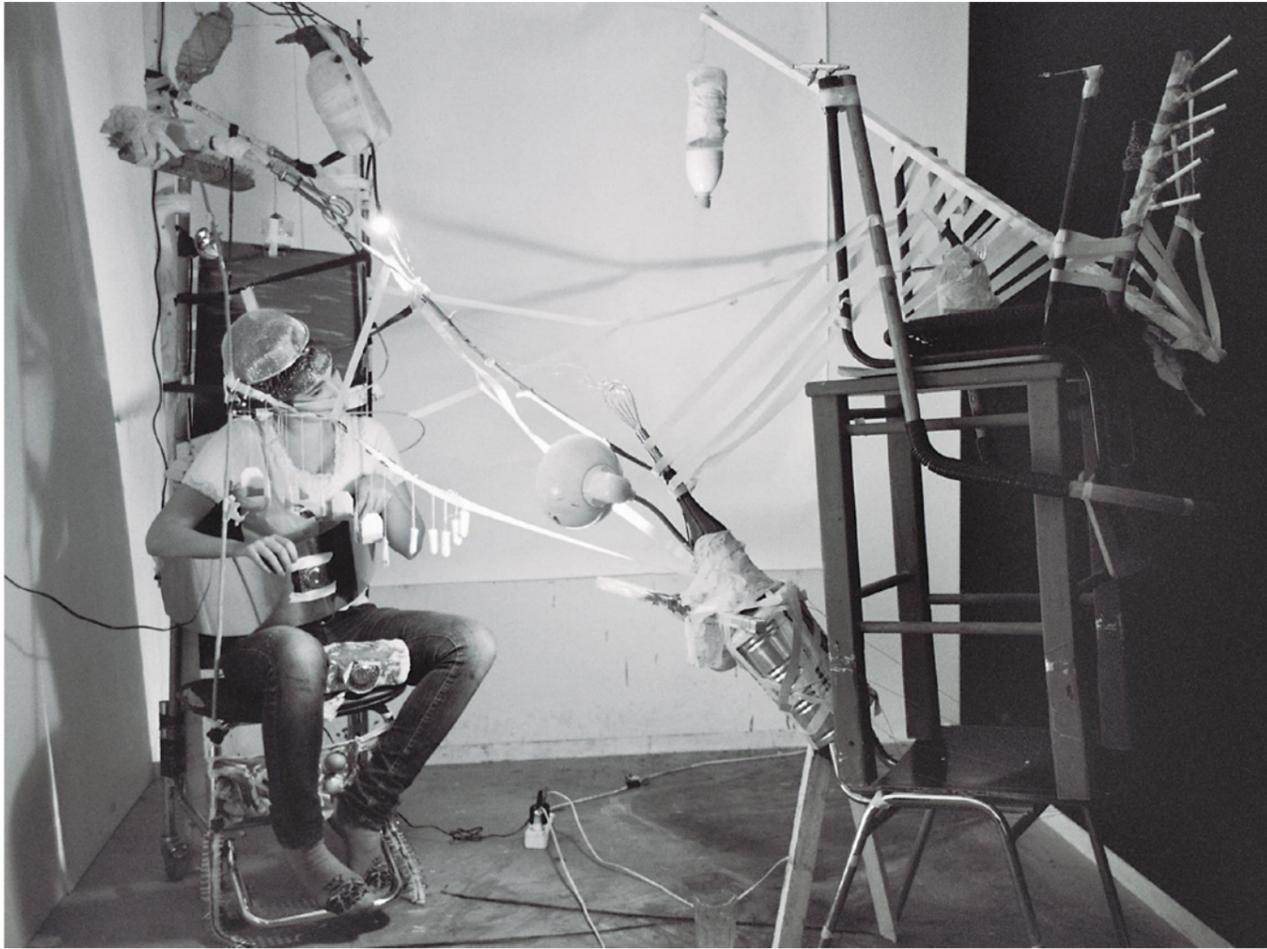
Erster Fortbewegungsversuch

AkademieGalerie, Munich

Photos: Gisela Andras







above:
Orgasmusmaschine

right:
Akademiedusche





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